

Vernessa Young Reynolds (1905-1984)

Part Two ¹

Temporary Quarters at Kirtland...1911-1912...

When Vernessa's family fled from Sonora, Mexico in the summer of 1911 they faced a long and difficult trip through New Mexico. Their travel by wagon train was an economic reality as they did not have the resources to travel by train. On the northern edge of the state, the community of Kirtland in the San Juan River valley must have seemed like an oasis in the desert, a goal to reach where peace and rest would follow. There, grandpa Newel K. Young's sister Lydia Roseanna lived with her family and husband Henry Thomas Stolworthy. By 1911, several of the Stolworthy children had married but still at home were at least six children ranging in ages from eleven year old Luella to eighteen year old Wilma. Lydia Roseanna was a generous, good woman who had been raising her own children as well as those of Tom's second wife Hanna who had died in 1899 leaving four young children. Now, without question, she and Tom offered their home property as temporary quarters to mother's family.

Mother said in her interview:

"We planned on stopping in Farmington, New Mexico. Dad had a sister Lydia, his oldest sister, who lived in Farmington. Her name was Stolworthy. And she had let us know that we'd be welcome to come there and stay for a while. Mother was expecting a baby, and so I guess the folks thought they could make it that far." ²

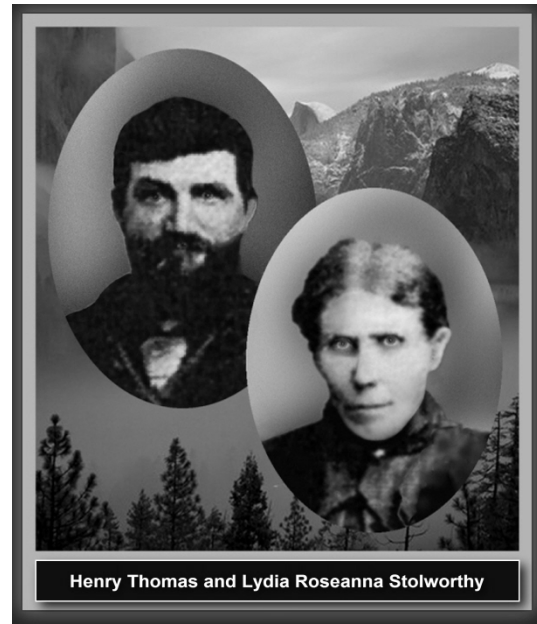
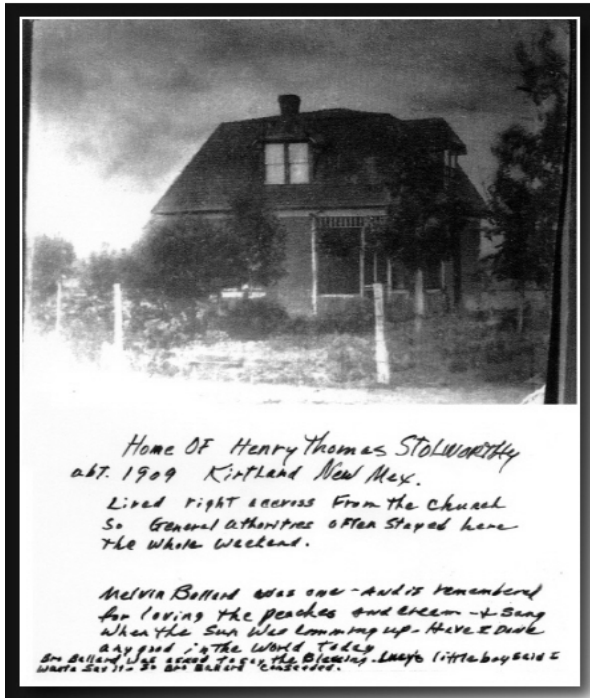
Since settling in Kirtland in the late 1890's Lydia Roseanna's family had been living in a three room adobe home on the banks of the San Juan River. A couple of years before mother's family arrived in Kirtland, Roseanna and Tom moved to a new home in the Kirtland settlement. Behind their new brick home was a "brick one room building with a lean-to on the back. The big room had a pitched roof, two big windows and a nice front door."³ Here mother's family found refuge and hope.

¹ This is a continuation of Vernessa's life story from Part One, as recorded in a taped interview with her son, Robert Newel Reynolds on March 11, 1984. Vernessa's actual words are in italics. Photos and additional information have been added to give breadth to her story.

² Mother always referred to the Stolworthy home as being in Farmington, New Mexico. It was actually in the small community of Kirtland located just eight miles west and down river on the north banks of the San Juan River which borders the Navajo Indian Reservation to the south. Lydia Roseanna Young was the first born of her 18 year old mother, Lydia Knight Young, on October 28, 1862. She married Henry Thomas Stolworthy in St. George on December 12, 1879. The **1880 U.S. Census records** 17 year old Roseanna and her 19 year old husband, Henry T. living with his parents in Orderville, Utah.

³ Nelson, Luella Stolworthy, letter to Bobbie Jean Railsback, November 1977.

Henry Thomas Stolworthy Home at Kirtland, N.M.



ca. 1899

This old home served as an Oasis for the Newel K. Young family in 1911 after leaving Mexico during the Revolution. Here they pitched a tent and cleaned out an outbuilding suitable for short term residence where Tina gave birth to her son George.

Vernessa said:

"When we got to Aunt Lydia's, we had one tent. It was quite a large tent, and it was one of those that have a board floor, and then boards half way up and then a canvas top over it. It was one big room, and we used that as our kitchen and our living area. And then the folks, Aunt Lydia, had an old granary which they used to keep all their grains and feeds for their animals. They had emptied all that out and cleaned it out and when my folks got there, they said we could clean that up and fix it up for a bedroom. I don't know how many months we were there but long enough for my brother George to have been born there. Later, my younger brother Guy would tell people that his brother George was born in a manger."

At the risk of being repetitive, interjected here into Vernessa's story are words that will provide perspective about Tom and Roseanna Stolworthy's meaning and role in Mom's life: ⁴

"My mother had a strong sense of family and was proud of her heritage. Her childhood memories were filled with exciting events and she often told us children

⁴ These words were included in an "Introduction" to a Stolworthy Family CD, the author prepared after several months of research work.

*about her father's family fleeing from Morelos, Mexico in 1911 after the beginning of the Mexican Revolution. Her family left behind nearly all they possessed and trudged across Arizona and New Mexico, finally arriving in a safe oasis at the home of her father's **Sister**, Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy.*

At their wonderful home in Kirtland, New Mexico, Aunt Lydia Roseanna and her husband Henry Thomas Stolworthy provided mother's family with a shelter for a time -- a place to rest and gather their strength for the challenges that awaited their new life in the United States. Here they were welcomed and found refuge--a place for grandmother Tina to deliver a newborn son they named George.

Though only six years old at the time, mother never forgot the kindness and generosity shown to her by the Stolworthy family. So strong was the impression that it passed to me and when taking up the study of family history with seriousness, I tried in vain to locate someone of the Stolworthy line by writing letters. Finally, in the summer of 2006 at a Knight Family reunion in the Salt Lake Valley I met up with Roseanna's grandson Carr and his good wife Willie. With a feeling of great satisfaction and accomplishment we conversed and as a follow-up I was given many items of their family's written history, which led to further rich and rewarding contacts with other second cousins and family members.

Over the intervening days and nights I have come to love the Stolworthy family for its steadfastness to the faith of our forefathers and for their innate goodness. The family is marked by the talent of the pen and many of its members have followed old family traditions in writing and recording interesting things about their lives and our common ancestors. Many of the members also have distinguished themselves in service to their country and to their church." -- Robert Newel Reynolds



Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy gravestone at Kirtland, New Mexico



Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy (1862-1915)

**Turn backward,
Oh years in your flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight.
Mother,
Come back,
From that echoless shore,
Hold me,
In your arms again,
Just as of yore.**

-- Pearl Stolworthy McGee

Roseanna's daughter Wilma wrote:

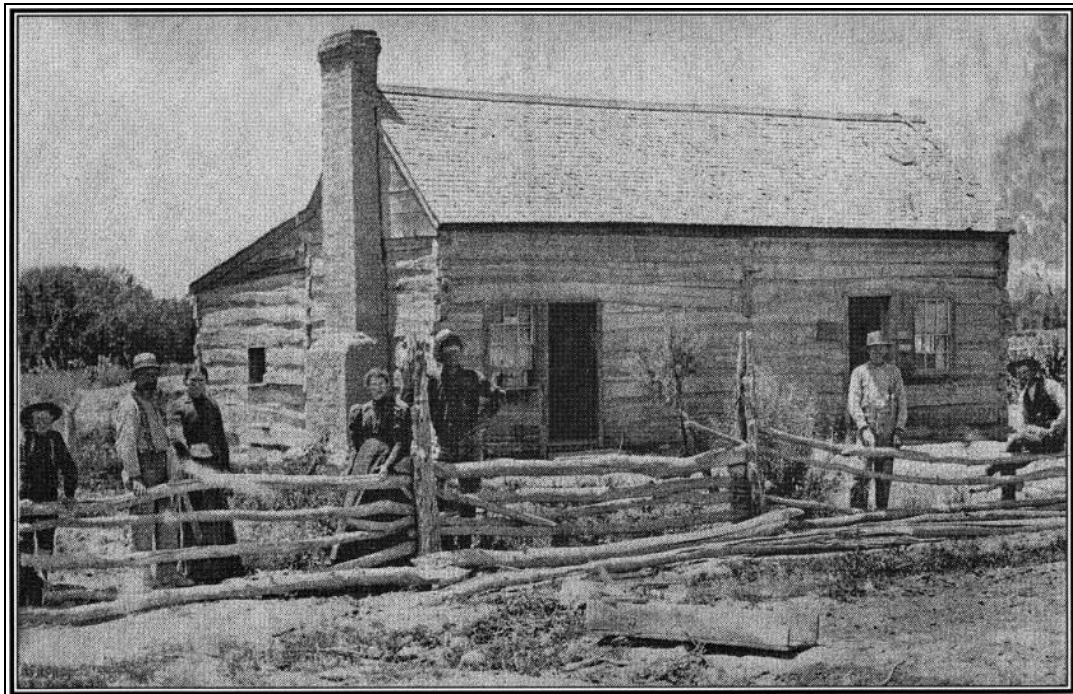
*"I remember the loving care Mother gave each of us. She always washed our faces, necks, and hands in a washbasin, placed on a chair or wooden bench. Father always had his turn too. I remember the gentle way her hands moved over his face and neck. Sometimes I missed this gentleness when she was washing my ears. She always trimmed Father's hair and whiskers, too."*⁵

Reuniting with familiar faces in the Kirtland area had many rewards for the Newel K. Young family. In addition to the Stolworthys there were children and grandchildren of John R. Young and his third wife, Tamar Black living in the area. In particular, the family of John R's daughter, the widow Mary Whipple Young Roberts lived in nearby Fruitland.⁶ Mary (May) and her half sister Lydia Roseanna Stolworthy and other Mormon neighbors had come together in the quest of establishing a school for their children. Grandpa Newel K. Young was employed to organize the San Juan Academy and it was held in the L.D.S. Church meetinghouse at Kirtland.⁷

⁵ Hawkins, Wilma Stolworthy, A history of Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy, 28 typwritten pages, date not given.

⁶ Kirtland and Fruitland are but two miles apart.

⁷ Memories of Howard D. Roberts, private publication, 1976, p30. Mary Whipple Young Roberts was with her father, John R. Young when he experienced the tragic accident that took his left arm. Also, see the biography of Lydia Roseanna Young by her daughter, Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins.



The John R. Young family home in Fruitland, New Mexico in about 1893. L-R: Martin Ray, John R., Tamar, May Young Roberts, (possibly Howard Roberts), Thomas Robertson, and Samuel Claridge.

John R. and Tamar had been living in Fruitland since leaving Mexico in 1892 and he had served as the San Juan County, New Mexico Assessor for two years, as well as local Postmaster. John R. and Tamar had sold their farm in 1909 to Burt Dustin.⁸ They also gave their log home and a small acreage to their daughter Mary Roberts that year and they then moved to Grayson (later named Blanding), San Juan County, Utah where John R. built a small brick home. Later, he applied for and received a land patent on eighty acres in San Juan County, Utah signed by President Woodrow Wilson.

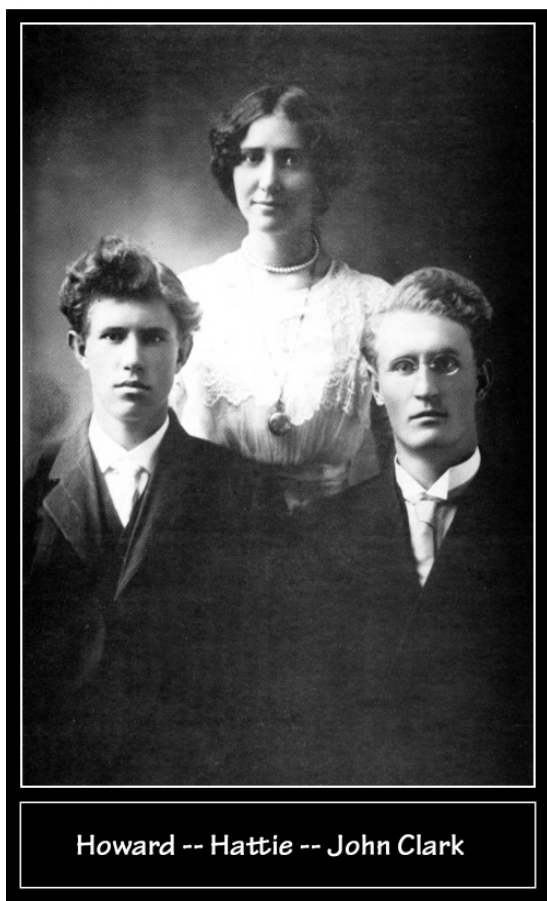


Fruitland and Kirtland, New Mexico

⁸ Ibid.

Siblings

estimated 1913



Howard -- Hattie -- John Clark

Two brothers and a sister--Howard DeLavan, Hattie and John Clark Roberts. Clark died from an accident with a team of horses in 1914; Howard D. married and had no children but treated Hattie's children as his own.

The relationship between Mom's family and the descendants of John R.'s third wife, Tamar Black was cordial while they lived at Kirtland. During the eight month teaching year, Mary Robert's two living sons, John Clark and Howard were Grandpa's students and when school was finished for the season, Newel K. entered on a joint venture with his nephew John Clark and went with him in his new buckboard carriage on a six week "selling venture" to Snowflake, Arizona. This was described as pleasurable, but not profitable enough to be continued.⁹

The previous fall, on the 30th of October 1911, in the rough surroundings of their temporary Kirtland quarters, Tina gave birth to her seventh child, a son they named George Howard Young.¹⁰ Twenty days later, on November 19, 1911, Vernessa turned six years old. While Newel K. did his best to create an academy of learning in the church across the street, mother's family spent the winter months and part of the following summer there in their tent and outbuilding home. Apparently, support for a second year for the San Juan Academy failed and Newel K. looked for teaching work elsewhere. He was offered a job in an elementary school at American Fork, Utah.

It was now time for Vernessa's family to move on. From the Grayson (Blanding) Ward records it seems that the family relocated, at least for a short time, to Grayson where John R. and Tamar were

living. Sometime after returning from Mexico -- we don't know when -- Newel K. had also located his second wife, Geneva and her four young children, at Grayson, Utah.¹¹ There, on August 13, 1912 Geneva gave birth to fraternal twins, Joseph and Josephine.¹²

⁹ Ibid. The venture to Snowflake occurred in the summer of 1912, but exactly when is not known. The records of the Grayson Ward have Newel K. baptizing his daughter Maria on June 15, 1912. She was then confirmed by her grandfather, John R. Young on July 7, 1912.

¹⁰ George was blessed by his father in the Burnham Ward on December 3, 1911, where his birth was registered as October 29, 1911. Later on, Newel would insist that George was born at 12:20 a.m. on October 30, which was his brother Howard's birthday and for whom George was given his middle name. Source is Evvie Jimmerson's unpublished biography -- no specific source stated.

¹¹ 85 air-miles northwest of Kirtland.

¹² Geneva's father, Osborne Benjamin Cooley was most likely close by as he died and was buried in Blanding on January 7, 1920.

From Kirtland, New Mexico to American Fork, Utah...1912...

Following is Vernessa's account of the family's move from New Mexico to American Fork, Utah in 1912. Newel and Tina's family at this time included six children: June Vilate (13), Newel Kay Jr. (11), Maria (9), Vernessa (7), Myrl (5), and George Howard (1). Please note that it is 183 air miles from Kirtland to Green River, Utah and exactly 100 air miles from Blanding to Green River. Also, please be aware there are some discrepancies in Mom's account from the facts that we have verified from other source data; certainly these can be attributed to the very early age in which the memories were made, plus the fact that this account was given while she was ill -- just two and a half months before she died. Some corrections have been put in parenthesis.

"We moved to American Fork. Dad taught school there for a year. My sister that was just older than me (Maria) started school in American Fork."

"When we moved from Farmington (Kirtland via Grayson) to American Fork, it was quite an experience. Dad had to go on to start his school, before we were ready to move from Farmington. And so when we left, Grandpa Young, one-armed Grandpa; he only had the one arm, the other was taken off right at the shoulder -- he was there for us. I'm sure Dad had made arrangements with him to bring us out of Farmington -- Mother and we kiddies."

"I don't know whether Auntie stayed there, I can't remember that. But anyway, we had a covered wagon, and there was Newel and June; June was the oldest, then Newel, Maria and me and Myrl. Five (six) children in that wagon. And, it had been storming -- I guess for days, so that it was wet, and muddy in places. But, most of it was just deep heavy clay. And I can remember, for--oh, it seemed like an eternity, that Newel being--how old would he have been?--he'd a been 11 or 12, I guess, and as the wheels,-- he and Grandpa had to get out, and as the wheels would go around, they had great big long knives, and they'd have to cut the clay off from the wheels, as the wheels would go around on that wagon. And of course, we had to sit there. And at one point, I had to get out of the wagon and go find a sagebrush somewhere. I just had to real bad, so Grandpa stopped the wagon, and he let Maria and I out. And, I guess I was being too slow for him. I was hurrying as fast as I knew how. But--I couldn't wait any longer, so finally I saw that wagon start going. And oh, it frightened us, and Maria started running toward the wagon, and our shoes got so loaded down with clay, we had to take our shoes off, and our stockings picked up the clay and we finally reached the wagon, climbed in the back of it, but oh, I was so frightened, I thought sure they were going to leave us behind and go on without us. That's one experience I can remember real plain. There are not too many things you can remember when you

were just 5 years old. Course, I was a little older than that, I was closer to six (almost seven)."

"June used to tell how we all looked when we got to Green River after Grandpa had taken us that hundred miles from Farmington (Grayson) to Green River. ¹³ We had to go to Green River to catch the train, and then from there we went on to American Fork. June was 13 years old and so she could remember a lot how we were dressed and how we looked. She used to laugh and laugh and tell us. She said 'I can just about imagine what we looked like to the people when we got off at the station in American Fork.'"

"We lived in quite a small home, or house, right next to people by the name of Blaymeyers. They had a family of children about the same age as ours and we used to play with the Blaymeyer children all the time. But I thought they had the most terrible mother that I could ever imagine because she used to yell at her kids, and she'd say, 'You get home here or I'll skin you alive.' And I thought she really meant it. I thought that was terrible. My parents didn't ever talk to us like that -- I can hear her now yelling at those kids, 'You little brats, you get over here or I'll skin you alive.'"



Chipman's Mountain aka Mount Timpanogos

Directly east of American Fork, towering high into the sky is Mount Timpanogos. Surviving from the memories of the year spent in American Fork was the story of the Chipman's. Mom related it this way during her interview:

"Every time we ever went through American Fork for the next how many years, even after Owen and I were married -- when we used to take Dad down to Richfield or down through that place, every time we went through American Fork, my Dad had to tell the story about the Chipman's. There was the Chipman Mercantile and

¹³ According to Newel K.'s student and nephew, Howard DeLavan Roberts, the train stop in 1912 was at Thompson Springs, seventeen miles east of Green River. In the summer of 1912 the log home that John R. and Tamar had given May's family in 1909 caught fire and burned to the ground. Howard, together with his brother John Clark, his sister Hattie, and his mother, May traveled from Kirtland to Provo, Utah in the fall of 1913 -- to make a new home and to attend school at BYU.

Chipman's Bank and Chipman's Bakery. Well, Chipman's just about owned everything in American Fork. One day a little boy was walking down the street with his Dad and he said, 'Dad, who owns that store?' 'Well, Mr. Chipman owns that.' 'Well, who owns that building over there?' 'Well, that belongs to Mr. Chipman.' Finally, he pointed up to the mountains and said, 'Who owns that big mountain?' And his Dad said 'Well, God owns that.' And the little boy said, 'Oh, did Mr. Chipman give it to him?' Dad used to get a big kick out of telling us that story every time we ever went down there."

Move to Kaysville, Utah... 1913...

After only one year at American Fork, Grandpa Newel K. transferred to Kaysville, Utah to teach grade school during the 1913-1914 school year. We have no record of when exactly the family made the move, but Mother said: *"I started out in the first grade in Kaysville."* When I interviewed her in March 1984, her memory was hard pressed by the many months of ill health she had endured. In vivid contrast to my 1984 interview is one conducted by her grandsons Craig and Brent Bonham on December 30, 1979. In the Bonham interview, she clearly expressed many points that were becoming fuzzy just four years later. With respect to her time at Kaysville she clearly remembered her baptism in the summer of 1914.



Kaysville Historic Tabernacle

"I remember the day I was baptized. That was one of the happiest days of my life. We had waited from November (19 Nov. 1913 - Mom's eighth birthday) till June for the stake tabernacle to be finished so that baptisms could be performed there. I remember, it was a Saturday morning. Mother didn't go with us but Dad took me and we had to walk. We lived up on the foothill in Kaysville with fruit orchards around, and we had to go clear down across town to the

tabernacle. I can remember hanging on to his hand and skipping along the side of him. There were about twenty-six children that were baptized that morning and I was one of them. I thought that was the greatest experience I ever had. On the way home we stopped at the Kaysville Mercantile and Dad bought me a pack of chewing gum and I thought that was just the greatest thing -- and then I was confirmed a member the next day."

Utah Historic Site

KAYSVILLE TABERNACLE

Construction of the Kaysville Tabernacle began in 1912 and the building was dedicated May 24, 1914. When the old adobe meetinghouse, built between 1855 and 1863, became too small, Kaysville architect William Allen was commissioned to design a new church across the street. A groundbreaking ceremony was held July 24, 1912 under the direction of Bishop Henry H. Blood, who later served as Utah's governor from 1933 to 1941. The Tabernacle combines "modern" and Greek Revival styling and is noted for its beautiful stained glass windows.

Division of State History

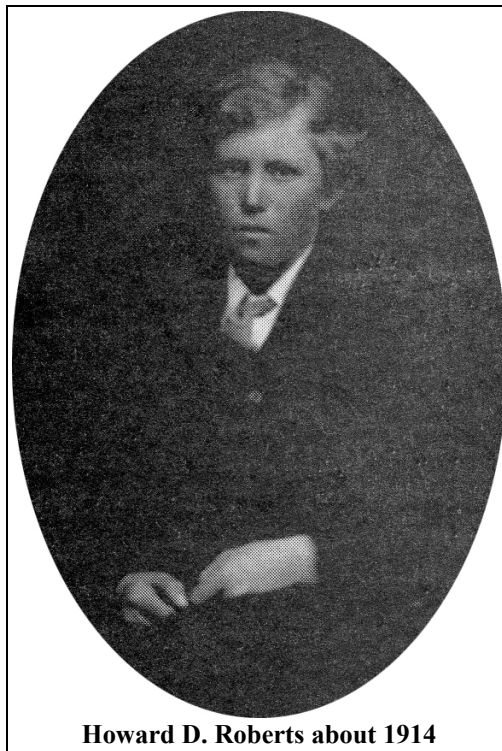
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Some history and inside views of the Kaysville Tabernacle taken in 2004 when we visited there are displayed on this page. Mom would be pleased to know that her grandson James Robert Reynolds M.D. has established his family home in Kaysville.

In the life story of Howard D. Roberts we learn that he successfully finished the year of school at BYU during the 1913-1914 session. It was a struggle but this son of a widowed mother knew the meaning of work and he finished the school term with a determination to return for more. Howard later wrote:

"In spite of our scrimped circumstances we enjoyed the school term, and when it came to a close (in the summer of 1914) Clark went back to Redmesa to try and dispose of the livestock we had left there, and I went to Kaysville, Utah to stay with Uncle Newel K. Young and work at the Kaysville canning factory. Uncle Newel was teaching school and I enjoyed my stay with Uncle Newel, Aunt Tina and the children. They were all very good to me."



Howard D. Roberts about 1914

Vernessa's cousin and Grandpa's former summer business partner John Clark returned to Redmesa. Howard wrote:

"At Redmesa he tried to make enough money to enter school again in the fall. While there he married Bertha Davenport, and they started making plans for them both to attend the BYU in the fall. They were living and doing the necessary work to prove up on Bertha's filing on a dry farm when they met with a terrible accident. They were riding in a wagon and when the team started to run Clark was thrown from the seat and was caught in the doubletrees and dragged. He was taken to Farmington unconscious and put under the care of a Dr. Smith but on 8 December 1914 he died."

Grandpa Newel K. and his family sadly mourned the loss of this fine young man.

For the Newel K and Tina Young family, living at Kaysville lasted less than two full years. In the fall of 1914 Newel K. Young was appointed as teacher/principal at the grade school in Clinton. This job would last through the teaching years of 1914-1915 and 1915-1916.

End Of Part Two

Move To Clinton...1915... and later events to be covered in Part Three



Clinton Ward LDS Meetinghouse 1910