

# HARRIET B. COOK TEEPLES

I, the daughter of Phineas Wolcott Cook and Ann Eliza Howland Cook, was born October 28, 1844, at Richland Kalamazoo Co. Michigan.

My parents heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the winter of 1844-5. They believed it to be true and were baptized September 14, 1845, by Edward Webb, a Mormon Missionary.

They left their home and relatives in May 1846 and traveled all summer with an ox team and arrived in Winter Quarters, where the Saints had settled after being driven from Nauvoo, in October 1846.

Our family then consisted of my Father, Mother, my oldest sister, then nearly six years old, and myself, being two years. My parents having lost one boy child, before they left their home.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> day of October another little daughter was born to them while in a tent and during a heavy rainstorm. They had to hold umbrellas over Mother's bed to keep her dry.

She was very sick and came so near dying, her baby had to be taken from her and weaned at the age of three months, and for the want of proper food and nourishment it died May 12, 1847.

And on November 23<sup>rd</sup> my oldest sister died of scarlet fever. But by the power of God through the administrations of the Elders, Mother's life was spared, and on the 9<sup>th</sup> of March 1848, another daughter was born to her.

We started across the plains in May 1848, with President Brigham Young's family and arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of September 1848.

We stayed in Salt Lake City for two years, my father worked at his trade as a millwright on the first two gristmills built there, Neff and Chase Mills. In the fall of 1850, he with his family was sent on a mission to Manti, to build a gristmill and help settle that country. We went with twenty-four other families into the Indian country. The people built a block house there as a refuge in case the Indians should break out, as there were three hundred warriors living with their families. Many nights we children were put to bed with our clothes on for fear, but we had no real trouble with them. But the white people had to feed them, and if anything did not suit them, we had to give them cattle or anything they asked for. I went to school the two winters we were there. The gristmill was built, and a rock house for President Young. In the spring of 1853, father was called to go back to Salt Lake City, to work on the Lion and Beehive houses for Brigham Young, and on the public works.

Just after we left Manti, to go back to Salt Lake, the Walker Indian War broke out in earnest and a great many people were killed. We stayed in Salt Lake until the summer of 1856 and while there I again went to school. We then went to Payson, Utah where we stayed one year. My

father while riding over the hills in search of his team, found a valley which was not yet settled, and with the consent of Brigham Young he formed a company and with their families settled there in the fall of 1857. He called the settlement Goshen, in honor of his birthplace in Connecticut. He was the Bishop for three years. The first Sunday School I ever attended was organized there by my father in 1858 and I was a member of it. I went with my father to Salt Lake to conference that fall with an ox team and a covered wagon. It took us two days to go a distance of sixty five miles. We stayed nearly a week and spent two and a half days to come back.

In those days we all had to make our own clothes, so every family kept a few sheep and would shear them at home. The women and girls would take the wool to a creek and wash it, spread it on the grass to dry, then pick it with their fingers to get out every straw or burr or dirt, then card it into rolls with hand cards, then spin it into yarn, and get it woven into cloth, for dresses or men's clothes and sheets. We had enough work to keep all busy.

I spent my time in this way until 1859, when on August 21<sup>st</sup> I was married to William Randolph Teeple at home, by my father, as we had to wait to be called to go to the Endowment house. We were not called to go for three years, but went and received our endowments and were sealed Sept. 23, 1862. My husband's parents were George Bently and Hulda Colby Teeple. They were also pioneers of Utah, crossed the plains in Pres. Heber C. Kimball's Co. which arrived about the same time or shortly after Pres. Young's Co. The first two years of our married life were spent in and around Goshen. Our first child was born at Goshen April 25, 1861. We named her Harriet Rita. She was baptized at Holden, Utah in 1860. She died at Holden August 8, 1876 with measles, fifteen years four months old.

In the fall of 1861 we moved to Salem, Utah where we lived one year and then moved to Provo, and bought a nice little home, but in the fall of 1863 we were called to go to Bear Lake Valley to help settle that place. So we sold our home, and started on a two hundred mile journey with an ox team late in the fall and traveled over rough roads northward cache through Utah passing through Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Cache Valley, which was a newly settled district. We stayed at Logan for two or three days with some friends, and to get some flour to take with us for our winter use. Then to Franklin, Idaho, where we stayed over night and left on the 27<sup>th</sup> day of November for Paris over very rough roads through the mountains, we went over a three-mile dug way that was very steep and rough. Here everyone had to walk and use all the teams to take a wagon. Half of the company camped at the top and half at the bottom until we were all over. The snow was one foot deep. One of the wagons broke down, it had to be unloaded and a new bolster made, which hindered some and when the same wagon tipped over the next day, going down the canyon, we had to send into Paris for help. Two or three of the men of the few families who were ahead of us came with wagons and hay for our horses that night. Although the distance between Franklin and Paris was only forty-five miles, we were on the road ten days, reaching Paris December 7, 1863. The people who had moved in from the near valleys had, made wigwams like Indian tepees, to camp in until they could build log houses, and had now moved into their houses and left the tepees, so we moved into some of them until we could do better. The people who there were very kind to us, and helped us out by letting us have some

logs which were already there, and my father being a carpenter and builder, he with the help of others soon had a log house of two large rooms ready to move into. They moved in before Christmas day and we all had a nice dinner in the new house, including some of the people who had come in later than we did.

My husband soon had a nice little house built after the same style as the others, although we had no lumber for floors or roofs we got along with thatched roofs, covered with dirt, and ground floors, covered with wild hay for carpets. My husband took his wagon box to pieces and made a floor partway across one room so we were real comfortable for the winter. He also had a small shop for blacksmithing as that was his trade. This winter was very mild, and our stock lived well on the meadow grass and the rushes as the snow was not very deep.

On March 31, 1864 our second child was born, the first white child born in Bear Lake, Valley. Her name is Beatrice Ann Eliza Teeples Owens. She was Baptized at Holden, Utah in 1872. She was married in Arizona to Marion Alfred Owens, January 1, 1880. He was the son of James C. Owens and Lucretia Robinson. They were endowed and sealed in the St. George Temple in 1882 or 1883. She is the mother of ten children, five sons and five daughters. She has been a trained nurse for years and is doing much good among the sick. She is a true Latter-Day Saint.

The snow was all gone and the ground dry in April and on the first day of May 1864, my husband and I with thirteen other families, went to Montpelier, Idaho, where we planted wheat, gardens, etc. Our gardens did nicely and we had a lovely warm summer until August, when frost came and froze our wheat before it was ripe. It was so badly shrunken, it was not fit for bread.

The first summer there were a great many emigrants passed through Montpelier on their way west to Oregon. They stopped to have their horses shod and wagons repaired to travel on. So my husband and a man by the name of Clark Ames who were working together at blacksmithing, did this work which was the means of helping us to the much needed necessities of life in a new country.

This was just at the close of the Civil War and money was very scarce, even the government paper money was worth only fifty cents on the dollar and we had to spin wool to make all our outer clothing as had been the case ever since Utah was settled. The cotton cloth or factory was \$1.25 per yard and hickory shirting was \$.80 per yard. I gave a wagon peddler a twenty dollar gold piece for a sixteen yard bolt of factory for under clothes. We had to make everything by hand, the men's clothes and all, we had no sewing machines, but we got along nicely through the summer.

Our homes were one story log houses like those in Paris with dirt roofs and floors, but were good enough, with their rough doors with wooden latches and a string fastened to them and put out through a hole in the door to answer for a lock. But in the morning when the sun rose, we could look out at the low mountains on the east and could see the antelope running along the ridges, and there was plenty of trout to be caught in Bear River. Every thing looked lovely, and we did not dread the winter, or our dirt roofs or floors.

Some of the men sawed some lumber with a whipsaw mill, which is made by digging a pit in the ground and putting a log across it. One man stands down in the pit and one on the log across it and they pull the saw up and down through the whole length of the log twice to make one board. A lovely way of making lumber don't you think? Well we knew it was an the man in the pit knew it was too. He had to be dressed for it, as he stood under the falling sawdust and hardly dared look up. But we got our rough floors by winter and it did seem good to us, for it was a terrible winter, and our grain was all frozen and no mills in the valley to grind it if it could have been eaten. The people had to go to Logan to get what flour they could, which was very little. My husband had got what flour he thought would do for us, but we divided it with others who were worse off, and we still had enough to due us. Of course we had to use the frosted grain too, so we made the best of it by boiling it, and eating it with milk, also grinding it in a coffee mill and making it into hot cakes. So we managed to get along for food.

The first winter being so mild had thrown the people off their guard and they had put up only very little of the wild hay, which they might have done had they anticipated what a terrible winter this one would be. The snow came so deep and drifted so badly, the cattle could find nothing to eat and many of them died. But, we had only one cow and two oxen, and we managed to keep them alive by feeding them a little of the frosted wheat each night and morning, with what little hay we had. The wind blew and drifted the snow up around houses, until it hid them all, and it froze so hard that for several weeks, teams could travel anywhere over the fences. You could stand and look in every direction and could not see a house, but could see the smoke coming out of the drifts. The wind swept around the houses, leaving a strip two or three feet wide like a ditch, which continued to the tops of the houses, so it did not quite smother us, we had to cut steps in the drifts to get out on the top or road. The snow was four feet deep on the level across the valley. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, my husband with another man went to Paris on snow shoes, measuring as they went. The first plowing was done on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June.

We stayed there until the ground was dry then we moved over to Swan Creek on the west side of Bear Lake, where the beautiful Camp Lakoto is now situated. My father had already moved there from Paris and had started to build a sawmill and gristmill. We

stayed there through the summer and when the grass was ready to cut for hay, the men went to Round Valley (ten miles from home, south with no houses between) to put up hay for winter, leaving us women, my mother and aunt and myself and my younger sister, alone with the little children, not knowing that the Indians were contemplating mischief. There was not on living between us and Fish Haven, three miles north. One day about noon two Indians on horseback came and asked if they could leave their guns with us until the next day at noon and they would call for them as they were on their way to Paris and did not want to carry them with them. But the next day at noon they did not come, and we began to think they had left them for some unknown purpose. At sundown they had not come, and we were very frightened. About this time a boy from Fish Haven who had been hunting for his cows, came galloping by the door calling, "Pony Express," and as I am writing now I can feel the thrill of it as I did then, sixty years ago. We ran out and stopped him and told him he certainly was our pony express and the Lord had sent him there to save our lives. We told him about the Indians and asked him to go as fast as possible to Fish Haven and tell our brother-in-law to come at once. And bring his gun. He went as fast as possible and found our brother just starting to milk his cows, but as he had his gun strapped on him he jumped on his horse and ran it all the way there. In the meantime my sister and I had gone out to milk our cows. As we were coming to the house with the milk we saw two Indians ride up to the house. They went to the kitchen door, where my aunt was cooking supper. They were very gruffly ordering her to give them some supper. We were very frightened to enter at first, but Auntie was very calm and told them to just wait until supper was ready. We then went in the other room and there to our happy surprise sat our brother-in-law, Joseph Messervy. When the Indians saw him they became quiet and seemed to be very much disappointed. We gave them supper and our brother gave them their guns, they wanted to stay in the house all night but Joseph objected, and told them they could sleep in an empty house across the creek. In the night we heard our sheep making a great noise but we did not go out until morning and we found that they had killed one of father's sheep and were gone with it. We were very glad that we had not been left to their tender mercy that night. We fervently thanked our Father in Heaven for his intervention in our behalf. Sisters, can you not see the hand of our Father in such things? I do.

My mother's sufferings had been many ever since she, with my father left their home in Michigan. They endured hardships, trials, poverty and almost starvation. She became the mother of sixteen children. She was appointed President of the Relief Society at Garden City in 1879. She lived three miles from town and she walked this distance many times to her meetings. In harvest time she would go with the sisters into the fields and glean wheat for the society. She later obtained a home in town and it was here the last two meetings before her death were held. Although she was very sick, she stood up on her feet and told the sisters of her many sacrifices and sufferings for the gospel sake, but

through them all she had never wanted to go back, for she knew the gospel is true and prayed the Lord to bless the sisters in their work and bade them all good bye. She died before another meeting day June 16, 1896.

In the fall of 1865 my husband and I with our two little girls went to Holden, Utah for the winter to be near his mother and escape another hard winter, as he had been sick most of the last winter and didn't think he could stand another like we had. We intended going back in the spring but we lost our team and could not go. It was this spring, 1866 that the Black Hawk Indian War broke out in earnest. I think the two Indians who came to our house at Swan Creek meant to be among the first to start it. The people out in Bear lake Valley moved into Paris. The people here who lived on the out-skirts moved in. My husband joined the militia in order to be ready to go out anytime to keep the Indians away.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of April 1866 our first son was born at Holden, Utah. We named him William George, and when he was four years, five months old he was accidently killed by a falling log, October 27, 1870.

Our second son Alonzo Randolph was born May 10<sup>th</sup>, 1870, at Holden, Utah. He was baptized at Pima, Arizona in 1879, ordained an Elder at Garden City, Utah, September 30, 1888, married Sarah Jane Peck, the daughter of Alma M. and Sarah Stock, October 11, 1888 and has a family of three sons and three daughters.

Our third daughter, Phebe Henrieta, was born at Holden, Utah March 30, 1873, baptized at Pima, Arizona April 24, 1887. She was married to Edward Calder, a son of Bishop Robert Calder and Flora Ann Simmons Calder, in the Logan Temple May 21, 1889. They made their home at Garden City, Utah. From the time she was old enough she was very active in church work. While very young she was appointed assistant secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. Also organist, later was a Sunday School organist and theological teacher for years, ward organist, and secretary in Relief Society and was appointed President of the Primary which position she held until her death. She was loved by all who knew her and was affectionately called "Aunt Birdie" by all the children of the ward. She was the mother of eight children. She died Jan. 14, 1908, with her baby, leaving three girls and three boys, her oldest boy, seventeen years old, having died two weeks before her baby. This was another great trial and again we had to depend on our Heavenly Father for aid and comfort. Great tributes of love and respect were paid her by the entire Stake and Valley.

Our third son David W. was born at Holden, Utah, Feb. 6, 1875. Died at same place March 4, 1875.

Alice Aurelia, our fourth daughter was born at Holden, Sept. 18, 1877. Was baptized at Garden City, Utah October 18, 1885. She was married to Royal R. Pope, son of Robert A. and Amanda L. Calder Pope, December 8, 1896, endowed and sealed in the Logan Temple July 1, 1897. She is the mother of eight children, four sons and four daughters. She has always been a faithful worker in all the auxiliary associations and is now a counselor in the primary. She has been an officer in Y.L.M.I.A., Relief Society, and Sunday School.

Our fifth daughter Eunice Roselia was born at Pima, Arizona December 3, 1880. Baptized at Garden City, Utah, June 6, 1889. She was married October 11, 1900 to Thomas N. R. McCann, endowed and sealed in Logan Temple. She is the mother of seven children, five sons and two daughters. She has always been a good worker and fulfilled every position she has been called on to fill, and has worked in all the organizations.

When the first Relief Society was organized in Holden, I was one of the first to join it. I was put in as a teacher and held that office for eight years. On work days we would take our spinning wheels to meeting and teach the girls to spin. We also taught them to braid straw for hats and other things.

While in Holden my husband built a good house to replace the little log one we had built there soon after we were married. We bought a molasses mill, raised sugar cane and sold molasses and with the fruit from the orchard we had planted soon after, we were married, and my husband working at this trade, blacksmithing, we were getting real comfortable.

I took my four children and went to Bear Lake for a visit to my parents. My husband came to get us and as Garden City was just settling, the people persuaded us to come back there to live and help them. We returned to Holden, sold out there and got ready to move to Bear Lake. Just at that time Apostle Erastus Snow came to call people to go and settle Arizona, and we were called to go there. Well, I could not leave Utah without seeing my Mother and Father again so while my husband was preparing to leave for Arizona, I with my four children started with a team and white-top carriage to go three hundred miles, to bid my parents and brothers and sisters goodbye, not knowing that I would ever see them again. My second daughter was fourteen years old. She was my teamster as my boy was only eight. We stayed in Bear lake three weeks, then returned to Holden and started for Arizona on the 29<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1878. We traveled down through Utah past Kanab and Johnston settlement, on down to the Big Colorado. The people had told us that we would have to cook enough food to last four or five days, as there was no wood near the river, everything was petrified to stone and we found this to be true. There appeared to be plenty of wood but, when you would try to pick it up, it was solid stone. As it was in the

fall the river was low and they had a large ferryboat that they could take a wagon and team at a time on, so we all got over in one day, there being ten or twelve wagons in all. But when we were ready to go over the big mountain called "Lee's Back Bone" we found the road up the side of it to be a series of stone stairs, and so steep and high we had to use all the teams in the company to take one wagon up, it was one mile to the top. On the top of the mountain there was a dug way, one mile long and so very narrow that the wagon wheels would be within six inches of the edge in places, where we could look down and see the river five hundred feet or more below. We dared not have more than one span of animals on a wagon for fear they would slip off into the river. I, myself drove a gentle team around it, with my baby in my lap. When we got around the, there was a flat place where we stopped and locked all the wheels with chains, to go down the other side. As I was the last to get around the top, my husband came and locked my wheels and said "Now you wait here until I help the others down and I will come back and get you." I waited until the rest were out of sight, and then I started down. And as the road made a sharp turn around a big rock the wheel struck the rock and stopped. But I did not want to stop there as it was nearly dark, so I sat baby down in the bottom of the buggy, got out, untied the wheels on that side got in and backed the team far enough that I could pass the rock by turning them against the hill on the other side. I then go out and tied the wheels again and went on alright. Just after that my husband met me and said "How in the world id you get around that rock?" I told him and he said, "You will do."

We camped at the foot of the mountain that night and started south the next morning over very rough roads and wild country. Water was very scarce and we had to have it in barrels and many times our cattle and horses were very thirsty. We crossed the little Colorado River by fording it as the water was low but we had to hurry across as it had a quick sand bottom. When we came to Brigham city on the west side of the river, we were invited to have dinner in the large dining room of the United Order, as many of our Utah friends were there. We went up the river past Snow Flake and Shallow Creek, finally we stopped at a place called Cluff's ranch on Christmas day. We had known the Cluff's in Utah, so we felt that we had some friends there. Their place was in the northern edge of the forest and we pitched our tents there for the winter. My husband who was appointed as head of the company, took four of the men and went to find a place to settle. They went south through the forest past Fort Apache and over onto the Gala River, into the Gala Valley where he decided to settle. They returned and the four men who had gone with him, decided not to go back, so he formed another company and in the spring we went and settled there, arriving April 8, 1879.

We built the first house out of rough cottonwood logs, as that was the only timber we could get. When we first came in sight of the place, the trees were covered with large black caterpillars, and the leaves were all eaten off. We drove onto a nice level grassy



flat, ideal for the town, but that night we had a very heavy rain which made our flat a deep muddy clay, so we had to move onto a more sandy place. We also had a frost which froze the water in our barrels and all the caterpillars. The people who had been there for years said they never saw such a thing before, it was sent for the benefit of the Mormons.

We had named the place Smithville in honor of President Jessie N. Smith of the Snowflake Stake, who gave us a ward organization. But when we applied for a post office we were told there was an office by that name in Arizona, so they gave us the name Pima. My husband was appointed post master in June 1880. We also built a little store and I took care of them both as my husband had so much else to do. We let our goods out on credit so the people could work getting the water out. I now had plenty of work to do. The mail came twice a day by team as there were no railroads within forty miles. In stormy weather it was sometimes early and sometimes late. And the last two years I had to be up most of the night as the schedule had changed and the mail came twice each night. I had to hire a girl as my oldest daughter was not married and gone away. That year on December 3, 1880, my youngest child was born. Well, we all had to work very hard and it was a very hot climate nearly everyone had chills and fever and many died. But through the blessings of the Lord I was not smitten, my children were all sick, but none of them died. After we had been here about four years my husband was taken sick with an abscess on his liver and after a long illness he died June 5, 1883, age forty-nine years. This was a heavy blow to me, I was left with four young children my oldest, and only boy, being thirteen years old. My husband was a very industrious man and broke his health in working so hard helping to settle new country. I remember at Pima when so many were sick he swam the river nine times and back in one day taking food and medicine to the sick. He was in the Bishopric and was thought a great deal of, by all the people. After his death I was appointed postmaster and as I was in debt for most of the goods we had sold on credit. I stayed there nearly another year trying to collect the debts, and get out of debt myself and keep my family, but the people were so poor they could pay me nothing, or thought they couldn't.

That fall at conference I was called to be President of the Relief Society, but I could not accept it as my six year old daughter had the scarlet fever and came near dying, but through faith and prayers her life was spared. I had made up my mind to resign the postoffice and go back to my parents and friends in Utah. We had not money to go on the railroad so we had to go by team. There was not company going to Utah that spring and I did not know how I could go, but I got ready and my boy sold my cow for forty dollars so we had a little money to go on. If the people could have paid what they owed me, I could have paid every cent of my debt and had four hundred dollars left. But I left the store books for the creditors to collect. And I found out after they had done so, but I never did get anything, but I did not care as long as I knew that I was out of debt. I got along

alright by taking in washings and spinning and my people were very kind to me. After I had resigned the office and was almost ready to leave, a young man from Utah by the name of James McClellan, who was visiting there came to me and told me he would drive me through and furnish his share of the food if I could haul his bedding. So I was very glad the way was open for me to come.

There is another side to my life which I think I should have told so will include it here. It was in 1869, while living in Holden, Utah, I took in a young orphan girl whose name was Caroline Scofield. She was born at Sunderland, England November 3, 1851. She was the daughter of John and Margaret Scofield. She had neither home nor friends as her Father had died in England when she was a baby. Her Mother married again and they came to Council Bluffs with the tree children. The Mother died there leaving four children, one belonging to the second husband. He gave the children away one in a place. This little girl who was seven years old was brought to Fillmore, Utah by a Mormon family and was raised there until she was old enough to work, she would then stay with one family a while and then another. When she was seventeen years old she came to Holden to live with one of my neighbors. They got tired of her, as she was not well for some time and unable to work, so they drove her away, and I took her in, for pity, and finally gave her to my husband for a second wife, as both he and she had expressed a liking for each other, and as you know, at that time this was one of the principles of our religion. We went to the endowment house in Salt Lake and she received her endowments and was sealed to him in the fall of 1868. We lived in the same house together for fifteen years, and raised our families together. She became the mother of seven children, five sons who were all born at Holden, Utah and two daughters born at Pima, Arizona as she went there with us. She is still living there, is now seventy-four years old. After our husband died I left the home and field (land) all for her there and started back to my dear family in Utah.

We left Pima on the 28<sup>th</sup> day of April 1884, traveled four days, came to Black River which is a very deep river in the Mogollon Mts. It is always crossed by ferryboat, but the boat was over on the North side, we could not get it. We stayed there four days waiting for help. This morning the boys tried to swim the horses and mules, but they refused to go, but about 10 o'clock two soldiers came along leading five hundred Indians whom they were moving to another reservation. One of the Indians who was a very good swimmer swam the river and brought the boat back. It leaked so badly, it took half a day to fix it fit to use. Then they helped us across, we traveled North about ten miles to Fort Apache, and camped nearby the Fort for the night. From there we went to Woodruff on the head of the Little Colorado, where my married daughter lived, and stayed there to rest and visit for a few days. I left her there and did not see her again for ten years.

When we came near the Holbrook Railroad Station we drove into a stream of water to let our horses drink, but when we tried to start again the team could not pull the wagon out, for the bottom of the stream proved to be of quick sand. In trying to pull out of it the wagon tongue was broken off, we had to get an ox team from a farmer nearby and pull the wagon out backward. The young man then went on a horse to the station to see if he could get a tongue for the wagon; there was one and it proved to fit our wagon. If we had not gotten this we could have gone no further. I tell this to show how the hand of the Lord was over us all the time. Next morning we traveled on to the crossing of the Little Colorado, but the water was so high we could not cross, so had to travel all the way down on the east side of the River. When we came to Sunset one of our wheels got out of order. We stopped there to see if there was anyone who could help us as we knew the town was broken up, but we found that there was just one man still there, waiting for someone to come back to get him and his tools and other things. He happened to be a blacksmith, so he fixed our wagon. If we had been one day later, we could not have gone on or gone back.

Another time where the blessings of the Lord were manifest in our behalf, for which I was and am still very thankful. We traveled on alright for a long way through the Indian country. I do not know the distance but they did not molest us. And now we began to meet people who had crossed the Big Colorado going south. They would tell us about the high water, and that they were afraid we could not cross the big river, but we could not turn back, as we did not have enough food. So we were obliged to travel on. We had to go over "Lee's Back Bone" again but I did not drive this time. When we got over the mountain and down to the river the ferryman told us that we were taking our lives in our own hands to cross that river. We had to take our wagon to pieces and cross a little at a time, in a small rowboat and swim the horses across by having two men to row the boat, and one to hold the horses. In order to take the team across with the least trouble, they led them up into the mouth of the canyon, where the stream was not so wide. They put my boy in the center of the boat to hold the rope to lead the horses across, which were swimming behind the boat. But the river was so rough and timbers pitching and tumbling, that it frightened the first horse so badly that he snorted and floundered and pulled the boat right down even with the wagon, away out in the middle of that wilde river. I was so frightened that it made me feel sick for a few minutes. Thin I thought how the hand of the Lord had been over us on this perilous journey, so I went out a little way from the wagon, where I could not see the horses or the wildly dashing waves. I knelt down and covered my head and prayed earnestly to the Lord to help us cross the river in safely, that we may reach our dear home in Utah, and be permitted to help in the work for the dead, and be permitted to carry on our duty to him. When I arose and went back to the wagon, my son was standing on the other side of the river holding the horse

by the rope, and swinging his hat to me. The two men were going back up stream for the other animals. I did not see them again until they were coming across for the wagon.

The river had calmed down until the floating timber was sliding along without a splash. I had fixed some dinner on the folding table and when the men sat down to eat, the ferryman said, "Do you notice that river? Why I have never seen the river so smooth when the water was high. It is as if oil had been poured on the water. I can not account for it." But I knew why it was so. It remained smooth until we were all safely across for which I gave thanks to my Heavenly Father. They crossed nine times until the high water was over, for the river was rising two feet every twenty four hours. But we were over safely, and went on rejoicing.

When we came to the head of the Sevier River, we found we could not cross that, so we had to go east around Grass Valley. Here we had to leave our teamster for we had reached his home, but we were at home also for we were now in our beloved Utah.

We now turned westward and traveled two days and reached Glenwood on the east side and Sevier River, but as we could not cross it, we stayed here a few days with some friends. We heard that the bridge at Salina, twenty miles below Glenwood would be fixed on a certain day. We loaded our wagon and started for Salina. We did not stop for dinner but drove through the town inquiring the way to the bridge. On learning that men were down there fixing it we went west about a mile when we met a Danish man coming with a load of hay. He stopped and asked, "Vare is you going lady?" He told me if I ever drove in that river, me and my children would all be drowned. I told him if the bridge wasn't fixed we would camp there a day. But as we went, we met the load of men who had been working on the bridge, but were going home early as their boss hadn't come. I asked them if they couldn't help us over. I had heard there was a wagon pulled over yesterday, but I would not have come today if I had not thought it would be fixed. They said it was just a running gear that had been pulled across, and I told them mine was not much more. We would carry the two trunks and bedding across the foot bridge that was two long slim logs thrown across. We could tie the wagon box on and lead the mules across, then tie a long rope to the wagon tongue and tie the mules to it and pull it through.

They all stared at me and one stepped up and said, "Say have you got a man hid up in that wagon?" I said "no you can look." He stepped up and looked in and said, "Who are you anyway and where did you come from?" I said "I am a widow, my name is Harriet Teeples, I am from Pima, Arizona. My husband died a year ago and I am making my way back to my folks in Bear Lake Valley." He said he had a brother in Pima, and told me his name, we had been neighbors. He could hardly believe we had come that long way by team. He called the other men, and they had us all over, carrying the younger children,

trunks, bedding, in just one hour. One man asked if one trunk was filled with gold, it was so heavy. I said no, just a few books. They were real jolly and when I offered to pay them they said no, it would come in their days wages. They were glad to help a widow anyway as they were working for their country. We went on rejoicing and were very thankful.

We went to the house of my husband's cousin and stayed that night. When he saw us coming he threw up his hat and shouted, "Hurrah! for you. How did you get across the river?" I told him and he said, "I don't think you would be that plucky." "Well," I said, "when I make up my mind to do a thing, I generally find a way to do it, if I ask the help of the Lord."

We started on the next day, and as we were driving along a side hill the upper front wheel of the wagon struck a large rock, and the lower one dropped into a hole. It gave such a sudden jolt that it threw my three year old baby girl out over the front wheel onto a sharp rock, and my fourteen year old boy right over her on the ground. It did not hurt the boy seriously, but the baby lay so still that while I got the team stopped and jumped out she had not made a sound. Her brother had lifted her and ran to me with her head drooping and her face covered with blood. I took her in my arms and ran to a little stream and bathed her face in the cool water. I found it had cut a gash through her cheek, and I could see her teeth through it. It had stunned her and she had not yet come to herself. But it had all come so sudden and I had hurried so fast I hardly realized anything only to try and bring her out of her danger. When she opened her eyes and looked at me and began to moan, then I began to shake and tremble and became so weak, I fairly tottered up and laid her on the bedding in the wagon, and fell on my knees and thanked the Lord with all my soul, that he had spared her life. She could not rise her little head again that day, but she was better the next morning and now we had reached our old home at Holden, Utah, July 4<sup>th</sup>. Two of my husband's brother lived there with their families. We stayed with them until the last of August and reached our home at Garden City, Utah on the 17<sup>th</sup> day of September, 1884.

Our people were glad to have us back and we were very glad and thankful to be with them. We lived with Mother for a while then one of our good friends offered me a two - room log house for the winter which we very thankfully accepted. My brothers brought me flour and provisions and one of them lived with us and kept us in wood and etc. We were very comfortable.

At the first Y.L.M.A. conference held there in October 1884, I was very much surprised to hear my name called as secretary of that association, which office I held for nineteen years. I was also called to teach a class in Sunday School which I did for fourteen years.

Also took care of sacrament for three years. I was appointed postmaster in October 1887 and held the position for ten years, then was released.

In 1888, I went to live with Eliza C. Hall, a sister of my father. I took care of her until she died and she gave me her house and half-acre city lot. I lived there twenty years, keeping the post office in my own house, being called on again to take it. In the winter of 1908 my daughter Phebe died and left her family, her husband and six children, and in order to be close to them, I sold my home and built another near them. I still kept the Post Office and in 1915, my house caught fire and burned to the ground while I was away, and destroyed everything I owned except the clothes I had on. The Post office equipment all belonged to me. It with all the office money was destroyed, but the Government did not charge it up to me, as we picked up hands full of melted silver. The people were very good to me, and by donating lumber and work, and with the four hundred dollars insurance I had, they built me a good or better house than the other one. My son-in-law, Edward S. Calder, being a carpenter took charge of it. But the loss of precious things, such as family records and records of Temple work and all my father's and mother's writings and heirlooms, could never be replaced, but through the blessings of our Heavenly Father I lived through it, and am still here.

I with my father, mother, brothers, and sisters have done a great deal of Temple work for the dead. But have been to a great deal of expense getting records and tracing our ancestors back for full three hundred years, which book was burned. Also going through temple records to find just what work had been done. We started working for the dead in 1872, in the old house where in connection with my parents and others could have baptisms and sealings done, but no endowments for the dead were given until Temples were built.

I resigned the Post Office one year ago and was released on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August 1924 and in September I went to Logan and there I worked in the Temple until the last of April, then I returned here to my home in Garden City, Utah. But I hope and pray that I may be able to go again and do more of the work, which I will do if I am permitted to remain in this life and have my health and strength, with which I have always been greatly blessed. I am the mother of eight children, four living and four who have gone before me. I have a posterity of thirty-one living grandchildren and more than fifty great-grandchildren. My children are scattered from British Columbia to California and I have not seen one half of my great-grandchildren but they are all members of the church.

I exhort my dear children and friends to hold fast to this gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and follow its teachings and never do or say anything against the leaders of this church or their teachings.

I was eighty years old October 29, 1924 and I bear my testimony that this is the only true gospel and if we live up to its teachings and keep God's commandments, we will be rewarded for all the good we do.

Submitted by Henrietta Calder Early to the Daughters of the Pioneers of Utah.

## *Postscript To History of Harriet Betsy Cook Teeples*

In 1929 she sold her home in Garden City. Her daughter, Eunice McCann, took her to her home in Sun River, Montana where she received all the care that loving and willing hands could give her for the last four years of her life.

On November 1, 1933 without suffering, she quietly slipped into the great beyond to join her beloved parents, her husband, and five children, who had preceded her, leaving to ever bless her name, three children, thirty grandchildren, and one hundred great grandchildren.

Her noble life will stand as an example in the lives of her descendants for she was a loving mother, and grandmother, a kind and helpful neighbor, charitable and understanding, generous to a fault. She was a strict tithing payer, a true pioneer in every deed, a noble Latter-Day Saint whose faith never wavered.

She was a meek little woman, but sweet indeed,  
A dear good friend to those in need,  
A brave true soul, and one of God's best,  
And we know she has gone to eternal rest.

We'll follow in her footsteps, she's led the way----  
Back again to Eternal Day.  
She'll be there to greet us, our MOTHER true,  
Who has fought a good fight, and so  
bravely came through.