

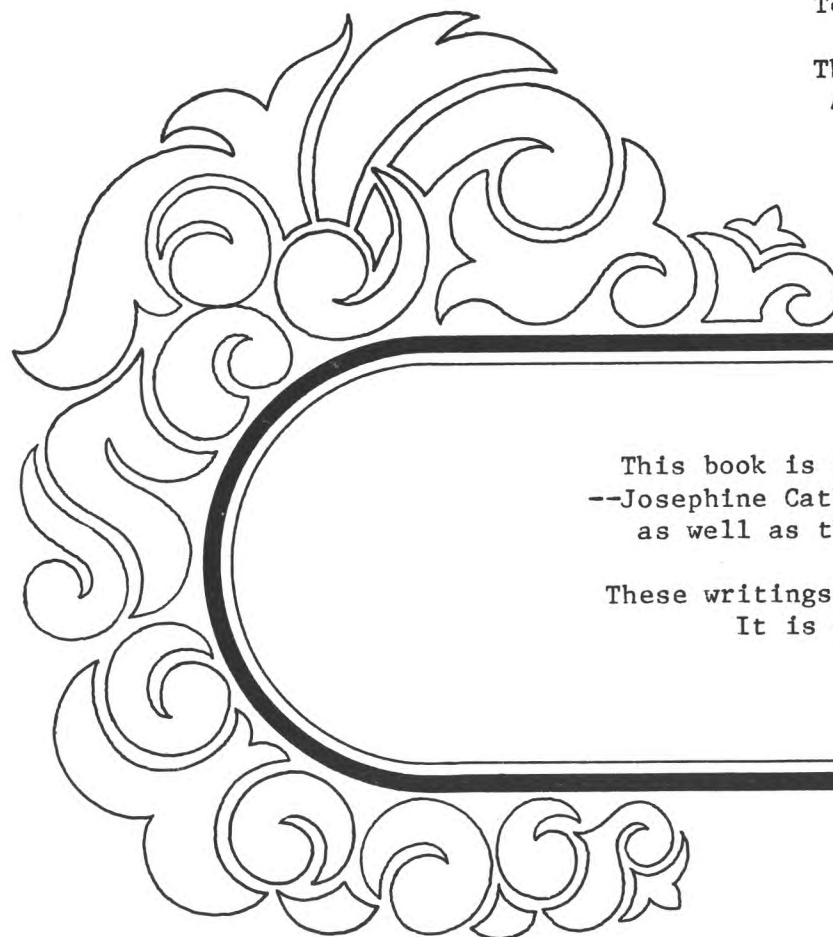


Samuel Wood Family

O U R F O R E B E A R S

To all of you, our forebears, Here we give thanks
While there yet remains the time for giving
Thanks for the fact that through you we now live
And know the boundless joy there is in living.

Anon



This book is published in memory of Samuel Wood and his two wives
--Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood and Emma Louise Elliker Wood--
as well as their immigrant parents, and all their descendants.

These writings honor the lives of all those contained in this book.
It is dedicated to the descendants of Samuel Wood.
May they honor their great heritage.

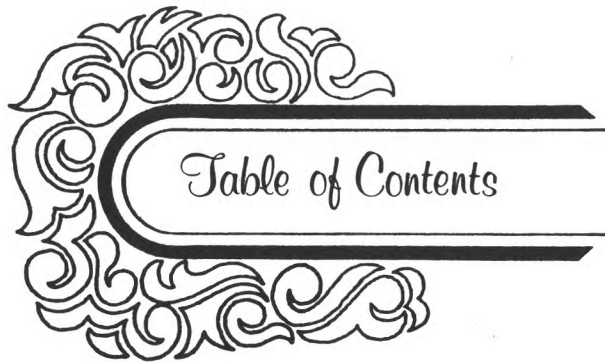


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Leroy Wood

Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls

Descendants of Samuel Wood

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Published One Hundred Years after the first trip to Bluff
by the Samuel Wood family, 1882--1982

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Preface

Behold the Work of the Old...
Let your Heritage not be lost,
But bequeath it as a Memory,
Treasure and Blessing...
Gather the lost and the hidden
And preserve it for thy Children.

Christian Metz 1846

*"A family organization can unite living individuals
in purpose and ideal.
It can foster mutual love and understanding that comes from
working together towards a common goal
and can thus prepare them while yet in mortality
for eventual eternal unity."*

LDS Genealogical Society

§ § § § §

*"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children,
and the heart of the children to their fathers "*

Malachi 4:6

§ § § § §

*"And it came to pass that Jesus commanded
that it should be written;
Therefore it was written according as He commanded."*

3 Nephi 23:13

§ § § § §

"Behold there shall be a record among you "

D&C 21:1

§ § § § §

Alma speaking to his son, Helaman:

*"And I command you that ye keep a record of this people,
according as I have done "*

Alma 37:2

§ § § § §

*"And again, let the records be kept in order,
that they may be put in the archives of my Holy Temple,
to be held in remembrance from generation to generation,
saith the Lord of Hosts."*

D&C 127:9

§ § § § §

*"Is it really asking too much to expect you to leave some
accounting of your life,
some record of your role in your family, towns, and society?
That you give a little credit to those who helped shape you?
That you pass along insights and lessons
you have learned to the next generation?"*

Preparing a Personal History
by William G. Hartley

§ § § § §

On the "Portal Statues" at the National Archives Building,
Washington D.C. are engraved these short messages:

"WHAT IS PAST IS PROLOGUE" and "STUDY THE PAST"

§ § § § §

April 29, 1900--Sunday Services 2:00 p.m. Bluff, Utah Ward.
Taken from the Ward Minutes:

*"Bishop Jens Nielson spoke of the importance of keeping records.
Every family should keep a record of all that
transpires in their lives."*

§ § § § §



Acknowledgments



A special expression of love and gratitude to all the first cousins--grandchildren of Samuel Wood--and to those of the next generation who have cooperated with time, money, energy, research, writing, and in countless other ways in order to make this book possible. The sharing and love, patience, and understanding are reflected in this book.

Twenty-seven first cousins joined together in 1977 to form a Samuel Wood Family Organization.

From JOSEPH HENRY WOOD:

Joseph Earl Wood*
Anna Bernice Wood Leggat
Clark Marden Wood*
Merrill James Wood*
Josephine Wood Fairbanks
Mark Decker Wood

From ARTHUR STEPHEN WOOD:

Paul Decker Wood

From SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD BROADBENT:

Clyde Wood Broadbent
Charles LeRoy Broadbent
Marden Broadbent
Jennie Broadbent Carlile
Alice Broadbent Forti
Thomas Ray Broadbent
Norma Broadbent Smith

From CATHERINE JOSEPHINE (KATE) WOOD HANSEN:

Alene Wood Hansen Jones
Frances Hansen Peterson Hoopes
Helen Hansen Barlage Clark
Kathern Hansen Marks

From LEROY WOOD:

Karl Clayton Wood
Vera Wood Hazleton
Gordon Amasa Wood
Melba Rhae Wood Holomon

From MARY ELIZABETH (LIZZIE) WOOD HALLS:

Franklin DeVere Halls
Lowell Keith Halls
Carrol Merlene Halls Garard
Samuel Frederick Halls
William Wood Halls

On behalf of all the cousins, I express our appreciation to Frances Hoopes for all the many hours and creative effort involved in the publication of this book.

Alene H. Jones, President--1982

*Deceased.

The Samuel Wood Family Organization was organized January 17, 1977 and was incorporated May 9, 1977 as follows:

Officers and Board Members 1977-1979

President.....Merrill James Wood
 Vice President.....Alene Hansen Jones
 Secretary.....Bernice Wood Leggat
 Treasurer.....Charles LeRoy Broadbent
 Genealogist.....Lowell Deane Smith
 Board Members.....Marden Broadbent
Joseph Earl Wood

In January 1979, three additional Board Members were appointed:

.....Vera Wood Hazleton
Lowell Keith Halls
Jennie Broadbent Carlile

On April 19, 1979, the organization was reorganized because President Merrill Wood and his wife, Odessa, were called to fill a full-time mission in Costa Rica.

Officers and Board Members 1979 to August 1981

President.....Charles LeRoy Broadbent
 Vice President.....Alene Hansen Jones
 Secretary.....Mary Lou Broadbent
 Treasurer.....Clyde Wood Broadbent
 Genealogist.....Lowell Deane Smith
 Historian.....Frances Hansen Hoopes
 Board Members.....Jennie Broadbent Carlile
Vera Wood Hazleton
Lowell Keith Halls
Bernice Wood Leggat
Josephine Wood Fairbanks

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 § § IN MEMORY . . . § §
 ° °
 § § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

Among the first cousins, we especially remember with deep love and appreciation: Merrill and Odessa Wood, who gave their lives serving in the mission field in Central America; Clark Marden Wood and Joseph Earl Wood, who were pillars of strength. They were all a positive, inspirational force in the Samuel Wood Family Organization.

Also, we remember with the same love and appreciation: Francis Clair Wood, Marie Wood Patterson Hansen, and Josephine Broadbent Barlow, who died before the Samuel Wood Family was officially organized, but who were always interested and supportive of all family projects.

°° § § § °°

On August 1, 1891, the Samuel Wood Family Organization was again reorganized because President Charles LeRoy Broadbent and his wife, Mary Lou, were called to fill a full-time mission in Florida.

A new dimension was added to the organization by appointing a Family Representative from each family line. These new officers would serve as a liaison between the Board and family members.

Officers and Board Members 1981 to Present

President.....Alene Hansen Jones
Vice President.....Joseph Earl Wood*
Secretary.....Bernice Wood Leggat
Treasurer.....Marden Broadbent
Genealogist.....Lowell Deane Smith
Historian/Editor.....Frances Hansen Hoopes
Board Members.....Jody Wood Tennant
(representing the younger generation)
Family Line Representatives and Board Members.....
Joseph Henry Wood line.....Josephine Wood Fairbanks
Arthur Stephen Wood line.....Josephine Wood Fairbanks
Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent line.....Lowell Deane Smith
Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen line.....Kathern Hansen Marks
Leroy Wood line.....Vera Wood Hazelton
Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls line.....Lowell Keith Halls

*Deceased (position left open).

CREDITS AND BOUQUETS

The publication of this book is the result of great interest, cooperation and effort by all cousins. Within the guidelines established by the committee regarding length of manuscript and number of photographs per history, there is considerable variation. Some histories--shorter in written word--have more photographs; other histories longer in length have fewer photographs. Whatever the variation, each history is a special gem, and reflects the character and life of a special individual.

Although one or two persons usually wrote one specific history, all members of that family participated with ideas and the collection of priceless photographs. Each history has been a special family project.

Occasionally a picture furnished by a family member seemed to fit another history a little better. Sometimes, it has been necessary to use the same photograph in more than one history, simply because additional photographs could not be found.

The historian, Frances Hoopes, expresses deepest appreciation to all!

Authors

Individual credit is given at the end of each history. Special appreciation is given to each writer for the effort, insight and creativity that is evident.

Photographs

Priceless photographs were furnished by all cousins. Although individual credit is not given on family pictures, they add life and color to the written word.

Manuscript and Document Typing

Melissa H. Peterson--whose work shows that she cared as much as the Wood cousins.

Artwork

Cover art, introductory page art, and artwork paste-up: Bud
Parkin Art Studio.

Photographic Reproduction

Technographics Printing Services.

Book Cover Imprinting and Index Tabs

Hiller Industries

History Printing

The Hobby Press--Johnnie H. Hughes, Owner.

Reproduction of Jody's Journal

Alphagraphics

Courier Service to Typist

Courtesy of family members of Melissa H. Peterson

Special Research, Copying, Proofreading, and
Collating of Histories

Members of the Samuel Wood Family Organization: First
cousins and younger generation members, and some very special
husbands.

Special Credits

Jody Wood Tennant--Reproduction of "Jody Receiving a Bless-
ing." Painting by Alvin Gittins. Painting originally owned
by Merrill and Odessa Wood.

Utah Historical Society--special photographs.

Deseret News Church Section--sketch and map.

George Davidson--National Park Ranger, Capitol Reef National
Park, Utah.

C. Gregory Crampton, Ph.D.--for clarification of 1882 route.

Bureau of Reclamation--special photographs.

Frances Hoopes--Editor/Historian.

TRIBUTE TO
FRANCES HANSEN HOOPES--December 1982

The twenty-seven cousins who joined together to form the SAMUEL WOOD FAMILY ORGANIZATION in 1977, now join with all the other relatives to honor and pay tribute to Frances Hansen Hoopes, one of the original twenty-seven. We express our love and gratitude to her for her tireless efforts in creating the Samuel Wood History Book. This book has been made possible only because of Fran's willingness to undertake and supervise this prodigious project. Her expertise, her executive ability coupled with her dedication and driving force has been demonstrated many times over in the compiling of this book. She has unselfishly given literally hundreds of hours of her time, her talents and her great organizational ability to bring to fruition a beautiful history book which includes three generations of our Wood ancestors, beginning with those who first joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Fran is a perfectionist and as such had gone to great lengths to have these histories as informative and accurate as possible.

The compiling of a history book which includes twenty-three histories of our ancestors is more complicated than one would imagine who has not had that experience. Even though the cousins were each assigned to write a history of one of the ancestors, there remains the task of gathering all the histories and the pictures that accompany each one, the filing and labeling of those hundreds of pictures so none will be lost and each can be returned to the rightful owner. Fran had the responsibility of deciding where each picture should be placed in each particular story. Then, there was the edition and the proof reading!! Each history had to be read before it was sent to the typist, and then again after it came back and before it went to the printer. This alone was a monumental task. Fran was very perceptive in selecting the artistic format for the typist to follow. There was, of course, the delivering of the histories to the typist and again to the printer after the correcting of any and all mistakes. This was done one history at a time in order to speed up the project and save time and money. There were hundreds of follow-up phone calls, errands, and decisions to be made. Fran spent many hours hunting through old records to obtain exact dates and places, seeking out maps and information from historical societies, genealogical libraries, old histories and diaries that might add to the authenticity of some particular incident. The list could

go on and on. Interestingly enough, Fran did not set aside this project when it became necessary for her to have back surgery. She continued on with the phoning, proof-reading organizing (and worrying), while convalescing at home flat on her back. During this time, as well as throughout the whole project, our President Alene Jones, assisted Fran in many ways in the furthering of this enormous undertaking. Our many thanks go to her and also to Bain, Fran's husband, for his loyal support and great patience.

Besides having the responsibility for the entire project, Fran had the tremendous assignment of writing not only Aunt Jody's history, but also the history of Bluff. She has done extensive research to make these two histories as authentic and accurate as possible and they will be without doubt one of the most complete and comprehensive of any written to date.

In her desire to have the price of the book as reasonable as possible so all who desired would be able to purchase one, Fran has cut corners, bargained, and done much of the work herself, and has literally accomplished a miracle. When it became time to assemble the book in the final stages, she arranged with members of the family to help with the collating, this saving hundreds of dollars, and as a hidden benefit, gave several of the cousins the opportunity to help in a small way to get the book on the road and to better understand the enormity of the project. And, without helping with the collating, the cousins would not have been able to slip in this small tribute to Frances (and Alene) without their knowing about it.

Fran is an artist in the true sense of the word. Because of her instinct for perfection, her ability to visualize the finished product, her great desire to have a beautiful book, she has created a most precious and memorable book of histories as valuable and priceless as any work of art. The Samuel Wood history book will be cherished not only by this generation of relatives, but all who follow us. Frances, we all join in expressing our profound gratitude and thank you for this remarkable book which will be treasured by all who read it for generations to come. This book will help us all realize what a precious heritage we have. Becoming acquainted with our ancestors will create an invisible bond of love that will carry over into the eternities . . . FAMILIES ARE FOREVER.



Stephen Wood & Mary Ann Raybould Wood

Parents of *Samuel Wood*

Stephen Wood

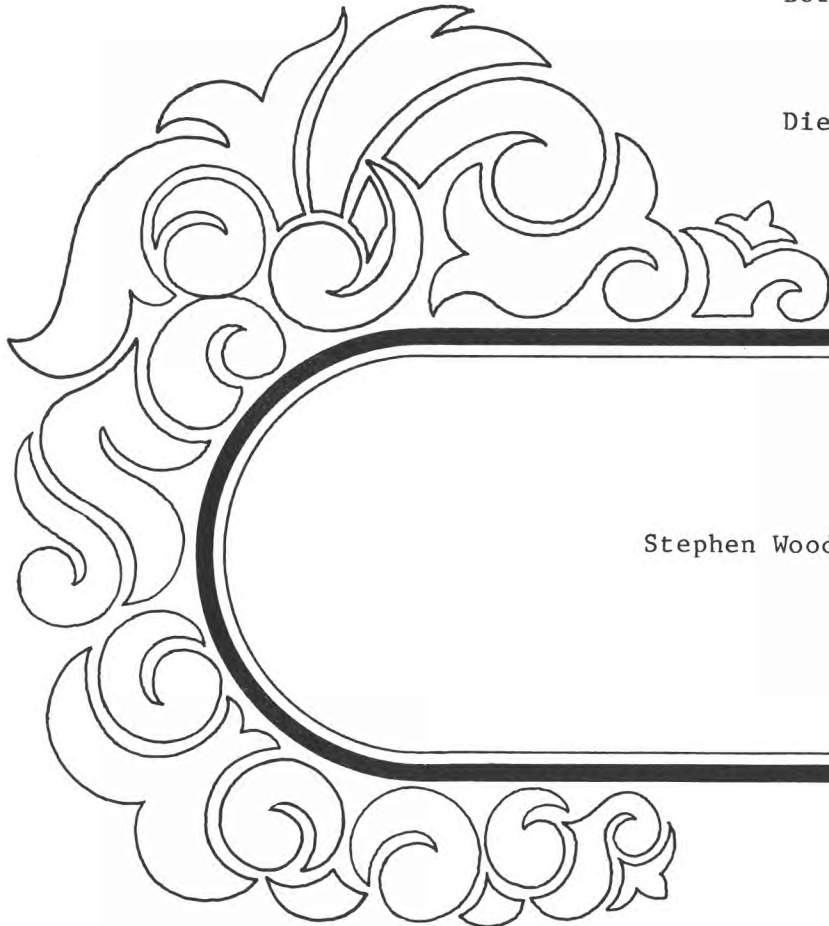
Born: February 28, 1821
Princess End,
Staffordshire, England

Died: May 9, 1849
On an immigrant boat,
Mississippi River

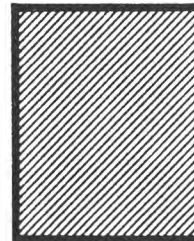
Mary Ann Raybould Wood (Davies)

Born: Exact date unknown--1819
Netherton,
Worcestershire, England

Died: December 25, 1878
San Bernardino,
San Bernardino County,
California



Stephen Wood



Mary Ann Raybould Wood (Davies)



Stephen Wood & Mary Ann Raybould Wood

Stephen Wood was born February 28, 1821 in Princess End, Staffordshire, England, and christened March 4, 1821 in Tipton, Staffordshire. He was the fifth child of the thirteen children born to his parents, John Wood and Ann Lymer Wood.

The Wood families lived in villages or towns in the counties of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, approximately 135 miles west-northwest of London. These were midland or inland counties and in the days of the 1800's, this valley was largely industrial, but also had many rich agricultural areas. In the northern area, the prosperity of the towns came from the potteries and the rich local mines of stone and coal. Stephen's grandfather was a contractor and overseer in the mines in Darlaston, so the coal mines were a good source of employment for some of his sons. Stephen's father, John Wood, would no doubt have followed that occupation had it not been for a few unfortunate incidents that occurred in connection with the mines when he was still a young boy. John had gone to the mines with his older brother, Nicholas, to feed the horses, and while the horses were being fed, John was playing around the wagon that brought the coal from the mines to the bottom of the shaft ready to be hauled up out of the mine. As the wagons were running down the incline, one of the wagons knocked him down and he fell across the rail with his right leg. The cast iron wheel passed over his leg and cut it off just below the knee. He was just nine years of age at this time, but within a period of nine months, he had recovered enough as to be able to walk with a wooden leg, and by the time he was twelve he could run as fast as any of his playmates. This, and other incidents related to the mines, convinced John's father that John should be in some other business, so he served his apprenticeship in the building business and became a builder of homes, which he rented out.

When John was twenty-one years of age, he married Ann Lymer and they made their home in Darlaston, just a few miles from Princess End. He did well and was very prosperous until the year

1834 when he lost considerable of his means. Stephen, at this time, was just thirteen years old, however, it was necessary for him and his brothers--both older and younger--to go to work to sustain their large family and pay off the debts which their father owed. George, Stephen's younger brother, tells of the tragic accident that happened to their ten-year-old brother who was killed while working in a merchant mill--rolling small-bar iron. The story is told in detail in George's history. It is a heart-rendering tale and was heartbreaking for all members of the family. The loss of his favorite son seemed too heavy for their father to bear, and just one year later, he passed away. The children all worked and not only paid off all the debts of their father, but obtained a good and respectable livelihood. Most of the children, including Stephen, had had the privilege of attending school and gaining a fairly good education.

The Woods were a religious family, some members belonging to the Methodist church. Others followed John Wesley in the Wesleyan Church. In 1841, in the West Bromwich Parish (three miles from Princess End), the membership in the Wesleyan Church numbered 6,000; their church seated 708 persons. The LDS Church, at that time, had three hundred members. When the Woods first heard of the LDS missionaries holding a meeting in their area, George was eager to prove that his religion was as good as theirs, but after hearing the missionaries tell how the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had been restored to the earth in these latter days, he decided he had no grounds to back up his religion because it was made up by men. The spirit touched the hearts of three of the brothers--Samuel, Stephen, and George. They knew this was the true church and wanted to be baptized.

George was baptized by Theodore Turley, a missionary from Nauvoo. George then baptized his brother, Samuel. There is no record of who baptized Stephen, however, there is a possibility that it could have been Heber C. Kimball or Brigham Young, as they were missionaries labouring together in that area at that time and they ordained George to the office of a Teacher and Priest following the baptism. George says of that experience, "The manifestation and powers of the spirit that I then received, I shall never forget to my latest day." This same spirit must have touched Stephen and Samuel also. What this church had to offer seemed to penetrate deep into their very souls.

Perhaps, it was through the church that Stephen met Mary Ann Raybould, for it was just five months after Stephen was baptized that the two of them were married.

Certificate of MARRIAGE - 1840
STEPHEN WOOD
and
MARY ANN RAYBOULD

TC 301418

[Printed by authority of the Registrar General.]

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF MARRIAGE Pursuant to the Marriage Act 1949



M. Cert
S.R.

Registration District WEST BROMWICH

1840 PARISH Marriage solemnized at by Banns in the
District of West Bromwich in the County of Stafford

Columns :- No.	1 When married	2 Name and surname	3 Age	4 Condition	5 Rank or profession	6 Residence at the time of marriage	7 Father's name and surname	8 Rank or profession of father
487	Nov 3rd	STEPHEN WOOD	20	Bachelor	Forgeman	W Bromwich	JOHN WOOD	Cordwainer
	1	MARY ANN RAYBOULD	21	Spinster	—	Do	JOHN RAYBOULD	Boat loader

Married in the Church of All Saints according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the by me,
Established Church JAMES SPRY

This marriage was solemnized between us, { STEPHEN WOOD } in the presence of us, { JAMES CASHMORE }
{ MARY ANN RAYBOULD } { WILL^M BARTON }

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody,

J. H. Barber

Superintendent Registrar

26th April 1978 Date

CAUTION:—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

Mary Ann Raybould was born in Netherton, Worcestershire, and christened in the Dudley Parish October 31, 1819. Her parents were John and Rosetta Rolinson. Netherton was a beautiful area of well-wooded hills dotted with red-brick homes, and was just three miles from Stephen's home. Little is known of Mary Ann's life except that her father was a coal miner and boatloader, and that she was the second of ten children--five boys and five girls.

Stephen was twenty years old, Mary Ann a year older, when they were married in West Bromwich on the 3rd day of November, 1840. This young couple made their home in Darlaston. It was here their first baby was born on August 9, 1841--a son, whom they named John. Stephen later obtained employment in Greet's Green*, where his brother, Samuel, his wife, and family were living. The brothers prospered, had means, and a good business. Mary Ann Raybould Wood and Stephen were blessed with two more sons: Samuel, born January 1, 1843, and Stephen, born April 10, 1845 (this date not verified).

The light of the Gospel and the "spirit of gathering" had touched the hearts of the three brothers--Samuel, Stephen, and George--and their families. They had a great desire to join the "Saints" in America and gather in Utah. After working and saving for several years, they literally sold all their possessions and set sail for America to be with the Saints where they could more fully share that "Pearl of Great Price."

In George's history he wrote:

It had been hard for us to say goodbye to the graves of our father, our dear little ten-year-old brother who had been killed as we worked side by side, and to our Mother, brothers, and sisters who could not understand why we should leave the good old primitive Methodist Church of our people and join with the unpopular Mormons. Nor, did we need to emigrate to a new land for lack of opportunity or means, for we had

*Editor's Note: Apparently, Greet's Green was a small hamlet in West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

means and a good business in our homeland. But, the light of the Gospel and the spirit of gathering led us onward.

On January 23, 1849, the three families, in company with many other saints from different branches, left for Liverpool. It was the ship "Ashland", with 187 souls on board that was to take them to America. This was the 38th ship carrying Mormon Saints to leave the Old World. After a delay of twelve days in Liverpool, the Ashland set sail on approximately February 5, and after the usual sea sickness, bad weather, bad food, and bad water, they docked in New Orleans, Louisiana, April 18, 1849.**

New Orleans was a very unhealthy place. The dreaded disease, Cholera, was raging and many of the Saints took sick. The river boats, on which they were transported up the Mississippi River, were germ infested. The Woods had taken passage on a Missouri River Steamer and began their journey upstream. The boat was of the usual river type, with few or no conveniences. The Captain was brutal, unaccommodating and harsh in the extreme.

With so many sick and dying with the Cholera, the Wood families did not escape. In fact, they were among the hardest hit. Stephen, just twenty-eight years of age, was one of the first to die. His older brother, Samuel age thirty, George's wife, and one or two of the children were taken soon after. Oh, what heartbreak it must have been for Mary Ann to lose her beloved husband, Stephen, just as they reached America. It was heart-breaking for each of the Wood families, and for all on board, for many others were stricken also.

The usual method of disposing of the dead was to weight the bodies and dump them overboard. George, however, wanted to bury his many loved ones as decently as possible, and finally persuaded the captain to stop the boat and let them bury, on the shores of

**Genealogical Library, Historical Department, Film Number 200161 (includes list of passengers). National Archives Microfilm Publication, Film #203 (name of ship, Ashland; William Harding, Master).

the Mississippi River, all those who had died. However, before the graves could be prepared, the captain took off and started up the river, leaving George and two others behind on the shore. One must read George's account of this sad experience to fully understand his feelings at this time.* The merciless boat captain would have left the bereaved ones behind had not a friend of the Woods demanded, at the point of a gun, that the captain turn the boat around and go back.

The mortal life of Stephen Wood ends here on the shores of the Mississippi River; however, his strong spirit of faith, his love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, his driving ambition, and his love for his fellowman, lived on in his son, Samuel (who eventually married Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley and Emma Louise Elliker).

Mary Ann, George, and Jane, each losing their mate, drew comfort from each other and bravely continued their journey. The group eventually arrived at Kaneshville (Council Bluffs), Iowa, on the banks of the Missouri River--the temporary quarters of the Saints as they made final preparations for the long trek across the plains.

Little is known of their experiences in crossing the plains, except that they were among those who were in the Orson Spencer Company, which left Kaneshville on June 6, 1849 and arrived in Salt Lake City September 22 or 23, 1849.

George Wood assumed the responsibility of taking care of both of his brothers' widows and their children. Later, he married Samuel's widow, Jane, so he would have a mother for his children and she would have a father for hers. In the same Company crossing the plains with the Wood families, was a young man by the name of William Davies. He was mindful of the heartaches and discouragements of Mary Ann Raybould Wood. It was a mammoth undertaking, being left a widow at age twenty-nine with three sons to care for, and making a living in this strange new country.

*See Samuel Wood history.

William admired her faith and courage and saw how bravely she was carrying on. He, being attracted to her, proposed marriage so he could help her bear her heavy burden. She gratefully accepted, for she knew him to be a fine man, even though he was considerably younger than she. So, early in 1851, she became the wife of William Davies. Records show that she gave birth to their son, William Albert Davies, September 27, 1851.

Mary Ann and her husband and the children were not to remain in Salt Lake where their lives would probably have been easier. About 260 miles south of Salt Lake, a small group of stalwart pioneers had been sent by President Brigham Young to establish a settlement in Little Salt Lake Valley--later to be named Parowan. This was on the southernmost outpost of the territory and in the midst of roving Indians. Their mission was to mine the rich deposits of iron and coal which were abundant in the hills to the west. To be nearer to their appointed tasks, some of the men who understood mining were instructed to make a community at Coal Creek, some twenty-five miles west of Parowan. This later became known as Cedar City. The townsite was dedicated November 9, 1851.

On March 3, 1853 in Cedar City, Mary Ann gave birth to another son whom they named Benjamin. Their next child, Naomi Abigail Davies, was born September 8, 1854, in San Bernardino, California.

According to Volume 4 of "Our Pioneer Heritage," President Brigham Young was anxious to plant Mormon colonies in all the western territory. On September 22, 1851, Apostle Amasa L. Lyman and Charles C. Rich were instrumental in the purchase of a large tract of land for the Mormon colonies in California. Those who had been called on this mission from Utah, gathered at Payson in March of 1851, and the journey began. Many families went which had not received an official call; and many others went later.

It is not known whether Mary Ann and William Davies were called to go to California, or whether it was the glowing reports of the fertile soil, with plenty of water, where everything was produced in abundance that influenced them. Then, too, gold had been discovered in California, and this may have been a factor in their decision to leave.

It was in the late summer of 1853 when the Davies' left Cedar City. Samuel Wood (Mary Ann and Stephen's son) was then a boy of ten years of age and had "adopted" his Uncle George Wood as his father. He, perhaps, had already made his home with his Uncle, or had at least spent a great deal of time there, since his Uncle George had a son (Joseph) who was the same age as Samuel and they were probably good friends. The story is that Sam hid in the corn field so his mother could not find him and make him go with them when they left for California.

Perhaps, Samuel thought he was putting one over on his mother, but she no doubt knew that he would be happier with his Uncle George. She knew also that he would be well taken care of, and that he would receive the same love and careful training that his own father would have given him had he lived. Samuel never saw his mother nor brothers, John and Stephen, again.

After settling in San Bernardino, Mary Ann had three more children. Phebe was born September 8, 1856, but died a year later. Joseph was born in 1858, but he also died young. Martha Jane arrived in August of 1864 (Mary Ann was forty-two years old at this time). As she grew older, and perhaps suffering with ill health, she thought more about her plight in the spirit world. The fact that she was sealed to neither husband concerned her greatly. It was not possible for her to make the long journey to the House of the Lord (the nearest being in St. George, Utah) to have her endowments and sealing performed. Bernice Wood Leggat, a great-granddaughter, had always heard that it was Mary Ann's wish to be sealed to her first husband, Stephen Wood. This was taken care of by family members. Mary Ann's children, by William Davies, wanted to be sealed to their mother, so consequently they were also sealed to Stephen Wood. This is the way it stands on the church records.

Mary Ann Raybould Wood Davies died on Christmas Day, December 25, 1878, in San Bernardino, California, at the age of fifty-nine. Her services were held in the Catholic Church, however, she was buried in the Mormon section of the Old Pioneer Cemetery. Very little is known of her life or activities in California. It is apparent from the obituary notice that Mary Ann was highly respected and loved by those in the community.



*Mary Ann Raybould Wood Davies
Twenty-nine years old when her first
husband, Stephen Wood, died on a river
boat on the Mississippi River.
This picture was undoubtedly taken later
while living in San Bernardino.
It was provided by her descendants.*



*Mary Ann Raybould Wood Davies
Taken after marriage to William Davies
(Exact date unknown)*

The following obituary was printed in the San Bernardino Weekly Times, Volume 4, Number 7, Page 3, December 28, 1878:

We regret that we are called upon to record the demise of the estimable wife of Mr. William Davies, who departed this life on the morning of the 25th instant after a severe illness of several months duration. Mrs. Davies was a lady respected by all who knew her as an amiable wife, loving mother, and steadfast friend, and the sorrow of her family for loss is participated in by all who were blessed with her acquaintance. The sympathies of the whole community are extended to Mr. Davies in his bereavement. The funeral took place on Thursday from the Catholic Church, of which the deceased lady was a member, and the large concourse of friends who listened to the beautiful and impressive rites of that church and the deserved eulogy paid the deceased, with moistened eyes, spoke volumes for the respect in which she was held. A very large procession followed the remains to the graveyard. We tender our sympathies to Mr. Davies and his bereaved family in this, their hour of sorrow and loss.

Mary Ann is buried in the old section, Pioneer Cemetery, lot 2, block 2, grave 5, next to her husband, William E. Davies, who died October 27, 1902. Alene Hansen Jones, a great-granddaughter, visited the grave site and obtained a picture of the beautiful inscription on Mary Ann's headstone which reads:

*Sacred to the Memory of Mary, wife of Wm. Davies.
Died Dec. 25, 1878. Farewell dear wife till we meet
again on the other side of the River. With us the Sun
has set. But we will love and remember thee through all
the coming years. Again Farewell and rest in Peace.*

Picture and Addendum follow this page:

History written by
Josephine Wood Fairbanks
A great-granddaughter--1981

ADDENDUM

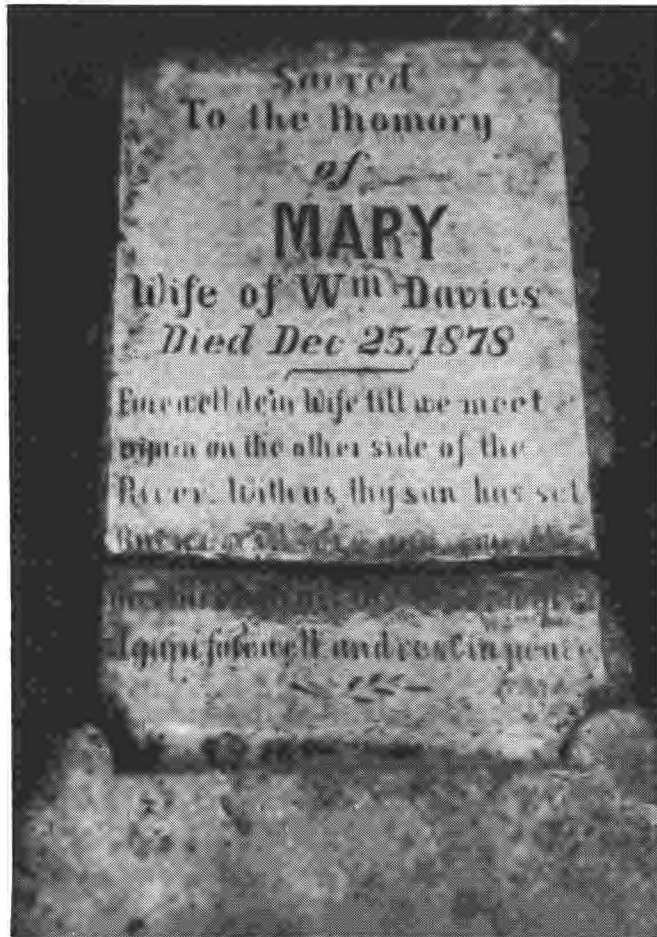
A detailed history of Samuel Wood, the second son of Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood, is included in this book. Samuel was the husband of Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley and Emma Louise Elliker.

Little has been known of the other two sons of Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood--John and Stephen. In 1853, two years after Mary Ann Raybould Wood married William Davies, they moved to San Bernardino, California. John was twelve years old, Samuel was ten, and Stephen was seven. John and Stephen moved with Mary Ann to California. The middle son, Samuel, stayed with his Uncle George Wood in Cedar City, Utah, and as was mentioned in this history, never saw his mother and brothers again.

As mentioned above, Alene Wood Hansen Jones spent some time in San Bernardino, California, and gathered the following information on Mary Ann Raybould Wood and Stephen Wood's first and third sons:

John Wood, the eldest son, was born August 9, 1841 on Grout Street, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the "Ashland" in 1849, and saw his father, Stephen Wood, die while on a boat on the Mississippi. John moved to California with his mother and stepfather, William Davies, and lived in San Bernardino all his life. He remained a bachelor, living in the home of his half-brother, Benjamin Davies, for whom he worked as a rancher. He died at age 70 on December 26, 1911, and was buried in the City Cemetery in San Bernardino, California. The death certificate listed "old age" as the cause of death.

Stephen Wood was the third and youngest son of Mary Ann Raybould and Stephen Wood. He, too, was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England in 1845/46 (date not verified). With his mother and father, two brothers, and other relatives, he crossed the Atlantic on the ship "Ashland", saw his father die on the Mississippi River, crossed the plains to Salt Lake City, and spent a short while in Cedar City, Utah. He moved to California with his mother and stepfather, William Davies; his older brother, John; and the Davies children. Stephen grew up in San Bernardino where he married Elner (Nellie) Elizabeth Ferre (Fere) on December 24, 1877. He worked as a dairy and stock rancher, and lived in a home on East Mill Street. Stephen and Elner had three children (listed below). Stephen died August 13, 1922 of "acute Bright's disease with valvular heart disease." The following obituary was printed in the San Bernardino Daily Sun on Monday, August 14, 1922:



*Tombstone of
Mary Ann Raybould Wood Davies
Taken by Alene Wood Hansen Jones in the
Old Mormon Section of the Pioneer Cemetery
San Bernardino, California*



*Home of Stephen Wood and his wife, Elnor Elizabeth Ferre Wood
(Third son of Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood)
The home was on East Mill Street, San Bernardino, California.
Young Stephen was seven years old when his mother and stepfather,
William Davies, moved to California.*

Stephen Wood, pioneer rancher and resident of San Bernardino, died at the family home on Mill Street yesterday morning following a short illness. He had passed his seventy-sixth birthday. Mr. Wood lived in this vicinity since childhood. Funeral services will be held from the parlors of the Mark B. Shaw Company Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment will be in the Pioneer Cemetery.

Mr. Wood is survived by the widow, Mrs. Elnor (Elnor) Wood; a daughter, Mrs. Thomas McFarlane; a grandson, Nevelle McFarlane; a sister, Mrs. James Cole [actually a half-sister] --all of this vicinity; and a half-brother, William Davies of Yucaipa.

Elnor Elizabeth Ferre (Fere) Wood, Stephen's widow, lived for twenty-one more years. She died in the home on Mill Street on February 26, 1943, age eighty-six, and was buried in the City Cemetery.

The three children of Stephen Wood and Elnor (Nellie) Elizabeth Ferre Wood are as follows:

1. Amy (Ama) Wood, born October 12, 1878, in San Bernardino, California. She died at age twelve, on June 15, 1890. Cause of death is unknown. The following appears on Amy/Ama's tombstone in the Pioneer Cemetery:

*How we miss you, darling Ama,
from our broken household band
Yet a little while we'll greet thee
In the bright and better land.*

*May the kind and loving Jesus
come to comfort and to cheer
Till beyond the shining portals
We shall meet our darling then.*

2. Harry Wood, born April 5, 1880 in San Bernardino, California. Nothing is really known of his life. He died at age twenty-two, without marrying, on October 18, 1902. Cause of death not listed on certificate.

3. Florence Wood, born February 7, 1882 in San Bernardino, California. She married Thomas McFarlane. They had one child, a son named Nevell (Nevelle) Lewis McFarlane (married Marjorie May Fell). They had two children: John Lewis McFarlane (married Janice Macabee); and Elner Ann McFarlane (married Maynard E. Wilson). The following children were born of those two unions:

John Lewis McFarlane and Janice Macabee had two children: Jeffery Lewis McFarlane and Laura Kathrine McFarlane. Elner Ann McFarlane and Maynard E. Wilson had two children: Kathleen Ann Wilson and Gregory James Wilson. Research is continuing on vital statistics, but the above information was given to Alene Wood Hansen Jones by Elner Ann McFarlane Wilson, a great, great-granddaughter of Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood (Davies). Mrs. Wilson currently lives in LaHabra, California.

To date, 1982, Stephen Wood (third son of Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood, brother of Samuel) has ten descendants.

Addendum Written by

Frances Hansen Hoopes



Joseph Chatterley & Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley

Parents of

Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood

Joseph Chatterley

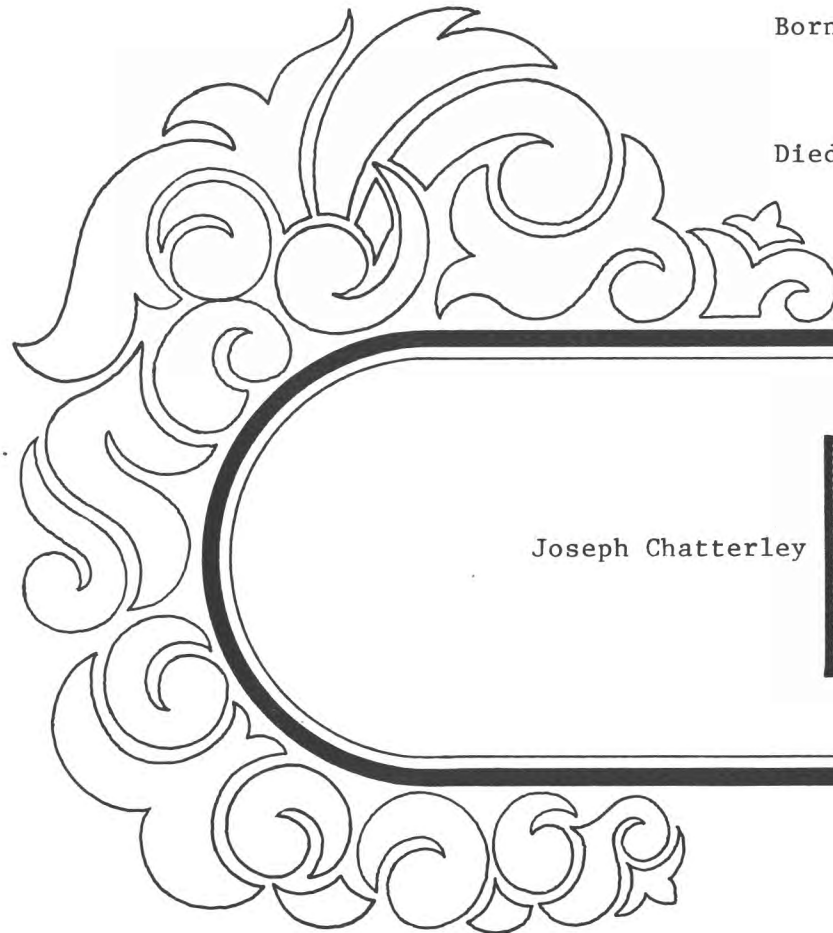
Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley

Born: April 17, 1807
Bury,
Lancashire, England

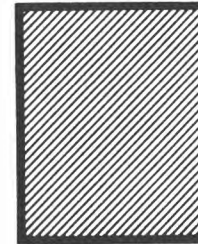
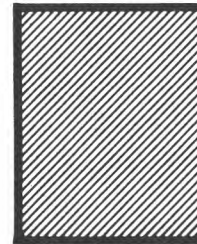
Born: October 20, 1812
Lezayre,
Isle of Man, British Isles

Died: September 7, 1853
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: November 19, 1856
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah



Joseph Chatterley



Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley



Into this world on April 17, 1807 arrived Joseph Chatterley, the second child of John Bourne Chatterley and Ann Nuttal Chatterley, who had their home in Bury, Lancashire, England. There were five other children born to this family--Margaret, Mary, Helen, John, and Sarah.

Joseph was strong and healthy as a child and as a man. He received a good education and business training, and training as a master wheelwright, a blacksmith, and a merchant.

In 1833, at Pilkington, England, Nancy Morton became his wife--loving and beloved. They had their own home at Bedford Street and Broughton Road, Salford, England, and here Joseph built a large manufacturing building and sales department where he carried on his trade and established a large and prosperous manufacturing business.

The home of Nancy and Joseph was a good one, and comfortable, as well as a happy one. Four children, with their noise and laughter, blessed them as well as an adopted son--the child of Nancy's youngest sister, Charlotte, who before she passed away asked Joseph and Nancy to rear him as their own. His name was James Morton Thorpe. Their own children were Ann, Morton, Charlotte, and John.

Joseph and Nancy often listened to the LDS missionaries in England, and what the Elders preached rang true to them. After serious thought and gospel investigation, Joseph Chatterley was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on December 25, 1847, by Moses Martin, in Salford, Manchester, England. He was ordained a Priest on September 29, 1848, and an Elder on February 9, 1849. He then decided to prepare to emigrate to Utah where he and his loved ones could live among the Latter-day Saints and worship with them.

Joseph's mother died in 1850, a few months before he and his family left England for the long trip to Utah. On September 2, 1850, Joseph and his family and six other families, whose transportation he paid, said goodbye to their homes and loved ones in Salford, England, enroute to Liverpool. We, who have not ventured far from our homes, can only imagine the heartaches they felt; we, who have ventured far, know. A day later, they were in Liverpool and on September 3, 1850, the ship "North Atlantic" set sail into the vast ocean with 500 passengers--357 of whom were Latter-day Saints and their children. Two of the passengers died before the ship reached port, and two babies were born during the voyage. The Latter-day Saint passengers were under the leadership of Elder David Sudworth.*

Fifty-eight days they sailed the rolling ocean, and to all, land was a welcome sight. They landed November 1, 1850, at New Orleans, Louisiana. After a short rest at New Orleans, they boarded the steamer "Saltana" to sail up the Mississippi River to Saint Louis, Missouri. This voyage was a rough and stormy one.

*Editor's Note: The shipping records, Salt Lake Genealogical Society, film #025690, show the following passengers were on the "North Atlantic."

Joseph Chatterley--Wheelwright.....	age 43
Nancy Chatterley.....	45
John Chatterley.....	15
Ann Chatterley.....	13
Morton Chatterley.....	10
Charlotte Chatterley.....	7

Their address was listed as: 5 Bedford Street, Broughton Road, Salford, Manchester, Lancs., England.

On the shipping records of the ship "George W. Bourne" January 9, 1851, passenger John Bourne Chatterley (Joseph's father) age 72, is listed.

Information researched and provided by Alene Wood Hansen Jones.

The captain and the sailors were sure it was the stormiest trip any of them had ever experienced. Danger, too, lurked near when one of the main beams under the deck broke. Thankful were the Saints, who had prayed so fervently, when they landed safely on November 8, 1850 at Saint Louis, Missouri. All of the Saints appreciated the kind, helpful captain during the time of stress.

In Saint Louis, the little group of Saints spent their first winter in this new land in rented homes. The men-folk were a busy group manufacturing wagons in which to cross the plains. Joseph kept ten of the fourteen wagons he made for his own company. He also purchased horses and oxen to use on the trip.

Joseph's father, John Bourne Chatterley, and sister Sarah and her husband John Kay and their three children, joined Joseph's company in Saint Louis during the winter so that all might join in crossing the plains together.

John Brown was the head captain, and there was an under-captain for every ten wagons. Joseph was captain over his ten wagons, driving one of the wagons himself. His father drove one wagon, and the other teamsters were James M. Thorpe, John Kay, James Beard, Ned Wood, Mr. Tout, James Grundy, Andrew Lee, and Robert Sharkey. They left Saint Louis in the spring of 1851 for the westward trip. Within each heart was a prayer and a hope as they drove toward the seemingly endless stretch of grassy plains. The group relied upon prayer and faith almost constantly to maintain their courage and strength on the long, hard trek.

At night, the men took turns standing guard--fifteen men with the wagons and fifteen men with the cattle. How often their turns came only the weary men knew. There were but sixty wagons in the company. Each Sunday was a day of rest for all, and a day to worship and be thankful. Captain Brown was a Mormon and so willed it. Religious services were held each Sunday of the entire trek. Captain Brown was a kind man and managed the entire trip without serious difficulty. He was amiable and agreeable with all, and his orders were carried out without objection throughout the entire trip. There were non-Mormons in the company, but Captain Brown was kind and considerate and treated all alike.

Along the way, this company met some families who had turned

back, having been attacked by Indians. These people were allowed to join Captain Brown's company and again set out for Salt Lake City. All arrived in Salt Lake City during September 1851, where they spent about two weeks.

President Brigham Young then called the company to go to Iron County, Utah, to help settle a new colony and to start the iron works there. They arrived in Iron County in November 1851, and settled on the north side of Coal Creek. They called the settlement "Little Muddy." Here, they spent the winter, but in the spring they moved to a better location southwest of Coal Creek. The new settlement was known as the Old Fort. Joseph, having a knowledge of metals, along with others, was eager to build a furnace to develop the iron industry. They erected a furnace and manufactured flat irons, cranes, iron dogs for fireplaces and many other articles that were badly needed by the people in Utah. They also, as a matter of course, broke up new land for farming. Men, women, and children gathered the materials for new homes, the sustenance of life, and for the progress and development of the region. Joseph built a four-room adobe house on what is now First East Street and Center Street in Cedar City, Utah.

The Indians were often unfriendly and even dangerous, so the men carried guns as they went to and from their farms, or for wood in the mountains. The families lived inside forts or in settlements as there was added safety in numbers.

President Brigham Young called the people in groups to come to Salt Lake City to receive their endowments. Joseph went through the Endowment House before his untimely death.

On September 4, 1853, when Joseph was getting out of his wagon to open his farm gate, somehow his clothes caught on his gun. The gun discharged, shooting him through the upper part of the arm. Blood poisoning set in, and he passed away three days later on September 7, 1853. He was the first person to be buried in the cemetery at the present site.

Written by
Ella Thorley, a granddaughter of
Joseph Chatterley and
Nancy Morton Chatterley

ADDITIONS

Joseph Chatterley was called to go to Saint Louis to take a wagon and help bring out the Saints to Utah. In the group of Saints, he helped bring was widow Catherine Clark Corlett. They became interested in each other. He later married her on February 21, 1852 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. There was one child born to this union. Josephine Catherine Chatterley was born September 10, 1853, just three days after her father, Joseph, died from infection incurred from a gunshot wound in his arm. Josephine (called Jody) married Samuel Wood and theirs was one of the families who moved to the San Juan country two years after the first group had settled there.

Jody Chatterley Wood was set apart by the church authorities to act as a nurse and midwife in that area, going for miles around on horseback to help out in sickness. Although she had ten children of her own, she never failed to answer the call for help when summoned. Her name came to be a legend in that area. Articles have appeared in the Improvement Era and other publications about her.

Joseph's children by his first wife grew up to be very active, prominent citizens.

John, the oldest, born July 4, 1835, was a very active man in the community. He was a school teacher, postmaster, mayor, notary public, and the city recorder. He was the choir leader after John Macfarlane moved to St. George. He held the position for many years. He also was the president of the dramatic association for a long time, and he was a member of the band. John married Sarah Whittaker, who was very active in community and church affairs. They became the parents of nine children--three of them dying in infancy. Their children growing to maturity were Sarah Ellen (Nellie), Joyce, John M., Charlotte (Lottie), James, and Nancy.

Ann, born March 3, 1837, married John Macfarlane. They lived in Cedar City until they were called to pioneer St. George. John was a talented musician writing several hymns, one of which is a well-know Christmas song, "Far Far Away on Judea's Plains." Ann was appointed by the church to work with the Indians. Ann was the first wife in a polygamous family. John Macfarlane married two other women. Ann and John were the parents of five children: John M., Isaac, Bella (Morris), William C., and Annie (McQuarrie).

Morton, born March 3, 1844, married Christina Mackelprang. Morton was a blacksmith, and he also did freighting. Steini and Morton became the parents of four children: Nancy, Ella, Joseph, and Minnie. Minnie is still alive (1965). She is in her late 80's, and lives in Lehi, Utah. Morton died at age 38 from a stroke. Steini married again and had other children.

Charlotte, born June 25, 1844, married Thomas Walker. Thomas, a rugged character, was a sawmill operator and he had a ranch on the mountain where he ran a dairy herd each summer. Charlotte was a practical nurse and did a good deal of nursing in the community. She was the mother of eleven children, ten growing to maturity. Those growing to maturity were Owen, Thomas, John, Joseph, Archie, Carl, Fan, Edith, Morton, and Josephine. At this date (May 1965), Josephine, Carl, and Arch are living.

Joseph Chatterley was always active and energetic, always guided by high moral principles, ever-ready to assist in sound enterprises for the good of the people. His untimely death was very unfortunate. Ours is a good heritage. The challenge is before us.

Written by
Zoella Benson,
a great-granddaughter of
Joseph Chatterley and
Nancy Morton Chatterley--1965

Editor's Note: Joseph Chatterley was forty-five when he entered into plural marriage with Catherine Clark Corlett on February 21, 1852. Joseph was married to Catherine for only eighteen months before his untimely death on September 7, 1853. Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley lived only three years longer. She died on November 19, 1856, leaving Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley an orphan at age three. Additional information on this brief union is given in Catherine's history.

Alene Wood Hansen Jones located the following obituary from the Salt Lake Genealogical Society, film #026586, Deseret News, Volume 3, page 75, 1853:

JOSEPH CHATTERLEY
Died 7 Sept 1853

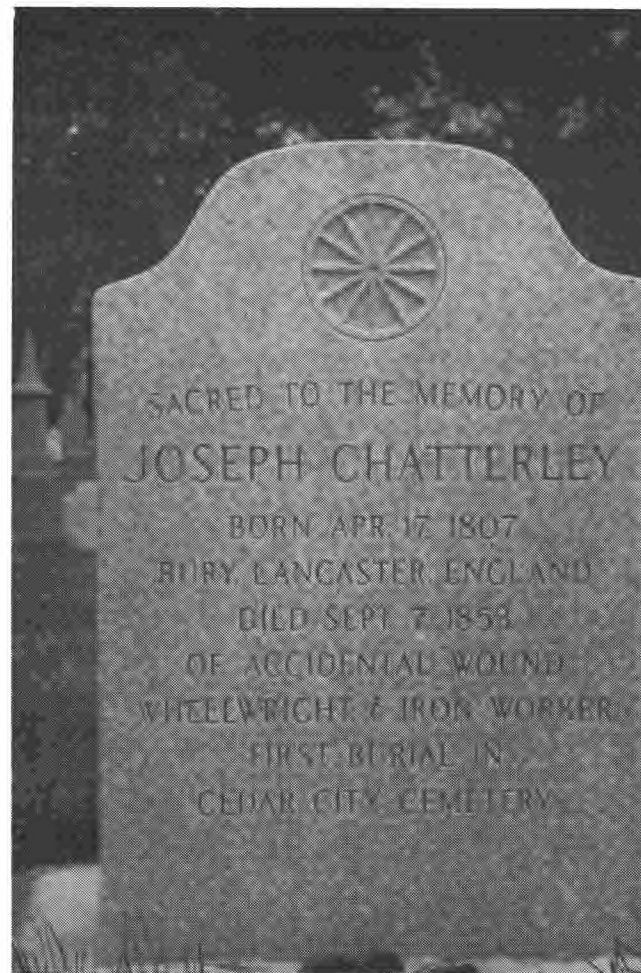
Died on Wednesday Sept 7, Joseph Chatterley, age 56 [Editor's Note: He was 46] from accident received from his gun, shooting him in the right arm near to the shoulder, on Sunday Sept. 4. Mr. Chatterley was a native of Manchester, England. A member of the high council in this stake of Zion; and died in full faith in the Church of Jesus Christ, much respected by all good saints.

Joseph Chatterley was the first person to be buried in the Cedar City Cemetery. Years later, a handsome headstone was erected with inscriptions on both sides:

Sacred to the memory of
JOSEPH CHATTERLEY
BORN 17 APRIL 1807
BURY, LANC., ENGLAND
DIED 7 SEPT 1853
OF ACCIDENTAL WOUND
WHEELWRIGHT AND IRON WORKER
FIRST BURIAL IN
CEDAR CITY CEMETERY

On the back of his headstone reads:

His children
John
Ann Macfarlane, Morton
Charlotte Walker
Josephine "Jody" Wood



*Headstone of
Joseph Chatterley
in Cedar City
Cemetery
Photo taken by
Alene Wood
Hansen Jones,
great-granddaughter*

*Joseph
Chatterley's
Patriarchal
Blessing
is printed
on the following
page.*

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

February 22, 1852
Great Salt Lake City

JOSEPH CHATTERLEY

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Joseph, son of John and Ann Chatterley. Born April 17, 1807, Lancashire, England.

Brother Joseph, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon you the blessing of a father. I also seal upon you the priesthood that was sealed upon Joseph in the land of Egypt and upon his children. I now seal it upon thee and thy children never to be removed.

Thou art of the blood of Joseph and a lawful heir to the priesthood which shall be conferred upon you in due time giving you skill and understanding to know how to manage all things which you are called to perform. Thou shalt have wisdom that no man

shall be able to gainsay nor resist. The angel of the Lord shall guard you, no enemy shall prevail against you. Thou shalt be a counselor in Zion and preside over one of his stakes and be delivered from every danger. Shall cause many to believe the truth and shall establish them in a peaceful habitation. Thou shalt have power over the waring elements, be able to turn rivers out of their course, and streams to break forth in dry places.

Finally, thou shalt never be confounded. You shall have part in the first resurrection with all your father's house and inherit a kingdom that shalt never pass away.

Even so,

Amen.



Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley

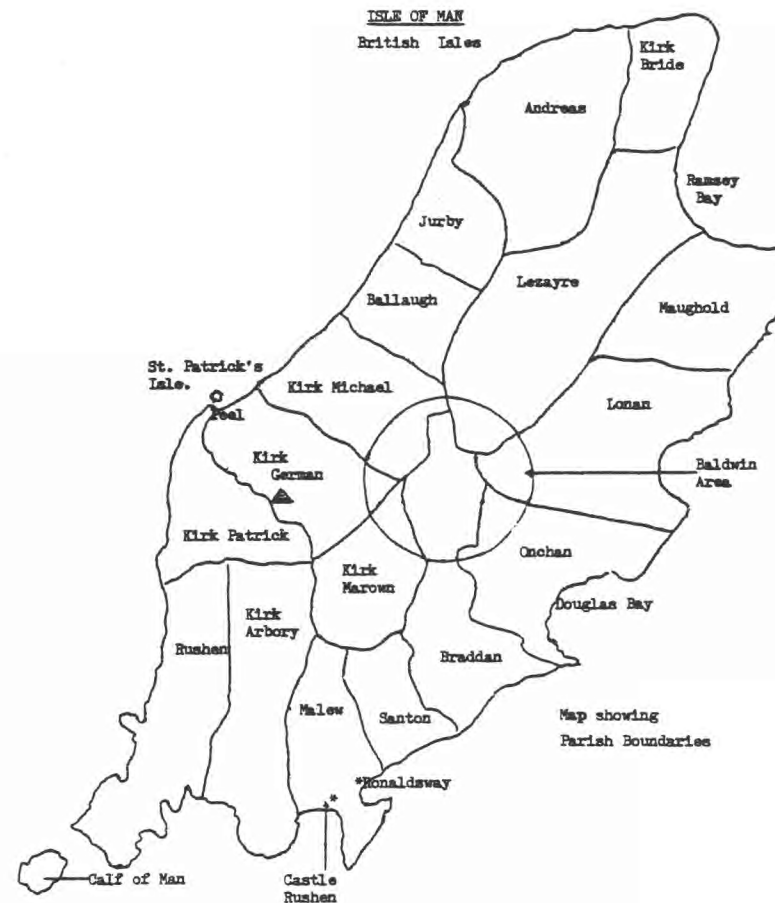
Catherine Clark was born October 20, 1812, and christened on October 21st in Lezayre, Isle of Man, British Isles. Her father was Peter John Clark, who was born November 10, 1778 at Lezayre, Isle of Man. His parents were James Clark and Jane Corlett. He died in Douglas, Isle of Man, November 3, 1846 just seven days before his 68th birthday. He was buried in Lezayre, Isle of Man. Catherine's mother was Mary Crellin, born September 27, 1778. She died in Douglas, Isle of Man on February 16, 1857, but was also taken to Lezayre for burial. She was seventy-nine years of age. Her parents were Philip Crellin and Margaret Stephen.

Catherine was privileged to be a part of a large family. She was the fifth child born to Peter Clark and Mary Crellin. The family lived in Douglas where her father was a Currier serving under Mr. P. Killey. She had two older brothers and sisters: John, William, Jane, and Elizabeth. And, there were three younger sisters: Margaret, Susanna, and Maria Elizabeth.*

From Volume 16, Our Pioneer Heritage, page 477, we read the following interesting information about Catherine's birthplace, the Isle of Man, where her ancestral roots went deep:

Rising like a watchman in the Irish Sea, midway between England and Ireland and twenty miles south of Scotland, is the Isle of Man. Its name comes from the word 'Mannin,' meaning 'hilly land'. It has an area of approximately 211 square miles, with a coastline that is very rugged, but beautiful. A (low) mountain chain runs

*Early research indicated that there might have been two other children, Maurice and another John. New research done in 1980 does NOT show these two children in this family. See newly verified Family Group Sheet.



This sketch shows the configuration of the Isle of Man, as well as the various Parish Boundaries. Note locations of Lezayre, Jurby, and Braddan. The Isle of Man, known as Manannan's Isle in ancient times, was ruled according to legend, by the Celtic Sea-God "Manannan".

the length of the island, from which lead, zinc, and silver is mined. Fishing and farming and a flourishing tourist trade are the principal industries.

The Isle of Man, at different times, was ruled by Ireland, Wales, Norway, Scotland, and England. In 1765, it was purchased by England.

In this picturesque land, Catherine spent her youthful days in the home of her parents. She must have enjoyed roaming the lovely green hills and flowering glens. She must have loved watching the storm clouds gather and the ocean's mighty waves lash against the rugged shores. The Clarks were a prominent family on the island and it is supposed that Catherine received all the schooling and cultural training afforded young girls of her day.

Also, on the Isle of Man, lived James Corlett, who was christened March 22, 1809 in the Parish of Jurby. He was the third of twelve children born to John Corlett and Mary Cleator.

Catherine Clark and James Corlett became good friends and fell in love. They were married May 23, 1837 in the old Braddan Church, Braddan Parish, Isle of Man.

As a young man, James learned the printing trade and became efficient at this work. Soon after their marriage, they moved to Salford, Lancashire, England. Their first child, Mary Ann, was born there on March 5, 1838. Later, they moved to Manchester, England where James established a printing shop. He was very successful and prospered financially. Catherine surely was busy caring for their growing family. Four more children came to bless their home: Thomas, born September 20, 1839; James, born September 28, 1841; John, born August 10, 1843; and Margaret Alice, born June 9, 1845.

Before their last child Margaret Alice was born, Catherine was suddenly plunged into the dark abyss of grief when her husband was taken by death on April 25, 1845. As if this were not enough to tear the heart of this young widow, the grim reaper, death, again visited the Corlett home taking young John, not yet three years old. He died on January 22, 1846.



*Braddan Church, Braddan Parish,
Isle of Man, where
Catherine Clark and James Corlett
were married.*

In 1844, Mormon missionaries visited the Corlett home in Manchester, England. They were teaching the message of the restored Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At that time, both James and Catherine were much impressed with this "new" religion, but they needed to do more studying and praying about it before they were ready to join such an unpopular church. They realized that it would change the pattern of their entire lives. Then James died before he was baptized. Catherine hesitated in joining the church because her parents and other family members were so bitter against the Mormon Church, especially when it involved their daughter.

In his printing business, James Corlett became acquainted with Joseph Chatterley who was a wheelwright, merchant, and carpenter. In fact, James bought his printer's blocks from Joseph Chatterley.

Joseph Chatterley and his wife, Nancy Morton and their children became interested in the message of the restored gospel as told by the Mormon Elders and were baptized December 25, 1847, and made plans to migrate with the "Saints" to Zion.

Joseph Chatterley tried to prove his friendship to his deceased friend, James Corlett, by doing what he could for his widow, Catherine, and the children. Catherine was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) in October 1848. Joseph persuaded her to join his family and make the long journey to America and thence, to Utah. He assisted her in disposing of the family business so as to get the best price from her property.

When Catherine had everything in order and was ready to say goodbye to her family, friends, and homeland--all of which she loved dearly--she again pleaded with her mother (her father having died) to try to understand the joy she felt in being a member of the only true church. Her mother felt that Catherine was stubborn and selfish to want to leave her mother in her declining years to become affiliated with "those terrible Mormons". But, Catherine had a burning testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel that she was willing to make any sacrifice in order to rear her children in Zion with God's chosen people.

A few years later, Catherine wrote to some of her relatives in the Isle of Man, for names and dates pertaining to the family, preparatory to doing genealogy and temple work for them. She was told that her name had been stricken from the family records! Yet, not for this, nor for any of the hardships which her obedience to the gospel entailed, did she ever falter in her decision, or regret the steps she had taken.

In the Genealogical Society in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the passenger list for the sailing vessel "George W. Bourne," it was found that Catherine Corlett, age thirty-eight, was listed with her children, Mary Ann, 12; Thomas, 10; James, 8; and Margaret Alice, 5. Also listed were servants, Henry Howarth, 27; his wife, Elizabeth Howarth, 25; and John Bourne Chatterley (father of Joseph Chatterley), age 72. The George W. Bourne sailed from Liverpool, England, January 9, 1851. William Gibson was the Captain. There were 281 "Saints" on board. This was the 53rd

ship to carry Mormon converts from England.



*Lezayre Parish Church, Isle of Man.
Catherine Clark's parents, Peter John Clark
and Mary Crellin Clark, are buried in the church graveyard.*

In the early spring, the ship "George W. Bourne" landed in New Orleans, Louisiana. The saints took passage on steam river boats and made their way up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri. Here, Catherine Corlett, her children, and her servants became reunited with her friends, the Joseph Chatterley family.

These two families were eager to get started on their way to Great Salt Lake City, Utah. However, it took time to get everything in order for the long journey. Finally, they were assigned to the John Brown Company, which was the fourth company to leave Kanessville, Iowa that year. It was comprised of fifty wagons. From Volume 6 of OUR PIONEER HERITAGE, we note that it has been estimated that about five thousand emigrants crossed the plains and the mountains from the Missouri River to the "Valleys of the Mountains" in the year 1851.

We are grateful for the fine way in which the writer, Albert R. Lyman, has recorded the facts. (Facts were supplied by Catherine Wood Hansen, Aunt Jody's daughter). It is related here as it was written in AUNT JODY'S STORY by Mr. Lyman.

"Unlike many of the people who were gathering to Zion, Mrs. Corlett came with wealth, but very much unlike wealthy people in general, she was concerned for those less fortunate than herself and paid the way for many others who were struggling to get to Utah.

"She brought with her from England, many of her household belongings, two servants, and a gardener. She also brought a fine-blooded mare which she liked to ride, and a buggy and team of horses. She sold the buggy and purchased four wagons to carry her possessions and her servants over the long wilderness road to the mountains.

"Her travels on the plains belong to a biography which should be written of her. Indian troubles and perilous times, hair-raising in their nature to anyone who had been accustomed to peaceful England. Riding in the covered wagon, jolting and slow over the winding road, did not agree with Catherine Corlett and she used to ride her blooded mare in the glorious wide-open spaces of the plains, sometimes venturing far ahead of the company.

"One night when the pet mare was tied to the wagon in which they [the family] were sleeping, a furious thunderstorm burst over them and all at once their wagon

gave a tremendous lunge! The children were alarmed and frightened. Their mother told them that God could protect them in the storm as well as in the sunshine. In the morning they found the mare dead by the wagon, having been killed by the lightning. Catherine felt that it was all for the best and acknowledged the hand of the Lord in it as a way of saving her from the perils she might have met in her habit of riding ahead alone of the company and perhaps meeting hostile Indians. Until a few years ago, members of the family had the side-saddle she rode."

During the rest of the journey, Catherine had to ride in the stuffy and tiresome wagon or walk. They reached Great Salt Lake City on September 28, 1851, still having fifty-six head of livestock and a good portion of the wealth which she had when she left Manchester. Let no one imagine, however, that a generous soul like Catherine would retain her riches very long with poverty and want, toiling and suffering on every side. However, it was not the happy lot of the Chatterley and Corlett families to remain in the established comforts of life in Great Salt Lake City. President Brigham Young was ever on the alert for skilled tradesmen to develop and support the struggling industries in the outlying areas.

In the fall of 1850, a group of stalwart men, women, and children had been called to the "Iron Mission" some 250 miles south of Salt Lake City for the purpose of mining the rich deposits of iron and coal which had previously been discovered in that locality. It was January 13, 1851 that the first company arrived in Parowan Valley to accomplish this great undertaking.

As new companies arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, those who could help develop the industries of any particular area were sent there to colonize. Hence, we find that the Chatterleys and Corletts were called to continue right on to Iron County to give strength to the new towns being started in that area. Joseph Chatterley's son, John, drove the livestock to Parowan, assisted by the Corlett boys.

Again, quoting from Mr. Lyman's writings:

"On November 11, 1851, a company of immigrants, the Chatterleys and Corletts among them, left Parowan and went to settle in Cedar City, Utah.

"The following winter Joseph Chatterley and his wife (Nancy Morton) made the long trip by team to Salt Lake City to report the progress of the Iron Mines which he had been called to help develop. They were accompanied by Catherine Corlett, who became the second wife of Joseph Chatterley. They were married on February 21, 1852. The ceremony was performed by President Brigham Young in the sacred Endowment House. They were sealed for "time and eternity".

"Whatever the charm of the prospect facing the second Mrs. Chatterley as she made the long laborious trip back through the wilderness stretches to Southern Utah, those charms were supplied by and wrapped up in her uncompromising testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. It was for that only, that she had left her life of luxury and sacrificed her social standing to travel a quarter of the way around the world to spend the rest of her days in privation and hardship. She gave to the poor; she gave to the church; she bought stock in the Iron Mines because the Church was trying to develop them. She had to part with her gardener and her two servants. She parted with anything and everything to help a friend or neighbor in need.

"The family endured the privation of pioneer life, and though they had been used to wealth and comfort in their native land, they were contented and never wanted to return. Catherine brought some furniture from the old country. She had a sewing machine, a beautiful mirror, a silver tea pot, books, and a machine for fluting ruffles.

"Having, by her generous gifts, initiated herself into the equal brotherhood of poverty on every side, she took her few remaining linen sheets and table covers which she had brought from England, and drew out the warp to be used for thread in sewing on buttons, in

patching, and meeting other necessities where thread was a minus quantity. Faithful to the light of truth which had burst forth into the darkness of her former world, she stepped down deliberately and cheerfully, in three years, from wealth to want! Her parents had disowned her, lifelong friends had turned away, but she never once looked back nor faltered in her fixed purpose."

In early 1853, when it was known to Joseph and Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley that she was to become a mother, Joseph expressed two wishes for the new baby: first, if it were a boy it should be called Joseph after him; and second, that it should be given the treasured BOOK OF MORMON which he had bought in England --an early edition without chapters or verses.* On September 4, 1853, Joseph Chatterley was accidentally shot when his own gun discharged while he was after wood in the canyon. He died Wednesday, September 7, 1853, just three days before the baby was born. He was the first person buried in the Cedar City Cemetery. The new baby was a girl and with respect for her dead father's wishes, she was given the name of Josephine for her father and also Catherine for her mother. When Josephine Catherine was three years old, her mother died on November 19, 1856. This little girl was lovingly cared for in the home of her oldest half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart. It is said that she would sit on the steps waiting and watching for her mother to come for her. When Josephine was eighteen years of age, she married Samuel Wood of Cedar City, Utah in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah on December 25, 1871.

By working together, Josephine (Jody) and Samuel were accumulating things for a good life in Cedar City when the call came for the Church to help colonize the wild San Juan area. Josephine had such a dread of being among those called that she didn't go to church that day, but before the meeting was over her half-sister, Margaret Alice Corlett Parry, came hurrying to her in tears and told her the unwelcome news.

*The copy of Joseph's BOOK OF MORMON is in the possession of a second great-grandson, Fredric Hansen Jones.

Samuel and Josephine left for Bluff, San Juan County in October of 1882. There she became an angel of mercy as she went about nursing the sick. She had been "called and set apart" as a midwife by Bishop Jens Nielsen. Her pleasant, congenial disposition and her ability to make people laugh made her a welcome visitor in every home in Bluff, Grayson (now Blanding), Verdure, and Monticello. Josephine and Samuel became the parents of ten children.

Now, we will go back and tell a little about each of James and Catherine Clark Corlett's children, as remembered by Catherine Thorley Jensen:

Mary Ann Corlett married William Cameron Stewart December 1, 1855. When her mother died less than a year later, she took into her home her little sister, Josephine Catherine Chatterley and loved her and cared for her until she was grown and married to Samuel Wood. Mary Ann and William became the parents of seven children. Mary Ann was a very hospitable person, making everyone welcome who came to her home, and giving generously of her substance to those less fortunate. She was cheerful and had a pleasant personality. She was a devoted member of the church and a faithful worker in the Relief Society. Catherine Jensen says that her grandmother was one of the first school teachers in Cedar City. She was only fifty-six years old when she died April 5, 1894 in Cedar City, Utah.

Thomas Corlett was a strong, healthy young man. He was very ambitious and did much to support the younger members of the family. He did not marry, but was a favorite among his nieces and nephews. In 1876 he went to Pioche, Nevada to work in the mines, but alas, on December 5, 1876 he was killed in a mine accident. His young nephew, James Stewart, was killed in the same accident. Thomas was thirty-seven years old.

James Corlett married Mary Jane Corry on March 7, 1872. They had six children. James provided a very comfortable home for his family. It was located on the southwest corner of Main and Center streets in Cedar City. He was a farmer and a freighter. He made long trips as far away as Montana hauling produce to mining camps. He died January 1, 1900.

Margaret Alice Corlett married Edward Parry June 22, 1867. They had seven children. Margaret Alice (Maggie) had a quiet personality. Her children were very talented, especially in music. They were a friendly family and their home was the gathering place for the young people of the community. Maggie Parry always encouraged her children to bring their friends home for parties. She always fixed refreshments, but stayed in the background. She died November 6, 1916.

An interesting conclusion to this history is the following: When Joseph Chatterley married and was sealed to Catherine Clark Corlett on February 21, 1852 in the Latter-day Saint Endowment House in Salt Lake City by President Brigham Young, his first wife, Nancy Morton, left him and later married Joseph Hunter of Cedar City. Years later, Ann Chatterley Macfarlane, while working in the St. George Temple, told the President of the Temple about these two families. Ann was a daughter of Joseph Chatterley and Nancy Morton. She told of their friendship, their marriages, etc., and was counseled to have the sealing of Joseph Chatterley and Catherine Clark Corlett cancelled and to have Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley sealed to her first husband, James Corlett, and to have their Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood, together with the five Corlett children, sealed to them (James Corlett and Catherine Clark). This change was eventually made. Also, the sealing of Nancy Morton and James Hunter was cancelled and the four Chatterley children were sealed to their parents, Joseph Chatterley and Nancy Morton.

The annulment of the sealing of Catherine Clark and her second husband, Joseph Chatterley was signed by President David O. McKay February 10, 1952 upon the request of descendant members of both families. (This information is recorded on the family group sheet of Joseph Chatterley and Catherine Clark Corlett. No further comment will be made in writing.)

Information furnished by great-granddaughters Bernice Wood Leggat, descendant of Catherine & Joseph Chatterley; and Catherine Thorley Jensen, descendant of Catherine & James Corlett
Sketch prepared by Nora Lund, 1975
Vital statistics corrected and verified by
Alene Wood Hansen Jones--1982

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING
February 22, 1852
Great Salt Lake City

CATHERINE CHATTERLEY
[Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley]

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of CATHERINE CHATTERLEY, daughter of Peter and Mary Clark, born October, 1812 on the Isle of Man.

Sister, beloved of the Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal upon you the blessing of a father. Thou art a lawful heir to the priesthood, of the blood of Ephraim. I seal upon you all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I seal upon you long life. You shall live to see the Temple built in Jackson County, Missouri and the Glory of the Lord rest upon it. Thou shalt receive an anointment in that Temple with thy companion that shall be the greatest blessing that you ever received during your life. Thou shalt be blessed with health

in thy habitations [word missing] shall be able to heal the sick by the prayer of faith. Your children shall become numerous, for the Lord, thy God, shall bless thee according to the desire of thine heart. Thy table shall be replete with every good thing. You shall live until you are satisfied with life, go down to your grave like a shock of [word blurred] fully ripe. Have a part in the first resurrection with your companion and all your father's house and be satisfied.

Even so,

Amen

A second patriarchal blessing was given Catherine in Cedar City, Utah. It is recorded on the following page.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

March 6, 1854
Cedar City, Utah

CATHERINE CHATTERLEY

[Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley]

A blessing by Elisha H. Graves, Patriarch, upon the head of Catherine, daughter of Peter Clark and Mary Crellan [Crellin]. Born October 20, 1812, on the Isle of Man, Lancashire, England [Isle of Man, British Isles].

Sister Catherine, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth (sic), by the virtue of the Holy Priesthood in me invested, I place my hands upon thy head to seal upon thee a Father's blessing, and which shall rest upon thee and thou shalt realize the fulfilment thereof. None hath excelled thee in purity of motherhood. Thou hast given up all, and thy kindred and thy friends, and hast made sacrifices for the Gospel's sake which will be returned unto thee many fold because of thy integrity of thy heart and the purity of thy mind.

Thy sins are remitted unto thee, thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The holy angels shall be with you and in their arms they will bear thee up and deliver thee from thy common enemy who seekth (sic) the down fall of the sons and daughters of Adam. Thou art a daughter of Abraham, of the loins of Joseph and the blood of Ephraim, and lawful to the fullness of the Holy Priesthood, according to thy sex, which thou shalt receive in due time.

It is thy privilege, in as much as thou desirest it with all thy heart, to be connected with a man of God who shalt assist thee in the work of redemption, in behalf of thy progenetors (sic) or with thy children may accomplish thy work for thee that thou shalt not lose thy reward.

Thou art a mother in Israel, thy posterity shalt multiply and become numerous upon the earth, thy children and thy children's children arising after thee, shall minister unto thee, bless and comfort thee in thy old age. Thy name shalt be to the latest generation in remembrance (sic) of thee as an honorable mother of Zion. Thou shalt receive intelligence by dreams and by visions and by visits of Heavenly Messengers. If thou wilt seek it with all thy heart thou shalt obtain to claim thy children, that not one of them shall fall by the hand of the destroyer. Delight thyself of the blessings of the fruit of the vine, and the olive yard through thou shalt have many blessings and privileges in the Temple of Zion.

Thou shalt behold the winding up scene, and the reign of peace upon the earth, to be a queen unto the High God, receive thy crown and power and eternal increase, which is the reward of the faithful, thou shalt reign with the Redeemer upon the earth. Therefore, let thy heart be comforted, be thou faithful, yield to no temptation, and these blessings shalt be given unto thee, in common with thy husband.

I seal them upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth (sic).

Even so,

Amen.

(Editor's Note: This blessing was given seven months after the death of Catherine's husband, Joseph Chatterley, and the birth of their only child, Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley).



Hans Heinrich Elliker & Elizabetha Lattmann Elliker

Parents of *Emma Louise Elliker Wood*

Hans Heinrich Elliker

Elizabetha Lattmann Elliker (Smith)

Born: September 23, 1828
Kuesnacht,
Zurich, Switzerland

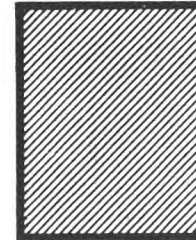
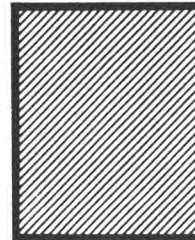
Born: January 7, 1841
Sternenberg,
Zurich, Switzerland

Died: March 15, 1914
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: September 18, 1919
Monticello,
San Juan County, Utah



Hans Heinrich Elliker



Elizabetha Lattmann Elliker (Smith)



The Gospel of the L.D.S. Church was taken into Switzerland about 1851. Among the first to accept its teachings was the family of Hans Heinrich Elliker.

They lived in Kuesnacht, Zurich, Switzerland, in the northern part of the country and they spoke the German language.

The family consisted of the father, Hans Heinrich Elliker; mother, Margaretha Studer; and eight children. Four babies had died at birth or soon after.

Heinrich Elliker was the second child. One son had died before. Heinrich was born September 23, 1828, at Kuesnacht.

Soon after their conversion, the family prepared to emigrate to Utah. When they left for America in 1856, Heinrich was twenty-eight years old, Barbara was twenty-four, Elisabeth was twenty-three, Konrad was twenty-one, Margaretha was nineteen, Susanna was fifteen, and Johannes was thirteen. One brother, Hans Jakob, 25, had married in 1857 a woman by the name of Agnes Boppli. They went to Australia where a son was born to them March 9, 1858. Hans Jakob died in April 1858, at Chaux de Fonds, Neuenburg, Switzerland.

The Ellikers sailed from Liverpool, England on April 19, 1856, leaving behind their loved ones and friends and their cozy homes. They were sailing to the strange land, among people who could not speak their language, for the sake of their new-found religion. They crossed the ocean in the ship, Samuel Curling. On this ship, were 707 saints under the leadership of Dan Jones.

They arrived at Boston on May 23rd after a six-week voyage. From there, they traveled by rail to Iowa City. There, preparations were made to cross the Plains by handcart.

They left Iowa City on June 11, 1856, in Daniel D. McArthur's Handcart Company. Starting about the same time was the Captain Edmund Ellsworth Company. Together they contained 497 people, one hundred handcarts, five wagons, twenty-four oxen, four mules, and twenty-five tents. Most of the people had little shelter from the weather, either sun or storm. These were the first two companies to cross the plains with handcarts. Had they been better prepared, much suffering could have been alleviated, but the Saints were so anxious to get to Zion that nothing could hold them back.

When out on the plains, the dreaded disease, Cholera, struck the camps, and among its victims was the Elliker family. On the 15th of July, Heinrich's twenty-three-year-old sister, Elisabeth, died and was put in a grave by the side of the trail. A month later, death struck again. This time on the 17th of August, Susanna, the fifteen-year-old sister passed away.

Then, the father became ill. They put him in one of the handcarts, and the mother and boys pushed or pulled the load along. Konrad, a lad of 21, became so tired and perhaps ill, too, that one day as they neared the mountains, they passed a small stream and Konrad asked to stay behind awhile and rest. His family went on and before turning a bend, they looked back and saw him bending over the stream, washing his handkerchief. They never saw him again!

After camp had been made in the evening, and he did not come, they finally made the Captain understand they needed help to go look for their son. Speaking only the German language made it difficult for them. They, and one other German family whose tent they shared, were the only German-speaking people in the Camp.

The group that went back to look for Konrad that night could find no trace of him. No one ever knew if he was sick and wandered off to die, or if he was taken by the Indians.

Though it was a hard thing to do, to go on and leave their son and brother, yet they must go on with the Company or perhaps all perish. This was on the 2nd of September. The father's illness was aggravated by the loss of his son and two days later

he passed on too, and was put in a trail-side grave on the 4th of September, 1856. He was only fifty-nine years old.

Now, it became the responsibility of Heinrich, the oldest child, to comfort and lead his bereaved mother and his sisters, Barbara and Margaretha and young brother Johannes, on until they reached the Valley. Gathering up their courage, on they went.

The Daniel D. McArthur Company reached Great Salt Lake City September 26th, 1856. They were the first Handcart Company to come to the Valley. They were met and welcomed by the 1st Presidency of the Church, a brass band, a company of lancers, and a large concourse of people.

They were taken into homes of the good Saints until they could get quarters of their own. The Elliker family spent the winter in Salt Lake City, and the next spring at President Young's call, went to Cedar City, Utah, to help build up that community.

Cedar City, at that time, consisted of a few houses inside a fort. Everything was new and strange, and they went through all the trials and hardships of those early pioneers. We don't know, but presumably Heinrich worked at the iron mines--for most of the able-bodied men were called to work there at that time.

Moving to Cedar City about the same time as the Ellikers, was another Swiss family by the name of Lattmann. They were converts from Sternenbergl, Switzerland. They crossed the plains the same summer as the Ellikers, but in a later company. The family consisted of the father, Hans Heinrich Lattmann, his wife Elisabetha Furrer, and daughters Barbara, Elisabetha, and Pauline. A son, Gerold, had died in Switzerland.

John Germer married Barbara; a Mr. Morgan married Pauline; and Heinrich courted the beautiful, dark-haired Elisabetha. She had snappy dark eyes and olive complexion. She said yes to him even though he was thirteen years older than she. He was about thirty and she was seventeen when they were married.

To them were born four children: Elisabeth Lattmann, born October 4, 1859; Emma Louise, born January 21, 1862; John Henry, born August 4, 1864; and Lavina Matilda, born August 6, 1866. All

were born in Cedar City. John Henry died as a child in March, 1865.

Heinrich was a good husband and father, and an honest, hard-working man. Elisabeth was a good mother, a hard-working and frugal woman, yet she and Heinrich were not congenial and they separated when Lavina was a baby. She then married Joseph Hogetts Smith October 5, 1868, and was sealed to him as his third wife in the Salt Lake Endowment House.

Heinrich took, as his second wife, a lady by the name of Mary Sando, who was born in Paris, France, July 25, 1840. He was twelve years older than she. Their married life was a happy, congenial one. They went by ox team to Salt Lake City to be married in the Endowment House, and it took them three weeks each way to make the trip. Perhaps, a not-too-unpleasant way to spend a honeymoon.

Heinrich spent some time working on the Salt Lake Temple, hauling the large granite stones from the quarry to the Temple site with his ox team. We don't know the time, but it could well have been while on this marriage trip.

To Heinrich and Mary were born seven children: Mary Louise, born July 10, 1867; Sarah Jane, born March 4, 1869; Barbara, born July 18, 1871; Margaret Josephine, born February 12, 1874; Alfred John, born November 18, 1877; William Edward, born September 12, 1880; and Minnie Ellen, born March 15, 1882.

Heinrich did much to help build the little community of Cedar City. He helped to build the Tabernacle, the Tithing House, and many other public buildings.

He was one of the best farmers in Southern Utah, raising most all they had to eat. He always paid one-tenth of all his crops as tithing to the Church. One time, before the gristmill was erected in Cedar City, he carried a bushell of wheat on his back to Beaver, Utah, to get some white flour so his family could have white flour for a change. When it was ground, he threw the sack back over his shoulders and started the long walk back. He had walked close to two hundred miles by the time he reached home.

Another time, he took the blade of his plow and carried it to Touquerville to be sharpened, and then carried it back to Cedar City so he could plow his ground to put his crops in. He was always doing things of this kind to make a living for his family. Nothing seemed too hard if it would make things more comfortable for them. He was a busy, industrious, hard-working man, and a true and humble servant of God as he lived. He was a good neighbor and everyone spoke well of him.

He always loved and respected his mother. In her later life, she married a man by the name of Newcomb. She was living at Touquerville when she passed away on May 22, 1890--aged 88 years. Heinrich, then sixty-two years old, took a sack with some bread in it and walked the forty-five miles to attend her funeral. He was a little late, arriving there just as they were taking her to the cemetery.

Heinrich lived to be eighty-six years old, passing from this life on March 15, 1914 at Cedar City. His wife, Mary, followed in about a year, dying on February 26, 1915--aged 74 years.

Heinrich's sister, Barbara Elliker, married Alowise Bauer.

Margaretha married Phillip Klingon Smith (first)
William Unthank (second)

His brother, Johannes (John), married Phoebe Ann Rott.

Heinrich's and Mary's children were:

Mary Louise	married	Willaim Houchin
Sarah Jane	married	Charles Dover
Barbara	married	David D. Sherratt
Margaret J.	married	John Edward Dover
Alfred John	married	Caroline Stevens (first) Lucy Minter (second)
William E.	married	Josie Ashworth (first) Ethel Hall (second)
Minnie Ellen	married	Charles Baxter

Heinrich's and Elisabetha's children were:

Elisabeth Lattmann	married	John Thomas Joseph
Emma Louise	married	Samuel Wood
John Henry	died at about seven months old March, 1865	
Lavina Matilda	married	John Howard Hammond

Author Unknown

History provided
by
Vera Wood Hazleton,
a granddaughter--1982



Elizabetha Lattmann Elliker

In the little town of Sternenbergr, Zurich, Switzerland, there lived a family by the name of Lattmann, Hans Heinrich and his good wife, Elisabetha Furrer. Hans Heinrich was the son of Jakob Heinrich and Magdalena Ott Lattmann. Elisabetha was the daughter of Diethelm and Ann Barbara Aiberli Furrer--all residents of northern Switzerland.

Hans Heinrich and Elisabetha were the parents of four children: Barbara, born September 26, 1839; Elisabetha, born January 7, 1841; Pauline, born October 1, 1842; and Gerold, born December 31, 1848. Gerold, their only son, lived only six years--he died in January, 1854.

The Gospel of the Restored Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (the Mormons) was taken to Switzerland in 1852, and the Lattmanns were among the first to accept it. They were baptized into the Church in 1854, in March. They soon had the desire to emigrate to Zion. In 1856, when Barbara was eighteen, Elisabetha was sixteen, and Pauline was thirteen years of age, they left their home in Switzerland to go with the Saints to Utah.

Though this was to be a hard trip and they knew many hardships and privations were before them, they were anxious to get to America--the land of freedom and opportunity. The political unrest, religious persecution, the recent famine, and labor disputes, made them all the more anxious to accept this wonderful opportunity of going to a new world and especially to be with the Saints in Zion. They were enabled to do this with the aid of the Perpetual Emigration Fund.

They sailed from Liverpool, England, May 22, 1856, on the Packet Ship, Horizon, with Captain Reed, and with Edward Martin in charge of the 856 Saints aboard. They docked at Boston on June 30, 1856, after six weeks on the water. From there, they took the train to Iowa City where preparations were made to secure

handcarts and provisions for the trek across the plains. The railroad had been opened up as far as Iowa City in 1855.

This was the first year of the handcart companies. Many more Saints had come than they had made preparations for, consequently the later handcarts were put together hurriedly and of green lumber. They were poorly made with wooden axles and many of them didn't hold up over the rough roads ahead. They were made with shafts, five feet long, and could be either pushed or pulled. The handcarts cost from \$45 to \$50, and the Saints could get them by paying \$20, \$10, or less as a down payment. Trouble came when they came to the dry plains and the green lumber shrank--the carts began falling apart. Much time was spent in repairing them. The men would pull the carts all day, spending the evenings at repairing them. They used buffalo thongs and even the metal of their kettles to hold them together, but still many broke beyond repair.

Two companies were made up at Iowa City: Captain Willie's Company of five hundred left on July 15th, and Edward Martin's Company left on July 26th. The Lattmann family were in the Martin Company. They fared well until they reached Florence, where the Willie Company were on August 22nd. The two Companies held a big mass meeting to decide if they should remain there for the winter, as it was getting later in the season than was advisable to start out; or, to go on. Unfortunately, they decided to go on. They left Florence, August 25, trying to persuade themselves that the Lord would temper the elements for their good.

There were a few wagons carrying the tents and flour. The emigrants took all they were allowed of clothing, bedding, and other things on their carts. As a safety measure, each cart was given one hundred pounds of extra flour. Though the carts were heavy, they started out on the long, toilsome trip with light hearts, little knowing what lay ahead. They were happy because they were going to the land of Zion.

In the Edward Martin Company, besides 576 persons, there were 146 handcarts and seven wagons. Elisabetha and her sisters helped their parents pull the handcart. On they went--over hot, dry deserts. Some days, the sun beat mercilessly down on them, and occasionally a sudden storm drenched them all to the skin and they

went to bed cold and wet. They saw great herds of buffalo--once in a while, one would be killed and there would be fresh meat for a few meals.

They reached Fort Laramie, October 8th. They camped east of Laramie Fort about a mile from the Fort. Many of the emigrants went to the Fort with watches and other things to trade for food. Up to now, the daily ration of flour was not quite enough, and the nearer they reached the mountains, the hungrier they grew. Soon, after leaving Fort Laramie, their rations were reduced again, to make them last as long as possible. First, it was one pound, then three-fourths, then a half, and even less for each person a day. They still toiled on, tired and hungry. Feed for their cattle was also scarce.

As they got farther into the mountains, the roads were harder, more rocky and steep, and more handcarts fell apart. At Deer Creek, in order to lighten their loads so they could go faster, they discarded some of their clothing, blankets, and utensils. This was on October 17th. How wrong this was as they soon found out, for on October 19th as they crossed the Platte for the last time at Red Butte, winter came down on them in sudden fury. It was a bitter and cold day, and the first snow of the season; the river was wide and the current strong and the water very cold, and there were big cobble stones to hinder their crossing.

Some women and children were carried over, but many pulled up their skirts and waded the cold water. They were scarcely over when snow, hail and sleet, and a piercing north wind came upon them--cattle as well as people suffered severely. It was a terrible day, and many died that night from exposure, hunger, and exhaustion. There was much sadness in the Company.

It snowed three days. They were all exhausted, so they decided to rest a few days near the Platte. When they reached Devil's Gate, a council was held to decide if they should stay there for the winter or go on. They decided to go on, leaving many of the handcarts behind. When they came to the Sweetwater, there was ice on the water and the bottom of the stream was muddy, making the crossing very difficult. They stayed two or three days at Martin's Ravine, seeking shelter in the willows and hollows.

The wind blew their tents over and with their scanty clothing, worn-out shoes (many had tied rags around their feet), and with very little food, their sufferings were very acute. They got dysentery from eating oxen that had died, causing a great many more of the people to die. The remainder huddled in this condition, waiting the relief that had been promised, or death.

Finally, help came--wagons from Salt Lake with food! Word had been taken to Brigham Young telling him of the plight of this group of belated pioneers, and wagons with clothing, food, and bedding had been sent immediately. The deep snow and storms had delayed them also, so they were late in getting help to the survivors. There were enough wagons, so all could ride now. Still, it wasn't easy as the winds and storms continued. It was terrible passing over Rocky Ridge and South Pass. More of their number died here. In many cases, the ground was too frozen and rocky for graves to be dug, so the bodies were piled in the snow--sometimes, no rocks could be found to cover them.

On the 21st of November, 1856, they reached Green River; on the 23rd, Fort Bridger; on the 25th, Bear River; on the 27th, they were on the Weber; on the 28th, they were at East Canyon Creek; on the 29th, Big Mountain; and finally, the long trek was over--for at noon on Sunday, November 30, 1856, they reached the Great Salt Lake City. Many were ill, many had frozen feet, all were bedraggled, cold, and hungry. The Saints met them with open arms and took them into their homes, fed and clothed them, and nursed them back to health.

The following spring (1857), the Lattmann family was among a number of Saints, called by Brigham Young, to go to Cedar City in Southern Utah to help the settlement there. In Cedar City, they went through all the vicissitudes and hardships of the early pioneer--learning a new language and getting accustomed to new habits and a new life, but they were happy to be among the Saints of God and in a land of freedom.

Soon after reaching Cedar City, Elisabetha met a young man from the native land, Hans Heinrich Elliker. The Elliker family had come from Kuesnacht, Zurich, Switzerland, in the Daniel McArthur Company, the first handcart companies to come that season. Heinrich Elliker was a man of thirty-one years. He was

attracted by the flashing, black eyes and pretty face of young Elisabetha, and wooed her, winning her hand in marriage. Their first child, a daughter, Elisabeth Lattmann, was born October 4, 1859. Then, followed Emma Louise, born January 21, 1862; and John Henry, born August 4, 1864, died in 1865; and last came Lavina Matilda, born August 6, 1866.

Elisabeth L. married John Thomas Joseph and died at the birth of their third child, January 27, 1886. Emma married Samuel Wood. She lived to be ninety-three years old, dying in the spring of 1955 in Monticello, Utah. Lavina married John Howard Hammond. She was the mother of ten children, and lived to be eighty-eight years old, dying August 24, 1954.

The marriage between Elisabetha and Heinrich Elliker proved to be unhappy. Her age may have had something to do with it as she was only eighteen at the time of her marriage. Anyway, they were not congenial and were divorced when their little girl, Lavina, was about two years old.

Not long after, Elisabetha married again, this time in plural marriage to Joseph Hoggetts Smith. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City October 5, 1868. Lavina remembers Joseph Stanford Smith--a young boy and her step-brother--carrying her on his back to meet her mother as they returned from Salt Lake City.

Elisabetha was the third wife of Joseph Hoggetts Smith. He was forty years older than she, but they lived a happy life together. She and her children were taken in and treated very kindly.

Joseph had three children by his first wife, Maria Stanford: Mary Ann (Mame), Emma, and Joseph Stanford--the youngest, who at the time of his father's marriage was sixteen years old.

To Elisabetha and Joseph were born five children: Mary Jane, born November 11, 1869, dying when not quite eighteen years old; John Lattmann, born February 13, 1872, dying after marriage to Johanna Susanna Halls, leaving four children; Roselia, born October 26, 1874--she married Fred McGregor and they were the parents of four children (Roselia still living in 1957); William

Edwin, born May 1, 1877, dying when thirty-nine years of age having never married; Marcia Belle, born March 26, 1880, married Sam Sullenberger and later Dan Piconni. She had no children and was still living in 1957. All of Elisabetha's and Joseph's children were born in Cedar City, Utah.



*Emma Louise Elliker Wood
Second wife of Samuel Wood
Married November 5, 1885 in
the St. George Temple*

In 1885, Emma Louise Elliker became the second wife of Samuel Wood. They were sealed for time and eternity in the St. George Temple on the 5th day of November. They then moved to Bluff, Utah. Years later, they moved to Monticello, Utah.

In 1886, Elisabetha, Joseph, and their children left Cedar City and moved out to Mancos, Colorado. Her daughter, Lavina, went to Colorado the following year. They stayed at Mancos only a short time, then moved to a small place south on the LaPlata River called Jackson, New Mexico. This was a nice place--the soil was sandy and deep, and the climate warm. All was fine until the people above them on the river appropriated all the water. They couldn't raise their crops of melons, grapes, and

their gardens without water, so it wasn't many years until the place was deserted--only a few graves remained.



Samuel Wood

*Age unknown
at time of
picture*

Shortly after they moved to Jackson, Mary Jane became ill and died May 16, 1887. They buried her at Fruitland, New Mexico, about ten miles down the San Juan River.

A little over three years later, Brother Smith died in October, 1890. They also buried him at Fruitland; he was seventy-one years old.

Elisabetha did the best she could for a few years, but as her children grew up, they needed to go away to get work and so she was pretty much alone. She had a widower neighbor, Mr. Steele, who asked her to marry him. She did, but didn't better herself much. Mr. Steele took her up into Idaho, where they attempted to homestead. Life was very hard there, with no conveniences, and she often had to carry water about a quarter of a mile. They soon gave it up and returned to Mancos, Colorado. Here, her sons, John and William, and her daughter, Lavina, and Lavina's husband, John Hammond, built her a small three-room lumber house, on land purchased from Bishop George Halls. Mr. Steele stayed there with her a short time, then left and never returned.



*Elisabetha Lattmann Elliker Smith
Mother of Emma Louise Elliker Wood,
second wife of Samuel Wood
Date of Picture unknown--probably taken in
the early 1900's in Mancos, Colorado
Elisabetha died September 18, 1919*

Elisabetha had a small garden and flowers. She had one row of yellow marigolds. She had a cow and was quite comfortable and content. Then sorrow came to her as she lost two sons by accidental deaths. John was killed in the fall of 1910, while he was hauling long bridge-pole stringers from the canyon. William was killed or died two days after Christmas in 1916, from exposure on a deer-hunting trip. Both deaths were very hard on Elisabetha.

In 1914, Elisabetha was able to secure from a Swiss Genealogist, Julius Billeter, with little financial outlay, something over 1,900 names of her relatives from Switzerland. She then went to the Temple in Salt Lake City, where she spent the next three years doing ordinance work for her dead ancestors.

When her health failed, she went back to Mancos, Colorado, to make her home with her daughter, Lavina. This was in the spring

of 1918. In the spring of 1919, Lavina's home burned to the ground, so Lavina and her remaining family moved over into Elisabetha's little house. Since space was limited, Elisabetha went to stay with her granddaughter, Lydia Hammond Fielding. She stayed there a few weeks, then her daughter, Emma Wood, came from Monticello, Utah, and took her home with her. Elisabetha was ill all this time and passed away at Emma's home September 18, 1919, at the age of seventy-eight years and eight months. She was brought back to Mancos, Colorado, and buried in the little Weber Cemetery on the hill beside her son, William.

She was a faithful Latter-day Saint, a hard worker, and a frugal and saving woman. She was charitable and a kind mother, friend, and neighbor. She never complained, nor criticized, and is held in reverence by all those who knew her.

Author Unknown

History provided
by
Vera Wood Hazleton,
a granddaughter--1982



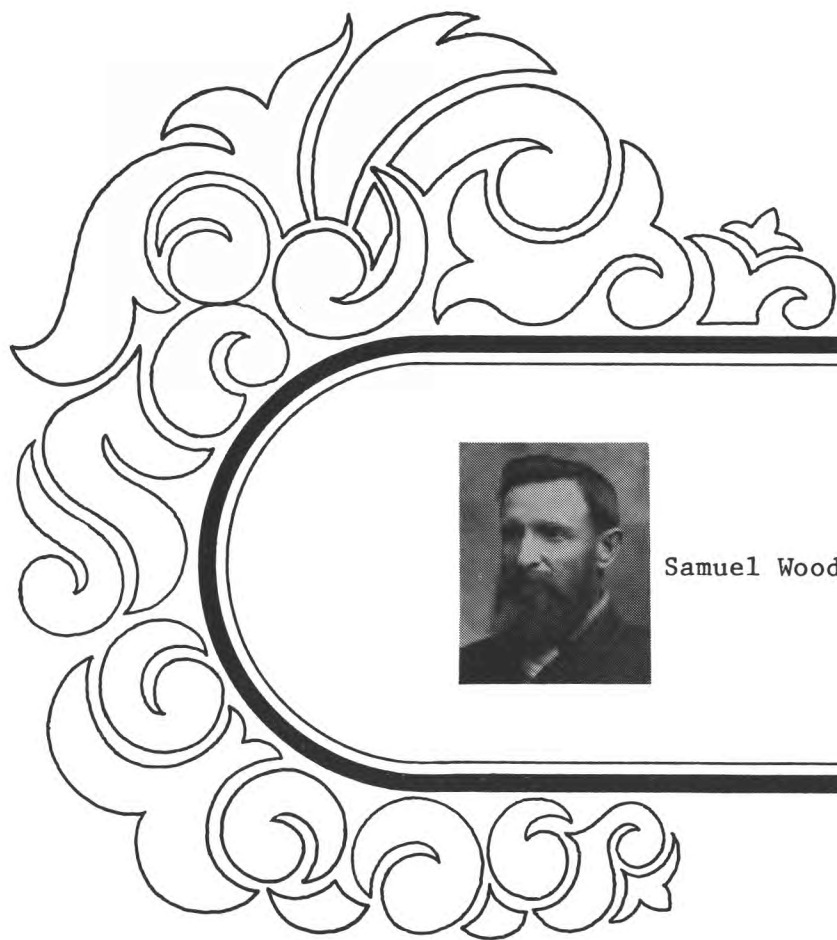
Samuel Wood

Second child of

Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould Wood

Born: January 1, 1843
West Bromwich,
Staffordshire, England

Died: April 10, 1910
Salt Lake City,
Salt Lake County, Utah



Samuel Wood



Josephine Catherine
Chatterley Wood



Emma Louise
Elliker Wood



Samuel Wood

"Never was isle so litte, never was sea so lone, But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag has flown."¹

England, the place of birth for Samuel Wood, is called by Oliver Goldsmith, "The land of scholars and the nurse of arms." It is an island kingdom comparatively small in area, but in importance is among the greatest countries of the world. Kipling pictures its far-reaching influence in two lines:

This country of England, to which was the originator of constitutional government, with literature second to none, with industries of world-wide importance, is about the size of our state of Alabama having 50,933 square miles. It is not strange that England developed as a sea power when it is considered that no spot in the island is more than seventy miles from the sea, when the numerous deep indentations and navigable ruins are taken into consideration. England has a coastline measuring almost 2,000 miles.²

[Printed by authority of the Registrar General.]



CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF BIRTH Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Act 1953

CH 008797

B. Cert. S.R.

Registration District WEST BROMWICH										
1843. Birth in the Sub-district of <i>West Bromwich South West</i> in the County of <i>Stafford</i>										
No.	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name, and surname of father	Name, surname and maiden surname of mother	Occupation of father	Signature, description, and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar	Name entered after registration
23	<i>First of January 1843 Grout Street</i>	<i>SAMUEL</i>	<i>Boy</i>	<i>STEPHEN WOOD</i>	<i>MARY ANN WOOD formerly RABOLD</i>	<i>Merchant Iron roller</i>	<i>The mark of X MARY ANN WOOD Mother Grout Street</i>	<i>Fifth of January 1843</i>	<i>SAMUEL REEVES Registrar.</i>	

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody.

M. Barber Superintendent Registrar
26th April 1978 Date

CAUTION—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

Samuel Wood's Birth Certificate.

His mother's name is spelled RABOLD; the correct spelling is RAYBOULD.

-Samuel-
Born January 1, 1843
Son of
Stephen Wood
and
Mary Ann Raybould Wood

It was in the midland county of England, that of Staffordshire, in the small 11.2 square mile borough of West Bromwich that the tiny, new-born voice of Samuel Wood let the household know that he indeed was welcoming his opportunity to join the human race. It was truly a reason for the Wood family to celebrate the New Year because Samuel was born on the first of January 1843. His father, Stephen Wood, was then twenty-two years old and his mother, Mary Ann Raybould Wood, was twenty-three. There was also a seventeen-month-old brother, John, who welcomed the new addition and three years later in 1846 another son, Stephen, would complete the family circle.

The Wood family lived at 23 Grout Street in West Bromwich and the father, Stephen, worked as a forgerman,³ as a merchant, and an Iron Roller.⁴

"The town of West Bromwich stands on the river Tame on branches of the Birmingham canal. It was, at the close of the last century, a rural village amid a barren heath, but is now a town upwards of three miles long--all a stir with industry and progressing rapidly. The High-Street runs north and south and is one-and-a-half miles long; many handsome streets go east and west, and public buildings, churches, factories, and fine private residences show a grand aggregate of striking feature."

Some of the prominent places were as follows:

"St. George's Hall, in Paradise Street, originally a Wesleyan Chapel, is a tasteful edifice, accommodates about 70 persons, and serves for concerts, lectures, and public meetings. The Market place, at the south end of High Street, is well supplied. The police station erected in 1851, is the residence of officers with a strong body of men. All-Saints Church, on an eminence at the northeast side of the parish, is an ancient structure, of nave, chancel, and aisles with a tower; and contains a curious Norman font, two very ancient effigies, and a memorial window of 1851 to the late Earl of Dartmouth. The town comprises 5,710 acres. Real property of 126,660 pounds of which 35,961 pounds are in

mines, and 25,016 in iron works. Population in 1841 is 26,121."⁵

This was two years before Samuel's birth.

Parts of the Wood family had broken away from the Church of England in 1775, and ancestors Nicholas and Martha Wood became followers of the Methodist Reformer, John Wesley. Some family members traveled with Wesley, and preached his New Gospel. They were considered "nonconformists" by the English crown.⁶

Samuel's parents, Stephen Wood and Mary Ann Raybould, were married November 2, 1840, in the "Church of All Saints according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church," so it might be safe to assume that they also attended that church. According to Stephen's brother, George, he himself joined the Primitive Methodist Church and remained a member of it until June 1840.⁷

Sometime in the year of 1840, Mormon Elders arrived in England to teach those who would listen to the message of the restored New and Everlasting Gospel. Theodore Turley, Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, and Alfred Cordon were missionaries in England at this time and confirmed George Wood,⁸ one of three brothers who joined the church. Samuel Wood's father Stephen and mother Mary Ann, joined the church along with his father's brothers George and Samuel and their wives, who both had the name of Jane.

The history of religion in England is interesting--many of the very important political events, as wars or revolutions, have had their determining cause in some religious question. Since the days of Elizabeth, Protestantism has been the dominant religion; no Roman Catholic may inherit the throne. The State Church is the Church of England. The name Protestant Episcopal applies to corresponding churches in America. It would be difficult to name a faith which is not represented in England, for there is permitted perfect freedom to worship.⁹

"The places of worship in West Bromwich in 1851 were 18 of the Church of England with 13,020 sittings; 9 of Independents with 3,966 sittings; 6 of Baptists with

1,371 s.; 1 of Unitarians with 300 s.; 13 of Wesleyan Methodists with 6,434 s.; 5 of New Connexion Methodists with 1,763 s.; 12 of Primitive Methodists with 2,806 s.; 1 of Latter-day Saints with 300 s.; 2 undefined with 300 s.; and 2 Roman Catholic with 344 s.."¹⁰ (Note: Sittings must mean members.)

In the early days of the church, converts were urged to emigrate and strengthen the Latter-day Saint base of operation in America. With such strong encouragement, one might expect Latter-day Saints to have left their homelands soon after their conversion to the gospel. Englishmen, especially, have always been known for their adventurous spirits which led them in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries to discover, explore, and settle upon lands beyond the sea. These people, too, were independent, determined and progressive, but still the preparation for emigration was usually a long, slow process. It was nine years after the baptism of the three Wood brothers, and when Samuel Wood was six years old, that the family was ready to come to America and join the Saints in the Salt Lake Valley. Elder Orson Spencer who had presided over the British mission was appointed president over the 358 saints who were preparing to leave.

Hundreds and thousands of Saints were answering the call to gather themselves to the main body of the church. Government officials, clergymen, and ordinary people raised important questions as to, "Why they should leave their homeland," and they gathered at the docks to have a first-hand look at the "Mormons" and see their traveling arrangements.

Among these visitors to a different ship and twelve years later, was Charles Dickens. He published an account of his visit to the Mormon emigrant ship and pointed out that these were primarily working-class people--including craftsmen in many trades. He was skeptical about what they would find in Utah, but Dickens was impressed by their organization, their calmness, and their quiet self-respect. He said, "Some remarkable influence has produced a remarkable result," and of the people themselves he wrote that "had he not known they were Mormons, he would have described them as 'in their degree, the pick and flower of England.'"¹¹

It must have been a very difficult and heart-breaking parting for Samuel's parents to leave behind their parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins who surely plead with them not to leave and yet, it must have been an exciting time for a young boy to know that he would be with his parents and would have the adventure of sailing on a large ship across the ocean. Imagine his wide eyes and eager anticipation!

On January 23, 1849, the three Wood brothers and their families were among the many Saints from different branches who had arrived in Liverpool. This was to be the place of departure and the following day they moved their freight from the station to the dock yards, and went on board the ship, Ashland.¹² Those in the Wood party were:

Samuel Wood.....age 30, male mechanic
Jane Wood.....age 31

Stephen Wood.....age 28, male mechanic
Mary (Ann Raybould) Wood.....age 29
John Wood.....age 7
Samuel Wood.....age 6
Stephen Wood.....age 1 1/2
(According to ship's records). He should have been listed somewhere between 2 and 3 years old.

George Wood.....age 26, male mechanic
Jane Wood.....age 30
Joseph Wood.....age 5
Ann Wood.....age 3
Mary Wood.....age 1 1/2

One other male child named:

Henry (?) Wood.....age 3 ¹³
(The relationship of this child to the above families is not known).

The passengers stayed on board the ship until the first of February, 1849, when the dock gates were open, and the Steam Tug towed them out to the mouth of the Irish sea. There the captain and his wife took sick, so they were kept there for twelve days.

When he recovered, the captain went back to Liverpool for fresh water and other supplies and finally set sail. During the trip the high winds and rough ocean caused many to be seasick. Provisions for ten weeks had been put on board ship, but they were eleven weeks, three days in crossing, so if it hadn't been for extra provisions that some passengers had brought, there would have been severe suffering.¹⁴

The average cost of boat fare from Liverpool to New Orleans was six pounds sterling for adults, and five for children. Beds, provisions, and cooking utensils were supplied by the passengers. The following list was found in the Millennial Star, Volume 12, Page 266:

"For the voyage--25 lb. Biscuit, 19 lbs. wheaten flour, 20 lbs. Rice, 50 lb. oatmeal, 10 lb. pork, 5 lb. molasses, 1 1/2 lbs. tea, 3 lb. butter, 5 lb. sugar, 2 lb. cheese, 1 pint vinegar, 3 qts. pure daily water."

After a relatively safe passage, the Ashland arrived at New Orleans, Louisiana, April 18, 1849.¹⁵ It must have been a day of joy and happiness to have their feet on solid ground again after eighty days at sea; however, the voyage appears to have been a positive and memorable experience. They had now arrived at the early port of entry for the Saints, and it is possible that agents from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund were there to lend a helping hand. This fund was started in 1849, but whether it was in effect in April is not known.

The travelers had to pass official inspection, find temporary lodging, and transfer to river boats for the seven-hundred-mile trip up the Mississippi River and another five hundred miles up the Missouri to Council Bluffs.

No one knows exactly how many Latter-day Saints migrated during the half-century that the gathering was encouraged by church leaders, but at least 85,000 members; perhaps, half again that many (if children and independent immigrants are counted) sailed from Liverpool during that time.¹⁶

Only the first two groups of English immigrants in 1840 debarked at New York City; for the fifteen years thereafter, all

European immigrant groups sailed to New Orleans and then up the Mississippi River to various points of departure. After 1856, immigrants could go by railroad to Chicago and beyond, so they again landed in New York City, and also in Boston and Philadelphia. Until 1845, they went straight to Nauvoo, Illinois. Afterwards, these other points of departure were developed:

Winter Quarters (later Florence), Nebraska	1846-48
Council Bluffs, Iowa	1849-52
Saint Louis, Missouri	1852
Keokuk, Iowa	1853
Westport, Missouri	1854
Mormon Grove, Kansas	1855-56
Iowa City, Iowa	1856-57

There was no formal immigration in 1858 because of the "Utah Indian War".¹⁷

This information should clear up any question as to whether the Wood group traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, as is recorded in some histories. They could not have traveled on the Missouri River if their destination had been Iowa City. The river does not go that way, so perhaps the writings meant AN Iowa City, which according to the above LDS Church records, would place the Wood group in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

There have also been some reports that the family contracted cholera on the Mississippi River; others say the Missouri River. One history states that the Wood group traveled together as a family as far as the Missouri River, which would indicate that they had completed the trip up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Saint Louis, Missouri. Perhaps, it will never be known exactly where the cholera tragedy occurred, but quoting from George Wood's history:

"We had come across the ocean by sailing vessel to New Orleans and with a river boat load of emigrants, the Walkers, the Harrisons, some of the Leighs, of whom later became Cedar residents, were persuing (sic) our way slowly along up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers when cholera broke out.

"The boat was of the usual river type of that time, there was little convenience, the food was poor in quality, sanitation almost unknown, except as the people had been reared to habits of cleanliness or otherwise. The captain was an extremely harsh unaccommodating person, who seemed to care little except to unload his cargo.

"As soon as cholera struck the boat, many died.

"The usual method of caring for the dead was to dump them overboard into the water. Grief or tender feelings toward them mattered not a whit.

"So when I and some others asked permission to pause long enough to dig a grave and mark the spot where our dear ones were consigned to the earth, we were very much out of line.

"He, after much persuasion finally agreed to give us so much time, one hour I think, and pulled close enough in so that we could land.

"I hired a big negro and we began to dig a common trench that would hold 12 or 15 bodies, five of them belonged to me--Stephen and Samuel, my young wife, and our two babies. (Note: George Wood's granddaughter, June Danvers, says that only one of his babies died.)

"Our heartbreaking task was only well begun, when the whistle blew for us to come. Several of the people ran leaving the negro, one woman, and myself.

"What bitterness of spirit I experienced, no one can say. Was this what I had given up all for? Here I stood with two strangers, united only in the characteristics that are common to mortal bodies--our common interests lay in the sun, fast deteriorating, our only hope of escape from our situation, fast receding around a bend.

"Perhaps I had been spared to perform this last sad rite.

"What else would I have to suffer?

"I shuddered--I had been raised in cool lovely England. Then, seeing again my dear ones die for the need of decent housing, simple comforts, care and medicine, I resolved to strive for them with my whole soul.

"I urged upon my companions the need for effort, and soon we had lain the last body in the hole, covered and marked the spot with what features we had at hand--stones, trees, and etc., not knowing if it would ever be possible to find it again under happier circumstances.

"The woman, sick with fear and sorrow, knelt and said a prayer.

"I removed my hat and consigned my own to earth, awaiting a happier reunion at a future day of resurrection, and restoration. My words had been a prayer of dedication, mostly spoken to myself. As I stopped my words and opened my eyes, there came a shout from the boat, which had left us there.

"They sent the small boat to pick us up, and after we were again working up river, quietly so as not to attract too much attention, inquired what had changed the captain's mind. I was told that upon pulling away and leaving, after he had promised the necessary time, there was immediate dissatisfaction on the part of nearly all his passengers expressed to him in various ways.

"Jos. Walker took it upon himself to try another method.

"Big, slow, kindly, perhaps he was unusually aroused. He secured a rope, walked up to the captain

and in words such as this said, "Now, we've tried persuasion, you seem to have a stone where your heart should be. You see this rope, if you don't go back and get those people (the time is just now up that you promised them), why I'll hang you by the neck to this boat's crossbeam, and these men will help me if I can't do the job myself. At any rate, I'll have plenty of help.

"From then on the Capt. seemed to have plenty of respect for Jos. Walker."¹⁸

Cholera was a dreaded disease that took many lives because of lack of sanitation. The symptoms are acute, violent diarrhea, accompanied by vomiting. There is evidence of the afflicted person going into great shock and rapid wasting due to extreme loss of moisture in the body. It is a highly infectious disease that is spread by contaminated water, raw food, and soiled hands.

We can only imagine the terrible grief that the remaining family felt as they continued their journey in this new and foreign land. The excitement of the trip for young Samuel had vanished and before him was a life to be lived without his beloved father. From this time on, Samuel developed a great love and dependency on "Uncle George" and looked to him for guidance in the future. A lesser man might have turned back under the weight of his sorrow and new responsibility, and returned to England or even stayed in the midwest where America was already settled. The "call to gather", however, had been made and so George Wood remained true to the faith that he had embraced, gathering his two sisters-in-law and three little nephews in his arms and vowed to take care of them along with the two children of his own. One of these nephews was six-year-old Samuel who regarded Uncle George as teacher, guardian, friend, companion, and an example of all that was good. Later, Samuel would choose to stay with him rather than go to California with his mother.

Referring again to the history of George Wood, it simply states that they "finished the journey by ox team." Notes from Samuel's daughter, Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen, say that they journeyed to the Salt Lake Valley in a company led by Orson Spencer and arrived in the late fall of 1849.

In the same company coming across the plains, was a family by the name of Davies with whom the Woods became acquainted. Both of these families located temporarily in Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah. The Davies family ran a grist or flour mill in or near the Millcreek area.

One year later in the fall of 1850, volunteers were called to settle Iron County in southern Utah. They needed men that knew something about the workings of iron and coal, and George Wood was one of these knowledgeable people. Before this carefully selected group left Salt Lake, George Wood and Mary Davies were married by Brigham Young on December 2, 1850. George also married his sister-in-law, Jane, for time only and she was sealed to her first husband Samuel Wood for time and eternity.¹⁹

In December of 1850, George Wood's family left Salt Lake. They camped on December 15th near Fort Provo. Inside their circled wagons, they held a meeting and selected and sustained George A. Smith as their leader. On January 5, 1851, they were at the Cove Fort site. Two weeks later, they came to Center Creek in the Little Salt Lake Valley and the settlement there was later called Parowan. It was in the late fall or early winter of that year that that Brigham Young called thirty-five men and their families to leave Parowan and move some twenty-two miles further south and establish a settlement closer to the iron and coal deposits. After their first harvests were over in the Parowan Valley and explorations were made, the families made the move leaving Parowan on November 9, 1851. Their assignment was to build up a community geared to produce iron.²⁰

It is thought that perhaps Mary Ann Raybould Wood (mother of young Samuel and widow of Stephen) stayed in Salt Lake with the Davies family for awhile and went at a later date to join the other saints in Iron County. She married William Davies on April 6, 1851 and gave birth to a son late in the fall of that year. Another son was born in Cedar City on March 3, 1853, so there is a question as to when they actually moved to Cedar City and how long they lived there.

In the spring of 1852, President Brigham Young was visiting at the first fort in the Cedar area. From a record of the Iron company: "On May 11th a meeting was called at the home of Brother

Ross in Cedar Fort, for the purpose of organizing the brethren into a company for the producing of iron." They planned their work. Half of the men were assigned to get materials together for building coke ovens, hauling ore, coal, rock, etc., while the other half were to do the colony maintenance tasks, such as ploughing, planting, ditching, and building. Needless to say, that year was a busy one for this group of pioneers. Roads were build both to the coal beds and the iron beds. The coal was hauled and coked. Iron ore was hauled and broken with sledge hammers to a uniform size. By using a bellows on a small furnace built by J. P. Jones and George Wood, the first iron was drawn.²¹

Four years had passed since they had left England and Samuel was now ten years old. It is not known if his mother and step-father had been called by the church to go farther west to help colonize California or if they went without receiving an official call, but we do know that William Davies and Mary Ann left Cedar City in the late summer of 1853 to go to the west coast. Naturally, Mary Ann wanted to take her family with her, but Uncle George had become like a father to Samuel and he hid in the corn field to avoid going. That is the story, but I wonder if perhaps Mary Ann thought they would be back later or that she would send for Samuel after they were settled. These are questions we will never know, but nevertheless Samuel did stay in Cedar and made his home with his uncle. Although he corresponded with his mother, he never saw her again.

While Samuel was growing up, he worked for his Uncle George as any other son would. Besides farming, George owned and operated a prosperous furniture store so as Samuel grew to manhood, he did freighting for his uncle and others and made his own way from then on. Samuel only received a grade-school education, but loved to read and became self-educated. He was an ambitious man carrying mail between Cedar and Salt Lake City, building and operating a sawmill and he also learned the trade of a carpenter. He learned to handle horses and mules, to farm, and to find or to make a way through many difficulties.²²

In 1865, when Samuel was twenty-three, the Blackhawk War broke out in Sanpete county and spread to southern Utah. This was one of the most disastrous of all Utah-Indian conflicts and lasted until 1868. Samuel joined the war effort and became a scout, a

guard, and a minuteman. Samuel was compelled to meet stern situations, make quick decisions, and discern the wisest course to take in difficult and dangerous situations. More than fifty settlers were killed and raids were constantly going on--driving others from their homes. Some towns were abandoned for the duration of the war.²³

Young Samuel Wood may have figured that his part in this unnecessary conflict, the toil, suspense, and hardship it entailed was but to meet the necessity of general survival. As part of a great and far-reaching program for him, it was an advanced course in understanding Indians, learning how to live and carry on in a wild country, and meeting unprecedented situations such as he was destined to meet in later years in the Indian wilderness of San Juan County.²⁴ Samuel did become a peacemaker with the Indians and received a medal for his service in this great conflict, the Utah-Indian War.



A medal of honor given to Samuel Wood for his service in the Utah-Indian War

Samuel had been going with a young lady whose name was Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley, and had grown more than a little fond of her. She was born in Cedar City and had been raised by her half-sister since she was three years old. Both of her parents, Joseph Chatterley and Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley, had passed away leaving her an orphan. Sometime in her teens, she found work in Salt Lake City where she relates, "A young man asked me to marry him, and I told him that I had been going for some time with Samuel Wood, but if Samuel did not come to see me within a week, I would marry him. Then, of course, Sam had to come and that settled it." This incident shows Jody's delightful sense of humor. Her eyes must have twinkled in merriment as she told the "other man" what would determine whom she should marry.



The Walker War was the forerunner of the Black Hawk War. At left is Chief Walker; right his brother, Chief Arapeen. This sketch was made by the Jewish artist and daguerreotypist, Solomon Nunes Carvalho, who traveled with Brigham Young to Walker's campground, 1854, when Samuel was but 11 years old. Intermittent hostilities continued up to the time of the Black Hawk War.



No picture was found of Black Hawk, who started that particular war in 1865. However, Chief Tabiuna, or Tabby, was a brother of Chief Walker and Chief Arapeen, and was one of fifteen chiefs who signed a treaty in 1865, in an effort to stop the Black Hawk War. It did not end until 1867-68. Samuel was actively involved in this great conflict.

Samuel's work as a freighter and also a mail carrier might possibly account for the trips he made to Salt Lake from Cedar City. In any event, Sam did come to see her, and they were married on the 25th of December, 1871, when he was twenty-eight years old and she was eighteen. They exchanged their vows and made their eternal covenants in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. The marriage was sealed on this beautiful Christmas Day by Daniel Hamner Wells who was second counselor to Brigham Young.²⁵



Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood. Samuel was 28 years old when he married Jody. It cannot be assumed that this was taken at the time of marriage, but was probably taken before they left Cedar City, Utah

Samuel took his lovely new bride back to Cedar City where they made their home. He had learned how to work and save, and they prospered. They build a comfortable brick home two stories high with six rooms. His son, Joseph Henry, later said it was one of the finest homes in Cedar. They had a farm, orchard, and livestock. In their eleven years of married life in Cedar City, Samuel was climbing prosperously towards financial independence. He was a most ambitious man, still carrying the mail and freighting. This took him away from home much of the time.



The Samuel Wood home in Cedar City, Utah. It was one of the finest homes in Cedar. Sam and Jody lived in it nine or ten years.



Another view of the Wood home in Cedar City, Utah

Their first child, Samuel Franklin, was born April 11, 1873. He was the joy of their lives, but on October 5, 1874, when he was just eighteen-months old, he died. This was a crushing blow for them to lose their first child, and it left a painful vacancy in their home. Other children born to them while they lived in Cedar City were: Joseph Henry, born March 8, 1875; Arthur Stephen, born January 27, 1877; John Morton, born June 3, 1879; Mary Ann, born March 11, 1880; and Sarah Jane (Jennie), born July 3, 1882.

Another tragedy entered their home when little Mary Ann became ill and passed away when she was just sixteen months old. Losing a child is a most painful, heartbreaking experience and only the testimony of a life hereafter and the comforting touch of the Master's hand sustains someone in this situation. So, it must have been with the Wood family as they laid a second child to rest in the Cedar City cemetery.

Samuel and Jody loved Cedar City, having spent the majority of their lives there. Among family and friends, they would undoubtedly have been content to remain there forever. Samuel was a good provider and was kind and considerate to his wife and children. He had earned the respect of his fellowmen as he dealt honestly with them in business. He had contributed in numerous ways to strengthening families and building the community.²⁶

Suddenly, disturbing rumors were being spread around Cedar City that the "Mormon" church planned to send Saints to build up and develop a town in a faraway corner of San Juan County, a hundred miles from any other settlement. This colony was to be established in the middle of the warring Navajos, Paiute, and Ute Indians, so the Saints could "make peace" with them. Uneasiness began to mar the security and peace of the Wood home. They knew the church was looking for young people of integrity--people who could adapt to adverse conditions and who could be depended on to act wisely and courageously among savage Indians. The Saints would have to win by kindness and fair dealings the good will and confidence which military operations do not inspire. The dread shadow became a reality. A meeting was announced to be held in Cedar, where the names would be read of men called to San Juan and other missions.

Josephine had such a dread of being among those to be called that she did not go to church that day, but before the meeting was over, her half-sister, Margaret Corlett Parry, came hurrying to her in tears and saying, "O, Josephine, you are called, but surely you won't go." Together they wept over the prospect. When Samuel came home, he told them at once that the house had been crowded to overflowing, everyone was tense, excited, almost breathless as they waited to hear the fatal list. "We are among those who are called," Samuel said, "and we will go." The group called were freighters, farmers, builders of homes, but above all that, they

were followers of the true prophet of God, and since the call came from Him, they would go. It was unthinkable to do otherwise.²⁷ Like their fathers who had given up everything and journeyed in tribulation over sea and land to obey the call of the gospel, Samuel Wood and his companion, Josephine Catherine, could not find it in their hearts to do otherwise.

It was impossible, however, for them to start with the first company in the fall of 1879. They needed to convert their belongings into teams, wagons and other equipment, and such livestock as they could take with them. A call from the church to its' people was a call for the people to find a way or make a way to fill that call. In the three years while they were making their preparation to go with the next company, two little girls were born to them, Mary Ann who died sixteen months later, and Sarah Jane (Jennie) who was just three and a half months old when the family left for San Juan.

Sam and Jody realized little from sale of the land and improvements in Cedar. In telling about it with good-natured banter, Josephine said, "*Sam traded the home and land for teams and wagons and a few sacks of bran.*" And, in the same humor Sam countered, "*Yes, and Josephine gave the bran to the neighbors to feed to their hungry pigs.*" The time set for their departure was October 17, 1882--three years from the starting date of the first company that left in the fall of 1879 to fight their way through by way of the notorious Hole-in-the-Rock crossing of the Colorado. The forepart of the month was sad with farewell visits to friends and relatives and the two graves where the little brother and sister had been laid to rest.

Four families were to go from Cedar and one from Enoch, and on the morning of the 17th, the town gathered to say goodbye and wish them Godspeed on their journey. They were crowded into their covered wagons with provisions, bedding, camp supplies, and the few books, personal belongings, or keepsakes which they could take with them.²⁸

Samuel was then thirty-nine years old, his wife Josephine was twenty-nine, and the ages of their children were as follows: Joseph Henry, 7; Arthur Stephen, 5; John Morton, 3, and tiny Sarah Jane, 3 1/2 months. Their traveling companions were Charles

Wilden, Alvin Smith, and David Adams and their families; and from Enoch, Frederic I. Jones, his wife Mamie, and their two little boys. Hyrum Perkins was to be their captain, having been sent from Bluff to pilot them through the weary stretches of deserts and mountains.²⁹ They had to build roads as they went, and they had fewer men and less equipment for such work than the first company had. They traveled uphill in deep sand, and were sometimes late in the night finding a place to camp--then camped without water with the children crying for a drink.

Josephine kept a journal and the notes that she so diligently wrote will mostly be read in the history of her life, but part of it seems appropriate here. (Note: Picture of the terrain are in Jody's history.) On the third of November, they reached Hall's Crossing on the Colorado--the most perilous and hair-raising occasion of the trip. They had what they called a raft for crossing the river, a kind of rough floor built on two boats, and onto this they drove one wagon at a time. Of this, on the 4th of November, Josephine writes:

"Now, it is our turn--O, pray for us! The raft was pushed up on the bank, Brother Fred Jones was driving, my children and I in the wagon. We drove on to this raft, and the wagon was securely tied to it with ropes. The men started to rowing, and down the raft and all went into the water with a splash. My heart went faint. I went blind and clung to my babies. I shall never forget my feeling as we went down into the water, and my fear of the wagon going off into the swift flowing water. Before we started, I asked Fred to nail the cover down on all sides so that if we were drowned we would all go together, and he did. When the treacherous river was safely crossed, we did thank our Heavenly Father."

One of the "men that were rowing" was surely her husband Samuel, and we can only imagine the fear and apprehension that he also felt knowing his family and their lives were in his hands. They were still a long, weary hundred miles or more from Bluff and we don't know the exact day that they arrived, but it was sometime after the 13th of November, 1882, when the company was supposed to have been in the neighborhood of Clay Hill. They had suffered

severe hardships, bitter cold, days without water for the children, no real shelter from the rain and snow and their children became ill, but they were glad to be alive and gave thanks to the Lord for their safe arrival in Bluff.

They moved into the cramped quarters in the little log fort with its mud roofs through which the water came dripping after every shower. Everything was crude and primitive; they were a long and roadless hundred miles from any other place where white people lived, and on the south of them just across the river, the great hostile nation of Navajos. On the north of them and all around, the still more quarrelsome and disagreeable Paiutes. They stayed in the fort until 1883 or 1884, when the people began moving out and building on their lots.

Samuel Wood built a log room on a little hill a block west of the fort. Even though he was a carpenter, little could be built from the twisted and crooked cottonwoods that grew along the river. Later, another room about twelve feet south of the first was added and then still later, the two rooms were connected making a three-room home. This was to be their home as long as they remained in Bluff.³⁰ It was a crude home with a roof thatched with mud and it had very primitive, if any, conveniences, but within these log walls was all of the warmth and love of a real home. With its crudeness, there wasn't a home where more parties, candy pulls, quilting bees, and children's gatherings were held. Everyone who knew Samuel Wood and his wife learned to love and trust them, even the Indians. Their home was turned into a home for all people, young and old, the sick, the weary, the discouraged, the happy. They all found an open door and open arms of love. Many town parties were held in their home, especially for the young.

Even though the house seems small and extremely primitive by today's standards, the Woods always found room to take in guests. They were thoughtful and considerate of all travelers. When LDS Conference visitors arrived, their house was filled to overflowing. The boys slept in the haystack and the girls on the floor, so visitors could have their beds. Samuel always stayed at the church after conference meetings were over to make certain that no one was left behind. If someone was inadvertently forgotten, Samuel brought them to the Wood home. Afterwards, the

Woods always fixed food for two or three days travel, so the visitors would have ample provisions as they traveled homeward. The sterling quality of home life and sincere love that the Woods felt for their fellowman is shown in a letter of tribute written by Sarah Barton to Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent in 1958. It is quoted exactly, without any spelling or sentence construction corrections:

"Although it has been a long time since we had any close or intimate associations, there are some things that the lapsing of years does not effect. It has always been with pride that I felt I could call you friends and want you to know that I admire you so much for what you are and what you have done with your life.

"As far back as I can remember, the life of the Woods has seemed to be a very vital part of my own life. In my early childhood, I think I felt about as much at home in their house as I did in our own. I remember the back bedroom where each of the three big beds stood. I even recall the pattern of one of the patchwork quilts on one special bed. That was the only home as I remember where I was allowed as a little girl to go occasionally, away from home, to sleep. I can still see the long dining table that stood in the southeast corner of the middle room, the many times I was an 'uninvited guest' at that table! I recall, with mixed emotions, the many, many evenings I've sat crosslegged on a rug before the big fireplace munching the delicious Parmain apples with 'Bud' (George William) teasing and Arthur's trying to make us laugh at his jokes--sometimes, a bit on the shady side, but which we were fortunately too young or



*The log home of Samuel and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood
Bluff, Utah (Date unknown)*

*The Woods frequently held parties in their home especially for the young people.
The house was crude, but the home was happy.*

innocent to understand. And, how I looked with envying wonder at the big 'daddy-made' bookcase-desk with its rows of books, that I wanted so much to peak into, that stood at the northwest corner of that room. How about it, is my memory as true of YOUR home as I think it is?

"Well that was surely not what I had intended to put into this little note. If you've been bored, please forgive and lay it to advancing age. I'll try again.

"What I intended to talk about was your father and mother.

"First, I'll say how pleased I was when the story about your mother came out in the Era this summer, but I'll confess I was somewhat disappointed too. Didn't 'glorify' (Have I coined a new word?) her enough in my estimation. As long as there is a San Juan County, Utah, or a history of San Juan, Aunt Jody will be one of--if not the outstanding heroines and rightly so. Quite frequently tho--especially in these later years--when I hear her praises sung I ask myself, 'What about the hero? When is someone going to tell about Uncle Sam?'

"Surely there's a crown of laurels for the brave, self-sacrificing husband who so willingly gave his young wife, the keeper of his little castle, his queen who should be beside him on his throne, to be the servant and handmaid of a suffering, isolated little community. I think of the many nightly vigils he must have spent waiting alone while she was away on her mission of mercy in some other castle--of the many, many days when he was forced to assume the role and the duties of both father and mother of his little flock while his copartner was absent easing the pain of some dying child and comforting the broken hearts of its grieving ones. I think of his sweet humility, his kindness to little children, his quiet retirement from public notice or position. As I recall him, there was only one time with him when he was really at home before an audience. That was when, in some dramatic performance, he assumed the character of another. This, he could do with such skill and finesse' that few nonprofessionals and amateurs could display. Any type of character, saint or sinner, hero or villain he could portray with such dexterity, that his keen understanding of human nature was unquestionable, despite his natural modesty and retiring nature.

"So, I say, one so self-forgetful that he could sit alone by the bedside of his own sick child while his companion was away giving succor to another because of a

call from God's chosen leaders, is entitled to his own 'Song of Triumph.' And, some day, someone will place that wreath on 'Uncle Sam's' grave.

"Then, there are the members of that little family, each of whom should have special mention in their own right, because of the way they exemplified and upheld the ideals and examples of their beloved faithful parents. Suffice to say, I love and honor them all.

With my love to you and yours,
Ever your Friend,
S. Barton³¹"

Their home was not only a haven for all to rest and find kindness and understanding, but it was also built to be a house of prayer and faith, and a place of devotion to the "Giver of Life." The religious training that Samuel had received from his beloved "Uncle George" imbued him with a firm and unwavering testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. Well versed in the scriptures, he was often called on to speak and, as was customary in those days, offered long prayers. Often his daughters, Catherine Josephine (Kate) and Sarah Jane (Jennie), reminisced together and with their children of the many times they knelt in family prayer. And, because their father's prayers were so endless, they often crawled to the kitchen for a snack and returned without ever being missed! They also claimed that the prayer would continue for several minutes longer after they rejoined the family. The reader may be skeptical and discount this story as the exaggerated feelings of young people being asked to hold still for a considerable length of time, but one other account testifying of Samuel's long prayers has been found from the writings of Nora Jones:

"Samuel Wood and Peter Jones were freighting together. At night, they knelt for prayer. On his return home, Peter said, 'Brother Wood prayed for everyone since the time of Adam. I fell asleep over the wagon tongue and do not know how long afterward that Brother Wood awakened me and told me to go to bed.'"

It could be said, in retrospect, that with both the tragedies and triumphs which Samuel had experienced in his life, that he had

need of long prayers to thank the Lord adequately, and also to beseech His guidance and blessings for the future.

Samuel continued working as a carpenter and a farmer, but suffered many disappointments in that arid, dry land because of lack of irrigation water. He developed a beautiful orchard and in time had cows and honey bees. With all the others who were struggling to build a community, the Wood's shared their produce, time, and means. All had faith that they had been called by proper authorities, so they worked unitedly for peace among themselves, and to convince the Red Man that they were his friends.³²

In late 1884 or early 1885, the Wood family made a trip back to Cedar City. The trip meant a month or more of toil and torment. It meant the slow and laborious dragging of cumbersome, iron-tired wagons over more than three hundred miles of "unsoftened" rocks and "unhardened" sand, with teams to tug and puff, to rock with sweat and to develop raw sores on their shoulders. The horses subsisted mainly on such grass and forage as they could find. During nighttimes, the horses nibbled away with hobbles on their feet.³³

The trip back to Cedar City was apparently by a different route. Records of later trips record the trail going from Bluff to Moab, then across the great river and wastelands to Cedar City.

All the same, for two reasons, the Wood family determined to make a trip back to Cedar, even though they well knew how difficult the journey would be. Jody was expecting their seventh child and was approximately seven months pregnant. How unbelievable that such a journey would be undertaken in these circumstances, but Jody wanted her half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart, to help her during the delivery. Mary Ann had always cared for Jody when her other children had been born, and her skills and love were worth the arduous trip. Also, the Wood's longed to see other beloved family members and friends. So, on February 23, 1885, under the care of Mary Ann in Cedar City, Jody's baby was born. He was named George William, but would be called "Bud" throughout his life. The family remained in Cedar City for several months, returning to Bluff late in 1885. It is

not known exactly what Samuel did during these months, but since he was an ambitious man and had a family to support, it is assumed that he was busily engaged in some kind of work.

Upon their return to Bluff, a new member of the family, Emma Louise Elliker Wood, accompanied them. This was the second reason for the trip--so Samuel could be married to Emma. Polygamy was still being practiced by the LDS Church and Samuel was about to enter into the order of plural marriage. On November 5, 1885, Samuel and Emma were married in the LDS St. George Temple. Samuel was forty-two years old, Jody was thirty-two years old, and Emma was twenty-three years old. Emma was a lovely-looking and serene woman. She and Jody became the closest of friends and true sisters.

Emma was born in Beaver, Utah on January 21, 1862. Sometime later, the Ellikers moved to Cedar City where Emma was baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church. She worked for "Aunt" Mame Armstrong in Cedar City. Since Samuel and Joseph Armstrong were close friends, perhaps this is how the friendship developed.

After the marriage of Samuel and Emma the family prepared for their third trip across the desolate wastelands, this time back to Bluff. On their return trip to Cedar, Samuel had chosen to go by way of Moab, hoping to find a better way than their trip to Bluff in 1882. With the crossing of the wilderness ahead of them again, they decided on still another road, which promised to be shorter and they hoped it would be better. This third trip, routed through the big wilds by way of what was then known as Dandy Crossing on the Colorado River, turned out to be worse than either one of the previous two. Yet, with every point in the journey, and with every day bringing more trying situations, they could still indulge the hope that the 'morrow would be better.

Getting themselves crowded into the covered wagons again with their bedding, provisions, grain, equipment they were taking into their new country, the endless number of things people have somehow to carry with them, and the three adults and five children (including the new baby), was a slow and unpleasant labor. Few families ventured to travel this long and perilous road alone--it was considered safer and saner to go in companies. It was to be a little company now with Willard Butt and his young wife Julie



*Samuel Wood
(Date unknown)
At age 42, Samuel married
Emma Louise Elliker*



*Emma Louise Elliker
(Date unknown)
At age 23, Emma became the
second wife of Samuel Wood.
They were married in the
St. George LDS Temple
November 5, 1885.*

Nielson, her half-brother Jens P. Nielson, and the three little motherless children of her father's third wife who had recently died in Cedar, making a company of fifteen--three men, four women and eight children!³⁴

On the 17th of November, according to Josephine's journal, she wrote, "After we had passed through the trying and heartaching time of saying goodbye, we started off in a snowstorm, and it never stopped snowing 'till we got to Johnson. In their camp the next night, the wind blew most terribly. In the morning, we could not find any dry clothing for the children."

In the stress of these cold days, with the great necessity being to get over as much of the road as possible while their long four-horse and trail-wagon outfits were in moving gear, they made no stop for the noonday meal and took a cold bite for dinner. On the evening of the 23rd, they "found another ranch house in which to retreat from the weather and we thanked the Lord, for it is most terribly cold." (Editor's Note: In this history, quotations from Jody's journal reflect the spelling and sentence-construction corrections made by Albert R. Lyman. In Jody's history, the journal is quoted verbatim.)

What a formidable introduction this was to the dignified and all-requiring realm of plural marriage, both for Emma and the first wife, Josephine (Jody).

Storms and cold weather continued as the little company crawled along the winding track--over hills, ruts, mud, and rocks. They camped on cold, wet ground with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. Baking, cooking, and drying out wet clothing by the campfire in the evening, were common features of the day's program. They walked long and often to lighten the load for the weary teams, and Jody speaks of climbing hills in the falling snow with her baby in her arms.

Some days, they progressed only six miles. At about the last place where it was possible to buy grain, they waited a whole day--baking, washing, shoeing horses, and preparing for the more difficult part of the journey still ahead. Back and forth across the track they were to follow, roared the treacherous Dirty Devil River. Other places with less "devilish" names were nonetheless unsafe and unpleasant to encounter. Beyond that, most perilous of all, ran the awesome Colorado River in its deep-cut gorge.

Still Jody wrote not with pencil, but with ink. She wrote in her journal instead of repining. Her time-faded record is a sweet echo of what they all suffered, but with love and good will prevailing. Often, in making the final entry for the day she wrote, *"Well, good night, and God bless everybody."*

The Wood Company came to the Dirty Devil, and then they came to it again. At first, it was not the terrible stream they found it to be further down. There being no ferry, they plunged in and then wondered whether they would ever get out. The current threatened to roll their wagons down the stream. They walked to ease the burden of the teams. They traveled late at night, children crying with the cold. They had to partly unload their wagons in order to make their beds. They drove through the "Gate of Hell" with barely room for the wagons to pass between cliffs rising three hundred feet high. On steep hills they doubled teams, slid with rough locks down steep places, and on sliding roads Jens and Willard hung onto the upper side of the wagons to keep them from tipping over. (Since there were only three men in the company, Samuel must have been driving.)

"At another crossing of the Dirty Devil, we had to unload again, the boatman would not take much at one time in his boat. He takes a wagon at a time, and then the luggage. He has gone across seven times, and we are not over yet. Now he comes for us. Oh, pray for us! He wants to take us all in one load, but I want him to take just part, so if we go down there will be someone left to tell the tale. He says we will be safe, at least he can save himself and me, and I can tell the story. We went on the boat, but my heart went faint, and I went blind and I clung to my dear children. Now we are over and thank our Heavenly Father."

Even that was not the last, nor the worst crossing of the Dirty Devil. At the next crossing, they had no boat and had to simply drive in, hazarding the swift current, and the holes and quicksand on the bottom. There is still a sound of dismay in the words:

"We have to cross again. You would pity us if you could see us today. Our team was first, and when the poor horses came to the bank they had to drop straight down into the water, and when they pulled the wagon in, it came to the bottom with a bump, standing almost straight up and down towards the other side we came to a dead stand still, the team couldn't pull the two wagons while they jumped up the steep bank. But oh my, we couldn't get with the children to the bank, and Sam had to get out in the water and drop his trail wagon which was sinking in the quicksand. We had to hurry. With much whipping and shouting we got the first wagon up the bank and pulled to one side. The horses didn't want to go in the water again, but they went and were hitched on the other wagon and finally got it to the bank.

"Willard Butt put six horses on his wagon and tried to cross a little higher up. All six horses and the wagon began to go down, and the teams could not move it. All the men had to rush into the water to save the team. It looked as if the horses would tromp the men to death in their rearing and plunging. Sam had to hold one horse's head up while the other boys unhitched his tugs

and let him free. He straightened up and fell many times in the water, while we stood on the bank shaking and trembling. Just think of six horses jerking and pulling and getting fast in the harness, and not moving the wagon an inch. And, only three men to do anything. The horses felt so bad that they had to be unhitched, while the wagon was still sinking in the middle of the river. They had to unload everything in the wagon, and carry it out in their hands. The men were wet to the neck, and the water so cold. They worked for hours bringing the load out; it seemed impossible that so much could be in one wagon. They hitched six horses on the empty wagon, and after much prying up of the wheels, and lifting they got the wagon across, while we got dinner so the poor men could have something warm to eat. I partly unloaded our wagon to find dry clothes for them."

When they had been a month on the road, they were still somewhere in the wilderness between the Colorado and Bluff. Some days, they only moved three hundred yards, but the account is not given of their final arrival back in Bluff.³⁵

Back safely at home, Samuel now had two wives to love and to care for. Samuel and Jody became the parents of three more children--all girls. Catherine Josephine (Kate) was born on May 3, 1887; Alice Charlotte, born April 18, 1890; and Bernice Corlett, born September 25, 1894. Samuel and Emma became the parents of two children: Leroy, born October 2, 1886, and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) born October 2, 1889. Sam and Jody's children numbered ten (eight living and two babies not living), and Sam and Emma's were two, for a total of twelve. (Editor's Note: See Bibliography reference #30-A regarding misspelling of Alice Charlotte's name on some records.) All these last five children were born in Bluff, Utah.

After the Wood family returned from Cedar City, Samuel's first wife, Jody, was called by Bishop Jens Nielson to be the midwife in Bluff. The Woods were a family which spread love and concern. They had undoubtedly been involved in many of the joys and sorrows of the little community before Jody's calling. Now, they would be involved in everything that took place.



*Circa 1892-1894--Bluff, Utah
 Clockwise beginning with young girl on father's knee:
 Catherine Josephine (Kate), Samuel Wood, Arthur Stephen,
 Joseph Henry, John Morton,
 Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood,
 Alice Charlotte on mother's lap, Sarah Jane (Jennie),
 and George William (Bud). Bernice Corlett was not yet born.
 (Samuel Franklin and Mary Ann died in Cedar City, Utah)*



*Bernice Corlett Wood
The last child of
Samuel and Jody Wood
Born September 25, 1894
Circa 1900*

With unwavering faith in God, Samuel cooperated in every way he could to assure the townspeople that they would indeed have the best possible care. Without a complaint, his duties at home increased and he assisted "Aunt Emma" in caring for all the children while Jody had to be away from home. Many times, he called the family together for a special prayer in her behalf, and placed his rough, work-worn hands upon Jody's head to invoke the Lord's blessing upon her as she cared for the sick. His support was sincere and wholehearted as she went on errands of mercy. And, Emma was a helpmate in every possible, kind way.



*Emma Louise Elliker Wood
as a young mother and matron.
(Date unknown)
A picture of Emma and Samuel
together has not been found.
Their two children are shown
in the next picture.*



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) and Leroy Wood
The two children of Samuel and Emma Wood
Bluff, Utah--Circa 1897-1898*

Besides being the doctor, Jody was called to be president of the Primary Association and served in that capacity for twenty-five years. While Jody nursed the sick and led the Primary, Emma served as a Relief Society teacher, and as a loving, confidante to all who knew her. Emma had a great talent for cooking. In Bluff,

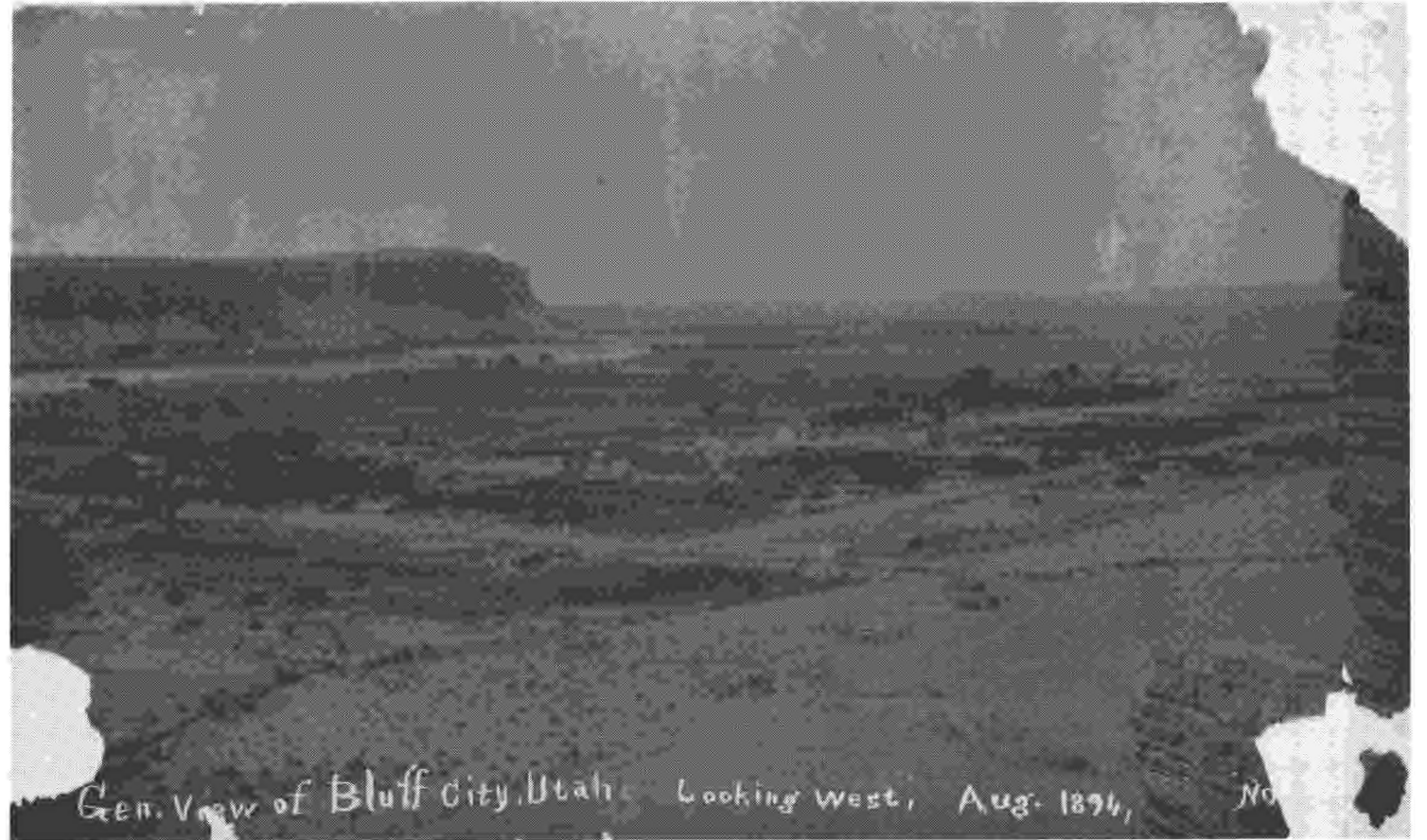
there was never a large dinner or wedding without the help of Emma. She was a skilled dressmaker and raised a splendid garden. In every way, Jody and Emma shared their love and talents with each other, with Samuel, and with the community.



*The Plural Wives of Samuel Wood
Left: Josephine Catherine
(Jody) Chatterley Wood
Right: Emma Louise Elliker Wood
(Date unknown)*

Growing up in Bluff had its joys and pleasures. Every spring, a picnic was held in "Cow Canyon" where games, songs and the gathering of wild flowers were the activities of the day. Every year, Samuel harnessed a span of six beautiful black horses

to a wagon and would go around town several times gathering up the children who wanted to go on the May picnic. He did this to assist Jody in her Primary Association calling, and to make certain that no child was left behind. At the end of the day, the tired and happy children were tucked back into the wagon by this tender, loving man, and delivered back to their homes.



Gen. View of Bluff City, Utah. Looking West, Aug. 1894, No.

*Bluff City, Utah--August 1894
This is where the young Wood children spent their growing-up time.
The San Juan River can be seen, and the few scattered homes, farmlands, and orchards.
This was taken twelve years after the Wood family arrived in Bluff,
and fourteen years after the first group of settlers arrived in 1880.*



*Growing up in Bluff, Utah--Taken about 1896
 Top: Sarah Jane (Jennie);
 Right: Alice Charlotte;
 Bottom: Bernice Corlett;
 Left: Catherine Josephine (Kate)
 Daughters of Samuel and Jody Wood.*

Another great spring event was the winding of the Maypole. In 1897, Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood was "Queen of the May". She was just eight years old, and what a beautiful queen she made. Isabel Barton, one of Lizzie's attendants grew up to marry Samuel and Emma's son, Leroy. (Editor's Note: The picture of the entire group winding the Maypole is shown in Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood Halls' history.)



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood (center), "Queen of the May" in 1897,
 daughter of Emma Louise Elliker Wood and Samuel Wood.
 Her attendants are left: Caroline (Carlie) Bayles; right: Isabel Barton.
 The winding of the Maypole was a happy event for Bluff youngsters.*

On a more sober note, since Samuel was a carpenter, he built coffins as they were needed and Jody trimmed them to make them as nice as possible for those who had passed away. There was much empathy for people in sorrow, since Samuel and Jody had buried two children in Cedar. Their personal experience with death was not yet over. Their heads bowed in grief in losing three more of their own children during the years they spent in Bluff.

John Morton, not quite fourteen years old, died on January 18, 1893; their youngest daughter, little Bernice Corlett not quite seven years old, died on May 25, 1901; and George William (Bud) died while on his church mission in Texas on July 21, 1907. He was just twenty-two years old. During these times of great sorrow, Emma was a constant, compassionate source of strength.

Four of Samuel's sons grew to manhood: Joseph, Henry, Arthur Stephen, George William (Bud), and Leroy. They all served honorable missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Bud's mission was cut short by his unexpected death. One of Sam and Jody's daughters fulfilled a mission in the Northern States beginning in 1912--two years after Samuel's death and three years after Jody's death. (Editor's Note: At the back of Samuel's history, in the document section, see a special page on the Wood missionaries.)

Quoting from Joseph Henry Wood's journal:

"It was a sacrifice for my parents who were not very flush with means to furnish money for missionary expenses, but they were glad and willing to perform this service."

Joseph Henry and Arthur Stephen were in the mission field at the same time for about a year--Henry in Missouri and Arthur in Kentucky. This must have been an added strain on the family budget. Leroy served his mission in the southern states; George William (Bud) briefly in Texas; and later on, Alice Charlotte was headquartered in Chicago, Illinois.

Even though Samuel didn't have a formal education, he was very anxious for his children to go to college. To be "schooled" was one of the most important goals that the Wood family had for

The five missionaries--Samuel Wood family



Joseph Henry Wood



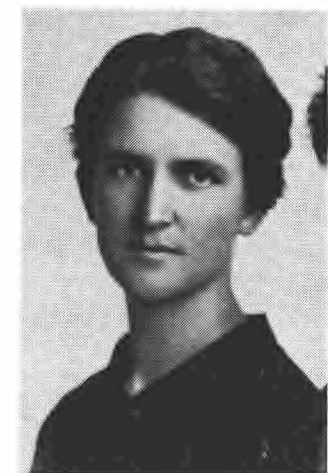
Arthur Stephen Wood



George William Wood



Leroy Wood



Alice Charlotte Wood

their children. All of them received college educations in Provo, Salt Lake, or Logan at the universities in each city.

For seven years, Emma made her home in Provo where she went to give her children the advantages of high school and college. Many references are made in Jody's journal about the young Wood children as well as other young people from San Juan County who left their little towns to gain an education. Emma boarded many of the students, and acted as a mother to all.

To show the emphasis the Woods' placed on education and the concern that a loving father has for a son, a letter written by Samuel to Joseph Henry is copied exactly as written with no punctuation or spelling corrections. It is dated in 1896 from Monticello, where Samuel frequently farmed. It gives the flavor of a day in the life of Samuel Wood.

Monticello Mar 31, 1896

Mr. Henry Wood

Dear Son:

After a long delay I take the opportunity of penciling a few lines to you Hoping they will find you enjoying good Health. We have been up hear about 5 days, started to put in our grain but the wether is so extremely cold that we have not done much as yet. Nor do I think to put in much this year as the prospect for water is not very flattering.



*Some of the young people from Bluff,
many of whom left to gain an education at one of the Utah universities.*

Standing at either end are two of Samuel's daughters.

Top row left to right: Alice Charlotte Wood, Liddia Nielson, Herbert Redd, Sarah Perkins, Kistie Adams, Rachel Perkins, and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood.

Seated left to right: Emma Bayles, Edith Redd, Cory Perkins, Josephine Barton, Ruth Perkins and Isabel Barton.

Exact date unknown, but possibly around 1906-1908.

When we left Bluff, the folks were pretty well, your mother's health is never very good at any time. My eyes is some better but not well by any means.

Brother and Sisters Ammond and Amealea left here yesterday for Salt Lake City, and Peter Wain and Annie Alen today. I Hope you will See them it will be a treat to you no doubt! especely Aney & Amelia. I Hope you will be able to go to Confrance again this spring and if so try and atent meetings. I want you to stay to school untill the turm is out. tell us when that will be and let me know how much money you think it will take to see you through. Your mother will send you 12 from Bluff if she as not all redy sent it to you. We are all anxious to see you but still we are anxious for you to continue School untill it closes, there is not much news to write. I don't think I will put in any more than 25 Acres of grain this seeson, if it is fine tomorrow we will have our whest all in and then will start on our oats.

I guess you heard that Br Ammond was required to step down and out last conferance and he beged for three months grace and it was extended to him, how it will come out at May confrance at Moab I can't tell, Brother Edward Hyde came nearly being dropt frome the High Connclle to. the Heads of the Church wants them that olds office to be men of example as well as precept.

I learned that school would be out on the 25 of may if so some of us will try and meet you at Moab.

Brother Decker is with us here putting in crops so Arthur is puting his Right leg first and I think we will get our crop in, in pretty good shape.

Hoping these few lines will find you in good Health and Spirits I remain Your

Loving Farther
Samuel Wood

It's interesting to notice in the letter how Samuel reverted to the English habit of leaving off his "H's". For example, he says "Brother Ammond" instead of Hammond; and says someone "olds" office instead of holds office. Catherine Josephine, his daughter, laughingly told many times of how they tried to get their father to break this habit. She said there was a man in town by the name of "Ed Hyde" and of course Samuel called him "Ed Eyde". When corrected, he would say, "*Well, I can't see the difference between Ed Eyde and Ed Eyde!*"

The YMMIA was organized in Bluff in October, 1880. The association, an auxiliary of the "Mormon" Church, was reorganized several times. On December 15, 1888, it was reorganized as follows:

John Allen Jr., President
Samuel Wood, First Counselor
Nephi Bailey, Second Counselor
Peter Allen, Secretary

It was reorganized again in 1891 and also in 1892. When the church historian visited Bluff in 1893, the association was in good working order. Meetings were held every Saturday night during the winter season, and once a month, co-jointly with the YLMIA.³⁶

It isn't known whether it was through the YMMIA activities or through the town, but a dramatic group was organized. Plays and entertainment for the community were presented, and Samuel was one of the actors. His acting skills have already been mentioned in the letter from Sarah (Sade) Barton. His skill in portraying various characters must have been excellent, because one of his daughter's, Catherine Josephine, wrote: "In one play, he was the villian who shot and killed someone. It seemed so real to his children that they were afraid of him the next day until he proved to them that the person he had 'killed'--Ann Bayles--was still very much alive!"³⁷

Samuel served in several capacities in the church, ward and stake, and he frequently expressed his love for the church. The minutes of the Bluff Ward Sacrament Meeting on February 15, 1891, notes that Brother Samuel Wood felt "to respond to the call, and

the faith and prayers of the Saints and expressed gratitude to be a member of this church." Samuel continued his testimony:

"This gospel or church will never be thrown down or given to another people. If we are faithful, there is a great reward in store for us. Don't let us neglect our duties. Amen."

This may have been when he received the call as a High Councilman, but it isn't known for certain. On May 22, 1892, the sacrament meeting minutes refer to Samuel as the "High Councillor S. Wood," and said he felt weak in rising before the Saints. On July 10, 1892, Samuel Wood said

"I feel the necessity of the guidance and instruction of those who preside over us to keep me on the right course. A person who knows that he has embraced the true gospel should be happy in this alone. I feel as well in the work, as I ever did in my life. We have the same Gospel with all its gifts and blessings that was taught by the Savior while the rest of the world are in darkness. We should be very thankful for the blessings that we enjoy."

He referred to the present attitude of this nation towards us as a people. He said, "it is necessary for us to become acquainted with the laws of nations so that we may be able to govern."³⁹

There are many other testimonies that are recorded in the minutes of the Bluff records which are at the historical department of the genealogy library in Salt Lake.

Albert Lyman paid tribute to Samuel Wood in his writings:

"In the wild, new region where the restless San Juan ever gnaws at its banks, shifting its course, and defying all control by men, Sam Wood was ready and willing and able to take any part assigned him in the difficult and discouraging battle with the wild elements and still more wild men. His service in the Black Hawk War gave him an acquaintance which became a valuable asset in Bluff, where he was right among them for a long

time and at the mercy of these Navajos and Paiutes. He had the courage to speak and to stand by his convictions. This is not merely a repetition of what I have heard people say; I was with him in various situations; I was clerk of the San Juan Stake High Council when he was a member; I camped with him in various places, helped him chase wild horses. He had the elements of solid manhood which command respect.

"He loved the gospel; he studied it, understood it, and lived it. He was an able explainer of its principles. When he was called to join and assist the struggling ward in Monticello, he gave there the same kind of willing and able help that he had given in Bluff."⁴⁰

As further testimony of Samuel's abiding faith in the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, are the two Patriarchal Blessings that Samuel received. The first one was dated October 18, 1882, was given by Henry Lunt, and was recorded as given in Cedar City, Utah. The Woods' first journey to Bluff began on October 17, 1882, according to Jody's journal, but on the 18th she recorded the tearful goodbyes to loved ones, so perhaps Henry Lunt was present at that time. Quoting from that Patriarchal Blessing:

"The Lord will bless thee on thy journey and add unto the blessings of the Earth beneath and the Heavens above that thy heart shall be made to rejoice."

The second Patriarchal Blessing was given on May 10, 1904, by L. C. Burnham in Bluff, Utah. Quoting briefly from that blessing:

" . . . and because of the sacrifices you have made, you shall be lifted up when the Lord comes, to reward every one of the deeds done here in the flesh, and because of the trials you have passed through . . . you have done a great and noble work and the Lord is pleased with your labors."

(Editor's Note: Copies of both Patriarchal Blessings are included in the documents section following Samuel's history.)

In the year of 1906-1907, Samuel, Josephine, Emma, and their children were again uprooted for another call that came from the church. They were asked to move to Monticello which lay some fifty miles to the north of Bluff. This little community wasn't new to the Wood family because Samuel had been doing farming there for at least ten years and Josephine often answered a call to administer to the sick and dying both there and in Blanding (Grayson). Even though their comforts were few in Bluff, they had developed a great love for the people there. It was like leaving a close-knit family that had worked and struggled side by side as they built and foraged for an existence together, but undaunted still they trusted in their Heavenly Father's care, leaving their home and friends to fill a call from Him.



The beautiful Blue Mountains situated to the immediate west of Monticello, Utah. The "horse's head" can be clearly seen-- a design of trees made by nature. The Wood family lived in a long, narrow log house on the northwest corner of the intersection Main Street and First North. It later served as the schoolhouse.

Samuel's faith and strength were tested once again during the year 1908 when Jody's health became very poor. On February 10, 1909, she passed away. With breaking hearts, Samuel, Emma, and all their children climbed into sleighs and wagons to take Jody back to her beloved Bluff where her body was laid to rest. It took four days to travel the distance because of a new snow storm. The winds howled and the snow drifted in places up to seventeen feet deep. A band of loose horses was herded along to break trail for them. Everyone was clothed heavily against the cold as the company of people, horses, wagons, and sleighs toiled back and forth in a raging blizzard.

When they arrived in Grayson (about half way to Bluff), Jody's body was taken to "Uncle Jody Lyman's" home where family and friends came to pay their final respect to her and to extend their sympathy to Samuel, Emma, and their families. The journey to Bluff was completed the next day. When they arrived, the apricot trees and the cliff flowers were blooming. It seemed a fitting welcome to those who had worked so very hard to make nature live and produce.

Everyone from far and near extended their love and sympathy to Samuel because of their love and respect for him and the sweet, humble wife that he had lost. One of the letters he received is now quoted:

Saw Mill
LaSal P.O. Utah
Feb. 15, 1909

Mr. Sam'l Wood
Monticello, Utah

Dear Sir and family: It was with profound sorrow I read last night of Aunt Jodies death. I had heard nothing from Monticello for a long while and didn't know that she was sick. Please accept my sympathy for you all in your bereavement. Her death is a loss to the community in general as she was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand wherever she was needed and I often thought she was shortening her life in order to alleviate the sufferings of others. You have the

comforting solace in knowing she always tried to make life pleasant for all of her associates without regard to creed or religion.

Of another thing we can be assured of, she is out of her suffering and I believe her spirit is with her loved ones that preceded her to the great beyond. While I am not a full believer in your faith, yet I have often thought that she was entitled to the bliss of eternal happiness on account of her self sacrificing efforts to assuage the sufferings of her afflicted associates. Again, extending you all my sincere sympathy and hoping you can become reconciled to your great loss, I remain truly your friend.

S. T. Hibbs

P.S. We have been snowed in for over two weeks and been without any mail until last night. I hope the rest of you are enjoying good health.

S.T.H.⁴¹

The family stood around the open grave on the high gravel hill above town. The walled valley below them, with the big cottonwoods beyond the cluster of homes, looked lonely and seemed to mourn. It would never be the same again.⁴² Samuel's first wife was now in her final resting place beside her three children that had preceded her in death in Bluff. Two other children rested in peace in the Cedar City cemetery.

After Jody's death, Emma did not return to Provo, but stayed in Monticello to take care of Samuel. In the spring of 1910, Samuel became very ill, and following the advice of a doctor from Colorado, he was taken to Salt Lake City to a hospital where he was operated on, but he did not recover. Emma was with him when he passed away on April 10, 1910, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She accompanied his body on the long, mournful trip from Salt Lake to their home in Monticello, and then over the same long trail from Monticello to Bluff where he was laid to rest beside Jody and three of their children. Five children of his union with Jody preceded him in death. He was survived by Emma and their two

children, Leroy and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie). Leroy was on his mission in the southern states, and could not return for his father's funeral. Samuel was also survived by his children with Jody: Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent, Catherine Josephine (Kate), and Alice Charlotte. Henry, Arthur, and Jennie were married, so he was also survived by two daughters-in-law, one son-in-law, and nine grandchildren. He was sixty-seven years old.

To know Samuel Wood was to love him and even though the fragments and pieces of his history are small, one still feels the depth of this man's character and come to a full realization of the rich, beautiful heritage he left to all who follow him. He can truly be ranked among the greatest of all pioneers and builders.

A hymn, "They, the Builders of the Nation", could have been written about Samuel Wood as well as for any pioneer family. It reads as follows:

*They, the builders of the nation, Blazing trails along the way;
Stepping stones for generations, Were their deeds of every day.
Building new and firm foundations, Pushing on the wild frontier,
Forging onward, ever onward, Blessed, honored Pioneer!
Service ever was their watch-cry; Love became their guiding star;
Courage, their unfailing beacon, Radiating near and far.
Every day some burden lifted, Every day some heart to cheer,
Every day some hope the brighter, Blessed, honored Pioneer!
As an ensign to the nation, They unfurled the flag of truth,
Pillar, guide, and inspiration, To the hosts of waiting youth;
Honor, praise, and veneration, To the founders we revere! List
our song of adoration, Blessed, honored Pioneer!*

Samuel Wood--Born January 1, 1843

Son, husband, father, friend, peacemaker, builder of Zion, and follower of God.

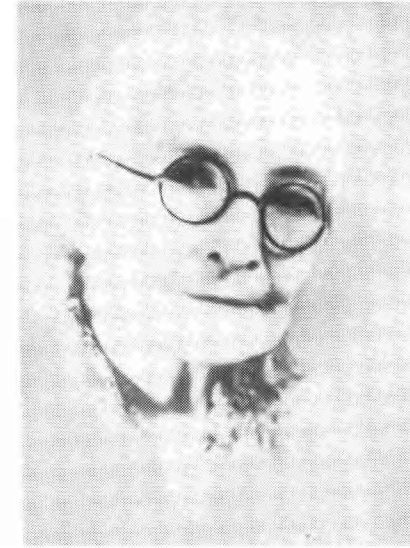
Died April 10, 1910



*Josephine Catherine
(Jody) Chatterley Wood
Died February 10, 1909
Age 56*



*Samuel Wood
Died on April 10, 1910
Age 67*



*Emma Louise Elliker Wood
Died May 17, 1955
Age 93*

(Please note: A Bibliography as well as a small collection of records and documents follow this history.)

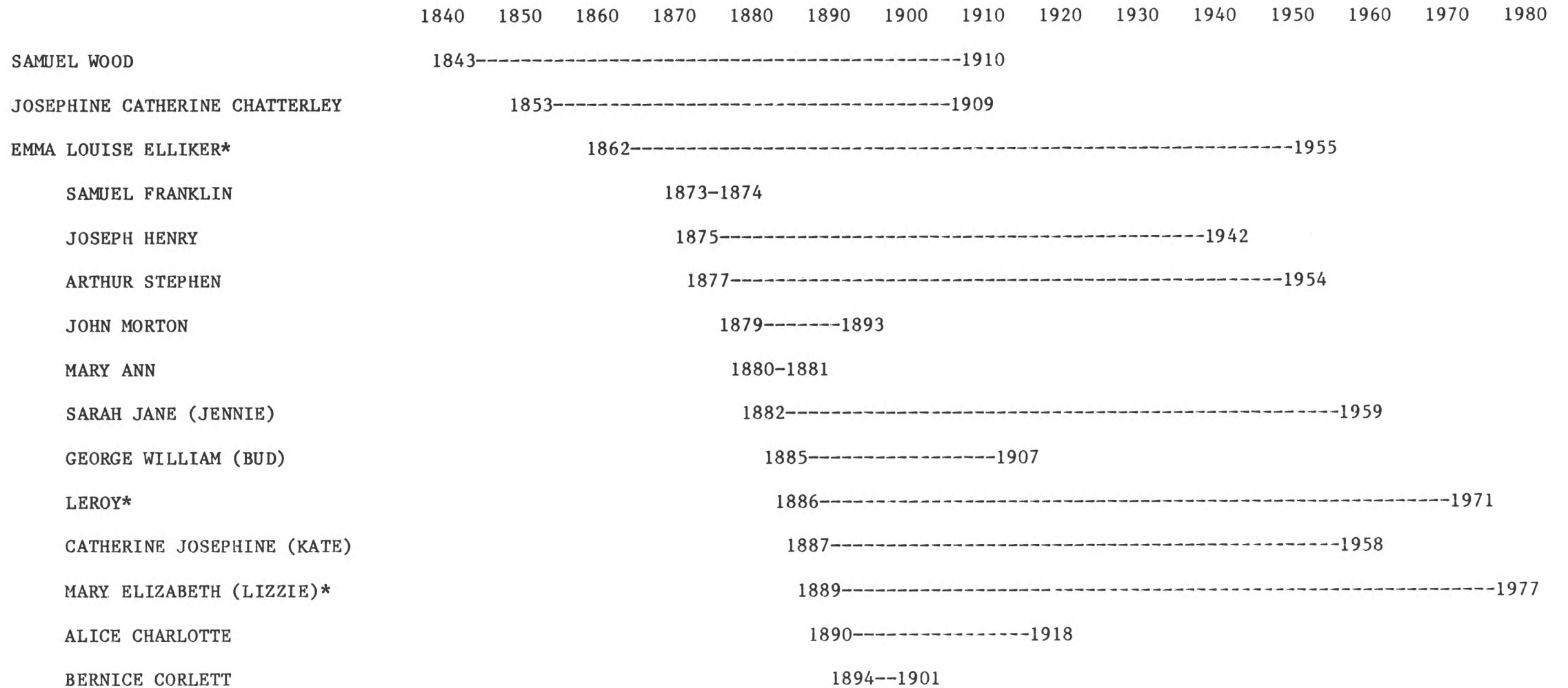
Written by
Helen Hansen Clark
and
Kathern Hansen Marks
Granddaughters
1982

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21. Copied exactly from June Danvers records of "The Iron Mission Part V."
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29. Ibid, p. 283.
30. Albert Lyman, pp. 15-16.
- 30a. In the Endowment Record, LDS Genealogical Record #184070, Book D, p. 335, #12032 SL, and on the TIB card, Charlotte is misspelled as Scharlett. The correct spelling is: Alice Charlotte.
31. This letter is in possession of Alene Jones.
32. Notes of Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent, and Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen.
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41. Alene Jones has this letter.
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SAMUEL WOOD FAMILY

LIFE SPAN CHART



PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

October 18, 1882

Cedar City, Utah

SAMUEL WOOD

A blessing by Henry Lunt, Patriarch, upon the head of Samuel son of Stephen and Mary WOOD born January 1st, 1843, Yorkshire, England.

Brother Samuel in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy calling whereunto God hath called me and agreed to thy request, I place my hands upon thy head to give thee a Father's Patriarchal blessing which shall be and abide with thee throughout time and all eternity. Inasmuch as thou wilt be faithful and observe to keep the commandments of the Lord as they shall be made known unto thee through his servants from time to time. The Lord is well pleased with thee for the integrity of thy heart for thou hast a desire to do His will in all things and the experiences through which thou has passed shall be of great worth unto thee in the future.

Thou art called in connection with many of thy brothers to leave thy home for the purpose of strengthening the stakes of Zion and to lengthen out His cords and to this call thou hast cheerfully responded for to which thou shall be abundantly blessed of God both spiritually and temporally; and it shall rebound to thine exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom and to an increase of wives and children and be the means of future usefulness and

exalted positions to which thou wilt be called to minister to the Saints of God. Thou art a legal heir to the Holy Priesthood being of the seed of Abraham and of the blood of Ephraim and shall enjoy in the own due time of the Lord, all the blessings of the Redeemer's Kingdom and reign as a king and priest in the new Jerusalem where thy posterity to which there shall be no end.

The Lord hath given an Holy being charge over thee who hath protected thee in days that are past from dangers, both seen and unseen, and will continue to do so in the future inasmuch as thou wilt continue to attend unto thy prayers and exercise faith in the Lord. The Lord will make thee one of the strong pillars of Zion and multiply thy posterity, that they shall become as the stars of heaven innumerable.

The Lord will bless thee on thy journey and add unto the blessings of the Earth beneath and the Heavens above that thy heart shall be made to rejoice. Thy days shall be lengthened upon the earth and verily, no good thing shall be withheld from thee. This is thy blessing brother, therefore thou need not fear, for I seal it upon thy head with the blessings of Eternal lives in the name of Jesus Christ, evenso, Amen.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

May 10, 1904

Bluff, San Juan County, Utah

SAMUEL WOOD

A patriarchal Blessing by L. C. Burnham on the head of Samuel Wood, son of Stephen and Mary Rable [Raybould] Wood, Born January 1, 1842 [1843].

Dear Brother, your labor is accepted of the Lord. You have kept his commandments and have entered his law, and you have been true to your covenants and are pure before heaven. All of your sins have been forgiven you, and because of the sacrifices you have made, you shall be lifted up when the Lord comes to reward every one of the deeds done here in the flesh, and because of the trials you have passed through.

Dear Brother, without murmuring, your calling and your election is made sure. You're of the Royal House of Joseph and have received and will receive every blessing and every privilege of the most favored sons of Ephraim. You have done a great and noble work and the Lord is pleased with your labors, and according to your faith, you will yet live to see many great and glorious changes, yea, behold a gathering of Israel, and you become a power on the earth.

I seal, and reconfirm every blessing and covenant that has been heretofore given you. And you will yet receive greater manifestations of the power of God, yea, and receive those gifts

that will pass through, that will entitle you through the Celestial gate, for you shall pass by the angels and the Gods to your exaltation. You and yours will become Saviours upon Mount Zion, yea, and perform a great work for departed friends.

This blessing, my Brother, I seal upon you with the blessings of eternal life for you shall pass to your exaltation with every soul that you have begotten. The Spirit and the power of the Holy One shall be given you to direct you, for never be deceived by the wicked one. The bounties of the earth shall be given you and your families from this time forth, and you will prosper in all of your undertakings.

Rejoice, Dear Brother, for these blessings are yours. Ask and it shall be given. Knock and it shall be opened unto you, for the Lord will hear your prayers and answer all your supplications.

I seal these Blessings upon you, Dear Brother, with every righteous desire of your heart in the name of Jesus Christ,

Amen.

Editor's Note: The above copy has been corrected for spelling and punctuation. The original copy of this blessing is reproduced on the two following pages.

Bluff Langman Co. Wta.
May the 10. 1904
A Patriarchal Blessing by S. L. Burdham
on the head of Samuel Wood. Son
of Stephen and Mary Prable Wood.
Born Jan. 1st 1842

Dear Brother, your labors is escepted
of the Lord, you have kept his
comendments, and have entered his
law, and you have been true
to your covenants and are pure
befor heaven. All of your sins,
have been for given you; and
because of the sacrificess you
have made, you shall be lifted up
when the Lord comes, to reward
every one of the deeds done hear

In the flesh, and because of the
trials you have passed through
Dear Brother with out murisning
your calling and your election,
is made sure. you of the Royal
house of Joseph, and have
recuired and will receive every
blessings and every privileg of the
most favored Sons of Ephraim
you have done a great and noble
work and the Lord is pleased with
your labors. And a cording to your
faith you will yet live to see
many great and glorious changes
you shall hold a gathering of Israel, and
you become a power on the earth.
I seal, and reconform every Blessing
^{and covenant}
that has been, hear to for given you

And you will yet receive
greater manifestations of the power
of God, yet and receive those gifts
that will pass through that will
entitle you through the Celestial Gate
for you shall pass by the Angels and
the Gods to your exhortation you and
your will become Saviours upon
Mount Zion, yet, and perform a
great work, for departed Friends
this blessing my Brother I deal upon
you with the blessings of eternal
life for you shall pass to your
exaltation with every soul that
you have begotten, the Spirit and
the power of the holy one shall
be given you to direct, you for
never be deceived by the wicked

Are the bounties of the earth
shall be given you and yours
families, from this time forth
and you will prosper in all of
your undertakings,

Rejoice Dear Brother, for these
Blessings are yours ask and it
shall be given you and it shall
be opened unto you,

for the Lord will hear your prayers
and answer all your supplications
I deal these Blessings upon you
Dear Brother with every righteous
desire of your heart in the name
of Jesus Christ

Amen

SAMUEL WOOD



HE WAS A MAN OF GOD

"I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

1 Nephi 3:7



HE WAS A CARPENTER

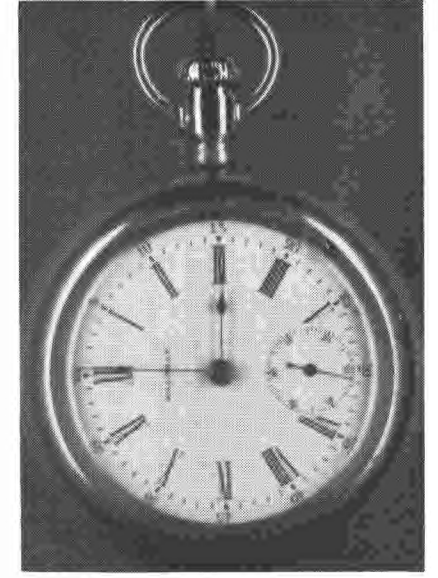
He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow.

This is part of a wood vise he used in his work.
(In the possession of Vera Wood Hazleton, granddaughter of Samuel Wood and Emma Louise Elliker Wood)



A MAN OF BRAVERY--
A MAN OF PEACE

He was a Utah Indian War Veteran. He received the above medal for his service. It is dated 1850-1872. He was also a peacemaker, for the Indians soon learned he could be trusted as a true friend.
(In the possession of Vera Wood Hazleton Monticello, Utah)



HE WAS A MAN OF DISCIPLINE

This is the watch that ticked away the hours and days by which he worked and served and loved and worshipped.
(Samuel's watch was given to his son, Arthur, who in turn gave it to Riddell Barton, who worked for Arthur).

Page prepared
by
Alene Wood Hansen Jones

A BRIEF RECORD OF SAMUEL WOOD'S PARTICIPATION IN LDS CHURCH MEETINGS, BLUFF, UTAH

Following are brief excerpts of talks and testimonies given by Samuel Wood, as well as records of his participation in other church activities--Sacraments, prayers, etc. The talks and testimonies were written down by the clerk in an abbreviated form as shown below. Reference: Bluff Ward Records, LDS Historical Library, Salt Lake City, Film #CR 797 11 #1.

April 25, 1886--Sacrament Meeting

Elder Samuel Wood felt to respond to the call (to bear his testimony). "These trials are brought upon us to see if our motives are good or not. The Lord scourges his people because of their evil doings as in the days of the Ancient Israelites when Roman General Titus captured Jerusalem, killed 197,000 and captured 79,000. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens but you would not." Brother Wood felt to do all he could do to remain faithful. Amen.

Jens P. Nielson, Bishop
Benediction was offered by C. E. Walton
L. H. Redd Jr. was the Ward Clerk recording the minutes.

May 8, 1887

Brother Samuel Wood spoke. Was glad to get home again. Showed a very good spirit and a desire to press forward.

May 29, 1887

Brother Samuel Wood said we should be contented with our lot and do all we could to further God's cause.

February 5, 1888

Brother Samuel Wood felt his weaknesses in standing before the saints. Felt well in the Gospel and desired to raise his family well.

February 15, 1891--Sacrament Meeting

Brother Wood felt to respond to the call, desires the faith and prayers of the Saints, was thankful to be a member of this Church. The Church of the day saints did not have the Spirit of gathering as the Saints do now, hence they could not withstand the oppositions of the wicked as they were so mixed up. Paul, if anyone, even if he be an angel from Heaven, teach any gospel but the Gospel of Christ, let him be accursed. This Gospel or Church will never be thrown down or given to another people if we are faithful; there is a great reward in store for us and don't let us neglect our duties. Amen.

March 15, 1891

Sacrament administered by Elders S. Wood and Peter Allen.

April 5, 1891--Home Missionary Meeting (Page 29)

High Counsellor (Counselor) Samuel Wood next spoke, was much edified with the remarks made. We all have an object in our labors and are working for a reward. We should all have a testimony as we will need it. Amen.

March 24, 1891

Sacrament administered by Elders L. H. Redd and Samuel Wood.

July 5, 1891--Testimony Meeting

Bro Samuel Wood bore testimony to what had been said and it is something for all of us to reflect upon, some of our young men are even more particular in defending our principles of the Gospel in the outside world than they do at home. Amen.

November 29, 1891--Testimony Meeting (Page 99)

Brother Samuel Wood was thankful for the privilege of meeting with the saints, said we should be thankful for the Gospel and its principles and that we were numbered among the Saints, said that trials came along to test our faith in the Gospel; bore his testimony to the truth of the principles of the gospel, said they were as true today as when they were revealed to Joseph Smith, and that it was our duty to submit to the laws of the land. Amen.

January 31, 1891--Sunday 2:00 p.m.--Testimony Meeting

Bro. Samuel Wood spoke to the saints, felt his weakness in speaking to the Saints. I sometimes think it is useless for me to attempt to be a speaker, but I should try and qualify myself. There is much need of preaching the Gospel at home, both by precept and example. Amen.

February 14, 1892

Sacrament was administered by Elders Sam Wood and A. P. Sorensen.

March 6, 1892

Sacrament was administered by Elders Samuel Wood and Peter Allen.

May 22, 1892--Sacrament Meeting (Page 151)

High Counsellor (sic) S. Wood felt weak in rising before the saints. We are as minute men to speak when ever called on so are different to all in other sects in this respect. We also believe in present revelations and that the gospel has been restored to the earth in our day.

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June 12, 1892

Sacrament administered by Elders S. Wood and H. J. Nielsen.

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July 10, 1892--Sacrament Meeting (Page 166)

Elder Samuel Wood said he felt the necessity of the guidance and instruction of those who preside over us to keep him in the right course. A person who knows that he has embraced the true gospel should be happy in this alone. Felt as well in the work as he ever did in his life. We have the same Gospel with all its gifts and blessings that was taught by the Savior while the rest of the world are in darkness. We should be very thankful for the blessings we enjoy.

Referred to the present . . . attitude of this nation towards us as a people. Said it is necessary for us to become acquainted with the laws of nations so that we may be able to govern when the power is first into our hands.

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Program for Apr 27, 1890 [Ed. Note: Out of sequence?]

1st recitation by Arthur Wood.
5th Select reading by Lillian Decker.

Brother Henry Wood felt to respond to the call made of him, felt well in the worth and desired to do his duty. [Editor's Note: Arthur and Henry are children of Samuel Wood; Lillian Decker later married Henry.]

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Saturday Dec. 10, 1896 1:00 (page 203)

Brother Samuel Wood spoke to the Saints. With all my weakness I desire to do good and feel thankful to be counted worthy to be associated with the Latter Day Saints. We are a peculiar people and should set a goodly example to the world. I believe this has been the case to some extent. Amen.

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Sunday Dec 20, 1896 2:00 p.m. (Page 93)

Elder Samuel Wood: I hope to be able to say something that will benefit us all. I have been absent for some time. (Editor's Note: Samuel freighted away from Bluff and also farmed in Monticello.) My desires are to labor for the advancement of Zion. If we persist in evil doing and don't repent the Lord will withdraw his spirit from us and we will apostize (sic). May the Lord add his blessings. Amen.

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January 31, 1897 (Page 105)

Bro Samuel Wood: We are responsible for the condition we are in. It is binding on us as saints to preach the gospel the same as it was on Paul.

Sister Josephine Wood: I am thankful for meeting in Fast Meeting and prayer with the Saints, and desire to understand more about the principles of the Gospel.

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Sunday Mar 14, 1897--4:00 p.m. (Page 113)

Sacrament was administered by Samuel Wood and D. J. Roberts.

Bro Samuel Wood: I feel my weakness in standing before you. I desire the spirit of the Lord to direct my remarks. We should try and understand the mission of our Savior, and His death was a sacrifice for our sins. Charity is the pure love of the Lord. When on the cross He said "Father forgive them they know not what they do, proved by the scriptures that the Gospel as taught by the Saints is true, also proved from modern history that the gospel was to be restored and how it was done. We are the saints of the most High. I have faith in the gospel and I ask the Lord to bless us. Amen.

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Sunday May, 1897--2:00 p.m. (Page 123)

Bro Samuel Wood: I tender the Lord my thanks for His mercies. Felt to do better in the future, I desire to be forgiven for all my sins and do better.

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November 27, 1898. Ward Meeting at 2 p.m. (Page 247)

Elder Samuel Wood said he knew that if not dictated by the Spirit of the Lord [Editor's Note: Thought not completed in record]. He had been interested in the remarks of the former speaker. Said he enjoyed himself at our Stake Conference. Apostle Young had cautioned the Saints in regard to allowing the young to associate with those not of our faith and of the evil effects of marrying outside of the church. Said his experience had been that great sorrow had resulted from taking this course. Spoke of the great condemnation that will follow those who allow themselves to be led away from this Church after having had a testimony of the truth. There are many prophecies in the Bible that are being fulfilled in this Church which are testimonies to us of the truth of the work and should strengthen us in our faith.

Said he desired to do all in his power to help the work along and to magnify his calling.

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January 1, 1899 Fast Meeting held at 2:00 p.m. (Page 262)

Prayer by Elder Samuel Wood

Conference: Sister Josephine Wood, Pres of the Primary Association reported that their meetings were very well attended, especially by the little girls and were interested in their studies. Said she felt like taking hold of her labors with more determination than ever.

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April 2, 1899--Fast Meeting

Bro Arthur Wood said he felt his weakness very much, desired an interest in the faith and prayers of the saints that he might be able to fulfill his mission.

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Oct. 29 (Year blurred) (Page 359)

Sacrament administered to by Samuel Wood and Hyrum Perkins.

Talk by Samuel Wood: While I stand before you I sincerely desire your faith and prayers. Would that somebody more capable would speak on this subject. We find in the days of the Savior he chose Apostles and sent them to gather the lost sheep of Israel. He told of the works of the apostles and the days of the Savior, said he could bear testimony that this is the work of God. Thousands are in the world preaching the Gospel. The judgment of God is at hand. May the Lord bless us all. Amen.

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Taken from the minutes of the Bluff, Utah Ward, San Juan Stake of Zion, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Historical Department, Salt Lake City, Utah, Film #797 11 #2, pages 405 to 407, April 29, 1900, Sunday Services 2 P.M.

Bishop Jens P. Nielson presiding
Song by the choir and congregation: "Do What is Right."
Prayer: Elder John Allen
Song by the Choir: "With All My Powers of Heart and Tongue,
I'll Praise My Maker in His Song"

The Sacrament was administered by Elders SAMUEL WOOD & D. J. ROGERS.

There were three speakers before Samuel Wood. They were J. B. Decker, Hansen Bayles, and A. L. McDermott.

The minutes as they were written concerning Samuel Wood's talk:

"Elder Wood said the remarks of the brethern had a tendency to strengthen his faith. We may have a knowledge of the Gospel but if we have not faith to enable us to put that to use it will be of no benefit to us. There are many things that tend to strengthen our faith and give us testimonies of the truth. [He] referred to the circumstances surrounding the departure of Lehi and his family from Jerusalem and the predictions made by the prophets at that time regarding the destruction of that city. When the Nephites discovered the people of Zarahemla who had left Jerusalem after these calamities had come upon the people at

Jerusalem they received a testimony that the words of the prophets had been fulfilled. Paul said, 'If any man teach any other gospel than that which we have been taught let him be accursed.' The gospel that Paul taught is to be found between the lids of the Bible. We know that there is no other denomination that teaches the true gospel as found in the Bible, except the Latter Day Saints. We also have the same gifts and blessings in the Church that were enjoyed by the saints anciently, all of which should strengthen our faith." He (Bro. Wood) exhorted all to be diligent in performing what is required of us that we might be blessed of the Lord.

"In closing, Bishop Jens Nielson spoke of the importance of keeping records. Every family should keep a record of all that transpires in their lives. The Lord was very anxious that the Nephites should have the record of the Jews and even commanded Nephi to slay Laban in order to get them. He made further remarks on the importance of keeping records. Invited as many brethern as possible to attend Deacon's meeting tomorrow night . . . it being the last meeting of the season."

The Choir sang "Guide Us Oh, Thou Great Jehovah"

Benediction by D. J. Rogers.

Minutes taken by Peter Allen, Clerk pro-tem

[Editor's Note: This talk is still appropriate today! Eighty-two years later!]

Ward Records Researched by
Kathern Hansen Marks,
Alene Wood Hansen Jones, and
DeVaughn Jones--1982



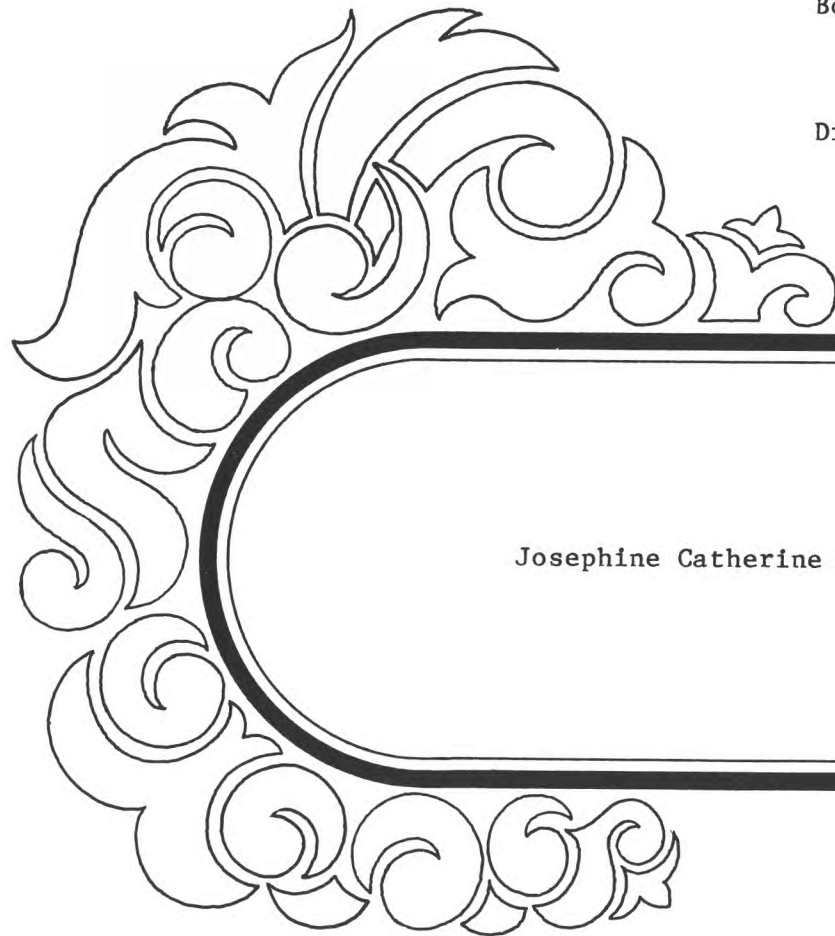
Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood

Daughter of

Joseph Chatterley and Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley

Born: September 10, 1853
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: February 10, 1909
Monticello,
San Juan County, Utah



Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood



Samuel Wood



Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood

*A haze on the far horizon
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high--
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.**

It was in such a season--on a crisp, clear autumn day in September--that Josephine Catherine Chatterley was born in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah. Her birth was an occasion of joy, but also an occasion marred by the unexpected death of her father.

In those early days in Cedar City, it was customary for a man to carry a gun for protection when freighting, gathering wood, or working in the fields. The settlers' experiences with the Indians were not always friendly, so they were cautious. On September 4, 1853, as Joseph lifted his loaded gun out of the wagon, it suddenly discharged, sending a bullet through his upper left arm. An attempt was made to cleanse the wound by passing a white silk handkerchief through it, but blood poisoning immediately set in. On September 7th, Joseph Chatterley died, and three days later on September 10, 1853, the only child of Joseph Chatterley and Catherine Clark Corlett Chatterley was born. What a sober and sad beginning for this baby girl.**

Catherine Chatterley already had endured much. She was the

*"Each in His Own Tongue", by William Herbert Carruth.

**"Yours Sincerely, John M. Macfarlane," by L. W. Macfarlane, M.D.

mother of four living children by her first husband, James Corlett, who had also tragically died eight years previous in England. The following year, in 1846, their three-year-old son, John, died--the same year Catherine's father died. Although Catherine had led a life of some ease, excellent schooling, culture, and wealth as a young woman on the Isle of Man, and during her successful marriage to James, she now was faced with a bleak, lonely, and tragic life. When everything seemed the darkest, Catherine heard the testimonies of Mormon missionaries and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1848. Her conversion was somewhat due to the efforts and interest of the Joseph Chatterley family. Joseph was a business associate of James Corlett's in England, and had befriended Catherine and her young family. Catherine immediately developed an unswerving faith in her new-found religion, and was eager and ready to emigrate to the Church headquarters. When Catherine left England in 1851, her mother, brothers, and sisters remained on the Isle of Man. They did not want any association with the Mormon Church. In fact, they were unhappy and embittered that Catherine had joined that "terrible" church and was leaving England for a far-away land. Sometime later, Catherine wrote home from Cedar City, seeking information regarding her family line. She was shocked to discover that she had been stricken from the family records. She never saw her family again.

Although the Chatterley and Corlett families did not sail from England on the same ship, they did connect up, arriving in Salt Lake City in late 1851. Soon, they were on their way to Iron County where Joseph would help build up the "iron mission." Early that next year on February 21, 1852, Catherine became the plural wife of Joseph Chatterley. The ceremony was performed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

When Joseph Chatterley died at age forty-six, Catherine was not quite forty-one years old, and they had been married just eighteen months. Catherine's children were young that year of 1853--Mary Ann, fifteen years; Thomas, not quite fourteen; James, just turning twelve; and Margaret (Maggie) Alice, eight years old--and now a new baby to raise. Twice widowed, Catherine lived in a rough, struggling new community far away from the Church headquarters. Life, under these difficult circumstances, seemed to be poised on the edge of disaster.

Joseph left another family: his first wife, Nancy Morton and their four children--John Chatterley, age eighteen; Ann, sixteen; Morton, thirteen; and Charlotte, nine. The Cedar City LDS Church records reveal a few lines regarding Joseph's death:

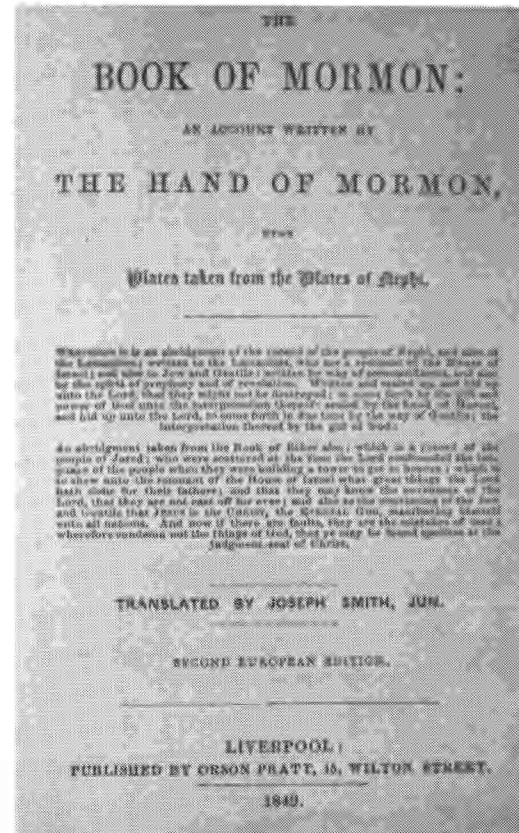
"A serious calamity has overtaken us. Our esteemed friend and brother, Joseph Chatterley, died. His death is a serious loss to our country. His last resting place marks the first spot that was upturned for burial of the dead in the Cedar City cemetery."

To his newest baby, Joseph left the legacy of his given name. Joseph had requested that Catherine name their child "Joseph" if a boy, and "Josephine" if a girl. Catherine honored this wish, and gave the new baby her name as well. In time, the child became known as Jody. Later, she was called "Aunt Jody" by all who knew and loved her.

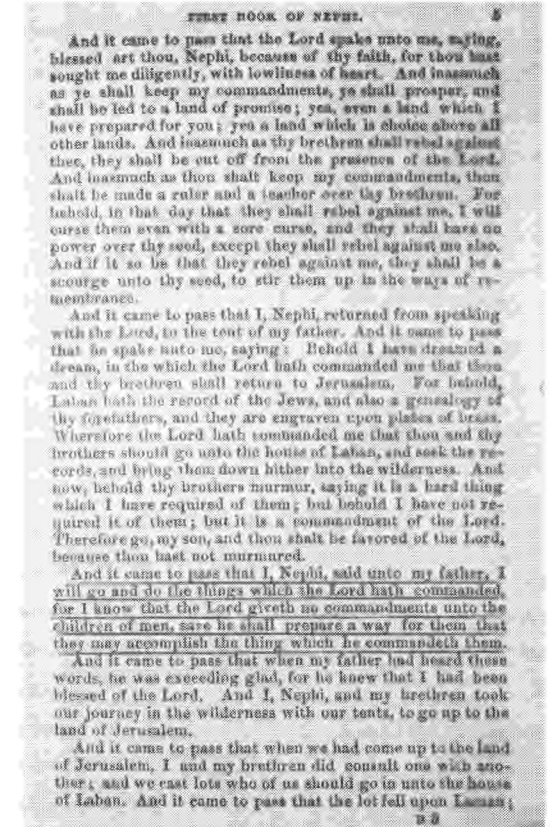
Joseph left another valuable legacy to little Josephine. He asked that their expected child be given his treasured Book of Mormon which he had carried with him all the way from England. On the fly-leaf, an inscription reads:



Cover of the Book of Mormon given to Josephine Catherine Chatterley by her father, Joseph Chatterley.



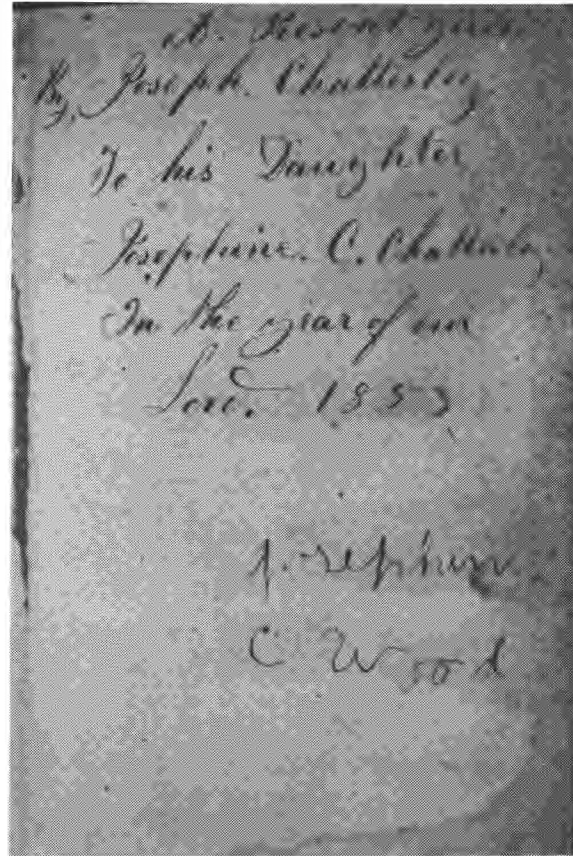
Book of Mormon Dated 1849



This edition of the Book of Mormon is printed without identifying chapters or verse.

"A present given by Joseph Chatterley to his Daughter
Josephine Chatterley in the year of our Lord 1853."*

Obviously, it was written by Jody's mother. Later, Jody signed her name below the inscription: "Josephine C. Wood"



The inscription from father to daughter.

*The Book of Mormon is in the possession of Jody's great-grandson, Frederic Hansen Jones, son of Alene Wood Hansen and DeVaughn Jones.

It is not known exactly how Catherine managed her life after that fatal day when Joseph died. She had brought fine furniture, lovely personal belongings, money, a fine buggy, servants, and a gardener with her. It is known that she had to give up her servants and gardener, and because of a desperate shortage of thread, she even unraveled her fine linens for mending and darning.

Catherine had been generous with her money and material possessions, giving to the needy and to the church. She and Joseph bought stock in the ill-fated iron mines, and also the sheep association, which did pay rather handsome dividends. Nevertheless, the economics of surviving and raising a family of five children was a daily struggle. Chatterley family descendants reported that Joseph had bought a two-story, two-room house in Cedar City, and had removed the partitions so as to make a school and assembly room below, and a social room above. It is not known whether he lived in this building at all, either with his first wife Nancy, or with Catherine.

In 1853, Cedar City was a bustling young settlement. Over a thousand people lived in the town. Two years earlier, a group of thirty-five men had settled at Coal Creek, just a mile away from the present town, sent by the church to manufacture iron from the nearby ore deposits. Soon, English, Scotch, and Welsh "miners and manufacturers" were building a smelter. They approached this great undertaking with all the enthusiasm of innocence, little realizing the trials that lay ahead. In 1852, a hundred additional families were sent to help strengthen the "iron mission." By fall, a new furnace was built, and in September it was fired for the first time. The entire population of the town kept an all-night vigil. Finally, a small amount of molten ore flowed into the sand mold, and there were shouts of "Hosanna."

During the winter of 1853-54, shortly after Joseph died, all community efforts were set aside--including the manufacture of iron--so that the labor of every able-bodied person could be used to surround the town with a protective wall built nine feet high. This heroic undertaking was started because of Indian rumblings, and was completed on New Year's Day. During this time, the settlers lived in wagons and tents. Is this where Catherine, her four Corlett children and new Chatterley baby lived? Is this how the family survived that first winter after Joseph's death?

After the manufacture of iron resumed, a number of difficulties finally doomed that venture. The workers had trouble "fluxing" the ore, and even with the new infusion of families, there were not enough skilled workmen. Floods, hard winters, crop devastations, and Indian skirmishes added to their woes, and further eroded the "iron mission" effort. Finally, iron brought in by Johnson's Army, along with the completion of the transcontinental railroad, made native production unprofitable.

The fort/town of Cedar City was started on three different sites. It was finally established on a tableland 6,000 feet high, surrounded by great hills of cedar, pine, spruce, and aspen, interspersed with patches of ancient black lava flows. The setting was beautiful, but rugged. The summers were cool and pleasant, but the winters were cold and harsh. How different it was from Catherine's ancestral home on the Isle of Man with its rolling green hills and flowering glens. It was in this setting that Jody lived her early life.

During the summer of 1855, the nearby fields were devastated by crickets. Bread became scarce, and no family had enough to eat. Catherine lived just one year longer. She died on November 21, 1856, leaving Jody an orphan at age three, as well as her four older children.

In later years, Jody told her own children that she could remember brushing her mother's hair, and rubbing her feet after a particularly weary day. She remembered her mother being taken away, not realizing that she would never return. For a long time, the little, dark-eyed Jody sat on the front porch--looking, watching, waiting for her mother to return. But, it was not to be.

Jody was raised by her oldest half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart, and in time she grew to think of her as a mother. Mary Ann married William Cameron Stewart when she was seventeen years old. She took on the responsibility of Jody, as well as her three younger brothers and sisters at the age of eighteen. Jody's brother-in-law, William Stewart (whom Jody called step-father), was a strict man. He helped raise Jody with a firm hand. School was not compulsory in those early days, but Mary Ann was one of the first school teachers in Cedar City, and was anxious that her brothers and sisters attend school.

Jody had a talent for drawing and sketching, but that was not allowed in school. The 3-R's were necessary, but not much else. Jody often broke the rules, and sketched figures and scenes on slate and paper. As a punishment, she received many slaps with a sharp ruler on her outstretched hand. Sometimes, she had to stand in a corner for hours.

Times were hard and Jody wanted to help support herself, so she worked for other people. She was paid with vegetables, fruit, sugar, cloth, and occasionally a bit of money. All the produce and material items were taken home to share with the family. Jody was allowed to keep the money, and the first she earned went towards the purchase of a pair of "store" shoes. She, like all the other young people, wore rough-looking, home-made shoes. So Jody shopped for her first pair of pretty store shoes. The only pair she could buy was a size 6, and she wore size 3 at that time! They were much too large, but Jody couldn't wait. The 24th of July parade was coming, and Jody wanted pretty shoes on her feet. Jody later related that no other shoes ever gave her the joy and happiness as did the over-sized pair she bought with her first savings at the exorbitant price of \$1.98.

Jody worked in St. George for awhile, and stayed with a distant relative, who made her feel that she was disgraced if she showed her ankle or any part of her arm above the wrist. And, if she kissed a boy goodnight, that was really disgraceful! Jody said it was nice to be "disgraced" once in a while. Jody had an infectious sense of humor, and was always the life of a party. She became a popular young lady wherever she was.

When and how did Jody meet Samuel Wood? He was ten years older than Jody, so they were not contemporaries in school, church, or other growing-up activities. Perhaps, Sam and James Corlett, Jody's half-brother, were friends. They were about the same age. Sam undoubtedly cut a dashing figure in his early manhood. In 1865, when Sam was twenty-three (and Jody was

*Jody's early history is recorded in the notebooks of Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen, as well as writings of Joseph Henry Wood, and Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent.

thirteen), he became a scout, guard, and minuteman in the Black Hawk War, and won a medal of honor for his service. By the time the war ended in 1868, Jody was nearly sixteen, and was probably very aware of the handsome young man.

Sometime in her teens, Jody found work in Salt Lake City. She was courted by another young man, but told him that she had been "keeping company" with Samuel Wood, but that if Sam didn't come within the week to "claim" her, she would marry him. Serious? Perhaps--perhaps not--but in any event, Sam did visit Jody and asked her to marry him and that settled that. On Christmas day, December 25, 1871, Josephine Catherine Chatterley and Samuel Wood were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The ceremony was performed by Daniel Hanmer Wells, second counselor to Brigham Young. Jody was eighteen years old, and Sam was twenty-eight.

Sam built a two-story brick home in Cedar City--across the street from the home of Jens Nielson, a Danish convert who would, later on, play an important role in Jody's life. Sam was a freighter, a carpenter, and a farmer, and was making a good living. The future looked rosy.

Sam was away on the freight road much of the time, but even so, the young couple entered into the social and religious life of the community. Jody could dance, act (so could Sam!), tell a good story, and poke a little fun at people. One night at a social, a rather eccentric bachelor was asked to participate in the "step-dance." He agreed to do so if "Mrs. Wood" would dance with him. Jody readily agreed, and somehow before they started, she managed to remove the "switch" from her hair and pin it on the gentleman's coattail. When the two danced, loud applause greeted them. The gentleman was convinced that he was indeed "cutting quite a figure," and this inspired him to execute some fantastic dance steps, including the high "pigeon-wing." The switch waved behind him like the tail of a wild mustang. What a sight!

But, Jody was also compassionate and kind. The sick, homeless, or needy always found a way to her door. One stormy night when Samuel was away, a knock came at the door. Jody opened it just a crack, and a rough-looking fellow pushed his way in and ran--almost like a wild man--to the fireplace. Jody was

frightened. Sensing this, the man turned and said: "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. I am starving and freezing." Immediately, the fear left Jody and she hurried to find food for him. She gave him some blankets and invited him to sleep by the fire. Jody went to sleep herself, and upon awakening the next morning, found that the man had left. She didn't know his name, where he came from, or where he went. Months later, she received a gift with this message: "From the man you kept from freezing and starving."

Jody served as a counselor in the Primary Association. She loved to be with young children, and was happy teaching them the Gospel. Into this happy setting came a flurry of disturbing rumors. There was talk that young couples would be called to help settle a wild, new frontier, somewhere in southeastern Utah, Colorado, or Arizona. There was talk of Indians--and, living among them. Sam had extensive experience with Indians, so there was concern that he would be called. The church was looking for young people of courage, who had the ability to adapt to adverse conditions. Sam and Jody surely fit the description.

When the rumors of resettlement were rampant in the fall of 1878, Jody and Sam had been married nearly seven years. Three little boys had been born to them: Samuel Franklin on April 11, 1873 (and who died eighteen months later); Joseph Henry on March 8, 1875; and Arthur Stephen on January 27, 1877. They were expecting their fourth child in June of 1879.

The missionary calls finally came--one in December, 1878, and the other in March, 1879. The calls came from John Taylor, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There was no question about accepting the call when it came from the Prophet of their church.

Sam apparently received his call at the March 1879 Stake Conference. As the church bells rang out on that fateful day, Jody could not bear to go to church. She waited at home while people crowded into the meetinghouse to "hear the word." Soon, Jody's half-sister, Margaret (Maggie) Corlett Parry came running out. When she reached Jody, she cried, "O, Josephine, you are called, but surely you won't go." They wept together. Sam joined them and said, "We are among those called and we will go."

Jody's thoughts flew back over the years. She thought of their struggles and successes, of their hard-earned comforts, of their little family, and of their loved ones in Cedar City. In a burst of disappointment she cried out, "Will we never stop pioneering? My father and mother crossed the plains, and now we are to go on."

And, "go on" they did. They began to convert their home and belongings into teams, wagons, and equipment that would get them through a long, hard trip. This took time, and as they proceeded with their preparations, another child was born: John Morton on June 3, 1879. A little over nine months later, a fifth child--and first daughter--was born on March 11, 1880. She lived but a brief sixteen months and was buried alongside her brother, Samuel Franklin. The Woods' suffered through the loss of their first-born son and their first-born daughter. One child died of whooping cough; the other with scarlet fever. On July 3, 1882, their sixth child was born, Sarah Jane (Jennie)--a delicate child.

Jody and Sam were unable to go with the first group that left for the San Juan Mission, but by the fall of 1882, they had sold their home, land, and many of their belongings. They realized little for their property, but that wasn't the most painful part of their leave-taking. The most heartbreaking part was saying goodbye to the two little graves, to their relatives and friends, and to a happy, successful, reasonably secure way of life. Jody was twenty-nine years old; Sam was thirty-nine.

Hyrum Perkins was sent back to guide this second group to Bluff through the dangerous stretches of desert, mountain, canyon, and river. Sam and Jody, along with Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, John Morton, and little baby Sarah Jane, crowded into a wagon with all their provisions, bedding, clothing, food, and



*Josephine Catherine
Chatterley Wood
Date unknown.*

supplies of various kinds. They carried a few treasured books including Jody's Book of Mormon, a few keepsakes, some paper, and pen and ink.

The Woods' traveled with a very small company--Frederick I. Jones, his wife Manie and two little boys from Enoch; Charles Wilden, his wife Emma and two children; David Adams family; and Alvin Smith family. These five families--out of twenty-one called to round out this second group--were the only ones to leave for Bluff on this second trip. The first group was 250 strong.

The whole town gathered to say goodbye and to wish the travelers Godspeed. With heavy hearts the little company pulled out. They began their journey in the belief that a much less arduous pathway had been found to the Colorado River. They were mistaken, for the small wagon train was destined to go over the almost impassable Waterpocket Fold.*

Jody briefly recorded their journey. Many pages are lost, but those in existence tell of the sorrows they experienced as they said goodbye, and of the challenges they met.**

"Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, Oct 17th, 1882. Called on a mission to Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. Starting a company of four families from Cedar. [Editor's Note: Also one family from Enoch.] Came as far as Johnson's Fort with tired heads and aching hearts after bidding our friends and relatives and the land of our birth goodbye.

"Oct 18th, 1882. Start from Johnson with great sorrow, and weeping, parting with all our dear friends

*George Davidson, National Park Ranger, Capitol Reef National Park, Utah, "1882 Wagon Train Follows Rough Trail." Deseret Church News, October 30, 1982.

**Only brief excerpts from Jody's journal will be used in this history inasmuch as the entire journal is reproduced in a separate section.

and relatives, went on a mile or two. There we met Bishop Arthur and other friends. That was our last Cedar folks for that day. Then we had nothing to do but to lay back in our wagons and think of those we had left and their kindness Arrived in Parowan Lane about 5 o'clock. Camped early to turn the stock in the field. The children and their Mamas all crying to go back. It is a great trial to me to leave Cedar."

When the little company met Bishop Arthur, the Patriarch Henry Lunt, was there for he gave Samuel and Josephine Patriarchal Blessings on that day. Briefly quoting from Jody's: "Inasmuch as thou art about to start on a mission in connection with thy husband and thy children for the purpose of building up the waste places of Zion and does it cheerfully not feeling to murmur in thy heart at parting with thy relatives and friends for a little season, God shall greatly multiply blessings upon thee of both a spiritual and temporal nature, and thou shall hereafter acknowledge the great wisdom of the Lord."*

Jody did cry out in her journal about her sorrow at leaving family and friends, but her nature was to maintain a cheerful demeanor. Who could not write sorrowing thoughts in such a situation--in the privacy of her journal?

Sam's blessing was equally faith-promoting: "Thou art called in connection with many of thy brothers to leave thy home for the purpose of strengthening the stakes of Zion and to lengthen out His cords and to this call thou has cheerfully responded for to which thou shall be abundantly blessed of God both spiritually and temporally and it shall redound to thine exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom and to an increase of wives and children and be the means of future usefulness and exalted positions to which thou wilt be called to minister to the Saints of God The Lord will bless thee on thy journey "*"

Surely these two blessings buoyed up Sam and Jody. Though

*Sam and Jody's Patriarchal Blessings are reprinted at the end of each history.

their lives were never easy from here on, they never gave up, and their faith continued to burn brightly.

The first leg of the journey from Cedar City to Escalante, was relatively easy, at least compared to what lay ahead.

"Little Creek Canyon 20th. All seem well in health, but Manie's baby, but all thinking that every day is taking us further away from those we love so dear. It is hard times to get started with the stock and the teams. Hiram [Hyrum] Perkins is our Captain and he is a very good hand. We still go on until we get to an old cabin at Upper Bare [Bear] Valley [the canyon which led from Iron to Garfield County]. There we meet Kuman and his folks Had quite a talk and quite a cry and stopped and had dinner *

"Sevier River. This is at the fork of the road. Oct. 24th. Get up this morning all looking better, but 2 of the horses have gone back We again roll on. Travel through a canyon until noon. See some of the loveliest scenes I've ever seen, but the thought of home today has been more than I can stand We have traveled 17 miles today.

"East Fork of the Sevier River. Oct. 25. Quite cold and blowing. Looks like a storm. We want to get over Escalante Mountain today, and then Hyrum says it will not be so bad if it does come. Some of the children cried last night very bad. Sister Wilden was quite sick all night, but feels some better this morning There has been no breakage since we left home but one bow on our front wagon broke and we were scattered all over the wagon with the sudden jerk Well, we still trudge along. Start up the mountain. All the women and children are plodding up

*Kuman Jones and family were returning to Cedar City for a visit, and undoubtedly told the travelers of conditions in Bluff.

the terrible hill. When we got to the top it started sprinkling and some had to get in the wagons to get out of the storm, but O my, I think there was some of us that didn't take a good long breath until we reached the bottom, but when we got down our Captain led us to a very nice camping ground under big pine trees where there was plenty of water and wood and feed

"Oct 26. All well and rested good after our long walk up the hill. Well we have our breakfast, get ready and start out, but the getting ready is not so easy as the reading of this"

The travelers laid over in Escalante for a couple of days while Hyrum and the men gathered up some stock that had been left behind from the first trip. This large group of stock made the trip all the more perilous, for the stock kept trying to return to their "home" or just wandered away. While the women "rested" in Escalante, they washed clothes, straightened up their wagons, and baked bread. At Escalante, there was a flour mill and a sorghum press. Potatoes, flour, and molasses were available for those who had money to buy such supplies. Many travelers bartered for the goods.

"Escalante 28th. . . . Still laying over again today. I guess it is better for the stock, but for ourselves, we would rather be going on, for every day counts for a body when they have no home Night comes and we prepare for our evening work, but feel so disappointed when there were no letters for any of us. Sit talking about us being called. Some thought one thing and some another, but the women thought they would rather not have been called and thought they would rather be home than here Good night. May God bless us all."

This was indeed a fitting prayer, for the real hardships were yet to begin--the next on October 29th. The country from this point on to the Colorado River is best described by C. Gregory Crampton in his book "Standing Up Country," Chapter 9.

After the Hole-in-the-Rock crossing, Charles Hall stayed on

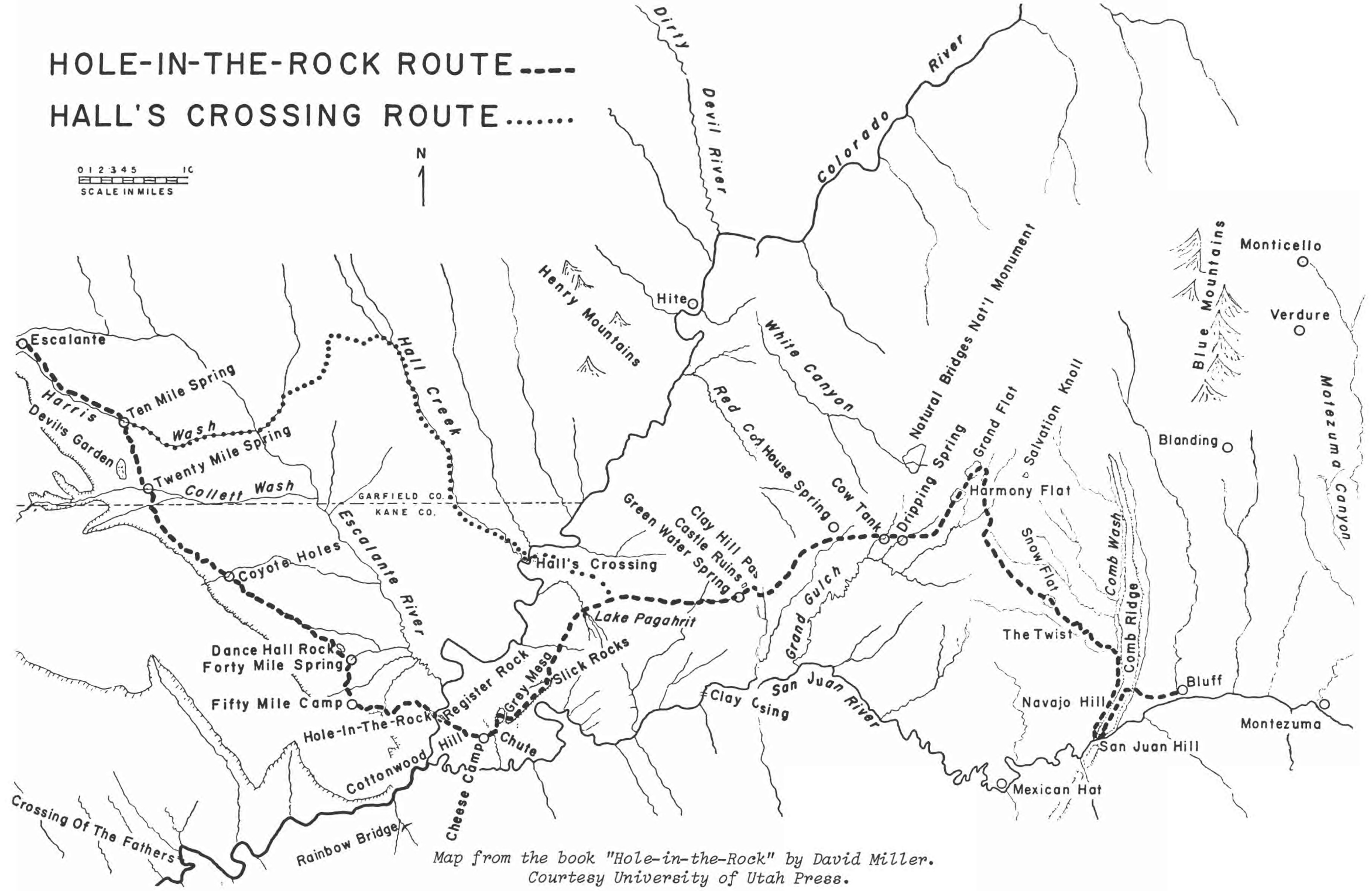
at the Colorado River to operate a ferry. Soon, he began to scout out a new route across the river, and finally found one about thirty-five miles upstream, since known as Hall's Crossing. This crossing was located just above the mouth of Hall's Creek which headed on the slopes of the Waterpocket Fold.* To the west of Waterpocket Fold is a huge, rugged canyon, cliff and gulch area known as Circle Cliffs.

It was probably Charles Hall who worked out the wagon road from Escalante to the new crossing. About ten miles out of Escalante, the new route veered left into Harris Wash, followed along the Wash, and dropped down into a canyon which led to the Escalante River. The best place to ford the Escalante River led into a narrow canyon called Silver Falls Creek. Here, there were slick and knobby rocks over very steep, pitched slopes--a veritable rock jungle. Gradually, the slick rocks gave way to a choppy, rough terrain filled with pinon, cedar, and juniper trees. Finally, this terribly rough country, enclosed by the Circle Cliffs, opened up to a narrow flat top. Off to the north--the faint dark rim in the distance--was the Boulder Mountains. To the east, the gray-green peaks were the Henry Mountains. At this point, the roughest part was still ahead.

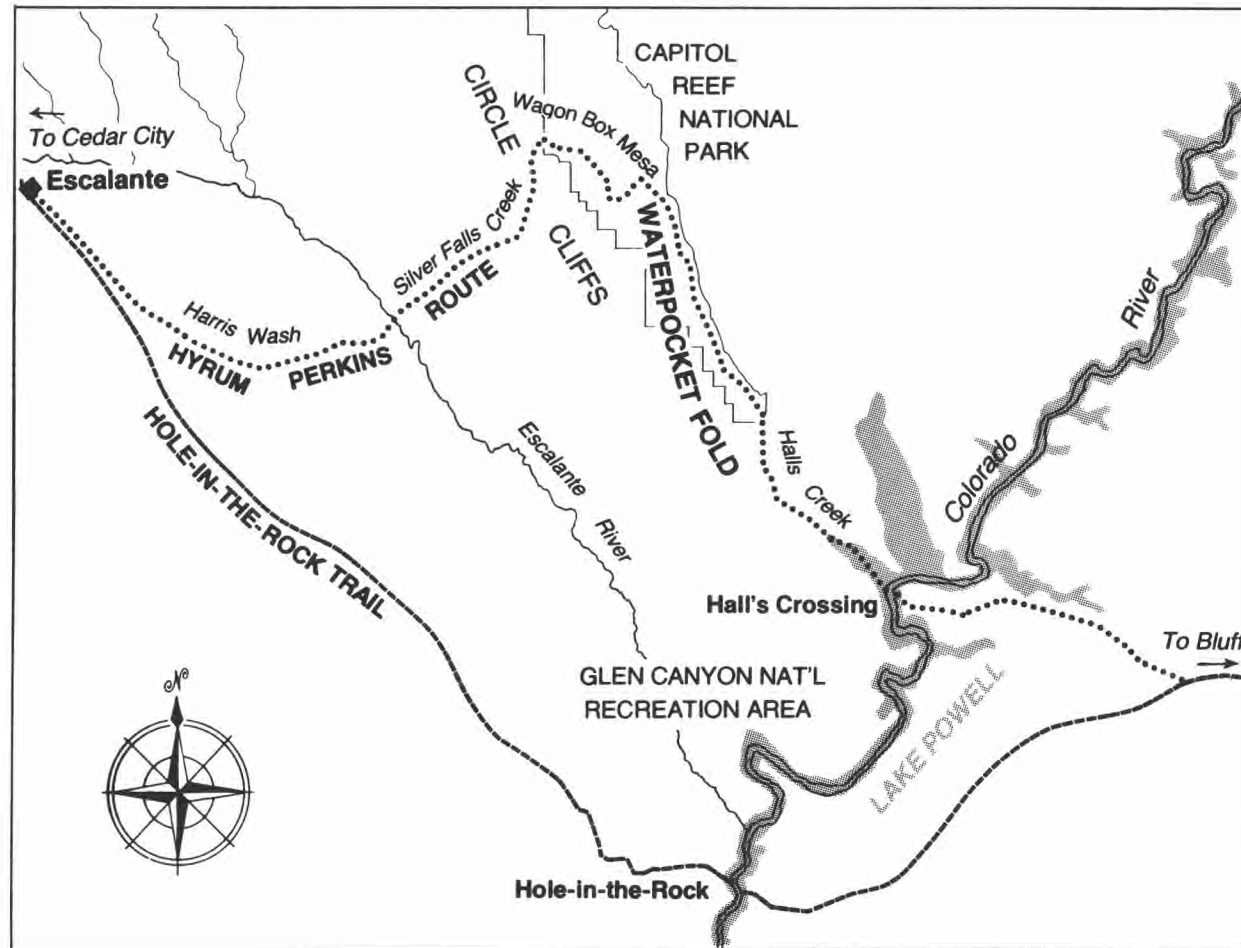
The narrow, flat top fed into a huge, funnel-like opening between two high cliffs. The steep slope, about two miles down, dropped a thousand feet at a perilous and frightening angle. At the bottom, the canyon was deep, narrow, and dark. One sharp bend after another twisted and turned--with the cliff walls undercutting and overhanging in a threatening manner. This narrow, winding canyon--with a pathway occasionally worn smooth by flooding waters--was later named Muley Twist. At the mouth of Muley Twist, the treacherous Waterpocket Fold ended. Although Hall's Creek runs down the length of the Waterpocket Fold, the Charles Hall's route from Escalante did not connect up with the Creek until after Muley Twist. Then, to the right along Hall's Creek and thirty miles further on was the awe-inspiring Colorado River.

*This is located in the lower part of the Capitol Reef National Park. See current Utah map.

HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK ROUTE ----
 HALL'S CROSSING ROUTE



Map from the book "Hole-in-the-Rock" by David Miller.
 Courtesy University of Utah Press.



*This map was printed by the Deseret Church News October 30, 1982.
 Sketched by Charles Nickerson.
 It was part of an article written about "Jody" by
 George Davidson, National Park Ranger, Capitol Reef National Park, Utah.*

The little bank of pioneers had to build roads as they went. They had fewer men and less equipment than the first company. They traveled up hill in deep sand, through narrow twisting canyons, over slick and dangerous rock surfaces and often camped without water. Their cattle got lost and the wind blew until they could scarcely breathe for the dust in their faces. They

frequently had to turn back to find lost stock and then the men would stand guard over them at night lest they turn back again. Sometimes, the men would gather around the fire--then stretch out on the ground, wrapping themselves in blankets or hides. The morning sun--or daybreak--would find the camp astir, everyone preparing the next day's move. Sometimes, as they scraped and bumped along, they would crush the sagebrush, often sending a fine powdered dust into the air. After a rainstorm, the air was sweet with the smell of sage. Axle grease mingled with this smell as the sweating men and women (even on the cold days!) toiled over the ridges, the sands and the rocks as they struggled on. Sometimes, the snow sifted down from the skies--occasionally just a light sifting, sometimes in the midst of a howling blizzard. Freezing rain or pellets of ice often bounced off the rather frail wagons. They frequently moved at a snail's pace, often squeezing through canyon walls so tight that the wooden boxes of the wagons were scratched and scarred.

This little band of colonizers was crossing a land that had the most precipitous, rugged rock formations in the whole United States. They were going to enter San Juan through an area which came to be known as "the back door of San Juan"--seemingly a door closed tight by sheer bluffs thousands of feet high and ledges of awe-inspiring size, cut by the great chasm of the Colorado River.

By candlelight, Jody wrote on:

"Oct 29th O, Dear, I thought we had bad roads this morning, but this afternoon was the worst yet, and sand up to the shoe tops and all up hill One cow and calf left in the cedars. Could not see them and Sister Wilden and her little girl and boy walked for miles to get them into camp. They were behind, were very nervous when they got into camp; it was enough to make them There is no water where we are tonight, only

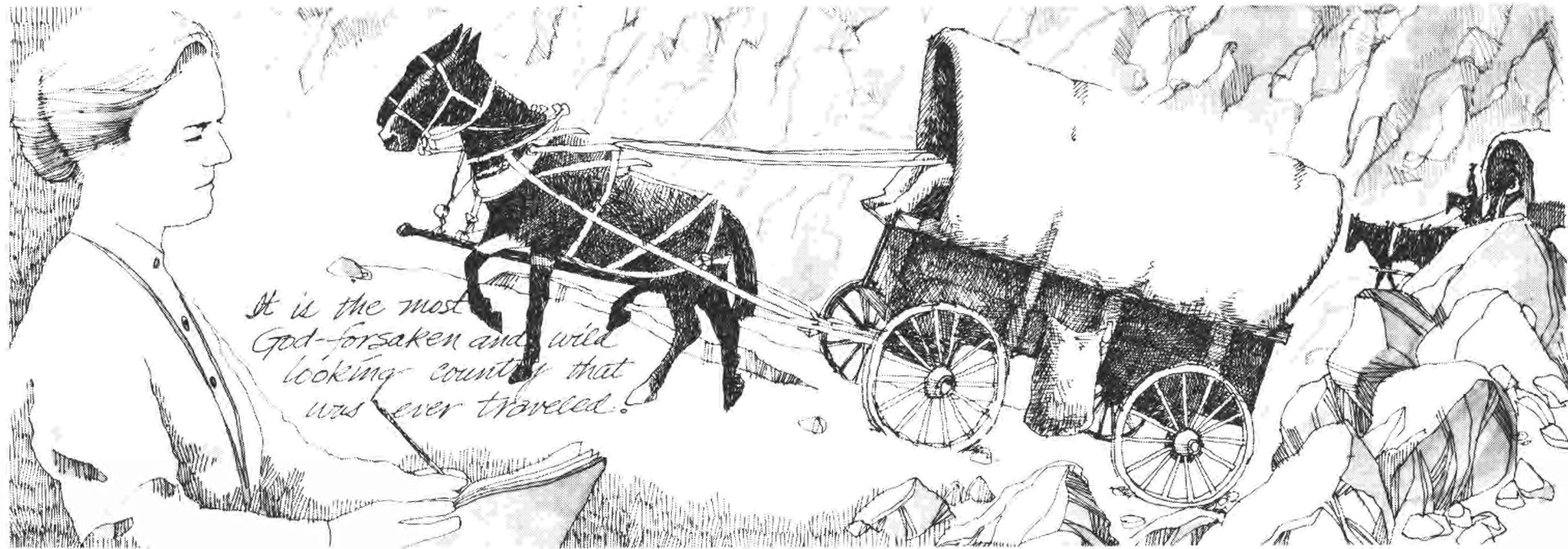
in a tank. It is rather dangerous to get to. The place where we are camped is a terrible place for sand, it is a foot deep and it is blowing so bad we cannot get any supper . . . and we did not get any dinner today The men have got to stand guard over their stock. They are determined to go back. There is not much feed and no water. It is so scarce none of us can wash tonight. We have prayers and retire to rest after our toils of the wearisome day. We have come 10 miles today, Sunday, and have been traveling all day. Well, we go to bed with all our wagons on a slope."

The "tanks," or waterpockets, that Jody talked about were waterholding potholes in the eroded sandstone. These became lifesavers. Both humans and animals suffered from thirst, and when a tank was found, salvation was at hand, even when by morning light, dead animals were discovered in them.

As the wagon train approached the Circle Cliffs area, the going became more difficult.

"Oct. 30th. All well in health, but the life was frightened right out of us all. I don't know what they call this place, but I call it the Devil's Twist, and that is a Sunday name for it, for of all the roads on earth, I don't think there is any worse than they are here. It is no earthly use for me to try to describe the road or the country. It is the most God-forsaken and wild-looking country that was ever traveled.

"Well, we hardly get started before some of them had to double up. It is mostly all uphill and sand knee deep and then sheets of solid rocks for the poor animals to pull over and slide down. I never saw the poor animals pull and paw as they have done today. We still



A sketch by Craig Holyoak depicting Jody and the wagon train going through the rough Waterpocket Fold area in 1882. Courtesy Deseret Church News.



*The treacherous
Muley Twist Canyon--
The 1882 Pioneer Path through
Waterpocket Fold.*

§ § §

*The canyon floor has been
smoothed out by flooding,
but it twists and turns.*

§ § §

*Photo Courtesy of
George Davidson,
National Park Ranger
Capitol Reef National Park*



*An aerial view of the great
Colorado River.*

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*Photo by
A. E. Turner,
Bureau of Reclamation*

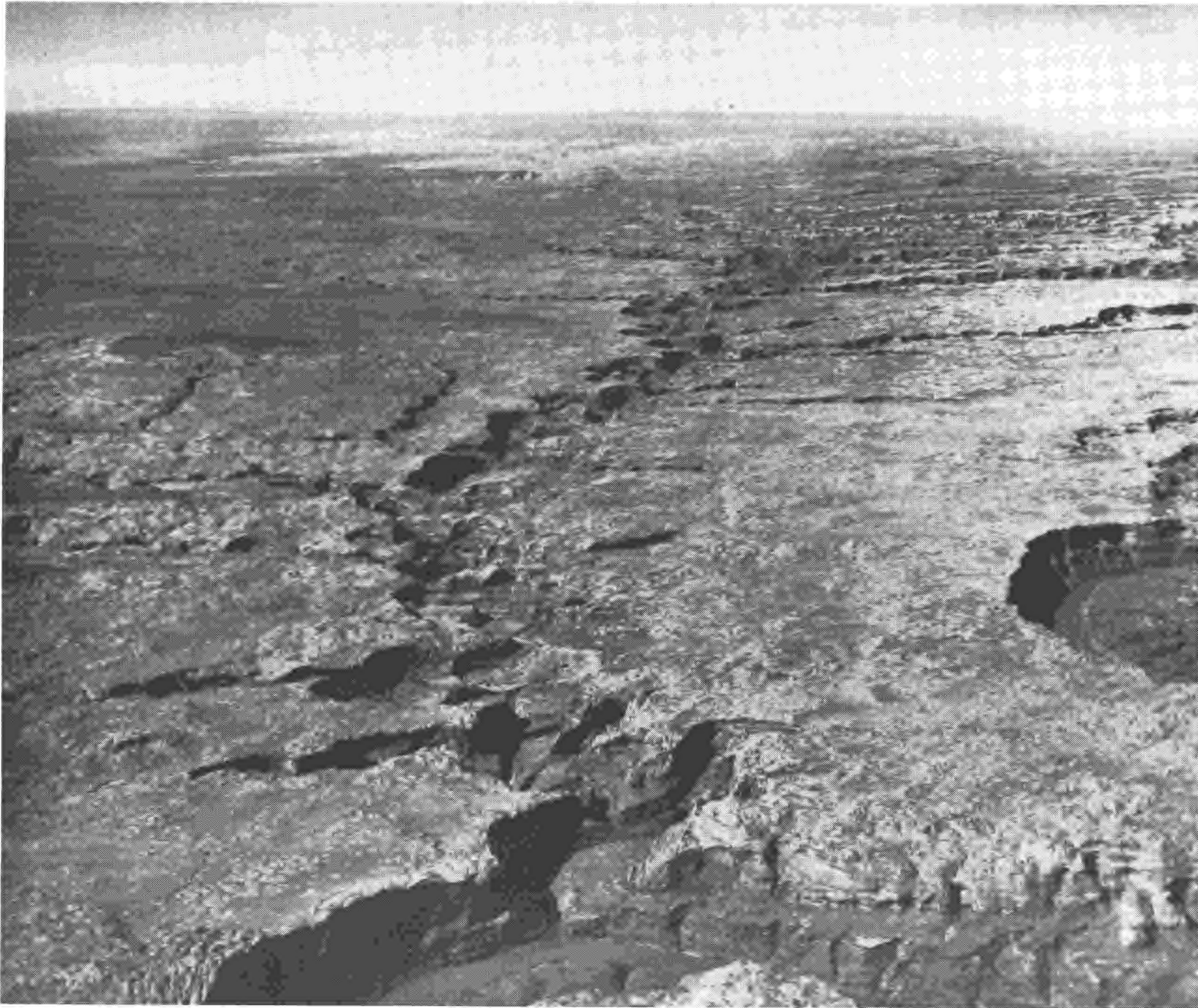


The great Colorado River.

*The rapids change quickly
along the river.*

\$\$\$

*Photo by
W. L. Rusho,
Bureau of Reclamation*



A Slick-Rock Wilderness.

*After the 1882 group left the
Colorado River, there was
slick-rock as far as the
eye could see.*

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*Photo by
A. E. Turner,
Bureau of Reclamation*



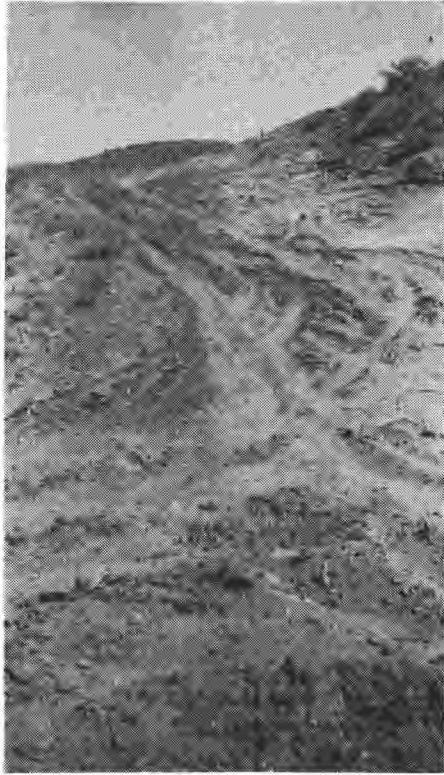
*Another view of the Slick-Rock Jungle. A wilderness of canyons and mesas.
Photo by A. E. Turner, Bureau of Reclamation.*

do not stop for dinner. The poor horses have not had a drink today and they are almost given out. It will be late before we get in to camp. The women and children have done a good deal of walking and pushing on the wheels. O, of all roads, and the wind is blowing terrible. You can hardly see and if you open your mouth you are sure to get it filled.

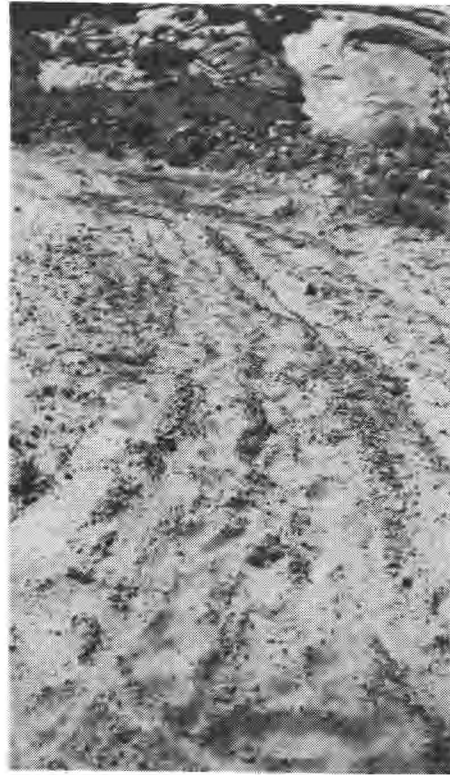
". . . Samuel has uncoupled his wagons and Bro Williams is driving one for him. Samuel has to go back every little while and to hitch on to the other wagon and then go to the other and draw it a little further, and that is the way all the men had to do today. It has made them sweat pulling downhill. Well, we get into camp, and all the children are crying for a drink and with the cold The men had been out and found a tank. If it was not for those beautiful tanks the poor traveler would suffer, if not die. The men got back and the dear children get a drink, but we are very saving. We can not wash our dishes again tonight

"Oct. 31st. All well as can be expected after our day's travel over rocks and through sand, and without water. Well, we have a little for breakfast and Br Wilden goes back and gets his other wagon, and we all drive to the tanks, one of the greatest blessings that is on this trip"

At this point, On October 31st, it is believed that the group was approaching the Waterpocket Fold. Here, the surviving original



*Rocks, and then sand.
Looking uphill.*



*More sand. Looking downhill.
Photos by F. Bain Hoopes.*

diary comes to an abrupt end. What exactly did Jody write as the group descended through Muley Twist Canyon, perhaps the most arduous part of the journey? No one can be absolutely certain at this point, but Albert Lyman's "History of Jody" will be quoted, as well as Claire Noall from her book "Guardians of the Hearth." Initials after the quotes will indicate which source was quoted.

"Nov. 1st We have had to build roads. In some places, we have had to unload the wagons then carry the things to the wagons again. There is no water and the children are crying for a drink. The men have searched but cannot find any, so Manie and I went to find some, but with the same luck. We have 5-gallon kegs fastened to the wagons to carry water in, and

tonight we shake the kegs and get enough out to wet the childrens' mouths, and the next morning we look at the little that was left and it was full of wrigglers . . . , but it pacified the children" (CN)

"Nov. 2nd Travel over rock, no human being should ever try to go over, but we kept going, until we reached the dreaded Colorado River."

"Nov. 3rd. I can't describe how we ever got down, but I hope you won't ever come to see. Men were there with a raft (we called it a skiff)." (CN)

When Jody wrote about roads, there were no such "roads." She was describing washes and slick-rocks, and the travelers crude attempt to pull away moveable rocks, or build up areas to give the wagons an even base, or to chop out underbrush.

Gregory Crampton described the ferry that Charles Hall had built; "Charles Hall had brought in logs, plants, and pitch from Escalante to make a crude tapered boat thirty feet long. There was no cable to guide the raft. It was towed upstream and shoved off with the "payload"--one man steered and two men paddled as the boat-ferry floated downstream angling towards the other side. Ferry charges were about five dollars per wagon and seventy-five cents each for horses. Ferryman Hall lived on the Escalante Road at the base of the Waterpocket Fold--eight miles from the crossing where he had a small garden plot. There weren't many customers (Editor's Note: No wonder!), so in 1884, the ferry went out of business."

"Nov. 4. Now it is our turn. O, pray for us! The raft was pushed up on the bank part way; Brother Fred was driving, my children and I in the wagon. We drove on to this raft, and the wagon was securely tied to it with ropes. The men started rowing, and down the raft and all went into the water with a splash. My heart went faint, I went blind and clung to my babies. I shall never forget my feeling as we went down into the water, and my fear of the wagon going off into the swift-flowing water. Before we started, I asked Fred to nail the cover down on all sides so that if we were

drowned, we would all go together, and he did. When the treacherous river was safely crossed, we did thank our Heavenly Father." (AL)

(. . . continuing on with Nov. 4). "We stayed here for 2 1/2 days, while the men were getting the cattle across. The men would get the cattle and horses in the water and they would swim to the opposite side, and one cow would lead the rest The men would get in the water and be wet and cold all day, yelling until their throats were sore, trying to get them across. We washed, cooked, bathed, and had all the water we wanted to drink. The children were happy and we were happier than we had been since we left home. We had shade and there was good feed for the horses." (CN)

"Nov. 7th. The Colorado River is in a box canyon, and now we had to get out. We built a road and it was a bad rock one; when we got to the top we were heartsick. We could see nothing but rock miles ahead." (CN)

Once over the river, at this point, as far as the eye could see to the East, there were knobby slick rocks and great hummocks of sand. After about twenty miles of this the road connected up with the Hole-in-the-Rock trail at or near Lake Pagahrit. The name means standing water, and was also known as Hermit Lake. It was a beautiful body of clear, fresh water--a truly unusual and unexpected sight in that desert and rocky land. The lake was formed in past ages as sand drifted into an ancient canyon, slowly building a massive obstruction, or dam, behind which the water from natural springs and storms accumulated. The old trail ran right across this natural dam. The lake was about fifty feet deep near the natural dam, nearly a half-mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide. Numerous kinds of birds were found there and vegetation grew in abundance, providing a pleasant setting for a few days of rest, and another major washday for the travelers. Many years later, in 1915, heavy and unexpected storms filled the natural reservoir to capacity; rapidly rising waters flooded over the dam, cutting a channel, and the water of Lake Pagahrit thundered down Lake Canyon to the Colorado River. The once beautiful Lake Pagahrit is no more.*

After Lake Pagahrit, it was about seventy-five more miles to Bluff by way of Clay Hill Pass, Grand Gulch, Comb Wash and Ridge.

"Nov. 8. It is a wonder our wagons are not broken to pieces, for today is even worse. We have to go down a rocky place, it is steep and slick; the men hang to the back of the wagon to keep it from rolling on the horses, or from tipping up forward over them. They have to wait till one wagon is out of the way before another can start, because there is no place at the bottom to stop--just down and up like a "V". The horses have to rest so often going up the hill, and as soon as they do the wagons start to roll back, and we have to block the wheels by putting rocks back of them. This is dangerous, we are afraid of being crushed. We have been walking most of the way for two days. This is just as hard on the women and children as on the men and horses. Backs were made for the burden, or ours would have been broken long ago. I guess things could be worse--we are all alive and well and the sun is shining." (AL)

"Nov. 13. This country is beautiful but such a terrible road through a steep winding canyon. The mountains are all colors and very beautiful . . . [pages lost]" (AL) (Editor's Note: Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen thought this might be Clay Hill).

As the wagon train left Lake Pagahrit, there was about a two days walk through gulches and across sand hills to Castle Wash, and another miserable walk on to Clay Hill Pass. Here, the high mountain-top plateau abruptly ended in a sheer drop of almost twelve hundred feet. Hairpin and switchback trails were used to descend the face of the precipitous Clay Hill. At the first touch of snow or rain, the strangely-blue clay turned into a thick, sticky mud. The wheels of the wagons sank up to their hubs in mud. Down this slippery chute the wagons slid--with men holding the wagons back with ropes.

*"Hole-in-the-Rock," by David Miller.

Bedding was often soaked. Cold winds on the plateaus ripped wagon covers off. The families were not immune from the usual winter ailments--colds, flu, chillblains, and upset stomachs. The weather varied--there was freezing snow, rains, and sometimes a cold wind on a sunny day. The horses and cattle browsed and foraged whatever they could find in rock crevices. In their weakened condition, they were often unable to pull their accustomed loads.

On the travelers went. To the east of Clay Hill lay a many-branched gorge, so vast it was christened Grand Gulch. This great gulch is located at the foot of Elk Ridge, and as the travelers struggled out of the gulch, they moved into a densely wooded area about fifteen or twenty miles from what is now known as Natural Bridge National Monument. Grand Gulch had 2,000 foot perpendicular walls, so down they went--a long, slow-dragging descent, and only to struggle to climb out on the west side.

At the approach to the base of Elk Ridge, the cedar forest becomes more and more dense. Nearby, a little to the west, is Salvation Knoll. From this high lookout, the travelers could see Blue Mountains. The Hole-in-the-Rock group had chopped a rough trail through the dense forest. Natural clearings in this huge forest were called "flats," such as Grand Flat on top of Elk Ridge. These flats were natural camp sites. From the top, the travelers wound down, finally reaching Snow Flat, evidently so named because it marked the edge of the snow line. From that point, a steep, winding road led down the "Twist" into the lower reach of Road Canyon and on to Comb Ridge.

Comb Ridge was an almost impassable barrier. The Comb is a ridge of solid sandstone extending southward from Elk Ridge south beyond the San Juan River and into Arizona--a thirty-mile ridge of terrifying cliffs. From the west, the Ridge presented a sheer, solid wall approximately one thousand feet high. The top is scalloped in such a way that it resembles a cocks-comb--thus, its name, Comb Ridge. There is no natural break in this solid rock wall except the one cut by the San Juan River--far downstream. Some authors say that the back-breaking, switch-back road built up over San Juan Hill, and which wound up over the summit through a rocky pass was used only once. Others state that it was the only way to get into Bluff. No records tell exactly how the Hyrum



*The almost impassable Comb Ridge.
Photo courtesy Utah Historical Society.*

Perkins' group got over this final, treacherous ridge. The group finally pulled into the flat river bottom, and on into Bluff--the little town at the "end of the line." Jody's last entry, as reported by Albert Lyman, is undated and it simply states:

"We are happy to get to Bluff. Our horses are tired out, so are we, but we got here alive; the Lord was surely with us."

What were Jody's and Sam's emotions as they settled into the raw little settlement that was so remote and cut off from the outside world? Everything was so crude and primitive, and they were surrounded by various Indian Tribes who were understandably unfriendly and hostile at times. But, the Bluff settlers drew together for a mutual purpose, and for mutual defense. There was a great missionary spirit as the Woods became a part of the community. In 1882, when the Wood family arrived, and on into 1883, the settlers were primarily housed in the Old Fort. It must have seemed rather spacious and safe after the tight intimacy of a wagon box, which had been their home for over six weeks. The cramped space had been shared with all the family--what little space there was--aside from their food supply, personal belongings, and other necessities.

Sam soon built a rough log room on a little hill a block west of the fort, and soon he added another room about twelve feet long, and later, another room with board walls and floor. This would be their home until they moved to Monticello in 1906-07.

Men, women, and children worked together to provide the necessities of life. There was wood to gather, water to haul, and a garden to plant and later harvest. There were cattle and horses to care for, cows to milk, butter to churn, clothes to wash, a house and furniture to build and care for, and a living to earn. The pioneer lifestyle left little time to rest. Every season brought its own special work load, but there was sociability along with the work--square dances, corn huskings, and Sunday meetings. There wasn't a home where more parties, candy pulls, quiltings, and childrens' gatherings were held than at Jody's and Sam's. Jody often told her children: "I would be ashamed of a son or daughter who would turn anyone away who was hungry." She also said: "A crust of bread and a welcome is more appreciated than a

banquet given grudgingly." People loved to visit the Woods and share their warmth and hospitality.

Jody became known as a warm, compassionate friend. Many women came to her with their problems, and she would leave her work and sit and talk to them, and make them feel that their problems would be solved.*

After sometime, the log home was quite liveable. The walls were whitened with lime, and the wooden floors were scrubbed with homemade soap. If a rug or carpet covered some of the floor, it was a homemade one out of worn-out clothing. Beds were made of slats and great ticks filled with clean straw each fall. The good warm quilts were thick and homemade, and each bed had two or three. The pillows were stuffed with straw also.**

Jody was busy making a home for her husband and children, involving herself in the small community and religious life, while Sam was providing for them. He had a garden, an orchard and land, and a limited number of livestock. He was freighting and earning money. And then, late in the fall of 1884, the family set out on a journey back to Cedar City. After the harrowing experiences of traveling to Bluff just two years earlier, and after just getting settled into their little log home and the community, even with all its stark inconveniences, it was home. What happened to cause them to plan another trip of anguish, another trip of toil and torment? Overpowering reasons prompted this action.

Jody and Sam were expecting their seventh child, and Jody longed for the care and help of her half-sister, Mary Ann Stewart. Bluff babies were already a small bumper crop, and Sister Thaskell was a good midwife with all the "sisters" of the community helping each other. But, Jody wanted Mary Ann. Also, in Sam's Patriarchal Blessing on October 18, 1882, it clearly stated: ". . . and to an increase of wives and children and be the means of future

*Correspondence to Albert Lyman by Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen, quoting Lillian Decker Wood.

**Autobiography by Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent.

usefulness and exalted positions." The Mormon Church was still quietly practicing polygamy, and undoubtedly Sam had lived his life worthily enough to undertake this principle. This was the second reason for returning to Cedar.

In the late fall of 1884, the Wood family set out for Cedar, crowded again into a covered wagon with their four children. Winter was upon them, and Jody was at least five or six months pregnant--depending on the exact date of their leave-taking. Again, they traveled with a small group--four other families: Frederick I. Jones (the same man who had nailed down the top of the wagon on their earlier trip to Bluff while crossing the Colorado), Nephi Bailey, Hanson Bayles, and Tom Rowley. They did not go by way of Hall's Crossing. That ferry crossing had been closed, and hopefully, they had found an easier way back to Cedar.

They traveled north to Moab, where it took three days to cross the Colorado. The wagons had to be unloaded and taken apart and rowed over the wide river in little skiffs. The horses had to swim. Later, the group crossed the Green River, traveled west, and then on down into Cedar City. If Jody kept a journal of this trip back to Cedar, no remnants have ever been found.

What an emotional trial it must have been to see their lovely, old brick home in Cedar, and to compare that with their rough log home in Bluff with its leaking roof, rough floors, and tiny windows. If Jody dwelled on that, no record exists. She was thrilled and happy to be with her relatives and beloved friends.

The seventh child of Sam and Jody was born on February 23, 1885, under the care of Jody's half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart. The family stayed in Cedar City until after the marriage of Emma Louise Elliker and Samuel Wood on November 5, 1885, and then it was full speed ahead to prepare for their return trip to Bluff; again, in the heart of the cold, winter months.

Emma was nine years younger than Jody--only twenty-three at the time of her marriage to Sam--and was nineteen years younger than Sam. Jody and Emma made it their business to love each other always. They were like devoted sisters and companions, sharing each other's joys and sorrows.* Emma was a remarkable young

woman. She quietly, efficiently, lovingly fit into the group--giving help and support wherever needed.

The group returning to Bluff decided on still another road across the canyonlands, mountains, deserts, gulches, and rivers. They decided to go by way of Dandy Crossing, now called Hite, which is north of the old Hall's Crossing.

On November 17, 1885, they set out with a company of fifteen; three men, four women, and eight children--five of whom were Jody's and Sam's. Jody's journal begins:

"Leaving Cedar City, Iron County, the land of my birth. Cedar City, Nov. 17, 1885. (Editor's Note: The date looks like Nov. 19th, but most authorities list it as 17th.) Leaving for our journey to San Juan, and as the teams had started the day before, Brother Tomas Walker was kind enough to take Sister Emma and myself the next morning as far as Red Creek after we have passed through the trying and heart-breaking time of saying goodbye. We started out in a snow storm and it never stopped until we got to Johnson's Reached Red Creek by two o'clock where we were invited in to Sister Barton's to dinner There were my three little boys and their Pa waiting for us. So, after bidding Brother Walker goodbye and my niece, Sarah Stewart, we all got in our places in the wagons the best we could We had a sleepless night and to our sorrow, in the morning we could not find any dry clothing for any of the children as it stormed so hard our wagons leaked very bad"

Storms and cold weather plagued the little company as it crawled along the winding track over mountain peaks and through narrow valleys; over mud, rock, and ruts. Baking, cooking, drying out wet clothing and keeping the children warm and comfortable was a great task. The older boys could help their Pa. All walked, with the women carrying the babies, to help lighten the load for the weary teams.

*Writings of Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen.

"Little Creek Canyon 20th. . . . Still stormy and the roads very heavy. Samuel had a little bother as we are heavy loaded, but after all, we get along all right until within a mile and half of the top, and it was so slippery and sliding that Sam had to drop the back wagon. So I am sitting waiting for him to come--on top of the mountain. There is quite a lot of snow and it is very cold.

"Bear Valley 21st. . . . travel on to where we first strike the Sevier. Stop and camp for the night, and were kindly invited to go in to the house of some kind sister. I thankfully accepted to undress and wash the children

"Sevier 22nd. . . . there are fifteen in our company; three men and four women, and the rest children. Sister Nielson, an old lady, her daughter and her daughter's husband, Willard Butt. Jence [Jens] Nielson, Jr., Samuel Wood and his family, Josephine C. and Emma Wood and five children, and Sister Nielson with Trenna Nielson's motherless children

"Nov. 23. . . . would have rested real well only for John M. [John Morton Wood]. He had a bad cough, and he coughed all night Very near having a stampede in moving all the teams . . . , but all got quieted down without any damage done, only a little squealing and howling. Camp out tonight with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover us, but getting along pretty well. We are busy baking and drying our damp clothes and doing our evening chores and so good night.

"Box Creek 25th. . . . All have to get out and struggle up to the top of the mountain. It is bitter cold and so foggy and stormy Well we are on top of the divide"

The group was traveling almost due north from Escalante over the Escalante Mountains, many areas of which, on today's maps are marked "Closed for the Winter." The summit is 9,200 feet high.

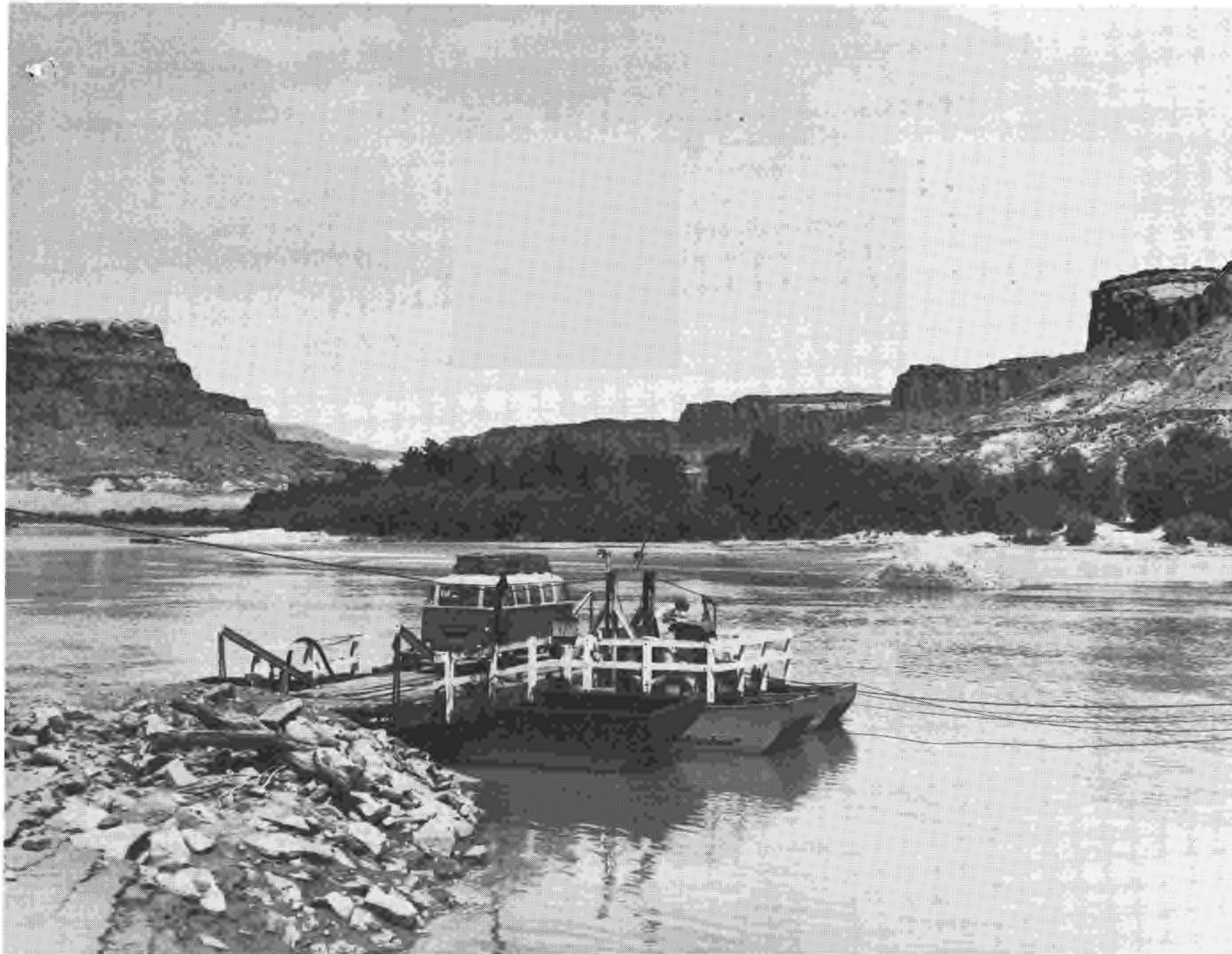
On November 29th, they "came to Brother David Adams' place in Teasdale" which is at the north edge of the Escalante Mountains, just west of what is now Capitol Reef National Monument. They still have treacherous canyons and great rock formations and gulches to cross, but they have avoided the Circle Cliffs and the Waterpocket Fold.

Along their path roared the Dirty Devil River [now renamed the Fremont River] which curved and twisted back and forth causing the group to cross it again and again--usually without the help of a ferry or ferryman.

"Sunday 30th. . . . Plunge into the Dirty Devil and it looks as though Jens' wagon will go over, but with a little twisting and good management, he got over allright . . . so another day nearer to the dreaded river [Colorado River].

"The 1st of Dec. . . . Travel a short way and dive into the Dirty Devil again Got through, but it is a dangerous river Some terrible bad roads today; pass through what they call the "Gates of Hell." It seems as though that is a bad name, but if you pass through you would think it was something, for a wagon could barely get through some places Travel through the narrow gates, some places you could almost reach across, and three hundred feet high. It is real nice for anybody that admires grand scenery. It would suit Aunt Sarah Chatterley

"Dec. 3. All have to push on the wheels, men and women. Well, we get through that horrid sand and pull along. Came to a long and soft hill. They have put six horses on a wagon and get up all right, but Willard and Jens have to ride on the upper side of the wagon to keep it from tipping, and we stand at the bottom holding our breaths Now, comes what they call the Elephant. I wish you could see it. Going up the mountain is nothing. Sam has to drop his trail wagon here again and the other boys have to double up the hill, and coming down is still worse. They have to ride on the upper side of the wagon and it is all they can do to save it



*The Dirty Devil River,
now renamed Fremont.*

*This is a modern ferry--a far
cry from the ferry used at
one point on the Dirty Devil.*

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*Photo by
W. L. Rusho,
Bureau of Reclamation*



*The Dirty Devil (Fremont)
as seen from its confluence
with the Colorado River.*

\$ \$ \$

*Photo by
A. E. Turner
Bureau of Reclamation*

I carry my pencil and paper along, and sometimes we have an hour waiting for the teams to catch up, so that is how I write But we have to cross rivers so many times . . . the Sevier ten times, and the Dirty Devil the Lord only knows how many times, and they are almost to be dreaded as much as the great Colorado. Well good night again, and God bless you.

"Dec. 4. . . . We expect to get down to the river today [Dirty Devil again!] and cross if we can Well we are here but oh, not across it. Sure is a large body of water. We have to unload again as the boatman will not load his boat too heavy. So he takes the wagon one time and the luggage next; that makes seven times Now he comes for us. O, pray for us. He wants to take us all at one load. I want him just to take part of us, so if we do go down, there will be some one left to tell the tale, but he wants us all to get on. He says he will save himself and me so I can tell the tale if it goes Now we are over and thank our Heavenly Father for it. It is the best time we have ever crossed a river. I am nursing the baby, waiting for my wash water to get hot. Emma is cooking supper, the dear children as happy as larks and we are in a lovely place."

They had to cross the Dirty Devil River again, and this time they ran into quicksand. There was much whipping and shouting to get the teams across and out of the sand. Continuing on with December 4th entry:

"Willard Butt put six horses on his wagon and went a little higher, and all six horses and wagon began to go down, and kept going down. The horses could not move and all the men had to rush in to the water to save the team. It sure looks as though the horses would stampede the men to death. They rear and plunge so Sam had to hold the horse's heads up He straightened up and fell in the water many times, and we stood on the bank shaking and trembling. Just think of the horses jerking and pulling and getting fast in the harness, and

anything The men are wet to their necks and the water is so cold, but they work for hours bringing all in the wagon to the side of the bank We get dinner ready so the poor men have something warm to eat . . . but that is not the worst yet. Sister Nielson was on the other side. Julie and the children, Nettie, Uriah and Freeman, rode over on horseback, but Sister Nielson dare not, so what to do nobody knew. So Jens, a big six-footer, went over and got her on his back and plodded through the river. We were all so anxious, but still laughing hard to ourselves Here we leave Blue Valley and also the Dirty Devil.

"Dec. 6th. . . . Sit around the campfire after supper. Have a little singing and a sociable chat and talk of the dear ones we have left home . . . and us in the wild desert

"Dec. 10th. Still in this awful wash. Oh, it is so rough. We traveled nine miles yesterday. I know it is every bit as bad as the old road. They said this was so much better, but they surely didn't know. I do think it is a sin to have people travel such roads. We would have made time if we had gone around by Green River. . . five hundred miles that way . . . Oh my, we are nearer the dreaded river Well we reach the last grand camping ground before we cross the Great Colorado. This makes twenty-four days from home [Editor's Note: November 17th to December 10th is twenty-four days], and we thought to be nearly to Bluff by now. Well the wind is still blowing and the children crying and we have to bake for supper with sad hearts at the thought of getting up a mountain that is before us and then the river. Oh Dear, would anybody on earth travel over such roads. None but Mormons, but the sun is shining Mr. 'Anasy' Lyman with us tonight and another young man. Mr. Lyman is the boss of the boat here

"Dec. the 11th. We reached the river and the crossing was washed out and it is two miles to the boat. So there is no other help but climb up a very steep

mountain . . . pack up, put the things in the wagons so they would hold when the wagon was standing straight up. They have to take one wagon at a time. They put six horses, no, six span, on one wagon. Oh if you could see us. Well they got part way up and could not go any further. Had to unload. The poor horses pulled and fell down and jerked The boys could not pack any more than a pillow and themselves, and I know the horses did not work any harder than I did trying to get up with my baby boy, but the Lord, Lord, prepared the back for the burden even if it was half-broke . . . Well, we are at the top, but we have been all day going two or three hundred yards, and so we stop. Men, women and children and teams tired out. It is very cold on the top of the mountain with the river ever so far below us and the wind from the river. It looks rather bad and very scary.

"December 12th. The river doesn't look any more tempting this morning. Well we have one more river, one more river to cross.

"Dec. 14th. . . . So while I am writing, I am waiting safely on the other side. If when we are through life's journey and are as safe on the other side, and are as happy as we are tonight, I will be satisfied with my five little children that are with me tonight, and the dear ones that are safe on the other side We have a nice chat with the boatman, have prayers and go to our bunks. The children take great pleasure in shouting and hearing the echo back Julie and I write our names on the rocks while we are waiting

"Dec. 15th. All well this morning, traveling in the cedars so you know we have plenty of wood, good feed, but no water for horses Travel all day and now we are at what they call the Grand Gulch Camp. [Editor's Note: They passed through Grand Gulch the first trip, but at a different point. This trip they followed White Canyon east from the Colorado River. At Grand Gulch, they passed what is now the Natural Bridge

National Monument, and were very close to the Bear's Ears.]

"Grand Gulch, Dec. 16th. Very cold Start going a little way Sam twisting around some of those narrow places. He broke the horn of his back wagon . . . we don't go far before Sam breaks his 'reach'. He is afraid we will have to unload, but fixed it and managed until night

"Dec. 17th. . . . It was bitter cold . . . but still we should be thankful as long as we have to go that the weather is dry We can have lovely fires tonight as we are still in the cedars. Sit around, talk of all the dear folks at home, and many a deep sigh We get all gathered together and have prayers and are ready to lay our tired heads down to rest.

"Dec. 18th. Well we feel more rested and are able to eat a good hearty breakfast"

Jody's journal again stopped abruptly on December 18th. It was continuous, except for November 18th and 19th and it appears that she wrote about more than one day under November 17th. At this point, they still had many hard days ahead of them. It is not known when they finally arrived--later in December of 1885, or early in January of 1886--or what happened to the last of her journal. There is no indication that any records of this journey extended beyond the 18th. No one who has not traveled that area--still totally unreachable except by hiking or back-packing, can appreciate the demanding trials of these long trips. Epic journeys indeed! The realities of forging a path through such rugged wilderness cannot be under-estimated, nor can it be fully described.

The family settled into the community life of Bluff again, well aware that just a year and a half ago in 1884, the San Juan River flooding had nearly ended the missionary effort in Bluff, and that it could happen again. Disasters came unexpectedly and swiftly in such a primitive area. But, in spite of all the burdens of the past, the Woods settled in and looked to the

future. Jody was now thirty-three years old, with five living children, a dear "sister-wife" in Emma, a remarkable husband, and plenty of hard work ahead.

Jody had a special way with the sick, the hurt, or the ailing, but now this "gift" was to be put to the acid test. Jens Nielson, their old neighbor from Cedar City, had come to Bluff with the first group, and now he was Bishop of the LDS Ward. He was many years older than most of the young couples in Bluff, and was a wise, kindly, and gentle man. Margaret Haskell, the nurse/midwife, had left Bluff, and someone was needed to take her place. Bluff was miles away from any other community . . . and from what was generally considered essential to comfort and life. It was a little world of its own. The community had to be prepared to meet every emergency. Bluff was a place of birth and life, of sickness and death, and in between, there was croup, cuts, burns, pneumonia, broken bones, and all kinds of injuries. None of the settlers had any training in nursing, or any knowledge of medicine or surgery.

Bishop Jens Nielson, in his infinite wisdom, called Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood to be their doctor. As the mother of five children, including a new baby, and with numerous problems of her own, Jody shuddered at the thought when she first heard his request. She thought of her lack of experience, her young family, her husband, of Emma, and how hard she had to work to keep body and soul together. She said, "I am as green as a cucumber, and I don't even know how babies are born!" But, with the encouragement of her husband, and with the knowledge that Emma would be near to help with her understanding and cooperation, and with the children's willingness to "pitch in," Jody accepted this call as she had accepted other difficult calls, with a firm belief that she must do whatever was required of her. Without the cooperation and understanding of Sam and Emma, Jody's good works would not have been possible.

Bishop Nielson placed his hands on Jody's head and gave her a special blessing. In his prayer, he said that Jody would be guided by the Lord, and that great wisdom would be hers. She was "set apart and sustained" as for any other calling in the Church. Knowing, however, that "faith without works is dead," Jody bought



Jody receives a blessing from Bishop Jens Nielson when she is called to serve as nurse/doctor/midwife. Bluff, Utah--1886. Painting by Alvin Gittins



Bishop Jens P. Nielson



A nursing class in San Juan County. Taught by Hannah Sorenson (far right). Josephine (Jody) Wood is in the middle row (far left). Date unknown

books on the subject of medicine. She prayed and studied about obstetrics, first aid, nursing, internal discomforts, and injuries. She relied on the Lord at every turn. Her grasp of the fundamentals of "doctoring" was phenomenal, as was her increased power through prayer. Over the years, she gave a long and rich life of service to her fellow human beings. As she worked hard at her nursing duties, Jody began to make her dresses with a sleeve just above the elbow . . . to make her arms a bit more comfortable. One day, President Platte Lyman said to her, "Jody, I thought that I would never live to see the day when I would see your elbow." From then on, Jody performed her various tasks with sleeves that were longer!

Even though at first Jody was afraid of the Indians, she learned to love them as she tended to their needs. In return, she learned which herbs, roots, and leaves had medicinal properties. Herbs were gathered, dried, and steeped for everybody from

grandpa down to the baby. Hops, catnip, pennyroyal, lobelia flower, and cactus poultices were made. Brigham Tea was a daily drink in the spring. It was believed that it would purify the blood and provide curative powers. Smelly old "assifidity" (asafetida) bags were used in the winter to ward off diseases; milkweed was used for dropsy, and peppermint and sage steeped into tea were used for particular ailments. Molasses and sulphur was a spring tonic, and mustard plasters and hot footbaths were common remedies. White clean cloths were used for bandages--they had no sterile gauze, no pain pills, no anesthetic, and no antibiotics.

How were births normally attended to on the raw frontier? The women gave birth under less than ideal circumstances, and frequently under very tragic circumstances. The average, young women had a natural aversion to being assisted at childbirth by a male physician. Women were naturally modest and diffident in such matters, but also, the husbands generally opposed such an obvious defilement of the women's privacy. Thus, the midwife system prevailed almost exclusively in Utah for a great many years. Generally, women were appointed by Bishops to take on the nursing/doctoring duties, but they were appointed in a state of pure innocence. Some women failed at those callings, others succeeded heroically, with the help of the Lord. Jody was one of these women.

When Jody's first call to a confinement came, she was afraid. Sam blessed her and asked the Lord to guide her. In this, he was setting a precedent for many occasions in the future. Often, the whole family knelt in prayer as Jody went forth on her mission of mercy. On this particular occasion, Jody asked Bishop Nielson to go with her. As the confinement progressed, the cord was wrapped around the baby's neck. Jody later said that someone spoke to her--telling her what to do. She had been promised that she would be directed by the Holy Spirit. Jody removed the cord, and saved the little one's life. Later, she said "I thought Bishop Nielson had spoken to me, but when I turned to look at him, he was not in the room. I knew that the Lord had blessed me, telling me plainly what to do." Jody always depended on the Lord--and on the Bishop for advice and counsel, and occasionally, he actually helped in the delivery of babies. This particular baby, daughter of Joseph F. and Harriet Ann Barton, was appropriately named Josephine.

From this point on, "Aunt Jody," as she was endearingly called, became a beloved figure to all of San Juan, to every stranger, to Indians and white alike. Everyone figured they had a claim on her when things went wrong. Often, Jody would be seen early in the morning, in the middle of night, or in the heat of the day, walking hurriedly through the streets to some home. The children began to believe that Jody brought the little babies in her small black bag.

If ever Jody had a selfish streak in her, it withered away. With a cheery smile, she answered every call of distress, at all hours of the day or night.

Over the years until 1908, Jody recorded 165 births. It is believed that there were many more. (See the record of births in her reproduced journal.) At each birth, she cared for the nursing mother and baby for ten days to two weeks for the sum of \$2.50. And, this included cooking, cleaning, and washing! Her services for other sicknesses were often free. Some people did pay her with fruit, honey, meat, cloth, or anything they had that was usable. Mary Hammond Sorenson said they gave seven-old chairs for their first confinement. But, Jody worked just as hard for people who gave her no money at all, as for those who paid her.

Stake President Walter Lyman insisted on paying Jody \$10.00 at the birth of his son. Later, Jody said she felt that she would be unable to look Brother Lyman in the face in the next world because she felt that she had robbed him of \$5.00. Reluctantly, but at the insistence of Bishop Nielson, Jody raised her "birth" charge to \$5.00.

Some of Jody's experiences are best told by other writers:

"Caroline Nielson Redd wrote: 'She took care of me when eight of my children were born. Sometimes, Aunt Mary Jones came with her, and when these two good women entered my home, all fear left and I knew everything would be all right. To have Aunt Jody near was worth more than medicine. Her tender touch, encouraging words, calm spirit, cheerful way, and prayers were many times the only medicine needed. She never left the house without fixing something good for her patients to

eat. If there is such a thing as perfection on this earth, Aunt Jody can be counted as such. To know her was to love her."

Albert Lyman: "I had turned sixteen years of age when I began to realize in a small way the skill and magnetism of love with which she operated. Like many others, I had taken for granted that she could do what no one else could do. I had what we called a boil, but it turned out to be more terrible than any boil I ever knew before or since. I lay on my stomach in such agony. We poulticed it, but it did no good at all. I dreaded to have anyone come near. I consented for the folks to send for Aunt Jody. I was in despair. When she came, and I twisted my neck to look up at her face, it radiated such assurance and cheer. Her voice gave me courage. She said the abscess needed to be lanced, and that she would hold my head between her hands while my father did the lancing, and I would not feel much pain. It was magic. She had something which few doctors have--the power of projecting her courage into the souls of people who are in sickness and in sorrow, and doing for them what no medicine can do."

Later, Albert Lyman stated that, "Jody was there when my father died in November, 1901. To us it seemed quite unthinkable that any one could die in Bluff, or be born, or have pneumonia, a broken limb, or a broken heart without Aunt Jody. My father was beyond the aid of medical skill; it was but a matter of days, but Aunt Jody could make it more bearable for him and for all of us by being there with her unfaltering trust." Later on, Jody's daughter, Catherine Josephine, wrote to Albert Lyman and said, "I remember when your father died. Mother had come home from your place. It was the night there was a slight earthquake, and mother said 'Brother Lyman is passing to the great beyond and the Heavens are opening to receive him.'"

Quoting again from Albert Lyman: "At the birth of our first baby, Cassee Lyman, my wife was having a most terrifying time. My mother and my wife's mother wept

in despair, and said the baby would never be born. My wife's father wept; we all wept. No one but the Almighty could save my beloved companion. Working with all her might to do everything she knew or had power to do, Jody kneeled by the bed for hours, working and praying. I saw her lips moving; I heard her whispered words, 'O, Father in Heaven.' She kneeled on the floor till I thought her poor knees would be paralyzed. As I looked at her, it dawned on me that this was the kind of grief she took on herself for many. To me, that was the most heart-rendering experience I had seen. I was in an anguish of apprehension, yet that brave woman kneeled there on and on, and past the midnight hours with never a word of despair nor a thought of surrender, intensifying her effort and her prayers, pouring out her humble tears as she implored the Lord's help. My young wife seemed to be as precious to her as she was to me. O, what faith! What love! Aunt Jody was ready to stop at nothing including her own life to save the young mother and her child. When at last, after we had become sick with despair, and when the little one was born, and we heard its cry and knew it was alive, we were moved to the very depths, blending our hearts in one great flood of tears. To me, it was nothing less than a revelation of the love of Christ, who would lay down His life for His friend."

Charles Redd was a very sick little boy and had been dangerously ill for days with an abscess on his lung. Jody had been there for many nights of helping. She was so nearly worn out, and her eyes so tired that one eye refused to stay in place. It would roll up under her lid. She had to press it down with her weary fingers. Yet, her face had that unfaltering cheerful look. Charlie recovered. Many years later he said, "Jody was a legend. She was not just a person, but an institution."

Charles E. Walton, Jr. said, "I would come to Bluff tired and discouraged and would go see Aunt Jody and get good food, but the most important thing I received was a feeling that life is good. I was young, but I felt that she was glad to see me, interested in my problems, joys, and sorrows. She fed me the bread of life, my problems

and weariness left me, and I felt good."

Jody nursed Frank Hyde when his face was cut open and full of gangrene. His brother took him to a doctor in Durango for better care, but was told to take him back, "that the lady who was caring for him was doing alright." Aunt Jody cared for the horse thief who was shot in the face and had an ugly, festering wound. He stayed in Bluff for days while Jody got the poison out of it. When diptheria struck the James B. Decker family, taking five out of the family, Aunt Jody was there. Antitoxin was sent for in Durango. It was too late for the Deckers, but others were saved. When "Aunt May" Jones suffered fatal burns from a fire, Jody inherited the major part of the thinking, planning and prescribing that had to be done in the futile fight to alleviate pain and, if possible, ward off impending death. When Albert Perkins fell into a tub of hot brine and was terribly scalded, Albert Lyman rode fifty miles in the night to take Jody to him.

On one occasion, Wayne Redd came for her. His wife was suffering with a severe sick headache. Sam said that Jody could not go this time; she was ill herself. Brother Redd said, "If Jody would come and lie down in the same room, his wife would be better." Jody, hearing this, arose from her bed and said she would go, but was too sick to walk. Wayne Redd got a team and running gears (a wagon without the box). Jody got in, bouncing as they rode away, her children crying as they watched her go, and Sam saying, "She is killing herself." Later in the day, the girls went to see their mother and found her in one bed, and the patient--much better--in another one fast asleep. Jody asked the girls to prepare some food for them.

In Jody's journal, reproduced at the end of this history, is an account of her assistance during the time that Amasa Barton was shot by an Indian in 1887. Jody went to help when her baby was three weeks old (the baby was Catherine Josephine).

People called for her help from Verdure, Grayson, and Monticello--even Moab. No matter what the weather, she obliged. One time, a man came through a blinding blizzard to ask her to come to Monticello. The trip couldn't be made with a wagon, nor a buggy, not even a sled. It had to be made on horseback. So, Jody mounted a strong horse and with her teenage son, Joseph Henry, on

another strong horse, headed towards the Blue Mountains. They wallowed through the deep snow for two days, finally arriving in Monticello. The horses were gray with perspiration. She arrived in time to help the waiting mother-to-be, and usher the new little baby into the warmth of her comforting hand. Later in 1905, a picture of Joseph Henry and Jody was taken on horseback. Jody had gone to Monticello to assist in the birth of Joseph Henry and Lillian Decker Wood's second son:

"Grandma Wood [Joseph Henry's mother] had already come from Bluff to be present on this occasion, and we were thankful to have her with us I had intended to take her to Blanding in a sleigh as there was about three feet of snow, but a sudden thaw came and made the snow so soft and rotten that we had to abandon the sleigh at Verdure."*

They stayed there overnight, where Henry said, "Mother was always welcome wherever she went." The next day, they mounted old Rube and Toney and rode to Blanding. There were many deep drifts of snow and the horses had to lunge through them. After arriving in Blanding, they had their picture taken. This is the picture that has been frequently seen. Sam then came from Bluff to take her on home. Jody was fifty-three when this trip was made.

The stories about Jody's doctoring are endless. Children ran to her if they stubbed their toes, or if they needed to have a finger wrapped or a sliver removed. Jody even helped save the life of a cow. A family sent for her to come and save their bloated cow as the men were not home. She went, and poured soda water down her throat and saved it.

During these eventful years, other major happenings occurred that brought new happiness to the Wood family. Jody and Sam had three more children--all girls. Catherine Josephine (Kate), born May 3, 1887; Alice Charlotte, born April 18, 1890; and Bernice Corlett, born September 5, 1894, when Jody was forty-one years old. Emma and Sam had two children: Leroy, born October 2, 1886;

*Journal of Joseph Henry Wood.

and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie), born October 2, 1889. They were all born in Bluff, and their pictures are shown in Sam's history. Jody found time to care for her family, to plant a flower or two, to enjoy the cultural, religious, and social activities in the community. She became great friends with the Indians, and added them to her "doctoring" schedule. Her experiences with them would make a history in and of themselves, but only one or two will be related.

Jody quickly learned that she must never betray fear, for Indians respected bravery more than strength. One day when Jody was home alone, the quarrelsome Paiute, Posey, walked in waving his gun in a very threatening way. He demanded food. Posey was drunk and quite ugly in his manner. Jody walked boldly forward and took the gun from him and told him to take a seat. She then prepared some biscuits and a pot of hot coffee--items kept on hand for such emergencies. Posey sat and waited, but complaining from time to time, "Hurry up white squaw, heap slow." He ate ravenously and went away without his gun, having been told he could have it back when he acted like a friend. He returned the next day, stuck his head in the door and said, "Me Sammy Wood's squaw's friend."

Posey later turned to Jody in his hour of greatest need. One day, he came running in terror across the fields. He had accidentally shot his squaw, and she was in terrible agony. He turned away from the feathers, rattles, and medicine bags of his heritage, and asked for help from Jody. Jody ran with him to the wickiup. She saw how the bullet had torn its way through her body from right to left just above her hips. Jody knew she was beyond all medical help. She could only shake her head sadly, and mingle her tears with Posey's and their two little boys.

Although Jody had to somewhat limit her services to the hundreds of Indians in the area, she did what she could or told them what to do. Her reputation echoed throughout the wilderness to distant camps, and sick Indians came toiling in over rocks and sand for a comforting word. Occasionally at night, Jody would see an Indian on her way to someone's home and she would say, "Come with me." She said she felt better with the Indian by her side than not.

Many years after Jody's daughter, Kate, was grown up, she found a poem that seemed to be written for Jody. She substituted the word she for he in the poem.

COUNTRY DOCTOR

*Let the blizzards swirl
Let the storm winds howl
Let snow lie deep on mountain trail
But when the call for service comes
She goes.*

*Let night be dark
Or fog be thick.
Let rain fall fast
On swollen creek.
A message comes,
"One lies in pain"
She goes.*

Doctoring wasn't the only thing that Jody did so well. On May 20, 1884, before she became the doctor/nurse, she became the President of the Primary Association and served for twenty-four years. Jody and her counselors devised their own lessons and programs for there were no "outlines or lesson plans" to follow. When the church historian visited Bluff in November 1893, he wrote that the Association had well-attended meetings every Saturday with an average attendance of thirty.

Excerpts from the Bluff Ward Primary minutes tell a little of those meetings:*

"January 16, 1886. Meeting was called to order by President Josephine Wood. Arthur Wood and Fletcher Hammond recited President Wood then spoke and encouraged the children to attend to their prayers and to be honest and never take anything that did not belong

*Film CC LR Series #18 at the Salt Lake LDS Genealogical Library.



*Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood
 Holding the flag with her Primary children in Bluff, Utah
 Date unknown.*

to them, and wished and prayed that the Lord would bless them all President Wood then had the children recite in concert the table rules for little folks"

"April, 1905. Primary met at Ward Meeting house with President J. C. Wood presiding. Opened by singing 'Childrens Hymns of Praise' Continued by singing 'I'm not Too Young for God to See.' Classes then adjourned to their different class benches where the following subjects were taught: the higher department--Reverent and Moral Stories; primary department--Prophecy fulfilled, Manuscript lost; and kindergarten--

stories. After reunion of classes, Rachel Perkins spoke of some of the hardships and some of the good times that the people in Bluff had"

Later, the minutes recorded her release from her position:

"Josephine Catherine Wood, held her position as President of the primary from the years 1884 to 1908 [Editor's Note: She was released some time after moving to Monticello], fulfilling her position faithfully and endearing herself to all that she was known to, both old and young, as the beloved 'Aunt Jody'. On moving from the ward, she was honorably released and Sister Rachel Perkins, who had served faithfully as a counselor, was chosen to succeed her."

Over the years, there were many wonderful Primary parties and socials, and Sam often helped Jody with the outings. Quoting from the "Life Story of Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent:

"May Day--first of May--was the first day of spring and was as wonderful as Christmas. Father would take the wagon and fill it with youngsters, some mothers, pans and baskets filled with picnic lunches and go to one of the canyons. This would usually be "Cow Canyon." Games, races, and climbing to the caves and the picnics made an event to be remembered. There was a cave in this canyon filled with pink and blue 'forget-me-nots.' The children would gather these and weave a crown and crown my mother, Josephine Catherine Wood, the President of the Primary--The Queen of the May."

On February 6, 1908, LDS Stake Quarterly Conference was held at Bluff, and a group of young people left from Monticello to attend. Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood was among them, and she



*Jody Centered between the two windows at the left.
She is not wearing a hat.
Jody served as President of the Primary for twenty-four years.
Bluff, Utah--Date unknown.*

tells of the trip down through the snow and finally into sunny Bluff where there were two days of great activities, after a spiritual feast on Sunday. Kate recorded those two days:

"Monday was spent in making and receiving calls. The day soon passed, finding all busy-making preparations for the Grand Conference Ball to be held that evening. Although the hall was crowded, all seemed to have a most delightful time.

"Tuesday morning came and such a beautiful day. It was spent in riding, climbing the beautiful cliffs and viewing the town of Bluff. In the afternoon, a children's dance was given in honor of Mrs. Josephine Catherine Wood, President of the Primary, and most familiarly known as Aunt Jody, who after living at Bluff for twenty-four years was now making her home in Monticello. In the evening, a dance and program was given for the same purpose. This entertainment was enjoyed even more than the preceding one, and put a finishing touch to our visit in Bluff."

Years later, the following tribute was written by Mary Lyman Reeve dated October 10, 1947:

"Aunt Jody was the President of the Primary in the early days of Bluff. We loved her beyond words to express. Many of the valuable lessons we learned in life were instilled into us in our early years under her tutelage. It is fortunate for us that we had been taught to worship God or we would have spontaneously worshipped 'Aunt Jody.'"

While Jody comforted others, she and her family went through tragic times. Death came to three beloved children. Young, thirteen-year-old John Morton died of an infection in his knee. Although Jody had helped save countless others, she could not save him. He died January 18, 1893, and was the first Wood child to be buried on "Cemetery Hill," a great, gravel outcropping north of the city. Jody still carried on, giving herself to others, wearing out her body, and almost wearing out her heart.

Then, the family lost beautiful young Bernice on May 25, 1901. Bernice was the last child of ten to be born to Sam and Jody. She was a delightful child, and Jody found an extra-special joy in her presence. After she died, Jody was seen pacing back and forth through the orchard, looking for little Bernice's footprints. Her little vacant chair sat by the fireside, a poignant reminder of her happy life. The whole town mourned with the family. On her tombstone are these words:

*Bernice Corlett Wood
Daughter of Samuel and Josephine C. Wood*

*Born September 25, 1894
Died May 25, 1901*

*A little flower of love
That blossomed but to die
Transplanted now above to
Bloom with God on high.*

About a year after Bernice's death, Jody was given another Patriarchal Blessing, this time by L. C. Burnham. Did her over-riding grief cause her to seek this blessing? It is no wonder. The blessing given in 1882 was a promise given; the blessing in 1902 was a fulfillment of that promise. Quoting briefly:

"Your calling and election is made sure, for you shall pass the Celestial Gate, even pass by the angels and the Gods to your exaltation. Dear Sister, how can you mourn when the Lord has given you power and through his providence to bring some of the most noble and pure spirits into the world . . . and, if in His loving kindness He has taken those most loved ones to His own bosom because they were too pure to live in this corrupting . . . influences The Lord will say unto you as he said in the parable: When I was naked you clothed me, when I was hungry you fed me, and when I was sick you visited me. No woman that was born upon earth shall have a greater crown and blessing"

The end was not in sight. In 1907, after Jody and Sam had moved to Monticello, their handsome young son, George William (Bud) left for a church mission. He was serving in Texas, when he died just three months later of typhoid. He was just twenty-two years old. How much of the "refining fire" did Jody have to endure? Her dear head bowed in grief once more, never to rise quite so high again. But, still she served, rallying from the staggering blow. During this period of suffering, her half-sister, Maggie (Margaret Alice Corlett Parry) came to visit with her. Her older half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart had died some years previous.

Throughout all these tragedies, Emma was at the side of Sam and Jody--a faithful, compassionate, loving friend and "sister-wife." No one ever heard anything but love and devotion between them.

Although Jody carried heavy responsibilities and sorrows throughout her life, it was filled with pleasure too. Her path had many roses strewn across it. Her philosophy was to live by the golden rule. Sad people became cheerful under the spell of her warm heart and witty tongue.

Her daughter, Jennie, says that Christmas was a happy time. No tree was adorned, but they had enjoyable ball games, races with candy prizes, and homemade trinkets. Sam was the Santa Claus, stockings were hung by the fireplace, and there was much merriment.

Everyone was always welcome at the Wood home--Jody's as well as Emma's. At church conferences, Jody would entertain more people than those with larger homes. All beds were given to the visitors. Beds were even made on the floor for the visitors. The boys and men slept on the haystack, and the girls would say they were "hung on nails" to leave space for others. Baskets were filled with food as the visitors started homeward. Sometimes the meals were skimpy, but they were always served with laughter and warmth. If the bread supply was low, Jody knew how to cut it so it would go around, and she would say "there is plenty in the bread box." If butter was scarce, she would say, "now, don't be afraid of the butter, there isn't enough to be afraid of." Everyone felt welcome--if not full. In the evening, the guests

and family sat around the hearth popping corn, making honey or molasses candy over the hot coals--with faces all aglow and eager to hear another thrilling story by Jody or Sam.



*Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood
Lovingly known as "Jody".
With her husband, Samuel Wood.
Bluff, Utah--Date unknown*

Jody always had a good story to tell. One night she got up to look at the children and she saw a great, ugly snake coiled up near the corner. The moonlight was shining in the little windows, and there the snake was. She got a club and struck it. It jumped and writhed. Finally, she got an ax and chopped it into pieces. With a shovel, she carried it out in the yard. In the morning, first thing, she told Sam what had happened. When he looked at the chopped-up pieces, he was incredulous. There was his new, black horsewhip!

Albert Lyman said that Jody was always attractively dressed with some pleasing color or bloom or ribbon, and her appearance gave dignity and appeal. Her pictures show her attractive clothes

and demeanor. And, the family portraits and wedding pictures of her older children show clothes of great taste and charm. Even in the primitive community, it was pleasant to dress up. Money was so scarce, but it could be used for a few nice things.

Sam and Jody and Emma wanted their children to have an education. All the children--Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, Sarah Jane (Jennie), Catherine Josephine (Kate), Alice Charlotte, Leroy and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie), went off to high school or college in Provo, Salt Lake, or Logan. Emma lived in Provo for several years caring for her own two children, and the other Wood youngsters. Some of the activities of those days are reprinted in Jody's journal.

In early 1905, or early 1906, Jody, Emma, and Sam were asked to fulfill one more assignment--to join and assist the struggling young LDS Ward in Monticello. By now, they dearly loved Bluff, but they willingly uprooted themselves once more. They gave the same kind of dedicated service they had always given. Sam had been farming in Monticello for years, and Jody had been there frequently. And, actually at that time, Emma was taking care of the Wood children in Provo. But, move they did, and started a new home. Albert Lyman wrote:

"I well remember the party the townspeople gave the Wood family. It was more like a funeral than a party. They called on them to speak. Aund Jody said 'I never thought I could love any place like Cedar or any people like I did the Cedar people, but I love you all just as dearly, and I love Bluff dearly too.' There was more crying than laughing . . . then, Aunt Jody started some fun."

In Monticello, Jody was made counselor in the Stake Relief Society, and continued her service to the church, as well as her nursing, doctoring, mothering, and everything else.

Jody became very ill in late 1908. No one seemed able to help her. One night when Jennie was with her at home, Jody said, "Please open the door." Jennie said, "What door?" Jody said, "Can't you see all those people? They are waiting to come in. Please open the door." Jody lived for a week longer. She died on

February 10, 1909 in Monticello, San Juan County, Utah, at age fifty-six. It was suspected that she died of spinal meningitis, but no one knows for certain. It is known that she died with racking pain, and no one could help her.



*Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood
Date unknown.*

She was survived by Samuel and their five living children: Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent, Catherine Josephine (Kate), and Alice Charlotte, as well as her

"sister-companion" Emma Wood, and her two children, Leroy and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie).

Her children gathered around along with Sam and Emma. It was her wish that she be buried on the Cemetery Hill at Bluff near three of her children. The family started for Bluff in a terrible blizzard--through the snow. Some drifts were seventeen feet deep. Thirty horses were driven ahead to break trail. The first day they got to Verdure five miles away and the third day the sun was shining and they went on to Blanding (Grayson). Here, it was so muddy they had to change from sleighs to wagon. On the fourth day, they arrived in Bluff. As they came down over Cow Canyon, everyone came out to meet them. The Indians were in their best native dress. The Primary children were all dressed in white. The old river-bottom between the cliffs seemed to extend a mournful welcome. The cliff flowers had burst into blossom, and all below, the apricot trees were in full bloom.

The funeral was an occasion never to be forgotten. Afterwards, on the high gravel hill above the town, Jody's beloved friends sang by the open grave. Jody had indeed come home.

EPILOGUE

In the year 1955, and on into 1958, the two surviving children of Jody--Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen and Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent--put forth a heroic effort to have a history of Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood written and published.

Albert R. Lyman was loaned all the original journals and notebooks and writings of the above two women. In September 1958, the first installment of "Aunt Jody-Nurse of the San Juan Frontier" by Mr. Lyman appeared in The Improvement Era. The

Gittins picture appeared in the first installment. Subsequent installments appeared in the following issues: February 1959, March 1959, August 1959, March, 1960, May 1960, and September 1960.

(An obituary from the Cedar City Record appears on the following page, followed by Jody's two Patriarchal Blessings and a Bibliography.)



*Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent (left)
and
Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen*

Frances Hansen Hoopes
1982

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

One time resident of Cedar is dead and the following concerning her life is furnished the Cedar City "Record"--February 1909

§ § § § §

On the 16th of February in Bluff City, San Juan County, funeral services were held over the remains of Sister Josephine Wood, her death having occurred on the 11th [10th], five days previous, in Monticello, San Juan County, Utah.

The meeting house was decorated beautifully for the occasion and was crowded. The meeting was addressed by the following speakers: Bishop Redd, Kumen Jones, President Lyman, Hyrum Perkins, and Wayne H. Redd, eulogizing the deceased and comforting the bereaved. The primary children sang a hymn.

Aunt Jodie [Jody], as she was generally called, was born in Cedar City, September 10th, 1853. Her childhood and the early part of her married life was spent in Cedar. For a number of years she was counselor in the Primary Association in Cedar, a position she was well qualified to fill, her kind and loving disposition endearing her to the children. In the year 1882, Brother and Sister Wood, with others from this place, left for the San Juan Mission, locating in Bluff City.

Soon after arriving she was chosen to act as nurse, a duty she faithfully performed, assisting at the birth of over two

hundred children and at all times ready to help in sickness and trouble.

For twenty-five years she was president of the Primary Association in Bluff, being released from this position on account of moving to Monticello with her husband and children.

Before leaving Cedar, Brother and Sister Wood had buried two children and in the cemetery of Bluff City, three more of their dear ones are laid. One, a young man whose death in the mission field one year ago last July, left an aching void in his mother's heart which it seemed hard for her to become reconciled to.

Aunt Jodie was the youngest sister of Brother John Chatterley, Mrs. Charlotte Walker and Mrs. Edward Parry of this place, who in connection with Brother Wood and family, who resides in Monticello, have the sympathy of many friends in Cedar, for we all feel that we have been deprived of a dear friend. Yet, we can say she is not lost but gone before, a beacon star to her dear ones, encouraging them to follow in her footsteps.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

October 18, 1882

Cedar City, Iron County, Utah Territory
Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

A blessing by Henry Lunt, Patriarch, upon the head of JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY WOOD, daughter of Joseph and Catherine Chatterley, born September 10, 1853, Cedar City, Iron County, Utah.

Sister Josephine, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head to give thee a Father's or Patriarchal Blessing which shall be a comfort and a consolation unto thee all the days of thy life. Inasmuch as thou art about to start on a mission in connection with thy husband and thy children for the purpose of building up the waste places of Zion and does it cheerfully not feeling to murmur in thy heart at parting with thy relatives and friends for a little season, God shall greatly multiply blessings upon thee of both a spiritual and temporal nature and thou shalt hereafter acknowledge the great wisdom of the Lord, in His servants call thy husband with his family to the mission whereunto he is called and an increase of faith in God and His providences shall be bestowed upon thee. Thy guardian angel shall ever be with thee and preserve thee in health and protect thee and thy children from accident and harm.

Angels shall administer unto thee and thy heart shall overflow with gratitude to God. Thy best days are yet in the future therefore let thy heart be comforted. Thou are one of the daughters of Ephraim and art entitled to all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant according to thy sex in connection with thy husband.

I seal upon thy head all thy former blessings and reconfirm the same upon thee. I dedicate thee unto the Lord our God and into His kind and protecting care to come forth in the morning of the Resurrection crowned with glory and eternal life in connection with thy husband.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Recorded in Book A, pp. 201
Cedar City, Utah--October 18, 1882
Ellen W. Lunt, Recorder

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

June 11, 1902

Bluff, San Juan County, Utah
Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

A Patriarchal Blessing by L.C. Burnham on the head of JOSEPHINE CATHERINE WOOD, daughter of Joseph and Catherine Chatterley, Born September 10, 1853, Cedar City.

Dear Sister Josephine, in the name of the Lord, whose servant I am, I say unto you, lift up your heart and rejoice for all of your sins are forgiven you, and because of the sacrifices you have made and the purity of your heart, your thoughts and feelings, your calling and your election is made sure, for you shall pass the Celestial gate, even pass by the angels and the gods to your exaltation.

I say unto you, never weep and never mourn more, aye for the love of God which is in your heart, and his loving kindness and mercy to you and the sins of the world. Dear Sister, how can you mourn when the Lord has given you power and through his providence to bring some of the most noble and pure spirits into the world that has ever trod the earth, and if in his loving kindness he has taken the most loved ones to his own bosom they were too pure to live in this corrupting and benighting and dark influences that are absent in the world therefore dear Sister, rejoice and be exceeding glad and let your heart be raised in praise and thanksgiving to the great dispenser of good in his giving you your family and preserving them unto you until the present time. For it is through the out stretched arm of the almighty, your sons are on missions and doing a labor that will go down to the glory of God even in days which are to come.

This life is but a small moment and you have made the best of your opportunities, and when you are privileged to pass to your rest and in the morning of the resurrection, the Lord will say unto you as he said in the parable; "When I was naked you clothed me, when I was hungry you fed me, and when I was sick you visited me." No woman that was born upon earth shall have a greater crown and blessing, according to your capacity to receive, for your crown shall be like the sun in the ferment and your surroundings glorious, even you will obtain a fullness until your heart is satisfied.

Thou art a pure descendent of Rachel through the loins of him who was separated from his brethren and while in this life you remain, faith and the power of the spirit shall be given you. Ask for that which you desire, for the Lord will answer your prayers continually. Your better days shall be better than your early ones, and your hope become brighter and brighter until the perfect day. I seal these blessings upon you with the blessings of life and health and vigor even the renewal of your life.

In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Spelling errors are like the original copy.

(This blessing was given about a year after her youngest daughter, Bernice, had died.)

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Jody's Journal



The Writings Of

Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

From 1882 To 1908



"Where is the heart that doth not keep
Within its inmost core
Some fond memories hidden deep
Of days that are no more."

Anon

The days that are no more are "illuminated with the author's own candle."*

On scraps of paper that are faded, time-worn, tattered, and with many pages missing, Jody's** writings do illuminate those days . . . those times . . . those experiences . . . with those dear ones with whom she lived, loved, traveled, and prayed for throughout her life.

She wrote with tender sorrow and emotion as she left beloved family and friends in Cedar City and began that epic journey to Bluff on October 17, 1882. She wrote with raw courage as the journey progressed. Later, on the second trip to Bluff in November and December of 1885, her writings are somewhat more preserved. They show the same strength of character and abiding faith.

Tragically, many pages of Jody's Journal have been lost over

*Vanity Fair, Before the Curtain, by William Makepeace Thackeray.

**Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood.

the years--possibly during times when her journal was loaned back and forth to writers, to friends, and to her Corlett relatives in Cedar City.

Claire Noall, author of "Guardians of the Hearth" stated: "Jody Wood's journal is said by [Apostle] John Widtsoe to have been the only journal written by a woman in either the first or second companies to help settle Bluff." For this reason alone, it is of significant historical value.

Beyond the two trips, Jody periodically wrote in her little notebook or on scraps of paper. Some of those records and writings have never been quoted or published until now. Included is a record of the "births" she attended in Bluff, Grayson, Moab, Provo, and Woodside. Also, there is a brief record of deaths.

After a period of not writing (at least no record exists) for many years, Jody began to write again in 1902 and continued through November 1908, just three months before her death on February 10, 1909.

One hundred years after the first journal entry on October 17, 1882, Jody's writings surely do illuminate those days that are no more, and leave a rich legacy for all who read her words.

THE WRITINGS AND RECORDS OF JOSEPHINE CATHERINE (JODY) CHATTERLEY WOOD

The First Journey -- Cedar City to Bluff City, Utah
October, November, (and possibly December) 1882

On the day that the Samuel Wood family left Cedar City for Bluff, Utah, in the company of Charles Wilden, Alvin Smith, David Adams, Frederic I. Jones, and their families, with Hyrum Perkins as Captain, Jody began her journal on a 7"x10" sheet of paper, taken from a lined notebook. She wrote on both sides of the paper covering events from October 17th through October 23rd.

At some point, Jody decided to rewrite those first few days. She then wrote on smaller pieces of faintly-lined paper that measured 5"x6". The first two or three smaller sheets of paper are lost. Apparently, on the first page that still exists, she is ending her notes of October 19th. On the fourth line down from the top (on the small-sized paper), she records their location and the date as follows:

"Little Crick Canyon 20th".

It is interesting to compare the two sets of entries for October 20th, for she writes in greater detail on the smaller sheet.

October 20th - (larger sheet)

Oct. 20th. Little Creek Canyon. All well in health but Jones baby, but thinking of the Dear ones at home & knowing that every day is taking us farther away from home. It is a hard thing to get started in the mornings with the teams & the stock. Hyrum Perkins is our Captain. We travel along until we reach upper Bare Valley, where we meet Kuman Jones, his wife Mary and May Lyman, coming in from San Juan. We stop and eat dinner, go about six miles & camp for the night.

October 20th - (smaller sheet)

Little Crick Canyon 20th. All seems well in health

but Manie's baby, but all think of the Dear ones at home & thinking that every day is taking us further away from those we love so dear. It is a hard time to get started with the stock & the teams. Hyrum Perkins is our Captain & he is a very good hand. We still go on until we get to an old cabin of Upper Bare Valley. There we meet Kuman & his folks. Had quite a talk & quite a cry and stopped and had dinner, go along 4 miles farther & camp & the babies still crying & it is very cold. I don't know how the other Sisters feel but I feel it quite a trial to go to bed & get up. We are so crowded. Bro Wilden has a very large tent which he pitches every night & they are very kind. We go in to undress our babies. The Camp is all quiet again but the wolves are howling most pitiful. We are in a nice place for wood & water but no feed. The stock is all right so far.

Jody rewrites October 21st, 22nd, and 23rd on the smaller pieces of paper. Both sets of records are reproduced--the larger two sheets are shown first (these two pages had to be reduced in size); the smaller sheets are reproduced in their original size.

The existing journal entries for this journey go through October 31st--a scant, few days. The company is approaching or crossing "Waterpocket Fold". However, Albert R. Lyman, in his articles on Jody, quotes directly from her writings through November 13th, with a final entry (not dated) which notes their arrival in Bluff, Utah. These particular pages were not in the possession of Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen when she died. It is not known where--or when--these pages were lost.

Jody did not have much formal education. Despite the spelling and grammatical inconsistencies, her writings shine forth with great intellect, emotion, and compassion.

Cedar City from Co Metak. Oct. 17, 1882
 called on a mission to Bluff San Juan Co
 Oct 17, 1882 Starting a company of four families from ^{W.T. Co} Cedar, came as far as Johnsons fort, with
 tired heads, and aching hearts, after bidding our
 friends & relations, and the land, of our birth good
 Oct 18, 1882 by. Start from Johnsons, with great sorrow,
 & weeping parting with all our Dear friends
 & relations, went on a mile or two, there we
 meet, Bishop Arthur, & other friends, that
 was our last Cedar folks for that day, then
 we had nothing to do but to lay back in
 our wagons, and think of those we had left
 and their kindness, we travel a long until we
 reach Summit, there we stop for dinner the
 Company seems very serious, we eat a bite of dinner
 and a gain roll on, but with no lighter hearts
 Arrived in Parowan Lane, about 5 o'clock
 Camped early to turn the stock in the field
 the children, & there Manas all crying to go back
 it is a great trial to me to leave Cedar,
 rather a restless night, with the little ones,
 Paraman ^{Oct} 19, 1882
 Lane get breakfast, go on to town, stayed there
 to get some things, & again roll on, bidding good
 by to Walker Hunter, James Stewart, go on to Red
 creek. Brother Dami, & many others, gathered around
 our wagon, bidding us good by going on up
 little creek Hanson & camping for the night

the children crying to go home, Stock yr - a horse
 trying to go back,
 Oct 20th little creek Hanson, all well in health but some
 baby but thinking of the Dear ones at home &
 knowing that every day is taking us farther a way
 from home, it is a hard thing to get started in the
 mornings with the tears & the Stock, Hyman Perkins
 is our Captain, we travel a long until we reach upper
 here valley, where we meet, Kuman Jones his wife Mary
 & Mary Lyman, coming in from San Juan we stop
 & eat dinner, go a bout 4 miles, & camp for the night.
 Oct 21, 1882, a mother very cross with the children, Sam has to
 leave one of his cows, & calves, the little white calf
 Walter Hunter gave me we still go on but stop
 until we get to Parangitch, there we camp, the
 children feeling some better, had supper & Prayers & rest
 Oct 22nd Parangitch all rested better last night, we leave about 10
 travel about seven miles, have to camp for water,
 made good use of the rest of the day, & washed & dished.
 David Adams, got tired of traveling turned off &
 left us this morning, this is what is called the ~~fork~~
 fork of the seven, Sam had to go back for a mother
 All Smith of Parowan caught up to us today, not
 four more in the camp Charly Wilder. has a large tent
 that we all gather in for Prayers talk of our days
 trials & troubles,

Home & the Stock quite a bother trying to go back. all peace & quite & the little ones & these others to bed. I long to see you all to night
Little Brick Canyon 20.

Stall seems well in health but Daries baby but all thinks of the Dear ones at home & thinking that every day is taking us further a way from those we love so Dear. It is hard time to get started with the Stock & the teams. Thurion Firkings is our Captain & he is a very good hand. ~~Camped again.~~
we still go on until we get to an old Cabin at upper bare Vally there we meet Truman & his folks had quite a talk & quite a cry & stoped & had dinner, go a long 4 miles farther & camp & the babies still crying & it is very cold. I dont know how the other Sisters feel but I feel it quite a trial to go to bed & get up we are so crowded.

Bro Welden has a very large tent. ~~with 4~~ pitched every night. & they are very kind we all go in to undress our babies. the Camp is all quite a gain but the wolves are howling most pitefull. we are in a nice place for wood & water but not feed, the Stock is all right so far. Lower Bare Vally Oct. 21
Another very cross night with some of the baby mine are real good after we go to bed. Daries baby is still not very well & is very cross. Saml has to leave one of is Cows this morning dont know what is the matter with her. & the little white calf we got of Walter was left. did not know it until we got to camp, go on stop for dinner take a cold dinner & start out again. the horses seem to act rather bad it makes me feel rather pale but it is not the first time. well we still go on. get to Panguitch & there

we camp again. the babies seem to be a little better but so tired we can't have supper & then are all asked to pray & get to bed so good night.

Pangnatch 23 Monday. all rested better last night but the babies are very cross this morning. we have hear a bout 10 o'clock. all well go on a bout 7 miles & have to camp for water. we could not drive to the next water today. it is about 2 o'clock. So we thought we would make good use of the time & wash. Mami & me did not get our washing out until after sun down. David Adams & family left us this morning he thinks he can travel quicker. I don't blame them for the baby is so very cross. this is what is called the west fork of the Sevear. Saml as a mother cow gone back to find her calf. he is gone back after it. he has come & got the cow got in to camp just after sundown with the Smiths Stock. he caught up to us today with 11 more.

to join our Company there is quite a train of us well we get dinner & supper together. we stretch up our kitchen & all go in the tent sit a while & then have prayers & are all ready for bed with still very cross babies. Sevear river this is at the fork of the road Oct 24th. get up this morning all looking better. but 2 of the horses gone back. Shirum Park as gone back. hinders us a couple of hours. he comes we again roll on travel through a canyon until noon. See some of the lovely sights I ever saw. but the thoughts of home today's been more than I can stand quite. Mami's baby is still not well & is cross & she is feeling rather down her self. we still travel a'angum till after dark quite late when we get in to camp. we get supper & wash the little ones for they are in need of it then we have prayer & make ready for bed. we have traveled 17 miles today.

Cross fork of the Severn river Oct. 25 quite cold & blowing looks like storm we want to get over Escalante Mountain to day & then Truman says it will not be so bad if it does come. Some of the children cryed last night very bad. Sister Willden was quite sick all night. but feels some better this morning. Truman & Peter McPrang & Johnny Willden start out with the stock they are all right & all so the teams & waggon & harness there as been no breaking since we left home but one how an our front waggon broke while we was scattered all over the waggon with the sudden jerk well we go on but all of the women seems home sick. thinking that a week to day we touch our last fond look at our Dear old homes & the worst of all at our relatives & friends. Oh my what cant we stand. well we still trudge along start up the mountain all the woman & children are pining up the terrible

hill. when we get to the top it started sprinkling & some had to get in the waggon to get out of the storm but Oh my I think there was some of us that did not take a good long breath until we reached the bottom. but when we got down. our Captain lead us to a very nice camping ground under the big pine trees where there was plenty of water & wood & feed. it stills looks like storm but we are all thankful we are over the mountain before the storm comes or else we could not have got over for it is so steep. but for all that it was real good road for mountain road we have had very good roads all the way. well we have a good hearty supper & go in the tent & have pray & all are tired & ready for bed. we have come out 20 miles to day. At the foot of the Escalante ^{mountain} Oct 26 all well & rested good after our long walk up the hill. well we have our breakfast get ready & start out but

the getting ready is not so easy as the reading of this.
Well we travel a long & go about 2 miles & camp for the rest
of the day get dinner & supper together & make our beds
& go in the tent & have our evening prayers & go to rest again
Escalante ^{the} 27. Still laying over today waiting for
Thrum to get some stock that was left the last time
they came if he gets them we will leave tomorrow but we
tidying up this morning & we are all going to wash
this afternoon Sister Willden & Sarah have been
washing this morning & some are going to do it
this afternoon. us poor sisters have our hands full
Thrum & Parr have gone after their stock & all the other
men have gone up to town but Peter he is here with us
I must stop now for we must start washing we are ^{feet}
one mile ^{1/2} from town by the grist mill. they are getting some
chopping down for the horses. well we get quite a wash
ins. out & have been busy baking all day & now it

Is night & we will have to prepare for supper
then for bed. it is quite a chore to have to partly
unload to make the bed. we are all called in
to pray good night & god bless you all.

Escalante ^{the} 28 all well Still laying over again
today Thrum can not get ready today. I guess
it is better for the stock. but for our selves we would
rather be going on for every day counts for a body
when they have no home. we are all quite busy today
baking more so it will last us for a day or two well we
get through. & retire to our apartments & night to our
Dear friends at home. night comes again & we ^{are} ~~prepare~~
for our evening work. but feel so disappointed when
~~there~~ was no letters for any of us. well the day is gone again
& we all go to the tent. sit talking a bout us being called
Some thought ~~thought~~ one thing & some another but
the women thought they would rather not have been

Called & thought they would rather be home than
hear we again have prayer & all go to our own rooms
good night. may god bless us all.

Oct 29. leave Escalante this morning after 2 1/2
days rest. all seems quite willing to move a long it
is all most as big a chore to get things gathered up as it
did to leave home. with the stock. we have quailed
hind now. Firmin has got his stock in the care of
drivers. we still go a long & it seems very rough
roads we have to day. O Dear I thought we had bad
roads this morning but this afternoon is the worst
yet. & sand up to the shoe tops & all up hill we did not
get in to camp until after sundown. & there was 4
waggon did not get in until an hour after we did
they were terrible roads to come over after dark there
was 1 cow & calf left in the Cedars could not see them
& sister Wilding & her little girl & boy walked for
miles to get them in to camp they were hind.

were very nervous when they got in to camp
it was enough to make them. Firmin we went
back to help the rest in. there is no water
where we are to night only in a tank. it is
rather dangerous to get to. the place where we
are camped is a terrible place for sand. it is a
foot deep & it is blowing so bad we can not get any
supper but make a cup of tea. & we did not. May to
get dinner today. they are all in camp now but
Alvin Smith he had to leave his trail wagon.
he will go & fetch it in the morning. the men
have got to stand guard over there stock. they are
determined to go back there is not much feed &
no water it is so scarce none of us can wash
to night. we have prayer & retire to rest. after our
toils of the weary some day. we have come 10 ^{ea} mil
today Sunday & have been traveling all day we
go to bed with all our waggon on a slope.
Oct 30 all well in health. but the life fighting right
out of us all. I dont know what they call this

Place but I call it the Devils twist & that is
Sunda name for it. for of all the roads on
earth. I dont think there is any worse than
this one. it is no earthly use for me to try to
Describe the road or the County. it is the most
god forsaken & wild looking County that
was ever traveled. well we hardly get started before
some of them have to double, it is ~~at~~ ^{at} most all up
hill & sandy knee deep & then shuts of solid rocks
for the poor Animals to fall over & slide down
I never saw poor horses pull & paw as they have
done to day. we still go a long do not stop for
dinner the poor horses have not had a drink to day
& they are all most give out. it will be late before we
get in to camp. the women & Children have done
a good deal of walking & pushing on the wheels. Of
all roads the wind is blowing terrible you can hardly
see if you open your mouth you are shure to get
it filled. Bro Wilding was quite a way behind

Caught up but had to leave 1 of his waggons
& put his three Span on one wagon. I am ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the}
his waggons. Bro. Williams is driving one for him.
I am to go back every little while to hitch on to the
other wagon & then go to the other & draw it a little
further & this is the way all the men has had to do today
it has made them sweat pulling down hill.
well we get in to camp. all the Children are by
the ~~fire~~ ^{fire} for a drink & with Cold. but didn't get me
until the men had been out & found a tank
that was not for these beautiful tanks the poor
Traveler would suffer if not die. the men gets
back & the Dear Children gets a drink but we are
very Dazing we can not wash our dishes again
to night. well we get supper over. & all gather to
our evening prayers. good night & peace ^{you} be with
Oct 31 all well as can be expected after our day;
travel over rocks & through sand. & with out water
well we have a little for breakfast. & Bro Wilder
back & get his other wagon & we all drive to
tanks. one of the greatest blessings that is on this
it seems to me quite a ~~con~~ ^{con} to be after

THE WRITINGS AND RECORDS OF JOSEPHINE CATHERINE (JODY) CHATTERLEY WOOD

The Second Journey -- Cedar City to Bluff City, Utah
November, December, (and possibly January 1886) 1885

As has been recorded in several histories, the Samuel Wood family returned to Cedar City, Utah, late in the fall of 1884 or very early in 1885, so that Jody (Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood) could deliver her seventh child under the care of her half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart.

No record was made of the journey back to Cedar City from Bluff that fall of 1884. It is believed that the travelers went north to the White Mesa area (Grayson--later named Blanding), Monticello, Moab, Green River; then west to Salina; and south to Junction, Paragonah, Parowan, and Cedar City. This is essentially the return route of the early Exploring Party in 1879.

When the Wood family returned to Bluff, beginning November 19, 1885, there were two new family members: George William (Bud) born in Cedar City, and Emma Louise Elliker Wood, Samuel's second wife.

The travelers took the usual route to Escalante, then turned north to Teasdale--a little town just west of what is now Capitol Reef National Monument--then on to the Dirty Devil River (now renamed Fremont River)--on to the Colorado River at Dandy Crossing (now called Hite). The Dandy Crossing is north of Hall's Crossing. It would appear that the little company then traveled through the White Canyon area--probably connecting up with the old trail around Grand Flat, thus completely avoiding Clay Hill.

This route turned out to be more difficult than their first trip to Bluff in 1882. The company consisted of only fifteen

people--three men, four women, and eight children--and out of that group the Wood family were eight of those people--one man, two women, and five children. Samuel was forty-two years old; Jody was thirty-two, and Emma was just twenty-three years old.

Jody's Journal for this trip begins on November 19th and continues through a brief entry on December 18th. No pages are missing between those two dates. On December 18th, the company was somewhere in the wilderness between the Colorado River and Bluff. No arrival date in Bluff is listed; it is not known how much longer the group was on the road.

In all of Jody's writings, the spelling is strictly phonetic. For instance:

moove -- move
mutch -- much

Jody rarely capitalized the first word of a new sentence. When space ran out at the end of a line, she frequently finished the word above the line, such as:

mp ow
ca OR kn

Reproduction of this second trip follows on pages 11 through 30.

Leaving Cedar City Iron
County the land of my birth
Cedar City Mar 19/89

Leaving for our journey to San Francisco
and as the trains had started the day
before Brother James Walker was
kind enough to take Sister Emma
& my self the next morning as
far as Red Creech. after we had
past through the trying and heart
aching time of saying good by, we
started off in a snow storm &
it never stopped untill we got
to Jonsons, there we changed
our waggons and got Bro Jaspe
Armstrongs Carriage & rode a
long very comfortable and very
sad and not much to say

If it had not been for Bro James
& his jolly good way, we traveled on
through the storm reached Red Creek
by two o'clock. we where invited
in to Sister Bartons to dinner
& was very glad to get in out of
the storm, there was my three
little boys & ther Pa waiting for
us. So after bidding Brother Walker
good by and my Meice Sarah
Stewart good by we all got our
places in the waggons the best
we could, and then had nothing
to do but to lay back and think
of the Dear ones & home we had
left behind, which caused
me a heart ache
well we get as far as little Oak
Canyon & it still storming we
camp traveled about six miles

We have supper + soon all
retire to bed. but as it was a
very stormy night and the
wind blew most terrible + the
thoughts of being away from
our Dear ones we had a
sleepless night. + to our sorrow
in the morning we could not
find any dry clothing for any
of the children as it stormed
so hard, our waggons leaked
very bad, but after partly
unloading we found dry blood
suff to manage. well this morn-
ing I still have that pain that
composition can not cure, and
that is the thoughts of being so
far away from our Dear ones.
Little Erick Canyon ^{the} all seems
well in health but spirits rather
droopy + it is most terrible gloomy

Still stormy and the roads very
heavy. horses all right I can't had
a little bother as we are heavily loaded
but after all we get along all right
until with in a mile and 1/2 of
the top and it was so slippery and
sliding that I can't had to drop
the back waggon so I am sitting
waiting for him to come on the
top of the mountain there is quite
a lot of snow + is very cold. the others
have gone on and will have a fire
by the time we get there. well we get
get hear all right

Bare Valley 21 all well but terrible
stormy and cold. but we have
a ranch house to sleep in to
night and there is 19 or 20 sleep
in hear to night. well we are
all able to be up + eat our

Breakfast & are ready to start
on this morning traveled about
ten miles yesterday. well we
travel on very quiet and lonely
thinking every day is taking us
further a way from those that
are dear to us. we stop &
take a cold bite for dinner
& travel on to where we first
strike the Severn. stop and camp
for the night. & where kindly in-
vited to go in to the house. by some
kind sister. ~~with~~. I thankfully
excepted. to undress & wash the children
we have supper & go to bed in our
waggons we manage to get in
but it is hard work to get out again
as we are so crowded. well good night
and God bless every body
Severn 22 all well but very frosts
and dump the teams are going

Real well, but oh my it is lonely
and cold. Sister Ely Nilson
seems to stand the trip better
than any of us. there is fifteen in
our company. three men & four
women & the rest children Sister
Nilson an old lady her daughter
& her daughters husband. Willard
Butt. Hence Nilson James
Samuel Wood & his family
Josephine & Emma Wood
& five children & Sister Nilson
with Emma Nilsons mother's
children. well we still press
forward. stop: cook dinner but it
is now full cold we get ready & of
again go a long until night
& again come to an empty range
house, where there is plenty of wood
and water. & we all feel to thank

the Lord for it for it is most
terrible cold. We all make our
beds in the old cabin, & was
more thankfull then many
would of been in thro Parlor
we all rested pretty well after tramping
about 16 miles.

Simons ranch 23^{nov}

All well the Sun is realy shining
this morning. it was quite cold
a gain last night. but we ware
in vited in to there home & made
our beds down on the floor and
would of rested real well. only for
John Mr. Lee had a bad cough
& he coughed all night. but we
get a long as well as can be expected
well we go along call at Brooks
found them all well. want us to
stay over the day but the others was
gain an so we trudge a long

It Starts to storm gain and so
terrible wet and cold, first stop
at a cold bite & roll on a gain
Storms of an all day.

We a gain Camped on the
Cold wet ground. and we
near having a stampede
moving all the teams, getting
scared at Brother Jence Peelson
with a stick of wood on his
back, but all got quieted
down with out any damage
done, only a little squelling
and howling. Camp out to night
with nothing but the canopy
of heaven to cover us, but
getting a long pretty well, we
are busy baking & drying our
damp cloths. and doing our
evening chores to good
night

Monday 24 all well this morning but still very cold. one of Sam's horses got kicked and is very lame we traveled a bout 20 miles yesterday we are now camped for the night at what is called box creek. 25 we prepare breakfast and start out for a hard days travel. & it is storming before we start, & it will be worse before we get to the top, well we struggle a long all walking, that can and it is snowing terrible, well we all stop & eat a bite of dinner for we all feel as tho we had banded in we again eat a cold bite in the waggon as it is to wet to get the little ones out. we go again all have to get out & struggle up to the top of the

mountain. it is bitter cold & so foggy & storming. I thought it was worse than coming in the hand carts, but we had Disto Neilson one of the old hand Carters, that said it was nothing compared with them. So we thought we ought to be thankful, after all, well we get to the top & camp and it is bitter cold, and every thing so damp and wet, but still we are all a live and able to eat so good night as it is to cold to sit up & chat.

well we are on the top of the divide ¹⁴⁰⁰ 27 traveled not quite 6 miles yesterday. we had a dry camp last night, I mean no running water but plenty of feed for the horses our horse that was kicked is not much better, but as we had an extra one a long we get

Along first rate and are ready
to start and are going a long
real well so far so good as
keep pretty well through the cold
the baby's stand it pretty well
better than I expected. Well we
come to rabbit valley. Crick and
stopped by a lovely clear stream
of water stop & have dinner
start of a gain and reached the town
that night. it is a little warmer
this after noon. ^{Now} 28 gain stopped
at a mans place bought grain
and many other little notions his
name was Samson they were
very kind invited us in or
to take all the wood we needed
with we was very thankful
for we baked quite a lot of bread
that was the last place we could
buy grain so we stayed all day

the men showing their horses
& the women busy cooking & washing
we got a long real well but it is
so tiresome laying over. we wish
we could only stay that day
with the folks at home. but oh my
we couldn't. well we buy some
milk for supper and quite
enjoy it, ~~and~~ we take our departure
and retire to bed so good night
& God bless you. a gain we rise
no 29. Oh the thoughts of home
the blues will work on us most
terrible once and a while. Well we
get ready & start travel through
up hill. down dale through
mountains. travel about eleven
miles and came to Brother David
Adams place in Seaside stay
there over night. they are very kind

well we are up and ready again
Sunday th 30 and travel ~~away~~
& plunge in to the Dirty Devil
and it looks as tho' Glencles waggon
will have to go over but with a
little twisting and good manage
but he got over all right. but it is
very scary take it all together.
well it is night a gain. we did
not stop for dinner to day. brantha
about 12 miles yesterday & about 10
to day. there is some very bad roads
and lots of walking and pushing
on the wheels but get to camp
after night. plenty of wood
but rather muddy water and
very good feed for the poor horses
Children all trying to go to bed
but have to wait for we have
to partly unload before we can
make the bed, so another day
near to the Dreaded river so

Long night, Cotten Wood
wash th 1st Dec. all well ready to
start travel a short way and
Dive in to the Dirty Devil a gain
got through but it is a Dangerous
river. had rather poor feed last night.
some terrible bad roads to day pass
through what they call the gates of
hell it seems as tho' that is a bad
name but if you pass through it
you would think it was some
thing. for a waggon could hardly
get through some places. well we
camp for dinner. get water at a
tank real good water, travel
through these narrow gates. some
places you could all most reach
a cross it and three hundred
feet high. it is real nice for
for any body that admire grand

Scenery it would suit Aunt Sarah
Chatterle, well we go a long
terrible bad roads get stuck
have to walk, each three span
an one waggon, we are all
trudging a long with the children
crying with the cold we come to. What
they call pleasant creek & camped for the
night plenty of food and water but
not much feed, it must be real
late, for it was after night before
we got to camp, and then we all
had bread to bake, but we get through
have prayers, and go to bed.

Pleasant Creek. Dec 2 all right
after our hard days but there is a
jump down to cross the creek
and another jump up to get out
a gain, it shurly looks like in a
back end of the waggon will
come over the front end

Dec 3 All have to push on the
wheels, men and woman, well
we get through that horrid sand
and pull a long. Came to a long and
soft hill they have to put six
horses, an a waggon and the woman
behind, blocking the wheels, Sam
drops his back waggon and get up
all right, but Willard and Jence
has to wide on the upper side
of the waggon to keep it from
tipping and we stand at the bottom
holding our breaths, but it is a close
call, many times, before they all get
down, well we have traveled
a bout five miles stop for dinner
by the river side, the Dirty Devil
get dinner and off again go a
bout a bout six miles farther
and camp for the night

plenty of wood and water
but not much feed quite
a chore every morning getting
ready to start off a gain going
along there are farms all along
hear and lots of moleses ~~in~~
in this County, well we dont go
far before we are dumped into
to the Dirty Devil a gain. you
would call it a jump of if you
could see the banks we have
to go down, well we get through all
right, once a gain. Now comes the
what they call the Elephant I wish
you could see it gain up the moun-
tain is nothing. I can has to drop
his trail wagon hear a gain and
the other boys has to double up the hills
and coming down is still worse they have
to ride on the upper side of the wagon
and it is all they can do to save it from
going over, well they all set through

right side up I carry my pencil and paper
a long and some times we have an hour
waiting for the teams to catch up so
that is how I write, well we walk an
come too to many bad places to mention
pass by the river in some real danger
places, dont stop for dinner travel ¹² ~~12~~
miles. Stop for night, water from the
river, plenty of brush to burn but very
little feed for the poor horses, one more
day gone, and one more river for to
cross, but we have to cross rivers so
many times ^{several} ten times, and the dirty Devil
the Lord only knows how many
times and they are all most to be dread^{ed}
as much as the great Colorado well
good night a gain, and god bless you
Dec th 4 all able to stir but real
cold this morning but it is dry
since we got to rabbit valley

breakfast, pack our waggon
and all hands start to walk
hardly to get warm and partly
to get warm. the roads are very
rough we expect to get down to
the river to day and cross if we
can for there is no feed for the
poor horses. after pulling so hard
over that dread full hill no feed
but plenty of watter. and now we
are here. preparing to cross the ^{main}
the poor horses they get through
first rate they have to tow three of
them over and the rest follow, well
we are here but oh not a cross
it there is a large body of watter
we have to unload again as the
boat man man will not load
his boat to heavy. So he takes the
waggon one time and the luggage the
next. that makes seven times
he has been a cross. and we are
not over yet. now he comes

for us. oh pray for us. he wants
to take us all at one load. but
I want him just to take part
of us so if we do go down there
will be some one left to tell the
tail. but he wants us all to get
on he says. he will save him
self and me so I can tell the ^{tail}
if it goes so I feel a little encourag^{ed}
and has he is an old bachelor and
sailor I felt better so. and we go
but my heart went faint and I
went blind. but belong to the Dear
Children. now we are over and
thank our heavenly Father for it
that is the best time we have ever
crossed a river. I am nursing
the baby. waiting for my wash
watter to get hot Emma is
cooking supper the Dear
Children are as happy as larks
and we are in a lovely ^{place}

but it is very cold to Dress and
undress the Children. well I dont
know what they call this place.
but it is the last place along the
river. well we start in to our days
labor riding a way and walking a way
getting a long the best we can Sam
drogs his trail the other boys doubles
there is only three teams of us so they
do that way to save time. well it is a
very bad hill to pull up. but not
so bad to come down. well we come
along all walking but have to get
in to cross the Dirty Devil River.
a gain. and you would of pitied us
if you could of seen us to do. our team
was first. and the bank the poor horses
had to jump of and then draw the
faunt. part of the waggon in while the
ather was standing straight up
we come down with a ~~th~~

~~Through~~ ~~until~~ we reach ^{is} ~~in~~
then we come to a dead stand some
cant pull up but oh my we can
get out. me and the Children. Sam
has to drop his trail waggon get
in the water to do it but has to hurry
for there is so much quick sand
well with lots of whipping an shouting
he got the first waggon out. drove to
one side and went back for the other
had some trouble in getting it up out
of the water. but the horses was mean
they did not want to go in to the water
a gain but got through all right after
a while. but Willard Blett. put six
horses on his waggon and went a
little higher and all six horses
and waggon began to go down
and kept going down the horses could
not move. and all the men
had to rush in to the water

to save the team it shoud look
as though the horses would stamp
the men to death they rear and
plunge so. Saml has to hold one
of the horses heads up while the
ather boys. unch the tugs and let
them go. he struggled and fell
in the water many times and
we stood on the bank shaking
and trembling. just think of six
horses jerking and pulling and getting
fast in the harness. and not moving
the waggon an inch. and only three
men to do any thing. they have to unch
the horses feel so bad. but the waggon
is still sinking. they have to unload
every thing in the waggon and in
the middle of the river the men
are wet to there necks and the water
is so cold. but thy work for hours
bringing all in the waggon to the
side of the bank. are could

Think so much could get in one
waggon. well we lifted all we could
up the bank. well thy are imloaded
now. thy put six horses on the
empty waggon, and have a hard
time to get the waggon out thy
have to do lots of prying on the wheels
we get dinner ready so the poor men
have some thing warm to eat I have
to partly unload to find dry clothes
but. that is not the worst yet for
the teams was all a brass and poor
Sister Nelson was on the other side
Julie and the children Nettie Alrah
and Gremson. road over on horse
back. but Sister Nelson Dare not
do that so what to do no body
knew. so Hence a big six footer
went over and got her on his back
and plodded through the river.
we were all anxious but still
laughing heard to our selves

And after they got over safe we had a good laugh we get loaded up a gain travel two miles out from the river to get feed camp for

the night fill our water barrels for we have to make a dry camp plenty of wood or brush and good feed. all have bread to bake. it is very cold to night. hear on the top of the mountain. hear we leave blue valley and all so Dirty Devil

Dec ⁴ 5 all well after such a hard struggle. Some most terrible heavy hills and rocky jumps travel on until three o'clock. Stop for dinner, we thought to get to water by dinner time. but eat a bit and travel on a gain. traveled until about nine o'clock. came to a rather bad place. had to get out and help push on the wheels and walk to camp when we got there there was not a

buff wood to cook supper by so we had to eat bake an ~~bread~~ and go to bed. traveled about twelve miles

Dec ⁶ on the middle of the top of a mountain. have to get up start be for breakfast. thinking to get to water in a couple of hours but we travel on until noon the teams giving out. so they have to stop and take the horses to water that is a bout three miles from hear they ~~say~~ take five gallons keg full back for us to get breakfast and dinner to gether. and we are all ready for a good square meal. all in joy it. we ~~sch~~ up and roll on a gain a mile or two. so we have traveled seven miles to day. camp for the night. plenty of wood and water to night. sit round the camp fire after supper. have a little singing and a sociable chat and talk of

The Pear ones we have left home
and no one the wild Desert would
give a good Deal if we could be with
you to night. good night our hearts
are with you all at home.

Decth 7 all a live after gain with out
breakfast, and water. it is very cold
we eat and. all hands start out to
walk up the hill it is a very bad hill
to pull up I can't has to drop his
trail waggon. well we traze a long
get up pretty well, but teriable heavy.
roads all the way. dont stop for dinner
traveled a bout 10 miles to day. Camp
in a wash that is woeful damp
and the wind is blowing most fearful
bad it blowes all night

Decth 8 it has been a teriable night
get up get our breakfast. but dont
get the horses until very late. there is
plenty of wood and feed and water
we travel in the wash all day

very rocky and sandy than is
when I write when we are in the
sand and we dont have to get out
there is water all the way down
that is quit a treat on this rout
dont stop for dinner. but make
an early Camp. it looks very bloody
traveled a bout ten miles to day
blowing hard all day we get supper
as quickly as possible. and prepare
for bed.

Decth 9 we eat a bite and travel on
teriable bad roads a gain to day
and oh the wind. that comes down
the wash and oh so cold we dont
stop a gain to day for dinner.
we have not known what it was
to be cold intill to night. the sand
blowes*blowes so hard we have
to eat in the waggons and
make the beds the best we can
we go to bed so good night.

Dec 10th Still in this a awful
wash oh it is so ruff we travel
ed nine miles yesterday. I know
it is every bit as bad as the old
road. they said this was so much
better but they Shurly didnt know
I do think it is a sin to have people
travel such roads. we would of ^{at} ~~at~~
time if we had ~~gone~~ ^{gone} round by Green
river five hundred ^{miles} that way.
well we travel all day down hill
~~all day~~. never stopping for dinner. oh my
we ^{are} nearer the dreaded river. we have
sutch very bad roads to day; well we
reach our last grand camping ground
before we cross the great Colorado
this makes twenty four days from
home. and we thought to be nearly
to bluff by now. well the wind is
still blowing. and the children crying
and we have to bake for supper
with sad hearts at the thought

~~By~~ getting up a mountain that
is before us an then the river oh
Dear. would any body on earth
travel over such roads. ~~but~~ ^{none} but
Mormons but the Sun is shining
we eat our supper in Silents
Mr Anasy Lyzman with us to
night and an other young man
I thought him as the men are all
so hungry. Mr Lyzman is the
Boss of the boat here and I guess
he came to get his pay. but I
told him the man that picked
out such a road. and said it was
good enough for white man to
travel on. ought to be hung to
the first tree that was large enough
and I would help pull on the
rope. but as he said if the Lord
had made man the stronger
and winners tongue the longer he
would not stop to argue.

Well Dec (the 11) we reached
the river and the Crossing was
washed out and it is ~~two~~ miles
to the boat. So there is ~~no other~~
help but climb up a very steep
mountain. well we get our break
fast and pack up. put the things in
the waggan so they would hold when
the waggan was standing straight
up. they have to take one waggan
at a time ~~put~~. they put six horses
no six Span ~~on~~ one waggan
and start. oh if you could see
us. well they got part way up and
could not go any further had to
unload. the poor horses pulled and
fell down and jerked so many
to gether. so they left part of the load
and then had to pack the things
from there to the top and it was
such hard work. the boys could
not pack any more than a pillow
and their selves. and I know

the horses did not work any
harder then I did trying to
get up with my baby bag. but
the Lord Lord prepared the back
for the burden. if it was half broke
but if you ^{had} seen our teams an man
they look like they will come back ^{do}
well if we live till we get over the other
side I will write again
well we are at the top but we have
been all day going ~~two~~ ^{two or three} ~~miles~~
hundred yards. and so we stop
men, women and children and ~~teams~~
tired out. it is very cold on the top of
the mountain with the river ever
so far below us and the wind
from the river. it looks rather ~~bad~~
and very scary December ^(the 12)
the river don't look any more
tempting this morning but
we have one more river and more
river for to cross, well we lat

Dec th 13 All well this morning
with the old boat man collecting his
pay 11 dollars for Willard and hence
and 8 1/2 dollars for Sam'l it is much
as they expected. well breakfast over
we ask him to eat with us he is
very kind, he says he has never
had a woman talk to him for
15 years. So I have kept it a gain
well we travel on some very
good roads and some very
bad with lots of quick sand
we travel through a wash away
from the river, we do first rate
we camp early for there is plenty of
feed wood and water) Dec 14 (children
all crying with the cold this morning
but after we had breakfast we all
walk to get warm but we have
to walk a lot. we have to ^{do} lots of
walking to get a little warm
as the sand is pretty cold.

and so pleasant. the most pleas-
ent evening we have had since we
left home so while I am wait-
ing I am writing safely on the
other side. I'll when we are through
Lip's ferry and are as safe on the
other side and are as happy as we
are to night. I think I will be
satisfied with my five little children
that are with me to night and the
Dear ones that as got safe on the other
side. Sister Neilson stands the
rough a heavy road better than any
of us. well I have quite a wash
out and now we are loading up
ready for our journey we eat a hearty
supper, and enjoy it better than we
have done for several meals we
have a nice chat with the good
boat man. have prayers and go
to our bunks. the children take
great pleasure in shouting and
hearing the echo back.

but we struggle on through
have a good many hard hills
to pull up, they have to double
so many times using a long
Hence breaks his wagon tongue
it takes time to fix it. Juliet and I
write our name on the rocks which
we are wading. get fixed and we have
traveled ten miles to day. and now
we have camped, lots of wood and
feed but no water only in tank
it is very poor water, and is very
hard to get, it takes all three to water
them one to reach down the other
a little higher the other to water them
well we get our little meal and
retire to bed. have prayer say our
good night. and have many a sigh
for the Dear ones at home we
traveled about 15 miles to day.
Dec 15th All well this morning
traveling in the Cedars to you

Now we have plenty of wood
good feed but no water for horses
but they are not suffering. we have
a snuff to get the breakfast. and to
take a little along. we travel on
no dinner again to day but plenty
of bread for lunching. travel all
day and now we are at what they
call the grand gulch camp for
night plenty of feed and water
and that is one of our greatest blessings
well we prepare our evening meal
and I can tell you we are all ready
for it don't sit round the fire with
for it is cold have a grand dish
washing and go to rest
Grand Gulch ^{is} very cold this
morning looks very much
like storming get our break
fast as soon as possible but that
is not very soon teams
ready get in start go on

of a little way. Ben Sam
twisting a round some of them
narrow places he broke the
horn of his back wagon have
to stop some time all get out have
to keep on the go. but we improve
the time hunting quon. well all
right a gain, but that is not the last
for we dont go far he for Sam
breaks his reach. he is a praid we
will have to unload, but fix it
& manage intill night. then they
pick it up an fix it. Sister Nelson
thinks it quite a bother. well we travel
through some very short turns^{led}
well we get a long the best we can
but come to a stand still. waiting to
see if we shall camp, it is rather
early, but we have had no dinner
and the horses no dinner. the men
goes to see. comes back and we stop
to camp. gets dark before we get our
chows and washed for bed it is not

Every night we get washed all round
and banded, well we go to bed early
because it is so cold. to sit round
the fire its a gain good night

D²⁷ It was bitter cold last
night. and in this morning we
are traveling up hill every day so
you may know it must be cold
but still we should be thankful
as long as we have to go that the
wether is dry, the men say the
roads are good for new roads but
I think they are very bad. no dinner
a gain to day. but. we camp early
it a little more pleasant to night
but is very blandy. we can have
lovely fires to night as we are
still in the cedars sit round
talk of all the Dear folks at home
and men a deep sigh. and think
every day takes us a little further
a way there ^{in it, at}

od and feed and water in
ranks we enjoy our Supper
get all gethered to gether and
have prayers. and are ready to
lay our tired heads down to rest
Dec. 18th well we feel more
rested and are able to eat a good
heartly breakfast.



Drawing by
Craig Holyoak

A Record of the Babies Delivered by Jody
The Nurse/Midwife/Doctor of the San Juan Frontier
Record dated from 1886 to 1908

Jody formally recorded 165 births, listing the towns where parents resided; name of parents; sex of child; day, month, and year of the birth; and the nature of delivery such as, "Prsts head"; plus any pertinent remarks. These were recorded in a lined notebook, size 7 1/2" wide by 9 1/2" deep.

The record does not indicate who assisted Jody during her own deliveries, but her last three children are listed in the "birth record," as well as Samuel and Emma's daughter, Mary Elizabeth. The record does not show Leroy's birth. Jody did not keep a record until the Bishop asked her to do so, and then she apparently tried to remember all the births that had occurred from 1886 to about 1892. The first page of records is not in chronological sequence; after 1892 it appears to be an on-going, up-to-date record.

At the end of the first page, after entry #26, Jody writes: *"I did not keep a record of this at first and now I put them down as I get them."*

Jody did not list the names of the children born, but her daughter, Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen, identified the following babies. The names are familiar to San Juan residents.

<u>Number</u>	<u>Parents Name</u>	<u>Child's Name</u>
5	Mr. & Mrs. Kumen Jones.....	Tom
6	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hammond.....	Dill
7	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood	Kate
8	Mr. & Mrs. James Decker	Gertrude
9	Mr. & Mrs. Nephi Bailey.....	Maggie
10	Mr. & Mrs. Hanson Bayles.....	Carlie
14	Mr. & Mrs. Hyrum Perkins.....	Ruth
17	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel & E. Wood.....	Lizzie
18	Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel Redd.....	Marion
20	Mr. & Mrs. John Roberson.....	Halls
27	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood.....	Alice

<u>Number</u>	<u>Parents Name</u>	<u>Child's Name</u>
41	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood.....	Bernice
114	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wood*.....	Joseph Earl
117	Mr. & Mrs. Arthur S. Wood*.....	Marie
129	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wood*.....	Francis Clair
144	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wood*.....	Anna Bernice
150	Mr. & Mrs. Arthur S. Wood*.....	Reed
153	Mr. & Mrs. J. Henry Wood*.....	Fern

There are other familiar names of parents in the "birth record":

Mr. & Mrs. Albert R. Lyman	Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Perkins
Mr. & Mrs. Monroe Redd	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph F. Barton
Mr. & Mrs. F. I. Jones	Mr. & Mrs. Willard Butt
Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel Redd	Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Adams

Some historians have attributed 300 deliveries to Jody. It would appear that Jody did not deliver quite that many babies, but she undoubtedly delivered several more in the early years than were recorded.

Jody was still delivering babies in late September, 1908--five months before her death.

After the reproduction of the "birth record" through #165, there is a page of special notations regarding some of her children's births; followed by two pages of family baptism records; and one page of other ordinances (pages 36 through 39).

*Joseph Henry and Arthur Stephen are sons of Jody and Samuel. On #144, Jody added "my son".

Bluff San Juan County 1886
Record of Baby Born.

Mrs J. C. Wood, Moved to San Juan 1882

all the children in Bluff had the measles in the months of
Nov. & December 1899. all of our children have had them

No.	Town	Names of Parents	Sex	Day	Month	Year	Nature of delivery	Remarks
1.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. W. Butt	girl	19	Dec	1896	Protol: head	
2.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Nilsen	son	20	Dec	1886	Protol: head	
3.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wanda Farr	son		Dec	1886	Protol: head	
4.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Seymour Pickett	son	9	Jan	1886	Protol: head	
5.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Herman James	son	26	April	1886	Protol: head	
6.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hamman	son	29	April	1886	Protol: head	
7.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood	girl	3	May	1887	Protol: head	
8.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James Decker	girl	16	July	1886	Protol: head	
9.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Nephie Bailey	girl	31	Aug	1886	Protol: head	
10.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Hanson Bigles	girl	31	Jan	1897	Protol: head	Mother died 6 hours later
11.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Allen	girl		Oct	1886	Protol: head	
12.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Decker	son	4	June	1888	Protol: head	
13.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hamman	son		Sept	1888	Protol: head	Baby died
14.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Seymour Perkins	girl	1	Feb	1891	Protol: head	
15.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hamman	girl	12	April	1891	Protol: head	
16.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Morrow Redd	girl	14	Oct	1890	Protol: head	
17.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel & S. Wood	girl	2	Oct	1889	Protol: head	
18.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel Redd	girl	18	Feb	1886	Protol: head	
19.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Morrow Redd	son	3	Aug	1892	Protol: head	
20.	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson	son	31	March	1886	Protol: head	
21.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Friedrich James	girl	16	Dec	1897	Protol: head	
22.	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. George Rust	son	18	July	1888	Protol: head	Mother & child both died
23.	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Edward Flyde	twins girls		Aug	1888	Protol: head	premature
24.	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. William D. Foy	son	20	July	1888	Protol: head	
25.	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Adams	son	15	Dec	1891	Protol: head	
26.	Order by	Mr. & Mrs. William Leigh	girl		Nov	1891	Protol: head	

I did not keep a record of this at first and now I put them down as I get them

No	Town	Names of Parents	Sex	Day	Month	Year	Nature of delivery	Remarks
27	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood	girl	18	April	1892	Protet. head	
28	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Johnson	Boy	4	May	1894	Protet. head	
29	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Christ. Christerson	girl	24	May	1892	Protet. head	
30	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Kuman, Jarvis	Boy	4	July	1892	Protet. head	
31	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Redd	girl	2	Aug	1892	Protet. head	
32	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James B. Docker	Boy	31	Aug	1892	Protet. head	
33	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fredrick Adams	girl	23	Sep	1892	Protet. head	
34	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel L. Redd	girl	9	Nov	1893	Protet. Break	
35	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hammond	Boy	11	Aug	1893	Protet. head	
36	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John, Adams	girl	26	Oct	1893	Protet. Break	
37	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Perkins	girl	11	Nov	1893	Protet. head fat	
38	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Utzer	girl	5	April	1894	Protet. head	
39	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Byron Perkins	girl	1	Sep	1894	Protet. head	
40	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Christ. Christerson	girl	5	Sep	1894	Protet. head	
41	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood	girl	25	Sep	1894	Protet. head	
42	Bluff	Miss Mary Land	girl	26	Oct	1894	Protet. head	
43	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James B. Docker	Boy	27	Oct	1894	Protet. head	
44	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Whane L. Redd	Boy	18	Dec	1894	Protet. head	
45	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John, Adams	Boy	26	Dec	1894	Protet. head	
46	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Monow, Redd	girl	8	Nov	1895	Protet. feet & head	Amens
47	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel L. Redd	Boy	11	April	1895	Protet. head	
48	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fredrick, Adams	girl	26	July	1895	Protet. head	
49	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. William, Nix	girl	18	Aug	1895	Protet. head	
50	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Perkins	girl	18	Sep	1895	Protet. head	
51	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frances, Nilson	Boy	15	Sep	1895	Protet. head	
52	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Floyd	girl	2	Oct	1895	Protet. head	

No	Town	Names of Parents	Sex	Day	Month	Year	Nature of delivery	Remarks
53	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fletcher Hammond	Boy	26	Oct	1895	Protet. head	
54	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Utzer	girl	25	Jan	1896	Protet. head	
55	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Willard Butt	Boy	27	Jan	1896	Protet. head	
56	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph, F. Barton	Boy	17	May	1896	Protet. head	Mother died
56	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph H. Nilson	girl	14	Aug	1896	Protet. head	seventeen days after with complaint of the stomach and all so
57	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Rogers	girl	18	Nov	1896	Protet. head	the baby it lived 24 days & died
58	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John, Rogers	girl	12	Nov	1896	Protet. head	premature 7 months
59	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel, Redd	girl	21	Nov	1896	Protet. head	
60	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James, B. Docker	Boy	12	Dec	1896	Protet. head	
61	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frances, Nilson	girl	25	April	1897	Protet. head	
62	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John, L. Adams	Boy	2	June	1897	Protet. head	
63	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Monow, Redd	girl	4	July	1897	Protet. head	
64	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Bailey	girl	29	July	1897	Protet. head	
65	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Willard Butt	Boy	4	Aug	1897	Protet. head	just written her after delivery
66	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph, Macgalland	Boy	29	Aug	1897	Protet. head	
67	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Fredrick Adams	Boy	17	Oct	1897	Protet. head	
68	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Anson Byles	Boy	5	April	1898	Protet. head	
69	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. William Nix	girl	6	May	1898	Protet. head	
70	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Kuman, Jarvis	girl	6	May	1898	Protet. head	
71	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Utzer	girl	17	May	1898	Protet. head	
72	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Byron Perkins	Boy	19	June	1898	Protet. head	
73	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph, Bunkhead	girl	12	July	1898	Protet. head	
74	Vander	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Burr	girl	8	Sep	1898	Protet. head	
75	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Chris. Christerson	girl	15	Sep	1898	Protet. head	just arrived
76	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. F. J. James	Boy	25	Oct	1898	Protet. head	still born
77	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Bailey	Boy	13	Feb	1899	Protet. head	

No.	Town	Utah	Names of Parents.	Sex	Days	Month	Year	Nature of Delivery	Remarks
78	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James B. Decker	Boy	25	Feb	1899	Present; head		
79	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Heber Treaves	Boy	10	April	1899	Present; head		
80	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Hammond	girl	24	April	1899	Present; head		
81	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Rogers	girl	28	May	1899	Present; head		
82	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Redd	girl	20	June	1899	Present; head		
83	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Adams	girl	1	Nov	1899	Present; head		
84	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Willard Burt	girl	21	Nov	1899	Present; head		
85	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph H. Aulon	Boy	5	Sep	1899	Present; head		
86	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles H. Sitzer	Boy	17	Dec	1899	Present; head		
87	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Adams	Boy	7	March	1900	Present; head	Premature	
88	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Harry Handcock	Boy	23	March	1900	Present; head	dead; great crying	
89	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Anson Bayles	girl	20	May	1900	Present; head		
90	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Kerman James	Boy	2	July	1900	Present; head		
91	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne H. Redd	Boy	11	Sep	1900	Present; head	first month then after delivery	
92	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Chris Christon	girl	3	Dec	1900	Present; head		
93	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Perkins	girl	7	March	1901	Present; head		
94	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Adams	girl	13	March	1901	Present; head	the mother very sick but recovered	
95	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Harry Handcock	girl	20	March	1901	Present; head	mother very sick but recovered	
96	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Fred Josses	girl	31	March	1901	Present; head		
97	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Rogers	girl	1	Sep	1901	Present; head		
98	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Sitzer	boy	6	Sep	1901	Present; head		
99	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sampson	boy	8	Nov	1901	Present; head		
100	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Charles B. Long	Boy	27	March	1902	Present; head		
101	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Hanson Bayles	Boy	22	April	1902	Present; feet		
102	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Miphe Bailly	girl	10	Aug	1902	Presents head; boy dead		
103	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Lynn	girl	20	Aug	1902	Presents head		
104	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. William Redd	Boy		Aug	1902	Presents head	himself	

No.	Town	Utah	Names of Parents.	Sex	Days	Month	Year	Nature of Delivery	Remarks
104	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne H. Redd	girl	12	Sept	1902	Presents head		
105	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Kerman James	Boy	23	Nov	1902	Presents head		
106	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Chris R. Christon	Boy	14	Nov	1902	Presents head		
107	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Scarph	girl	4	Jan	1902	Presents head		
108	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Cybele Johnson	girl	15	Jan	1902	Presents head	her brother in arms married that same day	
109	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Hammond	girl	5	Feb	1902	Presents head		
110	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Edward Thompson	girl	11	April	1902	Presents head	3 days after birth	
111	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Floyd	Boy	21	April	1902	Presents head	not born	
112	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Adams	girl	2	Sep	1903	Presents head	May James	
113	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Aulon	Boy	15	Sep	1903	Presents head	attended	
114	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. W. B. Wood	Boy	11	Oct	1903	Presents head	after delivery	
115	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Harry Handcock	girl	18	Nov	1903	Presents head		
116	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Walter Logman	Boy	22	Nov	1903	Presents head		
117	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Wood	girl	1	Dec	1903	Presents head		
118	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Logman	girl	28	Dec	1903	Presents head		
119	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. George Perkins	girl	21	Jan	1904	Presents head		
120	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Hanson Bayles	Boy	19	Feb	1904	Presents head		
121	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne H. Redd	Boy	26	March	1904	Presents head	Premature	
122	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frances Aulon	Boy	20	May	1904	Presents head	11 months after birth	
123	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Veniah Aulon	girl	12	June	1904	Presents head	7 months old	
124	Provo	Mr. & Mrs. Charles Broadbent	Boy	27	July	1904	Presents head	just missed her	
125	Wood Side	Mr. & Mrs. Phil Johnson	Boy	1	Sept	1904	Presents head		
126	Provo	Mr. & Mrs. Johnson	girl	22	Aug	1904	Presents head	with Day	
127	Provo	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Davis	girl	24	Sept	1904	Presents head	missed her	
128	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Rogers	girl	9	Nov	1904	Presents head		
129	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wood	Boy	12	Feb	1905	Presents head		
130	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne H. Redd	girl	29	March	1905	Presents head	in 4 weeks the child died	

No	Town	Obtah	Names of Parents	Sex	Age	Month	Year	Place of Birth	Remarks
131	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Truman Nelson	girl	26	March	1905	Present head.		
132	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John Adams	Boy		May	1905	Present head.		
133	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Henry Person	girl	30	May	1905	Present head.		
134	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Meriah Neilson	girl		June	1905	Present head.		
135	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Kaman & James	Boy	20	Feb	1905	Present head May Home		
136	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Hyde	girl	17	Aug	1905	Present head	miss	
137	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Jence P. Nelson	girl	3	Oct	1905	Present head		
138	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Albert R. Taylor	boy	20	Oct	1905	Present head		
139	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Edward Thompson	boy	28	Oct	1905	Present head.		
140	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. George W. Perkins	boy	29	Oct	1905	Present head.		
141	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Walter C. Taylor	boy	29	Dec	1905	Present head		
142	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frances Neilson	boy	1	Jan	1906	Premature Dead		
143	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. John P. Rogers	boy	19	June	1906	Present head		
144	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wood	girl	3	Sept	1906	Present head		
145	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Hyde	girl	11	Sept	1906	Present head	luster associated	
146	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Peter M. Bailey	boy	15	Oct	1906	Present head	Dr. Doctor	
147	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Frances Neilson	girl	5 th	June	1907	Present head		
148	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Wayne H. Predd	Boy	24	Jan	1907	Present head		
149	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. James Hays	Boy	9	Feb	1907	Present head dead 1/2 boy	for bird	
150	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Arthur & David	Boy	11	May	1907	Present head		
151	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Freeman Neilson	Boy	20	June	1907	Present head		
152	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Peter Allin	girl	20	July	1907	Present head		
153	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. J. Henry Wood	girl	1 st	Nov	1907	Present head		
154	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Turner	girl	13 th	Nov	1907	Present head		
155	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Larson	girl	29	Nov	1907	Present head		
156	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Hammond	girl	30	Nov	1907	Present head		

No	Town	Bluff	Parent Name	Sex	Age	Month	Year	Place of Birth	Remarks
157	Grayson	Mr. & Mrs. Edward	girl	20	Jan	1908	Present head	with 1/2	
158	Grayson	Mr. & Mrs. John P. Rogers	Boy	6	April	1908	Present head		
159	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. J. Franklin Barton	Boy	11	April	1908	Present head		
160	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Zuel Johnson	girl	1	May	1908	Present head		
161	Bluff	Mr. & Mrs. Joseph B. Harris	girl	9	May	1908	Present head		
162	Grayson	Mr. & Mrs. Jence P. Neilson	girl	3 rd	Sept	1908	Present head	its back append	
163	Monticello	Mr. & Mrs. Albert R. Taylor	Boy	27	July	1908	Present head		
164	Grayson	Mr. & Mrs. William Mix	girl	13	Sept	1908	Present head		
165	Grayson	Mr. & Mrs. Walter C. Taylor	girl	27	Sept	1908	Present head		

Jahn. Marten. Wood
Borned June 3th 1881
In Cedar City Iron Co. Utah

Mary. Ann. Wood
Borned March 11th 1881
In Cedar City Iron Co Utah

Sarah. Jane. Wood
Borned July 3th 1882
In Cedar City Iron Co Utah

William Wood
1884
on Co

Bernice Cartlett. Wood.
Borned September 25 1894
In Bluff San Juan Co Utah
Blessed by her Father James W.
on the 1st of November 1894

Record of Baptism
Joseph Henry Wood was Baptised
In San Juan by Elder Korman James

Arthur Stephen Wood was Baptised In
Cedar City by Charles Mayborn in the year
188~~8~~⁵.

He was called on a mission Feb 23/89,
Ordained an Elder April 2nd 1899. left for his mission

April 3rd 1899. at the age of 22 years and one month
John Norton Wood was Baptised In
San Juan on his eighth birthday by Elder Korman
James. the third of June 1886. by Korman James
confermed by Jence Nelson on the same day
by June 3rd 1889

Sarah Jane Wood was Baptised in San Juan
by Elder Korman James, on her eighth birthday
the third of July 1889 and was confermed by
Bishop Jence Nelson on the same day

Record of Baptisms In Bluff
George William Wood, was Baptised by
Elder James B Decker, the day after he was
eight years old ^{the} 23 of February 1893 was conformed
two ~~days~~ ^{days} after by Bishop Jence Neilson in Sunday
School.

Catherine Josephine Wood.
Was Baptised by Elder Hyron Perkins
on her eight birthday May 3th 1895
and was conformed two days later on
Sunday after noon by Elder John Allen
In Bluff San Juan Co
Charlott Allie Wood

Was Baptised by Elder Kanner James
On her eight Birthday April 18 1898
and was conformed the same day by Bishop
Jence Neilson in Bluff San Juan Co Utah

George William Wood got his recommend
to go through the temple April 16th 1907
ordained an Elder the same day
same day born Feb 23, 1885
Baptised Dec 23, 1893 by Walter C. Lyman
James B. Dickey
Catherine Josephine Wood received hers the
same day 16th 1907
Born May 3rd 1887 Pinal San Pina Utah
Baptised May 3rd 1895 by Hyrum Perkins
George M. Wood ordained a Deacon
30th Dec 1895 by Herman Jones

A Record of Deaths, Other Disasters, and Some Happy Times
1886 through 1908
by J. C. Wood

Jody referred to herself in writing as J. C. Wood, or Mrs. J. C. Wood, and occasionally formally writes: Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wood. Jody started her "death record" with the following words:

"Mrs. J. C. Wood. The following is a true and correct list of deaths as appeared on my record for the year ____ (?).

She then listed the following categories to consider as she recorded these sad events. But, then, she doesn't follow it at all!

Name, Occupation, Age, Term of Residence,
Single or Married, Widow or Widower, Sex,
Race, Color, Last Resident, Cause of Death

Although the date 1886 is shown, the record does not actually start until 1896. The final entry of this portion of her journal is dated November 14, 1908--three months before she died.

Beginning in 1902, Jody records a variety of other events besides deaths. She records new church assignments, fires, accidents, and children going off to college. She records the dates that Lizzie, Kate, Roy, Alice, and Emma leave for Provo, or return from there. She refers to Charles Broadbent's mission, and Jennie's returning home for a period of time. She gives a sad account of George William's death, but just a brief line of Bernice's tragic young death. She records a visit by her sister (half-sister) Maggie Corlett Parry. She refers fairly frequently to Sam and Emma, Arthur and family, and Henry and family. On page 42 of this reproduction, she records that "Samuel, J. C., & E. L. Wood attend the General Conference in the year 1904. Oct 9th went through the temple for our second anointing."

On separate sheets of paper, she wrote a brief account of the death of Amasa Barton, shot by an Indian at Rincon Pass. Jody went to Rincon Pass to assist Parthenia Barton--when her baby,

Catherine Josephine, was just three weeks old. At the beginning of that account, she states "in the year 1887, waited on thirteen sisters." Her formal birth record shows only three births in 1887. Perhaps others were not recorded. The record of Amasa's death is reproduced on page 45.

Jody also wrote a brief two-page account of the death of John Morton--1893. It, too, is on a separate sheet of paper, and was not part of the lined notebook record. This account is reproduced on page 46.

In the back of Jody's notebook, pasted on the back inside cover, there are several obituaries, including little Bernice's. These are reproduced on page 47. No yearly dates are shown in the articles. The article that briefly recounts the death of little Bernice goes on to talk about the school, cattle, sheep, the "Semi-Weekly News," and the lucern (sic) crop.

The final page of Jody's Journal contains a few lines regarding her role as president of the Primary. It does not appear to be in her writing. Her release from the Primary Association came on September 6, 1908, about a year after the Samuel Wood family moved to Monticello. This information is reproduced on page 48, along with a schoolgirl's writing exercise, which says, "a good girl will try to be good in school." Hers? Or, one of her children's exercise? No one knows.

As quoted in the preface:

*Behold the Work of the Old . . .
Let Your Heritage not be Lost,
But bequeath it as a Memory,
Treasure and Blessing . . .
Gather the lost and the hidden
And preserve it for thy Children.*

Christian Metz--1846.

the following is a true & correct list of deaths as appeared

On my record for the years 1896-1905

Name	Occupation	Age	Residence	Sex	Race	Color	Last Resident	Cause of death
1896								
Died May 12	In Bluff	San Juan	Harriet Ann Barton	wife of J. H. Barton	Born in 1855	all do her infant died in Bluff		
Died May 17		1896	Præmature birth					
Died Nov 1899	down on the San Juan river		Fredrick J. Adams	aged				of Typhoid fever
Killed Nov 7, 1904	in Hammond ward by a runaway team		Francis A. Hammond	aged				
Died Dec 23 1899	In Bluff	Utah	Little Joseph Lee Perkins	aged 16 ^{mo}				
Died May 25 1901	In Bluff	Utah	Little Bernice Corlett Wood					
Born Sep 25 1894			Deed with membranes bronch					
Died Nov 13, 1901	In Bluff		Platt D. Alton Lygman	aged 53 years				
Borned			Deed of a cancerous tumor					
Died Dec 75	1901	In Bluff	J. Lygman Decker	aged 5 years				
Died Dec 15	1901	In Bluff	James B. Decker	aged				
All three of Deckers died of diphtheria with in 18 days								
Died Dec 16	1901	In Bluff	May Gertrude Decker	aged 4 years				
Lillian Decker oldest Daughter, having it quite bad but recovered two weeks after the second boy of Brother & Sister Decker was taken down & died Jan 24, 1902. In Bluff aged about 12. all of diphtheria								
Died Jan 25 with Diphtheria larvae Decker aged								
In Bluff all sick from 3 to 4 days on leg.								

February 10th 1902th Jennie Decker Wood was taken down with Diphtheria was very bad got Dr. Herdington in time to save her

Feb 13th Arthur S. Wood had Diphtheria but both recovered all do a Mr. Nelson had it, he recovered got the Dr. for him and Lillian Butts had the same disease she recovered all had it from December the 16 to Feb. 10th, and all do Sister Stevens had it during that time. She recovered.

April 18th John Larsons home caught on fire in the 1902 night burned his wife & his home, his wife Nora Hadden, Larson was burned past recovery buried 18

May 10th 1902 Alven Lygman had his fingers cut off with a rope catching at wild horse.

May 19th 1902 Brother Walter L. Lygman was put in as President of the San Juan Stake of Zion

Dec 24 1903 Joseph H. Neilson died of Typhoid Pneumonia

1903 In Bluff San Juan Utah

march 26 little Reed, Redd died (Premature) birth in Bluff

1904 Mr & Mrs Abriah Neilson " " " "

Baby girl died in Bluff 1904

Dec 23 Florence Adams died of Scarlet fever & heart failure in Bluff San Juan Utah aged

April 26 1905 Mrs & Mrs. Wayne H. Redd baby girl aged 40 weeks, died in Bluff April 26, 1905 with cold and spasms,

Aug 25 1905 Francis Lyle Neilson died at Mordine Utah accident. had his knee runched out, on the 17th the seventh had his leg taken off twice 20th 25

Record Samuel, J. & C. J. Wood attend the general conference
in the year 1904 Oct 9th went through the temple for one second anointing
Oct 17, 1904. All to Annie M. Decker.

Jennie came home from Provo on a visit Sep 19th 1898
Returned home with her Husband Jan 2nd 1900

Feb 12, 1906 Harry M. Handback, was thrown from
his wagon and killed instantly 6 miles
from Cortez, brought to Bluff Utah for burial
leaves a wife & 2 little girls

March 25, 1900, Lydia May James, met with a severe accident
with a lamp being tipped over her back, while kneeling
down, at a box, burning her hands, and from the
lower part of her back, to her feet, she suffered contused
for 22 days when death claimed her. She passed away
in the 17 of April, buried on the 18th 1900 leaves
eight children, her oldest, boy in Cedar, attending school

April 24, 1906, Bishop Jesse, Neilson, died in Bluff Utah
of Dropsy, old age, if he had lived to more
days he would of been 80, and has been Bishop
in Bluff 26 years, he was dearly loved by everybody
January 1906 Samuel H. Bedd was put in Bishop of the
Bluff ward, Kuman Jones, & Frances Nielson
Parceles,

June 12, 1906 Katie Wood returned home from the B. G. M.
After an absent of a year & 10 months,

Sept 27, 1906 Katie Emma, & Lizzie, with many other Bluff Utah,
left for Provo, school, Sep 24, 1906, Utah

Mantuello, Utah, Sep 2nd 1906,

Sister Ada, James, was brought home from Colorado
a corps, her Husband, her Mother & Sister
took, her to the Drs. in Colo, to be treated
for consumption, but they could do nothing
for her, & she died out there, in Colo, in Mantuello
1906
Nov 25, J. H. Wood started, to Salt Lake with a prospector,

1906
Nov 29, Roy left, Mantuello, to go to the B. G. M. in Provo
Dec 15, Samuel, & J. H. Wood left " for Bluff, Utah, got thrown from
the wagon narrowly a scapd being killed, got to Bluff on 16
but recovered, after many weeks, been living in
Mantuello for the ~~winter~~ Roy, Wood & James returned
from the B. G. M. March 28, 1907,

April 20, 1907, George W. Wood, & Walter Sturms started for
their mission to the central States, Bluff missings
George Wood our youngest son aged 22 years, left
home, well, and in good faith, of fulfilling a mission,
left Salt Lake May 3rd, reached head quarters, in Independence
May 24th, went on from there to Kelsey, where they
had conference, had their photos taken & traveled
on to Texas, where he took sick & died there in
Harrell, Texas, with only two, Elders with him Elders
Nelson, & Bodily, he was brought home to Bluff for burial
he was gone from home just 2 months & seven days

Aug 13, 1907 My sister Maggie, Parry, came on a visit, to Mantuello
Stayed four weeks, & greatly enjoyed her, visit I went back

with her as far as Provo. Alice, Emma & Lezzie Wood, all
 so went to attend the B. C. M. left Monticello
 Sep 11th 1907 and meet Elder Nelson, our Dan. Sampson
 who cared & watched over him in his sickness
 he a President. Benson, accompanied the remains
 to Thompsons Springs Utah, were his brother Arthur
 meet him & brought him over his father & mother
 and sister Jennie Broadbent, came from Provo
 we came over and at Monticello, was his
 Brothers, J. H. & Roy, Kate, Alice, & the families
 of the older boys, awaiting us, then at
 Bluff, Emma & Lezzie Wood, & the entire word
 of anxious friends awaited us, my Darling
 Boy was layed away July 27th 1907.

Aug 22nd 1907, Bro Morrow & Lousindy Redds little Daughter
 Jan died, at 5 o'clock Friday Morning, with some
 complaint, buried at Monticello Utah

Sep 13th 1907, Arthur S. Wood wife baby, Vivian Redd and
 Maggie Bailey left to attend the convention
 at Geneva when Arthur got struck with
 lightning, very severely, had to lay under the
 Dr. care for three weeks, his Bro & sister Henry
 & Kate went out to him I came home on
 the 26th of Sep. from Provo, on that a count,
 reached Provo, the 14th the day Arthur was
 struck with lightning, Roy started for Jennie
 the 4th her husband leaves for a mission to the
 northern States w-13. Charles Broadbent, 1907

J B Wood

I left Monticello Sep 11 1907 for Provo
 in company with my sister Maggie
 Perry from Cedar, Alice Wood my Daughter
 Emma & Lezzie Wood, & many
 others going to the B. C. M. Convention,
 to start 16th of Sep. 1907, staying only
 12 days when hear of my sons
 serious accident, by being struck
 with lightening wife & baby
 I am now gone back Sep 26
 1907

- Nov 17th 1907 Jennie & children arrived here, to remain for some time while her husband was on a mission, both her children had moved ^{to} the Measels, I left for Moab, to wait, an ¹⁹⁰⁷ Sisters May Larson & Hammond, they got a long sickly, I returned home, a gain.
- Dec 13th Thomas & New Years, passed off very good.
- Jan 3rd 1908 Alton Redd was shot, in the heart & died ten minutes after, shot by a Mexican boy causing a sadness & gloom over all who knew him, and every body sympathized with the family.
- Jan 10th 1908 Chris & Minnie, Christensen lost their baby with Pemmia after suffering for 15 days.
- Jan 8th 1908 J. H. Wood, with others went to Montezuma to see in to some Indian troubles.
- Jan 20th 1908 left home for Grayson. Stayed two weeks, then several of the family went to attend the Bluff conference the people & Pemmia gave me a lovely party & two long blankets, the 12 of Fred & Eunice Wood left Dec 25 for a visit to Cedar, to see his sick Uncle, returned home ^{20th} Monticello.
- May 18th 1908 Appalo. Bro. Longman & Appalo. George D. Smith visited us here in Monticello all so visited through the San Juan Stake
- May 18th 1908 Mrs. William Snyder had a little three year old girl burned so badly she died next day.
- May 19th 1908 Jennie Wood Broad ^{left to go to Bluff} & Kate Wood left to go down to the oil fields some were with Rachel Perkins to cook for men, that was working
- May 19th 1908 Jennie left for Provo, to attend summer school. I stayed home.

- with her children. Alice left with many of the other San Juan students to attend the University at Provo 7 of Sep 1908
- Oct 1st 1908 Henry, his little girl Bernice & Kate Wood all left for Salt Lake, to see the Dr. attend conference, & go to school.
- Sep 28th 1908 Jennie started school in Monticello.
- Sep 1908 Albert & May Ellen, lost their baby, it suffered ^{ideal} a great
- Oct 28th 1908 Mrs. Mrs. Lella Christensen lost their baby.
- In Bluff April 1908 Father John Allen, died after a long sickness
- Grayson I went to Grayson, to help with sister Lizzie Allen, ^{Miss} who was very sick with Pemmia, & Rheumatism. She recovered from Grayson James P. & Jennie Nelson lost their baby after a very serious operation, in Durango.
- Nov 14th 1908 Roy & Kate Wood, went to attend B. N. at Provo School. Emma, Lizzie & Alice Wood, were there at first

In the year 1887, waited an 13
Sisters when my baby was three weeks
old. I went down to Rincon for
one more of a company to Sister Hyde
& Jennie Barton whose
husband was shot twice in the
head by some wicked Navajos on
June 1887 he lived 7 days after
& died June leaving a young wife
with two small children the youngest
two weeks old, his wife & her mother
being the only two that was there
at the time. they paid at Nete Lake
seven Dollars to come to Bluff
a distance of ten miles. for help
and at that time there was only six
men in town, but they all left
and went to the Chorroing area
the women and children half
scared to death with

Man to guard a bout thirty women
and helpless children we got word
about eleven o'clock that the Indians
were coming this way & to get all
the cartridges out of the store & every
where else for thy thought that was
what they would make for first, and
that night we did not know what
moment we might be attacked
by those heartless red men
well we all gathered to the Bishop's
& stayed that night, but no rest
for women nor children and
there was not a cry nor a
murmur from any of them dear
little children. It seemed as
tho we all had faith we would
not be killed but we thought our
homes would be burned I had
gathered a sack full of clothing
for the Chila & in case.

He was the quickest one in
the family to make it right.
he would ask the youngest child
forgiveness when he was wrong
he was wrong, & he was all ways
willing to make every thing right
And then he was so happy
when he was doing some thing
for others, that he knew would
pleas them, that was his happiest
moments of his life. The poor boy
thruly enjoyed himself from Christmas
until New years eve, when he
was enjoying a game of ball in
the year 1893. he fell & struck
his knee on a rock, with in
twenty four hours after pained
him very bad, we done all in
our power, we knew for his relief
but nothing done him any good

There was several Doctors I'm
to see him, but none could help
him, he suffered eighteen long
days and nights, & then all those
we could not give him up, he
beged to go, the Lord that is wise
I'm all things, took him to him
Self with all our pleadings but
the Lords will be done not ours
but I need not say it was a very
sever trial on us all.

John H. was Baptised on his
Birthday when he was eight years
old on the third of June 1887
by Elder Herman James I'm San Juan
Sanpinned by Jence Neilson Bishop
on the same day 1887
on Jan 26 1891 by Jence Neilson
he was Ordained a Deacon
in Bluff San Juan Nootah

BLUFF.

Death of Bernice Wood — Stock Doing Well—Fruit Injured by Frost.

Special Correspondence.

Bluff, San Juan Co., May 29.—We have to record the death of Bernice, the youngest daughter of Samuel and Josephine Wood, from croup, on May 24th. She was a bright, intelligent child six years and eight months old. Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon in the meeting house, and were largely attended.

The district school closed on May 3rd. Brother Charles Broadbent was principal and Miss Lillian Decker his assistant.

Our stock men are very well satisfied and pleased, as we had a fine open winter and cattle look fairly well.

Sheep has done as well as horned cattle. If not better, with fleeces as heavy as any previous season. Our wool that was left from last year, and in spring's clip, will amount to 300,000 pounds or more, and is now ready for purchaser.

We receive the Semi-Weekly News regularly which we appreciate very much. Monday's we receive on Fridays. Thursday's we receive on Mondays. There are 26 families in this ward and 25 subscribers for the Semi-Weekly News.

The frost in the beginning of March killed most of the fruit; there may be half a crop raised or enough for home consumption.

Luccern looks well and will be ready to cut in ten or twelve days; it will be more than an average crop.

BLUFF.

VICTIM OF DIPHTHERIA.

The Fourth in J. B. Decker's Family — Scarlet Fever Cases.

Bluff, San Juan Co., Jan. 24.—Another child of the late James B. Decker died today. His son Horace, 15 years old, succumbed to diphtheria. This is the fourth victim in this family in a little over a month. One more of the family is down with the same disease. Friends and Saints are doing what they can to comfort and console the bereaved mother, but she is almost distracted. This, together with the death of President P. D. Lyman, William Adams and a promising little girl of Brother and Sister Samuel Wood which happened earlier in the winter, has caused a greater gloom to come over our little ward, than we have ever known before.

We have several cases of scarlet fever but as yet none has proven fatal. School has closed and the teacher of the higher department, Charles Broadbent, of Provo, has gone home. Public gatherings of all kinds have ceased, in fact there has been but very few since before the holidays.

We hope for storm as we feel that we need it not only for our stock on the range, but the general health of the people would be better.

The Stake conference which is to be held on the 15th and 16th of February, will convene in Mancos, Colorado, as all other wards in the Stake are afflicted with contagious diseases.

BLUFF.

VICTIMS OF DIPHTHERIA.

James B. Decker and Two Children Succumb to Fell Disease.

Special Correspondence.

Bluff, San Juan County, Dec. 17.—We are having exceedingly dry weather this winter and unless it storms in the near future loss on sheep and cattle will be heavy, as most of the water on the winter ranges has dried up.

RAVAGES OF DIPHTHERIA.

Diphtheria has broken out in our town and in a few days taken away three from one family, James B. Decker, and two of his children, a son and daughter, the first victims to the disease. One of them died on the 15th and the other two died on the 16th. Brother Decker was the father of eleven children, nine of whom survive him. The other two passed away with him this week. He was one of the pioneers of this place. For years he has been the superintendent of the Sunday schools of the San Juan Stake, and was highly respected by all.

OBITUARY.

ELDER J. H. NIELSEN.

Bluff, Dec. 25, 1903.—Elder H. J. Nielson of this place, stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of San Juan stake, died yesterday of typhoid pneumonia, after an illness of nearly three weeks. Brother Nielsen was born Jan. 24, 1860, at Paroman, Iron county, Utah. The deceased was the son of Bishop Jens Nielsen of Bluff, and his wife Kisten. His boyhood days were spent in Cedar, working on the farm and freighting, helping to support a large family.

In the spring of 1879 received a call to help settle the San Juan. He with others about 25 were immediately started off to explore the country and a route, returning in the fall, when about 80 wagons were fitted out. His father being among the number, started again for the San Juan, which place they reached after a journey of five months, during which time some 200 miles of road was made over a very rough and broken country. The company reached the San Juan River on the 6th of April, 1880, locating at what is now known as Bluff. Since then Brother Nielsen has lived at Bluff, and during the struggle incident to establishing and maintaining a place situated as this is, he has always been firm and steadfast in carrying out the counsels of the authorities. He married Ida, the daughter of Apostle Amasa M. and Lydia Lyman. Filled a mission of two years and six months to the northern states to show his devotion to the cause and his interest in the work at his own request remained six months after having been honorably released. Served several years as county commissioner.

Brother Nielsen was one of the leading financiers of the county, heavily interested in sheep, cattle merchandising. He has been a member of the High Council for a number of years, as well as stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., which position he filled with marked ability to the satisfaction of those among whom he labored.

He leaves a wife and eight children. A father aged 84 and a mother 70 years old, as well as a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

He was a noble specimen of manhood spiritually and physically.

His loss will keenly be felt by the people of this stake.

The funeral was held at 1 o'clock today in the ward meetinghouse, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The choir rendered suitable music. The house being filled nearly every person in town being present. The speakers, Elders Jos. F. Barton, President Walter C. Lyman, Elders Hanson, Bayles, L. H. Redd and President W. H. Redd spoke in the highest terms of his life and labors, generosity, love and devotion to the cause of truth.

The leading members of the Y. M. M. I. A., acting as pallbearers carried him from the meetinghouse to the cemetery where after singing and prayer he was peaceably laid to rest.

BLUFF.

FREIGHTER'S SHOCKING DEATH

to Save Homes From San Juan Floods.

Special Correspondence.

Bluff, San Juan Co., Feb. 20.—The finest kind of spring weather has prevailed here for the last month. Frost is entirely out of the ground, which is in the finest condition for plowing.

The people of Bluff have spent about \$1,500 rigging the river with brush and rocks since New Year's. Every effort is being made to protect the land and homes from the ravages of the high water that is sure to come as soon as spring opens in the high mountains of Colorado.

SHOCKING DEATH ON THE ROAD.

One of the most shocking accidents known in the history of this settlement happened here last week. Harvey Hancock, a young man, and a freighter by trade, was on a trip to one of the neighboring settlements in Colorado for grain and flour, with a six-horse team. While there he traded for an outlaw horse, and on his way home the horse became unmanageable. While trying to reach his brake and at the same time steer his team, he was thrown from the wagon and instantly killed. His body was brought home and laid to rest on the 14th inst. The funeral was held at the ward meetinghouse under the direction of the ward Bishopric. A number of leading Elders spoke of his thrift and industry as a sterling citizen, and offered words of comfort to his wife, who is left with two small children.

A subscription was started today for the benefit of the family, with the result that several hundred dollars has already been subscribed.

The Y. M. and Y. L. associations are arranging for a grand character ball to be given on the 22nd inst. The Monticello young folks are invited and expected to attend, notwithstanding the long distance of 50 miles they have to travel by team to reach here.

Josephine E Wood set apart as Pres. of
Primary at Bluff May 23rd 1884 by Bp.
Jesse Nielson.

Was released Sept 6th 1908 when she moved to
Monticello Mt.

Was set apart as second counselor to Jane
Walton in Relief Stake Presidency Nov 27th 1888
by Pres. W^m Hall and was released at the
death of Dr. Walton

a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
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a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school
a good girl will try to be good in school

Emma Wood



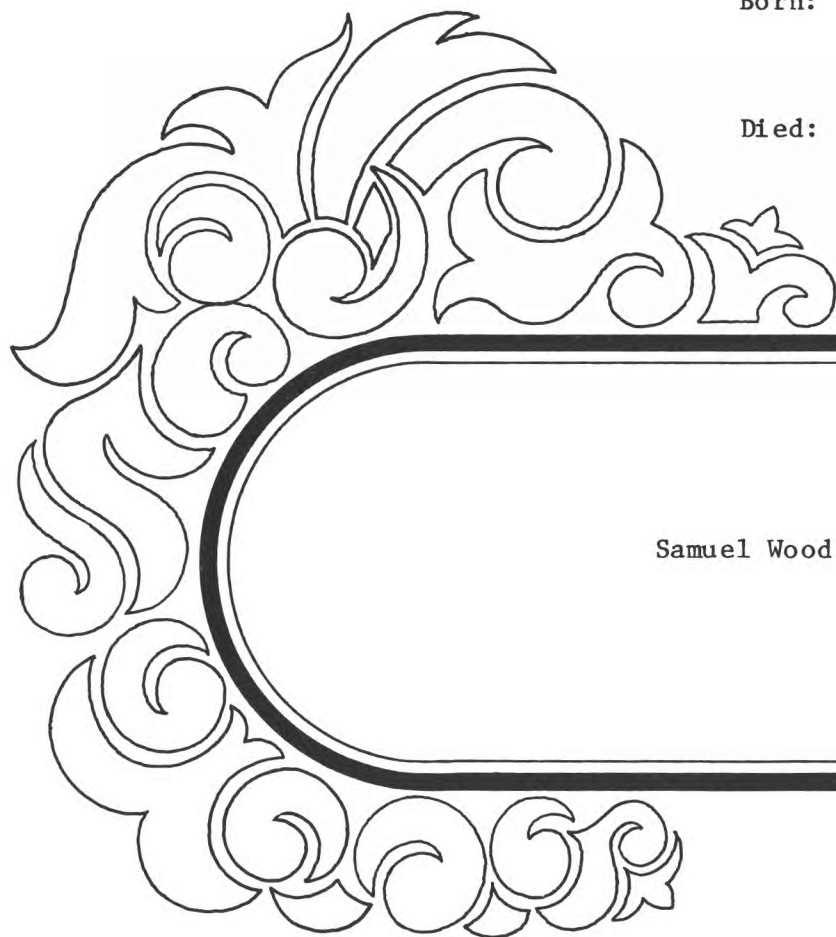
Emma Louise Elliker Wood

Daughter of

Hans Heinrich (Henry) Elliker and Elizabeth Lattmann Elliker

Born: January 21, 1862
Beaver,
Beaver County, Utah

Died: March 17, 1955
Monticello,
San Juan County, Utah



Samuel Wood



Emma Louise Elliker Wood
(Second wife of Samuel Wood)

Emma Louise Elliker Wood

Emma Louise Elliker (some records spell name Elikar) was born January 21, 1862 at Beaver, Beaver County, Utah. Her parents, Hans Heinrich (Henry) Elliker and Elizabeth Lattmann Elliker were born in Zurich, Canton, Switzerland. They came to the United States on the Good Ship Horizon, and crossed the plains with the Evans Handcart Company.

Emma Louise was baptized and confirmed in Cedar City, Utah on August 24, 1879. (The authors of Emma Louise's history noted baptism as September 3, 1871 by Samuel Burnhart, and confirmation on same date by Samuel Leigh). In her youth, Emma said the grain in the field was cut with a scythe, and they would glean the field and sell the wheat. They would glean wool from the fences and the wool was made into yarn and made into yardage for clothes. She remembered there was always plenty to eat, but that they could have had more clothes; they went barefooted in the summer and saved shoes for school in the winter. She was first to have a low-topped pair of shoes; the laces were buckskin.

Winter sports were skating on the ice (without skates), candy pulls, corn-shucking bees, and dancing. They danced the Virginia Reel, Square Dances, Scotch Reel, and Schottish.

Emma and two sisters, Lavina and Elizabeth, were left to be supported by their mother. Early in life, they knew what it was to help "earn their board and keep." Emma went to work for Aunt Mame Armstrong. Samuel Wood and Joseph Armstrong were close friends. It was while living with her that she received her schooling which ended with the seventh grade. She became the plural wife of Samuel Wood November 5, 1885. They were married in the St. George Temple. They left on the 18th for Bluff, by way of Lee's Ferry, in company with Jens P. Nielson, Bishop Nielson's wife, three children, and Willard Butt and wife. Also in the small company were Josephine Catherine Chatterly Wood (Samuel's first wife) and their ten-month old baby, George William, and

other children. For one month they experienced thrills and fear. The road was no better than trails, and they were in danger of the Indians and desperadoes who sought the desert to evade the law. The wonderful scenery through which they traveled (by wagon) was better appreciated in later years when the trails were turned to automobile roads and the renegades were subdued.



Emma Louise Elliker
Photo taken about the time of her marriage
to Samuel Wood (November 5, 1885)
Approximate age 23

Samuel left Cedar City on the 17th of November, and the next morning they were on their way to Bluff. Joseph Armstrong took Emma and Josephine out on the 18th. The marshall came riding up and said, "I hear you got married Emma." She said, "Oh, no," and he said "I knew you had better sense. So and so carries a bible; I carry a six shooter." He perhaps knew she was married. He was a friend and let it pass.

They traveled to Bluff by way of Escalante. "Aunt Emma" was always helping everyone in the camp. Aunt Emma was one of the many souls called to settle San Juan who knew real pioneer life. The nearest

white neighbors were 100 miles away. She partook of the many hardships and helped to build a community that reflected credit on the State of Utah.

Many times Aunt Emma and Aunt Jody went to parties and visited the sick together, and Aunt Emma spent much time sitting up with the sick. Aunt Emma and Aunt Jody were both good cooks, but Aunt Jody's talent ran toward nursing and doctoring the sick, and Aunt Emma's talent ran toward artistry in cooking. Often Jody would call "Emmy . . . come and make me a cake and I will do something for you." Emma excelled in the culinary arts, and never a large dinner or wedding was held without her help; the wedding cake had to be made by Aunt Emma. She was also a skilled dressmaker and her beautiful hand crochet work adorns the home of almost everyone she knows. She helped many in times of need. She became "Aunt Emma" and was loved by everyone; friends and relatives have made a beaten path to her door.

In those days, the women worked as hard as the men. She raised splendid gardens. No orchard had better fruit than hers. She took charge of many a home, after the stork put in an appearance, until the mother was able to be on her feet; this at 50¢ a day . . . not just for eight hours a day nor for unskilled labor. Doctors were out of the question, and at the birth of her first child she came nearly answering death's call. It was at such times that the Power of God came to the rescue of these people. When one neighbor was not so lucky, losing his wife during childbirth, Aunt Emma weaned her own baby in order to save the little girl (Caroline Bayles Riley) and kept her until she was a year old.

When May Jones was burned in Bluff, Emma went to her home to help take care of the children with Aunt Mary. Aunt May died and Emma stayed with the children until she went to Provo with her children for school. Aunt May left seven boys and one girl--the youngest, Francis, being just a baby. The children all became very dear to her, and ever since they have shown their love and appreciation for her.

While Emma's children were very small she spent one winter in Mancos, Colorado. Her mother had remarried and was living there.

During her absence from Bluff, her husband became violently ill. Again, the absence of a professional doctor caused the people to rely on a higher power (as well as the care by "Aunt Jody"). At such times the entire community was concerned. Through fasting and prayer, this good man was spared to his families. In later years, an operation proved that the appendix had burst and thrown the discharge off through the bowels. Such cases are exceptions to the rule. Death visited Aunt Jody's family several times, and Aunt Emma shared this grief as if they were her own. Joy and sorrow were shared alike by these two women. After ten years, Emma took a much earned vacation visiting her people in Beaver County.



*Emma Louise Elliker Wood
A young matron in Bluff, Utah
Second wife of Samuel Wood*

Aunt Emma relates how the Comforter was sent again during the Indian depredation, when Amasa M. Barton lost his life at their hands ten miles west of Bluff at a trading post. The night he was killed, Bob Allen came to Bluff at 3o'clock in the night, telling everyone to go to one or two homes in Bluff. The main reason he came to town was to tell the people to take the fire-arms out of the store as the Indians might make a raid and get them. Every family gathered at the Bishop's home, except the Anna M. Decker family and she, in her usual bravery, said that she was just as safe at home as anywhere. Aunt Emma took her two children to Bishop Nielson's home, then went back and helped Aunt



*The two
children born
to*

*Emma Louise
Elliker Wood*

and

Samuel Wood

*L: Mary
Elizabeth Wood*

R: Leroy Wood

*Circa
1897-1898*

Mamie Jones with her four children. She remembers Aunt Jody saying she wanted her children dressed in their best. Everyone sat around on the floor all night. When Bob Allen came, he was asked if there was any danger and he said "You are alive tonight, but God only knows whether you will be in the morning."

At this time, a good many men were away working on a canal near Dolores, Colorado, and the rest of the men, with the exception of "Grandfather Bayles" and Peter Allen, went to where Amasa was killed. Grandfather Bayles was very old, and Peter walked around the houses all night with a gun.

Amasa was brought to Bluff for burial. After he was buried, quite a number of Indians came to Bluff in their war paint, and said they would fight or make peace. Bishop Nielson talked to the Indians and gave them flour and killed a beef for them. Bishop Nielson always said it was better to feed the Indians than fight them.

Aunt Emma and Lizzie Allen Nix stayed with the bereaved family while the merchandise from the store was being hauled back to Bluff. The moaning of the cottonwood trees, howl of the coyotes, the roar of the San Juan River, mingled with the war whoops of the Indians echoes through the cliffs throughout the nights. Two weeks of this could not have been endured without the help of the Ever Watchful One.

Another, a more humorous incident, occurred when Joseph F. Barton went on a mission and he asked Sam to take care of his orchard just a block away from home. One day, Jody and Emma saw three Indians go into the orchard, so they followed them. Two of the Indians got away, but the other one stood as though petrified; he could not move. So, they took hold of his arms and brought him to Emma's home and tied him to a post. It was hard to know who was the most frightened. They told the Indian that he must go away, and he said "Ya, ya, ya . . ." so, they untied his arms and the last they saw of him he was going as fast as possible. This happened when the Indians had become much more friendly.

For a period of twenty years, Emma lived in Bluff. She served that time as a Relief Society teacher, being set apart November 27, 1888 by William Halls.

For seven years, she made her home in Provo where she went to give her children the advantages of high school. She boarded and acted as mother to many of the San Juan students.

During this time, Aunt Jody (the first wife), died and Emma

returned to Monticello. The following year her husband, Samuel, died after an operation in Salt Lake City. Death claimed him April 10, 1910. From Salt Lake she accompanied the body to Bluff where it rests with other members of the family.

Her little home was sold in Bluff, and with hard earnings she built a little home in Monticello. She worked for Charles Redd at LaSal for many years, starting in 1916. She came back to Monticello to take care of her mother during her last illness, and then went back to LaSal again. Her son, Leroy, was on a mission to the Southern States at the time of his father's death, but did not return until January, 1912. Her daughter, Elizabeth, was employed at this time by the Knight Investment Company at Provo as a stenographer, so Aunt Emma returned to Provo until her son returned from the south.

Aunt Emma's two children, Leroy and Mary Elizabeth, were both born on October 2nd--Leroy in 1886 and Elizabeth (Lizzie) in 1889.

Leroy married Isabel Barton March 27, 1912. To this union four children were born: Karl Clayton, Vera, Gordon Amasa, and Melba Rae.

Elizabeth married Franklin Halls January 4, 1916. To this union five children were born: Franklin Devere, Lowell Keith, Carol Merlene, Samuel Frederick, and William Wood.

Emma Wood was an ambitious, economical woman, a lover of beauty, a splendid housekeeper and cook. Her days were devoted to her church and at the age of 69 she was a counselor in the Monticello Ward Relief Society--a position she held for seven years. She helped many in times of need. She became "Aunt Emma" and was loved by everyone. Aunt Jody's children think of her as a second mother. At 91, she lived in her own home and did most of her work. Her mind was keen and she looked forward to reading the daily paper and magazines.

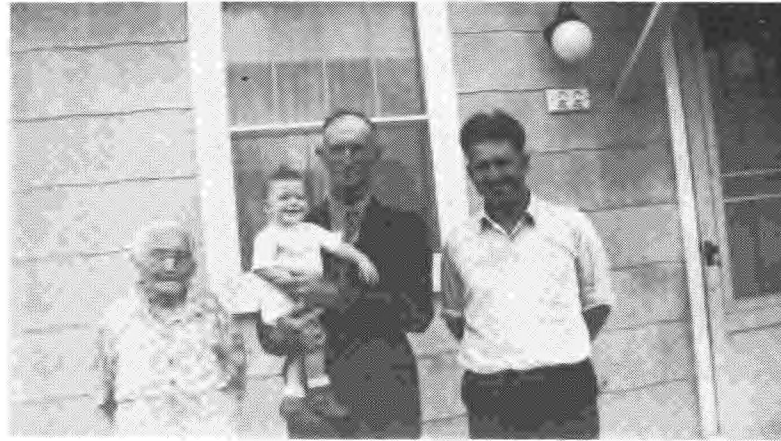
She died on March 17, 1955 in Monticello, Utah. She was 93 years old.



*"Aunt Emma" . . . as she was lovingly known . . .
A beautiful, serene woman.
Monticello, Utah
Circa 1950*



*"Aunt Emma" Wood . . . a familiar figure
standing in front of her home.
Circa 1950-1955*



*Four Generations
Emma Louise Elliker Wood;
Son, Leroy Wood; great-grandson, Clay Wood;
and grandson, Karl Wood (father of Clay)
Monticello, Utah--1943*



*Emma Louise Elliker Wood
with two grandsons, Craig and Gary Halls
(sons of Devere and Margaret Halls)
Monticello, Utah
Circa 1953*

Funeral services for Emma L. Wood were held March 21, 1955 at 2:00 p.m. Prayer was offered by Charles Broadbent. The following talk was given by Rita Bailey:

"Emma Louise Wood, age 93, passed away March 17, 1955. She was an accomplished dressmaker. Her beautiful handiwork adorns the homes of almost everyone she knew. For years, at almost every bridal shower, one of her lovely crocheted doilies appeared, whether she could attend personally or not. It was as if her handiwork helped her to grow lovely growing old. Through it, she seemed to say:

*Let me grow lovely growing old,
So many fine things do:
Laces and ivory and gold,
And silks need not be new.
There is healing in old trees,
Old streets, a glamour hold.
Why can't I as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?*

This, Aunt Emma succeeded in doing. The years but added to her charm. You could go to visit her and she shared your burdens, and lifted you up spiritually with her genuine interest.

Many, many people will miss Aunt Emma. Her close association with her family

and her friends was very sweet and rich and full. She was mother to more than her own family. She mothered her nieces and her grandchildren and many others whose lives she touched. In her relationship with people one was not conscious of her age. She seemed to possess an ageless quality spoken of by the poet when he said:

*Age is a quality of mind.
If your dreams you've lost behind,
If hope is cold;
If you no longer look ahead
If your ambitions' fires are dead
Then you are old.*

*But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the best
If love you hold
No matter how the years go by
No matter how the birthdays fly
You are not old.*

Aunt Emma had an unswerving faith in the gospel. Her life bore out her testimony of her belief in the immortality of the soul. If she could speak to us, I am sure she would agree with the words of Victor Hugo when he wrote:

"Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others--'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: It is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

The following is a talk given at the funeral of Emma Louise Wood by Charles Redd:

"She was a great lady. She was one of my greatest friends and I don't think anyone has a greater respect than I do of Aunt Emma. I have come to realize that she was a friend to nearly everyone. She was one of those rare characters who could interest children, young boys and girls before they were married, and married couples. She had an understanding of people's problems that few people have. She had a kindness and dauntless faith that few people have. I don't think that Aunt Emma ever spoke harshly to a boy that smoked, drank, or got out of line, but that boy knew how she felt about it and the respect they gave to her was much.

I remember the funerals of Bluff. They were very dear to me in spite of the fact that we may have made a little too much of them, but the people there had to do everything for themselves. There was usually a two-day holiday for the children. I remember that Aunt Emma always took a great part in the making of the clothes. They had nice funerals, and I remember the long trek up the hill. They always carried the casket up the hill from the south across the old Bluff ditch. I think when Sister Barton died, Brother Barton had a better road made from the north. We thought it was unworthy to haul a casket to the cemetery. We always carried it to the graveside. I remember the graveyard in tenderness.

I consider Aunt Emma one of the great characters of my experiences. Some of you people who are not well acquainted with this woman will feel that the things that may be said here today are overstated or not justified. That is often the case at funerals. I think that a wonderful story could be written about Aunt Emma that would be inspiring for generations to come. She was a mature woman. She was a woman of great character, tender and gentle to a degree, but firm and persistent. Many persons know about her life in Bluff. She was a polygamist wife. She lived in poverty. I think she was not only a very wonderful lady, but a great peacemaker. She was mature in the sense that she could take care of herself and get along. I don't know of any single family that lived so beautiful an example as the two Wood

families lived. There was great love and affection of Jody's children to Aunt Emma. She was just as much concerned about Jody's children as her own. It is a great thing to have a mature grown-up personality. I think one of the purposes of life is to develop this balanced wholesome maturity that Aunt Emma seemed to do such a good job of. I visited her many times. I am ashamed of myself that I didn't make better use of the opportunity to visit her more. I went to see her because I enjoyed it. She was a great, educated talker. She could talk to people of any age, children, young people, and older people. She was a sort of universalist.

When I went to LaSal in 1915 to take a job that was much too big for me, it wasn't long until I induced Aunt Emma to take care of the ranch house. I owe her a greater debt than I could ever pay. She presided over the ranch house in kindness, and she was a great, intelligent mother to me. She was the kind that would tell you things without seeming to mean to tell you. Aunt Emma was an idealist. She was a cultured lady and was concerned about the growth of mind and spirit. She was not only an idealist, but a realist. I remember the sacrifice she made to go to Provo to take her children to the school. She entered into Provo with only \$50.00 to start the school year.

I don't know of anyone who could take a little food and do the things that she could do. I would rather sit at Aunt Emma's table than a banquet at Hotel Utah. I confess I might be a little prejudiced. She could do so much with so little. I think one of the purposes of our coming to this world is to learn to use our own resources. Too often, we spend too much time talking about the opportunities we had, but not enough doing something about them and learning to master that field. Aunt Emma was a great genius in that field. She was balanced and mature. I was thinking yesterday of a comment that a man made who wrote a great deal about pioneer life in America and Utah. He made this comment: You Mormons are a great people. I think you are one-sided in giving praises, however, you certainly don't

give the praise to the people down the ranks who really carry the load.

I don't think Aunt Emma was in public life; her great force and influence was felt in these other fields. She had a balanced life and believed highly in the necessity of religion, and couldn't rest until she educated her children. She had that kind intelligent dignity that seemed to influence everyone who came into her circle. I don't know of a finer example of a person who believes and lives these three things--faith, courage, and integrity. How many women would pack up their family without any help from the outside, and go to Provo, without having any funds to carry them through. No one needs to mention her courage. I think that those three things just about cover what a great character should have. She had the wholesome optimism, the inspiration and the faith that nothing ever seemed impossible to her."

The following is a talk given by Fred W. Keller at the funeral of Emma Louise Wood:

"This is really an occasion when very little, if any, speaking is required. I am sure that nearly all of us here knew Aunt Emma, and that everyone who knew her has one or more soft spots in his heart because of that acquaintance. I feel honored to be called up to add some words to those that have already been spoken here, all of which I encore. I haven't known Aunt Emma as long as Charley has, but I think that I saw in her life and my acquaintance with her the same things that he has mentioned, something extremely genuine in that life. Mabel and I knew her some thirty-four years, and like Charles, we considered her a member of our group here in Monticello. We didn't go to see her merely because of the reverence that we had for her, we visited her because we found in her something that gave to us very much happiness.

I thought of this expression in reflecting upon the life of Aunt Emma: '*Life can be Beautiful.*' You can

make it that, no matter what your hardships are. She was a widow for forty-four years, enduring hardship and poverty, and a happy person carrying happiness to all those who contacted her. Now, she didn't look back, she didn't feel bad for years because she was deprived of great joys that she would, no doubt, liked to have had. She looked forward, she made the most of everything that came her way.

Aunt Emma, when she was close to eighty, sent the best of her handiwork to the State Fair, and out of the prize money that Aunt Emma got, she was very proud that she could pay her taxes. Aunt Emma at eighty-five . . . No, after that, I think close to eighty-eighty or eighty-nine . . . built for herself a new home. She had all the dreams in that undertaking that a young bride would have.

I saw her last Monday and I said, 'Aunt Emma, we love you, keep your chin up.' She said, 'I will.' That is the kind of woman that Aunt Emma was. Now, let us not forget these things. Life may be hard, it may provide for you many sorrows and much pain, it may yet be beautiful. It is not what you have, but what you are. We are thinking of Aunt Emma as what she is, and I believe that today and now, in a happier state than we are in here, Aunt Emma is planning, going forward, not looking back with sorrow because of what has passed. Let it be a lesson to all of us. Be happy in spite of everything. Don't look back with regret because of what has transpired. Look forward and meet the good fight with a smile on your face--spread happiness among all those with whom you come in contact.

I ask God's blessings upon this family. Like Charley, I know them, I love them, my wife loves them. They have been a great source of joy to us as they have to all of you. God bless them and bless all of us. I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

The following is a talk given by Bishop Kenneth Summers at the funeral of Emma Louise Wood:

"It is more than an honor to be asked to speak at Sister Emma's funeral this afternoon. I haven't known her as long as the previous speakers. I was touched at the spirit of Sister Rita Bailey as she spoke here this afternoon. I know that the friendship that exists between her and Aunt Emma will be of lasting value to Sister Rita, and I glory in the fact that this good woman had the ability to endear herself to the people who came to this community.

A few things have come to my mind the last few days since I have known that I was going to speak. When I went to the home, Lizzie told me that Aunt Emma had told them who she would like to speak at the funeral before she died. It has been a touching experience to me.

Aunt Emma has seen a great development in this county from the time that she came here and she is one who has lived and grown with that development. Oft times, people who are older get in a rut and can't get out of it, but it was not so with this good woman. I could not help but think of the great rocks and cliffs that were obstacles in their coming to this county. She has lived long enough to see them give up their wealth and fame to the human race. And, isn't it a strange thing that this one great obstacle that they encountered and because of those obstacles they met, they were made great and strong. I only wish that that strength and power that has been derived from those things could be used in the way that they were used by her to make them greater and to develop and become great.

Another thought came to me in the passing of this good woman, and that is this: She has spent her time and her talent during her life in gathering about her the things that she will take with her. They are not being left behind. Too often we struggle with things which, when we are called to make the supreme sacrifice, we have to leave them behind. That is not the case in the life of this good woman.

She lived as a neighbor to us for a good many years.

I have been in her home many, many times, and she in ours. And, while we lived in the west part of town, scarcely a day passed that she didn't stop in and visit with us. Sometimes, she would ask one of the girls to run an errand for her and we could visit while she waited for her to return, which gave me an opportunity to become well acquainted with her.

Many things have been said about her this afternoon which I am grateful for and which are true. I couldn't help but feel, as we found our places here today, that she now stands in holy places, and one of our sisters passes to the great beyond.

I would like to turn to Matthew and read a few verses of scripture, which I think could say more. *'Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer Him saying, Lord, when saw we thee and hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'*

I couldn't help but think what a fine example Aunt Emma was of the object of this passage of this scripture. But, it goes on to tell more, and it takes the opposite side and says, *'Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was hungered and he gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.'* And, it goes on to say, *'Ye clothed me not and visited me not. Then, they shall answer when did we not feed, cloth, or minister to*

thee? Then shall He answer them saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' This last part of the scripture is an example of those people who do not store up these things that they can take with them as Aunt Emma has done.

May God bless her family and their children, and help them to realize what a heritage they have through the life of this good woman. In behalf of the family I would like to thank all of you for your presence today, for the many flowers that have been brought to the home, and the food. And, for your friendship and for all those who have taken part this afternoon.

I will close by making a little statement that Aunt Emma made just before she died. She said to her children, *'It is not possible for me to say goodbye to everybody, but you tell everybody goodbye for me.'* I close in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A special section of REMEMBRANCES follows this page.

History Written in 1955-1956 by
Isabel Barton Wood,
wife of LeRoy Wood;
Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen,
daughter of Samuel and "Jody" Wood;
and
Vera Wood Hazleton,
Emma's granddaughter



I remember Grandmother . . .

A special section of love and remembrance has been prepared by some of the grandsons and granddaughters of Emma Louise Elliker Wood--1982.

o*o*o*o*o*o*o*o

My first memory of Grandma Wood was sitting watching her knit. It was like magic changing the stitches from one needle to another. The color was always a dull green--the Army called it olive drab. A black or brown would have been more attractive, later I was told Grandma was knitting for the Red Cross. She wore her oval glasses with gold frames; I wondered if the frames were gold. From time to time she would unwind the yarn and adjust her glasses. Grandma did a lot of hand work, knitting was just one of her talents, her crocheting was beautiful. For the edges she put on handkerchiefs she used 70 to 100 size thread, it matched the fine linen of the handkerchief. As I remember, she never used bright colors for the lace, the bright colors were used for hot potholders.

Grandma wore her hair straight with a bun or bob in the back, held in place with three bright grey combs; one at the top of the bob and one on each side. She didn't frame her face in soft curls as shown in the pictures of earlier years. Her hands were slender with some signs of arthritis in her fingers. Her shoulders were rounded, not from hard work, but from a condition which had developed early in life. Grandma was an orderly person, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Her love was shown to me by a cookie, a lump of honey candy, or a loving pat on my head. We looked forward to the New Year's Day dinner. This dinner was very special, it was Grandpa's birthday. The table was set with a white linen tablecloth and large napkins, china plates with different designs around the edges and silver flatware, plus the special food of pickles, candied apples, celery, turkey or roast beef, vegetables, rolls as light as cotton, cake, and ice cream.

I enjoyed the time I spent at grandma's. I was allowed to look at the pictures Grandma kept in a basket, with the special pictures kept in a velvet covered album. I looked at pictures for hours, kinda sad when the last page was turned. Grandma had a Victrola which she let me play as long as I was careful with the records. My favorite was "Listen to the Mocking Bird"--that record I wore out! I don't know how Grandma stood it, but she never told me to turn it off.

Grandma didn't display her emotions to me. I never saw her angry, and I never saw her cry. Her love was shown by service. I felt her love.

Written by
Vera Wood Hazeleton
Granddaughter--1982

o*o*o*o*o*o*o*o

o*o*o*o*o*o*o

I have been asked to write a paragraph about my grandmother. I remember her best for the Sunday dinners at her place. She always made the best fruit salad and home-made ice cream. She always loved company--like Fred Keller and Charles Redd.

She was a beautiful cookie baker. I never left her place without a pocket full of home-made sugar cookies.

She had a glass-covered box with some stuffed birds that she had since the days in Bluff. I always went to the bathroom so I could see them. My wife, Fern, loved the birds too. One day, Grandmother called Fern up to her house. She gave her the birds to remember her by. We still have these birds. She was a great lady and a wonderful grandmother.

Written by
Gordon A. Wood
a grandson--1982

o*o*o*o*o*o*o

Grandmother did a lot of fancy work--embroidery, crocheting, and quilting. She did these mostly to give as gifts at weddings, birthdays, Christmas, or any special occasion.

For many years, she would enter a number of her work in the State Fair, and she always won a number of ribbons--whites, reds, blues--along with fifteen to twenty-five dollars in premium prizes. She usually gave the fancy work away, but kept the ribbons and the money which was greatly appreciated. Grandmother quilted a quilt that she sent to the fair and got a blue ribbon for. The quilt had forty-eight blocks, each with the state and the state flower done in embroidery work. She kept the quilt and I always admired it and thought so much of it that when Margaret and I were married, she gave it to us. We still have the quilt which Margaret has recovered.

the house as well as a good flower garden, nice lawn, and shrubs. The one plant I remember so well was a very large Boston fern that she kept in her south window, and none of us were to touch it for it would kill the leaves.

Grandmother canned some fruit when she lived in Bluff. She moved this fruit to Monticello and stored it, and as I remember 25-30 years later, she still had some of it left, and would open a quart once in a while as a novelty, and it was still good, but very sour as it had little or no sugar.

The thing that always impressed me about Grandmother the most (knowing the harsh environment, trials, and tribulations that she endured) was the hope, the dignity, and ease that she possessed to face all her problems--knowing that all people were good and everything would be fine tomorrow.

Grandmother had a knack for growing things and making good use of all she raised as fruits, vegetables, eggs, chickens, etc. She also loved flowers and always had a lot of potted plants in

Written by
Devere Halls
a grandson--1982

o*o*o*o*o*o*o

In her effort to be self-sufficient, Grandmother always kept a coop full of chickens. Her attitude towards them always amused me. She treated the chickens pretty much as pets and knew them all by name or some descriptive phrase. On cold winter days, she would heat their food, usually oatmeal or wheat cereal, with the idea that they needed something to help keep warm. Being a practical woman, Grandmother knew that each chicken would eventually wind up in the pot, but she couldn't bear to kill any of them. So, when it came time to prepare for Sunday dinner, she would ask me or some other grandson to go into the coop, select the fattest hen, cut off its head, and peel the feathers. But, we weren't supposed to tell her which one it was. Somehow, Grand-

mother's conscience was satiated if she didn't know which chicken had payed the price.

Grandmother usually kept a pint bottle of moonshine whiskey hidden in the pantry for the express purpose of doctoring the sauce for the plum pudding. She claimed the sauce was just flat without a tinge of brandy. I always accused her of nipping on the bottle which, of course, she never did. Anyway, in her mind this culinary attraction was not against the Word of Wisdom, and all who tasted the sauce agreed.

Written by
Lowell Keith Halls
a grandson--1982

I can't recall a time from my childhood through all the hurts and disappointments--broken arm, tonsillectomy, fall from a horse, measles, mumps, bruised ego--when Grandmother Wood wasn't there to comfort us and make us well with a generous amount of "sticky-gum salve," or some other home remedy. Not overly sympathetic, mind you, but just to let us know that she was willing and able to do anything she could for us, and if all it took was a good square meal with your most favorite food--well, all the better. That just happened to be one of her specialities. She didn't even have to run to the corner grocery; everything she needed just seemed to appear like magic.

mother-in-law, and said many times that there "was never a cross word" between them in all those years.

My husband adored Grandmother. She visited us one time when we were living in the wilds of New Mexico. Ken thought she needed a little spoiling, so he served her coffee in bed. Now, Grandmother had always lived by the "Word of Wisdom," except for an occasional cup of tea purely for "medicinal" purposes, so she had no real need for that coffee, but that was beside the point. Ken had done this just for her, "Something no one else had ever done," she said. Whether or not she even liked the coffee I don't know, but she did enjoy being pampered for one small moment.

Grandmother lived with us most of the time, even though she had her own comfortable little home (where Monticello High School now stands). Mother much preferred to use her talents outside the home as steno, bookkeeper, librarian, etc., so Grandmother kept the house running smoothly, maintaining law and order with a firm and loving hand. To this day, it amazes me that she was always one jump ahead of us when we were planning any devilment. She was no tattle-tale though, so our parents probably thought we were more angelic than we really were. Then, again, maybe not!

Oh, yes, I remember Grandmother living life according to her strong beliefs in her church--a gentle, loving, caring person. In retrospect, I wonder at her ability to meet all of life's little adversities with a calm, peaceful, and happy outlook. Having been endowed with a fine sense of humor surely helped a little along the way. In all those years alone, making her own way and educating her two children, she never faltered and never, never complained. I still miss her!

I never heard her say anything unkind about anyone, and if she ever disagreed with any decisions made in the household, she kept that to herself, too. Dad had the highest regard for his

Written by
Merlene Halls Garard
a granddaughter--1982

My grandmother, Emma Wood, was the kindest person I ever met. She worked hard all her life, as did most people of that era. She put a son on a mission and a daughter through college by her own labors.

She was a good home-maker, and there was always a treat for any of the kids who stopped there. She had a keen sense of humor and derived a great deal of pleasure from the simplest things in life.

The thing that I probably remember best about Grandmother was that she always stood up for her grand kids, often when we likely did not deserve it. As far back as I can remember, whenever I got in trouble, I would go to her for protection. She was not at all bashful about telling anyone who might inquire that her grandchildren could do no wrong.

Grandmother was the best cook that I have ever known and she didn't seem to mind cooking. I don't believe I ever saw her use a recipe. She would just start out making something and then keep adding a little pinch of this and another pinch of that until she was satisfied that it was just right. She always had homemade bread or rolls with honey or jam, served with milk or tea. She told me that tea was a medicine and would settle an upset stomach after eating too much. I still believe her.

Grandmother was apparently either born blind in one eye or else lost the sight in the one eye very early in life. I never knew this, however, until after I was married and had a child of my own. I noticed one day when we were visiting her that she had a big glob of something almost covering one lens. I commented on it and she then told me that she didn't realize it was there as she was blind in that eye and therefore couldn't see it. I was very surprised, to say the least, for all my life I had seen her doing fine handiwork, sewing, and a good deal of reading.

Grandmother was fiercely independent and even when she was quite elderly, she refused to come and live with Mother and Dad. The San Juan School District wanted to buy her home and lot in

But, I remember most of all her kindness. She never said unkind things about anyone, regardless of the provocation. I'm sure, like any of us, that there must have been some people that she didn't like, but I never knew who they were. She simply never mentioned it. She taught me a lesson I can never learn well enough, "If it isn't kind, just don't say it."

Written by
Samuel Frederick Halls
a grandson--1982

order to build a high school on her property. She would not sell until she had built another house. She did consent, however, to having this new house built next to mother's and dad's.

Everyone loved grandmother and she loved them. There was seldom a day that everyone in the family didn't stop in to see Grandmother. Either Mother or Dad would see her every day. She was fun to visit. She was a good conversationalist as she read the newspaper every day, listened to the radio as she worked, and always knew what was going on in the community, the school, and the church. She never became senile or lived in the past.

My most fondly remembered family tradition was the Christmas Eve party we always had at Grandmother Wood's house. We would all meet as a family at Grandmother's, spend the evening together, and then Grandmother would open her Christmas presents before we left. Because that tradition was so dear to me, I have tried to carry it on in my own home. We all get together, have a program and party, and then each one opens a present before we go to bed. Never a Christmas Eve comes that I don't recall memories of my own childhood and the love and closeness we all felt there at Grandmother's. I hope that my own children and grandchildren feel that same family spirit and love that I so vividly remember as a youth in my grandmother's house.

Written by
William (Bill) Wood Halls
a grandson--1982

SPANNING THE YEARS--FROM GRACEFUL YOUTH TO LOVELY, SERENE MATURITY

A Deseret News article, dated January 1953, is quoted below:

ORCHIDS--'AUNT' EMMA

DUP in Monticello Honors
Woman on 91st Birthday

Monticello, San Juan County
(Special)

Members of Monticello Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, recently honored "Aunt" Emma Wood on her 91st birthday anniversary.

The celebration was held in conjunction with the group's January meeting.

Members were led in community singing by Edith K. Lyman. A large birthday cake was presented "Aunt" Emma by officers of the camp: Louise Frost, Melissa Christensen, Thora Norton, and Jerry Randall.

"Aunt" Emma was born January 21, 1862, in Beaver, a daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Elliker. She spent her childhood in Beaver and Cedar City.

She was married to Samuel Wood in 1885 in the St. George Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Shortly after the marriage, the couple traveled by wagon to Bluff, where they made a home.

When her son and daughter attended Brigham Young University, Mrs. Wood moved to Provo. She has a son, Leroy Wood, and a daughter, Mrs. Frank Halls, Monticello. There are nine grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.



*Emma Louise Elliker (center)
with her two sisters,
Lavinia and Elizabeth.
Probably taken in
Cedar City, Utah
(Date unknown)*



"Aunt" Emma Louise Elliker Wood

Reproduction of Several Letters to

E M M A L O U I S E E L L I K E R W O O D

dated 1884 - 1887
(see following pages)

The first letter, dated 1884, was sent to Emma by her sister,
Elizabeth Lattmann Joseph, whose picture is shown on the preceding page.

This was before Emma married Samuel Wood in 1885.

Shortly after Emma arrived in Bluff with Samuel Wood, Elizabeth died.

Several letters tell of this heart-breaking, untimely death.

These letters are in the possession of

CARROL MERLENE HALLS GARARD

Mesa, Arizona

Merlene is a granddaughter of

Emma Louise Elliker Wood and Samuel Wood

Adams will
May 18 & 19
April 20¹⁸⁹²

Dear Sister Emma

I thought that I would
sit down this afternoon to
let you us how we are getting
along, we are all well and
hoping that these few lines
may find you all enjoying
the same, I have been to
Milford and seen the sights
the cars looks very nice it was
quite a sight and I have been to
Beja's and went to Mrs. Crouch
and payed her for the
hat and she said that she
would write to Aunt Maxim
about it and she has no blue
falten ribbon there is some at
Sensmore's at 25th St. Sent a

yards but it is so wide
Mrs. Crouch will send the hat
with Lizzie Stewart - I think
she will start home to day
Lizzie and Card have parted
she has come to receive her
home but don't say anything
about it not for any thing
keep it to you self I have
~~wrote~~ to my self and I think that
I am fixed quite comfortable
at least I think so summer road
of what I have got, we had
a done lost Sunday night
and kept it up until half past
three in the morning Sister Joseph
got a supper there was about ten
people there we all had a very good
time, I don't see that I have any news
to write about so I will close with
kind love to all write soon come over
from you affectionately Sister Elizabeth & Joseph

Atamsville May 18 1886

Dear Sister Emma

I thought that I would
sit down this evening to let you know how
we are getting along we are all well at present
and hope that these few lines will find you all
the same well Tom there has going to be a
wedding Dance here next Wednesday night
Mary Jane Rees and Hyrum Thomas are going to
get married I guess there are going to have quite
good time there are going to have a big Diner
wedding cake has been made for a week there is or
about twenty cups coming from the Cave Beaver
Greenville and Adams will be invited to the
dance and some to the Diner you had better
come over if you can, Mary Ann Stewart
has got a child almost dead he had a stroke
about a year ago and now he has got the Spinal
Disease, Tell mother I got the Rubarb all right
and I got the hals all right but you did not
send me word how much they was send me
word and then I will send me the money
they look ever so cute in them

Some of the boys and girls ~~are~~ up to
Beaver to to a fare well dance Friday night
we did not have anything here on May day
but a Dance sat night but the whole country
is going to joine in together and have May day
on the last of this month,
tell Anne that I will try and answer her
letter this week but she will have to excuse
my writing and spelling for I have for god
how this is all at present hoping to hear from
you soon from your sister in haste
Elizabeth Joseph

Come if you can

tell mother that there is a
picture of Aunt Barbara house
for her I will send it first chance

Monaco February the 6 1886

Dear Sister Emma and Sam and Gary,
it is with much pleasure and much sorrow that i take
my pen in hand to let you know that We are all well
and hope these few lines will find you all the same, well
Emma we have just got a letter telling that our Dear
Sister Lizzie is Dead. we are going to send you the
letter that we got from Uncle, so i will not have to
write much for my hand shakes, we got here to morrow
feeling well and we have not gon to our home on
the Lapplette but uncle Joe thinks of starting some
time next week, well this is all for this time

i will write to you some other time ~~fine~~ Excuse bad
writing Maby you got a letter but it Dont matter
i will send this other any way from your Loving
Father and Mother Brothers and Sisters.

Mary Jane Smith

Manco La-plata County Feb 6th

Dear Daughter, it is with sorrow that I Drop you
these few Lines in Relation to inform you that
we Arrived safe & Well, the last part of our Journey
was pretty Rough, we were overtaken in a Snow-
-storm and we Traveled in mud a part of the way,
we could only go from 2 Rods - two Ten, a few Days af-
-ter we got another Snow storm, it fell a bout 10-inches
Deep. that night we Lost our Teams which Detained us,
that morning, George Willden and another young man
Came out to meet us, we were much plased to meet them
2-Days Later Bishop Farnsworth and another young man
with 4 span of mules & Horses with Supplies for us, the
folks were very kind to us, I will give you more Partic-
-ulars when we get to our Place of Destination, I dont
know when that will be. I thought I would enclose a
Letter to you which Recieved from Joseph H. & Mame Armstrong
from Beaver they was at the Funeral of Lizz who Died a
Child Bed. Emma I cant write any more now

You can see that, I cannot Hardly
Hold my Pen,

Laplata. June 26th 1887

Dear Daughter

is with sorrow and grief I
take my pen in hand to tell you
the Death of Mary Jane
I have wrote to you I was
looking for a Letter from you.
Mary Jane was taking Sick on the
12th of May, she was going to wash for
Ester Bigler, one of our Neighbors,
Rosy took her down on a Horse
because it is a long way to walk
she was all right when she left home
but she took sick about Noon, and
had to lay down, and in the Evening
Brother Bigler fetched her home in a
Wagon I thought it was only a cold
and I give her some Composition tea
but she was not any beter in the
Morning, so I give her a sweet,
and after that, she wanted the Elders

(2)
to administer to her, we send for
the Elders and they administered to her
in the Evening she began to talk
lightheaded and lost her Eyes
we could not really understand
she
Elders came and admin-
istered to her again, they told
me to send word to Olio for Sister
Stevens, and one of the Brethren
went down and they got back by
daylight, she gave her different kinds
of herbs and Medicines and sweet
her several times, she did not seem
to get much beter, so we send
a Letter to the folks at Mancoos and
told them to send you word for
I thought you would get to know
it as soon as if I had send you a
Letter and I thought you would be
at Mancoos for Conference. Some
of the Brethren from Olio came here
on Sunday and administered to

(3)

two of the Brethren and Sister Stevens stayed here every night in turns and Joe was here day-
' night, Mary Jane would
her have Joe then everybody
ift her and two
never eat any
day. Monday Morn. ^{re} missed
us all, and I knowed the was a
change in her, so we send John
on a horse to Manco's and give
him a note to tell the folks that
Mary Jane was very low.
she was very restless all day,
and she said she wanted to
see Lovisa and Emma, and
the last word she said was,
Mother I am going home now.
Emma it is hard for me to
bair. I did wish you could have
been here all of you and seen
her before she died and it was

(4)

hard for me to give her up. but
we can only say the Lords Will
be done not ours. We asked her
if they was anybody she w
to get sealed too and she said
No
three times over
we ^{re} understand her
Joe ^{re} she said Charles
Morris,
and he asked her if it was, and
she said yes. I dont know him
but Joe and everybody that know
him gives him a good hand, he
lives at Manco's and he is a spec-
ting his folks to com out here this
Emma I forgot to tell you Fall.
Joe paid for the Coffin and the
trimings, and he took the lumber
down to Ohio to get it made, and
Joe and one of the Brethren took
the Corpses to the Ohio Graveyard
the left here about three o'clock
in the Mornin'

they wanted to get as far as they
could befor. the Sun got up, and we
left about 5 O'Clock with another
Wagon, there was nobody went from
here only Joe and two of the Brethren
every Body from Ohio went with
us to the Graveyard, and when we
got back Uncle Joseph, Uncle Charles,
Tom Haden, Vellie and Lovina was
there nearly hartbroken. The all
went back the next Morning to get
to Conference and Lovina stayed
with me till last Tuesday, Johnny
took Father and Lovina to Mantos
Uncle Joseph send Word to Lovina
he could get her some ~~work~~ at the
Sawmill where he was working
I dont know how long Father is
going to stay. Emma, ar you never
going to com over and see us. I guess
I will have to draw my Leter to a
close, Give my kind love to Sam
and Jodie, and

(6)
accept the same yourself
from your loving Mother
Elizabeth Smith
John, Prosy, Willie, and Marcie
all join in love to you.

Kisses for the Babie
P. S.

Our Crops ar rather bakwards,
we had to plant our Corn over
it was up nice the first time, but
the Cut worms has eat it all
of and the Water is geting so low
they had to turn every Drop in
the ditch, if it dont Rain soon
we wont raise any Mellows nor
any garden stuff at all, for there
is hardly Water for the Grain now
write soon.

direct our Leters to Farmington
San-Juan Co.

New Mexico

Mary Jane died
the 16th of June
May at 9 O'Clock at Night.



Bluff City, Utah

"Bluff--the town at the end of the road--and the country of magnificent distances."

When Joseph Henry Wood wrote those words in his journal in 1920, there was a primitive road into Bluff from the North. But, in 1882, when Joseph Henry was seven years old and Bluff itself was just two years old, there were barely trails into the narrow, fertile valley along the winding San Juan River where a tiny town struggled for survival. Joseph Henry's parents, Samuel and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood, with their little family of four children and four other families reached this far outpost of "Mormon" settlements after making an impossible journey from Cedar City, Utah. This small group of men, women, teams, and wagons forged rough, crude trails over mountains and across drifting sand; through forests and across jagged piles of rocks; over slippery clay and hard, broken pebbles. They encountered wind, freezing sleet and snow, and sometimes a fierce, relentless sun that shone down hard on the travelers as they toiled over the slick rocks. And then, there was the mighty Colorado River!

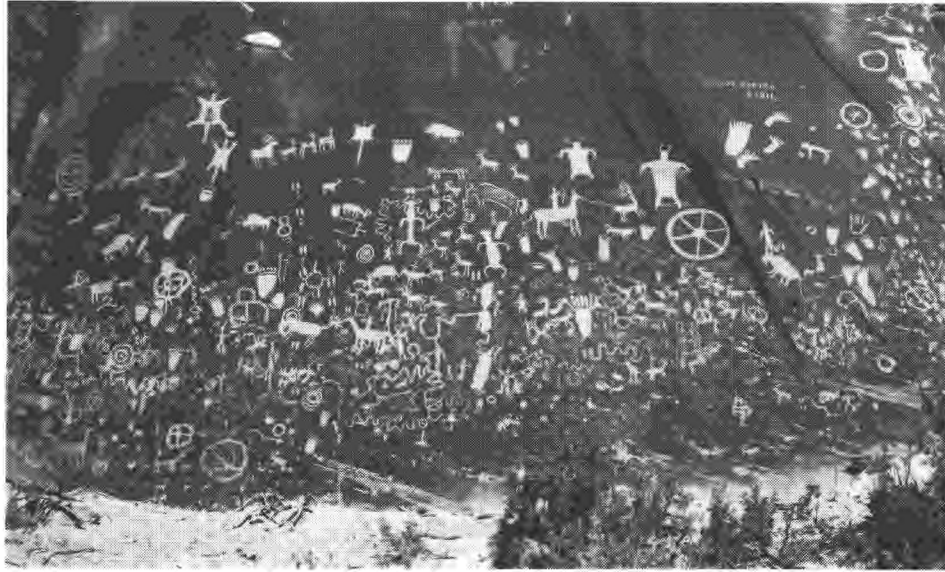
As this brave little band of pioneers reached Bluff sometime late in December, 1882, they were greeted by members of the original "Hole-in-the-Rock" group who had arrived in 1880. Samuel and Jody had been called with that original group, but had been unable to sell their property and complete preparations in time to leave during the winter of 1879-1880. But, they were committed to answer the "call" to help settle and tame an inhospitable piece of American wilderness; make peace with the Indians; and carry the "Word of God" to a distant corner of the earth.

This "call" had originally been suggested by Brigham Young, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and a visionary of the highest order. He was a "builder" of communities in far-flung, unexplored lands far from the headquarters of the church in Salt Lake City, Utah. But, President Brigham

Young died in 1877 without seeing the Southeast Mission established. The specific call and authorization to settle a new land and establish another mission came from President John Taylor at a stake conference in Parowan on December 28, 1878, and again on March 23, 1879 in Cedar City. Colonization of the "Southeast Corner" had been discussed for years, and rumors were rampant, but still the call came as a surprise. The valiant accepted this new challenge as their sacred duty--wherever it might lead them--into Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, or anywhere in the southeast corner of Zion. The specific destination along the San Juan River came later. President John Taylor appointed Apostle Erastus Snow as the head colonizer of the church. He was in charge of assisting those who left homes, farms, industry, family, and friends--of determining future colonization locations, setting routes and appointing leaders.

The San Juan River Basin was settled by a primitive people hundreds of years before America was known to European explorers. Well-made stone buildings in canyons and caves, murals scratched on canyon walls, and remains of basketry and pottery gave evidence of these ancient people. First came the "Basketmakers" and then the "Cliff Dwellers". Both groups were gone by the time the Spaniards arrived in the fifteenth century. The Cliff Dwellers apparently abandoned their villages in the thirteenth century. About 1400 A.D., nomadic Navajo Indians herded their sheep and goats in the pastures of the San Juan Basin. They sometimes used the abandoned dwellings of the "Ancient Ones" whom they called Anasazi.

The Spanish Trail passed near the LaSal Mountains, and the Escalante-Dominguez expedition of 1776 brushed by the San Juan Basin area. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries,



*Indian Pictographs in San Juan County, Utah
Photo by Harry Reed*

various geographic and geologic expeditions passed through the southeastern corner. Men leading these parties included John C. Fremont during 1842-1844 and John W. Gunnison in 1853. Kit Carson spent a winter trapping on the LaSal Mountains and in northwestern San Juan near the Green River. After the Mexican War of 1846-1848, the Navajos welcomed the Americans, but were in a state of open conflict with them by the 1860's.

Ute and Paiute tribes as well as the Navajos, roamed the San Juan area during the late 1800's. They had horses (introduced much earlier by the Spaniards) and could travel rather easily. They were often in serious combat with each other. There was evidence that the Navajos had Ute slaves, and that the Utes had Navajo slaves. For a long time, the Utes seemed to dominate the area. Bands of Ute Indians from Central Utah and New Mexico passed back and forth through the San Juan Basin. They were well aware of the Walker War in Central Utah, and later in 1865-1868 the Black Hawk War in which Samuel Wood served with such distinction.

Even though there had been occasional contact with the Indians by a cowboy or explorer, no white man called the San Juan area his permanent home until 1879. During that year on April 13th, an exploring party set out from Paragonah, Utah headed for the southeastern corner. They needed to see this land alongside the San Juan River and select possible town sites. The families of Harrison H. Harriman and James I. Davis were prepared to stay in the San Juan Basin area and start a colony. Into this unknown land, the exploring party ventured with Silas S. Smith as their leader. There were twenty-six men, two women, eight children, eight wagons, eighty horses, and sixty-six head of cattle. After a long and hazardous journey, much of it through uninhabited wilderness and some of it through hostile Indian territory, they arrived in the San Juan area and selected the sites of Bluff and Montezuma as "good" settlement locations. The Harriman and Davis families settled in Montezuma, fifteen miles up the river from Bluff. They became the first permanent white settlers in this area, and thus the San Juan Mission began. The rest of the exploring party returned to Iron County by way of Moab, Greenriver, and Salina to help organize the main colonizing party.

The experiences of the exploring party as well as the "Hole-in-the-Rock" trek have been well documented in other publications. When the "Hole-in-the-Rock" group arrived at the Bluff site, located on the north banks of the San Juan River, on April 6, 1880 (exactly fifty years after the organization of the Mormon Church by Joseph Smith), they were exhausted and worn down. Most of the 250 people initially decided to stay at Bluff. However, after a few days rest, some pulled on up the river to Montezuma. The Harriman and Davis families were in dire conditions, and greeted the newcomers with relief and happiness.

Where the San Juan River flows by Bluff, the fertile valley is narrow--only about one mile wide and three miles long. The little valley is a flood-plain located immediately above the point where the Cottonwood Wash opens into the river. Andrew Jensen, the Church Historian during this period, wrote a vivid description of Bluff:

"The natural scenery around Bluff, though wild, is grand beyond description. The bluffs on both sides of

the river rise up in perpendicular heights forming interesting groups of pinnacles, domes, and walls; and abounding also in caves, crags, and numerous fantastic strange formations. It was these interesting natural features of the San Juan Valley which suggested the name of 'Bluff' to the original settlers."*

*Bluff Ward History--1882-1909. LDS Genealogical Library. Andrew Jensen, Historian, 1893. Reprinted in Deseret News, 1893.



The dramatic red sandstone pinnacles named "Locomotive Rock," Bluff, Utah

To the north of the Bluff townsite ran a small trail of the roughest kind imaginable. The rugged trail had undoubtedly been worn into the sandy soil and rocky bluffs by animals or Indians. It led to a small, steep, and craggy canyon which came to be known as "Cow Canyon". Later, the additional traffic of the settlers' wagons wore tracks which are still visible (1982) in the stone that formed the original road bed.

The site of this proposed new settlement was peculiarly isolated. To the north across Utah, the only white people were a few families at Moab, 110 miles distant; eastward the villages in Colorado were more than seventy miles away; southward for 160 miles was Indian country; westward the settlement of Escalante was 115 twisted miles away--over high plateaus, great gulches and canyons, and the awesome Colorado River. To those not familiar with this area, it is impossible to convey the ruggedness of the terrain.

On the San Juan river banks were a few hundred acres of prospective farmland. Upon viewing the little fertile valley, it was immediately evident to the settlers that there would not be enough good land to satisfy the needs and desires of the families, most of whom had left fine homes and large farms. The narrow river valley offered little hope for expansive farming, so disappointment was apparent. Nevertheless, work at the Bluff site started immediately. One crew of men laid out and surveyed the town site and the field acreage. Ropes were used as surveyor's chains. Each family was given one city lot and the equivalent of a sixteen-acre field. A lottery system was established for the selection of lots and fields, which varied from ten to twenty acres depending on their quality and location. Sadly, there were hurt feelings over the lottery drawings, and there was considerable trading back and forth. Eight



The Navajo Twins and Sunbonnet Rock at Bluff, Utah. Donor and photographer, Charles Kelly. Courtesy Utah Historical Society. The Sunbonnet Rock has since been dislodged.

families decided to go on to Montezuma. Some families, not specifically called as missionaries to the San Juan Mission, moved on to other locations in Arizona and Colorado. Life went on, and the remaining settlers worked out their differences and proceeded on with the hard challenges at hand. That first season, they planted corn, sugar cane, and small amounts of oats, wheat, and barley on their fields.

During the first year, a flurry of building commenced. The Saints had been cautioned by Church leaders to live close together and build a fort as a protection from the Indians. The fort was about twenty-four rods square (each rod is sixteen feet long), and was built of rough-hewn logs with the bark still on. There were no windows on the outside, nor doors. The fort was never completely enclosed as the Indians did not appear too belligerent. The fort was built around the block where the first schoolhouse and church building had been erected. Even though forty little log houses were built around the fort in 1880, the settlers did not fully live in them until 1882-1884. In between the houses,



Bluff, Utah--taken from the Bluffs to the northeast of town--1892

stockades were placed. There was a narrow access roadway that crossed the compound in the form of a cross. This small passageway permitted teams to drive in.

Daniel B. Perkins, who was born in the fort, described his memories of it:

"I was born May 9, 1881, in the old fort at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. My parents were Benjamin and Mary Ann Williams Perkins.

"My first recollections of Bluff [were] of several log houses scattered around. They were the homes of Benjamin Perkins, Hyrum Perkins, Samuel Wood, Joseph Barton, Hanson Bayles, Platte Lyman, Bishop Nielson, Kumen Jones, James Decker, William Adams, L. H. Redd, and Marietta Stevens.

" . . . There were no doors or windows on the outside--all opening to the space in the center. From north to south and east to west a small passageway ran in a gap between the houses."

One well was dug inside the fort, and the water was quite sweet and good, but it was not sufficient for their needs. Mrs. F. I. Jones in the "Saga of San Juan" described their water problems:

"For culinary use, water was carried from the river, but this [water] was so hard and muddy, cottonwood ashes were put in it to stand overnight, thus clearing it and settling it for morning use. Drinking water was brought from Cow Canyon, as I preferred the taste of that water to any. Eventually, of course, wells were dug."

Each home did finally have a well on its premises. The deep well was covered by a framework built to accommodate a pulley attached to a rope and bucket. How sweet and cool the water was! It wasn't until 1908, however, that the culinary water problem was satisfactorily solved. Four artesian wells, located above the town toward the bluffs were completed, and water was piped into

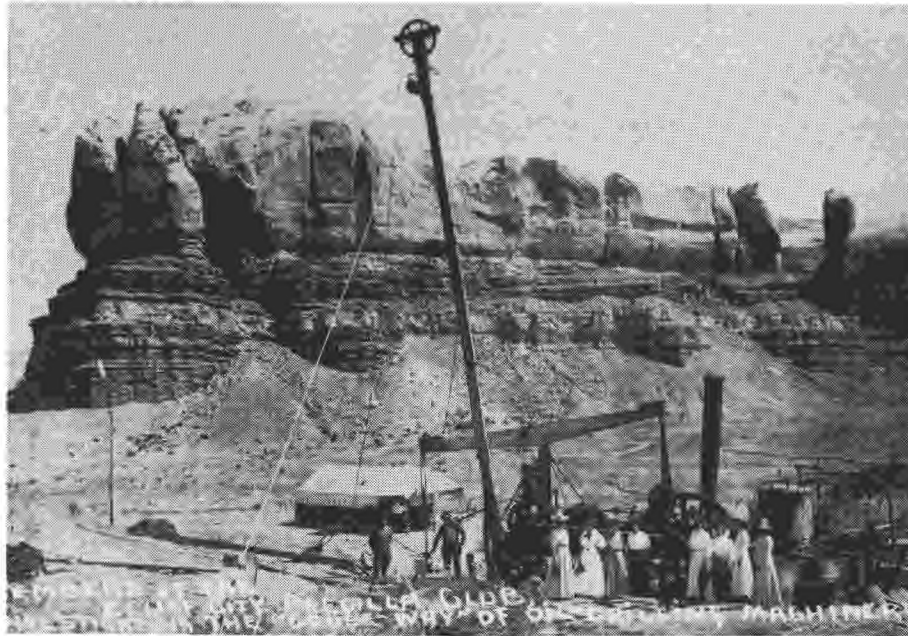


Artesian Well--North of Bluff City
Pumps water at the rate of
100 gallons per minute.

Bluff homes. What luxury! . . .after all those years of hauling water. Today, the water is used as distilled water because of its purity. It contains no minerals.

The cottonwood trees along the river provided the bulk of the building material. The next closest supply of timber was the Abajo Mountains (later called the Blue Mountains)--forty, long miles away. The fort, the combined church/school-house, and the little homes were built of cottonwood and aspen logs with adobe mortar filling the spaces between the logs and rough-chopped boards. By nature, cottonwood and aspen trees grow crookedly, so it was difficult to fit them into any semblance of straightness. The walls

bowed in and out, and curved up and down with wonderful irregularity. Often the bark was left on the logs in the interest of time and effort. Tree limbs and willows were packed on top for a roof. This was then covered with a foot of dirt, which often feathered



Although the caption on the picture states that this is an oil drilling machine, it is believed to be an artesian well. Members of the Bluff City "Precilla Club" investigate the pumping.

out into a crop of runty sunflowers and stinkweeds. During a rainstorm, water trickled down through the willows and dirt, creating great mud puddles on the clay floors. Sometime later, an unbleached cotton cloth called "factory" was stretched over the ceiling to improve the appearance from inside, and also to catch the water during rainstorms. This effort was not entirely successful, especially in an aesthetic sense, because the factory cloth became mud-stained.

In 1880, San Juan County was organized by the Territorial Legislature with Silas S. Smith appointed as County Judge; Platte D. Lyman, Jens Nielson, and Zachariah B. Decker as selectmen; and C. E. Walton, Sr. as

county clerk. Lemuel H. Redd was appointed assessor and collector. On June 7, 1880, County Court was in session all day. The county was divided into two precincts and judges of election and other officers were appointed to sit until August, when regular elections would be held.

Charles E. Walton, Sr. was appointed postmaster of Bluff on December 13, 1880. The next spring in 1881, the Bluff post office was discontinued and mail was sent to McElmo, Colorado. In the spring of 1882, Joseph F. Lyman was appointed postmaster by Timothy A. Howe, United States Postmaster General. In October of that year, mail came through Mancos, Colorado into



Early home in Bluff City, Utah. Constructed of crooked cottonwood logs, with a stone fireplace chimney. Gift of Neil M. Judd, courtesy Utah Historical Society.



*Out of the past!
The old log meetinghouse and schoolhouse in Bluff, built in 1880.
It was the center of religious, social, educational, and community
life for fifteen years. Shown in front of the building are left to right:
Kumen Jones, Platte D. Lyman, Bishop Jens Nielson,
James B. Decker, and Francis A. Hammond.*

Bluff for the first time in over a year. During that long interval, mail was brought by people coming into Bluff by way of the "Hole-in-the-Rock," Hall's Crossing, or through Mancos. The settlers in Bluff longed for news from their former homes. The regular mail stage was always a most eagerly awaited event, but for many years the settlers received mail at undetermined intervals. In 1890, Monticello was given a post office. From then on, delivery of mail was more consistent.

Initially, mail was delivered over a horseback route, but it improved as rough roads were developed. After the organization of the county offices in 1880, water and road development officially began. The building of crude, but workable roads was the major business of the county court (the territorial equivalent of the county commission). Extending in each of four directions, the rough road/trails became Bluff's lifeline. During the first months, flour and other provisions careened precariously into the little community from the east and the west--from the east out of southwestern Colorado--from the west along the "Hole-in-the-Rock" trail, and later on, along the alternate route by way of Hall's Crossing on the Colorado. Freighting was a major part of life for the settlers--it was a critical and important work for many of the men. Heavy wagons with one or more teams of horses were constantly on the road. In time, the rough trails were somewhat improved. The following San Juan County Court records show typical road costs during the early days:

"December 3, 1883--Road from Bluff to the Blue Mountains, \$125.00.

December 7, 1887--South Montezuma to Double Cabins, \$115.00.

December 8, 1887--Road from South Montezuma to head of Dry Valley, \$100.00."

During the early part of September, 1880, Apostles Erastus Snow and Brigham Young, Jr., came down to Bluff from Church Headquarters in Salt Lake City. They wanted to see the settlement at first hand, and they also needed to take care of some official church business.

"On September 3, 1880, Jens Nielson was set apart as Bishop of Bluff with George Sevy and Kumen Jones as counselors,

and Lemuel H. Redd as ward clerk. Brother Jones was ordained a high priest and was set apart as counselor by Brigham Young, Jr., but 'as George Sevy was not present when the organization took place and did not return to the settlement of Bluff, Kumen Jones was soon afterward promoted to the position of first counselor, and Lemuel H. Redd was chosen as second counselor. He was, however, not ordained a high priest and set apart for that position until February 27, 1882 when he was ordained by Platte D. Lyman. Brother Redd kept a pretty good account of happenings of Bluff since the beginning. He also kept the minutes of the Sunday meetings at an early date, but wrote his narratives in lead pencil which he intended to copy in ink."*

Silas Smith had already been designated President of the Mission, which included San Louis Mission, Bluff, Burnham (now Fruitland in New Mexico), and Mancos, Colorado as well as the branch at Fort Montezuma. In May of 1882, Silas Smith was called to preside over the San Louis Mission in Colorado. In 1883, on February 25, the San Juan Stake was organized, consisting of the following settlements: LaPlata and Burnham branches in New Mexico; and Bluff, Moab, and Bueno in Utah. Platte D. Lyman was the first Stake President.

Sunday School was organized at Bluff on June 6, 1880 with James Decker as Superintendent, and at a special meeting on October 28, 1880, a Relief Society was organized with Mrs. Jane M. Walton as President. The YMMIA was organized that same date with Charles E. Walton as President. Samuel Wood served as first counselor of this organization when it was reorganized on December 15, 1888. The YLMIA was organized January 3, 1884 with Irene Haskell as President.

On September 23, 1883, the Primary Association shows Pauline Pace as President with Annie Lyman as first and Nellie G. Lyman as second counselor. On May 20, 1884, the Primary Association was reorganized as follows: Mrs. Josephine C. Wood, President; Mrs. Mary Nielsen Jones, first counselor; Miss Julia Nielson, second

counselor; Mrs. Irene Haskell, secretary; and Mrs. Josephine C. Wood as treasurer.

Throughout the years in times of trial and tribulation, in times of hope, growth, and reasonable prosperity, the organizations within the Bluff Ward were fully functional and prepared to meet the spiritual and temporal needs of the ward members. Changes occurred as needed, but the work carried forth with great spirit.

Apostle Erastus Snow and Brigham Young, Jr. returned to Salt Lake after their visit to Bluff in September of 1880. They then wrote a letter to the Bluff Church leaders which said, in part:

*"The climate and soil upon this stream [San Juan River] we deem are all that could be desired. Your chief difficulty will be how to arrange your water sets, flood gates, wing dams, or other contrivances for controlling the water of this fluctuating stream, but experience gained by a few failures will enable you to accomplish it. Let none be discouraged or abandon the enterprise."**

These words were prophetic. Controlling the water created great difficulties. Failures did occur--frequently and heart-breakingly--and these failures had far-reaching consequences.

Since water development was critical to survival, a crew of men began to dig an irrigation system on the first day at the site. For the next twenty-five years--almost every day--men were involved in one way or another with water control and development. When water flowed from the river through the sandy soil of the irrigation ditches, "cut-outs" occurred, not only along the ditchlines, but at the headgates as well. Flooding from the river as well as from Cottonwood Wash, created recurrent problems. At no time during the early years was the water supply dependable enough to make farming a truly successful venture. Damming the river proved to be beyond the capacity of the settlers. Water wheels were tried, and a complex system of "cribs" was developed.

*Saga of San Juan by Cornelia Adams Perkins, Lenora Butt Jones and Marian Gardner Nielson, Second Edition, 1968).

*Bluff Ward History--1882-1909. LDS Genealogical Library.

A year after Samuel and Jody arrived in Bluff, the cost of irrigation was running high. Platte D. Lyman noted in his records that, " . . . on December 3, 1883, the Irrigation Company levied a new tax of \$29.00 per acre to complete the ditch." This new levy brought water costs up to \$69.00 per acre! Kumen Jones estimated that in the first few years in Bluff that the irrigation ditch cost was \$65,000. Lumber for sluices and other ditch construction work was sawed and laboriously hauled to Bluff from the Blue Mountains after 1891. That year, Willard and Parley Butt installed the first sawmill. It was located between Verdure and Monticello. Even with the sturdy and better-cut lumber used to help "shore" up the irrigation canals, the control of water remained a constant effort and problem. But, the sawmill was "heaven-sent" in other areas as well. It provided lumber for the first grist mill, the new schoolhouse, and church after the year 1892.

Back in 1884, the San Juan River proved who was master. Torrential rains in March fell and continued to fall for weeks--washing out trails and rough road, crops, and sod roofs. The heavy rains brought the river out of its channel. It ran seven feet above normal height, sweeping away expensive canals and a diversion dike. It further washed away two water wheels and all headgates and head ditches. All these--the canals, roads, and homes--had been built so arduously! The settlers had little in the way of implements and capital to supplement their bare hands and raw courage. The tasks were immense. The settlers performed great feats in spite of odds. Today, these tasks would be relatively simple with the powered machinery available. But then, the disaster of 1884 was a crushing blow to the settlers.

During April and May, the flooding continued as snow run-off combined with the abnormal rains. The river dumped sheets of mud into the houses and outbuildings in the southwest part of town, and

cut heavily into the community's farmland.

After the disastrous flood of 1884, Bluff leaders wrote to church headquarters in Salt Lake City and explained the disasters



The first sawmill erected in 1891 between Verdure and Monticello. It operated from 1891-1896, and then was relocated to a new site. Left to right: Willard Butt, C. L. Christensen, Sam Abernathy, Gordon Johnson, Mr. (?) Kissack, and N. J. Christensen. Julia Butt, wife of Willard, lived in the lumber house and cooked for the men one year. The little room to the left was occupied for a while by Della Raines and her baby, Grover Cleveland Raines. Her husband, John Raines, was mining in the Blue Mountains. Sawmill owned and operated by Willard Butt and Parley Butt.

that had occurred. They suggested that Bluff might be abandoned as a community.

Upon receipt of this troubled letter, President Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Erastus Snow made the long trip to Bluff. They traveled as fast as possible--by stage and horseback--in order to assess the situation first-hand. After much careful and prayerful consideration, the church officials asked the missionary/colonizers to stay and rebuild their shattered community. President Joseph F. Smith then stated, "*I promise those who are willing to remain and face the difficult situation will be doubly blessed of the Lord.*"*

To those who wished to leave, the authorities offered their blessing and an honorable release. Several families did leave Bluff. Others unpacked their wagons and decided to stay on. Those included Samuel Wood and his family, Bishop Jens Nielson (who played such an important role in Jody's life), and many others.

Later that fall, Samuel and his family returned to Cedar City so that Jody's expected baby could be born in Cedar City under the loving care of her half-sister. In February of 1885, George William Wood was born in Cedar City. In the fall of that year, Samuel entered into plural marriage with Emma Louise Elliker. Surely, the Wood family gave serious thought to the struggles they had been through and those that faced them upon their return to Bluff. However, if doubts existed, none were ever recorded. They did return to Bluff and lived there for twenty-three years before moving to Monticello. They faced many additional hardships and heartaches, and met their adversities with courage. They had faith in their calling and in their God. Commitment--the very heart of their Mormon faith--kept them going when there was, seemingly, no more to give. Heat, flash floods, death, sickness, fear, crop failures, and other disasters forced the Samuel Wood family (as well as others) to their knees in a continual process of rededication.

LDS Bluff Church History, as quoted by Perkins-Nielson and Jones in the "Saga of San Juan", 1968 edition.

Obviously, the year of 1884 marked a change in the hoped-for, struggled-for agrarian life in Bluff. This little community was meant to be, and remained so in a small way a village of homes, gardens, orchards, and farms in spite of the summer heat and winds that quickly dried out gardens, in spite of the river which rose and fell at its own pleasure, and in times of flood, carried everything exposed away in its muddy, turbulent waters. And so, the agrarian emphasis changed for pure survival reasons.

Mining and industry had been regarded as retrogressive in nature in this particular community, but soon the settlers were taking jobs in far-distanced mines. Many of the colonizers turned to the "running of livestock" in their efforts to develop a more favorable economic pattern. Most of Bluff's "colonizer-cowboys" did not move away and become ranch-dwellers. They kept Bluff as their home base. Some members of the colony found a degree of affluence in this new endeavor, and with their new-found prosperity, built large stone houses which still stand today. (Many references to livestock operations are included in various Wood family histories.)

*By 1887, Verdure and Monticello were established as part of a strong Mormon move to reclaim the county from large outside cattle outfits. In 1888, a company from Texas entered Bluff with approximately 2,000 head of narrow-hipped, longhorned cattle. In the words of Albert Lyman, ". . . they came, a great bawling herd, a mile long . . . stragglng down the river through Bluff --yellow cattle, white, black, brindle; all of them starving and hollow from the long trail; all of them coyote-like in form, little better in size--and, horns! Such a river of horns as you might see in a nightmare--horns reaching out and up, out and up again in fantastic corkscrews."**

The company moved on ten miles down the San Juan River to Rincon, which impacted on the Indian stock crossings. Cattle rustling, fights over cattle between white and whites as well as

*Albert R. Lyman, "The Fort on the Firing Line".



*Bluff, Utah--Looking south
L. H. Redd stonehouse in foreground.
Courtesy Utah Historical Society.*

whites and Indians, and improper branding kept the "livestockers" in a constant state of agitation.

In 1891, Bishop Jens Nielson was advised to buy out the Texas Company. A cattle pool was organized, and with funds obtained from the First National Bank of Durango (Colorado), the cattle were purchased. This turned out to be a very profitable move for Bluff, and afterwards, for a little while, Bluff was the richest little town per capita of any community west of the Mississippi--some writers report it was the richest in all the United States! That was surely a brief, but exhilarating condition.

Besides livestocking, the men of Bluff began to work in far-away mines, mostly in Colorado, and on the railroad grades that were being built in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. Many started farming in Verdure and Monticello, and in the area first known as White Mesa. Later, this town site was named Grayson and in 1915, it was renamed Blanding. In large measure, Blanding became the heir of old Bluff when, by 1920, most of the settlers abandoned it.

Some of the Bluff men later entered the Forest Service, and filled positions in the city and county government. Freighting continued to be critical to the well-being of the community. Wherever the men felt called to work, they carried forth with energy and complete dedication.

In every sense of the word, the women were equally dedicated to every phase of this "calling". They were essential partners in an undertaking of magnificent purpose. Men, women, and children worked together to survive, but onto the women's shoulders fell certain tasks. They did ordinary drudgery under extraordinary conditions, and while doing so, they added charm and laughter, compassion, and culture to a hostile environment. They may have had shadows in their minds when they thought of loved ones so far away and the comforts they left behind; they may have had reservations about the ultimate success of their efforts; they may have thought long and hard about this time of personal testing and reaching, but whatever their thoughts they met the challenges with great spirit.

From the beginning, as the men built homes and other community structures, built roads, dug irrigation ditches, women were involved in the hard struggles at "home". They worked hard to provide nourishing food: alfalfa was gathered and made into soup, furnishing the necessary greens. Wheat, cracked and boiled, was made into an excellent porridge. "Bunny Duck" flour mush was a luxury for supper. Molasses was used for sugar. Bees were tended and honey was used for a sweet treat.

Cows were milked and the milk set aside for cream to be enjoyed or later churned into butter by shaking it inside a two-quart glass jar, or using a paddle churn. When it was possible, cheese was made. Rennet, needed to curdle milk, was obtained by soaking a freshly killed calf's stomach in water for several days. The milk was heated in a washtub on the kitchen stove until ready for the rennet.

Chickens and pigs had to be fed and eggs gathered. Chickens, ducks, and rabbits had been carried to Bluff over the twisting trails in cages lashed onto the wagon boxes. And each fall, pigs were killed and pork was cured.

Each season brought a new round of special chores. In the fall, the women gathered the red clusters of bull berries and made preserves and jellies. Over the years, fruit and shade trees became very special to the women of Bluff. Annie Decker brought purple plum trees in her wagons in 1880, and planted them along the river bottoms. Everyone wanted "Sister Decker's" plums for preserves and special treats. Peaches, apples, grapes, and watermelons were grown in Bluff. Emma Wood, Sam's second wife, raised wonderful gardens, and her orchards produced fine fruit. Mulberry trees, planted by Elsie Nielson, Jens Nielson's first wife, provided lovely shade and were also used in the raising of silkworms.

Baking usually took place on ironing day while the stove was already hot. Yeast for bread came from potato water. The rinsings from potato peelings became yeasty if left in a warm place for several hours. Yeast bread was usually mixed at night, and allowed to rise in a warm spot in the house--sometimes even under the quilts!

Usually the week started out with wash day. Water was hauled from the river; mostly it was muddy and had to be settled with wood ashes. A galvanized tub, old washboard, and a copper wash boiler were standard equipment. All white clothes were boiled. It was a hard, long day. Laundry soap was made from fat of all kinds boiled up with lye in a big soap kettle, and starch was made from grated potatoes, covered with water and allowed to stand until the starch settled out.

Ironing day was another exhausting day. The black, cast irons were heavy, hot and cumbersome, but freshly washed and ironed clothes were worth the effort. It was an unbearable job though--especially in the summertime.

Keeping an immaculate house was a bit difficult. Sand storms frequently blew up, plaguing the housewives. The chinks between the rough logs permitted sand to drift into the cabins, into the food and bedding. Despite all efforts, the sand frequently took over.

Lights for the little log cabins were produced by homemade candles or "bitches". The "bitches" were made by tearing old cloth into strips, braiding the strips tightly, and then dipping them in grease. Finally, they were laid across a plate filled with more grease. The light burned bright and cheerful.

Clothing was scarce, but women worked hard to provide the necessities in this area. Tales were often told about the family wash which contained many pairs of childrens' underwear made out of old flour sacks. The label, "Pride of Durango", was usually brightly visible on strategic places. Women carded, spun, and wove wool. They made carpet strips, clothing, curtains, and bedding. In the evening by flickering light, they sewed, or knitted, or darned socks and clothes.

Wood was gathered for fireplaces and stoves, and ashes cleaned out for special uses. On Sunday, soot at the bottom of the stove lids was used to "shine" the family shoes. "Blackin" or blacking was made by turning over a stove lid and mixing water with the accumulated soot. When brushed onto shoes or boots, it covered all the scuffs and marks--at least temporarily. There was one problem--the "soot shine" rubbed off on everything it touched, including long skirts and trouser cuffs, and actually, it never gave a shine--just a nice dull black.

In this primitive little community, the women coped with childbearing and child-raising. They cared for the ill, they taught school, and participated in all the women's church organizations. They involved themselves in music, flowers, entertainment, and with the Indians. When their men were away from home,

they coped with fear and loneliness, heartbreak, and homesickness. They coped with life and death. Margaret Haskell was the first midwife in Bluff. In 1886, Jody Wood was called by Bishop Jens Nielson to serve as midwife and doctor. She carried out her duties to white and Indian alike.

These were special women--married to special men, and from all around the world. Lucretia Lyman Ranney, a daughter of Platte D. and Adelia Lyman, wrote a foreword to her manuscript "Cemetery Records of Bluff, San Juan County, Utah":

"It was not until I was grown that I realized that we had a unique situation in Bluff. There was Bishop Jens Nielson and his wives, "Aunt Elsie" and "Aunt Kisten" from Denmark, their language a mixture of their native tongue and English. "Father" John Allan and his wives "Aunt Jane" and Agnes, "Auntie" as she was affectionately called by everyone. They were from Scotland, and their conversation was always flavored with Scotch words and phrases which I am happy to say they never discarded. William Adams was from Ireland and his wife, Mary, from Germany. Benjamin Perkins and his wives, Mary Ann and Sarah, as well as "Uncle" Hyrum Perkins, were from Wales and their beautiful Welsh voices added greatly to all religious gatherings. And, Samuel Wood and his wives, "Aunt Jody" and "Aunt Emma". The first two were from England. [Editor's Note: Jody was actually born in Cedar City, and her parents were from the Isle of Man.] "Aunt Jody" was for years the only nurse and midwife in the community, cheerfully answering calls for help at all hours of the night and in all kinds of weather, sometimes riding horses back to Monticello, Utah, forty-five miles away to relieve some woman in confinement. "Aunt Emma" Wood was ever a great help in the household when sickness was present and no banquet was ever complete unless she had helped to prepare it.

"These people, from so many different walks of life, reared under vastly different conditions, but bound together as they were by strong religious ties, worked together in peace and harmony, and when one was

called on to mourn, we all mourned.

"These people kept always before their children the standards and ideals of the Latter-day Saints. They were outstanding and progressive and were exceptionally active in promoting education. Their activities and influence were not confined to Bluff alone.

"Today, the memory of those people is one of the sweetest memories I have."

From this rich background of cultures came a variety of skills and talents. Whatever the talent, it was put to good use for the family, neighbors, and outside communities. By 1882, the cooperative store was started with a capital outlay of five hundred dollars. It increased to \$1,700 in 1884. After the great flood disaster of 1884, many colonizers withdrew their investment and moved away, leaving the capital at \$700. But, the cooperative store continued to be in business; it was incorporated on December 18, 1886, and capital investment increased gradually to \$31,000.



The San Juan Cooperative Company where the settlers, Indians, and others bartered and traded their products.

Much of the co-op's business was in the form of barter. A surplus of any kind was turned in and redistributed, or it was turned into badly needed cash at outside markets. There was considerable trade in sheep, other stock, alfalfa, and fruit of all kinds. The sale of honey turned out to be a profitable business. Many women dried fruit or made preserves for the co-op. Some made handsome buckskin gloves or woven items. Cured pork, wheat, corn, and potatoes rounded out the items offered at the store. With the cash earned, the settlers bought flour (until their own grist mill was built), cloth, shoes, needles, nails, horseshoes, and barbed wire. The Indians were steady customers, bringing blankets, pelts, hides, and wool to sell or barter. During the gold rush of 1891-1893, the prospectors were satisfied customers. Aside from the business at the co-op, it held another attraction: there was a dance hall in the loft or second floor!

The settlers soon established schools. Kumen Jones was appointed school superintendent early in 1880 even before there were schools to "superintend". During the fall of 1880, Parthenia Hyde (who later became the wife of Amasa Barton) taught school at Montezuma. By December, 1881, school was being taught in Bluff. There were twenty-five students that first year, and discussions



*Saddled up in front of the San Juan Cooperative Company
The men are all ready for a trip to Elk Mountains, Bluff, Utah.
July, 1900*

Superintendent of District Schools for the years 1881-1882." The record is silent as to what Mr. Jones received for his efforts on the Bluff Road. Joseph Lyman became the new Superintendent.*

The following budgets show the trend of education costs in San Juan County through the years:

*Quoted from "Look to the Mountains" by Charles Peterson.

were lively and sometimes noisy. It is not clear whether Ida Evelyn Lyman (Nielson) or Sarah E. Cox was the first school teacher in Bluff. Later, and for several years, C. E. Walton, Sr. was the teacher. Although the townspeople loaned their precious books to the school, there is an entry in the minutes of the San Juan County Court which notes that "twenty-five dollars was appropriated to Kumen Jones, Superintendent of District Schools to pay for books."

In 1883, Kumen Jones resigned his posts as supervisor of the Bluff Road District as well as Superintendent of Schools. The clerk of the court recorded that "Ten (\$10.00) dollars was appropriated to Kumen Jones for services as

1881-1882.....\$35.00 (including books & salary)
 1891.....\$900.00
 1917.....\$3,030.00
 1925.....\$49,720.00
 1955.....\$375,000.00
 1982.....\$18,134,275.00*

The current school budget is broken down as follows: \$9,838.399 for general maintenance, administrative, and salary costs; \$143,911 for transportation; and \$8,151,965 capital outlay for building.

The long, narrow log schoolhouse and church building became the center of educational, religious, social, and community activity for fifteen years. During the summer, a "bowery" was used for outdoor square dancing and other entertainment, and many socials were held beneath the old "Swing Tree". But, educational, social, and spiritual growth was truly centered in the old log building. Inside were rough-hewn benches, slates, and a pot-bellied stove. All grades were taught in this one large room. The building was used for all Church activities as well as for spelling bees, town meetings, dramatics, and musicals. It wasn't long before the enterprising settlers of Bluff built an addition to this old building and added a stage on the north end.

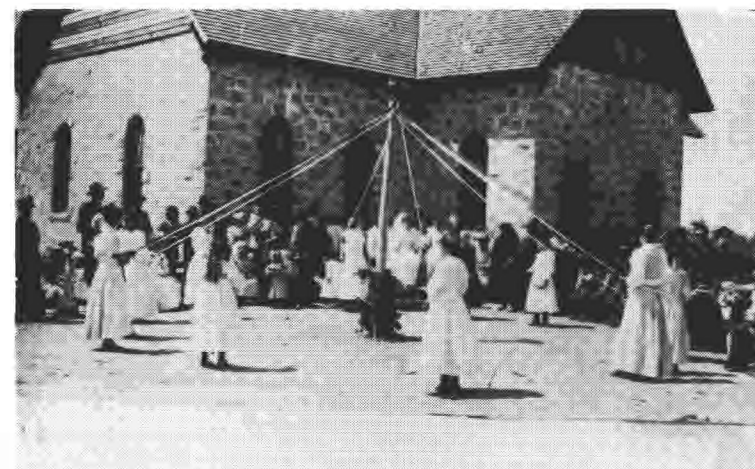
Samuel Wood often appeared in the theatrical presentations and was applauded for his excellent characterizations. C. E. Walton, Sr. was actively involved in theatrical productions and recorded in his diary that he "directed plays, built the scenery, helped fashion costumes, and cleaned the hall before many of the plays were produced."

In later years, a mandolin and guitar club was formed. Included in the club were Jennie Decker Wood, Harriet Barton, Lena Decker, Arthur Wood, and Kumen Jones. Dances were always great fun--square or otherwise. The hall was always crowded with young and old. Sometimes, the outside cowboys came to look on. Occasionally, there were troublemakers, and afterwards much fast horseback riding and shouting through the town.

*Source: Utah State Board of Education.

Picnics were another great source of fun and pleasure for all. Lunches were prepared and carried to picnic areas along the river or high in the red rocks in Cow Canyon. The women always prepared something very delicious for these special occasions. In the spring, the wild cliff flowers were a wonder to see. They grew in masses in the moist parts of the caves facing south. They were a lovely shade of lavender-pink, with a cluster of blossoms on the end of a long, slender stem. Bouquets often filled the empty picnic basket to later grace a table. Some memories of these lovely flowers were associated with the picnics and happy occasions; sometimes they were associated with sorrow as they decorated a grave.

Who could ever forget the flowers as they formed little crowns for the May Queen and her attendants? Every May Day was a happy event as the children danced and sang during the braiding of the Maypole. And as the seasons changed, there were still flowers. In the fall, wild roses and wild sweet peas added their own beauty and fragrance.



*Braiding the Maypole
 in front of the new schoolhouse,
 Bluff, Utah
 Taken sometime after 1895*



Here, beneath the spreading branches, the young people of Bluff enjoyed swinging in the "Old Swing Tree" Note the low bluffs in the background.



*The Old Swing Tree in Bluff.
Meetings, socials, and Sunday School Meetings
were frequently held beneath the shady branches.
Courtesy Utah Historical Society*

The "Old Swing Tree" was something special! On almost every balmy evening, young people gathered beneath its spreading branches to swing, to sing along with guitar and fiddle, and to court. Many pleasant meetings, Sunday School classes and socials were held beneath the tree. Occasionally, it was a place for a quiet contemplation. The old tree formed a part of the fence along Bishop Nielson's field--a rather prosaic use for a very romantic, memorable tree.

Mary Kisten Adams Perkins wrote these two poems about the tree:

THE OLD SWING TREE

*Yes, I remember the "Old Swing Tree."
Its sturdy roots and gnarled limbs,
Nature built you for a swing.
Were you lonely in fields of corn and alfalfa?
No, there were children's patter and laughter.
Speak out old tree and tell us,
When everyone came to Sunday School,
How the singing filled the air.
With thankful hearts for his loving care,
The pioneers met to worship God,
Under the branches of the "Old Swing Tree."*

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

*First, through lover's lane they came,
Young and old romances began.
There were Lillie, Henry, Jennie,
Arthur, George, Annie,
Albert, Lell, Fletch and Hanna,
Frank and Hattie and more.
Tell us your secrets, Old Tree, if you can.
No, you cannot--through the ravages of floods,
you are gone.
Where are the lovers?
Just memories.*

Romance of another sort burst onto the scene in 1892 and 1893. This was the romance of gold. In 1891, rumors began to circulate that the San Juan River sands were rich in gold, and the rush was on. It startled the residents of Bluff as miners swarmed through the little hamlet and down the river. Men came at the rate of fifty a day--arriving on foot, horseback, in wagons, and in double-tired frontier coaches drawn by eight-horse teams, and on burro trains. Lone, grizzled prospectors roamed the washes and

hills. A few prospectors recovered enough gold to make a day's, a week's, or a month's wages. Many drifted north to the Blue Mountains and found only disappointment. Some of the men stayed in Bluff, and with their skills as carpenters, brick makers, stone cutters, and masons found employment in the building of a new church, school house, and several fine residents. The Deseret News, 1893, stated:



*A special gathering of attractive young people in Bluff.
Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood is standing, top left.
Others not identified.*

"F. A. Hammond visited the offices and said that thirty to fifty people a day pass through Bluff, all bound for the gold fields."

It was during this time that several men with medical knowledge were asked to help young John Morton Wood who was suffering from a raging infection in his knee. Nothing helped him, and he died in January of 1893.

The rush slowly simmered down, and by 1895 there was nothing much to show for all that excitement. The gold boom was over!

Throughout all the years from the very beginning, the colonizers were involved with the various Indian tribes. They had an ever-present, over-riding awareness that one of their primary goals was to make peace with the Indians. They were there to serve as a buffer; they were planted "in the very heart of all this incipient danger"*

Morgan Amasa Barton, son of a member of the original party, in his article, "Back Door to San Juan," says of the settlers:

"They were an established outpost, detracting marauding Indians from interior settlements of Utah Territory as well as being a point of interception of bank robbers, horse thieves, cattle rustlers. These people were to be the shock absorbers of premeditated plots of Caucasian outlaws and Indian renegades"

Indeed, such thoughts must have been uppermost in the settlers' minds as they viewed their "neighbors". The Paiutes generally occupied the Southeastern area of Utah; while the Navajos primarily occupied the land south of the San Juan River. But they, along with the Utes, roamed back and forth. Their dwellings were of poor quality. The Paiutes lived in lodges or "wickiups" constructed on a framework of three cedar poles set in tripod fashion. Two sides were covered with thatch (primarily

*Albert R. Lyman, "The Fort on the Firing Line," Improvement Era, 51, 1948.

sagebrush). The third side always faced away from the prevailing winds.

The Navajo "hogans" were equally crude, more rounded, and covered with small limbs and logs. The Utes had conical skin tepees, constructed of ten to fifteen poles forming a cone about fifteen feet in height and thirteen or fourteen feet in diameter at the base. The skin covering was placed around this framework and staked to the ground. A skin lining completed the structure.

The greater part of the Indians' time was spent in food-gathering. Rabbits were driven into areas enclosed by long nets in which they became entangled. Deer and antelope were lured or driven over precipices or into V-shaped enclosures. Pinenuts, roasted for immediate use and stored raw for winter consumption, were an important part of their diet--as were sunflower seeds, sego lily bulbs, camas roots, serviceberries, yucca pods, cactus pears, and arrowroot leaves. Meal from the various roots were made into porridge or mixed with dried berries and baked. Small animals were baked in their skins; larger animals were broiled or cut into strips and dried.

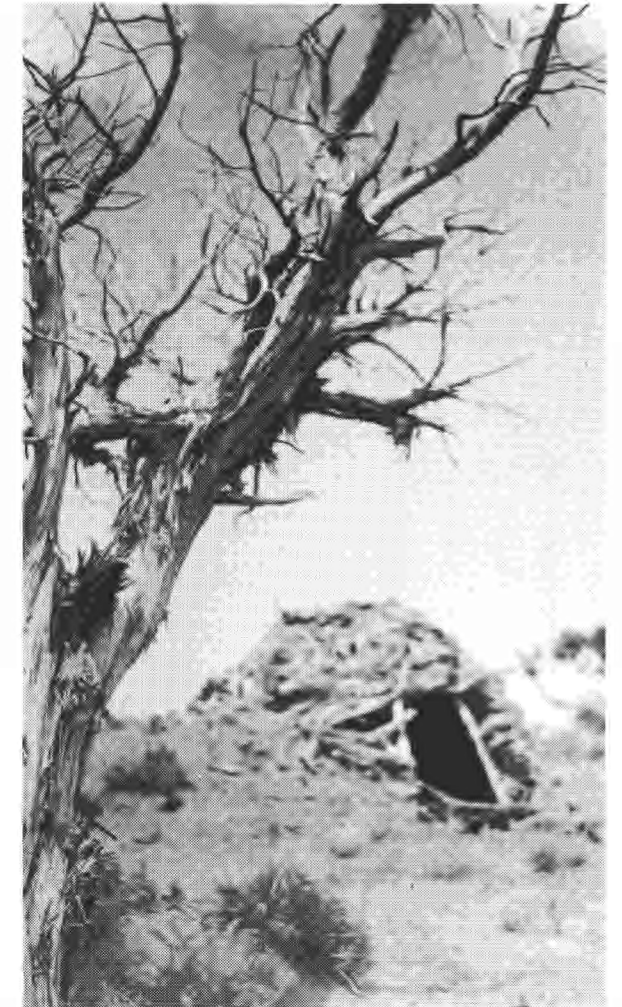
The Indians used a variety of plants and herbs for medicinal purposes. Sagebrush roots were boiled and drunk to help someone suffering from colds or fever, or the juice was rubbed on wounds. Sheep grazed on the gray-green branches of the sagebrush, "Ts'ah", that covered the land from White Mesa to the Blue Mountains. The Indians clung to their primitive customs and beliefs, and surely must have viewed the white settlers with an uneasiness bordering on alarm. What would happen to their homelands--the land of the Indians? This was their land--passed from one group or generation to another in centuries-old ceremonies. The settlers of southern Utah occupied precisely the grounds set aside for various tribal units.* There was not much economic land in southern Utah, and when one Indian group was forced out of it, the group had to enter the lands of another for subsistence. This caused conflict between groups, but the Indian groups joined against the common invader.

*William R. Palmer, Utah Historical Quarterly, April, 1929.



Paiute Indian squaws in front of their summer dwellings--wickiups. The wicker looking basket by the side of one of the squaws is a water jug, which they carry on their backs. The basket is woven of squawbush and then covered with pine gum until it is water tight.

*Photo by John K. Hillers--1883
Courtesy Utah Historical Society*



*A crude Navajo dwelling called a hogan.
Courtesy Utah Historical Society.
Photo by Robert C. Tyler*

Thrust into the center of different Indian tribes, customs and belief in land ownership, the Bluff settlers regarded their relationship with them in a uniquely different way. To true believers, the Indian's need for enlightenment was a sacred duty. According to the Book of Mormon, the Indians were the rightful heirs to special blessings from God. So, the settlers at Bluff approached the Indians with a paternalistic hope--teaching, friendshipping, and waiting for the day when the Indians would become converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The settlers developed a "feed rather than fight" policy in order to pacify the Indians and attach them to the Mormon cause.

There was never any effort to reject the Indians. The colonizers attempted to draw the Indians in, trade with them, and teach them "civilized and spiritual" ways. Several men had special talents in "Indian diplomacy"--Thales Haskell, Kumen Jones, Jens Nielson, and Samuel Wood. Albert Lyman said of Samuel:

*"His service in the Black Hawk War gave him an acquaintance which became a valuable asset in Bluff, where he was right among them for a long time and at the mercy of these Navajos and Paiutes. He had the courage to speak and to stand by his convictions."**

There were large numbers of Navajos in the great Indian land that stretched south of the San Juan River. Manuelito, a wise and honored leader, was the Navajo Chief during the 1870's. He was followed by his son, Manueta. Both were loved and respected by the whites as well as their own people. This did not mean, however, that there would

*"Aunt Jody - Nurse of the San Juan Frontier" by Albert R. Lyman.



Rugmaking has long been a Navajo art. Apparently weaving began about 1780. The Navajos imitated the loom of the Pueblos. Zigzag and diamond designs were introduced in the early 1800's. Use of a border began at the turn of the century. No design is completely enclosed. A thread leading out of the rug is always left for evil spirits to escape lest the weaver lose her sight or mind. All weaving is done by women. The Navajo woman uses wool from her own sheep, processed entirely by her own hands.

not be strong skirmishes, misunderstandings and fear on both sides.

As soon as the settlers arrived in Bluff, the Navajos from the south, the Utes from the north and the Paiutes from the east began visiting the little colony. They did not seem particularly belligerent at first, so the fort was never totally enclosed. But, the Indians liked to raid the cattle and horses grazing in

the canyons and on the mesas.

On May 5, 1881, Joe Nielson reported seeing Indians among the horses put out to pasture. Several of the men rode to Butler Wash and found about thirty Indians camped with their squaws and papooses. There were also large herds of goats and sheep, and about 150 head of horses--eleven of which were identified as belonging to the settlers. After a prolonged "pow-wow" with the Indians and with some flourishing of guns, the Indians returned the eleven horses. But, again and again, the raiding went on.

In 1883, Amasa Barton's father-in-law built a trading post at Rincon Pass--a strategic crossing located ten miles west of Bluff on the San Juan River. Two years later, Amasa and his young family bravely left the safety of Bluff and moved to Rincon to operate the trading post. The Indians were angry and resentful over this apparent attempt to control the river crossing where their sheep for years had carefully picked their way across the river. An uneasy truce settled in for another two years. Early in June of 1887, two belligerent, quarrelsome Navajos entered the Post and started an argument with Amasa. Parthenia Barton offered a home-cooked breakfast and the argument ceased--only to erupt again after the Indians had eaten. Suddenly, one of the Indians drew his pistol and shot Amasa twice through the head, and in his frenzy, he accidentally shot and killed his Indian companion. The outlaw Indian fled across the river with his dead companion, and soon returned with additional Indians who looted the trading post. In the interim, Parthenia dragged her unconscious husband inside the living quarters, and barricaded her family. She hired a young Paiute boy named Posey to run to Bluff with the news. Platte D. Lyman and Kumen Jones came to the rescue, and Jody Wood traveled along the trail to assist the severely injured man. Jody had a new baby just a month old, but she went anyway. Amasa Barton was carried to Bluff where he died a week later on June 16, 1887. He was thirty years old, and left a widow and two children.

After the news of Amasa's death, the women and children gathered into Elsie and Kisten Nielson's homes. Some reports say there were only three men in the little town; others say six and list them as follows: Bishop Jens Nielson, Herman D. Bayles, William Adams, Kumen Jones, John Allan, and Peter Allan. The other men were away freighting or working for wages to supplement

their farming and livestock income. And, so the group waited in fear and sorrow. The wait was short. Very soon, a hundred Navajo braves rode into Bluff. They were in full war paint, heavily armed and looking for trouble. They were itching for a quarrel. As the women and children watched the group through the holes in their walls, Bishop Jens Nielson stepped forward without hesitation. Kumen Jones acted as interpreter. Through him, Bishop Nielson told the Indians that it was the settlers wish to make peace--not to fight. He convinced them that their dead companion had actually been shot by another Indian, not by a white man. Bishop Nielson was an imposing man: sixty-seven years old with white hair and a full white beard. He stood there with courage and dignity on his crippled feet, badly twisted by frostbite. He disarmed the Indians with his kindness. He asked the Indians to get down from their horses, stand their guns against the wall, and sit in a circle. They did as he requested. He invited them to stay over night. Bishop Nielson had a fat steer butchered, and along with bacon, coffee, and other foods from the store, provided a feast for the Indians. They ate and became friends again, and always afterwards remembered Bishop Nielson's or "Kagoochee" crooked feet!

Life was never completely free of friction between the whites and Indians. Repeatedly, violence was avoided only by desperate diplomacy and raw courage.

Old Mancos-Jim was a colorful Indian character. A story about Mancos-Jim and his dog has been told and retold in several sources, and some references insist that the Indian in question was Old Poke. One day, Albert Lyman kicked a dog that kept nipping at his heels in front of the store. It was Mancos-Jim's dog, and he came storming into the store, saying his dog was dead and demanded payment. Disaster was averted when a sober-eyed little grandchild of Mancos-Jim's tugged at his shirttail long enough to get his attention and tell him that the dog had revived.

Another time, Mancos-Jim kept bringing good wool into the store on a rather regular basis. Lemuel Redd did a bit of checking and discovered a hole in the back of the warehouse where wool had obviously been pulled out. So, he set a beartrap and the next morning, there was Mancos-Jim, painfully trapped.

Women, as well as men, had frequent contacts with the Indians--often easing their anger with fresh bread, bacon, and flour. They were kind and brave, and turned many an angry Indian into a friend.

From 1886 to 1896, much pressure was brought on the U. S. Congress to make all of San Juan County an Indian Reservation. There were only 120 white men in the county: 500 Utes, 300 Navajos, and 200 Paiutes. During this period, some of the more arrogant Indians would enter a settler's house and say: "This my wickiup. Washington say pretty soon you go. Me stay here." Finally, the Navajo Reservation was settled on land south of the San Juan River and its confluence with the Colorado River. Most of the Paiutes returned to Colorado, although small bands of Utes and Paiutes remained in the area. Gradually, they annexed themselves to Bluff, Blanding, and during the summer, on the Blue Mountains. Through it all, the whites and Indians settled into an uneasy relationship, probably not satisfying to either side. The ultimate outcome was not a happy one for the Indians. The whites, without premeditated malice, increasingly controlled the county and its resources, and the Indians were led into subjugation and poverty.

During 1896 and 1897, Henry Wood and several of his friends spent time gathering a collection of ancient Indian relics in Utah as well as in Arizona. The Navajos, like all Indians, were superstitious of a disturbance of burial sites. One old Chief said that if he consented to let them go ahead, the hot winds would begin to blow the grass and other vegetation out by the roots and dry up the watering places. Eventually, another influential Navajo interceded and an exhibit was put together and shown in Salt Lake City. There was tremendous interest in the artifacts.

The San Juan area was never free from Indian trouble until 1923 when Old Posey, Chief of the dispossessed Paiutes, died. For twenty years, he made himself unpopular. His career came to an end when he and his band assisted in the escape of two Paiutes who had been arrested for robbing a sheep camp. A posse pursued



*Taken sometime during the Posey War.
Left to right: An un-named interpreter, Posey,
Posey's son, Tse-ne-gat, and Polk (Poke).
Photo taken by D. M. Cooper, Courtesy Utah Historical Society*

the Indians for several days, killed one of them, wounded Old Posey, and captured the rest. Old Posey escaped to an abandoned cave in Comb Wash where he died--his wounds stuffed with weeds, his lifeless face turned toward the approaching enemy. Today, about five miles south of Blanding on U.S. 163, the Posey Monument can be visited. It was erected by the Boy Scouts of Blanding in recognition of the Paiute Indian War of 1923--said to be the last Indian War in the nation.



*"Old Posey"
Leader of the
insurgent
Indians
during the
Posey War in
San Juan
County*

*Photo by
Lyman Hunter*

*Courtesy
Utah Historical
Society*

Throughout the years, despite floods and various other disasters and despite the Indian "diversions", the settlers were well aware of the outside world as well as the need to keep their own world growing. In 1893, an unsigned, hand-written record* stated that Grover Cleveland was President, Adlai Stevens (Stevenson) was Vice President, Caleb W. West, Governor of the Utah Territory, and C. C. Richards was Secretary of the Utah Territory. Among other things, the paper listed F. A. Hammond as Stake President, with William Halls and P. D. Lyman as Counselors. Clerk of the High Council was Peter Allen (Allan), and Stake Clerk was C. E. Walton. The High Council was composed of Samuel Wood, James B. Decker, John Allan, Hansen Bayles, Benjamin Perkins, Nephi Bailey, Henry Holyoak, Mons Peterson, Peter Brown, Nathaniel A. Decker, Walter Stevens, and Joseph F. Barton. The Bluff Ward was headed by Bishop Jens Nielson, with Kumen Jones and L. H. Redd as Counselors.

The record further stated that the Bluff Building Committee consisted of Jens Nielson, Kumen Jones, and L. H. Redd, Jr. The number of cattle owned in the ward was 10,000 head, the number of sheep was 15,000 head, and the number of horses was 500 head. The paper ended with these words: "Done the 29th of May A. D., 1893."

Apparently, the building committee went to work. That year, a new stone church was begun to replace the old log schoolhouse/-church. It was built of natural red sandstone, and consisted of one large room. A belfry was placed on top, and specially cut stones were placed above each stained glass window. The rostrum, secretary's table, sacrament table, and benches were smoothed to a satiny finish. The completed church was dedicated on February 23, 1895. Some time afterwards, the church was struck by lightning and was torn down.

Also in 1893, a rock schoolhouse was built in Bluff. It contained two large rooms and was well-furnished with fine benches. The roof was finished with shingles imported from Durango, Colorado which was 120 miles to the east. The new schoolhouse was 53x28 feet with a vestibule on the north side, a

*Found among the papers of Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen.



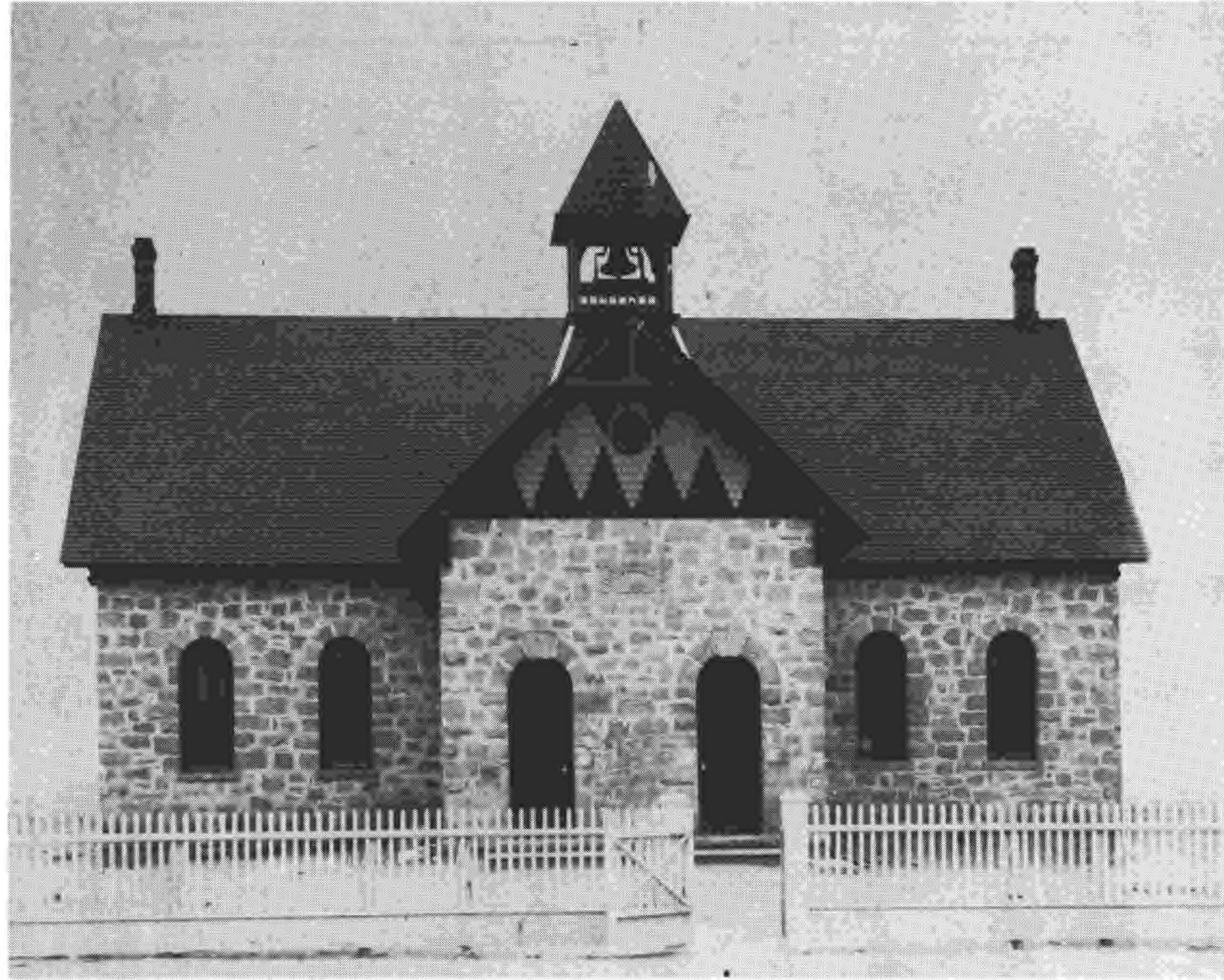
A big celebration! Dedication of the new church house in Bluff, Utah. February 23, 1895.



*A view of Bluff City, Utah, looking southwest.
The river, little town, pinnacles, and bluffs are dramatically shown.
Photo taken November 5, 1895, Courtesy Utah Historical Society.*

handsome school-bell tower, and an unusual mosaic design on the eaves. The lumber cost forty dollars per thousand feet at Durango, or sixty-four dollars at Bluff. It cost \$3,600.00 and at the time it was built, it was the finest public building in San Juan County (Bluff Ward History, LDS Genealogical Library).

In 1896, on January 4th, Utah became the forty-fifth state of the Union, and Bluff citizens celebrated. Joseph Franklin Barton was the Marshal of the day. President McKinley's proclamation of Utah Statehood brought forth a salute of forty-five shots in Bluff. This was the year that the first automobiles arrived in Salt Lake City, approximately 350 miles away, but truly, what a world away was Bluff!



*A lovely building. The new schoolhouse in Bluff, Utah.
It was one of the finest buildings in all San Juan County.
Built in 1893-1895*



*Missionaries sent from Bluff in 1899, left to right:
 Front row: Peter Allan, Jens P. Nielson, Jr., and Francis Nielson.
 Second row: Henry Wood, Joseph Hammond, Willis Rogers,
 Wayne Redd, and J. Monroe Redd.
 Back row: Albert Lyman, George Perkins, and Arthur S. Wood*

There were eighteen LDS missionaries from Bluff serving in the field in 1898. Bluff records show that in 1900, there were "176 souls in the ward--thirty families, including fourteen high priests, two seventies, twelve elders, twenty deacons, seventy-six lay members, and fifty-two children under eight years of age."**

**Editor's Note: The official census listed a population of 315 that year, which included 150 prospectors.



*San Juan stake missionaries at Bluff Stake Conference.
 One woman is included in the group. (Date unknown)*

Again in 1901, there was serious talk of abandoning the San Juan Mission. Apostle Brigham Young, Jr. attended the February, 1902 Stake Conference in Bluff to review the situation. At the priesthood meeting, the ward and stake male members were asked if they would stay in Bluff if requested by the church leaders to do so. Every man held up his hand. Then, Apostle Young, well aware of the conditions under which the little group had labored, formally released all members from their call. Many chose to stay on in Bluff, including Samuel, Jody, Emma, and their families. Some Bluff residents, however, moved on to Grayson, Verdure, or Monticello.

At a ward conference held on January 7, 1906, Bishop Jens Nielson and his counselors were honorably released from their church callings. Bishop Nielson had served for twenty-six years as Bishop of the Bluff Ward, and was eighty-six years old. Lemuel

H. Redd was sustained as Bishop of the Bluff Ward with Kumen Jones and Francis Nielsen as counselors.

A chapter in the life of Bluff was slowly beginning to close. By the winter of 1906-1907, the Samuel Wood family--Sam, Jody, Emma, and their children--had given their all to the little community. Some of their children were married, some were at college, and three rested on "Cemetery Hill". That winter was a winter of transition, a winter of uprooting, a winter of accepting yet another call to resettle--this time to Monticello to help stabilize and build that community of thirty families. Leaving their old log home, their friends, their "Bluff way of life" was just one more challenge in lives that had been filled with challenges. Monticello was not new to the family for Samuel and his sons had farmed there for years, and Emma and Jody had frequently visited Monticello. But, it did mean another change and another way of life. That winter of 1906-1907, the family packed up their few belongings and moved into another long, narrow log house on the northwest corner of the intersection of Main Street and First North. It later served as the schoolhouse.

In Monticello, the wind blew fiercely and the winters were long and cold, but the land was better and there was no river to flood out the crops and homes. Monticello had been a "wild frontier town" filled with rough cowboys, cattle and sheepmen, renegades and outlaws. John Riis, the Acting Forest Ranger in 1907, left an unusually vivid portrait of the village and life in Monticello:

"Always the wind blows at Monticello; round and round the mountain like a rollicking dog chasing its tail. Playing an endless tune on the single telephone wire strung along the Main Street and slapping the loose tin roofs with a noisy gusto. 'Does the wind always blow this way?', I asked a lanky rider who stopped long enough to exchange the courtesies of the road. 'No, Stranger,' he drawled, 'sometimes p'haps once or twice a year, she turns around and blows the other way. Adios.' Not even the sign of a grin creased his leather face as he rode off.

"Monticello clings to the sky; a little cluster of

weather-beaten houses perched on the mountain side seven thousand feet and more above sea level. Eastward into Colorado, even to the skyline rolls the great desert, the winter range of uncounted stock. Purple green in sage it sleeps, a great inland empire, the dust of distant sheep herds swirling lazily in the sun. To the west, the blunt peaks of the Blue Mountains hover close over the little Town: a protecting rampart of green-brown slopes of bunch grass and pine."*

Years later, a folk song written by Judge Fred W. Keller described the beauty of the Blue Mountain and its famous horsehead etched out by pine trees against the mountain peaks. Nostalgically, the chorus repeats over and over these words:

*"Blue Mountain, you're Azure deep,
Blue Mountain, with sides so steep
Blue Mountain with horsehead on your side
You have won my love to keep."*

Jody lived in Monticello a brief time until her death in 1909. Samuel lived there one year longer, and Emma lived on in Monticello for forty-seven years until her death in 1955. She was a much beloved resident of that community.

In the way of an epilogue, it is worthwhile to note some events that have taken place in Bluff and in San Juan County since 1908.

During the years 1908-1911, there was a tremendous oil boom in the southeastern corner of Utah--primarily around Mexican Hat located twenty-five miles to the southwest of Bluff. There was also considerable oil activity in an area almost due east of Bluff. Actually, the first oil well in Utah was drilled in Bluff.** Again, in the mid-1950's, another frenetic oil boom occurred. State Highway 262 was built in 1958-1959 to allow access from Utah (rather than only through Colorado) to the newly-developed "Greater Aneth Oil Field" which had been discovered two

*"Ranger Trails", by John Riis.

**Scenic Guide to Utah by H. Cyril Johnson, 1947, page 8.

years earlier. A million dollar bridge was constructed across the San Juan River during this same period to provide easier access to the wells on the south side of the river and to the imposing extraction and pumping complex of the "El Paso Natural Gas Company." In that seemingly empty land, it was a strange sight to see oil rigs nodding their metal heads up and down, pumping out the black wealth from the bowels of the earth. Today, there is a little oil activity. The dreams are still big, and there is the constant, lingering hope of "striking it rich."

In 1921, roads leading from Moab to Bluff and on to the Arizona stateline, were established under the Federal Aid Project. In the 1920's and 1930's, 728 county roads were built, and the old trail-roads were gravelled and oiled. In the mid-1940's, U-95 was built--the first road to lead to the Colorado River. It was dedicated in 1948, but another thirty years passed before it was paved.

In October, 1982, a bid of \$2,362,570 was accepted by the County Road Department to improve the gravel road between Bluff and Montezuma. This will be just the first phase of road improvement--for guard rails, surfacing, and a bridge are needed. The road over Recapture Wash "is often impossible to cross during the spring months." And, there are plans underway to build a dam at Recapture Wash.

The vanadium and uranium booms in the late 1930's and early 1940's, changed the dreams and lives of some San Juan County residents. It also scarred and ruptured much of the landscape, as roads were cut through the talus and slick rocks of the San Juan terrain.

Years after the Mormon pioneers settled in Bluff, another significant missionary settled there. This was Father Harold B. Liebler, revered "priest with the long hair". He established "St. Christopher's Episcopal Mission to the Navajo Indians" in 1941.*

*"Utah--A Guide to the State" by Ward S. Roylance, 1982.

After years of struggle, effort and work, the attractive, tree-shrouded complex consists of a school, a hogan-shaped chapel, fields, dwellings, kitchen, dining hall, and other facilities. It is located on the north bank of the river, two miles east of Bluff.

The great Glen Canyon Dam was completed in 1964, and it changed the face of the canyonlands, and opened up a great wonderland in the centipede-shaped Lake Powell. The scenery, thus finally revealed, can only be described as gloriously spectacular --one of the great wonders of the world.

An interesting sidelight on the development of Glen Canyon and Lake Powell has to do with Navajo superstitions and beliefs. They have their own explanation for the trouble and turbulence that has swirled around the world since the Dam was completed. They claim that when the engineers sliced through a sacred, beehive-shaped mountain, they released the evil spirits that had been imprisoned for centuries. Now, those evil spirits are free to cause mischief.

These superstitions, beliefs, and native customs of the Navajos as well as other Indians in the area, are celebrated every June in the ALL TRIBES INDIAN DAY at Bluff. Indians from the Four Corners come to participate in friendship, singing, dancing, games, equestrian events, and to mingle and show off their colorful native dress.

In October 1982, the elementary schools in Bluff and Montezuma Creek had each experienced a 12.5% increase in population over 1981. The elementary school population at Bluff is 115; and the Montezuma Creek Elementary school population is 357. Times have changed. Today, plans are under way to build a ferry ramp at Hall's Crossing where the Samuel Wood family crossed one hundred years ago. And, the feasibility of building a one-room school-house at Hall's Crossing is under discussion. Currently, the seven students living there are bused to Ticaboo (San Juan Weekly Record--Issues 1980-1982.)

The total population of San Juan County in 1980 was 12,253--5,600 of that number are Navajo and Ute Indians. Over the years, the population in Bluff has waxed and waned, but has never

achieved any significant growth as shown by the following figures:

1882.....	225
1890.....	190
1900.....	315*
*(Includes 150 prospectors)	
1910.....	160
1920.....	150
1930.....	200
1940.....	284
1950.....	200
1960.....	250
1970.....	300
1980.....	325**

Quoting from Neil Morgan, Copley News Service, September 5, 1972:

"Driving the lonely rugged roads of southeast Utah, you count your neighbors. I saw a bakery truck five times one day, and began to count the driver as an old friend. He was making his stops at the scattered, remote country stores. I was poking in and out the side roads of that no-man's land where the Navajo nation ends and Mormon Country begins.

"The dusty red stone houses built by early settlers still stand, many of them shuttered and abandoned. Some modest frame houses have been added, a few mobile homes, several stores, a Chamber of Commerce, a little motel, and the Cow Canyon Trading Post. Startling in Bluff is the only structure that suggests the outside world--a Dairy Queen malt shop."

**The figures from 1882 through 1940 were taken from the booklet "Population of Southern Utah" by Herbert E. Gregory, reprinted from "Economic Geography", January 1945, Vol. 21, No. 1. The figures from 1950 through 1980 were obtained from the Bluff postmaster. Considerable time was spent contacting the State Data Center, State of Utah; Federal Government Census Bureau; San Juan County offices; and the San Juan Weekly Record.

Today, one hundred years after the Samuel Wood family entered Bluff, the rather deserted village has a sense of loneliness, but there is also a sense of greatness and fulfillment. At flood stage--"too soft to plow and too thick to drink"*--the San Juan River still dishes up a syrupy, viscous flow of water with three-fourths of its content red silt. The cliffs and rocks remain unchanged, standing as sentinels over the place where the pioneers served their mission with honor, and where many of our beloved rest in peace.

Some of the pioneers left Bluff in the early years, but continued to serve the Church in other locations. Others, valiantly, stayed on through the early 1900's when Bluff became a shadow of its early colonizing efforts.

The Bluff settlers brought culture, education, justice, and spirituality with them to the frontier. They worked for a peaceful co-existence with the Indians. They battled against the elements in a great expanse of untamed land. They fought back when the river ran wild. Although their mission developed in ways not originally planned or foreseen, it was successful beyond their dreams. They left a heritage more valuable in spirit and in courage than in the crops and buildings they struggled to produce. Somehow, in this uniquely wonderful little colony, there remained a splendid element of invincibility. The Bluff pioneers were truly people apart from the ordinary.

The founding of Bluff was a miracle. And the efforts to maintain the community is a story of superhuman determination and unswerving faith. Against insuperable odds, the Bluff pioneers survived, and thrived in a marvelous spirit of greatness that cannot be fully described.

The mystique and grandeur of the San Juan Mission in Bluff will live on . . . forever.

Written by
Frances Hansen Hoopes
a granddaughter of Samuel and Jody
1982--100 years later!

*Attributed to Norman Nevills, one of the first river runners.

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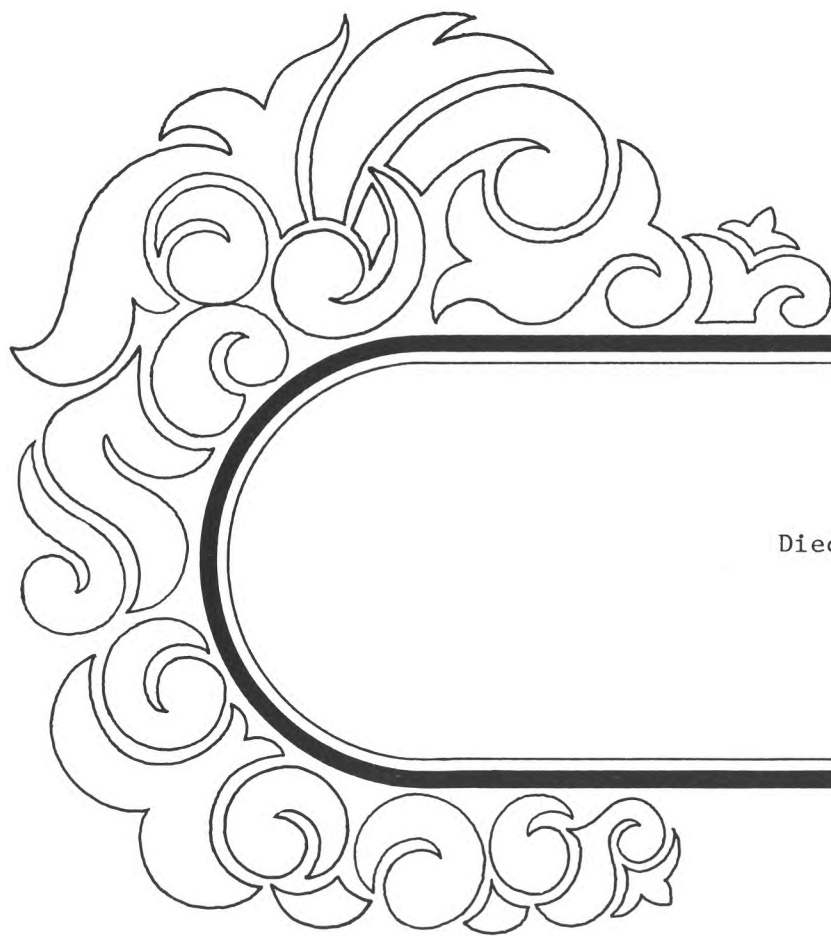
Samuel Franklin Wood

First Child of

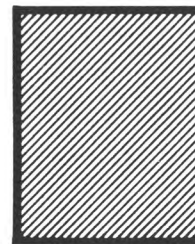
Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: April 11, 1873
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: October 5, 1874
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah



Died at age 1 1/2



Samuel Franklin Wood



Samuel Franklin Wood

The first child of Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood was born one year and three months after their marriage in the Salt Lake Endowment House on December 25, 1871. Their first child was a boy, born on April 11, 1873, in Cedar City, Utah, and named Samuel Franklin Wood. Jody was not quite twenty years old; Sam was thirty years old, and surely this was a joyful event.

Sam and Jody had built a comfortable brick home in Cedar City--two stories high with six rooms. Sam earned a living as a freighter, carpenter, and farmer. Jody, in addition to caring for her home, husband, and baby, served as a counselor in the Primary Association--an auxiliary organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

No written record can be found regarding baby Sam's short life, or the cause of his death on October 5, 1874. The child lived only 18 months, and his untimely death must have caused a great sadness and tremendous void in the lives of Sam and Jody. The little boy was buried in the Cedar City Cemetery.

Years later, in 1908, Jody wrote the following letter (reproduced from the original in full) to Mr. and Mrs. Albert R. Lyman of Blanding, Utah, on an occasion of sorrow for them. Albert R. Lyman later wrote Jody's history (1958). The letter was given to Alene Wood Hansen Jones in 1976 by Ky Lyman Bishop. In the letter, Jody refers to an uncle who comforted her when the young Samuel Franklin Wood died. It is not known who that uncle was. Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood signed the letter in her usual fashion "J C Wood".

Written by
Frances Hansen Hoopes

Monticello Oct. 4th 1908

Dear Albert & Luell, when I ~~lost my~~
first baby, my Uncle, wrote these
lines to me, found in the hymn book.
and they were all ways a comfort to
me, I take more to poetry than
some people, & that is why they seem
good, & true, and I hope you
will find comfort in them.
I think a heart you & wish,
I could say some thing that
would comfort your sorrowing
hearts, for no matter how young
or how they suffer, when death
comes it touches a tender cord that
no one knows, ~~of any~~ ^{than} that has passed
through it.

Weep not for him
Weep not for him that's dead and gone;
Nor to despair be driven;
Your child is saved through Jesus Christ;
He now has gone to heaven—
2nd gone far away from wicked men,
So mingle with the good,
Who washed their robes and made them white
In Christ's atoning blood,
3rd It's true the trial was severe
That tore him from your breast;
But oh! do not desire him now
For he has gone to rest,
4th When lying suffering on your knee
Your heart was fit to break,
and oft you sighed and wept aloud.

Oh! could my child but speak!
5th And still you mourn his absence ^{now}
and think you are bereaved;
Sister, look up; the God is good!
Women, thy child is saved.
6th Shed not for him the bitter tears,
Nor yeald to sore, regret,
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem is sparkling yet.

I hope & pray that the Lord will comfort
you, both is the prayer of a friend
& sister. J. Wood

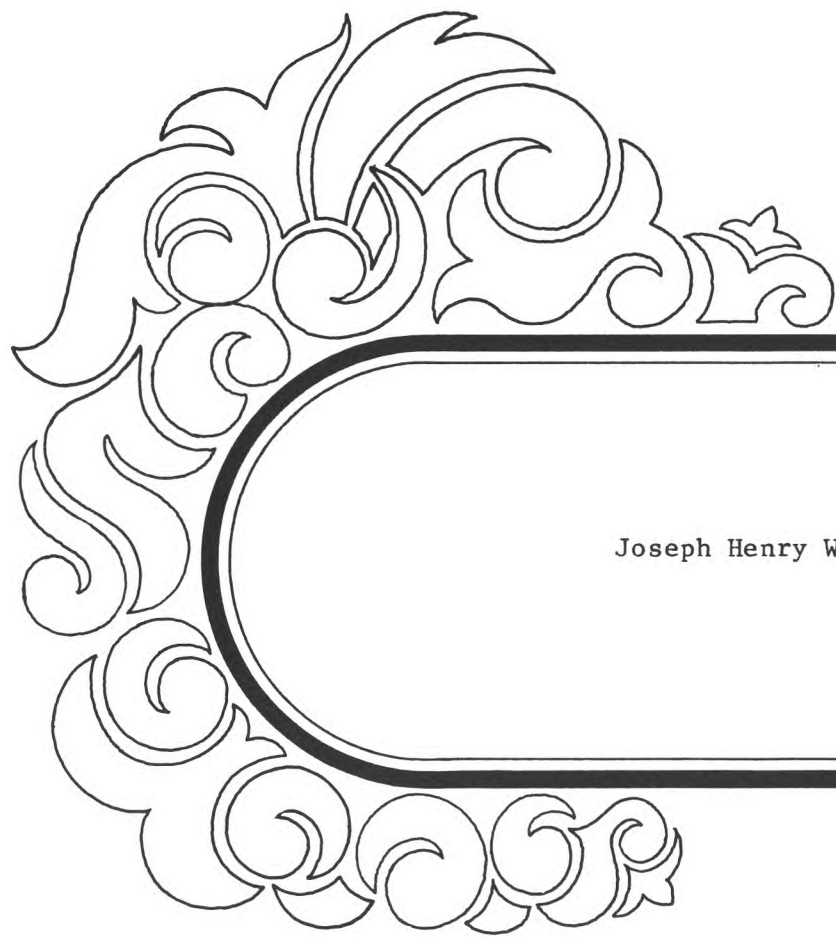


Second Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: March 8, 1875
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: July 1, 1942
Salt Lake City,
Salt Lake County, Utah



Joseph Henry Wood



Anna Lillian Decker Wood

Joseph Henry Wood

Joseph Henry Wood, called Henry by his family and friends, was born in Cedar City, Utah, March 8, 1875, to Samuel and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood. He was the second son in a family of ten children--five boys and five girls. He was seven years old when his parents arrived in Bluff Utah. They were with the second group of pioneers to leave Cedar City and travel to Bluff arriving two years after the "Hole in the Rock" expedition.

The following has been taken from Henry's journal, which he wrote during the winter of 1920 at the request of his wife. Much has been left out because of lack of space, but he has told his experiences so well the following is direct from his journal.

"I was seven years old when we first arrived in Bluff and remained with the family until I was of age, working on the farm and range, and attending school. In 1895-1896, I attended the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. This school money was earned making bricks in Moab in the summer of 1895. The next summer was spent gathering ancient Indian relics in Utah and Arizona and taking them to Salt Lake for display and sale.

While in Salt Lake I was invited to join a Utah group of soldiers on their way to Cuba where the Spanish-American war was



Joseph Henry Wood
Age 3 (1878)
Cedar City, Utah

going on. I had received an L.D.S. Mission call and was undecided what to do, but finally decided to go to Cuba and postpone the mission to a later date.

I served as a Packer in the Rough Rider Division under Theodore Roosevelt. Because I knew how to properly tie a pack on a mule so it would stay on until taken off, I was put in charge of a Packer Division to teach the others. I sure got a kick out of watching green men trying to handle bronco mules.

Taking part in the task of making everything ready for the departure of the largest expedition ever undertaken in the United States Army was all very thrilling and thoroughly enjoyed by me. The loading of guns, supplies, animals, and men onto vessels and the maneuvering of those huge transports and battleships was extremely interesting to a boy, who prior to his leaving home a short time before, had seen nothing larger than a ferry boat. This fleet consisted of 35 transports and was escorted by the Battleship Indiana and other war vessels which took the lead and others following in three columns, presenting a most beautiful picture. The trip over to Cuba occupied eight days.

Cuba was the most beautiful country I was ever in. It is quite hilly, with some mountains of considerable size covered with all kinds of trees and vegetation and tropical fruit, the soil being very rich and productive. Large sugar and tobacco plantations could be seen here and there over the country though many areas had grown up to grass and underbrush, having been uncultivated for a number of years past owing to the war which had been going on between Spain and Cuba.

Immediately the Pack Trains began a night and day service of carrying food and supplies to the troops along the firing line. This firing line being advanced each day, until on July 1, the firing line reached the foot of San Juan Hill. Here the enemy had built fortifications and had made preparations to make a determined stand. The main engagement commenced in the morning of July 1 and in a very short time the American and Spanish forces all along the line of battle were fighting fiercely. The enemy was mostly protected by trenches and fortifications while the Americans had to fight pretty much out in the open. The Americans, however, soon gained ground driving the Spaniards from their trenches back

into the town of ElCaney, where they were surrounded by American troops who captured a great number of prisoners and killed about two thousand Spaniards.

During this time, the Packers were working day and night trying to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and food. Each day in making our trips from the commissary to the firing lines we would pass over the battle field. Some of the wounded soldiers lying on the ground would ask for water. My heart ached to have to pass them by; however, our orders were to deliver our supplies direct to the troops at the firing line. When delivering the supplies we were under the necessity of passing within the range of the enemy guns. Some of our mules were killed and wounded, but the Packers escaped unhurt.

While thus engaged, we were brought face to face with the realities and horrors of war. Almost continuously we were meeting wounded and disabled soldiers being taken back to the hospitals, and by the wayside could be seen men lying dead as they had fallen in battle, many of whom had their guns still gripped in their hands. Up to this time, the Packers had not been supplied with fire arms, so they took this means of supplying themselves arms for their own protection and having in mind keeping them as a souvenir. Some of the boys lost their rifles, they having been called in by government orders. I was one of the few who retained a rifle, a Kregjorgensen Cavalry gun, a 30-30 U.S.

On the morning of July 3rd, while packing our mules at ElCaney, we could hear heavy bombardment out toward Santiago Harbor and supposed it to be an engagement between the Spanish and American fleet, which proved to be true. The Spanish fleet, having attempted to run the blockage, were attacked by the Americans stationed just outside the harbor and in the short period of three hours every Spanish ship was destroyed. This fleet, consisting of seven war vessels, Spain's greatest fleet, was completely destroyed with a loss of 600 men killed, 400 wounded, and 1,100 taken prisoner. The American loss was one man killed and not a single ship seriously damaged. Thus, ended one of the most notorious Naval victories in history, equalled or surpassed only by the victory of the American Fleet in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898.

The Packers continued their work of supplying provisions, etc. to the troops at different points. Our work began to ease up so that we could return to headquarters and get some sleep at night. For the space of several days, the only sleep we had had was in the saddle. Our work continued until August of 1898 when the Spanish formally surrendered the island, and headquarters of the American land forces was established in Santiago.

I had contracted malaria and for the next few months was in one hospital after another--first at Santiago, then in New York, but not getting any better I decided to go home. I took a train to Salt Lake City arriving exhausted. After checking into the Whitehouse Hotel, I slept solid for two days and two nights. When the manager found out I had been in the war they took me immediately to the St. Mark's Hospital. An article was published in the paper telling of my return from Cuba and of my experiences. All those at the hospital treated me with great kindness and when I asked what my bill was they said it would be nothing because I had been to war.

Having recuperated sufficiently to stand the trip, I decided to start home, and arrived in Bluff about December 28, 1898, and to my surprise the whole town turned out to welcome me home. Later on, the people of the town cooperated in giving me a very exceptionally fine welcome home party. I was very happy indeed to return home and find my parents well, and happy to welcome home their wandering son. I have many times felt it was the prayers of my mother that directed me to return. It gave me a great deal of pride and joy in receiving the honor and respect of my friends.

Thus ends the story in brief of my war experience, and after taking everything into consideration I have no regrets for having gone to Cuba, but on the contrary, I take considerable pride and satisfaction in the thought that I have taken part in a small way in gaining freedom for the Cuban people and forcing from the American shores the most tyrannical, treacherous, and altogether unhuman nation--the Spanish government.

After the thrill of being welcomed home had subsided and I was settling down into the homelife again, I discovered I had not gotten rid of my malaria fever. So my mother, who had been serving in Bluff as the only doctor and nurse the town had had for

years, took me in hand and gave me a treatment that completely eradicated the disease from my system. I have often thought what a wonderful thing it would be if all the government nurses were as capable as my mother.

About this time, I received another letter from the Presiding



*Joseph Henry Wood
On L.D.S. Mission--1900
Age 25*

Bishop's Office asking if I was now ready to go on my mission and I replied that I would go whenever they wanted me to. It was while I was out gathering wild cows that a letter came to Bluff telling me to report to Salt Lake City April 14, 1900. My folks immediately sent a runner out to find me. I made preparations and left immediately for Salt Lake, going from Bluff to Moab (approximately 115 miles) in two days on horseback, riding the same horse, arriving just in time to get off with my company. I was told to report to the Northern States Mission Headquarters in Chicago, Illinois. Upon arriving in Chicago, I was assigned to the Missouri Conference and sent to Spring-

field. Elder Moulton of Heber was my first companion and our missionary experiences began immediately. About the second day, we met up with a Methodist Minister and it made my heart rejoice the way Elder Moulton wound him up. About the 17th of December President Larsen, our Conference President, sent word for us to go out into the country and travel without purse and script. Here we had a pleasant experience as we were able to get into more homes, especially at night, and therefore had a better opportunity of explaining the gospel. We made many fine friends and some investigators.

After having been on my mission a little over a year, I was called to act as Second Counselor to Brother Thomas A. Hamilton, who had been chosen President of the Missouri Conference. We had a very definite program each day of doing so much tracting, then visiting saints and investigators in the afternoon and holding street meetings at night. On Sunday we would hold Sunday School at 11:00 a.m. and services at night.

We had the pleasure of meeting many friends and relatives as they were passing through Kansas City. I very much enjoyed the visits of James B. Decker, Joseph Nielson, L. H. Redd, and Hansen Bayles--all of Bluff and my employers of a year or two before--who had come to Kansas City with a shipment of sheep. This was the last time I saw Brothers Decker and Nielson, they both having died before I returned home. My folks at home were having many sad experiences in my absence. My dear little sister, Bernice, the youngest of the family and blessed with an exceptionally sweet disposition, was attacked with spinal meningitis and died. This was a very hard blow to my mother as she was especially fond of Bernice and took a great deal of pleasure in her company. She was seven years of age when she died. Later in the same year, diphtheria broke out in the family of James B. Decker, father of Lillian Decker with whom I was corresponding and afterwards married. This terrible disease caused the death of five of the Decker family--the father, three sons, and one daughter. These were very severe experiences and caused us all many a sad moment.

It was a sacrifice for my parents, who were not very flush with means, to furnish money for my missionary expenses especially since my brother, Arthur, and I were both in the mission field at the same time for about one year, but they were glad and willing to perform this service.

I received my release from my mission on July 12, 1902. I had very much enjoyed my association with the Elders and Sisters at headquarters, so receiving my release was both a happy and sad experience. Happy for having had the honor and experience of a mission, and sad in the thought of having to leave the work and friends I had learned to love. After having been given an affectionate farewell, I took the train for home arriving July 22, 1902.

It sure did seem good to get back home and enjoy the dear old folks again, notwithstanding the sad remembrances of the past few months. My welcome home party and the general feeling of welcome and good will was all very fine. It did not take me long to fit into home life again. I soon began working on the farm and range for my father and others--Mr. Monroe Redd, Nielson Brothers, and Al Scorup. I assisted Mr. Scorup in drifting his cattle from the summer range on the Elk Mountains to their winter range.

It was while working for Mr. Scorup that I decided I would try to get started in the stock business for myself, so when drifting was over I came home and with the cooperation of my brother, Arthur, who had agreed to join me, we made arrangements to get some money and so I got a pack outfit together and started out to find a bunch of cows. I had heard of some cattle for sale over in Wayne County, so thither I wended my way a distance of about 200 miles through a rough, uninhabited country without having passed a single ranch or residence. This hardly seems possible but true, and this unsettled condition exists to this day. After a long and lonesome journey, I finally arrived at Enoch Larsen's ranch. Here, I learned that a George Brinkerhoff was offering a bunch of cows for sale and soon after getting in touch with him, a deal was made. It was agreed that the cattle were to be turned over to me at Brown's Ferry on the Colorado River. I sent word to Arthur to bring money and meet me at this place at a certain date with horses and provisions. We began immediately to undertake the job that had been worrying us considerably--that of crossing our cattle over the Colorado River. After the cattle had been counted and delivered over to us, we drove them up the river bottom to where the bank of the river and the cliff came together and then forced them to take the water, which they did after considerable persuasion, a few of the leaders leading the way and the remainder following in a long curved line.

They presented a very beautiful picture. Arthur was mounted on his beautiful black horse named Jock, who was a wonderful swimmer. He followed the leaders into the river, swimming just below them to prevent them from turning back. They took a course a little downstream, but reached a good landing and went out on the opposite side in good shape. We considered ourselves very fortunate in getting them over so successfully. Oftentimes, a bunch of stock of this kind will get confused and go in all directions. The swimming distance was about 300 yards. This being accomplished, we began distributing our cattle, locating them where we thought they would winter best. Having done this, we left the cattle to themselves and returned home for the holidays.

This whole proposition of going so far away and buying cattle in the wintertime and gathering them from their old range and driving them to a new range, swimming them across the Colorado River in December, and then gathering them in the spring and driving them again 150 miles, was more of an undertaking than I had thought. But, we were lucky in reaching our destination without any serious misfortune, and through it all, we enjoyed the romance that goes with such experiences. Arriving home we found the folks all well and we soon settled down to our future business of livestock farming.

It was not long after this that I was asked by the County Commissioners if I would accept a position of supervising the County Experimental Farm that had been recently established at, or near, Verdure, Utah--about six miles south of Monticello. I decided to accept this position and immediately moved to Verdure and rented a three-room house and began the operation of clearing, fencing, and plowing a 40-acre tract of land which had been purchased by the county. The Experimental Farm was under the direction of John A. Widstoe of the Utah Agriculture College at Logan, who visited the farm on several occasions.

I have mentioned before in this narrative that I had been keeping company with Miss Lillian Decker. We had been raised together--that is, in the same town--since we were about eight years old, having associated together in all the activities of the town, but not feeling any special attachment for each other until about six months prior to going on my mission. We went out

together during the winter of 1900 and when I received my call for a mission, we decided to continue our relationship and correspond during my mission, which we did. This correspondence was very much appreciated by me, as her letters were always full of faith and encouragement and were a very great help to me in my missionary work.

When I returned from my mission, we soon arrived at that stage in our courtship when we decided that single blessedness is not the best thing in life, so we decided to meet the problems of life together and get married as soon as circumstances would permit. So, upon my return from purchasing our cattle, we decided that now was the time, that we were both old enough--both having passed our 27th year--and having all the other qualifications, except money. We decided to pass that objection and get married without it, so we immediately made arrangements to leave for Salt Lake City. The Woods furnished one horse, the Deckers the other. We borrowed a set of harness and buggy and away we went--arriving in Salt Lake and getting married December 17, 1902. This was a rather hurried up arrangement, but we enjoyed the thrill of it all. Our honeymoon trip of short duration was our trip back home, arriving there for the holidays.

We enjoyed a very pleasant holiday season and on January 2nd, our wedding reception was given and I believe every person in town was out and did everything they could to make this the best party of the season. The stage of the dance hall was covered with presents and the expressions of good will were many.

We then gave our attention to fixing up a three-room log house, which had been built by James B. Decker early in the history of Bluff and served as a home for the Decker family for many years, in fact, up until the time the diphtheria had played such havoc in their family. This was to be our home for a while. Owing to the good management and economy of Lillian during the time she had been teaching school, she had saved enough to furnish our home, which she did very nicely.

About this time I was asked by Bishop Nielson to act as President of the YMMIA; Lillian had been acting as President of the YWMIA, thus making us both Presidents of the Mutual. We enjoyed the experience of this winter--our Mutual activities, the fixing up of our home, and the experiences of newly married life.



*Joseph Henry Wood and Anna Lillian Decker
Married in Salt Lake City, Utah
December 17, 1902*

Our first child was born October 11, 1903 and proved to be a big, fine, dark-haired boy, apparently perfect in physique and altogether a beautiful and healthy baby who brought joy and happiness into our home. I remained home until the 20th, having blessed our son, giving him the name of Joseph Earl. I then returned to Monticello, giving my attention to farm and livestock interests until about holiday time when I returned to Bluff and found "Mamma and baby" doing fine, due to the very fine care they had received from Grandma's Wood and Decker.

It was about this time that the Stake President, Walter C. Lyman, told me he would like me to take my permanent residence in Monticello and use my best efforts in the development of the ward--socially, religiously, and civically. So, in the spring we returned to Monticello with the intention of making that our home.

It was this year (1904) that I was elected to the office of Sheriff and Assessor combined, the Commissioners uniting the two offices to cut down the salary to two-thirds of that of two. I fixed up our two-room log house as best I could and prepared to spend our first winter in Monticello, 1904-05. The first part of the winter was quite open, but the latter part we had lots of storm and deep snow. On February 12th, our second son was born and we named him Francis Clair. Grandma Wood (my mother) had already come from Bluff to be present on this occasion and help with the birth of the baby, and we were certainly thankful to have her with us. She remained about three weeks and then decided to return home to take care of her family. I had intended to take her to Blanding in a sleigh as there was about three feet of snow, but a sudden thaw came and made the snow so soft and slushy that we had to abandon the sleigh at Verdure, just six miles from Monticello. We stayed overnight there with the Hott's who treated us very nicely. Mother was always welcome wherever she went.

During the night we had decided to make the remainder of the trip on horseback, so we mounted Old Rube and Toney and away we went. This proved to be a very tiresome and rough trip for "Grandma Wood". There were many deep drifts of snow and our horses had to lunge through them, making it extremely hard riding. We arrived safely, however, and were welcomed by Brother Joseph A. Lyman and family who seemed happy to take us in and give my mother the care she so much needed. So after having our pictures taken while on our horses, we dismounted and partook of the Lyman's

hospitality. My father arrived the same day from Bluff to take my mother the rest of the way home.



*Joseph Henry Wood and his mother,
Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood
An arduous journey riding through the heavy, deep snow
Circa 1905*

Mother was blessed with an especially pleasant and congenial disposition, with a desire and qualification of being of service to her fellowman, which service brought untold blessings to her associates and endeared her to all to whom she came in contact. She was affectionately known all her married life as "Aunt Jody". For about twenty years she was the only doctor and nurse in Bluff, having served as midwife to about 350 children, besides taking care of countless others who were sick and injured.

Prior to its settlement, Monticello and all the country around the Blue Mountains was occupied by cattlemen and had the

reputation of harboring some of the toughest men in the country. Outlaws from all over the west would drift in there and get jobs from the cow outfits and they ran the country just about to suit themselves, and after the town was being settled, they seemed to take a delight in coming in every so often and running it over the people. They would ride through town shooting off their firearms and terrorizing the people by holding them up and making them dance by shooting at their feet and by shooting into public buildings.

It might be interesting here to relate just one of the experiences that townspeople had with the outlaw cowpunchers. The only merchant of the town, Mr. Monse Peterson, had had some trouble with the cowboys and one night, while under the influence of liquor, they decided to come in and clean up on Mr. Peterson. He had been warned of their coming and upon arriving at the store they found him gone. Being thus disappointed, they took Mr. Peterson's brother and made him open the store, they then forced him to take things off the shelves and hold them up while they shot holes through them, then they made him pile bolts of cloth on the counter and place canned goods on top of the cloth. They then shot through the cans, letting the contents run down through the cloth. Then they would get on their horses and ride through town shooting and yelling. Finally, when they could not find Mr. Peterson, they returned to his store and took sacks of sugar and coffee, rice, beans, etc. and cut them open and mixed them all together on the floor. This happened before my time in Monticello, but I have often wondered how the people were able to stand such carrying on.

For many years the people of Monticello had this lawless element to contend with. Finally, a U. S. Deputy Marshall by the name of Joe Bush was sent down from Salt Lake City to break up this gang of outlaws and it was chiefly through his services that many of the outlaws were apprehended and the end of cowboy rule in San Juan was accomplished.

This was pretty much the situation when we moved to Monticello. I began making trips out through the country attending to my assessor's and sheriff's duties. I enjoyed this work very much--becoming quite congenial with the county officials.

I had already taken a homestead of 320 acres and during the

summer of 1905, I purchased 80 acres of choice land for \$1.50 per acre. Thus began my land interests in and around Monticello, adding more acreage every year until the total amounted to about 1,400 acres--mostly agricultural land. My cattle and public offices kept me pretty busy, but I managed to raise a good crop of grain and some hay. Arthur and I still owned and ran our cattle together. During the summer of 1906, however, we thought it would be better for us to give our whole attention to farming and so we sold our cattle.

On September 3, 1906 our first daughter was born and we named her Anna Bernice--she being named after her mother and her Aunt Bernice.

Two years had rolled around and another election was at hand. They nominated me for County Commissioner and I was elected. I had been very well satisfied with my administration as sheriff and assessor and had given good satisfaction as far as I knew. I had decided to let my name go up for the office of County Commissioner, thinking the experience would be worthwhile, and so I began to take an interest in the politics of the county.

I might say here that the county seat had been located in Monticello for a number of years, it having previously been located at Bluff. Monticello was centrally located and the most business town in the county. It is the second oldest town in San Juan and was settled about 1896 by people who were called from Bluff to go there and make their homes, among whom were the families of F. I. Jones, Nephi Bailey, Charles Walton, J. E. Rogerson, George Adams, Parley Butt, Benjamin Perkins, James B. Decker, and Samuel Wood.

On November 1, 1907 our second daughter was born and we named her Fern. We began realizing the responsibility of our young family who were all fine, healthy, and strong children. During the summer of 1907, however, our family was called to pass through another very sad experience. My brother George--commonly known as "Budd"--received a call to go on a mission to Texas. He had been in the mission field but a very short time when he contracted typhoid fever and before we hardly realized he was sick, word came that he had died and that his body was being shipped home. This was another very hard experience for my parents, my mother not having had very good health for some time never did recover from

this shock. Arthur and I went to the railroad at Thompson, Utah and brought his body home and he was buried in Bluff.

In the county election in November 1, 1908, I had been re-elected as County Commissioner and continued serving as Chairman of the Board. Also, at this time, the LaSal National Forest had been established which included most of the territory surrounding both the LaSal and the Blue Mountains. A call was made by the Forest Department for young men to take the Ranger's examination. Being thoroughly acquainted with every part of this forest and personally with most of the people, especially the stockmen, I decided to take the exam and proceeded to Moab for that purpose and passed with an 83 percent. I was offered the job and in the early part of the summer of 1909, I began as a Ranger on the LaSal National Forest and served in that capacity for one year.

My father and mother had decided to make their home permanently in Monticello the previous year, 1907-08 being their first winter spent there. My mother's health was far from being normal during the next winter, but was able to be up and around and frequently visited my wife and kiddies, which they so much appreciated. In the latter part of January 1909, while I was in Logan attending a special class for the Forest Rangers, I received a telegram that mother was very sick and asked that I come home at once, which I did. On my way from Thompson to Moab, I received a phone call that mother had passed away. This was a severe loss to all of us. She had certainly performed a noble service in not only rearing her own family, but in rendering valuable service to her grandchildren. She indeed had a host of friends. I believe she made a friend of every person with whom she became acquainted. Her body was taken to Bluff and buried as she had requested. After the funeral, we all returned to Monticello. Aunt Emma, my father's second wife, came with my father and kept house for him.

In the spring of 1910, my father became suddenly ill. I was in Bluff at the time and was called home to his bedside. It developed that a complete stoppage had taken place in his intestines. A doctor whom we had brought from Colorado advised taking him to the hospital in Salt Lake for treatment. Upon examination it was found that an operation was necessary. This was performed at Holy Cross Hospital. It was claimed by the doctors that the operation was successful but father never

recovered, but passed away a few days later. Aunt Emma had gone with him from Monticello and was with him until his death, then returned with the body. I met them at Thompson and brought them to Monticello. The family all met again at Monticello and proceeded on another sad mission to Bluff, where my father was buried by the side of my mother. My father as well as my mother had many friends and while they experienced a good many hardships I think it can be truthfully said of them that their lives were successful. They were both faithful and active workers in the church and had made a name for themselves of being honest, straightforward, progressive citizens. They were both strict observers of the Word of Wisdom and the example of loyalty to their church and country were qualities appreciated by their children.

On Thanksgiving morning of 1909 we celebrated the advent of our third boy and fifth child. We gave him the name of Clark Marden. During the fall of 1909 I built another room on our house which was much needed and appreciated when finished.

In 1910 I was re-elected as County Commissioner for a third term. It was during this year that we had an epidemic of typhoid break out in the town, which caused the death of many of our townspeople. This severe experience caused us to take immediate steps to obtain a better water supply, which up to this time had been nothing more than our irrigation ditches and the creek nearby.

A petition was presented to the County Commissioners asking that Monticello be given a town incorporation. This was done. I was elected Mayor of Monticello and we began working out a plan to pipe water from springs at the foot of the Blue Mountains, a distance of about six miles, and finally persuaded the Blue Mountain Irrigation Company to undertake the job. The stockholders of this company were mostly our townspeople. This was a huge undertaking for the people of those times, as they were not very flush with means. However, we went at it with a determination to win and we not only provided ourselves with the purest of water direct from springs but we also built a power and light plant in connection. I now take considerable pride in the fact that I took a prominent part in bringing this about.

Our son, Merrill James, was born November 3, 1911. Although

we were slow in getting started, you will agree that we were making up for lost time.

The Spring Conference for the Church was held in May of 1912 at Mancos. At this conference the San Juan Stake was divided, the territory located in Colorado to be named the Young Stake and the territory in Utah was to retain the old name of San Juan Stake. I was not present at this conference being out of town at the time, but one evening as I came in from the field to the farmhouse I received a telephone call from Charles Walton addressing me as Bishop Wood. He then told me I had been chosen by the Stake Presidency to be Bishop. Brother Dan Perkins and Chris Christensen were chosen as counselors and we continued together in the Bishopric until 1917 when we were released at a Stake Conference in Blanding. During our term of office we had many happy and profitable experiences and enjoyed our labors very much together.

Up to this time the family had enjoyed comparatively good health except for Mama who was having trouble with ulcerations in her stomach. In the spring of 1913 she had a severe hemorrhage of the stomach and was nearly overcome by the loss of blood. We called in Brothers George Adams and Wayne Redd of the Stake Presidency who administered to her and promised her she would live and get well. We felt that through blessings of the Lord her life was preserved. Her stomach is now entirely well, for which we are most truly grateful.

Our third daughter Josephine, named after her Grandmother Wood, was born August 9, 1914. It was on this same day that a telephone call came from Salt Lake notifying us all that war had been declared in Europe. This was World War I and before it was over the devastating effects were felt even in our little town of Monticello. Our last child, and fifth son, was born December 11, 1917 in my parent's home where we were temporarily living until our new home was finished. We named him Mark Decker. We now had a family of eight beautiful children.

The years 1915 to 1917 were busy years for me. Acting on war committees, taking an active part in politics, having the responsibility of looking after county affairs as Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners; the management of my farm and livestock business, which consisted of about 300 head of Hereford range cattle and 1,400 acres of land, all of which I fenced and partly



*The eight children of Joseph Henry Wood
and Anna Lillian Decker Wood--Taken in 1917
Top row, l to r: Fern, Francis Clair, Joseph Earl,
and Anna Bernice
Bottom row, l to r: Merrill James, Josephine, Clark Marden,
and (inset) Mark Decker Wood.
Mark was born in 1917, the year this photograph was taken.*

cleared and irrigated. The building of ditches, hog pastures, farm houses, granaries and corrals, clearing and breaking new land and fencing, all required a huge amount of time and labor. And then, the responsibility of presiding over the Monticello Ward which was most important of all, and which I enjoyed very much.

In 1916, we voted a county bond to build roads, but I persuaded the Commissioners to use the money for a courthouse instead, and this proved to be a very wise move as the county was sadly in need of a courthouse and later we were able to get money from the state and government for road construction which more than equalled the amount of our bond. I had the responsibility of supervising the building of the courthouse, which was no small job in itself.

In 1917, I commenced building our new home in Monticello (a

two-story six-bedroom rock house with full basement. On the main floor: living room with fire place, dining room, study, large kitchen, one bedroom, and bathroom; upstairs: five bedrooms and one bath; large front porch, also barns, corral, ice house, etc.). This home cost in the neighborhood of \$12,000 and proved to be too much of an undertaking for our finances, which were reduced to a minimum during the depression which followed the war when the prices of land and livestock dropped to almost nothing. However, we finished our home and furnished it in good shape and enjoyed it until 1923. (Today this home is still one of the beautiful homes in Monticello).



*The Joseph Henry Wood home in Monticello, Utah
Taken in 1923, the year the family moved to Salt Lake City.
The home still stands--one of the most beautiful
and spacious in Monticello.*

It was while on a trip to Price on county business that I met and arranged with the officials of the Sunnyside Mine to bring some men and boys from San Juan and put them to work in the mines at Sunnyside. There were about 35 in all, my two boys being among the number. Most of the boys had never seen a mine but were anxious for the experience and eager to work and earn some real money. Soon after returning home from this trip the Republicans of the county were called together for the purpose of selecting

someone to try for the nomination for State Senator at the District convention to be held in Price later on and thus secure for San Juan County the Senatorship in this session of the Legislature, as San Juan had never been represented in the Senate by one of her native sons.

The selection was made in my favor and my name was placed on the Republican ballot for State Senator. Mr. Oscar McConkie's name had been placed on the Democratic ballot. This action insured for San Juan a representation in the State Senate as both of us were from Monticello. The campaign was interesting and exciting. I had the honor of campaigning with such men as Don B. Colton, Ernest Bamberger, Walter Monson, President Horseley of the Price Stake, Senator Smoot, and others. Although we had made a strong clean fight, the returns showed that the county and district had gone Democratic and Mr. McConkie won by a small margin. Don B. Colton won out as Congressman, while Ernest Bamberger lost to Senator King for the U. S. Senate.

In 1921 we turned our home into a hotel and gave it the name of the Hyland Hotel. We did very well at the hotel business but the responsibility and work connected with it proved to be too great for the profits, so in the fall of 1922 we decided to sell our Monticello property and take our family to Salt Lake City where we could have the advantage of better schools for our children. After Christmas I decided to go to Price to visit the boys and then on to Salt Lake to see what could be done by way of getting a position of some kind. I soon discovered that fat jobs were not hanging around all ready to be plucked. I had a letter of recommendation from Senator Smoot to James H. Anderson, head of the U. S. Internal Revenue Service but as nothing was available at that time, and learning that the Utah Copper Company was advertising for carpenters to work at construction work in the mill at Magna, Utah, I went there. I had never worked at the carpenter trade except as a handyman about the farm in building granaries, ice houses, and other farm buildings. W. Bronson, my neighbor in Monticello, was working there and I thought I could do as well as he, so I purchased a set of tools and sent out with a bold front to put over the biggest camouflage I had ever undertaken in my life. I didn't know the names of many of the tools that carpenters use, much less how to use them, nor the names or use of the materials used in construction work but by close observation and by burning the midnight oil in studying the guide books I had

purchased for the occasion, I managed to get by. I took pains to make friends with the fellows on the job and received a lot of help from them. I started on this job the middle of March and stayed until the first of June, working every day in the week making from \$7.00 to \$9.00 per day.

I arrived back home June 3 and found my family all well and ready to leave the country that we had grown up in since we were about six years old, where we courted and married and where all our children were born, and take our chances with city life in the great Salt Lake City. I made arrangements to sell our home, part of my land, and all of the livestock, equipment, and furniture. As there were some of our household belongings we wanted to take with us we hired a truck to take what we could with us, and after loading our truck to its capacity there were many things we had to leave and give away. Our truck had every appearance of an emigrant prairie schooner. Bernice and Fern had gone to Salt Lake some ten days before. Mama, Josephine, and Mark went by stage to Thompson, while I, with Clark and Merrill went with the truck.

This move was not made without some sad reflections. To pull up stakes and leave a country where we had grown up from childhood to middle age, over a period of 40 years, where we were married and where all our children were born, where we had been active in church and civic affairs and where nearly all our closest friends lived, was not the easiest thing in the world to do. (The townspeople said, "Henry Wood was as white as death as he said goodbye to Monticello and his friends.") However we felt that under the circumstances it was the best thing we could do for the welfare of our growing children. So, on July 1, we boarded our schooner and bid farewell to Monticello and our friends, leaving behind our home, the courthouse, both of which had required so much of our time in construction, passing on through town and alongside of my 600 acre farm, and then on to the railroad which would carry us to a new and novel experience of city life.

For two days, Mama and I canvassed the town for a suitable place to locate. The place selected was at 134 E. Street, a seven-room frame house with hardwood floors, a very homelike place and a good location. After getting moved and settled in our new home we were happy to find that we had located in the 20th Ward, Mayor C. C. Neslen as Bishop. I had met Bishop Neslen while he was on a trip to San Juan and the Natural Bridges, he being a

member of a party of about 20 state, church, and city officials, including Governor Maybe and Richard R. Lyman.

Fortunately, at this particular time, the D. & R. G. Railroad had decided to build a new roundhouse and machine shops and needed carpenters and as I had a set of tools and had some previous experience, I decided to make another try at it, and we were very grateful for it as it provided a livelihood for the family for our first year in the city. We were especially grateful for the health of the family and that the kiddies were all able to attend the fine schools of the city, thus accomplishing one of the main objects of coming to the city.

In the spring of 1925, our daughter Fern, while attending the L.D.S. High School, was stricken with an eye trouble. She had been studying hard and late, and upon a medical examination it was discovered that a growth was forming in the eye which was giving her considerable pain and affecting her sight. This was a sad day for Fern as she was enjoying her school work and making excellent progress. Her case proved to be a baffling case for the doctors. About this time, a doctor's convention was being held in Salt Lake, Dr. Snow invited about 10 of the leading eye specialists into a consultation and examination of Fern's case. The results of this consultation were very discouraging and disappointing to us. The eye trouble was called a sarcoma (a malignant growth) and none of the doctors could agree on how to treat it, though one doctor by his treatments was able to ease the terrible pain which was a great relief to Fern and to all of us. One of the saddest moments of her long illness was one night while sitting in the living room with the rest of the family, Fern, looking up asked "who turned off the light" and upon being informed the light had not been turned off she realized that it was her own light that had gone out of her own dear eyes. We had the Elders call a number of times to give her blessings from which she received temporary relief, but it seemed that her time had come and the Lord was willing for her to go. Fern gradually grew weaker until on June 28, 1925 she passed quietly away. Bishop Neslen arranged a beautiful funeral service, and many of our loved ones came from Monticello and Heber to be with us for which we were very grateful.

In October of 1925, I went to work at Saltair Resort, rebuilding the resort up again after the fire. This proved to be

a good job, often making \$12.00 to \$14.00 a day. During this year Earl was married to Lenore Cannon. We were very pleased and impressed with her personality and qualifications. They both continued their school work, Lenore as a teacher in the L.D.S. College and Earl following up his engineering course at the University of Utah. Clair continued with his office work, later being employed by the Union Pacific Railroad, being promoted and advanced over the years until he was made one of the Vice Presidents of U.P. Railroad. Bernice had finished her schooling at Henegar's Business School and later was employed by the United States Bureau of Public Roads, acting as secretary to several of the main "bosses" in that department. The other kiddies continued on with their schooling, all seemingly happy and doing well.

In the spring of 1927 I took a job at the Yellowstone Park as a carpenter, remodeling the Old Faithful Hotel building, amusement centers and tourist cabins. This was a pleasant and interesting job. I had belonged to the carpenters union for about two years, and the pay scale was \$8.00 an hour, \$9.00 and \$10.00 with overtime. Earl and Clark came up and worked on the Yellowstone job during their school vacation. We enjoyed our hikes and fishing trips together. About November 1, I returned home for a short stay before leaving for the North Rim of Grand Canyon where the Union Pacific was building a million dollar lodge.

While on the Yellowstone job I had become acquainted with John U. Webster, formerly of Cedar City, a brother-in-law to Bert Wood, who was foreman over the Grand Canyon job. On our way to Grand Canyon we spent a day in Cedar City visiting friends and relatives. I met many of the Woods, Walkers, Parrys, Corletts, Chatterleys, and others--most of whom I hadn't seen since about 1896. Arriving at Grand Canyon we met Bert Wood, a cousin of mine. He put us to work the next day and we both stayed on the job for one year. This proved to be one of the most pleasant jobs I ever worked on, and also one of the best paying, averaging \$230.00 per month. Our work on the lodge was right on the brow of the canyon where we could at any time during the day enjoy the wonderful scenery of the great canyon of the Colorado. The eye would never tire in viewing the everchanging picture of the combination of the elements, the clouds with their wonderful coloring banked above and below those huge massive canyon peaks, walls, and gorges.

On May 28, 1928, Bert Wood's father and mother celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in Cedar City. Plans had been made to make this a big event, as Uncle George and his wife "Set" had lived all their lives in Cedar and had taken a very prominent part in its progress and development. Bert of course planned to be present and asked me to go with him. I accepted the invitation and decided to send for Mama to meet me there and visit together while attending the wedding anniversary.

Upon arriving in Cedar I found Mama had arrived a couple of days sooner and had been visiting with relatives and friends, both in Cedar and Parowan, the latter being her birthplace. People from many settlements in the southwestern part of the state had come to do honor to these fine people and the church was filled with a happy group of relatives and friends. Mama and I had an extremely pleasant visit and enjoyed meeting many relatives and friends and visiting the homes in which we were born. After spending about four days in one of the most pleasant experiences of our lives, we parted, I returning to the canyon and Mama to Salt Lake. The Wood family, under the leadership of George Wood, an emigrant from England to Utah in 1849, were among the first pioneers in this part of the state. They settled in Cedar and took a prominent part in the affairs of the city and the surrounding country. Lillian and I had left this part of the country when she was about four years old and I was seven. We went with our parents to San Juan, she going in 1879 and our family in 1882."

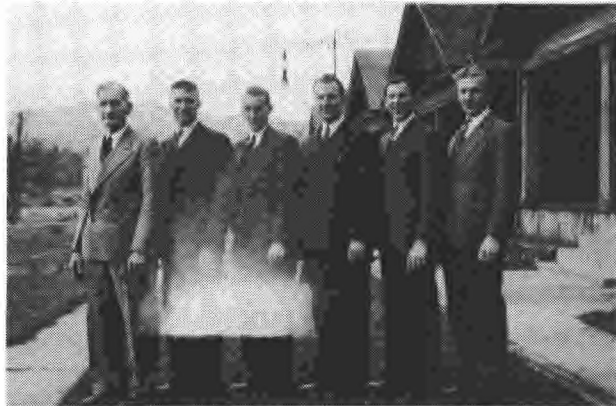
Henry stopped writing in his journal at this time (1928) which is too bad. His narrative had been very descriptive, historical, and informative of the early history of San Juan. His telling of the experiences and adjustments of a family moving from a small country town to the big city of Salt Lake, was most interesting and enlightening.

Henry continued with his work as a carpenter for a few more years, some of that time was spent at the beautiful Yosemite Park in California.

From about 1934 until the time of his death, Henry was employed at the Deseret News as the "Night Editor". The news from around the world would start coming in to Salt Lake soon after

midnight. He had the responsibility of turning on various machines at different hours of the night so the news could be recorded and ready for the newspaper staff when they arrived for work in the morning. Henry also made sure the place was neat and clean for the incoming workers.

By working at night, this gave him the opportunity he was looking for--something he had always wanted to do--that of working in the Salt Lake Temple. This assignment given him was one of the most enjoyable of his lifetime. During this time as a Temple worker he had the opportunity of taking the part of each of the characters portrayed. Several of his children remember seeing him as he performed in his various assignments. Henry was always a very handsome man, always dressed meticulously, however, when dressed in a white suit, he looked even more handsome. When his son, Clark, and his wife to be, LaVon Marquardson, were married in the Temple, Henry was taking the part of the most important character, which made their day even more special for them. Genealogy and temple work were very important to Lillian also, so for them both to be engaged in this very important work brought great happiness and a feeling of fulfillment into their lives at this time.



*Joseph Henry Wood and sons
Taken in 1938
L to r: Joseph Henry Wood, Joseph Earl,
Francis Clair, Clark Marden,
Merrill James, and Mark Decker*

On July 1, 1942 at the age of 67, Joseph Henry Wood passed away from complications of bronchial pneumonia. He was truly missed by his wife and family, as well as friends and church members. During his lifetime he had always been an active, faithful, and dedicated member of the LDS Church. He had been a rugged and resourceful pioneer in the early days of Utah history and was always very progressive in his ideas and desires to better the community around him. His life had not been an easy one, but it had truly been an interesting and fulfilling one. His children and posterity will ever be proud and grateful for the rich heritage he left them.



*Anna Lillian Decker Wood,
two daughters and two daughters-in-law.
Taken in 1938
L to r: Josephine Wood Fairbanks, Anna Lillian Decker Wood,
Atha Wood (wife of Francis Clair),
Lenore Wood (wife of Joseph Earl),
and Bernice Wood (Leggat)*

*History written by
Josephine Wood Fairbanks
and
Bernice Wood Leggat
Daughters of
Joseph Henry Wood--1982*



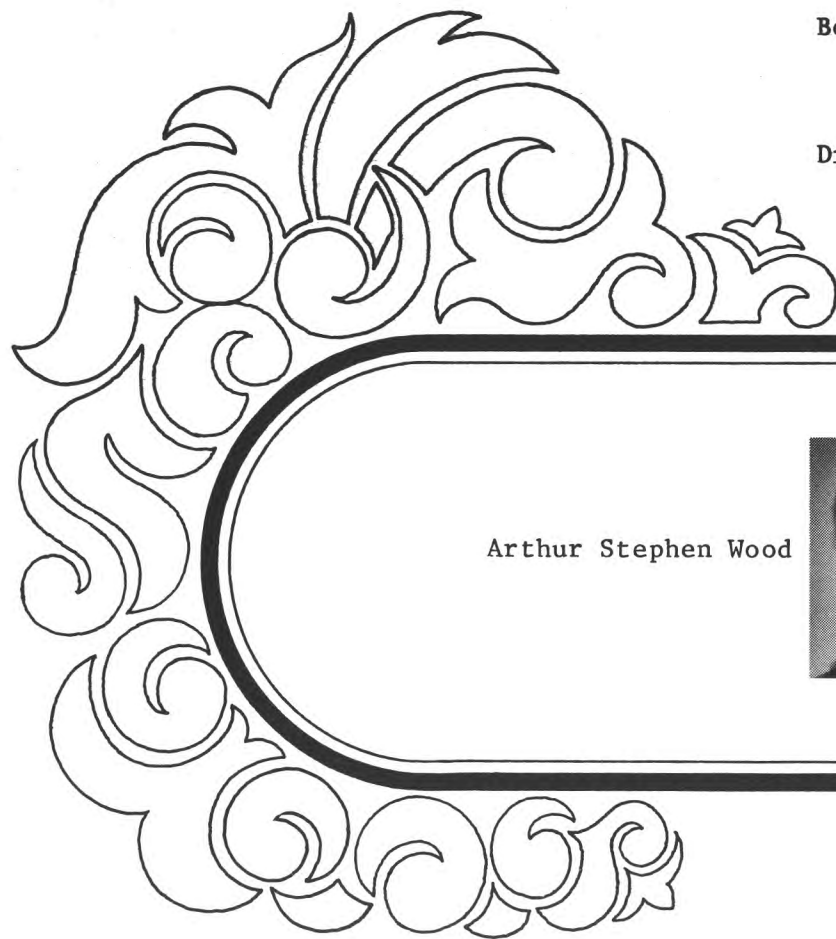
Arthur Stephen Wood

Third Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: January 27, 1877
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: March 19, 1954
Salt Lake City,
Salt Lake County, Utah



Arthur Stephen Wood



Nancy Genevieve (Jennie) Decker Wood



Arthur Stephen Wood was born January 27, 1877 in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, to Samuel and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood. Arthur was the third child in a family of ten children--five boys and five girls.

The Wood family was well established in Cedar City in a fine home, which Sam had built before their marriage. Sam was engaged in farming, livestock raising, and freighting, when a "call" came from the church for certain families to go to the San Juan territory.

At this time, Brigham Young--President of the LDS Church--was planning colonies in distant corners of the Utah territory. It was his plan to establish communities of young families who could adapt to adverse conditions, and who could be depended upon to develop the country and make friends with the Indians--mostly of the Navajo and the Paiute tribes.

Sam and Jody, as Arthur's parents were known throughout their lives (Jody was later to become "Aunt Jody" to all who knew her), were devoted members of the church. Their parents had immigrated from England for the church, and the Church was the way of life for them. When it was known that the names of families which would be called to the San Juan Mission would be read at church Sunday evening, Jody--who was so afraid their names would be called--stayed home, but Sam went and when he returned he said: "We were called and we will go."

It was impossible for the Wood family to leave with the first company, which left Cedar City in the fall of 1879, and went through the notorious "Hole-in-the-Rock." The second group, which left in late October 1882, was advised that another route would be less perilous, but it turned out to be just as hazardous and terrifying at times as the route the first group had taken.

By this time, six children had been born to the Wood family:

Samuel Franklin, born April 11, 1873; died October 5, 1874
Joseph Henry, born March 8, 1875
Arthur Stephen, born January 27, 1877
John Morton, born June 3, 1879
Mary Ann, born March 11, 1880; died July 19, 1881
Sarah Jane (Jennie), born July 3, 1882

The baby girl, known as "Jennie" throughout her life, was just three and a half months old when they started on the almost "impossible journey" to San Juan.

There were four other families who went with this second group: the Charles Wilden's, Alvin Smith's, David Adams', and Frederick I. Jones and his family. Hyrum Perkins had been sent from Bluff to be their captain and to pilot them to Bluff where the first group had settled.

Jody kept somewhat of a record of their travels. The following quote is just one of the many entries in her journal. At Hall's crossing, they had what they called a raft for crossing the Colorado River. It was a rough floor built on two boats, and onto this they drove one wagon at a time. On the 4th of November, 1882, Jody wrote:

Now, it is our turn. Oh, pray for us! The raft was pushed up onto the bank. Brother Fred Jones was driving my children and I in the wagon. We drove onto the raft and the wagon was securely tied to it with ropes. The men started to rowing and down the raft and all went into the water with a splash. My heart went faint. I went blind and clung to my babies. I shall never forget my feeling as we went down into the water, and my fear of the wagon going off into the swift-flowing water. Before we started I asked Fred to nail the cover down on all sides so that if we were drowned we would all go together, and he did. When the treacherous river was safely crossed, we did thank our Heavenly Father.

Then, as they arrived in Bluff, Jody wrote her last entry of the trip:

We are happy to get to Bluff. Our horses are tired out and so are we, but we got here alive. The Lord was surely with us.

Sam began at once to build himself and family a home and get established in the land, which proved to be their future home. Although Bluff was very much isolated and naturally a very uninviting place for a man to build a home for himself and family, the people, having accepted the call from their leader, went to work as only a colony of Mormons can, and built a veritable oasis in the desert. Making out of it a very pleasant and desirable place to live, Bluff had a climate that permitted the production of the most delicious fruits, vegetables, and wild flowers blooming the year 'round in the caves in the surrounding canyons.

The pioneers of Bluff were men and women of exceptionally strong characters. Many built beautiful and substantial homes and prospered in the land.

Arthur was five years old when they arrived in Bluff. Because he was small, he was nicknamed "Kid." Four more children were born to this family:

George William (Bud), born February 23, 1885
Catherine Josephine (Kate), born May 3, 1887
Alice Charlotte, born April 18, 1890
Bernice Corlett, born September 25, 1894

On November 5, 1885, Sam married a second wife, Emma Louise Elliker. Two children were born to this marriage:

Leroy, born October 2, 1886
Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie), born October 2, 1889

The two families were like one big family, and lived together in harmony and love.

The older brothers, Henry and Arthur, were close throughout their lives. As youngsters, they were great teases and played many funny tricks, they thought, on members of the family. For instance: After their sisters had scrubbed the wooden floor in the large family kitchen, these boys, if there was any mud around,

would walk in the mud getting all they could on their shoes, then walk all over the clean floor--leaving mud wherever they stepped. Another example: Germade mush was a part of every pioneer breakfast. One morning, there was some mush left in the kettle on the kitchen stove. Arthur and Henry started dipping their hands in the mush and wiping them on the girls' long hair. Soon, all were running around the large family table--the boys chasing the girls--and every time the boys passed the stove they would gather another supply of mush and on the girls' hair it would go. After a while their father, coming in the door, called a halt. As the boys passed their father on the way out they dumped their handful of mush on his long beard.

Arthur liked sports of all kinds. While he was still a boy, he had a pony which he trained to run 50 yards to a mark on the ground, then turn around and run back with a rider on him--usually Arthur. He had races against boys and men who thought they could outrun his pony. He would bet on his pony and usually win. Sometimes, he would win a nickle, or quarter, or something. It was a good sport and fairly profitable for him in those days. Much later, Arthur managed a young Monticello wrestler, Claude Young. Arthur arranged matches in the surrounding towns--Moab, Mancos, and Cortez. Claude was a good wrestler and often won. Once, when a match was set up in Mancos, Claude was way ahead in points when the referee suddenly called the match, picked up the gate receipts, and left town.

As the children of the early Bluff families grew up, there were quite a few young people near the same age. Most evenings, a group would gather at one home or another. If there was music, they would dance; if not, they would play games and have refreshments. Arthur liked Jennie (Nancy Genevieve) Decker, and she liked him. When Arthur was called on an LDS Mission to Kentucky, he couldn't bear the thought of leaving Jennie to be courted by the other young men. She was beautiful and talented, and very popular. She was a good singer and played the mandoline. She was also a talented dressmaker and made herself many pretty clothes. She was fun-loving, and Arthur was in love with her. He decided they should be married before he left for his mission and Jennie agreed. They drove to Salt Lake City and were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 12, 1899. Arthur left for his mission the next day. In those days, it took two weeks by horse



*Arthur Stephen Wood
This picture was probably taken in 1899,
just prior to leaving on a mission.
Arthur was 22 years old.*

loved to take Jennie with him on these trips. On one trip when Jennie was with him, a lightning storm came up suddenly and lightning struck their wagon. Paul says of this: "My mother held the baby and 'shocked' and the baby fell off her lap. The horses were frightened and ran with the wagon. She grabbed the reins and

and buggy to drive from Bluff to Salt Lake City. So, Jennie's sister, Lillian, went along as chaperone. When Jennie returned to Bluff, one of the young men said she had ruined his life by marrying Arthur instead of him. Arthur filled an honorable mission. His son, Paul, has his missionary journal.

Arthur was very good with young people. He worked as an officer in the Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Association for many years, as Ward Superintendent, and then as Stake Superintendent. As Stake Superintendent, he traveled to surrounding towns--Moab, Utah; Farmington, New Mexico; Bloomington, Cortez, and Mancos, Colorado. It would take about two or more weeks to cover this territory. He

controlled and calmed the horses, and they looked for near neighbors." Arthur's leg and undergarments had been badly burned. Kind neighbors took care of them until they could travel again.



*Arthur Stephen Wood and Nancy Genevieve (Jennie) Decker
were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 12, 1899.*

*Notice the lovely orange blossoms.
Arthur left for his mission the next day--April 13, 1899*

Quoting Paul again: *"My mother looked for something in the granary in Monticello. She found and showed me one glove which had been damaged--about a half glove--and burned around the edge of the glove by the lightning."*

Arthur had another experience with lightning. He, and Claude and Elmer Decker, were "fixing fence" when a rainstorm came up. They went for shelter under a tree and lightning hit the tree and "busted" them out from under it.

A year after Arthur went on his mission, his brother Henry left on his mission. Henry had been called on a mission earlier, but due to the fact that he had signed up to go to Cuba to serve in the Spanish-American war, his mission had been held over. As soon as he returned from Cuba, he advised the church he was ready to go on a mission. He was called to serve in Missouri. It was while these brothers were on their respective missions that their baby sister, Bernice, died from meningitis. They were both saddened by her death as they both knew how much this little girl meant to their mother.

Soon after Henry returned from his mission, Arthur and Henry decided to go into the livestock business. The livestock business was the leading business and about the only one in Bluff. They looked around for cattle for sale and found a man in Wayne County who wanted to sell a bunch of cows. They made arrangements to buy them. The cattle were delivered at Hall's Crossing, which was on the other side of the Colorado River. How to get a herd of cattle across the river was a problem. The following paragraphs are quoted from Henry's journal:

After the cattle had been counted and delivered over to us, we drove them up the river bottom to where the bank of the river and the cliff came together and then forced the cows to take the water, which they did after considerable persuasion, a few of the leaders leading the way and the remainder following in a long curved line. They presented a very beautiful picture.

Arthur was mounted on his beautiful black horse named Jock, and a beautiful swimmer. He followed the leaders into the river, swimming just below them to

prevent them from turning back. They took a course a little down stream, but reached a good landing and went out on the opposite side in good shape. We considered ourselves very fortunate in getting them over so successfully. Oftentimes, a bunch of stock of this kind will swim to the center of the river and then get confused and go in all directions. The swimming distance at this point was about three hundred yards.

They decided on the brand "HK", the "H" for Henry and the "K" for Kid. Later, they each had their own cattle. Henry kept the HK brand, Arthur's brand was the barbed wire fence = // //. In 1906, they decided to sell their cattle and devote their time to farming. Later, they went into the cattle business again, but not as joint owners.

The people of Bluff had many interesting experiences with the Indians--some were friendly and some were frightening. Sometimes, the young Indian boys would come to town and play ball and wrestle with the young Bluff boys. Pinion pine trees grew abundantly in San Juan. The Indians would gather the pine nuts in the fall and take them to town in gunny sacks and trade them for equal amounts of flour. These pine nuts were a real treat for the people--especially the children who spent many an evening around the fireplace cracking and eating pine nuts. Arthur's mother, Aunt Jody, was the nurse of the San Juan Mission and would care for the Indians when they needed her help. She, in turn, learned about many healing herbs from the Indians.

The Indians didn't seem to understand that they should not take whatever they wanted from the Bluff residents. They especially liked the riding horses and would watch for an opportunity to steal them. Arthur had been elected sheriff in 1903 and during the summer of 1904, he had an unusual experience with the Indians, who were known as the Paiute tribe (called Utes for short. Paiute is occasionally spelled Piute, which is incorrect).

There was a bunch of renegade Utes who had left their reservation and located in San Juan County. The citizens of San Juan had made several requests to have them returned to their reservations, but the Indian officials were unable, or more probably did not care to force the Indians back. They became

quite a menace. At this time, they had stolen some horses and the sheriff, in cooperation with the people of Bluff, decided that it was time to put a stop to their lawless operations. So, they planned an attack and went to the Indian camp to take the guilty bucks. The Indians were expecting them and the whole camp, squaws and all, resisted the arrest.

The whites, being in the majority, were able to get possession of the Indians' guns and so prevented any shooting. They then overpowered the bucks and took them in custody, letting the squaws who had made quite a fight with clubs and sticks, remain in camp. The officials and citizens felt very much relieved at the culmination of this affray, as it looked for a few minutes as if there was going to be bloodshed.

The preliminary hearings showed that Posey, a leader and naturally a bad Indian, was the guilty party, so he was held and others turned loose. Posey, who was the chief of the Paiute Indians, was put in the custody of Jim Decker, who had been appointed by Arthur as a special deputy for this case. Jim would lock his prisoner up at night and take him out during the day--guarded at gunpoint.

Posey was very sly. He said he needed a bath in the river. Jim's answer was "NO!", but Posey coaxed, promising to just go in on the edge of the river. Jim agreed that Posey needed a bath, and after much more coaxing he agreed, but said he would shoot if Posey went beyond the edge. Posey promised, but after he had splashed around a while he dove under the water and when he came up he was away and heading for the other side of the river. Jim shot several times, but Posey kept on swimming and escaped. However, one bullet had struck him and Chief Posey always walked with a limp thereafter.

Arthur was a good farmer. He had an alfalfa and grain farm east of Monticello where he raised feed for his cattle and livestock during the winter. Claude Decker said Arthur raised the best alfalfa crop in the country--the richest field per acre.

Arthur and Jennie were a very affectionate and loving couple. Once when Arthur had just returned after being away for a week or so, Jennie's mother sent her son Claude to see how he was. When

Claude returned she asked, "Well, how was he?" Claude said, "Aw, there was just a lot of huggin' and kissin'."

When diphtheria hit the Decker family in December of 1901 and January of 1902, it took Jennie's father James B. Decker, Sr., her sister Mary Gertrude, and her brothers Lynn, Clair, and Horace. Jennie and Arthur took the two-year-old baby, Ottis Afton, and cared for him during this most traumatic time. The Decker family was the only family hit by this most dreaded disease.

Arthur and Jennie had three children. Their first child, a baby girl, was named Marie Josephine after her two grandmothers--Josephine Catherine (Aunt Jody) Wood, and Anna Marie Decker. Marie was born December 1, 1903 in Bluff. She was a great joy to her parents and a great strength to them throughout their lives.



*Marie Josephine Wood
Picture of Marie as a young woman,
probably in the early 1930's.
L: Marie; her friend R: Pauline Wiest.
Marie and Pauline vacationing in Mexico.
The pool is filled with gardenias.*

A son, Reed Arthur, was born May 11, 1907, in Monticello. When Reed was about five years old, he was whittling and the knife slipped and went into his eye. Infection set in. They went to Chicago for help where their brother-in-law, Frank Hammond, was a doctor. Everything was done that could be done, but Reed's other eye became affected also and resulted in his blindness. This was a great sorrow to the family, but Reed who had been

so spirited and active, was still spirited and active. He had a pony which he could saddle and bridle. He rode his pony to take the cows to pasture each morning and bring them back at night. One day while returning the cows from the pasture, Reed pressured his horse into a run and not being able to see, he reigned his

horse into one of the cows and his horse fell and rolled on him. He never regained consciousness and died on the 14th of August, 1919. The family mourned. His mother went into depression and could not smile for months.



*Reed Arthur Wood with his father.
Son of Arthur Stephen and
Nancy Genevieve (Jennie) Decker Wood.
Reed was about 7 or 8 years old.
Circa 1914-15*

Arthur, at one time, decided to study medicine and become a doctor. He went to the Utah Agricultural College at Logan. With so much reading to do his eyes would get tired. When this would happen, Jennie would read the lessons to him. However, after a year, he decided not to pursue the medical profession on account of his eyes.

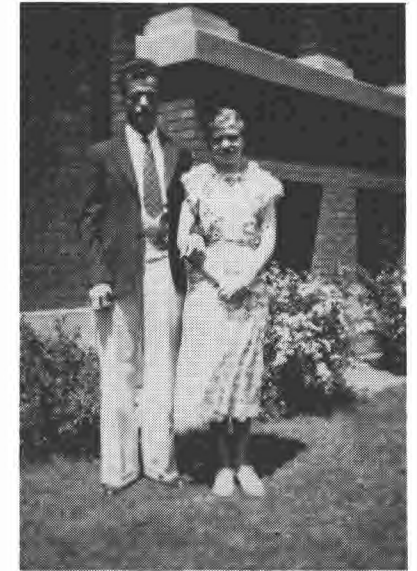
It was while Arthur was attending school at Logan that his father became seriously ill, and it had been recommended that they bring him from Monticello to Salt Lake City. Arthur came to Salt Lake City to be with his father. Sam was operated on and the doctors said the operation was a success, but he died on April 10, 1910, and was taken home for burial in the Bluff City Cemetery.

On August 2, 1915, a second son, Paul Decker Wood, was born. Paul had a hearing problem,

but throughout his life he was a great help to his father and mother. He attended the School for the Deaf in Ogden, Utah, and graduated with honors. Paul was active in school sports--a very excellent basketball player, and a good leader. He became the Bishop of the Deaf Branch of the LDS Church in Salt Lake City. Paul married Marjorie Johnson, who was also a student at the deaf school. They have two sons, Arthur Paul (Art), and Thomas Decker (Tom). Both boys have responsible positions in the business world.



*Paul Decker Wood
Third child of
Arthur Stephen and
Nancy Genevieve
(Jennie) Decker Wood
Approximate age
21-23.*



*Paul Decker Wood
and his bride
Marjorie Johnson Wood
1936*

Marie married Knox Patterson, a lawyer and State legislator. After his death, she married Lee A. Hansen. They moved to Laguna Hills, California where Marie died on the 4th of January, 1976.

In Monticello, Arthur served as Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff of San Juan County for six years. He was Justice of the Peace and County Attorney during the outlaw days. He fought to subdue the last Indian uprising in the United States, that of the Ute Indians in San Juan County.



*Thomas (Tom) Decker Wood, left
and Arthur (Art) Paul Wood
The two sons of Paul Decker Wood
and Marjorie Johnson Wood.
At Claude Decker's ranch in Colorado.
1952*

Lake City where they would be near their children. At this time, Paul was working in Salt Lake and Marie and her husband were also in Salt Lake.

Arthur built two homes in Monticello. Their original home burned down and he built a lovely home in its place. He and Jennie collaborated in the planning and their home had many

In March of 1924, Arthur went to Salt Lake City to work as a carpenter. Henry had moved his family to Salt Lake City in 1923 for schooling purposes, but found there was a need for carpenters as the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad was building a new roundhouse and machine shops. Henry was working there as a carpenter and told Arthur he could get a job if he wanted to. Arthur came to Salt Lake and was immediately put to work. The wages were \$9.00 a day--and sometimes with overtime it would be more. Once, Arthur worked twenty hours for \$24.00. He worked as a carpenter in Salt Lake City for about a year, and then returned to Monticello where he worked as a head carpenter on many important projects.

Eventually, Arthur and Jennie decided to sell their Monticello holdings and move to Salt

conveniences that were not found in the ordinary home. Then, they built another home a block away.

In Salt Lake, Arthur built another home with Jennie helping in the planning. Again, their home had many built-in conveniences not found in the ordinary home.

Ridell Barton, who grew up in Monticello and lived there until 1945, said Arthur was the best Sunday School teacher he ever, ever had.



*Arthur Stephen Wood with his three living sisters,
L to R: Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood Halls,
daughter of Samuel and Emma;
Arthur Stephen Wood, son,
and Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent
and Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen,
daughters of Samuel and "Jody" Wood.
Photo was taken in Salt Lake City at the home of
"Kate" Wood Hansen--1951-52.*



*Arthur Stephen Wood
and
Nancy Genevieve (Jennie)
Decker Wood
Photo probably taken in
Salt Lake City
Date unknown*

Arthur Stephen Wood died March 19, 1954 in Salt Lake City, Utah. At his funeral, Oscar W. McConkie--a former Monticello Bishop and long-time friend--spoke and said that when he was Bishop, he never asked Arthur to do anything that he refused to do, and he did it very well.

SPECIAL REMEMBRANCES OF MY FAVORITE UNCLE--ARTHUR STEPHEN WOOD

By Joseph Earl Wood

He was kind, jovial, friendly, and always had a smile on his face and a sparkle in his eyes. He was a contented and happy family man. He was a hard worker and kind to his animals, which he always had in his corral and barn nearby.

There were no barbers in Monticello in the early years, and Uncle Arthur would come to our home where my Dad would cut his hair and then Arthur would cut Dad's hair. They usually talked business during these times. I remember him teaching Sunday School. I was in his class.

In the winter of 1917-18, Arthur and Dad were wintering their cattle in Dry Valley and on Wilson Mesa. This proved to be one of the worst winters in San Juan's history. The summer had been unusually dry and not enough hay had been grown to feed the cattle during the winter. The snow came early and was deep, and remained until late spring. Dad found some hay for sale at Wilson Mesa, thirty miles east of Moab, Utah, and about ninety miles from Monticello. Arthur, Dad, and their brother Roy, decided to drive their cattle there and feed them with hay which cost \$12.00 per ton. The cattle were divided into two groups. I fed one herd of about 225, and Roy fed the others of about 330 head. Arthur and Dad worked out of Monticello gathering stray cattle that didn't get into the herd going to Wilson Mesa. My brother, Clair, fed them in Monticello.

The next winter, the cattle were taken to Montezuma Canyon and vicinity, mostly east of the canyon onto Cedar Point, which was a mesa. It was here they had a pasture for saddle horses and a cabin to stay in. One day, Dad was badly hurt when he was getting on a mule that reared over backward and crushed Dad's shoulder between the saddle horn and a tree. Dad had to give up riding and I went in his place with Uncle Arthur for over a year, which I enjoyed very much, and I think he liked me working with him. He told Jennie, and Jennie told my mother, that he would much rather work with me than with Dad.

Written several years ago by
Joseph Earl Wood,
a nephew
Editing and additions by
Paul Decker Wood,
a son--1982

Arthur was a very good story-teller. One story he told was:

He was riding with a fellow named Dave. They were moving camp one day when Dave's large dog ate some bacon rind that had been thrown out and he choked on it and apparently died, so they had to leave him. The dog's name was "Yall." That evening, at their new camp, they saw a large wolf trotting through the bushes not far from their camp. They each got a rifle and climbed up on top of the dugout cabin. The roof was mostly flat and covered with dirt, as the dugout cabins were built then. They thought the roof would give them more protection from the wolf than being on the ground, so with their rifles extending past the roof's edge and they on their stomachs, they were watching for the wolf to show up again. All at once, he jumped onto the roof between the rifles and about frightened them to death. Then, Dave hollered out, "Yall, you SOB!" The dog had recovered and followed them to the new camp.

Another experience was:

Arthur was riding high up on the side of a canyon rim and it became dark before he could get down. Using

discretion, he decided to stay there over night rather than take a chance on his horse falling off the rim into the canyon below. He found a small area where his horse could eat some grass. He took the saddle off the horse, then used his lasso rope to tie the horse up by tying one end around the horse's front foot, and the other around a tree. During the night, a lion found them and let out a screeching roar. Horses are afraid of lions! The horse started running 'till it came to the end of the rope and then fell down. After several falls, Arthur decided to build a fire, which frightened the lion away. He was afraid the horse would break a leg or his neck.

One thing which Uncle Arthur taught me, which I always remember, is how to count cattle by fives. That is: 5, 10, 15, etc. Pick out three and two, or one and four, etc. It was much more accurate than by ones. I also count people that way now, and have throughout my life whenever the occasion required.

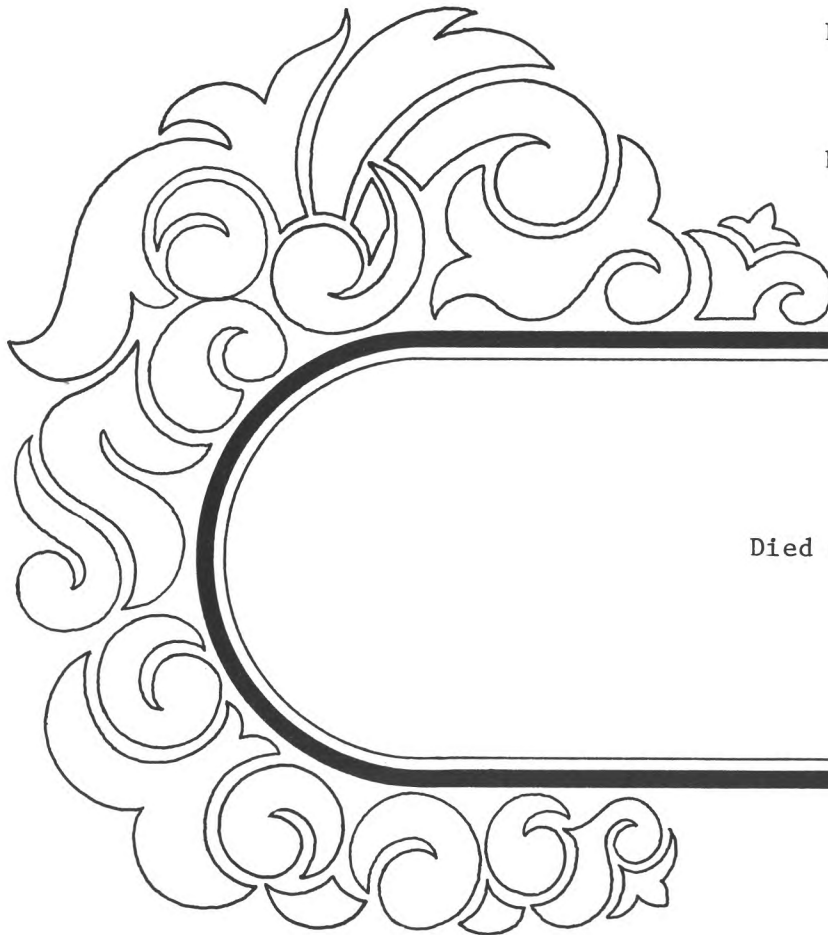


Fourth Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: June 3, 1879
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: January 18, 1893
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah



Died at age 13 1/2



John Morton Wood



John Morton Wood

Three boys had been born to Samuel and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood. The oldest, Samuel Franklin, lived just a year and a half. Now, on June 3, 1879, they were blessed with a fourth baby boy born in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, and they named him John Morton (some records show his name spelled John Martin).

Jody was pregnant with this baby when the call came from leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for a large number of people to leave the Parowan Stake (Cedar City and Iron County area), and travel to the San Juan area where they would settle, build a community, and make peace with the Indians. Sam and Jody were among those called, but were unable to leave with the first group who went through the famous Hole-in-the-Rock, reaching Bluff in the spring of 1880. Sam and Jody and their family reached Bluff late in 1882, either November or December, when John M. was three and a half years old.

John M., as the new little baby boy would be called, was born in the handsome, brick home of his parents. In Bluff, he lived in a rough log cabin, but the home was filled with happiness, activity, hard work, and the many struggles that challenge any pioneer family. Except for a trip back to Cedar City in the late fall of 1884 or early 1885, John M. spent his brief life in Bluff.

As he grew up, John M. often rode his little white pony, named "Little Light". He probably rode along the banks of the San Juan River and up "Cow Canyon". He had responsibilities in the garden and orchards and around the animals. He played games, and participated in other boyish activities.

Albert R. Lyman, who grew up in Bluff and who was the author of "Aunt Jody - Nurse of the San Juan Frontier", wrote that John liked to play ball and that he was a good player. Albert knew

this because he played ball with John. They were friends. One day, when John M. ran for third base, he tripped and fell, striking his knee on a stone. He scrambled to his feet and limped away, and all his playmates figured that he would soon feel better. But, John became increasingly ill. His knee became very inflamed and extremely painful. His mother, Jody, who served as the doctor/midwife/nurse for San Juan, was helpless in the face of the raging infection. She, Sam, all the family, and the friends who helped, could not turn the tide. Jody, who had saved so many, could not save her thirteen-year-old son. And so, this dear little boy died on January 18, 1893--eighteen days after his knee injury. Albert R. Lyman's mother was one of the watchers at the bedside during some of the weary nights when family and friends tried to help. She spoke of John's loving disposition. She was moved with wonder at his gratitude as she told how he had thanked her and said, "The Lord bless you."



John Morton Wood
Age 11-12
Circa 1891-92
Bluff, Utah

John M. was buried on Cemetery Hill in Bluff. The cemetery is on a rather bleak gravel hill above the town, but the view looking down on the winding San Juan River is very nice. Enormous red buttes are visible.

On an undated scrap of paper, Jody wrote about John M. This record is quoted accurately, with very minor grammatical and spelling corrections. Where this occurs, the corrected word is underlined. Jody's writings have been reproduced at the end of her history.

He was the quickest one in The Family to make it right. He would ask the youngest child forgiveness when he was shown he was wrong and he was all ways willing to make every thing right. And then he was so happy when he was doing something for others that he knew would pleas them. That was his happiest moments of his life. The poor boy shurly injoyed himself from Christmas until New Years eave. When he was injoying a game of ball in the year 1893, he fell & struck his knee on a rock which in twenty four hours after pained him very bad. We did all in our power we knew for his relief but nothing did him any good. There was several Doctors in to see him, but none could help him. He suffered eighteen long days and nights & then all thoe we could not give him up, he beged to go. The Lord that is wise in all things took him to himself with all our pleadings but the Lords will be done not ours but I need not say it was a very severe trial on us all. John M. was baptized on his birthday when he was eight years old on the third of June, 1887 by Elder Kuman (sic. Kumen) Jones in San Juan. Confirmed by Jence Neilson (sic. Jens Nielson) Bishop on the same day 1887. On Jan. 26 1891 by Jence Neilson (sic) he was ordained a Deacon in Bluff, San Juan, Utah.

Years later, around 1956-57, when Albert R. Lyman was writing Jody's brief biography, he relates the following story:

I have just turned to a ragged old Bible of mine, reposing with other time-sanctified relics in a battered old trunk, and in it still, after all these sixty-three

years, I find a little card with a black border, and bearing the name: "John M. Wood. Absent but not forgotten." "Aunt Jody" had that card with others engraved, and gave one to each of the boys and some of the other Primary children who knew and loved John M. We mourned with her, answering her tears with our own as readily as we had responded to her suggestions of cheer. I have to restrain my emotions even now as I envisage my friendly and happy associate of childhood, taken so suddenly away, and absent all this long time in that great other world. On his white pony, Little Light, he still rides on with his happy shout "

Editors' Note: Late in 1892 and early 1893, Bluff experienced a gold boom, and many new people came into the community. Perhaps this is how and why doctors were able to visit the sick young boy.

Written by
Frances Hansen Hoopes
1982



Fifth Child of

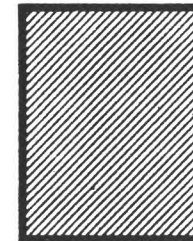
Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: March 11, 1880
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: July 19, 1881
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah



Died at age 1 year, 4 months



Mary Ann Wood



Mary Ann was the fifth child and the first daughter born to Samuel and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood. She was born March 11, 1880 in Cedar City, Utah. Mary Ann had three living brothers: Joseph Henry, age five; Arthur Stephen, age three; and John Morton, just ten months old. The oldest brother, Samuel Franklin, was born April 11, 1873 and died October 5, 1874.

It must have been a very special thrill for Sam and Jody to have a baby girl. Jody was twenty-six years old (she would turn twenty-seven on September 10, 1880), and Sam was thirty-seven years old. Their family was growing, and they had loved the social and religious life in Cedar City, but a new challenge faced them.

At the time of Mary Ann's birth, they were making preparations to leave the life they loved so much in Cedar City; leave their relatives and friends; and fulfill a church calling to help settle, build, and maintain a Latter-day Saint town in the far-away and unknown San Juan corner of Utah, and to make peace with the war-loving Navajos and Paiutes. This calling came to them sometime in 1879, possibly at the March 22-23, 1879, quarterly conference of the Parowan Stake held in Cedar City, Utah. Earlier, however, on December 28-29, 1878, at the quarterly conference of the Parowan Stake held in the Parowan Meeting House, a number of names were called to settle "various locations." David E. Miller, author of the book "Hole-in-the-Rock," gives a partial list of names called to various missions and locations at these two Conferences. He indicates that the list of names in the Parowan Stake Historical Record #22124, 174, is not complete. Samuel's name was not listed, but Jody's history recounts the fact that they were among those called in 1879 for an early mission to the San Juan area.

Jody was pregnant at the December 1878, as well as the March, 1879, callings. John Morton was born June 3, 1879. Jody was

again pregnant (Mary Ann, born March 11, 1880) when the first company left for Bluff in the fall of 1879. This group became known as the "Hole-in-the-Rock" group.

Quoting from David E. Miller's Hole-in-the-Rock book, page 16:

Some of these missionaries were unable to go with either of these first two expeditions--*the Exploring Expedition, which left on April 14, 1879, and the major trek which began on October 22, 1879*, but later journeyed to the new colonies on the San Juan; no attempt is made here to identify those people, although they fulfilled their mission as well as those who went with the first company.

Two of those people would be identified as Samuel and Jody Wood. They fulfilled their mission extremely well.

After Mary Ann's birth, Sam and Jody continued to prepare for the "mission" to Bluff. They sold their brick home, and converted their belongings into teams, wagons, and other equipment. Then, tragedy struck--Mary Ann died on July 19, 1881, a child of one year and four months. She was buried beside her little baby brother, Samuel Franklin Wood, in the Cedar City Cemetery. Records, or written notes, do not give the cause of Mary Ann's death.

Three and a half months before Sam and Jody began their eventful trip to Bluff, a second daughter and sixth child was born. She was named Sarah Jane, and was later known as Jennie. Her birthdate was July 3, 1882.

One can only imagine the scene as Samuel and Jody (with their four living children: Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, John Morton, and Sarah Jane) said goodbye to relatives, friends, and home. One can only imagine the heartache as they left behind two tiny graves where lay their beloved babies, Samuel Franklin and Mary Ann.

Written by
Frances Hansen Hoopes

Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent

Sixth Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: July 3, 1882
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: March 26, 1959
Salt Lake City,
Salt Lake County, Utah

Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent



Charles Nuttall Broadbent



Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent

She was born in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah, July 3rd, 1882. She was christened Sarah Jane Wood, but was called "*Sister*" until she was 12 years old, as there were three living brothers older than she and no sisters then. She had a friend named Jennie, and liking that name better, she was called that the rest of her life. Her brother, Franklin, and her sister, Mary Ann, had died in Cedar City; one of scarlet fever and the other one of whooping cough.

In 1882, her parents, Samuel Wood and Josephine Chatterley Wood and their family of four children, were called to join others at Bluff, Utah. This was a hard task to leave dear relatives and friends and a beautiful home to settle in a far away place among hostile Indians. They sold their home for a sack of bran and fed that to a neighbor's pig. That is all they realized out of their property in Cedar City.

Life was hard in Bluff--between the river leaving silt each spring and taking their crops, the deep sand, and the heat being fierce they couldn't raise grain, so it left little to survive on. They put cattle on Elk mountain, 75 miles away, and had to watch them continuously because the Indians would steal them; they planted crops in Monticello 50 miles away, and planted gardens and fruit trees in Bluff. They lived in a dug-out with a dirt floor and dirt roof. They would sprinkle the floor every morning to keep it hard and keep the dust down. Because of these dire circumstances, some of the men would go to Colorado to work for cash or materials and leave very few men with the women and children.

Jennie was not a robust child and required much care. She had long black braids that she could sit on and had very dark brown mischievous, loving, kind eyes. Her mother was always afraid she would be stolen by the Indians. One day, the mean, renegade chief named "Old Posey" picked her up while she was

playing in the yard and took her to his camp. She was gone for days. Scouts were sent out to find out where she was and they found her in his yard. They finally made a truce to get her back by giving him so much flour, sugar, and salt pork (all very scarce, valuable commodities), but Jennie was also very valuable--*they had to get her back!*

When the Indians would want food, or be unhappy over anything, they would come to Bluff. When the scouts reported they were coming with their war paint and feathers, the women would dress the children in their Sunday clothes and all rush to the Bishop's house to hide; this was in case they were all killed that night. They hid the children under the beds and tried to keep them quiet for some safety. As they sat there terrified, they could see the Indians, with all their regalia, pass the windows. A mother lit a match to find the milk for a crying baby and they just knew if the Indians had seen that light, they would all be massacred before morning and oh, how they prayed.

The dugout was replaced with a log room--dirt floor and dirt roof--then her father built another room with a fireplace and a board floor. Jennie grabbed her brother and said, "Come and walk across it and see how it feels to your feet." These two rooms were joined by a boarded-up room which was used for a kitchen. It wasn't beautiful, but no home ever held a more welcome spirit for friends and strangers. Food was scarce, but generally shared.

Jennie liked school, and her speciality was winning in spelling matches, penmanship, and dramatic readings. A favorite was, "*Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.*" She and Lell Lyman sang together in many programs as duets. Her brother, Arthur, was always pulling tricks on her and tattling to her father. Once, while she and the girls were riding the horse, Arthur and his friend took a whip and struck the horse. Away it went running and they all fell off. Jennie went back, picked up the whip and slung it--hitting Bert Redd across the eyes. The next morning Arthur told his mother to go see Bert as he wasn't well. The mother was "Aunt Jody"--the only nurse in Bluff. She went and found Bert's eyes swollen shut. When she got home, Jennie got it.

A new girl came to town named Mary Lyman. She sat in front of Jennie in school, and Jennie twisted all the buttons off her

dress. She was just too good to resist.

While in the seventh grade, Jennie and Mary were told if they studied hard, they could graduate in the spring by putting the seventh and eighth grades together. This they did, with high honors.

Jennie worked away from home when she was twelve years old for the Adams family. She scrubbed floors, did all the dishes, washed diapers and clothes, tended children, and helped with meals. She received \$1.00 per week. Then, she worked for Caroline Redd and family. Caroline was in bed with a new baby and there were three other children. Jennie did all the washing (turning the washer by hand), all the cooking, housework, darning, and tended mother and babe; she received \$2.00 per week.



FOUR
BEAUTIFUL
SISTERS

Circa 1902

*Top: Alice Charlotte Wood.
Right: Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood.
Bottom: Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood.
Left: Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood.*

She had happy times--lots of beaux, parties, dances, pals, and plenty of work. One young man repeatedly asked her to go home with him, and she would always say "No". One night, after orchestra practice, he asked if he could carry her mandolin home--she said "Yes". He took it and she went the other way with the girls. On arriving home, the mandolin was in the picket fence.

Vilate Elliott and Jennie Brimhall, her teachers, urged her to go to the Brigham Young University. She thought it was an impossibility, but somehow her father raised \$21.00 for her tuition. Provisions were put together and she went to Provo and lived in "Riddle Row" on 3rd East and 6th North in Provo. She met and had many friends, but missed many parties because of her clothes. She loved school--kindergarten work especially. She received much help in sewing, but art was always a bit of a problem.

When she left home for school, a new teacher was coming to Bluff. The girls said, "You'll be sorry, we'll get away with him." Jennie said, "Well, we'll meet on the way and I'll ask him to wait for me." Somehow, somewhere, they passed like ships in the night and didn't meet. He made a wonderful record as a teacher and a singer. His school closed before the B.Y.U., and her father sent some money with him to her for train fare to Thompson Springs when school closed.

Father (Samuel Wood), really thought Jennie was ok and told this teacher, Charles N. Broadbent, so. Charles went to see them at Riddle Row and took the money and wondered why her father was so mistaken.

At the close of that happy year, yet sad one, Jennie's beautiful sister Bernice, seven years old, had died just before the close of school. This was a hard trial for her parents. She was the youngest of ten children and was a joy to all. The San Juan students went by train to Thompson Springs where Brother Decker met them taking a load of freight to Bluff. It took them eight and a half days to make the trip through the deep sand and heat.

Jennie worked hard all summer, but could not make it back to school that fall. Mr. Broadbent came back to Bluff to teach

again, boarding at Aunt Emma Wood's home. He was fond of her parents and came to offer sympathy for the death of Bernice. After visiting awhile, mother asked Jennie to take him to the orchard for some fruit. They got peaches and delicious grapes. On returning, her mother said after he left, "Don't you think he is a nice man?" "Yes," she replied, "but, I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth. He thinks he is too smart." He was a perfect gentleman--neatness itself--good church man, good speaker, and singer. After awhile, they had several dates, which pleased her parents. Jim Decker came home from the "Y" because of the death of his father. He asked if Jennie intended on continuing to see this school teacher. Jennie replied, "Yes, as long as he is willing." The boys said they knew Jennie liked Charles, because he was the only man she hadn't played a trick on.

A terrible epidemic of diptheria broke out in this community; schools had to be closed, and there were many deaths. Mr. Broadbent returned to Provo and finished the year in Lehi.

Jennie went over to Verdure to work--forty miles north of Bluff. While she was there, she received a letter from Charles Broadbent asking her to marry him. She then went home to consult with her folks. Her father said that he should work for her for seven years, and Kate spoke up and said, "Well, I won't be Leah!"

By fall, she decided to go back to school at the "Y". Mary Lyman had found her a place to work for her board. Her requirements were: get breakfast for ten boarders and four of the family; do dishes, and clean the soot from the cook stove. After school she was to clean rooms, scrub floors, do a million dishes, and wash and iron--but, she WAS back in school! It was a hard year--six months and no money. She picked up stubs of pencils, and got down to one pair of underwear, so would wash them at night and dry them in the oven. Finally, time came for graduation. Serena, Charles' sister, gave her a piece of cloth for a dress, and Aunt Chana sewed it for her. A teacher, Susie Whittaker, gave her a bouquet of pansies, so when she marched with the class for her diploma, she was not ashamed.

At the end of school, her father somehow had gotten \$10.00 together and sent it to her to come home. She worked out during the summer and at home getting ready for her wedding, which was

August 19, 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple.



*Charles Nuttall Broadbent and Sarah Jane Wood
Married in the Salt Lake Temple August 19, 1903*



*Wedding Portrait of
Charles Nuttall Broadbent and Sarah Jane Wood*

Charles had taken a position at Lake Shore (south of Spanish Fork) as principal of the schools. They moved into two rooms in Brother and Sister Bower's home. Jennie's mother had come up with her to be married and to help out. Charles was so busy getting things in order for school to start that Jennie and her mother went on the honeymoon to Cedar. They spent two weeks there, then

she put her mother on the train to go home. Jennie never forgot the lonesome sound of the train whistle on that or any other train.

The successful school year ended and Charl was offered the principalship again, but decided to go into the mercantile business with his brother Joseph in the Passey store. They moved to Provo and lived with Grandma Broadbent, Tom, Serena and Hyrum, and Charles and Jennie. Serena and Jennie were both pregnant. A son, which they named Verd Nuttall Broadbent, was born July 27, 1904, and another, Clyde Wood Broadbent, was born in 1906. They were still with Grandma Broadbent. Things were going pretty well, when on the 8th of November, 1907, a call came from "Box B"--which meant a mission call. They were never asked if they could go, but when would they be ready to leave. They had now saved \$4,000 to buy a home, but decided it would go for Charles' mission.

This little family took the train to Thompson Springs, then went on to Monticello to live with Jennie's mother while Charles was gone. The second year of the mission found that it would be necessary for Jennie to go back to teaching. She recertified at the University of Utah in the summer, and began teaching in Bluff that fall to help keep her little family. The children had to stay with kind neighbors and friends. The business they had been in had gone bankrupt and they never got another penny out of it. This is what they had arranged to take care of the family while Charles was away. On the day of his release from the Northern States Mission, Charles received three letters: one from the Mission President commending him for his excellent work and releasing him; one from Jennie telling him his father-in-law was dying; and one other telling him they had lost every dollar they had put into their business. A convert, Sister Titze, put up a lunch for him and when he opened it, it had \$30.00 to help him to get to his family. Many years later, she came out to visit the Broadbent family and Charles put a check for \$30.00, plus the interest it would have earned over the years, under her dinner plate.

Charles arrived in Bluff on December 24, 1909, and spent the holidays there. He left Jennie to finish the school year out and he came on to Provo to see his mother who had gone on to Heber City to visit his brothers, Sylvester and David. While there,

Joseph R. Murdock offered Charles a job in the Wasatch Wave Printing office. Knowing nothing of the printing business, he said "No", but then he hardly had a choice, so he went to work. On January 10, 1910, he became Editor and Manager for the Wave Publishing Company and was there for thirty years.

Jennie and the boys went to Heber in May, 1910. They prepared to buy the old Watson home. She said they could have the place and pay for it when they could. The people loved Jennie for she always brought happiness in the door with her.



*Broadbent
Family*

Left to Right:

*Father: Charles
Nuttall*

*Son: Verd Nuttall
(oldest child who
died at age 11),*

Son: Clyde Wood

*Mother: Sarah
Jane (Jennie)
Wood*



*Home in Heber City, Utah
Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent and Charles Nuttall Broadbent
with four oldest sons: Verd Nuttall, Charles LeRoy (Roy),
Marden, and Clyde Wood Broadbent
Circa 1913-1914*

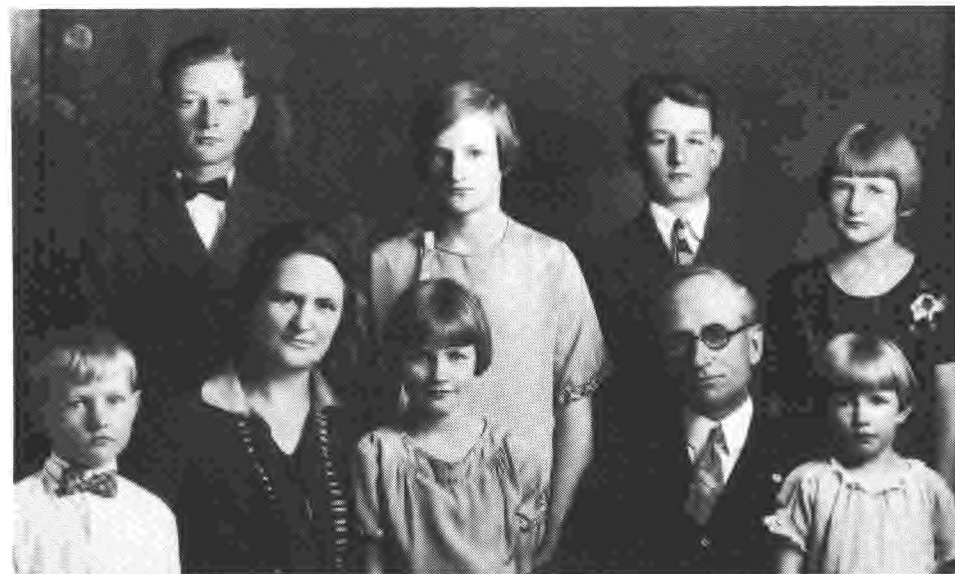
The family grew to eleven children, namely: Verd Nuttall, Clyde Wood, Charles LeRoy, Marden, Josephine, Milton, Keith, Jennie, Alice, Thomas Ray, and Norma Jane. Neither Charles nor Jennie was ever too busy to accept their church callings. They were never without one. Among other positions, Charles was Stake Clerk for twenty-seven years, serving with three Stake Presidents. Jennie was a teacher in all the auxiliaries, Primary President, and Relief Society President (three times). They also both worked in the M.I.A. so long that each, in turn, was made an honorary Golden Gleaner and Master M-Man for their life-long service and contribution to the youth. They instilled by example to their children, that you never turn down a calling from the Lord --somehow, you will find the time and energy needed for that position.

Life was busy and bustling during the next years at the Broadbents what with church work, children growing up, those bushels and bushels of food to be canned, cows to be milked, the piles of washing and ironing, the farm and community work, the county fairs, P.T.A.'s, etc. etc. There was hardly a dull moment; you didn't know what to expect next. But Jennie with her keen sense of humor took her family through many a trial. She was such a fun person--parties were forever being held at her home, and she was the life of the party. Many is the time she would have a sleigh-riding party for the whole school room of thirty children and the teacher, and then come home for a bowl of chili and hot chocolate. At one of these occasions, her daughter, Alice, broke out with the measles and sure enough it went through the whole class. Jennie would pile on a sleigh and go down with the best of them. Once while riding on the bobsled with Clyde, he cut some "shiners" on main street and threw her off. The policeman came up and said, "Don't you know you're not supposed to be here on Main Street?", and Jennie quickly answered, "Oh, we're just cutting across to get to Lindsay Hill." The others were dying laughing! On another occasion when the girls came home from school, they found their mother gagged and tied to the kitchen chair. When she was let free, she told them the boys had done this while they cut and ate the pies she had made for supper. She calmly remarked, "Isn't it nice they like my pie?"

Somehow, as the years rolled along, with the Wave office, the farm they had purchased, good management and hard work, each of the children was afforded a college education and some went on missions.

Jennie and Charles taught a missionary class for some time in the Heber Second Ward, and in 1947 were called on a mission to California. This was a dream come true for Jennie. They were called for six months and it turned into fourteen months. The last three were spent doing temple work at the Mesa Temple. Charles was a guide on the grounds and loved every minute of it.

In 1950, they made a journey back to North Carolina to see their son, Ray, marry Edith Stovall. While Ray was there, he was Branch President, so now he and all the boys had had missionary experiences.



*Back Row L to R: Charles LeRoy (Roy), Josephine, Marden, and Jennie
Front Row L to R: Thomas Ray, Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent, Alice, Charles Nuttall Broadbent, and Norma
(Note: Clyde Wood Broadbent was in Germany on a mission.)
Picture taken late 1926 or in 1927*

On August 19, 1953, a very unique, pleasant occasion was held which included Charles, Jennie, Hyrum, and Serena; these four celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary together. They were married fifty years previous on the same day. All of their living children and families were there to help them enjoy this eventful day. Hundreds of friends and relatives came by that day; many wrote, or phoned, or wired congratulations. It was a gala affair.

Also, in 1953, Jennie Broadbent was chosen as Wasatch County's "Mother of the Year." The program was held in Salt Lake City and Crissie Duke, a true friend of Jennie's, gave her tribute and told of her many accomplishments.



*50th Wedding Anniversary
of Charles Nuttall Broadbent and
Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent
Celebrated August 19, 1953 in Heber City, Utah*

Jennie loved to travel, make new friends, see new places, and have a fun time. This time, the chance came to go to Hawaii on a tour--now, to get Charles to go. With persuasion from his family they sailed from Los Angeles on the 16th of May. Included on this tour were also her sister Kate, and his brother and wife, Sylvester and Rita. This was the last trip they would ever take together. They had one wonderful time! Chee, a native Hawaiian and tour director, paid special attention to them and everything was so wonderful. She found out that Charles was about to have his 84th birthday while there, so she arranged a Hawaiian birthday party for him--a party they never forgot. They loved sailing on the "Leilani", were excited about everything there, and loved the flying home.

Shortly after returning home, Kate became very ill and Jennie spent much time being with her. Later, Kate died of cancer. Jennie was also having some problems with her heart--little attacks at first, then they got increasingly worse so she was taken to the hospital in Salt Lake where her children would take turns staying with her. Then, she was taken to her son Ray's home where he, as a doctor, could help and watch over her and make her as comfortable as possible--which they surely did. On March 26, 1959, she died at their home. She died as she had lived--thinking about Charles and what he would do without her. Her burial services were held on March 30th in the Heber First Ward Chapel.

She had lived and laughed and loved, had a profound love of the gospel, and left to each of her children a house full of memories to carry them through their lifetime. To know her, is to love her.

Sometime, after her death, Ray wrote these words that will live with us forever:

MOTHER - SIX WORDS

Time had nearly run its course; the last morning was dawning, clear, crisp, bright, and warm. A still frail, but smiling form lay propped in bed in the library. Before work, one question, "If this were your last day, what would you want me to know?" Calmly, quietly, and very clear in the gray dawn came the message like

sunbeams streaming through the window, "Be true and active in the church, love your wife, find time to play with your children, and remember, I love you."

Breakfast had been pleasant, her hair fixed, a story read to a grandchild, and now for a bit of rest and sunshine. Suddenly, a fit of pain and the last day ended, more peacefully perhaps than it began.

What was the message that had been written over and over again? A mother, raised in the frontiers of the west, learning from her mother to appreciate what you have and never waste. Help anyone at any time. Share what you have, especially when you can't afford it. Speak kindly of others or bite your tongue if necessary to stay still. Think highly of yourself; after all, you're a person too--even a child of God.

A mother who brushed close to death repeatedly with each child, and became a well of love and information for each. A person who pointed the right way, with or without social approval, for with her finger touching God's they formed a majority for right. A mother who in the night taught me the value of returning stolen turkeys and never revealed how she knew, or punished me for the act. She believed an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy--Spanish proverb.

A mother who laughed always, even when thrown from skidding bobsleds, and while drenched in a pig-skinning barrel while her sons danced about a fire they had placed around it. A mother who gave bread, lilacs, clothes, and food to any and to so many that often father asked who were the strangers at the dinner table, and the answer was, "There are no strangers."

A mother who stitched, bandaged, and splinted about as many of the kids in the town as the doctor. A mother who knew ring-around-the-rosies, pop-the-whip, and in her seventies, rag-time, and the Charleston. A mother who helped us gather eggs and sell them for Easter candy, who was first up on every morning, and especially on Christmas morning, and a mother who softly cried when unable to give the many wordly goods that she saw others receive. A mother who treated each child for what he or she might become; who in troubled times always said, "He's a good boy,

Judge." And, who in your successful moments claimed no credit of her own. A mother who was short in stature, yet always looked up to, respected and loved by her family and everyone who knew her.

A mother whose children called her, "Hi Kid!" even when she was complaining that she was as old, bent, and wrinkled as "Old Posey". A mother easy to love, a pillar of righteousness--a neat friend.

Yes, we too were there in the gray dawn, hand in hand with no need for other's words other than "I love you son." "Love you mom, see you later." As with Richard Byrd, only two things mattered--affection and understanding of one's family. The family is the nucleus of civilization--*Will Durrant*--and woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destiny in the folds of her mantle. Without the family, the fireside, marriage, there is no life worth living--*R. Ingersoll*.

The family?

Mother is its nucleus . . .
Who ran to help me when I fell?
Would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother . . . *Jane Taylor*.

Tenderness is my mother and much subtle strength it is--*John Lewis*.

True as W.D. Howell said, "A man never sees all that his mother has been to him 'till it's too late to let her know that he sees it."

Yes, in the gray dawn of her last day on this earth, a life's effort, its goals, and her aspirations passed from friend to friend in six words . . .

I LOVE YOU, LIVE THE GOSPEL.

History written by
Jennie Broadbent Carlile,
a daughter, 1981

ADDENDUM -- TESTIMONIES AND TRIBUTES

As a young woman, and throughout her life, Jennie had a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She lived its principles daily, and firmly believed that her testimony--together with the testimony of her husband, Charles Nuttall Broadbent, would be the greatest gift she could leave her children and grandchildren.

Two letters written by Jennie to her family are reproduced on the following pages. They give great evidence of her love of family and church.

Following the two family letters, are three letters written by Harold H. Smith, Mrs. Francis C. Tatge, and Heber M. Rasband to the "Utah State Judges Committee" for the selection of a mother to represent Utah in the National Mother of the Year pageant. In 1953, Jennie was selected to represent Wasatch County in the "Mother of the Year" event. She participated in that program in Salt Lake City.



*Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood
as a young woman.*

Letters and pictures provided by
Norma Broadbent Smith
daughter of Sarah Jane (Jennie)
and
Charles Nuttall Broadbent--1982

Dear Family -

July 28 - 45.

You'll no doubt think me odd for writing this letter, but so many people have died suddenly, recently, and with peculiar pains going through my body, I become fearful that I might be taken suddenly. I hope not. First & foremost I want you to know you are the most wonderful family in all the world. No you are not perfect in every way or you wouldn't be here, but continue to make perfection your goal.

Be honest in your dealings, not only with your business associates but with each other. Teach your children to be honest and fair in their living... also teach them to work.

Always be true to the gospel of Jesus Christ assist in the church & community.

The world is already better for you having lived in it, continue to make it so.

Be not afraid to do what is right, regardless of what people might say.

You know how I have waited and listened for you to come in. I will continue to do so until all are gathered home.

I want to live to see Ray graduate & married. May heaven guide & guard him in these two big endeavors.

Do not let feelings arise in regard to property. Divide evenly & honestly.

Continue to be interested in each other's welfare. Because you have ^{been} thus far, has been a source of joy to us as parents.

My insurance is to be divided among the children.

I wish each one of you would help in genealogical work either by services or money.

Follow your father's example, he has been a most wonderful husband & father.

My daughters & sons-in-law are my own and I love you all dearly.

I have no plans for a funeral. I don't like to think of that.

No one has grander grandchildren than I. Always be the best. Be kind and considerate of your parents and each other.

Always be the family your mother knows you are. Laugh & be happy.

I love you truly, truly I do.

Mother.

April 19-43.

My Dear Family,
Several letters have been written by me at different times when I felt blue, years after when they were read, some sounded silly some pathetic, so they were burned, others written and burned. This one may be. However these days are a bit hard especially for father, his strength seems to be going and he feels discouraged because he cannot do as much as he's done before. It would be a blessing if we'd all accept the fact, as we grow older, that we cannot hold the banner quite so high as we once did & that it is no disgrace to hand it to others who can hold it high.

We have such a wonderful family anyone worthy to hold the banner and carry on!

We would rather leave a family like ours to the world, to the church and community than to leave millions of dollars.

You have all been so good to us. Remember the good we did and not the mistakes we made.

Never do anything that will bring shame to the name of Broadbent.

Never be jealous of each others accomplishments, rather rejoice with them. Do not covet what is someone else's. Be kind, never be

found saying unkind words or doing an unkind act to any member of the family or anyone else.

If we go and any property is left let each one share equally and with the best of feelings. If you should ^{over it} our efforts would be a curse to you instead of a blessing.

How many times has father said, "Mother are the children in?"

That will be our eternal concern. Our grandchildren are jewels of

the highest value. Be kind considerate of them. Be Pals to them. Gain their confidence and never betray it. Do not criticise them before their pals or before your friends it gives them an inferiority complex.

Take interest in what they do, play or work. Praise them often. You'll reap rich dividends.

If Ray & Norma are not married when we go, then remember they are your responsibility until they are when I say children I mean those who have married into the family or who will along with our children.

Remember the choicest thing on earth is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Obey the commandments of the Lord even tho it seems difficult to do. Never be a coward. Stand firmly for the right if you have to stand alone.

The Lord has been good to us
I regret we haven't been better to him.

Do the best you can, in every way you can to every body you can and as long as you can.

Men's faith & patience and their strengths will be tested. Will be so proud to see that all of you did your best, angels can do no better. Always do all you can for the advancement of righteous endeavors. Do not quit because some one failed to praise you. Carry on.

LETTERS WRITTEN FOR SARAH JANE WOOD BROADBENT FOR THE "NATIONAL MOTHER OF THE YEAR PAGEANT"

February 28, 1953

Midway, Utah
March 1, 1953

Utah State Committee for Selection of a Mother to Represent
Utah at National Mother of the Year Contest

I was very happy to learn that Sister Jennie Broadbent has been nominated by some of her friends for consideration as the Mother to represent Utah. It has been my good fortune to have known and associated with her for many years. For ten years she served as President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association while I was Superintendent of the Young Men's organization of the Wasatch Stake. Sister Broadbent was always willing to do more than her part. She was an able advisor to both the Young Ladies and Young Men of the stake and ward organizations. She was loved by the young people of the stake and able to be one with them.

Only recently Sister Broadbent was honored by the Gleaner girls of Wasatch Stake when she was given an honorary membership to the L.D.S. Church Golden Gleaners. Sister Broadbent is a competent leader, a devoted Latter-day Saint loved and respected by all who know her.

With her good husband Charles N. Broadbent they have raised a family of boys and girls devoted to the church leaders in their respective fields and committees. A family which any parents should be proud of.

I would like to see Sister Broadbent represent Utah and I am sure she would do honor to our state which we all love.

Very sincerely yours,
Heber M. Rasband, Bishop
Heber First Ward

The Mother of the Year Committee

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In my modest opinion, Mrs. Charles Broadbent is a most interesting and worthy candidate for "Mother of the Year."

Aunt Jennie has been a close and valued friend to me and my own large family ever since I can remember.

She raised a large family as did my own mother and both she and her children have been church and civic leaders all their lives.

Her grandchildren are beginning to marry now and they too are admirable and liberally educated young citizens.

Jennie Broadbent is and has been not only a superbly competent mother and housekeeper, but she has handed down a high standard of personal integrity to every single one of her posterity.

She is personally remarkable as an enemy to gloom. She is a merry person. No domestic cares or even tragedies have ever long overshadowed the decorous but high spirit so continuously evident in her home.

She has been an indefatigable worker in the L.D.S. Church and is as sincerely beloved by non-members as any single person I have ever known. She has almost no mere acquaintances. All who know her are friends.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Francis C. Tatge

Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent 14

February 28, 1953

Judges' Committee
American Mother
% Mrs. Walter A. Kerr
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a pleasant opportunity for me to commend the life and the service of Mrs. Charles N. Broadbent.

For a brief period it was my good fortune to live in her home. Members of her family were in my classes at college. During the years of our acquaintance she and/or members of her family have participated in almost every major activity of this county. If the activity was for the benefit of the community and its people whether it was social, civic, political, religious, or humanitarian, she and her family have given support and leadership.

Mrs. Broadbent's keen insight, her capacity for clarity of expression, her inspiring leadership and her almost limitless capacity for work are amazing. These qualities have been for her family and for her associates a well-spring upon which all have drawn.

As a leader and teacher she has inspired hundreds. As a thoughtful friend she has comforted the mourning and cheered the sick. As a mother she has blessed mankind with a large family each of whom uniquely inherits and displays the qualities which have distinguished her.

I can think of no one more deserving of your recognition than she is.

Respectfully yours,

Harold H. Smith

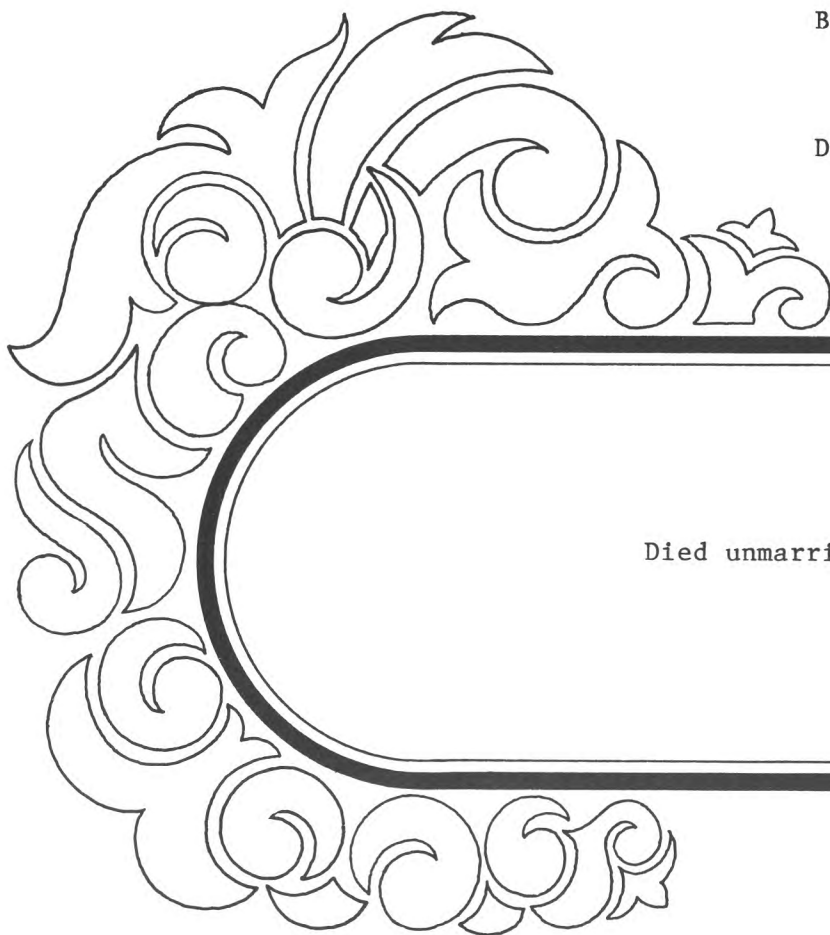


Seventh Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: February 23, 1885
Cedar City,
Iron County, Utah

Died: July 21, 1907
Harold,
Wilbarger, Texas



Died unmarried at age 22



George William (Bud) Wood



George William Wood was born on February 23, 1885, two years and two months after Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood made the long and perilous journey from Cedar City, Utah to Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, in the fall of 1882.

Interestingly enough, Bud (as he came to be known, and as he will be referred to in this brief history) was not born in Bluff, but back in Cedar City! What caused Sam and Jody to make another treacherous trip--this time, in the reverse direction? Jody was pregnant and wanted to deliver her baby under the care, comfort, and assistance of her half-sister, Mary Ann Corlett Stewart, who had raised Jody. Mary Ann was the eldest daughter of Jody's mother, Catherine Clark Corlett, and James Corlett, Catherine's first husband. Seven years after James Corlett died, Catherine Clark Corlett married Joseph Chatterley.

So, in the heart of the winter months, late in 1884 or very early in 1885, Jody and Sam and their children started out on their trek to Cedar City. And, late in February, 1885, the new baby boy was born--George William (Bud) Wood, who was Sam and Jody's seventh child. He spent the next nine and a half months with his family in Cedar City.

On November 5, 1885, when young Bud was a little over nine months old, his father, Samuel Wood, entered plural marriage with Emma Louise Elliker as his second wife. The wedding ceremony was performed in the St. George LDS Temple, St. George, Washington County, Utah. Jody and Emma became loving, close friends and "true sisters." After Sam and Emma's marriage, the entire family made preparations to return to Bluff! With Sam and Jody were their five living children: Joseph Henry, ten years old; Arthur Stephen, eight years old; John Morton, six years old; Sarah Jane (Jennie), three and a half years old, and little Bud, nine months. While in Cedar City, Sam and Jody undoubtedly had visited the graves of their two little children, Samuel Franklin and Mary Ann.

Excerpts from Jody's record of this second trip from Cedar City to Bluff are quoted below. There is no known record of the intervening trip back to Cedar City before the baby was born. Jody's record is quoted accurately with very minor, occasional grammatical and spelling corrections. Where this occurs, the corrected word is underlined. The remnants of Jody's journal have been reproduced at the end of Jody's history.

Leaving Cedar City, Iron County, and land of my birth. Cedar City, November 19, 1885. Leaving for our journey to San Juan, and as the teams had started the day before, Brother Tomas Walker was kind a nuff to take Sister Emma & myself the next morning as far as Red Creeck. After we had past through the trying and heart breaking time of saying good by, we started off in a snow storm & it never stoped until we got to Jonsons"

22nd. All well but very frosty and damp, the teams are doing real well, but oh my it is lonely and cold. Sister Elsy Neilson seems to stand the trip better than any of us. There is fifteen in our company, three men and four wimmen & the rest children. Sister Neilson, an old lady, her daughter and her daughter's husband, Willard Butts, Jence Neilson, Jr. (Jens Nielson), Samuel Wood & his family Josephine C & Emma Wood & five children & Sister Nielson with Trenna Nielsons brothers children"

Nov. 27th. . . . we get along first rate and are ready to start and are going a long real well so far so good. All keep pritty well through the cold. The babys stand it pritty well better than I expected"*

1st of Dec. . . . we are all trudging a long with the children crying with the cold. We come to what they call Plesant Crick and camped for the night. . . ."

*Editor's Note: Jody surely is referring to Bud and possibly Jennie, as well as other young children in the group.

On this trip, the group had to cross the Dirty Devil River several times. (On some of today's maps, the Dirty Devil is shown as the Fremont River. Utah historical records note this name change.) Each crossing of the Dirty Devil was traumatic--each created challenges.

Dec. 4th. . . . I felt better so on we go but my heart went faint and I went blind, but clung to the Dear Children. Now we are over and thank our heavenly Father for it. That is the best time we have ever crossed a river. I am nursing the baby, waiting for my wash watter to get hot. Emma is cooking supper, the Dear Children are as happy as larks and we are in a lovely place but it is very cold to dress and undress the children.

As they near the Colorado River, it was necessary to climb a very steep mountain.

Dec. the 11. . . . I know the horses did not work any harder than I did trying to get up with my baby boy, but the Lord prepared the back for the burden"

Although Bud would not have remembered any of this trip, the journal has been quoted because of the several references to him. What an unbelievable record of his very young life. There are many other moving entries in this journal, ending with a December 18th entry. Did this end Jody's written record, or were pages lost? It is believed that the group reached Bluff late in December or early in January, 1886.

Not much is known of Bud as he grew to young manhood. He was a handsome young boy, and undoubtedly participated in the activities of the Primary Association, spring parties at "Cow Canyon," school, and farming chores.

George William (Bud) Wood was baptized by Elder James B. Decker the day after he was eight years old, the 24th of February 1893,

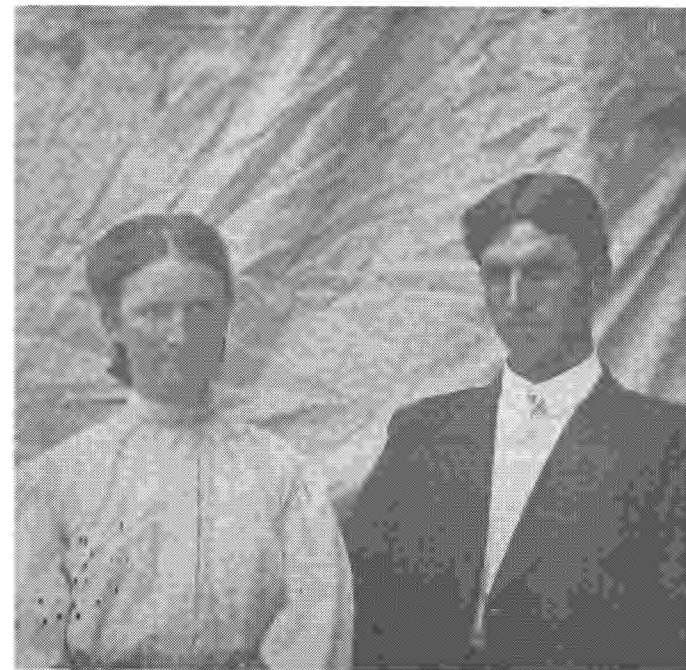


*George William
(Bud) Wood
Age 7 to 8
Bluff, Utah
Circa 1891-92*

not so very long after John Morton died. Bud was confirmed two days after by Bishop Jence* Neilson (sic) in Sunday School. Bud was ordained a Deacon December 30, 1895 by Kumen Jones. He grew into a very handsome young man as is shown by his pictures. He was a fine athlete, a good sport, and a stalwart young man.

Bud received his recommend to go through the Temple on April 16, 1907, and was ordained an elder the same day. He had been called on a church mission to the Central States, and received his endowments on April 26, 1907, and was set apart on April 30, 1907.

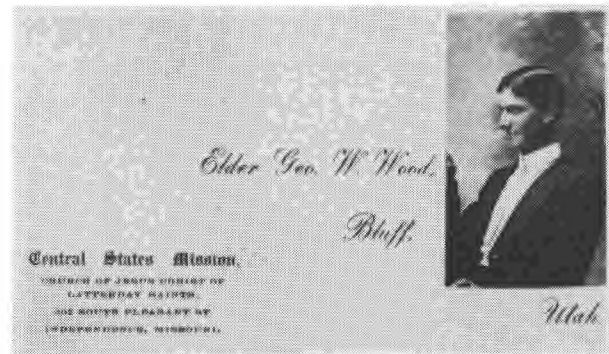
Bud's mother, Jody, apparently did not keep her journal on a consistent basis, but she recorded a tragedy that took place during the summer of 1907.



*Brother and sister
Alice Charlotte Wood, age 17
and George William (Bud) Wood, age 22
Taken just before Bud left on his mission
to the Central States, 1907.
He served in Texas.*

Editor's Note: Many records, including Jody's, spelled the Bishop's name Jence. The correct spelling is Jens Nielson.

April 20, 1907. George W. Wood & Walter Stevens started for there mission to the Senterel States. Bluff missionary, George Wood our youngest son aged 22 years, left home well, and in good faith of filling a mission. Left Salt Lake May 3rd, reached head quarters in Independence May 4th, went on from there to Kelsy where they had confrence; had there Photos taken & traveled on to Texesses where he took sick & died there in Harrold, Texesses, with only two Elders with him, Elders Neilson (Nelson) & Bodily. He was brought home to Bluff for burial. He was gone from home just 3 months and seven days.



George William (Bud) Wood, 1907
This was his missionary "calling card."
Photo was taken in Missouri.

Jody frequently back-tracked in her journal recording. On August 13, 1907, she records more of Bud's funeral and burial on July 27, 1907. He died on July 21, 1907. She also tells of happenings in September regarding other family members.

Aug. 13, 1907. My sister Maggie Parry* came on a visit to Monticello. Stayed four weeks. We greatly

*Editor's Note: Maggie was actually Jody's half-sister, the fifth child of Catherine Clark Corlett and James Corlett. Her full name: Margaret Alice Corlett Parry.

enjoyed her and went back with her as far as Provo. Alice, Emma, & Lizzie all so went to attend the B.Y.U. Left Monticello Sept 11th, 1907 and met Elder Nelson, our son's companyon who cared and watched over him in his sickness. He & President Benion accompaned the remains to Thompson's Springs, Utah [this was in July] where his brother Arthur** met him & brought him on. His Father & Mother and Sister Jennie Broadbent came from Provo. We came on and at Monticello where his brothers, JH & Roy; Kate, Alice & the familys of the older boys, a waiting us. Then at Bluff, Emma & Lizzie Wood, & the entire Ward of anxious friends awaited us. My Darling Boy was layed away July 27, 1907.

Bud's death was a tragic blow to the Wood family. Three children now lay in graves at the Bluff Cemetery, plus the two young children buried in Cedar City. It is recorded that Jody never quite lifted her head so high again; that she never fully recovered from this great loss. Jody died 18 months later, with Sam following about 18 months after Jody.

In the LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Volume 3, Page 739, Andrew Jensen wrote the following account of George William Wood:

Wood, George Wm., a missionary Elder who died in the field was born Feb. 23, 1885 in Cedar City, Iron County, Utah. A son of Samuel Wood and Josephine C. Chatterly (sic. Chatterley). He was baptized Feb. 24, 1893 by James B. Decker, and while residing at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, he was called on a mission to the Central States being set apart for the same April 30, 1907. He had labored only a short time in North Texas Conference when he took sick with typhoid fever and after 8 weeks of illness he died at Harrold, Welbarger County (sic. Harold, Wilbarger), Texas, July 21, 1907. His remains were shipped home in care of Elder August L.

**Editor's Note: Joseph Henry Wood's history indicates that he as well as Arthur traveled to Thompson Springs to accompany Bud home.

Nelson as far as Thompson Springs, Utah, where they were met by a brother of the deceased and taken overland to Bluff, arriving there July 26, 1907. During the short time Elder Wood labored as a missionary, he had shown himself as an earnest faithful worker. He was quiet and unassuming but always willing to do his part in the mission work. He died an unmarried man, but was survived by a father and mother, three brothers and 4 sisters.

The surviving three brothers were: Joseph Henry, Arthur Stephen, and Leroy, the son of Sam and Emma. The four sisters were: Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent; Catherine Josephine (Kate); Alice Charlotte; and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie). Lizzie was

the daughter of Sam and Emma. Also, Bud was survived by his "second mother", Emma Louise Elliker Wood, and seven nieces and nephews as follows: Marie Josephine Wood and Reed Arthur Wood, children of Arthur Stephen and Nancy Genevieve (Jennie) Decker Wood; Verd Nuttall Broadbent and Clyde Wood Broadbent, children of Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood and Charles Nuttall Broadbent; and Joseph Earl Wood, Francis Clair Wood and Anna Bernice Wood, children of Joseph Henry and Anna Lillian Decker Wood.

George William (Bud) Wood, unmarried at the time of death, was sealed to Mary Gertrude Decker, the daughter of James B. Decker and Anna Marie Decker, on June 2, 1952. (Salt Lake Genealogical Society, film #456704.)

Written by
Frances Hansen Hoopes
with missionary documentation
researched by
Josephine Wood Fairbanks--1982



Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen

Eighth Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: May 3, 1887
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah

Died: July 12, 1958
Salt Lake City,
Salt Lake County, Utah



Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen



Henry Lloyd Hansen



Catherine Josephine Wood Hansen

She was tall, stately, refined, humorous, untiring, ever-willing to serve, full of empathy and love for all of those about her. This was the "Kate" we all knew and loved. In 1953, her oldest granddaughter, Catherine Ann Jones, at sixteen years of age wrote:

Eyes that reveal wisdom, understanding, affection, and love in her heart for all of God's children, are the eyes of my grandmother. Tall and stately, she carries herself in a queenly manner. Her tired hands show that she has done plenty of work during her good and inspiring life; and yet, they still have a soft and gentle touch. Although many sorrows have confronted her, only her cheerful disposition seems to show through. Everyone who knows her, loves, respects, and admires her. She is like an angel from Heaven, here to help all in their time of need and sorrow. She is the type of woman everyone should be willing to follow. Yes, I love this person, for she is my grandmother.

Kate was born in the isolated little pioneer settlement of Bluff, Utah, May 3, 1887, to Samuel and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood. Her mother was known as "Aunt Jody". The new baby girl was blessed and given the name of Catherine Josephine Wood by her father. She was called "Katie" by her parents.

She was the eighth of ten children born to this stalwart couple, but the first to be born in Bluff. Her seven older brothers and sisters were all born in Cedar City, Utah. It is a mystery who assisted at her birth, for her own mother was the only doctor and midwife of this small, struggling community. Her birth, however, is recorded in her mother's Midwife Journal.

In an old battered notebook, Kate had jotted a few notes about her life. She wrote:

"Down through history the Lord has called His people to leave their homes and go to some other place for purposes not known to them at the time. And, so it was that my family was called to leave comfortable homes and family and friends in Cedar City and go to San Juan to make peace with the Ute and Navajo Tribes of Indians, who had been robbing and raiding scattered settlers. The area called Bluff was their "stomping ground." Our people were planted in their midst I was the first baby to be born to the Wood family in Bluff. I was born in a log room, not too well furnished, but filled with welcome, happiness, and love. My mother was the midwife and doctor. My first trip was shortly after my birth when Mother went to Rin Cone (10 miles west of Bluff on the San Juan River) to nurse Amasa Barton who had been mortally wounded by a quarrelsome Indian, who had come into the Trading Post and shot Brother Barton twice in the head. Brother Barton died June 16, 1887, leaving a wife and two little sons. We went back to Bluff and Aunt Emma and her baby son, Roy, went to stay with the Bartons until they could be moved to Bluff."

This was an extremely brave thing for Aunt Emma to do for the Indians remained close by--their faces painted with warpaint, waiting to see what the white men were going to do. Kate's notes continue:

"We grew up as most normal children in Bluff. We lived 100 miles from the nearest railroad or a town of any size, so there were many things we were unable to get. If we had an orange, it would be at Christmas in our stockings. Sugar was scarce, but we had honey as Father and Mother had ten or twelve hives of bees. I never remember wanting for things to eat. We had a large orchard, some cows, and raised a garden. We had a large cellar. It was not uncommon to have a thousand quarts of fruit bottled. Some of this was very choice. I believe we were the only family to raise both black and red raspberries and those were kept for the sick.

We had a large grape vineyard and orchard with cling peaches. Around the edge of the orchard, Isabella

and Concord grapevines twined up and around the trees, making a network of vines and tree limbs. We would climb the trees for both peaches and grapes. By patting and shaping the vines, we could make a tree house. Many hours were spent reading and sometimes sleeping in the treehouse. The Indians would have to pass by these trees on their way to the store. I would hold my breath until they passed. If they started to crawl through the fence, I would swing to the ground on a grapevine and run to the house.

"I did wish for more clothing as I grew older. Mother was a good mother and homemaker, however, she was also President of the Primary, doctor, and midwife for this little community for twenty-five years, so we had to assist in many ways.

"Before I was born, Father had taken another wife. Polygamy was sometimes advised by leaders of the Church and some families lived this principle. Mother and Aunt Emma, the second wife, loved each other as sisters. The children of both families felt that they had two mothers. Mother could never have accomplished all she did if it had not been for the support of Father and Aunt Emma. The security of our homes made it hard for us who were young to realize the constant danger from the Indians.

"When death came into the family, it was very hard for Mother to be comforted. How well I remember when my brother, John Morton, died from blood poisoning. He had run a pitch fork into his knee. This apparently had healed. He was playing baseball and Mother called him to come and do his chores. He said, "Just one more strike." He made a homerun, but slid and hit his wounded knee which started trouble (again) that told us his previous injury was just healed on the surface. He suffered so much. There was no way to deaden the pain. How we prayed and cried as he begged Mother to let him go. He died January 18, 1893.

"There were no locks on our door. The latchstring

was always on the outside; and it seemed there was constantly some hungry stranger who needed a bed. Although our home was a humble one, it was clean and love abounded. Many people had built larger homes, but the stranger usually came to our door. I remember saying that if we didn't give away so much, we could have more for ourselves. Mother answered, "I would be ashamed of a child of mine who would turn anyone away from our door.

"It was a daily occasion to have Indians walk into our home, sit on the floor for hours, and ask for CHINEAGA (something to eat). Brigham Young had told the people *not to fight the Indians, but to feed them*. We would have them carry in several arms full of wood for their food. If an Indian buck, as we called the male Indian, was present, he would be asked to chop the wood.

"One night when I was the oldest one at home, the family having gone to a party, a Navajo came into the house. Usually, they would just sit and hum, but this one wanted to strike up a bargain. For \$10.00, could he sleep on the cot we had in the room? "Why not," I thought. "Wouldn't Mother and Dad be pleased?" The bedding could be washed and, oh, the things \$10.00 would buy. Soon Mother and Father came home, and they had a difficult time making the Indian take back his \$10.00-- he had paid to sleep with me!"

Even though the children were often afraid of the Indians, they were taught to speak to them in a kindly manner and to treat them with respect. Poke and Posey, outlaw renegades, and Old Charlie, were among the frequent visitors. They came for various reasons--mostly for food, but sometimes just to get warm or to get medical help from "Aunt Jody". Years later, when the Woods had all left Bluff and Kate was living in Monticello, some of the same old Indians found their way to her door asking for food and saying over and over again: "You Sammy Wood's papoose. You good papoose. Indians like Sammy Wood's papoose." Kate always fed them and gave them clothing when they needed it. If they ever came to the house drunk or angry, Kate would say, "You go away and come back when you are a GOOD Indian!" They respected her and

learned to love her husband, Lloyd, as well. One day "Old Charlie" came to the home in Monticello and wanted food. He chopped wood for it, and was kind and friendly and appreciative. Kate's girls were not afraid of "Old Charlie." Helen painted his fingernails with bright red fingernail polish. He went around town afterwards with his fingers extended, exclaiming, "See, heap pretty. Heap good." It is doubtful he ever washed his hands for fear the beautiful polish would disappear.

Kate wrote on regarding life in Bluff:

"Many times there were only one or two men in town. The others would be herding cattle on the range or freighting. Mother was subject to sick headaches. Perhaps, if we had known then what we know now, she might have been diagnosed as having migraine headaches or even a tumor. One night, she was suffering so terribly. One of the children had gone for the Elders. I thought, "Why won't the Lord answer my prayers?" I was rubbing her head and it seemed to help some. While so doing, I prayed and prayed for her, asking the Lord to stop the pain. She soon fell asleep and when the Elders came, she was sleeping peacefully."

Kate's prayer was answered.

The foregoing is all that we have found written in Kate's own handwriting, except as she wrote of separate and far-apart happenings which will be used as we go along in her history.

Vivian Redd McConkie was asked to share some of her memories of Bluff. She recalls:

"Kate and I were lifelong friends. We grew up in Bluff together. On special festive days such as the 4th of July, we would have sleeping parties. Kate and Allie (Kate's sister) would come to our place and we would sleep outside in the back yard. We would listen to the frogs and crickets until the wee hours--the only night sounds there were. Before we went to bed, we would gather bean leaves and spread them over the covers so the bugs couldn't get to us. Try to to imagine a town

with no lights, save a few candles and a faraway coal oil lamp, with one house on a block. The quietness of the dark and the stillness of the night was broken only by laughter of young teenagers, only we weren't called that in those days. That word (teenagers) is of modern coinage.

"Aunt Jody was Primary President; and, oh, the picnics and parties and children's dances, the braiding of the Maypole, the walks upon the hill and the gatherings of "Cliff Flowers" in February in Cow Canyon. These are all happy childhood memories of growing up with Kate and the Wood children. We had two Sunday-best dresses--one for the 4th of July and one at Christmas."

Kate was taught early the value and necessity of hard work. She learned at an early age to cook, to preserve food for winter, and to make her own clothes. She developed a fine sense of humor, and learned to enjoy life. There were no fine stores, no beauty shops; and yet she dressed beautifully and her hair was always stylishly groomed. Even if stores and beauty shops had been nearby, there just was no money for such things. Kate never thought of herself as being poor for there was such an abundance of love. Her testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was strong and unshakable. After all, her parents, and everyone whom she knew, had literally given up everything in the way of worldly goods to help build up Zion in Utah's desolate wilderness.

Education was high on the list of priorities for all of the Wood family. When the children were old enough, they went to Provo to attend the Brigham Young University. Aunt Emma usually went along to care for them while they attended school. Jody, Kate's mother, stayed behind to fulfill her role as doctor, and as wife of Samuel while he struggled to make a living.

An entry in Jody's journal dated June 12, 1906 states: "Katie Wood returned home from the BYU after an absence of a year and 10 months." Later that same year, Jody made the following entry: "Katie, Emma, and Lizzie Wood with many other Bluff students left for Provo School September 4th, 1906. Utah." Records at the BYU verify that Kate did, indeed, attend BYU the

first semester of 1904-05. She registered using the name "Katie." She also attended 1906 through 1908. She studied mainly in the field of domestic science, art, and theology. These skills were reflected throughout her life. There were times when she and her sisters worked for their board and room while in Provo. If they were fortunate, they also received \$2.50 per week for their work. This made them feel very rich.



Three sisters ...

L to R: Alice Charlotte Wood, Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood, and Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood.

Date unknown, but possibly taken while attending Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

Circa 1906-1908



The Samuel Wood family moved to Monticello, San Juan County, Utah, during the winter of 1906-07. Picture was taken by the old Dan Dalton store, where a bank later was built.

L to R: Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood, Philip Sorensen, Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood, Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent and her two oldest sons, Verd Nuttal (left) and Clyde Wood Broadbent (right). (Charles Broadbent, husband of Jennie, had been called to serve a mission and Jennie and her two children returned to Monticello to stay with Samuel and "Jody".)

Mrs. Joseph B. Harris and baby, and far right is Alice Charlotte Wood. Circa 1908.

Love and loyalty between the Wood brothers and sisters was a strong bond holding them together in all things throughout their lives. They were always on hand to give love and support to each other. One such occasion is recorded in their mother's journal September 13th, 1907:

"Arthur S. Wood, wife (Genevieve Decker), and their baby with Vivian Redd and Maggie Bailey left to attend convention at Mancus (Mancos, Colorado) when Arthur got

struck with lightning very severely and had to lay under Dr.'s care for three weeks. His brother and sister, Henry and Kate went out to him."

This was a characteristic that Kate exhibited every day of her life--to be on hand when needed.

Again, from Jody's journal, we read on August 19th, 1908:

". . . Katie Wood left to go down to the oil fields . . . with Rachel Perkins to cook for men that were working road."

In 1912, Kate went to Chicago, Illinois, to visit her younger sister, Alice, who was serving an LDS mission. Kate rode the train most of the way with newlyweds, Oscar and Vivian McConkie, who were going to Ann Arbor, Michigan. This trip was very special to both Kate and Alice. Alice had received permission to do a little traveling and "sight-seeing" with Kate. They saw all of Chicago together. They traveled down the Mississippi River where all in the party suffered from sea-sickness. They went through the "Lincoln country" of Illinois. They went to Kirtland, Ohio. They went to Washington, D.C., and Kate records in her notes of this trip, that they visited the White House which was being refurbished for the approaching wedding of President Woodrow Wilson's daughter. They saw President Wilson, and she writes, "He tipped his hat to the crowd, and we saw his beautiful grey hair."

The Wood family moved to Monticello at the foot of the Blue Mountains about 1906. Monticello is 7,000 feet above sea level, and the climate was very different from that in Bluff. Monticello was cool in the summer and wind seemed to always blow. Winters were severe. Howling blizzards were common, with snow drifting over the fences. Many said that Monticello had only two seasons--July and winter. Bluff seldom had snow and the summers were hot. As the families of Bluff spread out to settle new communities, the deep love that bound them so closely together grew even stronger when they were separated. They grasped every possible opportunity to see each other. And, so in February of 1908, there was great excitement in Monticello about the upcoming Quarterly LDS Stake Conference to be held in Bluff. Everyone, who could, planned to attend. The only mode of transportation was by wagon or buggy and

it was winter in Monticello. This, however, did not discourage these sturdy people. The Wood family made preparations to go. Kate was going to go with a group of young people. Those in Kate's group were her half-brother, Roy*, Julius Bailey and his sister, Maggie, Fletcher Bronson, Ruth Perkins, Ann Jones, and Eva Butt. It is interesting to know that, later, Fletcher and Eva would marry and so would Ruth and Julius. Careful preparation had to be made because it would take two days each way for the trip. Enough food had to be taken, and plenty of straw and quilts with which to keep warm. Also, feed for the horses had to be packed in the wagon.

The day they left for Bluff was Thursday, February 6, 1908. The sun sparkled brightly on the hardened and crusted snow. Travel was not easy, and often men and horses had to "break trail" so the vehicles could move forward. Due to heavy snow, the horses became very tired. It took more than ten hours to travel twenty-five miles to Grayson (now Blanding).

Friday was warmer as they approached Bluff. It was wonderful to greet old friends. Saturday and Sunday were spent attending Conference meetings, and Kate wrote that it was a "wonderful spiritual feast." Monday was spent visiting and making preparations for the Grand Conference Ball to be held that evening. On Tuesday, Grandmother Jody was honored in the afternoon by the children of Bluff, and she was further honored by the adults that evening. It was a happy day for the family.

Wednesday morning "the air was cold and keen, and snow--unusual to Bluff--was falling fast. All over town people were making hasty preparations to leave." By six o'clock that night, the young people were back in Grayson, bone-weary and thankful for a place to sleep. Morning came all too soon. "How the fierce wind howled, but nothing could be done, but to continue on the journey." The girls managed to keep fairly warm in the quilts. The snow beat into the faces of the boys, forcing them to take turns driving and trying to warm their near frozen bodies in the

*Editor's Note: The term half-brother is used only for historical correctness. The two families never used the term.

quilts and the straw. Travel was extremely slow. The wind was creating great snow drifts. Sometimes, the snow was so deep that the wagon box pushed it ahead like a snowplow. At 6:00 p.m., they were still two and a half miles from Verdure, and eight and a half miles from Monticello. The exhausted horses could go no farther. The boys decided to unhitch the wagon, leave the girls bundled up in the straw and quilts, and take the horses to Verdure where they hoped to get fresh ones. The girls gave them all the scarves, mittens, and extra coats they could spare. One can only imagine the feelings of fear felt by both the boys and the girls.

Kate writes: "The minutes seemed like hours. We were at the mercy of the howling, gnashing wind and the icy, stinging snow, to say nothing of the fear of being discovered and torn limb by limb by ravenous wolves." However, only an hour had passed when the girls heard shouts of joy. The boys had met Edd Rogerson coming to meet them with fresh horses. It was difficult to hitch the six horses to the wagon because the boys' hands were so nearly frozen. Now, they traveled faster and reached Verdure by 8:30 p.m., where they were welcomed into the Frank Barton home. "We felt as if we had entered into a King's palace." The next day, the sun was shining once again--making the trip to Monticello pleasant and uneventful.

Now, in 1982, people travel half way round the world in less than a day to attend LDS General Conference in Salt Lake City, Utah.

In November of 1912, Kate ran for the office of San Juan County Treasurer and won. It was a two-year term for the years 1913-14. The San Juan County Commissioners' Minute Book for the years 1900-14 records the election results as follows:

	<u>Monticello</u>	<u>Bluff</u>	<u>Grayson</u>	<u>Indian Creek</u>	<u>LaSal</u>	<u>Total</u>
E. Christensen	76	20	52	2	7	157
Kate Wood	68	<u>53</u>	46	2	4	173

Bluff--Dear loyal Bluff--Swung the election.

The assessed valuation of San Juan County at that time was less than \$1,000,000; today (1982) the assessed valuation of the county exceeds \$150,000,000.

Kate must have done a little "moonlighting" in order to make financial ends meet. The following notations were taken at random from the Commissioners' Minute Book for the years 1900-14, Page 420: "Kate Wood, Treasurer . . . Cleaning Court House 4 days--Self and Verna Rogerson, \$10.00." Imagine cleaning the court house for only \$1.25 per day.

Page 443: "Kate Wood: Deputy work for June and July, 25 hours. \$6.25." That is only twenty-five cents an hour!!!

Kate did not run for re-election. Her term ended in December of 1914. Christmas Eve of that year she married her sweetheart, Henry Lloyd Hansen. He had caused quite a stir when he came to Monticello in the fall of 1913. Fresh from Utah State Agricultural College in Logan--diploma in hand--he was eager to begin his first formal teaching assignment. Monticello was very small, and in no time at all, the eligible young ladies were excitedly whispering about the handsome, young schoolteacher with the sparkling blue eyes. He was completely dedicated to his new career, remembering that President John A. Widstoe had told the graduating students there was no greater career than that of molding the character and attitudes of young people. Lloyd believed that a teacher should always, and forever, be an example of honesty and integrity. He had a dry sense of humor and loved a practical joke, and was soon fully accepted by the entire community.

Kate and Lloyd began keeping company, and it was not long before Lloyd was the "only one." In December of 1914, just a little over a year after meeting each other, they made the long and difficult trip to Salt Lake City in the dead of winter to be married for "time and eternity" in the Salt Lake Temple on Christmas Eve.

Lloyd took his tall, brown-eyed bride to meet his widowed father and the rest of his family who lived in American Fork.



*Henry Lloyd Hansen
Lloyd came to Monticello in 1913
to teach school. There, he found his
"sweetheart", and lived in Monticello the
rest of his life.
Circa 1914*



*Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood
Taken about the time of her marriage to
Henry Lloyd Hansen,
December 24, 1914
in the Salt Lake Temple.*

When the newlyweds returned to Monticello to finish the school year, Kate put all her skills to work as a homemaker. They were a tremendous team. Both loved people. Lloyd was always the champion of the "slow" student, or anyone else who needed help. They were both extremely compassionate, hospitable, generous, and fun-loving. What is more, they could be trusted. Their home became the gathering place for talk, study, advice, encouragement, for good food, and fun-filled parties. They didn't have much money and they worked very hard. They were always involved in every worthy cause. Teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ was paramount in their lives.

On April 25, 1916, their first child, a baby girl, was born. Doctor Henry Bussey attended. While Alene was still small and before their second child was born in 1919, Kate and Lloyd moved to Laketown, Utah on the south shore of Bear Lake where Lloyd taught school for one year. They, then, returned to Monticello to make their permanent home. On April 7, 1919, another baby girl was welcomed into the Hansen family. She was named Frances, and turned out to be the only fair-haired, blue-eyed member of the family. Two years later, on January 17, 1921, another baby girl, Helen, joined

the family. She captivated her parents' and older sisters. It was five and a half years later when on July 27, 1926, Kathern, another baby girl joined the family. Lloyd smiled and sighed as he kissed her, and held her up for all to see. When people said, "But, don't you wish you had a boy?" he would reply, "No, we are specializing in girls." And, for the next twenty years he "swam" in a sea of petticoats, and never once had enough hot water for a comfortable bath!

The night Kathern was born, Kate felt her girls should know what was about to happen. She told them about the new little one who was expected to arrive that night. It was exciting news for three little girls. Somehow, they sensed that it was a very sacred and serious occasion. Oscar W. McConkie was called to help Lloyd give Kate a special priesthood blessing. The children were extremely impressed by the complete confidence that their parents placed in the Lord. It was a night not unlike Christmas, so great was their anticipation. It was hard to sleep, and very early the next morning the three little girls tiptoed in to see their baby sister nestled in the arms of their mother.

Kate was a thrifty and good homemaker. Rural life was not easy. Each season brought its own special tasks. Springtime found her helping Lloyd to plant and tend a large garden, fruit trees, raspberry bushes, and flowers. She could not live without flowers. She felt the soul needed nourishment as well as the body, and she frequently told her girls, "*If you only have a dime, buy half a loaf of bread and a rose.*" In this way, both body and soul were fed. Bread at that time cost 10¢ for a loaf--hot out of the oven. Much of the gardening was left to her because Lloyd, in addition to his full-time job as an educator, had a small herd of beef cattle, a cow to milk, pigs and chickens to feed, occasionally a sheep or two, grain and hay fields to tend, wood to haul and chop, plus church and civic responsibilities.

For three summers, Kate and her sister-in-law, Lila Hansen, took their little families and moved with their husbands, Lloyd and Mahlin, into one-room log houses out by the Vega Wash, east of Monticello, to "prove up" on some land. Under the Homestead Act as revised in 1912, heads of households had to occupy and improve the land for a minimum of three years. Kate and Lila were

terrified of bugs, spiders, and snakes which were everywhere in the sagebrush. It was a wonderful treat to go to town to get a good bath, to visit and shop a little, but their efforts did pay off and they became bonafide land owners.

Kate bottled over 500 quarts of fruit every summer. When the fruit growers came from Moab and Paradox, she would climb up into the truck and examine the fruit carefully and thoroughly, choosing only the best. Bottling fruit was hot and tiresome work--everything being done on a hot, wood-burning stove in the kitchen with no air conditioning, except for a breeze through the screen door. Every peach-half had to be placed in exact symmetry in the bottles and all be of one size. They were beautiful and when winter came, all the hard work seemed worthwhile. Her peaches and pickles won blue ribbons at the county fair. Perishable vegetables were pressure-cooked and stored.

Kate was not satisfied to have grapes growing along a barbed wire fence. She had a grape arbor built in the back yard. The grapes grew up the sides and over the top. Two comfortable benches were inside the cool fragrant arbor, and it was fun to sit there and eat grapes as they ripened.

The fall was "hog-killing" time. Lard was rendered and used all winter. Hams were cured and stored. Venison, pork, and chicken were properly preserved by pressure cooking. They had an outdoor cellar. It looked like a miniature Idaho potato cellar. The sides were shored up with lumber and the roof was made of cedar posts and covered with about two feet of dirt. It was dark and cool inside and *very scary* unless the door was left open. Bottled foods were stored on shelves around three sides. Below the shelves, bins held potatoes, squash, onions, carrots, and other root vegetables. Yes, they always had a year's supply of food on hand. Kate planted rambler roses over the top of the dirt cellar, because she thought the cellar was ugly.

When grain ripened, crews of men came with the threshing machine and cut and threshed the wheat. The threshers had to be fed. They were always ravenously hungry by noon and Kate prepared enormous, hot, delicious meals for them. Often a man would eat a whole pie for dessert.

Chickens furnished eggs and fried chicken for Sunday dinners. The cows gave milk for drinking, cream, butter, buttermilk, and cottage cheese. With all these good dairy products, Kate made the best caramel ice cream and pineapple sherbet in the world.

Cream was extracted from the milk by means of an apparatus called a "separator". It was very mysterious how milk could be poured into a bowl at the top and turning a hand crank at a steady pace, cream came out of one spout and skim milk from another. The skim milk was fed to the pigs in those days. Now, we drink it for health's sake.

Water for washing clothes was heated in a copper boiler on top of a wood-burning cookstove and then lifted by bucket to the Maytag ringer-type washer. Clothes were rinsed twice in No. 3 galvanized tin tubs. The last rinse contained "bluing" to make "whites look whiter." And, the dryer was a clothesline in the back yard. Water was a precious commodity in Monticello. The sudsy water was saved for scrubbing floors and the "rinse" water was carried by buckets to struggling rose bushes and other plants. Little did she know at that time, that later the mere push of a button would do the washing automatically in minutes for her.

The cookstove in the kitchen, and a Heatrola in the living-room were the only means of heating the house in the winter. The fuel was wood and coal. Bedrooms were COLD! Kate often heated rocks in the cookstove oven, wrapped them in towels, and warmed the girls' beds with them.

Basic household items, most machinery and clothing, such as coats, shoes, and underwear, were ordered by mail from Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward mail-order houses.

Kate was an expert seamstress and made most of the girls' dresses and beautiful costumes on a Singer treadle sewing machine. She did beautiful embroidery, crocheting, tatting, and "drawn work" on pongee and fine linens. She was the town barber for years and was handy with a marcel (curling) iron. Mostly, she did this just to be neighborly, but occasionally some man would insist she accept 25¢ for a haircut.

Kate was socially adept. After Lloyd became County School



Four daughters of Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen and Henry Lloyd Hansen. Circa 1929-30. L to R: Kathern--4 years old; Helen--9 years old; Frances--11 years old; Alene Wood--14 years old. Picture taken in the Hansen livingroom in Monticello, Utah.

Superintendent, she always entertained all of the school teachers at the beginning of each school year. On half an hour's notice, she could fix a wonderful dinner when Lloyd called unexpectedly asking if he could bring all the school board-members home for noon dinner. She would hurriedly send one of the girls to the store with 75¢ to buy enough round steak for the dinner, reminding her to tell the butcher to "throw in" a liver or heart if he had it. She regularly entertained the Bishopric and visiting Church authorities. Everyone was treated alike.

In 1940, Lloyd and Kate built the first modern motel in Monticello. It was called the Navajo Trail Court. Kate worked untiringly with her husband on this new venture. If ever anyone left anything in the motel, the Hansen's promptly mailed it off to the owner. They very soon gained a reputation for honesty and the motel was a success from the beginning.

Kate and Lloyd belonged to a social group which was very close. They entertained each other on a regular basis. They were all marvelous cooks, but her fried chicken, Parker House rolls, lemon pie, homemade ice cream, and ground raisin cake were unsurpassed.

She was active in every worthwhile project in town. At various times, she was chairman for Red Cross, Cancer, Infantile Paralysis, and other fund-raising drives.

She never drove a car. The funny old wall-hung telephone saved many hours. The Hansen's ring on the party line was "a long and two shorts." Many times listeners learned news before it was ready to be made public.

In 1942, she was one of a committee appointed by the governor to promote the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps. This was to help the World War II effort.

She taught 4-H classes and many of the women of today attribute their cooking skills to the techniques they learned in Kate's kitchen.

She was proud of her heritage and was an active member of the Monticello Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers--holding almost every

leadership position at one time or another. She was a charter member of the Women's Rebus Rota Club, which was organized in November 1916, and reorganized as a Literary Club January 11, 1921. On March 11, 1922, the Rebus Rota Club was admitted to the Utah State and National Federation of Women's Clubs. This club was important to Monticello because its objectives were "educational, social, and civic advancement." They had active committees on Fine Arts, Education, The American Home, Citizenship, International Relationships, and Civic Improvements, all of which improved the quality of life for Monticello residents. Kate was listed in the State Year Book of 1921-22 as being the incoming Rebus Rota President January 30, 1923. She served on the program committee 1927-28, and was chairman of the Fine Arts Committee in 1940-41. It was through the efforts of these dedicated club women that the school children learned to appreciate the great paintings of the world, such as "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, and "Pinky" by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Exhibits were arranged for through the Springville Art Center, and were obtained on a rotating loan basis. They were hung in Monticello school classrooms, and lectures on art appreciation became part of every child's education.

Kate served in every women's auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on both ward and stake levels--Primary, Sunday School, MIA, and Relief Society. She served as President of the Monticello Ward MIA for ten years, 1923-33. The young people adored her, and wanted to be what she told them they could be. She taught them to be "ladies" and "gentlemen" in the finest sense of the word. It was the era of Church-wide contest dancing, drama, and music. Her dancers often won in stake and regional competition and went to Salt Air for the All-Church Dance Festivals. In teaching, she was a perfectionist and was often seen crawling along the floor putting an awkward boy's foot in place, or showing a girl just how to point a toe gracefully. All the people whom she taught are grandparents now, but still speak of her with love and respect.

After those long years of service in the MIA, she became First Counselor to Cornelia Perkins in the Monticello Ward Relief Society. This was demanding, dedicated work. These "sisters" were constantly serving the members of the ward. They had to earn their own money for all projects. They gave bazaars, dinners,

comforted and fed the sick and sorrowing. They "laid out" the dead. They sat with the dead night and day, and kept ice bags packed around the body until the funeral, because there were no mortuaries. They made the burial clothing and lined the caskets.

Family trips to Salt Lake were looked forward to with great anticipation and were usually made in April, June, and October to attend General LDS Church Conferences. Happy reunions with relatives and shopping were special experiences on these trips. A&W Root Beer, served in huge frost-coated glass mugs, was a special treat.

Kate and the family oftentimes accompanied Lloyd to college campuses where he pursued further education. One summer, they took the three younger girls to California while Lloyd attended summer school at the University of California at Berkeley. Also, the family often accompanied Lloyd to Salt Lake, Provo, and Logan when he went to recruit school teachers.

In 1942--the Centennial year of the Relief Society--the following letter with pictures and other mementos, was placed in the Monticello Ward Relief Society Centennial Memory Book by Counselor Catherine W. Hansen. She wrote:

One hundred years since the Relief Society was organized, and from its tiny beginning it has grown to 150,000 enrollment.

It is not known by the years it has been in existence, or by the number of names on the roll, but by the great amount of service it has rendered, for its charity to all, and for the Gospel message and truths it teaches.

It has been an outstanding year of achievement in the Church, and in the problems we have solved in our own ward. We did reach our quota in membership, remodeled our building as has been mentioned in detail in this book.

We had bazaars, sold lunches on the 24th of July from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. We sponsored dances, sold

quilts, and then assisted with the building: calso-mining, cleaning, laying carpets, and making drapes--and enough was accomplished so we held a lovely tea in our building for our opening social.

The Centennial celebration has been told in story and picture, so I will only mention a few things that perhaps have not been mentioned. We searched past history and found it full of contributions made by good faithful women of different periods. Their work, memories, and inspiration is passed on to us as a precious heritage.

In the evening, we served a plate dinner to 190 people. At the guest table decorated with gold and blue carnations, we had a member from each board from 1887 to the present organization (1942). Among those were: Mary M. Jones, the 1st President of the Monticello Ward Relief Society. She is 83 years old. Also, Sister Lucinda Redd, one of the first Stake Presidents, and Aunt Emma, a much-loved member and past-President, was not present because of illness.

The program was in the form of reviewing the past, bringing laughter and tears, and a reverence long to be remembered.

It was a busy day, and as the clock chimed out the midnight hour, it seemed to say, "This is the end of a perfect day."

Many thoughts run through my mind as I think of the opening of this memory book in 25 years. . . .

So, this is 1967--25 years did pass quickly didn't they? It hasn't been so long since this book was closed, but so much has happened. Some of us are not here.

Now, you have opened it . . .

Why yes, there is Cornelia [Perkins], the President of 25 years ago, eyes sparkling, hair grey, and a smile

on her lovely face; she is rightfully proud of her part in this great organization--and Mattie [Martha Eager], home again, not much older, loved by all as of long ago. And Isa [Isabel Wood], darting here and there, still very thorough. Why, it seems like old times. My eyes grow dim, I can see no more.

May the opening of this book be as precious to you as our closing has been to us.

Signed: Catherine (Kate) Wood Hansen

Alene, Kate's daughter, attended the 1967 Birthday Party and wrote the following:

"How prophetic were my mother's words when she looked 25 years ahead and said "some of us are not here." Strangely enough, she was the only one of the presidency of 1942 who had died. The Silver Anniversary was a moving and spiritual experience. I felt my mother there in spirit. She was dearly loved by the people of Monticello and San Juan County."

After Lloyd died suddenly November 18, 1944, Kate stayed on in Monticello for about a year and then moved to Salt Lake City to be with Frances, her second daughter. Frances had lost her husband, Glen Peterson, when his ship went down in the Pacific Ocean in December, 1944 during World War II.

Again, Kate endeared herself to new friends--serving her neighbors and serving in the ward. She was active in Relief Society, genealogy, and temple work. She spent parts of several winters with friends and her sister, Jennie, in Mesa, Arizona doing temple work. This was a great joy to her. Kate had a great thirst for knowledge and took every opportunity to enroll in all kinds of classes and particularly those which taught her more of the Gospel.

In 1957, on her 70th birthday, Kate was feted at a surprise party by her daughters. Friends came from far and near to share this happy occasion. It was like a great reunion. Her girls gave her tickets for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. She was very



Henry Lloyd Hansen and
Catherine Josephine (Kate)
Wood Hansen

Picture taken in Logan, Utah
August, 1944

(Lloyd died in November 1944)

excited because she had always dreamed of going to the Islands. The trip was extra special because her sister, Jennie, and Charles Broadbent, her brother-in-law, were also on the trip.

She had always dreamed of being a "set apart" Temple worker. This call came and she was so happy, but rapidly failing health made it impossible for her to fulfill this call. Her testimony never faltered.

Kate was always a source of inspiration to her daughters. Her gentle wisdom was always so right. Everything she stood for was good--first of all, faith in God, then love and service to others. Every life she touched was made richer for having known her. Edith Rich, a former school teacher in Monticello and a long-time friend, wrote the following:

"Beautiful Kate was my special name for her. She was just that--beautiful in appearance, beautiful in character, and beautiful in spirit. She was very versatile and did everything well. She doctored me when I was ill. She comforted me when I was lonely. She entertained marvelously with a touch of "YOU are special!" She was an excellent cook, and some of my choicest recipes came from her. She treated me like family. Above all, I learned what real courage was during her last illness. I visited her often and came away *receiving*, instead of giving, comfort. As a tribute to my dear friend, I can do no better than to quote the following verses from the Bible which seem tailor-made for "Beautiful Kate":

*Who can find a virtuous woman?
for her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband
doth safely trust in her . . .*

*She seeketh wool and flax,
and worketh willingly with her hands . . .
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . .*

*Strength and honour are her clothing
and she shall rejoice in time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom
and in her tongue is the law of kindness.*

*She looketh well to the ways of her household,
and eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up, and call her blessed;
her husband also, and he praiseth her . . .*

Proverbs 31:10-14, 20, 26-28, 31

Death came to her as she slept on the night of July 12, 1958. After a four-year torturous battle with cancer, the Lord finally took her home. Her four daughters, her son-in-law, DeVaughn Jones, and her beloved sister, Jennie, were with her. During her illness, her courageous spirit never once faltered.

Kate was allergic to morphine, codeine, and other pain-killing drugs, and the synthetic drugs never completely eased the excruciating pain. Through all this, there was never a complaint or question as to "why" this was happening to her. One day her daughter, Kathern, went in her bedroom and saw her gripping the headboard of her bed and perspiration running from her forehead. She saw Kathern, and as usual wanted to protect her children from knowing what she was going through. She said, "You must think I'm an awfully weak person not to handle this better, but I don't ever want you to doubt the Lord or what He does. He has been very good to me."



*Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood Hansen
Taken for her 70th birthday
in Salt Lake City, Utah*

daughters, thirteen grandchildren (one deceased), thirty-four great-grandchildren (one deceased), and two great, great-grandchildren. If Kate could leave one message to those whom she loved, it would be:

LOVE ONE ANOTHER AND KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS!

Many friends came to visit her, to give of their love and comfort; but they always felt strengthened and uplifted for having partaken of her love and friendship.

During the last three years of Kate's life, she and her sister, Jennie, kept up an active correspondence with Albert R. Lyman, encouraging him to compile Jody's history. It was their dearest wish to have it published. Three months after Kate's death, the first installment of "Aunt Jody--Nurse of the San Juan Frontier" by Mr. Lyman was published in the September, 1958, Improvement Era.

In 1982, Kate and Lloyd have a posterity of fifty-three -- four

History written
by

Alene Wood Hansen Jones--1982

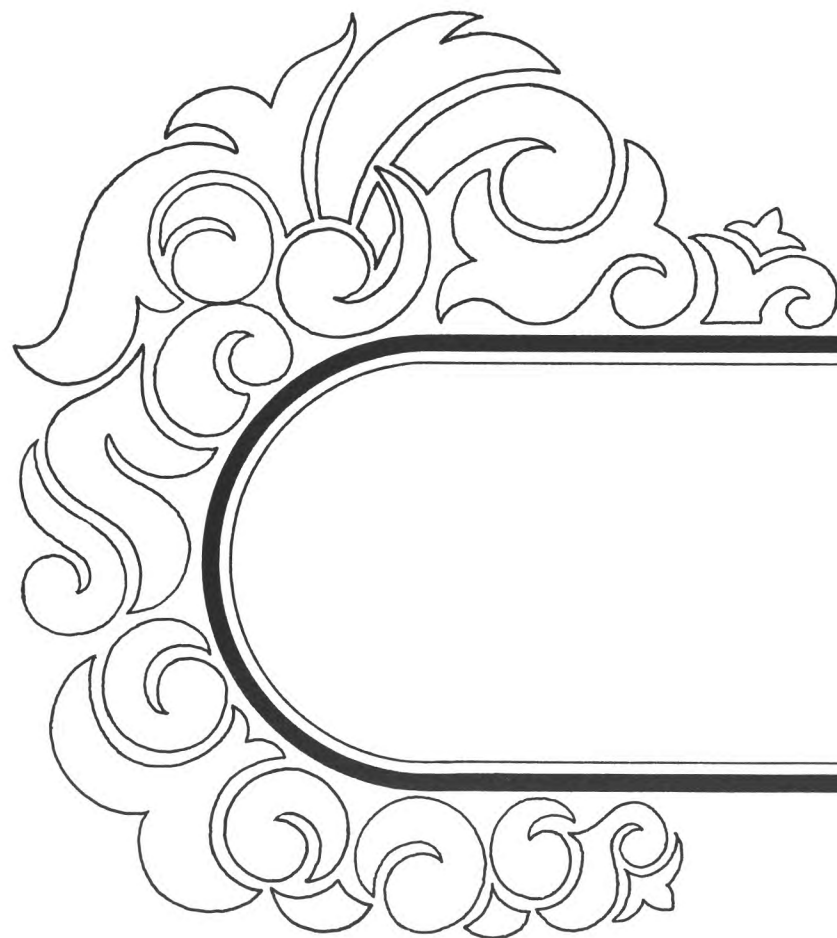


Ninth Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: April 18, 1890
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah

Died: November 16, 1918
Heber City,
Wasatch County, Utah



Unmarried



Alice Charlotte Wood

Alice Charlotte Wood

Alice Charlotte Wood was born 18 April 1890, the ninth child of ten children of Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley. She arrived on the eve of a church party and her sister Jennie couldn't understand why her mother didn't leave the thoughtless child and go to the party anyway. Years later it occurred to Jennie that she, herself, had arrived on the third of July and doubtless kept her mother from an Independence Day celebration on the patriotic Fourth.



Jennie, Kate, Alice and Lizzie* (Aunt Emma's daughter) drew together for strength and retaliation against the unmerciful teasing of their brothers which has been recounted through the years. Jennie often told of being swung "finger-locked" over the well until she promised to iron a shirt, shine shoes, or fix some delicacy for her brothers.

The girls also concocted a little mischief of their own. One story was told of making homemade egg-nog without any directions and of Alice, sick unto death, moaning "Oh, those terrible, slippery egg whites!"

Little else is known of Alice's early years but assuredly they would follow the family pattern of hard work, joyous good times, and the constant reach for self-improvement. She was a beautiful girl who carried herself with dignity but added to her natural charm a practical application. To Alice Charlotte is attributed the saying "What the Lord has forgotten, we'll fill up with cotton."

Alice and Kate graduated in the same class of Domestic Science at the B.Y.U. and Alice became an educator for the rest of

*(See picture in Sarah Jane Wood Broadbent history.)

her life. Moving to Heber City she lived with her sister, Jennie and her family, and taught school. She also started the first 4-H club in Wasatch County.



Samuel Wood Family picture--circa 1891-1893
 Bottom row, l to r: George William (Bud), and Sarah Jane (Jennie)
 Middle row, l to r: Catherine Josephine (Kate); Samuel Wood;
 Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood; and Alice Charlotte.
 Top row, l to r: Arthur Stephen; Joseph Henry; and John Morton



While Alice Charlotte was on her mission in the Northern States her sister, Catherine Josephine (Kate) visited her and was photographed with a group of missionaries in 1912.

Top row 3rd from right: Alice
4th from right: Kate



Lady Missionaries in the Northern States Mission--1912
Back row: Grace A. Robins, Hazel Loveless, Loraine Stevens, Pearl Anderson, Fern Haliday, Tirsa Hansen, Ida Bistline.
Middle row: Zelda Kirkham, Annie Nuttall, Martha Bitter, Jane Smith, Alice Wood, Amelia Whitehead, Kate Wood (Alice's sister--visiting her), Olive Owen.
Front row: Olive Casto, Flora Meyerhoffer, Mary S. Ellsworth, Viola Howard, Mary Parker.

In the summer when Alice was twenty-two the Wasatch Stake Presidency asked her to serve a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Alice accepted the call requesting time to first visit her home and relatives in San Juan County. She left Heber July 21, 1912 and meeting her friend Emma Bayles in

Provo they took a night ride on the train and two long hot days on the stage to reach Monticello where her sister and brothers lived. She spent two weeks there during which time Mr. Adams took her to Bluff, her first home, where she spent three pleasant days visiting friends and also visited the graveyard where her parents were buried.



Alice Charlotte Wood and her school class in Heber City, Utah.

Alice left her teaching position in July, 1912, to fulfill an L.D.S. Mission in Chicago.

The young boy (front row, 3rd from left) is Alice's nephew, Verd Broadbent--son of Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood Broadbent and Charles Broadbent.

Her Journal reads:

No matter how well I was treated, sad memories were always surrounding me but as the poet says, "Our saddest memories are sometimes our happiest ones."

Alice was accompanied on her return trip to Heber by her sister Kate and Aunt Emma and spent the next two weeks "sewing, fixing, packing, and sporting."



Alice Charlotte Wood started the first 4-H Club in Wasatch County, Utah. Alice is shown at the far right, standing against the stone building. She was living in Heber City, Utah.

According to her friends June and Addie Murdock, Alice could have had any man she set her mind upon and had many proposals of marriage. They, however, were much in favor of their brother Dr. David S. Murdock (brother-in-law to Addie who married Scott Murdock). Dr. Dave, a veterinarian, seemed to be doing most of the "sporting" at this time. It was he who took Alice to Provo for her last weekend before reporting for her mission. They danced at the "Mozart", attended the "Orpheum" and the "Colonial", took care of business details and visited friends.

Dave and Alice met the train bringing Jennie to Provo on Monday, July 26, and they proceeded together to Salt Lake City where Alice was

set apart for her mission to the Northern States, headquartered in Chicago, on Tuesday, July 27, 1912. Wednesday's journal entry reads:

Wednesday, July 28

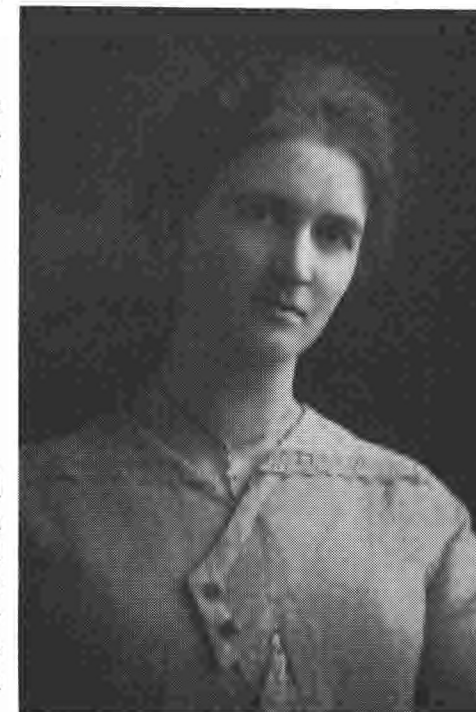
At the Temple from eight o'clock until two thirty. Had lunch with Sister. Fixed the trunk all ready to go. At five o'clock made a mad rush to the train. Just got there in time. Bade goodbye to Dr. M. Rode as far as Provo with Jennie. There said goodbye to all friends in Utah. After a long wait we obtained a berth then off to bed only to be sick all night. About twelve I called out for help only to receive the echo, "You're alone, all alone."

Her journal also records her first look at the Mississippi River and crossing Iowa her entry says:

Corn, corn, corn,
and corn is all we
saw on hill and in
the hollows.

Alice and Elders Hylton, Olson and Banks were welcomed by Mission President Ellsworth and his wife in Chicago and several days later "Sister Wood" was assigned to her companion "Sister Scorup" to labor in Roseland, South Chicago.

Thus began the missionary experience that Alice recorded in many different ways:



Alice Charlotte Wood as young woman preparing to serve an L.D.S. Mission. She was 22 when she began her missionary service.

The joy she received from good gospel conversations
and even oppositions;
The attempt of the adversary to stop the work of God;
The love she felt for dear companions;
The frigid weather: 'Snowing, blowing, drifting, freezing.
Oh! that cold, cold, wind!'
The frustration of what she called her 'Jonah days' and
striving with her 'rebellish spirit'.

There were grievous disappointments and labors lost when
faith became her finest friend. She records:

Not a one came from Roseland. In a way we failed
completely. "But failures some times the greatest
successes." We have not failed but have only prepared a
way for a greater success. If only the real feeling
could be written. Missionary experiences can be told,
but it is the real feeling at that time that makes it
valuable. Do not say, "It might have been" But say, "It
yet shall be."

There were also times of joy when investigators understood
the truth and accepted the Gospel.

Out visiting to Suttons. Found they were ready
for baptism. Oh how such reports make missionaries'
hearts rejoice after their hard efforts.

Alice wrote articles for the Liahona magazine and was forever
singing, either alone, or with others. She jotted down an Elder's
admonition that "song moves spirit and soul" and a note credited
to Jennie says "They may forget the singer but they'll not forget
the song." Songs mentioned were "Oh My Father", "What was
Witnessed in the Heavens", "Not Ashamed of Christ", "God is Love",
and "Is There a Crown?"

Alice and her companions met all kinds of people: Polish,
Greek, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, English, German and Negro. One
companion, Sister Nuttal said: "Dutch people are so busy with
their cleaning they must expect to go to heaven on a broom stick
with a brush in their hands."

On days off Alice washed, sewed, ironed, cooked, cleaned, did
her hair and sometimes visited the theatre:

She had some good laughs in the Vaudeville for 10¢
"that would have cost 50¢ and a dollar in Utah."

She loved seeing "Ben Hur" and for 25¢ she enjoyed
the matinee of a *fine Christian play* called "Light
Eternal".

Others mentioned were "Bought and Paid For"--a
great lesson for morality, principle, and strength.

"Blindness of Virtue" (Give me some Heber plays
instead).

"Garden of Allah".

"Bethlehem Star".

"The Littlest Rebel".

Letters came home caused her "nearly to die from enlargement
of the throat." She described Thanksgiving and Christmas away
from home and listed Santa's kindnesses:

The Heber 1st Ward Relief Society sent me \$9.00,
Mrs. James Lindsay \$2.60, Mr. Chas B. \$2.50, Maggie
Murdock \$1.00, Aunt Emma \$5.00, Kate \$12.25, Arthur
\$5.00, Henry \$5.00, Josephine Murdock \$1.00, Mr. Frank
Conrad \$1.00, Nell Starr \$1.00, Mrs. J. R. Murdock
\$1.00, Sarah Thorley \$10.00, a beautiful tie and apron
from sister Jennie, a beautiful shawl from Dr. D. S.
Murdock. A handbag from Mrs. J. R. Murdock. Handker-
chief and cards from Mrs. J. C. Jensen, Kate Hatch
Murdock, Clara Murdock. Tie from Annie Lindsay. Tie,
stationary, shammy and a good time from Bro. and Sister
Hammond. Books from Mrs. Janet Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Jim
Scorup. Tray from Sister Loveless, hairpin received
from Sister Nuttal. Picture from Bro. and Sister
Ellsworth also 'Oh My Father, Ill.' music. Hdkf. from
Charlie Bayles. Booklet from school children.

Alice's real trial was her aching feet.

Sat. Sept. 22--Into Chicago. Pres. Ellsworth called up Dr. only to learn there was no cure for my poor legs.

Wed. Nov. 2--At night a fine Mutual meeting at Sister Sutton's only chillblains, sore feet, spoiled my fun.

Dec. 28--Next was a fight with myself to give in to have my feet operated on. Finally gave in. Stayed at Sister Hammonds a while waiting until nature was prepared for the operation.

Jan. 1, 1913--I ought to be on duty and yet all I see before me is the operation and two or three weeks of being waited on.

Jan. 2, 1913--The second day of 1913 came with all its beauty. The sun shining brightly all out doors so inviting and for a little of nothing I would put my old cripple feet in my pocket and hike back to work. But no, I waited until 12 o'clock and Bro. Hammond and I picked up my grip and off I strutted to the Wesley hospital, one of the largest in Chicago. All ready for the operation, put in a wheel chair, wrapped in a blanket and up to room six on sixth floor. There stood several white tables waiting. Well it all seemed a big joke to me. Soon came the gas and ether and Alice was off to dream land. Well about four o'clock the joke had turned. I began to realize something was hurting me badly. I felt if someone didn't take hold of me I would swell away from myself. Oh that feeling I'll never forget. I thought of the people who die. No wonder they fight for life.

Jan. 8--I look forward to the time when my shoes can go on then the day out to work. And the thought that I'll never have those old bunions again. Three Hurrah's.

Jan. 10--I do wish I were out at work entirely independent. I'd far rather help others until I drop than to receive help myself.

Jan. 20--First day out. All away. I had nothing to do so after a thorough search I found a pair of Bro. Hammonds old brown shoes. So dressed up and went two blocks to a dry goods store. My good faithful brown skirt, black hose, swell black coat and the brown shoes. What a Chicago swell!

Following her recovery Alice was reassigned to Battle Creek, Michigan and after a brief report of a conference she presumably became too busy to continue the journal anymore. She was released from her mission on Monday, November 17, 1913 and returned to her loved ones in Utah and her home in Heber with Jennie and Charles N. Broadbent.

When Alice returned from her mission she picked up her life as though she had never been away. Those at home were awaiting her return with many jobs for her to do for they knew she was a leader and that was what they needed at this time. Numerous jobs, both in the church and in the community were given to her. Alice became clerk of the Wasatch County School Board, a position of counselor as well as clerk and it was said of her by Superintendent David A. Broadbent:

She was always willing to take more than her share in every problem. I have discussed problems of education with her in much detail, also matters both spiritual and moral. The girls at the high school found her a true friend, and one to whom they could confide in and reveal their secrets She would leave her work to assist any teacher anywhere. When all were served, she would return to her work. Her work was more often done after three o'clock than during the regular hours of school.

Alice was asked at this time by Brother Miller to teach a Sunday School class. Not just a Sunday School class but the "hard to handle" group. They had run out many teachers and Alice said she didn't know when she could find time to teach the class but if it was required she would do it. Before long that class soon learned to love her and because of her efforts her class was reported to be one of the best classes in the Sunday School. Later she was called to be the President of the Young Ladies

Mutual Improvement Association of the Heber First Ward.



*Alice Charlotte Wood
in the "prime of life".
She died at age 28
from the influenza.*

Alice was concerned about everyone. She not only cared for those she was working with at the present time but for all she ever worked with. She took time to correspond with all those that had been her students in the past. The boys in the army missed her after her death for they said that although they received letters from mothers and fathers, family, sweethearts and friends, no letters gave them the comfort and courage that the letters from Sister Wood did. She always made them feel that life was worth living and that they would all come back men. What greater tribute could be given to a person?

While Alice was clerk for the school board she also performed another great service. Although she was not a nurse by profession she spent hours and days tramping the city over trying to get a nurse's group together to help with the sick and those who were suffering.

She and one of her closest friends, Lecia Murdock, worked unceasingly on this project. While others were fleeing in dread from the fear of the disease, influenza, they organized a group of helpers to go to the homes of those stricken with the disease and do what they could to help the victims. They worked closely with Dr. W. Russell (W. R.) Wherritt and gave their undying service to the sick and suffering. Dr. Wherritt said he had never had two more devoted nurses than Alice and Lecia.

Alice never neglected her duties as school clerk at this time. She carried on her job of clerk and nurse both. Many times she would return to school and work late to get her work done

after taking care of a sick person and although she was told many times to quit and go home and rest and take care of herself she felt that the duties at the office had to be done. Brother Broadbent said that when Alice signed the notices of school election he had the feeling that she had performed her last official duty.

Alice contracted the dreaded disease "The influenza of 1918" or killer flu and when Dr. Wherritt was informed that Alice had been put to bed with the disease he hurried to the home of Charles and Jennie Broadbent, where Alice lived, and informed them that she was one patient that he was going to take care of himself. Lecia, although ill herself, begged to stay with her friend Alice at the time of her illness. At one time Dr. Wherritt made the remark: "It is a very grave case, too bad, too bad, I wish I could help her but I cannot, it is hopeless."

While Alice was sick, she called for paper and pencil to write to various ones who were afflicted and when too tired to write, told those who were attending her to give her message of comfort to those who were ill. She gave her life's blood in the interest of those who were afflicted.

Alice was a very devout and religious person. Her religion meant everything to her and she served her mankind willingly, lovingly, and with great compassion.

Just twenty-four hours before her death, Alice reported that a nephew who had been dead three years, came and said he was taking Alice home. God now called Alice home. Alice died November 16, 1918, at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Charles and Jennie Broadbent, in Heber City, Utah.

Alice was the fifth person to pass away in this home during this one year. How great the sorrow must have been with this family. Two children, mother, brother and now a sister all within such a short time.

Charles Broadbent related at one time how he felt that the Lord had surely forsaken them and in deep sorrow left the room and went to a place where he could be alone and poured out his soul to the Lord and asked, "Why, Why has this come to us and how can

we go on?" He was privileged at this time to be shown a group of people dressed in white, laughing and hurrying to get on a bus. Among them were his loved ones and he was told that they were going to work and that everyone had a job to do even the tiny ones. He saw how happy they all were and from then on knew that everything was alright.

In the funeral service, Hugh W. Harvey, spoke again of Alice's undying love for her fellowmen and for her concern for the young people. How well she served and led them and taught them in the light of the gospel. He said: "No greater love has any man than he who gives his life for his friend. Sister Wood during this terrible disease went about administering comfort to those who were sick and comforted those that had cause to mourn. She in truth gave her life for others."

The following article and picture were placed in The Wasatch Wave in memory of two devoted people who gave their all for their friends.

In the Wasatch Wave a statement was published that there would be erected, by her friends, a granite monument at the grave of Alice C. Wood, the initiative of this worthy cause having been taken by the officers of the Heber First Ward Y.L.M.I.A., whose president Miss Wood was at the time she contracted the influenza which caused her death.

The committee soon had the matter of interested officers and friends of Miss Lecia Murdock, who likewise fell a victim to influenza during the time of her presidency over the Y.L.M.I.A. of the Heber Second Ward, and the plan now was to erect at the grave of each of these noble young women, monuments identical in pattern and inscription.

The services of the two were so similar that it would hardly seem proper to do honor to one without honoring the memory of both. They each served in the schools of our county for six years. Each, at the time of death, presided over their ward M.I.A. Each served as organizer of a group of volunteer nurses to care for those stricken with the scourge, going incessantly from house to house securing what aid could be secured for the relief of those suffering with the disease. They served, though neither

of them was immune to influenza, and they knew this.

When Miss Wood was stricken, Sister Lecia pleaded to remain with her friend and at the same time assumed leadership of the nursing corps, until she too, gave the supreme sacrifice as had done her worthy companion.

Friends contributed funds for the identical markers which stand at the graves of two women in the Heber City Cemetery. Each is inscribed with this message, "None hath greater love than this--she gave her life for her friends."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT IN MEMORY OF

A L I C E C. W O O D

CLERK OF WASATCH COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT

Whereas Miss Alice C. Wood departed this life on the 16th day of November, 1918; and

Whereas our beloved sister has faithfully served the schools of Wasatch County, as Clerk, Counselor and Junior Club Leader of Boys' and Girls' activities since the 14th day of August, 1915; and

Whereas she has ever been a faithful worker, always doing more than she was asked or than her appointment required her to do in the interest of the educational uplift of the schools of our County; and

Whereas she took upon herself to relieve suffering humanity of Heber City during the present epidemic of Influenza to the extent of organizing the forces of our citizens who would serve, to care for the afflicted during the ravages of this deadly disease, and spent nearly a month, serving at the bedside of friends and others, until she, too, was stricken with the same malady; therefore be it

Resolved by the Board of Education and Superintendent of Schools that in the demise of Sister Alice Wood we have sustained a most severe loss;

That her extended service in the schools of the County, her comprehensive intellect, her kindness, her courteous and cheerful demeanor, rendered her presence and experience invaluable, endeared her to the hearts of the children and all associates, and materially aided in the development of our educational system;

That in the passing of Miss Wood we recognize the fact that she has made as complete a sacrifice as any who have died in action for their Country's cause in the front lines of battle; that she faced conditions as deadly as charging through bursting shells or the patter of machine gun or rifle bullets; that the miasma of the dread disease she breathed proved for her as deadly as the poisonous German gas waves or shells, and that her nursing numerous restless sufferers of fever-tortured bodies and congested lungs, and the similar suffering of herself, was as pitiful as any death from wounds or bayonet thrusts or shrapnel rents. Be it further

Resolved: That the heroism of the woman consists in that she offered and gave her life for others; that she did her part when, in response to conscience's call, she refused to withdraw from the sick beds of suffering humanity when her own body was worn and weary but when no other help was nigh; that she who died of this disease in our stricken community was among those who cheerfully placed her all upon the altar of self-sacrifice, and that sacrifice in full measure was taken by powers she could not control; and that in the sum of things in this world upheaval of war, her sacrifice and her heroism counts for equally as much as the sacrifice and heroism of those who have freely fallen in immediate action against the enemy.

Further Resolved: That we condole with the dear ones whom she has left, and with the people among whom she was a leader in every movement for their welfare; and that the memory of her achievements in our county and city shall be perpetuated in history and the name of Alice C. Wood shall shine on its brightest page, and be enshrined in the hearts of the children and the multitude of loving and lamenting friends.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the school district, a copy thereof presented to her sister, Mrs. Jennie Broadbent, with whom she has resided for the past thirteen years, and that a copy be published in our county newspaper, "The Wasatch Wave".

* * *

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT ON ALICE WOOD

November 23rd, 1918

To burial clothing	\$ 65.75
" undertaking	92.50
" vault and grave	25.00
" head and foot boards	3.50
" drug store bills	7.05
" Oct. telephone bill	3.10
" F.O. Buell account	2.50
" Heber Merc. Co. acct	7.80
" Turner Hotel acct	8.00
" telegrams	2.55
" Mutual Improvement donation	15.00
" Tithing	17.50
	<u>\$250.25</u>
By Thrift Stamps Cashed	\$ 50.64
" Bank Account Transferred	66.89
" Check, Nov. Salary in full	87.50
" Payment made by C. N. Broadbent	45.22
	<u>\$250.25</u>

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

The above is a statement of the account of the expenses attached to the illness, death and burial of our dear sister Alice. There may be some items which you will not understand so will explain:

Before Alice became unconscious she called for paper and pencil and she listed her obligations and the means which she possessed for paying the same, so far as she had obligations at that time. In addition to these obligations she asked that something be given the M.I.A. of which she was President;—hence the \$15.00 item. She listed \$8.75 for tithing but the Board of Education later passed that she be paid full salary for November; hence the \$17.50 item, or tithing for two months instead of one. Other accounts except those pertaining to her demise were listed

by her as they stand. She also listed as an obligation, a set of encyclopedia books recently ordered costing \$96.00 and upon which she had paid only \$15.00, but my brother who is school Superintendent of this District has taken up this matter with the Book Company and with the School Board and believes the district may take over the books as part of its regular supply. This, however, is not yet definitely settled upon, but if it can be so arranged it will be better than paying the balance of \$85.00 upon the set of books.

As resources, Alice listed two \$50.00 bonds paid up and one \$100.00 bond upon which she had paid \$10.00. This latter we have authorized the Bank to sell for what it can get out of the bond and the cashier has consented to do so. She also listed \$60.00 Thrift Stamps, maturity value. These we cashed as per statement above for \$50.64. She also listed that Chas. N. Broadbent owed her \$200.00, but I actually owed her \$240.00. Of this as per statement above I have now paid \$45.22, leaving a balance of \$194.78 that I still owe on this account. In addition to these she listed one \$1000.00 Western Loan Certificate upon which she has paid \$15.00, and which \$15.00 will likely be returned later through our bank. There are a few small items which will yet come in as expenses and it is intended that the \$15.00 will be used to defray these, such as they may be. Her bank account was not listed but you will see by statement that she had to her credit \$66.89 which was transferred to me. You will be surprised to find that there is no Doctor's nor Nurse's bill included in the expense account. That is not because she was not properly attended to. As soon as she began to ail the Doctor came and said, "That is one patient I am going to take care of" and he did from that time until she left us. Nurse said the same and acted likewise, and there was no lack of help for a minute and when I went to settle their bills they were in the office together and replied "that she owed nothing".

God Knoweth Best

*Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set
The things which our weak judgements here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,*

*As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
An we shall see how God's plans were true,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.*

*And we shall see how while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me.
How, when we called he heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, in keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.*

*And if, sometimes, comingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pour's put this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.*

*And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could interpret all this doubt and strife
And for each mystery could find a key.*

*But not today, Then be content poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose my rest
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say,
God knew the best.*

"Dear Sam and Jody, The evening after poor Donnie was buried John Parry brought up this beautiful piece and read it to us. I have often been comforted with it; read it often." M.A. Stewart



MONUMENTS FOR ALICE C. WOOD AND LECIA MURDOCK.

In the last issue of the Wave was published a statement that there would be erected, by her friends, a granite monument at the grave of Alice C. Wood, the initiative of this worthy cause having been taken by the officers of the Heber 1st ward Y. L. M. I. A., whose president Miss Wood was at the time she contracted Influenza, which caused her death.

Since last issue, the committee having this matter in charge has been increased by an equal number of interested officers and friends of Miss Lecia Murdock, who likewise fell a victim to Influenza during the time of her presidency over the Y. L. M. I. A. of from whom many were literally flee-

ing because of dread of the disease the Heber 2nd ward, and the plan now is to have erected at the grave of each of these noble young women, monuments identical in pattern and inscription.

The services of the two were so similar that it would hardly seem proper to do honor to one without honoring the memory of both. They each served in the schools of our county for six years. Each, at the time of death, presided over their ward M. I. A. Each served as organizer of a group of volunteer nurses to care for those stricken with the scourge, going incessantly from house to house securing what aid could be secured for the relief of those they served, though neither of them was immune to Influenza, and knew it. When Miss Wood was stricken, sis-

ter Lecia pleaded to remain with her and at the same time assumed leadership of the nursing corps, until she too, gave the supreme sacrifice as had done her worthy companion.

To accomplish the work of erecting the proposed memorials, the following named persons will receive such contributions as their friends may wish to give: Cora Murdock at Bank of Heber City, Ruby Murdock at store of Heber City Exchange Company; Sterling Duke at store of Heber Mercantile Company; Alice Crook at Add Everett's Confectionery; Jennie Crook at Walker's store, and the school principals will receive from the students, during next week, such gifts of love as the children may wish to contribute.

The Committee,

By Lavina Murdock.

*Reproduced from
publicity prepared in
1918 to honor
Alice C. Wood
and
Lecia Murdock,
who both died in the
great influenza epidemic
in 1918.*

(Note: See reproduction of a letter from Alice to Kate pp. 12 and 13.)

(Note: Some LDS genealogical records spell Charlotte as "Scharlett".)

History written by
Norma Broadbent Smith
and
Alice Broadbent Forti,
Nieces of Alice
1982

Heber, Utah, ^{Mar 15, 1915}
Dear Sister Kate & family.
Haven't a piece of paper
in the house but am
thankful for this & I hope we
will always have as good.

We received a letter
from Ida to night telling
that Uncle Hyrum had died.
He woke Aunt Rachel at
3 o'clock she got up & went
after some medicine when
he returned he was dead.
Oh it seems there are so
many going.

How thankful we can
be for each other. I hope
we can enjoy each other's
association more as we grow
older. Oh how I look for-
ward to spring when we
can be together a while
& how I hope I can
manage my work so
that I can get home for
a week or so.

There is such a lot of
pleasure I want but
it seems I've always
got a hundred things
to do for every minute of
the day.
I have nearly three hundred
boys & girls to teach this
summer besides office

^{swadbed}
Dave & I went to Wallburg
yesterday & returned at
2 o'clock this morning.
Some interesting time we
lived over & just got gathered
together & took one long
breath as over again & nearly
into the river. A little
cold but quite funny.

We go to Charleston to-
morrow. Midway Monday
then after this just one
more visit through the
county. & I'm so glad

my club work is starting
off fine. Will have a look
at my own up that I
can get into pigs, poultry
farms, etc. see all their
work, & some fun as well
& work.

My Dave gone off to
school. I'm so glad
I'm so stupid at night.

How glad I was to get
your letter, and to know
that you will be with us
here long. Kate come
stay a month here.
Please please how
I've wished to come
to you & ~~with~~ thought
I would surely get to

Reproduced in full

A letter from
Alice Charlotte Wood
to
Catherine Josephine
(Kate) Wood
Dated March 17, 1915.

Editor's Note: Found in
Kate's papers, after Alice's
history was written.

Letter Continued . . .

April conference but
again my time is limited
but Kate tell me the
cost, and how long it
will take to get there so
if I should ever come.
Have you decided to
go this next year?
I wish I knew what I
wanted to do, I can stay
if I want too; But at least
one does die socially here.
lots of fun if you'll always
help make it, but I'm
tired of that, nearly every
thing in fact.

I'm sending you
your thread and
pattern too. I have some
other patterns I wish
I knew if you wanted but.
If you do you may have
them when you come.

Dear Alice I wish
she would eat but I
believe she will if you
were here.

While Jennie was gone I
only had to give Keith's one
injection I saw that he
had an orange a day.
Dr. says orange or apple,
but oranges are so good
now. He never was

sick a minute.
Well dear. This is
enough of scribbling of
this but I will tell
you of our first spring day
one of the worst blizzards
ever seen here, cold snow
& hell it will drive us all
crazy to see summer
I may go to conference
later.



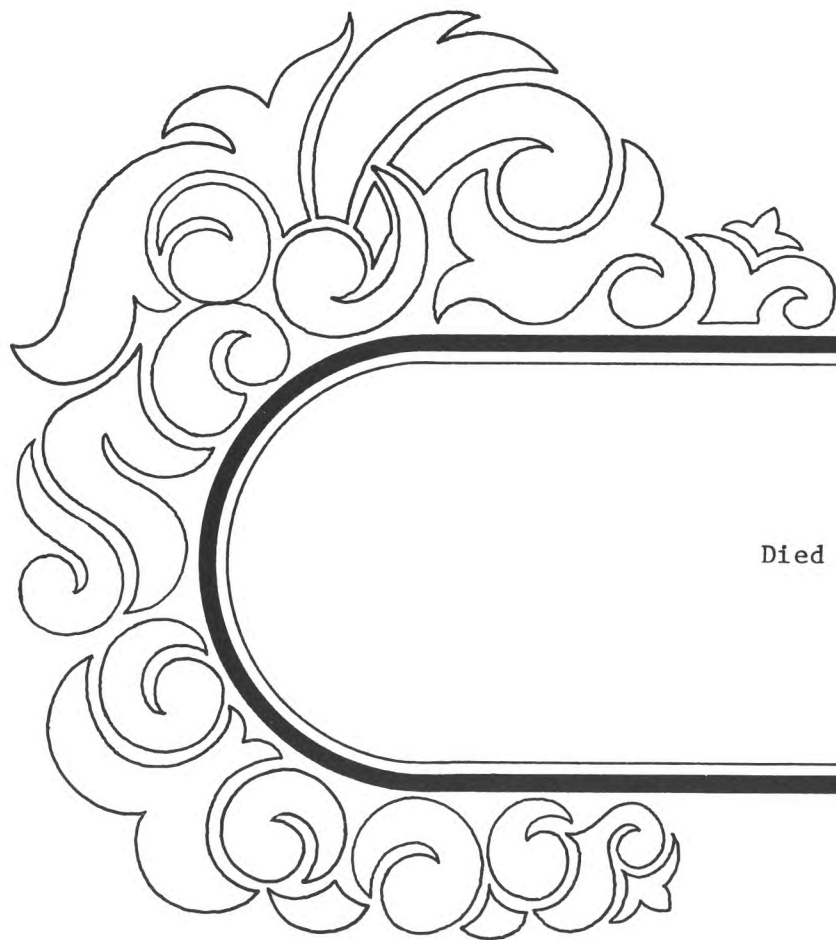
Bernice Corlett Wood

Tenth Child of

Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood

Born: September 25, 1894
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah

Died: May 25, 1901
Bluff
San Juan County, Utah



Died as a child



Bernice Corlett Wood

Bernice Corlett Wood

On September 25, 1894, Bernice Corlett Wood was born in Bluff, Utah. She was the tenth child of Samuel and "Jody" Wood. The entire Wood family went into ecstasies over this beautiful baby girl. The joy of her coming dimmed the sadness that the family still felt over the untimely and sudden death of their son and brother, John Morton, about a year and a half before, when he was just fourteen years old. John Morton had bruised his knee while playing ball. The bruise seemed trivial at the time but it became inflamed and took his life in eighteen days. His mother, who had been set apart as the nurse, doctor and midwife in the remote and most distant territory of Utah - called Bluff - and who had been so successful in saving others, tried every known way to control the infection. In spite of all that could be done--many prayers, all night vigils, constant care--this young lad slipped away from them.



Bernice Corlett Wood
Taken approximately 1900
when she was about
six years old.

It seemed the birth of the baby girl had come as a special gift to her mother, to recompense her for her sorrow and suffering. Bernice's mother, Josephine Catherine Chatterley Wood, was lovingly called "Aunt Jody" by all who knew her. Little Bernice (pronounced Burnus) was a beautiful child, resembling her mother so nearly that she became at once a natural recipient of the love cherished for her mother by all the people of Bluff.

The following is quoted from Albert R. Lyman's story of "Aunt Jody, Nurse of the San Juan Frontier."



Josephine Catherine (Jody) Chatterley Wood
with her 10th child, Bernice Corlett Wood
Circa 1900
Bluff City, Utah

"We all knew and rejoiced in the nifty little red rocking chair, with the name "BERNICE" appearing in ornamental letters on the back. We all knew and took for granted that it was our duty and privilege to know and to tell when the little girl began to walk and to talk. That she was a choice little parcel of humanity we never once doubted, for she was "Aunt Jody's child of her later years, and "Aunt Jody" was much more than "Aunt" to all of us." We have often wondered what happened to the little rocking chair."*



Bernice Corlett Wood's little red rocking chair, pictured here holding the first two grandchildren of Samuel Wood and Josephine Catherine (Jody) Wood. Right: Joseph Earl Wood son of Joseph Henry and Anna Lillian Decker Wood; Left: Marie Josephine Wood, daughter of Arthur Stephen Wood and Jennie Decker Wood. The little chair was eventually given to Joseph Henry's first daughter, Bernice, who was named after her aunt. Circa 1905.

With the devoted attention of her sisters when her mother was away, the baby girl was the special object of adoration whenever the mother returned from her many answers to duty. Blossoming into sprightly childhood as an opening flower, she became more lovely with the years, until the spring of 1901 when she was going on seven years old. In the sunny month of May she got what seemed to be a cold, and it became a sore and infected throat, refusing to yield to the treatments so generally effective before. Reports of her condition became increasingly alarming, and everybody stood ready and eager to help. The women bent solicitously over the little sufferer, cudgling their brains for some better remedy, and exercising their faith that the Great Doctor of all would intervene.

No matter that the watchers came in relays, the mother maintained unbroken vigil, day and night. It was one of those baffling battles in which man's most heroic efforts avail nothing. The end came on the 25th day of May

1901, and a cloud of gloom hung over the valley as everybody looked with sorrow to the home on the hill. Who could speak to the grief-stricken mother the kind of comfort she had spoken to them in their dark moments? Bernice had brought light into the gloom with her coming, but in going had left it more dark than before. The free spirit could say as before - Not my will, but Thine be done - but, Oh the deep longing, the inescapable heart-break of the flesh! When "Rachel weeps for her children, she cannot be comforted, because they are not." They all mourned with her.

After the funeral, friends were troubled to see "Aunt Jody" walking silently back and forth among the peach trees of her orchard. Grieving! Grieving! No way to relieve her pent-up feelings. "What is it? Do tell us, let us help you to bear it."

"I was trying to find some of the tracks Bernice made here, Oh such a little while ago," she sobbed. "She played here with the children, their footprints are here in the sand, they will blow away, I shall not see them again."

Little Bernice was laid to rest in the Bluff cemetery. "Aunt Jody" had in her soul what it took to meet this heartbreaking experience, and in time she again came to radiate cheer and hope as she went about ministering to others.

The two oldest brothers of little Bernice were on missions at the time of her death--Joseph Henry in Missouri and Arthur Stephen in Kentucky. The following is quoted from Henry's journal:

"My folks at home were having many sad experiences in my absence. My dear little sister, Bernice, the youngest of a family of ten children, and blessed with an exceptionally sweet disposition, was attacked with spinal meningitis and died. This was a very hard blow to my mother, as she was especially fond of Bernice and took a great deal of pleasure in her company. She was seven years of age when she died."

History written by
Bernice Wood Leggat,
A niece of Bernice--1982



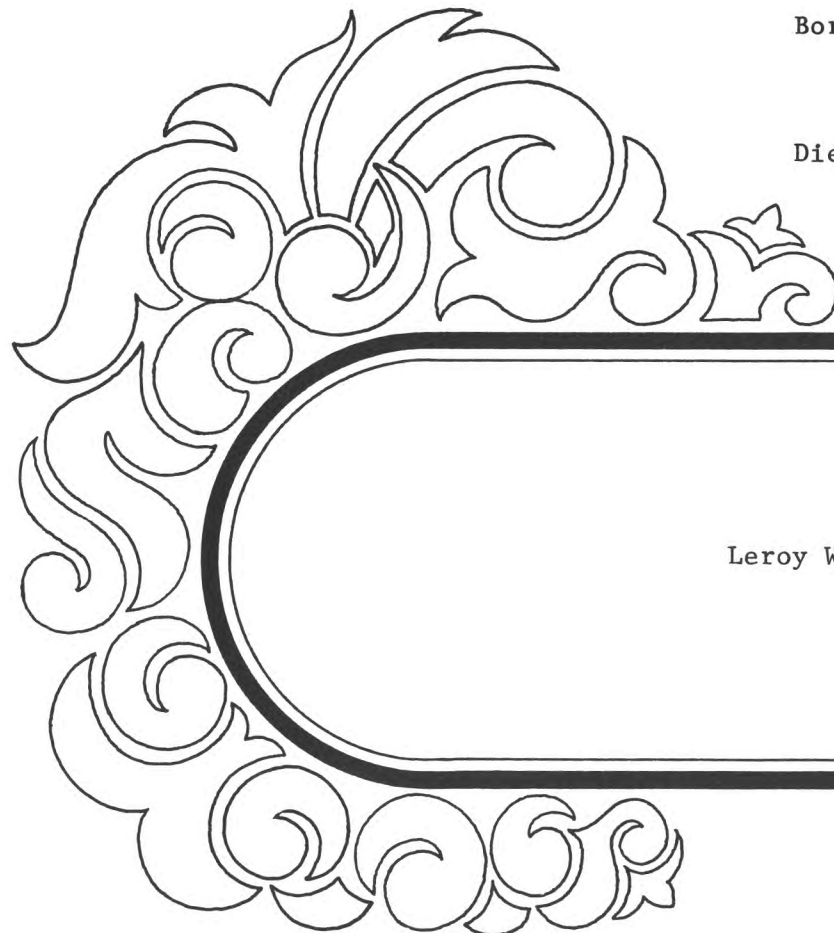
Leroy Wood

First Child of

Samuel Wood and Emma Louise Elliker Wood

Born: October 2, 1886
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah

Died: December 29, 1971
Monticello,
San Juan County, Utah



Leroy Wood



Isabel Barton Wood



Leroy Wood, (Roy, as he was affectionately called) was the son of Emma Louise Elliker and Samuel Wood. He was born in Bluff, Utah on October 2, 1886 and had one sister, Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls.

Roy's father had two wives, Emma Louise Elliker and Josephine Catherine Chatterley. Since Roy's mother worked a great deal, he often said "Aunt Jody" was like a real mother to him.

His early schooling began in Bluff. His mother, Emma Wood, said Roy, as a boy, was actively involved in all that went on and wanted to be at the scene of action even if it was a dog and cat fight.

Dad's love for horses came at an early age. He spent a lot of time riding on the range. Once a horse fell with him and he was so painfully hurt, he had to be turned with a sheet in bed. He had fractured some ribs. He tells of riding his horse from Bluff to Monticello many times.

While still a boy, he was sent to Monticello to irrigate the farmland on the 5th day of May--and there he was irrigating



*Young Leroy--all dressed up,
about 12-14 years old.
Circa 1900*

with five inches of snow on the ground! Even in his later years, we remember Dad with his boots on and holding a shovel over his shoulder on his way to irrigate--how he loved the hay fields!

Dad was Water Master for the Blue Mountain Irrigation Company for many years. He installed the first water meter in Monticello. Many of these have been replaced due to age. When the first trickle of water began, the ditches were clean, and the headgate checked. All stockholders got their fair share. The changing of water was always done in the early a.m. and in the evening. Turns were never changed in the dark.

Roy went to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah and played on the basketball team. He left the BYU in 1909 to accept a mission call from the LDS Church to serve an Alabama mission. He was on this mission from 1909 to 1912. He enjoyed serving the mission, liked the southern hospitality, and ways of the people. Dad served a Stake mission with mother in 1938.

While in the south, he visited the battleship USS Alabama when it was a power at sea. He told many stories of the south after his mission. Roy always like athletics and while on his mission he saw Jim J. Jeffries battle Jack Johnson in a heavyweight title match at Corinth, Mississippi in 1910.

Roy's experiences in early life were numerous. He loved working with cattle. One fall while working with the cattle his horse got away from him many miles from home. Dad walked for what seemed miles. The sun was sinking and would soon be down. Dad was getting hungry. As he walked he detected the scent of pine in the air and the odor of "fry bread" and mutton stew cooking. Dad was hungry and tired so he asked for some food. Much to his surprise, the Indians handed him an ax and told him to chop wood. Dad laughed every time he



*Leroy Wood
A young missionary in
Alabama (1909-1912),
about 24 years old.*



*Leroy Wood (far right) with three missionary companions
1909-1912*

told us this story. In Bluff, because some of the Indians were lazy and had a lifestyle of begging, the settlers had decided the Indian should work for his food so they would hand the Indian an ax and tell him to chop wood. Now, if Dad had to chop wood for his meal, he never did admit it.

Roy loved the animals and would never eat until the animals had been fed. His animals would work hard, but were well cared for. Once he spent some time hauling provisions to an oil field being explored on the Barton Range. These were the days with dirt roads and wagons for transportation.

Dad always had two or three milk cows, with some kind of protection for them in the winter. If a calf was expected during the winter, Dad would have a blanket and lantern ready to pick up to check the cow. This cow would be checked hourly and oftener if necessary. Many little calves were brought into the house because of the below zero weather. By morning the calf would be dry and taken back to its mother. Every cow had a name.

Roy married Isabel (Isa) Barton March 27, 1912 in the LDS Temple at Salt Lake City, Utah. They had four children--Karl, Vera, Gordon, and Melba Rhae. Roy and Isa always loved their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. They had eight grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

When Dad was home, we would always have a Family Home Evening. This was held on one Thursday each month. When the evening chores were completed a little early, all could relax and enjoy the program that had been prepared.

In the wintertime, we looked forward to the evening sitting around the black, potbellied stove listening to stories...sometimes Bible stories, other times about the school days in Bluff. Then before we retired, refreshments would be served, sometimes honey candy, ice cream made out of sugar, thick cream and snow, or popcorn.

Early in the fall, Dad would have to start getting the firewood in for the coming winter. This outing was usually held on an early Saturday afternoon and our cousins loved to go with us. While Dad got the wood loaded onto the wagon, the cousins would look for pine nuts or pine gum. We would look for clear, pinkish sap from the pine trees. We would also look for soft sticky gum to make sticky gum salve which would be used to treat cuts, infections, cold sores, and most all open or infected wounds or abrasions.

Roy always helped his neighbors. When still a young man, he served on an "Old Folks Committee," and usually had a party for them at Christmas time. This would consist of dinner followed with a program and an evening of dancing. He always saw that each had a way to and from the party.

Roy had many public jobs during his working years. He was State Road Foreman on at least two different terms and was County Road Foreman at the time of his retirement in 1960.

He served as foreman for the local WPA project during the time Roosevelt was president. He believed in a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of pay--even on a WPA project.



*Isabel (Isa) Barton Wood
On her wedding day--March 27, 1912*



*Leroy Wood
Married Isabel Barton in the Salt Lake Temple--1912*

The years he spent with road construction work were his happiest and most challenging years. He told his family many tales about this work. He recalled starting out with "Frizznoes" team-drawn equipment. He got four dollars per day and two dollars per day for the team. He saw many changes and improvements in construction techniques and equipment.

Dad was always a hard worker. When working on a road project, he would be gone for weeks at a time. Their equipment was graders pulled by horses. There were no covered cabs, no powered trucks--just horsepower. After a hard days work, they would return to camp cold and hungry. The horses must first be cared for, fed and watered. Then they had to prepare their supper. Dad was an artist at making baking-powder biscuits in the top of a 50 pound sack of flour, then putting them in a dutch oven to bake. His hot cakes were as good and his milk gravy was smoother than any white sauce cooked on the stove.

A fellow worker of Dad's told us a story. A "Frizzno" was a piece of equipment that was used to move dirt. To control the



*Leroy Wood with first son, Karl
Monticello, Utah-1913-1914*

horses and equipment at the same time took skill gained through experience. Dad's supervisor had several counties or districts with a foreman in each county. The supervisor was observing one of the men at work who was having trouble with the equipment and little progress was being made. The supervisor walked over to the worker and said he had a foreman in San Juan County who could move more dirt with his foot than had been moved with that equipment. That man was Roy Wood.

Roy was custodian of the Monticello school during 1924-1925. He was always interested in sports and assisted in coaching the basketball teams. He never lost interest in basketball. During his declining years, he would sit in his recliner with a battery radio on his lap listening to every play. He was always disappointed when BYU would lose a game, but would immediately call Gordon when BYU would win.

Roy had many experiences working in law enforcement. In the early days, while living under the threat of Indian raids, he assisted Arthur, his half-brother, [Ed. Note: The two families never used the term "half-brother or sister." Used here for historical correctness.] who was sheriff and was a guard for the prisoners. One of the prisoners he guarded was Piute Posey. A make-shift jail consisted of handcuffing the one in custody to a post. Roy's job was to keep an eye on the prisoners for their safety and to prevent an escape. He also served as county deputy sheriff and as a city marshall. He served a term as county sheriff during World War II. During the time he was sheriff he never owned a side-arm of any kind. One morning, checking on a fugitive bulletin, he walked into a cafe and arrested two armed men and took them into custody.

In 1940, Roy started a dairy in Monticello and increased the herd as the business increased. In 1945, he started to produce Grade A milk--selling 50 to 70 quarts per day for five cents a quart. In 1946, Vera's husband, Marion Hazleton, was discharged from the army and went into business with Roy. They started the H&W Dairy. As sales continued to increase, they enlarged the dairy and started pasteurizing milk and included other dairy products in their sales, such as H&W ice cream, buttermilk, cottage cheese, and butter. People would come from Dove Creek, Colorado, Blanding, Bluff and Moab, Utah to buy these dairy products.



*Karl Wood--Eldest child of
Leroy and Isabel Barton Wood--1945*

Roy always was interested in politics and always voted. In his early years he was a democrat, but in later years was influenced by a step mother-in-law and became a republican. No one ever knew if he scratched a ballot. Mother and Dad never asked each other how they voted.

Roy's last several years saw him with illnesses, major surgeries and orthopedic problems. He had been injured as a young man many times and was not treated properly due to lack of medical



*Vera Wood--Second child of
Leroy and Isabel Barton Wood--1945*

services available.

Dad loved Monticello. He kept up with his grandsons. He worked with Lyon on the farm. He never missed a basketball game Jimmy played in and was always interested in his golf matches. He always took pride in Sarah Lee's school successes and in Bob's school. He was interested in each of his grandchildren. He gave them money to help with their schooling and never forgot one of them on a birthday or at Christmas time.



*Gordon Amasa Wood--Third child of
Leroy and Isabel Barton Wood--1945*



*Melba Rhae Wood--Fourth child of
Leroy and Isabel Barton Wood--1945*

den. He loved the garden and always took vegetables and raspberries to his family and friends.

I don't know who did more damage to the garden . . . Dad or the chickens! After the garden was planted, we would find Dad out scratching in the garden to see if the potatoes or corn had sprouted.

These are the highlights of my father's life as we see him. The last three months were spent in the San Juan Nursing home.

During his later years, Dad suffered a great deal in spite of a high tolerance for pain. Once, when an orthopedic specialist was looking at x-rays of Dad's back, he asked if this patient was in a wheelchair or confined to bed. "No", Dad was out on a tractor doing the fall plowing at the age of 80.

Roy loved the earth. After plowing and preparing the garden plot, he would pick up a handful of the damp soil and let it sift through his hands. Then, we would see Roy with his devoted wife, Isa, preparing the rows and planting seeds in the garden.

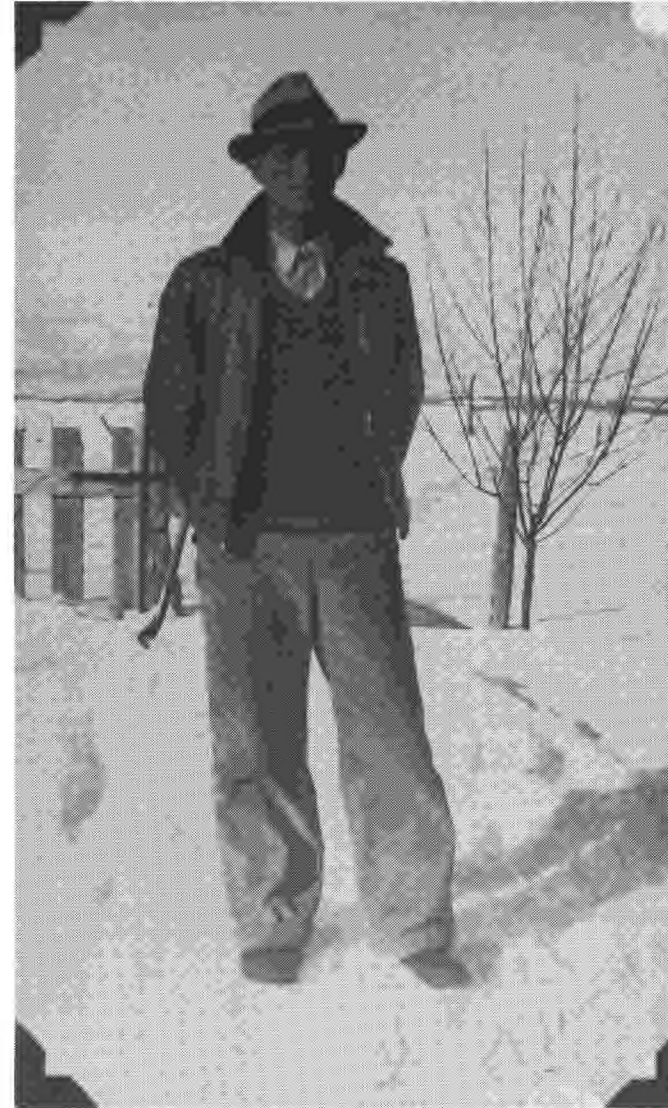


*Isabel (Isa) Barton Wood
Representing San Juan County as Mother of the Year
February 1957--68 years old*



*Leroy Wood
Monticello, Utah
February 1957--71 years old*

There he was cared for by Fern, a daughter-in-law who was superintendent of the nursing home. Mother visited with him daily.



*Leroy Wood in his later years--
an avid outdoorsman.
Snow scene in Monticello, Utah*

Roy died in the San Juan County Hospital on December 29, 1971. He was survived by his wife and four children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

History written by
Gordon and Fern
Wood; and
Vera Wood Hazleton
1982



Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls

Second Child of

Samuel Wood and Emma Louise Elliker Wood

Born: October 2, 1889
Bluff,
San Juan County, Utah

Died: December 27, 1977
Phoenix,
Maricopa County, Arizona



Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls



Franklin Halls





Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls

My mother, Mary Elizabeth Wood Halls, the only daughter of Samuel and Emma Louise Elliker Wood, was born October 2, 1889 at Bluff, San Juan County, Utah. She was married and sealed to Franklin Halls at the Salt Lake City, Utah Temple on January 5, 1916. This eternal union was blessed with five children: Franklin Devere, Lowell Keith, Carol Merlene, Samuel Frederick, and William Wood.

Mother passed away December 27, 1977 in a rest home at Phoenix, Arizona and was buried at the Monticello, Utah cemetery on December 30, 1977. At that time there were 22 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren.



Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood
11 or 12 years old. Circa 1900

Lizzie, as Mother was commonly known, was a product of that hardy dedicated group of brave and courageous Saints who migrated from south-central Utah across the unchartered treacherous canyonlands carved by the Colorado River to Bluff, one of the driest barren unsettled spots in Utah. It is hard to imagine how anyone could exist in such isolated desolation, 150 miles from the nearest railroad and without any communication to the outside world except by foot, horseback, or wagon. Yet, somehow, they managed to grow all their food, clothe their bodies, raise families, tend their flocks, and care for their

needy and sick. People surviving such adversity were bound to be strong in body, faith, and spirit--and, they were.

I suppose that Mother's early life in Bluff was much the same as any other small Mormon community of that time. People worked closely together. They helped each other in their many needs and organized their own entertainment, mainly in the form of church and family-oriented activities. With plenty of staple food to eat, homemade clothes to wear, other youngsters to play with, and loving parents to care for them, the boys and girls were essentially quite happy. Money was scarce, but people got along remarkably well without it.



Right: Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood
with friend at left (name unknown) and pets
Circa 1898-1900

In this austere religious environment of Bluff, Mother learned the art of self-sufficiency, the rewards of hard work, and the joy of living the Gospel. She became aware of the need to work together and of the blessings of a loving family and friends. When problems arose, she learned to solve them immediately, regardless of what they were. She experienced the pleasure of going to parties and the thrill of wearing a new dress. On one joyous occasion, Mother was crowned May Queen. Photos show her all decked out in a pretty homemade dress, and just as beautiful and happy as any regal Queen could ever hope to be.



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood--May Queen
Lizzie is centered in the trio at back with flowers in her hair, 1897.
Lizzie was 8 years old. (Picture from Susan Butt collection.)
L to R: Edith Redd, Emma Bayles, Josie Barton, Gertrude Decker,
Elsie Butt, Sadie Perkins, Kisten Adams, Vivian Redd,
Kate Wood (Catherine Josephine Wood), Beatrice Perkins.
Trio in back L to R: Carlie Bayles, Lizzie Wood, Isabel Barton.*

As a young girl, Mother attended the one-room school at Bluff. Although books were scarce and instructional aids practically nonexistent, the teachers provided the young children with a solid background in the basic 3-R courses and instilled in them a strong desire to study, learn, and excel. Judging from my acquaintance in later years with these ex-Bluff students, they most surely had some dedicated and wonderful teachers, even though not formally trained at a university.

In order for Mother to pursue her education beyond the grade school level her mother, Emma Wood, moved the family to Provo, the site of Brigham Young Academy. Grandmother Wood took in boarders to make a living for herself and her two children, Mother and Roy, and to serve as Mother for Aunt Jody's children and several other boys and girls from San Juan County who were attending the "Y".

Mother majored in business. She was among the last to learn and use the Pittman method of shorthand. To help pay



*Left: Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood
Right: (sister) Alice Charlotte Wood
Possibly taken while attending BYU
1908-1909
(Lizzie was 19 years old in 1908
and Alice was 18).*

bills, Mother worked a while for the millionaire mining man, Jessie N. Knight. While at the "Y", Mother was courted and became betrothed to Frank Halls, a native of Mancos, Colorado.



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood
Taken at BYU?*

In January, 1916, Mother and Dad established a permanent residence in Monticello where they made a living and raised their family. In spite of the cold windy winters and the harsh recurring summer droughts, Mother and Dad loved Monticello. They loved the Blue Mountain, the farm, the cattle, and most of all, the people. They never thought of living anywhere else. They lived there together for nearly 61 years, seldom apart for more than a night or two, and passed away within three weeks of each other.

In reminiscing of Mother's life, I am always amazed at her versatility and accomplishments. She was a proficient secretary and in constant demand to help other people in their bookkeeping and accounting problems. She kept books at the old San Juan County Bank without the benefit of an automatic adding machine, computer, or electrical equipment. One time she operated the bank



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood
Taken about time of her marriage--1916*

by herself for three months when it was without a president. She kept books for the old L.H. Redd general merchandise store in Monticello. The store served more or less as a bank after the San Juan Bank merged with the Bank of Moab. She was the first librarian in San Juan County, working three evenings and Saturday afternoon. For many years she reported local news to the Salt Lake Tribune, and often illustrated her column of current events with photos. She served as a court reporter in Monticello under Judge Fred Keller, a long-time friend of the family. Once, she kept books for a farmer who requested her to make sure he wouldn't have to pay any taxes. She was bookkeeper for Paul Sieber at the Hyland Cafe--the only public eating place in Monticello for many years.

Mother embroidered beautifully. She made quilts, bedspreads, doilies, and pillow cases by the dozens. Every year she would enter her handicraft in the fair and win blue ribbons. Even in her 80's, she won prizes for her art work and for her delicious jellies and entries of cooked foods.

Garden work was another of Mother's specialties. Mainly by herself, she would plant, cultivate, and harvest such vegetables as potatoes, squash, corn, beans, and radishes. Her favorite fruits were apples, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries--much of which was bottled for winter. The men participated only at the table.

Politically, Mother was a staunch Republican and actively supported Dad in his four elections as clerk and recorder of San Juan County. For several years, she served as county delegate to the State Republican Convention. So far as I know, Fred Keller was the only Democrat to ever receive her vote. Republicanism was so strongly entrenched in our family that I grew up thinking it sinful to be a Democrat. In later years my wife, Jane, confirmed this belief.

In 1955, Mother and Dad built a modern motel in Monticello and named it the Triangle H after the <H brand of their livestock. Mother thought the motel would be a great place to meet and visit people. Dad's heart was never in the motel and Mother soon learned that it was mostly hard, confining work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. So, after five years, they sold the

motel to their son, Sam, and his wife, Gwen.

In spite of her working schedule, Mother found time to participate in community and church functions. She was a charter member of the Rebus Rota Club, a social-service group of married women. She served as secretary to the San Juan Stake MIA, which at this time included all three LDS Wards in Grand and San Juan County. During this time, the program stressed recreational, educational, and religious activities for young ladies and men. Until Dad reached the age of 65 years, Mother continually served on the Old Folks Committee. She, with other ladies, worked several days each year to prepare food and arrange entertainment for older people in the town. The festivities were always held during the Christmas holidays and included a public dance--a social highlight of the year for this elderly group, as well as youngsters.

At home, Mother did all the housework and cooking. Except for Dad cooking steaks, the men were seldom much help. Although Mother didn't really enjoy cooking, she took pride in her meals, and she was a good cook--an art acquired from her Mother. I am amazed at how Mother, Grandmother, and my aunts could consistently prepare such delicious meals by adding a pinch of salt, a handful of flour, a dab of sugar, or a shake of spice into the pot in just the right proportion. They never seemed to measure ingredients, but the food was always delicious. No one, not even Mother when she was on a strict diet, could resist eating her freshly baked rolls. And, until later years, the cooking was always done on a wood-burning stove.

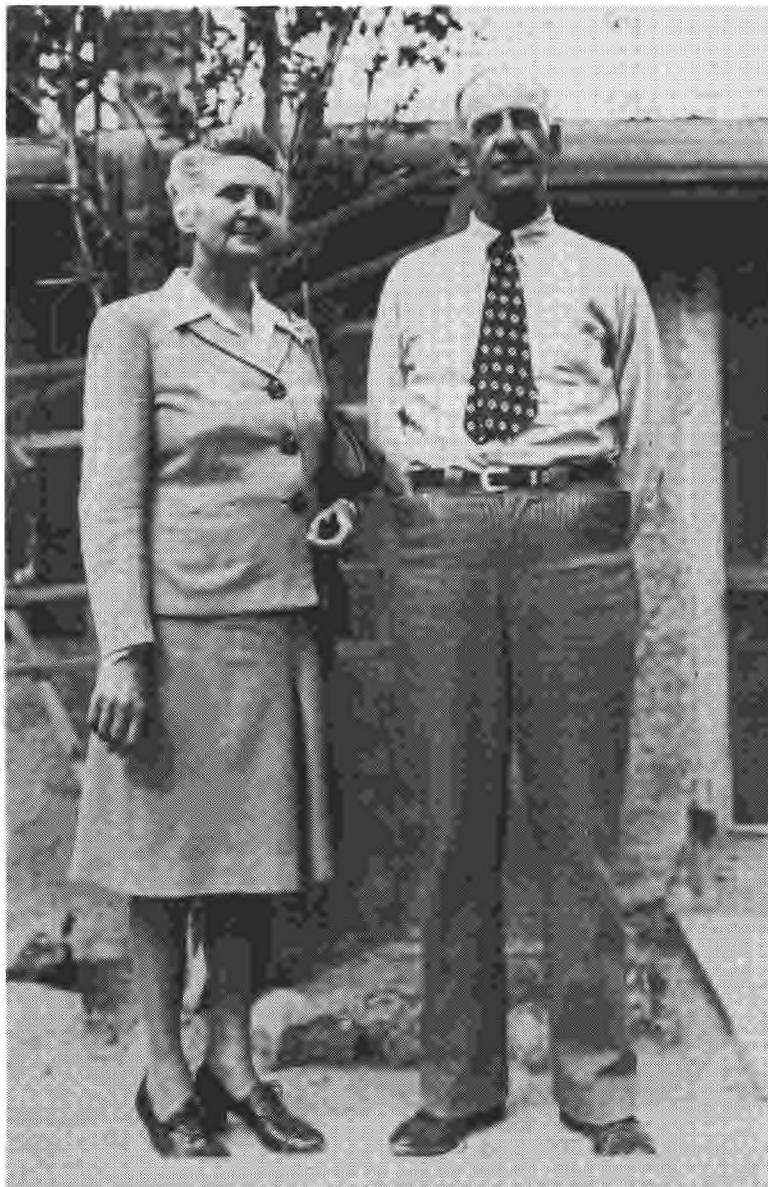
Mother enjoyed company and frequently had guests in her home, usually for dinner or cards. Thanksgiving and Christmas were favorite times for family dinners which included Grandmother Wood, Izzy and Roy Wood, Kate and Lloyd Hansen, Jennie and Arthur Wood and their children. The families would sort of take turns as hosts.

Mother was always ready for a card game with friends and family. Over the years she belonged to several card clubs. Dad would go along somewhat reluctantly, but invariably have the best time of all. They spent many an enjoyable evening playing "500" or "hearts" with Josie and Rodney Pehrson or bridge with Mable and

Fred Keller. I think they were among the last to play the old auction bridge. In later years, when Jane and I would visit Monticello, we often played bridge in the evening with Sam and Gwen--the boys standing the girls. Early the next morning, Mother would call to check on the score. Her day was made and she glowed with pride when "her boys" won, which they usually did.

Mother took great pride in her children and devoted much of her time to making their lives pleasant and productive. She spent nearly all of her hard-earned money to buy the children's clothes, pay for school supplies and tuition, or to furnish and remodel the house. I remember well the time Mother had Uncle Arthur Wood and Lee Richey remodel the kitchen and annex a modern bathroom--one of the first in Monticello. What a glorious feeling it was to stretch out in a tub of hot water without having to heat it on top of the wood stove. Dad spent little of his money on such luxuries as he sorely needed every penny to develop and operate the farm and cattle business.

As with most people, Mother and Dad struggled hard to make ends meet during the depression. In looking over some of Dad's financial records dating back to 1920, I find that the family banking statement precariously approached zero at the end of each month. The amazing part is that the account was never overdrawn. Somehow, mostly by hard work, they always managed to pay their bills on time--no small feat with a family of five children in the depression years.



*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood Halls
and
Franklin Halls
(Date unknown)*

In later years as Dad retired and turned the cattle ranch over to Devere, and as Mother reaped the benefits of some reasonably good investments, they had time and money to travel throughout the United States and parts of Canada and Mexico. When still able to travel, they visited us nearly every year while we lived in Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. They made friends wherever they went.

Mother loved to shop on all their excursions, much to the consternation of Dad. While Dad was driving, and he always did, Mother would keep a sharp eye peeled for a J. C. Penney or Sears-Roebuck store. She could spot one of these stores ten miles away and it would break her heart to pass one by.

Mother refused to drive the modern automobile and I never understood why. During the 20's and 30's when we owned a Model-T Ford and a Dodge, Mother drove everywhere--in the field, on the mountain, or over the desert on almost impassable roads. But, with hard surfaced highways and fancy autos, she quit driving and never offered a logical explanation. She thought Dad was a wonderful driver (the only one that ever had that opinion), and became absolutely indignant when we mentioned that at 80 years of age Dad was a public menace on the highway.

Mother wanted so very much to visit Hawaii, but to no avail. She could never persuade Dad to get on a boat or on an airplane to fly over water. And, she wouldn't think of going without him.

In January 1966, Mother and Dad celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at a reception in the country club at Monticello, and ten years later, their 60th anniversary at Phoenix. All their children and spouses were present at both occasions.

Mother's declining years were arduous in many ways. Once robust and energetic, she now found it inconvenient to move around. Travel was no longer a pleasure. The continual requirement for insulin shots and a rather strict diet were daily ordeals. Although she recovered from two heart attacks, she lost much of her vitality. She never wanted to be very far away from Dr. Goon. She thought he was the only doctor in the world who could adequately diagnose and treat her ailments.

Near the end, Mother and Dad found it impossible to properly care for themselves in their small one-bedroom home in Monticello, and for once they admitted that the winters were cold and long. Thus, at the urging of their children, they moved to a rest home in Phoenix, Arizona. Although comfortably kept and taken care of, neither Mother or Dad were entirely happy at the rest home. It was away from most of their friends and they were lonely even though their daughter, Merlene, was close by and visited them daily. They couldn't look out the window and see the Blue Mountain nor drive down to the field and look at the crops and cattle, and check to see how much it had rained.



*Lizzie and Frank Halls 50th Wedding Anniversary
Taken in January, 1966, with their five children and spouses.*

*Bottom Row L to R: Margaret Bronson Halls and Franklin Devere Halls,
Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood Halls and Franklin Halls,
Carol Merlene Halls Garard and Kenneth Garard.*

*Top Row L to R: William Wood Halls and Helen Barton Halls,
Gwen Jameson Halls and Samuel Frederick Halls,
Jane Floyd Halls and Lowell Keith Halls.*

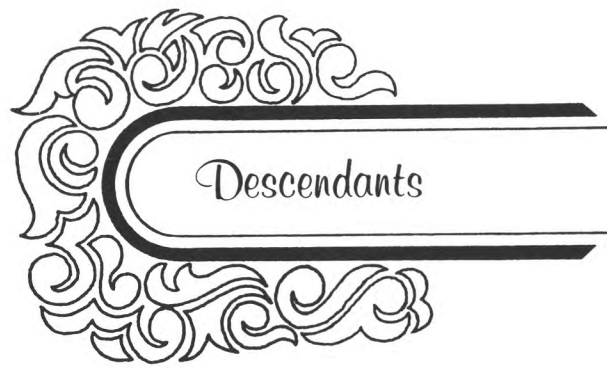


*Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wood Halls and Franklin Halls
Formal Portrait taken at their 50th Wedding Anniversary
January 16, 1966
(Lizzie and Frank celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary
in 1976 in Phoenix, Arizona.)*

Although Mother seldom attended church during her last years, she remained true to the Gospel to the end, maintaining a firm belief in the resurrection and eternal life. Both she and Dad lived and preached the highest standards, and left their children with the finest legacy anyone could ever hope for.

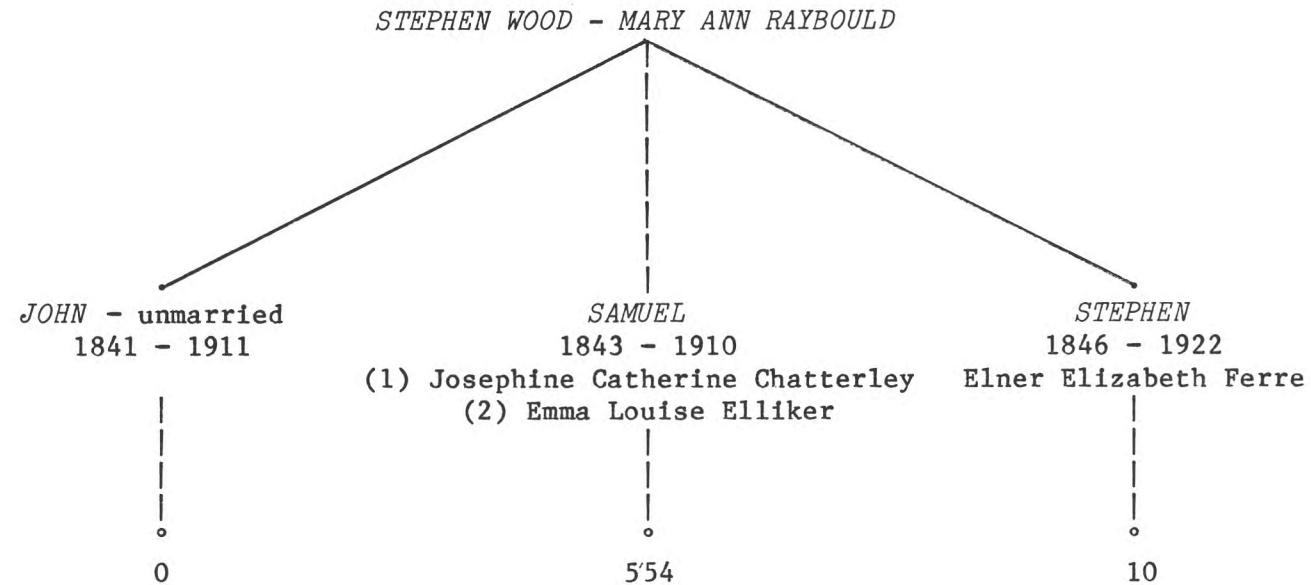
In her eulogy at Mother's funeral, Beth Summers, a long-time devoted friend spoke, "Lizzie had always a cheerful manner about her and it was coupled with a cute sense of humor and chuckle of her own. Never have I heard or seen her unladylike. She had patience and forbearance for all. Gossip was not in her personality. Her appreciation for friends and relatives was always evident.

History written
by
Lowell Keith Halls
July 21, 1982



Descendants of STEPHEN WOOD and MARY ANN RAYBOULD

Immigrants and Converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



From a Patriarchal Blessing given to Samuel by Henry Lunt, October 18, 1882--One hundred years ago!

" . . . The Lord hath given an Holy Being charge over thee who hath protected thee in days that are past, from dangers, both seen and unseen, and will continue to do so in the future inasmuch as thou wilt continue to attend unto thy prayers and exercise faith in the Lord. The Lord will make thee one of the strong pillars of Zion and multiply thy posterity, that they shall become as the stars of heaven innumerable."

Family of *JOSEPH HENRY WOOD* (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great, Great Grandchildren</u>
1. Joseph Earl Wood		5	33	49
2. Francis Clair Wood		4	12	6
3. Anna Bernice Wood Leggat		3	5	
4. Fern Wood				
5. Clark Marden Wood		3	16	
6. Merrill James Wood		6	23	
7. Josephine Wood Fairbanks		5	26	6
<u>8. Mark Decker Wood</u>		<u>6</u>	<u>9</u>	<u> </u>
Totals:	8	32	124	61

Children	8
Grandchildren	32
Great Grandchildren	124
Great, Great Grandchildren	<u>61</u>
Total Descendants:	225

Submitted by
Josephine Wood Fairbanks
November--1982

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#1 JOSEPH EARL WOOD</u>	11 Oct 1903	30 Jan 1982	4) John Roger Widtfeldt	4 Dec 1956	
Zina Lenore Cannon	15 Dec 1895	23 Apr 1973	5) David Christopher Widtfeldt	7 Dec 1957	
Hazel Olsen	29 Mar 1920		6) Steven Eric Widtfeldt	7 Feb 1960	
1. Anne Miriam Wood	29 Sep 1926		7) Wendeline Martha Widtfeldt	9 May 1961	
John Wendell Widtfeldt	1 Jun 1926		Clyde Walter Barton	10 May 1957	
1) Anne Margaret Widtfeldt	13 Nov 1949		8) Peter Andrew Widtfeldt	30 Dec 1963	
Reid LaMar Green Sr.	20 Nov 1945		2. Joseph Cannon Wood	29 Mar 1929	
1) Reid LaMar Green Jr.	10 May 1971		Mary Morse	21 Sep 1928	
2) Zina Marianne Green	11 Sep 1972		1) Benjamin Morse Wood	21 Mar 1956	
3) Douglas Widtfeldt Green	18 Aug 1973		Joanna Ollerdessen	18 Oct 1957	
4) Robert Andrew Green	13 Jan 1975		1) Matthew Henry Wood	2 Dec 1976	
5) Margaret Josephine Green	25 Nov 1978		2) Stacey Lenore Wood	18 May 1980	
6) Regina Lenore Green	22 Jan 1980		2) Samuel Morse Wood	20 Jun 1958	
2) Jan Christine Widtfeldt	15 Feb 1951		Martha Caig	21 Apr 1961	
James Thomas Hawkes	7 Jun 1948		3) Saul Morse Wood	20 Dec 1961	
1) Kathryn Anne Hawkes	26 Feb 1972		4) Daniel Morse Wood	3 Aug 1968	
2) James Widtfeldt Hawkes	22 Nov 1973		3. Lenore Wood	28 Jun 1930	
3) David Thomas Hawkes	12 Jun 1975		Owen Cannon Bennion	10 Apr 1922	
4) Lisa Marie Hawkes	22 Jun 1977		1) Katherine Lenore Bennion	19 Jul 1950	
5) Laura Christina Hawkes	4 Dec 1981		Dennis Grant Pincock	27 Apr 1949	
6) Baby due	1 Feb 1983		1) Angelic Lenore Pincock	21 May 1974	
3) Dorothy Lenore Widtfeldt	12 Oct 1952				
John Alma Zackrison	23 Jun 1952				
1) Sarah June Zackrison	19 Feb 1976				
2) Anne Elizabeth Zackrison	8 Oct 1977				
3) John Widtfeldt Zackrison	24 Mar 1980				
4) Stephen Alma Zackrison	22 Apr 1982				

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
2] Susannah Kathleen Pincock	14 Jul 1975		3] Andrew Bennion Snow	30 Jul 1982	
3] John Bennion Pincock	19 Nov 1976				
4] Elizabeth Anne Pincock	29 Nov 1978		7) Glynn Wood Bennion	25 Dec 1957	
5] Thomas Wallace Pincock	9 Oct 1980		Jodi Brown	28 Sep 1960	
2) Mathew Wood Bennion	20 Jul 1951	22 Jul 1951	1] Adam Hyrum Bennion	20 Aug 1982	
3) Joseph Wood Bennion	4 Sep 1952		8) Eileen Bennion	13 Oct 1960	
Lee Patricia Udall	17 May 1956		John Bingner	29 Jan 1957	
1] Louisa Bonelli Bennion	14 Aug 1977		1] Baby due	25 Nov 1982	
2] Zina Lenore Bennion	7 Sep 1979		9) Lillian Maurine Bennion	28 Feb 1962	
4) Anne Malene Bennion	24 Jan 1954		10) Howard Wood Bennion	11 Aug 1964	
Darrell Ellsworth Hansen	16 Jan 1953		11) Samuel Owen Bennion	1 May 1966	
1] Rebecca Jane Hansen	27 Nov 1978		12) Lucile Bennion	28 Apr 1972	
2] Amanda Lynn Hansen	10 Nov 1979		13) Jonathon Ammon Bennion	18 Dec 1974	
3] Mary Esther Hansen	20 Jan 1981		4. Arthur Quayle Wood	30 Jun 1932	
4] Peter Niel Hansen	9 Jun 1982		Virginia Ann Ballou	27 Apr 1933	
5) Jeanne Bennion	28 Feb 1955		1) Michael Ballou Wood	31 Mar 1952	
Bradley Elroy Mitchell	15 Mar 1954		Marilyn Willard	25 Nov 1950	
1] Joseline Mitchell	4 Mar 1977		1] Matthew Charles Wood	21 Feb 1978	
2] Alisa Mitchell	22 Mar 1978		2] Jesse Cannon Wood	28 Apr 1979	
3] Laura Mitchell	11 Jul 1979		3] Jody Catherine Wood	26 Sep 1980	
4] Nathaniel Halverson Mitchell	1 Jun 1981				
5] Baby due	25 Nov 1982		2) Mark Earl Wood	1 May 1953	
6) Mary Lois Bennion	23 Jun 1956		Paula Christensen	5 Jan 1954	
Jonathon Wright Snow Jr.	23 May 1952				
1] Mathew Cannon Snow	23 Dec 1978				
2] Rebecca Snow	4 Feb 1980				

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
1] Justin Paul Wood	4 Oct 1978		1. Roma Jean Wood	26 Jul 1929	
2] Shelley Ann Wood	20 Mar 1980		Jay Russell Barber (div)		
3] Christina Nicole Wood	27 Jan 1982		Benedetto Frank Stabile		
3) Stephen Quayle Wood	1 May 1955		1) Linda Kay Barber	21 Apr 1948	
Tammy Christensen	15 Jan 1959		Michael Bunton (div)		
1] Christian Quayle Wood	10 Aug 1979		2) Keith Russell Barber	23 Feb 1953	
2] Brandon Earl Wood	11 Feb 1981		Shari Nichols (div)		
4) Sharon Elizabeth Wood	21 Aug 1957		1] Sandy Marie Barber	19 Nov 1972	
John Gabriel Hydrick	23 Feb 1956		3) Terri Jo Barber	25 Dec 1962	
1] Heidi Hydrick	16 Oct 1982		Timothy John Rooney		
5. Enid Carol Wood	28 Nov 1934		2. LaRue Frances Wood	13 Jul 1930	
Richard Folsom Nelson	14 Sep 1928		Atwell Lee Done	13 Feb 1925	
1) Susan Nelson	12 Feb 1957		1) Gregory Lee Done	16 Dec 1950	
David Jay Gillmore	9 Jan 1959		Marie Antoinette Cannone	13 Jun 1952	
1] David Julius Gillmore	30 Mar 1982		1] Tina Marie Done	21 Feb 1970	
2) Newell Wood Nelson	10 Nov 1958	16 Oct 1978	2] Tamra Leigh Done	17 Mar 1975	
3) Barbara Nelson	18 Apr 1960		3] Tracy Lynn Done	19 Feb 1978	
4) Adam Lenzi Nelson	10 Feb 1964		2) Jennifer Leigh Done	28 Nov 1955	
			Steven Mark Doane	5 Feb 1951	
			1] Eric Steven Doane	5 Aug 1974	
			2] Victoria Leigh Doane	15 Nov 1980	
			3) Robert Anthony Done	19 May 1959	
§ § § § § § § § § § §					
#2 FRANCIS CLAIR WOOD	12 Feb 1905	21 Mar 1973			
Atha Dee Martin	26 Apr 1908				

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
3. James Martin Wood	26 Feb 1935		3) Bryan David Leggat	7 Jul 1971	
Patricia Robin Birkenshaw (div)	30 Sep 1933				
Joye Louise McLeod (Md. 4 Jun 1977)	30 Dec 1948		4) Marin Elizabeth Leggat	22 Nov 1974	
1) Christian James Wood	9 Mar 1961		5) Kevin Michael Leggat	19 Nov 1977	
2) Spencer Stephen Wood	21 May 1963				
3) Stacey Louise Wood	15 Apr 1965				
4. William Dee Wood	25 Aug 1944		<u>#4 FERN WOOD</u>	1 Nov 1907	Jun 1925 (age 17)
Gloria Albertson (div)					
Mary Ann Daskalas	1 Aug 1948				
1) Jennifer Dee Wood	11 Dec 1969				
2) Stephanie Ann Wood	8 Dec 1974		<u>#5 CLARK MARDEN WOOD</u>	25 Nov 1909	6 Feb 1980
3) Christina Atha Wood	3 Dec 1976		LaVon Marquardsen	9 May 1912	
			1. Robert Clark Wood	19 Dec 1940	
			Nickie Rae Hancock	8 Jun 1944	
			1) Keppi Marie Wood	30 Aug 1968	
			2) Jon Robert Christian Wood	28 Dec 1971	
			3) Michael Clark Wood	16 Oct 1973	
			4) David Rey Wood	6 Dec 1974	
			5) James Decker Wood	28 Jun 1977	
			2. Linda Lee Wood	9 May 1943	
			Robert Arthur Lingenbrink	24 Mar 1939	
			1) Paul Arthur George Lingenbrink	30 Sep 1965	
			2) Cari Lynn Lingenbrink	20 Feb 1967	
			3) Laura Lee Lingenbrink	8 Feb 1970	
			4) Jeffrey Clark Lingenbrink	15 Oct 1973	
			5) Mark Robert Lingenbrink	18 Aug 1979	
			6) Matthew Joseph Lingenbrink	1 Oct 1981	
<u>#3 ANNA BERNICE WOOD LEGGAT</u>	3 Sep 1906				
Robert O. Leggat	12 Nov 1900				
1. William Albert Leggat	17 Jul 1935				
2. Martha Leggat	14 Apr 1937				
3. Robert Leggat	29 Oct 1938				
Beth Elaine Marchant	4 Jun 1940				
1) Jeffrey Robert Leggat	4 Jan 1964				
2) JoLynn Leggat	20 Feb 1967				

Family of *JOSEPH HENRY WOOD* (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
3. Richard Gary Wood Angela Beal	21 Nov 1946 26 Apr 1950		2. Merrill James Wood Jr. Diane Arnold	3 Dec 1944 7 Feb 1945	
1) Richanne Wood	5 May 1972		1) Jamie Marie Wood	29 Jul 1978	
2) Sharene Wood	30 Dec 1973		2) Kathryn Wood	29 May 1980	
3) Vinson Richard Wood	2 Apr 1976		3) Alison Wood	31 Dec 1981	
4) Janae Wood	3 May 1979		3. Margo Wood Kirkpatrick Wendell B. (Bill) Kirkpatrick	19 Jun 1946 22 Jan 1944	
5) Garin Joseph Wood	16 Aug 1982		1) Lisa Kirkpatrick	17 May 1969	
	§ § § § § § § § § §		2) Jason Kirkpatrick	4 Nov 1971	
<u>#6 MERRILL JAMES WOOD</u> Odessa Allred	3 Nov 1911 27 Aug 1920	24 Oct 1980 24 Oct 1980	3) Polly Kirkpatrick	6 Sep 1974	
1. Jody Wood Tennant Max Brent Tennant	20 Sep 1943 6 Dec 1939		4. Lynne Marie Wood Wanberg Walter Daniel Wanberg	7 Feb 1949 24 Sep 1946	
1) Heather Tennant	16 Feb 1969		1) Daniel Walter Wanberg	25 Sep 1972	
2) Joseph Merrill Tennant	7 Aug 1970		2) Anna Marie Wanberg	18 Mar 1974	
3) Jared Marshall Tennant	5 Jan 1972		3) Jenny Lynne Wanberg	12 Sep 1976	
4) Samuel Wood Tennant	26 Dec 1972		4) Peter Merrill Wanberg	14 Oct 1980	
5) Holly Tennant	20 Dec 1973		5. Marilyn Wood Wolf William Francis Wolf	15 Jan 1953 3 Feb 1952	
6) Aaron Allred Tennant	18 Jul 1976		1) Nephi William Wolf	1 Jul 1978	
7) Seth Lyman Tennant	15 Mar 1978		2) Alma Robert Wolf	19 Dec 1979	

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
6. Helen Ann Wood Newton	7 May 1956		6) Steven Reed Fairbanks	31 Mar 1966	
James Hamilton Newton	22 Jan 1951				
1) Benjamin James Newton	3 Dec 1976		7) Gregory Tanner Fairbanks	24 Apr 1973	
2) Zachary Wood Newton	28 Jan 1978		2. Patricia Ann Fairbanks	28 Mar 1935	
3) James Hamilton Newton	2 Nov 1980		Robert Faris Wells	4 Dec 1931	
4) Anne Marie Newton	1 Jun 1982		1) Jeffrey Robert Wells	6 Nov 1954	
			Kathryn Johansen	25 Feb 1955	
			1) Lisa Wells	1 Jun 1977	
\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$			2) Robyn Jo Wells	10 Dec 1955	
			Rodney Ernest Packer	10 Jan 1954	
<u>#7 JOSEPHINE WOOD FAIRBANKS</u>	8 Aug 1914		1) Amy Jo Packer	3 Feb 1973	
Lynn Reed Fairbanks Jr.	25 Jul 1909		2) Heidi Ann Packer	7 Dec 1977	
1. Lynn Dwain Fairbanks	2 Jul 1933		3) Scott Reed Wells	30 Apr 1958	
Carol Jean Thedell	3 Jun 1934		4) Thomas Fairbanks Wells	12 Mar 1961	
1) Janette Fairbanks Paull	22 Dec 1954		5) Debra Lyn Wells	23 Nov 1963	
Lance Scott Paull	30 Jun 1956		6) Sara Ann Wells	20 Dec 1965	
1) Angela Paull	10 Sep 1978		3. Fred Wood Fairbanks	25 Jan 1939	
2) Ryan Fairbanks Paull	25 Jan 1980		Carrol Marilyn Dixon	5 Dec 1939	
2) Susan Fairbanks	8 Nov 1957		1) Joseph Kimball Jerome	3 Jun 1957	
3) Karen Jo Fairbanks Pinkston	2 Feb 1960		(Fairbanks)		
Michael Kent Pinkston	18 Apr 1957		2) Joel Kent Jerome (Fairbanks)	8 May 1958	
1) Linnie Jean Pinkston	30 Jan 1982		3) John Reed Fairbanks	19 Apr 1965	
4)Carolynn Fairbanks	9 Jul 1963				
5) Bradford Thedell Fairbanks	9 Mar 1965				

Family of JOSEPH HENRY WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Joseph Henry Wood & Anna Lillian Decker

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
4) Jordan Dixon Fairbanks	4 Jul 1967		1) Justin Michael Wood	13 Sep 1968	
5) James Darrol Fairbanks	1 Jul 1969		2) Vanessa Nicole Wood	3 Oct 1973	
6) Cheryl Elizabeth Fairbanks	24 Nov 1972		3) Stephen Paul Wood	8 Jun 1976	
7) Jared David Fairbanks	8 Jul 1974		2. Helene Estelle Wood Koch	10 Jun 1941	
4. Richard George Fairbanks	22 Feb 1946		Larry Bernard Helmuth (dec)	26 Mar 1940	
Nadine Elaine Maxfield	11 Jan 1946		Oliver Vincent Koch	3 Dec 1927	
1) Adam Reed Fairbanks	31 Dec 1969		1) Michael Scott Helmuth	11 Jul 1961	
2) Jonathan Richard Fairbanks	23 Apr 1972		2) Brian Paul Helmuth	30 May 1963	
3) Douglas Mark Fairbanks	13 Jun 1974		3) Kimberly Ann Helmuth	6 Jun 1965	
4) Amy Lynn Fairbanks	21 Sep 1977		3. Harriet Julie Wood Patterson	22 Aug 1942	
5. Mark Douglas Fairbanks	21 Apr 1948		Paul A. Patterson (div)	16 Apr 1941	
Janice Susan Snyder	15 Jun 1948		1) Clare Ilene Patterson	4 Jun 1962	
1) Tami Marie Fairbanks	7 Mar 1968		2) Deborah Ann Patterson	26 Apr 1964	
2) Bret Snyder Fairbanks	27 May 1970		4. Lillian Diane Wood	29 Sep 1947	
			5. Janelle Elizabeth Wood Kassel	28 Nov 1951	
			Larry Gene Kassel	24 Jul 1949	
			1) Ronnie Gene Kassel	25 Feb 1969	
			(child to Larry by previous marriage)		
			6. Mark David Wood	8 Jul 1955	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §					
<u>#8 MARK DECKER WOOD</u>	11 Dec 1917				
Clare Elizabeth Johnson (div)	14 Aug 1919				
1. Ralph Paul Wood	20 Jan 1940				
Shirley Ann Sullivan (div)	26 Nov 1938				
Linda Lee Bennett	11 Jan 1947				

Family of ARTHUR STEPHEN WOOD (Child #3 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Arthur Stephen Wood & Nancy Genevieve Decker (Jennie)

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>
1. Josephine Marie Wood			
2. Reed Arthur Wood			
<u>3. Paul Decker Wood</u>		<u>2</u>	<u>4</u>
Totals:	3	2	4

Children	3
Grandchildren	2
Great Grandchildren	<u>4</u>
Total Descendants:	9

Submitted by
Paul Decker Wood
and
Josephine Wood Fairbanks
November--1982

Family of ARTHUR STEPHEN WOOD (Child #3 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Arthur Stephen Wood & Nancy Genevieve Decker (Jennie)

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#1 JOSEPHINE MARIE WOOD</u>	1 Dec 1903		<u>#3 PAUL DECKER WOOD</u>	2 Aug 1915	
Robert Knox Patterson (dec)			Marjorie Johnson	12 Nov 1919	
Lee Hansen					
			1. Arthur Paul Wood	31 Jan 1943	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			Tamara Winegar	22 Sep 1950	
<u>#2 REED ARTHUR WOOD</u>	11 May 1907	14 Aug 1919	1) Tony Paul Wood	23 Sep 1967	
		(age 17)	2) Jennie Wood	4 Sep 1978	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			3) Matthew Paul	15 Feb 1981	
			2. John Thomas Wood	3 Dec 1947	
			Karen Goodrich	20 Aug 1948	
			1) Derek Thomas Wood	22 Jan 1982	

Family of SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD (Child #6 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood & Charles Nuttall Broadbent

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great, Great Grandchildren</u>
1. Verd Nuttall Broadbent (dec)				
2. Clyde Wood Broadbent		5	27	11
3. Charles Leroy Broadbent		5	8	
4. Marden Broadbent		4	14	
5. Josephine Broadbent Barlow (dec)		1	6	
6. Milton Broadbent (dec)				
7. Keith Sylvester Broadbent (dec)				
8. Jennie Broadbent Carlile		5	13	
9. Alice Broadbent Fortie		6	21	
10. Thomas Ray Broadbent		4		
<u>11. Norma Broadbent Smith</u>		<u>8</u>	<u>17</u>	<u> </u>
Totals:	11	38	106	11

Children	11
Grandchildren	38
Great Grandchildren	106
Great, Great Grandchildren	<u>11</u>

Total Descendants: 166

Submitted by
Norma Broadbent Smith
November--1982

Family of SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD (Child #6 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood & Charles Nuttall Broadbent

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#1 VERD NUTTALL BROADBENT</u>	27 Jul 1904	(12 yrs old)	5) Bruce Young Broadbent	13 Mar 1964	
Martha Blanche Murdock	14 Apr 1901		6) Patricia Broadbent	2 Jul 1966	
(Sealed 8 Mar 1917)			7) Daniel Clyde Broadbent	8 Jun 1970	
			8) Douglas Wilson Broadbent	11 Oct 1971	
			9) Jared Lindsay Broadbent	3 Oct 1975	
			2. Ethel Louise Broadbent	26 Jan 1934	
			William Floyd Blackley (dec)	1 Jun 1931	
			Bob Briggs	19 May 1918	
			1) Randall "W" Blackley	14 May 1953	
			Vickie Black	5 Jun 1951	
			2) Sharlene Blackley	7 May 1955	
			3) Todd Clyde Blackley	25 May 1956	
			4) Sandra Louise Blackley	9 Feb 1959	
			Jim Rietveld	2 Apr 1956	
			1) Justin James Rietveld	6 Oct 1980	
			5) Mark William Blackley	23 Feb 1961	
			6) Bryce Blackley	12 Jun 1963	
			3. Jane Broadbent	28 Jan 1938	
			Gordon Dean Mendenhall (div)		
			Norman Probst	5 Feb 1927	
<u>#2 CLYDE WOOD BROADBENT</u>	14 Nov 1906				
Ethel Lindsay	26 Jan 1909				
1. Lynn "C" Broadbent	24 Nov 1930				
Merle Young	14 Apr 1931				
1) Craig Lynn Broadbent	11 Aug 1954				
Charee Hansen	18 Nov 1956				
1] Celeste Broadbent	10 Mar 1977				
2] Amber Broadbent	12 Aug 1978				
3] Stephen Craig Broadbent	14 May 1980				
4] Weston Lynn Broadbent	29 Sep 1982				
2) Kent Wayne Broadbent	23 Feb 1956				
Valerie Walkenhorst	29 Dec 1957				
1] McKinsey Broadbent	18 May 1977				
2] Angela Broadbent	9 Oct 1979				
3] Jessica Broadbent	29 Sep 1982				
3) Rebecca Broadbent	28 May 1958				
Jonathon Winegar Doxey	18 Dec 1955				
1] Brock Jonathon Doxey	28 Nov 1978				
2] Lindsay Doxey	2 Feb 1981				
4) Janice Broadbent	13 Sep 1961				
Mark Ward Hermansen	6 Jan 1961				

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Family of SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD (Child #6 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood & Charles Nuttall Broadbent

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
6) Matthew James Godsey	16 Jan 1979		1) Brandon Jay Carlile	8 Oct 1971	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			2) Trevor Scott Carlile	26 Dec 1974	
<u>#6 MILTON BROADBENT</u>	31 Dec 1914	Died at 3 Weeks Old	3) JaNae Marie Carlile	2 Sep 1977	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			3. Richard Verd Carlile	20 Jan 1951	
			Michele Maureen Blake	5 Aug 1954	
<u>#7 KEITH SYLVESTER BROADBENT</u>	3 Apr 1916	Died at 2 Years Old	1) Blake Rulon Carlile	10 Jul 1978	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			2) Christie Michele Carlile	29 Apr 1980	
			4. Emajane Carlile	1 Nov 1953	
			Robert Scott Freckleton	1 Jun 1956	
<u>#8 JENNIE BROADBENT</u>	11 Feb 1918		1) Chad Scott Freckleton	12 May 1980	
Rulon George Carlile	18 Apr 1906		2) Jeffrey Wilford Freckleton	26 Jun 1982	
1. Kaye Carlile	19 Dec 1943		5. Craig Carlile	16 May 1955	
Kenneth Hayden Church	31 Aug 1944		Lucy Jane Levanger	1 Sep 1955	
1) Andrea Kaye Church	18 Jun 1966		1) Chelsea Carlile	13 Apr 1980	
2) Marjorie Church	16 Jul 1968		§ § § § § § § § § § § §		
3) Brian Kenneth Church	28 May 1971				
4) Kimberly Church	23 Mar 1974		<u>#9 ALICE BROADBENT</u>	23 Oct 1919	
5) Cynthia Church	13 Dec 1978		Mark Jeffs Fortie	16 Mar 1915	
2. Rulon Duane Carlile	20 Nov 1945		1. Mark Wayne Fortie	30 Dec 1940	
Holly Grant	12 Aug 1948		Cheryl Henrickson	3 Nov 1944	
			1) Lori Fortie	2 Nov 1965	

Family of SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD (Child #6 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood & Charles Nuttall Broadbent

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
2) Jill Fortie	13 Nov 1967		2) Shari Lyn Turner	24 Mar 1975	
3) Kris Fortie	23 Dec 1969		3) Megan Turner	16 Jun 1977	
4) Jami Fortie	28 Mar 1972		4) Brett Albert Turner	3 Apr 1981	
5) Kim Fortie	21 Aug 1973		5. Karolyn Fortie	12 May 1952	
6) Leslie Fortie	29 Aug 1976		Calvin Glen Mickelson	26 May 1952	
7) Shana Fortie	6 Nov 1977		1) Callie Ann Mickelson	2 Dec 1978	
8) Ryan Wayne Fortie	14 Jul 1979		2) Rachelle Ann Mickelson	2 Dec 1978	
9) Ashlee Fortie	15 Oct 1982		3) Calvin Brannan Mickelson	20 Nov 1980	
2. Keith J. Fortie	12 Jun 1943		6. Brent Fortie	16 Jan 1958	
Rebecca Labrum	28 Oct 1948				
					\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$
1) Lisa Marie Fortie	31 Oct 1968		<u>#10 THOMAS RAY BROADBENT</u>	4 Aug 1921	
2) Brian Keith Fortie	29 Jul 1970		Edith Norwood Stovall	26 Mar 1926	
3) Travis Dean Fortie	14 Jun 1972		1. Kenneth Ray Broadbent	7 Aug 1956	
4) Mandy Cheree Fortie	15 Aug 1977		Jan Bernhisel	25 Sep 1956	
5) Melissa Shalyn Fortie	24 Jun 1980		2. Stephanie Broadbent	27 Nov 1958	
			Scott Clark Sessions	22 Nov 1957	
3. Neil D. Fortie	5 Apr 1945		3. Catherine Broadbent	9 Feb 1961	
4. Colleen Fortie	26 Mar 1949		4. Lisa Anne Broadbent	8 Jan 1964	
Boyd Albert Turner	30 Jan 1949				
1) Steffani Ann Turner	5 Jan 1971				\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Family of SARAH JANE (JENNIE) WOOD (Child #6 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Sarah Jane (Jennie) Wood & Charles Nuttall Broadbent

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#11 NORMA JANE BROADBENT</u> Lowell Deane Smith	24 May 1923		2) Maryanne Smith	10 Jan 1972	
	7 Feb 1918		3) Michael Laurence Smith	8 Nov 1973	
1. Cheryl Diane Smith	2 May 1945		4) Amber Lynne Smith	24 Apr 1978	
Lonnie Max Smith	28 Jul 1944		5) Jared Peter Smith	29 Mar 1980	
1) Kristen Jane Smith	8 Jun 1971		5. Keith Broadbent Smith Kimberlee Lintz (div)	14 Jul 1954 8 Jul 1957	
2) Maryam Kay Smith	13 Sep 1974		1) Jeremy Chad Smith	16 Jan 1977	
3) Rebecca Diane Smith	16 Feb 1976		6. David Charles Smith Nancy Browning	17 Jun 1956 22 Feb 1959	
4) Michael Lonn Smith	5 Aug 1979		7. Brian Heber Smith Shelley Holmes	30 Mar 1959 6 Feb 1959	
5) Catherine Ann Smith	17 Jan 1982		1) Raschell Smith	12 Dec 1981	
2. Maryam Smith (dec)	11 Sep 1946		8. Scott Palmer Smith	6 Oct 1962	
3. Lowell Deane Smith, Jr.	27 Oct 1948				
Ella Jean Sanders	28 Dec 1950				
1) Alicia Smith	18 Jul 1974				
2) Sara Diane Smith	3 Jul 1975				
3) Lowell Deane Smith III (Tres)	17 May 1977				
4) Benjamin Dee Smith	20 Mar 1980				
5) Jeanell Smith	21 Jun 1981				
4. Laurence Ray Smith	4 Aug 1951				
Julie Ann Twitchell	18 Mar 1951				
1) Susan Diane Smith	4 Mar 1969				

Family of CATHERINE JOSEPHINE (KATE) WOOD (Child #8 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood & Henery Lloyd Hansen

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great, Great Grandchildren</u>
1. Alene Wood Hansen Jones		3	8	2
2. Frances Hansen Peterson Hoopes				
3. Helen Hansen Barlage Clark		3	8	
<u>4. Kathern Hansen Marks</u>		<u>7</u>	<u>21</u>	<u> </u>
Totals:	4	13	37	2

Children	4
Grandchildren	13
Great Grandchildren	37
Great, Great Grandchildren	<u>2</u>
Total Descendants:	56

Submitted by
 Terry Louise Marks Hutchings
 and
 Alene Wood Hansen Jones
 November--1982

Family of CATHERINE JOSEPHINE (KATE) WOOD (Child #8 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood & Henery Lloyd Hansen

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#1 ALENE WOOD HANSEN</u>	25 Apr 1916		<u>#2 FRANCES HANSEN</u>	7 Apr 1919	
DeVaughn "B" Jones	29 Oct 1910		Glen Elmer Peterson (dec)	12 Nov 1918	
			Francis Bain Hoopes	5 Dec 1914	
1. Catherine Ann Jones	15 Sep 1937				
Frank Lee Pritchett	27 May 1938				
1) Lisa Pritchett	7 Feb 1958				
2) Lee Ann Pritchett	10 Apr 1960		<u>#3 HELEN HANSEN</u>	17 Jan 1921	
Dan Clary (div)			Willard S. Barlage (div)	16 Mar 1917	
			Preston Richards Clark	22 Jan	
1) Elizabeth Ann	1 Apr 1977		1. James Lloyd Barlage	23 Mar 1941	
2) Heidi Alene	27 May 1980		Virginia Clifford	7 Mar 1941	
3) Tom Frank Pritchett	28 Dec 1963		1) Jack Gregory Barlage	30 Jan 1968	
2. David Lloyd Jones	18 Apr 1944		2) Stephanie Barlage	25 Nov 1969	
Katherine Swan	26 Feb 1946				
1) David Matthew Jones	11 Sep 1963		2. Helen Marie Barlage	15 Aug 1943	
			Jack Mineer (div)	3 Oct 1944	
			Evan Willis Nelson	31 Jul 1943	
2) Frederick Peter Jones	1 Apr 1968		1) Bryan Scott Mineer	25 Apr 1961	
3. Fredric Hansen Jones	6 Apr 1947		2) Jon Eric Mineer	3 Mar 1964	
Barbara Lynn Cullimore	23 Jul 1947				
1) Brandon Fredric Jones	6 Apr 1972		3) Heather Marie Mineer	13 Aug 1969	
2) Jamison Cullimore Jones	26 Aug 1974		4) Tyler Evan Nelson	17 Jun 1970	
3) Jessica Lynne Jones	24 Mar 1981		5) Ryan Scott Nelson	12 Jun 1975	
			6) Teressa Michelle Nelson	29 Dec 1976	
			3. Frances Kay Barlage	4 Oct 1953	
			Stanton Kelly Measells	5 May 1952	

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Family of CATHERINE JOSEPHINE (KATE) WOOD (Child #8 of SAMUEL WOOD and JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLEY)

Catherine Josephine (Kate) Wood & Henery Lloyd Hansen

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#4 KATHERN HANSEN</u>	27 Jul 1926		1) Melissa Rae Marks	14 Jun 1976	
Joseph Kenneth Marks	4 Nov 1921		2) Mary Kathleen Marks	23 Jan 1979	
1. Carol Ann Marks (dec)	13 Jul 1946		3) Monica Noel Marks	29 Dec 1980	
2. Joseph Lloyd Marks	3 Sep 1947		4) Michelle Kae Marks	14 Jan 1982	
Carol Marie Woolf	24 May 1947		5. Debbie Lynn Marks	19 Sep 1954	
1) Michelle Marie Marks	21 Mar 1969		Ross James Hope Jr.	10 Feb 1950	
2) Jennifer Ann Marks	28 May 1972		1) Rebecca Ranae Hope	29 Apr 1977	
3) Joseph Lloyd Marks Jr.	1 Aug 1975		2) Bradley James Hope	14 Aug 1978	
4) Stephanie Kay Marks	31 Jul 1982		3) Jason Daniel Hope	5 May 1981	
3. Vickie Lee Marks	11 Jun 1950		6. Terry Louise Marks	30 Apr 1956	
Darrell Alan Scholz	22 Dec 1949		Michael Le Gene Hutchings	23 Jun 1953	
1) Wendall Wayne (dec)	25 Jan 1969		1) Michael Joseph Hutchings	4 Jan 1980	
2) Christine Marie Scholz	22 Apr 1970		2) Steven John Hutchings	7 Oct 1981	
3) Jenna Lyn Scholz	15 Mar 1974		7. Kathryn Sue Marks	21 Jan 1958	
4) Karyn Nicole Scholz	1 Mar 1976		Peter Alexander Kuettel	30 Jan 1956	
5) Adrienne Emily Scholz	28 Aug 1977		1) Patricia Diane Kuettel	14 Aug 1981	
6) Matthew Charles Scholz	4 Dec 1978				
7) Daniel Adam Scholz	23 Jan 1981				
4. Michael Scott Marks	24 Sep 1952				
Mary Lee Larsen	3 Mar 1956				

Family of *LEROY WOOD* (Child #1 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Leroy Wood & Isabel Barton

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>
	1. Karl Clayton Wood	1	2
	2. Vera Wood Hazleton	2	5
	3. Gordon Amasa Wood	1	3
	<u>4. Melba Rhae Wood Holomon</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>
Totals:	4	8	18

Children	4
Grandchildren	8
Great Grandchildren	<u>18</u>
Total Descendants:	30

Submitted by
Patricia Ann Holomon
August--1982

Family of *LEROY WOOD* (Child #1 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Leroy Wood & Isabel Barton

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
2. John Bryant Holomon Diane Kay Johnson (div)	11 Oct 1949		1) Cynthia Holomon	2 Nov 1980	
1) Linda Kay Holomon	28 Jun 1972		2) Christopher Holomon	27 Oct 1981	
3. David Leroy Holomon Deborah Garcia	31 Dec 1952 25 Jun 1953		4. Paul Allan Holomon	29 Jan 1954	

Family of MARY ELIZABETH WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Mary Elizabeth Wood & Franklin Halls

	<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great Grandchildren</u>
1. Franklin Devere Halls		3	10
2. Lowell Keith Halls		5	4
3. Carrol Merlene Halls Garard		4	7
4. Samuel Frederick Halls		2	1
<u>5. William Wood Halls</u>		<u>8</u>	<u>7</u>
Totals:	5	22	29

Children	5
Grandchildren	22
Great Grandchildren	<u>29</u>
Total Descendants:	56

Submitted by
Debra Bailey Halls
October--1982

Family of MARY ELIZABETH WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Mary Elizabeth Wood & Franklin Halls

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
<u>#1 FRANKLIN DEVERE HALLS</u>	5 Dec 1916		<u>#2 LOWELL KEITH HALLS</u>	17 May 1918	
Margaret Lena Bronson	5 Dec 1921		Mildred Jane Floyd	28 Dec 1925	
1. Franklin Gerald Halls	26 Dec 1948		1. Steven Lowell Halls	5 May 1951	
Donna Fay Richardson	14 Dec 1946		Melissa JoAnn Midgley	6 Sep 1951	
			1) Eric Alan Halls	27 Oct 1972	
1) Christopher Paul Halls	2 Apr 1969		2. Sallie Lou Halls	5 May 1951	
2) Suzette Halls	13 Jun 1971		Roger Lyman Dodge		
3) Michelle Halls	21 Feb 1976		1) Jamie Halls	6 Sep 1974	
4) Eric Franklin Halls	22 Nov 1977		2) Ryan Lane Halls	20 Jan 1978	
2. Craig Clinton Halls	13 Mar 1951		3) Jeremy Alan Halls	9 Aug 1980	
Debra Bailey	16 May 1951		3. Keith Ray Halls	16 Nov 1957	
1) Michael Craig Halls	7 Feb 1970		4. Michael Lee Halls	27 Jun 1959	
2) David Bailey Halls	23 Jul 1973		Janice Elaine Shipley	24 Nov 1957	
3) Nathan Richard Halls	7 Mar 1976		5. Mark Alan Halls (dec)	18 Oct 1962	12 Feb 1980
4) Amber Leigh Halls	14 Sep 1977		<u>#3 CARROL MERLENE HALLS</u>	12 May 1921	
5) Erin Halls	25 Sep 1979		Kenneth Newman Garard	19 Sep 1897	
3. Max Steven Halls	4 Nov 1955		1. Kaye Garard Giles	12 Mar 1944	
Sally Ann Swenson (div)			Joe Don Giles (div)		
1) Kelly Ann Halls	21 Aug 1977		1) Kimberly Dawn Giles	28 Nov 1967	
			2) Brandi Kaye Giles	1 Jun 1970	

Family of MARY ELIZABETH WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Mary Elizabeth Wood & Franklin Halls

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
2. Kenneth Newman Garard Jr. Margaret Ann Davis Garard	14 Jan 1946		<u>#5 WILLIAM WOOD HALLS</u> Helen Pearl Barton	9 APR 1933	
1) Julie Christine Garard	26 Sep 1976		1. Melanie Halls Glen Richard Cameron II	6 Sep 1953	
2) Patrick Lee Garard	4 Aug 1979				
3. Rollin Franklin Garard Loraine Simmons Garard	22 Mar 1954		1) Daniel Glen Cameron	10 Aug 1975	
1) Brad Anthony Garard	15 Aug 1977		2) Aaron David Cameron	8 Jan 1977	
2) Eric Rollin Garard	23 Dec 1979		3) Nathan Mark Cameron	8 Jun 1978	
3) Adam Justin Garard	23 Dec 1979		4) Ian William Cameron	18 Apr 1980	
4. David Halls Garard	14 Aug 1958		2. Patricia Halls Scott Maynard Sorenson	3 Feb 1956 23 May 1952	
§ § § § § § § § § § § §			1) April Sorenson	25 Apr 1977	
			2) Jenny Sorenson	11 May 1979	
<u>#4 SAMUEL FREDERICK HALLS</u> Gwen Jameson	22 Nov 1927 15 May 1939		3. William Cortney Halls Corinne Lee Huston	14 Sep 1958 23 Sep 1961	
1. Sue Halls Mark Allen Walker	3 Apr 1961 15 Nov 1961		4. Elizabeth Halls Sherwin Michael Crooks	7 Dec 1959 3 Jul 1956	
1) Toni Amanda Walker	28 Oct 1980		1) Christopher Michael Crooks	1 Feb 1981	
2. Phylis Halls	11 Feb 1965				
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Family of MARY ELIZABETH WOOD (Child #2 of SAMUEL WOOD and EMMA LOUISE ELLIKER)

Mary Elizabeth Wood & Franklin Halls

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>		<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
5. Sharon Halls	2 Sep 1961		7. Jolynn Halls	24 Dec 1964	
6. John Franklin Halls	24 Dec 1964	30 Dec 1964	8. James Curtis Halls	25 Apr 1968	