

History of William Gordello Worthen



September 6, 1905, William Worthen and Mary Ann Cox, married less than a year, welcomed into their happy lives their first child, a son, and named him William Gordello after his father William. He was born at home.

His mother, Mary Ann, says he was a really beautiful child. By the time he was four months old, he was all she could carry.

With the aid of a new baby buggy she trundled him around the small town of St. George, Utah, where they lived. The name of Willy, was used for many years.

At six months the family moved to St. Thomas, Nevada, a town now covered by Lake Mead, a lake created by the Hoover Dam. They returned to St. George for a short time and then moved to Johannesburg, California, where Willy's father hauled freight from the railroad to Bullfrog. He made good money, which they saved, and upon returning to St. George they bought their own home located at 5th West and 4th North. William added a cellar and granary to the home. There on 11 February 1911, Willy's baby sister was born and named Clesta.

Willy's father, William, was a bricklayer and had been since he was very young, learning the skilled trade from his father, Joseph Smith Worthen. He was a natural musician, but did not read music. He played the harmonica, guitar, drums, organ, and piano, and sang beautifully. He was known for his beautiful kept lot with so many things growing.

cow, scythe the lucerne under the grape vines, pick currants, grapes, almonds, cherries and peaches. Boy! They were good peaches, plums and pears. Cows were taken to water and brought back in. We had straw mattresses made with flour sacks, and straw under the carpets. The carpets were made of woven rags and were swept. The straw under the carpet kept the floor warmer. Once a year, after threshing, the carpets were taken outside on the lawn or fence and beat with a stick or broom, while new straw was put down, then the carpet put back. Also, the bed straw was changed.”

“When the work was finished, Dad, would take his old single barrel shotgun and go up to the watercress and come down over the Red Hill where the water tank is. I went with him many times. We brought home rabbit and quail. It added variety to our meals. It was a special time as his son to be alone with him. He never went deer hunting.”

“There were no cars in St. George, all was done with horse, buggy, and wagon. The streets were sandy with big wagon tracks in the sand. At that time there was a temple buggy to pick the people up to go to the temple. They did one session in one day.”

“Once a year we walked from Sandtown to the cemetery, carry a rake and hoe to cut the salt grass ready for Decoration Day. It took all day to walk, clean, and return home. Lucerne grew under the grape vines, so I took the cow to feed and held her head down so she couldn’t eat the grape vine runners, until I learned to tie rope from the horn to the front foot so she couldn’t raise her head.”

“Granddad Worthen (Joseph Smith Worthen) lived about four blocks south of the high school, about 13 blocks from home. All the family met there for Thanksgivings. There were so many chores to be done that we didn’t get to go there often. No wonder my knees are worn out the way

of the boys and girls of that time was to gather at the Morris home and be served with a piece of bread and honey.

From the time of his arrival in the Dixie Mission, Richard Morris, was a pioneer in work pertaining to the growth and development of the younger generation. His first public service was as trustee of the Fourth Ward School Board at the time that school house building was erected. In 1882-83, he served on the city council under Henry Eyring, Mayor.

He served the Church as Sunday School superintendant and later as Stake Sunday School Superintendant. To fill this office the duties and work required a great amount of time and travel. At that time the Stake extended from Springdale, at the entrance to Zion National Park down the Rio Virgin River to St. Thomas, and up along the Meadow Valley (Panaca area) to as far as White River settlement at Lund and all places between. This travel was all done by team and buggy.

He and his boys built a nice rock home in the Washington field. It was this investment and their farm interests that impelled them and other farmers to look for some permanent way of diverting the waters of the Virgin River to their lands, and made possible the building of the Washington Field Dam, spillway, and canal that now stands as a monument to their industry and foresight.

Richard and Emma were most generous. They were mindful to those less fortunate than they. Richard was often seen carrying a basket of goodies to those who were ill. He was known on various occasions to take people to his store and fit them up with clothing, or to pack a box of food for them if they were in need. Richard and Emma were not among the rich, but they were very comfortable, in their latter years and having known all the trials of the

After the eighth grade, Dad went to Dixie High School for four years. His favorite classes were athletics, woodshop, recess, chasing girls, and acting in plays. He ran in the relay, hurdles, and standing broad jump. He was Senior class president, but he missed speaking at the Baccalaureate because he went with the track team to Salt Lake City for competition. He admits he was glad to leave! He made several things in woodshop, a library table, pedestal stand, and a swirling bookcase. He learned to sharpen planes and saws, and all his life he has been using the skills learned there.

Dad quoting: "The swimming pool was at a friends LaCone Hemingway. It was at the foot of the Red Hill, made of black rock. If I didn't have a friend with a horse it was a 5-6 block walk. We'd go in groups to clean mud out in the spring. LaCone's Dad, would wait to water until everyone was through swimming for the day. Then it would fill and prepare for a new day. After about three years, they began alternating days to swim; boys one day, girls the next. Boys dressed in their birthday suits."

Dad's friends were Emerald Cox, Grant Empey, Walter Riding, Jess and Tom Pierce, and LaCone Hemingway.

Until late in his high school career, Dad did odd jobs for two bits or a quarter an hour; hoeing weeds, mixing mortar, or helping tend the brick layers. After his second year of high school, he worked on the salt trail on the south side of Pine Valley Mountain for the Forest Service making trails to carry salt to the cattle. He had a frightening experience with lightening while working on this job. The group was at the foot of the mountain when it began to storm heavily. They all headed back to the tents and the rain had swollen one of the gullies so they had to wait until it went down. Electricity hit the tree and all of them got a tingle. There were seven guys, three tents and two horses. The ranger brought food on pack horses every week or two. This job lasted most of the summer,

the first store of its kind opened on State Street. Again they were prosperous and invested some of their profits in real estate. Continuing their trade for seven years in Salt Lake, their property was then valued at \$20,000 according to the tax roll. In 1937, the business was still being operated by a son of Joseph in the original location.

Richard and Emma were sealed in the Endowment House,

November 29, 1861, and four girls were born to them while living in Salt Lake City: Dora, 1862; Esther, 1864; Eva, 1865; and Ida, 1867.

In the semi-annual conference of the LDS Church in October of 1867, Richard Morris and his family were called with many others to the Dixie Mission in the southern part of the state. The move began immediately, and they arrived in St. George, November 19, 1867, where they spent their remaining days.

Richard began buying farm land in Santa Clara and Washington. Richard Alexander, now age eleven and his brother, David, worked diligently on the farm. In common with the settlers in Dixie, the Morris family's food supply was meager, and often the boy's lunch consisted only of a slice of bread, or lacking wheat flour, cornmeal biscuits. During the first years in Dixie, molasses provided their only sweet, but as time passed the many peach trees bore fruit, and peach preserves was made by adding the whole fresh peaches to the boiling molasses.

As time passed, Richard, acquired more land in the fields and added a goodly number of livestock to his possessions, all of which made a great deal more work for his two sons. Four more children were added to the family: George, 1869; Orpha, 1872; Isabelle, 1874; and Mary, 1877.

says he ate the candy that Mom's boyfriend brought to her. Just after graduating from High School, Dad bought a 1926 Ford Coupe, and promised his Mary that when it was paid for they would get married. It took just a year. They were married in the St. George Temple on 23 Nov 1927. Dad was 22 years old, and Mom only 19.

About a week after the wedding, Dad and Mom packed up the Ford and drove to Bell, California where Dad had work with Emsco Galvanizing Plant. They spent time with Mom's brother Dick Andrus, and Dad's Aunt Abbie, and Uncle Charlie Moore, and their daughter, Zella. They were only there for a few months when work became scarce, and they moved north to Selby, California, where Dad's Aunt Etta lived.

"I worked at the Selby Smelter Plant, swing shift most of the time. We lived in company housing, and Mary stayed with Aunt Helen, Walter's wife, when I working nights. Here I got to handle gold and silver for the first time. It was brought out between 4-5 AM, and loaded onto a truck. I did the loading. It was then taken to the mint in San Francisco."

"Mary began her pregnancy and was quite ill. I was afraid, had not been around this before, so called Dad and they were laying brick for Pickett Mortuary, so we went home to St. George. We made it to Beaver Dam, when the coil box melted tar and got on the points and the car would not run, so we slept there, Mary in the car, and me on the ground. She was afraid to be in the open. The next morning the service station man knew how to clean off the coils and we went on home."

For several years they rented small homes with only two rooms. Their first child, a son was born 25 December 1928, at Grandma Andrus' home. He was named Richard Gordello, called RG. Their second child, a daughter,

She became interested in the gatherings conducted by the Mormon Elders and no doubt it was because they taught that through faith and prayer so many miracles had been wrought. She attended their meetings and because they appealed to her so much she told her mother and sisters about how she felt toward the Mormon Elders. She was met with such bitter opposition that she no longer confided her feelings to them, but she continued to go to the meetings without them knowing just where she was. This information was gathered when Emma's son, David H. Morris, was in England on a mission, as Emma was very quiet and said very little about her home life.

One can readily understand that when there was no one at home in which she could confide, it was only natural that she look elsewhere for companionship, and she found that much needed companionship in Richard Morris, who had joined the church prior to this time and he did all in his power to bring Emma into the fold. At length she was converted and at the appointed time she went with others for baptism. She went up to the waters of baptism using her crutches. She was promised that if she had sufficient faith she would never need them again, and much to the astonishment of all who witnessed, she walked without her crutches from the waters of baptism and never again did she need them.

When her son, David, was in England on his mission, one of the sisters of Emma asked if his mother was still lame. When he told her that his mother had never been lame she could scarcely believe him. When he asked her how she accounted for the miracle, about which she gave him the details, she answered, "Nothing but the spirit of the devil."

Emma suffered with a very distinct relationship of members of her family who could not bring themselves to understand her devotion to this new religion, and in a short time she and Richard made secret plans to leave England

hour turn day or night. I remember trying to teach Dick to milk. He would follow me when I went to do the milking, and liked having it squirted into his mouth, but hated milking. I thought it easier to do it myself than put up with it, but I knew it best if he learned. The chickens laid eggs most anywhere, once some were laid under the outhouse and Dick found them when they were rotten—Stink???”

22 November 1933, a great sadness came to Dad. His father, William, when he had been working with suddenly passed away. Day says, “I was working with Dad out to the state road when he died. Working on the culvert about where the Wittwer Motel is. We worked one day and the next day I called for him because I had the car, and he couldn’t go to work but he wanted me to go. I worked for a while that day and then the next day Dad died. Dad used to take a lot of soda. He took it for gas and acid. He never complained. His family was known for sugar diabetes, but it just took him quickly and I felt the great loss. Dad’s death was a shock.”

“Mary’s father, Moses Willard Andrus, used his team or scraper and dug the basement for our new home. I bought an old GMC single tire back and hauled rock from the Indian farm for the walls of the basement. I also hauled sand from Diamond Valley to make brick for the West Ward Chapel. In return for this I got brick to build the house. I traded work for the painting and carpenter work. I hauled adobe clay from where the college is now, east of town to make our own adobes. The house is brick outside and adobe inside. This was our first indoor bathroom. This was in 1937.”

By this time three more children had joined the family: Clarence Meryln, 8 November 1931; Isabel, 11 November 1934; and Leola, 2 July 1937.

“While living there, I made malt beer in the attic in the front point of the house. I didn’t get it bottled when it was ready,

Abigail died of consumption 28 March, 1904, at the very young age of 43. Mary Ann Cox had just turned nineteen at the time, and took over in the home with much of the responsibility of caring for the younger children until her marriage later in the year. At that time she took Henrietta (Etta) with her for several years. (I am Clesta Worthen, daughter of Mary Ann Cox, and these are some of the things I remember that my mother told me.) She said her mother, Abigail McMullin, was a very small woman, good at handling her children. During her final illness she seemed to realize the danger of her disease infecting her family and instructed the older children to dig a deep hole away from the house and dispose of the waste that she coughed up by burying it in the hole and overing with a layer of dirt each time.

Just before she died she called her family around her and sat up in bed and appeared to be looking into the future as she recited a poem about the future of her family. The poem was not recorded, but my mother recalled that it told of some of her sons going to foreign lands, which two of them did. Wilford and Lawrence fought in France in World War I. The poem was very unusual, as she was not a poet - just seemed to be inspired at that time.

In My 1976 I wrote to Aunt Abbie Moore to see if she remembered any of the poem her mother recited before she died. This is all she could remember:

Children of Earth remember me
While on this land or on the sea
There is no better friend to thee
Than Father, Mother and God, these three.

bring some of that home. My lungs were injured and it was necessary to work in the fresh air and an easy job, so the railroad job was good. After I had it moving I walked the length of the train and laid down in the fresh air on the caboose until I was needed again.”

In October 1945, Dad returned to the mason trade, working with his Uncle George Worthen and later with Tom West and Mike Syas. There is a great deal of beautiful brickwork in Vegas completed by his competent hands. He continued bricklaying until retiring in 1966 at the age of 61.

After 11 years with no little babies, Dad welcomed another little one into his family. On the 13th of August 1948, Sheila was born in the hospital! She was a great blessing and joy to Dad and Mom and was responsible for keeping Mom and Dad “young” all these years. Why, his favorite pet was Toby the cat that Sheila had.

The death of Dad’s mother, Mary Ann Worthen, brought great sorrow to him. She died at his home 4 March 1961. Dad had gone to St. George months before and had found Grandma very sick with her blood pressure extremely low. He took her to the hospital to get her blood built up, then brought her to Las Vegas to live where Mom, Dad, and Sheila, could give her the special, tender care that she needed. She died of stomach cancer.

If there is one thing that Dad could be known for it was his hard working drive. He was always working unless he was sick, and even then he had to be SICK before he would give up a day’s work. And a full days work on the job did not keep him from working at home after a good supper. After buying the property on North 6th St., Dad and his sons, Dick and Clair, were busy tearing down the old buildings on the back of the lot; putting in a driveway; new lawns; adding on a bedroom; digging out a basement area for storage; building a barbecue (this was written up

early pioneers of this valley, they never forgot to be kind to those in need.

Richard Morris died December 12, 1901 in St. George, Utah.

Emma Packer Morris died November 15, 1916 in St. George, Utah.

The grandchildren started arriving six months after Sheila was born. He had 49 grandchildren! He loved to feed and play with all of them.

July 29, 1974, Dad traded the home on 6th Street, along with the 24 rental units he had built in the back and moved to 1505 Ryan Ave., still in the same ward, but much closer to Dick and his family. This relieved Dad of the burden of keeping the units in good condition and rented, and also allowed him more freedom to go, and a safer area for he and mother to live in.

From 1974 until 1986, Dad worked a few hours a day at Dick's mobile park, making repairs, keeping the renters happy, cleaning the grounds and directing the men hired to help. This was a good experience for Dad and just enough work to keep him in good shape.

Dad was the first and only barber for most of the grandsons for many years. And, any thing broken or a puzzle to repair could be brought to Dad and he would work away at it until it was repaired or found to be unrepairable.

He was usually willing to take the boat out to the lake for fishing or water skiing whenever the grandchildren wanted him to and the weather permitted. And, he was known not to turn down an offer for a fishing trip anywhere: lake, reservoir, stream, or ocean.

Another favorite activity was pinenut hunting in the fall. He and Mother would collect the cones, bring them home to clean out, sack them up, then make sure every family had some for the fall evenings.

Dad has had some serious health problems over the years. At one time, he was told by the doctor, that he ought to have a zipper put in so they could easily tell what needed repairing next. One time both he and mother were

Their father continued with his trade as shoemaker, and farmed, or rather he purchased a farm and his sons did most of the farming, and later, he went into the mercantile business.

Emma, was a very quiet, aristocratic lady. She was always a devoted soul to her church, an obedient, helpful wife, and a most unusual mother. She was a very capable homemaker, being gifted in the arts of cooking and sewing and she taught her daughters these things and all of them were known for their ability in these lines. She was president of the Relief Society for many years and did much to cheer the sick and weary hearted, and was loved by all who knew her. She was always ready to prepare meals for any number of people, for she never knew how many Richard might invite for meals.

A family story about Grandma Morris, is when she was in church at a Sacrament Meeting, and felt something in her blouse. She grabbed onto whatever it was, and held it until the meeting was over, not making a move or a sound. When she left the meeting, she found it was a small lizard caught in her blouse.

Alfalfa or lucerne hay was planted on the farm lands, and large crops were produced, much of which was hauled to Silver Reef Mining Camp for the feed of the many teams which hauled freight to the mining town, and ore from the mine to the mills. A high price was received for this hay, at time up to \$40 per ton. For best feeding results for hay, the crop was allowed to grow until in full bloom. When this occurred, which was often four times a year, the alfalfa bloom provided bees with nectar which produced great amounts of honey. The honey gathering was taken over by Richard Morris and Sons, and they established a large apiary. As the planting of the alfalfa crop increased in the fields, so was increased the gathering of honey, to such an extent, that between 300 and 400 stands or hives were kept. One of the pleasures

Dad is not really happy when there is not a challenge to tackle. Of course, all the produce is shared with family or ward members or friends.

He and Mother have been to Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, all across the United States and into Mexico. They have traveled by car, motor home, plane, bus, and ship. They made it possible for all their six children and companions to be with them on a grand vacation in Mexico twice, and once on a boat cruise. And since their 50th wedding anniversary in 1977, the family has had reunions almost every year, each year adding several more members to the overall count. At the December 1987 count there are 155, and Mother and Dad have been married 60 years.

For more details about the “growing up” years of his children read Mother’s history.

Dad passed away quietly, in Jun 1999 at his home.

with other Saints and come to America. They left England, November 30, 1855, on the boat, "Emerald Isle, in company with 349 converts. The following day, December 1, 1855, Richard and Emma were married as the boat moved quietly across the English Channel. They arrived in New York, December 29, 1855, and made their first home in Williamsburg, New York, New York, where their first child, Richard Alexander, was born, November 27, 1856.

The family continued to live at this place until the year 1860. Richard and his brother Joseph, engaged in their trade as shoemakers. Being quite successful in their business, they saved their money and sent to England for their father, mother, two brothers, William and Robert, and their three sisters, Elizabeth, Susan and Mary. A second son was born to Emma, April 6, 1858, and they named him David Henry.

In May 1860, Richard and Emma and their two sons, along with brother Joseph, left New York for Utah. A third son, John Hope, was born in Florence, Nebraska, and we are not surprised to learn that he was a very delicate child. June 19, 1860, two weeks after the birth of the baby, they left Florence, Nebraska, and began the trek across the plain to Utah. J. E. Murphy was captain of the company, and said company consisted of 38 wagons, 164 oxen, and 39 cows, and 279 saints. No doubt their trip across the plains was very similar to that of many others. Little recorded history of the Morris family was left to posterity, but tradition reveals that Emma prayed each day, as she walked the long miles, that she would not have to bury her infant on the plains. The baby died the day they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, August 30, 1860.

Again, Richard and his brother, Joseph established their shoemaker business. Later, they built their own tannery, and still later entered into the mercantile business known as the Morris Feed and Produce Exchange. It was

blocks to walk each day, no buggy or car, and her fee was \$10.

Baby pictures mother has given me show I must have been a very pretty baby with lots of curly dark hair. At age three or four my hair had turned a shade lighter, medium brown.

Sometime near this age I became very ill, had one convulsion after another. Dr. Woodbury finally kept me under the influence of chloroform until the condition changed. Only blessings of the priesthood, faith and prayers of loved ones and the Lord's goodness made me well. I feel that my life was spared to become a mother and see the day that we would have a large family, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Childhood days bring memories of love and happiness, and an abundance of assurance that I was loved and wanted. Grandparents, aunts and uncles on both sides were so very kind to me. On my Grandpa and Grandma Morris side I was the youngest granddaughter. I was named for their youngest daughter Mary Morris William, who had passed away the year before in childbirth.

Kindergarten through eighth grade I attended the old Woodward School, a building Joseph Smith Worthen and his sons had done the stone-work on. Second grade we had a very ambitious, strict teacher who insisted we complete two grades in one year. She did just that, and many of us skipped the third and went into the fourth the next fall. She wasn't a teacher one remembers for her love and tenderness, but she truly taught us a great deal. Other teachers were all wonderful people, gave much love as well as training, taking a real interest in all I did. They will always remain an inspiration to me and remembered with love. I was no brain child, but was usually prepared and made friends with schoolmates rather easily.

History of Richard Morris Jr.



Richard Morris was the son of Richard and Elizabeth Alexander Morris. He was born in Vernon, England, on the 24th of June, 1835. Not too much information is available relative to the early life of Richard Morris. We do know, however, the family, while not wealthy, were in comfortable circumstances. They welcomed the Mormon

Elders in their home in England, and most of the family became members of the church. Richard was converted while yet in his teens, and he was very active in the branch in the vicinity of his home. He was instrumental in converting our grandmother, Emma Packer Morris.

Emma Packer was the daughter of Isaac and Sophia Packer, and was born April 22, 1833, in Reading, England. She was the only one in her family that was interested in the Mormon church. They were people who lived in some degree of comfort, though like our grandfather's people were not wealthy. They were rather haughty toward the Mormon Elders and never changed their way of thinking even though Emma joined the Church.

Emma was, perhaps, especially interested because she was suffering from rheumatism of some sort and was crippled to the extent that it was necessary for her to use crutches all the time. I think we are safe in supposing that Emma Packer, was a very attractive young girl, because she was just that as she grew older.

MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER, ISAIAH COX, JR.

by Clesta Worthen Adams



I was around ten years old when Grandpa Cox and Aunt Anna moved to St. George. They had been living in the Moapa Valley, Nevada. I recall him talking about raising cantaloupes. He said the ground got so it didn't produce well - got too hard - so he had the bright idea of plowing straw into the ground, and it produced much better.

He and Aunt Anna built a new home in St. George, in the northwest part of town, and my father and mother built next door to them. Grandpa had an old threshing machine in his yard. He puttered around it a lot, hoping to invent something better. He had a large Asparagus patch in his yard, and walked with his crop to Warren Cox's hotel. He liked to sit on his front porch and read the scriptures. While married to his first wife, Abigail McMullin, he was called on a mission to the Southern states, and his family had a real struggle while he was away. My mother told me how little food they had. She was the oldest girl. He got sick and had to return home.

I remember when Mt. Pleasant had some big celebration, they asked him to come because he was the first white child born in that town. I have the large photograph that was taken of him at that time.

Entering high school (the old Dixie Academy), things changed some with different class schedules, but never have those childhood friendships and all the happy memories changed. I was an average student, enjoyed many good friends of all ages, the school being small so everyone soon knew everyone else. Taking part in class plays and the chorus in operas was great fun.

Even in grade school, I knew a very popular Willie Worthen. He lived in what was called Sandtown, six or seven blocks northwest of our home. I remember well his passing each Saturday morning to attend primary. He wore knickerbockers pants, those bloused at the knees. Later he and his neighborhood friends could be seen walking very rapidly to and from school. It was a long walk home, and there was no school lunch or lunch pails, so the trip had to be made four times daily.

Often they would walk up the lane south of our house past the pomegranate trees to view the buffalo that father kept for the St. George fair committee. It was a real attraction to all children and most adults. The pomegranates hung handy over the fence as they passed and could have been an excuse for the walk when hungry after school.

This Willie Worthen, was class president when we were in the 8th grade, also senior year in high school, and I believe one other year. Willie, was liked by all his classmates and a special favorite among adults, parents, and teachers alike. While in 6th grade he took the leading part in an operetta, "Pioneer Papoose," and sang solo parts. He had a very good voice. I was singing in the chorus. He was older than I, but my missing third grade and he repeating a year put us in the same 6th grade.

By the time we were sophomores, we were real good friends. Our junior year we were each dating others, but he called me "Sis." That summer we corresponded while he was in California working. Fall came, and he was as

Later I worked at Whitehead's General Mercantile where I sold yardage, clothes, and shoes. Most everything, even acted as decorator of showcases. From there I moved to Snow's Furniture store. Everything from rugs, furniture, nails, tar paper, blinds, oil cloth, to fancy hats for milady. It was unpack dishes from a barrel of straw one minute to try selling dainty hats the next. Where to wash my hands? Real problem, no special place provided, so just spit and wipe. Brother E. B. Snow and his wife were real kind, good people in so many ways and treated me very nice always. The store was on the corner, a block north of Dixie College, across from the tabernacle, with large glass windows so I could see all the students going and coming from school. Silently, I often wished I could be one of them.

By this time the Willie I'd watched so long and dated for near a year was making plans for our marriage. He had taken up the mason trade of his father, grandfather, and uncles, had a new model A Ford coupe and was working diligently to get it paid for. Summer of 1927 in August, the diamond ring came. It was mail order from Sears, very beautiful, even after 50 years. I was so thrilled, walking on air, so to speak. I continued working until near the wedding date, November 23, 1927.

Elsie came to be with me for a few days. I'll always remember waking that special day to the singing of birds, splashing of water running down the ditch out in front, such a lovely morning. As we dressed we sang and hummed together the song, "It's thy wedding morning, shining in the sky. Arise, sweet bride arise, etc."

At 8 AM we were to be at the St. George temple. Never was there a more handsome groom than "my Bill" when he called for me. Mother and Grandpa Isaiah Cox went with us. We found so many kind friends and relatives there, all so willing to assist in any way possible.

excellent horse and saddle, and released him with kindness and the best of feelings.

She lived in Pipe Springs for one year, then they moved to St. George, where she lived for the rest of her life, except for two years which she spent in Oxford, Idaho, 1887-1889, where her youngest child was born. She was the mother of thirteen children, six of which died in infancy.

She witnessed the hectic days of Silver Reef, the endless and arduous labor of trying to control the Rio Virgin for irrigation purposes, the bringing in of the Cottonwood water supply for culinary use, and the tragedy of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, the gruesome details of which still fill her with distress.

During her life she has witnessed the transition of western travel from the heavily built, ox-drawn prairie wagon to the finely equipped carriage. In 1901 she rode in her first automobile, and during the years since then, she has enjoyed driving in some of the finest of the modern makes of cars. The Andrus place was well known for its fine stalls of work and draft horses, and they went about in real style in their fine carriage, behind excellent trotters. James Andrus was never happier than when driving a well-groomed outfit. To the end of his life he preferred to travel behind his own team.

She was an active Relief Society worker, and served in the Primary Presidency.

Her husband, James, died in 1914. Her past many years, especially since her blindness, have been spent doing ordinance work for the dead, in the St. George Temple. Even at ninety-four, she is still able to enjoy this activity, and she looks forward with happiness to the time when she may be permitted to meet with those for whom she has performed this religious service.

Her father took me up and back. Bill's aunt Abbie Cox and Uncle Charlie Moore, lived in Los Angeles. They welcomed us warmly and we stayed with them a night or two until we located an apartment. My brother, Richard (Dick) worked at a galvanizing plant where Bill found work.

Our first Christmas was the first away from home for either of us. We will never forget the box of goodies Mama sent--homemade sausage, pickles, fruitcake, and such. Of course, my sisters and Bill's folks sent boxes too. Our first New Year's Day, the Moores took us to see the Pasadena Rose Parade. What a thrill that was. Dick and his friends came in often and Aunt Abbie's, daughter Zella, became a good friend and visited often.

Latter part of February, we decided to go to Northern California where Uncle Walter Cox had a job for Bill at a smelter in Selby where they refined gold and silver. April came and I was feeling very ill each morning, very good sign I was to become a mother. My husband worried about me and felt it best I be near mother. His father wrote that the mason work was opening so we returned to St. George after five months of new experiences and lots of pleasant happy days of honeymoon.

Our first home in St. George, two rooms cold water tap in back yard, carried by bucket into the kitchen, a stand wide enough for wash basin, and the bucket stood in the corner. A mirror hung on the wall and hook for hand towel. Bucket under the stand to hold soiled wash water. The stove, a coal and wood range, a table, two or three chairs, and a small dish cupboard completed the furnishing. A small pantry served to store pots, pans, and foodstuff. No bathroom, a two-holer outhouse was way out in the lot. The bedroom doubled as front room or living room.

For the weekly wash, the water was heated in the yard, in a tub with fire under it. Dear Bill, was up early to make fire, heat water and punch all the clothes with the punch

best order possible. Not having been used for some time, this shed at least afforded a shelter; and as her two children were ill with the fever, she was grateful for that much. While here, her two children continued to grow worse, finally dying, one six weeks after the other.

The succeeding two or three years were spent in St. George, where two more children were born, Edwin in 1868, who died when a month old, and Moses in 1870. These first four children were born under great hardships and suffering. Each time she was confined in a bed made on the floor, and after the fourth day she felt obliged to be up and at the housework again.

In the spring of 1872, Manomas moved to Canaan, where the next eleven years of her life were spent caring for her family and cooking for the men who were assisting her husband in caring for his droves of horses and herds of cattle. For the first few years, her house was a wagon box, and over a fire in the open she did the cooking for the fifteen hired men, her husband (when he was home), and herself, and children. Finally, a rock house was built for her.

While she was living in the wagon box, and was alone at camp except for a sixteen year old boy and her son, Moses, who was only eighteen months old, a frightening experience occurred. One evening, just at sundown, eighty Indians came riding up to the ranch, all in their war paint, and camped down in a clump of trees close to her wagon box. The only thing she could do was to kill them a beef, so she and this young boy proceeded to do so before it became too dark to see. They gave the Indians the beef and a sack of flour. She didn't sleep that night or undress herself or her child, shaking for fear that they would be killed.

Next morning as she was straining the milk she looked up and found her child gone. She frantically

For some time before she came, Bill was working at Zion Park, so we had moved to my parents so I wouldn't be alone. The work was building the arch bridge at the foot of Mt. Carmel Tunnel. Grandpa Worthen and his brother Bob were also working there.

We soon moved into another two room apartment near by. When Carlita was four weeks old, the day she was blessed, she showed signs of whooping cough. R.G. had taken it from his cousins, Dayne and Jack Mathis, when he stayed with Aunt Paula while I was in bed. Many sleepless nights followed with two little ones coughing so hard and often.

In August we purchased a lot with a small two-room house, so we moved again. The house was old but with some repair and remodeling we made ourselves comfortable and it was gradually becoming ours. Soon we had a cow, pig, and some chickens to help with the living and add to our daily routine tasks. No luxury yet, except the cold water tap was now in the kitchen and outside we had a cooler of sorts—shelves with screen wire around them, an aluminum tray at the top where water was kept, gunny sacks hung in the water and down all sides to keep the milk, butter and such cool.

It was on November 8, 1931, our second little boy arrived at this humble home. He was a handsome baby much like his brother, a little more blonde. Faithful Dr. Reichman, Aunt Ida, Aunt Paula, and of course his Daddy attended. We decided we wanted to name him Clarence, and Aunt Orpha suggested Merlyn, so we gave him both names, Clarence Merlyn.

Yes, our hands were real full, home very small, and days really busy, and three under three years old. With our hearts full of love we managed very well by working together.

evenings. Candles, when we could get them, were better, but it was a long time before we had any lamps."

Manomas was baptized into the Church in Big Cottonwood Creek, in 1850, when she was eight years of age.

When Manomas was fifteen years of age she went to work in the home of Levi Stewart, who had three families for whom she did the general housework, most of the cooking, and all of the washing. For this she received a wage of \$1.50 per week, mostly in store-pay. With this money she purchased her first dainty piece of calico print at 25 cents per yard, and made it up during odd minutes and after work. She remained at Stewart's until her mother's illness made it necessary for her to return home. Later she worked at the Beehive House for Zina D. Young.

Due to her mother being ill most of the time after she was of school age, this pioneer girl had little opportunity for an education. She did attend a few weeks of school in Big Cottonwood, and was able to complete the Third Reader before being compelled to discontinue school.

When Manomas was fifteen years of age, her father brought home a second wife, just a young girl her own age. From time to time there was considerable trouble between this young wife and the Gibson children. Because of this experience, Manomas vowed she would never marry in the order of polygamy then practiced by the Church. Her father was very pious and strict in his demands of no labor on the Sabbath, and it seemed to be Manomas' misfortune to be reported for extra floor scrubbing or cooking now and then on the Sabbath. And when father Gibson punished, he never slighted the job in the least. The wounds thus made in the heart of this girl were slow to heal, though she thinks now of ways that she might have avoided much of the trouble then endured.

There were times of worry and illness too. February after R. G. turned five was a bad time. He had earache, nosebleeds, fever, and was real ill. Both doctors came, found it was mastoid and surgery was necessary, a most delicate operation near the bone behind the ear. Our Father in Heaven surely answered our prayers in his behalf. After a week or more in the hospital, with one of us or his good aunts or grandmas there, he went to stay with Mother and Dad for a couple more weeks. It was a long time before his head was free from bandages and his hair at normal length again. The same year Clair had convulsions, and Carlita had a long spell of tonsillitis. Isabel was just a baby. We wondered if spring would ever come. Without prayer and faith such times would have been unbearable.

By the summer of 1937, our two story brick home was ready to welcome our fifth child. The day, July 2, was much like the day I arrived, very humid, hot and sultry. We did have an electric fan on the floor. She came about one month late, weighing close to ten pounds. She was a beautiful baby with lots of rather dark hair, happy smiles and a cheery disposition, which never changed. She was the pride and joy of her brothers and sisters and every child in the neighborhood came in to see her as soon as they were told. Her name was chosen because her Daddy and I knew a lovely girl by that name Leola Edwards.

Life was much easier in our new home. Electric stove, hot and cold water, lovely bathroom, new electric wringer washer in the basement and plenty of bedrooms, large kitchen and a front room and parlor. When our baby was less than a year old, my health began to give me problems and I was in bed for a time. A very dear hired girl came for the small sum of \$5 a week, only a teenager, but so helpful and gave the children such wonderful care. Replacing a mother of five was no small task. With a rest I was soon able to take over again.

winter. Mr. Gibson had contracted Mountain Fever (Thphoid) which was their reason for this delay along the route.

Though not yet five years of age, "Aunt Nome" recounts clearly the incidents of that long cold winter. One event stands out prominently in her mind. There were assembled at Pueblo, along with the few Mormon Pioneers, quite a number of traders and trappers who did a good bit of drinking and gambling. One night some of these men were gambling in a building next to the cabin occupied by the Gibsons. An argument arose over the card game, and the Gibson children were terrified at the thought of what was going on so near them, as they could hear every word of the snarling, swearing men. Suddenly there were shots. One man was killed. Keen in her mind today is the memory of that awful night, the loud shouting of the men and their gunfire as they pursued the murderer, who was later apprehended, shot to death and brought to camp for burial. Father Gibson, being a carpenter, fashioned a coffin from rough logs in which the murderer was buried. Much suffering was endured during that long winter and such anguish lest something should happen and they might not get to the Valley.

With the coming of spring they resumed their journey to Utah, continuing with the sick detachment from the Mormon Batallion under Captain Brown, and arriving in Salt Lake Valley July 29th, 1847, five days after the main caravan of pioneers. There was almost a celebration over their safe arrival, as there had been great anxiety concerning them.

The Gibsons remained in Salt Lake during the summer and winter of 1847, and Manomas remembers taking a hand with her brothers and sisters and the others in the war waged on the crickets. The children were given small wooden mallets and did all they could to help exterminate the insects. Then came the great flocks of

It must have been April when Bill's health became a problem. His feet gave him such pain, arch supports, bed rest and other things were tried, none really cured them. Dr. Howard Woodbury, here in Las Vegas, found it was his teeth causing the trouble. He removed ulcerated teeth and things cleared up, but with so much worry and concern for our family he developed ulcers of the stomach and suffered for several years with pain before he finally had to have surgery.

Leaving St. George was hard on our mothers, both widows. They felt so sad to have us leave and I am sure they were so very worried with both of us not as well as usual.

Mother's Day, 10 May 1942, after church we packed the last load and came down to an old house that needed much repair on 1100 South 3rd St. There was a screen porch on three sides, kitchen, front room, and two bedrooms, the bathroom had two doors, one on each side wall. The summer was spent remodeling. Bill and the boys closed in a portion of the back screen porch for a bedroom, changed the entry to the bath, along with many others changes for improvement. This was our home from May 1942 until October 1943 when we purchased a real nice home fully furnished. To us it seemed a real palace, at 213 No 6th St. It was within walking distance to the grade school and high school, our First Ward Chapel, and Fremont Street where shopping center was fast growing.

Leola was entering 1st grade and our nextdoor neighbors were the K.O. Knudsens. Karen, their youngest was in her class and they were soon fast friends. The Perry girls, Mona and Diane, lived a block away. They came by each day to call for Carlita and Isabel. We felt very comfortable in the ward, getting to know many. I had been teaching a Trail Builder class for sometime. The Bogg's family were very near and became very dear to us.

History of Monomas Lavina Gibson



The following pioneer personal history interview with Manomas Lavina Gibson Andrus, wife of Captain James Andrus, was held at the home of Mrs. Andrus in the presence of her granddaughter, Mrs. Caddie Andrus Graff, and Mabel Jarvis, the interviewer, in behalf of the Utah Historic Records Survey of Washington

County, Utah, in 1936. Whenever the pioneer is quoted the writer has made an effort to quote the exact wording given. All supplementary material used was assembled from a previous interview with the writer and from a sketch prepared by Manomas's daughter, Mrs. Vilate Andrus Wadsworth, on the request of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

When I called on Manomas Lavina Gibson Andrus, "Aunt Nome" to most of us Dixie folk, she was busily washing the breakfast dishes, and gave little evidence of her ninety-four years, or of her total blindness, from which incapacity she has suffered since 1922. She resides with her granddaughter, Mrs. Caddie Andrus Graff and family; rather, they live with her in the home built for her by her late husband in the early nineteen hundreds and with which she became familiar before being deprived of her sight. This home is located on First South Street, midway between First and Second West, and is just a block west of the public square on which are located the Woodward School, County Library, St. George Stake Tabernacle,

in, they began work on the cellar, digging out the dirt from under the front room and making the entrance in the back of the house, giving mother a fruit room and storage area.

Summer of 1946, Dad built a barbecue for family fun and parties. He had it ready to use in three days, but continued a few more days to put the final touches on. Then, the decision was made to build rooms at the back of the lot for rentals. Single bedroom and bath. They began the building on the first of October 1946, and they were completed and rented by the first of February 1947, eight rentals each with private entrances. Much later these eight were increased to 16.

While Dad, Richard, and Clair, were busy on these projects, Mother, and the girls were busy keeping the house clean, the clothes washed, ironed, mended, and the meals prepared. And, bread made. Mother often states in her writings of how tired, weary, out of pep she felt and wondered why.

On Mondays, her washday, she was up by 4:30 moving the wringer washer out into the kitchen from its storage place and getting it filled with hot water, and the rinse tub filled with water with the bluing added to help whiten the clothes. It took time to sort the clothes into batches of darks, light, levis, towels, sheets, etc. After running the clean clothes through the wringer, they were ready to carry outdoors to hang upon the clotheslines. Mother said that often they had to borrow Mrs. Boggs lines to finish hanging the wash. It was a beautiful art to hang the clothes and make them look smooth to dry more quickly and easier to iron coming Tuesday. One day she wrote that she was completed with the laundry by 10:30 AM and was so pleased with herself. After the clothes were dry, she would bring them in off the lines and dampen each article, roll them up, and place them in a bushel basket and cover with a towel to keep them just moist enough to iron out nicely the next day. Many a day she wrote, "a full

which he was still managing at the time of his death, but it was known as James Andrus & Sons, St. George, Utah.

In political affairs he was active and interested. After the division of party lines when Utah joined the Union, he was elected State Representative to the first Legislature, November 5, 1895. He was a Democrat from Washington County. He served as County Commissioner for several terms, and he was chosen as the Presidential elector from Utah on the Democratic Ticket in the election of 1912.

In 1896, he was ordained a Bishop by Franklin D. Richards and set apart to preside over the St. George Ward. He discharged his duties faithfully in that office until he was honorably released. He was a member of the High Council at the time of death.

James was especially interested in the farming, stockraising, and mercantile business enterprises that were started in the area. He was also interested in nearly every irrigation project or business enterprise which was started. His judgment was good, and he was respected by his business associates.

He was liberal with his means for public purposes, especially in the erection of school buildings. He was the father of the Woodwork department of Dixie College. He was Vice President of the Bank of St. George, from its organization until the time of his death. He was also President of the Telephone Company for many years.

James died at his home in St. George, Utah, December 8, 1914, after leading a very successful life. His widow, Manomas G. Andrus, and fourteen children survived him. He had at this time forty-five grandchildren who survived him. He was the father of twenty-one children.

Mother served in the Primary for many years. Trail Blazer leader (10-11 year old boys), and then was called in July 1944 to be the First Ward Primary President. She served in that calling until April 1948. I felt, as I read, that she really loved this work even though it was hard for her and very time consuming. She wrote once, "I feel like I am a flop at being president." She also wrote often of the love that she felt for her counselors and the teachers and the young people. Many of these sisters are still in touch with her today.

Another item I could not help but pick up on in her writing was the Saturday routine. This routine was the complete cleaning of the house—floors, beds changed, windows cleaned, blinds dusted, furniture polished, bathrooms scoured. It was the type of cleaning that today we reserve for spring or fall cleaning. Much like the washday, it was a constant thing for every Saturday. Once she wrote, "the Saturday routine annoys Bill." Even though the five of us each remember something good or bad about the "routine for Saturday", I feel certain we all have to admit that was a marvelous training experience and family building time. We learned the joy of being clean, the rewards of hard work, and the satisfaction of a job well done. Each one of us learned how to paint a room by hands-on teaching.

World War II was going on during most of these years. Food, clothes and gas were all rationed, and stamp books were issued to each member of the family for these and other items to be purchased. Mom stated that we were rationed three pair of shoes a year in 1943. Mother had two nephews serving in the war, Dayne and his brother Jack Mathis. They were stationed in India and Germany. She was faithful in writing and mailing packages to them and worrying about them with her, sister, Paula. Mother wrote of the death of US President F.D. Roosevelt, and of several invasions, and finally the end of the fighting in Germany in May 1945, and talked of the celebrating that went on all night in town.

appear. Frantically Tenney shouted, "Look out, Captain, that Indian will kill you." Instantly Captain Andrus reigned his horse, a high-spirited animal named "Black Hawk," which threw up its head and received in its forehead the arrow intended for its rider. The arrow was so deeply imbedded in the skull of the horse that it could not be removed until the settlements were reached, when it was extracted with a pair of blacksmith's shoeing pincers.

The battle was soon over. The Indians were either killed or scattered; and when Captain Andrus called his men together, none was missing, notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the enemy and many hair-breadth escapes.

James Andrus was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, on the February 22, 1868, and was commissioned by acting Governor Edwin Higgins, on April 15, 1868. In November of 1871, Jacob Hamblin met the Navajo Indians, principally Chief Defiance, and concluded a Treaty of Peace with him. Chief Walker visited Captain Andrus at his home after the Treaty of Peace and they became good friends. He told Captain Andrus they had tried more than any one thing to kill him, realizing he was the most successful one in defeating their purpose.

In 1867, James moved his family from Grafton to St. George, where he was to remain until his death.

When the pioneers came to Dixie they brought their livestock with them, such as milk cows, work horses, and what other animals they possessed. From the vast amount of public domain, it was easy to see that the livestock business could be made to be a great benefit to the people in this part of the state.

As the livestock increased, it was necessary to extend their grazing borders. They finally went out on top of Hurricane Fault, on the Antelope, and what was then known as the Canaan Ranch. It was later thought best to form a

old treddle Singer. It seemed that every week she was busy making something for one of us, even costumes. What a savings that talent was.

During these five years, Mother wrote of her very special relationship with her Mother. Grandma Andrus, would come and spend a few days to a week with Mother and they would shop, work together (the washing, ironing, and cleaning and cooking had to go on), sewing, take in a movie or just sit and visit. And several times, Mother would leave the family behind and take a weekend or a week to be in St. George with her mother, sisters and brothers. She would get a permanent, visit all the family, attend as many socials as possible, usually a funeral, and then with her arms loaded with foods, and her heart happy would return to Vegas and her waiting family.

This ended on 9 October 1946, when her mother passed away. Grandma had been living in Bell, California, with her son Dick since his wife, Irene, had passed away with cancer in April 1945. Grandma left her lifetime home in St. George, Utah, and moved to California to care for her son and his two children, Richard and Richene. She was 73 years old. She returned to St. George in August 1946, when her son remarried. I am quoting now from Mother's writing.

"8 October 1946: At noon Orpha phoned. Mama is very ill. Bill and I left at 3 PM, arrived at home about 7 PM. Mama passed away about 11:30 AM, Oct 9th at Paula's home. She wasn't ill long but was so worn out; her passing was as she would have wanted it without long suffering, very calm and beautiful. She told us, "every thing will be alright. Stay together. I have always been a religious woman and have tried." We know she not only tried but succeeded as well. I am happy I was able to spend a few hours with her before the end. I feel that in losing Mama I lost my dearest friend."

In 1862, he filled a short mission to the Moquis Indians. He was called by President Brigham Young to serve in a company of cavalry to protect the mail routes between Fort Bridger and North Platte from Indian attacks. He served under Captain Lot Smith.

James married his second wife, Manomas Lovina Gibson, a sister to his first wife Laura, on 20 Sept 1862, in the Salt Lake Endowment House. James and Manomas had eleven children. Both wives of James were the daughters of George Washington Gibson and Mary Ann Sparks. They were southern people who joined the church in their native state, South Carolina, and crossed the plains with their large family. They came to Utah in Captain Brown's Company.

In 1863, when volunteers were called from Utah's Sunny Dixie for drivers of teams to bring several emigrants across the plains, James went as an assistant to Capt Daniel D. McArthur and successfully brought a large company to Utah. The following year he made a similar trip east after merchandise, traveling with a mule team.

James and his wives were settled in Grafton, Utah, in the Dixie area, where James was running his cattle and horses. Here they lived for one year, but the Indians were giving the settlers trouble, so the people of these small settlements were asked to move closer together. So the two wives moved to Rockville.

At this time, 1866, James had been called to be a Captain in the Militia in the Black Hawk War. These men were called to protect the settlers from the marauding Indians, and in doing so he was away from home much of the time. James spent 15 years in military service. The nature of one of his expeditions follows:

James received a message to hurriedly mobilize a small force and take up and follow the trail of some Indian

and excitement filled the house at the prospects of having a baby! One of Mother's last writings was: "I am expecting a baby in August of this year, our sixth child, have been very miserable for 4-5 months much better now." She was released from the Primary in April 1948.

Mother and Dad's extended family began 14 May 1948, when Dick and LaRue Snarr were married in the St. George temple. Mother was not able to attend the wedding because of her pregnancy, and this must have been a difficult time for her. She loved to be with her family during happy or sad times. At this same time, her brother Willard's wife, Bernice, died in California, and she was unable to be with him.

13 Aug 1948, her sixth child was born in the hospital (a new experience for her). She was Sheila, and weighed in at 6 lbs. 14 oz. Mother was 40 years old at this time. It was a very happy family that welcomed this little new one. Mother had a hard delivery, so her recovery was long, but she and Dad were very happy, as were all the brothers and sisters. Especially did the arrival of Sheila bring great joy to myself and Leola who could now play dolls with a real life one. Clair was working out of town at the time of her birth, Carlita was working full time at Ronzone's, and Dick was being married, left the two of us to quarrel over whose turn to hold and feed her.

From this time until Mother's 70th birthday, a total of 30 years, there is nothing written by Mother. So, except for my personal input, just the facts will be given.

Mother's life and circumstances continued to change from this time on. She was happy to have a little one to love and care for and who helped to keep she and Dad young for many years. An input here about Sheila as a baby. I remember one of her first real bad sick spells. Mom and Dad were preparing to take her to the doctor, and I was told to hold Sheila as they made preparations. It was as a

History of James Andrus



Written by his son,
Alexander Burto Andrus

Bishop James Andrus of St. George, Washington Co, Utah, was born 14 June 1835, in Florence, Huron Co., Ohio, the son of Milo Andrus and Abigail Jane Daley. He was the oldest son of his father, who had 57 children. He was blessed as a child under the hands of Sidney

Rigdon, his parents being already members of the Church.

When about seven years of age, (May 1852) he was baptized, and soon afterwards ordained to the office of deacon. In the spring of 1846, he left Nauvoo, Ill., together with his parents, for the far west, in route for the mountains. His family stayed in the area above Winter Quarters until in the spring of 1848. When James was about thirteen years old, he started across the plains with his mother, one sister older than himself, two younger sisters and a younger brother, having two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows at their disposal.

His father, Milo Andrus, left his family on the prairie, having been called to go to England on a mission. James wrote, "We had all of our possessions for the family of six in one small wagon, and I took my part, although but a child, in all the guards of both camp and cattle."

The family reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in the fall of 1848, with the Heber C. Kimball Company. In the

Carlita married John Wadsworth Wilcox, 18 February 1950. Clair married Ema Gaye Cannon, 1 Jun 1951, both in the St. George Temple.

Isabel and Joseph Carl Free, and Leola and Ercil Terry Henrie, had a double wedding 9 September 1955, also in the St. George Temple. For a fact, Mother worked very hard to make this a special day for both us. She made both of our dresses.

Sheila, did not grow up alone. As already mentioned, Margaret, arrived soon after Sheila, and the other grandchildren followed in quick succession. Mom and Dad were proud and happy about the fast growing posterity. Everyone lived close except Isabel and Leola who were in Northern Utah. Carlita left Las Vegas also after several years. Even so, family gatherings were held quite often and close relationships were formed among the grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Mother seemed happiest with her arms and lap filled with a baby or a little one.

Sheila was married 8 Jul 1967, to Gary Edward Mohler. I wish she were here to write about her life with Mom and Dad, after all of us had left home, but I know that Mom missed her greatly when she moved to Utah to complete Gary's schooling at BYU.

Fortunately, Dad had the freedom to travel at this time, and the means to do so, a nice Winnebago motor home, and so Mom was able to visit as often as she liked with her children and grandchildren. And, it wasn't many years until Sheila and Gary returned to live in Las Vegas, Clair and Ema lived in Henderson, and Dick and LaRue in Las Vegas. Carlita and Jack lived in Salt Lake City, Utah; Leola and Terry in Panguitch, Utah; and Isabel and Joe in Orem, Utah, all within a nice day's ride.

Pres. Edward H. Snow said - he had been thinking of many services that had been held in the tabernacle and could not remember of any that had been as appropriate as this one. Joseph Worthen put his best into all he did, every public building in this city bears a testimony of the faithfulness and good work of this man. He has taught his boys the stone mason trade, a good trade. The black volcanic rock foundations in the buildings all over town is a trade mark to the Worthen workmanship.

Someone has said there never was a Worthen who couldn't carry a tune. They come naturally by this gift. Everyone I ask about Grandpa Worthen said he sang, played the fiddle or drums and he was shy.

Aunt Leah Cannon and Lisa Judd both told of a song he sang at all the reunions "My wife is black and ugly" and both said how upset Grandma would get.

Valda and Bill both remember him playing in the martial band and each holiday they would stop at individual houses for refreshments. Valda said she always helped him drink the lemonade when it stopped in this end of town.

He often played at dances, playing well into the night, taking squash, molasses or any other produce for pay.

John Schmutz commented of the value of the Worthen's as neighbors. He said Joseph was his best friend, he also mentioned his Grampa's music.

I've been told of a story concerning this family. During a 4th of July celebration on the north lawn of the tabernacle, the town offered a washing machine as 1st prize and a carton of tea as second prize to the man with the largest family in attendance. George Brooks and Joseph Worthen tied for the honor. Straws were drawn and the luck of the Brooks won. The Worthen family went home with the tea.

The following year, November 1977, the children gave Mom and Dad a 50th wedding anniversary open house at the church on 8th and Linden. So many friends and family members came to greet them, many from St. George. That had to be a great moment in their lives as sweethearts.

Mother was saddened by the deaths of her two dear sisters, Orpha, and Paula, and one brother, Bill. And the deaths of three grandchildren: Jackie Wilcox, 12 years; Russell Mohler, 4 years; and Gary Henrie, 26 years. Also, a tiny great grandchild, Ronald Watters, 4 months.

Mom was proud of all her grandchildren—49 in total. She tried to attend the special programs they participated in whether in school or church. She was so pleased to have many of her grandsons and granddaughters serve missions for the Church. And, she has been in attendance at all the grandchildren's wedding thus far.

Now some quotes from Mom's journal:

9 April 1980: "How thankful I am for my membership, that of my husband and our loved ones, for the teachings of the gospel and above all the testimony I have of the truth that it brings into our lives."

23 November 1982: "Our 56th wedding anniversary. Many, many happy days filled with love along with work and play. So proud of our family and grateful for their many kindnesses and love. 43 grandchildren plus 21 grandmates. Our great grands number 33 at present. 111, I think. The adding even seems difficult. How very blessed we are and have been over the years. What a lovely day."

28 Jul 1984: "Birthday! 76 years! Thoughts, cards from so many family and friends. I am most fortunate, 15 beautiful cards with such kind loving thoughts as well, and

mother's sister, Mary Ann Hallam Kelley, who was sealed to her parent, 20 June 1889.

I remember hearing that Grandpa played the violin, but I don't remember of ever hearing him play. My father, William, played several instruments - guitar, piano (chords), and mandolin, drum, with foot, and harmonica, with something on his neck to hold it, all at the same time. He also had a beautiful tenor voice. So I presume that there was much music in the home of Joseph Smith Worthen.

Joseph S. Worthen was born in Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Ill. on Oct 2, 1845. He was the oldest child of Samuel & Sarah Holland Halam, Worthen.

They arrived in St. Louis, Missouri in 1847. I assume that this layover was to earn more money in order to resume the trek to Utah. Willam H. & Mary Jane were born here and the trip was not resumed until 1849.

After many trials and hardships they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1850, where they built a home. This with a farm and work they were financially comfortable.

Joseph's mothers home was pleasant and she felt that this would be her permanent home, but in 1862 they were called to pioneer Dixie. They sold their home and farm at a sacrifice and came to souther Utah where one family was settled at a place called "Worthen Springs" but Sarah Halam with her family were moved to St. George where he built her a home.

Joseph Worthen met and married Mary Jane Heaps in 1871, of this union 12 children were born, Mary Jane Booth, Joseph S., Louse Coff, Nellie Baker, Effie Higgins, Zada Eardley, William, Claude, Robert, Earl, George and Alice Bryner.

22, 23, 24, 25 November 1984

“What great children we have, son, son-in-laws, grandsons all so willing to help build our new home in the Circle. How we appreciate their loyalty and love.

57th anniversary of our marriage! A lovely day! Dear LaRue, had a real fun reunion for our clan. Our girls and their husbands were all here, it was wonderful to be together for the evening. Clair, Ema, and their family of course were with us too. LaRue is such a good hostess and their new home is a great place for parties. And our new home! Boy! What loyal kids! So many helping hands.

The reunion and open house at Stewart and Prince chapel! What a fun evening! So very many dear friends we haven't seen for so long were there to visit with. So very happy and grateful to have Jim,, Gayle, Paula, Gordon, Dick and Esther as well as our family there. The music was great, food delicious. LaRue is a wonder at preparing for parties, dinners and such. She has been such a help to me at all times, I'll surely be lonely when they are away, even though we are happy and proud to have them serving a mission.

In less than a week our home has been put up and shingles on. What loyal, kind and loving boys, sons, grands and great grands.”

13 January 1985

“We are settled in our new home (Worthen Circle). In fact, we moved in early this week. Isabel and Carlita came down on the train to help; Leola drove down; Sheila came up for the day. How things did go into place with their good help.

We attended our new ward, 44th, very sociable and met a number of find people. I am sure we will find it very pleasant. Margaret and Steve are so very kind, thoughtful

My Memories of Grandpa Joseph Smith Worthen and Grandma Mary Jane Heap Worthen



by Clesta Worthen Adams

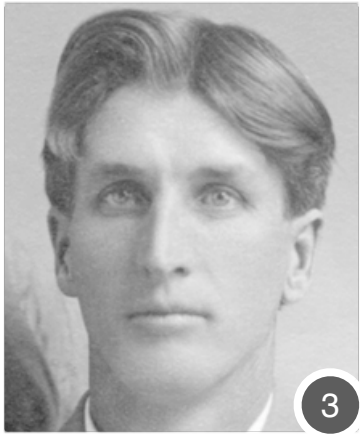
Grandpa Worthen died when I was ten years old. We lived across town from him, and I don't remember visiting with him much after my grandmother died. She died when I had just turned three. When she was alive I remember visiting their home on Sundays quite often. I would usually fall asleep under the table and

then have to walk or be carried on and a half miles home. This was before cars, and we had no horses. I distinctly remember on occasion when Grandma gave me a large slice of bread with sugar sprinkled on the top, then she sprinkled a few drops of water on it so the sugar wouldn't fall off. The other thin I remember about grandma was being lifter up to look at her in her coffin.

I remember Grandpa as a tall slender man of quiet disposition. He had red hari, and none of his twelve children inherited the red hair. I remember that six of his children - Jane, Alice, William, Nellie, Claud and Robert - had children with red hair. I don't remember Aunt Allice. She died when I was two, but I was told that she had several red-heads.

I think Grandpa was hard of hearing in his later years, and I remember seeing his hands shake. I had the idea, probably because of family conversations, that his hand shook because he had "dressed" so many rocks. After I

History of William Worthen



by

Clesta Worthen Adams, daughter

William Gordello Worthen, son

William Worthen was born April 16, 1879, in St. George, Utah, to Joseph Smith Worthen and Mary Jane Heap Worthen. He was the fifth in a family of twelve children.

We don't know much about his childhood except that he was taken out of school each spring as soon as the grass became green to herd cows and also to work as a mason's helper carrying 'mud' or mortar. This work helped support his father's family. Mother has said she remembered him in the seventh grade when she was in the sixth, but didn't know if he finished that grade. Missing so much school accounted for his being so far behind. She was almost six years younger than he. In spite of his lack of education, he was a very refined person. He spoke quietly in a deep-toned voice, with no swearing or vulgar language.

Will, as he was called, was taught the trade of bricklayer and stone mason by his father. All the six sons of the family were taught the trade, but only Will and Bob used it throughout their lives. Dad laid his first stone arch on the east entrance of the old Dixie College building at the corner of First South and Main in St. George. Another example of his stone work is in a bridge that leads to the tunnel in Zion Park. It uses many different shades of sandstone and can be appreciated only by getting out of

work for. A session at the temple took half a day at that time, because you did the washing for the person, as well as the endowment work.

About three or four years prior to Father's death his eyes became clouded with cataracts which could not be removed. Mother answered to his every call and worked tirelessly to care for him and keep his wants supplied. He suffered also with high blood pressure, and died as the result of a Cerebral Hemorrhage, December 12, 1941.

Richard Andrus talking: "On April 22, 1944, my wife, Irene, passed away leaving me with two children, Richene, eleven years old, and Richard, nine years old. As soon as Mother heard she closed her own home in St. George and came to Bell, California, to assist me in caring for the children.

She was 72 years old. She was with us about fourteen months and took care of the children just as their mother would have wanted them taken care of. When she departed for her home in St. George her California friends were numbered by the hundreds because of her neighborliness, affability and kindness to others. Many times she expressed the desire to die when her time came without being bedridden and being a burden to any of her loved ones. She was ill only about four or five days before passing on to her reward. Her life was full and complete and through losing herself in the service of others she found true happiness in the sunset of her life."

October 2, 1946, the West Ward Relief Society officers were honoring the five living past ward Relief Society presidents. When mother responded to the call, she seemed almost transparent, her face was white, her hair was white, and she spoke with such a fine spirit. She said she hoped the Lord would see fit to call her home before she outlived her usefulness, and told how she had

greeting as she passed the Woodard School building where he was working. He has often told us that while Mom was a school girl he'd walk behind her and look at her pretty legs (before she started wearing long skirts). They were married in the St. George temple. The Worthens gave them a reception after the wedding and many family members and friends joined with them. Mom states in her life story that, "Our married life was a very happy one."

Soon after marriage the work at the trade became slow so Will and Mary Ann moved to St. Thomas, now under Lake Mead, to help his father-in-law, Isaiah Cox, with a cantaloupe raising scheme. That didn't work out so well, so they returned to St. George for a short while and then moved to Johannesburg, California, where Will hauled freight from the railroad to Bullfrog. He did so well at this that he bought a team and wagon of his own and earned enough money to buy the old home in St. George, 400 North 500 West, from Grandpa Cox. It cost them \$400.00.

Two children were born to them: William Gordello, on September 6, 1905, and Clesta, on February 28, 1911. Mary Ann's mother passed away before she was married and left 8 children. Mary Ann cared for her baby sister even after she was married. The fact that William gladly accepted the responsibility of Mary Ann's sister, taking her into their home as soon as they were wed, keeping her through her childhood, having both she and her sister return to their small home to have their babies, shows the warm kind heart he had. He held the love and respect of all who knew him.

Dad used to work all day and then would come home and work twice as hard. Bricklaying is extremely hard physical labor. His lot was known as one of the cleanest in St. George. If he wasn't cutting down lucerne (hay to feed the animals), or pruning bushes or chopping wood he

Nth degree. Whenever there was a county fair, a rodeo, horse races or a ball game to attract visitors from around the country, mother's house was filled with star boarders for three or four days at a time. Through out the past thirty years I have often heard some of the same visitors tell how very much they enjoyed mother's cooking.

For many years after father and mother were married, water for the house hold had to be carried from an irrigation ditch which ran down the street in front of their lot. This was placed in a barrel to settle beofre using. The horses and cows in the corral had to be driven or let to the ditch to be watered twice a day. Father being out to the ranch often the care of the animals fell to mother until the children were old enough to take over.

Saturday night, the #2 zinc tub was placed in front of the wood stove and bathing each child was a regular ritual. For many years mother made her own soap, especially for laundry purposes, using the loose rut and ashes for lye. When they first moved into their new home, lights were furnished by coal oil lamps until 1914 when the house was wired for electricity. Cleaning the lamp chimneys was a task assigned to us children.

When Orpha, their oldest girl, was about six years old she was severely burned when she was playing near a fire in the yard where mother was boiling wheat. Only the quick action of a neighbor saved her from being burned to death. Later when Orpha was in her teens she developed heart trouble and was confined to her bed for over six months. Accidents and illnesses if this kind together will all of the childhood diseases and minor complaints served to keep mother busy from morn until night with never a dull moment about the place.

Her husband always provided well for the family so far as food and clothing were concerned, but though his income was large he spent unwisely and for this reason as

About 1924, Dad started the new home at 200 North 364 West. Grandpa Cox had returned to St. George and bought two lots. Dad built Grandpa a house on the corner lot and got the other lot for himself. He located white clay in the vicinity and with his son and Emerald Cox made adobes. An adobe is a sun-dried clay mud that will not stand moisture. Dad would dress those huge lava rocks for the high foundation. He wanted it high so the adobes would not wash away. It was really hard work making those rocks crack just right. He drew the plans for the home with all the features that Mom wanted. Part way through the bricklaying he became ill and his brother Bob had to come and help out. What a triumph when they were finally able to move in! It was April 1926. They had a big party with all the Sandtown crowd invited. That is the only time they had a party in their own home. There was very little furniture and they danced in the two front rooms. Clesta played "Over The Waves" on the piano for them to dance.

Holiday traditions were simple. For Christmas you just hung up a sock any place you could find. There was no fireplace. If you received an orange in the toe of your sock you were really lucky because they were very hard to get. The family had a big party at Thanksgiving. The whole Worthen family got together and it was a big affair, because it was a long walk from Sandtown to Joseph Smith Worthen's home at 100 West 300 South, and many times there was no horse or buggy to ride in. We had lots to eat and lots of fun with all the cousins.

Dad finally got a little Ford coupe. He and Mom took one trip to Salt Lake City, Utah and another to the Grand Canyon.

His son married Mary Andrus on November 23, 1927, in the St. George Temple. His daughter graduated and started teaching. He had three grandchildren. Then the big depression hit and suddenly he was gone. He had

The first system of lighting in grandfather's home consisted of a rag placed in a dish of grease, later there were candles made by mother, her brothers and sister, which were later replaced by coal oil lamps. Grandfather, in addition to a farmer, was the village shoemaker, and mother's shoes were always made by her father while he was in that business. She never had a pair of boughten shoes until she was fourteen years old.

For recreation they created their own fun playing with the neighborhood children in the summer evenings, run sheep run, hide and seek, etc. When mother was in her teens, she developed a better than average singing voice and took part in many operettas as well as stage plays. She took much pleasure also in dancing and was sought after by many young men as a dancing partner. All of the dances in this Mormon community were square dances except for one waltz and one schottische which were allowed during the evening. A squash or any item of produce served as a ticket to the dance. In St. George they first danced in a place walled with willows plastered with mud and a dirt floor. Later the Gardeners Club Hall was used then the Amusement Hall. Jim Booth's dance hall was in operation shortly before mother's marriage.

When she was about seventeen years old she did house work for Libby Ivins, wife of Antoine Ivins, who later served as first counselor to President Heber J. Grant of the Latter-day Saints Church. At eighteen years of age mother took her first trip out of St. George. She rode for seven days on a wagon loaded with bullion and driven by her brother George, until they reached Milford, about 120 miles distant, at which place she took the train for Salt Lake City. Aunt Dora, mother's oldest sister, was working in the city at the time and mother stayed with her for nearly a year. While living there she took five piano lessons from George Careless (one of the early church musicians) and was able to play most of the hymns during the remainder of her life.

History of Moses Willard Andrus



by Richard M. Andrus, son

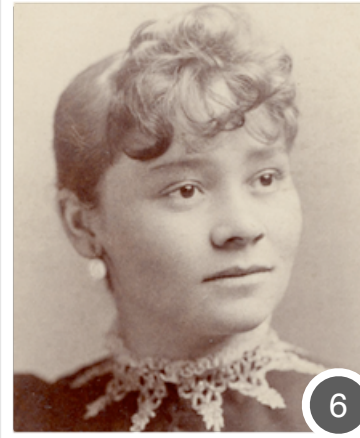
My father, Moses Willard Andrus, was born at St. George, Utah, April 7, 1869, eight years after the town was settled. Although he was the fifth of eleven children born to James Andrus and Manomas Lavina Gibson, he was the first one to live beyond the age of two years and therefore

assumed the responsibilities of the eldest or first-born.

He was taught the gospel of hard work at an early age, and because of the need for his services, his schooling was extremely limited. He did have the opportunity of attending Brigham Young Academy for several months and even with scant formal education he acquired a good working knowledge of mathematics. As soon as he was able to ride a horse, he was given considerable responsibility helping with, and later managing his father's large cattle interests.

One incident in his early teens is an example of that trust which his father placed in him. They had trailed a large herd of cattle to the nearest railroad point, (perhaps Modena) and then shipped them to Denver. Father accompanied grandfather to Denver to collect on the sale of the cattle which was \$6500. Quite a sum in those days. Possibly to avoid robbery, grandfather gave the money to father who travelled alone by train to Salt Lake City and delivered the cash to a banker there.

History of Elizabeth Orpha Morris



written by her daughter Orpha and son Richard

Orpha Elizabeth Morris, later Andrus, of whom I write was my mother and the few things I jot down came from bits of information she gave to me a few months before she passed away. Perhaps her grandchildren or their posterity may be interested in reading this very brief

account of her life.

On January 22, 1872, in the little town of St. George, Utah, a baby girl was born to Richard Morris and his good wife Emma Packer Morris. There was no doctor present at the time but fortunately there was a capable midwife in attendance. She was Mrs. Samuel B. Hardy.

The name chosen for this little girl was Orpha Elizabeth, Orpha being the name of an English lady convert to the Latter Day Saints Church and a very good friend of the parents.

Orpha was the ninth child in a family of eleven, all born in the state of Utah, with the exception of a boy Johnnie who died in infancy at Nebraska while the parents were crossing the plains on their way to Utah.

As the child grew to school age she attended school in the home of her namesake, Sister Orpha Everett, who acted as teacher. The floor of the school house was plain mother earth pounded down firmly by the tramp of many

Father worked as a butcher for a number of years, slaughtering and cutting beef and pork for others and also did some retailing.

For many years he was a member of the County Fair Committee, and helped with livestock displays and other matters. He always took pride in his saddle horses and his team of work horses were among the best in town. For this reason he was always called upon to convey deceased persons to the cemetery. At first he used a Bain wagon with white sheets draped across the bed. Later, a white-top buggy with the rear seat removed served as hearse. Still later the city fathers purchased the glass-enclosed wagon which was used until the advent of the motor driven car.

Grandfather Andrus was a delegate from Utah to the Democratic National Convention in the fore part of the 20th century, and when Woodrow Wilson was elected in 1912, he furnished three beef which father barbecued for the town celebration. Dad followed in his father's footsteps in politics and was always a staunch Democrat.

Very few were better judges of livestock than father, and as a result he spent several years as a cattle buyer for others and was very successful.

For many years he was Street Superintendent for the city of St. George, and took a great deal of pride in keeping the streets in the best condition possible.

Several years prior to his death, his vision failed and he became totally blind. He suffered a severe stroke in December 1941, and passed away at his home December 12, 1941. He is buried in the St. George cemetery.

Illness was endured at home. There were no hospitals available. All the water for domestic use was carried from the ditch early each morning before the cattle were turned out to drink and graze. There was no indoor plumbing. The toilets were outdoors in the back of the lot. Laundry was done by hand on the washboard.

Grandma Abigail McMullin Cox being very wise and fearing her sickness contagious insisted that all waste from her room be buried to protect her loved ones. In March, 1904, the young mother of 43 years passed away. Her baby girl only 4 years old she entrusted to Mary Ann's care.

The following six months Mary Ann filled her mother's place caring for her five brothers and two sisters as best she could.

William Worthen had found Mary Ann the girl of his dreams and for sometime he had been special to her. She often told of his waving his mason trowel in greeting as she passed the Woodward School building where he was working. At this time, she was attending school in the basement of the St. George Tabernacle, and passed regularly each day. Mary Ann's education took her through the 8th grade and a part of the 9th. The first year the Woodward School was used in 1901 she attended the 8th grade.

Her training as a seamstress began very early in life, sewing late into the night to create a dress for herself or something for the family. She became most efficient at drafting and altering patterns and whatever item when completed whether it was a costume or ball dress was finished with the same neatness and perfection. When she was left a widow, she did sewing for others to help with her income.

when the weather was good, and the town gathered for a picnic.

Soon after I came to St. George to live my father was called on an LDS mission to the Southern States. I attended school at the old Third ward school on the corner of Third North and Third West. There were many vacant lots in St. George at that time one of them was across the street west from the school. This is where the boys played baseball and the girls played little rounders on the school lot. Miss Zaidee Walker was my first teacher after moving to St. George. I loved her very much as she was very kind to me, and most of the students were much older than I. That year I became very ill with rheumatism and lost two months of school, so my mother and teacher decided I should take that grade over the next year. From then on I attended school with children my own age and liked school much better, and was really happy in my new home in St. George, Utah, though I loved to go back to visit my cousins and Grandmother at Leeds.

My father returned home from his mission in less than a year, he became very ill with rheumatism and could not remain longer, because of the damp rainy weather. As soon as he arrived home where the air was dry and warm he could walk with a cane. A few years later he bought a home on the corner of Fourth North and Fifth West. Here I lived until I was married.

I was married to William Worthen on the 16th of November 1904. He was the son of Joseph Smith Worthen and Mary Jane Heaps Worthen. He was 25 years of age at the time of our marriage and I was 19. We were married in the LDS Temple at St. George, Utah. My grandmother Cox was with me but my father was not there as he was out of the state and very busy. My mother had died before I was married, so the Worthen's gave us a reception at their home and all our near relatives and

friends were invited. I wore a white silk dress I made myself.

Our married life was very happy and on the sixth day of September, 1905, our first child arrived. We named him William Gordello Worthen, the first name was for his father. To me he was really a beautiful child. He was all I could carry by the time he was four months old, but with the aid of a new baby buggy I trundled him around town where ever I cared to go. And when he was six months old we left St. George to live in St. Thomas, Nevada. That town is now covered by Lake Mead. A lake created by the Hoover Dam. The water is used for irrigation and producing electric power.

After leaving St. Thomas, I moved back to St. George for a short time, later moving to Joahannsburg, California. Here my husband hauled freight from the railroad to Bullfrog. Here he made good money which we used to buy our first home in St. George. It was at Fifth West and Fourth North. Here on the 28th day of February 1911, our second child was born. We named her Clesta. She inherited red hair from her grandfather Worthen.

In the year 1926, we moved into our new home on Second North 364 West. Both the children were in high school and very pleased to move into a new home. Here we all lived happily together and in 1927 my son was married to Mary Andrus. The marriage was in the LDS Temple on the 23 of November. My son and his wife later built a new home on 3rd North between Second and Third West and here they lived until they moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, in 1942. Five of his six children were born in St. George, the 6th in Las Vegas.

On November 22, 1933, my husband died suddenly causing us much grief as he was much too young to die, being only 54 years of age, and it has always seemed to me we had just began to enjoy life when he was taken