

THE HISTORY STORIES OF MY FOREFATHERS

Please read the following stories I have about my great grandfather, Thomas Sasson Smith, and his wife, Amanda Hollingshead Smith. Thomas Sasson was indeed Brigham Young's righthand man, in setting up new Mormon colonies for the LDS Church throughout Utah, Nevada, and Idaho. Thomas Sasson joined the LDS Church in 1844 at the age of 26, and made the trek across the plains to Utah.

In these stories you will find that he was an amazing man. It is no wonder that his eldest son, Jesse L., was chosen to go to Lee Creek, NWT, in Canada.

THOMAS SASSON SMITH

From the records of several of his descendants
and Church Records

Thomas Sasson Smith was born April 3, 1818, at Junius, Seneca County, New York. He was a son of Jeremiah and Abigail Demont Smith. He was a man of large stature, and of great physical strength. He could pick up a chair with a man sitting on it, and hold it out at arm's length. He possessed an unusually jovial disposition. In spite of his size, he was a very good dancer.

At the age of nineteen, he was married to Polly Clark, a daughter of William Fowler Clark and Alma Downs Clark. She was born September 27, 1817, at Woodbridge, New Haven County, Connecticut. They were married at Cannaugh, Astabula County, Ohio on July 13, 1837. Sometime after their marriage, they accepted the Gospel. He was baptized on June 15, 1844, just before the martyrdom of the Prophet. He moved his family to Nauvoo in 1845 and shared in the persecutions which drove the saints from Nauvoo in 1846. Polly was baptized in 1846.

They were in the great exodus from Nauvoo, in 1846. They had lost two sons in infancy, but they had a daughter three years old. Their fourth child was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, so they stopped there for the winter of 1847-48. In the summer of 1848 they were with the Saints as they crossed the plains and endured the hardships of the trek. They settled at Farmington, David County, Utah, and there three more children were born to them.

Thomas S. Smith was a close associate of George A. Smith, who was an apostle and was the cousin of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Thomas S. was active in the Church and civic life. He served several terms in the Upper House of the Utah Legislature, representing David County. In 1850, Thomas S. Smith, Daniel Miller, George A. Smith and J.S. Robinson, with thirty others, were called to locate a settlement in Iron County, Utah. Five years later at annual conference in Salt Lake City on April 7, 1855, Thomas S. Smith was called to make a settlement in the Salmon River country and do

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missionary work among the Benneke and Shoshone Indians. He was appointed president of the mission. They assembled on the west side of Great Salt Lake, Utah, and then started on their journey of about 200 miles.

When they reached the area where the river is now known as the Snake River, President Smith called a halt and then sent an expedition party of five men ahead who selected a site for a fort and settlement of trading goods. They called their location Fort Limhi after the name of the Nephtis king in the book of Mormon.

The crops of the first year were a failure because of an early frost. Seven men were sent back to Utah to get supplies. A large acreage was planted in the spring of 1856 but large hordes of grasshoppers devoured the crops.

A mission school was organized and three sessions were held weekly. Some converts were made among the Indians. Again supplies had to be brought from Utah. In May, 1857, Brigham Young, with other church leaders, visited the mission and promised that he would send more converts to strengthen the mission. That fall the new settlers arrived, among whom were some women and children. This brought the population to about one hundred people. They had a fair harvest and all thrived well. The Indians seemed congenial, but when in February, 1858, the Indians became hostile, the men were killed, and some stock was stolen. Thomas S. Smith was shot through the arm. Messengers were sent to Salt Lake and a contingent of 150 men was sent from Utah to bring the missionaries back home from the Salmon River area. (A man who stood by Thomas Sasson was scalped).

Thomas S. Smith made several trips to Utah during the time that he was the mission president at Fort Limhi. It was while at home on one of those trips that he took as his second wife, Amanda Ellen Hollingshead. They were married July 15, 1857, in the Salt Lake Endowment House. She was born July 27, 1838, at Job's Settlement, McDonough County, Illinois, according to the Endowment House record. She was the daughter of Isaac and Mercy Wilcox Hollingshead. Her mother died when she was two weeks old. Before she died, her mother had asked her friend, Dicy Perkins, to take her baby and raise her. So she was reared by William and Dicy Perkins. They lived about six miles from the Carthage Jail. She was six years old when the Prophet was martyred. She could remember the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum, who would often come to their home to hide from the mobs. She would often sit on the Prophet's knee. He gave her a blessing and many wonderful promises that she never did forget.

Isaac Hollingshead, her own father, did not want her to be taken west with the Saints. So when her foster parents left Nauvoo to cross the plains William and Dicy Perkins made a false bottom in

their wagon box and hid her away. She could get air through the knot holes. She well remembered seeing her father riding along for several days following the wagons trying to find her and prevent her from going to Utah. She described him as a fine-looking man with long, red whiskers, and she well remembered the wind blowing the whiskers as he rode along.

She grew up in Salt Lake City and was always active in church work. She often told of the hardships of those early days and the scarcity of food. She remembers the crickets that ate the crops and the miracle of the seagulls.

Thomas Sasson Smith was called to head an Indian Mission to the Muddy River country in Nevada in June, 1865. At that time, they thought that that area belonged to southwestern Utah. He took Amanda and her three small children with him. Other members also took their families. Thomas S. was sustained as president of the mission. They established a settlement which was called St. Thomas after President Smith. This site now is at the bottom of Lake Mead. One child, Frederick Thomas, was born while they were there, at a time when Thomas S. was away on Indian affairs.

More about Muddy River Valley location. This mission connected St. George and Call's Landing on the Colorado river. (Taken from Biographical Encyclopedia of the church records).

Thomas S. became ill and had to seek medical care back in Utah, leaving his family there with the other white families until they could be brought back to Farmington in 1868.

Four years later his wife, Polly Clark Smith, died on March 24, 1872, at Farmington, Utah, and was buried there. Thomas S. Smith and his wife, Amanda, continued to live in Farmington until 1884, when some of their neighbors were moving to the Upper Snake River Valley. Some of his grown sons were moving so he, at the age of 66, moved north by wagon caravan and settled at Wilford, Idaho. They lived on "The Island" by the John Pincock farm. Thomas S. Smith married a third wife but there were no children. (We do not have complete information about this marriage).

The Wilford Ward was organized June 9, 1884. It was then a part of Bannock Stake. It was made a Ward on September 6, 1884, with Thomas S. Smith as bishop. He was set apart at Rexburg by Apostle John W. Taylor and chose as his counselors Richard Fund and John T. Brower, and his son, Jesse L. Smith as Ward clerk. He served as bishop for four years and was released in 1887. Later he was made a patriarch in the Bannock Stake in Idaho in 1888.

He met with a serious accident when he fell from a load of hay. He was a heavy man, and his average weight had been 260 pounds. When he fell he broke both wrists and injured his spine. He died in his

home in Wilford, July 1, 1890. His body was taken to Farmington, Utah for burial. The funeral services were held in the Ward meeting house in July 6, 1890. The first speaker was President L.W. Shirliff of Weber State. He spoke freely of the faithfulness and integrity of Patriarch Smith. President W.R. Smith and Elders J.W. Hess and Jacob Millar spoke of the many good-neighbor qualities the deceased possessed. A long procession followed the remains to the cemetery where he was laid to rest after a long and active life.

Amanda Smith continued to live in her home in Wilford until she moved with her sons to Cardston, Alberta, Canada, where she lived until 1901. She had moved to Magrath, Alberta, Canada, where her sons, Jesse L. and Richard, lived. She was independent and enjoyed living by herself, and having her flowers and her chickens. On August 1, 1903, she went out to feed her chickens and fell, fracturing her hip. She was taken to Lethbridge hospital where she died September 21, 1903. She is buried at Magrath, Alberta, Canada.

These are the children of Thomas S. and Amanda:

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|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Jesse Lucius Smith | born 3 Jan 1859, Farmington, Utah |
| 2. Richard Demont Smith | born 8 Oct 1860, Farmington, Utah |
| 3. Cynthia Ellen Smith | born 10 May 1863, Farmington, Utah |
| 4. Frederick Thomas Smith | born 18 Dec 1865, Farmington, Utah |
| 5. Jacob Henry Smith | born 21 Feb 1873, Farmington, Utah |
| 6. George S. Smith | born 16 Dec 1874, Farmington, Utah |
| 7. Jonathan Smith | born 14 May 1876, Farmington, Utah |
| 8. Albert Mark Smith | born 30 Nov 1880, Farmington, Utah |

It is interesting to note that on March 26, 1982, Capellia Smith, the wife of Jonathan Smith, seventh child of Thomas Sasson Smith and Amanda Hollingshead Smith was laid to rest in the Cardston cemetery. She was 96 years old. Jonathan was ten years her senior. Seven of her children came to the funeral, but her eldest daughter, Ellen, suffered a stroke after arriving in Cardston and could not go to the funeral (but later was able to return home to Utah with her family).

However, Ellen's son, who was a bishop of the Moab Ward in Utah, was the main speaker at his grandmother's funeral. Besides Capellia's children, there were other descendants of Thomas Sasson Smith. He had three living granddaughters, and the two who were living in Lethbridge were in attendance--Sadie Smith Collette, age 73 (daughter of Fred, his fourth son), and Anna Smith Murdock, age 83 (daughter of his fifth son, Jacob Henry). Alice Smith Belnap, age 91 (daughter of his first son, Jesse L.) was living in Boise and was unable to come. Dewy Smith (Jesse L.'s son) had three children there: Norma Smith Woolf, Jess Smith, and Bertha Smith Gregson. These last three were Thomas Sasson's great grandchildren

and were from Cardston. I was impressed with this remarkable incident, but I was ill and could not go.

THE STORY OF THE CONCH SHELL

Thomas Sasson Smith and his brother lived near the Atlantic coast when they were boys. They had a barge on which they hauled all sorts of freight between Boston and New York city. In their possession was a rare good-luck piece, a double conch shell, that they used on the barge for a foghorn. Anyone who found a double conch shell considered it to be a rare treasure because they would always have good luck as long as they possessed it.

These boys decided to go their separate ways, when Thomas S. headed for Utah. So, they sold the business and divided the money equally between them. As they observed the big shell, they discovered it could be sawed straight down through the middle of the back, thus dividing it in two. As good luck would have it, when they blew each half, each gave back the sound of the foghorn that they loved to hear so well. Each boy had a shell, and each went his way.

Years and years later, Thomas Sasson of Utah longed to see his brother again. So, he took off for the east to find him, but had no luck. Try as he would, he could not locate him, but just as he left, a person told him he had heard that the brother had gone to California soon after Thomas Sasson had departed for Utah. The search was on again.

Thomas Sasson gave his son, Jesse L. Smith, the conch shell, and he in turn gave it to his older son, Jesse. Jesse Smith had a daughter, Frances, working in a large aeroplane firm in Los Angeles. She came home one day and told her father that she was sure she had found the missing brother's family. She said, "Tomorrow I will be going to their home and we'll see." She went to the home of the missing Smiths, and there on the table was a conch shell. She quietly walked over and ran her hand down the back of it. Sure enough, it had the same rough edge as her father's shell. The next day, Jesse Smith took his shell to their house and put the two shells together. As luck would have it, they fit.

JESSE LUCIUS and SARA ELLEN WALKER SMITH

(Excerpts from information written and contributed by a daughter, Alice Smith Belnap and also a granddaughter, Frances Smith Christensen).

Jesse Lucius Smith was born at Farmington, David County, Utah on January 3, 1859, the oldest child of Thomas Sasson Smith and Amanda Hollingshead. He was with his parents when they were called on an Indian mission to the Muddy River Country in Nevada in 1865. After three years, the family moved back to Farmington, where Jesse grew

to young manhood.

He was married to Sarah Helen Walker on January 28, 1878, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. She was the seventh child in the family of Loren and Lovina Walker, and was born June 30, 1859 at Florence, Nebraska, also known as Winter Quarters. When she was nine months old, her parents took her across the plains in the company of her mother's brother, John Smith, who drove a team of mules. His mother was Lovina Smith, daughter of Hyrum Smith, and his first wife, Jerusha Barden.

The following story of the marriage of Lovina and Loren Walker is related by a granddaughter, Alice Smith Belnap:

Lovina was doing the weekly family wash when her father, Hyrum Smith, the patriarch of the church, came home from one of his trips with Joseph, the prophet. Hyrum asked his daughter when she planned to be married. She said that they had been waiting for him to perform the ceremony. The patriarch said that if she wanted him to marry them, it would have to be that day. So Lovina removed her apron and went to find her lover, Loren Walker. They were married with the family as witnesses, on June 23, 1844. The prophet and Hyrum were martyred on June 27, 1844.

Jesse L. Smith and his wife, Sarah, made their home in Farmington on the place where the Lagoon Resort was later built. Then, after six years, they moved to Wilford, Idaho, with their four oldest children. The parents of Jesse had already moved to Wilford a few weeks earlier.

When the Wilford Ward was organized, Thomas Sasson Smith was chosen as the first bishop, and Jesse L. Smith, his son, was sustained as the first Ward clerk. Sarah Smith was called to be a Relief Society teacher and also was chosen as First Counselor to Lucien Belnap in the YLMIA.

They lived in Wilford for seven years, playing a big part in the church and civic progress in the pioneer community. Then when there was new land being opened up in Canada, they moved all their belongings by wagon in the fall of 1892. They were able to acquire a large farm and much livestock in Canada and again took a big part in the settling of the new pioneer community there. Jesse did much construction work on roads, canals, and railroads.

He served a mission for the Latter-day Saints Church in the Eastern States Mission in 1902. While he was gone, Sarah and her two oldest boys ran the farm and the livestock. He was one of the first missionaries called from Magrath Ward.

In the spring of 1907 the family moved to Imbler, Oregon; in 1910 to Manard, Idaho; in 1913 to Ruoy Valley, Nevada; in 1915 to Mt.

Emmons, Idaho; in 1916 to Bluebell, Utah; and then back to Mt. Emmons. Everywhere they went, they took an active part in church and civic affairs. In later, life, after all the children were married, Jesse and Sarah Smith moved to Salt Lake City, where they spent their declining years.

STORY OF SARAH ELLEN SMITH

Sarah Ellen Smith was born June 3, 1818, at Florence, Nebraska, later called Winter Quarter.

She was raised in Farmington, David County, Utah and on January 3, 1878, she was married in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Joseph F. Smith. She was 5'4" tall with auburn hair and blue eyes and a bewitching smile. Her husband, Jesse L. Smith, was 6' and a bit more in his stocking feet. He had brown eyes and dark hair that almost looked black at times.

Her first four children were born in Farmington, Utah. In the fall of 1883, she moved to Rockland, Idaho. Then, in the spring of 1884, they went to Bear Lake in Star Valley country to look for a home. In August, they went to Wilford, Idaho, Snake River Valley looking in that country for a home.

When the Wilford Ward in Idaho was set up, she became the first counsellor to Sister Belnap in the YWMA. In the fall of that year of 1892, her husband had a call for a special mission to go to Canada. They left on September 5 and arrived at Lee Creek, Northwest Territories, in Canada which is now Cardston, on November 12 and later went in to the village to settle on the 20th of November. There she was a Relief Society teacher again.

In 1899, President Card called Jesse L. Smith to go to Magrath to do construction work and help build a place for Mormon settlers in that town.

In the spring of 1907, they moved to Imbler, Oregon, and she was a Relief Society teacher there. In 1910, she lived in Monard, Idaho, and was set apart as the first counsellor to the Sister Carolyn Borup in the Relief Society, where she acted until the Fall of 1915. Then, they moved to Mount Emmons in September, where she was set apart as the first counsellor to Mrs. Mary A. Case of the Mount Emmons Ward in the Deshene County Stake. She had four children in Farmington, Utah, four in Idaho, four born in Alberta, Canada, and one born in Imbler, Oregon.

Ida said this of her mother, "My mother had a very mild disposition. She was a God-fearing woman, and she was a peace maker at any cost. She was the one who poured the oil on the troubled waters of her home. She calmed the blustery nature of her husband from storms to calm, peaceful feelings; which did not last

forever. She was a steady worker and felt that if there was a job to be done in her home, she must have her hand in it. She had diabetes. Now, at that time, when they found out that she had this, she was helping to hoe sugar beets in the fields. It was a very hot, sultry day. She collapsed, and when they rushed to her, her hands held to that hoe so hard that they could hardly pry them off. She was still determined to finish her job. Usually, she did not do outside work at all, and it upset her family that she was doing it now. They felt that this hard work had caused her to have this collapse. But she was determined to help her family when they were in any kind of a pinch. When the doctor came, he said she probably had the disease for some time and did not know it."

My memory of her was that she was a very prim and proper whitehaired lady, clean as a pin, standing with her shoulders down and back.

I went to visit her when she lived in Tooele, and she was washing clothes, scrubbing them on a board in a tin tub. When Mother and I entered the door, my mother took over where Grandma was and I sat down by her. "That's just how my girls treat me," she said. She was so kind to everyone and said, "Eula, I would rather suffer evil than do it myself."

I always remembered this about her. Only once did she ever come back to Canada to visit us (except when I rode up with her and Jesse L. on that trip I have already told about). It was when I was about 6 years old. My memory of her in Manard, Idaho, where I lived and took grade one, was vague. Later, we had our four generation picture taken in Salt Lake City, when I had Elaine and Bruce and Bob with me. I can't remember her saying or doing anything very much there. She was just a silent partner there.

There is one other little story that I would like to tell right here what we have in our history about what happened while moving to Zion.

While crossing the Missouri River in 1860, en route to Utah, my eldest brother had gone in advance of Mother across the river and as the boat she was riding in neared the river shore, she heard the report of a gun. At that, she screamed and said, "Oh my boy," and sprang from the boat with me in her arms onto a piece of floating timber and then to the bank - a feat that was said no human being could have done without the assistance of an unseen power. She found that my brother had accidentally been shot through the arm.

Sarah Helen Smith dies at the home of her youngest daughter, Leona Borup, in Boise, Idaho on October 12, 1932, and was buried there. Jesse L. Smith spent the last five months of his life with his daughter, Alice, in Seattle, Washington. He died January 28, 1984, and was buried beside his wife in Boise, Idaho.

These are the children of Jesse L. and Sara Ellen Smith:

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|-------------------------|---|
| 1. Amanda Lovina Smith | born 8 July 1878, Farmington, Utah |
| 2. Helen Smith | born 7 Mar 1888, Farmington, Utah
(died 1 month) |
| 3. Retta Irene Smith | born 3 Apr 1881, Farmington, Utah |
| 4. Jesse Loren Smith | born 29 May 1883, Farmington, Utah |
| 5. Thomas Dewey Smith | born 6 Oct 1885, Wilford, Idaho |
| 6. Ida Jerusha Smith | born 5 Oct 1887, Wilford, Idaho |
| 7. Jennie Estelle Smith | born 16 Sept 1891, Wilford, Idaho |
| 8. Alice Jeanett Smith | born 13 Sept 1892, Wilford, Idaho |
| 9. Joseph Delbert Smith | born 6 Mar 1894, Cardston, Alberta |
| 10. Hyrum Walker Smith | born 20 Aug 1896, Cardston, Alberta |
| 11. Myrle Walker Smith | born 24 Nov 1898, Magrath, Alberta |
| 12. Leona Walker Smith | born 19 Jun 1901, Magrath, Alberta |
| 13. LeGrande W. Smith | born 11 Oct 1907, Imbler, Oregon |

We now turn to more of the life of my grandparents. Jesse L. and Sara Ellen were 21 years old when they married. This is an account of their wedding trip from Farmington to Salt Lake City, a distance of eighteen miles.

They traveled in a cart drawn by two oxen. They took enough meal to feed the oxen for three days. It took them two days of steady plodding along to reach their destination. They married on the third day, and what with celebrating with friends and all, they were away for something like two weeks. They settled down to live in Farmington, Utah. I have been interested in the life they lived there. I did considerable research about this and I will relate a few things that I found.

In the History of Farmington, written by Margaret Steed Hess (who, by the way, was Orzie's aunt) I found a few incidents about Jesse L. and his father, Thomas Sasson, and others in their family that I would like to briefly relate here.

Thomas Sasson and his sons were carpenters who built homes of adobe and logs. Adobe was made of mud, straw, sand, some clay and water. It was mixed to a muck by the feet of the Saints or their animals, and made into bricks. Some of these homes are still standing in Farmington. Orzie's grandparents, John Wilford and Ann Steed had a home build of adobe. Eula Steed and Sarah Ellen Smith (wife of Jesse L. Smith), visited them at their home when Eula was in her early twenties, and they were in their late nineties. They were the oldest couple in David County at the time. They had known Thomas Sasson very well. They said their old home was made of logs and the Smith's came along and added a larger part on, made of adobe. This made a nice home for them.

Most of the people living here about this time knew all about

adobe. Previous to this, when the Indians were molesting them and trying to steal their livestock and run them out of the country, they built an eight-foot-high wall made of that mud, around three sides of their little community. This was a great help, because it kept the Indians and other renegades who were anxious to run the people out and take over their homes. There were no licensed doctors there. Jesse L. and his brother, Jonathan, were their only doctors. They set broken bones and gave proper care to sprained limbs and knew how to relieve folks of unnecessary pain. They pulled bad teeth and even cut hair. They were good doctors and they served us well.

Thomas S. heard of better land opportunities in Wilford, Idaho, so he and his grown sons, with their families, moved to Wilford. Jesse L. and Sara Ellen had four more children there. One was my mother, Ida Jerusha Smith. People all over were hunting land and it was scarce.

The reason why the folks from Utah needed to emigrate was that the church was having serious problems trying to take care of all of their people. They had had a great influx of church converts who had come to Zion to live and they needed jobs or land. Utah being a new country did not have enough jobs. Nor did they have enough productive soil. So the leaders of the church were anxious to help them. More land was really the answer.

It was an age when everyone seemed to be rushing to the unsettled western part of America because, out there, there was lots of good land. United States were encouraging people to settle here and did so by offering free land to men if they would "homestead" it. The Church leaders had worked hard to spread out and start new colonies of Saints in various parts of Utah and the surrounding country. They even tried to settle a colony in Mexico, but it was not successful.

There were also some others who needed help too. The men with plural marriages (who were now living the new law passed by the United States government, forbidding plural marriage) by necessity, must provide for their families of past marriages. These men needed land for themselves and their sons.

Many of these men suffered unjust punishments forced on them by men who called themselves Federal Police, but in reality some of them were men who wanted to force these settlers out of the country so that they could step in and take possession of their land. They needed help. The Church leaders were anxious to help them, too.

President Taylor came up with a new idea. He said, Canada was an ideal place to set up a colony because it was a British possession, under British rule. This gave all their citizens justice, fair play, and protection from outlaws as long as they remained in their

country. In Canada, they now had the North West Royal Mounted Policemen, who were there to see that law and order were established.

The Jesse L. Smiths were settled on good irrigated land in Wilford, Idaho. They farmed it and even grew fruit trees. On it was the best home they had ever owned up to that time. They settled in and worked hard for the church and the community, and after seven years, another opportunity came to them. Jesse L. received a call from the president of his church to go on a special mission to Lee Creek, North West Territories up in Canada. "Lee Creek, North West Territories, Canada, by way of Great Falls, Montana," was the way all letters would be addressed to reach him in this far-away northland.

He would help to establish a new Mormon colony by doing all sorts of contract work, especially building canals and ditches to set up an irrigation system. He would help with many other projects to make this land a desirable home for LDS settlers, and he was to leave as soon as possible. This news left the rest of the Smiths almost breathless.

Sarah Smith, Fred Smith's wife, the brother of Jesse L. said, "Here we were, nicely settled with water to raise our crops with and a nice home. Our settlement was becoming beautiful, and Fred and I could not understand why Jesse L. was leaving us to go to Canada, way up in that wilderness of the frozen north. We were sad, but when the church calls, we know that we have to do what our president asks us to do. But little did we know that Fred and I would also follow them very soon."

President Taylor had chosen Charles Ora Card, who was president of the Cache Valley Stake in Utah, and he, along with two other brethren, were sent to western Canada to scout for land. He travelled to several places in British Columbia, but chose another part of Canada for the settlers. "It is a land of great opportunity here," he said, "it is God's country." It was a big country with room for lots of people. Free land for a man just for the homesteading of it. There were level plains covered with beautiful grass waving in the gentle breeze. There were rolling hills to be grazed, heavy with that same beautiful grass deep enough to touch the heels of a mounted horseman. In the West, were gorgeous Rocky Mountains, covered with beautiful trees, waiting to be made into good lumber. And who knows what riches in minerals lie in the depths of those mountain rocks.

This was an excellent description of Lee Creek basin, which was a narrow strip of land near the US border which had not been chosen by other settlers.

When Brother Card returned to Utah with the glad news to President

Taylor, arrangements and plans were soon in full swing for a party of immigrants, led by President Card, to go to Lee Creek, North West Territories, Canada, as soon as possible. On June 3, 1887, President Card and a little group of 34 people arrived there. (O.D. Steed's grandfather, Johannes Anderson and family, were included in this group).

In Utah, the church was sending out literature about this new find to all church needy people, and encouraging those who needed new land to emigrate to Canada.

Jesse L. received this outline from C.O. Card--so he now had a guide to follow, to travel to his destination in Lee Creek:

OVERLAND GUIDE

from Ogden, Utah, to Cardston, Alberta, North West Territories, Canada

Ogden.....	0	Spring Hill.....	301
Hot Springs.....	9	Red Rock * Sheep Creek.....	323
Willard.....	14	Dillon (Railway Town).....	348
Brigham.....	21	Pont of Rocks.....	363
Honeyville.....	31	Twin Bridges.....	376
Collinston.....	42	Silver City.....	390
Mendon.....	51	Willow Creek **.....	396
Logan.....	58	Little Boulder River **.....	423
Hyde Park.....	61	Boulder City.....	436
Smithfield.....	65	Jefferson City.....	450
Richmond.....	71	Nine-Mile House.....	461
Franklin.....	78	Helena.....	474
Preston.....	84	Silver Creek.....	484
Battle Creek.....	90	Billy John's Prickly	
Oxford.....	101	Pear Canyon.....	494
Swan Lake.....	104	Mitchell's.....	500
Red Rock.....	107	Carterville.....	511
Nine Mile.....	118	Rock Creek.....	514
McCammon.....	132	Wayside House.....	517
Inkum.....	143	Dearborn.....	526
Pocatello.....	153	Flat Creek.....	529
Ross Fork.....	166	Ft. Shaw, US Military	
Blackfoot.....	179	Post.....	549
Eagle Rock.....	205	Sun River Bridge.....	553
Market Lake Station.....	222	Freezeout.....	573
Sand Hold Lake.....	237	Choteau (a small town).....	585
Camas Station.....	243	Muddy Creek.....	595
Camas Creek.....	246	Next Water (a spring).....	601
Dry Creek (dry in summer).....	255	Dupuyer.....	607
High Bridge.....	264	Birch Creek.....	615
Beaver Canyon (R'y town).....	272	Peigan Indian Agency.....	631
Pleasant Valley.....	277	Two Medicine Creek***.....	635
Monida A. Station.....	284	Cut Banks.....	651

South Mill River..... 673
 North Mill River..... 680
 Mary's River..... 693
 (Arreston, Lee Creek)..... 702

...ion, no want of water.
 ...very few miles between Willow
 ...an the Medicine streams and
 ...provide fuel for yourselves
 ...miles north of
 ...you to Two Medicine Creek.
 ...take left hand road to
 ...out twenty miles.

YOUNG MEN

...homestead 160 acres. Time: three
 ...advance.
 ...C.O. Card
 ...Printers, Logan

...spring and summer of 1892 found him preparing to leave

...would also be going with him. Jesse
 ...family ready to travel. Jess L. was 33
 ...Minnie, 14; Rita, 11; Jess,
 ...1; and Alice, 1 year. They would all
 ...for such a long journey. The
 ...terrain, and passed through the
 ...and deserts. He repaired all
 ...Wagons with loads
 ...to the creek to cook, until the
 ...could drive one wagon with
 ...The load would consist of a
 ...food, cooking, footwear and
 ...tents. She would drive a
 ...The rest would be taken care
 ...require four horses to pull

...horses and 35 head of cattle.
 ...He had a man by the name of
 ...And last, but not least, he
 ...Music was a big part of his

life. So when the fall of 1892 came around, he was ready and they left those parts for their new home in Lee Creek.

In the 1800's history has showed us that there was much bloodshed and violence in parts of Idaho and Montana territory. It was very sparsely settled. They were still staggering from the bloody Indian wars that ended in 1877, as well as the lawlessness and bloodshed that came from men drunk with gold fever, and other men racing for land in the northwestern USA. Pioneers suffered greatly from concerns and trouble caused from being harassed by outlaws and Indians. The Bannock tribe claimed that the settlers of Idaho were destroying their main supply of the camas root, which was the stable food of the Indians. The Indians were very restless.

White soldiers came to quell the uprising of the Indians by forcing them to live on reservations. The Indians were humiliated by their defeat and also having to live on reservations where they were bored with life. The young bucks could no longer prove their manhood by getting the coveted eagle feather headdress from the chief as a reward for the scalp of the enemy. There was no place on the Reserve for a feat like that. So white soldiers came to force them to stay on the reservations, and to teach them to live there. These soldiers were later known as the United States Cavalry that was used throughout western US to bring law and order to the white man.

On the Canadian side, they were having Indian problems, too. There was considerable unrest among our Indians, caused by a tribe of Sioux Indians from USA. The Sioux Indians didn't want to be confined to live on US reservations. Their mighty warriors were led by Sitting Bull, a medicine man and chief of the tribe. He was a troublemaker, and was being pursued by the United States Cavalry, who wished to humble him by destroying all of their winter supply of dried meat.

This left these Indians destitute. A bad winter was coming on, so they moved into Canada and proceeded to kill and eat the only remaining buffalo herd that roamed the great prairie. Canadian Indians were furious and on the warpath, because the Sioux were eating their food and stealing their buffalo hides.

The Canadian Federal Government sent a very capable mounted police officer, Colonel Walch out to the fort that was located near the US border in the North West Territories, some distance east of Lee Creek. He and his helpers captured Chief Sitting Bull and forced the Sioux to return to their rightful homeland. The Sioux were very sad. They said they wanted to live in Canada--the land of the Great White Mother (meaning Queen Victoria). An American historian called Paul Sharp, writing of this period, said in his book, Whoop-up Country, "A small handful of settlers straggled over the border into Canada to live in the remote area of Lee Creek, North

West Territories." This, my dear reader, was the little group of 34 Mormon immigrants that came with Charles Ora Card on June 3, 1887. Two years after this, Sitting Bull was shot and killed, so the Indian wars were settled down. No longer could he stir up Canadian Indians to go on the warpath.

When Sarah Ellen arrived in Canada, it was no wonder that she locked her children in the root cellar when Indians came to her home, if her men were away. Folks weren't very sure that they could trust the Indians. However, the Smiths were on their way north.

THE TRIP NORTH

Jesse L. and his crew travelled through Utah. Then they came to the wilde, tough country of Idaho and Montana, which was sparsely settled and infested with Indians. There were endless miles of try sagebrush and rough roads with holes so deep it took four to six horses to pull a single covered wagon through them especially when it had been raining; and there were mudholes. It took the same amount of horsepower to make it through them. At rough river crossings, 6 horses again were needed to pull a single wagon to safety on the other side and when they came to the mountain country, on those steep, rocky roads, it took the same number of horses to pull a wagon up the steep mountain. But when they were ready to go down the other side, it was another story. It was so steep that Jesse L. was forced to put a long pole through both hind wheels of the wagon to act as a brake to hold the wagon from running over the top of a single team of horses.

Once Sarah Ellen was on such a road. She had her one-year-old daughter, Alice, in the front seat with her and as she drove downhill, Alice was thrown out on the rocky road and hurt. She cried but it was not a serious accident. Smiths were very glad that they didn't have any serious injuries on the trip.

A quote from Dewey Smith, Jessie L.'s son: "When my father left for Canada, he had a man by the name of Camas who would take care of the horses and the cattle. He would go ahead early in the morning and graze the animals on the way. Sometimes he'd join us at night at camp, and sometimes we didn't see him for days on end, even as much as four days. This would cause Jesse L. consternation, but he couldn't change Camas so what can't be helped must be endured."

Once in the Prickly Pear Canyon we went to buy some oats from an old rancher. He lived by himself and had raised a buffalo calf. Jess and I got to feed it through the cracks of a strong, oak rail fence. Later we heard that the buffalo had gored the man to death, so we boys decided we were never going to tame a buffalo calf.

Once we camped in the small valley of a canyon. The children were put in one tent to sleep while our parents were in another tent nearby. There was a stir among the dogs. It was a bright moonlight night. Jesse L. was too tired and didn't rouse himself, so mother peered out to see what was causing the dogs to bark. The dogs were kept tied up because they ran away sometimes. She saw an animal in the shadow of the tent where the children were sleeping. It walked back and forth near the open flap of the door. About then, Camas showed up with a gun and said, "A mountain lion is out there, and when he moves to a different place, I'll let him have it. I cannot shoot now without it going into the tent by the children." So, between Camas and mother, they manoeuvred him into a better spot and shot it. He was large for a mountain lion. After that we children slept in the same place as father and mother did.

In the evening, the cows would be milked and the milk put into pans to set until morning. The cream would then be skimmed off. Later, it was put into a small wooden barrel with a tight lid on it and strapped securely to the side of the wagon. The wagon rattled along over the road, and by nighttime, the butter would be churned. Then it wouldn't take very long for Sadie Smith to mold the butter into a round mold. She added salt to the butter and worked it with a paddle until all the water was out of it and the butter milk was gone. Then she would use the wooden pound mold and mold herself pounds of butter. She wrapped them with paper ready to sell it at the first stop or settlement store that they stopped at. This helped to buy different things they needed on the way.

Making bread was the next thing she must do. She carried live yeast with her from home. All she needed to do was add a little sugar and a quart of potato water to it, and then she would wait for the foam to form on the top, and when it came, she would pour the yeast into the bread that she was making and knead it. Then it was placed in an oven to keep warm, since the nights were very cold in the high country, and almost anywhere they travelled. The next morning she would mold it out and bake it before they started on their travels."

Jesse L. was lucky. Near Rigby, Idaho, he landed near a rancher's home where he went to do a bit of repair work on a wagon. This man's name was Rigby. It turned out that the Smiths camped there for sometime. Jesse L. pulled teeth, cut hair and helped around the place. In the evenings he played the fiddle and they all sang songs. When they decided to leave, Jesse L. asked the rancher what they owed him, and he said, "Not a thing, come back anytime you feel like it." This man turned out to be a life-time friend of Jesse L. Smith.

The Smiths went on their way. The next stop we hear about is at Butte, Montana, a roaring mining town of 10,000 people. It was

booming in those days. Sadie sold her butter and Jesse L. cut hair, pulled teeth and worked in the mines to get some cash to go onto Canada. They all enjoyed the break. One late afternoon, Sarah missed young Jess (11) and Dewey (7). They'd gone off on their own to see the town. At 10:00 that night, Jesse L. decided that due to the fussing and steaming Sadie was doing about those boys, he had better get out and run them down. It was quite a search--he looked everywhere. He passed a saloon and decided to go in and ask if they had seen the boys. He had looked everywhere else. He went in and there stood Dewey on a table singing songs while the men threw coins all around him, to encourage him to sing more and more and more. He grabbed that pair of boys by the nape of the neck and ushered them out p.d.q. (pretty damn quick). They did not get out of camp again.

However, the money came in handy and they were happy to break camp and get heading north. It was still a long way to the North West Territories in Canada--the great land of "milk and honey", as Jess was told--it they had the cows to milk and he would get the bees and honey. Canada would supply the rest. Great Canada, where the grass was at man's stirrups as he road his horse.

The Smiths would be rich in no time, and then they would return to the land of their birth as wealthy people. Jesse L. would do his job of contracting and building so that people could come and settle on free land. Land you owned just for the homesteading of it. The United States had a Homesteading Act passed by their government, too, but Jesse L. had heard that the people from the east and the south were rushing out there to claim the beautiful soil in the U.S. North West Territories. It was "land fever" now, everywhere.

By now they had passed through Helena and Dillon, and when they came to the little town of Choteau, Jesse L. and the men went to buy some groceries. The merchant took them into the big basement storeroom. There they saw a huge supply of whiskey in 40-gallon barrels. He offered them free drinks and was very disappointed when they refused. He had expected to sell them a good supply of it, like he did the other settlers who came that way.

Here they were warned that they must nightherd their horses because they were approaching two Indian reservations--Peigan on the United States side, and Blood on the Canadian side. Indians measured their wealth by the horses they possessed, even to the ones they would steal. Once the horse was in the band, it was the property of the stealer. On, dear, one more job for these poor, tired men.

The Canadian Government had passed an Act in 1882. This Act was passed in parliament to encourage agriculture settlers. For \$10, a man over the age of eighteen could acquire 160 acres, or a quarter section of land, plus, for another \$10, an option on an adjoining

quarter for another part. All even numbered sections with the exception of 2, 6 and 8 were available for homesteading, the rest being retained by the Crown and the Hudson's Bay Company. Nearly a hundred years later there were still quarters of land and sections still referred to as Crown Sections and also Hudson's Bay quarters.

In return for this land, the homesteader agreed to break soil, build a cabin or dig dugout buildings and live on his property for at least six months of every year, for a period of three years. He was expected to take the Oath of Allegiance to become a Canadian citizen, within a three year period, and for an additional \$2, the land was then his.

Excise Customs and Tariffs were made considerably easy, and Number 766 says:

Items of Canadian Customs and Tariffs making settlers free of duty reads as such: "Wearing apparel, household furniture, instruments, domestic sewing machines, large carts and other agriculture vehicles and instruments used by the settlers for at least one year before his removal to Canada."

These articles had to be brought in with the settlers on their first arrival and could not be disposed of without payment of duty, until after two years of actual use in Canada. Each settler could enter 16 head of cattle duty free.

While Jesse L. and his crew were camped at Richard Pillings, waiting to be cleared by the Canadian Customs, he learned of all the work C.O. Card and his helpers had done to establish this little settlement. Charles Ora Card and his helpers had gone to see Federal Government men at Ottawa to get their new colony started in Canada. They asked for a colony status; it was refused. Obtained was a townsite on land donated by the government and after the farmers had homesteaded, extra land could be bought for grazing and farming at \$1.25 an acre; permits were issued for timber, a stone quarry and mining of minerals and coal, the use of St. Mary River water for irrigation systems, and permission was granted to ferry across the rivers. The work would be done by this little settlement of eager beavers.

Here are a few other improvements these folks already had: a newspaper, tin shop, livery stables, tithing office, a store owned by H.S. Allen, and a shoe repair, and they had other things on their list to be done.

After hearing all this, Jesse L. could hardly wait to go into Lee Creek to see what it was like, firsthand. It had been five years since the immigrants had settled there in 1887.

They remained at Pillings for two weeks before they were cleared to enter Canada. Then they took off for Lee Creek and arrived there in a bitter cold blizzard which blew in from the north. Little did they know the many problems they were to encounter in this new raw Country.

Lee Creek was bordered on the north by the Blood Reserve. The Bloods were a part of the great Blackfoot Nations. These people were fighters and conquerors. They had had many wars with the Indian tribes from far and wide whom they conquered and intimidated. They had kept other tribes from moving in, up to now, and other tribe who heard of their reputation met them with fear. Now, the Indians seemed more friendly, but nevertheless, the war paint went on their faces, and they danced around their camp fires at night to show the white settlers that they were indeed, a warlike tribe.

These native people were unpredictable, especially when they had fire water added to their flighty ways. They drank anything they could get their hands on that had any alcohol content in it.

Liquor was smuggled from the USA to peddle to them. There was a gap coming down the Milk River ridge that was called Immigration Gap, and the Mormon immigrants used that place to come in from the United States. But nearby was a gap called Whiskey Gap, because the rum-runners used it. These rum-runners came from Fort Benton, Montana. They travelled from Fort Benton on the Whoop-Up Trail, with all its hills and hollows, to the Milk River ridge. It was a rum-runner's paradise. They hid in the hills by day, slipped by the Customs with their load late at night, quickly unloaded, and then whipped back across the line, or else by morning, they would get lost further up in Canada and peddle there.

Rum had a very bad effect on the Indians. Once drunk, they went almost crazy. At this time there was evidence of them running out previous settlers.

In 1885, Vern Shaw of Cardston came to this part of the country. He recorded seeing a trading post which had been operated by Abe Farewell, and had been known as Farewell's Post. It was located on the St. Mary's River and was a well-known stopping place on the Fort Benton/Whoop-Up trail. When Vern saw the post, he saw the charred ruins of this large building, with the huge fireplace still standing. Rumour had it that the Indians had burned this building and had driven the owners out of the country. Vern Shaw came from Nova Scotia, and was here when the Mormons first came. He later joined the North West Mounted Police and remained in these parts all his life.

With these conditions, Canada could not expect settlers to be able to stay here, unless they provided protection for them in some way

or another. They established a training school at Fort Macleod for lawmen. They were called the North West Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They were to keep law and order in the land and to protect Canadian citizens, at all times, from lawless drifters and Indians. The police were tough men; they had a reputation. It was said that the Mounties always got their man. That became a tradition in Canada and also in the USA. All settlers looked up to the RCMP, or Redcoats, as they were also called.

They always met the immigrant at the border to usher him into Canada, and immigrants loved them. The Smiths were no exception to the case--when they saw them at the Border they felt secure and happy. The Crown would reign supreme here. They had left "Uncle Sam" to join "John Bull".

Even though the Smiths arrived at Cardston in a blizzard, they received a warm welcome, and were soon settled to live in the far north in a little log home that was ready for them to occupy.

They had been 6 weeks traveling from Utah to Cardston. They arrived on the 20th of November, 1892. The Canadian weather came as a shock to these people who were used to living where there was a milder climate so Jesse started to build himself a log home as soon as he could. The following is an account of the weather conditions that they encountered here.

Canada was blessed with many kinds of winds. There was a blizzard from the North; a warm Chinook from the West; a good old west wind that blew and blew and blew and then started to blow again; a gentle, warm, heavenly wind that came from heaven knows where; and last but not least there was a whiskey-gap Chinook that came in from the Southeast, and it was a corker. Then the mood would change, and a silent cold would settle in, a cold so severe that the thermometer dipped from 20 to 30 to 40 to 52 degrees below zero, Farenheit. These were the crisp bitter nights when you could hear a distant man coming by the crunchy noise his boots made as he walked in the crusted snow. When he whistled, you were startled because he was so far away and yet he seemed so near. His black beard would appear white because of the hoarfrost settling on it from his deep warm breath. The fur of the domestic animals was frosty and white merely from the body perspiration. By night the moon shone on the glistening world of snow and by day the snow sparkled like a sea of diamonds.

It was a dirty shame that the Smith crew had to land in Cardston in winter because winter sometimes would last in this country for six months. And then again, a month or longer break could come along in mid-winter, and it was so lovely and warm it seemed like a breath from heaven itself. It was a more moderate climate back home where they came from, but as time wore on, they learned, as did the rest of the settlers, the nature of this climate and loved

it.

Still everyone had a mortal dread of the blizzards that came out of the North. In the morning it could be balmy, sunny and warm, and then all of a sudden they would hear a noise. They would look outside to see pails and pans and bits of paper, or anything that was loose, go flying and dancing across the yard. The cows would come bellowing and running toward the barn. Horses were skittish, bucking and kicking their heels in the air, as they too came to the barn. Something was going to happen, all this was a warning. So Sarah Ellen would run outside and look to the North, and sure enough, there was a bluish-black cloud bellowing and rising on the horizon. It was coming closer and closer, the wind hit her in the face with a cold bite and she went back into the house. All the children were dispatched outside to do the last-minute tasks, such as fasten the guidewire secure to the barn and house, gather clothes on the line and bring the wood and pile it on the porch. All of the Smiths ran quickly in every direction to complete the last-minute tasks before she (the blizzard) hit.

The wind grew in momentum, the light grew dull, and then all of a sudden there was a cloud of fine snow so dense that they could not see out of the window. It covered them like a curtain. Their world was now in the house. They wagered as to how long it would last. "Well, said Sadie, they tell me it generally comes for three days. The weather here is like the girl with the curl, when she's good, she's very, very, good; and when she's bad, she's horrid." They were glad that all of the jobs were done. They had heard how the President's wife had left an expensive linen table cloth on her line. She couldn't get it off because it was frozen on. She found it the next Spring, three blocks away, ruined.

Once, a little girl going to school was blown against a wire fence. A woman saw her and ran to help. She placed the child under the back of her coat, but they had a hard time to get to the house before the snow hit. An unexpected traveller could be lost in such a storm. He would wander all day and all night plodding through the snow, and at daybreak when the wind had subsided and the snow thinned out, he would find to his amazement that he was back where he had started from. He had travelled in a circle. A man has no sense of direction in a blizzard.

The great Northern blizzard was a grim reaper. Not only did men succumb to his sharp-edged sickle, but also great herds of cattle, horses and wild buffalo of the plains met their fate under his sharp edge. When it blew in bitterly cold with thick, whirling snow of such density even animals could not discern which direction they were going. They would drift with the fierce blizzard to fall over the deep bank of a river to land below in a huge pile. There they would freeze and lay until the spring thaws washed them down the river on to the opposite river bank. Thus the sad owner might

find his own stray herd--gone forever.

When herds of wild buffalo of the plains met similar fates, men came later to dig in the piles of bones to get buffalo skulls for souvenirs.

In Jesse L's day he saw a meadow near Cardston white, with the bleached bones of prairie buffalo, so deep in one spot that a man could climb to the top of it and mount his horse. These bones were later gathered by a fertilizer company and ground up to sell to farmers for fertilizer.

Dewy Smith said he did not recall that his father ever lost any animals like this. But he knew of a neighbor of theirs, A. Rasmeussen, whose horses had drifted into a dead-end coulee in such a blizzard and were not found until the spring thaws exposed their whereabouts, standing frozen to death and half covered by winter's snow. A stark reality of the fate that befell animals that drifted in the wake of the great northern blizzard.

The Smiths had also heard of a man who came through a blizzard, to wander into a world of bright, shining snow. He would peer into the distance to see a fort or a half-way house, but he saw nothing. The Mountie brought him in the next day snowblind. They even heard of a Mountie finding a partly-covered man in a snowdrift frozen to death.

Now Jesse L. Smith's family knew that their father would be travelling in all kinds of weather, in this Country. They told him of the dangers he would face. "Well," said he, "there is just no worry. Most men travelling are lucky enough to reach a fort, half-way house or settlement before the storm hits, and stay there until it is over. And if they get caught in it, they just fold up, in a buffalo robe and weather it out. No trouble there at all." This seemed to make the Smith children feel better.

However, John Layne told this story of a freighting trip that he took with Jesse L. and Mr. Woolf and others, and I quote:

"We went to Lethbridge to get finishing lumber for our homes. We were coming home from Lethbridge to Cardston and got caught in a good old fashioned blizzard, out of the North. When night came on, it was getting darn cold and the snow was whipping and whirling around in every direction. We would not see any distance at all, so we stopped and placed our wagons in such a way that they turned the wind. We climbed underneath the wagons, and made a bed with quilts, under us and over us, heads and all, and went to sleep. We had also unhooked the horses and tied them up so that they too would get protection from the wind and driving snow. During the night, the snow drifted over our beds to form another blanket. It helped us so we did not freeze to death.

I recall that that blizzard lasted for three days. We burned half of our load of finishing lumber before we got home. We thawed out canned tomatoes and ate them hot. With no fences, it kept a man guessing and wondering if he was lost, after such a blizzard. So, we dug down to find in which direction the grass was bending, because the west winds bent the grass to the east. This way we could figure out which direction to travel. The position of the stars helped us, too. We observed them at night. If we wanted to measure how many miles we went in a rig, we took a piece of a metal spring and attached it to a spoke of a wheel. This touched the wagon bar every time the wheel made a circle. We counted the number of revolutions to determine a mile. Thus, we could tell how many miles we had gone or how far it was to any place." Unquote.

There was another wind that all the folks knew about. It came when the snow was on the ground and sometimes when there was no snow at all. This moved in from the South and the East. It didn't have to blow hard. It came in silent and so bitter cold that it made you feel naked even though you were heavily clad with your warmest clothes. You were soon chilled through, it literally grabbed your bones and twisted them. If your flesh was exposed, it froze it in two minutes flat. It poured through every crack in your house, it came through where there were no cracks, it was a corker. This, my dears, was a good, old Whiskey Gap Chinook, and men shivered when you mentioned it."

David Moroni Steed told me this story about one of the freighting trips he took when he was employed by a company that freighted between Cardston and Lethbridge.

Once, an Englishman asked them for a job on their freighting crew. They said, "Well, you can try it. Come with us this time." He was a green Englishman who'd never had any experience at all and this first time on the way back to Lethbridge, the greenhorn refused to get off the load to walk. It was very cold weather and the freighters knew that he would be in trouble if he didn't get out and walk. But, he didn't budge. They called him and told him to get down and walk. No answer. One man threw a snowball and hit him with it, but he did not move. Then two men hopped up and escorted the man down to the ground, and with one on each side of him, they walked him slowly up and down the road gradually getting faster and faster. All the while they were doing this, the Englishman cursed and swore and screamed at the men, "Let me alone, let me alone." Later, he said, "Why did you disturb me, I was so warm and comfortable on that load, and when you walked me up and down, I was in such terrible pain all over my body, I thought I was going to die. What's the matter with you guys anyway." One of them said, "You were freezing to death. The Snow Walker was here to pick you up, and we always walk when it is cold. We know that if we don't walk, we may never walk again."

Here is another story told by Dewey Smith, my uncle.

"In winter, men wore black woolen felt shoes here. They are very warm. Generally, men put them on when the first had storms come at the end of November, and take them off in April, if the weather permits. But in the winter, in the lean years, we often wore gunny sacks folded and wrapped smoothly around our feet, and tied on with string. It would surprise you how much it helped to keep our feet warm. Often times, our legs up to the knee were loosely bound in the same way to keep them from freezing in 30 or 40 below zero weather.

We marvelled at the way the Mounties would dress. They always wore a buffalo hide coat, and if they travelled in a sleigh, they had a softly tanned buffalo robe under them and one over them as well. They were prepared, and the immigrants envied them. As soon as we could arrange it, our men too wore these furs. Caps were made of beaver hide and other furs and they capped the traveller all winter. Dad tanned many beaver hides in his day." Unquote.

The freighters were often so poorly clad in the winters that they suffered from the cold. A freighter always hoped he could have warm enough apparel. The Smiths looked at these Mounties and the people who dressed with furs with envy. They soon found out that fur was a Canadian apparel.

Winter freighting was a guessing game with the freighter. He never really knew what was coming. He would set out to Lethbridge in the sleigh, and many times the Chinook from the West would blow and melt the snow completely before he got there. One Rancher said he started from Cardston in a sleigh with a Chinook blowing from the West. He had to beat his horses with a whip all the way to keep the front runners of the sleigh on the snow. Ha! Ha! That wind could melt all the snow, and the water would be running everywhere in a few hours. Many times a freighter would have to send a man to the nearest wayside station to get a wagon, in order to get to his destination. He did not know how long the ground would remain bare. A cover of snow could come back on the ground in two or three days and remain until May 1, with freezing weather either intermittent or steady, or else warm May weather could come in October and remain steady until April. I once saw a man plow ground in February."

The Chinooks brought many changes to our country in the Winter. Sometimes these Western Chinooks would blow enough to melt the ice in the lakes so that they were like mush. No one should pull out on a river, or a lake, when it is covered with mush ice, because mush ice is deceiving. The rivers and lakes looked hard and shiny, and an unsuspecting traveller could even test the ice and think it was safe. A couple of days ago, he passed here, and the ice was

safe. "It can't be anything but safe now, I've just travelled over it", he thinks to himself. But he is deceived.

Once a farmer from Twin Lakes was freighting a load of goods, and he drove out on the lake. Before he knew what was happening, his horses sank out of sight, and the load was going down fast. He ran to the side of his wagon and with some ingenuity he saved his own life. He stood on the shore and wept because the horses and harness and a good wagon, with a load, was gone. He had to forget about it, there was no way he could ever get that outfit out of there, ever. This man belonged to the Christie crew that was hauling freight over to their homes. They were ranchers at the Twin Lake district, and one of them told me about it at the time.

Many times in the winter, the traveller or freighter had to be on his guard when crossing a river or a lake because the Chinook would come and melt the ice completely out. Where he crossed on the ice going down to Lethbridge, on the way back he might have to go to a fort and wait until the blocks of ice left the river, so he could cross it, or he may have to go to the nearest ferry to cross over. Sometimes when he approached the river, the water would be running merrily along and there would be no problem to cross it. Early Records show this story, told by a pioneer of Cardston.

"One time after a big Chinook, I was travelling to Cardston from my home. I came to the river and it had risen ten feet in ten hours." That Chinook had caused such heavy run off that he was forced to turn back and forget his trip to Town, for the time being.

The traveller looked forward to Spring, but then he found himself going to the nearest ferry to cross over, with any degree of safety.

Freighters had been known to try rivers in the Spring, during high-water levels, and their freight and teams would be swept away in the rushing water. The poor, dilapidated man was lucky to swim to safety with his life.

In Spring and Summer, these men were forced over muddy roads, deeply rutted by heavy loads going over and over them. There were many mud-holes. An experienced man would test them with a stick. If the hole wasn't too deep, he would fill it in with rocks, branches from a tree, and more rocks on top. Then with a crack of the whip, the horses would pull the load through the hole (or over it). An unsuspecting man might pull into a mud-hole, and before he knew it, he was stuck tight. He would have to unload his freight until the load was light enough that his horses could pull it out. With a bit of harsh coaxing and a whip for the horses, they would come to dry land, repack and go merrily on.

Many times these mud-holes were in a swampy area. When they had this type of problem, the man would have to make a bridge-like road. They fastened poles together side by side and then braced them underneath with two or three longer poles. They flopped this over the mud-hole. Sometimes it took two or three sets of these bridges to form what they called a "corduroy road". These roads could be handy in any season because they lasted for quite a long time, if they were well made.

Jessie L.'s experience in travelling up and down hills in Idaho and Utah helped him when he got to Canada. But, he had had most of his experience with sandy soil, so he had to learn a lot of things over again. The soil here was heavier when it was muddy. How that darn stuff did stick, and when dry in places, it was almost like a rock.

Going up and down hills caused a lot of delays. Going up hills wasn't so bad if the brakes of the wagon would grip. The traveller would apply the brakes, stop completely, and give the horses a rest. If it was extra steep, he would put a rock under each back wheel, to keep the load from slipping back if the brakes gave way. If he'd worn the brakes out, and couldn't take a chance on the rig going back down the hill, he had to unload at the bottom, until he knew that the load was light enough so that his horses could pull it securely to the top. Sometimes he had to do this three or four times before he was able to go on his way. He hated delays, but he learned a lesson in patience here.

To go down steep hills the men would roughlock the back wheel with a log chain, and the chain would drag making a deep furrow in the dirt. This would hold the load in control so that the wagon and team and all didn't rush down the hill at such a rate that they piled up at the bottom.

There was another to put brakes on at the top of the hill. They could put a pole through the spoke of both wheels causing the wheels to stay in one position and the wagon to skid down. This would hold the rig from forcing the horses to go too fast down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, they removed the pole from out of the spokes and went their way.

These were the problems of a traveller, but the freighters learned to band together when they were travelling from Lethbridge to Cardston with heavy loads of freight. When they had to get to the top of the hill out of a river bottom, they would hitch as many as six teams of horses to the first wagon and with a rider along the side to encourage the lead team, they went up the hill with the horses straining every muscle, feet digging into the dirt until they were close to the final pitch of the hill. Then the driver would apply the whip vigorously to the team nearest him, and with the rider's help, they'd reach the top. They would then unhook the horses and take them back down the hill to bring up the remaining

loads one by one. Sometimes freighters hooked three wagons together and put 12 head of horses (meaning six teams of horses) on and with an outrider and a jerk line fastened to one of the head team they could reach the top with no trouble.

However, Jesse L. was a man that kept his wagon and gear in good repair. He could hardly ever get the repairs he wanted when he went to the shops to buy them. It could take months and, sometimes, a year to get the things that were necessary to fix them. Since necessity is the mother of invention, he was always inventing some way to replace a part he needed to repair his machinery, or his wagons, or his buggies, or anything he might be working with. Think of how all of these inconveniences could rob and aggravate the patience of an ordinary settler. Well, it could have been double trouble for Jesse L. but he wasn't a man to admit defeat, recognize it, or talk about it. He said, "Once you voice a problem, it is one;--not spoken of, it is not one."

Ida just loved to quote one of her father's favorite sayings, "It is an ill wind that blows no-one good."

He used this saying on many occasions when they suffered disasters or setbacks to prove that these adversities can be advantages. This is the case with that West wind that blew and blew and blew and then would start to blow again. It came in early in the Spring and the Summer and the Fall. It was a different, many-sided wind. It could blow steady and strong, or be gusty. It could last three days, three weeks or stop in a day and return later stronger than ever. In early Spring, after the Chinook had moved the snow, it came along. It came when the land was cold and wet and soggy from spring runoff and melting snow. It blew constantly night and day. It was raw and cold, but it seemed to air out the earth and make it dryer. Jesse said, "That darn wind could blow the expression off a man's face." It could penetrate a man's spring clothing until he wished he had dressed for mid-winter. It was a deceiver, because in spite of the cold you could discover green shoots popping up in last year's grass.

In the Summer, it would blow after a big downfall of rain. It would blow and dry out the garden and the crops. In fact, they seemed to grow much faster it it blew. It seemed that the wind was necessary to mature the plants for harvest in this North County.

At Harvest time, it sometimes rained and snowed before the crops were in. The heavy snow would knock the grain down. Then along would come that gusty wind out of the West, and blow steady until it dried everything up and the crops could then be harvested. In Summer, the rain often came on the hay, and everyone would madly say, the hay's gone, but along would come that wind, dry it out and it could be stacked.

There was one hitch. If the hay stack wasn't tied down, along she'd come strong as Maggie's breath, and with great big gusts tear huge layers of hay off of the stack and blow them away. So she could cheat you out of a lot of things, if she wanted to.

Some people that were leaving to go back to Utah would say, "I'll be glad to get out of these cussed winds."

With all these weather problems, heaven only knew when the freighters would arrive in Cardston. It was amazing how these men kept any schedule at all. Jesse L. Smith was forced to solve these problems too, and since necessity is the mother of invention, he learned to cope with them. All these experiences Ida heard her father tell about. As a child, she waited with her mother for her father to return from the trips to Lethbridge. She would watch her mother scan the horizon all day for a sign of the approach of her long-expected husband. At night, they lit the coal oil lamp and put it in the window, and sat around the fire hoping for a sign of his approach. When the dog, that lay on the rug by the door, would rise and prick up his ears and growl, along with sharp, intermittent barks, the family would rush out the door into the night. And sure enough, they could hear the jingling of the chains on the double tree of the rig, along with the sound of an approaching wagon. They all breathed a sigh of relief. Pioneer life was a "wonderful" life. It left you always wondering.

When anyone was away from home, the settlers left a lamp lit in the window. Grandfather often said that as he travelled home, if he could see the light in the window, it made him feel like hurrying faster. It told him all was well.

All these problems with the weather could intimidate an unsuspecting immigrant so thoroughly, that, at his first encounter with any of them, he was ready to grab his bags and head for warmer climates. Not so with the sturdy colonizer and Mormon pioneer. The President of the Church had called him, and he could stand hell and damnation and even Canadian Winters, to do his duty and to live in obedience to the Prophet of God. And, so it was especially with Jesse L. Smith. He was a man whose byword was honor and he said "The best is none too good for me and mine."

If you suppose for one minute that the Smiths were in any way squelched by the hardships they had met in this new Northwest Territories, you are mistaken. Just tell a Smith that it is too hard and that he can't do anything, and he will damn well see that he does it if it kills him trying.

However, be it ever so cold, people had warm hearts, and they greeted everyone with open arms. It was good to be in this Country. They lived that first winter in a log house situated where the Alice Hotel in Cardston now stands. They had a good barn

and hay to feed their animals. They were glad their animals were well housed. But, be they ever so well housed that bitter cold penetrated into the building. One morning they found their favorite Jersey Cow, the one they had brought from Utah, frozen to death standing up in the Barn with a Manger full of Hay. Sometimes Sadie's dishcloth was frozen solid on the open oven-door. In the house with hot coals banked in the fire to hold it for the night, the thermometer dipped well below 50 degrees below zero Farenheit. They had heard it was 62 degrees below in Northern Outposts of Canada. In Deer Lodge, Montana, according to Korh's Diary, it dipped to 63 below Farenheit.

Lillie Archibald's mother sent her little girl to the Smiths with a pail of milk every day. "They've lost their very best milk cow which they brought from Utah with them. What a pity. She froze to death."

Sometimes meat was scarce. A pioneer woman recalled eating soup made from beaver tail, jack rabbits and an occasional porcupine.

Here is a quote from Dewey Smith.

"They did not have much furniture and my Dad set to work to build some. He started with beds. He made springs by using rawhide strips woven in a criss-cross fashion and nailed to a frame of wood set on legs. Over this was placed a deep, feather tick for a mattress, or else a large bag filled with fresh hay or straw. Either one of these made warm, comfortable beds for anyone. Often a tanned deer hide was used to cover the criss-cross springs, to give more stability to the bed. Feather comforters were used to cover the sleeper. A child's legless bed could be slipped under these beds during the day. He also made chairs and a table, and large chests, for clothes and other belongings."

Jesse L. was anxious to do his part in building up Lee Creek colony, so he worked on the assembly hall, the first Mormon Church in Canada. However, he had the misfortune to fall off of the roof and hurt his back so badly that he was laid up for quite some time.

An interesting note here is that Zina Card, wife of Charles Ora Card, received \$30,000.00 from her father, Brigham Young's estate. She gave money to get the telephone, the saw mill, the flour mill and other projects at Lee Creek so they could get established. She received very little of that money back, according to her relatives.

Aunt Alice Quote

"When they were getting the telephone poles from the mountains, Jesse L. met with an accident and came home very ill." Unquote.

The first iron bridge in the North West Territories was built

across the St. Mary's River at the Lee Creek junction. Men donated their time to haul the iron and do the other jobs and C.A. Magrath and his company furnished the iron.

In the Spring of 1893. Jesse L. received an invitation to go to Salt Lake. All saints who wished to go could get free passes on the railroad. The following is a copy of Salt Lake Temple Dedication Services Pass for April 6, 1893:

SALT LAKE TEMPLE
DEDICATION SERVICES.

AFTERNOON SESSION

... ADMIT ONE ...



Thursday, April 6th, 1893.

W. Woodruff

In 1893, Levi Harker and Jess L. helped build the first flour mill. It was at the foot of the hill, opposite to where the present John Smith School now stands in Cardston. Many friends doubted the feasibility of operating it, due to the claybanks nearby. Flour was \$4.50 a hundred weight, so Jesse L. said he had so many children that he could not afford not to build a mill. They operated this Mill until 1898 when Heber Allen and Ephraim Harker built a new one on St. Mary's River.

Jesse L. Smith had the first orchestra in Cardston. He brought an organ to the country with him. He played the fiddle, and his daughters chordeed on the organ to accompany him. They played for dances. Andrew Archibald played the trumpet and clarinet. Later on in 1894 Alex Campbell came with a cello.

Dewey Smith tells about the Saints doing home dramatics. He remembers Aunt Amy Allen in a play called, "THE ROSE OF VICTORY DALE." His dad helped with this in 1893.

The Saints went to Lee's Creek to settle their tithing. In September 1893, Jesse paid tithing of 100 poles and some butter. A later entry on a tithing receipt said one horse - \$8.00, one pig -

\$1.00, \$9.00 credit for tithing, signed by Thomas Gregson. So it was that Jesse L. Smith paid his tithing in kind. The tithing barn, as it was called, was built where the local school now stands (in 1981). It had a granary, a large stone pit for potatoes and other vegetables and a hay barn. Saints paid one-tenth of their produce. It consisted of pigs, chickens, cows, horses, barley and eggs. These had to be cared for by the caretaker. The caretaker said that he was forever pitching hay in the front or manure out the back.

In 1891, Joseph M. Wight sold C.E. Snow an old Army Hand Printing Press. This made possible the printing of the first newspaper.

They had a town cow herd and the cow herder was an Indian man and his wife.

In 1898, the law said that no person could use manure, straw or hay on the top of any outside building. This was because of strong winds and the danger of fire. No one was allowed to take a lighted candle into any outside building in the settlement.

Art Spencer of Magrath found this item in the diaries of C.O. Card about Jesse L. Smith and I quote:

"I took Jesse L. Smith and started for Lethbridge on the way we set ten telephone poles in the line. And we arrived at Lethbridge at 12(twelve) o'clock at night."

Later on he wrote - "The way he worked that night he could have dug the whole canal himself. However, he had one of the very best equipped construction outfits on the job. Jesse L. said he had aches and pains a plenty in this cold country." O.D. Steed figured that those men set in one mile of telephone poles that night.

From this diary, you can tell that Cardston was still Lee Creek in 1893. It wasn't called Cardston until a later date.

At the early date of 1888 the first store was started in President C.O. Card granary. In 1891 a cheese factory was started as well as a creamery. In 1893, H.S. Allen had a large store. William Wood had a butcher shop. C.E. Snow started a confectionery store with books and notions, etc. (Later he started a loan company and bank). There was the Hotel De Woolf, a tin shop, and a blacksmith's shop (owned by Sloans) and Eph. Harker took over the brick business.

Families from Cardston and district took off in the fall in covered wagons for Lethbridge, to lay in a supply of food and other needs because of the uncertainty of freighting between the two places in winter.

The first man buried in the Cardston Cemetery was a bootman, Hans Petersen. He was the first bootmaker and worked far into the night to fill the contract he had with the Canadian North West Mounted Police. Yet he found time to manufacture a fifteen year old boy some boots. John Layne was thrilled with the tall, tight, strong boots made for him of the finest kip-leather, for only \$4.00 a pair!

This old man sold hours of fine workmanship because he knew all men must leave something of themselves behind.

Written by Robert Tagg, a life-long shoe repairman in Cardston.

When the Saints first came, mail was delivered to Macleod and taken by an Indian from Standoff. Then the young men from the settlement went to Standoff to pick it up. John Layne said when he was fifteen, he rode to Standoff for the mail. Mail was addressed like this:

John Doe
Lees Creek,
Fort Macleod (via Great Falls)
North West Territories, Canada

Later it came via Lethbridge and was delivered by stage coach.

Dr. H.W. Brant was the doctor and Fred Shaw was the dentist. Fred travelled by horse and buggy, carrying his own instruments, in a circle from Fort Macleod to Cardston to Lethbridge. He made his own dentures for his patients from the very start. He was the first licenced dental surgeon in the North West Territories, and he was also licenced to practice veterinary surgery.

On November 19, 1893, Apostle Taylor held a Church Conference with 593 souls in the North West Territories of the Canadian Mission. It was a part of Cache Valley Stake, Utah. Settlers started pouring in from all parts of the Church.

In 1894, Lee Creek men donated labor to supply telephone poles. They cut the timber themselves. The telephone company of C.A. Magrath and the government representatives donated the wire to string on the poles. These L.D.S. men built sixty miles of telephone lines to connect Cardston with Lethbridge.

The following are a few statistics taken from newspapers in Cardston during the time Jesse L. Smith was there:

1899 - February 15

There is lots of sickness, grippe mostly, in our town:
A young man with a slender salary should marry a girl with

a small waist.

Our streets are in poor condition (Later gravel was put on them. J.H. Hammer organized this and men donated their time).

There were 100 teams hauling lumber for work on the canal. The Indians manned the job of hauling one-quarter million feet.

Lumber hauling would not be permitted on the Sabbath, neither were folks allowed to hunt or shoot or go fishing. A man was brought before Justice C.P. Ashe for breaking the Sabbath and was fined \$10.00. He was reminded it could have been \$100.00.

There was school tax, road tax and village tax - what next? The mill rate was 12 mills.

Rudyard Kipling is very ill.

A graphophone showed up in the district.

Coal was \$5.00 a ton.

Meals were \$.40.

Hotel rooms cost \$1.50.

A team of horses sold for \$170.00, some as low as \$75.00.

All land was registered at the Land Titles Office in Lethbridge.

There had been good progress made in building up Cardston before the Smiths arrived in 1892. By the time they moved to Magrath in 1899, it was a thriving settlement.

This little Mormon Canadian colony was shaping themselves up to be a self sustaining group. But when the first drought hit them, it drew their attention to the fact that they needed irrigation. A few folks here had already watered gardens and some other small areas. They had obtained permission to use water from Lee Creek and St. Mary's river; it was given to them by a government official in Lethbridge by the name of C.A. Magrath.

C.A. Magrath was a federal government engineer who helped Sir Alexander Galt and his son Elliot build the Western Canadian Railway and he had married into the Galt family. They formed a company called Railway and Coal Company since they owned mines in Lethbridge. This had been made possible by the financing they were able to get from Great Britain. In payment for their efforts, the Federal Government gave the builders an 800,000 acre grant of land they could hold if they put settlers on it in a specified time. Otherwise it would be lost. No matter what they did to get settlers on this land, it had failed. No settlers.

So when the Mormons approached C.A. Magrath to get water rights for an irrigation project, he soon had visions of these people not only settling on this land, but also furnishing irrigation for all this area. One more item was added to their company, and that was irrigation; and they obtained water rights from St. Mary's and

Belly River for the colony. Negotiations soon began to fly between C.A. Magrath and C.O. Card and church officials in Salt Lake City for an irrigation project. The church plans for Lee Creek Colony eventually developed into a huge irrigation project that in due time watered 314,000 acres of Southern Alberta land and gave this area security that none other had in all of Canada.

The church was now moving a lot of settlers in at a terrific speed. They brought equipment and horses to do contract work on canals and ditches. One time they asked for two hundred horses for immediate work. Two thousand settlers had swarmed up to Lee Creek area. But were soon dispatched to little newly made towns along the irrigation route such as Magrath, Stirling, Raymond and Welling. Lee Creek area already had several small places close around such as Leavitt, Caldwell, Mountain View, Aetna, Taylorville, Hillspring, and Glenwood.

At one time, C.A. Magrath offered to pay the Church \$5.00 a head for every settler who came. His dream had been water in ditches in Lethbridge by 1900 and he realized it because of this industrious, hard-working Mormon colony. All because he needed them and they needed him.

And eventually the following settlements sprung up. Magrath, Raymond, Stirling, and Cardston with Mountain View, Atena, Beazer, Leavitt, Kimball, Taylorville and to the north was Claresholm, Frankburg, Orton. All this made up the Alberta Stake.

The tithing caretaker for the stake was Sylvester Low, and he travelled in an area of about 95 miles (some of the Wards were just 25 miles apart). He travelled in a single buggy, with one horse, to each Ward to get reports from the Bishop in regard to tithing and to see that their books were done correctly.

A Dewey Smith quote:

"When spring came, Jesse L. Smith took off to fill his contract on the irrigation headgates at Kimball. He gathered all his work gear as well as his cows, chickens, and pigs. He had moveable shacks that he could carry on a wagon. The walls and roof were so constructed that they could bolt them together to make an abode for the women and children to live in. They reminded one of a boxcar used by railroad trains, but they could be heated and were more comfortable than a tent and were used at Kimball. However, they also used tents. Smith women did the cooking. Sometimes you would see girls as young as twelve years old make bread and taking on the cooking alone.

Men were busy getting things set up and also moving dirt for the canal. It was a bevy of activity there. Several other men had contracts to help. They used tents for the cookhouse; a place for

the cooks to sleep; for horses to be housed in and to store tools for repairs. The cook-tent was a large one. In it there were long tables with benches on each side to seat men at meal time. At the upper end were stoves on which to cook the meals and to heat the water for culinary purposes, bathing, and washing clothes. The cooks had a bed in the corner to sleep on with a curtain around it.

At daybreak, the smoke was rolling out of the chimney of the cookhouse, and men were hustling to harness horses and to feed them oats. At 6:00 a.m. the gong rang for breakfast. Then the work began. Men were ploughing dirt to loosen it so that the slip-scrapers and fresnos could do their job of moving the dirt out of the ditch. There were slip-scrapers with two handles drawn by a team of horses. There were fresnos with four horses on them. Fresnos were the larger scrapers. It was a bevy of activity. It seemed like everywhere a man wanted to look these outfits were doing their jobs. Men were shouting at horses as they walked behind them maneuvering their outfits to dig and move dirt. It made a man think of an anthill.

Over at the cookhouse the smoke continued to pour out of the chimney. Cooks were busy. At 10:00 sharp they took out a lunch for a break. Then they rushed back to the shack to prepare a big noon meal. These meals consisted of huge roasts of meat, mutton or beef, or wild meat (deer, antelope or elk), with vegetables, hot bread and pies made from dried fruits, apples, custard, pumpkin or raisins. Two kind were often made for one meal. An afternoon break consisted of cake, cookies and sandwiches. The evening meal was a repeat of the noon one served at 6:00 p.m.

Some men did evening chores; some took care of the horses (fed them, watered them and unharnassed them) and other men repaired broken harnesses and rigs. What long hours these people put in!

The younger Smith boys were the flunkeys. They were to keep the water barrels, that stood close to the door of the cook tent, full of water for the cooks to use. They also filled the water buckets, that were sitting on a bench beside several wash basins. The men used this water so they could wash up before meals. These boys helped wrangle the horses, too. Some spare horses were turned out to feed on the prairie, and these boys were always hunting horses or the milk cow who get away.

It was not uncommon during the night for Indians to gather up the horses they liked the looks of, and drive them out on to the Reserve. An Indian's wealth was measured by how many horses he had. So horses were his big temptation. However, it wasn't too bad because the boys would notify the Mounties of the lost horses and their description, and the Indian Agent would locate them. With a little persuasion on the part of the Mounties, the Indians often left the horses at the Agency and the settler could pick them

up.

Then again, some of them could disappear for months, and one day an Indian would come and say, "I found a horse for you, -- you pay." Some horses were found as far away as Lethbridge. Lost horses could really be a problem causing delay in the work.

The tents on the contract job were eventually replaced by homes that looked like CPR boxcars. The contractors used them for families to live in. Aunt Minnie and I were looking at a history book of Cardston, when she was visiting me once. I said, "Aunt Minnie, this looks almost like an Indian outfit, tents and all."

She replied, "Eula Green, my dear, that was no Indian outfit. We lived in clean, tidy shacks and kept ourselves the same way. Don't ever say that."

When freeze-up came, the contractors moved back to Cardston to live in their homes. This contract took three years to complete.

Dewey Smith Quote:

"The men were hired by my father to work on the Kimball Dam and Canal. They were paid half land script and half cash. This method was used to encourage men to stay and settle in these parts of Canada. However, these men were mostly men seeking their fortune in the new land. They were drifters who did not want land and they wished to move on. So, Jesse L. would buy their land script, and he was able to accumulate a lot of land in the area of Magrath and Welling, about 11 Sections in all before he left the Country to move to Oregon. Later on, land prices went from \$1.75 an acre to \$3.50 an acre, and now in 1981, up to \$3,000.00 an acre.

There was one other way to get land and that was by homesteading. It wasn't long until Grandpa Smith owned a ranch on the St. Mary's River and travellers used this ranch as a half-way house. He operated a ferry for outfits to cross over the river on their way to Lethbridge. It was not uncommon to have several families camped on his front yard, either visiting or waiting for the ice to break up in the Spring, so that they could cross on the ferry.

On July 24, 1949, when the Magrath Jubilee was on, the Jesse L. Smith family had a reunion in Magrath.

The ones present at that reunion were as follows: Jesse, Minnie, Ida, Reta, Leone and Myrle, Jennie, Alice and Dewey and Ethel Smith. So there were all seven of Jesse L.'s daughters there and two boys, Jess and Dewey. Hyrum did not come nor did Legrande. Joseph had passed on in 1943.

I heard Jess tell about his father making a mill wheel at the old

ranch on the St. Mary's River. He used it a very short time and the river flooded and washed it out of place. This mill wheel was supposed to furnish water for a garden for the family. It was like the one Richard Pilling had in Cardston.

At the reunion, Jesse Smith and all of the family went down to the site of the ranch on the St. Mary's river and there they found pieces of iron and wood that made up the old mill wheel. Jesse wanted to bring some of it back with him, but he got too much opposition from the rest of the Smiths as well as his wife. Jess always regretted this in the years later. Jess Smith's son, Gordon, had come up to see what Canada was like as well as to enjoy his relatives here. He had left a job in Salt Lake City and had to go right back. Myrle Smith Goodrich, Jesse L.'s daughter, was working in Salt Lake too and she was to go back with Gordon.

They bid everyone farewell and started back. They intended to drive a non-stop trip back. They got to Jackson Hole and Myrle took the wheel to drive and give Gordon a rest. It was at night. They met many cars with bright lights and she hit another car head-on as she tried to cross a small bridge. She was killed instantly, but Gordon escaped with very few injuries.

And thus the reunion ended with a very sad note.

No one seemed to know the exact location of the ranch. I found this information years later.

Jesse L. Smith's St. Mary's ranch was located where the Pot Hole runs into the St. Mary's River, straight south of Ft. Whoop-Up. It had been called Hanks landing but Jesse L. Smith bought it. There was a ferry over the river used by travellers who came straight over the Blood Indian Reserve to Lethbridge. This information came from C.A. Magrath's diaries. He was an English engineer and had married into the Galt family who built the CP Railroad in Western Canada. He dealt to get the Mormon settlers and handles the business end of their irrigation system. He told of Jesse L. and he making a deal so that Jesse L. could use a mill wheel (run by St. Mary's water) to irrigate his garden. Before it was clinched, Magrath was called east on business and while he was gone, his substitute gave the franchise to another man. When Magrath arrived home, he chastized his helper and told him that he had no right to do this because he did not wish to offend the Mormon settlers nor their men, and he gave the mill wheel to Jesse L. He added, "Jesse L. and C.O. Card came to see me about irrigation business and they told me they set 18 telephone posts on their way to town." And he said that Jesse L. was such an ambitious, strong man that he could probably build the whole dam alone if need be.

Life on the St. Mary's Ranch was exciting. One summer Grandpa built a huge water wheel and put it in the backwater to use for

irrigating a hay meadow and a garden. Five hundred dollars it cost him, but he knew it would pay off. Sad to say, it did not last long. When the St. Mary's river flooded in the Spring, it took his \$500.00 water wheel with it. At this ranch, they had 30 head of milk cows that the boys helped take care of.

Sarah Ellen and Jesse L. were unhappy about the schooling situation for their children. In the winter months, when they lived in Cardston, the children went to school for six weeks to three months at a time. Ida was able in her young life to get schooling to a grade three level. Some of their children got more schooling or some the same. Their circumstances held sway over their destiny in this phase of their life. They were pioneers and they were forced to live where they made their living. On the ranch, they were too far away from school to attend. In summer they were very busy getting ready for winter, and generally making a living of some kind. In the winter the deep snow and cold forced them to stay at home. Grandpa taught all his children their sums and to read to and to write. They could read the newspapers and the Bible. His family would have to be self-educated, formal schooling would be neglected, he could see that. However, it was amazing how, when those children grew up, from their language and general knowledge one never felt that they were illiterate people. Their children were also taught to be polite, considerate of others, and careful of what they said and how they said it. Grandpa said, "Most women are ladies until they open their mouths and reveal their real selves."

These are some memories at the St. Mary's Ranch as told by Aunt Alice, Aunt Retta, and Uncle Dewey:

Dewey was making the fire in the stove. He decided it wasn't burning as it should, so he poured coal oil on the fire. It flared up into a flame and burned a big hole in the tent. It also burnt his forehead and cheek. When they took the scab off, it looked like a map of North America.

At the St. Mary's Ranch they were afraid to go out at night because the Indians were not friendly.

One day a messenger came on a horse and stood on the other side of the river. He did not want to cross because the river was swollen with high water. Grandpa swam over and back and got the message. He was a big strong man and was not afraid.

When they were snowed in at the Ranch one winter, they lived on potatoes and whole-wheat cereal and milk. That year the freight did not come from Lethbridge or Fort Macleod until the last of February. They got their dolls and toys then. The dolls had sawdust bodies and glass heads and hands.

Grandfather made a swing for the children. It was fastened to the ceiling rafters, and when the swing was not in use, it was thrown up over the rafters. That same winter, Ida ran a huge sliver into her big toe. It was as big around as a toothpick and 1-1/4 inches long. Grandfather tried to get it out every way he could think of, but he finally gave up and let it fester. By festering and ulcerating the sliver worked its way out to where grandfather could pull it. However, it didn't do that without a lot of doctoring to the toe. They applied hot poultices in the evening to be worn all night. These poultices were made of bread and milk or, later, soap and sugar. Night and day Ida screamed and cried as her parents frantically prayed for relief for her. After the sliver was removed, she slept and the toe got better.

Pioneers had all sorts of sicknesses. Epidemics were rampant. Scarlet fever, measles, mumps, small pox, chicken pox, and pneumonia were common in the winter time. All these must be taken care of from a doctor book which they brought from Utah. Grandma would bring it out from its hiding place and read how to cure her sick child. It was kept away from teenagers for fear they would see the naked questionable pictures and read about where babies came from, before they were old enough to know.

Women who were in the family way used corsets to cinch themselves in, for the first five months, so they could go out in public. After that, they were never seen in public until after the baby was a month old. The mother was cinched in enough that her abdomen was considerably flat. While at home, she wore a dress so full that her own family were surprised at their mother having a new baby. These dresses were called Mother Hubbards.

When Hyrum was born, he was a very frail child. He had convulsions many times until he was a year old. Mrs. Hammer was the mid-wife, and she stayed a month with the Smiths and saw to it that the mother stayed in bed two weeks and did not lift her baby for one month. She was to rest during the next three months when her baby slept. Women often nursed their babies for three years so they didn't get in the family way. My mother told me of one woman who sat in Church, and her three-year old son came and took his mother's hand and out they went so that she could nurse him. This was their way of birth control. Indeed, they had never heard that dirty word. The "family way" were the words which were whispered into the ears of the interested ladies. Hush. Hush. No one else heard, especially children and men. The children were ushered to another part of the house by the mid-wife, or at other times they were taken to a neighbors until the mother had delivered. Then they quietly broke the news to the children, "You have a new baby."

From the milk of the 30 cows, the women made butter to send to Lethbridge to help pay for food. The churn was made from a small whiskey keg and placed so it rocked back and forth on a stand.

Someone took hold of the handle on it and did the rocking, sometimes slow and then really fast when the butter was ready to gather from the buttermilk. Buttermilk was a treat to drink when it was cold. It was kept in the cellar or in the cold water of the spring. The butter was taken from the keg after the gathering. It was then salted and all excess buttermilk pressed from it by working it with a butter paddle. It was made into pounds, cured and then wrapped in butter paper ready to sell. This was hard work.

Speaking of work, Retta cooked for 15 men at the age of 14 years.

Grandpa always had fresh meat. He shot deer and antelope. That kept him busy butchering and cutting meat. If he shot ducks and prairie chicken, that made even more work for the girls. They had to pick and clean the birds and picking feathers from ducks is not an easy task.

Many times on the ranch, they would run short of supplies. To run out of coal oil in the evening was a hardship. Children hated to go to bed so early, so Sadie would improvise a light. She took three strands of cotton and braided them together in a strip eight inches long. Then she took a tin plate with some melted fat in it. She soaked the braid in the fat and then pulled one end out. She lit the end and, thus, a wick was made to give light. Sarah Ellen called this a witch, and it was better than no light at all. The young Smith boys changed the name by putting "b" where the "w" was, but they were very careful who heard them say that.

An interesting experience the Lee Creek settlers had in these early days was one with coal oil. Coal oil was used to fill the lamps that gave them the light for the long winter evenings and nights they had in Canada. If they didn't have coal oil, they had to substitute a bitch for a light. It smoked like the dickens, and if it was burned very long, the walls would look like soot.

Well, it was like this. A man was sent from Lee Creek to get a winter's supply of coal oil for the settlers. This coal oil was shipped in wooden barrels. When he arrived home with it, the pioneers breathed a sight of relief. At least now they could read and enjoy themselves in the long, winter evenings. Their joy was short-lived, however, because after a few short weeks their lamps began to sputter and go out. They were alarmed and began to investigate the reason for it. On investigating, they found that their oil in the barrels was nothing but clear water. The top part of the barrel had been coal oil alright, but it was gone; all used up. So, the bitch took over for lighting and by Spring their homes were just a mess with soot all over everything.

In early Spring, they sent their man back to MacLeod to see the man who had sold them the coal oil. The minute the settler began to

talk the man said, "Please don't go any further. I can show you what happened to both your oil and mine. Some thief played havoc with us." He took the settler out, turned over a barrel on the station platform and showed him a hole that had been bored in the bottom of the barrel and then plugged again so that an unsuspecting person would hardly notice it. The culprit had stolen half the coal oil for himself and replaced it with clear water.

One summer, Jesse L. had a contract to put up hay on the McIntyre Ranch south of Magrath. Aunt Retta and mother did the cooking. They made their own bread.

That Fall, when they had finished, they woke up one night to see a prairie fire headed for the haystacks in the valley below. Grandpa and his men and boys got a wagon. They put in some barrels of water and a plow, and took off to put out the fire and plow a fireguard around the haystacks. As they hurried on their way it began to rain, and it poured rain. The horses began to get tired so they camped down for the night. They said to themselves, all is well, we have no worries. In the night, a West wind came up. They woke up in the morning to see all their summer's work going up in smoke.

In the Winter the children would get bored. They needed something to do. One time, Aunt Retta (about 12 or 14) and Dewey and Jessie decided to go for a ride. As they rode along they passed a place where a cow had died. On the way back, they could see at a distance that there were several coyotes eating at the carcass. They decided to ride closer. There were more coyotes than they had expected, so, for fun, they tried to drive them away. The boys tied a big knot in the end of their lasso ropes and tried to hit the coyotes. Some ran, but the bigger ones would jump up on their horses. One actually tore Retta's coat. The children looked up, and here came their father galloping towards them on a horse. He counted the animals and found that there were ten in all, four of which were wolves. Those children got a Scotch blessing they never forgot.

This story is a little different one, but rather unique. The Smiths had a big cellar where they put milk in big, bluish-gray enamel shallow pans to cool so that the cream would rise. They had a lot of pans and put them on a long board shelf. These pans were then covered with another board and another row of pans were placed on it. In the morning, the milk had cooled sufficiently and Sadie would come down after breakfast and skim off all the cream and put it in a crock. There it waited to be turned into butter which they sold in Lethbridge. The milk was fed to the family first, then what was left went to pigs, young calves and chickens.

Well, these boys loved sugar and cream on a nice slice of homemade bread. This was their special treat. Once, Sarah Ellen was not

getting all of the cream from the pans, and she knew it. This concerned her for sometime. She accused the boys of eating bread with sugar and cream before they made the fires in the morning. "No," they claimed, "we haven't touched any." However, one morning she got up early to spy on the culprits. This time she would catch them red-handed. She snuck down the cellar, and to her amazement, she found a huge bull snake skimming the cream off her pans by gliding across the surface with its mouth open. That's where the cream was going. Their father made short work of that snake.

Later that summer, the girls found a rattlesnake in the field a half mile away. Jesse L. shot it and skinned it. The girls carried the skin on a stick with the head dragging on the ground up to the house and onto the porch. In the morning, Jesse L. found its mate on the porch and killed it. That snake was five feet long and as big around as a neck yoke.

On Dominion Day in Cardston, the settlers woke up at the break of dawn when the cannon went off, Boom! - Boom! - Boom! This daybreak salute was made in honor of their country's birthday. Later, the people collected at the Assembly Hall for a program. This program was opened with prayer thanking God for the great country they lived in, for the leaders of the Church, and asking for divine guidance that they would always remain loyal and true to God and their country.

The hall was decorated for the occasion with extra flags hung on the walls. There were British Union Jacks and United States stars and stripes. In one place underneath these flags were comic pictures representing both countries. There was tubby British John Bull; big hat placed squarely on his head, and a black formal suit with a Union Jack for a vest. He wore a broad satisfied grin and should "Miss Canada" appear by his side she would wear a long white dress with a Union Jack for a bodice and a simple crown worn on her head. Opposite this was tall, lean Uncle Sam with a tall, black stone pipe hat on his head. His suit was black formal coat with black or dark blue and white striped form fitting pants. On his face was a sly grin as if he were the cat that had just swallowed the canary. "Miss America" always wore a long blue and white striped dress with a drape of plain blue material that had white stars on it that came over the right shoulder and hung to a point near the hemline. Under each picture was some wise crack sayings that brought chuckles and loud laughter from the viewers. Then these folks passed on into the crowd to collect their friends to show them the pictures so they could get a good laugh too. It gave a merry mood to the celebration. These characters became a tradition in the years to come and when you attended a masquerade ball or special dances, folks took a special delight in going dressed like these characters that portrayed U.S.A. and the British in their new country.

In the early days we always enjoyed a masquerade ball and most wards had one a year. Everyone planned and talked about how they were going to come so well disguised in their character dress that even their best friends wouldn't know them. Each person wore a half mask on their faces, and each one guessed what real person was hid behind that mask. At 12 o'clock when the last waltz ended the dance each person took off their masks and revealed the real person, while others laughed and talked about how easily one can be deceived by a different dress up and a simple mask.

They all sang "The Maple Leaf Forever", Canada's National Anthem, then with equal fervor they sang "America the Beautiful." These brave pioneers loved their homeland yet were determined to be loyal to Canada. (The music and words of "The Maple Leaf Forever" are found in the appendix).

They ate dinner at 12:00 sharp and at 2:00 sharp, they collected for sports, games, and races. Everyone seemed to enjoy races the best. There were many kinds and they seemed to have them all at their celebration. There were horse races with one man's favorite saddle horse running in competition with another man's saddle horse, and groups of horses with a rider running to see who was the best.

There were the ones run by people in groups, running to see who could win. These groups were children, young men and women and older ones trying to show their speed.

The Indians were invited to come and share the sports with them. The Cardston folks were anxious to keep on friendly terms with them. It was better to have them for friends than for enemies.

Once a swift runner from Cardston challenged an Indian to a foot race. The Indian came painted and dressed fit to kill, with a feather in his head and only a britch cloth on. He didn't want the clothes he wore to be a handicap. The man supervising the race lined the runners up one at a time at the starting place and they were started off at the shot of a gun held by the supervisor. The start was a good one. Each one bounded off the line and no one had a headstart. The crowd shouted and cheered the runners as they passed by. The Indian had the lead. However, he lost his britch cloth, and he ran straight on to the Reserve and wasn't seen again. The white man ran to the finish line and was declared the winner.

The Indians were not very friendly in those days and if Sarah Ellen saw them coming and the men were away, she would hide her children in the root cellar. One day, after it had been raining for several days, Dewey and Jess saw a band of Indians camped across the river. The boys decided to go over and stand around and watch what was going on. When they got over there, they found the Indians were Crees, and they could not understand their language at all. So

they just stood and watched them.

An Indian mother had strapped her baby on a travois which was hitched to a horse. A travois consists of two poles fastened together and placed on each side of the horse. These poles were fastened by a harness over the horse's head and rested on the back of the neck. A seat was fastened to the poles behind the horse for a squaw or someone else to ride on. It was, generally, a slow ride, because the poles dragged on the ground behind, but at least you were riding. This Indian woman intended to ride on the back of the horse, but she had strapped her baby on the top of some blankets on the travois seat. Well, just about the time she was ready to mount, two dogs standing nearby started to fight. They were rolling and growling near the horse and it took off. In one quick lunge, the squaw grabbed onto the travois and away they all went over the prairie, the woman dragging behind the travois and a mob of screaming, yelling Indians running frantically after her.

Not to be left out, a young buck hopped on his horse and tore after the runaway, hell bent for election; viciously lacing his horse fore and aft with his quirt, every foot of the way. Up he flew to the side of the wild horse, grabbed the reins and stopped him. The squaw got to her feet, mounted her horse, and they both turned to jog back. All was well, except the Smith boys nearly killed themselves laughing. As they turned around they saw a sullen-looking band of Indians staring at them, and they took off for home about as fast as the runaway.

The activity across the river, on the Reserve, really got to a high pitch when the Indians prepared for the Sun Dance, a religious ritual. They collected for days, making preparations for it. The children saw them dancing in couples around the campfire at night, chanting to the beat of a drum. This drum was a metal tub with a tanned hide stretched over the top of it. The drummer was constantly beating and beating it. It seemed that he would never stop. The chanting had a rhythm, like "Hi, Yi, Yi" with the downbeat on the drum on Hi. Over and over it went. The squaw and her partner shuffled along, around in a circle, dancing and singing the song. The dancing couples and the beating of the drum and the "Hi, Yi" noise went on all night and all day, getting faster and wilder as they added spirits or booze to their diet. Finally the Sun Dance was ended.

Some Indian Braves had feathers on their head. Other Braves wore horns, from some animal they had killed, fastened together by tanned hide. They often wore only a breach cloth on their loins, and one could see their strong bodies, well proportioned and brown. Their faces had weird patterns of various designs painted on them. Their favorite colors were bright yellow, red and blue.

Many nights these activities would concern Sarah Ellen and she

would sit and watch them all night for fear they would come across the river to her place.

One Dominion Day, a big hail storm came. The St. Mary's River was so high that no one dared to cross it at the ford. Grandfather was taking his own family plus some visitors to stay at the Marsdens in Cardston. In order for them to come on to the opposite side of the river at a place where they could get up the bank at the regular crossing, Gramp went one mile up the river with his load of visitors. He then tied the wagon box to the running gear and plunged into the river. The horses started to swim and the wagon floated like a boatload of people. They came out of the river at the crossing and off they went to the celebration, happy as larks. The celebration was partly indoors and partly under a bowery of leafy branches.

Another interesting story is about a trip Grandpa took to Spokane to sell cattle. This was later, after he had been in Canada for sometime. He drove the herd of cattle to Great Falls, put them on a box car, and he rode in the passenger section of the train. He sat down in the same seat with an old man. This old man was miserable and crabby. He didn't want to talk or have anyone talk to him. Jesse Smith stood that as long as he could then said, "Look here, what's your trouble. I've spent all this time trying to get to know you, to be civil and visit like a normal person. What's eating at you?"

Well, he soon found out that the old man had a bad tooth, and it was killing him with pain.

"Look here, why didn't you say so", said Jesse. "I have forceps in my pocket. Come into the toilet with me, and I will pull the tooth so fast it will make your head swim."

The job was done, and there was no more toothache. Jesse and the old boy became very friendly. As they parted company in Spokane, the old boy said, "I do not have the cash, on me, to pay you for pulling my tooth, but I do have something else I will give you. It is the map of an old mine in Nevada. Take it and keep it. One day it will be a money-maker."

Jessie kept this map for years and years. When he died, he left the map to Alice Burlingame Belnap, his daughter. One day, she heard a knock at her door. A man stood there. "You are Alice Smith Burlingame?" (this was years and years later).

"Yes," she said.

"Well, you have now a bit of money coming." She couldn't believe her ears. But she got some money.

Contracting was in the blood of Jesse L., and he was always taking jobs. Once when he was doing contracting work at Gleichen to build a railroad, he met a man who lived on the Little Bow River. This man had a racing cart. Jesse L. was a man for a bargain. Trading was one of his first loves. He had his eyes peeled for a bargain no matter where he was. That racing cart, well, he couldn't get it off of his mind. So, he bargained with the man for it. When he got home he put Jess (12 years old) and Dewey (8 years old) in a two-horse rig, with no top on it and told them to go and get the race cart. Sadie made them a lunch and he handed them a map he had drawn out. Then he pointed North and said, "Now Get." There were no fences anywhere. It rained on them all the way to their destination. The horses could hardly pull the rig, they were constantly digging mud and grass from the wheels. There they were with no protection from the elements. When they arrived at the man's ranch, he let them sleep in his barn, in their wet clothes and without any supper.

The next day they took the cart and headed for Lethbridge. When they got there, they went to Hill's Store. James Hill put them in a hotel, bought their meals for them and fixed them up to take off for home. It was one week before they arrived back at the ranch. All during this time my grandmother worried, cried and prayed. She despaired of ever seeing those boys again. As she looked out the window and saw them coming, she fainted dead away. She did not walk for a whole week.

Train travel in these days was a treat because a coach car had red plush seats that were very comfortable. A traveller could fix a seat into quite a comfortable place to sleep. Elmer Low from Kimball, had a girl in Spokane, whom he was very much in love with. He went with some friends who were going to the Crowsnest Pass to see a boxing match. At Summit Pass, he left them and boarded the train for Spokane. However, before he got on he bought a flask of whiskey. He needed to break down his resistance because he intended to ask the girl to marry him when he got to Spokane. He hoped he would be able to sleep a bit. He took a drink and then put the flask back in his back pocket. The cork wasn't in quite tight, and the whiskey leaked on his pants. He had bought a beautiful light grey suit to wear. When he got off the train in Spokane, a guy stopped him and said, "Hey bud, have you got some trouble there with your rear?" Elmer rushed inside a place and looked in a mirror to find his beautiful new suit was a disaster. The whole seat had taken the color of the red plush. I do not know the particulars of the affair, but he did marry the girl, so his resistance had been sufficiently taken care of.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY."
MISHIE MAY BEST

Mishie May was a Cardston girl whose parents came from Utah with

the early settlers. She worked in Heber Allen's Store and was a dear friend of the Jesse L. Smith girls, Retta, Minnie and Ida. She later worked in the W. H. Steed and Co. Store for many years and then opened her own dry goods business which she operated for many years.

Mr. Best came to Cardston in the early 1900's, found work there and other interests, and so he stayed. He was not L.D.S. but he fell very much in love with Mishie. She continually dodged his advances, however, because of their religious differences. However, Mr. Best was determined to pursue her. He knew she was in love with him, and he also knew that he could not be happy without her.

One day he told her he meant business and said that they should be married today.

"Today!" she exclaimed. "Today?" she questioned with an approving twinkle in her eye. "Oh no, not today. I must go to Calgary for three or four days and when I come back I'll give you my word on it."

This conversation took place in the afternoon and he asked, "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow on the train," she said.

"O.K.", he answered as he started away, "I'll be seeing you."

The next day Mishie took off on the early morning train. She went to Lethbridge, stayed overnight and went to Calgary the following morning. When she arrived in Calgary she got off the train, took her bag and walked toward the Palliser Hotel where she intended to stay. As she approached the hotel, she saw a grey horse tied to the hitching post in front of it. As she turned to give it a second glance, she said to herself, "If I didn't know better, I'd think that that grey horse was Mr. Best's. It looks just like it."

And as she climbed the steps of the hotel, she looked up and there stood Mr. Best. He approached her, doffed his hat and said, "Where have I seen you before?"

They both burst out laughing and she said, "How did you get here?"

He pointed to the horse at the hitching post. "You didn't ride him clear up here from Cardston?" she said.

"Every foot of the way and I beat you here."

Well that cinched the deal and they returned to Cardston married.

I relate these instances to show what travel was like in those days. The following incident, however, shows that people did not stay home, just because they couldn't go on the train.

William Vaughn and his family came to Taylorville in 1889 from Idaho. They settled in 1891 on what is now known as the Vaughn Meadows. They had a married daughter by the name of Mrs. Brownel who later lived on the Meadow in the early days. She would take a buggy with a team on it, load her eggs, butter, chickens, and any other fresh killed meat, such as mutton and beef and off she'd go at the break of day, headed for the Crowsnest Pass, to sell her commodities to the miners. She stopped at several ranches on the way up and back. It was a distance of around 100 miles one way. It would take a week or ten days before she would return home. If she found a job up there she could do, she would take it. She often worked in a cafe for two or three weeks cooking for the miners, and then she would take off for home with enough money to buy what was needed for winter.

My mother learned at a tender age that women must be beautiful. They must not be as "brown as an Indian". All the girls wore sun bonnets to keep the sun from making them brown. At night, they washed their face and arms with buttermilk and oatmeal to keep their skin soft. However, children will take off their sun bonnets and leave them off. So, Sarah Ellen, had her girl's sun bonnets made out of embroidery with holes in it. She pulled their hair through two holes in the embroidery and when the girls tried to take off their bonnets, they wouldn't budge. Sadie, had to untie them. No daughter of hers was brown.

Each girl brushed her hair one hundred strokes a day to keep it shiny. Their mother was a proud woman, and if anyone knocked at the door, she hastily removed her dustcap, fluffed her hair and took off her front apron. If she didn't have suitable clothes to wear anywhere, she stayed home. She played the role of a lady. She was a grand-daughter of Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, and was trained as such. The best was none too good for her and hers.

Once, when two of her small daughters did not have Sunday coats to wear, Sadie kept them home. This caused side glances of consternation from some of the most pious church members, but not for long. One Sunday those girls came in white lambskin coats. These coats had long glossy hair that had to be combed or brushed. The only way you could clean them was with a mixture of cornmeal and flour that was put into a sack with the coats and shook until the dirt was gone, or else the mixture was rubbed onto the coats and then the coats were put out on the line to air out and flip in the wind.

As the girls grew up, grandfather saw to it that his daughters were well dressed. They were beautiful girls, and he dressed them to

play the part.

Eula Steed Quote:

"Once, when I was about 21 years old, and I was in Hill's Department Store in Lethbridge, Mr. Hill, an old man by then, said to me, 'I know who you are.'" I said, "Who am I?" "Well, you are a grand daughter of Jesse L. Smith of Magrath, you look like those people. I used to sell him material for his women's dresses, bolts of black satin for dresses and red silk to line them with. He would come in this store and get \$3,000.00 worth of clothing for his family, and other supplies on credit. He was a contractor. He would leave and say, "Mr. Hill, I will pay my bill on April 1." My clerks looked at me in dismay. On April 1 at noon, no Mr. Smith. But by 2:00, in he marched with all the money. His word was as good as his bond, my dear."

End of Quote

Sometimes, to be proud can get to a point where it is almost a sin. But, with Smiths, it was a way of life. They believed in pride of ownership. Their homes were kept clean. Every morning after breakfast, every window was thrown open, to air out the place for a half hour, before you started to clean up. In case you were cold, you could keep warm by hustling to make beds, scrub floors, sweep carpets or do dishes. At least once a week, bedding was hung on the line to be aired out. Scatter rugs were hung on the line too. A board floor porch was scrubbed with soap and water. A little lye, added to the water in a cup, was poured on the floor and then you scrubbed the floor with a brush. It took out the stains, and made the wood look whiter. If anyone complained, they were told that if a job was worth doing, it was worth doing well.

Ida hated to do dishes, so she used to watch, and just when it came time for dishes, she would disappear out to the two-holer and sit until she felt that all the dishes were done and she could return to the house. Well, nobody said anything about it, even though it had gone on for several times. However, one Saturday, when all the scrubbing and cleaning was to be done, her mother dispatched her out to the two-holer to scrub and clean the toilet. "Because," said she, "that place must be spotless since you sit there so much after mealtime." After the boys put several inches of fresh dirt or ashes from the stove down the holes to keep the stink and flies away, Ida did her job. She soon got the habit of flying into those dishes right after every meal.

Spring housecleaning found every household in an uproar. Women donned their dust caps. All rugs were torn up and put on the clothes line to be beaten by sticks and brooms to get the dust out. Dust flew in all directions. The walls were whitewashed, and the woodwork washed with lysol and water to kill the germs. Many rugs

were homemade, wall-to-wall ones. They were made on a loom from strips of cloth that had been sewn together. Long strips of cloth were rolled into big balls. These strips were multi-colored because they generally came from old clothing, with some new pieces put in. To put a rug down in the Spring, you first covered the floor with new straw or hay. Then you carried in a rug which had been rolled up. One side of it was securely fastened with carpet tacks to the baseboard of one side of the room. The rug was then stretched and all three remaining sides were fastened to the baseboard. You then considered the rug laid, and you could test it for softness.

Next, all the clean furniture and beds were put back into place. Small braided rugs were used as scatted rugs to take the brunt of the wear in doorways, etc. All the rugs were swept with corn brooms when necessary.

Washday was a long day starting at about 5:00 a.m. All the clothes were scrubbed on a scrubbing board in a metal tub that had warm water in it. When the clothes were rung dry from the tub, they were put into a copper boiler on the stove, and boiled for 15 minutes. After they were removed from the boiler, they were rinsed twice and hung on the line to dry and bleached as white as the driven snow.

At the break of day, the girls would all clean themselves up. Most of the Smith girls had naturally curly hair so they did not have problem some girls did to make their hair curly. Their mother took the damp hair and brushed it around her forefinger to form beautiful ringlets. This was generally done in the morning, and the girls sat on a chair until the ringlets dried so they would not come out. Girls with straight hair rolled their hair on brown papers or else kid curlers or rags tied tight in order to make a good tight curl. This was misery to sleep on, but since pride pinches, they complained not. Kid curlers were bought at the store. They were padded wires covered with soft kid leather. You wound your wet hair around the curlers and fastened the ends together tight, to hold the hair in place until it dried.

The following is a quote from John Layne to Eula Steed in Cardston about the Smiths when they lived there. (John Layne lived in the Third Ward with Eula Steed).

"Well, I lived close to this Jesse Smith. Jesse L. Smith had beautiful daughters, and the boys from far and near loved to collect at their house to stand around and sing songs and flirt with the girls. I spent a year sparking one of them myself. Those Smiths were something. Jesse L. believed in beautiful women, fast horses and a sharp carving knife. Jesse would always grind the knives to a thin edge for one reason or another.

And there was the fiddling. I mean playing the fiddle, dancing and singing. We all did that at his house. Jesse played for dances far and near. They had brought an organ to Canada with them, and all the girls could chord to any tune their Dad had a mind to play. He'd say, "Give me a Chord." The girl at the organ hit a chord with both hands. "No, lower", Jess bellowed. She'd play another chord with her eye fixed on her dad. "A little high, another chord." He'd lean forward with his eyes squinting and his head cocked sideways and listened. "Yes," he smiled, "yes." The music would burst out into a Schottische, Virginia Rell, Polka or a Square Dance with one of the Smith boys calling. Us boys would swing them girls high and clear off their feet no matter how loud they squealed and hollered. And round and round we'd go, faster and faster, and when the music stopped, we'd take them girls to their seats leaning on our arms all out of breath. Some of them would faint dead away. Yup. Wherever them Smiths were, a good time was being had, and us young bucks were always sticking around close so as not to miss the fun that was going on. Yup, it was the darndest shindig ya ever saw." Unquote John Layne

This little story told more about the routine in the life that was led by these early pioneer families in their new homes in the N. W. Territories of Canada. They did not neglect any of their personal appearance or give up any part of their life of the past that would make a good life for them in this country. They held steadfast to the old family traditions, customs and beliefs that they had had in Utah.

CANADIAN MEMORIES OF MY FATHER, JESSE LUCIUS SMITH

by Jesse Loren Smith

In adding my bit to the life story of my father, I will mention some of the ways his way of life has affected my life. He was born and raised when doctors were few and far between. And out of necessity he was forced to do things for himself and others that he would not otherwise have done.

For instance, besides pulling teeth for other people, he pulled his own. He set many broken limbs and was called many times to help the sick and to work with sick horses and cattle. His independent way of doing things for himself and a determination to know the cause gave me something that I cannot explain--a something that has had a far-reaching effect on my life, both physical and spiritual.

The fact that I was the oldest boy of the family, I was taken places and on jobs, and even though I was only a child (you might say) I was given responsibility over men many times my age.

I would like to relate an outstanding experience I had with my Father:

When the people of Cardston, Canada decided to build the first telephone line from Lethbridge to Cardston, the people were to furnish the poles, a given number to the head of each family. The summer that I was ten years old, Father and I left Cardston to go back in the mountains to get telephone poles. Father was driving four horses, and I was driving two. We were late starting and missed the group that we were to go with. We were to get our loads, then drive back down the mountain to a cabin on the creek. We finished loading and just about dark we started down off the mountain. Just about seventy-five yards down, a tree had fallen across the road. They had cut it in two but left one end so that it was in the track of the road.

I was driving a balky mare and she wouldn't start. Father drove down a little way and stopped and came back to help me get started. When the mare would go she would run and buck or she wouldn't go at all. I ran them down pretty near to his wagon and got them stopped again. Then father got on his load and started down and I was trying to get them started again. Finally the mare started running and bucking down the hill. Father was sitting cross ways on his load and looking back at me. He let his team go and started them up on little trot to keep them out of my way and the front wheel of his wagon hit the log across the road and threw him up in the air and he landed sitting down on the top of the front wheel and the front wheel threw him up a second time and then onto the ground. When he went up the first time he called "whoa" and by the time the hind wheel hit the log the team stopped. It threw him off on the ground on his head and shoulders, kinked his neck down until his chin was resting on his breast bone.

My team had gone down astride the back end of his load until the back end of the poles hit the front end of my load and stopped me. There my team was on each side of his load with his logs hitting the front of my wagon.

Well, the dogs started to howl and I couldn't see father as it was just getting dark. I jumped down and found him on the ground just flopping around and kicking like a dying calf, (is about the best way of describing it); and I couldn't get a word out of him. He couldn't raise his head up. In fact, he couldn't say anything as he seemed to be unconscious.

Finally, he came to enough to ask for a drink of water. We didn't have any water with us and I remembered a little creek about a half mile down the mountain, so I grabbed a bucket and ran down after the water. I ran the entire distance down there and back.

When I got back he had settled down enough that he was lying still but he couldn't get up on his feet. He said if I would give him a drink of water maybe he would feel better. I gave him a drink,

then after a few minutes he said, "Well, we will have to stay here tonight, as I can't get up. You will have to get the bed out and roll it down here so I can get on to it." I couldn't lift the bed, I had to tumble it around, it was rolled up in a roll and tied. I just had to tumble it around to where I could get it down to him. I got it around beside him and rolled it out and got the covers turned back off the bed. I couldn't even take off his coat. Father was a large man. At this time I would judge he would weight about 210 pounds. By struggling I got his shoes off and with my help he rolled over onto the bed and I covered him up.

Then I hobbled the horses out and the next morning I went down to get them. They weren't far from camp. We always hobbled them out so they wouldn't go too far away. I took the hobbles off some of them and got on one and started to drive them thinking I could catch them when I got to the wagon. Instead of that they took off for home, and went down the mountain. Well, I couldn't head them off. I'd head one and another would pass me and then I'd head it and another would get past. They keep going like that until they got down below the cabin.

Father had a cousin in the group that was camped in the cabin, so I went in there to see if they could help me catch the horses. Scott Henmen, who was father's cousin, wasn't very well pleased about it because father had sent me after the horses alone but he and another fellow took after them. While he was gone I told the others what had happened to father. When Scott got back with the horses and found out what had happend he took the bossy and we went up and hooked up the teams, got father and drove back to the cabin.

We were still thirty-five miles from Cardston and each man had his own team to bring down so father had to drive his outfit home. He had to sit sideways on the load, as his chin was clear down on his chest bone and the only way he could see the road was to look out the corner of his eye. He had to drive those four horses and handle the brake, which is very difficult to do normally. He drove all the way to Cardston in this painful and awkward position and delivered the poles, and of course the power line was built. I was very proud to think I was able to help haul poles down at this young age.

I don't recall father ever having medical aid or check ups as doctors were very few. Father never completely recovered from this neck injury. It was always difficult to turn his head. Years later I remember him going to a chiropractor in Salt Lake City and when he adjusted his neck it was so painful he said he would never go back.

Written and recorded January 31, 1957
Jesse Loren Smith, born 29, May 1883

The stories I now record here were told to me by the daughter of Jesse L. Smith (Alice Smith, age 91) of Boise, Idaho in July, 1982. Her first husband was Evert Burlingame, who worked at Kendicott Copper and was an executive in the smelters in the mines in Utah. She spent 14 years in Santiago, Chile, where, with the help of Latin American maids, she entertained business people from all over the world who were doing business with the Kendicott Copper. She later was a Stake missionary for the Boise Stake for many years. She also worked with realtors and insurance offices in the same city.

The second time, she married H. Belnap and lived with him until he died. This is her story:

I went to Canada with my parents in 1892 when I was one-year old and I will not tell about his work on the canal. My father made shacks for us to live in when he worked on the canal in Canada. He made the walls and the roof separately and strong so they would be bolted together and put on a running gear of a wagon in order to move them wherever he had a contract to do. Then they were bolted together, set up on the site and we used them to live in and they had dirt floors. Father had residences for his family and sleeping quarters for his hired help in these buildings.

Now one time, Jen and I found a nest of garter snakes or water snakes. They were small and harmless. We caught a lot of them and put them in a sack. Then we went down to the men's sleeping quarters and dumped them right onto the floor. The men were very angry and blamed some of the other men for that dirty trick and Jen and I kept very quiet or we'd have been punished very severely.

One time, an odd-looking little man who was a drifter, came to our camp and worked for 3 or 4 days. He was very small with dark black hair and a swarthy complexion but very happy and pleasant. He seemed to come from nowhere and returned to nowhere. When he came, the men did what they often did with other folks who came to work. They got a blanket and threw him high into the air, and laughed and laughed at the sport. This time they hardly knew when to stop. Father was very angry with those men for treating this little man like this because he seemed so kind and helpful, but he had a strange air about him and he soon disappeared to nowhere just like he had come from. Father searched everywhere for him for several days and could not tell of his whereabouts. Father wondered if he wasn't one of the 3 Nephites we Mormons heard of sometimes.

My father was a natural born contractor and colonizer just like his father before him, Thomas Sasson Smith. He was a devoted Mormon pioneer and lived his religion to the letter. It was difficult in those days for contractors who were forced to take their families on their jobs with them and be in camps where there were all kinds

of men who were hired by him to do the work on the job. We girls were kept in our place with our mother in the kitchen and lived a very prim and proper protected life. My father did the dirt filling at the dam at Kimball Dam in Canada. After that was completed, the Kimballs came in and did the framework with the lumber after we had left the job. He then went on digging canals and ditches for the irrigation project in Southern Alberta as far as Lethbridge. His home was in Magrath from 1899 until we left there to go to Oregon. We lived in Canada about 20 years. End of Quote.

We lived on a ranch on the St. Mary's for several years. Let me add a little information. I couldn't find anything that tells us when Jesse L. got his St. Mary's Ranch but Art Spencer of Magrath, who was compiling C. A. Magrath's Diaries found this article and sent it to me. So now we at least knew where it was located. It seemed that even when he moved to Magrath, Cardston people came and went to his home a lot and he returned the compliment. After all, all the Mormons kept close together in those days.

From C. A. Magrath's diaries he found this item. Jesse L. Smith owned the Hawk ranch and Ferry across the St. Mary's river. This ranch was located where the Pot Hole ran into the St. Mary's river. C. A. Magrath had arranged for Jesse L. to buy an island in the river to plant a garden on. He wanted permission to use the water to irrigate with by using a mill wheel. There was a few problems about getting it but he finally did make the water wheel. It seemed that Bentley, the mayor of Lethbridge, wanted Hawk to have the island. And when Magrath went east on a visit, on arrival home he chastised Bentley for interfering with the deal. Magrath gave him some strong language in reference to the matter. C. A. Magrath told him it was no way to treat these settlers that they had brought into the country.

But as it turned out, Jesse L. got the property he wanted and built a mill wheel and irrigated the land. It cost five hundred dollars and was soon washed out by a flood. As for the ferry, it served the Cardston area people for many years. It was used because the route was the shortest distance from Cardston to Lethbridge across the Indian reserve until the Indians finally stopped them from crossing the reserve at all.

Later Jesse L. was called to colonize and help build the town of Magrath in 1899.

Alice continues her story:

While we were on the ranch we owned a cow who was my bitter enemy. Every time I appeared in the yard, she would chase me and I ran for dear life. She would chase me into the pig pen and I had no more than landed there when her head would hit that pen so hard that I

would cry for hours afterwards. We owned a large brood sow they called Hoppy. We children rode her and we became so attached to her that father didn't sell her or butcher her for years. She finally died a natural death. We also had an old saddle horse called Fly. I rode her for the first time when I was 3 or 4 years old and thereafter as long as we were there. There was one other incident that was very interesting that happened to me while I was at the ranch.

Father and mother were making a garden in the spring. It was located some distance from the house and I followed them down to it. And I went down by myself further on and played and wandered around towards the river and then back to where they were working. As I neared them, father and mother ran to the house. Mother handed father his gun and then he came out on the porch, stood up and aimed the gun beyond me and I heard shot ring out. Father ran past me and looked at a dead bobcat or cougar that he had killed. He said, "My dear, that was a very close call." This cougar had been following me as I played around on my way to join them. My father hoped he would run away, but he did not. I was at that time about 4 years old and when father saw the cat following behind me and watching me play, he knew that he better do something about that.

When he moved to Magrath, we located by the Gibbs, and I recall little tiny Grandma Gibb. She wore a heavy brown wool skirt. It was very full and one day she came knocking at our door when it was raining. She had pulled the back of the skirt over her head and at the back her red flannel petticoat showed. I had to giggle and laugh at that. On other cold days, she came to visit us in the afternoons in the same fashion. Up would go the skirt over her head to show the red petticoat at the back and all we girls would sit behind her and laugh and giggle at her.

I remember John Layne. He was a very dear friend of ours, and a honey. He brought Jen and I little red chairs when we were little, they came from Lethbridge, when he had been there to shop. And we called them the singing chairs because every time he came to visit us, he had us sit in the chairs and sing all the songs he liked to hear.

I love Magrath and I have some very dear friends there--Earl Holman, Earl Harker, George Baxter and my girl friends were Suzie Stacey and Marne Bennett. In 1910, I went and stayed one year with Rita and that was the time we kids went over to Lethbridge and had a little celebration on Sunday that my father heard about.

My father took a contract for the Railroad at Gletian. That was the CPR railroad that went on into the pass. And he took his family with him. We children went to school at Gletian. And this is the time we got expelled from school for the first and only time

in our lives. That was a Catholic school run by the Catholics and there were no other Protestant children there. There was a boy that sat behind Hyrum in school. He kept giving him a real hard time by pulling his hair and pinching him and doing other things when the teacher wasn't watching. And then eventually, this boy took out his pocket knife and cut slits and holes in Hyrum's shirt at the back. Well, when recess came, the kids were making fun of Hyrum because he had holes in his shirt and he took his shirt off to see what had happened. When he saw the slits in his shirt and the big pieces cut out, he was very angry and he saw red. The other children pointed out the culprit to him and there was a big fight. The two boys really went after it and Hyrum beat that kid up real good. Now, when the children were called back into the school after recess the teacher said, "Hyrum, you were fighting on the school grounds. Come to the front immediately." To go to the front of the room at that school meant you were going to get a good strapping from the teacher. So, being the eldest one, I said, "It isn't his fault. Don't you go to the front of the room until the teacher hears both sides of the story." Hyrum did what I said and the teacher let it pass. But that night at closing time, she told Hyrum that the Smith children were expelled from school and she sent a note to our father telling him his children would not be coming back to that school again. Our father was very angry with us and he went to tell the teacher so. She did not relent and so father talked to the man at the store who was the head of the school. The gentleman told father that he could force the teacher to change her decision and take the children back. "But," he said, "those are tough children at that school and your children would suffer a lot of punishments such as name callings and there would be one continual fight." So, father took us back to Magrath where we went to school that year.

When we were still at Gletian, my father hired a man from Kayesville by the name of Fred. Now Fred had a very bad habit. He had worked in the mines on his way to Canada and he had gotten in the bad habit of drinking. And so my parents felt very sorry for his boy and neighbor, doing all they could do to help him with his bad habit. He was just fine as long as he was close to my parents. But let him go away or let someone come to visit, and they could easily get him going again on that drinking.

Now father was moving the outfits to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, from Gletian and Jen and I were to drive an outfit that my mother usually drove. On it was hitched a couple of beautiful Clydesdale mares. They were my father's pride and joy because they were the biggest and best work horses that he owned. So mother warned us that we were not to drive them fast--no galloping and no trotting. "Easy does it," she said. "You will drive my outfit and I will be just in front of you driving another outfit." Now, just before she had given us these instructions, we saw mother carry something under her apron and put it in the wagon. Now we wondered what she

was carrying under her apron. We began to get very curious about it as we drove the team along the road. Well, we found it and we sampled it. We all pulled out together and mother was driving her wagon in front of us and everything was fine until we urged our team past mother's at a gallop. Our team suddenly came to a stop and our mother got into our wagon to find out what was wrong. Well, Jen and I had found the hiding place of Fred's parcel that he had given to Mother. And we had sampled it. And of course we had urged these horses into a trot and finally a gallop. We didn't get chastised for the sampling we did, but we did get chastised for driving those horses so fast. And then I heard mother say to father, "Now this ends that! I do not take care of Fred's treasures any more. He will just have to use his willpower and leave it alone after this."

My father always owned a goat on the canal outfit. This goat used to chase us children everywhere we went outdoors and my mother feared for our lives--he was so mean. She was afraid he would kill us. She had been after father to get rid of the goat, but he just couldn't hear her. One day, he was standing on the canal bank looking down at the work they had been doing. Up came the goat from behind him and he soon gave him a big bunt and he found himself down in the bottom of the canal in the mud and dirt trying to get up that slippery bank. Now, strange to say, that goat went on his way. We didn't see that goat any more after that.

Now, one thing about our family I've been grateful for was that we did not have any drinkers in our family, and no smokers, either. My father hated drinking and alcohol and he thought smoking was a filthy habit and it was repulsive to other people and we children should not tamper with either one.

This is a story of the fire at Chimney Hill. Mother and father were moving from Gletian to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan to do a construction job there of straightening rails and filling in dirt for the railroad. The job had been done before, but the man who did it did not understand sandy soil, and father did. And so he was to go down there and do this job. They stopped at Chimney Hill to put up some hay for the horses. One day they looked out on the prairie and saw a big billow of smoke coming in the distance. They also saw a man with a rig coming toward us. However, there seemed to be a long finger of fire that was in his way. Now father said, "That man will never make it." Father got the boys and the wagon and put the barrels in the wagons and filled them full of water and piled the sacks in to wet to fight the fire. And then he started to plow a fire guard around in front of the ravine where we women were with some of the rigs. A stiff wind was blowing and it was bringing the fire straight for us and the air was getting blacker and blacker with smoke. While the men were getting ready to fight this terrible fire, mother and we girls were in that coulee filled so thick with black smoke, we were huddled down on the ground with

the smoke pouring over us. We were coughing and spitting and wondering if we would perish from smoke. It hurt our eyes so bad we could hardly see each other. Mother said to me, "Now we will all kneel down together and pray for help from the Lord." Mother knelt by us and she prayed for a long time, but we were wondering if our lives would be spared. She said, "If the Lord does not spare our lives, we will surely perish by fire."

Now, when we stood up to look out, the smoke had passed over us a little bit and we could see that the wind had changed to a new direction and our prayers were answered once more. This incident upset her so bad that father took her and the children back to Magrath to stay and he went on to Maple Creek alone to the job.

Now there was one other thing. The man who had been coming through the fire landed at our camp. He was burned but his horses were not burned very bad. Mother put castor oil on his wounds to help the severe pain. This man was like other pioneers. He carried leather stockings for his horses. These leather stockings were made by the travellers so that they could put them on if the horse got a sore foot or something happened that he got lame. They would lace this leather boot affair up over the horse's foot to protect them from bad rocks on the road and other things. Well, when the man saw the fire, he got out and put leather stockings on all their feet. And then he blindfolded them and when he came near that long finger of smoldering fire it was to the smoldering stage and only burning here and there in different spots. He chose a suitable place, whipped his horses and forced them through that narrow finger and on to Jesse L. Smith's camp. He was glad to get there and we were amazed at that miracle. We were also very glad to go back to Magrath and stay with our mother and not go on to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan to do that Maple Creek job.

My father was a very fluent speaker and so we were not surprised when he was called on a mission in 1902. That year a neighbor of ours raised lots of onions. This kind man gave us 3 huge sacks of onions. Dewey looked at them in amazement and he said, "What on earth will we do with all those onions?" "Never mind," my mother said, "We will be glad for them." We ate onions all that winter, every way you could imagine--creamed, fried, used as seasoning for all kinds of meat, ate them raw on sandwiches. Any possible way there was to be eaten, you name it and we had it.

That was the year of the small pox that came to the pioneer settlements of Canada and the Smiths did not get them. My mother said, "Well, that's onions for you. They saved us from the small pox." End of Aunt Alice's story.

In 1899 the Smiths moved to Magrath, but they left one girl behind because the Allens wanted Aunt Minnie to work in their store. After she had been working for Heber Allen in his store at

Cardston, for sometime, a man called Frank Bird came there from Utah, and he was sweet on her. It wasn't long until he was anxious to go back to civilization, Salt Lake City, and he wished to claim Minnie Smith as his bride. Minnie knew the Allens and the Smiths expected a beautiful wedding, so she had Mrs. Heber Sheffield make her wedding dress.

Her wedding was, indeed, beautiful. She was a blonde girl with curly hair and a million dollar smile. It took one large bed to hold the hats of the ladies who attended her wedding. She bid her farewells to Canada and all who lived there. She and Frank Bird went to Salt Lake to go to the Temple. Her family shed buckets of tears at her parting. Years and years later she came to Cardston to visit her niece, Eula. I said, "Auntie Minnie, there has to be some of the old timers in Cardston who were your dear friends and who you would like to visit. I'll take you there today." So it was decided that we would go and visit her bosom friend, Nellie Hinman Pitcher. We arrived at her home and the two old ladies settled into a real good visit. Out of the blue, Nellie said, "Oh, Minnie, can you remember when Frank Bird wanted to marry me, and I turned him down for Walter Pitcher, so he married you?" Well, needless to say the visit was cut short. Aunt Minnie excused herself, and said, "We should be going, it's getting late. It was wonderful to see you Nellie after so long."

We'd hardly got to the door, in departing, when Aunt Minnie turned to me red-faced and said, "Don't you believe a word she says. There isn't a word of truth in what she says. I went with Frank first, she tried darn hard to get a man, and after all her struggles, got Walter Pitcher." I hurried to shut the door, and Aunt Minnie rushed on to say, "Yes, I can tell you how she did it. If Walter danced with anyone else but her, she'd pull a faint, and then everyone would rush around and get Walter for her. He would carry her in his arms out into the fresh air, or he and his friend would carry her by making a chair with their hands on which the sat, with both her arms around their necks. And when they did go in to dance again, she'd hang onto Walter's arm and sit on the bench while he fanned her with her fan. Hmm. There's no truth to that woman." We left. Isn't it cute what old women will say.

In order to get a true picture of what the Mormons found when they arrived in Canada, it is important to give you the following account.

About this time in Utah, the Mormon Church had a great influx of converts coming to Zion to live. There was not enough productive land for them nor were there any jobs. Also, there were many men already there who needed land opportunities for their own families. Apostle John Taylor, an Eastern Canadian Convert, knew of land opportunities in Western Canada and Canada was a place where British law, order and justice was had for all. The following

report comes mostly from the book "A History of the Mormon Church in Canada" published by the Lethbridge Alberta Stake.

Charles Ora Card, from Cache Valley, Utah, and his party came to scout for the land. He decided in 1886 that Southwestern Alberta was a good site for a Mormon Colony. The choice was not based on technical data, but on inspiration and on practical experience gained as farmers in Utah.

Captain John Palliser had been sent to Western Canada in 1859 by the British Government to ascertain the fertility of the soil and possibilities of its agricultural utilization. Palliser reported after extensive surveys that it would be folly for settlers to enter the prairie area with hope of raising crops. However, the Mormons needed a home, and they felt that the Lord had directed them to their Canadian site.

Soon after they arrived here, they began to irrigate the soil. Small irrigation projects proved to be successful, thus encouraging long-scale farming with irrigation.

Before the Mormons arrived in Canada, the Northwest Coal and Navigation Company of Lethbridge, under the leadership of Sir Alexander Galt, Elliott Galt and C. A. Magrath as land manager had found coal, mined it and built railroads to export it. In the process, they acquired vast acreages of land, as much as 800,000 acres, from the government as a subsidy for building the railroad. In their efforts to dispose of the land, they encouraged the government to finance an irrigation project. Such encouragement was voiced through countless editorials in the LETHBRIDGE NEWS.

The citizens were waiting for the government to do the work and take the risk. The Mormons were given much credit for drawing to the attention of the citizens the possibility of the agricultural use of their land and also the feasibility of irrigation projects. Of the Mormon contributions, C.A. Magrath, manager of the railroad and coal company said, "In my opinion, the movement of Mormons to Southern Alberta was of inestimable value in opening up that section of the West. They understood irrigation and having made Lethbridge their market town, we were continually told of the wealth that could be created by the diversion by some of our waters that were wasting down our rivers onto the land in the immediate neighborhood of our little Towns."

Now, we turn to Alberta's first large scale irrigation project.

Still planning for disposal or utilization of railroad grant lands, C. A. Magrath proposed to C. O. Card that the Church could buy 30,000 acres of land for \$1.00 per acre if they would build a canal through it. Time payments would be available if desired. Magrath said he thought the Mormons were the only people who could and

would make a success of irrigation in Southern Alberta. This plan was not accepted by the Church, because they could not assume the whole financial burden of the project. The Galts and Magrath finally arranged for British Capital to finance a canal, and later that year another proposal was made to C. O. Card who wrote:

"I had an interview with Mr. Charles A. Magrath. He laid before me an irrigation scheme to aid the settlement of this part of the Country. (It was also mentioned in another place that C. A. Magrath would pay \$5.00 a head for every immigrant that the Mormons brought in.) He desired me to aid the gathering of our people giving the Saints preference on the land and also labour in the construction of the proposed canal from St. Mary's northeastward along the base of the Milk River Ridge toward Lethbridge and east of it."

At the conclusion of this report, President Card wrote, "I felt that the Lord was inspiring this man."

A circular letter from the Industrial Board of the Church in Salt Lake City had recently been sent out to all Stakes and ward leaders pleading for help in solving the pressing economic situation in Utah by using the Church Office as a clearing house for employment opportunities. In keeping with this request, President Card, confidentially, and without delay submitted the irrigation plan to the First Presidency of the Church and it was an aid to the Canadian Colony as well as to the employment problem.

Under the plan proposed by Magrath, it would not be necessary for the Church members to put out money for land and canal building. Instead, they would be paid cash and land for their labours thus placing them on their own mortgage-free land with free water for irrigation.

Negotiations proceeded in Canada and Salt Lake with the final arrangements being completed on April 14, 1898.

The Church agreed to furnish all the labour by contract for the building of the ditch, the workmen to be paid half land and half cash at \$3.00 per acre. Besides building this canal, two towns were to be established along the canal and in each town there was to be at least 250 inhabitants.

Now, this is where Jesse L. Smith comes into the picture. At this time, Jesse L. Smith was released from his Kimball contract by President Card. Jesse L. was chosen along with Levi Harker and Amon Mercer to go to Magrath and set up a Town there. Jesse L. Smith and Levi Harker had a contract for 15 miles of ditch digging in the Spring Coulee - Magrath area. President Card was charged, by the First Presidency with the responsibility of seeing that the Church contract was completed.

financing for the project came from England. Jasper J. Head had been appointed to represent the British Capitalists and made recommendations to them concerning this project. After a full study, he recommended that the Mormons be given the canal contracts for four reasons:

- 1) They already have representative in the Country who know the problem;
- 2) They have had 50 years of irrigation experience;
- 3) They are organized under far-seeing leaders and will complete what they undertake to do;
- 4) The Canadian government regards them very highly.

And so the Mormons fell to. This irrigation project involved 60 - 90 miles of canal ditch and some dam work in order for the water to be running in the ditch in the outskirts of Lethbridge by September of 1900. A most remarkable feat in all of history that could hardly have been done except by this industrious Mormon colony.

Now, besides, it brought in an influx of settlers that poured into Cardston to be dispatched to various other places in Alberta. This brought population which otherwise would never have been here in such a short time.

A man from the Winnipeg Newspaper said, "I visited Cardston and found a very industrious group of 2,000 settlers, with more expected by Spring to work on the irrigation project that was already in progress."

These were some of the demands made by the colony to the people who were coming to Canada from Utah.

- 200 teams for work;
- Immediately 60 men to work in Canada.

and many, many other demands that go hand in hand with such a large-scale irrigation project. It took super organization and co-operation to keep this rolling both in Utah and in Alberta.

This irrigation project that the Mormon colony was responsible for starting, mushroomed into our huge, present-day irrigation projects, which irrigates about 314,000 acres of land in Southern Alberta. It runs from Cardston to the drought area of Medicine Hat. It has made for great expansion in settler growth and given all the people here a security that is seldom seen in all of the rest of Canada. And it was all started by God-fearing men of great faith, vision, and perseverance.

If it had not been for these great men, such as Jesse L. Smith, who

were undaunted by the adversities of raw, new land; bitter, cold winters; persistent wind; hot, dry summers and heaven knows what else, we would not be enjoying our present way of life and living. To us they leave a great heritage to appreciate.

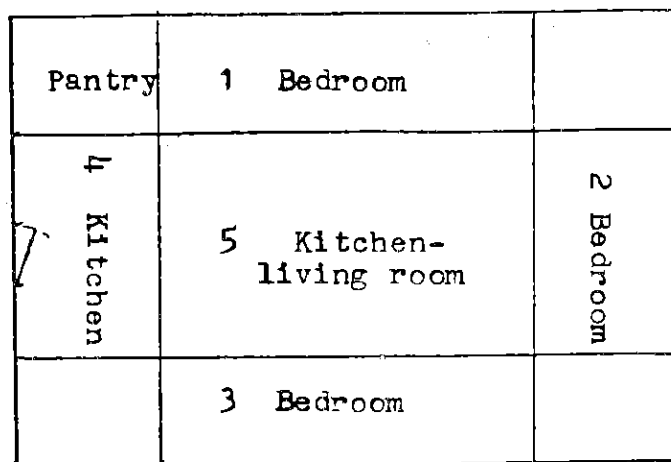
Jesse L. Smith did several contract jobs in Canada. The Headgates at Kimball, railroad building in the Crowsnest Pass, Gleichen, Bassano, Gull Lake and Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, and 15 miles of canal and ditch work in the Magrath, Spring Coulee and Welling district. The Church had already called Jesse L. to move to Magrath to live and help those settlers get established in that settlement. There would be an influx of settlers coming in from Utah. Some of these settlers were John I. Chipman and Delia Green Chipman and their families, and Jay Green. They came from American Fork.

Jessie L. built a nice, big roomy home for his family in Magrath. He bought four box cars from the C. P. Railroad, and he put them together like this diagram.

MAGRATH HOME OF JESSE L. SMITH

In 1985 I happened to call Jim Blumell to see if he had a picture of the house that Jesse L. built when he first moved to Magrath. He said he had lived in the home and added some improvements to it. When he tried to put an electric light switch on an outside wall, he discovered that the wall was full of blocks of prairie sod. It had been put there by Jesse L. for insulation. Jim was amazed at how warm that little doll house was. He thought it was like a small doll house, but Sara Eileen thought it was one of the larger homes in Magrath when she lived in it in the early 1900's. The

following is a diagram of Jesse L.'s first home.



One, two, three and four were boxcars, which were bedrooms, pantry, etc. Number five, the area in the center, he made into a big living room and dining area. He put a flat roof over the top of it which made the inside comfortable. A board floor was laid in the living room area and covered with homemade woven rugs.

However, he did not have a two-holer. He had left one behind at Cardston. So, one day he put Dewey on a stone boat, made as a sleigh, and sent him to Cardston to get the toilet. Dewey went up there with a team hitched onto the improvised sleigh. He stayed a day or two with his friends, then they helped him load the toilet on the stone boat, and in the wee hours of the morning, on a beautiful sunny day, he headed for Magrath. Soon there were several travellers passing him on the road. They would go by laughing at the boy who was sitting on the peak of the roof of the toilet, with the two holes facing the oncoming travellers. He soon became so humiliated that he pulled his coat collar way up on his head and hid his face as best he could, so that people wouldn't know him.

Jesse L. built the house on Pot Hole Creek close to a water supply so there would be lots of water for them, as well as for the stock

that would be kept there. It was the chore of the men to haul water up to the house, and that was quite a job. They built a stone boat and hooked a team onto it. On the stone boat were two heavy wooden barrels securely wedged between braces. They were fashioned so that the barrels wouldn't fall off or tip over and spill the water. These barrels were covered either with metal tubs, or large, square canvas cloths held in place with round metal hoops. These barrels had to be kept clean inside. It was the boy's job to haul the water from the Creek. They got it upstream from any other object, so that it was clear, sparkling water in the barrels. Many times the horses would quickly lunge ahead, to make the hill, and over a barrel would go. Then they were back again to the creek to reload. A barrel was kept in the kitchen to hold the water. The boys had to fill it from the barrels outside the door so that the cook always had plenty for her needs. The barrels of water, inside and outside, would freeze during the cold winter months. The boys would have to break the ice so the water could be used. Inside, the ice, of course, would not be as thick as outside. In order to save work, everyone must use the water supply sparingly.

Economy was a byword as well as a necessity. Spare food from the table was scraped into the dishwasher after the dishes were cleaned. This water was carried out to pour in the pig's trough.

It wasn't long before the family had their Magrath home ready for use. Rugs were down, organ in its corner, table, chairs and wash stand too. On washday, during the winters, Gramma Smith hung clotheslines in the kitchen part of her home. The clothes were hung there until they dried. The stove fire was banked with a lump of coal, that smoldered slowly all night. Come morning, all the clothes were dry.

John Layne quote:

"I visited the Smiths in Magrath. I loved to go see all the young folk down there. I slept at their home. If we wanted to dance, we picked up the scatter rugs, piled them up, and the music let go, and we were off. Jesse L. Smith owned the first organ and piano in Magrath. Their home was a nice home. Jesse was a contractor, and he had things none of us ranchers could buy."

The Smith home remained there in use for a long time. (Jim Blumell, a Magrath school teacher, tore it down to build the present beautiful home you see now on that property). I remember the old home well. The toilet was still there after I was married, and I often wished I had it at Taylorville.

It was the custom for the young boys to take their girl friends for a buggy ride on beautiful sunny days. So, Aunt Alice and her boy friend, Earl Harker, and several others took a ride after Sunday

HISTORY OF THOMAS SASSON SMITH

PIONEER OF THE YEAR 1848

COMPANY ARRIVED WITH _____ date 1848

BORN 3 Apr. 1818 Junius, Seneca _____ New York state
date city county

DIED 1 July 1890 Wilford, Bingham (now Fremont) Idaho state
date city county

MARRIED (1) POLLY CLARK 13 Feb. 1837
name of person date

(2) AMANDA ELLEN HOLLINGSHEAD 16 July 1857

(3) EVALINA MARIA HINMAN POTTER 18 Sept. 1872

HISTORY WRITTEN BY Loretta Rice Child Rice 1966
date

SUBMITTED BY Loretta Rice Child Rice Apr. 21, 1970

CAMP HISTORIAN LORETTA RICE

COUNTY HISTORIAN GENEVIE YAUNT

NAME OF CAMP SEGO LILY

NAME OF COUNTY NORTH DAVIS

SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS SASSON SMITH

- 1818 3 April Born, Junius, Seneca, New York
- 1837 13 February Married Polly Clark at Conneaut, Ashtabula, Ohio
- 1838 16 June Born William Fowler
- 1840 15 May Born Jeremiah
- 1843 7 September Born Alma Janette at Bertrand, Berrien, Michigan
- 1844 15 June Thomas S. Baptised L.D.S. Church
- 1845 Moved to Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois
- 1846 28 January Thomas S. received Endowments in Nauvoo Temple
- 1846 16 December Born Alvira Evelette, Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs), Pittwtt, Iowa
- 1848 Came to Utah *with Hester C Kimball group*
- 1849 Settled in Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1850 He was sent to Iron County Utah to help to colonize
- 1850 26 June Born Thomas Edwin at Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1853 24 April Born Polly Estella at Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1855 7 April Called to head a Mission of "Saints" to Salmon River Country, Idaho
- 1855 8 June Thomas S. Smith and party settled on Salmon River
- 1855 5 October Florence Adelia born at Farmington, Davis, Utah, last child of Polly and Thomas
- 1856 March Ordained a High Priest by John W. Hess
- 1857 Brigham Young visited the Salmon River Mission
- 1857 16 July Married Amanda Ellen Hollingshead, in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City
- 1858 25 February Indian uprising - Settlement disbanded - Thomas Sasson Smith was wounded and returned to Utah
- 1859 3 January Jesse Lucius born at Farmington, first child of T.S. Smith and Amanda Ellen Hollingshead
- 1860 8 October Richard Demont born at Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1863 10 May Synthia Ellen born at Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1865 8 January Thomas Sasson Smith and party settled on the Muddy River in Nevada
- 1865 28 December Fredrick Thomas born at St. Thomas, Lincoln (now Clark,) Nevada
- 1866 6 May Thomas Sasson Smith sustained as Bishop of the settlement on the Muddy
- 1868 Thomas Sasson Smith returned to Utah because of ill health.
- 1871 Filled a mission to Southwestern States
- 1872 24 March Polly Smith died
- 1872 18 September Married Evalina Maria Hinman Potter
- 1873 21 February Jacob Henry born at Farmington, Davis, Utah
- 1874 16 December George S. born Farmington, Davis, Utah

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Some Important Events in the Life of Thomas Sasson Smith -- continued

1876	14 May	Jonathan born Farmington, Davis, Utah
1880	30 November	Albert born Farmington, Davis, Utah
1883		Moved to Wilford, Fremont, Idaho (Bingham)
1884	6 September	Sustained as Bishop of Wilford, Idaho Ward
1888		Patriarch of Bonnock Stake
1890	1 July	Died at Wilford, Fremont, Idaho
1890	5 July	Buried at Farmington, Davis, Utah

Farmington, November 24, 1864

An article of agreement between Thomas S. Smith of the first part and William George of the second part the said Thos. S. Smith rents his farm to the said William George for one year for the consideration that he, Thos. S. Smith is to find team and seed and ware and tare and the said William George does all the labour and delivers half of the produce of the farm except the hay in the ben and two thirds of the hay in the stack.

Witness: Johnathan Smith

Thomas S. Smith

William George

Farmington, January 28, 1866

An article of agreement between Thomas S. Smith of the first part and Alley Rose and Thomas Abbott of the second part, the said Thomas Smith rents his farm to the said Rose and Abbott for one year for the consideration that he T. Smith is to find feed and seed and plow and all the ware and tare, and the said Rose and Abbott find team and does all the labour and delivers one half of the produce in the been.

T. S. Smith

Alley S. Rose

Thomas M. Abbott



Richard Demont and Evaline Maria Mousseau Smith's Grandchildren
With Their Addresses

		Passed on
Monty and Alice	10	
Eva and Dan	6	2
Edna and Parley	8	4
Orvil and Clara	4	
Henry and Rhoda	3	1
Henry and Laura	7	2
Jeannette and Ralph	6	1
Vera and Harry	3	1
Fred and Zina	5	
Morgan and Elva	<u>7</u>	
Total	<u>59</u>	<u>11</u>

Fay D. Smith
 Carmangay, Alberta, Canada

Iris Smith Jensen
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada

Orvil H. Smith
 Box 95
 Yakk, B.C., Canada
 Norda
~~Norda~~ Smith Anderson
 Box 481
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

~~Deloise~~ Smith Kearl
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

~~Delaine~~ Smith Lowry
 Box 766
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

Thora Smith Workman
 Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Phyllis Smith Johnston

Ronald W. Smith
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada

Colleen Smith Osborne
 3539 - 35th Ave. S.W.
 Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Dan S. Pierson

Vernessa Pierson Holcombe
 Wendel, California

Hazel Pierson Jensen
 Route 1 Box 1870
 Lead River, Canada. 07021

Darwin S. Pierson
 1710 Avocet
 Idaho Falls, Idaho. 83401

Lora Petersen Bohne
 11931 Davenport Road
 Los Alamitos, California.. 90720

Melba Petersen Vance
 3953 Kenwood Drive
 Spring Valley, California. 92077

Da Dell Petersen
 2151 North Oakcrest Ln.
 Provo, Utah. 84

Marley D. Petersen
 3135 Canyon Road
 Provo, Utah.

Arvilla Smith Pitcher
 Box 306
 Champion, Alberta, Canada.

Earl A. Smith
 Box 193
 Champion, Alberta, Canada.

Lorne O. Smith
 Box 345
 Champion, Alberta, Canada

Sharon Smith Howell
 Champion, Alberta, Canada.

Chase H. Smith
 Box 6, Site 1
 Cardston, Alberta, Canada. TOK OKO

Marvin W. Smith
 Glenwood, Alberta, Canada.

Virginia Smith Johnson
 Box 189
 Barnwell, Alberta, Canada.

Wayne L. Smith
2320 - 20th St.S
Lethbridge Alberta
Canada

Gary Smith
3483 Arcata Road
Salt Lake City
Utah 84117

Nonavee Smith Ibbetson
1635 Willow Crescent
Kelowna, B.C. Canada

Leonard Kay Smith
St. Paul
Alberta Canda

Zola Hardisty Taylor
34 Eastview Drive
Hollister California
95023

Lawrence Ralph Hardisty
General Delivery
Black Springs Nevada

Quevene Hardisty Vaughn
1319 E. Escalon Ave.
Fresno California
93710

Vernon R. Hardisty
213 S. Canyon Dr.
Las Vegas Nevada
89107

Joan Hardisty Davidson
248 North Hobson
Mesa Arizona
85203

Jay M. Orcutt
26872 La Sierra
Mission Viejo
California
92675

Dorothy J. Orcutt
569 Wilson Apt #4
Midvale Utah
84047

Charles Kumen Smith
1823 McPherson
Richland Washington
99352

Betty Smith Amsden
1364 28th St.
Ogden Utah
84403

Edna Smith West
527 - 2nd St.
Ogden Utah
84404

Mirra Smith Crapse
322 Almond Court
San Ramon, California
94583

Errol J. Smith
175 East 700 North
Spanish Fork Utah
84660

Arlen Smith
Box 51
Champion Alberta
Canada

Eldon Smith
Carmangay Alberta
Canada

Carol Smith Bullock
(moved to new house)
Lethbridge Alberta
Canada

Richard Smith
Box 115
Champion Alberta
Canada

Linda Smith Slater

Lorraine Smith Balderson
Box 249
Magrath Alberta
Canada

Lorna Smith Kyle
11802-73 Ave.
Edmonton Alberta
Canada

Clara Anderson Smith
822-12thSt. South
Lethbridge Alberta
Canada

Laura Tolley Smith
Route 1
Cardston Alberta
Canada

Elva Nielson Smith
Box 115
Champion Alberta
Canada

Fred M. Smith
511 - 2nd st.
Ogden Utah
84403

A very fun and successful Richard DeMont Smith family reunion was held July 19 and 20 in the Provo canyon at LaDell and Mary Petersen's cabin. There were 93 people in attendance. Uncle Fred, patriarch of the family, conducted the business meeting. Each family head there introduced their family members.

Uncle Fred then explained the pictures on the packet. He told how Grandpa Smith hauled the lumber from west of Stavely to build the homestead. The lumber was green so Grandpa had to pile and dry the lumber so it would be straight. He had no place to keep the oats they harvested that fall so the back bedroom was used as a granary. Uncle Monty and Orvil and Henry had to sleep in the sheep wagon. It was the wagon the family had come to Canada in. Uncle Fred hauled the sand and gravel to build the new home in 1917. Jeanette and Edna worked on the cook car. They followed the threshing crew around and cooked for 18 to 26 men. There was a time when Grandma Smith had 9 children living within a radius of 10 miles. Uncle Fred remembers many times when the family used to gather and enjoy ice cream and cake.

A history was written concerning Grandma Smith. The following are the corrections. Uncle Fred relates how when he went (only once) with Uncle Monty to haul straw for feed. It was 18 miles over and 18 miles back across the snow. The snow was blowing and Monty couldn't see much. The wagon was loaded too heavy so Uncle Monty borrowed a bob sled. They tipped over 6 times and had to reload the straw.

Grandma return to the church

GreatGrandma Mooso left Arkansas with three children. One day when Great Grandma Mooso went to the store she was questioned as to her problems. She told the store manager how she wanted to go to Utah to be with her brothers Morgan and Henry Hinman. The store manager told great grandma he would give the money and take it out of the cotton crop later. With this money grandma Mooso bought tickets to Kansas City. When they went to buy the tickets on to Utah they didn't have enough money. The boys were wandering up and down the platform when a man called down to them from the second story and asked the problem. He came down and gave them the money needed to go to Utah.

Some interesting facts about Grandpa Mousseau. He was a scout along the Yellowstone River in 1835. He was captured by the Indians once. Another time he was held in a tree for 2 days to escape the Indians. Grandfather Mousseau was hired by the party of saints who were lost and he was to bring them to Winter Quarters at Council Bluffs.

It was suggested that the history be sold for a dollar and the money over expenses be put in a research fund. Uncle Fred reminded us that it was our responsibility to search out own ancestors. It was proposed that each family take one name and work on that line.

DeMont Fred, Vera (families)
Smith Orvil, Monty, Morgan
Hollingshead Edna and Henry
Mousseau Jeanette and Eva

Uncle Fred was chosen as the family coordinator. Arvilla is the family genealogist and requested that every family get their family groups into her. She needs up to date records for everyone. All information we find should be sent to Uncle Fred every 6 months. Dorothy was appointed secretary treasurer. A proposed donation was decided upon. The amount was set at five dollars per family for grandchildren and a dollar for great grandchildren (per family). All bills for research are to be sent to Dorothy. The next reunion will be in Canada under the direction of Lorne Smith

