

175
1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Dear Claude,

Forgive me for my delay in answering your letter. I've had to fly to Las Vegas for a wedding reception for Walt's son Ray. Aand Helen Brooks Anderson died suddenly with no one there to help: chokedd to death, either with asthma or with a piece of meat that she had tried to swallow or tried to eject.

She lived down south of me, but we kept in touch by telephone, so I feel a personal loss.

Then we had a Mary W. Leavitt reunion which was just wonderful, but very far gway from this machine, and I'm far behind on my schedule.

I showed Walt the second issue of your book, and he at once latched onto it and took it home. He says you can sell 1,000 copies in St George alone if you send them there. He was really thrilled about it. He said her picture alone was worth half the price. It would have warmed your heart to be here, and many people worked more closely with Evelyn than Walt Brooks. I think he reflects the attitude of the student who knew her only as the one who put spirit into the school song.

Every one of them will want a copy of the book. I'm having too many requests to speak to dinner clubs or Breakfast Clubs--one takes the heart out of a day.

I'm sure you'll have no trouble getting rid of your book, and every person who has one will be grateful for it.

Sincerely,

Juanita Brooks

1995
1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Mother, Charity & Vernon,

It's hard for me to settle down to writing or doing anything else.

First thing, Charity, I want to tell you that I found my Bible. That was the mystery of the year for me, because I NEVER put it anywhere except the book-ends on top of the book-case, and when it wasn't there, I couldn't imagine where it could be.

Now this morning, looking for something else, I moved three little books that were on the back of the table against the wall, and there it was, on the bottom, with two of my old diary Journals, the same size, stacked on it. They appeared to be three identical volumes until I lifted the top two. I can't tell you how happy I was to find it and put it back into its place. It wasn't two steps away from where it belonged all the time.

This trip to Albuquerque has set me back seriously in my writing program, and now that I look ahead, I see more travel: with Mother's Day, and Memorial Day just a week apart, and my long trip to Boston on the 2nd of June. I should never have accepted that invitation--but when it's six months away, it looks so easy.

Things go well in general, though. The MIA group raked and cleaned my lawns for the price of \$15.00, which I was glad to pay. The poppies and other flowers are just gorgeous now, but I should do something about the dandelions and some sparse places in my lawn.

Our Fast meeting is over just after Sunday School, and evidently Kay's ward has the same hours, so he says he'll bring the children over this afternoon, I'll fix a fire in the fireplace--it's plenty cool enough-- and then feed them ice-cream floats to make them appreciate it more.

This forced move to Provo certainly put a crimp into Kay's plans, but they know it's a promotion, so take it in their stride. Are all unsettled in where there are going to build--were all ready to start pouring cement on their new house here.

Tony told me when I called him to ask how things were that they were entertaining the Black family--close friends of theirs who have spent two years in North Africa on some kind of a study grant. If Janet can Entugueinraññwihathieññy she's doing great indeed. But they don't keep Mothers down like they used to. Janet was walking all around the hospital on the third day. Best love to all,

Juanita

As you see, I need
something done to
this machine

FINANCIAL REPORT
January 1, 1974 - March 31, 1974

April 5, 1974

Submitted by: Helen Mathison

ADMINISTRATION 01

	Total Appropriation 1973-74	Allotments to Date	Expended January- March	Expended to Date	Unencumbered Allotment Balance
Personal Service	76,202.00	52,600.00	14,110.88	50,465.23	25,736.77
Travel	2,500.00	2,400.00	251.57	1,518.29	981.71
Current Expense	19,498.00	17,500.00	8,656.72	17,902.63	1,595.37
Capital Outlay	600.00	600.00		631.80	31.80-
Totals	98,800.00	73,100.00	23,019.17	70,517.95	28,282.05

LIBRARY 02

Personal Service	39,304.00	29,226.00	8,245.75	28,102.52	11,201.48
Travel	1,600.00	1,600.00	320.53	975.20	624.80
Current Expense	16,846.00	13,000.00	2,979.27	12,689.59	4,156.41
Capital Outlay	3,050.00	3,050.00		1,445.45	1,604.55
Totals	60,800.00	46,876.00	11,545.55	43,212.76	17,587.24

1975
?
1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Dr. Everard Cox
Rt 2 Box 161
Lower Beckleysville Road
Hampstead, Md 20071

Dear Everard & Lula:

Forgive an old woman if she gets mixed up on subjects upon which she feels deeply. I should not put things on paper unless I am well informed with all the facts. But for me, the fact that the City Fathers of St. George should deny you your request seemed just beyond belief. I could not stand by and not protest.

I knew that my son Karl and Dr. Mervyn Cox were for you; I knew that one of the City Council was Truman Bowler, a cousin of my first husband, Ernest Pulsipher. His father, Francis Bowler, was the youngest in the family; Ern's Mother, Lizzie B. Pulsipher, was the oldest, and she had her little brother in her home for months at a time. During Ernest's long illness, it was Uncle France who came to help. I have always felt closer to him than to any other.

So I wrote to Truman as a family relative as well as a city Councilman. When he did not answer after a week's time, I called him on the telephone. We had a rather long conversation--that is, he let me say what I wanted to say, and had said before on paper, but his only response was that this was the way it HAD to be.

Did you visit Veyo while you were down in the area? The Cottams have a nice resort there, and "scuttle-but" said they were considering a sale. Plenty of room for expansion in all directions there. I may go down and visit them myself.

But my real reason for writing is to tell you to build your home in that corner where it belongs, and if you should have to commute daily or weekly by air, you will only be a member of a relatively large group who are doing the same thing. The home that stands now is beautiful and adequate, but there is some satisfaction in building to one's own needs and tastes.

Thank you for being my friend. I'll try to stay in line---

Success to you! It will come, though it seems delayed.

Janita Brooks
Janita Brooks

1781 South 1400 West
Salt Lake City, Utah
84105
February 10/75

Mrs. Catherine E. Curtis
3021 West San Miguel
Phoenix, Arizona
85017

My Dear Lady:

Congratulations on this new book, Valient Venture. It's beautiful and it's interesting. My good friend, Arthur Crawford, has to call me almost every day to talk about people and incidents. He grew up in the village of Washington, so is familiar with some of the families.

I grew up in Bunkerville, Nevada, another little frontier town, which was so dry and hot --with a constant battle to keep water in the ditch, so I know something of the frontier. The business of maintaining schools, of running the Church programs, and of raising crops to sustain life demanded that everyone worked.

We were practically self-sufficient on a low level: we raised all that we ate: wheat and corn for flour and cereal, made our own molasses, and gathered honey from three hives of bees. The Bishop was in the honey business; he used it as an item to barter. Even our salt came in large clear cuts bigger than we youngsters could lift, but crystal clear. We crushed it with hammers, ran it through the coffee mills to use in cooking, but for the butter had to be "cooked." The Salt Mountain was thirty miles to the south, near the Muddy Valley settlements. I should add that we raised six crops of alfalfa, so had milk.

I remember well the time when the first car came to town. I was in the third grade, and at the sound of its approach every child raised up and stampeded out to follow it up the street.

When a man came into town with a victrola, we invited everyone in town to come down to the foot of our lot to the concert. They brought for tickets garden-stuff, a pat of butter or a bottle of jelly. I think no concert in a marble hall ever had a more appreciative audience. than the people of Bunkerville were that night. They had him play his "Uncle Josh" numbers over again, and the young people learned a new song or two. Forgive me! I've forgotten that I started to tell you how much I am enjoying your book. You write so easily; you tell it like it was; your characters come alive even for those of us who did not know them in life. You are leaving a monument better than any fancy marble head-stone. You have created something more enduring. May God bless you to continue to write, if not whole books, some of the incidents that didn't find a place between these covers, but are worth preserving.

Thank you again for the inspiration this book will be to so many people.

Sincerely,
Juanita Brooks
Juanita Brooks

1731 South, 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Feb. 11, 1975

Dear Karl & Carla & family,

After paying a \$50.+ telephone bill, I think I'll turn to the written word. It's much better in every way. Better to go back to.

Re: Moving trees: Arent you a little late in the season? I thought apricots would be in bloom in February. I hope that you don't have to transplant too many. But if they must be moved, that would come first on the program and wouldn't need more written permission than this letter. Why not stake and string the full dimensions of the new home to make it more clear about all the shrubbery on the lot? What I'm trying to say is that whatever clearing needs to be done, other than razing the house, should be done first. Mother's things could be moved onto the back screen porch (Carla said that it is empty now) But that should be done later, too; the moving, I mean.

I'm assuming that the little piece of land on the hill should bring \$3,500.00 approximately, which should immediately available. When it is gone, we'll have to find some more somewhere. But we can.

INTERRUPTED HERE BY VISITING TEACHERS RS

Bless them, they stayed a little too long.

I can't come down until the week-end, but I'll try to get squared away to come. Hope Mother stays in Mesquite a little longer

Charity reports that for the time being, Aura is WELL; another reason for going ahead.

I don't want to seem to eager about this, but if it's to be done, the quicker, the better. Talk to Willa & Thales, also.

Write me a note. I shouldn't come for a week because I need to get together with the Press here. I haven't sent in a line since before Christmas, or had a consultation with them.

I realize that we must work at our own pace, in the midst of full time at school and in service for the Church, so don't take all that seriously. I just want to proceed, even if it is a small way.

Moving a few trees would be a very big start, I think. And marking out the actual area on the ground would help, and needn't cost much. Get professionals to move your trees, why don't you?

Best Love

MOM

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Feb 18, 1975

Dear Mother and family all,

I don't know when I have enjoyed a trip more than I did on our visit to Bunkerville and Mesquite. The storm followed us, but didn't quite catch up, and on the way back we could see where the water was running while it lasted. And the ride through Bunkerville was wonderful!

I'm so pleased with the way you look, Mother, like you had dropped off a year or two or three somewhere along the way. Of course, you didn't get onto your feet, so I didn't get at any judgment. But your color is good, you are alert to everything, and still sharp as a tack.

I'm quite excited, myself, to come back to my home on the Hill. I think we can be very comfortable there. Your nice bedstead will look very pretty in that room with the fireplace.

The girls thought you should--or we should--advertise the stove and frig for sale. But don't let anyone get away with that little book-case. Be sure to keep all the old sewings, the older the better. We'll put them in the back porch--maybe upstairs. When Karl takes out all his book cases, we'll need yours. machines

We'll be pretty torn up for a while, but you can carry on your summer visits, and we'll expect to move in very soon after the middle of Sept. I realize that there are always some unexpected delays

I feel that we are doing the right thing, and that things will work out for us all.

This will give us something to look forward to.

I hope we can keep our date with Tony on Mark's birthday, but, again, there are many uncertainties.

But whatever happens, we'll plan to spend this season 1975-1976 in the Brooks House on the Hill.

Best love to all,

Juanita
Juanita

"LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE A JOB TO GO BE
A PART OF YOURS. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS. I'VE
BEEN THE MOST PEOPLE KNOWLEDGEABLE. I'VE BEEN AROUND THE
I'VE BEEN AROUND THE HILL."

I GRADUATE FROM B.Y.U.

Some two weeks before graduation, I was visiting with ~~xx~~ George A. Smith of Arizona. I had met him at the Rolling-pin Dodgers party.

"Looks like I'll have to float a loan to get me

George A. Smith

June 1902

The money was on the table.

I had met him at the Rolling-pin Dodgers party.

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I had met him at the Rolling-pin Dodgers party.

"Looks like I'll have to float a loan to get me

June 1902
George A. Smith
June 1902

1731 South 14 East, Salt Lake City
Feb. 20, 1975

Dear Karl & Carla:

I was much disturbed by the story of the man who was shot and killed. Evidently it was not self inflicted.

I remember that one of the last times I was called in to take an English class for just a short period while Glen E. was at the Legislature, and since I would be there so short a time I had them all write to me anything I should know about themselves. This was 3rd year high school English.

One boy by that name told me that he had a hard time to study at home, there was so much contention between his parents, and if he went to the library to study, his Mother would call for him to come home to protect her; then by the time things were squared away it was too late to study and he was out of the humor. But what a tragedy!

I'm concerned about whether or not they will transfer that property without my appearing in person. I had thought that all the titles are clear. I have packed up a bug of some kind, for my nose runs like a fountain and my head is heavy. I'm sure it wont last for long, but it's inconvenient while it does.

I'll hike up to the drug store and get som aspirin. I haven't taken a pill for so long I can't remember; maybe this is a good time to start

I'll wait to call after night-rates are on.

I hope all is well with you.

Love,

MOM

LYNN PULSIPHER
936 E 200 N
PROVO, UTAH 84601

6 MARCH 1975

Dear Grandma,

I was reading in the L.D.S. FAMILY RECORD book with the record of the following in it:

"One evening in particular, Dec. 17, 1919, he was suffering until it seemed almost more than human flesh could endure, and I sent for some Elders. Three of the brethren came and while their hands were upon him he became quiet and easy and when they were through he said 'Oh, I feel so good,--I haven't a bit of pain.' The brethren soon left, the family went in the other room for supper and I turned out the light so he could rest better. He seemed so easy that I lay down side of him and he was so quiet I thought he must be asleep, so I didn't speak to him. I was nearly worn out myself, being up so much at night, so I fell asleep.

After all the family had gone to bed he woke me and told me of a wonderful manifestation he had--He said that while the hands of the Elders were upon his head, a feeling of peace and joy came over him and his pain stopped and he had such a sense of rest and quiet. Then while the family were in the other room, and our room was dark, & he still awake he saw this vision--

He seemed to be on a crowded street where many people were hurrying two and fro. Then he came to a street that turned to the east. He went out this street and found it quiet and beautiful, paved with a substance like clear ice. At the end of the street was a building so wonderful that he could find no words to express it--its pure snowy whiteness, the carvings and the flowers and gardens that surrounded it. He seemed to be standing still and a view of the building passed before him,--first the outside and then the inside. He said that he knew it was a holy place from the spirit that prevailed in it, and spent half the night trying to describe its beauties to me,--the tongues could not find words to express it. But before he had seen all, a little girl opened the door from the next room and came in, and the vision vanished and he was lying in bed wide awake but filled with peace and joy. He has often said since that he would like to see the rest of it and wonders if he ever will. I hope so." (pages 79-81)

Grandma, could you write down as many of the beauties and minute details of this vision for me and the rest of the family so that we will have as full of an account of this vision as possible, such as what kind of carvings were in and/or on the building, the basic style of the building and the kinds of plants, whether the building had spires, etc. It would be greatly appreciated if you would. I

I will be over on the 8th of March to do some research at the U. of U., and I'll come by if time permits to visit with you, and phone if I am not able to come by.

With Love,

Lynn

Lynn Pulsipher
936 E 200 N
Provo, Utah 84601



Mrs. Juanita Brooks
1731 S 1400 E
Salt Lake City,
Utah

84105

9202 Raintree Drive
Sun City, Ariz. 85351
March 8, 1975

Mr. Loyd L. Young
Box 605
Monticello, Utah 84535

Dear Mr. Young:

Jay Redd has made known to me your disapproval of parts of my recent article on the Kanab United Order. I regret your reaction and certainly did not mean to imply what you apparently read into the text. I have a high regard for John R. Young as a Latter-day Saint and as a pioneer and consider his contributions to the settlement of southern Utah to be far above average. Eventually you may read the other side of the coin because I go into detail in relating other phases of his activity from 1869 to 1874 in a book I am writing. I touched briefly on a small part of this activity on page 151 of the subject article.

I note that while you quoted the unfavorable part of the next to last paragraph in my article, you omitted the last three lines which were favorable to your great great uncle.

You may be interested in knowing that two colleagues, whose names are well known in Utah history circles, read my article before I presented it for publication. I was concerned that I might have been too hard on John R. One said I treated him fairly while the other said I was too easy on him. Believe me, I could have built a much stronger case against him. You must have deduced that John R's cousin, John W. Young, forged the names of Brigham Young and George A. Smith on his letter of authorization. This was unnecessary because John W, as President of St. George Stake, could have delegated John R. to undertake this mission. But suspecting that there would be opposition, they wanted the clout of the First Presidency. I also withheld completely the unfavorable comment of Elijah Averett. In fact, I made quite an effort to locate comment favorable to John R. and regret that I could find no more than I did. I would have liked it for balance.

I must reject your charge that I hold prejudice toward John R. and I certainly am not a member of the fourth generation which mimics him. He does not, however, appear to have been well liked in Kanab and there are people alive there now who relate his saying, "Now you listen to me. My name is John R. Young and I want you to -----." This is done with sound effects which are supposed to be accurate.

I tried to picture the struggle between John R. and the bishop through the eyes and words of their contemporaries, and until you took umbrage no comment reached me that I had failed.

Neither do I carry prejudice for Levi Stewart. Until writing these words to you, I have never knowingly met or corresponded with any descendant of Levi Stewart or John R. Young. I have no axe to grind but tried to

"tell it like it was," or at least as it appeared to me from reading the documents and listening to the people.

You make valid criticism in your third from last paragraph and I thank you for bringing this to my attention. The article originally consisted of over 11,500 words but space limitation forced me to reduce it to approximately 8000. Possibly I should have retained some of the bishop's views and sacrificed something else, but I didn't. Stewart's attitude had to be obtained from the journals of others because he was not given to writing. In fact, he was not very literate and not nearly as adept at expression as was John R. I have a couple of his letters from 1870. The spelling and writing are poor but he comes to the point. There are no Stewarts in the Kanab area now and if any of Levi's descendants are alive, I do not know where they live. I was not able to obtain a picture of the bishop; the one printed in the article was wrangled by the UHS staff.

You appear to be annoyed because I credit Howard O. Spencer with solving the United Order problem in Long Valley. I still maintain that his simple, Solomon-like decision to separate the polarized factions was a wise move and point out that the same thing could have occurred at Kanab had Stewart, John R., L. John Nuttall, or anyone else taken the lead. A splendid location existed where Fredonia was built in 1885, almost an exact parallel to the Mt. Carmel-Orderville relationship. John R. could have moved his faction but he elected to remain in Kanab and slug it out. It does not appear that John R's supporters were very enthusiastic about the Order and they would not have backed him had his name been "Jones." The people simply were not ready for the Order in 1875 any more than they are today, and this was true all over Utah. Essentially it was a struggle between the "haves" of an acquisitive society against the "have nots" who hoped to gain by a redistribution of wealth. We face the same problems today in our big city welfare programs. In time, the extreme group of the "have nots" brought the Orderville organization to its knees. This has been documented by others.

John R. acknowledged that he was wrong on page 153 of his Memoirs - as much as he cared to admit it. An objective study of the records indicates that he sinned, not only against Bishop Levi Stewart but against the LDS Church and his brethren at Kanab. But we are all human and we all make mistakes. If this were not so we would not need the teachings of Jesus Christ. The better individuals make a minimum of mistakes; the bumbler makes many. Now John R. did not make many mistakes but most people will agree that he erred with Kanab's United Order. President Young did not want him to contend with Bishop Stewart for the Order presidency. After he found out that John R. had been assigned to install the Order in the eastern villages, he expected him to do his job and return to his own business. Had he done so, the Order could have been accepted or rejected on its own merit instead of being confused in a struggle for leadership. John R. admitted that he had more zeal than wisdom in one of the letters I quoted.

You infer that Elder Stewart prospered at Kanab. This is not so. He was well off in Salt Lake County in 1870 but his resources steadily declined from then until his death. He sacrificed his property to go

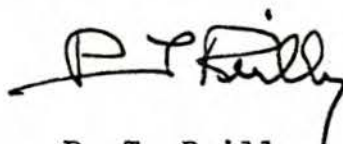
south and he lost heavily in the sawmill operation with John D. Lee. The United Order finished him off. Later L. John Nuttall ruled against his son John Stewart in a range dispute with Orderville.

The reverse is true with John R., who had an outstanding career before coming to Kanab and continued it after he left for England in the spring of 1877. Young was able to request a mission abroad while Stewart remained to pick up the pieces. The fact that John R. bungled his Kanab United Order assignment does not mean he wasted his life. Far from it. He was an outstanding pioneer and missionary and his single failure only emphasizes his humanity.

I stand behind my conclusions and reiterate that they were formed as objectively as possible from studying the records. If bias is present, it is entirely subconscious. Anyone not a Stewart or a Young is bound to generate more sympathy for the bishop than for the president's nephew, and I am human too. Had I ended the article with a mealy-mouthed expression for each of the antagonists I might have forestalled reactions such as yours but I would have sacrificed my own self respect. The general consensus of views other than yours is that conditions one hundred years ago were not any closer to the ideal than they are today and that my article on the United Order was realistic and worthy of being told. You do not criticize the references I quote and I don't see how anyone can read them and not come to the same conclusion I did.

As an old assayer said, "We guarantee accuracy, not satisfaction."

Sincerely yours,



P. T. Reilly

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
May 1, 1975

Mr. Lloyd L. Young
Box 605
Monticello, Utah 84535

Dear Lloyd Young:

I felt that I should hardly take time to answer your letter, for I myself am so far behind schedule in my own writing. The fact is, I had not read it at all, so had formed no opinion.

I noticed one spot of careless writing on the bottom of P.146:

"Dump-priming continued with a scheme to bring saltwater freight up the Colorado River to a warehouse at the head of navigation, which resulted in Call's Landing, being established early in 1865. From here the freight was hauled by wagon through St. George and other hard-pressed Dixie towns to Salt Lake City...".

Nothing could be less true. Not one load of freight came up to the settlements. When the workers left St. George, a party was held in their honor, and the people looked forward to having the immigration routed via Panama and up the West Coast. Just another case of looking on the map without knowledge of the terrain.

With this promise in mind, William Henry Branch (Will's father-in-law) built a large, two-story home with the idea of having a hotel to house the travel from that direction. The plain fact was that not one emigrant ever came that way, and only one small shipment ever came to the dock. The whole undertaking a complete fiasco.

This, of course, is just a comment aside of your problem. I suggest that you take the material you have collected and put into an article of your own, without any reference to his. Not everyone read his; how those who did would get the true picture of the man.

The one man in all the Arizona settlement that I cannot much admire was Lot Smith. I'll not go into detail; you no doubt know of his doings.

Mr Reilly has done a great deal of research in Arizona History, and he tries to be accurate and balanced, but sometimes his prejudice does show--or he doesn't see things from our angle.

I might add that my brother, Francis Leavitt, did a study for his Masters at the University of Nevada on the navigation on the Colorado River. This was just a "Term Paper." His Thesis was on MORMON SETTLEMENT IN SOUTHERN NEVADA.

Don't get discouraged. You have some excellent material waiting to be put together. Good Luck!

Sincerely,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
May 1, 1975

Loyd L. Young
Box 605
Monticello, Utah
84535

Dear Loyd Young:

I had felt that I could not take time to really answer your questions or weigh your reasons, for I had not really paid attention to the article, knowing the the Author to be Anti-Mormon.

Now that I have read it, I find that he, himself, is not always true or accurate and without bias. I took exception to the middle paragraph on the last page, especially. I thought it unworthy and out of place in a serious, factual article. He, no doubt, didn't see it in the same light.

Now that it is printed, you can change nothing of this article; people will just have to read it and make their own conclusions. But without the least reference to this article, you can write your own account of the life and activities of this good man.

1731 SSouth 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
March 14, 1975

Dr. Everard Cox
Rt. 2 Box 161
Lower Beckleysville Road
Hampstead, Maryland
21071

Dear Everard & Lela:

I had a long talk last night with Jim Gwilliams, and was given to understand that in NO WAY can you get permission to carry out your plans. So if that's that, What next?

I have studied and prayed and come up with this: Look to Arizona! That beautiful spring at Beaver Dams carries plenty of water, but my son Ernest investigated and found that it belongs to a citizen there. Whether he will cooperate we can't guess, but it will do no harm to talk to him.

With the new road down the canyon, this place is only about 15 minutes from your home on the Red Hill, and you'd be dealing with Arizona officials.

If this isn't feasible, I think you should look toward the Old CCanaan Ranch, with its Spring. When I saw it last, it was a fine stream. I must confess that it has been too many years since I visited it with Dale L. Morgan.

Then the Short Creek folks seem to have plenty of water; or there may be better sites farther south. I think that Bro. Udall who is in the Senate would give you audience and encouragement.

I may be grasping at straws, but I have faith to believe that you will have an opportunity to serve in the field in which you are best prepared to serve. From the first time that I talked to you after you came home from the Service, I have felt that you have a great mission, as yet not entirely fulfilled.

So don't "throw in the rag" yet. There may be better days ahead. The darkest hour is just before the Dawn," is another old proverb.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
March 18/75

Mr Donald E. Crimmins
Box 928
El Sobrante, Calif. 94803

Dear Mr Crimmins:

As you see, I am living in Salt Lake City. I've been here several years, though my real home, and the home of most of my family, is in St. George.

In 1950 the Stanford Press published my book, The Mountain Meadows Massacre, but knowing that the LDS Church would not approve it, they put out only a limited edition, which is now very rare.

In 1962, after several years of research, I put out the Biography of John D. Lee under the caption, JOHN DOYLE LEE: ZEALOT--PIONEER BUILDER--SCAPEGOAT. This was done by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale, California. It has had at least one re-printing. The Reviews were so laudatory that the Oklahoma Press purchased the Copyright/ and has put out four printings of 10,000 each. So this book should be available. This is a one-volume book. *of the N.Y.M.*

But I did edit two volumes of Lee's Diaries, which was put out by the Henry E. Huntington Library under the caption, A MORMON CHRONICLE: THE DIARIES OF JOHN D. LEE. These are very revealing, but were not put out in any bulk, so may be difficult to find. Lee kept careful records of his daily activities.

So you see, considerable has been done on this man and on the tragedy which made him notorious.

I have a small biography of Emma Batchelor Lee, the wife who lived at the Ferry on the Colorado River. This will not be a large book, but I felt strongly that she deserved to have her story recorded. This is being done by the ^{Utah} State University Press in Logan; it is due soon.

I shall be glad to make your acquaintance.

Sincerely,

Janita Brooks
Janita Brooks

1731 South 1400 South
Salt Lake City, Utah
84105
March 21/ 75

Jane B. Nielson
Box 26 Wendell
Idaho 83355

Dear Sister Neilson:

Thank you so much for writing to me. I am always glad to find people who are interested in the same things I am. I'll tell you first about the picture. It came from the collection of Theresa Leavitt, daughter of Dudley and Thirza Riding Leavitt. Theresa did not marry until she was in her middle thirties; she took care of her father until he died, then she married Solon Huntsman. At her death, the oldest son, Ralph Huntsman, got the pictures. This was on a glass plate. They usually had a back-drop with pictures on it. It was so blurred that I asked the printers to have an expert clear it off. They promised to do this, but did not; I then had it done at my own expense, and have given all members who buy a book one or more. Better than that, I gave all the descendants free pictures to use as they see fit.

The cleared picture is supposed to be in the wedding dress in which she ~~was~~ married. As you can see, it is a very nice dress, but as a daughter of the Stake President, she would be expected to have a nice wedding dress. Her Mother always introduced her as "My Daughter, Janet." She is standing in front of a heavy painted curtain, I was told.

I think you must be a little mixed up about the picture of John Calvin Lazell Smith and Sarah Smith Smith--I wish I did have it, but I have never seen it.

I understood that Jannett was only about three or four old when Sister Smith took her, and sixteen or seventeen when she was married. The folklore says also that she had a remarkably good singing voice. Her new mother always introduced her as "My daughter, Janet."

I got some material about John Calvin Lazelle Smith from the Diary of Joseph Fish, edited by John H. Knehel. I'll start it on another page so as to keep it straight.

I'd be glad to see the picture you have of the family--or to pay the expense of having a copy made.

The first Dudley Leavitt books were made up and printed in a blue cover. These new ones are in brown, and called ON The Ragged Edge.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

Sunday

Sunday, March 23/ 75

Dear Ernie:

Just got through visiting over the telephone with Karl, who has just returned from a trip with the Dixie College Program committee. He saw many Dixieites of whom I remember: Crane Simmons, who is now an active LDS, Waldo Brooks, who has only a wife and a dog to care for, Tone Nisson, who took all those lovely colored pictures at Uncle Will's birthday party. And others.

Me, I'm chiefly concerned with the weather. It has snowed almost 24 hours and is still coming. Good for the water situation, but a mess to get out into. I didn't intend to go out today;; this gives me a good excuse for staying home.

Visited with Vauna over the telephone the other day, and have a date with her for lunch at the Lion House. I want to take her through that building, and the big, tall one too.

Also, Celia Larson called to say they are going to honor her Mother on her 90th birthday. I've put the date on Saturday, April 12, and at the little building that is now on the park on 5th west and

5th north, where the bandstand used to be. I think I'll try to go over, mainly to meet the family, and 90 years is a milestone.

I don't know that you would want to come unless you had other reasons for the trip. Rex and Gene and their wives are both on Missions for the Church, so only their children can attend. Ron has a govt job--on this I am not sure, and Grant is an interior decorator in San Francisco. He has never married, but works with another man of his age.

Gd-kids of course. Celia reported that they will both be there; All the Celia & Bill had only two children: their son is in a good position in the East; their daughter teaches third grade somewhere in the area.

As I said earlier, they were "family" for us when you were just a little guy who couldn't even pronounce your own name clearly, and had to be drilled to say: "Seventeen- thirty-three North on Fifth west. B.F.Larsen," so that if and when you got lost, you could direct the finder home.

1731 North 1400 East, Salt Lake City
Sunday, March 23/ 75

DEAR ERNEST:

Just got through visiting over the telephone with Karl. He is back from a trip into California with a student program, in which he met a number of his former friends: Crane Simmons, who has joined the Mormon Church, Antone Nission, who took all those wonderful pictures of Uncle Will's birthday celebration, etc. etc. A nyway

I'm spoiling this because I have the washer running in the other room till it got to knocking and I had to stop it and readjust the load.

I am writing this because I have the washer running in the other room till it got to knocking and I had to stop it and readjust the load.

Mrs Aug
Mar '75

Dear Juanita;

It has been most of a year since I felt like writing and haven't had many letters. Guess my friends and relatives think I am dead - but I am very much alive. Once more the Lord has been good to me and has seen fit to me live a while longer. But since last May I have felt so bad that I didn't care to live - In March last year I celebrated my 90th birthday. Later I made a trip to Texas for the wedding of a grand son. Came home and got my things together to go to Farmington for the summer. So many things I had to do. I was only there a short time til I got sick and had to come home. I was sick all the rest of the summer and fall. My eye sight failed me and

I was not able to see to
read write or do, any hand
work - I was miserable - Could
only drink milk & soft food.
The climax came when I turned
the T.V on at Sylvaal in
Pyr. turned to go back to the
chair and started falling
backward. My head struck
the floor and I fell with
such a bang that it has
never stopped hurting. I
had a complete Ex Pary
of my body, and no broken
bones. They took me to the
hospital, I was there 18 days
but very little I remember
of my stay there and not
a thing of being brought
to the rest home - I was only
here a week until my mind
cleared up some - and I
am improving daily. This
is such a sweet woman who
has this place and so good
to her patients. Her husband
is down, with an incurable
disease and expected to
pass on at any time. She
is so brave thro' it all

I think I suffered more
pain in my head than
I did having all my thir-
teen children. The pain
is in a different part
of my body. They told my
family at the hospital, I
would never walk again.
And the eye ~~do~~ told me I
had lost the sight of my
left eye and there was not
much sight in my right
one. That it would do
no good to get lenses
changed. I felt that it
was the condition of my
body that caused my
eyes to be that way. When
I get a little better I am
going to another specialist
and have them checked.
Well now you know why
you haven't heard from
me - There are three
people I love to hear from
that is you, Manetta and
Edna Brumhall. I have
written them, but lost my
address book so haven't sent
Manetta's out - A lady had

in town corresponds with
Edna, so I got the address
for Edna from here - I am
going to try calling Marlett's
daughter who lives here so
maybe I can get it today - It
is hard to find her at home -
and this phone is tied
up a lot since it is a
business phone - Sylvia said
my address book was left
at her place when they took
me to the hospital. She will
bring it when she comes
again, maybe tonight. She
works and doesn't get off
until 8 P.M.

Juanita I have wondered
if you were well enough
to do any writing - Have you
done anything about the
three book library of Grand
father? I hope so and hope
it is printed while I am
here. There seems to be
no end of sickness and
worry for me but I know
there are others who are
much worse off than I am.
I celebrated my 91st birth-
day March 4th -

All my brothers and sisters
are gone excepting my
baby sister and baby brother
and another brother - That
makes 4 out of 13 - They
are all past ~~80~~ excepting
the baby brother and he
is nearing 80 - O for the
happy care free days of
childhood!

Well honey you know
how I love you and
pray for your success
and happiness - How I
wish that I could leave
behind me as much to
be remembered ~~by~~ and
blessed for, One thing
the Lee Family have you
to thank for - The change
of attitude the church has
toward grandfather - And I
know it was you who
got the truth to the world
through your writing - May
God Bless you far & I, and
I know grandfather has
been and is very happy

about it and will greet
you with out stretched arms.
And his posterity should
be eternally grateful to you.
I know I am and I wanted
to tell you so once again
may God give you health
and strength to do the
things you desire to do.
I would love a nice long
letter to cheer ~~you~~ me if
you have time

May God Bless you
Love Ida

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
March 28/ 75

Mrs. Ida L. Hamblin
Casa Blanco Rest Home
72 West Southern Ave.,
Mesa, Ariz. 85204

My dear Friend,

I was so happy to get your letter this morning. I've been so pushed between one responsibility and another that I've neglecting my friends. One of mine has been my own Mother, now well into her 97th year. She has ten of us still living--six daughters and four sons, and I am eldest of all. But she is like you: very sharp and aware and eager to be as independent as she can be. Sometimes I think she is as well preserved as I am at 77.

I see in myself signs of ageing: occasionally I'll "drop" a name of a person I know very well, for instance. Sometimes I remind myself of the Indian who was whipping his horse to a gallop all the time, when a man stopped him and asked, "Why do you do that?"

"I want to hurry and get there before he gives out!" was the answer. So with me. I think I sometimes push myself too hard. But there's so much left that should be done! And if I don't do it, Whowill?

I hope to be able to do much more--in fact, a small booklet on Emma B. Lee French is to be off the press this week. The Utah State University put me on their Staff two years ago, and were so generous with me that I did two small booklets for their Press. They hadn't been publishing much except papers and research of the Faculty, and were so pleased to get these.... (Western stories about real people.)

I'll send you a copy as soon as I get one. I have no idea what it will look like. I've learned that the Publisher doesn't take any suggestions from the Author--in fact, doesn't communicate at all. But I'll send you a copy as soon as I get it, and also one of the "Frontier Tales." You may have this one, already.

I take great satisfaction in the fact that the Church Authorities now use the Biography of John D. Lee as a reference and the BYU Faculty speak of him as one of the great men of the Church.

Well, my dear, I'm so happy to hear from you again that I'll try to keep in better touch also. I'm praying for a day at a time, and so far have been blessed beyond what I deserve.

Thank you again for letter. Let's try to keep more in touch.

Best Love,

Juanita
Juanita Brooks

322 S. Hamblin
Care ~~Blanco~~

Buttano

72. Wash Southern
meadow
55-204



enclosed

Buttano
Please
forward
if not
there

Mrs Juanita Brooks

1731 South
~~St. George~~
- 14th St

~~Utah~~ -
Salt Lake City
Utah

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103
March 31, 1975

Miss Gail Furley
1215 E. Baker
Tempe, Arizona 85282

Dear Gail:

Thank you for your letter. I am always glad to get acquainted with members of the John D. Lee family. For years I worked closely with Miss Ettie--I consider her one of the Great Women of the West. I have also known Edna Brimhall, and I think I was in the home of your grandmother Udall on one occasion, just as my BIOGRAPHY was about to be printed.

I consider this book the best thing I have ever done--at least, I put more into it. It appeared in 1962 and had such good press reports that Oklahoma Press at once bought the copyright of the MMM book from Stanford Press. They have issued four printings of 10,000 each, so that you should be able to purchase books wherever Mormon Books are sold.

I too have kept on the look-out for any information on Ralph Lee, but have found nothing more than the few items in the Biography. I'll be very happy when anyone does locate something, as I feel sure the eventually will. In looking into this BIOGRAPHY, I see that Ralph Lee is mentioned on only two pages, but these might prove to be useful in tracing further.

You will find that research is slow work, sometimes baffling, and discouraging. Perhaps I should give you the full information on the Biography, in case you want to order it:

JOHN DOYLE LEE
Zealot- Pioneer Builder-- Scapegoat , Arthur H. Clark
Company, Glendale, California.

I'm sorry not to have more new material, but if you get a lead of any kind, it will be worth while.
Success to you in your work.

Sincerely,

Juanita Brooks

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
April 8, 1975

Gertrude M. Richards
97 South 600 East
Pleasant Grove, Utah
84062

My dear Gertrude;

What a coincidence that I should get your letter this morning! Only night-before-last, my friend Jeff Johnson, who works in Church Offices, came to bring a lady (4 1/2 months pregnant) to ask if I could tell her some of the early women of the Church that she might make a study of. I had somewhere in my files a list of all the women Joseph Smith was supposed to have been sealed to, but I didn't mention it or look for the reference.

She was on her way to the BYU, where I think she will find assistance.

She had hardly left the house when it flashed into my mind: "What about Elise Musser? When you come to count the truly GREAT women of Mormondom, you must not leave her out." Then, at once, I wondered--hoped-- that you still had story in your hands.

The last time I visited her in the hospital she was in much pain; I could just see the waves of pain as she went up the muscle of her neck swelling it as big as a rope. But she said to me very clearly, "I hope you can save my Story. Burton will destroy it if he can."

I promised her that I would see to it myself to get it published, if I could get it into my hands. She knew it was safe with you, and trusted us to cooperate, I am sure.

You know what I think of Elise; I believe that she was one of the greatest women of her time, and fully as important as any that went before her, and more important than any that followed her.

Since I wrote some of the manuscript, I wonder if you would give it to me to finish and publish. I'll ask nothing of Burton; I'll not consult him, but would not want to include things which would be damaging to him.

We don't need his money. Whatever the cost, I'm willing to gamble on, and I don't want a cheap, paper-bound edition, either. I don't want to sound too important. It's that I did love and respect Elise, and I did make her a solemn promise that I'd see this thing through.

If I came to your home would you let me take the manuscript. I would hope to bring it directly here, and would hope that between us, we could finish it. As much of it is in her own words

In saying that we won't need any of Burton's money, I don't want to infer that I am flush with it. But I think we might a grant of all that are being offered just now.

Call me collect if you want to My number is: 484-8110.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
April 14, 1975

Gertrude M. Richards
97 South 600 East
Pleasant Grove, Utah
84062

Dear Gertrude:

Last night at a gathering of friends, Judge Crockett remarked that he had quoted a certain piece of poetry at the services of Burton W. Musser. I was much surprised. I hadn't seen anything in the paper, and I usually scan the obituaries.

He gave me to understand that the funeral was private; that only a few people were there. Perhaps you were one of them.

Now, where do we go from here? I would like to go ahead and publish the little book, closing it with her death. She certainly wanted it done, and I should like to do it, with your help.

If there is a reason why you should not want it done, I'll respect your wishes. If you do not want to carry it to Salt Lake City, my son, Kay Brooks, who is with the FBI there in Provo, could bring me out, and I could sign whatever papers I would need to to relieve you of any responsibility for the publication.

I see no reason why we should hesitate at all. Elise was so anxious to have it done; she didn't want to injure Burton; she just wanted her own life recorded for what it was, a dedicated effort to help the needy, to open the door of opportunity to young people struggling in poverty.

This is rather bungling, but I was shaken a bit by Judge Crockett's statement about Burton's death and burial.

Call me collect, evening or morning. I'm usually right here all day, except when I must go in to the Post Office to get a parcel off.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
April 16/ 75

Dear Mother:

Thank you for your letters. I'm so glad to get them, because there is always something worth keeping in them. I appreciated, especially, the clippings of Leah Tobler's death and burial. I wish I might have gone down to the cemetery when she was buried.

We spent the summer at Berkeley together, living with Roy & Ann, and we always kept in touch until we got so far apart in distance.

Willa wrote that they had sold their house at last, which means that both she and Karl will have something to move ahead in their programs. It may mean that Karl can move in by early fall, or at least by Thanksgiving. Anyway, we can wait it out that long.

I'm glad that your eyesight is good enough to read UNCLE WILL. I wish we could have some kind of a sale of those books. They are priced too high. If they would cut the price to \$10.00 including tax, maybe they could sell more. I'm not a very good business man, but I may suggest it.

Willa sent the clipping of both her boys who became Eagle Scouts. I think that's quite an achievement; so many boys get discouraged before they make the last finishing touches.

I'm sure that Vernon & Charity will enjoy their visit with Conrad & family. I wish I were near enough to get acquainted with all the neices & nephews. We need a MARYHAFEN FAMILY GATHERING.

Alf Hafen talks to me quite often over the telephone. Ella Perkins oldest son was in to Conference from the east somewhere, but I didn't get to see him, either. He's the president of the Stake out there, I understand. Waldo, who is the MD. here is very interested in getting the story of the Perkins Family. I went to the BYU one full afternoon --more like a full day-- but found only a little.

I was interrupted here by one of Karl's friends who talked so long over the telephone that I can't catch the evening mail, so I'll just stop for now.....

We have had snow again today, but it's light and melts fast, a drizzling rain onw. The tulips in my garden are just lovely and I have other bulbs coming up. Enough of now. I'll not seal it up until morning

April 22, 1975

Dear Juanita:

In talking to Uncle Everett Syphus, I learned that Aunt Effie at one time allowed you to place G.W.G. Averett's personal diary in the Huntington Library. In exchange she received back bound copies of this history.

Would it be possible to purchase or obtain one of these books, and who would I contact or write for information on such?

I hope you received my last letter giving you the information that I hoped might be useful in determining whether John D. Lee may have mentioned names of some of his converts while in Tennessee on his numerous missions.

I appreciate so much your kindness in answering my many questions. I hope you are well and enjoying life.

Sincerely,

Lois J. Bracken

Lois J. Bracken

1400 East, Salt Lake City
84105 Sunday, May 18/75

Dear Lois:

I apologize for my delay in answering yours of April 22. The fact is, I have been in St. George twice since that date, but was involved in clearing title on a piece of land where Karl is building his new home, so thought about little else.

My work with Huntington collecting Diaries extended through the years 1944-45-46. Since that time Mr. Leslie Bliss has died, and Miss Noya retired and not living in the area at all. I hardly know how to advise you, for they admit only scholars who come with written recommendations from the Graduate Schools..... You might address a letter to Curator of Manuscripts, Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and tell them that you are interested in this particular Manuscript. If you came down, would you be permitted to study it? They can't do more than refuse, and they will not say NO outright, but will explain their policy. It just might be that they are more liberal than they were those thirty long years^{ago}.

Does not the family still have the copy they were given at the time? It would be easier to work with than the original--in fact, I doubt that they would let you see the original at all-- they would give you a photostat, which, by the way, is usually more easily read than the actual original.

I wonder if a copy of this might be in the BYU manuscript collection. I went over with Dr. Perkins to help him with his research, and was pleased and proud to find many of the documents from Huntington not only copied, but INDEXED. Just go to the Third Floor and ask for the catalogue of available manuscripts. It could very well be there.

A query to the Curator of manuscripts would let you know if it is there and available. I was proud to see that in every case where I had taken a manuscript in, it was indexed, and had a list of the names.

I think you might read this letter from the bottom up. The best suggestions are at the end.

Good luck!

Juanita Brooks

149 North 12th Ave
Upland, Ca. 91786
24 April 1975

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
1731 South 1400 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Dear Mrs. Brooks: Re: Janet Smith, the Piute Indian maiden
 raised by Sarah Fish Smith McGregor
 at Parowan, Utah

My Aunt Jane Nielson, Wendell, Idaho, sent me your letter and I was just delighted to see it and now she has even sent me a picture of Janet.

I would very much like a copy of the Leavitt history this is in. I believe she told me it was \$5.00. I inclose a check for that. If it is more please tell me. - I am interested in more history about Janet, also there might be more history on my Leavitt ancestors. I am descended from Hannah Leavitt who married Horace Fish. She is a sister to Dudley Leavitt, and I have been fascinated with his history that I have read.

I would like to tell you also that while I was in St. George in 1971 we obtained at the Library your history of John D. Lee and read. Also a member in our ward here, Glenn Brown has that copy and brought it to me about a month ago and I read a lot out of it. I am also interested in John D. Lee because of the fact that my grandfather John Lowe Butler II. who lived at Panguitch, and the stories that have come down to us have been that John Lowe Butler and his brother James Butler were appointed to obtain the body of John D. Lee, and did bring it home and helped prepare for burial. I asked my Aunt Jane one time "how come--were they close friends?" She replied that John D. Lee had been working for her father, John Lowe Butler. I also asked both my mother, who died at 88, and my Aunt Jane, if they thought John D. Lee was guilty of the crime, and they both said that their parents said very little about that, so they didn't know.

You sent my Aunt Jane some very fine references to John C.L. Smith in the book THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH FISH, MORMON PIONEER. I appreciate this. I also have that book. I have compiled a history of our John C.L.

Also, while I was in Parowan some two years ago, and I was in the museum there, I talked with Mrs. Benson. She is a very loyal friend of yours.

I am looking forward to having the Leavitt history.

Sincerely,

Helen T. Dalton

Copy to Aunt Jane

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
April 29, 1975

Mr. Ray Norris
136 West 21 Street
San Bernardino, California
92405

Dear Ray Norris:

Forgive my delay in answering your letter and getting this book off to you. A telephone call from my youngest son in Albuquerque, New Mexico, took me in that direction, and kept me a few days.....

My first, and most important book was THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE, as you may know. My BYU friends and the General Authorities considered me an "Apostate" for writing on the subject at all. The book was not handled at all in Salt Lake City, except by Sam Weller in Zion's Book Store. Only recently have they put it out on the shelf.

.....

Now here I am with my wires crossed! You did not write to me. You are the one who telephoned and ordered a copy of UNCLE WILL TELLS HIS STORY.

This book is very expensive because of the many pictures and the use of color. The printers were trying to get a prize for the most beautiful book of the year, and spared no expense.

That is why they sell it for \$12.50., but I let my friends have it at wholesale price, which is \$10.00. I hope you think it is worth it. It is really Uncle Will speaking, for I took it from the tape just as he told it to the little afternoon audience.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
Sunday morning, May 4/75

Dear Martha,

It's so good to get even a note from you. I'm really interested in your doings--you're MY family, too, remember.

I'm just waiting to go South with Father ~~SD~~ ^(and Helen) ~~and Helen~~ interrupted with a telephone call. Seems that Kobi had an operation of some sort on his knee, and they wanted to go up and dress it--or just look after it in general. Both boys are here, living together, all of which you probably know already.

When they first brought Kobi up, Sue fixed a "Thanksgiving Dinner" complete with the turkey and all the trimmings, and had all the family there--well, not quite ALL, but at least I was included. That Sue is to me one of the seven wonders of the world! Bless her! she can take everything in her stride; she never becomes flustered or loses her Cool!

I'm going South to be present at the Post Masters' Convention that is being held there on Monday. The first one ever held in the state was held there; Will was the local host. Now I want to have some of his books on display. I'd like to get them in a wider circulation.

I took Grandma Leavitt out to Albuquerque last week to visit Antone. He has been made a member of the Bishopric--which to Grandma is better than any civil promotion. Janet's parents were there, and we had four-generation pictures taken. I think these are important; they will grow important with the years.

I let her off the plane at Las Vegas, where Ernest picked her up with the promise that he would circulate her among the seven or eight grandchildren she has there; she needed some work done on her dentures, and Ina Reber's husband is a dentist. I'll call and see how things are going along with her.

I have promised that when Karl moves out of my house, I will move into it and take her in for the Duration--that is, MY duration. She'll outlive me, and several others of her family, I believe. As long as she is as clear-headed as she is now, it's a pleasure to be with her. She has taken to writing copies of all the old-time songs, songs she remembers; at my last count that was 26. I'll have xerox copies made. Don't know just how we can do about getting the melody unless Eva makes a project of it.

My little Emma Lee book is just coming out--a small booklet, but of an interesting frontier woman. Hope to have some to circulate soon. Or should I hold them until Christmas? That's an idea!

They are stopping outside. 'Bye for now.
Do write to me--and that means you, too, Carrick!

Best love to your
two little Leavitt men. They're just the kind we like to have on the Family Tree. They could teach some of their cousins many things.

*Love
Aunt Zula*

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Friday evening, May 10/75

L.E. Pulsipher
210 North 23rd Street
Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

Dear Ernie:

I've been on the go so much that I haven't caught up with myself. The men in the St. George Courthouse found a little 2 or 3 foot wide piece of land on Ed's side of the lot which was still on the records and billed to "William and Juanita Brooks," so I had to make a trip down, and they had endless paper work before we had the thing clear.

I rode down with Dudley, who was going back after being with Kobbie through an operation on his leg just below the knee. It seems that several years ago he got a knock of some kind which splintered off a piece of bone just below the knee. It began to bother him, so the doctor operated, put things in place, and then put the leg in a cast for some time. Helen stayed here with him while Dudley went down on Sunday to pick up mail, attend to other matters, too, perhaps.

Aura's daughters Merle and Norma, also their son Larry, were hoping to have a Mary H. Leavitt family reunion during the summer, while they can get time off. Dudley, Vernon, & Carl Allen favored just a general visit at the City Park, with light refreshments--melons. I thought that after coming such long distances, we should provide a place where we can sit on chairs and enjoy a program. The only thing we agreed upon was the date--July 19, so mark it on your calender.

I spent Sunday evening with Mother there at Charity's, while they went to a Rock Party at his sister's house. Mother could talk freely, and confessed that she was much disappointed at what happened. As you know, she planned to at least call on her grandchildren, perhaps stay overnight with Dorothy or Dale. She knew that Ina was expecting a baby-- but without talking to Mother at all, Ina telephoned to Daisy at Mesquite, & she came out, and without discussion loaded her in and brought her to Charity's place. I don't know why she couldn't have stayed a few days in Mesquite.

Mother wiped her eyes a little, but said she was thankful that she could be with Charity. She enjoys her nice private bedroom there.

After a couple of days, I flew back here, through heavy clouds most of the way. It was certainly a different experience.

I've been working some in my yard--the dandelions have about taken over. And the amount of mail I get just floors me. I'll have to cut this thing short if I'm ever going to finish it.

Thank you for being so nice to Mother. I think perhaps I should have called Dorothy, but I thought Ina would maybe contact her instead of calling Mesquite. Now it's past, we'd best forget it.

You think about what would make a good reunion. Our last Brooks one under Ed's family was just an unorganized, walk around and talk, bring your own lunch, the committee furnishes melons. I didn't like it as well as a program. For Mother and me--who are the OLD ones, this is better.

Best love, THANKS SO MUCH for your help.

Mom

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
May 16, 1975

Mr. Charles W. Taggart
234 -Seventh Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Charles:

I have felt guilty ever since I accepted that shipment of 86--eighty-six-- of UNCLE WILL TELLS HIS STORY without a word of how or when I should pay for them.

Now I suggest that I make you two payments of \$430.00 now, and the balance next month. That would figure \$10.00 each.

I enclose my check for the first payment, and will worry about the balance when that time comes.

I'm very grateful that the book is out, even if you have to wait until Eternity to get your money back. So many who read it speak well of it. Ray T. Norris of San Bernardino wrote for one, and says "to me, the book is priceless". Most people of the Dixie area will like it, though the price is high for many, who will borrow their neighbor's to read.

Thanks for all your kindness, and let's hope things work out well all around.

Gratefully yours,

Juanita Brooks
Juanita Brooks

1731 South 14 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
May 16, 1975

Mr. Charles W. Taggart
234 - 7th Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Charles:

I have felt guilty wver since I accepted that shipment of 86- eighty-six, copies of UNCLE WILL without a mention of how or when I would pay for them.

Now I suggest that I pay you in two payments, figuring at ten dollaw

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City

Tuesday Morning, May 27/ 75

Dear Mother:

Just got a letter from Charity & she gave a pretty good line-up on doings there; I was especially glad because yesterday was overcast and cold, so I didn't venture off the lot. Walter's daughter, Nelle and family came in for a short visit. They were taking their children up to the Zoo for their outing. She has six children--two girls and four boys, several of them very large and advanced for their years! Anyway, I was glad to have them--they broke the monotony of a totally deserted neighborhood. Served them icecream, root beer floats, and cookies.

Charity said that Alta's husband went to Blanding to take flowers and clean up the graves there; she went with Carl and Aura to the cemetery in Bunkerville to clean up and ~~put on the graves there.~~ flowers. She had also some kind of school class reunion, her sixth grade.

Then went to Newcastle with Daisy & Leonard to the farewell testimonial for Rita Lee's son, who leaves for a mission in Kentucky.

Seems that Aura has been especially fine for quite a while now, she keeps busy at some hand work most of her time, and is really nice to be with. I hope it lasts more permanently.

Carl reports that the work at the house is moving along just fine, and on schedule. I'm supposed to be there on the evening of June 6, to receive some little presents, along with Earl Larson, Elizabeth Beckstrom, and probably others. I have another appointment in the afternoon at 3:00 p.m., so I'll have a close race to catch the plane. R. J. Snow is managing it.

I'll just have to fly right back to be here for a testimonial to Ben Roe, the Jewish man that was so helpful to me during the time I was getting the Jewish book written and published. I'd have come out much worse than I did if Ben Roe hadn't stepped in and insisted that I must get more nearly what I was promised. I feel that if I owe anyone in this world a show of gratitude it is Ben Roe, so even if the plates are \$12.50 each, I must take an escort and be there. Fae Dix will go with me.

I got an invitation to the Leavitt Reunion. I'm going to be there, I hope, though I can't this minute put my hands on the envelope asking for a contribution. This gives date and place of meeting.

Another honor banquet is for the Wives at Lorch on the 9th of June. I hear that we may purchase some of the records or tapes of the Swiss songs your group made for them; if this is true, I'll see about getting them.

Well, enough for now----Another telephone call: Uncle Sam's daughter, "Lobbiir Dean" they have always called her, wants to come and get me to talk to her Fireside Group on June 20. So that's that.

Better I should close up shop if I am to get this into the afternoon pickup.

I'm glad if you keep in good health and can find enough things of interest to do/

Give my love to all the family, big and little
and keep the biggest share for yourself.

Love,

John

Gramma

I'm sorry I haven't written sooner. But I have a bad habit of putting things off. Please don't think that because I haven't written I have forgotten you, my people are always in my thoughts. I have moved off base. The name of the street I live on is Brooks St. pretty catchy name right. I have been learning a lot here in San Diego but I still miss Utah, the people here for the good part quite different. what you might call, plastic people, not real. always trying to put on some kind of a show, really not caring for anyone but themselves. but I have met a lot of fine people also and I do have a lot of good friends. I have to

make it back to St. George
sometime this summer, even just if
it were for a few days.

I hope every one is doing
fine. I have no complaints.
Life has been treating me
good. I have been a little
more busy than usual because
of this refugee thing, but
work is starting to slow down.
well not too much else

to say I have been working
on and off with my cat
but I just can't seem to get myself
to work. but hopefully moving
off base will give me more
quiet and privacy to work
a little better. You are always
in my thoughts

Robert

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
June 6, 1975

Mr. Robert Brooks
1522 Brookes Street
San Diego, California 92103

Dear Robert:

I've spelled this all out so I'll have it on the carbon, just in case I want to contact you before you write again. I've learned that plans must be changed pretty fast at times. For example, for months Ione Bennion has been counting on entertaining a group who are coming into Logan for the Writers' Conference. Just two days ago she called long distance to say the Dr. Wayland Hand would pick me up tomorrow morning and bring me to her house; she had my regular room in the basement all ready. Wayland would have the spare room upstairs.

Now Millie's Washington calls to say that Ione is in the hospital with a malignancy in her female organs! But, bless her, she has arranged for me to go to Millie's home and Dr. Wayland Hand to the Fife's. I think we'd both rather take housing at the school or in a public hotel, but she has ideas about Logan hospitality; she feels that she would be remiss in her duty if we, having been invited, must change. The report of a malignancy fills me with fear.

What difference does it make where I sleep? The only thing of concern is her condition. True, I might think that the very word is deadly, when just maybe it is just a warning.

But enough of that! I'm interested in your move off base. That might be real good, but it has just a few disadvantages too.

My son Karl is coming along fine in the building of his new home where Mother's old one stood. He thinks that with luck he can move into it by mid-September. I think that's just a little too soon, but I'll be glad to take over. That means spare bedrooms enough to accommodate quite a few.

As always, we have to be able to "roll with the punches," and adjust to what comes. We each know what we wish most to do, and must put that first. As for me, I'm into this Quicksand-andp Cactus deal until I feel that everything else must give way. Sometimes I have my doubts; I wonder if the flame is worth the candle.

I glory in your youth, and your abilities, and in your setting fine goals for yourself. Keep on keeping on!

Best love,

Grandma Brooks

Robert Brooks
1522 Brookes St
SAN Diego, Ca
92103



ALWAYS
ZIP 1

Jaunita Brooks
1734 S. 1400 East
Salt Lake City
84105



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS



1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
Saturday afternoon late June 7/75
/ and Letter dated Feb.12,1951/

Dear Charity:

You wonderful person! those letters are priceless to me, written, both of them on the same day. I notice that in my letter to Bro. Lyman, he had told me of the death of Proctor Robinson who was reported to have died from drinking the water of poison springs. At that time it was new to me. "

Later, I got the real story from Tom Cropper, the boy of the Buckskin Pants story. Tom was out on the hills herding the cattle that his Mother and her husband had brought from Tennessee. When he saw the wagon train approaching, he came in to their camp. The Indians gathered too, more out of curiosity than anything else. An emigrant man seemed curious about the Indians arrows; the Indian made an angry protest, and an Emigrant shot him. Some one challenged Tom to ride a steer; this he did but it jumped into the pond and with a surprise twist, threw Tom off. Proctor Robinson had been there skinning dead cattle that had been poisoned with loco weed; hides sold for \$2.00 each, and he hoped to make a little money. But one of his eyes started to smart, and he evidently rubbed it without washing his hands, and it began to swell until it was all puffed up.
on the one horse

The two boys started to ride home/to Fillmore, for Tom was wet and at the end of September the air was cold. So Tom slipped off over the horses rump, gave it a little crack to hurry him up, and went into a neighbors house to dry by the fireplace, and spend the night on some wraps and a blanket on the floor. Proctor could force his horse into a gallop or a trot at least.

Tom reported that he got home to Fillmore in late forenoon, and went at once to see how Proctor was getting on. His eyes were swollen shut and his body was swelling to. He died before night. Now here was evidence of poison Springs. Now here was Indian death that might result in a n uprising. These were told and grew with the telling, until they were finally made justification for the MMM.

But I don't want to get into that. I did the best I could at the time and am not surprised that other material has been found.

Well, my typing gets progressively worse, and I'm more and more taken from my work--The presentation when they made me a member of Phi Beta Kappa--Alpha. R. J. Snow made the presentation, and I must say, it was beautifully// too flattering also. It is put between a covered--silk, red, backs--the nicest tribute I've ever had. Enough, enough. I'll race down to the mailbox

Love to you all

Jananta

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
84105

June 2/ 75
March

Stanley D. Weaver
P.O. Box 737
111 North Second West
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Stanley:

Thank you for writing. I evidently was not too clear about the Dedication of the St. George Temple. The date is ~~Eighty~~ was January 1, 1877, but I don't get the idea that B it was dedicated by Brigham Young, Jr., though he did offer a dedicatory prayer in one room. Every room was the subject of a prayer. Different people offered the prayers; they left nothing out.

I have the account of Charles L. Walker, which is the one I used. Now I find that I have also the account of James G. Blake, the Recorder of the Southern Mission. Both men give the date as Monday, January 1, 1877, but James G. Blake states in the beginning: "Copied from the Journal of President Wilford Woodruff." Reading this is a real experience; nothing is omitted.

One gave 1260 as the number of people present; the other gave about 1349.

It will be very interesting to compare the accounts, but I have not the time to do it, and I think it would make no difference. James G. Blake's account extends from Page 487 to 510. Charles L. Walker's begins at the bottom of 563 to the top paragraph of 645.

Charles L. Walker composed a song for the occasion, and copied it all into the record.

I don't know who started me on this deal, but it was something so far out that I thought we should come as close to the actual realities, strange as they seem: the enumerating the sand and the clay the stone and the glass, etc.etc. I can think of nothing they left out unless it might be termites. Perhaps they were not named that..... Forgive me. I really don't want to be fac facetious.

All good wishes,
Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

June 26/ 75

Calude C. Cornwall
106 Catherine Street
Ithaca, New York

Dear Calude:

Thank you very much for your beautiful book. It's really one to be proud of. I let my good friend from Cedar City, Fae Dix, take one, while I read the other. She called this morning to say that she was much impressed by it. She is hoping to do something similar in memory of her husband, who passed on several years ago.

The pictures are especially good, I think; she almost speaks out in the first one. All in all, they do bring the story alive.

Now, coming to the hard facts of how many to print, we should take several things into consideration. How to advertise? How many to print? That is, how much money do you want to gamble?

Conditions have changed, perhaps, since I printed my first little blue-backed life of Dudley Leavitt, formally called THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DUDLEY LEAVITT. I argued that with five wives and thirty-three children who married and had families, I had a captive audience. But it was DEPRESSION TIME, which meant that a book was not a necessity.

We agreed, the Printer and I, upon 500 hard-bound books for \$600.00, the books to sell for \$1.25 each. I gave him \$266.00 down, and the balance at fifty dollars a month until they were paid for. It was depression times, remember. We decided on a good grade of paper and a print just a little larger than that--No, about like this.-- I mean of yours.

Well, he printed his 500 books, and I paid him in full, but I was a long, long time getting my money back. My reward was the gratitude of his children who remembered "Father" with so much love and respect. Outside the immediate family, there was little interest. Again, the Depression was still on.

But at that time books didn't have to compete with television, and with the selling programs of everything from razor blades to real-estate.

By all means, stay with the cover and general format; it is very good. Hard-backs are too expensive, I think.

I was wrong above. The first little book was DUDLEY LEAVITT PIONEER TO SOUTHERN UTAH. I did not know about copyright, so a group here in Salt Lake picked it up, condensed it to smaller type and print and published--I don't know many, but the print was blurred and the pictures ruined. I was so angry--MAD--would say it better--that I rewrote the whole thing, enlarging it greatly, putting in 20 pages of photographs and retails at \$5.00 each.

The title: ON THE RAGGED EDGE--THE LIFE & TIMES OF DUDLEY LEAVITT

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
June 23, 1975

My dear Barbara,

I've just been talking to a neighbor to whom I gave a small slice of your bread. She's so excited about it--can hardly see how you can produce ^{anything} ~~sm~~ new and different and at the same time so wholesome, and then afford to give it away. Fifty-five loaves in one week-end! I told her I didn't think you gave it all away; but you did give me two, TWO full loaves. I just can't thank you.

I don't pretend to tell you what you should do, but you'd be doing many people a favor if you would establish a place where they could buy it on Saturday afternoon or evening, and willing to pay generously. Before you'd know it, you'd have a business.

I realize that it might gum-up your program, and change what is now a labor of love into a ruling and demanding task.

I was sorry, too, that you couldn't stay to our discussion, but proud that you are in a position to meet with the Bishopric. It's good to know that the Brethren are coming to realize that in some situations, a woman's approach is better than a man's.

I'm a little disappointed in ME; I'm not doing as well as I should be. I can't shut out enough of the distractions. Since I put this paper in the machine, I had a little boy call to sell me peanut brittle at \$1.25 a box; he's trying to earn a bicycle. And a man on the telephone wants me to donate a \$5.00 ticket for an under-privileged boy to go to a circus. They will mail me an envelope.

I'm not complaining. I don't need much, and while I'm not wealthy, I can contribute to the under-privileged, and am glad to do it.

I'm only unhappy with myself when I fuss about unimportant things and neglect my own work. Today it is a book: the life experiences of Claude Cornwall and his wife Evelyn Thurston, his wife, who died recently. She was on the faculty at Dixie College with me. Why trouble you with all this?

I love you so much, and am so proud to be one of the Brooks family. I think I have told you that the President of the London Temple let Uncle Will go through because he was Sam's brother.

I have no memory of our activities in 1927-1928, except that we had several oratorical contests, and inter-class debates. The high school students here had better opportunities for competition, for there were more schools: Las Vegas, Muddy Valley, Virgin Valley, Cedar City, Beaver, and Panguitch.

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Monday, June 30, 1975

Dear Mother, Charity, & All

I had an errand down town, stopped at Fae Dix's house to leave a book, and didn't get back until too late to get this out today, but will write anyway.

Looks like every family is on wheels. Wonderful! It's about the only time to break away. Donna Heath--daughter of Iaman Leavitt--had me get more books for her. Seems that there will be two Leavitt Reunions in this area. And a Tom Marshall, ~~descendant~~ descendant of Christopher Lister wasted a couple of hours for me last night trying to clear up "Little Lon" & Mary Ann Daley. So you see the Spirit is working.

(Riding)

It does really sound like you are having a chance to visit with many of the OLD TIMERS. I'd like to be there for Roy Waite & Lucina Bowman's doings, as also Glen and Rachel Bowler Leavitt. I'm right glad to hear that they are going to use Mary Lynn at Dixie College. She'll be a real asset.

I really enjoyed Wills & Thales' their family. Sister Derrick is not very well--I just talked to her again today and she is quite miserable, much pain in her arms. I'll try to keep in touch & maybe get my neighbor to take me out. She is fortunate in that she has good neighbors who are really interested in her, but she is not well.

I see so much around that I ought to do in the lot, among the flowers, and inside cleaning and squaring off that I feel guilty to spend much time with the typewriter. But I know that it is the most demanding and important, so I'll try to plan my time better.

I'm missing the Writer's Conference and the Post's Breakfast. They are always very nice and worth-while, but one can't be everywhere.

I do expect to be present at PineValley, though, if I have to thumb my way and carry my bed-roll. I'm sure that Kay and Jeannie can make room for me, or maybe Clair & LaVon. By the way, their little Connie gave birth to a baby boy--premature. It weighed only one pound 4 ounces, but it did cry out twice and they gave it a name. Then a funeral with all the trappings, and burial in the cemetery. It was all very nice.

Another long telephone interruption. I must get this out ~~in~~ and on its way. Best love to you-all, and I'll be seein' you soon.

Love,
Nita

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
July 11, 1975

Fre. H.P. Leland
2491 N. Hwy 89, Box 217
Cedar, Utah 84604

Dear Irene Ireland,

Thank you so much for the xerox copies from the new Mormon book, THE TIMES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG Re: The Mountain Meadows Massacre. If this is the kind of history we are to have our children read and take without question, they will have a most distorted picture of the whole pioneering experience.

I must get a copy at once if it is on the stands, look it through, and at least question Brother Leonard J. Arrington. After his last book, I'm almost afraid to begin, because I have just received ~~gratulations~~ DAVIS & NOVICK, EDITORS, PROTESTANT INDUSTRIALIST. ~~HEREIN~~ It ~~thoroughly~~ admits that the spade work was passed out to ~~his~~ brilliant graduate students, and then in the end the whole manuscript was rewritten by Maureen Ursenbeck. She has done the actual work on the finished book, it seems.

Maybe we should give him a Gold Star for this, but it just does NOT square with my code of ethics. He does admit it all very frankly, however, so I'll withhold judgment. It's just not the way I'd do.

Robert Mullen is unknown to me, so perhaps I should stand in judgment on him. True our missionaries must present the Church in the best light possible, and the Mountain Meadow affair has been a major problem all these years.

I will be interesting to learn whether the powers that be will push this book as one of the "required reading."

In the meantime, I'm so far behind schedule on my own little undertaking that I can hardly spare the time to argue at length with anyone.

Sincere good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

Juanita Brooks

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, S.L. City
July 24, 1975

Dear Beth Ann:

I've thought every day since I attended your wedding that I'd drop you a line and thank you for inviting me. It was different, of course, but it had to be different. You were right smart to have the legal end of the business done earlier, and you had things very well planned, indeed. I was right pleased, especially when your Uncle Bill sang! GREAT!

I was glad to see the other white girls--I had no idea there were as many as there seems to be. Do you know of any where a blackish has married a white man? My own father used to joke at what a fussdome of his folks made because he married "a little Dutch Gal;" my Grandfather had one Indian wife, and some of her descendants are among the finest of all his posterity.

The wedding, of course, is just the beginning of problems and adjustments, no matter who the two people are. Sometimes the biggest problems grow out of the smallest things. I'm sure that you'll find this out. Just try to remember not to make a Mountain out of a Mole-hill, or a great rift where there is only a little crack.

At our family reunion last week-end, two men had married Mexican girls, one a Hawaiian, and one a South American Indian--or was she a Cherokee? I'm just trying to say that inter-racial marriages are no longer looked up with as much scorn as they used to be.

To change the subject a little: My son Tony called a few weeks ago to say that David Rice had been hired as a specialist in desert plants and animals, and that Dean Stocks had such a glowing recommendation that he would probably be taken in, too. Tony said that the secretary was upset. "St. George, Utah! St. George, Utah! Where in the world is St. George, Utah? And how-come our three top scientists come from St. George, Utah?" he kept asking. He thought it far out to have this.

If they do take Dean on to head their department, I think I'll write an article to be published in the Washington County News and call it: "Shades of Arthur Bruhn!"

I'd like to do one that would picture Barnum as the traitor he was in all that fracas. No man ever got more consideration than Barnum got from Arthur Bruhn, and then for him to turn traitor!

Well, today is the 24th of July, and everybody else is watching parades, I guess. I only put out my flag and then.

I'm embarrassed to have to admit that I've mis-placed your new name, so don't know how to address this letter. I've tried all day to get you by telephone, but always got the busy signal, like you'd left the phone off the hook.

Love and good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

I was just getting myself adjusted in/^{to}my new role; I no longer was uncertain of not living up to family expectations. Now Orval Hafen, my cousin and good friend-- and a counsellor to the President of the Stake,--came to inform me that they would like to sustain me as Stake President of Relief Society. Horrors!! Didn't I have enough responsibility in being the wife of the County Sheriff? In the Mormon Church you do not talk back, you do not refuse an assignment. I would be expected to make at least one visit to every ward in the stake, annually, from Enterprise on one side to Mt. Trumbull on the other, ~~xxx~~ a total of eleven wards. And I would be expected to attend June conference in Salt Lake City. ^{Also} ~~xxxx~~ when the members of the General Board in Salt Lake visited --at least once a year--I would be expected to entertain them in my home.

At first I just sat and sulked. Orval Had

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Monday morning, July 27/75

Dear Sam Allen:

I have wasted a great deal of time trying to locate your wife, /any other member of your family, since the day Dorothy came here to say that Aunt Winnie didn't feel that she wanted company at that time, I have tried in vain to get in touch with her. NO Address--NO telephone number.

We were talking about the fact that I expect to spend next winter in St. George, that in that case I would likely sell this house. She thought you might like to get it for one of your daughters, and I indicated that I'd as soon sell it to you as to anyone else I know.

Now I'm going to have to retract. From my first year here Clark Robey, a son of my sister Daisy, had taken over my Income Tax deals and helped me in the transfer of some other items. He has done so much gratis for me that with the cooperation of my son Karl, Macwillhac@lectha.

This is not to say that she absolutely cannot get the place, but only that I cannot, as of now, make her a definite promise. She will need to contact my son Karl if and when it is offered for sale.

I have been very happy here; I would prefer to stay right here. But our Mother must stay in St. George, where she is well known, where she can go to the Temple and to her familiar Relief Society, DUS, and weddings and funerals. She thrives on such gatherings. For the past ten years, she has always been one of the oldest of those who gather for the annual reunion; for the last five, she has been a class of her own, and still remains as bright and sharp as ever.

Perhaps it is as well that we cannot see into the future. One day at a time seems the program after Old Age has set in. Then we live more and more in the past.

My love goes out to you because you were so good to your Mother-- I can only try to do the same for mine.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

7. 7. 75

1731 South 1400 South, Salt Lake City, Utah
Sunday, July 27/75

Dear Ernie & Maria,

I'm ashamed to be so long writing to thank you both for that so lovely MonaLisa pin & necklace. It's really just priceless. I'll buy my next new dress especially right for it in color and plain-front style. It's too nice to just stay in the box. That's again, & for the perfume, too!

I don't know how the time gets away from me. Ray and Jeannie drove the camper home on Sunday, and all day Monday were busy, busy with his office work for him and home and church duties for her. And in the meantime, they have an orchard of the loveliest big hing cherries going to waste just for the want of pickers, equipment, and management. I could not much to help, though I did get a bucket full.

On Monday afternoon a neighbor of theirs took me to see Miss Phillips, who was my Debate Coach and English Teacher at Dixie college. She is 87, and blind, but she has a good memory, and seems quite clear. I took her place on the faculty when she left. The neighbor man left us, and forgot to come back, so I spent much more time than I wanted and she needed to lie down.I see myself in just a few years.

Tuesday forenoon Jeannie brought me home, along with the little niece they took to Dixie to help tend the children, and a good little help she was, too. But they had kept her more than two weeks.

I had been asked to speak to the Heywood Family Reunion here in the S.L.C. area. The Martha Spence Heywood Diary is the one we have been ready to publish for so long, but could not because we didn't know where the original was. Well, now I find out. It's in the files of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers right here in Salt Lake City! What a relief!

I have scolded myself for wasting time and energy talking to some of these groups, but this time it has paid off! Now we can go right ahead and publish.... It's one thing I'll be glad to move off my list.

I wish you had stayed a little longer at the Reunion, and got into the pictures. and met Mar's lovely little Hawaiian wife...and who was it who had a wife from South America??? No matter. But I do hope the pictures come out well.

Talked to Antone last night, and they're taking their annual berry-picking vacation as usual, and will headquarter here. It will be fun to have them.

Thanks again for being so good to me. And let's keep in better touch.

Best Love,

Mother

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105
Saturday evening, Aug. 2, /75

Dear Mother, Melvin, Myrtle & all, &
Wherever you are:

I'm wondering if you are sick; I usually get a letter by the time you've been gone a week. I'm not sure where you are but I'll take the chance and address it to Melvin's house. I figure that you've found something you can work at--hooking rugs or making medallions for an aftern. or something else quite big that you enjoy doing, and that seems worth doing.

I had a good trip up with Ray. His house is certainly moving fast. The walls are of used brick, which means that there are black brick among the white, and some red ones scattered among the white. When they told me that was what they were doing, I didn't like the idea at all, but when I see the finished walls, they are just beautiful. It's all shingled, too.

I've not heard a word from Atl George, either, but I'm sure they're all busy.

Ella's son-in-law had an Open House for her on her birthday. Is it her 80th? Any it was held at Baldo's home. I never realized what a mansion he has. But then, he's a Doctor. Saw several of Uncle John S. Stucki's boys--Ernest, and I've forgotten the other one, but he's a real small man. Ella had several of her friends from Overton, besides many people from her ward--a steady string for about two hours. The refreshments were so nice and so very plentiful.

Ray & Mary picked me and Aunt Helena up and took us. I certainly did appreciate that. Ella wants me to review this little FFA book for her club next week. They want something short and light. It sure does break into the day for me, though.

I visited over the telephone with Myrtle Pulsipher. She says that both Orson and Bernice are down most of the time. I'm not sure what his problem is, but he isn't able to work at all. Howard has managed to raise a nice garden she says, but Gwen's health is not too good.

They've all got too rich too quick. The real big Tesvitt reunion, supposed to take all from Great-
great Grandmother, Shannon instead of just to Sarah Tudervant.
It will be on the last day of August, and down in Sandy somewhere.

Well, I'm glad you are up there out of the heat. Enjoy it while you can. Then we can enjoy a nice mild winter in Dixie.

If I get up in the morning for Sunday School, I'd better roll in. The clock is straight up midnight.

Take of yourselves, all of you. Best love,

Juanita

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City Utah 84105
August 5, 1975

To Whom it may Concern:

In the Spring of 1933 I was married to Sheriff William Brooks and moved into his home on 45 North 1st East in St. George, Utah. At that time the Depression was on, and the REA, Emergency Relief Administration was organized to provide work for families in which there were children and no source of income. Since I had a large vacant room on the NE corner of my home, said room also having an outside door, that became the central office.

We visited families and asked for old records of any kind; journals, account books, diaries, letters. These we copied in duplicate. We also had women who were on Relief visit each an older lady and encourage her to give them an oral biography. This would be written up and added to and modified day after day until it seemed complete enough to merit a re-write which would be permanent.

Among my earliest acquisitions was brought in by Miss Fay Gilbertson of Provo. She was collecting material for Mr. Kimball Young for his forthcoming book, ISN'T OUR LIFE ENOUGH? She visited with women who had lived in polygamy, got their good-ill, and wrote their stories.

She brought from the Heywood family in Panguitch a box of assorted papers and a large note-book Diary, the work of a plural wife, Martha Spence Heywood. Some very important and interesting letters, a Blessing which Emma Smith, the wife of the Prophet, wrote. She explained that, since Joseph had given some blessings on request of members, she should give her one also, but he was being pressed by his enemies, she should write the desires of her heart, and when he returned, he would sign it. He never returned.

But I felt that the Diary was worth all the rest, good as some of them were. So we proceeded to copy it with especial care and interest. When we sent the first part in to the Library of Congress, the Librarian and other officials flew out and called a meeting in Salt Lake City, which I was requested to attend.

Now the project was no longer a Washington County affair; it would be a state-wide program, the Headquarters in Ogden. We continued to work on our County level, but sent our material to headquarters. ~~the Ogden~~ have never seen the original Diary since.

At a Recent Heywood Family Reunion I expressed my concern and was assured by one of the visitors that it had not been destroyed but was in good hands in New Mexico. That's pretty indefinite. I shall continue try to get the original. In the meantime, I think we are justified in printing the book.

Sincerely,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City, Utah

Re: Th Diary of Martha Spence ^{August 5, 1975} Ye

To Whom It May cConcern:

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah

Aug 19, 1975

Mrs. Mary H. Lewis
Box 788
Holbrook, Arizona,
86025

Dear Mrs Lewis:

How the plot thickens! I must tell you my full story. I've had to tell it so many times to so many different people that it's worn threadbare.

I was Jyanita Pulsipher, teacher at Dixie College in 1933, the year of the Depression, and I left my position to marry Sheriff Will Brooks, of St. George, Utah. Will's wife had died just a year before, and I moved into the large, new, not quite-paid-for, neww@h@meely-finished, home.

In St. George were about 8 or 10 women with families and not one bit of income. Dr. Nels Anderson was sent out--or sent himself out--to set up a program where these women as well as unemployed young men might do something to earn their \$30.00, under the Emergency Relief Act (ERA)

Nels was in on the ground floor, because he himself had been a little tramp, riding the rails on freight cars. He was thrown off out in the Nevada desert, miles from any settlement. Two ranches some ten miles apart--the Woods Ranch and the Terry Ranch--were the only green spots in the whole area.

Neither home needed him, but they took him in, fed and clothed him, converted and baptized him, and helped him through Grade school, high school, and Dixie Junior College. From there on he made his way alone, and as his Thesis, wrote a booklet called THE TRAMP, which described the lives of the floating, unemployed men he had known. Through this book he became one of what we called "The Brain Trust."

He came to St. George because he wanted to write a book on Mormon Polygamy as he had seen it lived in those two families. His book, entitled DESERT SAINTS, came out in 1942, Chicago Press. It is dedicated to the Woods & Terry families. I myself like it very much.

So, coming to St. George, he set up a program where women and men might earn at least \$30.00 a month by searching out pioneer Journals, diaries, accountbooks, copying them or getting them photostated. My vacant "library room" had an outside door and could be shut off from family activities. We put in a long table, 8 typewriters, and shelves and files, and had at least 30 people in the county employed gathering journals and record, copying and indexing them. Some just visited and had the elder citizens tell their stories, which they would take in short hand or just notes.

One of the first items, certainly one of the best, was the Diary of Martha Spence Heywood, a large 8 x 11 inch lined book, well bound, black plastic cover on the back; the front cover had lost the black, but was still there..handwritten in ink in a clear hand.

As I remember, it began when Martha was at the Mississippi River and was given notice that she would cross the plains in the wagon of Joseph L. Heywood. In the wagon were also Brother Hewwood's nephew, who was very ill. Martha had full care of him--he died a few days after they arrived in Salt Lake City. Then there was the teamster, a rough, foul-mouthed fellow for whom she had only scorn.

Brother Heywood paid little attention to the two back under the wagon cover. He often walked where the going was heavy. She gives distance traveled, condition of the road, etc.

In Salt Lake City she found the Heywood house almost finished, the wife, Sarepta a beautiful woman, with 3 children, I think. Sister Vary, as they called her, was an elderly lady 10 or 12 years older than the husband.

We learn nothing of her past until her birthday when she puts down where she was at this time last year, and the year before that and so on for several years.

Her activities after she arrives in Zion are really interesting.

I'll stop here and write another for Br. Yates, and you can exchange them.

Now I'd like to see what you have!

Best wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84010
August 20/75

Mr. Yates Heywood
Box 396
Holbrook, Ariz.
86025

Dear Mr. Heywood:

Late last night I wrote a letter to Mrs. Mary Lewis, which I hope she will share with you--as you will share this with her. I was telling how things were set up in the summer and fall of 1933, almost a half-century ago.

One of the first box of items^s that came in was brought by Fae Ollerton, who was doing the "spade-work" for Kimball Young in his book ISN'T ONE WIFE ENOUGH? in which she wished her to interview every remaining "plural wife" in the area, and get what records she could

She came in with an LDS Garment box of assorted papers from Panguitch. Most important was a large note book, well preserved, except for the front cover. She began with the fact that she at last had a way across the Plains. She made brief daily entries, except at the time Bro. Johnson stopped in on his way the the Valley, traveling ingognito with two other brethren, when she wrote more freely.

Her patient died a short time after the arrival in the Valley; she fills her time making hats and caps for sale, she helps to organize a literary Club; she calls on the wives of some of the Authorities, and then is taken to be one of the first on the ground of the new settlement of Nephi, where she gives a day-by-day account of the problems there. Her baby boy is born in the wagon box set firmly on rocks. How grateful she is for that son!

She visits Sarepta in Salt Lake city, finds the home there enlarged and improved and the family well. But the husband was a Federal Sheriff who was appointed as bodyguard of the Judge at Fillmore, where the Mormon boys made life so miserable that he left and returned to report to the President that the Mormons were in a state of rebellion against the Gov't; that they knew no authority except that of Brigham Young, which led to the sending of Johnson's Army.

The Deseret News carried a one-lined, small print statement to the effect that John L. Heywood had been killed by Indians. The fact was that he had joined the Mormon Settlement in Carson Valley and came back with them, but now doesn't make his headquarters for a time between Harmony and Nephi, in in 1861 comes with the pioneers to Dixie. His name is in its place; his occupation "a hatter," which, of course could mean only Martha. He set her up in one of the homes in Washington, where a large company from the Southern States had built some good homes, but left when their dam was washed out again. Martha lived her life out there, earned her living as a school teacher. I forgot to mention that her little daughter died with measles; the account just breaks your heart to read.

The book is full before she arrives in Dixie, so we must put together such facts as we can. A. Karl Larson in his RED HILLS OF NOVEMBER & I WAS CALLED TO DIXIE mentions, hernd& J.E. Johnson in his TRAIL TO SUNDOWN, devotes a page or two to "A Girl Named Martha."

A Friend of mine writes that she has taken a picture of the head-stone in the Washington cemetery, and says that she will make one for me.

I must add that in the box which came from Panguitch there were some loose papers that were very important, but which remained in the box when I was asked to send everything in. Among them was a letter to Brother Heywood thanking him for the shoes he had sent to the Prophet, saying that they fit well and Joseph enjoyed them.

Then there was a BLESSING that is precious and which may be preserved in the papers of Vesta Crawford, who for many years has been interested in toing a biography of Emma Smith. She copied the blessing; I'm not sure that she took my advice and had it photostated. The handwriting alone was worth saving, I think. All the above in Emma's hand.

I've thought sometimes that I'd like to visit the National Archives and see if it is not there. We worked nearly two years before that decided to make state-wide. I understand that they had a program like it in Arizona later.

Now the book that I had is being printed, along with a little additional material found later. I'm really eager to see what they make of it.

Let's keep in touch, Shall We?

Cordially yours

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
8410584105 August 27/75

Dear Ernie & Maria:

Just a note this morning. Three IPublicity people from somewhere just left after taping & photographing an interview concerning the St. George Tabernacle, to be used in connection with the Centennial.

Yesterday evening Clair took me to the viewing of Helen Brooks and I hadn't known she was sick. Evidently she wasn't long. It was asthma, and she choked to death suddenly. Saw so many folks that I could hardly believe it. Had no way to get to the funeral; doubt that I would have gone, anyway, I'm so far behind in my work. Then there was this appointment this morning--made 3 weeks ago.

Did I tell you before that I had left my two piece--navy dress and big-blocked jacket, white collar & at Las Vegas, evidently at the Larkin place? I had just purchased this wild-figured silk outfit, so worse if though the other would have been better.

If anyone going to St. George would take it and leave it at the house there, I'd be glad. I'll have to go down at least once briefly in the next week or so. If you ask Lida about it & locate it for sure I'd be glad. I can't afford to fly all the way down just to get it, it's important, but not that important.

Maria, I've never even half thanked you for these color shots of the Reunion. They're so precious that I want to buy or rig up myself a rack of some kind to display them on. I like them better than the stiff, posed ones. With them, I'm right there myself.

The Real Big Leavitt Reunion is slated for the last of October--In Orem. This will include descendants of Grandma Sarah Shannock Leavitt, the red-headed Irish ancestor, first one to join the LDS Church, but she never did get to Zion. Sarah Studervant, wife of Jeremiah II, is the only one I know.

I'm not going to get up-tight about this. If anyone offers to take me, I'll likely go; otherwise I busy myself right where I am.

I expect that by the time the day arrives I'll do some little stirring around.

Thanks again for everything....

Best Love, Mother

1731 South 1400 East
St. George, Utah
Sept. 6/75

Dear Rob:

How wonderful to hear from you! I'm so glad to know that you spend some time with a paint brush in your hand, for I look for you to be the best painter in all the Clan, not excepting Roman Andrus. He's good, but he's not excellent in the same way you can be. You're the one that has it.

So put in what time you can until you get to the place where you can make it your profession.

I'm going to be living in the Brooks Home in St. George, with my Mother in the fire-place room and me in all the rest. There are bedrooms and study rooms going to waste. I'd be so glad if you'd occupy one.

I'm not up on the Art Department at the College, but Ralph Huntsman spends much time at his easel, and there's an "Art Club" of eight or nine members, who criticize each other's work in a wholesome way.

Dixie is a small college, but there are some advantages in attending a small college. Here I am, running away with myself before I know what your status in the Navy is.

Forgive me! But do keep in touch with me, for I expect great things from you,

Best love,
Grandma Brooks

Grandma Brooks

THE WAR: THE ATTACK

During the late winter and spring officers had come to the Fort, but not one was permitted to carry out his orders. These people their own courts, their own laws and justice, they owed no allegiance to the State of Utah. They had refused to respond to orders from the State officers to free the men they held in custody--their own members who had not complied with their orders.

As the group gathered to decide what course to take, a cannon ball

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City, Ut.
Sunday afternoon, Sept 7/75

Dear Mother,

I'm ashamed to be so long between letters but it seems that I'm on the run. First, Janet was here with the children when Ray was being married at Manti. Then I couldn't get bus or plane to St. George. Irene ordered me to come to Las Vegas, so I caught a 11 a.m. plane. Ernie met me at the airport & took me to Lida's house, where I spent the afternoon & early even.

The reception was at the Church, and really very nice. Paul's daughter Toni played a very difficult piano solo without a single false note. I was much surprised, myself. Then Helen Brooks died so quick I could hardly believe it. I had talked to her over the phone just the day before. Seems that she choked to death, either in an asthma attack or something she had swallowed and was trying to vomit up. Anyway, her son found her & rushed her to a hospital, but he was too late. It was a big funeral, with all her family there but Wald. A couple- Dr. & wife that came to Dixie a while ago with a set of color pictures of "Honeymoon Trail" came up from New Mexico show them to Mr. Smith, and see if he could use them. The deal lasted all morning, & then they wanted to ride around the place--to the THIS IS THE PLACE MONUMENT, etc. which took all day yesterday.

When is the Homecoming in Mesquite? I thought was in mid-September, but someone says it was in October. Whenever it is we must be there.

I'll quit--I'd like to get to Sunday School this morning, but I'll try to not be so long between letters.

Maria took a whole bunch of colored pictures at a reunion, just catch as catch can. I think they're really nice, though. I'm sending one.

Don't be too discouraged with me. I've bit off more than I can chew on the book that should have been done long before this. Hope to see you soon. Love to all the family, Juanita

he had never really seen the stars. In the fog and smog of England, with only the flickering street lights to make pools in the darkness, the stars were just not visible.

Now they could sit on the deck to see the sun set in the water, and watch the fulfillment of the psalmist "The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." There were so many! Millions upon millions became visible with the use of the telescope.

St. George, Utah
Sept. 10, 1975

Dear Family:

Mom!

It's been a while since the wedding, but it has taken this long for me to think I can squeeze out the time to write and thank each one of you for being so sweet and helpful, so that the wedding was truly a very happy experience. We have had so many many compliments, and of course we were so delighted to see Uncle Bob and Aunt Florence have such a wonderful visit at the Reception. That alone was worth all the effort that was put forth. The little grand-daughters and Sharla and Dana were all so sweet as they served at the tables. I'm sure that if they had been bigger it wouldn't have been nearly so darling. I'm thinking they had more fun than almost anyone. Of course those beautiful ladies at the Punch table (Nellie and Nita) made such a lovely setting. By the way, the case of the broken handle on that silver punch ladle, that belonged to Sister Murdock, has been solved. Pam and Ray took the ladle to Tom McArthur and he soldered the handle back on, so that you would never know it had been broken off. It is really strong now. So no need to worry about that anymore.

III I was proud of the Grandsons who were carrying gifts and acting as Ushers. They were such very fine ~~the~~ gentlemen all evening. Please give them a special thanks for me.

It isn't everyone who can have such valuable kitchen help as we had that night. Everything seemed to move so smoothly. Thanks Larry and Leona, and Richard and Lida and Jerre' Bentley's wife Carol and her sister? Was that right? Of course there were others, but that covered the family members. I still keep chuckling over the people coming through the line and saying, "We didn't know you had that boy, or at least we had forgotten (meaning Paul ... since he and Linda were greeting at the front door with some relatives of Pam's.) Oh Pam, would you give me that couples' name and also the name of the girl at the Guest book table, so I can thank them? Their address too? Jerre' Bentley and Mona Barton were so sweet to furnish the music for the evening. Then I mustn't forget Norma and Jerry Springer and Emily Cox at the gift tables. They did a super job! The biggest surprise I had was when the table cloths (the round white lace ones on each individual table) were returned to Edith Whitehead, she wouldn't let me pay anything for the use of them. Of course the line was beautiful, Pam's color scheme was so pretty.

We had a beautiful time at Las Vegas the next night. Dance music was playing all evening, and as people went through the line and were served they could go beyond some rees at the far end of the patio and dance to the music, if they desired. We were able to visit with most of the people going through the line, and found that we had a talking acquaintance of some kind with everyone but about a half-dozen people. How about that?

We really felt honored that Grandma Brooks made the sacrifice of her time and came to Las Vegas for the Reception. Uncle Ern met her at the Airport, and brought her to the Reception. Kurt was to take her back to Uncle Ern's after the affair was over, but he had to leave early, so Paul took her back, and I'm sure he really enjoyed doing that. Shortly after he left with Grandma, Maria, Uncle Ern's girl-friend, came to get her. That was very nice too. Everything seemed to be lovely. They served a big piece of cake with other goodies and drink. Their lovely wedding cake was made of carrot cake with a layer of pineapple filling. Um! Um! It was good. They ave us a whole layer to bring home with us, and we had a good time sharing it with everyone.

Pam and Ray are finally together in Cedar City. Ray had to go back out on the Mountain and Pam spent two Sundays and the days between - alone! She really kept busy putting away her wedding gifts and writing Thank-you notes.

Thought you might enjoy one of these letters being sent to the children. Have you lost your address book? Linda found it in a bag you! It doesn't have your Vegas, we'll send it on to you!

Mom,
I wasn't sure if we had given you a set of our family sheets, so I am enclosing one set.

We'll be sending you Ray and Pam's family group sheet right away to put with the rest of the married family members' sheets. We love you all and thank you again from the bottom of our hearts for making the wedding week a lovely one.

Gene & Jack

Please excuse all of the mistakes!

They want all of you to come and visit them. They're address is 31 So. 100 West Barton Apt. # 7, Cedar City, Utah 84720. You should have seen Ray and Daddy trying to get a long couch into their apartment. They ended up taking off both of the arms. Now Ray will have to put them back on before they can use the couch.

George played football with Lehi last Friday, Dixie won 18-0. I don't know why, since they had off-side penalties continuously throughout the game. Let's hope they soon learn how to keep from being penalized. This Friday, Sept 12, they play Chaparral Highschool in Las Vegas. Daddy and Ray and Pam and I think we're going to go down...won't that be fun? Pam can visit her folks, and we can visit Lida and Richard and their family.

We went to Las Vegas a week ago yesterday, on Tuesday, to see the Musical production "SATURDAY'S WARRIORS" being played at the Las Vegas Highschool there. This is a very lovely play sponsored (I presume) by the Church! It tells of the pre-existence and takes some of those spirits there when they come to earth and what happens. It is and was well-done. We have had a rumor that they will bring it to St. George for two performances Saturday. Hope they don't change their mind. Ray, Pam and George haven't seen it yet. I understand that it has been running for several months in Salt Lake City.

Saturday Daddy and Ray are planning to go out South in the hills and get some firewood for winter. George doesn't know it yet, but they're planning for him to go with them. Maybe Pam and I can pack a lunch and twist their arms to take us...we'll have to see.

Those of you who got the Washington County News and saw the picture of Paul in it, just keep your paper and I'll send one on to Leona and Nellie and Ray. The write-up in the Spectrum was a little better done than the one in the County News. The picture in the Spectrum was better too.

When I talked to Paul last on the phone, he mentioned Thanksgiving for our family reunion. 'Can you all make it? We'll plan for it unless someone can give us a good reason for calling it off. Then we won't be worrying about a wedding, and can give it all the wonderful visiting time we want to.

Larry and Leona do you have a new address you want to give us now? Is your phone number still the same? When we went to pick George up, from the plane in Salt Lake we tried to go visit you...but you were up to Heber or someplace to a football game. We visited with your children instead. It was fun trying to find your place after dark.

Nellie we want to visit Sister Fitzpatrick, but we were too late, they had all the doors locked and we couldn't find anyone to ask anything about her. Her grandson, Jack, is bringing her to St. George Saturday and she will be living in her small apartment, and the people renting the large house will assume some responsibility for her. If you want to visit her before she leaves you'll have to hurry. I really felt sad that I couldn't visit with her, while I was there.

George has grown to 6 foot 1 inch. He is now taller than Daddy. I believe he has a little ways to go to pass up Ray, yet.

I need some information to put on my sheets ...can all of you help me out? Paul and Linda how do you spell Carlita's name and what day was she born and where? What is Kalyann's baptism date. Lida and Richard what is Sherwin's baptism date? Nellie what is Crystal's baptism date? Nita what temple did Strat get his endowments in? We'd like all of you to pray for Melissa, that her finger will be healed. She... well Nita I'll let you tell them about it. Lida is bringing Leslie into St. George for surgery on the 17th, something to do with the tube from the bladder... is that right, Lida?

EXPONENT II
P.O. BOX 37
ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS
02174



12 September 1975

Juanita Brooks
1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Dear Mrs. Brooks,

I hate to see the year end without a contribution from Juanita Brooks to Exponent II. I wonder if you might have something to send us for the Christmas issue. When you were visiting in Boston you told me the Christmas story of when you and your siblings were at BYU and had no money and how you managed to celebrate. I wonder whether you have already written that up for your autobiography and whether you might be willing to let us use it first.

Would you be willing to let us reprint a Frontier Tale from time to time? We try to concentrate on the female experience, but "Same's Courtship" would be very nice.

Hope your work is all going very well. I always think of your visit here with such pleasure.

Very best,

Claudia Bushman

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
Sept 15/75

EXPONENT II
Po Box 37
ARLINGTON, MASS.
02174

Dear Claudia:

I'd be right flattered if you used "Sam's Courtship." I think it's a wholesome little story, myself.

My Christmas story of Aura & Melvin's getting a gift of a family of ten with 85¢ is a little moth-eaten, I'm afraid. Under separate cover, I'm sending you a copy of my little EMMA book. For several reasons I'm a little ashamed of it. I'll tell you why.

Three summers ago the Utah State made me an acting Professor, to work with young people struggling to write Theses.

The young lady at the Press was eager to have me write something which she could print as a booklet. So I chose John D. Lee's 17th wife, Emma Hatchellor, from WEngland. I've admired her spunk, her resourcefulness, her loyalty to her husband. So I wrote it.

Then they had not funds to print it. It waited around until I had almost forgotten it. When it came to me, I didn't take enough time with it. Anyway, you might get an incident--probably not a Christmas story, though their first Christmas at the Lonely Dell is quite interesting.

Can you take a little gossip? When I saw the picture and name of Susa Young Gates as the first woman in the State, I wondered about the business of her divorce. Back during the Depression, one of my assignments was to go through the files of the Court. The most interesting one to me was the business of her divorce. Her husband left his mission in England and came back to protest. He brought all her letters to him, each full of love and longing and accounts of the children. Then here comes her request for a DIVORCE.

Anyway, Judge Snow was not too much in sympathy with her. She had arranged for her children and her furniture and belongings in general to be transported some three miles south across the river into Arizona, which made them secure. Now all she needed was the divorce. Since the business wasn't finished, the Judge ruled that she should not leave the building until it was. She should spend the night here.

She was furious. "You can't do that to me! I'm the daughter of Brigham Young!" she declared.

"I don't care if you're the daughter of Jesus Christ, the Judge told her. "You will abide by the orders of this court."

It only goes to prove the fact that the indiscretions of youth may come to be the glory of age. For did not Emma Lucy be worth it all? And the night in the court room wasn't too bad. They had two beds brought in; a lady was with her to fetch and carry and visit with her when she was in the humor to talk. A man slept on the same floor to do the up-and-down-stair errands. I should have made it clear that it was a man-and-wife team who were with her.

Paper's gone.

Good luck! Hope you like it! 12

1731 S 1400 E
Salt Lake City, Utah
Sept. 17/75

Mrs. Mildred Hooper
7340 West Grovers
Peoria, Arizona
85345

My dear Friend:

Thank you for your visit here, and for these precious picture cards. I appreciate them all. Your script to accompany the slides is also excellent--but I hardly know how to proceed to bring these things to the general public.

Everyone I know seems to feel that to transfer the pictures to the printed page would be far too expensive. I know too that the boys who printed UNCLE WILL TELLS HIS STORY just used color enough to run them into the hole so far that that'll never pull out. They price them at \$12.50, which means fewer people can buy the books/.

A day by day account of a typical family traveling over the "Honeymoon Trail" as one of a group, with colored pictures of the scenery would be a beautiful thing--a moving thing, too, and that without leaving the actual experiences. I've said that awkwardly; I mean to say that the actual truth of the trip needs no embellishment.

A member of a Club that I go with entertained us with a colored picture travelog to Italy, Greece, and the Phillipines. She had it synchonized with music on a tape. She charged \$35.00 a rendition, which seemed to me a cheap way to entertain thirty people. The pictures were just wonderful.....

This break represents 2½ hours time during which a lady photographer took pictures of my large Bardley Jar, handmade a hundred years ago, in 1861. The reason she is so excited is that he had stamped his name in it. Thanks again for the pictures; the one of the monument and the Assembly hall behind it is especially fine.

I should tear this up and start over, but I'll not. You'd get nothing at all if I did that.

Best love---

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City, Ut.
September 29/75.
Salt Lake City

My dear Mildred Hooper:

Thank you so much for the SHARLOT HALL: ON THE ARIZONA STRIP. It's simply priceless--and here I'd never even heard of it. We might losse our shirts if we tried to finance a story of the Honeymoon Trail--taking a real couple, or a fictitious couple, and following them day-bby-day with the printed account and as many pictures as possible. They'd be just out of this world in color--maybe in price, too. We'd likely have to finance them ourselves, but I'd be willing to gamble my half....., even if I do. It would be worth it to put out a beautiful and enduring piece of work, regardless.

I'm still not quite through this QUICKSAND & CACTUS deal, but I've arrived at the place where I can begin to condense it. I find it hard to refuse to talk before Clubs and Classes, to be led aroundlike a dancing bear to do my few little awkward stepsfor the amusement of the Crowd.

Let'sggive this some study and consider doing it. I'll try to close off the thing I am on. Then I'll be in St. George for the winter, if things go as they are planned.

Your own writing on the pictures as you show them is better than anything I can do, but I'll be happy to go along .

The next two or three weeks are going to be difficult.

All good wishes to
your wonderful husband, too, and our common Friend.

Samuel Brooks

4 Oct 75

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

For well over a year now I have been trying to locate information on my 2nd great grandfather Andrew L. Siler. I have checked printed histories of southern Utah but have found almost no information about the man. All of the grandchildren of his I have talked to know almost nothing about the man. Apparently he left no diary and only a very limited amount of personal papers. Not one of his grandchildren has ever seen a picture of the man.

Having talked to several people at the University here in Logan (I'm working on a masters here) they claimed to know very little about southern Utah history and suggested I write you.

According to the information I have uncovered I can fairly well trace his travels but I have no idea of why he seemed to move about so often.

As far as I can determine Siler came to Utah previous to 1850 because he was baptized in Feb 1850 in SLC. In 1852 he moved to Mantt where he taught school, was called as District Attorney of the 2nd Judicial District and served as County Recorder. He served a mission from 1854 to 1856 and in 1857

settled in Brigham City. In 1859 he was in American Fork, 1860 in Monticello and in 1861-2 in Fountain Green.

Sometime in 1864 he moved to Washington where he resided until Feb 1866 when he appeared in Grattan. In Jun 1868 he was living at Springdale, in 1869 he was living at ~~Bellevue~~ Panacea (Nev). In 1870 he was at Bellevue. In May 1871 he was at Hormany and in 1871 again at Bellevue where he was involved in a court case with John D. Lee. In 1872 he settled near Alton, UT where he spent the rest of his life.

Since you probably know more about the early his of southern Utah than anyone alive can you tell me anything at all about Siler and why he seemed to be continually on the move. Even more importantly have you ever seen a photograph of this man. If you have could you tell me where I might obtain a copy?

Thank You for your time.

Sincerely yours,

Kent A. Crofts

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City
Utah Oct. 9, 1975

Mr. Kent A. Crofts
89 Martindale
Logan, Utah 84321

Dear Kent Crofts:

Your letter is quite a challenge to me, because I had never met with A.L. Siler. I think you have done well to gather as much information as you have.

Nor have I ever seen a picture of him. He is not in the volume PIONEERS & PROMINENT MEN OF UTAH, and I know of no other place to look.

At the Genealogical Library I found a family group sheet, but it is not of him; it was of his eldest son. While it doesn't answer the basic questions, it does give you two references that may be very helpful. One is at the top of the page, the other at the bottom on the side.

What you have already learned about this man is that he is brilliant and resourceful, a man who is not going to make a living by working the land. His first trip to Manté he proved himself a man who could teach school, act as District Attorney, or serve as County Recorder.

Did he serve on his mission after he was a married man?

I believe that he was an entrepreneur in the cattle business. We called these men "Cattlemen," but they were important in our life pattern. On a small scale, my own father was one of them. He would buy any calf that any of the neighbors wanted to sell. Every family in the ward had at least one cow; the Bishopric saw to that, for how else could the children be properly fed? Sometime the owner felt that a little steers were not worth the milk they used, and in that case Pa was always ready to pay from eight to ten dollars for it and take it away. We fed them separated milk and bran mash.

The "Cattlemen" were at every spring Round-up, ready to buy any animal that anyone wanted to sell. This included horses, mules, range cattle or cattle in the corral. They would keep them all in the big corral for a week or so with plenty of good feed and water, so they could make the long trek to the loading corral at the railroad.

At the railroad station they had another rest period where they were well fed and cared for. Then a special train would take them, sometimes having one car of horses or mules or burros, anything that could be made up into even dog-food. But the prime 2-year steers brought the highest price per pound. And the Cattleman was the one to determine the rates. That's why he would visit every town and why people recorded their being there.

His experience with John D. Lee brings this out clearly, I thought. This is awkward and bungling, but I hope it helps you to understand the fin man that your Great-Grandfather was.

All good wishes,

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Nov. 19, 1975

Mr Kent A. Crofts
89 Martingale
Logan, Utah 84321

Dear Kent Crofts:

On October 9th last I recieved a long letter from you asking help in learning more about your Grandfather. Because I wanted to help, if I could, I put in a full day of my time--I must walk two blocks to catch a City Bus, and wait for it. And at the end of the route, I must walk three blocks to the LDS Church Genealogical building.

I spent more than four hours trying to find information on your 2nd Great Grandfather. While I didn't get much, I did think there were helpful leads. And even the attempt and the writing of the letter took time, all of which I could use to my own profit. Am I strange or crazy for expecting that you should acknowledge my attempt to help?

Do not answer this. I would not take time to read it. But in the future when you cry for help, take time to acknowledge it. You'll find that it pays in the long run. I think that Bro. Andrew L. Siler would have done much better than that, or he would not have got along as well as he evidently did. Good manners always pay.
help

~~Don't pettish about it~~ while you remember that

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys
And don't forget that two of these
Are "Thank you, Sir," and "If you Please."

Very Truly Yours, *JR Brooks*

Juanita Brooks

Kent A. Crofts
89 Marindale
Logan, UT
84321



Mrs Tuanika Brooks
1731 South 14th East
Salt Lake City, Utah

84105

1731 South 1400 East, Salt Lake City, Utah
October 7, 1975

Dear Mother:

I was so glad to get your letter today, and know that you are busy and happy. Karl & Carla & children came last night, and he visited the schools in this area, and then took the family along with him out in the Vernal area. They say that they have been delayed in getting moved because there is a delay on the floor coverings, but they are thrilled with the house and anxious to get into it as soon as they can. Things seem going OK for all in that area, as far as I know.

Aura's ^{letter} was just a joy to me, it was so full of news and so cheerful. It seems wonderrful to have her feel so good.

I'm feeling fine, except that I have too many telephone calls and requests to speak to different groups. I've turned them down lately, saying that I just can't make it. Ella Perkins I couldn't say NO to, and I have one on Thursday the 16th at a library in Draper.

Clair & family send their love--he ran in to bring me a melon. LaVon got a promotion, which puts her at the top and means an increase in salary. They have persuaded Julie--her friends and trainers at the school NOT Clair & LaVon-- to try out for the big International meet in acrobatics. It looks so dangerous to me, that I'd be relieved to have her say NO.

Willie wrote too, to say that they are all well & busy, of course, and that they've soil hauled in for a lawn in front of their home. The ^{Willie} will get it started this fall, and then do the back next spring or summer as they can. They're busy in the Church, too.

Kay is moving into his new home, also. They certainly have a fine set-up there. They put him in the Bishopric of a BYU College Ward, which makes an awkward family situation as far as Sunday School is concerned.

I'll expect to go to the Homecoming at Mesquite. I haven't got a notice of it yet. They have usually sent me an invitation & I've sent them a contribution. I feel better about going if I have given a good contribution, and this year I'm going to get there early, so I'll have time to visit others as they come. Last year Vernon wasn't very enthused about going at all, and we barely got there before the program started.

I believe that next year will be 100 years since the first wagon parked on the hill just about opposite where the river bridge is. I could be wrong, but as I remember it, they made camp and build a shed on the 6th of January 6, 1876.

Well, enough of this. I'm thrilled that you keep up so well. I begin to really believe my own prediction made a few years ago, that you'll put away several of us, me among them. I'm so proud of you.

Best Love to all,

Juanita

1731 South 1400 East. Salt Lake City
Utah 84105
Nov. 18, 1975

Mrs. Mary H. Lewis
Box 788
Holbrook, Arizona
86025

Dear Mary H. Lewis:

I address this to you with the wish that you will share it with your brother Yates. I want you both to know that I am very happy that at last Martha Spence Heywood will be known, not only by her family, but by the people of all the LDS who value these stories of our pioneers.

I believe I have told you that my home town is St. George, and my chief interest lies in all the Washington County towns. But Washington had the Cotton Factory, which did run for several years, working up a very staple cloth which we called "Factory." I'm interested in its history. where I was born,

In Bunkerville, Nevada, we raised cotton. I remember vividly Brother Thomas Adams speaking in a Fast Meeting, and telling the audience that he had been sent here to raise cotton, and now what he had a wonderful crop, he couldn't get it picked. He couldn't do it himself; his boys wouldn't do it; and he just couldn't stand for it all to go to waste.

The Bishop was very understanding; he suggested that the Relief Society sisters harvest the cotton on shares. My Mother was 1st Counsellor in the Relief Society, my father was on a Mission to the Southern States. Mother had three girls and one son, I being the eldest. She took us all to the field and let us play in the shade of the cotton-wood trees along the big ditch at the top of the field. There was no water in the ditch, but the sand was damp, and we enjoyed playing (honey in it. It was also a nice place to eat our lunch of bread spread with butter / I remember at least one big bolt of the cloth which the Relief Society received, and their dying some different colors for the quilt lining, I think that for families they might be easier kept clean--or the dirt would not show up so much.

I see that my fingers have run away with me. I have really been a school-teacher most of my life, first in the grades in Nevada, then at Dixie College in St. George-- and since my retirement I've been called in for special summer sessions at both U of U & Utah State at Logan

I'd like to go through every scrap of the writing of Martha Spence Heywood. In my book, she is one of the people who should not be forgotten. I can come down, and will, if you say to. Or if you could trust me with this precious material, I'd be glad to pay expenses, use it and return it. Or I'll be happy to pay for having it xeroxed there. I'd be glad to have you call me collect at 1-801- 484-8110.

Thanks for your patience.

Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Nov.18/ 75

Mrs Maude Easter
500 First Street, Box 607
Thatcher, Arizona 85552

Dear Maude:

How wonderful to hear from you! The picture is fine, and the one of the quilt a great surprise to me. Where have I been all these years and not learned about the quilt? It's very beautiful, indeed.

I had never seen a diary of his stay in the Beaver jail, but it is so like him to want to be busy with something worth while and beautiful. It's so like Rachel to provide the material, and help with the cutting, etc.

Lee also wrote while he was in the prison, but I haven't been able to get a copy yet. If and when we try to write a more detailed Biography, this is important. I think it is, anyway.

Then our photographs! Wonderful!! I had almost forgotten what you two looked like. I keep the picture on the shelf here, so I can remember that you and I are interested in many of the same things.

At the last conference a lady came in to see me--from Oregon, I think. But she is much interested in having a life of Lee that begins at the beginning and goes goes to the end. Other members have suggested that we get it all together and put it out in three volumes. The first would include the story of his early life as he wrote it in the Beaver jail, then the stories of his first missions, which Manetta Henrie spent two years copying. She rode the bus over and back, I believe. Maybe she could drive; I think that just because I didn't learn to drive, she didn't, either.

Anyway, she copied all of his early diaries, and then we have most of the others: The Mormon Battalion one, and the one where they came to Utah. The two volumes of A MORMON CHRONICAL, The trip to Santa Fe which the University of New Mexico, The Mormon Chronicle two volumes....etc.etc.

This lady is very attractive; she speaks as if she might help with the publication financially, I dare not make too many commitments, much as I would take pride in being a part of it. She had the same idea that the young man suggested several years ago: That all John D.S writings be printed in 3 volumes, and be offered in two printings--one a DELUX edition and one standard.

However or whatever, it would be a tremendous undertaking, but what a wonderful accomplishment. It makes me excited to think about it...Then sometimes I think that The OLD MAN WITH THE SYTHE is breathing on the back of my neck, and I ^{turn} back away,

It's something to consider, his posterity being what it is.

Thank you again for the letter & pictures.



Tel. (801) 532-7831

Hold

Wayne Owens for Senator

22 E. First South Street Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

December 10, 1974

Juanita Brooks
1731 South 14Th East
Salt Lake City Utah 84105

Dear Juanita,

I want to thank you for contributing to my campaign. With the assistance of thousands of contributors like yourself, we were able to mount a vigorous campaign. Your confidence in me was very gratifying.

Defeat was a real disappointment, of course, to all of us. Much has been said about what went wrong, but we also did many things right. I wanted very much to say something significant, over the course of the campaign, about the political and economic inequities which exist in this country with the hope that I might have further opportunity to do something about them. That opportunity alludes us for the time being. But I can accept our loss, without bitterness, because so many people tried very hard to get our message across. And, as Harry Truman loved to say, "We did our damndest!"

alludes

Please know how grateful I am for your help during the campaign.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely,

Wayne
Wayne Owens



603 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE / SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84102

December 16, 1975

Juanita Brooks
346 North Main, Box 303
St. George, Utah 84770

Dear Ms. Brooks:

As a member of the Utah Heritage Foundation, you will probably be aware that the Foundation has recently acquired an historic home that will be the future headquarters for the Foundation.

The Thomas Quayle home, donated to the Foundation and previously located in the downtown area, has been relocated to a site on Quince Street in the Capitol Hill area. This Victorian Gothic Revival style home dates back to 1888, and is very typical of early homes built in this area. The home will provide the much needed additional office space for the Foundation; the site itself will be known as Quince Street Heritage Park.

The home is in need of considerable restoration before it can be occupied, and it is for this purpose that a Telefund was held during the first two weeks of November. The majority of our membership have been contacted via telephone asking for a special pledge, in addition to the annual membership dues, for the Quayle home restoration fund. Because we were unable to reach you, this letter therefore serves the purpose of inviting you to become a part of this project.

Enclosed you will find a brochure describing the project, a pledge card and postage paid envelope for your convenience. We hope you will take a moment to read it thoroughly and consider making a donation to this fund. We would be most grateful for a contribution in any amount.

Thank you for your time and interest.

Sincerely,

Stephanie Churchill

Mrs. John M. Churchill

Melissa M. Sieg

Mrs. Thomas K. Sieg



Give a Present to Your Past

Dear

Thank you for your telephone pledge of \$ _____
to the Thomas Quayle Home restoration project. Your
contribution to this project is sincerely appreciated.

Please return gift in the enclosed self-addressed
envelope. Retain this card for your records.

GIVE A PRESENT TO YOUR PAST



Thomas Quayle Home

The Thomas Quayle Home is a rare surviving frame structure built in the Victorian Gothic Revival style c. 1888. It is basically a four-room house with a fireplace in the front room and the typical steep, narrow staircase. The gable gingerbread trim, wooden quoins, and Gothic front windows are particularly noteworthy as examples of the "carpenter's Gothic" style of workmanship.

Thomas Quayle emigrated to America from the Isle of Man in 1841, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

The Quayle Home has been listed on the State Register of Historic Sites.

The Project

A representative of the Utah Heritage Foundation will telephone you during the first week of November.

* * * *

Join in the active restoration of the Thomas Quayle Home, a once-handsome element of Utah's past. The Quayle Home has been moved to the Quince Street Heritage Park, in the Capitol Hill Historic District, where it will become headquarters for the Heritage Foundation.

Since the Heritage Foundation was organized in 1966, it has used an office-room generously provided by the Utah State Historical Society. After nine years, with increased statewide programs and activities, an increased staff, and a rapidly expanding volunteer corps, the Foundation has simply outgrown its one room.

Now, at the beginning of its tenth year, the Utah Heritage Foundation needs a headquarters of its own.

In answer to this need, the Thomas Quayle Home has been donated to the Heritage Foundation by Growers Market, Inc. to be restored as the Foundation's headquarters.

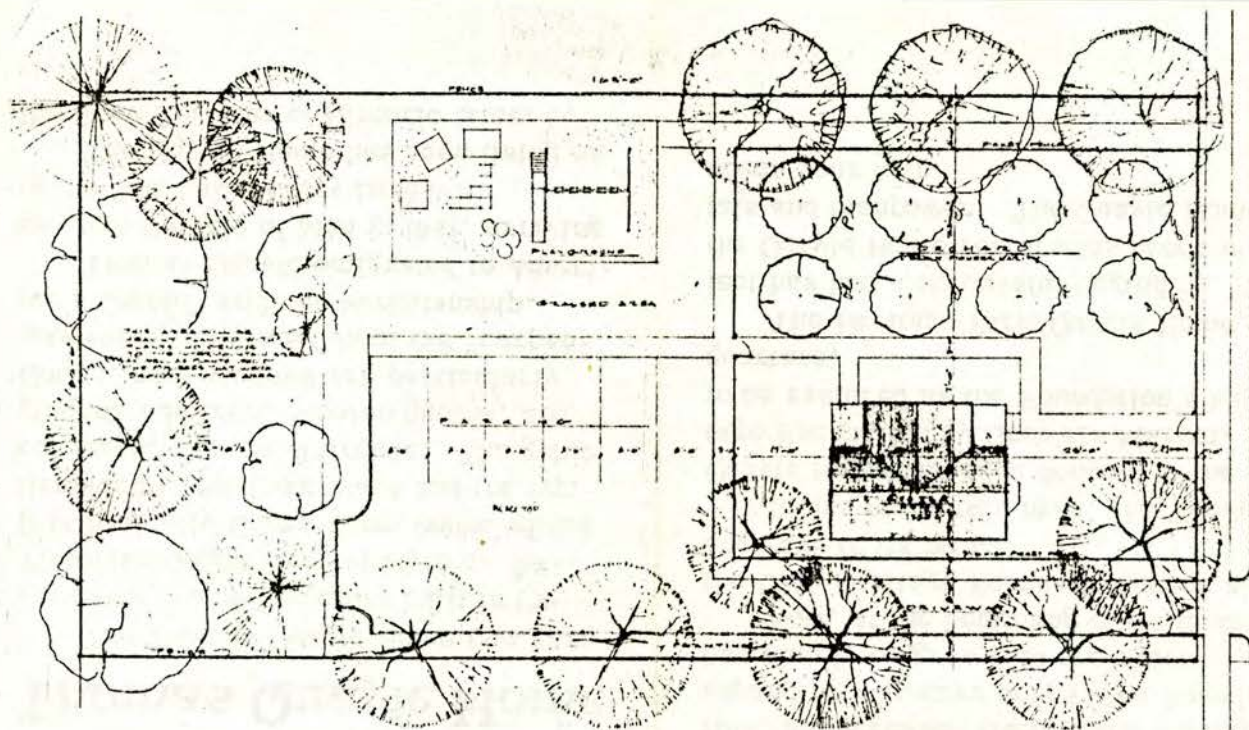
The Heritage Park/Quayle Home project has had a successful beginning. Now the Quayle Home restoration needs materials and manpower. The Quayle Home needs your help.

Advance Gifts

In addition to the gift of the Quayle Home by Growers Market, Inc., other generous donations include:

- * Cannon Construction Company, donation to parking and sidewalks;
- * Capitol Hill Neighborhood Council, project development supervision;
- * W.W. & W.B. Gardner, Inc., donation of asphalt for driveway and parking;
- * Gibbons and Reed Construction Company, donation to parking and sidewalks;
- * LDS Salt Lake Stake, donation of some funds and labor for children's play area;
- * Mountain Bell, removal of telephone lines along the house-moving route;
- * Salt Lake City Model Cities Agency, \$37,500 grant to Capitol Hill Neighborhood Council for initiation of project;
- * Salt Lake Rotary Club, donation of new shingles for roof, some office furnishings and equipment;
- * Union Pacific Foundation, donation of \$5,000 for restoration expenses;
- * Utah Power and Light Company, relocation of power pole and electric service hookup from the street to the house.

These generous contributions have helped to start the Heritage Park/Quayle Home project. Won't you join us in this restoration of a part of your heritage?



You are invited to become a part of the exciting revitalization of Quince Street and the Heritage Park. This narrow street, two blocks long, fortunately still retains many of the buildings which represent the settlement and growth of Salt Lake City.

Through the Heritage Foundation's Revolving Fund program, two of these houses have been purchased for restoration. A third is now being offered for sale. Two other houses are being restored privately by their owners.

The Quince Street Heritage Park project will create a landscaped mini-park for residents of the area from what was just a weed-grown vacant lot. The park will contain -- in addition to the Quayle Home -- a playground for children and a small orchard of quince trees.

Salt Lake City's Parks Department will own and maintain the park; the Heritage Foundation will own and maintain the Quayle Home.

Steven T. Baird Architect & Associates will direct the restoration project for the Heritage Foundation, which is estimated to cost \$20,000. With the grant of \$5,000 from the Union Pacific Foundation, our goal for the restoration fund is \$15,000. Volunteer labor will be used wherever feasible.

A volunteer from the Utah Heritage Foundation will telephone you during the first week in November to answer your questions and to ask for your assistance with this restoration project.

The Quayle Home is a part of your past ... please give a present to your past.

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT 2185
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH







May
your Christmas
be
merry!

Alta & Austin Fife

December 17

Dear Juanita,

I never did answer your letter in June commenting on the patriarchal blessings, and on our folklore collection. The last of 1975 has not been a good half-year for me, but I think things will pick up from now on. Marian left Fritz again, and is getting a divorce: she has been since September in Idaho Falls as a Social Worker in the school system. She loves her work, and

Idaho Falls, and has satisfactory arrangements for the care of little Nina. So that problem is gradually resolving itself, we hope. The final hearing on the divorce is next week (of all times!), and is bound to bring heartache to someone. Probably more than one. But it will be done with!

The patriarchal blessing mentioning the eye problem was my grandfather's, and I can't find out anything about it. Mother does not remember, and cousins know nothing about it. Mother will be 94 on Friday -- not your mother's record, nor quite her good condition. But her health is good though her sight and hearing are not.

This fall Austin and I have contributed to a Bicentennial project at Princeton in producing field recordings of legends and songs on tape for sale to senior and junior high schools. We spent quite a bit of time on it: have submitted a contribution which will be pared, and we are anxious to see how much of that they use. Other than that, we have not worked with the materials much. You doubtless have read of the theft of books from our library: our room is involved, and the problem has taken quite a bit of our time. It looks as though we will get everything back, but it is all such a sad, unnecessary episode.

I had lunch with Ione yesterday, and she told me she had talked with you recently. I do hope you will be up soon so that we can visit with you. We always have a room for you, if Ione does not (she would always claim you first!). And I understand you will be going to St. George soon to care for your mother. You have done more than your share. I do hope you will be able to keep on with your writing: that is most important of all.

Ione looks about back to normal. I had not seen her for some weeks and was pleased with the improvement.

I would rather have your comments about our collection than anyone else's. There is much I want to do yet in getting it in shape for



others to use it, but I too find time hard to come by. I took care of Marian's baby a great deal for about six months, and try to see Mother at least every other day. Austin's energies are limited, and his ability to use his muscles, so I must fill in for him on many things. His morale is magnificent, I think, in view of his condition. But it has taken some toll with me, and I am recovering from a problem connected with the ever-present hypertension. Now, though, I think I can keep it all on an even keel.

You are one of the blessings in our lives, and have been for many years. Take very good care of yourself. Have a happy Christmas-time.

With love,

Alta

Boulder City, New.
December 19, 1975

Dear Mrs. Brooks,

I just had to see that Christmas tree in "a fifty gallon swill barrel," so I bought and enjoyed the book. I decided to give The Christmas Tree to two special friends as a Christmas gift but was not able to get it again.

I'm still writing. The fever is gone and the term, dogged determination, best describes me these days. Dave Owens' Terrific Ideas has been rejected six times. Last summer I started working on a new Dave Owens and Charlie Brown adventure. This time the boys are doing some detective work in Death Valley. The story is still very rough and it will take another summer of work to get it ready to submit.

I decided that I was not getting anywhere with Dave Owens' Terrific Ideas, so I got my principal to get an appointment for me to meet Dr. Robert Board. Dr. Board is an instructor at U. N. L. V. and more important, as far as I'm concerned, he is a consultant for Arrow Book Club, Scholastic Publishing Co. Dr. Board read my manuscript and suggested that I change Charlie's name, take out current slang terms because they soon become dated and try to lower the readability level by watching sentence length. And this is the important thing-- he said if I did these things and brought it back to him he would send it to the editor of Arrow Book Club for me. So here I go dreaming and hoping again.

Well, enough of my wild dreaming. I keep watching for your new book. Reading it will be like having a good long visit.

I wish you a merry Christmas,

Jean Luttrell

Christmas Time 1975

C
O
P
Y
Mrs. Juanita Brooks
1731 South 14th East
City 84105

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

Our little boys at the Ranch tell me Christmas is the most important day in the whole year! We do know from experience the Christmas Season gives us our greatest opportunity of the year to prove to our boys there are still people in the world who care about them in some very special ways.

I've already asked a number of our loyal donor friends to help us with some of the boy needs we will be facing at Christmas and on through the cold winter months ahead. However, there is something else I want to share with you, as one of a hand-picked group of very special friends, who have come to our rescue in past emergencies.

I've talked a lot over the past year about our on-campus classroom project and of our opportunity to use vocational students to do a great deal of the work, providing we can furnish the materials. This has been very successful and the saving to us represents thousands of dollars.

But -- we have a problem: We had hoped for a 100% donation on the brick needed to cover the outside walls but the best we can manage is what I would call a "discounted wholesale" price which will still require our coming up with \$1,200.

We also have some complicated mechanical work on inside finishing which was beyond the capability of our vocational student builders. A conservative estimate there is about \$3,000. And the floor covering for the whole building, I've just learned, will be about \$2,800. This means we need a total of \$7,000 to finish this project up and get the building into full use.

Then we have had what I would call a "transportation fatality" at the Ranch. Our general purpose truck finally reached 160,000 miles and then simply caved in. But -- here is some good news! Our local Chevy dealer has one last '75 Chevy pickup in stock which he is holding for us on a price I call a real bargain. Attached is a copy of his price to us if we can come up with \$4,066 by Christmas!

Mrs. Juanita Brooks

Christmas Time 1975

Page Two

Mrs. Brooks, I'm not going to try and call these items Christmas presents, but both projects are vitally related to the well-being of all our boys and I'd like to ask your help in meeting these bills. You have been a great friend in times past and have given as much as \$100 in a single gift. Now, as you consider your year-end giving, I sincerely trust you can include Boys Ranch and give us some help on these very practical needs.

Our boys join me in wishing you a happy and blessed Holiday Season.

Gratefully yours,

William L. Hutchinson
Executive Director

Brick purchase	\$1,200.00
Mechanical completion	3,000.00
Floor covering	2,800.00
Pickup truck	<u>4,066.50</u>
TOTAL	\$11,066.50