



A SKETCH OF KELLAND TERRY'S LIFE
AND THE HISTORY OF HIS ANCESTORS.

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CHAPTER 1: INTRODUCTION

This historical journey provides a slice of life in America beginning with some of the earliest English to immigrate to New England in the 1630s. No one in the Terry family line becomes a famous politician, actor, or business tycoon, but there is one famous scientist, and we will meet him as the history unfolds. The Terrys were industrious, and they left some mark of the name wherever they lived. The Terrys were the earliest English settlers in Southold, Long Island in 1640, and there today we find on Long Island, Terryville, two Terry Cemeteries, and several streets named after them. During this period, one of them built a wharf to handle steamers, the largest ships of their time to carry freight and people. From there, we follow his son Parshall Terry who helps to form a company to settle the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. It was here that the Wyoming Valley Massacre took place during the American Revolution, which pitted father against son, and where the mother is scalped by the Indians. This story continues in Canada where Parshall Terry II becomes wealthy in the lumber business, becomes a politician, and builds a house that still stands today as part of the Todmorden Mills Heritage Museum in Toronto, Canada.

From here we follow his son Parshall Terry III who marries and lives in East Palmyra where the Terrys become friends with a young boy of about ten years of age whose name was Joseph Smith. This was likely a pivotal point because years later after they moved back to Canada, they joined the Mormon Church and immigrated to Far West, Missouri where they found themselves in embroiled in the middle of a war. The story from this point forward can be told with greater detail because James Parshall Terry, my great grandfather, wrote an autobiography, and his sister Elizabeth wrote a sketch of her life.

The information for this historical account of my family was made possible because of a gift I received from my Aunt Evelyn Terry Bleak some 25 years ago. It was a copy of a collection of papers compiled by Nora Hall Lund and her husband Terry Lund who arranged for the descendants of Parshall Terry to submit a history of their own Terry family line. They held a Parshall Terry Family reunion in 1951, and out of this and the papers submitted came the Parshall Terry Family History compiled and distributed in 1956. It was given to me by my Aunt Evelyn. It is a collection of papers written by many individuals. I remember it was just a casual conversation with her, but here I am at 81 years of age attempting to weave together the lives and history of those Terrys who helped settle Long Island, New York in 1640 and 223 years later helped settle Rockville, Utah.

Included among the papers Aunt Evelyn gave me was a sketch of life in Shonesburg, Utah coauthored by my Grandmother Ida DeMille Millet. And fortunately, there is information on the Internet that fills in the gaps of my great, great, Grandfather Artemus Millet and his descendants, and my great Grandfather Oliver DeMille and his descendants. The DeMilles, Millets, and Terrys were all original pioneers that crossed the plains and helped settle Utah's Dixie.

I wouldn't even think about doing this if it were not for the modern convenience of a fast computer, search engines, eBooks, and Google Earth, which has allowed me to pinpoint the movement of my ancestors as they immigrated across North America. I have attempted to paint a picture of the events swirling around the Terry families down through time, and at my own whim, I sometimes digress or go off on a tangent that interests me and hopefully you too.

The line of the Terry Family of interest in this book begins with Richard Terry. According to the Parshall Terry Family History, he was born August 17, 1618 in England. He was the son of Thomas Terry who was born about 1570, possibly in Staffordshire where the Terrys have been traced back through time for 500 years¹.

Richard Terry's will, dated July 6, 1675, proved at Southold on May 13, 1675, names his five sons and five daughters and his brother, Thomas. It designated his wife Abigail as executrix and son Gershom executor. He died in May about one year later at little less than 57 years of age. This suggests to me that he knew he was going to die rather soon at the time he made his will.

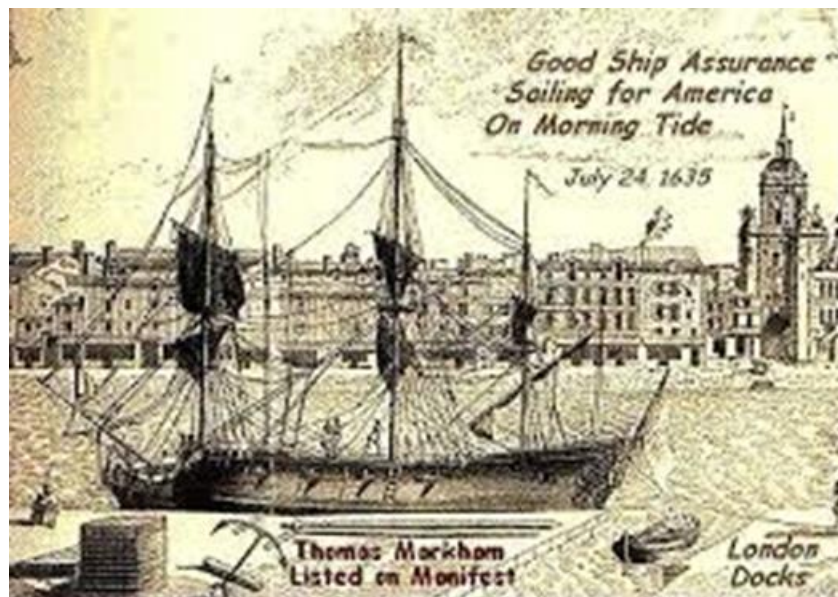
In chapter 23, I take up the DeMilles and Millets, my mother's ancestors, who were also pioneers who crossed the plains and helped settle Utah's Dixie.

CHAPTER 2: ENGLISH EMIGRANTS IN THE 1630S

There were only 1500 Englishmen who had sailed to New England prior to the time Richard Terry sailed in 1635. However, by the time England was in the midst of a civil war in 1644, 30,000 emigrants had sailed from England to New England. After the civil war, emigration ceased for a while, and in a few cases some of those in America sailed back to England².

It took about two months for the little wooden ships to make the voyage from England to Boston. The ship that Richard and his two brothers sailed on was called the James. The James made two passages that summer, and Richard sailed on the second. The second voyage embarked from London July 13, 1635.

It was expensive to sail to the new world. The cost in 1630 was about five pounds for transportation and ten pounds for provisions. A tenant farmer was lucky to make fifteen pounds profit for a year of work, and the laboring poor made eight to twelve pounds. Thirty five percent of those traveling to New England were indentured servants. For the price of the voyage they sold their labor for four to seven years to a master who provided them with food, clothing, and shelter during this time. I suspect that Richard Terry was a free man, otherwise how did he accumulate the money to buy a farm on Long Island.



The picture above from Wikipedia is one of Good Ship Assurance that sailed to America 13 days after the James.

The years preceding the sail of Richard Terry to America was filled with interest. Here is a summary taken from Wikipedia on the Internet. It begins when Richard was 12 years old in 1630.

“Monarch - Charles I

- **1630**
 - 8 April - Winthrop Fleet: The ship *Arbella* and three others set sail from the Solent with 400 passengers under the leadership of John Winthrop headed for the Massachusetts Bay Colony in America as part of the Puritan migration to New England (1620–1640); seven more, with another 300 aboard, follow in the next few weeks. The colonists begin to land at Salem in June and go on to found Boston.
 - June - Scottish-born Presbyterian Alexander Leighton is brought before Archbishop William Laud's Star Chamber court for publishing the seditious pamphlet *An Appeale to the Parliament, or, Sions Plea Against the Prelacy* (printed in the Netherlands, 1628). He is sentenced to be pilloried and whipped, have his ears cropped, one side of his nose slit, and his face branded with "SS" (for "sower of sedition"), to be imprisoned, and be degraded from holy orders.
 - Thomas Middleton's satirical comedy *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* published posthumously.
 - The central square of Covent Garden in London is laid out and a market begins to develop there.
- **1631**
 - 14 May - Mervyn Tuchet, 2nd Earl of Castlehaven, is beheaded on Tower Hill, London, and attainted for sodomy and for assisting in the rape of his wife following a leading case which admits the right of a spouse claiming to be injured to testify against her husband.
 - Poor harvest for second year in a row causes widespread social unrest.
 - Philip Massinger's play *Believe as You List* first performed.
 - Publication of the "Wicked Bible" by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas, the royal printers in London, an edition of the King James Version of the Bible in which a typesetting erratum leaves the seventh of the Ten Commandments (Exodus 20:14) with the word *not* omitted from the sentence "Thou shalt not commit adultery". Copies are withdrawn and about a year later the publishers are called to the Star Chamber, fined £300 and have their license to print revoked.
- **1632**
 - 15 June - Sir Francis Windebank is made chief Secretary of State.
 - 20 June - Royal charter issued for the foundation of Maryland colony; Lord Baltimore appointed as the first governor.
 - July - Portraitist Anthony van Dyck, newly returned to London, is knighted and granted a pension as *principalle Paynter in ordinary to their majesties*.
 - 17 October - The Court of Star Chamber prohibits all "news books" because of complaints from Spanish and Austrian diplomats that coverage in England of the Thirty Years' War is unfair.
 - The Second Folio of William Shakespeare's plays published.

- Publication of William Prynne's *Histriomastix*, an attack on the English Renaissance theatre.
- **1633**
 - May - King Charles revives medieval forest laws to raise funds from fines.
 - 6 August - William Laud becomes Archbishop of Canterbury.
 - St Paul's, Covent Garden, designed by Inigo Jones in 1631 overlooking his piazza, opened to worship, the first wholly new church built in London since the English Reformation.
 - John Ford's play *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* published.
 - Earliest surviving edition of the Christopher Marlowe play *The Jew of Malta* published, around 40 years after its first performance.
 - John Donne's collected *Poems* published posthumously.^[1]
- **1634**
 - 22 January - William Davenant's comedy *The Wits* first performed by the King's Men at the Blackfriars Theatre, London.
 - 5 May - A royal proclamation confines flying of the Union Flag (the first recorded reference to it by this name) to the king's ships; English merchant vessels are to fly the flag of England.
 - 7 May - William Prynne sentenced by the Star Chamber to a £5,000 fine, life imprisonment, pillorying and the loss of part of his ears when his *Histriomastix* is viewed as an attack on King Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria.
 - 20 October - King Charles I issues writs to raise ship money from coastal ports to finance the Royal Navy.
 - Cornelius Vermuyden begins the draining of The Fens to reclaim farmland.^[1]
 - First Newmarket Gold Cup horse race.
 - John Ford's history play *Perkin Warbeck* published.
 - Thomas Johnson begins publishing *Mercurius Botanicus*, including a list of indigenous British plants.
- **1635**
 - 4 August - Second writ for ship money is issued, extending the payments to inland towns.
 - Peter Paul Rubens paints the ceiling of the Banqueting House, Whitehall.
 - First secondary school established in the North American colonies, the English High and Latin School at Boston.
 - First General Post Office opens to the public, at Bishopsgate, London.
 - The Queen's House, Greenwich, is completed to the designs of Inigo Jones for Henrietta Maria.
 - English settlers begin the colonization of Connecticut.
- **1636**
 - 8 September (OS) - New College founded at the English colony of Massachusetts; later renamed 'Harvard'."

I enjoyed reading a couple of the plays mentioned above that I found on the Internet.

From the Internet, "brownellfamily.rootsweb.ancestry.com" we get this discussion for the reasons the English immigrated to New England:

“Their motivation was religious, political, and economic. The British church and government was becoming insufferably hierarchical, tyrannical, and tax-hungry. Common resentment among the English people led soon to the English Revolution beginning in 1642, and eventually to the beheading of King Charles for treason in 1649, after agents intercepted his secret invitations to foreign kings and armies, that they invade England, crush Parliament and the English Constitution, massacre his English opponents, and restore Charles to his pretended *Dei gratia* royal privileges. Charles Stuart continued incorrigibly to hold his dynastic interest separate and above those of Parliament and the British people, and ultimately Parliament had no alternative but to end his conspiracies with an axe.

“For a time in the 1640's hope rekindled in the people that they might live in liberty in England, and the flow of emigrants ceased, in fact reversed. Many brave New Englishmen and their sons returned to fight in England to uphold Parliament and the Commonwealth.”

The list of passengers sailing from England contained their names, ages, sex, and often their previous occupations. This was mandated by law. Most of the lists were prepared at the customs house and some proof was required before you were allowed to sail. It was also mandatory for everyone to swear allegiance to the Church and King before departure. The record of the passenger's oaths usually gives the place where they were sworn which was usually their home town. King Charles did not want the wealthy to emigrate from England with their money and his loss of taxes.

The second voyage of the James ship began July 1635. The ship arrived safely at Salem, at Massachusetts Bay. There were 50 passengers on board. Three Terry brothers were on this ship: Richard was 17 years old, Robert 25, and Thomas 28.

They sailed to America just 15 years after the Pilgrims sailed on the Mayflower Sept. 6, 1620 from Plymouth, England.



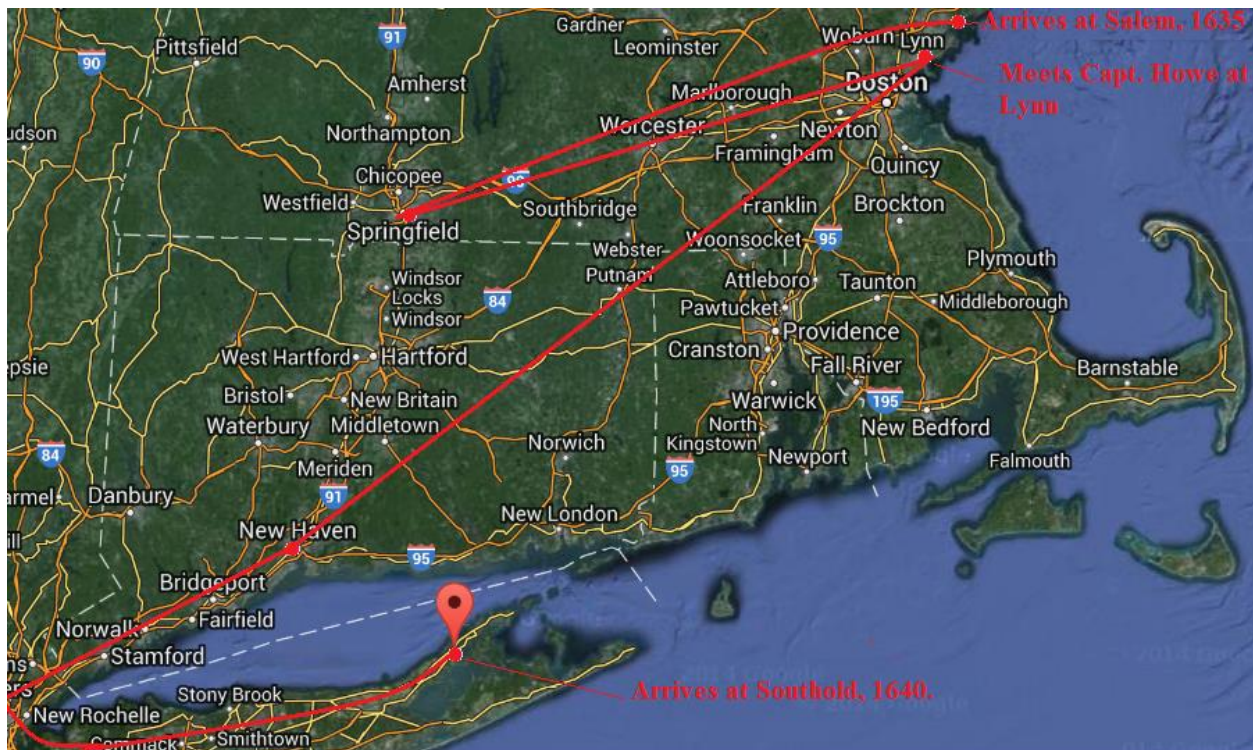
CHAPTER 3: TERRYS IN LONG ISLAND NEW YORK

Richard remained in Salem a few years, then moved to Springfield, then to Lynn, and finally to Southold, Long Island in 1640. He was followed there by his brother Thomas. Two of the brothers, Richard and Thomas, helped settle Southold, on the north fork of upper Long Island. Richard is listed on the Internet as one of the founders of Southold in 1640. They were the first English settlers in upper Long Island. The more famous Southampton is located on the south fork of upper Long Island.

An excellent book was written by Rev. Epher Whitaker, which lists the brothers in Southold: “History of Southold in the first century” This book can be found on line.

Whitaker says that in 1640 Richard Terry negotiated with Capt. Howe of Lynn Mass for a settlement on Long Island. From the Internet, I found a Daniel Howe listed as a freeman of Lynn, 14 May 1631. Removed to Southampton about 1640 and was one of the earliest settlers. Apparently he had purchased land under the Earl of Sterling. And apparently, Richard met Captain Howe in Lynn Massachusetts, bought land from him, and then moved to Southold.

Travels of Richard Terry



The farm he owned and likely purchased from Captain Howe was in Corchang, which is the name of an Indian tribe. Although I found many references to Corchang on the Internet, I was unable to find if it differed in location than Southold.

Richard called his farm Quashaneck, and he sold some land at his farm in 1649. It was described as “one first lot at Occabuck” Apparently he was making part of his living by farming and part by selling lots in a subdivision that he called Occabuck.

Richard was clerk of the court for Southold and he was elected as the Southold recorder in 1662. He held that office until 1674 when he retired to his farm. Perhaps he was already ill at this time. The historian Whitaker says that being recorder was an important position. He must have been a respected member of the community because this was an elected office, and he must have been a good Church member because this was required by law to hold public office.

Thomas Terry went to Long Island with Richard. Whitaker said he had a lot in Southold. They were frequently four acre parcels. Apparently Richard’s holdings were greater. According to William Z. Terry, Ogden, Utah in his research of the “Terry Settlers in New England” their brother Robert settled in Flushing, Long Island in 1640 but he knew nothing of him after this point.

Terryville on Long Island lies further out on the north arm of Long Island than Southold. This town was not created until the 1800s.

Richard was married to Abigail Lines May 22, 1649, nine years after he arrived in Southold. Abigail was born in 1629 and died in 1686.

Children of Richard Terry and Abigail Lines

1. Abigail, birth 7 March 1650; death 1698; married Thomas Rider
2. Gershom, birth 7/11/1652; death 3/14/1724; married Deborah Wells; died at Corchaug Long Island, 3/14/1724
3. **Nathaniel, birth 1/7/1656; death 10/23/1723; Married Mary Horton**
4. Sarah, birth august 1658;
5. Richard, birth; death 2/2/1724; died at Cutchogue
5. John, birth May 1662; death 4/27/1723;
6. Samuel, birth April 1664; Land owner in Southold in 1721
7. Elizabeth, birth 4/2/1666;
8. Mary, birth; death 2/4/1705; married twice
9. Bethia, birth 9/13/1672; death 10/11/1739; married three times

Because Richard was the recorder, he made sure he recorded his children’s birthdates, etc.

Rev. Ephraim Whitaker's explains that the Christian Church was the focal point for everyone in Southold. If you were not a devout member you could not vote and you could not hold public office. In addition, taxes were collected from everyone to support the local church.

My own thoughts: This doesn't say much for the religious freedom that historians speak of as a major driving force bringing people to the new world. Being forced to believe in the only church in town is not religious freedom, and being forced to pay taxes to support the local church is the opposite of religious freedom. We can only guess at what some people actually believed in the quiet moments of their lives. Certainly there would have been controversy because even then science was beginning to find conflict with the bible. Galileo had already published his studies that showed the earth rotated around the sun, and other scientists were showing extensive evidence that the earth was ancient in direct conflict with the bible. And then we have those pesky dinosaurs that the bible can't explain away.

Although Americans cite religious freedom as the reason English people immigrated to North America, it would seem this is only partially true because social, political, and economic reasons were also important as explained above. They came because a civil war was brewing in England.

There were no TVs in those days, and the people were more likely to dance, go to plays, attend social functions such as church activities, and enjoy outside activities such as horse racing. Not much different than living in Rockville when I was a kid.

William Z. Terry had little information on the early descendants of Richard Terry except their names and the fact that they remained in Southold for several generations. Those in direct line with the Terry's in Rockville are listed below.

NATHANIEL TERRY

Nathaniel Terry, born in 1656, the son of Richard Terry and Abigail Lines. Died October 23, 1723 at Southold. In 1706 and 1708, he deeded land to Abraham Young. In 1708, he received deeds of lands from Abraham Corey and from T. Longworth and wife. He was married November 31, 1682 to Mary Horton, who died September 26, 1728. She was a descendant of some of the original 13 settlers in Southold.



One of the Terry cemeteries in Long Island found on the Internet

Children of Nathaniel Terry and Mary Horton

1. **Nathaniel II, born 11/16/1683; died 12/17/1722.**
2. Phoebe, born 6/5/1690; married cousin Caleb Horton.
3. Nathan, born 10/12/1693; died 4/18/1725
4. Uriah, Sr., born 8/4/1698; died 11/10/1753; their son Uriah Jr. went with Parshall Terry to the Wyoming Valley. Here he becomes one of the leaders, a poet, a school teacher, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church.
5. Mary, born 11/13/1701; died 1755.

Nathaniel Terry II

He was the son of Nathaniel Terry I and Abigail Lines. He was born 11/16/1683; died 12/17/1722. He married Ann Armstrong. He is given credit as the father of Jonathon Terry.

Jonathon Terry

Jonathan Terry was born about 1707 and died at some unknown date. It is mentioned in Whitaker's book that Jonathon owned a wharf that was built to handle steamers. This was no small undertaking. Steamers tended to be large ships that would have required large docks and many workers to load and unload cargo and handle the passengers.



Cranes for loading and unloading ships a few hundred years ago

Jonathan married Jemima or Jemimah Parshall (spelled both ways in the literature). Her father was one of the more prominent men in Southold. One of their sons was Parshall Terry.

Children of Jonathon Terry and Jemimah Parshall

1. **Parshall I, born 8/8/1734**
2. Nathaniel, killed by Indians in Wyoming Valley, Penn 10/15/1763.
3. Jemimah, born 3/23/1738; died 1825; married Jonathan Parshall.

4. Remittance (drowned 1755, only found in James P. Terry records.)
5. Elizabeth, drowned 4/29/1755 at Southold. Probably 9 years of age.

CHAPTER 4: TERRYS IN WYOMING VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

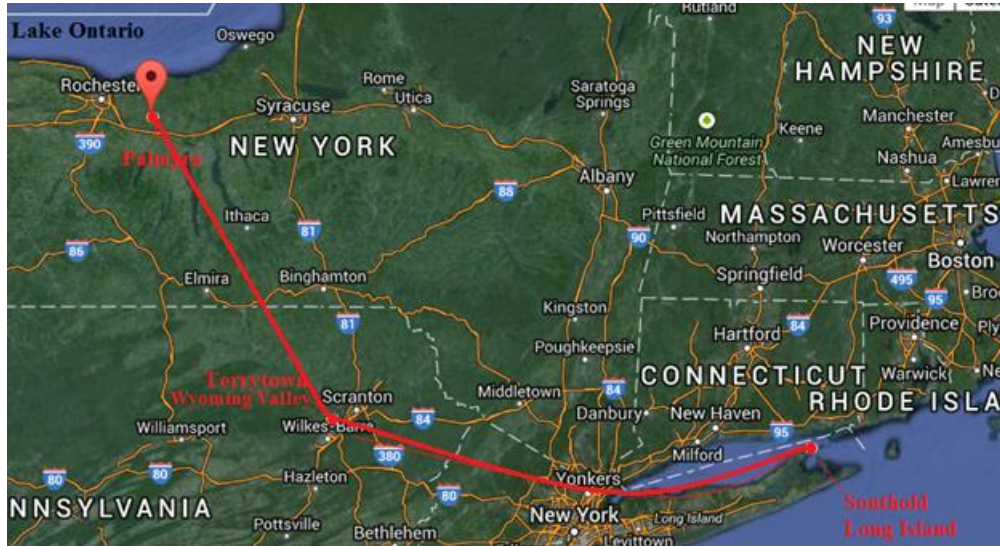
Because there were three Parshall Terrys in a row, I will refer to the first as Parshall Terry I. He was born in 1734. He married Deborah Clark of Long Island in 1755.³

Children of Parshall Terry I and Deborah Clark

1. **Parshall II, born February 1756.**
2. Jonathon, born June 1758 probably near Southold. He becomes a Captain in the colonial army and fights against the British in the American Revolution. He helps his father pioneer the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. He was one of the original founders of Terrytown, Pennsylvania where he dies in 1833.
3. Nathan, born in about 1760, lives and dies in Pontiac Michigan.
4. Deliverence, born in about 1762 in New York. She marries Israel Parshall.
5. Joshua, born 1764. Dies in East Palmyra in 1827. In our Family History, it relates that Stuart T. Terry in speaking of Joshua said: "A man of more than ordinary intellectual capacity." Some contend he was a doctor. His daughter Hannah Terry marries Parshall Terry III. Hannah was born Oct. 8, 1786, Goshen, Ulster Co. N.Y. She died Oct 4, 1877 in Rockville, Utah, just 4 days from being 91 years old.
6. Deborah, born 1766 in New York. Dies at Terrytown, Pennsylvania
7. Nathaniel, born 1768, dies in 1819.
8. Lydia, born 1770.
9. William, born 1772, supposed drowned while swimming.
10. Submission, born 1777, married Lebeus Garner.

Parshall Terry I and his family moved from Southold, New York to the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania during the 1760s. Eventually his son Captain Jonathan Terry and his sister Deborah inherit his lands in Wyoming Valley. Most of the other children move away, primarily to East Palmyra, New York where their father, Parshall Terry I, bought a good deal of land. Eventually Parshall Terry I retired in East Palmyra, a few miles from Palmyra.

Travels of Parshall Terry I



The Wyoming Valley Saga

Wyoming Valley is a very large, productive farming area in Pennsylvania that runs south along the Susquehanna River, 6th largest in the US. It lies about 200 miles west of Southold, New York and 20 miles south from the upper boarder of New York State.

If you go to the Internet and plug in Terrytown road on Google Earth, you find that it is a narrow paved road that winds through farmland on the west side of the Susquehanna River with an occasional barn or house. Terrytown doesn't really exist as much of a town today. It has been incorporated into Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, which is on the east side of the river. To the south some 60 miles is Wilkes-Barr, Pennsylvania, also primarily on the east side of the river. Parshall Terry I helped to settle this town and his son Jonathon is given more credit for settling Terrytown. The Wyoming Valley today exists as beautiful green farmland, much as it did 250 years ago.



Parshall Terry I was one of the proprietors and directors of the Connecticut-Susquehanna Purchase Company, whose object it was to settle the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. In 1762, when he was 28 years of age, he and his family and 93 other individuals moved to the Wyoming Valley. The individuals included Parshall's brother Nathaniel, and his cousin Uriah. They remained only 10 days, but returned to the valley in May of 1763 after making a treaty with the Indians. However, in October 1763, they were attacked by Indians and about 20 of the settlers were killed.

The picture below is of the Susquehanna River copied from a Wikipedia site



At the time of the attack, Parshall Terry I and his brother Nathaniel were in the fields working. Nathaniel saw the Indians first and warned his brother, but Nathaniel was shot and killed. Parshall hid in some nettles and long grass next to a large log. Although the Indians walked near him on several occasions, they could not find him. Several years later, Parshall I was at a conference where he met the Indian that killed his brother. The Indian said that he assumed the other white man fell into the nearby river and drowned.

After this attack, the settlers left the valley temporarily, but returned in 1769. This time they met with serious opposition by the Pennanites, and this struggle lasted several years. William Penn had been given the rights to Pennsylvania by King Charles II to satisfy a debt the king owed to Penn's father. The Pennanites took exception to any other immigrants. During the struggle, Parshall Terry I took an active, energetic roll and was especially hated by the Pennanites. Twice they seized him and carried him off to Easton where they threw him in jail, but he managed to escape both times.

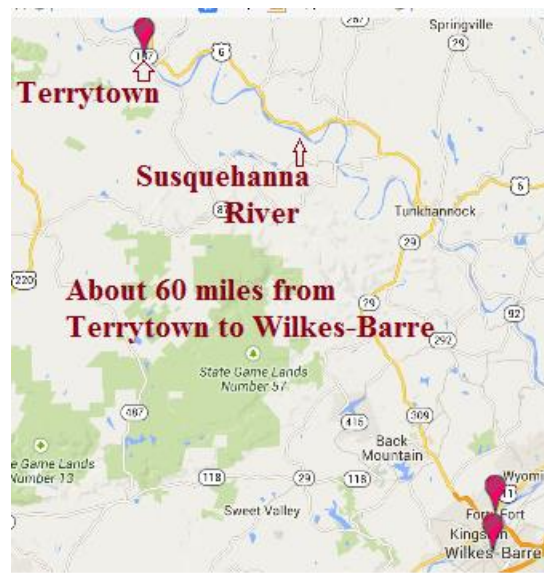
Except for their struggles with the Pennanites, the settlers of the Wyoming Valley prospered unmolested until the Wyoming Valley Massacre in 1778.

During this period, Parshall Terry I built a gristmill along the Susquehanna River. The story goes that Son Jonathan drove nails in the hoofs of the family mare and crossed the frozen river to Wilkes-Bare. Here he had his mare shod, purchased millstones, packed them on a jumper and drove home on the ice. The trip required three days. Years afterwards, this mill was known as Grandpa Terry's little mill. Where the mill was built on the Susquehanna River is unknown.

Perhaps it looked something like this old mill. This photo shows an old grist mill in New London. We can imagine the water pouring over the wheel, and the force of the spinning wheel grinding corn and other grains to make flour.



I always thought waterwheels were a wonderful invention. They have been used to grind our corn, push steamboats, make electricity, and when I was a kid my dad built a waterwheel that lifted the water out of a ditch and deposited it some 10 feet higher. From there the water was fed to a smaller ditch that watered our gardens and fruit trees in Rockville.



Parshall Terry I was one of the first settlers of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, which is on the east side of the Susquehanna River. Forty Fort is not far from there, but it is situated on the west side

of the river and slightly north. Terrytown is located about 60 miles further north on the west side of the river.

Parshall Terry I is said to be one of the first to discover coal in Wyoming Valley. It is said that one day he was using a camp fire and had made a crude fire box out of some black stones which he gathered up. Later, after going to bed, he got up to find that the stones were also burning. He sold this plot of land, which contained some of the richest deposits of coal in the valley, for a bull and a barrel of eels. Wyoming Valley produced much of the coal that helped fuel the industrial revolution in New England.

All was not to remain peaceful. In 1778, the settlers in the Wyoming Valley were attacked by British Forces and Indians during the American Revolution. It became known as the Wyoming Valley Massacre. This story has wide coverage on the Internet and a plaque in the valley names those massacred.

CHAPTER 5: MOTHER SCALPED IN THE WYOMING VALLEY MASSACRE

Parshall Terry II switches sides

For us, this story begins with the eldest child of Parshall Terry I and his wife Deborah Clark. I will refer to him as Parshall Terry II. He was born in Southold in 1756, and he was just 13 years of age when they moved permanently to the Wyoming Valley. Leaner Drake wrote a book about the Mills that Parshall Terry II came to operate on the Don River in Canada. The book's title is: "A Mill Should be Built thereon", An Early History of the Todmorden Mills. She devoted Chapter 3 to Parshall Terry II. She mentions that as a young man Parshall II trapped for furs in Canada and Ohio, which was illegal because the Montreal Trading Companies had a monopoly on those areas. I suspect that Parshall thought the very idea of such a monopoly was illegal.

At the beginning of the American Revolution, like his father and his brothers and sisters, Parshall II was a colonist and opposed to British rule. In 1776, he became a member of the First Westmoreland Independent Company, and he served in Washington's army for approximately one year. From the Parshall Terry Family History we get this story. One fateful day Parshall Terry II, stopped to tie his shoe. Being reprimanded for this, a quarrel ensued. The officer struck him with his sword. Thereupon, Parshall knocked the officer down and fled. He received no sympathy from his family who were colonists, and he deserted the army January 11, 1777.

He later joined the British Army becoming a First Lieutenant in Butler's Rangers, Royal Greens. The British rarely appointed a Colonist to any major rank. George Washington fought with the British army against the Indians, and according to his biographer, he was unhappy that he received a military grade below his status.

As part of the British forces, Parshall Terry II became opposed to his own father and his brother Jonathon who became a Captain in the Colonial Army. At the time of the Wyoming Massacre, Parshall II was 22 years of age and his brother Jonathon 20. Their father, now age 44, also fought with the Colonial Army.

The war in Wyoming Valley

The French joined the Colonists in their war against the British. This stimulated the British to recruit Loyalists (Tories), including Parshall Terry II, and Indians to fight the Colonial Army along the northern and western borders of the New England Colonies.

Colonel John Butler recruited a regiment of Loyalists and Seneca (Iroquois) Indians that eventually attacked the Wyoming Valley. One of the Loyalists was Parshall Terry II.

In an article on the Internet about the Wyoming Massacre, it is claimed that "A FRENCH-CANADIAN white woman controlled a tribe of Indians and she was called QUEEN ESTHER. A white man killed one of her Indians and she vowed to kill 13 for one. About 1200 Indians and Tories attacked about 300 soldiers and killed most of them as well as all the settlers they could find." Whether there is any truth to Queen Esther is unknown.

Unfortunately, Parshall Terry II was one of the Loyalists that took part in the war against the Colonial Army in Wyoming Valley. This pitted him against his father, mother, and his brothers and sisters in a gruesome massacre. It may have also pitted him against some of his wife's relatives, the Stevens that lived in Wyoming Valley.

The colonists were alerted to the British forces when they killed three men working at an unprotected gristmill (probably Parshall Terry's) on June 28, 1778. Why did the British forces kill these poor working souls?

Parshall Terry I went to Forty Fort along with at least some of his family and many other families soon after the invasion. He belonged to the 24th Regiment, Connecticut Militia in 1778.

The next day Colonel Butler sent a surrender summons to the militia at Wintermute's (Wintermoot) fort. Terms were arranged that the defenders, after surrendering the fort with all their arms and stores, would be released on the condition that they would not again bear arms during the war. It is not known for certain whether they agreed and were spared, or was the fort burned down with them in it.

The story goes that on July 3, the British saw a large number of Colonists gathering outside Forty Fort. Obviously the Colonists didn't know they were greatly outnumbered. At this point in time, the main body of Indians and British were a mile from this fort. Butler claims that he ordered Fort Wintermute burned to draw the band of Loyalists to him. He instructed the Seneca Indians to lie flat on the ground to avoid being seen. The Colonists in Forty Fort did not realize they were being drawn into a trap, and they charged the British. When the Colonists came upon the Indians, they rose up and fought the Americans in close combat.

A bloody battle ensued and hundreds of scalps were taken by the Indians. Some of the Colonists fled and were pursued by the Indians. Many were killed. It has been reported that sixty of the Patriot militia escaped, and only five were taken prisoner. The Indians continued to chase and kill colonists, including women, as far away as Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania some 42 miles away. Butler reported that 227 American scalps were taken that day.

Depiction of the battle by Alonzo Chappel, 1858 as shown on Wikipedia



Parshall Terry I and his son Jonathan belonged to the 24th regiment, but their story during this battle was never told. Jonathon at some point in time became a captain in the colonial army.

Amy Stevens, who became the wife of Parshall Terry II one year before the massacre, might have had a relative killed that day. Lieutenant Asa Stevens, born May 27, 1734 in Connecticut, was a casualty, but he did not have a daughter named Amy.

The next morning Colonel Dennison surrendered Forty Fort and two other forts along with the remaining soldiers. The Terry family was some of those in Forty Fort.

Parshall Terry II was with the British loyalists who entered Forty Fort, and he interceded on his family's behalf. Later his son, Captain Jonathon Terry, gave this account of his brother Parshall Terry II in his attempts to quell the vicious rumors about his brother. "False reports have been circulated in respect to my brother, Parshall Terry, and I have heard that it has been in print that he killed his father, etc., hence I wish to, in this place, declare the real truth in regard to it. My brother, Parshall Terry, was indeed on the opposite side of the great question from us, who were true Whigs, and was with the enemy, as well as many more. He also came into the fort with Butler and his army; but he offered no manner of violence to any of his friends. On the contrary, he said he had come into the fort to save our lives; and his father, who was also my father, has survived many years." This is a sworn statement given at Terrytown and published in History of Bradford County, Pennsylvania by Dr. Craft.

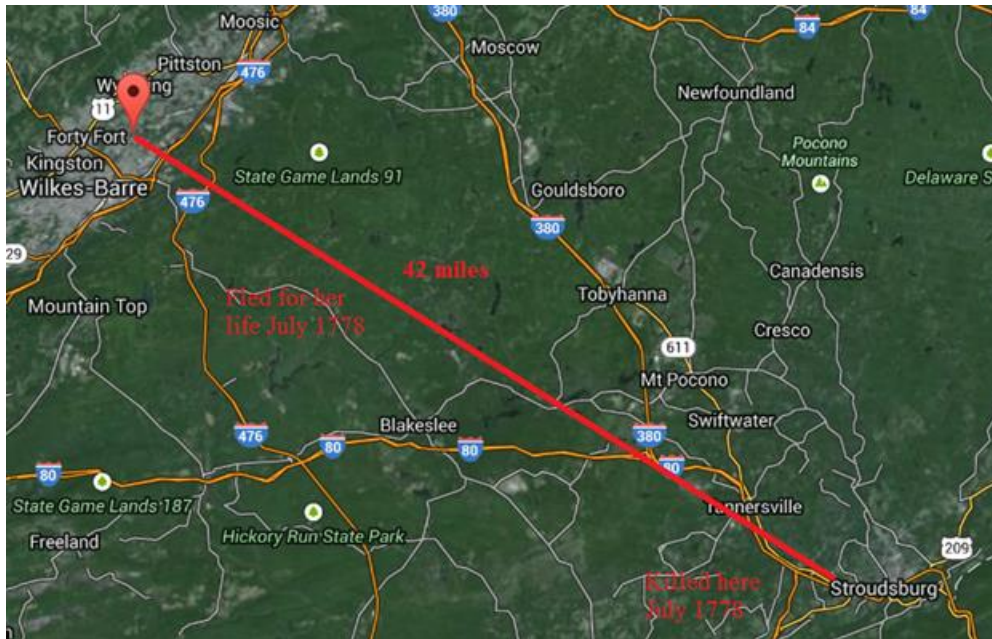
Deborah Terry Horton had this to say about her brother. "When my Tory brother, Parshall, who had been with the Indians up the river and was in the battle, came in he spoke kindly, saying he had come to save our lives, but seemed overcome with shame. When my father upbraided him with the wickedness of his conduct, and horrible company he was in, he could not look him in the face, or answer a simple word. My father had on a pair of new shoes, which at that time were articles of great importance, which few people could afford to wear in warm weather. An Indian, observing them got down on his knees and recklessly cut the strings with his knife and took them off his feet. My tory brother had not influence enough with them to prevent them from robbing us of everything they could carry away." At the time of the attack, she was 12 years of age.

J. Washington Ingham, a great grandson of Parshall II, in a paper read before the Bradford County Historical Society, November 28, 1914, had this to say. Among other things, he said "Whatever Parshall Terry's faults may have been as a politician you know Canadians would view his conduct in a different light from what you naturally do. He left a splendid name behind him. He was a man of great determination, and old settlers used to tell of his inflexible integrity".

James Parshall Terry, who immigrated to Rockville, was the grandson of Parshall Terry II. He states in his autobiography: "In justice to him it ought to be said that between him and the rest of the family, there were only political differences."

Although none of Parshall Terry's children were killed on that fateful day, tragedy did strike the Terry family as a result of the Wyoming Valley Massacre. Deborah Clark Terry, wife of Parshall Terry I, apparently tried to escape the Wyoming Valley massacre, but was killed in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania in July 1778.

The flight of Deborah Clark Terry during the Wyoming Massacre



In 1776, Jacob Stroud, founder of Stroudsburg, did fortify his residence to create Fort Penn. Some of the survivors of the Wyoming Massacre did seek refuge at Fort Penn. Stroudsburg is approximately 42 miles southeast of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Just why the mother was murdered while her children escaped is unknown. Perhaps she got caught outside Forty Fort, and fled on a horse across the Susquehanna River with Indians in deadly pursuit. We can only imagine that she thought she was going to make the fort at Stroudsburg when they captured and scalped her at its door.

The full story of Deborah Clark Terry is yet to be told, just as some of the details of the battle remain a mystery.

Some other facts about the massacre were copied from the Internet.

The British had this to say according to Wikipedia:

“Most non-combatants were spared and almost no inhabitants were injured or molested after the surrender of the forts. Colonel Butler wrote: "But what gives me the sincerest satisfaction is that I can, with great truth, assure you that in the destruction of the settlement not a single person was hurt except such as were in arms, to these, in truth, the Indians gave no quarter." An American farmer wrote: "Happily these fierce people, satisfied with the death of those who had opposed them in arms, treated the defenseless ones, the woman and children, with a degree of humanity almost hitherto unparalleled".

These statements don't jibe very well with Deborah Clark Terry's sad end, and it conflicts with the story that men working at a mill were killed.

Most of the Colonist militia were killed. In addition, the British burned 1,000 houses, and drove off 1,000 cattle plus many sheep and hogs.

The Wyoming Valley massacre infuriated the colonists, and in retaliation American soldiers destroyed Indian villages as far away as Tioga. They recovered a large amount of plunder stolen during the massacre. The next summer, General George Washington sent the Sullivan Expedition against the Iroquois Indians. They destroyed 40 villages in upper New York, along with their stores of corn and vegetables. Many of the Iroquois died of starvation that winter, but they continued to fight with the British and raid Colonial settlements until the end of American Revolution.

After the Wyoming Massacre

After the massacre, Parshall Terry I continued to live in Wyoming Valley until he retired in Palmyra, NY. He married Sarah Lee Horton, widow of Lieutenant Isreal Horton. She had eleven children. Their combined families numbered twenty-two. They had a private school in their home. Apparently Sarah died or they got a divorce because he took a third wife by the name of Bethia Wells, according to James Parshall Terry.

Parshall Terry I prospered in Wyoming Valley, and he invested heavily in land in and around Palmyra, New York. One purchase made was 900 acres, the deed to which was signed July 3, 1789, 11 years after the Wyoming Massacre.

When Parshall Terry I retired, he deeded his holdings in Pennsylvania to his son Jonathan and daughter Deborah, who had married John Horton. He moved to East Palmyra (less than five miles from Palmyra) where most of his family had moved. According to a photo of Parshall Terry's headstone provided to me by Jim Terry, Hurricane, Utah, James Parshall I died in Palmyra or East Palmyra May 15, 1811.



CHAPTER 6: PARSHALL TERRY II GOES TO CANADA

Because Parshall Terry II fought on the side of the British during the American Revolution, he moved to Canada at the close of the war in 1783. At this time, he was 23 years of age and was married to Amy Stevens, who he married in 1777. Amy Stevens was born April 20, 1758 in Plainfield, Conn. She died in Fort Niagara, Canada. She was only 31 when she died shortly after giving birth to Joshua in 1789.

Since Parshall Terry II deserted Washington's Army on January 11, 1777, he was not in any army when he married Amy. I wonder what side Amy Stevens stood on. Was she for or against the British?

Amy Stevens had six children with Parshall Terry II before she died.

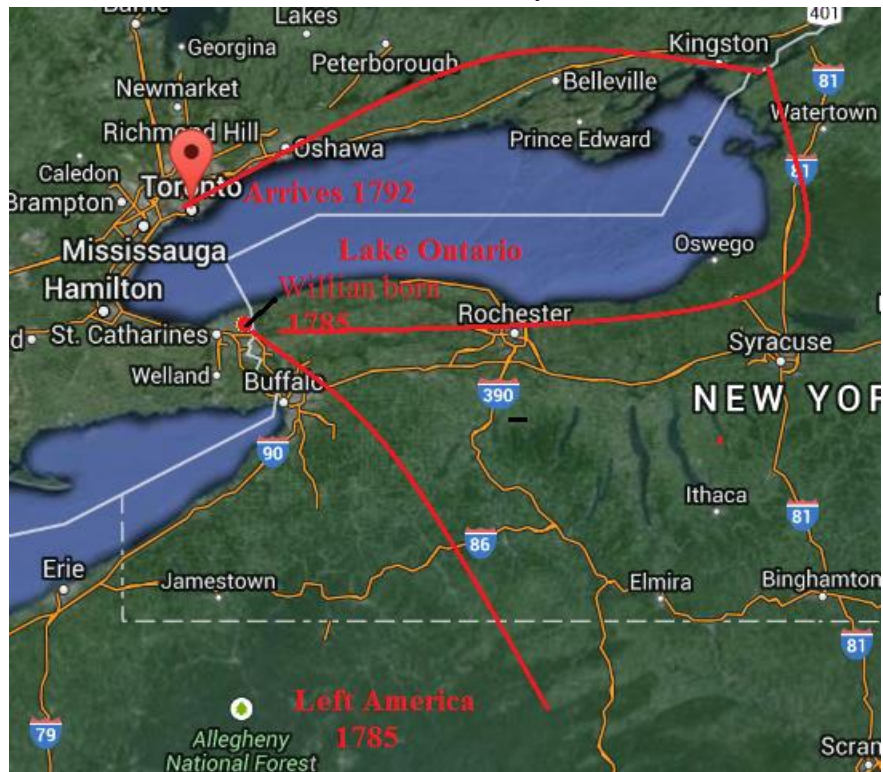
1. **Parshall III, born September 30, 1778.**
2. Mary, born 1780, in New York State
3. Mitty, born about 1782, in New York State
4. Elizabeth, born about 1784, in New York State
5. William, born about 1785 at Fort Niagara, Canada. He became a physician, and died in Illinois. His first wife died in Canada.
6. Joshua, born 1789, in New York, died in Michigan

Parshall Terry II did not have any more children after his wife died until 1796 when he married Roda Skinner from Upper Canada, and they had six children.

Children of Parshall Terry II and Roda Skinner Terry

1. Sarah Maria, born December 22, 1796 at York, Ontario, Canada
2. Deborah, born December 22, 1796, a twin of Sarah. She married Dr. Thomas
3. Amy, born either 1795 or 1797. She married Isaac Cornell, Feb. 1811.
4. Timothy, born Sept. 23, 1798. Joined the LDS Church in 1838 and went to Missouri and Illinois. He married two women. Two of his Children, Peter Parshall Terry and George Thompson Terry came to Utah.

Movements of Parshall Terry II in Canada



In the spring of 1784, Parshall and his family moved to Niagara where he purchased some land. Their son William was born at Fort Niagara Canada in 1785, and Amy died there.

Much of the following discussion of Parshall Terry II comes from Eleanor Darke's book "A Mill Should be Built thereon" that can be found on the Internet.⁴ The book discusses the early history of the Todmorden Mills on the Don River in Toronto, and Parshall Terry II owned part of the mill and leased the remainder until his death. In addition, his home, the oldest in Toronto, is part of the Todmorden Mills Heritage Museum in Toronto, Canada. Obviously these mills were important to the early history of the Toronto area.

While living in Niagara, Parshall became deputy-commissary under John Warren, and he was appointed a magistrate for the Fort Erie area in 1789. A lay magistrate presided over the local courts. In 1792, he was elected to the First Parliament of Upper Canada as the representative for the Fourth Riding of Lincoln and Norfolk, which consisted of several towns. After he completed his term as a member of the legislature in 1796, Parshall became a magistrate for York (Toronto), a post he held for the remainder of his life. He is also mentioned as the foreman of a grand jury.

After the death of his wife, Parshall and his children lived at several places along Lake Ontario. He arrived in York, now Toronto, in 1792, which at the time was a wilderness in greater Upper Canada. Upper Canada did not officially come into being until 1791 when the United Kingdom set it aside to govern the central third of the lands in Canada under their rule. A portion of this land was given to the Loyalist refugees that left America for Canada. Upper Canada remained as a political entity until 1841.

Parshall took advantage of the land being given to the Loyalists in Upper Canada. On May 10, 1797 he was awarded 500 acres, which was the maximum granted. His wife, Roda Skinner Terry, was granted 200 acres, being the daughter of a U.E. Loyalist. Parshall continued to add to his land in Canada, and by 1807, he owned more than 2000 acres. Over the years he increased his wealth by buying and selling land as well as running a grist mill and saw mill.

The saw mill he operated was built by Roda Skinner's two brothers. It was built on the Don River in Toronto in 1795. In 1797, Parshall Terry II purchased 1/3 ownership in the mill, and he leased the rest of the mill from the Skinner family. He ran this mill until his death in 1808, which is the big reason the mill is so closely associated with his name, that and the fact that he was a well-known politician.

In 1799 Parshall built a new saw mill on his property further upstream at the Forks, and immediately offered it for sale. He also tried to sell his 1/3 interest in the Skinner's Mill as well as his lease that was good for another 11 years. The land and lease included 400 acres with good pine. The ad said the owner could grind, saw, and Raft Boards at the Mill.

Parshall's brother, Nathan, came to Canada in 1800 and lived with Parshall for almost a year. Apparently the Wyoming Massacre was long since forgotten. Nathan was issued some land in Canada that Parshall bought from him, and Nathan returned to the US.

Parshall tried his hand at making shingles, and in growing large quantities of potatoes, turnips, and strawberries. When the government advertized for hemp for ropes in 1802, he planted hempseed, and when a need for linen arose in 1803, he planted flax.

He maintained his involvement in politics. He was Pound Keeper for the area in 1799, and overseer of roads in 1800. He was frequently away from home, and his sons and son-in-laws ran the sawmill. And when they moved away, he hired local men to do the work.

His son, William, became a physician and a politician in Canada; he died in Illinois.

Parshall Terry II historic house in Canada

Parshall moved his family to the mill site in 1797. He built a small house for them to live in, and later it was enlarged. This house still stands today as part of the Todmorden Mills Heritage Museum in Toronto, Canada.



Having three chimneys was a luxury in Canada because your taxes were higher.

The portion of this house at the back with the single chimney is now the kitchen. This portion of the building had a real brick fireplace, glass windows, solid wood floor, and a basement with a well.

Parshall Terry II died while trying to cross the Don River at flood stage on the back of his horse. The horse made it, but he drowned July 23, 1808 at the age of 52.

The following is a notice in the local paper at the time of Parshall's death. I copied it from Eleanor Darke's book.

DROWNED IN THE DON

Departed this life on the 20th, Mr. Parshall Terry. His death was occasioned by his getting into the River Don on horseback. By this misfortune an exemplary wife and large, helpless family are left to the care of the all-disposing Providence, and a resistless appeal is made to the benevolence and sympathetic generosity of a virtuous public. The particular situation of the road near the Don bridge, calls imperiously upon the commissioners appointed by his Excellency for the particular care of the roads and employing the voted money for immediate repairs, as many lives are seriously threatened with danger by its present state, in consequence of the causeway being removed by an excessive flood. The place, when seen, suggests the nature of the required improvement, and as a part of duty we earnestly recommend it to public attention.⁹⁵



Picture of Don River by Owen Staples

A note on Parshall's wife after his death: Roda had seven children 4-14 when she married William Cornell who had 12 children from a previous marriage. Roda had six more children with Cornell bringing the total to 25 children. She outdid Parshall Terry I who had 22 children in his home after he married his second wife.

At the time of his father's death, Parshall Terry III, was 30 years old, married, and living in East Palmyra, NY.

CHAPTER 7: PARSHALL TERRY III AND HANNAH TERRY

We know a great deal more about Parshall Terry III and Hannah Terry because they and their children were the primary focus of the Parshall Terry family reunion and the Terry Family Records compiled by the Nora Hall. In addition, their son James Parshall wrote his autobiography⁵ and his sister Elizabeth⁶ wrote a sketch of her life.

The story of this family is of particular interest because of the events swirling around them in Canada, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Utah. Their sojourn is not over until they have travelled more than 3000 miles in the back of their wagons, at times trudging through snowfields and fording frozen rivers.

Parshall Terry III was the oldest child of Parshall Terry II and Amy Stevens. He was born September 30, 1778, State of New York. He died in Utah when he was 83 years old.

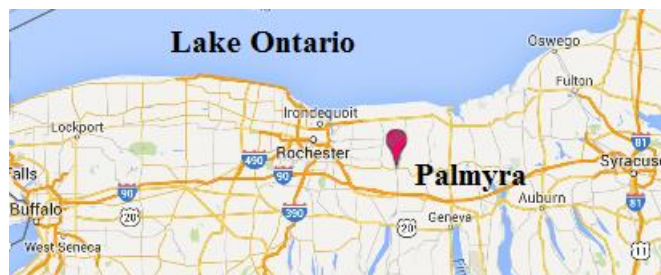
Parshall Terry III was born in the same year as the Wyoming Massacre. His father moved to Canada in 1783 when he was 5 years old. He was 11 years old when his mother died, and about 17 when his father built his house in Toronto near the Don River. We can imagine that he learned the sawmill business, and he likely was busy helping his father build his house. Perhaps he struck out on his own when he went back to America and married his first cousin, Hannah Terry on March 16, 1802. At this point, he was 24 years of age.

Hannah Terry was a central figure in all that occurred in this line of Terrys until she died in Rockville, Utah when she was 91 years old, but unfortunately we know little about her. She was born in Goshen NY in 1786, making her 16 years of age when they married. She was the daughter of Joshua Terry, brother of Parshall Terry II, and Elizabeth Parshall, which means Hannah and Parshall III were first cousins. Her father was regarded as being highly intelligent, and one source on the Internet states that he was a doctor; however, the Terry family records never mention this fact.

Parshall Terry III and Hannah Terry had thirteen children

1. Steven, born August 19, 1803, in New York State: died 1/2/1892 in Ohio
2. Jacob Er., born 7/4/1805, in Palmyra, NY; died 4/14/1898 Draper, Utah
3. Dency, born 7/27, 1807, in Palmyra, NY; died 12/10/1884 Wisconsin.
4. Clark, born 9/19/1809, in Palmyra, NY; died June 1812.
5. Joel, born 5/23/1812, at Palmyra, NY; died 1891 Uintah, Utah
6. Elizabeth, born 11/17/1814 at Palmyra NY; died 3/6/1878 Draper, Utah
7. David, born 4/17/1817 at Palmyra NY; died 10/20/1888 Linwood, Canada
8. Jane, born 5/5/1819 at St. Louis, Canada; died 2/15/1847 Winter Quarters, Neb.
9. Amy, born 5/21/1821, at York, Canada; died 4/5/1900 Draper, Utah
10. Marilla, born 7/2/1823 at Albion, Canada; died 10/19/1894, Rockville, Utah
11. Joshua, born 8/11/1825 at Albion, Canada; died 12/11/1915, Draper, Utah
12. Deborah, born 12/25/1827 at Albion, Canada; died 12/11/1838, Pike County ILL.
13. **James Parshall Terry**, born 1/1/1830, at Albion, Canada; died 8/12/1918, Hinckley, Utah, but buried in Draper.

It would seem that marrying your first cousin is not always a bad thing. All the children were healthy and successful, and they lived long lives except for Clark who died when he was three years old of unknown causes, and Jane and Deborah who died while moving about in Nebraska and Illinois with illness, poor diets, and at times with little protection from harsh cold weather.



Parshall III and Hannah moved to East Palmyra, New York shortly after they were married. Their oldest son Steven was born there in 1803. Hannah and Parshall III remained in East Palmyra, New York until about 1818. Seven of their children were born there.

They likely moved to Palmyra because there were other family members living in the area. Also, his grandfather Parshall Terry I bought a good deal of land in the area, and perhaps they had access to some of this land. He was probably a farmer, but we actually don't know what he did for a living during this period. Perhaps he had several pursuits.

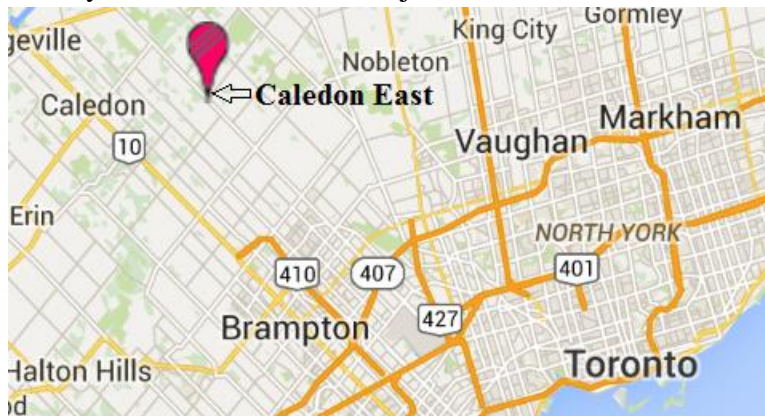
Jacob Er and Joseph Smith become childhood friends.

Joseph Smith, who founded the LDS Church, moved to Palmyra with his parents in 1816. He was nearly the same age as Parshall and Hannah's son Jacob, who was 10 or 11. Jacob and Joseph were schoolmates and friends. This lasted until 1818 when Parshall and Hannah moved to Canada with their children. This is likely a true story because East Palmyra and Palmyra were only a few miles apart and they were small villages, and they did have a school that they likely shared. It is also quite likely that the parents came to know each other. Joseph did not claim to discover the plates until 1823, and the Book of Mormon was not published until 1833.

We can follow Parshall and Hannah by the births of their children. The first born in Canada was Jane who was born in St Louis, Canada in 1819; Amy was born in 1821 in York (Toronto), and Marilla was born in July 1823 in the district of Albion, 25 miles north of Toronto.

According to Parshall Terry Family History, they did not obtain any advances from his father's wealth or the real estate now held by Roda Skinner. However, it is likely that there were some connections between the families because Amy was born in Toronto, and in October 1843 Elizabeth lived with one of Roda's sons, Timothy Terry, when he was living in Nauvoo.

Parshall III and Hannah moved to the Township of Albion, Canada 2nd July, 1822. At this time, the township was mostly a farming area about 23 miles north of downtown Toronto. According to Charles R. Terry, his grandfather Parshall Terry III, settled with his family in a village called Caledon East in the township of Albion, where they established a gristmill and where his father David learned the milling business. He goes on to say the family had a store and a hotel. Charles was a successful man that lived in Canada, and he is likely a reliable source of information. However, it is doubtful that it was much of a hotel because according to Elizabeth, they lived in a very primitive, sparsely populated region with no schools. Perhaps he did rent a room to some stranger occasionally, and perhaps he did sell supplies to the farmers in the area. He also likely had a farm. We do know that he accumulated several thousand dollars that he took with them when they left Canada in 1838 to join the Mormons in Far West, Missouri.



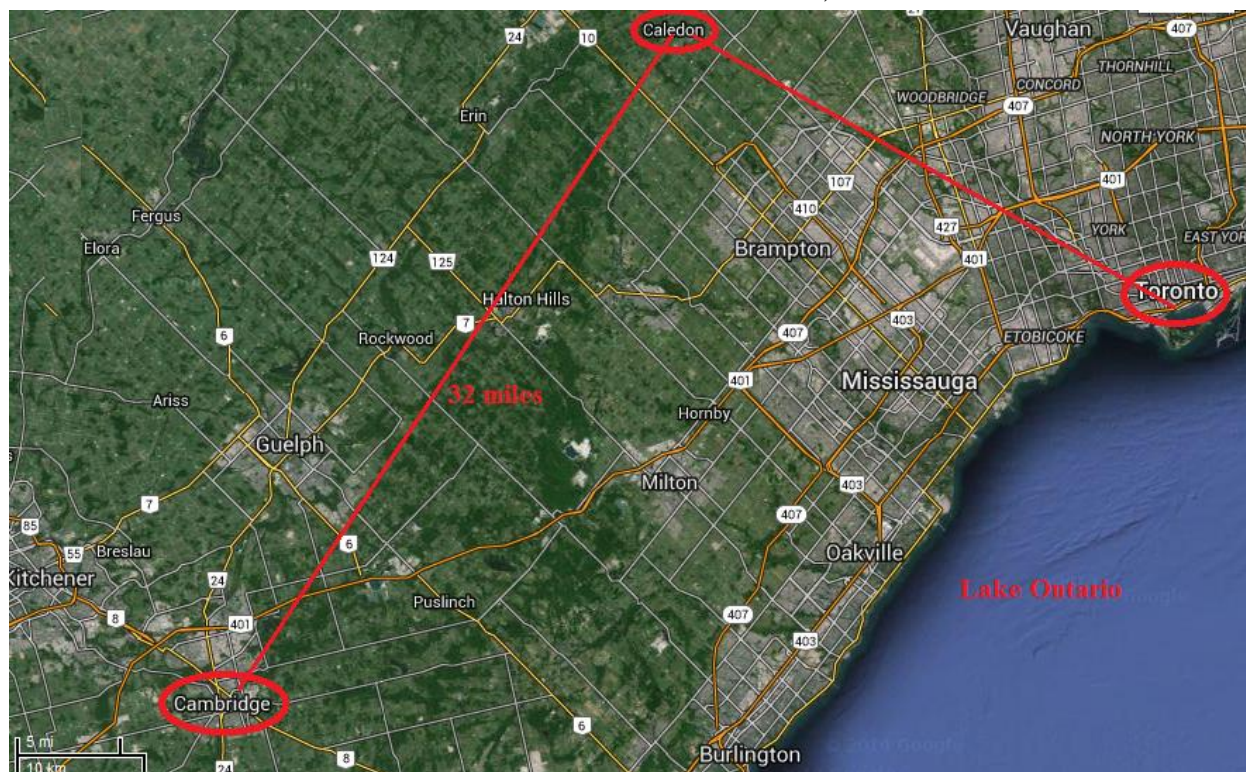
Elizabeth Terry says “My father was an honest man, and taught his children to be strictly honest and truthful, and to be sure to fulfill every promise, and to always mind the Golden Rule—Do unto others as we would have others do unto us.” She also said that her father was “very careful and industrious, but he always had poor health.” James Parshall Terry concurred with his sister; He said his father suffered with dyspepsia and was unwell most of the time. However, it should be noted Parshall Terry III died in Utah at the age of 83. There is no mention of Hannah with ill health except she was ill when angry mobs forced them to leave Far West, Missouri. She must have had a strong constitution to give birth to 13 children and raise them to adulthood much of the time under harsh conditions. She was likely a beautiful lady because her children were remembered as being handsome.

Parshall and Hannah moved from Canada and began their long journey west in 1838, 16 years after they arrived in Caledon East, July 1822. To better understand who went on this journey, it is necessary to make a quick assessment of their children.

Parshall III and Hannah’s children in 1838

Steven, their oldest child, was 19 years of age when they reached Caledon East where they put down roots. Four years later, Steven married Sarah Bryant of New York State. They lived in Galt, Ontario, Canada until 1833 when they moved to Michigan. Galt is now part of Cambridge.

Parshall III and Hannah lived in Caledon East, Albion District



Steven was not an important character in Parshall and Hannah's life especially after his family moved to Michigan at some unknown date. However, he did not escape the watchful eye of James Parshall who years later diligently recorded the genealogy of every Terry relative.

Jacob Er was born in 1805, making him 17 years old when they arrived in Caledon East. In 1828, he married Catherine Hannah Brown. They had five children. Catherine died, and he married Mary Maria Riley Burns, in Collander, Canada in 1839. He was now 34 years of age. He and Mary Maria also had five children.

Jacob Er remained close to his family, and he joined them in Pike County Illinois in 1840, later moving into Nauvoo, and from there to Salt Lake and on to Rockville. We can imagine that he was thrilled when he was baptized by his childhood friend Joseph Smith, January 12, 1842. Jacob always remained close to his parents and his brothers and sisters for much of his life.

Dency, who was born in 1807, was 16 years of age when they arrived in Albion District. We can imagine that she was a great deal of help to her mother taking care of her younger brothers and sisters, but she married Samuel Hackett in 1825, and they moved to Bramton, Ontario, Canada where they developed a farm from the wilderness in cooperation with his parents. Fourteen years later they moved to America and finally settle down in Wisconsin. She did travel to Rockville in 1863 to visit her family for whom she had much love. From this I conclude they did correspond as best they could by mail. It must have been a joyful day when she saw her mother Hannah and her brothers and sisters. According to the Terry Family History, she was rather tall, her shoulders slightly bent, of average weight, and her hair auburn. She seemed in personality like her brother James: Her voice was soft and most expressive, never loud or harsh. She frequently wore a silk or lace cap and a large silk woolen shawl of bright plaid colors, which is now placed in the Sauk County museum along with an old clock of hers. She was a staunch member of the Reorganized LDS Church. She passed away in 1884, and shortly thereafter, her brother James Parshall visited Wisconsin and recorded the genealogy of her descendants. James Parshall never left a stone unturned in his quest to chase down every Terry and record their birth dates, lineage, marriages, and deaths.

Joel was born in 1812, which made him about 11 years of age when they settled in Albion Canada. He married Maria Anderson in 1833. They had two children by the time they left for Far West, Missouri in 1838. We will have occasion to meet up with Joel as they cross the plains and settle in Utah.

Elizabeth was six years old when they reached Albion Canada. There were no schools, but she said her mother Hannah taught them to read and write just as she must have done for all of her children. She must have done a good job because Elizabeth composed a well written sketch of

her life, and some excellent poetry, and James Parshall wrote an autobiography. Judging by a photograph of her when she was elderly, we see that she was likely a very pretty lady.

In 1833, at 21 years of age, Elizabeth married a young Englishman by the name of Francis Kirby who owned a tavern. He was almost an entire stranger to her, but her father advised her to marry him. He drank a great deal and he hated religion and attempted to stop Elizabeth from attending church meetings, and whenever possible prevented her from praying, which was tough on Elizabeth because she had utmost faith in God. He hated the Baptist Church when she was associated with them, and he hated the Mormons even more. She tended the bar for him and was mentally abused by him until he died in 1842. Elizabeth did not travel with her parents to Far West, but she did join them in Nauvoo, Illinois in 1843.

Charles R. Terry wrote a short sketch of his father's life.⁷ David Terry was born in 1817, and he was about four years old when they reached Albion. By the time the family left Canada in 1838, he was 21 years of age and was making his own way through life. They said he was physically strong and athletic. He could chop four cords of steam boat wood a day on the banks of the Mississippi River. Apparently he traveled extensively in American. He wore a stovepipe hat and straps under his instep to keep his trousers down straight. He was known to be honest and trustworthy, and he did not smoke or drink. He was a great reader, pious, but not Mormon. After Elizabeth's husband died he tended bar for his sister for a year. He married a beautiful girl by the name of Elizabeth Washburn. She died about three months later with fever. When his folks moved to the States he stayed behind and ran a grist mill for a man named Hawks. His wages were twenty-two dollars a month. He purchased one hundred acres of land at Linwood Canada for \$400 dollars. There he met and married Mary Ann Cunningham. They cleared the land and farmed there until his death in 1888. Four years before he dies, his brother James Parshall returns to Canada and records the entire genealogy of all his descendants.

Jane was two years old when they settled in Albion. In 1836, she married George Tarbox, and their first child was born in Ontario, Canada in 1837. His name was Elisha Terry Tarbox. Jane and her husband joined the LDS Church in Canada and left Ontario with Parshall and Hannah on the steamer "Transit" on July 10, 1838.

Amy was born in Canada in 1821. She was unmarried and 17 years of age when she left Canada with the family and traveled to America. Her younger brothers and sisters Marilla, Joshua, Deborah, and James Parshall also traveled to American with their parents in July of 1838.

There is no way they could have anticipated what this journey would entail nor the thousands of miles they would have to travel in wagons under perilous conditions, primitive roads, and harsh brutal winters that killed two of the children. There is no way that they could have guessed that their final destination in Utah would require eleven hard years. And for Hannah and four of her

children, it did not end until their journey to Rockville in 1862, 24 years after they left Canada. Hannah died in Rockville when she was 91 years of age.

The journey for Hannah, Parshall and their children must begin with the reasons that uprooted a successful family and drove them from Canada into what proved to be a very harsh world.

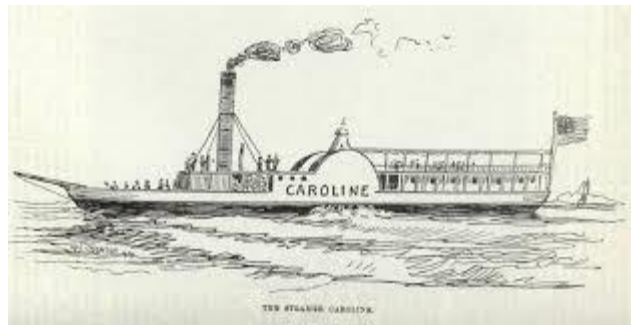
Beginning as early as 1831, LDS missionaries were in Upper Canada to teach their religion to the Canadians in hopes of gaining new converts. The missionaries, including Brigham Young, brought startling tales of Joseph Smith's golden plates and a new Church, and hundreds of people assembled to hear them speak. This same outpouring occurred wherever the missionaries went, including overseas, which helps to explain why the church had 15,000 members in Nauvoo by 1847, and 69,000 members in Salt Lake by 1869. These people all got to their destinations by covered wagons and handcarts.

Elizabeth Terry relates in her brief autobiography that missionaries of the Mormon Church began talking to the Terry family February 1838. The Terry's tended to be religious people, and they were receptive to this new faith partly because of their previous association with Joseph Smith and his family in Palmyra. Eventually, almost the entire family joined the Church.

The missionaries encouraged them to move to Far West Missouri and join thousands of others who had already relocated there with Joseph Smith. They likely explained that they could get to Chicago on steamers and from there they could travel in wagons to Far West. The route was probably laid out for them including places to cross the rivers, such as the Mississippi.

It would have been exciting for them to think that they would live and prosper among likeminded people under the guidance and hand of their Prophet Joseph Smith, someone they knew when he was a child.

There were other important events that might have influenced their decision to go to America. The Canadian Rebellion broke out in the winter before they left Canada. In particular, the people in Upper Canada were dissatisfied with the ruling government. William Lyon Mackenzie who led the rebellion north of Toronto feared for his life and fled to Buffalo dressed in women's clothes. He was a former member of the Provincial Parliament. Later he and several hundred other men, including many Americans, occupied Naval Island in the Niagara River. He proclaimed it to be the Republic of Canada. Proclamations circulated, rumors spread, and the Canadian Government called up 2,500 troops to put down the Rebellion on Navy Island.



Wikimedia.org

The American's got into the act briefly in another way. The steamer Caroline, an American ship out of Buffalo, was running supplies and men to Navy Island when the Canadian Government ships captured it after a brief battle in which one American was killed. They removed the rest of the men off the ship then set it on fire. It was made of wood and it burned and floated over the Niagara Falls. It caused quite a stir because it lighted up both sides of the river.

The painting below depicts the Caroline as it burned just before it plunged over Niagara Falls.



Painting by George Tattersall

On January 11, 1838, Mackenzie and his men were forced off the Island and retreated across the Niagara River into America. The Canadian rebellions of 1837 and 1838 eventually led to a more responsible government and finally in 1867 to the creation of Canada and its government.

The rebellions that were taking place in Canada and the burning of the steamer Caroline all took place just a few months before the Terry Family took a steamer out of Toronto to Buffalo.

CHAPTER 8: FAR WEST, MISSOURI DISASTER

James Parshall Terry said they left Canada with four wagons and seven horses.

At this point the family consisted of

1. Parshall III, 60
2. Hannah, 52
3. Joel, 26, married to Maria with two children.
4. Jane, 19, married to Tarbox with one child.
5. Amy, 17
6. Marilla, 15
7. Joshua, 13
8. Deborah, 10
9. James Parshall, 8.

The idea to go was conceived in plenty of time for them to plan the trip with care. There was time to load the four wagons with sufficient provisions for a long journey through unknown lands. The four wagons were likely stuffed with food for 14 people and oats and fodder for the seven horses. In addition, there would have been seed for planting crops, guns for hunting, bedding and clothing for all sorts of weather. They likely had a spare wagon wheel or two. Parshall and Hannah likely felt secure because they had been prosperous and frugal, which allowed them to save several thousand dollars. We know this because they loaned thousands to other Mormons in Far West Missouri, money they lost. And we know they were frugal because when Hannah put molasses on bread she always scraped any excess off. At least she was doing this by the time she reached Rockville.

Much of the following story is told through the eyes of James Parshall and his sister Elizabeth because they left a written record for us to follow.

When James Parshall was a grown man several commented on how handsome he was. Some thought he was the most handsome man they had ever seen. He made a striking figure because he had red hair, blue eyes, Roman nose, and he was over six feet tall. When older, at least, he spoke in carefully phrased sentences, with a smooth modulated voice, never harsh, never vulgar, never swearing. Later in life he was nearly bald except for a fringe of hair around his head that

he allowed to grow long, and he sported a full white beard that came down on his chest. He reminded people of a patriarch in the bible. He was always a respected man.

He wrote his autobiography with an indelible pencil, and there were very few spelling errors, very few missing commas, few words struck out, and only an occasional carat to insert a word omitted. He had beautiful penmanship, which was made more difficult because there were no lines on the paper to guide him. He wrote the manuscript on a water master book in Rockville many years after the events he describes. He starts his bio as follows:

Biographical Sketch of James Parshall Terry.

My Father Parshall Terry was born at Fort Niagara State of New York on September 30th 1778. My Mother's maiden name is Hannah Terry, she being cousin to my father. She was born October 8th 1786. at Goshen Ulster County New York. My parents were married March 16th 1802, at Palmyra Ontario County New York. I was born in Albion House

He writes that when he was three or four years old that he had scarlet fever as did his brother Joshua and sister Debra. The following was reduced in size on a computer.

".... it was said of me "He is dead" but my mother who had layed down a few minutes, through being exhausted, on hearing this remarked, sprang up caught me in her arms and said "He is not dead" and gave me a little brandy in a tea spoon which revived me, and through the mercy of the Lord and the faith and energy of my mother I was restored to health, my brother and sister also got well.

Because cursive is slow to read, I have resorted to typing the lines hereafter quoted for ease in reading.

Shortly before they left, James Parshall relates a personal story about one of their horses. It must be kept in mind that he was just eight years old at the time he made these observations, and he didn't write about it until 55 years later.

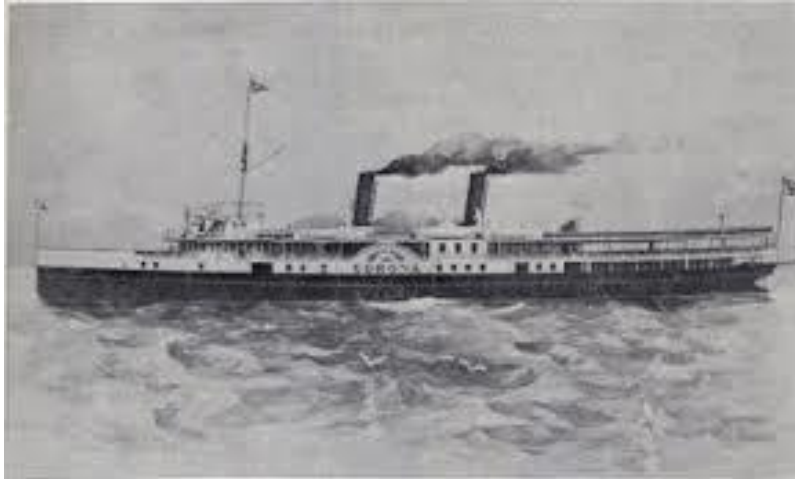
“The next I will refer to a miraculous case of healing performed on a horse belonging to my father. It was in the spring of 1838. He got lame in his left hind leg. It was swelled up and was so bad for about three weeks that he could hardly touch his foot to the ground and had to go on three legs. My father doctored and did everything he knew what to do, but the horse continued to get worse. Then there was a spirit rested on my mother, and she went out and bathed the leg with something and asked the blessings of the Lord on her efforts that the horse might be healed, which was done almost immediately or in less time than it takes me to tell it. The swelling went down, and when they let him out of the stable, he ran and played, kicked and jumped as nimble as I ever saw a colt. When my father got ready to move, he hitched him to a one horse wagon and drove him all the way to Missouri from one thousand to one thousand five hundred miles, and he never showed a symptom of being lame.”



This white-gray mare not only made it to Missouri, but it continued on their travels to Illinois, and then to Utah, a journey of 11 years. When last seen, the horse was with a caravan going to California.

Their journey to Far West began on July 10, 1838. Their daughter Elizabeth and son David went with them from Albion to Ontario. They watched them board the steamer Transit, which took them to Buffalo. Because they arrived in Far West, Missouri in September, the total transit was about 60 to 75 days. The distance from Buffalo to Far West Missouri is about 1400 miles by wagon. Even if it took them 73 days, they would have had to travel about 20 miles per day. Perhaps this is possible with horses, and James Parshall did say they drove the little gray mare all the way to Missouri. There is also a possibility they went to Chicago by steamers, and then drove the 550 or so miles to Far West. In this case, they only needed to make 9 miles per day, if it took 60 days.

In 1837, the steamer James Madison commenced service between Buffalo and Chicago. It was the first steamer to travel through the Mackinaw straits that connects Lake Huron and Lake Erie. These steamers typically were capable of hauling 350 to 700 tons of freight and people.



Unknown steamer on the Great Lakes.

If they went by steamer to Chicago, it might have made them a little nervous, at least if they knew the facts.

During the years 1837 and 1838, the steamers on the Great Lakes had numerous accidents. Several steamers collided with each other, several capsized and sank, several were struck by lightning, several were driven ashore, and several crashed into docks or were destroyed with nasty winds, just to name a few calamities. In fact, there were several accidents every month. However, it was only a few days travel from Buffalo to Chicago, which greatly shortened the trip west, although with considerably more risk than taking a modern jet.



From Chicago they had to go by wagon to Far West just north of Kansas City, Missouri. The route is unknown, but likely interesting and somewhat dangerous. James Parshall Terry said they had the same horses after they reached Far West. The journey began on July 10, 1838, and it

ended in September. Unfortunately we don't know the exact date they arrived at Far West, and perhaps we will never know what route they took.

Once they reached Far West, they found that the Mormons living in the Caldwell County numbered in the thousands and were at war with the people of Missouri. The Governor of Missouri had issued a mandate that the Mormons were to leave Missouri or be eradicated. It is quite unbelievable that this heinous and illegal declaration was made by Missouri Governor Boggs in a free American society against free American citizens who wanted nothing more than to remain at peace with their non-Mormon neighbors. Perhaps Governor Boggs had nothing more in mind than to prevent war between Mormons and non-Mormons who grew to hate each other.

Joseph Smith originally settled in Independence Missouri in 1831, which is now part of the greater Kansas City, Missouri area. They were forced out of Independence in 1833. From there, they moved to a county designated for them, a place where they could live in peace, much like an Indian Reservation. Its name was Caldwell County, just north of Independence Missouri.

The following was copied from Wikipedia on the Internet:

“In the 1830s, “Mormonism” commanded center stage in Missouri politics. Joseph Smith and the church he founded in New York State in 1830 quickly gained converts, attracting considerable attention throughout the northeastern United States. Originally named the Church of Christ, it subsequently became the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Believers were referred to as “Mormons” because of the church’s adherence to “The Book of Mormon,” a companion scripture to the Bible that Smith claimed to have translated, wherein the story of Jesus Christ appearing to the ancestors of the Native Americans was told.

“Smith dispatched a handful of missionaries to Missouri’s western border to preach the “restored gospel” to the Native American tribes concentrated there. In 1831 Smith proclaimed that God had designated western Missouri as the place where “Zion” would be “gathered” in anticipation of Christ’s second coming. His small band of missionaries soon became a steady stream of converts anxious to establish Zion in Missouri.

“Within a few years, the migration and settlement of Latter-day Saints in frontier Missouri led to events that would earn Mormonism a painful place in Missouri history. The state’s “Old Settlers” (usually recent immigrants to the Missouri frontier themselves) characterized the Mormon settlers as fanatics whose clannish behavior made a mockery of republican institutions by placing power in the hands of a single man. The Mormons claimed that they had done nothing wrong, and were attacked for their religious beliefs. Violence broke out in 1833 as the “Old Settlers” under the guise of “extra-legal” justice took the law into their own hands.

“It soon became clear that Missouri non-Mormons and Mormons could not live in the same area harmoniously. In 1836 a “separate but equal” proposal was finally devised to solve this problem,

whereby the state legislature created a new county, "Caldwell," in northwest Missouri as a sort of Mormon "Indian Reservation." But the booming Mormon population, swelled by the immigration of thousands of eastern converts doomed this to failure, as Mormon settlers burst the borders of Caldwell County and spilled into neighboring counties. Violence broke out again at an election riot in 1838. Old Settler mobs and Mormon paramilitary units roamed the countryside. When the Mormons attacked a duly authorized militia under the belief it was an anti-Mormon mob, Missouri's governor, Lilburn Boggs, ordered the Saints expelled from the state, or "exterminated," if necessary. The conflict's viciousness escalated, however, even without official sanction, when, on October 30, 1838, an organized mob launched a surprise attack on the small Mormon community of Haun's Mill, massacring eighteen unsuspecting men and boys. Over the next year, around eight thousand church members, often ragged and deprived of their property, left Missouri for Illinois."

Parshall, Hannah, and family were forced by a mob to leave Missouri

In September 1838, Parshall III, Hannah, and their children joined Joseph Smith and his followers in Far West, Missouri where they found themselves facing death or expulsion. James Parshall explains how they were forced to leave Missouri in November of that year: "One afternoon about four o'clock two of the mob rode up to our house and ordered my father to leave. They told him if we were not gone by that time the next day there would be three hundred of the mob come and first they would tie him up to a tree and give him a hundred lashes, and if that wouldn't do, they would burn the house over our heads."

He said his father told them that his wife and others were ill and that his brother-in-law was gone with his teams to move another family. But they would not reason with his father, and they became very belligerent. They told him to leave but they "should not go east nor west, north nor south, up nor down. My father said "where shall we go then". They paused at this and then said, "Go to hell damn you." The brother-in-law he speaks of must have been George Tarbox who was married to his sister Jane.

One of the family members went after George, and he returned home about 10 o'clock that evening with the wagon and team of horses. The next day by 3 pm they had loaded what they could on their wagons, and left for Illinois. "My mother got up out of a sick bed and walked two miles to where we camped for the night among the timber and in the snow." He said his brother-in-law stayed behind and witnessed the large mob that arrived at the house shortly after they left.



Courtesy of Acclaim Images

Can you imagine traveling 135 miles from Far West, Missouri to Quincy, Illinois in the snow in a covered wagon?

Apparently his father had been loaning money to people at Far West because James Parshall said his father lost “in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars’ worth of property, mostly outstanding debts”. That’s a lot of money at that time, and it leads me to believe that he had thousands more stashed away.

The Terry family headed east bound for Illinois in company of several other Mormon families. Just a few of the many thousands forced to flee Missouri in the dead of the winter or else die.

He said as they were leaving Missouri that they met a large mob going the opposite direction. It was in a driving snow storm. They had to pull off into the snow while they passed. There were several other families traveling with them. They searched their wagons for guns and threw a large box of one man’s books into the snow. James Parshall said the man wasn’t a Mormon but his wife was. Fortunately for the Terrys, the mob did not molest them.



James Parshall said that when they reached the Mississippi River it was clogged with floating ice. They camped alongside the banks of the river and crossed it the next morning on ice.



CHAPTER 9: LIFE AND DEATH IN ILLINOIS

After the Terry family crossed the Mississippi River, they were in Quincy, Pike County, Illinois. Quincy became for a while the new center for the Mormons who fled from Missouri.

A few days after they crossed the river, Deborah who was 11 years of age died, likely from illness and exposure to the harsh winter weather in the back of a wagon. Jane's first husband George Tarbox also died shortly after they arrived in Quincy.

Nauvoo is created

Meanwhile Joseph Smith was in jail in Missouri, but his first counselor, Sidney Rigdon, was released early and rejoined those who had fled to Quincy. In 1839, he was instrumental in the purchase of a large tract of land along the Mississippi, and the town of Commerce in this area was renamed Nauvoo. Almost immediately the Mormons began to move into Nauvoo. Joseph Smith was allowed to escape from prison in Missouri, and he rejoined his church members in Nauvoo in May of 1839.

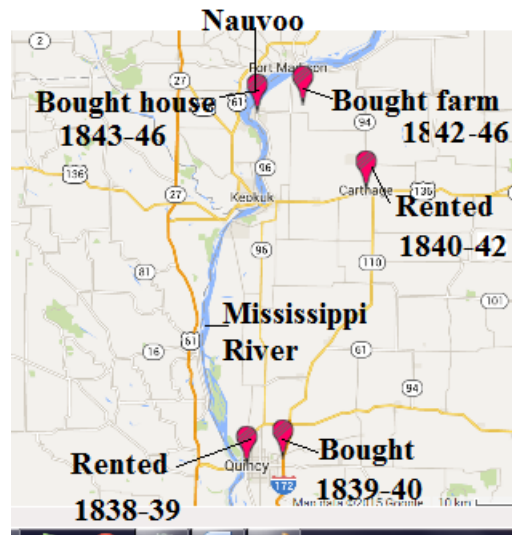
At first the people in Quincy welcomed the Mormons and thought it awful for the way they were treated in Missouri. Parshall and Hannah lived in peace with their non-Mormon Neighbors for several years, and for this reason, they did not move into Nauvoo until 1843. James Parshall says: "My father rented a place for a year in Pike County from a colored man named Jacob Westfall." While living there in 1839, James Parshall fell and his right wrist struck the sharp edge of an axe, and he felt lucky because it nearly sliced open a main artery.

After the year was up, Parshall III bought a piece of land not far away and they lived on this property for about a year. James Parshall relates two accidents at this time. The little gray mare they brought from Canada became frightened by an opossum held by James who was 9 years old. The horse kicked and broke the small bone in James' leg somewhere between knee and ankle. While splitting some sticks for a quail trap, he sliced his foot open with an axe. James recovered from both of these accidents without incident.

Parshall and Hannah sold their property near Quincy and moved to Hancock County near Carthage where they rented a place until they bought a piece of land on the prairie east of Nauvoo. They put up hay and hauled some corn and fodder to it preparing for the winter when a terrible prairie fire burned up everything, possibly the result of arson (author's insertion). The non-Mormons were beginning to hate the Mormons. After this experience they moved to

Nauvoo in the summer of 1843. From the winter of 1838 until they left Illinois in 1846, they lived in five different places.

The movements of Parshall III and Hannah in Illinois



While in Nauvoo, James Parshall tells how a school door knob slammed against his chest with such force that he found it difficult to breath. Obviously, Nauvoo had schools that the children could attend. Most of the time, however, the children were home schooled by Hannah.

He writes “I worked on the temple some hauling rock, etc. Myself and my brother Joshua went out on the prairie from Nauvoo for a load of hay. I was driving the team. We had one wild horse. We got our load, and we were on our way home, and in driving through a soft place in the road, the double tree broke. The neck yoke was tied to the end of the wagon tongue. The horses ran and turned the wagon over, broke loose, and ran a short distance before they both fell, breaking the gentle horse’s neck. The wild horse jumped up, broke away, and ran quite a distance before returning to sniff at his dead companion. He ran off again and we found him about three miles away in a man’s coral. We had to get another horse or team to get our load home.” Apparently, they still had their farm east of Nauvoo.

“In the summer of 1845 [now 15], in the company with my nephew, Pat Terry, I went down to Adams County nine miles from Quincy and worked for a Mr. Murphy in cultivating his corn and haying and harvesting.

“In the fall, I went to St. Louis to visit my sister Jane as she lived there at the time. I went swimming one time in the Mississippi River with other boys when I came near being drowned.

At another time, I saved the life of a young man by the name of Levi Young from drowning, when he was sinking the third time.” James Parshall likely traveled by steamer on the Mississippi River.

Apparently the Terry’s found it safe to farm and move about in 1845 without fear of their non-Mormon neighbors even though Joseph Smith had been murdered the year before.

The Elizabeth Terry Saga

In the summer of 1841, Francis Kirby, husband of Elizabeth Terry, and Elizabeth’s brother David Terry came to visit Parshall and Hannah. Francis had the thoughts that he might move to Nauvoo. I’m sure David was welcomed with open arms, but by then, they knew that Kirby was mistreating Elizabeth. Kirby and David returned to Albion, and now Kirby hated the Mormons even more. Elizabeth said they returned September 16, 1841. “I thought he was a wicked man before he went away, but he was ten times worse when he came back. He said Illinois was a poor man’s sickly place and he would not go there to live. My brother, David, came home with him and he told me that Kirby did something on the boat, and told him not to tell.” She said she didn’t ask.

Kirby promised her parents that Elizabeth could visit them, and in July 1842, she made her way to Illinois. Apparently rail cars were installed at that time and she road one during part of her journey. At the time of her visit, her folks lived about three miles from Carthage. While visiting her folks, her brother Jacob took her to Nauvoo to see the Profit Joseph Smith. She did not get to see him because, she said, they were after him with a writ. She did talk with his brother Hyrum Smith. Elizabeth asked Hyrum if she should stay with her parents or go back to Albion and her husband who was a wicked man. “He told me that I should go back to Kirby, and that I should be blessed”. I believed what he said and told him I would do so. When she got home in September, Kirby was dead. She said “I allowed myself to be comforted because I knew the Lord, in His mercy, had taken him from me.”

Elizabeth’s Sketch of Her Life does reveal some interesting facts during her visit to Illinois in 1842. We find that Jacob Er and his wife Mary Maria Riley emigrated from Canada and now lived close to Parshall and Hannah. Mary Maria was his second wife, and between his first and second wife he had 6 children at this time. We also find mention of her brother Joshua who was now 16 years of age. Joshua hauled Elizabeth in a wagon to visit her sister Amy who was now 20 years old and married to Jemira Draper. Draper remains close to the Terry family and eventually makes his home in Rockville with the Terry siblings and their mother Hannah. Draper, Utah is named after this family.

Joshua also drove Elizabeth to meet her younger sister Marilla while visiting in 1842:

“On the 5th we started again on our journey. We reached John Crawford, my sister Marilla’s husband; they lived on an Island in the Illinois River. He was no Mormon and would swear

terribly. We stayed there one night and went to Jones Ferry where my sister, Jane, lived. Her first husband George Tarbox had died, and she was now married to a man named George W. Young.” She had one child with each husband.

A year later, on June 29, 1843, Elizabeth left Toronto on the steamer “Robert Fulton” for Chicago, parting with her brother David that she never sees again. She was 28 years of age and traveling alone to find her family in Nauvoo. She had no children. She arrived at her father’s house July 19. It was a joyful reunion with her parents. She says that she went to a meeting and saw the Prophet Joseph Smith for the first time. “He was a large, well built, good looking man.”

On Oct. 9, she went out of Nauvoo a few miles on the prairie and took care of her Uncle Timothy Terry’s wife (son of Roda Skinner Terry). Her name was also Elizabeth. She lived with them awhile and they were very pleasant. She said she gave the Church her husband’s watch and what money she had, \$50, to help pay for building the temple. She continued to live with her parents in Nauvoo.

When Elizabeth lived in Canada with her first husband, Kirby, they owned a bar. In her sketch, she wrote: “November 1839, Kirby hired a young Englishman to live with us a year for \$110.00. His name was John Heward. I was glad of this because he was a steady and sober man, and all the other hired men were just drunkards like Kirby. Sometimes when Kirby would come home drunk and act so bad, John Heward would come in the kitchen and seeing me crying, would say, ‘never mind, you must bear it as patiently as you can’. Kirby went three miles with him, came back drunk and cried because John was gone. He said John was the best man he had ever hired.” Three years later John Heward travels to Illinois to meet up with Elizabeth again, and they get married.

In December 1845, Elizabeth gave birth to a baby girl, and her husband John set off on foot to go to Albion, Canada and sell her property. While John was gone the infant grew very ill. Before he left he arranged for a young boy named Alma Millet to come and stay with me. This little boy just happens to be a brother to Joseph Millet, my great grandfather on my Mother’s side of the family. Alma eventually moved to Shonesburg, Utah along with other members of the Millet family. Elizabeth said that Alma became ill and his father came and took him home. Alma’s father was Artemus Millet who we will learn more about later in this book. Alma was born in 1834, which made him 11 years of age when he was helping Elizabeth.

Elizabeth said she spent all of her time in Nauvoo helping sick people, but she remained healthy.

Jacob Er Terry is baptized by Joseph Smith

In about 1828, Jacob Er married Catherine Hannah Brown in Canada and they had five children. His wife died in 1838. He married again and lived in Canada where he joined the Mormon

Church. However, he wanted to be baptized by his childhood friend Joseph Smith and he waited until he came to Nauvoo for this to take place. He was baptized by Joseph Smith January 12, 1842. Jacob Er and his second wife, Maria immigrated to Rockville, Utah with three of his siblings.

Amy Terry marries Zemira Draper

From Terry Family Records, we find that Amy Terry married Zemira Draper January 31, 1842 in Pleasant Vale, Illinois. She was 21 years of age. It was performed by Zemira's father. Their first child, Ellen Agnus, was born in 1843.

Zemira was born in Upper Canada in 1812, and he was baptized by Brigham Young and Brigham's brother Joseph in Canada in 1833. From there, he moved to Kirtland, Ohio in May 1835 to join the main body of the Church and help build the Kirtland Temple. At that time, he would have met Joseph Smith. He would also have met Artemus Millet who supervised the construction of this Temple, and years later, they both moved to southern Utah.

The Draper family likely included at least his parents and William, his older brother. They first settled in Pleasant Vale, Illinois and from there, they moved to Green Plains, Illinois, not far from where the Terry's were living at the time.

Zemira and Amy were living in Green Plains in September 10, 1845 when mobs burned and destroyed their property, which prompted the Draper families to move into Nauvoo. Zemira and his wife had a nice home in Nauvoo and they became friends with Joseph Smith and his family who Zemira already knew at Kirtland. At one point Zemira gave money to Joseph to help settle his debts.

Death comes knocking.

In Nauvoo people frequently died of malaria, tuberculosis, cholera, and other diseases that plagued the Mormons at that time. The lower part of Nauvoo near the Mississippi River was particularly an unhealthy place to live because of mosquitos and perhaps contaminated water.

Joel and his wife Maria were struck with great misfortune while living in Nauvoo. In 1840, they lost their daughter Elizabeth who was just three years old, which must have been devastating, but the worst was yet to come. In 1846 they lost three children. Their son David died that year when he was seven years old; their son Joel died that year when he was two years old; and their son Isaac, who was born that year, died two months later.

Joel and Maria's children joined hundreds of other Mormons who died in Illinois because of disease, malnutrition, and exposure to the elements as a result of persecution. Jane had no better luck than her brother Joel. Her husband Tarbox died not long after they arrived in Illinois, and

her second husband George Young died of bloody flux a few months after they left Illinois. Jane's fate was also sealed in Nauvoo. She died in Winter Quarters from tuberculosis that she contracted in Nauvoo. Their brother Jacob Er and his wife Mary Maria also lost their daughter Nancy in Illinois when she was three years of age. Marilla lost a son named John Crawford in Illinois. Finally, as already mentioned, Parshall and Hannah lost their 11 year old daughter, Debra, soon after they arrived in Illinois.

CHAPTER 10: FROM WELCOME MAT TO FORCED EXPULSION

Nauvoo's population swells to rival Chicago

Disease was only one part of the misfortune that befell the Mormons in Illinois. Of even greater importance to their lives was the deterioration of their relationships with non-Mormons. Non-Mormons grew to hate and resent the Mormons whose numbers grew like a tsunami. By 1845, Nauvoo's population was 12,000 to 15,000 people and rivaled that of Chicago. New converts arrived their daily from the eastern United States and from Europe where the Mormon Missionaries were busy spreading their gospel. As the population grew, politicians courting for votes, allowed the Mormons to have courts sanctioned by the State of Illinois. This prevented abuse by non-Mormons in the area. Later the state of Illinois rescinded this liberty.

Most of the thousands of Mormons that fled to Quincy, Illinois immigrated to Nauvoo because the authorities in the Church had bought a large tract of land there, and because non-Mormons, who came to hate the Mormons, attacked and burned out those members of the church in the surrounding area. The situation reached the same boiling point in Illinois as that experienced in Missouri.

One year after Parshall and Hannah moved to Nauvoo, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were arrested because the Nauvoo militia destroyed a printing press in Nauvoo that began running negative articles against Joseph and the church. Joseph and Hyrum surrendered to authorities and were placed in jail in Carthage, Illinois. A mob stormed the jail on June 27, 1844 and killed the two brothers. From this point on, things escalated until the Mormons were driven from Illinois.

Elizabeth Terry, who lived in Nauvoo at this time, wrote:

"...a filthy nuisance of a printing press was destroyed in Nauvoo. Many falsehoods had been published against the church in it. The editors raised a mob and said if they could not get Joseph

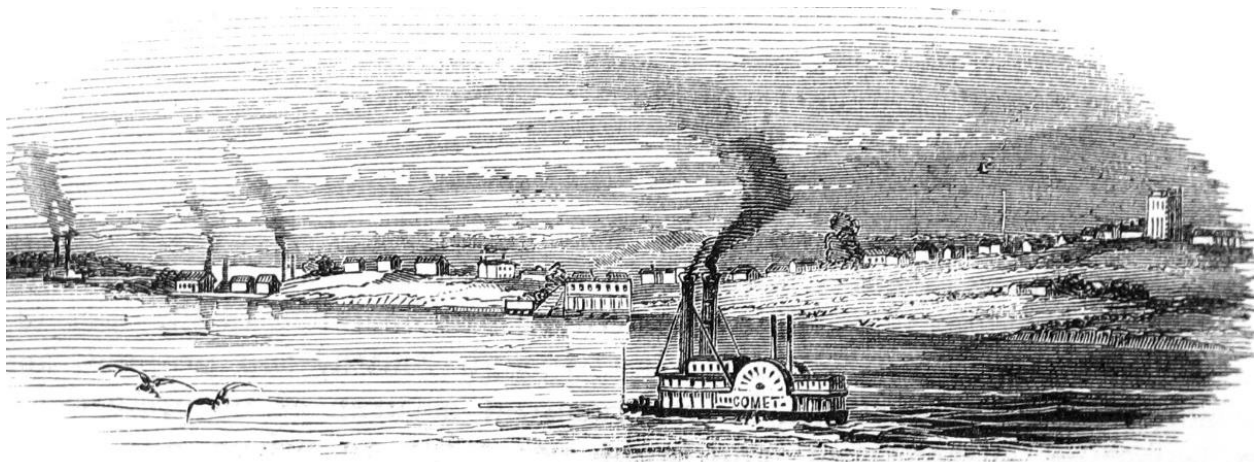
Smith they would destroy the whole city for revenge. The first thought that came into my mind when I heard they were after the Prophet Joseph with a writ was curse the man that will give him up. But the love he had for the church, he gave himself up to save the brethren, also his brother Hyrum and others went with him to Carthage, and on the 27th of June, 1844, our beloved brothers Joseph and Hyrum were murdered in Carthage Jail. I will only say this was a time of solemnity and the deepest mourning. I felt as though I could willingly go and help avenge their blood.”

Elizabeth states: “September, 1845, the mob began to break out and burn thousands of places belonging to the brethren. Also, stealing their cattle and driving the Saints to Nauvoo and doing all the mischief they could out in the branches.” One couple she had in mind was her sister Amy and her husband Zemira Draper who were burned out by a mob.

By the end of 1845, it became clear that no peace was possible between LDS church members and antagonized locals. Brigham Young must have decided that the Mormons would have to move west until they were in Mexico. The Mormon leaders negotiated a truce so that the Latter Day Saints could prepare to abandon the city. It took enormous preparations that winter of 1845-46 for the Mormons to immigrate to Iowa, which many of them did that spring.

After the departure of the Mormons, the temple stood until destroyed by arsonists on November 19, 1848. 159 years later, on April 1, 2004, the Illinois House of Representatives unanimously passed a resolution of regret for the forced expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo in 1846.

Nauvoo in 1865 showing steamers on the Mississippi River and the LDS Temple on the high ground off to the right.



Parshall and Hannah along with their children helped to build a city and a temple, and the two went through the Temple on December 25, 1845.



Daguerreotype of the city as it appeared at the time of the Mormon exodus.

A few words about the Mormon Church, Brigham Young, and Oliver DeMille

After Smith died and for roughly six months after, several individuals claimed that they should succeed Smith as head of the Church. A meeting convened in Nauvoo to settle the issue. There were three main contenders who wanted to lead the church: Brigham Young, Sidney Rigdon and James Strang. Sidney Rigdon, a member the First Presidency, said he should succeed Smith, but Brigham Young argued that the Council of Twelve Apostles had greater authority as stated by Joseph Smith. Young won the argument and eventually he became the president of the church. Oliver DeMille was a Mormon who lived in Nauvoo when he was a teenager. He eventually made his home in Shonesburg, Utah, a small town located along the east fork of the Virgin River a few miles upriver from Rockville; and by the way, he was one of the author's great grandfathers. Oliver was present during the meeting when Brigham Young spoke. Emily DeMille Millet, the granddaughter of Oliver DeMille recounted the impressions that Brigham left on the audience. Oliver said that after Brigham Young spoke a few minutes his voice became that of Joseph Smith. "His countenance and every appearance and action was that of Joseph and his language was so convincing and prophetic that it seemed to convince all present that Brigham Young was to be their leader."

Oliver remained friends with Brigham after they moved to Utah, and Young on more than one occasion spent the night at Oliver's house in Shonesburg. Artemus Millet also lived in Shonesburg, which might have been another reason that Brigham Young visited this community. Artemus Millet was the author's great, great grandfather on my mother's side of the family. Oliver and Artemus and their families at one time or another lived in Rockville.

After the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young rose to power in the LDS Church, but there were other factions that split off the main body at this time. Sidney Rigdon, one of Smith's first councilors, became the president of a separate church organization based in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It was originally called the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Joseph Smith's wife and one of her sons became part of this faction because of her feelings about plural marriage which was not practiced in the reorganize church. A third faction was headed by James Strang who led this group to Wisconsin. He kept the same name as the main body that went to Salt Lake and he allowed plural marriage, but he introduced other

documents that he claimed were provided to him by revelation. This faction of the church grew rapidly but nearly vanished when James Strang was murdered. If you're curious, the histories of both factions are found on the Internet.

CHAPTER 11: EXODUS TO WINTER QUARTERS

It wasn't long after Brigham Young took control of the church in Nauvoo that he led many of the 15,000 souls in Nauvoo and surrounding area to Iowa and from there to the Salt Lake Valley, which was in Mexico at that time.

By the summer of 1846, the dynamics of the original Terry family had changed a great deal since they left Canada just six years earlier. There were now eight Terry siblings living in Illinois

The Terry families in Illinois at the time they are forced to leave

Parshall III, 68, and Hannah, 60 still have two children living with them, Joshua and James Parshall.

1. Jacob Er, 41, is married to Mary Maria and living near Parshall and Hannah. At this time he has 6 children, 5 from his first wife who died, one with Mary Maria.
2. Joel, 34, is married to Maria Anderson and they have two living children at this time.
3. Elizabeth, 32, is married to John Heward and they have no living children at this time.
4. Jane, 27, is married to George Young who soon dies, and she has two children, Eliza Tarbox and Emma Young
5. Amy, 25, is married to Jemira Draper, and they have no living children at this time.
6. Marilla, 23 is married to Nils Hansen but they have no children at this time. She has one son, William Crawford from a previous marriage.
7. Joshua, 21, is unmarried at this time.
8. James Parshall, 16.

Present day Nauvoo on the banks of the Mississippi River



James Parshall relates that: “In the spring of 1846 (he is now 16), my father bought off Brother Higbee, when he was starting west, the best skiff there was on the river at Nauvoo, which I used to carry passengers across the river from Nauvoo to Montrose.”

Perhaps the skiff was a large raft that they propelled with poles or oars, or perhaps it was pulled back and forth with animals on either side of the river as was used on the Platte River.

Parshall Terry III and his children likely made some good money ferrying other Mormons across the Mississippi River. This likely explains why it was almost August when the family made their exodus from Nauvoo. During this time Parshall and Hannah tried to sell their property but according to their son James Parshall they got almost nothing for it. Finally they were forced to move with their livestock and what possessions they could haul in wagons. They still had the little gray mare they brought from Canada and other horses to make the forced exit across Iowa.

James Parshall wrote : “In July, when we got ready to move west, we took everything across the river in the skiff except our stock.”

He also states: “The last day of July 1846, in my last trip across the river, I took the three day chills, which continued with me, and I was bad all the ensuing winter and I cannot say that I have been any one year at a time clear of them from that time to the present, 1893. [He was 63 years old when he wrote this document]. I believe I have had the miserable chills almost every way that a person can think of, the three day, then two days, and miss one every day, and twice a day, and chills and fever, and sweats all at the same time, and had them terrible bad at times, and have

taken about all the remedies I have ever heard of to get rid of them.” It sounds as though young James Parshall got malaria working on the Mississippi River, but somehow lived a long life with this disease.

The movement west

One might have thought that Hannah, Parshall and all their children would have banded together and left Nauvoo at the same time. However, this was not the case for Elizabeth, now married to John Heward, who left Nauvoo with Brigham Young and others June 8th, 1846. Elizabeth said they arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa July 8, 1846 on the east side of the Missouri River just across from Omaha, Nebraska. John made a home in the bank of Mosquito Creek, and lined it with willows and grass for them to live in—a cave. I suppose it was an excellent place to stay warm in the winter and cool in the summer where they could keep their belongings dry, and where they could place their blankets on a bed of dry grass. Perhaps John used the willows to line the walls and the ceiling to support sheets that would keep the dirt from falling in on them. And I suppose, he built a barrier at the front with a door that could be closed at night. Elizabeth did not complain of the conditions nor being cold, which she did later after they were in Salt Lake.

Parshall, Hannah and most of their children left Nauvoo on July 31, 1847, which was a rather late start, and they were forced to camp for the winter along Indian Creek in Iowa. James Parshall writes that “Jane’s husband, George Young, died that winter with the bloody-flux.” Parshall and Hannah left Indian Creek on May 6th 1847 and continued on west where they joined Elizabeth who was living along Mosquito Creek, just east of the Missouri River and Winter Quarters. I suspect there were enough men and older children that made it possible for them to build log cabins for the coming winter, although Elizabeth and her husband remained in the cave.



The trek from Nauvoo to Mosquito Creek alongside present day Council Bluffs, Iowa

It seems likely that their daughter Marilla and her second husband Nelson (Nils) Hansen accompanied them to Indian Creek. This couple and their children remained there when her parents continued west. The farm they owned was about 20 miles due east of Glenwood, Iowa.

Marilla Terry and Nelson Hansen story as told by Nora Hall Lund.⁸

Marilla was 18 years of age when she married John Crawford, January 20, 1841. They had a son named William who supported and stayed close to his mother for the rest of her life. He is responsible for the Crawfords in Springdale, Utah. Marilla's husband John died in 1843, and three years later, she married Nelson Hansen in the Nauvoo Temple.

Nelson Hansen was born in Norway and came to America with his wife who died shortly thereafter. They had four children, which Nelson placed in the hands of friends and went on to Nauvoo where he met and married Marilla. Why he felt no attachment to his four children is odd to say the least, and it should have been a warning signal to Marilla. Marilla and Nelson Hansen farmed and lived near Indian Creek where they remained until 1861. By this time Nelson wanted nothing to do with the Mormon Church, and Marilla wanted to join her family in Utah.

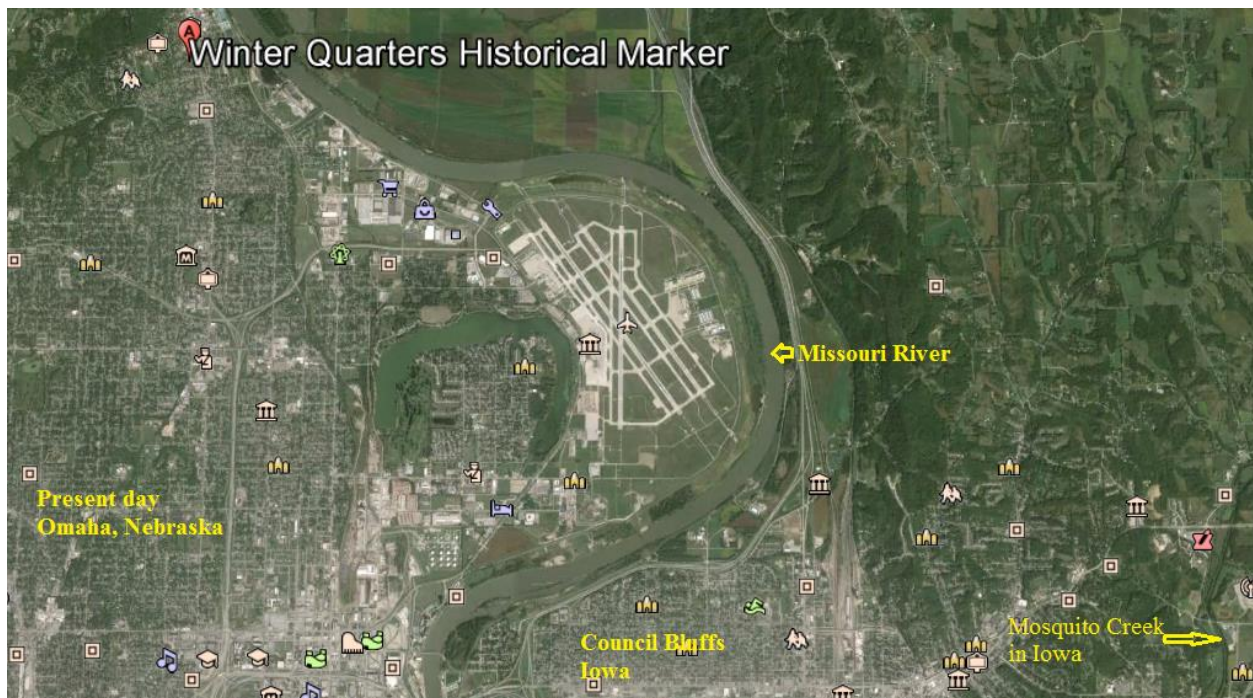
In addition to her son William Crawford, who was 19, she had seven younger children fathered by Nelson. In 1861, they ranged in age from a baby who was one year old to Andrew Jackson who was 11. Marilla wanted desperately to join her Mormon family in Salt lake and Nelson wanted nothing to do with the LDS church and Marilla's family. Nelson outfitted a wagon and supplies for Marilla, and she set out with all of her children except for Andrew who stayed with his father. Her son William Crawford drove the family to Salt Lake where they rejoined Hannah and Parshall and the other members of her family.

Andrew Jackson Hansen stayed with his father and the two soon left for the gold fields in California. Marilla never saw her son again until he was a grown man. Once in California Nelson Hansen gave up the last of his children. He placed Andrew with another family and took up fighting Indians and was never heard of again. This man obviously felt no responsibility and no great love for the 11 children he sired.

Terrys near Winter Quarters

Jacob Terry and his family lived less than a mile from Elizabeth, also along Mosquito Creek. He probably built a small log cabin for his wife Mary Maria and their children. I'm guessing that Parshall, Hannah and the other children built log cabins for the families in the same general area. The Terry's along Mosquito Creek might have fared better because they brought livestock with them, and they were not in contact with those ill in Winter Quarters.

That winter Elizabeth said that Jane came to visit with her two children, George Tarbox and Emma Amanda Young. Jane was sick and had been sick for a long time. She had by this time been married twice but both husbands died young. The next morning Elizabeth went with them to Winter Quarters and left Jane with a Thompson family. Jane died in Winter Quarters of tuberculosis in February. Her brother Joel paid for her care and for her funeral. Brigham Young ask Elizabeth if she could take care of Jane's two children, to which she agreed. Jane's daughter, Emma Amada Young, did live with Elizabeth, but Jane's son, Elisha Tarbox, went to live with his grandparents, Parshall and Hannah. The connection between George Young and Brigham Young is not known. I suspect they were relatives.



On March 4th, 1848, Elizabeth gave birth to a baby girl they named Sarah. It is amazing that they were still living in their cave on Mosquito Creek at this time. Sarah grew to be a beautiful lady as evident by the photon below. She once lived in Rockville.

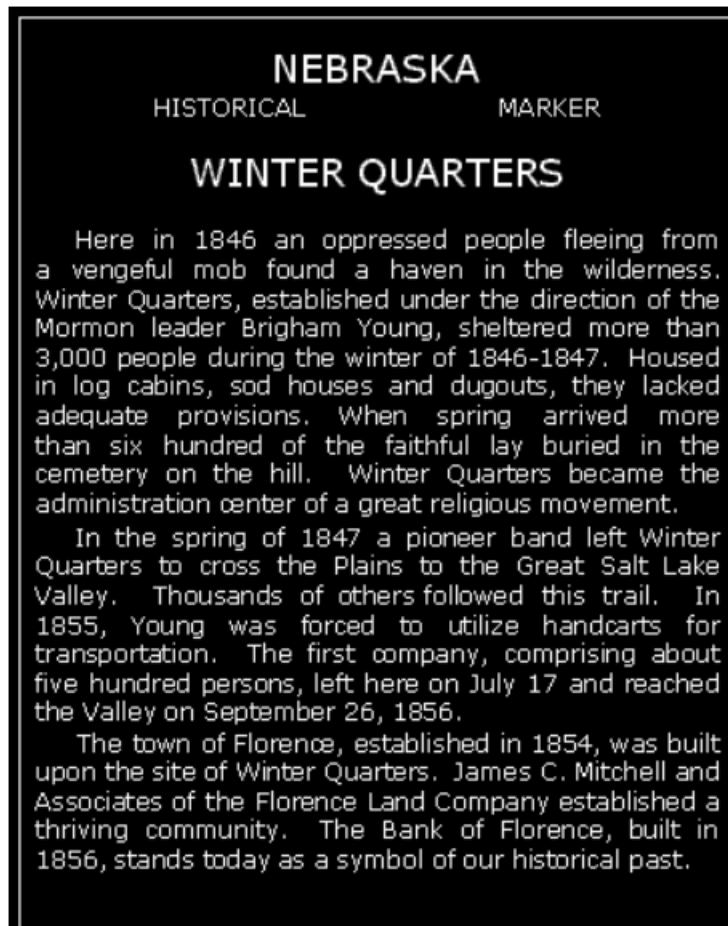


Sarah

A note on Winter Quarters

Winter Quarters was the principle area the Mormons fled to when they left Nauvoo. It is located on the west side of the Missouri River just north of Omaha. It had at any one time approximately 3,000 members of the Church living there from 1846 to 1848. They built more than 800 cabins and sod houses for the winter, but many of them lived in tents and covered wagons, and there were those like Elizabeth and her family that lived in a cave in the bank of a river.

In Winter Quarters, they built a grist mill, made handcrafted baskets, washboards and other items that they traded or sold in exchange for farm animals, grain and other items needed to exist. The Indians and Missouri people were mostly friendly and willing to deal with the Mormons, perhaps because they knew the Mormons were moving on. Even so their diets remained poor, the winters were harsh, shelter poor, and they were plagued with scurvy, tuberculosis, and malaria.



From the Internet site "Digging In":

"While crossing Iowa, the Mormons were entreated by the United States government to render assistance in the Mexican American War (1846-48). Following the council of Brigham Young, five hundred men assembled near Council Bluffs, Iowa and marched to San Diego, California. The Mormon Battalion left their loved ones on the plains and embarked on one of the longest military marches in American History. As Young predicted, the company was not involved in any battles, but rather helped develop cities in the west, like San Diego,

Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Some former battalion members were involved in the Sutter's Mill gold discovery."

CHAPTER 12: EMIGRANT TRAIL

The Interstate highway of its time

Emigrant Trail was used by people emigrating to Oregon, California, Idaho, and to Salt Lake Valley. This trail was the Interstate Highway of its time, and it was extremely busy from 1847 until the transcontinental railroad came into being in 1869. The people who used the trail came from every part of the eastern United States including emigrants from the south. It was also used by those arriving from Europe, and many of these people were recent converts to the LDS Church. The Oregon Trail, California Trail, and the Mormon Trail are the same across Nebraska and on to Fort Bridger in Wyoming, but there they split and go separate ways.

Mormon pioneers were not the only people trudging west on foot or in wagons. The historian John Unruh estimated that nearly 300,000 people immigrated to Utah, California and Oregon from 1840 to 1860. Some have estimated that 500,000 people immigrated west before the railroad came into being, 65,000 headed for the gold fields in northern California. Of course many of these would have been along Emigrant Trail.

The following article was printed in the Cleveland Herald, 15 May 1849.

"The amount of emigration over the Plains is immense, beyond all estimate. It is predicted there will be extreme distress and privation among the emigrating caravans. The average distance the teams travel per day is about 16 miles. There have been more than 20,000 mules, oxen and horses gone forth from Independence alone; from St. Joseph about 15,000; and the whole region at this moment seems like one tented field for miles and miles in all directions. There are more than 50,000 animals on the Plains at the very lowest estimate, and more than nine-tenths are traveling along the same track" (A.G. Lawrence to the Cleveland Herald, 15 May 1849, as reprinted in the Millennial Star, 1 Aug. 1849).

Native Americans

If we judged Native Americans by the hundreds of western movies, we could be certain that every wagon train at one time or the other had to circle their wagons and fight off a band of Indians. These same movies show the Indians on horseback, riding around and around the

wagons, which allowed the pioneers to pick them off with their rifles like ducks in a shooting gallery. None of this happened.

William G. Hartley, a Mormon Historian, states on the Internet that:

“During the Mormon Trail’s twenty-three-year history, the relations between Mormon wagon-train travelers and Native Americans were good, overall. Typically, when there was contact, it involved Indians visiting, trading, begging, and helping. Not infrequently, Mormon livestock disappeared when the wagon trains were in Indian country. Mormons posted guards for their cattle and traveled in wagon companies large enough to discourage threats from Indians. One of the rare shooting episodes between the two groups took place in June 1848 at the Elkhorn River, a few days west of Winter Quarters.”

The gunfire between the two groups was precipitated when some Indians stole some cattle and the Pioneers gave chase. Hartley explains this curious confrontation during this brief battle: “Meanwhile, on the east side of the Elkhorn, Indians found Dr. Jesse Brailey and chased him. One aimed a rifle at him, and the doctor aimed his umbrella at the Indian, causing the Indian to turn and flee into a strip of timber near the river.

“Three miles east of the Elkhorn, the well-armed footmen found Mary Fielding Smith’s group and escorted them and their fifteen wagons to the ferry and on to the new Big Camp by about 5 p.m.” He mentions that Joel Terry was among this group, and we learn from Terry History Records that he was helping Hyrum Smith’s widow, Mary Fielding, and her family travel to Salt Lake.

The movie industry has done its best to rewrite history, but there are many journal entries by emigrants that explain their peaceful interaction with the Indians they met along the way. I’m sure the Indians realized the emigrants were only moving through their territory and for this reason had no reason to kill them. I suspect they stood on the top of some nearby knoll and watched the long line of pioneers, thousands upon thousands streaming along the trail, the dust swirling around them, and they just laughed and shook their heads in amazement and disbelief: “What idiots”, they must have said to one another, and “I don’t care where they’re going just as long as they keep moving.” Of course, the idiots were traveling through their territory and taxes had to be collected now and then by way of a few cattle.

Mormon Emigration to Utah

The Mormons emigrated along Emigrate Trail until the Transcontinental Railroad was finished and opened for traffic on May 10, 1869, a period of 22 years. By then 69,000 Mormons were living in Salt Lake and the majority had traveled by wagon or hand carts to the Salt Lake Valley. They came from many different areas, including converts from the southern and northern states and from Europe. These people converged at Fort Kearney, and from there, they used the well-worn path of Emigrant Trail.

Brigham Young organized Church members going to Salt Lake Valley into companies each under command of one leader. Each company had 100 to 200 people, many of them women and children. Brigham Young counseled everyone to take sufficient provisions to last eighteen months, and seeds to sow in Utah to raise crops the next year.

The Mormon companies were often arranged in large groups. On the Internet I found this article by the historian, William G. Hartley:

“On 2 June, the Kimball wagons crossed the Elkhorn River, positioning the big company to move on to the Platte River.” “One tally of the Kimball Company said there were 662 people using 226 wagons, 737 oxen, 56 horses, and 25 mules and herding along or transporting 150 loose cattle, 243 sheep, 96 pigs (including the Egans’ pig), 299 chickens, 17 cats, 52 dogs, 5 hives of bees, and even 3 doves, 5 ducks, and 1 squirrel!” This is the same group that ended up in a gun fight when Indians stole some of their cattle.

Brigham Young led the first group to the Salt Lake Valley. They left Winter Quarters April 5, 1847, and arrived at the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. The distance is approximately 1000 mile from Winter Quarters, which means the group averaged about 8 or 9 miles per day. July 24 is a date now recognized as Pioneer Day in Utah. The distance from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters is about 280 miles, which means the total distance from Nauvoo to their final destination in Salt Lake was about 1300 miles. A distance quoted frequently in Mormon literature.

The Terrys Journey West

In May 1847, according to Elizabeth, the Terry families decided that someone should go ahead of the rest of them and begin growing grain in the Salt Lake Valley so they wouldn’t starve when they got there. To that end they outfitted Joshua, who was then 22 years of age, and someone named Levi Stevens to carry out this mission. The rest of the Terrys remained along Mosquito Creek for another winter.

Elizabeth was a very religious person which might have prompted her to leave as soon as possible to go on to Salt Lake Valley. And she might have decided that living in a cave had its drawbacks. Elizabeth arranged with her family for her to go west to Salt Lake Valley in May of 1848. She says she paid her father \$40 worth of property to allow James Parshall, now 18, to haul her family west in a wagon with a team of oxen. Her father agreed but on condition that James would return home before winter set in. She set out with her husband John Heward, little Sahara, her brother James Parshall, and Jane’s daughter Emma Young in May of 1848.

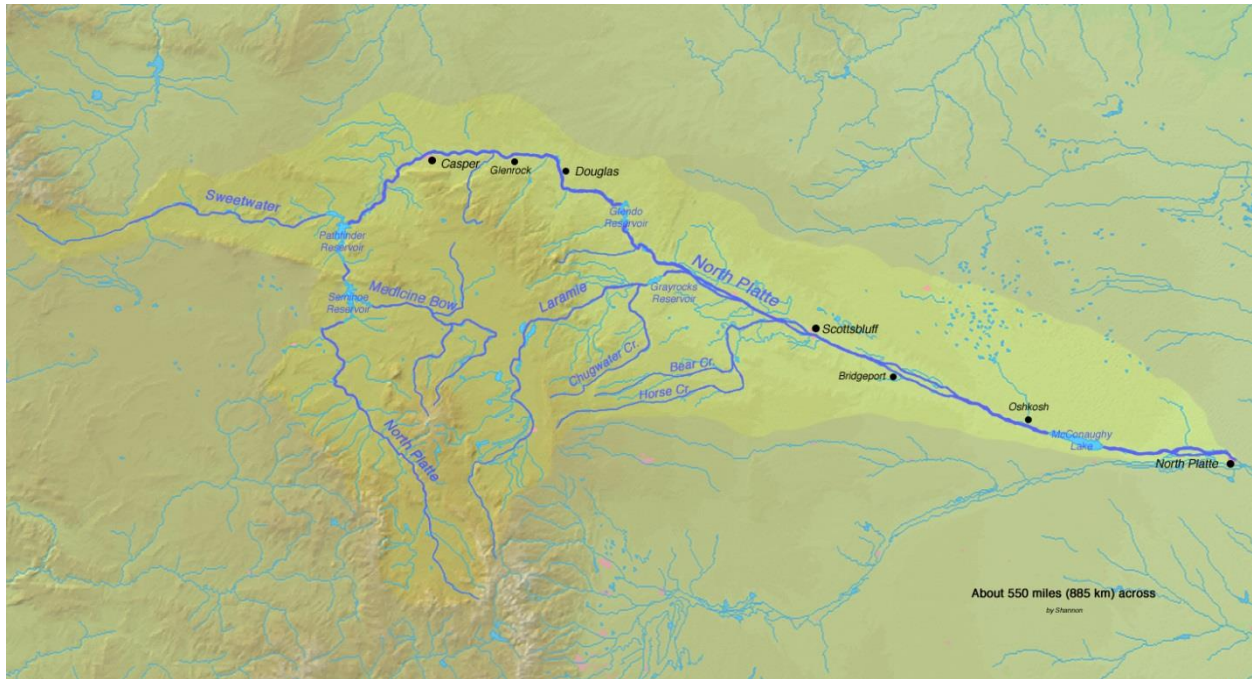
It should be noted that in James Parshall’s autobiography he only wrote that he helped some pioneers travel west to Pacific Springs. He never names his sister Elizabeth and her family as the reason for the trip. I am puzzled, but as you shall see, he does it again when he travels from Salt Lake to Rockville with his sisters. It’s as if they were not there.

According to James Parshall, he started off with four oxen, which were likely needed to keep the oxen fresh and to climb several steep hills on their trip. In any event, he says there were other men helping the people go west who like James Parshall planned to return to Winter Quarters.



Elizabeth wrote: “We left our cave or dugout, on the 2nd of May, 1848, and went about a mile and camped at my brother Jacob Terry’s for the night. The next day, we left Mosquito Creek bound for Utah in Father Miller’s company. My father went with me for about nine miles.” She said they later joined Father Pulsipher’s company”.

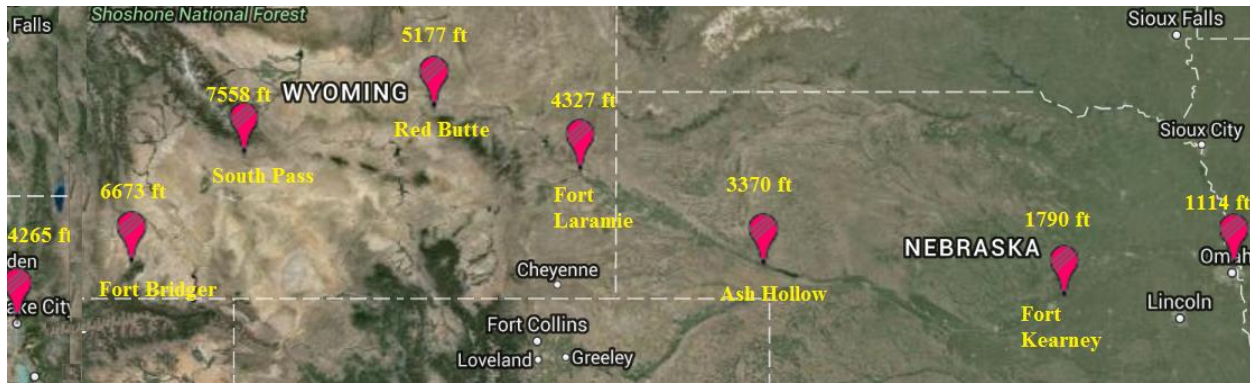
The Platte River and the Sweet Water River create the route the pioneers used to reach the top of the continental divide. The elevation at Winter Quarter is about 1187 feet above sea level, and the land along the rivers rises very gradually over hundreds of miles.



The Pulsipher Company followed the famous Emigrant Trail, which had several advantages. It followed the Platte River, North Platte River, and Sweet Water River on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and the Pacific River, Sandy River down the western front to Fort Bridger, Wyoming. The rivers gave the immigrants fresh water to drink, and it provided the most grass for their animals. This was also the preferred route because it led over South Pass, which was the lowest and easiest means of crossing the continental divide. The route was well mapped out along the rivers, and through terrain with identifiable features that told them their position on the trail and how far they had to go.

The land rises very slowly across Nebraska, and the North Platte River and Sweet Water River meanders back and forth across the land. The word Platte is a French word meaning flat. The climb in Wyoming to get over the Rocky Mountains is steeper and so is the descent into Salt Lake Valley. The total change in elevation from Winter Quarters to South Pass is 6444 feet.

Elevations along Emigrant Trail



Not shown is Big Mountain Pass at the top of Emigration Canyon about five miles from Salt Lake City. It has an elevation of 7423 feet, only slightly less than South Pass, which means the descent into Salt Lake was steep.

Elkhorn River

Sarah Hollister Harris was a young bride who years later wrote a book about her experiences along Emigrant Trail in 1851.⁹ Sarah wrote of her dreadful experiences at the Elkhorn River in 1851 shortly after they left Winter Quarters.



Elkhorn River

The Elkhorn is one of the largest tributaries of the Platte River.

She wrote: “The third day of our journey brought us to the bank of the Elkhorn, a small stream, easily fordable, where we stopped for our noonday rest and lunch. In an incredibly short time a sudden storm came on, the Elkhorn became a roaring torrent, and an entire week passed before we were able to proceed [proceed], and then we accomplished only a mile. The whole country was covered with water as far as we could see. There were only a few acres of ground visible, and here we were encamped three weeks under circumstances of the greatest discomfort.

“Rattlesnakes, small and large, were driven out of their haunts, and were not infrequently seen in the camp.

“A lady found one crawling up on the wheel of her carriage as she was making her morning toilet; another was discovered coiled under a carriage with little children playing about.

“On one occasion supper was being prepared, and all the while the wind was blowing with such force that the tent could not be pitched, and the cakes on the stove were covered with a tin pan to enable them to be cooked at all. The storm broke suddenly upon us, and the tin cover soared fifty feet into the air, the cakes following in quick succession; the wood and ashes disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and we went wet and supperless to our carriage, which had previously been securely fastened by ropes to nearby trees.

“Rain fell daily; thunder storms came on with such rapidity, and were so frightful as to terrify the strongest man. During our imprisonment three men were killed by the lightning.... We were not alone in our trouble for encamped on this small space of dry land, were a number of emigrant trains, most of them Mormons bound for Salt Lake City, travelling with immense wagons drawn by oxen and cows. Kindly people they were, many of whom had been gathered from foreign lands.”

Sarah was the wife of Broughton Harris who was appointed by President Fillmore to be the Secretary and Treasurer of Utah Territory. He and the other officials that went to Utah in 1851 didn't stay very long because of bitter conflict between them and the Mormons, and they became the 'Runaway Officials of 1851'. You can read about this on the Internet if you're curious. Basically they came at odds with the Mormon way of life (polygamy), and how the government entities were organized and they made a hasty retreat, in part fearing for their lives.

Fort Kearney and the Platte River

The trip across Nebraska first took them to an area along the Platte River that became known as Fort Kearney in 1848.

The following was copied from the Internet: <http://www.america101.us/trail/FtKearny.html>



“Ft. Kearny was the first military post built to protect the Oregon Trail emigrants. The fort remained an important wayside throughout the emigration period. Many pioneers purchased food at the fort, and nearly everyone took advantage of the fort's reliable mail service. In late May as many as 2,000 emigrants and 10,000 oxen might pass through in a single day.

“Ft. Kearny was not the walled fortification that many pioneers expected. It was instead a collection of ramshackle buildings, most made of sod. The construction was so crude that snakes often slithered through the walls and into the beds of the soldiers stationed there. But the enlisted men were not overly refined anyway.”

Emigrant William Kelley:

"A most unsoldierly looking lot they were: unshaven, unshorn, with patched uniforms and a lounging gait. The privates being more particular in their inquiries after whiskey, for which they offered one dollar the half-pint; but we had none to sell them even at that tempting price."

I thank the people who created the picture and wrote this description of Ft. Kearny and its soldiers.

A description of this area was made by another pioneer named Levi Jackman.

"We had came up the Platte and Loupe fork about 130 miles through as fine a country as I ever saw. Almost entirely level, the finest country for farming that can be with the exception of timber. Cottonwood skirting the river is all the timber to be found and very scarce at that"

Because of the lack of trees and other wood for fires, the immigrants burned buffalo chips, dung that is.

During this part of the journey, the land is flat and easy going for the wagons, and as James Parshall points out, the wagons could travel side by side. Some emigrants said this was for protection against Indians, but Indians did not attack wagon trains.



Flat lands across Nebraska

Two of the biggest aids to the emigrants were the rivers and the herds of buffalo that filled the plains. It is estimated that as many as 60 million buffalo roamed across north america in 1492, the greatest number of large mammals of one species on Earth, except humans. Even in 1848, James Parshall wrote: “I have seen the buffalo for miles and miles as far as the eye could reach and half a day at a time [as much as eight miles long for a single herd], and I had some thrilling adventures hunting them.” Other pioneers expressed in their journals that great herds of buffalo advanced like an avalanche and they were easy to kill.

It is easy to picture James Parshall galloping across the prairie on his steed, with his flowing red hair sailing behind him, and his blue eyes focused on the buffalo he hoped to kill.

There were more than 300,000 emigrants who used buffalo meat as a source of food on their journey west. Unfortunately, by 1890 the buffalo had been nearly exterminated. Only 500 remained just 48 years after James Parshall crossed the prairie.



Today there are about 30,000 buffalo in private herds and protected areas.



A view of the gentle Platte River

The trip along the Platte River provided them with fish, fresh water, and food for their cattle. However, the grass along the trail became scarce as the number of emigrants increased, and in some years, most of the cattle feed was stripped on both sides of the river.

Although the Platte River provided essential water and food for the emigrants, it also became deadly because the water became contaminated with cholera bacteria. Thousands of animals, including humans with cholera, waded in the Platte, North Platte, and the Sweet Water River that they crossed many times. Animals defecated and urinated in these rivers and along the banks, people would have done likewise, including those with cholera. And there were those who died with cholera that were buried on the banks of the rivers.

June 19, 1850, Mary Ann Maughan in her journal stated:

"We were called to bury 2 of our company who died of cholera this morning, a man named Brown and a child. There are more sick in camp. Have been in sight of the Platte River all day. Traveled 15 miles, camped on Salt Creek. Soon some of our company came up with another child dead. They buried it at twilight on the bank of the creek."

Samuel K. Gifford wrote:

"The Cholera also commenced its work in camp and soon we buried a gentile that died of the Cholera and then Peter Shirts' wife died. Then Captain Thomas Johnson called the camp together and said, 'If you will do as I tell you with regard to the water that you use for drinking I will promise you that there shall not more than five die in this camp with the Cholera!'"

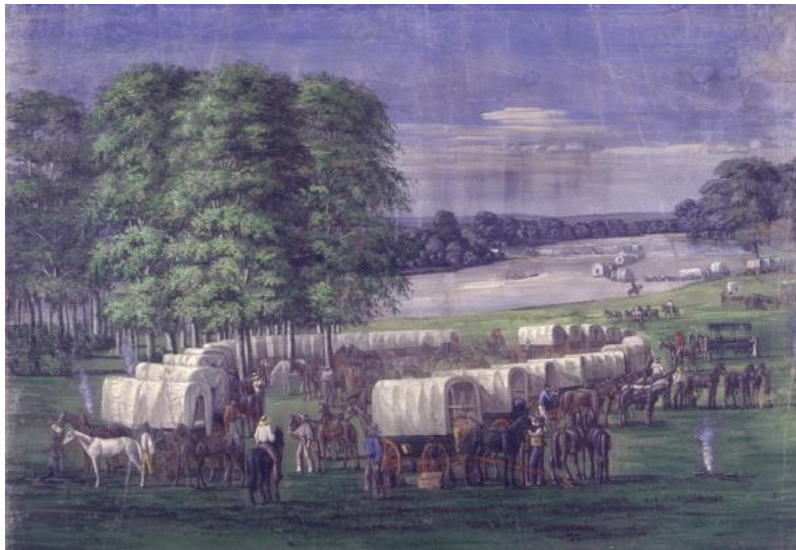
I assume he told them to boil the water to kill the bacteria that caused cholera.

James Parshall Terry wrote of his experiences traveling the Emigrant Trail.

“Where it was good roads on the Platte, we traveled in two lines, and when we camped for the night, the lead wagons would form for the corral, and the next wagons would come up on each line with the front wheels touching or locking in the hind wheels of the wagon in front with the tongue inside and so on until the corral was formed, leaving the gap at each end. We had ropes and stakes or picket pins for each and every one of our cattle and at dark we would fetch them in, each man staking his cattle outside and opposite his own wagon or wagons. Then we placed guards around the whole and called the time of night every half hour, and changed the guards about one o’clock in the night.”

And the next year he wrote:

“In 1849, a different mode was adopted in camping. The corral was formed with the wagon tongues outside leaving a small opening at each end of the corral, and at dark we put our horses and cattle in this enclosure.”



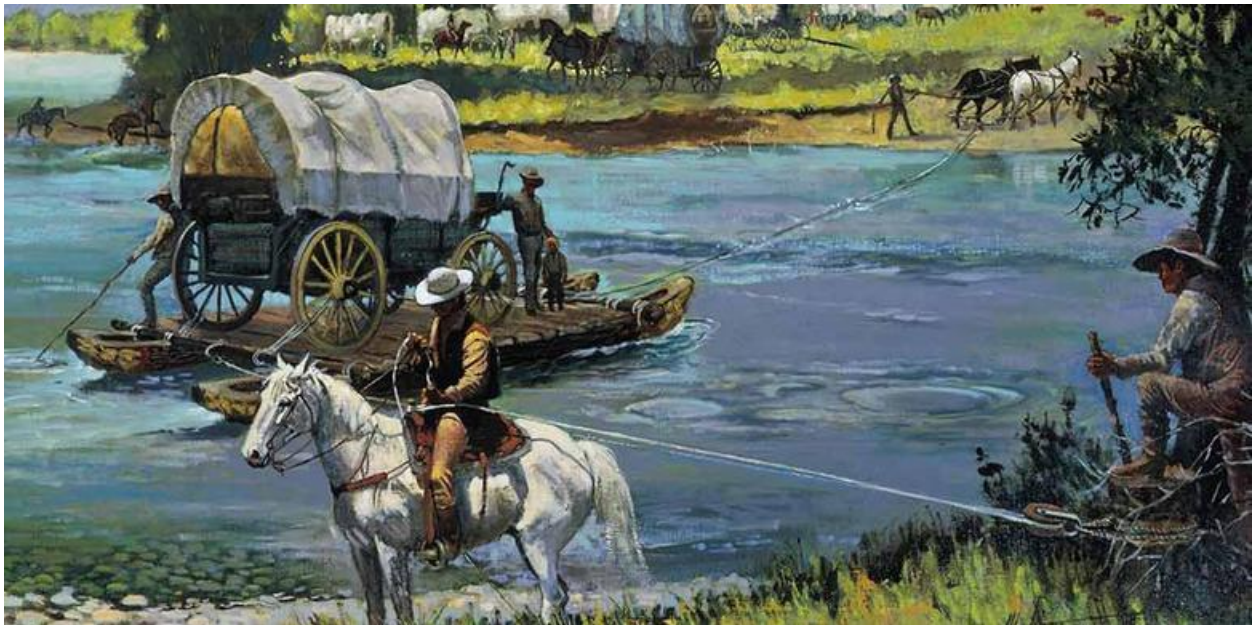
The wagons were arranged in circles primarily to form a corral for their animals.

James Parshall relates this incident: “This was a summer of stampedes. One night our cattle took a scare and broke out of the corral, and it was with much difficulty that the guards could stop them. They smashed over two or three wagons but fortunately there was no one killed. Poor cattle would take fright and run like antelope. One day we met a lot of cattle that had stampeded from the California emigrant company. We took them back until we met the owners coming for them. They had run about sixteen or twenty miles.”

James Parshall wrote: “I will here refer to a thrilling incident. Our company took turns in driving ahead. It came my turn for the day of which I speak. It was in the afternoon, I was some distance ahead and setting in the front of my wagon when I heard a great noise and on looking

back the whole train was in commotion. It was a stampede. I jumped out, took my near leader by the horn and kept my team quiet so they did not run. The others ran till they caught up with my wagon when they stopped. There was one woman by the name of Hawks was run over and killed and a young woman by the name of Findlay was badly hurt but she got well. The damage to wagons I think was slight maybe a wagon tongue or two broke.”

He also remarked: “We had some bad streams of water to cross, ostensibly the Loup Fork being the worst on account of quick sand. I recollect we had to put chunks under our wagons axis to raise them up in crossing the Platte.” However, some crossings were made using ferries.



One type of Ferry used on the Platte River

North Platte River

The Platte River is created when the North Platte River joins the South Platte at Confluence Point in Nebraska. It is 2860 feet above sea level. Emigrants followed the North Platte River into Wyoming. The Mormons tended to remain on the north side of the river to avoid confrontation with non-Mormons, but in reality they went where there was the most food for their cattle.



Confluence of North Platte and South Platte Rivers

About 18 miles before the pioneers reached Ash Hollow, they were forced to climb California hill, and from there they traveled along this higher tableland until they descended into Ash Hollow, which was down a 25 degree slope for about 300 feet. The downward slope was just as difficult as the climb up, and ropes were tied to the wagons to counter gravity.

Wagon ruts made by the wheels still exist through this area more than 170 years after they were created by thousands of wagons moving west.

Area around Ash Hollow



At times, multiple oxen had to be tied to one wagon to pull it through the mud or up steep hillsides. It was all part of the journey west.

Just prior to reaching Chimney Rock, another easily recognized formation called Court House Rock is visible along Emigration Trail.



Jail Rock is the same type of formation as Court House Rock and the two are nearby each other and the North Platte River.

One of the most striking wonders encountered by the pioneers was Chimney Rock in western Nebraska off to the side of the North Platte River.





Chimney Rock, Nebraska

The easily recognizable sites such as Chimney Rock, as well as many smaller objects found along Immigration Trail, were recorded and published in books, which made it much easier for the thousands of people migrating west to recognize where they were and the distances and obstacles that lay ahead. Chimney Rock was the halfway point on their journey, but the land that lay ahead was more difficult and time consuming.

Scott's Bluff was another handy reference along the Emigrant Trail. It consists of a number of rock formations south of the North Platte River. As early as 1812 fur traders were making their way to the Rocky Mountains along the North Platte River. One of the bluffs was named after a fur trader by the name of Hiram Scott, who died in 1828 near the bluff. By the late 1830s the fur trade was dwindling, but by then emigrants by the thousands were streaming westward.



The emigrants traveling along the rivers were often besieged with clouds of mosquitos, deep washes to cross that broke down their wagons and tired out their draft animals, and then there were small muddy streams and quick sand that forced them to double or triple the oxen to pull the wagons to safety.

Sarah Harris⁹ wrote of her experiences in 1851.

“All along our route we had seen traces of sorrow and distress among those who had crossed the Plains the previous summer. Cholera had made sad inroads in the little companies, and numerous graves were seen with rude headboards in[s]cribed by loving hands-”Our Willie” -”Baby Ruth”-”Our Mother”-it was most pathetic.”

“Household treasures strewed the way; broken and abandoned wagons, stoves, chairs, and all sorts of useful articles were evidently thrown aside as means of transportation and strength of man failed. The tale of suffering was told; its tragedy and horrors could not be concealed.”



From Wikipedia, Scott's Bluff and a Conestoga wagon along Emigrant Trail

Vaughn Featherstone told this story of Rebecca Winters in a speech he gave at Brigham Young University on 11 August 1981.

“Rebecca Winters, the wife of Hiram, was dying of cholera. Her passing took place about noon. Sister Winters was one of more than 6,000 who were buried alongside the old Mormon Trail. Her husband and those in the other wagons laid her to rest in a deep grave. That evening and into the night, a friend of the family, William Reynolds, using a chisel, inscribed on the outside surface of an iron tire, “Rebecca Winters, aged 50 years.” This wheel rim was placed over the grave with her husband’s remark that later proved prophetic, ‘That name will remain there forever.’ The following morning the pioneers pushed on, and the location of the grave seemed to be lost or forgotten to her family in Utah.

“Later travelers and finally settlers in the area did not forget, and when the cowboys found her marker, they gave her name to a nearby stream and a spring and later to a precinct in Scotts Bluff County and finally to a street in the city of Scottsbluff. In 1900, when the Chicago and Burlington Railroad was being surveyed up the north side of the Platte, their survey crew rediscovered the marker right in the center of the planned grade. Not wishing to disturb the grave, they backed up several miles and moved the line over a few feet so that the grave would be beside the tracks. The chief surveyor also sent a notice of his discovery to the *Deseret News*, and when an article was written about it, the grave came to the attention of Rebecca’s descendants. One was Augusta Winters Grant, the wife of Heber J. Grant who served as the president of the Church for 27 years.

“They provided that a “temple” granite marker (made of granite from the temple) be placed over her grave in 1902. Sometime after that, the Burlington Railroad had a small wrought iron fence placed around the burial plot. And then the section foreman, E. F. Despain, had a well dug to water the shrubs and lawn and the flowers that adorned the grave.

“Rebecca Winters’s grave still stands as a pillar in honor of all those noble and brave pioneers who died and were buried in unmarked and lost graves. And thus her monument, as Hiram Winters stated, ‘will remain there forever’.”

Emigrant Trail in Wyoming

Scott’s Bluff, Nebraska is 4198 feet above sea level. This is very little different from Fort Laramie that sits near the confluence of the Laramie River and the North Platte River. Laramie Fort was built to support the fur trading business in the 1830s, and later it served to support the people traveling on Emigrant Trail.

During the three trips that James Parshall made across the plains, they were never attacked by Indians, and this is true for most of the people migrating west. There were far worse dangers such as cholera and bad weather. James Parshall did have this experience when taking Elizabeth to Pacific Springs: “One day while we were traveling below Ft Laramie, a party of Sioux Indians met us and formed a line across the road and would not let us pass till we gave them some presents. We gave them flour, sugar, and whatever else we had and could spare. It was deemed to be cheaper to feed them than to fight them.”



Fort Laramie 1849, sketch by James Wilkins.

Fort Laramie with an elevation of 4238 feet sits at the bottom of the east side of the continental divide, not much different than the elevation on the other side of the divide at Salt Lake City. It allowed the pioneers a place to recover, find food for their animals, and prepare themselves for the climb to the summit at South Pass, Wyoming, which is 7559 feet above sea level.

The journal of the pioneer William Brockerman Wright, from the Internet, adds a little insight to Fort Laramie, including the fact that they could send and receive letters at this post.

“Wednesday August 1st.

“up at 2 guard until 5[.] Breakfast at 6½[.] we could hear the roll of the Drum this morning at fort Laramie[.] Cattle up & started at 9[.] got at fort Laramie at 9½[.] received a letter From home & also sent one home[.] the fort is a place of considerable size & has a good store at which you can get most anything but you have to pay well for them[.] I bought 1 Pair of <wollen> socks & had to pay 50 cts for them[.] Candy, Rasins are both 50 cts per lb. Camped at 5½ came over the hills & a hard road it was to sandy & hilly rough. Supper at 6½ Bed at 8 Came 9 miles[.] we have just 500 miles further to go[.]”

James Parshall writes that his father was almost killed a few miles from Fort Laramie: “I will here refer to a miraculous escape of my father from being killed. It was a few miles west of Ft. Laramie on a very steep and rocky hill and when about half way down, he slipped or fell in front of the wagon. His neck being immediately across the track. The wheel came so it touched his neck when the horses stopped as suddenly as if they had been shot and my father got out of his perilous situation unhurt.”

Another reference point was Red Butte near Caspar, Wyoming. This area along the North Platte River is in general very beautiful, but it proved to be disastrous for a Mormon hand cart company that was caught here in a snow storm. They foolishly started out late in the summer of 1856, and

more than 200 people died from exposure and famine before rescuers from Salt Lake City were able to come to their aid. This mishap did not deter the other hand cart companies, and from 1856 to 1860 some 3000 people made their way west using hand carts made entirely of wood, which made them easier to repair. It is amazing that they could travel the 1000 miles in about 70 days, almost as fast as the wagons. That's smoken'.



Red Butte

The next marker on Emigrant Trail is called Independence Rock, which is not far from Red Butte along the North Platte River. The surface of this rock covers about 24 acres, and because it has been worn smooth by the wind, it has enticed thousands of pioneers to scratch their names on its surface. My niece, Debbie Terry Hulet, my brother Dixon's daughter, wrote a novel that uses Independence Rock and the names on it to provide an interesting twist in her book. This enjoyable book can be found on the Internet through Amazon. Title: "Independence Rock".



Independence Rock

James Parshall tells of this incident:

“My father had the little white mare that he took from Canada to Missouri, and in all our moving. He also had a very large mare making an odd looking team. The large mare died at Independence Rock from hard work and scarcity of feed. The company had to help him. When we got to Fort Bridger, my other brother, Joshua Terry, was working there and he let us have two yoke of fresh oxen to help us on to the valley.”

Nor far from Independence Rock, the North Platte River turns sharply to the south, and those travelling west must cross it and find the Sweet Water River to continue on their journey. This crossing proved to be a difficult task.



In 1847, Brigham Young had his men build a ferry a few miles west of Independence Rock. It was constructed of two large cottonwood canoes which were connected with planking, and it was

operated with ores. He left nine men there to operate it. It became known as the Robinson Ferry. It was in operation for more than 10 years, but it was finally abandoned when a permanent bridge was constructed. Also, at this time, Indians attacked the Robinson homestead and killed everyone but one young girl. It didn't pay to settle, but they were secure as long as they moved west.



The area between the North Platte River and the Sweet Water River was particularly hazardous for the pioneers. James Parshall Terry wrote: “Between North Platte and Sweet Water, I have seen cattle drop down in the yoke and be dead in a few minutes from drinking alkali water. I have seen the road strewn so thick with dead animals that in places a person could step from one to another.” This description is easily conceivable because Emigrant Trail was the “Interstate Highway” that was used by thousands of people and thousands of animals every year to travel to the west coast and all ports in between.



Devils Gate, a gorge on the Sweet Water River.

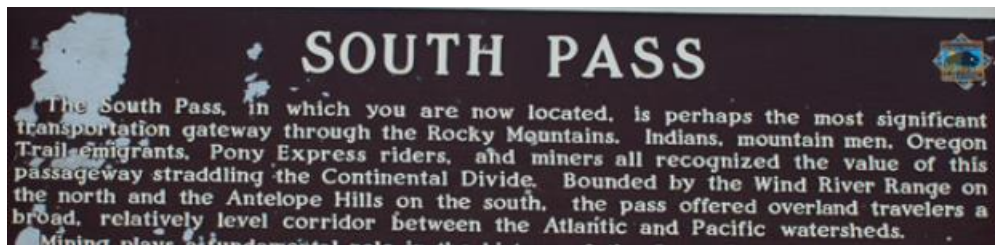
Wagon trails crossed the meandering Sweetwater River about nine times as they made their way to South Pass. On the return trip, James Parshall said “When we were returning to Winter Quarters in the fall from our trip west [after taking Elizabeth to Pacific Springs], we camped one night on the Sweet Water below the three crossings, and the next morning our oxen were nearly all gone. I only had one left out of four head, but we were able to move our wagons and gathered up our cattle through the day as we traveled along. I got all of mine but there were six head that we did not get until we got to the Warm Springs fourteen miles west of Ft. Laramie where we found them with some of the mountaineers who were working there. They did not want to give them up at first, but finally did so.”



The *Oregon Trail*, by Albert Bierstadt, 1863

South Pass over the Continental Divide

Going west, the pioneers followed the Sweet Water River to its source at the top of the continental divide at South Pass. The whole passage way is a relatively wide valley that made passage with wagons possible.

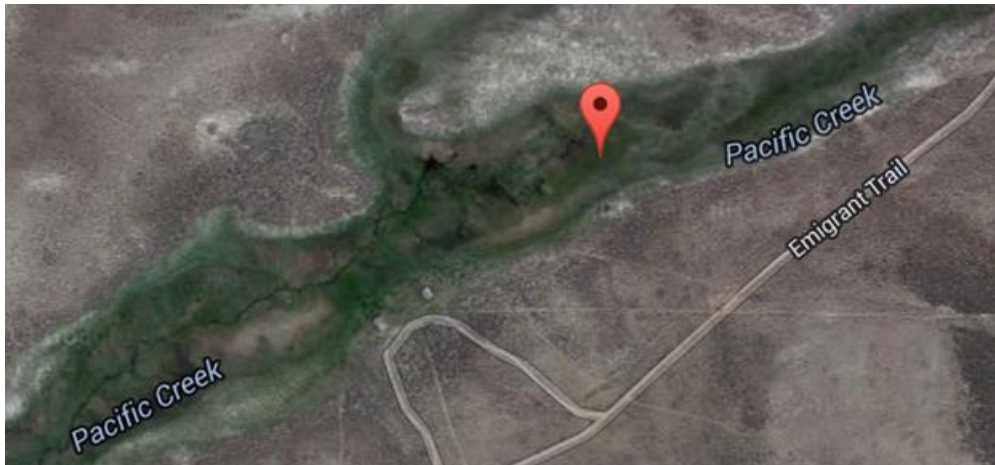




The distance from Sweet Water to Pacific Springs is about 4 ½ miles. On closer examination you can find the trails the pioneers used. The red pointer lower left in the picture above is Pacific Springs where Elizabeth and her family were left in late August at an elevation of 7164 feet above sea level. This river and springs were given their names because the water drains off on the Pacific Ocean side of the continental divide.



At South Pass looking towards Pacific Springs



Pacific Springs, Wyoming

Elizabeth said, “We had a very fatiguing journey of several months. We reached Pacific Springs, August 20.”

Everyone agreed that James was to make the return trip in time to arrive home before winter set in, and true to her word Elisabeth and her family were left there on the side of Emigrant Trail. Perhaps they all thought that someone in the Pulsipher Company would assist them, and they would be able to continue on to Salt Lake. This didn’t happen. They were stuck there at a high elevation, and in early September, they were still there when a driving snow storm hit the area.

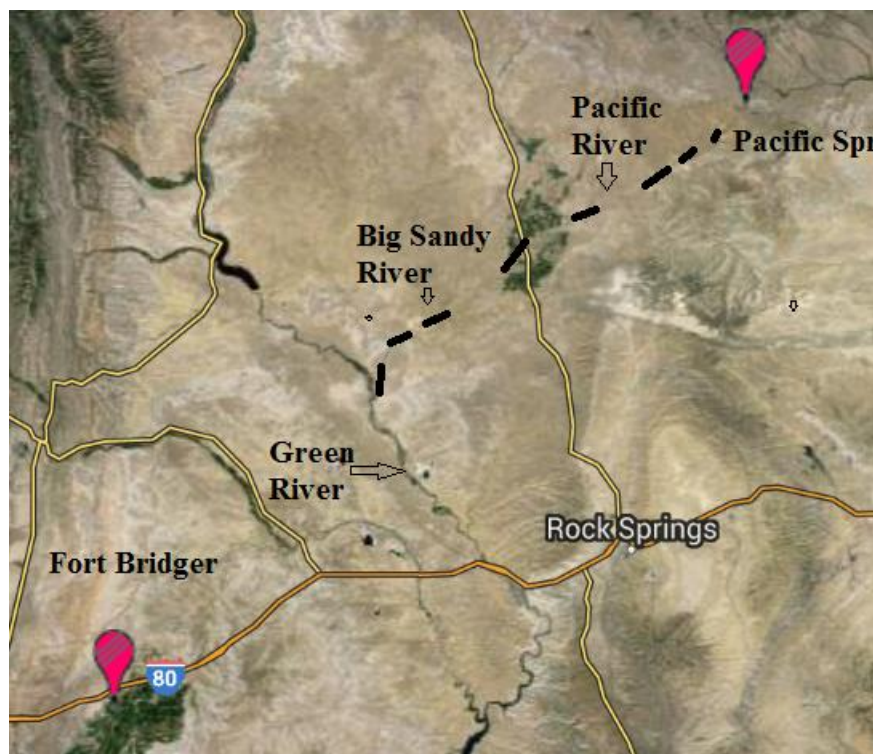
Elizabeth wrote, “On the 2nd and 3rd of September, it rained and snowed and the wind blew so hard that it seemed as if we would perish with the cold. John dug a hole in the ground and built a little fire in it so this kept us from freezing. On Sunday Brother Brigham passed us on his way back to Sweet Water where Brother Kimbell was camped. When he saw our situation, he sent a line to Brother Hanks about two miles farther ahead and he came and moved us to his camp which was on the 5th of September.” From there Elizabeth and her family made their way to Salt Lake Valley.

I crudely estimated the miles and found it is about 814 miles to Pacific Springs, and quite amazingly James Parshall said he traveled 802 ½ miles to take Elizabeth to Pacific Springs. I thought at first he was being facetious because of the fraction, but later I found that the companies used a device to determine the distance travelled by measuring the number of revolutions of the wagon wheel.

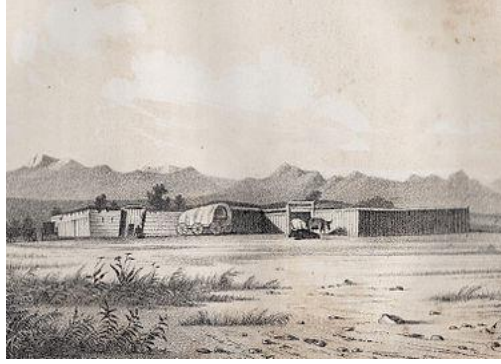
If the dates are correct, it means they averaged about 7 ½ miles per day going, which was much slower than some other trips. Perhaps they were delayed at Winter Quarters before they left for

Utah. James Parshall, who returned to Mosquito Creek with mostly an empty wagon and always going downhill, made 16 miles per day. He arrived home safely, October 15, 1848.

Emigrant Trail continued on down the west side of the Rocky Mountains. It followed Pacific Creek, which joins Sandy Creek that flows on to the much larger Green River where they had to ferry their Wagons across. From there, the trail continues to Fort Bridger, Wyoming. The total trip as the crow flies is 132 miles from Pacific Springs to Fort Bridger, and if I add 20 percent for wagon travel, it brings the total at this point to 962 miles from Winter Quarters. The distance on to Salt Lake is 116 miles, bringing the total to 1078 miles from winter Quarters to Salt Lake. It is about 280 miles from Winter quarters to Nauvoo, bringing the total to about 1300 miles from Nauvoo to Salt Lake as quoted in the literature.



When Parshall Terry III and his wife Hannah and their children arrived at Fort Bridger, they found to their surprise that their son Joshua Terry worked there. He arranged for them to receive fresh oxen free of charge to replace those worn out or died along the trail. I'll come back to Joshua's adventures shortly.



Fort Bridger 1850

At Fort Bridger, the wagon trains rested and readied themselves for the steeper climb over the Wasatch Mountains that lay ahead.

Fort Bridger was built by Jim Bridger and Louis Vasques. The Mormons claimed that Bridger was selling alcohol and firearms to the Indians in violation of federal laws, and in 1853, some Mormons went there to arrest him, but he had fled the area. The Mormons built Fort Supply the same year, and in 1855, they took over Fort Bridger, reportedly buying it from Bridger for \$8,000 in gold coins.

Utah war

In 1857, the Mormon's burned Fort Bridger to the ground along with Fort Supply because newly elected President James Buchanan sent troops to put down what they perceived was a rebellion by the Mormons. The Mormon's, newly persecuted and driven from Missouri and from Illinois, perceived this a serious threat to their existence. They sent militia, which included James Parshall Terry and his brother Joshua, to impede the progress of the U.S. Army by burning their supplies, but Johnson's Army advanced into Utah and established a large military complex in Fairfield Utah, not far from Salt Lake City.

The military post was called Camp Floyd after Secretary of War John B. Floyd. It was under the command of Brigadier General Albert Johnston. This became the largest military post in the U.S. at that time. It consisted of more than 3,500 military and civilian employees, including cavalry, artillery, infantry and support units. This eventually became a settlement of more than 7000 civilian and military personnel, half the size of Salt Lake City. John Floyd was a staunch southerner, and it is thought by some that he was intentionally draining the north of money and military personnel and equipment. For example, the army made a contract with the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell for delivery of 16 million pounds of freight. This monumental task required 3,500 wagons, 40,000 oxen, 1,000 mules and more than 4,000 men. This same company formed the Pony Express, which had a station in Fairfield. In 1860, John Floyd resigned as Secretary of War and became a Confederate in the American Civil War.

There never was any bloodshed in the so called Utah War, and finally the Federal authorities recognized that the Mormons were not attempting any sort of rebellion. When the civil war began a few years later, all of the soldier's left the area, and the camp and all its residents disappeared, along with hundreds of buildings. After they left only 18 families remained in Fairfield, and the only remaining emblem of this camp is the cemetery.

While it is true that the Mormon militia did not prevent Johnson's army from establishing a base in Utah, it probably did set them on notice that the Mormon's were willing to fight and engage in war to preserve their way of life.

Later, Jim Bridger and Brigham Young both claimed ownership of Fort Bridger, but both claims were rejected by the federal government.

Perhaps you are a little curious about Joshua Terry, who his sister Elizabeth said was equipped and sent to Utah to grow crops for the Terry families that were to follow.

CHAPTER 13: A FEW OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA TERRY

This information was supplied by Joshua Terry, Jr, son of Joshua Terry.¹⁰ In his early youth in Nauvoo, Joshua Terry spent much of his time rafting freight up and down the Mississippi River. From there he moved with Parshall and Hannah to an area close to Winter Quarters.

In the spring of 1847, when he was 22 years of age, he pooled his interests with Lehi Savage (Elizabeth wrote Levi Stevens), and they went to Salt Lake Valley with B. Wallace Company, arriving there September 28, 1847. They both worked at odd jobs for a while before settling along Willow Creek, which is now known as Draper, where they became farmers. Savage married a lady that Joshua found difficult to live around and "he had to get out or starve." He took his share of grain they harvested and his gun and started to California with another group headed by James Pollock. He lost everything he owned to Pollack who abandoned the trip to California. At this point, he was at Fort Hall on the Snake River in Idaho, and essentially a slave to Pollock. A doctor Rogers gave him three dry biscuits and a half pound of jerked beef and advised him to try to reach Fort Bridger two hundred miles away. He set out on foot with no gun and little clothing. The trail that he likely took was the Oregon Trail as shown below. However he set out in the winter and the only people he saw were a few Indians.

Joshua's 200 mile trek alone from Fort Hall to Fort Bridger

Likely for the most part along the Oregon Trail as shown



His son also wrote: “The first part of the way he lived on ego and thistle roots; his moccasins soon became badly worn, a heavy snow storm came up, and his feet became raw and bleeding, so he could not travel very fast. One day he had traveled all day through nearly a foot of snow without anything to eat and without seeing a living thing, the wind was bleak and cold, night was coming on, and he was about to give up in despair, feeling that he would perish before morning. He knelt in prayer. When he arose, he noticed a large black rock in the shape of a coffin. He went over to it and on examining it found a hole on one side. He crept into this hole out of the storm and wind. Although it was cold and black as pitch inside, it furnished a shelter for the night.

“He had not been in there long when he heard something approaching which proved to be an animal of some kind. It had also come to the coffin shaped rock for shelter. They remained together in the rock all night, the warmth of the animal’s body warmed him and kept him quite comfortable. The next morning, just before day-light, the animal crawled out and went on its way, and as it grew light, Terry crawled out too, feeling none the worse for sleeping with his new bedfellow. This Terry regarded as a miracle...”

There is one animal that might have accompanied him that night and that is a porcupine. The author remembers one night when he was a kid living on our farm in Rockville, my sisters were sleeping outside under an apple tree. A porcupine climbed on the quilts and spent the night with them. He was still on the bed when they awoke the next morning.

For the next three days Joshua had nothing to eat and he grew very faint. Once more he prayed and soon thereafter he saw smoke in the distance, which proved to be two Indians, an elderly

mother and her son, living in a teepee, near Soda Springs. She had been left by the tribe to die, but the son stayed with her. The old woman took pity on Joshua and the son softened his feelings. He made signs for Joshua to lie with his head on the Indians legs, and when he did, the young Indian spit in his ear. This made Joshua angry, but later the Indian wanted Joshua to spit in his ear, which he did. This pleased the old woman and her son very much. The next day the young Indian killed an antelope, and the old woman made a soup using its pouch with its contents. Joshua found it pleasing to eat. It was here that he first began learning the Shoshone language. I suspect he stayed with these people until the weather grew warmer and the snow melted; otherwise, he never would have made the next 150 miles in worn out moccasins in the dead of the winter.

On one other occasion he met an Indian that gave him some buffalo meat for a little ammunition that he had saved. But other than this tidbit, we know little about the rest of his journey to Fort Bridger.

At Fort Bridger, Joshua became Bridger's most trusted employee as well as his friend, and he willingly gave Joshua's parents two yoke of fresh oxen to continue on their journey to Utah without charge to Joshua. Elsewhere I found reference to six oxen.

Bridger insisted that Joshua should marry an Indian lady, and this was settled when he was captured by a group of Indians that planned to scalp him and burn him to the stake. He said he was tied to a pole and sagebrush was piled around him. They war whooped and danced around him and were on the verge of scalping him when another group of Indians arrived on the scene. This group was headed by the young Indian that had befriended him and exchanged spit with him. Joshua was removed from the pole but remained under guard. A young Indian girl that fed him came to love him, and eventually they were married.

There is a sad and dramatic end to Joshua's young Indian wife. Joshua became very ill and everyone thought he would soon die. His wife was certain that her beloved was dying or dead, and she ate poison root to accompany Joshua to the happy hunting grounds, much the same as Romeo and Juliette, but this was real life.

Joshua lived and after two years left the employment of Jim Bridger. He set up a prosperous system of ferries along the Green River, and he married another Indian lady by the name of Ann Greasewood. By this time he was fluent in Shoshone and Arapahoe languages so he became an interpreter. He lived with the Shoshone Indian Tribe for seven years, and was a trusted member of their councils, frequently preventing war with the white settlers. Eventually he and his family moved to Draper, Utah where he had a farm along the Jordan River. But his wife Ann soon died of illness in 1857. They had lived together seven years. He married Mary Emma Reid and they had 13 children together. He died in Draper when he was ninety years old.

CHAPTER 14: FORT BRIDGER ONWARD

At Fort Bridger, Wyoming, Emigrant trail splits and those going to Oregon travelled north along the Green River and on into Idaho on the Oregon trail. This trail was 2015 miles long and was followed by more than 100,000 people that traveled from the east coast of American to the west coast area in Oregon. Those going west to Northern California, such as the Donner Party, traveled to Salt Lake Valley and on across the difficult salt deserts to the Humboldt River that they followed west until it ends in the desert. From there they travelled to the Truckee Meadows, now Reno, and on over Donner Summit in the Sierra Mountains. Unfortunately, the Donner Party became trapped in the Sierra Mountains by snow, and most of them starved or froze to death that winter of 1846-47. They were the first pioneers to blaze a trail from Fort Bridger to the Salt Lake Valley.

It was 116 miles from Fort Bridger, Wyoming to the Salt Lake Valley, and much of the Mormon Trail proved dangerous and difficult because of steep mountains and treacherous descents. After leaving Fort Bridger they had to first cross the Bear River that flows north and crosses the Wasatch Range only to end its journey in the Great Salt Lake.



The Mormon Trail crosses Bear River just south of Evanston, Wyoming. At one time Bear River emptied into the Snake River and from there to the Pacific Ocean. However, sometime in the past, a volcanic eruption rerouted the river sending it south into Utah and the Great Salt Lake. It is the largest river in the US that doesn't drain into an ocean.



Bear River Canyon in Utah 1869

From Bear River they had to travel through Echo Canyon, which they say really does have a wonderful echo.



Echo Canyon on the Mormon Trail

After leaving Echo Canyon it was necessary to climb over a pass in the Wasatch Mountains that was 7423 feet above sea level, almost as high as South Pass over the Rockies. This pass became known as Big Mountain, with the much higher Wasatch Peaks on either side.



Big Mountain Pass in the Wasatch Mountains

Leaving Big Mountain pass with an elevation of 7423 feet, they had to descend 3138 feet in eight miles to the floor of Salt Lake Valley. A goodly portion of this was down Emigration Canyon. The next picture shows Emigration Canyon looking down from Big Mountain Pass.



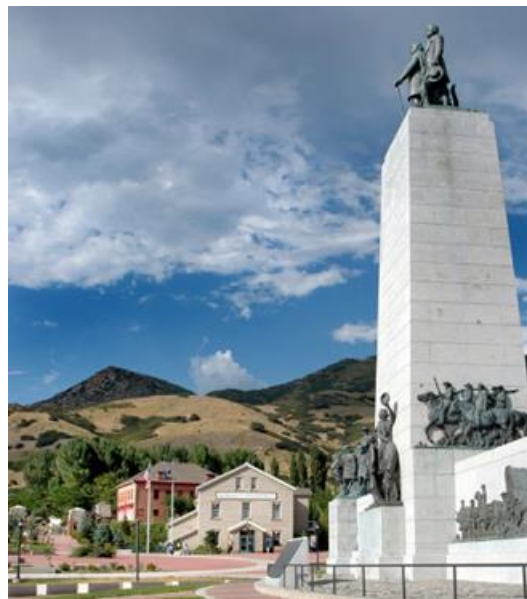
Top of Emigration Canyon

In her book on line, Sarah Harris⁹ explained how once their mules saved the day when going down a steep slope.

“Broughton [her husband] besought me to leave the carriage and walk down the awful steeps. Brakes were applied to the wheels to keep them from rolling upon the animals, and Broughton, though he was strapped to the sides, found it almost impossible to keep his seat.

“With all the anxiety attending our condition, I could not help laughing when the mules solved the problem, by actually sitting down and sliding to the bottom of the long descent. They held back the horses as well as the carriage, and brought us safely to our camp.”

Near the bottom of Emigration canyon, about 700 feet above the valley floor, is located “This is the place heritage park” to commemorate the date and place that Brigham Young looked out over the Salt Lake Valley and said “This is the place.” This historic date was July 24, 1847.



This is the place monument

CHAPTER 15: TERRY FAMILY IN NORTHERN UTAH

Parshall and Hannah left Winter Quarters July 1849, and they arrived in Salt Lake Valley the 15th of October, 1849.

It is well to remember that the Terrys began their journey by wagon in Albion district north of Toronto, Canada, and from there, they traveled more than a thousand miles to Far West, Missouri, only to find the Mormons at war with the other settlers. A few months later they are forced to flee in their wagons in the dead of the winter through snow and ice or be killed. On this perilous trip east to Illinois one of their children dies not long after they cross the Mississippi River on ice. At this point they have traveled only half of their journey. Their stay in Quincy and Nauvoo proved to be short lived and dangerous, and once more, they were force to flee in their

wagons into Iowa where Jane's husband, George Young, dies that winter from bloody flux. The next winter finds them living along Mosquito Creek near Winter Quarters where Jane dies of consumption, and from there, they travel along Emigrant Trail to Salt Lake Valley. They started this journey in Canada July 10, 1838, and they arrived in Salt Lake Valley October 15, 1849, and during this 11 year journey, they never resided in any one place for more than two years. The journey doesn't end in Salt Lake for Hannah and four of her children because they continue on to Rockville, Utah after her husband, Parshall Terry III dies. She arrives at her final resting place in 1863, and all of this by wagon, twice in the dead of the winter.

In addition to the three deaths cited, Joel lost four children in Illinois, Jacob Er lost one child in Illinois, and Elizabeth lost one baby in Illinois. A total of nine children and two adults died out of 48 individuals associated with the Terry families that can be attributed to disease and privations. In addition to these people, the mother of Zemira Draper died on the banks of the Mississippi River as they exit Nauvoo.



Conestoga Wagon on Oregon Trail

James Parshall was 19 when they arrived in Salt Lake.

“After I got to the valley, I assisted my brother-in-law Jemira Draper to make adobes for a house. They having come to the valley the summer before. I boarded with him awhile the ensuing winter and went to school. In the fall of 1849, a company in Salt Lake City opened a road in Red Butte Canyon to get fire wood and they placed a toll gate on it. My father got the gate to tend and built him a house a half a mile up the canyon from its mouth.”

Parshall Terry III was 71 years of age at this time and too frail to do much else.

“The ensuing summer of 1851 [now 21 years of age], I went to Fort Bridger and bought a horse of Ma Simeno and promised to pay for him in flour in the fall. I took a load of flour in the fall with an ox team to Bridger 112 miles travelling alone. One day I didn’t meet nor see a person and camped alone at night. I paid for my horse and returned home with a company of the Mormon Emigration.”

Note: I suspect in those days everyone feared they might be killed by Indians who rose up against the invaders from time to time. It must have made people think twice when traveling alone.

“My father and myself took up some land at Lehi in Utah Valley. Built a house and moved there I think in the winter of 1851 and 2. The place was after words known as Terry’s Springs.”

“In the summer of 1850 or 51, my father sold the little gray mare to the California Emigration for two young mares that were worn done.” And thus their little gray mare continued her journey across the continent.

“The ensuing summer I went out east to trade with the California and Oregon Emigrants. I lived with my Brother Joshua Terry. He was living a mountaineer life at the time. We went down on Sweet Water where we sought and traded for poor and give out cattle. At one time we lived for three weeks without bread. But we had plenty of dry buffalo meat.

“This fall, 1853, the Indians were very bad and the people had to fort up. My father had taken our house down and moved it to Willow Creek or Draper before I got home. And we had to fort up at this place.

“The 6th of April 1853, I was at the laying of the corner stones of the Salt Lake Temple.

“In the summer 1854 & 55, the grasshoppers were terrible bad and they ate up nearly everything. One of these summers I put in 16’ bw of wheat or more and did not harvest a peck as the grasshoppers kindly saved me the trouble. I have seen the grasshoppers so thick on a fine clear day that they obscured the sun so I could not see it.

“I think it was in the summer of 1854, I went out to Green River and upon the Fonteneille to Jim Bakers Camp, he being a mountaineer. While I was there a thrilling little incident occurred. Baker had a terrible wild fighting cow which he lassoed and tied to a sage bush. She would fight ever body that came in sight. Myself and Alec Ormberly or John Baker, I don’t recall which, got behind a serviceberry bush and when we would get in sight, she would run for us the length of her rope and then when someone would appear on the opposite side, she would make for them. She did this maybe a dozen times when finely she came full tare for me and this time the sage bush came with her; then there was a run for life of about one hundred yards. We out ran her and

jumped down a high steep bank at the edge of a stream and the cow turned and went off. Getting down the bank was all that saved us.”

November 2, 1856, James Parshall married Mary Richards and she eventually gave birth to 11 children. Mary was born May 14th, 1837 at Toronto Home District Upper Canada. She was the daughter of John and Agnus Hill Richards. The author’s Aunt Marcia Terry had this to say about Mary Richards: “Grandmother was a tall woman of slender build and fine aristocratic features. She was about doing good. She was generous in helping others.”

As was the custom at the time, James Parshall married a second woman, Sarah Lemmon, and they had one child before she left James and moved to Arizona with their boy. This lady was in her fifties when she married James and to their surprise she gave birth to a baby boy. They named the boy Surprise Terry.

Note: It was his only try at polygamy. It is interesting that he did not marry a younger woman, which many did.

From James Parshall we learn the following about his activities.

“I attended the April conference in 1857 in S. L. City when there was organized what was called the Y. K. Company to carry the mail and merchandise from Independence Mo. to Salt Lake Valley. Myself and John Fitzgerald was called on to go to Devil’s Gate to haul flour and oats there and merchandize and private freight back. Wednesday, 22nd of April we went to the City with four horses and a wagon and got our load. Thursday 23rd we started out and had quite a time with baulking horses breaking harness and also wagon. Suffice to say we made the trip of 694 miles in 36 days and reached home on the 28th day of May.” If they did, it means they made almost 20 miles per day.

“The ensuing summer I was engaged in farming. 26th of September, 1857 our first child was born while we were in Draper, Utah. We named her Mary Jane.”

In 1858, they must have been threatened by Indians because they left their homes in Draper and moved a few miles south for a while. During this time he boxed up and hauled some loads of flour to Provo, which he left with his brother Jacob.

“On the 21st of May 1859 our second child was born in Draper, Utah. We called him George Washington, and on the 5th of February 1861 our third child was born. We named him James Parshall. In 1862, we were living in Jordan, and the place was known as Terry’s mound as myself and three of my brother lived there. And my father was living there when he died on the 8th of October 1861.”

His father, Parshall Terry III, lived through many hardships, but he was sufficiently successful to buy and sell land and houses wherever he lived, and he was always surrounded by his loving wife Hannah and his children. He was 83 when he passed away in Draper, Utah while living

with his son James Parshall. Hannah continued to live with her son and went with his family to Rockville.



The next spring another death shook the family. James Parshall wrote:

“On the 25th of April 1862 I went about three miles from home to plow in my Draper field. And about 4 o’clock in the afternoon there was a runner came to me with the sad news that our little boy James Parshall was drowned [only 14 months old]. He climbed up on to his mother’s lap and kissed her, then he went a few steps from the house to a large water ditch into which he fell and floated down for some distance. There was a bridge over the ditch and this caught his clothing which prevented him from going into the Jordon River where in all probability we should have never found him.”

The author had a similar experience when a little boy. I fell into deep pool of water created by an irrigation ditch. It must have been traumatic for me because even though it happened more than 70 years ago, I still remember sinking in the water, my eyes glued on the weeds and the muddy banks that surrounded me. Almost instantly, I was pulled to safety by my Uncle Vinyl Millet.

Sorting out Parshall and Hannah Terry’s seven children who live in Utah

1. *Jacob Er with wife and children eventually live in Rockville and I will revisit this family.
2. Joel began his journeys across the plains when in 1848 he helped Hyrum Smith’s widow and her family travel to Salt Lake. In 1851 he brought his own family to Utah. They say he made at least 14 journeys across Emigrant Trail helping others move west. He took over the farm of his parents, Parshall and Hannah, in Draper. He and his family also lived in Uintah, in northern Utah, and at one time owned the Silver King Mine at Park City, Utah. He was married to four different women and had 25 children.



3. We followed Elizabeth on her journey from Canada and on to Utah with her husband John Heward. They made their home in Draper at Terry Mound. She gave birth to 8 children. Even when elderly, her picture shows she was a pretty lady.



4. *Amy Terry married Zemira Draper and they first made their home in Draper, Utah before moving to Rockville. According to the Draper City web site, Draper was named after “William Draper III, his wife Elizabeth, a midwife / doctor, and their seven children. He was a farmer and “Aunt Betsy, as Elizabeth was known, is remembered not only for her good deeds but also for the locomotive-like visage she presented as she walked through town, pioneer poke bonnet (the cow catcher) on her head and clay pipe (the smokestack) in her mouth.” William Draper and Zemira Draper were brothers. We will revisit Amy Terry Draper and her family later in this narrative.
5. *Marilla married John Crawford in 1841, but he died a young man, and she married Nils (or Nelson) Hansen. I have already given a brief account of Marilla, and we will meet up with her again. Suffice it to say here that she and her children joined her family in Draper, Utah and from there she moved with them to Rockville.
6. Joshua’s story was detailed earlier. Eventually he becomes a farmer alongside the Jordan River in Draper where he was married to Mary Emma Reid Johnson and they had 15 children. He died in Draper in 1915 when he was 90 years old.



7. ***James Parshall** was born in Canada January 1, 1930. James Parshall has often been cited in this narrative, and we will learn much more about him in the pages that follow.

*Two brothers and two sisters of the Parshall Terry III family, along with their mother, Hannah, helped settle Rockville, Utah.

CHAPTER 16: ROCKVILLE BECKONS WEARY TRAVELERS

In the summer of 1858, Nephi Johnson traveled to southern Utah to explore the land along the Virgin River upstream from present day La Verkin to its headwaters. He took with him an Indian guide. He identified several sites that could be developed for farmland. The first one he chose was at that point where north fork stream joins the Virgin River. He called it Pocketville, which later became the town of present day Virgin. He also identified land suitable for farming in an area that became known as Adventure and Grafton. For some reason he skipped over Rockville but identified usable land upstream along the two major forks of the river. These were Springdale, and Shonesburg. Brigham Young immediately ask members of the Church to settle the areas identified by Johnson.

Because Rockville was omitted from Johnson's list, it was ignored by earlier settlers who moved into the area as early as 1860 and 1861. They settled Virgin, Adventure, Grafton, Springdale and Shonesburg. This made it possible for the four Terry siblings and others to find home sites and land to farm in the area between Grafton and Springdale when they moved there in 1862 and 1863. In fact, Rockville became far better than Grafton and Adventure because it could not be flooded out by the Virgin River. Today Adventure no longer exists and Grafton is a famous ghost town.

In 1860 people moved into Grafton and worked diligently to clear the land, build houses, and dig the ditches needed to irrigate their farms. Those who arrived late moved up the river a short distance and settled into a small farmable area they called Adventure. These people were primarily from Cedar City, Utah, and some of them were escaping the aftermath of the Mountain Meadow Massacre that took place in September 7–11, 1857. All went well until a large flood in 1861-62 took out all the lower portion of Grafton and wreaked havoc with a portion of Adventure. The pioneers persisted, rebuilt, and stayed in these two fledgling towns. That summer of 1862 they had excellent crops and the future looked good.

That fall of 1862 James Parshall and his siblings were in Draper. James wrote:

“In the fall conference of 1862, there were several families called and also volunteered to go to Southern Utah. My Brother Jacob Er Terry and my brother-in-law were called and I with others volunteered.”

The four Terry siblings that go to Rockville along with spouses and children are Jacob Er., Amy, Marilla, and James Parshall.

The brother-in-law he speaks of is Zemira Draper. Zemira and Amy Terry (now 41) had seven children ranging in age from nineteen to a one year old when they moved to southern Utah. She gives birth to one additional child in Rockville.

Jacob Er was 57 years old when they left for southern Utah, but only one of his children moved with him. His name was Nathan Harris Terry. Three others did move from Canada to Utah but remained in the north. His son Nathan, whose mother was Mary Maria Riley, married Margie Duzzett and they had ten children. Three of these children were born in Rockville, but they all moved away by 1879.



Nathan Harris Terry

Marilla and her children arrived in Utah from Iowa in 1861 and the next year she elected to go to southern Utah with her brothers and sister. She had six children fathered by Hansen, all less than 10, and her boy William Crawford who was now 20. She was 39 years of age

James Parshall Terry was 31 years of age when he and his wife Mary Richards, now 25, and their two living children left for southern Utah. Mary Jane was four and George was three.

There is one additional, important member of this party and that was their mother Hannah Terry who was now 76 years young. She lives another 15 years.

The four Terry families were not the only people to settle at that time in southern Utah. In fact the number of people vying for land along the Virgin River far outnumbered the land available. Those who got there first got the choice land.

James Parshall and others must have realized that timing was critical because they were willing to leave in the middle of the winter of 1862 to take possession of the land that they needed to survive in this new wilderness.

“I got ready and started for Dixie the 29th of November. We went in company with my brother Jacob Er and J. Draper and others. We only just got started when a wild team that was hitched to one of my wagons ran into a telegraph pole and broke the tongue out. But we lashed it up and went on. There was nothing particular transpired only the breaking of a wagon or two and some of my cattle and horses run off and my having to hunt them up.”

The Terry's camped in Toquerville between Christmas and New Year's. After scouting the area for a couple of weeks they selected Rockville according to James Parshall. However, they first settled in Adventure, a few miles from Grafton on the north side of the river. Perhaps they witnessed one of the largest floods ever recorded on the Virgin River.

Adventure and Grafton flooded

The Virgin River is a relatively fast moving stream along its tributaries, and it drains a large area with little vegetation and much rock and sand. At times, huge, very muddy, and very smelly floods rage down this river. It can at times carry more dirt per gallon than any other river in the United States. In Adventure, the Tenny family had built a dugout too close to the Virgin River. From the Parshall Terry Family History we get this account: “On one occasion, the Old River was on the rampage in flood time, a child was being born in the dugout of Ammon Tenney. It looked as if the mother would be swept away like everything else that was being taken by the raging torrent. But, Brother Tenney was able to get help in time to move his sick wife, bed and all, to higher ground to safety. However, the baby that made his appearance into the world at this unfortunate time would never be able to forget the lucky escape at his birth. He was given the name of “Marvelous Flood Tenny”. There is another more dramatic account of this event. In this story, the baby was inside a wagon floating in the raging torrent, but several brave men saved the child. If you have ever seen this river when a huge flood races downstream, you have to believe that the first story is more likely. Three of the largest floods recorded along the Virgin River were in 1861, 1862 and in 1951.

The flood of 1962-3 was the result of heavy rains that began in Christmas and lasted forty days. The flooding waters that poured off the surrounding mountains almost completely wiped out Adventure and Grafton. This must have convinced the Terry's and others to move to new areas

to make their homes. Most of these early pioneers left for Hurricane, but others settled into Rockville.

The trip up river to Rockville would have surely filled them with awe as they came in site of the beautiful peaks and hillsides that surround Rockville. Everywhere these early settlers turned, they would have seen the same sights that have inspired millions of people every year to make their journey to Zion National Park, the most beautiful park in the United States.



The author took this picture near Grafton while traveling along the Virgin River to Rockville. The Eagle Crags are in the background, and the cottonwoods are turning yellow. The red and white streaked mountain in the foreground was created from salts left behind in ocean lagoons, and red mud deposited along ocean shores some 240 million years ago. The Eagle Crags is composed of sandstone created by a vast desert that occupied much of the west 175 million years ago.



Kinesava Mountain North of Rockville

Once in Rockville you are in a canyon about 300 feet below the lower mesas north and south of Rockville, and above these mesas deeply colored spectacular mountains soar nearly four thousand feet above you. I took this picture of Kinesava Mountain from the south side of the Virgin River in Rockville, near the site of our old family home that has long since been razed. South of Rockville we find the Eagle Crags previously noted.



Looking east from Rockville

East of Rockville, as shown in the picture above, the river divides into two major canyons. Cottonwood trees thrive along the banks of the Virgin River, and they define its presence in the picture. Zion Canyon runs north off to the left. It was created by several forks of the Virgin River that have their origins on Kolob Mountain and Cedar Mountain. The canyon to the right was created by the east and south forks of the Virgin River. This canyon is the site of Shonesburg, which was settled by the DeMilles, Millets, and others about one year before the Terrys and others were settling Rockville. The barely visible, cream colored, level ground at the base of the mountains is some of the farming ground in Shonesburg.

Looking south from Rockville, the canyon opens up and we can see the Pine Valley mountains that run north from St George, Utah. This mountain is the largest laccolith in the world. Being almost due west of Rockville, it affords beautiful sunsets seen in Rockville, at least from our old house, that vary greatly with the clouds that hover over this mountain.



Settling in Rockville

The pioneers that entered Rockville in the middle of the winter of 1863 were likely very pleased with this location because of the scenic beauty, but their thoughts must have gone to the more urgent tasks such as building shelters to ride out the winter and laying out the town, including dividing up the land fairly and decided where the church and public buildings would be located. These of course were located in the center of town. In Rockville, this included the Church Building, and the Rockville Recreational Building on one side of the main street, and directly opposite the school house and play ground. When I was a kid, my grandfather David Terry was located next to the church on the west side, his son Marvin Terry next to the Church on the East side, his daughter Orra Terry Hirschi immediately east of the school house, and his daughter Gertrude Terry Hirschi immediately west of the school grounds. Were the Terry's more religious or did they settle the area first? I suspect the original four Terry siblings chose these lots that eventually came under the ownership of my grandfather.

Once the lots were chosen, there remained the task of clearing the land to make it ready to plant crops in the coming spring for themselves and their animals. This meant too, building fences to separate their lots. There was one other difficult task and that was digging with pick and shovel irrigation ditches from the Virgin River to water their gardens and fields. This meant going up stream and higher ground to begin the ditches, and it meant devising a method of getting the water out of the Virgin River that would not be washed away with every flood. This was accomplished by trial and error because the Virgin River may increase as much as 10,000 fold

during a heavy thunderstorm. The task was made more difficult because there had to be two irrigation ditches, one on each side of the river, and they soon discovered that when the river was muddy because of rain, mud was deposited in the ditches that had to be cleaned frequently. But the pioneers persevered and were successful in establishing a thriving community that still exists today.

The early pioneers located all the houses in Rockville in one area, and all faced the street that ran east and west through town. Each lot in town was large enough to accommodate a barn and corral for their animals. The barn and animals were placed as far as possible from the houses situated near the street. The area between the two was planted with fruit trees and gardens. The main fields where they grew cane, alfalfa, corn, wheat and other crops were separate and much of it was on the south side of the Virgin River. The next picture is an aerial view of Rockville today, and as you can see, it hasn't changed much from the way it was laid out in the 1860s. Travis Hirschi informs me that this arrangement was common for Mormon settlements.



Marilla Terry Hansen and John Langston and their families have been given the distinction of being the first to build their homes in Rockville, which is quite amazing since Marilla had no husband. Of course she did have her oldest boy, William Crawford, who was 20. He must have been the principle force in building his mother a home. The home was built of rough rocks with mud mortar in between to hold them in place. The roof was constructed of hewn logs that were covered with cedar bark. Over this they placed dirt to help shed the rain. Unfortunately, rain and mud did find their way into the one room house except where a bed was placed. It had a fireplace, and often neighbors came there to keep warm.

Nora Hall Lund, granddaughter of Marilla Terry and the historian behind the compilation of Parshall Terry Family History, had this to say after she visited David Terry in Rockville.⁸ “Dave said he always thought so much of his Aunt Marilla, she was a wonderful woman, very intelligent to talk to. He went on to say that Marilla taught school in her younger days. Dave said he took care of her lot for years. He raised mostly lucerne on it.” His wife Phebe dried her

peaches, apples, and apricots and they shared the dried fruit. David and Phebe are the author's grandfather and grandmother. Marilla's children all moved away from Rockville except Julia who married Alfred Hall. Julia and Alfred Hall were mother and father to Nora Hall who married Terry Lund. Mother always told me we were related to the Halls, and now 65 years later I know how.



Marilla Terry Hansen

From the Internet, I found the following regarding Alfred Hall and Julia, youngest daughter of Marilla.

“Alfred was shy and awkward in public, especially in the presence of ladies, so when he started courting Julia Hansen, who was a very popular girl, the entire village was surprised. Perhaps even he himself was a bit amazed. But in 1882, he and Julia traveled to St. George from Rockville by wagon, taking two or three days to complete the journey down and back, and were married in the St. George Temple on January 18th”.

They settled down in Rockville where their 10 children were born. Later they removed to Hurricane.

As it turns out, Alfred Hall became very successful in his endeavors, including the purchase of Crystal Spring Ranch on Kolob Mountain, where they had a summer home, homesteading a dryland farm outside Hurricane, and helping to establish the Hurricane Bank where he remained its largest stockholder and director until he died in January 4, 1934. Julia knew her man.

Marilla Terry Hansen never remarried, but she lived a pleasant life in her one room home in her beloved Rockville until she passed away in 1894 when she was 72 years of age. I assume the one room house was improved for her comfort, but it likely never had running water, a kitchen, or a bathroom. The kitchen would have consisted of a wood fed stove in back of the house, and a table for serving food that doubled as a place to prepare the meals. Perhaps because she had so

little room for her children, three of them were raised by her sister Amy, and her son William Crawford who made his home in Springdale, a few miles away.



William Crawford

The settlers in Rockville planted fruit trees, vegetable gardens, cane fields to make molasses, and alfalfa fields for the animals, and in the early years they did grow cotton. The seed from the cane was also ground and used as a cereal for a variety of purposes. All the vegetables and fruit were bottled for the winter months or dried and stored. The deer that came to their fields were also used as a valuable source of food.

I had the privilege of seeing the magnificent deer pictured below in southern Utah with two friends, Jimmy Chou, who took the pictures, and my son-in-law Matt Eiting. I hope this magnificent deer sires many more wild monarchs. This deer was the largest buck I have ever seen. When we last saw this remarkable animal he was running free outside Zion National Park.

My wife, Mary, spotted the striped black and white king snake under the ledge to the right.





Monarch of southern Utah

Of course every family had corrals for their animals that included horses, pigs, mules, cows, chickens, rabbits, and turkeys. My grandfather even had a flock of Guinea hens. The women spun and weaved the cloth to make the clothes they wore. By the way, even when I was a kid, every family had a fly catcher to help eliminate the flies that hatched in the manure of the farm animals. It consisted of a screened box with a little food in it to attract the flies. The top was a funnel leading into the box. Once the flies crawled down the funnel and into the box, they became trapped because the only way out was the small hole that ended the funnel.

This was subsistence farming at its best, flies and all, and who can say the people were less happy with their lot in life than those of us with all the modern conveniences. Those who made it through the first few years of their lives frequently lived long lives, such as Jacob Er Terry who died when he was 93.

Nora Lund Hall¹¹ assembled these stories about Jacob Er.

Jacob Er was said to be an educated man and he assisted the school as a teacher. One day one of the boys put a tack on his seat, which sent Jacob skyward when he sat down. However, before he could retrieve his hickory stick, the boys climbed out the windows and escaped. This story was told by William Flanagan, his pupil.

Maria was his wife while he lived in northern Utah, but she died in Provo in 1858. Sometime after he arrived in Rockville he married Clarissa Williams who took care of his children. He then decided that polygamy might be a good thing and he married Sarah Ellen Reid in Rockville, about 1870 or 71. Nora Lund quotes an item by Rev. A. J. Hansen (a Methodist) in 1880 after he visits Rockville: "One of the 'Patriarchs' of the village, having for years lived very pleasantly with his third wife, the others having died before this marriage, concluded somewhere in his sixtieth year, to increase the measure of domestic happiness by 'taking to wife' a damsel of

twenty. The result was somewhat surprising, for on the advent of the new-comer, 'Aunt Clarissa' as she was familiarly known, lifted her agile foot and 'lit out' for Arizona, leaving the old gentleman to make the most of his celestial marriage."

When Jacob was about 78 years of age, he sold his home and lot in Rockville to Alfred Hall and his wife Julia Hansen Hall and moved to Arizona where he lived with his son Nathan. From there he moved to Draper where he died in 1898.

Now for the rest of this story: Apparently, Jacob may have been labeled as an old fool by his children. George C. Terry tells this story about his grandfather Jacob Er. Terry. "...grandpa broke a wagon wheel at the head of the Sweet Water and went up a little canyon to look for a hard rock to use for an anvil. He turned over some rocks and found gold. Whatever became of his gold, no one knows. He spent a lot of money helping the Saints across the Plains, and put a fortune in the Knight Brothers Corporation. There is several million dollars' worth of stock in the company under the name of Jacob Er. Terry. But his will said 'To my sons and daughters who called me an old fool, I will a dollar a piece and the rest of the stock will go to the company.'"

The only Knight Brothers Corporation that I could find on the Internet in 2015 was not begun until 1948, and I could find none in existence in the 1800s. Nevertheless, George Terry's story does leave us with some intrigue, if not confusion.



Jacob Er Terry

A sketch of Amy and Zemira Draper lives was penned by Estella Draper Magnus, a granddaughter.¹²

Amy and Zemira Draper had six girls and one boy by 1862. All the children went to southern Utah with their parents except Ellen who was married and remained in Draper.

Zemira Draper and others establish a gin mill powered by a waterwheel in the irrigation ditch. Later Zemira added equipment for a saw mill and equipment to make molasses. James Parshall said he bought half interest in this endeavor. The gin mill came from St George and was furnished by Brigham Young. Unfortunately, in 1863, a candle blew over and caught the cotton on fire and it burned most of the building down.

Zemira was baptized in Canada by Brigham Young, and he helped build the temple in Kirtland where he became friends with the leaders of the LDS Church. He was a well-respected man and bishop in Rockville for many years before he died in 1876 when he was 64 years old.



He was buried in the Rockville Cemetery.



Amy Terry Draper, wife of Zemira, was also a very well-liked person in Rockville. She was Aunt Amy to everyone. In addition to her own children, she raised three of her sister Marilla's children and an Indian boy they named Ammon Draper. According to the Terry Family Records, three Indians kidnapped Ammon from another tribe when he was four years old, and they threatened to kill him unless given a beef by the Draper family in northern Utah. They furnished the beef, and in 1865, the boy was brought to Rockville where he grew to be an honest and industrious young man. Unfortunately, he died in an accident involving a buggy when he was 27.

After her husband died and her children had flown the coop, Amy moved to Draper and lived with her daughter Ellen. She died in Draper in 1900 when she was 79 years of age.



Unfortunately, this picture of the very kind, likeable Amy Terry Draper makes it appear that she could chew steel and spit out nails. I'm sorry Amy sometimes photons are simply unkind.

James Parshall Terry adds to the early history of Rockville.

He writes: “Jan 13th 1864, we moved into our house of hewed log, we had lived in a tent the past year. Ours was the first house in Rockville with anything but a dirt floor and roof. I went on Kolob and hauled logs to Jonson’s sawmill on North Creek and got lumber and covered my house with it.”

Much of Kolob is now part of Zion National Park.



Lower Kolob

Unfortunately, there was a good deal of haze in the air when I took this picture of Lower Kolob. In the background on the right is Kinesava Mountain and to the left of this mountain is West Temple, the highest point in this part of Zion. Rockville nestles along the Virgin River just right of Kinesava Mountain. The unique round mountain is called the Tabernacle Dome. The flats are a favorite place for deer in the winter that migrate from upper Kolob and Cedar Mountain.



The logs that James Parshall speaks of must have been harvested from a higher elevation than lower Kolob, perhaps in the area shown in the above picture.

He goes on to say:

“I think the most pokerish night I ever passed was at the caves on the way to Kolob. There came up a storm just at night one day when I was hauling logs. I was not far from the cave and took my quilts and went there for the night. I was alone and had no matches and it was so dark when I got into the cave I could not see my hand before me, nor any object. I spread down my quilts and lay down and when morning came nothing had packed me off.”

Perhaps the cave he entered is this one on Lower Kolob, which is now part of Zion National Park. The cave is well known in southern Utah. It is situated not far from Tabernacle Dome.



Humans have occupied the Zion area for perhaps 7000 years. Past inhabitants include Archaic groups, Ancestral Puebloans (Anasazi/Fremont), and ancestors of the Southern Paiute. Any or all of these groups may have contributed pictographs (painted images) to this site. Superimposed figures and differences in the amount of fading suggest that some pictographs are older than others. The distinctive pictographs at this site have not yet been firmly dated.

Rock art is an irreplaceable part of the cultural heritage of all Americans, and many modern American Indian groups greatly value rock art as a means to teach their youth about their culture.

Please respect these fragile resources.
Do not touch or otherwise damage rock art.

Report suspicious activity to a ranger, or call the Archeological Resources Protection Act hot line at 1-800-227-7286



Julie Thompson and Lee Ballard

The picture shows my two companions on this trek to find James Parshall's cave. The picture was taken inside the cave using a camera with flash.



Plenty of soft sand for James Parshall Terry to stretch out on and remain dry.



Some of the pictographs



The road off Kolob is very steep and with a wagon full of logs it must have been somewhat frightening.



When the author was a youngster, probably in the 1940s, my dad still worked with a team of horses and wagon. On one occasion, we were going down a steep rocky road, the Rockville Dugway, and Dad cut down a large juniper tree that he tied to the back of the wagon to act as a brake. I think it is likely his grandfather, James Parshall, did the same thing on the road from Kolob, which at the time was a rocky, poorly developed wagon trail. James had much experience with this because such techniques were used on Immigrant Trail.

It is interesting that a sawmill was already in use in 1864 on the North Fork not far from where this picture was taken.

The state of the farms in Utah's Dixie in 1864 was reported in Wayne Stout's book: History of Rockville, Utah 1862-1972¹³

ACRES OF EACH CROP

	Wheat	Corn	Cane	Cotton	Veg
Grafton	150	16	70	25	47

Northrop	30	5	17	5	4
Rockville	170	20	44	12	26
Shonesburg	75	1	15	9	13
Springdale	110	17	15	35	

At the end of the civil war, cotton was no longer grown, and in the ensuing years edible crops decreased until today the larger fields are used mostly to grow alfalfa.

Communities in 1864 on the upper Virgin River

Ward	Families	Members
Duncan	8	50
Grafton	28	168
Northrop	3	17
Rockville	18	95
Shonesburg	7	45
Springdale	9	54
Virgin	56	336

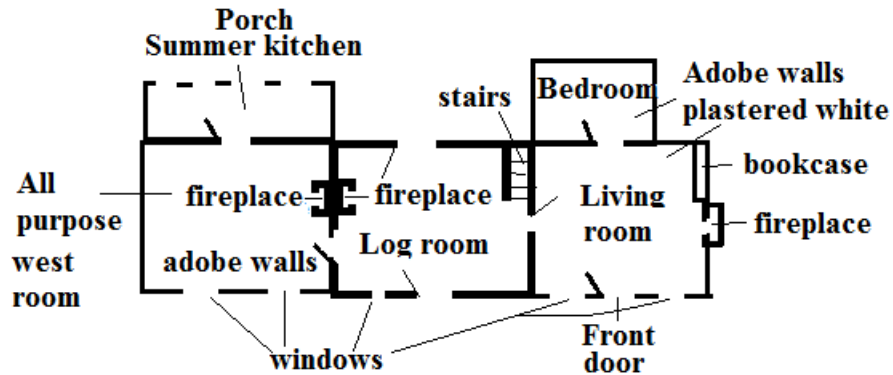
By 1870 there were 227 people living in Rockville, a figure that has remained fairly stable to the present time, and Rockville still remains a rural village with no stores.

Duncan retreat was a small village about 3 miles north of Virgin, but it ceased to exist many years ago. Nothing remains today except some dead fruit trees, and a few graves. Northrop was located between Rockville and Springdale and it also disappeared.

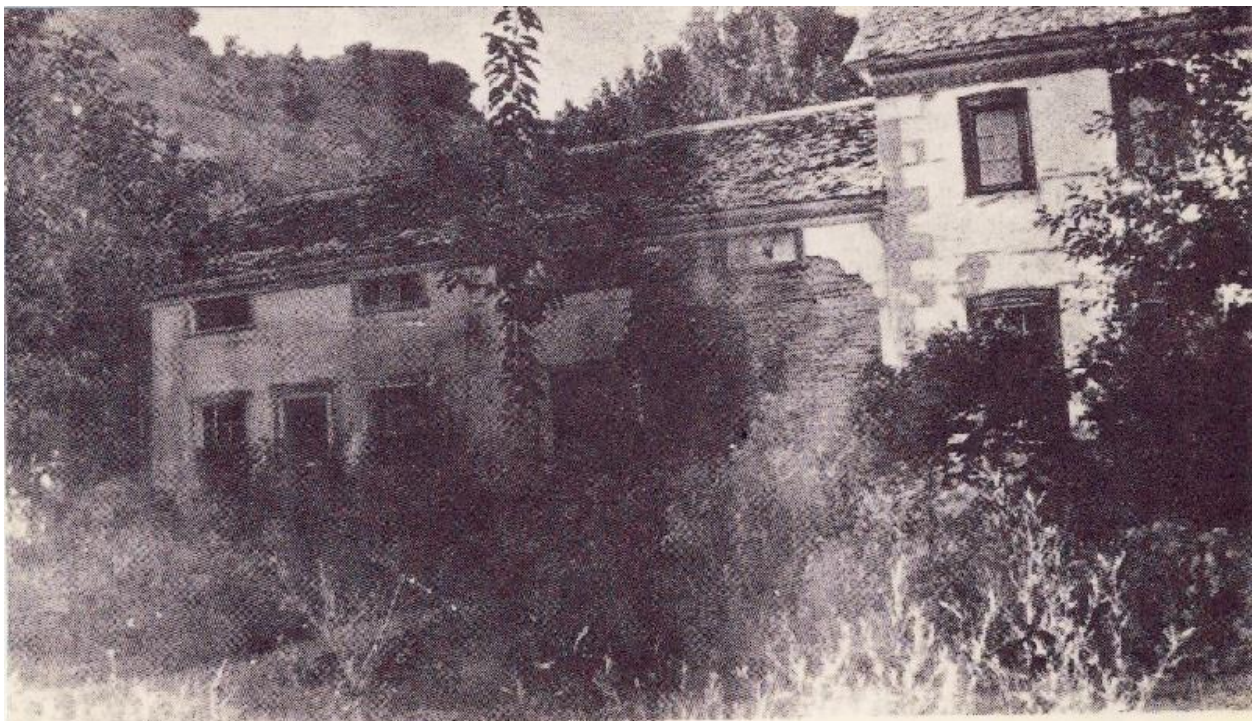
A few more notes on my great grandfather, James Parshall Terry

My aunt Marcia Terry wrote a short biography of her grandfather, James Parshall Terry.¹⁴ The following paragraphs in quotes are from that article.

“Grandpa and grandma took care of the travelers who came through. They had a large house and large rooms. The middle room was made of logs facing the south. On the west was the fireplace, on the east an enclosed stairway leading upstairs.” She goes on to give a detailed description of the house that she said was quite lovely. The following is my rendition of Aunt Marci’s description of the house.



The adobe walls were plastered white inside and out. The stairs led to three bedrooms on the second floor. I assume the middle room was the original house that James Parshall built using logs, and later he added the two adobe rooms, one either side of the log cabin. A picture of this large home was provided to me by Jim Terry, Hurricane, Utah. Obviously, the yard and building had seen better days.



THE OLD JAMES P. TERRY HOME, ROCKVILLE, UTAH

Aunt Marcia wrote: "They had visitors all the time, father said. Many church leaders coming through stopped there. Cousin Lucretia Draper who married John Parshall Terry, a son of Joel Terry, grandpa's brother, worked for grandma at times. She said that once Apostle Richards (or Taylor) came there. They made a bed for him on the middle room floor. They had a shuck tick

bed, and he slept there. In the morning grandma Terry went to set the table. He was still asleep on the floor where they set the table, so she moved the table out over him and set it.

“This brother Richards was a heavy man. He asked Lucretia to comb his hair, he said his head itched and he wanted her to comb it to relieve the itching. She started to comb it and his hair came off in a wig. Then Brother Richards laughed and laughed. That was a joke he used to play on the girls wherever he went.

“They had three large attic rooms upstairs. One over the east room [living room] was Aunt Mill’s room. Father said she always liked pretty things and made it pretty there.

“His mother, Hannah Terry, came to Dixie and lived here with him. She used to spread the boys bread with molasses, Uncle John and father said, and then take a knife and scrape all loose molasses off—very scotch. They said she was a pleasant old lady. She died when father was seven years old.”

The author doesn’t believe his Aunt Marcia fully appreciated the long struggle that Hannah went through after they left Canada; perhaps a little like Moses in the desert. She goes on to write about her grandfather.

“He was always a subscriber to the Desert News, from the first to the time of his death, and also other church magazines.” “Grandfather was a great reader, father said, and was very fond of music. He was refined in speech, was not given to coarseness or vulgarity. He did not profane or swear. Nor did he use exaggerated forms of expression, as is forbidden in the Bible. His manners were refined. He liked red pepper tea and liked his milk scalded for bread and milk, and always wanted a desert spoon to eat his bread and milk.”

James Parshall’s biography provides us with some of his activities while in Rockville. He said he frequently made trips to northern Utah to trade or buy supplies. He said on one trip he came home to find that Jemira Draper had installed a cotton gin and equipment to grind grain and make molasses. He said he bought half interest in the operation. It burned down, but they acquired another cotton gin, and James said: “One day between sunrise and sundown I ran through what made a thousand pounds of baled cotton.” However, growing and harvesting cotton quickly became unprofitable because of the close of the Civil War, and the pioneers concentrated more on livestock, grain, and corn, and they continued the tradition of raising cane to make molasses for another generation because I did help my grandfather, David Terry, make molasses from cane when I was a kid.

James Parshall says that in 1864 or 65 he was commissioned a captain in the Iron Military District. I suspect this was in part from his experience in the Utah War against Johnson’s Army in 1857. I am thankful he was not part of the Iron Military District in 1857 because this group was implicated in the Mountain Meadow Massacre that took place beginning September 11,

1857. If you're curious the Internet is full of articles on this subject. I'm just thankful that the Terry families were several hundred miles away at the time.

“Jan. 5th 1866, our fifth child was born. We called her Amy Marilla. This year the Indians were very bad and the other settlements had to move into Rockville and the Grafton ward was broken up for a time and Rockville became the ward and headquarters for Grafton, Springdale and Shonesburg.” This became known as the Black Hawk War.

Black Hawk used physical violence against the whites in revenge for their discrimination against the Indians. This war spread from San Pete County into southern Utah where several white people were killed by Indians. Evidence for this can be seen in the Grafton Cemetery.



James wrote: “It was in the summer of 1867 I went back north and camped one night at Buckhorn Springs. The next night the Indians runoff all the stock from that place and the night before I got to Kanarrah, they drove off all the horses they could get and others they shot. Bishop Smith had his mules shot though not killed.

The war did not last long, and those from Grafton, Springdale, and Shonesburg who had fled to Rockville for security went home.

“In the spring of 1868, myself and family went north as far as Cache Valley and I left my family with my wife’s father while I went to Green River and then home. Our sixth child was born in Cache Valley on the 10th day of July 1868. We called him John Richards. I had a long spell of chills and fever this summer. I went and brought my family home in the fall.

“In the summer of 1869, I think, I went to Green River to the ferry that was then owned by Louis Robinson and my brother Joshua. While I was there, they tightened the ferry rope over the river. I was sent across to the East side to see to keeping things right there. I think they had eleven yokes of oxen hitched to the cable. I was standing about three or four rods from the post where the rope was fastened and as quick as lightning when the rope arose from the water it flew and struck me across the left breast and hurt me so bad I could not draw a long breath for some days. I must have been a little too far off to get the full force of the rope but my time had not come to pass along this time.

“There had been gold found on Sweet Water and my brother Joshua and Mr. Gere Dell had a claim there and had worked some on it, but the Indians were bad. They had burnt the mail stations along the road and killed a man or two at the mines and drove the rest away.

“After I got some better of my hurt there was a little company of ten or eleven. My brothers Jacob, Joel, and Joshua and myself being among them went out to the mine again and worked a few days and prospected some. We made ten dollars a day for the time we worked in the mines.

“I took up a claim but I never went there after. In coming from Green River to Salt Lake my brother Jacob was in the wagon with me and in coming down Parley’s Canyon. He got thrown out of the wagon, turned a somersault, and struck on his hips, which hurt him so bad he could hardly ride into the city.

“Monday December 5th 1870, our seventh child was born. We named him David Parshall.

He said that he was selectman for Kane County at the time his child was born. Traditionally, the selectman was the chief administration officer of the county, and it was an elected position

“At a meeting held the 20th of March 1871, our cooperative store company of Rockville was organized and James P. Terry was elected president and about all there was to it has been in name. The ensuing summer I went to Salt Lake for goods for our coop.”

“Also in the summer of 1871, billions of grasshoppers filled the air and blotted out the sun. They were so thick that lanterns had to be used to milk the cows. They swarmed around their windows and got into their kitchens making it hard to cook. They settled into the fields and ate their crops until it appeared that all was lost. However, after a couple of days they mysteriously disappeared, and there were enough of some crops to sustain the families.

“Dec. 5th 1872, our eighth child was born. We named her Dency Elisabeth. I don’t think there has been a year since we came to Rockville but what I have made from one to two and three

treks to Salt Lake City for goods, salt, and flour. I have hauled tons of salt into Rockville.” He doesn’t say, but he must have been selling supplies to others.

“One fall myself and George (his oldest boy) went to Salt Lake with two teams loaded with peaches. I think it was 1873, but it may have been some years later. In going down the hill at Pine Ridge, I was some little distance ahead and when George got nearly halfway down the dug way one of the horses bridle bit broke and this let them run away. When I got to the foot of the hill on looking back I saw the horses George was driving coming on the run with the running gears off the wagon. And when a moment later, I saw George coming and not hurt, how thankful I felt. There is a mystery connected with this and I have to acknowledge an over ruling power and an unseen hand in this as the front bow was on and the cover tied down. George never could tell how he got out of the wagon. The wagon turned over and dumped the peaches out in a pile about as nice as a person could have put them although they were loose in the box except a few sacks. The box was taken and left bottom up. One hind wheel was broke and the reach split and of course the bows were broken up. The horses run to the foot of the hill and turned out of the road a few steps and stopped. There were some brethren from St George that came along and they had an empty wagon which I got and put our load in, and went on. I don’t think we lost to exceed fifteen pounds of peaches and maybe not that.”

It had long been the dream of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, to create an utopia society wherein everyone worked for the common good—obviously a form of communism. He thought the people in St. George and surrounding communities were ideal to test this idea. They were of high quality, bright, and religious.

Brigham Young’s concept became known as the United Order. Brigham Young was present in St. George and Rockville when it was initiated. According to Wayne Stout, about half of them joined it in St. George, and the rest of them were condemned severely by Brigham Young.

James Parshall states: “The United Order was organized here in Rockville in the spring of 1874, which I joined. And at a subsequent time, I was elected a Vice President and assistant superintendent. The order broke up in the fall following.” It was attempted in other Mormon communities but this social experiment always ended in failure. There is even a town in Utah called Orderville, which practiced the united order longer than most. It greatly dismayed Brigham Young when his dream failed.

A side note: The United Order was essentially a form of communism, and if an all-white, all LDS community couldn’t make it work, then it is extremely unlikely that communism in any form, in any society can make it work without coercion. However, there are some very successful companies in the United States where every employee makes the same salary.

“When the Canaan Co. Operation Stock herd was first started I was elected one of the directors.”

“In 1874, I held the office of road supervisor in Rockville road district, which position I held until the summer of 1887.

“On Sunday morning the 27th day of June 1875 our ninth child was born. We named her Sarah Maria.” They had two additional children, but they died in infancy.

“Jemira Draper died in the summer of 1876. About this time I became counselor in the bishopric. I was holding the office of School Trustee of Rockville at this time, which position I held for about 14 years. I was there for the first dedication of the temple in St. George in 1877 and its final dedication in April of the same year. My family was there with me.

“In 1978 I was kicked with a horse and laid up for a while.

He became registration officer and judge of election by the Utah commission for Rockville, which he held until 1886

“On the 19th of June 1883 our barn was burnt. I was in the house with George writing when I heard a roar.” With help of neighbors they saved their home and fruit house. What set the fire remained a complete mystery because no one was around, no matches in wagon, etc.

“In 1883, Rockville was included in Washington County, and I was elected to the office of select man for Washington County.”

I will end this discourse with a few quotes from my Aunt Marcia who wrote of her grandfather James Parshall:

“Grandpa had a long patriarchal white beard, in his later years his head was mostly bald except a fringe of golden white hair that was cut long as was the custom for men in those days. His hair was red before it turned white.

“He was over six feet tall and even in his old age, when bent with years, he was over medium height. He was always a handsome man to his children and grandchildren. Aunt Mary Jane Stout said she used to think he was the handsomest man she knew, and Aunt Fanny John said she thought he was a handsome man too; “He had a Roman nose and his cheek was like the rose in the snow; as the poet said.”

According to the historian Wayne Stout, James Parshall Terry was the “most respected citizen in Rockville”.

Hannah Terry died in Rockville in 1877, just a few days shy of her 91st birthday. It is unfortunate that we know so little about this woman who home schooled her children and endured so much for so many years of her life.



Even when very elderly, my great, great grandmother still retained some of her beauty.



Headstone for Hannah Terry Terry, Rockville Cemetery

CHAPTER 17: JAMES PARSHALL TERRY'S MISSION

In March 1887, James Parshall was called to go on a mission for the LDS Church to Canada and the eastern portion of the United States. While on his mission he made daily notes, including the letters he wrote, where he went, who he saw, what he did, and how he got there down to the last penny he spent on train fares. He wrote letters to someone almost every day, sometimes three letters, and he received many letters as well. He wrote home frequently, and in one surviving letter he speaks of being lonely and in another he speaks of his love for his wife, Mary, but religion was always on his mind as evident in his letters.

Primarily he revisited the places where he lived as a child with his parents, and where his relatives were living at the present time. The man was a walking encyclopedia of family names, and wherever he went he recorded the genealogy of all these people. It was rare that he ever had to pay for hotel because he stayed with his relatives, both distant and near, and they welcomed him with kindness. On those occasions where he stayed in a hotel, he always wrote down the name of the hotel and how much it cost him. On a few occasions, the people he stayed with even gave him a few dollars to assist him, which he took graciously.

He was 57 years of age when he left his wife Mary Richard and his children to go on his mission. At the time he had four children age 19 or younger. John Richards was 19, my grandfather David was 17, Dency Elizabeth was 15, and Sarah Maria was 12. It likely fell to the children to do the hard work around the farm in their father's absence. Since most of us never go on a mission, I have taken the liberty of discussing James Parshall's mission in some detail.

He started on his mission the 9th day of May, 1887, and he returned home in May of the following year. This was a tumultuous time for the Mormons in Utah. From Wayne Stouts book¹⁵, we learn that the Tucker Act that passed in congress in 1887 allowed authorities to:

“...confiscate all church real and personal property which amounted to \$807,666. The church was disincorporated, the Charter of the perpetual Immigration Fund was annulled, all persons involved in polygamy - men and women - were disfranchised, and made ineligible to hold public office or serve as a witness, women's suffrage was abolished, all Territorial acts were annulled, the Nauvoo Legion abolished, and a test oath enacted for those eligible to vote.”

The authorities had the authority to imprison any man who was married to more than one woman, or any man in cohabitation with two or more women, with or without marriage licenses. The intent of the federal government was to destroy polygamy, and if necessary, destroy the LDS Church to achieve this goal. Even the President of the Church, John Taylor, was in hiding in 1887 for fear of being put in prison. In fact, it is likely that they paid particular attention to the leaders of the church, and other important members of the community.

James Parshall was caught in the middle of this struggle because he was legally married to more than one woman, and he was a well-known political figure, being elected selectman for Cane County, when Rockville was part of that county, selectman for Washington County when Rockville became part of Washington County. He was also a Captain in the Iron Military District, a member of the Rockville Bishopric, president of the cooperative store company in Rockville, vice President of the short-lived United Order, registration officer and judge of elections in Rockville, School Trustee of Rockville for about 14 years, one of the directors of Canaan Co. Operation Stock herd, and he held the office of road supervisor in Rockville road district until he went on his mission, a period of 13 years. And perhaps above all he was a staunch Mormon that put his church above all else.

They would have loved to put this man in jail, and as you will see, he was arrested even before he could reach Rockville after he came back from his mission.

Jessie L. Embry, Utah History Encyclopedia states that “The number of families involved [in polygamy] varied by community; for example, 30 percent in St. George in 1870 and 40 percent in 1880 practiced polygamy, while only 5 percent in South Weber practiced the principle in 1880. Knowing this, the federal authorities would have been focused on destroying polygamy in southern Utah. The Historian of Rockville, Wayne Stout, thought that more than 100 polygamist families lived on the upper Virgin River.

It is painfully obvious why James Parshall couldn't write in his diary about a second wife or mention any letters that he may have written to her for fear that his journal would be confiscated by authorities. In fact reading his diary, you would never know of the war over polygamy that swirled around him, and you would never guess that he was worried about going to prison.

James Parshall must have realized that everyone in the United States would have heard of the Mormon polygamists in Utah, and the desperate condition of their church, along with the scandalized imprisonment of Mormon men. It obviously placed him in a very awkward position when he talked to his relatives and others about his Mormon religion. It's a good thing he was handsome, polished, sincere, and deft with words.

Where he went on his mission is shown on the following map. The yellow dot shows his outward progress.



His son took him in a wagon to Milford, Utah where he caught a train to Salt Lake City. He spent several weeks in the area visiting relatives. On the 29th of May he gave a talk in Draper that lasted 40 minutes.

James Parshall wrote that it was necessary for him to get a missionary license, but he was detained for a week because the person who needed to sign it was President John Taylor, “but he was hid up.” For the last two and a half years of his life, President Taylor ran the church while in hiding for fear of being imprisoned for practicing polygamy. James Parshall Terry should have been worried too because he was married to two women at this time.

While waiting for a signature, he meets with his brothers Joel, Joshua, and Jacob Er, and he doesn’t get started for Council Bluffs until the 8th of June. When passing through Cheyenne he does take a quick run to visit Denver, but he only stays there five hours and then continues onto Council Bluffs. It cost him \$20 dollars missionary fare to reach Council Bluffs on the 10th of June. Apparently, missionaries got a discount.

Council Bluffs to his brother David in Canada

He was just 19 years old the last time he was here living with his parents just east of Council Bluffs on Mosquito creek. If he visits the site he doesn’t say, although he does go to Omaha. He stays with various people, including one night with a cousin, and he meets with six Utah Elders and he had the privilege of speaking. He leaves there on the 20th of June, and after brief stops in Chicago and Detroit, he arrives at his brother David’s home in Ketchener Canada, not far from Caledon on the above map. He finds David and his family in good health. The next day, June 24rd, he rests up and writes his wife Mary. At this point he has written at least three letters home and others to his brother Joshua.

On the 5th of July, he and David visit the place where James Parshall was born in Caledon East 57 years ago. They visit the old mill where they find the remains of the house they lived in that burned down years ago. If their father owned a hotel and store as stated by his grandson Charles R. Terry, it’s not mentioned as something separate by James Parshall, which leads me to believe it was part of their house. It isn’t surprising that they owned a mill because his father Parshall III

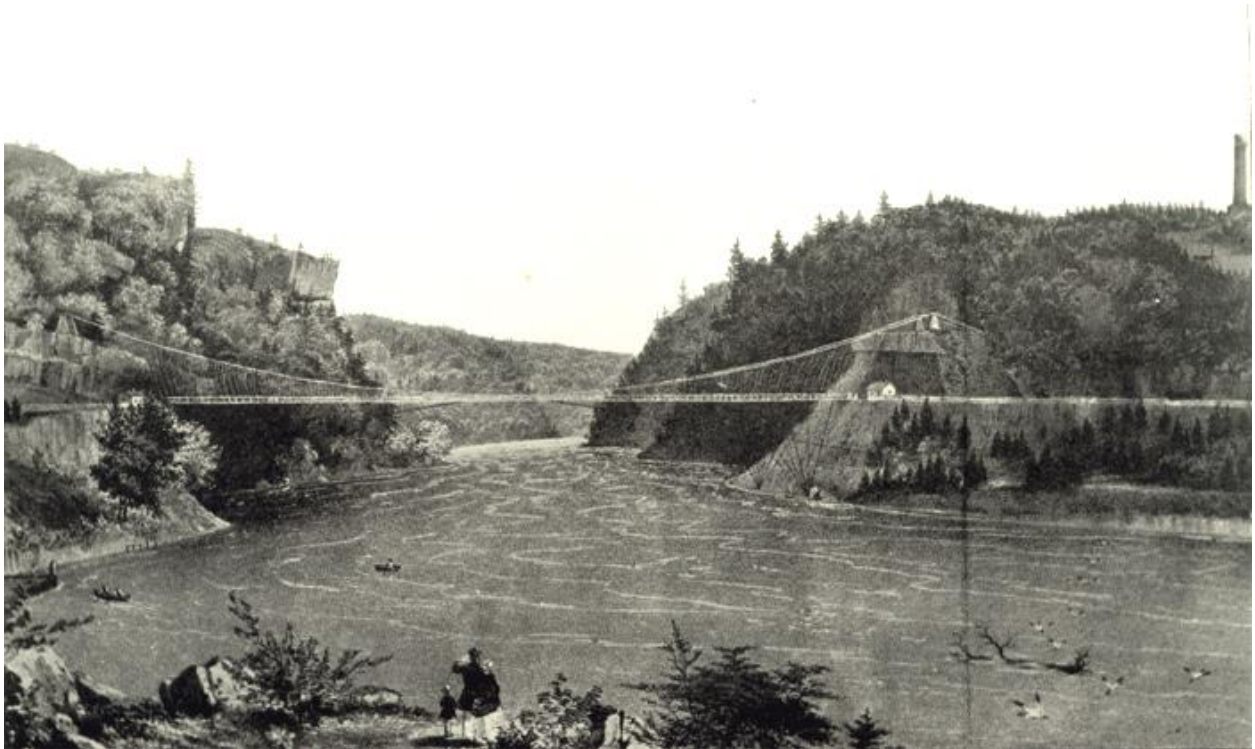
would have been trained in the business in Toronto with his father. They visit several old acquaintances of their father, and travel by train to visit David's in-laws. He said they had a good time and found friends everywhere. They spent 10 days in the area before they returned to David's house.

He writes Mary and others, and he helps his brother in the fields, binding wheat. After a hard day's work on the 20th, he gets ill with chills and fever that last several days. On the 25th he got a letter from home, and he continues to write to people. On the 29th he was feeling better and he raked 10 acres of wheat stubble.

On the 30th he takes a train 60 miles to Toronto, round trip \$3.25, where he meets a man by the name of William Taylor with a letter of introduction. The man hires a hack and they visit all the prominent places in Toronto, but James doesn't mention seeing his grandfather's historical house nor the mill, which I thought was strange. The man urged James to accept \$5 to help him on his journey.

On the 31 of July, he writes home, and on that date he also learns of the death of President John Taylor. He continues to sightsee a little and help his brother, but he continues to get sick, sometimes with chills and fever, and he often goes without eating. This continues for much of August, and on August 24 "I bid goodbye to my brother David and family and started for the United States." His nephew took him by buggy to a train and gave him \$5 to help him on his travels. His brother David dies the next year at 71 years of age.

He crossed over a foot bridge at Niagara Falls and the American custom officer jerked his valise from his hand and "abused me scandalously."



Niagara Suspension Bridge

“View of the Old Suspension Bridge above the Whirlpool Rapids.” In Charles Mason Dow, *Anthology and Bibliography of Niagara Falls* (Albany: J.B. Lyon, 1921) (2: 750).

From there he traveled to Palmyra, New York where he spent much of his time visiting his Terry relatives, gravesites, and in doing genealogy work. He met and chatted with Mr. John Gilbert, the man who said he set the type and printed the first edition of the Book of Mormon.

He visits “Hill Cumorah or Mormon Hill as they call it here.”



From Wikipedia: “An 1841 engraving of Cumorah (looking south), where Joseph Smith said he was given golden plates by an angel named Moroni, on the west side, near the peak.”



A scene in the Hill Cumorah Pageant depicting Nephi's vision of the Tree of Life

He visited the place where his parents had lived 85 years ago. Finally after satisfying himself that he had met all of his relatives and completed his missionary and genealogy work, James Parshall took the train to New York City on the 14th of August.

In 1887, New York City was huge with a population of 3.5 million. He said he stayed in a hotel and paid one dollar to be carried up by the elevator to the fourth floor to a room with a bed and nothing else. He woke up at one o'clock in the night, turned on the gas and wrote to Mary. Among other things he tells her how lonely he is. Even in New York he meets with relatives and other Mormons. He visited Central Park and Cony Island where he sees the Atlantic ocean, and he paid one penny to walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. He said the bridge had two rail lines, two wagon lanes, and a wide section in the middle for foot traffic. The bridge was finished just four years before James Parshall arrived on the scene.



After visiting relatives and other Mormons, he left August 19 and traveled to Southold Long Island to meet Stuart T. Terry who had researched the Terry line in Southold. This trip cost him two dollars and 78 cents. He only remained there one day. He returns to New York, says goodbye to his relatives, and on August 21 leaves for Goshen, New York.

While in Goshen he attempts to find his cousin, William Knapp, but he was dead. His son John takes him in and hauls him about with his buggy. He searches the county records in an attempt to find relatives in Goshen, but fails. From there he travels to Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, which is just 3 miles from Terrytown across the Susquehanna River. He only had to stay one night in a hotel along the way.

He arrives in Wyalusing on the 23rd of August 1887, and is taken in by Rev. David Craft whose wife was his second cousin. The next day he spent writing letters, one to his home. On Sunday the 25, he went to the pastor's church. That night he stayed with another second cousin who was the wife of Mr. Charles Omhet.

On the 26 of August Mr. Omhet takes him across the Susquehanna River on his skiff to Terrytown, and introduces him to several of his relatives. He finds many second cousins and he stays in Terrytown until the 20st of September. He keeps himself busy writing letters, doing genealogy work, and talking to his many relatives about the Mormon Church. On the 21 of September, he takes the train to Coal Valley just 18 miles south of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

In Coal Valley, he meets several Elders from Utah, one being David Fisk Stout from Rockville. While in the company of these fellow Mormons, he attended and spoke in meetings three different times, and was his habit, he wrote letters to various people. He went into Pittsburg where he visited the steel mills, and later he visited the iron and steel works at other locations. He also visited an iron works that made wheel axils, and he visited a fire engine department, and an evaporative salt works. He also spent time examining cemeteries and county records looking for potential relatives.

David Fisk Stout had three wives at this time, one being Mary Jane Terry, the eldest daughter of James Parshall. He eventually marries three Cox sisters. James Parshall and David Stout frequently correspond while on their missions.



David Stout home in Rockville

After David Stout returned home he fled to Mexico with his four wives and their children to escape being sent to prison because he was a polygamist. It was not an easy life for them and finally they were forced to leave Mexico.



David Fisk Stout

One of his sons was Wayne Stout author of the “History of Rockville.” Wayne’s mother was Henrietta Cox. Wayne grew up in a polygamist family, and the ordeals that his father and his family went through colored his perception of polygamy, and his book paints those against the Mormons and polygamy as vile, hateful creatures that made a mockery of the constitution of the United States. And of course he is partially right because some of the laws they passed have been found to be illegal by present day courts. You can now be a polygamist if you don’t attempt to get more than one state marriage license, which means you can no longer be arrested for cohabitation.

On the 28th of October 1887, James Parshall writes: “This evening I received a letter from Apostle F. D. Richards stating that I was at liberty to return home when I wished.” At this point he had been on his mission for five months. Perhaps this was code to tell him that his second

wife, Sarah Catherine Brown Lemmon, had gone to Arizona, and it was unlikely that he could be found guilty of polygamy or cohabitation.

However, James Parshall was not ready to come home. He still had not visited his relatives in Cleveland, nor had he gone through the Kirtland Temple, and he still had his brother Steven to see in Pontiac, Michigan, and his sister Dency's family who lived in Wisconsin. Dency had died three years earlier. He wanted to visit these people, discuss the Mormon Church, and record their genealogy.

On the 5th of November, he took the train to Cleveland, visited with relatives, went through the Kirtland Temple, and from there on the 12th he went to Toledo where he met relatives, and on the 16th, he continued on his journey to Plymouth, Michigan where he met his brother Steven who he had not seen in 49 years. His brother was 84 years of age at the time and in poor health; he dies four years later. James Parshall continues recording names, doing genealogy work, and spreading news of the Mormon Church.

James Parshall spends the winter in Michigan and Wisconsin.

James Parshall left there on the 28th of November bound for Detroit where he visited other relatives, and from there he traveled by rail to Pontiac, Michigan where he met with other cousins.

James Parshall stays in Michigan talking to his relatives until 17th of December when he goes to Baraboo, Wisconsin. Here he meets his sister Dency's children. He spends a very cold, snowy winter visiting relatives in Wisconsin, and as always, he is busy giving talks whenever possible, doing his genealogy work, and keeping up with his correspondence. The temperature dips to a minus 43 degrees.

In early March, 1888, James Parshall arrives back in Salt Lake City, and he stays in this area for about six weeks doing genealogy work, recording the names, birthdates, and marriages of his sibling's children. He must have heard that 15 men were arrested in St. George and sent to prison. Perhaps this is one of the reasons he was intent on getting all of this genealogy done before he returned home because there was the real possibility that he would be arrested and sent to prison. The thought must have been on his mind, but he doesn't say so.

CHAPTER 18: JAMES PARSHALL ARRESTED FOR POLYGAMY

On April 15, James Parshall took the train to Milford where he was met by his son John. From there they took three days to arrive at Toquerville where they were confronted by Marshalls Dyer and McGearly who must have been alerted, perhaps by telegraph, that James Parshall Terry was

returning home. Obviously, they had been keeping tabs on him in northern Utah. That night, James Parshall attempted to escape. He left his son with the wagon and fled on foot to Rockville. However, he says: “When the Marshalls, having no doubt been informed of my movements, overtook me on the [La Verkin] twist and arrested me on the charge of unlawful cohab, and McGeary took me back to Toquerville while Dyer went on up the [Virgin] river to hunt for witnesses.”

The cops continued on their quest to rid Rockville of polygamy, and on the 21st of April, they arrested the bishop of Rockville, Charles Smith, who was led away in chains, along with two other individuals. One might have been Parshall Terry’s son.

Obviously, this was a coordinated raid on the people in Rockville, and they waited until James Parshall had returned from his mission. According to Wayne Stout, the people in Rockville set up their own spy system, and when the marshals were coming, the women would hide in the cornfields or some other handy location until they departed.

James Parshall brought before judge.

James Parshall tells this story. “I went to the [Silver] Reef and appeared before Commissioner Joules Jordon. Here my wife and daughter Amy Marilla met me. I was put under \$1500 bond to appear before the Grand Jury at Beaver the 11th of May. Messer’s McNary Bastion, J.N. Lauder went my security. The commissioner was ugly and would hardly accept anyone for security.”

Bishop Smith and others were taken to Silver Reef as well, and the \$1500 bond might have been for all of them.

The next day was Sunday, and on his way to Rockville, James Parshall stopped and attended church in Virgin where he spoke about his mission for 40 minutes.

When they reached Rockville “My brothers and sisters turned out in mass to welcome me home. The next day on the 22nd “the Deps were here hunting witnesses, but didn’t find all they wanted.”

From this day until the 7th of May, he spends his time visiting people, talking in church, and writing letters, lots of letters. He states on one occasion: “I found my relatives in the East very kind and all as friendly as could be expected considering the prejudice against the Mormons.”

On the 7th of May, James Parshall, Mary, and their daughter Amy and her husband Beebe and their children set out for Beaver, Utah. His wife and daughter had to appear before the Grand Jury. They camped overnight at least once and stayed with friends the rest of the time they are away. Finally, Mary and Amy appeared before the Grand Jury on the 14th of May. The next day his lawyer said he was being held over to get more witnesses, and on that date Armstrong arrived, and there were no more witnesses from Rockville. On the 16th he wrote: “I learned nothing further about my case today.”

In his diary, James never hints that he was worried about the outcome even though he really was married to two different women at the time and had children with both of them. You can bet that Mary, his first wife, and his daughter Amy were worried because many Mormon men at that time were serving time in jail, having been arrested for plural marriage and/or unlawful cohabitation.



A picture of polygamist prisoners, State Penitentiary, 1888

Finally on the 17th, he learns of their decision. “This afternoon Marshall Dyer told me that I was set at liberty as the grand jury had ignored the charge against me. The marshals acknowledged it was a shame holding me there so long on expenses.” Of course, he was guilty at law but not in Mormon society that recognized and embraced polygamy as God’s will. It is my understanding that Bishop Smith got off as well.

James Parshall Terry’s second wife, Sarah Catherine Brown Lemmon, gave birth to their son, Richard Surprise Terry, on November 16, 1887, not long after James Parshall went on his mission. When James Parshall married Sarah, she was thought to be too old to have children, which explains the boy’s middle name. James Parshall states: “ In 1891, Sarah having moved to Arizona, she got in a terrible way for a divorce, which I signed and sent to her. It cost me ten dollars.” Perhaps she had already gone to Arizona before the Marshall’s began asking questions in the spring of 1888. Years later when they met in Rockville, it was not too cordial according to my Aunt Marcia Terry.

Following the trial James Parshall and Mary continued to live in Rockville for another 11 years. My aunt Marcia says in her brief bio of James Parshall, that “The North Country called grandfather again and in 1899, he and uncle John moved to Hinckley.” I wondered why he went to Hinckley until I discovered that David F. Stout had connections there. At one time Stout had a creamery in Hinckley. By the way, the Terry’s house burned down in Hinckley and much of his writings were lost with it.

He sold his lot in Rockville to Ida DeMille Millet who moved from Shonesburg. My Aunt Marcia said that Grandfather let Uncle John have it and Uncle John sold it to Ida. The house was large with eight rooms as described previously.

Ida DeMille Millet is the author's grandmother. Her husband died at a very young age, and Ida made her way as a single lady the rest of her life.

Aunt Marcia continues: "Grandfather died August 12, 1918, closing a very eventful and faithful life. One of the speakers at his funeral said that Grandfather and Uncle Joshua, his brother, of Draper, when they came to conferences made him think of two Biblical Patriarchs with their white beards and noble bearing." He was 88 years old when he passed away.



Mary Richard, James Parshall's wife, died at the age of 65 just three years after the Terry's moved to Hinckley.

The children of James Parshall Terry and Mary Richards

1. Mary Jane, born September 22, 1857, Draper Utah; died in 1934. Married David Stout
2. George Washington, born May 21, 1857, Draper Utah; died November 15, 1928. Married (1) Eliza Ellen Stocks, (2) Fanny L Slaughter.
3. James Parshall, Jr., born February 5, 1861, Draper; drowned in an irrigation ditch near the Jordan River when a baby.

4. Hanna Agnes, born February 17, 1863, Rockville; Married Frank Slaughter.
5. Amy Marilla, born January 6, 1865, Rockville. Married William Beebe.
6. John Richards, born July 10, 1868, Mendon, Cache County, Utah; died November 4, 1952. Married Fanny M. Bliss.
- 7. David Parshall, born December 5, 1870, Rockville; Died 1957. Married Phebe Daley.**
8. Dency Elizabeth, born December 5, 1872, Rockville; died July 15, 1892.
9. Sarah Maria, born in 1875, Rockville. Died June 1, 1891.
10. Daniel, died in infancy.
11. Clark, died in infancy.

Children of James Parshall Terry and Sarah Catherine Brown Lemmon

1. Richard Surprise, born November 16, 1887.

James Parshall Terry had more than 73 grandchildren.

A few notes on polygamy and the Mormons in Utah

When Brigham Young led his people into the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, the land belonged to Mexico. However, Utah and surrounding area became part of the United States at the end of the Mexican War in 1848. The Mormons formed a political entity in 1849 that they called Deseret, which encompassed much of Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. The Mormons petitioned the U.S. government to form the state of Deseret, but the federal government refused to call the area anything but a territory. In addition, the Federal Government appointed non-Mormons to administer the Utah Territory. There was open strife between Mormons and non-Mormons that lasted 45 years, and much of this strife revolved around polygamy.

It is considered by many that Joseph Smith started polygamy because of references to it in the bible, even though he found it repugnant. There are others who claim polygamy began after he died. One thing is certain he preached against polygamy until he died and he excommunicated those who espoused it. In fact, the newspaper in Nauvoo that railed against Joseph Smith was owned by a person that Joseph Smith had excommunicated because he was a polygamist.

I found this article on the Internet by Richard and Pamela Price, and I quote:

“The plural marriage charges and problems within the Church escalated in 1844, but Joseph continued his constant battle against that doctrine. [but] According to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, with headquarters in Utah, Joseph fought the doctrine of plural marriage openly out of fear of persecution, while living with many plural wives in secret. According to LDS Historian Andrew Jenson, Joseph had at least twenty-seven wives in 1844 (see Andrew Jenson, *Historical Record* 6 [May 1887]: 233–234). Author Fawn M. Brodie published the names of forty-nine alleged wives of Joseph Smith (see Fawn M. Brodie, *No Man Knows My*

History, 335-336). Todd Compton, in a more recent publication, lists Joseph's wives as thirty-three, with an additional eight "Possible Wives," increasing the number of alleged wives to forty-one (see Todd Compton, *In Sacred Loneliness: The Plural Wives of Joseph Smith*, Signature Books, 1997,4,6,8)..”

Richard and Pamela Price argue that Joseph Smith’s only wife was Emma, and they believe that this will be proven someday with DNA studies. Certainly, Emma was against it, and as head of the women’s relief society, she was in a position to publish her thoughts.

One such publication was “The Voice of Innocence from Nauvoo”, which came about after several meetings by this organization:

“It was resolved unanimously

“...wherefore, while the marriage bed, undefiled is honorable, let polygamy, bigamy, fornication, adultery, and prostitution, be frowned out of the hearts of honest men to drop in the gulf of fallen nature, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched! and let all the saints say, Amen!

Emma Smith, Pres.

H. M. [Hannah] Ells, Sec. pro tem.

It should be noted that after his death, she joined the reorganized branch where polygamy was banned.

I suppose it doesn’t matter how it got started, but it spread like wildfire, and in 1857 about half of the Mormons in the Utah Territory practiced polygamy. Jessie L. Embry, Utah History Encyclopedia states that “The number of families involved varied by community; for example, 30 percent in St. George in 1870 and 40 percent in 1880 practiced polygamy, while only 5 percent in South Weber practiced the principle in 1880. Rather than the harems often suggested in non-Mormon sources, most Mormon husbands married only two wives.... [Joseph Smith] married his first plural wife, Fanny Alger, in 1835. Polygamy was not openly practiced in the Mormon Church until 1852 when Orson Pratt, an apostle, made a public speech defending it as a tenet of the church. From 1852 until 1890, Mormon Church leaders preached and encouraged members, especially those in leadership positions, to marry additional wives.”

The more wealthy and accomplished men of course had the most wives, and many of their children became very successful. The best example is Brigham Young who had 55 wives.

Perhaps what we see here is a good example of the survival of the fittest, where the most accomplished males have the most children. From that standpoint, polygamy would be a good thing.

It should be noted that many women actually campaigned for plural marriage and urged their husbands to take on more wives. Of course, there were those women who ended the marriage when confronted with a sister wife. Mormons were open to the idea of a divorce if the woman was unhappy.

As early as 1862, the U.S. congress passed the Morrill Act (anti-bigamy) which made bigamy a federal offense in the Utah Territory. This law was very difficult to enforce because the wives cooperated with their husband. In 1882, congress passed the Edmonds Act, which made polygamy illegal and punishable by fines of \$500 and prison terms up to five years. It also made it illegal to cohabit with more than one woman. In this case the fine was \$300 or a prison term not to exceed six months.

According to D. Bachman and R. Esplin, in their article on the Internet: "History of Polygamy (plural marriage)", "Ever harsher antipolygamy legislation stripped Latter-day Saints of their rights as citizens, disincorporated the Church, and permitted the seizure of Church property." The Rockville historian, Wayne Stout, tells of one case in Utah where a polygamist received over 18,000 votes and his opponent about 1000 votes, but the non-polygamist was ushered into office.

The church as a whole suffered. By 1890, it was nearly bankrupt and its assets were in the hands of a federal receiver. Also by this time, hundreds of church member were in prison, including some church leaders, and others were in hiding.

Finally, it became abundantly clear to the leaders of the Church that polygamy would have to be banned or the Mormon Church would be destroyed. The LDS Church ended polygamy in September 1890 when President Wilford Woodruff signed a document that announced the abandonment of polygamy as a church doctrine. Henceforth those that entered into plural marriages were to be excommunicated from the Church. The Manifesto of 1890 ushered in a dramatic turning point in Church history.

According to Wikipedia, "Some sects that practice or at least sanction polygamy are the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the Latter-day Church of Christ and the Apostolic United Brethren. Polygamy among these groups persists today in Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Canada, and perhaps other areas."

According to one article on Wikipedia, it is estimated that 40,000 people in Utah are found in families who practice polygamy, a little more than 1 percent of the population. They mostly represent themselves as fundamentalists, an offshoot of the LDS Church. Some communities, such as Colorado City in Arizona, are considered to be polygamist communities, and there are some 10,000 in that city alone. These communities are also found in Colorado, Texas, Mexico, and Canada, and perhaps in other states in the west.

There are individuals in high places who believe polygamy should be legal.

I copied this from Wikipedia: “A 2005 report by the Alberta Civil Liberties Research Centre recommended that Canada decriminalize polygamy, stating: "Criminalization is not the most effective way of dealing with gender inequality in polygamous and plural union relationships. Furthermore, it may violate the constitutional rights of the parties involved."^[46] In 2007, the Attorney General of British Columbia expressed concerns over whether this prohibition is constitutional...The Supreme Court of British Columbia upheld Canada's anti-polygamy Section 293 of the Criminal Code and other ancillary legislation in a 2011 reference case.”

Almost no one is ever arrested for polygamy in Canada and the United States. Officials have switched their focus to the enforcement of crimes such as child abuse, child rape, domestic violence, and fraud. Fraud comes into play when a single woman in a polygamous relationship seeks child support from the state. It is referred to as criminal nonsupport.

I was quite shocked when I found this report on the Internet: “The stars of the TLC show *Sister Wives* challenged the state of Utah's bigamy laws,¹ though also acknowledging that the state's constitutional ban of plural marriage licenses would remain regardless of the lawsuit's outcome. On December 13, 2013, US Federal Judge Clark Waddoups ruled in *Brown v. Buhman*^[38] that the portions of Utah's anti-polygamy laws which prohibit multiple cohabitation were unconstitutional, but also allowed Utah to maintain its ban on multiple marriage licenses. Unlawful cohabitation, where prosecutors did not need to prove that a marriage ceremony had taken place (only that a couple had lived together), had been a major tool used to prosecute polygamy in Utah since the 1882 Edmunds Act”.

This makes it possible for cohabitation in Utah as long as the couples don't get more than one marriage license.

“In 1953, the state of Arizona investigated and raided a group of 385 people in the polygamist-practicing colony of Hildale and Colorado City, straddling the Utah-Arizona border. All the men were arrested and the children were placed with foster families. A judge eventually ruled this action illegal, and everyone returned to their community, which now numbers about 10,000.”

The same event happened in Eldorado, Texas in 2008 when the authorities raided the YFZ Ranch owned by the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All the families were later released and lawsuits are pending.

I do have my own personal experiences with the people from Colorado City. Many years ago while deer hunting in southern Utah I had been eating pomegranates and went into allergic shock. I could barely breathe and my brother Dixon rushed me to the closest city, which happened to be Colorado City. We met a man who was standing in his front yard, and after my brother explained the situation, he began calling people. A few minutes later I was at their first aid station where I was surrounded by a group of well-meaning people who put me in an ambulance and drove me to the hospital in St. George. On the way they got treatment started by

giving me a shot of adrenaline. I could not have been treated better by any people in any community. They were wonderful. I do thank them.

It makes me sad that these same people thought it necessary to get rid of their public library and all the books in it. It also saddens me to hear the dreadful stories told by some former residents of this community.

There is the possibility of a cohab Terry somewhere, but don't ask me.

CHAPTER 19: DAVID PARSHALL AND PHOEBE TERRY

David Parshall Terry, son of James Parshall Terry, was born in Rockville 5 December 1870; died 17 October 1957. Married Phoebe Clara Daley, born in Angola, New York 21 December 1870; died in St. George 28 June 1961.

Grandmother came west from New York with her mother when they joined the Mormon Church. They settled in Rockville. Phoebe's mother was a school teacher.



Children of David Parshall and Phoebe Clara Terry

1. *David Marvin, born October 21, 1891, Rockville. Married Lamar Timothy.
2. *Mary Marcia, born October 22, 1893, Rockville
3. Ellen DeEtte, Rockville; died October 26, 1893-twin of Mary Marcia
4. *James Arthur, born October 25, 1896, Rockville; died July, 1953. Married Emmaline Millet
5. *Gertrude, born November 21, 1898, Rockville. Married Leo Hirschi

6. *Orra May, born December 7, 1902, Rockville, Married Warren Gotlieb Hirschi
7. George, born and died August 12, 1905, Rockville
8. Mariah, born and died August 12, 1905, Rockville
9. *John Parshall, born January 26, 1907, Rockville. Married Helen Margaret Rose.
10. Mollie Inez, born November 3, 1908, Rockville; died July 17, 1911.
11. Fae, born July 4, 1911, Rockville; died July 5, 1911.
12. Athela, born July 4, 1911, Rockville; died July 4, 1911.
13. *Evelyn, born January 30, 1913; Rockville, Married Willard Bleak.

Seven of the thirteen children lived to adulthood: David Marvin, Mary Marcia, James Arthur, Gertrude, Orra, John, and Evelyn. They all made Rockville their home except John and Evelyn.

My grandfather, David Parshall Terry, must have inherited or bought most of the land previously owned by his father, and he remained a farmer in Rockville all of his life. When I was a young boy, I personally remember making molasses with him in one of his cane fields on the south side of the Virgin River.



The juice inside the cane has a wonderful, unique, sweet flavor, and if careful, one can chew the cane and suck the juices for a treat, although it is easy to cut your lips. The cane is fed between two rollers that are turned by a horse, or tractor. My Grandfather used a horse. The juice is collected and carefully heated to make molasses. It was the major source of sugar for the pioneers.

My grandfather went on a mission for the Mormon Church, but neither he nor his wife attended church thereafter.



My grandparent's house in Rockville that has for many years been owned by another party. When built it was one of the largest houses on the upper Virgin River, and curiously enough there was a duplicate of this house built in Springdale, although without the front porch.

David, like his father, was a good looking man, tall and slender, and he had a bushy mustache that my mother used to trim for him. My mother hated that mustache and one day she cut one side off, which I suppose was a dirty trick, but he got over it quickly and came back to have it trimmed on many occasion. David was a kind, likeable person who loved nothing better than walking the streets of Rockville, where he stopped and chatted with the people he encountered. On these trips he would frequently walk to our place across the Virgin River. The round trip was about one mile. I remember the two of us sitting on our haunches near our barn where there was a den of red harvest ants. We squatted there, and I, a small boy, watched grandfather use his thumb to squash the ants. Okay! I thought.

I had less interaction with Grandmother Phoebe. However, in 1940 my parents and younger sisters moved to Price, Utah where Dad had accepted a job as civil engineer for the construction of Dragerton, Utah. Because my brother Briten and I were in grade school, we were left behind at our grandfather's place so we could finish the school year in Rockville. I was in the second

grade at the time. I remember my grandmother and grandfather treating us kindly and the time passed easily with them. I did learn that I did not like the canned peas that she served occasionally.

CHAPTER 20: BIRTH OF A SCIENTIST

Because of the scarcity of land in Rockville, and because subsistence farming was losing ground to large corporations, most of grandfather's children and grandchildren looked to other occupations to make a living. College became more attractive, and among his grandchildren from three different families there are two Ph.D.s, two dentists, one veterinarian, two attorneys, one design engineer, and more than one businessman that became a millionaire. One of these deserves special attention. His name is Travis Warren Hirschi who is the son of Orra Terry, daughter of David and Phoebe Terry, and Warren Hirschi who is the grandson of Gottlieb Hirschi who emigrated from Switzerland.

From the Hirschi Family history on the Internet, we find that Gottlieb Hirschi was a young man when he sailed from Liverpool in 1859 with 50 other people from Switzerland. He crossed the plains and arrived in Salt Lake City in 1860. Here he met for the first time Mariana Rupp (Mary Ann) who was also Swiss. They were both in their early 20s when they were married in Salt Lake 14 September 1861. They were in the company of 85 other Swiss when they went to southern Utah and settled in the St George area. Gottlieb made his home along the Santa Clara River, and when the rains of 1861-62 and 1862-63 flooded the Santa Clara River, it destroyed their house and farm.

Gottlieb, Mary Ann, and their one infant moved to Rockville in 1863 where he purchased ten acres of land covered with sagebrush. He paid for it with his coat and vest. They lived in a dugout for a while, then in an adobe house. Gottlieb was a shrewd man, and he invested wisely in the Cedar Sheep Company and he became wealthy. He shared this wealth equally with all of his sons and daughters. His son Henry continued to live in Rockville, and I had the pleasure of working with Uncle Warren Hirschi surveying for the State of Utah. The union of a Terry and a Hirschi resulted in the birth of a brilliant young man who made his mark in criminology—the scientist I promised you.



Travis Hirschi

The following article was taken directly from Encyclopedia Britannica:

“Travis Hirschi, (born April 15, 1935, Rockville, Utah, U.S.), American criminologist known for his social-control perspective on juvenile delinquency and his self-control perspective on crime. Hirschi received a Ph.D. in sociology from the University of California, Berkeley (1968), and taught at several universities before joining the faculty of the University of Arizona (1981).

In *Causes of Delinquency* (1969)—a groundbreaking work that had a profound influence on criminology during the next three decades—Hirschi argued that delinquency can be explained by the absence of social bonds. According to Hirschi, social attachments (e.g., to parents, teachers, and peers), involvement in conventional activities, acceptance of social norms (such as the norm that criminal acts should be avoided), and recognition of the moral validity of law are most likely to prevent delinquency. Hirschi’s collaboration with the American criminologist Michael R. Gottfredson resulted in *A General Theory of Crime* (1990), which defined crime as “acts of force or fraud undertaken in pursuit of self-interest.” Arguing that all crime can be explained as a combination of criminal opportunity and low self-control, Gottfredson and Hirschi hypothesized that a child’s level of self-control, which is heavily influenced by child-rearing practices, stabilizes by the time he reaches the age of eight. Thus, they identified parenting as the most decisive factor in determining the likelihood that a person will commit crimes. Children reared in settings of neglect or abuse, for example, will be more likely to commit criminal acts, while children raised in supervised homes, where punishment is a consequence of bad behavior, will be more likely to withstand temptations toward criminal conduct. In addition to criminal and delinquent acts, low self-control is manifested in tendencies to be “impulsive, insensitive,

physical, risk-oriented, shortsighted, and nonverbal.” Hirshi’s theories were “...widely popular among American criminologists.”

“Hirschi received a number of awards for his work, including the C. Wright Mills Award from the Society for the Study of Social Problems and the Edwin H. Sutherland Award from the American Society of Criminology.”

Article by *Thomas J. Bernard*

The book quoted above entitled ‘Causes of Delinquency’, was published by the University of California Press. This book contains a very thorough and careful analysis of all the factors that might determine whether a child becomes a juvenile delinquent. It was and still is a very important book because it would be difficult if not impossible to duplicate this work. Current laws would not allow a researcher to gather the private information found in this book, including criminal activities. Many scientists who followed in his path based their research and conclusions on the information contained in Dr. Hirschi’s book. Dr. Hirschi has written other books and numerous scientific publications. He retired from the University of Arizona as a Professor Emeritus.

I should mention that Travis’ reputation at the University of Arizona went beyond his field of study and his department. Mary and I met a professor in the School of Business at the University of Nevada who knew of Travis, and he spoke of him and his reputation in awed tones.

In a book called “Bell Curve” that by chance I read, the authors referred to Travis as “one of the most distinguished social scientists of his generation”. According to Google, Travis’s seminal book on juvenile delinquency has been cited more than 8000 times by other scientists, and the number continues to climb. It helped that Travis had a photographic memory.

It was wonderful for me to grow up with Travis in Rockville and to remain lifelong friends. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to watch him grow into a distinguished scientist. Recently I discovered that his wonderful wife Anna and I share the same great grandfather, Oliver DeMille.

Travis was editor of the year book in high school, and even though he skipped one grade, he excelled in high school in athletics until his bone crunching car accident.

I was excited to learn on November 12, 2015 that Travis received the prestigious Stockholm Prize for his work in criminology. Congratulations Travis, you deserve it. The following is an article found on the Internet that I copied.

Stockholm Prize

“**Travis Hirschi**, an emeritus Regents’ Professor in the School of Sociology at the University of Arizona, has received the Stockholm Prize in Criminology for helping to answer the question: How can parents prevent their children from committing crimes?”

“Hirschi shares the award with Cathy Spatz Widom, distinguished professor of psychology at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, and Per-Olof Wikström, professor of ecological and developmental criminology at the University of Cambridge.

“Generally considered the most prestigious award in the field of criminology, the Stockholm Prize in Criminology recognizes outstanding achievements in criminological research or the application of research results by practitioners for the reduction of crime and the advancement of human rights. The award is established under the aegis of the Swedish Ministry of Justice with major contributions from the Torsten Söderberg Foundation.

“The winners were chosen by an international jury and will share a prize of approximately \$175,000. The prize ceremony will be held in Stockholm on June 15, 2016, in conjunction with the Stockholm Criminology Symposium organized by the Swedish National Council on Crime Prevention.

"I am pleased and honored to receive this award," Hirschi said. "Among its several benefits, the symposium that surrounds the award offers an opportunity to hear what a broad range of international scholars think about my work."

“Hirschi, Widom and Wikström were awarded the prize in recognition of their important joint advance in knowledge about how parents and peers shape successes, or failures, in preventing adult violence and crime.

“Hirschi’s research on the topic began in 1965, when he gathered data on 4,077 teenagers in Richmond, California, testing and developing his "Social Bonding Theory" of crime.

“Hirschi’s theory did not ask why people do break the law, but why people don’t break the law. His answer is that adolescents decide not to commit crimes according to the degree of their attachment to their parents, their commitment to conventional success, their involvement with conventional activities and their beliefs in conventional moral values.

“In his studies of the police records, self-reported criminal activities and attitudes of these teenagers, Hirschi showed the importance of their attachment to parents not in directly preventing crime but in shaping commitment, involvement and belief. Even with unconventional

or criminal parents, Hirschi found that having strong attachments to one or both parents acted to prevent delinquency and even increased respect for police.

“Hirschi’s theory went on to become what is described as the most influential criminological theory of the current era, stimulating more research than any other. In 1969, he published the classic book "Causes of Delinquency."

“Hirschi’s findings were expanded by Widom and Wikström. Widom’s work extended Hirschi’s evidence that even criminal parents might build strong attachments with their children, which lead children to obey the law. Wikström added major insights into the role parents play in preventing juvenile crime by restricting access to criminogenic peers and shaping the morality of their children.

"Travis Hirschi was a distinguished criminologist in the School of Sociology and his winning this award reflects the international prominence of the school," said **Albert Bergesen**, director of the UA School of Sociology.

“Hirschi received his Ph.D. from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1968. Before joining the UA in 1981, he held appointments at the University of Washington, the University of California, Davis, and the State University of New York at Albany School of Criminal Justice.

“In 1989, Hirschi was named a Regents’ Professor, the highest honor bestowed on UA faculty. In 1990, he published the book "A General Theory of Crime" with criminologist Michael R. Gottfredson. Hirschi is a fellow and past president of the American Society of Criminology and winner of its highest prize for scholarship, the Edwin Sutherland Award. He retired from the UA in 1997.

More information about the Stockholm Prize and the winners can be found at:

www.su.se/criminologyprize

CHAPTER 21: THE VIRGIN RIVER

Life in Utah's Dixie was and is absolutely dependent upon the Virgin River, which drains the rocks and mountains around it for sixty miles. It is normally a small clear stream, and where it changes directions, sometimes because of an immense boulder, a pool develops that we kids cherished in the hot summer months



Photo by Douglas Dietiker

This lovely photo is a shot of the Virgin River that flows out of Zion Canyon. It is fed by multiple smaller forks that have their origin on Kolob, Cedar Mountain and some mountains to the northeast. These many forks merge and drain through the narrow canyons in Zion National Park. The other main branch of the river comes from the East and South Forks, and the two main branches join a few miles above Rockville.

When not at flood stage, essentially when there is no rain in the area, the river runs clear and is inviting to swim in. It was the only source of drinking water for the early settlers. Unbeknownst to them, the river contains little or no iodine, an essential element needed to make thyroxine and

other hormones essential for human health. These hormones are made by the thyroid glands in the throat. Without sufficient iodine, the thyroid glands continue to grow and the neck of such a person enlarges. It is referred to as a goiter. Even when I was a kid there was still one lady in Rockville with a noticeable goiter. When the salt companies began putting iodine in table salt, it eliminated this disorder.

The Virgin River drains all the rocky mountains around Rockville, and when it rains there is always a potential for a flood. Because of the sandy unprotected soil of the mountains, and because of the steep terrain, the floods contain more soil per cubic foot of water than any other river in the United States.



Every so often, the floods are particularly large, and they have been responsible for destroying much of the early farm land all up and down the river. The author remembers the flood of 1951 that covered our school playground with water. At the bridge over the Virgin River, the water was muddy white on the north side of the stream and muddy red on the south side, which reflects the two main branches of the River that merge a few miles upriver from Rockville. This flood carried whole trees, roots and all, and it could be seen and smelled anywhere in Rockville.

Heavy rains September 9th 2014 swelled the Virgin River, and it wiped out the Interstate Road near Glendale, Nevada. It also destroyed a secondary road leading from there to Alamo, Nevada, which still remains closed. This flood was captured on video by more than one person, and can be viewed on the Internet. The next picture shows water pouring off the mountain side in the Virgin River Gorge during this heavy rainstorm.



Now imagine yourself in a narrow canyon being filled with water cascading from the mountains around you. And this too, has been captured on video and can be viewed on the Internet.





Flash flood in the narrows of Zion National Park

The hikers who shot this video all escaped, but I expect they were thinking of another group of people who were not so lucky. In September 1961 a large group of individuals were hiking the narrows when a flash flood descending upon them. Most of the people found higher ground and survived. They watched as the water grew eight feet deeper than normal and swept away five of their party who were drowned. Two of these individuals were boy scouts whose bodies were never recovered. Perhaps their skeletal remains are now in Lake Mead a hundred miles away.

The dangers of flash floods in and around Zion National Park were never more evident than the havoc that thunderstorms created just two days ago (September 14, 2015). Seven hikers who entered keyhole or slot canyon in Zion National Park became trapped when a flash flood filled the narrow canyon with water. Since there was no way to escape, they are presumed dead. From the Internet: "Park rangers commonly warn hikers about flood risks during monsoon season and did the same with this group before the hikers entered the canyon. But there was no way to reach them in time to alert them to the violent floodwaters coming their way. Officials say the group got a permit to hike the canyon at 7:40 a.m. Monday, before the canyons were closed because of flood warnings issued at 2:22 p.m. Six of the hikers were from California and one from Nevada. All were in their 40s and 50s." The group was made up of men and women.

Even greater loss of life occurred during this same thunderstorm in Hildale a small town just south of Zion National Park. Hildale borders Colorado City on the Utah Arizona line.

Three women and 13 children who had been at a park came upon a flooded crossing and stopped their cars to watch. They were traveling in a van and SUV. Suddenly, the river rose dramatically, swirled around them, and swept them away. The cars were mangled beyond

recognition, but three children did survive. Twelve of the remaining people are known dead and one is still missing and presumed dead.

It would appear at this time 20 people in all died from these thunderstorms; thirteen from Hildale and 7 in Zion National Park.

The following pictures were taken from the Internet.



The picture below shows the stream and crossing after the flood had subsided. The women below are likely from Hildale. If so they are members of the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This was a very sad day for them.



Virgin River Fish, just for fun.

We might imagine that the muddy, raging waters of the Virgin River must have an effect on the fish in the stream. How do the fish survive when the muddy water is too thick with silt for the gills to gather oxygen. In the 1951 flood, the author witnessed fish lined up near the bank of the river with their gills out of the water sucking in air. Perhaps it is because of the floods that several species of fish in the Virgin River are found no other place on earth.

One of these fish is the four inch woundfin fish, one of the rarest species on earth. It is only found in a small section of the Virgin River, which must include Rockville because I saw one there a few summers ago. The woundfin has large fins and streamlined, scaleless bodies that allow them to survive the floods in the Virgin River. In fact they prefer murky water. They are an endangered species.



The Virgin River Chub shown below is another native fish found only in the Virgin River. This species is only found upstream from La Verkin. It is rare and I don't know that I ever saw one, and if I did, I likely thought it was a sucker making a hasty retreat in shallow water. During spawning season, the males develop bright red colors on their fins and bellies. It is a very fast swimmer and a top predator. It may reach 18 inches in length.



The Virgin Spinedace shown below grows to about five inches long and is found throughout the Virgin River basin including the tributaries downstream. It prefers deep pools, and it's probably the small "silver sider" that I caught with hook and worm when I was a kid.



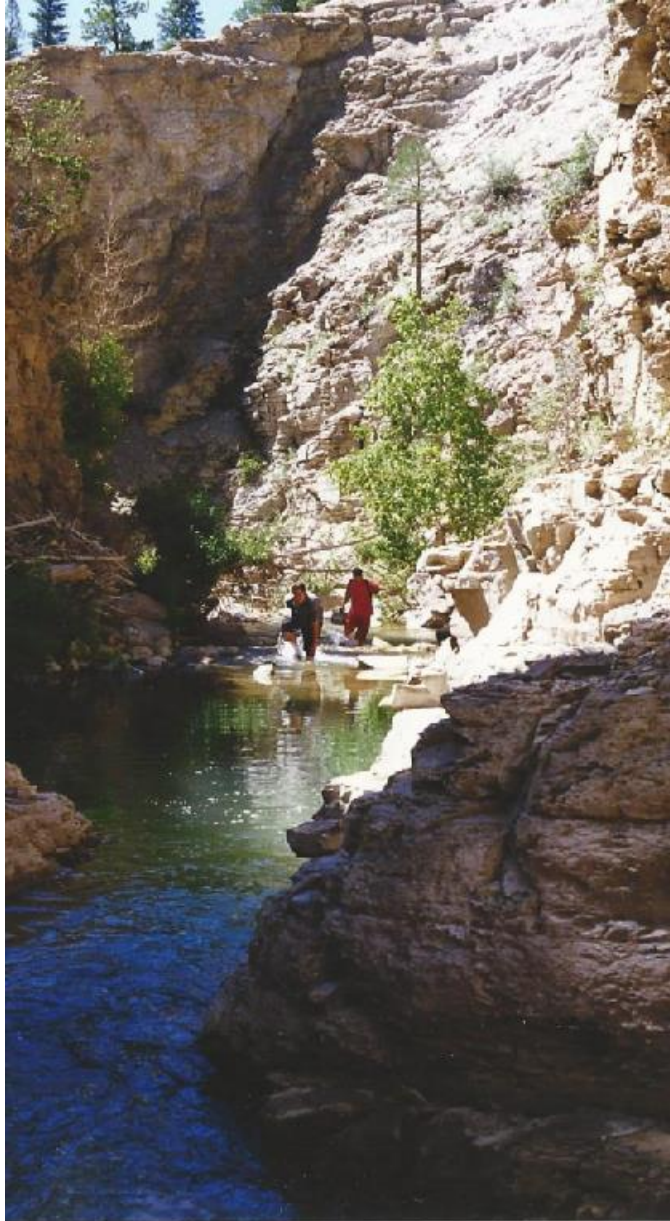
The speckled dace below grows to about 4 inches and is found in large numbers throughout the Virgin River and its tributaries. It is also found in many other streams. Males display bright red lipstick and red fins during breeding season.



The flannelmouth sucker shown below is found throughout the Colorado River system. It is more silver in color, and it resembles a trout more than the desert sucker. It is the largest fish in the Virgin River, but we rarely saw one when we were kids that was more than 12 inches long. Apparently they can grow to 24 inches long and weight up to six pounds in other streams. I would have fallen down dead if I had seen one that big.



It would appear that there are no native trout in the Virgin River, but that isn't true. Trout are found in the smaller tributaries up higher where the river tends to remain clear even during rain storms. One of these streams is called Crystal Creek, and it runs north into higher elevations. I walked into that stream once with my brother Dixon's boy, Vince, and his three sons. It was a steep decent down the mountainside for approximately 1000 feet until we reached the Virgin River. We fished along the bank while we walked upstream where we took the branch of river called Crystal Creek.



Crystal Creek

It wasn't long until we came to a waterfall with a beautiful, large pool beneath it. I think it is somewhat incredible that I caught five different kinds of trout beneath Crystal Falls, and they were all somewhere between 12 and 14 inches in length. There were rainbow trout, German brown, and brook trout, but the other two were special. One was a brook trout but its body was a deep, solid brown, and the brown color faded rapidly in the open air. The other trout was a brilliant yellow color that flashed in the sunlight when I pulled it out of the water. We caught a few fish, went swimming, and then made our way back out of the canyon. It was a great experience.

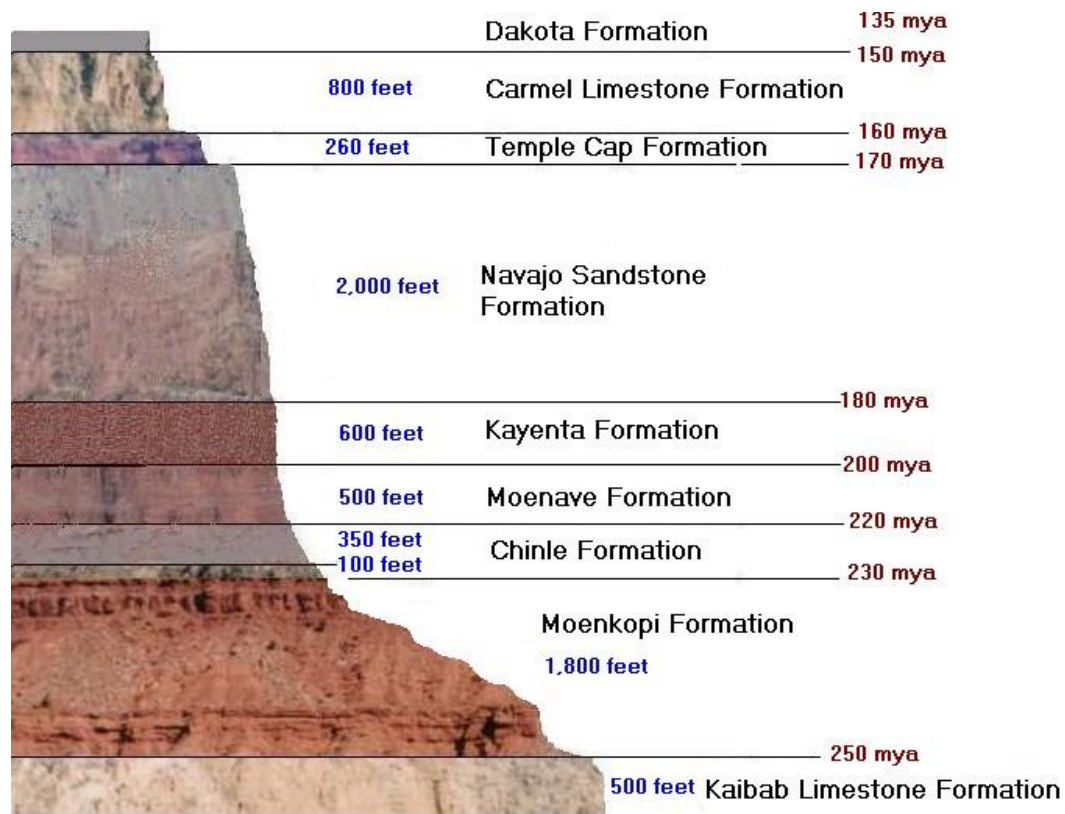


Joshua, Jeremiah, Travis, Kelland, Vince

The Virgin River has over millions of years cut the narrow canyons and exposed the brilliant rocks and spectacular scenery that makes Zion National Park the most beautiful park in the United States. Some of the exposed formations in Zion are the result of ancient rivers depositing silt at the edge of a primitive ocean, and some of it comes from deposits of windblown sand from a great desert that once encompassed much of western United States.

It is thought that millions of years ago, the Pacific Plate under the Pacific Ocean slid under the north continent of the western United States, which contributed to mountain building in the west. We also know the Hurricane fault contributed to the mountains of Zion. As Zion was lifting, the Virgin River was cutting down through all the deposits made millions of years ago.

The highest points in the mountains of Zion near Cedar Mountain include more recent deposits in the Eocene Era, but most of the park is composed of land deposited during the Mesozoic Era. At Virgin, Utah, the Virgin River is now eating away at the Paleozoic deposits made more than 250 million years ago. Here is a little graph I created to illustrate the formations.



The formations found in Zion National Park

The Navaho sandstone formation was created by windblown sand, and all the other formations were created by ancient river deposits. All the formations belong to the Mesozoic Era, except the Kaibab Limestone. This formation marks the top layer of the Paleozoic Era, 250 million years ago. The upper portion of the Chinle Formation is known as the Painted Desert in Arizona. This is one deposit that contains the remains of dinosaurs.

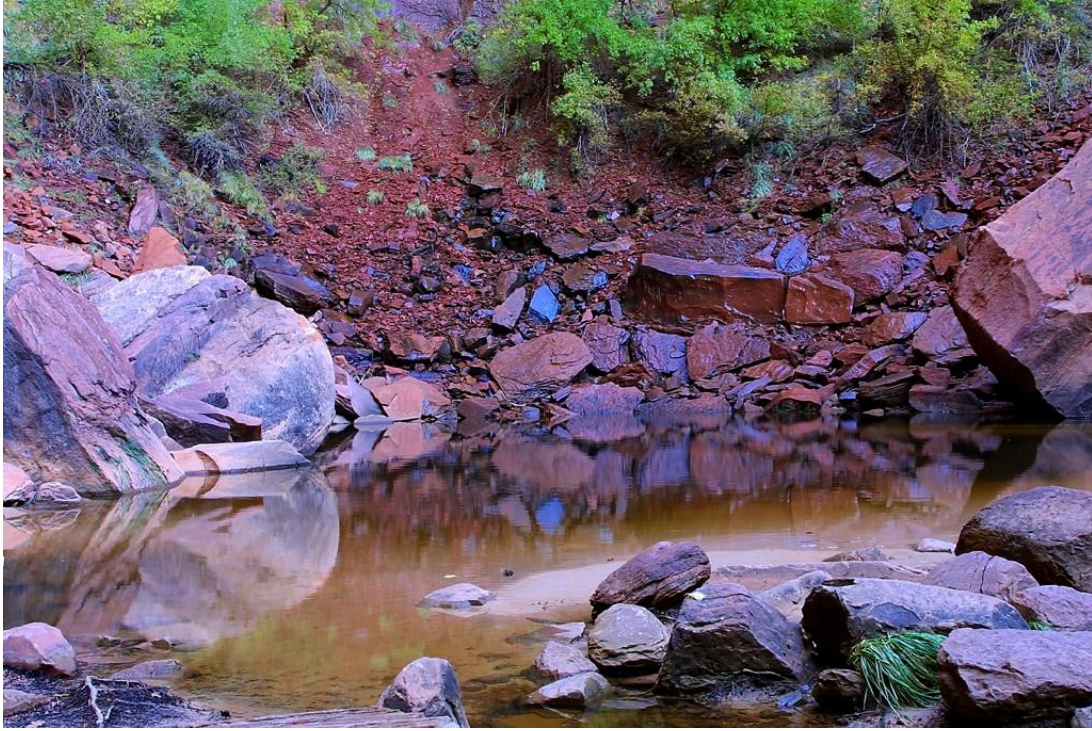
The following pictures were taken by my friend Mike Kelley in early November a few years ago when there was no dust to limit the beauty of the scenery.



Up the Virgin River near the Narrows



The valley floor from Emerald Pools Trail



Emerald Pools



The Three Patriarchs, Zion floor



Upper Zion above the tunnel





The author took this picture near the upper entrance to the large tunnel.

The Desert Bighorn sheep appears to be nothing but bulging muscles and bones. I was highly startled one day when I encountered several on a mountain trail. Recently I saw a condor in Zion and another south of Zion in the sands area. The flight of this huge bird almost takes your breath away.



A picture the author took one chilly day in January

Since humans have arrived along the Virgin River, the cottonwood trees, willows, and other plants along the river from Springdale to Virgin have grown in number and density, and the river is less likely to leave its banks. The river around Virgin now has crawdads, something new, and the number of deer, birds, and other small critters have increased as well. However, because the number of farm animals has greatly decreased, the number of flies has decreased as well, and this in turn has drastically lowered the population of swallows, all in my lifetime.

There is one interesting bird that comes to the Virgin River area to breed every summer. This bird has a yellow belly, and I called it the 'yellow bellied flycatcher'. I find now that its proper name is the 'southwestern willow flycatcher'. They are slightly smaller than a robin. Fly catchers, unlike swallows and bats, dart from a perch to catch insects.



From the Internet

I had the pleasure of watching this bird during its mating dance. Two lover birds flew together until they were 60 feet or so in the air, and then descended straight down; during their fall, they fluttered around and around each other as they spiraled to the ground in a lover's ritual—a nice way to end this chapter.

CHAPTER 22: VILLAGES ALONG THE UPPER VIRGIN RIVER

There were five principle towns along the upper Virgin River that were settled by Mormons at about the same time in 1961 and 1962 as part of Brigham Young's plan to take control of the land and make the presence of Mormons felt throughout much of the west.



The Paiute Indians along the Virgin River

When the pioneers began to settle along the Virgin River, they came in direct contact with Paiute Indians who called this area their home. The Indians along the Virgin River did not farm for their food nor did they build permanent shelters. They were hunters and gatherers and their food was found primarily along the Virgin River where they would have found deer, rabbits, birds, and other small animals, as well as seeds, roots, berries and nuts, primarily pine nuts on the mesas above the river bed. They lived in huts made from sagebrush and other handy materials.



Paiute wicki-ups in the vicinity of St. George, UT, on the Virgin River. Photo by John K. Hillers of the Powell Expedition, 1871-1875

The early Mormon settlers attempted to teach them to farm the land, but this didn't work. There were about 1000 Paiute Indians scattered along the Virgin River when the pioneers arrived in 1861, and the last one of this tribe died in St. George in the 1940s. They died off from small pox and other diseases and by starvation as their hunting grounds were taken over by white settlers. The Shivwits Indians who lived north of St George were farmers when the pioneers came to southern Utah and this tribe still exists today.

Grafton becomes a ghost town

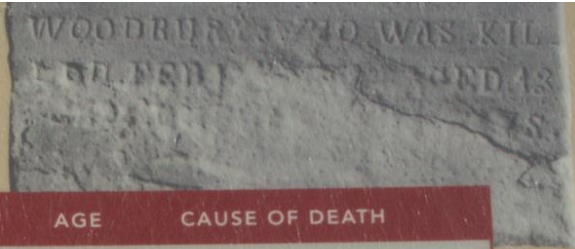
Shortly after Grafton was settled there were 28 families living there. In the 1880s the population was about 100 and it remained fairly stable for a few years. However, a decade later the population had dropped in half and by 1892 there were not enough people left to hold Church meetings. The last person left Grafton in 1944. Grafton became a ghost town for much the same reasons that the pioneers left Shonesburg. The two settlements were too isolated and too small to be sustaining. In the case of Grafton, it was isolated because it was on the south side of the river and all of the other settlements were on the north, and there was no bridge to cross the river.



Picture of a log cabin from the 1800s that still exists in Grafton

The Grafton cemetery reveals some of the dangers of living on the frontier in the 1800 hundreds.

Many headstones are missing. It's believed 74 to
 raves exist. The Grafton Cemetery also includes
 hern Paiute people who worked and lived
 gside early settlers.



DATE	NAME	AGE	CAUSE OF DEATH
January 18, 1866	John William York	10 years	Diphtheria
January 25, 1866	Asa Uriah York	3 years	Diphtheria
January 25, 1866	James Jasper York	5 years	Diphtheria
February 9, 1866	Frances Ann Field	7 years	Diphtheria (Daughter)
February 9, 1866	Sarah Ann Brook Field	37 years	Diphtheria (Mother)
February 1866	Sarah Ellen Field	5 years	Diphtheria (Daughter)
February 15, 1866	Loretta A. Russell	14 years	Accident—Swing Broke
February 15, 1866	Elizabeth H. Woodbury	13 years	Accident—Swing Broke
April 2, 1866	Robert M. Berry (Brother of Joseph)	24 years	Killed by Indians
April 2, 1866	Isabella Hales Berry (Robert's Wife)	20 years	Killed by Indians
April 2, 1866	Joseph S. Berry (Brother of Robert)	22 years	Killed by Indians
August 4, 1866	George Judson Andrus	1 year	Scarlet Fever
September 1, 1866	Medora Andrus	6 months	Scarlet Fever
1866	Else Marie Bybee	45 years	Unknown

The three individuals killed by Indians were not from Grafton. They were killed on the Arizona Strip during the Black Hawk War, but were buried in Grafton because at the time it was the county seat.

Movies filmed in Grafton

The adobe building shown in the picture below with Paul Newman and Catherine Ross is said to have been built in 1886. It served as church, school, and meeting house. Grafton is now a famous ghost town with just a few buildings still remaining that were built in the 1800s. Several movies have been made in Grafton because of the old buildings and the picturesque scenery. The most notably movie is "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid", filmed in 1969.





The movie company built a fake fireplace in the ancient log cabin shown below where the actors pretended to live as part of the story. Later, long after the movie company departed, some idiot built a fire in it, and of course, it burned the log cabin to the ground.



Robert Redford, Catherine Ross, Paul Newman

The next picture is one of the barn with an upper loft that Catherine Ross jumped from in a scene from this movie.



Butch Cassidy (Robert Leroy Parker) and the Sundance Kid (Harry Alonzo Longabaugh) were real desperadoes of the old west. It is said that Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch performed the longest string of successful train and bank robberies in American history. Butch Cassidy was born in Beaver, Utah in 1866 and grew up in Circleville, not far from Zion National Park.



Apparently, The Wild Bunch, shown here, frequently robbed the banks so they could dress like bankers. Seated far right is Butch Cassidy and seated next to him in the middle is the Sundance Kid. The nice clothes make them look very respectable, and almost as handsome as Robert Redford and Paul Newman, well okay, that would be impossible.

It is said that Butch Cassidy never killed anyone, and the Sundance Kid had a wife and a passel of children; but they did rob banks and trains in several different western states. They were thugs, but interesting thugs.

I have personally known people from the Panguitch, Utah, not far from Circleville, who claimed Butch Cassidy returned to the Panguitch area after he went to South America. And there are stories based on the Sundance Kid living long after he was supposedly killed in Bolivia. In fact, there is the possibility that he lived in our house in Rockville while we were living in Price and Dragerton. Richard Patterson reported in his book, "Historical Atlas of the Outlaw West" that the biographer of the Sundance Kid, Edward M. Kirby, came to the conclusion that the outlaw returned to the US and was living under the alias of Hiram BeBee. The following is a quote from Patterson's book.

"According to Harry Longabaugh's (the Sundance Kid's) biographer, Edward M. Kirby, Longabaugh lived in Rockville in the early 1940s under the name Hiram BeBee. Little is known about the man. He was considered "grouchy" by his neighbors, some of whom say he was a whiskey bootlegger. There were reports that although BeBee was in his seventies, he could still draw and shoot a six-gun with the best of them. There were stories of how he could throw a can out into the street and "bounce" it along with repeated shots.

"BeBee's house was just across the old bridge over the Virgin River. He and his common-law wife, Glame, rented it from a Rockville man named Arthur Terry. Disputes with neighbors eventually led to the sheriff being called, and soon after BeBee, Glame, and several other persons who lived at the same address (one of them possibly Glame's daughter) moved on.

"According to Kirby, BeBee eventually ran afoul of the law in Mount Pleasant, Utah, where he shot and killed the town marshal in 1945." He died in the Utah State Prison.

Perhaps this story is true, which makes it somewhat weird to think that he lived in our old house.

The filming industry began using Grafton as a site to make movies as early as 1929, when they filmed "In Old Arizona", the first talkie filmed at some remote site. This movie like others pretended that Grafton was at some other location. Much of the movie called "Truth or Consequences, New Mexico" was filmed not far from Grafton. At least Butch Cassidy, who grew up near Zion National Park, has some relevancy to the area, and perhaps the Sundance Kid even lived in Rockville for a brief period of time.



When the author was a young teenager, they made a western in Grafton in 1947 called ‘Ramrod’. It had several well-known actors in it, including Joel McCrea , Veronica Lake, Don DeFore, Preston Foster, and Lloyd Bridges. The kids from Rockville would frequently walk down river and watch them film, and at noon, we were invited to have lunch with them. Some of the kids even had social security numbers and were in one scene in the movie playing marbles. No, I didn’t have a social security number, and I missed my movie debut.

Other movies include *Child Bride of Short Creek* filmed in 1981. From Wikipedia we get this short description: “TV movie written by Joyce Eliason and starring Diane Lane, Helen Hunt, Christopher Atkins, and Dee Wallace. The film is a dramatization of the lives of the people of Colorado City, Arizona, and Hildale, Utah, United States, collectively known as "Short Creek," a community made up of members of the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, a Mormon separatist group practicing child marriage and polygamy.” I doubt if child marriage is tolerated at this time.

Short Creek is only a short distance from Grafton on the Arizona border. It is nestled against vermillion cliffs, which makes the use of Grafton realistic.

Grafton is said to be the most photographed ghost town in the West.

CHAPTER 23: MILLETS, DEMILLES, AND SHONESBURG

The town of Shonesburg was settled about the same time as Grafton by Oliver DeMille, Artemus Millet and his two sons Alma Millet, Joseph Millet, and others. The town was built in a wide canyon where the East Fork of the Virgin River flows along with its tributaries.



The reservoir was not built until after the 1950s.

My mother, Emmaline Millet Terry, is the direct descendant of Artemus Millet, and Oliver DeMille who helped settle Shonesburg.

Artemus Millet is a well know individual in the Mormon Church and several biographies have been written about this man. One fairly detailed biography was written by Josh E. Probert and Craig K. Manscill.¹⁶ It is entitled “Artemus Millet: Builder of the Kingdom.” It can easily be found on the Internet. If you want greater detail about this man, I invite you to read their bio; otherwise, I only provide a brief sketch of his life.

Artemus Millet was born 11 September 1790 in Westmoreland, New Hampshire, to Ebenezer and Catherine Dryden Millet. Westmoreland was a small farming community. Artemus’ father fought in the American Indian wars where he became a Captain. In 1758 he lost the use of an arm in one battle. Later he joined the colonial army and fought against the British in the American Revolution. After the war, Ebenezer became wealthy trading with the Indians. In 1806 or 1807, they were living on a farm in Stockbridge, Vermont when Ebenezer died of apoplexy. Artemus was 16 years old at the time. He took over the responsibilities of the farm and took care of his mother and his sisters until he was nineteen. At this time, he left the farm and his mother and sisters and went to Shelburne, Vermont about 60 miles further north on Lake Champlain where he became a stone mason; this is the occupation that brought him a great reputation by the time he was in his thirties and living on Long Island, New York. By this time he was building stone buildings several stories high as well as bridges and other structures. On 17 May 1815, Artemus married a young lady named Ruth Grannis from Milton, Vermont, and they had several children together.

Prior to moving to Long Island, Artemus purchased a farm in Volney, New York, but remained in the stone masonry trade to pay for the farm. Probert and Craig K. Manscill state that Artemus wrote the following: "I continued the mason trade building bridges, foundations, etc., for six years. About 1822, in September, I was stoning a wall when the man who was attending me let a stone fall on my head and fractured my skull, which laid me up for two months. Then, not being able to pay for my land it was taken from me."

During this same period Brigham Young was working nearby in Oswego, New York, and this may be the point in time when Brigham Young came to know of Artemus and his stonemasonry skills. It is even possible that they came to know each other because both were in the building trade.

After Artemus gave up his farm, he eventually moved to Long Island, New York where he built a large stone brewery. He became very well known for his stone work, and he was approached by the British Crown to do some work in Canada. While in Canada, his reputation spread, and he became wealthy building stone houses, bridges, and stone commercial buildings that were several stories high.

Children of Artemus Millet and Ruth Grannis Millet

Colista, born March 1816. This girl died four years later.

Nelson, born 1818 Became a very successful attorney.

Emily, born 1820

Mariah, born 1822

George, born 1825 in Ernestown, Ontario, Canada (Perhaps born in 1824)

Jefferson, born unknown

Hiram, born 1827 in Ernestown, Ontario, Canada

Ruth died of consumption in about March 1831, and Artemus married Susannah Peters, a close friend of the family, and daughter of Joseph and Jamima Peters of Ernestown, Ontario. Susannah died in 1840 or 1841.

Children of Artemus Millet and Susannah Peters Millet

William, born in Canada, dies when he is four years old.

Joseph, 1833, born in Canada

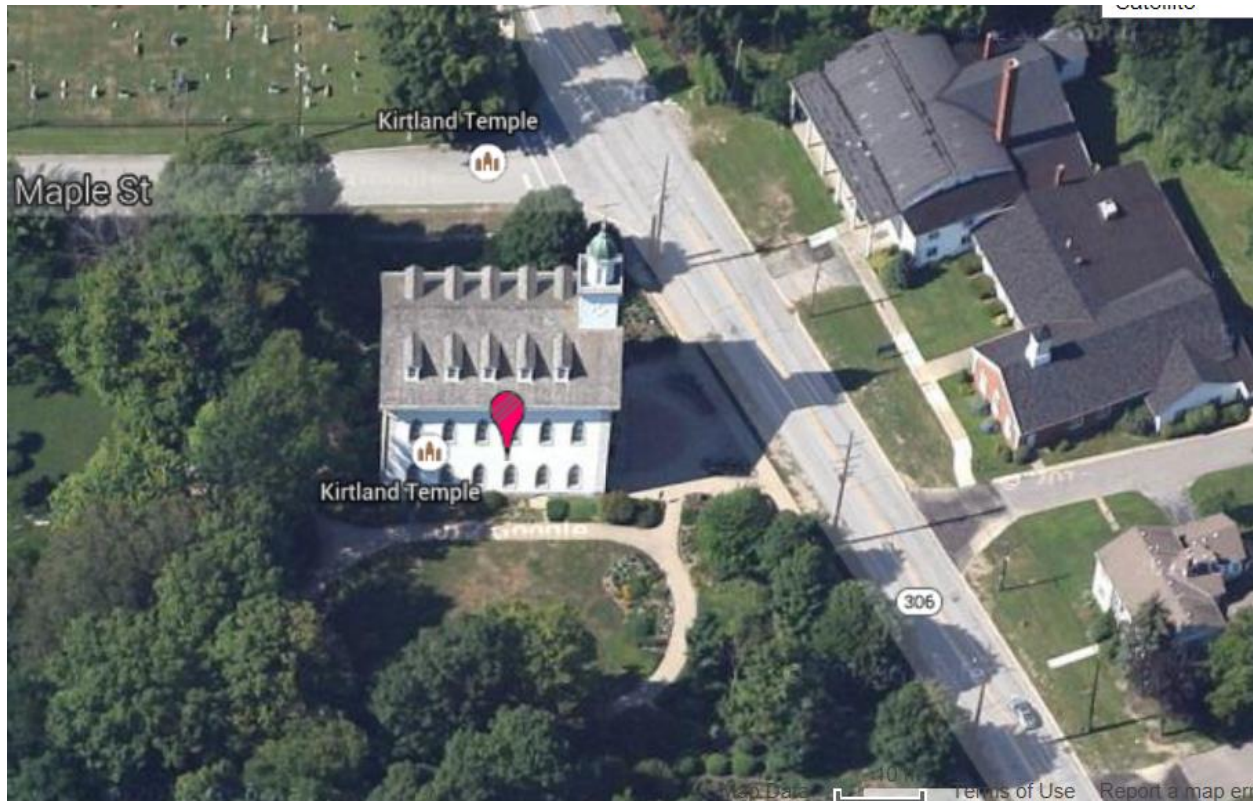
Alma, born in Kirtland, Ohio

Artemus Jr, born in Kirtland, Ohio

These three boys all move to Utah, and Joseph Millet is my great grandfather.

Let me digress briefly and discuss that moment in the history of the Mormon Church that brought Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Artemus Millet together. This takes us to Kirtland, Ohio and the construction of the Kirtland Temple.

Kirtland Temple as it exists today courtesy of Google Earth



Quoting Wikipedia:

“Beginning in 1831, members of the Church of Christ (Latter Day Saints) under the direction of church founder and president Joseph Smith Jr., began to gather in the Kirtland area. In December 1832 Smith reported to have received a revelation that called for the construction of a house of worship, education, and order.” Just what brought him to Kirtland is unknown to the author.



To build this house of worship, which became known as the Kirtland Temple, they turned to Artemus Millet, but there was a problem; he wasn't a Mormon.

The following article I found on the Internet is interesting.

The Conversion of Artemus Millet and His Call to Kirtland

Authors: Keith A. Erekson, Lloyd D. Newell

“A frequently told story in Church history concerns the call of Artemus Millet to work on the Kirtland Temple. With variations here and there, historians have related the story as follows: Joseph Smith, in the company of other brethren, is walking where the Kirtland Temple will be built. He wonders aloud who could superintend its construction, and Joseph Young (or [Brigham Young](#) or Lorenzo Young) recommends an acquaintance named Artemus Millet, who lives in Canada. The Prophet then sends Brigham Young to Canada to baptize Millet and bring him to Kirtland with one thousand dollars. Historians then relate that Brigham Young fulfilled his mission with exactness, baptizing Millet in January 1832 (or 1833). Millet sells the family farm, takes his family to Kirtland, and labors on the temple from the laying of the cornerstone to the project's completion, having full charge of the work.”

At this time Artemus was a wealthy man and he was very generous with his money. The following is a quote from Manscill and Probert:

“Besides faithfully defending the Prophet and contributing to the construction of the temple, Artemus was financially charitable. A wealthy man, Millet was likely a donor to the temple funds, although there are no extant records of temple donations. Yet some of Millet's other financial contributions have been well documented. A ledger book from the Newel K. Whitney

Store reveals Millet's incredible generosity. There are at least fifty- three instances between 12 November 1836 and 15 April 1837 when Artemus Millet paid for someone else's order."

From elsewhere I discovered that he allowed many poor families to buy shoes and other items that he paid for.

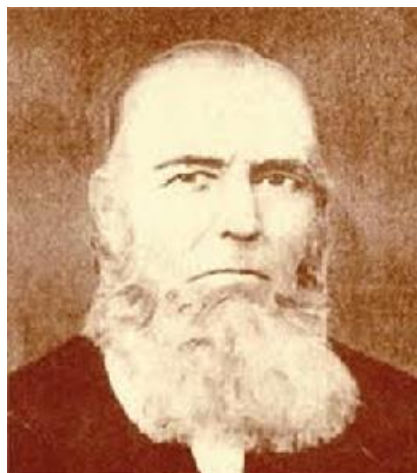
The temple was dedicated 27 March 1836 by Joseph Smith. Shortly thereafter Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, and many loyal followers left the area bound for Missouri in part because of the failure of a bank that Joseph Smith, and I assume the Mormon Church in general, was involved in. Also at this time, missionaries previously sent to the west aroused the interest of Joseph Smith in western Missouri, and he had a revelation that the future of the Mormon Church was in that area.

Manscill and Probert quote Joseph Smith:

"It seemed as though all the powers of earth and hell were combining their influence in an especial manner to overthrow the Church at once, and make a final end. Other banking institutions refused the "Kirtland Safety Society's" notes. The enemy abroad, and apostates in our midst, united in their schemes, flour and provisions were turned towards other markets, and many became disaffected toward me as though I were the sole cause of those very evils I was most strenuously striving against, and which were actually brought upon us by the brethren not giving heed to my counsel."

Quoting Wikipedia:

"The failure of the bank caused friction among Church members and a few formed their own faction of the LDS Church. The dissenters included Warren Parrish, Smith's former secretary, and Martin Harris, one of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon. Parrish's group took control of the temple and other church property. The ownership of the building has been contested numerous times by different factions of the church. The Temple still stands today just as it was built under the supervision of Artemus Millet."



This photo found on the Internet claims to be Artemus Millet, but it is likely Artemus Millet, Jr. because Manscill and Probert claim the only photo of Artemus Millet was taken when Artemus was on his deathbed at 84 years of age.

Following the dedication of the Kirtland Temple in 1836, Artemus went on a mission for the Church, and then returned to Canada where he attempted to collect the money owed him by people who bought his farm and his stone masonry business. At the time of the sale of his business, it was a thriving enterprise with 36 employees. He never was able to collect the money owing him. He remained in Canada and worked for the British for a few years. It was during this period that he lost his wife, Susanna. That was in 1840-41. In desperation he hired someone to tend his children and he went back to Kirtland to find employment and save some money. When this was accomplished, he intended to bring his children to Ohio.

Meanwhile, Susanna's parents indentured his children out to other families, and in the end it was through the skillful, artful, deceit of William Macdonald, husband of his daughter Emily, that he got them back. The story goes that Macdonald told the families involved that he had arranged a banquet for them at a hotel. He convinced them that he would take the children there himself so that they could socialize for a while. When the families arrived at the hotel, dinner was waiting, but there were no children. Macdonald had loaded the children in a fast buggy, and they raced to meet a steamer headed across Lake Ontario. They caught the steamer and it immediately left port. A cannon boomed and a flag was raised signally the captain to turn around but he kept going. Apparently all of this had been previously arranged by Macdonald. And Artemus was reunited with his children.

In 1843, he took his family to Nauvoo where he was reunited with Brigham Young and Joseph Smith. One month later he married a lady named Almira Prichards, who was known as Widow Oaks. The ceremony was conducted by Brigham Young. His son Nelson was now a wealthy attorney and had purchased several partials of land around Nauvoo. It is likely that Artemus lived on one of these sites.

Artemus left Nauvoo in the summer of 1846 bound for Winter Quarters; however, he was very ill and his wife, Almira, died on the trip. She was his third wife to die at a young age. A year later in Council Bluff, he married Triphenia Booth, sister to Brigham Young's first wife, but she left him a year later. In March 1848, Artemus married Nancy Lemaster in Kaneshville, Iowa, his fifth wife. They continued to live in this area until 1850 when they joined other Mormons and made the trip across Immigrant Trail to Utah.

While in route, Nancy gave birth to a son not far from Fort Bridger. The boy was later given the name of Liberty. The day after they arrived in Salt Lake, Artemus called on Brigham Young, which has been characterized as a joyful reunion. Among other things Artemus built Brigham Young a barn and followed his instructions and moved to Manti, Utah. Here he was a leader in

the community, and in charge of building several stone houses. By 1858, he owned eight lots, and a house inside a stone fort that was built under his supervision.



Manti, Utah, 24 July 1855 by Joseph Hedges.

This image and the one below was found in Manscill and Probert's biography of Artemus Millet. It seems obvious that Manti was rapidly becoming a well establish community on the west side of the Wasatch Range a few miles south of Provo.



In 1855-56, Artemus Millet superintended the building of this Council House in Manti, Utah. It seems likely that one of these men is Artemus.

In 1861, Brigham Young asked Artemus to help settle Shonesburg, Utah. His sons, Joseph Millet and Alma Millet and their families joined him, along with Oliver DeMille, and his two families. Alma, Joseph, and Artemus only lived in Shonesburg for a short while. Alma was asked to take over the Church's Cattle herd in Spring Valley, and he moved there in 1867. I believe this valley is now a part of or near Las Vegas. He was soon joined by his father and his two brothers, Joseph and Artemus, Jr. Artemus remained active for a while, but he was approaching 80 years of age. In about 1874, Alma was relieved of his duties at Spring Valley, and he sold his home and moved to Scipio, Utah, which is along the Wasatch Front just south of Nephi. He moved his father with him, and it wasn't long after this that Artemus died at 84 years of age. Four of his boys were there to see him off.

Oliver Demille

Oliver's father was Freeborn DeMille, a twin, who was also living in Manti in the 1850s. Freeborn was born in New York and was in Nauvoo at the time Brigham Young took control of the Church and its destiny. And his son, Oliver was at the meeting and heard Brigham Young speak, which I mentioned previously.

Oliver DeMille was one of the most influential persons to settle Shonesburg. He was a polygamist just as you would expect for an early Mormon pioneer. We find this written about Oliver on the Internet by the Washington County Historical Society.

"In the fall of 1861, Brigham Young called a group of people to leave Sanpete County and go to settle in southern Utah. This group included Oliver DeMille and his wives and children. DeMille purchased some land along a small creek from an old Paiute Indian chief named Shunes (or Shones). A town site was laid out and a settlement commenced which the people called Shunesburg or Shonesburg."

My grandmother, Ida DeMille Millet and Joseph Millet Jr, who were born in Shonesburg, wrote a brief history of this town. They state the spelling of the Indian name was Shones and the name of the village was Shonesburg, but it has been pronounced Shunesburg as long as I can remember. The engraved stone below tells it all.



At one time, there were as many as 30 families living in Shonesburg, and according to my grandmother Ida and Joseph Jr, “The land was divided into small lots to accommodate all. The land being very fertile yielded abundantly and this little band of people lived in peace and prosperity laboring together as one family.” They had to be as self-sufficient as possible, and they made many of the common things that they needed such as clothing, shovel handles, furniture, and of course their houses.

In 1866, troubles with the Indians made it unsafe for the small group to live in an isolated valley, and for a time, they moved to Rockville, along with other families from Grafton and Springdale. Several people were killed at this time on the Arizona Strip, and at least some were buried in Grafton. This threat didn’t last long, and many of the people in Shonesburg moved back into their homes.

Oliver DeMille had two families. His first family included his wife Emily Beal and their 11 children.



Ida Sylvia is the grandmother of the author. Many of these children took up residence in Rockville and remained there as farmers.

Oliver's second family



DeMille, Oliver Sr.; DeMille, Fidelia Winget; DeMille, Ada Elvira; DeMille, Adelia; DeMille, Jesse; DeMille, Ada; DeMille, Melboune; DeMille, Adlinda

Adlinda DeMille is the grandmother of Travis Hirschi's wife, Anna. It seems likely that she is seated on the bottom, the youngest in this family. After Oliver's death in 1905, Fidella and her children moved to Monroe, Utah.

Over the years that the pioneers labored in Shonesburg, the East Fork of the Virgin River and its tributaries continued to flood and eat away at the land until most of the settlers left. My grandmother wrote:

“Brigham Young visited Shonesburg several times on his trips to Utah’s Dixie. He would stay at the home of Oliver DeMille. One time he had his wife and baby with him and they stayed all night at Oliver’s place. On one of his visits, the little girls of Shonesburg dressed in white and carried flowers. The boys dressed in their best, had their drums and fifes, and all went to meet Bro. Brigham and his company. Oliver DeMille wanted to move out of Shonesburg and go where there were better schools but Bro. Brigham advised him to stay there, saying the time would come when there would be a family for every acre of ground. The schools didn’t get any better but the floods did wash all the land away until there was a family to every acre of land.”
Way to say it, Grandmother!

“In 1897 Joseph Millet Jr. and his family moved away from Shonesburg and that was the last year school was held there. There were not enough children left to hold school and so the rest of Oliver’s children and their families moved to Rockville.”

Schools and Church were held in Shonesburg for a period of thirty-seven years. Oliver and his two wives, Emil and Fidelia stayed until 1902-3 and then they moved to Rockville. Emily died in Rockville, Nov. 3, 1905. Oliver died in 1908, and Fidelia died years later in Monroe, Utah.



Oliver DeMille, 1830-1908

Three of Oliver’s first family married someone in the Millet family. My grandmother Ida DeMille married Byron Millet on the 4th of March 1886. Byron died in 1900, and she moved to

Rockville and purchased the eight room home of James Parshall Terry who moved to Hinckley, Utah.

The big rock house in Shonesburg

For more than a hundred years, local people have referred to the big stone house in Shonesburg as Oliver's house. Which it was, but it is likely that it didn't start out that way. All of the stone work was apparently done by Alma Millet with the help of his father Artemus, and perhaps his two brothers, Joseph and Artemus, Jr.

Big rock house on high ground





This stone house definitely resembles the one built in Manti under the supervision of Artemus Millet as shown previously. But Alma never got to finish it because in 1867, he was called to oversee the Church cattle herd at Spring Valley. Alma either gave the stone house to Oliver or he abandoned it.

According to Ida DeMille Millet and Joseph Millet Jr. no one lived in the big stone house until the 1880s. They state: “Sometime in the 1880s Oliver DeMille moved into his big rock house on the hill. It was never finished as he planned to do it. The water ditch was taken out four miles above town and Oliver intended to bring the water up onto the hill where his house was, but this was never accomplished and their water was brought to them in a big barrel fastened on a dray and pulled by a horse”.

My grandmother explains that the home was built on high ground where there was a breeze and the mosquitos were less troublesome there. During this period those living near the river tended to develop chills and fevers. Unfortunately, she never states who did the stone work.

The photograph below was taken in 1934



The big stone house is still thought of as Oliver's house just as the mountain next to it is named Oliver Mountain. And Shonesburg will continue to be spelled and pronounced Shunesburg by almost everyone. However, the Millet families are trying their best on the Internet to label this building as Millet's big stone house.

The roads into Shonesburg and the land slowly became private property and ownership of the land has changed several times in the intervening years. Two gentlemen from the New York area, one named Trees, bought the property and attempted to grow apples, but the soil proves to be too alkaline to make this a successful venture. In the process they built a dam across the south fork of the Virgin River, and a few years ago during some heavy rains everyone was worried that the dam would give way and flood the town of Rockville and others downstream. Trees and his partner have died, and the property has been sold to another party. Steps were taken to improve the dam, and Rockville is likely safe for now.

For a while the land in Shonesburg was nearly worthless, but today it is worth more than 20 million dollars; many millions of dollars for the water rights alone.



Picturesque Shonesburg

Just a note of little importance:

Joseph Millet, Oliver DeMille, and James Parshall Terry were the author's great grandfathers, and all were born about the same year. In fact James and Oliver were both born in 1830, and Joseph was born in 1833. Joseph and James were born in Canada, and Oliver in New York. I know little about my great grandfather Martin Daley, father of my grandmother Phoebe, but he was born in 1836 and died in 1907, likely in New York. There are three people named Martin Daley just to make it confusing: grandfather, father, and son. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I've come up empty on the Internet. That's it for great grandfathers

CHAPTER 24: BYRON AND IDA MILLET



Byron and Ida DeMille Millet

These two folks were my grandmother and grandfather on my mother's side of the family.

Byron Glines Millet was born 1 March 1863 in Gunnison, Sanpete county, Utah, and he died of Kidney disease 7 April 1900 in Springdale, Utah, just 37 years of age.

Byron's grandfather was Artemus Millet.

Father: Joseph Millet, Sr., born: 22 December 1832 in Ernestown, Ontario, Canada

Mother: Sarah Elizabeth Glines, born 13 August 1830 in Franklin, Merrimack, New Hampshire

Ida DeMille was born 2 Dec, 1868 in Shonesburg.

Father: Oliver DeMille

Mother: Emily Beal

Byron and Ida were married in St George, Utah 4 March 1886.

Children of Byron and Ida Millet

1. Byron DeMille, born 6 SEP 1887 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
2. Ira, born 17 DEC 1889 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
3. Roxie, born 6 JUL 1892 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
4. Nora, born 14 OCT 1894 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
5. Vinal, born 10 OCT 1897 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
6. Virgil, born: 10 OCT 1897 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah
7. **Emmaline, born 23 SEPT 1900 in Shonesburg, Washington, Utah**

Ida's husband died 7 April 1900 and my mother Emmaline was born 23 September 1900. When her husband died, Ida was pregnant with mother and she had another six children all under the age of 13. She moved to Rockville and bought the large house built by James Parshall Terry who moved to Hinckley, Utah 1899. Her father Oliver and his two families moved to Rockville 1902-03. Ida never remarried. It's too bad she didn't write about herself and her life in Rockville.

CHAPTER 25: ARTHUR AND EMMALINE TERRY

James Arthur Terry's motto leaves a lot of room for error without condemnation. He always encouraged us "get up and do something even if you do it wrong". And it is true, I don't ever remember my father criticizing me for anything that I did, as long as I was trying. It also means that my father could not tolerate laziness. This was one man that was born to work, and he expected nothing less out of his kids.

My father James Arthur Terry was born in in Rockville in 1896, the year Utah became a state, and my mother was born four years later in Shonesburg. He always went by his second name and was always called Art by those who knew him. Dad only had a grade school education, and following this brief tenure in school, he worked alongside his father tilling the fields and taking care of their livestock. He would have liked nothing better than to be a farmer, but he ended up making an excellent civil engineer.

Children of James Arthur and Emmaline Terry

1. Darwin, born 1 Oct, 1923, Rockville, died Nov. 11, 2012 Salt Lake City
2. Sibyl, born. 25 Nov 1925, Hurricane,, died 13 May 1928 Rockville
3. Dixon, born 27 Jan. 1928, Rockville , died 3 January 2013, St. George, Utah
4. Briten, born 13 Oct. 1931 Cedar City, Utah, died 30 Sept, 2004, Salt Lake City, Utah
5. Kelland, born 11/15/33, Cedar City, Utah
6. Fawn, born 13 may, 1936, Cedar City, Utah
7. Arma, born 11, Nov. 1938, Cedar City, Utah



From left to right: James Arthur, Arma, Briten, Kelland, Fawn, and Emmaline.

I remember when mother arranged to have this photo taken when we were in Price, Utah by a professional photographer, and I am happy that over the years I have been able to gaze upon the faces of my mother and father-yes and my brothers and sisters. Missing are Darwin and Dixon.

Dad served in the army during World War 1, and he worked with his father for a time after he came home. He married my mother Emmaline Millet on 27 December 1922. Dad homesteaded 240 acres of land south of the Virgin River that extended up and onto the mesa to the south of Rockville. He was granted patent to this land, and it was recorded in Washington County, Utah 14 Sept. 1929. It is remarkable that here for the first time, I'm looking at the deed to the patented land my father homesteaded, and lo and behold, the deed seems to have a mistake. The description of the land encloses 240 acres, but the deed says that the total acreage is 351 and eight-six hundredths of an acre. There seems to be something wrong, but it's not in Denmark.

Dad fenced off this property, which seems to include the additional acreage, and at various times leased it to other individuals to graze their sheep or cattle. On the valley floor, south of the Virgin River, he built a home and barn, and he planted fruit trees and a large garden. My Dad worked on this land whenever he was home until he died, and when I was old enough, I worked beside him.

Dad recognized that he needed another source of income, and he took up surveying. This was a good match for his abilities and temperament. Dad eventually taught himself sufficient algebra

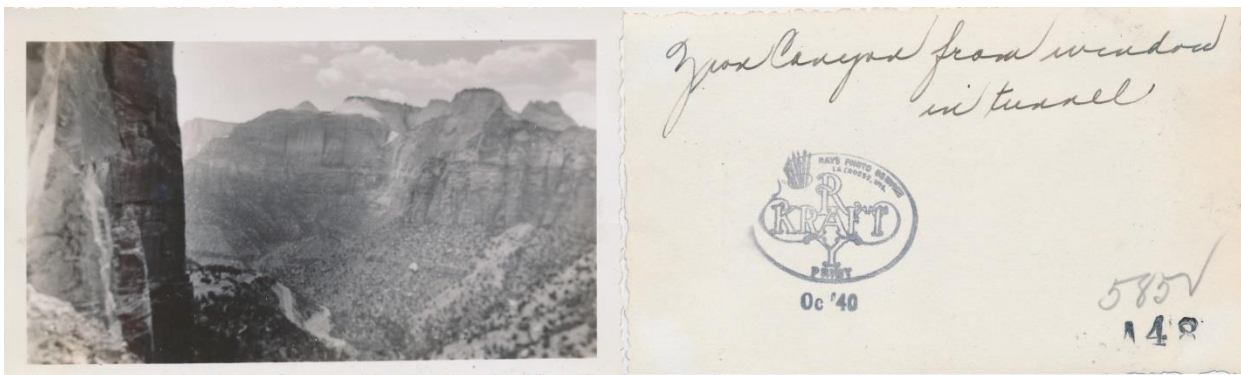
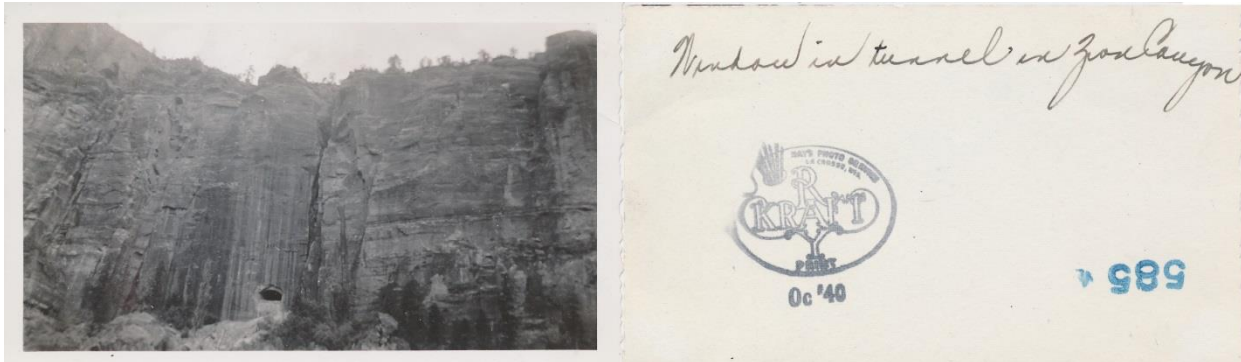
and trigonometry to become a professional civil engineer. He rose from the ashes to become a Resident Engineer in charge of constructing highways for the state of Utah.

My Dad began surveying as a novice in 1927 in Zion National Park. The project involved locating a 25 mile road that led from the bottom of Zion Canyon to upper east Zion and on to Mt. Carmel Junction and highway 89. It also involved locating a 1.1 mile tunnel inside a Navaho sandstone mountain. Dad explained to me that they set up their transits on the opposite hillside and triangulated several points on the face of the cliff where the tunnel was to be built. The workers blasted their way into the mountain at these points and then tunneled in both directions until they met up with the other workers.

Marci Ballard Holms, who works at Zion National Park, secured these pictures for me. She attached this message with the photos:

“The park received these three vacation snapshots October 1940 from an anonymous source. Notice how fresh the debris looks below the tunnel gallery (only 10 years after construction). Also, a view toward the west from a gallery window. Enjoy!”

Thank you, Marci.



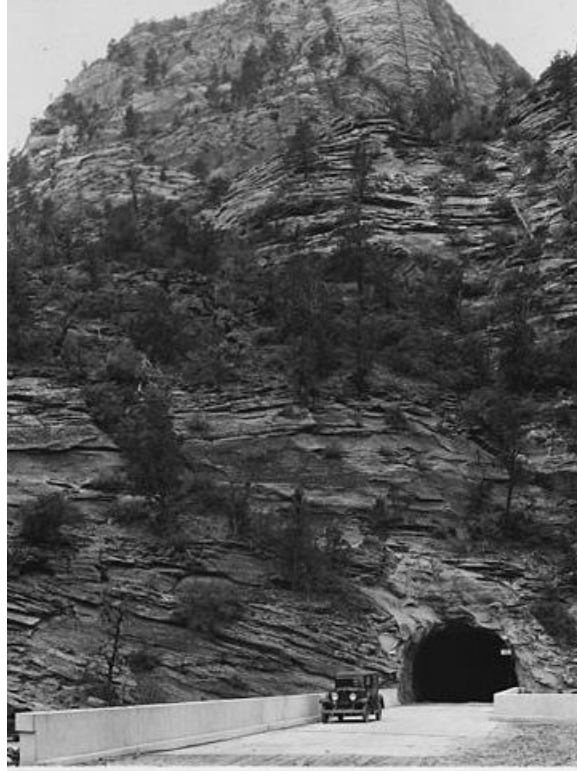


The next photo is of the tunnel under construction at its west entrance. Obviously, the workers were worried that loose rock might fall and either kill someone or destroy the tunnel.



After the tunnel was finished, this area was supported by concrete columns along the walls, and all the rock was covered with concrete. The man sitting, who wears a surveyor's hat, may actually be my dad. If that's Dad, he'd be wearing a tie, which he wore even when weeding the garden.

The next picture shows the other end of the tunnel as it looked in 1929. The tunnel was dedicated, on July 4, 1930. Dad was 34 years old at the time, and just beginning his new found calling as a professional civil engineer. It's a good thing math was easy for him.



A side note might be fun:

The Union Pacific Railroad owned rights to the concessions in Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon National Park, and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. The train brought wealthy tourists from the east to see the wonders of the west. The Union Pacific had a spur to Cedar City, Utah where their patrons would stay at the Escalante Hotel. From there they bused them to Zion National Park, a distance of about 60 miles. At this point there was a problem. How were they going to get the tourists to the other parks? To accomplish this, they lobbied and got a bridge across the Virgin River in Rockville, which made it possible to bus tourists up a very steep, dirt road out of the canyon. The road led to Northern Arizona, and from there to highway 89 and on to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

The historic bridge was built in 1924. Because of the history of the bridge and its unique structure, it is listed on the Federal Register, and the people in Rockville want to keep it intact even though it is reaching a rather old age. Gene Groves, who was once in charge of the maintenance of all the Union Pacific Railroad Bridges west of the Mississippi, explained to me that steel bridges deteriorate much like a wire that weakens and breaks when it is constantly flexed. Their useful life is about 100 years. He also explained that to refurbish this bridge would destroy its original look, cost almost the same as building a new bridge, but its useful life would still be far less. At this moment the Town of Rockville has secured funds to refurbish the old bridge or build a new bridge alongside it. I vote for the new bridge. We can use the other bridge for walking, riding horses, etc.



The bridge across the river was a big asset to those in Rockville with farmland on the south side of the Virgin River, and it was a huge asset to my parents because it provided access to the land my Dad and Mother homesteaded. It also provided a road to Grafton. Dad built a house alongside this road, and that's where I grew up. My mother used to tell me of the buses that passed by until the tunnel in Zion was completed in 1930.



Road out of the canyon becomes very steep and rough towards the top, and virtually impassible when wet.

The rough dirt road out of the Virgin River Canyon to the Arizona Strip became unacceptable to the Union Pacific Railroad, and if you drove it, you would understand why. They lobbied and they got a road leading out of Zion Canyon directly to highway 89. As it turns out this is one of the most beautiful drives anywhere in the world. It allowed the buses to make the grand loop from Zion to the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, and back over Cedar Mountain where the tourists could view Cedar Breaks and back to the Escalante Hotel where they could catch their train.

The following six pictures are snippets of the wonders these tourists witnessed as they made the grand loop before catching their train back east.



Crossing Virgin River in Zion Park near bridge going to the tunnel



The bridge over pine creek is one of the most beautiful bridges in the world.

It is said that the contractor who built this bridge collected sandstone of different colors around the park to build this unique bridge. Unfortunately, he went bankrupt, but the bridge remains as witness to his wonderful artistic work. This bridge leads to the switch backs up the side of the mountain and to the west entrance of the 1.1 mile tunnel.



One view of many beautiful views from the road along Upper East Zion



North Rim Grand Canyon

The Colorado River has laid bare one mile of Earth's geological history



Bryce Canyon National Park

Bryce Canyon was created fairly recently by deposits in an ancient lake that over time water has transformed into the magical spires called hoodoos.



Cedar Breaks National Monument

It is nearly 10,500 feet elevation at the rim of Cedar Breaks, and the land from there drops dramatically to reveal almost 1500 feet of colorful rock and sand.

After the road through Zion was completed, Dad surveyed in northern Utah, and Mother and children followed him much of the time. I remember one tragedy. I don't remember the city, but we were renting a house, and somewhere on this property was the upper portion of an old metal stove. One night I put two young kittens in one of the chambers to protect them from marauding animals. The next morning I opened the door to let them out and they were both dead. I was about three years of age and devastated.

It must have been in about 1937 that we moved back to the old ranch where we lived in a house with no electricity and no bathroom. I used to think this was unique, but later I came to learn that much of the people in rural America in the 1930s used an outhouse to potty, and many still do in some rural areas such as Alaska. There is nothing like taking a bath in a number 3 metal tub using water heated on a wood burning stove, and who doesn't like to potty in an outhouse?

In 1940, my Dad was a civil engineer in charge of surveying the town of Dragerton just north of Price, Utah. This town was created by the U.S. government. The budget was \$5 million dollars. The purpose I assume was to enhance the production of coal in the area for the war effort. I went to the third grade in Price and the fourth grade in Dragerton. I remember visiting the drafting room where my dad worked and the town was plotted out. I was impressed with all the maps open across the drafting tables. And I'm sure I was proud of my dad who only had a six grade education and only knew farming until he was thirty years old, who was now drafting and laying out streets and home sites.

It was the first and only time that my mother, our family, ever got to live in a brand new home with electricity and indoor plumbing. I was about 9 years old at the time.

Unfortunately, the job ran its course, and we moved back to the old ranch in Rockville that had no electricity, and no indoor bathroom. Well, by then we were used to modern conveniences, such as showers with warm water and toilets that you could flush. Dad must have saved a little money because he paid to have electricity run to our home (very expensive), and he built a modern bathroom. The little house wasn't much to look at but it served its purpose much better than before.

My Dad was killed in an accident while supervising the construction of a road in Escalante, Utah. I was told by Steve Rozelle and Travis Hirschi, who were working for Dad, that a young man from Salt Lake came to Escalante to take soil samples on the road being constructed. The young man set his instrument up under a high tension electric line, and when he lifted the boom, it touched the wires. Apparently Dad was working nearby, and he attempted to save his life, but both of them were electrocuted.

My Mother, Emmaline Millet Terry

Nothing evokes more pleasant memories than the thoughts of Mother cooking homemade bread. I must have smiled in great anticipation as she mixed water, yeast and a small amount of sugar in

with the flour to make the wonderful dough that soon would rise and be baked into bread and hopefully scones. When the kneading was done, she would cover the dough with a clean white cloth and wait for it to rise. Then she would turn her attention to preparing the bread pans and cleaning up the tools she had been using. The whole sequence from beginning to end was pleasurable because Mother almost always sang to us as she worked—often at our insistence. After the dough had been kneaded for the last time and the oven had been filled with loaves of bread, Mother would often take the remaining dough and make scones. We topped the hot fried bread with homemade butter and homemade grape jelly. What a great mouthwatering treat this was.

Mother knew many wonderful little children's songs and I sang along as best I could. My ability to carry a tune left much to be desired. Writing this history prompted me to examine the Internet to see if some of Mother's old folk songs were there. Of course they are, everything is on the Internet. Three immediately came to mind: "The Frog went a Courting", "Once there was a pretty little Ford", and "The Preacher went out a hunting". Some are hundreds of years old. My mother also knew many of the songs from the old musicals of the 1920s, and the westerns that she sang in her clear, beautiful voice. On occasion mother sang in Church, but going to Church was not her cup of tea even though she was religious. I'm sure that Dad was not religious, but we never talked about it.

Summers and falls in our house were busy times. Mother canned literally hundreds of bottles of tomatoes, green beans, apples, peaches, apricots, grapes, juices, and chickens that I dutifully cut their heads off and watched them dance around me. A weird sight. I never regretted helping Mother in the kitchen, including washing the hundreds of bottles that were needed. Even today I find it satisfying to work in the kitchen, either cooking or cleaning. I credit this part of my personality and pleasures to my mother. Somehow she took an onerous job, washing dirty bottles, and made it okay.

Mother loved the old ranch in many ways. She always kept a clean, uncluttered house, but she often said that she found it more fun to work in the garden. I remember working by her side picking green beans or peas or some other vegetable. Mother converted the milk we got from our cow into cottage cheese, sour cream, buttermilk, and sweet butter. And of course there was an overabundance of eggs. I suspect diets of many farmers were more healthful than most diets today: It included on a daily basis vegetables, milk, eggs, chickens, cracked wheat, etc. My mother preached constantly about the dangers of eating sugar, and I have avoided sugar throughout my life—well, not quiet. It's hard to pass up an occasional piece of pie or cake, but I have, for example, never put sugar on breakfast cereals or in my coffee. And I have for many years avoided soft drinks with sugar. My mother constantly preached against having sex five times a day, just kidding, sex was never mentioned in our family. Mother made me promise not to smoke and not to drink alcoholic drinks. The first I religiously held to, but I do enjoy a sociable drink.

About the time I was in my junior and senior year in high school, my mother and father joined a group in Rockville that danced once a week. I believe this was a wonderful outlet for them, especially for my mother.

I have nothing but fond, happy memories of my mother. Unfortunately she died a relatively young woman. I hope she knew how much she meant to us. I did frequently tell her that the only reason I milked the cow was because of her. I loved my Mom.

There was one event that occurred not long after my brother Darwin was born. I recently (January 12, 2016) got this newspaper article from Travis who got it from his son, Kendal. Women were not too important when this article was written in 1924, but the wife in question is my mother, Emmaline, and the son is brother Darwin who was just 2 ½ months old.

Rockville, December 15, 1924.--A serious accident occurred here Sunday after noon. Arthur Terry, his wife and infant son, and Alma Hirschi, riding in a Ford coupe ran off the road and were catapulted down a steep embankment between here and Springdale. The steering rod broke as the car was making a bad curve, causing the accident. Mr and Mrs Terry were not seriously hurt, but the baby's face was badly cut from flying glass. Alma Hirschi was thrown from the car, his head striking a large rock and causing slight concussion. The road was unfrequented at the time and the party succeeding in extricating themselves by climbing through the car top and started to walk back to Rockville. They were overtaken by Alvin DeMill on horseback who brought word of the accident and another car was sent out to bring them home. --Washington County News.

Brother Darwin



Darwin about 20 years of age

My friend and childhood classmate, Willard Hirschi, spent a great deal of time researching the history of the men and women from Rockville who served in the military. He must have thousands of hours of taped interviews with almost everyone who ever lived in Rockville. He began talking to my brother Darwin in 2008 when "Doc" was 85 years of age. From Willard: "Once again I note he has a remarkably good memory. He remembers amazing detail. I've interviewed hundreds of old people. He certainly ranks with the best in memory."

He found at that time Doc still smoked unfiltered Pall Mall cigarettes. Since Darwin smoke unfiltered cigarettes, it is amazing that he lived to be 89 with an intact memory.

Willard spent a great deal of time with Darwin and wrote a 28 page bio of him, in particular his time in the Navy Air Force. Willard said he grew to like Darwin. From Willard's interview of other people he heard them say: "Darwin looked like his mother Emmaline with a very strong jaw and a wide face. He had tons of thick, wavy, dark brown hair, like a Rock Hudson, but with dark brown eyes. All the girls in Rockville swooned over him when he was young."

"As teenagers, Darwin and Raynel Jennings jointly owned a convertible.....With the car the boys could romance the girls... Not one to play favorites the boys not only romanced the girls in Rockville but also the surrounding towns."

Soon after Darwin graduated from high school, he joined the U.S. Navy Air Force, about 1942. He flew combat missions out of the Philippines, and possibly other islands, in a Martin PBM-5 bomber. Their orders were to bomb the Islands captured by the Japanese and sink any enemy submarines that ventured in the area. Thanks Willard.



The plane had five gun turrets, and the bombs were located as part of the housing for the two motors. It had two 100 horse power engines and floats to land on water. The planes were about 80 feet long. There was a seven man crew aboard. I'm not certain what position Darwin held. According to Wikipedia none of these planes were lost by enemy fire, and very few crashed with mechanical problems. They were used to wage war against the Germans and Japanese.

Darwin's first marriage was to a woman by the name of Wanda Day. They had one daughter, they named Teralynn. I remember Wanda well and Teralynn because they stayed with us in Rockville for a while. Doc told Willard that Wanda died of emphysema.

After Darwin and Wanda divorced, he married Marion Lang whose husband, a Korean War veteran, had died of a brain tumor. She had a house in Grants, New Mexico and Darwin wanted out of the insurance business in Law Vegas. Settling in Grants they started repairing the home which had been a rental and was in 'awful shape.' They painted and repaired the home while Marion, an excellent steno, worked for the city.

Darwin went to work for the Grants water department as assistant manager. The city water came from wells which was pumped into a big reservoir above the city. Darwin characterized it "as a mess." (Grants is one hour west of Albuquerque on I-40) They were in Grants about a year by the time the home was repaired and sold. By then Darwin was tired of the water department. He

made a trip to Vegas and once again went back into the insurance adjusting business. Marion took up residence in St. George with their four children: Lee, Kim, Dave, and Lang.

Darwin readily admitted that he had a problem with alcohol, which began when he was a young man and continued until he was in his middle 70s. Willard said the subject of his drinking came up often in their conversations, but Darwin said he was not an alcoholic; he said he was a booze fighter. We may never know just how bad his alcohol problem was. I personally never saw him drink to excess, and I was around him a lot when he was in his 30s.

Darwin was always kind to me and I found him enjoyable on fishing trips and deer hunting expeditions. He went to college and I discovered by chance several essays he wrote, and they were excellent. I remember one he wrote on how to cook a perfectly fried egg. He told Willard that at one point he did think about becoming a writer, but he said he had other things to do—too bad, that might have been his calling. When he was older, he was mostly a salesperson, and in the last 10 or more years of his life, he lived alone in a setting with other like men in Salt Lake City where he died.

Brother Dixon

Arthur Dixon went by his middle name, and sometime later he became known as Dick. I most often called him brother Dixon. Dixon was the opposite of Darwin on many levels. He was more dynamic, self-assured, and a self-motivator. He always took responsibility for his actions, and befriended those who needed help the most.



In our family, we always added brother or sister when referring to one of our siblings. I know a great deal about Dixon because we hunted and fished together, were in the manufactured home business as partners, and for several years, we searched throughout Nevada for the elusive pot of gold.

Dixon was born with great energy, intelligence, and zeal for life that sent him flying off into many diverse and interesting activities. In high school and for many years after he loved playing tennis, basketball, horseshoes, Ping-Pong and other games. His greatest love and recreational activity was fishing and deer hunting in the great outdoors. Uncle Virgil, a man known for his

wise puns, used to tell people this story. He said when hunting with Dixon, “we hiked into the mountains until it got too rugged to walk, then we climbed in the jeep and rode the rest of the way”.

Dixon was an incredible shot with a hunting rifle. Once when we were gold mining in the mountains we saw a jackrabbit crossing the dirt lane several hundred feet away. Before the rabbit could clear the rode, Dixon brought him down with his rifle. He rarely missed a deer he was aiming at.

Even the Jeep just could not take Dixon deep enough into the rugged outback to satisfy him. He needed to own a helicopter, and learn to fly it to reach the unreachable: To find the highest most remote lake to drop a worm into, and the most forbidden isolated mountain to chase deer. To do that you needed money, lots of money. Everyone in our family knew he would become a millionaire. Helicopters were not cheap.

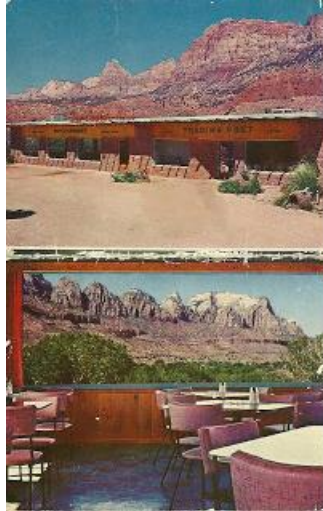
Dixon was drafted into the army shortly after graduating from high school. He spent most of his time in Japan during its occupation following World War II. Later he attended Utah State University where among other subjects he took chemistry. I only mention this because it likely helped fuel his lifelong love of metallurgy and the search for gold.

It wasn't long after this that he married Connie Madsen, a wonderful lady, and he began his family, his greatest legacy. Eventually Dixon and Connie had six children, three boys: Vince, Courtney, and Rocky, and three girls, Vila, Debbie, and Pamela. They are all handsome, successful people who my brother spoke fondly of in a proud voice. Each of his children has in turn given birth to several children and Dixon's legacy continues.

Dixon's search for a business that would reward him with the success he wanted took him into numerous fields and business endeavors. In this regard, he was a very busy man. He first worked in Springdale for his father-in-law not long after he married Connie. He was in hopes of promoting Julius Madsen's vision of Springdale as a village of artists. The Saturday Evening Post magazine had a feature article about Julius Madsen entitled “the best 30,000 dollars I ever spent”. But, unfortunately, this dream died.

Dixon and Tim Ballard went to California and bought a water-drilling rig. Monta Ballard told me the first well was spectacular. They made 50 feet the first day. Dixon thought he had it made. After that things got much slower and Dixon went on to other ventures. He ran a tree trimming business with Steve Rozelle and was part owner in a clothing store in Cedar City, also with a friend of mine. He harvested and sold Christmas trees, sold insurance, analyzed phone use for the casinos in Las Vegas, and he built houses, roads, and subdivided property.

He built a restaurant and curio store with his own hands just below Springdale that he called the Eagle's nest. This was in the 1950's.



THE EAGLE'S NEST RESTAURANT
Complete Menu
featuring
Char-Broiled Steaks
and
Mountain Trout on the Fire
Zion National Park
Springdale, Utah
DIXON TERRY, MANAGING OWNER

He always had unique ideas to draw people in. Out in front of the Eagle's nest, he built a wooden Indian all dressed up in the finest buckskin coat with a handsome head bonnet, a striking Indian chief. The women tourists often sidle up to it, one on either side to get their pictures taken. Unknown to them Dixon had a speaker in the wooden Indian. At some point, he would get on the mike and say: "Ugh me feel like a polygamist". This would make the two startled women scream and jump before bursting into laughter. It was great fun for the tourists and for Dixon too. He had a real Navaho family, small kids included, that lived next to the curio store in a hogan Dixon built. They weaved their own yarn and made Indian blankets that Dixon bought and sold in his store. And he owned a donkey that guarded the premises. That particular donkey was the most ornery critter you have ever seen. When loose he would chase the tourists. It didn't pay for them to have their car window rolled down and their arm exposed because that donkey would chase alongside the car and try to bite. We took the donkey hunting once, but the first hill we came to he promptly lay down and refused to go with us. No, we did not pick that donkey up and carry him, but we did carry the supplies. Smart Donkey!

The Eagle's nest was making a living for his family, but Dixon was sure he could do better. He moved his family to Las Vegas where in the beginning he sold cars. Dixon was a terrific salesman because he was a very likeable, friendly person with a warm smile. People wanted to buy from him. He set a record for sales at the dealership. He sold at least one car every day for several months in a row, something like a 100 days. Unfortunately, for the other sales people, they were always berated for not doing as well as Dixon. Dixon said the dealership meetings they routinely had were not pleasant.

Dixon easily made friends with the people he encountered, which helps to explain why he was a terrific salesman. On one occasion when he was touring Europe he sat next to an Egyptian who was on his way home. The man invited Dixon to stay with him while he visited Egypt. Dixon said the man was a wealthy Arab who lived in a palatial villa. Dixon was even provided with his own personal servant.

Dixon never encumbered an obligation that he did not meet, and he always paid his debts. I can attest to that because I loaned him \$200 dollars when I was in high school, which he promptly paid even though at that time he had very little money.

Selling cars was making a good living, but Dixon realized that he might do even better selling mobile homes. He was not disappointed. However, as good as selling mobile homes was, he soon realized that he could do much, much better if he owned a mobile home dealership.

It is very difficult to begin a dealership in cars or mobile homes unless you have a bundle of money to buy the homes. You need a bank to give you a line of credit, which means the bank actually buys the homes that you display. You also need a bank to finance the homes you sell unless you sell for cash. In this case, you're talking about millions of dollars. Finally, you need to have a manufacturer that is willing to sell the homes to you. This he had because he had made friends with Jessy Carosco at Skyline Corporation.

At first Dixon bought two or three Skyline homes for cash, which he sold for cash. This actually worked for a while, but he needed more homes for display and he needed a bank to buy the contracts. Herein lies the ingenious plan that Dixon devised. He first went to one of the local banks and told them he would have \$100,000 deposited in their bank if they would agree to floor his homes and buy the contracts. \$100,000 doesn't seem like much today, but back in the 1960s, it was more equivalent to a million dollars in today's money. He then went to an insurance company and told them he would double their interest rate if they would put \$100,000 on deposit in this bank. Both the bank and the insurance company went for it and the rest is history.

He was soon selling 30 or more homes a month and became a millionaire a few years later. And of course he bought his first helicopter, chased coyotes across the desert, with the bankers aboard naturally, and he took his sons, his brothers, and his ancient uncle Virgil and uncle Vinyl hunting in the most remote regions above Zion that he could possibly find. We didn't shoot any deer but we did chase them across the flats with the helicopter.

He brought the helicopter to Carson City where he got a cease and desist warning because he landed in a vacant lot in the middle of town. He took me fishing at the highest, most remote lakes in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Upon landing, we would blow up an inflatable raft and fish. This caused him to get another cease and desist order because at that time he was not yet licensed to carry a passenger. I had a lot of trust in my brother because to fly a helicopter is a little like playing the piano—both hands and both feet are busy doing different things.

So, I joined in his quest for gold. For several years, we searched for gold all over Nevada, from the gold fields in the most remote areas surrounding Lake Mead to the Black Rock Desert that stretches to Idaho. We dug oar from 300 feet down in a dangerous, musty mine, and we climbed Nevada's mountain peaks. We were billionaires on several occasions, but alas, each time it only lasted for a fleeting moment. I'll relate one example of how a billion was in our sight but slipped away.

As I said Dixon was a very likeable person who made friends wherever we went. The assayer in Fallon, Nevada was no exception. One day he called Dick and told him that a group of men had discovered a rock formation that was rich with ore. It ran 3 and 1/2 ounces per ton, and they had already gone to Colorado to work out the best method of recovering the gold. The assayer called because he knew of another area with the same ore close by theirs. He obviously trusted Dick to give him a portion. We went to the site and brought back some ore samples to the assayer in Fallon. It tested more than one ounce per ton: More than enough to make us billionaires. There was virtually a mountain of this stuff, but we didn't rush out and buy any equipment; we had been through this before. We took a compressor back to this formation, drilled holes in the rock, dynamited, and rushed back to the assayer with more samples. These samples ran 1/10th of an ounce per ton: Still enough to make us billionaires. Once more, we rushed back to the formation and gathered more samples. As you can guess, these samples had no gold. Even those we had assayed previously now showed no gold. What was behind this strange reversal of fortune? We believe the assayer had coated his grinding equipment with a layer of gold that slowly wore off with each use because he had been working on some enriched ore that ran 100 ounces per ton. The assayer never did buy this explanation, but in any event, we stopped our search for the elusive pot of gold.

Dixon was always the champion of those he thought needed help. He would go out of his way to encourage them or help them financially. He enjoyed paying his employees more than they could earn anywhere else, and he admonished me to do the same. He also advised me never to make "an unconscionable loan". Primarily this is a loan that you know the person can never repay because he makes insufficient money. It is a fraudulent loan of the worst kind. Of course, this is the primary reason that banks and financial institutions failed a few years ago during the great recession. They failed because unscrupulous real estate agents, land developers, and lending institutions all turned a blind eye to this simple principal. They sold thousands of homes to people who could not make their payments. The banks and mortgage companies that made these loans bundled them up with other loans and sold them to other lending institutions, which were guaranteed by yet another third party. They became the toxic loans that finally came home to roost. I have waited in vain to hear the term "unconscionable loan" used to explain the financial mess made by people with no conscience. Perhaps this was Dixon's own unique phrase, but it's a good one. It's too bad that everybody didn't adhere to it.

It is extremely sad that Dixon, an intelligent, robust man, was robbed of much of his life by a pernicious disease that impaired his thinking and prevented him from interacting normally with his children and with his brothers and sisters. It saddened me to the point that it made me ill. The more I tried to help him, the more it failed. We shall never know just how much his mind was poisoned by the chemicals that he worked with for many years. Lead and mercury are harsh, dangerous chemicals that accumulate in the body and can lead to confusion and mental disease, and he worked with these constantly for many years often bending over a hot furnace.

There is also the possibility that he developed schizophrenia in his fifties, but it is usually a young man's disease.

Dixon did recover from some of his disability, at least to the point he could continue to enjoy life with his hobby, which was to assay for precious minerals. He became the envy of the park where he lived because he enjoyed his work to the fullest; he didn't need TV, singing choirs, or baseball for his entertainment. He had his ores and his furnace. Things were not perfect for him, but I believe they were much better than what they might have been.

It was during this period of his life that Dixon invented an ointment to treat rashes. Dixon was plagued with a bad rash on his hands and legs for many years. The sores were painful and unsightly. Medical doctors treated him with various ointments but all failed. Dixon made his ointment from raw beeswax and olive oil. He rubbed this ointment over his rash for several weeks and lo and behold the painful, unsightly rash disappeared. Whether this was the power of positive thinking or the ointment, perhaps we shall never know. However, I think it was the ointment. He manufactured and sold his salve for a few years but was forced to quit because of government regulations. Since then I have seen other companies marketing a similar product.

Dixon went to the happy hunting grounds in January 2013 when he was close to 85 years of age.

Brother Briten

Most of the activities of Dixon when we were young also apply to Briten because the brothers frequently carried out these activities together. Briten loved to play tennis and basketball, and the two of us spent many hours in our backyard shooting hoops on a dirt court. From the time he was 14 years of age until he graduated from high school, he spent his summers working in Zion National Park, although you were supposed to be at least 16. When I worked in Zion at the restaurant one summer between the 10th and 11th grade, I was told by the manager he would fire me on the spot if it were not for Briten, and just because I threw a bucket of water on him. People sometimes have no sense of humor.



Briten and Tina

After Briten left high school, he joined the Air Force and was stationed in Europe for most of his tenure of four years. He was medic during this time. While in Europe he met a beautiful Jewish girl by the name of Tina VonZon. They were married and she returned to the U.S. with him. They had two children together they named Yvette, who became a physicist, and Gordon. Briten and Tina split up and he married Carol Lynn Sproul, and they had two children: Sarah, and James Scott.

In college he studied civil engineering, and this yielded him a job as a design engineer for the State of Utah Department of Transportation. For many years, he had a group working under him designing highways. An outside engineering group was contracted to design some of the work on the highway through Parley's Canyon. This group failed and Briten took it upon himself to calculate all the slopes necessary for the curves on this highway. He received high praise for his work.

Briten was 73 years of age when he died in Salt Lake City after a series of strokes.

Sister Fawn Terry Stirling

While growing up, we often moved to new locations until I was in the 5th grade because of Dad's work. This meant that we children had to rely more upon each other than might have otherwise been the case. Even in Rockville we were the over-the-river kids which meant we were somewhat out of touch with the other children, especially when we were young. I made mud pies with my sisters, and they helped me build roads in the dry washes. I remember the pets we

shared, my sisters curling my hair, my attempts at playing teacher, and the frequent times we danced together over the years. One day to my sisters' misfortune, I began digging out a nest of yellow jackets that lived in the ground just in front of our old chicken coup, which is still there to this day. My sisters, who were helping me with this project, were stung before they could make their escape. I'm still apologizing for that mistake. My early and strong association with my sisters helped shape my personality.

Fawn married Tom Stirling, a friend of mine that I had gone to college with and surveyed with in Blanding, Utah.



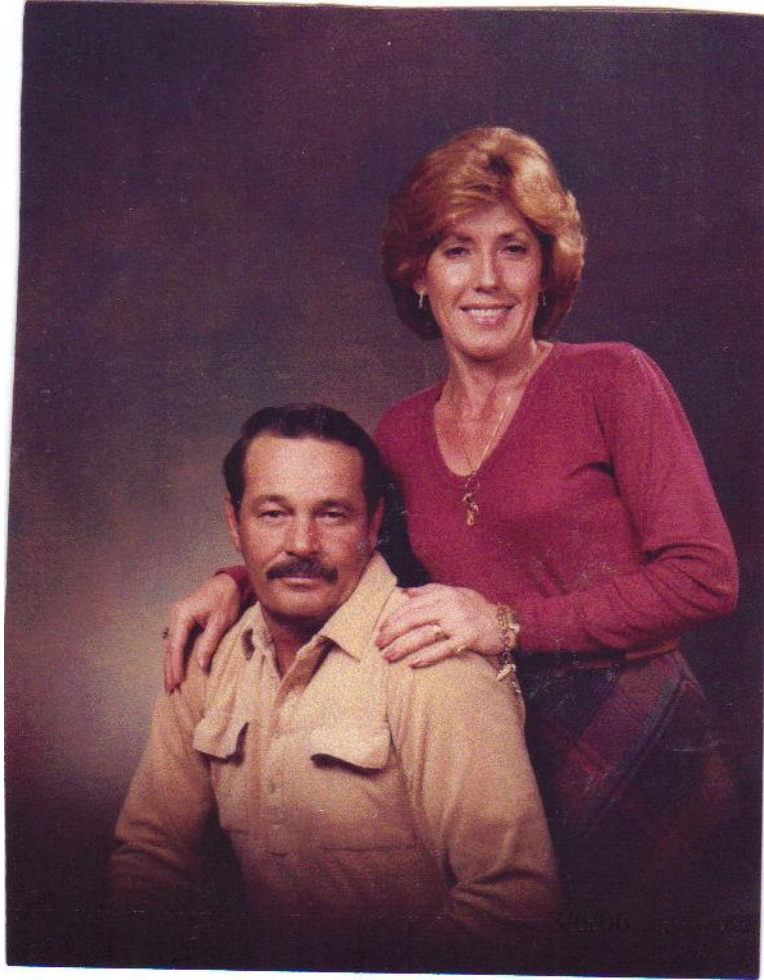
Picture of Tom and Fawn in their retirement years

They moved to Henderson, Nevada and had three children: Sandra, Janet, and Ronald. Fawn was in charge of the school lunch programs for Basic High School in Henderson until she retired. She and Tom loved golf, and my wife Mary and I met with them and played golf whenever we could. We also visited with them on several occasions at their beautiful second home at Duck Creek on Cedar Mountain. For the most part Fawn is and was always calm, sensible, and loves to talk about anything.

Sister Arma Terry Hirschi (Daley)

My sister Arma was and is very spritely, outgoing, and full of life. Wherever she has lived she has garnered many friends, and this is true today in Wyoming where she has lived for many years on a golf course with Bill Daley. It isn't unusual for them to have a hundred people at their home for a new year's party. If Arma arrived somewhere first, I simply became Arma's brother.

Arma's first husband was Michael Hirschi who grew up with Arma in Rockville. They became bonded in grade school, married in Las Vegas, and lived together until Michael's untimely car accident that ended his life in 1994.



They had three children together, but unfortunately all three children passed away while young. Their first child, Michelle, died when she was 1 ½ years of age, and Alan, their only boy, died in a car accident when he was a young boy. Their daughter Becky married and gave birth to two children, a boy named Shane, and a daughter named Samantha who is shown with Arma in the picture below. Becky died from cancer.



Arma with granddaughter Samantha

Maybe I should add that since this picture was taken, Samantha has trimmed her weight and looks like a younger version of her grandmother.

Michael and Arma lived in Las Vegas where Michael became a foreman for Bill Daley who built high rise casinos in Las Vegas. Bill Daley and his wife, Marilyn, and Michael and Arma became close friends. Bill lost his wife to cancer and Michael was killed in a car accident. Sometime later Arma and Bill got together and have enjoyed each other's company for more than 20 years.



Arma was a travel agent in Las Vegas for many years but her true love was golf. She outdid us all in this sport. Arma was club champion of the Boulder City Ladies' Golf tournament in 1978, and runner up in 1979. The year she was runner up, Arma was ahead one stroke after the first day of play and down 3 strokes after 27 holes, but she bounced back with superb putting to come within one hole of tying the match. It's tough to win two championships in a row but she came close.



Newspaper photo

CHAPTER 26: GROWING UP IN ROCKVILLE

There were no TVs, no computers, no cell phones, no iPads, no movie houses, no museums, no trampolines, no tennis courts, no swimming pools, no electronic games, no libraries, no shopping malls, no restaurants, etc., and the only phone in town was a pay phone. This phone was located near the only store in town, which was owned and operated by Aunt Lamar Terry (obviously with her husband Uncle Marvin Terry in the background).



At one time this was a small grocery store; now there is no grocery store in Rockville. To the right, barely visible, was Uncle Marvin Terry's house. Immediately left of the store is LDS Church.

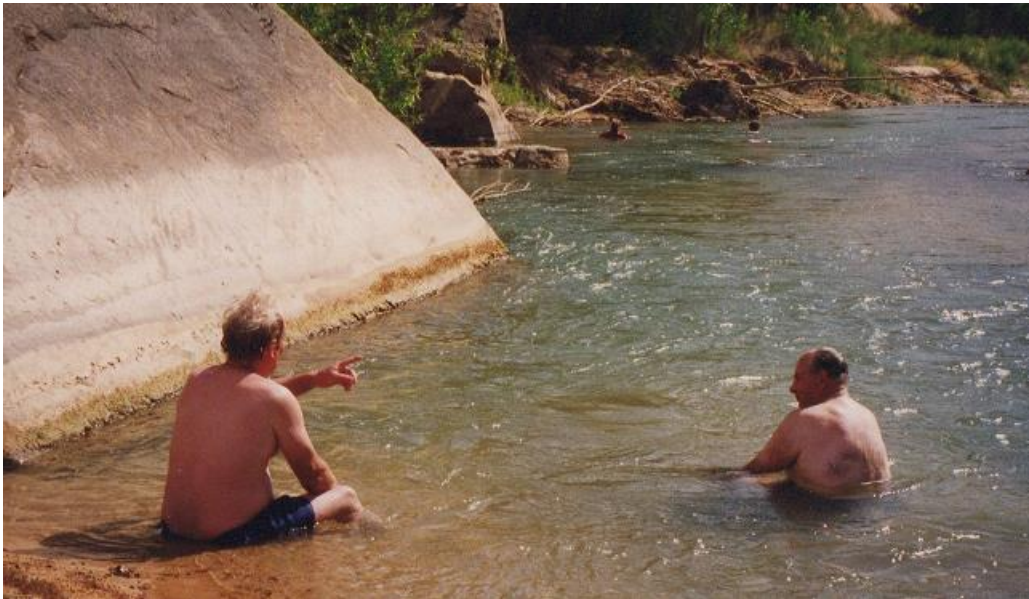
The only radio reception was KSL in Salt Lake City and a powerful megawatt station broadcasting mostly advertising from Mexico.

As a kid we knew almost nothing about African Americans, Latinos, Asians, or any other race because everyone in Rockville was a white Mormon of European descent. This meant, fortunately, that we had no prejudices against any other race because they were simply not part of our lives and were rarely discussed.

All the families were farmers or ranchers, and the first thing we were taught was to be self-reliant. Dad would not even consider calling in an electrician, plumber, carpenter, excavator, or any handyman of any description. If there was a problem or if something needed to be built, you did it yourself, and if you were lucky, a family member or friend was there to help you. That was the way it was done on our farm, and I'm sure this applied to most of the people in town. And that's the way I was trained.

Although Rockville in the 30s, 40s, and early 50s was likely similar to other small towns across the nation, Rockville was in some ways very unique. We had the Virgin River to swim in daily, the high beautiful peaks around us to climb, and a unique Mormon culture that promoted athletics, dancing, writing and putting on short musicals. And we had hunting and fishing and all that entails including camping in the mountains. Recently I read that children who spend a goodly portion of their time outdoors in the bright sunshine are less likely to need glasses. It also kept us trim and in good shape. There were no fat kids in Rockville.

Over the years I have told people that I was spawned in the Virgin River because I and the other kids in Rockville spent many happy hours swimming in the river or sunning ourselves on the sand along the bank, or often in the spring piling warm sand over our bodies when the river ran cold. There was one very peculiar situation. The boys refused to wear swimming suits, and the girls of course, who usually wore swimming suits, wanted to share the same good swimming hole. This was hotly debated between the sexes and was even debated in Church, but nothing was ever done about the situation. This situation was resolved at least one summer when one of the older boys used a pickup to haul the boys down river several miles where there was another good swimming hole. And for the most part it was resolved for me after the 10th grade because I worked away from Rockville during the summers. I cannot justify what we boys did then, nor even understand it, especially since I tend to always be fully clothed and quite prudish. However, back then in grade school nudity didn't mean much. I remember one tourist on the green bridge a few hundred feet away who stopped and asked us if he could take our pictures. We didn't care. Perhaps we ended up in some porn magazine, but that was beyond our ken. Thank God, there was no Internet.



Kelland, Gene Groves, and downstream is Gene's wife Monika and my wife Mary

The huge boulder to the left has been diverting the Virgin River to the right for hundreds of years. The pool it creates is about 8 feet deep. The gray boulder came from conglomerate rock at the top of the mesa. It likely fell several million years ago.

On one occasion when we were in grade school, Willard Hirschi, who later became the track coach at BYU, came to our farm in the middle of a thunderstorm. The land in back of the old farm had many fingers of hillsides extending out into the valley, perhaps 75 feet high, that were covered with soft earth. When the heavens opened up, it spelled the end of a heat wave, and in the exhilaration of the moment, Willard and I shed our clothes and ran like wild animals up and down the mountains with the rain pouring off our naked bodies. Years later neither one of us could remember the other boys that we vaguely remembered being there with us nor could we accurately guess our age, but we both remember jumping down the hills like wild goats.



The house where I was raised used to sit not far from the large, leafless umbrella tree. We owned the mountain in back of us, and the gray hills are where we scampered and ran during a thunderstorm.

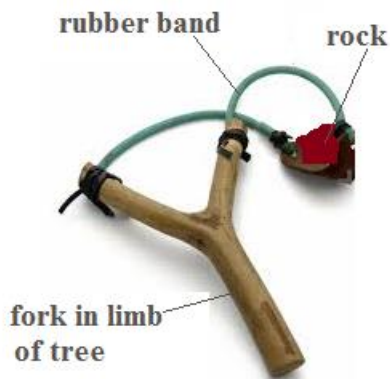
Willard wrote that the kind thing to do was to write a bio of your life for your children. I'm giving it a shot, Willard.



Willard Hirschi

When we were teenagers, the boys frequently played a game we called rubbers. We cut strips about ½ inch wide from an inner tube of natural rubber. A strip, about 1 ½ feet long, was held at one end with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and the other end was stretched to the rear with the left hand. When stretched to its full length and let fly, it easily traveled 30 or more feet at high velocity. The rule was, you couldn't hit somebody in the head, but once hit you were out of the game. The last man standing was the winner. Everybody got pretty good at sucking in their gut and whipping their bodies away from a rubber missile.

On one occasion, and one only, we played the same game using what we called flippers, and what are now called slingshots. I plugged Willard Hirschi in the chest with a rock while he was climbing through a fence and that was the end of that game. Willard said years later he was still angry at the person who hit him. I had to fess up that it was me. I reminded him that he helped make up the game, but I do feel guilty.



Flipper



Slingshot used by David against Goliath

David swung a stone around his head and let it fly against Goliath by releasing one end of the leather thong. In contrast, the stone held by the flipper is send flying when the rubber band is stretched and released. Come on world; stop calling a flipper a slingshot.

As teenagers, one of the most memorable mountain climbs for me was the day that Travis Hirschi and I climbed up under the Eagle Crag, which are several thousand feet above the valley floor. The hillside directly beneath the high Navaho sandstone peaks is very steep, and the soil is composed of a deep layer of coral sand.



Sandy slope beneath the majestic Eagle Crag.

It was like flying when we raced down this steep, sandy hill, and the bushes we jumped seemed to rush towards us. We cleared those bushes in a single bound just like Superman. Later, I realized that we were fortunate that we did not land in a bed of cactus or on the spines of a yucca.



Utah Yucca

Boys will be Boys

The only person who died by falling from the cliffs surrounding Rockville was Albert Hirschi, and the cause of his death is unknown. Albert was 18 years of age and the eldest son of Goeblick Hirschi, a very prominent man in Rockville, which means Albert was no dummy. The story is told that Albert jumped off a cliff because he was told a bear or Indians were coming. To me this is a very unlikely explanation. It is more likely that it was an accident or even murder, and perhaps alcohol was involved.

In a short sketch of the Hirschi family, Travis relates this story about his relative Joe Hirschi that may or may not be true, although Travis' older brother Melville thought it to be true. The story goes that Joe and his friend rode their horses into the church building in Rockville while in session and sprayed the ceiling with bullets. This incident likely took place in the 1880s. Perhaps in 1887 when James Parshall was gone, otherwise he might have mentioned it in his autobiography. On the other hand, he may well have left it out to protect the image of the Church. The church building in question was likely built shortly after 1869 when the original church burned down. This church was erected close to the present day grade school built in 1912. It seems that this church building was used until 1932, when the present day church was erected and the old church was torn down. Melville said he saw the bullet holes in the ceiling, which was likely sometime in the 1920s. Perhaps the old church ceiling was logs, which meant it was not easy to hide the bullet holes.

Travis tells me the church building in the 1880s had large double doors with few steps leading into the building. It may well be that the doors were open for ventilation on a hot day in July or

August. This could easily be true because in those days there was no air conditioning, and the temperature in Rockville could have easily been more than 100 degrees. Maybe Joe and his friend were riding by on their horses and saw the open doors, almost inviting them to enter. The temptation was too much to resist. The two young men were quickly excommunicated from the Mormon Church.



Present day Mormon Church House in Rockville, Utah built in the 1930s.

Travis also tells this story about his Uncle Joe: “Joe and two other men were riding in Joe’s car when he tipped it over, again on Rockville’s single street. Witnesses arriving on the scene found the three men trapped in the car singing and laughing at what had happened. This seemed to be Mel’s favorite story. The two men with Joe just happened to be our grandfather, David Terry, and Joe’s brother, our grandfather Henry Hirschi. I have no independent confirmation of this story, but it has the ring of truth.” David Terry was my grandfather as well as Travis’, and grandfather was a very sedate quiet spoken man. Boys will be boys.

Travis continues: “Everyone knows this one: Joe had his thumb pulled off in a roping accident. He picked it up, stuck it on and wrapped it up with his handkerchief. The operation worked. It grew back, but he didn’t do a very good job. It looked funny from then on.”

I don't think I can top the escapades of Travis' Uncle Joe, but I do have a pretty good one of Brother Dixon.

My sister Arma tells this story. The store and restaurant that Dixon owned had two floors. The bottom floor was a basement with a large walk in freezer. The large freezer was seldom full of Dixon's supplies, and during deer season, he allowed other people to store their deer in it.. One day without warning the game warden showed up at the store with two sheriffs. The game warden was quite certain Dixon's large freezer was full of illegal deer. He demanded to inspect the premises. Dixon was in a panic. He had six deer hanging in the freezer and none of them had tags. Dixon asked the game warden if they had a search warrant, which fortunately he did not. At that point, the disgruntled game warden left for St. George to get a warrant. He left one agent in back of the store and one in front. There was no way to get the deer off the premises, and no way to get the deer out of the basement because there was no stairs leading from the basement to the curio shop and restaurant. Dixon called his sister Arma and asked her to get as many deer tags as she could and bring them to him in a hurry. She and Monta Ballard located a number of tags, but there were still two deer left without tags.

Dixon did have a plan. There was a hole in the basement roof that led to the floor above. The hole came out under a jewelry display case. When Arma and Monta arrived at the store, they handed Dixon the tags down through the hole in the floor. There were two tags shy of being enough. Dixon lifted one deer at a time through the hole, and Arma and Monta grabbed the deer from above and dragged them under the Jewelry display. I believe they hid one under some moccasins in a display case. Shortly thereafter, the game warden showed up with the warrant. Dixon told him that everything was in order, and he led him into the basement to inspect the meat locker.

The game warden's eyes widened with mixture of surprise and anger when he saw all the deer had tags. He was pissed. He asked Dick to read the tags to him. Dixon said he began reading the tags, but came to one that was completely different from the others. He said he made up a number that sounded like the other tags and moved to the next deer. The strange tag was an old one from some previous year. And that's the end of the story except the game warden wanted to know why Dixon made him drive to St. George and get a warrant. Dixon said, "I guess I don't like you Bill". Poaching was common back then. One little girl in Rockville brought a set of antlers to her grade school for show and tell. Her father had just killed it out of season. And no, the little girl was not one of Dixon's daughters.

The boys from Rockville

The six boys in Rockville that were my age were all better than average athletes, but at that time in grade school none was as good as Larry Ballard.



Recreation building in Rockville

In the sixth grade, we challenged the boys of Hurricane to a dual in basketball. Hurricane had at least five boys for every boy in Rockville, but we trounced them, and the hero was Larry. He made most of the points. The building we played in was the recreation building shown above.

Larry Ballard inherited part of the Cane beds Ranch on the Arizona Strip, and he remained a rancher most of his life, a cowboy at heart. Later Willard Hirschi out did us all in basketball. He set a state scoring record for all high schools in Utah (26 per game), and the team that year set a state scoring record of 76 points per game. We won our district and went to Salt Lake for the tournament to decide state champion. We became the Cinderella team when we won our first game, but we all cried when we lost the next one by a few points. Willard also ran the high hurdles and played basketball for BYU. He later became BYU's beloved track coach, a position held for many years.

I greatly enjoyed being on the basketball team even though I was only put into a game when we were 30 points ahead with two minutes to play. Our principal Maurice Nuttall suggested that I try out for the team when I was a senior because all of my brothers had played for the Hurricane High School Tigers. To my surprise, I made the team even though I was a senior, only 5'6" tall, and had not played in any previous years. I do remember when we were warming up one night that someone in the stands yelled and asked me if I ever missed. Obviously, the coach screwed up! At least, he might have. He also tried to do me in with tennis that year, but I forced a playoff and won.

Basketball was always a big part of our lives. One cold Christmas day, Dixon got the boys in Rockville together to play basketball in the town's recreation building. There was no heat in the building, and the dance floor was slick. Dixon came up with something akin to kerosene to clean the floor. The building reeked, but our feet stuck to the floor and we played basketball the rest of

the afternoon in a frigid building. You did not want to get in Dixon's way when he was driving to the basket. I can still see him climbing over bodies as he drove for a layup.

At this time in the early 50s, the Mormon Church had the largest basketball tournament in the world. To enter this tournament, you had to win your region, and for the Rockville boys, it meant you had to beat teams from Las Vegas, Cedar City, St George and other teams in the area. The Rockville historian, Wayne Stout had this to say: "To qualify for the church tournament in Salt Lake City, held February 25, the Rockville team had to win a Southern Utah tournament held at St. George consisting of 8 stakes, which was completed February 14 [1953]."

A stake in the Mormon Church consists of many different churches. Rockville met and defeated three teams to win the tournament. In the first game, Rockville defeated Las Vegas, in the second Minersville, and in the championship game, they defeated a team from Cedar City 64 to 41. It should be kept in mind, that the team from each area represented the best players in those stakes. According to Wayne Stout, the team from Rockville consisted of "Kelland Terry, Eral Ballard, Donald Nuttal, Ben Madsen, Arden Allred, Dixon Terry, Thomas Stirling, and Travis. Hirschi." It's unfortunate that we didn't have Willard Hirschi, Steve Rozelle, Carl Jennings and others. We lost both of our games in Salt Lake, but we became part of the history of Rockville. I'm probably the only person who will ever make a note of this event that Wayne Stout recorded.

In addition to basketball, we spent long hours playing football and baseball. We even played tackle one day with no uniforms and on salt grass that could slice the skin, and we walked four miles to Springdale and challenged them to a game of baseball. It didn't happen.

I was always proud of the boys from Rockville. I have already talked of Travis' achievements, and Willard who for many years was track coach for BYU. Also in this group was our childhood friend, Carl Jennings, who became an engineer and lobbied in Washington for his company. Unfortunately, he got Lou Gehrig's disease and died when he was a fairly young man.

Carl and I became friends, and I ate at their house on a few occasions. They were the most religious family I've ever known. We knelt on the floor for a dinner prayer. Carl came to my aide in a fight with Dace Dalton, who later became a professional wrestler. We were in the 5th grade, and I had just returned to Rockville from living in Dragerton. I was the stranger in town. I don't remember how the fight started. I just remember him coming at me with pumping fists. Carl decided it would take two of us to whop Dace. A few days later, one night actually, we started a fight with Dace, but he ended it. We never coordinated our efforts, and Dace hammered on one of us then the other. Then he moved and disappeared from our lives. This is the only 'street fight' I ever had. I did a little boxing in high school. I was pitted against Carl Graff who was about my size. I landed a blow to his head, and it made him very angry. He charged me swinging wildly just like Dace. I stood my ground and landed a blow to his midsection, and he crumpled over out of breath and that ended the boxing match. One celebration in Zion, they ask

Carl Jennings and I to box. I almost immediately tagged Carl on the nose, and a nose bleed ended that boxing match. Thank God, I've never boxed again.

Carl's brother Wilbur was welcomed into our group as our friend and protector. When he was a small boy, he hit a blasting cap with a hammer and blew away some of his fingers and blinded him in one eye. This didn't hold Wilbur back. He always said he was going to become a judge, and he was a judge in California until he retired.

Steve Rozelle, who lived a few miles from us in Springdale, became a best friend to Travis and me. Steve and I went to college together and we worked together surveying. He taught me to smoke old crook cigars and chew tobacco until one hot summer day in St George when I turned green and puked. Since then I've stayed away from those two evil, but fun habits. At Bear Lake we rode around with O'Dell Arns who was our boss and who had a habit of driving double the speed limit while drinking. And we found a pin ball machine with an electric charge to the handles, which paralyzed you, and in a river that fed Bear Lake, we speared monstrous carp that bent a steel rod. In college we dressed in white buck shoes, pressed slacks, and lavender shirts. Steve played basketball for Utah State, became an engineer, and was second or third in command at building a nuclear reactor in New Hampshire. Steve had a regal bearing. I was able to help Steve and his wife when he moved west again because it was awhile until he secured a good position as a foreman of a construction company. He just wanted to live in the west. Steve died of multiple cancers caused by radiation from nuclear explosions when he was a photographer for the government in the Pacific Ocean.



Steve on the Rouge River

It was Steve's dad, Ross Rozelle, who always had a job for me when school let out, both college and high school. Without that job, I would have never made it through college. I had the privilege of speaking at Ross and Steve's funerals.

Another 'up the river boy' was Ben Madsen from Springdale. He was quarter back on the football team that tied for state championship, pitcher on the baseball team (pitched for BYU in college), point guard on the basketball team that went to state, played for state champion in tennis, and believe it or not, after he moved to Salt Lake City, he won trophies in golf. He was brother to Connie, Dixon's wife, and he married my beautiful first cousin Jeanette. I knew Ben quite well because I worked with him in Springdale when his father was attempting to make the town an art oriented community. And my wife and I played cards with Ben and Jeanette in Salt Lake.

The one other boy from Rockville my age was Tim Ballard who owned his own water well drilling company and was always successful. He died with greater assets than the rest of us combined.



Kelland, Tim, Steve, Travis

As an adult, I spent many pleasant hours with Tim and his wife Monta, and later with their son Brad, and some of his children. Tim told the best jokes, and I should have written them down, although it wouldn't be the same without Tim's rendition.

I am pleased that I introduced the Ballards to my children and other friends. It's sad, but Tim passed away in 2012. And just before he died, Larry Ballard passed away. Of the six boys from Rockville, only Travis, Willard, and I still remain in April 2015, and both Ben Madsen and Steve Rozelle have gone to the great beyond. There were three people with Ph.D.s who spoke at Tim's funeral: Travis, myself, and his son-in-law Dr Mark Zabrfiskie who is a dean at Oregon State University. Tim was a very kind, gentle soul. Tim and Travis grew up side by side in Rockville

with just a honey suckle tree between them—I say that because that is my first memory of Travis and Tim, eating the blossoms from this tree.

Hunting and Fishing in Southern Utah

The other great activity we enjoyed while growing up in Rockville was hunting, especially for the elusive buck deer found in the mountains that surrounded us. When I was a senior in high school, deer hunting was king in the last half of October. There were deer hunter balls in many towns and in some cases the smaller stores were closed during this period. I will relate one exciting, exacting, experience.

Late one night on the backside of Zion National Park, Briten, Dixon and I were descending after dark along a mountainside in Dixon's small, canvas covered, army-type jeep, bound for the Virgin Flats, our favorite hunting grounds north of Zion National Park. It had been raining and the road was extremely slick and treacherous. Dixon was hugging the upper side of the road so we wouldn't slip off down the hillside when he struck the tip of a boulder which sent the car off backwards. Dixon applied the brakes, but there were no brakes, and we descended backyards, bumpily bump, down the steep mountain. We thought we would all die. Suddenly we came to an abrupt halt in a wash. With the help of axes and shovels we cut trees and bushes and built a road up the middle of the wash until we were back on the road. We went on in without any brakes. Later we filled the brake lines with oil and continued hunting. On this same trip it rained and snowed on us for three days. Later with three good bucks strapped to the small Jeep, we attempted to climb back out of the valley on a muddy slick road. Even with chains on all four tires, the jeep continually slid off into a wash running alongside the road, once ending up with the jeep almost completely on its side and two of the wheels deep in a wash. It took hours to jack the jeep back up little by little while filling the ditch with earth and rocks. Meanwhile it continued to rain and snow on us, and we were by this time nearly frozen. Finally we cut some heavy-duty oak poles, and Briten and I walked along the side of the jeep with the poles braced against the jeep. It was extremely slow going but sometime in the late hours of the night we finally made it back to a decent highway.

Dixon and I along with Dixon's two boys, Vince and Rocky, frequently hunted in the sands area east of the Coral Sands State Park shown below. It's wise to have a four wheel drive vehicle when entering this area of the world. The sand beneath the tires isn't quick sand, but it can bring you to a halt. On one trip into the sands, we walked on top of Oliver's Mountain, and the clouds settled around us making it somewhat confusing in hiking back down the steep terrain. Once we reached bottom, I was famished and I ate several pomegranates. Suddenly I went into allergic shock. My esophagus nearly closed off, and my eyes swelled nearly shut. In a state of panic we left camp and drove to Colorado City, Arizona. There we stopped and explained the situation to the first man we saw. He immediately called several people, and they met us at their first aid station. Everyone treated us very kindly, and they acted very quickly. They loaded me into an ambulance and whisked me off to St George. While in route, they called ahead and spoke to a

doctor who had them administer adrenaline to me. Vince told me that everyone thought I was on the brink of death. I've had this happen to me on two other occasions: Once with red wine and once with peaches.



Coral Sands State Park

I previously spoke of a wonderful fishing trip on Crystal Creek. This story I'm about to tell is of some interest because of a dead battery and a freak snow storm. One July, Darwin, Dixon and I went fishing on Cedar Mountain, about 8000 feet elevation. As was typical, we had no tent and few provisions, but we were not expecting a snow storm. We fished with no luck and stayed overnight. The next morning we woke up with six inches of snow on our bed (we all slept together), and a car that wouldn't start because of a dead battery. With no help likely in this remote area of the world, we dismantled a wire fence line, built a strong wire cable that we tied to the back end of the car, then to a pry bar made from a log. We place the log around a tree up the mountainside and pried the car up the hill, then let it fly. Brother Darwin took the wheel, and in the excitement, he forgot to turn the key on. We got to do it again, but it wasn't nearly as much fun the second time. On this trip, we ended up in Escalante where we finally caught some fish.

In addition to my brothers, I also went hunting with Travis Hirschi and Steve Rozelle, and in this case, the meat became the mainstay for our diets when going to college.

Village Dances

There is one unique and wonderful activity that the kids and the adults of Rockville experienced as a community affair. Quite frequently the whole town, including the elderly and the kids, met and danced in the recreational building. There was always someone willing to strum their guitars and banjos that made it possible for grandfathers to dance with their grandkids along with every other combination of couples you can imagine as the people in town mingled and danced together, just as the Mormon pioneers enjoyed it coming across the plains. It was a grand affair and I greatly enjoyed it. Two of my best dance partners were my two sisters, Fawn and Arma. Dancing was so engrained in the lives of the people in Rockville that even in grade school our teachers took the opportunity to teach us how to waltz and dance the fox trot whenever it rained and we couldn't go outside for recess. It felt a little strange when I was in the fifth grade to dance with my female teacher, who towered over me, but I did and I was the better for it. It is not surprising that several of the professional dancers on "Dancing with the Stars" are from Utah.



The beautiful little school house had two main class rooms. The first, second, and third grades were combined and taught in one room, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades were taught in the other room by Alice Ballard. I loved that lady. The large area between the two classrooms was used to teach the kids to dance. The school is now a private home, and the kids are bussed to Springdale.

Kids at work

Playtime was only one part of the experience growing up in Rockville; there was also work, lots of work. One spring our grade school was let out early so the children could help harvest a three acre field of strawberries. If it were not for this action, the farmer's strawberries would have rotted on the vine. We earned 50 cents for each crate of strawberries picked, and if you worked hard you could pick eight crates in a day. My heart goes out to those who pick strawberries for a

living. It's hard, back breaking work. In other summers, we helped harvest onion seeds, peaches, and cherries. Travis and I would thumb to La Verkin, about 20 miles away, and pick cherries. One day when thumbing home we picked up a sack of salt that fell off a truck and later sold it to Aunt Lamar. On one occasion we herded Uncle Marvin's small herd of cows on top of the south mountain, Dad's property. He gave us 25 cents to split, which might be worth a few dollars today. The worst job of all was picking fuzzy peaches in 100+ degree heat; today, I'd rather take a bullet—well, maybe not quite. I remember walking more than a mile to milk a cow for a Ballard family (not Tim's or Larry's) at the far west end of Rockville. They rewarded me with one dime. Fortunately, they only asked for my help on one occasion.

The Pines Ranch

My Uncle Byron Millet, oldest brother of my mother, homesteaded several hundred acres of land just beneath the sheer rock facing of Canaan Mountain, several miles south of Rockville. It was a magical place for me. In the 1940s, my dad and Uncle Vinyl bought the ranch from Byron, and I spent part of a summer there with my Uncle Vinyl who was attempting to farm it. It was called the Pines because the elevation was high enough to support the tall ponderosa pines under the ledges.



Pines Ranch, Canaan Moutain



Jim and Adele at the Pines Ranch

The one room hut that my family built at the Pines still stands today, and it's the only accommodations the wealthy owners choose to have for their recreational home. I must commend the owners for placing the water rights in a conservancy to protect the ranch from every being subdivided.

We brothers frequently went out to the Pines Ranch in an old truck. I can still recall the smell of the ancient musty interior. How old was it? Well, there was no starter motor, and we had to crank it to get it started. If you were not careful, it could jerk your arm off. Of course there was no four wheel drive. This meant we had to let some of the air out of the tires to get through the sand. The Pines became our hunting grounds even after Dad and Uncle Vinyl sold it to another party. One year Steve Rozelle and I shot a buck under the high ledges, and we spent the rest of the day dragging that deer down a rocky, sandy wash to the valley floor, and from there we dragged it another half mile to our car.

There is a monkey trail out of the pines to the top of Canaan Mountain that my Uncle Virgil and Uncle Vinyl used when they built a logging operation there. The tall pines on top of Canaan were sent to the valley using cables. It didn't exist very long I'm told.

At one time, I was fortunate enough to accumulate some money, and I heard that the Pine's Ranch was for sale. I found the owners phone number in St. George and spoke to the mother of this family. She said her son owned it, and it was not for sale. She told me that Robert Redford tried to buy it, but her son was not willing to sell it for any amount of money. Just think, if Redford had bought it, the Sundance Film Festival might now be located at the Pines Ranch rather than at Park City, Utah.

One time all four brothers climbed on top of Canaan Mountain from the east side of the mountain looking into Shonesburg. We had four horses, but they were useless. The trail was so steep that we couldn't ride them, which is just as well because they were in no shape to be ridden. We were just as bad off. For the first and only time in my life I could not lift my foot off the ground; literally, truthfully, I would suddenly come to halt with the inability to take even a step. Quite miraculously, after a few minutes of rest, I could feel the energy surge into my legs, and I would be able to walk a short distance again before coming to a halt. The horses were in no better shape. We had to drag them up the mountain. At one point we came to some sharp nasty switchbacks, where Darwin nearly lost his horse when it almost toppled backwards. I can still see it poised in the air on its hind legs and Darwin holding fast to the bridle to keep it from falling backwards down the mountain side. Finally, we made it to the top of Canaan. Now for something to eat: Dixon had some rations given to him by a friend. The sole purpose of this food was to provide nourishment in a bomb shelter. It sounded good to us. For the first time, at the top of the mountain, famished, we pried open the box, and what did we find—candy, hardtack candy. That was it. That night we spread our blankets on the ground and slept. The next day after a futile search for deer, we led the horses back off the mountain.

It is impossible for me to discuss hunting without mentioning Uncle Virgil and Uncle Vinyl. They were always closer to us than any other uncles. They were twins, although Vinyl was over 6 foot tall and Virgil 5' 6". There was nothing quite like a deer hunt with our uncles. They loved to spin tall tales that they told with total sincerity; even today I don't know what is true and what is fiction. Either way it was great story telling when you are a boy hunkered around a campfire in

the mountains, where older men speak in hushed tones so as not to scare the deer. There was a rattlesnake so big that it broke down the sagebrush and nearly killed Uncle Vinyl, and there were three hundred pound bucks killed by Uncle Virgil, one in Zion National Park where he was caught, reprimanded and let go, rabid coyotes biting at Vinyl's heels, and great quests for deer. On one occasion, three deer were running up a mountainside, and Uncle Vinyl shot at the lead deer, but the bullet struck and killed the bottom deer. Once my uncle found the range he killed all three large bucks. Miraculously, every bullet could be accounted for. These were the men, along with my brother Dixon, who taught me the joy of campfires and hunting. It was because of them that Dixon and I had a long abiding interest in gold, platinum, and the thrill of the search for treasure. Dad, by the way, never had a gun in his hands. He told me that when he was a boy that the number of deer were far less, and he didn't hunt.

After brother Dixon bought his helicopter, we hunted in some very remote sites on Cedar Mountain, and we fished at the most remote lakes we could find in the Sierra Mountains.



Dixon and one of his helicopters



Uncle Virgil and Kelland on a deer hunt

Ode to Uncle Virgil

by Kelland

This is a tale of my Uncle Virg
An aged and gnarly man,
Who fought a monster muley buck
In a red canyon formed of sand.

They first met at Elephant Gap
In the fall of the ought ought year.
Big Muley stood between tall trees,
A strong, old buck, a most wily deer.

He shook his antlers at the sky,
His hooves they pawed the ground.
He glared at Virgil in defiance
His mortal enemy he had found.

Uncle Virgil was seventy-six
But his muscles were firm as stone.
Tossed hard rocks most of his life
Seeking treasures from the earth below.

The old man wanted to kill the buck
Before he was laid in the ground.
But Muley was faster by far, and

He thundered off with a giant bound.

Uncle Virgil tracked the wise ol' buck
Along the towering sandstone cliffs,
Through oak and manzanita brush,
Up and down the mountain reefs.

Finally in a narrow canyon,
Walls thousands of feet on side,
Muley decided to make his stand
Uncle Virgil was going to die.

Muley Buck charged like a demon
Nostrils flared and eyes flashen fire.
Dust seemed to billow round him,
The ol' man was caught by surprise.

The thirty-ought-six came up in a flash,
A knobby finger pressed cold steel.
The buck charged on with lowered head,
There was an explosion then all was still.

The bones were white by summer,
Antlers and Virg's ribs were one.
Their naked, ghostly skulls
Lay smiling in the noon day sun.

The Savage rifle was rusty now.
Its stock was buried in the sand.
A stink bug lay in the barrel,
A blow fly made ready to land.

Uncle Virgil died a happy man
At least as happy as death can be.
The monster buck got his revenge, and
The paint brush blooms for all to see.

Bodies are one where flowers grow
Earth has recaptured its children there.
And the echo of the old man and buck
Still lingers softly in the canyon air.

CHAPTER 27: SOME HAPPENINGS AROUND THE TERRY FARM

Of course most of the work we did as kids was on the farms our families owned. I loved the old barn we had, but for reasons unknown to me, Dad decided to move it over the hill and make it smaller. To get the lumber for the new barn, as well as the nails, we tore the old barn down. I was his chief helper since my older brothers had left home. It is remarkable how precious nails were back then. Every nail in every board no matter how crooked was pulled and straightened. I became very good at this quite unique task, which is most likely a lost art now that nails have become so inexpensive. The old barn was two stories and since dad was chief engineer and worker he had to devise several schemes to lower beams without breaking them, and without killing one of us. After we moved the old barn over the hill, Dad put a light in it so the cows could be milked after dark. He was pretty nice to me about milking the cows, which I tended to put off every night until I couldn't procrastinate any longer. One night Dad simply said, "I don't care how late you milk the cows, just so there is time to process the milk." The milk that was not needed for drinking was put through a hand separator to separate milk from cream. Mother used the cream to make butter and the skim milk to make cottage cheese.

The house that Dad built was two stories (attic that is) and a basement. The main floor contained two bedrooms, one bathroom, living room, and kitchen. My sisters slept together on the main floor and the other was for Mom and Dad. The attic had two beds where the boys hung out. The basement had a dirt floor, a coal furnace, and selves to store the bottled fruit and vegetables. The house was a modest structure but it kept us warm, dry, and safe. Although keeping it warm in the attic where there was no heat was impossible. And in the summer with no air conditioning, we slept under the large front porch or under the apple tree and fought off mosquitos.

I don't think we cared whether the house was beautiful, nor did we feel poor because we owned the mountain in back of us. The doors of that house were never locked.



This is an old picture of our house with the dirt road in front leading to Grafton or Arizona. It is a reminder of my past. It was not a Taj Mahal, but Dad built it, and it served its purpose.

One summer I almost killed my dad. Dad decided to clear all the rocks off the acreage east of the house where he had recently planted some peach trees (to the left in the picture). He connected two draft horses to a hand held scraper. The horses pulled the scraper along while we loaded it with rocks. This was fairly demanding work in 100+ degree heat. Once Dad stopped to repair the connection between horses and scraper. I believe I must have been practicing for the day when I would lead a team of horses because I said giddy-up. This was the wrong thing to say with Dad trapped between scraper and horses. Immediately the horses pulled forward nearly trapping Dad beneath the scraper. Dad proved to be very nimble because he jumped into the scraper before it could mow him down. He disconnected the horses from the scraper and forced them to run in a circle until he decided he had taught them a lesson. He completely ignored the fact that I started it all. Maybe he didn't hear me, and I was too scared to tell him.

On one other occasion, I saw Dad jump to safety when the tractor overturned on a hillside

Dad decided one year to make a reservoir on top of the mesa above our house. There is one point on the mesa where several washes feed into a natural catch basin before tumbling over the mountain to the valley floor. He made a trail up the face of the mountain to the point where he was going to make the reservoir, then he pulled the scraper up the mountain with a team of horses. Some of this trail remains today as well as remnants of the reservoir. My job was to watch. It took him several days of hard work to deepen the basin and make a dam at the lower end. It must have been very gratifying for him to see it fill with water just a few days later. At this point he was able to rent out the land on top to sheep men and cattlemen. It tended to stay full of water because it was built on bedrock. I was always amazed at how quickly aquatic insects filled the water. My greatest joy was to run down the rough trail from the top to our house just as fast as I could negotiate the twists and turns without falling on my face.

Dad and Mother both loved gardens, and we planted very large gardens in several areas. Since I was the only son left, it became my chief occupation to water and weed the garden. I grew pretty skilled at adjusting the gap of the spark plugs and other repairs on the water pump and water wheel that we used to water trees and garden. We raised tons, figure of speech meaning a lot, of tomatoes, some of which Dad sold to restaurants; others were bottled for the winter. In addition to tomatoes we grew yams, corn, potatoes, wax beans, snap beans, cauliflower, parsnips, lettuce, cabbage, carrots, etc. Dad continued to add fruit trees and nut trees, many of which are still alive today. Brother Dixon liked to say that the apricot tree had the best fruit of any in the valley. This tree died a few years ago, about 2012.

The Family Pig

I would like to say that the one and only pig we raised, of which I have any memory, never did have a proper name, other than pig. Pig had his own pen, which was adjoining the old barn. The pig was white, fat, and very agile. At this particular period, we had lots of chickens that we allowed to run wild about the ranch. They nested in all sorts of places in and around the barn. Of course they were always searching for food. Pig loved chickens, and he ate every chicken he could catch, which was about every chicken that flew into the pig pen looking for food. There would be nothing left to mark the spot where he caught one other than a pile of feathers.

Pig loved milk and he got along famously with our milk cow. Whenever the opportunity arose, he would pry open the boards leading to the corral where he would catch the cow and drain her dry of milk. This wasn't all bad for me since I didn't have to milk the cow. Eventually, we got it all back because we ate the pig.

Chickens, Turkeys, and Rabbits

Dad brought home 100 baby chicks we raised to adults. For many years they provided us with eggs, meat, and occasionally with some excitement when the old rooster would chase one of us across the barnyard, particularly my sisters. They hated that roaster. One of the chickens nested underneath the manger, a platform of boards about two feet high, four feet wide and 20 feet long, where I fed the cows oats and did the milking. One such nest was not only under the manger but

situated where I had to crawl some distance in the semidarkness to check for eggs. On one such occasion when I arrived at the nest, I was greeted with a large rattlesnake that raised its huge head above the nest along with his rattling tail, which it shook loudly. The message was plain: get your butt out of here. I managed to crawl backwards until out of harm's way; later we killed the snake. This might be the one that Briten fried and we ate. Can you image, it tasted just like chicken.

We also raised a brood of turkeys that were allowed to run wild about the farm. They could be a feisty lot, and it was best not to provoke a tom turkey when strutting about or approach a hen when tending her nest. One such nesting turkey chased me down a 10 foot ditch bank, lit on my back, knocked me down, and once recovered sent me flying.

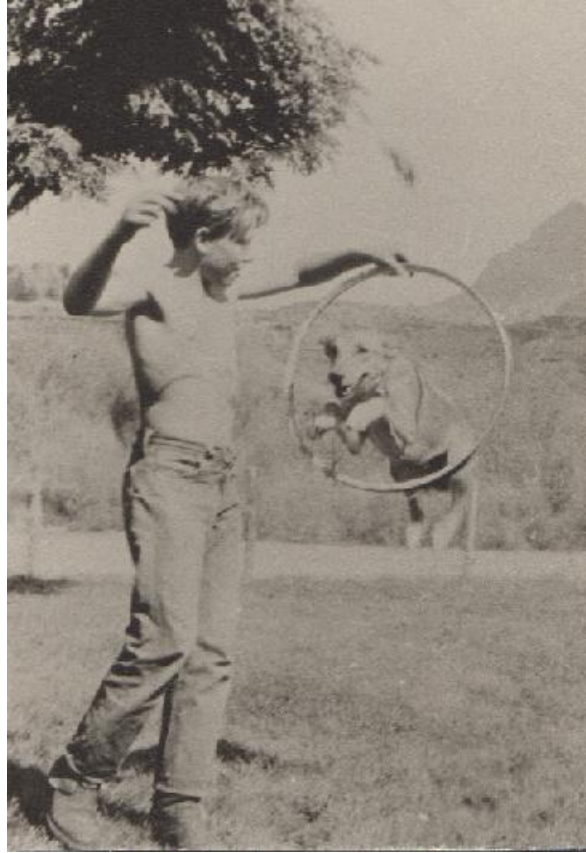
It is a different story with the rabbits. Between Uncle Vinyl and our family we always managed to have a number of rabbits in pens. Uncle Vinyl sold most of them to the restaurants in Las Vegas, some we ate. When Uncle Vinyl went out of business, we turned all the rabbits loose. There must have been a dozen or more. The rabbits immediately left the dry old farm for the lush green alfalfa fields across the street. The farmer who owned the fields, a DeMille, was not a happy man. The whole thing reminded us of the fairy tale of peter rabbit, and when the story leaked out to the people of Rockville, the farmer henceforth became known as peter rabbit—well, at least to us.

Frozen Water but Nothing to Drink

Winter on the old ranch had its drawback. The only source of drinking water came from on top of the mesa a mile away. It was brought down off the mountain in a small half inch pipe and much of the way it was impossible to bury because of sheer ledges. In addition most of it was on a north facing slope meaning that the winter's sun rarely hit it. As you can guess it continually froze up in the winter. When the water went dry in the head house, we knew the pipes were frozen. Out would come the kerosene torches, matches, and firewood. The kids would then trek up the cold mountainside to thaw out the pipes. We would start at the top and work our way down by checking the pipes for running water. When we found a section that was frozen, we applied fires and burners. To find out whether we had thawed it out, we used a hacksaw to partially cut the pipe. After we had water running to that spot, the cut section was wrapped tightly with four inches of inner tube, then each end was fastened with bailing wire. Since there was no pressure in the pipe, the inner tube repair worked wonders for many years. Also it was much easier later on to unwrap it when the pipes were frozen again.

My Dog Skeeter and the Milk Cows

I have frequently had the pleasure of owing a dog for much of my life. They have always brought me a lot of enjoyment. The first dog of my very own was named Skeeter; okay, I admit the name sounds bad, but I don't remember how he got it. Brother Darwin gave me this dog when I was a youngster. It was a mutt, half collie and half chow.



The milk cows we owned were allowed to roam along the hillside in back of the house foraging for food. I should mention in passing that you have not tasted all the flavors of milk until you have drunk milk from a cow that has dined on sage brush and other fine delicacies, such as onions from our garden. Every day after school it was necessary to walk up into the hills to retrieve the cows. After they were safely in the barn, I would give them a little hay and oats to eat while I milked them.

Among other things I taught Skeeter to jump through a bicycle hoop, and without knowing it, I taught him an even better trick. One day when I had to stay in Hurricane for some school activity, Mother said "Skeeter, go get the cows." Skeeter immediately ran into the hills, and a short time later he brought the cows back on a dead run. Milk production dropped somewhat, but that was the last time anyone had to chase after the milk cows while Skeeter was alive.

Civet Cats

There is one amusing story that deserves a little attention. One Christmas after Dad died my brothers and sisters and I met with mother at our old farm house. She at that time was living with my sisters in Las Vegas. I was in college, and I arrived one day before anyone else. It was dark and cold when I entered the house, and I lit the propane heater and settle in a soft chair to read before going to bed. I became quite warm and comfortable, and I took off my shoes and

socks to enjoy a few moments of silence. Suddenly, I was startled by noises coming from the couch, and a few minutes later, a tawny colored creature about the size of a small domestic cat crawled out from behind the couch and made his way towards me.

Civet cats are like skunks and when frightened they can give off a fowl smelling odor, at least that's the rumor. Now what? I almost stopped breathing as the cat approached my bare toes where he stopped and sniffed. He seemed to like the odor. Of course they smelled good. Isn't that where some of the fungi come from that humans use to make stinky cheese? I think so. I believe the civet cat recognized a smelly kindred spirit.

After he analyzed my toes at length with me in rigor mortis, my mind wondering if he was going to chow down on this delicacy he had discovered. But no, the civet cat finally left my toes and crawled under the chair where I was sitting. I could hear him beneath me scratching at the fabric of the chair, for what purpose I don't know. Perhaps he was sharpening his claws.

Later, before going to bed, I cut an apple into several small pieces and left a trail out of the house onto the porch where I tossed the balance of the apple. I left the front door open hoping the cat would escape and leave me in peace.

I awoke in the middle of the night with several civet cats bouncing all over me and the bed and dressers. I pulled the covers over my head and prayed they wouldn't stink up the house or bite me. After some moments of anxiety, I realized the little critters wanted to play, but I didn't feel sociable—I played it safe under the covers. The next morning I saw that the cats had eaten the apple morsels and brought the core back into the house where they left some of it near the heater—perhaps to thank me.

The following night our family was enjoying some eggnog together when the civet cats entered the party, scooting between our legs, before making a mad dash to the bathroom where they disappeared. The only possible place they could have gone was out the drain pipe at the top of the tub that Dad had never connected to the sewer line. We plugged the hole up and that was the end of our civet cat friends. The hole seemed too small, but we had no other explanation.

The civet cat is distinct from ring tailed cats also found in Rockville. The civet cat I saw was one single color, tawny, pale brown-yellow. The only things I know that it eats for sure are apples and not my toes. There are a zillion kinds of civet cats around the world, but I could find no information on those in Rockville.

CHAPTER 28: THE WORLD BEYOND ROCKVILLE

Following the sixth grade, all the students in Rockville were bused to Hurricane where everyone from seventh through twelfth grade went to school in the same building. There were only two buses for all the outlying towns around Hurricane; one started in the morning at Springdale and the other from Rockville. On our way to Hurricane we picked up the kids from Virgin. Once the bus was unloaded at Hurricane High, the same two buses were used to pick other kids from La Verkin, Toquerville, and from all other areas where it was too far to walk. This meant we always got to Hurricane High School way before class and we didn't leave the school until way after class let out. In fact, in the middle of the winter, it was dark when we left Rockville and dark when we got home.

Riding the school bus was sometimes eventful. I remember when Carl Jennings hit Clemente, the bus driver, in the back of the head with a spit wad, and he was kicked off the bus. However, he was immediately picked up by a motorist and, after giving us the finger, he beat us home. My brother Briten set off a firecracker in the bus, and this time Clemente kicked everyone off the bus because no one would rat on Briten. However, Briten refused to get off the bus, and he rode it home. On this occasion the bus was at the bottom of the La Verkin twist, and the boys scrambled up the hillside and put rocks in front of the wheels. I don't remember how we got home. It all sounds bad, but actually these are the only two incidents of this kind in the six years I rode the bus. I understand in California some kids would rush from one side of the bus to the other to cause the bus to rock, and if possible to turn it over. Now that's stupid.

During the half hour or so we rode on the bus, (about 23 miles each way), we enjoyed endless games of pinochle, and there was one benefit of getting to school early and leaving late. It gave us time to play tennis before and after school. There were no tennis courts in Rockville.

Going to Hurricane High School was a rather pleasant for the most part, and I was fortunate in my senior year to make the baseball team, basketball team, and tennis team. I did not try out for the football team because my brother Dixon broke his arm, and he advised me against it. Also I weighed less than 135 pounds. However, I loved touch football and we played it often in Rockville when we were kids. Years later I played it with my two daughters, Sandi and Shirle, and with Ross Dredge and his two boys, Jim and Dave, and baby sister Jennie. We even played in the snow at Christmas at Lake Tahoe, where Ross ran into a Volleyball post with his head. The post was fine and so was Ross, but we were worried.



Prior to my senior year in high school, I never did anything in athletics. Even then I had to confront the high school coach who had picked other players to represent the school in tennis. I demanded a playoff, and I won. My doubles partner in tennis was Raymond Williams. We advanced past the regionals in southern Utah and continued to win in the BYU invitational tournament that was open to schools across the state and beyond, including the much larger schools in Salt Lake City. We finally lost in the championship game, but it was close. We also got past the regionals and played in the state tennis tournament, but we didn't fare so well. I remember shortly after this tournament, I beat Ben Madsen in singles, and he almost took state in tennis. In fact, in the championship game, he at one time had match point but he lost. In baseball, I remember knocking one home run in St George, and in another game I remember sliding into a base and hurting myself, but all other memories of baseball have long since gone, except I played shortstop. As I have already said, I was the last sub on the basketball team.

I stopped playing tennis after I left high school, although I lettered in college by lobbing every shot. I took up tennis again in my fifties, and I was so overjoyed that it felt like I had entered a new life. I found that my serve came back easily, which was the most natural part of my game. I joined a group of guys and we played doubles regularly for the next ten years or so. Then after Mary entered my life, I taught her to play and she did amazingly well in doubles.

While going to college at what is now Southern Utah University, Travis Hirschi and I took a badminton course together and pounded away at each other for one quarter. It is a great game, especially if you want to tone up your buttocks. We also spent many sessions playing Ping-Pong. At that time, I had no forehand and Travis had no backhand. It made an interesting game, because we always hit the ball with the same side of the paddle.

Travis was in a serious car accident in the fall of his senior year in high school. Up till then he was a terrific basketball player. Tim Ballard's older brother, Kevin, was driving with Travis beside him on the front seat and Tim asleep on the rear seat. Kevin went to sleep, and ran off the road as he approached a bridge. The car slammed into a concrete abutment at the bottom of the

wash that was part of the bridge. The crash killed Kevin, and rammed Travis through the windshield. It is a wonder that his body healed sufficiently for us to play badminton and Ping-Pong in college. And more importantly, his survival allowed Travis to continue on with his wonderful career in criminology. The accident broke Tim's arm, and for the rest of his year in high school he was known as bandit.

Travis started a little controversy in our senior year when he was editor of the yearbook. He posted a picture of three members of our class, one being Larry Ballard, with numbers inscribed beneath them. Nothing was written beneath but everyone knew that he was referring to the fact that the three individuals had broken some of the windows out of the front of the high school. I would have to believe they were stupid drunk. The parents attempted to confiscate all of the year books and tear out the offending page. This didn't happen. Travis doesn't whitewash any story, remember his Uncle Joe.

After I stopped playing tennis I took up golf and I still play golf at this time. It is now April, 2015 and I am 81 years of age. I can no longer hit the ball as far as I used to, but I can still manage to drive it about 200 yards. This past fall, I played nine holes, and made par on six holes and single bogeyed the other three. I should have framed my card because I haven't many games left in me, and I'll never do that well again. Okay, now for the truth, I was playing from the women's tees, but before you judge me too harshly please reflect, it is the only way I can reach many of the tees in regulation. Man, it's a wonderful edge on five pars. I actually played golf sporadically for many years beginning in my thirties. However, I had a serious flaw in my swing that I did not solve until in my seventies. I thought I would be able to hit the ball straighter if I took the club higher over my head; however, this causes a strong tendency to make an outside inside swing. This caused me to punch my irons to the left and slice my woods to the right. It almost drove me nuts. Once I lowered the swing, I finally began to hit the ball fairly straight. Unfortunately, I was already in my 70s.

In my senior year of high school, I was in a couple of plays. I had a minor role in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and I believe I may have had a main role in "Little Miss Somebody", but I actually don't remember my role in either one. I was in at least one assembly where I acted goofy running a toy car around the stage. This warranted two friends to arrange their fingers to read TV over my head when our class picture was taken.

“Little Miss Somebody”



Look for the youngest, most immature boy and that's me. Okay, I'm in the center with a scarf. Travis is just above me with the plaid shirt, and Carl Jennings is to the right of me next to one of our teachers, Grant Langston. Merlin Webb, who is next to me on the left, became a dentist and named one of his sons Kelland. Church is the teacher upper left in the picture, and he accused me of claiming authorship of a poem that he was sure I did not compose. It made me feel good in a way because I did write it. I had this happen once in college with an essay I wrote. I believe Mary Jane Sullivan seated second from far left had the lead in the play. She married my first cousin, Terry Bleak, son of Evelyn Bleak who gave me the Parshall Terry Family History book.

One of my great joys in high school was dancing. Later at a class reunion some student thought I would become a dancer. I attended all the dances and danced the evening away even though I never had a date. I was too immature and shy to ask somebody for a date and the only girl that ask me I turned down. I'll always regret that. This part of my life was the pits, but I had no solution. I had no concept of dating just for the fun of it. It was always too serious for me.

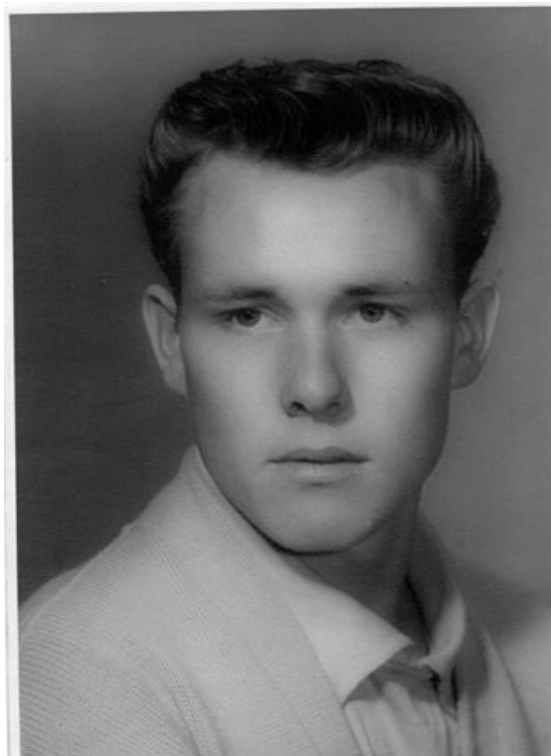
College of Southern Utah

I did very little studying in high school, and all I can say is I got by; however, when I went to college I realized that I had a great deal of catching up to do. Fortunately, I found out that I liked learning and I took to class work with enthusiasm. I gave up all athletic endeavors, which was

stupid, I should have at least kept in shape. Not quite true, I played a lot of Ping Pong in college and pool. I always took more courses than the standard load, but I managed to end up with a 3.76 average for all my classes during my college career. Because of my grade point average, I secured a grant from the federal government that paid my way through graduate school including room and board.

When I first went to the College of Southern Utah, now Southern Utah University, I was told by my counselor that I would never be happy if I didn't major in math. At this point, I likely did something stupid and majored in biology simply because that was what I was interested in. Specifically, I was astounded that scientists knew how oxygen was being transported in the body and the chemical reactions that took place. Then too, I couldn't help think of Africa and all the wonderful, mysterious animals that roamed the playa. Remember we had no TV.

I learned to love statistics and excelled in this field. I did teach it for a couple of years at the college level, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. My daughter Sandi took statistics in graduate school and she needed some help. She came home one week-end and I gave her a one or two page summary and told her to memorize it. She went back and immediately got an A. I believe the professor thought that something was amiss because he called her in and grilled her. She proudly told her professor that she spent a week-end with her father who taught the subject. That either made the professor feel like crap or he didn't believe her.



About 20 years of age and in college

My sister Fawn had this picture of me, and I never saw it for sixty years. When she sent it to me, I looked at it and said, who's that guy? My wife reacted in the same way.

Oral interpretation of poetry

When I was at the College of Southern Utah, I by chance took a course entitled "Oral Interpretation of Poetry." It was taught by Professor Rowley who got his degree from Stanford. Professor Rowley and his course changed my life. I got off to a good start because one day a student was reading a poem, and he came to a word that he didn't know, and I fortunately was the only student in the class that knew its definition. Rowley must have liked the way I read poetry because he asked me to read for the President of the college. I remember there were just three of us in the room when I read. I had no idea what was up. The next day Rowley presented me with a scholarship if I would switch my major to the arts and drama. I did that. At the time Steve Rozelle was going to CSU and he took the drama classes with me. We had a blast. I had the lead in Arsenic and Old Lace, and I was in a one act play called "Hello Out There". I've felt free to utter that line on many occasion throughout my life. I was also in one ancient Greek play, and I directed Prometheus Bound that featured Steve Rozelle as Prometheus. We presented assemblies at various high schools in the area, and Rowley was even kind enough to allow us to present it in Rockville. I shortened the Tell Tale Heart written by Edgar Allan Poe and read it. I tried my best to frighten the kids! I ask him if he thought I could make it in Hollywood, and he replied that it wasn't a good life. I always wondered.

He wanted me to get my masters in the Arts and comeback to CSU and teach. Unfortunately, when I went to the University of Utah with that in mind, I was told that very few of the courses I had taken thus far would apply to a degree in the arts. I quit college and went to work and surveyed for a year. I was lost.

A land grant college and ROTC

Every male student at the College of Southern Utah had to take ROTC because it was a 'land grant college', and to become a pilot in the air force, we were required to take a stanine test to determine whether we were likely candidates. According to Wikipedia "Some web sources attribute stanines to the U.S. Army Air Forces during World War II." I remember we had to examine hundreds of photos of horizons and asked to identify what this meant for the pilot.

I was told by a fellow student who took organic chemistry with me that he got the highest score on that test and I came in second. Perhaps this is why I was appointed to a General in ROTC before I left the college. The colonel in charge of the program also flew me over Zion Park. Perhaps it was some kind of reward or he just wanted to instill some interest in flying. The next summer I went to Hamilton Air Force Base in northern California to train to be a pilot.



Mostly we trained on simulators, but I did have the fun of flying in a trainer jet and the pilot asked me to flip the jet over and we rode upside down for a while. I also flew a bomber, but I was corrected when I tried to make a turn too tight. Because I did not go to college the next year, I was called up for the draft. I was declared 4F because my left shoulder has a genetic defect. It goes out of joint even if I sleep with my left arm above my head. I can't wrestle, climb ladders with caution, and I can't dive into a swimming pool with my arms outstretched. It hurts like hell while going out and it hurts even worse to force it back down and into place.

We all need work

My first job away from home was at the restaurant in Zion National Park. This was the summer between the 10th and 11th grade. For many years, the restaurant was first class because the wealthy tourists were brought in from the east by the Union Pacific Railroad who owned the concession rights. The silverware on the table was actually heavy because it was made of real silver, and waiters were in uniforms with a nice towel draped across their arm. Today people by the millions come through the park in their cars, and every one eats hotdogs and hamburgers.

I was the baker's helper and enjoyed making hard rolls, etc. One evening, my friend Carl Jennings came to the bakery and asked me to come play softball with them. I told him I couldn't because I had to clean the bakery. He argued that I could come back after softball and clean the shop. I played softball and returned to the shop only to find the baker and the manager of the restaurant there. The baker had obviously been drinking and he chewed me out unmercifully. He yelled for me to either clean up the shop or get my ass out. I knew our relationship would never be the same and I left. The restaurant manager caught up with me and told me I was too good of an employee to let go. He put me to work cleaning dishes. My job was to spray the food off with a high pressure hose, then place them on a conveyor belt where they went through a dishwasher. To this day, I can't put dishes in a dishwasher with any food on the plates.

The next summer Dad got me a job surveying with Ross Rozelle, and between Ross and O'Dell Arns, who later became the chief location engineer for the state of Utah, I had a job every

summer when college let out. This permitted me to pay for my own way through college almost up to the time I got my bachelor degree. At one point I was offered a professional civil engineering license when working in Provo if I would turn to this profession full time. I turned it down because at that time I had in mind getting my master's degree and teaching at a junior college.

Except for the job surveying in Provo, I was always part of a crew locating roads throughout Utah. Before it was over I surveyed in almost every county in Utah. One summer I was in charge of the transit when we surveyed a new road off the La Salle Mountains in Utah into Colorado. There were numerous curves, and for this reason, I was very pleased when we closed within seconds with the line in Colorado.

My Heart and Me

After I was married to Fonnell Moody in 1956, and had a child, Alysse, things became more difficult. I never thought about borrowing money to go to college nor did I ever think about applying for a scholarship, and one quarter at the University of Utah, I almost killed myself because I worked all night six days a week at a hotel, and slept about 30 hours a week. Before it was over, the doctors picked up a heart murmur, which went away when I started sleeping again. When I was in my forties, the doctor discovered that my blood pressure went down when exercising and not up as is normal. He jerked me off the treadmill, and after numerous studies, the doctors decided it was not my heart. That was in the 70s. It is amazing how many miles I jogged and how many tennis games I played with no trouble with my heart. However, the heart murmur did come back when I was 76 years of age. It turned out that I did have a defective heart. The aortic heart valve that I was born with was abnormal and getting dangerous. It has since been replaced with a pig valve, and at the moment all is well.

That quarter at the U when I worked all night, I managed to get a B in every class. My problem was not the time I had to study but my inability to remember because of extreme fatigue. I was a walking Zombie. The next year I had the grant that enabled me to go to school with far less pressure.

In graduate school at the University of Utah, all I did was study and do research on my Ph.D. and Fonnell decided this was not the life she wanted, and she departed for northern California with our daughter, Alysse.

Hurler's syndrome

I started my Ph.D. program under Charles Woolf who was chairman of the department of genetics and cytology. While I was there, he arranged for me to teach a general genetics course, including supervising the lab. Later he moved to Arizona State University, and I did my research

for my Ph.D. under Dr. Fred Linker whose laboratory was in the V.A. Hospital in Salt Lake. He was a very likeable person, and I greatly enjoyed my time spent there studying Hurler's syndrome. This is a hereditary disease of the connective tissue, and the children who have this disease die when they are very young. These children excrete abnormal mucopolysaccharides (chondroitin sulfates) in the urine, and their composition and quantity depends upon the genetic defect. I was able to distinguish between four different forms of this disease, and I was pleased to find many years later that my research was still being presented in the pediatric literature. If I had stayed with human genetics, I believe I would have made this a career. Perhaps even more so if I had taught statistics.

University of California at San Diego

Near the end of graduate school, I met and married Linda Nance who was working in biochemistry lab at the medical school. I did some research with a professor in the medical school who convinced me that I should work with Dr. David Bonner at the University of California at San Diego. I believe this was huge mistake because it took me away from medical genetics. At that time, UCSD only consisted of a few faculty members, senior researchers, post docs, and graduate students that were housed in Scripps Institute in La Jolla, California. Linda and I moved there, and I began working on an unusual mutant strain in *Neurospora* (a fungus). I will not attempt to describe these mutants and my publication because it involves complicated gene interactions. One gene may be responsible for an enzyme, but other genes can have an effect on the enzyme's activity. Unfortunately, I spent a great deal of time attempting to solve a problem that did not exist, but was believed to be true in Bonner's lab. I did get a publication, but a friend of mine, Harvey Hirshman, lost a couple of years of work on his Ph.D. research. At one time he had a graph on his wall that plotted how near he was to committing suicide. I assumed at the time this was in gest, and Dr. Hirshman continued on with a successful career in science.

My daughter Shirle was born July 7, 1963 at the Scripps Memorial Hospital.

I found living in La Jolla a great experience. The weather never changed, about 70 degrees year round, and we frequently played volley ball on the beach. After volley ball, we went body surfing in the ocean, and then back to the lab in our swimming trunks. When I arrived in La Jolla, David Bonner was dying of Hoskins disease and I seldom saw the man. I did meet an astrophysicist named Wallace Tucker, and he and his wife played bridge with us frequently. Later we wrote a paper together. I also met Pete Matchett, and somehow hooked up with him again in Richland, Washington. While in La Jolla I kept a salt water aquarium, and I enjoyed searching the sea shore after a storm for sea lettuce, fish, crabs, etc.

While in San Diego, Linda got active in the Mormon Church, and although there is not a religious bone in my body, I became an active member, and before long, I was writing and directing 12 minute musical productions in competition with the other 12 Mormon churches in the area. I made all the sets, and I wrote and directed my first play called the Midnight Ride of

Paul Revere. Before it was over I had most of the ward involved in the production, and we put the play on at multiple sites. It was very exciting for me when we won best play. I was hoisted onto the backs of a couple of church members and carried aloft for a bit. They all treated me wonderfully even though they knew I was not religious. I wrote and directed one other play there before we left for Lawrence, Kansas, but we did not win.

Once in Kansas I again took up producing mini musicals, and again I won when competing against the churches in Kansas City, Missouri. In one play we came in last because the hero started as a drunk in a bar. I won with this same play in Carson City-Reno.

In 1967, I became a faculty member at the University of Kansas, where I taught a two semester course in biochemistry and another course describing new methodologies and equipment being used in molecular biology. I had two graduate students who got their Ph.D. One became a dean at San Francisco state and the other is in research for a private firm.

My daughter Sandi was born in Lawrence, Kansas, March 6, 1968.

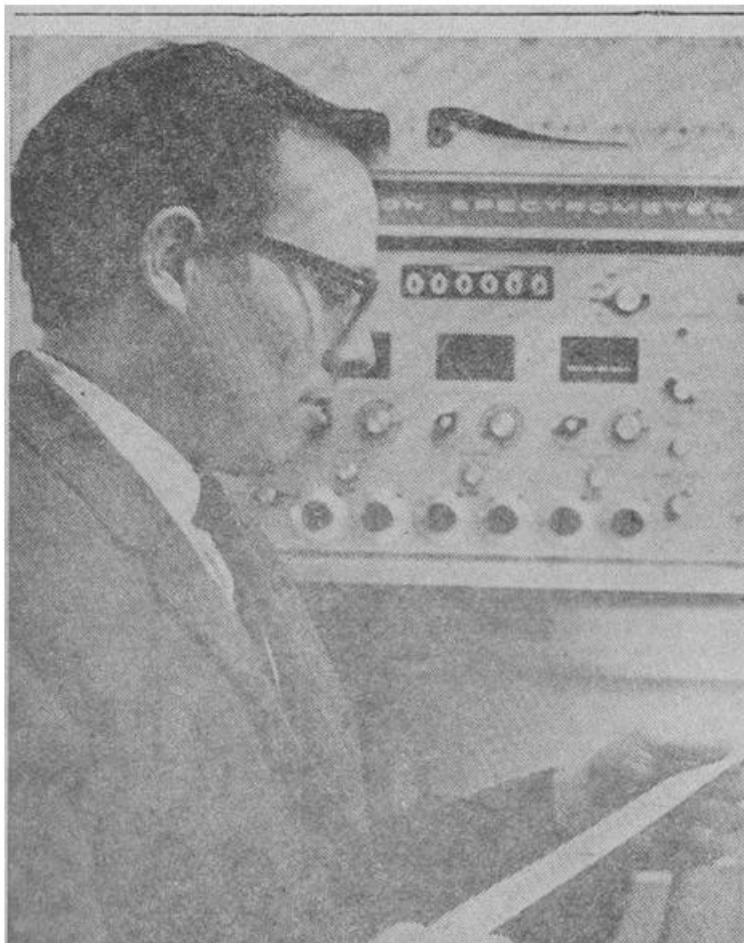
I received a NORCUS visiting faculty appointment during the summer of 1969 at Battelle Memorial Institute in Richland, Washington. William Matchett was head of the lab. This resulted in a scientific paper showing that in *Neurospora* the synthesis of messenger RNA, which organisms use as a code to make proteins, can be prevented from carrying out this normal function when the fungus is treated with actinomycin D, an antibiotic. I was to go there the following summer, but I let a fellow professor at Kansas take my place, and I joined my brother in Carson City.

Wallace Tucker and mass extinctions

I published a paper on the possible biological effects of supernova explosions that I wrote with Wallace Tucker. When our paper was published in *Science* in 1968, we were interviewed by numerous media outlets. Wallace even had his picture taken for *Time Magazine*, but it wasn't published.

One unsolved puzzle in science is the simultaneous disappearance of many animal species that takes place over a brief period of time. It is referred to as mass extinction. For example 97 percent of the animals at the end of the Paleozoic Era became extinct, and at the end of the Mesozoic Era the dinosaurs and many other creatures disappeared from the scene. There have been many other mass extinctions as well, some more minor than others. Our paper suggested that mass extinctions might be the result of radiation from supernovae explosions. We rested this theory on the observation that those creatures on Earth that were sensitive to radiation tended to become extinct, while those creatures resistant to radiation escaped extinction. The latter includes insects, plant life, and fish deep in the ocean. Wallace was able to show mathematically that we might expect an extinction event due to radiation every 50 million years.

A brief review of the literature at this time shows that scientists lean towards multiple causes of mass extinction, including supernova, asteroids, volcanic activity, and climate. They are attempting to link up the cause of individual mass extinctions with the most likely catastrophic events. I was pleased to see that they suggest one of the extinctions is linked to a specific known supernova explosion.



Kelland checking readouts from a scintillator, University of Kansas News Paper

An article entitled “Radiation may have caused mass extinction of early organisms” appeared in the University Daily Kansan and other newspapers across the United States.

In spring of 1971, the Department of Comparative Biochemistry and Physiology at the University of Kansas was dissolved. I was told by the chairman that I could transfer to the Department of Biology, and I was told later by Dr. Hirsh, who was the head of the new Department of Biochemistry, that if I had stuck around he would have got me into that department.

At this particular time in my life, I was more depressed than usual; perhaps because I did not have any exciting experimental projects to explore, in fact I was lost. It is also true that we had

just bought a new house, and it seemed that more money would be very desirable. Just by chance, my brother Dixon called me at this pivotal point in my life. He was making more money than I could dream of in the mobile home business, and he asked me if I would like to join him. I made the decision to go with my brother for a couple of years, stockpile some money, and then get back into academics. I think too, I just wanted to work with Dixon. I asked him if we could set up a business in Carson City, Nevada, which sounded romantic to me. I convinced a fellow professor at KU to take the summer job I had at Battelle Laboratories, and I and my family went to Carson City, Nevada to live in May of 1971. Dixon paid for the moving expenses and doubled my salary. In just a few months I had earned enough money to buy an even more expensive home in Carson City, the same brick home I reside in today. I always wanted brick.

CHAPTER 29: LIFE AFTER ACADEMICS

Mobile home business

It is hard to believe how busy I was after I began selling mobile homes in 1971 at 1971 North Carson Street—a weird coincidence. I sold a home to the first person I talked to, and I average about 17 per month for the first two years. I was on the phone for hours every day either talking to a banker, or a future customer, or listening to complaints, or ordering homes and supplies. And when I was not on the phone, I was making contracts, taking down credit applications, helping to set up homes, decorating homes, showing homes, selling homes, and arranging for service work to be done. During those very busy years, I did have three people working in the office with me to do the bookkeeping and other details, and I had a crew of men to deliver and set up homes. Sometime in the 1980s things slowed down considerably, and James Nance and Mary Nance retired. They were Linda's father and mother. From that point on I ran the office alone, and I added bookkeeping to one of my chores.

It is amazing how close I came to hundreds of people who bought homes from me. I could rarely walk anywhere in Carson without meeting someone I knew. On one occasion, I sat and chatted with a man who ended up in the San Francisco bay area. He convinced someone from there to buy a home from me.

Every mobile home we sold had several to many manufacturing problems. This was compounded the first year because the manufactures at that time were using aluminum to wire the homes. Unfortunately, the wire tended to come lose in transit, and we had to repair these defects. It wasn't long before I knew the wiring inside and out. Fortunately, the state of Nevada, and probably all states, forced the manufacturers to go back to copper.

If aluminum wiring was not enough, freezing pipes were. The first winter those people who did not put skirting around their mobile homes had their water pipes freeze up. It started when the temperature dropped to 15 degrees above zero, and it got worse when the temperature dropped

20 degrees below zero. It was a brutal winter. The homes were from California and all the pipes were placed along the outside wall. I was told that it wasn't my problem, but I accepted the challenge, and we repaired the broken pipes and heat taped them to prevent future freeze ups. After that experience, I had the manufactures run the pipes alongside the heat ducts and that was the end of that problem.

One of the most vexing problems was leaks in the roof. The manufacturers always installed a plastic barrier in the ceiling, and when the roof leaked the water would run downhill on the plastic until it found an opening. On one occasion it took three or more service calls to find the leak in the roof which proved to be thirty feet from where it appeared inside the home.

I enjoyed going out with the guys to set up homes when things were slow around the office. There wasn't much about mobile homes that I didn't learn, including gas, electric, leveling homes, installing carpet, getting inspections, etc. My license allowed me and my men to set up and correct any deflects, and we got lots and lots of experience.

I began selling mobile home insurance under the ex-commissioner of insurance for Nevada, at one time the top honcho. He knew I didn't have a license, and apparently this arrangement was okay with him, and if it was okay with him, I felt comfortable. I had been doing it for a year when I got a cease and desist order from the state. I had no license. I wonder what they said to the ex-commissioner. Later, I took the test and became legal.

On Good Friday the next spring, the first year we were in business, my men were delivering a mobile home when the roof blew off. I just got back from looking at this home, sitting in my office, feeling dejected, when I got a call telling me that a home we were setting up burned to the ground. Some people had moved into it before it was ready and before it was inspected. They connected the gas line themselves. I had to eat the burned home, no insurance applied, and of course, I lost the sale on the home that lost its roof. I believe I lost \$20,000 or more dollars that day. That was a lot money back in 1972. After this, we always closed on Good Friday. We were certain the home burned down because the lady of the house went shopping that day, and when she got home she stuffed some of the packages into a bottom cabinet where the gas line fed the cooking stove, which was a Gaffers Sattler. The cooking stove used an aluminum non flex tube for the gas line. I believe it broke when the lady jammed the packages against it, but there was no way I could prove it. In other words, the fire had nothing to do with the fact the home had not been inspected.

A few years later, we moved the mobile home sales lot to a new location, and unfortunately it was in a very windy area and two of the homes were blown over and destroyed. Insurance covered this calamity, as well as three others that were destroyed while being pulled from the factory by national haulers. The most amusing accident involved a large mobile home being pulled from a factory in Utah. The factory workers neglected to bolt the home to the frame, and it was blown off after traveling a few hundred miles.

The mobile home business stayed good for several years and I made all the money I envisioned; however, I found it impossible to get out because by then I was guaranteeing millions of dollars of loans being financed by the bank. Nobody told me this would happen. As the years went by I became less and less interested in going back into academics.

Sometime in the 80s Dixon moved to Reno, and he wanted to start Pay Less Mobile Homes. I cosigned with him and we opened that business. He was very successful, and a few years later, he wanted to split the two businesses. He took Pay Less and I took Silver Hills of Carson. No money changed hands, and the only record of this transaction made by our accountant is the value of Treasury stock on Terry, Inc.'s books.

Coaching was fun and exciting.

After I had been in Carson a few years, I began coaching Church basketball teams. I had been watching Jo Jo White and the Jay Hawks at University of Kansas, the hot bed of basketball, and I was all hot to coach. We did pretty well, but it was tough to beat some of the teams from Reno. We did beat South Lake Tahoe one night, something like 90 to 30, but I couldn't adjust the team much because I only had six players. I coached one group that was over 40 years of age, and we should have won the championship but the ref refused to give us two foul shots for intentional fouls at the end of the game. He called me that night and apologized. Actually the most important thing I did was watch out for the older guys and get them out of the game before they killed themselves. Perhaps I was the worst. At the beginning of this season, in one of our first practices, I was dribbling the ball down the floor, lost control of the ball, blacked out, and sprawled across the floor.

I began coaching Sandi in basketball when she was in the 6th grade. It was lucky that you got to keep your own daughter because very few girls at that age could dribble and Sandi could. In a practice game with another team we were beaten about 30 to 13. I decided the only way to win was to keep the opponents under 13 points. The rules were you had to play man to man. I told my players if the opponent they were guarding was away from the basket and did not have the ball they were to sag in the middle and pounce on any player with the ball. We held every team thereafter to 10 to 12 points and we won all of our games. In one game, the other coach thought we were not playing man to man and demanded that the ref prove it. The ref stopped the game and ask the players who they were guarding, and of course every one could point to a player on the other team.

I greatly enjoyed coaching basketball. I also coached softball for the Bobby Sox organization. Sandi and I spent many hours in our back yard with her pitching to me.

My artistic endeavors continued.

For several years after we moved to Carson City I remained active in the LDS Church and I put on several more short musicals, one of which won first prize among the churches in the Reno

Carson City area. As I mentioned earlier, it was the same play that we placed last in in Kansas. By this time, I would make up a short song, sing and record it, and then give it to the pianist who would figure out the notes so she could play it on the piano.

I was in plays and variety shows at the Brewery Art Center in Carson for several years. I played a drunk and other parts in a traveling variety show. Perhaps I did the drunk better than most parts. The traveling director told me that when he was reincarnated he wanted to come back as me. I played Bob Cratchit in the Christmas Carol, directed by my friend Mike Kelley.



Mike Kelley, Tom Gibbons, Kelland Terry, Kioshi Nishikawa

My tennis playing buddies for about 10 years. I had a hand in bringing Mike and Annie together and was best man at their wedding. I'm sure this is how this picture came about.

Mike was very creative and loved to make movies. I was in many of his movies that were shown on local television for several years. He also filmed a movie I wrote about the mining business. Mike is now retired and lives in Florida with his wife Annie who just wrote a 500 page novel, an e-book on Kindle.



Annie and Mary in Orlando, Florida when the Kelley's renewed their vows

I was asked to write a funny, but scathing part about using Nevada as a nuclear dump site. I ended up with my picture in the paper.



I discovered that I still have the original script that I wrote. Hopefully you will enjoy it. I'll preface it by saying that the Nevada Legislators did create Bullfrog County, a small section of land around the proposed nuclear waste dump site in Yucca Mountain. Its purpose was to increase the taxes on the land to a maximum to discourage the feds and to prevent the local county from receiving all the tax money. It was later determined to be illegal. The following is a speech I gave for Carson Capers at the Carson City Recreational Center.

LEGISLATIVE REVUE, 2021 A.D.

Ladies and gentlemen, and fellow politicians, the year 2021 has proven to be a great year for the people of the State of Nevada, and I'm proud to say that I am a Senator from Bullfrog County. "Ribet." You know I was born there in 1991. "Ribet," In fact my dad helped build the nuclear waste dump site at Yucca Mountain. He said they did a great job. They spent billions of dollars so that everyone would be safe from all the radioactive waste. "Ribet, Ribet." He said they did a lot better job than the scientists who exploded the nuclear bombs over Southern Nevada back in the 1950s. Remember how those big radioactive clouds floated over southern Utah. They caused a lot of trouble and a lot of people got cancer. "Ribet." Heck, he said that would never happen because of nuclear waste. "Ribet, ribet."

Well, since then, they've brought train loads of radioactive waste from all over the United States to Nevada. "Ribet." Why, they've buried tons and tons of radioactive tritium, "ribet", uranium, "ribet, plutonium,, "ribet", radioactive carbon, "ribet", iodine, "ribet", and a lot of others I don't know about. "Ribet ribet, ribet ribet." (has been bobbing head up and down). The Feds have paid us a lot of money to store all that radioactive waste in Nevada and Bullfrog County has grown rich. (points with frog hand) Hey, and I'm rich, "ribet ribet, ribet ribet."

Who could have guessed back in 1991 the great side benefits that we would enjoy because of radioactive waste. "Ribet." It used to be that Nevada was known only for legalized prostitution and gambling. "Ribet." Now in the year 2021, we are also known throughout the world for our radioactive soil. For a few bucks, we'll ship a couple of yards of radioactive dirt anywhere. "Ribe, ribet" The only competition we have for radioactive dirt is a few sites where nuclear reactors have blown up. Chernobyl in Russia, that was the first. Of course since then Los Angeles has been blown away and a couple of other spots around, the world, but no can compete with the radioactive soil we have in Nevada. "Ribet, ribet." Why, we have some dirt that's guaranteed in writing to remain radioactive for 50,000 years. "Ribet, ribet." That's prime stuff and worth a fortune. "Ribet ribet, ribet ribet, ribet ribet."

On a more personal level, the radioactive waste has meant a great deal to me. Back in my tadpole days, I attended the Olympics and swam in all the events. My beautiful webbed feet made it possible for me to set world records in every event. "Ribet, ribet." Hey, how do you like my webbed feet" " Ribet, ribet." (Removes turban and sarong.) And the foot sticking out of my head" Great, huh? "Ribet, ribet, ribet, ribet." (He removes all clothing and with great excitement, he springs out away from the podium and lands on hands and feet. He is dressed in a frog costume except for his human face and one human hand.) "Ribet ribet, ribet ribet." (Blows long tongue-like novelty that projects from mouth.) "Ribet ribet, ribet ribet, ribet ribet, ribet ribet."

Well, folks it's been a pleasure talking to you. "Ribet ribet." I gotta hop on back to Bullfrog County now. "Ribet ribet." I'm running for the senate again. "Ribet ribet." Don't worry, I'll be

reelected. “Ribet.” You ought to see some of the folks from Bullfrog County, they look like lizards. Boy, lizards are dumb. If you throw em a few house flies they’ll follow you anywhere. “Ribet ribet.” Of course they’re not as dumb as people. People will swallow anything. “Ribet, ribet, ribet, ribet.” (begins hopping off stage.) “ Ribet ribet, ribet ribet, ribet ribet, ribet ribet.”

What’s in a Tail? A full length musical

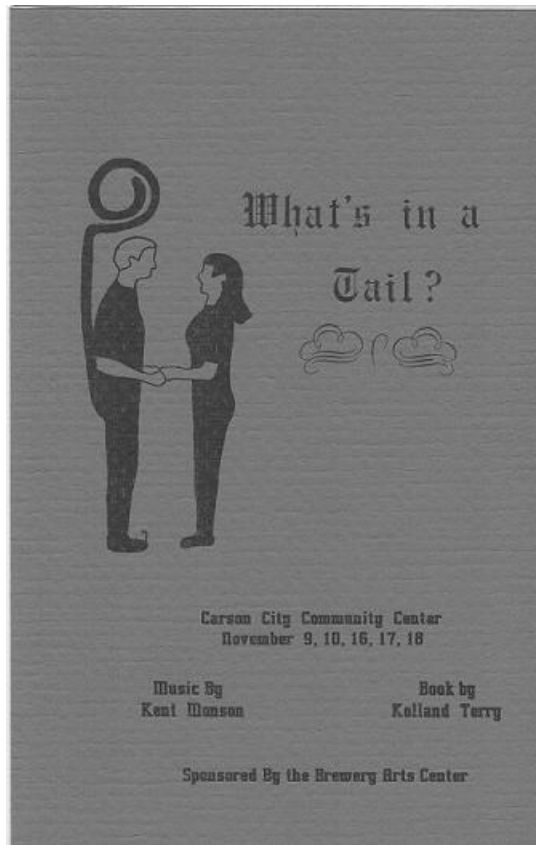
In November of 1983, I was sitting at my desk and staring at a decorative candle of a tree with a human face built into it. My mind began to wonder and plot out a story.



TOK

I envisioned a world where all the intelligent individuals had tails and the dumb animals had no tails. TOK brings a young lady from Earth to this strange planet. Of course she has no tail, but she falls in love with the King’s son who has a splendid long tail. Let the fun begin.

I told my idea to Kent Monson, who at the time was my daughter Alysse’s husband. I didn’t know he was a fantastic musician who could compose music at will, as if it were hardwired in his fingers. We both began to work on our individual parts. I wrote the book on the play, and Kent wrote the music, and what wonderful music it was.



TOK brought the young couple together for the ultimate test of prejudice. The viewing audience took it all in stride, and the comedy received good reviews from our local newspaper. This comedy would have never been completed if it were not for many different individuals.

 ABOUT "WHAT'S IN A TAIL?"

It was one year ago this november that Kelland Terry and Kent Monson first began work on "What's in a tail?" It would still be just so much ink and unsung notes if it were not for the 50 or more people who gave their valuable time and creative energy to bring this play to life. For these many people we sincerely hope that you, the audience, find it entertaining.

We give our warmest thanks to Leah Gambill, President of the Carson City Proscenium Players, who aided in so many ways to make this play possible; to Linda Groves who built the Kissing Rocks and took charge of costumes (we can't thank her enough for all the sewing and leadership); to Sandi Terry and so many of the 11th grade class of Carson High, who worked on TOK and then became cast members; to Malcolm Howard who welded TOK and TROG; to Larry Lake and the Carson City Gymnastics Club for providing us with the young, talented tumblers; to Jess Davis and Brennon Griffin (along with Leah Gambill) who made a long trip to California for some pre-recording; to Holly Clark and Miles McCracken who play the young lovers (it has been a pleasure working with them); to Anne Hall (actress extraordinaire) who made rehearsals fun; to Nancy Hoy (no one could be more pleasant to work with) who choreographed and taught the dancers; and to Dr. Katrina VanPatten for her efficient and diligent work in preparing the program and organizing the stage; and last but not least, we thank Caren Jenkins, director of the Brewery Arts Center who cheerfully came to our aide to help make this show possible.

Finally, K. T. would like to thank Kent Monson for his beautiful music and his amiable personality.

*****SPECIAL THANKS*****

WE EXTEND OUR THANKS TO THE CARSON CITY PROSCENIUM PLAYERS FOR PROVIDING TECHNICAL STAFF AND EXPERTISE TO THIS PRODUCTION. ALSO, WE THANK BOB GRANT AND THE SOUTH LAKE TAHOE THEATER COMPANY FOR PROVIDING MUCH OF THE SOUND SYSTEM.

Everyone who worked on this play from its inception to the time it was performed was working full time at their regular jobs. It is amazing that Kent Monson was able to write all the music for this play under these conditions. I know my business suffered.

DIRECTED BY.....KELLAND TERRY, PH D.
 ASSISTED BY.....LEAH GAMBILL
 ORIGINAL MUSIC, ARRANGEMENTS,
 AND PERFORMANCE BY.....KENT MONSON
 LIGHTING DESIGNED BY.....AL GLOYER
 TECHNICIANS.....BOB BODENHAMEA
 BARBARA CHOOK, LYDETTTE WESTERLADD
 CHOREOGRAPHER.....DANCY ROY
 COSTUMES.....LIDDA GROVES, PATTY ANDERSON
 JAN CLARK, LEAH GAMBILL
 PROGRAM.....DR. KATHINA VANPATTEN
 KENT MONSON
 STAGE MANAGER.....DR. KATHINA VANPATTEN
 STAGE ASSISTANTS.....RICH AND JEAN CARLSEN
 SET DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION..KELLAND TERRY
 RICK GROVES, DOUG SAUNDERS

WHAT'S IN A TAIL?

Overture to Act I	
Tok's Delight	
Certain Trouble	Jess Davis
Gobba Gitchi	Kent Monson
Friendly Company	Miles McCracken
Bad Boys	Anne Hall
Kingdom and Tails	Leah Gambill
Songland	Entire Cast
One and One Makes Two	Miles McCracken
Shadows	Holly Clark
Gonger Trot	
Unfulfilled	Jan Maximova
Tahsha	
Overture to Act II	
The loving Song	Miles McCracken
You Can Sing	Malcom Howard, Joe Merrill
Trog Dance	
Toks Delight	

LYRICS BY KENT MONSON AND KELLAND TERRY

The only lyrics I wrote was for the song “Kingdom and Tails”, which I offer it here because it gives the tenor of the play. The person with the longest tail becomes king.

It all started so long ago,
 Before there was beast or grale.
 Centuries old and gray

I'm told sprang our glorious tails.

The longer the tail,
The higher the rank.
Society's code
That we all thank.

Tails of glory
Tails so nice.
We bump our tails.
We do it twice.

Those of higher minds all say
Tails should not a people make,
While these self same people say
The tail sure wags our state.

The tail must rise
Or the kingdom falls.
The number one law
That governs us all.

Tails of glory,
Tails so nice.
We bump our tails,
We do it twice.

Who knows why they all came to be,
Who knows why they never fail,
Who knows why we're so proud to see
Long and glorious tails.

The tail must rise
Or the kingdom falls.
The number one law
That governs us all.

Tails of glory,
Tails so nice.
We bump our tails,
We do it twice.

WHAT'S IN A TAIL?

A musical fairy "tail" on the far distant planet of Songland.

- There will be a short intermission between acts -

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

TOK

VOICE----- JESS DAVIS
EYES, MOUTH & ARMS----- ROBIN BARRY
TOM WARD, BRENNAN GRIFFON
TOK DANCERS----- CHARLENE O'NEAL, KATHY LEWIS
SANDI TERRY, MOLLY REIDY, KELLY WOOLF
MIGNON MOFFIT, ANALISA SCHEIN
SMALL TROG----- SUSIE UTLEY
BABY GONGER BIRD----- ERIC KELLER
KING----- KELLAND TERRY
SUZY----- HOLLY CLARK
GITCHIS----- DDeETTE WADSWORTH, STACEY BUTTNER
MARIE SCOTT, SHANNON EADES, RENEE ALDRICH
JAMIE MATORIAN, TRACIE MATORIAN
GOREAN----- MILES McCRACKEN
WONKS
GABNEY----- ANNE HALL
BOSHARD----- GARY CROOK
FIRST WONK----- JESS DAVIS
BONES----- ROB GOUCHER
OTHER WONKS----- DERRICK SCOTT
PATTY ANDERSON, SANDI TERRY
RANDY WIDMER, JENNIFER DUNN

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

GUARDS

CAPTAIN----- DON ROBINSON
SARGENT----- ART MORENO
OTHER GUARDS----- RICK GROVES, RALPH MORROW
BRETT WILLIAMS, TOM WARD
BILL WORKS, PATRICK MORROW
BOGLUT----- BRENNON GRIFFIN
QUEEN----- LEAH GAMBILL
QUEENS ATTENDANTS & DANCERS----- MIGNON MOFFIT
KATHY LEWIS, MOLLY REIDY
ANALISA SHEEHAN, KELLY WOOLF
SANDY TERRY, ROBIN BARRY, CHARLENE O'NEAL
BOBBY----- JOE MERRILL
DR. CORNBUCKLE----- BOB ERICKSON
SONGLAND DANCERS----- CHARLENE O'NEAL, MOLLY REIDY
KATHY LEWIS, KELLY WOLF, ANNALISA SHEEHAN
MIGNON MOFFETT, ROBIN BARRY, SUSIE UTLEY
LACEY LOVELAND, TAMI DELL'ERGO
KISSING ROCKS----- BONNIE BORDA, SUSIE UTLEY
LACEY LOVELAND, TAMIE DELL'ERGO

EYESTRILLS

SORCERESS----- JAN MAXIMORA
TAHSHA----- PATTY WEDGE
OTHERS----- JESS DAVIS, BONNIE BORDA
SUSIE UTLEY, LACEY LOVELAND, TAMI DELL'ERGO
RICK GROVES, RALPH MORROW, PATRICK MORROW

TROG

TROGS VOICE----- MALCOM HOWARD
TROG----- SUSIE UTLEY, ROBIN BARRY, BRET BARLOW
BONNIE BORDA, LACEY LOVELAND, TAMI DELL'ERGO

I wrote a movie script of this play, and although I got one of the most wonderful reviews you could ask for from one reviewer, others didn't like it so much. Occasionally I tweak it and try it again even though I know it's doomed to failure.



Nevada Day Mayor's Trophy 1984

My daughter Sandi Terry was in charge of the floats for the Carson City High School homecoming for at least three years. She would always attract a large number of kids to build the floats, and this was done at my business. And of course I was very proud of her. The year I did the musical, she had several parts in it, and she took some of the characters, including TOK, and put them on the float, and other kids she attracted from the high school, she had dancing down the street. The float won the mayors trophy that year. Notice the price of gas in the background.

By 1985, I absolutely hated running Silver Hills, and I sold it to one of my employees

Genetics counselor for Northern Nevada

For reasons I can't remember, I was talking to an employee at the State of Nevada, who knew of me, and she asked me what I was doing, and I told her I was unemployed. The next thing I knew I was the genetics counselor for northern Nevada. I was assigned with a facility for retarded kids

in Reno, and the personnel were wonderful. I did a study of Fragile X Syndrome that causes a great deal of mental retardation in Australia. However, I found little evidence for this disease in northern Nevada. I did have some fun with this study because I establish a control group by measuring the facial features of everyone who came to a party I gave. Fragile X patients have very distinctive features. I wanted to send a letter to all the parents whose children became part of the study. Can you believe the lady who was head of the Nevada Department of Health refused to allow me to print a dozen letters using a state copier. Of course, I sent the letters on my own. I kept this job for less than a year, and finally quit because I had nothing to do and because my friends, Van and Charlene Van Patten needed my help.

My ex-wife Linda and Dick Hoy attempted to do me a good turn by touting me for chair of the department of biology at the University of Nevada. I did talk to the dean, but I decided that there must have been a reason why I got out of academics in the first place.

Parc De Maison

My good friend Bill Van Patten (optometrist) and his partner Dick Grundy (medical doctor) wanted me to help them develop a mobile home park on twenty acres in Carson. I turned it over to Richard Hoy and my wife Linda (prior to our divorce) because they were more into that end of the business than I, and at the time I was Genetics Counselor. That was a mistake because they offered me a part of the park. Richard and Linda worked on it for a while, but as far as Van Patten and Grundy were concerned, it was going under, and they came to me for help. It was at this time I quit the genetics counseling job, and put my efforts in salvaging the park. I explained that to fill the park with mobile homes as quickly as possible, it was necessary for them to lose money in the beginning. We used my license to set the mobile homes up, and my connections with the manufacturer to get it started. I filled the park with homes and now it was worth a few million dollars. They did give me a bonus, and to this day my family goes to Van Patten's daughter Katrina for their eye care and to their son William for their dental work. And of course, it was Katrina that helped me with the play, What's in a Tail?

A side note:

Katrina recently diagnosed my red eyes as dry eyes, and I thought it was allergies. And occasionally, I took Benadryl for my allergies. A recent study shows that some antidepressants and some antihistamines, including Benadryl, may increase dementia, including Alzheimer's, by 50 percent. Good night! Fortunately, I have rarely used these drugs because I always thought they might interfere with my immune system. I've also read that valium and some other antianxiety and sleeping drugs have the same effect. It's a good idea to check the internet to research this problem with any drugs you take.

I did meet one interesting person while working at Parc De Maison. His name was Joe Simas. We became great friends. He was in charge of the park that I was working to fill. When we were there by ourselves, we took a large picture off the wall, put up a dart board and threw darts. Or

we strung a ribbon across the large family room and played a form of volley ball. I kept asking Joe about his life, but I had a hard time piecing his past together. He told me he had been working on the coast counting the population of birds for some study. He said he sat so still one day that a seagull landed on his shoulder. He came to our house and began playing Ping Pong, and it wasn't long until he was as good as me. After a couple of years, he confessed that he had spent the last 4 years in prison for robbing a taxi driver. Within two months of that confession, Joe got drunk, turned his car over and killed himself. At the little wake we had for him in our office his mother was there from California. We all had a laugh later because a few months before this Joe said his mother had died, and he took a few days off to spread her ashes in the Sierra Mountains. Later, I talked to his probation officer and found out that Joe put a knife to the taxi cab drivers throat to rob him. I liked Joe. Everyone liked him. Isn't the world crazy?



Joseph Simas

CHAPTER 30: MARY JEAN GROVES TERRY

In 1990, I was invited to a Super Bowl party at Rick and Linda Groves, a couple that I had known for many years in the mobile home business. Rick had decided that his niece, Mary Jean Groves, and I would make wonderful partners and we should get married. Unbeknown to either

one of us, he invited both of us to the Super Bowl party. When we arrived, there were just four of us there: Rick, Linda, Mary and I. God bless Rick, he was correct and Mary and I have enjoyed a wonderful relationship for more than 25 years. Rick passed away in 2013. It's hell getting older because your friends keep passing away.



Rick and Linda Groves

Not many years later, Mary and I were invited to a wedding anniversary for Bill and Sharlene Van Patten in Palm Springs. I lost both of these friends not long after this, and they were soon followed by Dick Grundy. All three died when they were young.



Mary and her Sister Sheri striding out

After we got married, Mary went back to college, got her master's degree in business at the University of Nevada, and shortly thereafter one of her professors asked her if she would like to teach at UNR. As it turns out she is a superior teacher and has been voted best teacher in the college three different times out of the five the students have been voting. She has now been employed there for 13 years. She is a very much respected member of the department even though she only has a master's degree. They put her on every committee she will accept, including rewriting the bylaw codes for the business college. Her student evaluations are always well above the average for the school of business and the University as a whole. Frequently, her students say that Mary is the best teacher they ever had in college. She teaches communication, and years later after taking her course, some students email her to say how much they appreciate what she taught them and how valuable the course has been to their success. At the School of Business Mary is known as a very strict, demanding teacher. Every semester one assignment is to write a resume and cover letter. If you have a single spelling error on your resume, you are given a zero. The same applies to the cover letter. And they know this, but still there is usually one in the class that makes this mistake. She tells them it's the best life's lesson they will ever get. Mary teaches four courses on communication every semester and she has them write many business letters, and of course she has to correct them if they are going to learn. There are about 33 students in every class, which means she brings home stacks of papers that must be read and corrected every week.



The graduate

Somehow Mary remembers all their names and calls on them in class, somewhat to their astonishment. She now has a great reputation among the students, and she turns away dozens every semester that want to take her course. However, once in the course half of them say that she expects too much, the work load is overbearing, and she grades too strict.

One of Mary's great attributes is her willingness to accept and become friends with my friends and relatives, without question. And my friends and relatives love Mary.

And she loves me, how great is that.



At Dave Dredge's wedding in Hawaii. No, she is not wearing a palm tree hat.



Professor Mary

Mary and I were married on Memorial Day Week-end 25 short years ago, and many of those that came to our wedding continue to meet with us and play together. At one of our first rendezvous, I ask Jimmy Chou, who married my niece Jennie, what would he like to do? I said we can play tennis, or we can shoot basketballs and play horse, or we can play golf, or play table tennis. He said let's do all of them. Immediately, I saw he was a man after my own heart. At that time he was just beginning his practice as an attorney, and now he is a judge in California. It became a ritual for wedded pairs to be partners in whatever game we played. For many years it was principally table tennis and Jim Dredge and Adele Pincock almost always won. We also

played many games of horse, shooting baskets in front of our house. We tried bowling for a few years, but I've found lately that the ball is too heavy for me to handle. And in horseshoes I can't get within four feet.

We have met on several occasions at the Gold Hill Hotel in Gold Hill, Nevada where we were married. The following two pictures were taken at our 10th anniversary.



Monta, Kelland, Mary and top Sandi, and Shirle



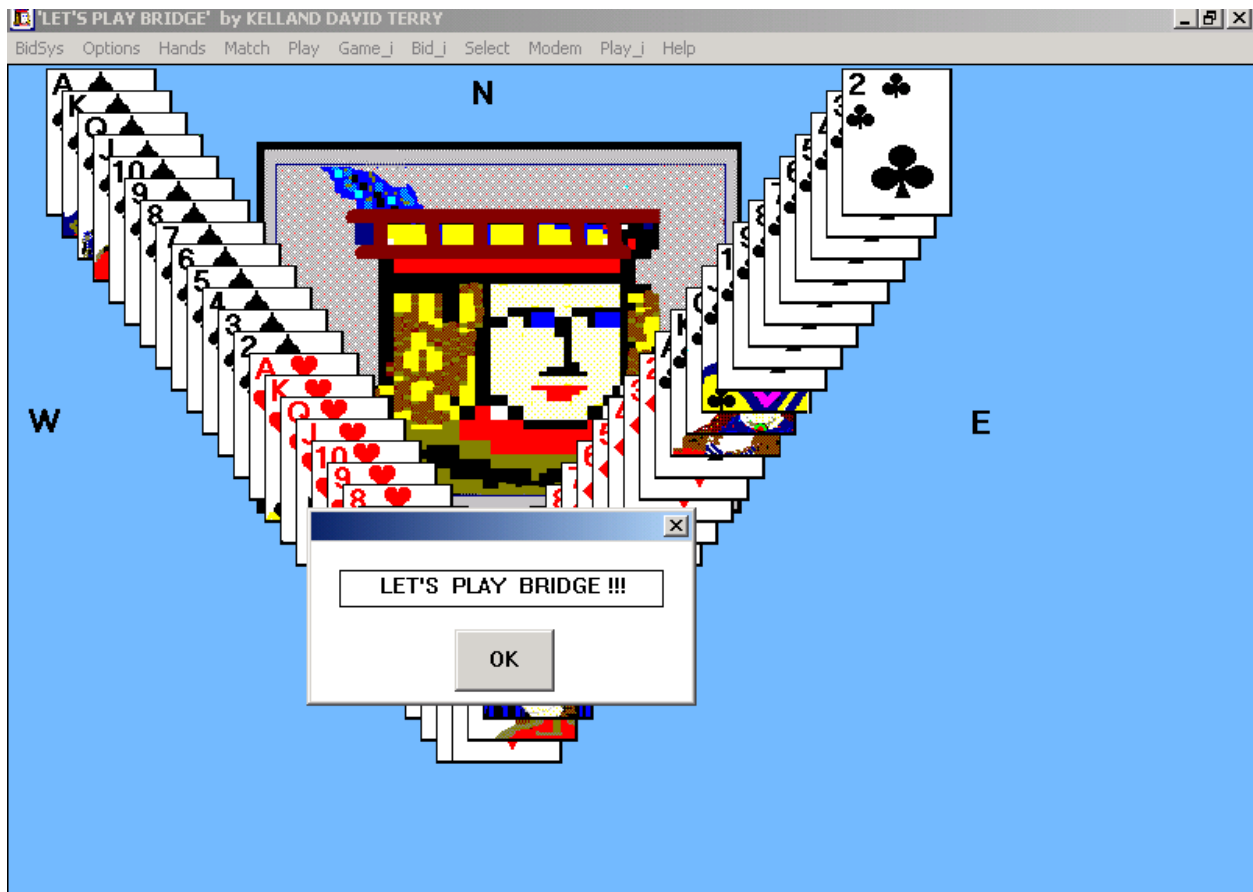
Tom Stirling, Jimmy Chou, Tim Ballard, Jim Dredge, David Dredge, and in the background, Kelland and Brad Ballard

CHAPTER 31: MY LONG TERM PROJECTS

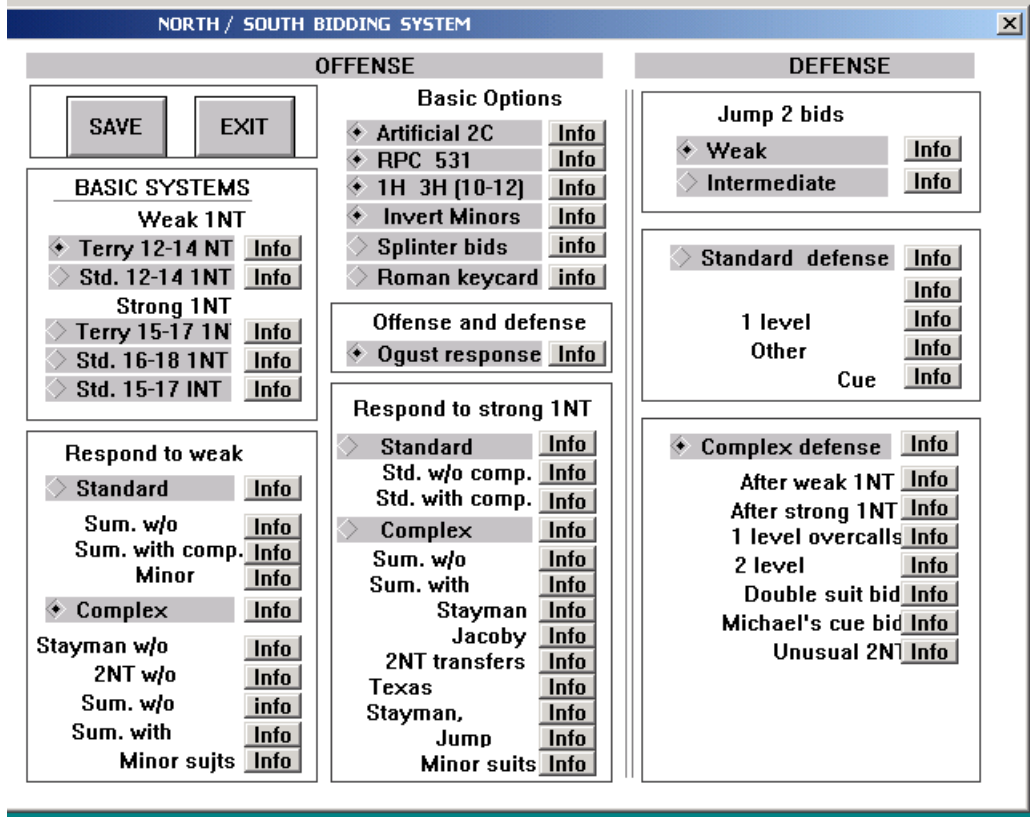
Let's Play Bridge and computer programing

I am definitely a project oriented kind of man. While I was selling out the mobile home park for Gundy and Van Patten, I was busy writing a computer program to play the game of bridge. I had actually started this program years earlier but the compilers for the C language at that time were terrible. It would take all night just to compile one short file, and if there was a mistake you had to start over. A compiler converts the code you write into machine language and links the files together to make a program. Now with newer, faster computers, and better compilers, a file can be compiled in a few second, and a program with 30 files can be compiled and linked to make a program in couple of minutes. Writing "Let's Play Bridge" was a very time consuming project that required many years, although in the last three years, after I was retired, I may have written

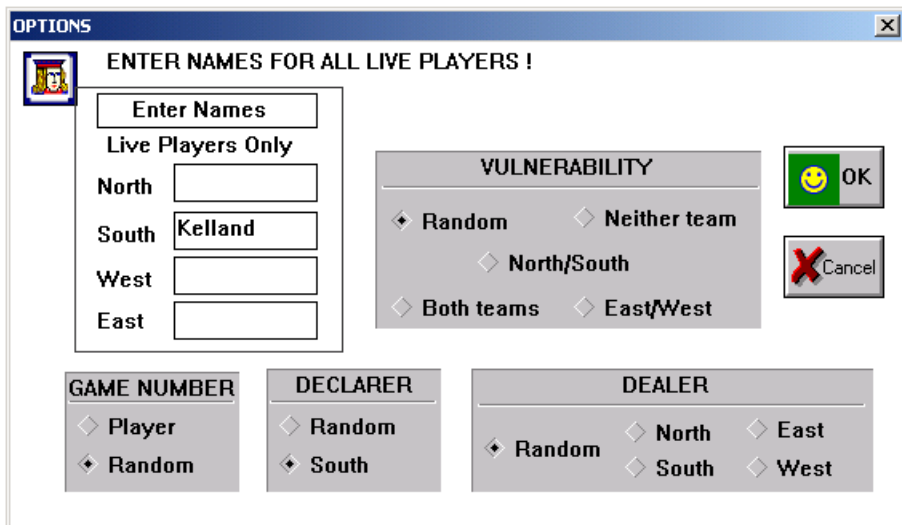
as much code as in the previous 7 years. I returned to the program occasionally until 2005 to perfect the play of the cards. My friend Mike Kelley played the game numerous times and kept track of the games where the play of cards needed some attention. He said he did pick up some tips on how to play the game better.



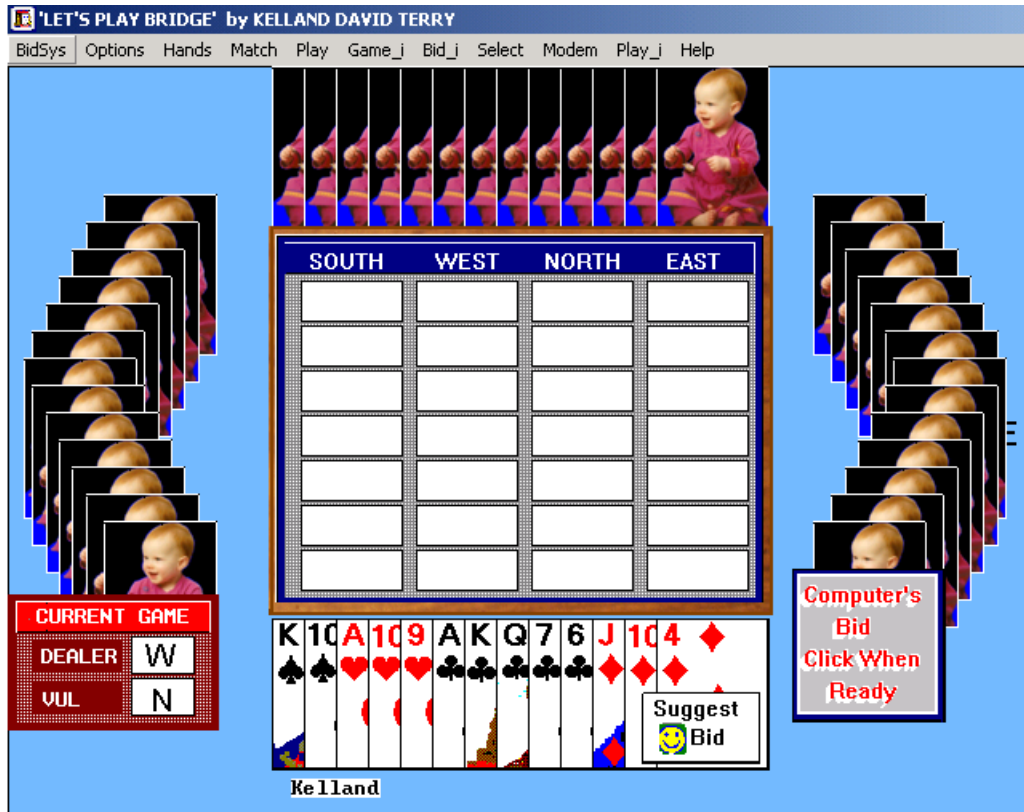
I programmed it to play multiple bidding systems, including a couple of my own, and for this reason it required more lines of code for the bidding than the play of the cards.



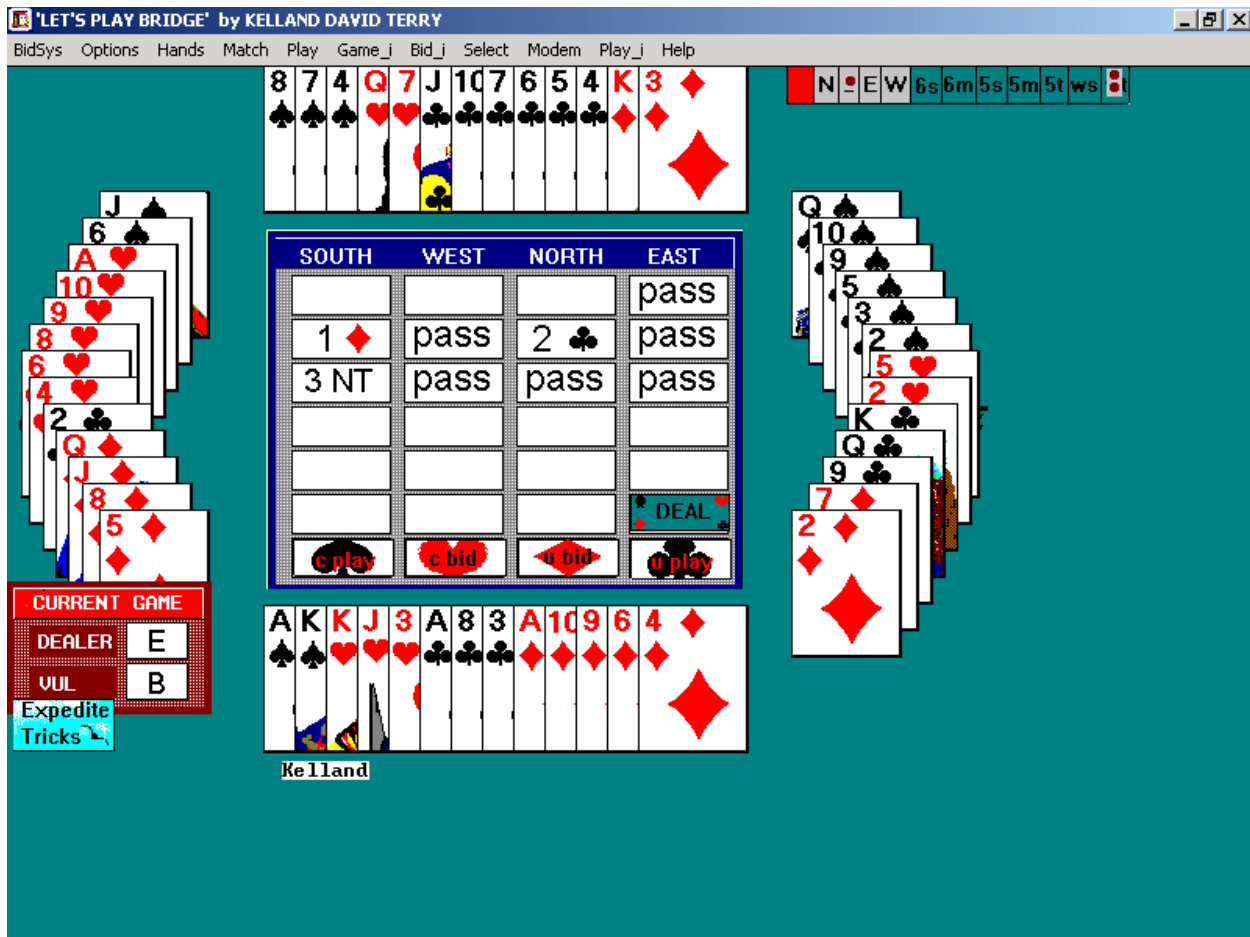
Look at all of the information buttons. I even made it possible for a person to click on a card played to find out why the computer played that particular card, and click on a bid made to find the requirements for that bid. This made it much easier for humans to interact with the computer.



I programmed many different options for the color of the screen and backs of cards; the cards below are of my granddaughter, Jessie, who is entering graduate school at Oregon State next year to get her Ph.D. in medicinal chemistry.



She was a cute little baby and now she's a pretty lady.



The buttons on the screen are all hot, meaning if you click cplay, the computer plays all the cards one card at a time; click cbid and the computer bids the cards; click ubid and you bid your hand; click uplay, and you play your hand; click expedite tricks and the computer instantly plays all the remaining cards. Click one of the bids made, and you get the requirements for the bid. In the particular hand shown above, the computer made eleven tricks, and I only made nine because I didn't keep track of the diamonds discarded by the defensive hands. I wrote a very complex section that used the bidding information, play of cards, and the exposed dummy to guess what cards were found in all players' hands.

I programmed the computer to play over the phone and keep all appropriate hands hidden, and I programmed it to play between two computers. There was one couple in Canada who told me they used it in this manner to sharpen up for bridge tournaments.

One gentleman told me he could not use the computer anymore because his wife played my game all the time. I had two attorneys who learned to play using my program, and there were several bridge clubs who recommended my game as a learning tool.

I sold the program around the world on the Internet, and occasionally I would sell to three different people in three different countries all in the same day. Some people downloaded every new version and continued to play it daily until they discovered it would not work on 64 bit computers—a sad day for them and me. Some customers tried every conceivable way to make it work on the newer computers, but all failed.

How I got started. My good friend Mike Kelley, a computer guru, suggested that I use the C language to program a game of bridge. To that end I bought two little primer books: “C from A to Z by Bryan Costales and “C Primer Plus” by Mitchell Waite, Stephen Prata, and Donald Martin. They both presented the same material, but it helps to have ideas expressed from two different perspectives. At this time I was using a computer that ran on DOS and the language was just called C, and what I was doing was strictly a hobby. I was confident, however, that someday I would finish the game, and by then, computers would have advanced to play a large program.

I did not know anything about computer languages, but I was always curious. I was delighted to find that I could see almost immediately how to write the code for the bid of the game. I convinced myself that I should give it a try. It became my hobby.

Here’s one small example that got me started.

```
#include "bre.h" //A header file contains information always available to the computer program.

/* the two slash lines mean what follows is not part of the program and so does
   enclosing a paragraph with */

int bid1 (int hand[]) The function bid1 makes the first bid of the game. It is called into action
along with the bidder’s hand. This function returns a number back to
the sender, which is the bid.

{

int hvalues [61]; hvalues (61) is an array like a bunch of train cars hooked
together. hvalues can hold 61 different numbers. Hand[] is also an array
holding the numbers that correspond to the cards in the hand, 1 through
52. hvalues is local to this function

int a = 0; integer a is local variable only used in this function as is hvalues array that follows.

handvalues (hand,hvalues); This function is called to find 61 variables about the current hand
that it places in the hvalues array. Notice both the current hand and
the hvalues array is sent to the handvalues function. Obviously for
programming, I had at my fingertips just about everything there
was to know about the hand.
```

```

if ( QT > 25) a++;
if ( QT > 20 && OPC > 10) a++;
if ( QT > 15 && OPC > 11) a++;
if ( QT > 10 && OPC > 12) a++;

```

OPC refers to openers point count, a way of analyzing the strength of the hand. QT refers to quick tricks, basically the number of aces and kings. Using decimals is too cumbersome so I used 10 times the number. In other words QT 20 would mean you either have two aces or an ace king combination in the same suit, or you could have all four kings. The ++ tells the computer to increase a by one. With the proper values, a becomes greater than zero.

Below in black:

if a is greater than zero you can do what follows. && means and in the C language

Below reads: if the number of spades is greater than four and the number of spades is greater than or equal to the number of hearts and either the spade points are greater than zero or you have a hand with an unequal distribution (single or void) then bid 1 spade. The next line applies to hearts.

```

if ( a > 0 )
{
    if ( NS > 4 && NS >= NH && (SP > 0 || UED)) BD1S; try to bid one spade.
    if ( NH > 4 && (HP > 0 || UED)) BD1H;          try to bid one heart
} The computer finds out what BD1H and BD1S means in the header file and inserts it
here.

```

Of course there are lots of other bids to be considered before these two, and there are many bids to be consider after these two, but this shows you how I did it.

At the end of the series of possible bids, if the player can't bid, the function returns one, which means pass.

```

return (1);
} This denotes the end of the function

```

The header file inserts the code for NS, NH, UED, BDIS, and BDIH

In header file

```

#define NS          hvalues [1]      number 1 cell in this array has the number of spades
#define NH          hvalues [2]      number 2 cell in this array has the number of hearts
#define UED         hvalues [10] == 0 number 10 cell in this array is 0 if it is an
                                   uneven distribution and 1 if balanced (even).

#define QT          hvalues[11]
#define OPC         hvalues[13]

#define BD1S        if ( ifcanbid (7) == 1 ) return (7)
#define BD1H        if ( ifcanbid (6) == 1 ) return (6)

```

ifcanbid function tests whether the bid can be made, and if it can, it returns a 7 for the 1S bid and a 6 for the 1H bid. If it returns a bid, the program leaves the int bid1 (int hand[]) function and returns to sender.

If the bid made is a lower number than a previous bid, it does not return a number, and if it doesn't return a number it goes back to looking for other bids, including a pass if all else fails.

Of course eventually I had to have some cards and hands

void shufflef () void means it doesn't return a value . In this case it fills deck with numbers, and it creates the various hands.

```

{
    int deck [53];      deck is available only in this function
    int x;              x is only available in this function
    for ( x = 1; x < 53; x++ )
        deck [x] = x;

```

A common C programming tool. It says starting with x = 1 add numbers to the deck until it reaches 52.

Numbers 1-13 became spades and the ace of spades was 1

Numbers 14-26 became hearts and the ace of hearts was 14

Numbers 27-39 became diamonds and the ace is 27

Numbers 40-52 became clubs and the ace is 40

The first cell is left zero

northhand and the other hands are external arrays that can be used by any function. They are defined in a header file.

```
makehandf(northhand,deck);  
makehandf(easthand,deck);  
makehandf(southhand,deck);  
for (x = 1; x < 53; x++)
```

The hands are created using a random number generator which requires a seed number.

I got the seed number from the computer clock.

```
    if (deck[x] > 0) westhand[x] = x; any number left in the deck becomes the west hand
```

```
}
```

Once I learned how to do this I could write all the bidding as a hobby in my spare time. I assumed I'd be able to program the play of the cards someday when I got to that phase of the game. Meanwhile, I waited for computers to become large enough and fast enough to play the bridge game I was programming. In the beginning, I was using a computer with a DOS system. Years later the first person I sold a game to was named Dos.

After I had more or less written all of the bidding system for the weak notrump, I paid a graduate student at UNR to get me started using a Borlandc compiler and my first Windows based computer. He furnished the code to find the position of the clicks on the screen and the code to read bitmaps for the pictures I needed, including the cards. He also made me a sample dialog box to insert information, and he showed where I was to write code in the main function to get started. At that point, I took over. I remember I wrote a short function to display the cards on the screen, and I worked late that night because I wanted to impress my teacher. It worked and I was greatly relieved. At this point, programming was still a hobby because I was working full time. I continued to plug away at it, and before long, I had my files compiled by Borlandc that I had written previously.

In 1994, I began programming full time, and three years later I had the program playing cards quite successfully, and I was writing other bidding systems, and adding options. It was quite funny in the beginning, because the computer would come up with an ace to win a round when the ace had already been played—oops. I may have done more in three years working at it full time than in all the years I programmed for fun. I suppose this is partly true because my skills were better, not only as a programmer but in manipulating icons, bitmaps, and working at the computer, or as Dr. Grundy called it, the confuser. In addition, the Borlandc compiler was 1000 times better than the original that took all night to compile one file.

I made the program with lots of options, such as allowing the player to select different kinds of hands to play.

```

int Deal() deals the type of hands selected by the human
{
    if (gametype == 1) return (AnyGamef()); //player choses any random game
    if (gametype == 2) return (SlamGamef(29));
    if (gametype == 3) return (SlamGamef(18));
    if (gametype == 4) return (FindGamef()); // for preselected bids
    if (gametype == 5) return (FinalContractf());
    if (gametype == 7) return (ManualGamef()); // manual.cpp
    /* if (gametype == 6) return (Kanterf()); (PreloadedGamef()); */ I apparently never used this
                                                                    option
    return (0);
}

```

I have inserted this bit of programing to show you a do while routine

A do while routine is a neat little option in programing. I used a do while routine to search for games until it finds one where declarer is south as shown below. This allows the human playing south to take the bidding most of the time and play both north (dummy) and south hands.

```

int AnyGamef() from above
{
    Southdeclarer and declarer are global integers that can be used in any function
do
    { zerofunctionf(); zeros all hands etc.
      shufflef();
      makeplayhandsf(); //original northhand[] is preserved and nhand[] is made for north's hand

                                                                    the rest of this function is not used unless southdeclarer is one
    if (southdeclarer == 1) ComputerBidsf(); This function makes and bids new hands until
                                                                    south takes the bid and declarer becomes one for
                                                                    south
    } while (southdeclarer == 1 && declarer == 0); When declarer becomes one it exits this
                                                                    routine

    return (1);
}

```

The conditional **if** statement, the **for** ($x = 1; x < 53; x++$) routine, and the **do while** routine are three of the main work horses of the C language.

Here is one portion of a page of programming for the play of cards. I'm not going to attempt to explain it, except to say that the play of the cards required me to create a large language where the numbers were held in arrays defined in the header file. One particularly large array with 457 cells required setting aside special memory to accomplish this task, the one little problem that

plagued me for a while. It was impossible to ask anyone when things didn't work. Lack of memory is not a problem that exists in the 64 bit programs.

In the example below, the computer is playing the exposed dummy hand, and the computer knows this hand and declarer's hand, and it knows the cards played by the declarer and his right hand opponent. By chance, I selected an example where the dealer was attempting to run a finesse and dummy has cards in the suit.

```
                // WHEN I HAVE CARDS IN THE SUIT
if (mn > 0)
{

                // PARTNER LEADS TOWARD A FINESSE

// Leads for a double finesse
if (frun > 0 && mnfsrun > 0 && fsrun == suita)
{ if (ftype == 1 && suita == suitb)
  { if (cfcp == 1 && scpc > fcp) return (mbot);
    if (fcbsmc < scpc) return (fcbsmc);
    if (mfcbfmc < scpc) return (mfcbfmc);
    if (mtop < scpc) return (mtop);
    return (mbot);
  } // leads toward a simple finesse
if (ftype == 2 && suita == suitb)
  { //finesse is being run again
    if (fwork > 0)
      { if (fcp < scpc) return (mbot);
        if (fcp > scpc && mtop < scpc) return (wincardf(mh,suita,scpc,100,100));
      }
  }
}
```

Every word refers to a cell in a large array of 457 cells identified in a header file. The values in this array and several others change every time a card is played. The function returns the card played. For example, mbot returns my bottom card in the suit. Obviously this series of code is good for any suit, which is true for almost all the functions that deal with the play of cards.

In computer programming there can be no errors in syntax; every parenthesis, semicolon, spelled word, and function argument must be correct or the compiler will let you know something is wrong. Every function must be defined in a header file, which the computer checks. The compiler gives you clues as to the problem, and there are debugging programs, which are enormously helpful for some problems. But of course the big challenge is organizing the thousands of bits of information to make the program bid and play the cards in a successful manner. Fortunately, I still have an XP Windows computer that can play my own game.

Eventually, I put all, and I mean all, the ideas from several bridge books into the bridge game. These books included a bridge book on the weak notrump system, two books on the strong notrump system, two bridge books devoted to the defensive play of cards, and two bridge books devoted to the offensive play of cards. In addition, I developed my own strong notrump system and my own weak notrump system.

In my game, the bidding required more code than the play of cards. Perhaps there is a way to approach the bid of the game that differs from mine above, but no matter how you do it, in the final analysis, you have to analyze the hand and the other bids around the table, and this takes programming. I did comingle as much of the bidding systems that made sense, but it still required a lot of programming. To reduce the programming for the play of cards, I analyzed the play of trump games as though trumps were always spades. And the sequence for the play of cards above can be used for any suit.

I don't feel bad about the time it took to write this program. One gentleman said he spent 10 years on his bridge game for his wife, and he had a professional bridge player helping him when needed. In some cases, the programs have been written by teams.

Currently there are computer bridge games that can beat most professional teams. While mine couldn't do that, it could bid as good as me and it could play the cards almost as good, and in some cases better than me. I know there were lots of people that loved the game and told me so in person or by email.

Now Let's Play Bridge only plays on older computers and is gone from the public eye. I tell myself that it was in the doing that I need to cherish. I began programming the game because of curiosity. How do you write using a computer language, I ask myself. I remember I was also curious about how many kilobytes of information it would it take? My program topped off at 5,520 kilobytes, but at least 1000 kilobytes of that are bitmaps and help files, and it includes several files just to play over the telephone and between computers. This many kilobytes would fill more than a thousand single spaced, printed pages, and thousands upon thousands of lines of computer code.

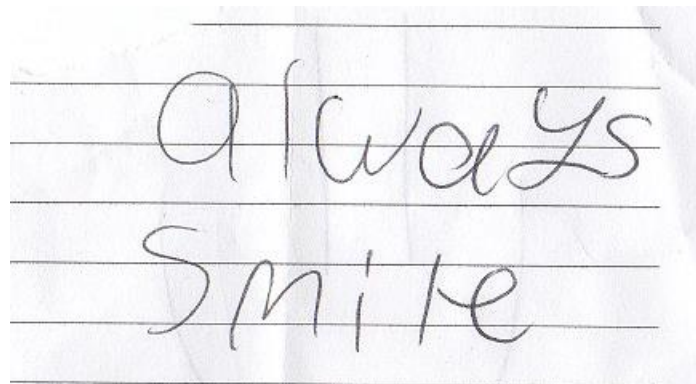
Of course I was hoping to make money by selling the program on the Internet, which I did, and I eventually made a penny or two for each hour spent programming.

I must admit I could program for endless hours and not know the world even existed around me; all bodily pain and misfortune was obliterated, my mind and computer were one. However, I did have other obligations, and for many years it was more of a hobby because I was working full time. Even later, I had business obligations, and I played tennis once or twice each week. And, most importantly, I walked about half way up C hill almost every day, which took about 45 minutes. This clarified my mind and energized my body. Other than that, I ate when forced to and went to the bathroom when forced to, and I waited for Mary to come home. She would always ask me if I ever got out of my chair. Well, yes, I had to pee.



A winter scene of C hill in Carson City, Nevada. I walked up to the rock outcropping on the left and crossed over to the one on the right and from there I came home. Of course, I always had one of my trusty dogs with me, and one of them chased away three bucks who seemed to be challenging me. Pooh Bear, a 30 pound Sharpe dog, sent them flying up the mountain. When I didn't climb the hill, I jogged around the block, which was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Now I walk a little, that's all. As my friend Monta Ballard says "the trouble with aging is the mind doesn't know it, but the rest of the body does."

One day while passing next to the lawn in this picture a pretty little girl of about four years of age left her family and ran to meet me. I stopped and she slipped me a piece of paper. I smiled.



I'll never forget her smile.



Pooh Bear and her buddy, Sierra, cooling off in the Virgin River

Sierra was Sandi's dog. This Siberian Husky was aloof, and she liked to pretend she needed no one. Once I took her up on C hill, and she wanted to stay and chase squirrels so I went home. A couple of hours later she came back to our house. Pooh Bear was the opposite; if she lost sight of me for two minutes and she would run back to the house. Rocko, was the best. Once he wondered off and I couldn't find him so I thought he had gone home. I went back to the house and he wasn't there. I went back to C Hill and got there just in time to see Rocko start down the trail, then switch directions and go back up the hill to look for me. He was obviously determined not to leave without me.



Beautiful, kind Rocko

Thus far Rocko is the last dog Mary and I have owned. He was a 100 pound mutt that loved everybody and everybody loved Rocko.

With less time put into my card game, I began a computer program featuring the trails and geology of Zion National Park along with pictures of the flowers found in the Park. This also came to an end when the 64 bit computers came into existence, and I was still back in the buggy wagon days. I'm hoping that I can find enough time to arrange this work into an e-book. God bless the Internet.



Fawn, Kelland, Arma

Looks like gravity has been at work!

What is gravity?

The Forces of Nature

Another project came into being in about the year 2001, when my good friend Travis Hirschi emailed me and asked me what I thought of an article on the Internet that claimed the force of gravity had to act billions of times faster than the speed of light. For some reason this fired my imagination, and I have spent at least half of my time since that date studying the forces of nature. I must like long projects. In 2001 and for several years thereafter, I had two projects, the geology and pictures of Zion's trails and thoughts about gravity. Unlike computer programming, I was only able to think and write about gravity for six months or so before I would turn to something else, and the else most often was taking pictures of Zion's Canyons and plant life.

I have always been curious about what caused gravity, electricity, magnetism, and the nuclear forces, and eventually I would come back to this subject. I had read somewhere that when a solution is finally discovered, the answer will be something simple. That seemed logical to me, and if true, I said to myself, I just might be able to solve it. Why not give it a try? I was retired and needed something to do besides taking pictures.

I spun my wheels for several months thinking only of gravity until I finally began to think more in generalities because any theory that solved gravity had to solve the other forces of nature. The most crucial question that I ask myself was this: If we live in a three-dimensional world what does this tell us about the force of gravity? To me this clarified the issue. Either we live in a

four-dimensional world envisioned by Einstein where almost anything in math goes, or we live in our mundane, familiar, three-dimensional world where strange mathematics doesn't apply.

The concept of three dimensions is a little weird. In our living room it refers to the length of the room, the width of the room and the height from floor to ceiling. To me this means that you are not allowed to do any "creative math" to prove a point. In contrast, Einstein added **time** as a fourth dimension.

I also believe that all matter known to mankind is composed of atoms or some known subatomic particle. I think it is entirely unlikely that some new substance is going to be found that is responsible for the forces of nature. I believe any argument outside these two boundaries is doomed to failure, which explains why there are at least 84 conundrums of science that beg to be explained because these two concepts have been ignored.

One has to ask this question, how is it possible that thousands of brilliant physicists over several generations have not been able to solve the large number of conundrums that plague science? It is not reasonable; and yet many basic conundrums exist. I believe this is only possible because physicists have been working with a false theory that has permeated and restricted thought in many different areas of science for more than a hundred years; and I believe that theory is Einstein's theory of relativity that has held sway since 1907. A theoretical physicist by the name of Dr. Lee Smolin says that his generation of physicists have not made a single basic discovery in physics. He says "to put it bluntly, we have failed". He can't explain why, and I don't think anyone can explain it unless we assume that physicists have been working under a false theory that they can't let go. They follow it with blind faith and a good deal of denial of existing facts.

The basis of all my thought comes from the two ideas mentioned. (1) We live in a three dimensional world, which means weird math is not permitted; and (2) all matter is composed of normal atoms and subatomic particles like electrons, photons, and quarks. Using these restrictions, we are forced to believe that the connecting links that cause a force of attraction between two bodies must be a substance composed of some part of the subatomic particle that created it. In addition, this matter must have strong elastic properties. Only in this manner can connecting links retract and create a force of attraction just like the elastic band you stretch with your fingers. I call the connecting links elastic strings. It is a fact, that atoms have strong elastic properties. It explains why air molecules inside a sealed bottle never settle out. They have perfect elasticity. Their perfect elasticity allows them to bump into each other and move away with the same velocity that they had before the collision. Matter also has one other important characteristic, it can't be destroyed. It never just simply disappears, although it can separate into different subatomic particles. It seems likely that perfect elasticity is responsible for perfect cohesion, which assures the integrity of matter. This explains why a graviton, the string responsible for gravity, can stretch across a galaxy and remain intact, and it explains how it creates a force of attraction when it retracts; it has perfect elasticity, just like the subatomic particle that created it.

I had no inkling of the vast evidence for this theory at the time I came to this conclusion. I soon found that nuclear physicists had already shown that the strong nuclear force behaves as though particles are connected with elastic strings. The greater the distance between quarks within the atom, the greater the force of attraction between these particles. The strong nuclear force behaves as though particles are connected with elastic strings. I should hasten to say that repulsion forces can easily be explained by the virtual particles shot from atoms that become strings when ejected through space. These virtual particles behave as battering rams that create the forces of repulsion for magnets and electricity. It explains precisely why repulsion forces and attraction forces for magnets can be calculated using the same mathematical formula. Also there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for the ability of force fields to be self-inducing, and for the atom's ability to shoot virtual particles across space billions of times faster than the speed of light.

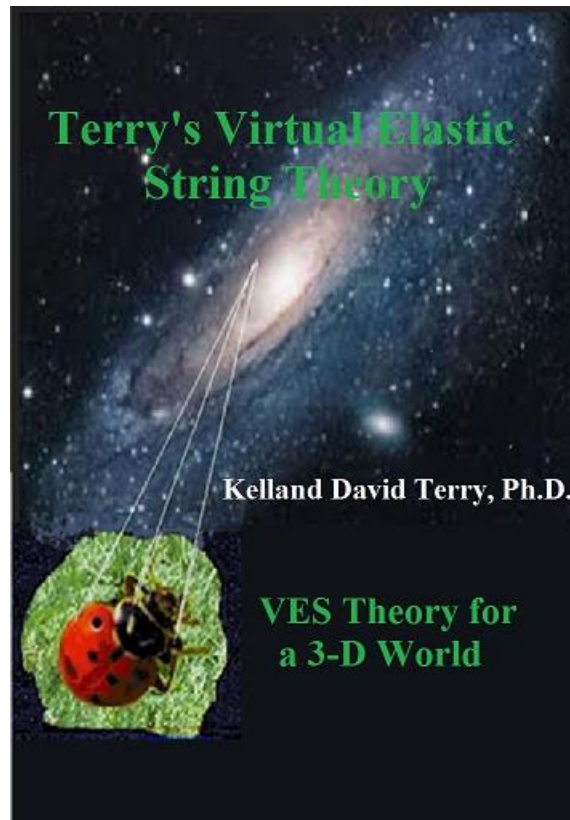
Once I was comfortable with the boundaries of my theory, I used it to explain all the forces of nature and at least 80 conundrums of science that have befuddled scientists for decades if not hundreds of years. No other theory even comes close to this achievement. Even Einstein's theories only solve a few of these conundrums, and to accomplish those ends, his theory has to use a mathematical approach based on a four-dimensional world.

I'm certain that over the centuries, the vast majority of physicists have at one time or another pondered over the idea that something physical might cause a force of attraction between two bodies, but what they haven't done is to construct a theory built around this notion, and they haven't challenged it by applying the theory to very large number of conundrums found in every field of physics. I did just that. In addition, this theory prompted me to carry out my own experiments. For example, I was able to show that table tennis balls in flight are deflected by a magnetic field. When the balls have a clockwise spin they curve more to the right and when they have a counterclockwise spin they curve more to the left; however, the little plastic balls when at rest show no attraction to a magnet. This tells me that the magnetic fields have physical properties, how else can it deflect a ball. I have come to believe that all force fields are composed of matter and have mass (weight). I carried out many other experiments that I explain in my book, some physical and some using a statistical approach.



A picture of me on the front page of the local Nevada Appeal Newspaper showing the Robo Pong instrument that shot the table tennis balls through the long electromagnet I built. Actually the Ping Pong balls traveled slightly above the magnet. The article appeared Sept. 20, 2011.

It takes a book to explain my theory, my experiments, and all the conundrums it solves. If you are interested you can download my latest book at this site: <http://www.kellandterry.com>. It's free. Or you can read my ebook on line through Amazon using Kindle, Ipad or some other device. The name of the book is "Terry's Virtual Elastic String Theory".



Is this a true theory? I think so, but theories are difficult if not impossible to prove. Theories do gain acceptance, such as a four dimensional world, and once accepted it is difficult if not impossible to reverse. I am hopeful that someday, some youngster will study this theory and tackle the world.

CHAPTER 32: THE FUTURE IS UPON US

It is sad that this account of my family tree can say so little about all of the females who contributed equally to the gene pool. In particular, I'm thinking of Hannah Terry Terry, wife of Parshall Terry III, who was born in New York in 1786, settled in Palmira, New York, left with her husband for Canada, suffered and endured the hostilities they discovered in Nebraska, suffered and endured the hostilities they found in Illinois, suffered and endured crossing the Emigrant Trail, settled and resettled numerous sites in northern Utah, and finally in 1877, almost exactly 91 years later, dies in her son's home in Rockville. We know virtually nothing about this woman except she bore 13 children and was likely very pretty, intelligent, and with an unusually healthy body. Her legacy is her healthy, productive children and their children, and so on down through time.

We need a time machine to sort this all out.

My own daughters were born in a different world than Hannah's, and they have proven themselves in the work place; fortunately they didn't have to bear and raise 13 children, and fortunately they were able to follow their own careers in addition to paying careful attention to their own families.

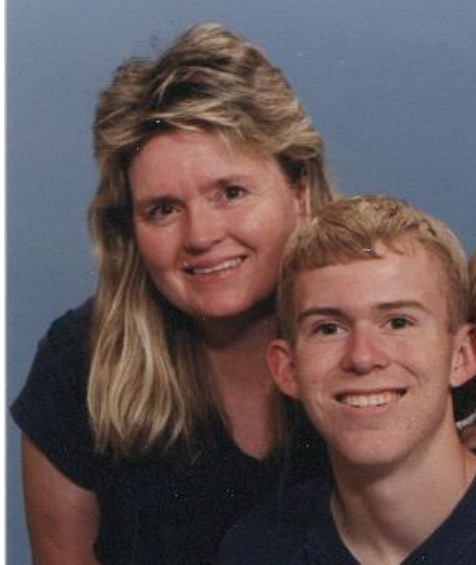
Alysse

After Fonnell left for northern California, we got a divorce, and I have always been separated from Alysse by many miles. I did send money every month to help support Alysse until she graduated from college, but I have not been a very important part of her life. Fonnell married again very soon, and I thought he was in position to be a better father to Alysse than I was. However, she divorced this man and she never married again. I have to hand it to Fonnell, she was a great mother to Alysse and she owned several beauty shops and prospered. She even owned a home on Lake Tahoe. Alysse has a boy named Torin who has his master's degree in computer programming and lives with his wife and baby in California, and Alysse has three other talented children still living at home. I do see Torin occasionally.

Alysse graduated from BYU and was a professional photographer for many years, but she is now a nurse. She resides in Cedar City, Utah with three of her children that are still in school. Alysse is a very easy, pleasant person to talk to. Her, son, the skinny one in the picture below, he runs marathons can you tell, works for a software company in Sacramento. He is married to a nice lady named Becky and she is holding their baby, Ella.



The stately young lady at the top is Mackenzie, and she is responsible for me gaining any interest in genealogy because she ask me to write a brief sketch of the Terrys. The boy to the left is Michael and his sister next to him is Mackayla. Photographers are always leaving themselves out of the picture, but I have another.



Alysse and son Torin

Shirle

I had two daughters with Linda Nance. The picture below shows Shirle with her husband Matt Eiting and their daughter Jessie, who will be going to graduate school this year. Matt has his own company that he created de novo, and he designs and builds electronic gadgets for almost anything including rockets. He has at times had as many as 100 employees working for him. Matt and I, along with Jimmy Chou and Bob Renden hunt in southern Utah whenever we can. Matt tells me I'm a serial polygamist.



My daughter Shirle is an attorney who works for the city of Sparks. She told me she could not be an ambulance chaser; it just wasn't in her make up, but at one time she tried to keep people out of jail. She now writes contracts, advises, and defends the city of Sparks against lawsuits.

Mary and I are going to be in London for a month this coming summer where she will be teaching. Shirle, Matt, and Jessie are going to accompany me to Scotland where we can play golf on one of the old courses where they have potholes for bunkers. From there I will join Mary in London for another three weeks. Mary will be teaching at the University of London for one month while I search out the best pubs.

The only advice I gave Shirle was to always be cool and calm in court, and let her opponent rant and rave unless he attacks you personally, then the gloves could come off. Years later one of the judges told her that she was the most professional attorney he had had in his courtroom. Actually Shirle is normally calm, cool, and collect. I didn't need to tell her anything.

I had the privilege of teaching Shirle golf beginning when she was 12 or so, and she ended up with an almost perfect swing. She was a natural. She was on the high school team, and still plays golf today. At one point Shirle considered becoming a pro golfer. I told her if she would practice golf eight hours every day, I would pay for a professional to give her a hand. Instead, she

became an attorney and plays golf for fun. Her daughter Jessie loved to ski and she won the state ski racing championship three different years while in high school.



Down the giant slalom with Jessie

Sandi

My daughter Sandi is shown with her husband, Bob Renden, and her two boys, Nathan and Jacob. Bob is now a faculty member of the University of Nevada medical school. Like Matt he is a hardworking man, but great with his wife and kids.



Bob, Sandi, Nate and Jake

Jake has red hair like his great, great, great grandfather James Parshall Terry. Wow, look how fast the greats stack up. James Parshall is only my great grandfather.



Young Jake is an acrobat on snow as he sails off a 10 foot ledge.



Nate took 3rd place in a race at squaw valley

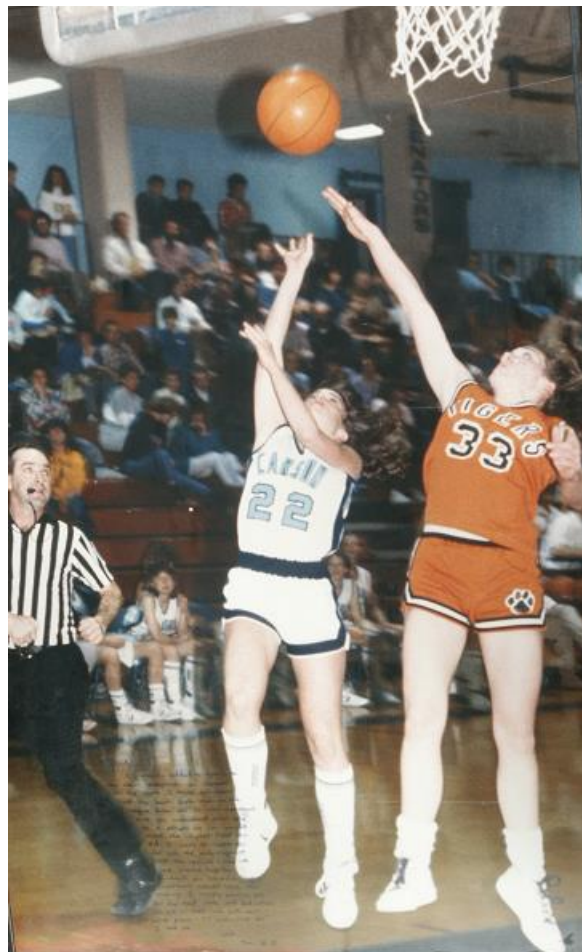
Nate and Jake are following in the footsteps of their cousin, Jessie.

Sandi has always found it easy to relate to and she enjoys conversations with everyone she meets. Even when she was a kid, she never felt intimidated by an adult. She has always looked everyone in the eye and been engaging. In grade school, she was always accompanied by five or six girls that said Sandi was their best friend. In high school she fought with the principal who was being attacked by the teachers in general. She was homecoming queen, voted in by the football team. The principal told us that it was the first time everyone voted for the same queen. I had the pleasure of dressing in a tux and escorting her during the home coming ceremonies.

Sandi was in charge of the floats for at least three years in high school. She always had 20 or more kids stuffing paper napkins of different colors into chicken wire to make the grandiose floats she envisioned.

I started coaching Sandi in basketball when she was in the sixth grade. My best memory is this: There is one or two minutes to go in the game and we are ahead by one or two points, Sandi has the ball and she is dribbling back and forth near the centerline. I can still see her coming towards me with a big smile on her face. She continued to dribble back and forth near the center until the game was over.

Sandi was on the high school basketball team. Unfortunately Sandi had too much to drink one night at a school function and she vomited. She rarely drinks now, and not much then. The coach thereafter punished her by never allowing her to start a game, even though she did come in and play most of the game. I will always remember when they were behind, and Sandi charging down the court with the ball, her teeth gritted with determination.



It's going in Sandi

Immediately out of high school, we allowed her to go to China for a summer and study there at the Normal School in Beijing. She said she had a blast. She met a group of students going to Yale and she roamed the streets with these college students.

While at the University of Utah, Sandi became in charge of all the entertainment events for Mayday and other functions. She had her own budget, and she brought in the bands she wanted. At some point, she started working for a public radio station in Salt Lake. After she got her bachelor's degree she worked for them full time. She was in charge of securing three million dollars in donations to build a new radio station, which was a formidable task, but she did it.

At this point she decided that she needed a master's degree and she went back to college at Pacific University in San Francisco where she got her MBA. From there she went to Hong Kong where she lived with her cousin Dave Dredge. She joined a firm that among other things organized big events for large companies. Sandi was in charge of introducing Microsoft in Asia. She knew that Bill Gates was going to be there, and she arranged for radio and television stations for the event, as well as bands, and dignitaries. The day before the big event Bill Gates called and told Sandi that he couldn't be there and she would have to postpone it. Sandi told him they couldn't cancel or postpone it, and he should show up. Although Bill Gates wasn't too happy when he arrived, the event went off without a hitch.

After being in Asia for several years, Sandi came back and lived with Mary and I for a while. After rejecting several suitors, she married Bob Renden who was just finishing up his Ph.D. at the University of Utah. Sandi, in the meantime got a good job in marketing for a software company. After Bob got his degree, he accepted a research position in Germany, funded by Germany, and he got to meet the Chancellor of Germany. Bob is interested in discovering how the synapses in the brain works that may be linked to memory. Sandi was able to keep her job if she flew back to the states periodically; otherwise she did all she needed to do with phone and computer. They have now returned to the States and live in Sparks, Nevada, and Sandi works for a large firm as their marketing guru. She is like her father in that she loves to coach her kids in basketball and other sports.

CHAPTER 33: LIFE'S EXTENSIONS

In Carson City, I mostly work on the computer long hours, attempt to grow vegetables and flowers that usually fails, and take care of a few rentals. Many of my old friends have either died or moved away, but they have been replaced by Sandi, Shirle, and their families, and by Mary's family, the Groves.

The Groves connection

I was already friends with Rick and Linda Groves before Mary came into my life. Rick liked to remember that I called him when I first went into business to ask him how to do a monometer test for gas leaks. That was in 1971, and we remained friends for more than 40 years. His wife, Aunt Linda to Mary, has remained close to us. I knew Linda many years before I met Mary, and she and Rick spent a great deal of time building sets and making props for “What’s in a tail?”

When I married Mary, my relationship with Rick and Linda was even closer, and we spent many nights with them playing trivial pursuit and other games, and we have partaken many Thanksgivings with Rick and Linda over the years.

It wasn’t long before Mary’s Dad, Gene, and Monika moved to Dayton. I was also fortunate to find that Gene Groves and Monika were calm and pleasant and my relationship with them has been easy and enjoyable. Mary and I took a trip with them to Europe and spent three wonderful weeks driving thousands of miles around Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. In Germany we stayed with one of Monika’s sisters and her family. Gene and I had a Jack Daniel’s toast in every port.

The following picture was taken in Germany with some of Monika’s family.



Hons, Monika, Monika’s mother, Mary, Monika’s sister Babble, Gene

Hons had his aortic valve replaced the same year that I did, but unfortunately he never made it out of the hospital. Hons and Babble were wonderful hosts.

Gene was an engineer in charge of all the bridges west of the Mississippi River for the Union Pacific Railroad, and he rode the rails with dignitaries such as Henry Kissinger. Mary greatly respects and loves her dad, and I can understand why.

Christmas dinner in progress at Rick and Linda's home



Mary, Monika, and Linda

From the look of their faces, three cooks are better than one.

We frequently meet with Mary's sister Sheri and her family who live in Eureka. We have a lot of fun with her son John Raymond, who is now 10 years of age and rapidly becoming a good golfer among other sports.



John has been my golfing buddy on many occasions, and sometimes with his father John Mc Mahen who cooks excellent wild game.

Southern Utah connections

I traded some land with my sister Arma so that she and Mike could move to Rockville where they wanted to retire. I still had connections with Skyline Corporation and they sold me two manufactured homes that we installed in Rockville: One for Mike and Arma and one for Mary and me. It was no easy task bringing these homes across the Rockville Bridge. It took hours because the homes were too large.



One of the four halves that had to be modified to get across the bridge

After they were installed, Rockville became the chief destination for Mary and me for most of our vacations. We love the people there and we love Rockville and the beautiful mountains that surround us.



Our home in Rockville

Our front view is Mount Kinesava that fronts the picture of this book. A portion of the view from our backyard is shown in the next picture.



Back of our home in Rockville

For several years when we traveled to southern Utah, Arma always had dinner ready for us. It was always a great delight to see her. At the same time, Fawn and Tom built a plush cabin on Cedar Mountain, and we visited with them in the summer, and played golf at Mt. Carmel. Unfortunately, Michael was killed in a car accident, and after a few lonely years for Arma, she moved to Wyoming with Bill Daley. Tom's health deteriorated and he can no longer play golf, which put a crimp in that activity for us. Our southern Utah connections now are linked to the Ballards and Jimmy Dredge and Adele Pincock, and the friends we have come to know because of them.

Jim takes care of his Uncle and his Aunt Grandma Mary, and we find ourselves dining at his house with them and other friends such as Neighbor Dan, Kelly Pentico, Omer Davis, Brad and Lee Ballard, Monta Ballard, Chris and Marci Holm, and several others that come and go. We are a noisy bunch when we are having a Ping Pong tournament or playing cards.

Monta Ballard knows hundreds of songs, and there is nothing more pleasurable than being serenaded by Monta and her ukulele. Monta and I spent many happy hours shooting 22 shells,

once against a metal shovel in hopes of deflected them to a target. We blew a hole through the metal while Tim barbequed.



Monta Ballard

Back in the 1980s, I made a trip to Utah to go hunting with Steve Rozelle, Tim Ballard and others who showed up at Tim and Monta's log cabin on Kolob. Steve drove from New Hampshire with a young man who joined us on the deer hunt. On that trip Monta handed me a book and ask me to choose a song. To my surprise the book consisted of titles only, hundreds of titles, and Monta knew every song by heart. And we spent the evening partying and listening to Monta sing. Steve's favorite song was "Old Dog Tray". Tim tried to go to bed but Steve pestered him unmercifully, making it impossible for Tim to sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night Steve recited poetry from a balcony dressed in his briefs, while the rest of us laughed. The whole scene reminded me of the movie "Animal House", but sort of tame because it was for the geriatrics crew. Larry Ballard was there too, sitting at the table, and he was still sitting there when the rest of us finally went to sleep. When we woke, the true-blue hunters had already harvested, killed that is, the deer on Kolob, and we went back to partying. Sometime later we left in the middle of the night and drove from Kolob to the Ballard's Cane Bed ranch on the Arizona Strip. We drove all night scouting for deer—but none were found. Finally the young man from New Hampshire, threw his hands in the air and shouted "you old buzzards from Utah, I can't keep up with you", and he went to sleep. I couldn't keep up with Steve either, and once we reached Hurricane I lay down to die. They say I mumbled a few oaths at Steve. It's hard to believe but Steve and the young man left that morning and drove to Denver before they slept. I do miss Steve and Tim.

I am pleased that I introduced the Ballards to my children and other friends. A second round of Ballards came into my life, when Mary and I became close friends to Brad and Lee Ballard, who is Tim and Monta's oldest boy. We have played a few hundred games of Euchre with them, and

camped with them and others at Harris Ranch, one of Brad and Lee's favorite spots on earth. Brad was in the water drilling business with his dad and is now retired, except for taking care of the family rentals.



Kelland and Boggy

Lee is well known for keeping us honest when playing cards. In this picture of her, I caught her expounding on the finer points of city government, which she knows a great deal about. Meanwhile she keeps up with her Virgin Goods Book Store that features rare books, and her duties at the Virgin Post Office that she contracts for with the US Postal Service. We were both delighted when she sold one of my books on the forces of nature.



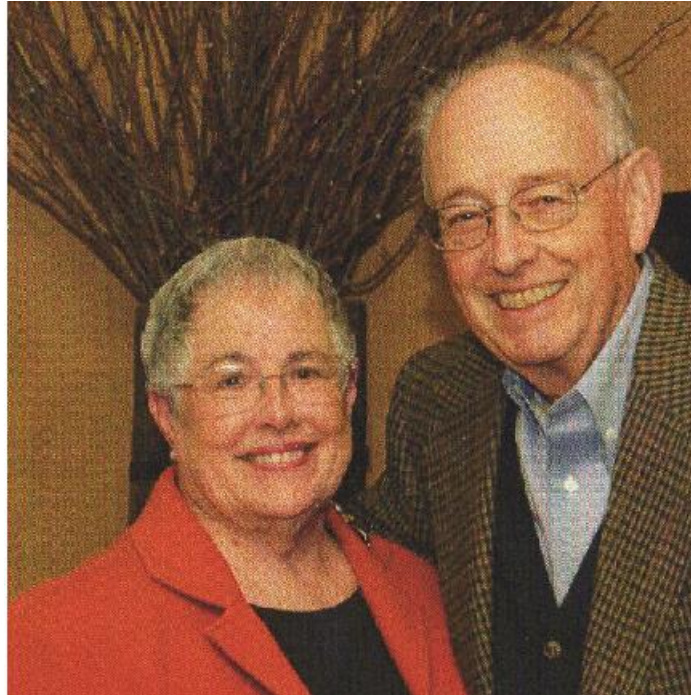
Lee Ballard

Somewhere along the way we met Marci Ballard Holm, daughter of Brad, who provided the pictures of the Zion Tunnel, and we have been fortunate enough to have Marci and her husband Chris come into our lives, along with Boggy's friends Omer Davis and Kelly Pentico, and Lee's friends Steve and Jane Feldman.

Jimmy Dredge and Adele Pincock are important members of the southern Utah connection that have enriched our lives. What a wonderful feeling it is to know that Jim has prepared a feast for us when we arrive in Rockville, often with the Ballards and other friends. Adele has told me that I was the one that influenced them to move to southern Utah and join the cast of characters who love nothing better than to get together, play cards, party, and play Ping Pong. The first time Jim and Adele met Brad, he let the air out of their tires, and they had to spend another night in Virgin.

Dredge connections

There is another group that had its start in 1963 when I was married to Linda Nance. Linda has an identical twin sister named Sandra, and Sandra is married to Ross Dredge. Sandra is an attorney in Orem, Utah, and Ross at this time is retired. Ross began as a banker, but later he was placed in charge of all the personnel that worked for the Mormon Church outside the United States. Because of this job he traveled frequently around the world. Later he was in charge of raising funds from large corporations to help fund BYU and other Church schools. Ross always knew I was not religious but he accepted me without reservation. We became good friends and when we lived in San Diego, Ross and Sandra would come to visit frequently, or we went to their place in Fullerton. Ross and I spent many pleasant days battling with a croquet set. We were young back then.



50th wedding anniversary

Ross and Sandra eventually brought three children into the world who were about the same age as Shirle and Sandi. They obviously share many of the same genes because their mothers were identical twins. Genetically they are close to being half brothers and sisters. From the very beginning to the present day, the Terrys and the Dredges have met every other year at Christmas, **and in the beginning every year**. Almost every Christmas Ross and I would cook a large goose wherever we were. One time in St George, we cooked the bird in a motel, and you could skate on the greasy floor. Now all the children have married and three of them have children. In addition other friends show up. It makes a large lively group.

On some occasions when we were younger, the Terrys and Dredges would square off in a game of basketball. Or we played touch football in the snow at Lake Tahoe, or more recently we played golf in California.

Jimmy Lester Dredge that I have already spoken of is Ross and Sandra's oldest boy. He is about 50 now, and I have known him since his first diaper change. Like the other Dredges, Jim never forgot his ol' Uncle, and we have remained friends to this day. He is into property management, and he takes care of our place in Rockville. When he was a small boy riding in a car with his Grandmother Mary Nance, he told her that when he died he wanted his penis to go to the little girl down the block. Jimmy is still saying things that shock people. Jim lives in Virgin, Utah with his beautiful, talented mate of 25 years, Adele Pincock. Adele works for a not for profit organization in St. George devoted to helping abused women. Jim and Adele plan to get married in the year 3033 or there about. They are almost always Ping Pong champions during our many

tournaments. And when people get together Jim is always busy planning and cooking meals for everyone. He is a terrific cook. Jim's greatest joy is lending a helping hand to any of his friends and family who have a problem. When you are around Jim and Adele you had better be yelling, Go Utes.



Jim



Monta Ballard and Adele Pincock

The next oldest boy is David Dredge who has lived in Asia most of the time since he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with an MBA. He was very successful in arbitrage while he worked for the Bank of America and other banks. Almost immediately they gave him large bonuses so that he wouldn't take a vacation. He had the go ahead to invest a billion dollars for the banks. He managed to earn a few million for himself. He now lives in Singapore where with his partner, they own an investment firm. He is married to Juliah who a museum docent. The two are scratch golfers, and they are tough to beat when paired up at our golf tournaments. For quite a few years, Jimmy Chou and Dave stood Juliah and I in golf and that was special fun.

Jenni is the baby sister who is no longer a baby. She is married to Jimmy Chou and they have three children that add to the fun during our boisterous parties. Jackson is now in high school and plays water polo. He is a terrific young man that reminds me of his father. Their two daughters, Elia and Tessa are still young, but they speak as though they are adults. Jenni has been working for her brother Dave for many years, and she has now taken up golf. Jimmy Chou is a judge in California, and fortunately for me, he likes to go to southern Utah and chase deer, although

we've yet to kill one, and mostly we don't want to. What wonderful friends to have for more than 25 years.



Jim, Elia, Tessa, Jen, Jackson

These are some of the people that have enriched my life and Mary's. They are the same people who have made Memorial Day weekend celebration an annual event. Mary and I were married on the 26th of May, 1991. Every year since that date, many of us get together, drink a few beers, and play games. Supposedly we are celebrating our marriage, but in reality we just like each other.



At the back of our house in Carson City one memorial day: Starting left, the person with his back turned to the camera is Gene Groves, Tom Stirling (barely visible), Adele Pincock, Mary Terry, Fawn Stirling, Monta Ballard (barely visible), Tim Ballard, Baggy the dog (ran from shade to shade on C hill), Shirle Eiting (doorway), Matt Eiting, and Jimmy Chou.

Or floating down the Carson River curtesy of Matt Eiting.



From left, Matt, Mary, Adele, Jim, Jen, Kelland

Jimmy Chou or Shirle must have taken this picture because they are both missing.

Or bellied up to the bar at the Gold Hill Hotel near Virginia City where Mary and I were married.



Jim Dredge hand in air, Dave Dredge, Jimmy Chou, Tim Ballard, Bill Daley

Or shooting guns, playing Pong-Pong, or shooting baskets; we've tried them all.



Our Ping Pong room in Carson City that I built with my own two hands in the 1970s.

By the way, this is one of my favorite rooms because when not playing Ping Pong, I set the table aside to carry out my experiments on the rock floor. What better place is there to prove that magnetic fields deflect Ping Pong balls?

This past Christmas we all met at Jimmy and Jenni Chou's house in the bay area and had a golf tournament. Mary and I did pretty well as a team, but even with lots of help by point shaving we came in next to last. Dave Dredge and his wife Juliah both shoot in the 70's, and even though we attempted to penalize them severely, they won. The underdogs need more free strokes next time.

We have had twenty-five gatherings for Memorial Day weekend, and many more Christmases. What fun!

CHAPTER 34: THE END OF THE WORLD

By Archibald McLeish

Quite unexpectedly as Vasserot
The armless ambidextrian was lighting
A match between his great and second toe
And Ralph the lion was engaged in biting
The neck of Madame Sossman while the drum
Pointed, and Teeny was about to cough
In waltz-time swinging Jocko by the thumb—
Quite unexpectedly the top blew off.

And there, there overhead, there, there, hung over
Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
There in the starless dark, the poise, the hover,
There with vast wings across the canceled skies,
There in the sudden blackness, the black pall
Of nothing, nothing, nothing—nothing at all.

EPISTLE TO BE LEFT IN THE EARTH

By Archibald MacLeish

...It is colder now

There are many stars

We are drifting

North by the Great Bear

The leaves are falling

The water is stone in the scooped rocks

to southward

Red sun gray air

the crows are

Slow on their crooked wings

the jays have left us

Long since we passed the flares of Orion

Each man believes in his heart he will die.

Many have written last thoughts and last letters

None know if our deaths are now or forever

None know if this wandering earth will be found

We lie down and the snow covers our garments
 I pray you You (if any open this writing)
 Make in your mouths the words that were our names
 I will tell you all we have learned I will tell you everything

 The earth is round there are springs under the orchards
 The loam cuts with a blunt knife beware of
 Elms in thunder the lights in the sky are stars
 We think they do not see we think also
 The trees do not know nor the leaves of the grasses hear us

 The birds too are ignorant Do not listen
 Do not stand at dark in the open windows
 We before you have heard this they are voices
 They are not words at all but the wind rising
 Also none among us has seen God
 (... We have thought often
 The flaws of sun in the late and driving weather
 Pointed to one tree but it was not so)
 As for the nights I warn you the nights are dangerous
 The wind changes at night and the dreams come

 It is cold there are strange stars near Arcturus
 Voices are crying an unknown name in the sky

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11. Nora Hall Lund, *Parshall Terry Family History*, p 31-35. Nora summarized stories of Jacob she received from some of his descendants.
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13. Wayne Stout, *History of Rockville, Utah* 1972, p 18-19 Wayne Stout grew up in Rockville; his father was David Stout.
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