

Chapter Eleven



HOMESPUN LOVE



The following was written by Martha Ann's grandson, Richard P. Harris in 1924 and published in the *Relief Society Magazine*:

Then romance came along, with all its hopes and fears and joys. Although dressed in "homespun and handmade," it was romance just the same. William Jasper Harris "beheld the maiden that she was fair to look upon," and promptly lost his heart. This was a very serious condition for any young man to be in, but it did not result fatally in this instance. For Martha, being wise with the wisdom of woman, perceived the difficulty and because she loved this young man very much she promptly gave him her heart to take the place of the one he had lost. He was so grateful for this that he offered her the job of darning his socks for life.

In the midst of all her plans a call came for William to go on a mission to England, so they marked all their plans, "When he comes back," and started work on a new set of plans to occupy the time until then.

Three days before time to leave, while William hitched up his team and wagon and went to the Endowment House to be set apart for the mission, Martha helped his mother, Mrs. Emily Harris Smoot, in the work of preparing things for his journey: heavy hand-knitted socks, brown home-spun clothes, provisions and bedding. While receiving his instructions at the Endowment House, William was asked [by Brigham Young] if he had a sweetheart. He said he had, and was told, "Go and get her right now and be married."

Early in the afternoon Martha was startled to see William drive up to the house



The Calico Maid

Martha Ann dressed in a calico dress and sunbonnet to attend her wedding. (Courtesy Friend, illustrated by Carolyn Vibbert)

and come in. He soon told her why he was back so early and said, "Get your sunbonnet, Martha, and come on."

Martha turned to William's mother and asked, "What shall I do! What shall I do?"

"Law me, honey," said Mrs. Smoot, "put on the calico dress and go on."

So Martha, dressed in a calico dress and sunbonnet, climbed into the wagon and went to the house of the Lord to be married. Ah, but there was a good-looking couple: both tall and straight, strong and healthy from hard work and outdoor life; he, a handsome young man of 21, with blue eyes and light wavy hair and she

"sweet sixteen," "the calico maid," with blue eyes and golden braids.

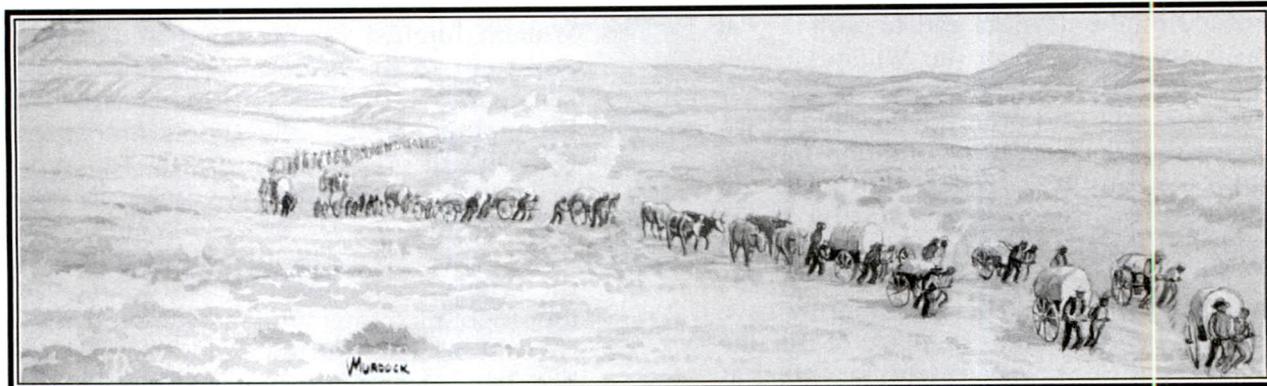
Their only honeymoon journey was the ride back to the farm. The mother had not been idle while they were gone, and she had a fine wedding supper for them; but the young bride was so excited with the thrilling experience and the suddenness of it all that she could not eat any of it. The other girls of the neighborhood heard about it and came in that night to congratulate the newlyweds and have some fun over the event.

In 1962, Josephine Robinson Harris, daughter-in-law of Martha, wrote:

A small table was the only wedding present Martha Ann received. It was given her by Mary Jane Thompson. Mary Jane's mother, Mercy R. Fielding Thompson and Mary Fielding Smith were sisters. Martha Ann cherished the table and about 1918 gave it to me, stating at the time, "I know you will appreciate it and take care of it."

Richard P. Harris continues:

After two more days of hurry and preparation, the missionary [William Jasper Harris] left with a company of 70 to cross the plains on his way to England. On this trip it was not the covered wagon, but the covered pushcart. Two missionaries had one cart for both of them. William and his companion had a fine handcart with red wheels and four little bows with a piece of canvas over them. In this they had to carry everything they took with them, including the food and bedding they would need on their journey.



Handcart Missionaries

Elder William Jasper Harris traveled by handcart with 74 missionaries.

They traveled on foot to New York. On 8 July 1857 they boarded the fine clipper Dreadknot, bound for Liverpool, England (*King Manuscript*). The voyage over was very rough, with the usual results.... William became so seasick that when someone jokingly said, "Bill, we're going down!" he responded, "I don't care; let her go down." William landed and preached the gospel to many.

Martha lived with her mother-in-law and helped her spin and weave, milk many cows, make butter and cheese, and do all the other household duties. She also taught school for two terms, and her husband's mother, taking advantage of an opportunity which she had not before, sat beside her in the schoolroom and learned to read and write. (RP Harris 140-1)

Letters to Martha Ann from Elder William Jasper Harris

Courtesy Carole C. King with permission from Church Archives.

[Note: It was the middle of the 19th century before American English became standardized, so rules of punctuation, capitalization, spelling, and paragraphing were not as we know them today. Letters written at the time of these that follow reflect this lack of rules. However, the fine art of beautiful penmanship was taught and utilized as evidenced below.]

Fort Snodgrass Green River Co.
May 1 1857

Dear Companion

I am happy to have the opportunity of dropping you a few lines to let you know how we are getting a long we arrived here about one o'clock yesterday having accomplished 113 miles of our journey and feeling first rate we camped on Bear river on Tuesday night and had a slight snow & on Wednesday came over to the Soda Spring and camped and in the morning found the Snow a bout four inches deep which makes it rather heavy wheeling we are tolerable well fixed for the Storm and we roll along fine. There was fine times the first two or three days the teams was rather unruly and some of the carriages broke down and

tipped over but the mountain lion [probably the name of one of the handcarts] is right side up with care I enjoy good health and stand the trip so far well much better than I expected the furtherest we have traveled in one day is about 22 miles we have a good company all feel well and feel united in our great work I shall not undertake to give you the organization of the company as you will see it in the deseret news and the hand cart song which was composed by Brother Philip Margets we intend leaving here today and I shall have to bring my letter to a close Martha be a good Girl be faithful and kind to all and God will bless you and comfort your heart tell Richard and Artemissia good by for me and all my friends that I did not see

I must close for the present
Wm. J. Harris
to
M. A. H.

You may ride to New York
by the fine Steam Ship

Fort Snodgrass Green River Co. May 10th 1857

Dear Wife

It is with pleasure that I embrace the opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and hope that this will find you all enjoying the same blessing we arrived here about ten o'clock to day all in good health and spirits except brother Shumway who has been sick two or three days but is gaining we have had good weather since we left Bridger except two days cold wind on this side of the pass brother Steward with the mail arrived here about 1 o'clock and brought a letter from you which I was glad to receive and to hear that you was all well you spoke of going to see a certain person there is a mystery about that that is not solved you have heard of persons being mistaken before now you can just give my compliments to them and beg pardon that I was entirely mistaken in the person I ment to have told you before I left but it slipped my mind well this is to you Martha and I hope it will go no farther we intend leaving here to morrow I shall send something back by brother Spencer it is reported that the indians

are troublesome but we believe as much of it as we please we have met no mail yet well give my respects to all of our folks and Johns folks richard and Artemissia and all enquiring friends So no more at present

from your affectionate husband

W. J. H. to Mr. A. H.

write to me as often as you can write to the Mormon office at New York as I dont expect I would get a letter at any other place

St Louis Mo June 21st 1857

Dear Martha

I happily improve this opportunity of writing you A few lines to let you know that I am well and hope that this will find you all enjoying the same blessing I feel well at this time and have done ever since I left home I can say that I never of [have] enjoyed as happy A day in my life as the day I left the valley I don't mean to day at the thots of leaving those that I love so dearly but to think that I am counted worthy to be A Servant of god and that I was A doing his will by doing the will of his Servants that he has plased to lead his people and to see the Spirit that was manifested the day we left the city it was farewell and god bless you sonne of ...tongue and I can Say that he has blessed us ever since we left home on the plains when ever we have wanted we have received we have had a pleasant trip I have not written to You since I left the devils gate when we have been nearly out of provision the way has opened for more when the storms have raged and looked as tho it was a going to rain torrents clouds would lower thunder would roll litning would....[2 pages missing]

...the man that was said to have done the deed well we hear all kinds of things about Utah with Utah we'll trubble them we get all kinds of Sin and weirdness and hear all kinds of ...I suppose we will have to like it but it is things that we don't hear among the Saints of God in the valleys of the mountains and it gals [gauls] awfully against the grit well I expect to start tomor-

row or the day after for New York on the cart well I don't know that I have any more to write at present give my love and respects to John Richard Artemissia Sarah ...Wm ...your Aunt and Mary Jane Thompson Sister ... and all inquiring friends Martha remember there is a god in heaven and he rules all things for our good in as much as we do his will

*So cheer up, my own dear Martha,
Though far away from the[e] I love;
Thine will bless and god me will bless
And soon allow me to thee to return...*

*I pray god the eternal father to
bless you with every good and perfect gift
and every thing to make you comfortable and
happy do me more at present from your affectionate
husband
Sweet yours to family
W. J. H.
42 Abington Liverpool*

*New York City
July 5th 1857*

Dear Wife

I thank my heavenly father that I am permitted to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present with the exception of a bad cold which I caught at St. Louis but am getting better I wrote to you by brother Bowman I could find plenty to write previous to that date but I will not go back but suffice to say that we staid till Tuesday June 23th I started about three o'clock in company with about 17 of the Elders we came to Toledo and stopped over night rested tolerably wel being tired after riding on the rail cars we than went aboard of the steam boat Metropolis a very nice and well fitted to make passengers comfortable that is cabin passengers but we went on deck we had nothing to sleep on I lay across some iron slats a part of the night using my satchel for a pillow and the other on the floor with no covering but happy morn made its appearance at last and we landed at buffalow about 7 o'clock and took the cars from there to New York after having a pleasant voige [voyage] across the lake erie no material accident the cars ran off [f] the track but not hurting any person smashed up one of the cars it

detained us about one hour until they could go and get some more cars we arrived at New York at one o'clock and put up at a hotel the next morning went to the office and found brother Stenhous who received us very kindly went to meeting found a good number of Saints They seemed to enjoy a good spirit I bore my testimony to the truth of the great work in which I am engaged in I find a very warm spirit against the mormons I have had conversations with several gentlemen I may say I suppose, polygamy of course Well they take their own argument and beat themselves They argue that what we do we do openly and above board but they say that it is contrary to the feelings of the people and they will not allow it but they can go on in their wicked and hellish ways just because they say it is not made a public thing in their great City of New York in this enlightened generation in the midst of civilization a man can't walk down the streets without being followed by some of the night walkers O my sweet home in the mountains how I think of thee I see more wickedness and corruption in this city as it is called in one day than I ever saw in Utah that they make so much noise about They say they are a going to wipe the mormons out of existence I told them that had not been proven yet I think they will find a plenty to do closer home I spent the 4th of July at brother Stanhous with several of the Elders and some of the brethren and sisters that resided here we spent a very pleasant evening bro and sister Stenhous did everything in their power to make us comfortable well I guess I will bring my letter to a close as I intend writing to Artemissia I commenced my letter yesterday but had to stop to go to meeting my love and respect to all enquiring friends and tell Margaret that I don't mean to forget her entirely write to me often as opportunity offers so fare well for the present

*53 South Street Astoria, Ore
September 25th 45*

Dear & Dear Richard Wife

It is with feelings of gratitude to my heavenly father that I bring my pen into subjection & thereby disfigure this beauti-

ful sheet of paper in collecting my wandering thoughts together & when the pen & paper is mentioned then the ink is necessary & bringing them all in conjunction then comes the task of stedying the rough hand of W. J. Harris of coveying those thoughts to one whom I have proven the integrity of the hart & who I even remember in my daly avocation conversation & when I bow down before my heavenly father, whom I do not neglect to invoke the helping of high heaven upon

wel Martha Dear my mind is full of reflection & I hardly know where to commence but suffice to say my health is tolerable good at present although I can only say for the last week for about a month past I have been laboring under the influence of a very severe cold which almost disabled me to discharge my duty but with the blessing of the Lord I have kept on my feet so far & traveled from one branch to another my spirit would never allow me to give up until I was obliged to. this country does not agree with me very wel in speaking any length of time it effects my lungs in a greater degree. I received your welcome letter of August 1st which I joyfully received the first of Oct. & the contents of which I perused with pleasure & was glad to hear of your good health & spirits as also the rest of the folks you spoke of going up the canyon & I have [been] told the account of the celebration of the 24th I could imagine sometime that I was there but when I came to look around I found myself in the midst of my brethren 20 in number their memory will long be retained in my bosom & at the second thought we was on the Dreadnought a large wel fited Ship in the midst of the mity Ocean being tossed too & fro now coming a mighty swell hoisting it up into the air after riding the boistrus wave then it would lower till the water as it were would surround it as a wall now & then a wave rather corrageous would venture over the bull works the noble vessel plowing the briny ocean in all its furoosity & madness at the rate of 14 nots per hour over 1000 miles from land

wel I will leave that at present I have wrote two letters to you since I came one to Mr. Smoot & one to Artemissia the latter three I mailed the 10 of September but I

have no assurance of their going as I have learned since of the stopage of the mail. I had come to the conclusion that I would not write any more but would cary the news as I learn I am to return in the spring but I thought that a letter would go by California and after taking my own feelings and examining them when the mail arrived last week at not having a letter I thought I would write one that she may not be disappointed at the arrival of the mail in the valley and finding that we was not a going to start home till February I rejoice to hear of the good crops & the prosperity of the Saints in the mountains I feel wel in my labor here we have a great deal to contend with the Saints are very kind to me & do everything in their power to make me comfortable the Lord blesses me greatly the district which I labor in contains 12 branches of which I have charge which keeps me out of mischief & from getting home sick as I wrote to bro B. H. Young a while back that I had been more so since the news came that we was to come home than since we left but not so as to be confined to my bed not that I was concerned about the people there but I would like to have a finger in the pie if there is one to be made over in the mountains the lord is able to preserve his people but the story of the Parson & boy coming to my mind the two being to gather & being persecuted by some ruffians the boy commenced returning the compliment by throwing rocks the parson said let them a lone the Lord will revenge the rong I know that said the boy but I will help him

well I am here at present to teach the plan of Salvation to this so called cristian world where they pretend to be civilized in the nineteenth century but there is a large part that it does not refer to there is a great portion that are deafe dumb & blind pertaining to the principals of life & salvation they will remain in Babylon until the lord preaches to them with Earthquake sword famine pestilence as he has said he would but there is some that will have to go through all the ...before they will get waked from their lethargy & are emerged from the obscurity that over shadows them

well Martha my heart is full of thankfulness to my God that I have a name in his

kingdom when I see the position of the world a groveling in darkness & to see their miserable condition with all their pomp & splendor & the riches of the world I think of bro James Bonds Lang the mormons are the happiest set that in the world can be found the Editorial Press & politicians have plenty to do the mormons in the west & the India war in the east almost fills the colums of their papers it is the topick of conversation where ever I go

You spoke in your letter of Uncle Benjamin Harris you have learned by the letter I sent from St. Louis by bro Bowman to Mother that I could not find him but I will write to him & see if it wil, I wrote to Joseph while at New York but have received no answer. I expect he is on his way home I am very happy to hear that you are satisfied with your new home & if you will be kind to Mother she will be a Mother unto you. Do not let the power of darkness get the upper hand of you but pray to god often & don't be cast down in relation to what you mentioned in your letter it is all right, from present prospects I will cross the raging main [ocean] shortly to my home in the west My kind love to mother & the family all. Richard & Artimissia, John & family, Wm Smoot & family, & all inquiring friends.

So good by Love I suppose till we meet praying for the blessings of heaven to rest upon you, from one who will prove ever true unto ... noble a heart as thou has, as ever Yours.



Johnston's Army

Richard P. Harris continues from *Relief Society Magazine*:

Then Johnston's Army came. Martha, with the rest of the family, fled to Pondtown between Spanish Fork and Salem, and the missionaries were called home. By the time William got back, though the trouble was practically settled and he met his wife and mother on their way back to Salt Lake. (RP Harris 140-1)



Johnston's Army

A detachment of Saints completely frustrated Johnston's Army by digging ditches and rolling rocks into the paths of their wagons.

Martha Ann tells about this happy surprise meeting:

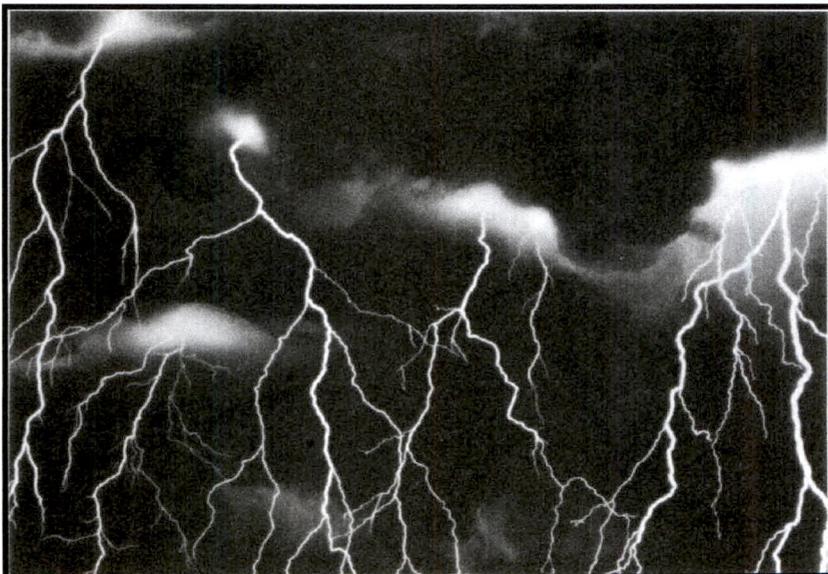
As we were traveling along the road I was driving a team of horses. I just drove around the Point of the Mountain when we saw a man riding on a white mule. To my great surprise it was my husband. We had not heard from him for six months so we were not expecting him. It was an agreeable surprise. We reached home safe and found the old house just as we left it. (Harris Centennial Letter)

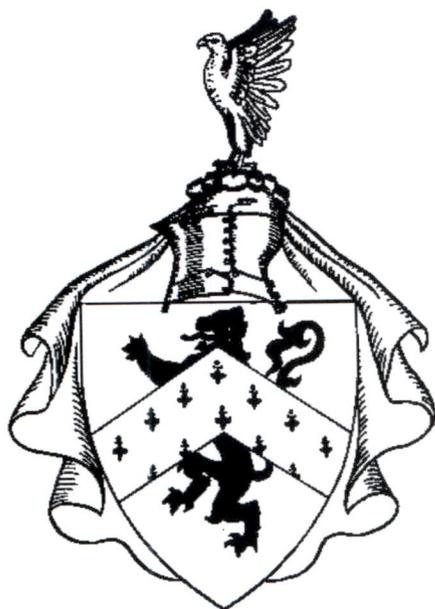
After returning home, William once again worked on the Smoot farm for two years. One day William was plowing in preparation for planting potatoes, while Joseph Abbot carried a brass bucket several feet behind. Suddenly, lightning struck instantly killing Joseph Abbot and melted the brass bucket. Loud thunder frightened the horses and they bolted, dragging William several rods, filling his mouth and nose with mud and dirt.

B. L. Harris recorded the following calamity that befell his great-great-grandfather, William Jasper Harris:

William's brother-in-law, Patriarch John Smith, fortunately happened to be passing by and saw something was amiss. He jumped his horse over the fence and hurried to save William. John quickly pulled the debris from William's mouth and revived him enough that he could leave him and go for further help. William was carried home and nursed back to health by his loving wife for the next four months. (BL Harris manuscript)

This unfortunate event took its toll, for never again was William able to do a hard day's work, thus shifting much of the responsibility of family sustenance to the shoulders of his wife. (Hafen 2)





HARRIS HERALDRY

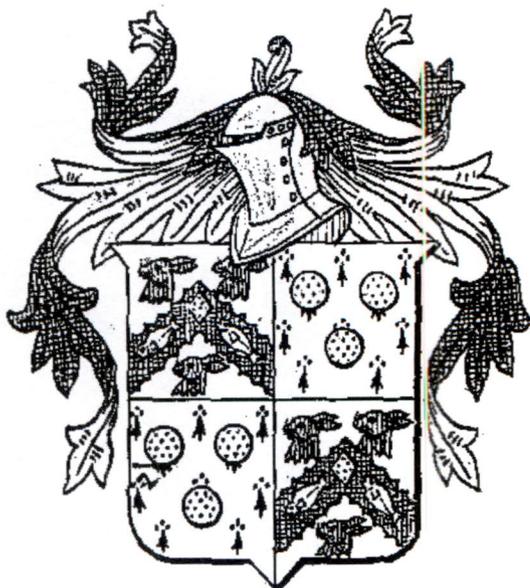
There are about 40 Harris coats of arms in England.

Upper left: This Harris coat of arms displays a lion with a chevron of ermine fur superimposed.

Upper right: The hedgehog, a small Old World mammal having the back covered with dense spines, is often displayed on both *Harris* and *Harrison* coats of arms. The French word for hedgehog is *herisson*. This makes the use of the hedgehog a pictorial pun. Henry VIII (Herri Tudor) had hedgehogs (*herrisons*) on his coat-of-arms.

Lower left: The eagle is the Harris emblem most often seen. Here it is shown with hedgehogs.

Lower right: The name *Harris* also comes from the word *harrier*, which refers to "hunter," especially of small game. Harriers on a baron's manor had the privilege of hunting and caring for the hunting dogs in exchange for sharing a large portion of their game. *Harass*—to trouble by repeated attacks—stems from medieval German and French hunting terms. Some Harrises were no doubt harriers or hunters.



Chapter Twelve



HARRIS HERITAGE



Herries is the 1341 AD spelling of the *Harris* name.
Motto: DOMINUS DEDIT is Latin for "Dedicated to God."

Sources: *Harris Family* by American Genealogical Research Institute; *The Harris Collection* by Helen H.B. Ott.

How did the family name of **Harris** get started? A brief historical background will set the stage for the earliest mention of the name "*Harris*."

The Teutonic Tribes

The *Teutons* were a tall blond race from northern Europe and included the Franks, Angles, Saxons, Vandals, Goths, Jutes, Danes, Scandinavians, Burgundians and Lombards. The name "Teuton" especially refers to a person of German nationality.

The *Franks* were a group of Teutonic Tribes dwelling north and east of the middle

and lower Rhine in the third century AD. The history of the Franks makes probably the assertion that they were treacherous and perfidious even beyond the barbarian wont. *Henri*, or "Home Ruler," was a common name used by the Franks. They were among the barbarian invaders of the Roman province of Gaul. Gaul extended from the Pyrenees Mountains to the Rhine River and on the side of Italy, beyond the Alps to the Adriatic Sea. This is roughly the area of present-day France. The name "*France*" came from these Franks who founded it.

Angles and *Saxons*—two Germanic or Teutonic Tribes—joined forces in the 400s AD and founded Anglo-Saxon domination in Great Britain. The name "*England*" is a derivation of "*Angle*."



The Norman Invaders

In the 700's AD, the Normans ("Vikings" or "Northmen") from Scandinavia invaded France. Both the Frankish and Norman conquerors stayed and settled in Gaul, and influenced the development of France. The Normans further settled the French coast in 800 or 900 AD. There they adopted the name *Henri*.

In 1066 AD, William the Conqueror led the Norman invasion of England from France. Thus was introduced the influence of the French language and the feudal system into Anglo-Saxon culture. The usage of hereditary surnames (patronymic) was another innovation. The patronymic *Harris* is derived from the French-given name *Henri*, meaning "Little Henry," or "son of Henry." When the English pronounced the nasal French *Henri*, it sounded like "Harry." The name "Harry" was so popular among the Anglo-Norman rulers, that all English kings in time were nicknamed "Harry." This was a friendly familiar gesture, as when today's soldiers call their senior officer, "the old man." (In the twentieth century, Lady Di called one of her sons, "Harry.") "Harry" is not a nickname for "Henry." *Henry* is modern. Henry the VIII was called "*Herri Tudor*."

The first Norman king born in England was Henry I. Because of political expediency, Henry I chose to identify with the English rather than with his Norman progenitors. He spoke English and married into Saxon nobility. His son, Henry II married Eleanor of Aquitaine [Martha Ann Smith's direct ancestor] in order to form an alliance with France and obtain the French Provinces of Aquitaine, Anjou, and Normandy. The two Henrys popularized their name in both France and England.

Harris Family Seats

Harris families are common in Monmouthshire, Cornwall, Devon, and South Wales. Harris was the 13th most popular name in the first (1790) US census.

Social Security files in 1964 show *Harris* as the 16th most common name.

Kreutzman (quoted in Ott) places the Harris family seat at Weston Hanger, Kent, England. Harrises did own land in Kent and Essex. The Harrises may have come from Ludric de Beaugency of Orleandais (Orlean, France), who was an ancestor of the

Around 200 AD, Henri, or "Home Ruler," was a common name used by the Franks who founded France.

Barons of Beaugency. His two sons, John and Henricus or Herice, lived in 996-1031 AD. Ancelin de Beaumont was the son of Henricus who went to England to hold a Barony in Nottingham about 1086 AD. The French name *Henrice* seems to have been changed to the English *Harris* or *Herris*.

Undocumented research puts the beginning of Harrises in England, circa 1175. It has been determined that earlier there were indications of a Norman-Breton context for the name Harris. The dictionary defines *Breton* as: "of or relating to Brittany or Bretagne." Brittany or Bretagne is a former province of France. It is named for the Britons who were expelled from England at various periods between 400 and 600 AD and took refuge in Brittany.

According to Gohr (quoted in Ott), the Harris family came from England and intermarried with noble families that descended from the royal family of England.

There is a Norman name *Henricy* and a Breton name *Herris*. *Herrison* is a Breton term for "hedgehog." This has some validity, as the hedgehog shows up later on some coats of arms. The sticky hedgehog keeps appearing in many accounts of the origins of the Harris surname.

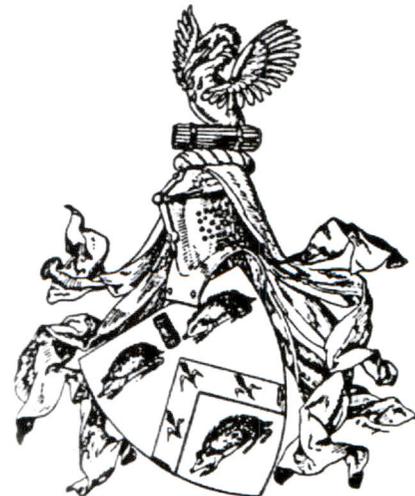
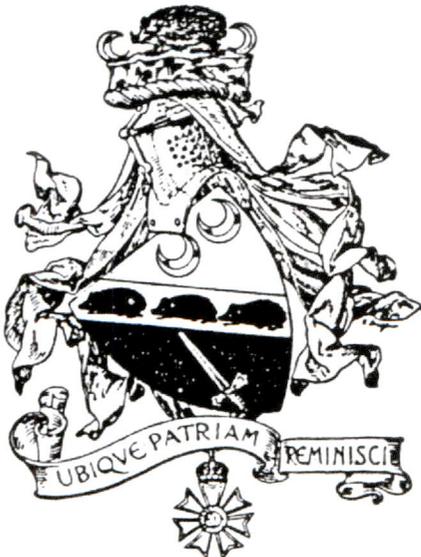
When the English pronounced the nasal French Henri, it sounded like "Harry."

When Norman invader William the Conqueror subdued England in 1066, he required a record of land and landowners be kept. These were the *Doomesday Books*. The *Heriz* family was listed as owning land in Nottingham.

The Scottish house of *Harries* was a branch of the family called "*Herriz*," who had manors in Derbyshire and Nottingham from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries and



Harris Coats of Arms with Hedgehogs





bore three hedgehogs on their armor. A family history at Terregles says that the founder of the Terregles family was Sir John Herreis in France who accompanied Scottish King David II on his return to Scotland in 1341. The king gave him the Terregles lands. His surname came from three hurcheons (hedgehogs) on his coat of arms called *Herimaceaus* in Latin. From this derived the name *Herreis*.

Many people by the name of “Harris” moved to Wales and Ireland. William De Heriz is the first Harris found recorded in Scotland at about 1160 AD.

Williams (quoted in Ott) states that the Harris family is originally of Welsh origin. An early spelling of the name is *Herries*. He then explains how two early Harris immigrants to Virginia were not Welshmen as previously reported. They were from Harris families of Essex, Devon, Cornwall, and Bristol in England. Bristol was one of the ports from which a great many people sailed for the New World. This port is across the Bristol Channel from Wales, which is a short distance away. This would explain how someone sailing from Wales might be considered a Welshman, when in reality he was not.

At least two branches of the Harris family seem to have had origins in France—then to Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland.

The name *Harris* was:

1. First used by the Germanic Franks who conquered France,
2. Next adopted by the Viking Normans who invaded France,
3. Then taken to England when the Norman William the Conqueror prevailed.

With its variant spellings and pronunciation, “Harris” has been around for centuries, perhaps as early as the year 200 AD or before. It is one of the oldest surnames in use. Kings and rulers used the name *Harris*—in fact that is what the name *Harris* implies—“king,” or “ruler.”

End of the Line

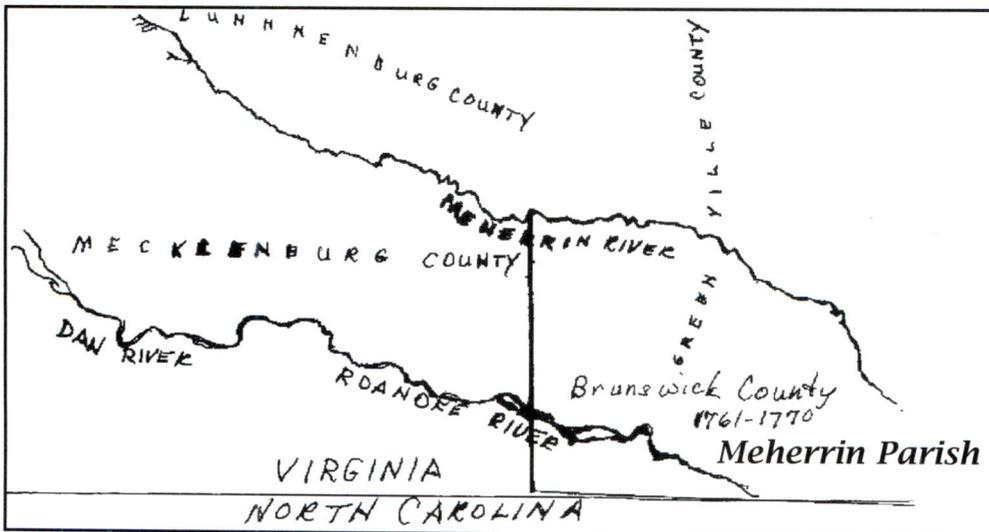
The earliest ancestor found on our Harris line is **Isaac Harris**, who died by 1777 leaving orphaned children in the Meherrin Parish, in Brunswick County, Virginia (Court Order Book 12, p. 175, for 24

Nov 1777; FHL in SLC microfilm #030,666): “ordered that John

Harris, Wooten Harris, Benjamin

Harris, Elizabeth Harris, and Mary Harris, orphans of Isaac Harris, deceased, be bound out by the Church Warden of Meherrin Parish according to law.

...the name Harris implies “king or ruler.”



In 1754, the territory on the south side of the Meherrin River was named “Meherrin Parish” and Brunswick County was divided by a vertical line and all the territory east of the line became Greenville County. (Map drawn by David J. Harris.)

No substantiated information has been found to determine if Isaac was born in the New World or if he emigrated from somewhere in Great Britain. One can only speculate at this point. There are many records available concerning our ancestor, his son **Benjamin Harris** (1762-1834), who served in the Revolutionary War. (DJ & RB Harris 135-6)



William Jasper Harris' Parentage

William's mother, **Almira Emily Hill** was born 25 November 1815 or 1816 in Pendleton District, South Carolina, the second of seven children of **Jehu Hill** and **Martha "Patsy" Carlin**.



**Emily Hill Harris
Smoot**

Martha Ann's mother-in-law. (Courtesy Loretta D. Nixon)

When Emily was four years old, the family moved to Tennessee. They traveled on horseback and packed everything that was needed for food, clothing, bedding, and shelter and settled on Duck River,

White County, Tennessee for eight years. In 1828 the destination for their new home was Carlinville, Macoupin, Illinois. They stopped en route and spent the summer in Christian County, Kentucky. (King Manuscript 3)

Brian Leland Harris, great-great-grandson of William J. Harris, recorded the following history:

On 26 August 1818, Illinois was admitted to the Union, becoming the 21st state. Illinois was then the frontier of the West. The land was rugged. Several Indian tribes still inhabited this region, and occasionally disputes arose between the early settlers and the Indians. By 1830 the Indians had left the states, being forced from their land by westward expansion.

Many of the early settlers came from the Southern states, especially Virginia, Kentucky, and the Carolinas, and settled along the rivers of southern Illinois. Among these early settlers were two families: Harris and Hill. Both families moved from the southern states' region to Illinois, settling in Macoupin County, where they homesteaded. The two families were united in 1834 when **Zachariah Harris** married his sweetheart, the beautiful 18-year-old **Almira Emily Hill**.

Zachariah and Emily made their home in Hillsboro, Montgomery, Illinois. Within the first few months of their marriage, Emily received word that her mother was very ill. Emily immediately rushed to care

for her mother. However, before Emily arrived, her mother passed away. Her mother's passing left several younger children. Emily and Zachariah soon moved to Macoupin County where they lived with Emily's father, and helped rear Emily's younger brothers and sisters. [After Patsy's death, Jehu began drinking to excess. With kindness and patience, Emily helped her father get control of his drinking problem. (King Manuscript 3)]

While living in Macoupin County, Zachariah and Emily's first child was born—a girl who was given the name of **Artimissa Ann "Artie-Missa" or "Artie" Harris**. Shortly after the birth, Zachariah and Emily, with their new daughter moved to Morgan County, where Zachariah began a harness and grocery business that became quite successful and prosperous.

On 25 October 1836, the family was once again blessed with another child, their first son to whom they gave the name **William Jasper Harris**. The child may have received his name from Sergeant William Jasper, who was a hero during the War of 1812, and who fought mostly in South Carolina and Georgia.



William Jasper Harris

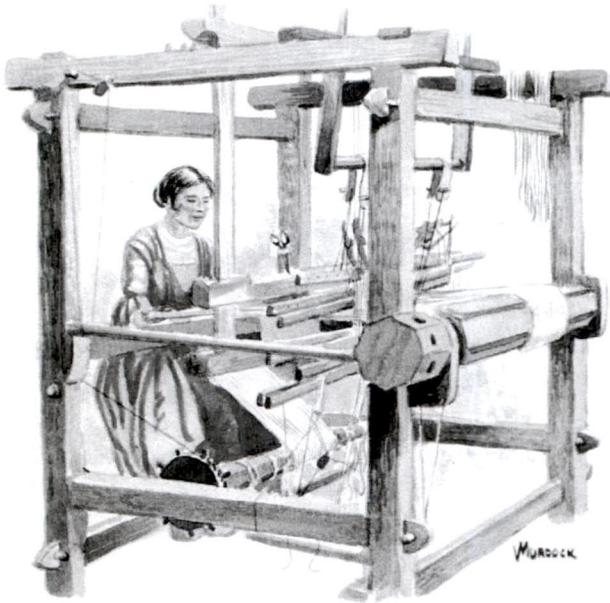
Born 25 October 1836 in Geneva, Morgan, Illinois.
(Courtesy Leland Mack Harris)



While the family lived in Macoupin County, two more daughters were born into the family: **Martha Jane** and **Mary Elizabeth**. Zachariah's business continued in its prosperity.

In 1840 tragedy occurred when Martha Jane died. The tragedy continued when several months later, Zachariah suddenly died from consumption. Shortly after his passing, Mary Elizabeth also died. This left Emily a young, grieving widow of 26 years to care for her two remaining small children, Artimissa Ann Harris and William Jasper Harris.

Emily took her children and the few possessions which she owned and went to live with her older sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, Charles Crisman, in Macedonia, Pottowattamie, Iowa. Emily was allowed to set up a loom in the kitchen where she wove material to sell and trade in order to support her family.



Widowed Emily Hill Harris supported her children by weaving on a loom.

Emily's two older sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and their families converted to Mormonism. Both Emily and her husband had been brought up in the Campbellite religion, and both were quite bitterly opposed to the Mormons.

While residing with the Crismans, Emily first heard the Mormon Gospel preached. As previously mentioned, Emily,

a strong Campbellite, was bitterly opposed to Mormonism. She, therefore, felt disgraced when two of her sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. However, living with and among Mormons, she overcame some of her prejudices and was eventually persuaded by her bother-in-law, Charles Crisman, to attend a conference in Nauvoo.

Emily went more out of curiosity than interest. Her feelings softened at the first sight of the Prophet Joseph Smith. She never doubted for one moment at this conference as she listened to Joseph preach a powerful sermon. Emily requested baptism in the winter of 1842. Andrew Perkins baptized her in water that was reached through two feet of ice. [end of Brian's record]

Letter from Uncle Ben

A letter written on 22 April 1858 from Upper Alton, Illinois to William Jasper Harris by his uncle, Benjamin F. Harris, expresses his displeasure with William for belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Excerpts from the letter follow:

Your father while he was living heard the people you love so well preaching often. He was very much opposed to them so much so that I heard him say he would rather bury his entire family than they join the Mormons.... Dear William, to think that you and Artimisia [William's sister] are the only two left of all my dear father's family, my own family excepted, and then to think you are placed where you are and that you don't seem to realize the misfortune is painful to me, very, very painful indeed. (DJ & RB Harris 134-5)

Emily's Move to Nauvoo, Remarriage, and Trek West

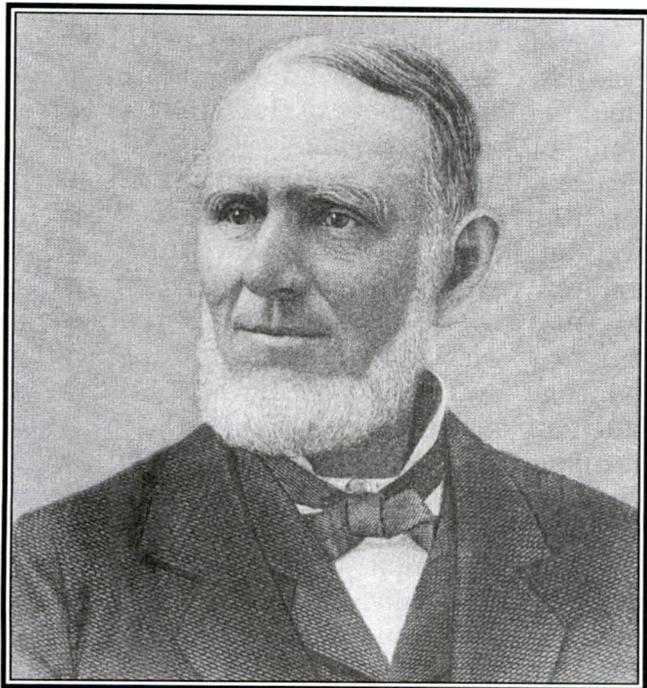
About 1843 Emily and her two children moved to Nauvoo. Her son William was fascinated by the beautiful city and when he turned seven, he was excited to work as a stable boy taking care of horses. The last week of June 1844, Emily was stopping at Brother Perkin's home, who lived on the main road to Nauvoo and heard the tragic



news of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Patriarch Hyrum Smith. With the Saints in Nauvoo, they mourned the loss of these two great men who had meant so much to them. Emily took her two small children to live with her husband's family. She stayed there one year and fervently attempted to persuade them of the truthfulness of the gospel she had grown to love. She wanted them to believe as she did and go with them to the Rocky Mountains. The Harrises were such strong Campbellites, they opposed her so bitterly that she met with no success. Emily returned to her sister Mary Crismon's home and made preparation to move with the Saints wherever they might go.

While living in Far West, Missouri, Emily had become well acquainted with **Abraham Owen Smoot**. On 18 [or 9] January 1846 in the Nauvoo Temple, Emily married A.O. Smoot as his third plural wife. Brother Smoot cherished Emily's two children as his own and was a kind father to them. One of these children, William Jasper Harris, was 7 years old at the time and a great comfort to his mother.

Here are Emily's granddaughter, Sarah Harris Passey's own words:



A. O. Smoot

(Courtesy Loretta D. Nixon)

It was in the Temple at Nauvoo that Margaret Smoot said her husband entered into the patriarchal order of marriage by taking other wives, to which she gave her full consent being, as she terms it, a co-worker with him, and a firm believer in the principles as emanating from God, a pure, chaste principle revealed to the people through the Prophet Joseph Smith, which they accepted as divine, believing it to be a holy principle. (Nixon & Smoot 181)

How did A. O. Smoot's first wife Margaret feel about his marriage to Emily? Here are her remarks:

Myself and husband being thoroughly convinced of the divinity of the Revelation of Plural marriage given through Joseph Smith, my husband, with my fullest consent here took his first plural wife. (*King Manuscript 5*)

Emily Hill Harris was a woman of great worth, wonderful ability, and foresight, and very ambitious, working hard to provide for her two children. (Nixon & Smoot 181)

Preparations were made in Nauvoo for the long journey across the plains.

Carole Call King, great-great-granddaughter of Emily, has found the following information from her research:

When the first wagons pulled away from Nauvoo to begin their journey west, A. O. Smoot stayed behind with chills and fever. He finally left in May 1846, taking Margaret, Emily, and Emily's son, William Jasper, now almost 10 years old, with him. They arrived in Council Bluffs, Iowa on 17 July 1846.

Journal History, 21 Jun 1847, listed the Smoot family along with others as follows:

Four Hundred with A. O. Smoot, captain
 First Fifty, George B. Wallace, captain
 Fifth Ten, Samuel Turnbow, captain
 A. O. Smoot age 32
 Margaret T. Smoot 37
 Emily Harris 32
 William Harris age 10

It is interesting that Emily was listed as Harris rather than Smoot even though she



had been married to Owen for more than a year and expecting his first child. It must have been difficult for Emily to walk or even to ride in a wagon, as she was almost eight months pregnant at the end of the journey. A little over a month later in the Salt Lake Valley, Emily paid midwife Patty Sessions \$1.50 for delivering her baby, Albert.

Emily's other child, Artimissa Ann, 11 years old, is never mentioned on any of the lists of pioneers as going with A. O. Smoot's group. Emily's sister, Mary Crismon, her husband, Charles, and seven children ranging in ages from 16 years to 5 months are listed as traveling west with the Third Hundred, Jedediah M. Grant, Captain, First Fifty, Third Ten, Jacob Gates as captain. Artimissa Ann is not listed with them either. Perhaps she stayed behind for a time with relatives, but she did come to Utah later. She married Richard Dunwell Maxfield in 1854 and lived in the South Cottonwood area south of Salt Lake City. (*King Manuscript* 5-6)

After first camping at Winter Quarters, William walked across the plains, sometimes barefoot and thinly clad. As a member of A. O. Smoot's company, he arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley, 24 September 1847. [See Appendix A for day-by-day account of the trek of the First Fifty.]

The Salt Lake Valley was a barren wasteland and supported only sagebrush and a few straggling cottonwood trees that grew on the stream banks. However, the Saints rejoiced and praised God that they had found a refuge at last where they could worship without molestation. "Now Let Us Rejoice," a hymn still often sung and appearing in the first hymnal of the Church has the line, "When all that was promised the Saints will be given, and none will molest them from morn until ev'n...." (*Hymns* 3-4)

They went to work with a will, never fretting or regretting, but thankful for the blessings of health and strength. They built houses, dug ditches, planted gardens, prepared for winter and kept busy and happy.

A. O. Smoot established a large farm in the southeast section of Salt Lake, now

known as Sugarhouse. Emily and the other wives worked very hard. They were forced to subsist on roots and eke out a small allowance of breadstuffs. At mealtime a small corn cake was cut into as many pieces as there were family members, and each had one piece along with roots, greens, or anything else fit to eat.

Crickets added to their hardships. The "Miracle of the Gulls" story really happened. Brother Smoot's wives shared their breadstuff with those less fortunate and many will testify to this day that their flour was increased in their bins after they had scraped the bottom of the bin to give to a friend until there was no flour left. The next time they went to it, there would be more flour. "The Lord is just as able to increase the storeroom as he was to increase the widow's cruise [cruise] of oil, and no doubt he did it to save the Saints from starvation." (Nixon & Smoot 40)

A. O. Smoot's first wife, Margaret, loved Emily very devotedly. They shared their joys and sorrows together. Their lives and ways were so much alike and so true. After the Saints had somewhat settled, Brother Smoot was sent on various missions to help the pioneers cross the plains. He also served missions in Europe.

Few families can be found where harmony existed from the head down through all the different members of the family as in the family of A. O. Smoot.

Emily presented A. O. with his first-born son, Albert. In addition, Emily gave birth to two daughters, Margaret and Zina. These children were as near and dear to Margaret Smoot as her very own flesh and blood. Margaret was a firm believer in Celestial marriage, and hailed the birth of Emily and Abraham's firstborn child with joy and thanksgiving. Margaret was with Emily when she was confined and her heart leaped with joy and she loved it as her own. When Albert was weaned, Margaret received permission from Emily, his mother, to take him and sleep with him in her bed and loved him with a mother's love.

Margaret's own son from a previous marriage had grown to manhood and Margaret



Emily and Children

Emily Hill Harris Smoot presented A. O. Smoot with his first-born son, Albert (right). She is holding her baby, Emily Ann.
(Courtesy Loretta D. Nixon)

yearned for children. Albert, Emily's baby, seemed to supply her wants. Margaret said, "The child walked with me when I walked, rode with me when I rode, and in fact, went with me everywhere I went and I monopolized him entirely." (Nixon & Smoot 182) The whole family referred to Margaret as "Ma" from the time that Albert's first word "Ma" was spoken.

A terrible tragedy happened 17 June 1862 when Albert's father gave him permission to bathe in a pond. As the water was too shallow, the other boys went to the Jordan River, where deep holes and treacherous currents had caused several deaths. The boys could not swim. They waded out into the water holding hands. Some of the boys returned to shore due to the water's depths. Albert put out his hand to take hold of the nearest boy, but the boy stepped back and Albert went out of sight into a dreadful hole and drowned.

Those who have passed through the same ordeal, can relate to the profound sor-

row and mourning over his death. "Ma" Smoot (Margaret) who almost worshipped the boy as her own, nearly refused to be comforted. She forgot in a measure that Albert had a "real" mother (Emily). Margaret's grief was almost selfish in its intensity, and when this was pointed out to her, Ma stood abashed and humbled. Emily understood and said, "Let those who do not understand or believe in the love existing in plural families [note this fact], the first wife grieving so over the death of a child belonging to the second wife of her husband. It would be beyond the powers of comprehension." (Nixon & Smoot 183) What a great trial this was for Emily to bear!

After Albert's death, Emily's two other children by A. O. Smoot, Margaret (named for "Ma" Smoot) and Zina ("Maggie T.") were special favorites of Margaret Smoot. Maggie T. could be found with Ma when she was alone at night.

Letter to Emily

Letter to Emily Hill Harris Smoot from her father, Jehu Hill. Transcribed in June 1999 from original letter by Carole C. King, great, great granddaughter of Emily Hill Harris Smoot, wife of Abraham O. Smoot

Iowa County Iowa

April 23, 1854

Dear daughter I embrace the present opportunity of answering your letter of October 30, 1853 I received it some time in March and was glad to hear that you were all well and was well satisfied with your new Country I will inform you we are all well except bad colds we have for the most part enjoyed good health.... came to Iowa I never expect to go to your ??) at this time it may be in course of time if I have money to spare and we get a rail road to Salt Lake City it may be possible that I may visit you but I never expect it at this time. After I came to Iowa I married again a widow woman and I have found her a kind and faithful wife as is to be found any where and by her I have five children four girls and one boy. The boy is next his name is



William Franklin he is a stout boy and is now abll to help considerable at work the next girl is named Sophrono the next is Lydia Maria. I made a mistake in placing their names in order. Artemisa is older than Sophrona and she is greatly afflicted with

page 2

the Rheumatic pains she looks as though her back was broke. I have Eighty acres of as good land as ever you saw I have 120 acres of land in all I have commenced last season to improve my farm and I have thirteencres of ground broke and a cabin on it I have rented ground ever since I came to Iowa till last year me nor my wife neither(?) of us had any thing to start upon and we had hard living for a long time but we are getting in better circumstances to live at present I have considerable stock of cattle and hogs a plenty I have no horse but I have cattle to work instead of horses and I have a few sheep though not many I have a handsome place for bilding as is to be found in all the country I can get a thousand dollars for my farm any time I say the word

I was born acording to your request in South Carolina penelton County in the year 1789 March 20 and am 65 years old last March your Mother was born in the year 1795 and she was 39 years old when she died you wished to hear from your relations

page 3

I cannot give you a very strait account of them FW Hill was out last fall to see me and they were all well so far as he knew. when he was out he left M Hill doing business for him he wrote a letter to me December th 8 and they were all well so far as he could learn. they have quit writing to me FM Hill is getting rich he says he is keeping Grocery Store in Carlinville.

As you wished to know what I thought of Mormanism I will tell you that you would have pleased me beter at this time if you had stuck to the faith in which you were baptized under though I am not to be the judge the Almighty must be the judge of our hearts and it is to him we live and not to one another we must please Him if we displease our friends and relatives.

You wished to know about your Father and

Mother Harris they are both dead the old lady died four or five years ago and the old man last March a year ago I want you to write to me what is the production of your ground or what you raise for a sustenance and what your

page 4

prices for goods such as domestic and other articles for house consumption such as salt and how far you have to hall your merchandise and what cattle and ho[r]ses and sheep are worth in that Country Stock are high in this Country a milk cow is worth from \$20 to \$60 (?) and work cattle from \$60 to \$150 dollars Horses are also high

wheat is worth .85 cts per bushel Corn .20 cts do Oats .20 cts

If my children were all in one settlement or in one County I would try to move to them but from the present appearance it seem as though that would never come to pass write to me as soon receive this and write Mr Smoot,s given name and direct your letter to North English PO instead of South English dont neglect to write forget it not

Jehu Hill

Provo Move

A. O. Smoot served as mayor of Salt Lake City and later as mayor of Provo. He was also stake president in Provo. A. O. Smoot was instrumental in making the Brigham Young Academy (forerunner of Brigham Young University) succeed. The A. O. Smoot Administration Building on the BYU campus in Provo, Utah is named in his honor. His son, Abraham Owen Smoot Jr., in turn named his son Abraham Owen Smoot III.

Emily and another wife, Diana, went to Provo with Abraham to live. Little Maggie was left with "Ma Smoot", who seemed to think it was not right for her to keep Maggie from her mother Emily. Ma wrote to A. O. to say any time that he and Emily wanted Maggie T. to return to them, she would send her.

William Jasper Harris, Emily's son by her first husband Zachariah Harris, worked hard and did the work well on the Smoot farm until at the age of 19 he was called on a mission to England.



Brigham Young Academy

Founded in 1901 and one hundred years later (2001) this beautiful edifice has been restored and serves as the Provo Public Library. Squaw Peak is visible left and above the building and the “Y” Mountain is to the right.

(Courtesy Provo Chamber of Commerce)

In 1869 Brigham Young called William Jasper Harris' stepfather, Abraham O. Smoot, into his office. The Smoot family journal reports this often repeated standard joke:

A. O. Smoot was doing well in Salt Lake City when Brigham Young called him in

and said, “I’m going to call you on a mission. There are three places, all on a par. One is as good as the other. They are Hell, Provo, or Texas. You can take your choice.” A. O. replied, “I would sooner go to Hell than to Provo.” Apparently he didn’t give a second thought to Texas. (ML & SP Smoot)



Timp Going Out in Glory

(Two-time award winning original oil by David J. Harris)

Chapter Thirteen



HISTORY OF PROVO, UTAH



Jim Bridger

The following history is abridged from Provo: A Story of People in Motion by Marilyn McMeen Miller and John Clifton Moffitt.

While journeying across the plains, Brigham Young and mountain man Jim Bridger held a private talk in Young's wagon. This lasted far into the night. Bridger promised \$1000 for the first ear of corn grown in the Salt Lake Valley, as he did not think this was possible. Bridger knew the location of the Ute Indians. They were camped in the choicest lands in the area located in Utah Valley, just south and east of the Great Salt Lake.

Indians and Catholic Fathers

Jim Bridger warned Brigham Young:
The Utah Tribe of Indians inhabit the

region around Utah Lake and are a bad people. If they catch a man alone they are sure to rob and abuse him if they don't kill him.... They are mostly armed with guns.

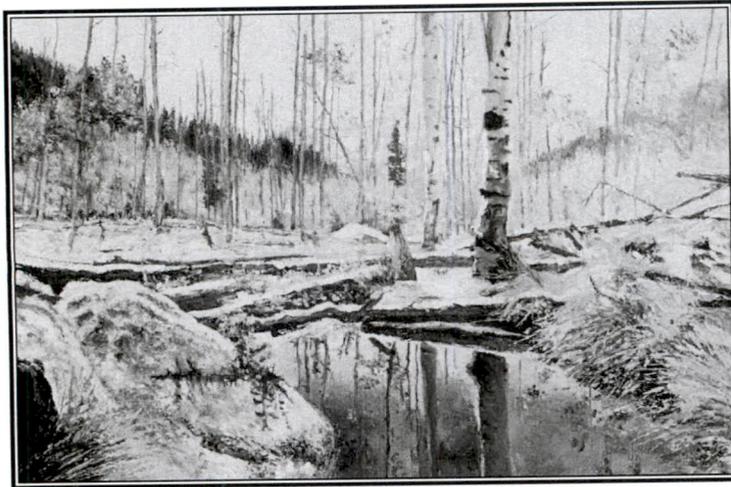
Bridger advised a shift to the north near the Great Salt Lake, a "no man's land" between two Indian tribes—the Shoshones on the north and the Utes to the south.

The first whites to settle in Utah Valley were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. However, they were not the first to visit there. On 29 July 1776 Father Sylvestre Feliz de Escalante and Father Francisco Acunasion Dominguez, two Catholic friars, left Santa Fe, New Mexico with 10 men in search of a route to Monterey, California. They arrived in Utah Valley 23 September 1776.



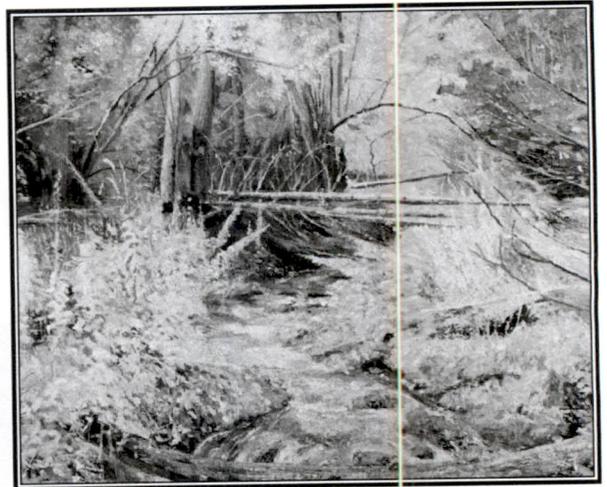
Glorious Utah County

Portrayed by Provo-born David J. Harris, great-grandson of Martha Ann.



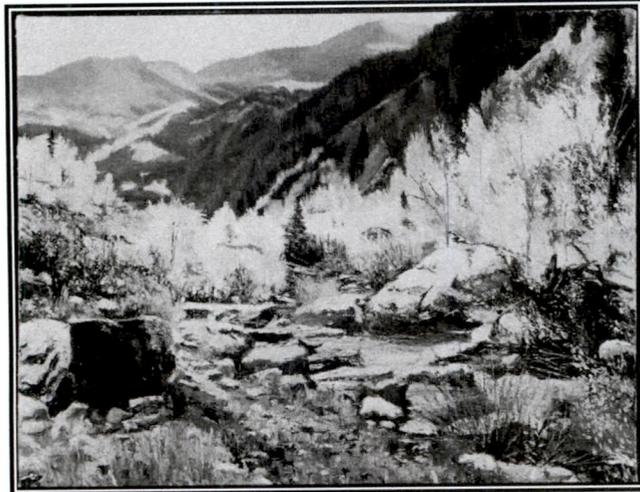
Aspens

American Fork Canyon of Mt. Timpanogos



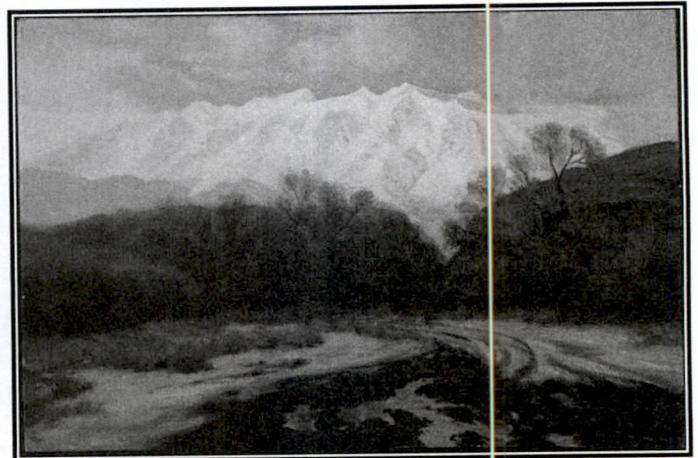
Natural Bridges

Big Springs Hollow, South Fork, Provo Canyon



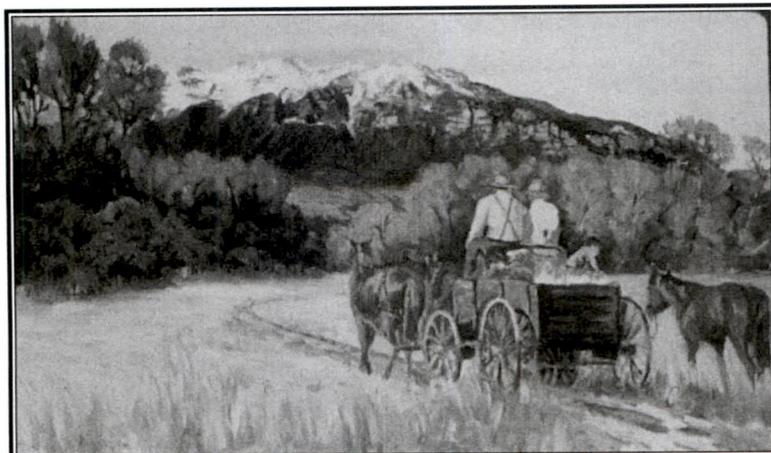
Silver and Gold

Mary Ellen Gulch, American Fork Canyon, site of early silver mining.



Timpanogos Reflections

First place award



Going Home

Utah Valley with Mt. Timpanogos in the background.





Escalante was awed by the glory of this beautiful valley with its excellent quality of soil, abundance of grass, grain, and flax, and picturesque mountains. In his diary he praised the beauty of the streams that emptied into Utah Lake, the cool nights, and the pleasant days. Escalante's party was very impressed by the Timpanogos Indians. *Timp* "rock," and *Nogos* "canyon people." (Miller & Moffitt) Another source gives a different translation: *Timpanogos* is a Ute Indian word roughly translated to "Rocky Running River" in reference to the Provo River which flows through the granite canyons. However, various "white man" meanings such as "Sleeping Woman" and "Lady Lying Down" were given to fit the legend of Mount Timpanogos, which is reported later on in this chapter. (*timp50K@expletivesinc.com*) In any event, both accounts seem to agree that "Timp" means "rock."

The friars taught the responsive and friendly natives about Christianity, and intended to return later, but never did. The maps, guides, and descriptions of this valley served as good material for traders and trappers who later came through on the Old Spanish Trail.

Slave Trade

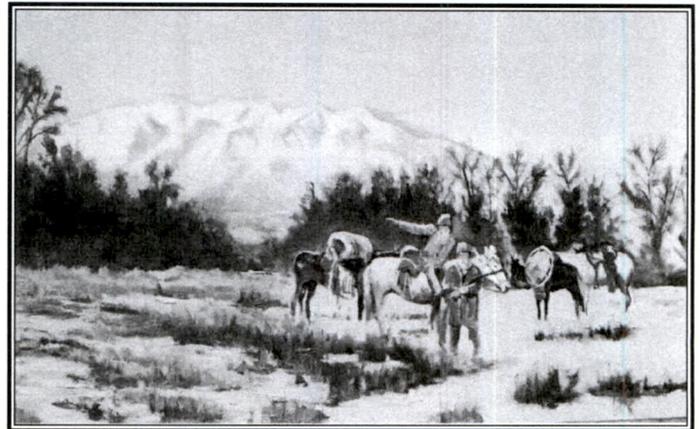
Unfortunately, after the Escalante-Dominguez expedition, Spanish and Mexican traders came to Utah Valley and were involved in slave trade of the Native Americans. The Indians also became party to selling off members of their own race. This slave trade reached into Salt Lake Valley as evidenced by the following story:

A few of the approximately 12,000 American Indians who inhabited the Great Basin in 1847 lived in the Salt Lake Valley. In the fall a group of Ute Indians came to the fort. One of them offered to sell two young Indians who had been captured in a raid. When the Saints recoiled at the suggestion, the Indian threatened to kill the children. After another refusal, one was killed. Then Charles Decker, Brigham Young's brother-in-law, purchased the other and gave her to Lucy Decker Young to rear. Sally, as she was named, later

became chief cook in the Beehive House and eventually married the Pauvant Ute chief Kanosh. (JR Young 62)

Provo's Namesake

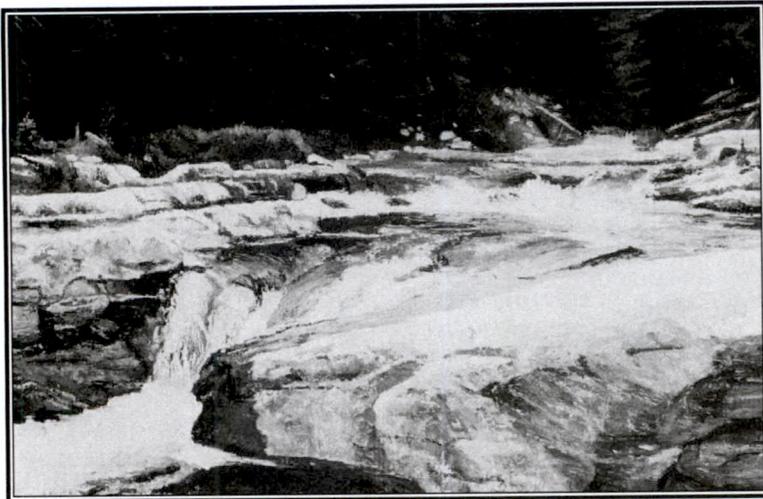
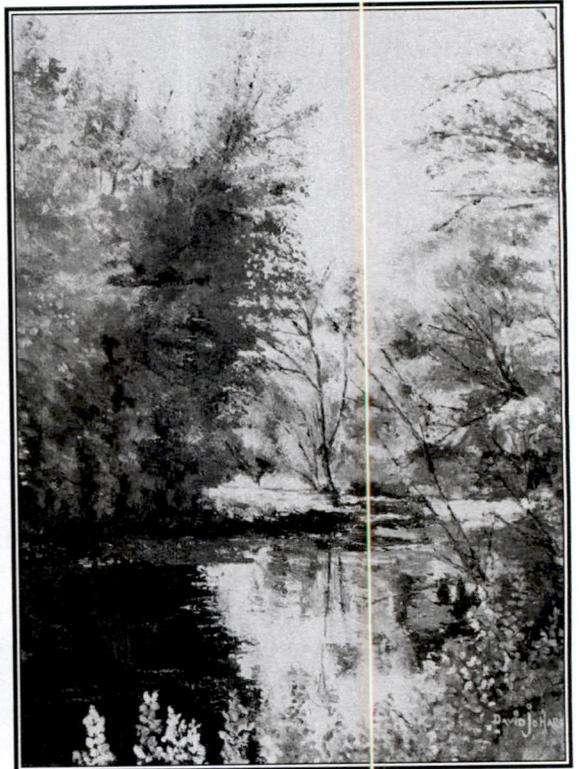
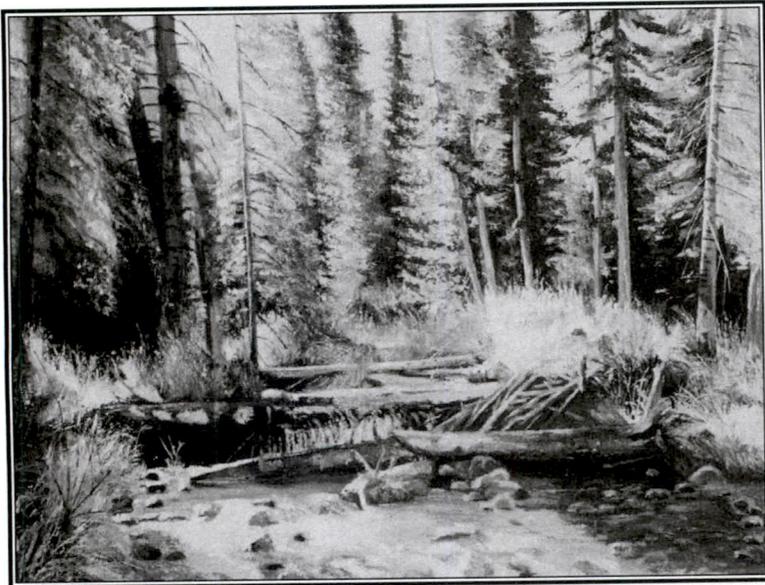
Only the fur trade equaled the slave trade. The French trapper, after whom Provo River and later the city of Provo were named, is Etienne Proveau (spelled five different ways—*Provot* being the most popular). He is often credited with the discovery of South Pass and Salt Lake, although there is no absolute proof of this.



Etienne Proveau Encounters Timpanogos, 1842
(Original oil by David J. Harris)

As he and his partner LeClerc were trapping along the river [Provo River] in Utah Valley during the fall of 1824, the fame of the following experience gave the river its name. An evil Indian called "Bad Gocha" invited Proveau, LeClerc and their 15 trappers to sit with him around the fire and smoke the peace pipe. As Indians and whites sat together in the darkness, Bad Gocha stopped the ceremony and declared he could not begin his medicine because there was metal in the hands of his visitors. Knowing the superstitions of the Indians, Proveau told his men to take out their guns and lay them aside. As the ceremony continued, a signal was given, at which the Indians suddenly jumped up, drew hidden knives from under their blankets and robes, and began slaughtering the Frenchmen. Because Proveau was very strong and athletic, he was able to escape along with a few others; the remainder of the trappers were massacred.





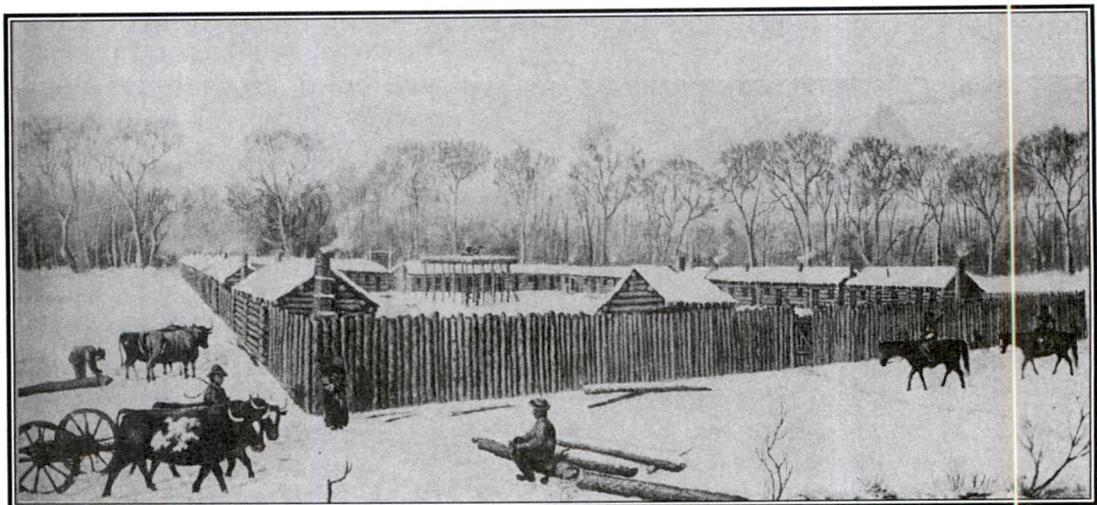
Provo River

(Upper left) **Headwaters of the Provo**

(Upper right) **Autumn on the Provo**
(Near Utah lake)

(Left) **Upper Provo River**

(Original oils by David J. Harris)



Fort Utah

This photo portrays Samuel Jepperson's interpretation of the appearance of Fort Utah at its original location south of Provo River and about 300 feet east of the present Geneva Road. Note the spacing of the houses, and the raised cannon in the center.

(Courtesy *Provo A Story of People in Motion*)



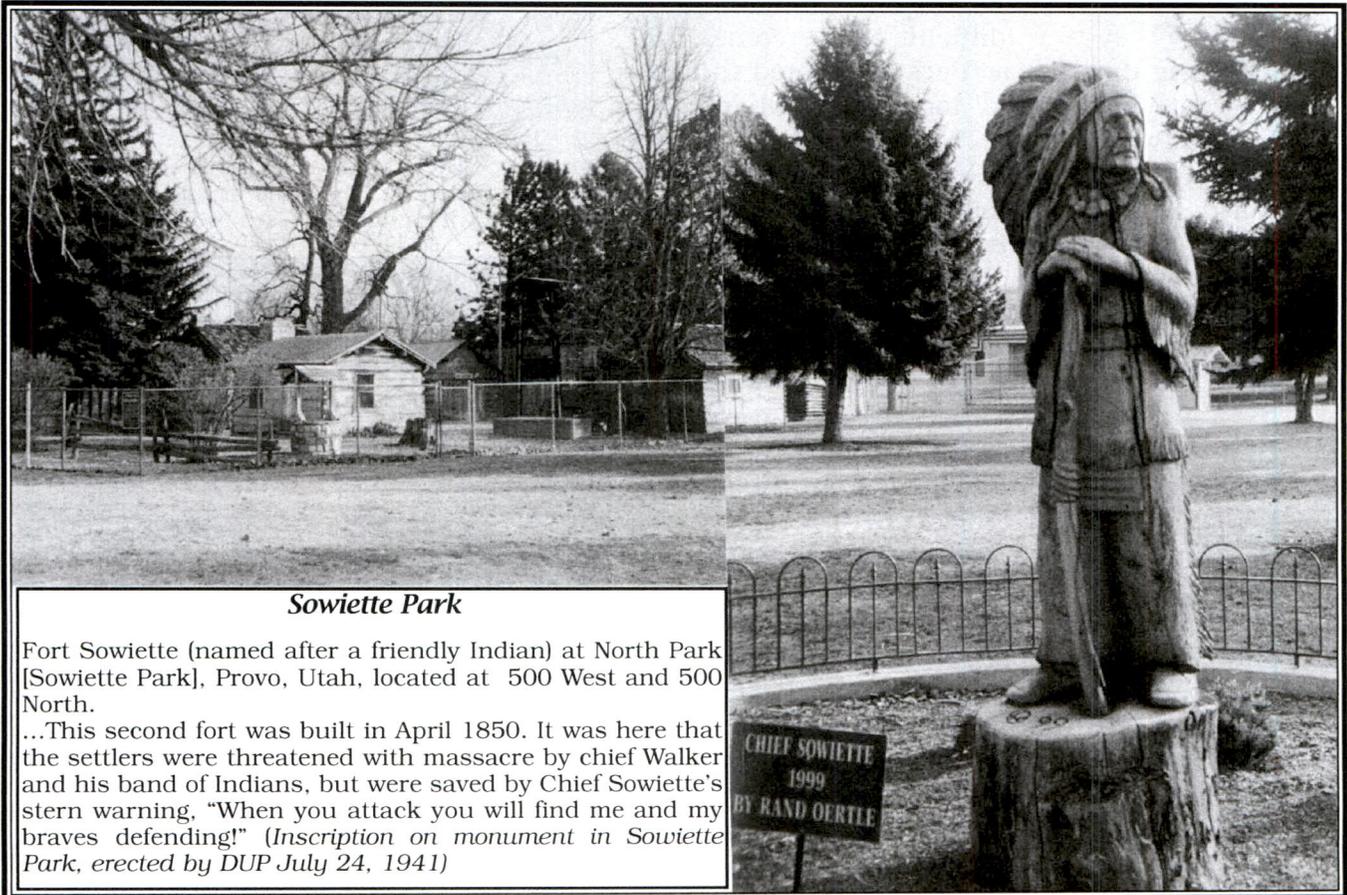
Proveau died in St. Louis in 1850. The Mormon settlers in Utah Valley knew nothing of the old mountain man for whom their city was named.

Fort Utah

On 6 January 1849 the Church sent out a group on a specific mission to investigate Utah Valley as a cattle range and also to find a suitable site for a fish hatchery. Forty or 50 men with a large group of cattle arrived. Thus began trouble with the Ute Indians, for they began to steal the cattle. Events escalated to the point that Utah Fort, near the Provo River just east of present-day Geneva Road, was built. While waiting for their wheat to sprout, they were cut off from Salt Lake Valley by extremely high waters in the Provo. This resulted in some hungry times for these early colonizers. This was the least of their worries, however. Skirmishes on both sides between the settlers and the Indians caused pain to all.

Because Fort Utah was so close to the flooding Provo River, Brigham Young had them relocate to a fort two miles to the south and east. Some of the original logs cabins of Fort Sowiette (named after a friendly Indian) are still preserved at North Park [Sowiette Park], Provo, Utah, located at 500 West and 500 North.

The change in location, however, did little to curb the Indian problem. The Indians would come up to the fort windows, peer into homes, and make hideous faces. They shouted at them, calling them old women and cowards afraid to fight. Indians killed cattle and shot at lone settlers. A government topographical engineer, doing some surveying in Salt Lake, convinced Young that fighting the Indians would be the only solution. On 2 February 1850, Brigham Young gave permission for the settlers to subdue the Utah Valley Indians.



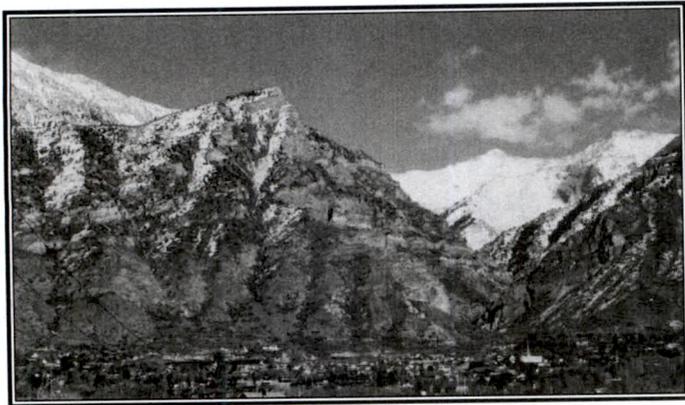
Sowiette Park

Fort Sowiette (named after a friendly Indian) at North Park [Sowiette Park], Provo, Utah, located at 500 West and 500 North.

...This second fort was built in April 1850. It was here that the settlers were threatened with massacre by chief Walker and his band of Indians, but were saved by Chief Sowiette's stern warning, "When you attack you will find me and my braves defending!" (*Inscription on monument in Sowiette Park, erected by DUP July 24, 1941*)



Mountains in Utah County—Separating Myths from Facts



Provo Temple bottom-right at the mouth of Rock Canyon with Squaw Peak on the left.

Big Elk and Squaw Peak

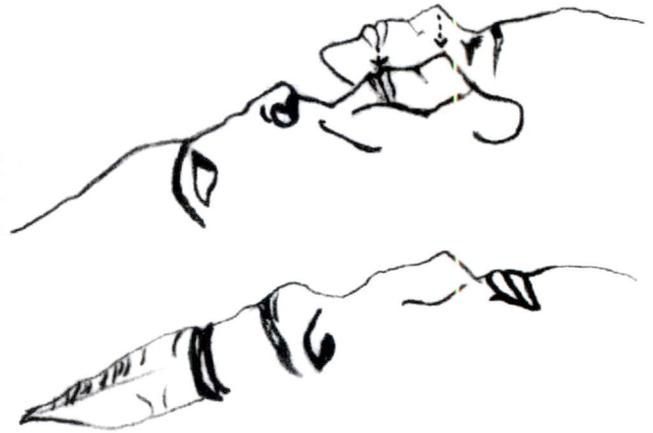
As was their custom, the early pioneer settlers in Utah County first tried to negotiate peacefully. The interpreter asked the Indians to powwow. As soon as this commenced, the Indian Big Elk began to shoot, and the settlers returned fire. Because the Indians were hidden, they were difficult to overcome. The following day, the settlers attempted to capture an abandoned log house where the Indians were hiding. They charged across the river ice, but seven or eight horses were killed. Groups of militia tried to enter the house from both front and back. Another group of the militia built a barricade of logs, placing blankets inside so that bullets piercing the logs might bounce against the blankets. This barricade was mounted on wheels as a mobile tank, and rushed toward the Indians. The frightened Indians began to run, cutting hunks of horsemeat from the strewn bodies of horses as they fled.

Many whites were wounded. One man with a prominent nose left home with a warning from his wife: "If you will be shot, it will be your nose." This is precisely where he was hit.

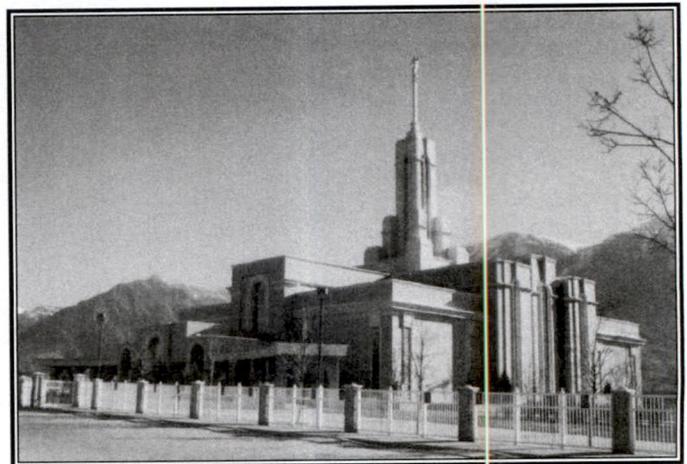
Upon leaving the log house the Indians split into two groups. The smaller party accompanied Big Elk toward Rock Canyon. Big Elk was killed en route. His bereaved squaw, in trying to escape, fell from the mountain and was killed. Today that location is known as "Squaw Peak." (Miller & Moffitt)

"Geronimo!"

On State Street approaching American Fork from Pleasant Grove in Utah County, three Indian faces camouflaged on a mountain northward can be imagined.



The top sketch shows the Indian brave and his Indian princess. They share the same lips and his chin becomes her nose. The lower sketch is the Indian Chief Bentnose which encompasses the entire mountain.



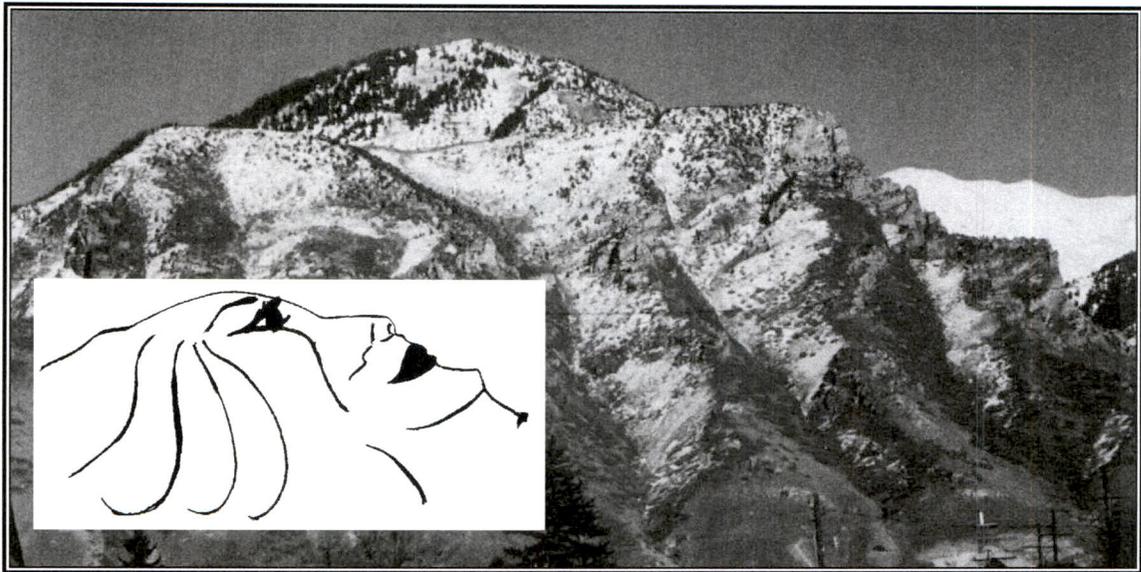
Lone Peak and Mt. Timpanogos Temple

The colors in the temple and the décor remind us of the mountain. With the multiplicity of peaks in the area, it is hard to determine just which one is "Lone Peak."



“Sierra Bonita”

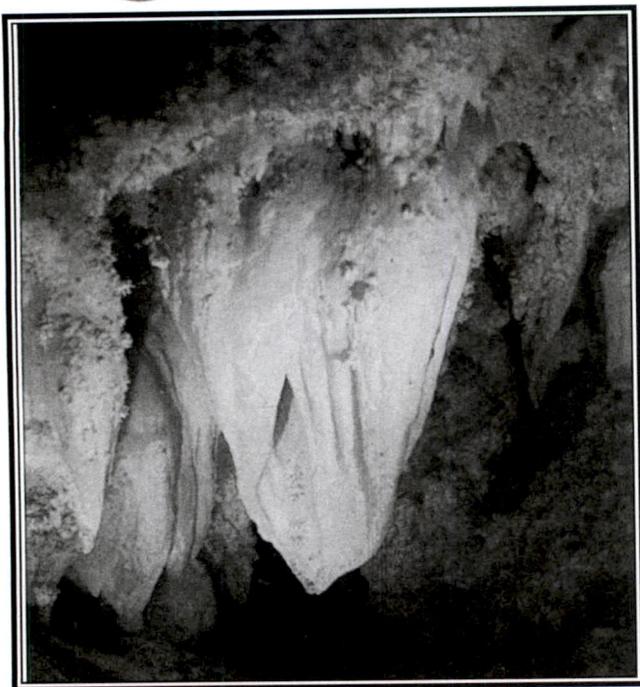
Ute Indians named Sierra Bonita, which translates from Spanish to “Beautiful Mountain.” Apparently the Utes learned Spanish from the early padres who came into Utah Valley in the 1700s. It is also referred to as Maple Mountain, and more recently called Mount Florette. Geography experts say it is one of the best shaped in the country (UVEDA information at www.utahvalley.org/uveda/Profile/mapleton.htm). An unverified source in 1978 credited *National Geographic* with choosing Sierra Bonita in Mapleton as one of the “Ten Most Beautiful Mountains in the World.” Sierra Bonita is a symmetrical mountain that forms the backdrop in Mapleton, Utah, and truly lives up to its name.



“Mother Luna”

The face of a beautiful Indian maiden in profile can be seen just south of “Y” Mountain. The best view is from the heart of Provo at the intersection of Center and University. Evergreens grow in such a way as to form her eyebrow and eyelashes. Even the iris and pupil of her eye, as well as her nostril, are outlined in treeless rocks. Her lips are well formed and she has a nice firm chin. The trees in autumn paint a lovely rouge on the high, finely-chiseled cheekbones. Snow powders her pretty face in winter. In spring, evergreens laden with snow form an Eastern bonnet around her lovely carved forehead. Splotches of green from the summer palette color her. On special occasions, white mists conceal her forehead and eyes with a gossamer bridal veil.

The Legend of Mother Luna: It is said that Mother Luna lived on the moon, but that one day the man in the moon became angry with her and threw her down to earth. There she landed, falling so hard that her body sank into the mountain. Only her face protrudes, and it can still be seen today. (As recalled by Gus Clark from Cleo Heavener’s class at Franklin Elementary School in Provo, and reported in the Utah County Journal, 2 May 1987, page 5)



Great Heart of Timpanogos

Photo by Charels D. Thomas
(Courtesy Great Mountain West Supply)

The Legend of Timpanogos

(Condensed from http://205.126.22.50/social_studies/utah/1887timp.html)

In 1912, Brigham Young University professor Eugene Roberts instigated the annual Timpanogos hike to the summit. [See Appendix A for a hilarious account of his other innovations.]

Timpanogos Cave in Timpanogos Mountain was discovered in the early 1900s, but wasn't created a national monument until 14 October 1922. That same year a myth about the cave was created. The centerpiece of the cave is a two-ton stalactite known as the "Great Heart of Timpanogos." It doesn't take a lot of imagination to accept this name, particularly if you know the cave's Indian legend. Professor Roberts made up the tale on the spot while sitting around a campfire with a group of hikers.

The Romeo and Juliet-like tragedy is about Red Eagle and Utahna during a time of great famine. Long, long ago Indians lived on Mount Timpanogos. Every year they sacrificed to the Great God Timpanogos.

One particularly dry year, the Indians thought the great god must be very angry. To appease him, the chief blindfolded all the young girls who were of the age to be chosen and had them choose pebbles from a pottery dish. One of these girls was the chief's very beautiful young daughter. The young princess, Utahna, picked the black pebble, thus sealing her fate to enter upon the mountain.

All Utahna's tribesmen were sad and wanted someone else to go instead. But, Utahna bid her friends goodbye and ascended the mountain, winding her way towards the highest peak.

Utahna knelt in prayer when she reached the summit. With outstretched arms she begged for rain. "Please do not jump!" yelled a handsome young brave, Red Eagle, who had followed her. Utahna thought he was the Great God of Timpanogos. Red Eagle led her to a cave where they lived happily because they had fallen in love.

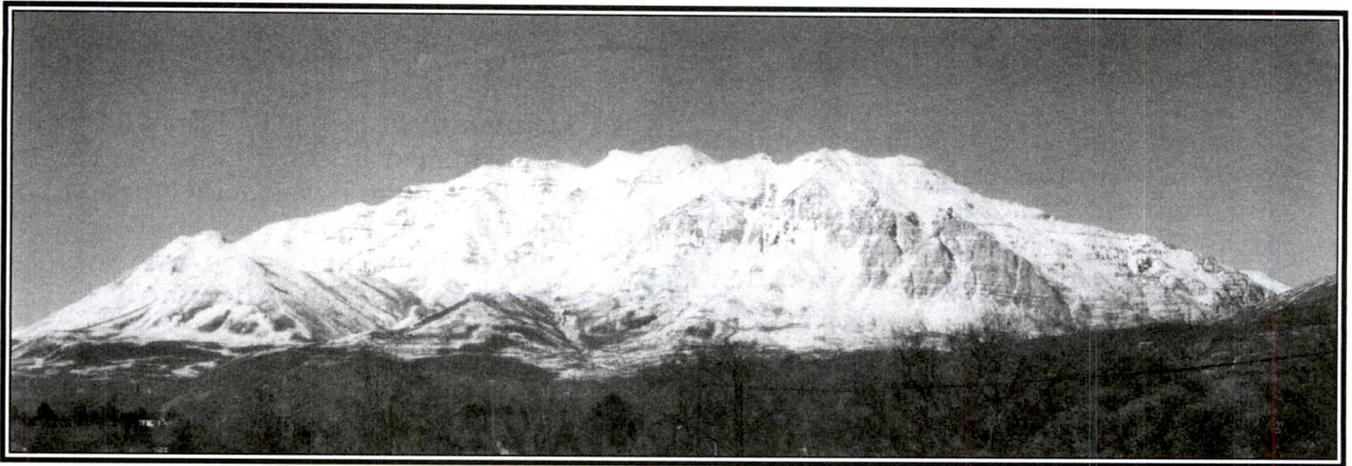
One day Red Eagle was attacked by a bear and injured. Because he was hurt, Utahna knew Red Eagle wasn't the Great God Timpanogos. She cared for him until he recovered. Then very early one morning she left to ascend the mountain.

At sunrise, Utahna extended her arms and leaped to the crags below. The young warrior gathered her broken body in his arms and carried her gently into the cave. Here the two hearts were made into one, as can be seen today in the Great Heart of Timpanogos Cave.

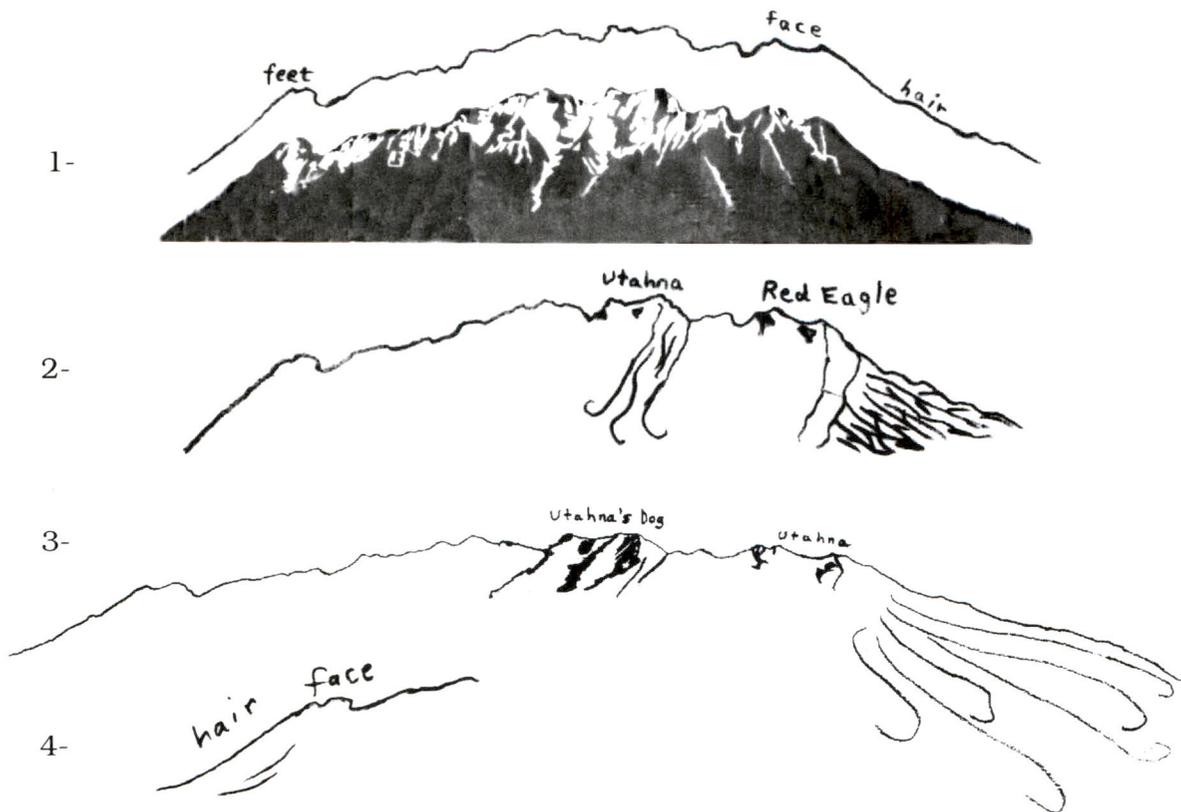
If you look closely, you can still see the outline of Utahna in Mount Timpanogos, where Red Eagle found her.



Pins awarded to David J. Harris for successfully hiking to the top of Timpanogos Summit.



Mount Timpanogos—"The Sleeping Indian Maiden"



Four Versions: Choose the one you prefer or invent your own.

1- The face of the young, pretty Indian maiden Utahna is seen to the east (right side from Provo) with her long hair streaming down the mountainside, her hands are folded near her neck; and her feet are at the extreme end of the mountain to the west (left). On the other side of Timp, viewed from Heber City, Utahna's face is even more pronounced. A word to describe her face is "cute," almost childlike.

2- Both Indian maiden Utahna and her brave, Red Eagle, appear on the mountain lying side by side. The brave is first with feathers of his headdress and face seen starting from the east (right side from Provo). The Indian maiden's face is seen at the highest peak of the mountain as illustrated in the diagram.

3- Utahna appears the same as in diagram 1, plus the addition of her little lop-eared dog lying by her side, complete with his little "Snoopy-dog" nose.

4- Another version places Utahna's head at the west end (previously feet) of the mountain with her hair flowing toward the west.

(Photos and sketches by the author, Ruth B. Harris)



The Black Hawk War

In 1865, a Ute chief named Black Hawk, led an uprising against Mormon settlers, who for years had been encroaching on the Indians' land. This attack started the Black Hawk War. Other tribes quickly joined in the fight hoping to win back the land they had lost.

In 1866, William was called to assist in fighting against the Indians, as second Lieutenant in Heber C. Kimball's Company. He furnished his own horse, saddle, bridle, and bedding and was gone for three months fighting the Indians in Sanpete County. By 1867, a peace agreement was reached and the war ended. (DJ & RB Harris 130)

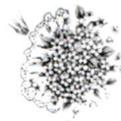




Peace in "Happy Valley"

Mount Timpanogos as seen from Provo. Photo taken in 1970 by Richard P. Harris, grandson of Martha Ann.





William Jasper Harris and Martha Ann Smith Harris Family. ca 1889

Back: William Jr., Joseph Albert, Mercy, Hyrum, Lucy, Frank, and John.
Front: Mary, Artimissa, William Jasper, Martha Ann, Sarah, and Zina.

(Courtesy Leland Mack Harris)

Chapter Fourteen



WILLIAM AND MARTHA ANN'S LIFE TOGETHER



William and Martha Ann's Homes in Provo

The adobe house on 200 South and 300 West where William and Martha Ann's children were born is on the right. The house on the left is the second one built that they moved into from the adobe one. Martha Ann is in black dress, William is standing at the gate, Sarah is behind gate, and Zina is far right holding a baby.

(Courtesy Carol Hafen Jones)

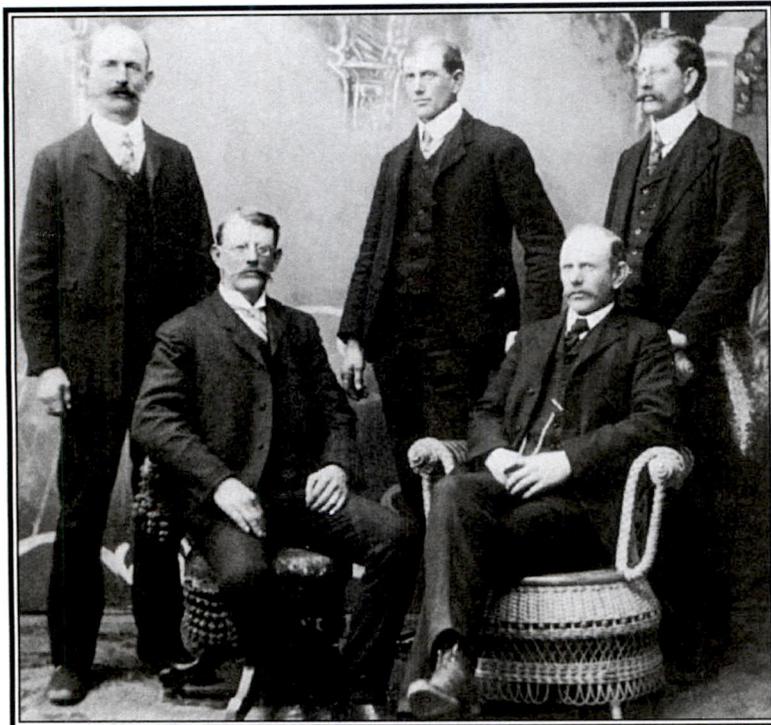
William made his living in Salt Lake by freighting goods with team and wagon and for eight years as a policeman. The year following William's return from fighting Indians, President Brigham Young called him to go to Provo. He was one of the minute-men who formed President Brigham Young's bodyguard. William accepted the call and moved to Provo with his wife Martha Ann and five children. In Provo, a small two-

room, adobe house was purchased at 200 South and 300 West. Six more children were born to William and Martha Ann in this small adobe home. [See Appendix A for detailed information on home.] While living in Provo, William, and two other men, became the first individuals to discover the Mammoth Mine at Tintic, Utah. William seemed to enjoy prospecting and mining, but never became prosperous at it.



Martha Ann and Daughters

Back: Artie and Sarah. Front: Mary, Martha Ann, and Zina.
Lucy and Mercy deceased when photo was taken.
(Courtesy Dorothy Storrs)



William and Martha's Sons

Back: Hyrum, Joseph Albert, and John. Front: William Jr. and Franklin. (Courtesy Leland Mack Harris)

Children

William Jasper Harris and Martha Ann Smith Harris were the parents of 11 children:

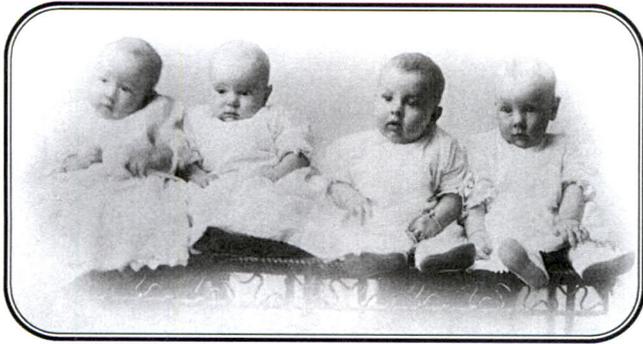
- William Jasper Harris Jr.**, 4 August 1859
- Joseph Albert Harris**, 19 August 1861
- Hyrum Smith Harris**, 15 August 1863
- Mary Emily Harris**, 23 October 1865
- Franklin Hill Harris**, 11 September 1867
- Lucy Smith Harris**, 10 March 1870
- John Fielding Harris**, 28 June 1872
- Mercy Ann Harris**, 30 March 1874
- Zina Christine Harris**, 13 March 1876
- Martha Artimissa or Artemisia "Artie" Harris**, 27 June 1879
- Sarah Lovina Harris**, 8 December 1882

All of Martha and William's eleven children grew up and married in the temple

Martha Ann "Mothers" Three Generations of Babies

The death of Martha Ann's daughter, Lucy Smith Harris Simmons, left two babies: **Edna Mae Simmons** and **Arthur Simmons**. Martha took these grandchildren in and loved and cared for them as she had her own. Both grew up and married. Edna Mae's husband died leaving Edna Mae to provide for herself and her baby girl, **Virginia Safford**. This little girl was often left with her great-grandmother Martha Ann while Edna Mae went off to work. Thus Martha Ann cared for three generations of babies, giving to each the same love and care and attention that she gave to the others. This last little girl brought Martha Ann much cheer and happiness, and made her life seem less lonely after her husband William was killed. (RP Harris 18)

In a tape-recorded interview in 1985, Edna Mae Hedquist (age 86) tells of the death of her mother Lucy Harris Simmons, William and Martha Ann's daughter:



"War Babies"

L-R: Virginia Safford, Lorraine Corbett, George Forsey, and Harry W. Startup Jr. "There is only one beautiful baby in the world, and every mother has it." (Courtesy Ann Adalaide Jaussi. She calls these cousins "The War Babies" as they were born in 1918 and 1919.)

We lived in Mammoth, Utah where my father worked in the mine. One day he took our mother and my brother Arthur and I up to the mine. Mother was seven months pregnant. I've often wondered if it was that climb up to the mine that set her off.

But again, it could have been this day that Aunt Jean Simmons Harris and her children came to visit. (Aunt Jean lived in Mammoth). Mother got down on the floor and scrubbed in preparation for Aunt Jean's visit. The floor didn't have linoleum; it was just bare floor. She scrubbed that floor until it was just as white as it could be. It was in July. She got too warm and heated up. Mother had homemade root beer down in the cellar, and the root beer was cold. After scrubbing the floor, Mother drank some of her root beer.

I remember Mother put two-and-a-half-year-old Arthur in the bed to sleep. She probably had a little heart attack or something and told me to run across the gulch to get Aunt Joanna Patten Harris. They wouldn't let me come back home with Aunt Joanna and I was just devastated.

When I did come back, Mother was laid out with her hair hanging down. She'd had a heart attack. The undertaker had been there. I've never forgotten that day and the terrible feeling I had!

I remember kissing her and the baby in the casket. My father lifted me up and told me to kiss her. I can feel that kiss yet. Then home we came to Provo to live with Grandmother Martha Ann and Grandfather William Jasper Harris. I was about four years old when Mother died.



Martha Ann and two of her children.
(Courtesy Carole Call King)

Life with Grandmother Martha Ann

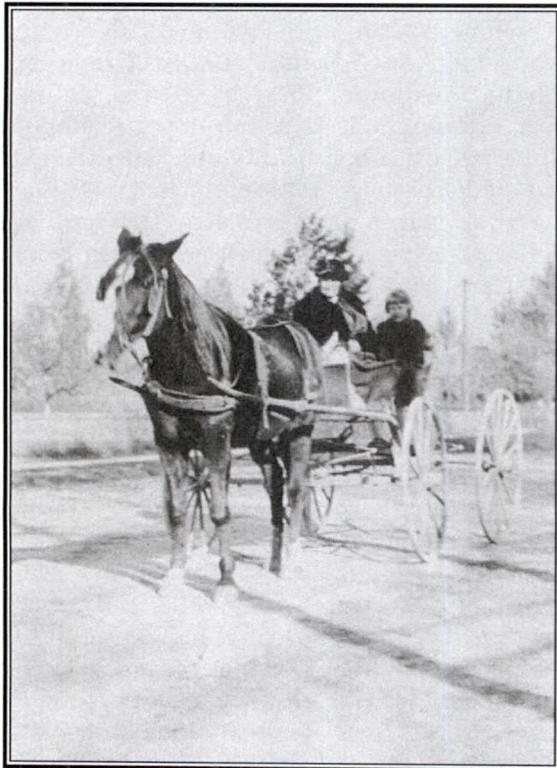
Edna Mae:

When Arthur and I came to live with Grandma, Aunt Sarah and Aunt Artie were still in the home. They were just young girls, not married. Aunt Sarah was a beautiful girl with a beautiful voice. She always had red rosy cheeks—just as rosy like she'd put paint on them! But she hadn't. She was just a round-rosey-cheeked pretty girl. Both Aunt Artie and Aunt Sarah had wonderful abilities to cook and be friends. Aunt Sarah liked DUP (Daughters of Utah Pioneers), and was more out in the public. Aunt Sarah worked in Passey's store while Uncle **Roy Passey** was on a mission in Ireland. Aunt Sarah sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," when Elder Passey left.

Aunt Artie married first. I remember when her daughter **Naomi Startup** was born how tickled we were! Aunt Artie and Uncle **Walter Startup** had a cabin at Wildwood in Provo Canyon. I helped her with the children. Mornings, I went down in a horse and buggy with Uncle Walter. Sometimes we caught the "Heber Creeper." [The train ran from Heber City, Utah to Provo. It is now called "Heber Valley Railroad," and still runs



Artimissa (Artie), Martha Ann, and Sarah
(Courtesy Marjorie Passey Tribe)



Martha Ann and Naomi Startup
(Courtesy Mary Biggs Carter)



Heber Creeper

through Provo Canyon, but only as a tourist attraction. It was used for the Salt Lake 2002 Winter Olympics to transport at least 700 to 800 people a day to the Nordic combined events at Soldier Hollow. Engine No. 75 has appeared in 31 motion pictures over the past 20 years. (*Utah Valley Magazine* 45–49)] Aunt Artie just waited on people—kind deeds for this one and that one. It's a wonderful trait. I don't think anyone ever did anymore for people than Aunt Artie and Uncle Walter Startup. One Christmas Aunt Artie and Uncle Walter brought us candy and gifts. That's about all the Christmas we had that year.

Uncle Walter was so good to Arthur and I by giving us work at the Startup Candy Factory to keep us busy and out of mischief. We thought we were doing something, earning a few dollars to put in our banks. That old candy factory! I can just see it now in operation. It was going full blast in a three-story building

Startups had a candy kitchen and also an ice cream parlor. During World War I, Edna Mae worked at Hoover's Candy Kitchen and got started into cooking. Edna Mae was famous for her delicious cooking abilities. She made a living with her cooking skills. Edna Mae had a daughter also named Edna



Mae [Hedquist Ridge]. She said her mother invented ice cream pies.

Martha Ann was a distinguished person. The high and low in life came to call on her. Some would kneel and kiss her hand in recognition of her character and the fact that she was the daughter of noble parents. (DC Corbett 286)

All her life, Martha Ann paid an honest tithing, obeyed the commandments of the Lord and the teachings of his prophets, and had an absolutely firm testimony of the truth of the gospel. She saw miraculous healings and heard speaking in tongues and interpretations of tongues. There seemed to have been an unusually thin veil between her and the Spirit World. When one of her sons, working in Texas, was injured by a premature blast, his family decided to keep the news from her until he was well again, so she would not worry. However, she wrote and asked them please to tell her what was the matter because she knew something was wrong and could not rest until she knew what it was. After several instances of this kind, Martha Ann's family learned to tell her immediately when anything happened to one of her family. (RP Harris 18)

Testimony of Martha Ann Smith Harris

One day Elbert Startup and his Grandma Harris were walking together. Martha asked Elbert if he understood what a testimony was, and whether he knew about the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, and her father, Hyrum. She told Elbert about how she could remember the night that her father died, "I saw them bring in the bodies of Uncle Joseph, and of my father, and I remember that everyone was weeping. I remember that someone lifted me up to kiss my father's lips for the very last time. I was only three years old, but I knew that something very important had happened the night."

Then she admonished her grandson to do all in his power to gain a testimony of that martyrdom of his great-grandfather, and of her Uncle Joseph, that he might always be able to understand it to be of eternal importance, just as she knew that it was!

Elbert told his grandchildren he had never forgotten the day when he heard from his grandmother's lips, about the night her father was murdered for righteousness sake. Elbert asked his grandchildren to never forget that they had heard it, too, from their own grandfather's lips. (*Berrett unpublished manuscript*)

Renee Horton tells how her testimony was influenced by her great-great-grandmother, Martha Ann, whom she never met:

When I was a child of about six or seven, I was at my grandparents. Grandpa [Elbert Startup] talked about how his grandmother would ask if he had a testimony of the gospel and of her father, Hyrum Smith, and Uncle Joseph's work. Her last memory of her father was being lifted up as a young child and kissing him goodbye for the last time as he lay in his coffin.

It wasn't until years later, when I was deciding for myself, if I had a testimony of my own, did the importance of this story make any kind of impression on me. Here was my grandfather talking about his grandmother telling him about her father, and in turn telling his granddaughter this same story.

Martha Ann Allowed No Religious Intolerance

Grandson, John Doran Dennis tells this story:

My mother Zina used to send me down to do anything I could to help Grandma Martha Harris, and to chop kindling for her. I was about 10-years old.

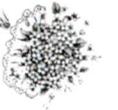
One day I borrowed my sister's bicycle because I never had one until I was 65 years old.

You've seen pictures of Grandma Harris in her big wicker chair. Always in the summer, she'd sit by her front window right off the porch behind the lace curtains and look out.

I invited a neighbor boy to come with me to cut Grandma's kindling. Provo was



John Doran Dennis



1. Margaret Abner Keays - 84 yrs old
 2. Marinda M. Higgins - 84 yrs old
 3. Martha Ann S. Harris - 73 yrs old
 4. Marietta J. M. Daniels - 83 yrs old
 5. Maria C. Williams - 84 yrs old
 6. Mary Ann S. Butler - 84 yrs old
 7. Alice M. B. Williams - 79 yrs old
 8. 79 yrs old

Sisters with Testimonies of the Prophet Joseph Smith

Provo, Utah, 24 March 1914. Martha Ann Smith Harris, 73 years old, born in Nauvoo, Illinois, is third from the left. On the opposite page are the signatures of all these sisters verifying their testimonies. (Courtesy DUP)



Provo, Utah Mar. 24, 1914.

We the undersigned with joy and heartfelt gratitude to God, Our Heavenly Father, hereby testify that we saw the Prophet Joseph Smith and declare unto all that he was a Prophet of God:

^{Joseph}
Sarah Clark 83 years old born in England

Margaret Allen Harnice 88 years old Vermont

Emice ^{Richardson} 84 years old born in Ohio

Mary de M ^{Smith}
Glager 84 years New York State

Marilla Johnson Miller Daniels
93 years Conn.

^{Holleyter}
Emma Patton 80 years old New York

Sarah L. Gaussett Turner
79 years old Illinois.

Alice Malena Barney Wilkins
79 years old. Hilland Ohio.

My name is Martha Ann Smith
73 years 73 years old. Navoo Illinois

Hannah Carter Robbins 78 years Illinois

Percia Groves Russell
73 years Navoo Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day
of March 1914

John Richmond
Notary Public



about 99% LDS at this time. The Catholic Church hadn't started in our community yet. As we went across the street, a man dressed up with a black coat and a white collar approached. I turned to my friend. In the high squeaky voice I had at that age, I piped, "That guy must have escaped from the mental hospital up on East Center!"

I thought no more of it, and drove across the road to park my bike. The man caught up with me. He was a priest. What religion he was, I don't know. The priest was so upset at me, he spouted and spit all over me and really gave me a hard time about this "Mormon business," and everything like that. I hadn't gotten off my bike yet. He really shook me up.

When I entered Grandma's home, she sat me down and lectured me: "You know, they killed my father; they killed my uncle; they killed anybody they could—Haun's Mill massacre, etc. We were driven out of the East and moved out here. We came here as a place to live, a place of peace. This is a beautiful place. I want you to understand right now and forever, that you do not make fun of anybody else's religion. We had a long time getting used to people making fun of our religion and giving us a hard time. They still do, you know, but we are growing."

Brotherly Advice on Nurturing Children

In a letter to Martha Ann Smith Harris from England, her brother Joseph F. Smith gave advice on raising children:

I believe you will teach your children to love, not fear, you. Inspire their youthful hearts to virtue and despise vice. Encourage and succor every noble and godly aspiration of their souls. And check with a kind and motherly affection, but with a firm unwavering hand every tendency to disobedience, or wrong...Never—No! Never!! Scold them.

It is the greatest folly in the world to scold. If anything needs to be said it may be said calmly, and affectionately, not in a passion. Scolding of any kind is useless, and worse, it is a folly, and a crime. Season counsel, instruct, but never scold. Never box or slap them, not even in calmness. [See Appendix A for more on this subject by Joseph F.]

Financial Struggles

From Liverpool, England on 15 July 1874, Joseph F. wrote to Martha Ann:

...I often think of my poor dear sister and her almost helpless little family, and breathe but one earnest prayer. O! Lord bless them, and provide for their every need.... I cannot bear to see suffering and poverty. I see sights that grieve me every time I go out in the streets, and feel more and more thankful for my mountain home. This land is cursed from beginning to end with drunkenness and consequent wretchedness, and degradation. If there is one book I ask it is that I and mine may escape that blasting, withering curse. I would a thousand times rather die any torturous death.

From his Lanihuli retreat in Hawaii, 30 November 1885, Joseph F. wrote to Martha:

...Your children should have a chance to go to school. Why should my poor dear sister and her family ever be bound down by the strong cords of poverty and want. Perhaps it is all right, but it seems to me there is a screw loose somewhere. I do not think it is your fault. Surely you have ever worked hard enough and have deserved better fares.... (DJ & RB Harris 156)

Martha Ann's Handiwork

Martha Ann always worked hard to help support her family. While living in Salt Lake, she paid \$30.00 and gave six-week's work to learn the glove-making trade. For 20 years she made gloves, making 40-50 pairs of gloves every fall and selling them for prices ranging up to \$7.00 a pair. She bought buckskin and beaver furs from the Indians as they passed through on the way to their winter camp. Her children remember seeing from six to twelve big bucks line up along the fence to sell their furs and buckskins. Some of the hides Martha Ann smoked and cured by herself, but for the finer gloves she engaged Brother H. B. Smart, of the Provo Woolen Mills, to dress the skins for her. She made hundreds of pairs of gloves—short work gloves, fine ladies' gauntlets decorated with silk embroidery, and stage-driver's



Martha Ann's Handiwork on Review

Left: Great-grandson David J. Harris using a woolen baby shawl knit by Martha Ann. (Courtesy D. J. Harris) Center: It is not clear who handcrafted this grandson's outfit. Elbert Harris Startup was, however, a creation

gloves with fur backs and huge cuffs decorated with heavy beadwork—all of perfect fit and of the finest material and workmanship.

When her children induced her to stop making gloves, because the work was too hard for her, she took up the business of making temple clothes, at which she worked until her death; even when she lay in the bed for nine months with a broken leg, she would be propped up with pillows and work on temple clothes.

Martha Ann was recognized as an authority in making temple aprons and laying away the dead. She gave away many temple aprons and also sent hundreds for sale in Salt Lake. Every two weeks 12 finished aprons went to the women's National Relief Society Burial Clothes Department. (*King Manuscript*) She spent a large part of her life helping care for the sick and dressing and laying away the dead, very seldom receiving any material compensation for her labor and often giving of her own scanty clothing and food to poor homes where most of her work was done. It was truly said by her and her daughters that most of her work is under the ground; the

of Walter and Artie Startup. The newspaper reported that the Startups had a "stroke and were son struck" when Elbert was born—the first son after three daughters. (Courtesy Cheryl S. Worsley) Right: Martha Ann at the Ironing Board. (Courtesy Dorothy Storrs)

finest of needlework and skillful embroidery, laid away to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. (RP Harris 18)

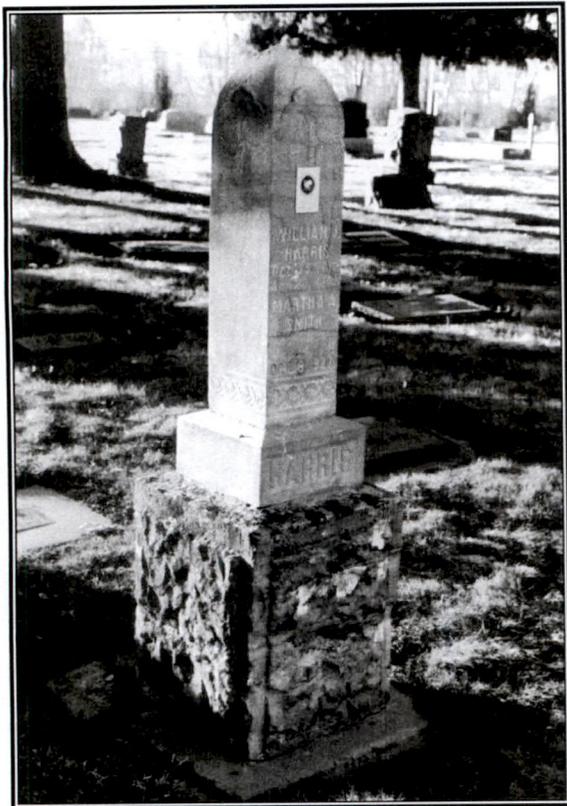
The following is from a tape-recorded interview of two of Martha Ann's granddaughters—Edna Mae Hedquist and Mary Harris Hafen. (Edna Mae's photo is shown in Chapter 21.)

Edna Mae spoke of Martha's needlework:



Grandmother worked her fingers to the bone. She'd sit and embroider temple aprons all day long until she could hardly stand it. I don't think she used glasses to embroider with. I think she had glasses with which to read. Grandmother would sit in her chair and embroider temple aprons to send to Salt Lake for sale in the temple store. Some of the aprons had each green leaf embroidered and appliquéd onto white satin. She didn't receive much money for her work. I think she got \$1.50 each for the aprons in Salt Lake.

Grandmother raised money enough to pay for Grandfather's tombstone—and that tombstone is just rotting away [Leland, Brian, and David Harris repaired it in 2001]. I think how hard she worked with her hands to pay for that. It was \$75.00—



Harris Tombstone

William J. Harris—Martha A. Smith

a lot of money in those days. That was a lot of temple aprons!

Grandmother made beautiful temple robes, too. She worked very hard pleating the robes in fine linen. Linen was a fabric she loved. She was a wonderful, wonderful Grandmother!

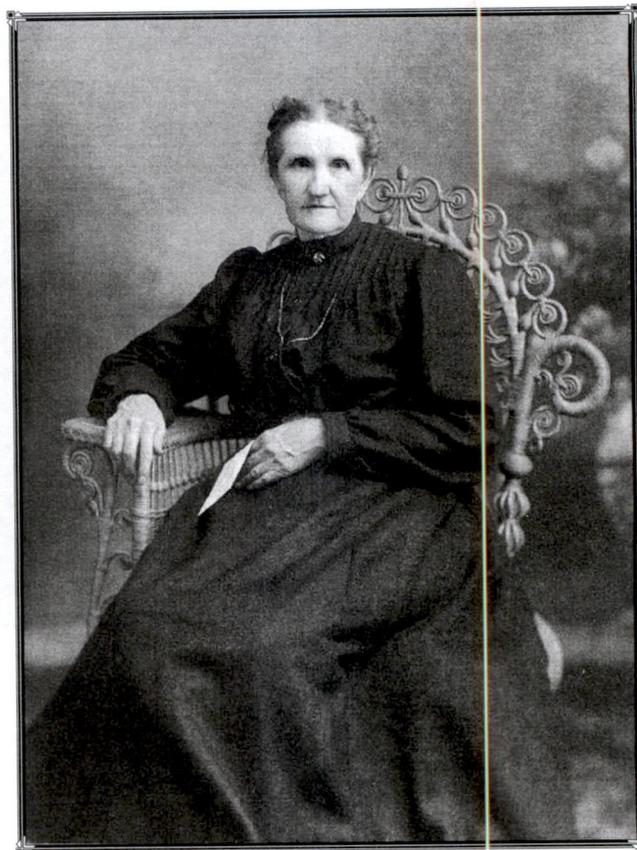
Mary Harris Hafen:

I remember Grandma liked to wear an apron, and when we'd come in she'd give us a love. She'd take her apron and wipe her eyes. She'd cry a little bit and love us and wipe her eyes with a corner of her apron. Grandma had a big old rocking chair with a cushion. That was her favorite place.

I remember coming to Grandma's when I was just a little girl and they had breakfast. I know she didn't have



Mary Harris Hafen
Mary recorded many Harris histories.



Martha Ann Smith Harris

enough bowls to go around to all of us. So they just put the whole-wheat mush out on the plate and we had milk with it and sugar. Oh, it was good! I can still remember how good that tasted! Nobody ever made such good mush as Grandma and nobody ever made more beautiful food than Aunt Artie and Aunt Sarah and Edna Mae.

Grandma would bring home such beautiful peaches—big perfectly formed peaches in the bottle all ready for Grandpa. She had a little horse, too. Grandmother and I used to ride the horse. You'd see her going up Main Street every so often to Uncle John's store to get the groceries. That's when Main Street had telephone poles in the middle of the street. Some of the boys would have to go hitch the horse up for Grandma. Out in the back were the apple trees. Apples fell on the ground and the little horse liked all of them [except for the ones that fell on the roof of the out-house, that were too high to reach].

Grandpa and Grandma had pigs and chickens. They hired the killing and skinning of the pigs and hung them up in the



Provo Center Street

In the early days, telephone poles lined the middle of Center Street. Notice Mother Luna profile on left mountain. (Courtesy Provo A Story of People in Action)

backyard. The hair was removed by placing them in a big kettle of hot water; next they were put into salt brine and cured. They smoked the bacon and ham down in the basement of the house.

Grandma had a big feather bed. I can remember pumping up that big feather mattress. We had to pound it and pound it until everything was puffy and then, when it was, we'd smooth it with a broom handle.

Artie Harris Startup's daughter Naomi said sometimes she slept at her Grandma Martha Ann's home, after Martha Ann was aged and living alone. Grandma enjoyed twelve-year-old Naomi's company. Naomi remembered settling in on Grandma's feather tick bed to sleep. Naomi would sink way down in the sheets and get so hot, she felt she would suffocate.

Edna Mae:

That big feather bed was the hardest bed to make! It was that deep and you'd just sink down in it. It never looked decent when it was made. It surely felt good to sleep in it.

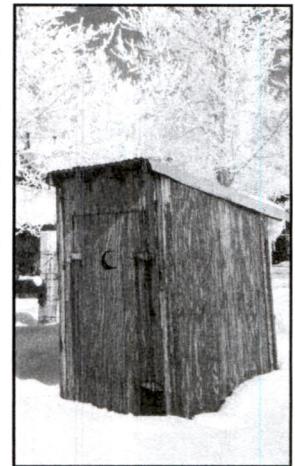
Grandma had an artesian well and we drank our water out of it. It was by that north door of the old adobe home. That south door never did have any steps to it. I don't know why. Grandmother had her kitchen and her dining room. We'd eat in there. We didn't eat in the big place. That was just for sleeping and the front room

was the parlor when Aunt Sarah and Aunt Artie were young. After Grandmother had to give it up, the old house was rented to Mr. Purswell from Australia and his daughter.

I lived with Grandmother when they moved into the big house. They made a kitchen out of one of the bedrooms. One time while taking a bath in the tub by the stove in the middle of the floor in the front room, I fell against the stove and burnt my side—my arm. It was a long time getting that healed up. There was a big front room with a stairway going upstairs. Uncle Walter Startup had a toilet and a bathtub put in part of it—in the pantry or something.

Mary Hafen:

When Grandmother had the bathroom put in, she had to seal off a big heavy trap door leading to the unfinished basement where fruit was kept in order to make room for the bathroom. I remember her saying when the bathroom was finished, she went in there and fell on her knees and offered a prayer of thanksgiving. At last, she didn't have to go way out to the outhouse in the cold. Her knees bothered her to have to walk that far.



Outhouse

Years earlier Martha Ann's knee splintered. It was broken and reset twice and put into a cast. She had convalesced for six months in her bed, and then walked with crutches for 18 months. Afterwards she walked on her own but her knee bothered her the rest of her life. (*King manuscript*)

Sarah Harris Passey recorded the following concerning her mother Martha Ann at this time:

While she [Martha Ann] was suffering so much, Aunt Zina Young came from Salt Lake to visit Mother. Zina said, "I have a blessing for you, Aunt Martha." She laid her hands upon her head and blessed her

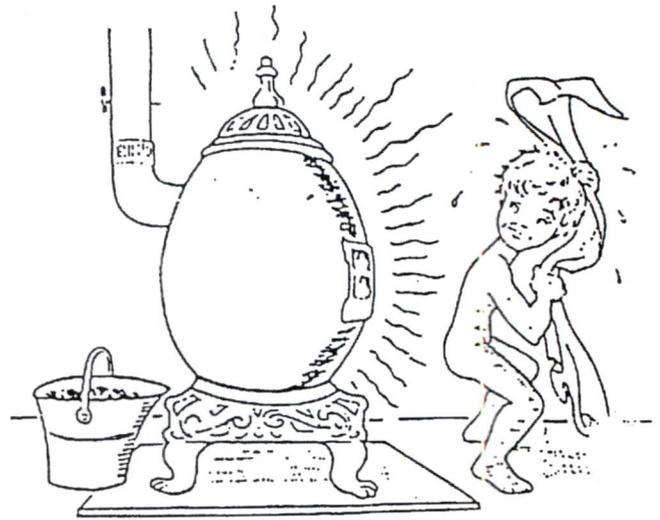


Ma's Old Galvanized Washtub



Did you ever take your Saturday bath,
An' try to wash an' scrub,
While squattin' down on your haunches
In a galvanized washing tub?
If not, then you ain't missed a thing,
But I'm telling you what's right,
I done it until I was almost grown,
And every coming Saturday night.

In summertime it was bad enough,
But in winter it was really rough,
Spreadin' paper, fillin' buckets, and kettles
And all that sorta stuff.
But gettin' ready for that ordeal,
Was only half of the rub,
On takin' a bath on Saturday night,
In a galvanized washin' tub.



You'd get outta the tub next to the stove,
And stand there drippin' and shakin'
The front of your body's a freezin' to death,
While the back of your body's a bakin',
A-shiverin' and a shakin', a burnin' and a bakin',
That's the price I had to pay,
That awful ordeal will haunt me,
Until I'm old and gray.



I ain't thru yet— there's something else,
That I been wantin' to say,
I was the youngest of all the kids
What bathed each Saturday night,
Now we all bathed according to age,
An I fell last in order,
Which meant I had to wash myself,
An' in that same old dirty water.

Did you ever stand there stripped to the skin.
A woodstove bakin' your hide,
An a-dreadin' to put your foot in,
For fear you'd burn it alive?
Finally you got the temperature right,
And into the tub you'd crawl,
That cold steel'd touch your back,
And you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog.



I'm a man of clean habits,
An' believe in a bath a week,
It helps ya to keep clean and healthy,
An' it freshens up my physique.
But if I had my druthers,
I'd druther eat a bug,
Then to take my Saturday night bath again—
In a galvanized washin' tub.

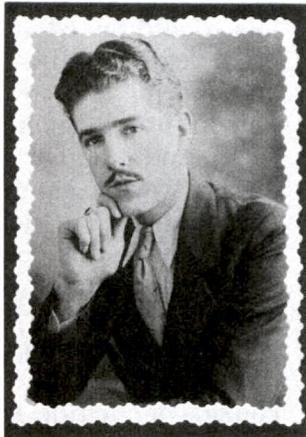


and spoke in tongues. We children were kneeling around the bed also, praying that our mother would be healed. Then she interpreted it and told her that she should walk again and be made well, with many other grand promises, which were surely fulfilled. (*Passey manuscript*)

Another accident took its toll on Martha Ann, for in 1898 she fell and broke her right arm. She suffered severely both physically and emotionally for many months. She had much work that needed doing. It was amazing what she accomplished with her lame right arm and hand. She knitted and crocheted many beautiful shawls, caps, mittens, stocking, and booties. She pieced and quilted many wonderful quilts. Always thinking of the welfare of others, she was never idle. (*King manuscript*)

A childhood memory from Elbert Harris Startup about his Grandmother Harris:

Grandmother Martha Harris used to walk to our house everyday for one of my mother Artie's home-cooked meals. It was good exercise for her and the two women could have a nice visit. But then one day Grandmother fell and broke her hip and could no longer make the walk to our house, so I was given the job of taking some food to her. Each morning when I was ready to go to school, Mother had prepared a small tin container of cooked mush for me to take to my grandmother. The container had a handle and I would hang it on the handlebars of my bicycle and drop it off to her house on my way to Franklin School. I remember doing this every morning until we got us a dog. We trained that smart little dog to carry the container of mush in his mouth and take it to Grandmother. He was dependable and took food to her everyday that way.



Elbert Harris Startup
(Courtesy Cheryl S. Worsley)

"Crazy Dan's" Visit to Martha Ann—In the Dead of Night

Contributed by Pearl Irene Furner Forsey;
Courtesy of Larry Harris

In the summertime Martha Ann used to wash out in the yard and hang the clothes outside. This brings us to the story of "Crazy Dan."

Back in the early days of Utah County, when everyone knew everybody else and all shared their work, their joys, and troubles together, there lived among them a queer, unsound person commonly called "Crazy Dan," who wandered and lived at will. He had never been known to harm anyone and so no one chose to cross him in any of his distracted doings.



In the early morning he would walk up to a shirt on the clotheslines and say, "Good morning, Shirt—how would-ja like-ta trade?" Then with a hearty, "thank you," on went the clean stiff shirt, and left hanging in its place was Old Dan's thread-worn one. But that was a fair trade and Old Dan's problem was attended to once more.



"Crazy Dan" will soon finagle a clean shirt from Martha Ann's line. His dirty, tattered one will take its place.



My grandmother, Martha Ann Smith Harris, was left alone with her small children in her two-room adobe brick house quite often while Grandfather was called away on guard duty.

One very cold night, after the last embers had died out in her little kitchen stove and Martha had settled down with her little brood, Old Dan came quietly in, closed the bedroom door, and built for himself a nice cozy fire.

*The wood box was full and he chuckled with glee;
The brighter the fire, the happier was he.*

*So push in the sticks, all the fire box could take;
Get ready for more, to the grate give a shake.*

*He walked back and forth while the flames were a'roar,
Settled down quietly while waiting for more.*

*Martha felt her heart was right in her throat,
And it would surely go to pieces.
Everytime he walked up close to the bedroom door,
Cold fear would grip her tighter and tighter,
Until her muscles were taut and aching.*

*Hour after hour the old clock ticked and ticked to say
That surely the wood would soon burn away.*

*But not until the first rays of light begin to show through the little square window
Did Old Dan quietly open the bedroom door and then slip away.*

*Martha dressed and went out through the deep snow to the shed for more wood,
All the time wondering what caused the strange odor in the kitchen.
Had old Dan burned his shoes, his coat, his old fur hat?*

*But when she returned and went to pop the biscuits in the oven for breakfast—???
There was Mitzi, the family cat!!!*

*Did she burn? They say she did,
To the very last turn.*

Memories of Grandfather William Jasper Harris

Granddaughter Merilla Furner Worthington shares these memories:

It seems I can see them now as I saw them then—Grandma picking black English currants and raspberries—Grandpa with his hot beds of tomato and cabbage plants at the south side of the big house—and his beautiful gardens and fruit trees. Seems to me he raised everything there was to be grown in any garden. The only thing I can remember he didn't have was strawberries and dewberries.



Merilla Worthington
(Courtesy John Dennis)

Grandpa was an expert at pitting apples. I shall never forget how those pear-mains and greenings (varieties of apples) looked and tasted at about Christmas time every year! And the care he gave his chickens and pig and cow! He was the cleanest person about milking that I have ever seen—and I must mention here that he always wore a gingham apron to milk in. His chores were done at the same time every day just like clock work.

When Grandpa told us children to do anything we knew he meant business. I will remember as long as memory lasts the day I decided to take my sisters and cousins for a ride in Grandpa's surrey. I was about seven years old and all the others were younger. The children all climbed in behind, and I in front. Old Nig was tied to the hitching post and I was giving him a brisk lashing with a fancy new buggy whip. Nig wasn't going anywhere but he was stepping forwards and backwards plenty fast. Grandpa saw the predicament and hurried to the rescue. After quieting the horse he set me firmly on the ground by the ear and told me in a way I have never forgotten that I couldn't go for a buggy ride with the horse fastened to a hitching post.

Grandpa was pleasant usually, and though he had a fine sense of humor, he



was a man that a person couldn't trifle with. He liked justice and right and he stuck to his convictions like an immovable wall. (*Worthington manuscript*)



Joseph F. Smith

Letter from England to William

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On 24 October 1861, while serving a mission in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, Joseph F. Smith wrote the following in a letter to his brother-in-law, William Jasper Harris:

...[This letter] will reach you about the 1st of December or at Christmas.... when you are surrounded by merriment and real enjoyment, engaged in the merry dance, perhaps and above all, at your own fireside with little Joseph on your knee, and prattling Willie by your side with faithful and affectionate Martha at your elbow preparing delicacies for the usual Christmas enjoyments, when those who are most dear to the heart's affections are shortly expected into participate in social amusements,

gladdening to every sense and feeling and the soul breathes forth in silent accounts, "Oh, dear is my cottage unclouded by sorrow, while blessed with the smiles of contentment for the mirth of my children. Their playful caresses unceasing delight to a parent must prove. Oh! Talk not of him who more pleasure possesses. My wealth is to smiles of contentment and love!"

I say William, when all these and the thousand of untold endearments of sacred home and loved ones crowd you, just—need I say it!—remember me!

...I am pleased to hear that your family is increasing. God bless them! Kiss the little ones for me and remember me kindly to all our friends. give my love to all yours....

Letters Between William and Martha

Letters courtesy of Carole Call King with permission from Church Archives.

Salt Lake City Aug 17 1869

My Dear Martha,

I embrace the present opportunity of writing a few lines to you I am tolerable well at present my arm will work all right I think I have paid the interest on that note for another month the prospects are very good for work that coal contract is settled uncle tells me but the writings is not drawn up yet but they are making calculations to go to work on the first of next month I expect to start to weber tomorrow Richard thinks that I can get four four[-]mules teams out there If so I will make a trip in home with coal but I cant tell exactly when you may expect but I assure you that I will come Just as soon as I can for I feel uneasy about you and am afraid you are not well and I know how scantily you are provided for food and I realize how good & patient you are and our dear little ones are content with what we set before them God bless you and them and keep you from sickness my thoughts day and night is how I can better our condition and there is something a near to encourage me I staid at Josephs on Sunday night & Richards last night I ate supper at Johns this evening and am at Crismons to night the folks are all well so far as I know except Richard he has been sick for about ten days but is a little better today John is calculating to start south



tomorrow and will be at Provo in about three days Carley Griffin is getting all right again we have herd my dear have the children vaxinated as soon as you can there is one case of smallpox over Jordan and there is no telling where it may go

it is getting late and I will Close so good night my dear and pleasant dreams your ever affectionate husband

W. J. Harris

to Willie and Jody and Hurum be good boys and minde Ma help her and tend to your pig and cut wood and don't run away and get in the watter and Mary be a good girl and Frank if you ain't a good boy Pa will attend to you when he comes home Papa

Provo City June 20 1871

My Dear Martha

I fear you will be disappointed at not receiving a letter from me this evening but it is not my fault as the mail does not go till the afternoon I will commence with Saturday and let you know how we are getting along. The boys had a regular treat a fishing. We caught all the fish we could carry home but a trout. Hyrum in pulling out a big fish broke his pole and laid it to the fish and was so mad he jumped upon and stomped it.

On Sunday we all went to meeting except Willey he ran away and staid untill afternoon on Monday morning we got breakfast and the boys were off to school in good time we get along nicely I superintend the cooking make the beds sweep the house and Willie washes the dishes Frank [age 3] is as happy as can be he likes to go up to Grandmother's in the daytime but he will not stay there at night he says he wants to stay with Pa he came home on Saturday evening and said Danmaw dive me a bid ump a suddy, besides other things which he told over in his odd way he is so cunning and innocent Yesterday I got to studying about Chislett whipping him [Frank], he was over in ----'s lot. I went over to see the gentleman about it he said he did not know it was my boy I boxed, his ears for his ignorance then I took my foot from his [missing corner of page] for disputing your word and then slaped his jaws as a reminder for the future if it was a boy that

was old enough to realize what he was doing I would not have said a word but my little Frank I could not pass it over and only waited for you to get away

Hyrum has a rising on his left thumb I poulticed it with bread and water last night neither him nor me slept more than an hour he fretted and cried until his nose took to bleeding twice in the night but finally I got it stopped. He is better now and is asleep.

I got a letter directed to you from Cottonwood I opened it and found it was from Mary Ann I am very sorry to hear of the sickness of Robert's family but hope they will soon be better Mother has just left here and taken Frank home with her

My dear do not fret about home. We are all doing well except Hyrum and I think he will soon be better I have not found anybody going to town that you can come home with but I will keep a good lookout I hope you and the children are well The last I heard from Tintic the men had not arrived but coming and had their papers all arranged and I suppose they will take our ground

Be sure and write to me and let me know how you get along, and the folks are and my Mary and little Luty [Lucy] My love to Joseph & Family & Aunt Thompson & Mary Jane, John & Family & all our friends
Yours as ever

W.J.Harris

Salt Lake City June 23 1871

My Dear William

I received your very welcome letter yester day. I had looked pacently for one until then I was pleased to hear from home but Sorry that my dear little Hyrum was so poorly I hope he will soon be better I would like to have been thare when he was suffering with his finger I know he would have felt better if Mah had have been thare, but I know you have done the best you could for him.

I am some better. My boil has broke and my teeth are some better I hope your finger and leg is better you did not tell me how that was when you wrote to me



I was sorry you said anything to Chislet we never know how such things will end we had better Suffer long than do wrong but he had no business to dispute your word and I cannot blame you.

I am sorry that Wiley ran away again & I will be so glad when he gets so that he will not run away from home it is so naughty of him.

I would have liked to have had some off your fish that you caught I am fish hungry

Well I must now tell you some bad news which has grieved me very much my Dear Sister Sarah has barely lived threw one more severe ordeal she has buried another fine boy and she is very low I could have gone with Joseph and John when they went but I could not spare the means to come home in the car

Josephs baby is very poorly they think the trip will do it good Julina has gone with Joseph. John has taken Little Hyrum with him. he is sick and they think it will do him good.

William Barton is expected down this weak and talks off going to Provo perhaps I will come home with them. I am not sure, though, that they will come so do not put my dependence in it I cannot write for the folks are talking. Mary and Lusy are well Mary is getting a better appetite since she came I want to get home now but I have not seen half off the folks yet that I want to for I have not had time yet for I have been helping the folks to get ready to go I felt bad enough that I could not go to see my poor sister[,] tell the boys to not go in the water for that will make them Sick and I will not be thare to take care off them but I cannot stay away from them much longer I want to see my little Frank so bad I can hardly stand it and all of you please write soon and let me know how you all are kiss my baby for me I must close for I want to go to the theatre tonight Sarah says she will give me a ticket to go

the folks all send their love to you all

*So good night my Dear
for the present yours of
ever Martha Ann Harris*

*Martha the
20th 1894*

My Dear William

Your very welcome favor of the 16th came to hand Last week but having no paper I could not write in answer before now I am up to Zina now I came up to Franks yesterday & stayed all night went to too meetings yesterday, had a very nice meeting

I was very much obliged to you for the invitation you sent me to come home & make you a visit & will come as soon as I posably can but Frank is not willing how Long it will be to day is pay day for Frank & Hyrum perhaps they can do Something for us. I have 5 dollars towards it I will fetch it home when I come

I am afraid you cannot get much of a cow for thirty dollars do try to get a good one when you do, you will have to get a Ton of hay & pay for it after we draw our next pay[,] pay what you have got and let it go as far as it will sell at the... [missing page]

...to have me home until Josey gets over her trouble poor John & Lydia are heart broken after the Loss of their Lovely little baby the trouble was caused by her falling off[] a chair & hurting her Self I will tell you all about it when I come home Everything was done for it that could be done[,] it done no good. Lucy & I were there when it passed away Dear Little thing it was so hard to See its Life Ebb away & could do nothing for it but we have to bare it and do the best we can

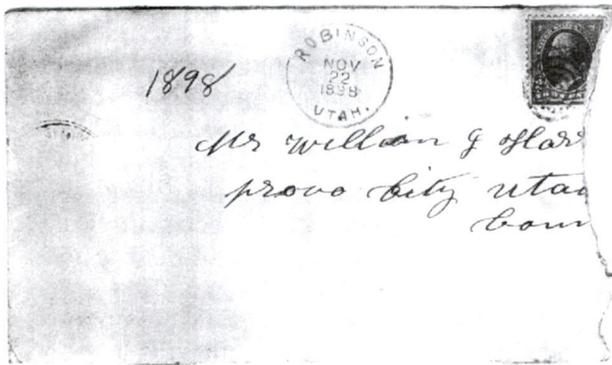
I have been making Some Close for the Little girl that is Stopping to Lucys Jessey made the one that Dealya had for awhile you know I am going to do Some for Zina this week help her to do Some Sewing. You Spoke about the Taxes but the boys are all in the loop as you [k]now & they are all willing to help us but I do not know [missing page]

I will fetch her some woman Suits when I come. I am glad you Sold the old Stove. I hope you can pull threw untill I come the folks are all well up here but Lucy & Mercy is not as well as I would Lik to see them but when they get their Stove moved in I think they will be better.



I am Troubled with rhumtism quite a bit
well I will close for this time & that it
will find you all well at home I got your
Shirts changed for number fifteen that is
the best I could do[.] so

*by by for the
present from you
of ever with love
to artie & your self
I am Mother
write soon*



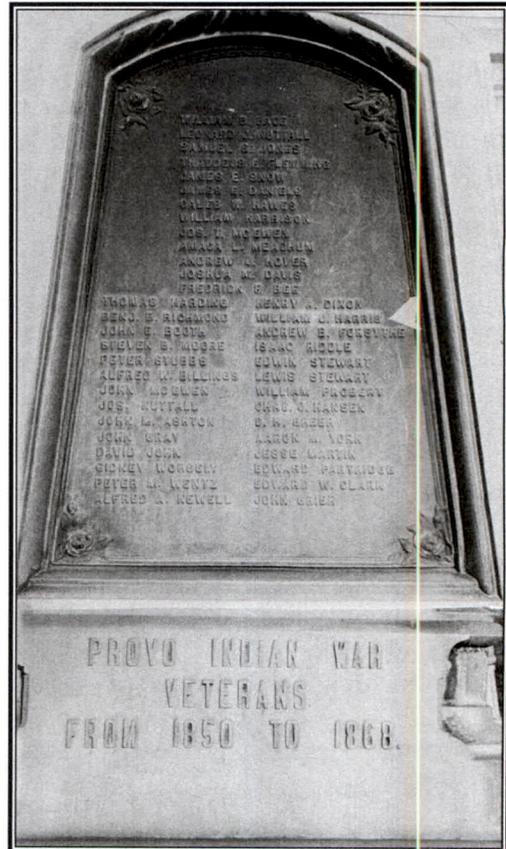
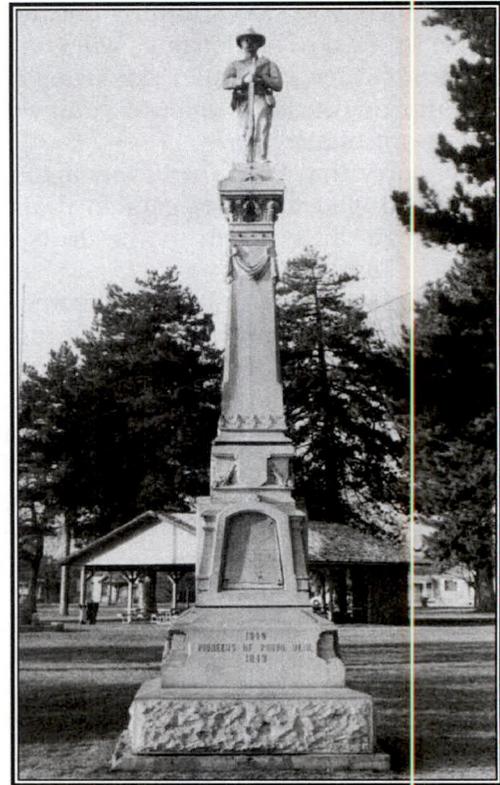
This letter from Martha Ann was delivered in 1898 with a 2¢ stamp and without even a street address.

The Black Wreath on the Door

On Friday, 23 April 1909, 72-year-old William went with his son John Albert Harris to the Opera House on Center Street in Provo to a celebration being held in honor of the Black Hawk War Veterans. After the joyful program, William and his son were walking home when a buggy ran over William injuring him severely. These injuries resulted in his death (DJ & RB Harris 130). Just three days before Williams death, he and Martha had celebrated their 52nd wedding anniversary. (*King Manuscript*)

Edna Mae Simmons, 10 years old and living with her grandparents William and Martha Ann at the time, recorded this event:

I remember the night Grandfather was killed. He went to the opera house where they had an event to raise money for a monument to the veterans of the Black Hawk Indian War. This monument stands today in the park at 500 West and Center Street in Provo. The name of "William J.



Provo Indian War Veteran Memorial

William J. Harris' name is located at white arrow.



Harris" is one of the names inscribed on it.

Grandfather was walking home down Center Street with one of his sons when a team of runaway horses collided into him. I remember my brother Arthur and I woke up and came down to sit on the stairway in the dark, wondering what was happening. Grandfather had been seriously hurt and died that night.

They laid him out in the little room in our home that was later remodeled into a kitchen. For two or three days the morticians came and embalmed him. Until they had the funeral he was right in the home in a casket. Then they took the casket to the church. They didn't take it to the mortuary. We put a black wreath on the front door. That meant there was a death there. It was scary, but that's the way my mother was laid out, too. They brought her home, and until they had the funeral, she was in our home.

The *Provo Herald*, Saturday, 24 April 1909 carried the following headlined, front-page news:



About eleven o'clock, after having enjoyed a pleasant evening at the opera house, where the Scott Co. gave a benefit for the Indian War Veterans, Mr. Harris slowly wended his way home. According to his friends he is said to have been of the best mood and discussed the old days and Indians experiences quite freely.

RUN DOWN BY A TEAM

While crossing Center Street on Third West, Mr. Harris was run down by a swiftly driven team. The team came racing along and the driver did not pretend to see the aged man crossing the street. He was struck and knocked forcibly to the ground. The driver did not even stop to ascertain

the injuries to the man, but continued his race of death down Center Street.

FOUND UNCONSCIOUS

Joseph A. Harris, a son of Mr. Harris, was walking a short distance ahead of his father, but was too far away to prevent the accident.

W.F. Dunn, who was standing on the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank corner, saw the old gentleman knocked down, and he with others rushed to the assistance of the stricken man. He was found in an unconscious condition with a bloody gash on the side of his face. Some of those whom the accident had attracted to the scene helped Mr. J. A. Harris to take his father to the home, two blocks away, and Mrs. Dunn came up town for a physician. Dr. Pyne was called and found, in addition to the wound on the head, severe bruises on the body. Mr. Harris had suffered concussion of the brain, and remained unconscious the greater part of the time till 3:30 o'clock this morning, when he expired.

AN HONORED CITIZEN

The deceased was the son of Zachariah and Emily Harris, and was born in Geneva, Morgan County, Illinois, on 25 October 1836. His father died when he was seven years of age. The mother was a member of the Mormon Church, and with her family came to Utah in 1847, having been with the Church in Nauvoo. The family located in Salt Lake, where Mr. Harris married Martha A. Smith, a sister of President Joseph F. Smith. Forty-one years ago he moved to Provo, which has since been the home of the family. He was active in the affairs of the development of the territory in a modest way in the early days, and was an Indian War Veteran. He was also one of the first locators of mines in Tintic and was a guest of honor at the time of the Tintic smelter celebration last summer. Of late years his health has been failing rapidly, and his enfeebled condition made him an easy victim of the injury he received. He is survived by his widow and eleven children, and many grandchildren. Two sons are in Nevada and one in Texas, and the time of the funeral will not be set till they are heard from.



OFFICERS WILL LOCATE OFFENDERS

The officers are trying to identify the parties who caused Mr. Harris' death. It is thought this will not be difficult, as Mr. Dunn believes he recognized the driver. He was driving a two-horse spring wagon with four occupants and was racing with the driver of a one-horse buggy.

On a note of interest, another accident was reported on the same front page:

HORSE STANDS ON HIS HEAD

It is not safe to leave a horse on the streets untied, and it is not always safe to leave him tied. Wyman Berg found this out Thursday night, when he hitched his driving horse, attached to a buggy to the hitching post outside the courthouse. An automobile came along and frightened the animal which jumped over the hitching post and landed on his head, breaking the shafts of the buggy, but being still attached by the harness. There he remained standing on his head till members of the city council committee were called to his condition. They imagined the horse had broken his neck, but when he was cut loose from the buggy, and assisted to his feet he appeared to be uninjured.

William's accidental death was also reported in the *Deseret Evening News*, 24 April 1909:

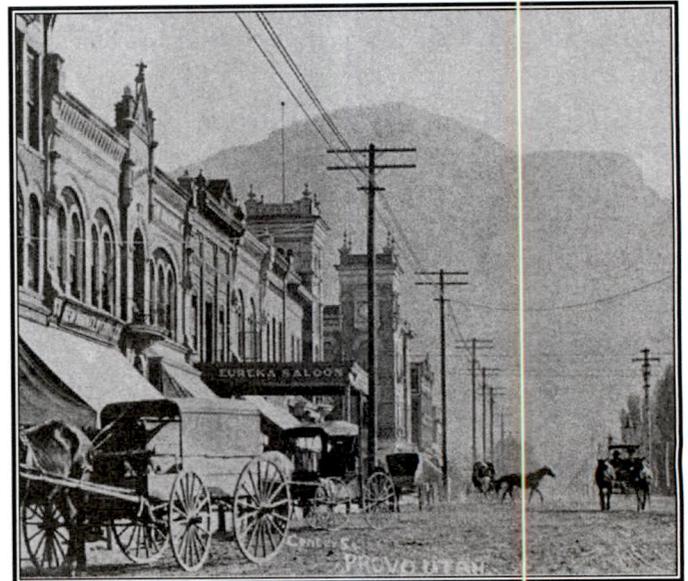
Last night, William J. Harris, a '47 pioneer of Utah, and very highly esteemed resident of Provo for 41 years, was run over and fatally injured by some reckless driver on Center Street.

Accompanied by his son Joseph A., he attended a performance given at the opera house in honor of the Indian War Veterans, and was returning home about 11 o'clock. As he was crossing Center Street, his son a few feet in the lead, he was struck by one of two teams, which were racing down the street. W.F. Dunn and others on the sidewalk, who witnessed the affair, ran to his assistance with his son, and picked up the unconscious form and carried him to his home, where he remained most of the time unconscious until his death, which occurred at 3:30 this morning. Dr. Pyne was summoned immediately after the acci-

dent and did all possible for his relief. The old gentleman was bruised all over his body, and there was a deep cut in his face. His death is supposed to be due to concussion of the brain.

...he is survived by his wife and 11 children and many grandchildren besides a host of friends who honor his memory. Two of his sons were in Nevada, and one in Texas. Until these are heard from arrangements for the funeral will not be made.

Mr. Harris took an active part in a modest way in the development and upbuilding of the state. He was a veteran of the early Indian Wars. He was also one of the first locators of mining property in the Tintic District, and was one of Uncle Jesse Knight's guests of honor at the Tintic celebration last year.



Provo Center Street

William Jasper Harris died as a result of a wreckless driver on Center Street in Provo, Utah.

(Courtesy *Provo A Story of People in Motion*)

RACING WITH A BUGGY

The vehicle which struck Mr. Harris down was occupied by four men, and the driver was racing with a one-horse buggy. The driver did not stop to see what injury he had done his victim but continued his flight down the street. It is probable that he will be apprehended, as some of the bystanders think they can identify him.

From the *Salt Lake Tribune*, (29 April 1909) we read this note:



The driver of the rig that ran over W.J. Harris last Friday has probably been located. The team was seen and recognized on Center Street last evening. Robert Hill of Provo Bench, who owns the team, was asked if he was in town on the night Mr. Harris was killed. Mr. Hill replied that he was, and that someone in a buggy had passed him at the crossing near the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, and that his team came near running into a telephone pole, but he denied knowing anything about running against or over anybody or knowing of anyone being injured. The officers are convinced that the occurrence was purely accidental.

Deseret Evening News reported on the funeral:

PROVO. April 30 [1909]. Impressive obsequies were held in the tabernacle here yesterday afternoon over the remains of William J. Harris, who was run over and fatally injured last Friday night. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives from Provo, Salt Lake and other towns nearby. President Joseph F. Smith and Patriarch John Smith were among the bereaved, being the brothers of the decedent's wife. Beautiful selections were rendered by the choir under the direction of J.R. Boshard. M.L. Pratt, George Harrison and other Indian War Veterans, comrades of the deceased, sang an old campaign song composed by Mr. Pratt.

Addresses eulogistic of the life and work of the deceased were delivered by Elders Orson F. Whitney, Francis M. Lyman and M.L. Pratt.

It was learned yesterday that Robert Hill of Provo was the man driving the team which ran down and fatally injured Mr. Harris last Friday night. Mr. Hill remembered driving down Center Street, where a single buggy crowded him almost into the telephone pole on Third West, but said he did not see anyone on the crossing and was grieved to think that he had been the cause of his friend's death. Mr. Hill was a friend of the Harris family, and called to make his explanation of the accident. Mr. Hill's explanation was entirely satisfactory to the officers and no further investigation will be made.



Martha Ann and Joseph F. Smith, ca. 1917
(Courtesy Buddy Youngreen.)

Uncle Joseph F. Smith

Edna Mae Simmons Hedquist speaks of her great-uncle Joseph F.:

When Uncle Joseph F. Smith came to Provo, it was quite an occasion to have him visit Grandma [Martha Ann]. Grandmother went to Salt Lake for Conference every year—spring and fall—and stayed in the Beehive House where Uncle Joseph lived. There we had our own room and a bath to ourselves. Oh, how wonderful I thought it was! Then we ate in the large dining room at a big long table with Uncle Joseph at the head. He was the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints then. He was so good to Grandmother. Uncle Joseph's family had a front box in the theater. I went several times to a stage show.

Uncle Joseph had the sweetest kiss. His breath was just as sweet as could be. I just worshipped him. Once when I was a little older, Uncle Joseph went around and kissed everybody but me. He didn't recognize me because he hadn't seen me for some time. I was brokenhearted, since he had always kissed me before.



Beehive House

One summer visit, Grandmother was going out the front steps of the Beehive House. Her foot made a wrong step on the stairs and she went just “a flying” and broke her ribs. She convalesced in the Beehive House for several weeks. There I was in that big house roaming around trying to amuse myself. Aunt Julina Smith gave me little things to do like pinning pins in a pincushion. Anything to try to keep me busy! I was lonesome until her grandchildren came with their mother, Aunt Mary Smith, who lived through the block. She was Uncle Joe’s first wife and had a daughter about my age. We played together in the back lot. I was glad when I could come home.

They brought Grandmother home after her ribs had healed a little bit. I think she came on the train. We traveled on the train whenever we went to Salt Lake. A team of Uncle Joseph’s horses and a carriage met us at the station. The train traveled straight down the street from the Beehive House to the Union Station. The station in Provo was on University Avenue. There were two different trains going through Provo at that time—Rio Grande and San Pedro.

Tributes to Martha Ann

Ann Adelaide Dennis Jaussi tape-recorded her memories 29 January 2002. At the age of 91, she is the oldest living grandchild of Martha Ann. These are her words:

I was privileged to know my grandmother Martha Ann Smith Harris. I remember her well. She was a very notable lady. I loved her very, very much and felt it a privilege to live in the time she lived. Grandma was very broad-minded—kind to everybody in judgment. She didn’t like to hear anybody be otherwise. Grandmother had a very loving spirit and loved every one of her grandchildren.



Ann Dennis Jaussi



Train in Downtown Provo
(Courtesy Provo A Story of People in Motion)



Grandmother was very liberal with everybody and kind and thoughtful. She was a woman who used to go to a lot of ill people's places. She was almost a doctor because she knew so much about medicine. Her mother, Mary Fielding Smith, a teacher, was an educated lady and able to teach her children well. [...she sold Brown's pills on the side. These wonderful pills regulated just about every kid in the Sixth Ward," wrote Cal Bee in *Provo Daily Herald*.]

Grandma was quite aged when I knew her. We took turns helping her with housework. She earned a lot with her needle and crocheting. She made many temple clothes for people. Numerous people had burial clothes made ahead by her. I had a temple apron made by her. I think my sister Zina was buried in it.

Grandma liked to visit each one of her families. A neighbor hitched up Grandma's horse and buggy and Grandma drove. She called us when she started out, "This is Grandma, and I'll be up there quite soon." So we watched for her to come. We had to help her out of the buggy. Grandma was independent as long as she could be.

Grandma had an organ, which she used to play by pumping with her feet. She liked to hear me play her organ. [Ann still plays beautifully at age 91 and plays "by ear"]. Grandma liked to sing. One lullaby I remember is: "Peek-a-Boo, I See You Hiding Behind the Chair."

When I went to my grandmother's home, it was always a delight. She regularly asked, "Are you hungry?" There wasn't a selfish bone in her body. She always wanted to share what she had with anybody. Grandmother was a good cook. She didn't lack for food in the home because she was a good manager. Later on, Grandma didn't do as much cooking due to a fall she suffered while taking some food she canned down into her "trap" (basement). So we had sandwiches, or bread and milk.

Grandmother's well was right out of her front door. She had a feeling that told her when the drillers came, "This is where the water will be." Later years she had water put into her home. Now she didn't have to use a bucket to pull water up out of the well. The well was covered over and no longer used.

One time my little baby sister Martha and I were caught in a storm going to Grandma's. I tried to go under the eaves of one of the stores but when we got to Grandma's, we were wet. She said, "Oh, you must take your clothes off and get into my bed." I thought, "What a privilege to get into Grandma's bed." The bed was full of feathers, which they had saved. It was so soft! I was one of the favored ones even though I got wet. We dried our clothes out by her stove that she had heated.

Martha Hoopes continues and also relates how Martha Ann saved her life twice:

Although I was only three years old, I

remember this incident with the storm just as well as can be. We had a little wicker "go-cart" with two wheels and a handle. One day Mother put me in the little go-cart with a two-quart bottle of buttermilk supported between my legs and feet. I was wearing black patent leather "Mary Jane" bootlets that buttoned by means of a buttonhook. The old-fashioned bottle was of green glass. It had a rubber ring and a glass lid fastened by a wire. By my side was a loaf of hot white bread wrapped in a nice, clean, hand-embroidered dishtowel. My mother Zina liked to send homemade white bread, freshly churned butter and buttermilk to Grandmother Martha Ann. She loved white bread because she had been required to eat so much black bread (whole wheat bread made with molasses) with no butter while her husband William was gone fighting in the Utah Indian War.



Martha Dennis Hoopes

En Route to Grandma's there came a cloudburst soaking us wet to the skin. When we arrived at Grandma's, we found her in bed with a bad hip. She hung our wet clothes to dry by the stove and cuddled us in her feather bed to warm us (Mother had a feather tick, too).

When our clothes dried, we dressed and cut the warm bread and buttered it. My slice had more butter than I wanted, so



I went outside and scraped the excess off with my index finger and put the butter on the foot scraper at her door. Then I walked around in Grandma's yard that had gone to weeds. By her well I saw her kitty lying down. "Kitty is asleep," I told my sister Ann. But unfortunately the cat was dead. Grandma Martha had wondered where her cat was. With her bad hip, she hadn't been around much.

Grandma Martha Ann, for whom my sister Ann and I were named, saved my life twice when I was an infant. Grandma came up after I was born and changed my diaper. It was full of blood because the twine tying off the umbilical cord had come undone. If she hadn't seen this, I'd have bled to death. She tied it with a fresh piece of cord. A month later, I developed pneumonia. Grandma made a flaxseed poultice by boiling the seed in water and straining it. (Flax seed was also used this way for a hair gel to wave hair or make it curly, and keep it in place). Grandma spread the flaxseed poultice on an old sheet and wrapped me up in it. Then she wrapped a blanket around me to keep the poultice in place. Thus she saved my life again.

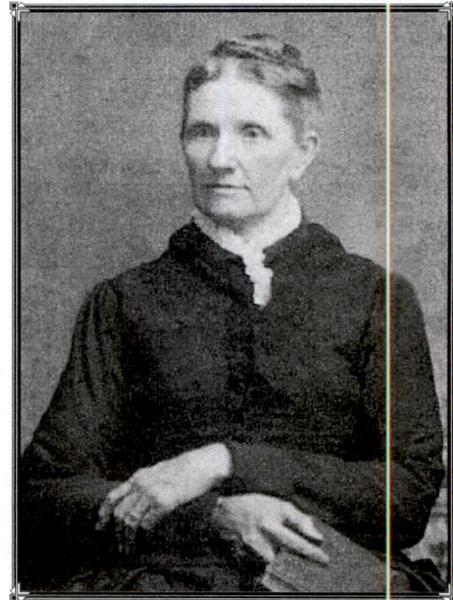
Grandma died in 1923, when I was three-years old. Her body was laid out in a coffin at her daughter Artie's front room. Papa held me up to see Grandma and I was shocked to see glass over her coffin. The reason for the glass was because of the flu epidemic at the time, although Grandma did not die from flu, but problems incident to old age.

Ann:

Grandma was a happy person in spite of all her trials. She wanted everyone to know that she was blessed even though she had experienced bitter hurts. One of the most wonderful things about Grandma was she told you so much of her history. She said that the martyrdom of her father was a very sad situation, of course. They mourned his death. It was a sad, sad day for a little girl. She said, "I saw my mother faint away when she received the word." Grandma remembered how her mother put a shawl around her and carried her over to the Mansion House where her father was laid out. She remembered her father. Her

mother, Mary Fielding Smith, came to Utah as a pioneer. She was determined to leave Illinois and bring her family to an easier place to live. Captain Lott told her that she would be a drawback on the whole company. Mary answered, "Captain Lott, I'll go and I'll take my family, and I'll beat you to the valley," and she did. They reached Salt Lake. I heard Grandma explain how wonderful she thought it was.

My grandmother Martha Ann Smith Harris was a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful woman. I feel honored and privileged to be alive and be able to have known her and to have gone to her house and shared her food with her. We really treasured all the memories of the good times we had together. I was 14 when my grandmother passed away and I was broken hearted.



Martha Ann Smith Harris
(Courtesy Marjorie Tribe)

Tribute to Martha Ann by her daughter Zina:

I must pay tribute to the dearest and most beloved mother a girl ever had. I picture her this way in the following:

*M – is for the million things she gave me,
O – means only that she's growing old,
T – is for the tears she shed to save me,
H – is for her heart of purest gold.
E – is for her eyes with love light gleaming,
R – means right and right she'll always be.
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
A word that means the world to me.*



My mother taught the following to me:

The Old Arm Chair

*I love it, I love it, and who should dare
To chide me for loving that old armchair.
'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to heart,
Not a tie would break, not a link would start.
Would you learn the spell
A mother's put there?
A sacred thing is that old armchair!
With childish glee I lingered near,
And often lent a listening ear.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With God for my creed and truth for my guide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak
As scalding tears stream down my cheek.
It was here she nursed me, t'was here she died,
And memory like a lava tide.
I love it, I love it, and who should dare
To chide me for loving this old armchair!*

Death of a Saint

On 4 July 1909, Martha Ann took a trip to east Texas to visit her children who worked there. Her brother President Joseph F. Smith, and his wife Edna accompanied her. Martha Ann enjoyed a month's stay just riding and sight seeing. She was gone one month. (Felt 163)

In 1897, twelve years before William Jasper Harris' death, he and his wife Martha Ann attended the 50th Anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers into the Great Salt Lake Valley.

Twenty-five years later, in 1922, Martha Ann was a guest at the celebration of the 75th Anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers into the Great Salt Lake Valley. She rode with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julina L. Smith, to the head of Immigration Canyon to see the monument marking the spot where Brigham Young said, "This is the Place."

The next year, 19 October 1923, the spirit of Martha Ann Smith Harris left her body, utterly worn out from toil and suffering, and went to greet again in the city of the pearly gates her fair-haired, blue-eyed lover. (RP Harris 18)

Clipping from newspaper 22 October 1923:

Many Relatives and Friends Pay Tribute to Exemplary Life of Beloved Woman

Church leaders, general board, stake and ward this afternoon joined in paying tribute to one of Provo's greatest women,

Mrs. Martha Ann Smith Harris, who died Friday morning at the age of 82.

The funeral services were held in the stake tabernacle. The speakers were Apostles George Albert Smith and Joseph Fielding Smith, Stake President T.N. Taylor, Mrs. Eliza C. Nelson, Robert Taylor and Bishop Joseph Nelson of the Sixth Ward, who conducted the services. The invocation was offered by Andrew Knudsen.

Music was furnished by Marie H. Homer, Sarah Passey, Carol P. Pyne, Sarah Dastrup, Peter Jensen, Roland Olsen, Murray Roberts, J. A. Clayson and Professor J. R. Boshard, who directed the singing. This group rendered the selection "When First the Glorious Light of Truth Burst Forth in This Last Age." The second musical number was "O My Father" by Marie Hedquist Homer and a quartet. The selection was a request number. Mrs. Bulloci and Mrs. Pyne sang "Hold Thou My Hand," and Professor Boshard and Mrs. Sarah Passey sang by request a duet, "I Know That My redeemer Lives." The final selection was by the quartet, which rendered "Farewell All Earthly Honors."

The speakers paid sincere tribute to the exemplary life of Mrs. Harris who was a daughter of Hyrum Smith, the first patriarch of the LDS Church, and a niece of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Her devotion to the Church and her activities were praised highly. According to the speakers, she was a devoted wife and mother, and throughout her lifetime was an obedient daughter, who brought comfort to her mother in the days of trial in Nauvoo and the early settlement of Utah.

The high ideals and beautiful life of Mrs. Harris were commented upon by all the speakers, who pointed out that she possessed qualities that brought happiness in all the homes she visited.

Her charitable nature, her kindness and her devotion to duty and responsibilities were proverbial, declared the speakers.

The number of friends that attended the services taxed the lower floor of the tabernacle to capacity. The floral tributes were both beautiful and many.

Interment was in the Provo City Cemetery under the direction of the Hatch Funeral home.



Provo City Feb. 19th 1897

E G Ragman Salt Lake City

Dear Sir

as I understand you
are Secretary of the Committee
of arrangements for the celebration
of Pioneer Day to be held in Salt
Lake City.

I came to what is now called
in 1847 was a member of Captain
A. O. Smoots family & Company
Please put my name on the
list & oblige

Yours Truly Wm J Harris
1847

I was 11 years of age
leaving 1 month upon I came
into the valley of the Great
Salt Lake.

W. J. H.

William J. Harris Letter

A letter to E. G. Ragman of Salt Lake City sending information of proof that he, William J. Harris, was truly a pioneer of 1847 as he came across the plains when he was 11 years old with the A. O. Smoot Company.

Twenty-fourth of July Parade, 1897

Scene is Main Street, Salt Lake City, celebrating the fifth-year anniversary of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley on 24 July 1847.
(Courtesy Trail of Hope, William W. Slaughter and Michael Landon)

