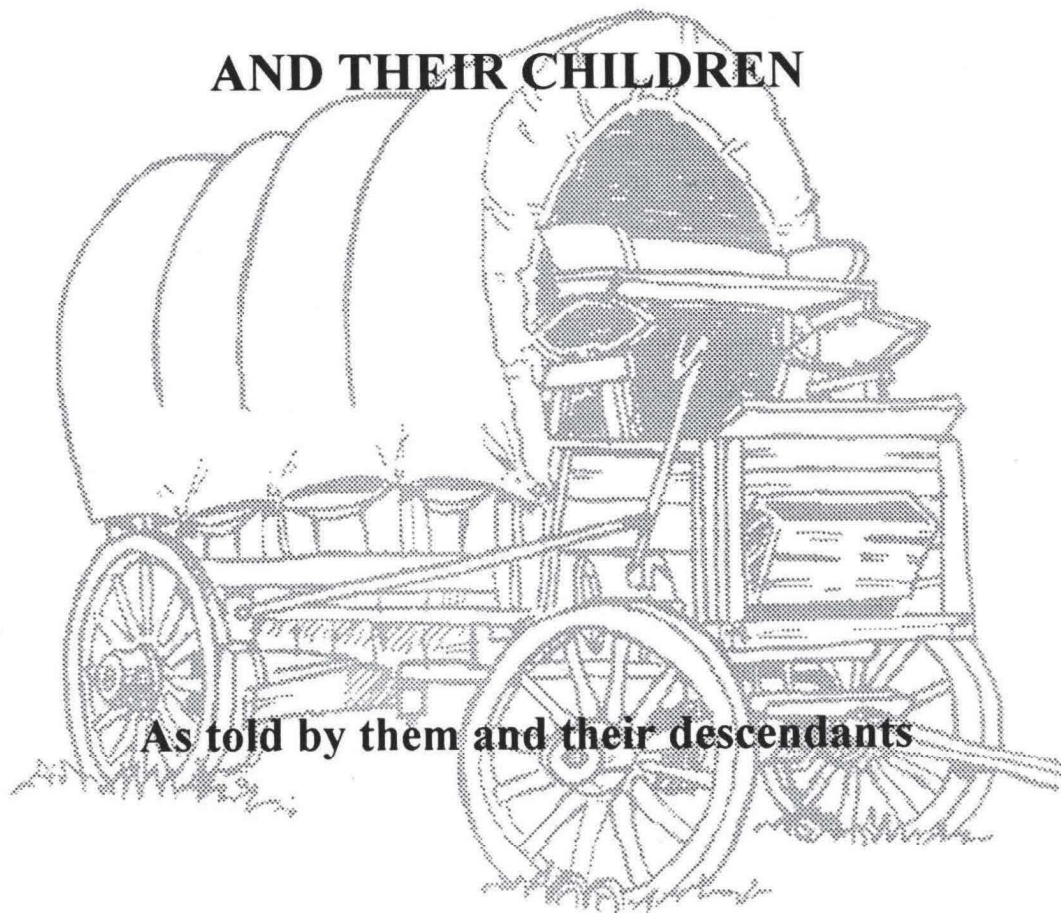


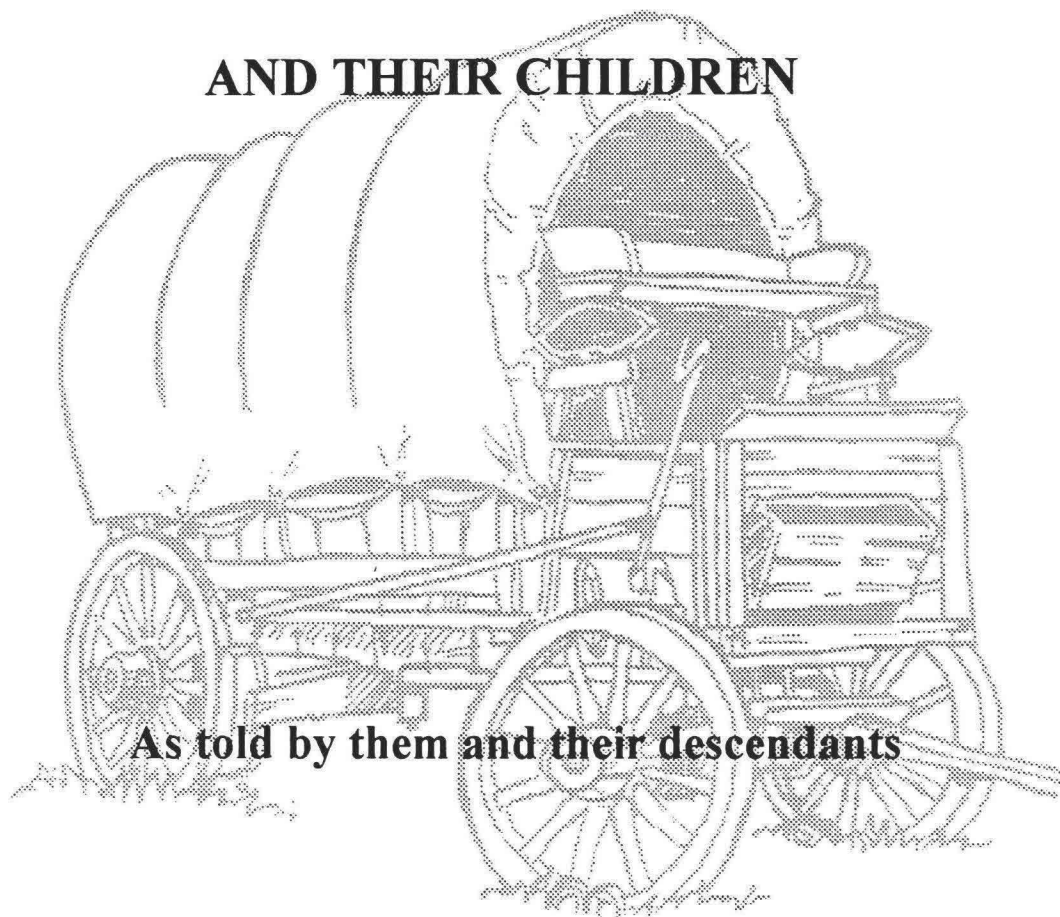
STORIES ABOUT ABEL ALEXANDER DEWITT
HIS WIFE MARGARET MILLER WATSON
AND THEIR CHILDREN



As told by them and their descendants

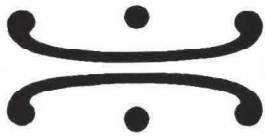
Prepared by
Gwenevere DeWitt Hulse
George David Hulse

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**If you could see your ancestors all standing in a row,
Would you be proud of them or not, or don't you really know?
Some strange discoveries are made in climbing family trees,
And some of these, you know, do not particularly please.**

**If you could see your ancestors all standing in a row,
There might be some of them, perhaps, you wouldn't care to know.
But there's another question, which requires a different view:
If you could Meet your ancestors, would they be Proud of You?**

Author Unknown

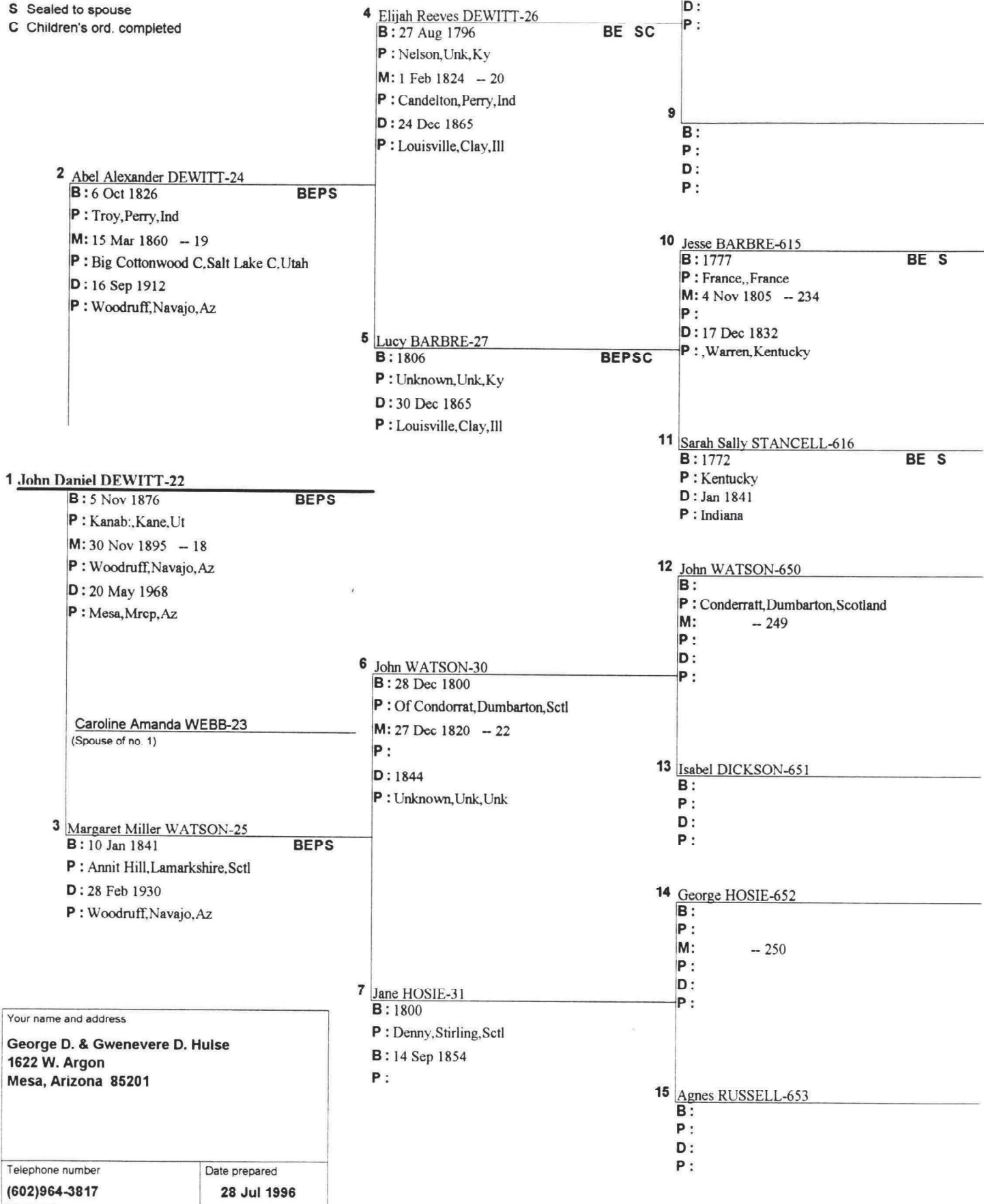


Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Ordinance Codes:

- B** Baptized
- E** Endowed
- P** Sealed to parents
- S** Sealed to spouse
- C** Children's ord. completed



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Family Group Record - 19

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Husband			
Abel Alexander DEWITT-24			
Born	6 Oct 1826	Place Troy, Perry, Ind	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place	Baptized 15 Aug 1860
Died	16 Sep 1912	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Endowed 27 Sep 1861
Buried	17 Sep 1912	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Sealed to parents 26 Oct 1910
Married	15 Mar 1860	Place Big Cottonwood C, Salt Lake C, Utah	Sealed to spouse 27 Sep 1861
Husband's father		Elijah Reeves DEWITT-26	MRIN: 20 ☒ Deceased
Husband's mother		Lucy BARBRE-27	☒ Deceased

Wife			
Margaret Miller WATSON-25			
Born	10 Jan 1841	Place Annit Hill, Lamarkshire, SctI	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place	Baptized 22 Sep 1857
Died	28 Feb 1930	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Endowed 27 Sep 1861
Buried	1 Mar 1930	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az	Sealed to parents 27 Sep 1861
Wife's father		John WATSON-30	MRIN: 22 ☒ Deceased
Wife's mother		Jane HOSIE-31	☐ Deceased

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
-----------------	---	---------------------	--------

1	Sex F	Lucy Jane DEWITT-632
Born	28 Mar 1861	Place BigCottonwood, Slk, Utah
Christened		Place
Died	16 Jul 1922	Place Salt Lake City, Utah
Buried		Place
Spouse		Joel Sixtus EAGAR-633
Married	14 Feb 1879	Place St. George, Washington, Utah
		MRIN: 242
		Sealed to spouse

2	Sex F	Sarah Hulda DEWITT-1558
Born	26 May 1863	Place Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Utah
Christened		Place
Died	17 Nov 1904	Place Lehi, Utah
Buried		Place
Spouse		Peter Junius CHRISTOFFERSON-635
Married	13 Feb 1881	Place Saint George, Washington, Utah
		MRIN: 553
		Sealed to spouse

3	Sex M	Abel Alexander DEWITT-636
Born	1 Oct 1865	Place BigCottonwood, Slk, Utah
Christened		Place
Died	18 May 1953	Place Modesto, Stanielaus, California
Buried	21 May 1953	Place
Spouse		Caroline SKOUSEN-637
Married	8 Dec 1885	Place Saint George, Washington, Utah
		MRIN: 244
		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 (602)964-3817	Date prepared 18 Aug 1996
Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form Husband _____ Wife _____	

Family Group Record - 19

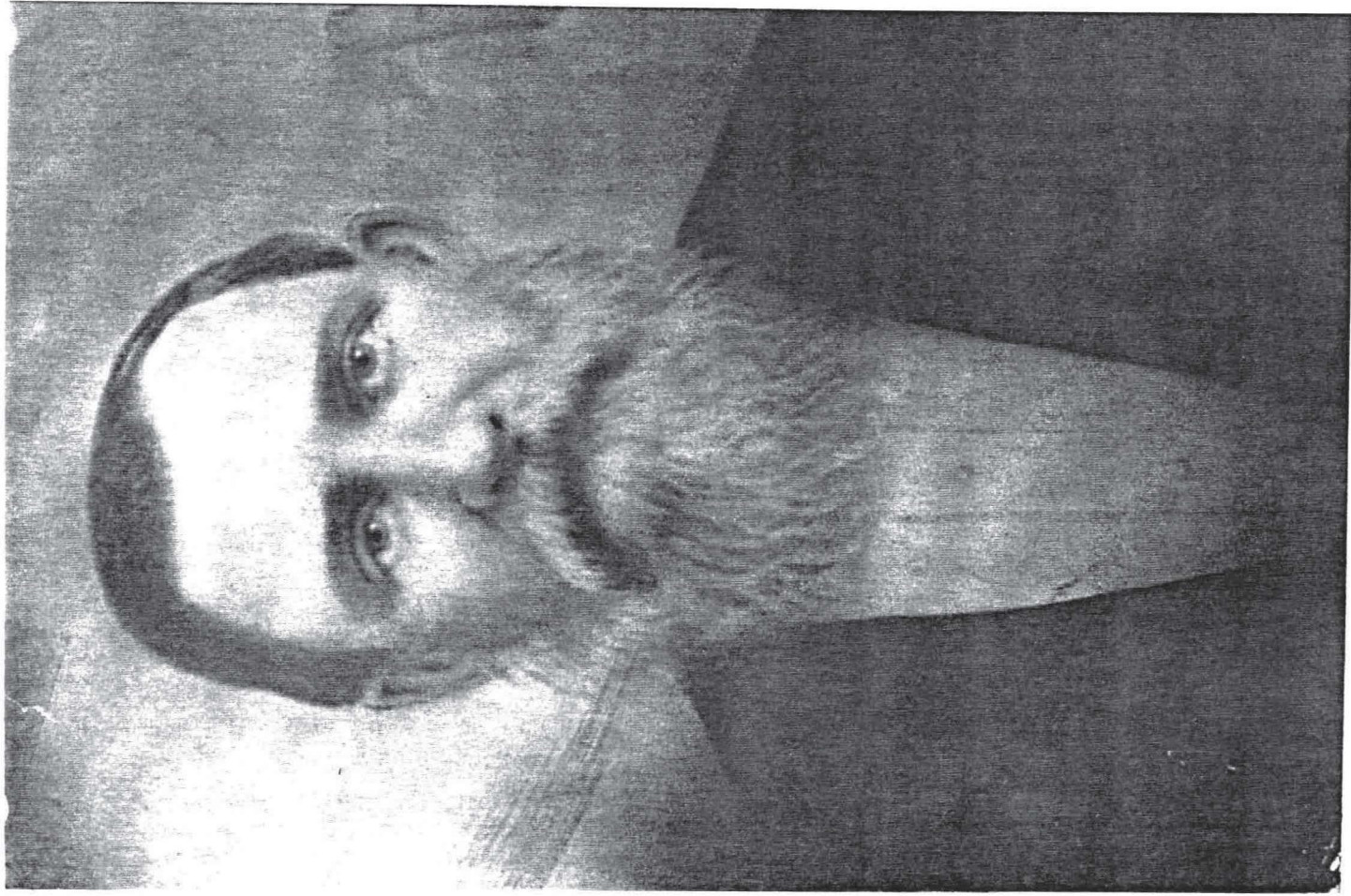
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Husband Abel Alexander DEWITT-24			
Wife Margaret Miller WATSON-25			
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates
Temple			
4	Sex M	Elijah Reeves DEWITT-638	
	Born	18 Feb 1868	Place BigCottonwood, Slk, Utah
	Christened		Place
	Died	19 Oct 1956	Place St. Johns, , Arizona
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Sarah Wilmirth GREER-639	
	Married	31 Dec 1890	Place St. George, Washington, Utah
			Baptized 7 May 1876
			Endowed 31 Dec 1890
			Sealed to parents BIC
			MRIN: 245
			Sealed to spouse
5	Sex F	Elizabeth Catherine DEWITT-640	
	Born	5 Jun 1870	Place BigCottonwood, Slk, Utah
	Christened		Place
	Died	29 Apr 1904	Place Thatcher, Az
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Lewey Rodolphus RUSSELL-641	
	Married	12 Oct 1888	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona
			Baptized 5 Jun 1878
			Endowed 25 Nov 1897
			Sealed to parents BIC
			MRIN: 246
			Sealed to spouse
6	Sex F	Margaret Lenora DEWITT-642	
	Born	20 Jul 1872	Place BigCottonwood, Slk, Utah
	Christened		Place
	Died	13 Aug 1873	Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
			Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents BIC
			Sealed to spouse
7	Sex F	Martha Ann DEWITT-643	
	Born	8 Oct 1874	Place Kanab:, Kane, Ut
	Christened		Place
	Died	29 Dec 1878	Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
			Baptized
			Endowed
			Sealed to parents BIC
			Sealed to spouse
8	Sex M	John Daniel DEWITT-22	
	Born	5 Nov 1876	Place Kanab:, Kane, Ut
	Christened	15 Nov 1876	Place Kanab:, Kane, Ut
	Died	20 May 1968	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Buried	25 May 1968	Place Mesa, Mrcp, Az
	Spouse	Caroline Amanda WEBB-23	
	Married	30 Nov 1895	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Az
			Baptized 5 Nov 1884
			Endowed 4 Jun 1924
			Sealed to parents BIC
			MRIN: 18
			Sealed to spouse 22 Mar 1897
9	Sex M	William Washington DEWITT-644	
	Born	10 Jan 1879	Place Kanab:, Kane, Ut
	Christened		Place
	Died	1 Dec 1907	Place Woodruff, Arizona
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Elsie Vilate OWENS-645	
	Married	17 Dec 1900	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona
			Baptized 10 Jan 1887
			Endowed 9 Oct 1901
			Sealed to parents BIC
			MRIN: 247
			Sealed to spouse

Family Group Record - 19

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Husband Abel Alexander DEWITT-24				
Wife Margaret Miller WATSON-25				
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
10	Sex F	Rhoda Ellen DEWITT-646		
	Born	27 Mar 1881	Place Springerville:, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	24 Oct 1888	Place	Sealed to parents BIC
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse
11	Sex M	Jesse Dillis DEWITT-647		
	Born	23 Apr 1883	Place Springerville:, Apache, Arizona	Baptized 5 Aug 1891
	Christened		Place	Endowed 4 Oct 1906
	Died	13 Jan 1959	Place Safford, Graham, Arizona	Sealed to parents BIC
	Buried	15 Jan 1959	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	
	Spouse	Maude JARVIS-648		
	Married	4 Oct 1906	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	MRIN: 248 Sealed to spouse
12	Sex F	Mary Eliza DEWITT-649		
	Born	24 Jul 1885	Place Springerville:, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	24 Jul 1885	Place Springerville, Arizona	Sealed to parents BIC
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse



ABEL ALEXANDER DEWITT
6 Oct 1826 - 16 Sept 1912
MARGARET MILLER WATSON DEWITT
10 Jan 1841 - 28 Feb 1930



ABEL ALEXANDER DEWITT

6 Oct 1826 - 16 Sept 1912

MARGARET MILLER WATSON DEWITT

10 Jan 1841 - 28 Feb 1930

Their Daughters, Lucy, Sarah, Elizabeth



ELIZABETH
1873

LEONA

MARGARET MILLER
DEWITT

LIGE

ABEL ALEXANDER DEWITT

MARGARET M. W. DEWITT



John

Elizabeth

ALEX

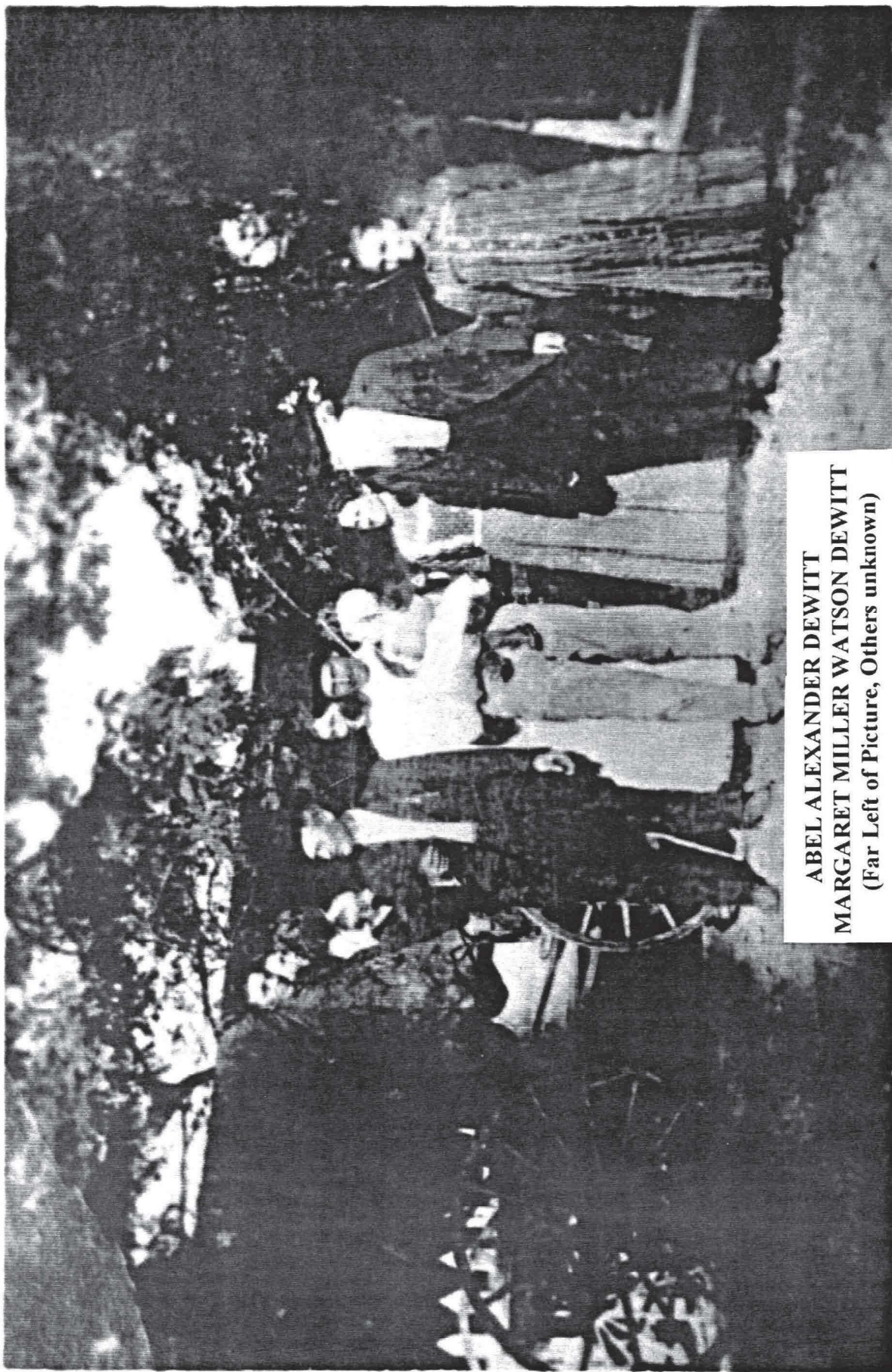
JOHN

RHODA

WILLIAM

JESSE

ELIZABETH



ABEL ALEXANDER DEWITT, SR. Written by his son A. A. DeWitt

Abel Alexander DeWitt, Sr. was born in Troy, Indiana on October 6, 1826.

"As near as I can remember from what he told me, he left home when he was between 20 and 25 years of age, with a party of about 12 men, went to South America, where he stayed for approximately one year. They hired natives as guides to take them through the country."

Upon his return to the United States, I do not remember what part of the States he came to, but I think it was somewhere near Kansas City. I understood from him that he had either 40 or 80 acres right in the heart of where Kansas City is now.

Soon after the Mormons came to Utah, he was captain of a big freight train, I think about 100 wagons and 125 men. He freighted from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, most of the goods they hauled being for a man whose name, was Howard. He lived on State Street near Big Cottonwood and ran a big distillery. The stories father used to tell us about his trips from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City were very thrilling, as he had some very dangerous and exciting experiences with the Indians.

While he was on the Platte River, on his first trip to Utah in the winter time, there came a big snow storm. The party was snowed in and could not travel. They were running out of feed for their horses, mules, and oxen, so they sent to Salt Lake, asking Brigham Young for help and to send them teams to pull them into Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young sent out the teams, to meet them, big fat horses and mules, and with them he sent two men, Leonard Wines and Gilbert Webb. Father told these men that he had never seen a Mormon and was a little afraid to stop in Salt Lake City, for fear they might do him injury. He didn't dream that these men were Mormons and they had a hard time convincing him of the fact. They stayed in Salt Lake City for the winter, then the outfit broke up. Part of them went back to the Missouri River and the others went to California.

Father went to work for Mr. Howard and became interested in the Mormon people, studying their religion, and finally, joined the Mormon Church. I do not think a man ever lived that had such wonderful confidence in Brigham Young. I really believe that if President Young had asked Father to do so, Father would have jumped in the river and drowned himself. A short time after he joined the Church, Father lectured on his travels in South America and people became very interested in the lectures and stories of the country and his experiences.

I remember, when he came home from Arizona. He had been called by President Young to go, as a missionary, with quite a large Company of others, the Captain of the Company being Captain Hiatt. The object of the mission was for the Saints to go to Arizona and get possession of places for the Saints to move to for more room.

They went as far as the Little Colorado River in poor country with very bad water. It looked so discouraging that the company finally broke up and started back for Utah. President Young heard of their failure and sent them word that he did not want any of them to come back north of Panguitch. However, some of them paid no attention to that call, but my father was at Kanab in Southern Utah when he got this word, so he bought a place in Kanab and came home to Salt Lake. His arrival at home was my first remembrance of him.

My reason for remembering him was because my sister died while he was on his mission to Arizona. When he came home, it seemed to me it was about the middle of the day. I can remember how glad we were and how happy my mother seemed for his return. The rest of the day, I do not remember until that evening. Mother and father were sitting at the table talking. Then all of a sudden, they threw their arms around each other and both of them cried and sobbed. I knew then what it was all about. It was the first time anything had been said about the death of my sister. I will never forget how my father shook and trembled and how he cried.

The next I remember, was when he sold our home and all we had in Utah to Bishop David Brinton, Bishop of the Cottonwood Ward. I do not think Father and Mother ever had better friends than Bishop Brinton, his wife and sons.

We then started for Arizona. Father had a new wagon with four horses and mother and I rode in another wagon behind him, with the other children, with a yoke of oxen hooked to the wagon. So, I was about seven years old, when I learned to drive a yoke of oxen from Salt Lake to Arizona.

We lived in Kanab for approximately 7 years. My father was getting lumber and preparing to build a nice home, when Brigham Young came on one of his preaching tours in southern Utah. He called father and several others, to go back to Arizona and fill the mission they had failed to fill in Captain Hiatt's company. So, father sold out and moved to Arizona. We moved to a place called Round Valley near the head of the Little Colorado River, now known as Springerville, Arizona, Apache County.

I am just giving this in the most brief manner, for if I should stop to tell all the interesting incidents that I can remember, it would make a big book to tell of our life in Arizona.

When I look back over my life in helping to settle Arizona, in those pioneer days, I think of the long months that we spent in hard work building the 100 rod of heavy rock fence for a man by the name of Beeker, and we did it, mostly, living on cornmeal mush and molasses. I think it was the worst food I ever had to eat, and it was also the hardest to swallow, of anything I ever tried in my life.

When we first came to Round Valley we had about 100 head of fine Durham cattle, several head of fine mares and a stallion. We put them on what we thought was good range land at the foot of the mountains, in a place called Water Canyon. We watched after them quite closely and the cattle seemed to be going well, but the cows, as they had calves, would lay down and never get up again, so we lost nearly half of them. The horses all got what is called "Loco" and they all died. We finally

took care of what cattle we had left, until we built up quite a nice heard of cattle.

I was the oldest boy so, for a number of years, I spent most of my time taking care of the cattle. I attended all the round-ups, rode the range, and spent several years of my life among the most wicked men and outlaws that I think ever lived,. My father was a good faithful member of the church, and would have kept going and pioneering, under the directions of the authorities of the church, if he lost everything he had on earth.

When we left there to come back home, we had been gone about eight months. We had to cross the mountains from the Gila River, back to the head of the Little Colorado River, to Round Valley, all through Apache Indian country. I remember how I suffered with fright for those 8 or 10 days, that we were crossing the mountains, right in the heart of the Indian country. We did not dare make a fire for fear the Indians might see the fire at night, or the smoke in the daytime. I really expected to be killed before we got home.

I always thought my father was as brave a man as ever lived when it came to danger. He weighed over 200 pounds, was tall and stood straight as an arrow. He had a very strong, commanding voice. Most of 15 years of my life was spent with him, working on railroads and wagon roads with all kinds of men. I have seen him in serious trouble with some bad men, but never had I seen him fight. I do not think he ever had a fight in his life, because when that commanding voice of his said to a man to do so, they always did it.

We finally moved to a little town or Ward of Saints at Round Valley and they named the place Omer. Father hauled most of the logs from the mountains, which we used to build a log school house with a dirt roof, and used it as a church as well as for a school. I think that here my life first began. The first Sunday School that I ever remember going to, in Arizona, was in that log house with the dirt roof. In Omer, I spent 20 years of about the happiest time of my life, up to that time.

The first Sunday School I went to, was when I was about 13 or 14 years old. After I went inside and sat down, I looked around and began to size up the people assembled there to see what they looked like. Right on the opposite side of the house to where I was sitting, my eyes fell upon a girl sitting there. I guess, that is what they call love at first sight. I was sure, there was no one else in this world who would be anything to me but her. When I was just a little past 20 years old, I married that girl, and I worked with Father and company for about four more years.

Father left that country then with all the family but myself and our brother, and moved down on the Little Colorado River at Woodruff. My father and mother both died in the little town of Woodruff, Arizona. To the best of my knowledge father was about 94 years old when he died. (Records show he was 86)

Obituary Of Abel Alexander DeWitt, from Deseret Semi-Weekly News, Thursday, October 9, 1913

Woodruff, Arizona, October 2 -- Abel Alexander DeWitt, who died at his home here Sept. 16, 1912,

was born Oct. 6, 1826 in Perry County, Indiana. In his early life he visited the Amazon in South America and in 1858 he started for California. On reaching Utah he decided to remain during the winter, stopping at Big Cottonwood. It was here he first heard the gospel and joined the church in 1860. At Big Cottonwood he met Miss Margaret Miller Watson, whom he married March 15, 1860. They had 12 children, seven girls and five boys. Mr. DeWitt made his home in Big Cottonwood until 1873 when he was called by President Young to go to Arizona to help colonize and build up that country. On reaching Kanab the family remained there until the fall of 1879 when they, again, started on their journey, reaching Arizona early in 1880. They first located at Springerville where they remained until 1891, when they moved to Woodruff, where Mr. DeWitt lived until his death. For several years he had been in poor health. Old age, with its infirmities brought on by hardships, was the cause of death. He leaves a wife, one daughter, and four sons. Mr. DeWitt was a man of sterling qualities, a true friend and a progressive and valued citizen, loved and esteemed by all who knew him. His life was spent on the frontier amid dangers, toil and hardships.

Maude J. DeWitt wife of Jesse Dilles DeWitt said the following:

Abel Alexander DeWitt would walk to her house every morning and play with the baby (Malcolm Reeves DeWitt). Then walk back to his home. He was so kind and sweet with the little children. He would put their clothes in the oven and warm them when it was cold.

MARGARET MILLER WATSON - Wife of Abel Alexander DeWitt, Sr. written by Gwenevere DeWitt Hulse

MARGARET MILLER WATSON DEWITT

My sainted mother, Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt was born at Annet Hill, New Monkland Parish, Scotland, January 10, 1841. Her parents were John Watson and Jane Hosea Watson. Brothers and Sisters: John, Agnes, Isabelle, William, Jane and Margaret (Grandma). Three died as infants, George, William and Mary Wright.

Her first remembrance is seeing her sick father sitting, wrapped in quilts and she playing peek-a-boo with him. A short time after this he died. (She was about three years old).

After her father's death, her mother moved to the city of Glasgow where she could better support herself and four children (the two older children were married). Her mother did fine needle work and the girls could work in a foundry.

She attended school but three months in her life, and that was at night. She couldn't remember when she could not read. She learned by puzzling out sign boards which were placed in different parts of the city. She would learn chapters from the Bible and recite them in her Sunday School and

became a very apt pupil. Being gifted with a very beautiful voice for singing, she was quick to learn the popular songs of the day. When the Band played and marched singing, her sister would call, "Run Mag," and she would follow them, learn the song, then go home and sing it to the family.

For three years, when she was about 9 years of age, she lived with and worked for her brother, John. She would arise as soon as day began to break and be on her way to the warehouse 12 miles distant, carrying the warp, then bringing back the cloth - making a distance of 24 miles a day, one day each week. The other days of the week she operated the hand looms. She did this for 3 years, becoming very proficient in weaving and operating the looms. About a mile from her brother's house, there was a dense wood, which she always dreaded going through, for if she was late, she was scared of being lost in it, but if it should be dark, and she happened to be late, she would remember, her brother was always there to meet her. Then, her mother became ill and she returned home to care for her, staying with her until she died.

During this time, John also worked in the mines, besides being a weaver, and lived ten miles from Glasgow. She recalled, there was a coal mine strike that lasted for 8 months, and the people suffered. There were times when she ate leaves from the trees to appease her hunger. Her brother, William worked in a foundry.

After working three years, as a weaver with her brother John, Margaret returned home and found her sister, Jane, had been attending some Mormon meetings and was finally baptized into this Church, very much against the wishes of the family. Her mother was heart-broken over it. Jane was gifted in writing poetry and Grandma remembered a few lines she composed while they were having this family trouble.

"My brothers and sisters they sit by the fire
To get me in a quarrel seems all they desire,
They get my old Mother to scold and to fight,
Ah, me, then I wish - Oh, The Valley the Valley
I could see - etc."

She remembered, it was during this time that cholera was raging in the City of Glasgow and her Mother fell a victim to this disease and died. The children, being left alone, sold all their belongings at auction, and went to live with an older sister, Isabel, who rented a house in another part of the city. Here Grandma lived for about one year, while Jane lived among the Mormons. Then, Jane began making preparations to leave for the United States. However, she did not neglect to advise Grandma to attend the Mormon meetings. And, they did attend some meetings together before she left.

The first hymn Grandma remembers hearing was "Come All Ye Sons of God" and she remembered what an impression it made on her. She felt it was all meant just for her. These meetings were held at night. She usually attended night school, and as she could not attend the meetings with her sister Isabel's consent, she feigned going to school, and went instead to the meetings. However, there was some traitor who told Isabel and she whipped Grandma severely every time she went. However, this only seemed to make her more determined to hear what Isabel

opposed. She became thoroughly convinced the Mormon Missionaries were preaching the truth. She read "The Voice of Warning", which her sister Jane gave her before she left, and believed every word of it.

Some people, with her sister Isabel, were always telling her - "these Mormon people are witched in every way" and tried to poison her mind, but Jane had told her they were the best people on earth, so she continued to go to their meetings. She attended off and on for two years, whenever she could do so without her sister Isabel knowing about it, but in spite of all her efforts, Isabel seemed to find out and she was severely whipped. She lived there until she was eight years old.

After her mother's death, she lived with a married sister in Glasgow, Scotland, and worked in the woolen mills where she became very proficient operating the looms. She operated five of 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, Bell, 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 the 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.

She still continued her secret correspondence with her sister Jane, who lived in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and she sent her money to pay her passage across the ocean. She remembered going to the bank and getting the money, which she concealed in the bosom of her dress in the day-time and in her shoe at night. Very soon after this, she left home, as if she was on her way to the factory. 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 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.

She went directly to her friends, the McKay's, who informed her the next sail-boat would not leave for two weeks. She couldn't go back home to Belle, so her kind "Mormon" friends hid her up for two weeks in the home of a widow who boarded her. During this time, the McKays outfitted her with clothes she would need for her journey.

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 enroute to America.

Bills had been posted and rewards offered for her capture, so, fearing detection, she disguised herself when she went to the sail-boat. Just before boarding the ship, she posted a letter to her sister Belle telling her not to continue the search for her, as she was on her way to America. She crossed the gang-plank and entered the ship, went below into the steerage until the ship had started, then she went up on deck to take a last fond farewell of her native land. She was overcome with conflicting emotions, as she saw it disappearing from her sight. For, though she was glad and eager to come to America, where she could learn more about "Mormonism" and join her sister, Jane, yet, she felt sad to leave forever her native land, her brothers and sisters and friends. She extended her arms and cried, with tears streaming down her face, "Goodbye forever, old home". And the ship, the Isaac Wright, bore her off.

Soon after leaving, she became violently seasick and lay on the bare deck for relief. Having taken nothing with her except her clothing, she had nothing to lie on. A young woman came near her, saying, "How's this? Haven't you any folks to look after you? But no, I mustn't talk; I must do something."

She went to the cook-room and made a little tea and toast and brought it to her. As she partook of it, her stomach became settled, so she could get up and around. Soon she became more adjusted to life on board ship. From Liverpool to New York, they were on the sailing vessel six weeks and three days.

When they landed at New York, the McKay girl's folks met them there. A large crowd was present, as they were getting off the ship. She kept saying aloud, "O have you seen my sister?" She hadn't heard the popular song then being sung, entitled, "O Have You Seen My Sister?" At once someone in that great throng caught up the words and sang it, while the whole merry crowd began singing and laughing.

She took the train from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, where her sister met her. Words cannot express the joy of their meeting. She went with her sister to her home in Holyoke, where she remained with her and a group of immigrant girls. They worked in a factory, earning the money to pay their way to Utah. Because of the experience she had working in the factories in Glasgow, where there were five-hundred steam looms on one floor, she felt at home in the work. They started her out with two looms. When her sister saw she could handle them easily and still have plenty of spare time, she said to the manager, "My sister is an ambitious little girl and I'm sure she can handle more looms when you can give them to her."

They gave her four for a while, but soon increased it to six, the most ever given to any experienced girl in the factory.

She made it a point to always be prompt, and the watchman would laugh, as he held his lantern so he could see her face, as she sat at the big doors each morning, waiting for him to open them and let her in. The minute the engine started she was at her loom. Some of the girls were always ten minutes or more late. When they remarked at her higher wages on pay-day, it was pointed out to them that ten minutes each day will soon amount to dollars and cents.

They received their pay in an office adjoining the factory. Here two men counted out the money, which was held in a big, seamless sack. The books were opened and the numbers of the looms were given. Then the girls were paid in cash. As she received her wages, she often heard the men whisper to one another, "Is that the one?" She was small for her age and her skill as a factory hand was talked about among the workers.

They worked in this factory for about three years. Their boarding house was managed by two old maid sisters who had rented a large house especially for factory girls. They were paid each month, and outside of their board, lodging and clothes, they saved every cent for their journey across the plains.

Her sister, Jane, left for Utah three weeks before she did, as there was not room for both of them in the first company. She handed to the president of the branch sixty dollars in cash to pay her way to Utah. Before leaving for Zion, however, she had been baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. She and Jane had attended the L.D.S. services regularly in Holyoke. Each meeting strengthened her faith, though she had believed the Gospel to be true from the first time she heard the Elders preach in Glasgow. Because of the bitter opposition manifest by the anti-"Mormons" there, her baptism was performed at night. She was taken to the river, the ice was broken, and there she was baptized.

She traveled across the plains with Thomas Lyons, his invalid wife, and five children. They had two hired teamsters, each driving a large wagon-load of goods. She took care of their five children and cooked every bite that was eaten by their outfit of ten, from the time they left Florence, Nebraska, until they reached Salt Lake City. She walked all the way across the plains, carrying the baby much of the time. Sister Lyons had to be lifted in and out of the wagon, and she had a special chair to sit on.

As soon as the men would pitch tents each night, Grandma would prepare supper over an open camp fire. Having never cooked over a campfire, when she needed information, she would counsel with some of the older sisters, who were very kind and willing to help her. She learned to bake light bread in a bake-oven. From each baking, she saved a piece of dough for her next batch of bread.

After supper was over, she would get the children to bed. Often she did not get much sleep, the mosquitoes being very troublesome, causing the children to cry and fuss a great deal.

There was one death in their company--an invalid man who could not stand the trip. His body was wrapped in canvas and buried in a grave, by which a service was held. All along the way they saw graves which the coyotes had dug into.

She remembered a marriage on the plains. After the ceremony, they danced most of the night to the music of a fiddle.

When they were about half way across the plains, she had to leave her new trunk, because they were too heavily loaded. Her clothes she put into sacks.

They were three months crossing the plains, under the captaincy of Edward Stevenson. Her sister heard of the company through the "Pony Express" and was ready to meet her. She had arranged for her to work for Sister Elizabeth Howard, who lived eight miles south of Salt Lake City at Big Cottonwood. Her sister, Jane, had a place in Salt Lake City and they visited often.

With the first money she earned in Salt Lake City, she purchased a new chest for her clothes. This was made by Brother Thomas Ellerbeck, an excellent carpenter. She still has this chest and it is as good as new.

The date of her arrival was September 16, 1859, with 350 souls and 150 wagons. That evening in the Howard home, as she stood by the sink washing dishes, she noticed a young man come into the room--a tall, straight, handsome fellow. She nudged Sister Howard's daughter, who was wiping dishes, and asked, "Who is that?"

"Don't worry. You may have him," she answered.

She replied, "I don't want to fall in love." About six months later, when she was nineteen years old, this same young man became her husband. She had no parents to go to for advice, so when he proposed marriage, she went to Bishop Brinton and asked him to advise her. His answer was, "You'll make no mistake, Margaret, if you marry Alec DeWitt."

Sister Howard had been like a mother to her; at the time of her marriage, she dressed her completely in the very best of clothes. Her wedding dress was a beautiful white, tucked all around the full skirt and trimmed with lace and white ribbon. Sister Howard engaged Eliza R. Snow and Sister Woodmansee to come to her home for a week and sew on her wedding dress, sheets, pillow cases, quilts, and everything preparatory for her marriage. She felt like a princess to be so honored.

The bishop, who was to marry them, was working on the jury that day; but he walked eight miles to their Ward that afternoon, in order to perform the ceremony that night.

She had been afflicted with a sick headache during the afternoon and Sister Howard had sent her to bed. While she was there, she and her daughters had fixed up their little two-roomed cottage, which Brother DeWitt had rented for their future home. She was dressed in her wedding finery, as they walked to the Bishop's home where they were married. Then they went to their little home. She noticed it was all lighted up; and when they entered, they beheld a table laden with a feast--roasted chicken and everything that goes with it. Her bed was all made up with new sheets and pillow cases and the beautiful quilt that Eliza R. Snow and Sister Woodmansee had made. They spent a happy evening with the Howard family and the Bishop's family. Mrs. Howard was an excellent cook and the banquet she and her girls had prepared was delicious.

Brother DeWitt had brought a load of furniture from Salt Lake City and it had been unpacked and put in place. The new dishes were in a cupboard he had made. All this was a surprise to Margaret.

Prior to their marriage, her husband had been investigating "Mormonism" and was really

converted to it, but postponed being baptized because he didn't want it said of him that he joined the Church to get the girl he wanted. He was baptized about two weeks later.

Her husband, Abel Alexander DeWitt, was born October 6, 1826, in Perry County, Indiana. He had traveled extensively--had seen South America--and was on his way to California to seek his fortune. Although he had really feared stopping off at Salt Lake City, because of the numerous warnings he had heard that, if he did, the "Mormons" would kill him. He finally stopped over and found a job at Howard's. There, he investigated "Mormonism" and embraced it. He died at Woodruff, Arizona on September 16, 1913.

While living at Cottonwood they were blessed with six children:

Lucy Jane b. March 28, 1861 d. Salt Lake City, July 16, 1923
 Sarah Huldah b. March 26, 1863 d. Lehi, Utah, Nov. 18, 1904
 Abel Alexander b. Oct. 1, 1865 d. Modesto, Calif., May 18, 1953
 Elijah Reeves b. Feb. 18 1867 d. St. Johns, Arizona, Oct 19, 1956
 Elizabeth Catherine b. Jun 5, 1870 d. Thatcher, Arizona, Apr. 29, 1904
 Margaret Lenora b. 20 July, 1873. d. Cottonwood, Utah, 13 Aug 1873 .

Then the family was called by President Brigham Young to help colonize new locations and they moved to Kanab, Utah, where Martha Ann, John Daniel and William Washington were born. Martha Ann died when she was four years old, and John Daniel was three years old when the family was called to go to Arizona. They came to Springerville, where sister Rhoda was born and died of diphtheria when she was seven and a 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 was John Daniel's lot to carry the baby to a neighbor to nurse, and as he didn't think she was as clean as she should be, he would wait outside the door with his nose all turned up, waiting until the ordeal was over.

In their 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.

Written by Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt:

To my Dear Boy:

Keep good company or none, never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always Speak the Truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks

evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

The eye that mocketh at his Father and despiseth to obey his Mother. The ravens of the valley shall pluck it out. And the young eagles shall eat it.

Proverbs 30 ch. 17, verse.

Thank God every Morning when you get up, that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence and strength of will.

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Husband Joel Sixtus EAGAR-633				
Born	9 Feb 1858	Place Manti, Sanpete, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place	Baptized	
Died	13 Jul 1947	Place Hurricane, Washington, Utah	Endowed	
Buried		Place	Sealed to parents	
Married	14 Feb 1879	Place St. George, Washington, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
Husband's father John EAGAR-3445			MRIN: 1295	☐ Deceased
Husband's mother Sariah Anna JOHNSON-3446				☐ Deceased

Wife Lucy Jane DEWITT-632				
Born	28 Mar 1861	Place Big Cottonwood, Slk, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place	Baptized 7 May 1869	
Died	16 Jul 1922	Place Salt Lake City, Utah	Endowed 14 Feb 1879	
Buried		Place	Sealed to parents BIC	
Wife's father Abel Alexander DEWITT-24			MRIN: 19	☒ Deceased
Wife's mother Margaret Miller WATSON-25				☒ Deceased

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	Sex F	Lucy Lenora EAGAR-1588		
	Born	8 Jan 1880	Place Brigham City, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	5 Aug 1953	Place Phoenix, , Arizona	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Franklin Horace OWENS-1595 MRIN: 549		
	Married	4 Jul 1901	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	Sealed to spouse

2	Sex M	Joel Sixtus EAGAR-1589		
	Born	26 Sep 1881	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	8 May 1899	Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse

3	Sex F	Sarah Huldah EAGAR-1590		
	Born	6 Nov 1883	Place Pima, Graham, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	30 Sep 1968	Place Mesa, Arizona	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	James BRINKERHOFF-1596 MRIN: 550		
	Married	5 Oct 1905	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	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 (602)964-3817	Date prepared 18 Aug 1996
Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form Husband _____ Wife _____	

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Husband Joel Sixtus EAGAR-633				
Wife Lucy Jane DEWITT-632				
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	Sex F	Sariah EAGAR-1591		
	Born	16 Oct 1885	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	2 Nov 1885	Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse
5	Sex M	John Elmer EAGAR-1592		
	Born	15 Dec 1886	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	4 Jul 1887	Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	Sealed to spouse
6	Sex F	Lovinia EAGAR-1593		
	Born	12 Jun 1888	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died		Place	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Leroy Eugene GARDNER-1597		
	Married	11 Nov 1911	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona	MRIN: 551 Sealed to spouse
7	Sex M	Leo EAGAR-1594		
	Born	14 Dec 1890	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona	Baptized
	Christened		Place	Endowed
	Died	9 Sep 1971	Place Show Low, Arizona	Sealed to parents
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Vernah Alfrieda STEPHENS-1598		
	Married	1 Sep 1923	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	MRIN: 552 Sealed to spouse

JOEL SIXTUS EDGAR & HIS THREE WIVES



JOEL SIXTUS EDGAR



**LUCY JANE DEWITT
& JOEL SIXTUS EDGAR**



NANCY ALICE STANWORTH



EMILY JANE LEE



FOUR GENERATIONS

Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt
Lucy Jane DeWitt Eagar
Sarah Hulda Eagar Brinkerhoff
Belle Brinkerhoff Shumway



JOEL SIXTUS EAGAR



LUCY JANE DEWITT EAGAR

LUCY JANE DEWITT

HISTORY OF LUCY JANE DEWITT**By herself**

Born Big Cottonwood, Utah 28 Mar. 1861

My father, A. A. DeWitt (American born) was almost 28 years old when he went to visit South America. Upon returning, he took the gold-fever and started for California; but when arriving in Salt Lake City the sound of the Gospel appealed to him; so he went no farther. I have read letters from his father, mother, brothers and sister, and they all seemed to be a very good people and religious and sincere in their beliefs. Some of his brothers and sisters lost their lives during the Civil War. In fact, one letter stated that the War hastened his mother's death.

My mother was of Scotch descent. She heard the Gospel from the missionaries and it appealed to her although she was young. After her mother died, she lived with her sisters and they forbade her ever listening to the Elders talk. She used to steal away to hear them whenever possible. Finally, she decided to join this Church and while eating at the table, she got up quite unconcerned, put on her bonnet and never returned to her home again. A reward was offered for any one who would find her.

Her history is wonderful--what she did and accomplished for the Gospel's sake. She left for the U.S. in the year of 1857, was on the ocean eight weeks and four days. She worked for two years to get money to take her to Salt Lake City. She finally joined Capt. Edward Stevenson's Company across the plains in ox teams...350 persons in the Company. She paid her passage across the plains and also did all the work for an invalid woman with 5 children, her husband and two hired teamsters. The man's name was Lyon. She also paid the passage for a woman and she promised to return her the money when she got to Salt Lake but she never got a cent of it up to this date.

After her arrival in Salt Lake, she went to Big Cottonwood to live with a family of Howards, where she first met A. A. DeWitt and it proved the case of love at first sight. I should have stated in the beginning that my mother joined the Church in the fall of 1857 in Boston, Massachusetts. She was married to my father 15 March 1860. My father joined the Church the month following 15 April 1860.

I was born 28 March 1861. As a child I loved my school days. I well remember when I first started to school. I remember that one of my teachers' names was T. B. Lewis. (I would judge he was an Elocutionist). During the recess when we were turned out for play we would often hear him reciting his speeches and some of those speeches are burned within my memory yet; and I still retain my love and interest for public speeches.

When I was about 12 or 13 years old my father took his family and removed to Kanab, Utah. I entered school there and for about four years my happiest days were spent during this time. In 1877 I was chosen Assistant Secretary of the YLMIA. I was also a member of the ward choir. I was

religiously inclined and had faith in the Lord hearing and answering prayer. I kept quite steady company with a young man---Joel S. Eagar. I had faith to ask the Lord to show me my true companion and that I would make no mistake. Now I will reveal a secret that I have kept hidden in my heart most all my life. The Lord showed me as plain as night from day that Joel Eagar was not my true companion, but, owing to my environment and the company I kept, I laid aside this light I received and I did not have the moral stamina that I should have had; and I finally sinned against light and knowledge and married this man. The unhappy life I led, the trouble, the sorrow, the heartaches, I can never describe. Many times I thought the Lord was unjust and the heavens seemed brass over my head. After a time I became reconciled--knew that I had sinned against light and knowledge and that all I was passing through was but a just retribution and I must make the best of it. I began to trust implicitly in the Lord and repented and had a desire to try to endure all the Lord saw fit to send me. When my 7th child was born (Leo) I received a testimony from the Lord that I would not be asked (by the Lord) to have any more children by this man. I was a changed woman from this time on. I took renewed courage and I placed my burdens upon the Lord and He blessed and strengthened me more than I can ever describe.

On October 17, 1893 I was left alone in this world with five children to support. The next year, 1894, this man went to the courts and got a divorce to separate us for good and during this year he married again.

I now had to work very hard to support my family but it was all a pleasure and I was happy. But troubles did not entirely forsake me.

In the year 1899 I was called to lay my oldest son down in death. He had been troubled with rheumatism since a child of eight years and suffered until a boy of seventeen years.

I worked at caring for mail horses, boarding mail drivers and I had the care of the post office for a few years doing all kinds of odd jobs to make a living. I attended to all my religious duties and took a part in all social activities. I have always had some responsible position to hold in the wards wherever I belonged. Have always been a member of the ward choirs since I was fifteen years old and have got more real joy and pleasure from singing the songs of Zion than from any other pastime.

When my youngest child was eight years old, the change of life began to work upon me and the hard work I had done and was doing caused my health to begin to fail me. I continued to grow worse until I concluded to sell my home (I then had but two children not married and one was in Salt Lake City working as a nurse), take the proceeds and go to Salt Lake City and work in the temple and educate my only boy, Leo. I did this, and was able to begin the work of redeeming some of my father's dead. I was baptized for some 275 souls, and my son got a fairly good education at the LDS Business College. He was called from there to go on a mission to London.

My health continuing poor, I decided to return to Arizona and live among my married children. Left Salt Lake in May 1914. My son left a few days later for his mission. As far as I know he filled an honorable mission and returned in the summer of 1916. He came out to Arizona to visit us and found me in a very feeble condition. I was subject to unconscious spells and spasms for several years. A

faithful good sister, Adeline Savage, came to me and said that I should yet be healed and would have my health again. These spells have gradually left me, and I have fairly good health when I use good judgment and do not overwork.

I feel to give the Lord the praise for this and I feel to appreciate this blessing to the fullest extent. My whole soul is wrapped up in how I can live my holy religion to show to my Heavenly Father that I do appreciate all He has done for me and the light that has been given me.

I am now 59 years old and I would love to live 10 or 12 years longer to accomplish a greater work in the temple and to raise my grandchild, now seven years old, to be of some worth. In the year 1918, my son Leo bought me a home here in Woodruff and it is greatly appreciated. But I consider that one of the greatest acts of charity ever done for me was when my daughter, Lovina, let me have her oldest boy (Leo) to care for as my own, (if I live by her). It put new life into my soul; it has aroused all my energies to do a good part by this child; learn him to work and to instill into his soul the principles of the ever-lasting Gospel. I enjoy this privilege. I enjoy trying to make me a beautiful home, and if we can be favored and our dam remains secure, and we can have the water in our town to use what is needed, I believe I can make a beautiful home, in the way of trees, shrubs, flowers, vegetables, etc.

My son lives in Salt Lake City. He sends me a monthly allowance that keeps me living quite comfortably--plenty to eat and wear, nothing to make me grieve seriously....

To give a little idea of how my spiritual standing is: I can say I attend to my prayers morning and evenings, also my secret prayers. I try to keep the Sabbath day holy. I attend to my Sacrament Meetings as regularly as my health will permit. I keep the Word of Wisdom as I am capable of understanding. I also pay an honest tithing. I try to attend to my religious duties. I am greatly interested in noting the purposes of the Lord's work is rolling on, and how the prophecies are being fulfilled, and of the great events that are taking place. We can plainly see that we are living in the last days that the Prophet Isaiah told us of. I know that the Gospel is true and that Joseph Smith was indeed a Prophet of the true and living God, and my whole desire is that I might prove faithful unto the end and receive the reward that is promised. Amen

Lucy DeWitt Eagar

LIFE STORY OF LUCY JANE DEWITT EAGAR

By Sara H. Eagar Brinkerhoff (Daughter)

Lucy Jane DeWitt was born March 28, 1861, in Big Cottonwood, Utah, the firstborn child of Abel Alexander DeWitt and Margaret Miller Watson. The first years of her life were spent in and around Salt Lake City, Utah; and, at an early age she and her parents moved to Kanab, Utah, where she grew up to be a young lady. There were six children in the family when they moved to Kanab.

Lucy was a very talented and lovable person and a fine singer. That particular talent brought her much

joy and made her very popular with her associates. She dearly loved all kinds of music, dramatics, and other social accomplishments. Her social life was her joy. During her life she held many positions of importance in her church, this because of her ability to understand and to teach and instruct the young.

In the days of her girlhood she formed many lasting friendships. But in her great desire to be one of the crowd and do what they did, she made the mistake of her life in marrying a man she did not love. Some of her friends who were going to be married at St. George, formed a crowd to travel together by team and wagon to be married in the Temple there. It was quite an undertaking to travel from Kanab to St. George in those days, and it sounded thrilling. Lucy had gone with the young man several times, but was not in love with him, but he and the crowd joined to urge her to go with them and be married in the Temple at St. George. Finally she yielded.

The trip was fun, but after she returned and realized that she was married for time and eternity to a man she did not love, her repentance began. She soon found that the trials of life require more than respect between husband and wife. Of course, she began blaming herself and always remarked, "I deserve what I got, for I sinned against light and knowledge." However, she was a brave and lovely character and decided not to let the world know any more than necessary about her sorrow. She had seven children. Of course, there was much unhappiness in the home for she could not hide her feelings from her husband. He loved her dearly and was jealous because she sought happiness in social affairs, theaters, dances, and all the pleasures she could participate in to drown her unhappiness. Her husband, Joel Sixtus (Eagar), was anything but a social person and would not go with her; so she went with the young people. They loved and respected her and enjoyed her help in all their doings. This was not right and caused mean jealousies. Finally there was divorce.

The saddest thing in this world is a broken home, especially when there are children; so the children all saw a lot of sorrow and hardship while they were growing up. At the time of the divorce they had lost two children, while living in Eagar. Her mother and father lived in Woodruff; so Joel moved her and the children there. After having lived in Eagar for sixteen years it was a drastic move, from mountain valleys to desert. Although Joel gave her all he had, it was not much. She had a shack, a few acres of land, and a cow, very little furniture and no nice clothes at all. Everyone else in Woodruff wore just as poor clothing, but they at least had husbands and fathers to rustle something to live on.

So she set out to prove to him and the world that she could take care of her children. She wanted nothing from him and he sent nothing. Many times the children were hungry. As soon as each child was old enough, they would go out of the home and work for a few cents per day to help out. She took in family washings by the day. They were all washed on the scrub board--truly a hard way to earn a livelihood. Six days a week she and her girls stood over those tubs of dirty clothes and were rewarded by fifty or seventy-five cents per day.

It wasn't all tragedy, however. There were theaters, dances, parties, mutual, and many other entertainments in which they took active part. Her passion was music, and she longed to give her children a chance in the world, but it seemed useless to try. Finally she worked, schemed, and went

without until she could get a guitar for each of her two older girls, and no one will ever know the proud joy she took in the girls learning to play those guitars. She still felt the need of other music, and one day Joel visited his children. He had an old note worth forty dollars on the old Man Allen Frost for a house he had sold him years before and which he had never been able to collect. He gave the note to Lucy and told her she could try to collect it. She did, and do you know what she did with all that money? She sent to Sears-Roebuck and Co. for a small organ, and how she worked and slaved to pay the freight on it when it should arrive. It finally came and the freight was \$12.38. She had \$12.50. Uncle Pete Christofferson brought it up from Holbrook. It took him all day to go down and back, twenty-four miles, with his slow outfit. How we waited, listened and watched! When he finally arrived and the neighbors helped to unload and uncrate that organ, she patted it and looked at it with the tears running down her face. She could play one chord on it, and before they all went to bed she had sung about everything she knew. She could not sleep when they finally gave up and went to bed. She never went to bed at all that night. I've always been suspicious that she spent most of that night on her knees in thanksgiving. Now her home was indeed a center for the young folks which was always her desire.

Her children were Lucy Lenora, Joel Sixtus, Sara Huldah, Lovinia, and Leo. Two others died in Eagar, Arizona--Sariah of pneumonia and Elmer of whooping cough.

They always called Lenora "Nonie" and she was a very dear, self-sacrificing girl. She married at the usual age a man named Frank Owens. They had ten beautiful children, raising to maturity nine of them.

Joel Sixtus had inflammatory rheumatism from the time he was eight years old, (due, we always felt sure to the meager diet we had.) He died at the age of seventeen, after many years of suffering.

Sara was a lover of music, and as her mother had told her children that the first one to learn to play the organ and play it in Church would have the organ, she won it by being the Church organist for about two years. Sara married James Brinkerhoff and had nine children which she raised to manhood and womanhood.

Lovina was always the darling of her mother's heart, a very talented girl, who married Eugene Gardner and had six children. He died and later she married Hugh Larson.

Leo, Lucy's only living son, was very talented and she wanted to give him every chance; so she sold everything and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, where she put him in school. Lucy died in Salt Lake City in 1922, before she had a chance to enjoy very much of the fruits of her labors. She had terribly high blood pressure at times for several years before her death, which sent her into convulsions at times. Many thought her death due to hard work, worry, and inadequate food.

Her son has lived to bring her honor and has steadily advanced and become a prosperous business man, respected and loved by all. His sisters especially love and honor him, because of his lovable traits like his mother's.

Because of their mother the girls also are lovable people and are all trying to raise their children to be honorable men and women.

HISTORY OF LUCY JANE DEWITT EAGAR

By Vinnie (Youngest Daughter)

Lucy Jane DeWitt was born March 28, 1861, in Big Cottonwood, Utah, the firstborn child of Abel Alexander DeWitt and Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt. Twelve children were born in this family, the first six of these in Big Cottonwood. She had a happy childhood and moved to Kanab, Utah when twelve or thirteen years of age. There she grew to young womanhood and had so many happy times. When I pass through Kanab on my way to Salt Lake City, I always think--"Yes, this is where my mother lived and was so happy." She had many dear friends all through her lifetime and was devoted to her brothers and sisters. She loved the young people and liked to associate with them.

She was married to Joel Sixtus Eagar in the St. George Temple on February 14, 1879. Soon after her marriage her people were called to Arizona, and Mother's first child, Lucy Lenora, was born in Brigham City, Arizona on January 8, 1880. As soon as Mother was able they moved to Springerville, Arizona.

Mother loved to work with the young people in the social welfare of the L.D.S. Church. Organization of theatricals was her hobby, and she was called to work in the Mutual Improvement Association. Most unfortunately friction arose in Mother's home life, which led to a divorce after she had seven children. Two had died in infancy at Springerville, Arizona.

Her father and mother had moved from Springerville to Woodruff, Arizona. My father got her a house and lot there too, and then moved her and her five children to Woodruff where they could be near her father and mother. This was in 1892. She was now on her own, and had to make a living for her family--it was terribly hard. Sixtus died on May 8, 1899 of rheumatism and heart trouble. In that small pioneer village it was next to impossible to get medical help.

My two older sisters would go out and work by the day--hand washing--and got forty cents for a day's work. Mother would always raise a garden, and she cared for the horses that pulled the mail "buckboard" winter and summer. In winter the mail drivers nearly perished in the cold, and almost lost their lives in floods and swollen streams in summer. Mother would have a big fire in the fireplace and something for them to eat when they arrived. The mail from the upper country was due at four o'clock in the morning and they changed horses there. The drivers loved my mother for her kindness to them. She always had to have the mail horses fed, watered and ready to go. She was poorly paid for this work, but it helped. Then she got the Postmistress job, which helped also. She had a terror that she would lose her children if she failed to provide for them.

Mother wanted her children to have opportunities to study music and get an education. The older girls played the guitar and sang, and by saving carefully my mother purchased a small organ. Oh, the

joy it brought--there was no sleep the night it arrived and was unpacked. Some people criticized her for skimping so hard to buy the organ, but we all loved it too much to think that we could not afford it. Music meant more than food to my mother.

My oldest sister, Lenora (or "Nonie" as she was called) was not very well. At one time she was very ill with typhoid fever. It was so hard to get all the foods we needed. We always kept a milch cow, and raised vegetables and fruit. Lenora married Franklin H. Owens on July 4, 1901 at Woodruff, and they went to the Temple and were endowed in October 1901. They have a wonderful family of ten children.

My sister, Sara, married James Brinkerhoff on October 5, 1905 in the Salt Lake Temple. They have nine lovely children.

Our family dwindled down to just myself and my brother, Leo. It was my mother's ambition to give us a special education; so she sent me to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1908 to take a nurse's course. The next year she and Leo sold the home in Woodruff and came to Salt Lake City. Leo entered the L.D.S. Business College. I finished my nursing course, graduated and did nursing work for a year in Salt Lake.

Mother's health was very poor. I returned to Woodruff in 1910 and continued to practice Obstetrics. Then Mother returned to Arizona also. I married Leroy Eugene Gardner on his birthday, November 11, 1911. My brother, Leo married Vernah Stephens, a wonderful girl from Idaho who was teaching school in Salt Lake City. They are proud of their three fine children.

Finally my brother came to Arizona to get my mother and take her to Salt Lake for medical aid. I went with them and left my five little ones with my sister, Sara. My oldest son went with us, as I had let him live with Mother. She adored him and asked that he go with her to Salt Lake City. Mother underwent an operation to remove a tumor, and died July 16, 1922.

It was decided by all of us to bury her in Wasatch Lawn Cemetery in Salt Lake. A beautiful service was held, with high tribute being paid to Mother. Many of her good friends from Arizona (some residing in Salt Lake at that time) attended her funeral.

LUCY JANE DEWITT EAGAR **By Lenora Owens Skillman (Granddaughter)**

My memories of my grandmother, Lucy Jane DeWitt Eagar, do not center around Woodruff, Arizona, where she lived when I was young, but around the times she would visit us at the Gentry Ranger Station, where we lived during the summer. Grandma wasn't too well in those days, but well enough to take walks with us and these walks almost always led to a beautiful aspen grove not too far from the house. A clear little stream ran past the grove, and we loved to go there. We would find a log to sit on and Grandma would tell us stories and teach us songs. I remember especially that on

Sunday morning we always had Sunday School in this beautiful spot when Grandma was with us. She would teach us the songs in the hymn book, and I still remember the words to many of them. Also we learned the story of Joseph Smith's prayer in the sacred grove, as well as many other beautiful gospel truths in these Sunday Schools with Grandma.

I remember the trips when we would go to Woodruff to get Grandma. The distance isn't far today, but then it would take us nearly all day. We would start out at 3 o'clock in the morning when the sky was still filled with stars, and would lie on the bed Mother made in the bottom of the spring wagon, and watch the stars fade and the morning come. We would usually stay in Woodruff a day or two while Dad went to Holbrook for supplies; then we would go home.

Grandma loved to sing and Dad also had a good voice and liked to sing. So they sang together as we traveled along, and, of course, we sang with them most of the time and the trip was fun.

....At the time the people of Woodruff dedicated their new church they collected stories of the people who had lived in Woodruff; and in this book called "Our Town and People, a Brief History of Woodruff, Arizona" they had this to say about Grandma Eagar:

"Lucy Eagar was a spiritual woman, a good mixer. She loved to work with people, particularly young people. Many were the plays, parties and old fashioned socials she sponsored. She had a beautiful singing voice and sang for years in the Woodruff choir. Among the many church positions to which she was called was that of President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. She gave dignity and honor to that calling for many years. Memories of Lucy Eagar, her beautiful voice, her spirituality, and her enthusiastic leadership remain with those who knew her in life."

LETTER OF LUCY JANE DEWITT EAGAR, WRITTEN TO HER CHILDREN AND AND LOVED ONES JUST BEFORE HER DEATH

To my children and loved ones all:

I expect when I leave this world that I might be taken from you suddenly. This will be all right and according to my desires. It is not an uncheerful thought. My only great dread is a protraction of life into imbecility, or the visitation of lingering pain where I would necessarily become a burden. I can see much ahead of me I would love to learn, and do, in spite of the loss of youth, study is a keener delight than ever; and I think the affections, instead of being dulled by age, have acquired a stronger activity. And as for the brain being useless after 50, I wish to say it is no general rule.

I wish to give a little advice as to what I would have you do when I leave you. Consult among yourselves as to getting two of the most faithful sisters to wash and dress me. I have placed money in the bank to pay all my funeral expenses. I wish everything plain and unadorned. No deep sorrow, grief or tears; but rather rejoice that I have been faithful. You will find receipts in my temple book showing what I have to my credit. Also what belongs to the temple. Should there be any over and

above what my funeral expenses incur, just a painted fence around my grave, also Sixtus' (in case I do not get it done). If I am fortunate enough, I will try to lay by enough to have my two infant children at Eagar unearthed and brought to Woodruff and laid beside their brother.

Give my Temple book, the cash fund, letters, books, etc. to any one of my DeWitt brothers or sisters that is the most interested in Temple work and will not suffer that this little work I have begun to die out, for it means more to them than all the wealth they can accumulate in their lives.

I have never had the courage to tell all my loved ones of the beautiful and heavenly manifestations I have had through faith and prayer. You, for some reason have always held me aloof concerning these things, when my heart was so full, nigh to bursting to share with you these most glorious revelations. Now don't treat with scorn if I touch very briefly on but two of these revelations. One was the beauty and excellence of brothers working together unitedly (financially) for each other's interests.

Concerning the other: Don't follow the fashions of Babylon. I have seen the most beautiful model, that no one living could deny the modesty and beauty that were there given. The gown was such that none could trace an outline of the figure beneath. I know that the Lord is displeased with the general mode of dressing, more especially among the Mormon women, with their scant apparel.

Seek harder to adorn your minds than you do your bodies. All of you visit each other more often and be more lavish with your love and affection for each other. Have plenty of this laid by so that when you get as old as I am, you will never starve for the same. Don't neglect to teach your children greater faith in the principles of the gospel. Try to love everybody more and more. May the Lord bless you all to this end is my parting prayer and blessing.

Your mother and sister,
Lucy

JOEL SIXTUS EDGAR - Husband of Lucy Jane DeWitt

HISTORY OF JOEL SIXTUS EAGAR **By himself**

Born 9 February 1858 at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. His father died when he was 5 (should read 6) years of age. (Story from here on in his own words).

"My mother was left with 8 children. The family moved to Southern Utah and then to Kanab.

I married Lucy Jane DeWitt, 14 February 1879. That same year we started for Arizona by way of Lee's Ferry with ox teams. Reached Springerville in March 1880 where my two older brothers were living. John and William had come the previous year. We lived on barley bread for two years. There were no flour mills closer than Rio Grande. Most of the people were Mexicans and Texans and they

were not very favorable towards our people and we had a hard time to get along with them.

There was plenty of wild game and fish in the mountains, which were a great help to the pioneers of that time. The Apache Indians were on the warpath in 1882.

Myself and Almond Johnson loaded our teams with wool for Los Lunas, New Mexico on the Rio Grande. Starting in May, we found we were two weeks in the rear of Victoria and his band of Apaches. They destroyed all they could. We saw where they had made some attacks and killed people and horses. The ranchers were all driven from their ranches and the country was barren. The oxen gave out and when we got to a ranch called Alamo, we had to cut cottonwood trees to keep them alive. At this place our barley meal gave out and we had no more bread for five weeks, living on rabbits and mutton and beef.

The next ranch was where a Mexican had just ventured back to his ranch and when we told him of our plight, he killed a beef for our benefit. We had to leave one wagon and put all our oxen on one wagon.

The next place of importance was the Rio Puerco, 18 miles from our destination on the Rio Grande. While camped on the Puerco we lost one ox and our progress was very slow.

We heard of a surveyor's camp some miles below and we went to that camp for help. On entering the kitchen of that camp, I asked the cook to sell us some provisions. He said I would have to see the boss. He led us to his office and told him our errand and he looked at us and said, "We are not feeding tramps." I told him we were not tramps and that we had money to pay for what we needed. He said, "Tell the cook to come," and he asked him, "Have you any cold bread?" and he said "Yes." He said "Give these men some." We went with the cook and he gave us some bread, and also a small piece of bacon and said, "Go out at the back door. If he knew I gave you that bacon He would discharge me."

The next day there came a man our way for wood for a grading camp on our road, and we helped him get his wood and he gave us his dinner and invited us to his camp next day for dinner. In the morning we hitched all of our oxen on one wagon and went for dinner but were too late. The entire camp came out to look at our outfit. You may know we were hard lookers. My uncle was a large fleshy young man and he was bare footed and ragged.

The next day we arrived at Los Lunas and got too much to eat. We remained there 30 days and hired a pasture for our oxen; and while we were there the troops came in and stayed over night. I saw many things that were the most disgusting I have ever seen.

On our way home we had a very good trip--found people all well. Next morning we had white biscuits and butter for breakfast, which made us happy. Many were coming in from Utah and the country was building up fast.

In the following years, myself and brothers home-steaded land at Eagar, Arizona, on which the city

of Eagar stands. We lived by farming and stock raising. I spent part of my time at Flagstaff making ties--also lived at Woodruff, Arizona.

While living at Eagar I was in charge of religious class work for three years. My greatest joy and satisfaction has always been in the work of the Lord and in doing good to others.

I spent many happy days in the mountains and beautiful valleys, hunting and fishing.

On account of rheumatism, I had to move to a warmer climate. In 1900 I went to Old Mexico, starting in May. I started with 25 head of cattle and lost most of them on account of drought. Also had 8 head of horses. Reached Colonia Morelas in July. Planted and raised a small crop the same year. While at Colonia Morelas, my occupation was farming and stock raising. While in the cattle business, my herd was attacked twice with Texas ticks and I lost a fortune in cattle. Also had a dairy outfit and made thousands of pounds of butter and cheese.

I was what they called Police or Policeman and arrested many malditos and never had any trouble. I tried to treat the Mexicans right and they were always good to me.

I spent much time in the mountains in Mexico, hunting and taking care of cattle. Killed lion and bears, deer and other wild animals.

In 1911 we were bothered with civil war and both federal and rebel soldiers visited our colony and helped themselves to what they wanted. They finally came in and took over our church house and camped in our streets. During this time I was called to go out scouting for the enemy, which was very dangerous. Some of the party had their outfits taken away from them and sent home afoot. While I was away they were all driven from their homes, and I never saw my home again. I lost about \$6000 worth of property. I met my family on my return and I turned and fled with them.

When we reached Douglas we crossed the line into the United States. Uncle Sam furnished tents and supplies for our families for 30 days and then they were given free transportation to where they wished to go. While in camp at Douglas the Chief of Police called on me to act as Special Police and pinned a star on me and I had to act when our camp was dissolved.

I traveled down the Gila River to San Carlos, thence north by Fort Apache to Woodruff. From Woodruff to Mesa, Arizona. Two years in Mesa and from there to Hurricane, Utah. Since I have resided here I have been poor. Lost all in Mexico and haven't been able to recuperate and have been promised indemnity. I hope my children will get them sometime.

I am the father of 19 children and 43 grandchildren. So far as I know they are all Latter day Saints.

(This history of Joel Sixtus Eagar was written by his daughter, Lovina, as told by him. The last is by her.)

In trying to add something to the history of my father, Joel S. Eagar, I realize that most of my life I

hardly knew him, as he and my mother separated when I was only four years of age. I do know that he was a good man and their divorce was caused mostly by marrying when they were not exactly ready for the step, but were influenced by some friends who wanted them to be married when they were. So this family consisted of 7 children.

Then he married Nancy Hinton, in Hurricane, Utah. They had 7 children. Then he married Emily Lee in Mexico and they had 5 children.

He was a real pioneer--a man who loved the out of doors and was a great hunter. He traveled from place to place and in his last days lived in Woodruff, Arizona where he was an invalid. Had a bad cough and a bad rupture. His daughter, Jetta, from his last marriage, was faithful in taking care of him until his daughter, Annie, had him come to Hurricane, Utah, where she took care of him until his death 13 July 1947.

When he died we went to his funeral with his friend, Brother Lon Standifird, whom he had requested to speak at his funeral. He was buried in Hurricane, Utah.

HISTORY OF JOEL SIXTUS EAGAR

By Lillian Roundy (Daughter)

On 9 February 1858 a baby boy was born to John Eagar and Sariah Anna Johnson. He was the fifth of eight children, and he was given the name of Joel Sixtus. At the age of six his father died and was buried at Manti, Utah. About two weeks later his mother's brother, Nephi Johnson, moved her to Virgin, Washington County, Utah. Their home there was a dugout. On March 17, 1866 his mother married Andrew Jackson Workman, and five boys were born to them. Joel spent most of his boyhood herding cows and swimming in the Virgin River. Joel could not get along with his stepfather, so early in life he left home and worked where ever he could get work. He loved to hunt and live in the open and during his lifetime he did lots of hunting and brought home plenty of wild game.

While he was in Kanab, Kane County, Utah, visiting his sister he met and married Lucy Jane DeWitt on 14 February 1879. Seven children were born to them. They lived in Kanab for some time and from there they moved to Woodruff, Arizona, after which their ship of matrimony wrecked and they separated.

After this he did much wandering. His wandering brought him to Virgin to see his mother. While there he met and married Nancy Alice Nutter Stanworth Hinton, a widow with four sons. They had seven children, two sons and five daughters. They lived in Virgin until Lillian, their oldest daughter was fifteen months old. Then they moved to Arizona. They left Virgin in two double bedded wagons, Nancy driving one, Joel the other one. They went by way of Kanab, by way of Kaibab Mountains, through House Rock Valley, and crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, then on to Springerville and Eagar, Arizona.

They lived at Eagar until 1901; then they moved to Colonia Morelas, Sonora, Old Mexico. They had

a farm and a dairy there, making cheese and butter, which the Mexicans bought from them. Morelas Eagar, their son, was the first white child born there, and he was named for the town. Hazel and Roxey were born there also. Samuel Hinton, Nancy's oldest son, and Roxey died and were buried there. George Washington Lee came to Morelas to live, and he had some lovely daughters. Joel courted and married his oldest daughter, Emily Jane Lee, on 16 August 1902. On April 12, 1911 she died, leaving him with five small children to raise, two girls and three boys. The baby, Ella, four and one-half months old, and Frank were taken by Lucina, her sister, to raise. Joel and Nancy separated, and he took Anna to help him raise his other three children.

When they were driven out of Mexico Joel took Emily's family and went to Woodruff, Arizona, where Lucina lived. He stayed there until the spring of 1915, when he went to Lehi, Arizona. Here he did farming. Anna went home to her mother that spring. In the fall of 1917 Joel came to Hurricane, and Anna and Lillian helped him with his family. In 1916 Ella came home and this reunited the whole family. They lived in Hurricane that winter, then, in the spring moved to Cane Beds, Arizona where Anna was living. They stayed there a year or two, then back to Woodruff, where he lived until 1947 when Lillian's son, Kay, brought him to live with Anna in Hurricane, Utah. There he died, 13 July 1947. He was buried in the Hurricane cemetery.

I will never forget the evenings when we would sit around the fireplace and listen to father tell of his experiences. He was a great sportsman, in hunting and fishing, and he has had many narrow escapes. Many times he has come home from hunting with icicles on his beard. While in Mexico he was an officer and would have lost his life if it had not been for quick wit....

Let your conscience guide: When Joel was 19 he was working with a logging crew. All of the men smoked except himself. He was the target for many jokes. One of the men gave him a pipe, and told him to "be a man." He took up smoking and carried his pipe in his shirt pocket. After he had been smoking for about six months he and his companion were taking a load of logs up a hill. Joel lost his tobacco. He stood with his pipe in his hand looking at it. As he did so his mother's face came before him and he saw the lines of sorrow when she learned of his smoking. He handed his pipe to his friend and said, "Here. I won't need this any more." And he didn't.

SHORT SKETCH

By Nina B. Brewer, (Grand-daughter)

Grandpa used to make whistles for us from small branches of trees. 'Twas fun watching him tap the little branch with the handle of his pocket knife, then pull the bark off. He cut a wedge near one end to make an escape for air. They made a good noise.

Everyone thought he had tuberculosis because he coughed a lot. He told us that he had been in a terrible dust storm which left residue in his lungs. I don't know which is true, but he spent several years in bed. However, he died at a ripe old age in Hurricane, Utah.

LIFE SKETCH OF JOEL SIXTUS EAGAR

By his daughter, Ella Eagar Gardner

.....I remember asking my father, one time, what he remembered about his father. He said the only thing he remembered was at the time he hurt his finger. His finger was hurt quite badly and he went crying to his father. He recalled how gentle his father was in comforting him and trying to make it better. My father was too young to remember any other incident.

On the 17th of March, 1866, my father's mother married again. She married Andrew Jackson Workman. As time passed they had five children.

Like most farm boys in those days my father spent much of his time herding the family's cows. The area where they grazed was near the Virgin River. As the days grew warmer and the river lost it's chill, Dad made it a point to go down to the river and take a swim. This became one of his favorite pastimes.

Dad didn't get along very well with his step father. Consequently, as he grew older, he spent much of his time away from home. One of his favorite places to go was to his sister Annie Tenney's place. She lived at Kanab. Another location was at Pipe Springs which is about eight miles south of Fredonia. Dad told me that, when he was only a boy of 12 or 13, they placed him on day-guard duty against the Indians. He said his assigned post was on top of a huge boulder a little distance above the old fort. It over-looked the grassy desert on the south and on the east, while at the same time you had a partial view of the northern and western mountains, running back from both sides of the point. From this rock you could see any parties approaching from any direction except the northeast, which was too rough for any person to ride a horse down through.

Many years later, in the 1940's, Arthur and I and our family went to Pipe Springs to see if we could find the spot where Dad stood guard. By now it was a national monument with a ranger there to welcome the visitors and to guard the property from vandals. He showed us first the relics in the old fort. We were about to ascend the mountain out back when he suddenly asked, "Are you an Eagar?". Since I didn't know the man at all I was quite surprised that he would ask me such a question. But then I knew that I had the look of the Eagars so he had just made a good guess. I told him that I was an Eagar and explained why we had come out there. He then told me that years ago an old man Eagar had come through there and had talked to him about a rock where he stood guard at one time. The two of them went about a hundred yards up the steep slope in back and he was shown the place where it happened. I then asked the ranger if he would go up and show me the boulder Dad showed him. He said he would be glad to, so we went up the rocky trail to the out-cropping and pointed out the big rock on top. We took several pictures, then thanked the ranger and left.

Dad said that when he was about sixteen he started going to dances. He said he could remember that the first ones he went to he went bare footed.

....When Dad was about twenty he was living at Kanab. Being at the sporting age he became interested in the girls. But there was one girl that was kind of special. That was Lucy Jane DeWitt.

They liked to kid each other and have fun. One day Dad asked her if she would marry him. She stopped him short by remarking, "I've never seen a man yet I would marry." This later proved not to be true, for Dad didn't take her seriously, and kept on dating her.

They began going out with another young couple who were serious about getting married. They told Dad and Lucy they were going to get married and dared them to go with them and do the same. This was quite a challenge to them, for they hadn't known each other very long and weren't as well acquainted as they would like. But, being young and out-going they took the dare anyway. They went to St. George and were married in the temple the 14th of February 1879. Dad wasn't quite 21 and Lucy wasn't quite 18.

About a year later, in January 1880, as they were moving to Springerville, they stopped at Brigham City, Arizona, where their first child, Lenora was born.

From this marriage they had seven children, all of whom were born at Springerville, except the first one. During this time they began having marital difficulties. In the first place they had married in haste and didn't know each other very well. And secondly, Dad was gone a lot. He freighted with his team to El Paso and other communities, and was sometimes gone for two or three weeks. This left his wife the responsibility of taking care of the growing family and solving their problems almost alone.

Something about the little towns of Springerville and Eagar (Arizona) should be inserted here. About 1890-96, according to William B. Eagar, eldest son of William Walter Eagar, some of the Church authorities came down from Salt Lake to look into the trouble the Latter day Saints were having with some of the non-members in Springerville. After viewing the situation they advised the Church members to move with their families three miles south to a location known as the Eagar Ward. In order to do this it was necessary for those who owned property there to sell it at a cheap price. The persons who owned most of the property in question was the three Eagar brothers--Will, John, and Joel.

The brothers respected the authorities' advice and sold parcels of land for whatever the buyer could afford. Some rumors had it that they gave all their property away, which is not true. They simply reduced the price of the land to the level of the ability of the persons to pay--be it cash or some other property they owned. Because of this good-will gesture the town was named after the three Eagar brothers.

The following quotation is taken from the information given by William B. Eagar, mentioned above: "I remember my father letting Henry Butler have a field of land, now owned by J. E. Butler Estates, for an old wagon. Other similar arrangements were made by the settlers. Thus the people were able to obtain homes and the settlement of Eagar developed."

Continuing the story about Dad: After this trouble with "Aunt" Lucy, Dad did quite a bit of wandering, trying to find work and trying to settle down again. His traveling finally brought him to the little town of Virgin, Utah. Here he met a young widow by the name of Nancy Alice Stanworth

Hinton. Nancy already had four sons by her previous marriage. Dad eventually married her in the St. George temple on July 3, 1894.

My father got along fine with this second wife. They were blessed with a family of seven children. The first two were born in Virgin, Utah; the next two in Springerville, Arizona; and the last three in Colonia Morelas, Mexico.

From the book, "Portraits of the Hurricane Pioneers" page 122 we find a little more about Nancy and her four sons:

"James Maurice Hinton, the youngest in a family of four boys, was born to John Maurice and Nancy Alice Nutter Stanworth Hinton, in Virgin, Utah, on October 24th, 1891. When he was three months old his father died. His mother remarried about three years later to Joel Eagar. For the next six years the family lived in Virgin. Then they moved to Arizona. After a few years in Arizona they moved to Mexico. They took their four-horse outfit (Walter Eagar says two-horse) and 30 head of cattle with them. It took them two months to make the trip. Since they heard there was no flour mill at their destination, they bought a ton of flour at the Mexican border. When they reached Morelas they found the people grinding wheat by hand. Because so many people longed for some white flour they traded part of theirs for graham flour."

The following information was found in a book called "Second Branch"--Author unknown:

"Joel Eagar led a life of hardship, like most of the early settlers of Arizona. In Springerville he and his brothers had to contend with Apaches on the warpath and unfriendly settlers. Later, after learning more about the religion of the Mormons they became more friendly."

"Joel Eagar's main livelihood was farming and stock raising. Also, he loved to hunt and fish. Later he moved his family to Morelas, Mexico, where there was a Mormon settlement. He amassed a large herd of cattle, but they were attacked by Texas ticks and he suffered heavy losses. For several years he acted as a policeman in Mexico. Civil war in Mexico brought fresh trials to the Mormons. Both government and rebel troops invaded the settlements and helped themselves to anything they wanted. They were eventually driven from their homes. Joel lost six thousand dollars worth of property. The Mormon families fled to Douglas, Arizona. Here the government supplied them with tents and thirty days' supply of food, and transportation to wherever they wanted to go. Joel Eagar took his family to Woodruff, Arizona, and eventually to Eagar, where they finally settled."

As mentioned above, in the year 1901 father and Aunt Nancy took their family and moved to Colonia Morelas, Mexico. We asked Walter, my brother, how thickly populated the little town of Morelas was at that time. He said there might have been around 20 houses or more. Some of the houses were very "elementary." Some of them were made of small poles with the cracks plastered up--others of plain old boards.

It was here at Morelas that my Dad met the family of George Washington Lee and fell in love with his eldest daughter, Emily Jane. At that time there was some confusion about polygamy, as most of

the Mormons believed that since polygamy hadn't been outlawed in Mexico (as it had been in the United States) it was legal to have more than one wife. With this belief in mind my Dad married Emily, my mother. I want to tell a few things that happened there.

Father and his neighbors used to raise a lot of peanuts there. When the peanuts were ready for harvest they would hitch their teams to the plows and plow along the furrows of peanuts and turn them out of the ground. Then they would throw the vines with the peanuts into their wagons and haul them up to their house. We used to pile ours, Walter said, onto huge canvases where they were left to dry. In a few days they would hand-thresh them. Annie, Aunt Nancy's second girl, said she loved the raw peanuts. Walter said his best recollection of them was the nice aroma they gave off when they were roasted. He loved the smell.

I remember my Dad telling me how he loved to go out and hunt in Mexico. He said that one winter he had seven sacks of dried jerky for his families for the winter. They used it in gravies and soups, and to season most any of the salty foods. It was also delicious to eat it raw. He was pretty proud of this large supply of ready meat and told about it many times.

Another story he told me was about the wild pigs in Mexico. The old boars, with their large tusks, were real vicious when they got angry, and would sometimes chase you. Dad said that he had to climb a tree many times to get away from them. They were most apt to be dangerous when there were other pigs around--especially if there was a mother with little pigs.

All the time that I knew my dad he had a terrible cough. Some thought at first that he might have TB, but tests later proved that this was not so. What he had was a chronic lung condition, but it was not contagious.

One time he told me how this had happened. He said on one occasion, when he was in Mexico, he had to go out with a posse to try and find the Mexicans who had stolen their cattle and horses. One night a terrible storm came up. To get out of the storm he climbed under a big tree and sat there all night with his back against the tree. The rain poured down. It even ran down the tree and soaked him. From this condition he took a terrible cold. It settled in his bronchial tubes and caused him to have this bad cough. He was burdened with this ailment ever since.

Many times the Church authorities became worried about the safety of its members who were in the midst of this Mexican uprising. On one occasion the Church authorities in Morelas became worried and sent word to all the town to bring all their children to the church house, where they might protect them from the Mexican army that was coming through. So the children were brought to the church building. The army came and poked their guns through the windows and shot the pictures of the church authorities off the walls. This frightened everybody, but, other than that, they didn't hurt anyone.

Dad was always concerned about having enough food for his family. I mentioned to Walter, one time, the jerky Dad would make. Walter said he remembered a time in Mexico when he saw Will and Morris and Dad come into town with a whole string of burros loaded with fresh meat and jerky--

enough for nearly everybody in town. Dad told me that one time he had seven sacks of jerky stored away for the winter season. He was very proud of this accomplishment and often mentioned it.

Arthur asked Walter why they sometimes used the burros instead of horses. Walter said it was because they were tougher and more available. They could go a couple of days, if need be, without anything to eat or drink. He said we never used them as a team because they were so slow and pokey. But it was hard to excite them and they were dependable.

Walter tells a story of the experiences they had when going from Morelas to Douglas, on the border. Morelas is about on a north and south line with the line between Arizona and New Mexico. From Morelas to Douglas it is about 60 miles. Anything you brought out of the United States into Mexico you had to pay duty on. A percentage of the cost you had to pay to the government of Mexico.

Sometimes Father would take the whole family to Douglas for supplies. He would put a lot of clothes on all the kids. Sometimes they would have on three or four pairs of trousers, shirts and underwear. The reason for this was that the Mexican government would never charge you duty for the things you wore, so he would really pile the clothes on.

Walter also said that Dad would always buy something nice to eat, to bring to Mexico for his kids. One time he bought a crate of oranges in Douglas. The kids could smell them all the way home. The kids had never tasted oranges before, so they could hardly wait until they got home to see what they tasted like. They even tempted Dad on the way to open the crate, but he made them wait.

When he finally took the lid off the crate and the kids smelled the full aroma of the fruit, it was the most heavenly smell they could imagine. Walter said they never forgot this wonderful first experience.

Dad had a way with the Mexicans at the border. Before they left Douglas he would always buy a couple of bottles of whiskey. He'd put a tarp over everything and put all their bedding over that. Under the top quilt he would put this whiskey. Invariably, the officer would inspect the load and find the whiskey. He would exclaim, "Ah! Esta por mi?" Dad would nod agreement and the officer would say, "Mucho gracias," and tell us to go on. If he had whiskey for them he wouldn't have to pay duty on the things in the wagon.

Walter had a little more to say about the teams. He said his Dad only had one team, so couldn't double up on teams as some saints did. Also he had only a light wagon with a wagon cover and a spring seat in front.

Walter said that one time, when they were going to Douglas and the armies were on the war path, he had a boil on his seat about an inch across. He said, "It was raining and I had to lay on a big rounded trunk. I had to use one hand to hold the canvas up to keep the water off from me, and the other hand I had to hold on the boil. We were a little less than a day's drive from Morelas. It was getting dark and there happened to be a little canyon nearby; so we pulled up in there. There was quite a group of wagons all together. During the night the revolutionary army of Carranzas came

right by them on the main road and didn't see them. If the wagons had camped on the road, no telling what Carranzas would have done to them. The spirit must have been with them.

Walter said he could remember one thing about our mother. He liked to wade in the water barefooted. Because of this his feet would get chapped and would bleed. His mother got tired of his complaining about his sore feet so she finally told him that if he got in the water again she would give him a whipping. Well, Walter thought about it, but in the end he couldn't resist the temptation to wade. Sure enough, his mother gave him the punishment she said she would. Walter says he still remembers it.

For years mother had bad health. Towards the last she was so ill they had to turn her on sheets. Finally, on the 2nd of April, 1911, she passed away, leaving five small children. The oldest was eight while I, being the baby, was only four and a half months old. Aunt Vilate Romney, father's sister, wrote me a letter one time, telling me that my mother died of inflammatory rheumatism. I hadn't known what Mother died of until I got this letter.

After Mother died Frank and I were placed with Aunt Lucina, my mother's sister. She was the wife of Uncle Horace Lillywhite. The other three of my family were taken by Aunt Nancy for a while. She wanted me too, (the baby), and felt bad because Dad wouldn't give me to her. Another point of trouble was that he wouldn't let her correct my older brothers and sister. Eventually things got worse and Dad took the three children and moved back into my mother's house. Annie volunteered to go along with him to keep house and to take care of the young ones.

Annie was with Dad and the children when some of the Saints were driven out of Mexico. They first went to Douglas. Walter, my brother, told what a hard time Father had when he had to leave Mexico. He had very little to eat, and what he did have he gave to his family. The United States Government came to their aid and gave each family a tent and enough bacon and flour to last them a month. Dad's family had to live on this meager supply until they reached Woodruff.

By the time they got there Dad was so thin and weak that Jim Brinkerhoff, who was a small man, had to pick him up and carry him into the house. It wasn't until after I was married that Sara, Jim's wife, told me what sad shape Dad was in when he reached Woodruff.

While all this was going on Aunt Lucina had taken Frank and I with her to Mesa. We had lived with them for about four years when a sad thing happened. I had known that Aunt Lucina wasn't in good health, but I hadn't realized, being just a small child, how bad she was. You can imagine how horrified I was when someone told me I would never see her again, and tried to explain her being dead. I remember I was so shocked and so stricken with grief I couldn't control myself. I went into the bedroom, threw myself on the bed, and cried my heart out. She had been my mother and I felt like I wouldn't be able to live without her. A bad time for me.

I remember the first time I saw all of my family together at Mesa. At that time I believe they were living in a tent....While at Mesa Uncle Horace used to take me around to see my family who had moved from Woodruff to Snowflake, and then to Mesa. Eventually Dad took all the family but me

and moved to Hurricane, Utah.

....When I was seven my Dad needed me at home, so I went to Hurricane where I was reunited with the whole family. From then on he kept the family together until they were grown.

In Hurricane we lived down at "Breezy Point." I remember one time when Dad made some kind of a trade with a guy who brought in a sack of powdered sugar. But somewhere along the line it had gotten wet and was now just a sack of lumps. The guy was anxious to get rid of it so Dad traded him out of it. This turned out to be a real treat for us kids. Ever once in a while Dad would reward us with a few lumps of that sugar. We really looked forward to this. It was our candy.

My father was kinda like a mother to us. Some evenings he would come out with a little treat, like home-made candy, or nice big raisins. He was quite a hand to show us his love in this way.

From Hurricane, Father moved the family to Cane Beds. We were still young. We lived out there for about three years. I was eight when we moved out there and eleven when we moved back to Hurricane.

I will never forget the evenings we would sit around the fireplace and listen to Dad tell of his hunting and fishing experiences. He was a great hunter and loved to tell of the many times he went hunting.

When we first moved to Cane Beds, about 1919, we had to live in a tent. We lived in this tent through the summer and fall. We also built a small three-sided structure, open on the east, boarded up on the other sides, and a canvas top. We used this for a kitchen. During the summer we also dug out a large cellar and covered it with poles and dirt. It had a door and was quite warm. When it got cold in the late fall we moved into this for the winter.

The next spring we moved up closer to the school on the east. Dad built another sort of house, with board sides and a tent top. We lived in this while he built the main house. It was a wood frame house, but it had an adobe fireplace. Dad loved fireplaces and so did we children. We lived in this house the rest of the time we were in Cane Beds.

Father was always honest in his dealings with other men. Through his honesty he made many life-long friends. Many times I have seen him go without things he needed and send them over to his neighbor. He always claimed his neighbor needed it more than he did.

Another thing I remember about Cane Beds: The presiding Elder there was also our school teacher. He and his family lived quite close to the school house--in the edge of the cedars. They were real good to us and sometimes felt sorry for us. They would have us up to their place real often for a meal--usually on Sunday or some special occasion. One time it was on Dad's birthday. I believe at this time Lee and Walter were either away from home working or had gone to Hurricane to school. So Frank, Jetta and I, and Father were invited to Wilkinson's for father's birthday.

The Wilkinsons had taken these casaba musk melons and round cannonball watermelons and placed

them in some shocks of corn. Father's birthday was on the 9th of February. These melon had kept very well all this time. These were father's favorite melons, so he really enjoyed them.

After dinner Brother Wilkinson said, "Well, why don't we go in the other room and sing some songs." We all were eager to do this. Sister Wilkinson played the organ so we had a very good accompaniment. When we went into the room Brother Wilkinson handed Dad a little black book and said, "Here, Brother Eagar. Have you ever seen a book like that?" Dad eagerly examined it and exclaimed, "Oh, that's just like the book I used to have in Mexico!" It should be noted here that in Mexico it was Dad's custom to have the family kneel before breakfast and have prayer. Then they would sing some songs out of his little black book. He didn't know what happened to it, but he supposed Aunt Nancy took it. Brother Wilkinson said, "Brother Eagar, look on the front of that little book." Dad closed it and looked at the front. Printed in gold letters was the name "Joel S. Eagar."

My father had to cry a little. He had thought so much of that little book he had in Mexico, and here was one just like it. Brother Wilkinson then said, "Brother Eagar. You have taught me the most valuable lesson I will ever learn in my life--that of charity. Thank you."

We moved back to Hurricane when I was about eleven. First we lived in a rented house while they built our new home. Finally it was finished. It had four rooms--a living room, a kitchen, and two bedrooms. We lived several years in this little home and really enjoyed "living in style."

I never knew much about Dad's experiences with fish. One thing for sure, he really loved trout. In his later life, when he lived at Woodruff, many times his neighbor brought him over some trout or salmon from the store. He greatly relished these fish and also knew how to prepare them so that they would taste their best.

....In the summer of 1927 I left Dad and the family and moved to Woodruff where I stayed with my half sister, Vinnie Gardner. The next spring in April Dad brought Jetta and came to Woodruff also. Jetta was grown, but was like a little child because of the brain damage she received when she was three years of age. She had typhoid and measles at the same time. But she was a lot of help around the house. She could do all the menial tasks besides being a great comfort to her father. She was almost like a guardian angel to him. She loved him and did all that she was capable of doing.

....The last seven years of his life my father was in such bad health that he was bedfast. Two or three years before he died his children moved him back to Hurricane where his daughter, Annie took care of him. He passed away the 13th of July, 1947 and was buried there at Hurricane.

FAMILY STORIES By Ella Gardner (Daughter)

After my father returned to Woodruff in 1928, he became a leader in the progress of the little town in several ways. He wanted to see them better themselves and show signs of progress. He helped them clean up their streets and their property. He pushed for better schools and more church activities. One of the biggest things he did was to get the towns-people to put in a water system for

their homes. He was one of the first to put down his money to get the project started and then added more until it was finished. His health was too poor to do any physical labor, but he made up for it by arousing the spirit of the town and putting in much of his meager finances, thus setting a good example to the others.

He loved to tell of his hunting experiences. He told me one time that he was hunting in rough country in the mountains. To get to where the deer were he had to ride his horse along under a ledge. Suddenly he heard a slight rustling in the leaves above his head. He looked up just in time to see a cougar crouched above his head and ready to spring on him. Dad grabbed his gun and fired, hitting the animal squarely, causing him to over-leap his target and come crashing down on the other side, missing both rider and horse. This was rather a close call.

He once told Arthur of another experience he had. He was out hunting one day when he came upon a mother bear and her two cubs. The cubs were playing around and paid little attention to him, so Dad made the mistake of coming right up to them. Suddenly the mother bear came roaring out of the thicket close by and charged him. Luckily there was a tree close by and he made a fast exit up the tree, out of reach of the bear. In the excitement Dad had dropped the gun to the ground under the tree, so he had no way to get rid of the bear, and she didn't have any desire to go away. Every time Dad tried to approach the ground--here she came. She wouldn't give him a chance to get the gun.

Finally Dad thought of a plan. He took his shoe laces out of his boots and tied them together. This made them about six feet long. He then cut a little limb and made a hook on it to try to hook the trigger guard of the gun. He proceeded to lower the twig toward the ground, but the bear wouldn't let him put it down. But after a while she got used to it and he was able to lower the twig to the gun. Soon he was able to hook the gun and yank it up to where he could get hold of it. His last words about the story were, "Believe me, I soon made short work of that bear."

Another story was told about a fellow who came out here from back east, who wanted Dad to take him on a bear hunt. At this time he was living at Eagar. Dad knew where there were bear, so they saddled their horses and headed for the mountains. Soon they saw a large bear in a thicket above them. Dad told this fellow to go ahead and shoot it. The man pulled his gun up and shot, but he didn't kill the bear, but badly shattered his jaw. The bear reacted by charging down at them, striking at his hanging jaw as he came. The easterner fired again, but the bear kept on coming and was getting pretty close. Dad was not afraid of this raging animal and showed it by getting ready to slide off his horse so that he could have a steady shot.

The visitor was alarmed when he saw what Dad was about to do. He yelled, "...Mr. Eagar! Don't get off your horse." But his warning came too late. Dad was already off his horse and raised his gun and fired. The bullet struck the bear in the heart and he died in a crumpled heap at his feet. The two horses had bolted with the visitor on one of them. The visitor gathered up the frightened horses and rode back to where Dad stood--not even disturbed at the antics of his companion, but instead, having a little chuckle at his friend's expense.

One evening he told a rather humorous story to my husband. He said one time he had another city dude with him on a hunt. He said the fellow didn't know a thing about guns or hunting. They were riding along a mountain trail when Dad suddenly stopped and pointed up the brushy hill. "Do you see that old stump right up there about 50 yards?" he asked. The young fellow finally recognized the gray stump Dad was indicating to him. "Watch me shoot that dark patch near the top." The little man watched the spot intently while Dad got it in his sights. He fired. The "stump" leaped in the air and came sliding down the side of the mountain until it came to rest only a few feet away. The city dude was so surprised at what he saw that it left him pale and shaking. Dad had shot a huge buck deer.