My great grandparents were Richard and Alice Easton Parker. They were parents of six children, grandfather John Parker, their second son, married Ellen Heskens. They were parents of ten children, Isabell, Robert, Richard, Roger, Nancy, John, William (who died), Ellen, Alice and Mary. My father, John Parker, Jr., was born in the same house as his father was, in Lancashire, England, on the 14th of February, 1812. The family was religious. I think most, if not all of them, belonged to the Church of England. They were all taught to pray and were strict observers of the Sabbath. Those principles father carried out through his life. He had no schooling but learned to read and write. In his youth and early manhood he farmed and tended some sheep and cattle. Just what could be kept on a small farm, which they had to rent. All the land in that country was owned and controlled by landlords. He wove and made brooms of small willows called besoms, such as were used to sweep streets and stables. They had fly-shuttle looms in their homes. Lancashire being a cotton manufacturing district, many people that couldn't leave to work in the factory, wove in this way at home. Every child had to help earn a living. I have heard father tell of having to wake his sister Mary at three o'clock in the morning to leave to work in the factory when she was only six years old. They were honest, industrious and thrifty but there was no chance to get on in that land. The rich owned the land. Very few of the common people owned a home. It would seem nothing but slavery to us and indeed it was to them until the gospel set them free.


In 1837 the first Latter Day Saint came to England. When in the little village of Chayla, they stayed with grandfather Parker. Father was the choir leader and played the violin in church. A Mr. Richards was the pastor of the church. He had a daughter, Amelia, who was very familiar with my aunts. All were singers. Amelia told her father that there were some American ministers at Old John's (that was the way they spoke to designate the difference in that country). Mr. Richards, thinking to give his flock a change, invited them to speak in his chapel. He did not give them another chance. He said that they had deluded all the best of his congregation and led them astray. Most of the choir was converted. Amelia was one of them. She married Elder Willard Richards before he returned to America.

Grandfather, grandmother, father and wife, his brother Roger, sisters Ellen and Alice and their husbands Edward and William Corbridge, and sister Mary all received the gospel and were baptised in March, 1838, by Heber C. Kimball. I do not think that they were all baptised the same day, for I have heard father tell this incident of his baptism.

It was a cold, frosty night. There were going to be some baptisms. Father with others went to look on. He and a young man stood together. They wished that they had brought clothes so that they could be baptised. The young man said, "We can borrow Mag's dress." They did so. Father said that getting into that wet dress was worse than the icy water.

Grandfather and grandmother crossed the sea in the first ship chartered for the Latter Day Saints, and settled in Nauvoo. None of their children came with them. They had never been twenty miles away from their birthplace before. It took faith, yes, a perfect knowledge to induce people to forsake all and go to a new
world for the Gospel's sake. Aunt Mary followed the next year and was married to Samuel W. Richards.

Father's wife, Alice, bore him six children. Three were born dead. She died with the last. It was a great sorrow to him to have her taken in that way. I never heard him speak of her death without showing the most tender emotions. The three eldest were left. William, seven and a half, Elizabeth, six, and Mary Ann four and a half. Aunt Alice did what she could while he remained in England to help him care for his little ones.

Father was afflicted with asthma more or less from the time he was twelve years old. One time, when having a bad spell Brother Heber C. Kimball was there. It was when he was on his second mission. Father asked him to administer to him. Brother Kimball said, "Brother John, if you will not drink any more tea or coffee you shall be healed." He did not touch or pray for him but he was better. Some time after he was visiting at Aunt Alice's, she had coffee and he took a cup, not thinking until he had started with the asthma again. This was after the death of his wife. His sorrow must have caused him to forget. He did not use tea or coffee afterwards but suffered with asthma all his life, with the exception of a few years when change of climate relieved him.

On January 17th, 1845, he set sail from England on the ship Palmyra, bound for America. Leaving his native land, brothers, sisters and friends that had been dearest to him in life, and the grave of his loved dead. Taking his three little ones without anyone related to him to assist him in their care, to cast his lot with the Saints who were then being, and had been despised, persecuted and driven, their prophet and patriarch murdered, for the religion he was now leaving all for. It took all he had to immigrate to Nauvoo. He was seasick all the fore part of the journey. They were weeks crossing the sea in those sailing vessels. Before he was well enough to comb and take care of the children's hair, Elizabeth was in a very bad condition, it was so thick father couldn't see any way to manage it, so he cut it off. It made her look a sight and feel so badly. The president of the company, Amos Fielding, rebuked him severely for doing it.

They arrived safely in Nauvoo. He was then assisted by his mother in caring for his children. In June of that year, father took the chills and fever or ague. Nauvoo being located in the bend of the river, was moist or swampy and super induced malaria. There was much suffering from this disease, father chilled every day for thirteen months but one, and was very much reduced in strength. Grandmother took chills and died the following year. She had always said she knew she couldn't live if she had chills. She only had two. This was another great sorrow. Again they were left in a bad condition; father sick, grandfather very feeble and the motherless children.

My mother, Ellen Briggs, was born in Lancashire, England, November 7, 1806. She was married to George Douglas, by whom she had eight children, Ralph, Richard, William, Ann, Isabella, Mary, George and Ellen Vilate. William died when he was eleven years old. The family joined the church in March, 1838. All that were old enough were baptised by Heber C. Kimball. They immigrated to America in a sailing vessel. No other Saints were on board. They were nine weeks crossing the sea. They reached Nauvoo April 6th, 1842. On the 12th of July of that year her husband, George Douglas died, leaving her a widow with seven children. The eldest was sixteen. A stranger in a strange land with nothing - it having taken all their earthly possessions to immigrate but they were with the Saints for which they were thankful and had faith that God would care for the widow and the fatherless. The oldest boys were willing to work and get employment. Mother also went out to wash and do anything that she could to help support the family. The second year she was laid up with chills so long that she could not do her own work.
The family got very destitute. The Relief Society gave them assistance. She was a member of that first Relief Society and she saw the Prophet both when alive and dead. Mother was very intimate with Grandfather and Grandmother Parker before father immigrated. In fact, they had known each other before leaving England. They became better acquainted and decided to join their lives and families. They used to tell a joke on father; the only day that he missed chilling in thirteen months, he was expecting mother to call.

She lived just outside of the city but came to town once a week on business. Father watched all day and forgot to have his chill but she didn't call. They were married at Nauvoo, Samuel W. Richards presiding. They had three children each under ten years old and a grandfather that couldn't dress himself without help. Father was just getting over the chills. He often remarked that he married to get somebody to take care of him. They were very devoted to each other throughout the remainder of their lives, over forty years. At the time they were married mother had their cow killed so that they had beef and mutton. Father had fifty cents that he gave to her. She bought currants and they had a plum pudding for their wedding dinner. My parents and grandparents were endowed in the Nauvoo Temple. Brother Ralph was married before father and mother were. Richard was working on a steam boat on the river. The Saints were preparing to leave their homes in Nauvoo. They had not money enough to take the family down to St. Louis where they had decided to take refuge, so father, mother and my sister Ann went down. Leaving Isabell, a little girl not yet twelve years old, to look after her grandfather, herself and the six smaller children. They had no stove. She had to bake and do all the cooking by the fireplace. She did wonderfully well. Father got a job at a Root Beer factory at 75¢ per day. Ann went to work for Mr. Debond. There was himself, a wife and baby. As soon as they earned sufficient money, Mother went back to Nauvoo and brought the family. Then Mary got the job to tend the baby where Ann lived. They were kind people. Some of the girls lived with them all the time we stayed in St. Louis.

St. Louis was a good place for the poor Saints. Provisions were very cheap and the people were kind. The Debonds were wealthy people and never had any kind of food set on the table the second time - roasts of beef having only a slice or two taken off or a cake almost untouched were thrown into the garbage. Ann asked Mrs. Debond if she would be willing to have one of her little brothers come and get it. She was glad to have them do so. I have heard mother say that you could buy a first class cheese so large that the boys had to wheel it home in a for $1.50. Every child that was large enough to do anything found something to do and the family were soon quite comfortable. Father stayed at the same place a year and a half learning the business by observing in his own quiet way. He was an honest, industrious and thrifty man, affectionate and kind, ready to assist the needy and afflicted where ever he could. Mother was a very capable and systematic housewife, could turn her hand to almost any kind of work, expert with the needle and had excellent government. She had the government of the family. Father didn't do much at it but she saw to it that none of them did anything that would displease him. His wishes were always held up to us as something we must obey, so that love, peace and union characterized the home. I was born January 18th, 1848. My brother John was born November 1st in St. Louis, Missouri.

Father went into the business of soda water, root beer and summer drinks in partnership with a man by the name of John Carns in 1848. They were very prosperous. They employed over a hundred men in the summer time. Richard Douglas married Elizabeth Wadsworth and Ann married Edwin Robbins, February 27th, 1848. Isabell married John Pincock a year later. They all belonged to the Church and worked in the soda factory for father. Ralph went with the Mormon Battalion. When coming back with sick soldiers they met the pioneers. They turned and went into the
Valley with them. He with another soldier hoisted the flag on Ensign Peak. They also made the first adobes in Salt Lake Valley. They were much larger than those used later. Ralph built the first adobe house in Ogden after he returned with his wife and baby, they settled in Ogden. In the spring of 1852, father sold out his business and prepared to immigrate. Mother sewed the lining of his and Richard's vests full of twenty dollar gold pieces and put a false lining in them when they went to buy the outfits in which to cross the plains. They bought eleven wagons, two yokes of oxen or cows to each wagon, a threshing machine and stoves, a complete outfit to take to the Valley. They also had one large spring carriage with projecting boards at the sides, so that a bed could be made across. This was drawn by two large horses. Father, mother, grandfather and we two little children rode in it. Aunt Alice and Uncle Edward Corbridge came to St. Louis in 1850. They buried two children in a week while there. Aunt Ellen and Uncle William Corbridge came in 1852, just before we left. The night before they reached New Orleans, they lost their little daughter Margaret. They did not know what had become of her, whether she had been kidnapped or fallen overboard. They could not find her and had to leave the boat without her.

Father brought all my brothers and sisters, his two sisters and families across the plains. It was an independent company, he only hired one teamster, besides taking their places as team. The milk was strained into a kit in the morning and the jolt of the wagon churned it. The only non-Mormon in the company was the teamster. A Catholic on his way to California in search of gold. The rest were all relations and a jolly crowd were they. We came without an accident. They often spoke of crossing the plains as a pleasure trip. Many immigrants had died of cholera that year and the year before. We saw where they had been buried by the beds and clothing left by the graves. August 28th, 1852, we arrived in Salt Lake Valley. Father bought a half lot of Samuel W. Richards on second south between east and west temple and built a two roomed one story house of adobes, forty by twenty feet with lumber roof. The sons and sons-in-law rigged up the thresher. It was an eight horse power, what they called a chaff piler, separated the straw from the chaff and had to be followed by a farming mill turned by hand to clean up the grain. They threshed and cleaned thirteen thousand bushels of grain before Christmas. This was one, if not the first, thresher brought to Utah. It did good work but not at the rate they thresh now. A few years later father had the thresher made into a separator and did away with the fan mill. Some of his descendants have owned and run a thresher in Salt Lake Uiley ever since. On October 4th, 1852 my brother John died. He was eleven months old. He was buried on our lot. Several years later the body was exhumed and taken to the cemetery. The pioneers did lots of dancing. Not having public halls they danced in each others homes. The people would take the stove, bed or whatever other furniture they had, outside to make room for the dancers. Our rooms were large enough so that we were not put to that bother. About every week they danced at our home. Everybody danced. While I write I can see father and mother dancing. William played the violin. All evening affairs were announced to commence at early candle light. Father arranged for sidelights. He had a six inch board eighteen inches square with another hole bored to hold the candle, nailed to the lower end. There would be at least one of these at each side of the house. In those early days there was no fruit, no good molasses, honey or sugar only what was hauled a thousand miles by ox teams. People made molasses out of squash, beets, cornstalks or anything that would yield a little sweet juice that they boiled down. It was poor stuff. There was no soda to be had. Father took a team and went back to some alkali beds and gathered a wagon load of salaratus. This was used in cooking. He also went to Salt Lake and gathered a load of salt from the shore for fine salt. This was ground in the coffee mill. The ashes were saved for lye to make soap. In the fall of the year people would go into the canyons and gather the wild berries.
Father took us to the foot of a big mountain and the family gathered several bushels of service berries which were dried for use.

In 1853, father built a saw mill in a canyon north east of Bountiful. He took James Jepson in as a partner. They made lumber, lath, shingles and had a paper mill there. They made wrapping paper and pasteboard. For some reason they sold out in two years. Father then bought a farm of Orsen Hyde over Jorden. He didn't pay all down. What was due was to draw interest at ten percent and compound. Father took wagon loads of wheat for interest before he got it paid. That was the only debt that he ever contracted in his life. The farm was under the hill on the west bank of the Jordan, the canal that irrigated it is still used. No land was cultivated above the canal, from there to the west mountains was the Jordan range, father and the boys hauled wood from Bingham Canyon. Ralph and Richard Douglas, Edmond Robbins and John Pincock with their families settled permanently in Ogden. These were mother's eldest children. Father and those men were like brothers, the closest friends while they lived. Aunt Ellen and Uncle William Corbridge lived at Bountiful until 1859 when they moved to Cache Valley. They were pioneers of Franklin where they made their permanent home. Aunt Alice and Uncle Edwin Corbridge lived and died at Bountiful. They were the best of people, loved by everyone for their kindness.

Father loaned William Jennings, the millionaire, the money to buy the first beef steer that he killed when he started in the butcher business. He also sold him a piece of land across the bottom of the lot where he built a tannery. Jennings lot ran back from the east side of the block, ours from the north. He had the slaughter house on the back of his.

Maria Jackson Normington joined the Church in Burnley, Lancashire, England and with her husband Thomas Normington, five children, three girls and two boys, left their native land to gather with the Saints. They started to cross the plains with handcart in Edward Martin's company. The early snows detained them and caused extreme suffering, and from cold and starvation, many of the immigrants died. Among them Thomas Normington and the two boys, one of the little boys had cried for bread and someone found him a small piece. He died with it between his teeth. Hannah, the youngest girl, took it from his mouth and ate it. They were so near starved and frozen and the mother was very sick when relief reached them from the Valley. They arrived in Salt Lake City November 30th, 1856. Brother William Parker went the relief. The poor immigrants were taken into the homes of the Saints where they were cared for. Lovina, eleven, was taken into the house of Brother Alexander. Mar. Ellen came to my sister Mary's, she was aged nine. The mother and Hannah, age seven, were taken to the home of Brother Empey. Later sister Normington and Hannah came to live with us and in 1857, father married the widow. It was a long time before Aunt Maria as we always called her, fairly recovered. She had two children by father; Richard born January 21st, 1859, and Maria born May 19th, 1862. My sister Mary married James Curry in 1857 and Mary Ann married Samuel W. Richards, Elizabeth, John R. Winder, and Vilate, George Romney. The 8th of January, 1858, grandfather died. On the 24th of July, 1857, the pioneers of Salt Lake City and nearby settlements celebrated the day at the head of the Big Cottonwood Canyon at Silver lake. Most of our family was there. It was a wonderful event, people came with horse teams, oxtarms, all kinds of vehicles and on horseback. There was a company of lancers. William and George belonged to the company. They were dressed in white pants with blue stripes up the sides, white shirts and carried a painted rod with a long steel lance in the end that shone in the sun. They looked fine on their horses. There were several bands, both brass bands and fine dance music. Bowerys had been erected for the occasion. In the height of our celebration, word was brought that an army of soldiers under General Harney were coming to annihilate the Mormons. President Young called the people together to
hear the dispatch read and said, "When we arrived in Salt Lake Valley ten years ago, I said 'If our enemies will let us alone ten years, I will ask no odds of them' and I do not". The festivities went on as though nothing had happened. One very prophetic song called "DuDax" was composed and sang by William Polter of Ogden. Some time after the people made a covenant that if our enemies did come, we would burn our homes and leave the country as bare as we found it. The following lines will convey the idea of how the people felt at that time:

If Uncle Sam's determined in his very foolish plan,
The Lord will fight our battles and we'll help him all we can,
If what they now propose to do should ever come to pass,
We'll burn every inch of weed and every blade of grass.

We'll throw down all our houses, every soul shall immigrate
And we'll organize ourselves into a roving mountain state.
Every move will make our vigor, like a ball of snow increase
And we'll never sue to them, but they to us, for peace.

Preparations were soon made to prevent the army from coming into the Valley. Read Whiney's history of the Echo Canyon War. Father or some of the boys, two or three at a time were out in the mountains all winter. William was with Lot Smith when he burnt the wagons. In May, 1858, the citizens living north of Utah County, abandoned their homes and moved south. Our families living at Ogden, with Aunts Ellen and Alice with their families, stayed at father's farm until all had to go south of the point of the mountain. They camped on the Jordan west of Lehi. Again most of the company that crossed the plains were journeying and camping together. As a matter of course, father took charge of the camp. They were only there three weeks when word came that we could go back to our homes. The army had been allowed to march through the apparently deserted city and were camped about two or three miles from our farm for awhile before locating at Camp Floyd. Father had made lumber boxes a foot square and four feet long, had filled them with flour and had cached them before we left. We didn't know that we would ever see our homes again but we had the flour and could not take it. In case of a chance, it would be there. They had crops growing and when we returned had a ready market for all our surplus supplies at the soldier camp. We were destitute for clothing. Father often remarked that the army not only brought the goods but the money to buy them with. What our enemies had intended for our destruction proved to be a blessing in disguise. While a portion of the army camped on the Jordan Range, some of the soldiers came to the farm to buy butter, eggs, chickens and milk. Some of the camp followers brought merchandise and all needful articles. During the time of the move, we had to ravel out pieces of factory and twist the ravelings together for mending thread. Father made lemon syrup and took to Camp Floyd and sold soda water. He had made a barrel of syrup at the cost of fifty dollars. In going around the point of the mountain, the wagon tipped over, the head of the barrel of syrup, came out. He lost all the syrup. He returned home and made another barrel of syrup, took to the camp and made $300 out of it. He also got some sheep, so that the family began to spin and weave their clothes. After we were settled at home again, Aunt Maria lived at the farm. Father had to spend most of his time there in the summer but always came to town Saturday night so as to attend the morning and afternoon services at the Tabernacle on Sunday. Mother and Father made a visit every winter to their children in Ogden. In the winter of 1861, they took their loom with them. They had a wagon bed on bobsleds. They sent word ahead to the girls to have their yarn dyed and they would do their weaving while they visited. All of them lived in log houses, not much room for a loom, but they managed somehow. It did not take long to weave a hundred yards of cloth. We could not color them as now in a few hours. Blue took ten days or more.
yarn had to be wrung out every day in the indigo dye and put to air until of the desired shade. Yellow was colored with peach leaves and alum. Blue was just put in yellow dye to make green. Red was colored with madder soaked in bran water, set with lye made of ashes. For brown we used madder dye set with copperas. We used logwood set with copperas or vitrol for black.

October 6th, 1862, father was called to Dixie to raise cotton. He thought best to take part of his family. So it was decided that Mother and I should go and get some kind of a place before he took Aunt Mary and the little ones. There was no alfalfa and not much hay of any kind in those days. Our teams were grained and turned out to pick what they could find when we camped. We were three weeks on the road. We arrived at Virgin December 12th, 1862. The team was turned out and we did not see them again for three weeks. There were two large horses and a mule. Father hired an Indian who found and brought them. There was an abandoned cellar that had been built up with rock and had caved in. Father had our wagon drawn up to it and began to clear it out again and build it up. He had brought two window sashes, six 8 by 10. He hewed out cottonwood stocks, fastened them together with pegs, then we sewed a linsey blanket over them for a door. The roof was covered with cottonwood poles, covered with dirt. The floor was flat rocks. There was not a foot of lumber in the house. He didn't get it finished until spring, but the winter was so mild that we lived comfortably out-of-doors. He took up five acres of land on North Creek. He dug an irrigation ditch and put in a crop. He bought a city lot and set out an archard. Mother and I learned to card and spin cotton. Brother Thomas Cotton came to Dixie the same year and worked a yoke of father's cows in his team, so both he and father were benefitted thereby.

In the spring the people of Virgin were called to fit out five wagons, two yoke of cattle each, a teamster with provisions to go to Florence, Nebraska, to immigrate the Saints. Father furnished the supplies and gave enough to the perpetual immigration fund to immigrate one soul from England. He had the privilege to say who he would have come. They, in turn, were to pay back to the immigration company. He sent for Brother Richard Parkenson, who came and lived neighbor to us until his death.

In August, 1863, we went back to Salt Lake City. Father turned wheat in at the general tithing office and took orders on the Parowan and Cedar. The roads were so bad from those towns to Virgin that a good team did not haul more than 1500 pounds.

In October he returned taking Aunt Maria and family, all but Mary Ellen. She preferred to remain in the city until Mother and I went. Our house in Salt Lake City had never been finished. That year mother had it raised to a two story house and had it finished. It was rented as soon as it was completed for a hundred dollars in greenbacks or fifty in gold.

Father had a frog-felon in his hand in the summer of 1864. He was three weeks that he could not sleep or do anything. As soon as he could tend his team he came to Salt Lake City. He had bought another lot with a dugout on it and took mother and I back to live in it. Mary Ellen went back with us but did not stay only about a year. Sometime after her return, she was married to Thomas Cook. Lovina married William Wright and Hannah, David Otta. They both made homes at Dunkans Retreat.

Father was not troubled with asthma for the first five years in Dixie. He was a very good singer and did lots of it both at home and in public.

He worked very hard on roads and water ditches and tended his farm. It was hard
to control the water. The country was so broken up, all hills, mountains and
hollows, so that it did not take more than a good shower to make a flood suffi-
cient to break the ditches. Many of them were dug on the side of a perpendicular
hill. The mountains are not like those in Salt Lake and Utah Valleys. There are
all kinds of shapes; some tableland mountains, flat on top, almost straight up
with a ledge of rock over thirty feet. In some places there is level country for
miles when you are on top. The Hurricane Canal is built for three or four miles in
the Hurricane Mountains. In some places they had to tunnel through places where
the mountain projected out and they couldn't work around them. A good deal of the
canal is two hundred feet above the river. The city ditch at Virgin was built
around a hill where a man had to be let down with a rope and held in position while
a flume was put in place. The crops that were grown there for several years were
not sufficient to pay the water tax. The people were short of bread stuff, some
people piled cottonwoods up and burned them to ashes which they gathered up and
hauled north to exchange for wheat. In these days ashes were used in making soap.
Cottonwoods made the best ashes. Father had plenty and shared with many. No one
was even turned from his door empty-handed. He raised cotton and the family card-
ed and spun. Father, mother and Aunt Maria were all good weavers. They had brought
the looms to Dixie and a small flock of sheep, also wool rods and spinning wheels.
We made all our clothing. On stormy days father always found something to do. He
would mend a pair of shoes or harness. There was no alfalfa or hay of any kind.
When it was needed two or three days together, father would cut a jug of cotton-
wood limbs and bring them home. The horse would peel all the bark off and eat it.
They did very well at that.

The Indians became very troublesome during the winters of 1865 and 6, driving off
stock and killing some white people. It was necessary to guard the town and send
out several expeditions. Father couldn't go but he always assisted those that did.
Father built a two-roomed house for mother. The Indians were so bad that they had
to make a fort. Our house and dug-out were inside the fort. Father bought another
lot with a good log house on it. He built an adobe room making Aunt Maria a
comfortable home.

June 3rd, 1867, father, mother and I returned to Salt Lake City and stayed five
months. Father had the old threshing machine and fanning mill fixed up and took
to Dixie. It was the first thresher on the river. He also brought the first mow-
ing machine to this country. He brought a molasses mill, but they were making
good molasses here before his arrival. On the 13th day of May, 1868, father was
called and ordained the first bishop of the Virgin Ward, with George Isom as ward
clerk. Mother was appointed president of the Relief Society and I as secretary.

June, 1869, father, mother, George Isom and I went to Salt Lake City. We went
through San Pete County to sell molasses and dried fruit. On the 12th of July,
George Isom and I were married in the Endowment House by Joseph F. Smith.
Father and mother were present. After a two-week visit with the family and pur-
chasing goods for a co-op store, we returned. Both teams were loaded. This was
the first store brought to the river settlements. Father used to say that he
never saw any money in Dixie, only what he took with him. But there was no use
for any. He couldn't see where $100 was coming from to buy the $1,000 worth of
goods that they had brought. They boarded up the porch at the back of Mother's
house, put shelves and a counter in and opened up the store. They sold one
hundred dollars worth of goods the first day. Father gave George and me the first
lot that he had bought in Virgin to build on so that we would be near them. In
July, 1870, father and Aunt Maria made a trip to Salt Lake. They brought more
goods back. The business had increased in the store and father found it necessary to have more living room so they added three rooms at the east end of the house and enlarged the room at the west for the store.

In the fall of 1877, father went to Salt Lake City and brought my sister Mary Ann and family to Dixie. Her husband had another family. He had also lost their home through mortgage. Father thought that he could help her and she be a comfort to him until her husband could pick up again. Alice, the eldest daughter, lived with father and mother and helped in the store for a year. Then she went back to be married to John Pincock. She buried their baby in the summer of 1878. Wealthy, the second daughter, taught school. Annie clerked in the store. Carrie helped to father and mother. My cousin Ianthus came with Mary Ann and assisted Wealthy in the school and worked on the farm in the summer. His mother, my Aunt Mary, died when he was two years old and Mary Ann raised him. We had built an eight-room house and they lived with us the first three years. Then father and Ianthus built a home. The whole family brought a refining influence. They were very social and active in all the organizations of the ward. Their influence was felt in Virgin many years after they had gone. Wealthy went back the fourth year and was married to D.H. Ensign of Ogden. Annie married David Spilsbury; Ianthus, Agnes Hinton and Mellie, Joseph Hilton. They settled in Dixie. After seven years, Mary Ann's husband came and took her home. They did not think that their separation would be so long when she first came down.

There was a movement in the church to try and cooperate all business in a cooperative cattle association and father was president. They took up the Blue Springs Ranch on Kolob. They had a fine herd of cattle known as the kolob herd. They also ran a dairy. There was plenty of unclaimed grazing land. Cattle brought a low price but it didn't cost much to run them. Father sold our home in Salt Lake City for $3,500. It was sold for one hundred thousand in less than two years. He used a portion of this money to prove up on the Blue Springs Ranch. Hugh Hilton and Alexander Wright had built a Burr flour mill at Virgin. The race was near the river and very expensive to keep up. Every flood would tear it out. They became discouraged and father bought the mill. It was not a profitable investment but it was a blessing to the community. It was once burned to the ground but father had teams on the road to Salt Lake in less than a week to get a new mill. The trip had to be made all the way by team. I don't know whether the mill ever paid for itself or not, but I know that it did not make enough to pay the running expenses after his death. The only special request that he made in his will was that his heirs would keep the mill in the family and keep it running. The children in the north gave me their share and at last it was left entirely to me. I couldn't keep it up, for floods took the entire race away and roller mills were being built in the country.

In 1874, Brigham Young came to Virgin and organized a branch of the United Order. Father was president and George Isom, vice-president and secretary. Most of the ward joined and worked in it for two years. Then it was decided to give it up. The people didn't seem prepared for it.

On New Year's Day, 1876, the Temple at St. George was dedicated. Father and his children went and did work for all his progenitors that he could remember or get a record of.

His health failed, his breath was so bad that he could not get around very much. He could not get out in frosty weather at all. He could study and advise for the good of his ward. His counselors took charge of the Sabbath for years. In 1879, father gave up the management of the co-op store. George Isom built a store building and the store was moved. Father was still president with George Isom
as secretary and manager. My brother Richard Parker married Betsy Burk, married Betsy Burk, January 26, 1880. William Parker was married to Mary Shanks November 24, 1858.

March 19th, 1881, Aunt Maria died. She was a good and faithful wife and mother and a true Latter Day Saint, loved by all who knew her. She had two children by father, Richard and Maria. June, 1881, my sister Maria married John H. Hilton.

December 6th, 1885, George Isom died. He was first counselor to the bishop and had been ward clerk since father had been bishop. He went daily to see father and looked after all the business that father might want done. When the president of the stake came to the funeral father asked to be released from the bishopric. He felt that his main prop was taken but his resignation was not accepted.

On March 24th, 1886, father died. The last time he was out of the house was to George's funeral. He was bishop of Virgin Ward 18 years. Although he was feeble he served the ward faithfully as bishop. Apostle Erastus Snow told the people that they could not realize how they were blessed in having such a bishop so wise in counsel and always studying for their welfare. He was a humble quiet man, full of love and sympathy, a patient sufferer trying always to lighten the burdens of those who waited on him. He was strictly honest and a consistent Latter Day Saint. Those who knew him best loved him most.

My mother died February 24th, 1888. She had always wanted to live to take care of father until the last. She was granted her desire. I wish to say to their descendents that we have much to be thankful for that we were born of such parents that taught us both by example and precept to be honest and industrious and to live according to the principles of the Gospel. My story is rather rambling but it is as it came to me. I could not write my father's life without telling of the family, the country, conditions and pioneer life. All were so closely connected I feel that I have written the truth and hope to be excused for the mistakes in my composition.