

Ethel Mae Jacob
601 North 1300 West
Provo, Utah 84601

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
346 Main, St. George
St. George, Utah 84770

Dear Mrs. Brooks,

Mr. Henry Wapsock (a retired school teacher) is organizing his family geneology and histories. He has asked me to ^{help} him find information about his grandfather (Yank Bob). Mr Wapsock's family has passed down the story that Yank Bob, as a small Indian boy, escaped the Mountain Meadow Massacre and was found in the desert or foothills, and then was raised by the King family. They say that Senator King was from this family. We are hopeful that by some miracle you may be able to give us some information about Yank Bob's boyhood, parents and/or their origins.

I, as an amateur, am still searching through the enormous quantity of Mountain Meadow Massacre material at BYU. I am trying to glean any and all information possible about a small Indian boy. I was elated when in the appendix of David S. King's book A Search For A Perspective he mentioned a little Indian boy as J.D.Lee's interpreter. But that bubble was popped when you identified him as "Clem" J.D.Lee's boy. I have also discovered "Albert" Jacob Hamblin's boy and "John" Sam Knight's boy. Still "Yank Bob" has as yet not surfaced in this maze of literature.

I am also writing to Mr. David S. King and Emma R. Olsen (DUP). I'll appreciate any help, advise, leads or suggestions you can give me.

Enclosed is a self addressed envelope (my address). But if you should wish to contact Mr. Wapsock, his address is :-Mr. Henry Wapsock, Box 154, Neola, Utah 84053.

Again Thanks for your attention to our problem, and any assistance that you can give us will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Ethel Mae Jacob

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601 N. 1300 West
Provo, Utah 84601



Mrs. Juanita Brooks

346 Main

St. George, Utah

84770

Ethel Mae Jacob

601 North 1300 West

Provo, Utah

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1)

Dear Juanita, April 18, 1980

A little detective work
turned up Karl for us and
through him we have found
you again. How marvelous it
is that you can be in the
St. George House!

Last summer we had
a visit from Henri Dondos,
the French lad (a young man
or father of four now) who
visited us in St. George and
wrote a little monograph
comparing Virgin, Utah with
the French village where he
spent his summers. That
monograph was done under
Ed's direction and was
called Virgin and Novis. It

I also marked the beginning
of a very successful career
in France as a sociologist.
If you do not remember
him, it is no wonder; you
were such a busy body in
those days, but I think Harold,
I think, especially Tony never
remember Henri. At any rate,
we had a fine visit with
Henri and the days in Utah
formed a large large part of
our ~~whole~~ conversation.

In the summer we live
in a house in Vermont ^{near} ~~at~~
Sharon, Joseph Smith's birthplace.
Many of our mormon friends
or acquaintances have visited
the place and stopped to
see us in East Montpelier, VT.
I wonder if you will do this
too. We meet many young

3) mormons - and some not so
young - and all of them
know who you are. They
are always eager for us
to tell them about our
friendship with you and
will and we are always
glad to do it. We
remember so many details
which I am sure we would
have forgotten except for the
fact that we are
frequently asked about you -

Now we have found you
again, I am sure we shall
not lose you -

Ed & I both send you
our very best wishes with
affection and respect.

Sincerely,
Laura Bonnell

Edward & Laura Bonfield
25 Mt. Pleasant St
Cambridge, Mass. 02140



Mrs. Will Brooks
356 North Main
St. George, Utah 84770

To my grandson Daren Karl Brook
Juanita Brooks
April 1980

Samuel W. Taylor

Samuel W. Taylor
1954 Stockbridge Avenue
Redwood City, Calif. 94061

5 June 80

Ms Juanita Brooks
St George, Utah

Dear Juanita,

I have acquired the book, "Jacob Hamblin," with your name as author. However, I find it hard to believe you wrote it. It has no footnotes, no bibliography, no index. It is larded with imagined dialogue.

Some years ago, when I was working on a screenplay about Hamblin for BYU Motion Picture Dept, I was aware of a manuscript on Hamblin, written by you, on deposit at BYU. But I wasn't allowed to see it. Evidently it contained ~~xxx~~ "sensitive" material I shouldn't know about. The new book contains nothing "sensitive." I would guess that someone did a superficial fairy tale, perhaps using your manuscript as a springboard.

Would you care to comment?

Best,
S.T.



In honor of the 1980 Honorary Degree Recipients

President and Mrs. David Pierpont Gardner

request the pleasure of your company

Friday, the sixth of June

Social Hour: Seven o'clock

Dinner: Seven forty-five o'clock

*Please respond
by enclosed card*

*A. Ray Olpin Union
Panorama Room*

Donald W. Forsgren
1897 So. 15th E.
Salt Lake, Utah, 84105

Oct. 24th, 1980.

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
Authoress

Phone: 485-3448

Dear Lady:

I have your tremendous work, 'John D. Lee'. You have done a service to humanity for which, it is reported, you have suffered, instead, some abuse.

I am in receipt of a kindly letter from A. H. Clark; which, I appreciate greatly. He gave me your address.

I can appreciate the hostilities that can spring out of mere, innocent association; since, I have been a victim.

My grandfather was John Erik Forsgren; for whom, I was raised to have an appreciable contempt. This arose out of, what I now suspect, as a fashioned plethora of lies. People, along the Wasatch front, were too much dominated by an irrevokable leadership, not of the firmness of character, to properly wield the power, with which it

found itself theologically endowed. This is a common fault with theocracies.

My grandfather was mustered into a general, Norwegian, naval service, at the ripe age of eight years. I have been told, at the age of ten, he could have replaced his commanding officer.

He knew the rapid communications systems, well. Among the latter was one, he learned from an experience with the Egyptians-- using the reflective properties of the ionosphere.

William Stevens must, also, have been a man of the sea. He formed an alliance, with my grandfather, making possible a rapid communication, to the western front of the Mormon theocracy.

To appreciate the fear entertained by the Mormons, one must read, carefully, the works of John J. Stewart. Characters like Crocker and Hopkins are illuminated. (the writer believes) beyond their genuine significance.

Crocker bragged, constantly, of his intension, to raise a force of Californians;

to move back thru the mountains; to exterminate the damned Mormons. One can understand how this must have looked, in face of the threatened Johnson's Army.

Similar threats were common against against the western Indians. Looked upon (for the most part) as riff-raff by their own people; they could count, little, on either sympathy or support.

The time was ripe, for the hysteria; which was the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Crocket had said, many times, "moron plus m is mormon".

Both Crocket and Hopkins had close relatives in the church. Both must have resented the jibes by Stanford and Huntington -- "how are your idiot relatives, today." The latter two had no such, known, relationships.

Grandfather must have understood this, well. It is doubtful he paid much heed to the blustering of the two. However, there may have been many, on both sides of the mountains, who did. Hence, a careful watch was justified. A rapid transport of information was important. Much of the

latter, no doubt, went directly to Washington D. C.

The saving of life and maintenance of peace were the two, major motives.

The matter was complicated, when a group of ill advised Mormon speculators sought to divert the railroad thru Salt Lake City; by building a road bed up a draw, above the city, with a tunnel, to join the Donner trail in the east canyon. This could have left the C. P. with little more than a whisper. John Erik was quick to see this. He was made a grant, by Brigham Young. -- later denied -- across the right of way, to halt the dangerous project. The tracery of this scheme is the jog in 21st south Salt Lake city. An effort to capitulate the grant may have been the reason for John Erik's ultimate excommunication.

However the above, the writer believes his grandfather, with the assistance of Peter Lassen, did the west a great service. The perils of the steep Sierra passes were abrogated.

It would be ridiculous to believe that any kind of government would allow a repetition

of the Donner incident. Our's, certainly, did not. Even before the Mormon episode, measures were being taken, by the military, to stem any such a potentiality. It was no matter of chance, William Stevens and John Erik Forsgren became involved. They were men of known ability.

My uncle, Charles William Forsgren, was born in Salt Lake City in 1848. His sister, Alice, was born in Carson City, Nevada, in 1850. My father (fifty years my senior) was born, in Carson, in 1856. The latter was taken, by his mother, to Brigham, Utah in '58. He had no memory of his father, nor of Carson.

My uncle Charles was nine years of age at the time of the massacre. The ^{latter} puzzled him. It was in his recollection the Fancher party passed over Donner in 1858, in company with a larger party.

The truth must have been; it was a part of the Fancher party.

They were brought, first to Genoa, then taken to Carson. The latter was established for the accommodation of non-mormon emigrants. A compound, under charge of the military, was for

for those inclined to mischief and violence. This ^{latter} was where Reno, now, stands.

Every precaution was taken to avert trouble.

It was in uncle Charles's memory, the Fancher group came in with uncle Willian (as he had learned, endearingly, to call Stevens). To Charles the whole matter seemed very odd. An excommunicant, himself, he was inclined to doubt the veracity of any information published by the church.

I was pleased to read your summary on the massacre -- that, probably, less than half of the original number were victims.

The strongbox was, probably, left with Stevens, to be dealt with later. When he learned of the tragedy, he must have been nonplussed. I can understand his statements to Musser.

Most certainly, he would not allow such an item in his escort. Such an item would be a certain invitation to disaster. It was difficult in those lonely days on the trail, to judge responsibilities,

I can imagine, scenarios of violence,
like the massacre, could fan flames
of personality problems. Such fannings
seem to have extended to my time,

Sincerely,
Ronald W. Fokerson