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The Influence of the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah Folklore Upon the Writings of Dr. Juanita Brooks and Dr. Leroy R. Hafen

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE SOUTHERN NEVADA AND SOUTHERN UTAH FOLKLORE UPON THE WRITINGS OF DR. JUANITA BROOKS AND DR. LEROY R. HAFEN

A Thesis
Presented to the
Department of English
Brigham Young University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Pansy L. Hardy
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Pansy L. Hardy
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The student who wishes to know about a specific people or area studies the spoken or written word, the act, the deed, the fact or event, the story or lore which comes from that people and that area. The student who wishes to ascertain the specific effects of the area and the people upon their literature, must, then, study the people and their folklore intimately.

So, as I approach my study of the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah area, I shall examine the written and spoken word of this area which deals with the lives of the people. Because all the folklore cannot be examined in this work, I shall limit it to two areas; first, to the supernatural motif of divine intervention for both good and evil; and, second, to survival lore, which has to do with obtaining the necessities of life: settling new land; establishing the home, the farm, the family; and securing gainful employment.

Second, I shall show that this particular type of folklore has had direct influence on the writings of Dr. Juanita Brooks and Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, the two most prominent historians of this Southern Nevada and Southern
Utah area and its people.

Both Dr. Brooks and Dr. Hafen grew up in the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah area, an area filled with folk stories of a religious people attempting to subdue a new land. Both kept diaries and recorded stories, even as their parents had done. Both were taught that merit, coupled with hard work, brings achievement. Both people lived in an atmosphere filled with the lore of supernatural intervention and stories told and retold of a new land being conquered. Both persons actually lived folklore and were a part of it.

Dr. Juanita Brooks of St. George, Utah, is nationally known for her articles and books which deal with the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah lore. Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, past State Historian of Colorado, and presently Professor of Western History at the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, is best known for his *Overland Mail* and his *The Far West and the Rockies Historical Series, 1820-1875*, which comprises fifteen volumes.
CHAPTER II

THE REALM OF FOLKLORE

To approach the problem of folklore and literature, one must take a large basic view of both, for folklore is an intimate and vital part of literature and literature exists to record and convey folklore to the minds of those who read. In the introduction to Grimm’s Fairy Tales is recorded the following:

We have another past besides the past history tells us about, a past which is in us, in individuals, more livingly than the recorded past. It is a past in which men slowly arrived at self consciousness while building up the community, the arts, and the laws.¹

This past presents itself to us in the form of folklore, a genre which is as old as language. The folk tale adapts itself to culture after culture, yet keeps a hard core of individuality. This hard core of folklore transmits itself in many forms: the ballad, which, according to Sargent and Kittredge, is "a great mass of song and story and miscellaneous lore which circulates among those who have neither books nor newspapers";² the tale or oral story told


wherever people were, told for enjoyment, for philosophy and for the living tradition of unlettered people; the dream of the supernatural element, often interpreted as spiritual guidance or warning; and the fable, a genre familiar to us all, which has been defined by Stith Thompson thus: "When the animal tale is told with an acknowledged moral purpose, it becomes a fable." The myth and legend are forms in which each culture declares itself, and of which Miss Johnson in her [Anthology of Children's Literature](https://example.com) says:

> Myths, then, are in part science, because like science they attempt to relate cause and effect; in part religion, since many of them seek to explain the unknown, man's relationship to it, and to give patterns to ritual and worship; in part social and moral law, since ethics and morality evolve from belief.

Hero stories play a prominent role in folktales. From the matchless splendor of the heroes of epic tales to the hero tales of today, there are certain elements which strike hard on the minds of people. Miss Johnson, in her delightful folklore book for children, says:

> The grandeur of the tales; the basic, elemental emotions which they portray; the simple dignity they sustain; the unwavering nobility of the hero, even in defeat; the concept of courage and loyalty; the emphasis on physical prowess; the vigor; the clearly outlined action; and the poetry and passionate feeling--these are the elements which strike hard on the minds of children with lasting effect.

The minds of adults are very much like the minds of


5Ibid., p. 469.
children, so the hero tales heard in childhood usually become the hero tales told in adulthood.

Alexander Haggerty Krappe, in his *The Science of Folklore*, gives an introductory statement taken from Sir Walter Scott, which says, "A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country." Mr. Krappe also says, "The term *Folk-lore* was coined in 1846 by the English antiquarian William John Thomas, to take the place of the rather awkward expression *Popular Antiquities*."

Mr. Krappe further discusses folklore in his introduction to his book as he says:

Folk lore . . . limits itself to a study of the unrecorded traditions of the people as they appear in popular fiction, custom and belief, magic and ritual . . .

The scope of folk-lore, the preliminary tasks of collection and classifying, both indispensable to any science, historical or natural, accomplished, may be expressed as follows: It is to reconstruct a spiritual history of Man, not as exemplified by the more or less articulate voices of the "folk."

Folklore is an historical science; a "science," because it endeavours to attain this goal, not by speculation or deduction from some abstract principle agreed upon *a priori*, but by the inductive method which, in the last analysis, underlies all scientific research, whether historical or natural.

Local legends are a very vital part of folklore. Mr. Krappe says of them:

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7Ibid., p. xv.

8Ibid.
Local legends... are attached to a definite locality, where they arose at a time not easy to determine off-hand and where they linger on for centuries. They are fixed, as it were, in place at least, if not in time. ... Local legends are tied to the landscape in which they arise. Usually they were invented to explain some uncommon feature in that very landscape. ... Local legends are transmitted from generation to generation in that neighbourhood, with little or no modification. ... Local legends are brief, their motives few and forever recurring.9

Mr. Krappe also comments concerning local legends that many of them are clearly the outcome of dream experience and that usually the local legend is short.

Folk songs have long been a medium through which folklore has been transmitted. They are heard in the home, at work, and at play. They record sorrow and joy, are sung at birth and at death. Mr. Krappe says of this form or genre of folklore:

The folk-song is a song, i.e., a lyric poem with melody, which originated anonymously, among unlettered folk in times past and which remained in currency for a considerable time, as a rule for centuries. It is thus distinguished from the popular song, that is, a song of purely literary origin (though that origin may not be known in all its details), which has gained currency among unlettered folk, who naturally never worry about author or composer. In practice it is often difficult to draw a line between the two, and it stands to reason that many a song now considered a folk-song was originally but a popular song, but no literary tradition exists to explain by whom and on what occasion it was composed.

The folk-song is lyric in character, that is, above all, intensely subjective. It treats its theme with a great deal of seriousness; it is emphatic, sometimes childishly so. It lacks the finer shades of feeling, and its colours are usually somewhat harsh, as indeed they are in peasant craft. Its general temper is not gaiety, at least not gaiety of the light-hearted sort. Many folk songs are in fact melodramatic; over others

9Ibid., p. 70.
there hovers an atmosphere, if not of tragedy, at least of life's hardness and even bitterness. The folk-song is highly emotional, sometimes even sentimental; but the emotions are simple; there is no question of "problems," of "conflicts," let alone searching self-analysis or even introspection. A good number clearly betray, by the softness of their tones, feminine origin.

The form of the folk-song is extremely simple, the four-line stanza being a favourite. Occasionally, there is burden or refrain at the end of each stanza. The rhythm is as a rule correct, whilst the rhymes are often far from perfect. In some of the older specimens assonance is deemed sufficient. What is true of the text is even more so of the tune. In some cases this melody is probably not original at all but was taken from the tune of some literary composition.  

The study of folklore is a relatively new study. Many authors and critics have voiced and are voicing their opinions on how an adequate study can be made which will show the effects of folklore. A. H. Gayton, in his "Folklore and Anthropology," says, regarding the study of folklore:

There is a growing tendency on the part of American folklorists to follow the anthropologists' example in relating oral materials to the rest of the culture from which they are derived. This so-called "functional" approach—as distinguished from the older "diffusionist" approach in folklore—will result in the study of folk-songs and folktales in relation to other factors bearing upon them, such as the composition of the family—what members, by generation, have transmitted, altered or suppressed the materials; the occupations and economic level of the family and the community of which they are a part. The times, places, and occasions of singing or tale-telling will be noted. And, naturally, when field work is done, library work will illumine the background, provide historic sources or cultural parallels to round out the study.

Myths and tales have been looked upon by most anthropologists as something quite discrete from the rest of the native life they described so carefully, as if the tales told on a winter's night had no meaning for the ears that heard them beyond a casual evening's entertainment.

10 Ibid., pp. 153-156.
Even if the tales were mere fancies without bearing upon nor deriving from the local culture, the fact of their limited variety repetitiously heard in the course of a native life time should make them an important factor for the student of cultural, social, or psychological anthropology.

In a vague way, a tribe's myths and tales were known to be related to their religion. And where native religion produced identical twins of myth and ritual, as with the Navajo, the relationship was obvious. But that the mythology is of living meaning in daily routine, the view of the world, the social order of the ethnic group, only recently has received full recognition. The intellectualization of native culture in its mythology needs investigation by means of new studies in the field and a new scrutiny of collected tales in conjunction with their parallel ethnographies.

In general, anthropologists and folklorists look askance at the attempts so far made to interpret a tribal mythology psychoanalytically: both know too much about the nature, distribution and historic behavior of oral literature to accept such interpretations as meaningful beyond the individual psyche. They might be less skeptical if such interpretations were well-grounded in field work especially designed to obviate the present weaknesses of the purely clinical approach.

It is in this field of psychological significance of myths that techniques need to be developed which will demonstrate not what cultural features affect the native psychology, but what psychological features affect the culture—make the myth content, its stability and its variability, what it is.11

Folklore, then, as presented in this thesis will be presented in accordance with Mr. Gayton's approach, or the approach that he suggests is most authentic: a "functional" approach whereby I shall present the folk tales and folk songs found in the works of Juanita Brooks and LeRoy R. Hafen and show the relationship of those used to those found in the locale where these two authors grew up. I shall, moreover, prove that the local folklore had a definite influence upon

the writings of Dr. Brooks and Dr. Hafen. The myths, songs, and legends will be related to the homogeneous atmosphere of the locale and the inhabitants thereof to show that that with which an author is familiar plays a very important role in the written product of his hand.
Juanita Leavitt Pulsipher Brooks, better known today as Dr. Juanita Brooks, is the outstanding authority on the lore and the lives of the people who live in the region of the Virgin River. She has won national acclaim for her history of the darkest blot on Mormon history, the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and for her John D. Lee Diaries. Her many published articles are filled with the lore and magic of a new country’s being settled.

Dr. Brooks received praise from Los Angeles to Washington, D. C., when her John Doyle Lee was published. Her reviewers said that she was the outstanding author in the area of the John D. Lee controversy. A quote concerning her John Doyle Lee is a sample of the personal letters she received. Sam Taylor, Redwood, California, said:

You have pulled off the very difficult trick of combining scholarship with such deft presentation that the book reads as easily, and interestingly, as an adventure story. . . . Congratulations on a magnificent job of scholarship and presentation.¹

W. H. Hutchinson, of the San Francisco Chronicle, wrote:

In this reviewer's opinion, this is the most towering biography ever written about any character of the American West. . . . It is hoped that the literary Pooh-Bahs who select books for accolades awarded by firms, foundations and assorted conclaves . . . will consider this great human story most seriously in their annual deliberations.  

Dr. Brooks' love of and interest in the stories of her people stem from the environment which was hers, for in a desert in the process of being conquered, in an isolated town made up of people from many lands, to an English father and a mother of sturdy Swiss stock was born, in the blustery cold month of January, this tiny girl. She was to stay tiny in stature for many years, but was to emerge an intellectual giant through an inherent drive.

The record says that Juanita Leavitt was born in Bunkerville, Nevada, January 15, 1898, to Dudley Henry and Mary Hafen Leavitt. What the record does not say is that Juanita Leavitt was born in a town where the desert had never lost its hold, and in all probability would never lose its

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control. Her birthplace was a one-room adobe house. In a recent family history Dr. Brooks' mother records:

We started out with a one-room adobe house on a large lot with a nice grape patch on it, and Henry had a team and wagon, a few cattle, and ten acres of land. We planted fruit trees and had a nice large garden.  

Juanita shared this home, after a time, with two sisters, a brother, and her parents. Though her home was small and the desert forbidding, Juanita early began a mental conditioning which was to stand her in good stead in later life. Juanita, herself, said, "As the eldest of a large family, I was given an extra responsibility with regard to the younger children."

An aunt, Selena Hafen Leavitt, wrote:

Juanita was a little girl of 5 when I taught one year in her mother's house. Henry was on his mission. She used to like to come into school. She was very bright. During the Hafen reunion last fall we sat on the lawn at her mother's home late in the afternoon. Dudley, Aura, Juanita, Daisy and others were there. She told of the hard time she, being smaller than Charity, had to keep up with her in shocking grain, and how it was always her chore to ride the horse and take the cows to and from the field. How hard she tried to please her father who seemed to expect quite a lot of her. I guess they were both brought up in the school of "hard knocks."

Fifty-four years after Juanita's birth, her sister, Charity, wrote:

Pansy, if you can understand Juanita's drive, you can do better than I can. ... I just took so many things for granted. Like my mission. I know she kept me one year. ... After my mission I just naturally gravitated

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4 Letter from J. Brooks, Salt Lake City, August 14, 1963.

to her and leaned on her. She paid my tuition that first year, and I just moved in on her and Aura and Mel.  

In 1963, Juanita's mother's youngest sister, Lovena Hafen Leavitt, wrote:

Juanita kept Laurel, and I think each of the others, while they went to college in St. George. She mothered Dudley and her advice was freely given and did a lot of good. She was like her father, she didn't mince words, but gave her help to the boys straight from the shoulder.

The drouth and heat of a desert summer, and the "innard" piercing of the winter wind were unkind to a child already skinny. But drouth nor heat nor biting wind could stay the development of an over-sized brain. Juanita graduated from the eighth grade one year ahead of others her age. Then, as an aid to health, she spent most of the next year out of school. She was put out-of-doors to sleep at night and astride a horse in the day. From the time she was eight until she was sixteen her father had the contract to run the mail from Bunkerville to Moapa, and for much of that time Juanita was responsible for his string of ponies. She fed and watered them, trailed them to the pasture and back, checked daily to see that they were all right. She records.

This put me out-of-doors a great deal and made me something of a nature mystic, conscious of the seasons, the phases of the moon, the position of the stars, etc., the signs of each coming season.

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8Letter, J. Brooks, op. cit.
Many visitors came to the Leavitt home because of the mail contract. At one time a stranger, "an Outsider," came to stay at the home. Juanita wrote:

An Outsider! I had never seen one before in all my life. . . . Those who came representing the Church leaders in St. George always stayed at the Bishop's home. . . . Even the drummers who came to sell things at the store were from ZCMI in Salt Lake City, and church men, also. And the trustees wouldn't think of hiring a teacher who wasn't a member of the church or who didn't keep the Word of Wisdom.

The Outsider had supper with the family, tested the Virgin Bloat water, visited relatives of Juanita's, relatives through the Indian wife, Janet, third wife of Dudley Leavitt, Indian Missionary, and grandfather to Juanita. Then, that night, the Outsider looked at the organ. Juanita wrote:

The Outsider looked at the organ with its lattice work and its display of knicknacks, with the one boughten valentine in the center, and then sat down to it briefly and sounded out a few chords and ran a bit of melody with his right hand. . . . I was so proud of that organ.

That night the Outsider went to the country dance with Juanita and her mother. Juanita records what happened.

The Floor Manager stepped to the center front. "Give us your attention, please, and we will begin this dance. Brother Bunker, will you offer the opening prayer?"

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!" the Outsider said, sotto voce to me as Brother Bunker came forward. . . .

"Fill up the floor for a waltz," the Floor Manager next called out. . . .

Watching the musician, the Outsider imitated the jerky movement of the accordion and said, "Link-ed


10Ibid., p. 205.
sweetness long drawn out."
It was as if he had shared with me a delicious tidbit. I knew that he did not make these up; he had found them in books. 11

As the dance came to an end, the Outsider turned to Juanita and asked her if she would like to try the next dance. Would she? Of course she would. And then the Outsider told her, as she kept her head down looking at her feet, for she knew not where else to look, "Hold your head up. Listen to the music. Get the feel of it, and your feet will take care of themselves." As she thanked him for the new experience, he quoted, "All experience is an arch where-thro' Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when I move." And then he had added, "You know. That untravell'd world." 12

No, Juanita did not know. But she was to find out. And the lore that surrounded her, the stories that she heard on all sides of her, were to play a very important part in that new "untravell'd" world.

Specifically, then, in what areas and to what degree did the lore and the stories which were a part of her life influence Dr. Brooks' writing? Certainly, Dr. Brooks did not hear all the stories with which this new country was filled. But just as certainly, she did hear some of them, and the ones she heard were very representative of the ones being told in all of Southern Nevada and Southern Utah, for

11 Ibid., p. 207.
12 Ibid., pp. 208-209.
this was a close-knit group of people who had come to this southern region over the long trail which led from Switzerland, England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries to the United States, and thence to northern Utah by way of the mob killings and the privation and sickness of Missouri and Illinois. From Northern Utah to Southern Utah was only a short three weeks, and from Southern Utah to Southern Nevada, just one short week or less.

In the make-up of Juanita's family, half Swiss, half English-Holland Dutch, was planted deep the respect for the divine guidance of a supreme power. Hadn't Juanita heard Grandmother Hafen tell, often, of the manifestations of the Divine as John Reber was healed instantly of his rheumatism so that his deformed body, as he emerged from the icy waters of baptism in far away Switzerland, was made whole? Hadn't she heard, too, of how her great grandfather Stucki had had his back broken while working on the irrigation ditch at Santa Clara, and been healed through the power of the Priesthood? Hadn't she sat on the knee of her grandfather, Dudley Leavitt, of Santa Clara Indian mission fame, and heard him tell of the divine help given his mother and father in strife-torn Missouri and Illinois, and of further divine help given him in his dealings with the Indians?

But, though the immediate family influence is great, it is not whole in its impact upon a member, for that member goes to school and to church, meets friends at parties and socials, mingles with others at church conferences, and at
weddings and funerals. So it was with Juanita. Her interest in the lore and the history of her people and her locality had developed early. The Outsider had helped to awaken the keen young mind to the fact that there are things to see and hear if one will only hold up his head and look and listen. The grandfathers and grandmothers had planted deep in her subconscious mind the lore of their day. So it was with the feeling of having found a gold mine, that, one day, she found an old manuscript, faded and torn, a manuscript which gave her twenty typewritten pages of wonderful lore about the divine help which had been given her great-grandmother, Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt. (The name is spelled both Sturdevant and Studevant.)

Juanita copied the journal "exactly as it was written. The original was very old, yellow and torn, and much of the writings dim," but twenty-one-year-old Juanita had fun. She even composed a poem to go with the history, and read it at a family reunion, November 5, 1919, when copies of the history were handed out.

But what about the contents? What about the supernatural element of divine intervention for both good and ill? What about other Southern Nevada and Southern Utah stories concerning this same motif which Juanita might hear at home, at church, at school, or among friends?

Juanita's father and mother were devout Latter-day

Saints. Often, they had talked of dreams which were more visions than dreams. Now great-grandmother Sarah Studevant Leavitt was telling Juanita similar instances. Sarah had been very visionary. She had recorded that, about 1819, she had had a vision of the damned spirits in hell so that she was filled with the horror more than she was able to bear. She had cried to the Lord day and night until she received assurance that she would be saved.

At another time, Sarah, while getting ready for bed, had put her crying baby in bed with its father. She then dropped down to take off her shoes and stockings. She was holding one stocking in her hand. A light dropped down on the floor beside her. She stepped back and there was another under her feet. The first was in the shape of a half moon and full of little black spots. The last was about an inch long and about a quarter of an inch wide. She brushed them with the stocking, to see if they would shine on her hand. They did. She was sure they were there for a purpose, there to give her some message from that Divine Being who rules all, but she did not know the significance of the vision until after she had heard the Gospel preached in its purity.\(^\text{14}\)

Then Sarah Studevant Leavitt gave the interpretation of her vision. She said:

The first \(\text{light}\) was the emblem of all the religions then on the earth. The half moon that was cut off was

\(^{14}\text{Ibid., p. 2.}\)
the spiritual gifts promised after baptism. The black spots were the defects you will find in every church throughout the whole world. The last light was the Gospel preached by the Angel flying through the midst of Heaven and it was the same year and the same season of the year and I don't know but the same day that the Lord brought the glad news of Salvation to Joseph Smith. It must have been a stirring time among the Heavenly hosts, the windows of Heaven having so long been closed against all communication with the earth, being suddenly thrown open. Angels were wending their way to earth with such a glorious message--a message that concerns every one, both in heaven and earth. I passed through all this and not a neighbor knew anything of it, although I prayed so loud that my husband was afraid they would all hear me.\textsuperscript{15}

Juanita lived in a community rich with such lore. Perhaps she had heard much of it, even before she found her journal; perhaps she was so impressed with that which she had heard before, that the very impact of the greatness of such manifestations upon her sub-conscious mind had produced the desire to keep and record this, her first written work. She may have heard some of the following stories. Surely they were there for her to hear as she attended "Fast Meeting (the Mormon Church meeting where the members stood and bore testimony to God's goodness to them.), or went to the quilting bees with her mother.

Martha Hughes Pulsipher, the young widow of Zerah Pulsipher, came into the Leavitt family November 30, 1872, when she married Dudley Leavitt as his fifth wife. With her she certainly brought the stories told by her first husband. One story, among the many he told, was of a vision received when he and others were at the Kirtland Temple to pray for

\textsuperscript{15}\textit{Ibid.}, pp. 2-3.
a way to be opened up that they might get to where the Saints were in Nauvoo. He had said:

Accordingly, while we were on our knees in prayer I saw a messenger, apparently like an old man with white hair down to his shoulders. He was a very large man near seven feet high, dressed in a white robe down to his ankles. He looked on me then turned his eyes on the others, and then to me again and spoke and said, "Be gone? or Be one? and you shall have enough." This gave us great joy. We immediately advised the brothers to scatter and work. . . . I think it was about the month of March that I was at work in the woods about nine o'clock in the morning there appeared to be a mighty rattling of wagons at the south. I suppose it must be as much as a dozen wagons rattling on pebble stones, it continued to draw nearer till I discovered it to be in the air and as it drew near I heard the sound of a Steam-boat puff, it passed immediately over our heads and went on about one mile to Kirtland Temple there it appeared in the form of a steam boat loaded with passengers. Old Elder Beamon who was the President of the Elders, had annointed them a few months before but had been dead a short time, he was in the bow of the boat. He was singing and swinging his hat till it came in front of the Temple. It then divided in two parts, the one was black, the other was white, the white went west and the black went north.

Mr. Pulsipher then said the explanation was clear, when, within a few months there was a division in the Authorities of the Church. He said, "A number of the Twelve and First Presidents of Seventies descended and led many after them but the pure in heart went west."17

When Juanita was ten, Rosena Jarvis of St. George, Utah, was writing the story of the life of her father and mother, James W. and Rebecca Nicholson Sylvester. Later, Juanita was to become a close friend of Mabel Jarvis. Too,
one of Rosena Jarvis’ brothers, Joshua, was living at Mesquite while Juanita was a young girl, and she was often in the company of Mr. Sylvester’s step daughter, Alice Barlow. So, it is quite possible that she heard the stories recorded in the Sylvester history of how, when the young mother, Rebecca, had been very ill, she was visited by a heavenly messenger who told her that she would get better and go to the valley, and there do a great work, but the messenger had charged her not to tell. When her young husband came home that night, he was so worried and down hearted over her being ill that she, forgetting the charge given her not to tell, told him about her vision. Mrs. Jarvis wrote:

Almost immediately she was seized with a dreadful cramp, even her tongue cramped, so that she could not speak. After the Elders rebuked the evil power she got relief and the promises were afterwards fulfilled to the letter.18

Mrs. Jarvis also related two visions or dreams that were given for her father’s guidance. Mr. Sylvester needed money badly, so thought that he could go back to St. Louis and set up a second-hand store and make a great deal of money. The wife, Rebecca, was opposed to his going. Rosena wrote.

Father was about to go when he had a dream which warned him not to go. He thought that the Saviour or a heavenly messenger appeared to him from behind a big rock surrounded by a halo of light, and said, “I came very near reporting you to the Father,” and Father answered and said, “Do you think the Father who makes

the sparrows fall does not know his children?" [sic]

My Father awoke with the impression that it was wrong for him to look back and long for the flesh pots of Egypt, as it were.

At the time of the Gold [sic] strike in California when so many went to seek their fortunes, my father thought of going, but was again warned by a dream. This time he thought he saw a great fire or light and many men were lighting their torches by it. They then started off in the darkness when one after another went out and the men were lost in darkness. He awoke with the feeling that the Church was the fire or light and that those who left for the sake of gold would lose the spirit of God and the Gospel and fall away into darkness which many of them did. He seemed to be with those who started out with torches and as one after another went out he looked back at the fire burning so brightly and wished he were back. After this warning he tried to think less of wealth of the world and prize what he had, the true gospel which was far more precious.19

Even if the stories were not told by the children to each other, Josua and his wife, Clara, often repeated them in Fast Meeting, for they loved to tell of the goodness of their God to them, and of His divine guidance and help. Clara Sylvester Adams, at age 88, said in an interview with her at Las Vegas, Nevada, August 4, 1963, that she had been promised that she could live to see the Saviour if she honestly wanted to, but that she must honestly want to. She said further, that to live that long would be wonderful if she could live and not be a burden on anyone, but that if she became helpless, then she would not want to live.20

These stories of divine help through the power to have visions or dreams must, indeed, have been impressing

19Ibid., p. 3.

20Interview with Clara Sylvester Adams, Las Vegas, Nevada, August, 1963.
themselves upon the mind and memory of Juanita. But there were stories and lore nearer home that she most certainly heard, and what a time she must have had when she and her brothers and sisters got together with all their cousins for a Sunday afternoon of visiting. When the harsh light of day changed into the soft twilight of evening, and someone brought out a big bag of pine nuts, then the talk of their elders turned to religion and the goodness of God to them, and the young people often sank down on the floor by the sides of the chairs, if it were winter, or on the bermuda grass or the bare earth, if it were summer and the folks were sitting outside, and listen, all eyes and ears, to the stories they told.

There were the stories of casting a devil out of one man in town only to have him appear in the body of someone else in the other end of town. Aunt Lena, her father's half-sister, would not soon forget the time that Cull (Orange D. Leavitt), had had the spirit of the Devil in him, and had had to have men come and cast it out. He had been in her home at the time, and it was an experience to remember. Aunt Lena (she was the midwife) was the greatest female mystic of them all. She told about passing Uncle Weir's house in the middle of the night and of seeing Aunt Della's spirit taking leave of the place. (Idella Hunt Leavitt had died when just a young woman, and had left a house full of young children.) Aunt Lena said that the mother was watching over her children!
Then one morning Aunt Lena got up and came down home to tell Henry that she had been wrestling with the Devil all night. She had said she was worn out. There must be trouble somewhere. There was! The men who had been working on the Virgin River up at the Narrows, trying to put in a dam to preserve the precious spring flood waters and to preserve the dams below the Narrows which the floods always took out, were having trouble. Soon word arrived in the small valley—word that brought the tragic news of the death of Myron Abbott, husband of Annie Burgess and father of a family. Aunt Lena's son, Newell, had barely escaped death when the rock which was being blasted went out of control, killing Mr. Abbott and seriously injuring Newell. Aunt Lena, because of her long struggle with the Devil, had been able to save her own.

Uncle List was the male mystic of the group. He it was who had been given the blessing of seeing things and of healing the sick. He was a great story teller! Uncle List came by his mysticism and the story telling naturally, for his father, Dudley, loved to tell stories of the divine help which had come to him; and his mother, Thirza, was known for her belief in the supernatural. She had cause to be, for hadn't the big white swelling on her leg that made the doctors say the leg must come off, been healed through administration and the faith of the Elders and her own faith?

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And hadn't she told Tom Leavitt, when he came to her home to visit her when she was ill, "Now, Tom, I'm not going to die. I won't die until the coming of the Saviour, unless I honestly wish it, so there's no use in your coming to see if I'm dying." Then, one day Grandma Thirza had called Tom to tell him she was ready to die. He gave her a blessing, and she died the next day, August 27, 1927.  

Annie Barnum Leavitt had talked about List's carrying the mail. About 1882 Dudley Leavitt had made a contract to run mail from St. George, Utah, to St. Thomas, Nevada. He followed this occupation for twenty years, with the help of sons. On June 29, 1898, Lister and Annie were married. This was the year that Juanita was born. Their life was closely tied to the mail route. Mrs. Leavitt said:

There was a curse on St. Thomas because the people ran the Mormons out. Later the Apostles came to the Valley [Moapa Valley] for conference and took the curse off through prayer. I've never seen anything like that. At this time when List was living at Gentry's [Harry Gentry's, Postmaster at St. Thomas], he saw many [evil spirits]. He said him [sic] and Ellen [Gentry]—Harry freighted so much—Him and Ellen and children were at the supper table. The lights went down, almost out (they had coal-oil lamps). He looked at her and she at him. They had been used to hearing things like that. List said he thought they should move out [out of the house] but she said, no, they wouldn't give up their house. But one night the pressure was so great they did move out. They had big dogs. One night they howled and ran for the hills like something was after them. Many times List heard the clamp, clamp, clamp around

22Interview with Alice Alldredge, August 4, 1963, at Las Vegas, Nevada. Alice said that she had often heard Tom Leavitt tell this at Fast Meeting.

23Juanita Brooks, Dudley Leavitt (St. George, Utah: Privately printed, 1942), pp. 87-89.
the house like men with boots or spurs on, but he could never see anything. It was the curse the Lord had put on.

When the Mormons began to come back, Satan thought he would come and keep them away.

Once, when List was down with the mail, (he had had chills and fever so hadn't been down for some time), they gave him a lazy, bony horse. It took all his strength to make the horse go from Bunkerville to St. Thomas, down the river. When he got there he was so tired he couldn't walk. There was no one there, so he slipped the mail sack between the screen and the wood door. Something straddled his back. He said, "Oh, Father!" The thing slipped from his back. He put up his horse and went on a dead run over to Huntsman's.

Grandma Mary said, "List, what on earth is the matter with you?" List said, "Oh, nothing." Then Grandma made him a cup of tea. Then he told her. Grandma Mary said she knew something was wrong.

Maybe I shouldn't brag, but there was never a man who could tell between good and bad spirits like he could. If someone got up in church and talked falsely, he could always tell. But of course he was down in St. Thomas with it for three years, so why couldn't he tell it.

We were all more or less superstitious over things, and he was worse than I was. He would have no tools—sharp tools in the house. It would cause death. List never let the kids comb his hair after dark. He said it combs sorrow to your heart. I've proved that. Look at Uncle Andy [Andrew Pulsipher, son of Martha and Zerah Pulsipher, married Sarah Leavitt, daughter of Dudley and Mary Huntsman Leavitt], every time he was in the house he had to have Aunt Lyd or his mother combing his hair, and look at what happened to him. He lost his wife just a few weeks after marriage.

When people was sick, they always wanted List there. Ern Pulsipher [Juanita's first husband] was one example. His father and Uncle Hen was there, but he wanted Uncle List with him. Your father [Parley Leavitt] was another one. When he was sick, he wanted Uncle List right there. Tona [Tona Barnum Leavitt, a niece] was like that, too. People all wanted him there.

Once he said to President Bunker [Bryan L. Bunker, one time President of Las Vegas L.D.S. Stake], 'I've tried to do what little good I can,' Brother Bunker said, "You was raised up for this day, and you was raised up a purpose for this day. There was no doctor and you was sent by the Lord to do this work."

When Grandma Marthy, that's Ma's mother [Martha Hughes Pulsipher Leavitt], she was staying with Aunt Mary Dud [Mary Pulsipher Leavitt, daughter of Martha Hughes Pulsipher, who married Dudley Leavitt, Jr.] in Bunkerville.
Grandma said to Mother, "Did you see your father?" He was dead. Ma said, "No." "Well, he came right through that window and shook hands with me and said I was not quite ready."

This same grandma, when she died—we, my kids and I, were favorites—Jake was the baby. Jacob, or Jake was the fifth child in a family of fifteen, all of whom are still alive, July, 1965. He laid on a bed and Glen was a little fellow playing around. Glen said, "Oh, there's Grandma." I said, "No, Grandma's sick over to Bunkerville." Glen said, "No, Grandma's there." I went into the bedroom but she wasn't there. About fifteen minutes later Uncle Walt (Walter Hughes, husband of Lydia Leavitt) came over a horse back to say Grandma had passed away. I know he did.

Lister Leavitt wrote, in a short personal history, that he had set about 600 bones, had been sent for to doctor sick horses and sick cows as far away as Terry's Ranch up the Beaver Dam Wash. His half-sister, Hannah, and her husband lived at the ranch. He was called for night and day to administer to the sick and dying. He said, "If all the days, weeks, and months were all added up that I've spent with the sick, dying, and dead, it would amount to years."25

Had Juanita's Uncle List and Aunt Lena been the only ones to support the contention that the divine plays a major role in people's lives, it would have been enough to have influenced her. But there was more—much more. Her Aunt Rene would probably be hardly able to wait to tell once again, how, when they were living at Bunkerville, the

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24 Interview with Annie Barnum Leavitt, October, 6, 1962, at 333 North 12th Street, Las Vegas, Nevada. (Mrs. Leavitt died a short time after the interview. She was feeling well when the interview was made.)

crowd had gone to a dance and were walking home afterward. Suddenly, Jesse Waite, who was walking at her side, pointed out the light that had come on her shoe. She had shaken her foot, but the light stayed right on the toe of her shoe. At the time one of her sisters had a baby who was very ill. Too, she probably told how, when she was home and asleep, she had been awakened at about three in the morning to go after a nurse because the baby was worse, but the child had died in just a short time.26

Then Betsy, who was married to a Hardy who believed very much that the God of man gives him divine manifestations for his care, would probably tell about Heber's sister, Emma. She would tell how Emma had died in 1908, and how the Relief Society sisters had dressed her for burial. James Abbott, the town's carpenter, had bolted the coffin in preparation for the next day's funeral and burial. But that night something happened. While the Hardy's eldest son, Merlin, was in his room, and still awake, and Emma's casket lay in the Hardy's front room, Emma came to Merlin and told him that her shoes were not on.

The next morning, a thoroughly convinced Merlin told his parents what Emma had told him. The mother doubted. She knew the sisters had put her shoes on. But the father, upon hearing the story, requested that the coffin be unbolted. Imagine everyone's surprise when it was found

that the shoes were not on. The shoes were properly placed, and the now-happy girl allowed her body to be buried in the Bunkerville cemetery.  

But dreams and visions and the return to this earth of spirits once dead, or the manifestation of evil spirits, were not the only evidences that Juanita had that the Divine was present among her people. She read the faded journal of Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt as Sarah told of having an angel come to her in the night and tell her to wake her daughter Louisa, who had been very ill for many months, and to lay her "hands upon her head in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and administer to her in His name and she should recover." She recorded how she had followed the angel's instructions. Then she wrote, "It was about midnight when this was done and she began to recover from that time, and was soon up and about, and the honor, praise and glory be to God and the Lamb."  

Sarah told many such instances. She had prayed for and healed a Mr. Carpenter who had been thrown from a horse and three of his ribs broken. She had prayed for her boys who were ill with black canker, and they had lived while others were dying all about them. She had rebuked the Devil who was there in her house with his evil spirit and he had

28 Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt, op. cit., p. 5.
29 Ibid.
departed. She had blessed her daughter, Mary, who was suffering with a felon on her finger. The pain had ceased at once, and the next day the core of the felon had come out. She had been warned to move in a hurry lest their enemies come in and kill them while they slept. They had moved in the middle of the night with little preparation, and so had been saved.

Perhaps about the only supernatural element of divine guidance which Sarah did not mention was the appearance of one of more of the Three Nephites, those prophets of Mormon belief who would never die, who came to the Saints to warn them, or, more often, to help them. But Juanita, herself, had heard these stories many, many times, so, naturally, they would become a part of her memory store. And, as Juanita held up her head and listened, she heard from relatives and friends the stories of divine intervention for the good of a people who were attempting to subdue a new land. Of such stories were the following:

Parley and Lovenia H. Leavitt lived only about one block below Uncle List Leavitt. There was no doctor. When young Parley Glen, at about the age of nine or ten, was struck with a severe case of the croup, and that in mid-day, so that he was jumping up and down on the hard-baked earth under the shade of the life-saving mulberry trees, in an attempt to get his breath, an older child was sent quickly to get Uncle List. He came, on the run. Hands were placed upon young Glen, oil was poured upon his head, and almost
immediately the tightness in his throat ceased and he sank down, exhausted from his struggle to breathe, healed instantaneously.

And there was the time when the eldest daughter of Aunt Lovena's family had been helping her mother run the large field stream of cold water through the sand knolls in the extreme northwest section of their field so that they could have more land to plant to melons and garden stuff. The young girl, about twelve, had waded in the cold water time and again to help direct the water, then had gotten on the hot sand of the knolls to rest. Suddenly, she felt ill. Her mother went with her to the house, where the girl collapsed on the bed. No sooner had she lain down, than she fainted "dead away." The young mother revived her (she would have said, "brought her to") only to see her faint again, almost instantaneously. As the young girl came out of her second faint she looked up at her mother. "Send for Uncle List," she said as she fell once again into the dead faint.

This time it was young Glen who went on the run, and Uncle List came back on a run. Healing hands were placed upon the head of the young girl, oil was poured, and a blessing given. No more did she faint.

Juanita, at eleven, had cared for this same young girl when the little one had been but seventeen months old. Juanita's young Aunt Lovena was having her second child at Grandma Hafen's home. The little one had cried, so was taken
to her mother. As she had toddled uncertainly over the log which was across the sand and rock at the bottom of the gate, the little one fell and fainted. Juanita, herself, had picked her up and taken her the short distance to her Aunt Lovenia, where Juanita's own father, Uncle Hen, there to assist in the birth of this second child, as he had been at the birth of the first, took the child in his arms and blessed it that it might recover from the faint.  

When Juanita's cousin and close friend, Rachel Leavitt Banner, was at the home of Juanita's parents, and the mid-wife was there attempting to get the baby from Rachel's body so that at least she might save the mother, Juanita had seen and participated in a prayer circle. Relatives and friends knelt and in turn prayed for this young woman. Here, Juanita was to learn that the divine spirit does not always say "yes" to an entreaty for recovery, for in this November of 1917, young Rachel and her baby both passed to the great beyond. Juanita was then only eighteen, near nineteen. About two years later, she was to marry Leonard Ernest Pulsipher. Young Ernest was to develop a malignancy and die in less than eighteen months after their marriage. Uncle List had often prayed for him, and her own father had also, but though they had given him relief, they could not save him. So Juanita learned, like Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt, that loved ones can go, even when there is the

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divine power of the Priesthood there, for Sarah had recorded that her husband, Jeremiah, and her son, Weir, had both died, though the Priesthood had been there to save them.

But, then, there was the time, too, when her young eight-year-old brother, Dudley, had had an eye infection. It seemed that he must lose both eyes. One had already been removed, and the other was in danger. Once again, relatives and friends gathered at the Henry Leavitt home for a prayer circle. Juanita was fifteen years older than Dudley, so must have been very impressed when the young boy was able, so the doctor said, to keep his eyesight only through the power of the Priesthood.  

In the whole of the southern area, the Virgin River area, stories of divine intervention were being told. Heber Hardy had miraculously been released from a mill belt in which he had become entangled, when certain death seemed to face him. Carmelia Barnum of Mesquite had been near death, about 1916. Her brother, Aschel Barnum, and Lister Leavitt, had come to administer to her. About half way through the prayer, the mother, Martha Ann Pulsipher Barnum, screamed, "She is dead." The Elders stopped for half a minute, then went on with their blessing. She recovered.

32 Hardy, op. cit., p. 25.
Charles Arthur Hughes of Mesquite, who had returned from a mission to the Southern States in 1905, was telling his family of the time when he and his companion had had an appointment to keep. Uncle Arth, as he was known to the whole valley, had been allowed to use a horse and buggy to get to the place of appointment. The companion was ill, so did not accompany Elder Hughes. Uncle Arth had said:

The appointment was on Sunday at 2 p.m. On my way to keep the appointment I stopped the horse and tied it up to a bush. I then went into the brush to pray. I had hardly kneeled down before something, almost like a four-footed beast, crushed me right to the earth. He crushed me right down. You don't need to tell me there is no devil. I know there is and can easily believe Joseph Smith's story. But I was able to throw off the evil spirit and fill my appointment. There was a good crowd came out to the meeting.\textsuperscript{34}

At Bunkerville, Mina and Albert Wittwer, both just older than Juanita, told over and over the story of their picking some flowers as they journeyed from Santa Clara to Bunkerville. The next morning both had turned black and blue and looked as if they were going to die, but their father, Samuel, had administered to them and they were instantly made well.\textsuperscript{35}

At Mesquite, and at St. George, as well, the family of Joshua Sylvester told about the time that he and a group of men had followed Indians who had stolen their horses. The horses were found, but some of the men were in favor of

\textsuperscript{34}Interview with Charles Arthur Hughes, August 1, 1963, Mesquite, Nevada. (Mr. Hughes was 81 years old at time of interview. He is still living, July 15, 1965.

\textsuperscript{35}Samuel Wittwer, "History of Samuel Wittwer" (unpublished history, Bunkerville, Nevada, 1960), p. 3.
pursuing the Indians and punishing them. Joshua had said, "We came for our cattle, [sic] we have found them, so let us return home in peace." This they did. Later Chief Black Hawk told Joshua that he was sitting so close to him that night that he could have reached out and touched him. Chief Black Hawk had been hiding behind the rock on which Joshua sat, waiting to give the signal to attack to the Indians hiding in the near-by ravines. No signal was given.

At LaVerkin, Utah, the residents were marvelling at the divine protection from death given Henry W. Gubler at a time when he and his son, Ovando, were south of Hurricane near the Lytle Spring. They had gone out to prove-up on some ground. Night had overtaken them before they got back to camp. It had started to rain and "was so cloudy you couldn't see your hand before you." Henry, while hunting for his tent, had fallen forty feet down a steep, rocky ledge. Both legs were broken. Ovando, who had followed with the team and wagon, found his father's horse by the embankment. He then found his father, made a rude litter to carry him on, and took him to the tent. Help was slow in coming. The bones did not mend well. Dr. Beckstrom, at Cedar City, took an x-ray and said one leg must be rebroken and sewn up with silver wire. Brother Gubler had said that he didn't know "Dr. B. from Adams-a-fox" and that he would

"walk" the leg together. He had put rollers on a saw horse and had rolled himself around the yard. One day, when the boys had a load of hay which needed to be taken to Pintura, Henry had said that if they would put him on the hay, he would drive the team and deliver the hay. On his way he had met Sheriff Goff, John T. Woodbury, and George Miles, who had come around a turn in a car, which frightened the horses. The load of hay was tipped down the canyon a distance of about fifty feet. In the fall Mr. Gubler's bad leg struck a rock and strained the tight cords which had been giving him trouble. It was the best thing that could have happened to the leg. In about three weeks he was hobbling around, actually walking. People were saying that "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."37

During the construction of the St. George Temple, Charles Lowell Walker, a blacksmith who was serving as a stone mason on the Temple, probably told the Temple workers about his young wife, Abigail. After the birth of her fifth child she had been stricken with inflammatory rheumatism. It seemed that she would never get well. One day Charles Lowell had lifted her out of bed to sit up for a little while. He placed her in a large rocking chair by the side of the fireplace, then left the room, saying he would be gone just a little time. Of a sudden a penetrating sensation went over the stricken Abigail, from the crown of her head to the

37Interview with Henry W. Gubler, August 11, 1962, LaVerkin, Utah. (Mr. Gubler's parents came to Santa Clara with the Swiss emigrants. He died in 1964 at the age of 90.)
soles of her feet. The unexpected sensation had so startled her that she had cried out to her children, "Oh, there it is—such a strange feeling has gone over me." The feeling came three times. One of the children, Sadie, who later became Sadie Walker Miles, remembered her mother's saying the words.

When Charles Lowell Walker had returned to the house, his wife told him of her experience, and that she felt instantly healed. He had then told her that he had gone out to the grape vineyard and had poured out his soul to his Father in heaven, asking that his wife's life be spared that she might be able to rear her family.38

So it was in Southern Nevada and Southern Utah as Juanita grew. She heard about Grandma Mary Liz's having been "set apart," a term meaning called by the Priesthood, to deliver children, and Grandma Maria's having been "set apart" to deliver children and care for all the sick. When in 1904 Alice Strausser Knight was in childbirth, Grandma Maria had been taken from Mesquite to Littlefield, twelve sandy miles away, to act as nurse and doctor. Grandma Maria believed in a greater doctor, so not only did she pray, but she asked Theresa, daughter of Thirza, who had accompanied her, to go for the Elders. Theresa brought the Frehner brothers, Henry and Albert. Still, the combined efforts of work and prayer did not bring the desired results, so once again Theresa went for help, this time to get Parley Hunt and

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Harmon Wittwer, both from Bunkerville, who had camped near with a load of freight. When the four men, all holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, were kneeling around Alice's bed, Grandma Maria told them she wanted each to pray in turn and not stop praying until the baby was born and the mother out of danger. The men began, in turn. Only part of them had been mouth to prayer when Maria stopped them and told them that someone in the group had "feelings," (meaning anger or hate) toward someone else in the group. She said that whatever it was that was wrong must be immediately made right so that the baby could be born. For a few seconds there was a death-like stillness, broken only by the moans of the woman in labor. Then the Frehner brothers, Albert and Henry, rose to their feet. They had quarreled that day, they said, and were not speaking to each other because of the hard feelings which existed between them. With eyes full of tears, the two brothers "made things right." Then all four men knelt again. The prayers went on, but not for long. Only the two Frehner brothers "were mouthpiece for the prayers until the baby was born."\(^\text{39}\)

Then there was Carmelia Burgess Hughes, set apart to help with the sick and to be a maternity nurse. She brought over 200 babies into the world, and never lost a baby or mother. She later wrote, "But off \([\text{sic}]\) course I never could have done it without the help of the Lord. I have always put

my trust in Him."  

Aunt Camille, or Grandma Camille, was the grandmother of Elmer Hughes, who married Juanita's cousin, Emily Abbott, daughter of Mary and Dudley Leavitt's Mary Jane. Juanita was just one year older than Emily, and knew Grandma Camille very well, since she did not die until November 4, 1931, at the age of 87 years, 10 months.

Then there were the stories of the three Nephites, three prophets, who, according to Mormon history, had asked to live until the time of the coming of the Saviour. These men walked the earth looking for deeds they could do to help those in trouble, or for the chance to give encouragement to those who were depressed. The stories were somewhat alike in certain motifs—the men were usually old, had long white hair, and did acts of kindness. There was the story told by Clara Sylvester Adams about the old, white-haired man brought out of the fields by her son, Horace, to eat at her table. The old man asked the blessing in a foreign language and Aunt Clara was sure that he was one of the three Nephites, pouring out a blessing upon the heads of her children. Some times the Nephite would be dressed in old clothing, but more often his shoes shone, in spite of the dust, as related by Charles A. Hughes, or he was spotlessly clean, as told by

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41 Adams, op. cit.
Another story Juanita must have heard, and often too, if only as repeated by the children to each other, was the one about John D. Lee and the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Had not her own grandfather had a hand in it? Had she not heard stories about the massacre? The relatives said that if Dudley had not been in the fight, then he had certainly not been far away. Her own father had said that it was always his understanding that his father had acted as messenger. Grandfather Dudley had said, in her presence, that he thanked God that his old hands had never been stained by human blood. But, there was more; for a family by the name of Lee lived in Mesquite. There were two boys of marriageable age. But there were such stories about them--stories which told of John D. Lee and the visions he had had. Some even said that his visions had been responsible for the massacre. But worse than that, so went the stories, all his family members had been cursed because of his heinous deed. Juanita, herself, perhaps looked at the young Lee boys and admired their handsome physiques, but she, like others, was afraid of them. So, though she wondered and pondered about the stories which were circulated, still she stayed

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42 Q. A. Hughes, *op. cit.*


away, though rumor had it that one of her sisters did not, and became involved, at least to the extent of keeping company with one of these handsome boys whose future had a curse upon it.45

To Juanita's fertile young mind all these happenings were as layers of leaves put down yearly by the mesquite bush of her native land to enrich the soil so that the good things of the earth would grow therefrom.

But Juanita's store of lore did not concern only the supernatural element of divine intervention, for she was truly the product of a pioneer dispensation. She had driven the cows to the pasture night and morning so that there might be butter and milk for a large family of growing children. She had listened with fear as the men of the valley brought, time after time, the news that the water was gone again, whether from a roaring flood in the Virgin River that had taken out the dam, or from a flash flood from Cabin, that place which was the heart of the Bunkerville Mountains, called so because her father had built a cabin there at the foot of the large mountain. Down this ravine flowed a clear, cool stream which was the best water that ever the Virgin Valley settlers could have found—clear, sparkling, sweet from the snows of winter. They sometimes trailed a lumbering wagon the eight to ten miles up the steep slope to bring back this delicious nectar provided by those wonderful mountains, but tammers of a new

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land seldom had the time to make the time-consuming trip.

The ravine which split the two sides of the mountain in half, ran clear to the top. It also continued down the slope, with a hill all the way down on the west side, as if to guard the ravine, until it emptied out on the extreme side of Bunkerville where the long ditch ran and the fields lay below it. Other ravines there were, too, or washes, which stopped just above the town. When the spring and summer rains came, then the flash floods which started at the top of the mountains, rolled the earth and rocks together, all the way to Bunkerville, to deposit them, often in great mud balls, on the gardens and farms that had been so carefully planted and nursed by people desperate for the finished crops to allay the hunger of a growing populace. At times the swiftly flowing water broke the ditch in almost countless places, until the men and boys groaned each time the huge black clouds settled themselves over Bunkerville Mountain near Cabin.

Juanita, small though she was for her age, helped to shock the grain that meant bread for the winter. She hoed the garden, too, for vegetables could not grow when weeds choked out the sun. She made trips to Cabin at the foot of Bunkerville Mountain with her father and helped set out peach and apple trees from which she later gathered precious fruit for canning for winter, or for eating fresh. Because her father had killed a large rattlesnake near the door of their cabin, she was afraid to go into the hills alone. Later,
when she read from Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt's journal that, during a night-long vigil with the sick, the watchers had sat on a chair under which a monstrous rattlesnake with eight rattles lay coiled all night, she wondered how her great-grandmother could have sent her children to throw the snake over the bank, telling them not to harm it. Even if it had come as a harmless visitor, it was still a snake, and still had rattles, and was still deadly poison. 46

Water, food and homes! Around these three could be written the history of a nation, and that history would vary only as the climate and the people varied. Juanita's was a desert land. Men, women, and children learned to preserve and to conserve that which was theirs by their combined mighty efforts. When Charles Arthur Hughes, in 1963, told the story about how he and his brother Walter, along with Charles M. Hardy and Jeremy Leavitt had bought a steel-frame Case threshing machine, he was telling, in reality, of what Juanita, as a child had had as a diet during the long hot summer months; for her father, Henry, his brother Weir, and Weir's brother-in-law, Nephi Hunt, had bought a wooden-framed Red River threshing machine. Mr. Hughes told how, when he and his partners went the long distance to Moapa to get their thresher, that they left barrels of water along the desert so that their teams might have water on the return trip. When, on the way home, they came to the barrels of water, the water was so hot that the animals would not drink it. It looked as

46 Sarah Studevant Leavitt, _op. cit._, p. 17.
though the men would never make it back to Mesquite. But, suddenly, a cloud came up and out on the Mormon desert there was a regular cloud-burst. The men watered their horses and filled their barrels with fresh water.

The old threshing machine was a cumbrous thing. It took hours to "set," and "unset." The steel Case machine was easier to set than the wooden-framed Red River machine. But even at that, both machines were time destroyers. Mr. Hughes said that it didn't take much time to set the machine, but that they had the power drive and that they had to set that out in the street, almost! Six teams of horses kept the power drive going, after it was pegged down securely. There were cogs on the thresher, and the big master wheel from the power drive turned the rest, from one set of cogs to another until the whole machine turned. Uncle Charlie Hardy used to drive the teams around the power drive, and the still of the country air was broken by his "hup, hup, hup," as he kept the six teams of horses going steadily around the power drive. If the men had good luck they could thresh from two hundred to three hundred bushel a day. At Mesquite, Jeremy Leavitt worked on the feeder, Will Hughes measured out the grain, Charles Hardy drove the teams, Walter Hughes greased, and Arthur Hughes helped feed, or was boss in general. At Bunkerville, Heber Hardy earned the cognomen, "Honest Hebe," as he measured and weighed the grain that came from the machine.  

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47 Grant Hardy, *op. cit.*, p. 10.
The women and girls did not work on the thresher; theirs was the job of providing food for the numerous men. The best food from the family larder was always used. Precious pig lard went into pie crusts and cake dough; chickens, browned to a turn (raised just for the occasion), graced the plates of the tired, sweaty men; there were huge mounds of mashed potatoes dripping with golden butter and topped with rich brown chicken gravy; ice cream from the old hand-powered machine was packed in ice from the ice mill at Bunkerville, and the rough brown and white "second" salt from the St. Thomas salt mines, and saved for a special dessert. Where the men ever put all the "grub" that was put before them remains a mystery to this day.

But woe to those who set a poor table. They were the butt of jokes which went the town around. Up at John Hancock's ranch, at the very eastern end of Mesquite, Uncle Will Hughes, as they sat at the table, began to roll up his shirt sleeves. His brother, Charles Arthur, asked him what he was going to do. (A man usually rolled up his sleeves to get better arm action when preparing for a fight.) Said Uncle Will, "I'm just going to dive for a bean." 48

At another time the men were threshing at Uncle Jess Waite's at Bunkerville. Aunt Dorie had put herself out to give these men the best in the house. The chicken, potatoes, and gravy were piping hot, just off the old wood stove. Uncle Will could hardly wait for the blessing. At the sound

48 Charles Arthur Hughes, Interview.
of "Amen" he stuck some of the tantalizing food into his mouth. The heat of the stove was still in the food on the table, and Uncle Will burned his mouth! He raised his head from the food, took a look at the cooks who were waiting for their praise, and said, "My, we have a hot bunch of cooks around here!" Aunt Dorie, who did not appreciate the pun, was so mad that she cried.49

Because Juanita's aunts and uncles lived at Mesquite, the family often crossed the Virgin River to visit the relatives on the other side. Juanita became well acquainted with the Virgin in flood time and at low water ebb. She learned the places to cross that were least likely to pull the wagon under in the quicksand, and even then, breathed a sigh of relief when the team pulled the wagon with its load of children to the safe banks of the river. She heard the story of how her father, while freight ing from Bunkerville to Moapa and back, had ordered a piano for his family. At last the precious instrument arrived—a large, old-fashioned upright weighing several hundred pounds. Henry was alone. The Virgin River had to be crossed many times. At about the last crossing, the wagon began to sink into the quicksand of the treacherous river, and Henry could see high water coming. He knew that if that silt-laden red mud ever ran over the piano, it would be ruined. He didn't have time to work the wagon out of the sand. There was but one thing

49 Ibid.
to do, and he did it. He shouldered the piano, and carried it safely to the dry shore of the Virgin. When, after he had worked the wagon out of the river bottom, he attempted to reload the piano, he found it impossible to lift it to his wagon again. He had to go to Bunkerville to get men to help him load his priceless cargo into his wagon, and to unload it when he got home. The author has heard Henry D. Leavitt tell this story many times.

Juanita's was a rich life, for she had two wonderful grandmothers to add to her store of deepening treasure. Her paternal grandmother, Thirza Riding Leavitt, had a special feeling of love for her son, Henry Dudley, and his family. Thirza was often at the Henry Leavitt home, and Juanita was often at the home of this grandmother, sent there with fresh milk and butter and vegetables. Grandma Thirza knew how to make a sumptuous meal from the bare necessities. Too, she saved the pomegranates and grapes grown on her rocky little lot, and hung them in the attic of her home, with a cloth sack around them for protection from the flies and spiders. Grandma Thirza could trace her ancestry back to the kings of England, having descended from Lucy Waters. She sometimes received parcels from England which contained precious yard stuff for clothes, and often held lovely dresses or bonnets or petticoats that the royalty of England had worn.

Whenever Grandma Thirza offered food to her guests

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50 Fanny L. Hardy, *op. cit.*, p. 5.
it was always "the best." She would say, "These are the
nicest pomegranates in Bunkerville," and they were, and kept
on being the very best right to the last one.

Adjoining Grandma Thirza's rocky lot was Grandma
Hafen's rocky lot. This maternal grandmother of Juanita's
knew, too, that a family must work and save to live in a new
desert home. She had lived in a lovely frame home in
Switzerland, in an adobe one in Salt Lake City, in a dug-
out in Santa Clara, and in a two-roomed adobe home at
Bunkerville, a home without a floor and with only a make­
shift roof when she first moved into it. Juanita, eight
years younger than Lovena Hafen and five years younger than
LeRoy, had practically grown up with them. They had cared
for her; she, in turn, had cared for Lovena's children. The
philosophy of the home became a part of her heritage.

Now, Grandma Hafen's philosophy was directly counter
to that of Grandma Thirza's, for she always sorted the
pomegranates, the dried grapes, and the almonds, and ate
first that which was most likely to spoil, so that the
perfect fruits and nuts would last the winter through. So,
at Grandma Thirza's one always had, according to her own word,
the very best, and at Grandma Hafen's one had such good
pomegranates, saved from spoiling by a grandmother who always
had such good things to eat.

Juanita did not get through life without a thorough
knowledge of what pioneer medicines were like, for, from the
first, she was "a puny child." Memories of the time when her
father had just returned from his mission were always bright. He had watched Mary as she scrubbed Juanita and Charity, both in a number three tub at the same time, Juanita, skinny, and hollow-chested, her shoulder blades like sprouting wings, and Charity, though twenty-two months younger, larger already than Juanita, with a body that was healthy, plump, and pink. The mother's tears were running down and falling from the end of her nose. Henry had said, then, "The child is all right. Don't snivel over her." But the father had seen that she took evergreen tea or sage tea to build up her blood. She had had the usual number of "plasters" wrapped around her neck at night to keep away the croup, plasters made by combining pig lard and kerosene (coal oil) in about equal proportions, with a drop of turpentine, a dash of mustard, and anything else around the house that might contribute to the relief (or, perhaps, as Juanita sometimes wondered, to the detriment and misery) of a person. Because of the temperament of the father and mother, there is one remedy she probably escaped. But, the remedy was there, for Caroline (Caddie) Bunker, born at Bunkerville twelve years before Juanita, recorded it in her life's story. The story and the recipe go like this, told by Mrs. Cottam:

Sometimes I wonder how we survived some of the home-made remedies that were used. Many of them were good, but some were terrible and passed on as old superstitions.

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51 Brooks, Letter.
52 Ibid.
At one time when the measles were going the rounds, Vilate Lee, a cousin, was so terribly sick before she broke out fully. After one broke out, they were never so sick, but it seemed they just couldn't get them out on her. Some good kind sister prescribed tea made of sheep droppings. This terrible stuff was stieped and poured down Vilate. Of course in due time she broke out and soon recovered. I'm sure it wasn't due to the tea, though the good old sister pursed her lips, nodded her head and said, "I told you so." I'm sure she would not forget to prescribe the same for somegge else. When I think of it I wonder Vilate lived.

For Juanita, the list of associations with the lore of this southern section of Mormondom was endless. It could have become like a "you name it: I have it" contest. The maxim, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," is the index to the proof of this thesis that the lore which was Juanita's as a child and as a woman has exerted a major influence in her writings, for the good things began to grow—-from Juanita.

Perhaps it was not by her own volition that these things began to materialize. It may be that the very force which had played such a significant part in the early history of her people, the very exact divine intervention with which she had been so closely related and which was so much a part of her, had begun to manifest itself. It may have begun when she was still in her teens.

On September 4, 1955, at Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas, Dr. Brooks stood before a group of the descendants of those who had been killed in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. She told them how an old man, Nephi Johnson, had come to her,

when he was in his eighties and she still in her teens. He had come to tell her of things his eyes had seen but his tongue had not uttered. He had come to tell her about the Mountain Meadows Massacre, but she had not taken the opportunity so providentially placed before her. Perhaps, as she told this story, she was really telling of the divine element which had offered itself to her, and for the time, had been rejected.

Married in 1919, at the age of twenty, Juanita was, within two years, left a widow with a small child to care for. Perhaps providence again lent a hand, for she decided to resume the teaching career which her marriage had interrupted. She then attended Dixie College, St. George, Utah, where more lore and more stories were added to those she already knew. Two years at the Brigham Young University, a university steeped in Mormon lore and staffed by Mormon professors, who, themselves, were part of the lore, added to the already deepening treasure of lore she was storing. A return to St. George to teach at the college was an enriching experience, for here was the cream of the Southern Nevada, Southern Utah area, gathered to learn the secrets of the universe and to add their own rich experiences to the lives of those who taught them.

Juanita was married to William Brooks, May 25, 1933. Her marriage ended her teaching career for a time, for her husband was a widower with a family of four young sons; there were now five sons, her one and his four, in the family.
Then Juanita's children from this new marriage made their appearance in short order—Willa Nita, February 10, 1934; Karl Francis, November 8, 1935; Joseph Kay, April 23, 1937; and Antone (?). There certainly was no time to teach.

The 1930's was a time of great depression, and Juanita, who had been reared in the great long depression of the Virgin Valley, longed to help the young widows in St. George who were suffering so for lack of food and clothing for their children. At the suggestion of Nels Anderson, she inquired into the possibility of beginning a WPA project in Washington County. This was to be strictly a woman's project.

The project was begun, with Juanita working under the direction of Dr. Dorothy Nyslander. The women, who worked with Juanita, earned from $32.00 to $36.00 a month copying records that Juanita proof read. The women who could type, did so. The others were organized to make personal interviews with the people of their area to collect diaries or to collect oral stories which they would write down and deliver to Juanita and her typists.

After Juanita had sent in seventy-two entries to the WPA office, Dr. Luther Evans of the Library of Congress came to Utah and established the project on a state basis. The project had all started with Juanita Brooks and her group of women, in a northeast bedroom of her home where a long table and some typewriters and a group of eager women demonstrated what could be done if one had initiative and courage. Today,
there are copies of the collected diaries, journals, and inter-
views in Washington County Library, St. George, Utah; Utah
State Historical Office, Salt Lake City; and in The Library
of Congress, Washington, D. C. It may be that Juanita had had
the desire to begin the project to collect records because
of what had happened to her some time about 1930, while she
was teaching school at Dixie College. The school day had
been long, and Juanita was tired. After school she had
walked up the hill to her home and had lain down on the bed
in the little west bedroom to rest. Dudley, the youngest in
her father's family, was living with her. She said that the
incident happened before Nita Rae, a niece, was born; Nita
Rae was born August 30, 1931. Juanita had seemed to realize
that Dudley was coming up the hill and would soon be home.

Suddenly she wasn't in her body any more. She seemed
away from it and not a part of it. There was no sorrow, no
pain, only surprise. She thought, my golly, I didn't think
it would be like this.

Next it seemed as if she were down at Bunkerville
where her father and mother lived in the large brick home in
which most of their children had been reared. She thought how
lonesome they must be, now that Dudley, the youngest, was
gone, and how they would grieve because she, their eldest,
was dead.

Her father, Uncle Henry, was shaking some cream to
make butter in a two-quart jar, which was often done when
there was not enough cream to dirty the churn for. The
mother, Aunt Mary Hen, as she was always so affectionately called to place her among all the Marys in the town, was cooking some lumpy-dick over the fire place.

Suddenly the door of Juanita's bedroom had opened, and Dudley, tired from his long climb up the hill, walked in. Juanita, now in her body again, had raised up from the bed. She saw herself in the mirror of the old-fashioned dresser that stood at the foot of the bed. She was surprised to see how ghastly white she looked.

Dudley had said, "Nita, what's the matter?"
Juanita had answered, "I think I died."

The next day was Saturday. Someone from Bunkerville had been in St. George, and had offered these two homesick people a ride to Bunkerville. They had crowded into the one seat of an old pick-up, Juanita sitting on Dudley's lap. When they had arrived at Bunkerville, Juanita noticed that the lamp chimney was still black—hadn't been cleaned after its being used the night before. Uncle Hen had come into the house saying, "The old bitch would have killed her." He had then explained that an old mare had cornered a young one against the poles of the corral and would have killed her except for the fact that he had gone out just when he did. Juanita, at first, had wondered if he were talking about her and her experience the day before. It was very weird.

Juanita had asked her father and mother what they had done the night before. Her father had been churning cream for butter in a two-quart bottle so that he could have
a big lump of fresh butter on the lumpy-dick that the mother cooked over the fire place, because she hadn't wanted to make a fire in the stove and waste good wood when there were only two old people there to eat.54

Whether the unique experience had been influential or not, this new contact with the journals and diaries and stories of many kinds of people gave Juanita the material and the urge to put that material where people could read it. The WPA project had exposed her to such materials as the John M. Higbee, Henry W. Bigler, John Pulsipher, Kate Parker Isom, and Priddy Meeks journals. Here were accounts which sounded as if they had come from the pens of her own grandparents. More than that, she had learned that these old journals and letters were, little by little, being destroyed by a generation who little realized their value. She later wrote in "Let's Preserve Our Records," that a young typist had become vexed as she worked at the diary of a water master in a small southern Nevada town, but that the diary had been the most authentic and valuable study of flood control which could be found when men were sent there for the very purpose of making such a study. She plead with her readers to preserve the old diaries and letters, either by photostating or by typing and said that the "first requirement in the preservation of the documents is that they should stand absolutely unchanged," for as soon as a deletion is made or the text changed, then suspicion is thrown on the

whole work. 55

But Juanita wrote "Let's Preserve Our Records," in 1948. What had gone on before this date? In 1919 she had accidentally come upon the old faded journal of Sarah Sturdevant (Studevant) Leavitt, her great-grandmother. She had been intrigued, and had copied it and distributed copies at a Leavitt family reunion on November 5, 1919, just a month and a half after her marriage to Leonard Ernest Pulsipher. From 1934-1936 she had worked with the records and journals of the pioneers of Southern Utah. In 1934, Harper's published her "A Close Up Of Polygamy." Who could be a better authority than Juanita Brooks to write about an institution with which she had associated since the day of her birth? But when she wrote that all the wives of Dudley Leavitt were treated equally, 56 she must have done so with tongue-in-cheek, for she knew that Mary had been the one to whose home all the visiting Church Brethren from Salt Lake had come, and that Janet kept a trap door in her floor which hid a small cellar, she, herself, had made, to hide the food-stuffs brought to her by Dudley, and earned by herself, lest the other wives, seeing her store, would take it from her. 27 Too, she knew that her own Grandma Thirza cooked extra special


56 Brooks, Dudley Leavitt, p. 48.

dishes to entice Dudley to stay at her home oftener than at the rest, and that, in the end she had won out, for he lived with her the last three years of his life, though four of his five wives were still living.58

Two years after the publication by Harper's of Juanita's article on polygamy, on April 23, 1936, Harrison R. Merrill of the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, sent Juanita an invitation to join the association. On May 12, 1936, he sent her application blanks for joining. And on October 26, 1936, he wrote that he was eager to have her appear on the program for the association meet, and would she prepare a paper for presentation at this time. She would, and she did, but she did not appear to give the paper personally, for the association meetings were held in April, 1937; her second son, and fourth child, Joseph Kay, was born April 23, 1937. Professor Harrison R. Merrill read the paper to a large group and reported to her that those present thoroughly enjoyed it. He also announced that Juanita was writing a book on the Mountain Meadows Massacre. This was 1937; the book did not appear until 1950.

During 1937-1938, Juanita visited her Grandmother Hafen and asked searching questions which resulted in a life story which was later printed. She wrote what was told her in long hand, then typed it. The stories of faith, of hard work, of obedience to counsel were told her. When she, like others of Grandma's grandchildren, attacked the practice

58 Brooks, Dudley Leavitt, p. 105.
of polygamy which had taken a Swiss family away from all its kindred and ostracized the Nevada members from the Utah group, she was probably rebuked as her Aunt Lovena had been before her, for Grandma Hafen never allowed anyone to criticize the practice of polygamy. Lovena had the family trait of speaking straight from the shoulder. Once, while she was growing up she had spouted off to her mother, "I think that Father should send us some shoes and more clothes," and her mother had replied, "Don't say one word against your father. He's a good man."59

The very heart of Juanita's past could be summed up in the words—divine intervention, homes, food, water, work, medicine, and culture. In 1941, Harper's published her "The Water's In," which carried with it some of the lore which was hers. She might have told of the old squaw who camped in the knolls of the Parley Leavitt field, and who, upon seeing a cow stick her head in the only barrel of water which the family had to drink, cried out, "Bad, bad! No drinkum water now!" But the family must drink it, for there would be no more down their ditch for a week, until it was, once again, their watering turn.

In 1942, Juanita published Dudley Leavitt, which was privately printed at St. George, Utah. This was a history of her grandfather, Dudley Leavitt, and his families. Like the "Sarah Studevant Leavitt" which she had found so many years before, this book turned out to be a gold mine for her.

59Lovena H. Leavitt, Letter.
In *Dudley Leavitt*, Juanita had mentioned the fact that her grandfather had been, in some way, connected to the Mountain Meadows Massacre. The Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California, became interested, for they had bought some of the "Diaries" of John D. Lee. In 1944, Juanita was given the position of Field Fellow in the Huntington Library Staff, and assigned to collect original records for them to photostat. She also received a grant to make a study of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, a project she had already begun on her own. Later she was to help edit the *Diaries of John D. Lee*, which were published in two volumes in 1955 under the title, *A Mormon Chronicle: The Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848-1876*. Her most recent book on the John D. Lee controversy was *John Doyle Lee, Zealot—Pioneer Builder—Scapegoat*, published in 1961 by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale, California. But the book which brought her fame was her *Mountain Meadows Massacre*, published in 1950 by Stanford. In *Massacre*, Juanita spoke out straight from the shoulder, as was her way, and minced no words in telling of the dark blot on Mormon history so long kept at the bottom of the pile, so long kept in the dark, for the feeling seemed to be that it was best to let sleeping dogs lie. That was not in Juanita's pattern of behavior. To her, sunlight disperses the clouds of night, so she supplied the sun.

Brooks, received a grant of $1,000 from the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The grant is given as an aid to research. Dr. Brooks plans to edit another volume of the John D. Lee Diaries. She has sufficient material for a large volume. She hopes to have, then, a three-volume set, which, if it is possible, will be presented as such, with some revisions made in the first two volumes.

Dr. Juanita Brooks was the first woman ever to receive an award of merit from the Utah State Historical Society for works of a historical nature. She received hers for her John Doyle Lee. The presentation was made in September of 1962.

As proof, conclusive, that Dr. Juanita Brooks was definitely influenced by the lore which emanated from the valleys she lived in and the people she lived with—the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah region and the people of the Mormon faith, three additional items are offered. The first is a complete bibliography of her writings, the very titles of which are an index to the contents which deal with the lore that is hers. The second is a listing of some of the stories and the lore from some of her major books, which proves she was not only influenced, she used the lore to make the finished article. The third is a bit of her own lore, connected with the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Though mention is made, time and again, of the unfortunate massacre members' taking an oath of silence, the oath has not been found, but Juanita, in her own inimitable way, produces the
folklore oath.

Dr. Brooks, at the close of a speech delivered to the students of the Virgin Valley High School—her school—in 1959, gave the following poem which is her philosophy, gained from the concept of life which is hers. It is an excerpt from a student's prayer.

Give us this day our daily work
Help us to train our hands to service,
Our minds to knowledge,
And our hearts to love
Of all mankind.
Give us strength to our need.
And, Oh, Lord God,
Preserve unto us
Our Dreams!
CHAPTER IV

THE FOLKLORE OF SOUTHERN NEVADA AND SOUTHERN UTAH
IN RELATION TO THE FOLKLORE ACCOUNTS IN THE
WRITINGS OF DR. LEROY R. HAFEN

When, in the valley of Rotenback, about three miles
from the city of Bern, Switzerland, on May 5, 1854, Mary
Ann Stucki was born to Samuel and Magdalena Stettler Stucki,
the background was laid for the writings of Dr. LeRoy R.
Hafen. The Stucki family were to accept the new faith of
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and come to
Utah via the famous Mormon Handcart Company. Mary Ann was
to walk the thousand miles, and to record in her memory the
events of those days, and to so impress them upon the minds
of her children that they should have an active interest in
the Nevada home which finally became theirs, and in the
stories which surrounded their Southern Nevada and Southern
Utah homes.

Mary Ann's youngest son, Rueben LeRoy, born in
Bunkerville, Nevada, December 8, 1893, was later to have
such remarks made about him as the one from J. Frank Dobie
of Texas in The New York Times, when he said that "LeRoy R.
Hafen is a ripe scholar with The Overland Mail and other
books and years of editing to his credit." Mr. Dobie also
said that Dr. Hafen had explored the entire route of the
Old Spanish trail and that from both research and experience had made "a ripe book."¹

When Volume I of Dr. Hafen's The Far West and the Rockies Series, The Old Spanish Trail, was printed, A. R. Mortensen, of the Utah State Historical Society, said that at last the story of an important and historic Western Trail was told. Mr. Mortensen added that Dr. Hafen had been born and reared on the southwestern leg of the trail, so was well qualified to write of this region, both through training and long experience.²

Mr. Mortensen also made a very pertinent statement regarding Dr. Hafen's Old Spanish Trail, when he said:

It does seem that more than occasionally the book drifts far afield from the Old Spanish Trail, when it chronicles in some detail the subsequent lives and careers of those who passed over the Trail to California.³

The analogy, for Dr. Hafen, lies in the following of the Trail, at least in part, by his own mother, and by such men as Edward Bunker, for whom Bunkerville, Nevada, was named, and Jefferson Hunt and his son, John, who were to be settlers of the Southern Utah area.

When Robert Perkin, in Rocky Mountain News, wrote, "Dr. Hafen, over the years, has been as responsible as any


one man in the West for basic keys to our regional past," he was, indeed, saying that Dr. Hafen's roots were deep in the West and that because of this fact, the things which he wrote were influenced by who he was and where he had lived.

Dr. Leland H. Creer, for years Head of the History Department of the University of Utah, echoed this statement when he wrote of Dr. Hafen's second of the fifteen volume Far West and the Rockies Series, the Journals of the Forty-Niners: Salt Lake to Los Angeles, that this study dealt explicitly with the explorations of the Mormon Trail, and that according to him it was by far the best study to appear on the general theme of southwestern exploration within the United States. The reasons which Dr. Creer gave for Dr. Hafen's qualification were his long years of experience in emending and interpreting documents and the fact that Dr. Hafen was born and raised on the southwestern segment of the Old Mormon Trail.5

The fourteenth volume of Dr. Hafen's Far West and the Rockies Series was Handcarts to Zion, 1856-1860. This volume had been preceded by "Handcart Migration to Utah," Dr. Hafen's thesis for his M. A. degree in history from the University of Utah in 1919. Naturally, Dr. Hafen was drawn closely to the subject of this volume, for his mother trailed a handcart to Zion when only six. Dr. Hafen, who had attempted to get this


volume done for the Centennial of the Handcart Companies, 1956, wrote in the October Utah Historical Quarterly, 1956, that handcart travel, was, at best, an exacting ordeal. He said:

It took unfaltering religious faith to sustain these western pilgrims on their footsore journeys. The womb of the handcart has produced a numerous progeny. From less than three thousand emigrants who pulled or tailed a cart some hundred years ago, have come a half million Americans, who well may cherish their unique heritage.6

Dr. Hafen is nationally and internationally known for his historical accounts, many of which treat Southern Nevada and Southern Utah. In chronicling the adventures and the ventures of a great group of people, from Father Dominguez and Father Escalante, who were attempting to find a land route between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Monterey, California in 1776, to the Mormon Handcart Companies of 1856-1860, and the William H. Jackson Diaries, 1866-1874, Dr. Hafen's writing has become one of the most authentic sources on the region which lies in Southern Nevada and Southern Utah.

That the lore which surrounded Dr. Hafen in his Southern Nevada home had a direct influence on his writing cannot be disputed. The very fact that his mother was in Southern Nevada, transplanted from the Swiss settlement of Santa Clara, Utah, gave added impetus to his concern for the area. The further fact that so many of Dr. Hafen's writings treat this specific area points to the fact that he loved his homeland and was concerned about exploring the history.

of the area. The stories and the unique lore which were his was a direct influence upon his inclusion of similar lore in his writings.

The supernatural motif of divine intervention is today and always has been an influential part of man's experience. It plays an important role in his life: it aids, counsels, protects, and warns. The storyteller who deals with the supernatural in any of its varied forms must have an intensity of feeling, inventiveness in creating plot, situation and atmosphere, and the flash of meaning with which the imagination illumines life. There must be, too, a permanent and universal interest created, else the story will die and both story and storyteller be forever forgotten. In every piece of literature, in every folktale told orally or recorded by either hearer or teller, the extent of the personal involvement of the author in his subject determines how well he can interest his reader or hearer.

So it was with the story of divine revelation in relation to Mary Ann Stucki's acceptance of a new religion. She often told of a dream had by one John Reber in the valley of Rotenback, Switzerland. John Reber, Uncle to Mary Ann by his having married her father's sister, with hands and feet warped and misshapen with rheumatism, came to the Stucki home, probably about 1859 or 1860, to tell them of hearing the Mormons preach, and also to tell them of having a strange dream. Mary Ann S. Hafen records in her biography, A Handcart Pioneer, the following:
He told how a short time before he had had a strange dream. He thought he saw a clear stream of water falling from a clear sky. Then he was impressed that if he could drink from that stream, he would know if their gospel was the true Church of Christ. Just then the stream moved toward him and he drank until he was satisfied. When the Elders (missionaries) came to his home he was convinced that this was the stream he had dreamed of.

Dr. Hafen's mother goes on to say that she well remembers the day John Reber was baptized. She wrote:

It was mid-winter and the ice over the lake was more than a foot thick. He came down on his crutches to where they had picked through the ice. As he was helped into the water he handed his crutches to a friend who stood near. When he came out he walked on without them. . . . Never again in all his life did he use crutches. The hump disappeared entirely, and his hands became straight.

Mary Ann Stucki was later to marry John Reber as a second wife, and to lose him within a fortnight in a tragic accident. She was to tell this story many times to her family. The indelible print left in the subconscious mind of young LeRoy had its effect as he later included such lore in the journals and diaries of westerners because this was the type of love with which he was so familiar.

Other similar folk stories were present in the immediate area. They were then told and retold for young people like LeRoy to hear and remember. The following is one such story:

The children and grandchildren of James Holt, who came

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8Ibid., p. 16.
from North Carolina to Utah via the Mormon Trail, and who came to Utah's Dixie in answer to the "call" to the Cotton Mission, tell the story of how their ancestor had a very remarkable dream concerning religion. Young Holt, at the tender age of about eight years, was deeply concerned about religion. One night he dreamed that his father had sent him to a neighbor's home. It was necessary that he go through a dark and gloomy cave where no light existed. As he left the cave he came into a very bright light. He saw a man come from a building and call to him, telling him that he, James Holt, must be tried for his faith. He was taken into a building, led down some steps, and hung up on a hook which was fastened to the beams of the house. He was told that if he had enough faith that he would not fall, but that if he lacked faith he would fall into the pit of hell which was below him. There seemed to be people all around him who were full of confusion. Some were calling that there need be no more revelation, that the Church had all it needed. Suddenly, young Holt's vest began to rip, but he prayed earnestly for it to hold, and it did. He was then taken down and told that he had just faith enough to save him, which was what most people had.

About 1839 James Holt joined the Mormon Church. About 1844 he was called on a mission to Tennessee where his father lived. While there he, one day, told his father that he had to go home, to Nauvoo, because the Prophet Joseph Smith had been killed and the Saints were in trouble. His
father told him that he could not know of such a thing when he was so far away and had had no news. Holt, however, knew what he knew, and left for Nauvoo. As he got near Nauvoo, a man told him of the death of Joseph Smith. The death had occurred on the day that James Holt had said that it had. Such stories, heard and remembered by Dr. Hafen, influenced him in his own writing of such accounts in his historical work.

A new country, a new people, and a new church with very emotional teachings all tend to rely upon divine help for guidance. Dr. Hafen, in his *Journals of Forty-Niners*, recounts instances when the Flake-Rich Company men were in the Southern Nevada, Southern Utah area near Meadow Valley Wash, near Elgin, Nevada. There had been no water and very little feed for the animals and no water for the men. All were suffering horribly. The O. K. Smith party was traveling with the Mormon party of Flake and Rich, and some misunderstanding arose. Henry W. Bigler, in his journal of the trip records:

Bro. Rich said that this kind of traveling would not do, that his Council had not been taken, if it had we would not be here and that he was not going to travel [sic] this way any longer, if we did we would perish in the mountains, that [sic] if he could not have his way he would go back to the wagons [sic] as soon as he could, we ware [glad] [sic] to hear him talk so for it was plain that Capt. F. had not traviled according to the mind of the General, in truth he had not obeyed Council, and that Capt. Smiths [sic] opinion had been taken instead of General Riche's. [sic] this reminds me

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of a dream the General had while on the Spanish trail. He dreamed he found a large old woman in the way. He spoke to her and asked her if she would not get out of the way and let him pass. She muttered something and bent a little to one side and he past [sic] around her and took the shoot.  

Water on a desert to a thirsty man is better than all the champagne in the world. The Flake-Rich Company were facing death for lack of water. Sunday, November 11, 1849, H. W. Bigler had made his entry of the company's having no water and had recorded Brother Rich's dream. Monday, November 12, the party made another dry camp. Tuesday, November 13, "all hands sat [sic] off at daylight ... in hopes to find water soon."  

About 10:00 A.M. it began to rain. Bigler records that he quenched his thirst by "drinking the rain water that had gathered [sic] in the hollow places in the rocks." He records that it rained enough that there was water for both man and beast, and water standing in large puddles on the ground. He further states:

I feel that the Lord in great mercy sent this Rain to us. Some of our party said they herd [sic] Capt. Smith say to Bro. Rich that the finger of the Lord was in this. For my part it is plain to me and I shall acknowledge the hand of God in it.  

That the hand of the Lord had reached down with divine help was further attested to by William Farrer,
another member of the Flake-Rich Company. On Tuesday, November 13, 1849, Farrer notes in his diary that Brother Rich and a few of the men started on the trail at daylight. They traveled until afternoon, but the rain began a little in the morning and kept up until it stood in puddles on the ground. He, too, records that "Capt Smith said to Gen Rich that the finger of the Lord was in this, for we must have suffered very much had it not been for this." ¹⁴

George Q. Cannon, in his diary, says the company was traveling over rocky terrain, and that the rain water settled in the hollows. He says, "I have always believed that this shower of rain was sent to save our lives... Even Captain Smith deemed it providential, for he told Gen. Rich that the finger of the Lord was in this rain." ¹⁵

James Henry Rollins, member of the L. D. S. Church, and later a Bishop in the Southern Utah town of Minersville, was also with the Flake-Rich Company. His story of the rain was given in his autobiographical sketch, dictated in 1898. He goes more into detail, and adds some interesting facts, which may be absolute truth or may be the folklorish account of an old man, for Rollins was eighty-two years old at the time he dictated his story; the story had happened forty-nine years earlier; and Rollins died the next year, January 7, 1899. Be that as it may, the story is added proof that folklore accounts have influenced the writing of Dr. Hafen, for he has not deleted any part of the account, nor even given a

footnote to stress the fact that this might have been just
the story of an old man. Rollins records that the company
was in the vicinity of Beaver Dam Wash. He says that they
traveled thirty miles, or more, the day after camping on
Beaver Dam Wash, then he said:

We then went on 36 miles that day night [sic], and
found no water and feed for our animals. We tied up our
animals that night, and started out bright and early
the next morning to find water. Brother Rich took the
lead and Captain Smith and myself were sent to prospect
for grass and water. We discovered a mountain summit
some 3 miles distant. While on this mountain I dis-
covered a small cloud rising in the southwest. I said
to Cap. Smith it is going to rain. [sic] He answered
and said, "Why, it hasn't rained here since Noah's
flood." I said to him we must get down from here to
our mules. . . . By the time we arrived to where our
mules were, they were being tied at the foot of the
mountain, it began to rain very hard. Our hats both
being just alike, we turned them up so as to catch the
water in them. . . . By the time that we arrived at the
train, it was pouring rain and we stopped and scooped
small holes that was filled with water, and our animals
got sufficient water to drink, being 36 hours without
water, and we would have perished if it had not been
for this rain at this time.16

Sheldon Stoddard, who married a daughter of Jefferson
Hunt, and who crossed the Nevada, Utah desert twenty-four
times while carrying mail, was also with the Flake-Rich
Company. His account, as given by Dr. Hafen as a reprint
from L. A. Ingersoll's Century Annals of San Bernardino
County (Los Angeles, 1904), 653, is as follows:

They traveled westward from Mt. Meadows for eighteen
days without guides, compass, or maps. They found no
water and were saved from perishing by light showers
when they caught water in their rubber blankets and
drank it with a teaspoon.17

16 Ibid., pp. 264-265.
17 Ibid., p. 271.
Edwin Pettit, in a reminiscent account adds the final folklore flavor to the account of miraculously getting water on the Nevada desert. Pettit was a member of the Pomeroy Wagon Train which left Salt Lake City November 3, 1849. He records:

About two weeks after Pomeroy left Salt Lake, there was an independent company started out for the gold mines in California and they got out on the desert and got lost. They were without water or food and were about to perish. They could not agree on which way to go, and some started out afoot, alone. They reached the Muddy desert just at the time that we did—ragged, starved and almost perished. When this company were out on the desert and did not seem to agree, Apostle Chas. C. Rich started out from camp one morning, and the boys asked where he was going. He said he was just going out for a short distance and would be back soon. They thought probably he was out of his mind. He said, "I am just going over here to pray for rain." They waited for him to come back, and just as he arrived in camp the clouds were seen to arise from the southwest and the rain poured down and soaked up the ground. They got all they could in buckets and cooled off their cattle and horses. Ponds of water were left on the ground and they were all revived.¹⁸

Dr. Hafen footnotes this portion of the biography of Edwin Pettit, which he chose to include in his accounts of the Forty-niners. He says that the party which Pettit is telling about is the Flake-Rich and O. K. Smith groups, which started for California ahead of the Pomeroy train. Dr. Hafen also says that "this is a subsequent and expanded account of the timely rain of November 13 that saved the Flake-Rich party."¹⁹

That Charles C. Rich had had a dream in which an old woman had gotten in his way and needed to be pushed out is

¹⁸Ibid., pp. 294-295. ¹⁹Ibid.
symbolic of the old desert drouth which was pushed away by
divine intervention as a result of the prayer of faith. To
the early pioneers of Southern Nevada and Southern Utah the
prayer of faith had accomplished miracles. In a letter dated
September 10, 1932, Dr. Hafen's mother wrote that the Lord
had blessed their poor food and clothing so that the children
had grown to normal size and had had very little sickness.
She wrote that she remembered many scenes of trial and hard­
ship that she "would not care to face again,"20 but that the
Lord had blessed their efforts. She also wrote:

I want to testify to my Dear Children Relatives and
Friends that God lives and takes care of his humble
children. Even at times when I was in doubt to know
what I should do I would be impressed to do the right
thing. . . . I know that if we are prayerful that the
Lord is our guide in all our righteous walks of life.21

Mary Ann Hafen shared the deep impact which divine
invention had made upon her with most all the residents of
that lonely, burning, Mesquite bush land, bounded by giant
mountains on both sides and cut decisively in two by a very
emotional red river, the Rio Virgin. Emma Lorena Leavitt
Hardy, of Mesquite, Nevada, daughter of the Indian missionary,
Dudley Leavitt, and the dark-haired, brown-eyed, fiery­
tempered Thirza Riding from St. George, Utah, who was cross
when the water became only a piddling little stream in the
middle summer, records that at one time she was asked by
"Sister Johnson (wife of Nephi Johnson and mother of Maggie

20Letter from Mary Ann Hafen, St. George, Utah,
September 10, 1932.

21Ibid.
Pulsipher)" to make out the yearly reports for the Relief Society. Maggie Pulsipher is wife of Lewis Pulsipher who is a direct descendant of Zerah Pulsipher. Zerah Pulsipher was the father of John Pulsipher, a portion of whose diary Dr. Hafen has included in Volume VIII of the Far West and the Rockies Series. Sister Johnson was Relief Society President; she was ill and on her way to St. George, Utah, for treatment when she asked Mrs. Hardy to make the reports for her. Sister Johnson died at St. George. Lorena Hardy, with the help of Nephi Johnson and Bishop William E. Abbott got the reports ready. Bishop Abbott said that all was in order, except that eight dollars was missing. If Sister Hardy couldn't find where it had gone he would send the report in as it was. Said Sister Hardy:

I knew I hadn't spent it. . . . That night I made it the subject of prayer to ask the Lord to help me. . . . In the night Sister Johnson walked into the room and I was awake and she said, "Lorena, go get your Temple aprons. Aprons worn in the L. D. S. Temple by members of the church. Where are they?" So I got right up and went to get them and then I remembered the Temple Aprons were $4.00 apiece. That is what we paid Sister Barnum (Carmelia Hardy's mother) for the aprons. Now some people wouldn't believe this, but I surely thanked the Lord for sending her.

Zerah Pulsipher, whose son John's diary is included in Dr. Hafen's The Utah Expedition, VIII, 198-219, possessed the same blessing of divine intervention experienced by so many. Today, many Southern Nevada and Southern Utah residents bear the Pulsipher name. They point with pride to an ancestor who kept himself so in tune with the divine that

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he could receive direct inspiration for his good and for that of his family. In a typewritten copy, labeled "History of Zerah Pulsipher," as written by himself—found in an old trunk where he kept his papers, is recorded:

After the death of my wife (Polly or Mary Handell) I had some anxiety about her state and condition, consequently in answer to my desires in a few weeks she came to me in vision and appearing natural looked pleasant as she ever did and sat by my side and assisted me in singing a hymn—beginning thus: "That glorious day is drawing nigh when Zions light shall shine." This she did with seeming composure. This vision took away all the anxiety of my mind concerning her in as much as she seemed to enjoy herself well.  

While the Pulsiphers were at Nauvoo many were ill. Zerah and his family helped tend the sick. Finally, his daughter became ill and it was thought she would die. Mr. Pulsipher said:

I was called to the bed one day to see her close her eyes in death. I saw her apparently breathing her last, at that instant the spirit of God came upon me, I said "Mariah, do you want to live to raise a family, keep the commandments of God and do all you can to build up Zion." She opened her eyes and said she did. I said to her then, "You shall live." The hour she sat up in bed and immediately got well.

Of Joseph Smith's martyrdom, Mr. Pulsipher said:

After Joseph had fell dead one of the ruffians made a move to take off his head but a singular light shone around him (Joseph) that struck the man with fear. They, therefore, flew in every direction and disappeared.

Of his son John, the same John whose diary Dr. Hafen produces, Zerah Pulsipher wrote that in 1846-47 the Mormons were having a time of trouble, what with the Mormon Battalion

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24 Ibid.  
25 Ibid.
men away, and every useful hand put to work, John among the rest. John and his brother drove teams for freight for the Mormons encamped at Winter Quarters. Says Mr. Pulsipher:

There were not well people enough to take care of the sick and the dying my boys continued to team through the winter till they both got sick. Johnny was laid on the bed and was near the gate of death for a long time, when I was called in to see him breathe his last. He was taken with pneumonia what many people think to be certain signs of death, he looked very much like it to be sure. When I came in the Doctor and my family stood around the bed. I called to him and he opened his eyes. I said, "John, you are not going to die now. I cannot spare you now, you must get well to help us move through the mountains." He immediately began to vomit a large quantity of the most filthy matter I ever saw come from any person's stomach, as black almost as ink. From that hour he began to recover, and soon got able to drive a team. 26

Mr. Pulsipher recorded in thirteen and one half short pages about twenty such instances of the divine which ranged from the heavenly light of angels sent down to confirm his theory that the Mormon Church was right to God's help in preserving him and his when the snow lay drifted about them.

Though John Pulsipher recorded no such spectacular manifestations of divine help as did his father, hardly a page of his diary is written without some reference to the divine help of Almighty God in the lives of the soldiers who were protecting Salt Lake City from Johnson's Army. After recording that the people of the East were wicked and were determined to kill the Mormons, and after saying that their enemies thought that by stopping the U. S. mail that the Saints would have no word of what was happening in the East
and of the plans being hatched against this religious group in Salt Lake Valley, John Pulsipher wrote, "The Lord is our friend and we need not fear."²⁷

John Pulsipher mentions that they "have been blest with a number of warm showers of rain so this is by far the best crop raised here."²⁸ When, on September 28, 1857, John Pulsipher and his brother Charles found it necessary to part company, Charles to stay with the army as scout and John to see their families to safety, John stated that "we parted wishing the blessing of the Lord to attend each other."²⁹

On December 2, 1857, John Pulsipher, who had rejoined the soldiers who were protecting Salt Lake against Johnson's army records that the army of men were on the move two hours before daylight, slipping and sliding for twenty miles over Big Mountain on their way to report to Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. On Thursday, December 3, 1857, he remarks, after first telling of the men's release from the army that:

The Lord has accepted our offering has confused & stopped our enemies & we have not had to kill them or even fire a gun at them but we have showed them we would stand for our rights, & would not submit to such unlawfu & unjust demands as they were determined to force upon us.³⁰

Lot Smith and John Pulsipher were Dr. Hafen's diarists chosen to portray the state of affairs in Utah during the Mormon's defense against Johnson's army. Al Smith, youngest


²⁸Ibid., p. 201. ²⁹Ibid., p. 203. ³⁰Ibid., p. 211.
son of Lot Smith, bought a home in LaVerkin, Utah, in the 1950's. He came there from Southern Arizona. In his diary, Lot Smith recounts many instances when divine help was badly needed and was received. At one time one of the men had been mortally hurt. It looked as though he would bleed to death in five minutes. Mr. Smith records that "We laid our hands upon him according to the order of the Church, and asked our Father to preserve him for we knew that we could not."  

Mr. Smith also records that a curious incident happened in the desert near Green River. The wounded man mentioned before was being carried on a litter, and needed water badly. The boys, as Mr. Smith called them, had fully eight dark miles to go, with no fire or land mark to guide them. Mr. Smith said of them, "I only know of one way to account for the incident. We had to have the water or the boy would die, and a Power greater than we knew it."  

The accounts of divine intervention among the people who came to Southern Nevada and Southern Utah are many. They are found among Mormons and Non-Mormons. In the account of the Non-Mormon, Ranson G. Moody, who left Salt Lake City in early October, 1849, for California, and who crossed the southern desert and told of the region in some detail, there is a story regarding a dead horse. It seems that one Mr. Smith had lost a mare, and proposed to sell it to Mr. Moody. The record shows that the mare had pulled up the steel pin

31Ibid., p. 228.  
32Ibid., p. 229.
by which she was staked, and that the wet riata, acting like a powerful elastic, had dashed the pin against the mare's side with such force that the steel had entered and caused her death. The record continues:

In the morning Smith came to Mr. Moody's wagon and asked him what he would give for "Polly Pocket" as he called the mare. Mr. Moody's daughter Minerva said, "Father, don't buy her, I dreamed she was dead." We will let scientists explain the connection between the dream and the occurrence.33

W. B. Lorton, who, according to Dr. Hafen, was from New York, was a painter by trade, he had suffered much, and had lost all on the trail to California. He tells the following incident of divine intervention:

Some had cut their horses throats and drank their blood. Gen. Blodget then lay down in the valley waiting for his negro servant to bring him water—The tongues of others swelled to an enormous size and cracked in their heads Gen. Rich of the Nauvoo Legion [militia in Utah], had a revelation, that all who continued onward would perish. He, with his Mormon followers, [had] struck south, towards the Spanish trail, and arrived safe in the settlements.34

In Western America, Dr. Hafen and Carl C. Rister collaborated to give the student of Western American History a thorough treatise on the West. Chapter twenty is called "The Mormons and Settlement of the Great Basin." In this treatise Dr. Hafen goes into some detail in giving an account of the modes of travel into Utah, and the subsequent


34Ibid., p. 74.
colonizing of the area. On page 343 is recorded President Brigham Young's proposal of September 30, 1855, to bring Saints across the plains in handcarts. Dr. Hafen records that "the plan was put into operation at once; five companies were to travel the Plains by handcart the next season."35

That this new method found favor can be ascertained by the number of Saints who trailed the handcarts. Dr. Hafen, in a chart prepared to show in detail the number who came, who was captain of each company, dates of leaving Iowa City, Iowa, and Florence, Nebraska, and dates of arrival in Salt Lake City, places the number of handcart pioneers as 2,962; the number of carts as 653, and the number of deaths enroute as about 250.36 This chart shows, too, that the second company was captained by Daniel D. McArthur, who later became very prominent in Southern Utah history, especially in that part pertaining to St. George, Utah, and that the third company was captained by Edward Bunker for whom Bunkerville, Nevada, was named. It also lists the tenth and last company as being captained by Oscar O. Stoddard. It was with this company that Dr. Hafen's mother trailed the handcart a thousand miles at the age of six.

Elder Franklin D. Richards was, at the time, President of the European mission, and editor of the Millenial Star.


the English publication of the Mormon Church. He seemed to sense that these people, immigrants to a new land, must have more to rely on than what is found in the common make-up of man. They must have the promise of divine help and guidance to buoy them up. Said Elder Richards, in this Millenial Star of March 1, 1856:

> When ancient Israel fled from bondage into the wilderness, they had not even the privilege of taking provisions for their journey, but had to trust to the good hand of the Lord for their daily bread. If the Saints in these lands have not seen such times, the future will reveal them.

The Lord can rain manna on the plains of America just as easily as He did on the deserts of Arabia, or as He sent quails into the camp of the Saints on the Mississippi river in 1846. Ancient Israel travelled to the promised land on foot, with their wives and little ones. The Lord calls upon modern Israel to do the same.  

Fearful that the Saints would not heed his counsel, Elder Richards continued to imbue them with the spirit of a divine help which would be theirs. Again he admonishes:

> The mode now proposed to the Saints for travelling up to Zion so nearly resembles that of ancient Israel in the wilderness, that it must elicit the peculiar favour and blessing of the Lord upon it. . . . The Lord, through His Prophet, says to the poor, "Let them come on foot, with handcarts or wheel barrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder them."

For Dr. Hafen, who had been reared in an atmosphere where dependence upon divine guidance was customary, to search out and record incidents which promised such help would be natural. He had often heard such stories told by his mother as she recounted her travels from Switzerland to Utah. There was the time the Elders had cautioned the Saints that they

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were to let no stranger take their babies or bags. When Mary Ann's mother had an offer of help, "she shook [sic] her head."  

Mary Ann loved to tell the story of the mermaid and the storm. One afternoon, while playing on deck, the children had been shown a mermaid by the sailors. Mary Ann says:

I looked but could see only what seemed to be a lady's head above the water. The sailors told how mermaids would come up to comb their hair and look into a mirror. They said it was a sure sign of storm.  

There was a storm. Mary Ann wrote:

The ship tossed about like a barrel on a wild sea. . . . But though the captain cried out, "We are lost," we did not give up hope. We had been promised a safe voyage. Next morning the sun came up bright and clear, and we all gave thanks to God for our deliverance.

Another story which Dr. Hafen's mother loved to tell was the one about her brother John. The family were living near the Jordan River. She and John loved to fish in the river. One day John fell in and was rushed swiftly down stream. Luckily he caught hold of one of the posts supporting the bridge, and was able to climb out. He fainted, when out of the water, and his mother had a hard time bringing him to. In a handwritten comment in her life's story, Mary Ann wrote, "he afterwerds sed that he praid the Lord while under the watter to save his life."

Since Dr. Hafen had often heard such stories, it was

40Ibid.  
41Ibid., p. 6.  
42Ibid., p. 9.
to be expected that they would have an influence upon him in his own writing. He had learned, too, from his mother, to be thorough in his recording of incidents. When he told the story of one old woman's having been bitten by a rattlesnake and of another's having been run over by a wagon, it is not to be wondered at that he gave a more thorough account of the incident in the appendix. Especially, is this not to be wondered at, when the second account was written by Captain Daniel D. McArthur, a prominent Southern Utah pioneer.

Following is the second account:

On the 16th, while crossing over some sand hills, Sister Mary Bathgate was badly bitten by a large rattlesnake, just above the ankle, on the back part of her leg. She was about a half a mile ahead of the camp at the time it happened, as she was the ring leader of the footmen or those who did not pull the handcarts. She was generally accompanied by Sister Isabella Park. They were both old women, over 60 years of age, and neither of them had ridden one inch, since they had left Iowa camp ground. Sister Bathgate sent a little girl back to me as quickly as possible to have me and Brothers Leonard and Crandall come with all haste, and bring the oil with us, for she was bitten badly. As soon as we heard the news, we left all things, and, with the oil, we went post haste. When we got to her she was quite sick, but said that there was power in the Priesthood, and she knew it. So we took a pocket knife and cut the wound larger, squeezed out all the bad blood we could, and there was considerable, for she had forethought enough to tie her garter around her leg above the wound to stop the circulation of the blood. We then took and anointed her leg and head, and laid our hands on her in the name of Jesus and felt to rebuke the influence of the poison, and she felt full of faith. We then told her that she must get into the wagon, so she called witnesses to prove that she did not get into the wagon until she was compelled to by the cursed snake. We started on and traveled about two miles, when we stopped to take some refreshments. Sister Bathgate continued to be quite sick, but was full of faith, and after stopping one and a half hours we hitched up our teams. As the word was given for the teams to start, old Sister Isabella Park ran in before the wagon to see how her companion was. The driver, not
seeing her, hallooed at his team and they being quick to mind, Sister Park could not get out of the way, and the fore wheel struck her and threw her down and passed over both her hips. Brother Leonard grabbed hold of her to pull her out of the way, before the hind wheel could catch her. He only got her out part way and the hind wheels passed over her ankles. We all thought that she would be all mashed to pieces, but to the joy of us all, there was not a bone broken, although the wagon had something like two tons burden on it, a load for 4 yoke of oxen. We went right to work and applied the same medicine to her that we did to the sister who was bitten by the rattlesnake, and although quite sore for a few days, Sister Park got better, so that she was on the ramp before we got into this Valley, and Sister Bathgate was right by her side, to cheer her up. Both were as smart as could be long before they got here, and this is what I call good luck, for I know that nothing but the power of God saved the two sisters and they traveled together, they rode together, and suffered together.43

The list of instances regarding divine intervention for the good of a people recorded by Dr. Hafen is long, indeed. Over and over again he tells of divine counsel being given such people as Edward Bunker of Bunkerville, Nevada; Samuel Brooks and family who were to be in the St. George area, Jefferson and John Hunt whose posterity would help people the valleys of Southern Nevada and Southern Utah; Levi Savage, whose posterity is found in the Leeds, Utah, area; Ebenezer Hanks who operated the first cotton factory in Utah and who ran a store in Parowan for many years; and Hosea Stout who helped pioneer the Hurricane, Utah, area. Other names familiar to the area are those of Woodward, Atwood, Willi, DeMille, Hall, Cannon, Jarvis, Atkin, Waters, Stucki, Hafen, Webb, Larson, Johnson, Pulsipher, etc. It was with such people as these that Dr. Hafen grew up. The stories

43Hafen, Handcarts to Zion, pp. 216-217.
told of divine intervention for the good of this people were told often. At least once a month in the L. D. S. Fast-day meeting young LeRoy heard such stories told over and over as a grateful community expressed its thanks for deliverance from ills and dangers. Surely, then, the seed was being planted in a rich young mind which would help direct the efforts of its bearer in his mature years to record the lore which he had heard and to help him include just such lore in his voluminous writings.

There is another aspect of pioneer life which is closely associated with that of divine intervention for the good of a people. This area or motif is found in the stories which tell of a people's conquering a desert. It begins with the journeys of men and women over the never-before-by-white-man-trodden deserts of Southern Nevada and Southern Utah. It recounts the search for water and food in this land which God almost forgot. It includes fabulous stories of how a land was made to produce the necessities of life, how water was teased onto that land from a more than emotional river, how homes were built and schools erected, what people substituted for food and medicine and other life necessities. It is in this area that Dr. Hafen's volumes are most rich, for he traces the trails of the Forty-Niners over this forbidding desert, and he recounts the adventures of Spanish padres and Mexican traders. He says, regarding the Old Spanish Trail:
To no one person can be given the honor of opening this historic travel way. No mighty hero's praises may be sung. This was a folk trail, mastered segment by segment through many years and by many forces—Spanish padres bent on reclaiming pagan souls, Mexican traders bartering for Indian slaves, prospectors in search of fabled mines, Indians coveting the white man's horse and thunder-stick, and American Mountain Men seeking beaver pelts.  

Dr. Hafen goes on to talk of flash floods, bright-blossomed cactus, sky-reaching yucca, dwarfed salt sage and varnished creosote-conditions and plants which were a part of his life. Further, as introduction to this land of desert, Dr. Hafen writes:

Gone are the hunger and thirst and the Indian enemy, but vermilion cliffs and calico mountains still vie with the brilliant colors of the desert sunset. If the traveler has absorbed historical knowledge of the route, he cannot fail to find something of ethnology, folklore, religion, commerce, and romance crystalized in that sinuous line streaking the virgin land of yesterday—
the Old Spanish Trail.

In tracing the history of the Old Spanish Trail, Dr. Hafen gives a background of Spanish and Mexican trade with the Ute Indians of Utah and Colorado. He says that Juan María de Rivera rounded the San Juan Mountains and followed the Uncompahgre Valley to the Gunnison. Rivera carved his name on a cottonwood tree in this vicinity. He had traversed the eastern end of what was to be the Old Spanish Trail.

Escalante and his party under the direction of Father Francisco Antansio Domínguez in 1776 traversed the vicinity of
Black Rock Springs near present Milford, Utah, and skirted the Escalante desert which they called the Neustra Señora de la Luz. Now, for the first time, the white missionary was coming into Dr. Hafen's homeland. Of the party, Dr. Hafen says:

Hurrying on, they entered the western edge of the large valley in which Cedar City is now located. Here on October 13 they crossed over the low divide of the Great basin and into the drainage of the Virgin and Colorado rivers. In Cedar Valley, also, they crossed the route that was later to be the regular course of the Old Spanish Trail, leading from near the site of Cedar City to the famous—and later infamous—Mountain Meadows.

... Instead of heading southwest in the direction of our later Spanish Trail they traveled south and then southeast. They descended Ash Creek to its junction with the Virgin near present Hurricane, journeyed southward into the "Arizona Strip", turned east and, skirting the Kaibab Plateau, forded the Colorado at the "Crossing of the Fathers"... then traveled south to the Hopi towns, southeastward to Zuni, and eastward to the Rio Grande.46

Though Dominguez and Escalante had not gone into the St. George area, nor into the Southern Nevada vicinity, here, for Dr. Hafen, was the beginning of an account of a country with which he was very familiar. About the same time in 1776, another Spanish Father, Francisco Garces, the trail-blazing padre, was exploring the southern tip of the Old Spanish Trail. While doing so, he reached the Mojave Indian villages, in March, 1776, on the river bottom lands above modern Needles, at the extreme southern tip of present Nevada. The foundation had now been laid for the exploration of Dr. Hafen's own land, for the Spanish Fathers had come to

46Ibid., p. 72.
it both on the northern and the southern sides. It remained for the fur traders and the 49'ers to explore the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah portion of the Old Spanish Trail.

Dr. Hafen records that in 1830-31 the fur trader, William Wolfskill led a party of American trappers over the route which was later to be known as the Old Spanish Trail. But, says Dr. Hafen, "the first and in many respects the most important was Jedediah Smith, a knight in Buckskin." For twenty-nine revealing pages, Dr. Hafen gives a stirring account of the two journeys of Jedediah Smith over Southern Nevada and Southern Utah. His references are from many sources, but it is significant that he authentically identifies the region which Smith traversed. Smith's first trip in 1826 took him up the Sevier River, past Salina and Richfield to the mouth of Clear Creek. He followed up Clear Creek Canyon, descended to Cove Fort, went into Beaver Valley, thence to Cedar Valley, and thence to Ash Creek which led him then, as it does today, into the Virgin River near Hurricane, Utah, and directly below LaVerkin, Utah. Smith called this river the Adams in compliment to President Adams. Smith then followed the Virgin to Santa Clara, or Corn Creek, called so because the Indians raised corn there, then he went down the Virgin west of St. George, and through the difficult and treacherous "Narrows" in the Beaver Dam Mountains. He followed the Virgin to where the Muddy River

47 Hafen and Rister, _op. cit._, p. 220.
48 Hafen, _Old Spanish Trail_, p. 108.
enters it, below what used to be St. Thomas, Nevada, then journeyed past the salt mines some five miles below the Muddy, and into the Colorado, which he called the Seedskeeter. On his second trip in 1827, Smith discovered the route now followed by U. S. highway 91, which goes northwest some distance up the Santa Clara and then turns southwest to cross the mountain range and descend to the Beaver Dam Wash and thence to the Virgin River.

Dr. Hafen repeats this geographical information many times as he follows fur traders, horse traders, packers, wagon trains, path markers, dispatch bearers, the 49'ers, the Utah expedition, the William H. Jackson Diaries and the Mormon colonizers. Often he broadens the geographical area; often he pinpoints and names specific sites; often he names people, and often he footnotes to tell incidents connected to him and his people which are pertinent.

The Mormon settlers of Southern Nevada and Southern Utah faced the same situations faced by the transitory migrant over this arid land, but with a difference. The emigrant struggled with the immediate problem, then left it for one of a different kind; the permanent settler planned, conquered, lost, and planned again.

A major problem which beset all residents of this red, wind-swept land was the acquisition of irrigation water. The Lord had provided water for them to drink while traveling the long stretches which brought them there. But now they must turn a notionable, cranky stream from its beaten path.
to give life to the precious seeds they were to plant.

In 1827 Jedediah Smith wrote of the Virgin River that the water was of a muddy color and a little brackish.\textsuperscript{49} Fremont, in 1844, described the Virgin as a most dreary river which was almost a torrent passing swiftly by and roaring at obstructions.\textsuperscript{50} Other diarists said that the Virgin was red as blood due to the red hills which deposited their silt in the stream in time of flood. William H. Jackson described the Virgin River area when he said of Paragonah, "It was a red gown. Red adobes, red fences & red mountains."\textsuperscript{51}

The red silt deposited in the river made life difficult for the pioneer. The first immigrants found the river, which was crossed many times on the journey from Santa Clara to Las Vegas, full of treacherous quicksand. Shearer said his group crossed nine times, had a wagon upset, and two men nearly drowned.\textsuperscript{52} Hamelin recorded, in his very interesting journal, that they had crossed the "maid-en" stream and had gone "down the Virgin over such a road as any virgin wd grumble to tramp over."\textsuperscript{53} Moody recounts that his group crossed the swollen stream many times. The 49'ers traveled the treacherous sands and Mormons on their way to and from

\textsuperscript{49}Ibid., p. 112. \textsuperscript{50}Ibid., p. 296.
\textsuperscript{52}Hafen, Analytical Index and Supplement to Forty-Niners, p. 37.
\textsuperscript{53}Ibid., p. 88.
California got stuck in the quicksand of the Virgin which was no Virgin. The Mormons stayed. They fought the red, roily water; they made dams and ditches to divert the mixture of life and clay to their lands. Upon the making of dam and ditch hangs many a tale. Many another tale is told of the flood waters which tore the ditches apart, and took out dams placed along the length of the Virgin.

At Virgin City, Utah, located about seven miles up the Virgin River from Hurricane, Utah, the residents had planted fruit trees and were drying the peaches on the bed of a wagon. Sister Amelia Wilson Sanders relates how, just as they were finished, a flash flood came rushing down the river. Wagon box and peaches and any other loose odds and ends were dragged into the muddy torrent. Days later, father, mother, and children walked the bed of the Virgin to pick up what could be found and salvaged. They found the wagon box and a few boards.  

Henry W. Gubler, lifetime resident of LaVerkin, Utah, who died in 1964, at the age of ninety, told the story of how the men of LaVerkin walked the two-mile ditch daily, and oftener if it were flood time, to keep the water in. Above the town the men shoveled and scraped a tunnel through the hill, then made the ditch through gypsum soil to where the water could be diverted from the Virgin. He recalled that

54 Interview with Sarah Amelia Sanders, August 11, 1962, LaVerkin, Utah. (Sister Sanders was born October 25, 1876, just one year after the close of the diary period covered by Dr. Hafen.)
often he would stand at the south end of the tunnel and call to his brother, Joseph Gubler, to tell him to come quick, that the water was gone again.  

On the south side of the Virgin, stalwart men spent as many as twelve years hewing a ditch out of stubborn rock to take the water to the Hurricane border. When the Virgin boiled, the men of Hurricane watched more closely than usual the ditch which meant life to them, for a pinion pine or cedar ripped from the cliffs of Zion could mean days and weeks of no water, were it to lodge in the precious ditch. The dam, too, built of rock blasted from the cliffs into the river, was an unstable thing. One year after completion of the dam, a flash flood took the tons of rock on down the Virgin.

Then the story was told of how these stubborn Dixie men, who were fighting a vicious river, cut a huge pine log from upper Kolob Plateau, hauled it down the red mesas, and lodged it into blasted out slots in this treacherous river bed, only to have it caught by the wicked current and thrown down the river as a small boy throws a stick into a rushing irrigation stream. But the dam was rebuilt with another log, wound with heavy galvanized wire and weighted with trees and

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55Interview with Henry W. Gubler, August 11, 1962, LaVerkin, Utah. (*This gypsum soil is the same soil which the engineers are dealing with now in their attempt to construct a dam across the Virgin for the modern Dixie Project. There is talk of constructing a concrete dam, for the gypsum soil melts away and leaves great holes in the earth).
blasted rock. This time it held.  

On down the Virgin this process was repeated, with variations, time and time again. At the Virgin Valley, Bunkerville and Mesquite, there were no narrow high ledges between which to cradle a dam. Instead, there were wide expanses of mud willows, the mud left by a boiling red Virgin at flood time, the willows sprung up on the marshes at the sides of the stream. The Virgin's mud was not just plain, ordinary mud, either. It was better known as quicksand, a mass of lurching, trembling sand that looked firm and safe but trembled like quick silver when a man or beast set foot upon it. Dr. Hafen records, in a footnote, when talking about this same quicksand, "The editor, having been born on this river, has had experience with a team and wagon stuck in the quicksand."  

William H. Jackson, in his "Diaries" records that when his party reached the Virgin River in the vicinity of Bunkerville and Mesquite, Nevada, that they passed some wagons that had been mired in the quicksands for some time. As one of the men of his party went ahead to sound the river for the teams to ford, "his horse got into the quicksands & tumbled over with him giving him a good wetting."  

The Jefferson Hunt party reported

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58 Ibid., p. 167.
that they descended a steep hill into the river bottom and traveled about fourteen miles and forded the river six times. Dr. Hafen footnotes this statement to say that they traveled from Beaver Dams, Arizona, to about five miles below Bunkerville, Nevada. He says, "The quicksand in the river always made the crossings difficult and dangerous." 59

To the men whose job it was to make the dam and to clean the ditch and patrol it, the Virgin River was a never-ending threat. One young lady, Vicki Knight, of Mesquite, Nevada, did a short research paper on the settling of Bunkerville and Mesquite. She wrote that the pioneers had to cross the Virgin thirty times between Santa Clara and the Virgin Valley. She also said, "The first thing they must do was build a ditch and clear the land of rocks and brush so they could plant their crops." 60 Truer words were never spoken. Men and boys hauled load after load of rock and countless loads of brush to both the Bunkerville and Mesquite dams, only to see them washed away with every flood that rolled its pine logs and someone's chicken coop or wash tub down the river.

Harmon Wittwer, Bunkerville, Nevada, at the age of ninety, on August 1, 1963, recalled some of the stories connected with the Bunkerville dam and ditch. The dam at


Bunkerville, said he, was not as hard to keep in the river as the one at Mesquite, for the river was near the same level as the ditch which took off from it. At one time, he recalled, they had to rebuild the "levee." They put in a very small dam, which didn't take as many rocks and trees as before. This one took only twenty to thirty loads of trees and rocks. He told about scraping with team and hand scraper to clear the ditch of the rubbish and sand brought down the river in flood. He said:

We had side floods—Cabin /mountains south of Bunkerville/ Wash floods. We were scraping. Had muddy water. Tried to settle it. Put water in tubs for the horses. If we had had milk we could have settled it, but had no milk.

Tom Leavitt, Bro. Barnum and I were scraping. It was the nearest I ever came to crying for having to do work I didn't like to do. Then having to drink that kind of water. Had lots of experiences like that on the ditch, but that was about the worst. We had to have the water.

Me and Parley Hunt and Old Man Tom Leavitt were on the board, /water ditch board/, and we were up to the other end cleaning ditch. Uncle Tom came up to me and said, "Why don't we cut this dam work out, lower the ditch?" We had to take the ditch out with teams and scrapers. Tom scraped four or five days. People began crying for water. Tom didn't finish it as he should have. It went on. I was riding the ditch. We didn't do dam work. I was water master. Had to get rid of the sand. I went up every evening and turned water out to get rid of the sand. Next morning I'd go up and put the boards in to bring the water back to town.

I did that for about thirty days, as long as high water lasted. When the water went down—we got two streams in high water—we got one stream. But with just one ditch full the water broke away, so threw up a sand levee two to three feet high to put water back in town. It only served two or three months.

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61 Interview with Harmon Wittwer, August 1, 1963, Bunkerville, Nevada. (Mr. Wittwer was ninety years old at the time of the interview. He is still living, July 19, 1965).
Mr. Wittwer also told a story of where his advice was not heeded. He was "running ditch." Bunkerville had a high dam, but the water started to "go through quite heavy." He asked for a rock team and a brush team. But the water ditch board thought he was too much of a hand to do things before they needed doing. The dam began giving way. He asked, then, for four teams. They weren't given. He asked for six teams. No teams were furnished. Then the dam gave way. When he came back down to town to tell the board what had happened, he met Heber Hardy, who said, "I drempt you came down just like you have." Mr. Wittwer continued, "Well, it took fifteen teams six days. That's not all. Similar things happened time and time again." 62

On the Mesquite or north side of the Virgin, the dam must be wider and higher, and the ditch to carry the water to town longer. Eighty-one-year-old Charles Arthur Hughes, who grew up with the town of Mesquite, recalled that they built the dam with brush and rock. They would cut down the tall cottonwood trees which lined every farm, almost the entire length around it, (planted for the so precious summer shade and the so needed winter wood), and haul them in wagons the five or six miles up to the site of the dam. Lines of teams and wagons paraded slowly through the knee-deep sandy main street which divided the whole north of town.

62Ibid.
from the south. And it was a parade. Every home passed had from five to ten children, and all who were old enough raced for the bright green leaves and willowy branches of the cottonwood limbs and "hung on," teetering this way and that and having fun. No man or boy seemed to mind, for what was a little fun which they, too, could enjoy, when the difficult work would come soon enough.

When the heavily laden wagons reached the dam site each required from four to six head of horses to pull through the treacherous quicksand to where the load must be placed. The trees were placed on the bottom of the river and covered with rock hauled from the near-by hills. When the precious cottonwood trees were gone, then men and boys cut the wiry, thorny, beastly Mesquite bushes and heaped them on the structure and covered them with rock. Mr. Hughes said:

Every time we had a flood the dam went out. I can remember two horses and one wagon lost, but don't remember any men dying. Some times it would take us a month to put the dam in. We would take a cow up to the dam and camp. We would be lucky to have bread and milk to eat. In the spring of the year when the snow was melting, we would go up to the dam around one in the afternoon. At one in the night the river would fall. Sometimes the dam would go out before it was even in. (Before it was finished).

I've seen a number of men tipped off in the river. If the loads were high and the tops of the trees upstream, the river would tip it off. I see Carlos Knight, one time, go right under.

Right below the dam where the river turned, Bunkerville made a road. There was a big flood, and Uncle Edgar Leavitt went up the steep hill standing up. The big boiling stream came down the river. The pin in the double trees came loose and back went the wagon in to the river. Somehow the wagon turned sideways so he got the team off the wagon.
I had a wagon go down in the quicksand. I put the horses on the wheels, and then I pushed the wheels until the water loosened around them and got the wagon out.  

One story of the dam work is centered about a thirteen or fourteen-year-old boy named Parley Glen Leavitt. His father, who usually did the dam work, had gone blind when only thirty-eight, about 1926. Young Pete, as he was called, was large for his age. No one had any money to hire the work done, so the family members must do it. Pete had a good team of horses. He loved them, as only a boy can love animals he practically lives with and for. It was high water in the Virgin; the snows of Pine Valley and Cedar Mountains were daily sending down more red clay water filled with tall pines and scrub cedars which were a threat to the lives of those working on the dam. The day was hot, the water was high, and it was Pete's turn to drive his loaded wagon to the middle of that flooded river to deposit his load. As he neared the middle of the river a fresh current of boiling red water swept his team and wagon over the dam and into a hole made by the churning water as it fell from the brush and rocks. Thunderstruck, the men just looked, but made no move to save the horses who were threshing about, completely covered by the muddy mess. "Save them, save them," came from the agonized throat of that fourteen-year-old lad. But no man made a move.

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63 Interview with Charles Arthur Hughes, August 1, 1963, Mesquite, Nevada.
Better a horse should perish than for a man to lose his life if a steel-clad heel should hit him in just the right spot. For a minute the boy hesitated, then he dove. Down he went, to the horses's heels to release the trigs from the single then up to the horses's heads to release the neck yoke which bound them to the wagon tongue. Boy and horses came up together, the hair of all matted with sticky red clay, skin and clothes dragging with the weight of the boiling mess, but a light shining in the eyes of lad and horses as they clambered to the bank and panted for air.

Amazed men were to repeat the story of this heroic deed for many years, and a mother, grateful for deliverance of boy and animals, for, oh, how all were needed, was to bow her head and on bended knees send her thanks to God above for three more lives delivered from that whore of whores, the Rio Virgin. 64

And so it went. The river that Dr. Hafen grew up with wove around it its own stories, and the men whose works Dr. Hafen was to edit chronicled some of those stories, and the lives of the Mormon colonists were wrapped up with the lore of the Rio Virgin, much of it as yet untold. The whole makes a colorful picture, for the red of the river is predominant.

Upon the Rio Virgin depended the colonists who lived

64Interview with Lovenia Hafen Leavitt, July 1, 1962, Mesquite, Nevada.
along its banks, for what is land without water. But, then what is water without land? The very floods which tore away precious soil also deposited it. The red floods which tore their way from the sand hills north of Mesquite down the town's two washes, also, in a more leisurely manner, deposited top soil among the huge mesquite bushes which grew from large round sand knolls the entire length and breadth of the town. The flash floods from the Cabin Wash, which broke the Bunkerville ditch in countless places and washed away green growing gardens, deposited not only rocks, but very rich silt as well. The floods that began in Zion put soil in the valleys of Virgin and Rockville. The floods from the red hills of Utah's Dixie brought the life giving soil to Washington, St. George, and Santa Clara.

But the soil, the Virgin River soil, had to be "made." Rocks must be cleared, mesquite bushes must be dug or scraped away, or washed away with field streams of water. The shifting Zion Park or Virgin Hill sand must, somehow, be stabilized. Somehow it must be made to stay in one place long enough for vegetation to push its curling roots around the sand particles and trap them.

When Joseph P. Hamelin wrote in his "Journal," "Dec. 21. Friday... Travelled [sic] over enough sand to make hour glasses for the world, not only the one we live in but that we read of," he was near Virgin Valley. And when he said

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65Hafen, Analytical Index and Supplement to Forty-Niners, p. 88.
the party was climbing a hill where they had "to cordel the wagons to the summit by ropes," a hill "where you can neither walk, sit, lie down or roll," he was writing, according to Dr. Hafen's footnote, about the soil of Virgin, Hurricane, LaVerkin, and Washington. The wind swept it away; the water carried it away. Horses labored to pull their loads through it. Farmers sweat and swore as they shovel ed it into ditches to try to direct the surly stream in the right direction.

On the Bunkerville or south side of the Virgin, the settlers waged an added war. Not only did they have the sand of the Virgin on the lower fields, they had the rocks from Bunkerville Mountain on the upper lots. When Gwinn Harris Heap recorded in his journal his travel over the desert from the Santa Clara to Los Angeles, he said, "The scenery was gloomy and forbidding, and gave an indication that we were approaching a wild and desolate region. . . . Day's march, 29 miles." Dr. Hafen footnotes this remark by saying, "The camp would be near the site of Bunkerville, Nevada, birthplace of the writer." Heap goes on to say that from the Bunkerville country to the Muddy, the country was covered with sharp flints and a scanty growth of mesquite bushes, and that the country, about two miles from each stream, was much

66Ibid., p. 89.
68Ibid.
broken by ravines. A good picture, indeed. So, while the men fought the sands of the Virgin to grow crops to sustain their families, the women of Bunkerville, and their children, carried the rocks from the plots of ground that would some day grow their household gardens.

Mary Ann Hafen, in her life's story, tells about both aspects of the Bunkerville soil. In describing her new Nevada home, she says:

There was a little wash running through the side of the lot which had to be filled in, and there was only a makeshift fence of mesquite brush piled about three feet high. Besides, the lot was covered with rocks, because it was close to the gravel hill. Our twenty-five acre farm, about a mile and a half above town/Actually, the farm was east and north of Bunkerville, lying along the south side of the Virgin River/ was only partly cleared of arrow weeds and mesquite. It was sandy land with some large sand knolls to be leveled.\(^{69}\)

Harmon Wittwer had a piece of land below Bunkerville, at what was called Snowflake. He said, "I had to make that land, level it with team and scraper—tongue scraper."\(^{70}\) Many stories could be told about the old tongue scraper. Often boys and men were pulled off their feet as they tried to hold the handle of the scraper down while the shovel part filled with earth. Just let the scraper hit a rock or an unsuspected root and the holder of the handles went flying through the air. Often he was unhurt, but often, too, he

\(^{69}\)Mary Ann Hafen, Recollections of a Handcart Pioneer, p. 73.

\(^{70}\)Wittwer, Interview.
suffered a bruised body, or cut face and hands. Sometimes a leg was broken, or an arm, or a rib. Usually, the team was driven by one man while another held the scraper. But there were times when a lone man threw the horses's reins over one shoulder and under the opposite arm and guided his horses while he filled the scraper. In soft sand the driver was comparatively safe, but in rocky soil, or among mesquite bushes, this procedure could be risky business. Many are the tall tales told by the old timers of the Virgin River Valleys about the narrow escapes they had while making the land they farmed.

Brigham Franklin Hardy, who was twenty-one in 1902, had a magnificent team. They were his pride and joy. Always he was one of the first to take his team and tongue scraper on the ditch to clean out the excess sand which had come in with high water. At one time his young son, Frank, was helping him. Mr. Hardy was driving the team; Frank was holding the scraper. The scraper hit a snag—some rocks or tree stumps covered over by the mud, and Frank and the scraper went heavenward, Frank to fall under the horses’s hind feet where he could have been trampled to death. But the horses, seeming to sense what was wrong, stood still, and Mr. Hardy picked up a thoroughly frightened but unhurt young man.71

Parley Leavitt, at the age of seventy-six, told another

scraper story. His sixteen-acre farm at Mesquite was filled with high mesquite knolls and brush. Now the mesquite roots are like octopus arms—they reach everywhere and wind around each other like the arms of sweethearts. The large stumps go deep, but the small roots push their way from a few inches under the soil to many feet under it. As Mr. Leavitt guided the scraper it hit a mass of these entangled mesquite roots. The edge of the scraper is sharp enough to cut the roots, but sometimes the doing takes a few seconds which seem an eternity. Parley was caught off guard and thrown to one side, but he, being young and active, and weighing over two hundred pounds, held on. The Johnson bar hit him in the shoulder, bounced off that to his face, and then all of a sudden righted itself as the roots broke and let it down to normal, and young Leavitt found himself sitting on the ground with his legs under the scraper, being pulled along by an industrious team who knew that their job was to keep going.  

Edward Bunker, Sr., who had guided the Third Handcart Company across the plains, wrote in his diary:

Our land was covered with a heavy growth of mesquite trees that had to be grubbed off. Then every acre had to be leveled with a scraper before it was irrigated. This made our work very laborious for ourselves and teams.  

72 Interview with Parley Leavitt, July 1965, Mesquite, Nevada.

Fern C. Anderson wrote that her grandfather, Edward Bunker, Sr., had settled at Bunkerville, "a desert of sage brush, rocks, and hot weather."  

It was not enough that the land had to be made. It had to be re-made, time and time again. When the Virgin River deposited its heavy load of clay upon young alfalfa plants, then the field must be re-plowed, the young alfalfa to go under and be re-planted, for the clay shut out the air needed for the life of the plants. Lovena H. Leavitt remembers that the clay was so thick that when it curled up in dry squares the whole field looked like a broken carpet. She also remembers that her young children, little realizing the extent of damage done to growing crops, loved the little dishes made by the thick clay.  

Floods wrecked, but they also provided amusing incidents for later enjoyment. Edward Bunker, who, between 1882-1883, at the age of sixty-two, went south for his health, wrote in his diary:

While I was absent the settlement of Bunkerville experienced a very heavy flood which nearly broke up the town, but thru [sig] perserverance and integrity of the people they were able to repair the damage and save the place from abandonment.  

Mr. Bunker's granddaughter, Lois Earl Jones, wrote:

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75 Interview with Lovena Hafen Leavitt, July 1964, Mesquite, Nevada.
In the summer of 1882, the town experienced a very heavy flood from the mountains south of town. It came in the night and nearly broke up the settlement. The people were forced to find refuge on the nearby foothills. Father Joseph Ira Earl rode his white mare "Doll" and carried the baby Lois, while Calista Elethra Calista Bunker Earl, daughter of Edward Bunker, Sr., held to the mare's tail in the darkness to be guided in their flight.\footnote{Ibid., p. 68.}

A more graphic account of the flood was given by Betsey Leavitt Hardy, sixth child of Dudley and Thirza Riding Leavitt. Betsey was born June 4, 1872, at Gunlock, Utah, so she was just ten years old at the time of the flood. She wrote:

When I was a very small girl, we had many large floods in Bunkerville. One that was outstanding was one where everyone in town had to go to a high spot in town for protection. It was down by the old mill. I remember well that I was able to walk but Theresa was a baby in mother's arms. Theresa must have been a large baby, for she was born April 18, 1877, so would have been about five years old at the time of the flood. But Thirza's two children, born after Theresa, both died in infancy at less than one year, so Theresa may still have been carried as a baby. Uncle Dudley son of Dudley, Indian missionary\footnote{Grant Hardy, "Short Biography of Heber Hardy and Betsey Leavitt Hardy and Their Children" (unpublished family history, Las Vegas, Nevada, 1960), pp. 14-15.} and Aunt Mary Leavitt were helping mother with us children. On the way down I got lost, and they saw a large log rolling; they couldn't see me so they chased it. I saw them and laughed and said, "Here I am!" I can still remember watching Brother Earl on an old horse with a baby in his arms, and Aunt Kissie following holding the horse's tail.

So, the early Mormon settlers fought the Virgin River its entire length, and made the land which was to grow the necessities of life for them. At Washington, Utah, when the
farmer could not get the sand to stay in the ditch of running water long enough to make a dam to divert it, an old squaw was called by her "man" to lie in the ditch while the sand was placed in front of her. At Rockville and Bunkerville, rock and sand vied to see which could do the most damage. At Santa Clara, a great flood of water took away precious land including the "old town" of Santa Clara, the sturdy rock fort, and the soil and the valuable grist mill belonging to Jacob Hamblin. At Virgin Valley, the long remembered Mill Flood dug deep into the cultivated lands of Mesquite and Bunkerville, and covered needed crops with debris, sand, and clay. But nothing daunted the people who had come to stay. If discouragement were there one day, and the sun forgot to shine, the next morning that same sun would be blazing over the desert sand, and new encouragement would come.

To these people of the Virgin, food was of prime importance. It had always been. The Indian who roamed the country or who settled down long enough to grow crops, knew the importance of food for the very lack of it. Jedediah Smith, who crossed in 1826-27, was to note the scarcity of food for both man and animal; the Forty-Niners were to suffer for lack of food, and every migrant who traversed these desert sands was to make note of what foods the country had or did not have.

Dr. Hafen records that Smith wrote in his journals of meeting the Paulches (those Indians as well as those last
mentioned, wear rabbit skins) who raise some little corn and
pumpkins.\textsuperscript{79} Smith went on to say that the country was
destitute of game except for a few hares. Dr. Hafen says
that the first Indians raising corn were encountered on Corn
Creek, or the Santa Clara fork of the Virgin, according to
Smith's journal of 1827.

In 1776, Garcés, near Needles, California, at the very
southern tip of Nevada, had found Benēme Indians, rootdiggers,
who used tule roots as food. Garcés also found wild grapes,
mesquite beans and screw-mesquites. At another village Garcés
was given hares, rabbits, and acorn porridge. About 1830,
William Wolfskill and and George C. Yount in a party of
twenty men traversed a part of the Old Spanish Trail. They
got lost in the mountains and encountered much snow. Yount
described their descent from the mountains to the Virgin River
Valley, where, he says, the deer, elk, and antelope had come
down from the icy mountains and were frolicing around as
unafraid and playful as domestic animals. Yount also mentions
that the Indians brought them salt and that they came to the
pure white salt mines which were below the town of Overton,
Nevada, and below St. Thomas, Nevada, which is now under Lake
Mead.\textsuperscript{80}

Fremont, in 1844, says that above Santa Clara, Utah,

\textsuperscript{79}Hafen, \textit{Old Spanish Trail}, p. 115.

\textsuperscript{80}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 151.
his party came to "squaw bushes, willows, and wild grapes." Kit Carson, in his brief account of his 1847 trip, mentioned that near the Virgin River his party ran out of food and had to eat two mules. George Brewerton, ex soldier, and newspaper man, was with Kit Carson. His is more eloquent in his account as he mentions that the Indians brought lizards with them into the camp of Carson and Brewerton, and ate them raw after jerking off the reptile's tail. Brewerton also mentioned eating mules and horse-flesh. He said, "Perhaps the reader would like to know how it tasted. I can only say it was an old animal, a tough animal, and a sore-backed animal—and, upon the whole—I prefer beef." The Mormon, Jefferson Hunt, with his two grown sons, John and Gilbert, in a party of nineteen men, made the trip from Salt Lake to California to obtain supplies—cows, seed, grain, roots of trees and plants, grape cuttings, etc., for the Mormon settlement in Salt Lake. They set out November 18, 1847. John Hunt later recalled that they ran out of food in the vicinity of Las Vegas. He said, "We then did what I think no other party of 'Mormon' emigrants ever had to do—we killed and ate our horses. Three horses in all were consumed."

The Old Spanish Trail had long been traversed when the gold seeking 49'ers took their trek over it, but the 49'ers

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were the first to take wagon trains over the trail. Jefferson Hunt, who led the largest party to set out from Salt Lake to Southern California in 1849, mentions the food found along the Virgin River Valley—food for both animal and man. Grass was scarce, because of the desert, except in the Beaver Dam and Mountain Meadows regions. Salt grass grew along the banks of the Virgin, which, he said, was tolerable feed for the animals. Little coveys, or cotton tails, were present, but were very good at evading the shots of the white man. At Las Vegas, Addison Pratt, a member of the Hunt party, was able to kill a hare, a large gray rabbit, much larger than the cottontail, but not such fine meat, which the men ate. Dr. Hafen footnotes much of the material in the Addison Pratt diary to say that this is Mesquite and Bunkerville territory and that he is familiar with it.84

The Henry W. Bigler Journal for the Flake-Rich Company of Packers—49'ers—records that on the Beaver Dam Wash they found food. It says:

Campt in an indian cornfield. the corn was stripted and the standing foder left and was vary good. ... a short distance back we past an indian farm, we saw some wheat straw lieing about, beans, sunflowers, and squash vines all in a vary good state of cultivation, ditches for erigation was made. (Spelling and punctuation as found in original).85

Of this entry Dr. Hafen says, "It is remarkable how the Indians had made farms at every available place."86

84 Ibid., pp. 84-90.  
85 Ibid., p. 153.  
86 Ibid.
Chroniclers of the Flake-Rich Company referred to the wheat grown by the Indians on the Muddy. Charles C. Rich says, "Saturday, November 17. . . . After traveling 15 miles camped at some Indian farms, found wheat growing finely." Dr. Hafen's footnote number 70, page 189, says, "This would be about the location of the present Indian farms at Moapa reservation on the Muddy." Earlier in his diary, Rich had written, "Wednesday 17th. . . . We concluded to stop at a corn field. good feed, some wheat sowed, looked well. corn, pumpkins, broom corn, &c, had been raised here." Dr. Hafen, with his usual interest in his own home area, added a footnote which said, "Interesting to find a field of all wheat growing here in Beaver Dam Wash. The variety of crops produced here is notable." Dr. Hafen might have added that as a boy and a young man he had seen many fields of fall wheat of barley growing in the Virgin Valley, for these grains, planted in the fall, "strooled" and made much greater yield than the spring sown grain. In regard to the wheat, Dr. Hafen quotes Quinn Harris Heap as he describes the town of San Fernando de Taos:

The town is surrounded with uninclosed fields, very fertile when irrigated, and the Taos wheat, originally obtained from the wild wheat growing spontaneously on the Santa Clara and the Rio de la Virgen, has obtained a wide reputation.

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87 Ibid., p. 189.  
88 Ibid.  
89 Ibid., p. 186.  
90 Hafen, Central Route to the Pacific, p. 179.
Dr. Hafen's footnote to the entry reads:

This statement is very interesting. It is ordinarily assumed that wheat was an import to America from Europe. During my boyhood on the Virgin River, Taos wheat was one of the two varieties grown on the farms there. This was tall-stemmed and light-colored, in contrast to the reddish-brown and shorter *red chaff* wheat.

Parched corn, pinion pine nuts, wild quail, river ducks and geese, and many other articles of food are mentioned in the diaries of those who traversed the Virgin River Basin. Dr. Hafen, who grew up in the valley, could be very sympathetic when listing these articles of food, for he had not only seen them in the valley, he had helped plant and harvest them.

The foodstuffs which were natural to the vicinity were planted and harvested. These included corn, wheat, grapes, figs, melons, and squash. The settlers soon learned that sorghum cane did well and provided much needed sweetening. Honey bees were imported and did very well. On the Hurricane Bench, at Virgin, LaVerkin and on the Santa Clara Creek fruit trees bore abundant crops. The Stucki's, family of Mary Ann Hafen, carried water from the Santa Clara Creek to water the young peach trees they had so carefully planted. Later, when the peach harvest was rich and plentiful, they cut and dried the peaches for sale in northern Utah in exchange for potatoes and other necessities.

Grape culture for the famous Dixie wine was done by the Swiss who were "called" to Santa Clara for this very purpose. John George Hafen, father of Dr. Hafen, was one of

\[91\text{Ibid.}\]
those called to this new mission.

The Dixie Mission was established to raise cotton, and this they did, all up and down the river valley. And all up and down the Virgin, women and children gleaned the wheat left after the men had cradled it and bound it into sheaves. Mary Ann Hafen wrote:

In 1864 and 5 we went gleening wheat from the fields of old Santa Clara Settlers. They had cut and hauled their grain off three Miles from Town... Mother had my oldest Brother my Sister and I go with her to gleen there for a week, during which time we gleened, thrashed, and cleened about 300 pounds of clean grain. We also gleened more nearer Home, all without shoes or hats in the broiling sun. then later Father planted grain of his own, which we cut with a hand Siccle, and in this way we fore cut grain on shares for 4 bushel to the acer, stepping along from daylight till dark until our backs wer nearly broken. Father in the lead, as Father was short of land, but later he bought more land so that we could also raise corn cain hay and garden stuff. Then they had reepers and give the Siccel a rest.\(^92\) (Spelling and punctuation as in the original).

On the Virgin Valley, Mary Ann Hafen was to repeat this hard work. LeRoy, too, learned the lesson of work to get food. He grew strong and healthy in an atmosphere filled with love and work. A niece, Charity Leavitt Rowley wrote of him:

Roy was six years old when I was born on his birthday, so I had a special feeling for him... I can see him now, leading the cow to the alfalfa where he milked her, and can see him swinging the scythe when at other times he cut the feed and carried it to the corral across the street. He was sturdy as a boy, and \textit{stubborn} with the cow.\(^93\)

\(^{92}\)Mary Ann Hafen, "Handwritten note, Grandma Hafen's Story," p. 11.

\(^{93}\)Letter from Charity Leavitt Rowley, Blanding, Utah, August 14, 1963.
A sister of Dr. Hafen's, Selena H. Leavitt, wrote:

I think Roy as a boy was quite determined to do what he set out to do. But I married when he was nine and that left he and Lovenia to care for the chores and help Mother with the garden and small orchard and vineyard. I think he was very good to help and help Albert in the field.

After Ellen died Luther showed us a letter Roy had written to Albert sending him 25¢ of a dollar he had borrowed. He didn't have much spending money, but was careful of what he had.94

Yes, cows must be herded, garden must be hoed, grapes and figs must be dried, for this boy of Swiss descent learned early from a thrifty mother that there were those who would gladly pay for figs dried, steamed, and sugared, and placed in neat rows in small wooden boxes, and that seedless and seeded raisins were a luxury folks were willing to indulge in if they came from hands which had picked them when the oval grapes were full and sweet and lucious, and if, once again, the stems had been rubbed away by hands (not often so willing, as young LeRoy could have told you), over a course screen wire.

Not only did Mary Ann Hafen grow grapes for raisins, men at Mesquite grew them for commercial use. On the grape farms at Mesquite, young LeRoy spent many long hot days setting out grape cuttings and tying them to stakes with split yucca strings. At a special "Honor D. Hafen" day at Virgin Valley High School in May, 1965, Dr. Hafen told of the long hot days of work on the Mesquite grape farms, and

of the work of growing other food on the Bunkerville farms.

Almost every story of the folk who lived up and down the Rio Virgin contains stories of the problems of obtaining food. Edward Bunker, Sr. tells of gathering frost-bitten corn and eating it raw when on his way back to the Saints in Missouri after the disbanding of the Mormon Battalion of which he was a member. Later, when he was called to Santa Clara, he "endured many privations and hardships on account of dry seasons and loss of crops." He was obliged to haul his breadstuffs from the north for several years. He wrote:

In the fall of '62 I was called to preside at the Santa Clara. At this time we endured many privations and hardships on account of dry seasons and loss of crops. I was obliged to haul my breadstuffs from the north for several years. At one time grain was so scarce that flour was worth $10 per cwt. and had it not been for the liberality of our brethren in the north, our southern settlement would have suffered severely. Before flour reached us, my family was reduced to bran bread and glad to get that.

Mr. Bunker records that later he joined the United Order in the Dixie Mission. The Order broke up in one year, and though he was given his teams and wagons, he said:

I wasn't given a pound of hay, grain, or cotton, with twenty in the family. Be assured this was a dark day for myself and family, but we said in our hearts, "The Lord knows we obeyed that principle with a pure motive and He will not let us suffer." I took my boys and teams and went into the mountains and cut and

96 Ibid., p. 13.

97 The United Order was an organization of the members of the L. D. S. Church into a group where the members put all belongings, cattle, wagons, etc., into a common pool. They worked together as one unit, then were supposed to share equally in the returns from their labors.
hauled wood to St. George for the temple and for individuals, and in this way obtained flour and factory pay to sustain my family until another harvest. 98

Later, Mr. Bunker moved to Bunkerville where he, Dudley and Lemuel Leavitt and families, J. W. Lee, S. C. Crosby, E. Bunker, Jr., and other families once again joined in the United Order. This venture was more successful, and the fields yielded their crops of cotton, wheat, corn, alfalfa, etc., to help the new immigrants take courage to stay.

Though foodstuffs were grown, there was often a shortage, as has been mentioned by Edward Bunker, Sr. Mary Ann Hafen often told how her father, Samuel Stucki, about 1862, walked from Santa Clara to Cedar City to find work to provide food for his family. When about half way to Cedar City, he met an old Swiss friend, Casper Gubler. By this time Mr. Stucki was reeling with dizziness for lack of food. When Mr. Gubler saw him, he called to ask if he were drunk. "No," replied Samuel Stucki, "only hungry. I've nothing to eat for three days." Casper fed him bread and meat. Strengthened, Mr. Stucki walked on to Cedar City, where he worked as a carpenter. His pay was wheat and potatoes. But he had to walk the long way back to Santa Clara to get a team and wagon to haul his supplies home. By now cold weather had set in. On his way home the potatoes froze, and as he drove into town water was running from the

98 Walker, op. cit., p. 97.
wagon bed from the thawing potatoes. Mary Ann Hafen wrote, "We had to eat them, though. I remember that they tasted good—pleasantly sweet—but we children would cry with the stomach ache after each meal."99

The next spring the father got more land and raised a good crop in spite of the water shortage, "but a hale storm destroyed much of it."100

Lemuel Leavitt, Mormon pioneer and colonizer who was born in Compton C. Quebec, Canada, November 3, 1827, was one of the first settlers at Santa Clara and later joined the United Order at Bunkerville. He tells the following story about the food shortage at Santa Clara. He says:

Our crops had been very poor. There was never enough water for each man to irrigate his scanty acres. We not only had our own families to feed but often Indians came and demanded bread.

One winter was particularly hard. Our crops were more meager than usual and the winter was extra long and severe.

Our bins, as well as those of most of our neighbors, were getting pretty low so it was decided I should make a trip to Parowan to replenish our supply of flour. At this time this was a hazardous undertaking, for in winter a trip over the snow covered mountains to the north with no roads to follow was a real undertaking, however it was necessary that some one make the trip.

I suffered intensively from cold, yes, and even hunger, but I finally made the trip and returned with 500 lbs. of flour.

Within 12 hours most of the neighbors had come to borrow just a few mixings. We tried to distribute it and make it go as far as we could until we were left with only fifty pounds.

100Ibid.
I could see that unless another trip was made soon the entire colony would be faced with starvation so the very next morning I set out again. This time I had to go to Beaver which is forty miles further north than Parowan. My brother-in-law owned the mill in Beaver.

When I told him of our dire need he gave me twice the amount I could pay for, saying he had plenty. He insisted that I take the flour adding, "I can't let my baby sister's children go hungry." I think he would have done the same for anyone.\footnote{101}

The following stanzas from a poem written by Mr. Leavitt show the importance of food to the pioneer.

Mr. Leavitt wrote:

\begin{quote}
I watered the earth without the rain
I plowed it up and put in my grain
I tended it and watched with an anxious eye
For I depended on it whether I should live or die.
It came up and grew very bold
And yielded to me full fifty fold.

In 50 my widowed mother, brothers sisters five
Gathered up to the Bee Hive
I had bread and vegetables laid in store
To keep the famine from the door. . . \footnote{102}
\end{quote}

Samuel Wittwer, born March 10, 1847, at Shangua, Canton Bern, Switzerland, came from a valley which produced the big round cheese as large as big wagon wheels, weighing 500 pounds.\footnote{103} Samuel arrived in Santa Clara, November 24, 1861. In 1887 he moved one of his families to Bunkerville, Nevada. Of Samuel Wittwer it was said:

The land in Santa Clara had to be leveled and cultivated. They had to make roads and canals to bring

\footnotesize{\begin{itemize}
\item[\footnote{101}]{Lemuel Leavitt, "Brief Histories of Jeremiah, Lemuel, and Dudley Leavitt" (unpublished history, September 10, 1949), pp. 3-4.}
\item[\footnote{102}]{Ibid., p. 5.}
\item[\footnote{103}]{Samuel Wittwer, "Brief History" (unpublished history), p. 1.}
\end{itemize}}
the water to the fields. Samuel was especially interested in making the best use of the water for the soil. He made the headgates to turn the water into the various fields.  

Of Samuel it was also said:

Samuel loved the good earth and seemed to have a green thumb in the way the earth responded to his touch both in Bunkerville and in Santa Clara. He raised crops of wheat, alfalfa and corn. He raised many kinds of vegetables and had berries, currants, raspberries, and gooseberries. He had a grape vineyard, and also had grapes by his home. He had his own bees and bee hives for the honey for his families. He raised cane for their molasses, and also raised some almonds and walnuts.  

Emily Abbott Bunker, born September 19, 1827, at Dansville, Livingston County, New York, was the first wife of Edward Bunker, Sr. She and her husband were called to Dixie in November 1861. Necessary foods must be supplied for the trip. The record says:

Emily and Mary and the older girls spent days making crackers, pounding the dough with a wooden mallet, rolling it thin and baking it in squares. They baked yeast bread in loaves, sliced and toasted it in the oven. These crackers and toasted bread, carried in heavy sacks, were not subject to mold. They dried corn and squash—tomatoes were sliced and dried on a cloth which was then rolled and kept in this way for use in soups. . . .

After one year they were called to Santa Clara where Edward was made Bishop and presided for 12 years. To help provide food, one family was later located in Clover Valley where vegetables and potatoes grew well, and one in Panguitch where dairy farming was profitable.  

Not all newcomers to the valleys of the Rio Virgin were supplied with the necessary food. Wendell Bunker, former Bishop and a member of the Las Vegas Stake Presidency, wrote

104Ibid., p. 2.  
105Ibid., p. 3.  
106Walker, op. cit., p. 20.
of his father, Martin Allen Bunker:

Martin longed for the beautiful orchards of Santa Clara, and their luscious fruit. Here [Mesquite and Bunkerville] he must call the Mesquite Bean his apple, the Mescrew bean his pear, and the Dog Berry his grapes. In those days it seemed the only friend he had was his faithful dog.107

Salt was a necessity. It was hauled from the salt mines on the Virgin below St. Thomas, Nevada, to all the settlements along the river, and also was taken farther north to trade for food supplies.

The stories surrounding the life supporting food of the pioneer of this region are endless. Martha Lovena Hafen Leavitt, and dozens of others, tell of stripping cane with sharpened flails, then standing around the boiling molasses, or sorghum, to get the skimmings which they could eat "as was," or could make into candy. They added the molasses to their fruit and boiled the two together to make five gallon cans of jam for winter use. But molasses on corn meal mush, and molasses in fruit and jam, and molasses mixed with the pork grease fried from fat pig bacon and spread on slices of bread, and molasses mixed with vinegar and cayenne pepper for coughs and colds, could get tiresome. What a treat, writes Mrs. Leavitt, to go down to visit the girls at Ira Earl's home and get a big slice of bread literally covered with light-colored honey. And how good was the honey comb which the girls passed out to their friends. In turn, the

107 Ibid., p. 155.
Earl girls would go to the Hafens to get some of the sweet, luscious grapes grown by Lovena's mother, or taste the flaky flitters, or eat the chicken and noodles prepared as only a Swiss woman could prepare them.

As Dr. Hafen made lists of foodstuffs brought over by the Handcart Pioneers, or recorded the food supplies of the 49'ers, or noted what Jedediah Smith or Gwinn Harris Heap, or Escalante, or Fremont ate as they skirted or traveled the Old Spanish Trail through the Southern Utah, Southern Nevada area, his own mind must have wandered back to the days of 1893 when he was born, and to the days which followed when he, as a pioneer lad, himself, took part in the molasses candy pulls, or was served alfalfa greens with white sauce for dinner, or helped gather the pink-colored pig roots, (weeds to most), for precious greens to add zest to the appetite, or followed the cow, in search of grass, as far as Cabin to bring her back. His sister, Lovena, tells how, when Dr. Hafen was very young, he walked to Cabin with her to find the cow, and how he and she sucked rocks to allay their thirst. Finally, Dr. Hafen could stand the thirst no longer, so Lovena stopped the cow and squirted some of the precious milk into his mouth to keep him from crying. Truly, Dr. Hafen has a close tie to the history he wrote, for much of it is the history of folk, and he is one of the "folk" about whom he wrote. He grew with the very tales about which he wrote. He was almost his own subject.
Though food was a vital necessity to the early colonizers, homes were just as vital. Pioneers had babies, and babies grew to little boys and girls. Winter nights were cold, rainy days were miserable, and summer heat must be kept out to protect these children and their parents. So all who came west were concerned about shelter. Dr. Hafen records how the early pioneer found caves for shelter, or carried tents for night protection, or made dugouts. He also recorded how the Indians put their tepees, or tents, on poles and dragged them from one place to another as the camp grew dirty or the food grew scarce. The early pioneer built shelters of pine logs, or strong rock forts for those who would follow their trail. The first Utah settlers used their wagon boxes for covers for homes, schools, churches. They built boweries of willows in which to hold church or for special celebrations.

The early Santa Clara settlers made dugouts in the soft red clay hills, and hung a canvas in front for a door. They pounded cedar poles into the earth to make their bedposts and table legs. They slipped a cradle under the main bed, and pulled it out for the night. Often the table served as bed when the dishes were cleared away for the day.

Rocks from the hills were gathered and worked into strong-walled homes. Small rock homes, usually one or two large rooms, often held a family of ten to fifteen children. At Hurricane there still stands a small rock room built by an early settler. Today, a very modern home is attached to
the memorable structure. At Santa Clara, the old Jacob Hamblin home, which has been re-conditioned and is used as a tourist attraction, is built of rock. This is a large rock home. At Mesquite, two one-room rock homes are still in use. One was the home of Lister and Annie Barnum Leavitt. Here ten of their fifteen children were born. The other rock structure belonged to Martha Ann Pulsipher Barnum, daughter of Zera Pulsipher and Martha Hughes, and mother of Annie B. Leavitt. In a handwritten copy of reminiscences of her mother, Annie B. Leavitt wrote:

Mother never complained of moving or of the places she lived in. she always fixed them so it was a home not just a house. . . . She boarded and roomed school teachers.108

Many of Dr. Hafen's volumes tell of the adobe structures built by the Mexicans, and of the mud homes made by the Indians. Utah residents soon learned the art of making red adobes. The mixture of clay, sand, gravel, and water must be just right. Dr. Hafen's mother, when his father moved the family to Bunkerville, wrote that they moved into two adobe rooms with dirt floors. About Samuel Wittwer it was written that he moved his family into "an old deserted adobe house which had no doors nor windows, and only a dirt floor."109 It was not long, however, until Mr. Wittwer bought a lot at Bunkerville and built a good large adobe home for

his family.

St. George, Utah, still boasts many large homes built of adobe. Some are being pulled down to make way for new modern structures; but some are being reconditioned, for the thick adobe walls serve as good insulation from both the heat and the cold. The winter home of Brigham Young has recently been restored and is being used as a tourist attraction. Not only is it made of great thick-walled adobe, but the small one-room structure by its side, which President Young used for an office, is made of the same large adobes.

The builder of adobe homes soon learned that adobe had a major drawback—a pelting rain storm or a flash flood melted the adobe. So these men, so full of initiative, learned to burn brick. They made a brick burning kiln in the mountains south of Bunkerville, where there was pitch pine wood to use for fuel. From this kiln came a mottled-colored brick which showed the clumsy tools and formulas the men had to work with, but which also showed what men with a will could do.

From strong brick which Edgar Leavitt, himself, made, he constructed a large two-room home for him and his wife, Bertha Hafen Leavitt, the second eldest daughter of Dr. Hafen's family. The house boasted a large fireplace in the "front room." The bedroom was in the front room, too. The large kitchen was also bedroom and front room combination, for a family with nine children requires many beds and a place for all to meet and enjoy each other's company. This
home, with its high ceilings and fancy transoms above each door, still stand, though Edgar Leavitt died in 1958 at age seventy-nine.

But Edgar Leavitt, as most, did not move immediately into a lovely spacious brick home. In a history written by the family is the following:

Edgar and Bertha moved to Mesquite, Nevada, and made themselves a home there. Few settlers were there then, and the clearing of mesquite from the land was hard work. They first lived in a little lumber shanty, and then in a one-room house with a shed kitchen. Her first three children were born in this place... Some experienced brick makers came to Bunkerville before Bertha's marriage. Edgar worked with them and learned to burn and lay up brick. He later burned a kiln or two of brick himself, and with some of these brick built himself a house. He did the bricklaying and carpentering of the house with Bertha's help. In this home the remaining children were born.

Charles Arthur Hughes recalled in 1962 that all twelve of his children, all of whom are still living, had been born in a small one-room adobe house which still stands behind his new modern home. He said that they had mattresses that they slipped under the bed during the day and pulled out at night. In the summer the children slept outside on the hard ground or often on the haystack, which was nice and soft unless, perchance, it contained grass burrs; then it was miserable.

Ethel George of Leeds, Utah, tells the following stories about the buildings of an early day. She says:

President Joseph F. Smith, who was very particular about everything, was scheduled to visit the Leeds Ward. Sister Wilkinson, elderly Swedish President of the Leeds Relief Society, headed the clean-up campaign. The Relief Society ladies scoured the church house up and down and to them the shabby building looked beautiful. President Smith, however, saw it as just a shabby building and described it as "an old heap."

The next week at Relief Society meeting, Sister Wilkinson sat very straight and told the ladies, "If he come again we will have nothing more with him to do!"

That the old church houses often had more in them than lumber, brick, or adobe is shown in the humorous story told by Mrs. Ellen Savage, native of Sanford, Colorado, who is a transplanted Virgin River resident. She says:

An old Danish fellow used to sing in the choir. During testimony meeting he would descend from the choir seats to the pulpit to expound for five or ten minutes on the current situation of the world and the abominable younger generation. On one of these occasions he declared, "Bwuttas and Sistas, I tell you, tis younga genevation iss going stwaitht to hell--yust as sho as I catch dot fly!" With that he made a dramatic sweep through the air to catch the bly that buzzed past, opened his hand to reveal his catch, and muttered, "Dom 'im! I mised 'im!"

Trade was a vital part of the early pioneer life. Southern California was the home of the fig, grape, and pomegranite and the fruit trees. There were ranches of cattle there, too. Ships came into California carrying supplies needed by inland inhabitants. But the long trek from the Utah territory to California and back was a trying ordeal. Men soon learned, if, indeed, they did not already

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112 Ibid.
know, that by the "sweat of your brow shall ye earn your bread," and that often their job as freighter was a perilous one.

Jedediah Smith learned to trade with the Indians and to play square with them. Wolfskill, with his trading party of 1830, learned what the long pull up the Virgin Hill was like. Wm. H. Jackson, the great photographer of international fame, mentioned not only the sandy hills, but the rocky ones, near Cedar City and elsewhere, as well. He noted that at Washington were homes covered with grape arbors, that crops looked good, and that there was a cotton factory there where people brought their cotton to trade for other goods or for money to get needed supplies.

When Jefferson Hunt and sons made the long horse-back trip to Los Angeles for livestock and fruit trees, they found that even at that date, 1847, that cows and horses still died on the deserty wastes. Later, when Jefferson Hunt guided the large wagon convoy to California as means of earning a livelihood, he found that rebellious and unhappy white men can become as dangerous as Indians, and as great a threat to life. The 49'ers learned, indeed, that going over the desert on horseback was one thing, and that trailing large, lumbering wagons was another thing. They learned to "double-up" teams when the sand got deep or the quicksand sucked the heavy wagons under. They learned to guard their stock more closely from the wily Indian, for a man can walk, or he can pull a
handcart, but he cannot pull a heavily laden wagon.

Southern Nevada and Southern Utah settlers, who took their freight wagons north or south, soon learned that the desert was still just as dry, the sun burned just as hot, and the sand was just as deep as it was when Escalante looked over the Rio Virgin Valley in 1776 and wisely turned his pony's head in the direction of Kanab, Utah, and the Kaibab Forest.

The men and women who worked for a livelihood at home learned, too, that theirs was not a conquered desert. There were heat and drouth, mosquitoes and flies, accidents and breakdowns to mar the serenity of life.

Because all of the settlements along the Rio Virgin were isolated from the world, much freighting of goods was done. For the building of homes, saw mills must be placed in the mountains near a stream for power, and the lumber hauled by ox team or horse team to the settlements. Saw mills were erected both on the Arizona strip at Mt. Trumbull and in Pine Valley. Logs and lumber were hauled from both places for the St. George Temple, and the Pine Valley lumber was taken as far north as Salt Lake City to be used in construction of the famed Tabernacle and the Tabernacle Organ.

Elizabeth Snow Beckstrom and her sister Bessie Snow, who, to this day, spend their winters in St. George teaching school, and their summers, their Saturdays and Sundays, and their holidays in the precious little town of Pine Valley at
the foot of the great Pine Valley Mountains, the only place in Southern Utah which God never did forget nor ever will forget, tell the following stories about Bill Bracken, resident of Pine Valley and near-by Central, Utah. They say:

When the telephone company first put a line from Modena to St. George, they hired Bill to haul poles for them. They paid him $3.50 a day for himself and team. That was good pay in that day for that type of work. When Bill took his first load of poles out to Modena, he met some men and was telling them about his good job. They asked him if they were paying him $3.50 both ways. Bill retorted, "By God, now, they better or I'll not come back."

Once Bill hauled a load of freight from Modena to St. George for Will Lund. When he arrived in St. George and went to unload it, he discovered that part of the load was giant powder. He had been unaware of this. He said, "Hell, I'd never have hauled that damn stuff if I'd known it was on that load. Why it might have blown me to bits. I'll just show Billy Lund for that." So he loaded it back on the wagon and took it back to Modena.

Bill was driving a team around Cottonwood Canyon, a very crooked winding road. He said that he went around a turn and met the ugliest man he had ever seen and asked him who he was. The man replied that he was Bill Bracken. Bill retorted, "Why you're not either because I am Bill Bracken." Then Bill said, "I suddenly discovered that I had gone around a turn and met myself coming back."

Some one asked Bill what kind of weather they had in Pine Valley. He replied, "We have nine months of hard winter and three months of damn late in the fall."

Bill once took some grain to Stanley Calkins to have it ground into flour. Stanley was so slow that Bill became inpatient and blurted out, "Damn it, Stanley, you grind so slow that I could eat that flour as fast as you grind it." "For how long?" Stanley wanted to know. "Until I starved to death," replied Bill.

Once when Bill was hauling lumber from out on Mt. Trumble, his brake gave way going down a hill and the wagon ran onto the horses's heels and frightened them. They ran away and the load came off and scattered
all over the hillside. Bill said, "I never said a word until I had gone on to the top of the next hill. Then I got off and looked over the country and laid it off in quarter sections, and gave it the most systematic cussing it ever got."  

Not only did the freighters haul lumber and associated materials from mills, they hauled the produce from their farms to the near-by mining camps of Nevada, which had developed into a railroad center, and to Enterprise, Parowan and Beaver in Utah, for winter potatoes, squash, carrots, onions, etc. When the summer's fruit was ripe, the Dixie settlers went far and wide with their fruit, up to Parowan and Beaver and as far away as Fillmore.

Some fine lore has come from these peddling trips. Ethel George of Leeds, Utah, told one story. She said:

Those poor Dixie peddlers! Some were just natural salesmen, like Peter Anderson--but some of them couldn't sell a thing. Uncle Dave McMullin was one of those. He didn't like to go peddling, but he had to--and he always came back with about as much as he left with. When he returned from one of his usual unsuccessful trips, I saw him out back shovelling his grapes into the pig pen saying, "Before I take another load out, I'll set fire to my wagon and run away by the light of it!"

Susan Savage, young Dixie College freshman of 1965, in a research paper done for the author's English Basic Communications class gave the following information and stories regarding the peddler of the early Virgin River territory. She wrote:

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113 Charles Sullivan, "Tall Tales of Southern Utah" (unpublished research paper, Dixie College, St. George, Utah, 1965), pp. 5-6.

114 Savage, op. cit., p. 6.
Ross Savage tells the following stories about Peter Anderson, a Danishman who lived at Anderson's Ranch, who exhibited the usual Danish accent, and who was a born peddler—and cheater—and could talk a blue streak:

Peter Anderson took some peaches to Parowan once. A woman there was complaining because they were not very large. He said to her, "I can't help it—they had all summa to gwo in!"

On another occasion he said to someone, "Yes, yes—they are small, but many of them weigh a pound."

Peter would drive all night when he went peddling in order to get a head start on the other peddlers; he would hang the nosebags on the horses and just keep them going as they ate. One time some other peddlers caught up with him when he was asleep and turned his horses around. When he woke up he'd gone back the other way about three miles. One night he was sneaking into a farmer's barn to borrow a little hay when the farmer came out and caught him. The farmer took him by the collar and shook him a little and said, "What do you think you're doing? Just who are you, anyways?"


Dr. Hafen's father, John George, the husband of five wives, and the father of children whose number increased with almost every year, owned a store at Santa Clara. He would haul to market the produce brought to him (butter, eggs, fruit, meat, wine, etc.) in exchange for the calico and blue jeans, farm materials, and ranch necessities which he carried. His children wrote of him that often he had to double teams to make the steep hill on the way to Delamar or Pioche, Nevada. Once his team shied, and his wagon load of produce went in every direction. Poor Grandpa Hafen. Melons, peaches,

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115 Ibid.
pork and eggs in one fine Mulligan stew. But do you know that Mr. Hafen reported that when he finally got things in shape, that there wasn't one broken egg or melon. He had packed them so carefully in the straw that they just slid on that very slick surface out on the nice soft red Dixie sand. No damage! And, to a Dixie peddler, and a Swiss peddler at that, nothing was more important than not to lose a single cent. In fact, John George and his son John Jr., and all his numerous offspring lived by the maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

A road from Bunkerville and Mesquite, too, led to the mines at Delamar and Pioche. When Henry W. Bigler of the Flake-Rich Company was passing over almost the identical route later traveled by the Virgin Valley peddlers, he wrote of the heat, and the water that sank in the sand, and the dry sage plains. Dr. Hafen footnotes Bigler's diary to identify the route. He says:

Probably Toquap Wash, that enters the Virgin about one and one-half miles below Bunkerville. An early wagon road, leading from Bunkerville to the mining camps of Delamar and Pioche, went up the gravel bed of the wash some twenty miles to "The Pockets" (holes in sand rock that caught and held rain and flood water), turned east to Tule Spring, and then went north to enter the Meadow Valley Wash at Gann's ranch, a few miles below Elgin. I traveled the road several times as a small boy with my elder brother when he was hauling chickens, eggs, fruit, etc., to the mining camps. I remember that on one or more of these trips we saw the crews working with teams and scrapers, building the railroad down Meadow Valley Wash, Salt Lake to Los Angeles line.116

Yes, so wrote Dr. Hafen, best known author and most authoritative editor of writings pertaining to his own region, a region whose lore so influenced his life that he chose to make it the subject of many informative and interesting volumes, whose context, as has been shown by the examples given, is positive proof of the thesis that the lore of the Virgin River region did influence his writings.
Dr. Juanita Brooks and Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen are the two major spokesmen for the Virgin River Valley region. They have written more authoritatively of this area than have other authors, because through study and through having lived in the region, itself, they are more familiar with it. Their study has touched both the land and the lives of the people of the Virgin River area. A singular influence has exerted itself upon these writers as they have reported their findings regarding the region. It runs as a golden thread through their works, a thread which enlivens the works of these authors, a thread which makes their works come alive. This singular influence is the folklore which surrounds the region, the folklore which centers upon the motif of divine intervention and the settling and conquering of a new land.

The supernatural motif of divine intervention relates itself to specific motif areas. Of these are divine aid in time of need, divine counsel for those who are in doubt, divine warnings for protection, and divine healings for the sick. There are, again, two separate motifs within the motif of divine intervention of warnings or counsel; first, that one which exerts itself for good, and second, that
which exerts itself for evil.

When Dr. Hafen said that it took unfaltering religious faith to bring the handcart companies across the plains of the United States, he was expressing his own belief. As he took time to record, not only once, but many times, and in great detail, the events surrounding the timely rain of November 13, 1849, which came to save the Flake-Rich company he was really telling the lore of his own people and his own family.

Dr. Hafen has, through the stories which were of his area, been impressed with the belief that the divine asserts itself to give counsel. When he chose the diary of John Pulispher to add to his volume on the Utah Expedition, he chose a diary which contained lore which was the lore of his own belief, the lore that the Lord is our friend so we need have no fear. In the diary, loaned to Dr. Hafen by a close personal friend, was recorded the fact that the Lord had accepted the offering of the Saints and had counseled them in their procedure against Johnson's army so that not a man was killed. This was the very lore of Dr. Hafen's own home.

Divine intervention for healing of the sick is another aspect treated by Dr. Hafen. The lore of his valley was rich with such stories. His own mother had recorded instances of immediate healing when the authority of the Priesthood had been exerted. He had listened to the stories told as he attended his church meetings, stories of healing through faith. What better, then, than to include in his own
writings numerous accounts of healing through faith and prayer?

Dr. Brooks, too, incorporated into her writings the lore of her country which had exerted such an influence. She, too, told of divine intervention to aid those in need as she told of the ice which came on the Mississippi River so providentially for the Saints to cross on as they were being driven from their homes in Nauvoo. Just such providential aid had come to her own family in time of need.

To Dr. Brooks, divine counsel was an immediate and very real necessity. Her grandparents had asked for and received counsel; her own family had knelt daily and asked for divine counsel and guidance. It was natural for her to include many examples of divine counsel being given for the good of her people.

Healing of the sick through divine intervention was a part of Dr. Brooks' life. Many stories of divine healing through administration and faith are recorded in her Dudley Leavitt, her Mountain Meadows Massacre, and her John D. Lee Diaries.

At times, in the folk stories of the Virgin River basin, there appeared stories related to the appearance of the evil one. There are, in Dr. Brooks' stories, accounts of Lee's seeing the evil which will befall him, and of Heber C. Kimball's and Brigham Young's curse upon the land and the gentiles.

The second motif of folklore which exerted an
influence on these writers centered about the lore of land, homes, food, etc. Dr. Hafen, in his histories of Western America, included extensive accounts of the region lying in Southern Nevada and Southern Utah, and of the people who settled there. He told how Escalante skirted the region, Garces explored the southern tip of it, Jedediah Smith fought the river and the quicksand and endured the hunger and thirst of the desert, and the Mormons fought the river on their way to Los Angeles, and decided to conquer it, so stayed. Around their staying grew the stories. Dr. Hafen grew with them. Their influence on his writings of the region and upon the very wording of introductory and annotative material is clearly shown as he tells of flash floods, dwarfed sage, sandy roads, and peddling trips.

Dr. Brooks, too, uses the folk stories of the Virgin River and its people as she writes such things as the lore of the Mountain Meadows, and the Virgin River with its problems. She builds her stories around the lore of lost ponies and lost children. She records the lives of her people and the stories and legends which are theirs.

Truly, then, the works of Dr. Brooks and Dr. Hafen show the influence of the stories and legends of their land, for they have made them a vital and integral part of their extensive writings.
APPENDIX I

CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF
JUANITA LEAVITT PULSIPHER BROOKS


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APPENDIX II

AN INDEX TO FOLKLORE IN THE WRITINGS
OF JUANITA BROOKS

The following is a listing of some examples of the items found in the works of Dr. Juanita Brooks which deal with the folklore of the area, or, are connected directly with the subject at hand in such a manner as to prove the influence of the stories of the area upon her works. The list is by no means complete, since a complete list would include items from nearly every page in the long volumes. The titles of the books have been shortened. The insignia "#" refers to footnote numbers on the page listed.

Advice

Massacre: 26-27, keep own counsel; 36-37, no time to wait for instructions; 41, obey counsel; 53, Bp. Haight's reaction to Fancher train and authority; 124, B. Young, keep and use stock; 192, Klingonsmith's evidence—keep and use cattle, etc., give to Indians; 216, scholars, stay away from Mt. Meadows subject. Chronicles, I: 95, John Holt in adultery; 95, Bro. Crow advised to stay in Utah, let family go to gold fields.

Animals

Massacre: 170-172, distribution of animals from massacre; 188, Lee had owned cattle, sheep, horses. Chronicles, I: 148, Lee and animals from massacre; 319, # 17, 18, 19, animals from Duke train and massacre; 182, lists of animals. Dudley Leavitt: 3, animals kept J. Brooks under stars.
Clothing

Chronicles, I: 30, Lee mentions shoe making; 139, Kimball, general discourse on dress—very good; 257, women wash clothes in dam at Washington. Chronicles, II: 52, Lee ill because he had to get children shod. Dudley Leavitt: 49, experimenting with cloth.

Crops

Massacre: 9, plant; 10-11, grow wherever water, keep Gentiles out. Chronicles, I: 64, Lee read letter about good crops in valley—G.S.L.; 155, to Washington, lists seeds, trees, etc.; 269, fruits at Santa Clara. Chronicles, II: 30-31, account of harvesting; 32-33, destruction of crops by cattle; 48, orchards along Virgin River—Rockville, etc. Dudley Leavitt: 6, wheat, plant and animal life; 24-25, land and crops grown; 27, growing crops, good harvest; 28-29, good crops.

Culture

Chronicles, I: 141, had picture taken, went to theatre. Chronicles, II: 35, price for teachers too much, 97, picnic party, theatre at Washington.

Divine Intervention

Good

Massacre: 9, ice to cross river on; 19, prediction of B. Young; 22, appeal to God for help, then work; 54-55, divine warning for Morrill to keep away from Saints at Cedar City; 81, Mormons knelt in circle to ask for divine guidance at time of massacre; 176, Lee not recognized; 201, dream, etc.; 203, child healed; 204, footnote. Chronicles, I: xxiv, healing by laying on hands, see 117, #23; xxv, Lee received visions, dreams, was mystic to end of days, bird and Rachel; 6, B. Young's assertion that he discerner of spirits; 12, gift of healing, dreams; 27, B. Young's blessing on Saints; 39, faith; 121, # 64, saved child by admin.; 40, two men saved by prayer; 45-46, Lee ill, admin. to, healed; 122, # 81, prayer and medicine for snake bite; 61, dream of division of company; 151-152, vision concerning good and bad people; 164, revelation about missing child; 167, divine speaking in tongues, see also 323, # 38; 285, healing of wife; 230, heal-
ing of Sister Tinney, 233-34, healing of little girl who was shot; 241, Lee's prediction to wife, Rachel, healing; 252, Lee's vision on how to become purified. Chronicles, II: 7, divine warning, death resulted because not heeded; 13, Lee wrestling with Lord; 16, dedicated wife to Lord so could die, see 248, # 6; 23, prophecy of twins, see # 249. Dudley Leavitt: 2, revelation, prayers of Sarah S. Leavitt; 4, Dudley Leavitt's picture of Joseph Smith; 15-16, blessing for keeping name of God holy; 20-21, hand of God over all; 27, Jacob Hamblin's prayer for rain, fulfillment; 48, prayer in family; 72, getting children to help pray for sick baby, healing; 78, dedication of George to Lord; 90, divine help in getting horse back.

Evil

Massacre: 9, Kimball's curse upon U.S.; 187, # 19, Lee's dream about excommunication; 200, Lee's curse on anything he touched; 201, evil to befall Lee. Chronicles, I: xxvi, mentions Lee's awful dream of what will happen to apostates; 27, B. Young's curse on land and gentiles, see 119, #47; 114, curse on those who prophesy evil; 154, evil spirit in horses. Dudley Leavitt: 79, curse of sickness to Indian.

Dixie Names


Food

Massacre: 9, plant food for Saints who would follow; 20-21, keep food, do not sell to emigrants, lack of; 157, raise more food for Saints who would come south. Chronicles, I: 4, prairie chickens killed at "Summer Quarters"; 5, fitting up corn for Wtr. Qrtrs., made arrangements to grind; 6, Lee and charges for food; 9, corn for market; 21, food and implements listed, gave Indians corn; 35, fish caught; 44, prairie dogs eaten; 48, buffalo; 53, wheat growing in S. L., root-like onion; 66, barbecuing meat; 67, had to leave buffalo meat; 69, baking soda, see 124, # 94, Saints back here from Salt Lake to get soda; 72, Lee's cow died; 88, thistles, roots for food; 94, Lee bought butter; 97, Lee
bought rooster, 50¢, 3 bu. salt, 4 bu. corn, etc.; 172-173, record of Fourth of July celebration at Harmony—notice Lee's prominence—list of foods—tea, 2,000# beef, (10 mo. after massacre), 1,000# beef cooked by Lee's wives, 900 meals eaten at his home; 183, feeding and housing strangers; 274, molasses, etc. Chronicles, II, and John Doyle Lee mentions food over and over, shows great importance. Dudley Leavitt: 20-21, food in S.L. City, food prepared for family of Lemuel Leavitt; 36, food when nearly starved, lizards, etc.; 43, story of Dudley Leavitt giving horse for food; 45, food, diet of corn; 50, kinds of fruit, vegetables at Santa Clara; 57, food brought by Indians to S. Clara, pine nuts, dried berries; 68, Hebron, out of food, grasshoppers eat crops; 73, kinds of food at Hebron; 82-83, melons at Mesquite.

**Homes**

Massacre: 9, made dup-outs; 98, Lonely Dell, Lee's home at mouth of Paria, log homes nestled among trees at foot of sandstone mt., no trees visible on mt., this as shown in picture; 99, stone fort, picture; 179, Lee's family at the Pools, willow shanty, see page for picture; 188, Lee had owned impressive stone mansion at Washington, see for detail; 190, # 1, lists Lee's homes; 91, mention of brick; 93, Lee and wife daub home with mud and clay; 97, Lee built chimney, plastered house; 134, Lee moves to Harmony, home one room log house; 135, New Harmony fort, measurements, etc. Chronicles, II: 251, # 29, Naegle home at Toquerville, large rock house, standing today, adobe houses, etc., Dudley Leavitt: 13, home of hay; 20-21, homes of adobe in S.L.City; 25, home-made furniture, pole home of Jacob Hamblin at Santa Clara; 26, fort at Santa Clara; 28-29, homes, fort on S. Clara; 42, homes of Indians in Arizona, had cisterns, cliff dwellers; 57, homes in S. Clara; 61, homes at Shoal Creek, log, rock, adobe, all facing inside meeting house, good picture; 84-85, school buildings; 94-95, home at Leavittville.

**Indians**

Land


Legends and Stories

Massacre: 35, J. Brooks's use of legend; 42-43, Priscilla Leavitt tells of marriage trip to Mt. Meadows, Hamblin's ranch, terrible sight; 46-49, tales of poisoned springs, people, animals; 50-51, tales, Beaver, Fancher train, Indians; 56, Ed Parry's story of massacre; 64-65, Calif. emigrants in serious trouble with Piele Indians, child destroyed because could remember; 82, conflicting stories of Lee's Indian name, Yauguts or Cry-baby; 90-91, tale of Tom Pierce and poisoned water and men; 103-104, tales of lost child, Fancher children recognize belongings; 106-109, stories of Indian boy at Hamblin's ranch; 116-117, Duke train at Muddy, stories surrounding it, poisoned arrows, stealing of cattle, missionaries involved, Dudley Leavitt and Samuel Knight along to help train, etc.; 130 plus, Ginn's exaggerated stories; 132, Liston's stories of Muddy cattle stealing; 140-141, Dame refuses to write report, sends Lee to give oral story, reason for so many tales, legends; 142, J. Brooks says poisoning water is folk tale, legend; 149-150, story of steamer up Colorado; 164-165, D. Leavitt's story, Olive B. Millburn's story, folk tales of what happened after massacre; 170-173, ironic that Hamblin, Lee, etc. get paid from govt. for wagons, care of children, etc., from Fancher party, see letter 103; 173-174, Dame's letter to Smith, stories of soldiers; 175, Indians offered bounty for Lee's scalp, 175-176, Lee delivered, Cradlebaugh's eyes blinded; 175, says $500 reward for Lee; 178, says $5,000 reward for Lee; 182, B. Young and Haight have talk, legend; 182-183, legends of B. Young and Mt. Meadows Massacre at marker; 185, Isaac C. Haight reinstated in church, at time daughter died; 186, Lee asks B. Young to place blame where it belongs; 187, legend of Lee's excommunication, see 187, # 19, dream; 189, Beadle's account of Lee's story at Ferry; 190, Dellenbaugh's account; 193, legends about sale of goods of Fancher party; 195-197, folk story told by daughter of Nephi Johnson; 200, legends of curse; 202, never turned hungry away; 203, child healed; 213, story of Klingonsmith's death, murdered by avenging Mormons; 214, legends and folklore about Mt. Meadows, God cursed land /J. Brooks does not hesitate to use words—legend and folklore/; 217, Smith uses folklore instead of facts which
competition among members of family in wrestling; 91, story of good teeth; 98-99, fed everyone including tramps; 101, D. Leavitt and Thirza Leavitt and rock home in Bunkerville, D. Leavitt's being able to read people's minds, story of calf with broken leg; 102-103, legend of paved street in Mesquite, D. Leavitt never rode in automobile; 104-105, lore around D. Leavitt's death.

Massacre

Accounts of massacre: Massacre; 86-87, conflicting accounts of Johnson and Higbee; 190, Dellenbaugh's account; 224-226, Nephi Johnson account; 226-235, John M. Higbee account; 238-242, Philip Klingon Smith account; 242-244, George A. Smith and James McKnight account; 244-248, George A. Smith letter; 251-253, Garland Hurt's report, /very good for folk tales/; 253-260, J. Forney, Indian agent account; 260-265, J. Forney letter and account; 265-278, Wm. H. Rogers account; 278-283, James Lynch account; 284-297, affidavit of B. Young; 287-289, affidavit of George A. Smith. Blame for massacre: Massacre; 41, B. Young, George A. Smith, Haight; 61, George A. Smith, Lee not at council meetings; 63, letter from B. Young, question of dates; 67, church knew of intended massacre, Mr. Christian of Beaver; 72-73, Haight, Smith, Higbee blamed for massacre; 74, Major Higbee in charge; 76-77, Haight talks to Lee; 78-79, Haight sends Klingensmith and others to help Indians; 80-81, Nephi Johnson, interpreter; 84-85, Lee tried get Indians stop, Nephi Johnson's advice not heeded; 83-96, accounts, affidavits of who was to blame, great conflict in accounts, see appendix; 119, B. Young knew about probable massacre; 134-135, picture of army, going past Mt. Meadows after massacre; 168-170, meeting to place blame, pointed at Lee; 180, Haight, Higbee released from church office; 184, Wandell asks for investigation; 184, Haight and Lee excommunicated; 185-186, B. Young and Lee; 189, B. Young not to blame, Lee bear blame alone; 219, general summary of who to blame, very good. Chronicles, I: xiv, B. Young knew what went on at time of massacre. Trials of Lee for massacre: Massacre; 191-194, first trial at Beaver, Utah, July 23, 1875; 194-198, second trial, September 14, 1875, whole Mormon Church out to testify, Lee branded as apostate, J. Hamblin gives testimony which convicted yet not even at massacre; 223, L.D.S. Church gave permission to reinstate Lee in good fellowship, April, 20, 1961, work done May 8-9, 1961.

Medicines and Illness

Chronicles, I: xxiv, mentions Lee's medicines; 116, # 8,
mixture of camphor, laudanum and opium for cholera; 25, Lee catarr (boil) on hand; 47, healing of Lee, lists medicines used; 57, medicine for snake bite; 60, medicine for sick horse, see 123, # 83; 72-73, Lee ill; 78, oil from springs for medicine; 112, hot tar for animals' sores; 225-226, Meeks to help Lee's wife, Thomsonian practice, (see Meeks' Journals edited by J. Brooks), see 329, # 69. Chronicles, II: 93-94, ulcer taken out. Dudley Leavitt: 58, illness of babies; 74, death of Maria's daughter, Orilla; 76-77, George in water wheel, dedication to Lord; 82-83, malaria in Virgin Valley.

Records

Massacre: 15, record of people, animals, wagons, teams at Big Cottonwood for celebration, July 24, 1857; 45-46, record of names of Fancher party; 67, church has gathered most of records from wards; 150-151, Lee made written account of massacre to B. Young; 165-167, first written record of massacre by George A. Smith and James McKnight; 173, U. S. govt. pays for keeping Fancer boy; 151, J. Hamblin paid for wagon, gives date of massacre as about September 22; 153, Lee's letter to B. Young, B. Young's acceptance, though he knew of massacre and that some men might be implicated; 177-178, J. Hamblin's testimony, Hamblin not go hunt Lee; 212, Isaac C. Haight lists articles bought for church emigration; 217, Bancroft on Lee, terrible accusation, quoted by Joseph Fielding Smith; 242, mention of fact that Dudley Leavitt sealed to Indian woman, Janet. Dudley Leavitt: 27, list of people at Santa Clara; 95-96, record of presents received at birthday party.

Songs


L.D.S. Church Teachings

Massacre: 12-13, catechism. Chronicles, I: 7, B. Young, don't listen to women, see 116, # 13; 11, advice to wife; 68, B. Young boss, see 123, # 92; 96, members cut off church for girls riding in front of boys on horses; 104 and numerous other places, Lee talks of killing people, cutting off their heads, doing with them what one pleased
if they did not obey counsel; 108, B. Young's thoughts on Indians, no matter if old ones kill each other off or if someone else do it since would not change ways, but teach young for they would change ways; 141, John Gheen, see 317, # 6, probably put out of way by Mormons for adultery; 328, # 67, Orson Hyde, all right to steal from gentiles but not from Mormons.

Vengeance—Mob Action

Massacre: 4-5, Haun's Mill, whippings; 33, endured hardships of East, mobbings, etc.; 35, story of whippings; 39, vengeance, ready to fight; 55, Hosea Stout, avenge blood; 55-56, Haun's Mill men in southern Utah; 57, Parley P. Pratt's murder in Arkansas known to men in southern Utah, see Chronicles, I, 117; 182, B. Young at Mt. Meadows, folk stories on "vengeance is mine saith the Lord," see 183, # 16 for folk stories about same.

Water Problems

Chronicles, I: xvi, water from Paria for Lee's farm, Lonely Dell irrigation; xvi, farms in virgin desert, Jacob's Pools, Moenkopi, Moweabba, made ditches, canals; 149, labor to get water on land in Santa Clara; 265, "Eregating," / much said in one word/. Chronicles, II: 256, # 55, 56, water, water witch. Dudley Leavitt: 52-53, dam, ditch, floods at Gunlock.

Work

Massacre: 36, cradled grain. Chronicles, I: Lee hunting horses, got hurt; 34, broken wagons, fixed; 45, broken hames while taking child to own company; 81-85, hunt for animals and birds which doing damage; 97, plastering, making willow baskets to sell for lumber; 102-103, Lee procures seeds, sows, harrows; 135, irrigation canals, etc.; 136, public works in Harmony, mentions "privvies"; 144, Lee's women worked on farms; 181, work on farm in Washington, 276-277, Santa Clara and the wood problem. Chronicles, II: 38-39, work on fields, in home, see 250, # 21; 57, "had a son," and repaired whatever needed it told in one breath; 63, making bee hives; 65, making shoes, limed wheat. John Doyle Lee: 22-23, work for Lee when young, numerous accounts throughout book. Dudley Leavitt: 28, made cotton gin; 37, lead ore for bullets; 49, first experiment station in U. S. in Dixie.
Massacre: 26-27, lead for bullets at Las Vegas, Las Vegas mission a hard one. Chronicles, I: xvi, Lee’s Ferry, salvaged boat, etc.; 94, got wood, sold it; 319, # 13, bullets at Las Vegas; 319, # 14, saw mills, Robert Gardner. Chronicles, II: 251, John Conrad Naegle at Toquerville to raise grapes to sell. John Doyle Lee; 23, mail carrier; 24, work on farm. Dudley Leavitt; 73, peddling; 87-89, mail contract.
APPENDIX III

THE OATH OF SECRECY

In the discussion of folklore and myth in chapter two of this thesis, the theory was postulated that folklore and legend adapts itself to culture after culture, yet keeps a hard core of individuality. Miss Edna Johnson was quoted as saying that myths and legends are in part science, for they attempt to explain patterns of ritual and worship. Mr. Alexander H. Krappe was quoted as saying that legends are attached to a definite locality, and are tied to the landscape from which they arise, and are transmitted from generation to generation with little or no modification. A. H. Gayton, in his discourse about the origin of myth and legend, said that where a religion produced identical twins of myth and ritual the relationship of the legend to the culture and the culture to the legend was obvious.

As final proof, then, that Dr. Brooks' written works were influenced by the lore of the region in which she lived and the people who inhabited that region, the folk legend concerning the oath of secrecy taken by those men who took part in the Mountain Meadows Massacre is offered.

Here is a legend complete in and of itself. It will be repeated in Mormon country as long as people read about
or hear of John D. Lee and the Mountain Meadows Massacre.
Yet, though mention was made by Lee, Haight, and others of
the oath taken, no oath has as yet been produced. In their
testimonies concerning this tragic event, no man made mention
of the agreement. Yet, Dr. Brooks, in her John Doyle Lee,
gives the perfect folk version, an oath she has chosen to
produce intact. She says:

The burying squads were working frantically, fever­
ishly, to finish this most distasteful task, and as soon
as word came that when they were through they should
gather at the spring a short distance from the wagon
circle, many did not take another shovelful, but set out.
A few more conscientious, continued to shovel and to
tamp down the soil to try to make the graves more safe
from the ravages of wild beasts.
At the spring there were provided towels and soap,
and each man washed himself thoroughly in what was a
more than symbolic rite, soaping and lathering his hands
and arms to the elbows, and his face and neck.
When all were ready, they were called to stand in a
circle, where they were addressed by Isaac C. Haight at
the request of William H. Dame. W. H. Dame was
Colonel and military commander. He told them that
they had been privileged to keep a part of their coven­
ant to avenge the blood of the prophets, and suggested
that if the army came into the state, or if the one
that was threatened marched upon them from California,
they would likely be called to fight under much different
circumstances.
Now the most important thing was that they should not
talk of what happened here yesterday, not to anyone, not
even to their wives. Nor should they discuss it among
themselves. They should blot it from their minds and
from their memories and leave God to accept of their
actions in the light of their loyalty to His cause and
the establishment of His Kingdom upon the earth. Then
they closed in the circle, so that each man placed his
left hand on the shoulder of the man nearest him and
raised his right hand to the square. In the center
stood Dame, Haight, Higbee, and Lee, facing them at the
four points of the compass. Haight led the pledge, as
highest in ecclesiastical authority, and they repeated
it after him. It was to the effect that each of them
promised before God, angels, and their companions in
this circle, that they would never under any conditions
speak of this action to anyone else or to each other, and that if any did so, he would suffer his life to be taken. This was done in the name of God, and for His glory.¹

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ABSTRACT

Since no writing is entirely objective, it is the contention of this thesis that Dr. Juanita Brooks and Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, the most authoritative writers of the Southern Nevada and Southern Utah region, were greatly influenced in their writings by the folklore of the region and of the people. The two aspects of folklore which are most prominent in their writings are, first, those which treat the supernatural aspect of divine intervention, and, second, those which surround the struggle for survival.

Folklore stories of divine intervention include the lore of divine aid given in time of great need, divine counsel presented as a guide, and divine healings obtained through the medium of the church. Both good and evil influences are manifest.

Folklore stories of survival include the lore centered about the home, the land, the food, the medicinal supplies, etc. Both the folklore stories of divine intervention and the folklore stories of survival are influenced by the region from which they arise, and from the kind of people who live in the region.

The Southern Nevada and Southern Utah region is comprised of desert land which depends upon a notionable river for irrigation water. The people who live there
belong to a church which embraces very emotional precepts. Given, then, a land which has been difficult to conquer, and a people who have relied upon divine intervention in every emergency, and one has the basis for the background of Dr. Brooks and Dr. Hafen. They are so much a part of their own survival lore and their own need for divine intervention in time of crisis, that the folk stories which have grown up around these motifs either find their way into their writings, or, are closely associated with those which are included.
This abstract of a thesis, by Pansy L. Hardy, is accepted in its present form by the Department of English of Brigham Young University as satisfying the abstract requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

August 2, 1965

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