P A R T T W O

CHARLES REUBEN McBRIDE and RHODA ALICE LYMAN

1. The Life and Times of Charles R. McBride

2. Ancestors of Rhoda Alice Lyman

Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. -- "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood." -- Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

-- from Self-Reliance
by Ralph Waldo Emerson

CHARLES R. McBRIDE

-- by Dr. Lyman A. McBride

A biographical sketch written for a High Priests Social in 1935, and printed in the Tooele Transcript-Bulletin on October 1, 1946, in honor of Charles R. McBride's ninetieth birthday.

The son of Reuben Augustus and Harriet Columbia Williams McBride was born October 1, 1856, in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, the oldest of a family of five children, three boys and two girls.

At the age of nineteen years, he married Rhoda Alice Lyman, the eldest child of Francis M. Lyman, Nov. 20, 1875, in Fillmore. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Edward Partridge. Fourteen children were born to this union, five boys and nine girls.

Charles R. McBride is the son of sturdy pioneer ancestors. They came to Utah under the leadership of Brigham Young. Reuben McBride, his grandfather, was a close friend and associate of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. He was also the last President of the Kirtland Temple.

In the colonization scheme of the State of Utah, the McBride people were sent to Millard County together with many leading families, including: the Lymans, Calls, Hinckleys, Hanks, Carlings, Partridges, Callister-Robinsons, Melvilles, Brunsons, Greenwoods, Kings, Warders, Days, and Huntsmens.

We divide the Sketch of his life, to date, into four periods of twenty-five years each, which we find full of interesting narrative and historical incidents.

First Period, 1856 - 1881:

This covers the time of his boyhood days and young manhood in Fillmore. His youth was spent in the great outdoor life of the Southern Utah plains and mountains. A few months of schooling each year gave him the basis of a good education. Under the tuition of his first teacher, Mrs. Hoyt, he learned the fundamentals of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Although handicapped for lack of books, he developed a love for good reading. His favorite books are the Bible, History of the United States, and Blackstone's English Treaties. In later years he became an ardent student of law.

His occupations in life have covered many fields, in which he has made unusual success. The McBride boys and their parents were originally in the horse and cattle business. Many thoroughbred animals had been brought from Ohio by the Mormon emigrants, which became the basis of the animal industry in Southern Utah. Sam R. Brown, a cousin, was a cattle man and looked after this work, while Charles favored the raising and training of fine horses. At twelve years he came into possession of his favorite pony. He says: "It was a Palamino-Cheno-Cavio, a dark yellow horse with a curly white mane and tail." He has the reputation of having maintained a fine stable and well-groomed animals.

Reuben A. McBride, his father, was a deputy Indian agent to the Pahvant tribe and had a wide knowledge of the customs and language of this native people. Charles tells many experiences he had while accompanying his father on trips among the Pahvants. He knew old Chief Kanosh and the three outstanding Indian characters associated with him: Moosoquop, Soboquin, and John Scaro. There were about five hundred Indians in this tribe, and they owned all the lands in Millard County.

Kanosh was a great chieftain and defender of his people. Brigham Young respected him as a man of sterling qualities -- so much so that he gave Kanosh two Indian girls, Mary and Rachel, whom he had raised in his own home.

The Indians also had many fine race horses. Old Jim was one of Kanosh's favorites; and with this horse he defeated many thoroughbreds from California. The Government wished to help the Indians, so gave Kanosh a two-roomed adobe house. When asked if he were spending the winter more comfortably, he replied: "Oh, yes Sir. I have old Jim in the front room, and my pigs in the back room."

Soboquin is described by Charles as the finest young athlete of them all, a leader of the boys of the tribe. He looked like the statue of Massasoit in the State Capitol in Salt Lake City. This Indian's dress consisted of a pair of buckskin breeches, moccasins, and a belt which held his weapons and a small blanket which could be drawn over the shoulders. When in action he wore no clothing above the waist. Grandfather McBride said: "Soboquin, I should think you would freeze with so little clothing." He replied, "You face cold?" "No," said Grandfather. "Well, Indian him face all over."

By the time he was twelve, Charles had slept with the Indians in their wigwams, and eaten bread and rabbit cooked over their sagebrush fires. Many times he had watched Soboquin with a hundred or more of the young Indian bucks practise with their bows and arrows, or their sling shots, the latter a deadly weapon which a boy would hold in his left hand and swing once with the right with calculated aim.

Moosoquop was a great warrior among his fellows. Immigrants were warned to be careful with the Indians; but some whites undertook to disarm the Indians who came to trade their wares. In the ensuing struggle, Moosoquop's father was killed by a rifle shot. The Indian warriors followed the party to avenge the wrong. By mistake, they came upon General Gunnison and a company of soldiers camped on the Sevier River. On the night of October 25, 1853, the General and his entire company were ambushed and slain. A large monument at Gunnison Bend now marks the spot.

John Scaro was an Indian Scout and peacemaker. The Ute tribe under Chief Walker and the Navajos under Black Hawk were enemies of the Pahvants. In 1865 the Utes made a raid into Millard County and stole horses belonging to the white settlers as well as to the Indians. All day a party consisting of John Scaro, Moosoquop, Reuben A. McBride, and James Harriss followed the thieves. Harriss was a boaster and said that he would not return until he had a scalp of one or those "damned Utes." Evening came, and they made camp. Weird noises began to fill the air. From every bush sprang a Ute Warrior. John Scaro remained serene and said: "Now Jake is your chance to

get that scalp." All night long Moosoquop pleaded with the Utes for friendship among the Indian tribes, and the lives of his companions. At daybreak they were released -- but without the stolen horses.

Charles R. McBride and his wife Alice were always active in the social, political, and business affairs of Millard County. He worked in the church with Ira N. Hinckley, Bishop Edward Partridge, and Thomas Callister. At the age of twenty-five he had been sheriff for two terms, 1878 to 1880. Then the railroads were being built into Utah, and he had contracting outfits busy on the road to Castle Valley by way of Price. His interests were carrying him beyond his native scenes; but no place has become more dear to him than the old home in Fillmore. Even now he makes frequent trips each year to renew old acquaintances and visit the landmarks of his boyhood days.

Second Period, 1881 - 1906:

This covers the time of residence in Tooele City up to his employment by the International Smelting Companies.

In 1877, Francis M. Lyman and his family moved to Tooele City, Utah, where he became President of the Tooele Stake. Charles R. McBride, with his wife and their small children, followed in 1881, taking with them five wagons and their household belongings. He found his first employment with the mining companies of Stockton and Dry Canyon, hauling ore and timber for the mines. His uncle, John B. Williams, was his companion in this work for many years.

With John M. McKellar he became interested in the political affairs of Tooele County, He was a city councilman, and served as sheriff for two terms. He was representative to the State Legislature in 1884 to 1886, and county attorney for two years. A good knowledge of law qualified him to practise and he was admitted to the bar in 1896. Among his friends were many of the leading men of the state: Judge Zane, Judge O. W. Powers, U. S. Marshall Dyer, Governor Murray, and George Sutherland.

In Tooele County he is known for his knowledge of agricultural conditions peculiar to western Utah. This has been one of his main interests. His old friend William Parker sold him forty acres of meadow land on the bench above Tooele City. It soon became a model farm and produced alfalfa in abundance. The sheep industry also claimed his attention and brought him success. In 1890 he formed a company with John C. Sharp of Vernon to engage in the sheep, grain, and milling business, with activities extending into Idaho and Nevada. At this time, both agriculture and mining industries were growing rapidly. Conflicts arose in Salt Lake Valley over smoke damages; and in 1903 injunctions were issued against the smelting companies. The latter began to look for new locations and ways of avoiding trouble with the farmers. At the invitation of Governor Spry, leading men of the State gathered to discuss ways of developing the mining industries and at the same time protect the interests of agriculture. Among those who attended the conference were: Attorney Walter VanCott, Mr. Channing of the Consolidated Mining Company, and Charles R. McBride.

At first, Charles R. McBride opposed bringing smelters into Tooele Valley, because of the smoke nuisance. When he became convinced that the smelters would be responsible for damage, and would develop means of controlling the smoke, he entered the employment of the Utah Con. Mining Company.

Third Period, 1906 - 1931:

His first duty for his new employers was the purchase or easement of 2500 acres of land in the vicinity of Tooele City. This was accomplished and the smelters were built on the bench lands above Lincoln, Utah. The furnaces were lighted by Governor William Spry in July, 1910, who said: "I now take pleasure in lighting your furnaces, and if they ever go out you will be to blame." With the exception of one year, 1921, they have been in operation ever since. Mr. McBride is still employed by the International Smelting and Refining Company, holding the position of Claims, Land, and Tax Agent. This period has proved to be the busiest time of his life to date.

In the midst of this industrial development came the World War, 1914 to 1918, with many additional responsibilities for Charles R. McBride. Tooele County citizens met the crisis with patriotic devotion. Charles R. McBride was chosen Chairman of theCounty Council of Defense, and of the Liberty Loan Committee. He directed the activities of the American Red Cross and other civic organizations that supported the government through these eventful years. During the reconstruction and the great prosperity following the war, he found opportunity for outstanding service to the country.

Fourth Period, 1931 to the present time:

Following the time of great industrial over-production came the reaction, the greatest depression in the history of our land. Financial failures and distress existed throughout the world. As the fortunes and savings of a lifetime were lost by many people, so were his. However, he met every obligation with a cheerful desire to do his full duty under all circumstances. At seventy-years of age he started over again to regain his lost fortunes. Today at seventy-eight, he is well on his way to complete recovery.

Through these troublesome times, he was also in the goat raising business; and while visiting his friends in Montana he was introduced to an audience as "The Mormon from Utah who has a thousand kids." A keen sense of good humor and a cheerful disposition has characterized him throughout his life.

One of his favorite stories is about Lewis Tarbuck, a resident of Fillmore, who had a failing for liquor. In early days the co-op store sold a little on the quiet to special customers. Lewis was a poor man, but an artful trader. He said to the storekeeper: "Brother McCullough, please let me have fifty cents worth of cheese." He received his package and continued to look for other articles of merchandise. Said Lewis: "I've been thinking, won't you let me have a bottle of whiskey instead of the

cheese?" He was accommodated, and proceeded to walk out of the store. McCullough protested: "But you haven't paid for the whisky, Lewis." "I gave you the cheese for the whisky!" "But you didn't pay me for the cheese," said McCullough. "I didn't take the cheese. You've got it," said Lewis and walked away.

His love for horses is shown in a story told by Mr. William Ajax, a storekeeper near Vernon, Utah. 'Many travelers stop at my place as they pass through the valley going in all directions. I sell a great many whips to these teamsters. But when Brother McBride comes along, he buys a big feed of oats for his horses."

The automobile eventually took the place of his fine teams. With some difficulty, he was persuaded to make the change. He bought the first Ford in Tooele City, and was very proud of it. But when he started on his first long trip, he placed his leather halter straps in the back of the car.

Charles R. McBride has known most of the leading men of the State. The Presidents of the Mormon Church have been personal acquaintances; he has known them all, with the exception of the Prophet Joseph Smith. As a young man he acted as bodyguard to President Brigham Young. The confiscation of church property under John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff are familiar incidents to him. President Lorenzo Snow was one of his favorites because of his financial wisdom in church affairs. Many experiences in the lives of Joseph F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman, and Hugh S. Gowans illuminate his conversation.

His ordinations in the priesthood are as follows: an Elder by John Morgan; a Seventy; Nov. 6, 1887, a High Priest by Hugh S. Gowans; Feb. 6, 1888, a High Councilman, by Henry Smith, to succeed Jonas Lindberg. For twenty-two years he served as a member of the Tooele Stake Presidency. June 17, 1906, he became Second Councilor to President Hugh S. Gowans. Sept. 26, 1908, he was set apart as First Councilor, when Brother C. Alvin Orme was called to the Australian Mission. Joseph C. Orme became Second Councilor. On the return of Brother C. Alvin Orme, he was chosen as Stake President, and Brother McBride became his First Councilor. Brother A. J. Stookey was chosen as Second Councilor. These men continued in the Presidency until October 13, 1928, when Alfred L. Hanks was chosen President of Tooele Stake.

The development of the church in the Tooele Stake was rapid and substantial. With President Gowans and his associates, he traveled by team to every ward from Tooele to Deep Creek and from Lake Point to Vernon. With the event of the Ford car, the visits to these distant places became a pleasurable duty. President Hugh S. Gowans did not live to enjoy this great convenience.

During this administration many improvements were made: the Stake house was built and furnished; the Tooele Ward was divided into the North and South Wards. The old Grantsville Ward was also divided into the First and Second Wards.

In the business affairs of the State, Charles R. McBride has become an expert in the study of taxation. He and his wife have travelled widely into neighboring states to attend conventions on taxation. One of the enjoyable events of his life was a trip to Toronto, Canada, by way of New York and Washington, D. C., where he met businessmen in the interest of his State.

Charles R. McBride's success in business is due to his industry and good management. His motto, "Pay as you go, and live within your means," cameto him from his frugal ancestors. A good wife of sterling integrity has made his life a great pleasure. Together they have achieved enviable good fortune in the best things of life.

On October 1, 1935, he celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday by driving his car four hundred miles to Mountain City, Nevada, and back. His sons accompanied him and enjoyed his account of pioneer adventures in that region.

At this time, his nerve is steady, his eyesight keen, and his health like that of a man of thirty. May his good fortune continue, that the fourth period of twenty-five years may be full and overflowing with God's choicest blessings to a faithful son.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

--- Vera McBride Gray

Papa always wore a suit of gray, and shoes of black, without toe caps to make a show, but polished to a shine. His hat was a Stetson, usually white, with a goodly brim. And his gloves were made of buckskin, to match his hat. I remember he took them off his fine, strong hands in such a funny way, holding them in his teeth while he fastened a buckle or a strap. Then on they would go again to protect his hands.

Did you ever see my father ride a horse? He loved his horse as dearly as a human being, and followed the Golden Rule in caring for the animal. So straight and tall, he always rode in splendor.

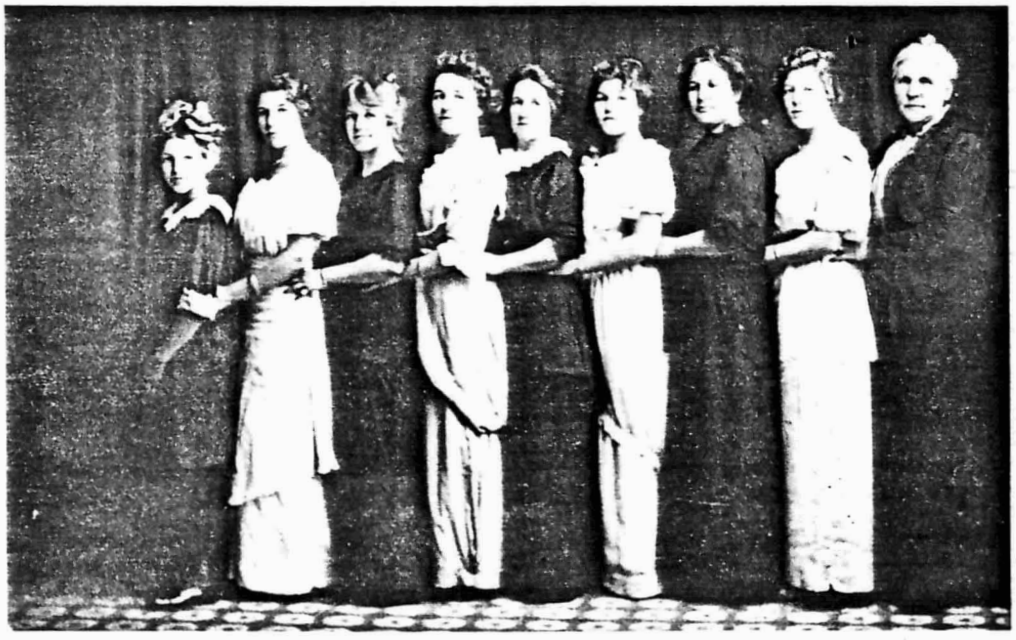
My brothers called him Pa, and said it with respect. But the girls -- and there were many of us -- always said Papa and Mama. I think Papa was five feet ten inches tall, and he seemed very big. I could just put my nose up to his belt, and he would always say, "My, how you do grow!"

He used to help Mama when we were sick in the winter. I can see them now, with lamp, and oil, and plaster, working to make the pain go away. He would carefully make the fire, wrap the patient in blankets, and hold the child close to his breast. When they had done all they could, they would kneel together and ask the Lord to heal their little one. Then we always felt better.

Would you think my father could darn and sew? My mother always packed a box of needles and thread for him to take when he went traveling, to mend holes that might come in sox or pants, and to replace missing buttons. The yarn he had was Saxony fine, and wound, my mother said, "as hard as thunder."

But the best times were when he was home. I remember how he used to say: "Now, Mama dear, have the honey candy made, and we will play awhile." I see him now, with Mama's guitar, while she held the baby. They would play and sing the loveliest songs one would ever want to hear. I used to try to make my voice sound like Papa's, for he could thrill one when he sang about a gallant lover. Then he would sing of home and mother, of hands that flew with needles firmly held; he sang of saucy boys and girls that would a-courting go, of rosy cheeks, and Grandma's house, and birdies, and loved ones across the sea, and songs of Jesus and Mary, and a prayer for his own sainted mother -- till our eyes would blink with sleep and he would carry us off to bed.

R. ALICE LYMAN McBRIDE



RUTH, SADIE, LaVERNE, IVA, NELLIE, VERA, ECHO, SULA, MOTHER

Charles R. McBride and His Family

--- Virginia McBride

My first clear memories of the McBride home in Tooele go back to the summer of 1909, when my parents brought my brothers and me to Utah to escape the Chicago heat. Before this I have only cloudy recollections of my grandparents visiting us in Oregon and telling me of their little girl Ruth who was just my age, and hazy impressions of strange relatives who received us in Tooele as we stopped there for a few days in 1907 on our way to Chicago.

Now our train pulled up at the Warner station where Grandfather was waiting for us, a dignified little man with a closely trimmed beard and smiling eyes. He was obviously proud of my handsome father and my vivacious little mother, and he beamed with affection as he lifted us children into the open buggy beside our luggage. Then he turned Belle, the mare, toward Tooele.

The family home was a generous red brick house, with cherry trees lining the front walk, a swing in the big apple tree beside the house, and roses climbing over the porches. Paths in the back yard led through more fruit trees to vegetable gardens, root cellars, and to the barns and corral. Chickens scratched in the barnyard, while sleepy cats waited for milking time. Grandfather had planned to locate his married children on land adjoining his own, so that just beyond the west lane was Aunt Nell's house, and beyond that Aunt Echo's. Cousins were as welcome in one place as another.

On either side of the entrance hall in Grandfather's home was a parlor, one for the young people, and the other for adults. However, many visitors went straight ahead, past the stairway with its worn bannister, to what would now be called a family room, extending the full width of the house, with windows on the south and windows on the north. One end served as a workshop where the women were always ironing, winding carpet strips, cutting patterns, sewing, and sometimes quilting around a large frame. In the dining area at the other end was a table large enough to stretch the full length of the room when needed.

Beyond this was the kitchen, opening to a porch on the south and another on the north. The sink and cabinets were small by today's standards, but there were two large coal-burning ranges, with ovens full of baking bread and roasting meat, and great pots of bubbling fruit for jelly or "bottling." There was also a long marble slab for kneading bread or cooling candy; and on the screened north porch was a churn, and a food "safe," and heavy bins for flour and sugar. Butter, meat, and wide pans of milk were carried to an outside cellar, down a steep stairway and through a pair of screen doors, so that a fly darting past the first could be destroyed before the second was opened.

The house had been modified as the family grew. An upstairs bedroom had been converted into a bathroom -- one of the first in Tooele -- with a stovepipe from the kitchen running from floor to ceiling to keep it cozy, and hot water supplied from a tank attached to the kitchen ranges. A sleeping porch was added; and when the bedrooms still seemed inadequate for the growing girls and constant guests, Grandfather built "the little house" in the back yard, a single room which served as a dormitory for the big girls and was the envy of the little ones.

Presiding over the household activities was my stately grandmother, a handsome woman and a matriarch in every sense of the word. She planned the daily schedule, assigned tasks to everyone, and supervised the cooking, the housekeeping, and the sewing. Her sunny disposition and inexhaustible energy dominated the home, and she insisted that her daughters sing as they worked. She loved every one of us, and with complete confidence in her own judgment made decisions for her children and grandchildren, often forgetting that the latter had mothers of their own. She lined us up on the south porch each with a glass of water and a toothbrush to scrub in turn on her cake of pink dentrifice; she gave us fresh eggs to trade at Brother Spier's store for ribbon and candy; and she taught us the gentle-Jesus prayer that her own mother had learned in Australia.

Mother and my aunts were busy in the house; Father's help was needed on the farm, as Uncle Grover was in Australia as a missionary, and Lloyd and Harvey were too small for heavy work; but we children had a carefree summer, -- with Ruth, Lloyd, Sadie, and all the cousins. We picked cherries and grapes, gathered haws from the wildrose bushes in the lane, searched the mangers and hay lofts for eggs, dressed paperdolls in Sadie's tent house, rode with Sula or Vera to let the cows out of the pasture, crowded into Aunt Echo's kitchen as the cookies came from the oven, and watched in awe as Indian beggars trailed from house to house. For us it was a glorious summer; but somehow it put an end to Grandfather's dream of gathering his married children close to the old home. The adults agreed that smaller family units would be more desirable.

Actually we saw very little of Grandfather that summer, for he was travelling from one end of the valley to the other, securing easements for a new smelter. He often left home at 4:30 in the morning, driving a team of blooded horses that were his pride, but so spirited as to cause Grandmother some misgivings. Once he was late for evening prayers, so very late that she was torn by all the calamities that might have happened to him and his team. For the first time I realized that Grandfather meant more to her than did all the rest of us, and after that I looked up to him with a new respect.

By 1910 when we returned to Utah, the family was beginning to spread out. Aunt LaVerne was living in Salt Lake; Uncle Grover and his bride had taken over a farm some distance from town; and my own parents chose to live in the north end of Tooele. Within a few years the Droubays and Kirks had also moved to new homes. Still, Grandfather's house remained the gathering place for the family, and every cousin seemed to find a chum his own age among his relatives.

In working with the International Smelting Company, it was Grandfather's purpose to bring to our valley a badly-needed industry, without jeopardizing the agricultural development already there. He worked with the Governor and politicians to secure the necessary legislation, and he helped company officials select a site and make the plans. But his greatest accomplishment was reassuring the farmers that the venture would benefit everyone and that their interests would be safeguarded. A farmer himself, he persuaded company officials that it would be better to pay generously for easements rather than face law suits after crops had been damaged. He formulated an agreement to protect the landowners against loss from the dreaded smelter smoke, and guarantee the sale of their property to the smelter at a specified price if they were not satisfied later. In 1908

the company sent him to New York to explain land maps and agricultural conditions to authorities there, and to present his plan for securing easements, a precaution that proved successful enough to warrant its use in introducing smelting to other areas.

Beginning in 1907, Grandfather kept a pocket diary noting briefly his business affairs through the years. The first volumes tell of the difficulties in establishing the smelter, and fears of the farmers. But when Governor Spry officially lighted the fires in the furnaces on July 25, 1910, the entire community celebrated and Grandfather wrote a longer-than-usual entry calling it "The greatest day Tooele has ever known." He also listed the dignitaries who attended the festivities in the Oquirrah Hotel, including: "Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McBride." Two days later, as the smoke rolled over our valley bringing prosperity and apprehension, Grandfather was appointed Claims Agent for the smelter. And when he died in 1948, at 91 years of age, he was still on full salary with the company he had served for over forty years.

Grandfather's title was Claims Agent, but his responsibilities spilled over into the areas of personnel work, purchasing agent, defense attorney, and official greeter. He had a small office in the rear of the little railway waiting room, an office complete with desk and cabinets and lace curtains, but without a staff of any kind. Here he kept all his records and reports, and met people on business. After the opening of the smelter he kept records of crop conditions in every part of the valley; and he travelled to other counties and states to make comparisons. Farmers sought his advice as to what crops would grow successfully; and they came to him when their animals began to die from smelter smoke and smoke-contaminated feed. This was a heart-breaking condition for Grandfather, for he loved animals, and knew the horses in our valley as he knew their owners. He went from farm to farm, taking veterinarians and scientists in an effort to save the animals and determine whether any pastures were safe for them. His diaries record every visit he made, and the long struggle to reduce the smoke and render it harmless.

Grandfather purchased land for the company, rented houses for employees, and helped immigrant Europeans and Japanese find a place in the community. He reconciled differences between workmen and supervisors; and he defended the company against false claims. He secured compensation for injured workmen, and made sure they were assigned jobs they could handle when they were ready to return to the company. He met dignitaries from the East and explained local conditions under which the smelter operated.

With little formal training, Grandfather had nevertheless acquired information and wisdom valuable to his employers. He knew the laws and history of the West, geography, and climate conditions. And he knew people -- government and church officals, cattlemen, leaders in business and industry, farmers, politicians, and law men. Throughout the state he was respected for his integrity, mild manner, and sound judgment. No wonder the company valued his services, and when he was long past retirement age, kept him on as Consultant.

Just as Grandfather's diaries record the coming of industry to Tooele, so do they depict life in the little Mormon town and one man's part in its growth. He always contended that if an organization asked for a man's help, he should not refuse to serve. He noted the organization of the first banks in Grantsville and Tooele, and served as a director of the latter. He recorded without comment -- but probably with much satisfaction -- the vote against saloons and the banning of Sunday baseball. When Grandfather planned a public celebration, it was usually a good one. One year his committee planned an Old Folks festival, including decorations, entertainment, and food. A special train was run from Salt Lake to bring former residents, and 1700 people attended. Of that day, Grandfather wrote: "Day was a success in every particular. Not an accident of any kind."

As a member of the School Board, Grandfather inspected buildings for sanitary conditions and needed repairs. He made decisions concerning delinquent boys -- some of whom later became leading citizens. He noted the hiring of teachers at $65 a month, and the awarding of a contract to build our first high school -- for less than $35,000! When the cornerstone was laid, children were brought from the elementary school for the occasion, and Grandfather himself was the speaker. Once he noted in his diary: Alice and I attended the Parent and Teachers Club. Professor State Superintendent of Public Institutions lectured on child culture. His lecture was excellent."

Grandfather worked to establish a public library, and to bring the Chautauqua summer programs to Tooele. He also served as Republican County Chairman for years, entering in his diary the names of candidates and the election returns. Once he wrote: "Voted St. Rep. Ticket. Mother went with me but I can't say how she voted."

On the first page of each annual diary, we find personal records, those for 1911 telling us that Grandfather was 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighed 170 pounds, wore a hat size 7-11, gloves size $8\frac{1}{2}$, hosiery $9\frac{1}{2}$, collar $16\frac{1}{4}$, cuff 10, shoes $6\frac{1}{2}$, and shirt size 40. The New Year's entry names those who came calling, those who "took dinner with us," and how many sittings were required at the big table. At the end of each year is a statement as to the general welfare of the family, economic prospects, and the amount of the tithe paid to the church. Although Grandfather lived in a big house, was rearing a large family, and was one of the leading citizens of our town, we note that his annual salary was $2700, a sum that he considered adequate.

For the rest of the year, the pages are filled with smelter business, weekly church duties, and only occasionally an entry concerning the family. However, he did note illnesses: the operation in Dr. Phipp's office to remove Sula's tonsils -- without ether; Iva's attack of appendicitis while she was at school in Salt Lake, and his telephoned instructions to operate, while he and Grandmother caught the first train for town; Sadie's long bout with inflammatory rheumatism, and his fears that she would not recover. He also wrote of the struggle to save a grandson born prematurely, Bruce's broken arm, and the illness and death of his little granddaughter, Zella Kirk.

Grandfather loved all his children, but found special delight in his youngest son Lloyd, his pleasure and sorrow recorded in his diary:

"March 2, 1908. Richins gave Lloyd an old ewe. Also a dog pup."

"June 1, 1908. Lloyd got kicked in the head with a colt. Made very bad cut in forehead. Dr. Davis dressed wound."

"Aug. 4, 1908. Left home 4:30 a.m. Lloyd and I to go to circus. We saw the parade at 11:00 a.m., had dinner with Grandma Lyman. At 2 p.m. went down to the circus. Took in the side shows and drank circus lemonade. Came back to Dr. Gowans, had dinner. Lyman Gowans took us down to the circus in automobile. Circus was fine. We left for home 12:00. Lloyd and I completely exhausted."

"March 18, 1910. Lloyd cut face in barbed wire fence."

"May 22, 1911. My Baby Boy Lloyd was accidentally shot and killed near the mouth of Pine Canyon about 3:30 p.m. while out hunting."

"May 23, 1911. This is a day of mourning at our home. Our Baby Boy Lloyd Woodruff lies dead in our home. He looks happy with a smile on his little face just as though he went to eternity while enjoying the sport of hunting. But O such a loss to my dear wife and I. He was the sunshine of our home. 'Sunshine' was his Mamma's pet name for him."

"May 24, 1911. This day brings no relief to our aching hearts, but we are comforted by the sympathies of a host of kind friends and the abundance of flowers from every source. Both old and young seem anxious to show their sympathies for the family and their love for him. We laid him away at 3:30 p.m. Over 400 attended services."

Unwaivering Mormon faith permeated Grandfather's home and set strict standards for his family. As a High Priest and a member of the Stake Presidency, he spent his Sundays travelling throughout the county organizing wards, advising local leaders, and responding to requests that he address church gatherings. Nevertheless, he often attended Protestant services, and encouraged the organization of other churches in Tooele. He participated in the laying of the cornerstone for the Catholic church. Once when a neighbor urged him to discourage non-Mormons from joining the crowds of young people who gathered at the McBride home, lest Mormon girls marry outside the church, Grandfather explained thoughtfully that his own greatest happiness had come through marrying the girl of his choice, and he would not interfere in any way with his daughters selecting the mates they wished, regardless of church affiliation.

It seemed a long way from Tooele to Salt Lake City, but my grandparents often went there for family gatherings, the theater or the opera, and of course for church and smelter business, travelling by train and changing cars at Warner. For shorter trips in the valley, Grandfather drove a horse and buggy. In 1912 he bought his first automobile, as noted in his diary:

"July 30, 1912. Left home at 4:40 a.m. Arrived Salt Lake City at 6. Met Whitehill. Called agent Ford machine. Tried one out. Purchased it for $780. Met Mr. Riten. Left samples from Millard County with him. Mr. Mathewson gave instructions with reference to trip south. Take foremen, all we can carry. Tried auto."

"July 31, 1912. Mr. Mathewson instructed me to draw on Mr. Husband for expenses south. Left S.L.C. 3 p.m. with auto. Rained between S.L.C. and Garfield. Machine runs to Tooele without any trouble. Arrived Tooele 6 p.m. Clegg and J. C. Orme came with me."

Grandfather might have added that it was Ruth's tenth birthday, and that excitement over the new car delayed the party guests till every child had had a ride around a block or two. This was the third car in Tooele, the first ones being Dr. Phipp's orange roadster, and Dr. Davis's red one. Grandfather's black Ford touring car, with its button-on side curtains and space for five adults, or as many children as could crowd in, was doubtless a business necessity for him, but it also raised the horizons for the entire family.

When the Liberty Bell was brought across the continent for children everywhere to see, Grandfather filled the Ford with grandchildren for its scheduled stop in Salt Lake City, His diary notes that he repaired the car on the way. Actually we piled out four times to watch him patch flat tires and pump them up by hand; passing motorists stopped to offer help; and the interruptions merely added excitement to owning an automobile. Soon there were more cars in Tooele, and most of them were decorated for the Fourth-of-July parade. Grandfather's diary for 1915 reports: "Ralph, Vera, John Brotherton, and Sula decorated the car to go in the parade. I drove car with thirteen small girls. We took 3rd prize .. $6. Car was decorated with roses and green leaves." He might have mentioned that the top was folded down so that the children could sit all around and in the seats, too, and that they wore white dresses and carried tinseled stars on sticks to represent the thirteen original states, and that he himself wore an Uncle Sam hat.

After school Ruth and Rhoda and I sometimes joined the women at Grandmother's house, all busy with patterns, quilt blocks, and bolts of cloth. Declaring that "every woman needs something to hang her hands on," Grandmother taught us to crochet hairpin lace and to hemstitch. We listened to the conversation about Relief-Society dinners, and recipes for cakes and cough syrup; and we also heard Grandmother's account of pioneer poverty and how the women hated polygamy. She said we should all know about polygamy, but that we would never hear it from the men, "for their lips are sealed by the priesthood."

There were always people at Grandmother's house. On Sundays and holidays the ironing and sewing were put away, and the big table stretched out. The women worked as hard as ever, but now it was cooking, making ice cream, and washing dishes. The McBrides kept open house for the family and townsfolk, and for numerous relatives who drove out from Salt Lake. Also, Grandmother decreed that one evening a month should be home-coming, and that we should all be there. Sometimes the men gathered around Grandfather in one parlor, the women around Grandmother in the family room, and the young people around the piano in the second parlor. Children usually played outside, but were welcome indoors so long as they sat quietly and

and listened to the adults. But the best times were those when Grandmother brought out her guitar and sang story-ballads for us all. Grandfather told endless tales of Indians, and humorous incidents of the early settlers. And my own father entertained us by showing how he handled the baby-sitting when his parents left him in charge. Following his mother's instructions, he prepared a big bowl of hot water and sugar at bedtime, and added "just a little paragoric" Then he sat in Grandmother's chair, with the children gathered around him, and gave each in turn a spoonful -- one for LaVerne, one for Iva, one for Grover, one for Echo, round and round, and one for himself, until everyone became drowsy and went off to bed. He made it sound so good that I wondered why he forbade his own children to have paragoric at all.

Threats of war in 1914 brought labor agitators to Tooele, trying to disrupt the production of war supplies. Some smelter employees listened until the newcomers alarmed them with plans to dynamite the residences of Oscar M. Kuchs and C. R. McBride, and then reported the details to Mr. Kuchs and to Grandfather, who recorded the names of the trouble-makers in his diary with the note: "Will lay plans to catch." There was no follow-up in the diary; but neither were there any more labor troubles until 1917, when the United States entered World War I. Then troops were brought in to guard the smelter and the railroad tressel leading to it. Grandfather now assumed new duties, working with the Red Cross and organizing committees to sell War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds, Tooele County far exceeding her quota. On Nov. 11, 1918, Grandfather wrote: "The whole county is rejoicing over Armistice being agreed to and signed by Germany. Street meeting at 5 p.m. and Parade, the largest ever witnessed in Tooele." The war was over, but the resources of the entire community were needed almost immediately to face the influenza epidemic that swept the country. Grandfather's diary tells of emergency hospitals set up in churches, the need for more coffins than could be built, and the progress of the pestilence in his own family. Life went from one crisis to another.

I considered my grandfather the wisest man I knew, and I listened eagerly while he talked with my father and Uncle Grover, who were very close to him. One day a young man joined them, a stranger to me, but well-acquainted with the men, as his parents had lived in Tooele before they separated. The young man said he had never really known his father, and asked Grandfather what kind of man he really was. Grandfather chuckled and his eyes shone as he recounted one incident after another, depicting the father as having sterling qualities that enabled him to meet whatever occasion presented itself. The visitor was grateful, saying he had never before heard so much good news about his father. After he left, Father and Uncle Grover reprimanded Grandfather, reminding him that their neighbor had been a scallawag who had neglected his family shamefully. They remembered his wife coming to the McBride home, weeping that she needed food and clothing for her family, that she didn't know where her husband was or when he would return. Only Grandmother's generosity had saved her from public charity. Grandfather waited quietly till his sons had finished, then agreed that everything they said was true. However, he inisited that every son needed a father he could admire, and that this boy would grow to be a better man if he respected his father and had a good example to follow. He felt he was right in letting his neighbor's faults be forgotten, rather than burden the young man with family shortcomings.

Only once did I know Grandfather to take a vacation entirely away from his work, and even then it was an extension of a business trip to Montana -- a six-day tour of Yellowstone Park, on the old Wyllie-Way stage coaches. This holiday was also remarkable for the only nickname that Grandfather ever accepted as a compliment. He had always taught us to be proud of our family name McBride, and he found any nickname offensive, especially Charlie or Mac. When he intended to call his daughters Nellie or Sadie, he did not name them Ellen or Sarah. And so we were surprised when he and Grandmother returned from their trip, pleased that their traveling companions had dubbed them Chuck and Mrs. Chuck. Later they called their cottage in Emigration Canyon Chuckwood. Grandfather's diary for 1915 records their two weeks away from home:

"July 13. Alice and I left Salt Lake City 2:20 o'clock p.m. for Anaconda. It was very warm.

"July 14. Arrived at Butte at 8:45 a.m. Dr. H. C. Goodwin met us at the station. We drove to Anaconda 22 miles in auto. Arrived about 10 a.m. Met Mr. and Mrs. Mathewson on road. In the afternoon we examined part of the company. Looked over drain ditches and other improvements.

"July 15. Anaconda. Drove over company farm. 6,000 acres under drainage system. Drains 1,000 feet apart, 6 feet underground, 12 and 18 inch pipe used. This ground lies north and east from the smelter. They have 125 head of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Dinner with Mathewsons.

"July 16. Anaconda. Dr. Gardner and I walked over 6,000 acre tract of land being broken to be sold in 10 acre tracts to employees of the smelter, some 60 tracts having been sold.

Met Mr. Doremus and Mathewson. We all went over company lands as far north as Warm Creek. Some 300 acres broke recently for dry wheat. Examined sulfuric acid plant. Makes 100 tons per day. 4% of gases from plant.

"July 17. Anaconda. Looked over sheep and horses being fed fluedust. Horses, 3 head, being fed 75 and 90 grams, sheep 12 grams per day. All seem in normal condition. Dr. Gardner and I drove up Mill Creek, saw flume 26 miles long used to float logs to smelter.

Afternoon drove down Deer Lodge Valley 20 miles, also up Race Track Canyon to Marine that came from glaciers. Was very interesting.

"July 18. Anaconda. Looked over recently sown alfalfa on Sec. 16. Is not doing well either from excessive cool weather and too much water, or mineral in the soil. Think both oats and alfalfa are being bleached by SO_2. Afternoon drove to George Town Lake 20 miles from Anaconda. Spent afternoon with the Mathewsons.

"July 19. Anaconda. Went through Washoe smelting plant. Concentrator reduces 125 tons per day with oil Floatation system. Lose 10.7%. Leader handles 2,000 tons per day. 0.15 of 1%. Smelter reduces 5,000 tons per day. 310 tons of copper per day. Asst. Supt. Benden took me through the plant.

Afternoon examined 800 acres about 7 miles north from Anaconda owned by Dr. Gardner. This land seems to be water logged and mineral rising.

"July 20. Met Mr. E. F. Lyman from Cascade, Montana. He is descendant of Richard Lyman. Dairyman.

Examined company thoroughbred bulls and cows.

In the afternoon we drove to Butte and arrived back to Anaconda 4:30. Alfalfa seems to have grown wonderfully in last two days. Dr. Gardner drove Alice and I to Butte after visiting Columbia Gardens. Left for Park 10 p.m.

"July 21. Arrived at Livingston 8:30. 9:20 arrived at Gardiner, the entrance to Yellowstone Park from the Montana Side. We took the Wyllie Route. $40 each for six days trip. Four horses on stage coach with 9 other passengers. Saw some interesting sights, arriving at Lake at 3:30. Saw cinnamon bear in the evening. Had nice house tent, board sides and floor. Splendid cool evening.

"July 22. Yellowstone. 7:30 left Swan Lake. Saw geysers and other interesting sights. Timber in abundance. Followed up the Firehole River. Geysers in Lower Basin, including Paint Holes at Middle Geyser Basin, Emerald Lake and others. Took lunch at station, arriving at Upper Geyser Basin at 5:30. Roads dusty. 400 Shriners and Band of 60 present. Faithful Geyser Inn and other sights.

"July 23. 8:30 went with guide over Upper Geyser Basin. Saw all points of interest. The geysers in this basin are wonderful. Daisy Geyser located about 500 feet from our camp door.

The guide took us over the formation. After viewing the geysers, Guide gave lecture and causes of these geysers. Took stage from Old Faithful to camp. Saw two bears in evening.

"July 24. We left Upper Basin 8 a.m. Route over divide of mountain. Two lakes on the divide, one flowing east to the Atlantic, other west to the Pacific Ocean. Saw mother deer and two kidds near the road. Lunch on the shores of Yellowstone Lake. Boat took passengers to the next camp. We preferred the overland route. Arrived Lake Shore Camp 5:30 p.m. Had nice camp near the lake. Saw trout.

"July 25. Left Lake Shore Camp 7:15 a.m. Route along shore of lake to Yellowstone Grand Canyon. Drove down canyon. Good view of Upper and Lower Falls. In afternoon went down over cliffs to Canyon just below 300 ft. falls. After supper went to Hotel. Had refreshments. Paid our guide $11.00. The balance of the party will go over the route to Mammoth Springs. We will go to Norris Basin.

"July 26. Party separated after an enjoyable trip through the Park. We appreciated the acquaintance of all in our party, and all express pleasure in meeting and regrets at our separation. Eleven in the party and from seven different states. We saw two herds of elk on the trip from the Canyon to Yellowstone Station. We arrived at N. B. 4:30. 7:30 left for Home."

It was a long time before my grandparents seemed to be old folks; but eventually Aunt Vera took over the responsibilities of the home, and younger men replaced the smelter officials that Grandfather had worked with. My grandparents spent more and more time in the quiet of their canyon cottage, where Grandmother continued to knit shawls and crochet lace. We were all proud when she received a special award at the State Fair for her handwork, a display of 100 shawls in a variety of colors and stitches. The first time Grandfather retired, he continued to go to the office regularly to train the men employed to take over his work. Not until one of them died, did Grandfather move his own office to his home and become a Consultant, with no regular office hours, but with full salary. He now said his real business was to give my grandmother everything she wanted. After her death he was really an old man, lonely and growing feeble. He insisted on remaining in his own home alone, where he was glad to see his children, and always available whenever a new generation of smelter officials needed his briefing on early policies and agreements.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941, I remained in Honolulu as Assistant to the Director in the Division of Registration, O.C.D., and did not get back to Utah till 1945 for a short visit with my parents. Then I found my grandfather living as he wished, alone in the old home that had been modified to his needs. Because of the housing shortage, he had rented some rooms to defense workers, -- but threw them out when they brought tobacco and whiskey into the house. Though the piano was seldom played, it was now lined with photos of his eighteen grandsons and grandsons-in-law, who were in uniform and fighting in every part of the world. In the center of the lot was an old highschool picture of me! Though I protested, he insisted that I, too, was in the service of my country and belonged with the boys, for whose safety he prayed every day. Of all the handsome young men on his piano, only one -- Bob Cranmer -- failed to return.

That summer, there was a picnic in Middle Canyon for the High Priests and their wives; but Father could not persuade the old man to go. He said he didn't have a wife, and would not be happy with all those couples. And so I 'phoned my grandfather and told him I wanted to make a date with him. Father wanted me to go to the High Priests' picnic, but I didn't have a husband and would not go without a partner. Grandfather chuckled and said he had not had a date for a long time, but thought we would make a good pair. He was most gallant and kept me close to him until the master-of-ceremonies called on him "to say a few words." In spite of his eighty-eight years, Grandfather was as keen and clear-spoken as ever, and made a speech to inspire his younger listeners with pride in their country and their church.

For Grandfather's 90th birthday, the American Smelting Company in Salt Lake planned an elaborate reception at the Utah Hotel for their oldest employee. However, the family would not consent, saying that the old man was in good health, but could not face the celebration planned. Instead, they suggested that open house be held in Grandfather's own home and that the guests come there to honor him. And so they did -- people from far and near, neighbors, relatives, and business associates. Grandfather sat in a chair in the receiving line, his eyes twinkling with pleasure; and when

people congratulated him on his great age, he assured them that he expected to live long enough to celebrate their 90th birthdays. There was a big cake, surrounded by 90 candles, and a model smelter set in the icing, and a tall chimney with cotton smoke pouring out the top. A newspaper photographer took a picture of Grandfather with his knife poised to cut the first slice. But the cake was not cut. Grandfather refused to spoil it, but kept it for all the children to see, when they came the following days, the children who would never forget their kindly dignified grandfather who admonished them to remember who they were and live accordingly.

THE EARLY YEARS OF MY LIFE

---Patricia Lodge Whiting

I was born June 3, 1916, at the home of my grandparents in Tooele, Utah. My mother had grown up there, the tenth child in a large Mormon family. My father had come to Tooele as a young man, from Michigan, seeking work and adventure. He met my mother at a Saturday night dance. He was tall and handsome and full of fun. They fell in love and were married shortly after, when my mother was eighteen. My grandparents liked him, though they would have preferred a son-in-law who belonged to their own church. The Lodges were Catholic, and were not at all happy that their only son had married a Mormon girl.

When I was born, I was sprinkled and christened by the Catholic priest; then a few weeks later, I was blessed and given a name in the L.D.S. church by my Grandfather McBride. Many contentions arose between my parents, their parents, and other members of the families. One thing led to another, and the marriage ended in separation. I was only a few weeks old, and so I never knew my father. My mother and I lived with my grandparents.

The home was a large old-fashioned brick house -- two stories, with a big front porch on each floor. There was a parlor, which we seldom used, furnished with a big leather couch, rocking chairs, bookcases, and a piano. A large oval frame hung on the wall, about six inches deep, with a floral arrangement made of human hair, my grandmother's handwork. As a young girl, she and her friends had exchanged locks of hair, twining the hair on wires, and bending and coiling them to form flowers and leaves. I admired the intricate design, and was fascinated by it. There was a sword hanging on the wall, which had been presented to my great-grandfather after the Civil War, though he had not actually fought in the war. Whenever there was a family gathering, the young boys were permitted to take it down, and pretend they were fighting a duel or defending a fortress.

There was another front parlor, which was usually closed and cold. But it had been refurnished to serve as a guest room or a sick room when it was needed. Actually, we spent most of our time in a large living room, half of which served as a dining room. There was a large square table, with the chairs turned backwards, where we knelt every morning for family prayers. When I was small, it seemed to me that Grandfather blessed everybody and everything, and that we waited a very long time for breakfast. One phrase I especially remember: "Bless the kind hands that prepare our food." As I knelt between my mother and grandmother, I would look at their hands. Grandmother's were wrinkled, stiffened, and swelled at the joints.

There was a big carved side-board, brought in when I was just old enough to remember its being carried into the house. I admired it all my life, and the carved china closet, with its fascinating treasures -- including a mustache cup. Many of the dishes had been brought by my great-grandmother from Australia. We loved to look at them and handle them. Unfortunately, they were so fragile that many of them were broken through the years and are now only a memory to tell about. In the other end of the same room was a wicker couch, a sewing machine, and more rocking chairs. The room was heated by a sturdy coal stove -- later replaced by a Heaterola, and that in turn by a gas

heater. The kitchen was small and inconvenient, though we did have a sink with running water, and a coal range. At the end of an enclosed porch which served as a pantry, was a deep flour bin. I had to stand on tiptoe to look inside. I watched my mother dip into the bin for the flour to make our bread and knead it on a big marble slab.

In the hallway, near the front door, was a stairway leading to the upper floor. At the top hung a large picture of a great-great-grandfather, Amasa Mason Lyman, the first President of the Quorum-of-Twelve in the L.D.S. church. We were always taught that he was a great man and that we should be proud of him. He had a fringe of whiskers around his chin, and a twinkle in his eye. Although he was a very important man, he looked friendly and pleasant. It was not hard to like this ancestor.

Upstairs were three large bedrooms, and a big bathroom, heated only by the chimney from downstairs. My bed was against the wall where the chimney went up, so that I could put my feet against it during the freezing winter months.

The yard directly in front of the house was in lawn. At the south side of the lawn was a grape arbor, where we used to play and have our doll house in the shade. When I was little, there was a swing for me in the grape arbor; and a high one, in the crab apple tree when I was older. The grass on the north side of the lawn grew very tall, and was good for playing hide-and-seek. But we were scolded when we beat it down so that Grandfather could not cut it with his scythe.

In the back yard was a wash house, and an orchard, and a garden plot, and a big barn. All the vegetables and fruit we needed grew in our yard; and, before my time, the barn housed horses, and cows, and pigs, and livestock. I remember only one cow and a few chickens. I used to help gather the eggs, and once I tasted the warm milk just as it came from the cow.

My Aunt Ruth, mother's youngest sister, was still at home and had many admirers. One of her boy friends became interested in my mother, and brought me small gifts, too. I used to sit in Mother's upstairs bedroom window while she was getting ready for her date and watch for him. When I saw him coming, I would run as fast as I could to meet him. Once I tripped at the top of the stairs and tumbled down. He saw me and rushed in the door and up the steps to catch me. But I rolled between his legs and fell to the bottom. Mother came running after me, -- not fully clothed. She must have been a pretty sight in her embroidered petticoats and lacy camisole, for she always wore beautiful clothes.

When I was three years old, Mother and Sheldon Gray were married, and we moved into an apartment of our own, and later to Lehi, near his parents. But my Aunt Iva and Uncle George Chase had no children of their own, and wanted me to live with them. They would take me to their house for weeks at a time, and treated me as their own. I now had three homes: Grandmother's, Aunt Iva's, and Mother's; and it was hard to tell where I was most welcome. The next year, Jeanette was born.

The year I entered school, we moved back to Grandmother's place, and remained there till I was grown. Of all the cousins, I was closest to our Grandparents. I would sit at the top of the stairs every morning and wait for Grandfather to carry me down, on his back. It was a sad day when he said: "Dolly, you are too big; I can't carry you anymore." (All the girls in his household were called Dolly.) Grandmother taught me many practical things: to be orderly; to save money; to be industrious; and to be well-mannered. But best of all I loved to hear her sing. Sometimes Grandfather would join her. They sang love songs, home songs, patriotic songs, and ballads. One of our favorites was "Down In the Diving Bell." She also sang a sad song about a bride who was playing hide-and-seek in a castle. She closed herself into an old chest; and though the wedding guests hunted and hunted, they did not find her for many years. Every time I listened, I hoped they would find her this time, but they never did. I sometimes cried because it was so sad.

I was often my Grandmother's companion. When Grandfather went to Stake Presidents meeting, Grandmother and I went to a movie. When he went to Salt Lake on business, we went to town to shop and see a theater. I went with them to church conferences in Salt Lake, and also to Grantsville and Vernon. I don't remember the speakers or their texts, but I haven't forgotten the social gatherings that followed. When Grandmother went to her canyon cabin to escape her attacks of hayfever, I was usually the lucky grandchild to go with her. It was fun to pack a picnic, hike in the hills, and make friends with the chipmunks. It was also fun to blow out the gas lantern and race for bed before the light faded. Grandmother had an old-fashioned phonograph that had to be wound up by hand before it would play, and a treddle sewing machine to piece quilt blocks. Grandfather used to tease her about cutting up good material, and sewing it together again, but he was proud of her handwork. She taught me to piece quilts, too, and to knit and crochet. She won prizes at the State Fair for her knitted shawls -- 100 of them! And years later I, too, won recognition for my sewing and for my knitting.

For Decoration Day, Grandfather took the children to the canyons to gather tubs of wild flowers to arrange for the cemetery. We had many graves to decorate, for our pioneer ancestors were buried in the Tooele cemetery, especially the Lyman relatives. The Tooele cemetery was considered a model for other towns to follow. Conference speakers praised Tooele for planting shrubs and flowers in the cemetery. It was all a-bloom on Decoration Day, with lilacs and bridal-wreath and snowballs and spring bulbs. Many visitors came to Tooele on that day, and Mother had a feast prepared for them: baked ham, fried chicken, salad, cakes, and ice cream. It was a gathering time for all the Lyman relatives.

For McBride reunions and weddings and funerals, Grandmother and Grandfather went to Fillmore, where they had both lived as children. I often went with them, though it was a long way. We stayed in the little old-fashioned house where my Great-Grandfather McBride had lived, and I climbed a steep stairway to the attic to sleep in a big, soft feather bed. I appreciated these trips to Fillmore, and getting acquainted with the McBrides who lived there.

Grandmother had an electric car, brought to her mother from England when Great-Grandfather Lyman returned from serving as Mission President in that country. The car was black and almost square, with high windows all around, and a lamp on each side. The back and front were almost alike. One seat went across the back where Grandmother sat and steered with a stick across her lap. The other passengers sat beside her or on single seats facing her. The car had solid rubber tires and a maximum speed of fifteen miles per hour. But we would coax Grandma to take it to the top of Cemetery Hill and let it coast down as fast as it would roll. The hard tires and the poorly-graveled roads made it seem a wild adventure, and we would squeal with delight, betting that we were making thirty miles at least. Periodically, the car had to be re-charged with electricity, an all-day job with a special machine, with a bulb on top and weird flashing lights. It must have been very expensive, too.

And so I grew up in my Grandfather's household, and enjoyed special attention as a favorite grandchild. Sheldon was always as good to me as though I had been his own daughter and loved me just as he did Jeanette. But the McBride circle was much larger than our own immediate family; it included all the cousins and uncles and aunts, and anyone else who could claim relationship.

When Jeanette and one of the cousins had scarlet fever, Mother isolated them in the "Little House" and nursed them there. I was sent next door to stay with Aunt Nell and Uncle Pete Droubay and their children. He had a grocery store, and brought candy and cookies for us to wrap as surprises for the patients. We were supposed to leave the goodies on the steps, but were soon exchanging notes. When Mother found out about the notes, she cried, fearing that we were all exposed to scarlet fever.

One special treat was to visit Aunt Ida McBride at the other end of town. She entertained us with boxes of buttons and gave us bits of ribbon and lace, which seemed like treasures to us. We admired her hand-painted china and loved her because she was clever When Uncle Lyman was home, he played the piano and sang, and we all joined in the music. They had a cuckoo clock that fascinated us; and when it was time to go home, we begged to see the bird once more.

Many times I stayed with Aunt LaVern Gibbs in Salt Lake. She was always laughing and gay and making fun. Many of the family stayed at her house while going to school in Salt Lake, or when someone was in the hospital. Uncle George would hold me on his lap and read stories to me. He always had dried prunes or dates or other health foods that we didn't often have at home.

Aunt Iva and Uncle George Chase moved to Payson when I was about six, and I spent part of each summer with them. By this time, they had a son of their own, but they always treated me as a daughter, taking me on trips with them to Grand Canyon, Bryce, and Yellowstone. If it had not been for them, I might not have been able to go to college, because of the expense. But Aunt Iva invited me to live with them and commute to the B.Y. in Provo. Grandfather offered to pay my tuition. I was fortunate, indeed, to have relatives like this!

The first day I was at the B.Y., I met Verl Whiting. He said later that he knew that first day that I was the girl he wanted to marry; but I didn't know it until my senior year. We were married the day after I was graduated. That, of course, is another story. I will just say that we have a happy and loving family, and pray always that we may be worthy of the blessings we have received.

OUR LYMAN ANCESTORS

Rhoda Alice Lyman was in the tenth generation of Lymans in America, a descendant of Richard Lyman the immigrant, and his wife Sarah Osborne. Extravagant claims have been made for the Lyman Lineage, with descent traced from medieval royalty, and even through Bible "begats" to Adam himself, the basis for these claims being Lyman Coleman's Genealogy of the Lyman Family, published in 1872. Careful research, however, has failed to substantiate any connection between Henry Lyman of Navistoke and the Lambert family through which Coleman supposedly proved descent. Recognized genealogists now reject Coleman's history of the family in England, but accept most of his records for the descendants of Richard Lyman in America. From data now available, the following seems to be an accurate record of our family:

Henry Lyman, the father of our immigrant ancestor, lived in Navistoke and High Ongar, Essex, England, and was buried in Navistoke in 1605. He was probably the son of Henry and Joan Lyman, who also lived in Navistoke. Henry m. (1) Elizabeth Rande, daughter of Peter Rande and granddaughter of William Rande, as evidenced by Peter Rande's will. (See The American Genealogist, July, 1954.) Henry and Elizabeth (Rande) Lyman had several children, including a son Richard, baptized at High Ongar, 30 Oct. 1580. Elizabeth was buried at High Ongar 15 April 1587; and Henry m. (2) 15 June 1587, Phillis, whose maiden name is sometimes given as Stane and other times as Scott. She had at least three children -- including a son Henry who came to America, but died without posterity. As the widow of Henry Lyman, she m. (2) William Green of Luton.

Richard (1) Lyman, baptized at High Ongar, Essex, England, 30 Oct. 1580. d. Aug. 1640, in Hartford, Conn. m. in England, Sarah Osborne, daughter of Roger Osborne of Halstead, Kent, England. They had nine children, four of whom died young. In 1631, with their five surviving children, Richard and Sarah arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, settled for a time in Charleston, and then joined the Hooker party for the historical trek through the wilderness to settle in Connecticut. Many records for their descendants are available, our own line briefly traced as follows:

Richard (2) Lyman (1617/8-1662) Lived in Windsor, Conn., and Northampton, Mass. m. 1640, Hepzibah Ford, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Chard) Ford.

Richard (3) Lyman (1647-1708) Lived at Northampton and Lebanon, Conn. m. 1675, Elizabeth Coles, daughter of John Coles (Cowles) of Hatfield.

Richard (4) Lyman (1678-1746) Lived at Lebanon, Conn. m. 1700 Mary Woodward, daughter of John and Ann (Dewey) Woodward.

John (5) Lyman (1711-1781) Lived in Lebanon, Conn. m. (1) Hannah Birchard, who d. 1746. He m. (2) 1747, Mary Strong, daughter of Phineas and Mary (Parker) Strong.

Elias (6) Lyman (1754-1787) Lived in Lebanon, Conn., and in Lebanon, N. H. m. Ruth Griswold, daughter of John and Ruth (Hewett) Griswold.

Roswell (7) Lyman (1785-) Lived in Vermont, and in Lyman, N. H. m. 1810, Martha Mason, daughter of Perez and Lois (Barney) Mason. They had five children. Roswell and his brother Elias left their families to find lands in New York State, at the time the Erie Canal was being constructed. The last letter their families received said that one man had died of smallpox, and when nothing more was heard from then, it was believed that they had both died of the disease. Records for Roswell's family are not included in the Lyman genealogy, but are found in the Samson Mason Genealogy.

Amasa Mason (8) Lyman b. 30 March 1813, at Lyman -- now Monroe-- N. H. d. 4 Feb. 1877, in Fillmore, Utah. m. (1) 30 June 1835, in Kirtland, Ohio, Louisa Maria Tanner, daughter of John and Lydia (Stewart) Tanner. She was b. 28 Nov. 1818, at Bolton, Warren County, N. Y., and d. 3 May 1906, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is buried in Tooele, Utah.
Children of Amasa Mason and Louisa Maria (Tanner) Lyman:

1. Matilda Lyman b. 11 Nov. 1836, at Kirtland, Ohio. d. 24 March 1903, at Greenville, Utah. m. Isaac Philo Carter.
2. Francis Marion Lyman b. 12 Jan. 1840, at Goodhope, Ill. d. 18 Nov. 1916, at Salt Lake City, Utah. m. (1) Rhoda Ann Taylor.
3. Ruth Adelia Lyman b. 1 Aug. 1843, at Shokokon, Ill. d. 1848.
4. Amasa Mason Lyman b. 22 Feb. 1846, at Nauvoo, Ill. d. 1937.
5. Maria Louisa Lyman b. 8 May 1849, at Little Cottonwood, Utah. d. 1877. m. (1) William Clayton. m. (2) John Smith Stredder.
6. Lelia Deseret Lyman b. 21 Jan. 1852, at San Bernardino, Calif. d. 1904. m. Edward Bartholomew.
7. Love Josephine Lyman b. 25 April 1854, at San Bernardino, Calif. d. 1940. m. Hyrum Smith Coombs.
8. Agnes Hila Lyman b. 5 Dec. 1857, in San Bernardino, Calif. d. 1881. m. George C. Veile.

Francis Marion (9) Lyman b. 12 Jan. 1840, at Goodhope, Ill. d. 18 Nov. 1916, in Salt Lake City, Utah. m. (1) 18 Nov. 1857, at San Bernardino, Calif., Rhoda Ann Taylor, daughter of James and Ann Stanley (Kingston) Taylor. She was b. 29 Aug. 1840, at New Town Vacy, New South Wales, Australia, and d. 12 March 1917, in Salt Lake City, Utah.
Children of Francis Marion and Rhoda Ann (Taylor) Lyman:

1. Rhoda Alice Lyman b. 26 April 1859, at Beaver, Utah. d. 1942. m. Charles R. McBride.
2. Ellen Taylor Lyman b. 7 Jan. 1861, at Beaver Utah. d. 1881. m. Alfred M. Hanks.
3. Francis Marion Lyman b. 25 Sept. 1863. d. 1957.
4. Edna Jane Lyman b. 8 Sept. 1866, at Fillmore, Utah. d. 1931. m. Daniel Daley Houtz.
5. Louisa Ann Lyman b. 28 Dec. 1868, at Fillmore, Utah. d. 1906. m. William H. King.
6. Mary Crismon Lyman b. 29 July 1871, at Fillmore, Utah. d. 1965 m. Ephraim Gowans.
7. Lois Victoria Lyman b. 17 Sept.1876, at Fillmore, Utah. d. 1966. m. Pharis Wells Dunyon.
8. Ada Alta Lyman b. 4 July 1878, at Tooele, Utah. d. 1881.
9. Hila Olive Lyman b. 25 Jan. 1881, at Tooele, Utah, and d. 21 Jan. 1882.

Amasa Mason Lyman and Francis Marion Lyman

In the lives of Amasa Mason Lyman and his children, a novelist might find material for a great Ameriman epic: a man of powerful character, tremendous personal charm, and loyalty to his ideals, caught up in the history of the emerging West, and torn between devotion to the right as he saw it, and the sorrow that his convictions brought to his children.

As a child, Amasa Lyman lived with his grandparents in Lyman, New Hampshire; and when they died, with his Uncle Parley Mason's family. At nineteen, he joined the Mormon church over the protests of his relatives and left their home to follow a new faith based on revelation and the belief that God communicated directly with His children, -- concepts not unlike those of Emerson and the Transcendentalists of that time. Absorbed in his religion, Lyman travelled throughout the eastern states, proselyting and baptizing converts. He and a companion were well received in Villenova, a small village in Chautauqua County, New York, where they preached in the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. It was here that Amasa baptized members of the McBride family and began a lifelong friendship with Reuben McBride. They both made the 900-mile trek with the Zion's Camp, and became close associates and confidents of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who ordained Lyman an Apostle and appointed him Special Counselor to the First Presidency of the new church.

It was during the persecutions in Missouri in 1844 that Joseph Smith commanded Amasa Lyman to become a polygamist and threatened him with eternal damnation if he refused. In 1835, Lyman had married Louisa Maria Tanner, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a prosperous New York farmer, and they now had three children. However, Lyman was ever obedient to his Prophet, and he secretly married six new wives in a period of sixteen months. Years later, Louisa Maria told her granddaughter, Rhoda Alice Lyman, how Amasa had come home and paced the floor all night. When she insisted on knowing what the trouble was, he finally told her of his other wives and of the widespread practise among the church leaders. At first she stared in disbelief, protesting that she would not live in polygamy, but would leave him. However, she eventually accepted the sister-wives, just as she accepted poverty and the fading hope of a home in which to rear her children.

After the death of Joseph Smith, Lyman transferred his loyalty to Brigham Young and became a powerful leader, serving the Church wherever he was needed most. He went to the southern states to raise money for the Church; he went with Young and the advance scouts to plan the great westward migration; and he left the party before they reached Salt Lake Valley to go to Pueblo to restore order when members of the Mormon Battalion threatened to leave the army and join their homeless families. Lyman rejoined the pioneers in Utah three days after they reached Salt Lake Valley. By this time, his son, Francis Marion Lyman, was nine years old and drove a team of oxen in the long pioneer train, the passengers in his wagon being three of his father's polygamous wives, and his little half-brother.

In Utah, Lyman had so many church responsibilities that his wives were left to shift for themselves. It was Louisa Maria's good fortune that her father and brothers were able to assist her; and when she could she sent supplies to Amasa's other wives, who were living in wagons, floorless cabins, and with neighbors. Their story is one of endless hardships and heroic attempts to support themselves and their children, with only occasional help

from "Brother Lyman." He expressed concern for their plight, but placed his duty to the church before their welfare, so that their condition saw little improvement through the years. They shared what food and clothing they had, helped each other in childbirth, and earned a meager existence by sewing for other women, raising chickens, digging potatoes, clerking in stores, and becoming midwives. And they rejoiced whenever "Brother Lyman" could be with them, or send supplies. In Utah, Amasa also married his eighth wife.

They had been in Utah three years when Amasa Mason Lyman and C. Coulson Rich were instructed to find a site and establish a Mormon community as a halfway station between Salt Lake City and the Pacific coast. Many Mormons were eager to go with them, and they set out in 1851 with 500 followers, 150 wagons, 588 oxen, 336 cows, and horses and mules. Amasa took five of his wives and their children with him; but this time Marion rode his own little mule, Jimmy, and developed an affection for the animal and respect for mules in general.

Rich and Lyman purchased the San Bernardino Ranch, and laid out the city that has grown to be one of the most prosperous in California. From its earliest beginnings, the community flourished, until it began to rival Salt Lake City as a gathering place for Mormons. Marion helped with the building, with raising cattle and horses, and he attended school. He also travelled with his father, who was away much of the time on church business. At fifteen, Marion joined his Tanner uncles in the freighting business, hauling goods from San Pedro to Salt Lake City, and sometimes converts. In 1856, the Widow Taylor and her children from Australia were assigned to his wagon, on their way to Utah. Marion, who was sixteen, over six feet tall, and weighed 184 pounds, fell in love with Rhoda Ann Taylor. They were married in San Bernardino in 1857 -- the same year that the U. S. Army marched on Salt Lake City, and all the Saints were called back to Utah. The ranch was sold at great personal loss by Lyman and Rich; and young Francis Marion was assigned to take his father's families back to Utah, where they settled in scattered places throughout the territory. Rhoda and her mother were living at the home of Bishop Philo T. Farnsworth in Beaver when her first child was born. Marion took Rhoda and the baby to Farmington for a time, but brought them back to Beaver when he and his father were called on a mission to England. He built them a one-room log cabin, with a sound roof and a floor, glass windows and a fireplace. Then he set out for Europe in a borrowed coat, leaving his wife and child without food or money. Rhoda's second child was born two months after he left for England; and it seemed that she, like her mother-in-law, had married into a life of poverty.

From 1832 to 1862, Amasa Mason Lyman travelled constantly for the Mormon Church, in America and in Europe, one assignment following another for thirty years. Since the Church provided little financial assistance for its leaders, his families were left to support themselves as best they could. When Lyman returned from Europe with his son in 1862, hoping to establish homes for his wives, and to build financial security, his health was failing and he was without funds. The business ventures he attempted brought limited success; but his magnetic personality and his ability to sway crowds with his rhetoric, insured his popularity among his associates, and he was elected to the Territorial Legislature for ten years.

Francis Marion Lyman accepted church responsibilities just as his father had always done; but he was determined to be financially independent. Long before, he had praised his mother's frugality, but deplored the poverty in which she lived. His father's overwhelming debts made the son resolve never to borrow money or to sign notes. When they returned to Fillmore, Marion helped to build a house for his father, and a small one for himself; and he did whatever he could to earn money: digging potatoes on shares, threshing, drying peaches to sell, -- anything. Then he turned again to driving a mule team across the desert, a route so difficult that horses died on the way, and only mules could make the haul -- mules, and a man of powerful physique. After sixteen trips he had acquired mules of his own and a share in the business. Then he tried other ventures, sometimes with his father, raising livestock, milling, merchandising. He opened a store in a neighboring town, supplied beef to a market in Nevada, and bargained for cattle in Texas. He bought shares in the Fillmore Co-op; he owned a large barn, a granary, coops, and sheds; and he practised law. He also held public offices, serving at different times as Assistant Assessor, County Clerk and Recorder, Prosecuting Attorney, Superintendent of Schools, and Representative to the Territorial Legislature, and to the Constitutional Convention. He also advanced through various positions in the Church, till he was a member of the Stake High Council. Like other church leaders, he had taken a polygamous wife and now maintained two homes in Fillmore. At thirty-three, when he was again called on a mission, he was a respected citizen and a successful businessman; and he had never borrowed money or bought on time. Instead, he had loaned money to others.

In the meantime, Amasa Mason Lyman had run into difficulties with the church authorities, who charged that he had "preached false doctrine" at a conference in Dundee, Scotland, some five years earlier. Having been among the foremost leaders of the Church ever since Joseph Smith had ordained him an Apostle in 1842, Amasa had full confidence in his own understanding of the Gospel, and refused to admit that he had been in error, though he tried to be tactful in his defense. When he continued to preach in the same vein, he was dropped from his position as an Apostle in 1867; and when he still remained adamant, he was declared an apostate and excommunicated from the Church in 1870, much to the despair of his family. Amasa was shocked and bitter over the stern measures of the authorities, but he continued to attend services, to address the congregation, and to gather young people around him for religious instruction. Some of his admirers respected his stand, while others urged him to ask forgiveness for his errors. Louisa Maria and her children were as devoted as ever, and cared for Amasa as his health failed. Like the model of Emerson's Self-Reliance, Amasa remained steadfast in his convictions, and died without trying to reestablish himself in the church that had rejected him after a lifetime of service. At his own request he was buried in a black suit rather than Temple garments; and his lifelong friend, Reuben McBride, was one of the speakers at his funeral.

Amasa Mason Lyman was survived by seven wives, twenty-nine children, and numerous grandchildren scattered throughout the West, some of whom had left the Mormon church. The position of the polygamous wives was nothing short of tragic; for outside the Mormon church they had no legal status as wives; and in it, they could attain salvation only through a husband holding the priesthood. Some had rejected Amasa as an apostate, and now sought ways to insure their own positions. One had been recognized as a wife of Joseph Smith before her marriage to Amasa; and two more now had themselves

"sealed to the Prophet" and used the name Smith in Temple rites at St. George. They and their families remained true to the Gospel, while they denounced Amasa as too stubborn and proud to humble himself before the authorities. Through their own faith they now received the divine guidance they needed so badly.

The journals of these people recount numerous "faith-promoting experiences." Spirits of deceased relatives returned to bless and guide them; while evil spirits were powerless to influence them. "An audible voice" told one where to locate his family, while another upbraided him for not building the Kingdom of God. A wife pushed away her dinner plate, explaining that her father had just died -- at that precise moment, as the family later learned. A granddaughter announced one day that her missionary father was in Bristol, without previously knowing there was such a city or that her father had been sent there.

However, the best manifestation of all came through one of Amasa's daughters, whose history of epilepsy did not prevent her from being chosen to convey her father's message to his children. Some twenty years after his death, Amasa appeared to her in a dream, calling for help and telling her he was weary of black clothes and wanted to be with his wives and children, whom he loved. He instructed her to enlist the assistance of her half-brother, for Marion was now an Apostle himself and in a position of influence. She repeated the details of the dream to her family, over and over till there was no doubt as to Amasa's desires; and she repeated them once again when the family and church authorities had gathered for her mother's funeral in 1908. All agreed that Amasa was seeking forgiveness at last; and Marion began the process of humbling his father posthumously, declaring officially that a severe mental breakdown had been responsible for Amasa's veering from the truth in his later years, and that he was pleading for forgiveness from the spirit world. On January 12, 1909, in the Salt Lake Temple, Amasa Mason Lyman was restored to all his positions of honor in the Church, much to the satisfaction of his faithful descendants, who could once again take their place beside a leader in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Soon after his father's death in 1877, Francis Marion Lyman was instructed to dispose of his interests in Fillmore and move to Tooele as Stake President, but with the special assignment of restoring order to the political scene. Non-Mormons from neighboring mines had used repeaters and travellers to stuff the ballot boxes in two elections, bringing carpet-baggers to power. Now Lyman rode his mule to all the settlements in the area to make sure every Mormon went to the polls in 1878. When the incumbents were delcared winners, he challenged the results, went to court, and secured a ruling in favor of the Mormons. Still the usurpers would not vacate their offices -- not until they encountered the 280-pound Lyman towering in the doorway.

Lyman was elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he served as Speaker of the House, perhaps the most important position a Mormon could hold; for the Governor, the Secretary, and the Judges were all appointed by the President of the United States, and were usually carpetbaggers. Lyman was often under personal attack by the outsiders, but maintained dignity and unyielding determination. He once said: "Great men never get mad," and he had the same sentiments about undue fear and excitement.

However, Utah's Political troubles were just beginning. Ugly stories persisted in the East of Utah harems, and of the Danites; and after twenty years, the horrors of the Mountain Meadow Massacre were not forgotten. Congressmen in Washington were determined to stamp out polygamy, and the entire Mormon church if necessary. The Edmund Act, passed in 1882, was only the first of a series of anti-Mormon bills, confiscating church monies and property; depriving some 21,000 Mormons of the right to vote, to hold office, or to serve on juries; and throwing over 1,000 polygamists in prison. With warrants out for their arrest, church leaders fled to foreign countries, or hid out among friends, meeting secretly to transact church business; while polygamous wives were sent to neighboring states, or to Canada, or to Mexico, to escape the watchful eyes of law enforcement agents.

Lyman, who had been made an Apostle in 1880, and who now had three wives, was thought to be in Mexico, though he actually spent most of his time in Salt Lake City or in his own attic in Tooele, welcoming the time to read and study. Whenever he left home, he travelled at night, in an open buggy, with his son-in-law, Charles R. McBride, who had also moved his family to Tooele. Lyman preached openly in Grantsville, and made a surprise appearance at the dedication of the Manti Temple to bolster morale among the despondent Saints. By shaving off his beard, he was able to travel unrecognized to visit his father's families in southern Utah, and to New Mexico, and Colorado, and Idaho. When the hysteria had somewhat subsided and punishment for polygamists relaxed, he gave himself up for trial, was fined $200, and sentenced to eighty-five days in prison, in 1889.

By 1890, it was clear the Church was fighting a losing battle, and that polygamy would not be tolerated in the United States, or in Canada, or in Mexico. President Wilford Woodruff resolved to save the Church at all costs, and sent emissaries to Washington to work out a compromise with President Cleveland. The immediate effect of their agreement was to abolish polygamy and open the way for Utah statehood, with full rights of citizenship for Mormons, and a peaceful and prosperous future for the Church.

Wilford Woodruff issued his historic Manifesto in 1890, bringing an end to polygamy in the Mormon church. Whatever anguish and dismay it caused to others, the Manifesto was received with rejoicing by the women of one household. Rhoda Lyman was busy in the kitchen, with her daughter Alice McBride, and Marion's aged mother, when a neighbor burst in with the news. The older women threw their arms around Alice and wept for joy that she would never have to endure the anguish of seeing her husband bring home another wife. Each of them had married young, only to have their dreams destroyed by polygamy. They had respected the other women, and sympathized with them, but they had lived in bitterness. Rhoda had begged to return to her mother in Australia; but when she was told she could not take her children with her, she had remained in Utah. Now she and her mother-in-law were overjoyed that her daughters would never have to live in polygamy.

Polygamists were no longer eligible to hold office in Utah, but the people of Tooele elected Lyman's son-in-law, Charles R. McBride to the House of Representatives in 1893. Before he could take office, McBride had to swear that he had only one wife, that he would obey the laws concerning bigamy, and that he would not teach or council others to practise polygamy.

Lyman now devoted his time to the Church, and was called in 1901 to preside over the European Mission. This time Rhoda went with him. His work took him to all parts of Europe, and to Egypt and the Holy Land. During his absence, the authorities in Utah elevated him to be President of the Quorum of Twelve, one of the highest offices in the Church, and one which he held the rest of his life. In 1904 he and Rhoda returned to Salt Lake City to make their home, and he began to bring his personal life to a close. He consolidated masses of genealogical records he had been gathering for years, and made provisions for his family to continue the work. He gave his children extensive advice on the ordering of their lives, their business transactions, and the urgency of keeping out of debt. He owned four cemetery lots in Tooele, where he had buried one wife and several children. He now placed a thirteen-ton granite monument on the cross-walks, where they came together. He and Rhoda were both in poor health, but assured each other that they had done well so far in life and would continue. The last entry in his thirty-eight volume journal was: "Improving slightly."

On November 18, 1916, Francis M. Lyman died, and all the Church mourned. Ten thousand people crowded into the great Tabernacle for his funeral, and the leading church authorities paid tribute to him. Then the casket was taken to Tooele by train, with six railroad coaches to carry the mourners.

In Tooele, Lyman's oldest grandson had taught his children to be proud of their great-grandfather. They had heard him admonish the people to righteousness; and he had visited in their home. The children stood in awe of the huge bearded man, finding him humorless and overwhelming; but they understood how important he was in the Church, and how all the people depended on him, and honored him. Ida McBride gave her thirteen-year-old daughter permission to attend the services in Tooele, though there would be too many people at Grandmother's home for children to go there. Following her mother's instructions, she went alone to the church, long before time for the services, saw the farm horses hauling hayracks filled with flowers, and found a seat in the chapel, near the back. She saw the great polished casket carried in, and watched for her parents and grandparents in the long line of mourners who filed down the aisle, mostly strangers to her. The seats filled rapidly, and an usher came to clear additional space for the family. She protested that she, too, was family, only to be hurried out of her place for strangers. She stood in the back of the church, with townspeople she knew, and listened to bearded men laud her great-grandfather. When a woman asked where her great-grandmother was, she repeated what she had been told: That Grandma Lyman was not well enough to come. The woman retorted: "I know better. She is at your grandmother's house, but wouldn't come when she heard the other wife was here from Fillmore."

As the mourners left the chapel, Ida McBride found her daughter and took her to the cemetery with the family. There the flowers covered all four cemetery lots, including the grave of Marion's mother, Louisa Maria Tanner Lyman. A portable organ had been brought for John McClelland, the Tabernacle organist; and Willard Weihe was there with his violin. The air was filled with music, and the girl watched as Willard Weihe threw back his

head and played with his eyes closed -- the man who would later be her own teacher. The burial was appropriate for a great leader of the Church, a man who had followed in his father's footsteps as an Apostle, and had been true to his charge of caring for all his father's descendants, and won the respect and admiration of Mormon and non-Mormon alike.

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Personal knowledge of Virginia McBride.

FRANCIS MARION LYMAN / Louisa Maria Tanner / Lydia Stewart

Amasa Mason Lyman / Martha Mason / John Tanner / Thankful Tefft / William Stewart / Amy Hutton

Roswell Lyman / Elias Lyman / Ruth Griswold / Perez Mason / Martha Barney / Joshua Tanner / Thankful Tefft / William Stewart / Amy Hutton

Elias Lyman	John Lyman	Richard Lyman	Richard Lyman & Elizabeth Coles
		Mary Woodward	John Woodward & Anna Dewey
	Mary Strong	Phineas Strong	Joseph Strong & Sarah Allen
		Mary Parker	
Ruth Griswold	John Griswold	John Griswold	Samuel Griswold & S. Huntington
		Susannah Sanders	John Sanders & Susannah Thompson
	Ruth Hewett	John Hewett	Solomon Hewett & Sarah Waterman *
		Ruth Gifford	Samuel Gifford & Mary Caulkins
Perez Mason	John Mason	Pelatiah Mason	Sampson Mason & Mary Butterworth
		Hepsibeth Brooks	Timothy Brooks & Mary Russell
	Zerviah Ormsby	Ezra Ormsby	Thomas Ormsby & Mary Fitch
		Mary Salisbury	Cornelius Salisbury & Mercy
Martha Barney	Joseph Barney	Joseph Barney	Joseph Barney & Constance Davis
		Joanna Martin	John Martin & Mercy Hayward
	Lois Martin	Edward Martin	Ephraim Martin & Thankful Bullock
		Martha Washburn	Jonathan Washburn * & Mary Vaughn
Joshua Tanner	Francis Tanner	William Tanner	
		Elizabeth Colgrove	Francis Colgrove & Anna
	Elizabeth Sheldon	Isaac Sheldon	John Sheldon
		Susanna Potter	Thomas Potter & Susanna Tripp
Thankful Tefft	William Tefft	Joseph Tefft	John Tefft & Joanna Sprague
		Esther Brownell	Thomas Brownell & Esther Taber *
	Mary Kenyon	David Kenyon	John Kenyon
William Stewart			
Amy Hutton			

* Of Mayflower Descent

ANCESTORS OF FRANCIS MARION LYMAN

* 36,484 R I C H A R D W A R R E N

36,262 ABIGAIL WARREN
m. Anthony Snow
31,697 SARAH SNOW
m. Joseph Waterman
75,315 SARAH WATERMAN
m. Solomon Hewett
56,209 JOHN HEWETT
m. Ruth Gifford
56,214 RUTH HEWETT
m. John Griswold
54,373 RUTH GRISWOLD
m. Elias Lyman
61,380 ROSWELL LYMAN

36,494 SARAH WARREN m. 8,599 JOHN COOKE

8,618 MARY COOKE
m. Philip Taber
33,813 ESTHER TABER
m. Thomas Brownell
5,657 ESTHER BROWNELL
m. Joseph Tefft
34,115 WILLIAM TEFFT
m. Mary Kenyon
73,023 THANKFUL TEFFT
m. Joshua Tanner
72,872 JOHN TANNER
m. Lydia Stewart ø
72,873 LOUISA MARIA TANNER

8,572 F R A N C I S C O O K E

8,594 JANE COOKE
m. Experionce Mitchell
23,698 ELIZABETH MITCHELL
m. John Washburn
36,664 JONATHAN WASHBURN
m. Mary Vaughn
36,711 MARTHA WASHBURN
m. Edward Martin
22,844 LOIS MARTIN
m. Joseph Barney
2,305 MARTHA BARNEY
m. Perez Mason
61,907 MARTHA MASON

. . . . . .

61,380 ROSWELL LYMAN m. 61,907 MARTHA MASON

61,370 AMASA MASON LYMAN m. 72,873 LOUISA MARIA TANNER

61,373 FRANCIS MARION LYMAN m. Rhoda Ann Taylor

61,379 RHODA ALICE LYMAN m. Charles Reuben McBride

* Identifying numbers from the Mayflower Index
ø According to the Tanner Genealogy, Lydia Stewart was descended through her mother, Amy Hutton, from Miles Standish, though this line seems not to be verified.

LYMAN DESCENT FROM THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS, RICHARD WARREN AND FRANCIS COOKE

The Kingstons and the Taylors

Rhoda Ann Taylor was a daughter of James and Ann Stanley (Kingston) Taylor, and a granddaughter of Samuel and Ann (Stanley) Kingston. Her people had gone to Australia from England and from Ireland during the trying period of colonization, when the British sent into exile everyone whose political convictions differed from those of the party in control. Historically, Irishmen had always been ready to fight the English, no matter what faction was in power, and large numbers of them were seized and herded aboard ship for deportation to the colonies without any kind of hearing or trial. Many families lost sons or daughters and were never able to trace them. In Australia the captives were placed under government agents, with armies maintaining control. Whether the Kingstons went to Australia as captives, or as government agents, or with the armies has not been determined. We do know that Samuel Kingston and his wife were both born in Cork, Ireland, and were living there when at least three of their children were born. We also know that Samuel Kingston received a grant of land in Australia and prospered there. The family may have been Catholic, as most people in Cork were, for their granddaughter was sent to a Catholic school in Australia. As for James Taylor, we understand that he came to Australia as a cabin boy on an English vessel, and remained there.

The meager information we have about our Australian ancestors is based on family tradition and stories told to her children by Rhoda Ann (Taylor) Lyman; on letters her grandchildren received from their cousins in Australia; and on data collected by her grandson, W. Grover McBride, in 1909, when he visited his relatives in their homes in Australia.

After the death of James Taylor, his widow and six children sailed for California as converts to the Mormon church, arriving in 1856. By the time they reached San Pedro, the eldest son James had reconsidered and was determined to return to Australia. The story is told that the family was bidding him goodbye at the dock, and just before the gangplank was raised, he grabbed his six-year-old sister and carried her aboard. Horrified, the mother watched the ship sail away, carrying two of her children. The rest of the family lived for a time in San Bernardino, and when the Mormons abandoned that city, moved to Beaver, Utah. The three daughters married in America; but the widow and her son Samuel became disillusioned and returned to Australia.

The Kingston Family

Samuel Kingston b. abt. 1760, in Cork, Ireland. d. 17 July 1852, in Patterson, N.S.W., Australia. m. in Ireland, Ann Stanley. She was b. 1771, in Cork, Ireland, and d. 17 Sept. 1844, in Patterson, N.S.W., Australia.

Children of Samuel and Ann (Stanley) Kingston:

1. Ellen Kingston b. 1802, in Cork, Ireland. d. in Canada. m. Mr. Seymour.
2. Susan Kingston. b. 1804, in Cork, Ireland. d. in Ireland. m. Mr. Haggerty.
3. Ann Stanley Kingston b. 1 May 1806. in Cork, Ireland. d. Oct. 1888, in Vacey, N.S.W., Australia. m. in Australia, James Taylor. (see below)
4. Richard Kingston b. 1808. d. 1821.
5. Amelia Kingston b. 1810. m. James Bignell.
6. Lydia Kingston b. 1812. m. (1) Mr. Baines. m. (2) Alex Smith. She had six children.
7. Samuel Kingston b. 1818. d. 5 Feb. 1873. He probably married and lived in Australia; for his niece, Rhoda Ann Taylor, lived with "Aunt and Uncle Kingston" while she attended school.

The Taylor Family

James Taylor b. 18 April 1797, in Hereford, Herefordshire, England. d. 13 April 1850, at Patterson, N.S.W., Australia. m. in Australia, Ann Stanley Kingston, daughter of Samuel and Ann (Stanley) Kingston. (see above)

Children of James and Ann Stanley (Kingston) Taylor, all born at Patterson, N.S.W., Australia:

1. James Taylor b. May 1836. d. 8 May 1888, in Australia. m. 24 June 1858, at Vacey, N.S.W., Ann McEwan. They had twelve children, all born at Vacey.
2. Samuel Taylor b. 24 May 1838. d. 24 Nov. 1862. Unmarried.
3. Rhoda Ann Taylor b. 29 Aug. 1840. d. 12 March 1917, in Salt Lake City, Utah. m. 18 Nov. 1857, at San Bernardino, California, Francis M. Lyman. They had nine children.
4. Ellen Taylor b. 13 March 1843. d. 15 Jan.1922, in Salt Lake City, Utah. m. Jutson Hollibut Button. Many of their descendants live in Washington County, Utah.
5. Lydia Jane Taylor b. 22 June 1845. d. 29 Aug. 1922, in Salt Lake City, Utah. m. John A. Johnson.
6. Susan Comfort Taylor b. 6 Nov. 1849. d. Sept. 1921, in Australia. m. in Australia, Alfred Parker.

When Mary (Lyman) Gowans, a daughter of Rhoda Ann (Taylor) Lyman, was seventy-seven years old, she wrote a romantic story of her grandparents, for her own granddaughter. This is her story:

Denver, 1948

To my very dear granddaughter, Mary Patricia Beal:

While my memory is fresh, Patricia darling, I want to tell you the story of your great-great-grandfather, James Taylor, and his wife, Ann Stanley Kingston.

Jimmie was born long ago on April 18, 1797, in Herefordshire, England. As a boy he used to play about the great wharfs where his uncle had a shipping vessel. He loved the sea and boats. He longed to travel and begged his uncle to take him on a trip. When he was fourteen years old his chance came, and as cabin boy he sailed away to far off Australia. The boat, a sailing vessel, took three or four months to make the voyage. Jimmie loved and enjoyed the great adventure, though he longed at times for home and mother. Time passed and he returned.

Again the uncle was ready for another trip. After much persuasion he again gave consent to take his nephew and also a boy companion. It was a great lark for the two lively lads; and though at times they wearied of the many tasks, it was fun. After the cargo was disposed of, time came to return. But the uncle could not find Jimmie and his pal, hunt and search as he might. It became necessary to ship without them, and a disappointed uncle returned to England.

What do you think these two adventurous boys, full of ambition to be on their own, did? In spite of youth and little training, they found work, Jimmie as a stable boy to a rich, fashionable family. He loved horses and was soon given complete charge of the stables. There were many servants in this fine home; and one, a sweet Irish lass, the lady's maid, soon attracted the English stable boy. Many were the times these two met clandestinely and in due time declared their love and were married. Within a short time they were able to buy a small plot of land and start a home.

This Irish lass, with eyes of blue, was your great-great-grandmother, Ann Stanley Kingston Taylor. Ann was born in Cork, Ireland, May 1st, 1806. She came of poor parents and when only sixteen years old found work in a titled family as maid to the daughter of the house. Soon she was taken as lady's maid by the young bride and sailed away to far off Australia. She was far from home in a strange land among strangers. Do you wonder, Pattie dear, that she found the handsome lad who drove the carriages for her master and mistress a welcome friend, soon to become a sweetheart, and finally the man of her choice who became her husband?

Located on that small farm with a determination to make good, they accumulated a family and various possessions. As sheep were easily grown, the young Taylors soon prospered, became sheep owners, and added gradually land holdings. Grandfather loved horses and would ride with skill and pride about his steadily growing farm. One day on a trip of inspection

over farm and herds, he was caught in a terrible thunder storm that resulted in a disastrous flood of the river. He tried to ford the raging stream, but was washed from his horse and drowned. The horse swam and returned to the stable, all wet and mud-covered, mute evidence of the terrible tragedy.

A young widow with six orphaned children, Grandmother in faith and hope accepted the message of the Mormon missionaries, joined a party of Saints, and sailed for the U.S.A., landing in San Pedro, California, after three months on the mighty Pacific. They arrived on the Jennie Ford, in August of 1856.

You know, Patricia darling, if I don't tell these stories of your forbears, I fear you may never know of their hopes, loves, sorrows, and joys. Perhaps you may not care, but I'll try to carry on and briefly record the stories my sweet little mother told to me, and you can tell them to your granddaughter. How about it?

When James Taylor, the runaway English cabin boy, married the pretty Irish lady's maid, Ann, they went out in the country and acquired a piece of land and built a small house. Soon their first son, James, Jr., was born. Two years later Rhoda Ann, a black-haired hazel-eyed little daughter came along. She it was, Pattie, who became my mother and your great-grandmother. Rhoda's was a very happy childhood. A great farm, fine horses, a nice comfortable home gave her a wonderful chance for happiness and development.

As she was a very bright child, it was soon necessary to find better facilities for her schooling. Aunt and Uncle Kingston lived some few miles in the city. Here Rhoda Ann was sent to a Catholic Girls School, going each Monday morning on her little pony, boarding with the Kingstons, and returning home on Friday. Returning home one day, she was gaily galloping along when a barking dog frightened the horse and she was thrown, striking her forehead on a stone. Passing neighbors rescued her and found a severe cut, making a scar that she carried to her grave. Being an apt pupil and having the good Sisters of Charity as teachers, Rhoda Ann became quite a skilled seamstress, a training that served her and her family through the long years of pioneering.

The Mormon missionaries were working in that field during those years; and though James Taylor was not impressed, after his sudden and tragic death, Mother Taylor entertained and encouraged the missionaries and finally decided to accept the gospel. She and her family, James, Jr., Rhoda Ann, Jane, Ellen, Samuel, and Susan, were baptized and emigrated to the U.S.A., landing at San Pedro, California.