

SPEECH TO THE A.A. U. W. Nov. 12, 1968

Madam Chairman, Mrs. Rampton, and fellow members of the American Association of University Women:

This is an awesome position for me. To stand before the cream of American womanhood is indeed a challenge. I am not sure that I can meet it well. But I appreciate the opportunity to express my views on some ~~xxxx~~ topics which seem vital to us all.

shift gears into
We have just lived through another national elections, and the mathematicians have hardly done with the adding of figures, up and down and across, and analyzing exactly what did happen. I hope that each of you cast your vote; I hope you did more than that! I hope you worked actively for candidates and causes which you felt would be for the general good. For if we cannot look our University Women to lead in these fields, where can we turn for leadership?

I am proud of our country. I think we have made great strides toward Democracy, toward making a reality of our belief, so often repeated, that "We believe that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and OPPORTUNITY," which is another way of ~~saying~~ saying "the pursuit of happiness."

I hope we shall continue to be mindful ~~fa~~ of our aged, our under-privileged, our handicapped, and of the minority groups among us who lack opportunity--not only our colored neighbors, but our Mexican, Puerto Ricans, and others, that the light held high at the Statute of Liberty shall shine on them also, and the words take on real meaning.

Long ago we used to sing a song which contained the line "Brighten the Corner where you are." These problems are local, and we must each look first toward conditions in our own cities--in our own neighborhoods. *As women of training, we bear an*

But I am not getting to my subject.

extra responsibility -

Jesse Smith - Doc Hist. 2, 120, 442
2:441

Samuel.
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I was asked to speak today of my experience in collecting original manuscripts. I know people who collect dolls, or teapots, or historic buttons, or elephants, or any number of other things.

I ~~early~~ became interested in my Great-grandmother's memoirs at about the age of thirteen, when I found it in my Aunt's bookcase and read it through before I moved--a full afternoon's activity. Written on wrapping paper folded, cut, and sewn together by hand, the pasteboard back covered with figured "delaine" in long stitches, the handwriting labored, the spelling phonetic, the punctuation nil, ~~xxx~~ it still had a great impact upon me.

I think I read more into the diaries I found--I established an empathy with the writer-- because I knew what it meant to measure distance step by step behind a loaded team--the luxury of a bit of a trot on a down-hill stretch, the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ strain of an up-hill pull, when everyone got out and walked, and ~~ran~~ for a large rock to put under the wheel to hold it while the horses panted.

When John Pulsipher wrote that his brother Charles ~~carried~~ ^{my children laughed} the news of the approaching army to the settlements south, riding his own horse at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, I knew that he could not keep that up for long, ~~or~~ his horse would fall dead, or at least be ruined for life. Surely, surely, he would change horses by the time he reached the point of the Mountain. Nor would he gallop all the way--they only do that in moving pictures. He would trot some; he would stop and get off, and rub the animal down, give it a bit of water at a stream, bait it with a handful of grain.

~~That's why~~ Hosea Stout's struggle in the boggy swamps ~~in~~ ~~with~~ with a wagon load of guns & a weak team, certainly had meaning for me.

^{for this work} Perhaps it was ~~not too~~ ^{good} ^{my great age, but the fact that I grew up on the edge of the desert} bad that I grew up a stranger to ~~xxxxxx~~ electricity and all that it brings. I was past eight years old when I saw my first electric light. My father had taken my younger sister and ~~me~~ with him on the mail run from Bunkerville. We left home at two o'clock in the morning to avoid the heat, and

^{a large number} arrived in Moapa at ten o'clock--eight hours to go forty miles, Only five miles an hour, for the same horses would have to make the return trip the next day. ^{we saw our first train; we saw our first colored man; we saw our first parrot - and heard -}

^{first} At night we stayed at a rooming house--a barn-like building with bedrooms on each side of a full-length hall. Our toilet facilities consisted of a pitcher of water and a washdish in the room, and outhouse on the east for the men and one on the west for the women. Here on the side of the dresser was an electric light ~~seen~~ screwed into the end of a long, cord--so long that it was looped up like a lariat and tied to the dresser... My sister tried to blow it out; we shook it, but did not think to unscrew it and there was nothing to push or pull or turn. So in the end, I opened the bureau drawer, put it in and closed the drawer on it. It was months before I found that business of remote control in the wall.

Perhaps most wonderful of all was the radio whose delicate fingers could pluck from the air the v/oice of our President bringing us assurance and hope.

In 1933 Utah received its first allotment under the Federal Emergency Relief Act, and men were put to work on ditches and buildings and other civic improvements. The next year there was an allotment for the employment of women who had no husband or son old enough to be employed on public works, --women with children to feed and ^{without} no means of support.

By this time (1934) I was married to the Brooks family, and well on the way of having another of my own. Through the years I had maintained my interest in original diaries. I had read and ~~hixx~~ had copied the 2-volume set of John Pulsipher, records which I still consider among the best I have ever seen. I had read --and knew the location of the one kept by Myron Abbott, the watermaster at Bunkerville (actually had given the daughter a Sears catalogue to use for starting the fire in her kitchen stove-- she had torn out some twenty pages at the beginning for this.

to women
Partly because of this interest of mine, partly because I was Stake President of Relief Society, so knew something of the families most in need in the area--mostly because the project was suggested by Mr. Nels Anderson, who was "in on" the workings and who was also interested in early history of Dixie, we set up a project to give relief. Where the mother could type, or had a daughter who could, they were set to work copying "Ford fer word" these records. Those others were given forms and sent to interview aged people in the area, taking notes on their conversations, writing them out--going back again and again until at last we had enough material to write short biographies.

Our first set of work sent in to Dr. Luther Evans impressed him so much that he flew out to Salt Lake City, and organized the thing on a state basis, setting up headquarters in Ogden. Out of this grew the HISTORICAL RECORDS SYRVEY which preserved a wealth of valuable material.

official connections ended -
My own work as a collector was suspended for ten years--until 1944 --when I was employed as a "Field Fellow" for the Huntington Library. By now the youngest of my own four children was three years old, so that by leaving on a night bus Thursday night, I could spend all day Friday and Saturday at Huntington or SLC and return by night bus to get them all to Sunday School....
Then ten years later

Very early in the project we made a family trip to San Marino and I took the children to the Library --exterior rooms -- and let them run over the grounds, so that they would know where I was, and could be proud to tell enquiring neighbors. Later I took them also to the Library at the BYU and up to the top floor, where I worked when I went in that direction.

NOW TO THE DIARIES THEMSELVES:

NOW TO THE DIARIES THEMSELVES:

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collecting them - reading them
we did not copy them*

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- 1- A valuable situation arises when several people record the same incident. This is true of the 1848 migration, when many people evidently kept daily accounts. John D. Lee and Hosea Stout tell most of the same events. Young John Pulispher, driving the first wagon in the lead company is too far away to get the campfire gossip, hence does not mention the incident told by both Lee and Stout: A young woman was entertaining a man old enough to know better certainly, in a light wagon or cart. A group of young men slipped up, tipped the wagon over and spilled the contents on the ground. The next morning at breakfast one ~~xxx~~ of the young ~~men~~ men twitted the girl about it, whereat she dashed a cup of boiling hot coffee into his face. While Lee and Stout both recorded the incident, and it is interesting to note that both blamed the girl...for both offenses.

The fact that a story is told by more than one person gives credence. A second one of particular is the story of the trapper who came into the camp accusing the Mormons of stealing his catch, traps and all. Here Lee shields the real culprit, but Stout gives him away.

- 2- The record that really pulls at your heartstrings is the one written by Martha Spence Heywood, a brilliant, educated, going-on-thirty woman. You do not realize how very plain she was until you see her picture, and when later, quite innocently, she says that the Indians thought she was strange "because I had no teeth." Yet she taught French, helped to stage a S. play, Married to a man that she does not want --if you read carefully you can determine the ~~wone~~ she was really attracted to-- whose first wife was often spoken of as the most beautiful and best dressed woman in Zion. He took on the same day a third wife, a woman old enough to be his mother, or to be his first wife's mother. (A man must have at least THREE wives in order to properly fill the Celestial Law) These two wives slept together in a covered wagon box, set up on a rough stone foundation behind the house.
Only when she goes with him to found the town of Nephi does she have him by herself, and her joy to get a baby boy is sweet to read. Later, when she also gave birth of a beautiful baby girl, her gratitude to God knows no bounds.
She keeps a true history of visitors of all kinds to Nephi, of activities religious and secular, of dealings with the Indians But when her little daughter dies of measles it tears your heartstrings.

- 3- Thomas D. Brown for life among the Indians of Southern Utah--the most graphic descriptions I have yet seen

George W. Bean--his private record compared to his public one: men with band of "Stolen" horses from California. The Fourth of July program--details of making the flag, full toasts, Later making wild grape wine...between time "Watching for the mail" New Years swim in the hot pots, drank their wine, and raced horseback all the way home

- 3- Esaias Edwards and his delinquent son-in-law.

- 4- I watch James Farmer's wife die of peritonitis following childbirth, because Brother Brigham has said that he doesn't want a Gentile doctor to handle the mothers in Zion.
- 5- Oliver B. Huntington and Mosiah Hancock of the "Whittlers" in Nauvoo, and their accounts of the Danites. James Monroe, the school teacher and friend of Huntington, as they prepare speeches and practice giving them to the trees.
- 6- the sweet love story of Levi M. Savage.

You who have your own hobbies know how one can take over so completely that it can become almost a disease. While I am not regularly searching for original letters, diaries, & documents of every kind, I can't hear of one without trying to get it copied. Only a year ago in Richfield I found a wonderful one--though very short-- of the Mormon Battalion group who wintered in Pueblo.

Not for myself, but for future historians and novelists and dramatists, that they all shall be better able to "tell it as it was."