

Family Group Record - 248

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Husband Jesse Dillis DEWITT-647				
Wife Maude JARVIS-648				
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	Sex M	William Wendell DEWITT-1661		
	Born	13 Oct 1914	Place Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Ruby PACKER-1668		
	Married	19 Jun 1934	Place	MRIN: 581 Sealed to spouse
5	Sex M	Laron Waldo DEWITT-1662		
	Born	28 Mar 1916	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized 4 May 1924
	Christened		Place	Endowed 2 Jan 1940
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents BIC
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Nancy Mildred BEALS-1670		
	Married	2 Jan 1940	Place Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona	MRIN: 583 Sealed to spouse 2 Jan 1940 ARIZO
6	Sex M	Kenneth Merwin DEWITT-1663		
	Born	23 Sep 1918	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	6 Jul 1993	Place Winslow, Arizona	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Catherine Elzetta BROWN-1671		
	Married	8 Jul 1937	Place St. Johns, Navajo, Arizona	MRIN: 584 Sealed to spouse
7	Sex F	Margaret Pearl DEWITT-1664		
	Born	10 Jan 1920	Place St. Johns, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Fay HARRIS-1672		
	Married	7 Aug 1942	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	MRIN: 585 Sealed to spouse
8	Sex M	Heber Jarvis DEWITT-1665		
	Born	29 Jul 1921	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	14 Sep 1940	Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse
9	Sex F	Susie Isabelle DEWITT-1666		
	Born	10 Oct 1926	Place Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Kent Brimhall PALMER-1673		
	Married	8 Mar 1944	Place	MRIN: 586 Sealed to spouse

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Husband Jesse Dillis DEWITT-647				
Wife Maude JARVIS-648				
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
10	Sex M	Alex Carlyle DEWITT-1667		
	Born	22 Sep 1928	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse		MRIN: 587	
	Carol Faye MILLER-1674			
	Married	10 Sep 1948	Place Joseph City, Navajo, Arizona	Sealed to spouse



JESSIE DILLIS DEWITT
MAUDE JARVIS
 Married 4 Oct 1906



Rear: JESSE DILLIS DEWITT - MAUDE J. DEWITT
Front: ABLE ALEXANDER DEWITT - MARGARET M. W. DE WITT
Baby: MALCOLM REEVES DEWITT



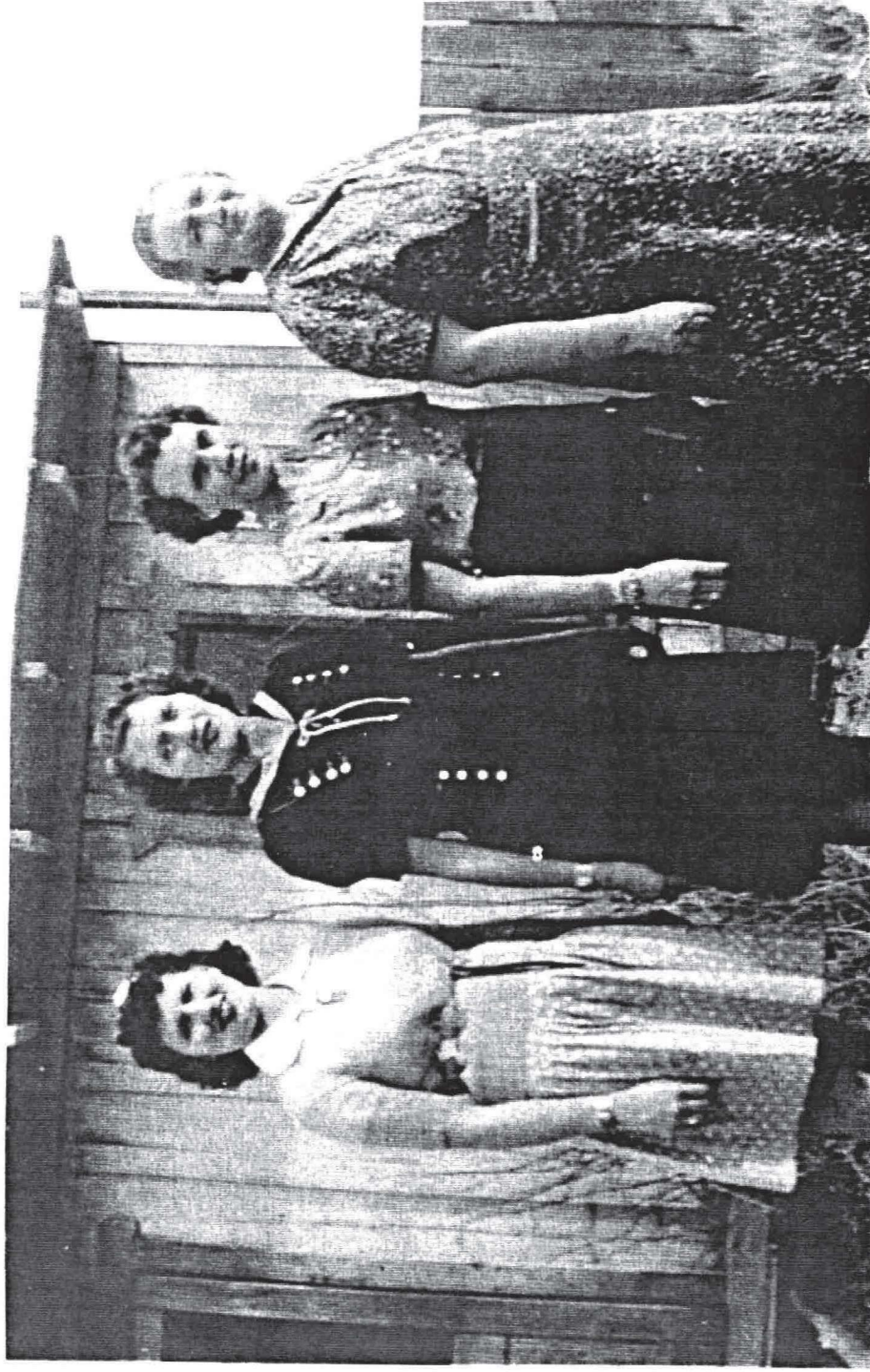
MAUDE'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

**MAUDE JARVIS DEWITT
BABY PICTURE**



JESSIE JARVIS - MAUDE - GEORGE
(Maude About 9 Years Old)

MAUDE DEWITT & HER GIRLS



SUE

MARGARET

MARIE

MOM



JESSIE DILLIS DEWITT

23 Apr 1883 - 13 Jan 1959

MAUDE JARVIS

26 Jan 1888 - 14 Mar 1974

Dad

Malcolm

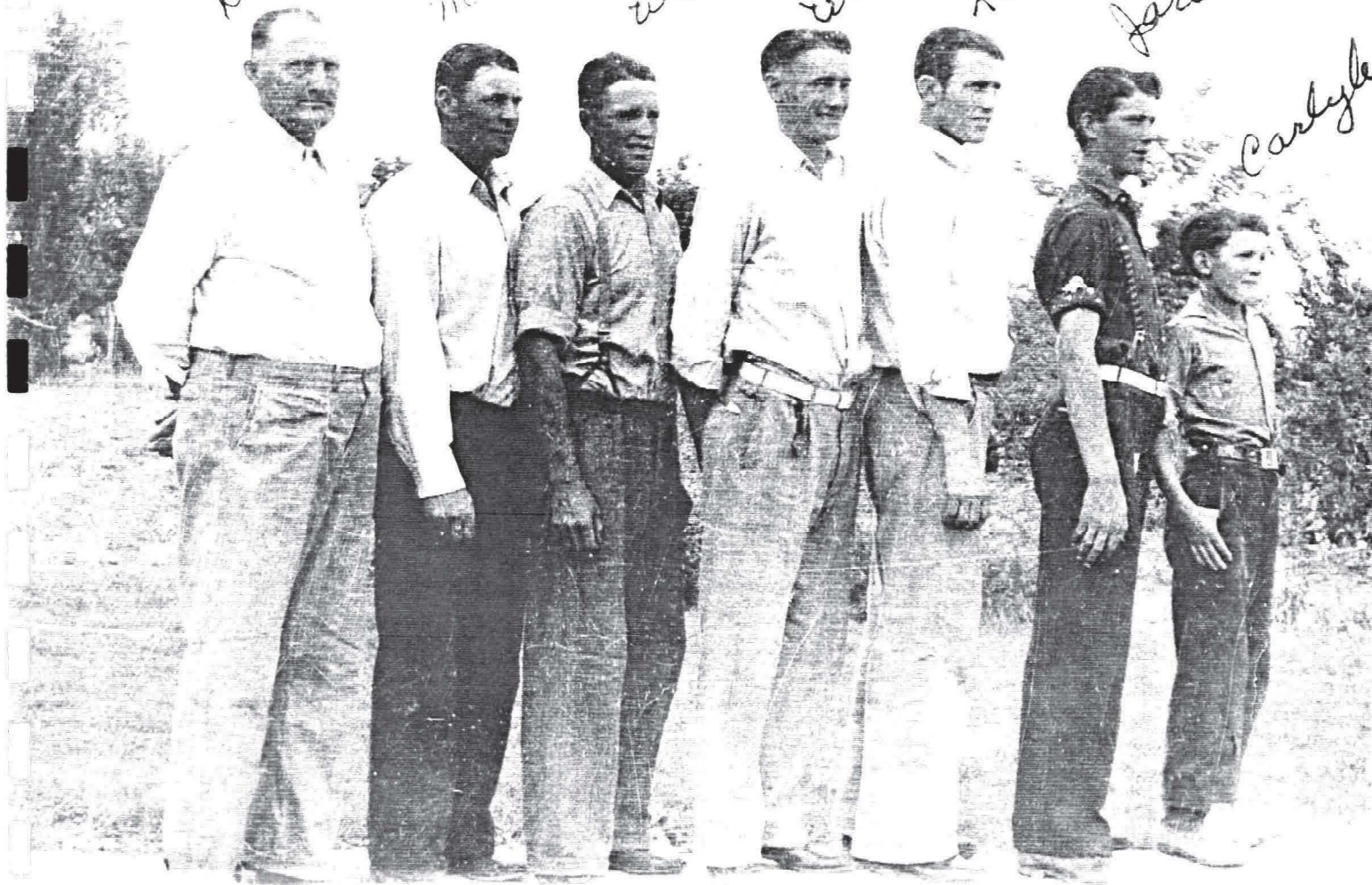
Wendell

Waldo

Kenneth

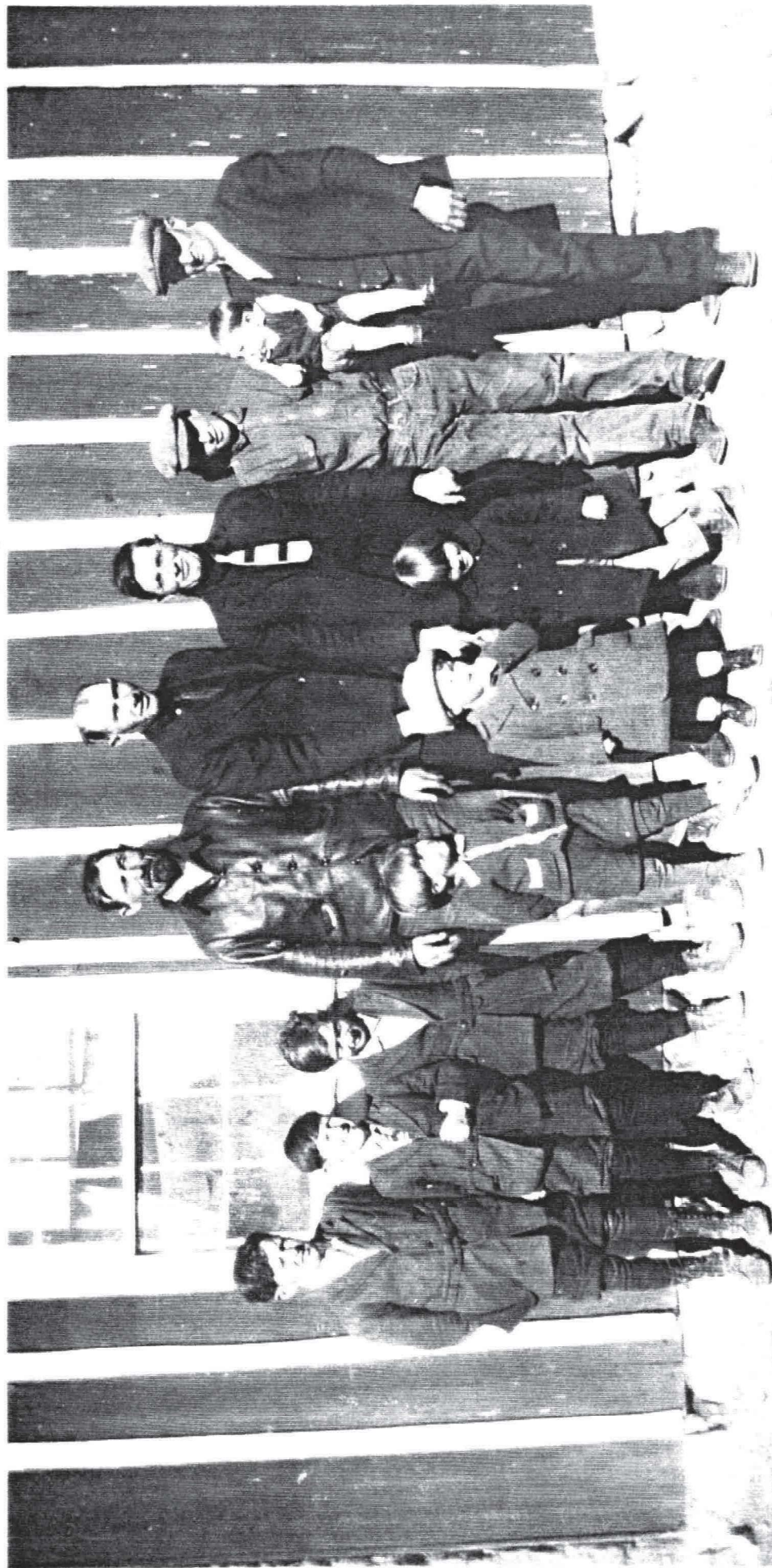
Jarvis

Carlyle



1924

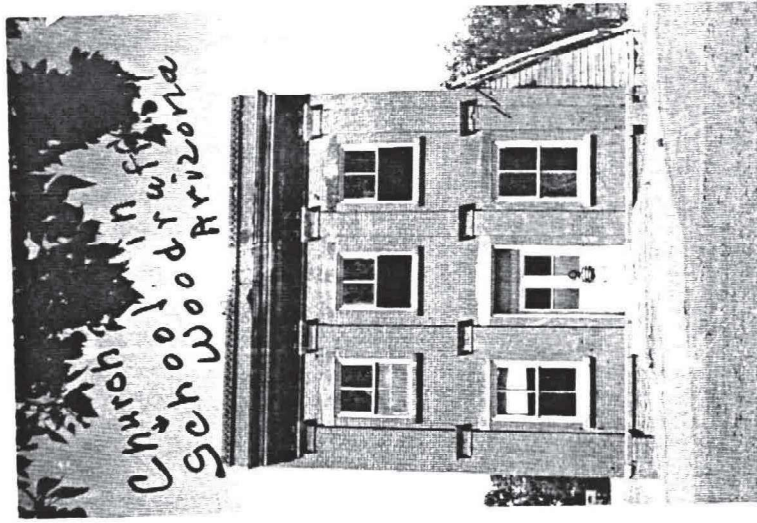
Woodruff-



Wendell
Ken Wald
Jesse
Lee
Harold
John
Malcolm
Vance
Ackin



MAUDE & JESSE DEWITT



CHURCH & SCHOOL
WOODRUFF, AZ

JESSE DILLIS DEWITT

Life Sketch Jesse Dillis DeWitt


A short life sketch of Jesse Dillis DeWitt written by his wife, Maude, for Nancy Mildred DeWitt's children, ten years after his death and after her eye operation in 1968.

Jesse Dillis DeWitt was born in Springerville, Apache Co., Arizona, 23 April 1883. His parents were Abel Alexander DeWitt, born 6 Oct 1826, Troy, Perry Co., Indiana and Margaret Miller Watson, born 10 January 1841, Annahill, Scotland, 8 miles from Glasgow. Her father died when Margaret was about 3 years old and her mother died about 1854.

Her sister, Jane, was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Her family felt greatly disgraced to have a Mormon in the home so, after her Mother's death, Jane left the home land and came to America. Before she left, she gave Margaret a Book of Mormon, told her to read it and go to the Mormon meetings every chance she had. Margaret lived with her old maid sister, Isabella, and was whipped many times for listening to the Mormon Elders. After two years, Margaret left and came to America to live with Jane. They worked in factories in Mass. and Conn. and Margaret was baptized 27 of September 1857 at Holyoke, Mass. by Wm. Walker. Jane left for Salt Lake first and Margaret stayed and worked in the factory until her turn came to leave.

When Margaret reached Salt Lake City, Utah, she went to work at the Elizabeth Howard home, eight miles south of Salt Lake. Mr. Howard had quite a number of hired men, one Abel Alexander DeWitt became smitten by the little Scotch lass and he and Margaret were married 6 months after they met, 15 March 1860, at the home of Bishop David Britton, in Big Cottonwood (now Holiday), and Abel Alexander was baptized one month after they were married. They lived in Big Cottonwood until they were called by President Brigham Young to go to Southern Utah to help build settlements. Their first six children were born in Big Cottonwood and little Margaret Lenora, one year, died 13 Aug 1873 of whopping cough. The family moved to Kanab, Utah in 1878. Three more children were born there and, Abel Alexander was called on a mission in Arizona, to locate suitable places for settlements along the Colorado River. They buried Martha Ann, age 4 years, 29 December 1878, who had died of diphtheria before they left Kanab.

The family left December, 1879 for Arizona, reaching Brigham City (Near Winslow now) on 9 Jan 1880. After a few months, they moved on south to St. Johns, Apache Co., Arizona. The domestic water conditions were bad there, so shortly they moved 35 miles farther south to the foot of the White Mountains, where they settled in Springerville in the latter part of 1880. Three more children were born there, Rhoda Ellen 27 March 1881, Mary Eliza 24 July 1885 both buried there

and Jesse Dillis the 5th son was born there 23 April 1883.

There was now, seven girls (only three grew to maturity), Sarah and Elizabeth were married. The two oldest boys were Alex and Elijah. Jess went to school in Springerville, for the 1st, 2nd and part of the 3rd year.

The family moved to Diaz, Mexico when Jess was 8-1/2. He was baptized 5 Aug 1891 by Henry L. Marble, confirmed 6 Aug. 1891 by Heber Jarvis before they left for Mexico. They stayed in Mexico two months and arrived back in Springerville 21 Nov 1891 and on to Woodruff on the 18 of February 1892. It was here that John, William and Jess grew to manhood. The two older brothers married Woodruff girls and part of their families were born there.

Jess worked for different men in town, on farms and doing chores. His Father was an excellent gardner and raised vegetables and melons which he sold in Holbrook to the Santa Fe Railroad. Jesse helped his father, as he became older, by hauling wood for Boyor Hotel in Holbrook (wood was their fuel for heating and cooking).

Mother had a small stove on which she cooked and baked food which she sold to others. Jessie helped her by gathering wood and making deliveries. This was very essential as Father had lots of colds and congestion in his head, which he called sinus trouble.

His daughter Elizabeth, moved to the Gila Valley so, Father would go south until the cold weather and spring winds were over and finally spent three years there freighting to Sulphur Spring Valley. During this time Jesse worked for the sheep men Owens and Newman. He learned to sheer the sheep with hand sheers and haul the wool to the railroad every spring. This work took several months.

His brother Lige had a good ranch where they farmed and had a heard of milk cows. Jesse's parents spent the summers there. He had a few head of cows and helped Lige milk, at the farm in Greer, Arizona.

The spring of 1905 they left Woodruff for the summer. Alex lived in Round Valley, he had moved to Eagar from Springerville, two miles away, so they visited there as Lige had a winter home at Eagar, 15 miles from the Mountain Ranch.

Jesse met Maude Jarvis at Eagar and after a few weeks they dated steady. He asked her for her hand in marriage and they were engaged in October. He would go by horseback from Greer to Woodruff. After a year, in October 1906, they went to Salt Lake City and were married in the Temple there on the 4th of October 1906.

While there, they visited in Salt Lake City and Lehi. Jesse's sister Sarah, had left Arizona and she and her family lived in Lehi. Her oldest son Nate, was a year younger than Jesse and they had grown up together, until their late teens. They enjoyed getting together again.

They arrived back in Woodruff on the 20th of October and after a week they went on to Eagar to

Maude's family, to get acquainted with a new baby sister that was born on the 1st of October and had been named Margaret. Maude's mother had her relatives and some of our friends come to her home and gave us a reception Nov. 2, 1906. Aunt Carrie (Tinny) Rancher made the wedding cake and my friend Rose Lythe helped mother and Dudley Hamblin and his bride, May Butler, another friend of ours, was present. They had been my room mates in Salt Lake City. We had gone to get our marriage licenses together and they were married at 8 PM the 3rd of Oct and Jessie and Maude at noon on the 4th. We had picked them up at Concho on our way to Eagar.

Jesse got a job on the thresher as the grain was ready to harvest, so we stayed in Eagar until mid-December. I helped at our brother Alex's home and the Post Office. We lived with him and his children. His wife had died in February, 1906. His oldest daughter had her 15th birthday while we were there. Returning to Woodruff, we had a room at Jesse's folks home. Before we went to Eagar, Jesse's mother had asked Maude if she would be willing to live with Jesse's folks? She said, as long as you'll want us to. Mother DeWitt replied, "I was always in hope that Jesse would marry a wife who would be willing to live with us." Before the end of December she said, "I don't know what ails Jesse, he don't act like he is home", I said, "He isn't, we don't have a home." Jesse's mother was quick to understand, when a couple marries they are to make a home for themselves. Jesse often said there's never a house big enough for two families to live in together.

Early in January we moved across the street near the river. The home had been John and Carrie's first home, which they had left to go to Mexico. We lived there about 9 or 10 months and had a lot of fun fixing box furniture, etc. but when the floods were high and she almost went into the river when the bank she was standing on caved in, they moved into a 3 room house built by Lervey and Isby Russell. John and Carrie were in their brother Will's home, across the street from us. Elsie was the only daughter of Clark and Celia Owens. They had two sons, one older and one younger than Elsie. Their mother, Celia, was an invalid, needing constant care, when Clark was called to be the first Bishop for Show Low Ward, so Elsie had to be home with her Mother. They moved in August and Maude began feeling sickly.

Jesse and Elmer Gardner (who went to Salt Lake City when Jess and Maude were married. He married Lois Heward.) The men were cutting grass in the hills around Woodruff. It was good winter feed for cattle so Lois and Maude camped out with them. She continued feeling sick, but they had a crop of corn and potatoes at Dry Lake, near the mountains not far from Heber, Arizona. So they went there to harvest the crops. Maude had been getting worse for about 10 days, so Jesse brought her home to Woodruff, (but again, no home). Will and his family had moved back into their home. Her mother died in February, and John moved Maude back into the house (1 room and lean to shanty) and, he took back the Russell 3 room, big porch house.

Again, Maude lived with Jesse's folks, but this time, in a bed in his Mother's living room. They found she had typhoid fever. Will and Elsie helped Mother with Maude, and Jesse went back to work. They spent part time at night, until she got better, then he went for Jesse, and he stayed and finished the crop. She finally began getting better and was "up and out" by October 10th. Will left November 1st to dig potatoes and get other crops at Show Low, but got Typhoid. He was very sick. Elsie's father came to help with him, but on December 1st, 1907, Will passed away, leaving a wife 25

years old, and three children. Elsie moved back to Show Low with her father.

Now, that left only 1 daughter and 4 brothers in Jesse's family, as 2 sisters died and left families in 1904. Maude and Jesse moved into Will and Elsie's home and lived there until February 1909. Jesse and Maude bought sister Lucy Eagar's home. Her daughter Lovina was in Salt Lake City taking an obstetrician Course and Leo wanted to attend Business School, so Lucy sold her home. She and Leo went to Salt Lake City in time for General Conference in April. Lucy stayed with her parents and Leo with Jesse and Maude at his old home. They had lots of room. Also, Maude ran the Post Office.

On March, 31st, 1909 Maude and Jesse's first baby was born. A lively healthy 8 lb. 4 oz boy, but, for the lack of the right help, he choked to death in a breach birth. He only breathed a little while and never cried. They named him Jesse Dillis. Jesse's Mother and Maude's Mother visited them and Lydia Heward, supposed to understand (dishonest). Heber A. Hatch and Lehi Heward Elden were present, but what a sorrow and disappointment. Poor Jesse, white faced with grief, for six months, he mourned before the welcome tears flowed. They were blessed with a wonderful testimony 3 weeks later the baby, and Heavenly Father has always been good to them all.

They kept the Post Office and Telephone Office until October 1911. Their second baby boy, Malcolm Reeves, born 17 January 1911. Our good nurse, Lovina Eagar, took care of all of them for three weeks. She made good as an obstetrical nurse and to practice.

Now, if anyone was ever happier than Jesse over Malcolm, I don't know how he would act. When the baby was two months old, Jesse came from Holbrook with 2 pairs of pants for about a 5 year old, and a pair of red shoes and stockings. Maude asked him why he got them now, when it would be soar them. (so tickled over his boy), And, he told me once, if I would have a little girl he would be satisfied, and now, 2 boys! Those days, the babies were kept in long dresses until they were 4 months old, then in short dresses until they were 2 years old, or more, before they made clothes to look boyish. When Maud shortened Malcolm's clothes, rompers were in style for boys, so she dressed him in a pair and put the red shoes and stockings on him, then put him in his chair swing. How I wished I could have a moving picture when his Daddy came in and saw Malcolm.

His Grandpa DeWitt (about 85) would come every morning to see the boy have his bath and dressed and in the swing. Grandpa would swing him to sleep then go back home.

They sold the Lucy Eagar place to Fay Gardner, for a 5 or 7 acre field and a 1 room house down in the field, east of the Gibbin's place, then they went to Mesa to live. The DeWitt brothers had a contract to build a canal from Granite Reef to Chandler. They met Uncle Lige and his stock and Pratt Greer's family at White River and all moved to the Valley but Elsie. Jesse always kept some property in Woodruff to come back to and of course, he had his parents there.

While they lived in Mesa, Jesse worked for Jesse Kelley who planted most of the citrus orchards out east and south. We stayed in the valley. In January, Lucy wrote that their Father, 86 now, wasn't well and mother needed Jesse's help, so baby and I went by rail and Jesse with his 4 horses and 2

wagons came home in February. We again lived in Elsie's home until September.

I went to St. Johns on the mail car with Fred Nelson and a passenger from California. As I was so tired, I stayed in Hunt and my folks came, took Malcolm and I in a buggy over to St. Johns, where we thought of getting a home. We rented a house, got cleaned up and moved in. Jesse had a job there. Our baby girl was born, 23 September 1912, we named her Maude Marie. When she was 7 weeks old, Jesse decided he didn't want a home in St. Johns, so we went back to Woodruff in time for Thanksgiving 1912. Went back to Will and Elsie's house which was vacant, then down in the field until September.

Jesse's father died the September 16, 1912. After the funeral, we moved in with Grandma until January 1914. Then we moved to the lower valley 2 miles north of Woodruff across the Colorado River, on a homestead, cleared 40 acres and fenced it.

Jesse worked at odd jobs, then he and brothers Lige and John bid on the mail routes and we were granted the Holbrook to Ft. Apache River, Holbrook to Springerville and, Holbrook to Kearns Canyon routes.

We sold our homestead rights and improvements, to Wesley Turley, and the field to Bishop Savage, and moved to Holbrook. But, before that, we bought a lot across, and north of his Mother, from Joel Eagar. Two small rooms and a shack lean to. I moved from the homestead, into that house, two months before we went to Holbrook and rented a house from Steve Heward.

Our boy, William Wendell, was born there on October 13, 1914. Lovina Eagar Gardner and Aunt Wilmirth, Lige's, wife took care of Maude. Her sister, Pearl, stayed a few days and she got sick, so Aunt Lucy came from Woodruff and helped a week or so.

Jesse had the Parcel Post route to get over the roads, with a team and wagon, in the dead of winter, and in stormy weather, and it was almost an impossible job to get to Ft. Apache. The Government let Parcel Post Contracts go at such a high figure, some contractors took advantage of the Government and almost broke them. So, they only had it one year, instead of full time. We did well, however, each one got a new Model T car.

In April, 1915, when the floods took the Lyra and Meadows Dams in flood season, we went back to our home in Woodruff. Jesse put a well down and got plenty of good water and most of the town got their drinking water there. He put another well down near the ditch, between the lots, with a pump jack on it and kept the fruit trees alive and raised a good garden.

Now, another Dam must be built, lots of work, but no cash. Jesse got a job with Cattle Doctors who came from Chicago (Dr. Dennis) and (Dr. Kemper) from Missouri. They vaccinated cattle and horses in Navajo and Apache Counties. He worked that fall and winter and the next spring and summer in Apache County.

On 28 March 1916, we had another baby boy named Laron Waldo.

The people decided to go away from the old Colorado River red floods and mud. They had lost 14 dams now. They went a mile above and built a dam in Silver creek and with ditches, took clear water to Woodruff.

In July 1918, Lige and John, with Heber Jarvis, received the mail route contract again. So Jesse drove mail each day for the next six months.

On September 23, 1918, another baby boy came to our home, Kenneth Merwin and while I was still in bed, Jesse was drafted into the 1st World War. Before his order came to serve, the Armistice was signed and the War was over.

In January of 1919, Jesse went to work in the Sheriff's Office as Chief Deputy Sheriff under Charley Harp. Jesse bought a lot just near the court House in Holbrook and built a small 4 room lumber shack and moved the family into it.

We had left Malcolm with Grandma so she wouldn't be alone and when school was out in the Spring, grandma stayed with us and also in Snowflake with Johns family. She had sold her store goods to Jim and Sara Brinkerhoff soon after her husband's death.

In January 1921, we moved to the Lewey Russell place.

We then had a lovely baby girl born 10 January 1920. We named the baby Margaret Pearl. She was born on Grandma DeWitts birthday, which was also Uncle Will's birthday. I went to St. Johns two days before she was born and returned in March. My Sister Susie went home with me to do the work, as I wasn't very well.

We moved to St. Johns in February, rented a house and again thought of a home there, but Lucy phoned that the Clarence Owens place, with two lots, was for sale and that we could make a nice home there. So, on April Fools day we move. This was our 20th move. We paid \$250.00 down for the Owens property and moved in. Jesse raised a wonderful garden and lots of melons.

I hadn't been well since the middle of March, and in July took real sick. I had a baby boy 8-1/4 pounds, but he came 5-1/2 weeks to soon, born on 29 July 1921. We named him Heber Jarvis. I had blood poison and puss in my blood and old fashioned milk leg. After two months, my parents came from St. Johns. It was decided that Maude should go to Phoenix for medical attention. Dr. Bazell had gone to Albuquerque to the hospital. Her heart had almost quit at an earlier time.

Grandfather Jarvis blessed the baby and named him Heber Jarvis. He then took the baby and two of the boys, Waldo and Kenneth home with him. Malcolm and Wendell stayed with Grandmother DeWitt.

Jesse and Maude left on the train for Phoenix on 21 September 1921. We stayed in Phoenix for five weeks. I had many testimonies about my sickness. The Doctors seemed to be experimenting on my case. Dr. E. Payne Palmer helped me some, but otherwise, I was worse when I came home

than when I left. Finally, I was take to St. Johns and Apostle George Albert Smith blessed me and promised me the blessings were mine, to claim them. My father never once thought I couldn't get well, but few, if any one else, had that faith. I had a temperature for three and one half months. The fever broke 10 days after that blessing but I had to walk with crutches for five months and two weeks, before I could walk on my own power.

Malcolm, only ten years old, took care of the crops and cattle, etc. like a man. It was 7 months before I tended my baby, but Jesse washed and ironed and fixed baby formulas, etc. No one was ever better to help his wife or took care of the work and little children better than our Daddy Jess.

We had used all the money and then some that Jesse had saved to get a home. We decided to take the old house down and build a new one on our lot, so Jesse and the children made adobe's and put up the walls for a 5 room house, but before we did that, I was sick three years.

Before I got back to normal, and two more years later, on Oct 10th 1926, I had another girl baby named Susie Isabelle.

I went to Holbrook, as Jesse was night Marshall there, and went to my Sister Pearl's home. Was there a month or more, then went home with baby.

Jesse worked Rail Roding with his nephew, contractor Ken DeWitt, came home a while. Got the walls of the house up, the double side of roof shingled, then got word to come to work. Tilmen Turley bought the Owens place, and the boys moved us out on a sleigh. Malcolm was working in Holbrook, we had a bad storm, so we had to get busy and put the sheeting and shingles on our home. Our good neighbor and friend Elmer Gardner and others helped. Maude and the boys put the roof on.

Jesse was away at work, so Malcolm was going to take me to my folks when my baby was due, but the baby came a day or so ahead, so in our new home without window glass or doors on 22 September 1928, our 10th child and 7th son Alex Carlyle came to live with us. Aunt Vin and Zura Smithson helped me. Brother Robert L. Ison and Lon Standifird the were the Elders who came to give me a very much needed blessing, and again, the Lord was good to me. Baby was 6 weeks old before Jesse came home.

Jesse's Mother lived by us and the children took turns staying at night with her and loved it. She passed away February 28th 1930. She said, if she could live to see Jesse's baby she could go. She lived to see his 10th and loved to come over to watch him grow.

We kept that home until Carlyle was ready for school. Then we moved to Holbrook, across the street from the Hi-way shop where Jesse was caretaker of the shop. Jesse did excavating for the building and helped build the shop and we were there for several years before we moved in 1942.

For six months we lived at hi-way house on 260 in Holbrook. Then we moved to Phoenix for nine months, then back to the shop in Holbrook from October 1944 to December 15, 1950. We then

bought two and one-half acres from Mr. Hill, located south of the river on McClaws Road. Jesse built a five room house and a shop and a garage, etc. That was our home until we moved to Safford in September 1958. We went to Safford for Jesse's health and purchased an acre across the highway from Delbert.

Delbert and Waldo built us a little apartment. Three rooms and shower and we moved into it from Margaret's apartment on 12 December 1958 and before 6 AM 13 January, 1959, Jesse breathed his last breath in this life. We had been there just one month, in this nice little home that he loved so much. I am still alone, waiting to join him.

Jesse held many civic jobs, and was Night Marshall in Holbrook. He worked at the Power Plant, Livery Stable, and worked on the highways and bridges. He did powder work on highway 60 and Fool Hollow Dam between Show Low and Taylor. Helped make the Petrified Forest Trails, fenced and excavation and rebuilt the agate house, etc.

He was on the School Board of Trustees 3 years in Woodruff, and was Assistant Post Master. In church work he was Ward Teacher, Secretary of Elders Quorum, and Secretary of the Deacon's Quorum, Indian Stake Missionary for two years, 1938-40, Assistant Superintendent, Sunday School, also worked in Mutual in Holbrook, and the Ward Choir member for years. Played the violin for dances, also the Harmonica and accompanied the Organ. He had a beautiful tenor voice, a natural wit and comedian. In Holbrook, he was the Ward Chairman for Genealogy, and Counselor in YMMIA.

The last 7 years before he died, he was Judge of Police Court. Non Commissioned Officer with Sheriff Dan Divelbess and Lee Newman.

We moved about 30 times back and forth. Had a home in Mesa, one in Phoenix, 4 in Woodruff and 2 in Holbrook. Held two Stake jobs, was on the Sunday School Board and the Adult Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

Our son, Heber Jarvis, died 14 September 1940 from an appendix operation. He was 19 years old on July 29, 1940.

We were blessed with 10 children. At this time, we have 8 wonderful families and now, grandchildren families, 44 grand children and 54 great-grand children.

Aunt Wilmirth told me, " Apache County had a serious epidemic of Scarlet Fever, in the Spring of 1886. Jess was near death and was miraculously healed." I never had a chance to hear her testimony about him.

After our children were married, we took pleasure in traveling. Our first trip was the 100th anniversary of the Pioneers coming to the Salt Lake Valley. We camped in Emigration Canyon and celebrated July 24th, 1947. That same year, in September, Jesse took me to see the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. In September, 1950, we left on a Genealogy trip to Indiana, to see if we could

locate any of Jesse's fathers people. We went to these States, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana. It was a wonderful time, spiritually and otherwise. I sent 138 names to the Library to be cleared and others have become enthused to do Genealogy research.

Then, in 1953 through 1956 we went to Salt Lake City in October, to attend General Conference. We visited the General Welfare Plant and other incredible places. In 1956 we celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary. We went to the Temple and stayed 10 days at (Honeymoon) Motel. We attended several sessions in the Temple on our trips.

We also went a number of places in Arizona, Tucson, Nogales, and Mexico and other places in the Northern and Western parts. The seven years, while in the City Hall Office, during the summer months, we went to the mountains, towns and river camps, rode, by car, somewhere every evening. Jess loved nature and we often rode out to watch the beautiful sunsets, etc.

Jesse had several very bad sick spells with pneumonia and bad stomach ulcers. For nine years he had heart trouble. Then the last two or so years, he had a bad case of diabetes. The last seven months he was in and out of the Hospital and under the Doctor's care from 1st of August until his death, 13 January 1959, on Laron's 18th birthday healing. A good many received blessings under his hands, when he was called to exercise the Priesthood. He was a kind loving father and grandfather, a kind helpful husband and had a deep sense of feeling about sacred things and believed the Gospel, but his feelings were easily hurt. He had weaknesses of the flesh and a troubled spirit. He enjoyed the lovely things of life and nature.

It is hard to get along without his love and helping hand, which he gave me willingly for 50 years. I hope I will be worthy of his love when we meet in Paradise and grow on to perfection together.

A Piece Written for my son Jesse D. DeWitt on the day he was married October 4, 1906

May God bless you in this step in life
 May it ever prove to be
 The very, very greatest blessing
 That was ever sent to thee.
 May God's spirit ever aid you,
 In your starting out anew
 That your acts may be the wisest
 Of any course you could pursue.
 May God bless you my dear Jesse
 And your dear and darling wife,
 May your love for each grow stronger
 Through all your walks of life.

Both be kind and be considerate
 Of each others whims and ways,
 Working for each others comfort,
 Which will bring you happy days.
 Ever striving to be the noblest
 Of god's children here on earth,
 And receive the nobel spirits
 He desires to send forth.
 Work together in His kingdom
 Help advance this nobel work.
 If a duty lies before you
 Do it well and never shirk.

Never dare to take advantage
 Of your relationship so dear.
 To throw off the garb of courtesy,
 For politeness pays the most,
 And be careful in your jesting,
 Many times before we know
 Another's heart is sometimes tender
 And thru jesting is filled with woe.
 And sometimes by slight offences,
 Misunderstandings may arise
 But talk it over calm, together,
 Before the day is ever thru.

Do not think yourself the wronged one
 And the other did offend
 Both are apt to give offences;
 Both must learn the will to bend.
 Thus you treat each other fairly
 For you soon will learn to know
 That's the way to keep down trouble
 When you to each other go.
 Go in meekness and in kindness
 Tell the other what they've done,
 For many times we give offences
 And not know it all along.

Life may bring you many trials,
 Many, many joys as well.
 What is in the path before us,
 There is none of us can tell.
 But take what the Father sendeth,
 He knows what is for the best.
 Knows he's sent you here to prove you,
 And prepare to stand the test.
 Grateful be for this privilege,
 And the Gospel light now sent
 When you meet them in heaven,
 May ye say your life's well spent.

Use the means the Father sendeth,
 Very sparingly and wise.
 Pay your thithes and offerings,
 Tis a privilege you should prize.
 Owe no man so you'll be happy,
 Keep yourself from fetters free,
 Bring not yourselves in chain of bondage
 In this land of liberty.

I see I've given much words of council,
 Scan them ore and ponder well
 If you will only practice on them,
 They'll bring more joy than I can tell.

One more thing, let me implore you,
 The most important of them all,
 Both kneel down in prayer together
 For dear Father's blessings call.
 Call on Him both night and morning,
 For His tender loving care.
 Nothing brings us nearer heaven,
 Than a humble earnest prayer.
 And if I have given offences
 In any thing I've said or done,
 I am sure you will forgive me,
 For I've loved you all day long.

By Margaret M. Watson DeWitt

MAUDE JARVIS

MAUDE JARVIS DEWITT - Written by Herself

I have made an attempt several times in the years to write a daily diary but never kept it up for long at one time, now at the age of 65 years I'll try again to put down some of my memories.

I was born in Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona on January 26, 1888, in the log room of my Grandmother, Janet M. Smith's old home. My parents, Heber and Susan Janet Smith Jarvis were living at that time in Nutrioso, Apache, Arizona. I was their third child and first daughter. Father took mother to her mother's and then went back to his work at Nutrioso. I was more than a month old when my father first saw me. I would have been named, Susie, had he been present, but my Grandfather, Jesse N. Smith, asked to give me the name of Maude, for their little, Maude, who died at the age of 4 years, shortly before they left Parawon, Utah, to move to Arizona.

I always thought Grandfather was a very fine and wonderful man so, I liked my name better when I learned he chose it for me. My parents were called to help settle Round Valley. They moved to what is now Eagar, Arizona, the fall of 1888 when I was 9 Months old and that was my girlhood home town.

My parents had eight sons and seven daughters and I remember when each came to our home, from Annie on. I was four years old when she was born and five years old when she died. What a vivid remembrance I have of that first sorrow. She was such a sweet little sister and my sister Janet was just 14 months older than Annie at the time of her sickness. They were like twins. My sister Jan was small for her age and Annie large. I can see them now in my minds eye, dressed alike, and Annie walking around by things, playing peak-a-boo with us. I remember the one room log school house where my oldest, living brother started school, and I used to visit school. I can see the charts and the teachers pointing sticks, they used to point the letters with on the chart and also, to whip the children with, if nothing else seemed handy at the needed time.

When mother was in bed after brother Joseph's birth, father took we four children and went up Water Canyon for a load of wood. When the load was almost on, his team started to run and in trying to control them he fell and broke his hand. What a painful time he had getting us on the load and all home safely. Uncle Will Eagar would tease me, saying, my cute baby brother looked like a mush-rat.

I remember where my father was building the Rencher House, Lilse and Jen Updike remodeled later, for a summer home in Eagar. Jen and I had a playhouse there during the time father was building. Mother lost her wedding ring. We all knelt down and prayed we would find it and our prayers were answered. I also remember, the time in the field my brother Jesse put shelled dry peas in his ears and nose and what a time mother had to get them out.

I remember how frightened Jesse and I were of Santa Clause, when he peeked in the window. I got a pretty doll with hair and eyes one Christmas. Someone poked its eye out and I had it in my mouth and swallowed it and I thought I would surely die. Also I remember the awful wind and dust storms we used to have during March. I remember, we most always cooked George's Birthday chicken in a black iron kettle that hung on a rod in the fireplace.

When Joseph was about 4 month's old we moved to Adair Station, about 3 miles north west of the present town of Show Low, where father ran the mail, and Indian Trading Post, etc. The mail drivers had a room in the house we lived in, where they slept over night and the barn and stables took the extra mail horses. Father also repaired the buck boards at the blacksmith shop and tended the store. The Government kept soldiers at Ft. Apache and sometimes, a large Cavalry would stop at the Station. I thought they rode such beautiful horses. One troop were Negro's. Mother cooked for the mail drivers and any passengers who traveled by mail. We also had a small room for the school teachers. Uncle Homer Bushman taught until Christmas, the first year we were there, then he left to go on a mission to Germany. Then his wife's mother's sister, Sariah, taught the school. She brought Aunt Pearl (Priscilla) to take care of her three children, Fred, Silas and Florence. We had many good times.

We kids were afraid of the Indians that first summer, but got to know them better and had great times romping and playing with the papoose, or the Indian children. They quite often did not wear any (or not much) clothes. Mother made shirts for some of the little boys. We had a big red tank with wheels on like a wagon. The tank was long like a box with a lid in the top that opened on hinges (like a door) that we hauled water in from the river, about a mile from home. All of the kids thought it was great fun to ride the tank and go with our Daddy for a load of water. There was only three other families in the holler and we could see their houses. They were Adairs, William Olivers and Jesse J. Bradys - but quite a number lived within a few miles. We held Sunday School and Church in the one log room school house. The ones I remember their names were, McNeil, Hans Peter Hansen, Williard, Ed Whipple families, Nichole Lansing, Stocks, Dan & Sarah Mills.

How pretty the wild flowers and fern were in the summer among the pines. We visited the Willard Whipple's quite often, they lived one and a half miles on the same side of the wash from us. And we kids would pick wild flowers and place on the only grave of the little Laura Whipple, a sister of Harriett's (my brother Jesse's wife in later years). The Whipple women and children, Emma & Rene, were spending the day at our place and soon after we were through eating dinner, we heard an awful noise. We looked out and saw a wall of water coming down the wash and up over the banks. It ran over the field. Pa got on old Dan and rode to see if we were in danger of the house being washed away. The water was about two feet deep around the stove and house. It was up to the horses belly out in the road, we were awfully excited for a while. After about an hour or so, it began to recede and by night Pa took the Whipples all to Emma's home. The cows had to swim, as they came in, and the mail had a time crossing the wash that night.

The next winter an old maid, Miss Sherman, from New York, taught school. Joseph was between one and two years old and we lost him twice. One time, we found him asleep under the store building. Another time, George had taken him to school. We had another scare, when the Indians

tried to steal him. We got to visit with mothers people at Snowflake quite often the two years we lived at the station, both going to Snowflake and them, coming to Adair Station. My great grandmother stayed with us awhile. She was a cute little Grandma, Janet Fife Johnson. Once, I went to Snowflake for a visit and got to stay in Grannies room, away from Grandmothers children, and soon got homesick. I also remember my Mother having a very serious sick spell, while we lived at the Station.

We moved back home to the log house (2 rooms) in Eagar, when Joseph was 2 years old. He still couldn't talk, just point and grunt and say no and yes in Apache Indian language.

Before we moved to Adair Station, we had Diphtheria. In those days it was a very serious and dreaded disease. About this time Annie was born, the other four children, Jesse, George & Jen and myself, were sick with Diphtheria, Jesse and George were very sick. Uncle Dave Rancher and Father administered to George. He could hardly speak, but they finally understood him saying he would get well and go on a mission. He got well. Sometime after this Jesse's eyes were badly affected, the pupil and color were almost out of sight. One day Jesse asked Father if he would ask five men to fast and pray for him. Jesse named his Father, Pres. D. K. Udall, Brother Jensen, Bishop George H. Crosby and Uncle Dave Rencher to bless him. Dad spoke to the brethren and after a 24 hour fast, they came and anointed him and administered to Jesse and his eyes were back to normal and, he has always had very good eye sight.

Father had a two seated buggy without a top over it, and he always kept fat lively horses. One day he took Mother, Lizzy, Bell and Dora Rencher to Springerville to trade, as there wasn't any store or Post Office in Eagar in those days. When they returned, we kids ran down to the Renchers to meet and ride home with them. After stopping, they sat there in the buggy talking and we kids climbed in. I was standing in the back behind the seat, Pa said, "Well if your not going to get out we'll drive on", and snapped his buggy whip. The horses started so quick I was thrown out and when I awoke, I was on a bed in the Rencher girls home and my head bandaged as I had cut a gash in the back of my head as I fell on a rock.

We only lived in the old log house about two months after coming back to Eagar. Father sold the place to Alex DeWitt and bought a three room lumber house across the road, south. About two or three months after we moved, on August 7, 1896, our sister Pearl was born. I was 8 years old while we lived at Adair Station, but was baptized two months after we got back home on May 6, 1896, by Joseph Udall and confirmed, May 7, 1896 by Bishop George H. Crosby.

Another experience in the buggy was when Jen and I were playing grown-ups and climbed in the buggy to take our babies for a ride. I helped Jen over the tailgate. It was held shut with a corncob and as I went over the tailgate the corncob broke and I fell on my left arm on the rocks in the ditch. It broke my arm at the wrist. There wasn't many doctors those days so, Uncle John Eagar and my Daddy administered to me and set my arm.

A fruit peddler came by from Farmington, New Mexico. That was such along ways away and I'll never forget those good grapes and the little brass bucket they were in.

The new home was much larger and nicer. Father built a large room for the kitchen and dinning room and another lean-to room. We lived here about 8 years. Our brother William Prior was born, September 22, 1898. Grandmother Smith was with mother when Will was born. We lived at Lee Valley during the summer. We raised potatoes and grain, and Father worked on the Reservoir. While still there we made cheese and butter and also milked cows. In August 1900 we left Lee Valley.

We heard Lorenzo Hatch was selling his property in Woodruff, so, we went to Woodruff looking for a new home.

In those days there were no bridges and the Colorado River was running over it's banks. So, we had to wait for the water to go down so we could cross over, about 4 miles above Woodruff. Mother decided after staying in Woodruff two days and smelling the flood waters she didn't want a home there. We then went to St. Joseph (now Joseph City) and from there to Snowflake. Father got work on the new brick Academy there and we stayed until March 5, 1901 then back to Eagar. I was in the 8th grade. My teacher, Uncle Joseph W. Smith, a very fine teacher. After Christmas, I was the only girl in the class. The schools were graded differently then than now. The boys were Hugh & Wallace Larson, Hugh Willis, Wesley Jones and Jesse Hulet.

After we were back home in Eagar about a month, Grandmother came to take care of mother when our sister, Susie, was born, May 1st, a week before my 15th Birthday. Father put his trunk on the mail buck-board and left for Phoenix, Arizona. He would be gone two months to the Legislature. That was the first time I ever remember of his going away and then, it was as big a trip, as crossing the Continent would be now, or worse! Soon after his return in April 25, 1903, our brother, Thomas Earl, was born, he was sick, a sweet beautiful baby. When he was born his arm was broken at birth. We all felt so sorry for him.

When he was about 1 and one-half years old, we sold this home to Tom Berry and moved to Eaton Farm about 100 acres of land and a large adobe house. On February 2nd 1905, Silas Fielding was born. I went to a 9th Grade, J. W. Brown taught until Christmas and that's all the education I was the priviledged to have.. I did want so much to go on to school and become a teacher. I enrolled in Brown's Correspondence Course but never accomplished much with it.

I was chosen Assistant Organist in Sunday School about then and a few months later, I was Organist of the Y.W. & Y.L. M.I.A., Assistant also of Sunday School and assistant Organist of the Ward to help Nell Udall Windsor.

The first Ward job I had was Librarian of Primary, also Secretary for Primary. I worked with Sisters, Grosby, Harriet Butler, and Nettie Greenwood. William B. Eagar was Ward Chorister, I was Organist of these organizations until fall of 1906 when I left home to become the bride of Jesse Dillis DeWitt.

My brother Thomas Earl died April 17, 1906 and oh, how we missed him. He was such a sweet child.

We had planned to go to April Conference and get married but the 1st of February commenced a seige of Diphtheria and all of us took a turn of this disease except, Father and George. Because of this we gave up our marriage until fall. Mother was expecting another baby in September and she would be over her confinement by the time I was to leave. My sister Margaret (Maggie) decided to choose October 1st for her birthday and I left home September 27, 1906. Willie was baptized on his 8th birthday the 22nd. It was hard to leave my home but I was so happy with Jesse. We left Holbrook on the train. This was my first train trip with a large company from St. Johns and Snowflake Stakes going to conference. The young couples going to the Temple to be married from my Stake were Dudley Hamblin & May Butler, Charles Hendricks & Ella Brown, Willie Platt & Iris Hamblin, St. Joseph Stake, Jesse D. DeWitt & myself. Joy Patterson & Josie Anderson, Frank Brown & Martha Whiting, Henry & Janet Slade & 2 babes. Harry Udall & Louis Hall going to School. Other stake, Ed Brewer & Amanda Rogers, Riley Greer & Emma Deanum. Walter Deanum & Betty Gardner, Elmer Gardner & Lois Heward.

Dudley & Jesse roomed together. May & I arrived in Salt Lake City about 4:00 A.M. the 2nd of October and got rooms at the Kentucky Apartments. That afternoon, Dudley & May and Jesse and I, went to the State and County Buildings to get our Marriage Licenses. About 7: a.m. on the 3rd we all went to The House of the Lord, presented our recommends, went to Chapel, but being such a large company, they ran out of Temple Clothes. Some had friends they could borrow from, but after being in the Temple until 11:00 a.m., Willie & Iris Platt, Jesse & I had to go back to our rooms and wait another day. October 4, 1906 at noon, Jesse and I were made man & wife for time and all Eternity. No one was ever happier than I. We attended one Conference Meeting. Went to hear Emma Lucy Gates sing at the Salt Lake Theater, also went to a Sherlock Holme's Play there.

We left our rooming house, Friday night went out to 21 South to my Aunt Margaret's and Uncle Nephi Jensen's home. We stayed there a week and spent one evening with my Jarvis kin. We met Uncle Brigham & his daughter, Ethel and went with them to Rass Milire place where his mother, Aunt Annie (who is still alive, 104 ½ years old) her daughter Susie and son Athal were there visiting and Rass & wife entertained.

We left Salt Lake the 12th of October and went to Lehi to visit Jesse's sister, Sarah's family. She had died 2 years before. Her husband Peter Christofferson and the children were at home, Eudith, Nate, Nena, Erma, Isabell, Ward & Wallace. We had a nice time there for two days. We arrived in Holbrook just as the sun was coming up on the 17th. I stayed at Uncle Samuel & Aunt Lula's home while Jesse went to Woodruff, horseback to get the team and wagon to take his wife home. We got in Woodruff about dark. We rested the following day then spent the weekend doing a big job of a month's laundry.

Sunday, October 21, 1906 we attended Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting together the first time as man and wife.

Mom prepared to leave for Eagar. We camped in the cedars at the Old Mail Station that night. Arrived in Concho about 11:00 a.m. the next day and met Almon Riggs. He told us Dudley & May Butler Hamblin were at his home and would like to go to Eagar the morning of October 24th. The

four of us, my best girlfriend, May & husband, we roomed together until after we were married. We last saw then in Salt Lake City. It was a jubilee when we got home.

Father had been seriously hurt in a run-away and Mother bedfast and a new baby sister, Maggie, born October 6, all since I left home, but all was fine now.

November 3, 1906, mother and dad gave us a very nice reception at home. Aunt Carrie Rencher made our Wedding cake (5.00 dollars) and my pal Rose Lytle worked at our home all day helping prepare and serve at the reception. We had a lovely time and received a lot of nice presents, dishes, lamps and lots of useful things.

November 5th Jesse and I went to Alex home to stay. I over seen and helped with house work and cooking. John, Jesse's brother from Woodruff had been working as a thrasher hand all fall. On November 22nd Alex, John and Jesse left for Woodruff and Alex to bring a load of freight from Holbrook. That night while helping with chores, Maggie stepped on an old pitchfork and caused a bad sore foot and several sleepless nights for she and I. Alex got home and stayed at their home until the 10th then went to my parents home. The next day Mother and children spent the day at Aunt Sue Hamblin's. Jesse came that night. We visited at my home until the 14th then left to make a home for ourselves. We arrived in Woodruff December 15, 1906 with a second-hand broken machine and lost our pig Father gave us.

December 17, 1906 went to Snowflake and spent the day with Grandma Smith. Jesse took a load of Merchandise to Show Low to Will and Elsie for the little chair store of M. M. DeWitt & Company and I had not met his brother Will and wife so stayed with Grandmother and Grandfather Jesse N. Smith. Grandfather had five wives, one died before he moved to Arizona. That gave me four Grandmothers living within a block.

I witnessed a pretty scene the night of Grandmother's Birthday. Grandfather died six months before. It was late, 10:00, Grandmother and I sat before the fire toasting our shins before going to bed when we heard a timid knock. Grandmother (the 3rd wife), said who the world is coming this time of night? She opened the door and Aunt Augusta (4th wife) came in. She said "Janet I knew it was your birthday and tried to think of something I could bring as I had no money to buy a present, but I just could not go to bed without coming to tell you how much I love you". They kissed and Grandmother said, "Augusta I'd rather have your love than all the money or presents in the world."

At Grandpa's passing, Grandmother, Aunt Augusta and Aunt Emm felt so sorry for dear Aunt Emmie, she will be so lonely and miss Pa so much, they said. I know there is love in Plural Families as well as single ones. This is a true principal, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

We got to Woodruff December 20th. Jesse's mother asked me if I'd be willing to live with his parents, I said, "Ill live with you as long as you want me to". She said, "I'm so happy, I always hoped Jesse would marry a girl who would be willing to live with me as he is our youngest child.

December 25th our first Christmas away from my parents, brothers and sisters. We spent part of

the day skating on the ice above the Dam, with Elmer and Lois Gardner (who were married when we were) and Tammy Bradshaw. Went home in the afternoon to a dinner of hot -cakes and syrup. So different to our big Christmas dinners, but in Glasgow, Scotland, New Years was the big celebration and Jesse's mother had never much for a big day on Christmas. I was so happy the meal did not matter.

About the 2nd week in January 1907 Jesse's Mother said, (wise woman). "I see this won't do for you to live here. Jesse don't even act at home." I said, "why should he? We are supposed to have a home of our own." We proceeded to clean up John and Carrie's first home across the street by the river. Jesse went to Holbrook and bought, 1 chair, 1 rocker and a sack of flour and got a second hand cook stove from Brother John Murray and we started housekeeping. He had a good bedstead and bedding and my bedding. Our two trunks, Jesse made a cupboard, his sister Lucy gave us a table and his father made a small center table. Two kerosene boxes with an coffee box placed on them and shelves put in, was our dresser, and took care of clean sheets, towels, dish towels, underclothes etc. This had a curtain around it and nice clothes on top of it, looked real nice.

Will came from Show Low and spent a few days. They had a dance and he played the violin or fiddle. I danced a two step, my one and only dance with Will. He is a cute guy and very likeable.

Quarterly Conference was held at Snowflake in February. Jesse and I, his mother, John and Carrie and her sister, Hattie Webb all went to conference. Elders John Henry and Hyrum M. Smith of the council of the 12 were present and reorganized the Snowflake Stake. My Grandfather, Jesse N. Smith had been President since it was first organized in 1887, to his death June 1906. Now my Uncle Samuel Frances Smith (youngest son of his first wife Aunt Emmie) was sustained and set apart by John Henry Smith as Stake President.

We put on a home talent Theater called Hazel Adams. Jesse took the lover's part. His niece Vinnie Eagar played with him, Marion Gibbons the villain and others, and I prompted. We took it to Taylor, February 22, and Snowflake February 23. We had lots of fun.

February 23, 1907, Jesse went to work on the Telephone line from Holbrook up the country. I spent most of my evenings talking to him after they put the line to Woodruff. The first time I talked over the telephone was in Salt Lake City to Ella Brown Hendricks, a girl from Eagar who was married when we were.

The later part of March Will, Elsie and three children stayed while Will and Jesse hauled wool from Sheering Pens to Holbrook. I got acquainted with Elsie and we always loved each other. Leroy stayed with me most of the time. We planned a surprise party for Jesse's birthday the 23rd of April, but he and Will were in Holbrook that night, so really surprised him the 24th. We had some big floods and part of our lot washed away and I almost went off with it. I was so frightened we rented the Wooley house and lot. We cleaned house and moved in the 30th of April. Eugene Bigelow stayed over night. There was a dance Jesse managed and Eugene played the guitar. On May 9th my brother Jess Jarvis came from Salt River. He worked for Alex DeWitt in Globe then went to Mesa and got work and had been gone all winter. He stayed two days. We went fishing and had a dance. I sure

loved to dance with Jesse, my brother, and Jesse, my husband.

On May 11, Jesse and I, John and Carrie and children and Jesse Jarvis started for Eagar. Camped out at 10 mile next to Concho and it snowed, then to Eagar. It is five months since we were there and I had seen lots of home-sick times.

I had Typhoid Fever for three weeks. A week after Jesse went back I was so much worse, Brother Reedhead, Elmer Gardner and Will administered to me. Will had the gift of healing. I felt the power when he was praying and was soon much better. He went horse back to get Jessie. Will stayed and helped finish gathering the crop and Jesse came home. I sat up 17th October, but had to learn to walk. There was 5 or 6 cases of Typhoid that fall but we all got well except Will, he sat over me so much and took it just a month after I came to his mother, he died, December 1st. I kept Ora and Leroy the last two weeks, so we never had a chance to know each other long.

I was very lonesome and spent my time while Jesse was gone, quilting two quilts and put my first homemade new carpet down. Thought mother and some of my folks would be down to spend Christmas with us, but only George, Jen and Joseph came. Jesse spent Christmas at home. We had a nice time.

During March there were lots of big floods and our chicken coop went down the river. In April, Jesse went to Dry Lake to put in a crop. There were lots of awful wind storms. He hauled wool the later part of the month. He sold a horse and bought the Frost Organ for me, and was I ever proud of it! It had a good tune and was easy to play and how I enjoyed it.

I was not very well, but went to my brother Jesse and Harriet Whipple's wedding, September 15, 1908. My Father, George and Jess were there from Eagar. Jesse and Harriet went to Salt Lake City to General Conference and was sealed in the Temple.

I received a Patriarch Blessing from John Reidhead in February. On March 31, 1909 our first baby was born, but only lived long enough to be named. My Mother, Susie, Silas, Maggie and Ethel came about the 20 of March. I was sick for 10 days before baby came. It was a breach case and the baby was born but Lydia Heward did not know how to get the head and he choked to death in birth. Elders came twice to administer to me. They told me each time to get more help but she felt sufficient and said she did not need anyone else. So we lost our 8-1/4 lb baby boy. He just gasped and never cried. The elders blessed and named him, Jesse Dillis. Oh, what a disappointment, 2-1/2 years since our marriage and no baby to stay with us. Poor Jesse, how he grieved. He could not eat or cry. Mother stayed two weeks, then took her four babies and went to Snowflake to visit her mother and relatives.

About a week or few days after she left, I was grieving over losing the baby and that's one time in my life I really felt the power of the Devil. I thought the Lord was unjust. It was the first Sunday in April and Fast Day and I said I'll fast regardless of my weakness, as I hadn't felt well in body, and knew something wasn't right with me. I had such a terrible feeling like my baby wasn't dead and if I'd go to the Cemetery I could get him. Such feelings I can't express and so unreasonable I wouldn't

listen to poor Jesse trying to console me and all at once I felt like I would smother, and some heavy feeling on my chest, was crushing me. Then, I was in agony from my head to my toes, Jesse finally coaxed me to lie down. I felt like I was in labor and desired to pull. Oh, such agony I can't tell. This was about 10:00 a.m. Jesse couldn't leave me to call for help. I was suffering so much, when some minutes later we heard someone open the door and come on through into the kitchen and knock on the bedroom door. When Jesse opened the door there stood an elderly man neither of us had ever seen. He said, "my name is Monch". He was teaching in the Academy at Snowflake. The Faculty had held a meeting the night before and left for Joseph City. He stayed over night and waiting for his return here in the afternoon said he was prompted that someone was sick and his help was needed. He and Jesse administered to me and before they took their hands off my head, I was over my bad feelings. I went to church that afternoon. Brother Monch spoke and I bore my testimony. He told us after meeting how surprised he was to see me at church. He said he has received many manifestations of things in his life time but none greater than this. I was soon well, and about four months later, I had a growth removed from my left breast or just under it. The doctor called it a mole from Cancer. It never bothered me and after a few weeks it healed.

Our second son was born January 17, 1911 and never was a child more welcome, any cuter, or prettier, or good natured. We all thoroughly enjoyed our Malcolm Reeves.

I went to St. Johns to get help with our next baby. On September 23, 1912 our first daughter, Maude Marie was born. Sister Charlotte Sherwood took care of us. We went back to Woodruff in November 1912. Grandpa really took to her and said "She had the boy beat and there was no reason she wouldn't be the smartest woman ever born". Dear Grandpa passed on when Marie was just a year old, on September 16, 1913. We moved into Grandma's with our little family and stayed until January 1914 when we moved two miles to Lower Valley on a homestead.

We cleared 40 acres of land and fenced it and I really enjoyed living there. Our daddy left us several times to be gone over night. One night I did not feel very good so I put the Baby in her two wheeled cart and went to town. It was way after night when we got to Grandmas. Malcolm, three years past, walked all the way and Marie walked about a mile. The water got so low in the river I rode horse back to Woodruff, drove the cows to water. Dad was gone a week this time, so I got Charley Turley to help me move to Woodruff.

We bought the place across the street from Grandma from Joel Eager, and moved there. Then, in August Jesse moved us to Holbrook. We rented from Steve Heward, a four room Adobe House. We had two rooms and Del McLaw's wife and baby lived in the other two rooms. On October 13, 1914 our 3rd son William Wendell was born. Again, Aunt Vin Gardner was the Dr. and nurse. Aunt Wilmirth helped. My sister Pearl stayed with me a week or so, but when baby was five days old, Pearl got real sick, so her boy friend Wilford Brinkerhoff took her home to St. Johns. Jess's sister, Lucy, came to take care of us a week or so. Wendell was a beautiful baby. When he began teething, he had running ears and exema and it soon broke out on his head and face. We had quite a time with him for several years.

In February 1915 I attended a meeting in the Courtroom at the Court House. Apostle George F.

Richards was present. He organized the Holbrook Ward and set apart John H. Miller, an unmarried man, as Bishop. John was married the following June.

In April there was a terrible flood down the Colorado River and in May we moved back to Woodruff. As the Government called for new bids on Mail Contracts, the parcel Post business was too much, and we lost our contract. We got a new Model T. Ford.

The flood took the Woodruff Dam again, so most of the Fruit trees died before another Dam was built. Jesse dug to water, put a pump jack on, and we raised some garden, etc. That year, early in 1916, Jesse got a job with a cattle and horse doctor, who came from the east. In March, he was working in Springerville, but came home to be with me when our next son was born, March 28, Laron Waldo. Jesse brought my sister Pearl. She stayed about a month and then went home to get ready for her wedding in June. Waldo did not grow or do well the first few months, and I found I did not have enough breast milk for him, so had to give him bottle feeding until he was six months old, then I had plenty and he did fine. July 1918, the DeWitt's got the mail contract again. Jesse hauled Parcel Post. When John and Dee were at Keams Canyon on July 4th John's home at Snowflake burned and two children, Genevieve, 8 years old and Quince Reece 2-1/2 years were burned to death. Frank and Lynn were badly burned and for weeks. It did not look like Frank would get well. Another wonderful healing occurred through the Power of the Priesthood and Prayer of Faith and Our Heavenly Father's blessings they both lived and grew to manhood.

On September 23, 1918, our 5th son was born and this was the best I had ever been in confinement or after. Aunt Vin was the nurse again and Margaret DeWitt, Uncle John's daughter, helped us. We named him Kenneth Merwin. He was a 7-1/4 lbs. the same as Malcolm. Marie, Wendell, and Waldo were 9 lbs. Jesse was drafted into the Army while I was still in bed. He filled out the papers of World War I, but it was over six weeks later and the Armistice was signed. So, he went on hauling Parcel Post until January 1, 1919. He then took Deputy Sheriff job with Charley Harp as Sheriff.

What a cold time during January and February, 17 degrees below zero January 1st and we never saw the ground for three months. There was deep snow in December.

Jesse built us a three room lumber house northeast of the Court House, and moved us to Holbrook the 19th of February 1919. We lived there until December 31, 1920. I was 2nd Counselor in the Relief Society to Amelia Cross, until May 1920, when I was sustained President. Ezra Hatch was our Bishop.

In January 10, 1920 our second daughter was born at my Mother's home in St. Johns. My Aunt Margaret Jarvis took care of me. This baby came on Grandma DeWitt's Birthday. We named her Margaret Pearl for my two Aunt Margarets. I didn't do well and was in bed for three weeks. I didn't go home for two months, then my sister, Susie, went with me and stayed until June. It seemed to be my nerves.

We moved back to Woodruff and stayed six weeks, then went to St. Johns, February 18, 1921. On April 1st we paid \$250.00 down on the Clarence Owens house and moved in only two rooms

with six children. I was expecting another baby the 8th of September and I was very miserable. Our 6th son was born in Woodruff, July 29, 1921 at which time I was very ill. I spent 2 months in the St. Josephs Hospital in Phoenix, leaving my children in St. Johns with our folks. It took me 5 years to get well, which blessings I received through the Priesthood. The 6th son was named Heber Jarvis.

We arrived in St. Johns six weeks after I was taken to Phoenix. On October 10, 1926 our third daughter, Susie Isabelle, was born in Holbrook at my sister's home. Alex Carlyle, the seventh son and 10th child was born in Woodruff, September 22, 1928.

By Nancy Mildred DeWitt

It was 15 October, 1939, that Dad and Mom went out hunting and the gun caught on the door jam and accidentally went off and shot her in the left arm. Her arm had to be amputated. She was released from the hospital on the 8th of December 1939. They went to Mesa and lived until the middle of March 1940. Then they moved back to their home in Woodruff.

In June 1953, my dear Father, Heber Jarvis began feeling badly and thinking he would not be here much longer. Had a bad leg, poor circulation and much pain. On July 23rd he and Mom and Joseph stayed over nite with us. He seemed some better, but miserable. On August the 29th we were called to Mesa, as Waldo had another operation and was very sick. When he was out of danger, we came home and that was the last time I saw my father alive. He had a big toe amputated the later part of September and gang green had set in. He passed away 8 Oct 1953. We were held up by a road block and he died 15 minutes before we got to him. It is a very lonely home without my Father who I dearly loved and admired.

Another sad time, just 11 months after I lost my arm. Our dear son Heber Jarvis had a ruptured appendix, twice. He was away from home working, and came home sick. They took him to Winslow Hospital (after Dr. Davis in Holbrook advised so), He was operated the 10th of September 1940. He passed away the 14th of gangrene. He was so sweet to his Mother and how I will miss him. He was only 19 years old, 6 feet 2 inches in height and our only blue eyed son. Bless his memory.

Now our big red letter day 4th Oct. 1956. We went to Salt Lake City and attended a session in the Temple where we were married 50 years ago. Our son, Bishop Waldo DeWitt, of Mesa 14th Ward, went with us. Also, Nina Brinkerhoff Brewer, a grand niece of Jessie, went with us. We very much enjoyed the experience. Then, spent the evening at June and Owen Gardners with Sara and Jim Mattis, Leo and Vernah, Nina, Waldo and Nancy Mildred and June's family. The next day, Jess and I, Waldo and Nancy Mildred and baby Sterling Waldo 2-1/2 months old, (our 37th grand child) had our picture taken and it was published in the Church News.

We arrived home the 9th and on the 20th of October our children entertained us with a program "This is your Life" at the Holbrook Social Hall of the L.D.S. Church. Among the honored guests present were my Mother (88 years old) Jesse only living brother John. (His brother E. R. passed away the 29th after being in the Hospital 4 weeks.) Ken D. and his wife, Brother Alex's son and daughter, Margaret Stephenson (of N.Y.C.) Mary R. Hamblin, his sister Ibbies, daughter of L.A.,

California and nieces and nephews from San Diego, Mesa, Phoenix, St. Johns, Snowflake and Woodruff and friends were present.

Uncle Liges funeral services the 22nd. We all went. Several of our friends passed away at Eagar. The next week, Sister Leona Lund Wilkens, Henry Day and Jay Burgess. Then on December 16th Aunt Carrie (who had been bed fast 5 months and sick several years) passed on, and Dec 31, my mother's sister Ruth passed away. So all in all a very eventful year.

1957 My dear husband suffered a serious sickspell the latter part of February and was taken to the Hospital for 27 hours, and was six weeks getting back to normal. We attended another Arizona Pioneer Celebration in Phoenix, April 13 and 14. Our first time at the Arizona Museum Program.

Our dear Aunt Wilmerth passed on 4 July still sweet as ever. We visited her at her home July 3rd. and went on the Mountain, Big Lake, etc., had Margaret our daughter, and 2 children with us.

Another grand time our Granddaughter, Helen, was married to Howard Angle in the Arizona Temple June 28th. The weather was too hot for us to attend, but we were at her reception the 29th here, in Safford.

Dad and Nancy Mildred (Waldo's wife) "Sang Beyond the Sunset" at Aunt Carries funeral. Lots of compliments, and Uncle John said it was the highlight on the Program. They also sang the same song at Aunt Wilmerth's funeral and Jesse received many compliments on his wonderful gift, such a beautiful voice. Nelo Greer said he would like to have a record of Dad's voice singing. Aunt Wilmerth called Daddy back in her room, just as we were leaving and said "Jessie you're wonderful so wonderful, keep on being wonderful" I hope he always remembers her advice.

Kent, Sue and family went to the Temple June 3rd, and had their endowments and sealings and, five of there children sealed to them. We didn't get there in time for the session but I went to a session June 4th, 1958 with Kent and Sue and enjoyed it so much. Now, if Carlyle and Carol would take this step and get ready for the Temple. I'd be happy. We went to Safford for Father's Day. The weather was fine the first day and night. Saturday the sun was too hot. We went to see Delbert's new well on his new farm and Dad sat under the cooler the rest of the day. Came home over the Coronado Trail.

My dear husband was not well enough to make any more trips out of Arizona after that, and he left me alone in our new little apartment in Safford on the 13th of January 1959. Since then, I have spent most of the winters in Safford and the summers in Navajo and Apache counties. I have made at least two trips a year to Utah. A red letter trip was taken in April 1959 with my 3 daughters, Marie, Margaret and Sue. We went to the St. George, Manti and Salt Lake Temples, took a sight seeing tour through Utah, Nevada and visited Glen Canyon Dam in Arizona.

Had thought Dad had symptoms of diabetics for several weeks. The 16th Dr. Fessler had tests made of urine and blood and found he has a bad case, put him on a diet. Dr. Fessler left 2 weeks after, July 16th. Dr. Shandifer started him on tablets. He hasn't any strength in his legs. Has lost 10

or 15 pounds in weight. His blood sugar test is over 300. After 2 weeks of treatment Dad, suffered a heart attack at noon Sunday, August 3rd went for a ride out to Do Bells in a storm. We've been riding every evening for months and especially since Dad has been sick. He only drives between 10 to 25 miles per hour, but enjoys that and relaxes. Sunday night at 10 P.M. he suffered a very severe heart attack and was Hospitalized at 12:15 A.M. August 4th. I stayed at the Hospital until 2 a.m.. At 4 a.m. he had another very bad spell, a very sick man. August 15th another serious attack and very little hopes of his recovery. But after asking for Sessal Allen August 24th Sessal and Wendall administered to him and Sessal said "I feel our Heavenly Father is willing for you to return to your home as you desire", and August 31 he was taken home in the ambulance again.

September 4, Ken and Wendell put Dad in a bed in Carlyle's Station Wagon. Ken drove it and Wendell drove our car and we left for Margaret's. She came to our home the day Dad entered the Hospital and stayed with me until August 27th. They got a little part Indian baby girl, August 21st from Welfare at Flagstaff.

Dad had felt better at Safford or Artesia every time we came to see Margaret and wanted to come back. He has felt fine, only his legs don't have any strength. He took four leg baths in mineral wells at Ann Chearsons and 2 full baths. His blood sugar went up to 418. Dr. DeMarse took his tablets away before he left Holbrook Hospital. He told us Dad couldn't live long, to let him eat as he could tolerate and do the things that would make him happy. On September 30th Dr. Knight, Marg's family doctor had him enter Safford Hospital and started Insulin shots again. Blood sugar test, 387.

It seems I must still endure trials, and this is a big one, to have my dear husband so sick. But the Lord's will be done, I hope I can prove faithful — Dad worried so over his legs since he was out of the Hospital. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to drive his car, but by lifting his leg with his hand he drives very slow and really enjoys going for a ride every day.

After two falls, he took to the bed and only got up once a week to be taken to the Hospital for blood-sugar tests. He was down 3 weeks and when Waldo came to help on our little new house, across the street from Margarets, he made a run way from the door, instead of steps, and Dad got up and rode again each day. He and Waldo made several trips to Holbrook in Waldo's pickup and trailer and got rock, canned goods, etc. that Dad wanted.

He seemed to feel fine for about a month. We moved in our new home December 12th not quite finished, but Dad thoroughly enjoyed being here and is proud of one nice home and thankful for it. He took to the bed again after falling on December 29th and is only up to go to Hospital for blood sugar tests.

Since he has had Doctor Check him now and again. Doctor has come to see him. Poor Dad has had bad symptoms again, chest pains, bloating and swelling, spitting blood, etc. Hope our darling doesn't have to go through a lot more suffering.

Our darling loved one grew worse fast. Tuesday, the 6th heart pains in his chest. Marie and Waldo came at mid-night with a Hospital bed. Delbert and Waldo put it up and got Daddy moved

into it. Then, Waldo and Marie went back to Mesa. Margaret phoned, she got a Practical Nurse to come in the daytime. Hannah Putman came Thursday morning.

Wednesday morning Doctor came and fixed the glucose and started feeding Dad in the veins. Malcolm, Martha, Sue, Carlyle, Wendell and Kenneth came. Martha helped Dr. Carr, but about 10 o'clock the tube came out again. The kids all went back home, but Sue, stayed Thursday night with me.

Friday, Marie came. Saturday we thought Dad was going, but he rallied. Sores broke out on his legs and hip. 2 o'clock Saturday night, or Sunday morning, Waldo, Uncle John DeWitt (Dad's only living brother) and Laron came. Carrie Thatcher, night nurse, was here. Waldo and folks left Sunday noon. Dad was very low couldn't talk much. Saturday night, my folks, Ethel and Laverl from Idaho came. Mag, George, Silas and Joseph came over from Mesa. They left about 9 P.M.

Marie stayed with me Sunday night, Monday Dad seemed to rest more. Sue stayed Monday night, Ken came about 11 and left about 2:30 a.m. The nurse left at 5 a.m.

Dad breathes less and less. I watched him for ½ hour, woke Sue. She and I watched our darling pass from this life at 5:40 a.m. 13 Jan. 1959.

January 13th Ken came in Carlyle's Station Wagon and at 12:30 p.m. he and I left with our dear ones earthly remains. We arrived in Holbrook at 5 p.m., left his body at Alcorn Mortuary.

I stayed at Ken's home. Wednesday evening he and I went to the mortuary and helped with dressing and placing him in the casket.

Thursday at 12 noon went to the Relief Society room where his body lay in state until 2 p.m.

At the Funeral Service there was a very sweet spirit and a lovely program. The Bishop announced it was by far, the largest funeral ever held in the Ward Chapel and the largest flower offerings. Burial was in Woodruff Cemetery near his loved ones who were placed there. His Father, Mother, 2 Sons, a Grandson, a Brother, William and Wife Elsie and a nephew and my arm.

I wonder how long before the rest of me will be placed near my loved companion. It is now one month after Jesse death and it seems so long and I'm so lonely, I don't know what to do. Hope I can live to be guided by our Heavenly Father, and do right in all that I do.

Haven't felt well for months thought maybe I had Diabetes so finally went to Dr. Hiatt at the Clinic in Mesa, and found I was right. Started diet and orange tablets, spent a while with Marie at Casa Grande. Am able to control Diabetes without Insulin shots. I'm thankful.

Spent a cold disagreeable winter. Went to Mesa the 24th of February and Casa Grande with Marie, Luella, Rea, Ivy, Noy and wife, Dean and family Christoffersons, came to Scottsdale for horse show. Had a DeWitt family reunion at Waldo's home February 26, 1960, reorganized as Jesse was

the last President since October 1956. Had a nice time visiting and singing.

Lue and Rea came to Safford with me and Margaret took us to Holbrook. March 22 They left for Utah. April 1st, I went to Phoenix with Wendell and Family April 15 went to Lute and May Packers Golden Wedding and, home to Safford with Bud and Fay Jacobson and family.

Our dear little Mother, Susan Smith Jarvis passed away December 15th 1960, in Phoenix Hospital at age 92 years and three months. Only lonely memories and sadness for me, because I didn't do more for her.

I've done 38 names at the Temple to March 6, 1962. Lue and Rea stayed with me until the last of March. Weldon Walters took them home to Utah.

April 3, on our way to April Conference, we went by St. George. George and Fanny also went with us and all enjoyed a session at Temple, April 4th. Then we went to the Salt Lake City. I stopped off at Lehi, and went to the Wedding of Rea Christofferson and Weldon Waters that night. Waldo, my Bishop son, performed the ceremony.

It is November 1964 and I expect to go to Mesa the 13 January. It has been five long years since my dear companion left me. I get more consolation and feel nearness to him while in the Temple, and feel I'm doing a little good there. I have gone back and forth, by just catching rides. Most of the time I go with Luciell Morris, who goes about twice a month for nursery supplies. I come home the later part of the month and stay a week or so to pay my bills, do my Relief Society teaching and then go back. The chairman of Genealogy reported, I did far more names in the Temple, in 1964, than any other member of our Layton 2nd Ward.

I went to Mesa with Delbert and Marg to put Marg in the hospital. Charles went off to a cattle ranch, so Monty came with us, leaving just Brenda and Carolyn home. Delbert and Monty slept at Waldo's, and they went home on Wednesday. I quite enjoyed Louise Clah (their Indian Placement girl) and Darlene. Friday night Sister Beals had a Christmas Party and reunion for her family and invited me. It was nice — a program and supper. She gave presents to all there. I got a plastic covered candy dish.

Dillis Kay and wife Leona were very nice to me, came and took me every day to go see Margaret although she didn't enjoy, or know much about our visits until Thursday night, when she began feeling better. Dillis Kay helped Waldo and Delbert bless her on Monday night, and Wednesday night, Dr. Hiatt and Waldo administered to her on Sunday.

I went to Sunday School and Church New Years Day and a very beautiful spirit was there and a very humble talk by a returned missionary that Waldo had sent out while he was Bishop of the 20th Ward. Thus ended the year of 1966.

I thought this book would be the rest of my Life's story, but my brother LaVerl sent an insurance book with calendar and a diary for 1967 and 68 so, I'll leave this book for 2 years, then finish filling

it with my Life's doings, if I'm still around.

1967 - Excerpts from her diary -

I still have many testimonies of the truthfulness of this church and know that all the Prophets and leaders from Joseph Smith on down to the present time are men of God and I always thrill, when I hear their testimonies and talks, and I love to attend State Conferences and all meetings held in the Church. I know we will not go far astray from Jesus and his teachings if we read the scriptures and give heed to the teachings of our leaders.

February 9th. Rained all day, Mag taught. Waldo said he would come and get me on his way home from the office but, he never came and I couldn't get anyone at their home. Mag and I went to a Spanish supper, got home about 9 p.m.. I called Waldo's home, found he was in Mesa Lutheran Hospital. His horse fell on him, at the ranch about 9:30 a.m., and he finally got to Mesa about 9:30 p.m., badly hurt.

February 10th Mag cut my hair, gave me a bath, shampoo, etc. We got to Mesa after noon, went to the Hospital. Waldo's left leg had two or three blood clots, his foot badly swollen, muscles pulled and blood vessels crushed. His right shoulder was badly bumped against a tree. He is suffering a lot.

February 11, Sunday I went to Stake Conference with Carma, and stayed there Saturday night. Sterling W. Sill gave a wonderful talk on working for the Celestial Kingdom. Margaret, Monty and Brenda came about eight. Ken's family came about 1:00 O'clock, we all went to the hospital to see Waldo. They left St. Johns about 3:00 p.m. Monty stayed at Waldo's, Marg, Brenda and I stayed at Rulan and Rilla's home, in a very good bed, and it rained most of the night.

February 12 We went to Deseret Industries, and other places shopping. We went to see Waldo. He is not so well, Doctor said he couldn't put his foot down for 2 months. He is suffering a lot. Marg went to see Dr. Hiatt and we went to see Uncle John DeWitt, who is 91 years old. Then, we went to Safford and arrived at 6 p.m..

February 17 - I did a lot of raking in my yard. Marg cleaned my house then we went to town. I phoned the hospital and found Waldo had gone home this p.m., feeling better but, had a very close race with death, being allergic to a hypo they gave him. Doctor got there just in time. Noy and Dean Christofferson with their wives were at Waldo's. They were there for the yearly Scottsdale horse show. I am so thankful the Lord has been good to him and he is home again.

March 28 - Waldo's Birthday. We read in the Arizona Star newspaper about his close call with death, from a Honey Bee sting on his forehead. The Emergency Staff worked with him for a while. We talked to him this a.m. He is OK and going to his office. He was stung on March 24th..

April 4th - Waldo and Danny left for Flagstaff about 8 a.m. His hearing is for 11 a.m. About 9:30 Sally called, Laron and Nancy Jo were in a car accident and are in Lutheran Hospital. Five boys going to school, ran a stop sign and ran into Laron. His truck is demolished. X-rays show a broken nose, bad face bruises, chest and back injuries. Quite a lot of excitement, answering the phone calls

all day. Nancy Mildred was at the hospital until 2 p.m. then Waldo, Dillis and his wife came in the evening. They were at the hospital until visiting hours were over. I answered the phone, etc.

April 5th- Nancy Mildred had Stake Leadership Meeting all day until 5 p.m. and when Waldo came, they went to a Spanish supper then, I went with them to Laron's. He left the Hospital in the afternoon. His nose still bleeds, he can't get any air through it and it's hard to talk. His chest is sore, also his back. Visited Max and Brent part of the afternoon. They had been to see Laron.

April 6th - 138 years since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized and I am thankful for my membership and the Gospel as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith and my many testimonies of the truthfulness of the Gospel, and for the testimony of the Vision of the Father and the Son appearing to Joseph Smith. I thrill every time I read his testimony of his vision, and his life.

April 16 - We went to the reception for Charles Dilles and Sharon Lee Vellieux, a wonderful affair. Seven Grandson's and their wives were present. Three of John DeWitt's sons and wives were also there. One of Liege's children, so it was quite a DeWitt reunion, besides so many friends.

January 12 Malcolm Reeves, Jr. Birthday today, born 1931, Died 1934. I'm always lonely, thinking of the memories of this day and of the long full years since I was left, but I try to study and learn more of the Gospel and hope to prepare myself so our Heavenly Father will consider me worthy to be with my loved ones and friends, when my sojourn is finished here. I am so THANKFUL Margaret is improving each day, and I hope she uses wisdom.

January 13 Eight years since Daddy 'left' us here. It's a long lonely time. I get mixed up on my dates. I spend my days writing and going through drawers etc. There is so much genealogy I'd love to do if I could, but my eyes are very dim. I try to read something each day.

I went to Taylor, and Father's Day. I went to Phoenix from Holbrook with my son Carlyle to go by Airplane to Orange, California with Mary Hamblin. The last time she was in Mesa was to the funeral of Uncle John DeWitt who died 20th May 1968. He was the last of the A.A. & M.M. DeWitt family, except me, Jesse's wife, Maude. Mary went home with me to Safford, then we went to Taylor and Holbrook, stayed at Wendell and Carlyles.

During July and August I almost lost my eye-sight. They had been getting worse at times for 10 years. In 1965-67 and 68 they became much worse. Once before that, I had to quit reading or writing and by Sept 68, I realized I and should have quit before. Margaret took me to Mesa the last of October for an examination. On the 28th Dr. Whooton operated on my right eye and took a cataract off and the next day I saw a "bouquet of yellow mums, my children had brought". Margaret, Sue and Kent, Marie and Ruby, and of course Waldo and Nancy Mildred, Max and Carma who live in Mesa, also, Leona and Dillis and Fred and Corrine came to see me. My sister Margaret and her girl LaDawn came over from Phoenix. Waldo and Max administered to me and my name was put in the Temple. Again, I'm blessed abundantly and I am grateful to Heavenly Father. The operation is a great success. On December 28, 1968 had the left eye operated on, wasn't quite as successful in getting back to normal in my feelings or nerves, and I had difficulty breathing and had weak

feelings, but after six months, was O.K. again. What a pleasure to read and at times to write so it can be understood. I have many blessings.

1 January 1967. At Waldo's. Margaret is still in the Lutheran Hospital since, Dec 26th for operation, Dec 27th Went to S. S. Louise and I talked together. Sister Beals and I went to the Gospel Doctrine Class. The teacher was well prepared on the lesson; "A Marvelous Work and A Wonder" outlined for investigators class. Walked home with Sterling and Carol. Dr. Hiatt, Waldo, Nancy Mildred and I visited Marg at 2 P.M. Went to church at 4:30 P.M. The kids and two grandmothers watched T.V. until 9 P.M. Went to bed. Jan 2nd Monday — Left for Phoenix about 10 a.m. attended the inaugural of Governor Jack Williams, also shook hands with the Governor of Senora, Mexico and his wife and Senator Paul Fannen and wife. Had cake and punch. Visited Waldo's office, he is the Arizona State Tax Commissioner and Chairman. It was Nancy Mildred's and Waldo's 27th Anniversary. Sister Beals entertained them and that evening we ate a smorgasbord dinner.

June 30, 1967 - Went with Wendell and Ruby on a wonderful trip to Cardston, Canada to Fred and Corines wedding. Saw a lot of beautiful country.

In September, 1958 we moved to Safford, Arizona into a little apartment at our daughter Margaret's where we lived for 3-1/2 months when we then moved across the street into a little apartment that Delbert, Waldo and John made for us. Daddy was so happy in our new little home, but only lived there for one month before he left me in death. I lived here alone for 15 years but Margaret always had one of her children spend the night with me. Delbert and Margaret built a new home in 1962 next door to me.

I spent most of my years working in genealogy and in the Mesa Temple. Would spend most of the summer months at Taylor or Holbrook with my children there. My winters in Safford and in Mesa at Waldo's or with Mary Hamblin; (we rented an apartment near the Temple). Also lived with two of my Aunts, Ester Shumway or Leah Udall; both lived within walking distance to the Temple.

Spent time visiting in Utah, California and Arizona gathering data and pictures and was able to compile a DeWitt and Jarvis Family Record Book.

On my 86th birthday, Jan. 26 1974, my children, Waldo and Nancy Mildred gave me a Birthday Party at their home in Mesa. There were 156 guests who came to see me. That morning, as many as could attended the Temple with me. Then we went to Perry's for our dinner then to Waldo's for the Open House.

This was truly a Red Letter Day for our Mother and she did so enjoy having us call all of her friends and invite them to her party, even though her health was failing her, and she was not too well at this time.

OPEN HOUSE SATURDAY FOR MRS. MAUDE DE WITT

The sons and daughters of Mrs. Maude Jarvis DeWitt of Safford will honor her 86th birthday with an

open house from 3 to 5 p.m. Saturday at the home of her son, State Tax Commissioner Waldo DeWitt 1018 W. Eighth St. in Mesa.

Eight of the 10 children born to Mrs. DeWitt are living and she has 47 grandchildren and 76 great-grandchildren.

Four of her children live in Holbrook, Malcolm R., William Wendell, Kenneth M., and A. Carlyle. Waldo lives in Mesa, Mrs. Sue D. Palmer in Taylor and Mrs. Margaret D. Harris and Mrs. Marie D. Maennche reside in Safford.

Born in Snowflake January 26, 1888, Mrs. DeWitt is the daughter of Heber Jarvis and Susan J. Smith Jarvis.

She has devoted a lifetime to genealogy research and helped publish a DeWitt book on family ancestry and published a Heber Jarvis book on family posterity.

She is noted for never forgetting the birthday of a friend or relative and spends hours every day sending cards and messages to brighten the lives of other people.

A lifelong member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mrs. DeWitt has served in many capacities in her church, including President, Counselor and Secretary of the Relief Society, and on MIA, Primary and Genealogy Committees.

Reared in Eager, she married Jesse D. DeWitt Oct 4, 1906, in the Salt Lake Temple.

The couple lived for many years in Woodruff and Holbrook, where he was a deputy sheriff and police magistrate until his health failed in 1958. She still makes her home there, in Safford. Mrs. DeWitt's children have invited all her friends and relatives to attend the open house in her honor Saturday afternoon.

Margaret Harris wrote this:

Mother remained in Mesa until the end of February, when she returned to her home in Safford. On the 4th of March our daughter came to get us, Mother had a stroke, so we rushed her to the hospital, where she remained for 10 days. Her death came about 5 p.m. on the 14 of March, 1974, at the Mt. Graham Hospital. We took her to Holbrook for the funeral, then to Woodruff for burial.

She was "Truly a Great Lady", with a host of friends; and an excellent memory. In the 15 years she lived next door, I never missed a day taking cards of remembrance to mail to her many acquaintances. We miss her so very much!

9 October 1996

Dear Family:

I would like to write a tribute to my dear Father and Mother in-law. I don't think any of us can imagine, or understand what suffering and pain they endured after that terrible gun accident.

It was the 15th of October, 1939 that it happened. It was early in the morning and Dad and Mom had gone to hunt rabbits. He drove east of Woodruff Butte and saw some rabbits out in the field. Dad started to take the gun out of the trunk and some way it accidentally caught and went off and shot Mom in the upper part of her left arm. Mom said to Dad "Don't look at me, just put your face against the windshield and get me to the hospital as quick as you can."

Dad usually fainted when he saw blood and she didn't want him to look at her. He drove as fast as he could to the Holbrook Hospital. She was there several days and her arm would not heal, gangrene set in. Dr. Parks said it would have to be amputated to save her life.

Dad nearly lost his mind. He would park his car, then couldn't remember where he parked it. He sent for Margaret to come home from Gila College. He would walk the streets and cry and sob his heart out -- He was never the same after that accident.

The Doctor cut her arm off and they took it to the Woodruff Cemetery and buried it by the grave of their first baby Jesse Dilles.

She was in the Hospital a very long, long time. She nearly died, and finally, she started getting better. She was released from the Hospital on 8 December 1939, and was so glad to be home.

They moved to Mesa and rented a house from Mom's Uncle Joseph W. Smith. They lived close to Grandpa and Grandma Jarvis. As soon as Mom was able they started going to the Temple, which they enjoyed very much.

It was so hard for her to learn how to do things with one arm. But she made the best of it and Dad tried to help her every way he could. They took four children to Mesa with them, Margaret, Jarvis, Sue and Carlyle. Maude was only 51 years old.

Waldo and Nancy Mildred were married in the Mesa Temple, 2 January 1940 and we were able to go to their wedding.

It was an inspiration to watch her try to do things with one arm. Sometimes she would try over and over before she could do it. But she learned how to make bread and bottle fruit and sew on buttons, do the washing and hang out clothes, do the ironing and sweep the floors and make the rake the yard. She learned how to peel potatoes and fruit and vegetables and keep house. She and Dad enjoyed being together and he would help her all he could.

Mom's motto was "You can do any thing you want to do if you want to do it bad enough."

Uncle Jess Jarvis asked her. Do you feel your arm? She said, "There's never been 30 minutes in the day that it does not hurt. My hand and fingers get hot and cold and twisted and hurts so bad."

They really did well to handle this burden and they were active in the Church and lived the gospel and kept their testimony of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They really lived a life that is an example to all of us. May we all live so we can be with them in the next life. I hope and pray that we can. May the Lord help us.

Nancy Mildred DeWitt

12.. **MARY ELIZA DEWITT** b. 24 July 1885, Springerville, Arizona, d. 24 July 1885, Springerville, Arizona of Whopping Cough

BONUS

THE SETTLEMENT OF SNOWFLAKE, ARIZONA - The William J. Flake Story

Early in the year of 1873 a man by the names of James Stinson and his partner Evans located in the valley where Snowflake now stands. They had made some little money by furnishing General Crook's troops with beef and they located here for ranching and farming purposes. Evans was the principal but soon drew out and left the place to Stinson. Up to the time that the Mormons came into the country, Cooley and Stinson were the main settlers on Silver Creek and Show Low, which extended about 50 miles. They owned the most fertile spots and had almost the entire control of the water and said that there was no more than they wanted for their own use, consequently, no room for new settlers. This made it difficult for our people to get locations when they came to the country... Mention has already been made, of James Stinson's settling on Silver Creek in the year 1873, this place was purchased by W. J. Flake.

We will go back and note a few incidents that led to the purchase. William J. Flake moved from Utah to Arizona in the fall of 1877. He located on the Little Colorado about 4 miles below St. Joseph at old Taylor. Here the little company attempted to put in a dam and make themselves homes. High water soon took away their dam leaving them, as it had at Woodruff, with little hope of success and their provisions and supplies were well nigh exhausted, so the settlement of Taylor was abandoned. After the loss of the dam, brother Flake started out on an exploring trip up the country, to try and find himself a new home. He first went to Savoia in New Mexico, then round to Round Valley, then to the headwaters of Show Low Creek and failing to find a place that suited him, that was not claimed or occupied, he returned by the way of Stinson's. Stinson making a proposition to sell, he closed the trade and bought the place. This was in July about 4th 1878. This place on Silver Creek, about 18 miles north of the main body of timber, about 22 miles from Cooleys and 21 miles south of Woodruff. There is about 2,000 acres of land in the valley that can be cultivated, which is of excellent quality. The range for stock is good and firewood nearby in great abundance. The altitude of the place is near 6,000 feet. Stinson had made some improvements in the 5 years, most of which time he had been on the place. He had made a ditch and had took out the waters of Silver Creek together with all the land in the valley that could be covered, by all the water in the creek. His claim may have been rather more than the law would acknowledge, but these frontier ranchmen do not acknowledge much law in relation to squatter's claims. He would have doubtlessly, been able to hold on to it, for he would have divided it among his trusty Mexicans, to enter and hold for him, when the land should come into the market.

For this claim and the improvements together with the farming implements such as teams, wagons, plows, machinery, etc. Flake paid Stinson \$11,000 in stock divided as follows - 200 cows, 150 two year olds, and 200 yearlings which was to be paid as follows: 80 head down, 235 in April 1879, 235 in April 1880 and equal proportion of kinds was to be paid at each payment. The stock was paid according to contract. Receipts were taken and Stinson giving as good a deed, or as little to the

place, as could be given, the land not having been surveyed by the Government, took his stock, and left the valley in July 1880. The purchase of this main place on Silver Creek gave an opening for many of the Saints who were seeking homes in this country.

On July 21st 1878 William J. Flake and James Gale, with their families moved into the valley. The hardship and trials that they had undergone, since they left Utah, caused the sisters to shed tears of joy when they came in sight of the valley covered with its mantle of green and, they realized that they were going to have a home and resting place. They had been nearly one year moving about in their wagons and had worked exceedingly hard for a short time at Taylor trying to make a home and had failed, but now, they found one, they were overjoyed. In a short time others followed Brother Flake and about the 10th of August, John Kartchner and company arrived from the deserted settlement of Taylor. This company consisted of six families namely, William D. Kartchner and his sons, John and Mark E., D.C. Clayton, A. Z. Palmer and Ninian Miller and their wives and families. This company was working in the United Order and purchased of Brother Flake 1/4 interest in the claim, they taking the upper part of the valley. Brother Flake sold it to them on the same terms that he bought it not manifesting any desire to make anything for himself out of the purchase. With these, others came in afterwards. Flake's generous disposition was often taken advantage of by the brethren and he was almost as often the loser by it.

As soon as things could be arranged and his families cared for, Brother Flake started for Utah to buy stock to finish paying for the place. On the 20th of Sept 1878 he met President Erastus Snow and party a little below Brigham City. Brother Flake reported to President Snow what he had done. President Snow endorsed Brother Flake's course and approved of the purchase he had made. This gave him great encouragement, as many had spoken against the purchase of the place.

On Sept 14, 1878 President Snow and party consisting of Jesse N. Smith, L. John Nuttall, and Ira Hinckley and other arrived in the Snowflake Valley. President Snow held a meeting, organized the place, called John Hunt for Bishop and suggested W. Flake and John Kartchner be his counselors. The next morning Sept 25th, he located the townsite and gave it the name of Snow Flake, in honor of himself and Brother Flake. He counseled John Kartchner and company who had located on the east side of the creek to move over onto the townsite and unite with the brethren, which they soon did. They settled up their order business and moved over onto the townsite.

Pres. Snow also counseled that Major Ladd be employed, to survey the townsite and a water ditch on the east side of the creek. Sept 27, 1878, while President Snow and party were camped at Forestdale, he selected Pres. Jesse N. Smith to preside over the stake. This selection was soon confirmed by President Taylor, and a line between this, and the Little Colorado Stake, was fixed at Barado's near Holbrook. According to President Snow's instruction, Major Ladd was engaged and he surveyed the townsite, laying off 20 blocks, with 4 lots on a block, each lot 12 rods square and streets 6 rods wide. Ladd also surveyed two ditches, one on the west side of the creek and one on the east side, but these surveys were never used.

Brother John Hunt was residing at Savoia at the time he was called to act as Bishop of the place, and on receiving notice of appointment, he immediately arranged his affairs, fixed up and started for

Snowflake, arriving there on Nov. 8 1878. He soon returned to Savoia for his family, leaving John Kartchner in charge of the place while he was gone. He soon returned to Snowflake arriving there Dec 3, 1878. On Jan 16, 1879 Pres. James N. Smith and company arrived in Snowflake. This company consisted of President Jesse N. Smith, Joseph Fish, John R. Hulet, Smith D. Rogers, J. H. Rollins and Lehi West and their families. (West was an Indian who had been raised with the whites) and Amos Rogers, Silas S. Smith, Jr., John A. Smith, C. I. Decker, and sister Margaret West.

On Monday Jan 20, 1879 Pres. Jesse N. Smith with a few of the brethren started for St. Johns to try to make a purchase of the place. On arriving there, Sol Barth the principal owner of the place, showed considerable indifference about selling and acting as if the Mormons should run after them. He and others held the property very high. Pres. Smith was not very favorably impressed with the place and as the property was held so high, he returned without making an offer to purchase. On his return, he made his report to the company who all agreed to locate at Snowflake. They selected themselves city lots from those that had not already been taken up and on Jan 29, started to the timber for house logs, etc. for building. Shortly after this, a meeting was held for the purpose of considering the subject of dividing the farm land, etc. It was agreed at the meeting, to have all the land that could be cultivated laid off into 10 acre lots and each man draw for his land. Albert Minnerly was chosen to lay off the land. Each man was to have 1 city lot, one first and one second class lot, which would be 20 acres. If a man had two families he could have 2 city lots. Pres. Snow suggested this way of dividing the land when he organized the place.

Soon after the meeting, in relation to the land, Joseph Fish, Albert Minnerly and another man were chosen to make calculations on the amount of land to be divided and see what each man's share would be to cover the first cost of the purchase. This committee reported that each share should be: 1 city lot at \$30-, 1 first class 10 acre lot at \$110., 1 second class 10 acre lot at \$60. Making each share come to \$200, to be paid in stock, and at the same rate as Brother Flake paid for the place. Brother Flake took one share with the rest and no more. He had thrown the place open for the brethren and didn't want more than others in the division.

Previously, to Flake's buying the place, a few families had located above Stinson's and had received permission of him to use the water when he did not want it. When Flake bought the place, he had told the brethren who had located above, to go ahead that there was plenty of water for all and they were welcome to it. Upon this, quite a number crowded into the little valley 3 miles above Snowflake, the place is called Taylor, where they could get water without it costing them a cent. Being above, some of them soon began to think they had prior right to the water and that Stinson could not have held water to have irrigated more than 160 acres of land and, that Brother Flake was not entitled to more, that he was foolish for paying Stinson for something he did not own. Propositions were made for the people above to pay a certain amount of the first purchase, they were to share equally with Snowflake in the use of the water, but these propositions were rejected and Flake was again taken advantage of, as well as those who shared the purchase with him, by a few individuals who wanted their land and water to it for nothing and were not willing to pay anything for it.

LIFE IN THE OLD WOODRUFF FORT by Frank H. Owens

My parents, James Clark Owens Jr. and his wife Lucretia, had just completed a lovely home of hewed logs at Bush Valley, now Alpine, when a call came for them to go to Woodruff, where Father was to serve as the first Bishop. The dam at Woodruff had been washed away and the people were discouraged. It was difficult to leave the new home, but Father had covenanted to "lend very assistance toward the building up of the Church and the Kingdom of God upon the Earth" so he disposed of all his real property and set out for Woodruff, reaching there December 4, 1879.

An adobe fort had been constructed at Woodruff in the winter and spring of 1878-79, and our family was given a room in it. Imagine the feelings in Father's and Mother's minds as they studied the sadness of the weary hearts before them, and the immensity of the project they had set out to assist in developing, as against the hazards they must overcome. What consternation must have met Mother's eye as she peered into the dark dreary room that was to be their home for the next few years. To see it's dirty and bare adobe walls; dirt roof supported with cedar poles covered with willows, then topped with a heavy mound of earth; mere openings for the one window and one door; and several portholes through the outside walls, as a protection against a possible attack by Indians. The door sill was a large flat rock and the floor was nature's own earth.

Mother had a family of eight to care for, and to better facilitate living conditions, she fashioned a partition with an old carpet and a blanket. The inside arrangement and furnishings consisted of two rudely fashioned clothes cupboards hanging against the walls above the beds; one little clothes cupboard resting on some flat rocks a few inches above the floor, which served as a table at the head of my parent's bed, and a bed for the smaller children at the foot of the larger bed--this filled the room back of the partition. In the front part was another bed, a kitchen table, a small cook stove, some ill-contrived cupboards, and a chair or two Father had made. The covered wagon boxes served as a bedroom for the boys, dressing room, rumpus room for the children, and storage quarters.

I will relate one of the many sad incidents that happened to us in the fort. It was during the summer rainy season and it had rained each day for several days, thoroughly saturating the earth. The next day, after a hot forenoon, it began raining again: this time in real earnest. Mother, sensing from past experience the possibility of a disastrous happening, began piling the clean clothes on the beds and covering them with quilts. She worked with haste: the moments were precious as mud laden drops began falling from the roof faster and faster. She put out buckets, pans, every sort of container she had, then tried to empty them as fast as they filled. But alas, she lost the fight; the falling drips were almost streams of mud and water, until there was a slush on the floor almost shoe-top deep. The clothes and all else in the house were saturated.

She had put a double quilt around me and stood me in the doorway partially protected by the thick adobe walls over and about me. The girls were in the wagon box where it ~~was~~ yet dry; the men were at the dam. Poor Mother, drenched through and through, not even a dry cloth to wipe her eyes, sat on an old box and wept. As I stood in the doorway, well near dry, I watched with amazement and

pity the doings and conditions of my dear mother, then I too began sobbing and crying. To quite me Mother had to put me in the wagon with the girls.

The yard was also a lake of water. There was no fire, no dry wood, no dry change of clothes. Only a strong heart imbued with the Spirit of God, could persist in the endurance of these continued hardships.

ANOTHER DAM WASHED AWAY (at Woodruff, Arizona)- Written by Sara E. Brinkerhoff

One Saturday night in the summer of 1915, a frantic warning came to the people of Woodruff by a messenger on horseback. The Lyman Dam, near St. Johns, had gone out, and a sea of water was rushing down the Little Colorado toward Woodruff. Said the messenger, "There is enough water to flood every house in town." Hurriedly the people packed their belongings into wagons and moved them up on the hillside south of town. How they prayed that night, kneeling on the hard rocks, beseeching God to save their dam and their homes.

Vivid in the mind of the writer are the events of that night. The women made beds on the hard rocks or in wagon beds and tried to persuade their families to get some rest. With their precious hard-earned homes to the north and a raging river to the west, and a floundering hope that the one would not destroy the other, they found little inclination to sleep. Early Sunday morning the great wall of water reached the dam. The men watched, tight-lipped and grim. A few women wept openly. Children clung fearfully to their mother's skirts.

The first rush of the thick, muddy water over flowed the ditches and rushed into the streets and houses. Then it kept rising, higher, higher. It reached the top of the dam. To the people standing on the river bank, the moments were endless. Would their beloved dam hold? If it did, would their homes be spared? The water, pressing hard, felt for the top of the dam. The first huge rocks slid off effortlessly and went booming down the channel. Then, with a thunderous roar, the center of the dam gave away. Huge boulders, some weighing several tons, were carried a quarter of a mile down stream, so great was the force of that torrent of flood waters. It was a heart-breaking ordeal, and with the full light of day came the sight of the seething, chocolate-colored stream, rushing unhampered down the river where yesterday had stood their beloved dam. Bert Hatch, standing on the river bank, watched as his neighbors turned with sober faces toward their homes. Then he spoke so all could hear, "I guess we're just not worth a dam!"

Note: 14 dams were washed out — 3 in one year)