

## SHETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WALLACE HAWS

[Taken from entries in his diary – I have transcript of what appears to be the entire journal.]

By CHLOE HAWS LUNT

I, Chloe Haws Lunt, do hereby attempt (1964) to write a short sketch of my father's life for the benefit of my children and other persons who may be interested. The information is taken mostly from his diary. I can remember but little of him as I was but four years old when he died. But I am familiar with the people and places in the Mormon colonies in Mexico that were part of his life. I have seen many of the people of whom he spoke and have visited many times the places where he lived and worked.

My father, **William Wallace Haws**, son of **Gilbert and Hannah Whitcomb Haws**, was born February 18, 1835, at Wayne County, Green Township, Illinois. He was the seventh of fourteen children. He had six sisters and seven brothers.

My grandfather, **Gilbert Haws**, was born March 10, 1801, in Logan County, Kentucky. My grandmother, **Hannah Whitcomb**, was born April 17, 1806, at Cazenovia, Madison County, New York. They first learned of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints about 1840. Previous to this time they hadn't affiliated with any church. Grandmother was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in November, 1842, in Illinois, by Elder Jefferson Hunter. My grandfather was baptized in November of the following year. Also, two of the daughters, Lucinda and Elizabeth, were baptized in 1843. Lucinda was baptized February 16, and Elizabeth, August 19.

My father [**William Wallace Haws**] spent his childhood in Illinois on a ranch. It was located about twenty miles from Xenia, Illinois, in the northwestern part of Wayne County. My grandparents had a herd of sheep, some cattle, and a farm.

In 1845, (the year after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum) some elders visited my grandparents' home and told them that the saints were being mobbed and driven from their homes, and they advised Grandfather to go west with the saints,

The Quorum of the Twelve had proposed to the governor of Illinois that the saints would leave the state the next spring. To carry out this proposal, the beautiful city of Nauvoo was turned into a workshop; the sound of hammer and anvil could be heard early and late as the workmen turned the raw material into wagons, harnesses, and yokes for the oxen.

As Grandfather lived in Wayne County, Illinois, which was some distance from Nauvoo, his family hadn't suffered the brunt of the persecution. I am sure leaving his friends as well as his brothers and sisters to join a most unpopular cause was a very grave and difficult decision to make. But he did wish to gather with the saints, so he began to make some preparations.

However, they didn't leave Wayne County until May, 1847. They traveled in a northwest direction through Illinois, crossed the Mississippi River into Iowa, then went west past the first encampment of the pioneers at Garden Grove, which was about 150 miles from Nauvoo, and traveled on 100 miles to Mount Pisgah where they stayed for the winter.

I am not sure whether the family traveled alone at this time, but it is more than likely other people were in the party, as we learn from Aunt Lucinda's story that there was a small branch of the church organized at Wayne County.

Grandfather's family at this time consisted of the parents, six daughters and seven sons, ranging in age from two months to twenty-two years. The oldest son was sixteen. My father was twelve. Their outfit consisted of one horse team, which Grandfather drove, and several ox teams, which Grandfather and the children managed.

In the spring of 1848, they went to Council Bluffs, which was located on the east side of the Missouri River, then on to Winter Quarters. They crossed the Missouri River in Lorenzo Snow's company. At Winter Quarters they camped to make preparations to go west with the first company of the season. [page2]

In May, 1848, when several companies left Winter Quarters for the Rocky Mountains, Grandfather's family was among them.

The trip was difficult. Washing clothes in cold water was commonplace as was using buffalo chips for fuel. Little wood was to be found. The soil was often mattress and springs while the stars were sometimes the only blankets.

The crossing was not all unpleasant, however. One can imagine a thirteen-year-old boy's interest in watching herds of buffalo, helping drive the wagons, and singing and dancing around the evening camp fires. Just as Father took his turn dancing a Virginia Reel or Schottische, so did he take his turn in family prayers.

Approximately five months later on September 23, 1848, the companies of which Grandfather's family was a part arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. Grandfather bought one of the little adobe houses in an old fort which had been built by the pioneers the year before. This house consisted of one room twelve feet square. It contained a fireplace and had two port holes about ten

inches square on each side of the chimney. The roof of the house was made of logs across which willows and rushes were piled. These were covered with dirt. The floor was also dirt.

The old fort was formed by a great many of these little houses built together in the shape of a square with a space in the center, all doors opening into this square. Spaces were left for gates on the east and west sides of the fort. No windows were put into the houses for fear that Indians, who were numerous and had attacked the fort, might again do so. The port holes were on the outer wall to provide openings for guns to shoot through in case of attack.

Just after the family had arrived in the valley, Father was sent to the Sessions Settlement, ten miles north of the city, to take care of his father's stock grazing on some leased land until the family was located on a place of their own. Father states in his diary that Orville Cox was with him at this time.

Father [**William Wallace Haws**] was baptized November 18, 1848, in City Creek, Salt Lake City. His diary stated that he thinks a Brother E. Strong performed the baptism.

Food was very scarce this first year in Utah. Few crops had been planted and the harvest was meager. Grandfather was able to buy a little corn for making bread, but there was so little to go along with it. Sometimes a beef would be killed and a little meat rationed to each family. At other times they were able to get some dried buffalo meat. This was cut in small pieces and pounded to be used in making gravy and soup. Flour added to the gravy thickened it and made it more palatable. But at times the family felt pretty hungry.

In December of 1848 three of my father's older sisters were married to three men of the Mormon Battalion who had just returned to Utah after their long trip to California. Carline married Walter Barney, Matilda became the wife of Shadrick Holdaway, and Elizabeth was married to George Pickup.

The following spring, March, 1849, the Gilbert Haws family, together with thirty other families, was called to go to Utah Valley to settle the place that is now known as Provo. John S. Higbee was called to organize this group of nearly 150 people. After three days of travel the settlers arrived at Provo River March 12, 1849, having traveled the forty-five miles without incident. They were met by Timpanogos, or Ute, Indians, who would not let the colonizers go across the river until the interpreter had made a treaty with them that the white men would not drive the Indians from their lands.

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The treaty made, the company established the Provo branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints March 18, 1849, with John S. Higbee as president.

My father stated in his diary that he reached Provo the first of April, Perhaps he was still caring for his father's stock and lingered to bring them along later.

The men immediately began to prepare the fertile soil for planting their crops. April 3 the settlers started to build a fort. Although but fourteen, Father helped with the construction. The approximate site of that first fort is now marked by a monument erected by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in 1937.

On June 4, 1849, Father's sister Matilda died and was buried on a little knoll near the river. Later the remains were exhumed and moved to Provo Cemetery.

Grandfather's fourteenth child, Gilbert Oliver Haws, was born in Provo. He was the second white child born in Provo.

This same fall and winter the Indians became hostile and made many raids on the settlers. Loss of livestock and property was heavy. It became so bad that a company of white men was organized to fight the Indians. Several Indians were killed, and the rest fled to the mountains. One white man, Joseph Higbee, was killed and several others were wounded, Father states in his diary that he went to the battlefield the last day of the battle. It was indeed an adverturous experience for a boy of his age, [15 years]

In 1850 the settlers moved further north, where the city of Provo now stands, and built another fort. That summer the Indians again threatened to attack. Walker, Ute Indian Chief, and his tribe camped around the fort. Outnumbered four to one, the men inside the fort were apprehensive as they kept, all guard posts constantly manned.

After the threat of Indian attack waned, there were roads to build, timber to cut, and ditches to dig. Obligated by necessity to be self-sustaining, the settlers learned new skills and improvised. The young men learned to tan leather and make their own shoes. Many of the tools used were hand-made. While the men were thus busied, the women learned to spin, weave, knit, and sew with limited equipment. The limited varieties and amounts of food taxed the ingenuity of the wives who tried to cook tasty and nourishing meals in iron kettles over fireplace coals.

In the fall of 1851 my grandfather moved across the Provo River on land about a mile above the bridge. Father helped him clear the land and worked on the land for the next two years.

In 1852 Father's older brothers went to California to get work at the mines. It was about this time that Father met Barbara Mills who later became his wife.

The Ute Indians went on the warpath again in 1853. Hence it became necessary to move back to the town and the safety of the fort.

On December 1, 1853, Father and Barbara Blinda Mills were married by Bishop J. O. Duke. Barbara was the third child of John A. Mills and Jane Sanfard. She was born July 1, 1836, at Suffan's Creek Pickering Township, Leeds, Canada. Near the time of Barbara's birth, Elder John Taylor brought the gospel to the Mills family. The parents were baptized February 6, 1837, by Elder John Taylor.

The following year they moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where they stayed a short time before proceeding to Missouri, arriving at Far West in time to undergo some of the hardships experienced by the saints there.

In March of 1840 they left Far West and moved to Pike County, Illinois, where they lived for awhile. Later they moved to Nashville, Iowa, some five miles from Nauvoo, where they stayed until the temple was completed. The parents and their oldest daughter had the privilege of entering this temple and receiving their endowments.

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When the exodus from Nauvoo began in 1846, the Mills family moved back to Nashville to make preparations for the journey west. In October 1846 they traveled to Winter Quarters en route west. Here they not only had difficulties getting outfitted to prepare for the trek, but combatted cold, hunger, unemployment, and sickness. Moving to Kaneville where the father obtained work, the family was able to later think again of plans to go west.

The spring of 1850, however, saw them still unable to leave. John Mills, then, decided to go himself, planning to return for his family as soon as possible.

A year later he was able to send for the family. June 27, 1851, Jane Sanfard Mills and her children started across the plains. Members of the Morris Phelps Company, they arrived at Lehi, Utah, where they were met by their husband and father. He had a small home ready for them. Shortly they moved from Lehi to Provo and settled on property near the area north of Provo on the rise known as Provo Bench. This is where my father met his future wife.

After they were married, my father states in his diary that they lived at his father-in-law's home, where he farmed with his brother-in-law Martin W. Mills. That year, 1853, grasshoppers destroyed part of their late crop.

However, dimming the memory of the crop loss was the birth of their first child the following year. Hannah Jane Haws was born September 6, 1854. Following the birth of the child, Father obtained a lot and they began to build a home of their own.

Adversity, however, came in 1855 in the form of crop-destroying grasshoppers. Father said the settlers had to go on half rations.

During 1856, Father worked with his brother-in-law Shadrick Holdaway and his father-in-law in helping build and establish a saw mill, just one mile north of their farm. Later that year, September 20, their second child was born, and he was given the name of William Wallace. At this time they were living in their own home, built largely by my father.

In 1857 Father sold out his interest in the saw mill and went back to farming. It was during a July 24 celebration that year at Big Cottonwood Canyon that the saints received word that the U.S. army was on its way to Utah. President Brigham Young with about 2,600 people had gone to Silver Lake at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley.

Word was brought to Governor Young by Mayor Smoot, J. L. Stoddard, Elias Smith, and Orrin P. Rockwell during the afternoon festivities. Some of these men had just returned from the East where they had met some of the troops and seen pack trains of supplies. Obtaining all the information they could, they rushed to Utah to bring the news to the president. Interestingly, the first sight that greeted the couriers' eyes upon dashing into camp was the Stars and Stripes billowing in the gentle breeze.

That evening following a council of the brethren the assembly was informed by General Daniel H. Wells, head of the saints' militia, that the army was on its way. It was with sad hearts that the saints returned to their homes the next day, not knowing what might come to disturb the peace and happiness of their mountain home that had become so dear to them.

In October, some five or six weeks later, my father was called with a company of fifty men to meet the approaching army to determine their intent. He didn't return home until about Christmas time. However, he was able to remain with his family the rest of the winter.

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The following spring saw a general exodus south. Salt Lake City was virtually a ghost town. A few men were left to put the torch to the buildings should the army prove hostile. The saints had learned that uninformed or malicious men sometimes took the law into their own hands. The atrocities of Missouri and Nauvoo were deeply imprinted on their minds.

At this time he sold his place in Provo to President Young, Father notes in his diary. He then bought a lot near the Fourth Ward school house.

In May, 1858, he was again called out by the militia to go into the mountains to watch the movements of the approaching army and to help build fortifications at the narrows in Echo Canyon. These men had orders to maintain this position by the force of arms against any invasion attempt.

Meanwhile, the newly appointed governor, Alfred Cumming, helped make arrangements for the approaching army to pass through the city by way of Emigration Canyon. In accordance with these arrangements the army under the command of Col. Albert S. Johnson marched through Salt Lake City without incident and set up camp at Camp Floyd, some twenty miles southwest of the city. The troops remained there for several years.

With the peaceful arrival of the army members of the church who were in the militia were permitted to return home. Father returned in July. That fall he worked in the canyon getting out lumber and building a new home. He doesn't say where his wife and children were during his duty with the militia. One would surmise that they may have stayed with her parents. A highlight of the eventful year was the birth of their third child, George M. Haws, born December 15, 1858.

All through 1859 Father continued to work in the canyon and at the saw mill.

In 1860 Father bought a small farm from Alfred Newell and farmed and made improvements about the home for the next two years.

On March 13, 1861, Sarah Ella, their fourth child, was born.

During 1862 he tended a saw mill for a brother-in-law.

In 1863-4 Father states that he got a job herding cattle for the Utah Stock Company in the Zintie Valley. When he heard that trouble with the Indians had broken out again, he returned to Provo. February 20, 1864, another son, John Gilbert, was born; he was the couple's fifth child.

Father stayed home and farmed the next three years.

In the fall of 1866 he took a contract to put up telegraph poles from Summit to Millard County; he says he set 1,100 poles.

The spring of 1867 father traded his home in Provo for a place out of town. April 3 of that year a daughter, Mary Ann, was born. That fall Father went to Echo Canyon to work on the railroad.

For the next few years Father worked at varied jobs in addition to farming. It was during this period that sadness came into the family. Their four-year-old son, John Gilbert, died March 5, 1870. The seventh child, Rhoda Matilda, was born January 14, 1870.

In 1871 Father bought a share in a threshing machine and seemed to be doing well. During that October while at General Conference at Salt Lake City he was called to go on a mission. He left Salt Lake City to fill a mission in the United States. Father's brother Caleb had been called to go on a mission to England a few months previously. He died as a result of smallpox November 20, 1871.

Father's going on a mission posed a particularly heavy burden on his wife and large family. They were united in their feelings about it. They wanted him to do the Lord's work. [page 6]

From this point, November 15, 1871, Father gives a day by day account of his mission. His companion for most of his short term mission was J. A. Bean. He tells of Elder Bean's becoming ill on the fourth day of their trip east. He speaks of administering to him and Elder Bean's recovering, enabling them to continue their trip. His first assignment took him to Illinois, where he labored with his relatives and friends. His uncle, Alfred Haws, and a cousin, Gilbert Haws, met him at Xenia, Illinois. They drove some sixteen miles to his Aunt Eliza Warren's home, reaching there some six days after they had left Salt Lake City.

Most of his missionary work was done in the southwestern part of Illinois. He described the many changes in the places he had known as a child: Flora, Xenia, Jeffersonville, to name a few. He mentioned that the railroad at Jacksonville was at the exact spot where wolves had killed so many of his father's sheep when they were living there some twenty-five years before.

It seems that a Mr. Green had bought Grandfather's place. Father met a friend at Jeffersonville who took him to Mr. Green's home, where Father stayed several days. Walking about the farm brought back many memories, he noted in his diary. While visiting near the old school house with Mr. Green, Father met John Bird, an old classmate. He also visited the old cemetery. Many of the inscriptions on the headstones brought back memories of old friends buried there.

Father spent much of the daytime in study; in the evening he usually discussed the gospel with the people with whom he stayed. Often neighbors and friends invited him to speak of Utah and the West, even though they weren't necessarily interested in his message,

I will here enter a few direct quotations from Father's diary: "Tues., Dec. 14, 1871 - I read till eleven o'clock, then I took a walk down to the big rock on the swimming hole on Goose Creek, came back and spent evening in reading and talking. "

"Dec. 16, Tues. - Wrote three letters one to Caleb W. Haws, J. A. Bean, Ephriam Sanford. "

"Dec. 21, Thurs. - Went to Xenia and mailed 3 letters one to Caleb W. Haws one to J. A. Bean and one to Ephriam Sanford then I went to William Hargraves 6 miles Northwest of Xenia - got there at 7 p. m. I stayed that night it snowed.

"Dec. 22, Fri. - Read the Voice of Warning Through. "

"Dec. 23, Sat. - I went with him (Wm. Hargraves) up to Xenia and got on train and went to Clement 111. 50 miles where Hannah Car\_\_."

"Christmas, Dec. 25, Mon. - Read all day, evening had visitors and I had to read to them until nearly ten o'clock, then I wrote a letter home. "

"Dec. 26, Tues. - 10 a.m. - Took a freight train for Xenia got there at 2 o'clock p. m. There I received a letter from Oliver G. Haws stating that Caleb W. Haws was dead, which was a surprise for me - he died in England on the 20 of Nov. quarter past 3 o'clock a. m. , 20 Nov. , 1871. I got a letter from J. A. Bean stating that he would meet me at Xenia on Wednesday Jan. 3, 1872. Got to Aunt Eliza's at 6 o'clock p. m. and there I received a letter from home, which had come while I was gone. "

"Dec. 27, Wed. - Forenoon I helped get up some wood afternoon I read the Bible. "

"Dec. 28, Thurs. - Forenoon I hauled a load of water afternoon I helped butcher some hogs. "

"Jan. 4, 1872, Thurs. - Had some talk before breakfast. Elder Bean was mouth at prayer in the morning. After breakfast we started for Aunt Eliza's in company with Gilbert and Thomas Haws, Uncle All's sons - got to Eliza's at half past ten o'clock. Afternoon James and me cut three or four loads of wood. In the evening I wrote a letter to Janey my daughter. "

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"Jan. 4, 1872, Thurs. - James Bean and me went to Jeffersonville 16 miles on foot. "

I quote some of these entries because they mention names of relatives and places where they lived, which are good leads for genealogical research. Father mentioned going to the homes of Warren Hartgraves and Sanford; some members of these families later married into the Haws family.

Father gives quite a vivid picture of his travels on his way home from his mission in February, 1872. He and other passengers on a train from Omaha had to lay over at several places when the train was stopped by snow drifts. Snow plows and shovels were used to clear the tracks. Father hired out for \$1. 50 per day to help shovel snow.

The biggest difficulty was met at Laramie, Wyoming, where five trains were held up. A work train was sent ahead of the snowbound passenger trains, but even then the trains were able to move but a few miles a day. Consequently it was nearly a month before Father reached home. He had boarded the train at Omaha, February 1 and arrived home February 24.

He mentioned that he found all well at home. He and the family spent the next few days in visiting with members of the family and friends.

Anxious to get his crops planted, he commenced to plow and make other preparations for spring planting March 1. He sowed three acres of wheat for himself and three for his brother Caleb's family. He also helped his brother-in-law John Mills put in his wheat. Later he put in a garden. When he wasn't busy with his farm work he freighted for the Provo co-op store, hauling wood and other freight. Later in the season he was busy putting up hay and threshing his grain.

Because of the cold winter in Provo in 1872, it was late spring before much could be done on the farms.

On May 18, 1873, another child was born. Named Millie May, she was the eighth of Aunt Barbara's family. (Children in polygamous families referred to their father's other wife or wives as "aunt. ") Father stayed about the house this year farming and hauling wood from Rock Canyon.

Father's diary entries tell highlights of 1874: "Apr. 1, 1874-Sold my farm to Father for \$650.00."

"Apr. 15 - Went to Salt Lake City with a load of tithing and paid a note of \$95.00 on a sewing machine."

That summer Father fenced another piece of land and worked at haying and threshing. In November he took a contract cutting railroad ties until Christmas.

The first two months of 1875 Father worked in Butterfield Canyon. In March he worked on his farm. The following month he became a member of the Provo police force for a year. Beginning April 17, he was paid two dollars per day. According to his diary entries his salary was \$85. 50 per month when he resigned the following spring to resume work on his farm.

It was while he was on the police force that he met his second wife and my mother, Martha Barrett. They were married November 8, 1875.

Martha Barrett (a twin) was the eleventh child of William Barrett and Phoebe Colburn Barrett, recent emigrants to Provo from England, Martha was born March 13, 1859 at Pontypool, Mamouth, England, Grandmother Phoebe Barrett learned about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from missionaries preaching on the street corner. She heard them while she was on her wayhome from doing the family shopping. [page 8]

She was soon converted and baptized by Elder George Evans in October, 1853. From that time on the Mormon Elders were always welcome in their humble home. Later several of the older daughters were baptized, but it was some fifteen years before Grandfather William Barrett joined the Church. He was baptized May 10, 1868. My mother and her twin sister, Mary, were baptized when they were nine years old, March 10, 1868. Some of the older members of the family were never converted, and only part of the family came to America. Because of the expense of coming to America, it was not possible for members of the family to come at once.

As the boys became old enough they got jobs in the iron foundry. The family was large and money scarce. Grandfather was a widower with a family of five children when he married Grandmother in 1841.

(He was a butcher by trade.) Even so Grandmother was determined to come to Zion in America. By careful planning and saving they were able to make this dream become a reality.

First, two of the older girls were sent to Utah. Later they got enough money together for Grandfather, Grandmother, and two other daughters to come. Eliza, one of the first two to arrive, later married Thomas Foote, and Matilda became the wife of William Hobbs. The younger daughters were Sarah, who became the wife of Charles Monk, and my mother, Martha, who became the second wife of William Wallace Haws. Mother's twin was staying with an aunt who persuaded her to stay in England. Hence the twins didn't see each other for some thirty-two years later when Aunt Mary and her family came to America. Aunt Mary had married Thomas George Sainsbury in England.

Father's diary entry for March 20, 1876 records the death of his father-in-law, John Mills, on Monday, March 20, 1876. His March 22 entry related his attending the funeral.

A year later his father died. His death was March 2, 1877, and he was buried at Provo Cemetery.

During 1877 Father spent most of his time at home with his farm work. In the winter while supplementing his farm income by hauling lumber, he froze his feet and was unable to work for several months.

February, 1878 marked two important events, February 18 was Father's birthday, and February 21 his wife Martha gave birth to her first child.

"Mar. 1 - Forenoon I went to my 2nd wife's and blessed my son and gave him the name of Wallace John Haws. Afternoon I attended a funeral for John Mac Cewen. "

These were trying times for the Latter-day Saints. President Brigham Young had died, so the Church's enemies felt it a good time to strike with vengeance. Actions of misinformed men were exceeded in intensity only by those of ignorant, malicious men. Church members were imprisoned, fined large sums of money, abused -- all in the name of law. Our missionaries were mistreated throughout the world; some were even killed. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ could not live a normal life. Men had to go into hiding to avoid capture by Federal marshalls. Father spent most of 1878 in jumping from one place to another. Mother was in hiding most of the time also. Fictionized abuses of plural marriage were sent through out the world.

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In October of 1877 Father's son, George M. Haws, had gone south with a group of the saints to help settle Arizona. He was in a company headed by Moses Cluff. On the way to Arizona George was married to Cluff's daughter, Josephine, October 23. The couple reached Showlow, living there about seven months before returning to Provo, where they lived with his mother for a few months.

When George returned home, October 1, 1878, he described conditions in Arizona, where he hoped to live in peace without the fear of harassment.

We find this entry in Father's diary: "Jan. 1, 1879 - Sold my place where I lived to Hezekiah Smart, for \$800.00 and my meadow and pasture to David Jak, for \$535.00."

In February he went to Salt Lake City to buy an outfit prior to moving to Arizona. It took some three months to complete preparations for the Arizona journey.

They started April 1, 1879, with a team of horses for one wagon and two yoke of oxen for a second wagon. They also had a small herd of milk cows. Aunt Barbara, Father's first wife, drove the horse team, and Father drove the oxen. In the company with them were the two older sons, William and George, and their families. Other families made up parts of a larger party. Crossing the Colorado River May 1, they arrived at Showlow June 4, [1879] some two months after leaving Provo.

The menfolk lost no time. The following day they rode to the White River to look for a place where they could put in some grain. Later Father took Mother and family with him while he put in grain. All through July he and his son William were cutting and putting up wild hay from the meadow known as John Boot Meadow.

During August Father got a job putting in wood for the quartermaster at the U.S. army post at Fort Apache. The nearness of the army post was a boon in other ways. It provided a market for fresh butter and cheese. The saints also had garden produce and eggs to sell. The money from the sale of these items was a great help in providing for the needs of the families.

In September Father moved his family to Willow Springs to be close to the oat hay he had planted in early summer. He sold a load of hay to the army post.

October 1, 1879 William and his family returned to Provo.

Father spent the next few months in building a house and improving his place. They had quite a cold winter with more than two feet of snow.

In January, 1880 Father helped Brother Jasop move a steam-powered saw mill into the Showlow area. Father celebrated his forty-fifth birthday gathering his stock that had strayed. During March he and his son George cut and hauled logs to put up buildings at the army post.

In April, Father, son George, and family moved to Smithville on the Gila River in southern Arizona. Smithville is now known as Pima, in southeastern Arizona.

Father put in some garden stuff in April and in May got another logging contract. He said he put in 7,000 feet at \$17.00 per thousand. The rest of the year Father stayed on his own place improving the buildings and taking care of the crops.

April 15, 1881, my brother Charles James Haws (mother's second child), was born at Willow Springs. In July the Indians broke out, stealing and molesting. Father felt it wise to move his family to Cooley Colony where they would have greater safety. The skirmishes between the soldiers and Apaches resulted in several deaths on both sides. The Indians remained hostile for some time. In September Aunt Barbara and her family returned to Provo so the I girls could attend school.

Because of the Indian trouble Father didn't move the family back, to Willow Springs, but instead he moved Mother and the two children to Forest Dale, near Showlow. [page 10]

January 1, 1882, Mother and her children moved into a house Father had built between November 9 and January 1 at Forest Dale. This was a busy year for Father. Clearing the land, plowing, planting, fencing were not new experiences to him. But no matter how many times one might repeat these experiences, they don't get easy. Corn was the main crop that year, but he did put up some dry hay from the flat mesa land nearby.

Aunt Barbara and the girls returned from Provo in August, 1882, with her son-in-law, Jim Meldrem. That fall Father was informed that Forest Dale was on the Indian reservation. It thus became necessary for those who had settled there to leave. Once more it was necessary to pull up stakes and find a new home.

Forest Dale is a beautiful little place near Showlow, Arizona. I have been through there many times in the past thirty years. It must have been a little paradise in those early days. At present a large lumber house, nestled among the pines and grass-covered slopes (a Federal Government agent's home), marks the spot where Father and his family spent a brief but happy time. I never go there without thinking of my parents and the hardships they had to go through as pioneers.

Father made a quick trip to Gila Valley, in southeastern Arizona, to look at the country. Deciding to move to the Gila Valley, where his son George and other members of his family and several friends now lived, Father sold his hay and corn to the military officials at Fort Apache. He could not salvage his house, fence, or other improvements at Forest Dale. He had no choice but to walk away from them. He could but hope that the other members of his family would be safe and his cattle would be there when he returned to them.

December 14 he left Forest Dale with one team and a wagon load of household goods, taking Mother and her family with him. The trip was a difficult one over rough, mountainous paths; it took more than a week to travel the distance that a car can travel in a few hours and a plane in a few minutes now. December 19, 1882, they camped on the top of a mountain between Black River and Ash Creek, where Mother gave birth to her third child, a son. They named him Joseph Forest Haws. Father acted as doctor, nurse, midwife, baby-sitter, and everything else. He must have done a good job as they traveled on alone, arriving at Pima at noon on Christmas Day. On the trip things went ". . . as well as could be expected under the circumstances," Father stated in his diary.

Father got Mother located among friends at Smithville (Pima). Then on January 1, 1883, he started back to Forest Dale to get the rest of the family. His son-in-law James Meldrem went with him to help bring back the cattle. The trip back took nearly two weeks as it was largely over a mountainous country. And the paths were a far cry from the precisely engineered paved highways and bridges now linking the 1,500-2,000 foot elevations of southeastern Arizona with the mile high and higher heights of northern Arizona.

By the end of the month they were all safely in the Gila Valley with its fertile soil. Nearby was the Gila River with old Mt. Graham in the background, heavily timbered ready for the new home builders, the axe men, sawmills, and fruit growers. I can't help but see the hand of the Lord in preparing places such as this. The Gila Valley (now called Safford Valley most of the time) is still a thrifty, fertile valley with beautiful farms and homes. And many good Latter-day Saints still live there.

February 1, 1883, Father began the cycle anew. The only difference was that here crops could be planted month or two earlier. While in northern Arizona it was clearing the land of scrub oak and a straggling pine and rocks; here the obstacle was the mesquite bush, a formidable foe. Father and his son George worked the land through February and March.

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In April Father helped move and set up a sawmill in a canyon near Mt. Graham. While there he found a swarm of wild bees which he brought home. This gave the family a stand of bees for their use.

In May he moved to Central, a nearby community, cleared the land and put in a corn crop. He was busy the next few months farming and building a home. He worked on a threshing crew in the fall.

October 1 his daughter Jane and her husband Jim Meldrem returned to Utah.

Through November and December Father was away from home, most of the time hauling freight with his teams.

The pattern during 1884 was much the same as 1883: farming, freighting, improving his home. Then in September he took up a ranch near Ash Creek at the foot of Mt. Graham, built a house, and made some improvements. He moved his second wife and family there November 1. November and December were spent in caring for his stock and making improvements about the two homes.

January 1, 1885 brought ominous news. At stake conference at St. David, George had learned that U.S. marshalls had intensified their campaign against polygamy and were moving into Arizona to prosecute polygamist families. Hatred of the Mormons had grown in intensity. The fires of persecution had been fanned by lies, rumors, and ignorance.

Weary of the constant moving and threat of imprisonment and separation from his family should he be caught, Father immediately moved his families to town and made preparations to go to Mexico, where he hoped to live in peace with his loved ones. Quite a few members of the Church had already moved into the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, and the Church authorities were negotiating with the Mexican president for land.

On January 25, 1885, Father started on horseback for Mexico, in company with Brother Ira B. Llmare. In his diary Father gives a day-to-day account of his travel, mentioning the places where he made camp: Bowie, San Simone, Anamis, Dutch Springs or Dog Springs, Mesquite, and Corralitis to mention several. These names are familiar to residents of Arizona and New Mexico. My husband and I have taken almost this same route many times in making visits to the old home ranch in Mexico where I was born.

It cost Father and Brother Llmare twenty dollars to pass the custom house at the Mexican border. They had a week's riding before they reached Corralitis, where a number of the Mormon brethren were camped. They reached there February 1. His diary names the people in camp at that time: J. R. Ross, wife and child; John Levean, wife and child; James G. Fuller; Brothers Larsen, Wilson, Jorgensen, Anderson, Hyrum Brinkerhoff and Carpenter.

On February 4, 1885, about noon, another group of brethren arrived: F. merrill, George Lake, John Merrill, William Brisby, S. B. Curtis, J. M. Curtis, and J. Roundy. After holding council meeting, they decided to rent land from the Mexicans and plant crops. They agreed to work together the first season in a type of United Order arrangement. A committee of three men was chosen to look after the business. They were Brothers Lake, Roundy, and Fuller. Brother F. Merrill was appointed chaplain.

The men worked hard digging ditches, plowing, and planting wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, beans, and other garden crops. During the evenings they would sing hymns, read scriptures, and study the Spanish language.

Father was chosen to sow the grain and serve as shoemaker. On his fiftieth birthday, February 18, he was busy sowing barley. [page 12]

From time to time some of the General Authorities would visit the settlement. Erastus Snow, John Taylor, and George Teasdale were among those who visited. In March, 1885, Apostle Thatcher, A. F. McDonald, and Lot Smith headed a delegation to El Paso to see about purchasing land for the Mormon colonists.

Since the colonists couldn't arrange for enough land in one tract to meet their needs, they split up into two camps, some renting land at Hannas and some at Casas Grandes. Father went with the Casas Grandes group. Later the Casas Grandes group established the colony of Juarez, and the Hannas group founded Colonia Diaz. A third group, called the Turley group, later merged with the two larger groups, though for awhile most of the Sunday services were held at the site of the Turley camp.

In August Father returned to Arizona, after an absence of seven months. Mail service was irregular, but Father learned that Mother had given birth to her fourth child on February 10, 1885, about two weeks after he had left for Mexico. The baby was named Laura Phoebe Haws.

Father's son George had taken over his farm at Central and cared for the crops and looked after the family as best he could.

After Father got home he spent two weeks cutting lucern, putting up hay, rounding up stock, and making preparations to return to Mexico with his youngest family. With one team, a wagon, a riding horse, and a few head of cattle, Father, Mother, and the four children left for Mexico, August 29, 1885. They reached their destination September 14. 1,885.

The next few months were particularly busy ones for the menfolk. Crops were to be harvested, wood for the winter to be gathered, hay was to be stored. Special projects included building a milk house, constructing a molasses mill, hauling cane, threshing beans, gathering cabbage and squash, hauling wheat to the mill, gathering corn, herding cows, building houses, mending shoes, and making furniture.

Wild game was abundant in the hills and mountains near the encampment. Father mentioned killing deer, antelope, and turkeys.

In December surveying crews began laying out the new town site, a few miles north of their present camps. Now we find Father carrying the surveyor's chain helping lay out the new town. He also speaks of cutting and hauling logs for the school



house, a building designed to serve for Church meetings as well. Indeed, it was to be the political headquarters and recreation hall as well.

In February 1886 he was busy digging ditches and building dams. Father pitched in to help others with their plowing, house building, and brick work. Cooperation was the by-word. His diary entries make modest reference to his role.

The latter part of the month Father went with an exploring party into the Sierra Madre Mountains. The party was trying to locate new valleys where the Mormons could settle, Fugitives came in increasing numbers as persecution of polygamist families continued in Utah and Arizona.

As a rule the Mexican people were friends to the Whites. They generally looked up to them and did very little harm. But the little they did--stealing--was a constant worry. Horses, cattle, tools, and equipment were taken. In fact, it was never safe to leave anything unguarded.

Father was a regular attender at church meetings. He took his turn in speaking. At one of the February 21, 1886, meetings Father spoke. After the meeting he was called on to perform three baptisms. He baptized John Wallace Haws, his son, and E. J. Carden and Olivei McNeil. April 1, he baptized children of Ernest Taylor, Parsen Williams, and W. E. McClellan. In addition to the weekly Sunday meetings, the monthly fast and testimony meeting was held on Thursdays.

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When Father wasn't busy with his farm work, church, or community activities, he would take exploring trips into the mountains to hunt game and help locate new town sites. Too, he was interested in improving his lot by locating a better place for a home and ranch. On one of these trips he discovered an area later named Hop Valley, so named because many wild hop vines grew on the creek banks. He also found Corrales Basin. This site was thus named because of the old Indian corrals there. Excited about the possibilities of establishing a home here he spent as much time as he could spare helping build a road through the canyon leading to the mountain approach to the area, some 37 miles west of Colonia Juarez. Getting up the mountain with a wagon was virtually impossible. And it was not an easy trip on horseback. In fact, getting up the mountain today is no picnic!

During the winter of 1886-87 there was quite a bit of sickness among the people of Colonia Juarez. Several children died. George Lake lost three children. Father's family didn't escape entirely. Laura, the baby, was very ill; Charles, the six-year-old, fell from a shed and hurt him self seriously. But off-setting Father's sadness over these misfortunes was his happiness at the birth of Mother's fifth child, March 24, 1887. He was named William Gilbert Haws.

That spring Father spent a great deal of time working on the mountain roads. He was able to help hew out a rough road to a fertile plateau called Strawberry, so called because of the abundance of wild strawberries. The same spring he planted potatoes, squash, beans, and other garden crops. This was a big step in Father's dream in establishing a home in the Coralles Basin. Meanwhile, he planted wheat and other crops near his home in Juarez.

Other Church members were doing what Father was--spreading out, from the original settlements, sometimes in search of a few acres that gave promise of abundant crops and a permanent home site, sometimes to construct sawmills, establish cattle ranches, and in other ways build up a stable community.

About the time Father was blazing his way up the slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains to Strawberry, a group of Church members settled in the areas known as William Ranch and Cave Valley. At the latter settlement, a ward was established as were a grist mill and a shingle and lumber mill.

Near Cave Valley were many well-preserved cliff dwellings, indicating that the Mormons were not the first to seek refuge in this area.

Frequently Father mentions names of the apostles sent to aid the colonists. Elders George Teasdale, Moses Thatcher, and Erastu Snow are among those mentioned often.

In May, 1887, Father was called as one of several men to go with team and wagon to meet the Mexican saints being moved from the interior of Mexico to the colonies. The efforts of the missionaries had been fruitful, but the lot of new converts difficult because of persecution by the Catholic Church. It was thought best, therefore, to have the Mexican converts move to the colonies. Here they would receive safety from persecution and could be taught the Gospel more fully.

Father gives a day-to-day account of this trip, indicating that the round trip was 260 miles. The men left the colonies April 30 and returned May 10.

Shortly after this trip Father began his move to Corrales. First, he took some of his stock. May 24, 1887, he states that he got to the saw mill about 9 p. m. Mother, who had ridden in an accompanying carriage with Erastus Snow, stayed that night in a shanty Father fashioned for her at the mill site. Father continued to Strawberry to leave a load of household effects; he then returned to the saw mill. Next he went to Juarez to get another load of household items, staying over Sunday. While in Juarez he wrote letters to his brother Albert at Provo and to his son George at Gila.

He returned to the mill May 30. June 1 he took another load of belongings to Corrales. He returned the following day, and on June 3, 1887, Father, Mother, and the children arrived at the Corrales Valley, where they made their home until Father's death eight years later.

Corrales is still a beautiful little open basin surrounded by rolling hills covered with pine, oak, and cedar trees. Looming behind the hills are rugged mountains providing water for irrigation and wild game for food. Near Father's ranch two streams of water join a larger stream, the Piedras Verdes (Green Rocks) River. On the low, sloping hills vegetation is profuse. A wonderful site for a ranch!

Upon arrival at Corrales he began to work with the industry which characterized all he did. On June 4, the day after the family arrived at their Shangri-la, Father rounded up the cows he had earlier taken there, mended the family's shoes, and made plans to build a shanty, which he built the following day. Sunday, June 6, the shanty was the site for a Church meeting. Father mentions a Snow family. Other early settlers in this area included Staleys, Spencers, and Neagles.

The next few months were busy ones for Father. We find him cutting and hauling logs for a house, building calf and hog pens, making trips to Strawberry to harvest his crops, taking care of his grain in Juarez and Casas Grandes Valley. He also established a reputation as a shoe-maker and rock mason. Neighbors often had him build their chimneys. Not only did he take pride in the appearance of the chimneys he built but he made sure they drew well enough to carry the smoke up, as intended--no mean task!

In addition to killing deer and turkeys for food, it was often necessary to kill wolves, lions, and bears to protect livestock.

In August, 1887, he hired a Mexican to help build a house. It consisted of three rooms, two long rooms separated by a room made of slabs. Laying floors in the three rooms and plastering the walls came later. The "luxuries" could wait. The home also doubled as a chapel for the next few years.

During 1888 Father spent his time clearing and fencing land, digging ditches, cutting logs for the building of cellars, a milk room, and additional corrals. Too, it was necessary to make frequent trips to Strawberry to care for the crops he had planted there.

Harvesting grain in the isolated mountain colonies was not the mechanized operation it is now in most farming areas. Father had to cut his wheat with a scythe, thresh it by beating it with a pole, and separate the grain from the chaff by pouring the wheat from one vessel to another on a windy day. Then it had to be taken to the lower valley to be ground into flour. At Cave Valley corn and wheat could be ground into meal, however.

As it was necessary for Father to be away on frequent, short trips, the boys learned at a very early age to hoe weeds, milk cows, and take care of the endless chores around the ranch.

In the fall of 1888 Father mentioned rounding up some cattle and delivering them for sale. He also speaks of driving his tithing stock to Hop Valley to put them with the tithing herd. Tithing was usually paid in kind.

To get money to buy salt, sugar, clothing, and other staples Father hauled lumber from the saw mills to the lower valleys to sell. Characteristic of the way he used his time are the activities mentioned in the following entries:

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"Dec. 23 - Started home (from a logging trip to the lower valley) came to Strawberry Canyon."

"Dec. 24 - Got home about 12 o'clock at night. Christmas eve. All well. It snowed all day."

"Dec. 27 - Killed a beef."

"Dec. 26 - Hauled wood all day."

"Dec. 28-29 - Shocking corn and shoe-making."

"Dec. 30 - Sunday. Went to meeting. "

"Dec. 31 - Hauling wood."

New Year's Day Father spent the time reading and writing. This was a short respite, though, as January proved to be a busy month. He killed three deer, hauled wood, took corn to the grist mill at Cave Valley, and hauled a load of lumber over the mountain to later take it to the lower valley.

In February he took another load of lumber over the mountain. He then took both this and the load stacked in January to Juarez, where he sold part of it for flour. The rest he took to Alvia and traded it for wheat, which he brought to the grist mill at Galeana to have it ground into flour. He returned home February 16.

February 17 Father mentioned attending a meeting where Bishop Sevey, A. F. MacDonald, and Brothers Butler and Stowell were present. He said the Corrales settlers were encouraged in their efforts and were delighted at the prospect of a branch organization at Corrales.

The next day, Father's fifty-fourth birthday, he served as a member of a committee to help locate a townsite. A site on the north bench was accepted and surveyed. Areas were designated for public buildings and a graveyard. Their group

meetings had been held in the several homes of the area. For special occasions the Corrales settlers journeyed to Cave Valley for meetings.

Constant harassment existed in the form of thieves and marauding lions and wolves. Father spoke of losing a cow worth fifty-dollars, a serious loss. Another time he found one of his mules dead.

During March Father planted wheat and oats and prepared the soil for other crops. He was in Juarez two weeks shearing sheep. About the middle of April, 1889, he went to Colonia Diaz to get his daughter-in-law Susanne, his son George's second wife, and her child to bring them to Corrales; they arrived April 24.

April 28 a meeting to organize a branch was held at the Spencer home. Bishop Sevey of the Juarez Ward organized a branch with a presiding elder, a clerk, teachers, and a Primary association.

May 5 Father baptized his son Charles James. That afternoon Father attended a meeting where Jessie N. Smith and he confirmed Charles a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Father was also asked to speak at the meeting. May 10, 1889, another son was born to **Martha and William Haws**.

May 18, George and his first family arrived from Arizona and stayed for a two-week visit.

George M. Haws was one of the speakers. At the sacrament meeting held May 19 at Staley's shop, he bore testimony to the work of the Lord. At the same meeting Mother's baby was blessed by Jessie N. Smith and given the name of Erastus Snow Haws.

During the two weeks George and his family were visiting, Father took them to see and explore the many interesting dwellings in the canyons near Cave Valley. These caves have held great fascination for anyone interested in archaeology. One cave of particular interest was one which had a huge grain bin built just inside the big opening, with many rooms adjacent. The bin was made of bowl grass and clay and was formed in the shape of an ojo; that is, the shape of most of the Indian pottery one sees in the West. The existence of many caves in this area attests that the cliff dwellers here must have been numerous. I have viewed these caves many times. They were favorite haunts for picnic outings. Nature had been kind here. Lush undergrowth, stately evergreens, and an unobstructed view of mountain tops and valleys thrill me yet as I think of the hike to and from the caves.

The latter part of May, George and his family returned to Arizona. Father went to the lower valley where he worked cutting wheat and doing the kinds of work spoken of previously --his work did not vary a great deal--returning home July 3.

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On July 4 Father took the family on a picnic under the pine trees near the townsite. Many times have I, as a child and later in adolescence, enjoyed playing games and picnicing in the pines.

July 24, a historic date in Church history, was the occasion for a picnic with family and friends.

During August Father worked about the farm binding wheat, hauling oats, improving his corrals and stables. August 31 he helped make a coffin for one of Brother Spencer's children, who died of scarlet fever. An epidemic of the disease took the lives of several children during August and September. Maude Sellers was one.

October saw Father busy hauling lumber to improve and enlarge his storage buildings. In between hauling straw for the potato house and digging his potatoes he worked two days on the school house. He also took a load of lumber to Casas Grandes,

Father worked on the school house and gave a hand in building a meeting house in November. The meeting house consisted of one log room. December 26 Father built a fireplace, which was the only means of heating the building.

Thursday, December 27, Bishops Sevey, A. F. MacDonald, and Henry Lunt from Cedar City, arrived. And Father spent the next day looking over the country with them. Sunday meetings were held at 2 and 6 p. m. Father gave the opening prayer at the first meeting. Bishops MacDonald, Lunt, and Sevey, and Brother Farling were the speakers. Father noted that the people enjoyed the spirit of God.

A month later the Henry Lunt family moved into Colonia Pacheco, two miles from Corrales, to make their home. Pacheco was named in honor of Chihuahua's governor. Corrales pioneers said Pacheco was a "suburb" of Corrales, while Pacheco folks regarded themselves as the "city" folks. Pacheco, in fact, became the larger community.

Much of January, 1890, Father spent in helping his son George build a log house at Pacheco. He also helped to survey land, locate a dam site, and plan an irrigation system to water backyard gardens. Later wells were dug for home use.

February 1, 1890, Father finished the chimney in George's home. George must have previously returned to Arizona because Father mentioned writing a letter from Juarez to his son George. Father took Mother on this trip; they attended a meeting at the Juarez Ward where Brother A. W. Ivans told of his trip to Mexico City. Brother Ivans was sent to administer the missionary program in Mexico and was later called to Colonia Juarez to become the first stake president. I remember him well. He was a most outstanding man, later serving as a counselor to President Heber J. Grant.

Both of my parents became sick on this trip and remained so for several weeks. It was the latter part of March before Father could do his accustomed work.

But the work went forward. Two entries in his diary are of special interest: ". . . went April 6 to meeting at the new town site, the first meeting held there. Bishop Lunt was the speaker. "The second: "May 6 Sunday meeting was held at Henry Lunt's home of Pacheco, the next Sunday they held their meetings at the home of Sam Jarvis, "

May 18 they held their first Sunday service at the new school and church house at Pacheco. [page 17]

The later part of June, Father's first wife, Barbara, made a visit to Mexico along with two of her daughters and their husbands, as well as George's wife Susanne, who had come to live in her little home at Colonia Pacheco.

In November, Father, J. C. Negley and his son Hyrum took a 175-mile horseback ride into the country south to explore the water sources. He mentioned Round Valley, Mound Valley, and Chuichupa Valley. A Mormon colony was later established at Round Valley.

Round Valley was later named Garcia. Mound Valley was so called because of the many mounds surviving from an earlier era of mound dwellers. A ward was also established at Chuihupa. Father's son George served as bishop there for a number of years.

The exploring party returned December 5.

December 8 Father noted in his diary that he administered to Brother McConkie. Also: "De. 9 - went to administer to Bro. McConkie; he was very low. I sat up all night with him; he died about 9 o'clock p. m. I washed and layed him out assisted by Bro. Sellers."

Father also assisted in digging the grave. He attended the funeral, held at the log church house Wednesday, December 10. Brothers Henry Lunt, J. C. Negley, and All Farnsworth were the speakers. This Brother McConkie is the grandfather of Bruce R. McConkie, presently (1964) one of the seven presidents of Seventies.

December 11 Father and Henry Lunt went to meetings at Juarez. Elder Teasdale was the featured speaker. Henry Lunt also spoke at the evening meeting. Father returned December 16 to find Bishop Sevey and his wife Maggie as guests. They remained until December 19.

Sunday, December 11, a deacon's quorum was organized with Hyrum Negley as president. Incidentally, Negley was killed by a bear two years later while riding the range with his brother George.

During this month Osborne Cooley and his two families moved into the Pacheco-Corrales area. Father helped them build shelters for their families.

January 1, 1891, Father baptized his son Joseph Forest Haws. He was confirmed at the morning meeting. A Relief Society was organized in the afternoon, and Father attended a priesthood meeting in the evening.

The next few days Father spent in making some windows and doors; I imagine they were for his son George's house, because on January 6, 1891, Father started to Juarez to meet George and his family who were moving from Arizona to Pacheco.

The trip, particularly up the Sierra Madre Mountains, was difficult as snow and freezing temperatures combined to make travel hazardous. The group reached Pacheco January 10.

Father noted that on January 16 while looking for a stray steer his horse fell dead under him and he had to carry his saddle and gun about three miles.

Most of the rest of January found Father serving as a member of a committee to help settle the dam and ditch accounts for the year ending December 31, 1890. A related activity was rebuilding the dam, which had washed away. On January 29 and 30 he took a load of lumber to the foot of the mountains and returned home. About eight inches of snow fell during the trip. January 31 he was home all day shoe making. [page 18]

His diary entry February 1 says he was home. The next day's entry noted briefly: "2 Feb 1891 Chloe Martha was born, at home till noon, after noon hunting stock," Thus did my father chronicle the account of my birth.

The next two weeks Father spent most of his time helping Brother Jessie N. Smith build his home. February 18, on his fifty-sixth birthday, Father took another load of lumber to the foot of the mountain to Juarez to sell. The freighters always made these double trips with their lumber because the mountain roads were too steep and treacherous.

It was very cold and stormy on this trip. Father took cold and was quite sick for several days after he got home. But before recovering he hauled another load of lumber as far as Strawberry, Wallace accompanying him, Wallace went on down the mountain with the lumber while Father stayed at Strawberry to help Brother Allen build a chimney.

It makes me shudder to think of a thirteen-year-old boy handling a team on that mountain road. Little more than a trail at best, the road was made treacherous in early spring by melting snow which washed deep gullies into the soil. At one point near San Diego Mountain, a driver and his team would plummet more than 1, 000 feet if the team were not sure-footed and the driver cautious.

Though Father and Wallace were both sick upon their return, Father attended Fast Day March 5, and blessed and named me. He also baptized two boys, one the son of Charles Humphry and a boy of John Carlins. That afternoon Father wrote that he had a severe pain in his head; he continued to be ill for more than a week.

The next few months were spent in planting and tending crops, helping a neighbor build a house, and attending church meetings. On occasion he, with another priesthood holder, would be called to visit other wards on Sundays.

At frequent intervals he notes that he hauled another load of lumber. On the longer hauls he slept on the ground in all kinds of weather. Little wonder that he had colds and headaches. But hauling lumber was important, despite the weather, as it provided cash to buy staples from the stores.

In July his son George moved back to Colonia, Juarez.

July 24 Father states that he went to a celebration at which he served as the chaplain. A highlight of the evening was dancing which held forth until midnight.

The summer of 1891 was spent in much the same way other summers had been. Father writes of tending potatoes, corn, cane, beans, and "garden stuff." He continued to haul logs. Among the improvements he made on his property this summer was the building of a barn. Getting flour was still generally an involved activity. He, when he did not have wheat of his own, first hauled a load of lumber to the valley. Often he next had to go to Galeana or Alvia to get the wheat for which he had exchanged the lumber. Then he hauled the wheat to Jackson Mill, between Juarez and Dublan, to have it ground into flour. This activity sometimes took two weeks.

On some of his trips to the lower valley, Father mentioned attending cooperative herd stockholders meetings; he retained some holdings in the co-op.

In the fall of 1891 Father's son-in-law, Hyrum Cluff, and daughter, Rhoda, moved to Pacheco, Father helped them build a house. Hyrum and his family later moved to Garcia.

Father spent the greater part of October helping survey the land of the Pacheco purchase.

During November while making some of his trips he got his eyes terribly infected and almost lost his sight.

However, he reported, following attendance at a fast meeting, Thursday, January 7, 1892, and after being administered to, that his eyes were much improved. [page 19]

It was while serving as a guide for a group of the brethren investigating the possibility of establishing a colony at Chuichupa that he had trouble with his eyes again. They were to trouble him for the rest of his life.

Chuichupa is fifty miles through the high mountain country south of Pacheco; it became the farthest south of the Mormon colonies in Chihuahua.

June 26, 1892, Father mentioned attending the funeral of Hyrum Negley, a young man from their community who was killed by a bear while riding the range with his brother, an incident mentioned earlier. In September the Indians raided a ranch some miles north of Pacheco, killed Sister Thompson and a child, and wounded other children. I mention these things in my writing to let the reader know something of the dangers and hazards of this wild country.

The diary entry for September 23 mentions that Joseph Patton, a young man visiting Father's home, had accidentally shot himself in the leg. He stayed at Father's home where Mother and Father doctored him until October 2 when he was well enough to return to his home in the lower valley.

On September 26 Father threshed his oats. He had cut them with a sickle, and I suppose he threshed them by hand also. He harvested 150 bushels.

In October he wrote of digging potatoes and hauling a load of them to Juarez to sell. Harvesting of the other crops followed that month and in November.

December 2 and 3 he butchered several hogs and a beef for family use.

On December 6 Father prepared to again go to Chuichupa, this time to help clear a roadway to the new "colonia." The group, some on horseback, some with teams and wagons, consisted of A. F. MacDonald, George Russell, David McClellan, John McNeil, William Ivins, Alfred Baker, Brigham Stowell, Father and his son George. It took several days to make this 50 miles.

The second day out three of the men on horseback got lost from the main party for a night and two days without provisions or bedding. The last of the lost trio got in to camp about noon, December 11. The men moved into a log house which they had built on the previous trip. That evening they held a meeting and gave thanks to God for His protecting care and for bringing them together. I heard Brigham Stowell tell this same story some fifty years later.

By December 14, a clear, cold day, the town of Chuichupa was laid out in the south end of the valley. The party started for home the next day. Father and George arrived about 4 p. m. December 17. The rest of the party went on to Juarez. George journeyed on to Juarez after staying overnight with us. George was later called to be the bishop of Colonia Chuichupa.

The rest of December passed without incident. Almost, that is. Father mentioned that at a Christmas program December 26 at Pacheco Santa Clause caught fire! He writes that the accident caused quite a bit of excitement for awhile, but Santa escaped without injury. He also wrote of other parties and programs during the holidays. New Year's Eve a band rode around the community serenading the families at their home s.

On January 5, 1893, Father went as a guide to Chuichupa, accompanying Bishop Sevey, Joseph Bently, and nine other men. They were gone six days. The party also visited the ranch of A. S. Farnsworth on the Gavelan River west of Garcia and held a meeting with the family. [page 20]

January 14 Father hauled some posts to A. F. MacDonald's place at Pacheco and while there settled his tithing for 1892.

During February of the New Year Father leveled and plowed his land and sowed oats and other grain. On February 12 he baptized his daughter Laura Phoebe, who was born eight years earlier at Central, Arizona. Laura was confirmed a member of the church by Patriarch Henry Lunt. Joseph Bently and Edward Eyring, stake missionaries visiting at Pacheco Ward, occupied the time in meeting that day.

Father noted a few days later: "Feb. 18, 1893 - My 58th birthday. We had a few friends come in to see us, Patriarch Henry Lunt, wives Ellen, Anne, Sister Hardy and brother and sister Sellers and spent the day, - had a splendid day with them - snow all gone. "

He noted that he finished planting his oats March 1 and that on the second Thursday he attended the regular fast meeting, held in the morning. In the afternoon he rode out to look after his cattle on the Gavelan; he stayed over night.

March 17 Father went to a birthday celebration at Brother Hardy's place, where he had "a very enjoyable time" honoring Brother Hardy on his eightieth birthday.

I remember well many of the people^ Father mentions associating with at the meetings and parties, and I still have close friends among many of their descendants.

The following entries indicate his activities for the next several days:

"Mar. 30 - Helped to move the little saw mill. "

"Mar. 31 - Went to Gavelan to hunt stock, stayed over night. "

"Apr. 1 - Came home. "

"Apr. 2 - Sunday went to meeting. " "Apr. 3, 4, 5 - At work on a little mill. "

"Apr. 6 - Went to fast meeting where we had a most enjoyable time. Went to Bishop Jessie N. Smith, Jr. and took dinner, came home in the evening. "

"Apr. 7 - Harrowing corn and potato ground. "

The remainder of April and May he divided his time spending a few days working at home planting corn and potatoes, watering oats, and several days working at the little mill cutting logs "with his son." He doesn't say which one, but I suppose it was Wallace, who was fifteen. I suppose they pulled the saw together. By this time my older brothers were able to help quite a bit around the home. Work at the mill was interrupted June 14. Father explains: "I got thrown from a horse, by the sinch giving way and hurt my hip very bad, so that I couldn't work for a few days."

The latter part of the month he and the boys took a load of lumber to Juarez, returning July 2. He worked at the mill hauling logs during July, except for Sundays, when he went to meetings, and July 24 when he attended the Pioneer Day celebration at Pacheco.

Oats cut July 31 couldn't be bound until August 4 because of rain. During this wet spell Father wasn't idle; he was hauling logs for the mill and working on the farm. August was a wet month. Rivers flooded. With the August 19 storm came word that Brother Sellers had been killed by lightning. Brothers Teasdale and Steel had arrived earlier from Juarez.

Father's diary records the events of the next few days:

"Aug. 20 - Sunday went to meeting Apostle Teasdale and Steel occupied the time."

"Aug. 21 - Attended the funeral for Bro. Sellers at the school house, there was a large funeral for this place, everybody was there. [page 21]

Patriarch Henry Lunt preached... W. R. R. Staley, F. Spencer (superintendent of Sunday School), S. W. Jarvis, Bishop Jessie N. Smith, and Apostle Teasdale. It rained when we returned from the graveyard, and we stopped at Bishop Smith and took dinner. Martha, stayed with Sister Sellers all night. "

"Aug. 22 - Sent the team after her and Sister Sellers and children, they come home with her and stayed until Sunday. I was home, it rained every day - very muddy."

"Aug. 27 - Sunday - at meeting."

Deaths always brought sadness to the little community. Sister Mary M. Sellers was left a widow with four children. She was one of the most lovable persons I ever knew. She was wonderful in our community as a teacher, and was postmistress in the town for many years. I have been in close touch with members of her family all my life. We never go to Salt Lake City

without trying to get in touch with her daughter, our life-long friend, Mrs. Ann S. Done. Joseph Sellers, her youngest son, lives in Rexburg, Idaho, where he was a bishop for many years.

But back to my story. During September, 1893, Father spent much of his time logging for the little mill. He continued to make trips about once a month to the lower valley, hauling lumber or other freight. As there was no store in Pacheco, all our "store -bought" needs were obtained from the lower valley.

Father's eyes began to trouble him again in October, but he continued with the business of harvesting crops and making shoes.

We children went barefooted during the summer, but the cold winter months required shoes. Father continued to make our shoes, and Mother knitted our stockings from wool sheared from our sheep.

Sadness visited our community again October 10, 1893, when Brother **John Rowley** died. Father records that he attended the funeral. **Brother Rowley** left three widows and many children; two of his families were members of our ward.

Little did Father know when he recorded that death that three of his own children would marry into the Rowley family. My youngest sister **Martha** married John's son, **Jessie**; my brother Charles married his daughter Julia; and my brother Erastus married his daughter Katie. After the exodus from Mexico in 1912, many members of the Rowley family moved to Provo, Utah, where their descendants are numbered among the stalwart Latter-day Saints of the Provo stakes.

Another thing that brought anxiety to the Mormon colonists was the ever-present threat of molestation by roving "banditos." When on a trip to Colonia Juarez in November, Father advised that a group of rebels was in the Juarez area and instructed by church officials to return home to be with his family. He hurried home, staying with his family until the threat passed. While these rebel groups harassed more than harmed at this time, it would be only a few years before political unrest in Mexico would result in death and destruction of property, touching even the law-abiding and neutral Mormon colonies

During December Father made several freighting trips to Juarez. He also took part in a stock drive on the Gavelana Ranch. When he returned home he killed a beef and a hog.

December 18 he made another trip to Juarez, returning Christmas Eve.

The latter part of December and the first part of January he worked some land he obtained at Galeana. He leveled and ditched the land, planning to plant wheat. Galeana is about eighty-five miles from our Corrales ranch and east of Juarez and Dublan.

During February he made another trip to Galeana, staying several weeks. When he returned home to attending meetings conducted by Apostles Teasdale and John Henry Smith. Father mentioned how the power of God was manifested and the spirit of the Lord was poured out on the speakers. During this series of meetings he was ordained a high priest by John Henry Smith. The latter part of February Father and some members of his family attended stake conference at Colonia Juarez.

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Diary entries indicate the activities of the next few days:

"Feb. 24 - At ten o'clock conference commenced. The Bishops gave in their reports. Afternoon meeting, Apostle Young and J. W. Smith preached and the Spirit of God was made manifest. In the evening attended a Priesthood meeting and the apostles spoke again with great power. "

"Feb. 25 - Sunday forenoon attended Sunday School went to Ernest Taylor's for dinner. After noon attended meeting where the Apostles spoke again with much power - evening attended meeting when conference was adjourned until 2nd of May. "

"Feb. 26 - In forenoon attended a meeting of the Relief Society where the Apostles spoke again to the Sisters and encouraged them to go ahead in the good work they were engaged in -- In evening attended a Theater. "

"Feb. 27 - Started home camped in San Diego Canyon, with seven other wagons; 35 person big and little."

"Feb. 28 - Got home about one o'clock all well."

"Mar. 1 - Fast day -- attended meeting. "

"Mar. 2 - Sowing oats."

"Mar. 3 - Plowed - at night it snowed."

"Mar. 4, 5 - Stayed home and shoemaking - Snowed about a foot deep."

"Mar. 6 - Wrote a letter to my Sister Lucinda Holdaway and another to **Phoebe Barrett** my mother-in-law."

During May, June, and July Father made several trips to Galeana hauling freight and taking care of the wheat he had earlier planted. On one of these trips he broke a wagon wheel and had to leave his load at the mouth of the canyon until he repaired the wheel. Later he cut and stacked the wheat, fencing the stacked wheat. During June he was home with a heavy cold. Though suffering from chills and fever, he was able to irrigate his corn and plant some beans.

Chills and fever continued to plague him during August. But August was not all unpleasantness, for on August 3, my twin sisters, Mary and **Martha**, were born: "**My wife Martha brought me two babies born at 3 o'clock girls Mary and Martha.**"

Despite illness Father made several trips to Juarez and Galeana. On the long trips he sometimes took one of the older boys. Sometimes, accompanied by Wallace, he would drive a load of lumber down the mountain then let Wallace go on with the load, usually with other freighters, and Father would return home by horseback; his October 1 diary entry speaks of such an experience: "Come home on horse back and Wallace went on to Magdalena with my son George."

The October 2 and 3 entries read; "Went to cutting oats for brother Jim Palmer."

October 4, Father "went to fast meeting and **had my twin babies blessed - Mary and Martha.**"

The rest of October he used to put an upper floor in his barn, dig potatoes, shock corn, thresh beans, and cut oats.

A November 3 entry is significant: "Took my tithing potatoes up to the tithing office - in afternoon I went to priesthood meeting."

November also saw another trip to Galeana and Elvie to haul freight and work on his land there. He returned home November 27.

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The first Sunday in December found Father at home. His Dec. 2 diary entry reads: "Sunday went to meeting and was called on to speak a while, which I did,"

The next day Father left for Galeana with a load of potatoes. After selling them at Elvie, he returned to Galeana to put his team to work on a job at a reservoir that some of the brethren were making to store irrigation water. Father also helped survey a few days. December 14 he started to thresh his wheat, finishing five days later. Starting home December 20, he arrived at sundown December 23.

Christmas Day, 1894, the family went to Pacheco. I suppose it was to attend a program and dance for the children. I recall many such celebrations during my childhood days at Pacheco.

The next day Father states he and Mother took dinner at the Henry Lunt home. Henry and Sarah Lunt were the parents of the man I later married. Heaton was six years of age at the time of this visit.

During the remaining few days of December and the first week of January, Father was busy building a wagon bed and fixing up other parts of his freight outfit.

January 10, 1895, Father and Wallace left for Galeana, stopping at Juarez to attend stake conference. The following week Father and Brother Whipple rented forty acres of farming land from a Mexican for \$100. They immediately started to plow the land and prepare it for planting wheat. Father sowed the wheat January 21 and 22 after which he worked on the reservoir until the 26th, when a snow storm halted work. It was still snowing two days later when Father and Wallace started for Juarez. The storm was so severe that they got lost for a while. They layed over a day at Juarez after which Father sent Wallace home on horseback and he returned to Galeana. Because the wagon wheels sank in the snow and mud, Father had difficulty in making the trip. One of the men from the reservoir work crew rode out to help him. They arrived at Galeana February 2.

In spite of the bad weather Father plowed additional land, scraped ditches, planted more wheat, and planned to plant potatoes. His February 13 diary entry stated that he "went to the head of the ditch to plow - very disagreeable." Though bad weather may have slowed the work, it didn't stop Father's working. He notes February 14 that he "plowed all day. It was so cold that the icesicles hung to my beard all day. "

"Feb. 15 - Still very cold, went back to Galeanna got there about 9 o'clock."

"Feb. 16 - Started home with Bro. Andrew Stewart and Bro. Combs.[camped at Rae Lake]"

"Feb. 17 - Sunday arrived at Juarez about noon, attended Sunday School conference; Bro's Goddard and Measer was there from Provo, Utah."

"Feb. 18 - My 60th birthday attended meeting; in evening attended a social where they had [speeches, songs, and reseasons, instrumental] music from the Brass Band, till about eleven o'clock. Went to my son George's and stayed all night. "

"Feb. 19-I started home about noon, camped at the park all alone."

"Feb. 20 - Got home about 2 o'clock; all well - being gone one month and ten days, very bad weather nearly all of the time."

"Feb. 21 - Wallace's Birthday."

This was **the last entry in my father's diary**. Because of exposure to the elements Father contracted chills and fever which resulted in pneumonia. He died March 6, 1895, sixteen days after his last diary entry. He was buried at the little cemetery at Colonia Pacheco, on a sloping pine covered hill northeast of town.

Some years later several of his older children placed a head stone at his grave. On the face of the stone are etched these words:

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"In glorious hope he's sleeping here,  
A husband kind, a father dear,  
A friend to all the good and true,  
This tribute to his worth is due.  
Rest in Peace. "

I would like to add two chapters to the story of my father's life. The first chapter concerns his marriage to Gertrude Quarneras Paez, his third wife. She was of Mexican descent. I am reporting the account in full as I understand it. The second chapter is Father's patriarchal blessing.

Earlier in my father's life you'll recall my mentioning his going south with other church members from the colonies to pick up some Mexican converts to bring them to the colonies. The Church authorities made these arrangements because of the hardships the converts were experiencing at the hands of the Catholic Church and other groups.

Entries the latter part of April and the first part of May, 1887, in Father's diary give an account of his preparations for the trip and travels some 150 miles south to meet the Mexican saints who had come that far north in journeying to the Mormon colonies in Chihuahua

Among these converts was the widow Gertrude Paez and her children. I'm not certain but I think there were two girls and a boy; possible there were other children. I remember her son Miguel's visiting in my mother's home after he was grown.

The October 3, 1887, entry in Father's diary reads: "Wrote letter to Apostle Erastus Snow in regards to Sister Paez. " The March 1, 1888, entry reads: "Went to fast meeting in forenoon. In evening was married to Sister Paez about eight o'clock." He was in Colonia Juarez at this time. He evidently moved her and her children to Corrales, as he speaks of building a home for her.

I don't think it was many years after the marriage before Aunt Toolie's (Sister Paez) older children gradually returned to their home near Mexico City, Consequently, I remember but one, Miguel, mentioned earlier.

I will here state that it was understood in our home that Father's marriage to Sister Paez was in accordance with counsel given him by one of the general authorities of the Church. In a number of instances holders of the priesthood who were worthy were counseled to marry widows so that they and their children might be properly cared for. Father's case was not an isolated one. History records similar instances before 1890 in Mormon communities in the United States and Canada. As I grew older I was assured by my mother's close friends that Father's marriage to Aunt Toolie was, in fact, in response to the counsel of the general authorities. Whatever the circumstances may have been, I truly think that Father loved Aunt Toolie, as we called her, and we children were taught to have respect for her.

Three children were born to this union. Elizabeth was born at 7 a. m. Saturday, November 17, 1888; Alma was born at 1 a. m. Tuesday, July 14, 1891; and Gertrude was born at 1 p. m., Monday, August 8, 1893. Father recorded the dates of the birth of these children in the same manner as he did the dates of his other children.

July 14, 1894, Father, who had been cutting and stacking wheat in Galeana, wrote in his diary: "Got to Dublan and heard my wife Toolie, had lost her baby girl--she was 11-mo. and 1-day old." This entry was about a month before Father's death.

After Father's death his property was appraised and divided. Aunt Toolie had her own little home, and she received her share of the stock and other possessions Father left. A short time later she sold her property and moved to Juarez with her family. There she obtained a lot with a few fruit trees and a place for a garden. She had a small adobe house built on the lot and lived there until her children were grown, I think the main reason for her moving to Juarez was to be closer to some of her native friends who had settled in Juarez when the Mexican converts were relocated. Very few Mexican people lived in the mountain colonies. [page 25]

Aunt Toolie did housework and took in washing to support herself and her children. Her house was always neat and clean, and she was a very good cook, especially with Spanish dishes.

Alma helped his mother as he could in doing little odd jobs for neighbors. When he was in his early teens he got a job on a cattle ranch. Soon after Alma was hired, the rancher moved his outfit from Mexico to Canada, Alma accompanied him. This was a wonderful experience for Alma. He was gone several months. Shortly after he returned to his home in Juarez, he came to Pacheco to visit us. It was but a little while after that that he was drowned at Juarez while crossing the flooded river on horseback.

Elizabeth grew to womanhood at Colonia Juarez. She married a Mexican whose name was Jose Quezedo. Soon after her marriage she became very ill and had to be taken to El Paso, Texas, for a serious operation. She recovered but was unable to bear children. She and her husband later adopted two orphan children who were related to her husband. These children grew to maturity. I understand that the girl joined the Church, married an American, and is now living in the United States.

Soon after Elizabeth married, Aunt Toolie went back to her old home near Mexico City. I learned of her death some years later through missionaries laboring in the area where she lived. This was during the period of the Mexican Revolution between 1910 and 1916.

Aunt Toolie was a great friend to the missionaries, often serving as chief cook and organizer during conferences and other gatherings,

I visited Elizabeth at different times after she married. It was after their move to Colonia Dublan that her husband died. I visited with her in Dublan a number of times after the exodus when I was on trips to Mexico. She always seemed pleased to see me. She was proud of her heritage, speaking of Father and other members of the family. I remember large pictures of Father and her mother which she had hanging in her home. Letters from her mother stopped during the revolution. She doesn't know when or how her mother died.

In 1952 I learned that Elizabeth had been operated on for cancer of the breast. The doctor who performed the operation is my nephew, Roy Hatch. He also told me that cancer caused her death August 8, 1953. Dr. Hatch is the son of Ernest Hatch and Lillian Haws Hatch, daughter of George M. Haws. Roy married my husband's niece, Marza Lunt. At this writing (1964) they are in Mexico City where Roy is president of the Mexican Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I understand that the endowment work has been done for Aunt Toolie, or Gertrude Quarneras, and her first husband, Bueno Ventura Paez, and that their children were sealed to them. Consequently, her second family will be sealed to them, not to Father.

I have tried to give as true a story of this account as I know how. I hope that no one who reads this will criticize too hastily. All I can add is, "Sometime we will know and understand."

Father received his patriarchal blessing from Isaac Morley, February 20, 1857, at Provo, Utah. The blessing follows.

[It is too sacred to include here. If anyone wants a copy contact me. April]

William Wallace Haws received 2 patriarchal blessings this one and another

Name: **William Wallace Haws**

Date: 5 Mar 1893

Place: Colonia Pacheco. Chihuahua. Mexico

Patriarch: Henry Lunt

#393 [#394 is wife, Martha Barrett Haws]