



# Ancestor Experiences with Presidents of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

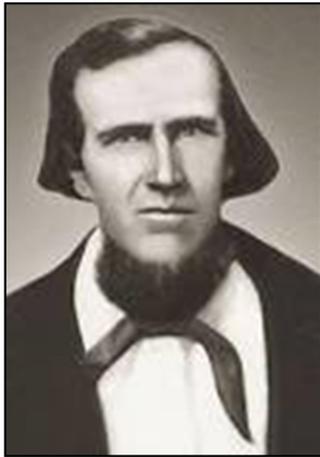
Our family is blessed with a rich heritage and connection with the history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from its beginning. There is a Lamb, Ford and Anderson-Poulter connection to every president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The closest connection to a Church president in Lamb lineage is Thomas S. Monson (Howard Legrand Lamb Sr.: 3<sup>rd</sup> cousin, 1 time removed). In Ford lineage the closest connection is Gordon B. Hinckley (Duane Burnham Ford: 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin, 1 time removed). Grandpa Duane Ford spoke of his relationship to Pres. Hinckley from time to time. The closest Anderson connection is Joseph Smith (Ivan Alma Anderson: 4<sup>th</sup> cousin, 6 times removed). There is likely a close Poulter connection also. A cousin with the last name of Poulter could easily locate the Poulter connections using the relative finder tools.

Following are a few ancestors who associated with Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, David O. McKay, and Apostle Dallin H. Oaks.

1. Jacob Hamblin: Apostle to the Lamanites and Explorer; Brother-in-law of Zadok Knapp Judd Sr. whose sister is Rachel Judd, Jacob's second wife: pages 2-14
2. Zadok Knapp Judd Sr.: Mormon Battalion Service; Younger brother of Hyrum Judd: pages 15-17
3. Hyrum Judd and Lisiana Fuller Judd: Mormon Battalion Service: pages 18-19
4. Daniel Berry Rawson and Mariah Atchinson Rawson: Mormon Battalion Service: pages 20-24
5. Aaron Jackson and Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson: Martin Handcart Company: pages 25-37
6. Robert McBride III and Sarah Ann McBride: Martin Handcart Company: pages 38-45
7. William Poulter and Caroline Strubell Poulter: William Field Company: pages 46-54
8. George Aaron Poulter and Lydia Oborn Poulter: Friends of David O. McKay: page 55
9. Duane Burnham Ford: Military Experience and Church Service with Dallin H. Oaks: pages 56-57

# Jacob Hamblin



Randall Dean Lamb is a direct descendant of Jacob Hamblin through his first wife, Lucinda, and their daughter Maryette Magdalene Hamblin.

## **Jacob meets Joseph Smith at Nauvoo in autumn 1842, after Jacob's baptism by Elder Lyman Stoddard on March 3, 1842**

As I passed along one of the streets of the town, I saw a tall, noble-looking man talking with another. An impression came upon me that he was the person I was looking for. Inquiring of a bystander, I learned that my impression was correct.

One of the company asked the Prophet for some money he had loaned him. He replied that he would try and get it during the day. I offered him the money, but he said: 'Keep your money, I will not borrow until I try to get what is owing me. If you have just come in and wish to pay your tithing, you can pay it to Brother Hyrum; he sees to that.'" (*Jacob Hamblin Peacemaker*, Pearson H. Corbett)

## **Jacob learns of the martyrdoms of Joseph and Hyrum Smith while serving an eastern states mission in July 1844**

The way appeared to be opening up for a good work to be done in that country, when, about the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, news reached me that the Prophet, about whom I had preached so much, had been shot by a mob when confined in jail. I did not believe the report until I offered to preach to those who were gathered around me in the small town of Mechanicsburg. They manifested a spirit of exultation, and a feeling of deep gloom passed over me. I felt more like weeping than preaching.

I concluded to hunt up my companion from whom I was then separated. For this purpose I started for Hagerstown, where I hoped to find him or learn of his whereabouts.

I had traveled about a mile when I came to a crossroad and the Spirit whispered to me, "Stop here, and Brother Myers will soon be along." I remained on the spot for ten minutes, when I saw him coming, with his hat in one hand and his valise in the other. He did not believe that



the Prophet was killed.

We journeyed together to Lightersburg. After meeting and passing many people, the Spirit indicated to us that a man on the opposite side of the street was an Elder in Israel. It proved to be a Latter-day Saint Elder, who had reliable information of the murder of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. He also informed us that Elders who were abroad were called home.

I arrived in Nauvoo on the 5<sup>th</sup> of August, 1844. (*Jacob Hamblin Peacemaker*, Pearson H. Corbett)

### **Jacob witnesses the mantle of Joseph Smith upon Brigham Young in August 1844**

On the 8<sup>th</sup> of August 1844, I attended a general meeting of the Saints. Elder Rigdon was there, urging his claims to the Presidency of the Church. His voice did not sound like the voice of the true shepherd. When he was about to call a vote of the congregation to sustain him as President of the Church, Elders Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt and Heber C. Kimball (all members of the Quorum of the Twelve) stepped into the stand. Brigham Young remarked to the congregation: "I will manage this voting for Elder Rigdon. He does not preside here. This child" (meaning himself) "will manage this flock for a season."

The voice and gestures of the man were those of the Prophet Joseph. The people, with few exceptions, visibly saw that the mantle of the Prophet Joseph Smith had fallen upon Brigham Young. To some it seemed as though Joseph again stood before them. I arose to my feet and said to a man sitting by me, "That is the voice of the true shepherd—the chief of the Apostles." (*Jacob Hamblin: A Narrative of His Personal Experience*, James A. Little)

### **Jacob appointed by Brigham Young as southern Indian mission president in 1857**

Jacob Hamblin was appointed by Brigham Young on August 4, 1857 to serve as president of the Santa Clara Indian mission, and later as president of the southern Indian mission. (*A Frontier Life: Jacob Hamblin Explorer and Indian Missionary*, Todd M. Compton)

**Jacob and twelve Indian chiefs meet Brigham Young in Salt Lake City concerning imminent Utah War (May 1857 – July 1858), during which an immigrant company is massacred at Mountain Meadows just south of the Hamblin ranch**



In the heat of imminent war with the U.S. Army, the Fancher-Baker company traveling from Arkansas to California through southern Utah and camped just south of Jacob Hamblin's ranch, was brutally massacred in a deceptive manner. Jacob had told the company about good campsites along the road, including Mountain Meadows. (*A Frontier Life: Jacob Hamblin Explorer and Indian Missionary*, Todd M. Compton)

Jacob Hamblin was in Salt Lake City at the time of the massacre. Given the perception of imminent war, Jacob's arrival was given considerable publicity. The local newspaper, the *Deseret News*, in the September 1 issue, contained this account:

Brother Jacob Hamblin arrived in Salt Lake City from Santa Clara Mission with twelve Indian Chiefs who had come to see President Brigham Young. One of them was the head chief; his name was Tut-si-gabot. There was also the chief of the Piedes and of the Deserets and Santa Clara and Rio Virgin and of Harmony; also Kanosh, chief of the Pavants, and Ammon Walker's brother were in the company. President Young had an interview for about one hour with the Indians." (*Jacob Hamblin Peacemaker*, Pearson H. Corbett)

Jacob later told Frederick Dellenbaugh, a member of the second Powell company, that "if he had been at home the Mountain Meadows Massacre would not have occurred." Could Hamblin have stood up to Isaac Haight and William Dane, his ecclesiastical and military superior, and tamped down the collective war hysteria that had swept southern Utah (partially as a result of sermons by George A. Smith) and helped caused the event? It is difficult to assess such alternate possible histories. Dellenbaugh, however, had no hesitations in answering the question: "I have no doubt that he [Hamblin] would have prevented the slaughter," he wrote.

While Jacob was not present at the massacre, he was an important player in its aftermath. No one in Mormonism, including Brigham Young and Jacob Hamblin, came away from the Mountain Meadows Massacre unscathed, even if they were not personally involved in it. After it occurred, the Mormon people collectively attempted to deny Mormon involvement in it, and Young and Hamblin were part of this effort. (*A Frontier Life: Jacob Hamblin Explorer and Indian Missionary*, Todd M. Compton)

### **Jacob and Rachel Judd Hamblin family experiences with the aftermath of the massacre**

Albert, the Indian boy who lived with Jacob Hamblin, saw the attack from a vantage point while herding cattle. When the smoke cleared, only seventeen small children were left of over

one hundred and forty people

Philip Klingensmith rounded up seventeen small children and carted them to the Hamblin ranch. When Jacob Hamblin's wife Rachel saw the children, most of them crying and covered in blood, her heart broke. One of the youngest children, a one-year-old girl, had been shot in the arm. John D. Lee wanted to separate the wounded girl from her two sisters, but Rachel persuaded him to keep them together. That night, while Rachel cared for the anguished children, John bedded down outside the house and went to sleep. (*Saints, Volume 2, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*)

The following morning, September 18<sup>th</sup>, A.D. 1857, I arrived home, where I found my family living out of doors exposed to wind and rain. I had engaged two men to build a small adobe house, but they had done nothing worth mentioning in my absence.

I found two little girls, one two years and the other three years old, in care of my wife, that had been saved from the massacre at that place on the 10<sup>th</sup> instant (September 1857). The youngest had been shot through the arm with a large ball cutting the arm off.

My family was in a bad situation. My wife had to nurse the wounded child constantly, and having small children of her own, it made her situation extremely disagreeable.

I went to the place of slaughter, where those unfortunate people were slain. Oh ! Horrible ! indeed was the sight ... language fails to picture the scene of blood and carnage. The slain, numbering over one hundred men, women and children, had been interred by the inhabitants of Cedar City. At three places the wolves had disinterred the bodies and stripped the bones of their flesh, had left them strewn in every direction. At one place I noticed nineteen wolves pulling out the bodies and eating the flesh.





My feelings, upon this occasion, I will not attempt to describe. The gloom that seemed to diffuse itself through the air and cast a shade over the hills and vales was dismal in the extreme. This was one of the gloomiest times I ever passed through." (*Jacob Hamblin Peacemaker*, Pearson H. Corbett)

Note: After Brigham Young and the saints settled in the Salt Lake Valley, then part of Mexico, Jacob's wife, Lucinda refused to go west with the family and they were divorced. Jacob needed someone to care for his four young children. Before they met, both Jacob and Rachel Judd Hamblin received spiritual manifestations that they were to be married. Rachel was a sister of Zadok Knapp Judd Sr., a Mormon Battalion member, and a second great grandfather of Duane Burnham Ford.

### **Headquartered in Kanab, Utah, Brigham Young, Jacob Hamblin, and many others assist Major John Wesley Powell's second exploration of the Colorado River and geological survey of the Rocky Mountains**

Both Brigham Young and Jacob Hamblin assisted Major John Wesley Powell in Powell's second exploration and survey of the Colorado River.

Major John Wesley Powell and his men went through Kanab, Utah in 1870 on their exploration of the Colorado River. During the next five or six years when he was making other expeditions and working on a geological survey of the Rocky Mountains for the government, he made Kanab his headquarters. Many of the men and boys of the Kanab vicinity found employment in the service of Major Powell. They considered it an honor to assist in the important survey.

In a letter written to Rose Hicks Hamblin August 25 1934, a few months before his death, Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, a member of Powell's party says:

"One thing before I forget it: the first preliminary map of the Grand Canyon region was made in a tent on a lot in Kanab the winter of 1872-73. Some have asked recently who named the Grand Canyon. It was Major Powell and I was the first to put the name on a map, which I did in that tent in Kanab in January 1873.

"The first baseline, so far as I know between the Colorado State Line and the Sierra Nevada, was the one the Powell Survey measured for nine miles south from a lot in Kanab; or rather from the ground just outside of the lot.

“At this spot (the tithing lot in Kanab), a stone foundation was built about two feet wide and four feet long and two feet high, very strong and solid. On this Professor Thompson set up a transit instrument. A tent was erected over the hole large enough to give head room inside, and with a roof that folded back so the telescope of the transit could be brought to bear on the stars. By this means and a time connection by telegraph with Salt Lake the meridian was exactly established.

“Our baseline next was measured south on this meridian for nine miles, passing through the gap as I remember the distance. From each end of this line we took our angles to the visible peaks and promontories and carried on the triangulation far and wide. Of course, we had to make scouting trips in all directions and we depended on the men of Kanab for help in this work. They were excellent workers and always faithful, agreeable and competent.”

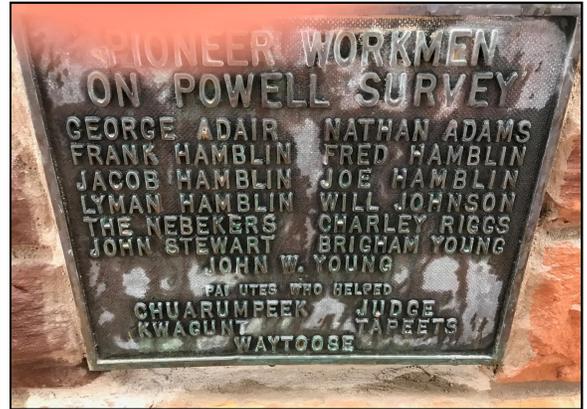
While in Kanab much later, Mr. Dellenbaugh said that a monument should be erected in Kanab designating the spot from which the geological survey of the Rocky Mountain Region started. Saturday, May 14, 1955, the Margery Stewart Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers dedicated a monument to commemorate the spot on which Major John Wesley Powell established the meridian from which his base line was measured in his survey of 1872-73, and upon which all future surveys of this area have been based.

The marker is constructed of native stone, with a Utah copper plaque recording the event. It was constructed on the original spot (the old tithing grounds in Kanab), and the original carved marker stone is the capstone of the historical structure.



The plaque on the monument reads as follows: “From 1870 to 1878 Major Wesley Powell and assistant Almon H. Thompson of the U.S. Colorado River explorations, established headquarters at Kanab. On this spot they erected a stone foundation and raised a tent which housed a telescope, by which means the meridian was established. During the winter of 1872 and 1873 the first map of the Grand Canyon was made and Major Powell gave the canyon its name. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh wrote the name on the first map. The men of Kanab helped in the work and were faithful, agreeable and competent.”

On the other side of the monument is a plaque listing "Pioneer workmen on Powell Survey: George Adair, Frank Hamblin, Jacob Hamblin, Lyman Hamblin, the Nebekers, John Stewart, Nathan Adams, Fred Hamblin, Joe Hamblin, Will Johnson, Charley Riggs, Brigham Young, John W. Young. Pai Utes who helped: Chuarumpeek, Kwagunt, Judge, Tapeets, Waytoose." (*History of Kane County*, Kane County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Adonis Robinson Findlay)



### **From *Canyons of the Colorado* by John Wesley Powell**

This evening, the Shi'vwits, for whom we have sent, come in, and after supper we hold a long council. A blazing fire is built, and around this we sit – the Indians living here, the Shi'vwits, Jacob Hamblin, and myself. This man, Hamblin, speaks their language well and has a great influence over all the Indians in the region round about. He is a silent, reserved man, and when he speaks it is in a slow, quiet way that inspires great awe. His talk is so low that they must listen attentively to hear, and they sit around him in deathlike silence. When he finishes a measured sentence the chief repeats it and they all give a solemn grunt. But, first, I fill my pipe, light it, and take a few whiffs, then pass it to Hamblin; he smokes, and gives it to the man next, and so it goes around. When it has passed the chief, he takes out his own pipe, fills and lights it, and passes it around after mine. I can smoke my own pipe in turn, but when the Indian pipe comes around, I am nonplused. It has a large stem, which has at some time been broken, and now there is a buckskin rag wound around it and tied with sinew, so that the end of the stem is a huge mouthful, exceedingly repulsive. To gain time, I refill it, then engage in very earnest conversation, and, all unawares, I pass it to my neighbor unlighted. I tell the Indians that I wish to spend some months in their country during the coming year and that I would like them to treat me as a friend. I do not wish to trade; do not want their lands.

Heretofore I have found it very difficult to make the natives understand my object, but the gravity of the Mormon missionary helps me much. I tell them that all the great and good white men are anxious to know very many things, that they spend much time in learning, and that the greatest man is he who know the most; that the white men want to know all about the mountains and the valleys, the rivers and the canyons, the beasts and birds and snakes.

Then I tell them of many Indian tribes, and where they live; of the European nations; of the

Chinese, of Africans, and all the strange things about them that come to mind. I tell them of the ocean, of great rivers and high mountains, of strange beasts and birds. At last I tell them I wish to learn about their canyons and mountains, and about themselves, to tell other men at home; and that I want to take pictures of everything and show them to my friends. All this occupies much time, and the matter and manner make a deep impression.



Powell (on right) meeting with Kaibab Plateau, 1873. White man to right of Powell may be Jacob Hamblin. Photograph by J. K. Hillers, from Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection.

Then their chief replies: "Your talk is good, and we believe what you say. We believe Jacob, and look upon you as a father. When you are hungry, you may have our game. You may gather our sweet fruits. We will give you food when you come to our land. We will show you the springs and you may drink; the water is good. We will be friends and when you come we will be glad. We will tell the Indians who live on the other side of the great river that we have seen Ka'purats, and that he is the Indians' friend. We will tell them he is Jacob's friend. We are very poor. Look at our women and children; they are naked. We have no horses; we climb the rocks and our feet are sore. We live among rocks and they yield little food and many thorns. When the cold moons come, our children are hungry. We have not much to give; you must not think us mean. You are wise; we have heard you tell strange things. We are ignorant. Last year we killed three white men. We thought them true. We were mad; it made us big fools. We are very sorry. Do not think of them; it is done; let us be friends. We are ignorant—like little children in understanding compared with you. When we do strong , do not you get mad

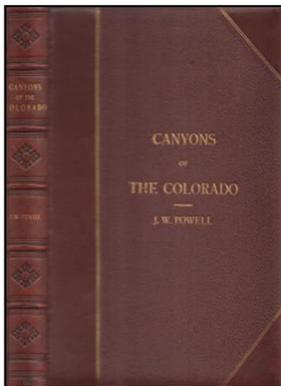
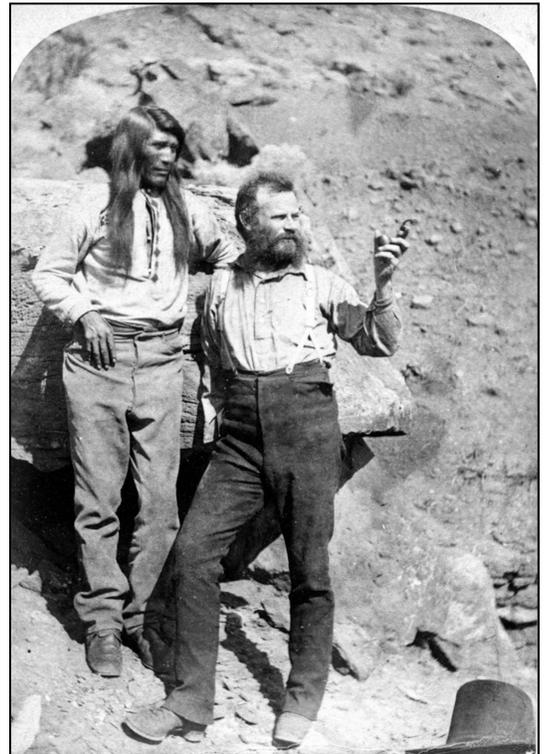
and be like children too. When white men kill our people, we kill them. Then they kill more of us. It is not good. We hear that the white men are a great number. When they stop killing us, there will be no Indian left to bury the dead. We love our country; we know not other lands. We hear that other lands are better; we do not know. The pines sing and we are glad. Our children play in the warm sand; we hear them sing and are glad. The seeds ripen and we have to eat and we are glad. We do not want their good lands; we want our rocks and the great mountains where our fathers lived. We are very poor; we are very ignorant; but we are very honest. You have horses and many things. You are very wise; you have a good heart. We will be friends. Nothing more have I to say."

Tau-gu, Chief of the Paiutes overlooking Virgin River with J. W. Powell age 39. GRCA 13806. Circa 1873.

Ka'purats is the name by which I am known among the Utes and Shoshones, meaning "arm off." There was much more repetition than I have given, and much emphasis. After this a few presents were given, we shook hands, and the council broke up.

Mr. Hamblin fell into conversation with one of the men and held him until the others had left, and then learned more of the particulars of the death of the three men. They came upon the Indian village almost starved and exhausted with fatigue. They were supplied with food

and put on their way to the settlements. Shortly after they had left, an Indian from the east side of the Colorado arrived at their village and told them about a number of miners having killed a squaw in drunken brawl, and no doubt these were the men; no person had ever come down the canyon; that was impossible; they were trying to hide their guilt. In this way he worked them into a rage. They followed, surrounded the men in ambush, and filled them full of arrows.

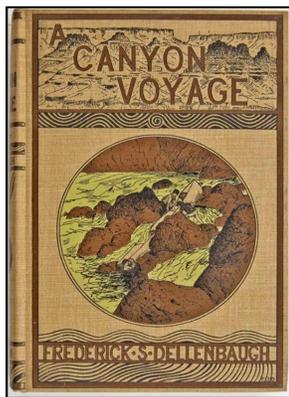
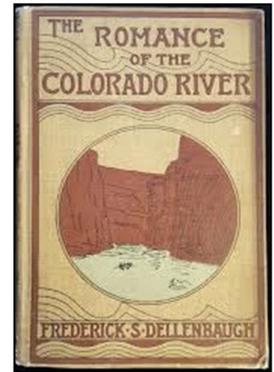


That night I slept in peace, although these murderers of my men, and their friends, the Uinkarets, were sleeping not 500 yards away. While we were gone to the canyon, the pack train and supplies, enough to make an Indian rich beyond his wildest dreams, were all left in

their charge, and were all safe; not even a lump of sugar was pilfered by the children.

**From *The Romance of the Colorado River* by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh**

Jacob Hamblin, whom I knew very well, was the 'Leather-stocking' of Utah—a man who knew the Amerinds of Utah and northern Arizona better than anyone who ever lived.



**From *A Canyon Voyage* by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh**

In the entire stretch from Gunnison Crossing to the end of the Grand Canyon, a distance of 587 1/2 miles, but two points were known where the river could be crossed, the Crossing of the Father (El Vado de los Padres), about latitude 37, and the mouth of the Paria, only thirty-five miles lower down. This latter place had been discovered by Jacob Hamblin, or "Old Jacob," as he was familiarly called, and he was the first white man to cross there, which he did in October, 1869. He was a well-known Mormon scout and pioneer of those days. He forded at El Vado his first time in 1840 or earlier. In 1862 Jacob circumtoured the Grand and Marble canyons, going from St. George by way of the Grand Wash to the Moki Towns and returning by way of El Vado.

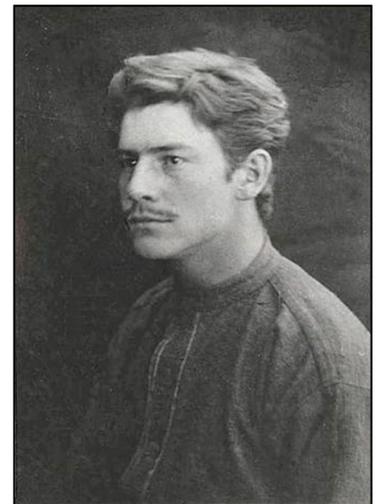
On Saturday, October 28<sup>th</sup>, in the morning we were surprised to hear from the opposite or south side of the river an Indian yell, and looking across we perceived what appeared to be three natives, with horses, standing on the edge of the canyon wall, here very low. We prepared one of the boats to cross and find out what was wanted, when a fourth figure joined the group, and in good English came the words, "G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g," long drawn out. On landing we were met by a slow-moving, very quiet individual, who said he was Jacob Hamblin. His voice was so low, his manner so simple, his clothing so usual, that I could hardly believe that this was Utah's famous Indian-fighter and manager. With him were three other white men, Isaac Haight, George Adair, Joe Mangum, and nine Navajos, all on their way to the Mormon settlements. They desired to be put across the river, and we willingly offered the services of ourselves and our boats. ... When everybody and everything were safely across the hour was so late that Jacob concluded to camp with us for the night.

I had as yet seen none of the natives of the locality. They were now very friendly and

considered harmless, thanks to Jacob's wise management. The only Indians the settlers dreaded were some renegades, a band of Utes and Navajos, collected by a bold and skillful chief named Patnish, whose "country" was south of the Colorado around Navajo Mountain. He was reputed to be highly dangerous, and the Kanab people were constantly prepared against his unwelcome visits.

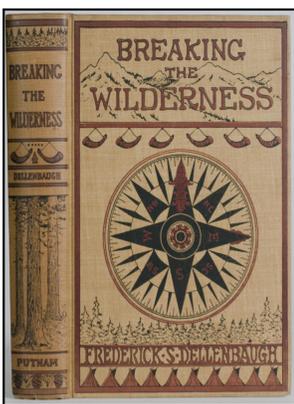


Painting of Zion Canyon by Dellenbaugh, 1903



Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh, 1872

### From *Breaking the Wilderness* by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh



The [Mountain Meadows] massacre was most unlucky for the Mormons, as the world refused to believe that it was not secretly sanctioned. Unfortunately for the poor immigrants one man who probably could have saved them, and who certainly would have tried desperately to do it, was absent from his home at the Meadows at that time, being on his way to Salt Lake. This was Jacob Hamblin, the Leatherstocking of Utah, or "Old Jacob," as he was familiarly called when I knew him some fourteen years after the massacre. On another occasion when a fanatic, stationed on the Muddy to assist immigrants, concluded to kill a man, and said to Jacob, "This man must go up," Jacob answered, "If he does I go up first, mark that," and the man went free and never knew his danger; for it would have been a reckless nature that would have dared to oppose the wrath of Old Jacob. Had he been at Mountain Meadows on that awful day he would have saved the immigrants or would have died with them. **Old Jacob was**

**a remarkable character, and must hold a place in the annals of the Wilderness beside Jedediah Smith, Bridger, the Sublettes, and the rest of that gallant band.** But he differed in one respect from every one of them; he sought no pecuniary gain, working for the good of his chosen people, always poor and seeming to have no ambition for riches. Honest, slow and low of speech, keen of perception, quick of action, and with admirable poise and judgment, Old Jacob was one of the heroes of the Wilderness, and one of the last of his kind.

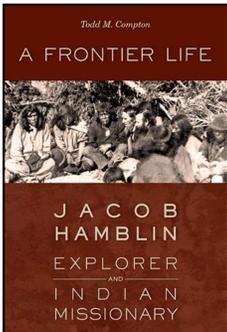
**From *L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia Vol. III* by Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian**

HAMBLIN, Jacob, a distinguished Indian missionary and faithful Church worker, was born April 2, 1819, at Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, the son of Isaiah Hamblin and Daphne Haynes. Becoming a convert to "Mormonism" he was baptized March 3, 1842, by Elder Lyman Stoddard in Wisconsin, and went to Nauvoo, Ill., that year. He had the privilege of baptizing his parents in Illinois on the 11<sup>th</sup> of April, 1845. He started for Utah in the spring of 1850, arrived in Salt Lake City with a number of his relatives, Sept. 1, 1850, and settled in Tooele valley, whence he was appointed to establish an Indian

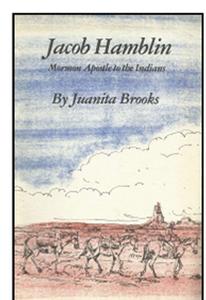
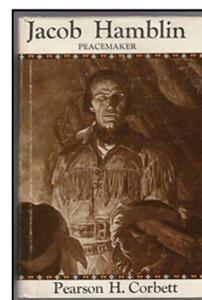
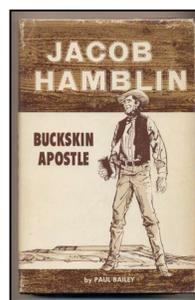
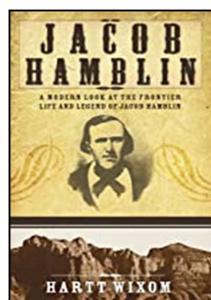
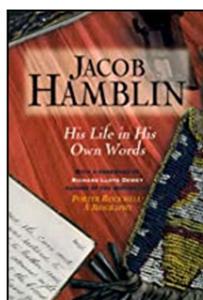
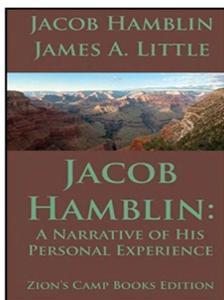


Mission in Southern Utah in 1854. With a few others he established a settlement on the Santa Clara, a tributary to the Rio Virgen. **He was ordained an Apostle to the Lamanites on Friday, Dec. 15, 1876, at St. George by President Brigham Young.** His direct experience with the native tribes of the West began in Tooele Valley in 1851, the valley then being sparsely settled by whites. It was in that valley during an engagement with some marauding Indians that one of the savages was entirely in Jacob's power, and with trusty rifle raised he was about to pull the trigger, when an inspiration came to him. "If you do not shed the blood of an Indian, not one of them shall ever have the power to shed yours." The rifle was immediately lowered and the astonished Lamanite was told to "go away." Jacob was a famous frontiersman, and under the "Mormon" rule assisted in locating and establishing settlements in Southern Utah, in Arizona and New Mexico. **He enjoyed the confidence, friendship, esteem and trust of Brigham Young, as well as that of his entire acquaintance.** His duties under the "Mormon" authorities required constant intercourse for many years with the wild Indians, and his life, on several occasions, was in imminent peril, but he possessed an abiding faith that he was in many instances protected from bodily harm from the wild Indians by

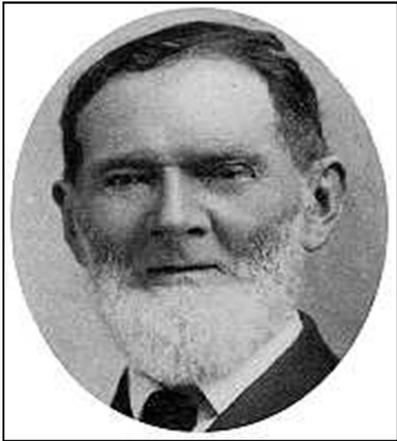
special interposition of Divine providence. It can be said to his everlasting honor and wisdom that during all his business relations with them he never killed an Indian, and that they placed great confidence in him, saying that "Jacob never lied." **Prof. H. A. Thompson, of the U.S. Geological Survey, said of him: "I would trust my money, my life and my honor in the keeping of Jacob Hamblin, knowing all would be safe."** Bro. Hamblin removed from Kanab, Utah, to Arizona with part of his family in 1878; the rest of the family followed in 1881. He located in Amity and stayed there until the fall of 1882, when he moved to Pleasanton, New Mexico, where he died Aug. 31, 1886. As the settlement of Pleasanton was broken up, his brother, Frederick Hamblin, brought his remains to Alpine, Arizona, where several of his family resided. To the honor of the authorities of the Church, of which he had been a consistent and devout member for 44 years, five months and 28 days, we will state that a monument has been erected at his grave, bearing the following inscription: **"In Memory of Jacob V. Hamblin, born April 2, 1819; died Aug. 31, 1886; Peacemaker in the Camp of the Lamanites; Herald of Truth to the House of Israel."** Bro. Jacob was the husband of four wives and the honored father of twenty-four children.



Many books have been written about Jacob Hamblin. The most recent: *A Frontier Life: Jacob Hamblin Explorer and Indian Missionary*, by Todd M. Compton. Zadok Knapp Judd, Mary Dart Judd, and Hiram Judd are referenced in this book. Historic visitor's sites for the Jacob Hamblin house in Santa Clara UT, near St. George, and the Mountain Meadows Massacre are hosted by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



# Zadok Knapp Judd Sr.



Duane Burnham Ford is a direct descendant of Zadok Knapp Judd Sr. Zadok was a brother-in-law to Jacob Hamblin after Hamblin's divorce from Lucinda and marriage to Rachel Judd, and served in the United States Army of the West Mormon Battalion during the Mexican War.

## **Zadok witnesses the mantle of Joseph Smith upon Brigham Young in August 1844**

I had for years been more or less acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. I had many, many times heard him preach; had heard him talk with others in common conversation. I had known his voice as well as I do that of my most intimate friend. At the time of his martyrdom in June, I was in Springfield, Illinois. This circumstance I am going to relate happened in late fall or early winter [1844].

The people had usually convened for meeting in a little grove near the temple. A bowery had been built, and seats arranged to accommodate all. A good place for summer meeting. In the meantime the building of the temple had progressed; the roof was on, the windows were in, the floor was laid, but no seats arranged.

It was a cold, wet Sunday and a drizzling rain. The meeting had been adjourned from the grove to the temple for there people could get shelter. While waiting for the people to gather and also for the hour of meeting, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and some others of the quorum of the twelve had come to an upper room or a kind of gallery and seemed to be passing and repassing an open door and window and from the position I had chosen, which was next to the wall and near the stand, I could see them very plainly, and although I knew Joseph was dead, I could scarcely make myself believe he was not there. His look, his motion, his walk, were precisely like that of Joseph and yet it was Brigham Young, and when he came to and commenced to speak to the people his voice was like Joseph's.

In the meantime people had gathered in and standing, huddled close together, made such an immense weight on the floor that the propping under the center gave way and let the floor settle a few inches, which caused quite a panic among the people and some tried to push for the door, but the loud voice of the prophet Joseph soon restored quiet and only a few were



hurt by being pushed down and stepped on. No damage was done, only a few broken windows. The change of voice and appearance I could not account for only that the mantle of Joseph had fallen on Brigham Young. (Autobiography, Zadok Knapp Judd Sr.)

### **Zadok heeds the call of Brigham Young to serve in the Mormon Battalion with his elder brother Hyrum Judd in July 1846**

This was quite a hard pill to swallow—to leave wives and children on the wild prairie, destitute and almost helpless, having nothing to rely on only the kindness of neighbors, and go to fight the battles of a government that had allowed some of its citizens to drive us from our homes, but the word came from the right source and seemed to bring the spirit of conviction of its truth with it and there was quite a number of our company volunteered, myself and brother among them.

At the age of about 6 years, Zadok was unable to walk due to fever in his legs. He was offered a “ha penny” to sit on his father’s knee and stretch his leg to the floor one at a time and for “such a princely sum” he did. This continued until he was able to walk again. Zadok suffered with a stiff leg and weak ankles until he joined the Mormon Battalion at age 17 and marched the entire way to California and back. (Autobiography, Zadok Knapp Judd Sr.)

The Mormon Battalion financed the exodus of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the Salt Lake Valley, and is the only unit in U.S. military history whose members were of the same religious affiliation. (*History May Be Searched in Vain: A Military History of the Mormon Battalion*, Sherman L. Fleek)

### **From *L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia Vol. III* by Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian**

JUDD, Zadok Knapp, a member of the Mormon Battalion, was born Oct. 15, 1827, at Johnstown, Upper Canada, the son of Arza Judd Jr. and Lucinda Adams. Becoming a convert to “Mormonism,” together with his parents, he was baptized April 26, 1836, in Canada, by James Blakesley. He gathered with the Saints to Kirtland, Ohio, but went to Missouri in 1838 with his father’s family, and located at DeWitt, with John E. Page’s company. Being expelled from DeWitt in the fall of 1838, they fled to Far West and finally were driven out of Missouri together with their co-religionists in 1839. After residing temporarily at Quincy, Ill., the family went to Nauvoo, Ill., in 1840, and traveled west as far as the Missouri river during the exodus of 1846. **Here Zadok K. Judd enlisted in the Mormon Battalion and marched as a private**



**in Company E to California. After being discharged, he spent some time at the mines [Fort Sutter, Coloma, CA]** before coming to the Valley in 1848. After residing a short time in Salt Lake City, he was called to Little Salt Lake valley with Geo. A. Smith and company and thus became one of the founders of Parowan in 1851. After residing there a few years he married Mary M. Dart, and then settled temporarily at Santa Clara. Thence he removed to Eagle valley, Nevada, and finally settled at Kanab in 1871, being one of the early settlers of that place when it was resettled after the Indian wars. Bro. Judd died Jan. 29, 1909, at Kanab, Utah.

# Hyrum Judd and Lisania Fuller Judd



Zadok Knapp Judd's elder brother, Hyrum Judd encouraged Zadok to join the Mormon Battalion. Hyrum's wife was Lisania Fuller Judd. To the left is a sculpture of Hyrum and Zadok.

## **Hyrum and Lisania married on the same day of the martyrdoms of Joseph and Hyrum Smith**

Hyrum worked as a teamster for Lucius Fuller. It was while employed by Mr. Fuller that Hyrum met his daughter, Lisania Fuller. They were married on June 27, 1844, the same day the Prophet Joseph



Smith and Hyrum Smith were martyred. On her Mexican War Widow's Pension application in 1895, Lisania gave her marriage place as Churchville, Iowa.

Lisania's father is said to have objected to the marriage because of Hyrum's religion. After their marriage they lived at Colesville, Illinois and other places before moving to Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie County, Iowa.

Hyrum and Lisania and their baby daughter, Clara Adelia, were among the Saints who left Nauvoo in February of 1846. The journey was hard and the conditions severe. On March 25, 1846, their daughter died somewhere on the trail between Sugar Creek and Council Bluffs.

## **Hyrum heeds the call of Brigham Young to serve in the Mormon Battalion with his younger brother Zadock Judd, and cousin Arza Erastus Hinckley in July 1846**

After reaching Council Bluffs, Hyrum, his brother Zadock, and cousin, Arza Erastus Hinckley enlisted in the Mormon Battalion to fight in the Mexican War. Hyrum became a Private in Company "E" under the command of Captain Daniel C. Davis.



Lisania was baptized a member of the Church in June of 1846. She remained in Council Bluffs through the winter where she suffered greatly from cold, hunger, and sickness, often without shelter.

Just seven months after Hyrum left, their second child, Hyrum Jerome, was born in a wagon box on a cold February night, Lisania made buckskin gloves and men's pants to help sustain herself and her son.

In the spring she made her way back to Warsaw, Illinois where she remained until Hyrum came for her a year later. Her father had died in April 1845, and her mother in March 1846. Her two young brothers, Lucius H., Jr. and Josephus were placed with the family doctor that acted as their guardian. (*Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still: Mormon Battalion Wives*, Shirley N. Maynes)

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# Daniel Berry Rawson and Mariah Atchinson Rawson



Daniel Berry Rawson is the second great uncle of Rama Anderson Ford. Daniel and Mariah Atchinson were married on November 9, 1845.

## **Daniel heeds the call of Brigham Young to join the Mormon Battalion in July 1846**

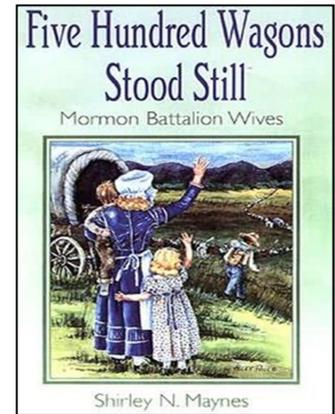
It was at Mt. Pisgah that Daniel heard the news that Captain James Allen from the U.S. Army had come to enlist men to fight in the Mexican War. At first, Daniel would not volunteer. He felt indignant toward his government who had allowed others to drive him from his home. While on the way to Council Bluffs, he met President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards and they told him, "that the salvation of Israel depended upon the raising up of this army." After Daniel heard them speak, he changed his mind and felt it was his duty to go.

The very day that Mariah and Daniel arrived at Council Bluffs, Church officials again called a meeting for the purpose of raising volunteers to fight in the Mexican War. Daniel invited his father-in-law to attend the meeting with him. Mr. Atchinson was not a member of the Church and he objected to Daniel enlisting. However, he went to hear the church authorities speak. Shortly after their speeches, the band commenced playing and marching. Parley P. Pratt called to the brethren to fall in line. Daniel wanted to join with them, but as his father-in-law objected, Daniel offered a silent prayer asking the Lord, "that if it was his duty to go, that a way would be opened for him to do so." When he found his father-in-law, Mr. Atchinson, he was in deep thought. Daniel asked him what he should do. His father-in-law gave a sigh and said: "Do as you think best. Mariah can live with me and I will do my best for her."

Daniel bid farewell to Mariah, family and friends. He left his wife with a wagon, four horses and canvas for covering, not knowing when or where they would meet again. He took Mariah by the hand and they both covenanted to hold themselves true to each other. On July 20, 1846, he left with the Mormon Battalion as a Private in Company "D" under the command of Captain Nelson Higgins. He was one of the men who marched all the way to California.

Daniel was happy to see his parents, relatives and friends after an absence of two years and four months. He very much regretted the fact that Mariah had faltered and had broken her marriage vows to him. A self-proclaimed Negro prophet led her astray and she went with him. Daniel met with Apostle Orson Hyde and he advised him to leave Mariah. Apostle Hyde told Daniel to hold her sacred and Daniel related: "I have been blamed by men because they did not know my reasons for doing as I have done."

In November of 1849, Daniel married Nancy Boss and they became parents of ten children. Mariah Atchinson Rawson did not have children by Daniel Berry Rawson. (*Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still: Mormon Battalion Wives*, Shirley N. Maynes)



A festival reunion of the Mormon Battalion was held in the Social Hall in Salt Lake City on 6-7 of February 1855, and was hosted by the Brigham Young.

Note: Hyrum Judd, Zadok Knapp Judd, and Daniel Berry Rawson worked at Sutter's Mill in Coloma CA after they were discharged from the Mormon Battalion. Below is the Mormon Cabin at Coloma, a replica of a cabin used by Mormon miners. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints provided financing for the replica, and both Duane and Rama Ford work on the project.



While living in Placerville, California, Grandpa Duane Burnham Ford organized the Sierra Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. They worked with the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in California on various historic memorial projects through the years.

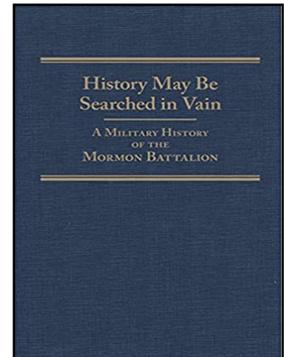
Duane and Rama Ford were personally acquainted with Norma Ricketts, author of *Mormon Battalion: United States Army of the West, 1846-1848*. Rama's parents, Ivan and Helen Anderson were members of the Sons of Utah Pioneers Sierra Chapter in California.

Duane's mother, Clara Alvira Burnham Ford was a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in Kanab, Utah, serving as president during one term. The Kane County Daughters of Utah

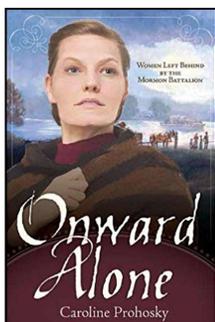
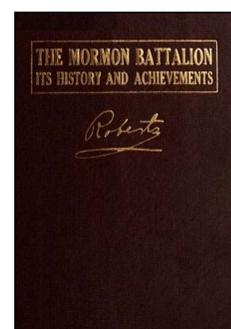
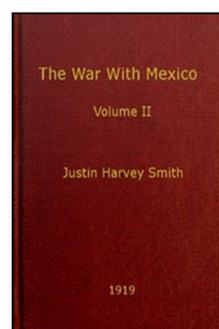
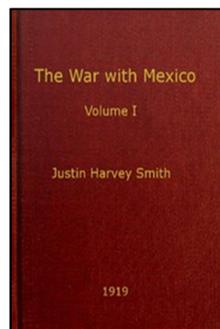
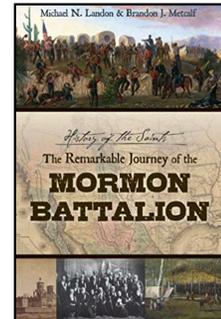
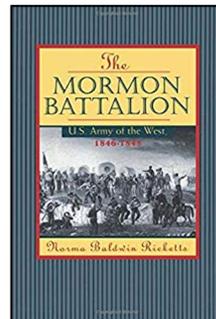
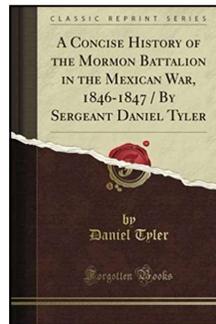
Pioneers published two editions of *History of Kane County*. The primary contributor is Rose Hicks Hamblin.

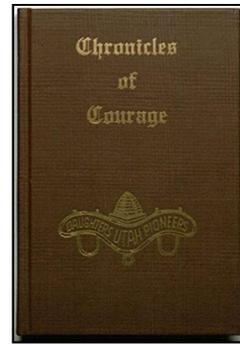
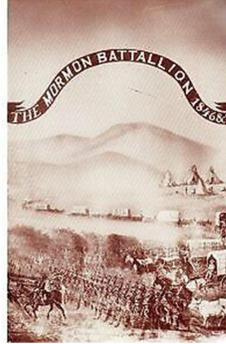
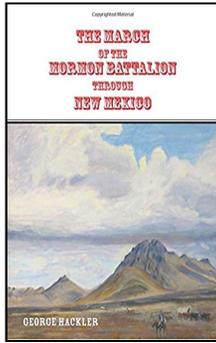
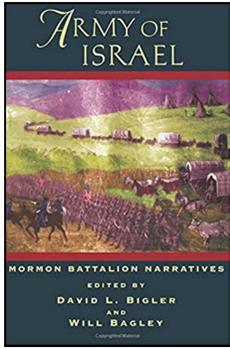


There are many books written about the Mormon Battalion. The most recent is: *History May Be Searched in Vain: A Military History of the Mormon Battalion*, by Sherman L. Fleek. Statements made by Zadock Judd and Daniel Berry are referenced in this book.



Note: Zadok Knapp Judd Sr.'s first name is spelled many different ways in various publications. Zadok, Zadoc, and Zadock are the most common spellings.



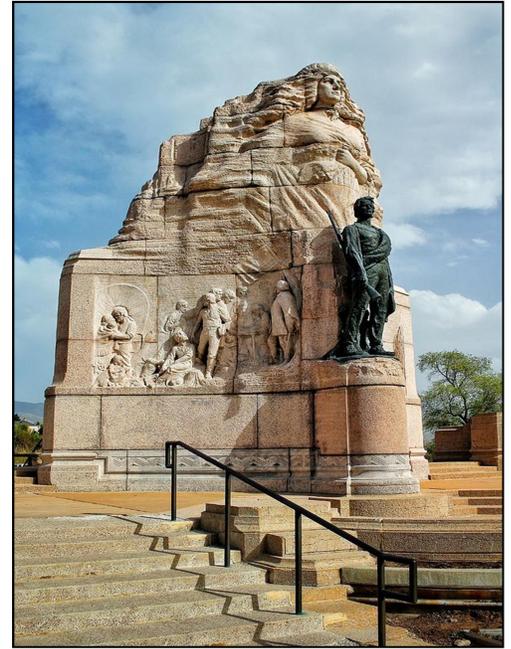


There are numerous Mormon Battalion monuments, memorials, and various organizations.

The largest Mormon Battalion memorial

visitor's center hosted by The Church of Jesus Christ is in San Diego CA. Other large monuments and memorials are in Tucson AZ, Yuma AZ, Los Angeles CA, Coloma CA, and Salt Lake City UT.

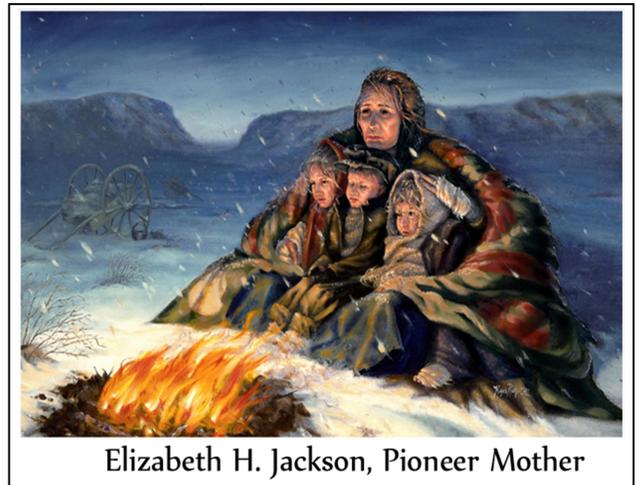




See: <http://www.mormonbattalion.com/>  
<https://www.deseret.com/2015/3/25/20561324/picturing-history-the-mormon-battalion-at-tucson#the-historical-marker-denotes-where-the-wall-surrounded-the-presidio-san-augustin-del-tucson-the-mormon-battalion-approached-the-presidio-at-the-mexican-outpost-of-tucson-on-dec-16-1846>  
<https://www.mormonbattaliontucson.com/>  
[https://military.wikia.org/wiki/Mormon\\_Battalion](https://military.wikia.org/wiki/Mormon_Battalion)  
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[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mormon\\_Battalion\\_Monument](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mormon_Battalion_Monument)  
<https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/church/news/march-with-the-mormon-battalion-at-san-diego-visitors-center?lang=eng>  
<https://utahstatecapitol.utah.gov/explore/capitol-grounds/mormon-battalion-monument>



# Aaron Jackson and Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson



Elizabeth H. Jackson, Pioneer Mother

Aaron Jackson and Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford are second great grandparents of Rama Anderson Ford.

## **Aaron and Elizabeth Jackson heed the call of Brigham Young to gather to Zion, and join the Martin Handcart Company in 1856**

Between 1856 and 1860, nearly 3,000 Latter-day Saints traveled by handcart from Iowa and Nebraska to the Salt Lake Valley in a total of 10 handcart companies.

To facilitate the gathering of distant members to Zion, President Young and the Brethren created the Perpetual Emigrating Fund (PEF) in the fall of 1849. Essentially the PEF was a revolving fund. Latter-day Saints with means would donate funds, which were quickly funneled to converts waiting to gather. Then, upon arrival, the gathering converts would work on public work projects, repay their loan in cash, commodities, or labor, and thereby replenish the fund.

President Young wrote in 1855 to Elder Franklin D. Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, who was then president of the European Mission. "We cannot afford to purchase wagons and teams as in times past, [and] I am consequently thrown back upon my old plan—to make hand-carts and let the emigration foot it, and draw upon them the necessary supplies, having a cow or two for every ten [handcarts]." Later in the year, President Young brought the plan to fruition. (*They Came by Handcart*, Ensign, August 1997, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)



**From *Leaves from the Life of Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford***

I have a desire to leave a record of those scenes and events, thru which I have passed, that my children down to my latest posterity may read what their ancestors were willing to suffer, and did suffer, patiently for the Gospel's sake. And I wish them to understand, too, that what I now word is the history of hundreds of others, both men, women and children who have passed thru many like scenes for a similar cause at the same time we did. I also desire them to know that it was in obedience to the commandments of the true and living God, and with the assurance of an eternal reward – an exaltation to eternal life in His kingdom – that we suffered these things. I hope, too, that it will inspire my posterity with fortitude to stand firm and faithful to the truth and be willing to suffer, and sacrifice all things they may be required to pass thru for the Kingdom of God's sake.

Note: There are numerous books, articles and web pages on [ChurchOfJesusChrist.org](http://ChurchOfJesusChrist.org) that include the writings of Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford concerning the Martin Handcart Company, and many have been strengthened by her words.

I was born at Macclesfield, Cheshire, England, August 5, 1826. My father's name was Edward Horrocks, he was born at Bolton, Lancashire, England, in 1800. He was in the manufacturing business. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints about the year 1840. He came to Utah in 1857, and settled first in Ogden city, and subsequently removed to Huntsville where he lived the remainder of his natural life. He met his death in a snowslide in Ogden Canyon, March 10, 1865. He was 59 years of age.

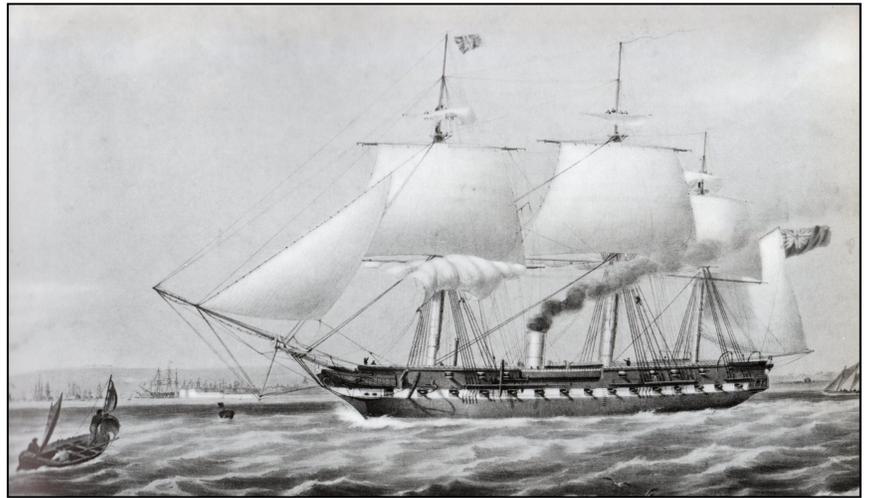
My mother's name was Alice Houghton. She was the daughter of Samuel Houghton, and Betty Eaton. She was born in 1803, at Macclesfield, England. She was also a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She died in 1856, being at that time 53 years of age. Before she passed away, and while on her death bed, she blessed me and told me that I should never want for bread; and I can truly say that blessing has been realized; for up to the present time, although I have been short on many other comforts of life, I have always had bread enough for my children and myself to eat. For this great blessing I thank God, the giver of every good thing that has come to us in this life.

I was the eldest of a family of eleven children. When I was about seven years old I was placed to work in a silk factory, and was thus enabled to earn a little to assist my parents in supporting the family. In my girlhood I attended the Church and Sunday School of the Wesleyan Methodists, of which church my parents were members. My father was also a Local

Teacher.

In 1841, when I was fifteen years old, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by James Gallay. I do not remember who confirmed me. On May 28, 1848, I was married to Elder Aaron Jackson. My husband was born at Eyme, Derbyshire, England, September 30, 1823. He died October 25, 1856, of which more hereafter. We were blessed with three children namely: Martha Ann, born at Macclesfield, Cheshire, England, 6<sup>th</sup> February 1849; Mary Elizabeth, born 22<sup>nd</sup> July 1851; Aaron, born 18<sup>th</sup> January 1854; all at the same place.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of May, 1856, we started on our oceanic and overland voyage for Utah, which was an eventful and ever memorable journey. We sailed from Liverpool, on board the sailing ship *Horizon*. My sister, Mary Horrocks, was with us.



There were about seven hundred passengers on board. We had a pretty good passage over the sea. Only one incident occurred to alarm the company. When hoisting sail in a storm, once, the word was given "hoist higher." One of the passengers mistook the word for "fire." Happily the error was discovered in time to prevent a panic on board. We landed at Boston, Massachusetts June 30<sup>th</sup>, in good health. After a short stay at Boston, we proceeded to Iowa City, which place we reached on July 8<sup>th</sup>. At this place we commenced to make preparations for our terrible overland journey across the vast plains to Utah. The mechanics were very busy manufacturing hand carts on which to haul our provisions, small children, etc. The hand carts, of many of them, were built on wooden axles instead of iron; and with leather boxes. We expected to find these vehicles already at hand on our arrival at Iowa City. Thus work consumed between two and three weeks of time, in which we should have been wending our way to Salt Lake City.

There were two companies which contained about five hundred and fifty six persons. There were one hundred and forty six hand carts, seven wagons and six mules and horses, fifty milch cows and beef animals. There was one wagon loaded with goods for the Church. To each of these two companies were apportioned a mule team, and commissary stores, tents, etc.



Pushing, Pulling and Praying,  
Bound for Zion, by E. Kimball  
Warren

On July 15<sup>th</sup>, the company left Iowa City under the captaincy of Elder James G. Willie, for Florence, a distance of 277 miles. At Florence, the two hand-cart companies were consolidated. Edward Martin was appointed Captain and Daniel Tyler was his assistant. On August 25<sup>th</sup>, the camp

broke, travelled about two miles and then camped.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> of August, we made a final start from Cutlers' Fork, on our long tedious journey across the vast plains of a thousand miles to our future home. We continued our toil day after day, pulling our hand-carts with our provisions or rations, our little children, etc., through deep sands, rocky roads, or fording streams. It was a dreary journey. Many miles each day were traveled ere, with tired limbs we reach camp, cooked supper, ate and retired for the night to rest, to pursue our monotonous course the following day.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> of September, near Soup Fork, we were overtaken and passed by Apostle F. D. Richards, C. H. Wheellock and other returning missionaries from Europe. About the middle of this month we learned that A. W. Babbitt had been killed by some hostile Indians.

After toilsome and fatiguing travel, we reach Laramie on the 8<sup>th</sup> day of October. Here we rested for a short time. Our provisions by this time had become very scant, and many of the company went to the Fort and sold their watches and other articles of jewelry. With the proceeds they purchased corn meal, flour, beans, bacon, etc., with which to replenish their stores of food which had become very scant. Hitherto, although a ration of a pound of flour had been served out daily to each person, it was found insufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; but the weary pilgrims were then about to experience more deprivations in this

direction. We rested a couple of days and then resumed our toilsome march. Shortly after leaving Fort Laramie, it became necessary to shorten our rations that they might hold out, and that the company be not reduced to starvation. The reduction was repeated several times. First, the pound of flour was reduced to three-fourths of a pound, then to half of a pound, and afterwards to still less per day. However we pushed ahead. The trip was full of adventures, hair breadth escapes, exposure to attacks from Indians, wolves and other wild beasts. When we reached the Black Hills, we had a rough experience. The roads were rocky, broken and difficult to travel. Frequently the carts were broken down and much delay was caused by the needed repairs.



During the time of leaving Laramie and reaching the Platte, my husband had been taken sick. He was afflicted with mountain fever. His appetite was good and he could eat more than his rations. But his ambition was gone. All attempts to arouse him to energy or much active exertion were futile. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of October the last crossing of the Platte River was reached; but when we went into camp that noon day my husband was not there. Two of the company went back to look for him. They found him sitting by the roadside resting. He was very weak. They assisted him into camp. When we resumed our journey he was put into a wagon, and rode a few miles to the bank of the river, when it was discovered that the teams had become so weak they were unable to haul the freight across the stream, so my husband was compelled to alight.

This is a satellite photo of the Platte river. Emigrants followed the Platte all the way to South Pass. Around Chimney Rock, they had to cross the Platte when the river forked so they could follow the North Platte. This was often a difficult crossing, as the river could be fast and fairly deep there. This is a satellite photo of the Platte river. Emigrants followed the Platte all the way to South Pass. Around Chimney Rock, they had to cross the Platte when the river forked so they could follow

the North Platte. This was often a difficult crossing, as the river could be fast and fairly deep there. (<https://sites.google.com/a/cocalico.net/adamstown-5shenk/westward-movement/platte-river>)

"The river," says Elder John Jaques, "was wide, the current was strong, the water was exceedingly cold and up to the wagon bed in the deepest parts, and the bed of the river was covered with cobble stones." Some of the men carried some of the women on their backs or in their arms, but others of the women tied up their skirts and waded through, like the heroines that they were, and as they had gone thru many other rivers and creeks. My husband attempted to ford the stream. He had only gone a short distance when he reached a sand bar in the river on which he sank down through weakness and exhaustion. My sister, Mary Horrocks Leavitt, waded through the water to his assistance. She raised him up to his feet. Shortly afterward, a man came along on horseback and conveyed him to the other side of the river, place him on the bank and left him there. My sister then helped me to pull my cart with my three children and other matters on it. We had scarcely crossed the river when we were visited with a tremendous storm of snow, hail, sand and fierce winds. It was a terrible storm



from which both the people and teams suffered.

After crossing the river, my husband was put on a hand cart and hauled into camp; and indeed after that time he was unable to walk, and consequently provision had to be made for him to ride in a wagon. As soon as we reached camp, I prepared him some refreshment and placed him to rest for the night. From this time my worst experience commenced.

The Willie Company was two weeks ahead of the Martin Company. A 19 October 1856 snowstorm caught the Willie Company at the Sweetwater River in central Wyoming, 40 miles east of South Pass. The same storm caught the Martin Company on the North Platte River near Casper, Wyoming. Above: Crossing the Platte left Martin Company members wet, with no way to dry their clothing. Each day after that crossing, several died from exposure. (Painting by Larry Winborg.) (*Remembering the Rescue*, Ensign, August 1997, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)

The company had now become greatly reduced in strength, the teams as well as the people. The teams had become so weak that the luggage was reduced to ten pounds per head for

adults, and five pounds for children under eight years. And although the weather was severe, a great deal of bedding and clothing had to be destroyed—burned—as it could not be carried along. This occurrence very much increased the suffering of the company, men, women and children alike.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of October, we traveled, or almost wallowed, for about ten miles through the snow. At night, weary and worn out, we camped near the Platte River, where we soon left it for the Sweetwater. We were visited with three days more snow. The animals and immigrants were almost completely exhausted. We remained in camp several days to gain strength. About the 25<sup>th</sup> of October, I think it was—I cannot remember the exact date—we reached camp about sundown. My husband had for several days previous been much worse. He was



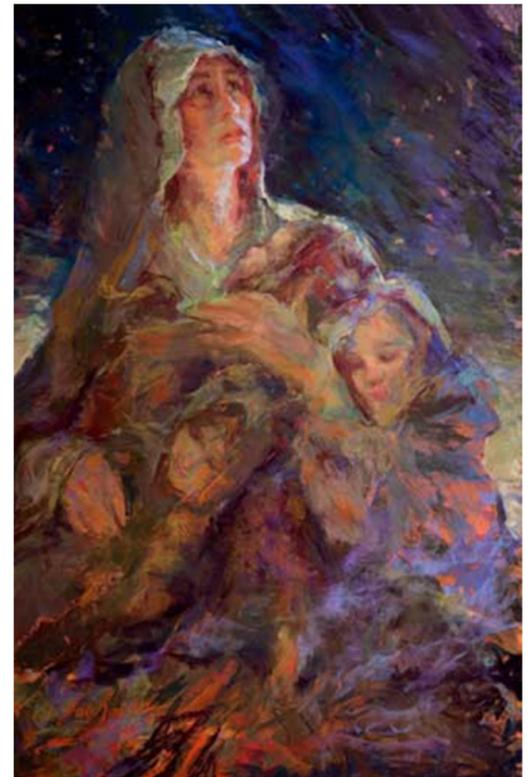
still sinking, and his condition now became more serious. As soon as possible after reaching camp I prepared a little of such scant articles of food as we then had. He tried to eat but failed. He had not the strength to swallow. I put him to bed as quickly as I could. He seemed to rest easy and fell asleep. About nine o'clock I retired. Bedding had become very scarce, so I did not disrobe. I slept until, as it appeared to me, about midnight. I was extremely cold. The weather was bitter. I listened to hear if my husband breathed—he lay so still. I could not hear him. I became alarmed. I put my hand on his body, when to my horror I discovered that my worst fears were confirmed. My husband was dead. He was cold and stiff—rigid in the arms of death. It was a bitter freezing night and the elements had sealed up his mortal frame. I called for help to the other inmates of the tent. They could render me no aid; and there was no alternative but to remain alone by the side of the corpse till morning. The night was enveloped in almost Egyptian darkness. There was nothing with which to produce a light or kindle a fire. Of course I could not sleep. I could only watch, wait, and pray for the dawn. But oh, how these dreary hours drew their tedious length along. When daylight came, some of the male part of the company prepared the body for burial. And oh, such a burial and funeral service. They did not remove his clothing—he had but little. They wrapped him in a blanket



They wrapped him in a blanket and placed him in a pile with thirteen others who had died, and then covered him up in the snow. The ground was frozen so hard that they could not dig a grave. He was left there to sleep in peace until the trump of the Lord shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall awake and come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

We shall then against unite our hearts and lives, and eternity will furnish us with life forever more.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at finding myself thus left a widow with three children, under such excruciating circumstances. I cannot do it. But I believe the Recording Angel has inscribed in the archives above, and that my sufferings for the Gospel's sake will be sanctified unto me for my good. My sister Mary was the only relative I had to whom I could look for assistance in this trying ordeal, and she was sick. So severe was her affliction that she became deranged in her mind, and for several days she ate nothing but hard frozen snow. I could therefore appeal to the Lord alone; He who had promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. I appealed to him and he came to my aid. A few days after the death of my husband, the male members of the company had become reduced in number by death; and those who remained were so weak and emaciated by sickness, that on reaching the camping place at night, there were not sufficient men with strength enough to raise the poles and pitch the tents. **The result was that we camped out with nothing but the vault of Heaven for a roof, and the stars for companions.** The snow lay several inches deep upon the ground. The night was bitterly cold. I sat down on a rock with one child on my lap and one on each side of me. In that condition I remained until morning. My sick sister, the first part of the night, climbed up hill to the place where some men had



**The Vault of Heaven** by Julie Rogers



built a fire. She remained there until the people made down their beds and retired, to sleep, if they could. She then climbed or slid down the hill on the snow, to where there was another fire which was kept alive by some persons who were watching the body of a man who had died that night. There she remained until daylight.

It will be readily perceived that under such adverse circumstances I had become despondent. I was six or seven thousand miles from my native land, in a wild, rocky, mountain country, in a destitute condition, the ground covered with snow, the waters covered with ice, and I with three fatherless children with scarcely nothing to protect them from the merciless storms. When I retired to bed that night, being the 27<sup>th</sup> of October, I had a stunning revelation. In my dream, my husband stood by me and said—"Cheer up, Elizabeth, deliverance is at hand." The dream was fulfilled.

"The 28<sup>th</sup> of October," says John Jaques in his history of this journey, "was red letter day to this hand cart expedition. On that memorable day, Joseph A. Young, Daniel Jones, and Abel Garr galloped unexpectedly into camp amid tears and cheers and smiles and laughter of the emigrants. Those three men being the express from the most advanced relief company from Salt Lake, brought the glad word that assistance, provisions and clothing were near, that ten wagons were waiting at the Devil's Gate." Thus you see, my dream and my husband's prediction were fulfilled.

The next day we left the Platte and started for the Sweetwater country. On the 31<sup>st</sup> of October, another grand surprise met us. On reaching Greecewood Creek, we met Geo. D. Grand, R. F. Burton, Charles Decker, Chauncy G. Webb, and some others, with six wagons of flour, etc., sent from Salt Lake. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of November, we arrived at the Sweetwater bridge, some five miles from Devil's Gate. We arrived there about dusk in the evening. We camped in about a foot and a half of snow. It was a busy evening before bed time in clearing away the snow. For this purpose many used cooking utensils, plates and other things. The ground was hard and almost impenetrable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the tents could be erected. It became a question that night, whether we should camp there for the winter or go forward to Salt Lake Valley. It was decided to go on. At Devil's Gate the freight was left, as the teams were too weak to haul it. It was left in charge of Daniel W Jones, Thomas M. Alexander and Ben Hampton, with seventeen emigrants to guard it through the winter.

It was several days after that – I do not remember the exact date – that we made the last crossing of the Sweetwater. In speaking of that memorable event, Elder John Jacques says: - "It was a severe operation to many of the company. It was the last ford the company waded

over. The water was not less than two feet deep, perhaps a little more in the deepest parts, but it was intensely cold. The ice was three or four inches thick and the bottom of the river muddy and sandy. The stream seemed to be about forty yards wide. Before the crossing was completed, the shades of evening were closing around, and this, as everyone knows, is the



coldest hour of the twenty-four, especially at a frosty time. When the hand carts arrived at the bank of the river one poor fellow who was greatly worn down with travel exclaimed: "Have we got to cross here?" Being answered 'yes' he again exclaimed: "Oh dear, I can't go through that!" His heart sank within him and he burst into tears. But his heroic wife came to his aid, and in a sympathetic tone said: 'Don't cry, Jimmie, I'll pull the hand cart for you.' In crossing the river the shins and limbs of the waders came in contact with sharp cakes of ice which inflicted wounds on them which did not heal until long after they arrived in this valley. And some of them are alive, some of them bear the marks of them to this day.

After the crossing we camped for several days in a deep gulch called "Martin's Ravine." It was a fearful time and place. It was so cold that some of the company came near freezing to death. The sufferings of the people were fearful, and nothing but the power of a merciful God kept them from perishing. The storms continued unabated for some days. Said E. K. Hank in speaking of it: "The storms during the three days were simply awful. In all my travels in the Rocky Mountains, just before and afterwards, I have seen nothing like it – nothing worse."

When the snow at length ceased falling, it lay thick on the ground, and so deep that for many days it was impossible to move the wagons through. I and my children with hundreds of others were locked up in these fearful weather-bound mountains.

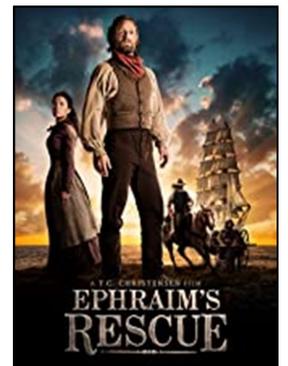


Elder Hanks gives the following graphic pen pictures of his first meeting with Martin's company which he with others had been sent to relieve, and which some of them had given up for lost, believing that they had perished in the storms. "I think" he said, "the sun was about an hour high when I spied something in the distance that looked like a black streak in the snow. As I got near to it, I perceived it moved, then I was satisfied that this was the long looked for hand cart company led by Captain Martin. I reached the ill-fated train just as they had camped for the night. The sight that met my gaze as I entered their camp can never be erased from my memory! The starved forms and haggard countenances of the poor sufferers, as they moved about slowly, shivering with the cold to prepare the evening meal, was enough to touch the stoutest heart. When they saw me coming they hailed me with joy inexpressible."

Children, I was there. Martha Ann was there. Mary Elizabeth was there, they, my daughters, and Aaron, my son. Elder Hanks had killed some buffalo meat which he distributed among us. We eagerly devoured it.

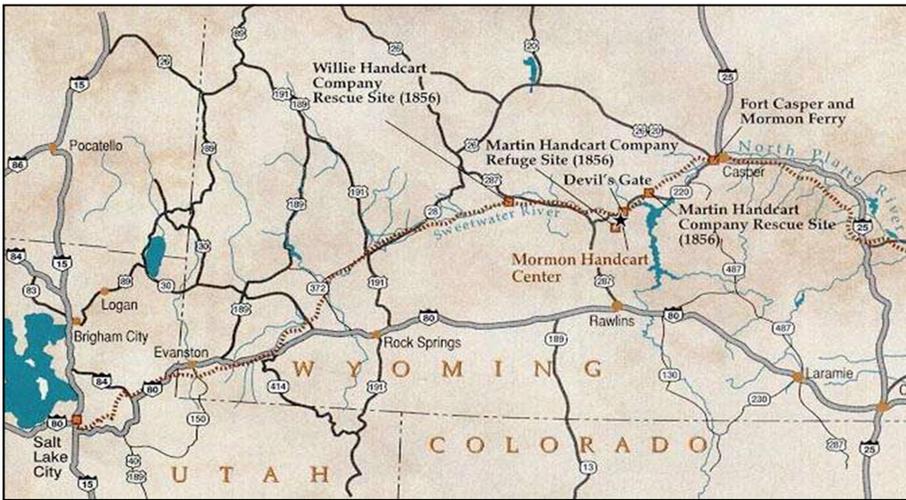


On 10 November, after shooting two buffalos, Ephraim Hanks came upon the Martin Company. He later wrote of the scene: "Flocking around me, one would say, 'Oh, please, give me some meat.' Another would exclaim, 'My poor children are starving, do give me a little'; and children with tears in their eyes would call out, 'Give me some, give me some'" (quoted in Hafen and Hafen, *Handcarts*, 135). (Painting by Steve Halford.) (*Remembering the Rescue*, Ensign, August 1997, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) Note: The movie *Ephraim's Rescue 7* (Amazon Prime) depicts the miraculous circumstances by which Elder Hanks obtained buffalo meat for the Martin Company.

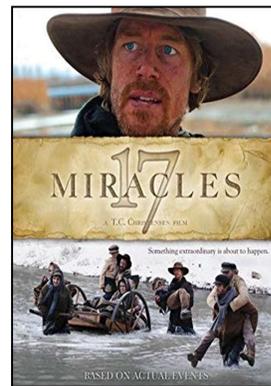
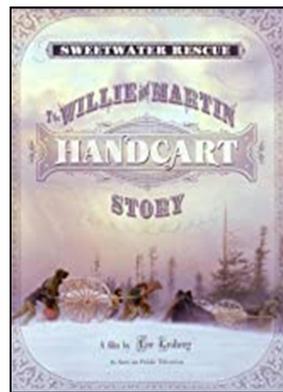
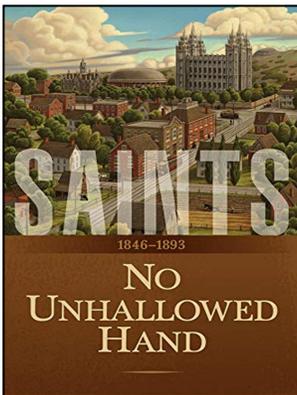


I will not continue this narrative much longer, but will hasten to convey us to our destination. We came by easy stages the remainder of the journey, and finally reached Salt Lake City at the mid-day on Sunday, November the 30<sup>th</sup>. Thus ended the ever memorable overland voyage

from the Missouri River to the Capital of Utah, in the eventful year of 1856. furnished me transportation to the residence of my brother, Samuel Horrocks, in Ogden City. Here my children and I rested and recruited, and here we have remained ever since. And the Lord has blessed me, and rewarded me with abundance of this world's goods, for all my sufferings, and he has also blessed me with the highest blessings of a spiritual nature that can be conferred upon man or woman, in His Holy Temple, in Mortality. I have a happy home for which I thank my Father in Heaven.

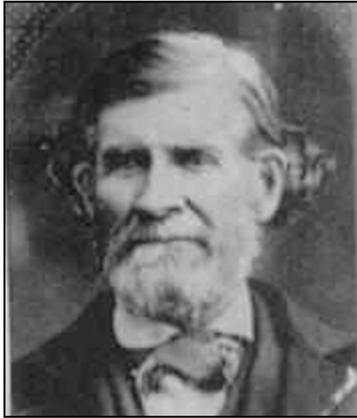


Map of the Mormon Trail showing the rescue sites of both the Willie and the Martin Handcart Companies. Also noted are the locations of Devil's Gate and the Martin Handcart Company refuge site, both at modern-day Sun Ranch. Highways, shown on map, provide easy access to the visitors' center. (*Remembering the Rescue*, Ensign, August 1997, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)



Note: Aaron and Elizabeth Jackson are featured in *Saints, Volume 2*, (2020) The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Elizabeth is prominently featured in the documentary *Sweetwater Rescue: Willie & Martin Handcart Story* (Amazon Prime) and in various other publications, including books, Ensign articles, and lessons published on ChurchofJesusChrist.org about the handcart pioneers. Other handcart pioneer videos on Amazon Prime are: *17 Miracles* and *Handcart*.

# Robert McBride III and Sarah Ann Howard



Robert McBride III and Sarah Ann Howard are second great grandparents of Howard Legrand Lamb Jr., and third great grandparents of Randall Dean Lamb. Robert McBride III is a direct descendant of Robert Bruce I, King of Scotland, popularly known as Robert the Bruce, who is



featured in the movies *Braveheart* (1995, directed by and starring Mel Gibson, on Amazon Prime), *The Bruce* (1996, UK), *King of Scots* (2007, on Amazon Prime) *After Braveheart* (2015 documentary, on Amazon Prime), *Outlaw King* (2018, starring Chris Pine, on Netflix), and *Robert the Bruce* (2019, UK).



Robert and Sarah's eldest daughter, Janetta Ann McBride, is featured in *Journey by Handcart: A True Story Retold from Janetta Ann McBride's Journal and Her Family's History*, Paul Ferrin Hunt, *Friend*, July 2000 (Part 1) and August 2000 (Part 2), The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

## **Brigham Young gave me that name and blessed me when I was a baby**

I'm very happy with my name, Janetta Ann McBride. Brigham Young gave me that name and blessed me when I was a baby. He was one of the elders who visited at my parents' home in Church Town,

England, where I was born on Christmas Eve in 1839. It isn't everyone who can claim that a prophet gave them a name and a blessing.

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## Robert and Sarah McBride heed the call of Brigham Young to gather to Zion, and join the Martin Handcart Company in 1856

At the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed to a dressmaker and learned how to make beautiful dresses. I worked for her for two years. Then my family made the decision to move to America. Times were hard in England. Jobs and food were both scarce. Also a call had gone out from the Church for the Saints to gather to Zion.

At age sixteen, I was the oldest of the children in our family. Heber had just turned thirteen. Ether was eight, Peter six, and Margaret was still a baby, not quite two years old. We love the Lord with all our hearts. We had been commanded to gather to Zion, and so we began our journey, one step at a time. Little did we know what would face us on the journey ahead. I think, though, that even if we had known, we still would have gone.

The Church had a special fund at that time that loaned money to members for travel to Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1856, however, there wasn't much money in it. To cut expenses, it was decided that my family, along with many others, would travel across the plains by handcart. The journey from Liverpool, England, to Salt Lake City would then only cost about forty-five dollars per person—much less than the cost of using wagons and ox teams to cross the plains.

But first we had to sail to America!

I was excited when my family packed up their belongings and headed for Liverpool. It was a great seaport, teeming with ships of every kind. I loved watching the ships being loaded and unloaded with every kind of article you could imagine. Spices from India scented the air. Passenger ships were a hive of activity as their holds were loaded with food and water. There was so much to see!

Our ship was the *Horizon*, a good ship. We had fine weather all the way across the Atlantic, except for a few days when it was so foggy that we couldn't even get candles to burn! On June 30, 1856, we safely landed in Boston, Massachusetts. We were thrilled to be in the land where the gospel had been restored!





I don't think any of us had any idea how big America really was. When we landed in Boston, we didn't realize that our long journey was just beginning, rather than nearing its end.

From Boston, we traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, by railroad. The new

railroad saved us weeks of traveling by wagon. The cattle cars were crowded, but we endured the journey well. The train stopped in Buffalo, New York, on the Fourth of July. We could only watch the people celebrate. How I wanted to join them!

Finally we arrived in Iowa City. From the train station, we walked three miles in rain and mud to the place where we were to meet the Church's agent in charge of organizing the trek. We had been assured that everything would be ready for us when we arrived, but it wasn't. The handcarts hadn't even been built! We camped and worked at preparing for the journey until all was ready.





Eventually the handcarts were obtained, and our family was assigned to Captain Edward Martin's company. Near the end of July 1856, we cheerfully began our journey to Zion. Our family had three carts when we started out. Each cart could carry about 120 pounds of baggage, 100 pounds of flour, cooking utensils, and additional food. There were 576 people in our company. I'd never been with so many members of the Church!

Pulling the handcarts wasn't bad at first. But many of them broke down because they were built of green wood. We pulled those carts three hundred miles to Florence, Nebraska. The last members of our company, and the Willie Company, arrived there on August 22. As soon as we arrived, there was some disagreement as to whether we should continue on. Some said that it was too late in the year. They felt that we should set up a winter camp in Florence and wait until spring to travel to Salt Lake City. But most of the Saints were for starting immediately. After much discussion, it was decided to continue on. We were anxious to finish our long journey. About a thousand miles remained ahead of us, but we had already come so many miles that another thousand seemed like a short trip. We didn't know that the worst part of our journey was still ahead.

It was the 25<sup>th</sup> of August, almost the end of summer, when we left Florence, Nebraska, and headed for Salt Lake City. Everything went fine until Mother became really sick. It was hard to see her ill. She had to ride in one of the handcarts, and I took her place pulling. Heber also was pulling a cart.

Traveling by handcart isn't bad if you have enough food and the weather stays nice. Many Saints traveled that way and found it a healthy and quick way to get to Salt Lake Valley. On September 7, a group of missionaries returning to Salt Lake passed us. When they saw how late in the season we were traveling and that the weather was unseasonably cold, they said that they would hurry on to Salt Lake and report to Brigham Young that we would be needing help to get to the valley. We later learned that they had arrived in Salt Lake on October 4. The next day, the 5<sup>th</sup>, Brigham Young called upon the bishops to immediately organize supplies, wagons, and men to go out and help us reach the valley. The first group left Salt Lake City on

October 7<sup>th</sup>. But, of course, we didn't know that.

When we arrived at Fort Laramie, we were starting to run low on food. Members of the company purchased what additional food they could. Our rations were also cut from 1 pound of flour a day per person to  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound. Later it was cut to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound, and finally to  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound per person.

On October 17, just before crossing the North Platte River for the last time, we were told to lighten our loads so that we could travel more quickly. Blankets, extra clothing, and utensils were left behind. How I missed the clothing and bedding a few days later!

The North Platte River was freezing cold, deep, and swift. On October 19<sup>th</sup>, Father helped us across, then helped others. We were all wet and cold and hungry. No sooner were we across, than the first snowstorm hit us. Father worked hard helping set up camp, and he gave away much—too much—of his food to those in greater need. Most of the men worked too hard and ate too little. They couldn't bear to see the suffering of the women and children.

The night of October 21<sup>st</sup> was especially bitter cold and stormy. Nobody had enough clothing or blankets to stay warm. Sometime during the night, Father died of exhaustion, starvation, and the cold. Twelve others also died that night. They were all buried in the same grave. The ground was so frozen that digging in it was almost impossible. How hard it was to leave him out there on the frozen prairie. I felt sad and lonely.



Heber McBride of the Martin Company, then 13 years old, wrote of the day when his father was among the 13 who died, "I went to look for Father and at last I found him under a wagon with snow all over him and he was stiff and dead. I felt as though my heart would burst. I sat down beside him on the snow and took hold of one of his hands and cried, 'Oh Father, Father'" (Heber Robert McBride Autobiography, typescript, BYU HBLI Special Collections and Manuscripts, 12). (Painting by Olinda Reynolds.) (*Remembering the Rescue*, Ensign, August 1997, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)



Mother was still ill, Father was dead, and I was now in charge of getting our family to Salt Lake. There was no time to sit down and cry or wait for help. None of us had any choice but to keep moving toward Zion and safety. I used our family's flour to make a kind of biscuit. I kept pieces from my share of the bread in my pockets. When I couldn't get the boys or Margaret to keep going, I'd offer them a crumb of bread. Even though they were cold and exhausted, they were so hungry that it worked.

At the end of October, Brother Joseph A. Young and Brother Stephane Taylor arrived in our camp from Salt Lake City. They had wagons of food and clothing! We greeted them as angels of mercy. For the first time in many days, there was joy in our camp. They told us more food, clothing, and bedding were waiting for us at Devil's Gate.

We kept traveling through the snow to Devil's Gate and ran into the other wagons with provisions for us. How I wished for a pair of shoes, as my feet froze in the icy slush. But even shoes were less important than food. We left Devil's Gate with a single handcart for our family. Many of the handcarts were left behind. Those that had brought the provisions from Salt Lake City traveled with us.

At the Sweetwater River, I pulled our handcart through the slushy ice water, then went back for my brothers and sisters. I carried them across one at a time. Sometimes we'd wake up in the morning with our hair frozen to the ground. One night, we thought my little brother Peter was dead, because he was frozen to his quilt. But he finally woke up and, after thawing out his hair, continued the journey.

Although we were much better off now, there still wasn't enough food or clothing to go around. It was still cold, it was still stormy, and I still had no shoes. Our company found a ravine that we later named Martin's Ravine, and we set up camp there. For three days there was a terrible blizzard. It was so cold! Even after the storm ended, we had to wait several days before we could travel over the fresh snow. Although there were now wagons and horses, I walked every step of the way. Only those who had frozen feet got to ride.

We camped at Fort Bridger for a few days of rest. More help came at that time. We kept right on traveling. We reached Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856, eleven months after we had left our home in England. Of the 576 people who had started with our company, about 150 of them had died and were buried along the trail, including my father.

We found a place to stay in Ogden with a family named Ferrin. Mother got better and cooked for this household of grown men in return for our board and room. I fell in love with one of the Ferrin brothers, Jacob Samuel. We were married in the Endowment House, and we moved to Provo with my brother Heber.

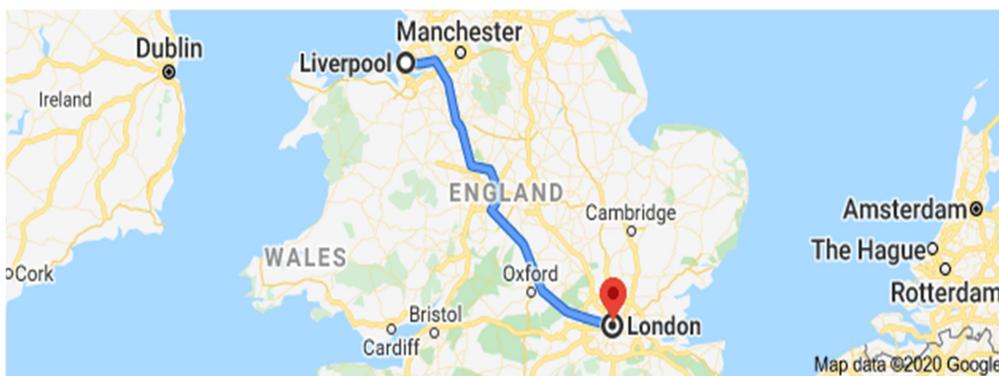
Later my husband and I moved to Arizona, where we were once again pioneers in an unknown territory.

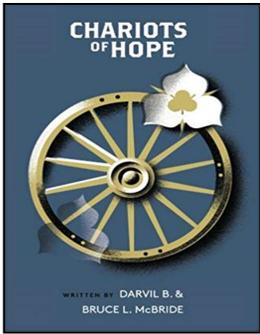
Do I regret any moment of following the call of the prophet? No! Despite all the hard times, we made it to Zion. We had the gospel, and we were with the Saints. Jacob and I were married for eternity. It was what we had left England for, to obtain the blessings of the gospel. No matter what it cost, it was worth it! All my life I bore testimony of my thankfulness that I made that journey, no matter how hard it was.



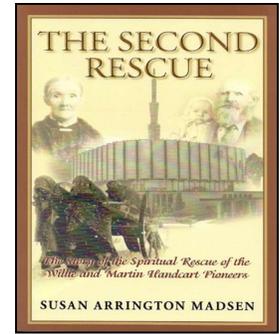
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints operates three historic sites in central Wyoming, Martin's Cove, Sixth Crossing, and Rock Creek Hollow. At these places and others nearby, in October and November 1856, rescuers provided aid to the William and Martin handcart companies and the Hodgetts and Hunt wagon companies. Brett Dean Lamb's Rapid City, South Dakota mission conferences were held at Martin's Cove. Matthew Brown Thompson

served a mission in the London, England. London and Liverpool are on the following map.

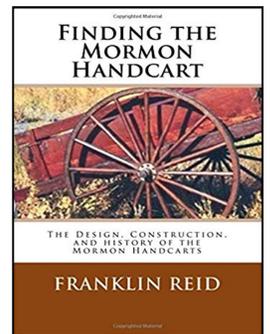
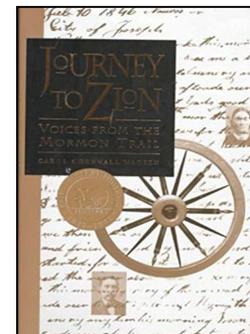
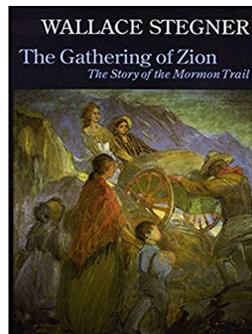
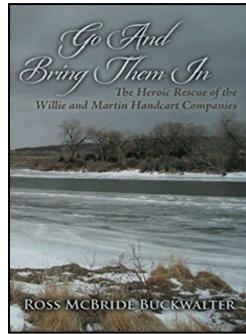
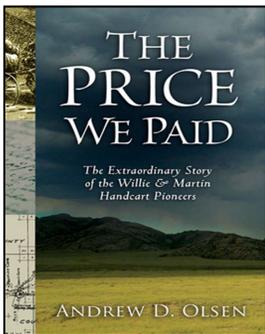
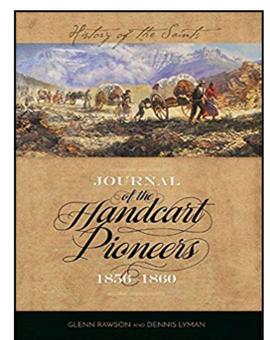
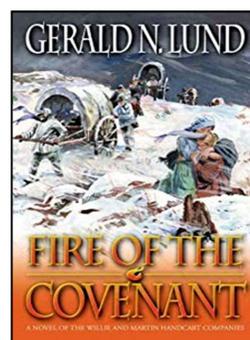
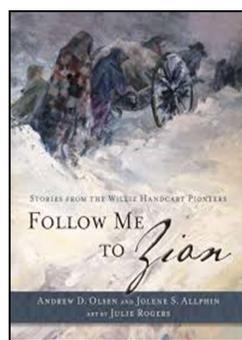
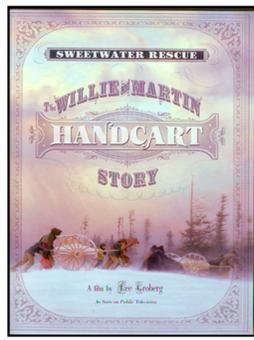
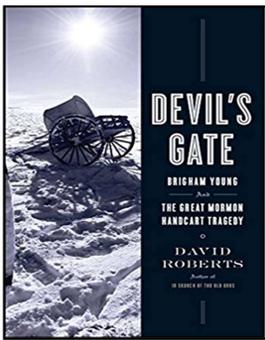




Many books have been written about the Willie and Martin Handcart Companies. One outstanding book is: *The Second Rescue* (2007, Susan Arrington Madsen). In 1987, the Saints of the Riverton Wyoming Stake embarked on a sacred trek of their own, a journey filled with miracles and laden with spiritual blessings for the Willie and Marlin handcart pioneers and for their immediate families. It chronicles their trials and triumphs



in their efforts to build monuments and pave the way for others to experience the sacred sites associated with the handcart pioneers.



Handcart pioneer monuments in Salt Lake City, Utah



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# William Poulter and Caroline Strubell Poulter



William Poulter and Caroline Strubell Poulter are the second great grandparents of Rama Anderson Ford.

## **From Sketch of the lives of William Poulter and Caroline Strubell Poulter**

William Poulter, our grandfather, was born in Esher, Surrey, England 3 March 1820, the son of Thomas and Sarah Davis Poulter.

We know little of his life prior to his joining the Church. He married Caroline Strubell on the 10 March 1844 in Parish of St. Giles without Cripplegate, London. She was the daughter of Richard and Mary Ann Davis Strubell and was born 23 January 1820 in West Molesey, Surrey, England and christened the 11 May 1820. In 1844, Caroline was married to William Poulter in Surrey, both at the age of twenty-four. Caroline was baptized into the Church August 1846, by Elder Squires. Grandfather was baptized August 1846 also by Elder Elisha H. Davis and ordained an Elder 27 February 1848 in London. He was ordained a Seventy in the 53<sup>rd</sup> Quorum of Seventys, 13 September 1857.

## **William and Caroline Poulter heed the call of Brigham Young to gather to Zion from 1848 to 1854**

Many people were emigrating from England to Australia about this time and Grandfather wanted to go there, but after joining the Church, this couple decided to come to America instead. Two children had been born to them in London, William, born 19 March 1845 died 29 April 1845; George, born 25 November 1846.

This small family set sail for America from Liverpool, 7 September 1848, in the ship "Erin Queen," with 232 other Saints under the direction of Elder Simon Carter. The ship arrived at New Orleans 29 October 1848 after being on the ocean 52 days. They traveled by boat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis but could go no farther because their funds were about exhausted.

*The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.*

AUGUST 15, 1848.

REMEMBER all *Post Office Orders* for Books and Stars must hereafter be sent to ORSON PRATT, No. 15, Wilton Street.

EMIGRATION.—The ship "Erin's Queen" will sail from Liverpool for New Orleans on the (5th) fifth day of September, carrying a load of Saints. Those who have paid their deposit, are requested to be in Liverpool on the (2nd) second day of September, so as to make ready to sail. As soon as you arrive, your luggage, &c., can probably be taken on board, where you can be lodged for 2 or 3 nights, until the ship sails. The fare will be,

For adults ..... £3 12 6 | Children under 14 years and over 1 year, £2 12 6  
 Infants under 1 year, ..... Free.

There is still room on the ship for 30 or 40 more passengers. Any others who will *immediately* send £1, can have their berths secured.

## CONFERENCE MINUTES.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE.

*Manchester, August 14th, 1848, Monday Morning, 10 o'Clock.*

Elder Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve, being present, offered up prayer to the Most High God.

The officers present were, of the Twelve, 1; High Priests, 15; Seventies, 7; Elders, 75; Priests, 27; Teachers, 6; and Deacons, 6.

On Sunday, 13th, there were many more officers present, whose business this day prevented them from attending.

## REPRESENTATIONS.

CONFERENCE.	PRESIDENTS.	MEMBERS.	BRANCHES.	ELDERS.	PRIESTS.	TEACHERS.	DEACONS.	APPARENT INCREASE SINCE MAY 31, 1846.
Wales .....	Captain Dan Jones .....	2747	50	150	195	130	59	2161
Edinburgh .....	W. Gibson .....	1051	16	30	38	27	13	700
Glasgow .....	Graham Douglas .....	1438	20	67	56	59	34	*255
Manchester .....	Richard Cook .....	2102	30	84	145	64	32	892
Liverpool .....	Simeon Carter .....	813	11	48	57	25	11	312
London .....	John Banks .....	958	19	50	47	18	15	*617
Birmingham .....	Thomas Perks .....	1306	15	62	84	46	36	*564
Sheffield .....	Crandall Dunn .....	1050	22	48	67	36	18	578
Bradford .....	James Marsden .....	649	20	34	69	20	7	*357
South Conference .....	John Halliday .....	571	10	15	37	19	17	407
Preston .....	G. D. Watt .....	529	11	39	30	24	4	* 10
Warwickshire .....	Thomas Smith, jun. ....	522	11	25	42	13	8	370
Herefordshire .....	John Eido .....	521	17	24	31	15	5	*235
Derbyshire .....	Ditto .....	364	13	42	28	10	11	*130
Leicestershire .....	Ditto .....	167	4	9	20	6	3	* 9
Cheltenham .....	John Johnson .....	518	17	36	38	18	14	*150
Worcestershire .....	L. D. Butler .....	386	10	13	25	5	8	170
Clitheroe .....	John Cottam .....	357	8	16	30	15	5	* 33
Staffordshire .....	James Locket .....	342	11	39	33	13	13	
Bedfordshire .....	Robert Martin .....	303	11	26	23	9	4	50
Macclesfield .....	Charles Miller .....	274	7	16	24	11	5	* 51
Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....	William Speakman .....	224	9	21	17	4	5	* 32
Norwich .....	Thomas Smith, sen. ....	212	2	8	13	4	3	212
Pointon, Lincolnshire .....	W. C. Mitchell .....	200	7	13	19	8	0	73
Hull .....	James Ure .....	163	7	11	10	6	5	* 66
Isle of Man .....	Hetherington .....	102	2	11	5	2	4	33
Southampton .....	T. B. H. Stenhouse .....	33	1	2	2	1	1	33
Ireland .....	Not represented .....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Total .....	.....	17902	350	929	1185	608	341	8467

In the table of increase above, those marked \* are perhaps not very correct, having been obtained by taking the difference between the present representation and those of 1846, but as some have emigrated since that, these are in some instances less than the real increase. Again, in Staffordshire and Hull, there appears to have been no baptisms, but such is not the fact; some have removed, some emigrated, some been cut off, probably, and some dead; and this will account for these and other apparent discrepancies in the numbers marked \* which were not given by the presidents, but approximate the truth.

An Emigration notice for the September 5, 1848 voyage of the Erin Queen from Liverpool to for New Orleans was posted in *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star* on August 15, 1848.

Grandfather was an expert mason, plasterer and interior decorator, so he worked at his trade for almost six years before being able to accumulate enough money and necessities to continue to Salt Lake City. The following children were born to them while in St. Louis: Ephraim, born 11 March 1849, Sarah Jane, born October 1851, died 1852 and Thomas born

19 July 1853.

Wild game was quite plentiful in the near woods and people depended on it for much of their food. While walking through the woods one day, Grandfather ran into a litter of little wild pigs. He had no gun with him, but he could not afford to let this opportunity pass by to get some meat, so he managed to catch one. Immediately, its squeals brought the mother to the rescue. Grandfather managed to get up into a tree with his pig to escape the vicious mother, thinking she would eventually tire and go away. Instead, more pigs arrived and they made such a commotion under the tree and showed no inclination to leave the spot for so long Grandfather finally dropped his pig to the ground. Immediately all the pigs disappeared into the woods, and much relieved, Grandfather returned home feeling badly about having to give up his pig.



After six years of hard work and anxious waiting, the Poulterers finally obtained a wagon, 3 oxen, a cow and supplies necessary to make the trip to Utah. They crossed the plains in Captain Field's company. Not long after they started on this overland journey, their cattle stampeded one night, and it was two days before Grandfather returned to camp with them. He had to hide and dodge Indians and was fortunate to return alive with the animals.



After a long, wearisome journey and suffering many hardships, this family arrived in Salt Lake City 29 September 1854. For a year they lived on Main Street between 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> South.

In the fall or early winter of 1855 our Grandparents moved to Ogden and lived in a one room adobe house on

the corner that is now 12<sup>th</sup> Street and Washington Blvd., then called Mound Fort. There was a little lean-to at the back of the house where winter firewood was stored.



Daughters of Utah Pioneers Marker, No. 343, erected 1969, Site of Mound Fort: Mound Fort as a settlement began in 1848 when the first pioneers arrived in this locality. Others followed and erected a fort on an Indian burial mound. Its steep west slope, cut to a perpendicular face 10 feet high topped with a 3-foot breastwork, served as a lookout. Mud walls were begun on the others sides. Cabins were built. A spring furnished water. Meetings and school were held in private homes. Indian threats subsided and the fort fell into disuse.

The marker location is shown in the image below.



Conditions in the settlement hardly allowed much comfort. The settlers had to toil with the most rudimentary equipment for their very life bread. In the autumn, when the harvest was ready, father went up into the canyon and brought home a large sandstone.

This was used to sharpen the scythes. Before that, however, it had to be cut into slices, and that was mother's work. Sometimes it took her two or three hours to saw off a slice of the stone.



After the grain was cut and hauled, mother strapped her baby on to her back and went out and gleaned the field in order to save every kernel of grain.

At that time the Indians were very troublesome and would steal whenever they got the chance. Once day an Indian came to mother's door begging for bread. She save him the last bit she had, as she was afraid to offend him. As he went around the house by her bedroom window he stole a pair of white blankets. Forgetting her fear, she ran after him, but he was too swift for her.

### **Severe winter in 1855-56 (year before the Martin Handcart Company journey)**

The winter of 1855-56 was a very severe one and in January one of the worst blizzards the that Ogden ever experienced, struck. The night of 6 January 1856, the weather was so terrible, Grandfather Poulter brought their only milk cow into the house to keep her from freezing to death. And it happened as the cow stood in one corner of the dirt floor room a sixth child was born, in the opposite corner. This was their sixth child and a son whom they named Moroni. The next morning, their chickens were all frozen on the roost, with little icicles hanging from their beaks. Much of the stock that was out in the weather that night in Ogden, froze to death. Grandmother said many people chopped the flesh off the carcasses as late as in March and cooked it for food to keep from starving to death.

In the Spring of 1857, Grandfather made adobes and as Grandmother carried the bricks to him, he laid up the walls of a new home for them. This house was located on Grant Avenue, near 24<sup>th</sup> Street.



**William heeded the call of Brigham Young to serve in the State Militia when word was received that Johnston's army was enroute to wipe out the Mormons**

During the summer of 1857, word was received that Johnston's army was enroute to wipe out the Mormons. Brigham Young called every available man into the State Militia. The U.S. Army reached Ft. Bridger, Wyoming that fall and later decided to winter there, but in September 1847, 1250 men from the Ogden area were sent into Echo Canyon, under the command of Daniel H. Wells. They dug trenches, constructed a dam across the bed of the canyon to back up the drainage water, and loosened rock along the Canyon's rim that could be rolled into the floor of the canyon onto the enemy. Grandfather was among these men, in fact he was also a member of Ogden's first Brass Band, which accompanied the Militia.

Grandfather had a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor that helped him and others over many rough places. He had the ability to compose impromptu rhymes to suit whatever the occasion brought to mind. Often he would compose these verses to familiar tunes and sing and dance to them and entertain the men during the trying days in Echo Canyon. The following are a few verses that have been preserved:

So now we'll laugh and now we'll sing,  
With our voices make these mountains ring,  
The time's at hand we'll make them howl.  
So while you dance on the nimble toe,  
Prepare your hands to strike the blow.  
And if they dare to cross our mountain line,  
We'll send them to hell with the devil to dine.

There's a good time coming boys,  
A good time coming.  
If we are faithful, watch and pray,  
We all may live to see the day.  
The good time's a coming.  
For Uncle Sam, he swears he'll come  
He'll make his Army stronger,  
He swears he'll hang up Brigham Young.  
Only he must wait a little longer.

## William called by Brigham Young to work as a stone mason on the Salt Lake Temple

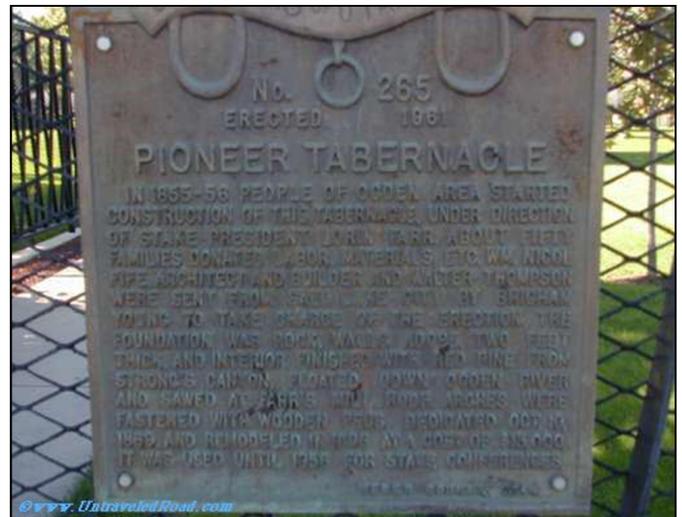


Also at this time Grandfather was called by Brigham Young to work as a stone mason, on the Salt Lake Temple. He also worked on the Ogden Tabernacle.



See also: Salt Lake Temple, Wikipedia; Weber Stake Tabernacle, Wikipedia. The Salt Lake Temple was dedicated by Wilford Woodruff on April 6, 1893, exactly 40 years after the cornerstone was laid.

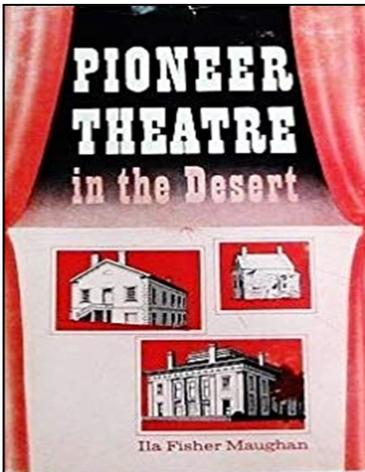
Ogden, Utah, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Marker No. 265: In 1855-56 people of Ogden area started construction of this tabernacle, under direction of Stake President Lorin Farr. About fifty families donated labor, materials, etc. Wm. Nicol Fife, architect and builder and Walter Thompson were sent from Salt Lake City by Brigham Young to take charge of the erection. The foundation was rock, walls adobe, two feet thick, and interior finished with red pine from Strong's Canyon, floated down Ogden River and sawed at Farr's mill. Roof arches were fastened with wooden pegs. Dedicated Oct. 10, 1869, and remodeled in 1896 at a cost of \$15,000, it was used until 1956 for stake conferences.



## William was one of the earliest players on the stage of the Salt Lake Theater, following a performance for Brigham Young's family by the Mechanics Dramatic Association

In the fall of 1859, Phil Margetts organized the Mechanics Dramatic Association. Grandfather was a charter member. This was entirely independent of the Deseret Dramatic association or of any suggestion of Brigham Young. These players had no proper place to produce their

plays. Harry Bowring was building a new home on 1<sup>st</sup> South between 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> East. Before partitions were constructed, he offered the ground floor to them as a temporary Theater. It soon became known as Bowring's Theatre. One day Mr. Margetts invited Brigham Young and his family to attend the theatre on a certain night as guests of the company. President Young and Heber C. Kimball decided to attend that evening and they were so pleased with the performance they returned the next evening with their families, ninety in all. The theatre was not too large and played to capacity houses every night. That night there was little room for anyone else and Brigham Young was impressed with the necessity for a large building and decided the time was ripe for the erection of a large theater. He immediately set plans in motion for the construction of a large theater which was opened officially 6 March 1862. William Poulter was one of the earliest players on the stage of this Theater. He also performed Scottish dances dressed in full highlander's costume in between acts. His oldest son George took his father's lunch to him many times so Grandfather could eat it as he painted scenery to be used in the night's performance.



From the book, *Pioneer Theatre in the Desert*, by Illa Fisher Maughan I quote the following: "For a change, Phil Margetts did the dramatic roles and performed them with distinction while Henry Bowring became the comedian. William Poulter, in addition to his acting roles, filled the tedium of interludes with excellent singing and dancing."

The actors, actresses and musicians had been serving for over thirteen years without remuneration. Originally all had given their services free of charge but by 1864 those doing administrative work, the treasurer and stage carpenters, painters and designers were salaried. There was some rumbling among the group. At the close of the season in May 1864 a meeting was called to consider the question of whether to open the theatre again during the summer. The performers were tired after playing once each week for six months.

President Young asked each actor and actress individually if they were willing to continue playing as they had done heretofore, and all agreed save William Poulter, who explained that he had contracted debts from neglect of duties while being at the theatre so continuously through recent seasons. President Young then asked the members of the orchestra the same question. All agreed save David Evans. This encouraged Phil Margetts to arise and state his case.

The spell was broken. Others spoke. No one quite said so, but the intimation was plain - no pay, no work. A salary list was eventually drawn up. It was not large, but the payments were helpful. Also, benefit performances were held for the performers. One such, given in the spring of 1865 netted \$673.75. The proceeds were pro-rated among the performers. They also received special prestige and special opportunities. Brigham Young also continued his gracious entertainments for them. (*History of the Poulter Family in Europe and America*, Raymond G. Poulter, 1992)

Great Salt Lake City  
April 15<sup>th</sup> 1864

Mr William Poulter  
dear Brother:

Inclosed please find Twenty five Dollars, being amount assigned to you out of the proceeds of the Benefits recently given at the Theatre.

Appreciating your faithful services and the alacrity with which you have contributed to our amusement during the past and other seasons, I pray God to bless you and increase your ability to do good.

Your Brother in the Gospel.

Brigham Young



Letter to William Poulter dated April 15, 1864, from Brigham Young enclosing \$25 from the proceeds of the Benefit recently given at the Theatre.

# George Aaron Poulter and Lydia Oborn Poulter



They are parents of Helen Poulter Anderson, mother of Rama Anderson Ford. George and Lydia were well acquainted with David O. McKay.

**Lydia receives a blessing from President David O. McKay when she is sick and soon to give birth**



From Lydia's history:

We kept fancy chickens and won many prizes at State and County fairs. Also interested, President David O. McKay came occasionally to talk with George.

One morning he came after I had been ill all night, and gave me a wonderful blessing. Helen was born a few days later.

A few weeks before Helen was born, George wakened me in the morning talking, when a tiny baby girl came dancing around looking into the face of each man. When she reached him, she jumped up into his arms and smiled. Before this time we had thought it was our turn for a boy, but from then on we planned for a girl. (*History of the Poulter Family in Europe and America*, Raymond G. Poulter, 1992)

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## Duane Burnham Ford



**From an email to his brother Kim Ford on August 30, 1998, we learn that Apostle Dallin H. Oaks was Grandpa Ford's Elders' Quorum president while he served in the military and was stationed at Fort Belvoir, VA.**

Subject: Re: Short History of Military

Military Experience of Duane Ford:

I was commissioned as a 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserves upon graduation from Utah State University on June 1, 1957.

I initiated civilian employment with the Sacramento District U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for the purpose of serving part of my military obligation as an officer with the Sacramento District.

I had received orders for 2-years active duty but prior to serving, my orders were reduced to 6-months total active duty because the Korean War was winding down and many officers serving in the military were being reduced in rank to Msgt in order to stay in the military until retirement.

I began dating Rama Anderson in July of 1957 and by her birthday, we were engaged to be married in 2 years. However when my orders were reduced to 6-months active duty, we decided to get married before going on active duty on January 31, 1958.

Beginning on February 8, 1958, I served 3-months at BOMOP (Basic Officers Military Orientation Program) at Fort Belvoir, VA near Washington, D.C. Rama and I had an apartment at 108 Ladsons Lane in Alexandria, VA. **My Elder's Quorum president was Dallin Oaks who was working as a Law Clerk and attending George Washington University. The Bishop (Peterson) was also a lawyer and his two counselors were military officers serving in the Pentagon. I was always getting calls from the Pentagon which surprised many of my associates in the army. What they didn't know was I was receiving assignments from members of the Bishopric to get brethren from Alexandria Ward to work at the Stake Farm near what is now called Dulles International Airport.**



For the remaining 3-months I was assigned to Post Engineers administering Barracks Rehabilitation projects. I was given a letter of commendation by the Post Engineer for my service which ended in August 8, 1958. We returned to Sacramento, visiting New York City, Sleepy Hollow in the Adirondacks, Niagara Falls, the Hill Cumorah Pageant at Palmyra, and John, Shirley and Family as well as a few other Relatives on Rama's side of our family. I returned to work with the Sacramento District and worked on military and civil works projects for the remainder of my 18 month junior engineer training program. I was then given permanent assignment as an engineer on the Lock and Bridge Project in West Sacramento. Later, I became Office Engineer on the New Hogan Dam in Calaveras County. In 1962, I left the Corps and went to work for Bechtel Corporation on the Upper American River Project the next six years. During that time, my 8-year military obligation in the U.S. Army Reserves was completed in 1966. I had served in various army reserve units and on occasional 2-week active duty for training periods while on leave from my employers during the summertime.

Wikipedia articles:

1. List of Presidents of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
2. Joseph Smith
3. Brigham Young
4. John Taylor (Mormon)
5. Wilford Woodruff
6. Lorenzo Snow
7. Joseph F. Smith
8. Heber J. Grant
9. George Albert Smith
10. David O. McKay
11. Joseph Fielding Smith
12. Harold B. Lee
13. Spencer W. Kimball
14. Ezra Taft Benson
15. Howard W. Hunter
16. Gordon B. Hinckley
17. Thomas S. Monson
18. Russell M. Nelson
19. Jacob Hamblin
20. Mormon Battalion