

Elizabeth Staheli Walker

Photograph 1126-01



Elizabeth Staheli Walker

Courtesy of Rachel Bishop, Street Family Tree, Ancestry.com, 2010

Individual Record 104

Name} Staheli, Elizabeth		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Female
Birth: Date} Fam 25 Dec 1851	Place} Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland	
Marr.: Date} Fam 18 Apr 1870	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 10 Dec 1939	Place} Hinckley, Millard, Utah	
Burial: Date} Exa 12 Dec 1939	Place} Hinckley Cemetery, Hinckley, Millard, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>27 = 1880 USA cen</u>
Parents: } Johann Georg Staheli & Sophia Barbara Haberli Relationship No.} 2		Source 2} <u>45 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 3} <u>75 = Geog history</u>
1st Household No.} <u>143 = Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland</u>		Source 4} <u>81 = Genealogy</u> Source 5} <u>82 = Genealogy</u>
Occupation 1} Housewife Occupation 2}		Source 6} <u>153 = Family hstry</u>
		Source 7} <u>159 = Cemetery rec</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>171 = 1910 USA cen</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Walker, Francis Clemons (Frank)</u> Total Number of} 1		Source 9} <u>173 = 1870 USA cen</u>
		Source 177 = <u>Passenger 10} ls</u>
Source 11} <u>377 = Geog history rec</u> Source 12} <u>711 = Family hstry</u> Source 13} <u>759 = Cemetery</u> Source 14} <u>902 = Passenger ls</u> Source 15} <u>1125=Death certif</u> Source 16} <u>1126=Photograph</u>		
Notes: Elizabeth Staheli was born 25 Dec 1851 in Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland. Her parents were Johann George Staheli and Sophia Barbara Haberli. She had an older sister Wilhelmina, born in 1849, and a brother Jakob, born in 1850 who had died in 1851. Her brother Johann George (George) was born in 1854, followed by sister Mary in 1855, and brother Johannes (John) in 1857. A sister Sophia died as an infant, and a sister also named Sophia was born in 1859. Elizabeth's father, mother, and paternal grandparents had become members of the Church of Latter-day Saints, and she recalls being baptized by her father when she was eight years old. On 3 May 1861, her family left Amriswil for America. Her oldest sister Wilhelmina had left the previous year with her grandparents. They set sail from Liverpool on the <i>Monarch of the Sea</i> on 16 May 1861. Her youngest sister, Sophie, died 28 May 1861, and was buried at		

sea. They arrived in New York on 19 Jun 1861.

From New York, Elizabeth and her family left by train to Florence, Nebraska. Here they set forth by wagon train for Salt Lake City, Utah. Their journey took ten weeks, and they arrived the first part of September, joining her grandparents and sister. They left in November 1861, for the 300 mile trip to Santa Clara, arriving in late November 1861.

Elizabeth's youngest sister Barbara was born 26 Dec 1861, a day after her own tenth birthday. Then the rains began, and on 17 Jan 1862, the little settlement was washed away. The settlers rebuilt a short distance away. Her father George became ill with Mountain fever, now recognized as typhoid, and was sick for six weeks. Then her mother Sophia came down with it and died 3 Jun 1862. As her father George needed someone to help care for the children, he married Barbara Meir Bliggenstorfer, a recent widow.

Elizabeth married Francis Clemons Walker (Frank), a cooper, on 18 Apr 1870 in St. George, Utah. The next day they left for Salt Lake City to receive their endowments, a trip that took two weeks. Upon their return they moved to Pine Valley, where they are recorded in the census for that year. Their first son Francis (Frank, Jr.) was born in Pine Valley in Jan 1871. In the fall of 1872, they moved back to Santa Clara, then in the spring of 1873, they moved to Spring Valley, Lincoln, Nevada. Here they lived for twenty years.

In 1880, Elizabeth and Frank were living and farming in Spring Valley with five children. These included Frank, Jr., Wilhelmina born in 1873, George born in 1875, Annie, born in 1878, and Joseph born in 1880. A daughter Mary Elizabeth had died as an infant in 1872. Living in the household as a servant was Elizabeth's youngest sister Barbara Staheli. Her younger sister Mary and her husband Hans Olson were also living in Spring Valley. They had three children of their own.

Elizabeth had four additional children while the family was in Spring Valley. These included Emma born in 1882, Lemira born in 1885, Laura born in 1888, and Clara born in 1890. But tragedy also struck. In the spring of 1892, diphtheria took the lives of Joseph and Emma. The family moved to Hinckley, Millard, Utah in the fall of 1892. They took two teams of four horses, and drove cattle with them. Elizabeth's brother George Staheli traveled with them.

In Hinckley, the family settled on a 200 acre farm in a two-room small log cabin. Elizabeth's last son, John, was born in July 1893, but lived only 8 months. They built a nine-room brick house to house their family. Elizabeth became active in the Millard Stake of the Church of Latter-day Saints. She was a counselor in the Relief Society, a Sunday School teacher in the Primary Department for eighteen years, President of the Y.L.M.I.A. for ten years, and more.

In 1900, the household consisted of Elizabeth and Frank, their daughters Anna, Lemira, Laura, and Clara, and an adopted son Jacob Felix, age 13 years. Also living in the household was their son George, his wife Alice Stout and their daughter Relia. During the Summer of 1907, Elizabeth's husband Frank was injured, and after much suffering, died 24 Oct 1907. This was a great loss to Elizabeth. The farm was too large for her to run with out sons, so she sold the it and moved into the town of Hinckley. In 1910, only her daughter Clara was living with her.

Elizabeth was not found in the census records of 1920 or 1930. She visted her sisters,

Wilhelmina Hildebrand and Mary Olson a couple of times in Alhambra, California. She came down with bronchial pneumonia and died of a cerebral hemorrhage on 10 Dec 1939. She was buried 12 Dec 1939 next to her husband in the Hinckley Cemetery, Hinckley, Utah.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death} 1:30 a.m.	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} 1859	Place}	
Confirm. Date}	Photos} <u>Elizabeth Staheli Walker</u>	
Immigr'n Date} Exa 19 Jun 1861	Port} New York	
Education: Grade} or Top 2 Degrees}		
Military: Service} for the State of}		
Health Condition} Bronchial pneumonia Cause of Death} Cerebral hemorrhage	Last Updated by} Karen Hancock Date Updated} 21 Mar 2011 Date Created} 17 Apr 1993	

Copyright © 2011 by Karen L. Hancock. All Rights Reserved.



[Home Page](#)

[View](#)



[Tree](#)

[Next Page](#)



Individual Record 159

Name} Walker, Francis Clemons (Frank)		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Male
Birth: Date} Fam 27 Feb 1837	Place} Matelen, Steinfurt, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Prussia	
Marr.: Date} Fam 18 Apr 1870	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 24 Oct 1907	Place} Hinckley, Millard, Utah	
Burial: Date} Exa 27 Oct 1907	Place} Hinckley Cemetery, Hinckley, Millard, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>27 = 1880 USA cen</u>
Parents: } Joseph Flock & Elizabeth Whithagen Relationship No.} Not traced		Source 2} <u>45 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 3} <u>82 = Genealogy</u>
1st Household No.} <u>59 = Pine Valley, Washington, Utah</u>		Source 4} <u>153 = Family hstry</u>
		Source 5} <u>159 = Cemetery rec</u>
Occupation 1} Farmer Occupation 2}		Source 6} <u>173 = 1870 USA cen</u>
		Source 7} <u>377 = Geog history</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>711 = Biography</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Staheli, Elizabeth</u> Total Number of} 1		Source 9} <u>759 = Cemetery rec</u>
		Source 10} <u>1125=Death certif</u>

Notes: **Francis Clemons Walker** was born 27 Feb 1837 in Prussia. His parents were **Joseph Focke** and **Elizabeth Whithagen**. His original name had been **Clemons Bernard Focke**, which he changed when he came to the United States in 1851 or 1852. His name is recorded as **Frank** in census records.

According to **Elizabeth Staheli**, who became his wife, **Frank** came to America when he was sixteen, probably with his father. He learned his trade as a cooper in the Cincinatti and Kentucky area. He came across the plains driving a team for his employer. He arrived in Salt Lake City in 1861, and eventually joined the Church of Latter-day Saints. He was called to Dixie in 1861. In 1863 he made a trip back to the states to bring more emigrants to Utah. He settled in Pine Valley, where he ran a saw mill.

Frank married **Elizabeth Staheli** on 18 Apr 1870 in St. George, Utah. The next day they left for Salt Lake City to receive their endowments. **Frank** took a load of cheese to sell in Salt Lake. Upon their return they settled in Pine Valley, where they are recorded in the census for that year. Their first son **Francis (Frank, Jr.)** was born in Pine Valley in Jan 1871. In

the fall of 1872, they moved back to Santa Clara, then in the spring of 1873, they moved to Spring Valley, Lincoln, Nevada.

In 1880, Frank and Elizabeth were living and farming in Spring Valley with five children. These included Frank, Jr., Wilhelmina born in 1873, George born in 1875, Annie, born in 1878, and Joseph born in 1880. A daughter Mary Elizabeth had died as an infant in 1872. Living in the household as a servant was Elizabeth's youngest sister Barbara Staheli. Her younger sister Mary and her husband Hans Olson, and three children, were also living in Spring Valley.

Frank and Elizabeth had four additional children while the family was in Spring Valley. These included Emma born in 1882, Lemira born in 1885, Laura born in 1888, and Clara born in 1890. In the spring of 1892, diptheria took the lives of Joseph and Emma. The family moved to Hinckley, Millard, Utah in the fall of 1892. They took two teams of four horses, and drove cattle with them. Frank had been running cattle in Spring Valley. A chapel was being built that year in Hinckley, and Frank donated a \$20 gold piece to help buy the doors and windows.

In Hinckley, the family settled on a 200 acre farm in a two-room small log cabin. Their last son, John, was born in July 1893, but lived only 8 months. Frank built a nine-room brick house to house their family. In 1900, the household consisted of Frank and Elizabeth, their daughters Anna, Lemira, Laura, and Clara, and an adopted son Jacob Felix, age 13 years. Also living in the household was their son George, his wife Alice Stout and their daughter Rela.

During the Summer of 1907, Frank was injured while unloading wood, suffering a crushed chest. He died 24 Oct 1907, from what was described as a leakage of the heart. His son George is named as the undertaker on the death certificate. Frank was buried 27 Oct 1907 in the Hinckley Cemetery, Hinckley, Utah.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death} 3:10 p.m.	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date}	Place}	
Confirm. Date}	Photos} None	
Immigr'n Date} 1852	Port} N/A	
Education: Grade} or Top 2 Degrees}		
Military: Service} for the State of}		
Health Condition} Accident	Last Updated	Date Updated} 18 Mar 2011
Cause of Death} Heart failure	by} Karen Hancock	Date Created} 30 Jun 1993

Copyright © 2011 by Karen L. Hancock. All Rights Reserved.

 [Home Page](#)

[Next Page](#) 



FRANCIS CLEMONS WALKER & wife ELIZABETH STAHeli
(Clemons Bernhard Focke)

and children

Back Row: Annie Sophia, George Henry, Harriett Ellen Wadsworth, Francis Clemons, Wilhelm
(daughter-in-law)

Francis (Frank) Clemons Walker & wife Elizabeth Staheli Walker
(Clemons Bernhard Facke)

Back row: Annie Sophia, George Henry, Harriett Ellen Wadsworth Walker
(daughter-in-law), Francis C;emons Jr., Wilhelmina.

Front row: Laura, Frank Sr., LeMira, Elizabeth, Clara



Barbara Staheli Graff Stucki-left, and Elizabeth Staheli Walker (Aunt Lizzie)--right, as they appeared soon after I came to Santa Clara. This picture is one I took in about 1934. Elizabeth was born Dec. 25, 1851 in Switzerland and came to Santa Clara with the Swiss Co. when she was ten years old. Barbara was the first child born to the swiss co. after their arrival here. She was born Dec. 25, 1861 and was the child carried across the flood by Jacob Hamblin in the Big Flood of Jan. 1, 1862 thus she was just one week old at the time. I knew these two ladies well.



ELIZABETH STAHeli WALKER



BARBARA STAHeli GRAFF STUCKI

THESE TWO LADIES WERE SISTERS AND DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE STAHeli AND SOPHIA BARBARA HABERLI STAHeli
 She died July 3, 1862--6 months after barbara was born.



PERSONAL HISTORY
of
ELIZABETH STAHELI WALKER

Elizabeth was the third child in a family of nine. She was born Dec. 25, 1851, in Amersweile, Trugen County, Switzerland. Her father, George John Staheli, was born February 6, 1826; and her mother, Sophia Haberli, was born in 1829. As far as it is known both of her parents were born in this same district.

'My mother's people were wealthy, and of the aristocracy. My father owned a grist mill and large farm, and hired all of the work done. Mother did not know how to sew when she was married.

My father and mother and grand parents on my father's side joined the church when I was about four years old. My mother's parents were too wealthy to belong to our church. (You know that it is harder for people that are high up in society to join a church that nearly everyone hates.)

Switzerland is all hilly country, but there are low places in between the mountains where there are little farms. The place father built was right on the creek bed. This is the first home that I remember. All the way along the creek were hazel berries, strawberries, and all kinds of bushes. Oh, it was beautiful there!

I was the third child, having one sister, Wilhelmina, the oldest; Jakob, who died; then myself. Then there were six younger: two boys, John and George; and four girls, Mayr, two Sophias (who died), and Barbara; and two half brothers and two half sisters; Rosena, Georgina, Frank, and a baby.

I was baptized by my Father when I was eight years old. After I was a member of the Church the children at school called me 'The Little Mormon Devil.'

I was always the errand girl. Mother sent me to the store with a lot of small change. As I was on my way home, I stopped at a hotel well to get me a drink of water, and laid the money on a rock. I forgot the money until I got home then I had to go back a mile and there was the money. I was surely thankful.

When I was eight years old we had a new little sister and mother let me carry her to the church to be christened. There I met my Uncle and Aunt who were God-father and God-mother to little Sophia, I was the proudest little girl in the world. We were already members of the Mormon Church, but not having any elders near we thought when she was eight days old that she had to be christened.

When we were children we always bought our bread, but once a year, on New Years Eve, mother would make bread. Father had gone to his brothers to buy some flour and he stayed visiting until quite

late. I had been in bed and asleep for some time when mother came and woke me to go get father and the flour he went after. As I was going, I heard the night watchman call, 'Listen, Listen to what I tell you. It is now ten o'clock.' I got to where father was and he went home with me. It was nearly a mile away.

My father did not have a great deal of money. Back in Switzerland he often played for dances. Sometimes he would be gone for a whole week; especially if it was for a Jewish wedding dance.

In the spring of 1861, father and mother decided to come to Utah. Grandmother and Grandfather had come the year before. We left Switzerland when the Cherry trees were in bloom. We left our home and went down to the hotel and station combined. Just before the train was due they would close the gate so no one could go through; so there would be no accidents when the train came. We took the train and traveled on it until we came to the ocean. When we stopped at the hotel my Mother's sister and I went down to the dock, and on our way back we went a block too far; and there we were in a strange place and no one could understand us as we talked Swiss and they talked English. At last we came to a factory where men were working, and a young man could understand us, and he took us back to the hotel where the folks were. They had never missed us, as there were so many children, as a whole company of saints were leaving at once. We stayed in Liverpool a whole week as the North Sea was so rough on coming from France that we were too sick to start the journey across the ocean until we felt better.

My brother, George, and I were great hands to teeter. Father told us we would get all the teeter we wanted when we got on the water. When we got on the ship, I got on one side, and George on the other, and we had a good time until we decided to go down where the rest of the family were. They were all sick, and it was not long until we were sick too.

Liverpool was a smoky, dirty looking place; not much like our beautiful home in Switzerland. We got a sail ship, the Amerswile, that was the next to the largest ship on the ocean at that time, and with a large company of saints, sailed in the forepart of April 1860.

It took us seven weeks to cross the water. Mother was sick in bed all of the time, and our baby sister Sophia, who was just past a year old, took sick and died, and was buried in the ocean. She was prepared for burial, wrapped in a heavy canvas, a weight tied to the canvas, and then it was sunk in the water.

The cook we had was very poor. Everything he would fix was either burned or spoiled some other way. We were given a 'sea biscuit'. These were made of flour and water with no salt, and were about the size and thickness of a five pound lard bucket lid. They were as hard as a bone. Father would tell us that if we would eat a sea biscuit, he would give us

a fig. He had brought these with him from Switzerland. We would try to eat them, but when we found we couldn't we would put them under the mattress on the bed and then would get our fig. We were all very thankful when the journey on the water was over. There were about a thousand saints in the company.

I never will forget how New York looked. We stayed there for a week; mother and the younger children at a hotel; father and the older ones at a place called 'Castie Gardens.' After we were rested up we left for Florence. I do not remember how long we were from the time we left New York until we got there. It was during the time of the Civil War, and we could hear the boom of the cannons and firing of guns.

When we passed through Missouri the people were so bitter against the Mormons that we had to ride in a freight train. When they heard that there was a company of Mormons coming they set a bridge on fire and we had to ride on a freight train so the mob would not know when we went through. Then we had to stop all night in a place where the people were the most bitter toward our people so that the bridge could be repaired. We had to sit up all night on those rough planks, for that was the only kind of seats we had. Everyone had to be quiet; we dared not even speak out loud or have a fire. When morning came we were surely thankful to our Heavenly Father for the opportunity of getting out of the state of Missouri, where we could again have a passenger train. When we arrived in Florence, which is now called Omaha, we crossed the river on flat boats. Here we stayed for a week getting ready for the rest of the journey.

My father bought a wagon; and Church teams were sent from Utah and the wagons were paced ready for travel. It was late in the afternoon when the wagons were ready, so we went a short distance that night. It was a night I will never forget. There were six grown people and four children in one wagon, besides two stoves, the personal belongings and provisions of the people. There were one hundred and seventy-five wagons in the company. We had just camped when it started to rain. It rained, there was thunder and lightening, and it was a terrible night. We were all glad when morning came and the company started out real early. We traveled for two days; then more wagons joined the company so each family had a wagon to themselves. The company was then divided into three companies and John W. Young was captain of our company.

A few days later about fifty Indian warriors came to the wagons. They were all painted and about scared us to death. They had lots of beads and bracelets and didn't have many clothes on, just about like some people are dressed now. I thought we would all get killed but they wanted beads and flour and gave us buck skins.

We children walked all of the way across the plains. We could walk faster than the oxen, and would get a long way ahead. A man would come along and tell us where the camp would be. George and I would stick straws down the gopher holes and one day a big snake came out of one. My, were we frightened!

The telegraph line was being built at this time across the continent and I remember hearing the men talk of sending messages, and saw them work.

A great prairie fire swept over the land. For days it was terrible. Two days the cattle had to go without food or water, and the ground was hot to walk on; and at night everything was as light as day.

When we were at the Platte River, one man went in swimming and took cramps and drowned. There were just he and his wife.

One day we met the soldiers who had come to Utah to kill the Mormons. They were returning to Washington and had with them seven cannon. These were the first cannons that many of us had ever seen.

On Sundays, meetings were always held, and father, being a good musician, and choir leader, would lead the songs. A great many of these people were Swiss and we had a Swiss choir. They were beautiful singers. My father was also the bugler, and would play his bugle at night and in the morning.

Whenever we had a good place to wash, the company would wait for the women to do the washings. One time they were on a little island and mother wanted me to bring her some soap. I did not dare to cross the water for there were polly-wogs in the water.

We saw but one herd of buffalo on the trip.

After ten weeks of travel on the plains, we reached Salt Lake City the first part of Sept. 1861. The peaches and watermelon were ripe. Just as we were entering Salt Lake City, at a bridge by the side of the road, were melons cut in halves with a knife by the side of them for the emigrants to eat. This was the first melon I ever tasted and I thought I never had anything that was as good.

We stayed in Salt Lake five weeks and then there was a call came for some people to go and settle Dixie. Brother Young gave father his choice, as he was a good musician, and Brother Young thought he might be of help in the city. Grandfather and Grandmother were called, so father and mother wanted to be with them and the rest of the Swiss company, so we went to Dixie.

It was the later part of November when we left Salt Lake City, in the year 1861. Bonelli was the captain of the company, and when we reached Cottonwood he went through all the wagons, and everything he thought that we did not need he threw in the wash. But the people went and got them as they needed them greatly in their journey.

It was a real cold trip to Dixie because it was early winter. Every evening the Swiss choir would sing a few songs before retiring. Bro. Willis E. Robinson says he remembers hearing them sing in Fillmore as they were passing through.

The company stopped one day in Beaver. There it snowed and was very cold. There were sixteen in our wagon. When we reached Harmony our cow died and that left us without milk the rest of the journey.

Just before we reached Washington, father's cornet fell out of the wagon and was run over by one of the wheels. This made him feel very badly as he enjoyed it so much and the company had a great deal of pleasure with his music. It was many years before he had money to get another. He often walked six miles to St. George to get a chance to play one.

We reached Santa Clara about the tenth of December 1861. We rented a room in the fort of Jacob Hamblin and Ira Hatch.

December 25, 1861 my youngest sister, Barbara, was born, on Christmas day and my birthday. Mother did not get along very well and was in bed the middle of January when the flood came and totally destroyed the fort where we were living.

Father got up to see if there was any danger of the fort being washed away; but it was quite a way so he did not think there was any danger of the water coming up to the fort; so he got a rake and fished some wood that was near the edge of the water onto the bank and then carried it over to the wall of the fort and leaned it there to dry so we could have a fire.

At this time we lived in one of the upstairs rooms of the fort. When father came inside the water was up to his knees all over the inclosure; so he went to the north gate to see where it came from; and there found a stream as large as the one on the other side. While father was on the outside getting the wood all of the inhabitants of the fort moved out and never thought about us until they saw father. They then threw a rope to him and had him tie it to the gate post so that they could come across to assist in carrying us across.

We children were all up and dressed, and when we saw the water inside the fort we were nearly frightened to death. The first thing we did was to go into a vacant room and pray; pleading with our Heavenly Father to help us so we would not be drowned. Our dear mother was still sick in bed and we were so worried over her; but when we arose from our knees we saw men coming inside the fort to help us.

Jacob Hamblin carried mother because he was very tall and strong and could better keep her out of the water. Mothers hands were tied around his neck and even while riding a horse across the flood they were both wet. Jacob Hamblin said that if it had been much farther across he would have sunk beneath the load.

Oh, how happy we were when we saw our dear mother and sister safe on the other side of the torrent. Just after they got mother out, the whole south wall caved down into the water and washed the whole town away except two little houses that were up against the hillside.

All of the people were then put into wagons and taken to the new town-site, that was a half mile down the river. Father made a dugout by putting a tent over one end and later putting a willow shed over the other. The people began to make the water ditch to bring the water up to the high land. It was while they were working that the high bank caved in and killed Duane Hamblin, Jacob Hamblin's son. His father was at that time on a mission to the indians. They then began to build a dam across the creek so that they could have water enough to insure a good crop the following season. They spent the most of their time digging water ditches and preparing the land for Spring planting. When everything was up and growing, a flood came and washed the dam out leaving everything to wither up and die for want of water. They did not grow anything that year.

Mother helped carry fence post to fence the lot and spade up the garden. She planted peach pits that later grew to be the orchard. When the garden was just commencing to grow father got the mountain fever and was sick for six weeks. When he was just recovering, mother took it and was sick eighteen days when she died on June 3, 1862, leaving a family of six children; the baby just a little over five months old. Father didn't have a cent, nor a pound of flour, or anything else except a little cornmeal.

We children would gather greens and would eat them without anything else. Then they would get tough and would not be fit to eat. Pig weeds, segos, and berries were eaten, and none of the parts of hogs or beeves were wasted.

My mother brought a lot of linen and other cloth with her. She traded some of it for the cow that died in Harmony. When she was buried they dressed her in window curtains.

Father went to St. George to see if he could get work so he could get food for us children. He would walk six miles to St. George without breakfast, work at whatever he could find, building stone foundations, and receive as pay a little cornmeal, or once in a while a pound or two of flour or a little bread that he brought home for us; he getting his dinner free. If he got molasses it was eaten right up and did not make any of us sick except the baby.

In the fall after mother died I took chills and fever. As I was the first in the town to have it they didn't know what it was. They would pile everything they had on me to keep me from freezing then I would be burning up. All of the inhabitants of the town had them at the same time. Just imagine, if you can, shaking for about two hours until you felt like your head would burst and every bone in your body was coming apart, and then to

be burning up with fever until you would not know anything. It makes my back ache to think about it; yet there was not a murmur from anyone; but they always thanked God for bringing them to Zion. When I think about those days I don't know how we lived. It was three years before I completely recovered; and until I was seventeen I was a regular scrub from being sick so long. Father was so sick that when the fever would come on he would beg us to tie up the sun.

Pres. Brigham Young came down and told the people to drain the slew if they wanted to get rid of chills and fever. When the flood came it made a new channel for the creek, leaving water in the old channel that just stood there all the time. The people did this and got rid of the fever.

There wasn't anything grown for four years; the first year the dam went out; the second year the creek went dry; and the third year when everything was growing good and the people were all so happy, the grasshoppers came at about noon and settled down in the little town and in less than a week everything that was green was eaten up and the town was as dry as in the winter. They then laid their eggs and flew away all at once just the same as they had come. The next spring the grasshoppers hatched out by the billions and ate everything as fast as it came out of the ground. Then in the summer they all flew away.

I remember one time when mother sent me to a neighbors to take a little milk for their coffee as her husband was sick. The neighbor gave me a little piece of white bread about two inches square and a half inch thick. I ran all the way home through the fields to get there sooner so I could give them all a taste. It seemed to me that that was the whitest bread I ever saw, and it is nothing to compare with what we have now. Bread was made from bran or shorts or some course flour.

One time father found a five dollar gold piece.

I tell you we used to sing 'Oh Hard Times Come Again No More', in earnest. We children never had all the bread we could eat as long as I was home; but still everyone was happy and united and thanked God in prayer and in song.

There was a town cow herd and brother George and I were herding cows. We were always bare footed and we would jump from rock to rock to keep out of the hot sand which burned so badly. When I was fourteen I worked for Jacob Hamblin while his wife was sick. I worked for three weeks and received for pay three yards of calico. I made me a slip blouse with this and mother had a pretty white petticoat that I wore with it; and I had it for the 24th of July.

A tannery was started in St. George and all the people in Santa Clara were fitted out with shoes. A brother Hafen made them and they lasted for two years. When I was 16 years old I had my first pair

from the store. My father paid corn and molasses for them to Bro. McClellene

I made all of our own clothes for years and years. I made the cloth and everything; raised the cotton and picked it and put it in balls. We would make the cotton into yarn; then weave it into cloth or knit it. I would dye some of it with the different colored wild berries I found. I would leave the cloth right in the loom and cut a piece right off the loom whenever I wanted to make the boys a shirt, or a nightgown for one of us. I spun and knit twelve pair of socks for my husband. I thought I might die and I wanted to be sure he would have plenty of socks.

I made almost all my own clothes, all of my husband's clothes; and all of my sons clothes; even those he wore to college in 1883. He was past 19 years of age when he had for the first time clothes I had not made.

We made our own straw hats. I was proud of my hat. I made my husband's and son's hats. My husband bought only one suit in his life. That was the last one he had.

Father rode a horse to St. George one time to play for a dance. This was one he had borrowed and when he was about a mile from home the thing reared and balked throwing father off on his head. Father managed some what to get home; but when he got in the home he fainted. We put him to bed; he had three ribs broken, his collar bone broken and hurt internally. It was weeks before he was able to be up or even move. I was the nurse and tried all I could to help him. The neighbors never expected him to live. As I would rub him with olive oil, I would pray that Heavenly Father would heal him and let him live with us. When he began to get better he asked for his cornet and when he commenced to play the neighbors came in; great big men just wept for joy to see him better.

Just after father was better, he helped me make a loom. He dug holes and set posts in the ground, then made beams, and had some carpenters make batten. I made the harness to draw the thread through, and then got our yarn from the Washington factory and we made cloth for sheets and everything we wore. I remember of having one pair of store shoes before I was married. Brother McClellene bought some for his daughter and they were too small so father bought them for me. I was going to a dance with father and so he bought cloth to make me a dance dress. This dance was in St. George and Apostle Erastus Snow was going to be there with other authorities.

I shook hands with Brigham Young once when he came to St. George and danced in the same set with him. He was a nice looking man; just about right size. He loved to see people make their own clothes, and he was always telling them to raise silk worms. I told him I could not do that because I was too fussy about handling the worms. Sister McClellene later made a beautiful silk shawl and took it back to the fair in Philadelphia.

In the year 1870, Francis Walker, a cooper and farmer by trade, came to Santa Clara with lumber. Brother Bunker suggested that he court me.

Francis Walker, who became my husband, left Germany when he was sixteen

years old and came to America in 1851. He was a cooper by trade. He learned it in Cincinnati and Kentucky when he first came to America. His mother broke his arm with a stove poker once. He used to wear wooden shoes in Germany. The boys used to fight and throw their wooden shoes at each other. Once he fell from a tree, about thirty feet high and it made him very sick; but he did not dare to tell his folks about it.

His father got passage on a boat to America with a friend of his who was a doctor. On the way over the cry went up that the ship was sinking. Your grandpa wanted to go up on deck; but the doctor told him not to. He said to take a big drink of whisky so he would not know what it was all about.

Your grandpa came across the plains with a man who was going to California. It was during the great gold excitement there, so he drove a team to pay his way. When he got to Salt Lake City in 1861 he stayed there and worked for this same man. In a few months he joined the church and then next year he was called to go to Dixie; and then in 1863 grandpa and some more young men were called to go back to the states to get some emigrants. It took them about six months to make the trip and when he returned he worked for Mr. Whitmore looking after his cattle. He next went to Pine Valley and worked in a saw mill until after we were married.

On April 18, 1870 at St. George we were married by Erastus Snow. We had a wedding dinner at Sister Cummings. She was owing my husband some money years before this, and said she would cook him a wedding dinner. There were twelve besides the family to the dinner. After the wedding dinner we went to Washington where we stayed that night. Then from there we went to Salt Lake City to get our endowments.

Frank took a load of cheese from Pine Valley to Salt Lake and we traveled with Brother and Sister Anthony W. Ivins. We called him Tony. It took us two weeks to get to Salt Lake. We had a span of young mules. They would be very anxious to go in the morning but by noon they would be ready to stop. When we were in the city we bought dishes and cooking utensils. I am still using the copper boiler and iron tea kettle that we got there.

We moved to Pine Valley where my first son, Francis, was born. We moved back to Santa Clara in the fall of 1872. Then in the spring of 1873 we moved to Spring Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada, where we lived for twenty years. Two sons and seven daughters were born there.

George was born in 1875, and when he was six months old we moved to Desert Springs and took over a mail station, from Bowen who owed us. He had been frightened away by robbers and was anxious to get away. The station was 150 miles from Pioche, Nevada, and 30 miles from Mountain Meadows. The wagons were light and generally carried passengers from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. Our home here was stopping place for them.

My two children, Joseph A., twelve, and Emma, ten, both died in June of 1892. This was a real trial and the home never seemed to be the same. So we took a trip up to Deseret as there was a great deal of talk about that place. We decided to move. In the fall of 1892, November 30, we left Nevada and traveled for nine days. It was cold winter weather and we traveled with two four horse teams; some driving cattle as my husband had been a cattle man in Nevada. We reached Hinckley on December 9th, 1892. There were in the company my husband and myself, two sons and five daughters, and my brother George Staheli. He had his feet frozen just before we left Nevada and every time the wagon would go over a bump in the road he would moan for he was in so much pain.

I was in a delicate condition, and the days seemed very long, riding all day and camping at night with no decent place to sleep. We settled on a 200 acre farm, just twenty-five acres were in alfalfa. The building consisted of one log room 14 by 16 feet and another log room about half a mile west of that. We immediately moved the one room so they would be together. There in July my last child was born, a little son, but he lived eight months and died. We had no doctors there at that time and we didn't know just the trouble but everything was done that seemed possible and we felt our Heavenly Father had taken him to join his other brothers and sisters.

We had little room in our house, but there was always room in our hearts and our home was the gathering place of all the young people every Sunday. As soon as possible we built a nine roomed brick house; and when it was finished we had a big dinner and had the house dedicated. We felt that was really a heaven of rest.

When we first came to Hinckley the people were building a meeting house. My husband gave the Bishop \$20.00 to help in the building. Everyone was very much surprised as money was so very scarce, and everyone was without it except for a little store pay.

Less than a year after we moved to Hinckley I was chosen as a counselor in the Relief Society. Sister Naomi Theobald was the President. From that time on, I filled a great many different positions in the church. I was Sunday School teacher in the Primary Department for eighteen years; President of the Y.L.M.I.A. for ten years, Stake Counselor in the Primary of Millard Stake, Stake Aid in Relief Society, and a visiting teacher in Relief Society yet. I enjoy my visits and there is never a month that I don't visit if I am able to go.

During the summer of 1907, my husband was unloading wood and the pole slipped that he was using as a pry, and hit him in the chest, crushing a valve in his heart which caused leakage of the heart. He died on October 24, 1907, after suffering for some time. This was a

great blow. I had a big farm and no boys to run it. I leased it for a year, but it was not taken very good care of, so I decided to sell my brick house and buy a little place in town. As the town had been moving north, I was out of town where I was living.

I went to California to visit my sisters there, and I surely enjoyed my visit. They did everything possible to make it comfortable for me; taking me to the different resorts and other places of interest. I spent two different winters there besides visiting there several other times.

In August 1927 my son George, who was living in Hinckley, was very sick and he was taken to the hospital in Salt Lake. There they found that he had to have an operation for gall and appendicitis. The operation seemed to be successful but he had a hemorage and died August 21, 1927, leaving a large family. This was a blow to everyone as he was well thought of by everyone that knew him.

I have done temple work for a great many years and have secured many names from Switzerland that work has not been done for.

For a while my heart was very bad from overwork and worry, but I got better and now I am too tough to die. I could not die if someone hit me on the head with a sledge hammer."

GRANDMA WALKER'S STORIES

OLD TEKABOO was such a good old fellow. He used to plant potatoes for us. He was very old and said that he could remember when Spring Valley was a lake. We could tell by walking over it that it had been a lake once. When we walked over the grass on the way to my sisters house, the ground under our feet sounded hollow.

Tekaboo had married a squaw who was much younger than he. She wanted to go to Panacca to the big pow-wow there; but he was too old to travel with her and did not want to go. So she took him with her up on top of a mountain. There she got him to get down in a hole, nearly hidden by sage brush. She put a cup of water on either side of him; tied him up and left him there to die. The mea old rip! I would like to have killed her.

A little later some of the boys who happened to be up on the mountain hear him groan. They came back and told their fathers about it, and they went up and got him out. The first thing he asked for was a smoke. He lived for a few months after that; but then he died because he was too old. He used to come to visit us and one night we could see him coming and he was waving a torch in front of him. He said it was to keep the devils away.

MEASLES IN THE INDIAN CAMP

One time there was an Indian girl who ran away from the Indians up in Snake Valley. She got sick with the measles and the whole camp got them. She came to our house one night because she was afraid that they would take her back to the Indians in Snake Valley. She had the prettiest little girl who took sick and died. The Indians get very sick with measles; much worse than white folks. When her little girl was sick and just before she died they took her way up on the mountain and let her die. That seems like a cruel way to treat her but that's what they did. They never let anyone die in their camp.

SANTA CLARA INDIANS

When we lived in Santa Clara, the Indians would steal from us. One day while mother was sitting in a chair sewing, an Indian came and asked for a piece of bread. Mother knew that it was better to feed them than to fight them, so she laid down her scissors and went to get a piece of bread. When she came back her scissors were gone. The Indian said he didn't have them and started to go. Father happened to come in from the field just then and mother told him about it. Nowadays we might not care so much about a pair of scissors but then, scissors were expensive and there was no place to buy a new pair so we had to get them back. Father went after the Indian and asked him if he had the scissors. The Indian shook his head and said, "No." Then father grabbed him and shook him until the scissors fell right out of his pants leg. Then, of course father had to go and make it right with the Indians to keep them peaceable so they wouldn't bother us.

The squaws used to come and help themselves to our grapes. We had lots of grapes and they used to come and just fill their baskets whenever they wanted to. They were awful thieves.

One night the Navajos came and stole one of our best horses. We only had one team, and we had a hard time keeping them. First one horse got hurt quite badly, and we had just got her healed up again when the Navajos came and stole her right out of our corral.

My brother and I herded cows along the creek bed. One day two Indian boys shot their bows and arrows at us. We crawled behind some boulders to hide. When the Indian boys had gone, and we got up, our cows were roaming all over. We hunted until sundown; we cursed and prayed and hunted, but couldn't find them all, so we had to go home with only part of the herd. Father scolded us for loosing them and the next day he took us back and we had to hunt until we finally found all the cows. I was about 12 years old at that time.

One time a young squaw ran away from the Indians at Cedar and came to

live with the Indians in Santa Clara. About 40 Indians came down from Cedar and they got hold of her and started to pull her away but the other Indians pulled too. They pulled for three hours and nearly killed the squaw. The Cedar Indians got her at last and took her back.

BANDITS

Althie Meeks, a mormon, living in Spring Valley in about 1871 had trouble with the Mexicans. Al Wind and Spanish George were thieves and met Meeks in the canyon. He was a freighter, and was always on the road. He had his little girl with him. The gang held him up and shot at him. He shot back and killed Spanish George. Al Wind skipped the country and Meeks was wounded and decided to sell his place to Frank Walker. Nate Hanson was the leader then and was killed in a shooting scrape, 15 miles from Modena.

After purchasing the ranch in Spring Valley they attempted to make it pay; but there was so many rustlers and robbers that it was difficult. The robbers made their boasts that they could steal a beef from a man and kill it and sell it back to him. One woman whose boys were good rustlers, remarked to me, 'My boys are doing very well and are very good rustlers. We came here last year with a very few head of cattle and now the herd had increased to 32 head.'

BEN BOWEN AND BEN TASKER

On their way to Dixie we stopped at Ben Taskers ranch. He was an awful thief and had 'Nigger Jule' as a house keeper. I hated to think about meeting him; but he was so nice and polite that we didn't need to worry. We got there in the middle of the night and he got Nigger Jule and made her cook us a warm meal. He brought out extra bed clothes to make our bed; which was on the floor of the saloon. They made a big fuss over the baby and children. When we left he gave us a hind quarter of beef and remarked that it might have been ours in the first place.

One trip we stopped at Ben Bowens stage coach station. Everyone was all excited. The night before Ben Tasker and Idaho Bill had held him up and demanded his money. He told them he sent it to the bank. They did not believe him so they cut the factory ceiling in the room and looked every place that they could. They then made him sign a check for \$1,000.00 and left. Ben Bowen took a horse as soon as they were gone; and by taking a fresh horse at every station along the road he got to Pioche and cancelled the check. He then hurried back and later sold out because he was afraid of bandits.