

MARY (MAY) WHIPPLE YOUNG

By
Luana Porter Bunnell
Granddaughter¹



John R. Young, May's father, was a restless man, moving from one small community to another, and thus always on the fringe of civilization, and helping to reclaim the waste places of Zion. Generally these moves were made in answer to a call from his uncle, President Brigham Young, and an answer to one such call found him and his family in Southern Utah, to help establish a form of the United Order in a new town called Orderville, in Kane County.

It was in Orderville that a baby daughter was born to John R. Young and his wife Tamar Jane Black, on February 2, 1874. They named her Mary, but she was always called May. Here she spent her childhood playing with the other children of

¹ Luana Porter Bunnell provided this chapter of her family history on June 21, 2007. Please see Addendum A for an image of the transmittal letter. With her permission I have included this chapter in the Stolworthy Family Memories. The original was a typewritten monograph with some photocopies of two family pictures. I have exercised the liberty to add the digital images as well as Addendums A and B. Data and information are from various sources, as noted. --RNReynolds

the Order. She told her granddaughters about how she hated to be left while her mother was gone to pick berries, or whatever tasks she had to do, and she said the children always disliked the rules of the community meals, because when they were through eating, they always had to go to the lady in charge and ask, "Please Auntie Harmon, may I be excused?"

The following story was told to Luana Porter Bunnell, on March 23, 1959 by May. This was not very long before she died:

"When I was about 14 years old, we moved to Boulder Mountain, where we ran a dairy, and so Father and Mother would be in a little less danger of being found by the marshals, who were constantly after them and others for practicing polygamy after the federal government ruled it illegal.

One morning, Father left the ranch to go hunt for one of the cows that was lost. He found it some distance away, where it had been killed by a mountain lion, so he turned and was just starting back to the road when he caught sight of a strange buggy and men who he felt were the marshals. So, instead of going back to the road, he traveled in the creek bottom, where he was out of sight, but he could see the men on the road. He followed them until it became dusk, and they apparently had lost their way, so they made camp for the night.

Father then came on home and told Mother that he would have to leave because the marshals were on their way to their place. So, they immediately made preparations for him to leave, and then he went to bed to sleep until nearly daylight, when he got up and left.

That morning, I went out to milk the few cows we had left (we had turned most of them out) and when I came back into the house, the marshals came at the same time and wanted to know where my Father was. I told them that I didn't know where he was, so then they wanted to know where my mother was. She had locked herself in the half-cellar room where we made cheese and set pans of milk to let the cream rise. At first I didn't tell them where she was, and then they went outside and looked around for a while. Then they came back and told me that I had just as well tell them where Mother was, because they were going to stay there until they found her. So, I called to her, "Ma, you had better come out." When she came out the door, she was so white I was afraid she was going to faint, and I quickly put my arm around her and helped her to a chair.

The marshals gave both of us subpoenas to appear in court. Ma was expecting a baby at just about the time court was to be held, and that was all the evidence they would need to send Father to jail for five years, so Father said he couldn't let her go to testify. So, they planned to leave to take her away where she couldn't be found. About two weeks before they planned to go, Father awoke in the night with the feeling that they shouldn't wait any longer, so they made preparations that day to leave, then started before daylight the next morning.

There was a family of apostates who lived not far from us, and Ma and Pa tried to get away without them seeing us, because we knew they would tell the marshals when and where we had gone if they could.

They started on their way, taking with them the two small boys, Tommy and Ray. Toward evening, Father turned to see the sunset, and turned back to tell Ma to look at it, just in time to see her slip from the seat of the wagon down onto the doubletree and onto the heels of the vicious mule that was one of the animals of the team. By the time he could get the wagon stopped, she had slipped onto the ground and been dragged for a ways, and the front wheel had run over her hand and her chest. He somehow got her out from under the wagon before the back wheel went over her too, and found that she was badly hurt in the chest, and the fingers of her right hand were so mashed and mangled, he was afraid he would have to take her hand off in order to save her life. He managed to get her back into the wagon, and headed for the nearest town where there was a woman doctor they knew. Every turn of the wagon wheel and bump of the road, of which there were many, was excruciating pain for Mother in her hurt condition. As they neared the town, Father realized that he wouldn't dare to let the doctor see Ma, because the marshal would come to ask her about them, and so he went to the doctor and asked for ointments and instructions to treat her. The doctor wanted to take her into her home and treat her there, but he said they couldn't take the chance of the marshals finding her there, even though it did seem so cruel to do otherwise. So, the doctor gave him salves and things he would need, and they drove on, through an area that was quick sand, so it covered the tracks of the wagon, until they found a place they felt it would be safe to stay. They made camp there, and stayed for a week until Ma had healed enough and gained strength to make the rest of the journey. They then went on across the desert to Huntington, where Ma stayed with her people, and Father went on to Colorado and New Mexico to try to find a place that we could move to where we would be safe.

Ma had her baby while he was gone, but it only lived a very short time. My sister Harriet had a baby a while after that, and Harriet died when it was born. Ma took the baby, brought her own milk supply back, and nursed and cared for the baby until he was a year or two old. Then his father married again, and came and took the baby from her. Ma said anything had never hurt her as much as that had done. We got reports from time to time about him, living in Mona, and being mistreated, until Ma was brokenhearted. Then finally, she heard that he had died at about the age of 10, and after that, she was more at peace because she knew he was in kinder hands.”² --This is the end of this particular story as Grandma told it to me--Luana.

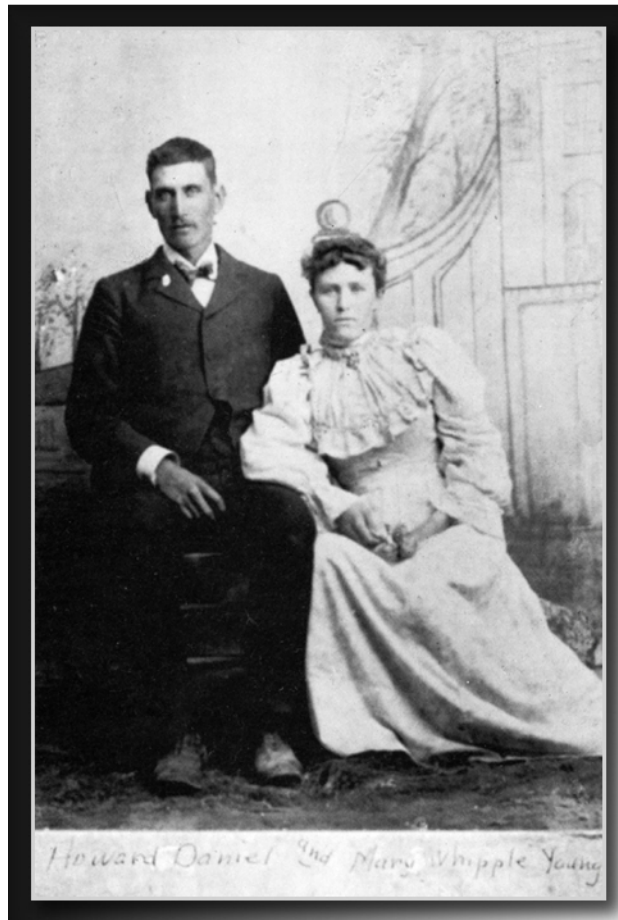
² See Addendum B for more details including the boys name, his father's name and the grandmother the boy lived with until his death on 24 December, 1897 at age seven.

The Young family decided to move to Old Mexico, and on the way they stayed for a time in Colorado. It was while they were there that May met her husband-to-be, Howard Daniel Roberts.

May was a pretty girl, and had a beautiful singing voice. Howard fell completely in love with May, and soon she was his whole thought. Their friendship grew, and on October 24, 1890, in Mancos, Colorado, they were married. A real celebration was had for them. Everyone was invited, and a dinner was cooked for the crowd. May had a lovely dress, and Howard was so proud of her. Howard looked very handsome, too. May was just 16 years old. Later a trip was made to Salt Lake City, no doubt by team and wagon, where their marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

Howard and Mary Wedding Photo

24 October 1890



Howard Daniel Roberts and Mary (May) Whipple Young on their wedding day.

Howard and May, as well as Howard's father and family, moved to Jackson, New Mexico. They got a small house there, and then Howard got a job in the Farmington mill about seven miles away. He went back and forth to work.

On August 29, 1891, in Jackson, New Mexico, a baby girl, named Mamie was born to Howard and May. They surrounded her with loving care, but the baby's birth there must have been under the most primitive circumstances.³ Jackson was one of the most lonesome and primitive places, and their homes there had to be abandoned.

May's father and mother had moved to Old Mexico, and since her mother was ill, May took her baby and went to Mexico to help care for her. Howard stayed in Jackson.

When they were making preparations to go back to the States, May's grandfather, William Morley Black, in preparing to travel, had unloaded his gun and set it down by the wagon wheel while he gathered some things to put into the wagon. His sons saw a coyote and loaded the gun to shoot it, but by the time they got the gun loaded, the coyote was gone, so they put the gun down where it had been previously, and went on with their work of harnessing the team for the start of the day's journey. The grandfather came back, and finding the gun right where he had left it, finished fixing it for the trip by tying it to the top of the wagon bows with the muzzle pointing back. As they left, his wagon was in front of the one in which May was riding with her parents and brothers. When the road became rough, it caused the gun to discharge.

May describes as follows:

"Howard and I moved to Jackson where his folks had taken up a ranch--it was there our first baby was born and we named her Mamie. That fall, Howard went to Farmington to run a grist mill and I went to Mexico to stay with my mother who was not well. On March 25, 1892 on our return trip home we had a tragic accident. We were within a day's travel of Deming, New Mexico, and we started early that morning so as to reach the town by nightfall. My Grandpa Black was with us and they were in a wagon just ahead of ours. My brother, William, was driving our team and my father was reading a book to us. My baby was playing peek-a-boo with my little brother, Ray, peeking at him, and then hiding her face on my chest. We were sitting on a roll of bedding in the back of the wagon. Ray was standing in front of us. Father was sitting in the seat with William.

Suddenly, I fell back on the bed. I thought someone had struck me with a rock. Then, I noticed that my father and Ray were both hurt. A gun in the front wagon had gone off. The bullet passed through Father's left shoulder, and grazed Ray's leg. It hit my baby's head and lodged in my breast. My father dug the bullet

³ I remember Grandma telling me how she was in labor for such a long time, until they thought she was not going to survive.

*from my breast, but there was nothing they could do for my baby. My mother held her until she died about an hour later. They tore up a sheet and bound Father's arm tightly enough to stop the flow of blood, and saved his life, although he lost his arm. We had to travel on to Deming, reaching there at 9:00 at night. After three days, I took the train to Gallup, New Mexico where Howard was waiting for me to take me to our home in Jackson. What a sorrow to lose our baby in such a violent way."*⁴

The baby was buried in an unmarked grave in the desert. Later, when May's parents came back and bought a home in Fruitland, New Mexico, May and Howard also bought a home there.

May and Howard's next baby, John Clark, was born in Fruitland, New Mexico, on January 20, 1893. His birth eased for a while the grief of this young mother, though she never forgot the tiny daughter and her untimely death. Claude William was born July 5, 1894, and a baby daughter, Hattie Vilate, was born December 17, 1895.

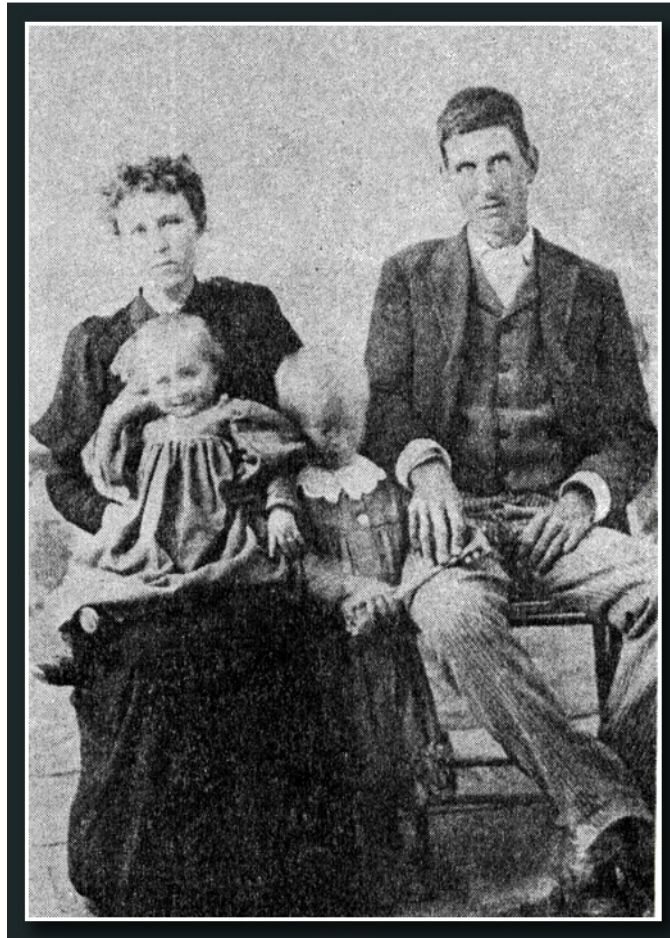
Howard worked hard to build a home and care for his family, and May was happy as she cared for her family's wants. But fate had another test for May. On June 14, 1897, Howard, along with some other men, was in a boat on the treacherous San Juan River. A sudden severe wind storm came up, and huge waves began to toss the boat about. Howard was an experienced swimmer, and was the first to abandon the boat, and swim for shore. After the rest of the men reached shore, it was discovered that Howard was not accounted for. A search began, but his body was not found for several days. Some Indians discovered it on the reservation side of the river, and demanded a reward before they would let the body be removed. Services were held and the body of Howard was laid to rest in the cemetery on the hillside overlooking the little town of Fruitland. May was heart broken, and it took time before she could face what had happened. She thus was left a widow at the age of twenty-three, with three small children, and pregnant

⁴ Additional references for this tragic accident include an account by Howard Daniel Roberts' younger sister, Mary Eliza Roberts Noel, which is referenced at length in the work of May Roberts' son entitled "Memories of Howard D. Roberts" pages 3-6. This account was recorded by Howard D. Roberts, himself, in the summer of 1976 just five months before he died. A March 5, 1975 letter from Howard D. Roberts to Melvin T. Smith, Editor, Utah Historical Quarterly, about the life of John R. Young, also refers to the accident as happening "near Deming, New Mexico," and "at the time of the accident John R. was living in Fruitland, New Mexico." More references include: Files of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers under name of John R. Young, and in the following reference: March 25, 1892 (Friday), "Elder John R. Young was severely wounded and his grandchild killed by a gun accident, near Deming, New Mexico, Andrew Jenson, Church Chronology: A Record of Important Events Pertaining to the History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints [Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1914]. From John R.'s Memoirs we have, "After I had lost my arm, in coming back from Mexico, while I was still feeble, when crossing the New Mexico desert....." page 212.

with a fourth. Surely a life time of tragedy had been crammed into less than seven short years.

Howard and Mary Roberts

1890s



Howard and Mary with sons Claude and Clark

On October 3, May's next son was born, and she named him Howard DeLavan for his father that he never knew. In the last years of her life, this small baby, grown to manhood, was to be her comfort, her help and her stay. Surely God rules in the affairs of men and women, if we only keep our faith and wait to see His plan unfold.

May was President of the Primary for many years. Howard tells of how, as small boys, he, Clark and Claude worked to help their mother make a living. That is one blessing May did have, and surely was appreciated by her. She was surrounded by family members who tried to help her, not only her own family, but her husband's family. But even with the help she received, it was hard being a mother

and having to supply food and clothing for a growing family, and so the boys tried to do their part. Clark, when very young, hitched old Peggy to the buggy and went up and down the little valley, even up the LaPlata, taking orders for dishes. He was too young to read or write well, and had to depend on his customers to write out their own orders, as well as read what he had to offer them. They were impressed with his manly courage and no doubt bought more freely to help the little fellow earn money, and money was needed at this time to pay for an operation that May had to undergo.

The family had an organ, and Hattie started to take lessons, but her mother felt that she needed a piano, so she bought one, and the brothers paid for it hauling coal to Farmington and selling it. Howard says that he must not have been much over ten years old when he drove the team to deliver coal.

Claude

early 1900's



WILLIAM CLAUDE ROBERTS
1894-1909

William Claude Roberts

Claude was said to be the largest member of his little family standing just over six feet tall when he was 15 years old. Claude contracted typhoid fever after spending the summer tending sheep in the mountains and died an early death.

wagon the next morning and took him down to his mother's home. But there was not much that could be done for Claude, and he died in September of 1909 at the age of fifteen. He was a special, angelic spirit, and it was a terrible sorrow to lose him.

May worked hard, and did anything she could to earn money. She often boarded the school teachers that taught at the small school. She often made ice cream, frozen in freezers that had to be turned by hand, and most likely the boys did this work. This ice cream would be taken to the meeting house and sold at the dance, and how good it would taste after a dance that left you hot and in need of refreshment. At times she also served suppers at the dances.

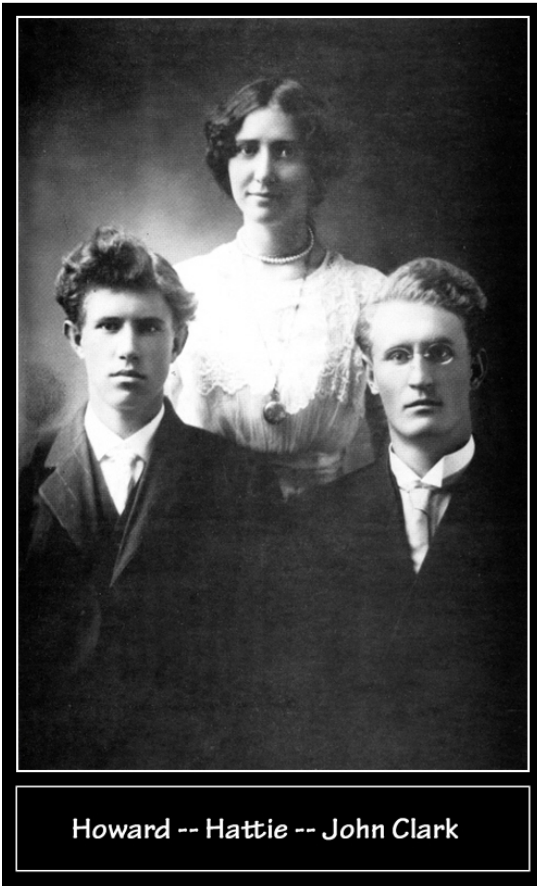
Basket suppers were held, and May always made a beautiful basket for Hattie and filled it with good things to eat. The boys at the dance often paid a good price for the basket, knowing that they would have a charming young miss to eat it with.

Sorrow did not end for May with the death of her husband. The next tragedy to come to her was when her son Claude was stricken with typhoid fever while working in the mountains during the summer season. The men, knowing that he was very ill, sent him with a passing teamster, who took him to the home of an aunt. Knowing that he was desperately ill, they put him on a bed in a

Clark went to Provo to attend school, and he decided his brother Howard and sister Hattie should have the same opportunity, and so he persuaded his mother to sell the old home in Fruitland and move to Provo, Utah where they could all attend the Brigham Young Academy. The school year of September 1912 found them in Provo. Clark and Howard did any kind of work they could find. They picked apples and Clark worked at the school library and earned \$7.00 per month, which was their main source of income. Howard remarked, "We made it, but I hardly know how." Later they bought a small home across the street from the school, and May took in boarders to help pay expenses.

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.

Tragedy strikes again. In the year 1914, Clark returned to Redmesa, Colorado, to work during the summer. The summer was a happy one for him as he renewed his friendship with his girl sweetheart, Bertha Davenport, and they decided to be married and later go to Provo to live. After the fall crops were harvested, he and Bertha were married and lived out on the dry farm for a few happy weeks. Then they packed up their belongings in the wagon and started for Redmesa, intending to leave soon for Provo. On the way the team became frightened and began to run wildly. Bertha started to fall, and Clark reached out to push her to safety and lost his own balance and fell onto the doubletree, where he was kicked by the horses, and dragged for a distance. He was badly injured, and they took him to Farmington where everything possible was done for him, but after a few weeks of suffering, he died. A funeral was held and he was buried next to his father Howard Daniel, and his brother Claude in the cemetery in Fruitland.

The sad word of Clark's death devastated his family in Provo, but life had to go on. Bertha came to Provo and lived with May, Howard and Hattie, and went to school until she graduated from the college, and remained there as a teacher of first, shorthand, and then French.

Howard took more and more responsibility, and worked as a janitor at the school, and he later acquired a dairy and sold milk. By working long hours, he made a living for his mother and Hattie and kept on with his school work, too. It took him a lot of years, but he graduated from B. Y. U. and later went to work for the government in the Indian Service.

During World War I, May, Howard and Hattie moved to Blanding, Utah because of the wishes of her father, John R. Young. There Hattie met and married Omni M. Porter. Howard went back to Provo to continue his education, and May made her home with Hattie. She delighted in the three granddaughters that were born to the Porter family, and she helped in raising them.

During the rest of her life, May lived most of the time with Hattie and her family, but she traded off, living with Howard, also. And during a lot of the years, all of them lived together-- especially during the (early) years that Omni and Hattie, had the girls; and, Howard lived in the basement of the house that Howard owned (Omni built the house for him) on the northwest corner of Seventh North and Third East in Provo. Then Howard began working for the Indian Service in Arizona, and May would go stay with him some of the



time, but mostly she lived with Hattie while they lived on First East and then after they moved to 462 West Second South.

In 1946, the Porter family moved to St. George, but Luana and May stayed in Provo, except for visits to St. George--and the family still came back to Provo for Christmas and summers. Luana got married in November 1946, but she still kept track of Grandma and did what she needed to help take care of her.

When May was 82 years old she had to have an emergency operation for a bowel obstruction, and they gave her very little chance of surviving that surgery. But she did survive, and after two weeks in the hospital, where it was touch and go for a long time, and a month in a rest home, she came back to the home and lived until she was 85 years old. She passed away on April 13, 1959. A funeral service

was held in Provo, and then she was taken to St. George to be buried next to Hattie.

One time when Uncle How was visiting with me (Luana), I asked him how Grandma managed to make a living for her family of three boys and one girl during that period of time when there were no welfare programs to aid the families in need. He wrote me a letter later after he thought about it, and so I am going to quote excerpts from that letter:

The answer to your question, Luana, becomes even more complex when we consider the fact that Mother was never very well, and she suffered a great deal from headaches that put her to bed. She was taken to Durango, Colorado by covered wagon at one time to undergo a major operation. Even so, I don't think we children were really deprived of very many of the things we needed to make our lives comfortable. Mother taught us the importance of family and personal prayers, and she was ambitious, and following are some of the things she did to support us:

- 1. She sold ice cream during and after the dances at Fruitland, as well as at celebrations. I well remember this as I turned the ice cream freezer as soon as I was big enough, and I looked forward to enjoying the dish of ice cream she would take out for me when the ice cream became frozen enough.*
- 2. Mama often took in boarders and roomers. This consisted mostly of school teachers, and that would be only one at a time because Fruitland ordinarily had only one teacher for the school.*
- 3. She prepared meals for transients. These were mostly Navajos, and I believe she charged only thirty-five cents per meal.*
- 4. She baked bread for Brother Evans, who was a coal miner and had lost his wife. Most of his children were married, but he still had two boys at home who were sadly neglected.⁵*
- 5. Brother Alfred Ruby, who had lost his farm, came to live with us and tended a garden that helped with our family's food supply.*
- 6. We always had a good milk cow to supply us with the milk and cream we needed.*
- 7. Family assistance was an important factor in our survival, because family members from both the Young and Roberts families kept a watchful eye on us and helped us in many ways.*

⁵ Grandma still baked bread for people when she could find someone who wanted her homemade bread--even into her late years. I especially remember her baking bread for Dr. Austin's family, and Fontella and I would deliver it hot to their home. LaDawn says she took bread every week to Mrs. Peay. -Luana Bunnell

8. *Contributions from the children, who because of necessity, matured early and found many kinds of jobs they could do to help their mother.*
9. *We owned our own house and lot. I think Grandpa Young had given us the lot and I believe the community must have contributed greatly in furnishing the building material and the labor in building the house. The house we lived in and owned was as good as or better than the houses in Fruitland, and it not only still stands, but is occupied. The house consisted of two bedrooms, a dining room and a kitchen. I believe it was the year 1909 that Grandpa Young had an offer from Burt Dustin to buy the main part of his farm, but it was under the condition that he could get our house and lot in the deal. To meet Burt's stipulations Grandpa offered us his log house and seventeen acres of ground for our house and lot, plus \$700.00 when we could get it. We accepted the offer, mainly to help Grandpa in selling the farm as he had moved to Blanding, Utah and was anxious to sell his holdings in Fruitland. This move was really better for us as the log house was close to an Indian Trading Post and Mama did well in fixing meals for the Navajos. We also had more house room for taking roomers. It was here that the Fruitland school teacher, Blaine Rush, stayed with us and Hattie gave him such a bad time playing jokes on him that he fell in love with her.*

In the year 1912, the log house burned down and we moved to Provo to attend school at the B.Y.U.

Uncle How continues--In my letter to Luana I fear that I have given the impression that it was easier for Mother to provide for her family than it really was. When I think back on the poor health that Mother was in and different things that happened, I am sure that things were not as rosy for her as I have pictured them. Her health was very poor, and when I think of some of the difficulties with which she was confronted, I am forced to ask the same question that Luana asked: "How did Grandma provide for her family of four young children in the days when there was no help provided by the State or Federal Government for widows and their dependent children?" The answer would have to be: "It wasn't easy."

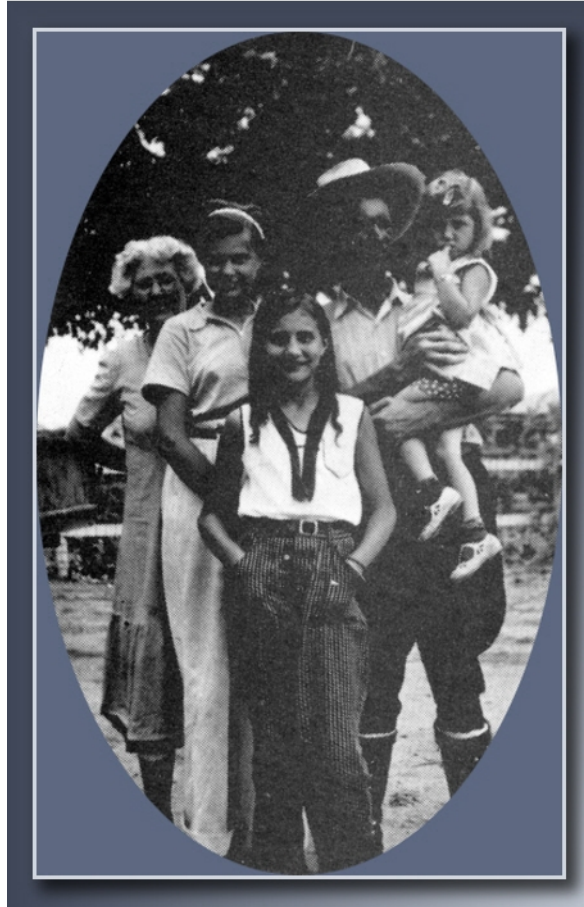
I think one of Grandma's favorite things to do was to bake bread, because she was always doing it--and if she could find anyone who wanted to buy it, she was delighted. Also, I always remember her making pieced quilts. I don't remember that she did the quilting on many of them--I guess she would get the Relief Society or someone else to do that for her--but she did like to make the quilt tops. Maybe I inherited the love of making quilts from her. She also sewed a lot of rag strips together and rolled them into balls which she had made into rag rugs.

Also, I might add that when Deanne was little and we would go spend time at her house, Deanne was delighted because Grandma would play Sunday school with

her and sing songs with her. She has said that she always thought Grandma was the only friend she had. I know Deanne was devastated when Grandma died.

May Roberts Family

1930s



Mary Roberts is pictured here with her son Howard and her three granddaughters, children of her daughter Hattie who took this photo. The girls from left are Luana, Fontella and LaDawn. Howard D. Roberts had no children but treated these three girls as if they were his own.

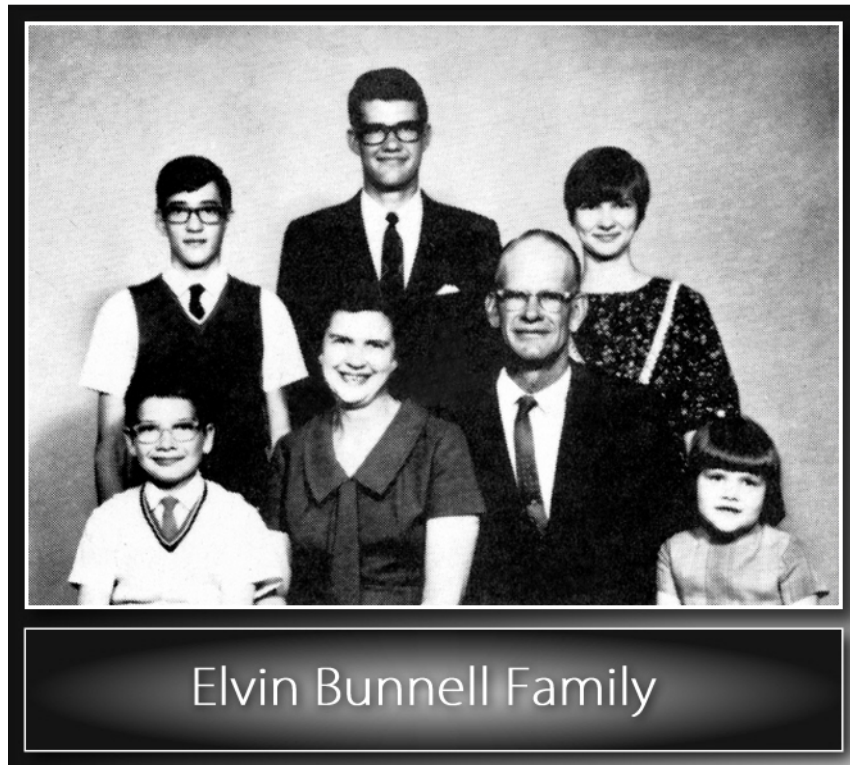
The following are memories that LaDawn has of Grandma:

Luana has already mentioned how Grandma loved to bake bread. I loved to come home from school and smell bread baking in the oven. I loved to eat pieces of dough while she was kneading it. I loved the middle of the bread after it was

baked, but I didn't like the crust, so as soon as someone would cut the end off of a fresh loaf of bread, I'd dig the middle out. Unless Grandma would hurry and get it sacked up to take to a neighbor, she would find all the loaves minus their middles. I don't ever remember Grandma scolding me about that. Maybe the rest of the family liked the crusts, so it all balanced out OK---either that or I was just a very spoiled little girl who got everything I wanted.

Colleen Collins and I loved to play dress-up. We'd put on plays on our front porch and it seemed I was constantly asking Grandma to help us put together costumes for our "Let's Pretend" acts. I'm sure she must have gotten awfully tired of trying to rig clothes up for us, but she seemed to always be there when we needed her help.

Elvin Bunnell Family



This image of the Elvin Bunnell Family is from the "Memories of Howard D. Roberts" on a special page (47) which Howard devoted to his neices and nephews and their families.

Front: Kurt, Luana, Elvin, Jana
Back: Larry, Wayne, Deanne

It wasn't until I started school that I realized all households didn't have Grandmas. When I played with Janice Thorne, she had a grandma and so did I. I just thought that was the family plan. Mama was nearly always home when I was growing up, so the few times I would be home without her, I had a hard time

handling the loneliness. Grandma would always take me on her lap and rock me and sing to me to ease my aching heart until Mama returned.

I was Grandma's partner at the movies. She loved movies and so did I, so we made a happy twosome. We would walk to the Uinta or the Paramount once a week and buy our tickets--\$.35 for adults--\$.15 for children. The only problem was we could only see it half through. I don't know if it bothered Grandma's eyes to sit through a two-hour movie, or if she was under the impression that watching a show that long would damage her eyes; at any rate, when the hour was up, we would leave--It seemed it was always in the most exciting part--She had a bargain with the manager that we could return the next day with our ticket stubs and see the last half without having to pay another ticket. As far as I was concerned, it sure wasn't the best plan to have to leave in the middle of the movie, but since it was better than no plan at all, I had to go along with it.

Grandma loved make-believe. She would sit under the Christmas tree with me and we'd discuss which house in the village we lived in and what kind of a life we had there. She also loved listening to the soap operas on the radio---Helen Trent, Our Gal Sunday, and The Second Mrs. Burton, are the ones I remember best. She would talk right along with them and give them advice such as, "Can't you see that scoundrel is up to no good!" But they would never listen to her, and would just go right on messing up their lives.

Grandma always fed the tramps and hobos. They always came to the back door and she'd have them chop some wood or kill a chicken for her, whatever chore she needed done, then she would fix them a sandwich and glass of milk. I don't remember ever being afraid of the men who were often sitting on the steps of our back porch--they were just a way of life for us. One morning Grandma was up early and found a man asleep on our front porch. She found a blanket and covered him, thinking all the time that he was a hobo. When he woke up, she discovered it was her brother whom she hadn't seen for many years. He came in the night and didn't want to wake anyone. Hobo or brother, she treated everyone the same.

Grandma always had chickens. I loved going to the post office with her to pick up the little chicks to place under the setting hen. She would usually give me a pet chick and it would follow me all around the house and yard like a puppy dog. I was a very lucky girl to have the love of two mothers--my mother and my grandmother. They gave me very choice experiences. I never knew any other grandparent, but the one I had was the best. -LaDawn Porter Gubler

Addendum A

== **BUNNELL FARMS, INC.** ==



1625 North Geneva Road

Provo, Utah 84601

801-374-0935

Dear Robert -

Maybe I have copied more than you want - but this is the entire section I put in the family history I wrote - this is about my grandmother, and some of her life. If I can help you with anything else I will try.

It was nice to talk to you.

Luana

Received June 21, 2007
Robert Reynolds

Addendum B - Some Related Thoughts
By Robert Newel Reynolds

It is the intent of this addendum to add perspective to that part of May's story relating to the hard times experienced by John R. Young's third wife, Tamar Black Young and others, in relationship to the family's exodus to Mexico in the early 1890's. Students of our family's history soon discover that this was a difficult time for many members of John R's family. In fact, it was a difficult time for the entire Mormon community, especially those who had engaged in the practice of plural marriage. It is unlikely that anyone of us living today can adequately empathize with those of our family who experienced the trials of the late 1800's resulting from the death of a loved one, separation, loss of institutional support and economic hardship. The miracles, seen through it all, are the many acts of integrity that resulted in unselfish and faithful lives truly dedicated to the service of family and friends.

We start with a little Orderville Era history: When Brigham Young died on August 29, 1877, John R. Young was serving his third mission for the church—this time in England. Back home in Utah, his younger brother, Franklin Wheeler Young had been called to perform a leadership role in the settlement of the high plateau country of Wayne County. He commenced to set down roots in a valley on the headwaters of the Fremont River (which becomes the Dirty Devil)—folks called it Rabbit Valley.

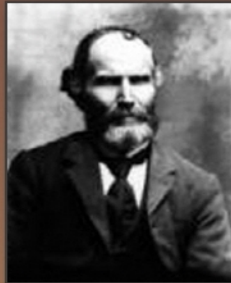


View of Boulder Mountain from Rabbit Valley

John R. and Franklin Wheeler Young



JOHN R. YOUNG



FRANKLIN WHEELER YOUNG

FRANKLIN CAME TO RABBIT VALLEY, IN WAYNE COUNTY, UTAH IN THE FALL OF 1877. REMEMBERING THE LOFTY MONO LOA FROM HIS SANDWICH ISLANDS MISSION HE NAMED THE FIRST TOWN "LOA." HE THEN ESTABLISHED CLAIM TO 240 ACRES OF HIGH MOUNTAIN PASTURE.



THESE TWO NEPHEWS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG WERE CLOSE BROTHERS ALL THEIR LIVES. THEIR FORTUNES OFTEN PARALLELED AS THEY SERVED MISSIONS ABROAD, AND WERE CALLED ON TO COLONIZE AREAS THROUGHOUT THE UTAH TERRITORY.

TWO FAITHFUL YOUNG BROTHERS WHOSE LIVES OFTEN TOUCHED EACH OTHER.

It is recorded that Franklin Wheeler Young conducted the first church meeting held at Loa on December 1, 1877. His brother John R. continued to serve his mission in England. The two brothers had been close their entire lives. Imagine the bond that was formed as these two Young brothers served as herd boys when crossing the plains to Utah and later as they tended their father's flocks in the Salt Lake Valley. Together they experienced the hardships of that first winter in the valley of the mountains subsisting on pig-weeds and thistle stalks and "delicious soup made from a bird-pecked ox-hide" that had hung from the branch of an oak tree to dry! They also witnessed the "miracle of the gulls" as they worked to save their family's meager one acre wheat crop on what is now prime downtown Salt Lake

City real-estate. Later, both would be called to serve as boy-missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. At age twenty Franklin became the youngest Bishop in the church presiding at Payson, Utah. Later, the two were called to settle in southern Utah—Franklin as Bishop at Grafton and John R. at Santa Clara.

The year 1878 was eventful for the families of both John R. and Franklin W. Young. Acting as the leader of the church group at Loa, Franklin parceled out farming lots or homesteads in the high mountain valley. For his two families he marked off a 240 acre piece that was characterized only by a small hill in its midst. Immediately to its south he marked off another plot of 160 acres for his missionary brother John R. Both farms would be excellent for raising sheep. The official patents for these two parcels would later be approved by President Benjamin Harrison on May 24, 1888 and July 3, 1890, respectively.⁶



While Franklin was busy laying the foundation of the new Loa settlement in the early months of 1878, John R. was busy on his mission in England and dutifully recording the events of this year in his diary. In his "Memoirs" he richly blessed us by recording parts of some significant records of that day. Letters from each of his three wives, written at separate dates in the year from Orderville, give us the best insight available on conditions in that unique community as well as the spousal relationship that existed in their plural marriage. Also insightful are the several letters he received from church leaders including his honored and good friend

⁶ Franklin and his family began immediately to farm the land. Upon returning from his mission in the fall of 1878, John R. returned to his families in Orderville. His son John Royal wrote that it was not until February 26, 1883 that he moved Albina and Tamar and their children to Rabbit Valley (Loa). U.S. Government patents were awarded to various family members of both John R. and Franklin W. Young, including John R's oldest living sons, Frank Albion, Silas Smith and Ferra Little Young, with the parcels all located in close proximity to each other.

Edward M. Webb, and Apostles Joseph F. Smith and Wilford Woodruff—all personal responses to his own letters to them. Also, the letters to and from some of his children at Orderville are now priceless and treasured sentiments.⁷

Collectively, John R's written record for 1878 gives us a window in time to fully appreciate the man and his contributions to his church and family. It was a time when the Orderville saints were emerging from dismal poverty—many of the children, for example, went from being barefoot to having their first pair of shoes. It was also a time when John R's service to others produced some of his best poetry, spiritual insights, and thoughts.

On June 2, 1878 tragedy struck Franklin's family when twelve year old David Sabin Young died. Franklin gave an account of David's death in letter to his far-off brother. John R. responded with three pages of poetry lamenting David's passing and in his diary he wrote, "He was a loveable boy."



LYMAN, UTAH CEMETERY ON LAND ORIGINALLY HOMESTEADED BY FRANKLIN WHEELER YOUNG.



HERE ON THIS HOMESTEAD, TWELVE YEAR OLD DAVID DIED AND WAS BURIED. FRANKLIN'S SECOND WIFE, ANNIE MARIA WAS BURIED HERE ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1895. JOHN R'S DAUGHTER VILATE WAS ALSO BURIED ON THIS CEMETERY HILL WHEN SHE DIED IN 1893

LATER, FRANKLIN MOVED TO EMERY COUNTY TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A PATRIARCH. HE IS BURIED IN ORANGEVILLE.

Grave of David Sabin Young

⁷ See chapters 21-27 of John R's Memoirs for details.

During the summer of 1878 a letter from President John Taylor arrived at mission headquarters in England instructing the release and return home of Elder John R. Young. Shortly after returning to Utah John R. married his fourth wife, Catherine Coles and was sealed to her in the Endowment House on October 10, 1878. Catherine died from complications of childbirth on December 12, 1879. She was laid to rest in the Salt Lake City cemetery.⁸ Her surviving child, Mary Ellen Young Odekirk, became the mother of eight sons and three daughters and lived to the age of ninety.

John R's love for Catherine Coles or "Kate" as he referred to her in his poetry developed as he labored faithfully on his mission in Wales. A recent convert, Catherine immigrated to Utah in the summer of 1878 with a group of Welsh Saints. When John R. returned from his mission in the early fall of 1878 he proposed to the new convert who became his fourth wife. It is recorded that his first wife Albina and her fifteen year old son Silas traveled to Salt Lake to meet him.

Returning to Orderville, John R. was placed in charge of sheep operations.⁹ Apparently this was a time when the Order was functioning at its high point. Some prosperity was beginning to be felt and for John R.'s family it was that rare period when they were altogether—for the first and last time. The year 1879 would see the birth of two children—Mary Ellen from new wife Catherine on November 27, and Thomas Robertson from Tamar on December 18—just six days after the death of Catherine. At the end of 1879 John R's living family included three wives and 15 children, ages one month to 18—all residing at Orderville, except the newborn and motherless infant Mary Ellen who was adopted by Eleanor Jones Young (Aunt Ellen), one of the wives of Lorenzo Dow Young. Sadly things were about to change.

Mormon polygamists had been persecuted in many ways since the early days of Utah settlement, but after the Edmunds Act the U. S. Government started putting on the heat!¹⁰ U.S. Marshals (Feds) swarmed the countryside dragging both husbands and plural wives into court.

The troubles and hardships experienced by John R's family members were in many cases heart-rending and provided substance for many paragraphs that were later published in life histories penned by descendants; but, none captures the mind as well as do the words in chapter 34 of his *Memoirs*.

⁸ Catherine's grave location is H-10-8-ROD-SO.

⁹ *Daughters of Utah Pioneers*, Albina Terry Young by LaRean C. Young, 28 January, 2004, five page monograph based in part on "My Mother and Me" by Roy Young.

¹⁰ In 1862, Congress enacted the Morrill Act, which made bigamy a felony and was designed to stop Mormons from practicing polygamy. The Supreme Court upheld the statute in *Reynolds v. United States* in 1879. But the Morrill act turned out to be an ineffective weapon against Mormon polygamy because it was difficult for the government to prove that the Mormon man was actually married to his various wives. In 1882 congress enacted the Edmunds Act which made "bigamous cohabitation" a misdemeanor. This law was effective, and around 1,300 Mormon men were jailed under it in the 1880's.

With respect to the relationship with his brother Franklin, John R.'s strong convictions and views brought the two to a parting of the ways when he declined his brother's suggestion to meet and make "terms" with the arresting federal marshals Armstrong and McGary. Said he: "I knew the marshals, and I didn't intend that by any such ruse they should make my acquaintance. My brother met them, however, and agreed on terms, and when notified, he went to Beaver and surrendered himself; received as his "medicine" the full extent of the law—three years and three hundred dollars."

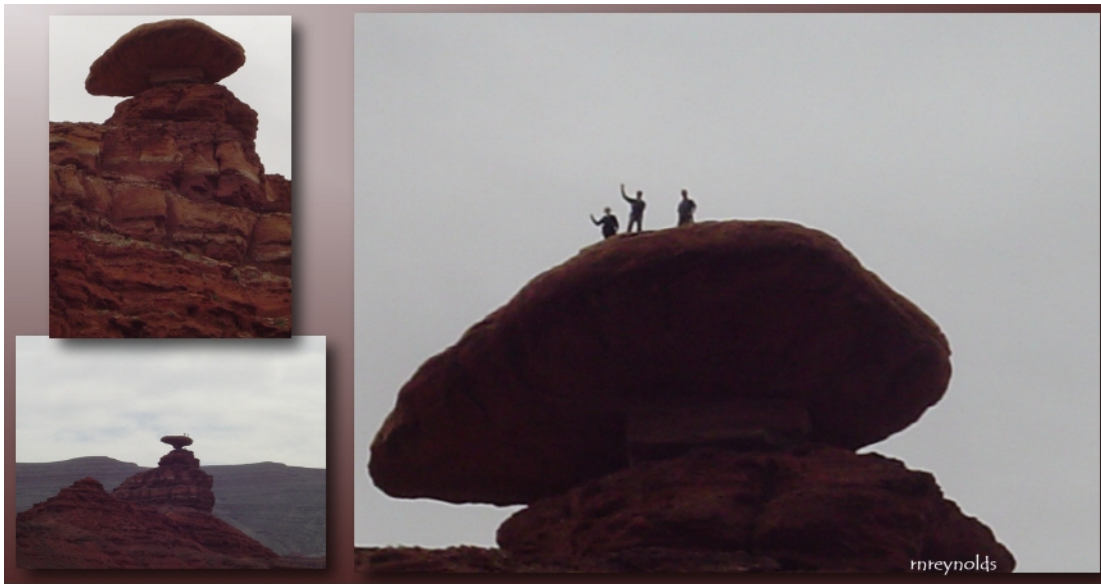
Of Good Times, Hard Times and Bad Times!

One of the standard justifications for the practice of Mormon polygamy is that it's restoration through the Prophet Joseph Smith was part of the "restoration of all things" prophesied by the early prophets. Its positive values often produced "Christ-like" behavior—of that there are many noble and inspiring examples. But, like Eliza R. Snow Smith Young said, plural marriage was the spiritual ideal; to "endure" it the Saints had to raise their sights, their understandings, their affections and desires to a higher, purer plain. When that didn't happen, sorrow crept in.

Of its down side there are some aspects worth capturing. Painful and costly to those personally affected, many of these can now be looked at with some degree of detachment. For example, it would be difficult for any of us today to really feel the emotions of abandonment that came with the loss of community, friends and family that were synonymous with the closing down of Orderville, passing of the Edmunds Act, confiscation of church property and seeing a husband or father carried off to prison for living his religion. That the spirit of patriotism survived in the families of the victims has always amazed me. But it did. Many times while growing up, I witnessed my mother's expressions of gratitude for our great country. This from a person who was born as an exile in a foreign land!



Mexican Hat



Wearing a Mexican Hat

Wonder if you will how many times our pioneer forebears rode in their wagons past exciting forms and geological wonders as they traversed the wild parts of our beautiful land. They seldom mentioned such fascinating things in their writings but you don't have to watch television or go to a movie to envision great epoch stories of their lives like the time John R. swam his packhorse across the Colorado River at Hall's Crossing because no one was there to operate the ferry. This act was even more remarkable when considered in its context of time and place. John R. had in the course of a few weeks fled his home in Wayne County, relocated his injured wife Tamar in Huntington, and then turned around and returned to Rabbit Valley where "by appointment" he met his cousin Brigham Young Jr. to "accompany him across the desert to New Mexico." This was no small feat. "In a seven days' ride on the desert" he said he had met "but three persons." He had traveled over 500 miles roundtrip by horseback and over half of it alone using "scrub ponies."

One of the reasons I enjoy my forebears history is to witness the way they handled the tough and difficult times they lived in. Having much less of everything than we, they were required to produce much, much more of themselves. Thus, what they accomplished seems almost heroic. In our day we enjoy such a marvelous food delivery system; such improved housing; such improved transportation and communications systems; and such improved health care systems, it is easy to lose track of the things of lasting importance. We barely have time to stop our busy lives long enough to return an email or a phone call. Writing letters is almost a lost art. It isn't that we are lesser people than our ancestors were but that our

opportunities are no longer forced on us. We often must create our own challenges or we can be swept away by the amusements of games and other short lived enticements. When this happens we have lost the opportunity for self expression that pronounced and forged the lives of our ancestors.

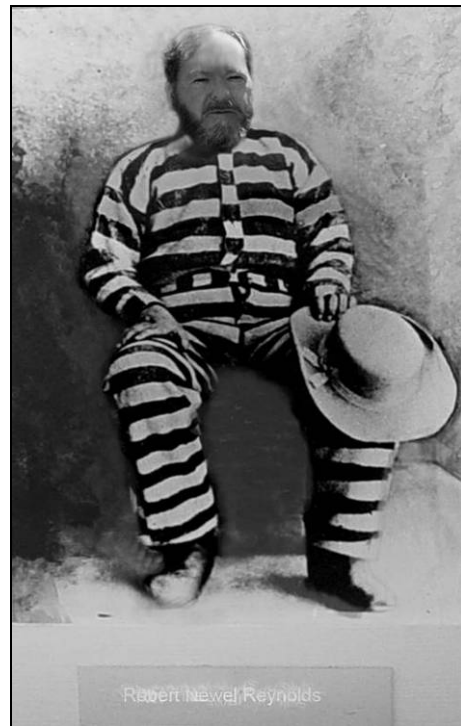


Fruita--the headquarters for Capitol Reef National Park. Franklin W. Young is the recognized founder of Fruita. Will we ever know why he didn't stay there?

As mentioned previously in this section, one of the very best chapters in grandpa John R. Young's Memoirs is Chapter thirty-four where he clearly enunciates his feelings about the federal action in the late 1800's against the Mormon polygamists. The efforts he made to avoid going to prison were exciting, daring, courageous and maybe even foolish because they cost him dearly in terms of his family relationships and the impact on members of his family. All four of my great-

grandfathers were polygamists. All made an effort to avoid prosecution but John R. certainly went to the greatest lengths. Said he:

*"I had never felt that the road to exaltation was through the Utah penitentiary; I did not owe Uncle Sam a cent, and I certainly did not want to be honored by wearing the uniform of his boarding house."*¹¹



These two photos give us an idea of what it was like to be a Mormon polygamist during the "crusade." The photo above on the right is a spoof of course but the uniform is one worn by Mormon Prisoners at the Yuma Territorial Prison in Arizona.

Not every practicing polygamist reacted as did John R. when in 1882 a divided U. S. Supreme Court upheld federal laws making the practice of polygamy a crime. While John R. went immediately into hiding with his wives Albina and Tamar, his wife Lydia boldly held on in Orderville. She was not alone. Others like their very close friends the Edward M. Webb family held on until late in 1885 when Orderville was disbanded altogether. Later, the Webbs would show up in Mexico associated with Grandpa Newel K. Young in Pacheco.

Avoiding the squads of U.S. marshals who spread out over the west to hunt down the "plygs" and "cohabs" was a practice common to nearly all who practiced polygamy, including the highest of church leaders. Indeed even the Church

¹¹ Memoirs of John R. Young, page 314-315.

President and Prophet Wilford Woodruff had his special hide-away in the Cottonwoods.¹² His predecessor President John Taylor died in exile.

Ultimately, great-grandfathers Warren Ford Reynolds and Isaac Brockbank Jr. submitted to the law, were prosecuted, and served prison time wearing "the boarding house uniform."

Great-grandfathers Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and John R. Young both moved their families to various remote areas to avoid prosecution. Grandfather Archie's grandson Golden wrote of this time:

"During the years of the 1880's the persecution of polygamy began in earnest by the officers of the United States. All those who had more than one wife were hunted from one place to another over the years. It is a matter of history that Grandfather and his wives were hiding in one community or another to escape the marshals... I must say here that Grandfather and his wives and family went through this entire ordeal but were never caught. Many of the brethren were caught and went to the penitentiary where they served various terms. These persecutions continued until it seemed best that at least part of the family should leave Glenwood and move to Colorado, or even to Mexico... This must have been a difficult decision to make and a difficult one to carry out."¹³

Indeed it was a difficult journey with acts of heroism marking the trail. We will capture some of those interesting tales in another section of this history. For now though a couple of short glimpses will do. Great-grandpa Archie described his tribulations with the Federal marshals this way:

"During the late 70's and during the entire 1880's we had a great deal of persecution from the government. U.S. marshals were hunting all of us who had more than one wife. I was constantly being harassed and hid in the hills or in the fields to keep from being arrested. There was one federal officer named Cuddeback who was particularly obnoxious to me. It seemed that he had a particular desire to arrest me and turn me in so that I could be put in prison. Many times I escaped him only by an inch. I have lain in the cornfield as he searched up and down within just a few feet. Sometimes I could even see his feet and legs but he did not see me."

¹² Reminiscences of Pearl Reynolds Bowthorpe Thompson refer to a personal acquaintance between Warren Ford and Wilford Woodruff in the "underground" days of the crusade; copy in my personal files. I remember as a young boy visiting some cottages tucked away back in the trees in the Cottonwoods not far from my home in Holladay where it was said the church leaders would come for seclusion.

¹³ Buchanan, Golden R., Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Family, published by J. Grant Stevenson, 230 West 1230 North, Provo, Utah 84601, 1978, page 27.

As for John R., he wrote colorfully in his *Memoirs of his labors and adventures in outsmarting and outmaneuvering the federal marshals*. His stories are filled with daring and courageous acts; he traveled hundreds of miles horseback and by wagon and moved two of his families clear down into Mexico. When the crusade was over he could say he escaped capture and his wives Lydia and Tamar never had to be "slurred and brow-beaten by a profligate lawyer, nor censured and lectured by a missionary judge." When he looked back though, what he beheld when he looked in the mirror was a man with one arm; a husband whose loving and supporting wife Albina, had to spend all of her later years alone, a second wife Lydia abandoned and embittered living in a foreign country, and his third wife Tamar suffering all of her life from a wagon and mule accident that nearly cost her life. Years later, in retrospect he uttered, "I suffered my family to become scattered. It was one of the errors of my life."

One observation--the polygamists who paid the piper and wore the uniform ended up serving relatively short prison terms and paying tiny fines—but they lived their lives out in close proximity to their multiple families.

John R. Young at age 85



"I am proud of my children and they are proud of me."

"The journey to Mexico was long, tedious and expensive, but we were happy, for we had escaped imprisonment."

"I cannot remember that there were ever disputations, or unkind jealous feelings among my wives; they ever sustained and loved one another."

"I took up a ranch on the Boulder Mountain, at a place called Wild Cat, a lonely retreat twenty miles from any town."

"I rode over the brow of a rock ridge. Then from behind a tree

*I observed the enemy,
until the shadow of night
settled down upon us.*

*Then I went home
to a loving family and a warm supper."*

Tribulation With a Capital "T"

In Luana Bunnell's history of her grandmother May Roberts we learn of the difficulty and pain that Tamar experienced, in rearing for a short time her grandson John Ray, and then losing him for good when his father took the child from her. The sheer pathos of this story led me to search further for facts in the case. What follows is a synopsis of my pertinent findings.

The story begins in 1883 after John R. had moved his two wives Albina Terry and Tamar Black and their children to Rabbit Valley in Wayne County, Utah. His second wife Lydia Knight and her five children remained in Orderville.¹⁴ My grandfather Newel K. Young vividly remembered, until his last years, the image of his father leaving Orderville with his two other families. Together with his mother they stood and watched the wagons pull out of sight.¹⁵ We will never truly know the full and accurate context of this parting but it exemplifies in a way some of the tragedy experienced by members of plural families—because the times dictated the necessity of decisions and there were those who won and others who lost.

By the mid-1880s John R. had laid down his roots on his spread in Rabbit Valley. His homestead today remains essentially as it was then—a workable and productive acreage of tillable farmland. The townsite of Laa was just two miles northwest and the hamlet of East Loa or Lyman just over one and one-half miles to the northeast. The precious little family history we have of this 1880s period is in the form of legal documents. For John R. and his wives the childbearing years were about over. Albina's six boys were now spread between the ages of 8 and 22. The older boys were starting families of their own. Tamar's family was not yet completed. Martin Ray would be born in Loa on November 10, 1885 and Daniel Washburn Young in Huntington on Christmas day 1889.

¹⁴ Lydia's living children in 1883 included one year old Edward Webb, three year old Howard Spencer, six year old Newel K. (my grandfather), 8 year old Vilate and 21 year old Lydia Roseanna who had married Henry Thomas Stolworthy of Orderville.

¹⁵ Sterling M. McMurrin Remembers Newel K. Young, September 10, 1994, is a composition constructed by my cousin Evelyn Young Jimerson from memories recorded on tape. In this composition Dr. McMurrin, a dear friend of Newel K. Young relates a conversation with grandpa about his Orderville days when as a small boy he remembered his father with his other wives pulling away in a wagon leaving his mother and her children "to shift for themselves." There is no doubt that grandpa Newel as a very young boy had this memory of his parent's parting at Orderville etched in his mind. It is less likely, however, that the context of this parting was accurately captured in the way this story portrays. In the accounts by granddaughters Pearl Stolworthy McGee and Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins we are given what is probably the correct context i.e., Lydia felt "duty-bound" to stay behind even if it meant separation from her husband. More importantly, Orderville, at that moment in time, offered Lydia far more security for her tiny children than did the prospects of competing with other wives in the wilderness of what has become today the "Wayne Wonderland!"

Sometime during the 70's and 80's John R. became well acquainted with the family of Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan whose family had settled at Manti.¹⁶ The Buchanan's had relocated to Glenwood in the Sevier Valley where they too had practiced the United Order. Several members of the large Buchanan family had also relocated to East Loa (Lyman) in what was then Piute County.



From this view on cemetery hill, on land homesteaded by Franklin W. Young, you see the adjoining farm established by John R. Young in the 1880s. Here he made a home for his first wife Albina Terry and her hardworking sons; and, here he grazed a leased herd of sheep. Looking forward to a brighter future, he applied to the government for a land patent--the same government whose deputy marshals he spent his best daily energy to evade. John R. took a liking to one of Archibald Buchanan's sons, Eugene Delos, and hired him to work his sheep.

On July 3, 1890 the patent for John R.'s homestead was approved in Washington, D.C and signed by President Benjamin Harrison.

Albina's farm in Rabbit Valley

The original copy of John R's Memoirs that I own belonged to his and Tamar's son Samuel Claridge Young who was about ten years old at the point in time we are treating here. The first time I read grandpa John R's Memoirs I was also about ten years old. I remember being fascinated by that place he called Wild Cat which he said was on Boulder Mountain, twenty miles from the nearest town. Just the thought of living in an isolated mountain place where you could produce a

¹⁶ It is also very likely that the two had known each other since the Nauvoo and Winter Quarter days where they lived in close proximity. They were both youth at the time although Archibald was seven years senior to John R.

"wagonload of cheese" intrigued the heck out of me. So in 2004 my wife and I stopped at the U.S. Forest Service District office in Teasdale and inquired about the location of Wild Cat.

2005

It came to pass.....
Things started getting really hot and
it was time to get out of the kitchen...



"I took up a ranch on the Boulder Mountain,
at a place called Wild Cat, a lonely retreat
twenty miles from any town. Here I took my
wife Tamar... Albina, my first wife, remained
on the farm in Rabbit Valley."

--John R. Young

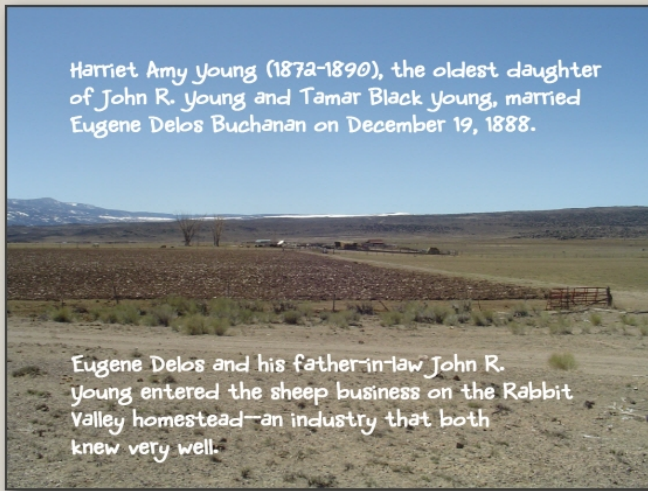
It was the wrong time of year to go to Wild Cat when I made my inquiry. Early the next summer (2006), my wife Alene and daughter Jodi went there and took the two photos below:



To capture the big picture at this point—we know it is the late 1880's, probably 1887 or early 1888. John R. has his three wives scattered in different

locations. According to his Memoirs and other family records we know that Lydia stayed at Orderville until late 1883, but then went to St. George until her mother passed away in the spring of 1884. Now, in the heart of this secretive, crusade period we don't know where she is but we know from grandpa's writings that they were reunited for a time. We will hazard a guess that she is probably in Huntington where her oldest daughter Lydia Roseanna lived, and where John R. recorded that he had a "little place." Tamar is at Wild Cat and Albina is on the farm in Rabbit Valley. John R. has his dairy stock on the mountain and a herd of sheep in the valley at Pleasant Creek where he has either employed or joined in partnership with Eugene Delos Buchanan. There is enough close communication going on to accommodate a courtship between Tamar's oldest daughter Harriet Amy and Mr. Buchanan.

Then, like lightening out of the blue came losses that take lifetimes to heal.




Harriet Amy Young (1872-1890), the oldest daughter of John R. Young and Tamar Black Young, married Eugene Delos Buchanan on December 19, 1888.

Eugene Delos and his father-in-law John R. Young entered the sheep business on the Rabbit Valley homestead—an industry that both knew very well.


In the fall of 1889, John R., with his wife Tamar and part of their family, fled Wayne County and "pulled for Colorado."

Harriet died in Mancos, Colorado on April 11, 1890 on her eighteenth birthday from complications of childbirth. Eugene and Harriet named their son born on March 31, 1890 John Ray.



Eugene Delos Buchanan (1867-1937)

Of Harriet's death in Mancos, Eugene later wrote: "About this time polygamists were being run down. John R. had to move and left me with his sheep. They took my wife with them to Colorado. Our baby was born while they were in Mancos."



JOHN RAY
MAR. 31. 1890
DEC. 24. 1897
SON OF
EUGENE D. BUCHANAN

The boy John Ray Buchanan died at age seven and was laid to rest in the Glenwood Cemetery.

The death of Harriet Amy Young Buchanan

The loss of his young wife Hattie was a tragic blow to twenty-one year old Eugene. To make matters worse, he was of necessity separated—left behind to tend the sheep while she, "heavy with child" joined her crippled mother who herself was in mourning over the loss of her newborn, Daniel Washburn Young. And of course the women ended up in seclusion in new surroundings among strangers at

Mancos Creek, Colorado—all of this happening over the course of a few months in late 1889 and early 1890.¹⁷

In the history of Eugene's family it is recorded:¹⁸

Persecutions continued until it seemed best that at least part of the family should leave Glenwood and move to Colorado, or even to Mexico. At first the decision was made to go to Mancos Creek, Colorado, because certain of their friends were already there, particularly the John R. Young family. It seemed best if Grandpa Archie should take his youngest wife, Aunt Caroline, and move to Colorado, at least for a period of time, until persecutions ceased. The other three wives were to remain in Glenwood and look after themselves the best they could. This must have been a difficult decision to make and a difficult one to carry out.

In the (late) spring of 1890, Grandpa Archie, Aunt Caroline and her family, together with a son Eugene, left Glenwood to travel to Colorado, They went through Wayne County down by way of Fruita and Hanksville and then across the desert north to the present site of Green River. Here they hired a ferry to take them across the river. However, they had to wait several days because the ferry was on the other side of the river and would not come back across. It seemed that the men were having some sort of celebration or "drinking bee." Eugene decided that he would swim the river so he went upstream a mile or two and then angled down through the river and finally got across and brought the ferry back to the west bank where the family loaded on and were ferried across the river. They then continued on down to Moab, along the same trail that Grandfather Archie had helped to make on the Elk Mountain Mission. Again, Eugene had to swim the Grand River to get the ferry. They then continued on south and came to Mancos Creek and lived there for a few months. Eugene found the grave of his wife and decided to settle there where he could be near her grave. At the advice of Apostle John Henry Smith and others, he and the entire group decided to go onto Mexico, since that country was now permitting the polygamist colonies to enter their country and live at peace.

Before the Glen Canyon Dam was built, I as a youth rolled out my sleeping bag and slept the night on the sandy banks of the Colorado River where John R. had by him self swam his mount and packhorse across the river in the winter of 1890. I

¹⁷ See Chapter 34 of *Memoirs of John R. Young* for an additional account of the accident that occurred to Tamar as the family fled from Wayne County taking a course down the Fremont (Dirty Devil) River above Hanksville. The family was headed for Mancos, Colorado but ended up in Huntington, instead. Tamar's injuries were serious and it was recorded she suffered for years from them. Her child was born on Christmas day, 1889 only a short time after the accident. The baby lived less than three weeks and died on January 12, 1890. He was buried in Huntington.

¹⁸ *Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Family* by Golden R. Buchanan, son of Eugene Delos Buchanan, Published by J. Grant Stevenson, Provo, Utah 1978, 210 pages.

was awed by it then and still to this day think of the courage it must have taken. Thinking of this feat as well as that of Eugene Delos' swim across the Green I recently stopped there at the former town by the name of "Blake" now Green River and captured the following images:

June 2006



The Buchanan family history continues.....¹⁹

Eugene arrived at his wife's grave in Mancos Creek, Colorado a heartbroken young man. He found his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, together with his baby, but they were now ready to go on to Mexico.

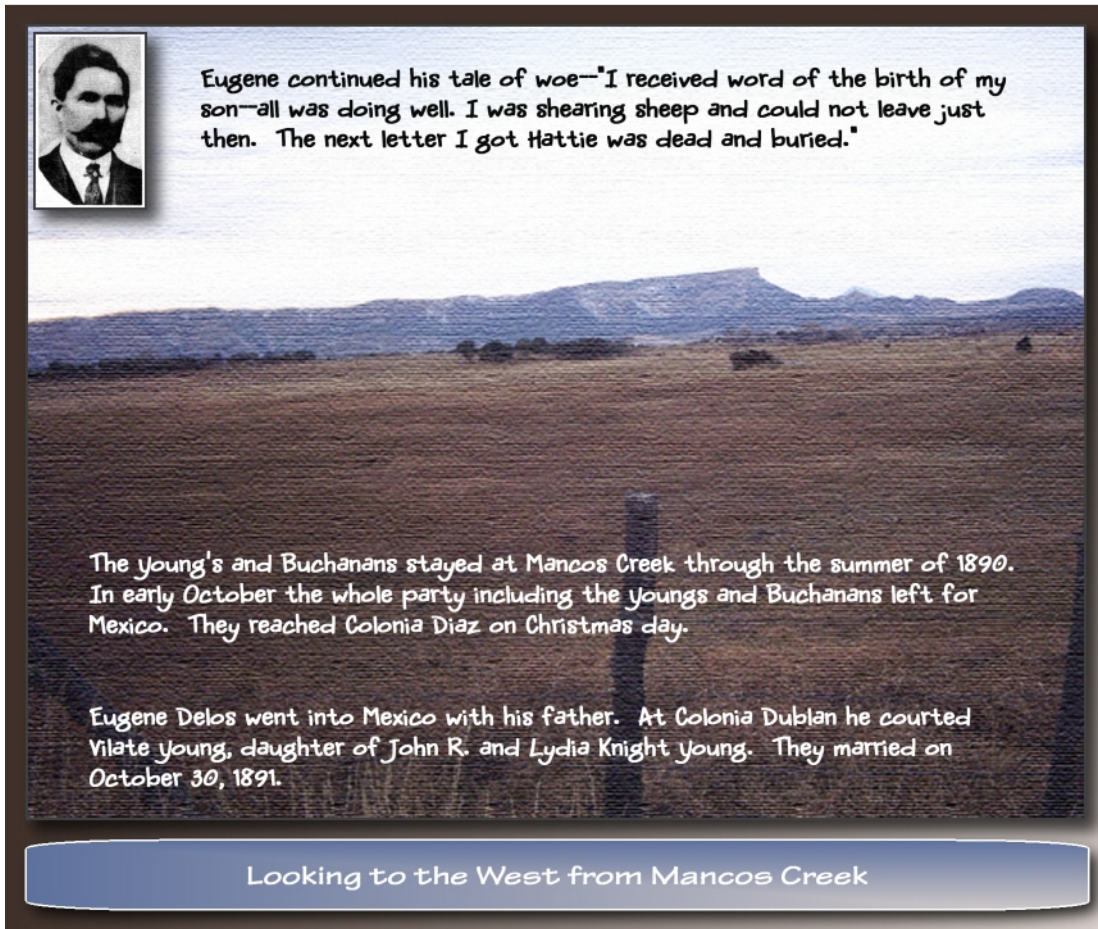
Eugene, in his grief, decided that he could not leave Hattie there in a grave alone, literally hundreds of miles from those who loved her. He considered settling down where he could live close to her grave.²⁰

Apparently, Mancos Creek, Colorado was a "jumping off spot" for many Mormon families that were preparing to move to Mexico.

¹⁹ Ibid, page 103.

²⁰ See <http://www.rootsweb.com/~usgenweb/co/costones/montezuma/oldmormon.htm> for information about the old Mormon Cemetery at Mancos, Colorado.

Mancos Creek



Eugene continued his tale of woe—"I received word of the birth of my son—all was doing well. I was shearing sheep and could not leave just then. The next letter I got Hattie was dead and buried."

The young's and Buchanans stayed at Mancos Creek through the summer of 1890. In early October the whole party including the youngs and Buchanans left for Mexico. They reached Colonia Diaz on Christmas day.

Eugene Delos went into Mexico with his father. At Colonia Dublan he courted Vilate young, daughter of John R. and Lydia Knight Young. They married on October 30, 1891.

Looking to the West from Mancos Creek

A photo illustration of "A Tale of Woe" from a photo taken at Mancos Creek looking west toward Mesa Verde.

During the summer of 1890, as the families were preparing for their difficult trek across the desert to Mexico letters were somehow exchanged with family back in Utah, although ever so slowly.

The following letter, covered with teardrops, either Eugene's or his mother Mary Ann's was later kept as a prize possession by Eugene's son Golden Buchanan who, at the personal request of President Spencer W. Kimball, authored a book on his family's history.²¹ The punctuation and spelling has not been changed

Glenwood
August 10, 1890

²¹ Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Family, Introduction.

Mr. Eugene

Dear Son I received your most welcome letter last evening and was pleased to hear that you was well. Oh how I would like to see that sweet babe of yours do try and get its picture taken and send it to us. I know he will be of great comfort to you. Eugene put your trust in God and look to him for strength and he will never fail. Do not be in too big of hurry to buy you a home, it seems so hard to think you are so far from home, but it seems that we have got to bear all things with patience.

Times are very dull here. William and Henry are to P V Junction at work and they are going to get me a stove. Billy has let John Anderson have his, and if they can get means so that they can go to school this winter, William, and Maggie have quit so that I hope he will go to the academy. Amy wants to go very bad. There is quite a number going from here to school but money is very scarce.

Dear boy you must cheer up and look at the bright side for God has a great work for you to do. Praying that God will bless you and health and prosperity

from your mother

An undated letter from Mary Ann Buchanan to John R. and Tamar Young was also included in the Buchanan family papers.

Dear Brother and Sister Young

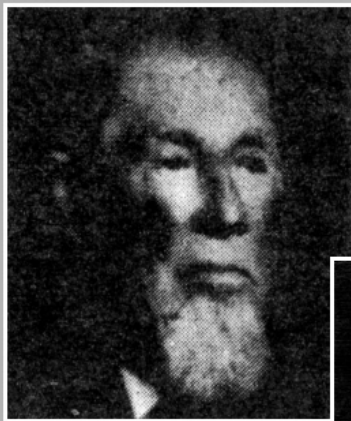
I was so pleased to receive your letter and that you was well. we sympathize very much with you in your trouble for I realize that dear Hattie was a noble girl too good for this earth and has gone to do a better work behind the veil but God is our friend in times of trouble and we must rely on his arm for he is the friend to all who seek him tell Archie and Caroline I will write to them next time hoping that God will keep you all from your enemies

I know your baby is sweet and would like to see it so well

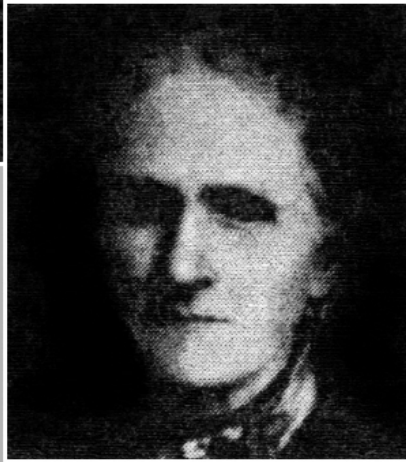
from your friend Mary A. Buchanan²²

²² Letters presented in LDS simple font style.

Archie and Mary Ann



Archibald Waller
Overton Buchanan



Mary Ann
Brown Buchanan

Parents of Eugene Delos Buchanan. Archie was most noted for his service to his church and nation as a peacemaker and negotiator with the Indians. Mary Ann was a tireless servant of her family, church and community serving for 28 years as Relief Society President in Glenwood until one year before her death.

My great-grandfathers Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and John R. Young each had four plural wives. In their exodus to Mexico grandpa Archie took only his fourth and youngest wife, Caroline Sophia Sorensen Buchanan with him. In his family were two daughters—nine year old Anna Delilah (Lyle), and 7 year old Mary Ann.

To Lyle we are indebted for giving us the most detailed firsthand account of the Young and Buchanan Family exodus to Mexico. It is included here solely

for its informational value regarding environmental conditions, health problems, difficulties and the dates of travel. I have extracted salient portions of text from two separate accounts referenced in the Buchanan family history. All of it is from Anna Delilah Buchanan or "Aunt Lyle."

The first part of October 1890 we began the long journey to Old Mexico. Brother John R. Young had four wagons and teams, Father had two wagons and teams, Brother Wright of Koosharem had one outfit. Eugene went along with us to drive one of the teams. The wagons were loaded with provisions and things we would need after reaching our destination in Mexico. We took along cows for fresh milk, a pen of chickens on the back of the wagon. Butter was made by putting milk in a large churn and the movement of the wagon churned it into butter. There was wild game along the way.

I recall how my sister Mary and I enjoyed ourselves as we trudged along, gathering wild flowers, searching out birds nests, eating mesquite beans, etc. along the way. The scenery was beautiful and it impressed me so much that I have always loved the beauties of nature. The desert sands, cactus, mesquite, the steep rugged mountain passes we went through, the towering cliffs, the roads so steep that the had to block the wheels of the wagons to hold them back, the tall grasses,

the wild flowers, rivers, mountain streams, the flat-roofed adobe houses with the strings of red peppers hung on the walls. These are the pictures hung in my mind about that trip.

There were eighteen in the group and we all rested on the Sabbath Day and had devotional exercises. Before we could cross the border into Mexico the Mexican officials checked everything we had and branded the letters A. F. A. on each wagon. Father laughed and said the letters stood for "another fool arrived."

We spent New Year's Day in Colonia Dias, a small community of Mormon people who had gone to Mexico that they might live in peace with their families. After two more days we arrived in Dublan, our destination. It was a new country and there were hardships to endure but no doubt it was a relief to father to feel free and know that the marshals were not on his trail.

Our first home in Mexico was a tent and a wagon-box set on the ground. A door was cut in one end of the tent connecting it with the wagon box, giving us a kitchen and bedroom. By Thanksgiving of 1891 we were living in an adobe house. After living in a tent so long, it was like a mansion.

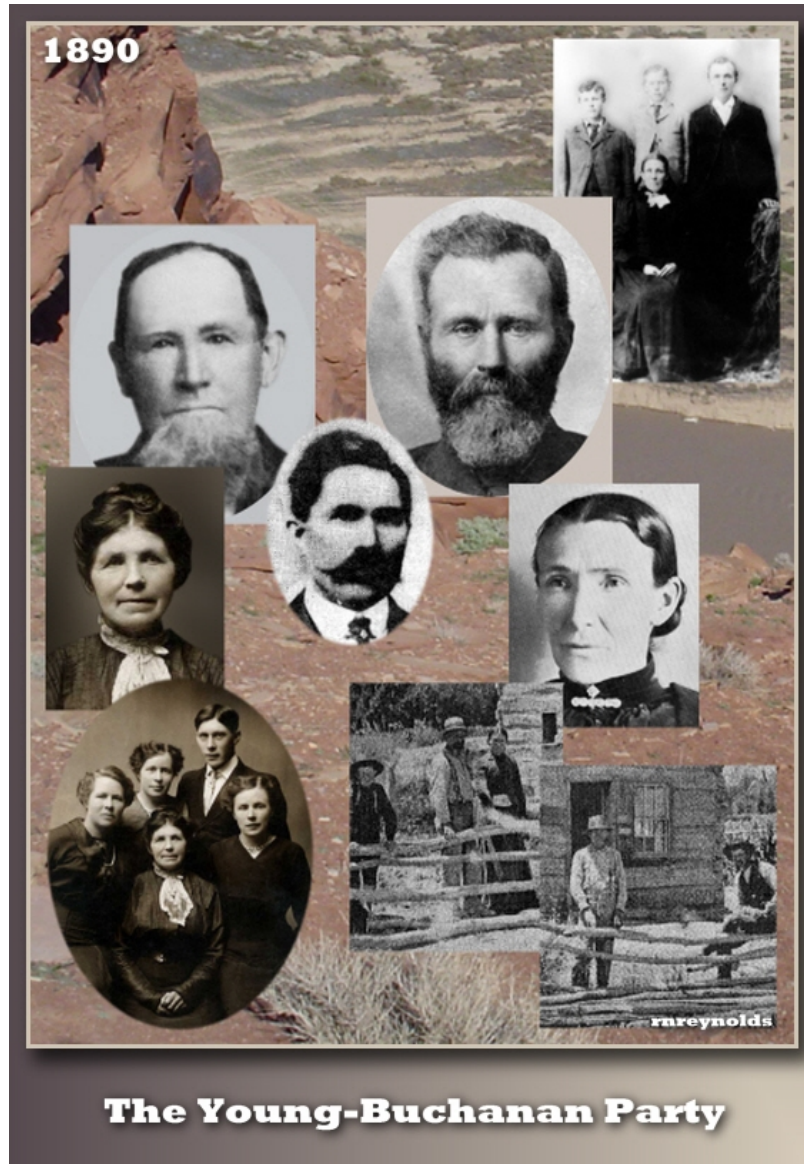
In summarizing the exodus to Mexico, Eugene's son Golden wrote:²³

Grandpa Archie became sick with mountain fever on the way down and it was necessary for Aunt Caroline to drive the team much of the way. Again in the most primitive conditions the Buchanan's began to build a new life. Grandfather was 60 years old by now. I visited the colonies several years ago and talked with one of the old bishops who remembered the Buchanan's. He said the thing that he remembered about them most was their extreme poverty. They arrived in Mexico with nothing and it was difficult for them to get started. They lived for several months in their wagon boxes and in tents. Finally Grandfather got a job tending a grist mill and this helped to supply them with food and with money. He sent the first twenty-five dollars he earned home to Utah for his family there. Eugene went to work for the railroad to see what money he could make for his own child and to help with the family in any way he could.

The Eighteen Emigrants

It was recorded that there were 18 individuals who comprised the Young-Buchanan Party that left Mancos, Colorado in October 1890 to make a new home in Mexico. The trip of approximately 600 miles took two months. No one left us a written record of the party members so we have had to piece together our best guess based on a study of the different narratives that survived the twentieth century from those who remembered and wrote about their experience.

²³ Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Family



The 1890 Exodus to Mexico. The party included seven wagons pulled by teams of horses and 18 persons from three families. Top center right John R. Young; the foursome in the top right photo are John R's second wife Lydia Knight and her three sons from left, Howard Spencer, Edward Webb, and Newel K. Bottom center right is John R's third wife Tamar and below her are two cutouts of a later photo taken at Kirtland. In the bottom right cutout are Thomas Robertson, left and Samuel Claridge Young. The middle bottom cutout shows Martin Ray, John R. and Tamar. Top center left is Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan with a small oval of his son Eugene Delos. Below Archie's photo is that of Caroline Sophia Sorenson, his fourth wife. The oval at bottom left is of Caroline with her four children, clockwise from left, Anna Delilah (Lyle), Carrie Myrl, Archie Earl, and Mary Ann Buchanan. Carrie and Archie are twins born at Dublan in 1892. This collage contains images of all who were in the party except four--Vilate and William Lorenzo Young and Joseph Henry Wright and son. Photos are from my family collection. Background photo is at Dandy Crossing on the Colorado.

The history of both the Young and Buchanan families of the Mexico period is filled with stories of hardship, heartache and disappointment. Too, there were successes--mainly in blessings associated with the addition of new family members through marriage and childbirth. For example, John R. and Tamar's oldest son William Lorenzo located in the mountain town of Colonia Pacheco. There he married Ann Eliza Porter on 18 February 1895 and produced four sons and two daughters before returning to the states sometime between 1905 and 1909.

While Tamar bemoaned the loss of her grandson John Ray, after nursing him for the first months of his life, others such as second wife Lydia Knight and her daughter Vilate truly suffered a greater loss. When John R. returned from Mexico with his third wife Tamar in the spring of 1892, having spent only 14 months there, Lydia and her three young sons were left behind to "shift" for themselves. Both Lydia and her son Howard Spencer would die there and be left in unmarked graves.

Picking up the string of our story in the spring of 1892, our focus now returns to Eugene Delos, his son John Ray, and his new wife Vilate Young. Vilate, who was also known as Persis after her grandmother Persis Goodall, was the fourth child of John R. and Lydia Knight. She was noted for her frailness of body but unfortunately we do not have her likeness, as they would say in those days. Her younger brother Newel documented in his writings that she and her husband Eugene remained at Dublan for a time caring for her mother's family while Lydia recovered from a serious illness that began when she and John R. parted ways on October 31, 1891. Vilate, Eugene and the child John Ray returned to Utah in early 1892, probably after the accident that cost John R. his grandchild Mary as well as his left arm. Vilate and Eugene were sealed in the Manti temple on July 28, 1892.

The couple's whereabouts over the next few months is still unknown. We may assume that they were living in Rabbit Valley because on January 11, 1893 Vilate gave birth to a son in the town of Lyman. The named the child Archie Delos. Vilate suffered from complications and succumbed to her illness two months later on 16 March 1893. She was just 17 years old. She was laid to rest in the family plot on the "little hill" just southwest of town.



Vilate Young Buchanan

2004



The gravesite of Vilate Young Buchanan overlooking the homestead of her father John R. Young. Vilate died from complications of childbirth. Her son, Archie Deloss Buchanan followed her at age seven. The gravesite was originally part of the homestead of Franklin Wheeler Young, brother to John R. This view from Rabbit Valley depicts the west flank of Boulder Mountain in the rear.

After Mexico

In the spring of 1893, twenty-six year old Eugene Delos Buchanan found himself in a world of hurt. Over the course of four years he had married two half-sister daughters of John R. Young and both had died from complications of childbirth. Instead of planting roots somewhere he had traveled by horse and wagon 2000 miles, lived in two different nations, and now found himself responsible for his infant son Archie Delos and his three year old son John Ray. What was he to do? His skills at this time consisted mainly of "running sheep" and handling horses and stock. In a short historical sketch of his life he said of his boys, "My mother helped me with them."

But who was his mother and what were her qualifications? To answer this question the written record includes the following: Mary Ann Brown Buchanan was born in Greenville, Indiana in 1842 and died in Glenwood, Utah 59 years later on 15 February 1901. She was a Mormon convert and the second wife of Archibald Waller

Overton Buchanan. She was the mother of three daughters and five sons, all who lived to adulthood. In his life history her husband said of her:²⁴

Mary Ann was selected as the Relief Society President the very first year we arrived in Glenwood and she continued on in that position for 28 years. In those days we did not have undertakers to bury the dead, nor doctors to take care of the sickness and deaths in the community. My wife, Mary Ann, and her counselors made practically every piece of clothing that was used in burial for these 28 years. She was constantly away from home taking care of the sick and those who needed help.

We established a cemetery just north of Glenwood. The brethren would dig the graves and the sisters of the Relief Society would care for the bodies of those who passed on. I remember well the year that diphtheria hit the community. Several of the families lost three or four children almost at once. These were busy days for Mary Ann and her counselors. I remember particularly one family losing four children and no one dared to go into the house. The bodies of the children were passed out through the window. Mary Ann and the sisters would wash them, dress them, and then they were immediately interred without any services. She literally worked day and night through this period of time. Of course while she was doing this, other women were taking care of her children and doing whatever else needed to be done. Each did her part.

In summarizing Mary Ann's contributions to the Buchanan Family History and her community, Golden Buchanan wrote:²⁵

The minutes of the Relief Society indicate that on several occasions Mary Ann would hand in her resignation, asking to be released. She was getting old and tired and was just not able to go forward with the work. However, in each case the Bishop and the Relief Society sisters sustained her again as the President. It will be noted, too, that her counselors changed many times because they would wear out, but durable Mary Ann remained at the head for twenty-eight years. She accumulated enough money from gleaning wheat and Sunday eggs and her straw hat project to send money to the Manti Temple, and in addition they saved enough to build a little Relief Society Hall which is still standing and has been used continually for Relief Society until the new present chapel was built in the last ten or fifteen years.

All this is truly a monument to a great and dedicated woman. A woman who loved the Lord; a woman who did not withhold herself, or her means or her strength from

²⁴ Buchanan Family History, page 40.

²⁵ Ibid, page 104.

the service of others and the service of her Maker. She not only raised her own family of eight children but she took two grandsons, both the children of Eugene, and cared for them until they passed away, each at the age of seven.

Mary Ann finally laid down the burdens of this life in 1901 about one year after being released from twenty-eight years of service to her Maker, her sisters and the community of Glenwood. In addition she had given her all to her husband and to the family.

Words cannot express the feelings of the heart as we read and study the history of this devoted woman. May the Lord bless all other family to be worthy of her.



What became of Eugene Delos Buchanan? To finish our story we turn to the words of his daughter Eugenia "V" Buchanan Garrett:

Eugene was in deepest despair! He felt the world was against him. The loss of two wives--then their two sons--it was just about too much! He must have help. His Bishop, feeling his responsibility, tried in vain to comfort him. He was asked if he would consider going on a mission for the Church. He felt in his present state of

mind he could not do it justice to the work of the Lord, but he offered to go to work and raise the finances for his younger brother Henry to go in his stead. This he did and Henry was sent to the Southern States. Eugene got out and "put his shoulder to the wheel" to earn the money for his brother and thus took new interest in life. There was something to live for!

While serving on this mission ...Henry met a beautiful girl--a convert--who had an intense longing to know more about the people in Zion and their land. In the year 1900, Eugene wrote a letter to Elizabeth Watson in Lexington, Mississippi. This correspondence blossomed into a beautiful romance; Elizabeth left her home in Mississippi and came to Utah, 28 January 1902. She was met at the train by Eugene and taken to the home of another brother and his wife, William and Dora. Dora being a convert to the Church from South Carolina made her at home and comfortable. Eugene and Elizabeth were married in the Manti Temple on 12 March, 1902.

Elizabeth blessed his home with five sons and two daughters of which he never failed to be proud of.

In 1904 Eugene received a call to go on a mission for the Church. This time his brother Henry offered to help him financially. Being grateful for his many blessings he could not at this time say "no". He left Elizabeth to care for their two boys and filled an honorable mission. He was sent to the Southern States Mission, where he served well. In his diary he wrote:

"Monday, January 9, 1905: left home for my mission. Left my wife and children standing at the gate. Went and got in the buggy and went to the train. I took the train and started for Salt Lake City. Arrived there at 7 p.m. All O. K. "
"Tuesday, I went to President Joseph F. Smith's office and then went to the Temple at 2 p.m.--was set apart for my mission".

He was honorably released 23 September 1906 at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Seventy-two years later in 1978, Eugene's son Golden spearheaded the work effort to collect historical accounts and data and then he published the history of his grandfather's large family.²⁶

The End

²⁶ Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Family, by Golden R. Buchanan, J. Grant Stevenson, Provo, Utah, 210 pages.