

The Following Is Taken From
The Hand-written Story of Our Mother Cecelia Millard,
Whose Full Name She has Given as Cecelia Sarah Millard,
Who Married Walter L. Grover
1862-1945

[Note by Julie C. Markham: There seems to be two very similar versions of this, both by Cecelia. I have consolidated them. Apparently she was always called Celia – as my own mother didn't know her name was Cecelia. Cecelia was my mother's grandmother.]

A Poem

God gives us life for just a while, to shape, to mold, to beautify,
To meet with courage and a smile,
To trust in him and glorify his name and honor all his ways.
Then calls us, singly and alone
To reap the measure of our days
And bears each upward to his throne.

Matt. 7: Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgement ye judge ye shall be judged; and why consider the mote in thy brother's eye when a beam is in thine own.

Sketches of My Life

I was born June 16, 1862, in Farmington, Davis County, Utah. My father was James Radford Millard, a pioneer of 1853, and my mother Catherine Richards, a pioneer of 1854. I was born the night of the Morrisite War. This was up on the Weber River several miles south of Ogden, between some unruly citizens who had been stealing cattle, and otherwise breaking the laws. The Governor of the Territory had to call soldiers from Fort Douglas to quell the riot. A few of the Morrisites lost their lives. That same night there was a cloudburst over the mountains east of Farmington and all the farms west of the town were covered with water from one side to the other. I remember that whenever they spoke of my birth they mentioned the big flood and the Morrisite War.

There was one son, then two daughters older than I, and my early impressions were that they were a little disappointed in not getting a boy when I was born, as my mother was nearly 40 years old. Their hopes were later realized as on September 3, 1865, when I was three years and four months old a little son was born. I remember the day and how my sister took me early in the morning to some friends of my mother's some distance from our home. Towards late afternoon I wanted to go home and when I got there I was not allowed to go in the room where mother was. I started to cry and a neighbor, Mrs. Jane Hadfield, told my sister to take me to her yellow currant bushes and I could have all the currants I wanted. We had plenty of the black currants but not the yellow ones. Years later that kind neighbor told me how near my mother came to meeting death in giving birth to that little boy.

My parents were both devout workers in the Mormon Church, and taught the principles of that truth to their children.

I was christened Cecelia Sarah Millard. My mother called me Cecilia. My father shortened the name and called me Celia. When I went to school and learned to write I wrote my name Celia S. Millard. That was in the early days in Utah. My first school teacher was James T. Smith. The schoolhouse was a large adobe building, quite close to our home. The seats and desks were all made by the carpenter and were immovable. They were built in tiers on each side of the room. The building faced south and the rows of seats and desks ran north and south, each row of seats one step higher than the one in front. The older pupils had several steps before they got to their desks. There were several isles leading up the steps to the higher desks. All the boys were on the east side and the girls were on the west side. Beginners were on the first and lower row. There was a large desk for the teacher in the north end of the room, and a large drum stove for burning wood in the center of the room, and plenty of large pieces of wood for fuel. All pupils and the teacher were in the same room.

That winter an epidemic of black measles broke out, and one after another left school. They would break out with it right in school and the teacher would wrap them up as best he could and send them home. Several of the pupils never returned. There were fifteen deaths in that little town of Farmington in two weeks. Our teacher's wife died with it also, so school was closed for a while. I did not get the measles until after the postponement of school and was well and able to go when it began again.

I always attended Sunday School and my first teacher was Delia Smith, daughter of Thomas Smith. I well remember the visit of Thom Thumb and Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt and his wife, all of the midgets. Minnie Warren was not 30 inches tall. That was several years before the train came to Utah. I remember when only paper currency was used for money. The 5 cent, 10 cent, 15 cent, 25 cent, 50 cent and \$1.00 and \$2.00 were all in paper. It took 25 cents to buy one spool of thread. It was sold in skeins before the spool came. My playmates were Jane Ann Hadfiels, Ida Leavitt, Rilla Brown, Mamie Lamb, all close neighbors.

I well remember the making of candles which were the only lights the people had until after the train came to Utah. Every bit of tallow was saved for that purpose. They would heat the fat and get every bit out of the tallow to pour into the candle molds, that had been prepared with the string for the wicks, then pour the hot liquid fat in the molds, let it cool, pull them out without breaking. There were molds that would make 12 at a time and mother also had a small one that made only two at a time. After the train came to Utah, coal oil was used for lights and my mother had one of the first coal oil lamps that was used in Farmington. It was a very small lamp but the light was so bright compared to the tallow candles that we would always shield our eyes on coming in from the darkness. They were a great improvement.

One of our neighbors who was a widow had quite an experience. Her son bought her a lamp and a can of coal oil. He lit the lamp and told her to be careful and not have an accident with it. She was so pleased all the time he was home and had him light it every time. It would light so much faster than a candle. The son had to go away for a few days, and when he returned his mother had the candle burning. He asked her where the lamp was, she said, "Out under the bushes in the garden, and the can of oil, too." While he was away she was afraid to light the lamp so she tied a button in a small rag and put a very little of the coal oil in a tin plate, put the rag and button in the plate and

lit it. She had such a flare she threw the plate out and said, "That stuff is too dangerous to have in a house." But in time she used the lamp.

Those Pioneers had to make the most of the soap they used. They saved all the scraps after they rendered the tallow from beef, and also the scraps from the rendering of the lard from pigs, and made soap with lye. They used the homemade soap for all laundry and cleaning purposes.

There were no railroads or telegraph lines to get the news, only the Stage Coaches and Pony Express to bring the news of the East or any other place to Utah. One Sabbath Day as I was in church with my mother, a boy came in, hat in hand, and went to the stand and spoke to Bishop John W. Hess, who arose and said to the people, "The mail coach has just come in, so we will close the meeting as I know you are all anxious to get the mail." I went with my mother and of course the rest of the congregation. The postmaster came out on the porch with the big sack of mail and called the names from all the letters. Mail coming from England and all foreign countries was at least six months old, but how gladly it was received. Quite a few letters I remember were edged in black, so at the distribution of that mail, some was received with joy and some with sorrow. All death notices and letters telling of deaths at that time were edged in black.

Here is another stage coach story: My parents had some very dear friends who lived near the Great Salt Lake west of Farmington. The best way to get there was to go to the main road that went south past the cemetery, and then west on Glover's Lane. We did not have the wagon box on, but had boards on the running gears and quilts to sit on. As we were going past the cemetery the big stage coach came behind us with its four big horses and with a man on the seat by the driver with a gun on his lap. They had to carry guns in those days to protect the U. S. Mail, and also the passengers. When they got right behind, the driver called, "Now for the race."

"Alright come on," Father said, and with that he stood up and waved his hat to the oxen and said, "Go on there Buck, hurry up Brandy." And how those oxen did run! The stage coach could not pass as there were so many rocks on each side of the road, but when we got to Glover's Lane father called, "Gee Buck," and the oxen left the road as quickly as if they had been driven with lines like horses have to guide them. The ladies in the stage coach were screaming for the driver to stop, but when we turned, how loudly they did cheer. It was a thrill. Oxen were trained to know the words, Gee, to turn to the right, and Haw to turn to the left. There were no lines or ropes to guide them. The yoke was on top of their necks and they pulled the loads against their shoulders.

My children have asked me if I remember President Brigham. I do remember him better than I remember my mother, for I was older when he died. My mother died in 1872 when I was ten years old. I was 15 years old when Brigham Young died. I heard him preach and make prophecies. Everyone called President Young, Brother Brigham in those days, and the children in their prayers were taught to ask the Lord to bless Brother Brigham and keep him out of the hands of wicked men. He came often to Farmington, and when the people knew when he was expected, all the young boys would go out on the roads to pick the loose rocks out of the road and paths. He had a carriage, as very few people did at that time, but it was a long, hard ride from Salt Lake to Farmington. He had a very mild disposition and always gave such good council and advice.

The people had so much confidence in him that they went to him for advice for any and all undertakings. If they were undecided where to erect any public building they would ask him and he would visit the towns and could always point out the spot, and that place it would be and every one could see in no time that it was the very best location. It was the same with laying out the towns, making new roads, selecting locations for cemeteries, etc.

I heard him talk at a meeting in Farmington. He was tired, as he had just driven from Salt Lake, and at that time it took several hours with a good team. There was lots of desert land between Salt Lake and Farmington, and very poor roads. After you left the City there were only one or two houses east of the road south of Hot Springs. The Springs were then East of the wagon road, and most every one would get out there to look at the water boil from under the great boulders. There were no more houses until you were right in what is now the center of Bountiful. At the meeting I mentioned he said, "The time will come when the country will be settled and people will be living in nice homes, and the land will be cultivated with trees and flowers and gardens and cultivated farms, until you won't be able to tell where one town ends and another begins, all the way from Salt Lake to Ogden." Everyone could hardly realize it then, as there was a sandy desert between Farmington and Kaysville, and a sandy hill they could hardly get over with a team. Then the other side of Kaysville was the Big Sand Ridge, as it was called. The sand was so deep it took a whole day's drive to go from Kaysville to Riverdale with a load. As late as 1883, after I was married, my husband and I drove over that road and it took us from early morning until after dark to drive from Farmington to Riverdale. The sand was over the horses' fetlocks and half way to the hub of the wagon. Every one would have to walk, and the horses would have to rest and get their breath every few rods. The sand would drift like snow and there were no roads. There were a few dry farms east of the wagon road at that time, but very few, and not a tree for miles. I had a hard time believing what Brother Brigham had said as I was wading over my shoes in sand, but it was a true prophesy, as now you can see the most beautiful homes and trees and flowers all over that great sandy range. When the water was taken from the Weber River and put onto that great sandy land, it soon made the desert blossom as the rose.

Schools, as I have mentioned, were only held in the winter season for the older students, but there was a school for the children in the summer time with usually a woman teacher. Sarah Harrid, Phoebe Holmes Welling and her sister Erma Holmes Welling were my teachers at different times. I was attending school and my teachers were the women in June 1872, when I was 10 years old. My mother was taken very ill and I had to quit school and sit by her bed and fan her as she had such terrible hot flashes that came so often, and waited on her every way I could. I was right with her when she passed away on August 22, 1872. Her friend and neighbor Mrs. Jane Hadfield, who came to Utah in the same company, was at her bedside. The end came so suddenly we did not have time to call all the family in. She went so quickly. She was a very good woman and a faithful worker in the Church. She was very particular that her children were kept clean in body, mind, and appearance. She left a sorrowing husband and five children. I was only 10 years and my brother was 7. My oldest sister Alice, although she was only 15, took the part of mother, and took such good care of all of us. Although I was but 10, I never did forget the good lessons on truthfulness my mother taught, nor the faith in prayer that both of my parents instilled into our minds, and I don't believe sisters anywhere, had a better big brother than John was. (And our little brother Will was such a truthful little boy, everyone loved him). He (John) was a very good

student, and later became a very successful school teacher. He was so kind and helpful in every way. He, I think, helped me as much as school teachers did.

I always attended Sunday School and I was a member of the first Y.L.M.I.A. organized in Farmington, and as near as I can remember, it was in 1875. I was later secretary of that organization for many years. I was a member of the ward choir and was with that organization so many years, and my memory was so keen I knew all of the most familiar hymns which I never do forget. There was a Home Dramatic Club, organized in Farmington by the Bishop, and he selected a lot of names of young people, and some married people. Their names were read from the pulpit Sunday in church. Bishop Hess told them that they were to look on that call as just as important as if they were called on a mission to preach the gospel. He called about 15 names and I was the youngest member of that organization. My brother John was a member also. We were all blessed and set apart for the work. We rehearsed our parts in an amusement hall that the ward had built but not finished. The walls were built, the roof on, and the floor in. We used lumber for seats for our first dramatic performance. "The Gun maker of Moscow" was the name of the play, and a farce "Highwayman's Holiday." My brother had the leading part in the first play. He had a wonderful voice and that first night was a decided success. We all worked very hard and had wonderful success. I was with that organization until we finished the hall, all the plastering done, lots of the best costumes, and the best scenery. We gave performances for the poor and even bought one poor woman a new sewing machine. All the years we worked there we gave our work for charity. We had the best Dramatic Association in the county. We had been blessed. I became so good I took many of the leading parts and was very successful at that kind of work.

Soon after mother died, my father bought a new Howe Sewing Machine, and my sister Alice made all our clothes. Elias Howe was the inventor of the sewing machine. There were other makes of sewing machines, but that Howe we had was the noisiest.

The first Primary Association was organized by Aurelia Rogers in Farmington, August 11, 1878. Aurelia Rogers was our neighbor and I helped her with the children in getting up entertainments of acting dialogues and songs, etc. to raise funds to buy books and help buy instruments for the fife and drum band for the boys of the primary. It was a success. I helped her for several years. When the Primary of the Davis Stake was organized, Aurelia Rogers was taken from being the first president of the first Primary ever organized and made President of the Davis Stake Primary. She asked me to be Stake Chorister but I declined. I could help in Farmington, but I did not know enough about music to be the chorister of the Stake.

There was lots of work to do at home. We had a large orchard and farm and several sows and chickens. Life has always been a hurried one for me, but I enjoyed life. My sister Alice was married. It was when polygamy was being practiced in Utah. She married into that and did not live long, as she passed away when her first baby was three weeks old. I missed her like as if she had been my mother. The little babe also passed away. It was a sad ending for a beautiful young woman. She named the baby after dear brother John. She called for every one of us, and just before she passed away John came in and with her last strength she partly raised and put her arms around his neck and said: "Here is a brother that never spoke a cross word to me in his life." I think that is about the most wonderful words that any sister could say of a brother. They were

two wonderful people.

My brother John married Katurah Haight. He was a school teacher in South Farmington for several years. When Horten Haight was called to colonize and preside over all church affairs in Cassia County, Idaho, he got many of the young men of Farmington to go out with him. He had a large family that all went out into that desolate land to live and never returned to Farmington to live again. Among the young men that President Haight asked to go and who went with him were: John J. Millard and his wife Katurah Haight Millard, Hyrum Clark, wife and baby, Walter L. Grover, Loren Robinson, wife Sarah Richards Robinson and baby, Harper Rudd, wife and baby, James Burnett and Family, John Barnett and wife, Alma Jeffs, and John Jeffs and others.

On January 18, 1883, Walter L. Grover and Cecelia Millard were married in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. In March the same year, we moved in a covered wagon to Idaho. It took nine days to make that trip. We spent that summer and the next winter in Oakley where on January 8, 1884, our first child, a son George was born. The following summer we built a log house 15 miles from Oakley where Walter and several of the young men from Farmington had filed on government land. We always went to church whenever possible, driving through the dust 15 miles to Oakley. That was a large valley, and very dry and windy. The dust was almost the color of ashes and the horses would be covered with it by the time we got there and one could not tell whether their color was bay or gray for dust.

On June 21, 1885, another son Leslie was born.

In October our little son George was taken very ill. He had cholera infantum that went into brain fever. He was ill so long and we lived so far from any help at all. The young baby was so good that when I picked him up to nurse him he would want to play and many times I would have to put him down again, although it would be his time for feeding. That baby learned to take his feeding as soon as offered. I was alone a lot as Walter had to take every bit of work he could to provide for us. He did canyon work, getting lots for lumber and exchanging for anything that we could use. We could not raise anything there without water, and that we could not get. We had always had faith in prayer, and I am sure our Heavenly Father answered our prayers as the little boy got well.

On one of those trips to the canyon, I had one of the most exciting times in my life. I wrote it down and here it is:

We lived in a lonely place in Idaho, fifteen miles from the nearest town and our nearest neighbor half a mile away. One night I was alone with my two babies, Walter having gone to the canyon for timber early in the morning. He was usually home by sundown, but this day he was not. I watched until it was dark, and I could no longer see the mountains and I became nervous for fear some ill had befallen him. I left the children in bed and ran near enough to call our neighbor's boy and had him get on a horse and go to the canyon to see if he could find what the trouble was. Another family lived two miles away and I was in hopes that this neighbor had gone with my husband, but there was no way of finding out unless I went there, which was out of the question at that time of night. I ran home again, looked at the babies to see they were all right and asleep. I had left the

dog to watch them. I blew out the lamp and sat on the front step to resume my watching and listening. There was not a sound whatever except the dismal wailing, sometimes near and sometimes far, of a lonesome coyote, every few minutes.

What was that?! A knock at the back door. I waited. There it was again. My heart leaped in my throat until I could scarcely breathe. Another knock, and still another, louder this time. It couldn't be human. No one could possibly have reached the house by the road, as I was facing it, and anyone on foot would have roused the dog who was sleeping inside of the house. Another! I could stand it no longer. I stood up, my knees shaking under me and I crept softly through the house. Any other time I would have reached for the gun, but I was certain a gun would be of no use. This rapping was coming from something supernatural. I waited, unable to take another step for a moment.

It was all darkness inside. The knocking was becoming more insistent. What should I do? With one last effort I reached for the matches and struck one. My heart almost stopped. There was not a thing to be seen. The dog was lying peacefully at the back door. He had heard nothing. This frightful rap, rap, rap, was meant for me only. The match burned out and I was left in darkness. Again that knocking! With shaking fingers I struck another match. Little stifled screams died in my throat. There was nothing there. The dog raised questioning eyes to my face. He could be of no help here. I felt my knees give way and my heart pound in my ears. Another rap! I glanced down. It was that confounded dog scratching his neck, and with every scratch his leg bone rapped on the door as perfectly as anyone could rap. I dropped down beside him and after a few tears of relief sat again on the front step.

I watched alone until after 2:00 a.m. when Walter came home safely with a big load of logs. The neighbor two miles away had gone with him and his wagon had broken down as they were crossing a stream coming down the canyon. The boy I sent up after them took another road and looked all night for them and did not get home until morning. There were so many things that occurred on that lonely spot in Idaho that I will tell some of the incidents in story form.

I was alone with my two babies so much of the time, although I had a cow to milk and her calf to feed, and some chickens and a couple of pigs in a pen. The jackrabbits were so thick they would come so near the house I could shoot them from the door. Then I would throw them into the pigs and they enjoyed the meal.

We were always so glad when some of our friends came to see us. One late afternoon a couple of our girlhood and boyhood friends came to see us. They lived over the mountain on Cassia Creek. My husband was away, working down near the Snake River. This friend was going there to work and his wife was going to stop with me. He rested and fed his team and left our place just before dark to be ready to work in the morning. After visiting for some time we went to bed. We had dropped into a tired slumber when we were suddenly aroused by a man's big gruff voice calling: "Let me in, Let me in, or I'll kick the door in."

I called, "Wait just a second." I jumped out of bed and grabbed the gun. I knew it was loaded as I always kept it that way. I then called to the man, "Now break in if you dare and I'll blow your

head off.”

When my friend on the bed realized I had the gun, she was almost in hysteria, she was so afraid of a gun. When he heard her scream, he laughed, and I recognized it was her husband. I opened the door and told him I should hit him over the head with the gun anyway. When he did see me with the loaded gun, he almost fainted. All around it was a very exciting time. He said he thought I was just trying to run a bluff about the gun, but said he would never do that trick again. It could have been very serious. He had driven for miles and could not find the camp in the darkness, so returned to our home. A brother-in-law of this man gave me an automatic pistol, a six-shooter. He said that would be so much easier to use than a gun. But I never had occasion to use it and did not even buy ammunition for it.

I remember one day I got so lonesome I took the children to see the neighbor two miles away. I carried the baby and held the older one's hand. There was no road, and short sagebrush all the way. The little boy got tired so I laid the baby down, carried the older one some distance, put him by one of the larger sagebrushes and went back after the baby. So I walked almost four miles instead of two. I never tried that again.

My husband had never done any sheep shearing until we were out there, but he became very good at it, and when the babies were older, I cooked one season for the shearers. I got a young girl to help care for the children and it was up in the canyon so we all quite enjoyed it. It was a lot of work. I cooked for 35 men for two weeks, and a nice mutton was killed every night. I cooked either in roasts, fries, or stews, one whole mutton or lamb every day besides all the other food that went with it. . . .bread, cakes, pies, puddings, etc.

Our only change from the solitary life there on Willow Creek was when my husband was home. We always tried to go to Oakley to Church on Sunday, and that was a drive of 15 miles. If we wanted to go to a dance any nearer than that we went to Star's Ferry on the Snake River which was seven miles away. These trips were always in a wagon. There were no light wagons or carriages in that whole country at that time. We lived on the land as long as the law required and proved up on it, and moved east of the mountain to Elba, Idaho, on the Cassia Creek. My husband cut logs in the canyon, hauled them to the sawmill and had them made into lumber. He took that over to begin our home there. We then moved to the land and took the wagon box off, set it on the ground, put the bows and cover on and that made our bedroom. We took our stove with us and I cooked right out in the sun. It took only a few days to build one lumber room, so we could eat inside.

My nearest neighbor there was almost a mile away. I was alone there most of the time as my husband went to the canyon every day except Sunday to get logs for building. We moved there in August 1887 and before winter, he built two large rooms in front of the lumber room, and a large stable to hold the horses and cows, also sheltered pens for the pigs and a coop for the chickens. There was a dairy about one mile west of our home, and until we got our fences and sheds built, we let the dairyman take our cows and we got milk and butter from there. They made very nice cheese and they taught me how to make it. The next summer I made several nice cheeses. Although being alone so much, life was much better in Elba than in Goose Creek Valley.

Everyone had nice gardens and lots of small fruit and apples were raised there. Everyone mostly had stock, so we could buy fresh meat once or twice a week during the summer and any time in the winter. There was such a fine lot of people that lived in Elba, who have remained our friends throughout our lives.

There was a small spring of water close by where we built our house and my husband dug it about eight or ten feet deep and put smoother rocks in the bottom and then walled it to the top with rock. It filled to the top and a stream ran out from the lower side. We had plenty of water for a nice garden. The water was so nice and clear.

The climate at Elba in the Cassia, Creek Valley was so very much different from just over the mountain of the Goose Creek Valley. Here there was more snow and the blizzards were awful. The snow would drift until it would cover all the fences, and pile up by buildings almost as high as the buildings. Our home was on a sloping hill and one morning after a new snow storm, I put the little boys up in the front windows, and told them I would show them how I used to roll big snow balls. I would not have believed this if I had not tried it myself. I could no more make a snowball, large or small out of the snow, than if I had tried to make it out of dry flour. I went into the house and got warm water, and sprinkled the snow, then cold water and did the same, but it could not be done. The snow was so dry, as the wind was always blowing when it was snowing. I have seen a tub full of snow blow through the keyhole of a door, when the blizzard came in the night and the key was out of the door.

On April 22, 1888, our first daughter, Mary, was born. A midwife, Mrs. Hardy, had come from Willard, Utah, to wait on her daughter, Mrs. Robert Parish, and we were fortunate in getting her to help me through that confinement.

It had been a long winter and so much snow, I did not get even to church as the snow drifts were so deep that the only way my husband could go was on horseback. He was the president of the YMMIA and a very successful one, too. The summers were pleasant in Elba and not as much dust as in the other valley. Every Sunday in church the bishop would give out notice who would kill a beef, and we could go there and buy it. Most of the old settlers had cattle and each would take his turn in killing the beef. Then they would not owe anyone when the summer was gone--just exchange. All that did not have any to kill would buy. For a pioneer country that was a perfect plan. Another winter came. We built a big bobsled so we could go to church, also any entertainments in the ward.

In the summer of 1889 another baby was expected. There was no one there to take care of me and my father asked me to come to Farmington, and on Sept. 24, 1889, another daughter Alice was born. Just as soon as I was able, we went again on that long trip out to Idaho. With the two babies and the two little boys, it made quite a hard trip. The little girl Mary, had been ill most of the time I was in Farmington, but when we started on that trip she began to improve. It was early in November and when we got to Blind Springs in the mountains, a deep snow of 18 inches fell in one night. We always rented a room at every camping place, and sheds or barn for the horses. there were several families camping there, and we could not go through until the roads were opened, so all the travelers went back, over 26 miles to Brigham City. We found a good place to

stop and were there several days when word came the road was opened. We were all glad to get back to our home. That winter was the coldest winter of my entire life. The mercury was 34 degrees below zero for one week, night and day. We got along all right. We had lots of mahogany wood, which is the best there is, but even with the stove red hot all the time, it was hard to keep warm. That next summer we rented a large farm in Clyde Valley Canyon, a few miles from our home. We raised quite a lot of grain and hay. There were lots of wild berries and while my husband was working I gathered berries. The wild gooseberries were very nice dried. We never had enough land where we had built to raise much only a garden. My husband took a trip up on the Snake River to see if we could get more land with water, but could not.

Another summer gone and on February 27, 1891, another son James Millard was born. There was an awful epidemic of influenza in Elba, and most every family was down. I was the last one to get it in our family. Walter and the four children were improving and able to be up. I was expecting another baby and when I started to cough and the fever raging, it brought on labor and I was very bad. We sent for the best help there was in Elba, and my good neighbor, Nettie Parish, came and said her family could get along and she was going to stop with me until I was well and strong again. After about 12 hours of intense suffering, our fifth child, a son was born and was Christened James Millard Grover. The epidemic of flu got worse and worse. The Parish family were all down, so our good friend had to leave. Then we got another woman and she also said she was glad to come and help us. She brought her baby with her. Then her husband took sick, and she had to leave. Then Mrs. Ann Perry came. She also promised to stop with us. She, like the others, stopped as long as she could. Mrs. Perry's sister Laura Hadfield's little boy died and she had to go to her. They were all such good women and so kind. All of us just loved them. School had been dismissed on account of the flu, so we got a school teacher, Silvia Beecher, and she was with us until I got well enough to do my work.

We had quite a lot of chickens and the hens laid eggs all winter, regardless of the blizzards. We had cows and made plenty of milk and butter, and when the summer came, I made several nice cheeses--full of cream cheese. We had pigs and plenty of potatoes, more than we could use. We cooked them out on a fire in large cans for the pigs. One day the little boys were putting wood in the fire, and Alice got too near and it caught on her dress. The little boys, George and Leslie just worked like little beavers and put the fire out, but not until it had burned the front of her dress and apron completely off. She had on a little wool petticoat or she would have been severely burned. As it was, she never had a burn on her, but the little boys' hands had some burns.

That summer the big canals were being built to take water from the Bear River for the Bear River Valley in Box Elder County, Utah. We had the chance to buy 80 acres of land that would come under the canal in time. We made preparations to leave Elba and all of our good friends. In November 1891 we left Idaho for Utah. The same boy, Jake Bigler, who went with us on our first trip to Idaho, drove one of the teams to help us move back to Utah. We found that it was too late to build, so we stored our furniture in a building that belonged to a cousin and went to Farmington and lived in the home Walter had built for his mother when he was a boy. We stopped there until spring and then Walter went back to Bear River and built the house. One large room, then came and got us. He then went back to Elba, as we had left all of our animals there for the winter. He sold our home and took cows and horses as pay. We were well fixed for good cows

and plenty of good horses. He also brought our chickens and a nice pig that made nice meat for us. But we were on a dry farm, covered with giant sagebrush. That all had to be cleaned off and the land plowed before we could raise anything. It took lots of feed for horses. There was no money in Utah as well as in Idaho, so we sold one cow after another to buy feed. Walter would go shearing sheep through June and was one of the best shearers in the valley. The spring of 1893 we had 50 or 60 acres of grain and looked forward to a bounteous harvest, but on the night of June 16, a heavy frost came and froze every bit of it.

When we first got to the Bear River Valley there was no store at Collinston, but there was one at Deweyville, and to get there we had to ford the big river, and it would take a whole day if we went to a bridge. I was alone, and I had forded the river when my husband drove the team. He said I could do it as well as he. But the feeling is not at all the same. I set the children in the bottom part on each side of the wagon box and told them to hold tight and not let loose for an instant. The west side of the river was not bad, as it had been an old ford, so we could drive in fine. Then I had to drive to the center of the river and run down stream, and drive where the ripples were, as that was the highest ground. I had to drive in the center of the river for quite some distance, then turn to the east bank which was always being washed until the bank was almost as high as the front wheels of the wagon. The horses would have to jump to get over it. Then on our return the horses would have to jump down into the water. I would put the brake on as far as I could hold it back, but we would go down with a splash, then go again to the center of the river until we came to the ford road. Getting out on that side was easy. That is one part of my life I feel I could never have the courage to do again. On both sides of that river the holes were so deep it would have gone over the horses and wagon. Sometimes it was so deep it would raise the wagon box almost over the stakes. To say I always prayed when I had to do that does not tell half of it--one breath a prayer and the next, "Hold tight!" to the children.

Just above the ford and a short distance from our home was quite a camping ground for the Indians. I never did get over my fear of Indians since I was a child. Sometimes a lot of the Washakee Indians would camp there. I could distinguish that tribe from the others, and they were always friendly. When they were there I would walk over with the children and watch them. I remember how they cooked their bread. The squaw made a dough of white flour. I guess she put baking powder into the flour as the cakes were nice and light. She made a flat cake on a flat rock, then got hot coals and covered them quite deeply with ashes. Then she put the cake on and covered it with ashes and then hot coals. After some time she took the cake in her hands and with a short stick kept hitting the cake on one side and then on the other until it was just as nice and clean as if it had been baked in an oven. The Indians always did beg, and we always would share our food with them.

One day when the little boys took the horses to the river to get a drink, they said there was a band of large Indians on the Ford Camp. I did not worry as those strange tribes did not beg as much as the Washakees did. The children and I were all in the house when a very tall Indian came to the door. He looked around the house and saw that we were alone. Then he began to ask for things. He asked for sugar and bread and so many things. Then he turned and looked me right in the face and I could see by his eyes, that were just the color of blood, that he must have been drinking. He became so impudent that I became frightened, and as he reached at me as if he was going to grab

me, I jumped ahead of him and ran to the back door and called to the top of my voice, "Walter, come in quick." With that he just ran to the front door and away to the camp as fast as he could go. The children asked me why I called when I knew their father was not there. I could see murder in those drunken eyes and I knew something had to be done. My husband was miles away at the time, so I guess I was prompted to do as I did. I think the Indian had watched and did not see a man around so believed we were alone, which was the case, but wit or whatever one may call it, surely saved us from a drunken Indian. I had always heard that whiskey made Indians crazy and I believe it.

All the time that my husband was home, he and the little boys were working hard to get the sagebrush cleared from our land. We did not have water for the land, but dry farm grain grew and matured in that valley. All water for household purposes had to be hauled from the river, but we lived close enough to the river that all the horses and cattle could be driven to the river to drink. When the children and I were alone, we had to get the water in a little express wagon in five-gallon cans. An old mare pulled the wagon as it was a very steep hill from the river. We would tie the wagon to the old mare's tail with a rope. It was fun. The knot in the mare's tail never did come out.

My husband and John Larson Sr. were instrumental in getting a school house built not far from our home. I had always had the children study, and when the school was started with Miss Lena Larson, a graduate of the Utah Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, our two boys George and Leslie, went into the third grade, their first school. We were living in the Bear River City School District. We were now anxious to have a Sunday School for our children. Rudgar Clawson, president of the Box Elder Stake, and others came up and organized a branch. President Clawson gave it the name of the Sunset Branch of the Bear River Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and Walter L. Grover was set apart as the Branch President. They then organized a Sunday School and a YMMIA and YWMIA associations. I was one of the teachers in the Sunday School and an officer in the Mutual. Some of the people had to come a long way but we were very successful and our branch grew in numbers and we had lots of nice socials and dances.

In December 1894 our son Leslie drove the horses to the river to drink and one of the horses kicked at the pony he was riding and it struck Leslie on the leg and broke it. It fractured the shin bone just below the knee. He did not walk all winter and it was so very painful and so long knitting together.

We had all worked so hard to get our land cleared and now we had it most all into grain. The spring of 1895 was beautiful. We had 75 acres of wheat and everyone said it would go 30 or 35 bushels to the acre. But on June 16, we got up and found it all frozen. What a loss to us as well as so many other farmers, and we all needed it so much.

On June 30, 1895, I gave birth to another son, Thomas Odell. With his birth was the first time I had ever had any help that knew enough to give a little ether or chloroform to ease the pain of childbirth. He was our sixth child. It was a wonder to me.

Our children all had very good voices, and I taught them so many songs that they were on every program, not only in our ward but in the adjoining wards. The oldest son George had a very leading voice and Leslie sang alto. Mary sang alto and Alice the lead. Also they could all recite well.

Leslie had wanted a violin all his life. When he was so very small, before we left Idaho, he would say whenever he saw anyone play the violin, "I could play just like that if I had one." When he was about ten years old his father went to Logan and bought a small violin. It was all unstrung, and also the bow. He went into another room for just a few minutes and when he came out, he was so pleased he had fixed it up perfectly and tuned it. He looked at me and said, "Mamma, what tune shall I play?"

I said, "Play Home, Sweet Home," which he did without one mistake. He then played every tune the children asked him just as perfectly. Now I am sure he could have done that much earlier in life. He was a born musician and must have known that before he came to this earth.

Our growing Branch had outgrown its small beginning. There had been a large schoolhouse built on the west side of the Malad River so we all went over there for our Sunday School and Mutual meetings. We had made arrangements to move over to Logan where our children could have better schools. President Rudgar Clawson with his counselors came up and organized us into a ward. My husband told him of our plans to move away, but he organized the ward and ordained W.L. Grover a High Priest and set him apart as the Bishop of the Garland Ward. W. L. Grover selected the name of "Garland" for the west side. He chose David E. Manning and Frank Welling as his counselors. Julia Bingham was chosen as President of the Relief Society and she chose me as her first counselor and Margaret W. Manning as second -counselor. That organization was on Nov. 15, 1889, and the next May 10, 1899, another son, Leland Raleigh, was born.

It was so far to go to all the meetings from where we lived that instead of going to Logan we built a new home with plenty of room for our growing family. We sold our home in East Garland and as soon as our new home was done we moved over there. We had just gotten settled when the whole population surprised us in a "home-coming" party. We all had a nice time and a good welcome to live in the new Garland. There was no store of any kind there, so we erected a building and opened a general merchandise store. The place was growing fast and as the land was suitable for the raising of sugar beets, the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company built a large sugar factory there. On November 21, 1900, another son Preston LeGrand was born. There was no doctor or midwife there, so again my father asked me to come to Farmington. I came back to Garland with him when he was only three weeks old.

Our children wanted an education and when they passed the eighth grade, had to go away to school. George went to Logan to the Brigham Young College. Later Leslie went to the Latter-Day Saints University in Salt Lake City, and then Mary went to Logan to the BYC, then to Henager's Business College in Salt Lake City.

In the summer of 1902 we took a trip to Idaho to see our old friends in Elba and my brother and his family in Oakley, Idaho. We had a good team and a white top buggy. George and Mary and

the two little boys Leland and Preston went with us. We went on to Shoshone Falls. It was a grand sight. We had not been out in that country since we left there so many years ago. Before we left we got an old lady, Mrs. Isaacson, to stay with the children. We fell in love with her and she did with us. We had her so much with us that our children always called her grandma, and the younger ones thought she really was their grandma. She came to visit with us so many times after that.

In 1905 our son George was married to Mary Vilate Clayton. We called her Mamie or Mame. They went to live in Ogden, Utah but spent the Christmas holidays with us. On Christmas morning the children were calling Merry Christmas from one to the other when our son Preston, who had not remembered the Christmas before, called to the top of his voice, "Mary Christmas and Mayme Christmas!" He thought they were all saying it to his sister Mary and not remembering his new sister.

The next summer we built a new home in town. We had lawns, trees and so many raspberries and a nice orchard all planted by ourselves, also good stables and a granary. We moved into our new home in July 1906. I had been very ill and was not able to move. We sold to John Shumway, so he and his wife and little child and we, all lived in the same home for several weeks. We moved into our new home in July and in August we again took a trip in the white top buggy. This time we took our son Leslie and our daughter Alice and Millard and the two little boys. We went to Yellowstone Park and had a wonderful time. We visited many of the Grover families at Rigby, Idaho and Sugar City, Idaho, and also at Parker and St. Anthony. We got back on the 3rd of September. Our son George and his wife stopped at our home while we were gone. She was expecting a baby and on September 14, 1906, our first grandson, Wayne Clayton Grover, was born in our home.

My husband was still Bishop of Garland. Our children were all working in the Church and also at good work. George was a bookkeeper for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, Leslie worked in the store we owned and at his music, Mary was working in the Garland Bank, and Alice was working in our store and at home, too. On September 10, 1907, I gave birth to our ninth child, a little girl we named Edna Kathryn. I had always been so thankful and satisfied with our children, but now I was more than happy to get a baby girl. It was sweet music to me just to hear her breathe. I don't think there could be greater joy in this world than a mother gets knowing she has given birth to a perfect child, after going through the agonizing pains it takes to bring a child into the world.

Ever since the ward had been organized, I had been a mutual worker in the Relief Society and a Sunday School teacher and always tried to attend Mutual. As soon as I was able to be up, our daughter Alice, who had always been such help to me in the home, went to Logan to attend the BYC. She was late in starting but she was a good student and studied very hard. Our son George was in England on a mission, and before that year's schooling was out we had to have Alice leave school and come to keep books in the store. She was one of the best bookkeepers although not having a full year of school. Our children all loved school and were good students. Our son Leslie was married and living in Montana. George and his wife lived in Garland. Our home was always open to the young people and we held lots of nice socials for them. I was a member of the Ladies Self Culture Club and we did so many nice things in that club for the benefit of the town. We gave

a silver cup for several years for the best kept home surroundings, including grass, flowers and trees. That made every one try to keep their home surroundings as neat and beautiful as they could. The club also gave an honor card and \$10.00 to the three students getting the highest mark in the eighth grade in school, as that was as far as they could go in the grade schools in Garland. That encouraged many of the boys and girls to go to get a higher education. Three of our youngest boys won the scholarship (as we called it) from the eighth grade: Odell the first year, then Leland several years later, then Preston the year after, as those two younger boys ages were only one and a half years apart.

A new Stake was organized in Garland, taking part from the Box Elder Stake and part from the Malad Stake, and was named the Bear River Stake. Walter had been presiding Elder and Bishop for fifteen years, so he asked to be released. They released him as Bishop and he was made a member of the First High Council of the Bear River Stake. I was taken from the Ward Relief Society and made First Counselor of the YMMIA of the stake. Mrs. Rose B. Vanfleet was the President. While she was President, and I was her first counselor, she was very busy raising her family. She gave birth to three children in about five years. She was a wonderful president, but the main part of the work fell to me. When she asked to be released, Milton H. Welling, the President of the Stake and his Counselors Joseph Jensen and Peter M. Hansen, asked me to take over the Presidency. I declined as I felt like it would be more than I could do as our two older daughters had just recently married: Mary on August 21, 1912 to Dr. Thomas W. Innes and Alice to Jacob Jensen of Salt Lake City on September 25, 1912. And with all my family I was afraid I could not leave home as much as it would require. Mrs. Lavon G. Smith was made President and I was retained as Counselor.

I must tell a little more about our home life. Our children were musical as well as studious. Our son Leslie was a good violinist, and Mary was good on the piano. Leslie had so many friends that were musicians, most of them from Montana, and we had so many home musical entertainments, and our friends as well as ourselves enjoyed them so much.

We had always entertained so many people, just for kindness. A bishop in a country town has to keep a free hotel. Of course all the church authorities that came stopped with us. That was before the days of automobiles and they came on the train and we had to meet them. We had a big white top buggy and if they drove we had to take care of their teams. We entertained most of the General Authorities of the Church at that time. All transients thought they could stop at the Bishop's home and they did. Our family was almost never alone. At one time when Francis M. Lyman was with us, he called from his room when he heard me in the kitchen, and said, "Sister Grover, what have you got for breakfast?" I asked what he would like. His answer was, "It doesn't make so much difference what it is, if you only cook enough. So double up on all you are cooking."

I said, "Brother Lyman, I have cooked for our large family a long time and I don't think I will have to double up, and I am sure you will have plenty."

After breakfast he leaned back in his chair and said, "Well, that was a good breakfast, and if I had no more until tomorrow morning I could get along." He was ready at lunch time for more. He

was surely a hearty eater, but we always liked Brother Lyman. We also entertained David O. McKay, Orson F. Whitney, Charles H. Hart, Rudger Clawson, and many, many others. People said we kept a free hotel, but we always enjoyed making other people happy, and I think that is why we are happy.

In 1914 we made preparations to move to Salt Lake City where our younger four sons could attend high school and the University of Utah. We had to sell our home and store and all of the goods to pay our obligations to the wholesale houses and we paid every debt we owed, when we could have taken advantage of the bankrupt law. We did not do that. We did not want to be that dishonest. We had helped so many poor people and also so many unworthy people to a living that we had \$6,000 on our books and we never got a cent of it. It is hard for a Bishop to be a merchant. During an epidemic of typhoid fever we sent for nurses for some of those people. Some died and we furnished cloth for the burial clothes, and sent for caskets, and all of that was never paid. This all happened during the building of the sugar factory which brought in so many transient people there that had to be taken care of. A moving population was how we lost our money. Before we moved from Garland, the people of the Garland Ward gave us some nice parties, and at a farewell social we were presented with a nice gift. Each committee member chosen to select the gift told me that all of the committee kept looking around but James Jensen and he said, "I won't move from the diamond, as Sister Grover had done more to comfort and cheer the people of this ward than anyone I know." He was quite a near neighbor and he had seen me go over and decorate the old amusement hall for every funeral that was held there. I was glad to hear those words. In three months after we left Garland, James Jensen passed away very suddenly. We went to his funeral. There were lots of good friends we had in Garland, and I don't know of any enemies, for I don't think we had any.

In Salt Lake City we made arrangements to take care of a small apartment house with six or eight apartments. I took care of that and Walter worked at clerking, and in the summer buying and shipping grain. The boys worked Saturdays and we were all happy in Salt Lake.

In 1916 we moved out on a big ranch on the Promontory. One son, James Millard, went to Pocatello to work, and Thomas Odell went to Garland as a stenographer for the Sugar Company. We shipped our piano so the two boys Leland and Preston and the little girl Edna, could practice. We got a lot of grain in and then went back to Salt Lake for the children to go to school. In 1917 World War I broke out and Millard enlisted in Pocatello and came to Salt Lake before leaving. Odell had married Irene Phelps of Garland, October 17, 1917, and they went to live in Ely, Nevada. When he learned that Millard had enlisted in the Aviation Branch of the Signal Corps, he quit his job with the Consolidated Copper mines Company at Kimberly, Nevada, and came to Salt Lake and enlisted in the Signal Corps. They both left the United States soon and remained in France until the war was over.

Now as I write this on March 16, 1944, there is another world war so much worse than the first one, raging all over the world. Most of the young men over eighteen years and under thirty-eight are in the army and millions are overseas. We have eight grandsons and grandsons-in-law in the service and our youngest son, Preston is a war correspondent now in India and China. He has been to most of the warring nations. This war is terrible.

Well, now back to 1917. In the spring Walter hired a boy to go with him out to the ranch and I remained here in Salt Lake with Leland and Preston and Edna until school was out. Then we all went out to the Promontory ranch and stopped that summer, the next winter, and all of the next summer. That was a hard lonesome life. Our nearest neighbors were three miles away. We did very well and raised some sheep and pigs and lots of grain and alfalfa seed which we sold and leased the land and left there to give our boys a better chance with their education. Odell and his wife and little son moved to Salt Lake. James M. was married to Hulda Feragen on March 7, 1923. He went to work for the Columbia Steel Company with offices there in Salt Lake, as a mechanical draftsman and is still working for them with offices and mills in Provo, Utah.

In 1928, we quit the apartment house business and bought our home we are now living in at 956 California Avenue, Salt Lake City. It is located in the Cannon Ward of the LDS Church. As soon as I arrived here I was chosen as First Counselor in the Primary Association with Nellie Hailes as President. I worked in the Primary as her Counselor for three years when she had to resign. Brother Hansen, a Counselor to Bishop Davey came and asked me if I would take the Presidency of the Primary Association.

Obituary of Cecilia M. Grover

Salt Lake Telegram, Wed. Dec. 12, 1945

Cecilia M. Grover, 83 956 California Ave. died Tuesday, Dec. 11 th at 2:30 p.m. at the home of her daughter Mrs. George (Edna) Baddley, of a heart ailment.

Mrs. Grover was born in Farmington, June 16, 1862, a daughter of James R. and Kathryn Millard, early Mormon pioneers.

She was married to Walter L. Grover Jan. 18, 1883, in the Salt Lake LDS Endowment House. They lived at Oakley, Ida. later moving to Garland, Utah and for the last 31 years lived in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Grover was an officer in the Relief Society in Cannon Ward. Her church activities included the writing of several historical and genealogical works.

Survivors include her husband, a sister Mary M Robinson, Salt Lake City, eight sons and daughters, George F. Grover, Dr. L.R. Grover, Mrs Mary G. Innes and Mrs. George Baddley, Salt Lake City, Leslie Grover, Billings, Montana, James M. Grover, Provo, Thomas O. Grover, Washington, D.C. and Preston Grover war correspondent, Bombay, India: 22 grandchildren and 18 Great grandchildren (a daughter Alice preceded her in death.)