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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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HOWARD C. RICE, JR., *Assistant Librarian*
for Rare Books & Special Collections

29 January 1964

Dear Juanita,

This is a much too tardy reply to your before-Christmas letter, your two packages and your Christmas greeting. All came safely, all were enjoyed immensely. It was particularly good of you to say that I might send on Phil Jones. He found much too much material, of course, in Salt Lake and Provo and worked furiously even when the libraries were closed down, I'm told, and hadn't time for the luxury of a St. George sojourn. He did go to the reception at the Historical Society though and looked carefully for you in the hope that you might have gotten up to Salt Lake by then. And he has come away from Utah enthusiastic enough over the history still to want to go back next summer. So there may be another chance for him to meet you.

On Monday I posted the Nelson materials to you along with a positive microfilm for yourself. Unfortunately I was not able to justify the cost of another \$40.00 for xerox prints (which are twice the cost of microfilm) for Andy Nelson, but perhaps it will be satisfying to him just to know that a master negative of his father's papers are here at Princeton and available for the use of students. Once again our thanks to you and to him for generously letting us make this film.

I'm hoping you don't mind my keeping the Laub journals longer. Our film budget is squeaking to its end and I want to keep it long enough to make the films when the new money comes in. If you need them, though, I'll see if I can't push them through right now, but filming them will cost about \$60.00 so it will be better if I can wait

a while. I hope my slowness with these won't cool your interest in keeping an eye out for more such items. We do want them for copying. And once I get a little program set up for having a fund for such purposes in the budget next year I will have no more delays.

I'm stuffing a fine review of Fawn's new English edition of No Man in here on the chance that you haven't seen it yet.

How is the paper on the settlement in Carson County coming? Anything I can get for you here that would help?

You've gotten the high-powered prospectus for Mortensen's The American West, and may have moaned as we did. History can so easily get lost in all that promotion. The comment of the history faculty here was "Looks like the sort of magazine that having a article published in it would mean professional death." It won't be that bad I'm sure, but I do feel that what was needed was something sober and scholarly and serious rather than another American Heritage. This is especially needed in a field that has a cowboys-and-Indians reputation and needs to earn a scholarly one. How glad I am that you're not caught up in it up there, doing all the work for him and having no time for your own history writing!

Thanks again for your help,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'A. F. I.' with a stylized flourish at the end.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, 08540



Mrs. Will Brooks
346 North Main
St. George, Utah

BB

AMERICA'S LATTER-D

FAWN M. BRODIE: *No Man Knows My History*. The Life of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prop

The latest addition to the admirable "Frontier Library" is one of the most welcome. Since its American publication in 1945, Mrs. Brodie's life of Joseph Smith has been regarded as a classic. For her adventure into the thickets and swamps of Mormon biography and history, Mrs. Brodie has some special qualifications. She was brought up as a "Saint" and it is probably true that no "Gentile" can really understand or handle the Mormon records. No longer a church member, Mrs. Brodie is not bound to accept the versions of the history of the Latter Day Saints sanctified by either the Latter Day Saints of Salt Lake City or the Reorganized Church in Independence, Missouri. But Mrs. Brodie is not embittered towards the church of her ancestry; she is no debunker and there can be detected in her calm academic prose a legitimate pride in the astonishing achievements of her ancestral faith. This warm if critical loyalty to the Church is one of Mrs. Brodie's assets.

Another is her skill as a professional historian, a skill she has more recently demonstrated in her excellent life of that interesting character, Thaddeus Stevens. But Joseph Smith was no Stevens. He was not a really skilled politician (though some of his biggest errors were the fault of his ambitious brother, and fellow martyr, Hyrum). But he was, as Stevens never was, a prophet.

The most important achievement of Mrs. Brodie's scholarly investigations is the discovery of the real Joseph Smith. The reality has its limits. As the Prophet put it, "No man knows my history". And whether we accept Smith as a prophet sent by God to complete Christianity, or as a fraud or a madman, his character escapes us. But not his achievement. What that achievement was, Mrs. Brodie shows us.

It has been for long the bias of "Gentile" historians to exalt Brigham Young at the expense of the founder of Mormonism. Joseph Smith, harassed by his political and religious enemies; denounced (or revealed) by renegade disciples, finally lynched in the course of a dirty political campaign, left a people despairing, disordered, rootless. They (and the Church) were saved by Brigham Young, not a man who saw visions or dreamed dreams, but an equivalent of the great captains of industry (or "robber barons") in whom the American

nineteenth century was so rich. Mark Twain could understand Brigham Young but for him Joseph Smith was merely a mendacious bore. Brigham Young was certainly a man of great abilities, by the standards of this world a great man. But what held the Mormons together in their Exodus was faith in the revelation or revelations of the Prophet, in the church organization that he had created, in the divine plan that he had revealed, in the meaning he gave to American history, both in its remote and forgotten past and in the new Canaan, "Deseret", which we call Utah. (Strictly the second Jerusalem is Independence, Missouri. Salt Lake City is Rome.) It is by her emphasis on the primordial and basic role of Joseph Smith that Mrs. Brodie has rightly adjusted the proportions of the story. Joshua was not Moses; Brigham Young was not Joseph Smith. And even if some sceptics may doubt if Brigham's last word was "Joseph", he never forgot the founder or put himself in the Prophet's place.

Joseph Smith has often been classed with the numerous founders of esoteric American sects like his quondam disciple, Strang. His original sexual views make him a partner in the revolt against American sexual puritanism with the formally more intelligent and far better educated John Humphrey Noyes. Smith was no doubt a product of that fermentation which produced not only the Oneida Perfectionists but the Church of Christ Scientist. But the Latter Day Saints have their special mark. They have their orders, their ritual, their cosmology.

The Book of Mormon is more of a new Bible than is *Science and Health*. Salt Lake City more of a holy city to the "Saints" than Boston is to the "Scientists". And this is the work of Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Brodie tackles courageously, and with success, some of the most difficult and controversial questions in Mormon history. She dismisses, in an acute appendix, the theory that the *Book of Mormon* was the work of Spaulding. She more than doubles the number of Brigham's wives recognized by the authorities of the Salt Lake Church, and has no patience with the belief of the Independence Church that denies the Prophet's preaching or practising of polygamy.

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AMERICA'S LATTER-DAY PROPHET

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It would be absurd to deny that a great deal of the interest taken in the Mormons came and comes from the lurid stories of polygamy. There was a market for religious pornography in nineteenth-century America as the success of *Maria Monk* shows. And most attention was hostile. (How many of us have got our first impression of Mormonism from *A Study in Scarlet* with its story of Mormon villainy?) The story is complicated enough and the practice came before the revelation that justified it. Perhaps it was in his successful imposing of the doctrine and practice on the Mormon community that the Prophet's *charisma* was best demonstrated. He even reconciled the sulky Parley Pratt who had some reason

to believe that, *mutatis mutandis*, his wife had been cast in the role of Bathsheba. But he could not really reconcile his first wife nor his first wife's family, from which alienation there sprang the schism that has divided the Mormons ever since, the schism between the "Shiah" of Independence and the "Sunni" of Salt Lake City. The parallel with the early history of Islam was noted in the neglected little book *Geschichte der Mormonen* by the great German Greek historian, Eduard Meyer.

The Prophet was slain but his work lives after him, not only in Utah but all over the Rocky Mountain states. Elegant and modern, Mormon temples adorn Los Angeles and Atlanta. There

is a temple in London. There was a Mormon in President Eisenhower's cabinet: there was a Mormon in President Kennedy's cabinet. One of the leading Republican "presidential possibilities" is not only a Mormon but a member of one of the Mormon families that emigrated to Mexico rather than surrender to federal persecution of "plural marriage". He may not suffer from that but he may suffer from the exclusion of Negroes from the priesthood of the Church and the comparatively low place the Prophet gave to women in his theology and cosmology. It is probably still true that "no man knows my history" but we are unlikely to get nearer it than we do in this learned and fascinating book.

SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS
Brigham Young Chapter

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January 31, 1964

Mrs. Juanita Pulsipher Brooks
St. George
Utah

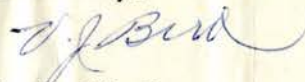
Dear Mrs. Brooks:

One of our officers talked to you a few months ago about coming to Provo and giving a talk to our Sons of Utah Pioneers Camp. We understand that you have a son living here in Provo, and we are wondering if it would be possible for you to combine a visit to him and also appear before our camp on the evening of April 23, 1964 at six o'clock (6.00 p.m.) and discuss the "Mountain Meadow Massacre" and use about fifty minutes time.

We meet at the BYU Cannon Hall and have dinner at six which is then followed by our speaker and program. We would be willing to pay your round trip bus fare from St. George to Provo.

Would you kindly let me have your reply and write me at 719 North University Avenue, Provo, Utah.

Sincerely,



V. J. Bird
President

VJB/jbr

St. George, Utah
February 6, 1964

Mr. V.J. Bird
719 N. University Avenue
Provo, Utah

Dear Mr. Bird:

Thank you for your letter of January 31 asking me to speak to your S.U.P. group on April 23. I am sorry that I cannot make that date fit into my schedule.

I am reading a paper at the Nevada State Centennial in Reno, Nevada on May 8, and the business of getting it ready, along with doing some other assignments, would make it difficult for me to make a trip to Provo and back just two weeks before.

Once this assignment is over, things may ease off somewhat for me, but again I cannot tell. I have nothing of importance after that date.

I hesitate also to speak on the Mountain Meadows affair for two reasons: First, it is not a pleasant subject; second, I did my basic work on the book more than fifteen years ago and have been involved since in more interesting activities. The second edition is out now, easily available and not expensive, so that those interested can get the full benefit of my research through it.

My last major work, the Biography of John D. Lee, is more interesting, especially since the edition now is sold out. I should much prefer to do a sketch of this man's life, with the massacre in its place, than to spend all the hour on that alone.

I am sorry not to do this on the date you plan. Some time later in the month of May or in June I could likely come up, perhaps around the end of the semester at the BYU.

Sincerely,

Juanita Brooks

According to Date

According to Dale L. Morgan, this must have been near the mouth of Sears Creek at the west end of Browns Hole. It is significant also in that it indicates that the Indians traveled along the bank and not in the stream, even in the relatively quiet areas.

The fact that there are two entries for Friday, May 8, and that the Narrative account does not exactly agree with these daily entries has caused some difficulty in pin-pointing the stops.

Re / n to
345 WEST 1270 NORTH
PROVO, UTAH



*Jack to
Suf
Provo*

*Ans
Feb-6*

Mrs. Juanita Pulsipher Brooks

St. George

Utah

2501 Benvenue Avenue, Apt. 14

Berkeley 4, Calif.

February 19, 1964

Dear Juanita,

I am still bedeviled and beset on every side, scarcely knowing whether I am coming or going. But one thing I am fairly clear on, I can't spare the time to go up to Salt Lake City next week for this distinguished alumni award. I have asked my mother to accept it in my stead, and I hope she can do so.

I never did get out my Christmas cards, owing to the pressure of indexing the 1846 and Ashley books at the same time, each book larger than the others. Talisman worked night and day, literally, to get their book out and got a first copy into my hands on Christmas Day, but the Ashley book has proceeded at a more sedate pace and as a result will have a 1964 instead of a 1963 imprint. I went over to the bindery last week to sign and number half the de luxe edition for Rosenstock, and returned to wind up the job on Monday. They haven't yet delivered a single complete copy of the book; about a third of those I signed were merely sewed, not even laid in their cases as yet. But I am promised a first copy by Friday morning so that Dr. Hammond and I can go down to Menlo Park for a little presentation ceremony to Carl Wheat, to whom the book has been dedicated for some five years now. I feared he would never live to see it in print, and the chances seemed a million to one against while he lay in the ~~coma~~ during November and December, 1962. But all going well, we will have our little ceremony Friday afternoon, staying only 45 minutes so as not to tire him too much. I have not seen Carl since Dr. Hammond and I similarly delivered to him the first bound copy of Volume Five, concluding his MAPPING THE TRANSMISSISSIPPI WEST, late last spring, so the occasion should be all the happier. (If the binder gets the lead out!)

April
Through January I have been occupied with a discussion of the Fremont map of 1848, to appear with a biographical introduction by Allan Nevins in a spring republication by the Book Club of California of Fremont's Geographical Memoir—and what has made greater inroads upon my time, the journal of William Perkins in the Southern Mines, 1849-1852, to be published by the University of California Press this fall. I have handed in the edited text, but still have to condense the Introduction, and having been suffering from a cold the past few days, I haven't got into this with much vigor. There are a couple more jobs to be done by April 1, plus a third here in Bancroft, but after that I hope to be able to take time for a (business) trip to Omaha, St. Paul, Chicago, New York, Washington, and St. Louis, perhaps in late April. By then I am likely to need something of the sort.

I don't have your last letter here at B.L. as I write, so I will not comment at the moment on Rockwell and the Babbitt case. I do enclose you a copy of my review of your Lee biography, two of which have just been sent me by the S. C. Quarterly, in case you have not been sent one direct by the Quarterly or by Arthur H. Clark.

How does spring in Dixie strike you for a change? Here in Californiawe have had one of the driest and sunniest winters I can recall, though it was rather cold and disagreeable during December. I have enjoyed all this until my cold set in, and would rather go back to enjoying things on a status quo ante basis. I regret the possibly lost opportunity of not seeing you in Salt Lake next week, but this excursion was simply too much of a much right now. Have you had any word on H. Stout? I look forward to seeing the printed avails of your labors. Or as some B.L. wit once commented, what has been done by way of canning the fruits of your labors. Give my regards to any of my friends you meet up with, and join me in hoping for a more relaxed life.

Val *1/2/64*

P. S. I have just received a letter about the 1846 book by one Edward G. Tilton, 65 Rheem Boulevard, Orinda, California, with this paragraph: "I am a very amateur Western History 'buff,'—but I have been since an early age, started no doubt about 1911 when I heard an old man in Panguitch Utah tell about how he avoided getting mixed up with the Mountain Meadow fracas by dashing off into the mountains for a load of cedar fence posts."

I am still bedeviled and beset on every side, scarcely knowing whether I am coming or going. But one thing I am fairly clear on, I can't spare the time to go up to Salt Lake City next week for this distinguished alumni award. I have asked my mother to accept it in my stead, and I hope she can do so.

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346 North Main, St. George, Utah
May 18, 1964

Dear Dale:

I've thought of you so often lately, and for so many different reasons. First, your letter of February 19 showed you as crowded and pushed almost beyond human endurance, until I am concerned for your health. I didn't blame you for not coming in to accept their award at the U, when you should long ago have received an honorary PhD there. It would have meant more to you ten years ago--now you have gone so far beyond it that it would be you who should honor them by accepting their recognition.

I've been impressed all over again at the inattention of so many of us. For example, you told the public and Nevadians in particular in 1953 that Hampton S. Beatie was a year off in his date of the establishment of the Mormon Station in that state, and yet when I said the same thing in public there ten days ago, you'd have thought I had dropped a bomb in their midst. Fortunately, I had the sketch from PIONEERS AND PROMINENT MEN which gives the date of his marriage in Missouri on January 1, 1849, his arrival in the Valley in September 1849, and the birth of his first child on Dec. 31, 1849 in S.L. City. This first son, Walter Josiah, married Phebe L. Young, daughter of BY, and it was their son Ross N Beatie who for so many years represented B.Y. in the parades.

Trivia, of course, but disturbing to those who within the last months have continued to repeat the earlier story.

I think you have probably seen Dr. Mortensen & Dorothy, for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~which~~ ^{which} they expected to return via San Francisco. They breezed in and spent an hour or so here to tell us that he is to go back to the University after all. I'm glad. I was never told by anyone what was behind his resignation last March or April; I probably would not understand all of the movements of wheels within wheels. But it does seem to me better that he should stay there and carry on the project which he initiated and started off with so much enthusiasm and fan-fare. He has a wonderful support and stabilizing influence in Dorothy, and I feel sure can succeed.

I allow my time here to be frittered away by one thing and another, by assignments for the school and the community. Our President, (Dixie College) Arthur F. Bruhn, is in the last stages of leukemia, and it has been most disrupting for the school, so that we all feel that we should rally to help in any way that we can.

The other schools are on a two-day vacation in protest against the governor, who pacified them last year by selecting a committee to investigate the schools and now refuses to accept their recommendations.

I know that you are too busy to write letters, and probably too busy to even read them, but do consider yourself enough to husband your energy and strength. You have already accomplished more than all others in the state put together--in the field of history--but your best can be still ahead, and will be, I am sure.

Granita

WOMEN IN THE ARTS (Cedar City Panel Spring 1964)

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

When I accepted this assignment, I thought of talking to you of women in the arts by taking specific examples: Grandma Moses in painting, Madame Schumann-Heink in opera, Pearl Buck in writing, to show how each had succeeded in spite of personal problems. But in the meeting preceding this Mrs. Oaks encouraged us to be very informal, to speak intimately to you of our own experiences, and to try to open your hearts to question and discussion. So, acting on her counsel, I shall leave my so carefully written-out talk.

As to my background--I grew up in the small, isolated village of Bunkerville, Nevada, attended school there through high school and a Normal Training Course, and taught school in the elementary grades. At about the right time, I was married to a wonderful young man and thought I had a promising future ahead. Then Fate took a hand. In fifteen months I was a mother and a widow.

Since I was forced to re-route my life, I decided to go on to school. Taking my little son, I went to Brigham Young University, where I worked my way through and received my Bachelor's Degree. I returned to teach English at Dixie College, and after three years took a leave to attend Columbia University in New York City. Here I received the degree of Master of Arts, returning again to act as Dean of Women and English teacher at Dixie.

Then, when I was well on the shady side of thirty, I married a family--Will Brooks and his four sons. I added my own son to the group and then proceeded to have one daughter and three additional sons in record time. I tell you this to impress upon you the fact that there may be problems in trying to carry out personal interests. (Some day I may write or speak on being the second mother in the home; today I will forgo it)

My thesis is this: Every woman owes it to herself to have some bit of her life that is distinctly her own, some area around her private interest. We love our husbands--Bless them!--we get all wrapped up in our children and their problems. But they are NOT enough. Nor are they when supplemented with church work or social activities. Every woman needs to have some creative activity--handwork, flower culture, flower arrangement, interior decoration, music--vocal or instrumental-- or any one of many other hobbies. She needs some bit of "aloneness", some time to herself, and some place of her own.

My own activity centered in research and writing. How I stumbled into this is another story. How I managed to carry it on, I will tell you. When the children were young we always had a happy, relaxing time at evening. Then we all went to bed. The littlest was rubbed down and fed and the next oldest put into their 'jamas and we all went into the dark bedroom together, not for me to tell stories, but for me to listen to their prayers and to whatever they wanted to talk about, and to relax and feign sleep until they were all sound. Perhaps I took a short nap also. Then I could come out, square things around a bit, and have two or three hours before I went to bed for sure. Later I cultivated the habit of getting up between 11 and 12 midnight and putting in from two to three

Janice Tracker

- 20 - C- I really didn't like it to much. She could have told it with a lot more suspense.
19 - B This is quite a nice story. This is quite interesting to the point but very interesting.

three hours in the quiet, and then getting up with the family in the morning.

Another trick I had: I always kept my ironing board out and a few pieces dampened on the end of it. Not for anything would I have let my neighbors know that I was seriously trying to write. If anyone caught me at the machine, I was just knocking out a letter. When the doorbell rang, I threw an embroidered ~~cover~~ over the typewriter, plugged in the iron, and went to the door. If it were a salesman, I heard him briefly and then excused myself because I was ironing. If it were a neighbor, I'd say, "Come in. I'm ironing." Then I'd seat her with her back to the typewriter, and visit while I went on ironing.

In general, this worked very well, until one friend became suspicious. "Don't you ever get your ironing done?" she asked. "Everytime I come here you are ironing."

I said nothing to the children about my work. I had a very small study--about the size of a large shoe-box, I used to say-- but it was mine, and the children were taught to respect a closed door. There was nothing in that room for them; under no condition was one of them to open the door except to call me in an emergency. Of course, any need was an emergency to them. The point is that I needed to leave my papers in the machine or scattered about as they were and be able to come back to them ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ when I was ready.

As the children grew older, when they ranged from about five to ten years and on for four or five years, I did quite a bit of traveling for the Henry E. Huntington Library. I always traveled at night, taking the midnight bus when I went north to Salt Lake City, to arrive there at 8:00 a.m., put in the day, and return on an evening bus which delivered me at the Big Hand cafe at two o'clock in the night. The trip to Los Angeles was longer. I left at six in the evening and returned at six in the morning. The point I am trying to make is that I always told them when I was leaving and when I would return. We took them all to the Henry E. Huntington Library; we went into the buildings and walked around the grounds, among the lovely flowers, across the bridges, to the Chinese pagoda, and past the statuary and fountains. I explained how I arrived at the one station, walked across the street to the other to catch the trolley out, pointed out the terminal where I got out, and traced my walk up to the big gates. Now when people said, "Is your Mother gone AGAIN?" they knew exactly where I was and what I was doing. They even caught a glimpse into the reading room, and saw the tea room at the end of the rose walk, where I went for lunch.

We also took a trip to the BYU Campus, upstairs into the old library, and into the stacks where the books were that I had collected, and where students were seated at tables reading. All this reassured them, so that they did not feel that they were being deserted, but that Mother had purposeful work that must be done.

I do not believe that children should be neglected; neither do I think they should be too closely watched and supervised

John Shelton

19.

I think this paper described "Bane" very well. It told in very good language and good punctuation about the life of this lady - The typing was quite good but I did notice quite a few errors. It looks as if it was not proof read before handing it in. — Mark B.

20.

I think these kids are typically crazy kids, and the girl who told the story did well in describing and telling of the situation did it well enough to get a very good grade

I think they should have freedom to follow some of their own interests and whims--like rubber-gun battles, and underground houses, and forts. Yes, even the collecting of all the cast-off Christmas trees to build their own private forest. I strongly recommend one deaf ear and one blind eye, especially in dealing with the children of the other mother. Just don't hear it; just pretend not to see it. Just don't forever be saying "No! No!" or "Don't!" to a child. Either direct his thought or acts in another direction, or set him free out of doors.

this But I must not wander into this. I started in by saying that you should each cherish and cultivate that in yourselves which is especially and particularly your own. But you must not do it without regard to those dearest you. Do, by all means, get a ring on your third-finger-left. And do support your husband in every way. We all know that the success of any man depends very largely upon his wife. If he is in school, pitch in and make it easy as you can for him to finish. If he is in a business or a profession, use your influence always to his advantage. He must come before the children, for it is you to who will travel the road together after the children are grown and gone.

And DO share your children's interests and encourage them--see that they have their opportunity to be trained in basic skills and arts. Praise generously, and encourage, and recognize honest effort. When my little crew became quarrelsome, or one was cross and peevish, I usually passed out an apple each, or lined them up for a slice of bread-and-butter and shipped them out of doors to eat it and to play if it were it were warm weather, or to run once around the house, if it were cold. A plain, wholesome snack has settled more troubles in my yard than any amount of "hearing both sides."

Yet with all this, even though you are only a housewife and mother--and all the more because you are only a wife and mother, you need your own private interest to pursue, your own little private spot, and some time--quiet and uninterrupted--by yourself, just to relax, to think things out, or to think of nothing. It will give you poise and perspective, it will be a fountain of strength and a source of peace.

Your abilities are your own; your problems will be your own; your means of adapting and working them out must be your own. Do the best you can, following your own intuition and seeking guidance from the one Source which will not fail, and you will find life rich and rewarding.

I THANK YOU.

28 April 1964

Dear Juanita:

As I was indexing the magazines this week, I came across an interesting review of John D. Lee by Dr. Arrington of Logan. I thought, perhaps, you would enjoy reading it (if you haven't already). Also, I have enclosed your receipt that you forgot on your last visit. I shall be anxious to see you on your next visit.

Very sincerely,

Karen

✓
"JOHN DOYLE LEE: ZEALOT—PIONEER BUILDER—SCAPEGOAT," by *Juanita Brooks*. (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, 1961. \$9.50). Our reviewer, Leonard Arrington of Utah State University at Logan, is one of his state's outstanding historians.

In 1868 the wife of a Mormon frontiersman got into an argument with a neighbor over a number of "outrages," including the violation of a ditch and fence line. "You are nothing but a poor, sneaking, pusillanimous pup, always meddling in other men's business," she told him. "You had better sing low and keep out of my way or I'll put a load of salt in your backside." Thinking that this was no way for a woman to talk, even if provoked, the neighbor preferred charges in a Bishop's Court for un-Christianlike conduct. After a hearing, the bishop decided that both were in the wrong and that both the neighbor and the wife must be re-baptized. "Very well, Bishop," said the wife, "I accept your decision upon one condition—that I may select the man who is to baptize me." The bishop consented. "Very well, then, I demand baptism at *your* hands, since you are so inconsiderate as to require a woman to be immersed when the water is full of snow and ice—and that only for defending the good name of her husband. Maybe if your own backside gets wet in ice water, you'll be more careful how you decide next time."

When another neighbor began cutting down trees and willows back of her house, he was met with a pan of boiling water, and ultimately found himself on the ground, with one feminine hand in his hair and the other pounding him in the face. By the time a son was able to get his mother off him, "his face was a gore of blood."

The frontiersman was John D. Lee, and the loyal wife was Emma Batchelor, the seventeenth of nineteen wives whom Lee was to marry in his lifetime. Obviously, the role of women in the settling of the West has been underestimated!

Inherently significant and interesting, scholarly and simply and superbly written, *John Doyle Lee* is surely one of the finest biographies yet written of a Westerner. Based upon journals which Lee carefully kept during most of his life (1812-1877), the biography abounds in intimate detail and colorful expression. Here one will find discussions of Indian lore, frontier medicinals, dreams and their interpretation, faith healing, Mor-

mon marriage customs, and life in a Western penitentiary. Based upon virtually a lifetime of research, *John Doyle Lee* also focuses upon some of the most significant events in Mormon history: Early missionary activity; the gathering of Saints to Nauvoo, Illinois; the assassination of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith by an inflamed mob; the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo; the march of the Mormon Battalion from Fort Leavenworth to Los Angeles; the crossing of the plains to Utah; early life in the Salt Lake Valley; early life in southern Utah; the Mountain Meadows Massacre; and the colonization of remote areas in southern Utah and northern Arizona and New Mexico. A convert to Mormonism in 1838, a witness to many atrocities against the Mormons, a member of the Danite band which sought to reply in kind, John D. Lee participated in many significant events in Mormon history. As an adopted son of Brigham Young, he was often in the center of things. These are all discussed in a personal, sympathetic way.

John D. Lee, of course, was only one among hundreds of Mormon frontiersmen; but he will be remembered longer than most because his journals have been made widely available; because he participated in the Mountain Meadows Massacre and was the only person responsible who was brought to justice for the crime; and because one of the West's most talented writers agreed to write his story. It is curiously paradoxical that the policies of the L. D. S. Historian's Office are causing the Mormon Church to be known in Western history primarily through the eyes of such minor and less-than-admirable functionaries as John D. Lee. Not only is *John Doyle Lee* the "best" biography of a pioneer Mormon, but the planned publication of the two-volume *Diaries of Hosea Stout*, edited also by Mrs. Brooks, will feature the views of a similarly minor and not-always-esteemed Latter-day Saint. Unfortunately, as it turns out, the journals of the revered leaders have been acquired by the Historian's Office for safe-keeping and are not available to the researcher, while the journals of backsliders, apostates, martinets, and those associated with aberrant doctrines and practices are often in public circulation. If the Mormon Church wishes to be known through its greatest and most respected officials—such persons as Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and George Q. Cannon—it will have to open its archives to responsible trained historians.

Nicholas G. Morgan Library
Utah State Historical Society

603 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY 2, UTAH

JOIN YOUR
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

*Arrington
Rever*

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



STRIKE BACK AT
GIVE
AMERICAN CAUSE

Salt Lake City, Utah,

May 17th, 1964.

Mrs. Juanita Brooks,
346 North Main Street,
St. George, Utah.

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

Thank you for your letter of May 11th. Sorry I have been delayed in answering, due to illness in the family. Also, I have tried to contact family members who might know more about the Nevada history of Grandfather Beatie than I do. I believe the one who knows most about this, is Richard W. Burton, my husband's nephew, but he is in Los Angeles. He has visited in Nevada not too long ago and I understand the trading post is still there and there is a town that is still known by the name of Beatie.

You say Hampden Sidney Beatie went to Nevada in 1850 and as far as you know, he was not married. I have the complete record of his family. The Beaties were first in Scotland, then Ireland, and Hampden Sidney came to Utah from Virginia in the late 1840's. I understand he sold his home in Nevada in the early 1850's, and am wondering if he did not retain residence in Salt Lake, during the time he had interests in Nevada. According to the records, he had the first trading post in Nevada and also built the first house there. I believe he was also the first to find gold in Nevada.

He was married to Marion Thankful Mumford on January 1st, 1849 and they had eleven children, the last one being still-born. He also married Helen Cordelia Clawson some years later and was married to Buelah Augusta Woodruff in 1868, and there were children from each marriage.

Walter Josiah Beatie was the first child of Marion Thankful Mumford. He was married to Phebe Louisa Young, daughter of Brigham Young and Clarissa Ross. They had seven children, four girls and three boys. My husband, Nelson Ross Beatie was their sixth child.

Hampden Sidney Beatie and his wife, Marion Thankful Mumford were active in church and civic affairs and all of their children were born in Salt Lake City, Utah, as were all of the children by the second and third wives.

The other children of Hampden Sidney Beatie and Marion Thankful Mumford, were:-

Hannah Eleanor who married	Curtis B. Hawley
Hampden Sidney Jr. "	Ellen Eliza Richardson
Josephine Eliza " "	Rulon Seymour Wells
Mary Elizabeth " "	Heber Manning Wells (Governor)
Marion Mumford " "	Horace Gibson Whitney
Edward Fountain unmarried	
Frank LeRoy Beatie Married	Mamie Clawson, Daughter of H. B. Clawson
Florence Belle " "	Brigham Guy Thatcher
Ray Fleming died in infancy	
Susan Beatie (stillborn)	

This whole family were always active in church and were well respected in the community. My husband's father, Walter Josiah, was in the bishopric of the 17th ward for many years and was bishop for about ten years. He was sec'y-Treasurer of

Z. C. M. I for many years. He also has mining interests and in later years was national bank examiner.

I never knew grandfather Beatie and his wife as they died years ago. If you want any information about the family record, I can supply it, but will ask Mr. Burton to send you the information about the Nevada period. If you do not hear from him soon, you may drop him a line at:-

10488 Lindbrook Drive,
Los Angeles 24, California.

I hope the information I have given you will be of use to you and if I can be of any additional help, please let me know. Would like to know more about what the celebration will be, and when and where.

Sincerely,

Sue Beatie

(Mrs. N. Ross Beatie,
116 Fourth Avenue,
Salt Lake City, Utah. 84103)

MRS. N. ROSS BEATIE
116 Fourth Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103



MRS. JUANITA BROOKS,
346 North Main Street,
St. George, Utah.

DR. CLARK YOUNG

1848 WILSON AVENUE
SALT LAKE CITY 8, UTAH

May 25, 1964

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
St. George, Utah.

Dear Sister Brooks:

I had meant to write to you long long ago, but I am a procrastinator. Now, seeing your picture in the paper the other day as the recipient of honors from the B.Y.U., I feel constrained to overcome my lethargy and write to congratulate you on that recognition as well as on the fine books you have written, enriching our knowledge of the history of Utah. Having suffered with cataract trouble the past months--I had my left one removed last month--I have not been able to read like I have wished, so I have most of them to look forward to in the future. But all I have heard has been most complimentary of your research, your writing ability and your scholarly attainments. I will say that I have read pieces out of each, and have kept up with your magazine articles in the Historical Society issues, and I love them.

Aside from my eyes, my health has been good. I should not complain, as cataract is a remediable ailment. Some oldish friends of mine have suffered from irremediable degenerative processes which have resulted in much loss of vision.

Perhaps Bro. Brooks told you that we met on the streets of Salt Lake several months ago. It was so good to see him. He is a grand chap! Please give him my kindest regards.

Are you doing any new things by way of writing now? My all means you should be. It should be a duty with you--because of the talent you possess and the type of constructive literature you produce. There is too little of good writing nowadays.

Mona sends her greetings, also my sisters who enjoyed their association with you on that momentous trip. May your health and vitality be up to your desires and ambitions!

Very sincerely yours,

Clark Young

DR. CLARK YOUNG
1848 Willson Ave.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



*Mrs. Juanita Brooks
St. George
Utah.*

14501 East 40th Street
Independence, Missouri
June 3, 1964

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
St. George, Utah

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

I don't know that I have the correct address for you, but I remember reading in the Utah Historical Quarterly that you had moved back to St. George and thought I would take a chance on the letter reaching you.

I want to thank you for supplying the Utah State Historical Society with your article "A Close-Up of Polygamy". I had written them as a last resort to try to obtain the article and had really given up hearing from them, when I received a letter telling me they had obtained the article from you and would be able to supply a copy.

I had tried for the past two years to locate the 1934 February issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and found that the University of Missouri at Kansas City had it listed in their catalog but was in dead storage and no issue older than 1937 was available. The public library at Kansas City, Missouri had a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE in their card catalogs, but after five trips to the library with no success (the volume I requested was always out) I got there one morning as the library opened and I knew the volume couldn't have been checked out (these were for reference only) and found it still missing, so a thorough search by the librarian revealed that the February, 1934 volume was missing.

Now, I am anxiously awaiting the article. I have been more successful in getting some of your other books. I obtained DUDLEY LEAVITT, PIONEER TO SOUTHERN UTAH from a rare book dealer in Kansas City and when the reprint by the University of Oklahoma press came out on MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE, I obtained it.

I have been watching without success for THE DIARIES OF HOSEA STOUT and wondered if they have ever been published. I used to see an occasional reference to them in the Utah Historical Quarterly, but to date, I have never seen where they have been published.

Another publication, I have been unsuccessful so far in obtaining is the first two bibliographies by Dale Morgan. I have Vol. III, but haven't been able to obtain the first two. If you ever hear of any place where these can be obtained, I would sure appreciate hearing from you. I thought they might be more accessible in Utah than here.

With Kindest Regards,

Betty L. Stephens
Betty L. Stephens

Mrs. Warner Stephens
14501 East 40th Street
Independence, Missouri



Mrs. Juanita Brooks

St. George, Utah

64

Cedar City,
Sun. July 5, 1964

Dear Juanita,

Today, our eight year old
Dane is sick - He asked
his father to read to him, and
his choice was his favorite
book, "Dudley Leavitt" - So
I found them, a little while
ago, weeping together, as they
read the last chapter - and
again I was impressed with
the profound influence of
Dudley Leavitt on our lives,
through your book - I'm
sure this is a very small
example, compared to the many
and far-reaching influences
that have and will come,
through the many history-restor-
ing works you've accomplished,

but I am most grateful,
of course, for the things that
have touched our lives, and
that our sons have developed
a sense of kinship and
closeness to their, very deserving,
forebears - and more important,
a real sense of the value of the
Gospel - I always feel this
whenever we read or talk
about the book and I'm
always deeply grateful to you -

I've meant to write since
we read of the honor awarded
you at commencement at U.S.U. -
I can guess that you received
it modestly and humbly, with a
quiet remark about "sparrows
among butterflies" or something of
the sort, but it was richly
deserved and all of us
were delighted to learn of it -

I haven't forgotten that I
promised to send a copy of my talk
to you — I just seem to keep
finding so many things more
urgent than making copies —
But I will soon, for I
want some for my sisters
and I'll send one then —

Thank you again for the
books and the conversations —
I sincerely wanted you to know
that discovering your book, and
meeting you, are two of the
most worthwhile things that
have happened to us — I
felt I must write to tell you,
even though my good stationary
has all sailed away in the
form of paper airplanes —
I'm sure this is true — though none
of my construction engineers
will confess — Please do come
see us whenever you can —
Love,
Anne

Mrs. Alice Stewart
393 So. 700 West
Cedar City, Utah



Mrs. Mill Brooks
77. Main St.
H. George, Utah

HENRY M. JACKSON, WASH., CHAIRMAN
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JERRY T. VERKLER, STAFF DIRECTOR

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON
INTERIOR AND INSULAR AFFAIRS

JUL 15 1964

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
346 North Main Street
St. George, Utah

Dear Juanita:

Your recent letter was most refreshing and welcome.
Thanks for taking the time to let me know you support my
stand on the proposed repeal of 14-B.

You can be sure that I will stand by my guns, as you
put it.

Best regards.

Sincerely,



Frank E. Moss
United States Senator

*Surely appreciate your encouragement
Enclosed is copy of a speech which
I made in Senate after Church
letter.*

346 North Main, St. George, Utah
July 9, 1965

Hon. Frank E. Moss
Senator from Utah
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ted:

Cheers for you on your statement favoring the repeal of the controversial right-to-work section of the National Labor Relations Act! Here is a place where there can be no middle ground, and where a man must speak out boldly in defense of his stand. This you have done very well indeed.

While we all reverence our Church leaders in spiritual matters, we do not feel that they are or should be authority on things political or industrial.

The Democratic stand of the greatest good for the greatest number certainly holds here--and as the workingman prospers, so will those above him, and the whole nation will benefit. In our rural area, where there are no industries that would benefit by labor unions, people are most vocal against them. The smaller the business, the more concerned the manager seems to be.

You are right here! Stand by your guns!

Cordially,

Juanita Brooks
Juanita Brooks

2361 Englewood Dr.
East Point, Georgia
August 10, 1964

Dear Miss Brooks,

From early childhood I can remember my Father relating the story of "The Mountain Meadows Massacre". As a child and even young adult, I might have been, at times, a little bored with the story but now that I am older (47) family history has more meaning to me than before. For you see, I am a Baker, whose ancestors was involved in this Chapter of History.

My husband and I had planned a vacation visit to Grand Canyon, Las Vegas and maybe Salt Lake City. Just before we departed on our trip my Father (who is now 85) suggested that we try to find the place "Mountain Meadows". I

took your book along for
reference and on 25th of July, we
left Las Vegas in mid-morning
for Mountain Meadows, by way of
Highway # 91. Just before we
reached St. George we turned off
on Highway # 18, thanks to directions
from a ten-age girl at a lemonade
stand, and found the spot without
any trouble. I must say it was
quite an experience. We made
about 50 pictures (35mm) which all
came out very good. I brought my
father a souvenir from the grave and
a jar of water from the spring.
The place was more desolate looking
than I thought it would be, but
further up the valley in direction of
Salt Lake City it was a very pretty
country and Salt Lake City was
beautiful. We enjoyed visiting

Temple Square and the City Tour
given by Gray Line Bus Co.

As I said before I am a Baker
My - great - great - Grand father, William
Baker, came from North Carolina
and homesteaded a farm in North
Alabama, (18 miles from Huntsville)
My father, Pete Baker) live in the
house built by my Grand father William.
He (William) had 3 sons. John (Jack)
Henry and Pete. Two of the boys
and their families (Jack & Henry)
started west. They stopped in Arkansas
and was joined by more families
and proceeded to California. The
name Beller in your book is familiar
for these boys sister married a Beller
and perhaps some of that family
went along. The tragedy was
not known in Ala for about
two months after it occurred. and
soon after my. great, great, Grand father

William Baker, passed away.
My Uncle Jack's wife, so the family
story goes, stayed in Arkansas. (Near
St. Smith) and we suppose from the
story in your book that is where
the surviving Baker Child was
brought back to. I am a descendant of Pte Baker.

Jenni does not permit me
to write any more of the story, I
just wanted you to know how much
we appreciate the record as recorded
in your book. We have two copies in
the family. We hold no malice toward
the Mormon Church or the Mormon people.
I am interested in any other publication
concerning this story and I just
wonder if the little sign I saw on
highway #18 "Baker Dam" has any
connection with the story.

Sincerely

Mrs. J. H. Hopkins
2361 Englewood Dr.
East Point, Georgia

Vashti Baker Hopkins

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH



ERNEST L. WILKINSON, PRESIDENT

LIBRARY

September 1, 1964

Mr. Juanita Brooks
St. George, Utah

Dear Juanita:

It was a real pleasure to visit with you and Will and we appreciate very much your taking time to show us around St. George and the hospitality you offered us. I hope to be able to pursue the work with manuscript materials, journals, diary, etc. in the state further with this committee I mentioned in the near future and we will hope that you can be available to work with us at various points in relation to the program and particularly when the work is being finalized.

Be sure to get in touch with us any time you are in this area.

Best wishes to the family.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lyman".

S. Lyman Tyler
Director of Libraries

SLT:nm



UNIVERSITY OF UTAH DEVELOPMENT FOUNDATION

217 W. 400 S. SUITE 2110 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143

September 18, 1964

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Brooks:

We are pleased to acknowledge your check in the amount of \$20.00, which has been deposited with the University Development Foundation to a special account in the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Angus M. Woodbury. The contributions we have received from the many friends of the Woodbury family will be matched on a ratio of 9 to 1 by the federal government and a student loan fund bearing their name will be established.

The University administration, Board of Regents, and faculty join me in expressing our sincere appreciation for your thoughtfulness in this gift honoring Dr. and Mrs. Angus M. Woodbury.

Sincerely,

James R. Jack
Director of Development

Mr. and Mrs. Will Brooks
St. George, Utah

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH DEVELOPMENT FOUNDATION

217 PARK BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH * 322-6823



Mr. and Mrs. Will Brooks
St. George,
Utah

HUGH C. SMITH
Box 3216, 18041 Rinaldi St.
Granada Hills, California

September 28, 1964

Mrs. Juanita Brooks
346 North Main Street
St. George, Utah

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

I had called to my attention one of your fine books, "John D. Lee" and I purchased it from the Arthur Clark Company in Glendale. I was able to get your address from them.

I am on the Priesthood Home Teaching Committee of the Church. On Page 191, you have a very good story that I have used in the Stakes that I have visited. I just wanted to express appreciation and thanks to you for this book and article because it puts over a point in my talks at Conferences.

This is the first reason that I am writing you. The second is a request that if, in your research, you should find additional stories that would have to do with Ward Teaching or Home Teaching, you would bring them to my attention. I would be very grateful for any such stories and would be willing to pay you for your efforts.

If I have time on my way to Conference this Wednesday, I will call you on the phone or stop to see you.

Thanks again for your fine work.

Sincerely,



Hugh C. Smith

HCS:dj

HUGH C. SMITH
Box 3216, 18041 Rinaldi St.
Granada Hills, California



NORTH ANNEX



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

8 Oct. '64

My Dear Juanita, & Will,

I expect to leave here in my truck on Saturday morning for Hawthorne, Nevada. This will be my camp out, cook out vacation and as Peg does not get any leave until she has worked one year on a full time basis, she will not be able to accompany me. Anyhow I expect to spend some time in Hapi' land and perhaps do some limited archaeological excavating at Moenave (a John D. Lee location)

^{Some time next week} I will pass through St. George and hope you and Will can accompany me to MT Trumbel Ariz. as I have been fascinated by the column in the St. George paper about that place. My time of arrival in St. G. is indefinite, but I will call you when I arrive.
Love, Reg.

St. George, Utah
Nov. 20, 1965

My dear Peg:

I've thought of you so often and of your one-woman fight against the Demon Nicotine. I hope you're still winning. A speaker on the subject here recently said, "Men can quit the tobacco smoking; women rarely ever do," and I thought of you and of the little girl in the office next to you and hoped that you at least would be an exception.

But I'm writing primarily to tell you that in Salt Lake City the other day Earl Olsen was most cordial to me--said I could publish the Santa Fe Mission Diary and any or all of the Lee material that I care to so far as his office is concerned. Wonderful! I feel as if I'd been set free.

The one catch is that he insists that he does not have the original. He even showed me his typewritten list of ms. items to prove it. I've written Manetta about it in the hope that she can clear up the mystery, for certainly she did copy the Mission Journal there.

Other things are clearing for me somewhat also. Willa's husband is due home tomorrow or the next day--Kay's wife had her baby boy in Washington, D.C. on the 15, and they are now both home and doing well. She will nurse the baby, which also does away with many possible complications.

The little Brooks Biography is in page proof and just may be out before Christmas! This is my dearest hope, for I told the family last July that I would have it ready. I must get some better pictures of the Tabernacle and the Old Dixie College building to go into the book, and write a concluding statement.

Thank Mr. Roland for me for the Emory Reports. I'm right glad to have the book, even though I'll try also to pick up a copy at a used book store so that I may have the benefit of the illustrations as well as some details. In the meantime, this will be most useful.

Give my love to Reggie, the Youngsters, and your Mother. Mainly, you take care of your own precious self.

Hosea Stout heads for your house today.

Best love,

Juanita
Juanita Brooks

*More and more our trip
takes on color and value--
I tremble to think what I
might have missed but for you--*

DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE BROOKS AND EMILY CORNELIA BRANCH

George Brooks b. March 6, 1845, Point of Ayr, Flintshire, Wales
d. April 26, 1930, St. George, Utah
md. Sept 21, 1874, in Salt Lake City to
Emily Cornelia Branch b. Nov. 10, 1855, Salt Lake City
d. February 10, 1929

CHILDREN:

- I- Emily Brooks b. July 7, 1875 at St. George Utah
d. August 28, 1939 " " " married June 3, 1901 to
Robert T. Ashby, b. January 23, 1876, St. George, Utah
d. December 14, 1930 " " "
- II- Mary Brooks b. February 7, 1877, St. George, Utah
d. June 3, 1901 to
Abner Britnal Harris b. March 1, 1867, Pleasant Grove, Utah
d. March 1, 1934
- III- Josephine (Dode) Brooks b. May 1, 1878, St. George, Utah
d. June 7, 1963 " " "
md. August 28, 1902 to
John W. Pace, b. Sept 8, 1879, Washington, Utah
d.
- IV- George Brooks Jr. b. Dec. 21, 1879, St. George, Utah
d. Nov. 28, 1940 " " "
md. July 9, 1908 to
Flora Morris b. October 18, 1885, St. George, Utah
d.
- V- William Brooks, b. April 23, 1881, St. George,
d.
md. Sept. 28, 1911 to
Nellie Marie Stephens b. Oct 5, 1880, Salt Lake City
d. Feb. 19, 1932, St. George, Utah
William Brooks md 2nd May 25, 1933 to
Juanita Leavitt Pulsipher, b. January 15, 1898, Bunkerville Nevada
d.
- VI- Rozilla Brooks b. February 6, 1883, St. George, Utah
d.
md ~~xx~~ Sept 1, 1906 to
Alex B. Andrus, b. Feb. 14, 1875
d. April 3, 1949.
- ✓ Rozilla Brooks md 2nd
✓ O.N. Porter b.
- VII- Cornelia Brooks b. April 18, 1884, St. George, Utah
d.
md. January 4, 1912 to
Joseph Allen b. June 25, 1885, Springville, Utah
d.
- VIII- Samuel Brooks b. June 10, 1886, St. George, Utah
d. Oct 23, 1962
md. Dec. 24, 1919 to
Winnifred Parry, b. May 24, 1892, Manti, Utah

Reginald Gregory
3623 Calle del Sol, N. E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico
87110

*Ans enclosed
Nov 20 - 65*

AIR MAIL



AIRPORT MAIL



Mr & Mrs Will Brooks
346 North Main Street
St George, UTAH

James Miller

Samuel
Jacob

but now

~~Bugs~~ ~~3-3335~~

3-3335

Abt. 3-3335

handed from the
to seal and
to Reg-

77

Grave - James to Seal -

Cornelia the lady
when he went to
Manti

1984

Well feel into the
fire.

girl's room -

man found
Atkins dead

could

3-3059 / could not meet
Gardner

Satie Carter

Gardner

Ella

McGuire
Cooking
house
Baptist

fell into
fire

Remember

cut off
house the
Saturday

Remember the
house - the
house - the
house - the

J. B. RENTMEISTER

LYNWOOD/CALIF.

Nov. 5. 1964

Jaunita Brooks
St. George Utah.

Dear Madam:-

I was at your home in early August and at that time, you very kindly autographed some books for me. We also talked about your next work, in which I am also interested in.

I am inclined to think there has been some delay at the publishers, in which case I will continue waiting patiently.

There is a slight possibility that as busy as you are, my name and address may have been lost or mis-placed, and the purpose of this note^{is} to give it to you again.

There is a self addressed card inclosed in case you care to drop me a line regarding these 2 Vols.

We enjoyed our short visit at your home and Mrs Rentmeister joins me in sending our Best regards to you and to Mr Brooks.

Thank you-

J. B. Rentmeister
11251 Virginia ave.
Lynwood Calif. 90263

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



V.B. Rentmeister
11251 virginia ave.
Lynwood
Calif

90263

J. B. RENTMEISTER
11251 Virginia ave
LYNWOOD/CALIF.

*Hosea Stout
to autograph*



*Jaunita Brooks
St. George
Utah*



November 24, 1964.

Miss Jaunita Brooks
346 North Main
St George, Utah.

Dear Miss Brooks,

At long last I am ready to publish the talks given at our history conference last may ! I find I do not have any background material on you and I feel these papers require some sort of introduction.

I am not cutting any of your material. I will ask you to read proof.

If you have run across any pictures you think suitable to your story, I would like to consider them.

I hope you have had a nice summer and will have happy holidays.

Sincerely,

Marion Welliver
Nevada Historical Society
P O Box 1129, Reno, Nevada

346 North Main, St. George, Utah
December 10, 1964

Marion Welliver
Nevada Historical Society
P O Box 1129
Reno, Nevada

Dear Mr. Welliver:

Thank you for your letter of November 24, 1964. It came while I was in the East--visiting my son and family at Ithaca, New York-- hence my delay in answering.

I am glad that my little contribution to the Centennial History Conference is to be printed, since it represents what I had planned to say but did not have time. If you were present, you may remember that I had to cut it quite drastically in order that Dr. Hafen, who followed me, would have any time at all.

As to pictures: The Nevada Highways for about two years ago had an article called "The Old Homes in Bunkerville" illustrated with some very nice pictures. I have never owned one of the magazines, but saw it while I was in Reno. Perhaps you could find something it that would be appropriate. I could name all the houses if I had access to the magazine.

I was born in Bunkerville, Nevada, on the turn of the century--the eldest of ten children born to D. Henry and Mary Hafen Leavitt. I spent my childhood there, and graduated from high school in the Virgin Valley High School before it had a building in which to meet. Classes were held in the church house and in private homes.

I was married first to Ernest Pulsipher, but was left a widow with a baby son in fifteen months. I then went on to finish college, taking some time out to teach in the grades, and received my B.A. degree from the Brigham Young University, at Provo, Utah, in 1925.

I taught at Dixie College three years, then went to Columbia University, where I received my M.A. in 1928, returning to become head of the Department of English and Dean of Women that fall.

In 1933 I was married to William Brooks of St. George. He had a family of four sons to which I added my one, and we proceeded to have one daughter and three additional sons in rather short order. In the meantime I spearheaded the WPA Project which became later the Historical Records Survey, by collecting and having copied pioneer diaries, journals, letters, etc. In 1944 I became a "Field Fellow" for the Henry E. Huntington Library of San Marino, California, and

Mona Lee Hunt
Sept 30, 1964

General Journal

The Spanish English uses descriptive

Form

in this capacity collected original materials which they photographed. Out of this activity grew the assignment to make a study of the massacre at the Mountain Meadows, which study in turn resulted in the book, THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE, which Stanford University Press published in 1950. A second edition was put out in 1962 by the Oklahoma University Press.

It was followed by the editing, with Dr. Robert G. Cleland, of five volumes of the hand-written diaries of John D. Lee. Soon after the work was started, Dr. Cleland suffered a stroke, so after the first 132 pages of Vol. I, the work is largely mine. It appeared as A MORMON CHRONICLE,...

in 1955. It was published by the Huntington Library.

Money

do
cash
future

I edited a two-volume set of the Diaries of Hosea Stout during 1961-1962. These are long past due; publication date is now set for before Christmas. This is perhaps my major work, though some consider my JOHN DOYLE LEE to be better. This biography of the man Lee, "Zealot, Pioneer Builder, Scapegoat", as the sub-title labels him, appeared in 1961, and was published by the Arthur H. Clark Company.

Smaller

Naturally, I have other things in progress, but shall wait their publication to mention them.

Perhaps I should add that the Utah State University at Logan, Utah, conferred upon me an Honorary PhD last spring, under the title of Dr. of Letters.

Now that I reread this, I know that it is far too long. Why not condense it into a sentence or two?

I shall be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Juanita Brooks
Juanita Brooks



*Ans enclosed
Dec 10*

Miss Jaunita Brooks
346 North Main
St George, Utah



ROYDEN C. BRAITHWAITE
Director, College of Southern Utah
CEDAR CITY, UTAH

COLLEGE of SOUTHERN UTAH

BRANCH of UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY

CEDAR CITY, UTAH

December 2, 1964

DARYL CHASE
President
LOGAN, UTAH

Juanita Brooks
346 North Main
St. George, Utah

Dear Mrs. Brooks:

As I think you know, I am doing research on the founding of the Branch Normal School in Cedar City.

In a letter from Caroline Parry Woolley who is a daughter of John Parry, the representative who was responsible for making the location of the site competitive, she made this statement:

The founding of the Branch Normal School was the fulfillment of a dream and a promise to the families who remained in Cedar after the Deseret Iron industry was shut down by the authorities of the Mormon Church as a result of the massacre at Mountain Meadow.

This linking of the massacre with the shut-down of the iron industry here and the subsequent founding of the BNS was a new idea to me. Have you in any of your research regarding the massacre come upon anything that would establish or even intimage such a linkage? If so, could you guide me to it?

I shall very much appreciate your help on this as I feel that getting the benefit of your experience and wide reading in the field might possibly save me a lot of time.

Incidentally, I never did receive from you your talk to the AWS on the panel last spring. Perhaps you have forgotten all about it. I should like very much to file the talks given by each of you wonderful women in the hopes of being able to publish them in some form for the girls of the school. I recall that you told me you had completely re-vamped your talk, so it may be that you decided that it was impossible to accomplish. I do hope that you have just forgotten to send it.

Sincerely,

Inez Cooper

Assistant Historian



COLLEGE of SOUTHERN UTAH

BRANCH OF UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY

CEDAR CITY, UTAH
84720

Inez S. Cooper, Library

Dec 11
and enclosed



Mrs. Juanita Brooks
346 North Main
St. George
Utah