

Family Group Record - 18

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Husband John Daniel DEWITT-22				
Born	5 Nov 1876	Place	Kanab:, Kane, Ut	LDS ordinance dates
Christened	15 Nov 1876	Place	Kanab:, Kane, Ut	Baptized
Died	20 May 1968	Place	Mesa, Mrcp, Az	Endowed
Buried	25 May 1968	Place	Mesa, Mrcp, Az	Sealed to parents
Married	30 Nov 1895	Place	Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father			Abel Alexander DEWITT-24	MRIN: 19
Husband's mother			Margaret Miller WATSON-25	

Wife Caroline Amanda WEBB-23				
Born	13 Oct 1877	Place	Orderville, Kane, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized
Died	16 Dec 1956	Place	Mesa, Mrcp, Az	Endowed
Buried	18 Dec 1956	Place	Mesa, Mrcp, Az	Sealed to parents
Wife's father			Edward Milo WEBB-28	MRIN: 21
Wife's mother			Ellen ASHMAN-29	

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	Sex F	Caroline Lillian DEWITT-32		
Born	10 Feb 1897	Place	Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	28 Oct 1969	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	Sealed to parents
Buried	31 Oct 1969	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	
Spouse			Silas Eugene FLAKE-33	MRIN: 23
Married	2 Apr 1925	Place	Salt Lake City, Slc, Utah	Sealed to spouse

2	Sex M	John Daniel DEWITT Jr-34		
Born	11 Sep 1898	Place	Colonia Dublan, Chhh, Mex	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	9 Oct 1979	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	Sealed to parents
Buried	13 Oct 1979	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	
Spouse			Claradell SMITH-35	MRIN: 24
Married	2 Apr 1919	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	Sealed to spouse

3	Sex F	Margaret DEWITT-36		
Born	22 Jul 1900	Place	Colonia Dublan, Chhh, Mex	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	7 Feb 1927	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	Sealed to parents
Buried		Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	
Spouse			Aikens SMITH-37	MRIN: 25
Married	5 Oct 1921	Place	Snowflake, Nav, Az	Sealed to spouse

Select **only one** of the following options. The option you select applies to all names on this form.

- ☐ **Option 1 -- Family File** Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple.
I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing
The temple will assign proxies for ordinances not checked.
- ☐ **Option 2 -- Temple File** Send all names to any temple and assign proxies for all approved ordinances.
- ☐ **Option 3 -- Ancestral File** Send all names to the computerized Ancestral File for research purposes only, not for ordinances. I am including the required pedigree chart.

Your Name	
George D. & Gwenevere D. Hulse	
Address	
1622 W. Argon	
Mesa, Arizona 85201	
Phone	Date prepared
(602)964-3817	01 Aug 1996
Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form	
Husband	Wife

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Husband John Daniel DEWITT-22			
Wife Caroline Amanda WEBB-23			
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates
Temple			
4	Sex F	Ellen (Nelle) DEWITT-38	
	Born	7 Jan 1903	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	27 Jan 1981	Place Provo, Utah
	Buried	31 Jan 1981	Place Provo, Utah
	Spouse	Harold K. MOON-39	
	Married	20 Sep 1931	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Baptized	2 Jul 1911	
	Endowed	29 Sep 1931	
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	MRIN:	26	
	Sealed to spouse	29 Sep 1931	
5	Sex M	Frank Merwin DEWITT-40	
	Born	21 Mar 1905	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	13 Dec 1977	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Buried	16 Dec 1977	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Spouse	Margaret Theresa WRIGHT-41	
	Married	30 May 1934	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Baptized	31 May 1913	
	Endowed	30 Oct 1925	
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	MRIN:	27	
	Sealed to spouse	30 May 1934	
6	Sex M	William Lynn DEWITT-42	
	Born	23 Dec 1907	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	31 Oct 1994	Place Cottonwood, , Arizona
	Buried	5 Nov 1994	Place Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona
	Spouse	Opal Marie STEVENS-43	
	Married	9 Sep 1931	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Baptized	23 Aug 1916	
	Endowed	13 Oct 1949	
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	MRIN:	28	
	Sealed to spouse	13 Oct 1949	
7	Sex F	Genevieve DEWITT-44	
	Born	25 Mar 1910	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	4 Jul 1918	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Buried	5 Jul 1918	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
	Baptized	6 Jun 1918	
	Endowed	19 Mar 1968	
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	Sealed to spouse		
8	Sex M	Elmo Milo DEWITT-45	
	Born	7 Feb 1912	Place Holbrook, Navajo, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	20 Feb 1912	Place Woodruff, Nav, Az
	Buried		Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
	Baptized		
	Endowed		
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	Sealed to spouse		
9	Sex M	Lyle Watson DEWITT-46	
	Born	8 Jul 1913	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	7 Jul 1916	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Buried	10 Jul 1916	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
	Baptized		
	Endowed		
	Sealed to parents	BIC	
	Sealed to spouse		

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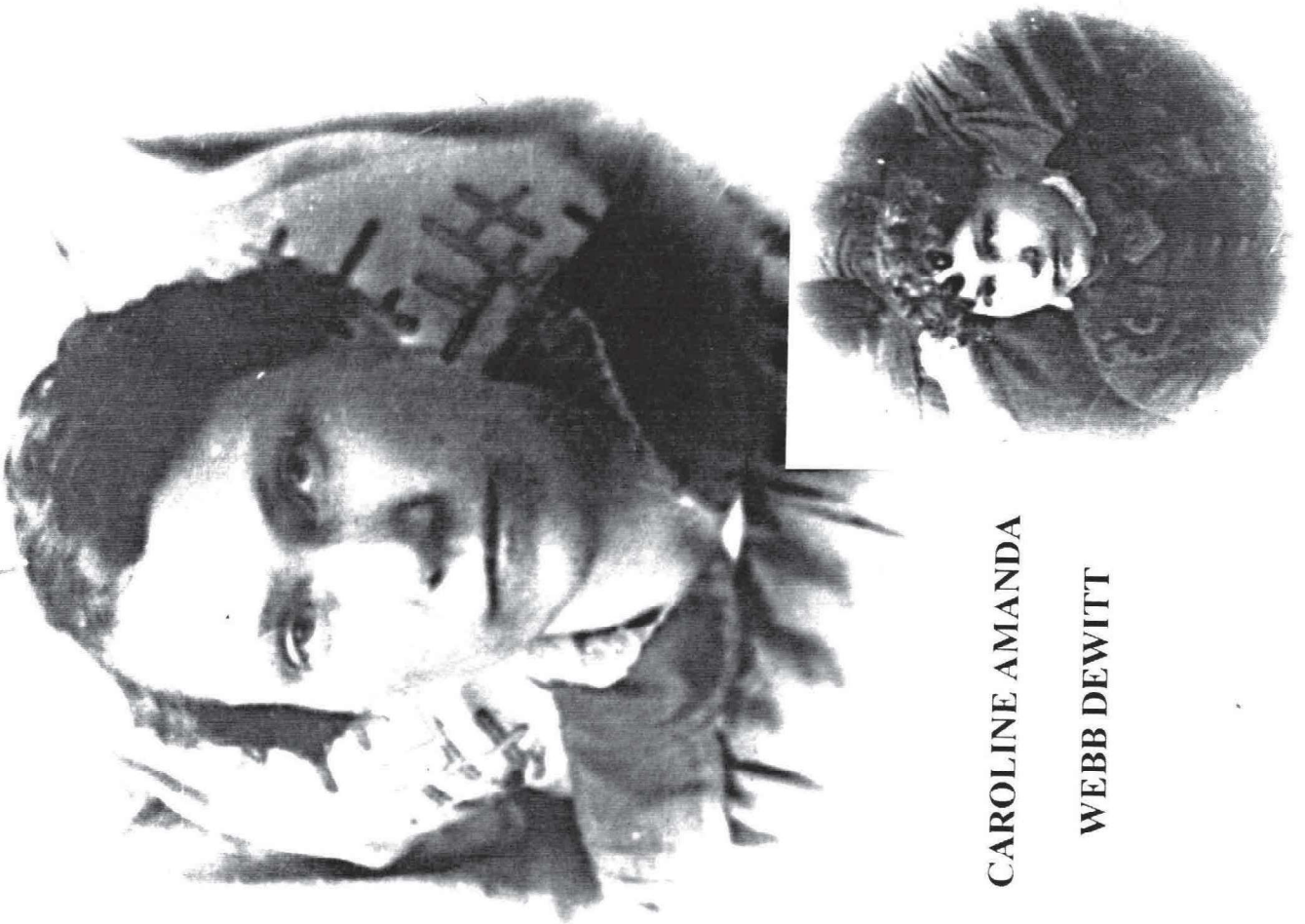
Husband John Daniel DEWITT-22			
Wife Caroline Amanda WEBB-23			
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates
Temple			
10	Sex M	Quince Reese DEWITT-47	
	Born	11 Dec 1915	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died	4 Jul 1918	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Buried	5 Jul 1918	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
			Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
			BIC
			Sealed to spouse
11	Sex F	Gwenevere DEWITT-2	
	Born	26 Oct 1919	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died		Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Royal Christen LAMBERT-20	
	Married	3 Jan 1939	Place Salt Lake City, Slc, Utah
			Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
			BIC
			Sealed to spouse
			3 Jan 1939
12	Sex M	Melvin Kent DEWITT-48	
	Born	22 Jul 1922	Place Snowflake, Nav, Az
	Christened		Place
	Died		Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Wilna LAMOREAUX-49	
	Married	13 Oct 1949	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
			Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents
			BIC
			Sealed to spouse
			13 Oct 1949



JOHN DANIEL DEWITT
5 Nov 1875 - 20 May 1967
CAROLINE AMANDA WEBB
13 Oct 1877 - 16 Dec 1956

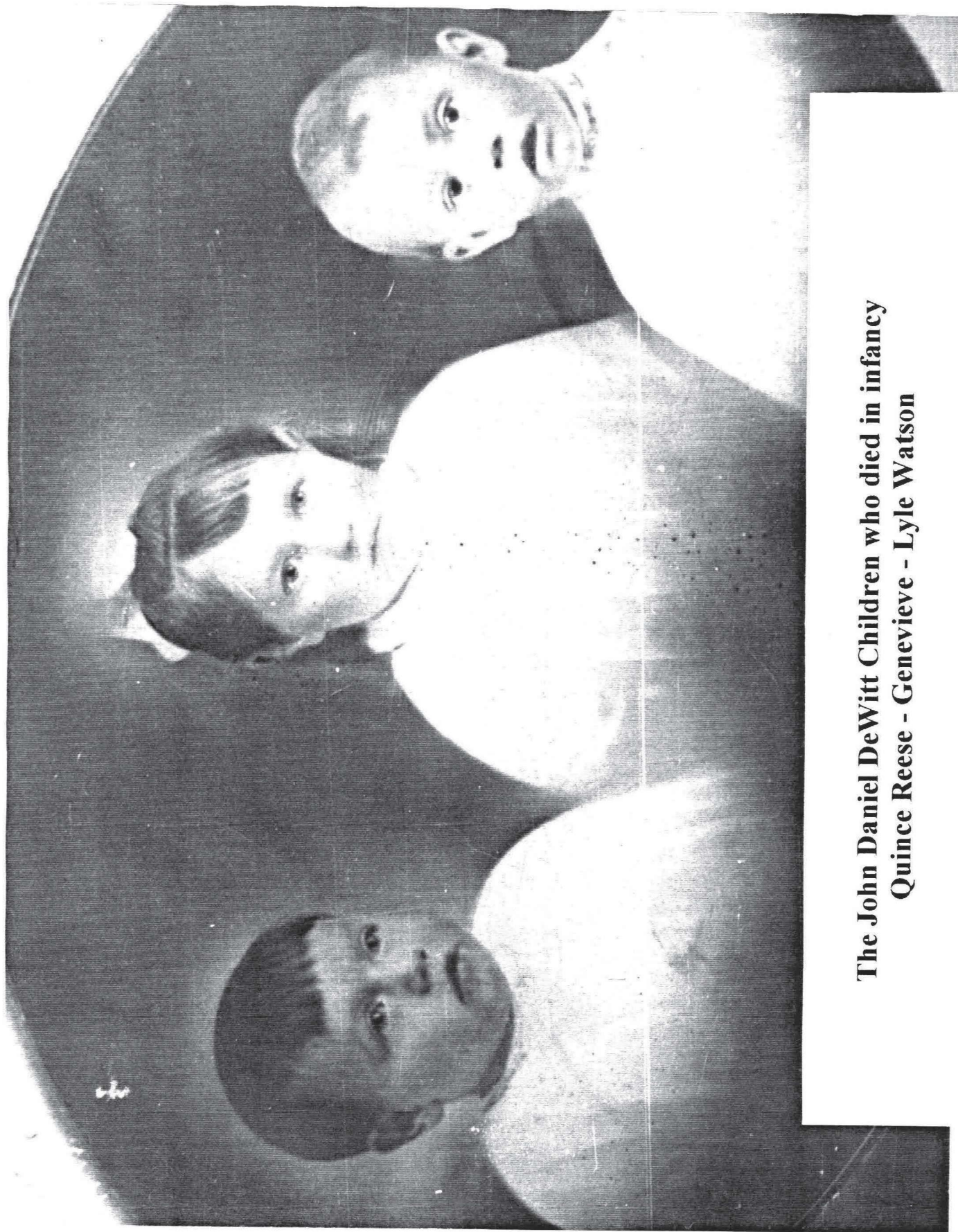


JOHN DANIEL DEWITT



CAROLINE AMANDA

WEBB DEWITT



**The John Daniel DeWitt Children who died in infancy
Quince Reese - Genevieve - Lyle Watson**



JOHN DANIEL DEWITT

JOHN DANIEL DEWITT written by John Daniel DeWitt & His Daughter Gwenevere



A sketch of my life as I remember it through the years that have passed; depending entirely upon my memory of the events that have made a lasting impression of my mind.

Members of my family and some of my friends have used some persuasion to get me to start my life's history. I will therefore, do my best, not that I consider it to be of any great interest or importance to anyone or any cause, but more to satisfy those of my family who are apparently desirous of having something to refer to in years to come.

I pray for guidance that my memory will be strengthened and if there be discrepancies to dates and names, that those who may perchance care to read this little personal narration may not be too critical of it. My educational advantages in my early youth was rather limited.

My father, Able Alexander DeWitt, was born in Terre Haute, Indiana in 1826. His early youth was of rather a venturous nature. Making extensive travels in South America then coming West during the gold excitement in California. A more detailed account of which will be given later in this history.

My sainted mother, Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt was born at Annet Hill, New Monkland Parish, Scotland, January 10, 1941. She lived there until she was eight years old. She then went to Fairbanks, Scotland where she stayed with her elder brother for three years. While there she learned to weave. She returned home to her mother and stayed until her mother died.

After her mother died she lived with a married sister in Glasgow, Scotland, and worked in the woolen mills where she became very efficient operating the looms. She operated five or them at one time, which was as many as anyone else was able to do at that time.

On her way home from the woolen mills, when she was fourteen years old, she stopped to listen to the Mormon Elders preaching the Gospel on the street corner. The words they spoke struck a chord within her and she knew they were men of God and their words were true. After this, she would stop and listen to them every chance she had, until her sister discovered what she was doing and forbade her to listen to them again. She was obedient and anxious to please, but she could not conquer her desire for the message of truth spoken by the Elders. So, it was not long until she was making every effort to attend their meetings. When her sister found out about this, she tied her to the bed after whipping her soundly.

Her desire to join the church grew, and as it did, a plan formed in her heart. She began working harder and instead of operating five looms, she operated seven, more than anyone else. The money

she earned from the extra looms she saved until she had enough to pay her passage to America.

The morning she left home, and knew she would never return, she carried in her pocket a bar of soap her mother bathed her with as a baby, a little heart shaped trinket from her dresser, and a night cap that she took from one of the bushes where the clothes were laid out to dry, as she went out the gate and down the road never to return again.

Arrangements had been made for her to stay with the McKay family (grand-father of President David O. McKay) and they helped hide her from her sister and those that were looking for her until the boat sailed. She had her sixteenth birthday while the boat was en route to America.

Can you imagine the feelings that must have assailed this lonesome, sea-sick young girl? She knew no one on the boat, and she was so sick. Then a kind lady noticed her and taking pity upon her gave her aid and comforted her.

The story is not very clear as to what happened when the boat docked in New York, but she stayed a while in Boston, Mass., where she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She then went to Connecticut for two years where she worked to earn the money to pay her way across the plains. She accompanied a family across the plains caring for the woman that was sick, and either carrying her baby or pushing a handcart all the way to Utah. What a marvelous heritage this wonderful little woman left for her descendants.

On her arrival in Salt Lake City she went to work in the home of Brother and Sister David Brinton (the grandfather and grandmother of Van Brinton, Sr. of Mesa, Arizona). It was while she was working there, she met and married Able Alexander DeWitt. Sister Brinton prepared their wedding supper and presented them with a set of dishes for a wedding present. They lived in Utah until after six of their twelve children were born. Sisters: Lucy, Sarah, Elizabeth and Brothers: Alex and Elijah were born at Big Cottonwood in Salt Lake City. Also, a little sister Margaret, who lived only a year was buried there.

Then the family was called by President Brigham Young to help colonize new locations and they moved to Kanab, Utah, where a sister Martha Ann and I, and a brother William was born. Little Martha died when she was four years old and I was but three years old, then the family was called to go to Arizona. They came to Springerville, Arizona, where sister Rhoda was born and died of diphtheria when she was seven and one-half years old. Brother Jesse Dilles and a baby sister Mary Eliza was born in Springerville also. Mary Eliza lived just one day, so Jesse grew up as the baby of the family.

When brother Jesse was a baby, there were no baby bottles as there are now and it fell my lot to carry the baby to a neighbor to nurse, and as I didn't think she was as clean as she should be, I would wait outside the door with my nose all turned up waiting until the ordeal was over.

In our family, there were five boys and seven girls. Only three of the girls grew to womanhood, and all of the boys grew up and had families of their own.

I was the third boy in the family, and the eighth child. I born in Kanab, Kane County, Utah, on the 5th of November 1876. When I was three years old the family was called to come to Arizona. Accordingly, we settled in Springerville, in Round Valley, where we lived until I was fifteen years old.

Father homesteaded a 160 acres at the mouth of the Neutrioso in the northeast part of Round Valley. There, we farmed and raised cattle. We usually milked a number of cows and made butter and cheese for which my Mother became quite noted. The cowmen during the fall roundup's and cattle drives, would ride into the ranch to get a drink of cold buttermilk, which was kept in the milk house built over a spring, where it was kept very cool. After a year or two on the ranch on the Neutrioso, a Doctor Rudd of Springerville, who had learned of Mother's wonderful cheese and butter, persuaded the folks to take our cows and go up on the mountain south of Springerville about fifteen miles, put them with some that he had on his ranch and make a business of milk and butter. It was a ideal setup for such a life. Though it was quite a lonely life, we children rather enjoyed it. It was located on the north side of a large knoll covered with a growth of pine, fir and aspen trees, and lots of underbrush - among which were a variety of different kinds of berries, including delicious wild strawberries, which in season we used to enjoy with a little nice, thick cream and sugar and Mother's wonderful, freshly baked salt-rising bread and butter. There was a big spring of cold water a short distance north of the house. Over this spring we build a milk house. Inside, rows of shelves were built on which there was always a supply of lovely cheese also there were barrels of butter.

Speaking of butter reminds me of how we churned it. To those who have never had the experience, it might be interesting to explain how it was done there on our ranch.

We had a churn that stood on four legs and the way I remember it, was about three and one-half feet long and about twenty inches wide, more or less, with a dash that had a crank on each end of the churn. When the cream was put in, one person could turn it for a while, but when the cream began to thicken, another person would have to take hold of the other crank and they would turn it forward and back until the butter was all gathered together. We often churned thirty-six pounds of fine butter. This was molded into two-pound bricks, ready to put down for keeping, or to sell for the immediate market. Many visitors came for a drink of the cold buttermilk.

We milked from sixty to seventy head of cows during the summer months. My brother, Lige (Elijah) and my sister Libby, (Elizabeth) did the milking. William and I ran the calves. It was a lot of fun usually, that is if the weather was good and there wasn't too much rain. In that case, the corrals became a nasty, muddy mess, and was not too pleasant.

After the dairy season was over, we would move back to town for school, or to get our ox teams together and put in the winter freighting. Father always had a number of ox teams around; we had as many as twenty-two yoke of them at one time. We usually had some horse teams too. The summers we were not dairying, we farmed our place in the Valley. We had a home in town also, and after the harvest of crops on the farm, we would move into town. We had lost no chickens that we kept at the ranch. We left them at the ranch for a time to clean up the yards after the harvesting and threshing was over. Because of the fact that there were lots of coyotes around, I was dispatched to the ranch each evening to shut the chicken house up for the night to keep the coyotes out. Now the

ranch was two and one-half miles from town, and for fear that I might, if I got there too early, and shut out some of them, they would not let me leave until about sundown. I made those trips on foot and I hated to be in the dark coming back, so I would run most all the way up and back. Often, I made the trip in such record time, Father was afraid I would shut out some of the chickens or that I might get too frightened and fail in my mission.

On one occasion, I overheard him telling Mother that he couldn't believe I had been up to the ranch and return so quickly, then, he went on to say he had always found everything as I had been instructed to leave them. They did not know how much I suffered for fear when darkness would overtake me en route.

To illustrate how I feared the dark: Father bought me a new hat. It was one with a broad brim, decorated with a narrow band that was fastened in a bow on one side with metal clips on the ends of the bows. I was very proud of my new hat and wore it as I went to shut up the chickens. This particular evening, I had left home rather late for some reason or another, and the skies were overcast, bringing the night more quickly and making it darker than usual. Naturally, my nerves were a little more on edge, so I ran as fast as I could. Every step I took I could hear something that sounded like someone or something running behind me. I kept looking back over my shoulder, but couldn't see anything or anybody, so I would run with all the speed that I had, then stop suddenly and look around, but the "something" would stop as suddenly as I did. There was a wide, deep hollow I had to cross that was grown up with rabbit-brush taller than a man and very thick, on each side of the narrow road that had been cut through them. Well, whatever it was pursuing me, came out on the other side of the hollow, out of the brush, and continued, apparently at my very heels. A short distance after crossing the hollow, there was a slight raise where I had to pass the town's old cemetery with its lonely, spooky feeling. I had heard of people that had their hair stand on end with fear, and if one's hair has the ability of raising, I'm sure that mine was not lying down very smoothly that night.

It was about a quarter of a mile from the cemetery to home. I made the distance in record time, ran to the house, opened the door, jumped inside, slamming the door shut behind me. As I removed my hat, I discovered what had been chasing me. It was the little metal clips on the bow of my new hat.

I was only about eight years old when I had the above experience. I expected my older brothers would kid me about being scared, but they knew of my almost uncontrollable temper about that time in life, and thought better of it. In fact, they never spoke of it until years later.

In my early life, I had many narrow escapes from being killed or badly crippled. It sometimes seemed that I was miraculously saved from serious injury. For instance, when we moved up on the ranch to milk, we had some repairing of the buildings to do in order to make them a little more comfortable and adequate for a family the size of ours. My brother Elijah and I took an axe and a small pail of water up on the side of the mountain to cut some timber for logs to build a room with. We had been working for sometime and ran out of water. Lige, as we called him, asked me to take the pail and bring some water from the spring. He had been cutting on a tree to fell it and he aimed to have it fall up the hill. I started with the pail when he called for me to get out of the path of the

falling tree. I started to run but ran in the wrong direction, right into the path of the falling tree. It caught me and laid across my back. He came running to me but I was pinned down and "knocked out". He had to cut the tree in two to get me out. He carried me down the mountain to the house. An hour or two passed before I regained consciousness.

Shortly there after, my dear wife and I were married and were living in Woodruff, I was working on the Dam (one of the many that had been washed out by the spring or summer floods coming down the Little Colorado River). On this particular dam, there was a large crowd of men employed on the east side of the river quarrying out big boulders from the ledge that formed the canyon walls, down which the river ran. These huge rocks were taken out and lifted up by block-and-tackle chains to a large cable, stretched from the edge to the dam site in the river then carried over to the Dam and let down. Then, Brother Lehi Howard, Alma Turley and myself were to place them in the dam with large crowbars. We proceeded in this manner, until the face of the dam was twenty-seven feet above the bottom of the river bed. I was working on the front side of the stone and my companions were working on the back. I would lift the front of it with a bar and they would shove from the back. We had moved it to a point, where I had to stand out on the front of the dam structure and maneuver the front of it. I realized the danger of the situation and cautioned the men to be extremely careful. We had, however, gotten the stone almost in place when I put my bar under it to pry it up, at the same time, leaning out over the face of the dam. They gave it a shove and my bar threw me off balance and I was thrown from the top of the dam to the earth below. I was followed by my crowbar which was about six feet long and weighed some thirty pounds. It came down, sharp end down, and was buried in the earth just a few inches from my head. There was just two feet of it above the ground. I landed in the only place possible to land without striking a boulder, in a puddle of mud and water. There was a great deal of excitement for a time, until I was able to get up and began to climb out. They helped me onto the cable and sent me over the dam and to home where I was cared for by loving hands for a short time, then went back to my job apparently none the worse for the fall.

I had many and varied thoughts as I fell that 27 feet. Being Superintendent of the Sunday School at that time, I remembered that the library key was in my pocket and was afraid I might have lost it. As soon as I righted myself, I felt for the key. It was still safe in my pocket. Also, as I was falling, I thought of my dear wife at home and prayed for my safety. I'm sure our Heavenly Father heard that short, quick prayer.

While I was Highway Patrolman, stationed at Holbrook, one cold winter morning I had a job to attend to out west of town on the highway. We hooked on to the grader with our F.W.D. Truck and as we were going through town, we had to stop for a moment for something. I was standing upon the grader and gave the signal for the driver to go on. He started suddenly and I was thrown backward onto the hard road landing on the back of my head. I was unconscious for a moment and the driver was not aware I had fallen. When he did look back, he saw me lying in the street. However, before he reached me, I was able to regain my feet. But my neck was very stiff for a few days.

There were many other close calls in my life and I am sure it was Providence that saved me many times. There were many times I have been warned of danger and have been kept from harm because

of it. I herewith bear testimony that I have been guided many times by the promptings of the Holy Spirit and have been protected from what might have been dire trouble and from sin.

We lived in Springerville until I was fifteen years old. Our lives were spent on the farm, on the freight road, or on the range. The summer that I was ten years old, I went over to Fort Apache with my brother Elijah to fill a logging contract to deliver over a million board feet of logs to the Government Mill at the Fort. It was a time I cannot forget. There was considerable talk of bad raids by the noted warrior, Geronimo, and other Indian troubles, so naturally, I was very much afraid of them. To me, all Indians were bad and looking for someone to murder. Many times the word came to us to come into the Fort, as there were reports the old "renegade" was coming in to replenish his forces from off the reservation.

We had a man working for us by the name of George Jensen, one of Lige's chums from home. I never could understand why they couldn't sense the danger and move to the Post, but for some reason they would not. They seemed to sense my feelings to an extent and got quite a kick out of my extreme fear. I don't think they fully realized the torture I was suffering in my feelings, as they sometimes seemed to do things to add to those feelings. For instance; one night late, we were awakened by the beating of a tom-tom or big drum. I asked what they thought it meant. At first they said they didn't know, but finally George allowed, in Utah where he hailed from, they usually beat a drum before they went out on the warpath or mission of death. It was not the cold time of the year, but I thought I would freeze to death before morning came. During the next day we learned that an old Indian man of some note had died and they were beating the drum to scare away the evil spirits. Since those days I have somewhat recovered from those feelings about the Red Man. I am sure, the treatment the Indians received from the white brothers, or from some of them, was what caused them to resort to bloodshed or revenge. I think it was the Indian Kid that was the cause of the warning sent to our camp, instead of Geronimo. His depredations were a little earlier in my life.

When I was smaller, my father and my brother Alex went over the mountains to the Gila Valley with big teams loaded with freight. It was at a time when Geronimo was doing a lot of killing and plundering. When they reached the top of the mountains, between Fort Apache and the Valley, it was late in the evening. They passed the remains of some wagons that had been set on fire and were still smoking. In looking over the scene, they saw where two or three bodies had been buried and their feet were exposed, not having been covered by the little dirt that had been thrown over them. My Father and Alex were naturally quite disturbed and uneasy. They could hear the in the west of them, some excitement. Alex asked what the noise was and Father said, in a calm voice as was possible under the circumstances, "A few coyotes having a jamboree, I guess".

They were at the head of a steep rough canyon and it was getting dark so they thought they would make camp. They pulled their wagons off the road and was unhitching the team, when they heard a company of some kind coming up the canyon. They made ready, as best they could, to defend themselves, when a company of government soldiers came in sight. The Lieutenant in charge of the company saluted Father and asked, "Would you like some company for the night?" Father welcomed them in a very grateful way.. They unloaded their equipment and while preparing some supper, Father told them what they had just passed on the road and of what they had heard as they were

making camp. The officer said, "We probably should make a night drive but I fear for your safety, so we will stay here for the night and see you safely on your way in the morning. Then we will take up the trail early." It was learned, the wagons that Father saw burning that afternoon were some men from the Gila Valley on their way home.

Father understood later that the Soldiers overtook the band of Indians and a battle ensued in which some were killed on each side, but the old warrior, Geronimo, and most of his band got away. Stories of this kind was the cause of me having such fear of Indians.

In the Eighty's, Father was employed at the San Francisco mountains on the Santa Fe Railroad. I was about seven or eight years old, and we were expecting Father home at any time. I took sick and was running a temperature and was rather light-headed. There had been some Zuni Indians in town begging. They were dressed up in their Indian clothes with feathers and paint and would dance and sing then ask for food. Mother fixed some food and gave it to them, then they went on their way. I was sure they would come back after me. Mother tried her best to assure me that they wouldn't bother us, but during the night I dreamed that they came back and wanted me. In my dream I was out in the field when they saw me and they came after me with their bows and arrows and guns.

In those days people had high bedsteads and what they called "trundle-beds" that could be pushed under them for more room space. We had one of these "Trundle-Beds" where my brother and I usually slept. Because I had been feeling so badly, Mother put me in her bed so that she could care for me in the night. My brother, Will, and my younger sister was in the trundle-bed. The Indians came in my dreams, and as I have said, I was out in the field. As I tried to escape, (the fever causing me to toss to and fro in the bed) I fell off the bed and my body hit the corner of the trundle-bed breaking my collar bone. To me, it was the bad Indians that had shot me in the neck. They had a hard time to make me believe that I had not been shot by the Indians.

A day or two later Father came home. We could see his team coming at a distance and I went out to meet him. My arm hung way down to my knee. Father asked me what was the matter and I told him the bad Indians shot me. Mother explained the affair of the Indians and my dream to Father. He took me to a doctor and had my broken collar bone set, but for a long, long time I thought that I had escaped death by the Indians.

My next-to-the-oldest sister, Sarah, married Peter J. Christofferson as a plural wife. They lived in Springerville for a while. The United States Marshall began making appearances in that part of the country looking for the men that had more than one wife. So, Peter and Sarah had to go into hiding. Peter was arrested with others in that country, stood trial, was held in jail for some time, and was finally turned loose with the advice that he was to sever his relationship with his plural wife. He went on the under-ground and moved from place to place for safety. They came to the Salt River Valley and settled in Mesa. At that time it was called Zenos, I think. The Marshall's were on the look-out for him and others, so Brother Christofferson and sister Sarah moved to Dias, Mexico for safety. They wrote letters persuading us to come down to that country. Mother was not so well impressed with the idea. Father, however, was inclined to the thought of moving. He finally got Mother's

approval. He would go down to Mexico, look the country over and if he liked it, Mother would dispose of the property and follow him. Well, Father fell for that country and with the idea of making a home there, he wrote that he thought it would be well for Mother to sell out and come down there. Finally, we found a buyer for our property and with a fine team of horses, a new two and three-quarters Bain wagon, a new harness and some money we were ready for the country south of the border. I was fourteen years old and with my Mother, brother William, and brother Jesse we left for Mexico.

The journey down to Mexico with we three boys (me being the oldest) was a source of great worry to Mother. But when Mother made up her mind to do a thing, she usually did it. We made the trip to Mexico and back over one of the worst mountain roads in the state. Down the Blue. Traveling down in one place, the road was so steep we had to tie a tree behind the wagon with the wheels locked. Mother and the two boys walked down. The team slid down on their haunches. I had quite a time to convince Mother it was best that I ride the wagon down, that I could handle the team from the wagon better than I could from the ground. When we reached the bottom of the hill, I undid the tree from the back of the wagon and dragged it out of the road. I discovered, we were not the first to drag a tree behind the wagon. There were a lot of trees there, to bear evidence of the fact. They named the hill the "Milligan Slide", the new road by Hannigan's Meadow.

Mother soon decided that she did not want any part of Mexico. (Too many Mexicans) The customs of the people were so different to what she was used to, that she persuaded Father we should return to the United States. Well, we left Mexico with the team and wagon that we went down with. On our way, I had my fifteenth birthday, the 5th of November. We camped near the town of Baca-Plaza in New Mexico. That night there was a eclipse of the noon. We were traveling in company with a man and his wife. His name was Andrew J. Stewart. During the evening I went out to check on the horses and on my way back I noticed the edge of the moon was very red. The idea came to me that the world was coming to an end and the moon was being "turned to blood". I ran into camp and gave the alarm that the world was coming to an end, and calling their attention to the state of the moon for evidence. As soon as Father looked at it he laughed and said it was just an eclipse. When the whole face of the moon was covered, I was led to wonder if Father really knew what he was talking about. I never went to sleep until the moon came out of hiding.

Upon our arrival back in Springerville, we were without a home and were somewhat undecided just what to do. While wondering about it, my brother-in-law, Joel S. Eagar, who married my oldest sister, bought a piece of property with a home in Woodruff, Arizona. He offered to let us have the home until we could do better. The folks decided to take his offer. I wanted to stay in Springerville, so I got a job with President D. K. Udall on his farm and stayed with him and my brother Alex until fall. I became so homesick to see the folks that I found a way to Woodruff with a freighter. I was pleased with the place and got a job driving a freight team for Brother Herber Albert Hatch and Brigham H. Duffin, which I did for most a year.

It was while I was employed by Brother Hatch that I met the girl that became my wife. Caroline Webb, one of the sweetest of womankind. Our courtship lasted for two years. Two of the most enjoyable years of my life, up to that time. This was before the days of the automobile and our time,

a great deal of it, was spent wandering over the hills near the town. We became acquainted with all of them on either side of town. Often we climbed the Butte and sat watching the sun set over the western horizon and the shades of night creep over the face of the land. We witnessed some of the most gorgeous sunsets that can be imagined. It seemed an omen to our lives. There was nothing to mar the exquisite pleasure of those occasions. Those different spots we so often visited became hallowed places, and to this day, as I visit the little town, the memory of those spots are occasions of reverie.

Those evenings were spent in singing together. We learned many songs that we often, in the years after our marriage, sang at gatherings. It brought a great deal of pleasure. I am sure that the habit we formed of singing together in the home helped our children to develop their talent and love of music. All of our children could sing and we had many evenings of singing together in the home. Most of them could read music quite well, having gotten a good start in the art from J. Rufus Crandall in the High School in Snowflake.

We started our life together and the beginning of our family in Woodruff, Arizona, in a little humble home on the banks of the Little Colorado River. It was a two-room cabin bought from my brother-in-law, Heber Albert Hatch. Though it was a humble start, there was much joy and happiness in it. Lillian was our firstborn. When she was two years old we moved with my wife's folks, Brother and Sister Edward Milo Webb and their family, to Dublan, Mexico.

It was a long hard trip with seven wagons consisting of: Aunt Ellen's wagon (my wife's mother), Aunt Sarah's wagon, Aunt Lottie's wagon and our wagon, then there were other wagons loaded with our company's belongings - food, camp equipment, extra bedding and what not. We were six weeks on the road. Two weeks of that time was spent at Palomus on the Border. We were waiting for our papers to come from the Mexican Government. The papers finally came and we proceeded on to Colonia Dublan.

We stopped for a while on the west side of the river from the town with Edson Porter, a brother-in-law of Brother Webb. He was in need of some farm help and we were in need of some financial help. While we were here, our boy John Daniel was born. The river was in flood stage and we were unable to reach Sister Gamphouse, the midwife of the community, so Sister Phoebe Porter acted as midwife and delivered the babe in fine shape on the 11th of September, 1898.

A month later we moved across the river to town and Brother Webb and I engaged in brick making. Most of the brick buildings in Dublan were made from our bricks. We managed to make a living at the job. We were glad to take produce for the brick and in turn that helped the people to build good brick homes.

On the 22nd of July, 1900, our daughter Margaret was born. We now had a family of three children.

The building of homes slackened and I took a job of driving a large freight team for Brother Joseph Cordon at Naco, south of the mines and some ninety miles from the border. I drove a team

of fourteen horses and mules. It was quite an experience over a mountainous, unimproved road. I used a jerk line. One line was fastened to the near horse's bit and the mate was fastened to him by what was known as a jockey stick. All the rest of the team was fastened only by the traces. You trained them to obey your calls. When the job was finished, I returned to my family in Dublin and after a short time, we sold our property consisting of a brick house, two lots, a team of horses and wagon to Brother Al Farnsworth, father of Wilford Farnsworth (who worked in the Mesa Temple at the same time I was called as a Temple worker there, many years later.) While in Mexico, we made friends with some of the finest people it has been my privilege to know, and it has been my pleasure to meet some of them here in Mesa in the years that have intervened since leaving that country.

We returned to Woodruff in the fall of 1900. Our daughter Ellen was born January 7, 1903. The next two or three years were spent farming and odd jobs. On the 21st of March, 1905, our second son and fifth child, Frank Merwin, was born. In a couple of more years, on the 23rd of December 1907, another son, William Lynn was born in Woodruff. We were really becoming rich in posterity.

In 1909 we moved to Holbrook where I was employed by the A.C.M.I., a mercantile firm. My position was warehouse man and billing clerk. I held this job until 1912 (four years) when I was elected County Road Superintendent. I held this job for four years.

Our daughter, Genevieve, was born March 25, 1910 in Holbrook, Arizona. Elmo Milo, a son, was born February 7, 1912, in Holbrook. He became ill with pneumonia and passed away February 20, 1912. We laid him away in the Woodruff Cemetery. We moved back to Woodruff where Lyle Watson, another little son was born, July 9, 1913. This little boy was the victim of our first tragedy. He fell into a tub of hot wash water and was scalded to death on the 7th of July, 1916, at Snowflake, Arizona. Quince Reece, our tenth child, was born December 11, 1915, in Snowflake, Arizona.

We had moved to Snowflake in 1914. That year my brother, Elijah and I, bid on and was awarded a four-year contract to carry and deliver the mail from Holbrook to Fort Apache and from Holbrook to Keams Canyon, ninety miles north of Holbrook. We set up sleeping quarters in a garage in Holbrook where we could sleep between mail runs. On the weekend we could be home with our families. On Thursday evening, July 4, 1918- - -(This is as far as my Father wrote of his life's story, so I will attempt to complete his story, as it was told to me through the years.), my son Dee and I had just settled down for the night, having arrived in Holbrook late from the freight run from Keams Canyon. It seemed we had not been asleep very long when a horseman, riding hard, stopped abruptly outside and we were awakened by someone pounding frantically on the door, calling my name. I hurried to the door to find my dearest friend, Quince R. Gardner, bearing the sad news that my home had burned to the ground, taking two of my children, Genevieve and Quince Reece and leaving two of my sons, Frank and Lynn, burned so badly that they were near death. We rushed to Snowflake as quickly as the horses could take us.

It is impossible for me to relate the horror, terror and grief that engulfed me; the endless hours it seemed to take to span the miles from Holbrook to Snowflake; to see my sons so horribly burned and crazed with pain; to find my wife lying senseless with grief and my daughters nearly out of their minds

with the horror and grief they felt; to have to be strong and go when everything within you cries to give up. Were it not for the kind, loving care and patience of my dear wife's mother and father and the kind friends of Snowflake and the consolation and comfort of a kind, loving Heavenly Father, I don't know how I could have withstood this trial.

The two boys were placed on boards laid across saw-horses and the nightmare of months of caring for them began. My dear, sweet wife, so overcome with grief, she lay in a coma not caring to live. Her mother and sister, Hattie, and the dear sisters of the community took their turns caring for each of them. Carrie lay this way for days and having not eaten, was forced to eat, taking small sips of broth. Finally, when it looked as though she was dying, Grandpa Webb (her father) was able to communicate through her grief, encouraging her to live for her husband that was also bowed down with sorrow and her other children that needed their mother's loving, tender care. She then began to eat and soon gained strength to care for her sons who were so very, very ill.

Lynn was not so badly burned as was Frank, so he healed faster. The doctor that came told me that Frank would never live, as he was severely burned over two-thirds of his body and that he could not recover. But so often as is the case, the doctor was not counting on the Lord, nor the faith of my dear family, nor the prayers offered in their behalf.

It so happened that it was Stake Conference and Elder Melvin J. Ballard, one of the Apostles was the visiting authority. I sent a messenger asking if he would come and give Frank a blessing. He came to our home and when he blessed him, he promised him he would be well and would fulfill a mission for the Church; that he would marry in the Temple and would be able to complete his mission in righteousness. He also blessed other members of the family. When he blessed Carrie, she was promised she would be given children to fill the void made from the loss of our little ones. This was a great comfort and solace to me and my dear wife and to that young boy hovering between life and death.

However, as the weeks went by and he became weaker and his strength grew less and less each day, he didn't want me to leave his side. My chair was close by his bed and I never left him but for short moments. Aunt Lottie, bless her soul, (Grandfather Webb's third wife) was a nurse. She came to help care for Frank. She would stay close by and when I would fall asleep from sheer exhaustion, she would be there to watch over him.

As we watched his life wasting away, I felt the need again for a special blessing on Frank. A messenger was sent to the home of the Stake President, Brother Samuel F. Smith. He was ill with a bad cold, but one of the general authorities was there staying over night. He came to give Frank a blessing. He also was guided by the Spirit of the Lord to promise Frank that he would be well and that his burned places would heal and people would never notice his scars. This blessing gave us renewed comfort and strength, and Frank relaxed and slept through the night. We were so grateful to our kind, merciful Father in Heaven. The next morning when he awakened, he felt so much better and said he was hungry.

During this long vigil, Frank had little desire for food. The doctor had warned the family to be

extremely careful of what he ate. They were cautioned to not give him pickles, tomatoes, or fruit with skins on them because it could kill him, should he eat anything harsh to his stomach. He said it would cause him to vomit and he would not be able to stand this. Now mother and the girls had been canning some tomatoes, and the small of those freshly cooked tomatoes was just the food he was hungry for. We remembered the warning the Doctor had given us and tried to get him to eat something else, but all he wanted was some of those tomatoes. It was the first food he had asked for and he begged so piteously for it that I felt if it were strained and he was fed the juice that it couldn't hurt him. So mother prepared it and fed him a few small sips from a teaspoon. He so enjoyed it. He only had a few swallows, but it was no sooner down than he began to be sick. There was a towel kept close by his pillow which I held under his mouth as I raised his head. When the spasms had passed and he could lay back and rest, I examined the residue in the towel. It was black with charred flesh and sooty substance. He lay so quiet and was so white he looked as if he was dead. Remembering again what the doctor had said about the disastrous affects that could occur if he were to vomit, I became very alarmed and fell to my knees beseeching the Lord humbly to spare this boy, as I didn't feel his mother could bear the sorrow of losing another child. Then I sent Lynn to get President Smith. He said he was still very sick but for me not to worry any longer, the blessing given to Frank the night before would be fulfilled and that he would be well. From that moment on he became better. He slept quietly for several hours and then was able to eat some very soft food. Had he not eaten the tomato juice, he might have not become sick enough to expel the scarred tissue that was keeping him from recovering. Heavenly Father moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

Frank continued to improve until he was well enough to attend school in the spring. He was very, very nervous and self-conscious about his scars. Of course for a long time they were bright red and deep purple and were very obvious. There were places that were still draining and were not completely healed for a very long time. In his nervous state he would sometimes pick at the scabs. His mother would encourage him to not do this, then he would tell her it was the kids from Taylor, "they knock them off with sticks". He was always very neat and clean in his appearance, and his scars did fade until you could scarcely see them. He did fulfill a fine mission for the Church and was married in the Temple to a fine Mormon girl and together they were the parents of six beautiful girls.

This tragedy seemed to draw the family closer to each other than ever. Each one seemed most content to be at home.

After the fire and during the time when Carrie was so ill with grief and the boys were so very bad, I spent many hours upon my knees crying to the Lord, as there were many times I didn't see how I could go on. But He always sent someone or something to help me bear up. Very often it was Brother Webb. At one time when I was in the depths of despair and felt forsaken and alone, Brother Webb put his hand on my shoulder and said quietly, "Sing, John". I told him I couldn't sing, he said, "John, the Lord has blessed you with a beautiful voice and music can heal many wounds. When things are more than you can bear, sing a song. When things look hopeless, a song will bear your grief away. Sing, John, sing." So I did. For years Carrie and I had entertained at many programs and sang in Church gatherings and we always sang in the choir. After the fire, however, most of our singing was for us and the children at home. Our family was a singing family. There were not many

nights that we did not sing before we retired for the night.

The home that burned was a new house, completed just a few short years before. We were left without home, clothes and food. The situation seemed very bleak. The fine people of Snowflake and the surrounding communities, full of sympathy for our loss came forth with donations of all kinds. Marion Rogers had just completed his new home, so the little house they had been living in was vacant. Arrangements were made for me to purchase this home and we moved there to live. Many people gave money, which in those days was very hard to come by. Everyone was not blessed with too much cash, but the desire to help was there and we were most grateful. Many people gave clothing, food, and whatever they felt would ease our burden. Everyone was most kind and thoughtful. So life goes on!

On the 2nd of April, 1919 our eldest son John Daniel (Dee) was married to Claradell Smith, daughter of Hyrum Burton Smith and Anna Eliza Tenney Smith. To this union was born a daughter, Marjorie, and five sons, Harold Smith, Russell Cade, Norman Stacy (died, March 18, 1931, when he was six years old), Dan Terry and Larry Burton.

In the fall of 1919 on October 26, our eleventh child, Gwenevere, was born. Three years later on July 22, 1922 our last child, a son, Melvin Kent was born, fulfilling the blessing that was given to us by Elder Melvin J. Ballard.

Written by Gwenevere: (At the time I was a little girl, probably before Melvin was born, my father had his leg broken. The horse he was riding became frightened, stumbled and fell on him, breaking his leg about four inches above the knee. In those days the doctor only came through town about every four to six weeks, so it was sometime before the doctor saw him. When he did arrive, he would not reset the leg because it had begun to knit. However, the bones overlapped approximately an inch, causing much pain throughout his life. He always limped thereafter, one leg being shorter than the other.)

In the Salt Lake Temple, on October 22, 1921, our daughter Margaret married Aikens Smith, son of Jesse Nathaniel Smith and Emma Larson. To them was born Genevieve, Aikens Vance and Margaret. When the baby Margaret was born on January 1, 1927, complications set in and our beloved daughter Madge died with blood poisoning, February 7, 1927. Her little babe followed her, passing away on July 31, 1927. Genevieve and Vance came to live with us, and after a while, Aikens married May Hansen of Joseph City. On April 29, 1945, Vance paid the supreme sacrifice for his country. He was killed near Florence, *Italy, during World War II. Genevieve became a school teacher and married in the Salt Lake Temple to Elwin Burris Garfield, August 23, 1948. They were blessed with seven fine sons and daughters.

Lillian, our eldest, married Eugene Flake, son of James Madison Flake and Martha Amelia Smith, on April 2, 1925. Five children blessed their home; Imogene, Glen Lavar, Ila Faun (died January 12, 1956), Sanford DeWitt and Sherry Fae. Their home is in Snowflake.

In the fall of 1925 Frank was called on a Mission to the Central States (Missouri). He completed

a fine Mission and was released in October, 1927. His scars had begun to fade and you would hardly notice them. Our daughter Ellen had attended school at Flagstaff and soon after Frank's return from his mission she (Nelle) was called to the North Western States Mission (Washington/Oregon). She enjoyed her time in the mission field but her health broke and she had to come home after about one year.

While we lived in Snowflake, I was engaged in a number of vocations; farming, some work in the mercantile business, sheep business, worked in road construction and was County Road Superintendent for four years for the State stationed in Holbrook, hauling and delivering mail and freight from Holbrook to Fort Apache and from Holbrook to Keams Canyon, made bricks at Winslow. There were times my sons worked with me and there were times my daughters cooked for the crews at the brick yard and the highway crew. I also held the office of Mayor of Snowflake for two years and was a representative on the Legislature from Navajo County for a time.

While I was Mayor, the city was small and very poor. We were not able to launch out and expand much. It was during my time in office that we endeavored, by a city ordinance, to keep the cows off the streets and in other ways keep the town in an orderly condition. Our services as a council was all for free. There were no salaried officers except a City Marshall. I had occasion to pick up some cows that were trespassing and after gathering the cows I locked them up in the stray-pound. I tried to locate the Marshall but he was out of town for a few days. When he returned, he found his cows were missing and began searching for them. He was quite disturbed to discover that the Mayor had locked them up. It seemed for a time that I was going to have to defend myself to keep from taking a threshing from the Marshall. When he had cooled off and I was able to explain why I had locked up his cows, he became very repentant and asked my pardon for the breach of trust he had committed.

It has been my privilege to hold an office in the Church in some capacity or another all of my life and have loved the work. Most of my activity has been in the Sunday Schools, having had forty-seven years in the Sunday School as a teacher or in the Superintendency. When I was seventeen years old, I was called to be a teacher of the Second Intermediate Department in Woodruff. I held this position until I was married then we moved to Dublan, Mexico, where I was given the same responsibility there. My ordination to the office of High Priest was on February 11, 1917 and was invited to join the Prayer Circle of the Stake with all of the worthy High Priests. I learned later that this was out of order with the rules of the Church, as I had not been to the Temple for my Endowments. This fact had been overlooked by the Stake President when he had made me a high Councilor. This condition existed until the Apostle, James E. Talmage came to take charge of a Stake Conference. He discovered that I had not been through the Temple and as a consequence, was not eligible to hold the office of High Councilor. I was very much broken-up over the affair and Brother Talmage could see that I was disturbed. He was very much in sympathy with me and said he was glad to see that I had taken it as I had. He was surprised to learn that the Stake Presidency had not recognized the unorderedly procedure. As Brother Talmage talked to me, he showed me the problems that might have come about because of this condition. He blessed me and said the Lord would make it up to me if I remained humble and attended to my duties in the Church.

While I was acting as a High Councilor, I sat on a number of cases where men's standing in the priesthood was at stake and was on the Council that excommunicated four people for unchastity. I have tried to live worthy so that I might be among the brethren of the priesthood, and as soon as we were able financially, we made the trip to Salt Lake and had our endowments in the Temple there.

My work often took me away from home much of the time, leaving the responsibility of the home and children to my dear wife. My thoughts and prayers were with them constantly. Because of my concern, the Lord seemed to bless me with an increased sense of discernment that I might know when things were not all right at home.

In 1903, when Nelle was a baby, I was working as a farmer for the government at Tuba City on the Indian Reservation sixty miles or so north of Flagstaff. I had been there all summer and in the fall mother had let me know the baby was very sick and she feared for the outcome of her illness. When I received this news, the feelings of urgency that I was needed at home was so strong that I bought a pony from one of the Indians and started to ride to Flagstaff. As I rode across the desolate, windswept country from Tuba City to Flagstaff, my anxiety to be home increased with each mile. I knew the situation at home was critical and the overwhelming fear that she was dying engulfed me. I climbed from my horse, knelt down and poured out my soul to my Father in Heaven, asking Him humbly to bless this wee child that her life might be spared and that I might reach home as soon as possible without mishap. This I did with the authority of the priesthood that I held. I mounted my horse and rode as hard as he could go. When I reached Flagstaff, I took the train and reached Snowflake the next morning. The baby was much better. Carrie said she had been at the point of death the day before and that about three o'clock when she was almost gone, she miraculously rallied and began getting better from that moment on. This was the exact time that I had been on my knees beseeching the Lord for this blessing on those lonely hills north of Flagstaff. Our Heavenly Father does hear and answer our prayers, this I know. I am very grateful to Him for his knowledge and for the priesthood that I hold.

The depression years brought some changes and dealt its blows to us as to all others. For a few months during the spring and summer of 1929, we moved to a ranch north of Winslow and milked cows for Arch Campbell (about 40 head). In October we moved back to Snowflake. Nelle and Frank went to the Salt River Valley to find work. In the early spring of 1930 we moved to Chandler where we went into the dairy business with my brother Elijah and his sons. The dairy was known as DeWitt's Jersey Dairy. Frank was working in Casa Grande, Nelle was working in the San Marcos Hotel and Lynn and I would go to the ranch (about three miles directly east of Chandler) to milk the cows night and morning. There were between 65 and 75 cows and it wasn't long until Lynn had a name attached to every cow.

Frank was living in Casa Grande with another returned missionary. He had met a young lady that was working in Florence as a secretary for a judge there. Her name was Margaret Wright and her father, Lorenzo Wright, was the Warden of the State Penitentiary. Frank came home one evening from work with a severe headache and nausea. He tried some home remedies to relieve the pain, but was sick all night. Sometime the next day, he left Casa Grande for our home in Chandler and that

was the last thing he remembered for several weeks. He arrived home at about four o'clock in the afternoon just as Gwenevere and Melvin came home from school. He was sitting in his car slumped over the steering wheel, completely unconscious, having no recollection of driving that distance. When the doctor arrived, he told us Frank had the dread disease, spinal meningitis, and that we were all under quarantine. We were each given shots as a preventative measure.

For three weeks Frank was delirious, screaming with pain. My brother, Elijah and Lynn and I had to hold him by force to keep him in the bed, when he was seized with agonizing convulsions. The slightest sound would send him into such agony that even the traffic on the street had to be routed away from our house. Again, we were told by the doctor (Dr. Mason) that Frank would not live, and if, by some miracle he should be spared, he would never walk again and quite possibly would never be mentally alright. Because of our faith, the administration of the priesthood and the many prayers of the Saints offered in his behalf, the Lord blessed him and he was healed. In a matter of six weeks he was eating at the table and learning to walk again by pushing a chair in front of him. Other than a stiffness in his back, you would never know he had ever had this crippling disease.

When Frank was well enough, we moved out on the ranch so we would be closer to our work. Milking 65 to 75 head of cows, washing bottles, bottling the milk, delivering it all over the Valley, feeding the cows and cleaning the dairy barn, was very trying, hard work, making about an 18 hour day, every day. Frank and Lynn milked and built up the routes after delivering the milk, while Nelle and Mother and I washed and filled the bottles and cared for the milk. Our milk was so good and our service was so dependable, that we soon became a threat to the large milk companies in the Phoenix area (Arizona Dairy, Phoenix Dairy and Mission Dairy). Because of this, there were "milk wars" and the price of milk was cut as low as 10 cents a quart.

Lynn had met a young lady that sold tickets in the Chandler Theater, Opal Marie Stevens. It was hard for him to keep his mind on his work and even harder to find time to sleep. Frank was still smitten on Margaret, but because of the long hours, he didn't have much time left for courting. Nevertheless, in spite of the long working hours they both still managed. We were doing very well until the "milk wars" took their toll and there were financial reverses of which we had no control, so we were forced to sell out. We moved to Mesa and lived there for a year and one-half. It was hard to find work, so when I was offered a job with Tanner Construction Company, I accepted and went to work at Parker, Arizona. Mother and the children stayed in Mesa where the children would have the advantage of good schools.

Lynn and Opal surprised us with the news they had decided to get married. They were married at our home in Mesa on September 9, 1931. Opal is the daughter of William Bert Stevens and Willia Edna McElroy. They became the parents of two beautiful daughters, Sherrill Lynn and Kathleen.

This was not the only surprise of the summer. Nelle broke the news to us that she and Harold K. Moon were planning on being married. Harold was a widower living in the First Ward where we attended. His wife, Marie Magnusson, had died with cancer, leaving him with two small daughters, Nelda and Elaine. They were married on September 29, 1931, in the Mesa Temple. Harold's father and mother were John Thomas Moon and Harriett Ellen Neibour. In due time, three lovely children

came to bless their home, Kay, a son, Maxine a daughter and Chad, another son.

In the fall of 1931 we moved back to Snowflake and I took a job with my nephew, Kenneth DeWitt, building the road from Show Low to Globe. Lynn and Opal lived in Chino Valley for a while, then in Mesa, where Lynn worked in the service station with Frank. They moved to Gallup, New Mexico, where he started working for the railroad.

Frank worked in Wright's Market where he learned the butcher shop business, then moved to Snowflake with us and worked in Flake's store. He went back to Mesa and worked in the Service Station business for several years. He operated a station on the corner of Main Street and Country Club (Shell) and on the 30th of May 1934 Frank and Margaret Wright were married in the Mesa Temple. She was the daughter of Lorenzo Wright and Theresa Hope Goodman. In due time they had six beautiful daughters: Sharlene, Deanne, Garna Renee, Marsha, Brenda Sue (she just lived three days and died September 3, 1948,) and Vicki Sue.

It was harder for me to be away from home to work all the time, so when Smith-Heywood Company in Snowflake needed someone to run their milk house, I applied for the job. I worked there until I took the position as custodian of the Snowflake High School. This was a very different job than I had before experienced. There were times it was exasperating and sometimes difficult, but it was very rewarding. I made some very fine friends, not only with teachers and administrators but with the students as well. I worked here until Melvin graduated and we moved to Mesa.

In 1939 Gwenevere started college at Gila Junior College. It was short-lived however, as she met Royal Christen Lambert of El Paso, Texas, and was married January 3, 1939 in the Salt Lake Temple. He was the son of Royal Ellsworth Lambert and Ethel Arve Hansen. They had two children, Kareen Patricia and Royal Kent. They lived in El Paso, Texas for three years and when Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese and war was declared, they moved to Phoenix.

Melvin was the age to be inducted and Vance was just young enough that his father had to sign for him to enlist, so in order for them to have their choice of the branch of Service they wanted, they both enlisted at the same time. They both chose the Air Force. Melvin became a Master Sergeant and was a turret-gunner on the B-24 Airplane. Vance was a 2nd Lieutenant and then a 1st Lieutenant and a pilot on the fighter plane P-38. He was killed over Italy while flying his 99th mission. Dee and Claradell's sons, Harold and Russell, chose the Navy, so our family was well represented in the Service during World War II.

Lynn and Opal were transferred to Winslow, Arizona where Lynn worked as a Brakeman on the Santa Fe Railroad. Bishop Burton Smith, Claradell's brother, was the bishop of the Ward in Winslow. He was instrumental in helping Opal understand the gospel and become baptized. How happy we all were that she could make this decision and become a member of the Church. Our prayers had truly been answered.

Dee and Claradell were transferred to Phoenix where he continued his work on the Santa Fe as a Special Officer. All of our other children were living in the Valley at this time with the exception

of Lilly and Gene who still lived in Snowflake.

We decided to move to Mesa where we could work in the Temple, so we sold our home in Snowflake to Martin D. Bushman and made the change. We lived in a little home on North Robson Street that was owned by Lynn and Opal until I took the job as custodian of the Mesa First Ward Building, then we moved into the little house behind the Ward that was provided for the custodian. While we lived here, I bought a lot across the street from the Second Ward and down the street one block from the First Ward. I paid \$750 for it. Mother and I chose the plan of the house we wanted to have and in my spare time I started the home that we were to live in for the rest of our time here on earth. This was quite an undertaking, as I was 65 years old. My health was good, however, and we were very excited about building a new home. I worked on it in my spare time and only had help with the plumbing, electrical wiring and the plastering. It took me several months but was a very rewarding experience and we were pleased and happy with the results.

While we were living in the house behind the First Ward, Gwenevere and her baby Kareen stayed with us for a while. She worked at Williams Air Force Base for a while and was transferred to Falcon Field until she took a job with Valley National Bank as a teller. She was closer to home and Carrie took care of the baby while she worked. We had some very happy times with so many of the family living so close by. Nelle and Margaret would make ice cream and we would gather at one home or another to visit and eat ice cream. They made the best ice cream in the country.

In 1945 Mother and I had been married fifty years. Our children held a reception in our honor. It was a lovely affair and many of our friends came to be with us. Our children presented a program and the little granddaughters sang a song "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" with special words for Mother and I. They presented us with a new living-room set for our new home that had just been completed and we were moving into. (It was all finished with the exception of the outside walls that we didn't stucco until later.) Mother and I are very grateful to the Lord for our fine children.

Waldo DeWitt, my brother Jesse's son, had a dairy and we drove out each evening to get milk from them. Carrie enjoyed visiting with "Mildred" and Waldo and I spent many pleasant times swapping yarns. At one time or another, I had mentioned to him in passing of my desire to have our house stuccoed. One morning bright and early, there was Waldo all set up to stucco our house. This is his nature. Whenever anyone needed something done and if it was possible for him, he would take it upon himself to do it. We happen to be numbered among the many, many people that have been blessed by the unexpected deeds of kindness and help that Waldo and Nancy have extended to others.

We received the glad tidings that Melvin was being released from the Service. Mother and I drove to Santa Ana to pick him up when he was "mustered out". That was indeed a happy day for us, as there were times during the war that we had some anxious moments. The time that we received word that he was "Missing in Action". We felt within our hearts that he was all right, as we had prayed earnestly for his protection. A letter came almost at the same time telling us of his safety and of his narrow escape. His plane had been crippled and was forced down behind the enemy lines. Fortunately, they landed in Belgium and the Belgian people protected them until they could get back to their base in England. The Lord watched over him, protected and blessed him many times while

he was in the Service. Our prayers were answered and we give thanks to our kind, merciful Father in Heaven for his safety.

Then, again, when we received the heart-breaking news that Vance was killed in action. It was very hard for us to accept this, but through our grief and sadness we gave thanks to the Lord that he could go quickly and not be left to suffer or be taken prisoner and be tortured as so many of the boys were. We looked forward and were so grateful for the letters we received from Harold and Russell. They were very good to write to us. It was good to know the war was over and our boys would be coming home.

Frank had been very successful in managing his service station but he had always had a desire to have a business of his own. After much thought and consideration, he decided in the Laundry and Dry Cleaning business. He opened a store on South McDonald Street in Mesa. Lynn quit his job on the railroad in Winslow and they moved to Mesa to go into business with Frank. It was not long until they had more business than they could handle. They were very successful and their business grew until they had to move to a larger building at 303 South McDonald Street. They employed about 75 people and had routes from Show low on the north, Ajo on the south and Buckeye on the west. They had been in business twenty years when they sold it.

Glen, Lilly and Gene's son, had graduated from High School and came to Mesa to find work. He stayed at our house and he and Melvin went to work for Frank and Lynn in the Laundry. That was a memorable time. It is impossible to conceive the nonsense those two boys could cook up together. They made things pretty lively around the old homestead, all that summer. In the fall, Glen went back home to prepare for a mission.

One morning about 5 o'clock, Bishop Mortensen called to speak to Melvin. He told him he had been awakened abruptly with an urgency to ask Melvin to accept a mission call. He was amazed that he had not thought of it before.

Carrie and I were set-apart Temple workers and spent many happy hours there until she became sick and was unable to continue. Many of the people we knew when we lived in Mexico had since come to Mesa and we met many of them again in the Temple.

In 1946 Gwenevere and her two little children were living in a small apartment close to the Temple. Mother had been having pain and discomfort in her stomach. Though we had been to several doctors many times, she still had some problems and at times suffered a great deal with pain.

In the spring of 1947, Gwenevere and the children returned to Salt Lake City to be with her husband and to try again to work out their problems. This was a source of deep concern for us, and with the worry and strain plus her poor physical condition, Mother suffered a nervous break-down of which she never recovered. We continued seeing the doctors here in the valley but they did little to help her condition and she continued to be very sick.

In April of 1948, we received word that Royal and Gwenevere were divorced. Elder Spencer W.

Kimball of the Council of the Twelve had been talking with her and helping her. He counseled her to abide by her husband's decisions. So, when he insisted upon a divorce and moved out of the house, Elder Kimball told her to let him go and do as he asked.

Genevieve was teaching school in Salt Lake and was living with Gwenevere. They knew of a fine doctor in Salt Lake that they felt would be able to help Mother, so in June we drove to Salt Lake to see the doctor and to be of some help to Gwenevere in disposing of her home and making preparations to return to Arizona. We stayed there until August and the doctor seemed to help Mother considerably. Gwenevere sold her home and purchased a car. The moving van took her furniture and we all left for Arizona. We went by Brice Canyon on the way home and had a great time enjoying the sights. When we arrived home, Gwenevere bought a new little home at 721 East Second Street in Mesa. Genevieve went home to Joseph City to prepare for her marriage to Elwin Burris Garfield on August 23, 1949. She met him while she was teaching in Salt Lake. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Their children were seven: Ada Lynne, Vance Smith, Gary Elwin, Stephen Aikens, Margaret, Bruce DeWitt and Carole Sue. They made their home in Los Angeles, California.

Gene and Lilly had been called on a Mission to the Indians. He was Mission President of the Southwest Indian Mission. They were stationed in Gallup, New Mexico. While they were there, Mother and I, and Gwenevere, Kareen and Kent went to visit them. A conference was scheduled to be held at Crystal, high in the mountains, on Sunday. There were meetings to be held on Saturday, so Gene and Lilly asked us to go with them. All the meetings were held outside under the pine trees. We enjoyed very much the talks given by two old Indian people, Brother and Sister Polaca. On Saturday evening Gene set up a tent for Mother and I to sleep in. We had folding cots and many quilts but that was the coldest night I can remember. Gene spent most the night wrapped in a blanket, standing by the fire that he kept going all night. The Indians didn't seem to be bothered too much by the cold but my old bones had forgotten just how cold it can get in the mountains at night. Gene and Lilly loved the Indian people and they in turn loved and respected them. Two of their children, Ila Faun and Sanford completed Missions while their parents were in the presidency of the Indian Mission.

Melvin returned from his Mission and Mother's health seemed to improve. He went to work in the Laundry and in due time met and married Wilna Lamoreaux, the daughter of Douglas Lamoreaux and Theresa Haws. They made their home in Mesa where he continued working in the Sunshine Laundry and then for the Mesa Police Department as a Police Officer. They had six children, three daughters and three sons: Gayle, Diane, Melvin Douglas, Alan Neil, Bradley John and Julie.

For about five years, Carrie's health seemed to improve, but gradually, she became more nervous and physically run-down. The doctors told us she had hardening of the arteries and that the strokes that accompany this illness would eventually take her life. She had many small strokes and each one would take its toll. They finally came so often that her memory failed her almost completely and affected her equilibrium until she could not walk.

In 1955, on our wedding anniversary, November 30, our children again gave us a small reception

honoring us on our 60th anniversary. Mother was not well and people worried her but the children took some pictures and we had a happy visit with our close friends and relatives.

In 1956 Mother became bedfast. Oh, how hard it was to see my dear companion suffer so. My time was taken up completely trying to care for her. It finally became necessary for us to have a nurse come in to care for her during the daytime, then Gwenevere would come and relieve me in the evening after her work and she and the children often stayed the night. Many times Claradell, bless her soul, would ride the bus from Phoenix and would either stay the first half or last half of the night to help, so Gwenevere could care for her children. From August until December we kept this vigil. On the 15th of December Nelle and Harold came. She had felt such a urgency to see her mother that she couldn't wait for the Christmas season to come and it was as though Mother had been waiting for her to arrive. Lilly and Gene came the next day just as she passed away. It seemed she had been waiting until all of her children were around her before she could go. Her passing was sweet as we kissed her, she closed her eyes and slipped quietly into the Great Beyond where she would never have to experience pain and suffering again. But, oh, how I loved her and shall miss her sweet presence. She was my sweetheart and companion for sixty-one years, a loving, kind and understanding mother, devoted completely to her family and loved ones. She loved the gospel and her Heavenly Father and spent her life teaching her children by precept and example. No finer image of womanhood can be found anywhere than this sweet daughter of God, my dear wife, Carrie. We laid her to rest in the Mesa Cemetery on December 19, 1956.

After Mother's passing, life was very lonely for me. I didn't want to be away from the house but to be alone there was almost unbearable. Gwenevere worried about my situation so much that in the spring of 1957 she sold her home and came over to live with me. We built a family room, a bedroom, bath and utility room on the back of the house, making it very comfortable and roomy. Brother J. W. Thacker did the building and with all of this extra activity around, there was not much time left for me to think about loneliness. We had many happy times together in the years that followed.

In 1958, Kent had a serious accident that very nearly took his life. He was riding double on his bicycle with a friend, when they ran into some steel posts the city had placed around an open-standing gas meter. As he started to fall, he reached for the post to steady himself. His hands slipped and he fell full-force on his stomach. He didn't realize that he was hurt so badly but he complained of a stomach ache. That evening when his mother came home, she took him to see a doctor, that was close by. He said he probably just had the flu and sent him home to bed. By the next afternoon, he was beside himself with pain, so his mother took him to see Dr. Rudger Hiatt. He said he had to be hospitalized until they could find out if he was injured internally. By evening, Kent was nearly out of his head with the pain and they gave him a shot to help him rest. The next morning (Sunday) the Dr. called Gwenevere to let her know that he was being rushed to the operating room and to hurry to the hospital. He was on the operating table for 4 and ½ hours and he hovered between life and death for ten days. His mother hardly left his side. Bishop Worth Phelps and his councilor, Ervin Brundage, Sr, took turns sitting with him at night. He was administered to and blessed, he was remembered in the prayers of the Ward and through the faith and prayers of his mother and loved ones, his life was spared and he recovered enough to come home after 3 and ½ weeks. He had ruptured his pancreas and upper intestine, causing him to bleed internally until gangrene had set in.

Dr. Hiatt warned us that Kent would probably have to return to the hospital for a second operation. They had to juggle his digestive tract around, in order to finish the operation as soon as possible, because they couldn't operate longer at one time. Two months later, in January 1959, Kent returned to the hospital for a second operation. He recovered rapidly after the second time and even though he was weak, he tried to attend school. He had missed so much, however, that he didn't do too well that year. We were all very grateful to the Lord for his recovery, as it was almost a miracle that he was alive.

On October 20, 1960, Kareen married David Franks in the Relief Society Room of the 9th Ward. He is the son of Leslie Bell Franks and Vera Dawn Finch. They became the parents of six fine children; Jeffrey Storm, David Gregory, Jonathan Tyree, Shai Leigh, Fortune Ann and Matthew Savage. They made their home in Prescott and Chino Valley.

Kent spent some time in Chino Valley with Kareen and David, then was married to Ann Logue Stratford. She had been married before and had a little boy, Billy. Later they were divorced.

Melvin moved to Provo, Utah where Harold and Nelle lived, and he could go back to school and finish his education so he could become a teacher of music. I spent some time visiting with Melvin and Wilna in their home and with Harold and Nelle in their home. They were all thoughtful and kind and made me very welcome.

In 1961, when I was 95 years old, I took sick with a bleeding ulcer and had to be rushed to the hospital for an operation. Dr. Hiatt didn't give me much chance of survival because of my age, but he didn't really know just how tough I was. I recovered in record time, due to a good doctor and the faith and prayers of my dear children. A year or two later, I had a cataract removed from my left eye.

Now, as I am approaching the twilight of my life, I desire to leave some thoughts for you to remember.)The following is written just as he wrote it.)

"- - - During my life, I have at times enjoyed very much the influence of the Holy Spirit, as I have sat and listened to the servants of the Lord speak to the saints at conference times, in the spirit of prophecy, and have thrilled and felt in every fiber of my being that what I heard from their lips was true and from the powers of heaven.

"I have witnessed the healing of the sick under the hands of the servants of the Lord holding the priesthood of the Son of God and I have seen evil spirits expelled by that same power.

"While living in Colonia Dublan, Mexico, there was a case of a Brother being possessed by evil spirits. I took my turn with others, in sitting up with and caring for him for several days. This man was Brother John Butler and through the administration of the Elders, I saw the evil spirits cast out many times and for some reason, there were times I have seen it fail. Perhaps because of weaknesses of someone officiating, or for the want of sufficient faith, or for reasons unknown to us. The sick man was in a house across the street from President Helaman Pratt, grandfather of Wilford "Pat" Cordon of Mesa. I remember one time when we had failed, I went over to Brother Pratt's home and

asked him to come over and help us, as we had failed that evening. He came with me and as we started back, the man said to those with him in the house, "Here comes a man that will subdue us all",

As Brother Pratt and I entered the door, the evil ones, as there were legions of them, cried out to us, "Go away and let us alone", Brother Pratt in the majesty and power of the priesthood, commanded them to "... Come out of him, in the Name of the Lord", and they obeyed the command. Brother Butler laid back on the bed and appeared exhausted. There seemed to be, as they had stated to us, "there were legions of them".

"It was a wonderful experience for all that witnessed it. Some even younger than I witnessed it and I was twenty-two at the time. Brother Butler was put on the train in a few days to be taken to Salt Lake City. I understood that he died on the way, but was not bothered with the evil ones after that night's experience.

"Through all the happy, joyful times and through the times that have not been so happy, I have enjoyed life. I would not complain of my lot as it came to me. I thank my Heavenly Father for the wonderful help he has given me in times of distress and trial, that I have been able to accept it as my portion in life, given me by an all-wise and merciful parent. Some of the trials have been sore and at the time was almost unbearable, but always there came solace and consolation"... that He was near by and His hand is over all.

I thank my Father in Heaven for the wonderful wife and companion he gave me to share my life for eternity and for the choice spirits he sent to bless our earthly home. I love my Father in Heaven with every fiber of my being and give praise and honor to Him for the privileges and blessings he has showered upon me all the days of my life. I love the Gospel of Jesus Christ and honor and respect the priesthood that I hold. I am grateful for the prophets the Lord raised up to establish, guide and direct His Church and that I was given the opportunity to live at this time, when the Gospel was upon the earth. May my children and their children love the Lord and live His commandments and walk in righteousness until, we meet again is my prayer.

While I draw this fleeting breath
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to world's unknown
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages cleft for me
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

**CAROLINE AMANDA WEBB - Wife of John Daniel DeWitt, Written by her Daughter,
 Gwenevere DeWitt Hulse**

Up to the year 1876, when he moved his family to Orderville, Utah, Edward Milo Webb had

served as a Civil Engineer, County Surveyor, Fillmore's School Teacher, Superintendent of Millard County Schools, Superintendent of the Sunday School, President of various Priesthood Quorums and president of a society organized for debating. Also, he had married Ellen Ashman and Sarah Carling and had five children: Abigail, Milo, Ellen, Rachel and Ether. Later, in Orderville, he married Charlotte M. Maxwell.

In 1874 the settlement of Orderville came into being. In 1876 Edward Milo Webb, taking with him his knowledge of sheep and cattle raising, brick making, leather tanning, farming, sawmills, surveying, engineering and other learning, moved his families to Orderville and took a prominent part in making the United Order there a great success.

Church Historian, Andrew Jensen, recorded: "Of all the settlements founded by L.D.S. in the Rocky Mountains, Orderville's town people lived it more perfectly in spiritual and temporal matters than any other community of Latter-Day Saints. A president with two councilors constituted the presiding authority. Six directors, chosen by the people, formed the executive board. They engaged in farming, sheep and cattle raising, tanning, saw mills, grist mills, furniture, manufacturing of boots, shoes and harnesses, black smithing and established a woolen factory. They were the most independent and self-sustaining community in the State. Honesty, virtue and temperance were necessary to secure fellowship in this society.

The policy of the Order was to select the wisest men and women to be leaders. During the latter part of the '70s, until 1882, when Orderville was in its most prosperous condition", continues Mr. Jensen, Thomas Chamberlin was president and Edward Milo Webb, secretary. Under the guidance of these two progressive young men, the association was prospering. All the industries were thriving and every one seemed happy and comfortable."

Caroline Amanda Webb was born in Orderville, Utah, on October 13, 1877, the fourth child of fourteen children born to Edward Milo Webb, Jr. and Ellen Ashman Webb. She attended school in Orderville, where her Father worked as Secretary to the United Order. She told of her enjoyable experiences while living in the Order, where all families ate their meals at the community table and each member, who was physically able, was assigned work to do.

The United Order in Orderville continued for ten years, when President John Taylor advised them to separate and live as other people. At first there was a pronounced sentiment against dissolution; but after the leaders had counceled and prayed with the people, they finally voted unanimously to discontinue.

Records show that the Order, when it was broken up, was financially independent, and it left people quite well-to-do. Edward Milo Webb and his brother, Francis Adelbert Webb went into partnership, farming and raising cattle and sheep. But because of the Mormon practice of polygamy and the severe persecutions by Civil Officers of those who practiced it, they could not live with their families in peace. Rather than renounce their families and giving up the financial comforts they were beginning to realize, for the great hardships and trials of pioneering a new country, they decided to sell their possessions and move their families to Mexico.

When the Webbs began to leave, it was cause for great sorrow for they were highly regarded by their associates. Mother told us of a big farewell party that was held for them and she and her sister, Nellie, (Ellen) sang a song together at that time. When they left, it was like parting from ones own loved ones; for people in Orderville, like brothers and sisters, were deeply attached to one another. They left Orderville April 1, 1886, outfitted with six wagons and twelve teams, the two brothers and their families began their long journey to Mexico. Their plan was to go as far as Woodruff, Arizona, where they would stop for a while, to recuperate.

After many hardships, and being gravely alarmed at her Mother's precarious condition, the caravan finally reached Woodruff, May 2, 1886, just one week before her Mother's baby, Clarence, was born. At this time, Carrie (Caroline) was about eleven years old. During the journey, Apostle Snow, who was traveling from Mexico to Utah, met the party and advised them not to go to Mexico, because an epidemic of smallpox was raging there at that time. He advised them to settle in Woodruff for the time being. Since the family was going to be in Woodruff indefinitely, Father sold some of his outfit and bought a farm.

The settlers had attempted to make settlements along the banks of the Little Colorado, but had been unable to control the flood waters of this treacherous river. They struggled hard to bring water to the land. Dam after dam was erected only to be washed away by the flood waters. Eight dams were built before they had one which would stay.

Like the persevering spider, these long-suffering Saints, again, went to work and built another dam. Father, Uncle Adelbert said, pushed the work with thousands of his own dollars and labor. Aside from his many public responsibilities, he had worries at home with sickness and death. The little baby, Clarence, had died and a daughter, Nellie, just budding into womanhood, took sick one Sunday and was buried the following Sunday. Nellie's death was a terrible sorrow to her family and friends and, especially, to her father, who could not be reconciled. "I probably was too proud of her and loved her too much," he said to Aunt Lottie.

Soon after Nellie's death, another daughter, Carrie, was stricken down with an unexplained illness. She began ailing and losing flesh until, after months of sickness, the skin on her body became stretched perfectly tight over the bones. The last three months she was ill, Aunt Sarah cared for the children, while Father and Mother, in relays, watched over their child constantly. Changing her position, and to prevent bed sores, the parents would slowly and very carefully raise the sheet, first to one side and, in five minutes, to the other side. The nerves were so exposed that any jarring noise or movement, caused her severe pain. Since the child could eat nothing and the parents knew she was starving to death, they earnestly pleaded with the Lord to tell them what to do. It was given to her Mother, in a dream, to feed her melon juice. It was almost out of melon season, so every neighbor in town who had any, kept them for Carrie, as long as they could.

When every last melon in town was gone and the parents were desperate to know what to do next, their humble prayers again, with the prayers of the entire Snowflake Stake, were heard and answered. That very day, an abscess in the stomach, which had caused all the trouble, broke and the poison passed away. After this she fully recovered.

An excerpt from Carrie's blessing, given by Patriarch Lorenzo Hill Hatch, says: "The hand of the Lord and the blessings of the Most High alone, has preserved your life. It has been in accordance with the promises made to your parents and to their exceeding great faith that you have been permitted to remain on the earth." Carrie remembers, when she began to get better, Father would take her in his arms, carry her out in the sunshine and down by the river. When she was improving, Father took her and Mother up in the mountains where his brother, Francis Adelbert, was building a house. After this, she got well and began to put on weight.

In 1887 he finished making forty thousand brick for John Bushman's home, the first brick made in this part of Arizona. He also was the Superintendent of the Woodruff Sunday School in 1887-88. In 1890 E. M. Webb was set apart as Bishop of the Woodruff Ward.

It was about this time when Carrie first saw this handsome young man riding into town and wondered who he was. She soon learned he was John DeWitt, the son of Brother and Sister Alex DeWitt. It wasn't long before he had a job driving a freight team for Brother Heber Albert Hatch and Brigham H. Duffin. It was while he was working for them that he met Caroline Amanda Webb. (She was 15 and he was 16) Their courtship lasted for two years. John Daniel DeWitt and Caroline Amanda Webb were married 30 November 1895 in Woodruff, Arizona.

On Monday, January 21, 1889, the Board of Education: Jesse N. Smith, John Bushman, J.M. Flake, Joseph Frisby and the Principal, E. M. Webb, organized the Academy, in Snowflake, with forty-four pupils. High School subjects were featured and considerable advancement was made, but on account of financial conditions, the school was closed from 1894 to 1899. Father resigned his school position in Snowflake to become Bishop of the Woodruff Ward.

Not long after he became Bishop, the dam went out again. As the town's people watched the angry waters wash the dam away, the men, as well as women stood on the bank and cried. This meant starvation to them. No one starved, however, for Brother Webb provided the needy, without cost to them, flour and other necessities, until crops could be raised again.

After Father had served as Bishop in Woodruff for two years, he was, again called to be the Principal of Snowflake Academy. He sold his property in Woodruff and bought a farm in Snowflake. Aunt Sarah lived on the farm, Aunt Lottie taught school and Mother, besides caring for her own family and Aunt Lottie's two little girls, while their Mother was in school, kept house for two students, Lula Hatch and Charles W. Lillywhite. Louie remembers that Father, also, would often gather up all the children and take them fishing or out hunting for rabbits and ducks.

After an interruption of twelve years, Father and family undertook to finish their long delayed journey to Mexico. In the course of time, three of their children had died and five of them had married. John, Carrie DeWitt and their baby, two-year old Lillian, went with the Webb family to Mexico. They began their journey July 28, 1898 with five wagons and twelve teams in the caravan: the "chuck" wagon, driven by Clark, John DeWitt's wagon, then Mother's (Aunt Ellen), Aunt Sarah's and Aunt Lottie's. Then, there were other wagons loaded with our company's belongings.

This was a glorious trip, for the children at least, for there were so many interesting things to see and do along the way: the camp fires at night, exploring the camping grounds, watching bread being cooked in bake ovens, gathering "buffalo chips" for the fire, gathering flowers, wild grass nuts and pine gum and, most interesting of all, the group singing in the evenings while John DeWitt accompanied them on the guitar. When we reached the Border, we had to wait several weeks for the Mexican's "manyana" to come, before they would let us through the custom house.

It was a six-week journey and they settled in the colony of Dublan. We were in Dublan only a week when our son, John Daniel(Dee), was born. Two months later, Father's and Mother's youngest child, Lois, was born. On July 22, 1900, our third child, Margaret was born.

Although Father was never very husky and always worked beyond his strength, his years of sedentary life had ruined his health, consequently, he had to give up teaching, for recovery was to be had only in outdoor living. He supervised the boy's work as they quarried rocks and made the brick for many of the big houses in Dublan. In the spring, he moved Mother and Aunt Sarah "down to the brick yard", where they lived in tents for six weeks and cooked for the boys while they made the brick.

After the brick kilns were made, father and sons built houses in town for the families. They lived there two or three years, then John sold our home and we returned again to Woodruff, in the fall of 1900. Father sold his homes and moved his families to Garcia, one of the mountain colonies in Mexico.

Our daughter, Ellen (Nelle) was born January 7, 1903 in Woodruff. The next two or three years were spent farming and odd jobs. On the 21st of March 1905, our second son and fifth child, Frank Merwin was born. In a couple of years, on the 23rd of December 1907, another son, William Lynn was born in Woodruff. We were really becoming rich in posterity.

In 1908 we moved to Holbrook where John Daniel DeWitt was employed by A.C.M.I., a mercantile firm. My position was warehouseman and billing clerk. I held this job until 1912 (four years), when I was elected County Road Superintendent. I held this job for four years.

Our daughter, Genevieve, was born March 25, 1910 in Holbrook, Arizona. A son, Elmo Milo, was born February 7, 1912, in Holbrook. He became ill with diphtheria and passed away February 20, 1912, in Holbrook. We laid him away in the Woodruff Cemetery. We moved back to Woodruff where Lyle Watson, another little son was born, July 8, 1913. We moved to Snowflake in 1914. This little boy was the victim of our first tragedy. He fell into a tub of hot wash water and was scalded to death on the 7th of July, 1916, in Snowflake, Arizona. Quince Reese, our tenth child, was born July 11, 1915 in Snowflake, Arizona.

The rest of Mother's story is told in Father's history.

Compiled by Gwenevere DeWitt Hulse

CAROLINE AMANDA WEBB DEWITT - from "Things Remembered" by Ellen Ashman Webb

Self-sacrifice and service, devotion and love for husband and children are marked characteristics of Carrie. She was quiet, retiring and unassuming but would do faithfully any duty required of her. Carrie was an efficient home-maker; her person and home was a pattern of neatness; she did beautiful fancy work and, with her machine she was an expert. When her girls were at home, she could sit down at the machine awhile and when the dresses she was making were finished, the girls would look like fashion plates in them.

Musically inclined and with a sweet alto voice, Carrie, in her quiet way until tragedy came, would always hum or sing at her work. Both she and her husband had good singing voices and they generously passed this talent on to their children. When the children were all home together, they were a happy fun-loving family, consequently Carrie's home was one of fun and laughter. When Lilly, Dee, Maggie and Nelle were youngsters, early (too early) in the morning, as bithly as singing birds (and as regularly) they would wake the family chirping their chorus of little songs and giggling and laughing at the things each other said.

A daughter, Nelle, has written. "I can't remember Mother ever being in robust health. As a child she had a strange and severe sickness which possibly contributed to the ill-health she suffered in later years. However, Mother was not one to complain and in spite of her handicap, she faithfully carried on her responsibilities.

"Mother was an expert seamstress and an economical cook. It has been said of her that she could make a hovel look like a palace and the plainest of food taste like a king's banquet.

"Mother's devotion to her family almost reached sublimity. Her own personal needs or wants were secondary to those of her children and no Mother was more proud or happy over their children's accomplishments than she.

"Mother was very hospitable. All her children's friends and everyone else were welcome at Mother's. We were never too crowded to make room for one more, either at meal time or at bed time.

"Although there were twelve of us in the family, each new baby as they arrived was an event and was welcome and loved by all.

"Many sorrowful and tragic experiences came into my Mother's life, such as losing five of her children in death. One daughter died after giving birth to her third child, after which Mother cared for her daughter's children as for her own. One child died as a baby, one was scalded in a tub of hot water, two were burned when our lovely new home was burned, and one brother was seriously ill for many months, due to burns he received when trying to rescue the two children from the burning house."

"Mother's faith in God was sublime. In her trials and grief and sorrows she relied implicitly on Him and through it all could say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless my Mother."

A son, Dee, adds: "The extreme sorrow Mother suffered through all her terrible experiences was overwhelming and for sometime she was prostrate with grief. But after given a special patriarchal blessing, in which (although past the usual child-bearing age) she was promised more children, comfort came and an interest in life revived. The lethargy past, Mother again, was her same sweet self and when the children she had been promised arrived, they brought great joy and comfort to her.

INCIDENTS by Irene Merrell

At various times, when I was young, I lived with Carrie and her family. What stands out most prominent in memory was the singing and the laughter. That was one place where anyone could tell a joke and didn't have to explain that it was a joke or what it meant. Everyone of them "got it" the first time and their laughter would ring out whether it was funny or not.

One or all of the children together were singing constantly. Even going to bed did not end the singing until finally, Carrie would remind them "It's time you children should go to sleep now," and a little later, "You children should stop singing and get some sleep." After her ninth or tenth reminder (which they didn't hear) their father would call out, "Did you children hear what your mother said?" and all promptly answered, "Yes, Sir." "Then, do it," he said. And they did.

When Frank was just learning to sing the last word of every line and his mother played the guitar and sang the other words to the song, "As Tommy Went Walking", little Madge and Nellie came home from primary. I couldn't help thinking how like two beautiful dolls they looked dressed alike in pretty blue dresses trimmed in red. Carrie evidently thought the same thing for she stopped singing to ask, "Aren't they the two prettiest little dolls you ever saw?"

The endless duet, "I'm Captain Jenks", which Carrie and Lynn sang was usually rendered while he lay across Carrie's lap, face and head up and tipped back a bit. Probably he could sound the tones much better that way. At least on the last word of every line the word would be dragged out l-o-n-g and LOUD!

O, yes, it mustn't be forgotten (for Carrie seldom did) that every day when Dee was leaving to go fishing, cowboying, or what have you, Carrie would remind him, "Now, remember to start home when it begins to get dark." Of course Dee remembered and started home alright, for he was obedient, but he seldom arrived home before it was good and dark.

One day in Dublan when Carrie was looking so very sad, while Lillie was crying her heart out and I, thinking that Carrie had gathered enough courage to do some motherly punishing, said to Lillie, "So you're a big cry-baby today?" and Carrie answering for her explained that her china doll's head had been broken, but it couldn't be told which one felt worse, Carrie or Lillie.

Like her father and mother, Carrie and John were always hospitable souls and every one were

welcome at their home. However, there can be a limit to such things.

One time while Hattie and I were in Show Low where she was teaching school, we went to conference and stayed with Carrie in Snowflake. For Sunday dinner, both Hattie and I had Show Low friends who had no place to go, so we invited them to come with us to Carrie's. John and the children also, had Woodruff friends and relatives, which they invited home to dinner. Father never could abide any one in groups or singles who looked hungry after meeting, so he invited all who would, to come to Carrie's for dinner. Some would hang back saying, "but we don't even know your girl." "That doesn't make any difference, she will love to have you to dinner," he convincingly explained. By the time all those guests were crowded into the rooms and porches, Carrie was 'bout in a dead shock, but mother and Hattie brought her around and five loaves and seven fishes were miraculously increased, until there was food enough for three big tables of people and all the family besides, — What lesson may be learned from Carrie's experiences? Answer: Don't ever depend upon your loaves and fishes being miraculously increased.