

Eliza Brown White Brown
A Brief Biography of My Mother
Written by Nephi James Brown

Eliza Brown was born in the country town, West Lavington, Wiltshire, England, January 30, 1847, of John Brown and Sarah Mundy. Her father's parents were Henry Brown and Ann Bash and on her maternal line, William Mundy and Elizabeth Mundy, all of English birth. Her father, John Brown, was born at West Lavington December 13, 1816. John was a plain industrious farm laborer, working for 25 years on the same farm at a wage of eight shillings a week (\$2.00 U.S. A.) At about age twenty-one he married Sarah Mundy, a girl about his own age. They had three daughters: Harriet - October 5, 1838, Sarah - June 19, 1844, and Eliza - January 30, 1847. Three other children died in infancy. The mother died of a sudden illness in February 1850 when only about thirty-four years old. Eliza then went to live with her grandparents William and Elizabeth Mundy. They were very kind to her. The first thing she remembered, while with them, was having a little red chair and two or three very meager toys to play with. They were not in a position to keep her very long. About a year later her father married Jane Wilkins. Mother went home to live with her father. When she was about five years old she went to school in a little thatched roof school house where the morning was spent in reading, writing and spelling. She was taught sewing in the afternoon.

While on my mission to London I visited (October 20-21, 1909) the birthplace of my mother and stayed with my Aunt Sarah and her husband, George (they never joined the Church, nor immigrated to Zion). They gave me an exceptionally warm welcome. I answered their many questions about mother and Aunt Harriet and Uncle George and for a few hours preached the Gospel to them. I also gave them a copy of the Book of Mormon and eight smaller books which they promised to read. I also visited some of their children and grand-children in the City of Devizes, they treated me wonderfully.

I heard mother tell of the death of one Ruth Pierce of Devizes. Her death happened in an unusual manner. I went to the market place where a bronze plaque was attached to a stone monument. The story was engraved as an object lesson for all who read it. It happened in the early half of the nineteenth century. Ruth Pierce had bought a sack of grain in the market place and stoutly maintained she had given the money to the merchant for it, when in reality she had not. She repeated the statement that she had paid the money, and then said, "I hope God will strike me dead if I have not paid it." She was stricken dead, expiring in just a few moments in the presence of several horrified people who heard her say those terrible words. They found the money hidden in her sack of grain.. She surely suffered a fate similar to that of Ananias and Sapphira (his wife) recorded in the Bible, Acts Chapter 5:1-11. My cousin, Mrs. Harriet Glass, her husband and some grown up children took me to see a rare old castle, a Cathedral of distinction, and many other points of interest. The bus ride from West Lavington to Devizes was a long a narrow road passing through the town of Pottern. I'll always remember the scenery, trees, shrubs of all kinds, ferns and flowers; a delightful drive in fresh air, so unlike the haze in the atmosphere of London. In West Lavington the sky was perfectly clear and the sunshine seemed twice as bright because it was shining through clear air like the air in North Ogden. I walked through the streets where mother used to play in her childhood. Some of the old thatched roof cottages were still occupied. At the farther end of the little village and

part way up the hillside the scenery was most beautiful. I encountered a stream of clear cold water, together with shrubbery and perennial in profusion as well as some wonderful shade trees. I met an old gentleman, William Bartlett, 84 years old, who said he knew John Brown, my mother's father. He was a very interesting character. I went to the village church and walked through the Church yard where many of my relatives are buried. I met the Clergyman, a very congenial minister. He took me in the Church and helped me look through the records for more than a hour for the genealogy of my mothers ancestors. He then gave me access to the available records, and I obtained quite a number of names. I visited my cousin James Still and his family. They were Baptists and they treated me very kindly. Before leaving West Lavington I had a long talk with Aunt Sarah and Uncle George Still concerning the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints and bore my testimony to them of it's truthfulness. I had expected some opposition from Uncle George because he was extremely bitter towards the Church at the time mother left for Zion. She had told me that his parting words were to the effect that he wished she and all the other Mormons with her would go to the bottom of the sea. I found him to be meek, mild and docile. Aunt Sarah had been baptized as a girl into our Church but had apparently drifted away. She was very solicitous of me and my mother's welfare and of all the folks at home. She and her husband seemed quite impressed with our doctrines and promised to read the books I gave them. Aunt Sarah went to the station with me to see me off on my trip to Bath and Bristol.

Now I'll take up again the story of my mother's life. Owing to the poor circumstances of her father she was only permitted to go to school a short time after she was eight years old. It seems incredible that she ever learned to read and write as well as she did during her lifetime with such a meager education. At that time in England, child labor was encouraged. In later years children were compelled to stay in school until 14 years of age. Mother always regretted that she only had about two and a half years of schooling.

Her first employment, in a silk factory, commenced when she was a little past eight years old. She endured hard work and long hours for unbelievable small amount wages of ten cents a day. She worked for 60 cents a week (a ten hour day, one cent an hour, six days a week, a sixty hour week). It was during the time of her employment at the silk factory that she, her sister Sarah, and a friend, Annie Draper Vines embraced the Gospel and were baptized (May 1856) by Elder Edward Hansen of Salt Lake City. She was baptized in the Boat Canal in the darkness of the night. After she was baptized, in some mysterious manner, the Elder lost hold of her and she floated down the canal. She was rescued by the excited crowd, and she was resuscitated with considerable difficulty. Her life was saved through their vigilance, faith and prayers. She continued her work at the silk factory for about nine months. She paid twelve cents a week for a place to sleep, paid her tithing regularly, thus leaving her only about forty-three cents a week to live on. It seems incredible that child labor accompanied by such long hours of work and undernourishment could be tolerated and enforced in the great and proud British Empire.

Mother next went to Bristol as a servant girl for her Aunt Ann Dyer. She lived there and at two other places in Bristol working hard for her board and lodging. She received a salary of twelve cents a week. At the last two places her work was very hard and food was in scant quantities. During all these times she was true to her religion. She found the Saints meeting place and was in regular attendance at their meetings. She returned to West Lavington from Bristol and worked in a bakery.

Her employer treated her fairly. From there she went to Pottern and worked in a grocery store. At this place of employment she endured her greatest hardships. Beside her daily grinding routine of hard work, she had to care for four children, including a pair of twins. Her living consisting of only bread and molasses in such meager quantities that her strength was reduced and she became undernourished. She left these hard-hearted skinflints and went back to her father and step-mother. After regaining her health and strength at home, by receiving sufficient food, she again went out into servitude. At one home, where she worked for a period of six months, she was given her board and room and a salary of 24 cents a week. At this place of employment she was too far removed from Latter-day Saint meetings so she went to a Baptist Sunday School.

Mother worked at the silk factory and at driving, unrelenting housework for six years, from the time she was eight years old until she was fourteen. She left the driving routine which had hounded her youthful years in March 1861, and also the harsh discipline of her hard-hearted bosses, and returned to her father's home to live. Her prior employer's had demanded all work from her without giving her any time to play. This change was made necessary because of the death of her step-mother, Jane Wilkins Brown. Eliza kept house for her father, a rented house in the beautiful peaceful country town of West Lavington. She could now breathe the air of freedom and of springtime and forget to a large extent the nightmare of the work hard work she had endured for six years. Her brother George, was born January 7, 1852. Her brother Isaac died in infancy. Her sister Harriet married James Ward and had immigrated with him to Utah (they settled in North Ogden). Her sister Sarah married George Still, a very bitter non-Mormon. Eliza kept house for her father and brother George for a little more than two years.

Eliza did everything possible to make the home pleasant for her family. This home was also headquarters for the Utah Elders, who were laboring in that part of England. Among the Elders staying at their home were Warren Snow, George Halloday, Thomas King and Charles H. Rhees. Bro Rhees was one of the pioneers of Pleasant View, Utah. He later became the father of a large and prominent family in our neighboring community. Elder Sidney Stevens, a local missionary visited them often. He immigrated to Utah and operated a general merchandise store in North Ogden. My mother and her father and brother George maintained a keen interest in the teaching of these missionaries. Eliza was very anxious to immigrate to Zion and assisted her father as best she could to save money for that purpose.

One night while she and her brother George were sleeping, a glorious personage appeared to her and plainly pointed out two roads, one broad and devious, and the other straight and narrow. The messenger told her that if she would keep in the straight and narrow one all would be well with her, and in due time she would be able to immigrate to Zion. This vision was real to Eliza and from it she knew the course she was to pursue. Her testimony and her faith was strengthened and her desire to do right and to be a good Latter-day Saint was increased.

She continued to regularly attendance at meetings even though she had to walk five miles to the LDS Branch meetings. She constantly entertained the fond hope and anticipation of going to Utah to be with the Saints and to be in a great new free country. A little more than two years slipped by and at the age of sixteen the long looked for day arrived. On May 20, 1863, she, with her father and brother George, left England for Zion. Her sister Sarah remained in West Lavington where I saw

her forty-six years later. Sarah raised a family of nine children. She died in 1914 when about seventy years of age.

It took about two weeks to get to London and to make preparations for the great journey. Their ship, the Amazon, was anchored in the Thames and a company of eight hundred and eighty two Saints went on board the sailing vessel. The interest and curiosity of the great English Novelist, Charles Dickens was aroused, and he went aboard the ship before it sailed. He wanted to know why and where such a large group of immigrants were going and to find out what was impelling them to go. Mr. Dickens directly interviewed a number of the Saints, and among those he interviewed were my mother, her father, and her brother George. His impressions of that day on the Amazon appeared in considerable length in his book, "Un-Commercial Traveler". On June 4, 1863, the ship set sail for the Promised Land under the direction of Elder William Bramwell. Mother had a parting talk with Bro George Q. Cannon, who was then President of the British Mission. Instrumental music and much rejoicing accompanied their departure. They soon discovered, however, that they were going to be confronted with real hardships on the slow sailing vessel.

Raw provisions were dealt out each week in meager quantities; included was their daily ration of a pint of water. They had to take turns in using a small number of stoves that were made available for cooking their food. They used the water in connection with cooking, since they could scarcely drink it because it was so foul and blackish. Their water supply had been put in new barrels. After a limited period of time the water became warm and stagnant. It tasted of the new wood and gave off a offensive odor. They had to hold their nose while they drank it. Mother said she only had one drink of good water during their entire sea voyage. This drink was given to her by a kind-hearted sailor who got it from the crews limited supply.

Sea sickness was prevalent and the voyage was slow. Sometimes the wind would take them in the right direction for a few days, then the wind would change its course and blow them back towards England for a day or two. They knew they would eventually reach land and this kept up their morale.

They spent forty four days on that sailing vessel arriving in the New York harbor, July 18, 1863. At New York they were met by William C. Staines, the Church's immigration agent. He warned them that because of the Civil War, currently in process, that they would have difficulties in traveling. Their company of 882 Saints was hustled up the Hudson River by boat. These travel plans were made and arranged for by Bro. Staines and others. Their travel, by land, was necessarily slow because many railroad passenger coaches had been commandeered for the soldiers. The whole atmosphere was one of excitement, tension and pressure. They were constantly delayed because of the terrible war between the North and South. Their company of Saints was ten days making the trip from Albany, New York to St. Joseph, Missouri. Mother said that for two days and a night they were all forced to stand up in filthy cattle cars. They traveled up the Missouri river to Florence, Nebraska, six miles from Omaha. They were met by a Church ox-team caravan sent by the Church authorities. Bro. Thomas Ricks was in charge of this caravan. Great credit is due the General Authorities who organized these ox-team caravans. These plans made it possible for groups of converts to the Gospel from Europe, to complete the long journey across the plains and to Zion. The experienced teamsters who gave so freely of their time in making such trips also deserve much

credit. My mother formed the acquaintance of one of the teamsters. His name was John White. John was a very energetic young man who had joined the Church in England and had immigrated to Utah with his parents, Isaac and Mary White. They had settled on a farm in North Ogden, Utah. He was a little more than ten years older than my mother (Eliza). A fine romance developed between them at the outset of this trip. About August 1, 1863 their ox-team caravan started for Utah which was more than a thousand miles distant. Rules and regulations were strictly observed during the journey. At night their wagons were placed in a circle as a safeguard against indian attack.

The Saints engaged in music, dancing, singing, and in games for recreation. These happy emigrants enjoyed the freedom and the exciting experiences of the great plains. Mother rode quite a lot of the way with John White in his wagon and enjoyed his friendliness and hospitality. I feel sure it was love at first sight, and I know that mother's love for him was the kind to last through all time and through all eternity. The company traveled for about three hundred miles along the Plat river. Much of that distance, they were able to drive their ox-drawn wagons in the dried up river bed. It must have been an unusually dry and hot summer. They found many pools and water holes abounding with thousands of fish. The fish were easy to catch and the entire company delighted in having some real feasts of fresh fish. Lack of salt, however, prevented them from taking any quantity of the fish on their journey after they left the river. An individual's regular ration was one pound of meat per week and one pound of flour per day. They saw great herds of buffalo in the distance but apparently the men had inadequate riding horses. They were therefore, unable to organize hunting parties which would have enabled them to provide the party of 882 Saints a real treat of fresh meat. Their caravan of covered wagons was drawn by slow yet dependable oxen. They averaged only about eighteen miles a day. Sometimes wood, with which to make their camp fires, was scarce. At such times they gathered up buffalo chips with which to augment their supply of wood. It was a happy group of Saints; they were favored with good weather and were of good health. There was hearty cooperation in performing all the chores of camping and traveling. They sang, danced and prayed, and on Sundays had special songs as well as encouraging talks by the brethren.

They had a settled faith and firm testimonies as to the truthfulness of the Gospel and as to the purpose of their making the long journey from England. Grumbling and complaining was at a minimum. Their faith in the future and their hopes and plans for a new home and a new way of life enabled them to press on and endure the shortage of food and inconveniences. Many individuals had to sleep on the ground, since there was not room for all to sleep in the wagons. The night air, the starry canopy overhead, the shooting stars, the different phases of the moon, the distant howls of the wolf or the coyote, the buzz of insects, and the occasional low bellow of oxen surrounded those in camp who were sleeping soundly or of romantic lovers who walked and talked together after others were asleep. Order and system prevailed in their camp, and they all arose early and made preparations for their next day's journey.

Just before commencing to climb the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains cholera broke out among them. Fortunately it did not develop into an epidemic. Those few people whom it attached were kindly and carefully taken care of, and through the blessings of the Lord only one death occurred. That was the first and only death that took place among 882 people during the entire journey from their native land. That was a far cry from what happened to the Willie and the Martin hand-cart companies, of which my Grandmother, Jemima Brown and her step-daughter Lizzie were

a part. This party of Saints started their journey across the plains after the first of September 1856, and encountered the howling winds and drifting snow and below zero weather of the early winter. They were stranded without food or sufficient clothes or bed covering. Two hundred and twenty five of their number were placed in nameless graves before being rescued by the teamsters with wagon loads of supplies sent to save the lives of the survivors by that great leader Brigham Young, a prophet of the Lord.

The company that mother came with was and passed numerous land marks. She told me of camping at Chimney Rock and what a fine time they had there. They saw quite a large group of friendly indians, the first she had ever seen. They also saw many soldiers at Fort Laramie and at Fort Bridger. The sight of the first high mountains was a new and thrilling experience. They enjoyed the good drinking water in the mountains, and the brilliant autumn leaves in evidence everywhere and especially on the maple trees along the mountain trails they traveled.

Their caravan came down Emigration Canyon and passed the hill just West and North of the mouth of the canyon from which Brigham Young, upon entering the valley, made the famous declaration-this is the right place, drive on. Mother arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1863.

They had traveled safely and reached their long looked for destination without accident of any consequence. It had taken them exactly four months to make the journey of about six thousand one hundred and fifty miles. They, of course, had traveled farther than that because of their ship sailing backwards as well as forward on the Atlantic.

The welcome given these 882 newcomers to Zion was notable for its wholehearted friendliness and real hospitality - a pattern of genuine good-neighbor spirit that we could well follow today. Mother was first invited to the home of the father of our old townsman, Francis Dudman. I presume her father and brother George were with her. She met her old friend and associate of her childhood days in England, Annie Draper, the wife of George Vine. These good friends treated her wonderfully well. It was the first time since leaving England, four months previous, that she had the comfort of sleeping in a bed and the luxury of eating at a table.

She looked around the City with her friends and saw the wonderful development that had taken place in sixteen years since the pioneers arrived. Many homes built of logs, lumber, adobe, rock or brick. Rock or sandstone foundations were to be seen. There were stores on Main Street and on adjacent streets. The wall had been built around Temple Square. A large brewery was there where the Assembly Hall now stands. Construction on the great temple was going forward and the great new Tabernacle was in its very first stages. The Salt Lake Theater had been built as well as the Social Hall. Eagle Gate was in place as the entrance to Brigham Young's farm and fine estate and, of course, his residence the Lion House. There were hundreds of choice gardens and orchards in evidence; beautiful flowers and hundreds of shade trees had been planted. Salt Lake City was a veritable paradise in the desert even at that early day, and many of the greatest men who ever lived were living in Salt Lake City at that time.

Mother's sister Harriet and her husband, James Ward, were living near Five Points in Ogden at that time. Because her sweetheart John White was living in North Ogden, it was quite easy to understand why mother and her father and brother George decided not to live in Salt Lake City.

Mother left by wagon and arrived in Ogden, October 7, 1863, after staying only three days in Salt Lake. She stayed at her sister Harriet Ward's home for about six weeks during which time her courtship with John White continued. I have heard her say that her meeting John White and her romance on the plains were among the very happiest days of her life. Her's was a short courtship of only about three and a half months. She was only sixteen.

On November 18, 1863 she was married to the man of her choice, John White. The ceremony was performed by Elder Charles H. Rhees of Pleasant View. Her wedding reception was very simple and her wedding presents very few. This is entirely different from the presents too numerous to mention that the bride and groom currently receive at receptions in Church auditoriums or recreation halls or other fine public building to which guests are invited.

Mother and John White started housekeeping without any electric lights or appliances of any kind; no telephone, running water of any description. Their washing was done on a wash board and their sewing was by hand. They had small kerosine lamps or candles, a few dishes and cooking utensils, very little furniture, rag rugs on the floor, and a cook stove fired mainly with wood from the canyons or with sage-brush. They lived in a small log house on the West side of Washington Blvd. just South of Cold Water Creek, where Heber and Mark Roylance's large dairy plant and barns are now located. Their household possessions, clothing and personal property were very limited and meager. They both had a deep and abiding faith in the Gospel. They were living in an atmosphere of peace and quiet, rural beauty near the foot of Mount Ben Lomond. They had good health and a great enthusiasm for making the fine virgin soil surrounding their humble home produce a good living.

John White, by natural ability, strength and experience, was a good farmer. He, at first, used oxen on his farm. Later horses were acquired. They attended Church in a little log meeting house located a short distance up the street in the neighborhood where Bishop George Simmons' residence is now located (about 2200 North and Washington Blvd). North Ogden had been organized as a Ward at that time for only about eight years.

In those days there was considerably more snowfall as a rule, than we now have. I said previously that they had kerosene lamps; I was in error. At the time mother was married they had only candles. She told us about the candle molds and that she made some of the candles. Mother managed well with what she had which was considerably more than she had in England.

On November 3, 1864, her first child, Mary Eliza (who afterwards become Mrs. Warren Campbell), was born. There was no hospital care for mother. Because of lack of proper medical care mother was very seriously ill for six weeks following the birth of Mary Eliza. When mother's life was despaired of, her mother came and administered comfort to her, saying, "My child, you shall get well because your mission on earth is not completed." Mother asked her if she was happy and she answered, "Yes, very happy, but shall be more so when I get my children." At the time no temple ordinance work to seal them to her for eternity had been done. She then left the room, leaving it in a heavenly and holy influence. Mother began to get better at once and was soon strong and well again. I have heard mother tell of this incident a number of times and have no reason to doubt its reality. She testified of it's truthfulness as long as she lived. It gave her a firm and settled knowledge as to the reality of the hereafter. With good health restored, mother did her full share of

the arduous duties of pioneer life. Her husband was good and kind to her.

On December 5, 1866 her second child, Sarah Jane, was born. This daughter was paralyzed all her life to the extent that she could not walk nor could not talk well. Mother said she felt sure this sad condition was brought about by a terrific fall she had from a wagon a short time before the child was born. Sarah Jane lived more than sixteen years and she died September 18, 1883. Her misfortune entailed a great amount of extra work and care on the part of mother and her husband. After Sarah Jane died she came back to mother and stood in the doorway between the living room and the kitchen of our old homestead (which is still standing on Washington Blvd (the home was demolished in about 1960). She looked straight at mother and smiled so pleasantly and understandingly conveying the message that she was very happy. There existed between her and mother such a bond of sympathy, love and understanding that it seems perfectly natural that she should come to mother, as here related, and let Mother know of her contentment and joy in her new surroundings.

Eliza was spiritually minded and had a simple, trusting faith that carried her beyond the realms of doubt and made possible her receiving such manifestations.

The period of a little more than two years, from December 1866 to February 1869 were very happy years for mother, just as the three preceding years in her new home in Zion had been. She had a strong, courageous, vigorous, resourceful, yet kindly man for a husband. John White never flinched at hard work. He had already accumulated three or four farms and planned for mother, a fine brick home in the center of the fifteen acre farm located on Washington Ave about three blocks north of their log cabin. They were happy in their planning together and had high hopes for the future, but their dreams of a very fine commodious brick home on the plot of virgin ground referred to above were soon shattered. Out of the clear and without warning John White was taken violently ill with what was called inflammation of the bowels, but was no doubt in reality a sudden attack of appendicitis. They did all possible for him. A doctor from Ogden was sent for; but with no knowledge, experience or proper surgical procedure required in such a case, his appendix broke and he died of peritonitis or acute infection.

John White died, February 11, 1869; a sad day for mother and a date she relived every year through out her remaining life. We understand that Brigham Young died with the same ailment a little more the eight years later, August 29, 1877. Mother was left a widow at the age of twenty-two with two children. Four months after the death of John White, her third child, a daughter, Annie Louise was born, June 10, 1869.

Mother and John White had received their endowments in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and had been sealed as husband and wife for time and all eternity on December 1, 1868 by President Daniel H. Wells. Their daughters were sealed to them for all eternity that same day.

After the death of John White, his parents, Isaac and Mary White, helped to some extent in taking care of mother and her three children. At that time my father and his wife Jane and five of their children were living as neighbors just to the North across Cold Water Creek.

Father recognized the situation and in about a year he asked mother to marry him even though he had five children of his own. On May 9, 1870 my mother married my father, Thomas B. Brown. They were not married for eternity due to the fact that mother was already sealed to John White. Father was a wonderful, kind, and considerate man. There was no reason why mother and her children should not get along well with he and his family. His wife Jane was Eliza's sister-in-law, that is, she was John White's sister. During the summer of 1871 a two-room brick house was built for mother on the fifteen acres John White and Eliza had acquired prior to his death. It was the first brick house to be built in North Ogden. Mother, with her three daughters, Mary, Sarah Jane, and Annie moved into the new house before it was quite finished. On October 26, 1871 her first son, John Henry, was born. The new home was much more comfortable than the log houses in which she had lived for eight years. My father was the head of two households and divided his time in helping to care for his two families. Each family lived in separate homes. He planted an apple orchard for mother near the house on her fifteen acres. This orchard contained a marvelous variety of apples as I can testify from eating some of each kind many years later. Mother had new hope and new interest in her new home which was accompanied with plenty of work. She always found time to attend to her Church duties along with attending to her family responsibilities.

Everything was going along smoothly with the two families and all were happy until suddenly and unexpectedly on May 19, 1874, father's first wife Jane, died of child-birth complications eight days after their daughter Celia was born. It was a very sad occasion for all concerned. A very heavy responsibility was placed upon mother in helping to care for father's seven children by his first wife in addition to her own four children.

On September 2, 1875 her daughter, Ellen Jemima, was born. Then on January 28, 1878, a son, George Edward was born. By this time, father's first son Tommy was seventeen years old and was a great help to him in taking care of the four pieces of land which in total made quite a sizable farm of about eighty acres. Some of the sisters were also old enough to help with some of the work. From the land, a living was produced for this large family, supplemented by father's cabinet making work at odd times. He gave of his time and energy unstintingly for the welfare of his family.

Mother was a good manager of the things for which she was responsible. She was a hard worker, frugal, economical, and strict in the principle of saving and cutting down waste. She did an immense amount of sewing, and was a good cook and an excellent housekeeper. She was no stranger to hard work and careful planning; that had been her experience since early childhood.

October 2, 1880, her son William Chase was born. This fine boy died Oct 1880, when only 17 days old. October 5, 1881 her daughter, Emily Elizabeth, was born.

Mother possessed an iron clad determination and would not sell any of her land for a temporary expediency. To suggestions of some of the older children that she do so, she always replied firmly "no, she would not". During all these years mother was a faithful Latter-day Saint, and was among and worked with the first members of the Relief Society in the North Ogden Ward. She worked with and helped all the members of father's first wife's family; she had their utmost esteem and confidence. They always referred to her as Aunt "Liza" in a spirit of genuine respect and affection.

On April 11, 1884, her daughter Harriet Lydia was born. On February 18, 1887, her son Nephi James saw the light of day. All of her ten children were born in the choice pioneer town of North Ogden.

Her first three children were born in the log house built by her first husband. The other seven children were born in the brick and frame cottage which is still standing and in use on the West side of Washington Blvd. The brick part of which is now (1956) eighty-five years old and carries with it and it's surroundings a host of pleasant and unforgettable memories. There is a friendly sentiment towards that home and it's environment together with congenial memories. Our childhood is vivid in our memory and dear to our heart. I shall always remember the systematic manner in which mother took care of her work, and the promptness with which she prepared our meals - three meals a day at proper intervals and always on time. We had plain substantial good food and, according to my recollection plenty of it. It consisted of home-made bread, and for many year's home-made butter, plenty of cream and milk, pork, beef, and occasionally lamb and fish, quite a lot of chicken, vegetables of all kinds both (raw and cooked), cereals, rolled oatmeal, wheat-flakes and germade as well as cornmeal, bacon, and eggs, cheese, homemade cottage cheese, head-cheese made from our home-grown hogs, wild ducks and an occasional pigeon pie, baked meat pies, baked apple puddings and cobblers of all kinds. Suet puddings, boiled current-rice puddings, choice hot raspberry puddings, roly-poly puddings, and of course, English plum puddings. We had all kinds of home-made pies, all kinds of bottled fruit including old fashioned black berries, all raised in our own orchard and garden. All kinds of preserves, jam and jelly, including the tart damson blue-plum, yellow egg plum and black and yellow native currant, and also Potawatamie plum preserves. We had lots of fresh ripe strawberries and raspberries in yellow cream, heaped with white sugar; red and pale yellow currants with cream, well sweetened; all kinds of tree-top ripened fruit filled with luscious flavor, picked and eaten fresh in their successive season and at their peak of goodness. We had oranges and bananas at intervals and always plenty of nuts and candy during the Christmas holidays, and black walnuts whenever we had the urge to crack them. We had mustard pickles, small and large cucumber pickles, pickled onions and horse radish a plenty. Lots of greens, tame and wild, plenty of water melons, but not many cantaloupes; choice winter apples and winter pitted vegetables, boiled chicken and dumplings and baked stuffed tomatoes, lots of mashed potatoes with butter and brown gravy, parsnips and bacon, etc. calves sweet breads and livers, ground cherries, artichokes and mushrooms; wild rabbit and tame rabbit meat and an occasional skillet of frog legs.

We had a wonderful early cherry tree with bright red, juicy sweet cherries that ripened a full week or ten days earlier than the rest of the cherries. Mother stewed these cherries for us and we ate them warm, two or three helpings at a meal day after day, a rare taste treat, until the tree was stripped. Mother's cookies, cakes and jelly rolls were traditionally good. We ate quite a lot of locally processed molasses, and greatly enjoyed making molasses candy. We raised sugar cane and enjoyed the sweet juice from the ripened stalks; it tasted fine.

On Thanksgiving day the turkey was cooked nice and tender and the dressing was seasoned with our own home grown sage. We did not always have a turkey; if not, we had instead roaster young roosters, supplemented with young and tender roast pork or boiled ham, a great variety of vegetables and fruit together with pumpkin and mince pies and plum puddings.

I shall always remember the flavor of the sauce mother made for plum pudding. She did not use elaborate or stereo-typed recipes for cooking, but from experimentation and practical experience she somehow made it taste good. I always liked sweet things and lots of sugar and in my younger days, I was pampered in this regard. I have never gotten over this tendency.

I recall the very elaborate wedding of my sister Annie and Alma Montgomery in November 1892. I was about five years old and the wedding took place at our old homestead. I remember mother had my brother George kill seventeen young roosters to be roasted and about three hens to be boiled. They had a boiled ham or two and some beef; all kinds of vegetables, bottled fruit pies and plum pudding. It seemed to me that the majority of the adult population of North Ogden was there. The feasting lasted nearly all afternoon requiring four or five settings of the table; the grown ups being served first and the children last as was the custom in those days. Then they had a program of music, mostly songs, recitations and speeches that lasted till nearly mid night. Toward the latter part of the evening sandwiches and other refreshments were served to those hungry ones who had an early dinner.

A lot of simple, but useful presents were received by the bride and groom. My sister Mary's wedding to Warren Campbell, I was told, was similar to that of her sister. May was married about three years before I was born. The same kind of generous and lengthy wedding receptions were given for John and Lizzie Ann. That reception was, of course, held at the home of her father, Hyrum Roylance. All of my brother's and sisters had fine wedding receptions.

Mother was a fine disciplinarian. She had a firm tone of voice and an unmistakable look which signified when she spoke that she meant what she said. We obeyed without being whipped into line. The nearest she ever came to whipping me was one time when I was about nine years old. I stayed in the swimming pool in the canal (North Ogden Irrigation Canal) in Tim Chatelain's field a lot longer than she told me I could stay in. She took the trouble to walk almost up to the canal to get me. When she was within calling distance I heard her voice and saw that she was carrying quite a sizeable green willow. I ran to her dripping, without any hesitation. She laid down the willow without using it after she got home. She was very firm, yet kind. Mother took great interest in our education. She insisted that we attend school every school day, unless we were sick, and in addition, that we be on time. She always prepared appetizing lunches for us (we lived too far from the school house to come home to dinner). In those days the noon meal was always called dinner and the evening meal supper.

I recall that she hurried me through the process of milking cows, feeding horses, feeding hogs and incidental chores, fairly early so that I would have more time in the evening to study my lessons. She always said she was very anxious for all of us to go to school and to study as much as possible because she had not had the opportunity of school after she was about eight and a half years old. She was always deeply interested and concerned in our Church work. She had a deep and abiding faith in the Gospel and its purposes, together with a firm and unwavering testimony of its truthfulness, and she urged us to do our best in the performance of our duties in the Church.

I remember that for about three years after I was ordained a Deacon I was President of the Deacon's Quorum. We frequently held the Dean's quorum meeting in our home. After these

meetings were over, Mother often served us refreshments.

It is remembered with great satisfaction her enjoyment and pleasure when my brother George went on his mission in the Fall of 1899 and with what pleasure she listened to him give a excellent report of his mission two years later. Then again how happy she was when I went on my mission to England in November 1908 and then when I returned in January 1911. She took a genuine interest in all her children and in-laws, grand-children and great grand children doing their duty, and by teaching and example pointed the way for them to chart their course in life.

She was, of course, glad and happy when Arthur Berrett and Joseph Folkman and many of her grandsons fulfilled missions and she was very grateful that all her loved ones, who were not privileged to go on missions away from home, were doing their duties in the Church to the best of their abilities. Mother was always conscientious in paying her tithing, fast offerings and other contributions. She was regular in her attendance at meetings and especially was she regular in attendance at Sacrament meetings. Many times during her life at Fast Day meetings, she bore a very faithful and absolutely sincere testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel and of the divinity of the Prophet Joseph Smith's mission.

Mother instilled in the hearts and minds of her children the importance and significance of the family unit beyond the grave and she received great happiness from the fact that all of her children were married in the temple for time and for all eternity.

Mother did a lot of reading. It was remarkable she was able to do so considering her limited education. She studied the Gospel and learned more of its saving principles. She kept up with what was going on in the world. She read the obituaries carefully and knew of the death of friends throughout the inter mountain region. She was an excellent seamstress and spent countless hours sewing for her children, grand-children and their children and for many friends, and spent many hours of sewing in connection with the Relief Society work. She was always ready and willing to visit the sick; to sit up nights with them when necessary, and to help relieve their suffering. Mother spent her time and energy in doing good. Her faith never failed. I recall a striking illustration that occurred in September 1906. In the early evening when the most terrific East wind I have ever witnessed in my life reached it's peak of fury, mother and I were alarmed to see the four tall poplar trees directly in front of our house bending over so far that it looked as though they would break and smash the house. We could plainly see those huge tree trunks moving back and forth. The darkness came; the wind seemed to howl more furiously. Mother prayed most earnestly that the trees would not blow over and break our house down. She continued to pray. We were in peril. We had no thought of trying to sleep. We could hear the trees crashing down nearby, both North and South of the house. We stayed up all through that long and fearsome night. By morning the wind had noticeably subsided and as soon as it was day light we could see all of the shade trees both North and South of the house had blown down smashing the lath wire fence in front of the farm. The four poplar trees directly in front of our home were the only ones that had not blown down.

That was a real testimony of the Lord's goodness toward us and His protection over us. We, of course, were very thankful. Needless to say mother had the tops (about two-thirds) of those tall poplars cut off soon after the big wind. Nearly all of the telephone poles for a distance of about three

miles toward Ogden had been blown down, and a great many of the tall electric light poles in Ogden City had been blown down creating a tangled mess of wires.

Many store windows were broken, roofs blown off many small buildings, church steeples blown off, many shade trees uprooted, limbs of fruit trees broken off and all of the fruit in Weber County blown to the ground. No wind has occurred in the past fifty years equaling that one. It took place about four months after the great earthquake and fire at San Francisco.

During the period 1904 to 1908 mother and I lived along in the old homestead. All of my brothers and sisters had been married, except Celia and she of course had never lived there. I worked for the Utah Light and Railway Company during those four years immediately prior to my going on my mission to London. I rode my bicycle the six miles to work in good weather. When it was rainy weather or too cold in early Spring or in late autumn to ride a bicycle I drove a horse and buggy. When there was snow on the ground I had a horse and cutter and sleigh bells some of the time. I also rode on the street car some of the time. I shall always remember what a keen interest mother took in me and my welfare during these years in the matter of calling me in the morning, having my meals always on time, putting up a nice lunch for me to take to work, seeing to it that I got off to work in time, looking after my clothes, urging me to study and to do my Church work properly, advising me not to stay out too late at night, staying awake until I got home after I had a date with various girl friends and quite often in the summertime meeting me at the gate when I drove in with my horse and buggy when it was after midnight. Mother was always anxious about us and had a real concern for our well-being, in fact she was quite strict. But what a wonderful thing it would be if all parents everywhere today exercised that much control and influence for good over their children.

Mother wrote encouraging letters to me while I was on my mission to England. After I returned home and was married she gladly shared a part of the old home with me and Vilate. She was a good neighbor. She did not indulge in gossip and had a high regard for the Ward and Stake Authorities and the General Authorities of the Church. She was independent, self sufficient and endured illness without complaint. She was absolutely honest and would never under any circumstances cheat anyone out of a penny. She taught us early in life how to work and taught us not to pity ourselves because we had to work and also very definitely instructed us concerning the benefits of staying with a job until it was completed. The weather was never too hot or too cold or stormy for her not to do her share.

She was right in telling her children that we would be better able to make our way in life properly if we learned to work, and she repeated that advice often enough for it to register in our minds and in our lives. She worked hard hoeing and helping to water the garden and orchard, picking a large patch of raspberries and a variety of fruit which when I was a boy she sold to a local fruit dealer, Scott W. Campbell. She always gave heaping measure. She peeled a lot of apples and put them out in the sun to dry as well as quite a lot of peaches. She even husked quite a lot of black walnuts and dried them to sell. She had a herd of about ten or twelve milk cows. Some of them were really good ones and she also had quite a flock of chickens. For some years before selling the milk to the creamery she made butter to sell. I recall as a boy driving the horse and buggy with her to Ogden to sell butter and eggs. She sold the butter for about twenty-five cents a pound and the eggs for about

twenty cents a dozen, accepting part cash and part groceries for them. There were no hard surface roads to travel on, and at times between wagon trips the roads were hot and dusty.

Mother stood for law and order and preached it. She was a good citizen, and she always went to the polls and voted. That is as soon as women were permitted to vote in Utah, which was in territorial days. Mother did not incur debt. She vigorously carried out the policy of pay as you go. She never spent money foolishly, and always had a little money on hand for a real emergency.

Mother constantly had the good and welfare and happiness of her children in mind. She was very unselfish, as is evidenced from the fact that about thirty years before she died she divided all of her property among her children. The farms consisted of three different pieces of land. Specifying in return for the farm land only a nominal amount each month covering mere necessities on which to live the rest of her days and of course the old homestead in which to live the remainder of her life. She was one of the very few willing to do a thing of that kind; willing to sacrifice her own interest for the immediate good and benefit of her children.

Mother always had a nice flower garden in front of our home. At blooming time the fragrance of old fashioned honeysuckles, a fine variety of roses, sweet williams, madonna lilies etc. filled the air. She kept working in her flower garden till she was past eighty.

Mother liked to go the circus; she liked home dramas, and greatly enjoyed going to the Opera House in Ogden to see a stage drama when she had the opportunity. I recall one time I took her to the old Orpheum to see the "Lion and the Mouse." The troupe was delayed in arriving and the show didn't start until about eleven and lasted until a little after one. We got home with a horse and buggy after two in the morning, but she didn't complain about waiting. It was a great show. She also liked to go to concerts and good programs in the ward.

Mother was nearly always serious; she didn't laugh or sing much, yet she enjoyed hearing a good joke. She was very friendly and solicitous of the welfare of others, and gave her neighbors and friends and loved ones a hearty and sincere welcome into her home. She was humble and unassuming, never boasting of her accomplishments, but rather let her own deeds speak for themselves. She was of a religious disposition. She talked of her duty in life and quite frequently thought and spoke of the hereafter. She frowned on evil doing.

She had a positive personality that radiated the strength of character built up by hardships and trials. The lines and expression of her face showed that; and you could not be in her company long without realizing that she was an independent thinker holding true to her convictions, and would not be swayed by passing fancies or notions. Her profile showed the strength that comes from overcoming difficulties. She was of a firm and even temperament, not easily giving way to anger and not easily upset emotionally. She did not make much outward demonstration of affection.

She loved all of her children with a deep and abiding love, but she did not give them many kisses. She loved her grand- children and welcomed them often to her humble home. She listened to their experiences and smiled approval upon their successes. She nearly always gave them some of her famous jelly-roll or cookies. Mother wore plain clothes of a good quality; she took good care of

them and made them last a long time. She always looked neat and nice, and her hair was always combed plain but neat. She was endowed by nature and heritage with a strong constitution or she could not have withstood the stress and strain of the hard work and long hours that characterized most of her lifetime commencing when she was only eight years old. She was not ill very much, but when she was, she always manifested a great amount of faith.

In her later years she greatly appreciated rides in any automobile and liked hearing the phonograph. She enjoyed listening to the radio and liked to see the silent picture shows and the movies when they came. She with other pioneers marveled at these new inventions.

She was steadfast, loyal and true, patient and helpful in times of sickness. I owe her a real debt of gratitude for the long hours she spent in my home during the seven years of the time of Vilate's sickness, doing sewing, mending, housework, helping her and the girls in many ways right up to the time of mother's death. She helped others and shared their troubles even when she could have been at home resting.

During her last years mother visited quite a good deal among her children and grand-children. She was really favored because her health remained quite good and she was able to get around alright. She related to them many of her early experiences and real life stories. Always emphasizing that the Lord had helped her along the way and through many difficult situations. She encouraged them to be honest and industrious; to be active in the Church; to improve their homes and their financial condition, but to let their duties in the Church come first; to attend their meetings regularly; to study and take part and to always be sincere and valiant and true.

Besides her sons and son-in-law who fulfilled missions abroad, she has had up to the present time fifteen grandsons and two granddaughters who have filled missions for the Church away from home and some who have filled stake missions. These missions were all successful. Mother had said many times that she did not want to get sick and linger on to be waited on or be a care or a burden to her loved ones and friends. She sincerely prayed that she would die without suffering any length of time. She enjoyed good health, independent of help from anyone, living alone doing her own housework and cooking, taking care of herself in every way when suddenly about the twenty-first of January, 1929, she took a very severe cold that rapidly turned to pneumonia. She was given the best of care by Dr. George A. Dickson, but it seemed as though her time had come and on January 28, 1929, (my brother George's birthday), she passed peacefully away. She would have been eighty two years old on January 30, had she lived two more days. Her loved ones, of course, gathered around her. The last words I heard her say were, as nearly as I can remember, "I have fought my way through, I have finished my course and endured to the end; may the Lord take me home."

My sister Ellen said she heard her say just before she died, "Why there's my mother," indicating that her mother was close by to welcome her. She had not been taken to the hospital but passed away in her beloved home in which she had lived a little more than fifty-eight years.

Mother's funeral was held in the North Ogden Meeting House, Friday, February 1, 1929. Charles A. Lindquist and his son Carl, were the under-takers. Huge snow banks were on each side of the road. There were no horse-drawn carriages like there were at father's funeral twenty-nine

years before. A very large audience was in attendance. Mother's oldest grandsons; Delbert Campbell, Leland Montgomery, Angus Brown, Ray Berrett, Clair Brown, and Donald Berrett, were the pall bearers. Bishop's Counselor J. William Gibson conducted the services. The Ward Choir sang "Come Let Us Anew" and the invocation was given by B. E. Chatelain. A short sketch of mother's life was given by her son-in-law Arthur G. Berrett.

Other songs were: a solo, "Twill not be Long" by Una Randall, a Daughter's of Utah Pioneers Chorus, led by Amy Blackhurst of the 8th Ward; a song by the North Ogden Ward Choir, "Resting Now from Care and Sorrow." The speakers were: President Thomas E. McKay, Dr. J Dwight Harding, Bishop Frederick Barker, John W. Gibson, David E. Randall and Sister Marian E. Johnson of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. The benediction was offered by James H. Ward. Lorenzo Ward dedicated the grave. The speakers spoke of her strength in times of adversity, her abiding faith, her honesty, her dependability, her concern for her family, and her testimony of the restored Gospel.

My mother's testimony of the Gospel was as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, and her faith was as undeviating in its forward course as an arrow in its flight.

The inscription carved on her tombstone "Her Faith Never Failed" is verily true of her. Mother is now a queen in Heaven as the wife of her beloved John White for all eternity. I feel sure, however, that she and my father are very good friends and that she recognized him for his true worth and for the great man that he was.

I believe that mother's salvation is secure; that the words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord" apply to her and that she is progressing in knowledge, usefulness and happiness, and helping to prepare a welcome for all of her loved ones when they shall eventually be gathered home.