



DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS  
LESSON FOR JANUARY, 1992

## *An Early Journal and Diaries*

Compiled by Alice K. Slusser and Emma R. Olsen



WE PRESENT the journal of Robert Warne Reeve, Jr., who came to Utah in 1853 with his parents. His journal is in two parts, the first started in 1884. Both are in the possession of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

Also included is the diary of John Reeve, Robert's son, started in 1894 when John was nearly twenty-two years of age. He was generally faithful in keeping his diary, but there were periods of years when he did not write at all. The history of his life was written by his second wife, Mary Lyman Reeve, and her writings are interspersed with his diary in order to bring to the reader that pioneer period. John's diaries are in the possession of his son, Grant Lyman Reeve.

As editors, we have taken the liberty of altering both the journal and diaries slightly to achieve uniformity. The spelling and sentence structure are retained as written. Words added for clarification are placed in brackets; periods have been added at the end of sentences; and capital letters have been used to begin sentences. Otherwise the documents remain as written.

JOURNAL OF ROBERT WARNE REEVE, JR.  
(1838-1913) 511226 91

My parents [were] Robert W. Reeve [Sr.] and Christiana Keddington, both deceased, Mother having been dead fifty years in June 1903. I was born in Norwich, Norfolk [England], May 1st, 1838, and lived there untill 4 years of age when we moved





Robert Warne Reeve, Jr.

to Leeds in Yorkshire where the Gospel reached us in 1845 or 46. My Mother's embracing the Truth first and my Father's being of a skeptical turn of mind led my Mother a very hard life for 6 months or more. They had been Independent Methodists, but a dream my Father had turned him, and he joined the Church & became an Elder in a short time and went out into the surrounding villages preaching. He baptized me in Sept 1847 in Horton Beck, 2 miles from Leeds. I went with him on his Preaching Tours and led with singing, and many times have

been with him in Leeds Market Place on Sundays when he would get into discussions and sometimes adjourn to the Coffe Houses to finish up. I got a liberal education for the times and could have had more, but preferred to go to work when a little past 12 years old. I was in London at the First World's Exhibition in 1851, and spent 3 weeks with Uncle, Aunt & Cousins seeing the sights of the World's Metropolis.

In Feby 1853 we started from Liverpool on the ship *International* for Zion and had a good time except one very heavy storm lasting 3 days. [On board] we celebrated the laying of the Corner Stones of the Salt Lake Temple on April 6th, 1853, and landed in New Orleans before I was 15 years of age. We travelled on the river Mississippi 1200 miles to St. Louis when we had to change boats there to take us to Keokuk in Iowa.

My Father and Mother having some business in St. Louis, we did not go on with the Company but waited one or two days; and while they was getting some provisions to take along, the Boat left and I was left with our goods and did not know a person on board. The *Kate Kearny* started at 5 in the evening and landed at Keokuk at 10 o'clock the next night. But I sawed wood for the Cook, got plenty to eat, but had to stay in the depot all night as there was no one there to meet me. Next morning Uncle Wm & Grandfather came to move the goods up to camp 2 miles from the Town, and I had not lost one solitary thing of the goods.

Mother and Father came up next night with my little Bro John who I had nursed across the sea. He died and was buried in the Woods at this Camp Ground.

*Note: We leave the journal to give the account of Robert's little brother John, as told by Mary Lyman Reeve. This is the traditional story that has been accepted by family members long before this journal was written.*

Robert had only one brother and one sister. (His sister Christiana was born in 1840 and lived about two weeks. His brother John was born October 1, 1851.) . . . Robert's mother had a physician friend who warned her solemnly to never attempt the trip across the ocean. But her father John Tipple Kedington and his sons were going, and they gently carried her on board the ship (the *International*). Robert Sr. saw about the many bags of luggage and Robert Jr. carried little John, who had never seen a well day in his life. He was about seventeen months of age.

The other passengers noticed with interest or indifference the group. They could have observed Robert, the spindly boy who gave the appearance of never having had enough to eat, painstakingly seek out the opposite side of the vessel from where his mother lay in her sickbed in order to keep the dying boy's moans from his mother's ears. With little John in his arms, he walked the deck while his father looked after his mother. She had no fear of the warning that she would never reach the other side. It signified nothing to her that she might be buried in the deep. Robert carried a smiling face to his mother and always favorable reports of her little son. Robert would share his meager meal in his steerage passage with some stowaway, if he would care for John while he [Robert] visited his mother for a few minutes.

In those long cheerless days in 1853, he often prevailed upon the steward of the ship to drop some dainty morsel to awaken the interest of his little brother John. But it was a losing battle, for one night in the dark long hours John's spirit slipped away. Robert gave way to weeping. It fell upon Robert to help with the final preparations for burial of little John to a watery grave. Perhaps he there resolved that if he ever had a family of his own, he would name one of his daughters Christiana and one of his sons John.

*We resume Robert's Journal at the campground near Keokuk:*

We had to wait some time for our fit outs for 10 Pound Co., and Grandfather & Father fitted out 2 yoke of Cattle and Wagon of their own, as in the 10 Pound Co. there was 10 to a wagon and tent. We travelled 18 miles to a small place called Little Boston on the Hills 5 miles above Montrose and opposite Nauvoo. I went



with Father to Montrose and saw Nauvoo on the opposite side of the river, and the Temple was then standing.

My Mother died at Little Boston and was buried in the Woods. Her prayers to the last were for me as the only child left that I might prove faithfull to the work of God, for she had an Idea that Father would not, for he had got very much dissatisfied with the trials we were passing through and lamented the leaving of a good home; but I wanted to go to Zion. While my mother lay dead in the wagon, a Bevy of young ladies at night sang "The Resurrection Morn." I thought I never had heard anything sound so heavenly. It was the first time I ever heard it, but I always remembered it.

As for me, crossing the plains was mostly a good time. Once when we got into the Pawnee Indian Country, the Indians stopped us and made us pay tribute. And the Cheifs had a tent in our Camp for the night, and I had the job of guarding their tent from 9 to 1 o'clock. That was my first guarding that I had done, and I was rather timid but it went off first rate. Another night on the Platt River close by Fort Laramie, I was on guard when it kept up incessant thunder, lightning & rain—so much lightning that we could see the cattle plain, and the thunder was fearful. But [we] got along all right, and Grandmother stayed up and got us some good Buffalo Head Soup and bread. At that time 1853, you could see Buffalo by the thousands along the Platt River, also Deer and Antelope.

My Father married a Miss Elizabeth Pitt at Laramie. This was a sore trial for me and our family; and me and her never got along in Peace long at a time. An incident which happened at Green River will show how things stood. I walked a great deal hunting & fishing, but when we came to a large River or Creek I would go to the Wagon to ride over. And a day or two before coming to Green River, Father had given [me] a pair of New Shoes and Stockings; and as we were nearing the river, I run for the wagon. My stepmother was sitting in the hind part of the wagon. I asked her to make room for me and tried to get on. She pushed me back, and I had to wade, and it was deep. I stumbled and lost one of my new Shoes & Stockings. So when I got to Camp I told Father how it happened, but she denied it and said I lied. And for the first time I can remember, my Father Kicked me and Cuffed me on the head. My Grandfather hearing the Rumpus told Father I had told the truth. And that caused their first quarrel but not the last. But with all our troubles we arrived in Salt Lake City in October after Conference.

My first job of work was digging Potatoes for one-7th Bushel for Asa Calkins. But I want to say that the Doctor John Marshall

had said of me before leaving England that I would never be able to do a hard days work while I lived. But in crossing the plains I got so that I was hungry all the time, and we had plenty, and I commenced to grow and strengthen so that I was able to work and to eat almost anything. The winter of 1853 I saw snow 2 feet deep in the City. I done Odd Jobs what I could get for the Currency of the Country, Potatoes, Squash, Flour or any kind of produce. In 1854 in June I worked a month for James Houston getting wood, 12 loads and other work for \$10.00. Then I worked 2 months harvest time for Bp Peter McCue for 12 Bus Wheat a month.

*Started in 1884, first page or pages missing:*

My next [job] was working in City Creek Logging for Barney Adams 14.00 per month. My next work by the month was for Orson Pratt, who served me very mean. There was a young man by the name of Robt Scholes [who] went to work for Wilford Woodruff at the same time that I went to work for Pratt. I being what was called green, did not make any certain agreement, but he told me he would give me as much as Woodruff gave Scholes. After working 4 months or more, I came to settle up. He would only give me \$14.00 per month while Scholes got \$20.00. His next move was to give me an order on Ormus Bates for a cow. My Father went for the cow, and Bates gave him an old cow. And after he had got started with it, he met a man who told him that the cow was no good and too old to have any more calves. He took it back, and Bates pushed him into an old Dobie hole. All I got out of it was some very poor Beef. My Father went to see Bishop Hoagland about it, but he told him he could do nothing about such things. And this was what weakened my Father in the faith considerable. After this time I was more cautious in making agreements.

I will say here . . . although I have never been what is called [a man with] a strong constitution, have always been subject to considerable sickness. And I have often been surprised when hearing people say that they never knew what it was to be sick. During the Grasshopper war of the year 1855, I suffered severely for the want of sufficient bread. The first I remember wheat being harvested, in the summer of 1856, was the farm of Brigham Youngs. The First person I cut for that season was Claudius Spencer and I felt so weak that it seemed very hard work. But I soon gained strength, and from that time to the present, 1884, I have not known the want of bread and hope I never shall.

Feb'y 16th 1855, I was ordained a Seventie by Miles Romney in the 29th Quorum. I was after appointed Clerk of the First Ward, also appointed Teacher in the Ward, going in Company with Ira N. Hinkley who was President of the Teachers, we having one third of the Ward to visit. I spent a very good time during the reformation and was among the first to be baptized and received my endowments early in 1854.

I was one of the First called to go out in the Mountains to stop the soldiers in the fall of 1857. [I] was drawn into Lot Smiths Company at Fort Bridger when General Wells talked to us as we were drawn up in line ready for starting. Truly the Spirit of God was there, and I never heard him talk better, and he blest us and told us not a hair of our heads should be hurt, and we should all return safe if we would do as we were told. This was verified, with the exception of Orson Arnold, who was shot through accident and carelessness as well and not taking care of their guns as ordered.

We came to a small train of Waggons on Hams Fork loaded with Government supplies. We took the Oxen and I was called to help drive them to Bridger. I think there was 65 head. We started in the evening led by Barney Ward, an old mountaineer. We drove through the mountains and arrived at Bridger next night about sundown, staid there next \_\_\_\_ [paper torn] days when word came that Lot Smith had burnt \_\_\_\_ waggons on Sandy. We started back, met the company on Green River. Some mountaineers by the names of Yates and Cely had a small Store there of tobacco, Whiskey and other things, and they were in league with the Soldiers and reporting our whereabouts, so a raid was made on them. Also we went down Green River and took about 150 head of stock and 40 head of horses and cattle and took them to Fort Bridger where we stayed a few days to recruit our horses in the Fort Supply fields where fine grain was standing, the people having moved to Salt Lake Valley to get away from the soldiers. I thought a finer place for grain than Fort Supply I had never seen in all my travels.

After resting we went back onto Hams Fork, were joined by Rockwell and others, where we took a very large herd of cattle belonging to the waggons which had been burnt on Big Sandy, also some good Beef which had been got from the mountaineers. [We] staid, I think, 2 or 3 days on the Muddy when we again left to find out how far the soldiers were going up Hams Fork, as it was reported that the mountaineers were taking them through to Bear River on a new route; we followed up the river coming in sight one evening. We eat our suppers, lit large camp fires, then

returned into the mountains a distance of six miles, made no fires, but camped for the night, and put out guards.

The next morning [we] returned to the same place for Breakfast when we found that they had entirely surrounded the place in the night with troops, but of course [they] found nothing. Thanks to our leaders we were not caught, and to our Father in Heaven for his guidance that day. We followed on their trail and out on the side hills by their trail and expecting also to meet Bros Taylor and Stowell with provisions for us as we were entirely out. But we heard after that, they mistook a squad of soldiers to be us until too late to get away when they were taken prisoners, also 2 pack mules loaded with provisions. But we still kept following them up, appearing close to them on the hills sometimes untill they said the whole country was alive with Mormons.

The next night we came up to them at the highest camp on Hams Fork that they ever went, and drove their Picket Guard off the Hill and [we] went down into the creek below them and camped for the night in a dense mass of Brush around us with good bottom feed that we staked our horses on and lay guard for the night. We could hear their dogs bark plain and the guards call time of night every quarter of an hour.

The next morning soon after daylight, a Scout reported dust on the road, the route we had come which we thought to be Stock. We left our Camp and Pack mules in charge of a guard and rode probably a mile back when we found it was Cavalry, who drew up in line to meet [us.] Captain Lot Smith stopped us when about 150 yds from them, and he rode alone close to their line to meet their Captain; his Name was Marcy. He [Lott] enquired where he was going. Marcy said they was going to hunt a road over to Bear River. Lott told him if they persisted in going that way another day towards Bear River that they would be destroyed. After talking a time, the Captain Marcy said they were friendly to us and did not wish to hurt us and invited us to go down to the Camp with them to Breakfast. Lott had asked him if they wanted to fight but they said No.

I know at the time they had more than two men to our one, and several Mountaineers was with them. We could tell them by their difference in dress. They was mostly mounted on mules, which gave them the name of the Jackass Cavalry.

We turned after being disappointed in not getting breakfast to get our pack mules and men. Then that put [us] between the Jackass regiment and their big Camp, and in some way they gave word to their Camp. And while returning we could hear the drums beating; and when we got where we could see their camp,



we saw Infantry coming out of Camp above us and Cavalry closing in below us. But we must go to the Bottom to get our Pack Mules and men; but when we got to them, there was no way to get away from them but to cross Hams Fork right there. And by the looks of the ledges of Rock on the other side that seemed almost impossible. But Lott led the way, and we all got across safe. But their seemed to be only just one place, and then it was a jump clear out of the water about 4 feet on a ledge of rocks, and then on to the other ledges. It seemed a miracle, but every animal got up without delay, and they [the enemy] fired two or three Shots at us doing no harm.

We rode on to the top of the ridge and saw nothing of them, so we went down by a Quaker Asp Grove and rested a little to adjust our saddles and fix our Packs when word came that there [were] some coming up below. We went to get our animals when shooting commenced by them. I was then behind with Pack Mules. My horse got quite Skittish, and I had to go quite a little ways before I could get on him. A bullet went whiz by me and struck in the brush a little to the right doing no damage. Lott then fell back and told Joshua Terry and James Terry to go on to a certain point; and if they [the enemy] followed to prepare to give them a brush. This time I was with Horton Haight driving the Pack Mules along. Lott had fell back to help us. I think there was from 30 to 40 Shots fired at us doing no damage except to graze a mares leg and make a hole through one man's tall Black Hat. I do not think I was more than 100 yds from them when the Shooting Commenced. They followed us no farther.

We went on for a distance, then camp was formed and prayers were offered up to our Heavenly Father for our wonderful delivery. We was then very Hungry, not having had a bite for 36 hours. And from there we must travel 30 miles to the Muddy to Milo Andrus Camp before we could get any [food] which we accomplished that night and found 2 Beves just killed and no flour, very few Crackers, some beans, and fifty men. I do not think I ever eat so much in my life at once. As soon as we got there the boys would jump, unsaddle, and commence to eat raw meat. Milo Andrus wanted to stop them and have it divided out. Lott said pitch in boys, and so we did. [We] built fires, roasted meat, untill we were satisfied. I have thought that I eat 6 lbs of Beef that night.

I was guarding fore part of the night, went to bed, and I was waked up in the morning by water, which was mid sides to us in our beds. We eat breakfast and started for Fort Supply where we had left provisions. Snowed hard all day, but our Pioneer Barney Ward took us a direct route. I am sure I do not know how he done

it in that Storm with no road or trail. When we got there, [we] only found about 60 lbs of Flour, some Potatoes, so only stayed one night and started for Echo canyon. But we found Supplies for a few days at Soda Springs. Then [we] heard that the Soldiers were returning down Hams Fork to the old road. [We] travelled from Soda Springs in a severe Snow Storm and camped on Bear river in 2 feet of Snow. The Storm cleared up and next morning Bear River Froze over almost solid some places where the water run slow. We could cross on the Ice this day. We made to the head of Echo Kanyon, where we camped in a cave.

[We] staid here about a week when we was called to go back to Bear River as it was reported the Soldiers were started this side of Bridger and were determined to come on. Twenty picked men and horses started, and it was one of the coldest days I ever experienced, of snow on the ground and a very heavy East wind blowing. We could not walk at all and face the wind, so we had to ride. I had some big Valley Tan Boots so I could were 2 pairs of socks, which was a blessing sure. Also [I] had a large comforter tied down over my hat and ears and face so that I could just manage to see out. We was till 9 o'clock at night in getting there. But oh, what a change to go down to Bear River, no wind, camp fires burning. I really thought it was heaven to what we had been having all day. Our feet had to be pulled out of the stirrups, and some had to be lifted from their saddles. Some had their ears frost-bit, and some their toes, but not serious. Snow was used to thaw them with. I escaped free and we spent a happy night till midnight by the Camp Fires and thanked God that he had preserved us through the day.

We stayed a few days when it was reported that the Soldiers were preparing Winter Quarters, so part of the Camp was ordered back. I came back on to the Weber to where some of the First Ward men was. Staid there one week. Then [we] came in to Salt Lake some time in Decr. I had a very bad cold and was so hoarse that I could scarcely talk; but with all the privations I had to pass through, I was heavier than ever I was in my life, weighing 189 lbs. And [I] have never been as heavy since this trip. I was away about 13 weeks and had wore out most of my close; but through the kindness of Dr. Bernhisel, I got some from him and paid him in labor.

I was called again in March 1858 to go out. [I] went on foot this time to the head of Echo Cannon with Major Dan McArthur. Staid there some three weeks, then understood that arrangements had been made for Governor Cummings to come and investigate.



[I] got to Salt Lake about the 5th of April and found that most of the people had moved South, and my Father had been called out. So I came South, found a place in Payson to make a stopping Place. [I] went back and prepared to move, bought cattle, 1 yoke from B. L. Adams. And while fixing up, Bishop Moon came and told me I had to stop for City guard. I told him I would not do it untill I had moved the family. Jabes Woodard was there at the time the Bishop told me if I did not do it I would have Ball and Chain put on me or a bullet put through me. That made me mad and I told him to get out of the place and try it. Bro Woodward talked to me and cooled me down, and I concluded to go and see Major McArthur who soon made it all right. [He] told me to go and attend to my moving and come back and report to him, which I did. I went next morning after, along with Bp Moon and others, but I was never threatened any more.

I got very short of Shoes and clothes. I hauled a good load of wood from Payson mountain to Provo for a pair of Shoes which I got from Prest Young, and I was wearing the last shirt on my back. I staid in the City till the orders came to move back and was back for to commence harvest, which was good, as we had a very rainy season. Some volunteer wheat would yeild as heavy as sown crops. I now worked for B. L. Adams as I owed him some on the oxen. From here I went to American Fork and took charge of getting in his hay crop, which amounted to about 65 Tons. From there went to Payson, went to logging and hauling lumber to Camp Floyd; and by Christmas I was well rigged out again for clothing and had money and store pay which I took home between Christmas and New Years of 1859, which helped Father & family out pretty well. And though I lost an ox that winter, I had money to buy another in the Spring. This year I worked some land on shares and worked out at odd times and done well in Harvest time. [In] 1860, farmed some land on shares and worked out the balance of the time, was making a living but not saving anything to start life with.

On Feby 12th 1861, was married to Emma Burgess and went to live with my wife's folks and commenced working at the Rock Quarrying business which was lively and done very well. [I] got a lot in the 11th Ward, had adobies made to build with, when at October Conference Thos Burgess was called to come on a mission to what is now known as Washington Co. to raise cotton and other southern products. And T. Burgess offered to sell out and fit up teams if I would volunteer to come with him. I said I thought it would be best for him to fit out, and I would stop and take care of his place for property was on the raise. But he concluded to come, so we fitted out two teams and wagons and we moved together.

We arrived on the Virgin River about the First of Decr 1861, camped above on the South Side of the river between Duncan and Grafton untill the land was surveyed and drawn when it fell to his lot to draw a Blank and [I drew] 2 fractions. So we started on the 20th of Decr to go to St George; but when we got to Virgen City, we had to stop, and my first boy was born there. Then we was offered land there to draw with the balance which we got, but only 3-1/2 acres of farm land and an acre city lot. We had a very rainy winter, and the river rose very high covering all the bottom lands washing out old Grafton and part of Rockville. I was appointed water master of the Farm Land Ditch which we dug out. And we raised a fair crop of cane, some grain, cotton, and very fine melons, and we was quite encouraged. Still there was no money in this part, and we had to barter for wool. And my wife had to spin yarn, and we had to have it wove to get our clothing. This was done for several years before factories were started and before we had any stores.

Pioche in Nevada was the first mining camp started in this part, that being over 100 miles away; but it proved to be a good thing for this part of the country to ship our produce that we had to spare. And money gradually became the medium of exchange in getting our clothing and agricultural implements.

From time to time heavy floods have come down the river taking our lands, orchards, and gardens causing many to leave. And at the present time, 1886, there is not more than one half the bottom land left that was here when we came, but we have been told from time to time to hold our positions as long as possible. We have had, and have at the present time, a great sight of hard work on our ditches the past two years. We have had rainy seasons that would have matured upland grain; and this year we have commenced to fence in portions of said land; and if the seasons continue rainy, we will be able to raise all the grain needed for home consumption. This [the flood] has been the great drawback for we have had to raise cane, make molasses, and take it back north to get our bread needed, also fruit, and other things, going sometimes 150 miles to get the bread needed. Still I can say the Lord has really blessed us for we have never suffered for bread in the past 24 years we have been here. And if the Lord blesses us with the rains needed for our Upland crops, which I verily believe he will, we will then be about as independent a people as lives in the Territory of Utah.

Many changes in the past 24 years—we now have 7 children, 4 boys and 3 girls all now healthy and well, and the youngest is 4 years old and the oldest daughter married on the 24th of February. I have held numerous offices among which are



Justice of Peace, Registration Officer, Postmaster, Trustee of School District and at the present time holding President of Theological Class, [and I have] held the office of Seventie since 1856. During the past 24 years we had to move from Duncans Retreat to Virgen City, one season on account of Indian raids. I traveled on Indian expedition to the Colorado, out 21 days under James Andrus and was Chaplain of the Company. I was also with Captain Andrus when the Indians were caught on the Whitmore Ranch, some 14 in number, and all were killed but one, which practically put an end to the Indian deprivations in this part.

Hard work, exposure, and the ups and downs of life have had their effect on me so that I am not very rugged to stand hard labor now at the age of 48 years. But I still feel thankful that my lot is cast with the Latter Day Saints. I was told before I left England that I would never be able to do a hard days work in my life; but thank God, I have done a great many and able still to do them. I should feel more contented if I had my Father near me. I have tried to get him here a number of times but always get refused. He is now old and in his dotage and among strangers. I can only say the Lord's will be done.

*Note: Mary Lyman Reeve states: "Robert's stepmother left the church, and went to California, taking a boy named Valentine with her. Robert Sr. followed (between 1859 and 1861) and left the Church also; he never came back again."*

*We resume Robert's journal.*

Novr 1891 I came up from Dixie to visit the Deseret country and concluded to take up place in Hinckley so moved my family in May 1892. Tom, John, and Henry helped me to build my house, got a place from A. W. Wright, and some land from George Theobald that he got under the Timber Culture Act. And mine is the North West Forty of the Quarter Section. I done well with the crop first year. [I] had 6 acres on Wm Pratt's land which he let me have free and raised 540 bus Grain all told. In the fall at Novr Election, I was elected Justice of Peace for Hinckley Precinct for term of 2 years, from Jan'y 1st 1893. I also took the Agency of Coop Wagon & Machines Co. and of the Herald Co.; and as my strength is failing some, it is some help to me. Coop Store incorporated first week in July 1893, Wm Pratt as Prest, and I was also elected a Director. I feel glad that I have moved as I think after a time I can live easier, and my family is mostly earning their own living. In Meadow Creek in Feby I was ordained a High Priest, went to the Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple in April, and paid my Uncle, Aunt and Cousins a visit

which I could not have made only Bro Pratt lent me the money for my ticket; for through moving and building, we was short of means, but thankful to say the Lord is blessing us.

Son John is learning music and learning to play the Cornet in the band, which organized the beginning of the year 1893. And it seems quite different to where we had been in Dixie the past 30 years for we had been crowded close together, and [there are] but few of us here. There is some over 60 families. We live generally 1/4 to 1/2 mile apart, but we have good large meetings and something going on most of the time with large schools.

[In] 1894 Grasshoppers done considerable damage, but still we raised sufficient for our own use and some produce to spare, and the country is building up some. [In] 1895 John and me together raised 1300 Bus Grain as well as getting some Lucern started.

Son-in-Law A. W. Wright was called on a mission to the Southern States. He went in June. Also my oldest son Tom was called on a mission to the Southern States, went Decr 7th and left feeling to try to do his duties. I was also serving my second term of Justice of Peace for Hinckley 1896. I was an active home missionary appointed in 1894, but was called in March 1896 to go with Bro John Ashman of Filmore, Patriarch in the Stake, as special home missionary to visit in the different settlements of the Stake in the interest of our Temple Missionary, Sister Mathews, to collect back indebtedness, also to teach and preach. We visited Hinckley, Leamington, Deseret, Oasis, Holden, then took a trip to Manti Temple and commenced work on my Father. I came from there and attended Ward Conference in Scipio and was released the beginning of June to return home for a time. Wrote over 200 Patriarchal Blessings while on the trip. [I] was called on or about the 10th of July to visit Snake Valley, 100 miles west, to find if there were any Latter Day Saints and to establish a Sunday School, but failed in doing much as the people were busy. We were received well and treated to the best, but religion seemed to be minor consideration.

*There are a few more lines to his history written when he was nearly blind. He wrote over the history he had written and it is impossible to read.*

*The concluding years of Robert's life are reviewed by Mary Lyman Reeve:*

In Hinckley where he spent the remaining years of his [Robert Warne Reeve, Jr.] life, his youngest daughter Bertha was baptized by her brother William on her ninth birthday. Robert



built the family home one-half mile north of the main road that goes through Hinckley. He kept his position as Agent for the C.W.&M. Co. Often when there were discrepancies in the book-keeping of the accounts at the main office, Robert's figures were depended upon to be the correct ones. He was never known to have his books questioned. His accurate books have been held in the family for many years.

When Robert was 69 years old, he was dragged by a horse over a post, injuring his eye. He said he realized he suffered with it a great deal, but it was not till after he had recovered that he was shocked to find that the sight was gone. It was then too late to save the other one and the last six years of his life were spent in darkness. His grandchildren would lead him around. When his son William died in 1910, Robert cried in disappointment that it could not have been him, as he shrank from being dependent on his family.

He was a good singer; he had a splendid voice. He still tried to sing as he had so often done with his father on missionary trips in England and which had been his comfort all his life. He always loved music and now this became a source of strength and comfort to him.

It has been said of him, he would have made a great educator although he never had a day of schooling in his life. He could speak fluently. He understood the gospel perfectly and loved it. He knew his history and loved his people.

Robert died at his son John's home in Hinckley February 6, 1913, and is buried in the Hinckley Cemetery.



John Reeve

#### DIARY OF JOHN REEVE

John Reeve was a self-made man, not a tinkered with and left unfinished or botched-up sort of job. He was made! True, his material for personal adornment was somewhat limited, but so was Abraham Lincoln's. The two compared in "no apparent beauty that man could him desire," but in the stern reality of heart and soul the two had much in common.

There was never a pair of gloves for John Reeve, since his hand measured beyond com-

mercial sizes. His mother made them to measure when she could, but mostly he went without gloves. He had dark hair and grey eyes. He stood six feet seven inches in his stocking feet, and always had trouble getting clothes to fit, even common shirts and overalls. (By Mary Lyman Reeve)

*John started keeping a diary in December 1894 when he was nearing his twenty-second birthday.*

I was born Jan. 13, 1873, at Duncan, Washington Co., Utah. My parents' names are, Robert Warne and Emma Burgess Reeve. I am the fifth child of seven children, having three brothers and one sister older than myself, and two sisters younger. . . . I lived in Duncan until June 6, 1892. Then I with my parents moved to Hinckley, Millard Co., Utah.

While in Washington Co., the chances for schooling were very poor; the whole time I spent in the schoolroom would not amount to more than one year. Therefore, growing up in ignorance of book learning and good society, I became reckless and indulged, to a great extent, in the wicked ways of the world. A great part of my time was spent in riding, tending to stock, which is naturally a rough occupation.

I took to using tobacco, and to some extent indulging in wine drinking, as wine was quite plentiful. It became common to drink it. In the spring of 1894 while living in Hinckley, I became ashamed of my offensive habit, and on May 7th I quit its use. And since then I have enjoyed better health, both mentally and physically.

Duncan had only ten families: two families of Wrights, two families of Pratts, two families of Theobalds, one family each of Otts, Reeves, Badgers, and Gibsons. It lay on the north bank of the Virgin River; five miles above Rockville. The river was always muddy. This was important to the settlers there. As they dipped up the water, they could tell which canyon may bring the next flood. The canyon on the east always had white silt, the one on the north, dark red.

*We go back to Mary Lyman Reeve's biography of John.*

Among John's earliest memories is the struggle the people had to protect themselves from the river. He remembered once standing with a large crowd of people watching his grandfather Burgess's precious land being washed away by the wicked river in chunks as big as eight by twelve feet. As his grandfather stood watching the devastation, he saw a large crack in the bank of the



river which would have taken his aged grandparent if his daughter Emma had not clutched his arm. As John grew, he realized that the problem was not only to get the water to the land, but to keep the water from taking the land. The canal was always being washed out and the banks being continually rebuilt.

John had two cousins about his own age, George Theobald and Thomas H. Pratt. As they herded cows among the prickly pears and sharp rocks, they kept a constant eye to the river for any sign of white or dark water. They then would alarm the town so that the men could hurry either to the north or to the east.

John's eldest brother was Thomas, called Tom. With all the tenacity of a small boy, John clung to Tom and to every word he said. Tom was away a great deal of the time freighting into Nevada and Central Utah and sometimes as far north as Salt Lake. When he returned he always brought some wonderful thing to John from the big world outside of Duncan. One time Tom had been to the cattle range and brought home a new saddle and a spirited horse. Those two things seemed to John the most desirable of all things in life. Tom let John ride down to the Red Bank of the river and back. Up to that time there had never been any happiness to equal this. One time he brought John some shiny nickels and this also bound his affection to Tom in strong devotion.

When John was eight years old [1881], he went to Silver Reef Mining Camp with his father peddling molasses, eggs, butter, and quail. Every week he saw and heard drinking, degradation and sorrow, such that he carried scarred and vivid memories of mining camps all of his life. This gave him a lifetime distaste for such a way of life.

In the wintertime he had shoes to wear, but at no other time. His feet became so tough and hard that the bottoms of them could turn thistles and thorns from the hardy tropical bushes that grew everywhere. Sometimes in his cow herding he had a horse to ride, but more often he was barefoot and on foot. These were lonely and tiresome days for little John.

As a young boy, nine years old, he gathered up the town cows to herd in Zion's Canyon, taking turns with other boys. They watched the cows from early morning until the shadows told them it was time to get them home for milking. All went well except when a storm came up in the mountains while he was in the canyon.

One day he was on his favorite pony, Old Gib. He knew every inch of the country, inside and outside the canyon. Suddenly it grew dark, very dark, and great raindrops spattered down and lightning seemed to be everywhere. A quick succession

of lightnings with the following thunder frightened the cows and they ran in every direction. John was just plain scared to death. His responsibility was to see that all the cows got home safely. But to his surprise he could not see any of them. Each raindrop seemed as big as a bucket. Strange as it may seem and to make matters worse, Gib refused to be guided by his rider.

John dug his spurs into the side of the horse, but it did not do one bit of good. Then John began his collection of youthful cuss words; then he used some not so youthful. To add to his bewilderment, he found he did not know where he was. The flashes of lightning revealed not one familiar object. Then in spite of his nine years, he did what any brave boy would do. He cried. He called and cursed and cried and called. But his own voice echoed with the thunder, and he became more terrified than before. To add to his troubles, that pesky Gib kept up a determined effort to go his own way.

At last, worn out, weary, exhausted, and despairing, he prayed his own prayer and it was an earnest one. He not only prayed, he commanded and directed and demanded. As he prayed, he imagined he saw his own dead body being torn to pieces by wild animals and his bones bleaching in the sun. When he could think of no more words of instruction to Divine Providence, he resigned himself to what seemed an inevitable fate of being forever lost and never found except by the wolves and buzzards. Often he had seen those big, filthy birds hovering in the sky waiting for some poor unfortunate to die so they could pick its bones.

He could not cry any more, his strength was gone. He wondered how he could even keep astride Gib. He had no notion of where Gib was taking him, and he didn't have the strength to care. He did not know how long he had been in the lost state, but to his astonishment, as he dared open his eyes, he saw lights streaming out of a familiar door and his mother out straining her eyes and ears for him. She was his mother, and she carried him in and took off his wet and torn clothing, and poured some warm milk down his throat and then went out to care for the horse. When she came back, he had aroused himself and began again to cry. He had not taken care of the cows and brought them home. The cows had all been home hours ago. They knew the way home and so did Gib. Wasn't it good that Divine Providence had carried out John's instructions so very well?

Kolob was a great table mountain in Zion's Canyon. The grass was luxuriant and the altitude was high, so John's stay up on the mountain every summer was a real pleasure. Every May the cows had to be driven up over the cross-criss roads and the wagons followed carrying John, his mother, and his brother



Henry with all of the utensils necessary to make cheese and butter, wild berry preserve, jam, and jelly. It was John's work to gather the berries as he kept his eye on the cows. All day John gathered black raspberries and saved every one religiously for when they were to be made into preserves, the most delicious product of all things edible.

One trip was never to be forgotten. In the fall John's father came to help bring the family home. They had two wagons. All of the containers of preserves and jam were carefully packed in the first wagon with his father and sister Christy. John and his mother were in the other one. This provided a perfect view of what was to happen. The roads then were rough; boulders of various sizes punctuated the wagon trails. Both wagons slipped by and over and around [the rocks] until one tipped the first wagon suddenly down the mountainside. All of the preserved raspberries John had gathered all summer were pouring down the dugway. The wagon was broken into bits and one horse was killed outright. Christy and her father narrowly escaped death and were bruised and bleeding, but to John the big loss was the raspberries; those preserves were gone forever! They could get another wagon and another horse, and the injuries would mend, but the raspberry preserves could never be replaced! John had never had anything sting him so deeply as the loss of those berries.

Molasses was manufactured by man and horse power. John's job was to ride the horse around and around the revolving spindle. The sun was hot; the hours were long. For years afterward he could still hear his own voice saying, "round and round and round, to turn the wheel, to turn the rollers to grind the juice from the cane, the juice that makes molasses." Never did it take so long for the sun to bring noon as when he was riding in the dust and heat that started before sunrise. As the sun rose higher and higher, John scanned more eagerly and strained his eyes looking for dust down the road. The dust meant that dinner was coming from home! These were dinners that no one but John's mother knew how to make. There was enough for father, Tom, Will, Henry, Grandfather Burgess, and John. It was always something mighty good to eat: potatoes, meat, gravy, custard pie, frosted cake, and cold root beer from the well. When mother left for home and took a little bucket of molasses, that meant they would have candy that night. After lunch, back to the horse for another long turn going round and round. Always he must be very careful not to trample on the "bagus" which must be frugally carried home and dried for cattle feed in the winter.

On a bitter cold night they were traveling along the railroad track. Tom knew there was a campground a few miles ahead.

John was walking on the ties with his shoes on. Tom had urged John to wear them to keep his feet warm. But his feet were not warm, and besides John thought the shoes had skinned his feet from the toes to the heels. John did not notice that the wagon was getting ahead of him. He seemed to be numb all over. He was ten years old, and he was determined to be brave and did not want to call Tom. Drowsiness crept over him and he forgot how painful his feet were or how cold he was. He sank down on the rails to rest. The next he knew, Tom had him in his arms and was rubbing him to consciousness, and softly saying endearing words to him. After that when they rode at night in the cold, Tom would light the lantern and fix it so that John's bare feet would not suffer with the cold as he rode in the wagon.

When John was fifteen years old, he was alone on his first deer hunt in Bear Valley. His mother had cautioned him to be careful, just as any mother of a fifteen-year-old would. She told him if he needed anything to go to the Blue Spring to Uncle Richard and Aunt Betsy Parker's place. John scorned the idea. He was sure that he could take care of himself.

His "killing iron" consisted of an old cap and ball pistol, the equal of any in the land. As he rode along, he swelled with pride at the importance of the job before him. He was determined that they would be proud of him when he brought home his own deer. So to waste no time he began loading the pistol as he rode along. He had just got the cap on and was putting in the ball, when BANG! John saw his thumb hanging down and blood shooting out and over everything. His thumb seemed to be torn entirely to pieces. He immediately forgot that he was able to care for himself and that he was fifteen years old. He bellowed in terror. He felt sure he was dying and had a picture of himself being found cold and stiff on the prairie. So if he was going to die, he hoped that he could get to Uncle Richard Parker's first. He used all his powers of persuasion on his horse to get its fastest gait. He wished he had paid more attention when his mother was directing him to Parker's. All he could remember was that in general they lived down to Blue Springs on Kolob Mountain. He fervently prayed that he could live until he got there.

John was a very abject and badly shaken object when he presented himself at the Parker home. All were very solicitous for his comfort. But all that he gleaned from this kindness was that Uncle Richard did not think he would die. At this moment this was the most welcome thought he had ever had. Uncle Richard took out his pocketknife and cut the dangling end of John's thumb away. Aunt Betsy rustled some clean white cloth to bandage it up, and the wounded member was made to look as



if a professional had mended it. Then she fed him some of her good food which would make any wounded soldier well.

As John rested in the warm hospitality of the Parker home, a gleam of light came as something like a real message to him: "Life is for some purpose, and the suffering entailed while living this life is for a great and glorious purpose." When he started for home he was a much wiser boy. He would study life and its vicissitudes more. The disfigured thumb was a symbol to him of something worthwhile, because it had been carved in his flesh.

Tom's splendid mare had been lost for some time. She was needed at the Reeve establishment. John and Tom took provisions for five days and started in the direction of Wild Horse Range, near the foot of Kolob Mountain. They rode for a day and a half and could find nothing. They separated with the understanding that they would meet at Antelope Springs that night. John had ridden until nearly sundown and was contemplating starting off for Antelope when he saw Tom's horse! John found her at Canaan Ranch, a place then inhabited only by coyotes.

It was dark by the time John finally fought off the wild herd of horses that the mare had consorted with for a year, and she was reluctant to leave. He discovered she had a young colt. In spite of the fact that John finally got a rope around her neck, the wild mustangs lingered around. What was he to do? It was thirty-five miles to Antelope, and the little colt was pretty well fagged out with all the running it had done to keep near its mother. The countryside was unfamiliar to John. There was not a spear of feed for either the animals or himself. He had no matches for a fire. There was no water. He had but one rope, and that was tied to the newly found mare. She was touchy, and John could not get near her without a struggle. So he kept the rope on the mare and used the reins to secure his own riding horse. Still the wild horses hung around.

He had heard of Tom and Henry "laying out" in their saddle blankets, and he felt that Uncle Richard would do this too under the circumstances. As he lay on his hard bed, he was gratified to find that the dismal howl of the coyotes did not frighten him at all. He felt at peace, except he could not erase from his mind the face of Tom, who would be anxious about him. This kept him from sleeping soundly. The next morning early he started for home with the mare and her colt. He did not forget that he had been hungry the night before, and now he felt even more starved. At noon he came upon a group of rangers who were just finishing their lunch. They talked to him for a while, but never once offered him a bite to eat. He was ravenous with hunger, but he could not bring himself to beg for lunch. The pride and joy of find-

ing the mare kept John from crying out with hunger and general wretchedness. John felt well paid, however, when he saw how proud of him Tom was. Tom made him out to be a great hero and was not slow in telling everyone about his brave little brother.

Peddling wine and farm products was a way of life for the settlers. Anybody who had not any wine to peddle was looked upon with suspicion of his thrift. This was also before the drastic action of the Church in issuing its manifesto against wine. Up to that time the revelation had been taken for its words: "Not by commandment or restraint." So John went peddling wine to those who did not use "judgment" and "skill." The normal load was twenty barrels of forty gallons each. The usual route would be: Virgin City, The Twist, LaVerkin, Ten Mile, Toquer, Anderson Ranch (camp for the night), Black Ridge, Dry Creek, Kannarra, Hamilton Fort, Cedar City Summit, Parowan, Red Creek, Buck Horn Spring, Beaver, Cove Fort, Little Creek Canyon, Joseph City, Elsinore, Monroe, Richfield, Glenwood, Sigurd, Vermillion, Salina and Mayfield. They traded wine for wheat and sometimes waited in a line-up of wagons two miles long to get the wheat ground in Glenwood.

On one of these long peddling trips, John remembered how kind Tom was to him. John had been barefooted all summer. His feet were hard, calloused and rough. In one of the towns, Tom bought John a pair of new shoes for the winter. John was delighted with them. He tried wearing them, but they hurt his feet. As they traveled from one town to another, he would wear them in the towns where he had to be the one to approach the houses seeking prospective buyers. But as soon as they were out of town he would slip them off.

The Virgin River and Duncan's Retreat had provided rich and exciting experiences for all of its few inhabitants. The Indians didn't want the place, so they did not present a problem. But the explosive, unpredictable river acted almost as if it had a stubborn soul and wanted to consume the area! So with little land left and less determination to try to continue the struggle, the mission was abandoned in 1892.

John and all of his brothers and sisters had been born there: Thomas Robert, December 20, 1861; William Arthur, November 18, 1863; Henry Warne, November 27, 1865; Emma Elizabeth, February 19, 1868; Christiana, July 4, 1875; John, January 13, 1873; and Bertha, December 7, 1881. . . . John's beloved grandparents, Thomas and Elizabeth Isaacs Burgess, were buried there. John had been to school only a few months during his nineteen years in Duncan. But he learned to read and acquired



a love for learning that was never satisfied. His busy life had been exciting and he loved every minute. . . .

*We resume John Reeve's diary.*

Having a desire to know something about books, I resolved to make an attempt to go to school; and on October 5th 1894, I started to school at the Latter Day Saints College, [Salt Lake City] and took the preparatory course. I left home not knowing where I was going to stay after I got up there. But by looking around, I got the privilege of staying with Filmer Eakle. I stayed there untill the 6th of November, then went and lived with Mrs. Stayner.

December 24, 1894. I went home for holidays, returning Jan. 4, 1895 and stayed with Mrs. Stayner till Jan. 9. Having the misfortune of losing my situation at the former places, I laid my case before Bro. [Willard] Done, the principal of the college, asking him if he knew of a place I could get to stay as it was through him I got my situation. Bro. Done told me I could come and live with him, do the chores around the house, and a little garden work in the spring, get my board and lodging, and have my washing done, which accommodation I most thankfully accepted. And on Jan. 9, 1895, I took up my abode with Bro. & Sister Done at or between 7-8 South & 5-6 East. During December 1894 I joined the Model Sunday School at the L.D.S. College and enrolled in the Theological Class. Examinations of the first semester of the L.D.S. College begun Tues. Jan. 22 and continued three days. . . .

Jan. 29th, 1895, Tuesday. Went to school as usual. Started in new Arithmetic Class, went to an excellent theater at night, "King Richard, IV," the best I ever saw. I saw Lon Hinckley from Millard Co. Reports all well.

Jan. 30th, Wed. Arose at 7 a.m. Done chores, went to school prepared in regular lessons; got a letter from parents, also one from Miss Emma Harmon and one from Maggie Peterson. Bro. & Sister Done and Miss Cummings gone for the evening. Retired 12 p.m.

Jan. 31st, Thur. Arose at 6 in the morning, performed the regular chores, went to school, and recited regular lessons. At evening, Mr. (Thomas H.) Pratt and I went to a theater, "Julius Ceasar" and feasted on the noble and high flown language of one of the celebrated plays of Shakespeare, went to bed at 12. . . .

Feb. 4th, Monday. Went to school and regular lessons were rendered; also went to 4th West—1st South to get a letter, and butter (to sell), which Geo. Isom brought from Hinckley. Report

from there—all well. Snow is rapidly melting, and by all appearances sleighriding will soon be over. . . .

Feb. 6, Wed. Nothing particular happened out of the regular line of school lessons, except writing and registering a letter of \$25 home; and sending a book to my cousin, E. B. Theobald. Thawing weather continues. Troubled some with sore foot; arose and retired at regular time, getting one hour for study in the mornings.

Feb. 7th, Thursday. Besides the regular lessons at school, one hour in the morning was spent in fast meeting, in which were borne some powerful testimonies by the students and teachers.

Feb. 8th, Friday. The monthly Priesthood Meeting met at College, 9-10 a.m. in which was given some very good and useful instructions. I was to answer a question, but owing to the time taken up by the discourse, and asking and answering of questions, my question was carried over for one month. Went to a debating society of Y.M.C.A. & Hamilton Club on the subject of whether the female sex was equal in intellect to the male. According to the scientific evidences given by the female defenders, the ladies were given the victory. But whether they are equal or not, they had ought to consider themselves as such, for I think they are necessary in order to make life completer. . . .

Feb. 11th, Monday. Rec'd a letter from Miss P. I thought, "See where the better coat is coming from before you cast the old one off." Freezing weather continues.

Feb. 12th, Tuesday. At 15 minutes to five o'clock, I ceased my slumbering, arose and spent one hour & a half in studying my lessons. I find it is a force put to study late at nights as my mind becomes tired through the days work; therefore I find it much better to study of a morning. Also I feel more like work by walking to school and back, distance being about two miles each way. A snow storm is the result of the last few days of cold weather. . . .

Feb. 14, Thursday. Rec'd a letter from Miss Harmon, she being at Holden & having to discontinue school on account of sickness. While returning from school a horrible sight met my gaze; it was the ruins of a fire on corner of 2 South & Main. Sleigh Riding continues.

February 15, Friday. The last school day of the week found me at the college promptly at 9 a.m. with all my lessons prepared. Rec'd a letter from Miss H. According to the desires of the students, it was decided to have a party next Thurs. Having broken Bro. Done's pitch fork, I replaced it by buying a new one. Cold weather still continues. . . .



Feb. 18, Monday. On the regular time I was at school. Instead of having the regular Theological classes, they had testimony meeting, in which I arose and spoke a minute or two and was very much frightened. The day was warm and pleasant. . . .

Feb. 20, Wednesday. Left the house at 8:30 o'clock and arrived at school before 9, thereby walking 2 miles in less than a half an hour. I met F. Eakle on street and I let him have one pair of turkeys at \$2.25 a pr which payed him for what I was owing on board bill. Also registered \$20.00 to the folks in Hinckley. The streets of S.L. City are quite muddy, the result of thawing weather.

Feb. 21, Thursday. Upon the regular time I was at school, and prepared in my lessons as well as usual. Under the auspices of some of the leading students of the College, a ball was given at the Seventh Ward Hall in which I was a participant untill 12 o'clock, being the first dance I've been to in Salt Lake City. . . .

Feb. 23, Saturday. . . . "Best men are moulded out of faults." Shakespeare. (According to that, there may be some hope for me yet.)

Feb. 24, Sunday. At the regular time went to Sunday School at College, taking Bro. Done's children along with me as usual. The teacher of Theological Class (Bro. J. Nelson) called on myself to discuss a part of subject, which nearly scared me to death, and I appear to be getting worse in that regard all the time, though I believe it makes much difference to an individual as to what kind of a teacher a person has. I know it does with me, for if I think the teacher is a little sarcastic, or critical (as I think this one is) it causes a very timid feeling and in fact knocks me out entirely. In fact I was ashamed of myself this morning & I think I will have my name taken off the roll. In afternoon Thomas Pratt (my cousin) came over, and we went down on Mn Street & P.O. Wrote a letter home. Poultry is worth more now.

Feb. 25, Monday. . . . The Civil Government class had a sham trustee election of which was very interesting, I being up as one of the candidates. Rec'd two lbs of butter from home for house use. Previously rec'd butter 2 lb, 2 chickens, 10 lb Ditto. The mud was very bad to day, it having rained and finished thawing the ice and snow.

March 1st, Friday. Upon starting my journal on a new page, with a new month, I expect to do better in the future than has been done in the past, that is make my journal more interesting & spicy; but then it is rather hard to do so where a person has nearly the same kind of work every day as I have. I did some business for John Elder to day: that is, collected & sent money for poultry of \$24.50, retaining 20 cts myself.

Went up to Thomas Pratt's place in afternoon, got shingled & shaved. It was a very calm spring like day, very unusual for March 1st.

March 2nd, Saturday. The Quarterly Conference of Salt Lake Stake commenced at 10 a.m. o'clock in the assembly room of which I attended both sessions and was deeply interested in the remarks. The general instruction was for people to get land and cultivate it and for those who had farms to stay with them; this idea suits my mind very much. I still think that is the safest occupation & the most reliable. The morning was calm and pleasant, blew and snowed some at evening. Met Mary Ann Wright at the close of afternoon meeting who was from Hinckley and [has] been in the city all winter.

March 3rd, Sunday. From my slumber I awoke and arose at 4 o'clock in the morning, thereby getting one hour and a half study, of which a dull scholar surely needs and more too if he can get it. I bathed and got ready, went to meeting staying to both sessions, in which were some very valuable instructions given by the authorities of the Church. After meeting, Thomas P. & I went into the County building and winded our way up above the clock, and had a good view of the beautiful Salt Lake Valley and the large establishments of the city rendering a very attractive sight, of which delighted the fancy & imaginations of the curiosity seeking youths of the country. We reached the top of the tour [tower] without the assistance or knowledge of an escort. As we were descending the stairs, to our surprise we found one of the doors locked, and not a sound of an individual could be heard inside of the building. Imagine the thoughts if you can of these two youths a-spending a night in a large tour [tower]. But after looking and scheming about the rooms to get down, the janitor came and opened the door, and with a jesting countenance said he had a good notion to have us arrested. You can bet we were glad 'twas just a joke. . . .

March 6, Wednesday. Earnest Theobald came up from Hinckley on the fifth and starts on his mission the seventh. I went up to Bro Pratt's place and spent the evening with E.B.T. and had a very enjoyable time talking over Hinckley happenings.

March 7, Thursday. Fast day was observed for an hour and a quarter at the College, in which I was highly interested as the speakers spoke very intelligently and with the power of God. As my cousin was to leave for the Northern States on his mission, I remained at the College untill 6:20 p.m., then went to the Depo to bid him a successful journey. One particular paragraph pleased my mind so I will write it: "A wise man changes his opinions often, and a fool never does."



Mar. 8, Friday. I did some business for Isaac Canham & G. A. Black. Collected & sent \$25 for poultry. To day has been a very spring like day.

Mar. 9, Saturday. I remained at home all day. Then began to spade the garden, water the trees, and done a few odd chores about the place. The day was warm and pleasant, and its length seemed to me like a day in April. I also did some sewing such as fastening buttons on clothing, etc.

Mar. 10, Sunday. I went up to Wilckin's place, where my cousin stops and we had an interesting time for a while. Then we went with W. Durant and Charley Wilckin, went down in Liberty Park and spent a little time in swinging and refreshing ourselves, but the swinging in the breeze caused Bro Durant to take sick, which stopped his having a good time. After returning we separated to our homes, thus with the exceptions of a few minor happenings, passed the Sabbath day.

Mar. 11, Monday. Under the supervision of instructor Miss Smith, a winter's course in Grammar was started last fall, with the intention of going through the book by the First of April, but on account of some of the students being a drawback to the class, it was impossible to advance. Therefore, the class was broken up, and I was transferred to Bro Woodbery's class, having to skip from pages 186 to 242, thereby making it rather difficult to catch up with the class.

Mar. 12, Tuesday. I don't think that my journal states how many lessons I have been taking. Therefore I will endeavor to name them. On the beginning of the year I took: 1st, Book of Mormon; 2nd, Grammar; 3rd, Arithmetic; 4th, Geog.; 5th, U.S. History; 6th, Penmanship 3 days a week. Each took a half an hour for recitation; that is for the first term. The second term was the same with the exceptions of the following: 45 minutes for recitation, and substituting Civil Government for U.S. History, having completed U.S. History, also taking Music two days a week.

My teachers for the first term were as follows, naming them in order with the classes: P. Maycock, Miss Donette Smith, Phylip Maycock, John T. Woodbery, J.T.W., P. Maycock.

Mar. 13, Wednesday. After I had awoke this morning, a slight snow fell which barely covered the ground and was soon gone, but the weather has grown considerable colder, as the wind blew nearly all day. Upon returning from school, I did a few errands for the folks, such as going to the Tithing Office for a few things, etc. From the time I arrived home which was about 2:30, I was busily engaged in turning the washer 'till 9 o'clock, then immediately going to bed, depending upon getting my lessons in the morning. Received my letters to day. . . .

March 18, Monday. I rec'd a registered letter from home requesting myself to do some business for them. Reports of Hinckley are good. After returning home to day I continued spading the garden.

Mar. 19, Tuesday. By having to see what I could get that seed order of father's filled for, and have Will's watch fixed, I did not get to school 'till after Theology Class, which is the first time I have missed one of my regular classes. After returning home, I turned the washer 'till 7 o'clock, then getting one lesson and retiring.

Mar. 20, Wednesday. Out of the regular line of school work, the Civil Government organized on party lines (Conservative & Liberal) for the purpose of learning how to conduct primary conventions and elections of which the first was held today. I had \$7.50 worth of seeds shipped home from Branting & Henderson. The wind was blowing to day, and it has now grown cloudy.

Mar. 21, Thursday. The Civil Government class divided on party lines, and each of them held rallys and much enthusiasm was shown. This plan is a good one, to learn how to conduct meetings of different kinds.

Mar. 22, Friday. The election of the Civil Government Class was held and was carried on very systematically, each party having printed tickets and everything was done quite orderly. Votes were two in favor of the "Liberals."

Mar. 23, Saturday. The job of planting radishes is what I undertook this morning, and planted 7 rows of them. The rest of the day, physically my time was idly spent but well spent mentally, retiring between 8 and 9 o'clock; weather good.

Mar. 24, Sunday. After choring I went to Sunday School which was of a very peculiar character, it being announced that the model Sunday School would close next Sunday. [This] met with much opposition and disappointment on the part of representatives, as there seemed to be a misunderstanding as to reasons of its closing.

Mar. 25, Monday. I spent part of the afternoon carrying water for garden, planting lettuce seed, and putting in a few onions. A very warm summer like day to day has been. . . .

Mar. 28, Thursday. The school decided on a vacation next week, so I decided to go home. At night Tom & I went to the Grand Theatre to the play entitled "Mrs. Winthrop" which was good, this being the first time I have been to Grand.

Mar. 29, Friday. Having finished up my examination in the rest of the studies, also ends my school year of which I regret very much. I bought me a pair of shoes, and things for the cart,



also bought my ticket, and expect to start for home tomorrow. Also after coming home, Bro. Pratt came down, and I went back with him and gave him a shingle; coming home then I prepared my trunk for leaving early in the morning. Upon getting up this morning, I was surprised by seeing the earth covered with snow, and it is still coming down, which continued 'till 11 o'clock a.m., then melted away very fast.

Mar. 30, Saturday. After having stayed with Bro Done from the 9th of Jan. 'till to day, I, after having milked the cow, ate breakfast, finished packing my trunk, etc., bade the folks good bye, feeling very grateful [to them] for their accommodations towards me in allowing me to remain there while attending school. After having my trunk delivered to the station, I boarded the U. P. Train for Oasis. At Nephi, Mr. Garrett got on the train, who was the only individual on the train that I knew. We entered into conversation, which helped to while away the time. After arriving at Leamington, as the train remained there for 1 hr 30 min, we spent [the time] in inspecting and watching the operations of the smelter, which had just recently been built.

Upon arriving at Oasis, at 4:30 p.m., I was surprised by not seeing some one to meet me, but as luck was still in my favor, I got home by walking from Deseret, although I got my trunk brought over by a team that was coming this way; but it did not get here 'till after 9 o'clock p.m. Spent the evening in conversation with parents, brothers & sisters.

Mar. 31, Sunday. Sunday I spent in Hinckley. Being the first for some time, I whiled away the forenoon at home. In afternoon, went to meeting and spent the remainder of the afternoon around the meeting house. I visited and presented some business to the Hinckley Bond Board but no understanding could be affected as there was a discrepancy of an understanding.

April 1st, Monday. This being All Fools Day, of course it is my day out. I made the first attempt to try and work, after being confined for some time, which shortly ended in a very tired feeling, although I managed to work 'till noon by having a number of rests. There were about 20 acres of crop planted before I started. E. H. [Emma Harmon] and I had previously kept company but because of a misunderstanding, we had discontinued until to night when all wrongs were righted.

April 2, Tuesday. Another attempt to work resulted in nearly a days work of which I did ploughing ditches on the north side of the land and finishing the waste ditch down the center of the land. In the afternoon I made an attempt to plough and turned over one levee and part of another. At evening went down to a meeting of the delegates of the Great Canal enterprize which

has been talked of digging a Canal out above Leamington via Oak City, Holden, etc.

April 3, Wednesday. After eating breakfast and doing the chores, went down in the field of which we bought of Alex, and worked on a piece of land trying to level it and got two levees finished by noon; and went down to a Bond election at which there were some other business presented, getting to bed about 12 o'clock p.m. . . .

April 5, Friday. The wind raged all day, but as the sun went down the wind ceased, and a calm evening was the result. In the forenoon I went down in the field and levelled land, but in the afternoon I went up to F. Beebe's and traded him a cow & yearling for an old wagon, afterwards going down to B. Slaughter's [Bertha, John's sister] and taking a glass of wine. . . .

April 7, Sunday. A streak of religion came over me to day and I attended Sunday School, and in the afternoon had the privilege of speaking to the congregation, which lasted but a short time. Went to teachers meeting and there had assigned to me my old beat with my companion, John Hutchinson, which though a task for me, I expect to fulfil to the best of my ability. At evening I also went to Priesthood meeting, which ended the procedures of the day.

April 8, Monday. I continued to level land 'till noon, and in the afternoon planted grain (wheat) down in the Wright field. After coming from work, I went to the store & P.O., not getting home untill eleven o'clock. This was one of the happiest evenings I ever spent, as Emma and I met at the store, then we took a pleasant walk and talk which resulted in the above named time.

April 9, Tuesday. The forenoon I spent in finishing planting a five acre piece of wheat down in the west field. Also in the morning I turned the water on the wheat in the Theobald field for the first time that we have done any watering this year, but as yet little progress has been made in trying to water. In the afternoon I went out in the north field and started to make a ditch southward on our line.

April 10, Wednesday. Continued to make the ditch that I started the day before and worked on that all day. Watering as yet goes very slow.

April 11th, Thursday. Watering and scraping on the ditch occupied my time till sundown. Then at evening, according to an appointment, I was out till eleven o'clock with a dear friend of mine.

April 19, Friday. Being somewhat drowsy after having been out late, I did not work much to day, but hooked up team, went to



store and up to Ed's, fixed wagon, loaded up wagon for going to mill.

April 20, Saturday. Emma and I left Hinckley for Holden [Emma's home]; and while going, we had a very pleasant time. At Eight Mile Creek, the wagon went down in the mud, and I had to unload part of the grain before getting out; then arrived at Holden at 10 o'clock.

April 21, Sunday. Remained at Holden all day. After dinner a party of us went riding, and the day passed off in a very pleasant manner.

April 22, Monday. Went to Filmore, got my grist ground, did some other business, then returned to Holden. Getting there early I went with Bro. Harmon down in the field and met Nathan B; had quite a talk. Then going a-riding with the girls [Emma and her sister], happily the evening passed.

April 23, Tuesday. On account of one of my horses getting sick, I got one of the neighbor's horses to come home with, leaving mine at Harmon's. After travelling 'till nine at night, I came to Styler's and remained there overnight.

April 24, Wednesday. Getting up and starting early, I arrived home about 9 o'clock; eating breakfast, then went to watering, having a very difficult time 'till 9 o'clock at night. . . .

*John Reeve made very brief daily entries in his diary from April 25 to September 11, recording, as a busy farmer would, the weather, his farming tasks and his pleasant trips to Holden to visit with Emma. We pick up the diary again September 12, 1895.*

Sept. 12, Thursday. By having fair weather till noon, we finished gathering grain, having 12 loads of oats, three loads of barley, 5 loads of wheat off the North field, 10 loads of oats off G. A. land. Two loads of wheat and two of oats off A. W. Field, and two loads of oats by the house, totals 36 loads. In afternoon prepared to go after lumber to Filmore via Holden.

Sept 13, Friday. Because I left home a little before sunrise, I arrived in Holden somewhat before she set. That evening, Emma and I spent in loving conversation.

Sept 14, Saturday. Leaving Holden after breakfast, I arrived at Filmore about noon. There traded for 11 hundred feet of lumber at \$2 per ft from Coop. Store, paid in grain (wheat) at 40 cts per bu. By taking it to the grist mill (which was the place of delivery) we (poor farmers) get it discounted 4 lbs on the bushel. The old maxim applies well to the supposed high positioned people of Filmore, "The poorer a man gets, the worse he is

pressed and never allowed a chance to rise." After unloading 28 bu. it lacked \$7.75 of paying for my load. "robbery! humbug!"



Emma Harmon Reeve

After getting back to Holden, my troubles were all forgotten, and I was carried away in the delightful presence of Emma: in such a manner ending the evening.

Sept. 15, Sunday. The importance of the time caused me to leave for home on Sunday, and after a scorching ride through the desert sun, I arrived home about 8 p.m.

Sept. 16, Monday. In looking around and observing, passed the day.

Sept. 17, Tuesday. Our hay not being ready to haul, I exchanged and

helped Ed Workman for work in return.

There is one important power or feeling belonging to my life, upon which I desire to make a few comments: that is love, its power and its necessity.

From the earliest recollections of my child-hood, I can remember how caresses from a dear parent or a relative, or a near friend, has thrilled my heart, and now causes a tender sensation to look back upon such times.

My parents never exhibited the amount of affection that I desired; still I do not doubt for a moment but what they loved me even more than either of my brothers and sisters.

While not late in my teens, I sought the company of the fairer sex. Yet my wooing was carried on in a bashful, quiet and distant manner. My first company was kept with a girl by the name of Amealia Wilson of whom was a quiet innocent unlearned girl, about four years my junior. This childish fancy of affection was carried on for over two years. Then after being in Deseret, a correspondence was carried on for over a year. I thought then that I loved her as I could love no other.

But why, and the reason I cannot tell, I gradually became indifferent; I felt no more dependent, untill finally I excused myself from her company.

And to this day by some I am censured for my action. Yet I would ask, are there any intelligent minded people who would blame one for his change of heart, for I believe that there is a greater power than that of man's which overrules the feelings of men. Consequently, I maintain that men are not responsible for their changes in life; nor do I believe that it represents a fickle



mind. For Shakespeare says, "A wise man changes his opinions often, but a fool never does."

Mankind is gradually becoming more intelligent, and as a rule, they are looking constantly for something greater, and who can blame them if they in their strangeness attain it.

I continued in a flirting manner to bestow my love on somebody. But before leaving my first love, I became acquainted with Emma Harmon, who came to Hinckley for the purpose of teaching school, and I will here say it was the easiest acquaintance I ever formed with one of the fairer sex. Our acquaintance increased, and in no company did I ever so confide or feel so free, or have such happy times.

During the winter, there was a lull in our meeting, caused by misrepresenting the character of my new companion, during which time I paid no definite attention to anyone. But later in the spring, we began anew, with a deeper and more dependent feeling of love. We continued our company throughout the summer and the greater part of the winter, when through a feeling of jealousy and the misrepresentation of my friend, I excused myself from her company.

But after we met again, I found my ideas were false, and had allowed my imaginations to overrule reason. I humbly asked forgiveness, and vowed that such should never happen again. We then began life newer and better, being taught a lesson from the bitter past, to cherish and revere the present. We continued to love each other more dearly, until now we are pledged by the silken cord of love to unite hearts and hands, and be as one quiet stream gliding down through the channel of life without a ripple to check its progress, happiness, or reaching its destination. Love seems to me as necessary as air and sunshine. . . .

Sept 20, Friday. I raked our hay while Pa helped Ed haul the last of his hay. The wind began to blow from the north, but we bunched our hay and hauled one load. The wind became so fierce that we were compelled to stop.

Sept 21, Saturday. [1895] Upon rising this morning, behold and lo, what a sight met our gaze. The trees, which were the evening before standing and waving their beautiful green leaves, were this morning covered with snow, and some drooping so nearly touching the ground; the ground everywhere, as far as the eye could see, was literally covered with the unexpected snow, and still a-snowing all day long. It continued to blow and be cold.

I did not find much warmth, of which I were anxiously looking in order to get rebaptized, but the cold did not prevent my object. So between 4-5 p.m. Edwin Workman officiated in the

ordinance of baptism, the object of it being to start on the most important trip of a man's life. I, with my loving companion Emma Harmon, am about to leave to enter the house of God, to have sealed eternally ourselves to each other, which the strong feelings of love have united.

At present, the height of my ambition is love, to be loved, and to make Emma happy.

Sept 22, Sunday. Notwithstanding the recent storm last evening—frost and the awful muddy roads—about twelve o'clock I started on the one journey of a lifetime. (Yes, the most important moment of a man's existence.) I arrived at Holden about 5 o'clock p.m., spent the evening in pleasant conversation with Emma dear. So loving and sweet were the words and vows we made that evening, the tender embraces, and the affectionate caresses; and the vows of an everlasting love between us will remain as long as life lasts, and will ever have an elevated seat in memory. We retired about eleven o'clock.

Sept. 23, Monday. Early in the morning we were ready to start on our great journey. The parting from the parents by Emma was a touching scene and accompanied with tears. Undoubtedly those tears were of a regret of leaving the family circle where the love of parents and sisters will always leave a tender spot in memory. Yet those tears were of joy for a greater love; yes it must be admitted that the love of a wife for her husband eclipses and outshines all other loves.

We started on our pleasant journey. The roads were muddy to the Divide. Then it began to be more dry 'till when we arrived near Salina, the roads were dusty. We got to Salina before sundown, stayed at the home of an acquaintance of Emma's.

Sept 24, Tuesday. We left Salina before breakfast, via Gunison; we arrived at Manti about 2 p.m. We stayed at Willis Harmon's, a cousin of Emma's. In the afternoon I got the marriage [license]; we both had to go in order to get it.

Before retiring that evening, in a fond embrace, we viewed the crescent moon, and words of tenderness and love we spoke to each other, which were the last in our single state.

Sept 25, Wednesday. Early in the morning, we in company of Mrs. Harmon wended our way to the Temple of God. There in that Holy House, we made covenants, and took upon ourselves responsibilities and obligations that demand the greatest blessings, by being obedient to the commandments of God. After leaving the sealing room, we were bound at the altar by the Holy Bond of Matrimony. We were taken through the rooms by the janitor, and then returned to our stopping place.



In afternoon, I had three teeth pulled, and one that could not be drawn. We stayed up late in the evening in conversation with the folks; We then retired together, feeling ourselves as one, and feeling the glorious happiness of now belonging to each other, greater by the ties of love and by the sacred bond.

Sept 26, Thursday. We left Manti about 8 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Holden the same hour in the evening.

Sept 27, Friday. I remained at Holden 'till Monday morning then started for Hinckley leaving my fair companion at Holden, being the first of separation after being married. I stayed at Hinckley till Thursday Oct. 3rd. During that time we threshed out 1030 bu of oats, 189 bu of wheat, 104 bu of barley, one half belonging to myself.

Oct 4, Friday. All preparations were made by the parents of wife for a reception, which proved to be a grand success, though none of my relations were there except two or three of my cousins. The company remaining till nearly 10 o'clock in the evening.

Oct 5, Saturday. After helping to clear away the utensils used for the reception, we started about 4 p.m. o'clock for Hinckley arriving there about 9 in the evening.

Oct. 6, Sunday. We remained home 'till towards evening when we took a ride out to the Church Farm. While there Emma was engaged to teach school.

Oct. 7, Monday. I helped to thresh over 200 bu of oats for John Elder before breakfast. The remainder of the day I helped G. A. Black to thresh.

Oct. 8, Tuesday. Finished threshing, went and took the cart out to Vanoy's to get it repaired. Took a load of oats for tithing.

Oct. 9, Wednesday. Emma started to teach, and I hauled beets.

Oct. 10, Thursday. Finished hauling the beets at noon, then removed an adobe mill to the east of J. Pratt's and began to prepare to make adobes.

March 6, 1897. Dear friend journal, I humbly beg your pardon for not having continued to write on your pages, as there has been a great deal of time elapsed since I wrote. But I will again determine to do better in the future. I will now try to relate in brief the most important events that have taken place since my last communication with you.

I believe the last time I saw you I was preparing to make adobes for building our house. Edwin Workman and myself worked together making them, which was nearly 4,000 each. I got a man by the name of Bennet to lay the foundation of the

house which was done the same fall. My cousin Geo. Theobald did the Carpenter work. I then went to Nephi, got building materials, such as rustic doors, & windows, etc. I'll not dwell long upon the subject but will say that the house was not completed 'till July 1896. I did the laying of the adobes, plastering and with the help of my wife & Mary Harmon, we papered and painted it. We began housekeeping in Jan. 1896 at the Church Farm where Emma taught a small school, moving in to Hinckley in April. We lived in our new house although it was not finished. At about 45 minutes to one o'clock on the 11th of August 1896, a charming baby boy to us was given, who was blessed by his Grandfather Ansel Harmon on the 21st of August 1896, also by his father John Reeve at fast meeting in Hinckley Oct 1st, 1897, and given the name of Bryan Harmon Reese.

The season of '96, I cultivated some new land from which I raised 240 bu. of oats, also raised some hay on our land in Hinckley.

The desire for a school education began to make itself prominent within my heart. Although I could hardly see my way clear, I determined to go; and on the 7th of Oct. my family started by team to the B.Y.A. [Provo, Utah] where we reached about the 10th. On the following Monday I started to school. I had not been going long when I was taken ill, and in consequence of which I got little or no good of the first semester's work; but I started to work in good earnest the beginning of the second semester, and to this day I am working and trying to inform my mind. . . .

March 10, Wednesday. Not out of the regular order did the sun rise, but he arose in powerful splendor and has not gone to rest and the hour of the night is eleven. Thus has another day gone, and can I recall anything good that I have learned? It may be that I have, but oh! how hard to remember it. I know this, self denial should be cultivated by me; I am lacking in that noble quality.

March 11, Thursday. The day is nearly gone, and another day's labor ended. This morning from 10 to 11 o'clock, Bro. Kimball gave a lecture on missionary work. This evening Bro. Jack and Bro. Kimball lectured on home industry, and the subject was very ably handled.

March 12, Friday. It was a cold day, a piercing northerner [wind] swept across the country almost severe enough to chill one to the bone. Today ended the ten week course of the preparatory department of the B.Y.A. and for that reason the school will begin to diminish, that is the students will. I have finished my Arithmetic lesson, so I think I shall read a couple of chapters in the Bible and then retire to rest.



March 13, Saturday. The weather continues to be very cold. Because of having to help make a diagram of digestion, I did not get much time to study 'till towards night, and as I had considerable difficulty in a problem, I am up now and it is nearly 1 o'clock. A person feels exultant when he has solved a problem that caused him hours of devoted study.

March 14, Sunday. After having a bath and a shave, I went to Sunday School where I took part in the missionary class taught by Prof. Nelson. But two meals a day are all I eat or have eaten for some time. In the afternoon Emma, babe and I went down to Mrs. Isom's and made a short visit. The weather was more like spring to day than there has been for some time past.

March 18, Thursday. A change in the weather took place this morning, and to night it is snowing and blowing. Testimony was held in the Academy to day in which I took the privilege of saying a few words in defense of my belief in this Gospel. I know there is consolation in prayer, and when we place our trust in God, we are placing it in Him who will forever stand.

March 19, Friday. My friend Mr. Diary, will you please give me a few ideas about writing upon your valuable pages, because I don't want to write trash. Well then if you don't intend to tell me, here goes stumbling along in the same old way.

The weather appeared as much or more like winter today, as it has for some time before. There are moments in a person's life when he feels as though he's deserted by all except God, and his wife and child. But truly there is consolation for a man who is burdened by the cares of life, when he comes home and receives the smiles and approbations of his loving wife and babe. When a man is in poverty, it seems as though his wife loves him all the more and tries to make life as pleasant to him as is possible to be made.

March 20, Saturday. The weather continues to be fierce, as the snow and wind blew from the north, exceedingly cold, and it appears as though winter is not going to cease in a hurry. I had the privilege of listening to Miss Babcock recite this evening in the Literary Society meeting. We got the second number of Canada paper to day. Also rec'd a letter from our folks at Holden.

March 22, Monday. Another day's labor has gone, and I am about to be encircled in the robes of sleep. I began my labor this morning in rather an unproductive way, and if a person could give his attention to Renold's lectures, he would certainly be a person with great power of attention. There is no question but that he is the driest lecturer I have ever heard. After the lecture,

I got along fairly good in my lessons. But Mr. Wolf, who is not much unlike the wild wolves that run at large, gives us plenty of work to do.

March 23, Tuesday. The fact has been more clearly demonstrated to day, that I don't know a thing about my lessons; and yet it seems as though I work hard, too. A Godsend of \$5.00 came from Pa today and certainly we were in great need of it. My lessons seem to be getting harder all the time, and when I find out as I have to day, that you don't know anything, What!

March 24, Wednesday. The day has passed and gone and the question may be asked: Is the world any better off, or am I any better off, for the work I have done this day? Possibly so in the latter, but I don't know about the former. Whether I have benefitted this world much or not, I intend to leave footprints here yet before I leave it. The labors of to day have been nearly the same as usual, yet I have not accomplished as much as I could have accomplished. The exquisite pleasure and comfort that is found in associating with your loving wife and child is worth more to a person than all the wealth of this world.

March 25, Thursday. Another day has passed by and another day's labor is finished. What have I learned? It seems to be a hard task to recall anything. But my aim is to keep on trying. . . . Robert's Hall is being rapidly vacated. And the hall seems to put on an appearance of loneliness.

March 26, Friday. The day is done and all nature has clothed itself in the attitude of sleep. We had two examinations in grammar to day, one in Eng. A., the other in Theory C., both of which were very difficult. The students are rapidly leaving school now, but I desire to remain till school closes.

March 27, Saturday. There are days in a person's life when he feels that the world is all against him, that he has no friends, that he is left alone to battle with the adversities of life, and even God has forgotten to recognize him as His child. Such has been to day with me. But oh, I am looking for brighter days, but I do not feel to complain of my lot, for I am the cause of all its defects, and I alone can, if I will, overcome all the obstacles.

I wrote a letter to my parents, went with my loving baby in my arms upon temple hill; also went to Mrs. Isom's, and then to a lady's place for milk. In the evening I attended the pedagogium meeting in which there was a contest of reading between the two sections of the Elocution B. Classes.

March 28, Sunday. Nothing of much importance has happened to day. Emma went to Sunday School. In the afternoon, we went to Mr. & Mrs. David Stevens and spent a short time. At evening I went to meeting in the Academy and walked the baby to sleep. He cried more than usual.



*I steal a line or two in here. John is so kind and considerate and does so much for me. I feel so thankful that I've such a good husband. If I only could repay him in the same way. I hope to have power to withstand my habit of fault finding and to be as kind to him as he is to me. Emma. . . .*

March 29, Monday. It has been very cold, as the wind has been and is now blowing cold from the northwest. I got permission to leave Mr. Renold's lecture and take the upper class lectures in which Miss Renolds gave a splendid lecture this morning. We wrote a letter to our parents in Holden to day. I bought a celluloid collar to day, also 5¢ in envelopes making a total of 25¢.

March 30, Tuesday. A terrible cold wind has been blowing from the northwest all day. Bro. Penrose gave a lecture on Resurrection.

*John feels miserable tonight. I do hope he won't be ill. Emma.*

March 31, Wednesday. The weather began to moderate this morning, until this evening it seems somewhat pleasant. My class work was dispensed with. At evening I took a pleasant walk after which I felt very much refreshed. When we came to Provo about the 10th of Oct., we bought 2300 lbs of coal which lasted till about the 10th of January; we bought 1800 lbs which lasted till the 28th of March, but during the month of January, we kept two fires, as we had boarders. Today I bought \$1.00 worth from N. Edmunds of Sanpete which he had paid \$1.50 for. . . .

Oct 3, Monday 1898. After an elapse of over a year, I'll try and record the most important events happened since then.

I remained at school till its close. After getting home, I helped get Ansel's hay up, then got my own up, and Milo and I went out to Nevada, got a few days work, and returned home after being gone over a month and traveling near five hundred miles. The day I got home, I took the train for Provo and attended the Institute at which Dr. G. Stanley Hall gave a series of lectures. I taught school at Vermillion last winter. Now I am at Leamington ready to teach school here.

On the 29th of August 1898 at 5 o'clock p.m. another boy to us was born. He was blest and given the name of Fenton West on the 2nd of Oct. by his father, John Reeve.

*We return to the biography of John Reeve by Mary Lyman Reeve:*

In the spring of 1899 John, with Emma's whole-hearted and supportive approval, got a mission call to the Southern States. John's second missionary journal tells feelingly of his personal philosophy including total and complete devotion to Emma and their two sons that he left at home: "We loved each other then beyond expression. . . . A separation even for a day would cause us bitter pain. . . . I had gained the impression from returned Elders that missionary work was a veritable paradise, that God completely changed one's nature. . . . [that] the thoughts of home were completely removed by the Holy Spirit. . . . I was anxious [for this to happen] for my heart was nearly broken, and I felt that I could not stand it unless a change came soon."

John and his companion were compelled to find lodging from among the people they tracted. They carried little or no money with them and were dependent upon "southern hospitality" for their food as well. John did not find them hospitable at all. John used words like "bigot" and "hypocrite" in describing those that refused their request for food and lodging. He wrote, ". . . Let them go to Hell. Certainly it is not required of man to suffer such indignities at the hand of man. Hatred and scorn for us were depicted on every face we saw. . . . [not] a kind look from anyone. They all showed us DISrespect. We were subjected to the worst tongue lashings I ever received. We seemed to make people mad wherever we went. I don't think we made a single friend in a month. . . . To be walking along the road with a 20 pound grip strapped over my shoulder and meet hosts of people passing and repassing in their fine buggies and sneering at us, hurt my pride exceedingly. I thought to myself, 'we ought to travel like other people if we expect to win them, for we have the best and only gospel of Christ on the earth. Why not make it appear beautiful by traveling in a better way?' Two years of missionary work has rather increased that idea, too."

On December 9, 1899, John was called as counselor to J. V. Allred, President of the Tennessee Conference, and was called as President in June, 1900. The November 10th, 1900, issue of the *Millennial Star* called John Reeve "energetic, zealous, fearless and bold [as a] defender of the faith and a stalwart supporter and advocate of righteousness and truth. [His message is that] through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Gospel of Jesus Christ [is] the power of God unto salvation."

After his return from his mission, he determined to get more schooling, and at Thanksgiving time, we find John and Emma with their two sons, Bryan and Fenton, in Provo where John is studying at B.Y. Academy.



John became a pillar in Millard County, a fine orator. He was never verbose, and always knew when to quit talking. He was a schoolteacher and a good one. He was also a good student of human nature and his logic was unquestioned. If he was gifted with one of the finer arts, it was that of expression. The Stake President A. A. Hinckley gloried in him.

In 1908, a Church academy was to be established in Millard Stake, and of course Fillmore took it for granted it would be there. They made big promises and campaigned for it continually. But the location of the Academy was left to the decision of the people, and that was to be decided at stake conference in Deseret.

President F. M. Lyman of the Quorum of Twelve and Attorney J. A. Melville were there to champion the cause of the east side. They had finished their oratory; tension was high; President Hinckley passed a little piece of folded paper over to John Reeve. It read, "John will make the final speech and clinch this thing." John made an eloquent, persuasive speech; and in the vote that followed the west side won by an overwhelming majority, and Millard Academy was built in Hinckley. True to their promises, East Millard supported it until the stake was divided.

In 1915, there was but about one car in West Millard, so it was at the mercy of the other vehicles. The rule was that the lighter load must give way to the one with the heavy load.

John was bringing down from Whiskey Creek a wagon heavily loaded with wood. Along came a sleek new car driven by a smart aleck and a bully. John made no move to turn out for the shining thing, for the dude drove right to the horse's nose, and they stopped and sniffed. The car owner called out, "Get out of my way! Haven't you any manners?"

"Plenty of manners, my friend, good ones, too!"

"You'll move out of my way or I'll know the reason why." He jumped out of his car and threw off his coat.

"Alright, but if I fight, there'll be a dead Indian around here." John came off the wagon, and drew up his six feet seven inch height and started toward the man at the car. The man decided that he had better be alive in a muddy car, than dead in a clean one. Later the man described this incident and said he was never so scared in his life. He ended by saying, "John Reeve is a good man."

For years, John was juvenile judge. One time there had to be an arbitration job done. Ward Robison was not a strong man, but he was honest and resourceful. He had leased several acres of alfalfa, and he and his young girls cut, raked, and harvested the crop. The owner complained because there wasn't more hay.

He went to the bishop with his sad tale saying that Ward's girls didn't know how to pile and rake and attempted to claim damages.

The bishop told him to get an arbitrator, and Ward was to get one. Ward chose John. At the meeting, John had nothing to say, as each man and the other arbitrator "chewed the rag." When they asked John for his statement, he hauled out of his pocket an old envelope with scribbling on the back, and he read from it half an hour, giving data and names of farmers they all knew. Brother so and so harvested at such and such, and his hay piles were so long by so wide by so high and weighed so much, and at such and such a distances from the nearest on all sides. Ward and his young daughters sat and wondered. After he read totals of the others and their yields, he read Ward's, which measured favorably with the others. The bishop ruled in favor of Ward. The owner paid Ward for any costs he had had, for the inconvenience it had cost him to have the claims brought against him.

John and Emma were accumulating a family of size. Six of his seven children were born in the two-room adobe house across from his parents' home. So, in addition to teaching school and farming, John, with Emma's good management, accumulated the lumber and the big house next door to the south was built and completed in 1910. This house had ten rooms in it, plus two rooms meant for bathrooms. This gave some growing room.



Mary Lyman Reeve taken 1914

In 1913 John was president of the Farm Bureau and spent the summer at the agricultural college at Logan. He was a man of great capacity both mentally and physically. The story is told that John Reeve would take the tongue of the mower and lift it upon the back end of the hay rack; and with the guiding hands of two of the boys on the wagon, John would lift the entire mower onto the hay wagon, and they would go to the different farms to proceed with the day's work.

John always claimed that he did not have mechanical skills, but he could take apart and replace any part of his farm



machinery with fewer tools and quicker than any person around. He never bothered with the mechanical jacks, but would use poles or fulcrums to elevate the machinery to the proper level needed for repairs.

With Emma's management skills, they seemed to have everything going for them, and as all situations seemed to be running smoothly, it was a real shock to the entire family when on Halloween day of 1914, Emma was taken to Salt Lake City for an operation and was bedridden until she passed away on January 4, 1915. John had lost both his sister Emma Robison and his brother Will in the previous five years, and his father, Robert Warne Reeve, Jr., had become blind. So, the willing help of his sister and neighbor, Christiana Reeve Workman, and his strong mother, Emma Burgess Reeve, were certainly needed and used during the grief and transition period that followed.

## JOHN AND MARY

*The story of John's second marriage is told in Mary's personal journal: In 1915, Mary Lyman, age thirty-two, was pursuing a professorship at Brigham Young University, just after her return from a mission to the Northwest.*

In February of that year I went to Salt Lake City, . . . where I met A. A. Hinckley, who had married a cousin of mine, Rose Robison. He was in the legislature and had a room in Hotel Utah. He asked why I hadn't married. "As soon as I find a man the caliber of my father, I will be glad to marry," I told him. Brother Hinckley, who served under my father when he was in the Holland Mission, told me of John Reeve and indeed he was a man the caliber of my father. John Reeve had just lost his wife. I then explained that I was not thinking of marriage and was not interested. . . . I felt waves of depression that seemed to smother me at the thought of marrying at all now. To imagine myself marrying a widower with seven motherless kids was even more oppressive. I was in school, fulfilling a goal I had had since Scipio days when [I was] held back to wait for my younger sister Lucretia. I had a real teaching job. I was "somebody". . . .

My pa came (in a dream) to answer my deep dilemma. Again I was a girl of nineteen on the third of August 1901. Again Pa asked me about my prospects and now seemed to know of my past disappointments. Pa gave me a blessing that soaked into the fibre and core of my heart. "You marry John Reeve, and God's plan for you will be well executed. You say he means nothing to

you? You don't love him? You will love him and he will mean everything to you." That was what I needed to sustain me through the many negative reasons I felt were valid: I had been told I could not have children. I was going to Salt Lake monthly for my goiter and multiple discomfort problems. My health was not good. How could I cope with seven motherless children out in a forsaken desert?

At April conference I met this John Reeve. I here learned that John Reeve's wife had passed away on January 4. He had seven children: Bryan Harmon, 18; Fenton West, 16; Florence, 13; John Carlyle, 10; Mark Jerome, 8; Dryden Dean, 6; and Fred Keddington, 4. This was enough to stagger anyone and it took my breath away. . . .

Uncle Marion Lyman performed the ceremony that sealed us for time and eternity. Sister Forster blessed me to be able to adjust to any and all situations brought on by the new marriage. Then she gave me direct counsel, "When the children try you and they will, think of their mother and not yourself." This came to mind many times and was certainly needed. Mamie Lovell Wells gave a wedding breakfast. My relatives in Oak City gave us a shower with many, many gifts. We were married on my mother's forty-eighth wedding anniversary by Uncle Marion, who died the following year. He introduced us to Heber J. Grant, who told me that he was my cousin. He not only was my cousin, but a real friend in the years that followed.

I adjusted to my new conditions, and after many years felt a part of that family and desert. I made a good friend of Della Lisonbee, who lived in one of our houses that winter. John was always as thoughtful and kind as it was possible for a man to be. I went with him everywhere that summer. . . .

1916. Much to everyone's surprise a seven-month baby was born on March 18, 1916. She weighed three and a half pounds. No one expected her to live. . . . We named the baby Emma after John's first wife and his mother. I could not have pleased the family more. Florence was especially impressed with the name and often said if I had died, she would have cared for the baby herself. Florence had welcomed me with open arms. . . .

I did learn to love John Reeve and all of his children, who are now our children. [Mary had six children who lived and one stillborn girl: Emma, Platte De Lyman, Margaret, Adelia, Grant, and Reed, and the stillborn girl, Mary.] I loved the home, the farm, the livestock, the cold winters and the hot summers. Maybe I didn't love the heat and cold, but I endured them. We raised sugar beets. Maybe it was a thousand new chicks, maybe



it was cultivating a new piece of land, a herd of sheep, twelve to thirty cows, but all of it was exciting and I loved every bit. . . .

The turning point, reversal point, or exploding point in my life and the lives around me was the death of John Reeve on February 20, 1935, at age sixty-two. I had been down with pneumonia year after year, sometimes at least six weeks bedridden. But now the anchor of our family who had never been sick a day in his life, caught a "cold" which proved to be more than a cold. It was Saturday and we could find no doctors. By Monday he was real sick. By Tuesday confirmed pneumonia. By Wednesday he was gone. I was stunned! I was numbed! . . . The funeral was attended by a huge overflow crowd. . . .