"In the spring of 1894 Mother and our family went to Deming, New Mexico, to meet Father. I think Father came for us and I think we went through Hachita," recounted Herman.[3]

"The customs house at Palamas, south of Deming, had been closed because of a raid by the Apaches, and we were compelled to go to El Paso, Texas, to enter Mexico, adding a hundred fifty miles or more to the trip," wrote Rosel.[15]

Freeman noted that after leaving El Paso they came to the sand hills. Many times the wagon had to be pushed to help the team through the sand. They traveled several weeks.[7]

Maria's version was that after arriving in Old Mexico they first camped on the river bank below Colonia Juarez. Then they went to Colonia Juarez in the mountains. They had a difficult time getting up the old San Diego Road at a place called "The Hump." There it was necessary to unload the wagon and carry the contents up to the top and reload the wagon.[14]

Geneva remembered that they arrived in Pecheco 7 April 1894.[11]

Upon learning that William C. Prows took part of his family from Mesa, Arizona, into Mexico the spring of 1894 it looks as if they and the Cooleys might have traveled together. It seems reasonable that one wagon would not travel alone in that yet untamed land.[19]

CHAPTER SIX

PECHECO

Pecheco, named for a famous Mexican general, was a picturesque spot in the Corrales basin seven thousand feet above sea level. It was the headwaters of Pecheco and Juarez rivers. Good timber was in the area but not a lot of farmland. It was an area inviting to cattlemen. People had three-and-a-half to five acre lots. It was organized as a ward in Juarez Stake in 1891. Jesse N. Smith was biship. George Hardy became bishop in 1895.[20]

"Pecheco was a mountain town, like Kamas, Utah," said Herman. "It was forty miles from the railroad. Garcia, another mountain town, was ten miles south. Another mountain town, Chuachupa was twenty-five miles away. Northeast in the valley was Dublan, ten miles away, and Horace, twenty miles.

"It never got too cold there, might get to ten degrees (fahrenheit). There might be a little ice on the creeks. If we got a foot of snow it melted away in three days. But there were cold winter winds.

"There was no storage water. Most people had windmills for wells. Some had to drink from the creeks. There was a lot of sickness: typhoid, smallpox, malaria."

"We had to rely on rainfall but there was irrigation in the valleys.

"There was lots of timber there, and clay for bricks.

"Many times I went into the hills to get horses when it was so dark I could only find the horses by the sounds of their bells. I would have to remain until it was light to see if I got all of them. Sometimes I would hear the roar of a mountain lion, or the howl of a gray wolf nearby. Those hills were full of bears, lions, coyotes, wolves and bobcats. I heard of two men being killed and torn to pieces by a black bear two miles from town.

"A neighbor lost a calf. It had been killed by a lion. Some (older) boys set a trap, caught it, fastened it to a pole and paraded it through town.

"There were caves in the mountains with Nephite writings on the walls."[3]

"They depended upon rainfall for their crops. If they needed it, they met at the church, prayed, and it came," wrote Freeman.[7]

Anthon gave a beautiful description of that area.

"I was born and grew up in Old Mexico. As I grew old enough to see and know this world I had come into it seemed wonderful. I could see the beautiful flowers everywhere; the air was full of sweet odors; all kinds of birds were singing in the trees; every kind and color of butterfly was flitting about; and a carpet of green grass spread over the ground almost everywhere. Oh, the wonderful big pine forest that stood by our home and surrounded most of the town of Pecheco . . . Part of our farm was covered with long leaf

(*needle ?*) white pine trees.

"(When) spring would come . . . new life would seem to burst forth all at once. Of all places in the world I think Old Mexico has a springtime of flowers blooming unequaled any place in the world--green grass everywhere, and flower blooms mixed among it, not to mention the blooming of fruit trees . . . To me it was a Garden of Eden."[9]

CHAPTER SEVEN

LIFE IN PECHECO

"Josiah Stevens, being sick with typhoid fever," noted Rosel, "made arrangements with Father to take his families up Hop Valley, a valley about five or six miles east of Pecheco, and look after the stock (the Church cows and horses), milk seventy five cows and make the milk into cheese."[15]

Maria recalled that Osborn and Josiah Stevens rented the Hop Valley Ranch and dairy stock. They made cheese all summer. Later they moved from Hop Valley into town.[14]

Herman recalled that the family was in poor circumstances. Their parents made all their clothes. Osborn got a farm of fifty acres two miles south of Pecheco where they lived until Herman was old enough to go to school when they moved into town. Conditions were very unsanitary. They used water from the creek. The women washed their clothes on the banks of the creek.[35]

Freeman told how Osborn liked the mountains with timber and lush farm land. He bought a farm with two houses, one for each family, and settled in peace. They milked cows and produced all the cheese, milk and cream they needed. They raised corn, wheat and alfalfa.[7]

"Our farm was located at the extreme west of town that ran east and west," recounted Anthon. "We had a creek of water going through the farm with little fish in it . . . We had a spring with watercress in it a little way up the hill from the spring. Father would come to the spring to eat lunch with us at noon . . . The farm was eighty acres of land."[9]

Ada knew that her father bought land. He took up ground south of town on Stick Creek and built a home above the creek. There were two homes just alike, just lumber shacks. Later he built two brick homes of two good rooms each on the town site. Each had a bedroom, a big front room, and a lean-to for kitchen and storeroom. Each home had six acres of ground with granaries, corrals, etc.

"Our home was a lovely place," she mused. "Here was the happiest time of my life."

She further explained that the town went east and west along Main Street. Their home (Vina's) was the last one at the west end of the street. Across from them was Hobble's (Hawes) and Aunt Francis was next (east) to them. The public square and church were eight blocks east of where they lived.[8]

Herman recounted that Osborn had a ranch and farmed. The farm was sixty acres. Each wife had her own home but on the same farm. On the ranch the homes were close. When they moved into town they still ran the farm. The homes there were about two blocks apart. Aunt Vine's home was brick.[3] Osborn loved all his family equally.[27]

The men and boys got work in the sawmill and did a lot of freighting of lumber by wagon to the railroad forty miles away. They would sell it to get clothing, shoes, flour, sugar and salt. They didn't have much money. The freighting trip took five to six days. They would freight back goods for the little store in Pecheco.[3]

"The Hawes were our neighbors and their boys our pals."[3]

In the home both parents disciplined, Herman told. Osborn never flogged that he remembered. He just talked to his children. It was easier to obey in a society like that. Osborn divided his time between his families--one night with Francis in her home, the next in Lovina's.

Osborn did leave his families to go on the freight road and took Herman with him. When Herman was age fifteen or sixteen Osborn turned the freighting over to Herman to go alone.

He said Osborn was in the bishopric from 1895 to 1910.

When wheat was being harvested in the valley they would get work on the thresher, take their pay in wheat, then take it to the grist mill to be made into flour.

He continued by saying that everyone in the community was like one big family. They knew where people were and what they did. They looked after each other because they were in a foreign country. The Church governed in the community but everyone had to obey Mexican laws.[3]

Frances told that they lived in Pecheco, Chihuahua, Mexico, and were there seventeen years. They pioneered and lived the gospel as few have lived it. Osborn was made counselor to Bishop John W. Hardy 11 December 1895 and was a faithful worker. The Lord blessed them and they prosopered.[5]

Ada recalled that they burned coal oil in their lamps, cooked with cedar wood and burned pine wood in their fire places.

"It was forty or fifty miles to the valley where the high school was. Eighth grade was as far as school went in Pecheco. Few could afford to go to Juarez to the academy.

"We would have house parties and go back and forth from one person's place to another. Every one that had a birthday we'd have a party at their home.

"We had a batch of clay banks that were out on the southwest corner of town. On holidays whenever we'd get a school outing the whole school and all would go out there. We had all kinds of trails made on those things. We would play back-out and all sorts of games around it.

"We would play all kinds of games, ball games, and everything. We had a real good time. We would take our lunch.

"On the northeast part of town on the way to the valley was a place called Strawberry. There was a place there we called the Winding Stairs. We would go in there and just wind around the rocks. When we got up in there, there was a great big solid room, all rock all around, so nice and smooth. There was no ceiling on it, just blue sky. I'll bet if anyone went in there now they'd find the initials of every kid that ever went there, including me and my boy friend. It was fun to go there.

"All you had to do in winter was throw a shawl around your shoulders. It never got hot in summer. It was the most pleasing temperature you ever saw. If it hadn't been for the terrible Mexican storms it would have been ideal. Our flowers never did die of cold. It never froze."[18]

Herman explained that the terrible Mexican storms were the violent thunder and lightening displays they had there.[3]

Freeman thought they had lots of fun in Mexico with the dances, parades, theatres, picnics, parties and social life. There was little money for dances so they used garden produce (*as the early Utah pioneers had done*). 16 September was the Mexican holiday. They celebrated Mexican and American holidays alike.[7]

Anthon noted that Osborn was in the bishopric five years, and was ward clerk a long time. He also was janitor (custodian).

"At Christmas," he said, "Father would get a pine tree and we would help Mother decorate it. Christmas morning in our stockings we would find an orange, candy, peanuts, and a (*Jew's*) harp or harmonica, and as we got older a wooden sleigh or wagon."[9]

Frances told that the polygamous years were hard but Osborn was always just and fair, never mistreating her, and when he bought for one (*wife*) he bought for the other.[36]

In Pecheco church authorities stayed in their home many times when visiting there.[36]

Food, Crops, Work

Herman related that the crops they raised were corn, potatoes, wheat, oats--such things as they needed to maintain themselves. There was no market for their crops. They kept cows and did sell cheese. They had milk and butter.

The cows had to be taken out to the hills days and then were

wrangled in. At night they were kept in corrals. As there wasn't much feed for the animals, they would hobble up the horses after work and turn them out to feed. Mornings they would wrangle them in, have breakfast, then go to the fields to work all day. They had eight or ten horses.

They used corn bread a lot. People here can't make it good like the bread they had there. They ate the food they had because there was no choice. There was very little white bread. A piece of white bread to them was like a piece of cake.

There were no cellars to keep food, nor were there refrigerators. They had to keep the food in their stomachs. If they had fresh meat they could store it in wheat bins in the granaries for a short time. He believes some had dirt cellars.

For lunch a piece of corn bread was cut in two. Beans were placed within and this was carried to the field to eat for lunch.[3] Sometimes all they had to eat was ground parched corn and milk which they called "pinochie."[35]

Of their food Ada told of the peaches, pears, apricots, plums and apples that grew there. It was a wonderful place for fruit. She said they raised cane, corn and potatoes and timothy hay. The town owned a molasses mill where people ground their cane and made molasses from the juice. "The children would make candy from the molasses.

"My Dad always kept corn in the garage (*shed*) all winter (*where it dehydrated*). He would go get some of the dried ears, and shuck them, then throw some kernels in a pan and fry them, put in a little butter and salt. Being dehydrated instead of being chewy they were crunchy. It was just delicious."

She said that was a real good way to store corn. You didn't need a bottle or a can. They used to make hominy out of corn after it got ripe. They could bottle it and open it any time they wanted.

"We didn't have wheat. They raised it in the valley. But there they didn't raise enough that there was much to buy. We'd trade corn to them for a little bit of flour to make some pie, or something like that. We would always save it for that. We never made it into bread because it took too much of it. So we'd make corn bread to have enough (*wheat*) flour around to make our cakes and pies, and things like that."[8]

Frances told how her husband, Osborn, would go to the field and work hard all day with only a bean sandwich or a little corn bread and bacon grease.[5]

Anthon remembered. "The long-leaf pine had on it what we called a pine apple. In spring these grew in large bunches. We climbed up for it and cut off a bunch to eat.

"On the banks up and down the river wild grapes grew . . . They were used to make jam and jelly. . . . Lots of cactus grew over the hills and the fruit was very good to eat. We would get all the slivers off. Then we would eat them. The fruit was deep red when ripe, and very good to taste."[9] Ada said, "We would go along the side (*of the Pecheco River*) in summer and pick wild grapes and currants that were growing there from which we would make jelly."[8]

One time the family ran out of flour. Rosel was sent to purchase some. He was gone several days. During this time the family loved on parched corn and milk, recounted Freeman.[7]

"When I was three or four years old Father would take us to the field and let us play around while he worked," noted Anthon.[9]

Freeman told how he freighted up the valley driving a large team of horses.[7] He and Herman both remembered how Osborn taught them to freight when they were about fourteen.[7,3]

Harmon Brothers in Mexico

According to Ada, "Granny Harmon's sons, Lee and Jim, came to Mexico and lived in Hop Valley. We got well acquainted with them. These boys (men) lived a little bit south and east of Pecheco--not too far away on the other side of the corrals across the Pecheco River, sometimes called the Wash.

"It was a beautiful river, not too big, but quite wide. In the rainy season it would get running quite heavy with water. We were all baptized in that river."[8]

Eva's Death

Ada gave us the following:

One summer day (31 July 1906) when Eva was three Osborn was weeding the garden of Lovina. It was a beautiful garden with six rows of string beans. Little Eva was behind him, and unknown to him picked beans and placed them in piles on the ground. He never noticed.

A big storm came up so they went into the house. Eva was a good little singer, learned the songs fast, and Osborn had taught her some songs from his missionary songbook. She climbed into his lap and wanted to sing. They sang "Come Ye Children Of the Lord," then he asked her to play so he could read. He received a paper every two weeks from Salt Lake. These papers were kept so he could read when it was stormy. He sat reading the paper by the north window.[8]

Anthon. "Eva asked Father to sing with her. He sang two or three songs with her then wanted to read. She came into the kitchen where I was. Rain was coming down in torrents. It was lightening and thundering. We went to the north door to watch it. The lightning was getting worse so Mother asked us to move. I did, but Eva looked at Mother queerly then looked around the corner of the door as if she saw something. Mother asked Eva again. Again came the queer look and peering around the door. The third time Mother asked."[9]

Ada. "Mother was sitting in her chair doing handwork and rocking the baby, Elmira, in the cradle with her foot. I was sitting on the side of the bed crocheting."[8]

Anthon. "Eva looked again just as the lightening came down the chimney, splitting it and knocking part of it down. Soot went all over the house. Lightning bounced on down the roof making two holes, one where Eva stood. It struck her neck breaking it, and burned down her left side. Father came, picked her up, and carried her to the bed. Mother was knocked unconscious. Ada and a woman worked over her. It took her a long time to recover."[9]

Herman said the lightening came out her shoe at the toe ripping the shoe open.[3]

Osborn said he felt like someone had hit him over the head with a soft pillow.[3]

Ada. "Lightening ran down Eva's right leg, and ran along shooting out the cracks in the floor. Mother was knocked out. Baby didn't make a sound for an hour, then she cried and screamed most of her waking hours for a month when she died. (11 October 1906)."

She further stated the lightening followed a draft and came near Ada. She had a roar in her head for hours.

Osborn asked Ada to get Geneva's husband, Newell Knight. She could not hear but read his lips. Out into the rain she dashed the six blocks to their home, arriving there soaking wet. They made Ada stay to dry her clothes. Newell got Sister Statters and left to help.[8]

When Osborn later saw the piles of string beans he felt very badly.[10]

Anthon grieved so over the loss of his playmate and sister. One moonlight night Eva appeared to him wearing a white dress and was so beautiful and happy he never grieved for her again, but often felt her presence.[9]

Neldon Olsen, grandson of Emily Wells told of hearing that at the time of Eva's death Osborn was mending shoes. Lightening struck the last and tore the sole off the shoe.[23]

Herman said Osborn was working in the room doing something. Lightening zig-zagged down the chimney, through the fireplace and out the door burning Eva badly. Osborn was knocked out for a time.[3] Eva was the cutest little girl you ever saw.[23]

Besides the two little girls Osborn and Lovina lost two little boys, Delbert Levi in 1896 and James Albert 27 January 1897.

CHAPTER EIGHT

TROUBLE IN MEXICO - EXODUS

"Problems began brewing in Mexico in 1910 because of the revolution," recalled Herman.[3]

In her book "Camilla" Sister Camilla Eyring Kimball of Juarez made this explanation:

"Rumbles of a revolutionary storm had been heard in the colonies for some time, but little attention was paid to them. Porfirio Diaz, the first president of Mexico to give a semblance of peace to the nation, had overstayed his term of office. Everywhere the rich people in fine clothing looked down upon the peons who lived in dire poverty. In the October 1910 election, Madero sought to be elected president of Mexico on a platform to improve the lot of the peons, but he was promptly put in prison by Diaz's men, and it was announced that Diaz had been elected for his seventh term of office.

"Madero escaped from jail and promptly denounced Diaz's claim of election. He began to stir up revolution, and the state of Chihuahua, were we lived, with the city of Casas Grandes as the focal point, was the first state to revolt. In the colonies by 1911 the rebels demanded horses, saddles, and food from the colonists, paying with worthless receipts, and they stole anything they could get their hands on. Father lost dozens of head of cattle and horses. We lived in dread. The colonists tried to remain completely neutral, on advice of Elder Ivins, who came to confer with our leaders. However, conditions worsened to the extent that law broke down. Competing rebel bands threatened life and confiscated property. In July 1912 Salazar demanded that the colonists give up their arms. They were unwilling to leave their families wholly unprotected, so the stake president, my uncle Junius Romney, decided that the women and children should move temporarily to the United States for safety."[21]

Herman continued, "The revolution got rather bad. The rebels began bothering Mormons. They got very demanding, taking guns, horses, ammunition, anything they needed. They had the stake president in jail several days."[3]

"When the revolution started," recounted Ada, "Mexicans (rebels) began pillaging the countryside all around, stealing and killing."

The people in Pecheco were having a 24th of July celebration," continued Ada. "They had the Mexican flag up. There were no Mexicans around so they raised the United States flag, also. Soon up came twenty-five to thirty rebels. Seeing the United States flag made them angry. They made the people take it down and said they would turn us out. The bishop called the stake president at Juarez. Word was sent to the United States government.[8]

"They stayed as long as they could thinking the rebels would pass them by because they were in the mountains, but the rebels became more unfriendly so President Joseph F. Smith advised them to leave," Frances stated.[36].

"Word came from the United States government. They said the war was going bad. They couldn't send soldiers down so advised the people to come out. They ordered us to leave immediately and made arrangements for all the Mormon colonies to board the train and leave at once for the States. We had only two or three days to get ready. The United States talked to the Mexican government and they promised to send men to us while going the thirty miles by wagon to Pearson to take the train to El Paso."[8]

Frances explained that when trouble developed in 1912 and the

Mexican government was unfriendly, President Joseph F. Smith advised people to return to the United States. They were trying times. They had to leave their homes, their crops in bloom, barely escaping with their lives. Others were driven away by rebels.[5]

Herman further stated, "The situation got so bad they thought it advisable to move women, children and old folks out. I took Father, Mother, and the smaller children to the railroad. The Mexican government gave us permission to go, and the rebels promised not to bother the trains. They were peaceful about it."[3]

Anthon stated, "The United States government told the people to get out. They sent a train down (from United States) for them. Our people couldn't go back because there was a war on."[9]

Ada related further details. "We were only permitted to take a bit of food, a blanket or two, a pillow, and a little trunk with a few clothes. Everything else was left to the Mexicans (rebels) to destroy or use as they chose. I left my trunk, and my house clean because they thought we would be back in a few days. My husband and others (men) stayed to watch things and see how things were going.

"The corn was up and tasseled out. As we left the sun was coming up over the mountains. People turned out their horses, cows, pigs and chickens to range. I will never forget the scene as I looked back over our place, our garden, the dew on the corn and tomatoes, and my husband standing waving good-by as I rode away in my father's wagon with my mother, my brothers, my sister, Leona, his (Father's) wife, (Frances) and their youngest son, Herman, and about six of our neighbors . . . Mexican soldiers rode by our wagons.

"The wagon train was about two miles long, worse than a funeral procession, and twice as sad.

"My father had raised a few sheep, enough to keep us in wool, and my mother would card the bats to make quilts; she would card rolls and spin yarn which she used to knit our winter stockings, and sox for men, and shawls to wear over our shoulders.

"When we were ready to leave Father killed a lamb and roasted it to eat on the way."[8]

Frances said it was very hard on them to leave as Osborn was seventy and she was sixty-four. They had to leave their life's work behind.[36]

This writer has added experiences of non-family members to better portray a picture of experiences people had to face during this period.

"During the Mexican Revolution Catherine (Romney) left her home on fifteen minutes notice. She buried her silver and dishes, and left a cake baking in the oven and chickens frying on the stove. Taking only one roll of bedding and a trunk of necessities, Catherine closed the door on the fourth home she had been driven from because of her religious beliefs . . . Lula saw her mother, tears streaming down her cheeks, take one last look toward her husband's grave, then smile at the children."[22]

Sister Camilla Kimball recounted:

"That summer we had raised lots of blackberries. On Saturday Mother, with our help, canned one hundred quarts of berries. That evening Father came home with word that our guns were to be delivered up to the rebels at the bandstand on Sunday and that the stake leaders had decided we should leave for El Paso immediately. He took up the porch floor and we stored the newly bottled berries underneath, thinking we would soon return to reclaim them. We hid valuables in all the unlikely places we could think of.

"We were allowed to take just one trunk of clothes for Father's family of thirteen. I wanted so much to put in my doll and some other treasures, but there was no room. I had always been a great collector and had

kept all my school papers, letters, toys--everything I had ever owned; now I had to leave them all, never to see them again.

"In the morning Father drove us to Pearson in the white-topped buggy. This railroad station was about eight miles from Juarez. There were dozens of buggies and wagons and crowds of refugees waiting for the train to carry us to the safety of the United States. Grandmother Eyring had been robbed of forty dollars that morning by a rebel who invaded her house and demanded her money. A troop of rebels on horseback with guns and bayonets was drawn up in formation at the train station. As one old lady walked by, a soldier hooked his rifle through her handbag and took possession of it. She dared not protest, but went on to the train. A drunken man rode his horse at my sister Isabel, just three, and nearly trampled her, laughing at her fright.

"When the last wagon had unloaded on the depot platform at Pearson, several hundred women, children, and elderly persons, assisted by a few able-bodied men, were ready to take the train for El Paso. At Dublan more people crowded on, making about one thousand refugees packed onto one train. Our family was in a third-class car with long, hard benches running lengthwise of the cars and children and baggage piled on top of one another. Buggies and wagons were left standing empty at the station. When passenger cars filled up, boxcars and even a few cattle cars were attached. Some cars were so crowded that even standing room was a premium. We all suffered intensely as the delayed train finally moved off in the stifling July heat."[23]

CHAPTER NINE

RETURN TO UNITED STATES

Sister Kimball's account continued.

"The trip to the border at El Paso was only about 150 miles, but the train went at a snail's pace and stopped every few miles. We were in terror all the time lest the rebels waylay us. We traveled all day and all night. Finally, just as dawn was breaking, we crawled slowly across the Rio Grande and were greeted by the sight of the Stars and Stripes. A great shout went up from all the refugees. That sight brought a thrill that is revived in me every time I return to the United States and see the flag again. After a harrowing experience we felt safe once more.

"The kind people of El Paso met us at the depot and took us in automobiles (only the second time I'd ridden in one) out to a big lumberyard, where they improvised shelter for the refugees. Hundreds had already arrived before us and hundreds were yet to come. They put us into a huge corral with dust a foot deep, flies swarming, noisy, stinking, and crowded with a mass of humanity. It was enough to make the stoutest heart sink. Those in charge tried to arrange a stall for each family, and we piled in for the night, hanging up blankets in an attempt at a little privacy. During that night five babies were born in these rude shelters.

"We felt humiliated as newspaper photographers and reporters recorded our pitiful dependence and as the curious townspeople gawked and pointed at us, as they would animals in a zoo.

"Mother had a little money, so the next day she scurried around to find us lodgings that were a little more private. . . . She finally took one room in a small hotel for the fourteen of us: Mother and her seven children, her younger sister Emma, who was also Father's second wife, Aunt Emma's four children, and Grandma Eyring."[24]

Joseph Spencer (son-in-law to Osborn) came out to El Paso. He told of the looting. He had gotten hold of the intentions of the Mexican Liberals to drive out the Mormons or kill them. The people knew then they could not return.[25]

"We were taken to El Paso, Texas," Ada remembered. "The government provided a place for the people on the edge of the city. It was filled with food, beds, stoves, and was quite a nice place.

"My husband and all the men came out three weeks later. By the time they came out they knew they couldn't return. The Mexican rebels set fire to most of the homes. A few were left.

"Father was ward clerk. The bishop had him take out all the records and everything he had and turn them over to the (Church) headquarters in Salt Lake."[8]

Herman said, "The people went to El Paso. The United States government got big lumber yards and set up refugee camps until people could migrate elsewhere. The men and us older boys stayed in Pecheco until things got so bad. The Rebels were camped on the edge of town. We got ready and quietly left on our horses in the middle of the night and went where we wanted to go. I met my family in El Paso." "People in El Paso came by the hundreds to look at us Mormons as animals in a zoo, and wondered where our horns were."[3]

Adelia Carling Cooley, personal friend of this writer and one who came out related that when they came out of Mexico to live in the lumber yard families had to put up a sheet or a blanket for partitions for family privacy. "There was a man and his helper who did cooking for the refugees. The bakeries and dairies helped so we had good food."[40]

Herman noted, "It was hard to adjust to U.S. customs[8] (*after the sheltered life in Old Mexico*)."

"Joseph, my brother, came out of Mexico a month before the Exodus," continued Herman. "Rosel had gone long ago. Freeman and his fiancee were married in El Paso.

"The U.S. government gave people passage on the train to where they desired. Father, his wife, Lovina, and family went to Sevier County (Salina). Two or three weeks later I brought my mother (Frances) and met the family in Sevier County.

CHAPTER TEN

VICTOR AND BLANDING

"When we got to Salina, Emily, my oldest sister and her husband, Thomas Wells, wrote and told of lots of opportunities in Victor, Emery County. Mother, Joseph and his wife, Free and wife, and I went. Father and his second family also went. Free got a job with Mills to put a fence around the Austin Ranch. With his earnings he moved to Mesa where his wife's folks were. Joseph got a job with a surveyor laying out Buckhorn. I was out there, too."[3] He later worked on other ranches and boarded there.[12]

"The government gave us passage," recounted Anthon, "and we came to Salina, Utah, where we were met by Mother's brother, John Prows, who had married Dad's daughter, Vie (Melvina). He took us to Grandma Prows (who also lived in Salina) with whom we lived awhile. Father worked for a time at the sugar factory in Elsinore.

"Father's oldest daughter (Emily Wells) lived in Victor, Emery County. We went on a train and lived there four years. We had to drink water out of a (pond) where the animals drank, too. It was full of wigglers and tasted of manure."[9]

Ada continued, "My father and mother went to stay with Mother's people until they could find a place of their own. Then they went to Victor, Emery County, and ran a store for four years. Both wives were there at the time."[8]

Ed Wells said Grandpa's family all stayed at his parent's home in Victor until Osborn got a house where he and his second wife lived. Grandma Frances stayed at the Wells.

Thomas had a little store in his home that he had started for the benefit of the Victor residents. He turned this over to Grandpa Cooley to help him earn a living. Grandpa moved the contents to a room in his house. They had to go to Price for supplies. Grandpa always had a garden.[12]

Nelson Olsen recalls Grandpa (Osborn), Aunt Vine, their house and the boys in Victor, also Grandma Frances.[26]

Frances and Osborn celebrated their Golden Wedding in Victor in March 1915. Herman and Emily were their only two children who could attend. After that Frances spent her time visiting among her children because Osborn had his other family to help.[36]

"On June 28, 1916 Osborn Benjamin Cooley stood proxy for his father, Reuben Cooley, and his daughter, Mary C. Spencer, acted as proxy for Emily Harmon, his mother, and was sealed to her husband, Reuben Cooley; and their three children, Martha Jane, Osborn Benjamin, and Myron Reuben Cooley were sealed to their parents in the Manti Temple on the same date, 28 June, 1916."[37]

Anthon wrote of how his mother (Lovina) got tired of the water conditions and went back to her mother in Salina. "Mother's sister, Lizzie, and Uncle Art Barney wanted us to go to Clawson with them. We did, and went to school in Ferrin.

"Then Arza and Ada (Kartchner) who lived in Blanding wanted me to go work for them. I was seventeen or eighteen. Then Mother came down and I bought a piece of ground and built a house for Mother when I was eighteen. It was where the high school was built.

"I worked on farms to help Mother. I was paid in produce. I worked on the building of the road to Monticello and Moab in 1920-21."[9]

"After Aunt Vina went to Blanding, I think Mother stayed in the rented house with Father until he also went to Blanding," commented Herman.[3]

About Blanding Ada stated, "We had moved to Blanding. My mother, two brothers and sister went to visit us in 1916 and decided to stay. Father came down later."[8]

Lillie Kartchner Davis was a small child at the time. Osborn and Lovina lived near the street. Kartchner's home was a block up a hill by a lane. There was a fence between the lots. There were berries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries and peach trees at the rear of her grandparent's (Cooley's) lot.

She remembers Grandpa Cooley dressed in a long, black, three-quarter length overcoat, his long black beard and wearing galoshes in the snow--coming up the hill with eggs in a five-pound lard bucket for her mother, Ada.[27]

"In the fall of 1919," continued Ada, "my father was working for my husband, Arza. He was living with Mother. Between Christmas and New Years the town had an old folks party in the basement of the new Church. The heating system wasn't very good. He took cold and came down with pneumonia. He was very sick.

"On the seventh of January my mother sent word if I wanted to see him alive I must come. "He said 'How is Anna?' (My little girl had a carbuncle). Those were the last words (of his) I heard. I went home. In a little while my brother came to tell me he had died.

"The snow was four feet deep everywhere. We couldn't get word to Dad's other family and we had to bury him without them."[8]

Herman told, "Father and his second wife went to Blanding about 1917 because their daughter, Ada, and husband were there. Good homesteads were to be had. Because Aunt Viney had younger children Father went with her. He explained that because of this he wanted me to care for Mother. Father worked on canals and ranches in Blanding."[3]

Osborn moved his second wife to Blanding. Her oldest daughter, Ada, lived there. Sometime later he moved down to visit awhile. While there he contracted influenza. Pneumonia developed and he died 7 January 1920. He was buried there--all before Frances knew about it, she remembered.[5]

Ed Wells noted, "When word came (to Victor) of Grandpa's death, Uncle Herman and I planned to drive to Blanding to the funeral but a big snowstorm prevented our going."[12]

According to Jennie Wells Wakefield, Grandma (Frances) Cooley was staying in Salt Lake with Aunt Geneva Knight when Jennie was married 19 November 1919. Grandma accompanied Jennie to the temple. Because of being in Salt Lake (phones were scarce) Grandpa was buried before word reached her. It was ten days before word came to her of his death.[36]

Herman said Freeman had a lovely headstone erected in Blanding Cemetery in Osborn's memory.[3]

October 1976 Ed Wells visited his grandfather Cooley's grave in Blanding, got a picture of the headstone, and visited City Hall where a secretary there typed out the following information from their burial records:

Benjamin Osborn (*Osborn Benjamin*) Cooley born 10 October 1842 McDonough, Illinois. Son of Gideon Reuben Cooley and Emily Harmon. Died 7 January 1920 Blanding, Utah. Husband of Lovina Prows (*and Frances Isabell Rhodeback*) Buried in Blanding City Cemetery in Block 33 Lot 3.[1]

Frances' history left this tribute to him: "He was honored and loved by all who knew him for his abiding faith in the gospel, which he loved so worthily. He was a noble example for all to follow."[5]

CHAPTER ELEVEN

RESULTS OF EXODUS FROM MEXICO

"The Mexican government confiscated the land (*where we had lived*). They gave each person a little money, not much," recounted Herman.[3]

Thomas Romney related that the troubles in Mexico with the war went on so long that people became discouraged about ever returning to their homes and bought properties elsewhere.

After the war was over those who wanted to return could do so by paying up delinquent taxes. Also, a few who returned bought lands from those who did not return for the ten percent of their real value.

Cattle once so abundant had been slaughtered over the years by rebels, whose leader was Pancho Villa.[28]

Herman said, "Some years later a few went back. My sister, Maria, and husband went back. Some got their homes but had Mexicans for neighbors. Maria was a nurse. She could make good money delivering babies."[3]

Frances died 30 June 1937 while staying with Maria and was buried in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Old Mexico.[29]

Lovina died 5 August 1938 and was buried in Salt Lake City Cemetery.[30]

CHAPTER TWELVE

OSBORN B. COOLEY AS A PERSON

Family members gave their impressions of him as follows:

Herman described his father as a man six feet tall. He was kind, never harsh, but would thump Herman on the head if he didn't mind.[3]

Anthon told about a neighbor in Mexico who teased children. One day when Anthon was there playing this man told Anthon he was going to cut off his ears. Frantic, the boy ran to his father, usually a quiet, peaceable man. But he took Anthon, marched straight to the neighbor, and told him in no uncertain terms he was never under any circumstance to tease or threaten a child of his again. The man assured Osborn he was only teasing but promised to refrain in the future.

Anthon further stated, "Father and Mother were always teaching us children right from wrong and that God made the world for us to live in; but He expected us to live according to His laws and commandments that we might fill the mission here on this earth as he had planned and marked the way for us."[9]

Karen Foster, Anthon's daughter, informed us of Osborn's love of music, and how he was always singing songs. He taught Ada, Anthon and the children many kinds of songs, and instilled a love of music into Anthon.[10]

One of the favorite memories of Geneva Cooley Young from childhood was of her father singing "The Yellow Rose of Texas" as they rode along in their wagon on their trip to Arizona.[11]

Ed (Ted) Wells was around his grandfather a lot when Osborn lived near them in Victor. He remembers him as tall "like Uncle Herman" with brown eyes, and a long beard.[12]

Freeman told about his father making shoes for the family from calves' hides. They were crude but well made, coming up around the ankles. He had his family observe private and family prayers. Along with honesty he taught the children hard work and deep devotion to God.[7]

Emily Luella Wells Olsen recorded, "From 1912 to 1937 I never heard Grandmother (*Frances*) speak only in the highest terms of the principle of plural marriage and the way Grandfather lived it."[36]

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