

Turning the hearts of the children to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to their children

Our Swallow Heritage

Volume I

History of the Thomas Swallow Family



The Thomas Swallow Family Home located at 170 W 100 N, Fillmore, Utah

Written and compiled by Russell M. Robison, a 2nd great grandson of Thomas Swallow

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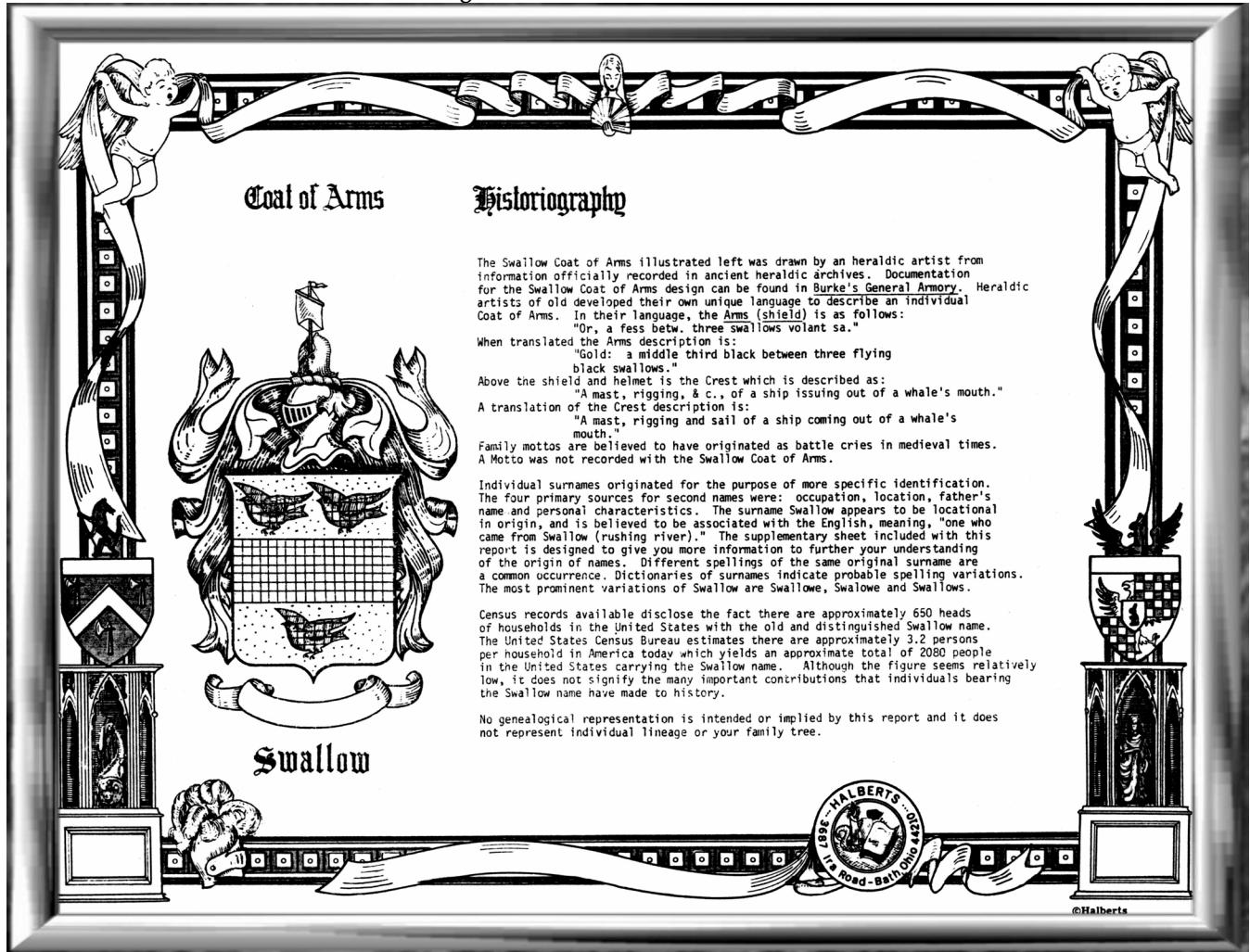
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Preface

Who are these Swallows?

Figure 1 - The Swallow Coat of Arms



This work is dedicated to all my Swallow ancestors and their families. The following poem expresses my feelings about my Swallow ancestors.










I've always known your names,
You were flat people on a white page
Until I read your stories.
Now you are more than names,
And I know that your I've always blood
Flows also in my veins.

Author Unknown

(Poem given to me by Leah Swallow Rudd)

Thomas and Caroline Crow Family Group Sheet

Figure 2 - Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow Family Group Sheet

Husband Thomas SWALLOW				
Born	2 Jan 1822	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.	10 Mar 1822	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Died	21 Jan 1888	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Buried	23 Jan 1888	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Married	24 Mar 1849	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Husband's father	Thomas SWALLOW			
Husband's mother	Mary HEARD			
Wife Caroline CROW				
Born	6 Sep 1829	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.	11 Oct 1829	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Died	31 Mar 1891	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Buried	3 Apr 1891	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Wife's father	William CROW			
Wife's mother	Eliza COCK			
Children List each child in order of birth.				
1	M Frederick SWALLOW			
Born	22 Jun 1849	Place Stebbing, Essex, England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	25 Jan 1893	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Buried	Jan 1893	Place Fillmore Cem., Millard, Utah		
Spouse	Louisa MILLS			
Married	17 Apr 1886	Place St. George, Washington, Utah		
2	M George SWALLOW			
Born	11 Jul 1851	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	20 May 1932	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		
Buried	23 May 1932	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Spouse	Anna DAY			
Married	16 Jan 1878	Place St. George, Washington, Utah		
Spouse	Matilda CHESLEY			
Married	29 Mar 1917	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		
3	M William SWALLOW			
Born	23 Sep 1855	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	17 Apr 1939	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah, USA		
Buried	20 Apr 1939	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah, USA		
Spouse	Maria W. BEESTON			
Married	14 Jul 1891	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Spouse	Clara M. COPLEY			
Married	11 Jun 1905	Place Stebbing, Essex, England		
4	M Joseph SWALLOW			
Born	28 Jun 1858	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.	25 Jul 1858	Place Stebbing, Essex, England		
Died	30 Sep 1942	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah, USA		
Buried	2 Oct 1942	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah, USA		
Spouse	Emma Wagoner BEESTON			
Married	20 May 1884 (D)	Place St. George, Washington, Utah		
Spouse	Minnie Ellen RAYMOND			
Married	9 Jun 1920 (D)	Place		
5	M James SWALLOW			
Born	13 Jan 1861	Place Stebbing, Essex, England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	16 Feb 1955	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Buried	Feb 1955	Place Fillmore Cem., Millard, Utah		
Spouse	Charlotte DEARDEN			
Married	20 Dec 1889	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
6	F Eliza Esther SWALLOW			
Born	7 Jun 1863	Place Stebbing, Essex, , England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	16 Oct 1875	Place Fillmore, Millard, Utah		
Buried	Oct 1875	Place Fillmore City Cemetery, Fillmore, Millard, Utah, USA		
Spouse				
Married		Place		
7	M Charles SWALLOW			
Born	4 Nov 1865	Place Stebbing, Essex, England		
Chr.		Place		
Died	9 Jun 1957	Place Meadow, Millard, Utah		
Buried	12 Jun 1957	Place Meadow, Millard, Utah		
Spouse	Isabella DEARDEN			
Married	14 Jul 1891	Place		

October 2004 Letter to Family and Friends

I hope you enjoy Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I as much as I enjoyed writing and compiling it.

The History CD contains a PDF copy of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I; two programs, Adobe Acrobat Reader 6.0®, PAF 5.2®; and a T Swallow PAF folder. This folder has a Swallow Heritage PAF document and a Swallow Heritage Photo folder with 151 photos in it. These photos are linked to the Swallow Heritage PAF document and must not be moved from the T Swallow PAF folder or their linkage will be lost.

The Photo CD contains about seven hundred fifty high quality photos and documents for the Swallow families covered in Volume I (George Swallow's Children will be included in Volumes II & III). The data on the CD's is best viewed by copying it to your hard drive. If you do not have the programs, Acrobat Reader 6.0® or PAF 5.2®, on your computer, you will need to copy the entire file of "Acrobat Reader 6.0" and "FamilySearch" directly into the Program file on your hard drive. Both these programs are made available by their creators at no cost to the user. They are needed to open the PDF document of Our Swallow Heritage - Volume I and the Swallow Heritage PAF document.

Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I was written and compiled for the benefit of family and friends and not, for any individual or entity, to profit from its sale or the use of the material contained within it.

Time, research, and creation costs for this work are not to be passed on. Only the following costs are to be included for those who reimburse me or anyone else, for a copy of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I.

- *The Printing costs*
- *The cost of CD's or a DVD, their labels, and CD/DVD holders*
- *Packaging and mailing material*
- *Postage/Delivery*
- *Cost of books given to libraries*

In the first printing, I had 500 copies of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I printed for distribution to family and friends. For this printing, my cost is \$20.00 per book. The cost breaks down as follows:

- *Printing, including sales tax – \$7,680.00 or \$15.36 per book (This includes a 20% family discount from the printer, a great grandson of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.)*
- *Two CD's, their labels, and self-adhesive CD pockets – \$688.64 or \$1.38 per book*
- *Packaging and mailing material – \$214.23 or \$0.43 per book*
- *Postage/Delivery – \$1,016.60 or \$2.03 per book*
- *20 books given to libraries and non family research sources – \$400.00 or \$0.80 per book*
- *Total – \$9,999.47 or \$20.00 per book*

Additional copies of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I can be ordered directly from me, for \$20.00 per copy, until the 500 copies are gone. After that, I will do another printing when 50 to 100 additional copies are needed.

Family and friends may make paper or electronic copies of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I for personal use and distribute them to other family members and friends as long as it is done not-for-profit, as outlined above.

The two daughters of Elva Swallow Lindberg, Paula Paradise and Karen Rasmussen, are actively doing genealogical research on the ancestors of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow. Family members, who want to get up-to-date information about those ancestors and/or coordinate their own Swallow family genealogical research, can contact Paula at 801-942-0237 or Karen at 281-358-9329.

By the spring of 2005, I hope to have the histories of the eight children of George Swallow completed. George Swallow's youngest daughter, Pearl Swallow, is my grandmother.

These next set of histories will be published under the name Our Swallow Heritage – Volume II & III. We have collected several thousand photos and documents for these eight children so the size of each volume and the number of volumes is still just an estimate.

Please let me know if you are interesting in one or more copies of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume II & III when they are published.

Your Relative and Friend,

*Russ Robison
3321 Morning Wind Lane
Las Vegas, NV 89129
702-645-0300
fussell40@cox.net*

Figure 3 - Gloria and Russ Robison



The Swallow Quest

When my wife, Gloria, and I retired in July 2001, we wanted to go on an L.D.S. Church Mission. By the time we got settled in Las Vegas, our health would not allow us to do so; as a result, we decided to dedicate our time to doing our Family History.

On July 5, 2002, we attended a Robison family reunion in Orem, Utah. There were two hundred fifty people in attendance. We had a grand time meeting all our cousins – many for the first time. Prior to the reunion, I had compiled the historical information about my grandparents, Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison available to me. One thing became evident: The information was not as complete as it should have been. For one thing there was a lot more about my grandfather's Robison line than there was about my grandmother's Swallow line.

So Gloria and I set out on a Swallow Quest to change that. We wanted to know:

- *Why did the brothers Jim and Doyle Robison marry two Swallow sisters named Birdie and Pearl?*
- *Why did Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow have a granddaughter named Birdie Swallow?*
- *Where are all the family pictures and histories that tell us how Birdie and Pearl got their Swallow wings and flew the nest?*
- *Just where do you look for such information when all the Swallows left their original home nest at Shoshone, Nevada, and built new nests?*

Well we thought we would just start thinking like a Swallow and travel around to see if we could find all those Swallow nests.

In early July 2002, from my Aunt Lois Robison Rowley of Cedar City, Utah, we found out where the first nest was – Kanab, Utah. It was occupied by Doyle Swallow, one of her cousins.

In late July 2002, we visited Doyle Swallow and his sweet wife, LeOna, in Kanab. Doyle gave us a list of Swallow descendants published December 6, 1989, by Roland Swallow. From this list we went on to find the Swallow nest of Roland Swallow in Orem, UT. And from his good wife, Jo Ann, we hit pay dirt - a list of nests occupied by Swallows - most of them in their 80's and some in their 90's.

Since July 2002, we have visited, in person or by phone, the following Swallow and non-Swallow nests that contributed information contained in Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I and/or Volume II. Before July 2002, we did not know about forty seven of the nests we visited.

Swallow nests visited:

1. *Donna Read Mitton (by phone & mail), a granddaughter of Frederick Swallow – Paul, Idaho*
2. *Rada Larsen Voigt (by phone), a niece of Louisa Mills Swallow Jukes (Louisa Mill's first husband was Frederick Swallow – West Covina, California*
3. *Delma Jukes, a step-daughter-in-law of Louisa Mills Swallow Jukes (Louisa Mill's first husband was Frederick Swallow) – Marysville, Utah*
4. *Sherrill Swallow Craghead (by phone), a granddaughter of William Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
5. *Marion Swallow (by phone), a great-grandson of Joseph Swallow – Pocatello, Idaho*
6. *Leah Swallow Rudd (by phone and mail), a granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – Denver, Colorado*
7. *Carma Robison Larsen (by phone), a granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – American Falls Idaho*
8. *Carold Robison (by phone), grandson of Joseph Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
9. *Jondrae Larsen Reeve, a great granddaughter of Joseph Swallow – Magna, Utah*
10. *Joe Warner, a grandson of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
11. *Connie Warner Drummond, a great granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
12. *Joyce Warner Terbet, a great granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*

13. *Bruce Warner, a great grandson of James Swallow – Sandy, Utah*
14. *Sandra Turner, a granddaughter of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
15. *Bert Beeston, a grandson of James Swallow – Fillmore, Utah*
16. *Tom Beeston, a grandson of James Swallow – Orem, Utah*
17. *Elva Swallow Lindberg, the youngest child of Charles Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
18. *Paula Lindberg Paradise, a granddaughter of Charles Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
19. *Karen Rasmussen (by phone & mail), a granddaughter of Charles Swallow – Kingwood, Texas*
20. *Grover Swallow, a grandson of Charles Swallow – Panaca, Nevada*
21. *T. Frank Swallow, the youngest son of George Swallow – Salt Lake City, Utah*
22. *George N. Swallow, a grandson of George Swallow – Ely, Nevada*
23. *Richard M. “Dick” Swallow, a grandson of George Swallow – Waverly, Iowa*
24. *Darlene Swallow Whitlock, a granddaughter of George Swallow – Baker, Nevada*
25. *Jennifer Swallow Lee, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Ely, Nevada*
26. *Karen Johnson Breau, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Springville, Utah*
27. *Glenda Johnson Egbert, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Woodland Hills, Utah*
28. *JoAnn Swallow, the wife of Rowland Swallow, a great grandson of George Swallow – Orem, Utah*
29. *Mary Wright, a 2nd great granddaughter of George Swallow – Springville, Utah*
30. *Gordon Swallow, a grandson of George Swallow – Freemont, California*
31. *Benjamin Swallow, a great grandson of George Swallow – American Fork, Utah*
32. *Marry Kerr Williams (by phone), a granddaughter of George Swallow – Reno, Nevada*
33. *Betty Jean Kerr Frazer (by phone and letter), a granddaughter of George Swallow – Tacoma, Washington*
34. *Connie Kerr VanNess (by phone and e-mail), a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Antioch, California*
35. *Doyle Swallow, a grandson of George Swallow – Kanab, Utah*
36. *Donna Swallow Gowans, a granddaughter of George Swallow – Scottsdale, Arizona*
37. *Fay Swallow Jurgensen, a granddaughter of George Swallow – Scottsdale, Arizona*
38. *Myrna Christiansen Broschinsky, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Murray, Utah*
39. *Ray Christiansen, a great grandson of George Swallow – Bountiful, Utah*
40. *Alpha Lambert, a granddaughter of George Swallow – American Fork, Utah*
41. *Elwin A. Robison, a grandson of George Swallow – Reno, Nevada*

42. Norma Garrett Robison, a granddaughter-in-law of George Swallow – Orem, Utah
43. George Swallow Robison, a grandson of George Swallow – Kent, Ohio
44. Verlie Stevens Archibald, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Provo, Utah
45. Gerry Robison Miller, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Orem, Utah
46. Beverly Robison Hardy, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Reno, Nevada
47. Marie Robison Bassett, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – Orem, Utah
48. Neil Robison, a 2nd great grandson of George Swallow – Orem, Utah and California
49. Wyoma Faucett Robison Snarr, a granddaughter-in-law of George Swallow – Murray, Utah
50. Lois Robison Rowley, a granddaughter of George Swallow – Cedar City, Utah
51. Norman L. Robison, a great grandson of George Swallow – Reno, Nevada
52. Lowell J. Robison, a great grandson of George Swallow – Provo, Utah
53. Reni Robison Jensen, a great granddaughter of George Swallow – San Jose, California
54. Dennis Rowley, a great grandson of George Swallow – Las Vegas, Nevada
55. Mark Rowley, a great grandson of George Swallow – Cedar City, Utah

Non-Swallow nests visited:

1. Melchor Gragirena (by phone) – Ely, Nevada
2. David E. Moore – Baker, Nevada
3. Leona Oryall – Payson, Utah
4. Boyd Quate (by mail) – Virginia
5. Genevieve Richardson – Garrison, Utah
6. Patsy and Bobbie Schlabsz – Baker, Nevada
7. June Shanutis (by phone) – Ruth, Nevada
8. Margaret Smith – Tremonton, Utah

Needless to say once we started our Swallow Quest, we also found a great deal of information on all our ancestral lines because they all were original Utah pioneers. After two years, we have scanned or collected over 8,000 old photos and documents, plus over 100 personal histories (oral and written). We also purchased about a dozen different books covering all our ancestral lines and have been given over 60,000 family genealogical names. While these numbers represent all of Gloria's and my ancestral lines, much of the material is about the Swallow family. The material and information about the Swallows has been the source of all the Swallow family histories that are contained in Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I (History of the Thomas Swallow Family) and Our Swallow Heritage – Volumes II & III (History of the Children of George Swallow– to be published in the spring of 2005).

The most important part of our quest, however, has been finding out how great the Swallows really are. In each Swallow nest, we were welcomed with warmth and love. How grateful we are for such gracious relatives. We have gotten to know each personally and formed a bond of love that is impossible to describe. Every visit was very special to us and a most memorable experience. Let me share with you just a couple of those experiences.

* * * * *

At the end of July 2002, we went to see T. Frank Swallow and his gracious wife, June, who live in a nice condominium not far from downtown Salt Lake City. T. Frank Swallow had been honored as the oldest 1st generation descendant of an original Utah pioneer on July 24, 2002, just a few days before our visit. He is the youngest son of George Swallow who came to Utah in 1868 at the age of 17. T. Frank is the same age as my father and is my father's uncle. From T. Frank and June, we obtained his personal history and a number of Swallow family photos. But, most of all, we renewed an old relationship and rekindled our mutual love for one another and the Swallow family. We also visited T. Frank and June Swallow on several other occasions in the last two years.

* * * * *

Another special person we met was Elva Swallow Lindberg of Salt Lake City, Utah. She is the only living child of Charles Swallow and a full cousin of my grandmother, Pearl Swallow Robison. From Elva, we obtained photos of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow, my 2nd great grandfather and grandmother. She also provided us with personal histories of Thomas & Caroline Swallow and four of their children.

Here is a note Elva sent us.

Dear Russell,

Thank you for all the beautiful pictures you've sent.

I'm sending a few things that I've found. I'm not sure they are the ones you wanted.

It was a great day when you and Gloria stopped by. I'm so happy to have met you.

Love and best wishes for your health and happiness and good luck and success in your endeavor.

* * * * *

Richard M. "Dick" Swallow is a full cousin to my father, Mel. "Dick" is the son of Richard T. Swallow - George Swallow's 2nd son. When Dick and my father were young men ranching next to each other in Spring Valley, Nevada, they were anything but friends. Mel Robison said in his personal history written in 1988:

Dick Swallow and I used to, when we were growing up, 'square off' every time we saw each other. This was because our livestock businesses ran right against each other and I always thought he was trying to steal our feed and he always thought we were trying to steal his feed. But, when I look back, I would say that we were both to blame. But now Dick Swallow can come and we spend two or three hours together visiting back and forth and we have a good feeling. So you see, things can change, if you want them to change.

Dick was quite apprehensive about why a son of Mel Robison would want to come visit him.

During our first visit, in July 2002, Gloria and I spent about three hours with Dick Swallow in the little old house he lived in on the old Cleveland Ranch in North Spring Valley, Nevada. When we left, Dick and I hugged each other. Gloria and I knew why we had felt such urgency to visit the Swallow nests; real family reconciliation was taking place. We felt the spirit from beyond the veil so strong that day and on each of our subsequent visits with Dick. Our second visit was in September 2002. The last time I was able to spend a few hours with Dick was while he was in Orem, Utah in early November 2002, just before he moved back to Iowa to live with his son, Tim. In these visits he shared many family photos and oral histories.

** * * * **

In half a dozen personal visits over the last two years and numerous phone calls, we have had the privilege of getting to know and love Darlene Swallow Whitlock who lives in Baker, Nevada on the Baker ranch with her husband, Lee. She is the youngest daughter of Richard T. Swallow, George Swallow's 2nd son. She and Lee have been so kind and friendly to us and have helped us in innumerable ways with oral histories, family photos, and names of other members of the Swallow family. Darlene has also been my ready phone consultant and document editor for the Richard T. Swallow family.

** * * * **

We have developed so much love and appreciation for each of the members of the Swallow family: those we have met in person or by phone and those that we have met beyond the veil through the spirit of Elijah.

If ever you are lonely or depressed, just start doing your Family History, I promise you that your spirit will be lifted, and you will bask in the love of your family now living and the love of your family on the other side of the veil.

A Great Big Thank You!

Gathering, writing, and compiling the family histories of "The Thomas Swallow Family" and "The George Swallow Family" proved to be one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. It has only been made possible because of all the help and information freely given to me by the Swallow family members both living and dead.

*The tasks of researching the information for each history, and then editing what has been written and compiled, takes hundreds of hours of work. All of those listed at the beginning in this "Preface" have helped with material, editing and encouragement. Elva Swallow Lindberg and her two daughters, Paula Lindberg Paradise and Karen Lindberg Rasmussen have helped me by providing in depth research and have been my primary editors for each major draft copy of these histories. My wife, Gloria Robison, has spent many months traveling with me to gather the information and has been patient with me spending most of my time on the computer or on the phone at home and when we travel. Gloria and our daughter, Tiffany McEwan, also spent many hours reading and helping proof these histories. I want to thank everyone involved in this effort for their hard work and dedication to this project. **Without their help, it would have been impossible to put a work like this together.***

Writing a Family History

The goal of the Family Histories I write and compile is to provide a record of individual and family successes and challenges and how each individual and family dealt with them. In this way, it is hoped that future generations will gain strength from these Family Histories as they face their own successes and challenges in life. In writing Family Histories, I try to be factual but positive. I avoid repeating mean, humiliating, or negative stories about an individual or a family unless there is a positive lesson to be communicated.

The first reason for presenting all the histories of one family together (parents, brothers and sisters) is, we have found from experience, that the total family history has a much greater impact on the reader than just the individual history of your direct line ancestor.

A second reason is that each person records a reflection of history based on what he or she saw, remembered or chose to remember. Seldom is the total truth contained in any one person's view of history. Major portions of each family history, that I prepare, are compilations of previously written histories and oral histories I have gathered or recorded. The original words of the many authors in this family history are preserved to the best of my ability, so that the most balanced view of events could be maintained. When events could be verified, I have done so.

The portions of the histories I wrote have text with 11 point type with and 1 inch margins. The text that others have written, are at 10 point type and have 1.25 inch or 1.5 inch margins. The clarification or comment I insert within what others have written is in italics. The text that others have written is documented as such within the body of this work. I think, knowing who wrote the text, at the time the reader is reading it, makes for better understanding.

The Photo CD

The Photo CD is organized using a Windows hierarchal file system. The Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow generation has a leading number – 5 in the file name, their children have the leading number - 4, their grandchildren the leading number - 3. The letter following the number 3 refers to the child of Thomas and Caroline that was this grandchild's parent.

The first level of file name, following the number and letter, is made up from the wife's maiden name followed by the husband's surname. When there is more than one marriage, just the name of the husband or wife is used followed by the number of marriages.

The last level of file names include: the name of each husband, the name of each wife, and two family files for each marriage use the first three or four letters of the wife's maiden name and the first three or four letters of the husband's surname followed by "Fam" for family photos and "Docs" for family documents. When there is more than one marriage, the file name of the first marriage has a leading "a", the second marriage a leading "b", etc.

Within these files are the photos and documents. Each photo or document has a unique name and in many cases there is a notepad document with the same name as the photo or document. This notepad document is for the detail about the photo or document (Who? Where? When? What? Why?).

I would like to tell you that all the photo documentation is without error, but it is not. I have found it is a never ending process to organize and update this information. Someday I hope to have more consistency in all my photo and document names. I went with what I had for this publication. Not all the files have photos in them because I did not have photos to put in them. As you find photos that you feel should be included in this work, please send me scanned copies of each photo and I will include them in future distributions. I scan all my photos in TIF format, clean them up, save them to an archival file and then convert a copy of each photo to JPEG for histories, printing and distribution. I scan 8 x 10 photos at 400 dpi, 4 x 5 at 600 dpi and all snapshots at 800 to 1200 dpi. You may also send me the original photos. I will scan them and return them to you.

In the next volumes of Our Swallow Heritage, I plan to include a DVD instead of several CD's. This will allow me to include all the Swallow family photos as well as the electronic copies of Our Swallow Heritage – Volumes II and III. I will also include an updated electronic copy of Our Swallow Heritage – Volume I on this DVD.

Chapter 1 – History of the Thomas Swallow Family

Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow in England

Figure 4 - Thomas Swallow (1822-1888) and Caroline Crow Swallow (1829-1891)



The following is from The History of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow as compiled and written by Elva (Swallow) Lindberg, a daughter of Charles Swallow and Isabella Dearden Swallow in the 1940's and revised in about 1985:

Stebbing, Essex, England, the village where Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow were born is listed as a village, a parish and a sub-district in Dunmow district, Essex. Stebbing, a large straggling village with many good houses, is three miles N. E. of Dunmow, on the eastern acclivity of a valley through which a rivulet flows southwards to the Chelmer. The St. Mary's Church, which is still in use there, dates back to about 1377. It was reported of Henry de Ferrers, Lord of the manor of Stebbing, to have been baptized there. One book says the village dates from at least the time of the Confessor, has several mills, carried on some malting, and has a post office under Chelmsford. It holds a fair for fat calves and other cattle, on the 10th of July. The parish of Stebbing comprises 4,301 acres and had 1,845 inhabitants in 1870, with 300+ scattered houses.

The Stebbing parish has the districts called Bran-End, 1 mile N., and **Stebbing Green** and Stebbing Ford, more than a mile S. W. of the church. **Stebbing Green** is where the Thomas Swallow family lived.

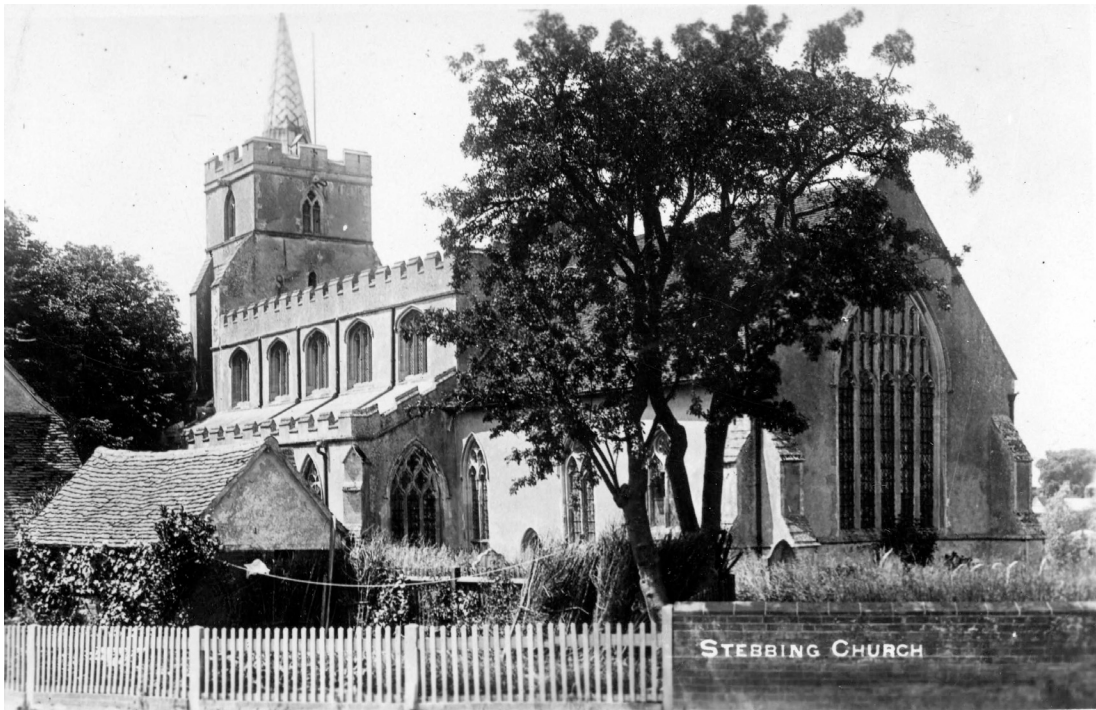
I visited the England, the county of Essex, Stebbing parish, and Stebbing Green in April 2004. I fell in love with England and especially the county of Essex. The rolling hills were so green and covered with golden daffodils. They were along the roadways and even in the fields. The farms were divided by hedges rather than fences. They were neatly trimmed and were nesting places for the birds and places of refuge for the small animals.

Figure 5 – From “The Mount Stebbing”, near Stebbing Green



The manors belonged anciently to the Peverells and the Ferrers and belong now to the Earl of Essex and Col. Bingham. They lived in a vicarage in the diocese of Rochester. The church is decorated English and has a tower and spire. There are chapels (*Churches*) for Independents and Quakers, two public schools and charities.

Figure 6 - St. Mary's Church in Stebbing, Essex, England Where the Thomas Swallow Family Attended



Thomas Swallow was born 2 January 1822, Stebbing, Essex, England and christened 10 March 1822. His father, Thomas Swallow (Sr.), was born 18 April 1797, also in Stebbing, Essex, England, and was listed as an agricultural laborer in the 1841 census. In the 1861 census, Thomas Swallow (Sr.) was living at the home of his son, Thomas Swallow (Jr.), and daughter-in-law, Caroline Crow Swallow. The census said he was 64 years of age and called him a boarder and a widower. Evidently his wife had died earlier. According to the branch records, Thomas (Sr.), was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 3 June 1855 by David Pudney at Dunmow. There is also a later baptism date, 22 May 1858, by W. Halls. Some of these dates are confusing as there is no distinction between Thomas Senior and Thomas Junior. The death certificate of Thomas Sr. shows he died 10 January 1866, Union Workhouse, Great Dunmow, Essex, England.

We know very little about Mary Heard or Haird, the mother of Thomas. After years of searching, we have been unable to find her birthplace or date. She and Thomas were married 24 October 1817, and both were buried in Stebbing.

Returning to the history of Thomas Jr., he was the middle child in a family of three. The eldest in the family was William, christened 2 May 1819 at Stebbing. (When Charles was on his mission in England, he wrote in his journal of visiting Uncle William and Aunt Mima Swallow in Stebbing. They would have been in their seventies at this time.) Emma Swallow, daughter of Thomas and Mary Heard, was born 20 June 1824 and christened 3 October 1824. Records of the Congregational Church in Stebbing record her marriage to David Saich and the birth and baptism of five children to this family. The civil registration records give her death as 1870 rather than 1860 as recorded in the St. George Temple. (Thomas and Caroline had Emma sealed in the St. George Temple on 16 May 1884 by proxy to William White Smith who was living at the time.)

We know little of the boyhood of Thomas. However, at the time the 1841 census was taken, he was not residing with his family. He was probably staying at the home of a family whose head was Abigail Taylor, age 40, a shopkeeper, for whom he was working.

Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow were married 24 November 1849. Thomas was not very tall in stature but a very strong man. He worked on a farm while in England, and there was only one other man on the farm, beside himself, who could lift the huge four-bushel sacks of wheat and carry them from the wagon to the loft where they were stored.

June Swallow Smith recorded: He (*Thomas*) worked on a farm owned by the Lords; and in payment for his work, he received twelve shillings per week. The value of a shilling is equivalent to twenty-four cents in American money. From this we can see that his monthly wage was about \$12.35. On this meager earning, he provided for his wife and children, six sons and one daughter. Frederick (*we have no photo of Frederick*) was their firstborn, 22 June 1849; George, 11 July 1851; William, 21 September 1855; Joseph, 28 June 1858; James, 13 January 1861; Eliza Esther, 7 June 1863; and Charles, 4 November 1865. In the year 1861, the year James was born, there was a drought in the country and wheat was very scarce. At this time bread sold at 24 cents or one schilling per loaf. This little family, like many of the others, lived mostly on potatoes, brown sugar, and cheese. When they did have the necessary flour to make bread, it was baked once a week in a brick oven.

Figure 7 -
George Swallow



1851 – 1932

Figure 8 -
William Swallow



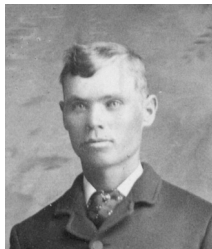
1855 – 1939

Figure 9 -
Joseph Swallow



1858 – 1942

Figure 10 -
James Swallow



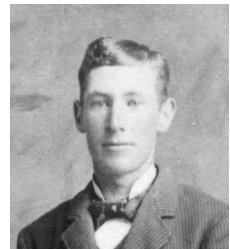
1861 – 1955

Figure 11 -
Eliza E Swallow



1863 – 1875

Figure 12 -
Charles Swallow



1865 - 1957

Thomas was taught the Gospel and became converted, by the missionaries, to the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-day Saints. He was baptized 25 Nov 1854 by Elder David Pudney (according to the original Braintree Branch records); ordained a deacon 20 May 1855 by Elder Pudney; a Priest 25 January 1857 (This is according to the original Dunmow Branch records. The Braintree Branch records were moved to the Dunmow Branch April 8, 1855.); and an Elder 10 May 1857. The information in his obituary is a little different than that on the records. The obituary goes on to say that he was ordained an Elder and made President of the Dunmow branch in 1856. He presided over the branch for 18 years. Thomas was a quiet, even tempered, gentle, man. Carrie Robison, daughter of the farmer for whom he worked in Fillmore, said she loved him as much as her own grandfather. When anything went wrong, she always went to Thomas for comfort and advice.

Caroline Crow Swallow was born 6 September 1829, Stebbing, Essex, England and christened October 11, 1829. (In her own records, patriarchal blessing, and cemetery monument, her birth date is 6 September 1830.) Her parents were William Crow and Eliza Cox (Cock). William was born 25 March 1799 in Stebbing, Essex, England. The 1841 census has him listed as William

Crow Jr., laborer, 34 years of age. Her mother, Eliza, was christened 25 December 1808, Stebbing, Essex, England and was listed as 30 years of age in the 1841 census. They were married 14 November 1827. Eliza died 29 October 1846. In the 1841 census, Caroline, age 11, is listed as the eldest of three children. Her siblings are George Crow listed as 8 years of age in the 1841 census, born in Stebbing, Essex, England, and Abraham Crow listed as 4 years of age, born in Stebbing, Essex, England. (In Charles mission journal he writes of visiting Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarah and he stayed at the home of Uncle George and Aunt Elizabeth. He must have felt very much at home with his mother's family.)

We don't know exactly how much formal schooling Caroline had but have been told it was very little. Most of her education was gained through her own effort and desire to learn. For many years she taught school, using the Bible as her text book. The younger boys and girls were taught during the day while classes were held at night for the older ones. This was necessary as the older children were forced to work during the day. She also read and answered hundreds of letters for people in that district who were uneducated and were unable to read or write.

Due to these classes and to her intensive study of the Bible, Caroline had a remarkable knowledge and understanding of its contents. At one time she received an award from the Church of England, to which she and her family belonged, for repeating from memory in a Sunday School the longest chapter contained in the Bible.

Caroline took a deep interest in her church and in "religion as a whole." It was probably this interest that aroused her curiosity when she first heard Mormonism preached in her community. Finally, there came a time when she was no longer convinced that the Church of England was God's church here on the earth. She was perplexed by the contrasting doctrines taught by the church and the things she read in the Bible. Therefore, as she had been taught through her studies, she sought the Lord in prayer, asking his guidance in choosing the right church for herself and family. In answer to her prayer, she had a dream or a vision in which she saw two men dressed in black coming to her door. One was short, the other tall. These men were bringing her the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

One day while looking out through the window, she recognized these same two men walking up the path toward the house. In answer to their summons, she learned that they were missionaries representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She invited them in, and these two Elders taught the principles of the Gospel to this family. They recognized these teachings to be true according to the Bible. They were converted and were baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church.

This decision brought persecution and made it necessary to sacrifice their home and employment. I remember Charles saying that one night a group of townspeople gathered and rocks were thrown through the windows into their home. The man, for whom his father worked, came out and ordered them off his property and told them he didn't want to see them there again. [Another man took them in.] Charles said he was an infidel or atheist. The man was a good man and very kind to the family. (Following are Laura's recollections of the incident: After they joined the church, the man who owned "The Green" turned them out because they were Mormons. They had no place to go, and it was not easy to find employment. I'm not quite sure how they came to meet the man who took them in, but I remember father called him an infidel (an atheist), but he was so good and kind to them. He met grandfather and told him that he had a little house they could live in, and he wouldn't charge them anything. They were so happy to

move in. The man was so kind to them, he'd put the children on the horses and let them ride . . . he was just really good to them.)

After they had been there just a little while, a gang heard about them being Mormons and they came out and were planning to kill them, I guess. But the man who owned the property saw them coming and got his gun and ordered them off the place. He said, "Don't you dare molest these people. They're good people. If you come any closer, I'll shoot you." So the gang went away.

Thomas was soon called to be the presiding Elder over the Dunmow Branch, which included Stebbing. Their home was always open and a place of refuge for the missionaries. Many nights Caroline and Thomas slept on the floor while the missionaries occupied their bed. Some of the missionaries who stayed at their home were Elder Charles W. Penrose, Orson Holbrook and Joseph V. Robison. (*This would have been Joseph Vickory Robison born 30 December 1832, the son of Joseph Robison and Lucretia Hancock, who lived in Fillmore, Utah. According to the book "Milestones of Millard - 1851 to 1951", Joseph V. Robison served his mission in Europe from 1869 to 1873.*) There was also one young elder by the name of Seth Prim, who was from St. George. He had only one hand. One day as he was trying to tie a package before leaving. Caroline offered to assist him. He was cheerful in spite of this handicap and answered that he could manage almost as well with one hand as he could if he had two.

Cottage meetings and church gatherings of all kinds were held at this home. The people from Braintree and Dunmow usually traveled in carts drawn by donkeys. There were two young men named Clark who lived in Dunmow, and never, during the time the meetings were held, did they miss coming; but they walked the four miles in order to feel of the spirit found in these assemblies.

From the Journal of Charles W. Penrose:

Tuesday, November 1865

Walked to Braintree and visited a Bro. & Sister. I then walked to Stebbing Green. Staid at Bro. Swallows. I blessed his child about three weeks old named it Charles. Sister Swallow told me about a church parson named Norman who had visited her to convert her from Mormonism but had become so upset through her testimony as to declare that he would give all the world if he could say what she did and he finally gave up preaching and left the place.

Caroline Crow Swallow – A Prophetess

The following is from an update T. Frank Swallow (*grandson of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow*) made to his personal history on July 1, 2001:

I want to add to my history an incident that happened to June (*T. Frank Swallow's wife*) in the temple recently. June and I are temple workers and have been since June 1983. I was given a leave of absence during the five years that I was Bishop but returned immediately thereafter.

One day a short time ago June was in the initiatory as a worker when a patron came through and saw her name tag "June Swallow." This patron asked June if her husband was related to Caroline Swallow. June replied, "I am quite sure she is my husband's grandmother."

My wife made arrangements to meet her after she finished her initiatory assignment. They met and exchanged names, telephone numbers and addresses.

Her name was Winifred McLachlan. She said to June during their conversation that Caroline Swallow was a prophetess.

Figure 13 - Caroline Crow Swallow while in England



As we were driving home from the temple that day, June told me of this experience. I replied to June, "a prophetess" and June said, "That is what she said."

When I got home, I decided to look up in the Bible Dictionary references to a prophetess. I noticed there were several. In *(the Book of)* Judges, for example, it states that "Deborah, a prophetess judged Israel."

A few days later, I received a package in the mail which contained extracts from a thesis entitled From Babylon to Zion: The Life of William McLachlan a British Convert to the Mormon Church. Also there were extracts from the pages of the Journals of William McLachlan.

These pages contained information that involved my grandmother, Caroline Swallow. I am going to take information from both of these documents *(the thesis and the journal)*.

The thesis was written by Winifred McLachlan (the same person that June talked to in the Temple). This thesis was presented to the Department of History, Brigham Young University, as part of other requirements for a Master of Arts Degree. The material for her thesis was primarily obtained from the Journals of William McLachlan.

In order for one to get the concept as to the time this event took place with Caroline Swallow one needs to know not only the date this took place but also the birthday of my father George Swallow, and also my birth date.

My grandmother, Caroline Swallow, was born 1829.

My father, George Swallow, was born 1851.

I was born in 1918 (My father was 67 years old when I was born).

William McLachlan, the person Winifred McLachlan wrote her thesis on, was born in 1840.

It should be noted that the McLachlans are not related to the Swallows.

Reading from the William McLachlan journal, it says,

Some time in the year 1859, (remember he was born in 1840 which would make him 19 years old at this time) while I was traveling round and calling upon my customers, a place called Stebbing Green - by chance and good luck as people would call it — one of my customers, named Caroline Swallow, asked me if I would like to read some of the publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she in connection with her husband being members of the same. I accepted the kind offer and from time to time read the tracts published by Orson Pratt (Orson Pratt published 24 tracts while he was mission president from 1848 to 1851) until I was satisfied that the work was true.

Sometime in the summer of 1859, I walked 6 miles to attend a meeting at Stebbing Green held on Sunday in Thos. Swallow's house (T. Frank Swallow's grandfather). I enjoyed the Saints assembled there, but as I had left my half-brother's house in the morning and did not say where I was going - not feeling disposed to do so - I had dread upon my mind that I would be severely reprimanded when I arrived home in the evening. I was engaged with him to travel 2 years and at the expiration of that time according to agreement, I was to be put into business on my own account; thus I was in a measure obligated to comply with his desires.

Quoting from Sister McLachlan's thesis she states, "On his return home in the evening Gilbert (his half-brother) asked where he had been all day. He told him that he had been to a Latter-day Saint meeting. His brother reacted as so many other relatives did to a Mormon convert in the family, and swore he would not have a Mormon in his house or on his premises. I treated him to silence." A few days later McLachlan, his faith too strong to ignore, turned in his name for baptism.

William McLachlan, age nineteen, was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 9 July 1859. (My father, George Swallow, was 8 years old at this time.)

Winifred in her thesis referring to the Saints in that little branch said "The powerhouse of this spiritual strength was Caroline Swallow, who first introduced William McLachlan to the Church, and was one of the early British Saints with the gift of prophecy and the gift of tongues."

Winifred continued, "The Saints highly valued the gifts of tongues, interpretation of tongues, and prophecy as Gifts of the Spirit along with wisdom, faith, healing, the discerning of spirits, and the working of miracles promised in Corinthians to faithful believers in the Gospel of Christ."

In the back of William McLachlan's first journal is a section entitled "Revelations given through Sister Caroline Swallow to me while a member of the Dunmow Branch commencing in 1859." He recorded 15 blessings or revelations, the first one dated 1859 and the last one, 22 March 1863. In these revelations the Lord promised he would reach Zion safely (which he did), preach the gospel without purse or scrip in a far country (he served a mission to Christchurch, New Zealand), and live many years in Zion (he died at age 76). (*Caroline Crow Swallow told him*), "The desire of your eyes will not be taken from you, your posterity will be blessed, a righteous seed you will raise up, many wives I will give unto you (he had three wives) if you will do what I have commanded you. Your wives will be wives of prudence because you will do right."

Winifred wrote in her thesis (*quoting William McLachlan*) that on "Sunday 22 March, twenty Saints

comprising the branch and three strangers met in the home of Elder Thomas and Caroline Swallow. After the Saints partook of the sacrament and bore their testimonies as they were directed by the Holy Ghost, Sister Swallow arose and spoke in an unknown tongue. The interpretation was given to Brother Guiver, myself, and George Thurgood. Many things were promised to me through faithfulness to my God."

Winifred wrote in her thesis "No one at that time questioned Caroline Swallow's gift of tongues and prophecy because she was a woman, or for any other reason. The members and the leaders of the Church held her in high respect.

William McLachlan described Caroline Swallow as "a woman of meager education, but very familiar with the scriptures," and that "she and her family are poor people, but earnest in the work of the Lord."

The McLachlans left England in 1863.

My father, George Swallow, was 12 years old when the McLachlans left England.

My father left England 4 years later at the age of 17.

I, (*T. Frank Swallow*), am going to write one of the revelations given to William McLachlan thru Caroline Swallow.

"30 December 1860. Thus saith the Lord unto you my servant William, be of good cheer. I have heard your prayers and seen the integrity of your heart and your prayers have come up to my throne acceptable before me. I have called you to pass through trials to prove you and in order that you may know yourself. I will control the minds of men in your favor, yea hundreds and thousands if you will adhere to my laws. You will likewise enter my temple and the Holy of Holiest and there receive celestial marriage and you will go down to the font and be baptized for your dead, and they will be admitted into your kingdom. I pronounce upon you this day, long life if you will do right before me continually. I will pour out my spirit upon you, and you will say to the sick and afflicted arise and be thou restored, and it will be so."

It is interesting to me that on December 30, 1860 (*when this was given*) the Nauvoo Temple had been destroyed, and the St George Temple, the first temple to be built after the Nauvoo Temple was destroyed, was not dedicated until April 6, 1877 - 17 years later. Please note, in the revelation above, the wording "You, (*William McLachlan*), will likewise enter my temple and the Holy of Holiest and there receive celestial marriage and you will go down to the font and be baptized for your dead and they will be admitted into your kingdom."

William McLachlan died in 1916 at the age of 76 years, 23 years after the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated on April 6, 1893.

Figure 14 - Thomas Swallow



Figure 15 - Caroline Crow Swallow



The Thomas and Caroline Crow Family Come to Utah

The following is from The History of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow as compiled and written by Elva (Swallow) Lindberg, a daughter of Charles Swallow and Isabella Dearden Swallow and written in about 1985.

The Thomas Swallow, Caroline Crow family consisted of seven children, six sons and one daughter. They were all born in Stebbing, Essex, England. Thomas was named after his father, Thomas Swallow Sr. His mother's name was Mary Heard. Caroline's father was William Crow and her mother, Eliza Cock.

Agricultural laborers in England worked hard and received meager wages. Even though Thomas was a hard worker, Caroline often went into the fields after the harvesting and gleaned wheat. She was frugal and had to be very saving, but she was a good manager.

Like many of the early converts, their hope for the future was to come to America. In order to accomplish this, some of the children were permitted to precede their parents. George emigrated 14 July 1868 on the S.S. Colorado and arrived in New York July 28, 1868. There were 600 people aboard. The ship weighed 1500 tons. George came sea-fare. Frederick emigrated in 1871. They paid for their passage or worked out their immigration through the Holbrooks and Joseph V. Robison.

Next to leave were Joseph Swallow, 14 years of age, and James, 11 years of age. They left Liverpool 12 June 1872 on the ship Manhattan. It was a British Steamship and the average days of voyage were 13 1/2. It weighed 2869 tons and was built in 1866. The children traveled sea-fare. There were 31 children aboard. The fare for children under 14 was usually one-third to one-half the adult fare. Those who paid the lowest fare rate were in steerage. Steerage fees ranged from three to five pounds (U.S. \$14.40 to U.S. \$24.00, or at today's value, \$75 to \$125).

Although the fare seems reasonable by today's standards, it would have taken over one-third of an average laborer's annual income to bring an average-sized family.

It was not until 2 September 1874 that Thomas, Caroline and their two youngest children, Eliza Esther and Charles, were able to emigrate. When Charles was eight years old, his father, mother and his sister, Eliza Esther, sailed to America on the ship Wyoming. They took the train from New York to Salt Lake City, stayed three weeks, and then, most likely, traveled by wagon the remainder of the way. They settled in Fillmore, Utah, to farm for Joseph V. Robison.

William Swallow did not come to America and Fillmore, Utah until between 1885 and 1887.

George had come to the U.S. earlier (and) had settled in Fillmore, Utah where he worked for the Robisons. He sent the money he was able to save to assist his parents and brother and sister to come to America. I imagine their feelings were similar to the testimony of one emigrant who said; "I believed in the principal of the gathering and felt it my duty to go, although it was a severe trial to me in my feelings to leave my native land and the pleasing associations that I had formed there; but my heart was fixed. I knew in whom I had trusted and with the fire of Israel's God burning in my bosom, I forsook my home."

The family was listed on the emigration log as follows:

Thomas Swallow	51	London Conference
Caroline Swallow	43	London Conference
Eliza Swallow	11	London Conference
Charles Swallow	8	London Conference
210	Steerage - adults	
99	Steerage - children	
15	Steerage - infants	
3	Intermediate adults	
3	Cabin	
4	Missionaries	

They arrived in New York 14 September 1874. They were soon on their way to Salt Lake where they stayed for three weeks. While there they were sealed in the Endowment House, 5 October 1874, by Wilford Woodruff. They then continued their journey to Fillmore.

Caroline had not been well on the voyage; and when they arrived in Nephi, she took a congestive chill. She was never completely well after this illness, but confined to her bed much of the time. When she was well enough to do her housework, she would send her washing and sewing out to be done. Otherwise, a hired girl was employed to do the work. Isabella Dearden was one of these girls.

After reaching Fillmore, the family first lived in an old rock house where Mr. Kessler now lives (March 1940). It was known as the old Wade place. Later they moved to a house owned by the Dunsnips where Hugh Mitchell now lives.

It is believed that the first two Fillmore homes Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow lived in were located in Block 42. Block 42 is the block west of where the Thomas Dearden family lived and southwest of where the Henry Davies family lived. Fillmore Land Records show that

Joseph Wade purchased the north ½ of Lots 7 & 8, Block 42, from Hyrum Dunsnip in 1889; and Hyrum S. Mitchell purchased the north ½ of lots 1 & 2, Block 42, from the Edward Davies estate in 1920 and sold it again in 1969. The address for Thomas Swallow's second home is thought to be 280 South 200 West in Fillmore. In 1882 the Thomas Swallow family moved to their third Fillmore home located on Lot 5, Block 68, or 175 W. 100 N. The Fillmore High School is located on this property today. In about 1887 Thomas and Caroline moved across the street to their fourth Fillmore home located on the east ½ of Lot 2, Block 77, or 170 W. 100 N. today.

The Millard County Records tell us:

Thomas Swallow purchased Block 68, Lot 5, in Fillmore, Utah on February 9, 1882 from Belinda M. Pratt for \$400. The 1890 Fillmore real estate tax records show a home on this property valued at \$250.

Figure 16 - The Thomas Swallow Cabin at 175 W. 100 N. in Fillmore



This photo was taken about 1920, when William Swallow owned this property. William Swallow is the one in the photo.

Then on October 29, 1883, Thomas purchased Block 68, Lot 6 from James Lambert for \$250. Frederick Swallow, Thomas' son, had mortgaged Block 68, Lot 6 on October 19, 1878 for \$160.50 (See Appendix C). Frederick is shown living with Thomas and Caroline in the 1880 US Census. The 1890 Fillmore real estate tax records show a home on this property valued at \$400.

In 1891, after the death of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow, these properties were sold by the heirs of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.

On April 11, 1891 and June 12, 1891, property known as Block 68, Lot 5 was sold to James Swallow for \$300 by Frederick & Louisa Swallow, William Swallow, Joseph & Emma Swallow, Charles Swallow, and George & Ann Swallow. In 1908 James Swallow sold this property to William Swallow. Clara Copley Swallow (William Swallow's wife) sold this property to W. A. Mundy on June 25, 1934. (See *Appendix C*). The records also show that Alva Swallow, William and Clara Swallow's adopted son, also had an interest in this property.

On April 11, 1891 and June 12, 1891, property known as Block 68, Lot 6 was sold to William Swallow by Frederick & Louisa Swallow, James & Charlotte Swallow, Joseph & Emma Swallow, Charles Swallow, and George & Ann Swallow for \$125. William Swallow sold this property to Eliza Wicker May 2, 1894 for \$325. (The reason for two sales dates is that George Swallow did not come into Fillmore but signed out in Nevada.) (See *Appendix C*)

Memories about Caroline Crow Swallow

Elva Swallow Lindberg continues with the [History of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow](#):

In talking with Dad (*Charles Swallow*) and Mom (*Isabella Dearden Swallow*) about Grandmother Swallow (*Caroline Crow Swallow*), these are a few additional things I learned. I wanted to know what she looked like and some of her personal characteristics.

Caroline was a short lady with dark hair, a small woman with small hands and feet. Her walk was distinctive with an energetic springing step. She was always very neat about her home and her personal appearance. Mom said she remembered her in a black dress with her hair drawn neatly back from her face. She was a good cook and on a small amount of money helped to save and make a comfortable home.

She was an ardent church worker and a great student of the Bible. She was a quiet person until a gospel conversation was started and then she loved to join in. Many people came to talk to her about religious matters. In England her home was always open to the missionaries and the saints as well. Through her example and her zeal, she helped to convert many people to the gospel.

Grandfather was often away from home, so much of the responsibility of rearing and teaching the children fell upon Grandmother's shoulders. Because of this she had a great influence upon the life of Charles, who was the youngest in the family and who had the responsibility of keeping the home and caring for his mother after his father's death.

Grandmother was always very devout and very regular about having family prayer. Mother tells of falling asleep one night during these prayers. She had been working for Grandmother and was very tired. She was kneeling by a step and somehow her eyes just wouldn't stay open. Grandmother rebuked her for this, saying it showed a lack of reverence.

Letter from Caroline Crow Swallow to Her Son Charles – 6/14/1888

Following is a letter to Charles Swallow from Caroline Crow Swallow dated June 14, 1888, just four months after Thomas Swallow died. (See Appendix A for copy of actual letter)

Fillmore City
June 14, 1888

My Beloved son Charles,

I'm taking this opportunity to answer your most faithful letter which I received with gladness of heart, to again learn of your nephew and that of your brother James and George's wife and family.

Well I can not say that I am feeling well for the weather is so against me now that it seems a drag to get along. We have so much wind, and this morning is such a heavy air, so that I am just able to scribble these few lines as I want to answer it to you as I was so very pleased to get one; but imagined to be looking for James' mail home.

All the time William keeps saying it's a care that James don't write a line or anything about what to do. He hasn't written over twice. That is all I expect I will get. He (William) had to go 2 or 3 times to get the lot done. He is working very hard now, all the time watering and cutting hay. He is now doing William King's 2 lots and then he is going to do James' and next week he says he will have to go to the Sink (*now called Flowell*) and commence there.

And about things to eat and so on, it is altogether seems uphill business. We are using quite a little now (money) and it seems that I only get just as little as I can possibly do with. But on the account of my health being so poor, there is expenses in necessary ways, to what these others would be if I was well and left the way I am.

Joseph and them have had a real hard time of late. He has had to pay quite a little about the land and they all went down to the Sink last week, stayed 4 days so that they might live on it to claim. I expect it is all right now when he gets his other papers here. The Giles fetched him some; then they charged him 5 dollars. But Joseph seems very weak when he starts in to work and wants more to take (money) then he can really get. Yet he said the other day, "I don't know what would become of us if it was not for you." I had a little herb tea and some wee little comfort as much as I have to do without sugar; seems so much and a little wanting in so many ways.

I heard your father's voice speaking the other morning. Just so plain he says "I want you to make your Mother comfortable." He repeated it over twice so plain as he used to talk when alive, and I moved quick as to speak, but he was gone. I feel and can think he can realize how things are going and the spirit said. "Leave thy fatherless children and let thy children trust in me, full of hope to light my way through to the end." But, I never seen the time in my life that I had not a little means too.

Karen Lindberg Rasmussen wrote the following to help us follow and understand the family's immigration to America.

Understanding the Thomas Swallow Family Immigration to America

Why did Thomas Swallow and his family immigrate to America? And why did they decide to settle in Fillmore, Utah? In trying to answer these questions, we begin by looking at their affiliation with the L.D.S. Church and its missionaries in England.

After eagerly listening to the missionaries, Caroline Crow Swallow was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 18, 1854 by Joseph Silver becoming a member of the Braintree Branch, Essex Conference, L.D.S. British Mission. Approximately two months later, on November 25, 1854, Thomas Swallow was baptized by David Pudney and also became a member of the Braintree Branch, Essex Conference, L.D.S. British Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Caroline's and Thomas' baptisms into the L.D.S. Church set in motion life-changing commitments for the Swallow family.

From the Utah History Encyclopedia [online version], Richard L. Jensen gives us a view of the development of the L.D.S. Church in England when he states that "spectacular growth in the L.D.S. British Mission coincided with the founding of the new gathering place (Utah). The mission tripled in membership from 1846 to 1851, despite heavy emigration in the last two of those years. Later, fleeing to Zion in troubled times, more Mormons left the British Mission for Utah in the Crimean War years of 1853 to 1856 than in any other four-year period. Assistance from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, with the benefit of creative financing by Mormon leaders, also reached all-time highs during the same period. Hefty L.D.S. emigration came again during the American Civil War, an economically difficult time for the British Isles. The last major thrust of L.D.S. emigration from Britain was in 1868 as part of a colonizing effort to reinforce Mormon numbers in Utah prior to the completion of the transcontinental railroad, which would open the territory to easier access for the outside world. By that time, more than 31,000 Latter-day Saints had left the British Isles for Utah." The Thomas Swallow family was a part of this tremendous growth and subsequent emigration.

While attending the Braintree Branch, Thomas and Caroline's two oldest sons, Frederick and George, were blessed on January 3, 1855 by Elders Squire and Pudney. Later that year, the boundaries of various branches in the conference were reorganized. The Swallow family's records, as well as others from the Braintree Branch, were removed to the Dunmow Branch on April 8, 1855. Dunmow is a slightly smaller town than Braintree. Stebbing Green, where the Swallow's lived, are located between the two—with Dunmow on the West and Braintree on the East. There is a distance of about 20 kilometers (or about 12 miles) between Dunmow and Braintree.

Statements in Thomas' obituary indicate he may have received the Aaronic and/or Melchizedek Priesthood while attending the Braintree Branch although no original record has been located. These difficulties with record keeping and transferring membership records account for some of the repetitive ordinances seen in the early records of the Church. According to the Dunmow Branch records, Thomas Swallow was ordained a Deacon on 20 May 1855, a Priest on 25 January 1857, and an Elder on 10 May 1857. Based on statements made in Thomas' obituary, we assume this is approximately the time he was called to serve as Branch President of the Dunmow Branch. It appears he served in this calling about 18 years or until immigrating to the United States.

According to branch records, many of Thomas and Caroline's children were blessed and baptized while members of the Dunmow Branch, Essex Conference, L.D.S. British Mission:

- 1855: William blessed by David Pudney, Oct 28
- 1858: Frederick baptized by W. Halls, May 22
George baptized by William Clark, July 12
Joseph blessed by Joseph Silver, July 25
- 1859: George baptized by William Clark, July 12
- 1861: James blessed by Wm McMachlan, Feb 10 (*We assume this to be the William McLachlan who considered Caroline a prophetess.*)
- 1863: Eliza blessed by Benjamin Guiver, July 5
- 1865: Charles blessed by Charles Penrose, Nov 17
- 1868: William baptized by J. Ladler or possibly Thomas Swallow, 20 Dec
Joseph baptized by Thomas Swallow, 20 Dec

Thomas and Caroline were very active in the Church while they were in the Dunmow Branch, and it appears that many of the missionaries who were serving in that area stayed in their home. We assume that at least some of the missionaries who went to England, Great Britain and/or Europe from Fillmore, Utah had contact with the Thomas Swallow family.

Milestones of Millard, page 270 and 271, lists the following missionaries who served in England, Great Britain and/or Europe while the Thomas Swallow family were in England.

Thomas R. King	1856 -
Peter Robison	1856-58
Henry J. McCullough	1867-69
Nathan B. Baldwin	1867-69
Josiah F. Gibbs	1867-69
Orson C. Holbrook	1867-69
Platt D. Lyman	1867-69
Alston Lyman	1867-69
Reuben McBride	1867-67
Almon Robison	1867-68
Joseph V. Robison	1869-73
Volney King	1873-74
L. Holbrook	1873-75
John Dewsnap	1874-
Chandler Holbrook	1874-76

While perhaps not all the Fillmore missionaries had contact with the Swallow family, we feel certain that some did -- Orson C. Holbrook (1867-69), Joseph V. Robison (1869-73), Lafayette Holbrook (1873-75) and Chandler Holbrook (1874-76). We know that the Thomas Swallow family had a strong relationship with these missionaries, as the Holbrooks and Robisons provided jobs for family members once they reached Fillmore, allowing them to pay off their passage and send additional funds back to England. It is assumed that by rubbing shoulders with the missionaries from Fillmore, the Swallow family developed lasting relationships with these men and their families. These relationships had a major influence on where the Swallow family would settle in Utah.

Figure 17 - Chandler Holbrook

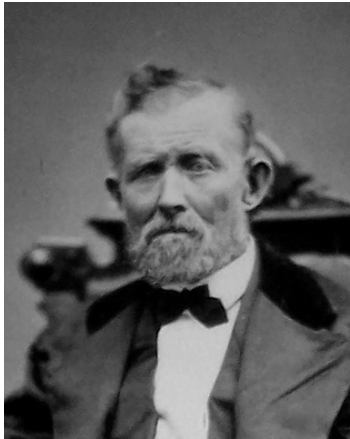


Figure 18 - Joseph V. Robison



Charles W. Penrose, an English missionary and songwriter, also had a strong influence on the Thomas Swallow family. James Swallow said that Charles W. Penrose held many cottage meetings in the Thomas Swallow home, and they would often sing one of the songs he wrote, O Ye Mountains High. The words of this fervent song are about a place they all talked about and dreamed of someday going. This song captures the deep desire of the Swallow's to immigrate to Utah.

O Ye Mountains High

O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the clear streamlets flow.
How I've longed to your bosom to flee!
O Zion! Dear Zion! Land of the free,
Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come;
All my fond hopes are centered in thee.

Tho the great and the wise all thy beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art dear;
Tho the haughty may smile and the wicked revile,
Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
O Zion! Dear Zion! Land of the free,
Tho thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
Yet we'll share joy and sorrow with thee.

In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
Without fear of thy foes thou shalt tread;
And their silver and gold, as the prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
O Zion! Dear Zion! Land of the free,
Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine,
And eternal thy glory shall be.

Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the prophets of God.
Thy deliverance is nigh; thy oppressors shall die;

And thy land shall be freedom's abode.
O Zion! Dear Zion! Land of the free,
In thy temples we'll bend; all thy rights we'll defend;
And our home shall be ever with thee.

They dreamed of Utah being their home long before it sheltered them physically.

The immigration of the Swallow family began in July 1868 with George (*age 17*). After journeying to Liverpool, he traveled 15 days across the ocean on the steamship "Colorado" with a group of 600 other saints. A letter written by a fellow passenger, Aurelius Miner, described their arrival in New York City on 28 July 1868. "We arrived at the quarantine on the evening of the 27th ultimo, and landed at Castle Garden on the 28th at noon...All things worked nicely in passing the luggage at the custom house. The Saints were detained only about one hour, and then all went to the Hudson River Railroad Station, where they remained all night, settling for the remainder of their passage; and on the following day, about five o'clock P.M., all being comfortably seated in carriages, the bell rang, whistle blew, and away they went towards Albany, feeling that they were satisfied with the water, and thankful that they were on their way to Zion." The train traveled to Benton, Wyoming—arriving August 7th. A week later, George left with the Daniel D. McArthur Wagon Company on a 20-day journey to the Salt Lake Valley. Where did George obtain the funds to complete this trek? His name appears in the records of the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company for the year 1868. In the book, Builders of Early Millard, we read that Chandler Holbrook (1807-1889) "contributed to the emigration fund and was responsible for many emigrants coming to Utah." Perhaps, George was sponsored by Chandler Holbrook because George worked for Lafayette Holbrook, one of Chandler's sons, for about three years after coming to Fillmore. During this period, George worked to pay off his immigration loan and send money back to his family in England to help them immigrate. Once George settled in Fillmore in 1868, the die was cast that the family would settle here.

According to the book, Builders of Millard, Joseph V. Robison was called to serve as the President of the London Conference in 1869. About this time, changes were being made in the organization of the various Conferences of the British Mission. Many, many saints had immigrated to Zion. The Dunmow Branch, typical of other branches in the Essex Conference, had been depleted to four families, totaling 15 people. As a result of the decreased membership, the Dunmow Branch, as well as other neighboring branches, now became a part of the London Conference. According to family records, James was baptized during this time of transition in 1869. We assume that during this period the Swallow family had an opportunity to rub shoulders with another saint from Fillmore, Joseph V. Robison. Perhaps as the Dunmow Branch President (Thomas Swallow) visited with the London Conference President (Joseph V. Robison), he may have asked: "Have you met our son, George?" "How is he doing?" The Swallow family continued to develop in their commitment to the gospel.

By 1871, George was doing more than working in Fillmore. He was also freighting between Utah and Nevada. Within a few years, he would buy into a ranch partnership in Nevada and settle there.

Based on the 1871 British census, Frederick was living with his parents in Stebbing and working as an agricultural laborer up until the time he left England. Richard L. Jensen in his article, Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, (Utah History Encyclopedia—online version) explains

that as available funds from the PEF diminished, “the church made other arrangements whereby relatives and friends in the Intermountain West could provide assistance to prospective immigrants.” Using money George sent home, and possibly obtaining assistance from future employers in Fillmore, Frederick (*age 22*) immigrated with a small group of 60 saints on the steamship Minnesota. After 13 days at sea, they arrived in New York City on 21 August 1871. Due to the completion of the transcontinental railroad, Frederick was able to take the train all the way from New York City to Ogden, arriving there August 30th. We assume he then traveled by wagon to Fillmore. Because Frederick did not begin to buy property until 1876, a period of five years, we assume this time was spent working off his passage and possibly living with some of his employers, sending funds back to England, and saving some money for himself. He also spent some time working with George out on the ranch in Shoshone, Nevada, although this may have been later, about 1884-1886.

In June 1872, less than a year after Frederick left England, Joseph (*age 14*) and James (*age 11*) were sent to the United States under the watchful care of Elizabeth Marshall. (Note: Elizabeth Marshall married Albert Robison, the younger brother of Joseph V. Robison, April 28, 1873. A few years after Albert died in 1877, she married Joseph V. Robison in 1883. Elizabeth Marshall Robison died in 1944 at the age of 94.) Their mother, Caroline Crow Swallow, walked with the boys the 5 or so miles to Braintree to catch the train to London. After traveling from London to Liverpool, James and Joseph traveled with a group of 221 Saints aboard the steamship Manhattan. After 15 days at sea, the ship arrived in New York City on 27 June 1872. Joseph and James then traveled by train all the way to Salt Lake City, arriving on the 4th of July. They were asked by President Joseph V. Robison to carry back to Fillmore a pocketknife for his son. Joseph and James felt very badly when the knife was lost along the wagon trail between Salt Lake City and Fillmore. It was along this wagon trail that the brothers met the Davies and Dearden families also on their way to Fillmore.

Because of the Swallow family’s economic status in England, funding for the journey was always a factor. According to James Swallow’s personal history, James was sponsored by Chandler Holbrook; and Joseph was sponsored by Joseph V. Robison. Concerning where they lived after arriving in Fillmore, James states, “we were admitted into the homes of the missionaries who sponsored our way over. How wonderful it was to be in a home.” James goes on to state that “I worked for Orson Holbrook, father of the missionary sponsor, Alonzo Robison and others...” By 1872, four of the Swallow brothers had arrived in Fillmore. However, it does not appear that the brothers were all living under one roof—but rather dispersed throughout the community and Nevada. Despite this, over the ensuing years it becomes apparent that their lives were very much intertwined.

Back in the Dunmow Branch, now London Conference, Eliza Esther Swallow was baptized on September 29, 1872 by J. Sadler. Two years later in September of 1874, Thomas, Caroline, Eliza and Charles were finally able to immigrate to the United States. We assume funds for their passage and other expenses came from the combined efforts of all family members. Leaving behind their son, William, and various extended family members, we assume the family traveled from Braintree to Liverpool by train. Traveling with a group of 553 L.D.S. saints, they boarded the steamship Wyoming in Liverpool. After 13 days at sea, Thomas (*age 52*), Caroline (*age 44*), Eliza (*age 11*) and Charles (*age 8*) arrived in New York City on 14 September 1874. The following day “the company proceeded by train westward and arrived in Salt Lake City, Wednesday, September 23rd.” The family spent three weeks in Salt Lake City. During this time, Thomas and

Caroline Swallow were endowed and sealed in the Endowment House. They then traveled—probably by wagon—to Fillmore where several of their sons were living.

Family histories indicate that Thomas and Caroline initially lived in an old rock house known as the “Old Wade Place.” Later, they moved to another home.

Then there is a final issue: Why did William stay in England approximately ten years after the remainder of the family immigrated? He was 19 years old when his parents and two siblings left England. Whose decision was it that he stay behind? What was the motivation? Church records prior to the family leaving (1869) list William’s occupation as a “Farm Laborer.” It is our best guess that, in 1881, William was working as an indoor farm servant for William Wilson of the Toft House/Lillings Ambo, York, England. This is based on the 1881 British Census but obviously needs further substantiation. According to William’s obituary, he (*age 29/30*) immigrated in 1885. We have been unable to pinpoint his name on a passenger list.

We might deduce by Caroline’s letter to Charles in 1888, that once William arrived in the United States, he joined the family in Fillmore and lived with his mother after his father’s death, helping her farm their land. It should be remembered, however, that the family was very much split up between the two homesteads of Fillmore and Shoshone. The U.S. Census and family histories show that Frederick, Joseph, James and Charles worked on the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada; but, there is no mention of William ever working there.

In review, most of Thomas and Caroline Swallow’s child-rearing years, if not more, were spent in a long drawn out process of getting their whole family immigrated to the United States. It is only a few years after William immigrates that Thomas Swallow passes away. Certainly, this whole effort must have occupied their communication and interests for over 20 years. Maybe this was a contributing factor for why the sons married so late in life. Their primary motivation in making the move to America was their desire to gather to Zion and join the Saints there. This decision also offered them a chance to own their own land and experience new economic opportunities and trials. Their determination to settle in Fillmore was most likely a result of the influence and economic assistance of missionaries from the town (*of Fillmore, Utah*) who served in England. In summary, we express gratitude for our fine British heritage, but exclaim with thanksgiving—God Bless America.

Death of Eliza Esther Swallow

Eliza Esther Swallow contracted diphtheria and died October 16, 1875. It was a great shock and loss for her parents and brothers to lose their only daughter and sister.

Figure 19 - Eliza Esther & Caroline Crow Swallow



Figure 20 - Gravestone of Eliza Esther Swallow



Poem from Elva (Swallow) Lindberg in her History of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow:

"In Loving Remembrance of Eliza Esther Swallow - Died October 16, 1875, age 12 years

*There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian;
Whose portals we call death.
She is not dead this child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection;
And Christ himself doth rule.
As a fair maid we shall again behold her,
Clothed with celestial grace,
With all the beauties of her soul expanded,
Standing before her Father's face"*

Death of Thomas Swallow

Thomas Swallow had a sun-stroke while working for (Alonzo) "Lonnie" Robison in the summer of 1887. This was followed by a stroke a few months later, and he died on a cold winter day, January 21, 1888.

Figure 21 – Winter at the Thomas Swallow Home in Fillmore – 170 W. 100 N.



Obituary Thomas Swallow, Deseret News, 1888, Feb. 16, Vol. 37, p. 80

"SWALLOW -- At Fillmore, on January 21, 1888, Thomas, son of Mary Haird and Thos. Swallow. He was born January 2, 1823 (*the Parish register gives the year as 1822*), in Stebbing, Essex, England; married Caroline Crow March 25, 1849 (*the Parish register gives the date as March 24, 1849*); was baptized November 7, 1854 (*the Branch records give the date as November 24, 1854*), by Elder David Pudney and ordained a Deacon in the same month. He was ordained a Priest in the early part of the year 1855, by Bro. Pindrey; was ordained an Elder and made President of Dunmow branch in 1856. He presided over the branch 18 years. For 20 years his house was a home for Elders traveling in that part of England. Assisted by his son George, he emigrated his family, leaving England September 2, 1874. He arrived in Salt Lake City September 23, 1874 and remained there three weeks. (*The Mormon Migration Index gives the date as September 14, 1874, proceeded to Salt Lake City where they stayed three weeks.*). He then went to Fillmore and in time established a house there living there until his death. In company with his wife and a portion of his family he visited the Saint George Temple, where they engaged in labor for their dead. He lived and died a faithful member of the Church. A wife, six sons and seven grandchildren mourn his loss. – COM -- Millennial Star, please copy."

To A Friend - Composed for Bro. Thomas Swallow's Passing by Minnie Milgate of Fillmore, August 16, 1888:

He died in peace with a beautiful smile,
And you will join him in Heaven, at the throne of God,
Only wait awhile.

He was pure as a lily never thought of guile.
He was one of the noblest and best,
And he has gone with the angels to rest.
He had finished his mission here on earth,
And what was this world's pleasures to him worth.

He has gone where there's peace, no sorrow nor care,
And a crown of glory he surely will wear.
And the glory of that happy home he surely will wear.
And the glory and peace of that happy home,
Forever he surely shall share.

He left a wife and six noble sons,
To mourn the loss of their loved one.
He passed away in a dream so mild.
He was pure, noble and humble as a child.

Then do not mourn for him you love,
For you will meet your noble husband above."

Death of Caroline Crow Swallow

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

Before Grandmother (*Caroline Crow Swallow*) died, 31 March 1891, she called her children in and blessed them. She put Isabella Dearden's hand in Charles Swallow's and blessed their marriage.

Obituary of Caroline Crow Swallow - April 20, 1891 p. 4

"SWALLOW--At her residence in Fillmore. Caroline Swallow; born at Stebbing, Essex Co., England, Sept. 6, 1830 (*the Parish records show the year as 1829*); died March 31 1891 , age 60 yrs. 4 mos. and 25 days.

Deceased emigrated with the Saints in 1878 (*the actual year was 1874*), and was a faithful Latter-day Saint. Just previous to her departure, a friend of the family called to see her. She was then very happy and said that she had just received a visit from a companion who died April 7, 1888 (*We assume that this refers to Thomas Swallow who died January 21, 1888*). Also, that he was surrounded by many acquaintances who had gone before, and who had previously lived in Fillmore. -- COM

Millennial Star please copy."

(*You will notice that some of the dates in the obituaries are incorrect.*)

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Figure 22 - Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow Headstone at the Fillmore Cemetery



Chapter 2 – History of the Frederick Swallow Family

In England

The local Parish Record Book, St. Mary's Church, Stebbing, Essex, England shows Frederic, son of Thomas and Caroline Swallow, born 22nd June 1849 and baptized 5 August 1849 by M. D. Duffield, vicar. Thomas Swallow's occupation is shown as a labourer living at Stebbing.

(Note: The name of Frederick is spelled in various records as Frederic, Fredrick, Frederick and Fred. I have chosen the spelling "Frederick" for this history because it seems to be the spelling that was used on most of the official records.)

In the L.D.S. Church Membership records it shows Frederick Swallow, born June 22, 1849 in Stebbing, Essex, England to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow was blessed January 3, 1855 by Elders Squires and Pudney. His church membership record was moved from the Braintree Branch to the Dunmow Branch April 8, 1855. Frederick was baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church May 22, 1858 by Elder Wm Halls in the Dunmow Branch. At age 17 Frederick's occupation is shown as a farm laborer.

The 1871 British Census lists Frederick as an agricultural laborer, age 21 and living with his parents in the Parish of Stebbing, Essex County, England.

Immigration to USA

Frederick Swallow at age 22 is the second son of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow to immigrate to the U.S. In the Mormon Immigration Index it shows he was the only family member to come on the ship "S. S. Minnesota" that departed Liverpool, England August 9, 1871 along with 60 other L.D.S. immigrants - William Douglas being the church leader for the voyage. The following is in the immigration notes found on the Mormon Immigration Index:

Departure -- On Wednesday, August 9, the S. S. Minnesota, Captain T. W. Freeman, left Liverpool for New York, having on board a company of sixty Saints, in which number are included Elders William Douglass, Stephen H. Taylor, George O. Noble and Alma Eldredge, who are returning home from their missions to these lands. This company, though small, was exceedingly comfortably situated, and left our shores in most excellent spirits. We trust that these brethren and sisters, like those who have preceded them, will have a speedy, pleasant, and prosperous voyage, and that the watch care of our Heavenly Father will be over them until their journey is accomplished, and still remain with them when they have reached the home of the Saints in Zion.

The Mormon Immigration Index further shows they arrived in New York City August 21, 1871. This group of saints, including Frederick, arrived in Ogden, Utah August 30, 1871. Frederick continued on to Fillmore, Utah.

Single and Living in Fillmore

We can be sure Frederick's younger brother, George, age 20, was there to meet him when he arrived in Fillmore. They must have had a grand reunion because Frederick was the first family member that George had seen in three years. Frederick, like George, had to work off the cost of his passage. They most likely worked together as often as they could. George purchased an interest in and permanently moved to the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada in the spring of 1873. We know that Frederick worked on the ranch in Nevada, with George, for parts of several years before he was married in 1886.

According to the Millard County Recorder's Office, on January 1, 1876, four and a half years after he arrived in Fillmore, Frederick Swallow purchased a 1 ¼ acre lot (Plat A, Block 78, Lot 5) for \$50 from Thomas Mather of Cove Creek. The purchase was witnessed by George Swallow (his brother) and T. C. Callister. Frederick Swallow was now a landowner. This was a very important happening for each member of the Thomas Swallow family, because they were not landowners in England. *(See Appendix C)*

The Millard County Recorder's Office shows Frederick Swallow purchased another 1 ¼ acre lot in Fillmore, Utah shown as Block 39, Lot 8 from Edward M. Webb on July 19, 1876 for \$400. In 1884 Frederick took a mortgage out on this property from James McMahon. It is possible that money from the mortgage was used to build a house. According to Karen Lindberg Rasmussen, this property is on the west side of the street and is the second lot north from the corner of 300 South 100 East, with a street address of about 280 South 100 East, Fillmore, Utah. It is not known if Frederick lived here; but it is the most likely place in Fillmore for he and his wife, Louisa Mills Swallow, to have lived. *(See Appendix C)*

This is the current house at 280 South 100 East, Fillmore, Utah.

Figure 23 - Home on Frederick's Lot



In just eighteen months, Frederick was able to make a 300% profit on the first property he purchased. He sold the 1 ¼ acre lot (Plat A, Block 78, Lot 5) to John Ashman July 3, 1877 for \$200 according to the Millard County Recorder's Office. (See Appendix C)

Frederick Swallow took a mortgage out on the property known as Block 68, Lot 6 from Almon Robison October 19, 1878. The wording was: "Mortgage to secure payment of promissory note. For value received I, [Frederick Swallow] promise to pay Almon Robison \$160.50 within one year from date with 2% interest per month from date until payed both before and after judgment - Witnessed by Edward Partridge." The mortgage was stamped fully paid February 2, 1926 - Millard County Recorder's Office. This property is the location of the Thomas Swallow family homestead. Frederick had some legal interest in this property in order to mortgage it. (See Appendix C)

Before Frederick was married, he lived and worked as a farmer in the Fillmore area when he was not in Nevada working on his brother's ranch. The 1880 U.S. Census shows Frederick working as a farmer and living with his parents in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah.

Figure 24 - A Farmer Clearing a Field in Fillmore



Marriage of Frederick Swallow and Louisa Mills

The IGI file shows Frederick Swallow took out his endowments in the St. George Temple March 31, 1886. This same day, Louisa Mills and her parents, William Mills and Mary Ann Waller Mills, were also endowed and sealed. Louisa and her two sisters, Alice Mills and Ada Mills, were sealed to their parents. They were gone several weeks. The roads were good and well traveled. It would have taken three or four days to get to St. George and three or four days to get home by horse and wagon. Along the way they would have stopped overnight in at least Beaver and Cedar City. (We do not have a photo of Frederick Swallow.)

Figure 25 - Louisa Mills



On this same trip, Frederick Swallow (age 36) was sealed to Louisa Mills (age 17) in St. George Utah on April 17, 1886. We believe this is also their marriage date. Louisa Mills was the daughter of William Mills and Mary Ann Waller.

Brief History about the Mills Family

The 1874 immigration records show that the William Mills and Mary Ann Waller Mills family came from England at the same time and on the same ship as Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. The families may also have traveled together, by train, to Utah. At least, they would have had similar experiences and most likely knew each other. At this time, Louisa Mills was four years old (*according to the ship manifest*), and Frederick Swallow was 25 years old and living in Fillmore.

Louisa's mother wrote a short history of what happened to their family after they joined the L.D.S. Church in England as well as about their immigration and settlement in Kanosh, Utah. It is an excellent first-person account of coming to Utah from England; so, I am including her short history in this work.

Oral History of Mary Ann (Waller) Mills

Written by Maud C. Melville, Sally Kanosh Camp DUP -- Ruby Iverson, Historian

After joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, while living in Chelsea, near London, England, my husband, William Mills, was very anxious to come to "Zion." We had no money but were able to borrow \$255 by getting our friend, George Crane, to sign a note with us. With this money we bought twelve little pigs and kept them in our back yard. On account of living in such a thickly populated country, we had to wash the pigpen every day; the water drained into the gutter.

Every three months the butcher would call and buy our fat pigs, and at last we had enough money to migrate to the new country. It was not enough, however, until we had sold our furniture. A brother, Brother Burton, told my husband, "Now is the time to emigrate as it is cheaper, because the ship going across the ocean is the first steamer to cross the Atlantic Ocean." I think we paid three guineas each. There were 847 Mormons besides the Captain and crew. The Captain said he'd never crossed the ocean with such a healthy bunch of people. There were many Irish going steerage.

When at Houston Square some of our friends bought cookies, ale, and gin, etc. A ship called the "Spain" started two days before we did but did not reach America until two days after our arrival because of bad weather.

While on deck one day, I decided to have some pickled salmon. As I was going along, I saw a woman, oh, so sick! And she said to me, "Oh, if only I had a little brandy!"

I told my husband about it, and we decided to open our box that we had packed at Liverpool and give the poor woman a little brandy to drink, and an extra little bottle full. Before we had left the vessel, the news had spread so much that many were "sick," and we had not a drop left.

One time while crossing the plains, I gave my daughters, Lou and Alice, some bread and butter. They went to play but soon came back crying, saying "Some children took our bread and butter."

I said, "Let's go see; perhaps they are very hungry." Then it was I found a woman with several children who were without food or money. The mother said she had expected to get money from

her husband, but it hadn't arrived. When we reached Wyoming, her husband was there to meet her.

The train from the west met our train at Chicago, and it surely had a lot of wild western men on it. They had guns strapped on them, wore big boots, and would step right over the children's heads. This scared some of the women and children so much they began to cry.

I said, "Oh, what are you crying for? I am not scared." So I plucked up courage and went right up to one big bully and said to him, "What are you trying to do? Scare us to death?" Don't you know we are just from England and not used to this rough way? Behave yourselves."

When my husband came in, the ruffian said to him, "Is that your wife?" My husband said, "Yes." "Well," commented the ruffian, "she is a d____ fine little woman!"

When we reached Ogden, I stayed in the car most of the time, as scarlet fever was raging. Bill went to look over the town for about four hours. We reached Salt Lake City between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. A Mr. Boyle paid our way from Ogden to Salt Lake City. It was \$5 a piece. A Mr. Trowbridge met us at the depot and took us home. (*Fall of 1874*) We lived in Salt Lake for about a year. It was then that Owen Crane came for us in a wagon, and we went to Kanosh to live (*August 1875*).

In Builders of Early Millard, compiled by Stella H. Day, page 507, is recorded the history of William and Mary Anne Mills by Ada Mills Penney and Maude C. Melville:

William and Mary Anne Mills were converted to the L.D.S. Church in 1874 in London, England, after hearing the preaching of George Crane. They came to Utah as soon as possible, afterward, and settled in Salt Lake City.

They were the parents of Louise, Alice, and Ada. The two older girls were born in London. Ada was born in Salt Lake City, (*Utah*) in 1875. Soon after the baby's birth, the family was taken to Kanosh to live, George Crane coming with a team and wagon to transport them. They lived with the Cranes for a year and then decided to live in a "dug-out."

William Mills was a mason by trade, and built a two-room adobe house for his family. He built many houses in Kanosh, managed the Kanosh Co-op store, and was superintendent of the Sunday School.

One of the houses, which he built, was used as a schoolhouse, meetinghouse, and amusement hall.

While living in Kanosh, another daughter was born.

Based on the above history, the Williams Mills family was one of the more successful families in Kanosh. He was a homebuilder, managed the Co-op store, and was superintendent of the Sunday School.

The following story about the Mills, "the Indians and the Co-op store" is found in Millard Milestones, pages 346 and 347.

Kanosh town was visited every day by Indians. They would carry a white flour sack and usually have it full when they left to go home. President Young's admonition: "Feed them, don't fight them!" in reference to the Indians, was carried out by Kanosh people. The squaws would appear at a window and press their noses against, and if they saw the mistress of the house inside, would open the door and walk in, and each demand what she thought she would like best to eat or wear. Ada Penney, told us of an incident when the squaws walked into the co-op store where her mother, Mary Ann Mills, was taking care of the store, and demanded choice varieties of canned foods, and when she told them they could not have the food, one squaw picked up a large can and threw it at her, smashing a large mirror that hung over the counter. Mrs. Mills, fearless and full of courage, grabbed a broom and hit the squaw over the head and chased her from the store, telling her never to come back again. But the next day several more squaws returned to the store and demanded the canned food. That time, however, Mr. Mills was in, and he came out from behind the counter with fire in his eyes and his fists doubled and told the squaws that if they couldn't be grateful for what was given them by the townspeople, they couldn't have food from the store. He drove them all out, and from then on, they did not come to the store begging.

Frederick Swallow Exercises His Priesthood

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show that Louisa Mills Swallow was sick and Allen Russell helped Frederick administer to her. This was less than a year before Frederick died. The portion of Allen Russell's Journal that covered the period of Frederick's death was lost.

May 1892

Monday 2 - Fred Swallow and I consecrated a part of a bottle of oil, then we administered to Fred's wife. After that, Brother Ashman, and I administered to Father Mitchell.

Children of Frederick Swallow and Louisa Mills

In 1891, after Caroline Swallow's death, all Thomas' and Caroline's heirs, including Frederick & Louisa Mills Swallow, sold their interest in the property known as Block 68, Lot 6, to William Swallow. (See Appendix C)

To the best of our knowledge, Frederick and Louisa had three children: The first (no name) was born prior to July, 1888 (The only reference to this child was in a blessing given 5 July 1888.); the second child, Louisa Swallow, was born November 10, 1889, and the third was Ada Eliza Swallow, born April 25, 1892 and died June 25, 1892. Ada's birthplace is given as Fillmore, she shows up in the Fillmore Ward records, while the other two show up in the Kanosh ward records. In the 1900 census (while married to Walter E. Jukes), Louisa reports having had only 4 children to date (Louisa Swallow, Ada Swallow, Isabel Jukes and James Jukes) with only 3 living.

There is little information about Frederic and Louisa Swallow's life together. We do not know if they lived all the time in Fillmore, or some of the time in Kanosh. Two of their children were born in Kanosh and show up on the Kanosh Ward records. It is possible that Frederick worked

in Kanosh part of the time. Frederick is not mentioned in the letter his mother wrote to Charles in 1888.

Death of Frederick Swallow

It is unfortunate that the Allen Russell Journal for the six-month time period including Frederick's death, has been lost. It is with reasonable certainty Frederick's death, was recorded in it.

Frederick Swallow, at age 43, died on January 25, 1893 in Fillmore, Utah and was buried in the Fillmore City Cemetery in Block 106, Lot 4, Plot 8 – as shown in the L.D.S. Church membership records and Utah State Historical Society Burials Database. Ada Eliza Swallow, the youngest daughter of Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow is also buried with her father. Ada Eliza was born April 25, 1892 and died June 25, 1892.

Figure 26 - Frederick Swallow Headstone



The headstone of Frederick Swallow and Ada Eliza Swallow in Fillmore, Utah

Louisa Mills Marries Walter E. Jukes

Just sixteen days before Frederick died Walter Eugene Jukes had stopped at Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow's home in Fillmore. Walter's diary starts on December 26, 1892, with him leaving Kanosh, stopping for dinner at F. Swallow's in Fillmore, and returning to Fred's in Fillmore on January 9, 1893. Walter E. Jukes no doubt knew Louisa's family in Kanosh as well as the Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow family in Fillmore.

Figure 27 - Walter E. Jukes Diary

Diary kept by Walter Eugene Jukes

Monday Dec. 26, 1892 - Left Kanosh for B.V. Had dinner in Fillmore at F. Swallow's. Holden at 7 P.M. Bought a bill of grub and I cooked supper. All went to a dance until 11:00 P.M.

Tuesday 27th Ed and I cooked breakfast. Frank tended the crow-baits. Had dinner at the ranch in Round V. cañon Supper at the head of Round Valley Lake. Saw ducks and geese. Frank shot a duck but could not get him out of the lake.

Wednesday Dec. 28, '92-Breakfast at the Lake. Arrived in Salina at 11 A.M. Bought flour and meat and went up the cañon about a mile and camped for dinner. Afternoon we went to the head of Lost Creek and camped for the night.

Thursday Dec. 29-----Ate breakfast at Draper's Ranch and proceeded to Burrville. Lost road and went about six miles down Kings Meadow Canon set fire to a stable by accident and then went back up the Cañon to Burrville. We are as cold as ice and it has been snowing all day. Have put up at a hotel for the night. Population 175. Stopped with Mr. Cloward.

Friday Dec. 30th----- Left Clowards at 9 A.M. cold as blue blazes. Went over the high ridge- saw two coyotes. Coming down was rocky as Hell. Had dinner at a ranch at a warm spring about 2 miles west of Loa. After dinner went to Thurber camped for the night. Went to a Leap year dance and I danced three times Ed and Frank danced once each. Got back to camp and found that some son of a gun had stole our bacon. Went to bed mad. Population of T. 250.

Saturday Dec. 31, 1892 Left Thurber about 9 A.M. about a mile and a half out Frank shot two mallard ducks and one jack rabbit. First game we have had. I cooked the bunny for dinner. Was fine. Had dinner at the junction. At sundown we started for Pleasant Creek and passed through the great Capital Wash or Cañon. Today's drive was through the grandest scenery I have ever saw. Arrived at Pleasant Creek quite late. Put ducks on to cook for tomorrow. Expect to get to B.V. tomorrow noon. Today's travel was about 35 miles. Clear and cold.

Jan. 1, 1893---Left Pleasant Creek 9 A.M. Passed Cainsville and into Blue Valley. Camped at Alf Chidester's about 3 P.M. and had dinner. Went hunting and found a rabbit tail. Traded guns with Alf Chidester. Blue Valley is a Hell of a place. Told lies to a crowd of yaps until I got tired. Going to Graves Valley tomorrow.

Monday January 2, 1893 - Was sick all last night. Horses all got loose Got up about sunup and built fire, cooked breakfast and feda and watered the nags. Ed and I went to Graves Valley and got specimens of the Henry Mt. ore. Saw Nathan Mills, Wills brother. Are going to start home tomorrow A.M. Hanksville in Graves V. has a population of 5.

2.

Tuesday Jan 3, 1892--Left Blue V. at an early hour. Dinner at Pleasant creek. Passed through Cainsville and by the three graves this morning. Through the Capitol Wash and into the Junction this evening. Distance 40 miles. Clear and cold.

WEDNESDAY Jan. 4, 1893--Got up and made the fire and cooked bacon and warmed up the soup. Frank and Ed went hunting got three ducks and rabbit. I fed the plugs and washed the dishes and made bread and roasted ducks for dinner. P.M. I went to town. E. & F. went fishing and got about 15 of the best trout I ever saw in Utah. Cooked supper. I have an awful cold. Weather clear and warm.

Friday Jan 6, 1893--Went hunting this A.M. got a duck (mallard). Got in camp at noon and went to bed sick cant speak above a whisper. Ed got one duck after dinner and Frank got six ducks and a rabbit. Fine weather.

Saturday January 7, 1893--Left Chidesters cabin about 8:30 A.M. got to warm creek for noon. Pulled over the divide and got to the Saw mill for supper. Played cards after supper. Cleaned a duck for tomorrow's dinner. Cant talk above a whisper. Clear weather. distance 35 Mile.

Sunday Jan 8, 1893--Left the saw mill (Burrville) about a half an hour before sunrise. Dinner in King's Meadow Canon. Camped for the night at Round Valley Lake. Fine Weather. Can't talk yet. Distance 55 miles.

Monday Jan. 9, 1893--Left the lake about 8 A.M. Stole hay at the ranch in the canon and camped for noon about two miles north of Holden. Arrived at Fred's in Fillmore about 6 P.M. Distance 35 miles, clear weather.

(inside back cover)

Notice;

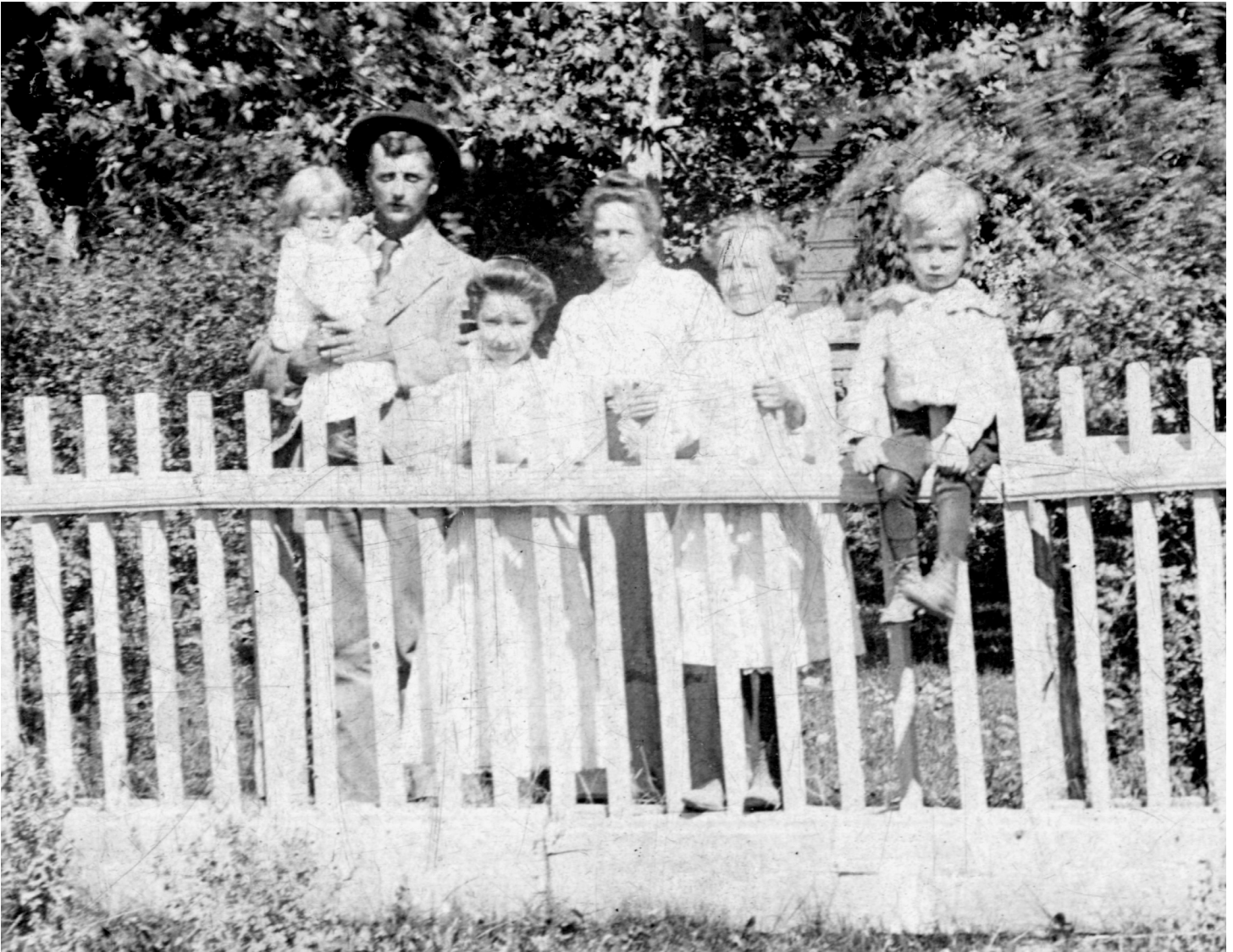
My office is at Andersons ranch at Dry Creek. Any person who owes me money can pay same at said place. Anyone to whom I am in debt will oblige me by staying at home.

Walter Eugene Jukes
184 S. Jefferson St.
Chicago, Ills.

Care of Jukes and Shafer.

Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow's only child that lived to adulthood was Louisa Swallow, born November 10, 1889. She was 3 years old when her father died. She was 3 ½ years old, when her mother married Walter Eugene Jukes. Walter and Louisa had four children, Isabel born March 8, 1894; James William born October 22, 1897; Marion Alice born August 16, 1900; and Raymond R. born February 1903. Raymond died December 10, 1903. Louisa Swallow grew up in the Jukes' home with her two half-brothers and one half-sister. Her mother, Louisa Mills Jukes, died December 15, 1907, when Louisa Swallow was only eighteen years old. A year later, her step-father married Henrietta Whiting. They had one child and were then divorced. Walter Eugene Jukes then married Zelnora Kienke on August 11, 1917, and they had five children. Louisa Swallow's half brother, James William Jukes, married Sara Mina Kienke, the younger sister of Zelnora, September 29, 1920.

Figure 28 - Walter E. Jukes Family in Fillmore



The Walter E. Jukes and Louisa Mills Jukes home in Fillmore Utah - 1901

L to R: Walter E. Jukes holding Marion Jukes, Louisa Swallow, Louisa Mills Jukes, Isabel Jukes, and Jim Jukes on the fence.

Death of Louisa Mills Jukes

About the first of October 1907, Louisa Mills Jukes went to stay with her mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Mills, in Monroe, Utah. While in Monroe, Louisa Mills Jukes' 10 year old son, Jim Jukes, wrote her five letters between October 11, 1907 and November 19, 1907. The letter dated October 22nd was addressed: Mrs. W. E. Jukes, Monroe, Utah % of Mrs. M. A. Mills. I have included all the letters, because they capture the feelings a ten year old boy has for his sick mother and tell us something of the family's day to day life in October and November of 1907.

Figure 29 - Letter # 1 to Louisa Swallow from James Jukes

Fillmore Utah.
Oct. th 11 1907.

Dear mamma,

I am writing a few lines to tell you how I am getting along I am not very well papa bought me a new pair of pants and a new cap and some new shoes I hope you will get well we got your and we are very glad to think you are going to get well.

A Autobel went thru wednesday and stoped up town and and when I went to school at noon I stoped and looked at it all the school was looking at it it was a big one with a white top and the bottom was red well mama this is all I can think of for this time

your son
James Jukes

Figure 30 - Letter # 2 to Louisa Mills Jukes from James Jukes

Fillmore Utah
Oct. 20th 1907

Dear mama

I thought I would write to you to let you know how we are getting along we are all well and was glad to know you are getting well I will soon be ten years old papa has got plenty of work hanging paper

mama Belle cries when she gets a letter well mama I think this is all for this time

your loving
son James Jukes

Figure 31 - Letter # 3 to Louisa Mills Jukes from James Jukes

Fillmore Utah
Oct. 22nd 1907

Dear mama

I thought I would write you a few lines
to tell you how we are.

I received your letter and got my
nickie. I thank you very much for it

I thought I would tell you that the
horse is dead he died Saturday

and Marian cried very much

Marian's turkey is getting very large
and she thinks lots of it

I think this is all for this time

your loving son
James Jukes

Figure 32 - Letter # 4 to Louisa Mills Jukes from James Jukes

Fillmore Utah
Nov 7th 1907.

Dear mamma.

I thought I would write a few lines
to tell you how I am getting along

I am not very well to day I am
not in school either tell Marian

I found he jumping rope to day

Under the leaves papa got bell

a coat from Mr. Shaffer it is gray

and plain and ugly.

I think this is all for this time

your loving son
James Jukes

Figure 33 - Letter # 5 to Louisa Mills Jukes from James Jukes

Fillmore Utah.
Nov. 19th 1907.

Dear-mamma.

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along. we are getting along we are all well and I hope you are getting well. a automobile went thru here Saturday I am going to school now we will leave here Tuesday to go over there. Marions turkey is getting big now tell Marion where are you staying now. I think this is very cold weather now it snowed here Sunday about five o'clock it is two inches deep I think this is all for this time.

Your loving son
James Jukes.

Louisa Mills Jukes died on December 15, 1906 in Monroe, Sevier, Utah. She left five children ages four to eighteen.

Figure 34 - Louisa Mills Jukes



The Jukes Children Including Louisa Swallow

Louisa Swallow was three years old when her father died and eighteen years old when her mother died. The only father and family that she ever knew was that of Walter E. Jukes.

The Walter E. Jukes family loved to camp and fish. No doubt, Louisa Swallow had many opportunities to go camping in her growing up years. Louisa Swallow (Read) kept in contact with her half brothers and sisters throughout her life.

Figure 35 - Jukes Children Including Louisa Swallow



Adults L to R: Elmer Read, Joe Larsen, Isabel Jukes Larsen, Walter E Jukes, Marion Jukes Clegg, Louisa Swallow Read and Jim Jukes. Children L to R: __?__, __?__, Wanda Larsen, Donna Read and LaFonda Clegg.

Figure 36 - A Jukes Family Camping Trip



Figure 37 - Louisa Swallow Read with the Isabel Jukes Larsen Family



Figure 38 - Walter E. Jukes with Two of His Sons



Walter E. Jukes is holding Marvin K. Jukes (Delma Jukes' husband) in his arm and Robert Ray Jukes by the back of his pants. 1922 photo. (Delma Jukes provided the Jukes family photos in this book.)

Death of Walter E. Jukes

Walter Eugene Jukes died on September 21, 1944. A Salt Lake City newspaper reported:

Retired Police Captain Dies While on Fishing Trip:

Walter E. Jukes, 71, retired captain in the Salt Lake police department, died Wednesday at 10 p.m. of a heart attack while fishing at Strawberry reservoir in Wasatch County.

Second in point of service at the time of his retirement in 1938, he joined the city police department in Feb. 1912, after serving for a time as a guard at the Utah state prison.

One of the first regular traffic officers appointed by the department, he became traffic sergeant in 1932. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1936 and to captain in 1938, when he was in charge of the traffic division.

He was born, May 5, 1871, in Bridgeport, Conn., and came to Utah when a boy, living in Fillmore before coming to Salt Lake City.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Zella Jukes; five sons, James Jukes, Salt Lake City; Eugene Jukes, San Bruno, Cal.; Shipfitter c3/c Robert R. Jukes, stationed in the navy in Hawaii; Pfc. Jack Jukes, in the army overseas, and Sgt. Marvin K. Jukes, Sacramento, Cal.; four daughters, Mrs. Isabel Larson and Mrs. Louise Read, both of Oakly, Ida.; and Mrs. Marian Clegg and Miss Martha Jukes, both of Salt Lake City; three sisters living in Canada; 23 grandchildren, and 9 great grandchildren.

Marriage and Children of Louisa Swallow and Elmer Read

Louisa Swallow married Elmer Read on August 16, 1915. They had three children, LaVelle S. Read born May 23, 1917; Elmer LaMar Read born September 28, 1922; and Donna M. Read born May 30, 1925. Donna M. Read married LaVar Mitton in 1942. Donna and LaVar live in Paul, Idaho.

Figure 39 - Elmer Read



Figure 40 - Louisa Swallow Read



Figure 41 - Lavelle S. Read



Figure 42 - Elmer LaMar Read



Figure 43 - Donna M. Read



Figure 44 - Louisa Swallow Read & Cindy Cranney



in 1957

Figure 45 - Isabel Jukes Larsen and Louisa Swallow Read



Figure 46 - Children of Louisa Swallow Read



LaVelle Read Cranney, Donna Read Mitton, and Elmer LaMar Read in about 1975

Figure 47 - LaVar and Donna Read Mitton's Children in About 1983



L to R: Terry Mitton, Kim Mitton Radabaugh, Tammy Mitton Holben, Lori Mitton Hobbs, Karen Mitton Derrie and Rick Mitton.

Figure 48 - LaVar and Donna Read Mitton, Married 50 years



Donna Read Mitton and LaVar Mitton on their 50th Wedding Anniversary - October 31, 1992

Chapter 3 – History of the George Swallow Family

England

The local Parish Record Book, St. Mary's Church, Stebbing, Essex, England shows George, son of Thomas and Caroline Swallow, born July 11th 1851 and baptized September 7th 1851 by M. D. Duffield, vicar. Thomas Swallow's occupation is shown as a labourer living at Stebbing.

George Swallow was the second child born to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. George's parents became members of the L.D.S. church in 1854 and George was baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church July 12, 1859, at eight years of age, by William Clark. He worked as a farm laborer with his father until he was sixteen.

Immigration

The Mormon Immigration Index shows George Swallow, age 16, as the only member of his family who departed from Liverpool, England on the S. S. Colorado July 14, 1868. They arrived at the Port of New York July 28, 1868. (*Three days before leaving England, George turned seventeen*).

Notes: "DEPARTURE. -- The steamship Colorado left this port for New York, on Tuesday, 14th instant, having on board a company of Saints numbering 600 souls. At 11 A.M. a meeting was called on deck, when President F. [Franklin] D. Richards addressed the Saints upon the great blessings conferred upon them by the Almighty, in delivering them from bondage and opening the way for their escape to Zion. They had long talked of the changes and difficulties which would attend their journey, and had been exhorted to prepare for them by laying by a good stock of patience; they were now beginning to experience the realities of the journey, and had an opportunity to exercise their patience and all those good qualities which should be possessed by Saints of God. He exhorted them to cleanliness, order, forbearance, and obedience to proper authority. Said this was the last company of Saints for the season, and expressed his gratitude to God for the great deliverance which had been wrought out for so many of his people, this company swelling the number to about 3,170 souls. He then appointed Elder William B. Preston president of the company, and the returning missionaries on board his counselors. This appointment was unanimously sustained by the vote of the people. Elder W. B. Preston made a few remarks, congratulating the Saints upon their present favorable position. Elder C. [Charles] W. Penrose dedicated the ship and its company to the service of God on this voyage, by prayer. Several hymns were sung, many cheers were given, and all on board seemed filled with joy and gratitude. The following named returning missionaries took passage on the Colorado: -- Elders William B. Preston, Aurelius Miner, Griffith Roberts, Moses Thatcher, Richard Benson, Barry Wride, John D. Rees, and John Barker. About 4 P.M. the noble vessel steamed out to sea, the sun shining brightly, the sky without a cloud, and no sadness appearing on a single countenance, except of those who returned to shore after bidding their friends farewell. By letters from Queenstown, dated 15th July, we learn that all on board were well, the sea was as calm as a mirror, and no one had experienced any symptoms of seasickness."

The group took the train from New York to Benton, Wyoming. Then the Daniel Duncan McArthur Record Book shows: (Found on Immigration - Overland trails at www.lds.org)

George Swallow age 16 was listed on Daniel D. McArthur's Company. Departed Laramie Wyoming 14 Aug 1868 and arrived in Salt Lake City 2 Sep 1868. Source: Daniel Duncan McArthur Record Book.

Figure 49 - Captain Daniel D. McArthur



Figure 50 - George Swallow



Fillmore

George then proceeded to Fillmore, Utah where he lived and worked for Chandler Holbrook for two or three years. The 1870 U.S. Census shows George Swallow, age 18, single, occupation - laborer, living with Chandler Holbrook in Fillmore, Utah.

George sent money back to his family in England to help them immigrate to Fillmore, Utah. Frederick, his older brother, came in August 1871; Joseph and James came in June 1872; and his Father, Mother, sister and youngest brother came in September 1874.

Freighting, Cattle Drives and the Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada

From a very early age, George knew he wanted to make something out of his life. He had a strong faith in God and was not afraid of hard work or facing what others thought impossible as his life illustrates. This may have been the reason he was the first of his family to immigrate to America.

The valley where Fillmore, Utah is located was known as Pahvant Valley. In about 1871, George began driving freight from the Pahvant Valley and Milford, Utah to Pioche and other mining towns in Nevada. In the wintertime, while in Pioche, George cut wood, piled it into cords and sold it to the neighboring mills around Pioche.

Figure 51 - Freight Wagons in Nevada like George Swallow Drove



This photo was taken in the yard of the George S. and Emma Meecham Robison ranch in about 1900

In his travels George Swallow was always looking for a ranch he could settle down on so he could work hard, make a living for his family, and build up something for the future.

Effie O. Read states in White Pine Lang Syne, Published in 1965 by Big Mountain Press, Denver:.

Shoshone is the only part of White Pine County immortalizing its friendly tribe of Indians. It is located at the southern end of Spring Valley, where several canyons on the west side of Mt. Wheeler (13,000+ feet high) carry streams of water to the valley floor

One unusual formation at the base of the mountain above, that later became the Swallow Ranch, is thought to be an underground reservoir which at times overflows and acts like a geyser. Here Benjamin Kimball settled in 1869. It was a verdant, inviting spot for (a) cattle business. Others who settled here were Bob Stead and Daniel Rutherford.

Figure 52 - Wheeler Peak about 10 Miles North of the Swallow Ranch



Roland Swallow wrote the following in the paper Birth of the Swallow Ranch dated 1951.

While in Pioche, during the spring or summer of 1872, he (George Swallow) met a man from Eagle Valley, Nevada, who wanted him to help drive a herd of cattle from Eagle Valley to Elko, Nevada to the Southern Pacific Railroad. While on this trip, they passed a ranch owned by a Mr. Kimball (*Benjamin Kimball*) in Spring Valley (*at Shoshone, Nevada*). On his way back, he stopped at the Kimball Homestead. He knocked at the door of the cabin and an elderly man came to the door. George Swallow asked if he could get accommodations for the night. In the morning, Mr. Kimball said, "I like the looks of you...I wish you would look after my place while I take a vacation." George said he was in no particular hurry to get home, so he stayed there while Mr. Kimball went on a three-week vacation, the first he had had in years.

Buying the Ranch at Shoshone and Lots of Hard Work

When he returned home, he was so pleased with the way George had taken care of the homestead that he asked him to come into a partnership with him.

During those early years, they rose early, around 4:30 A.M., and worked until dark. All the fencing was done with posts set closely together in a deep narrow trench. They were held together at the top with rawhide strips. Generally it was green cowhides cut into strips.

George Swallow raised potatoes the first years he was on the ranch and in the fall, hauled them to Ely, Pioche, Hamilton, Ward, and Taylor which were all mining camps then.

In 1872 George just worked on the ranch at Shoshone for a few months and then returned to freighting, etc. Effie O. Read states, in White Pine Lang Syne, that "They (*Benjamin Kimball and George Swallow*) formed a partnership in 1873 which lasted until Swallow bought Kimball out seven years later." – In 1880.

In Alfred M. Swallow's history of his father dated January 1965, he writes:

A short time after Dad bought the half interest in the ranch; he found out that Kimball was badly in debt. This was something Dad did not know about when he bought in with Kimball, but they farmed the place together, and if I remember correctly in about three years they paid off the loan. A short time after the loan was paid off, Kimball got dissatisfied and did not want to farm any longer so Dad decided to buy Kimball's interest in the farm or ranch and operate by himself, as the partnership was not very satisfactory. (*In the spring of 1880, the U.S. Census shows Benjamin Kimball still living on the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. George Swallow bought Kimball out in the latter part of 1880.*)

Kimball left Spring Valley a short time after Dad bought his interest in the ranch, and Dad never did hear from him so he never did know what became of Kimball.

I have heard Dad say a lot of times, that after he bought Kimball out, that he farmed and raised hay, grain and potatoes during the growing season. When winter came, he would take a four horse team and two freight wagons and hauled most of the crops that he had harvested to market, which was Pioche, eighty miles from the ranch, and Taylor and Ward which were thirty

miles from the ranch. These were all mining towns and Taylor and Ward were ghost towns by 1895.

Figure 53 - Sagebrush on the Swallow Ranch



I have heard Dad say a lot of times that he got out in his fields and cleared sagebrush off the land by moonlight. He did not have time to do this in the daytime, as he was too busy irrigating and raising crops. This was real pioneering.

In 1871 (Based on Effie O. Read's record in *White Pine Lang Syne* and the 1880 U. S. Census, the date was 1873 not 1871) when Dad first bought in with Kimball on what is now known as the Swallow Ranch, there were only a few acres under cultivation. From then on and after he bought Kimball out, he took up more land under Homestead and Desert Entry. He also bought a lot of land on the mountain ranges. Over a period of about thirty-six years the ranch grew from a small farm to quite a large ranching and livestock outfit.

Roland Swallow continues in the paper Birth of the Swallow Ranch dated 1951.

"As the years went by, more land was acquired and as other homesteaders wanted to sell, George Swallow bought them out; such as Daniel Rutherford, Bob Stead, and Murphy and Hill."

Melvin A. Robison wrote this about George Swallow, his grandfather:

He must have surveyed his ranch himself, because there were several little ranches that he bought to make his one, big, fine ranch. And he probably didn't do that "overnight" either,

because back on the summer range there are still little places that had been homesteaded many, many years before. They were just dugouts for a house.

By all measures, that was probably one of the better ranches in all of White Pine County. Grandfather Swallow ran a "tight ship." He controlled, with government land and everything, from a half to three-quarters of a million acres.

Heritage of Anna (Ann or Annie) Day Swallow

Anna Day was born November 4, 1850 to Richard Day and Elizabeth Smith Day in Waterloo, Gloucester, England. As a young girl, Anna learned how to cut, dry, and corn beef in her father's butcher shop. Anna had ten brothers and sisters: Mary, born May 6, 1846; John, born September 17, 1847; James, born January 20, 1849; Albert and George born March 6, 1852; David, born January 23, 1856; Martha, born June 3, 1858; Jessie, born January 14, 1860; Charles, born July 4, 1862; and Miah born April 9, 1865. All the children were born in England. The Day family immigrated to Utah and settled in Fillmore in 1874.

Anna had a lovely singing voice, and she used it to the fullest advantage in her community.

It was while living in Fillmore that Anna met her future husband, George Swallow. They were married on January 16, 1878 in Salt Lake City. She moved to George's ranch in Eastern Nevada, where life was isolated and hard work. In Spring Valley, Nevada, they had no schools and no L.D.S. Church to attend. They started a school, on the ranch, in 1893 and the first L.D.S. Church, in the area, was organized in 1924.

In Birdie E. Swallow Robison's personal history as compiled by members of her family on April 1, 1977, it states:

Ann Day's entire family came later as a group from Cowley, Gloucester, England, and settled in Fillmore, Utah. In Mother's history she recalls the following about her mother:

As a girl in England, Mother (*Anna Day*) worked very hard. Grandfather Day was a butcher. Whether or not he owned the shop he worked in; I do not know. She learned how to cut meat up and dry it, and how to make corned beef. Just before leaving her homeland, she worked in a cheese factory. After arriving in America, she went to Fillmore. She (*Anna Day*) come by train most of the way and was not alone because her family was with her. After arriving in Fillmore she worked in different homes. One home she worked in was the home of Sister Birdie Robison. Many years later when I (meaning Birdie Swallow Robison) was born, my mother named me for that good woman; and that is how I came by that name.

Figure 54 - Anna Day Swallow



Figure 55 - Birdie Pratt Robison



Isabelle (Birdie) Pratt Robison,
Pioneer School Teacher.

I can remember Mother telling me that once she worked for twenty-five cents a week with room and board when her family lived in Fillmore. Another experience she told me about was when she bought a can of salmon with her week's pay, and being so hungry for fish, she ate the entire contents all by herself. When she got home she had no money, and Grandmother Day was very angry with her for not realizing how much that money was needed in the home.

Mother had a lovely singing voice and went about her work singing. She sang in the choir in Fillmore before her marriage to George Swallow.

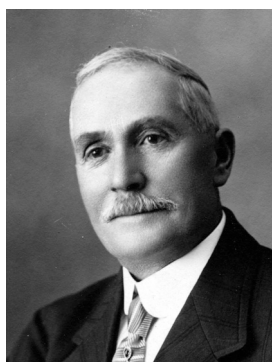
Ann Day's oldest sister, Mary Day, married James Rowley. Their daughter, Elizabeth Rowley, married Thomas D. Dearden. He was the brother of Charlotte and Isabella Dearden who married James and Charles Swallow. James and Charles Swallow were the youngest brothers of George Swallow.

Marriage and Children of George Swallow and Anna Day

Alfred M. Swallow's history continues:

Dad lived on the ranch alone for five or six years, with the exception of one man whom he employed. During this time he made a few trips to Fillmore to visit his Father, Mother and the family, and during those visits he met my Mother, Ann Day, in Fillmore; and they were married in the St. George Temple January 17, 1878 (*George was 26 and Ann was 27*), and they went directly from there to the ranch in Nevada and they lived there for almost thirty years.

Figure 56 - George Swallow



1851 – 1932

Figure 57 - George and Anna Day Swallow



about 1880

Figure 58 - Anna Day Swallow



1850 - 1915

Figure 59 - George William (Willie) Swallow



Grave at Osceola with the wood fence 1879 - 1882

Figure 60 - Richard T. Swallow



1880 – 1943

Figure 61 - Alfred M. Swallow



1882 - 1974

Figure 62 - May C. Swallow



1883 – 1972

Figure 63 - Ray G. Swallow



1886 – 1981

Figure 64 - Birdie E. Swallow



1887 – 1968

Figure 65 - Ida Pearl Swallow

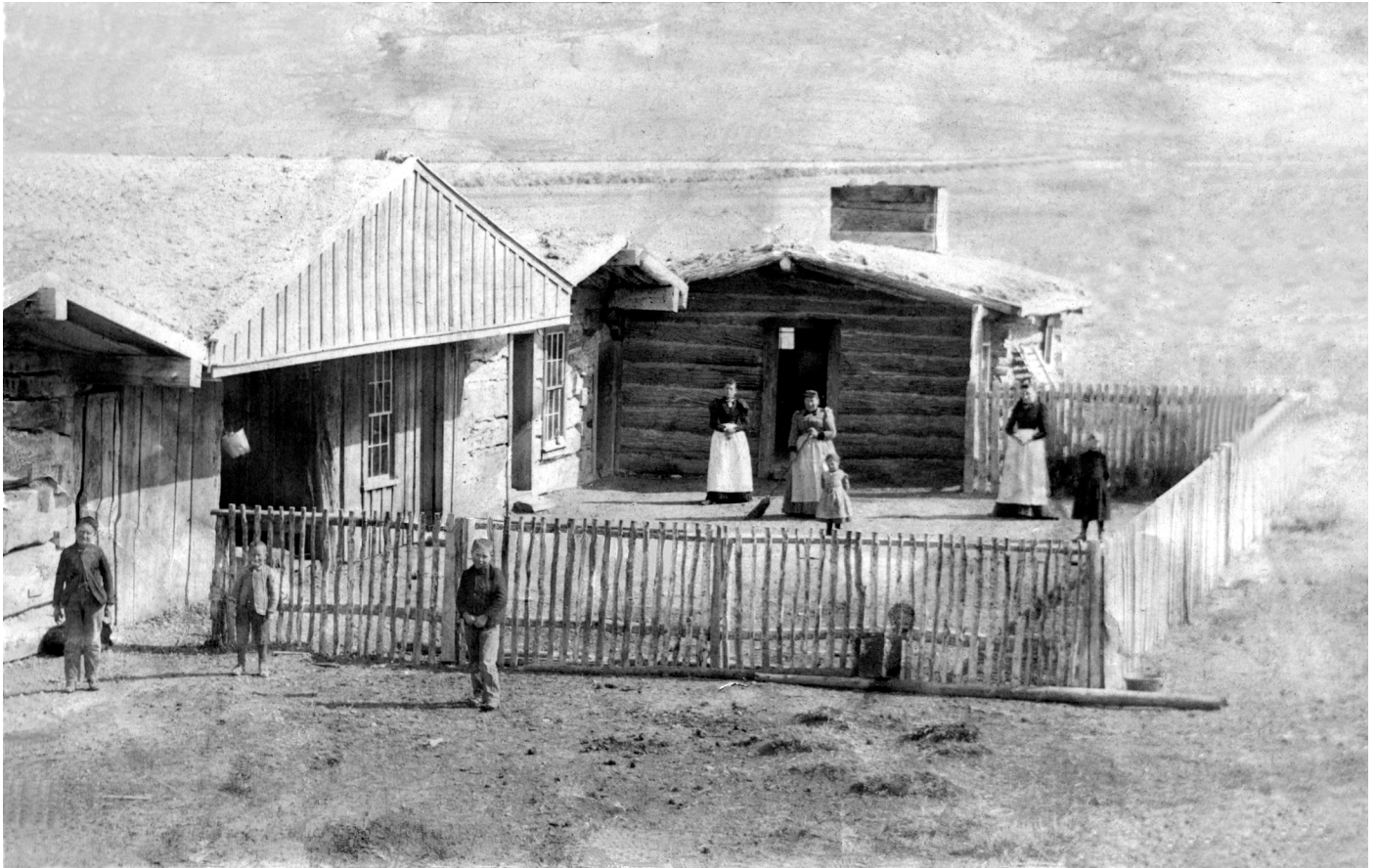


1894 - 1979

In Birdie E. Swallow's Personal History as compiled by members of her family on April 1, 1977, it states:

Mother (*Birdie*) wrote in her life sketch that her eldest brother, George William, died when he was a little over three years of age. (*He is buried in the old mining town of Osceola, Nevada which is about twenty miles north of the Swallow Ranch.*) William and Alfred were born in Fillmore, Utah, and the other five children (Richard, May, Ray, Birdie, and Pearl) were born at Shoshone, Nevada, at the Swallow Ranch. Those children born on the ranch were delivered by a midwife. One, though, was born with an Indian woman assisting her mother.

Figure 66 - The Swallow Ranch Home at Shoshone in 1893



The George Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada in Fall/Winter 1893/1894. The original log cabin that was on the ranch when George purchased it is on the right. Just to the cabin's left is a small door to the potato cellar. Then the structure under the roofs on the left is the home George Swallow added for his family to live in. Standing inside the fence - L to R: Jennie Crowther (the schoolteacher), Anna Day Swallow with the broom, Birdie Swallow (10 - standing in front of her), Lillian Olmstead (the mother of Jasper Fox) and May C. Swallow (9). Standing in front of the fence - L to R: Richard T. Swallow (13), Ray G. Swallow (7) and Alfred M. Swallow (11)

Alpha Robison Lambert, a granddaughter, wrote:

George and Ann Swallow were pioneers in every sense of the word. Life on the ranch in those early days was not easy, but they, with their children (even the three girls), learned to work hard.

It required all members of the George Swallow family to work hard for them to make a living in this isolated but beautiful place in Nevada. The three girls worked very hard along with the three boys. But even with all the hard work and isolation, George and Anna taught their children to be gentlemen and ladies. They never forgot their English heritage, and they never forgot the L.D.S. Church that brought them to this land of opportunity.

The three daughters of George and Anna Day Swallow were very close growing up and remained so their entire lives.

Figure 67 - May (age 14), Birdie (age 9) in 1897



Figure 68 - Pearl (age 9) in 1903



The three Swallow sisters – George & Anna Day Swallow's three daughters

Figure 69 - May Swallow Kerr, Birdie Swallow Robison and Pearl Swallow Robison - 1965



Traveling L.D.S. Missionaries Visit the George Swallow Ranch at Shoshone

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show that Allen Russell, a Traveling Missionary to the Fillmore Ward Members living in Snake Valley and Spring Valley, visited George Swallow and his family at Shoshone, Nevada.

Sept 1896

Tuesday 29 - We drove up to Mr. Gragerie's (*Margaret "Retta" Robison Gregory, wife of William T. Gregory, was the half sister of George Samuel Robison and daughter of Peter Robison.*). He put two shoes on our horse and gave us some apples to eat on the road. We drove to Osceola and asked Mr. Glasscock for the dancing hall to preach in that evening. He said we could but was afraid there would not be many present as most of the men were away in the mountains. We had dinner at the Scofield Restaurant then drove to George Swallow's and stopped over night where we had a good visit with George and his wife talking upon the principles of prayer and the sacrament. With the assistance of the spirit of the Lord, we explained these two principles seemingly satisfactory to all.

Wednesday 30 - George being ready to thrash, went ahead with it. The morning was very cool but the day quite pleasant. We had a little talk with his wife, but she had to cook for the thrashers and did not have much time to listen to us. Brother Ashman wrote two letters home, and I wrote one. In the afternoon, we drove up near the mountain along the spring; and in the shade of a cotton wood tree we offered up prayers of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for his blessings that we enjoyed. We sang three hymns and administered the sacrament one to the other. We returned home and then read the bible, then exchanged our ideas one with the other. At 7 p.m., we preached to George's family and the men that were there helping George thrash, upon the first principles of the Gospel. All seemed to be interested. After meeting we had a sociable chat with George and his wife and had family prayers.

Oct 1896

Thursday Oct 1, 1896 - Fast Day. Brother Ashman, George's wife and I fasted. We spent time talking upon fasting and prayer. Because of George having to thrash, we were not satisfied and concluded to stay another day so we could talk to him. He finished about noon. We held a meeting with Swallow's family and administered the Sacrament to George and his wife. There we explained to the children the subject of Faith, repentance, and baptizing and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. We blessed their baby, Brother Ashman being mouth. After meeting we explained to them the law of tithing according to the best of our ability. They appeared to be well satisfied. The men were still there and wished us to hold another meeting which we did that evening and explained the principles of our Church as plain as we could especially on Faith and also the manner in which our Sunday School wards were conducted.

Friday 2 - We bade them a due and drove on to Osceola . . .

Thurs 15, Oct 1896

I will give an account of the labors we did in the mission field in Snake Valley and Nevada in White Pine County:

Sho Shona (*Shoshone*) Nevada - Oct 1, 1896

Ida Pearl Swallow (*My grandmother and the youngest daughter of George Swallow and Anna Day Swallow*) born April 23 1894 - Blessed Oct. 1, 1896 by John Ashman, Allen Russell and George Swallow assisting.

George and Ann Continue to Buy and Sell property in Fillmore, Utah

The Millard County Records Office shows that George Swallow was also active in buying and selling property in Fillmore, Utah.

George Swallow purchased 1 1/4 acres – Block 41, West halves of Lot 4 & 5 -- on July 2, 1871 from Fillmore Mayor and then sold this property to Henry Davies & Thomas Dearden July 26, 1873 for \$225. (According to Millard Milestones pg. 34, the first land patents were issued in 1871. Settlers may have been living on land for sometime, but been unable to obtain title until land was surveyed.)

George Swallow purchased 1 1/4 acres – Block 48, Lot 5, Plat “A”, Fillmore -- on July 26, 1873 from James and Sophia Dolby of Fillmore and then sold this property to Mary Ann Lavern April 5, 1889.

George and Annie Swallow purchased 19.6 acres – Commence SE Corner NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec 20, Twp 21, Range 4 West – on October 20, 1885 from Jonathan P. Smith for \$600. George and Annie sold this to James Swallow (George’s brother) May 30, 1895 for \$700. This land was the James Swallow’s homestead after James bought it.

George Swallow purchased 6 1/4 acres of farm land – Location: Starts 60 rods W. of SE corner of lot 4 of Sec 21 Twp 21 S R5 then W 520 rods, thence W. 10 rods, thence S 40 thence E 20 rods, to beginning – from Peter Huntsman of Fillmore on May 13, 1876.

George’s Brothers Work on the Swallow Ranch

Alfred M. Swallow’s history of his father continues:

Some time soon after Dad and Mother were married, Uncle Fred (*Frederick Swallow 1859 - 1893*), that is Dad's oldest brother, came to the ranch from Fillmore to work for Dad. I am not sure how many years he worked there, but I am almost sure it was part of two or three years. I can just remember him as I was probably three or four years old. After that time, Uncle James, another brother of Dad's, came out to work for him and he worked there off and on for several years, until he got married, and I remember he worked at the ranch one summer after he got married, as he and his wife Aunt Charlotte (a Dearden) were both out there at the ranch one summer. Uncle James decided not to work on the ranch after he got married.

(George's brother, James, bought an interest in the Swallow ranch at Shoshone in about 1885 and sold his interest back to George in 1891 after he got married. James loved the ranch and wanted to move there to raise his family, but his wife, Charlotte Dearden, did not want to live in such an isolated place -- without church or schools.)

Uncle Charles, that is Dad's youngest brother, came out from Fillmore to work on the ranch, and I am sure he worked six or eight months each year for three or four years and then he got married. He also worked one summer after he got married, and he and Aunt Isabella (*also a Dearden and a sister to Charlotte*) were both out on the ranch one summer.

The only close neighbor to the ranch was an old gentleman by the name of Ruthorford and he had a son, Dan, who also was quite old and unmarried. They lived about two miles from where Dad and Mother lived. Dan sometimes worked for Dad on the ranch for a few days at a time, but they had a small ranch of their own and Dan had to do the farming on it as his father was not able to do much. The Ruthorfords sold the ranch to Dad later on.

I remember very well, before Dad bought the Ruthorford Ranch that the two of them went away somewhere on a short vacation and Uncle James and Dad were doing the chores and looking after the ranch for them. One day when they were doing what had to be done, they found a wild cat in the house and they had nothing but a stick or club to kill it with. So Dad said to Uncle James, "You go over there by the door and do not let the cat get out, and I will try to kill it." So Uncle James goes to the door and goes on outside of the house then pulls the door shut and left Dad in the house with the cat to fight it out. The cat came after Dad and scratched him up quite badly before he could kill it. I remember Uncle James always got quite a kick out of telling about locking Dad in the house with a Wild Cat or Lynx Cat as they are sometimes known by. The cat had gone down the fireplace chimney to get into the house and could not get out again.

Melvin A. Robison said: "A bobcat can weigh about 25 lbs., but that is all dynamite. You corner a bobcat; he can jump 25 feet easily. Oh, they are wild to be around."

Figure 70 - A Wild Cat or Lynx Cat



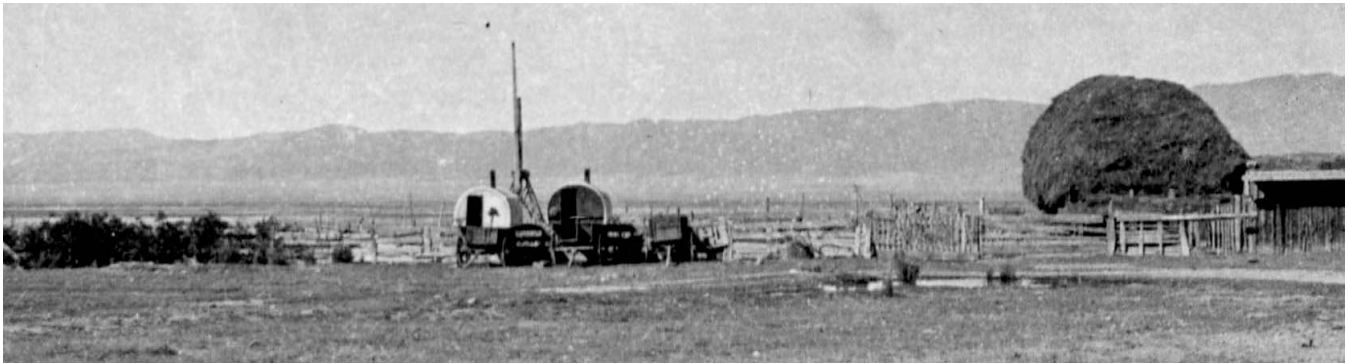
A Wild Cat or a Lynx Cat caught in a trap in Spring Valley, Nevada

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

Dad had two more brother's, William and Joseph, living in Fillmore and a sister Eliza Esther, who passed away when she was quite young (*age 12*). I do not believe that these two brothers or sister were ever at the ranch.

The 1880 U.S. Census shows Joseph and James Swallow at Shoshone, Nevada with their brother George. So we know that all of George's brothers except, maybe, William spent some time working on the Swallow Ranch. William did not come to Utah from England until 1885 so most likely did not ever work on the Swallow Ranch in Nevada.

Figure 71 - The Swallow Ranch



Sheep wagons at the Swallow ranch in Spring Valley, Nevada

Figure 72 - The Swallow Ranch



Thrashing at the Swallow ranch in Spring Valley, Nevada

Figure 73 - Looking West at the Swallow Ranch from the Spring Ranch



Recollections about George and Ann Swallow and the Ranch at Shoshone

Figure 74 - The Swallow Ranch



The George Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada in about 1940. Looking northeast, from just south of the main home, at Mt. Wheeler on the left and Mt. Washington in the center right.

The Word of Wisdom

Lois Robison Rowley, a granddaughter, writes in her Personal History:

Grandfather Swallow always asked for a cup of hot water, and he added sugar and cream. This took the place of the tea he always had growing up in England before he joined the Church.

In Birdie E. Swallow's personal history as compiled by members of her family, she continues:

Life on the Swallow Ranch

Life on the ranch in those early days was not easy for her parents, but she (*Birdie*) and the other children learned to work hard because their father was gone periodically hauling freight with team and wagon to the mining camps near and far from the ranch.

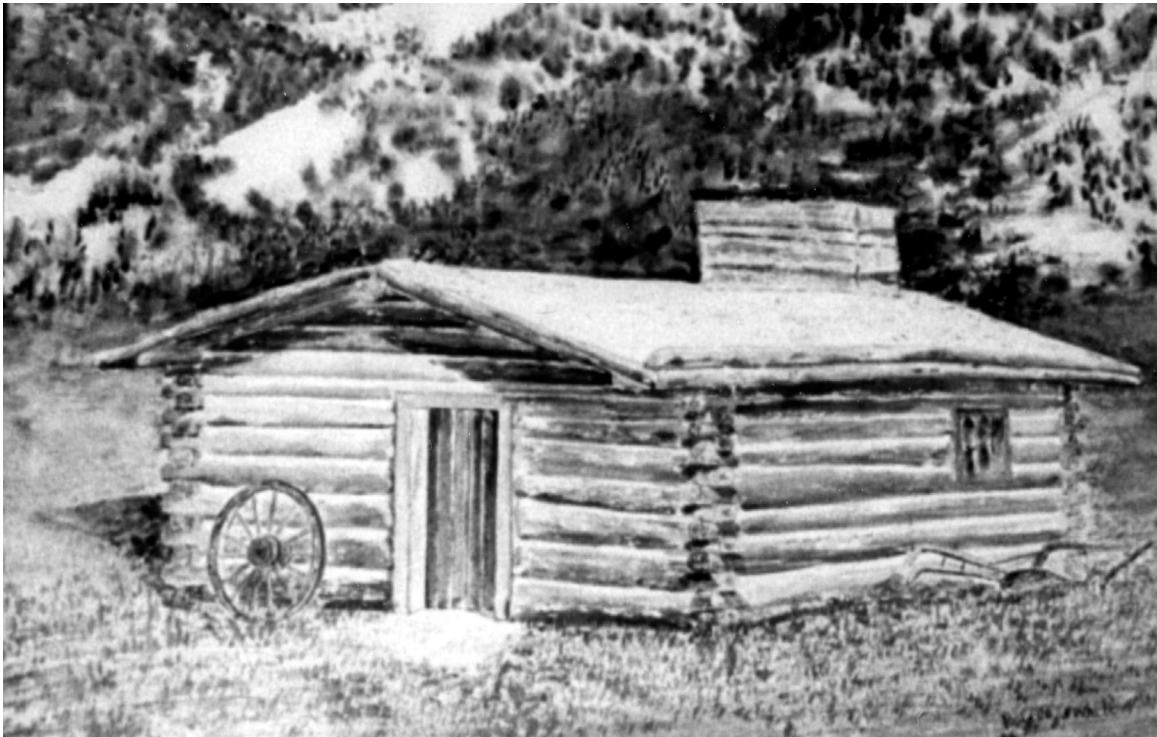
Mother (*Birdie*) tells in her history:

We were all kept busy; there was no place to go for amusement. We had to make our own fun and that was by playing checkers, Old Maid, and the general run of games that we had in those days. There were always plenty of horses to ride. We had such beautiful mountains and creeks nearby; the canyons were so lovely and our family enjoyed camping and picnicking in them. The highest mountain in the State of Nevada was just north and east of our home and it was called Mount Wheeler. Spring Valley was a long and wide valley; we lived at the south end of it on the Swallow Ranch with its many acres of meadowland, waving grain, and alfalfa hay. When I was a girl, the valley was covered with patches of Wild Iris and Bird Eye flowers; cattle and sheep grazed all over Spring Valley.

The famous Swallow Ranch was my home--I loved it. I can't remember my mother cooking over a fireplace, but I do remember the fireplace, the iron kettles, and brass buckets that she used when she was first married. I remember the large earthen crocks she packed butter in for storing. All of the utensils sat on the flat rocks in front of the fireplace.

The Original Log Cabin

Figure 75 - The Original Log Cabin as Painted by Rowland Swallow



The first home on the ranch was a large log cabin with only curtains to divide the bedroom from the other part of the house. This log cabin was later used as a schoolhouse.

Birdie grew up attending school only four months out of each year; her teachers were hired by her father. Her closest girlfriend when she was a child was an Indian girl. Many times during her adult life she expressed her love and concern for the Lamanite people.

Next to the first log cabin, there was later built a large potato cellar. Mother states that "it was not like the potato cellars of today or even forty years ago. It was a large hole dug in the ground with large pine logs set up to hold the roof on, and many bins were built, in which to store the potatoes. The potatoes were raised and sorted to sell to the mining camps at Ward, Taylor, and Pioche. Much grain was grown and harvested which was also sold to the miners."

The sorted potatoes were loaded on a lumber wagon, and her father would hitch a four-horse team to it and be gone sometimes for a week or more to make the trip to the mining camps. Her dad would take food and a heavy bedroll and camp out--much of it during cold weather. She remembers how worried her mother would become when her dad was late returning or when storms would occur.

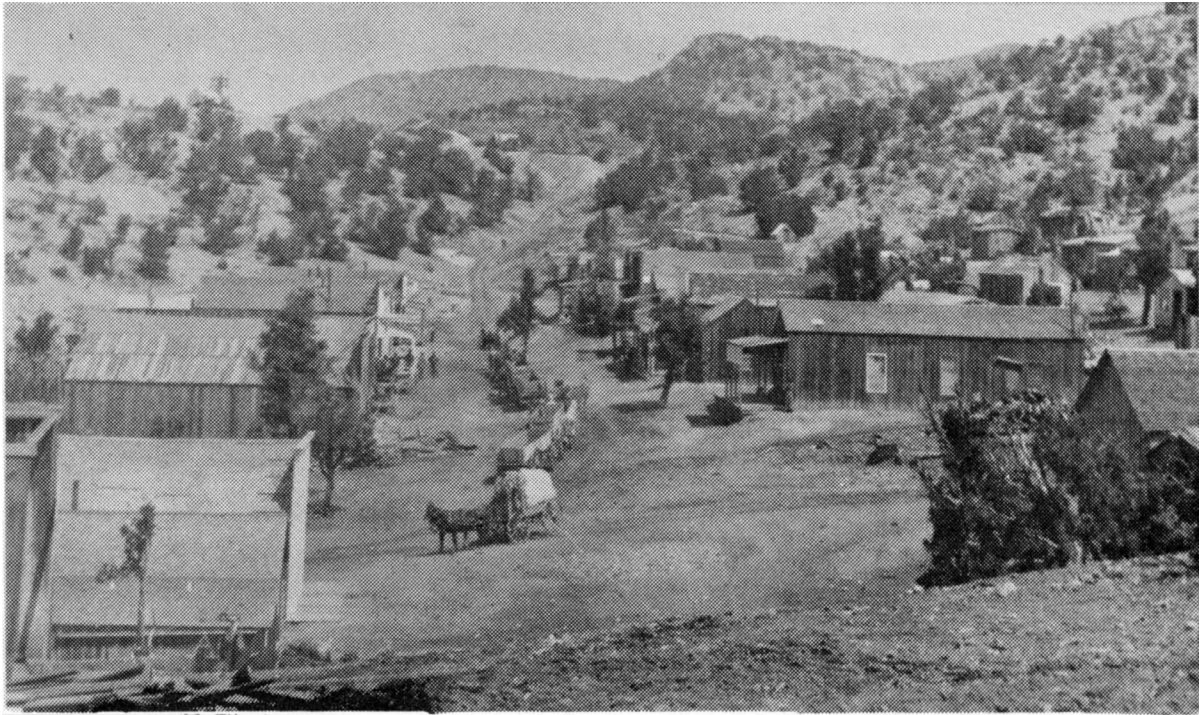
Father's Long Trips Away From Home to Sell Farm Goods

Figure 76 - Ward, Nevada in 1876



The mining town of Ward, 1876.

Figure 77 - Taylor, Nevada in 1882



Taylor was beginning to boom in 1882.

She remembers a trip her father made to Ward and Taylor with a load of grain in the dead of winter, and a heavy snowstorm came up and a blizzard developed. The snow piled up along the side of the house, and it was so deep that the boys and her mother had to shovel paths to the stables and corrals to feed the stock. The wind blew so hard it would blow the hay off the forks they were using to move the hay. When the outside cattle had to be fed, it took hours to get the hay to them, and some never had feed for days. She (Birdie) says:

I remember that I was really small then and had to stay in the house alone. Not knowing where Father was, or even if he was alive, so frightened us that we could hardly stand it. Three days later we could see a dark spot coming slowly over the ridge three miles away; what a rejoicing, for we knew it was Father coming home! He was on his way home when the storm started, and he made his way to Conner's Pass and stayed until the storm was over. There was a house, stove, and food, and Father had feed for his horses that he carried on his wagon. To get home he had to shovel his way through every gully, and at times he followed ridges with no roads where the snow had blown off them. Overshoes were not enough; he had to wrap his feet and legs in gunnysacks to keep from freezing to death.

Figure 78 - Winter on the Swallow Ranch by Rowland Swallow



Mother (*Birdie*) recalls that hard winter of 1893 when two to three cows froze to death standing in the fields because it was impossible to get feed to them or move them due to the deep snow. She expressed her feeling about this event by saying.

There were many other frightening experiences that happened, but with faith and prayers the Lord protected us. But I cannot forget how my mother suffered perhaps more than my father did. She had to go out in the weather which was thirty to forty degrees below zero and help the boys with the livestock; when she would get back in the house, she would be completely exhausted. As a result of these difficult tasks, she suffered from rheumatism the rest of her life.

Figure 79 - Winter in Spring Valley, Nevada



Work On the Ranch, Even For the Girls

Because there was much livestock to care for, Birdie was assigned the task of watering a stallion which her father owned. She relates that she always rode horses and loved them; but when it came time for her to untie the stallion and lead him to water, she was always frightened.

She (*Birdie*) loved the out-of-doors and helped with the chores as well as helping with the housework. Her mother would send her each day in the summer to gather vegetables from the garden which was several miles away. She would ride on her horse bareback to the garden and put the vegetables in a gunny sack; but the problem was that she was not tall enough to jump up on the horse, so she would lead him into a ditch and from the bank jump on his back and ride home. She mentions in her history that when she was a girl, she owned two saddle horses; and just before she was married, she sold them to buy a sewing machine.

The Home George Built on the Ranch

To the original log cabin, her father added on a front room, two bedrooms, a large kitchen, and a porch. The family used the new addition and the old log cabin was used as a school and as a storage place. In the kitchen a stove was placed--the first their mother used. The logs in the new addition were hewn so they would fit together and would keep more of the cold out during the very cold winters.

Figure 80 - The George Swallow Home on the Swallow Ranch



Osceola

Osceola, Nevada, was the nearest town; it was a mining town which had a small hotel, two stores, two saloons, a restaurant, and a livery stable. Mother (*Birdie*) tells that, "I remember on a Fourth of July, we (meaning her father, mother, and the children) went up to Osceola for the celebration. I was a small child about nine years of age. It was so cold, and it snowed so hard

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

that there was not room in the small hotel for the crowd that had gathered for the celebration, so the stores and saloons were opened so all could keep warm.

Osceola was the economic and social center at this early date. It was a two-day event for the families who attended, and parents would pack their children in the back of a wagon with hay or straw on the bottom and then cover them with canvas and quilts to make the journey more pleasant.

Figure 81 - Osceola in 1915

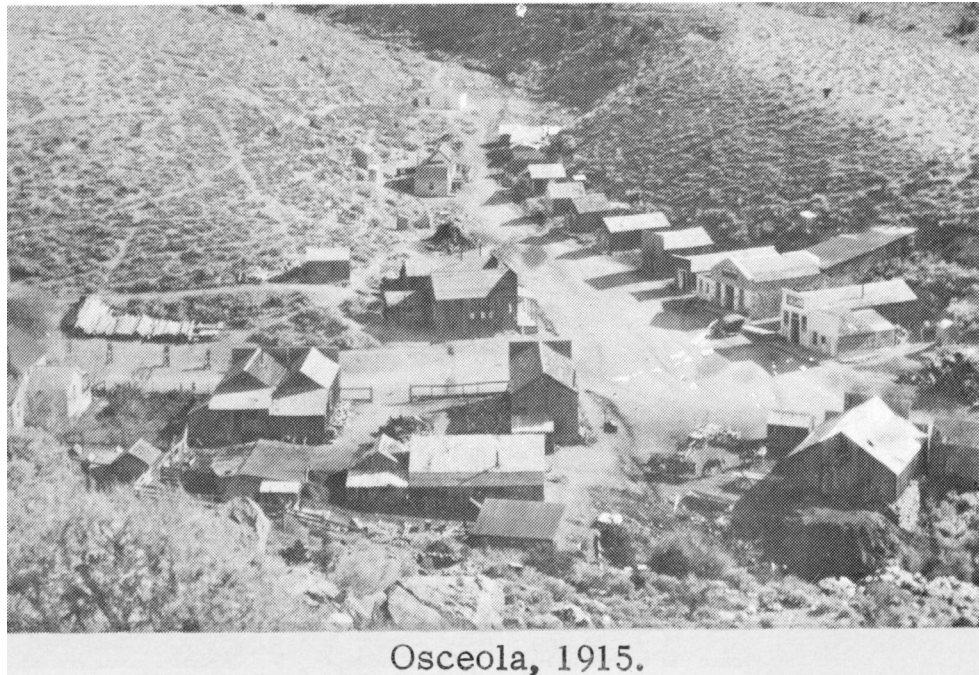


Figure 82 - Osceola



The mining operation at Osceola, Nevada in about 1937

Many Laborers Were On the Ranch

Mother (*Birdie*) recalls that most of the hired labor on her father's ranch was done by Indians. She relates that during harvest time or when the cattle were rounded up her mother would have Maggy, Jennie, and Ada (Indian squaws) help in the house. There were always many men to feed during those periods, and she recalls that her mother, with the help of May and herself, would do all the cooking and the squaws would do the washing, scrubbing, ironing, and vegetable gathering. There were always two large tables set for the men and family and a third one for the Indian helpers.

Figure 83 - Cowboys on the Swallow Ranch



Figure 84 - Working with Sheep on the Swallow Ranch – about 1910



Her (*Birdie's*) father had sheep also and when shearing time came around in the spring, she would go out and herd a bunch of sheep during the afternoons. She learned to work on the ranch as well as in the home. She led the derrick horse during the haying time and picked potatoes at harvest time. She did this each year until the family moved to Salt Lake City (*in 1907*).

Learning to Work

She (*Birdie*) learned to ride horses, drive a team of horses, cook, sew, and crochet. All the bread, pies, and cakes were all homemade; the yeast used for the bread and rolls was made from a start and kept for years; the shortening used was lard rendered from their own pigs. She remembers her mother as an excellent cook and a good seamstress; her mother made all the clothes for the family and knitted all their stockings. She says she remembers her mother telling the children once that she even made a suit of clothes for their father.

In her home as a girl, she remembers the straw ticks which were slept on in the summer and the feather ticks used in the winter. Candles were used for light in the bedrooms and coal-oil lamps were used in the front room and dining room.

Traveling Over 80 Miles to Get Groceries and Farm Supplies

From her life story she (*Birdie*) writes:

When I was around nine years of age, I remember my father going to the railroad at Frisco, Utah, to get groceries and farm supplies and bringing home a pump organ. That next year we had a teacher that could play the organ and also the banjo. This is how I learned to play the chords for dance music. I learned the notes and scales and was able to play a few waltzes. I was too much of an outside girl to take interest in reading or music. My children and grandchildren, I am sure, will doubt that I had a good singing voice and played my own accompaniment. I played hymns and easy songs on the organ and also learned to play the harmonica.

As a little girl and as I grew older, I can't remember of ever being lonesome or being unhappy. There was always something to be done. I was my father's shadow; I followed him in the fields and watched him in the blacksmith shop. He repaired all of the machinery that he used such as a reaper, mowing machine, and plows. The first year my father settled on the ranch, he cut his grain with a scythe; for years he had only a hand plow, but later he bought what they called a sulky plow that he would ride on rather than walk behind all day.

Dad's Accident and Other Close Calls

I can remember one of the serious accidents Father had when he fell out of the sheep camp door and down by the horses' legs. It frightened them and one wheel ran over one of Father's legs and broke it four or five inches above the ankle. The horses ran away and made a circle near where father was laying, and he called to them and they stopped, and then he crawled into the wagon. How he did this we will never know. He used a splint or rather a thin board he had for kindling, tore the dishtowel and bound up his leg and drove home. Never can I remember of seeing anyone so white and look so badly as Father did when he drove into the yard. The hired man saddled up the best horse on the

ranch and rode fifty miles to get a doctor. The doctor had his own buggy and team and this hired man drove the doctor out from Ely. It took hours to make the trip in and back. Father lay without a painkiller all that time before the leg was set. He was in bed for a long time and when he did get out of bed the leg was not set properly and it had to be straightened. With all the suffering and expense, his leg was never quite straight, but he got along well on it. There were no neighbors to come in and help so all the nursing fell on Mother; and with the help of the Lord, she did a fine job of nursing him.

Figure 85 - Sheep Wagon on the Swallow Ranch



A sheep wagon being pulled (moving camp) by a team of horses on the Swallow Ranch

Another experience of her father's that she (*Birdie*) remembers and wrote in her history is as follows:

One evening he left Ward, Nevada, a mining camp where he sold potatoes and grain. He was returning home, and in the dusk he noticed two horsemen following him. He felt sure he was being followed, so he stopped, rolled his bed out on the ground and rolled an extra blanket to give the appearance of two men being in the bed. He threw his money that he had received from his produce out into the sagebrush. Those two fellows came up and rode around the wagon and the place he was pretending to be asleep; the men soon rode away but Father was sure they knew he had money with him.

There were no Mormons in that area at that time and there was much hatred for them, so father and mother had to keep quiet about their religion. But he often told his family that he never once doubted the truth of the Gospel; he was always faithful in paying his tithing each year and of observing the Word of Wisdom.

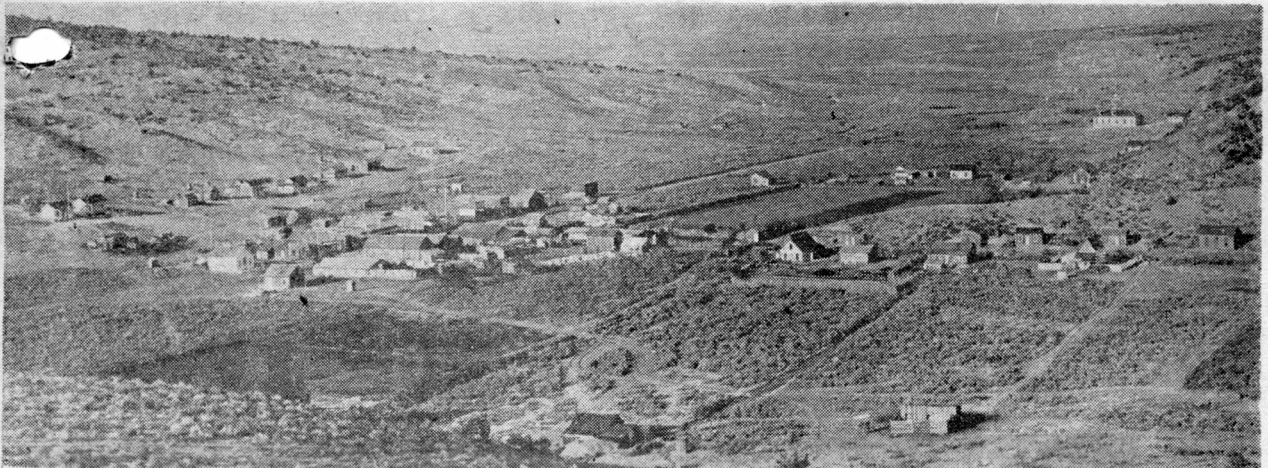
T. Frank Swallow tells us this about his father:

On one occasion when George Swallow was freighting from Pioche to Ely, Nevada, he noticed that some men were following him, about a mile behind. He was concerned about being robbed. After stopping for the evening and then going to bed, as soon as it got dark he rolled up a blanket and put it in his bed. He then sneaked away into the dark and hid. When these men came into his camp and saw it was a blanket in the bed, they took off as fast as they could, because they knew they had been tricked, and they did not know where Dad was hiding.

I remember my father, George Swallow, telling me of an experience he had with a beautiful cat that had become a nuisance on the ranch. So he decided to put it in a gunnysack and take it in the wagon on his next trip to Ely and give it to someone. After he traveled some distance, he noticed that the cat had gotten away. A few days later as he was eating his breakfast, he was looking out the window at a grain field that had recently been thrashed, and he saw something tumbling over the grain stubble. Upon closer examination, he realized that it was that cat still in the gunnysack that he was taking to Ely. He said, to himself, "If that cat wants to be here that much, it can stay here."

Figure 86 - Ely, Nevada in 1889

Do You Remember Ely - - Say in 1889?



George Swallow, a Fine-Honest-Hard Working Man with Little Sense of Humor

Melvin A. Robison, a grandson, wrote this about George Swallow:

Grandfather Swallow was one of the finer men that ever lived. He was honest, he was good, and everybody loved him but, he didn't have a lot of personality. When it came to kids and his grand children, he didn't have a way with them. In fact, we drove him absolutely "zany," Elwin, Newal, Lenard and I. Bertha and Alpha, and Annabelle (three cousins) didn't help either.

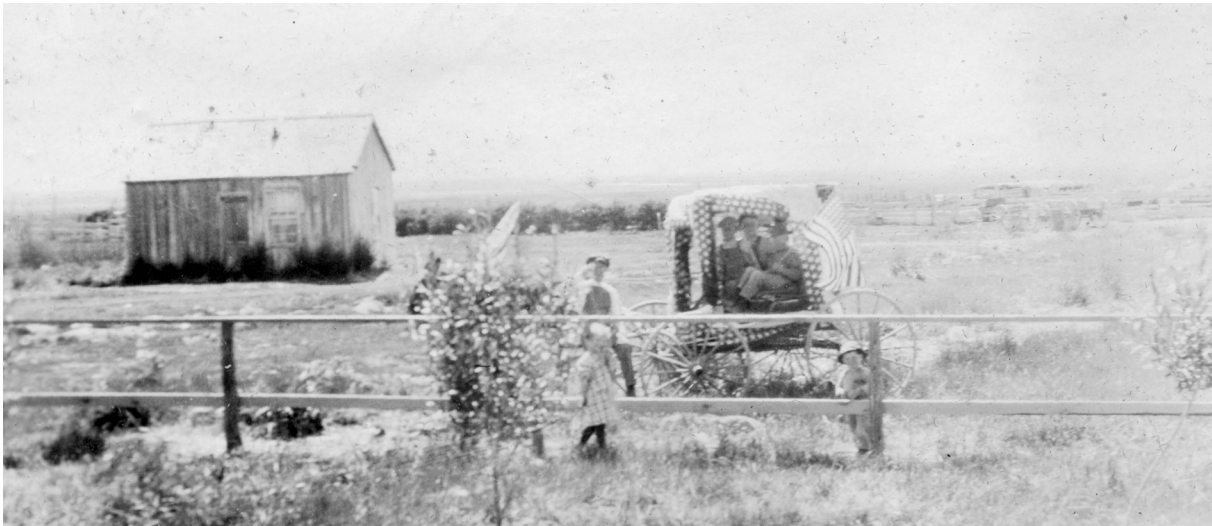
When Grandfather came up to Baker Creek or came to visit, I tell you, he was going to have it by us kids. He always wore a pressed suit with a vest, his hair was just combed right and he had his straw hat on. Oh, he was something!

I remember he was up on Baker Creek one time, and we were horsing around and he said, "Don't tip any of that water on me!" We were having a little water fight. So, the first thing, we poured a whole washbasin full over him. And, of course, Mother (*I. Pearl Swallow Robison*) got mad--I never could understand why she got upset! (laughter)

But, I will say this: Grandfather was a strong willed man. Grandfather was a hard, hard worker, but a very serious man. There was no horsing around, going on around him. That was true with his hired help. He expected something done, and it got done. That is why he had a great outfit too, no question about it. But, I always figured there was room for a little fun. As kids we were not afraid of him, but I suppose he held a great deal of respect in the eyes of most.

George Swallow and his family were very patriotic. They always celebrated the Fourth of July at the Swallow Ranch.

Figure 87 - The 4th of July on the Swallow Ranch – About 1925



The Impact of the Transcontinental Railroad on the George Swallow Family

George Swallow experienced, first hand, one of the greatest changes the world has seen - the coming of the transcontinental railroad and the telegraph.

In the summer of 1868 George Swallow came by train from New York as far as Benton, Wyoming. The telegraph expanded with the railroad. The transcontinental railroad was completed on 10 May 1869 at Promontory Summit, Utah. Then in January 1870 the national rail system was completed to Salt Lake City, Utah. In May 1871 they started railroad construction south from Salt Lake City; and it was completed to Draper, Utah by 1872 and American Fork, Utah in 1873. The rail line between Salt Lake City and Milford was completed in 1880, with a rail line to the mining town of Frisco, Utah; and in 1905, the railroad was completed from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, California. The first trains arrived at Ely, Nevada on September 29, 1906.

Stephen E. Ambrose wrote in his book Nothing Like It In The World on pages 356, 357 and 369:

Hyperbole was common in the nineteenth century. In part that was because people had had so little with which to compare inventions, advances, or changes, in part because they just talked that way. Words like “the greatest achievement ever” came naturally to them. Thus the transcontinental railroad was called the Eighth Wonder of the World. The building of the road was compared to the voyage of Columbus or the landing of the Pilgrims. It was said that the road was “annihilating distance and almost outrunning time.” The preacher at the Golden Spike ceremony, Dr. John Todd, called it “the greatest work ever attempted.” In 1883 General Sherman, in his last annual report as head of the army, called the building of the road “the most important event of modern times.”

They may have exaggerated, but for the people of 1869, especially those over forty years old, there was nothing to compare to it. A man whose birthday was in 1829 or earlier had been born into a world in which President Andrew Jackson traveled no faster than Julius Caesar, a world in which no thought or information could be transmitted any faster than in Alexander the Great’s time. In 1869, with the railroad and the telegraph that was beside it, a man could move at sixty miles per hour and transmit an idea or a statistic from coast to coast almost instantly. Senator Daniel Webster got it exactly in 1847, when he proclaimed that the railroad “towers above all other inventions of this or the preceding age.”

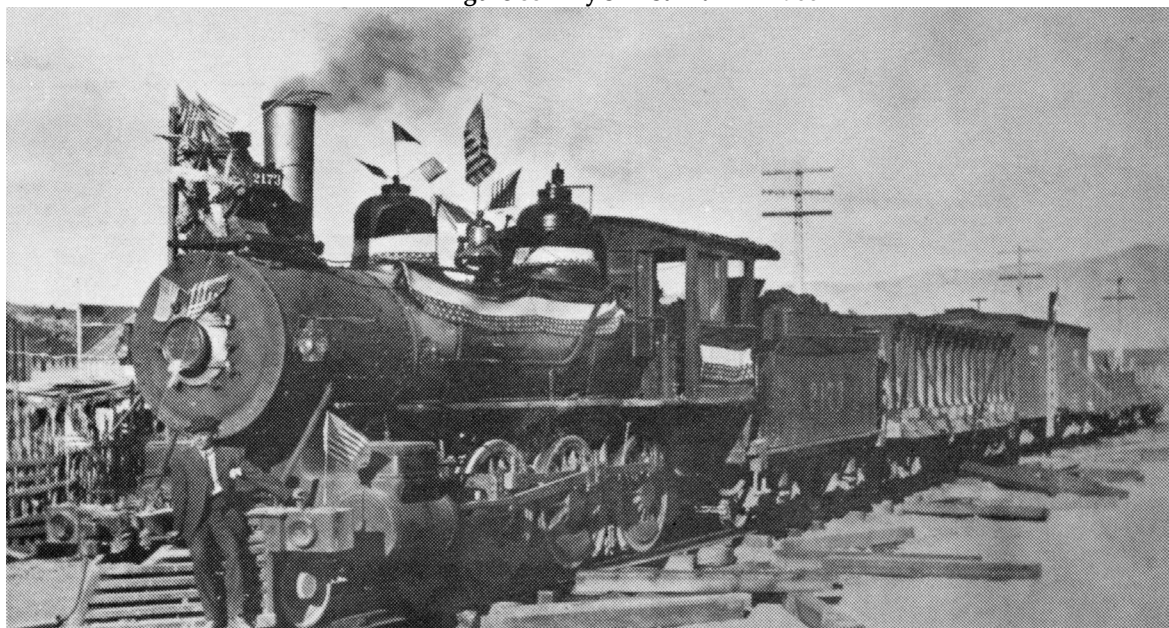
In the twenty-first century, everything seems to be in a constant flux, and change is so constant as to be taken for granted. This leads to a popular question, What generation lived through the greatest change? The ones who lived through the coming of the automobile and the airplane and the beginning of modern medicine? Or those who were around for the invention and first use of the atomic bomb and the jet airplane? Or the computer? Or the Internet and E-mail? For me, it is the Americans who lived through the second half of the nineteenth century. They saw slavery abolished and electricity put to use, the development of the telephone and the completion of the telegraph, and most of all the railroad. The locomotive was the first great triumph over time and space. After it came and after it crossed the continent of North America, nothing could ever again be the same. It brought about the greatest change in the shortest period of time.

Of all the things done by the first transcontinental railroad, nothing exceeded the cuts in time and cost it made for people traveling across the continent. Before the Mexican War, during the Gold Rush that started in 1848, through the 1850s, and until after the Civil War ended in 1865, it took a person months and might cost more than \$1,000 to go from New York to San Francisco.

But less than a week after the pounding of the Golden Spike, a man or woman could go from New York to San Francisco in seven days. That included stops. So fast, they used to say, “that you don’t even have time to take a bath.” And the cost to go from New York to San Francisco, as listed in the summer of 1869, was \$150 for first class, \$70 for emigrant. By June 1870, that was down to \$136 for first class, \$110 for second class, and \$65 for third, or emigrant, class. First class meant a Pullman sleeping car. Emigrants sat on a bench.

Freight rates by train were incredibly less than for ox- or horse-drawn wagons, or for sailboats or steamers. Mail that once cost dollars per ounce and took forever now cost pennies and got from Chicago to California in a few days. The telegraph, meanwhile, could move ideas, thoughts, statistics, and words or numbers that could be put on paper, from one place to another, from Europe or England or New York to San Francisco or anywhere else that had a telegraph station, all but instantly.

Figure 88 - Ely's First Train in 1906



Ely's first train, September 29, 1906.

George and Ann Swallow's Children Get Married

Figure 89 - Richard T. Swallow and Matilda Mortenson



Married October 30, 1907

Figure 90 - Alfred M. Swallow and Nell Smith



Married November 14, 1914

Figure 91 - Alfred M. Swallow and M. Irene Urry



Married August 17, 1936
Photo taken about 1960

Figure 92 - May C. Swallow and David R. Kerr



Married July 5, 1909

Figure 93 - E. Zedonia Dorius and Ray G. Swallow



Married October 21, 1914

Figure 94 - Elva Foote and Ray G. Swallow



Married January 9, 1935

Figure 95 - Birdie E. Swallow and James F. Robison



Married September 6, 1911

Figure 96 - Doyle C. Robison and Ida Pearl Swallow



Married June 7, 1916
Photo taken in 1932

Ranch Turned Over to Sons - Family Moves to Salt Lake City

Alfred M. Swallow's history of his father continues:

In 1907 when Dad decided to turn the ranch and livestock over to Richard and myself on a buy and leasing basis, he was running 1,200 cattle and from 5,000 to 6,000 sheep, and was probably putting up 1,000 tons of hay and 75 tons of grain per year, and he owned from 6,000 to 7,000 acres of farming and grazing land. I believe this was one of the better sheep and cattle outfits in the state of Nevada.

Figure 97 - George and Anna Day Swallow Visiting Salt Lake City



EARLY 1900's TOUR OF SALT LAKE CITY
Grover Swallow's
first cousin -- once removed GEORGE SWALLOW and WIFE, left front

Alfred M. Swallow continues:

Dad and Mother and the four youngest members of the family moved from the ranch to Salt Lake City, Utah in October 1907. They bought two homes, No. 327 and 329 East First South St. At the time the family moved to Salt Lake City, they lived in one of these homes, and the other was rented.

Figure 98 - The George Swallow Home: 329 E 100 S, Salt Lake City, Utah in July 1907



Standing (L to R): __, Birdie E. Swallow (20), May C. Swallow (24), __, __, Ann Day Swallow, __, __, __, __ and George Swallow. Sitting on the lawn (L to R): __, Ida Pearl Swallow (14) and __.

Figure 99 - George Swallow in about 1910

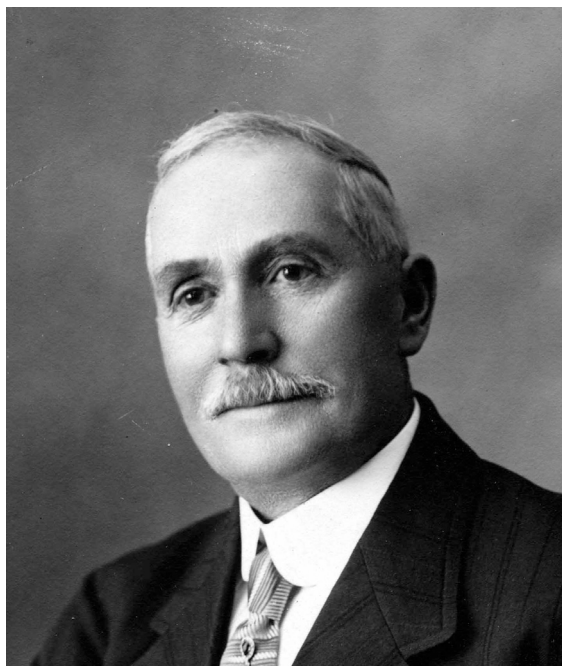


Figure 100 - Anna Day Swallow in about 1910



A Grandchild Born in Salt Lake City

Figure 101 - Swallow Women On the Front Porch of the Swallow Home in S.L.C.



L to R: May Swallow holding George N. Swallow, Matilda Mortenson Swallow and Ann Day Swallow in Salt Lake City in 1910 shortly after George N. was born.

Alfred M. Swallow said that he believes it was in the years 1910 and 1911 that his dad built the Swallow Apartments, at 333 East First South St., Salt Lake City.

Figure 102 - The Swallow Apartments



T. Frank Swallow standing in front of the Swallow Apartments in about 1937

The George Swallow Family Go to England

George, Ann and Pearl Swallow went to England for four months in the summer of 1913 when Pearl was 19. This information was confirmed by the 1913 Ellis Island Immigration records that show all ship passengers arriving in the U.S.

Melvin A. Robison, a grandson, wrote this about the trip to England in 1913.

Something that meant a great deal to Mother “Pearl” was when she, Grandfather and Grandmother Swallow went to England for a month, sailing over on a ship. It was a wonderful thing for a young lady at that time.

While in England they visited a number of relatives. William Crow, a cousin, wrote the following, about George, Ann and Pearl Swallow’s visit with him, in a letter to Charles Swallow dated March 7, 1934.

I am sorry to hear Cousin George is passed on. We had a good time with him and his wife and Pearl. I can see him now when we parted at Brighton station, that is on the South Coast. My wife stayed with them a month at Brighton. She often speaks of them.

I wrote to Cousin George (George Swallow) when I was at the Warren Farm. I could not say what year. It has been a good many years as I have been here eight years last September. We often speak of them, and we have been patiently waiting for a letter.

How is Pearl? As I know her so well. She promised me faithfully she would never forsake writing to us, but, I am sorry to say, she has.

Figure 103 - George, Anna and Pearl Swallow in England – Summer of 1913



The George Swallow and Anna Day Swallow Visit Family in Fillmore

The Fillmore newspaper reported the following;

July 16, 1915

George Swallow and wife, of Salt Lake, arrived here last Friday for a visit with relatives and friends.

July 30, 1915

George Swallow, Sr. and wife, of Salt Lake, left for their home in that city on Tuesday.

The Death of Ann Day Swallow

The Fillmore, Utah newspaper reports the following:

December 3, 1915

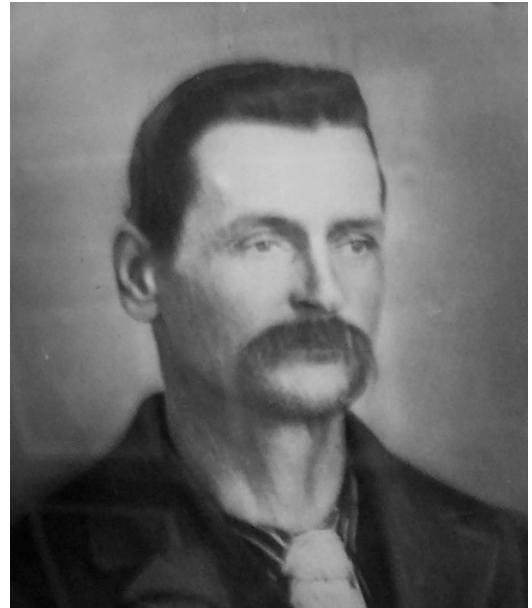
Mrs. George Swallow, of Salt Lake, who was taken seriously ill of spinal meningitis in San Francisco the other day, was brought home to Salt Lake immediately after being taken sick. It is not known at this time what her present condition is, but we hope for the best.

Mr. George Day left for Salt Lake yesterday to be with his sister, Mrs. George Swallow, while she is ill.

Figure 104 - Anna Day Swallow



Figure 105 - George Day



December 3, 1915

Mrs. George Swallow, of Salt Lake, who was taken seriously ill of spinal meningitis in San Francisco the other day, was brought home to Salt Lake immediately after being taken sick. It is not known at this time what her present condition is, but we hope for the best.

Mr. George Day left for Salt Lake yesterday to be with his sister, Mrs. George Swallow, while she is ill.

Former Fillmore Woman Dies in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Anna Swallow was born in Manchester, England in 1850 and came to Fillmore in the year 1874. She lived here until 1878 when she became the wife of Mr. George Swallow and moved to Shoshone, Nevada, where they remained until 1907. In that year they moved to Salt Lake City where they lived until up until the time of her death.

Mrs. Swallow was the mother of seven children, six of whom survived her. They are Richard of Shoshone, Nev.; Alfred of Garrison, Utah; Ray of Shoshone; and Mrs. May Kerr of Roy, Utah; Mrs. Birdie Robison of Garrison; and Miss Pearl Swallow of Salt Lake.

Mrs. Swallow was taken sick while in San Francisco at the Fair, where she intended to spend the winter, two weeks ago. On account of her health she expressed a desire to return home. After arriving in Salt Lake (*about December 1, 1915*), she came down with a very violent headache. Drs. Bower, Ewing, and Richards were called immediately, pronounced it a case of Packa-Meningitis. After about five days sickness, death occurred, Monday, December 6th (*at her their home, 329 East First South.*)

The body was brought to Fillmore for burial. The funeral took place on Thursday, December 9th at the Ward Chapel. The speakers were Christian Anderson and Alonso F. Robison. By request of her immediate family the Choir rendered "O My Father" and "Some Day We'd Understand." A beautiful solo, "Face to Face," was rendered by Mrs. E. K. Bassett after which internment took place in the City Cemetery. The funeral cortege was followed by a large number of sympathizing relatives and friends. Her family has our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

The George Swallow Family Reunion

There was a George Swallow Family Reunion at the Swallow ranch in the latter half of 1916. All the children, their spouses and the grandchildren were present at this reunion. The following was recorded in a local Nevada newspaper about this reunion. The exact date and the newspaper's name are unknown.

Reunion of Swallow Family – A reunion of the Swallow family was held at the Swallow ranch in Spring Valley on Tuesday of this week. George Swallow, father of the family, came over from Salt Lake City last Saturday to attend the reunion. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. David R. Kerr, and her husband and two children. Two other daughters, Mrs. James Robison and Mrs. Doyle Robison, came over with their families from their homes in Snake Valley for the occasion and the three sons, Richard, Alfred and Ray Swallow and their families were also present. Eleven grandchildren, 'enough to start a kindergarten' as Richard Swallow remarked were also on hand to enjoy the day's festivities.

The only break in the family circle was caused by the death of the mother (Anna Day Swallow), which occurred in Salt Lake City some months ago.

George Swallow was one of the pioneers of Spring Valley; where-by many years of hard work and good management, he built up a great ranch property which is now managed by his sons while he himself makes his home in Salt Lake City.

As an illustration of the remarkable increase in the use of automobiles among the ranchmen of this county, it might be noted that six automobiles were parked at the Swallow ranch at the time of the reunion while at the time when Richard Swallow bought his first car five years ago he was one of the first if not the very first ranchman in the country to adopt the innovation.

Figure 106 - Cars at 1916 Swallow Family Reunion



Six automobiles parked at the Swallow Ranch during the George Swallow Family reunion in 1916

Figure 107 - Adults at 1916 Swallow Family Reunion



This picture was taken at the George Swallow family reunion in 1916 on the steps of the four-room home on the Swallow ranch that Ray G. Swallow had built for himself and Zedonia. Adults L to R: Back Row: Zedonia Swallow, Ray G. Swallow, Birdie Swallow Robison, James F. Robison, May Swallow Kerr, & David R. Kerr. Front Row: Matilda Mortenson Swallow, Richard T. Swallow, Nell Smith Swallow, Alfred M. Swallow, George Swallow, Pearl Swallow Robison & Doyle C. Robison. There are seven of the eleven grandchildren at the reunion shown in this picture. They are, Ethel Swallow (age 1) being held by her mother Zedonia and Richard M. Swallow (age 1) being held by his mother Matilda. Then standing L to R in front: Golden N. Swallow (age 3), George N. Swallow (age 6), Bertha B. Robison (age 4), George Kerr (age 4) and Bob Kerr (age 6).

Figure 108 - Children at 1916 Swallow Family Reunion



This photo taken at the George Swallow Family Reunion the last half of 1916 shows all 11 grandchildren. Left to right - back row: Ray G. Swallow, David R. Kerr, Zedonia Dorius Swallow holding Ethel Swallow (age 1), Birdie Swallow Robison holding Elwin A. Robison (age 1), May Swallow Kerr holding Rodney Kerr (age 1) and Matilda Mortenson Swallow holding Richard M. Swallow (age 1). Front row: Annabelle Kerr (age 3), Golden Swallow (age 4), George N. Swallow (age 6), Alpha Robison (age 3), Bob Kerr (age 5), George Kerr (age 4) and Bertha Robison (age 4).

Marriage and Child of George Swallow and Matilda Chesley Madsen

On March 29, 1917 George Swallow (Sr.) married Matilda “Mattie” Chesley Madsen (known as Aunt “Mattie” by all the Swallow family). To this union was born a son named T. Frank Swallow on February 27, 1918. George, Mattie and Frank Swallow visited the ranch every summer for a few weeks. As Frank Swallow grew older, he spent most summers working on the Swallow ranch for his half brother, Richard T. Swallow. Richard’s boys used to tease Frank by calling him Uncle Frank. This made Frank mad because all of them were older than he.

Figure 109 - George Swallow (1851 – 1932)

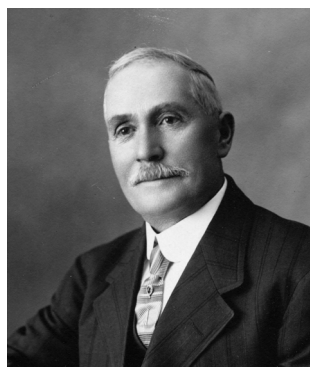


Figure 110 - Matilda Chesley (1876 – 1944)



Melvin A. Robison, a grandson, wrote this about George Swallow.

Grandfather Swallow and Aunt Mattie would come and visit every summer for about two weeks, and it was during one of these visits (*in 1930*) that he learned he had prostate cancer. I remember the disturbance over that, when they took him to a doctor in Ely and found this out. Then, they immediately took off for Salt Lake and home.

Frank, their son, was with them on these visits. But, he spent more time at Shoshone than he did any place else. He loved to spend most of the summers there and once he lost some of his fingers in a set of cables for a derrick at the Swallow place.

George Swallow visited the Swallow ranch several times a year from 1917 to 1925. Richard M. "Dick" Swallow, a grandson, remembers when he was about 8 (1923) he ("Dick") would get up early and have breakfast with the hired hands in the cook house (the original home built by George Swallow). His grandfather, George Swallow, would stay in the new house and get up about 7 or 8 a.m. and have breakfast there. Richard M. "Dick" would sit on the front steps of the new house and about 9 a.m. George Swallow would come out fully dressed in his suit and say with an English accent, "Good morning Dick, how are you this fine morning?"

Both Richard M. "Dick" Swallow and Darlene Swallow Whitlock remember their grandfather as warm and kind but formal. Dick and Darlene admired their grandfather and his fine example of integrity and honesty. They both wanted to grow up and make their grandfather proud of them. George N. Swallow, another grandson, remembers how much he liked "Aunt Mattie." She had a good sense of humor, and George N. always got along great with her.

The following pictures show George Swallow on the Swallow ranch in his later years.

Figure 111 - In 1917 - George & Matilda Chesley



Figure 112 - In 1921 - T. Frank & George Swallow



Figure 113 - In 1925 - George, T. Frank and Matilda Swallow



Figure 114 - Swallow Family Picnic



Swallow family picnic up Williams Creek the summer of 1918. L to R – standing: Zedonia Dorius Swallow, George Swallow, Matilda Chesley, Matilda Mortenson Swallow holding T. Frank Swallow, Golden N. Swallow and the others unknown. Sitting: Ray G. Swallow, Ethel Swallow, two unknown men with one of them holding Arlo Swallow, Richard M. Swallow, Richard T. Swallow, George N. Swallow with the rest unknown.

Figure 115 - The Swallow Ranch



This picture was taken in front of the original George Swallow home in about 1924. At this time it was used as the bunkhouse for the hired hands. On the far left is Richard T. Swallow with T. Frank Swallow standing in front of him (These were the oldest and youngest living children of George Swallow) and George Swallow standing just to his right. Jasper Fox is standing in the middle with the hat on and Richard M. "Dick" Swallow is in the far right of the picture with just his head showing. The rest of the people are unknown.

T. Frank Swallow told this, about his father, to one of Birdie or Pearl Swallow Robison's children:

George Swallow was a very quiet person. To my knowledge, he did not hold any church positions. As a young boy, I always attended church with him. He did not hold any church positions in my youth. He attended the temple and kept the standards of the Church, such as the Word of Wisdom, tithes and offerings, etc., in fact he was a very generous person with his money to those in need. He must have lacked confidence in Church matters because someone else blessed me, baptized me, confirmed me and ordained me a deacon and teacher, which all took place during his life.

George Swallow was an extremely hard working person during the time that his children were growing up, the children born to Anne Day Swallow. I remember when I was young, your mother and her sisters telling me that I was the only baby our Dad ever held on his lap and rocked to sleep.

George Swallow was a very generous person. There was a Sister Berrett that lived in the ward. She was widowed and had no means of income. He had her doing genealogical research for him. Later it became evident that the work she did, did not prove to be acceptable to the Church. I do not know whether he was aware of this or not, but I do know that, that was secondary because he knew she needed the money to live on.

George Swallow was a generous person as was mentioned above. He helped many, many people by loaning (giving) money to those in need. My mother told me after my Dad's death, that before he died he went through his records; he was a meticulous record keeper, and destroyed all the papers and records of people who owed him money so that the estate would be unable, to make any claims against these people.

Death of Matilda Chesley Swallow

Darlene Swallow Whitlock said that in early 1944 Aunt Mattie Swallow) was in the hospital in Salt Lake City at the same time Matilda Mortenson Swallow (Richard T. Swallow's wife) was there. Since they were both named Matilda Swallow on the hospital records there was great confusion among the hospital staff. It took some time for the family members to help the hospital staff, sort it out.

Matilda Chesley Swallow passed away February 26, 1944. Her obituary from the Deseret New dated February 28, 1944 follows:

Matilda Chesley Swallow

Funeral services for Mrs. Matilda (Mattie) Chesley Swallow, 68, 333 E. 1st S. St, who died in a Salt Lake hospital at 9:30 p.m., Saturday of a cerebral hemorrhage, will be conducted Tuesday at 11 a.m. 124 4th E. St.

Mrs. Swallow was born Jan. 14, 1876, in Provo, a daughter of William A. and Matilda Robertson Chesley. She moved to Salt Lake from Provo in 1913 and was an active member of the 13th Ward, where she was secretary of the Relief Society for many years. She was married to Brigham

Madsen March 23, 1896 in Provo and upon his death was married to George Swallow March 29, 1917. He died several years ago.

Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Irma M Mitchell, Provo; Mrs. Leah M Kirk, Twin Falls, Ida.; and Mrs. Grace M. Gosling, Portland, Ore.; four sons, Thomas Frank Swallow, Fort Ord, Calif.; Stanley A. Madsen, Blackfoot, Ida.; and Grant G. Madsen, Grand Junction, Colo.; twin sisters, Mrs. Myrtle Foulger, Los Angeles; and Grace Gordon, San Francisco; four brothers, James A. W. Graham; Elmer and Paul R. Chesley, all of Salt Lake; 22 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren.

Friends may call from 6 to 8 p.m. Monday and from 10 to 11 a.m. Tuesday at place of services. Burial will be in Provo City Cemetery.

Marriage of T. Frank Swallow

Figure 116 - T. Frank and June Bergeson Swallow



Married June 13, 1941

Death of George Swallow

In the summer of 1930, George Swallow was diagnosed with prostate cancer while on one of his summer visits to the Swallow ranch. He was rushed back to Salt Lake City and put under a doctor's care. Over the next two years, his family spent as much time with him as they could. George Swallow passed away May 20, 1932 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried in Fillmore, Utah.

Figure 117 - George Swallow Obituary

May 20, 1932

George Swallow, Early Utahn, Dies

George Swallow, 80, owner of the Swallow apartments and active L. D. S. church worker, died at his residence, No. 2 Swallow apartments, Friday at 2:35 p. m., after a lingering illness of cancer.

Mr. Swallow was born July 11, 1851, in Stebbing, England, the son of Thomas and Caroline Crowl Swallow, and emigrated to Utah in 1868, locating in Fillmore. In 1870 Mr. Swallow moved to White Pine county, Nevada, near Ely, and engaged in ranching and stock raising, establishing the famous Swallow ranch.

Mr. Swallow moved to Salt Lake in 1907 and built the Swallow apartments.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Mattie C. Swallow, he is survived by seven sons and daughters: Richard T. and Alfred M. Swallow, Mrs. D. R. Kerr, Mrs. James F. and Mrs. Doyle C. Robison, all of White Pine county, Nevada; Ray G. Swallow, Mayfield; Thomas Frank Swallow, Salt Lake. He also is survived by 28 grandchildren and four brothers, William, Joseph, James and Charles Swallow, all of Fillmore.

Funeral services for Mr. Swallow will be conducted Sunday at 3 p. m. in the Twelfth-Thirteenth L. D. S. ward chapel. Friends may call at the residence Sunday between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

The body will be taken to Fillmore Monday, where burial will take place in the Fillmore city cemetery at 1:30 p. m.

Figure 118 - George Swallow Will

Will Lists Family Members as Heirs

The will of George Swallow, 80, who died May 20, was filed for probate in the Third district court Tuesday and listed members of his immediate family as heirs. A petition for probate, accompanying the will, lists his estate "in excess of \$5000."

Mr. Swallow left the Swallow apartments, 333 East First South street, to his widow, Mattie Swallow, who lives there. To his minor son, Thomas Frank Swallow, 12, he left \$10,000 for education, besides a previously arranged trust fund, and the remainder of his estate to his sons and daughters as follows: Richard T., Alfred M. and Ray G. Swallow, Mary S. Kerr, Birdie Robison and Pearl Robison, in equal shares.

The Millard County Progress, Friday, 27 May 1932 ran this obituary:

George Swallow Passes Away - George Swallow, son of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow, passed away at his residence in the Swallow Apartments, 333 East 1st South St., Salt Lake City, May 20, at the age of 80 years. Death was due to cancer.

Mr. Swallow was born July 11, 1851 in Stebbing, Essex, England, and emigrated to Utah in the year 1868, locating in Fillmore. Here he married Miss Annie Day, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Day, and to this union six children were born.

He later moved to White Pine Co. and engaged in ranching and stock raising, establishing the famous Swallow Ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.

In 1907 he moved to Salt Lake City and purchased the Swallow Apartments. His wife died in 1915; and he later married Mrs. Mattie C. Madsen of Salt Lake.

Besides his widow, he leaves to mourn his loss the following sons and daughters: Alfred M. and Richard T. Swallow, Mrs. Doyle C. Robison, Mrs. James F. Robison, Mrs. D. R. Kerr, all of White Pine Co., Nevada, and Ray G. Swallow of Mayfield, by his former marriage; and Thomas Frank Swallow of Salt Lake by his second marriage. He is also survived by four brothers: William, Joseph, and James Swallow of Fillmore and Charles Swallow of Meadow, and 28 grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in Salt Lake City on Sunday, May 22. Monday the body was conveyed to Fillmore, where it was viewed by relatives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Swallow from 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. A large cortege followed the remains to the Fillmore Cemetery, where interment took place.

Figure 119 - Anna Day Swallow and George Swallow Headstones in Fillmore



Chapter 4 – History of the William Swallow Family

England

William Swallow was born on September 21, 1855 in Stebbing Green, Essex County, England to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. William's parents joined the Mormon Church the year before he was born. Dunmow Branch records show William was baptized December 20, 1863, when he was 8 years old.

Based on census and church records, William was working as a farm laborer by the time he was 15, and most likely even before. From a physical appearance, William was the only brother that seemed to be squarely built. The other brothers, that we have photos for (George, Joseph, James, and Charles), have smaller physical frames, even though they were strong, hard workers.

William was 13 years old when his older brother, George, left England for Utah in 1868, and he was 16 when his oldest brother, Frederick, left England for Utah in 1871. When his two younger brothers, Joseph and James, left England for Utah in 1872, he was 17, and when his parents and his youngest sister and brother all left in 1874, he was 19 years old.

William was now the only member of his immediate family left in England. He had his grandparents, lots of aunts and uncles, and lots of cousins still in England however. We have no record of what he did in England during this time. He may be the William Swallow recorded in the 1881 British Census living in Yorkshire and working as a farm laborer.

Immigration and Fillmore

William did not immigrate to the U.S. and Fillmore, Utah to join the rest of his family until 1885 when he was 30 years old. The immigration date of 1885 is taken from his obituary. His immigration records have not yet been found. The 1920 U.S. Census and 1930 U.S. Census show his immigration date as 1886 and 1887 respectively. Why he waited so long before he came to Fillmore, we do not know.

After he arrived in Fillmore, Utah, he most likely lived with his parents and worked as an agricultural laborer. William's father died in January 1888. A letter written by William's mother, Caroline, to Charles dated June 14, 1888 mentions that William was there in Fillmore, working for local farmers, and she sees him all the time. (See Appendix A for a copy of the original letter.) William's occupation is shown as a carpenter in 1900.

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Figure 120 - William Swallow



William Swallow in about 1886 – Photo taken in Salt Lake City
Notice the “W” on the tie he is wearing around his neck

Marriage and Child of William Swallow and Maria Wegener Beeston

William Swallow (age 35) married Maria Wegener Beeston (age 23) on July 14, 1891 in the home of Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow, Fillmore, Utah. William and Maria were married at the same time Charles Swallow (William's brother) married Isabella Dearden. James Swallow, a brother, and William Beeston, Maria's father, were the witnesses for both marriages. Both marriages were performed by Bishop Thomas C. Callister. (The location of the wedding is based on information from the descendants of Joseph Swallow)

Maria Beeston's older sister, Emma Wagoner Beeston, had married William's brother, Joseph Swallow, in 1884.

Figure 121 - William Swallow



Figure 122 - Maria Wegener Beeston



Death of Maria Beeston Swallow

Maria Beeston Swallow gave birth to a stillborn son on April 27, 1892. They named the child William according to the gravestone. Maria died a day later, on April 28, 1892, nine and one half months after she and William were married.

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show that Allen Russell, one of the Fillmore church leaders, did a great deal to assist William when his wife Maria and their baby, William, died.

April 1892

Monday 25 - About 10 o'clock, I went and administered to Miriah Swallow as she was sick in confinement. I went again in the evening and administered to her.

Tuesday 26 - J. D. Smith and I administered to Miriah again. Also in the evening I attended prayer meeting at Brother Ashman's.

Wednesday 27 - I administered to Miriah in the morning, about noon Brother Ashman and I administered to her again. Dr. Manary assisted Jessie Huntsman, then Sister Carling came and did the best she could, then Sister Stringham came and took the child with instruments; the babe was dead. Brother Hickman and J. Greenwood administered to her 2 or 3 times before the child was taken and once afterwards. I attended prayer meeting at Brother Ashman's as it was the first anniversary of Meadow Ridge. April 27, 1891, when our prayer meetings we first started.

Thursday 28 - I assisted in burying the little babe of William Swallow's. I offered a short dedication prayer of the grave, Hyriam Mace, William Swallow, and Joseph Swallow, being present. Miriah Beeston Swallow died at 11 o'clock.

Saturday 30 - I assisted in putting Miriah S. in the coffin, then went and greased Brother Ashman's wagon, then got ready for the funeral. I hitched my team onto the buggy, my wife, Brother Ashman, and his wife went with me. A. Russell, J. Greenwood, J. Hickman, and T. C. Callister were the speakers.

Figure 123 - Maria Beeston Swallow



The following was on the headboard of Maria Swallow and recorded in the Black Striped Book belonging to the Joseph Swallow family.

Oh think what grief my sickness gave;
It quickly took me to my grave.
Prepare to follow, make no delay;
For no one knows their dying day.

Figure 124 - Maria Beeston Swallow Headstone



The headstone of Maria Beeston Swallow and her infant son, William in Fillmore, Utah. The burial record shows this son's name as Thomas. All family records show the same as William Swallow

William Now a Widower

William, who was married less than a year, finds himself a widower for the next 13+ years (age 36 to age 50). The 1900 US Census shows William Swallow, age 44, head of household, widowed, working as a carpenter and living alone, in his own home, in Fillmore, Utah. There is no immigration date.

William Is a Strong Active Member of the L.D.S. Church

L.D.S. Church records show that William was ordained an Elder by John Maten or Maybee on May 31. 1893. (In the records John Maten is shown in one place and John Maybee in another.)

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show, after Maria's death, William Swallow recommitted himself to the Church through re-baptism. This was a common practice at this period of time. The journal entries over the next 20 years show that William remained strong and active in the Church.

July 1892

Sunday 14 - I went to meeting. Speakers were A. Greenwood and John Trimbal. They spoke of the world and exhorted the Saints to live their religion. I attended prayer meeting at Brother Ashman's, our subject being; "The condition of the people and the officers of this stake of Zion, that they were walking in darkness at noonday, and also visiting those that should be baptized." Accordingly we visited James Swallow and wife; we appointed Monday evening, the 15th to baptize. I visited Joseph Dearden and wife, Edward Davis and wife. They manifested a desire to be baptized when convenient. I selected a place to baptize at Croft's Mill. At about 7 o'clock, William Swallow, James Swallow and wife, Joseph Dearden and wife, came and I baptized them. Witnesses present, J. Croft, and Margaret A. Russell.

Wednesday 17 - John Ashman and I confirmed those that came to be confirmed, which was William Swallows, James Swallow and wife.

May 1893

Sunday 28 - I made H. Mace Senior a short visit and received some dates of the first settling of Fillmore. Mother and I went to meeting in the cart. Brother Andrew Jensen and McMahon speakers. We also attended meeting in the evening. Brother A. Jensen gave a historical sketch of the travels and persecution of the Saints in Missouri. William, Charles, and Joseph Swallow started for the Manti Temple.

April 1897

Saturday 3 - Teachers came to see us, William Brunson and William Swallow.

Dec 1898

Monday 19 - Brother Ashman and I visited Brothers Alexander Melville, Dan and Brig Melville in the forenoon, and Brothers' Whicker and James McMahon, William Swallow, and Milo Warner in the afternoon.

Dec 1899

Monday 18 - I visited in the capacity of a Priest; Sister Giles, George Melville, William Swallows, Joseph Swallows, Orsen Huntsman, and others, but the men were not home.

July 1900

Tuesday 5 - I assisted William Swallow in putting temple clothes on Brother Croft. Funeral services commenced a little after 10 o'clock. J. Greenwood, President I.N. Hinckley, John Powell, and Bishop Callister speakers. Closing prayer by Alex Fortie. 6 carriages followed the remains to the graveyard. Small attendance was owing to Smallpox.

July 1901

Tuesday 29 - Brother William Beeston and I had a good talk with Joseph Swallows and wife. William and Charley Swallow being present. Brother Ashman and I administered to Jane Milgate.

Mar 1902

Friday 14 - I assisted J. Payne, J. Whickers, Charles Swallows, and William Swallows in administering to Seymour Brunson and he got better. I went to C. Robison's in the capacity of a Priest and spent the afternoon.

Monday 31 - I visited William Swallows. While there John Petersen and wife came in. I read them the news from Japan. Also a sermon given by Joseph F. Smith of recent date.

Aug 1902

Wednesday 20 - I wrote letters to Allen and Isaac. With William Swallows, I administered to Brother McMahon. We then had a social chat.

Aug 1903

Saturday 29 - I borrowed \$5.00 of William Swallows to help bear expenses while we were in the temple.

Oct 1903

Monday 26 - Brothers William Swallows, James Andersen and myself administered to Nelly Brunson and she seemed to be better. I signed as a witness for Reuben A. McBride an application for a pension.

Wednesday 28 - I went to High Priest meeting with Brother William Swallows and Brother Beeston and administered to Nelly Brunson. Brother Beeston anointed and I sealed.

Jan 1904

Thursday 21 - I visited William Swallows as a Priest. He seemed pleased with the doctrine that I taught him. I received a letter from Richard with \$5.00 in it.

Oct 1904

Thursday 6 - I went to see Brother Rutherford's and administered to Alice Williams who had Typhoid Fever. In the evening, William Swallows and I administered to John Brunson's oldest daughter.

Dec 1904

December Tuesday 1, 1904 - President T. C. Callister and I administered to his daughter Edna. I had dinner there and went to Brother Ashman's. We had no regular prayer meeting but a little sociable chat. Subject, "Should we administer to a patient if a doctor is treating them." I attended Priesthood Meeting. William Swallows took the lead and called on J. Greenwood, then on me. I spoke upon the beneficial results of strict obedience to the Priesthood in their several callings. Rufus Day spoke. Bishop Anderson made a few remarks and changed meeting to 7 o'clock and by voice of the meeting then dismissed.

Nov 1905

Friday 3 - I visited Brother William Beeston and wife, Sister Smith, and William Swallow's family and exhorted them to faithfulness.

Friday 17 - I visited William Swallow's and read them a proclamation and exhorted them to faithfulness. Also Sister North and read it to her.

Jan 1906

Wednesday 31 - I recorded George Davis blessing. William Swallows gave me 50 cents for our temple worker Laura Robison

July 1912

Monday 22 - I visited William Swallow and wife and taught them the gospel and encouraged them to be faithful and true to their covenants. My wife and I visited Edwin Bartholomew and wife. After dinner I went to see John Davis the sexton, and he said he would be at the cemetery the next day.

Aug 1912

Friday 2 - I looked over the garden and found many peaches, some grapes, plums, and apricots and many weeds. My wife and I visited William Swallow and wife and had supper with them. When we came home we found quite a number of children in the house having a merry time. I received a letter from Olive Olsen stating that Julia would start for home in a few days.

Marriage and Children of William Swallow and Clara M. Copley

William Swallow, age 50, married Clara M. Copley, age 38, on October 5, 1905 in Salt Lake Temple. The following photos were taken when they were married.

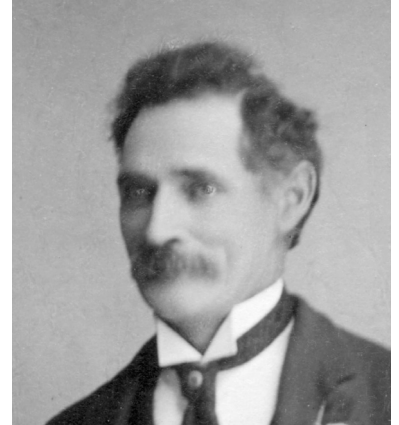
Figure 125 - Clara M. Copley,



Figure 126 - William Swallow and Clara M. Copley,



Figure 127 - William Swallow



On William's marriage license in 1891, and on a deed in 1894, he signed his name with an X "his mark." In the 1900 census, he said yes to reading but no to writing English. In the 1910 census, he said yes to both. Is it possible he did not know how to write when he first came here or was just insecure? Clara Copley, on the other hand, was quite well educated and confident in these matters. She handled most of their legal affairs.

The 1910 US Census shows William Swallow, age 54, head of household and living in his own home in Fillmore, with his wife Clara, age 42, and his brother-in-law, Marian J. Copley. His occupation is shown as a school janitor.

William and Clara Swallow adopted two children in 1918. The following is from the Millard County Court Records.

In the matter of the adoption of Mabel Ione Davis and Robert Oral Davis, Minors:

William Swallow and Clara M. Swallow, his wife having on the 7th day of March, A.D. 1918 filed in this court their petition in writing praying for the adoption of the above named minors, Mabel Ione Davis and Robert Oral Davis, and it appearing from said petition and the evidence in support of the same, that the mother of said minor children is dead, and that their father has deserted them, and that he is a non-resident of the State of Utah, and cannot now be found in the State of Utah, and that his whereabouts are unknown and it further appearing that prior to the death of the mother of said minor children, which occurred on or about the 29th day of June, A.D. 1917, at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, that she had, previous to her death, on or about the 6th day of May A.D. 1912 obtained a decree of divorce from the father of said minor children, Robert Davis, on the grounds of cruel treatment to the extent of causing the plaintiff in said action, the mother of said minor children, then known as Alice Davis, great bodily injury and great mental distress, and it further appearing to the court that the father of said minor children, Robert Davis prior to the time of said divorce was granted, had been a habitual drunkard and had deserted and failed to provide or care for them or contribute anything whatever to their support since on or about the 6th day of May 1912 A.D.

And it further appearing to this court, that the grandparents of said minor children on their mother's side, _____(*William Williams*), and Annie (*Rutherford*) Williams, his wife, have filed in this court their written consent that the said petitioners adopt the minor children and that they have recommended the same, and

It further appearing to the court that there are no other near relatives of said minor children in the State of Utah, whose consent should be obtained and it further appearing to the court that the consent of the father to the adoption of said children cannot be obtained because his whereabouts are unknown for the reasons herewith stated.

It appearing to this court that the said petitioners, William Swallow and Clara Swallow, his wife, have signed and filed with the clerk of this court an agreement in effect that the said minor children shall be adopted by them and that they will treat said minor children in all respects as their own lawful children and will accord them all the rights of own children, including the right of inheritance, and have agreed that the relationship between them and the said minor children shall be the legal relationship of parent and child, and

It further appearing to the court that said petitioners, William Swallow and Clara Swallow, his wife, are bonefide residents of Fillmore City, Millard County, Utah, and have been for a period of more than two years last past; that they have a comfortable home and are in comfortable circumstances that they are good and law-abiding citizens of the United States; that their lives are above reproach; that they are attached to the government, respect, and obey the laws of the same, and

It further appearing that they can and will provide said minor children with a good home, teach them good citizenship, give them reasonable educational opportunities, and teach them principles of virtue, honesty, and integrity, and

It further appearing that said minors are attached by love and affection to said petitioners and that the interests of the said children will be promoted by the adoption, and that all the facts stated in the said petition are true,

It is hereby ordered and decreed that the said William Swallow and Clara M. Swallow, his wife, adopt, and that they have adopted said minor children, Mabel Ione Davis and Robert Oral Davis, and that the said children hereafter shall be regarded and treated in all respects as the children of said William Swallow and Clara M. Swallow, his wife.

It is further ordered, adjudged, and decreed that the said minor children shall take the family name of "Swallow" and that the relationship between said William Swallow and Clara Swallow, his wife, and said minor children, shall be the legal relationship of parents and children and that the said William Swallow and Clara M. Swallow, his wife, and said minor children shall have all the rights and be subject to all the duties of that relationship and that the said minor children shall have the right of inheritance.

Dated this 7th day of March, A.D. 1918 D.H. Morris, Judge

Observation made by Karen Lindberg Rasmussen:

We assume that William Swallow knew Alice Williams and her family. She was born about the time William arrived in Fillmore. William Williams and the Rutherford family are frequently mentioned in various Fillmore records. Following her divorce from Robert Davis, Alice Williams married Harry B. Bitts. Their daughter, Alice Harriet Pitts, was born 26 June 1917. Sadly, Alice Williams Pitts died three days later from eclampsia, a complication of pregnancy. At the time of her death, she was serving as the Millard county recorder. Alice Williams was later sealed to William Swallow, with Clara Copley acting as proxy. Many of William Swallow's life-changing events occurred as a result of the process of childbirth. His first wife, Maria, died after giving birth to a stillborn son. His adopted children came to him as a result of their mother's death resulting from complications with pregnancy. And his adopted daughter, Ione died at age 23 from peritonitis following a miscarriage.

Figure 128 - William Swallow Home in Fillmore



A Photo of the William Swallow home - 170 W. 100 N. in Fillmore, Utah - taken in about 1920
L to R: William Swallow, Mabel Ione Swallow, Clara Copley Swallow with the Claude Davis Family

Robert O. Swallow's daughter, Sherrill Swallow Craghead, told me that her father was known as Robert O. Swallow in his adult life. His parents, William and Clara Copley Swallow, started calling him "Alva", as a boy, after he was all dressed up in a fancy suit and they thought he looked like "Alva" who was connected with the play or book named Little Lord Fountleroy.

William was a carpenter by trade and, most likely, helped build the Swallow family home, at 170 W. 100 N., and fashion the "S" over the porch. He also helped his brother, James, build his home on Chalk Creek.

Figure 129 - The "S" Over the Swallow Home Porch in Fillmore



Leah Swallow Rudd said:

One thing I remember about great uncle William – He had a garden along the side of his home (the Swallow home). His favorite flowers were "Sweet Williams." And as long as grandfather (*Joseph Swallow*) lived, he had "Sweet Williams" in the garden in memory of his brother William. There were three or four rows of "Sweet Williams." I also remember Great Uncle William's antique oak piano. (*According to Jondrae Larsen Reeve, the antique oak piano is still in the home.*)

William was a kind, gentle man who was loved by all and loved his family, his church, and his community. Service to others was a part of his soul. He never complained about the hardships

he had to endure – the tragic death of his first wife and son, the years of being a widower, the years of being partially paralyzed and blind.

The 1920 US Census shows William Swallow, age 63, head of household, and living in his own home in Fillmore. Living with him is his wife Clara, age 52, and their adopted children Ione and Robert. His occupation is shown as gardener and fruit farmer. It shows his immigration date as 1886.

The 1930 US Census shows William Swallow, age 74, head of household, and living in his own home in Fillmore, Utah. Living with him is his wife Clara, age 62. It shows his immigration date as 1887.

Figure 130 - The William Swallow Home



Photo taken in about 1965

Figure 131 - William and Clara Copley Swallow in 1932



Clara Copley Swallow – Reader, Poet, Friend

Clara Copley Swallow was an avid reader of all good books, and she knew how to apply what she read to the current challenges of life. She and William had many friends who came to their home to visit and learn. She recorded an example of her insights into life's challenges with the following poem.

No Place for Boys

What can a boy do, or where can a boy stay,
If he always is told to stay out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he mustn't stand there;
And the cushions that cover that fine rocking chair,
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.
A boy has no business to ever get tired.

The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom,
On the floor of that darkened and delicate room,
Are not to be walked on, at least not by boys.
The house is no place anyway for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere and what if their feet,
Turned out of our houses, turned out in the street,
Should step around the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boy's feet have paused often before.
Should step o'er the threshold of glittering light;
Where jokes are merry and songs that are bright,
Ring out a warm welcome in flattering voice,
And temptingly say. "Here's a place for the boys."

Ah, what if they should – what if your boy or mine,
Should step o'er the threshold that marks out the line,
'Twixt virtue and vice – 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within.

Ah, what if he should because you and I,
As the days and the weeks and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys,
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys.

There's a place for the boys and they'll find it some where,
And if our own homes are too daintily fair,
For the touch of their fingers – the tread of their feet;
They'll find it, and find it alas in the street.

'Mid the gilding of sin and the glitter of vice,
And with heart aches and longing we pay a dear price,
For the getting of gold that our life time employs;
If we fail in providing a place for the boys.

No place for the boys – dear mothers I pray,
As the cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget by our kind loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs.

Though our souls may be vexed by the problems of life;
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger – your tired heart and mine,
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine.

And 'til life's latest hour, it will be one of our joys;
That we kept a small corner, a place for the boys.

Signed: Mrs. William Swallow

Fillmore Property Owned by William Swallow

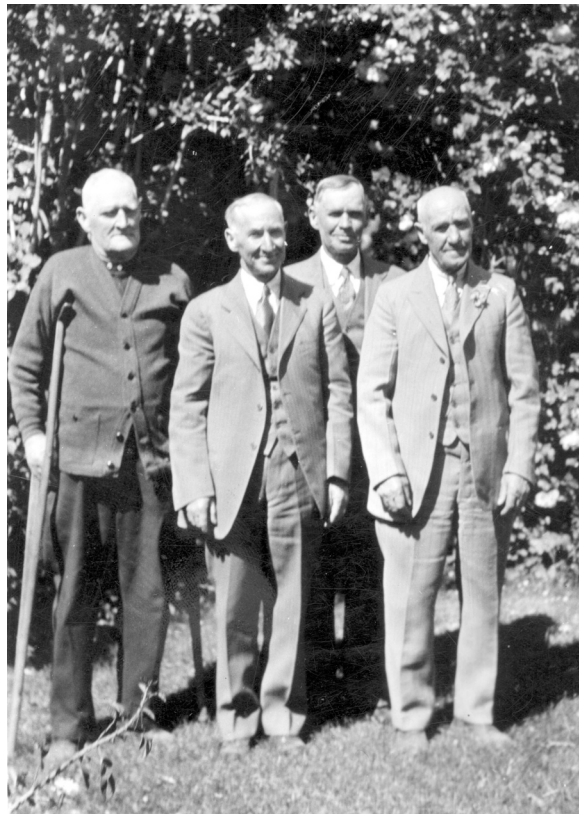
Millard County Land Records show William Swallow owned the following properties. (See Appendix C)

April 1891 - Blk 68, Lot 6 purchased from the heirs of Thomas Swallow and sold out of the family in July 1891

December 1908 – Blk 68, Lot 5 (175 W 100 N) purchased from James Swallow. This was the original log cabin that Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow built and owned when they settled in Fillmore. The High School now occupies this address.

December 1909 – Blk 77, E ½ Lot 2 (170 W 100 N) purchased from James Swallow. Sold to Joseph Swallow in May 1937 and this property is still in the possession of the Joseph Swallow family in 2004. The Thomas and Caroline Crow family, including William and Charles, lived in this house when it was first built about 1887.

Figure 132 - Four of the Swallow brothers in 1932



L to R: William, Charles, James and Joseph Swallow

Death of Clara M. Copley Swallow

Clara M. Copley Swallow died October 26, 1936. The Fillmore newspaper reported:

Fillmore--Clara M. Copley Swallow, 69, wife of William Swallow, died Monday following a stroke.

She was born in Fillmore June 29, 1867, daughter of William and Maria Copley. The family moved to Vancouver, B. C., where she resided until she was 38 years of age. She returned to Fillmore and was married to William Swallow on Oct. 5, 1905. She has lived here since. She has been active in the Church. For eight years she was president of the Y. L. M. I. A. in Fillmore. She

also worked in the Sunday School and was in the Stake Presidency of the Relief Society for several years.

Surviving are her husband and a foster son, Robert Alva, both of Fillmore; a foster granddaughter, Shirley Ellingsworth of Crow, Ore.; and six brothers, George, Frank, Fred, Marion and Charley of Vancouver, B. C., and Judson of Tasmania, Australia.

Funeral services will be held in the Fillmore First Ward Chapel at 2 P.M. Oct 29. Interment will be in the Fillmore city cemetery.

Funeral Services Held For Clara M. Swallow.

Clara M. Copley Swallow, 69, died at her home here Monday morning, October 26, of a stroke, following a three-week illness. Mrs. Swallow was born in Fillmore, June 29, 1867, a daughter of William and Maria Copley.

With her parents and family she moved to Vancouver, B.C., where she lived until 38 years ago, when she returned to Fillmore. She was married to William Swallow on October 5, 1905. He survives her.

She was an active church worker, believing her gospel so sincerely that she became a most convincing teacher. She was a great lover of flowers and of all the beauties of nature, and taught the work of God as it appeared in the sunsets, the mountains, the brilliant colors of autumn and all the beautiful natural phenomena, much of which escapes the eye of a more casual observer. She had served in the Relief Society presidency for a number of years; was ward president of the Y.L.M.I.A. for eight years and as a Sunday School worker at many different times.

Mrs. Swallow was a great reader; she was acquainted with the works of most of the good authors, and was very well posted on the events of the day. She enjoyed a wide circle of friends who loved to go to her home for a chat with her and "Uncle William": as he is familiarly known.

Surviving are her husband and a foster (*adopted*) son, Robert Alva, of Fillmore; a foster granddaughter, Shirley Ellingsworth of Crow, Oregon, six brothers, George, Frank, Fred, Marion and Charley Copley, all of Vancouver, B.C., and Judson Copley of Tasmania, Australia.

Funeral services were held in the Second Ward Chapel, Thursday at 2 o'clock, under the direction of Bishop Henry Hatton.

The speakers were Wm. D. Melville, James A. Kelly, John C. Bennett, Pres. T. Clark Callister and Peter L. Brunson, all of whom paid a tribute to the sterling character of the deceased, to her brilliant mind, and also the fine companionship which had existed between her and her husband.

The Singing Mothers sang, "Sometime We'll Understand," "My Father Knows," and "Oh, That My Soul." Mrs. R. E. Day sang, "Abide With Me," and Mrs. Bert Trimble and Mrs. Horace Day sang, "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

The invocation was offered by E. B. Theobald and the benediction was pronounced by M. Claude Robins. The dedicatory prayer at the graveside was offered by Bishop Hatton, who also made the closing remarks at the funeral.

A very large floral tribute came from friends all over the state, and as far north as Idaho. Among those who came from out of town to attend these services were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Swallow and family of Meadow, Mr. John C. Bennett of Holden, and Mrs. James Mace of Salt Lake City.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and relatives who were so kind and thoughtful in extending assistance and offering consolation during the recent illness and death of our dear wife and mother. – William Swallow; Mr. and Mrs. Alva Swallow.

William Swallow is a Widower Again

William Swallow suffered a stroke in about 1930 and used a crutch to get around after that. He went blind a few years later. Family members relate that he would often be found sitting in his rocking chair, on his front porch. Even though sightless, he could tell who was coming to visit him by the sound of their walk. Carma Robison Larsen told me that Uncle William could tell, by sound alone, when his son, Robert O. (called “Alva” by his parents) Swallow, walked across the street from (175 W. 100 N) where he was living at the time.

Leah Swallow Rudd remembers:

As a child I went with my family to Fillmore at least once a year to visit my father’s family. I very well remember we always went to visit great Uncle William while we were there. His home was just through grandfather’s back yard and orchard. In Uncle William’s later years he was crippled and blind and my grandfather (*Joseph Swallow*) checked in on him often during the day to keep him with his needs. He was a widower. I remember a very kind and sweet gentleman and I never once heard him complain about his circumstances.

Jondrae Larsen Reeve tells us the following:

After Aunt Clara passed away, Pauline Swallow Robison and family, moved from Joseph’s home to Uncle William’s home to help take care of Uncle William during his declining years (1936). Uncle William was legally blind and would walk with a cane. He learned to recognize the footsteps of friends & family. Uncle William would sit in his favorite leather chair and wait for friends to stop by to visit. They would often take him for a walk out in front of his home. The sidewalk in front of the house was widened so that someone could walk along side of him. In the spring of 1937, Joseph made arrangements to purchased the house from William as an inheritance for his only daughter, Pauline. Pauline continued to care for Uncle William until his death in 1939. At this time, Joseph moved in with his daughter. Pauline cared for her father until his death in 1942.

In the spring of 1937, William Swallow sold Joseph Swallow his home at 170 W. 100 N. in Fillmore, Utah.

Death of William Swallow

William Swallow suffered a stroke April 4th 1939. Eight days later he had another stroke that rendered him unconscious. He died April 17, 1939 without regaining consciousness. The following are from the various newspapers:

Deseret News, Wed. April 19, 1939, pg 20

William Swallow

Fillmore—Last rites for William Swallow Sr., 83, who died Monday, will be conducted Thursday at 2 P.M. in Fillmore Second Ward chapel by Bishop Henry Hatton.

Mr. Swallow was born Sept. 23, 1855, at Stebbing, Essex, England, a son of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. He came to Fillmore in 1885. He married Maria Beeston on July 14, 1891, who died April 29, 1892. Then he married Clara M. Copley on October 5, 1905, who died Oct. 26, 1936.

He is survived by three brothers, Joseph and James Swallow of Fillmore and Charles Swallow of Meadow, a son Robert Alva Swallow of Fillmore, and three grandchildren.

Burial will be in Fillmore City Cemetery.

Millard County Progress, Fillmore, Utah, Friday, April 21, 1939
Last-Rites Held For William Swallow

Funeral services were held in the Fillmore Second Ward Chapel Thursday, April 20th for William Swallow, a resident of Fillmore for the past 54 years. Mr. Swallow died Monday, April 17th following a long illness. He suffered a stroke several years ago, before his wife died, and had been partly paralyzed ever since. A short time after he was thus made an invalid, he lost his eyesight, so that for several years he has been unable to get around or see. Most of the time he spent patiently sitting in his favorite chair, appreciative of any chance visitor who might come in to lift his spirits. He almost never complained, but bore his misfortune with extreme fortitude.

For the past two years or more he has lived with his niece, Mrs. Polly S. Robison, who has given him the same loving care she would have given her own father.

Born Sept 23, 1855, at Stebbing, Essex County, England, to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow, he came to Fillmore in 1885. He married Clara M. Copley on October 5, 1905. She died Oct 26, 1936. "Aunt Clara" and "Uncle William", as they were affectionately called, were a most devoted couple. Both faithful members of the L.D.S. Church, they lived their religion daily. They had no children of their own but adopted a son and daughter, Alva and Ione, when their own mother died. Their foster (*adopted*) daughter preceded them both in death by several years, but their son, Alva has done a great deal to help care for them during the years when they were both invalids.

Besides his son, Mr. Swallow is survived by three brothers, Joseph and James Swallow of Fillmore, and Charles Swallow of Meadow, and three grandchildren.

The speakers at the services were Wm. D. Melville, who reviewed the life and works of the deceased. Mayor James A. Kelly, John C. Bennett and Bishop Hatton, who also presided.

The choir sang, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Oh My Father," with Mrs. Afton Finlinson as the soloist and "Rest Me Now from Care and Sorrow." A ladies chorus, including Mrs. Stella Day, Mrs. Dean Davies, Mrs. Nora Davies and Mrs. Marjorie Johns accompanied by Miss Belva Day, sang "It Was For Me."

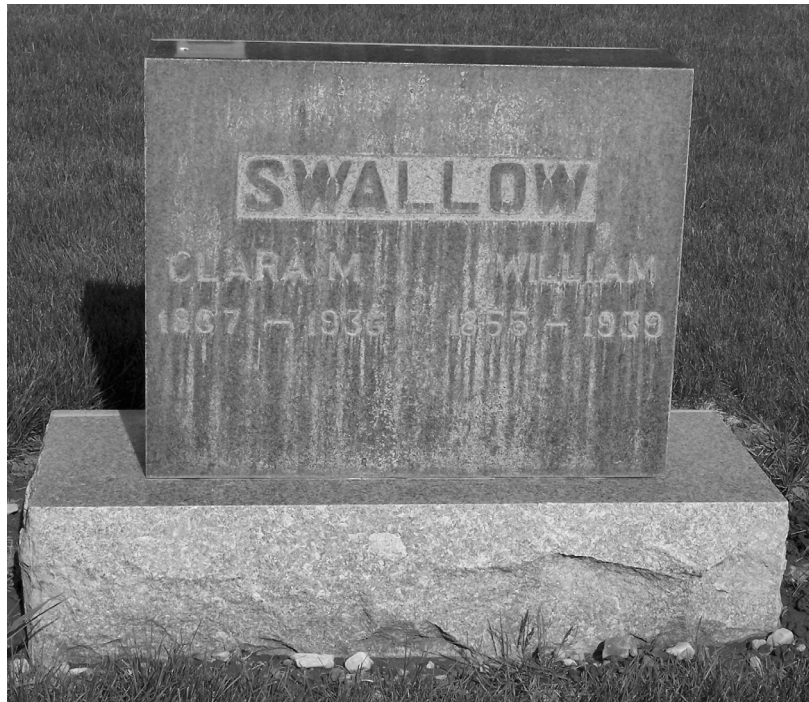
Mr. Thomas Whatcott and Mr. Golden Johnson played a violin duet, "The End of a Perfect Day." They were accompanied on the piano by Miss Rhea Robins.

The invocation was offered by Frank H. Partridge and the benediction was pronounced by Peter L. Brunson.

Many relatives and friends came from out of town to attend the services.

The burial arrangements were in charge of the Olpin Mortuary.

Figure 133 - William and Clara Copley Swallow Headstone



Headstone of William Swallow and Clara M. Copley Swallow – Fillmore, Utah

We do not have limited information about Ione Swallow and Robert Alva Swallow, the children of William and Clara Copley Swallow. We know that Ione died from complications after a miscarriage, and a Salt Lake City newspaper published this obituary about Robert O. Swallow.

Robert Oral “Alva” Swallow, 67, died March 12, 1977, of emphysema and injuries sustained in an automobile accident, Feb. 1, 1977.

He was born March 17, 1909, Mammoth, to Robert and Alice Williams Davis. He was adopted by William and Clara Copley Swallow when he was 7 years old, and married Carroll Rowley, Oct. 21, 1935, Provo. He served 18 years in U.S. Navy - Budget analyst, Dugway Proving Ground; Medical assistant, V.A. Hospital; Graduate, University of Utah; Retired from V.A. Hospital, 1968; Member L.D.S. Church.

Survivors: wife; son and daughter, Robert W. Swallow, Mrs. Lewis (Sherrill) Butehorn, both of Salt Lake City; 5 grandchildren; a half sister, Twinia Hendrickson, Wichita, Kan.; a step-mother, Floy Davis, Winfield, Kan.

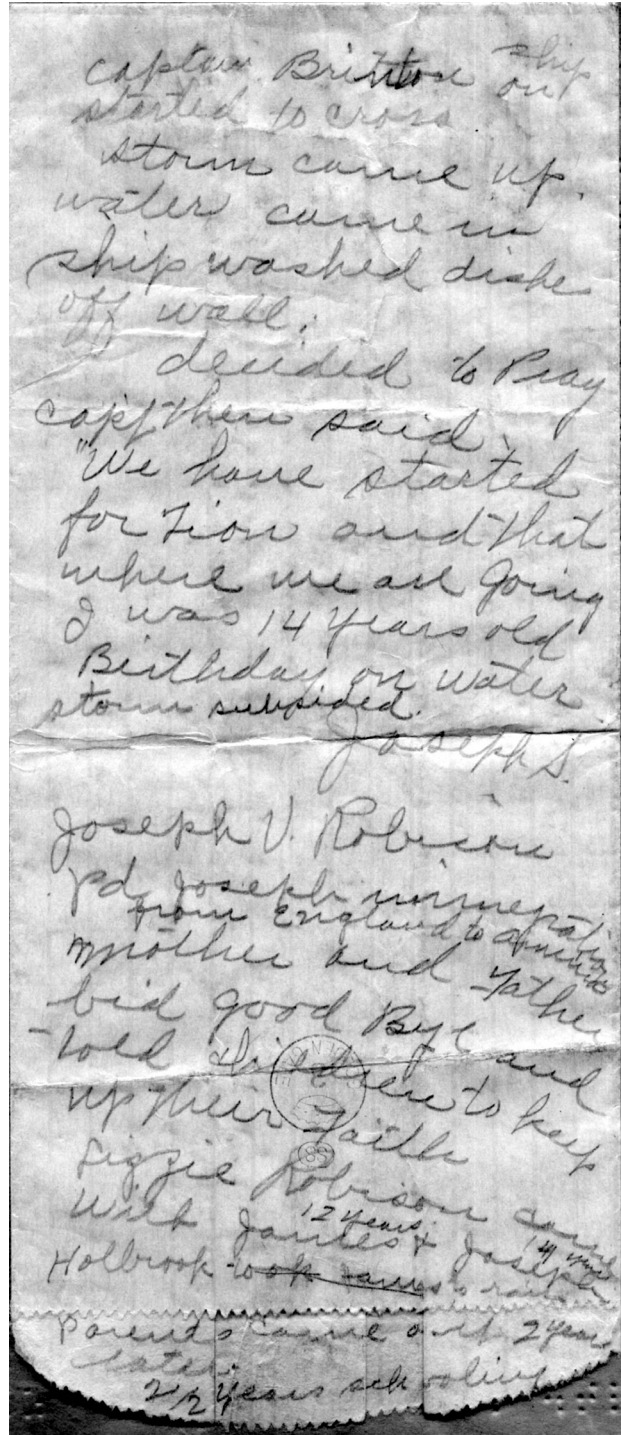
I recently made contact with Robert O. Swallow’s daughter, Sherrill Swallow Craghead. In time, we will collect more information about Robert O. and Ione Swallow.

Chapter 5 – History of the Joseph Swallow Family

Figure 134 - Joseph Swallow in about 1872



Figure 135 - Joseph Swallow's History, by Himself



Joseph Swallow's History, by Himself, is written on a paper bag.

Captain Britton on ship. Started to cross. Storm came up. Water came in ship. Washed dishes off wall. Decided to pray. Captain then said, "We have started for Zion and that's where we are going." I was 14 years old. Birthday on water. Storm subsided.

Joseph V. Robison paid Joseph immigration from England to America. Mother and Father bid good-bye and told children to keep up their faith. Lizzie Robison (Elizabeth Marshall who married Albert Robison and later, Joseph Vickery Robison) came with James, 12 years, and Joseph, 14 years. Holbrook took James to raise. Parents came out 2 years later. 2 ½ years schooling.

The following is from Jondrae Larsen Reeve:

Albert Robison, brother to Joseph Vickery Robison, met Lizzie, Joseph, and James to transport them on, by team and wagon, to Fillmore. It was at this time that Lizzie and Albert fell in love and were soon after married.

The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

England

Joseph Swallow was born 28 June 1858 in Stebbing, Essex, England. He was the fourth child of Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow. He had five brothers, Frederick, George, William, James and Charles. He also had a sister named Eliza Esther.

Joseph's father was an agricultural laborer in England and worked on a large farm owned by a landlord. The landlord provided the home but the wages were meager and they were very poor. However, grandfather said they always had plenty of bread to eat. He spent his early boyhood in England and worked as a small boy scaring crows from the wheat with clippers and keeping chickens out of the wheat fields. He also herded turkeys, pigs and sheep and was paid according to his age. He started at 6 pence a week, and the most he was paid was 2 shillings and 1 pence (about 60 cents a week).

Two missionaries from America, Elders Charles W. Penrose and Joseph V. Robison, representing The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints taught his parents the gospel, and they were converted and baptized in 1854. Joseph was baptized by his father 20 December 1868. There were only two L.D.S. families five miles apart. His father was the President of the Dunmore Branch that included Stebbing for 18 years, and the meetings and church gatherings of all kinds were held in their home. Their home was always open and a refuge for the missionaries.

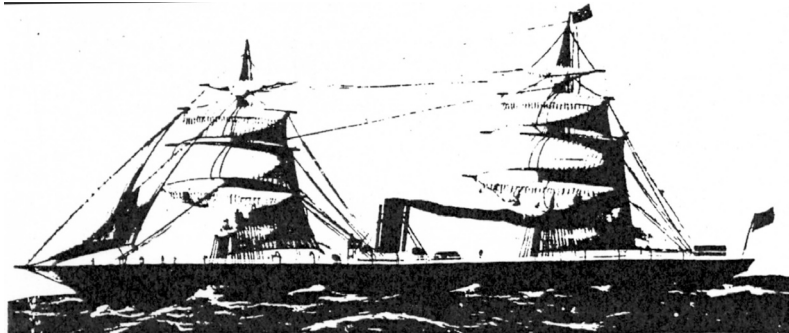
Immigration

When Brigham Young encouraged the saints to come to America, the Swallow family gradually emigrated. His brother, George, came first when he was 16 years old (*George turned 17 a few days prior to leaving England*) and then Frederick at the age of 22. On the 12 June 1872 Joseph, age 14, and his brother James, only 11 years, emigrated. He told me his mother walked five miles from Stebbing to Braintree with them to see them off on the train to London. While traveling, two men asked them whose little boys they were and where they were going and gave them each a piece of money. When they arrived in London, there was no one to meet them, and they were frightened as they had never been away from home before. A policeman asked about them and took them to the party that was supposed to have met them. Joseph V. Robison came to see them and gave them their supper of fish. He was a missionary in England, and it was through him the boys' immigration to America was made possible. Brother Robison had been appointed the conference President in London about that time; and Brother Britton, who had been President, was in charge of the saints going to Utah. Among the saints was a lady named Lizzie Marshall, and Grandfather and his brother were in her charge. Brother Britton (*shown as Brinton on CD Mormon Migration*) was returning home from his mission in England.

Joseph and his brother James left Liverpool, England 12 June 1872 and crossed the Atlantic on the ship "Manhattan." The boys were sick four days on the ocean. During mid ocean, a big storm came up. Sailors had to dip water out of the boat. The people were frightened, some crying and

some praying. Brother Britton tried to quiet the people. He told them not to be afraid that they were going to Zion, and that they would get there. He kneeled on the table to pray, and grandfather said the storm almost stopped before he had finished praying.

Figure 136 - The Ship Manhattan



Manhattan. Courtesy National Maritime Museum, San Francisco.

MANHATTAN

Single-screw steamer: 2869 tons: 335' x 43' x 28'
Built: 1866 by Palmer's Shipbuilding & Iron Co. at Newcastle, England

The Oral History of J. William Swallow recorded in 1974 and compiled, by Russell M. Robison, in J. William's own words, states:

My father come over from England and my mother and they weren't very old, I think one was 19 and the other 18, something like that. (*Joseph Swallow came over at age 14, in 1872. Emma Wegener Beeston was born in Fillmore in 1864.*) My father had to work for Joe V. Robison till he was 21 to pay for his fare over here. So he didn't have any money to spend for himself till he was 21 years old. He had quite an experience coming over. He come on a boat or ship and it took him 14 days to get here from England. A big storm come up, and they couldn't dip the water out of the ship fast enough, and it filled up almost to the first bunk. There was women up on the bunk, with kids on their laps. Father said he was sitting on Mrs. Robison's lap. She was talking to them, trying to console them, cause they were crying. They were scared, cause they were afraid the ship was going to sink. People were dishing water out of there and throwing it over the deck as fast as they could, but it just kept filling up. It was making an awful noise and scared the kids almost to death; but Mrs. Robison kept telling the boys to keep quiet and don't cry, cause we are going to Zion – we're going to get there alright. There were people praying. You know, when you get caught in a thing like that, you might get pretty humble.

The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

They landed in New York and went by rail to Draper, Utah and then by team to Fillmore, Utah. While in London, Joseph V. Robison had sent home with grandfather and his brother James a pocketknife. They were to give it to Elder Robison's little red-headed son, Alvin. But while the boys were playing on the wagon tongue and standing on their heads, they lost the pocketknife before they reached their destination. They felt very bad.

Life in Fillmore

Grandfather Joseph went to live in Joseph V. Robison's home and his brother James went to Mr. Holbrook's home. Mr. Holbrook's son was also a missionary in England and had stayed in the Swallow home. Joseph was sick for eleven weeks after he first came to Utah with the Rocky Mountain Fever. The Robison's were very good to him and treated him like he was their own son. Joseph worked seven years for Mr. Robison to pay for his board and room, his clothes and his immigration to America.

We do not know for sure when Joseph's brother, William, came to America. His obituary gives the date as 1885. Joseph's father and mother, his sister Eliza Esther, and his brother Charles came in September of 1874. Joseph and his brothers George, Frederick and James worked and sent all of the money they were able to save to assist the rest of their family in coming to America. They all settled in Fillmore. Eliza Esther, Joseph's sister, became ill and passed away soon after they arrived. Joseph became an American Citizen 24 April 1888.

After Joseph finished his obligation to Joseph V. Robison, he went to Shoshone, Nevada and worked on his brother George Swallow's ranch for several years. He was there when the 1880 U.S. Census was taken.

Figure 137 - Caring for the Sheep when Lambing on the Swallow Ranch



The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

Marriage and Family for Joseph Swallow and Emma Wegener Beeston

On the 20 May 1884 in the St. George Temple, grandfather married our grandmother, Emma Wegener Beeston. It took two days to journey to St. George by horse and buggy.

Grandma Emma was born 6 July 1864 at Fillmore, Millard, Utah. She was the daughter of William and Pauline Johanna Theresa Wegener Beeston (*Her birth records show the spelling as*

Pauline even though she was called Paulina by many of her family). Her parents had also joined the church and had immigrated to America. Her father came from Liverpool, Lancashire, England in November 1885 and her mother from Hamburg, Germany in July 1855. Her mother was her father's second wife. His first wife Emma Charlotte Perkes and their three children had died in New York City and were buried there.

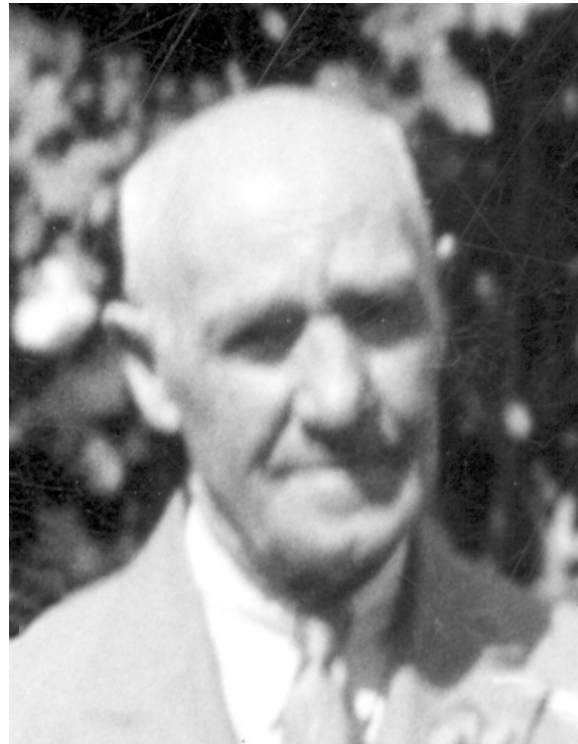
Grandma was the second of their five children. Her brothers were Henry, who died soon after his birth; Alfred, who died when he was 14 years old and Joseph (*who married Florence Swallow*). Her sisters were Maria (*who married William Swallow*) and Paulina, who also died at birth. Grandma and her brother Joseph were very close to each other. When her father married Ellen Kenney in polygamy, grandma had five more sisters; Nellie, Charlotte, Katie and Eliza. Mary and Charolette both died when they were small.

Pauline Swallow Robison recorded the following about her father and mother, Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow, and about herself.

Figure 138 - Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow



Figure 139 - Joseph Swallow



Emma Beeston and Joseph Swallow were married May 20, 1884 in the Temple at St. George by James G. Blake. Married on Tuesday, started for home Wednesday morning, arrived home on the 26th, stayed at mother's home for a week and a day, then moved into our own house June 4th. (*William Beeston, Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow were with Emma and Joseph, at the St. George Temple, when they were married.*)

Joseph William Swallow: born February 15, 1885 after 8 p.m.; blessed by James A. Melville Thursday, May 7, 1885; (*married Blanche Lenora Robins on June 6, 1928*)

George B. Swallow: born Tuesday, June 21, 1887, 22 minutes after 7 p.m.; blessed

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Thursday, August 4, 1887 by C. Anderson; (*married Alta Poppleton Robinson on December 15, 1915*)

Alfred B. Swallow: born Friday, May 9, 1890, 10 minutes after 1 p.m.; blessed Thursday, July 3, 1890 by John Ashman, Jr.; (*married Josephine Owens on June 18, 1913.*)

Pauline B. Swallow: born June 30, 1895, 10 minutes after 10 a.m.; blessed Thursday September 5, 1895 by J. D. Smith; (*married Alfred Milton Robison on October 6, 1915.*)

Edmund B. Swallow: born January 10, 1899, 20 minutes to 4 a.m.; blessed by grandfather, William Beeston, Sunday, March 5, 1899; (*married Ada Lorene Spencer on September 1, 1921 – divorced. Married Alta Terry on November 29, 1933.*)

Figure 140 - Alfred B. , J. William and George B. Swallow

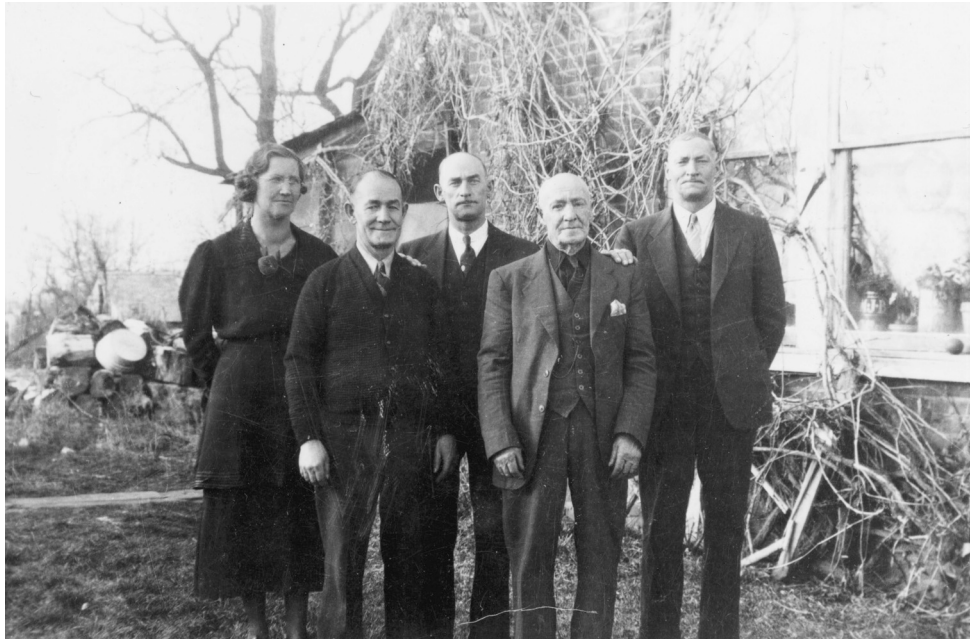


Figure 141 - George B., Alfred B, Pauline (Robison), Edmund B. and J. William Swallow



George B. Swallow, Joseph Swallow and Alfred B. Swallow

Figure 142 - Joseph Swallow and Children



L to R: Pauline Swallow Robison, J. William Swallow, George B. Swallow, Joseph Swallow, and Alfred B. Swallow

Figure 143 - The Five Children of Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow



Back row - L to R: George B. Swallow, Alfred B. Swallow, and Edmund B. Swallow
Front row - L to R: Pauline Swallow Robison and J. William Swallow

The Oral Histories of J. William Swallow were recorded in 1973 and 1974 by Utah State University and Sandra Turner, respectively. These oral histories were then compiled, by Russell M. Robison, into a J. William Swallow History using own words. The following is from the Compiled History of J. William Swallow.

Father's Occupation

Dad didn't have a farm, but he and I used to go down to these farms here and haul hay, and cut hay, and like that for people. We used to work, and cut hay for people, and put it up, and take hay for pa, so we'd have hay to feed our cows and our horses. That's the way we used to get our hay was to work for other people. I remember, I was working there in the old field down here, and a big cloud of something out there, and we could hear a roar. We had the horses down here, and we could see something coming, and we thought it was rain or something like that. It made quite a noise. Well, as it got close to us, we tied the horses to the wagon and we run for the granary. By the time we got to the granary, why she sure poured down hail as big as the end of your thumb. It just poured down there for a little while. I remember it just made holes in the squash and stuff like that. That was a pretty heavy storm. We'd get peppered if we hadn't run for the granary. But that's the way we used to get our hay, in order to feed our stock. We had to work for everything. We never got something for nothing in them days.

Dad's living was to raise the garden and fruits down there on the lot. We had a good yard and we had fruits of all kinds, pears, peaches, and apples, and plums. We had vegetables. We had a cow and sent a little milk to the dairy. We hauled milk to the dairy - went around town and gathered it up. We got 10 dollars a month hauling milk, five of it in store pay and five of it in cash. We had to get sugar and salt and stuff from the store. Then we took the money to pay our coal oil, and stuff like that. We had a pig we killed in the fall. We had a couple of sheep, and we had chickens, and we had our eggs. That's the way we made a living.

Storing Fruit, Vegetables, and Meat for Winter

In the early days there wasn't very many people here. We just had to make work for ourselves. We raised our own garden. We had to raise our own fruit and put it up and store vegetables in the cellar. There was only one little store here then and another a little later. Up Main Street, there across the road, there was a little store and this one up here was a co-op.

To keep fruit, my mother used to bottle the fruit. She used to have bottles, and she used to bottle her own fruit. And dad used to help her screw the lids on and off. Course we raised the fruit ourselves and the vegetables. We'd raise beans, dry beans. We kept them in the granary in a sack, ya know? And we'd grow potatoes and carrots and have all that stuff in the cellar. We'd have a big bin up stairs for flour. And, we dug a little hole out doors about a foot wide and maybe 3 feet long about a foot deep and we'd put a little straw in it and we'd put our potatoes and carrots in there. Well, not potatoes so much as we did carrots and parsnips and turnips. Then we'd put a little straw over that, and put some dirt in that, and keep it for winter. And when a little thaw spell come and it wasn't too cold, we'd go out there, and dig in one edge, and pull out what we wanted to last us a week maybe. Then we'd cover it up again. That's the way we kept our vegetables. We never bottled any meat in them days. We'd kill a pig and we'd smoke the pig generally. The neighbors would help each other kill the pig, and each neighbor had a pig of their own to kill in the fall, and of course, they cut it up. Most of them would smoke

and they'd make headcheese out of the heads and take feet and all and clean em. They use to eat it all. We'd get all the lard from the pig we could; and mother would put it in the cans, and put it away, and use it again when she needed it. I remember we had a little smokehouse. Oh, it was 5 or 6 ft. square. We'd make a little fire from corncobs and little chunks of apple wood, and father would hang the meat up. We used to smoke it. We used to have smoked meat and put it away, and some of them used to put it in barrels and keep it that way

Wood for Cooking and Heating

There was wood all over where the High School is. It was sagebrush. When I was big enough, I would go out there with a little wagon, with wooden wheels, that we made ourselves. It had a little wood rack on it, and I used to haul (*dead, dry*) sagebrush (*the trunk portion, with most of the little stems removed*) from the square over there. We called it the "Square" then. My mother used to cook with sagebrush during the summer; but in fall we would want wood for the winter.

Figure 144 - Sagebrush Stacked & Ready to Burn



We had to haul wood from Clear Lake, Cedars and from up the canyon, the hills, and mountains. We used to have big floods and lots of wood would come down. We used mostly wood to heat our houses. We did not use coal and used very little coal oil. Coal oil was used for the coal oil lamps.

Our First House

The first house that I lived in was down on Second West, just katty-corner from the second house from the seminary building, a little blue building - painted building kinda - well maybe colored light green. It had just two rooms, board floors, and the kitchen, on the north, was an adobe room. It had half the room set up where us boys slept. The front room was just boards on it with straw and home made carpet (woven carpet) on the floor. And that's where we was born. Born with out any doctor or anybody, just the neighbors come and helped.

There was only about four of us then, but now there's four boys and a girl.

Getting Sick and Doctors

We didn't have any doctors in them days. People didn't get sick very much. Just medicine you'd buy in the store. We had a few of those like cough medicine and stuff like that, the very necessities. Didn't know much about aspirin then. When we'd get a cough or a cold mother would get some honey, and lets see what else did she use? Put something else with it but I

forget what it is now, and they'd give it to us for cough medicine. Then when we'd catch cold she made little plaster of mustard and put on our chest...that's what they used to use.

The Earthquake

I remember down home, when we lived in our little adobe kitchen next to our front room, we was sitting around the fireplace. There was 3 or 4 of us back then, and we was eating popcorn. All at once things kept moving, jingling, making the darnedest racket. It sounded like a bunch of horses running around the house. Mother didn't have any cupboards to put her dishes in. They was just hanging on the wall, ya know; pans and everything hanging on the wall. Well, they kept a jingling and the house was moving and it scared us kids. Dad says, "Oh, that's an earthquake!" and I'll never forget. That's the hardest earthquake I ever felt! It kinda made us dizzy, and pretty soon it stopped. That was quite an experience for us.

It didn't hurt anything. It just jiggled for a minute and made dishes rattle and pans on the wall hit against each other and pretty soon it quit.

Minding My Parents

I broke my arm once because I didn't mind my parents. I got up on the barn. My mother called me a couple of times and told me to get down or I'd get hurt. And she'd gone in the house. I caught my pants on a nail, on the side of a board, and *(it)* pulled me off, and I fell in the rocks and broke my arm, so I had to get Giles over here to help father set it. I remember pulling on my arm and how it hurt. I hollered, but they pulled it anyway and set it. They got a pretty good set on it. Giles was the one that helped do it. He wasn't a doctor, he just done a little of it, I guess. So we got him to come and help set it. I remember cutting the splints and getting ready to pull on my arm.

I remember when I was a boy, we had a little horse; well, we had two. One was named "Johnny" and I forget the other one's name. Anyway, he was a little light-colored pony, and I used to ride him around a lot. I wanted to ride him up the street, and my Dad didn't want me to. Neither did my Mother, and I said, "Oh, just let me ride out a block." *(Then)* I hollered back, "I'll just go a little way and I'll be back." Well I went. I rode down to the corner then up a block. I just turned around and started back home, when Elmer Carling, my neighbor, came up behind me on the lope. Well, he had been used to riding. He was a rough sort of fellow. Anyway, he rode up and hit my horse on the rump with a willow. Well, he jumped and I fell off. I lit on my head and knocked me out. Well, my horse went home. As soon as my mother saw the horse coming, she sure got excited. She run out and run up the street. When she got down to the corner, she saw a crowd up by the next corner. She knew something had happened. Well, Elmer Carling made his get away, cause he was afraid they would get after him. Anyway, they picked me up off the street, and carried me into Melville's, and laid me on the couch. They kept cold cloths on my head, trying to bring me too. They were doing that when my mother come in. As soon as I was able, mother helped me home. If I would of minded my parents, I wouldn't of gotten that way.

School in Fillmore

I went to school in the
little rock schoolhouse

Figure 145 - The Rock Schoolhouse in Fillmore

up here. That was my first school, and Jesse Giles was my teacher. There was just little seats there, one seat for each one of us, and he'd talk and showed us how to run these little hand windmills and make em out of paper, ya know. He'd try and learn us to write and learn us to spell the words, ya know. Used to play games: "steal sticks" and "hidden cop" and all that kind of stuff. We was just young, first time going to school.



The Rock School House
Built in the 1870's under the direction of Chandler Holbrook
Photo from State Capitol Museum - Fillmore

Latter on when we got out of kindergarten up here, and grewed up, and started to get in my teens, then I went to school up here in this brick schoolhouse that they tore down.

In High School, we all sat in one room, and, of course, the teacher had a blackboard, just like they do now. We'd read in class and do our arithmetic and study spelling, and learn how to write, ya know. We had all those things. We never had a lot of these lessons that they had now.

I was in High School for about a year, a little better. Then I had to stay home and help my parents and that's all the schooling I had.

Chalk Creek and Floods

The biggest flood I ever saw, it come down Chalk Creek, and it covered the lower end of town here, and also went down Main Street. A big log stopped down there at the bridge and turned the water out and all that country down there was flooded. Down below there was some people who tried to cross the creek down this street, where the head gates are; and they tried to cross the creek with two horses and a wagon. Well, they shouldn't of done it, because it was too big a stream of water and there was rocks and timber. Anyway, they made it across, all but one woman and she got drowned.

Fillmore When I was growing up

Figure 146 - Typical Log Cabin in Utah



Figure 147 - Wood Floor & Whitewashed Walls in Log Cabin



When I was growing up there wasn't too many houses. All the houses we had were these houses that were built early by people that had immigrated into the area. Some of them are the rock sandstones from the canyon. The first house I remember was a little log house, one room, plastered in between the logs on the inside and then whitewashed, and it had just a little window in it.

They had a little glass, I guess it was hard to get. Some houses were made of adobes. They would go down here to the chalk beds and get that mud and mix it with water and chalk, and make these adobes. That's what my house is made of is these big adobes. They're a little bigger than bricks. My house is about 15 or 18 inches thick. This is the house I live in now (90 W. Center, Fillmore, Utah).

People that were more well-to-do had brick, but most of the brick was kind of – it wasn't dark red and it wasn't white but it was kind of medium. (*The Swallow home on the cover of this book is like this.*)

There were dirt roads, and no electricity, no lights, no fences, no sidewalks, only just rough roads, roads not much different from when people first came here and settled it. They did not pave the roads until the 1940's or 1950's.

People drove their horses and wagons to get around in the winter. They didn't go very far.

The average size family, when I was a boy, was six or seven.

Figure 148 - Main Street in Early Fillmore



There were dirt roads, and no electricity, no lights, no fences, no sidewalks, only just rough roads, roads not much different from when people first came here and settled it. They did not pave the roads until the 1940's or 1950's.

People drove their horses and wagons to get around in the winter. They didn't go very far.

The average size family, when I was a boy, was six or seven.

We used to dance up here in the meetinghouse. We didn't have many dance halls, and we'd all dance with each other. Partner, everybody got to dance. Of course, there wasn't so many people then as there are now.

There was no division in classes like an upper class and a lower class back then. Fillmore was mostly L.D.S. We were more united then, than we are now. People would help each other, and help their neighbors, and help each other get their hay up, and help each other kill a pig, and help each other do a lot of things. We were more united, more sociable. There wasn't no trucks then. People just aren't neighbors like they used to be. Why, if we didn't have anything in our home except for a fruit or vegetable, we would still go over and give the neighbors some and they would give us some.

It isn't like it is now, everybody's for themselves. Then, we were all friendly. We'd go to our neighbors and talk over the fence to each other. If anybody had anything to do, why, we'd help each other. And if there was any fruit trees over the fence, why, they'd have it on their side and we'd have it on our side, no quarreling about it or anything. It was just neighborly. Seemed to be close together. Right now it's different. They go and take it.

I think people was closer together than they are now a lot. They was more neighborly and, if you wanted them to, they helped each other get their hay up, helped each other kill their pigs, and helped each other get their fence up. Women would go and help make quilts and everything the neighbors needed help to do. We'd all help each other. Of course, now you have to hire everything done. Nobody will come and help you for nothing now. Then we'd go and help and didn't expect pay for it. But, now if you do anything, cut your lawn, they gotta have pay for it. Different then, than it is now. Course, there's more money now too; but that's what I say, we were closer together and more neighborly, seemed like. Well, they're quite friendly now, but it's a different way in life.

The Coming of Electricity

Before electricity, we had little coal oil lamps. Bought coal oil at the store. One thing, we had to save our money for, was for coal oil and sugar, and stuff like that, that we couldn't raise ourselves, ya know. No electric lights. Gosh, you'd go out at night, and it was dark as pitch. You'd stumble over rocks. We had no paved sidewalks. Everything was dirt.

Figure 149 - Old Flat Iron Used for Ironing



We just had these flat irons they wasn't electric irons. We just set em on the stove. Mom would always heat em on the stove to do her ironing with. Never had any electric curlers or nothing! Didn't know a thing about electricity then. Everything we done was done ourselves. We didn't have much conveniences. We had a fireplace.

When electricity came, there wasn't too many people had it. I forget what they charged when it first come, but too many of them didn't get it, cause they didn't have much money. But as fast as they could, people got it, ya know. As quick as they could prepare for it, and get their houses wired. But they didn't jump at it too fast, of course. They could see how convenient it was, and what they could do with it; then they wanted it, as many as could get it. When it come, it was quite a thing for people. There was so many things they could use it for. They felt pretty good about it.

The 1930 Depression

It was pretty bad during the depression. There was no business, money was scarce. We had to raise a garden. Of course, we had chickens, and we would take the eggs to the store and buy coal oil and sugar – things like that. I have had a garden all my life.

There was hardly money at all. Nobody was buying anything, and I had the store then. There was a little ditch of water running past the store and a couple of little locust trees planted there. I had pipe posts built out of just two posts and a pole run along it and I'd sit there on the bank of the ditch for a half a day at the time and never took in a nickel. There wasn't much money. Times was pretty tough! I'd just sit around there and wait for a customer. They never bought very much because they didn't have very much to buy with. It was kinda hard about that time. See that was, what was it, the 30's, something like that.

The towns people was hard off too! They raised quite a little stuff. They had a garden and raised fruit at that time. Most of them had a cow and a pig like we did, ya know. That way they got by.

There wasn't as many offices here then as there are now. All we had was just the courthouse and three or four working in there is all. We only had about 2 stores and there wasn't too much doin.

I think the people in the smaller towns got along better than the people in the larger towns did then, because we raised a lot of fruit and stuff for ourselves, you know. I don't know how people got along in the city. I imagine it was kinda hard for them too, course there was more going on there. They had more offices there. In Salt Lake they had all the state offices and every thing like that.

I guess the government handled the depression all right, cause they couldn't do much about it. It was just something come that they couldn't help.

Well, finally times got to get a little bit better and money got to be a little bit looser. And we were able to work and earn a little bit. I used to go out and chop cedar wood for 50 cents a cart. I'd go over to different people's houses and chop wood. They charge \$5.00 now to chop it. But, they just wouldn't do it now - they just don't do those kind of things. People don't work that hard! Yah, I chopped nearly all day for 50 cents. I was glad to get it! Course, sometimes I'd maybe take something that they raised, which I didn't have or something like that for pay.

The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

Later grandfather and grandmother separated and eventually divorced. My father always said they separated for no good reason at all. But grandma liked to dance and socialize and grandpa worked hard on the farm and he liked to stay home in the evenings. William (*age 17*), George (*age 14*), and Alfred (*age 12*) stayed with their father. Pauline (*age 6*) and Edmund (*age 3*) went with their mother in a home nearby. Grandma (*Emma Beeston Huntsman*) later married Mr. William Henry Robison on 11 January 1917 (*They were married by R. F. Ashley.*) in Fillmore, and they lived in grandma's home.

Figure 150 - The Joseph Swallow Home Until 1939



Figure 151 - Joseph Swallow with Grandchild and a Friend



Virginia Ashman (friend), Joseph Swallow & Carma Robison

Figure 152 - Joseph Swallow with George B. Swallow's Girls



Norma L, Joseph, E. Leah, and baby Bernice Swallow

Figure 153 - Joseph Swallow, 4 Generations



Back to front: Joseph, Alfred B. , Gene and Marion Swallow

Figure 154 - Emma Beeston Swallow and Children



Standing L to R: J. William Swallow, Alfred B. Swallow, Pauline Swallow Robison & George B. Swallow. Emma Beeston Swallow is sitting.

Figure 155 - Joseph Swallow & Carma Robison



After eighteen years of marriage, Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow were divorced on May 13, 1902. Emma Beeston Swallow, struggling financially, married Peter Huntsman, the sheriff, May 13, 1903, in Fillmore. It was not a good marriage. Emma divorced Peter Huntsman and then married William Henry Robison, her daughter Pauline's husband's father, on January 11, 1917. (William Henry Robison is a son of Peter Robison, my 2nd great grandfather).

Joseph Swallow and his son, J. William Swallow, purchased the Swallow Confectionery Store, in 1909, for \$100. They each contributed \$50. J. William purchased additional store property over the next few years. In 1924 he built the new Confectionery Store. Joseph helped out at the Confectionery Store on a regular basis until a few years before his death.

Figure 156 - Joseph Swallow



Figure 157 - Swallow's Confectionery Store



Joseph's Later Years

The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

Grandfather did his own housekeeping, made his own bread and canned his own fruit. He had many fruit trees and raised his own grain and vegetables. He milked the cows and churned his own butter.

Besides farming, Joseph and his oldest son, (*Joseph*) William, bought a mercantile store known to us as the "Swallow's Confectionery" and went into business. It was located on Main Street in Fillmore and, he worked in the store many years, even almost up to the time of his death. It had an antique soda fountain and candy counter and was the most popular place in town. They sold everything from the daily news, fishing licenses, cigars, popcorn, fireworks, postage stamps, sweets, boxed chocolates to eggs and groceries, gifts and even radios when they came on the market. An old-fashioned ice cream parlor was in the back of the store.

After grandmother passed away (1926) and grandfather was alone, his daughter, Pauline, and family went to live with him. My father (*George B. Swallow*) was able to get him (*Joseph Swallow*) a

free pass on the railroad and he (*Joseph Swallow*) would come to Pocatello and stay months at a time, and we looked forward to his visits. He was a very pleasant and jolly man. He never complained or was critical in any way. He enjoyed working in the garden with father (*George B. Swallow*) and insisted on helping with the chores. He always helped to clear off the table after a meal and helped to dry the dishes. He joined in our baseball games even when he was 72 years old, and he liked to play croquet. He went for long walks most every day. On the days that he could not get out because of the weather, he would play games, his favorite games being checkers and dominoes. It was after a game of checkers one wintry day that he sat and told us about his boyhood and his coming to America.

Some of the things that I remember about grandfather Swallow were that he always drank a glass of warm water before meals but never during a meal, and that he used glasses, only to read, that were purchased from the dime store. He always had candy in his pockets to give to his grandchildren and friends. His staple candies were XXXX Peppermints and chocolate Stars, but he always had an assortment in his room. He exercised every day, which at times was rather comical. One of his exercises was bending over and touching his toes with his hands. Grandfather was of small build (*4 ft. 8 in.*) with short legs, blue eyes and little or no hair on the top of his head. He dressed neatly and always wore a tie.

Grandfather's brother, William, and his wife, Aunt Clara, lived just through the orchard from him. Uncle William was blind in his declining years, and grandfather was very good to them and helped them, especially after Aunt Clara passed away. When Uncle William died, grandfather moved into his home, modernized and remodeled it and made a home there for him and his daughter, Pauline.

Activities in the L.D.S. Church

Grandfather remained an active church member. He had been ordained an Elder 5 May 1884 by John D. Smith and a High Priest 15 March 1936 by Charles A. Callis (*Charles A. Callis ordained James Swallow, Joseph's brother, on the same day*). He was a rather shy person, and I do not recall him saying he ever held a responsible leadership position in the church; but he always attended his meetings and fulfilled his priesthood responsibilities. His brothers and his children were all active and held responsible positions in their wards and stakes.

Copies of my grandparents Patriarchal Blessings on 19 October 1889 have been handed down to us.

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show Joseph Swallow's interaction with Allen Russell, a Fillmore church leader, over 14 years.

June 1892

Thursday June 2 - ... I administered to Joseph Swallow's baby (*Alfred B. Swallow*).

May 1893

Sunday 28 - I made H. Mace Senior a short visit and received some dates of the first settling of Fillmore. Mother and I went to meeting in the cart. Brother Andrew Jensen and McMahon

speakers. We also attended meeting in the evening. Brother A. Jensen gave a historical sketch of the travels and persecution of the Saints in Missouri. William, Charles and Joseph Swallow started for the Manti Temple.

Dec 1895

Sunday 15 - I sat up all day. Bros. Abraham F. Carling and J. Swallows brought me the sacrament.

Sunday 22 - I did not attend meeting. Brother J. Swallow brought us the Sacrament and said Eddy Hinckley preached.

Sunday 29 - It was a very cold day. Brothers Alex Melville, Seymour Brunson, E. Brunson, C. King, Richard Russell, and Joshua Greenwood were speakers. Joseph Swallow brought us the sacrament.

Jan 1896

Sunday 5 - Brothers Abraham F. Carling and J. Swallows brought us the Sacrament. Bishop Callister, J. A. Melville, N. S. Bishop, James McMahon, and T. Whicker called in after meeting. In the evening, Brother Ashman came.

Dec 1899

Monday 18 - I visited in the capacity of a Priest; Sister Giles, George Melville, William Swallow, Joseph Swallow, Orsen Huntsman, and others, but the men were not home.

July 1901

Tuesday 29 - Brother William Beeston and I had a good talk with Joseph Swallow and wife. William and Charley (Charles) Swallow being present. (*Emma Beeston Swallow filed for divorce October 10, 1901 and the divorce from Joseph Swallow was final May 13, 1902. Emma Beeston married Peter Huntsman on May 13, 1903*)

Feb 1904

Saturday 6 - I went to Brother Beeston's and told his daughter the consequences of marrying out of the church and talked to them on some other things.

Aug 1905

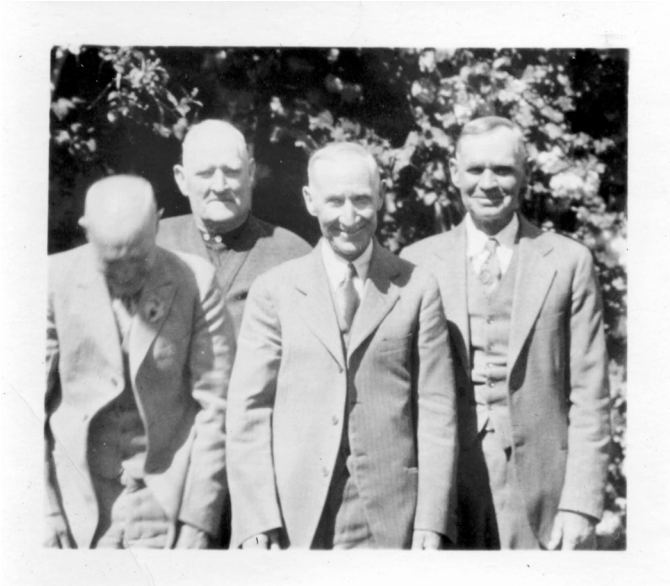
Saturday 19 - Bradstreet had sent word that D. Brandt's word was good so I went to President T. C. Callister and he gave me \$1.00 to buy ginseng seeds and roots. J. Swallow gave me 50 cents for the same purpose.

Feb 1906

Sunday 4 - ... I visited Thomas Hatton's wife and Joe Swallow's and got 50 cents for temple worker and preached to them.

Joseph loved to spend time with his family and took every opportunity to do so.

Figure 158 - Four of the Swallow Brothers in 1932



:L to R: Joseph, William, Charles & James Swallow

Figure 159 - Joseph Swallow



Joseph Swallow and _____

The Death of Emma Beeston Swallow - Robison

Emma Beeston Swallow's height was 5 foot 2 inches, her eyes were blue, and her hair was a light brown.

The following is from My Paternal Grandparents, Joseph and Emma Wegener Beeston Swallow by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

I was only nine years old when grandmother passed away, so I do not remember her too well. We did go to Fillmore every year to visit father's family but most always stayed with grandfather because he had more room for our family to stay. I do remember having some lovely meals at grandmother's. When Pauline married, she continued to live with her mother.

I remember coming home from school one day at lunchtime. My mother (*Alta Robinson Swallow*) was upset that day because while working in her kitchen she heard some beautiful music. She checked the graphophone, but the music stopped and she went back to the kitchen. Again she heard music playing and went outside to see if the music wagon was going down the street. Again the music stopped, and she returned to the kitchen. She heard music again, and it seemed to be coming from the teakettle on the back of the old coal range but it stopped again. She was concerned about this and was telling the family about it during lunch. Then that afternoon we received a telegram telling us grandma (*Emma Beeston Robison*) was seriously ill and was not expected to live. That night Uncle Edmund's family and our family took the train to Fillmore. When we arrived in Delta, Utah, grandma's brother, Joseph (*Beeston*), met our train with his horse and buggy. He said if we wanted to see grandmother alive we would have to get to Fillmore very soon. She passed away that night 12 March 1926 at 11:15 p.m. at the age of 62 years. Her cause of death was listed as Lobar Pneumonia.

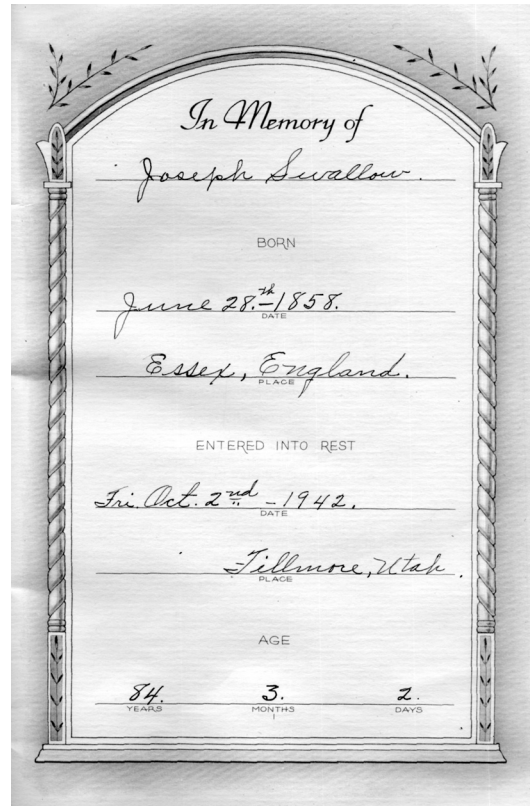
Death of Joseph Swallow

Grandfather, Joseph Swallow, passed away 30 September 1942 at his home in Fillmore from natural causes due to his advanced years at the age of 84. He was buried next to grandmother in the Fillmore City Cemetery.

Figure 160 - Joseph Swallow



Figure 161 - Joseph Swallow Remembrance



The Fillmore newspaper reported:

Mr. Joseph Swallow Dies at Advanced Age.

Funeral services will be held in Fillmore Second Ward, Friday, at 2 P.M. for Joseph Swallow, 84, who died at his home here early Wednesday morning, of infirmities incident to age.

Mr. Swallow was born in Essex, England, June 28, 1858, a son of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. When 13 years old, he and his brother, Charles (*It was James, not Charles, who came with Joseph from England*), 11, came to the United States alone, moving to Fillmore soon after their arrival in this country. The older brother (*Joseph Swallow*) opened a mercantile store in Fillmore in 1906 (1909 according to J. William Swallow), and Charles (*the youngest brother of Joseph*) moved to Meadow, to go into the same business, which he still operates.

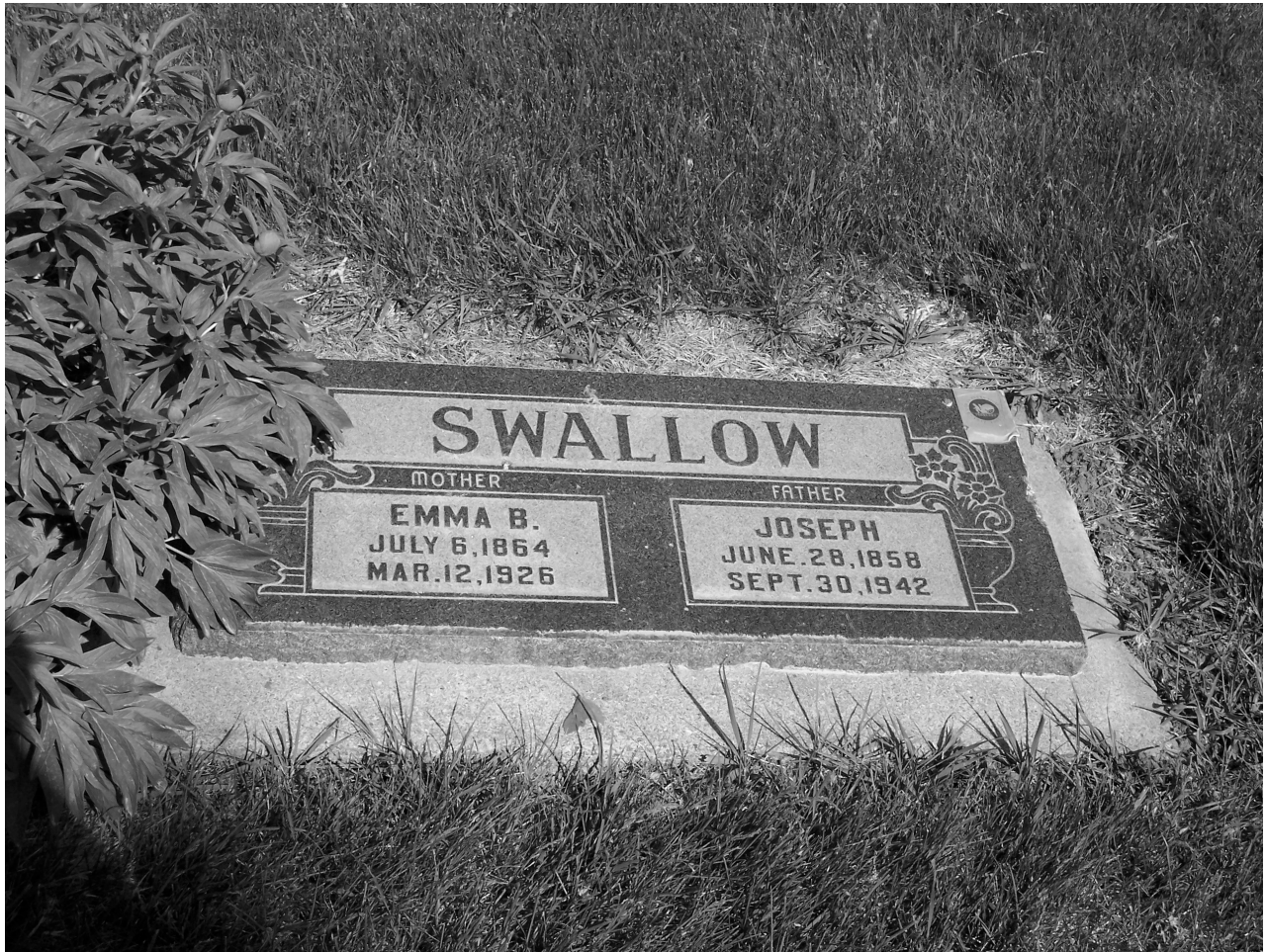
The deceased was for a number of years associated with his son, Mr. J. W. Swallow in the business, who eventually took it over, however; allowing his father to retire. He had enjoyed his last few years visiting his children here and in Idaho, and taking part in activities of the L.D.S. Church.

He married Emma Beeston May 20, 1884; she died a few years ago.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Pauline Robison of Fillmore; four sons, J.W. Swallow and Alfred Swallow of Fillmore; George Swallow and Edmund Swallow of Pocatello, Idaho; two brothers, James Swallow of Fillmore and Charles Swallow of Meadow; 19 grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Bishop Henry Hatton will conduct the funeral services and the burial will be under the direction of the Olpin Mortuary.

Figure 162 - Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow Gravestone in Fillmore, Utah



Joseph Swallow's five children recorded detailed experiences that are similar to their father's, uncle's and cousin's experiences. They are included here to give us a glimpse into the daily lives of Thomas Swallow, his children and grandchildren.

J. William Swallow and the Swallow's Confectionery Store

The following is from the Compiled History of J. William Swallow by Russell M. Robison.

Work When Growing Up

When I was a boy I hauled wood. As soon as I was big enough to help my father, I hauled milk around town in the big milk cans. When I got a little older (*about 1904 - age 19*), I went over to Oak City and Lemington and Fool Creek, I believe they called it, right between Oak City and Lemington, and stacked hay for the Finlinson boys. In Oak City and Lemington the hay was not baled. I worked for them for about two years and then I came home and went to Nevada (*about 1906 - age 21*)

Figure 163 - Stacking Hay in early 1900's

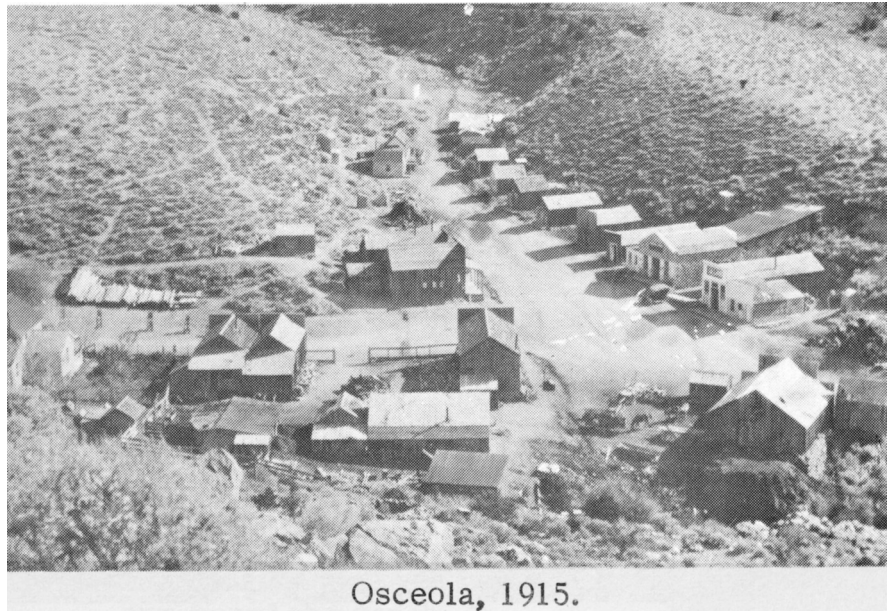


I only got \$20 to \$25 for working here a month, and out there, I got \$30; so I went out there. When I was in Nevada, I worked in a garden some, and milked cows, and come fall, why I used to go to Warm Creek and get these slabs of marble and haul them into Garrison, and they would put those slabs over the graves. Big slabs, about five or six feet long by three feet wide. I would get them from Warm Creek. I drove five horses and two wagons. I had to roll those slabs on rollers onto the wagons. Then, I had to stay over night there on the grease woods and salt grass. I remember sleeping there one night, it was as cold as the dickens - frost on the ground. I stuck my head out in the morning, and my quilts were stiff, and it was cold getting up. I had to tend to my horses, feed them, then, I had to walk part of the way to keep warm. That's what we had to do. Then, after that, I used to haul baled hay with two wagons and five horses to Osceola (*a mining town in eastern Nevada*). We used to haul hay in there for what they used there.

Figure 164 - Baled Hay in Nevada



Figure 165 - Osceola in 1915



The Confectionery Store

We bought the store in 1909 (*J. William was 24*) from the Brough's, two brothers from Nephi. They wanted to get married and go with their girls, and they wanted me to work for em. So I worked in the store for them in the day or evenings when they wanted to get off. And I'd just been in Nevada. I'd been working there in the summer, and I come home with \$50. That's all I come home with, and my father had \$50, and we put it together and bought the store for \$100! So that's the way I started.

The kind of merchandise we had when we first opened the store was stick candy, peppermints, some licorice, some chewing tobacco. That's about all we had! Didn't have much in my store! We had a little freezer in the back of the store, made our own ice cream. Had a little square fountain there with a tap for root beer, and you had to put ice inside on those coils to keep it cold. We used to put up our own ice. They had a pond up here - we used to cut ice. We used to keep it in that ice house in back of the store in sawdust and that's where I got my ice to keep my stuff cold in the summer.

There wasn't too many Confectionaries, but Mrs. Warner used to live up by the Bartholomew store. She lived back in there, and she sold ice cream and I sold ice cream. There wasn't too much competition.

There was a man come through here from Provo who sold candy, and we bought most of our store supplies from him.

I never changed the store, except where I built my building. You see, I used to be in the old bank building. The bank was on one side, and I was on the other side. That's where Brough's first started it, and that's where I bought it. Then they wanted to enlarge the bank, and I had to get out; so I bought that white building next to me, and I was there for 12 or 13 years. Then I built

where I'm at now, and I've been there ever since.

From when we first started the store until now, the prices have tripled and doubled. Ice cream cones sold for a nickel. Now they are 15 cents, and you used to get a big dish of ice cream for 10 cents and drinks were 5 cents. Oh well, most of that stuff was 5 cents. When ya come to the candy bars, they were 5 cents when they first started. Pert-a-near a lot of stuff was a nickel. Never had much small stuff like that but what was a nickel, now you can see where it's gone. It's getting hard now because stuff I buy today costs me so much, and I have to sell that, in order to get more stock, because stuff keeps a rising all the time. Business is hard. Unless you got a little something to go on, you can't get any money to live.

Comparing them early days to now, we were better in one way. We were closer together. There wasn't no classification like there is now. I believe we were happier then, than we are now, because we didn't have the worries then that we got now. Now a lot of the worries, for business people, is the government is interfering too much. All the pleasures are taken out of business now, and it gets worse every year.

From the Fillmore newspaper in 1973 under "Side Street" we read:

J. William Swallow Nominated This Week

This week's "Side Street" nominee is definitely a "Main Street" man. J. William Swallow has been in business on main-street longer than any other person in Fillmore. Bill has seen the progress of Fillmore's "Main Street" from a dirt-rocky road with hitching posts, to gravel, then oil, then to curb and gutter. He first used the candle, then the kerosene lamp, then came the wondrous electric light bulb, then our modern light posts down our main street. Bill remembers clearing rocks and sagebrush off the square to play ball. He remembers the "Chicken Hotel" (Named because of the chicken roasts held there) run by Will Wade, where the County Court House rose-garden now stands. He remembers the lumber dance hall called the "Pavilion." He saw the church house built on the hospital corner, that housed the only L.D.S. Ward that was here then. He saw the Bartholomew Skating Rink built that was used for years before it burned down. He saw the County Court House erected, and many other buildings. Yes, he has watched the progress of our town for more than four decades.

He remembers the first car that came to Fillmore purchased by Clark Callister. He saw the service station age and the motel age arrive. Gabriel Huntsman, Charlie Frampton, George Greenway, James A. Kelly, Dan Stevens, and Ervin Day have all passed away. Bill is the only storekeeper of that generation left. Mary A. Dame sold her store and moved to Salt Lake City.

Bill has lived all his life In Fillmore. He was born here on February 15, 1855 to Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow. He went to his first grade in the Little Rock Schoolhouse that still stands on the corner of the Old State House block. Jesse Giles and Maude Crane Melville were two of his early teachers. He then attended school in the adobe schoolhouse that was once located behind the present Second Ward.

Bill's first job as a boy was herding cows down to the Burnt Spot, for 10 cents a day and took his own lunch with him. When he was a teenager, he hauled milk on the milk wagon for \$10.00 a month (one-half was store script and one-half was cash). Bill was a typical teenager, and he and

the other boys used to get eggs from the granary behind Steven's Store and sell them for candy. They also sampled the apple cider from the barrel of John Ashman who had made it. In the summer Bill went to Oak City, Leamington, and the "Flats" to help put up the hay for \$25.00 a month. He worked out in Nevada in 1906-1907 on the Cummings' ranch and later on the Dr. Baker ranch. *(This was Philip M. "Doc" Baker who owned the Baker ranch at Baker, Nevada)*

Figure 166 - J. William Swallow



Figure 167 - Work on the Baker Ranch



Bill got a job in the Brough Bros. store located in the old Sate Bank building. Then Bill and his father bought the store. Bill had saved \$50, and they purchased the business for \$100. After two years Bill purchased the Abe and Molly Carling building across the street. It used to be a saloon at one time then Molly had a Millinery shop there. This building is now "Mae's Beauty Shop." Then Bill purchased the officer building (Orrin Radio Shop) of Dr. Conskln, dentists. He built his new store in 1924 and has been there since.

Figure 168 - J. William & Blanche Robins Swallow in Swallow's Confectionery



In 1928 he married Blanche Lenore Robins in the Salt Lake Temple. The Swallow-Robins marriage proved to be a happy one for 36 years. Blanche worked side by side with Bill in the store until her death in 1965.

Bill has always worked in his own store and kept his own books. He made out his income tax until the last few years. Bill has always had good health and has been a great one to walk every place. In fact he has never owned a car. He has always worked hard on his yard and garden, as well as the store. He raised a garden for 70 years. He supplied rhubarb to many high school fence jumpers for years. He has also been a long time member of the Fillmore Garden club.

Bill has always been active in Church affairs and served in the Bishopric of the Fillmore Second Ward. He served as president of the Millard Stake High Priest Quorum for 6 years and as High Priest Group leader of his ward for 2 years.

Bill has a keen mind. He reads a lot and keeps up on the news every morning. He is a student of the scriptures.

Although Bill does not have any children of his own, he certainly has been a friend to scores of the local school children. Little ones love to buy penny candy at his store. Middle aged people have many fond memories of going to Swallow's (*Confectionery*) ice cream parlor for sundaes and to listen to the old phonograph records. They had a sandwich bar for a long time and served lunch to many customers. He has sold thousands of fishing and hunting licenses. Although Bill is in his 88th year, he hasn't lost any of his enthusiasm for life. He does his own shopping, cooking, the housekeeping, and yard work; as well as managing his store. He still finds time to show his concern for his neighbors and many friends.

There was a nice article about Bill in the Salt Lake Tribune on May 9th, 1971. When asked if he would have things changed if he could or have them the way they used to be. Bill said, "No, I like things the way they are." I've kept out of debt and made a living; always paid my bills; and most of all I'm happy and have a good life."

Following is a Deseret News article about the Swallow's Confectionery store in Fillmore. It was written in 1974 by Rose Mary Pedersen, Deseret News staff writer.

Figure 169 - Will Swallow inside Swallow's Confectionery Store in Fillmore



Standing by antique soda fountain inside the confectionery are J. W. Swallow and his part-time clerk, Lucille Ashby.

Will Swallow and a store clerk, Lucille Ashby inside the Swallow's Confectionery Store
At Swallow's Confectionery – Stroll Down Memory Lane

Fillmore, Millard County – A little dust adorns the shelves and a torn 1954 calendar decorates the wall. But nobody seems to mind. Swallow's Confectionery – really more of a general store than a soda shop – is a landmark, an institution. And so is its proprietor and manager, the personable J. W. Swallow.

Mr. Swallow, nearly a century old, opened his business way back in 1909 when tumbleweeds blew across Fillmore's unpaved streets and people came to town in wagons. Everyone for miles around says that Main Street simply wouldn't be the same without him. And although his business isn't booming, he always has a steady flow of customers; calls most by their first names.

Admittedly, there aren't any super-market conveniences inside his establishment. But if you're the sort of person who prefers a leisurely stroll down memory lane to a speedy trip through the checkout line, then the confectionery is custom made for you.

The gentleman in charge, you see, hasn't been a man who has cared about remodeling and throwing things away. He's preserved all the nostalgia and memorabilia from his earliest shop-keeping days – an old ceiling fan, an ancient scale, a wooden counter. A stack of tiny brown paper bags stands in one corner ("You can't get these anymore"). A 25 cent paperback bookrack in another ("It's empty because 25 cent books are \$1.50 now").

A machine that gives your "honest weight" can be found by a showcase. Coca-Cola signs, almost as old as Methuselah, beam down on the proprietor, customers and all. One thing you can't possibly miss is the quaint soda fountain – a relic of a bygone era when a sundae on Saturday night was a big evening. With its round stools, silvery dishes and old-fashioned mirror, the unusual antique is dear to Mr. Swallow's heart.

During the early years of his business, he stood behind it serving the specialty of the house, the "Rainbow Sundae" (three flavors of ice cream plus assorted nuts and a cherry). Today, since the freezing compartment no longer works, the Rainbow Sundae had become a sweet part of the past. But Mr. Swallow remembers how popular it used to be back in the good old days. Speaking of the good old days, the man who invented the Rainbow Sundae enjoys talking about them.

He remembers that Fillmore was much smaller (one of the biggest buildings was a little rock schoolhouse where he learned his ABC's). He remembers how he decided to seek his fortune in Nevada, but then got so homesick that he had to return. He remembers getting a job, scrimping and saving until he had \$50 in his pocket. "My father put up another \$50 and we opened the business. Imagine that! \$100 was all it took to go into business back then."

It's a different story in 1975. Inflation has made it tough on private enterprise, Mr. Swallow points out. Some things simply cost too much to carry. (The shelf where the cans of oysters once stood is empty.) And there's the paperwork. "Every year the government sends me more reports to fill out," laments the owner of the confectionery. "It's a confounded nuisance!" The "nuisance" of bookkeeping goes on in the same place it has for the past 65 years – a comfortably cluttered office at the back of the store.

Mrs. Lucille Ashby, the devoted clerk who has had a job at the confectionery since 1946, "just

works around” the mountains of ledgers and invoices. She also “works around” the dozens of diverse items for sale.

“It pays to have a variety of things available to the public,” Mr. Swallow explains. “I call it smart merchandising.” Not running charge accounts or accepting those “funny plastic cards” is smart, too, in his opinion. “When I first opened my business, someone told me not to extend credit. I never have – and that’s the best advice I could give a young feller starting out today.”

Mr. Swallow, who’s over 90 but still has a spring in his step, also has some advice on how to stay young. “Eat wisely, stay away from liquor and never retire. The thing called retirement will make an old person out of you!”

Figure 170 - The Swallow Confectionery in Fillmore



Joseph William "Will" Swallow in front of "Swallow Confectionery" in Fillmore, UT. - About 1940

George B. Swallow

The following is taken from A Brief History of my Parents, George Beeston Swallow and Alta Poppleton Robinson by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

My father, George Beeston Swallow, was born 21 June 1887 at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah to Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow. He was the second of their five children; Joseph William, born 15 February 1885; Alfred Beeston, born 9 May 1890; Edmund Beeston, born 10 January 1899 and a sister Pauline, born 30 June 1895, all in Fillmore. Father was a frail child, and the doctors had told his parents they may not have the opportunity to raise him to manhood. However, his health improved, and he enjoyed good health as he grew older.

Father attended the Fillmore grade school. The last record we have of his schooling is his graduation certificate from the fifth grade on the 25 April 1901. He may have attended school until he was about 15 years old. His parents lived in the city, but his father also had a farm in the

country. He helped on the farm when he was a small boy herding sheep and cows. When he was about 12 years old, he went to work for his grandfather Beeston weeding gardens and tramping hay. He worked from 8:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. for \$.50 a day.

Father's parents were active members of the L.D.S. Church. He was given a blessing 4 August 1877 by C. Anderson and was baptized 16 June 1895 in a mountain stream near his home by Hans Peterson.

Parents Divorced

Sadness crept into father's life when he was about 15 years old. His parents separated and later divorced. Father always said it was for no good reason at all. But his mother liked to dance and go to socials, and his father liked to stay home in the evenings after the work was done and be with his family. His brothers, William and Alfred, stayed with their father, (*Joseph Swallow*), and father, (*George B.*), and his sister, Pauline, and younger brother, Edmund, went with their mother (*Emma Beeston Swallow-Huntsman-Robison*) and lived in a home a short distance away. His (*George B. Swallow's*) mother (*Emma*) took in washing and ironing and father (*George B. Swallow*) turned the hand washer for her and helped her with her chores.

Working in Nevada

When father was about 18 years old, Willy Payne, a Spanish American war veteran and a freighter, asked him if he would help drive a buggy team to Black Horse, Nevada and to a mining camp at Osceola, Nevada.

Figure 171 - Black Horse, a Nevada Mining Town

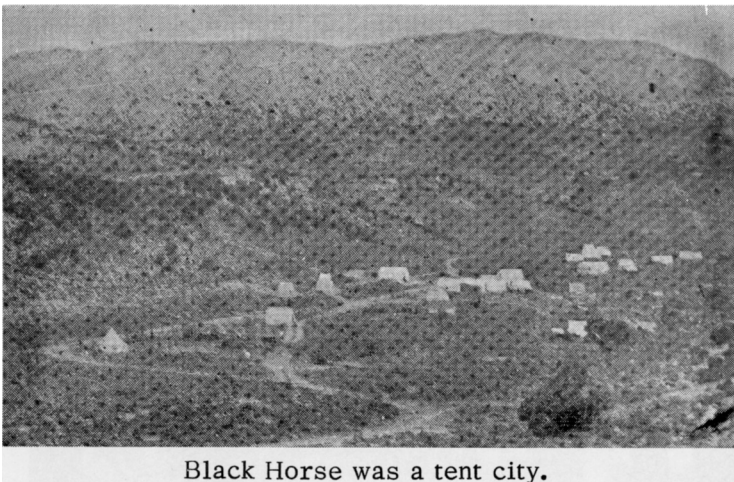
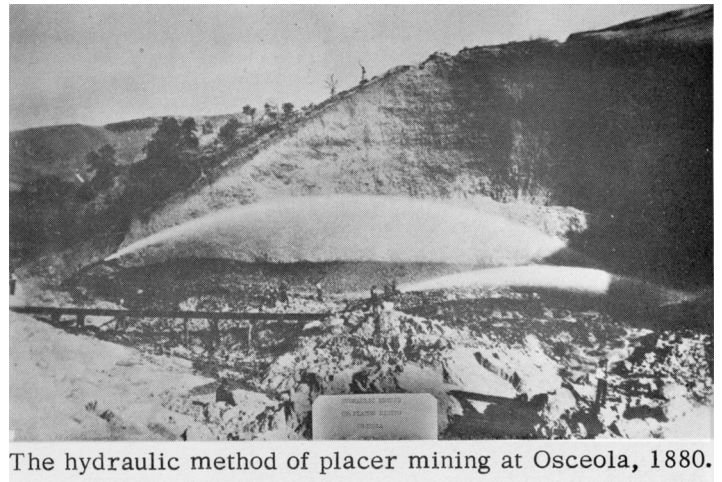


Figure 172 - Osceola, a Nevada Mining Town



It was an opportunity to earn \$35 so he consented. There were two wagon teams beside the buggy team that went on this journey. While crossing the Nevada clay flats, a storm came up and mud bogged down the freight wagons until they could only make about 50 yards some days. It took about two weeks to go 65 miles across the flats. There were four horses to a wagon. Father and Mr. Payne traveled behind the wagons. After the storm the weather was extremely hot; and the mosquitoes were so thick, he would have to pick them out of his food that had been cooked over an open campfire in a frying pan. After arriving at Black Horse, father and Mr. (*Will*) Payne drove the buggy team to Osceola. This was mining country, and he enjoyed

recreation panning gold from the streams. When he returned to Black Horse, he met a gentleman, Mr. Baker, who owned a large ranch in Baker, Nevada. He offered father a job on his ranch for \$50 a month, and he went to Baker with the rancher.

Figure 173 - George B. Swallow



Figure 174 - Branding Calves on the Baker Ranch



Figure 175 - Derrick used to Stack Hay at Baker Nevada



Figure 176 - George B. Swallow



Father spent the spring and summer months for three years wrangling on the cattle ranch in Nevada and milking 35 cows night and morning. Mr. Baker had several acres in garden, and he also worked in the garden. He always went home at Christmas time to be with his family. The work on the ranch was strenuous, but most of all he said it was not the best environment for a young man so he left the Baker Ranch in Nevada.

Back to Utah and Then Idaho

He went to Leamington, Utah for a time and worked on farms baling hay. On 13 May 1908 he went with a friend to Pocatello, Idaho in search of employment. He went to work for the Oregon Shortline Railroad where he handled the freight. He was soon called to the Freight Office by the agent where he billed freight and then an OSD Clerk until about 1920 when he was made the Claim Clerk for the Freight Department of the Union Pacific Railroad. He did board and room for some time with the James E. Pickett family in Pocatello who became life long friends before living with the Joseph Watson family.

Met and Married Alta P. Robinson

At the age of 28 years, my father became acquainted with my mother Alta Poppleton Robinson who was a neighbor to the Watson family. Their friendship blossomed, and they were married 15 December 1915 at her home at 838 South 5th Avenue by Bishop Henry E. Reddish of the L.D.S. Church.

Figure 177 - George B. Swallow



Figure 178 - Alta Robinson Swallow



Mother was born 25 March 1898 at American Fork, Utah, Utah. Her father was George G. Robinson and her mother's maiden name was Rachel Perkes Poppleton. She had four brothers; Charles, George, William and Howard, and a sister Thelma. Her father had passed away when she was 13 years old, and she had quit school and was working in the creamery candling eggs and wrapping butter to help support her family. Mother was 17 years old at the time of her marriage. Their first home was at 303 South 8th Avenue which they rented until after their first child George Leroy (Dick) was born 5 May 1916. They then moved to their home at 344 South 10th Avenue where five more children were born: Emma Leah (Sis) 22 June 1917; James Carroll (Jim) 7 February 1919; Norma Louise, 24 June 1923; Ray Robinson, 23 December 1924 and Bernice, 22 June 1927.

Recommitment to the Lord and Church

Father had become inactive in the church as he traveled around as a young man but after a faith promoting experience of a miraculous healing when I was only two years old and not expected to live, he became active again. He was ordained a priest in the priesthood 11 August 1919 in the Pocatello Second Ward where they were members. His records were received in the ward from Fillmore 10 September 1919. He was advanced in the priesthood and on 10 June 1920 my parents went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed for eternity and had their three children Leroy, Leah and James sealed to them. The three younger children were born in the covenant. Father was ordained a High Priest 25 January 1930 by Riley Dixon. On the 17 February 1944 he was called as a local missionary. He also served as Ward Clerk of the Second Ward for over 22 years, Aaronic Priesthood Secretary and Secretary of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood. He was a faithful home teacher for as long as he lived.

Mother was also active in the church. She had been baptized 5 September 1908 by Samuel G. Spillman and confirmed the next day by Thomas L. Cox in the Pocatello First Ward. Her records were then transferred to the Pocatello Second Ward in January of 1912. Mother faithfully supported father in his callings. When he was Ward Clerk she assisted him in helping to keep the membership records up-to-date. She held many positions in the ward Relief Society, Primary and Mutual Improvement Association as well as in the Stake Relief Society and M.I.A. She was a faithful Relief Society Teacher for as long as I can remember. Mother and father were both given Patriarchal Blessings 13 October 1937 by Patriarch Joseph Cooper in Pocatello.

Father and mother were very devoted to each other, and our home was a happy one. Father never left home to go to work or church meetings or anywhere that he did not kiss mother and each of his children good-bye. He always kissed us goodnight and made sure we were all tucked in before he went to bed. My parents were kind, loving people and always ready to help in times of need. Mother helped in homes in times of sickness or when there was a death in the family. Father was especially sympathetic and sincere. He was honest in his business dealings and had a good reputation with his company. They had many close and devoted friends.

Father's Work at the Railroad Allowed Us to Travel

Besides father's work at the Railroad, in his spare time he was a salesman for a music company and then for electrical appliances. These extra jobs made it possible for his family to enjoy a piano, radio, an electric washer and other luxuries in the home. He was also a nursery salesman for many years. This was really one of his hobbies.

Father was allowed a free Railroad Pass working for the Union Pacific Railroad. Every summer for our vacations we would take the train to Fillmore to visit his family there. The family often took the train to go to the church General Conferences in Salt Lake City, Utah and to Lava Hot Springs for a day of swimming. Almost every year we took the train to Blackfoot, Idaho to spend a day at the County Fair. Mother would go to California or Oregon to visit her brothers and sister, and one year she took Leroy and I to San Diego, California to the World's Fair. The family looked forward to these special occasions. Father and mother loved the earth and planted beautiful vegetable gardens. The rows were neat and straight and free from weeds. They were up early every morning during the summer months working in their garden. They also had fruit trees, raspberry, current and gooseberry bushes, and strawberries and grapes. They had flowers of every description and specialized in raising roses. At one time they sold roses to the florist.

Besides gardening, father and mother enjoyed other hobbies. After the children all left home, father bought a car but he never learned to drive. Mother would do the driving, and they

enjoyed driving to Lava or nearby streams for a day of fishing. For several years father worked at the Pocatello Ball Park taking tickets for the games and in his later years doing the same at the University during the football and basketball seasons. Mother and dad never missed a game, and he was very devoted to his work there. During World War II father was an Air-raid Warden and faithfully completed his training course and carried out his responsibilities during the war.

Mother was active in the "Daughters of Utah Pioneers" Organization and was Captain of her camp. In her later years she was a member of the "American War Mothers" and the "Union Pacific Old Timers". In 1945 when I became interested in family history, she encouraged me and helped in gathering family records. Mother was never idle. She loved to read, especially literature and poetry. Besides church literature, books and magazines, she read the daily news from cover to cover and kept informed on civic and government affairs. She often read scriptures to father at night in bed. For as long as I can remember, mother registered voters and worked at the voting poles on Election Day and at one time she took the census. She liked to embroidery, knit, crochet and tat. She made quilts and worked crossword puzzles. She sewed for herself and her family and canned and preserved much of our food. She always had plenty of home canned vegetables, fruits, jams, jellies and pickles on hand.

Faith Promoting Experiences

There were times of stress and sadness and faith promoting incidents in their lives. When I was three years, old my brother Leroy and I became seriously ill from eating raw beans. We were probably poisoned from eating the poison castor beans in the yard. After two weeks my brother was improving and was able to walk around but I continued to fail and get weaker. Dr. D. C. Ray had told my parents he had done all he could for me and suggested they may want to see another doctor. But my parents had a lot of faith in him. One particular Sunday they had the Bishopric come after Sunday School and give me another blessing. It was a hot summer day and my parents said they lifted the mattress my lifeless body was on and carried me to the front yard under trees where it was cooler. The doctor came again and told my parents he had to leave town and that they would probably need another doctor before he returned that evening. After the doctor left, father went to the coal shed alone where he kneeled down and prayed to Heavenly Father that I might live. He promised the Lord he would become active again in the Church.

He said he prayed a long time. When he returned to my bed in the yard and looked down on me, he said I opened my eyes, smiled and said, "Daddy." When Doctor Ray returned that night, he said there had been a miracle and that I would live. From then on I improved and in a few weeks I was able to walk again.

Another stressful experience was on the 18 September 1938 when James was 19 years old. He was in a head-on automobile collision and suffered severe deep lacerations to the back of his head and a severe brain concussion. He was unconscious for several days and then semi-conscious for several more days. With my parents' faith, fasting and prayers he pulled through but the ordeal altered his life somewhat, and he was never able to resume his college education. His boyfriend, Gordon, also injured in the accident, suffered a compound fracture of the leg above the ankle and the doctors felt it necessary to amputate his leg. Gordon's family lived in New York and his parents asked my father to make the decisions concerning Gordon. Father wanted the doctors to wait at least one more day before amputating. They finally consented to wait, and the leg was saved.

During World War II my brothers, James and Ray, my husband, Garth, and Norma's husband, Ray, were in the military and all served in combat areas. Norma and I had come home to live because we could not find living accommodations that we could afford. There was an air base in Pocatello, and apartments were not available. Jim was in the Mediterranean area. Garth in the Infantry in Italy, Norma's husband Ray Newbould based in England and my young brother Ray was a Bombardier in the Air Force stationed in England. It was a stressful time for mother and dad and the family. Then one morning a knock came to the door; and when I answered the door, a man asked for my father. I told him he was at work and he thanked me and left. About 20 minutes later my father came home with a telegram in his trembling hand that he had received from the War Department. My brother's plane had been shot down on a bombing mission over Germany, and he was missing in action. Several weeks passed before they learned he had been a prisoner of war and had been freed by General Patton's army. He returned home safely, but in 1970 he was accidentally drowned. His car went off the road one night in a heavy rainstorm and plunged into the bay near Long Beach, California. He left a wife and six children which was a tragic event in their lives.

Retirement

After 57 years with the railroad, my father retired on 1 July 1965. He was 75 years old. A letter from the General Manager of the Union Pacific Railroad wrote this concerning him:

"His service was such an unusual one that words were inadequate to do it justice... No employee has retired with a longer or finer record, and Superintendent Bailey and co-workers have expressed the opinion that he has been the most loyal and exceptional employee."

This was a happy time for father and mother. An office party was given in his honor. They continued to stay active going fishing, visiting their children and grandchildren, active in sports activities, gardening and church callings. Bernice and her husband built a lovely summer home at Mack's in the Island Park country in Idaho, and they enjoyed going there with the family. They were always together whether it was fishing, at the grocery store, to church, in the garden, visiting family or friends or at the ball games. They loved a game of pinochle with the family or friends.

In the 1970's, mother's health declined. She had cancer surgery from which she never recuperated, and heart disease with Angina and Congestive Heart Failure. She passed away 27 September 1972 at the age of 73 years and was buried in the Mountainview Cemetery in Pocatello.

Father missed mother terribly. They had always been so close to each other and enjoyed his retirement years. Although he was lonely, he insisted on living alone in the home they had shared for over 55 years. But he continued to enjoy his garden, orchard, church activities and family.

To celebrate father's 90th birthday in June of 1977, a lovely dinner was held at a restaurant and that evening an open house and garden party was held at his home. It was a lovely summer evening and many, many friends and relatives came from far and near to the celebration. He also received many phone calls and messages from those out of town who could not attend. On the way to Pocatello for this occasion, Garth and I wrote a poem as we traveled in the car that I will enclose at the end of this history. It was read at this dinner. Dad enjoyed the poem and his birthday party.

In 1979 at the age of 92 his health began to fail. He had surgery for a skin cancer on his face. He had a lot of pain in his face and jaw and the family suggested he go to a specialist in Salt Lake City, Utah. He entered the hospital in Salt Lake where he was diagnosed as having carcinoma of the tongue. His condition declined and he passed away in the hospital 20 December of that year. The cause of immediate death was listed as Cardiac Arrest, age and a bleeding disorder. We knew father was a bleeder, but he was always able to control the condition. His funeral services were held Christmas Eve in the Second Ward Chapel in Pocatello where he attended church all the years he was in Pocatello. He was buried next to his companion in Pocatello.

Father was of medium build with a fair complexion and blue eyes. As a young man his photo showed him with lots of wavy light brown hair, but I only remember him with no hair on the top of his head. He was very clean and neat in his dress and always wore a hat on the street or when he was working in the garden or at the ballpark. He penned a beautiful hand. I remember he enjoyed anything with a lemon or orange flavor and good cheese.

Mother was of medium build with fair complexion, hazel eyes and light brown hair. Pictures of her in her younger years showed her quite slender, but I have only known her to be plump. Her favorite color was yellow.

Father and mother's home at 344 South 10th Avenue in Pocatello is still standing. The family sold the home after Father passed away. There have been a few changes, brown paint has now replaced the white siding with green trim around the windows. The garden and orchard is now in lawn and the grape arbor is no more. It is known to be one of the oldest houses on the east side of the railroad tracks; but with mother and dad's improvements and loving care through the years, it could still stand for many years to come. They had replaced the boardwalks with cement walks, installed indoor plumbing, refinished the interior with new walls, woodwork and cabinets. The dirt cellar, with an outside entrance and stairway, was cemented in with an inside entrance and stairway and a coal furnace replaced the coal stoves for heat in the home. There were 7 rooms; a large living room, large dining room, large kitchen, 1 large bedroom, 2 small bedrooms and a bath. One of the small bedrooms was later made into a pantry and a stairway to the basement. It was my home for 25 years, and I loved it too.

Alfred B. Swallow

The History of Josephine Owens and Alfred B. Swallow compiled by Thora S. McKee in 1980 tells what life was really like for a young man growing up in Fillmore, Utah between 1890 and 1915.

Alfred B. Swallow was born May 9, 1890 at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah. His father was Joseph Swallow who was born in Stebbing, Essex, England and came to America and on to Fillmore at the age of 12. He came with his brother Jim who was 14. They came with missionaries, just the two boys and stayed with J. V. Robison. The rest of the family came over later. Alfred's mother was Emma Beeston who was born in Fillmore, Utah. He had four brothers and one sister.

Joseph William Swallow born 15 Feb. 1885 - Fillmore, Utah

George Beeston Swallow born 21 June 1887 - Fillmore, Utah

Alfred B. Swallow born 9 May 1890 - Fillmore, Utah

Pauline Beeston Swallow Robison Born 30 June 1895 - Fillmore, Utah

Edmund Beeston Swallow born 10 January 1899 - Fillmore, Utah

The following part of this history is told by Dad (*Alfred B. Swallow*), himself:

School

I went to school in the little rock schoolhouse, and the first day of school it was snowing real hard, and I got lost on the way home. I had a hard time getting there. I only graduated from the 8th grade because I did not have any money, and I had to work all the time.

Work and Growing Up

My brother, Bill, and I used to herd cows every day. We would gather up the cows every morning and take them below town, and herd them and then bring them back at night. Mr. McMann had thirty head, and we got \$15.00 a month. I used to turn the grindstone for him grinding hay knives. We had two knives at a time, and we used to pour the water on and turn the wheel at the same time to keep the stone going to sharpen the knives. He paid me two and one-half cents a knife. He held the knife while I poured the water and turned the wheel. It was about two and one-half cents a knife which would take about an hour or one and one-half hours. I used to help fellows in the hay. I worked for Uncle Joe Beeston, and I remember stacking hay in the barn down there for twenty-five cents a day. Then later I got up to fifty cents a day. We used to have four-tined derrick forks called Jackson Forks. McMann was Lawrence Warner's uncle and Lawrence went down to contract to bunch his hay for fifty cents for five acres. We bunched up five acres for fifty cents a piece.

My Dad gave me a little grey pony when I was a boy, and we put it down in the field. When it got big enough to work, I used it all the time. We hauled wood on shares. Bill and I hauled with George Oaks on shares - we got every other load. That is all we had to do in the wintertime. We hauled wood and sold it. It was going at about \$3.00 a cord. We would get up in the morning before daylight - 4 or 5 o'clock with frost all over everything. It was cold weather, but we had to start early to get to town before the frost went out of the ground, or we would get stuck in the rocks and mud. We would start at five or six in the morning, get to Clear Lake around noon - have our dinner and then get a load in the afternoon and come back to camp - some would be way after dark. Some would drag wood in and finish loading it in camp by a big fire. I never had a very good team so I would only haul a cord and a half to a cord and three-fourths at a time, and it was \$3.00. So I would work a day and a half for \$4.50. Will Frampton and I took the contract to haul wood for the district school here, and it had to be corded in four foot lengths. We did not have any saws; we cut it with an ax by hand. William Swallow would cord it himself. A cord of wood was four feet wide four feet high and eight feet long - 128 (*square*) feet in a cord. I remember Roy Jones was our agricultural teacher here, and I sold him a load of wood, and he did not know how to measure a load of wood. I had to figure a cord. We used arithmetic in those days. They do not use it now, but then we used to figure. I and Ed Trimble took the contract to haul all the wood for the brick kiln out here where Chester Baker lives. We used to make adobes there, and Ed and I took the contract to haul the wood for Steve Greenway to make the inside brick for the high school. I never got any money out of that. Ed took brick and that is what he built his house with, but I never did get all my money.

Parents Divorced

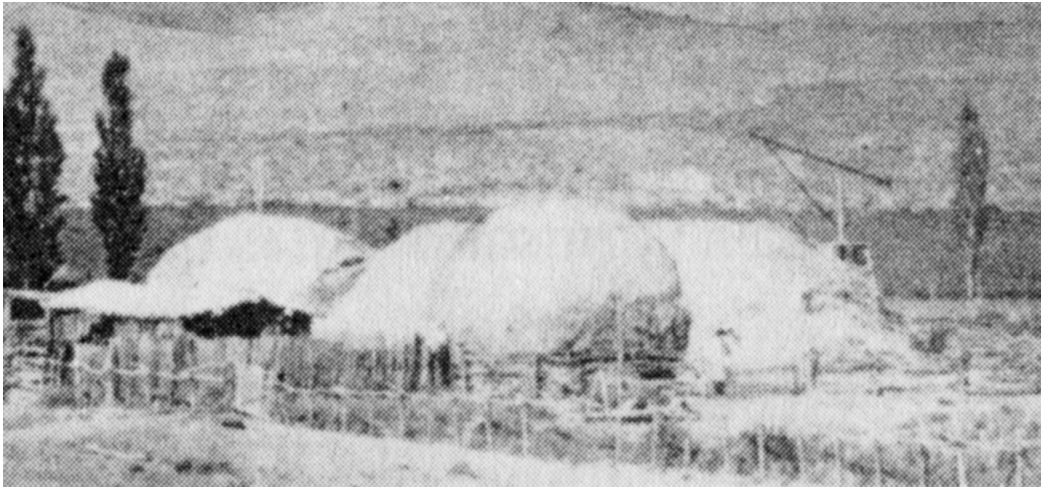
My mother and father were separated, and mother married Pete Huntsman. Mother used to take in washings. When I was living there, I helped Will Critchley lay the brick on the outside of the house owned by Edith Callister. The walls were real thick. My mother used to have fuchsia's in the windows in big wooden buckets. They would really grow in there. It was a thick house and a warm house. My mother and Pete wanted me to pay rent, but I was not making any money to pay rent, so I went down to live with Hattie and Marian Copley (*Marian Copley married Harriett Owens 8 September 1910. In the 1910 census, Marian Copley is living with his brother-in-law, William Swallow and his sister Clara Copley Swallow*). That was about the time they put the watering system in, and Marian took that half a lot to dig in front of his place there. So I went down there to live with them. I probably lived there a year or two because I bought this team from Ted Dearden to haul wood in the winter time. My mare had a colt, so I left her up in the corral and took this little grey pony and hauled wood. I went out for a load one trip, and when I came back Marian said I had lost my mare. I hadn't worked her at all. I had just got her. The mare had a halter on and the running gears of an old wagon were in the corral, and she had gotten the halter caught on the running gears and thrown herself and choked herself to death. I had borrowed the money of Will Goulter, \$400.00 to buy the mare, and so I borrowed the money from Dad to pay Will Goulter.

I was going with Jo (*Josephine Owens*) and we were talking some of getting married. Marian and Hattie (*Copley*) were going over to Richfield - the sugar factory at Gunnison was starting up - so they were going to go over there to live. William Swallow owned the place, and he had let Marian and Hattie live there. (*The place William Swallow let them live was most likely the old log cabin located at 175 W 100 N. This was the old Thomas Swallow cabin.*) When they left, I rented the place for \$6.00 a month. It had a lot of fruit on but I never could pay the rent. I tried it for a while but I could not keep the rent up at \$6.00 a month - so I finally sold out and went out to Nevada to work.

Work in Nevada

Milo Brunson and I went to Clear Lake - about -30 miles - and Frank Cummings owned a hotel there, so we went there the first night and stayed and caught the train from there. That was the station then - Delta was not thought of then. When I sold my outfit, I had \$50.00; so I went out with \$50.00. Haying had started. It was wild hay. Wilford Brunson and I took the job of stacking hay.

Figure 179 - Stacked Hay in Nevada



There was seven Fillmore fellows working out there, Johnny Huntsman, Joe Frampton, Wilford Brunson, Wendell Trimble, Hebe Mitchell, Milo Brunson and myself. Hebe was kinda the boss. We started stacking hay on the 23rd day of July and celebrated the 24th out there. It was the 25th of July, and we had stacked about one day. We got the top stacked out, and he had a fellow handling the team who did not know a thing about horses, how to stop or start them. He did not know whoa or stop or anything else. All he knew was to pull on the lines. He was Italian, and he was willing to learn. So we got the stack topped out.

They had these big long nets with two by fours running through about twelve feet long to hold the net. They would come in with these buck rakes and put the whole load on there - then they would take it up and dump it, and we would stack it. They brought it in from the field in buck rakes. They did not load it on wagons. The buck rakes slipped along the ground like a sleigh. They would windrow the hay first and then gather it up with the rakes.

My Accident

We got the stack topped out, and the fellow who had the team there, took hold of the team and took us up and jerked us on top of the arm. He took us up in the air as high as we could go just to scare us; and as he jerked - it broke the wire cable right down to the double tree; and as the wire cable broke, I fell and hit on the platform of the derrick and then to the ground and Wilford kinda slid down the side of the hay stack. It did not hurt him so much, but I was knocked out so Hebe Mitchell and some of them ran and got an old buckboard that we had there with a team on it and loaded me on this buckboard and started to the railroad.

It was ten miles to the railroad and then thirty miles to Elko to the hospital. It was ten miles to Haddock where the railroad was. So we started out. They laid me down in the cart, and Milo held the quilt over my face to keep the sun off. Hebe was driving, and we started out and then Hebe said we must go faster than this or we will not catch the train. So they put the horses on a trot; and every little bump they made, I would start yelling. My hip was thrown out of place, and my arm was mashed up in the muscle.

When we got to the home ranch, we stopped there a minute; and Jessie Gaskin came out and gave me a drink of something. She was cooking out there. She was Pete Huntsman's first wife. She was Dall Huntsman's mother.

When we got to the railroad, they just took me out of the wagon and laid me on the ground; and the woman working there told me to take my shoes off and I had armlets on and to take them off because my arm was swelling so where it was broken. She brought me a little drink of whiskey or toddy of something. But we beat the train five minutes. When the train pulled up, they brought a stretcher out and put me on that, and it was not quite so bad then. It was thirty miles from there to Elko, Nevada.

When we got to Elko, they took me to the hospital there and laid me on the floor and took a pair of scissors and cut my clothes off from me. They did not move me, just cut my clothes off. I was glad to take the morphine and like that. I sucked it in. When I came to, I was in a room there but I did not know where I was.

There were twenty-nine of us in there. It was all men. It was a county hospital. There weren't any women there. They had a man nurse and railroad doctors, and they were here there and everywhere. There was a fellow right the side of me that had his leg broken, and he had been there for a long while - another fellow that had rheumatism, and he was helpless. Nobody much could help you.

I laid there, and the railroad doctors came and set my arm and figured they had set my hip. I had been there three or four days, maybe a week, and I wasn't getting much better yet.

My hip was paining me an awful lot, so one night I got turned over on my back someway, and I could not stand to lay on my back. I had to lay on my left side because my right arm and right hip were both hurt, so I had to lay on the opposite side. I called for help, but nobody could help me. The man came around and said the doctors had gone home, and they could not come back. I was in an awful lot of pain, so I worked as much as I could over on my shoulders and then I gave a quick turn to get on my side off of my back and my hip snapped. I yelled and two or three fellows said "what is the matter?" and I said, "I hurt my hip."

The next day the doctor was going to take me in on the operating table and see what was wrong. The next day I felt better and I told him what I had done. He said, "maybe you have set it; we had better wait a day or two." It started to get better from then on. Jessie Gaskin came to see me quite often. Frank Strange sent a man up every other day or so, or called to see how I was getting along, because Milo and some of them said I would come back in a box. They said, "He will never live." Jessie Gaskin wrote to mother and told her that someone ought to come out and get me; that I was not doing very good and did not look very good; and I said well they could not do anything if they came out. They could not stay with me; and the shape I was in I could not leave the hospital so I had the man that was at the head of the hospital there write back and tell them not to come because I was feeling a little better. Joe Taber was the man who was head of the hospital.

When I went there he took the money I had and said - "I am keeping this money for you." I said, "I want to get out as soon as I can because I haven't got the money." He said, "Don't worry about that. I have your money, and I will give you every penny you

have coming when you leave. We will not keep a nickel of it. You can have all of it when you leave, so do not worry about the money."

Well, I was in there six weeks and I got so I could hobble around a little bit with a cane. Joe Taber's brother was a lawyer, and he wanted me to sue Mac. He said you can get a thousand or two dollars out of that. Well, I said I do not want to sue him, I think I am going to be all right. I never thought once that I would not get all right again. I turned twenty-one (*in 1908*) while I was out there.

After six weeks, they decided to let me come home so they told me to stop at the home ranch. They had a cart or buggy there that was going back and forth with supplies all the time, and the train stopped there and I could stop there and see Mac and see what he would do. He said, see if he will pay your expenses while you have been in here, and your doctor bills; and if he won't, when you get home and you are able you can send us a little bit at a time. So, I said O.K. They gave me what little bit of money I had coming and when I got off the railroad there was a cart there and it took me up to the home ranch. There were quite a few Fillmore fellows there. I got there about 11:00.

Mac's boy was there, and I said I came to see your dad about paying my expenses and paying me wages while I have been in the hospital because it was not my fault and I think he should pay me wages while I have been in there. I think it was around sixty or seventy dollars a month. They raised it when we started stacking hay. Well, he said, "I do not think Dad will do it. He is stubborn and I do not think he will do it, but it will not hurt to ask him."

So Mrs. Gaskin asked me to stay there for dinner because he was out in the field. The mosquitoes were really thick, and he went around with a red handkerchief hanging over his head with his hat on to shake the mosquitoes away. He rode a horse all the time-so when noon came I went in and had dinner with them and after dinner Mac went into his little office and I followed him in, and I told him what I thought - I said, "I got out of the hospital long before I am able to do anything and I do not know when I will be able to work, and I think you should pay my hospital bill and pay me some wages while I have been in there."

Well, he said, "you had a ladder there why didn't you come down the ladder?" Then he said, "I pay a lot of taxes in this county and I think that my men should be entitled to go there and so he said I'll do that - I'll go see them - I'm entitled to some support from it so I'll go see them and see that your hospital bill is paid and I'll give you seventy dollars while you were in the hospital;" but he had Hebe Mitchell and Johnny Huntsman as witnesses to sign with me that if anything did happen to my arm that I could not come back on to him for another nickel.

I was through. If I did not get better or if anything happened to me, I could not come back on them for anything, so I told him O.K. and I signed and Hebe Mitchell and John Huntsman signed with me. Then they took me down and put me on the train.

Home to Utah

I had told mother (*Emma Beeston Huntsman*) that I would be to Clear Lake at a certain time on a certain train and she and Pete (*Huntsman*) were there to meet me in a white top

buggy. When the train stopped I got out of the car a little way up the track and I come walking down with a cane and mother thought I was on a stretcher and they kept looking to see a stretcher come out and when they saw me they were sure surprised because they thought I was on a stretcher. I came home and stayed with them for a while.

Marion Owens was working over to Sigurd, Utah with Marian and Hattie Copley and after I got better he thought he could get me a job there. I was getting better pretty fast and getting around pretty good so I decided to go over there to work. There was no work around here at all. I was over to Sigurd one or two days - I stayed with Marian and Hattie Copley - they were living in a big tent and I slept out.

Mr. Owens was hauling beets to the factory. Marion and Beatrice Owens were living in Fillmore but Marion was over there working. Jo (*Josephine Owens*) and I had been going together all the time and writing back and forth to one another.

The next day I went out to split some wood. I had a big block of wood and I swung the ax and it went through the wood so easy it hit my instep and cut a big gash across the instep - well they took me to the hospital there and the doctor put five or six stitches in - he gave me a good drink of whiskey or toddy or something and sewed it up.

Well, Mr. Owens said he was quitting anyway and he thought it best for us to come home. So he said he would bring me home. It was late in the fall the snow was on the ground. When we got on Scipio Summit there was six inches of snow and we camped there the first night and I had two crutches then because I could not step on that foot - so he brought me home the next day. I stayed with Mother and Pete for a while and we had Dr. Stevens, so I had him look at my foot and he said it was doing fine.

I started working for Frank Robison during the winter months - we were feeding cattle. We were feeding them down to what we called the sink, and I would ride a horse back and forth - seven miles each way. I hauled salt from the salt beds the other side of Clear Lake for Bill (*J. William Swallow*) for the store. It was about 80 miles round trip. We got it from Swan Lake by the shovel fulls. We shoveled it in loose on a wagon box. Then in the winter we would help him put up the ice in his ice house back of the store. We froze the ice on ponds and cut it in large blocks and packed it in sawdust. Then in the summer we would go down and turn the ice cream freezers for Bill. He used to freeze all his own ice cream to sell in the Confectionery.

Josephine Owens

When I first started to go with Jo (*Josephine Owens*) there was Birdie and Hattie and Charlie Cummings and Henry Hatton. We went up there after a dance and it was late and the girls said, "Well here are your hats; it is time you was going," and we said, "we do not want our hats - we were not ready to go." We just left our hats there and laughed and started out and the rooster started to crow.

I was up there quite a bit. Jo was organist of the Mutual, and I would come up and go to mutual with her. She never missed a meeting of any kind. She went to every one. She was organist and teacher and everything else. We loved to dance. I was going home

from a dance one night and stumbled over an old cow laying on the sidewalk. I fell over it before I knew what it was and it scared the hell out of me. Jo worked at the hotel and made beds and cleaned rooms etc while she was going to school. She worked all day for fifty cents. They had salesmen or drummers come in and stay nights. They traveled by wagon or buggy. They brought our supplies in. One night at the hotel, Aunt Lois wanted Jo to stay all night; but she got so homesick about midnight that she got up and got her shoes on and dressed and walked home - about three-fourths of a mile.

Jo used to bring eggs to the store to get a few groceries and whenever she happened to see me, it embarrassed her to be carrying the eggs to get groceries. Lots of times Mrs. Owens would have a big pan of milk and heat it and toast bread in the oven and put it in this pan of milk and that would be their supper. At one time Jo and her family moved into a house where a spiritualist had lived, and she used to tell how they had a hard time keeping the doors and windows closed. Her brother Alton was a baby and was ill for quite a while. The evil spirits would torment him, and he would cry until someone with the priesthood was home to hold him so he could get some rest. He had black and blue spots on his body from the evil spirits tormenting him. They had to have the priesthood command the spirits to leave many times before they got rid of them.

Jo graduated from High School, but I only finished the eighth grade.

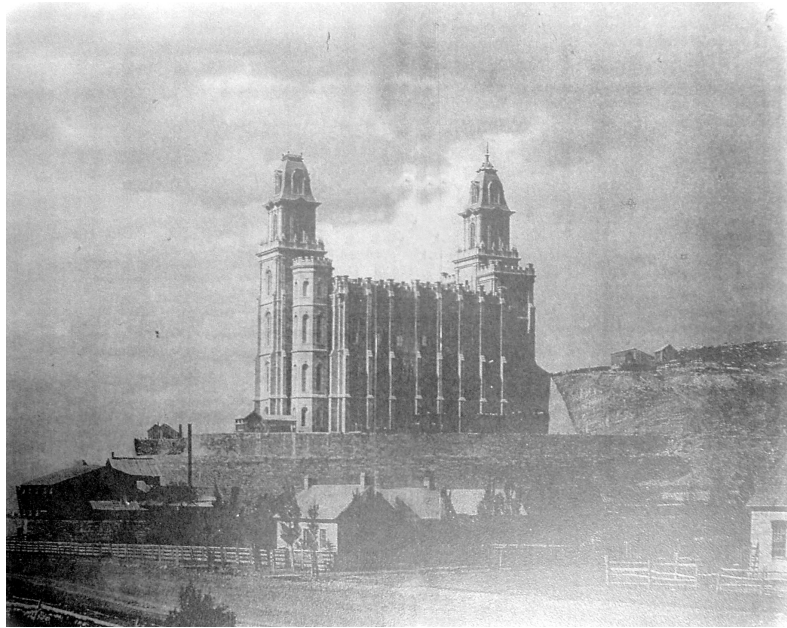
When they started to grade the road through Fillmore, I started to work on it. I had a team of horses, and I worked on it for ten days and got \$30.00. It was three dollars a day for man and team. I worked the hill from Ralph Wood's place down to the Nels Beauregard place. We were scraping the hill off down into the hollow. Ted Dearden and a bunch of us were working there. That is where I got the money to get married on. I got married on Thirty Dollars.

Marriage

Mrs. Owens thought Jo and I had better get married since we had been going together for so long - five years. So, we spoke to Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Powell - they were working in the Temple at Manti. We wrote to them, and they said they would take care of us. They would have a place for us to stay the night we got there and then they would take us through the Temple the next day.

Pete had a one seated buggy so we started out. We had our clothes etc., and they wanted us to take a can of honey over to Mrs. Powell. We went as far as Scipio the first night and Edson Robison - they were relatives of the Owens' - was going to put us up. They did not have room in the house for me, so they let Jo sleep in the house and I slept out on the haystack.

Figure 180 - An Early Photo of the Manti Temple



The next day we started on for Manti. When we got to Scipio Lake, about five miles south of Scipio, I felt like something kinda wet on my leg, and I reached down and we had knocked the lid off the can of honey and I had honey all over my leg. We had a black hairy robe over our laps to keep warm. It was covered with honey, and so were we.

We stopped and went down to the lake and washed it off the best we could and cleaned out the honey and put the lid back on. It was raining so we hung the lap robe over the front of the buggy and let the rain help wash it. What a mess - but we were young so we laughed about it and about the Honeymoon before we got married - but on that hairy Mack lap robe - what a sticky mess.

It rained most of the day and I had to keep asking if I was on the right road, but we got to Manti that night. They took care of the team, and Mrs. Russell had a room for us. We had a big room divided in four with a sheet between and a bed on each side - like a hospital room.

The next morning we got married - on June 18, 1913, in the Manti Temple, for time and all eternity. There were seven couples getting married that morning. We were all laughing and joking about what a time we had getting over there. Some had troubles one way and some another.

We came back as far as Gunnison that night. Mornise Beauregard was taking care of the Gunnison hotel. He was Nels Beauregard's brother - so when we got there they took my team and took care of them, and had us go in the house where it was warm. We stayed there that night and came on home the next day. Mrs. Owens had a wedding supper with fresh strawberries. She had a lot of strawberries so they had a group of girl friends up and had strawberries and cream - that was the only reception we had.

We moved in with Jo's mother and

Figure 181 - Josephine Owens Swallow and Alfred B. Swallow - Married 50 Years

dad and slept on the back porch or sometimes outside under the trees. I had just gotten my false teeth and one night out there I lost them. I thought I had swallowed them, but found them the next morning in the bed.

I worked for Mr. Owens some and then we decided to build a little place. Martin Hansen had a sawmill up Teeple's Canyon a ways; so we went up there. I had a team, but I was a poor man with horses and Marion Owens was a

dandy with the horses. We got lumber out and Martin would saw it up and we would haul it down. We hauled lumber down to pay for the sawing, and then he put the house up for us. Jack McBride had his lumber yard right through the lot from us here and we would sell the lumber to him, and he sawed the logs for us just square logs. When Martin Hansen quit the sawmill in the wintertime, he came down and built the house for us. It was one large room and a little lean-to. Four square logs all sides were square and plastered on the inside. A factory ceiling in the lean-to built for a kitchen. The one room was a good sized room. *(We paid for the lumber)* For what we worked up there - hauled lumber out for him and then we would give him raspberries and like that on the side to help pay for it. It *(our new home)* was west of the place where Mr. & Mrs. Owens lived. Then we moved into it and Leah, Gene, and Thora were born there.

Swallow – Married 50 Years



Figure 182 - Alfred B. and Josephine Owens Swallow



Figure 183 - Alfred B. and Josephine Owens Swallow in Front of Their Home



Figure 184 - Alfred B. and Josephine Owens Swallow



Figure 185 - Alfred B. and Josephine Owens Swallow Family



Pauline Swallow Robison

Pauline Swallow Robison recorded the following about herself:

I started to school at the age of 7 years, graduated from 8th grade in 1911 and graduated from Millard High School June 4th, 1915. We went to Pocatello, Idaho to visit my brothers, Ed and George, and came home. I married Alfred M. Robison October 6, 1915 and moved to Hatton, Utah. We lived there eight years and moved back to Fillmore.

Figure 186 - Pauline Swallow in about 1898



Figure 187 - Pauline B. Swallow in 1913



Mother and father separated when I was a very small child. Father later married Minnie Raymond of Salt Lake; and mother later married William H. Robison, the father of my husband, Alfred M. Robison.

We lived in father's old home for a few years and later moved into the William Swallow (my uncle) home, which my father purchased before my uncle died. My father and Uncle William lived with us till they passed away.

My father (*Joseph Swallow*) owned a Confectionery with my oldest brother, Bill. It was located in the old Fillmore State Bank Building, where the Dell Patio now is. I worked in the store from the time I was 15 years old till I graduated from High School. My oldest brother, Bill, then bought part interest in the store, and they were in business together. (*According J. William or "Bill" Swallow, he and his father, Joseph Swallow, purchased the store together in 1909, contributing \$50 each toward the purchase.*) Bill later bought father's interest in the store. (*and a few years later*) Father passed away.

I married a few months after I graduated from high school and continued to work in the store at various times until we moved to Hatton. Then we came back to Fillmore and later, after mother, died, Alfred's father married again. They moved to the farm in Hatton, and we stayed in Fillmore. I continued to work in the store. Then in 1942, I went to work in the telephone office for Mr. and Mrs. Clark Callister. I worked at telephone operator till 1951. Then went back as part

time clerk in the store, where I am still employed.

Church Activities

Secretary of Primary	1910
Secretary of Sunday School	1916
Teacher in Sunday School	1919
Teacher in Sunday School	1925 to 1935
Teacher in Primary	1925
Counselor in Primary	1926
Counselor in M.I.A.	1927 to 1932
Millard Stake secretary in M.I.A.	
Secretary and teacher in Relief Society	

Daughter of Utah Pioneers; East Millard Registrar for D.U.P., Activities

1st Vice Capt. to Margie Cox

1st Vice Capt. to Hazel L. Trimble

Figure 188 - Pauline Swallow Robison in 1923



Figure 189 - Pauline Swallow Robison in about 1955



Remembrances of Pauline Swallow Robison by a granddaughter, Jondrae Larsen Reeve:

Pauline Swallow Robison was a caregiver for both Uncle William and her father Joseph. She often said that she inherited the oak piano for taking care of Uncle William and the home for taking care of Joseph. She worked for many years as a clerk along side her brother, J. William Swallow. He would often come down to the house after church for Sunday dinner. Pauline's favorite flower was the rose. Her husband, Alfred Milton Robison, planted many roses in the yard and at the court house since he knew it was her favorite. Pauline would go visit friends in the neighborhood, and they in turn would come visit her. Laura from across the street would come over and play scrabble. She (*Pauline*) would work on a quilt with Greta. Tona would bring down some homemade rolls. She would have a good visit with Zina or Truman & Lucille. Her favorite holiday seemed to be Memorial Day. She would grow peonies in the yard and sell them on Decoration Day. It was a time that family would come to visit and talk about what was going on in their lives or family history. She would often go up to the cemetery, several times during

the day, to see if there were extended family members visiting that she could invite over to the house. In later life, Pauline loved to play Parcheesi, Skip-Bo, or Canasta in order to keep her mind active and sharp.

Edmund B. Swallow

The following history of Edmund B. Swallow was compiled from a newspaper article when he retired in 1969 and from his obituary published September 7, 1995. He was 96 years old when he passed away.

Edmund B. Swallow is a native of Fillmore, being born January 10, 1899 to Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow. He is the youngest of five children.

He attended grade schools, graduated from high school, and later attended the then Idaho Technical Institute.

His father and his eldest brother, J. William Swallow, operated a confectionery in Fillmore. Ed helped with the store operation, did some sampling, and after high school went to Nevada to look around, when a brother, George, told him work was available, he hastened there.

In 1917 he was employed by the railroad, and in 1928 took a position in Brigham City, Utah as a cashier. He returned to Pocatello in 1932 and worked as a cashier until his retirement in 1969.

Ed married Alta Terry, his bride of 62 years, on November 29, 1933, in the Logan, Utah L.D.S. Temple. In addition to his 51 years at the railroad, Ed and Alta owned several local businesses. Ed was a real estate agent, part-time, and in 1957 they operated the Karmelkorn Shop on Main and Clark, then later Lee Ann's Gift Shop in the Bannock Hotel.

In 1972 he joined Rotary International, and served on the fellowship committee and as the Rotary information film coordinator. In 1994 he received Rotary's highest honor, the Paul Harris Fellow Award.

Ed Swallow was a member of the L.D.S. church, has served as ward and Stake Sunday School superintendent; ward clerk, as secretary and president of the high priests quorum. He served with nine stake presidents and for 50 years in stake callings. He enjoyed golfing and loved traveling with Alta.

Figure 190 - Edmund B. Swallow

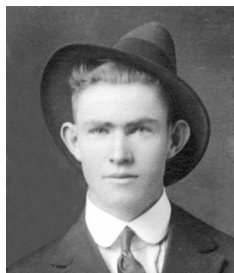


Figure 191 - Edmund B. Swallow

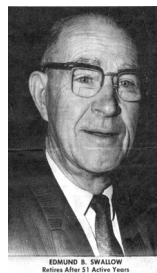
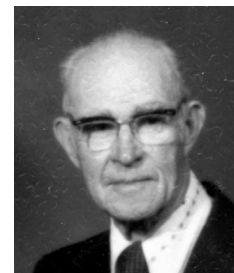


Figure 192 - Edmund B. Swallow



Chapter 6 –History of the James Swallow Family

Growing Up in England

James Swallow Tells His Own Story:

I, James Swallow, was born (*January 13, 1861*) in Stebbing, Essex, England of great parentage. My grandfather, Thomas Swallow, was born the 18th of April, 1797 (*according to St. Mary's parish records*) and converted to the church the 22nd of May 1858 (*The Dunmow Branch records show he was baptized 3 June 1855. The 1858 baptism may have been a second baptism*). He married Mary Heard, 24th of October, 1817. (*Mary Heard died before the 1861 Census*).

The only thing I remember of England was seeing those “green grass” rolling hills and going down the long lane taking cookies to my Grandfather. He was bedridden from injuries received in the war, but his eyes would light up with a cheery greeting as he would pull me close, speaking lovingly of his little grandson. Grandmother's eyes would twinkle, and she always had something for me. Grandfather didn't join the church until 13 May 1884, thirty-one years later. (*James' grandfather and grandmother Swallow died in 1861 and 1855 respectively so they were not alive when James was a child in England. James' grandfather, William Cow, was alive until 23 January 1871 and was baptized by proxy in the St. George Temple on 13 May 1884. However, James' grandmother Crow died in 1846. It is possible that William Crow remarried and we have no record of it. He may have been remembering one of his many aunts and uncles who lived in the area.*)

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories called James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

Afton Lambert asked grandfather, James Swallow, many times what he could remember about England. She said, he would say, "The grass was beautiful and green, and there was so much of it." He remembered going to his grandmother's over rolling little hills all covered with grass. He would walk all the way with cookies or some other goodies for her that his mother had made. Grandfather always wanted plum pudding for Christmas dinner. This was a great English tradition. (*See note above about grandparents*).

June Swallow Smith, a daughter, has this to say in her history of James Swallow:

The children in the family were: Frederick born June 22, 1849; George born 11 July 1851; William born 23 Sep 1855 (*civil records show 21 Sep 1855*); Joseph born 28 June 1858; James born 13 Jan 1861; Eliza Esther born 7 June 1863; and Charles 4 Nov 1865. All of the children were born in Stebbing Green, (*Parish of Stebbing, Dunmow District*), Essex County, England. The Thomas Swallow family lived on a farm belonging to the Royal Family (*actually just a family of Nobility*). They were told what to plant and were allowed to keep enough food for their family to eat and enough to sell in order to clothe the family. Their basic foods were potatoes, cheese, and molasses. The Mormon missionaries converted the family to Mormonism. Charles W. Penrose and Joseph V. Robison (*were the missionaries*) who held cottage meetings at the Swallow home. James was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1869 (*at eight years old*), and re-baptized (*on 14 August 1892 and re-confirmed 17 August 1892 according to the Allen Russell Journal. The Allen Russell Journal also shows Charlotte Dearden Swallow was also re-baptized and re-confirmed on these same dates. Fillmore Ward records show 17 August 1892 for both re-baptisms and both re-confirmations*).

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories entitled James Swallow and

Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

James had five brothers and one sister, and the family was poor. They had very little but plenty of bread. The family worked hard and saved their money. Joseph and James had jobs scaring crows from the wheat with clippers and also keeping chickens out of the wheat fields. They also herded turkeys, pigs, and sheep. The most James earned was two shillings and six-pence (about 60 cents) a week.

James Swallow continues His Own Story:

My own parents (*Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow*) were truly an inspiration to me. Father was converted 9th November 1854 (*The Braintree Branch records show that Thomas Swallow was baptized November 25, 1854.*) and from then on was an example to his family and everyone with whom he came in contact. He truly was a faithful, diligent worker and missionary.

Mother was converted the 16th of September 1854. (*The Braintree Branch records show that Caroline Crow Swallow was baptized September 18, 1854.*) Together they entertained the missionaries in their home for 20 years, father being Branch President 18 of the 20 years.

Immigration - A Great Adventure

President Brigham Young was encouraging the Saints to come to Utah. Father had his duties in England and had the expenses of a growing family which made it difficult for him to save passage fare. Single fellows, without the expense of a family, were emigrating. Many were coming through the Emigration fund. So Mother and Dad first let George come in 1868 and Frederick in 1871. The 12th of June 1872, Joseph (age 14) and I, James (age 11) being 12 in January (*next*), came under the guardianship of Elizabeth Marshall (*who was just immigrating to America*). Joseph V. Robison sponsored Joseph and Chandler Holbrook sponsored me, (James), by letting us work for them to pay back the money to the emigration fund.

This was an exciting time for we town boys to join our two older brothers in America. My parents were happy in the knowledge of obedience to our church leaders and yet, sad to see their boys leave. Mother walked six miles with us to Braintree to see us meet the train for London.

It would have been much harder on Father and Mother to have seen us leave if they hadn't great confidence in the treatment their sons would receive when they arrived in Fillmore.

I have seen the ocean with the moon nearly full with a blue sky studded with stars, the reflection of which makes the sea appear like an immense sheet of cliamount (*claymore*) - or I have seen it when it resembles an immense boiling cauldron covered with white foam; while the roar of the winds and waves was like the bellowing of a thousand wild bulls.

It was one of these nights when I saw the mighty deep in its anger, with our ship nearly on her beam ends when I and Joe awoke trembling and frightened. We pulled on our clothes and scarcely able to stand on our feet, stumbling, ran to the room of Sister Marshall and climbed in bed with her. She soon consoled and calmed our fears.

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories entitled James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

James and Joseph crossed the ocean aboard the steamer, "Manhattan." In the maritime encyclopedia by Conway B. Stonne, the following description is given of the ship and emigrant companies:

Six emigrant companies -- totaling 1308 Saints -- crossed the Atlantic aboard the steamer Manhattan of the Guion Line. These companies ranged in size from 35 to 482, and the passages from Liverpool to New York averaged 14.7 days. The first voyage began on 21 June 1867, and the last on 4 December 1872. Captain James Williams skippered the first crossing, Captain William Forsyth the next three, and Captain James Price the last two. Among the prominent Mormons who traveled aboard this ship were Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a prominent Utah educator, and Lorin Fair, mayor of Ogden, Utah, for many years.

Hailing out of Liverpool, the Manhattan was a sharp model with three decks, an iron hull, inverted engines, two masts, one funnel, a clipper bow, and a speed of 10 knots. She accommodated 72 first- and 800 third-class passengers. In 1875 she was sold to the Warren Lins for its Liverpool to Boston service and renamed Massachusetts. On 15 August 1902, after several changes of name and ownership, the vessel was wrecked near Cape Town, South Africa. Her sister ships were the Chicago, Colorado, and Minnesota.

When traveling on their way to London, two gentlemen asked them whose little boys they were, and where they were going. Then one of the gentlemen gave each one a coin. When they arrived in London, there was no one to meet them; and they became frightened as they had never been away from home before. A policeman asked about them and took them to the party that was supposed to have met them. Joseph E. Robinson (*Joseph Vickery Robison*), a missionary in England, made it possible for the boys to emigrate to America. About that time Brother Robison was appointed Conference President in London, England, and Brother Britton (*Brinton according to the Mormon Immigration Index*) who had been President was in charge of the Saints coming to Utah. Among the Saints was a young lady named Lizzie Marshall (*born December 26, 1849*), and the boys were put in her charge. (*Lizzie Marshall married Albert Robison April 28, 1873. After he died she married his father, Joseph Vickery Robison, October 5, 1885 in Fillmore, Utah*).

While crossing the ocean, both boys were sick for four days. During mid-ocean a big storm came up, and the sailors had to dip water out of the steamship. Cans and everything movable on board were floating. The people on the boat were frightened because it looked as though they would sink. Both boys trembled with fear. Miss Marshall let them climb up in her berth. She told them that God would protect them because they were brave boys coming to America for a good cause, where they could worship God as they wished. This comforted the boys, and they felt that God would protect them. (*Brother*) Britton tried to quiet and comfort everyone and told them they were going to Zion, and not to be afraid, they would get there. He knelt on the table to pray to keep out of the water. It was said the storm almost stopped before he had finished praying. Miss Marshall kept the boys with her that night, and they earnestly prayed to their Heavenly Father to protect them. The next morning the storm had ceased, and they arrived safely in America. They bought a watermelon as soon as they landed. When they opened it, it was all red inside. They thought it was spoiled, so they threw it away. This was the first watermelon they had ever seen. They landed in New York, and came by rail to Draper, Utah, and then by team to Fillmore, Utah.

James Swallow Tells His Own Story, continued:

Reaching the end of the railway at Draper, Utah, a buggy with one horse was provided, and we headed for Fillmore where we were admitted into the homes of the missionaries who sponsored our way over. How wonderful it was to be in a home.

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories called James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

In 1872, Henry Davies and Thomas Dearden were called by President Brigham Young and Bishop Edward Partridge to help colonize and build up Fillmore, Utah. *(After they moved to Fillmore,)* They operated the first sawmill on Chalk Creek, supplying lumber for building purposes.

(When they first went to Fillmore,) Travel was slow between Springville and Fillmore for the oxen and wagons were loaded with personal belongings and a steam engine for the sawmill. The families *(on their move to Fillmore)* were stopped on Scipio summit for a rest, when a horse-drawn buggy came by, Elizabeth Marshall, later Mrs. Robison, Joe, and Jim Swallow were passengers in the buggy. They were all from England. (See Appendix E for a more complete history of Thomas Dearden.)

Fillmore and Working

James Swallow Tells His Own Story, continued:

After arriving here in Fillmore, I worked for Orson Holbrook, father of the missionary sponsor *(Chandler Holbrook)*, Alonzo Robison and others for 50 cents a week. It surely was a joyous reunion to meet George and Fred. George and Fred sent money to the others who stayed in England and worked, and then Joseph and I sent money to my Father and Mother and with combined savings, they left England with their little daughter who was eleven and Charles, eight years old.

(Thomas, Caroline, Eliza and Charles Swallow sailed from England, on the "Wyoming", September 2, 1874 to join their four children in Fillmore, Utah. One year after arriving in Fillmore, their only daughter, Eliza, died of diphtheria. James mourned greatly over the loss of his beloved sister.)

We were happy and thrilled to have the rest of our family join us. As I grew older, I got a job freighting from Fillmore to Nevada to the farmers and ranchers. George *(Swallow)* wanted me to buy in with him on a ranch out to Spring Valley. We bought cattle and stocked it *(in about 1885)*.

Figure 193 - Freighters in Nevada



Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Figure 194 - Cattle on the Swallow Ranch



Cows and calves on the Swallow ranch in Spring Valley, Nevada

Figure 195 - Home on the Swallow Ranch in About 1900



This was the home on the Swallow ranch in about 1900.

The original log cabin, on the right, was there in 1873 when George first bought into the ranch.

George lived in the cabin for many years and several of his children were born there.

James became a U.S. citizen on February 28, 1888.

Charlotte Dearden – Child – Wife - Mother

The following was written by: June Swallow Smith, Charlotte's daughter. It was published in Builders of Early Millard, compiled by Stella H. Day.

Charlotte Dearden, fourth child of Thomas and Charlotte Davies Dearden was born Oct 10, 1871, in Springville, Utah. (*Springville ward records show Charlotte was born 10 Oct 1870 and blessed 7 Dec 1871. Henry Davies' book shows the birth as 1871.*) Besides the father and mother, Charlotte's family consisted of Sarah, born Feb 9, 1867, Lancaster England, Joseph Hyrum, March 24, 1868, also England; Susan, born Dec 22, 1869; Charlotte, born Oct 10, 1871; Isabella, born Aug 14, 1873; Thomas Davies born Sept 4, 1875; Ann born Oct 8, 1877; Esther born Aug 4, 1879; Elizabeth born March 20, 1881; Henry Davies born Dec 11, 1882 (*and blessed in March of 1883*); Fannie born Dec 9, 1885; Albert Edward, born June 16, 1887.

Charlotte moved, with her parents, to Fillmore, when just a year old. They lived in a little log house, and Charlotte attended school in the Little Rock Schoolhouse. Charlotte attended school for a short time in the Rock Schoolhouse and the old courthouse. Charlotte had to quit school and get a job to help the large family. She worked for Chandler and Eunice Holbrook, Thomas and Alice Callister, and Joshua and Josephine Greenwood. (*She also worked for the Thomas Swallow family where she met James Swallow.*)

From the writings of LaNola Swallow Turner it states:

(Charlotte said she still remembers) How we would kneel at our chairs, and father would lead us in prayers. I can still hear some of the phrases he would say. And mother was right behind him and respected him as the Patriarch of our family.

The following was written by: June Swallow Smith, Charlotte's daughter. It was published in Builders of Early Millard, compiled by Stella H. Day.

Figure 196 - Charlotte Dearden with Two Siblings



Henry, Charlotte, and Susan Dearden

On March 30, 1889, Charlotte's mother died leaving a large family. (*Henry Davies' record shows 5 January 1889 as the death date of Charlotte's mother. The responsibility for taking care of the younger children now fell onto the shoulders of Charlotte and Isabella because their father was away on business for long periods of time. See Appendix D for a more complete history on the Thomas Dearden family.*)

Figure 197 - James Swallow About - 1883

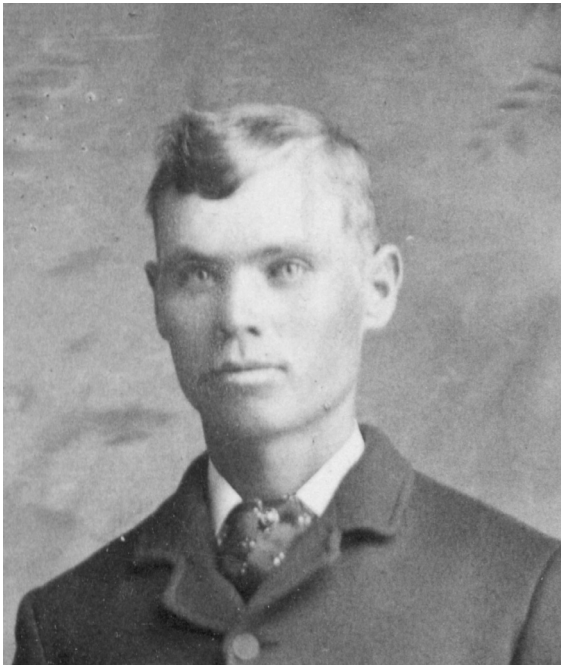


Figure 198 - Charlotte Dearden About - 1889



James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden were married on December 20, 1889. James and Charlotte took Edward (Ted) to raise as their own, since he was less than two years old when his mother died. Charlotte's sister, Ann, also spent many happy years with James and Charlotte.

Charlotte always worked diligently both inside the house and in her garden. She had two large basement rooms which were filled with fruits, vegetables, jams, and jellies. They raised their own meat; in fact, they seldom had to purchase food as they raised nearly everything they needed.

She was kind to everyone and served in the Relief Society for years. Christmas was a happy time at the Swallow home. It was always the gathering place for the children and grandchildren. Charlotte was an excellent cook and had goodies of all kinds.

Children of James and Charlotte were: Charlotte, March 17, 1890; Ella, born Nov 1, 1891; Nellie born May 15, 1893; Florence born March 14, 1895; Eva Caroline born March 20, 1898; James Franklin born Sept 14, 1903; Albert Rulen Oct 19, 1905; Olive June born June 13, 1909; LaNola Elaine, born Oct 13, 1910.

Marriage and Children of James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden

Figure 199 - James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow Family Group Photo Sheet



The History of Charlotte Dearden Swallow by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner says:

Because times were really difficult (*for the parents of Charlotte Dearden*) and her father had a large family to support, the girls in the family worked out for Chandler and Eunice Holbrook, Thomas and Alice Callister, Joshua and Josephine Greenwood and Thomas and Caroline Swallow.

June Swallow Smith, a daughter of James, said:

Caroline, mother of James, took a chill while crossing the ocean and never fully recovered. While Belle (*Isabelle*) and Charlotte were working at the Swallows, Charlotte fell in love with James Swallow and Belle fell in love with Charles Swallow.

James and Charlotte were married 20 Dec. 1889 (*by Thomas Callister with William Beeston and Henry Davies as witnesses. They were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple April 5, 1916.*) On 5 Jan. 1889, Charlotte's mother, Charlotte Davies Dearden passed away leaving a family of twelve with ten of them still at home. The baby (Ted Dearden) was only one year and five months old.

Because of this, Charlotte and Belle (*Isabella*) stayed at their father's home to help with the children. During this time, Charlotte lost her own little baby, Charlotte, 5 April 1890 (*Some family histories show baby Charlotte died on 5 April 1890. Other family histories show she moved with the family to 175 W. 100 N. in 1891. Church records show she was blessed on 12 April 1890. A photo labeled "Charlotte Swallow" shows a little girl about one year old. Cemetery sexton records do not give Charlotte's death date. This suggests that she died in 1891 not 1890. The photo at the right is labeled "Charlotte Swallow" and is in the possession of Sandra Turner of Fillmore, Utah.*

Meanwhile, James was freighting back and forth to Nevada with Joe Smith, Will Payne, and Lafe Barkdall, (*and working on the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.*)

Figure 200 - Charlotte Swallow



According to Alfred M. Swallow, his Uncle James and Aunt Charlotte spent part of the summer in 1890 on the ranch at Shoshone. Charlotte saw the ranch first hand, and she saw her father's "Ranchers Store" in Baker, Nevada, about 30 miles from Shoshone. George and Ann Swallow had five children between one and ten years old at that time. It would be the fall of 1893 before there would be a school at the ranch and 1925 before the L.D.S. Church organized a Branch in the area. Charlotte knew how isolated this area was and how long it would take to have real schools and an L.D.S. church where George and James owned this ranch in south Spring Valley, Nevada. Charlotte wanted her children to attend a real school and church, as they grew up. She refused to raise her family in such an isolated place.

Activities in the L.D.S. Church

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal, a Fillmore church leader, show that Charlotte Dearden Swallow was very protective and careful about the health of her second child, Ella Swallow, born on November 1, 1891. She lost her first child in 1890 or 1891, prior to the birth of Ella.

March 1892

Tuesday 15 - Brother Ashman and myself administered to Charlotte Swallows baby (*Ella Swallow*) as it was sick with the croup.

Saturday 19 - Charlotte Swallow sent for me to come see her babe as it was sick. I went but it did not seem to be very sick.

Sunday March 20, 1892 - Abraham Freer Carling administered to Charlotte Swallow's babe.

Monday 21- I went and saw Sister Swallow's babe. It was better. I then went and saw Margaret McMahon, she was quite sick and chopped them a little wood.

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal show that James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow recommitted themselves to the Church through re-baptism.

July 1892

Sunday 14 - I went to meeting. Speakers were A. Greenwood and John Trimbal. They spoke of the world and exhorted the Saints to live their religion. I attended prayer meeting at Brother Ashman's, our subject being; "The condition of the people and the officers of this stake of Zion, that they were walking in darkness at noonday, and also visiting those that should be baptized." Accordingly we visited James Swallow and wife; we appointed Monday evening, the 15th to baptize. I visited Joseph Dearden and wife, Edward Davis and wife. They manifested a desire to be baptized when convenient. I selected a place to baptize at Croft's Mill. At about 7 o'clock, William Swallow, James Swallow and wife, Joseph Dearden and wife, came and I baptized them. Witnesses present, J. Croft, and Margaret A. Russell.

Wednesday 17 - John Ashman and I confirmed those that came to be confirmed, which was William Swallow, James Swallow and wife.

Dec 1898

Tuesday 20 - We called on James Swallow but he being absent went and visited Sister Day, Emily Ray and son; and in evening visited Dean Mace and wife in connection with Bert Warner and wife and preached the gospel to them with cheerful hearts and all seemed to enjoy themselves listening to our words.

Feb 1904

Saturday 20 - I visited Herma King and preached the gospel to her exhorting her to search the scriptures and learn for herself the mind and will of God and to attend meetings. I visited Harvy King's wife and exhorted her to study the scriptures and try to live for the blessings in store for the people of God. I visited James Swallows, Mame Day, Josh Nicholas' wife, Mary Smith, Marion Owens, Sims Nichols, James Day and his son Frank and taught them the gospel along different lines as I thought best needed to them. I visited Charley Frampton Jr. and he said he did not belong to the Church but was keeping a Saloon. I asked him if he thought more of the Saloon business than he did of the Church and its blessings and he said he did not know much about the Church or it's blessings. I asked him if he would listen to me some time explain the gospel to him and he said, "Yes." I visited Jack McBride's wife, he not being home.

July 1905

Sunday 30 - I attended ward meeting and offered opening prayer. Bert King and Andrew Anderson were the speakers. I went to James Swallow's in the capacity of a Priest. He was not at home so I talked to his wife about an hour. I then went to Miah Day's. He had to go away so said for me to come again.

Aug 1905

Saturday 5 - I visited James Swallow in the capacity of a Priest and preached the gospel to him and his wife.

James Swallow continues His Own Story:

I didn't get to go on a mission as I was promised in my Patriarchal blessing, but I told my brother Charles, if he would go, I would help his family which I and Charlotte did.

I have a great love for the church. I was ordained an Elder the 14th April, 1900 (*Church records show the year as 1901*), by Francis Lyman and a High Priest by Charles A Callis (*on May 15, 1936. Joseph Swallow, James' older brother, was ordained a High Priest on the same day by Charles A. Callis*). Charlotte and I were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple the 5th of April 1916. Our children all chose mates in Fillmore and now all have been sealed in the temple.

James' and Charlotte's First Home in Fillmore (1891 to 1895)

I loved the wide open spaces. I would have liked to move my wife and family out there and live. (*The Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Spring Valley, Nevada where he had a partnership interest in about 1885 from his brother, George.*) However, Charlotte says, "no, Jim, I would rather have less and even scrub floors for a living than raise our family where there is no schools and no church." In obedience to Charlotte's wishes, because I loved her so much, I sold my share of things to George and decided to buy in here at Fillmore.

Figure 201 - 175 W. 100 N. in Fillmore, Utah



We first lived in a little home on 175 W. 100 N., where Ella, Nell, and Albert ("Ted" Dearden, Charlotte's brother) first comprised our family. (*175 W. 100 N. is the property address that was sold to James in June 12, 1891; and 175 W. 100 N. is the address that is given in Charlotte's history for the first home James and she owned in Fillmore. The Fillmore High School parking lot now occupies 175 W. 100 N. However, this is the address of the original log cabin owned by Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.. In*

June 1891, Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow moved to 170 W. 100 N. - the two story red brick home that is still standing and owned by Carma Robison Larsen, a granddaughter of Joseph Swallow).

Charlotte Dearden's History written by June Swallow Smith and/or LaNola Swallow Turner shows:

Charlotte, though married stayed *(at her father's)* home and helped Isabelle, *(her sister)*, with the children *(of Thomas Dearden's that were still very young and living at home)*.

A little more than a year later Charlotte and Isabelle decided it would be better if Charlotte moved to a home of her own. James sold out *(his interest in the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada in 1891)*. James then bought a house in Fillmore for Charlotte. Charlotte moved Ted (Albert E. Dearden) who was the baby into their first Fillmore home, a log house at 175 West 100 North. This old house became a welcome place for Ted *(Dearden)*, baby Charlotte, Ella and Nellie. In 1960, Jack Jorgensen lived in this log house at 175 W. 100 N.

The Move to Chalk Creek and "The Old Place"

James and Charlotte Swallow purchased the 19.6 acres on Chalk Creek from George and Anna Swallow in 1895. The family moved to Chalk Creek in 1895. They lived in "the Old Place" until 1905 when James picked out the best site on the property to build a new home. His brother, William, helped him build an English style, two-story brick home that was on a hill overlooking all of Fillmore.

James Swallow continues His Own Story:

We lived on what we called, "the Old Place," where stood an old adobe house where many wonderful things happened as well as worrisome things. *(Charlotte's History by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner, states that: "This land (on Chalk Creek) had an old adobe house on the west end we called 'The Old Place.'")* While here Florence and my first son, Frank, were born. How happy I was. I had the name Frank picked out for a long time.

Near tragedy happened to our little girls. Nell and Florence were roasting apples on an old mystic stove on the open front. Their little black sateen petticoats caught on fire. I heard their screams and came in, grabbed Floss and threw her out in the snow-bank. Floss has always carried the scar of this burn. At this time Mother was uptown helping Ann (Dearden) *(her sister who lived with us)* shop for her trousseau because she was marrying Joshua Bushnell.

Figure 202 - Ella Swallow, Nell Swallow and Florence Swallow



Figure 203 - Albert "Bert" Swallow and James "Frank" Swallow



Five of the James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow Children

A New Home and More Property on Chalk Creek (1905)

I built a two-story red brick home and moved my family into it the night of a big snowstorm. This same night my second son, Albert (Bert), was born. We were really happy. Then, of course, two more sweet little girls came to our home, Olive June and LaNola Elaine. I truly loved my family. I loved working with my two boys, Frank and Bert. We farmed twenty acres in the sink which we planted to sugar beets when the railroad was put into Fillmore. Many the morning, we arose early and with the wheels of the wood-rack crunching on the frozen snow headed for the cedars camping over night and returning the next night with a huge load of wood.

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Figure 204 - Winter at Chalk Creek



Figure 205 - The New Two-story Brick Home on Chalk Creek



The big red brick home James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow built in Fillmore, Utah

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Figure 206 - James Swallow with His Daughter Florence Swallow Beeston at the Chalk Creek Home



Figure 207 - The James Swallow Chalk Creek Property Today



It says in the History of Charlotte Dearden Swallow by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner:

Nine beautiful children were born to Charlotte. Her darling little brother (*Albert Edward "Ted"*), also became like one of her own children. Her sister, Ann (*Dearden*), was privileged to live in the home for five years before she married Joshua Bushnell.

From the History of Noreen Swallow Labrum, by herself, we read:

We used to go to Fillmore to Aunt Shall's (Charlotte), and Uncle Jim Swallow's. She is mother's sister, and he is father's brother. They raised grapes, melons, and fruit, and sold it. We had such good times there. They lived high in the canyon. There were so many good places to play. I especially remember a swinging bridge over the creek.

James Swallow continues His Own Story:

I bought the Rowley lot, the Croft lot from Jacob Croft, the Huntsman lot from Miah Day. My property now extended to the creek and far up in the hills. I could stand on my front porch and look to the main street of Fillmore.

June Swallow Smith, a daughter, has this to say in her History of James Swallow:

This large farm was a picture with its orchards, grape vineyards, and large vegetable gardens, together with alfalfa and grain fields surrounding the house. On the hillside on the East were the barns and corrals for the cattle, sheep, horses and hogs.

James was a diligent worker getting up at dawn, and working until dark, but his well kept farm showed his industry. He taught his family the value of being industrious and thrifty. He worked until he was an old man.

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories called James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

James was not given much to talk. He was honest, kind, faithful, wise, loyal, and a hard-working man. He was a good citizen.

James was a farmer and stock-raiser. He had a big apple orchard and a large grape vineyard that was not found in Fillmore before. He loved his work. He had some beautiful land and raised a garden with melons that were unequaled. The grain and alfalfa grew so well on his fertile land. He had the best milk cows, hogs, and chickens all in nice pens along the hillside. He spent the cold days of winter chopping wood to heat the house and to cook with.

James Swallow continues His Own Story:

Our holdings were a paradise that Charlotte and I both worked very hard for and accumulated over the years. A home surrounded by everything a heart would desire: Fields of alfalfa, orchards with all kinds of fruits, grape vineyards, a garden with every variety of vegetables, corrals of cattle, horses, coop after coop of chickens, pens of pigs. Yes, I can say I have been a blessed man whom the Lord looked favorably upon with a lovely wife and family along with everything in this world one needs.

Figure 208 - James Swallow

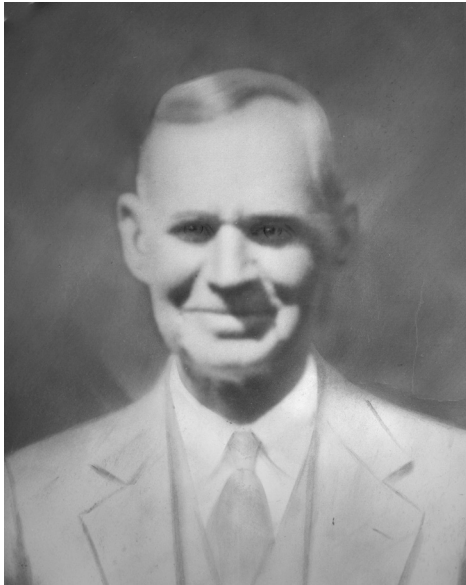


Figure 209 - Charlotte Dearden Swallow



Recollections about James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow

From the writings of LaNola Swallow Turner it states:

Christmas

Figure 210 - Christmas at Chalk Creek



Christmas was one of the highlights in the Swallow home. She bought something for all her children and grandchildren, and it was truly a day of exchanging gifts, feasting and of just plain enjoying each other's company.

The first preparation was making the decorations for the Christmas tree. This had to start weeks before Christmas. As the stores and schools started to prepare for Christmas; so did we. There were chains to make, popcorn and cranberries to string, stars and bells to cover with tin foil. Then, about that time, red, green and white candles and candleholders that clipped on the Christmas tree came on the market. The house had to be really clean and shiny before we could bring the Christmas tree in. Dad, Frank, and Bert would trudge up in the hills to get our tree, which was always a pretty cedar. Sometimes it seemed a long time before Dad would build a stand to bring it in.

There was always plenty to do - candy making. Those delicious fondants, and Olympian creams had to be made ahead of time so they could age to become better. The more they aged, the creamier they were. When it was about time for the big day, we would flavor and mold them and roll them in nuts and coconut. They were delicious. Mother was a good teacher. These were prepared to pass around after we were through eating dinner, with a big bowl of peanuts.

Mother would always make her plum pudding early. We had to pull the big seeded raisins apart, removed the seeds, and cut up the lemon peel. They were made mostly for Dad. He loved them, that was one of his English dishes, I suppose. He also liked mince pie. But she made pineapple pie for the younger generation.

Then there was the big, white rooster to pick (*take off the feathers*), and bread to break up for the dressing which mother flavored just right. Nell always made the Parker house rolls for Mother. They were delicious. Then there was the shopping to do. The store I remember most was going up to Ed and Hattie Day's Store. Mother would buy most of her candy up there, but she would try and buy some from Uncle Joe and Will. But those round layers of creams that came in wooden candy buckets were Dad's favorite candy. I remember Ed would give us a sample, and they were delicious. Then there were sacks of nuts, bananas, and oranges to fill our long stockings.

Mother would have most of the presents put away, and we would watch out of the upstairs window for her to come over the hill loaded down with big Christmas packages. What made one Christmas more special was the anticipation of getting our first baby doll. The boys had found them in the top of the wardrobe. They were the first baby dolls with composition bodies. They were dressed in blue silk dresses, trimmed with white lace. They were so cute. They couldn't keep a secret, so we had a long wait to get them. The day finally came. Christmas morning was so special every one would try to say "Christmas Gift" first but then we would all say "Christmas Gift" to each other. I remember running down the lane to say "Christmas" to the older girls and their families as they would gather for Christmas. This included Uncle William and Aunt Clara; Uncle Ted and Aunt Larura; Uncle Ted and Aunt Gusty; and many others.

Christmas morning was so exciting. We always had many lovely gifts - our special dolls, our Christmas books, and always games and clothes. Bert and Frank would get ice skates, guns, and games. Everyone was so happy. Mother and Dad always saw that we were well dressed, even if they had to go without. Christmas lasted all day and late into the evening.

Charlotte

Charlotte worked hard in and outside her home. She was very efficient in everything she did. Her two cellars were bulging at the seams with fruits, vegetables, pickles, jams and jellies. She was a devout wife and mother; she worked incessantly for her family's happiness.

Although she had little schooling, she could talk intelligently to all types of people, understanding their different needs. After having talked to them, they would always say they went away feeling better for having talked to her. She had only good to say about people.

She walked in faith believing the Lord prompted her to do the many things she did. Whenever anyone needed her, in sickness or otherwise, she was always there. She was an ardent worker in Relief Society, anxious to serve her Heavenly Father.

Charlotte had ill health during her life due to severe gallstone attacks and goiter, both of which resulted in two serious operations. However, she kept active until the last year or so of her life. She passed away on April 5, 1935 (*Her death certificate shows April 4, 1935*). She was surely a mother in Zion. All her children were married in the temple and are active in the church. Right to the very last, Charlotte worried over her husband's welfare and happiness; asking her children to promise they would always take care of him and be good to him.

Mother was a great leader she would have us children up and going in our church work and school work. When I was young, I was asked to give a part in Primary. The teacher asked me to give part of the lesson. I have always been timid about taking parts, so I was worried about it. Mother taught me a lesson then, she said, "Always pray to our Father in Heaven and things will be made easy for us." Mother told me to pray about it, and the Lord would help me. I have never forgotten that lesson.

We were a happy family. Ella and Nell were close to the same age, then Florence and Eva came before Mother and Dad were blessed with two little boys, Frank and Bert, which my Father was very proud of. Then came June and me, Nola, as they all called me, right after.

From the Life History of LaNola Elaine Swallow Turner:

Chalk Creek

I, LaNola Elaine Swallow, was born the 15th of October 1910. My home was two blocks east off the main intersection of Fillmore, Millard County, Utah. My father owned the home on a small farm along the foothills east of Fillmore. It was a lovely spot with orchards on the north and the small rolling hills on the east where chicken's coops and the corrals for the cattle and horses were. On the north were alfalfa fields and gardens close to the house. On the west were more fruit trees, along chalk creek which formed a property line on the south and west. There were lovely trees, bushes and grapevines along the creek to make a beautiful backdrop for our home. There was always a cool breeze that made it cool and refreshing. A little stream of water always ran down close to our house. This supplied water for culinary water and water to irrigate the farms. Then there was a field of grain and more gardens west of the house. Along the creek line was a hill or wall and a creek that separated the town of Fillmore from the little valley for our home. We would come up center street, drop off the hill, and cross the creek on a wooden bridge made only to walk on. Every thing else (*wagons, horses and cars*) had to go north one block where the hill is a long ways from the creek.

Uncle William Swallow was a carpenter. Father and William built this home from their English memories. This home was built of red brick with three gabled ends. It was trimmed with white trim. It had a porch on the front that had a fence. It had a pointed roof so that it had the English quality and pattern.

The home was a two-story home. It had an L (*shaped*) roof which made four big rooms on the ground floor and three bedrooms upstairs. Then (*there was*) a lean-to for a small kitchen. It was red brick two-story house of English accent built in 1904 to 1906. It had large windows and a fancy roof over the front porch. There was seven rooms, the rooms were large and had high ceilings. The dining room was large enough to sit 30 or 35 adults at the table.

Family Vacation

Our vacation when I was a little girl was when my father would fasten the horses (Dick and Molly) to the wagon or 2 seat buggy and go down to Meadow, Utah (*about 15 miles south of Fillmore*). There, father's brother, Uncle Charles, and mother's sisters, Aunt Bell (*Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow*), Aunt Ann (*Ann D. Dearden*) and Aunt Susie (*Susan Dearden*) lived with all our cousins. That was really a nice time to visit them. Then there were Easter trips to the mountains that frightened me going down the Dugway. Then I must not forget the trips to the sink, now called Flowell. Father had a small farm there. On our way back, we would always visit George and Emry Rogers.

Melon Bust - Riding Horses - and Flowers.

In the summer at watermelon time, we would have a big melon bust, which was enjoyed by everyone.

My brother Bert was older than I was, but he always showed great love for me. Bert always had a great love for horses. One morning I went to the old place with Bert to get Bluche, his pony. The old place was a part of the farm where the old home was. Bert didn't take a rope but put his arms around Bluche's neck, and he would come along with him. This morning Bert was going to be good to me and let me ride. The horse felt good; he let him run all the way to the house, which was about a block. I stuck on but was real frightened. Bert was frightened too.

We always had a good time gathering wild flowers, Easter Lilies and purple violets were our favorites. But in the spring, all the flowers were beautiful.

Mother

My mother, as I first remember her, was five feet six inches tall and a well formed woman. She walked quickly and always with a purpose. She had golden brown hair that she wore in a bun on the back of her head. It had enough natural curl in it that it waved back from her face, and little curls would trail down on her neck. Her eyes were a beautiful clear blue that always had a twinkle in them. She was always happy and cheerful.

But most of all, she was always interested in me and what I was doing. She always had a smile and a good word to say to everyone. Whenever anything of importance happened to me, I always told mother first because I knew she was interested in me and always cared. Everyone liked to talk to mother because she was always cheerful and knew how to make everyone see the

good side of life. She had a heart so large that everyone's grief was felt by her, and everyone's joys found welcome in it. She could smooth out the rough spots in her children's lives; so we would all rely on her for sympathetic counsel and advice.

I have seen all of her sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbors come to her and pour out their heart to her. They would go away always feeling uplifted and happier for the advice and love she had given them.

She always had a strong testimony of the Gospel. We were taught by word and example the laws and commandments of the gospel.

Father

I remember my father in my early childhood. He was almost five feet and six inches tall. He had a ruddy complexion. He had shiny blue eyes that could look through you and could see the good and the bad things you had done. He was always cheerful.

His hair was brown, and he always kept it so neat. He had a scar high on his forehead, which he had to tell us many times how he got cut when helping his father cut wheat in England.

He was always busy taking care of the livestock and farm. Mostly I remember him taking a little two wheel cart with two ten gallon cans and buckets and strainer in it. He had a little path or dug way winding around the hill up to the cow corrals. All his children had a turn helping milk the cows. My dad used to wear a moustache with handles that curled at each corner of his mouth. In the winter, it would have frost and small icicles on it.

He was a pure Englishman. He was very sophisticated and always neat. He was always polite and loved to have friends, which he knew, come and eat a delicious meal. He enjoyed mother's cooking and visiting with his friends. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel. He always led his family in prayer. Father was not forward as a man and was always fearful that they would call on him in church meeting. He loved his home and was content to be there with his family.

Father and Mother Drinking Tea

Dad and my mother's parents were born in England where it was the custom to drink tea. Mother always let me have a little tea with them. They were told it was breaking the Word of Wisdom, and they would not be worthy to go to the temple. It was hard to break, but they downed this habit and prepared themselves to go to the temple.

Family Evenings at Home

In the evening our family would make candy, pop corn, have apples, read stories and sing songs. These were very happy family home evenings.

Father Corrected Me -- Boot in the Pants

One day I hopped on my dad's grindstone and was having fun pedaling the grindstone. My father had warned us not to play with it. He came, took me off, and booted me by holding my

hand. It didn't hurt, but I was broken hearted. My father never corrected us very often. I guess that is why it hurt so bad.

Sister and Parents Sealed in Temple

Then another great event happened in our family. My sister, Florence (*Swallow*), and Joseph Wagner Beeston were married in Salt Lake Temple. Mother and father, James and Charlotte Swallow, and my sister were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple for time and all eternity on April 5, 1916.

Describing Home They Lived In

As a child I remember the family living room in our home. This was a special room. We all respected this room. We were always able to go in and enjoy it, but not play in it. There was the piano and two big spring rocking chairs that were pretty and different. I haven't seen many of them. The bookcase was full of books. These I would have liked to browse through now, but they are gone. I received one book, Bible Reading for Home Circle. I am happy to have that. The rest are lost to our knowledge. There were four big pictures of our grandparents. They were loved ones we never knew, but we would look at and hear stories about them, and they became very real.

The piano was offered to us all to take lessons, but none of us took advantage of that opportunity.

We would look forward to a visit from Uncle George Swallow, father's older brother. He lived in Salt Lake City. He must have taken the place of Grandfather Swallow. I think he looked most like him. I would like to hear him laugh. It would seem to roll out Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha. He was always jolly.

Figure 211 - James Swallow with His Children - 1951

Standing – L to R:
LaNola "Nola" Swallow
Turner, Albert Edward
"Ted" Dearden, Albert
R. "Bert" Swallow, J.
Franklin "Frank"
Swallow, Olive "June"
Swallow Smith.

Seated – L to R:
Eva C. Swallow Turner,
Nellie "Nell" Swallow
Lambert, James
Swallow, Ella Swallow
Whicker, and Florence
Swallow Beeston.



Figure 212 - James Swallow



James Swallow by the home of Maurel and Eva Swallow Warner

Tom Beeston wrote this about James Swallow:

In his later life, a birthday party was held each year in the Swallow home hosted by Frank and Lapreal Swallow. It was always a delightful occasion with program and food.

Figure 213 - James Swallow in 1951 – 90th Birthday



Figure 214 - The James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow Family in 1951



The James Swallow family at James' 90th birthday party – January 13, 1951

Seated L to R: -- Isabella Dearden Swallow, sister-in-law; LaNola "Nola" Swallow Turner Eva Swallow Warner; Nellie "Nell" Swallow Lambert; James Swallow; Ella Swallow Whicker; Florence Swallow Beeston; and O. June Swallow Smith. Back row L to R: -- A. Edward Dearden, brother-in-law; and Laura Beauregard Dearden; John S. Whicker; Maurice Lambert; Maurel J. Warner; Claudia Turner; Florence Jackson Swallow and Albert R. "Bert" Swallow; Charles Swallow, a brother; LaPreal Bennett Swallow, J. Franklin "Frank" Swallow; and James J. Smith
Florence Swallow, daughter of James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow, married Joseph W. Beeston, the younger brother of Emma W. Beeston and Maria W. Beeston, who married Joseph Swallow and William Swallow respectively.

Figure 215 - Joseph W. Beeston

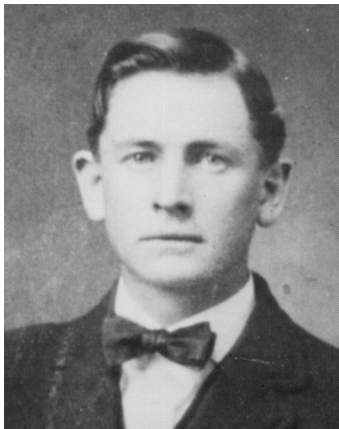


Figure 216 - Florence Swallow Beeston



A Tribute to Charlotte Dearden Swallow

The History of Charlotte Dearden Swallow by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner continues:

Charlotte was surely a chosen mother of our Heavenly Father. All the children she had in her home, as well as hers, were baptized into the true church. All her children received their endowments in the temple and have been active members in the L. D. S. Church.

A Tribute to Mother

For each of us she held a special place—
She had the attributes that endears a parent to their children.
Her home fulfilled all our expectation of parenthood.
We all share the same love and appreciation for her.
Even before we were born, Mother knew and planned for us and gave us a name;
After we were born she nursed me, taught us, tended and prayed for us—
She was our first sweetheart, our first baker, our first tailor
She was our first doctor, our first judge, our first teacher
She shared her life with us—even risked losing her's for us;
She asked God to let her be our creator!

When cuts and falls and ailments came, she shared the shock and tears with us;
With every scratch and bruise and burn—she felt the pain vicariously.
She took us by the hand and led us safely through childhood.
Encouraging us in our endeavors and looked upon each experience as a great teacher and taught us to profit by it.
She treasured always the heritage that was hers.
Her testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel was always a shining light to her life.
She taught us to look high toward better things – leading us forward, onward, and upward.
She made us feel at home on earth and helped us to see the road of life.
As the way to God – and Paradise!

She was kind to everyone and served in the Relief Society for years.

Death of Charlotte Dearden Swallow

The following was written by: June Swallow Smith, Charlotte's daughter. It was published in Builders of Early Millard, compiled by Stella H. Day.

Charlotte suffered from a goiter and gall stones and had to undergo surgery for both conditions; however, she kept working until the last of her life. She passed away April 5, 1935 and is buried in the Fillmore Cemetery.

In the History of Charlotte Dearden Swallow by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner it says:

Christmas was a happy time at the Swallow home. At holidays it was a gathering place for all the children and grandchildren. She, (*Charlotte*), kept working until the last few years of her life when she passed away with cancer. She was 64. She died 5 Apr. 1935 (*Her death certificate shows 4 April 1935*), and is buried in the Fillmore Cemetery.

Karen Hill tells us the following in her compilation of histories called James Swallow and Charlotte Dearden Swallow:

Charlotte died on April 4, 1935. That night after James went to bed she appeared to him. When she was buried on 7 April 1935, Tom Beeston rode in James's car (called "Star") to the funeral. He had purchased the car for his sons, Frank and Bert. June and LaNola also learned to drive with this car.

Death of James Swallow

James was a hard worker; but after his wife died, his life was not the same. The days were lonely for him without her, even though his family was still around him. James was honored many times by his family with birthday parties. (He continued to live in his home until his death, but he gave the house to Frank and lived there with Frank and his family. His little bedroom always smelled of lifebuoy soap. During a party held in January, 1943, he was paid tribute by a song written especially for him by his daughter-in-law, Florence (*Jackson*) Swallow. The song was sung by the family that were present. Uncle Ted Dearden and Laura, his wife, would always be there. Ted was just a baby, 1 1/2 years old, when his mother died, so Charlotte and James raised him as their own.

James was a member of the High Priest Quorum and was an example and inspiration to all who knew him. He passed quietly away February 16, 1955, at the age of ninety-four years. He left a good family here, and a great heritage. James and Charlotte had nine children all born in Fillmore. There were two boys and seven girls as follows: Charlotte, Ella, Nellie, Florence, Eva, Frank, Bert, June, and LaNola. Charlotte's brother Ted joined the family when his mother died.

During the family reunion of July, 1979, the adults present were asked to tell some of the things that they remembered about James or Charlotte. The main things recalled were the family dinners, all kinds of delicious foods, meats, pies, puddings, home-made ice cream. They talked of gardens, orchards, vineyards, irrigation and other work at the sink etc., picnics to the canyon, milking cows, hauling wood and hay, the old granary and cellar. They remembered inviting Uncle William, Aunt Clara, and Uncle Ted for special occasions, and listening to Uncle Ted sing songs, and many birthday parties. At these parties delicious pot-luck food was served buffet style, with many kinds of salad, punch, potato chips, sandwiches, melons and cake.

From the writings of LaNola Swallow Turner it states:

About the last thing James said was, "We really don't appreciate our health until it's gone."

Towards the end Frank (*his son*) gave him a blessing, and he slipped quietly away at the age of ninety-four, February 5, 1955.

Obituary: The Millard County Progress, Fillmore, Utah, Friday, 25 Feb 1955:

Last rites for James Swallow were held in the Fillmore First Ward Chapel Saturday, Feb 19, 1955, with William B. Mace of the Second Ward Bishopric presiding. Prelude and postlude music by Mrs. Alice Robins. Opening musical was a duet by Floyd and Clem Utley. Mr. J. W. Swallow offered the opening prayer. Roy Tomkinson then sang a solo. Bishop Milton A. Melville was the first speaker. He was followed by former Bishop Edward Peterson. Closing remarks were by

Wm. B. Mace. Gay Cooper and Linda Callister played a flute duet, with Edith Callister as accompanist. Mr. Earl Steele sang a solo. A tribute to Mr. Swallow written by Alonzo Huntsman was read by Mrs. Bert Swallow. Closing prayer was by Bishop Ashby Robison. The grave was dedicated by former Bishop, Henry Hatton.

Pallbearers were grandsons: Grant Whicker, Tom Beeston, Kirk Warner, Stanford Swallow, Gordon and Garth Smith.

Mr. Swallow died at his home in Fillmore last Wednesday, at the advanced age of 94. He had been a semi-invalid for many years. Born in Essex County, England Jan 13, 1861. He was a son of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. He married Charlotte Dearden in Fillmore, Dec. 20, 1889. She died in April, 1935.

He is survived by the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Ella Whicker, Mrs. Nellie Lambert, Mrs. Florence Beeston, Mrs. Eva Warner; Frank, Bert; Mrs. June Smith, Mrs. LaNola Turner, all of Fillmore; a brother, Charles Swallow, Meadow; 30 grandchildren and 35 great grandchildren.

Figure 217 - James Swallow



This poem was written by Alonzo Huntsman at the death of James Swallow.

James Swallow

by Alonzo Huntsman

Four score and fourteen years down the path of time,
Diligently, peacefully, beautifully and sublime,
He traveled with good in his heart, as he went along,
Solving his problems as though life was a sweet song.

He was a friend to all, was good will;
That was his destiny he ever desired to fill,
He was so earnest in doing things he had to,
That loitering on the street was a habit he never knew.

He thought too well of time to waste it in any way,
And always had a program to do something good each day.
Men like James have set the example, in most every state,
Of energy and thrift, which have made this country great.

He was clean in his habits, which built his body strong,
He kept a way from influence that to him seemed wrong.
No one, we dare say, exists anywhere, anyplace,
Who would utter only sweet praise of his grace.

Blessed he has been through all his years,
Few have been his regrets and fewer have been his tears.
His deeds are his monuments left here upon the earth
And each is high in value, the way we consider worth.

Out among the populace his children there we see,
All are highly respected for their nobility.
By their fruits ye shall know them, the Bible conveys,
And judging him by them he has everything for praise.

Figure 218 - Page 1 & 2 of Memorial Record for James Swallow

The Eternal Goodness

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—John G. Whittier

In Memory of
James Swallow

BORN
13 January 1861

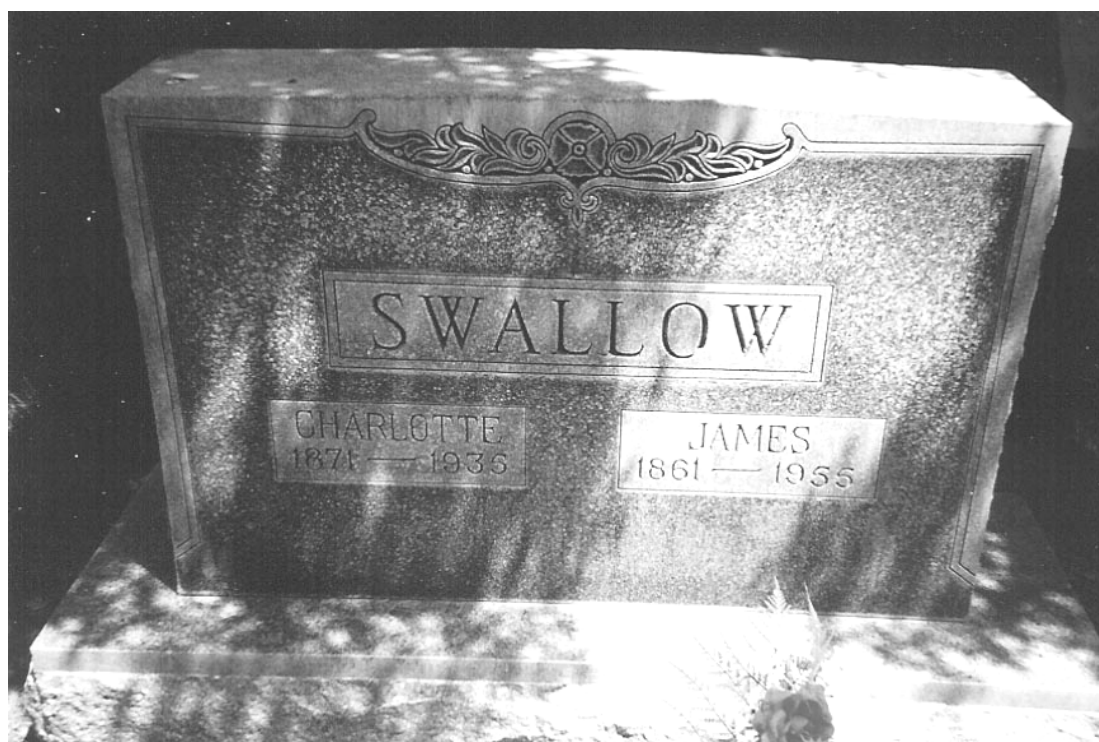
Stebbing Essex Co. England

ENTERED INTO REST
16 February 1955

Fillmore Millard Co. Utah

AGE
94 *1* *3*
YEARS MONTHS DAYS

Figure 219 - James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow Headstone in Fillmore, Utah



Chapter 7 – History of the Charles Swallow Family

Growing Up in England

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

I read an article the other day that contained a quote from Brigham Young. He said something like this: "When writing about our ancestors, we should not try to make Saints of them. Knowing they had some faults makes them seem more human and someone with whom we can identify."

It is with this thought in mind that I write about my father. In talking with some of the older children, I find the way they knew him was very different from the way I remember him. They say he had a quick temper when he was a young man. I guess over a period of twenty or thirty years dealing with ten independent, strong-willed children brought about some changes. Parenting is not easy, and I'm sure we have all made some mistakes.

Charles Swallow was born November 4, 1865, in Stebbing, Essex, England. (The Civil records say he was born at Stebbing Green, and the definition of the Green is "a grassy plot or a piece of ground covered with verdant herbage: as a village green.") His home was a two-story white house with a tile roof, which was provided by the owner of the land for whom his father worked. His parents were Thomas Swallow and Caroline Crow Swallow.

When Charles was but a few weeks old, Elder Charles W. Penrose, then a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, came to his parents home. Walking over to the cradle where the baby lay he said, "My, that's a fine baby." He asked if he could bless him and give him a name. Permission was granted, and he blessed the baby giving him the name of Charles after himself. (We read from the Charles W. Penrose Journal dated Tues. Nov. 1865: "I walked to Braintree and visited a Brother and Sister there. I then walked to Stebbing Green. Staid at Brother Swallows. I blessed his child about three weeks old. Named it "Charles.")

Immigration and Life in Fillmore

The family was anxious to immigrate to Utah to be with the Saints. Fred and George were the first of the family to come to America. They worked and helped save money so it would be possible for the rest of the family to come. When Charles was eight years old, his father, mother and sister (Eliza Esther), sailed to America. They took the train from New York to Salt Lake City, Utah and then traveled by wagon the remainder of the way. They finally settled in Fillmore, Utah to farm for Joseph V. Robison.

Charles attended day school for only a brief period of time in England. In Fillmore where he resumed his education, they had three grades in one room and one teacher for the group. Charles was in the Fifth Reader, as it was called then rather than grade. When Miss Losh, who was his teacher, was unable to be at school, she would ask Charles to take charge of her class. He attended school at the old academy in the old courthouse. He was able to go to high school for only one year and was absent much of the time, either helping the farmers with their watering and gardening or staying with his mother, who was not well. One of the chief sports during these school days was playing marbles. At this, he was a champion in his crowd.

Working On His Brothers' Ranch in Nevada

After this brief education, Charles went to Spring Valley, Nevada and worked on a ranch there for two years. (The ranch belonged to his brothers, George and James.) He also herded sheep for a while but had to leave when he became snow blind. He returned to Fillmore and worked on the farm for Alonzo (Lonnie) Robison for some time.

In the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand, we read:

I remember hearing that Father went to work for his brother, George Swallow, before he got married. He went to herd sheep. The Swallow ranch was located in White Pine County, Nevada, in Spring Valley or Shoshone Valley which it was also known as.

One night there was a big snowstorm and they hadn't rounded the sheep up into the corral before, so he went out to gather them in and became snow blind. For days, he could hardly see it was so bad; but it finally cleared up.

Figure 220 - Charles Swallow - about 1883



Figure 221 - Osceola, Nevada in 1915



While he was there, they didn't have any entertainment at all. But there was a saloon there, and it had a pool table (*in Osceola, Nevada*). He'd go there for entertainment in the evening to play pool. He never did drink, but he got so good at pool that he was beating most of the other men. He was really good at it because he would take his time. But, he decided that it got pretty rough there, the language and all, so he quit going, even though that was the only entertainment there was around there.

Isabella Dearden Growing Up

The L.D.S. Membership Record for deceased members shows that Isabella (Dearden) Swallow was born 14 August 1873 in Fillmore, Millard, Utah to Thomas Dearden and Charlotte Davies. Isabella was baptized August 3, 1882 by Christian Anderson and confirmed August 3, 1882 by

Joseph D. Smith.

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person, as if Isabella were writing:

I, Isabella Dearden, am the fifth of twelve children born to Thomas Dearden and Charlotte Davies Dearden. My father was born 4 August 1845 in Stourbridge, Staffordshire, England. (Note: Birth Certificate states he was born at Holbeach. Registration was in sub district of Kingswinford, District of Stourbridge, Staffordshire, England.) Mother was born 17 September 1849 in Newton-Lee-Willows (now known as Newton-in-Makerfield), Lancashire, England. The Davies family had been members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for some time before Charlotte met Thomas. Thomas was baptized shortly before he and Charlotte were married. The Davies family had worked hard, planned, and saved with the hope that some day they could go to Zion. Their dream was finally realized. Henry Davies, his wife, Sarah Bolton Davies, and their five unmarried children (ages 16, 14, 8, 3, and 1), along with Charlotte (age 18) and Thomas Dearden (age 23), and their two little ones, left Liverpool, England on June 4, 1868. They began their journey on the sailing vessel "John Bright." It was not a fast steamship, so it took them six weeks to cross the ocean.

They reached New York on July 13, 1868. The Union Pacific Railroad, at this time, came only as far as Laramie, Wyoming. Upon arriving at Laramie, the Saints under the leadership of Captain John R. Murdock traveled westward by mule train. They encountered many hardships. On August 11, 1868, when only eight days from Salt Lake City, Sarah Dearden, the daughter of Thomas and Charlotte Dearden, died. Just two days later Henry's and Sarah's little son, Henry Davies, died; and they were both buried on the plains. This gives a brief background of my parents and grandparents.

I was born in my grandparents' (Henry Davies and Sarah Bolton) home. Our home was just across the street. The blouse to the dress I wore when I was blessed was sewn by my mother, mostly by hand. I still have it. When I look at the tiny neat stitches, it reminds me of the love she had for her children. When I was older, I loved to hear her sweet voice as she sang while sewing. Some of the songs I remember are: "Annie Laurie," "Oh Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight," "I am but a Poor Girl," and there were others. I didn't have much in the way of a formal education. I only went to what was called the fourth reader and even during this time I had to stay out of school at least one day of each week to help mother with the work. When I was a child in Primary, I won a prize for being the first in my class to memorize "The Lord's Prayer." I was never called Isabella. In fact, I wasn't aware that this was the correct spelling of my name until recently when I obtained a birth certificate. I had always signed my name Isabel or Isabelle, but I was usually called "Bell."

Some of our enjoyments when we were young were playing ball, candy pulling, and dancing. We used to make molasses candy and invite the boys to come. We cut peaches and apples for drying; and when this was done, we would proceed to pull the candy and play games.

The greatest event was on May Day. Everyone would go up the canyon to Brother Warner's farm where they had big swings, and we could play ball. We would always have a big lunch. We traveled in wagons, buggies, and on horseback. At night we would go to the dance in the old State House. The dances were good and clean, with no smoking or drinking among the boys and

girls. When I was thirteen years of age, Mae Stevens and I were chosen to be maids of honor to Delia Robison, who was the queen. We were dressed in white and led in the braiding of the May pole which was the climax of the celebration.

Figure 222 - The Thomas Dearden Home in Fillmore



The home where Isabella Dearden grew up

At the age of fourteen, I began working steady. It was nearing Christmas, and I had saved eight dollars. Mother said I could use this money to buy me a new dress. However, when mother became ill, I gave the money to my father to buy medicine and oranges for her. My mother passed away at the early age of thirty-nine years on January 5, 1889, in Fillmore, Millard, Utah. She is buried in the Fillmore cemetery. At this time, I was fifteen years of age. There were six children younger than I in the family.

After mother's death father began freighting between Nevada and Fillmore. He was away for long periods of time, and the family was left to look after themselves. I went out washing for fifty cents a day to help contribute to the family funds. There were many times we ate "lumpy dick." This was made from flour, water, and a pinch of salt, and served with sugar and milk. There was nothing else in the house for us to eat and no money to buy food.

Eleven months after mother died, my sister Charlotte, the eldest of the children at home, married James Swallow. It was with them that I was invited to supper at Caroline Swallow's home (170 W. 100 N., Fillmore, Utah) one Sunday evening. At that time Charles had just come in from Nevada, where he had been working for his brother, George. Charles asked if he could come and see me while he was in town. This was the first real meeting since our early school days. Charles sat in front of me in school, and one day he called me a "little white-headed Danish man." That ended our friendship at that time. Soon after meeting Charles again, I started working for his mother for one dollar a week. Whenever he came from Nevada to see his mother, we went out together.

About a year after my mother's death, the family became ill with diphtheria. I was the oldest child left at home to care for the others. There were six of us. Esther had gone to live with Susan; and Charlotte took Ted, who was just a baby. They sent for father to come home. No one was allowed to come into the house except two quarantine physicians, who would come and blow

some medicine down our throats. One night Lizzie (Elizabeth), a younger sister, and I were sleeping in the same bed, and we were both ill. Father had returned by this time and had been sitting by the bed watching us. Charlotte, who had come to help care for the family, was also there. Charlotte was tired and worn out, and father was also tired from traveling and loss of sleep. Both had fallen asleep for just a moment. Suddenly a dog by the window howled three times. Father jumped up and hurried to the bed and found little Lizzie was dead. From this time on, it has always made me feel awful to hear a dog howl.

Marriage and Children of Charles Swallow and Isabella Dearden

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

Father had come home for Christmas holidays about a year after Charles and I had started going together. When Charles came to call on me, he asked if he could speak to father alone for just a minute. They went into another room, and Charles asked if father would give his consent for us to get married.

Father said, "What do you think I will ever do without her?"

Charles replied, "Well, you should get married again."

Father said, "No, not me." He had been very much in love with mother, and her death had been a severe blow to him. He then said if I wanted to get married, he wouldn't stand in the way. I heard all of this from the kitchen. Father came out into the kitchen where the children were seated around the fireplace and putting his hands upon my head he said, "Oh, my dear, what will I ever do without you?" I told him I wouldn't leave the children alone, that Charles and I would take care of them.

I had a pretty lavender dress and new shoes ready to wear for the wedding. We were going to be married in December 1890, but Charles' mother wasn't well. He was the one she depended on to take care of her. She asked us to please wait until March and see how she got along. She said, "If I live through March, I will live another year." She passed away the 31st of March 1891. Before she died, she called all her children to her bedside and blessed them. She then took my hands and placed them in Charles' and accepted me as a daughter and blessed us. She passed away quietly in her sleep.

From the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand, we read:

So, they decided to get married. They were going to get married in December 1890, but they didn't know where they'd live. But Caroline was ill and told them to wait until March because she'd be gone by then, and they could live there. She died March 31, 1891; but before she died, she put their hands in each other's and blessed them. And she gave her home to Father. It was a lovely brick home (at 170 W. 100 N., Fillmore, Utah).

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

Charles and I were married in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, July 14, 1891, by Thomas C. Callister. The marriage was later solemnized in the Manti Temple, May 31, 1893 by Elder John B. Maiben.

Figure 223 - Charles Swallow

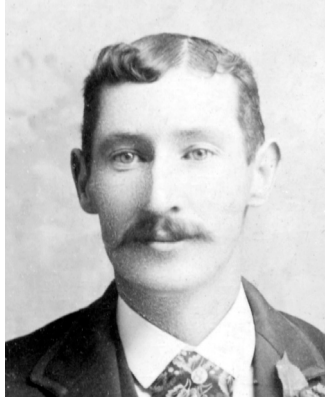


Figure 224 - Isabella Dearden Swallow



Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

Figure 225 - Marriage Certificate and Verse



Dad and Mom had a certificate of marriage framed. On the certificate was the following verse:

There Comes a Day

There comes a day
when love that lies asleep
The fairest island in the mighty deep
wakes on our sight.
There do we stay awhile,
but soon again
We trim our sails to seek the
open main;
And now whatever winds
and waves betide,
Two friendly ships are sailing
side by side.

About two weeks after the marriage, he (Charles) went to work at Stevens Store in Fillmore for Mr. Smith. He continued working there until he went on a mission to England on May 11, 1898, leaving his wife and three children at home.

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person, as if Isabella were writing:

Charles and I stayed at my father's home (from July 14, 1891 to about January 21, 1892) and cared for the children until three weeks before Thomas, our first child, was born. Charles was working in Stevens Store in Fillmore for J. D. Smith.

From the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand, we read:

After they got married, mother said she looked back at her home and told the little children goodbye, and they had their little faces pressed against the window with tears rolling from their eyes. The next morning, she went back early in the morning to help take care of the children, because Grandpa Dearden was working in (*Baker*), Nevada. He had a store there, so someone had to take care of the children in Fillmore.

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

About two weeks after the marriage, he (Charles) went to work at Stevens Store in Fillmore for Mr. Smith. He continued working there until he went on a mission to England on May 11, 1898, leaving his wife and three children at home.

Moving Into the Swallow Home at 170 W. 100 N., Fillmore, Utah

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person, as if Isabella were writing:

The night we moved into Grandmother Swallow's home (*at 170 W. 100 N. in Fillmore*), some boys came with their harmonicas to serenade us. We had just gotten into bed and asleep. They played the songs popular at that time: "After the Ball," "A Little Leaf of Ivy," and others.

The evening I moved my things from my father's house down to the Swallow home was a very sad time. I looked back and saw the small faces of my brothers and sisters peering at me through the window with tears streaming down their cheeks. It was almost more than I could bear. Early the next morning as soon as I had breakfast over and things cleared up, I was back at my old home helping the children with their breakfast and seeing about the work. The Swallow home had been left to Charles by his mother. The only new things we bought for the house were a stove and cupboard. Our first child, Thomas, was born February 14, 1892 just as they were bringing their valentines around, about 8 o'clock. The morning after Thomas was born, Charles bought a new mantle clock.

Figure 226 - New Stove



Figure 227 - New Cupboard



Figure 228 - New Clock



After I left home, father decided it would be best for the children if the older girls cared for them in their own homes. Fannie (*Dearden*) stayed with me most of the time until she was married. Thomas

[Thomas Davies Dearden] went freighting with father [Thomas Dearden], but he would stay with me when he was home from his trip. I cared for Tom [Thomas Davies Dearden] and nursed him through an illness when he had yellow jaundice. Ann (Dearden) stayed with me part of the time and with the other sisters part time until she was old enough to work. Then she stayed with us off and on.

Figure 229 - Charles & Isabella Dearden Swallow's First Home in Fillmore



The photo was taken in the summer of 1897. L to R: William Swallow, Isabella Dearden Swallow holding Laura Swallow, Fanny Dearden, Iva B. Swallow, Thomas C. Swallow, Charles Swallow, Joshua B. Bushnell, with other two men unknown.

At one time Charles was working in the J. D. Smith store in Meadow. I came down to visit him for a few days and stayed with my sister, Susan Bushnell, who lived there. While visiting, my second child, Eliza Esther, was born, September 2, 1893. She was premature and lived only eight hours. I was too ill to go to the cemetery, so Charles and Daniel Bushnell took the baby to the cemetery and buried her in the Bushnell lot.

From the History of Thomas Charles Swallow (son of Charles and Isabella Swallow)) we find out the following:

I (Thomas C. Swallow) was living in the "Swallow Home" in Fillmore (170 W. 100 E.). At age two, I crawled under the gate and fell into the irrigation ditch. It carried me down to the head-gate and was spinning me around like a cork, when Aunt Charlotte Swallow, who lived just across the street, saw me and saved my life. (James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow lived across the street at 175 W. 100 N. This was the original log cabin owned by Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow after they came to Fillmore. The Fillmore High School parking lot occupies this property today.)

Figure 230 - Charles & Isabella Dearden Swallow with Children Thomas C. & Iva B.



The First Move to Meadow, Utah in the summer of 1894

The Charles Swallow family moved to Meadow for the first time a short time before Iva Bell Swallow was born on August 6, 1894. They lived there until December 1896.

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

Iva, the third child, was born in Meadow. We were renting one room in the home where we now live. It was the room we now use for the dining room. (It was a pioneer home belonging to the Stotts.)

The Move Back to Fillmore and the "Lowder home."

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

Figure 231 - The "Lowder" Place



The "Lowder" place at 40 N. 100 W., Fillmore, Utah

We then moved back to Fillmore and bought the "Lowder" place. Laura was born there on December 15, 1896.

In the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand, we read:

They moved to a new home just before I was born. Mother said when I was born near Christmas time, it was dry and dusty and beautiful weather.

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

Laura was one year and seven months old when Charles was called on a two-year mission to England. I cared for the children and for a large garden and lot while he was away. I also kept two cows, which I milked and fed. I went through a lot, being left at home with three small children and a big lot and garden to irrigate and take care of. We had a big patch of strawberries. I would pick strawberries and sell them.

A short time after Charles left on his mission, I had put Iva and Laura in their beds; and Tom and I were sitting together when the dishes in the cupboard began rattling and doors began to shake.

Figure 232 - Fanny Dearden



My sister, Fan, had gone to a dance. I became so frightened that I got the children out of their beds, wrapped Laura in a blanket and went to Sister Julia Warner's home. When I reached there all out of breath, Sister Warner said, "What's the matter Bell? You look like you've seen a ghost."

I said, "They told me that house was haunted and now I know it is." Then I told her what had happened.

She said, "Oh, it was an earthquake." When Fannie came home, she said it had shaken a lot of plaster off the old State House where they were dancing. This building was the original State Capitol Building of Utah.

One day while Tom was playing over at Brother J. D. Smith's home, he and some boys went to see if some roosters would fight. One of the roosters flew up in the top of the barn, so Tom climbed up to get it. His foot slipped, and he fell at the feet of some recently shod horses. One of the horses kicked him in the face and cut his nose very badly. It laid it over on his face as it was cut right off on one side. Brother Giles and Clinton Ray were called in, and they put it back the best they could.

One side of his nose grew together, so he could only breathe through one nostril. After he was married, he had it operated on.

One day (*while Charles was on his Mission to England*) Laura was down to Ethel Warner's home playing. They were throwing sticks in the tree to get apples. Edgar Warner threw an old wagon spoke up, and it came down sharp end first and hit Laura in the head. Blood was all over her face and dress when she got home. I cut the hair away, put some turpentine on the wound and it soon healed. However, it left a scar, so she had to part her hair on the other side.

Tom seemed to have lots of problems. He ate green apples and got what was called "Cholera Morbus." They tried to pry his teeth apart to get just a little medicine or water into his mouth, but his jaws were set tight. I was so frightened! I sent for the Elders, and they came and

Figure 233 - Iva Swallow, Laura Swallow and Thomas C. Swallow



administered to him but there wasn't much change. They said, "Sister Swallow, we are afraid he's gone." I pleaded with them to administer to him just once more, so they did. Shortly after, his eyes flickered, and they could see signs of life. His jaws relaxed, and he soon recovered

Activities of Charles Swallow In the L.D.S. Church

Excerpts from the Allen Russell Journal, a Fillmore church leader, show that Charles Swallow and Isabella Dearden Swallow have a very active relationship with Allen Russell for all the years Charles and Isabella live in Fillmore.

March 1892

Tuesday 29 - Isabelle Swallow sent for me to come and see Tommy Dearden as his throat was sore. I went but did not think him dangerous.

June 1892

Monday 6 - I attended prayer meeting at Brother Ashman's. Brother Gardner and Bishop Styler being present. Our subject was preparing the saints for the hour of judgment in the world and in the world to come. I administered to Isabelle Swallow, and to her babies.

Wednesday 8 - Administered to Isabelle's babe again.

May 1893

Sunday 28 - I made H. Mace Senior a short visit and received some dates of the first settling of Fillmore. Mother and I went to meeting in the cart. Brother Andrew Jensen and McMahon speakers. We also attended meeting in the evening. Brother A. Jensen gave a historical sketch of the travels and persecution of the Saints in Missouri. William, Charles, and Joseph Swallow started for the Manti Temple.

Feb 1896

Sunday 16 - I attended meeting in Fillmore. Lafayette Huntsman, Charles Swallow, Charles Brunson, Eddie Mace, and T. C. Callister were speakers.

April 1898

Sunday 3 - I attended meeting. Jack Jackson, Mr. Wixam, Charles Swallow, Leone Petersen, and Frank Melville speakers.

Dec 1898

Saturday 17 - We visited in the capacity of priests in the houses of Christian Andersen, Helen Callister, Duglus Riece, J. M. Warner, Charles Swallow, J. D. Smith, President I. N. Hinckley, and Lydia Ashman, preaching to them the gospel of Christ. We went to the tithing office and found Bert Warner and Francis Thompson and we talked to them.

Aug 1900

Sunday 12 - I attended Ward meeting. Charley Swallow and James McMahon speakers.

July 1901

Tuesday 29 - Brother William Beeston and I had a good talk with Joseph Swallows and wife. William and Charley Swallow being present. Brother Ashman and I administered to Jane Milgate.

Mar 1902

Friday 14 - I assisted J. Payne, J. Whickers, Charles Swallows, and William Swallows in administering to Seymour Brunson and he got better. I went to C. Robison's in the capacity of a Priest and spent the afternoon.

Apr 1902

Sunday 13 - I attended Sunday School and also Ward Meeting. Brother Ashman opened by prayer and I closed. Nephi Andersen spoke in both. Sunday School and meeting relating his experiences of his mission in Texas. I attended Circle Meeting and opened by prayer and with Charles Swallows, administered to Old Father Woodard.

In the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand, we read:

Father went on a mission to England and came back when I was three. (He later went on a mission to Idaho for six months.)

While father was on his mission, I remember there was somebody--I can't remember the name, but it was somebody who had been in the mission there with him, and I met him later--and he said he heard that father went to a certain part of the mission where there were some people who couldn't hear very well. He talked to them through sign language and interpreters. This man told me father converted everyone in that little church to the gospel. And father told me once of a passage in the Doctrine & Covenants or Book of Mormon--I can't remember exactly--that really helped him. He said he was really discouraged and was not having much success, so he read this chapter and it said that if they would pray earnestly and listen to the Lord, they would be blessed in their labors. That just stirred him up and he was able to teach the gospel and have lots of converts after that. But he was very discouraged early in his mission.

From Sketch of My Life by Laura Swallow Beckstrand we read the following:

Referring to the time period when Charles Swallow was serving a mission in England. "She (Isabella D. Swallow) used to put Iva, my sister, and I in the buggy and Tom, my brother, would hold to the buggy and run along at the side and she and Aunt Fan would go to see Aunt Charlotte almost every day. We always called her Aunt Shall. She (Charlotte) used to live east of town across the big Melville Ditch and Creek (*Chalk Creek*). There was a big bridge across the Melville Ditch that used to sway when we went across until I was just frightened to death of it."

Mission of Charles Swallow to England

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

Upon returning to his old home in England, he could remember the old pond and some of the places he had known as a boy. He visited some of his relatives while he was there. He served for two years and four months as a missionary. About a year from the time of his release, he was called on a six-months mission to Idaho. At this time Noreen, who was the baby, was only three weeks old.

I have taken a few excerpts from dad's journal. Sometimes we learn more about a person by reading about his experiences and feelings than by the things he says.

Figure 234 - Charles Swallow While On His Mission in England - 1899



I left Fillmore for my mission to Great Britain 11 May 1898 with Alfred Robison and his sister, Hernia. Alfred Robison was on his way to fill a mission to the Southern States. When we reached the office in Salt Lake, I met another Elder from South Jordan, also going to Great Britain. We received our instructions and also purchased our tickets from Salt Lake to Liverpool which cost us \$66.35. I also met Elder John C. Webb from Hinckley, another missionary to Great Britain.

I was ordained a Seventy and set apart for my mission by Elder Seymour B. Young. We then received our mission instruction from Elders Heber J. Grant, J. Golden Kimball, and Seymour B. Young. We left Salt Lake on the evening of the 14th of May 1898.

Sunday, May 15, 1898

This morning when I awoke, found the iron horse was no longer pulling us through the hills of Utah, but was making its way rapidly through the plains of Colorado. As we speeded on, rolling hills rose up on either side, which were dotted with farms and young orchards.

The hills grew larger and larger as we sped along, until mountains loomed up on either side of us. The next feature of importance was the Grand River. The railroad followed the same almost to the divide.....Upon leaving Glenwood Springs, we were soon rushed into the famous Royal Gorge and for miles the light of day hardly found its way to us on account of the perpendicular walls on either side that rose into the azure sky for hundreds of feet. It is hard for one to describe the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery of Colorado. Eyesight is the only means whereby one can realize its magnificence. (Arrived in Philadelphia about noon, May 18. We left on the steamship Pennland, May 21.)

In his journal describing his ocean voyage, he most often says, "In the morning when I awaken I have a headache; but after eating my breakfast, I feel pretty good." One day when the waters were rough, he mentions "feeding the fish." He said he spent most of his time up on deck as the fresh air made him feel better. He mentions seeing a school of dolphins and other interesting things. He arrived in Liverpool June 2, 1898.

"Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin were at the Liverpool office. A meeting was called, and we were given instructions and received our appointment to labor in the Sheffield Conference, Yorkshire, England. Barnsley was the headquarters. We were met there by Elder Don B. Colton, Branch President."

In Dad's journal, he often commented on the weather. When he did, it was raining, cold, or snowing. Joseph F. Smith in his letter-book copied a poem from the "Capital," a newspaper there, on the 13th of September:

'Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain, it raineth every day.

All the rest have thirty one,
Without a blessed gleam of Sun;
And if any of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and dirty.

Then he adds, "Dedicated to the Water Pot of England, Lancashire, Liverpool as the Spout."

Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1898

In the evening Mrs. Taylor asked me if Brother Greenwood told me about my little boy. I answered no. She said he has been kicked by a horse and got his nose broken. Mrs. Taylor said she read it in the Progress (*a newspaper*). I was somewhat surprised because he had not said anything to me about it, and I also worried about it and could not settle to do anything. I went to bed but could not go to sleep for some time.

Wednesday, August 3, 1898

I wrote a card to Brother Greenwood this morning asking him to send me the Progress, or the clipping which contained the accident. The hours passed by and my mind seemed very much upset.

Thursday, August 4, 1898

I received a letter from Brother Greenwood containing the clipping and stating the reason for not telling me. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swallow's little 8 year old boy was kicked by a horse Friday afternoon. It was a close shave; the hoof grazed his chin, skinned his lips and struck him under the nose, breaking it. Mr. J. E. Ray was called in and dressed the wound."

Saturday, September 10, 1898

The Grand Barnum & Bailey Show arrived in Grimsby this morning, and about 11 o'clock they paraded through the town and formed a grand procession. One thing that drew my attention very much was to see one man drive forty horses on one wagon and held ten pair of lines. In the march were also a herd of elephants, camels, dromedaries, etc. Myself and Brother Evans attended the show and circus in the afternoon. We saw there a large number of different kinds of animals and saw some very clever tricks performed by some of them.

Sunday, September 11, 1898

According to appointment we held memorial service in honor of President Woodruff, who departed from this life on Friday, September 2, 1898, and passed to the great beyond. The news of President Wilford Woodruff's death will cast a universal cloud of sadness over the hearts of the Latter-day Saints.

Friday, February 10, 1899

Received a letter from my wife this morning, reporting that they were quite well, stating that little Laura had been quite ill with the chicken pox but was better now, although not entirely well.

Tuesday, February 14, 1899

Received a letter from my wife this morning, reporting all well both in body and spirits, excepting Fannie. She had a bad cold. I read the letter and answered it.

Saturday, March 18, 1899

In the evening all the Elders that were here went to the station to meet Brother Platt D. Lyman. His face was familiar to me although I had not seen him for a number of years. He said he recognized me as one of the Swallow Brothers.

Monday, March 20, 1899

After visiting some of the members with Brother Lyman, we retired about 10:30 P.M. Myself and Brother Lyman staid awake for some time talking of Fillmore and the surrounding settlements. He told me he heard that there were 15 missionaries wanted from Fillmore and as many out of other settlements according to the number of inhabitants. There are about 17 hundred missionaries in the field at the present time, and they expect to make it up to three thousand. This morning when we awoke, Brother Lyman raised up in bed and saw it was snowing very fast, so we laid in bed and continued our conversation that had been broken off by the slumbers of the night. He told me of some changes that had taken place in the High Council and of some that were ordained Patriarchs. He was well acquainted with my father and brothers, and I had also been slightly acquainted with him. His home used to be at Fillmore; in fact he or his mother owned the very place that I now own. As they lived there for some time, we had considerable to talk about Fillmore, its people, and of changes that had taken place.

Sunday, June 11, 1899

I received a letter from my wife stating that my two little girls had been ill and that the youngest one was quite ill at present. Elder Horsley and myself were invited at Sister Graves for tea, but I had concluded to fast in behalf of my family. I did and went to my lodge and offered up a prayer to God in their behalf and especially for the one that was ill.

While on his mission, dad was able to visit extended family members living in the Dunmow/Stebbing area. These included several of his parent's siblings, their spouses, and children (*his cousins*).

Caroline Crow, Charles' mother, had two younger brothers. They were: George Crow who married Elizabeth Owers; and Abraham Crow who married Sarah Skinner. Charles Crow, born in 1871, is the son of George Crow. Carrie or Caroline Crow Smith is the daughter of George

Crow. William Crow, born in 1868, is the son of Abraham Crow and is married to Mary Ann Parish.

Thomas Swallow, Charles' father, also had two siblings, a brother and a sister, in England. They were William Swallow who married Jemima Clowton; and Emma Swallow who married David Saich. Maria Swallow Shuttlewood is the daughter of William Swallow.

Friday, July 14, 1899

President Oldham accompanied me to the Liverpool St. Station. I left the station at 10 minutes to 12 noon and arrived at Dunmow at 10 minutes past one P.M. Cousin Charles Crow met me there with his pony and cart. He felt quite proud to inform me that they were his own. We arrived at Stebbing at about 2:00 P.M. Aunt Elizabeth (*Elizabeth Owers Crow, mother of Charles Crow*) came a short distance to meet us. We were pleased to meet each other. Uncle George (*George Crow, father of Charles Crow*) and the rest of the family were well. Aunt Elizabeth went with me to call on Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarrah (*Abraham Crow and Sarah Skinner Crow*). They also seemed very pleased to see me and made me promise to come there to tea the following evening. He also told me his son, William (*William Crow, son of Abraham Crow*), wanted me to stay with him a week.

Saturday, July 15, 1899

Cousin Carrie (*Caroline Crow Smith, daughter of George and Elizabeth Owers Crow*) and Aunt Elizabeth went with me to do some visiting on the Green. I first called on Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Gellows. Then Uncle William (*William Swallow*) and Aunt Mima (*Jemima Clowton Swallow*), all seemed very pleased to see me. I returned to Stebbing and took tea with Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarah (*Abraham Crow and Sarah Skinner Crow*) and spent the evening there. I then returned to Uncle George's and Aunt Elizabeth's (*George and Elizabeth Owers Crow*) and soon retired.

Sunday, July 16, 1899

Later in the evening I met Cousin William Crow, Uncle Abraham's son and his wife (*Mary Ann Parish Crow*). They had come over to see their father and mother. He is foreman over a farm of about five hundred acres. He sells the grain, pays the hired men, buys and sells cattle, sheep etc.

He wanted me to go and stay with them for a week, and he or his wife would come over and get me. I promised to go on Tuesday, and he said he would bring me back whenever I had to return. He lives at a place called Northend (*Fordend*) near Felstead and about 4 1/2 miles from Stebbing.

Monday, July 17, 1899

Wrote a letter to my wife and then took a walk with cousin Carrie, as I call her but her name is Caroline (*Caroline Crow Smith, daughter of George Crow*). Ate supper with her after which Aunt (*Elizabeth Owers Crow*), Cousin Carrie and myself picked about half a bushel of peas. I then went over to see Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarah (*Abraham Crow and Sarah Skinner Crow*) for a short time.

Tuesday, July 18, 1899

Was out walking most of the day and returned home about the time Cousin William (*Crow*) came to pick me up. As he had some business to attend to after he reached home,

he did not get out. I soon made ready, mounted the cart and we were soon on our way for Northend. Cousin is about my age, or nearly so. He is 32. We were talking of our childhood days, as we used to play together. He could remember several things that transpired when we were boys. We went through Felstead, and he showed me the principle buildings as we passed through. When we reached his home, supper was ready; and we were soon seated around the table, cakes of various kinds, bread and butter etc. Mrs. Crow (*Sarah Skinner Crow*) was pouring out the tea when I informed her that I did not drink it. She then asked me what I drank, when I informed her that I drank cold water, or warm water and milk which is commonly called Mormon tea, she was somewhat surprised, but she was not the only one that had been surprised. They had plenty of good milk and that was what I drank most of the time. After supper William went down to the Meadow where the men were carting hay. His wife and I went down later in the evening. On our way we met Mr. Martin, William's boss, so he walked down with us. The crops look lovely and especially the grain crops.

Wednesday, July 19, 1899

After breakfast Mr. Martin, Cousin William and myself looked over a large portion of the farm. We went down to the pasture to see the cattle and sheep and back to the farm yards to see the pigs, poultry etc. The forenoon was spent in that manner. We also went through a patch of strawberries which covered about three acres. We made good use of our time while there.

Thursday, July 20, 1899

This morning Cousin William had about a dozen women, boys and girls picking raspberries. I helped him to weigh them and pack them up to send off. In the afternoon we went down to the meadow where the men were carting hay. It looked like a storm so cousin turned in and helped them.

Saturday, July 22, 1899

Returned to Stebbing about noon. Cousin William was going to hitch up the cart. Mr. Martin was with us. I went with William to pay his hired men, and Mr. Martin went and told his groom to hitch up the horse and cart for us. There were three letters waiting me, two from my wife and one from Elder S. A. Greenwood. I went and called on Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarrah in the evening.

Sunday, July 23, 1899

Went to the Chapel in the forenoon. In the afternoon went and addressed the Chapel Sunday School according to appointment made the previous Sunday. As most of the scholars were small, I spoke on the subject of love and obedience. I told them I was a Latter-day Saint. That was all right. I was a hale fellow well met until they found out that I was a Mormon, which was a few days later.

Thursday, July 26, 1899

Called on a number of friends and Uncle William (*William Swallow*) and Aunt Mima (*Jemima Clowton Swallow*), also, a Mrs. Shettlewood (*Maria Swallow Shuttlewood, daughter of William Swallow*), a cousin of mine. I also took a walk over to the old place where I was born which is on the upper corner of the Green. I ate supper with Uncle and Aunt Swallow.

Sunday, July 30, 1899

Went for a walk in the forepart of the afternoon. I left for the Green about 4 O'clock in the afternoon. Took tea with Uncle and Aunt Swallow (*William and Jemima Clowton Swallow*). I then went out on the Green and held an open air meeting according to appointment. There were 65 in attendance and they listened very attentively. Some came for a mile or two for the purpose of attending. I spoke to them for an hour or a little over and the people seemed well satisfied. I gave them some tracts after meeting.

Thursday, August 3, 1899

Went on the Green, took supper with Uncle and Aunt and bid them goodbye for the present. I also called on Cousin Shettlewood (*Maria Swallow Shuttlewood*) and had a talk with her and told her goodbye. On my way back to Aunt Elizabeth's (*Elizabeth Owers Crow, George Crow's wife*), I called on Mrs. Porter, who claims to be a second cousin to me. I had a long talk with her. She showed me a Book of Mormon which my father gave her the morning my parents, my sister and myself left England for America. This was twenty-five years ago this month. I bid her goodbye and reached Aunt's soon after ten O'clock P.M.

Friday, August 4, 1899

I rose early this morning, ate breakfast and Aunt Elizabeth (*Elizabeth Owers Crow*) and Cousin Carrie (*Caroline Crow Smith*) and myself started for Dunmow on foot as I wanted to catch the train leaving at ten minutes to 8:00 A.M.

The train was leaving the station just as we landed at the station. Went in the town where Aunt and Cousin purchased some goods. Then went back to the station and waited there till the train came in. I bid them goodbye and mounted the train and was soon on my way to Barnsley. I changed trains about five times and arrived in Barnsley at ten minutes to twelve P.M."

A note on the back page says: Miles traveled on foot July, 1898, 100 miles. Miles traveled on train or cab August, 1898, 124. Miles traveled on foot August, 1898, 75.

The Charles Swallow family has a number of letters received from the Charles Swallow's Crow relatives (uncles, aunts, and cousins) in England.

Letter from William Crow (*a cousin*):

1902 - We still live in the old house your daddy came to when my husband's mother was alive. It is very cold now as the landlord don't do much to them. We've got to wait their time. They say they are going to put a new roof on as the thatch is very old and they are bringing water inside and a sink and drain, but we shall have to pay more rent but I shall be pleased as it will be better for both of us.

Letter from George Crow, Sr. (*an uncle*), father of Charles Crow and George Crow, Jr.

(*Date unknown*) Your visit was a short one, we was only just getting to know one another when you had to leave. We were all very interested in the Mormon Religion and have spoke about it very often since you have left. My youngest daughter, Esther, has wrote to our relatives in Palmyra, New York. She told them a lot about your visit to our home. If you feel interested in

them, we will forward their address on to you. I feel they will be very pleased to hear from you as well as us.

Before I close my letter, my family and I would like to be remembered to all at your home. We would also like to hear from them, so if it would not be too much trouble, ask them for me, and we will be only too pleased to answer. From Your loving, Aunt & Uncle and Family.

Letters from Charles Crow (*a cousin*):

23 Dec 1938

(*I am*) The oldest in family still alive. Sister Caroline & husband, she is 65 next Aug. (Alice?) Youngest brother George in Scotland--56. Brother Thomas drowned. Was 32 when drowned. Youngest sister named Ada is married has two children (Lou 12 next birthday the other 5) will be 44 next march. Her husband is Frank Staines age 47. Mother has been dead about 10 years and father died about 24 years ago.

Do you remember my sister Caroline going for a walk with you Dear Charlie, when you were in England and do you remember me going to hear the service when you spoke in a service at Stebbing Green?

* * * * *

April 29, 1946

My dear cousin,

Just a few lines to let you know that we are all quite well and very pleased to say that I thank you very much for your loving kindness of sending my dear Brother at Scotland 12 pounds and told him to let me have some at

Stebbing, his brother Charlie as we were so good to you when you came to Stebbing. I am writing to tell you that I received from him 3 pounds with many thanks for it. We are all quite well. I remember when my Mother was living you and me went up to Stebbing Green with our Minister Mr. Beckett, and we were very comfortable to go up there to hear you preach. We were very pleased to be with you and we should like to see you again as we are always thinking about you.

There are five in my family and my wife and we all wish to be remembered to you all. My oldest daughter is named Ethel, next one Esther, next is Frederick, next is Walter, the youngest one Doris. Three are married and 2 single and two of them live at Chelmsford.

Figure 235 - Charles Crow and Wife, Elizabeth Rose



William Crow sister Lizza still lives at Stebbing but I don't know where William is but I think he lives at Felstead.

Letters from George Crow, Jr. (*a cousin*):

(*Date unknown*) - I went down to visit Eliza Crow, Abraham's daughter--my first cousin, that used to live on Stebbing downs. Her sister Alice was killed instantly owing to a blitz in London.

* * * * *

1950 - I was born at Stebbing 1881 and am 69 years old on June 5 1950. My brother Thomas was torpedoed in the first world war when he was 33 years old. My sister Ada was born at Stebbing in 1894. She is now 56 years old. My mother lost two quite young children; John and Willie, with Scarlet Fever. Charlie's wife is 71 years old. They have a married daughter named Ethel 51 years old. Esther, another daughter 49; a son Frederick James 48, Charles William died at 14 months; Walter aged 45; Emily aged 33; Stanley died at 11 months; baby girl died 4 days old; Doris 28 years. Charlie is wonderful for his age, but not able for outside work now. Lizzie manages to do most of her housework, apart from the heavy washing, so Doris her daughter helps her with that. Esther was born at Stebbing in 1878 and died at the age of 19 years. Buried at Congregational Chapel at Stebbing.

In Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states in first person as if Isabella were writing:

After Charles returned from his mission, he resumed work at Stevens Store in Fillmore. Noreen was born, July 2, 1901 in Fillmore. She was three weeks old when Charles was called on a six-month mission to Idaho.

The Second and Final Move to Meadow, Utah

In 1903 we bought the store and the house in Meadow. (Originally the store was built as a co-op store by the early settlers. It was built on the corner of William Stott's lot as he was to have charge of the store. In later years Stott bought the store from the shareholders and remodeled it, removing the front part and adding an adobe room which was later stuccoed. The store was sold to J. D. Smith, who sold it to Charles Swallow.)

Figure 236 - The Charles Swallow Home in Meadow, Utah



Owen Truman Swallow was the first child born after we moved to Meadow permanently. He was born September 2, 1904; Norma, December 1, 1906; Donald Dearden, December 31, 1908; Myrtle, February 5, 1911, died March 13, 1911; Nola May, May 16, 1912; Theron Davies, May 22, 1914; and Elva Stella, January 21, 1917. (Note: church and family records give Myrtle's birth date as 5 Feb 1911. State birth and death record give Myrtle's birth date as 11 Feb 1911.)

Figure 237 - The Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow Children



Front row: Norma, Don, sitting on Tom's lap and Iva. Back row standing: Noreen, Laura and Truman.

Figure 238 - Nola and Theron Swallow



Figure 239 - Elva Swallow



When we first moved to Meadow, I often cooked for the salesmen who came to the store and kept them overnight. They didn't like to stay at the hotel, and this made it convenient for Charles to order the goods at night when he wasn't so busy. Some of these men were Mr. Erickson, Mr. Sudbury, and Mr. Taylor.

I helped Charles in the store and cared for the family. A hired girl helped part of the time until our girls were old enough to help with the household duties.

I served as a counselor in the Relief Society to Mary S. Beckstrand. Mary A. Beckstrand was first counselor and I was second. I was a Relief Society block teacher from the time Charles went on his mission in 1898 until now. I used to put two children in the baby carriage, and Tom trotted along behind as I went to do my teaching. I taught the Bluebird girls in Primary for a year. My greatest loves have been my family, genealogy, temple work, and my flowers. (Note: Isabella and Charles would go to Manti, stay for a week or two, and spend most of their time in the temple.)

Figure 240 - The Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow Family



From the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand it continues:

Father worked in Brother Smith's store in Fillmore for a number of years as a clerk. Then, when I was seven years old, we moved to Meadow. Brother Smith had bought a store in Meadow and sent father down there to work. He rented a room in Brother Stott's home (which he later bought). While he was there, mother went down to visit him, and the baby, Eliza Esther Swallow, was born at Aunt Suzie's in Meadow. The baby was premature, and she died, and they buried her in Uncle Dan's burial lot in Meadow. (Eliza Esther Swallow, daughter of Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow, was born and died Sept. 2, 1893). Ivy was born in Meadow too (Ivy Bell was born Aug. 6, 1894). Father eventually bought the home and the store. At about the same time, when I was about seven, is when we finally moved there. I was scared to death to go to school down there, so mother let me stay out of school the rest of the year--it was during the school year that we moved.

Father owned the post office as well as the store. He ran the post office for years and years. He wouldn't let us children go in there to hand stamps out or anything, only just to hand the mail out to people. I worked in the store from eighth grade until I married. I went to BYU for one year, then mother had a new baby, Elva (Elva Stella, born Jan. 21, 1917), and they got measles so I just picked up and went home to help her--I didn't finish that school year. I left on April Fool's Day.

I worked in the store when I was young and then I'd go up and milk cows when I got through. Sometimes it was as late as 11 o'clock. I remember I hated one little jersey cow--I just couldn't milk her. Father tried to show me how to milk her with two fingers, but I couldn't do it. He tried it, and I guess he got a little, but not much, and I still couldn't do it.

After a while father bought the Anderson farm there in Meadow, and he bought some horses to run it because this was before they had the machinery to run it. When the boys were pretty well grown, he bought the Swallow place, too. The boys ran that farm mostly, but father would help some. He'd leave me alone in the store to go run it. I remember when I was in Provo at BYU, mother wrote to tell me that Old Cub had died. He was one of the big old horses we had to run the farm. The weather had been really cold and he had got pneumonia and died, so they lost one of their horses. They grew lucerne and alfalfa on the farm. Clifton bought the Swallow place before father died. After father died, the Anderson place was divided between all of the children, but they didn't want it so Venoy Labrum (Noreen's husband) bought half and we bought half.

In the History of Owen Truman Swallow by himself, he said:

Father owned our home and a general merchandise store in Meadow, a small town just about 8 miles south of Fillmore, where we children were born. My earliest recollections are of a post office being operated in conjunction with the store and of a hundred acre farm south of town, known as the "Anderson Farm." While I was still a boy, our land holdings were always more work than my brothers and I could do.

The Charles Swallow Store in Meadow, Utah

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

In 1903 Charles bought the store in Meadow from Mr. Smith and took over the post office at the same time. He did his office work at night after the store was closed. It was often 1:00 or 2 o'clock in the morning before the work was finished.

Figure 241 - The Charles Swallow Store in Meadow, Utah



When parcel post came into effect, Charles resigned as postmaster since there was not adequate room in the store to care for the packages. For six months after his resignation and before being replaced, he worked as postmaster without being bonded. (He was proud of this as it was acknowledged proof of his honesty and integrity.) At the age of 81 (when this was written), he was still working in the store. (Thomas, his eldest son, began working with him in the early part of 1946) Charles owns a number of fine farms on the outskirts of town.

The Store (Copied from Millard Milestones)

It was sometime near the end of 1800--probably between 1880 and 1890 that the leaders in the town of Meadow saw the need for a little store. It was difficult to get some of the essential things, even if they had the money. Sugar, pepper, soap, matches, thread, needles, pins and most everything had to be brought from Fillmore.

The town fathers decided to build a Co-op Store. Work soon began. Some people contributed money, others cut and hauled logs, and older men laid up the walls. It was an oblong room, front part for goods and the back part for a blacksmith shop.

A house was built on the northwest corner of William Stott's lot, as he was to have charge of the store. William Stott, Sr. should run the blacksmith shop as he was able to mend and make farm tools.

The store was quite an enterprise. Wagons drawn with oxen were sent to Salt Lake City for goods. It required 8 to 10 days to make the trip. Oxen traveled 15 miles per day. These wagons were loaded with homemade cheese, butter, raw hides, and dried fruit. With these commodities, they bartered for the goods for the store. Two or three bolts of cloth were always purchased, white cotton flannel for men's underwear, gray linsey for mother's and (the) daughter's dresses, a bolt of calico for aprons and summer dresses. It usually happened most of the women in town had a dress from the same bolt of cloth.

It was really a cooperative establishment, as a number of families were ranching down on the slough during summertime making the cheese and butter that was hauled to Salt Lake City.

Figure 242 - Charles Swallow



Figure 243 - Isabella Dearden Swallow



Figure 244 - Charles, Nola & Norma Swallow In Front of the Swallow Store in Meadow



Charles Swallow with Nola & Norma Swallow in front of the "Swallow" store in Meadows, UT. c1917.

Later years Stott bought the store from the shareholders and remodeled it, removing the front part and adding an adobe room. He later sold the store to J. D. Smith who sold it to Charles Swallow, the present owner.

Following is an edited version of Swallow's Store from Lambs in the Meadow written by Lee Reay, a native of Meadow.

While rummaging through my miscellaneous collection of coins from near and far, gathered over a lifetime of travel, I came across a half dollar-sized brass coin stamped, "Good for 25 cents in trade at Swallow's Store." It was typical of the merchant script widely used at the turn of the century by storekeepers who tried to tie their customers to them by giving change only in their own script rather than in cash. (*Elva Swallow Lindberg wrote: "I read that at the time the merchants issued script, government money was scarce in the West and hard to come by."*)

As I examined it, memories came flooding back. Swallow's Store was my first contact with commerce. It was Meadow's pipeline to the outside world. In various ways it was entwined among the memories of everyone who ever lived there.

Squatting solidly at the corner of Center and Main Streets, Swallow's General Store was really two buildings joined together. The front part was made of hand-molded adobe bricks. Behind the main store was a long rough-hewn log warehouse which, like Pandora's Box, was full of surprises. Swallow's was one of the last of the old general dry

goods stores which sold everything farmers needed and carried it in stock. Whatever was needed was always somewhere in that long, dark log warehouse.

Figure 245 - Log Warehouse behind the Swallow Store



The rough-hewn log warehouse behind the Swallow store in Meadow, Utah

Fifty years after they had gone out of style, Charlie still had a good stock of men's and ladies' high button shoes with buttonhooks to fasten them up. (Dad's weakness was shoes and men's pants if he thought they were a bargain. We had a room on the back of our house which we called the clothing room because it was full of shoes and men's pants that were out of style.)

Sometimes customers had to help Charlie get boxes down from high shelves or carry something heavy. I recall helping him sell dad a forty-foot log chain. I dragged the hook end of it from the chain barrel, out the front door, and across the sidewalk into the street as Charlie measured off the chain a yard at a time with a wooden ruler. When we had enough chain dad spent thirty minutes with a hacksaw cutting a link at the stock barrel. Then he attached the hook, hammering the split link closed on an anvil which was mounted behind the black wood-burning stove. Other customers and loafers stood by and made jocular remarks as dad fitted up his chain.

Indians and gypsies gave Charlie nightmares. (This is true. I remember dad sending someone up to get mom to come and help when the gypsies came in carloads. They had huge pockets under their loose outer-clothing and would load them with anything they could get their hands on.) The Indians came a wagonload at a time. About ten Paiute women and men would walk into his store at the same time. One or two Indians would start dickering with Charlie to trade pinon nuts or buckskin gloves for sugar, chewing

tobacco, or salt. Other Indians would scatter all over the store, even going behind counters, examining everything, chattering excitedly in Paiute as they discovered a treasure-house of things they had never owned.

Charlie never knew how much of his precious merchandise disappeared under the voluminous skirts of the women. But he once told me, "I've been skinned alive on every trade I ever made with the Indians. They see what they want and take it as if nature was providing it. They don't consider that they are stealing it. I make them put back some things I catch them hiding, but I will never have them arrested. They are my friends and children of God, as I am."

Between harvests, almost everyone in town ran an account at Swallow's Store. They would buy what they needed and say to Charlie, as they walked out, "put it on tic." I think they meant "ticket." Charlie would enter their purchases in a big thick ledger he kept behind the counter.

After harvest or sale of pigs, sheep, or cattle, some customers came in to settle up. Charlie would open the big ledger, do some figuring, and tell each one what he owed. No one ever got to examine the ledger, but they did get a receipt for payments made. (Exaggerated. They were free to examine their accounts. Dad was very good at mathematics. He could beat all of us in adding columns of figures. He had learned to add two columns at a time and was very good at it.)

There were some people in town who were poor, widowed, or ill and never expected a harvest or sale from which to pay their "on tic" account. But they still needed a few "boughten" things and came to Swallow's to get them. I never heard of Charlie refusing anyone, but would ask quietly, "Will you please make an effort to pay something on your account?" When the account was long overdue, parents sent their children to the store instead of going themselves. Some tried to pay with what they had. They would bring in two dozen eggs or five pounds of home-churned butter. He accepted whatever they brought.

Some people took advantage of Charlie. I was one of them. When the Meadow Mercantile Company opened a store a block down the street, it hurt Charlie's business. The new store was more attractive and carried more modern merchandise, but it was all "cash on the barrelhead." No credit. When people had cash to buy with they went to the Merc. (*Mercantile*). When they had to buy "on tic" they came to Charlie. (Not all of them.)

Both stores would take eggs in lieu of cash. The Merc. had an egg-candling machine, which could show whether an egg was fresh or rotten. Vince Adams ran the store and put all eggs through the candler, accepting the good eggs and handing us back the rotten ones. These we would take over to Charlie Swallow, who didn't have a candler. (Not true. We often helped Dad candle and pack the eggs. However, if kids came in with one or two eggs, he told us to put them in a separate box, which we did.) Charlie accepted all our eggs as good for two-cents-worth of hard-tack candy out of a big candy bucket. It was here I tasted my first orange, trading five eggs for it.

It was a sad day when little, Charlie Swallow finally died. It was the end of an era. Before he died he had written "paid in full" across the pages of his ledger for all persons who had died without paying up their account. When God needed a kind considerate, honest little storekeeper, he chose Charlie Swallow. (Dad sold the store to Tom, his eldest son, in 1946. It was not only the people who were dead who were marked off his books, but many of the people who were still living, as well.)

There is one more paragraph from the book that I can't resist including:

It seemed as though Charlie Swallow had always been in Meadow. We did know that this quiet little man had once been a cowboy and a professional racing jockey. He had a bad heart and couldn't be a farmer, so he became the town storekeeper. (Lee must have known something that I have never heard. I never saw dad on a horse and he surely must not have had a bad heart as he lived to be 91 years and 7 months. From the time I can remember dad, he suffered from a double hernia; and there were some things like lifting that were difficult for him.)

Recollections about Charles Swallow

From the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand we read:

He Was Strict

Father was very strict with his children. If it hadn't been for mother, we wouldn't have gone to very many entertainments at the warm springs and such. He didn't want us to go, but mother would let us go a lot of times because she knew we needed to have a little enjoyment. He was strict, but I never remember him spanking one of us except once. I was trying to put Don's overalls or pants on him when he was a little bitty fellow, and he was crying and wouldn't let me do it. Father came along and gave him a little spanking so he would let me dress him.

Liked to Play Games

But father did love to play games on Sunday evenings with the family. We'd play croono. This was played on a carom board. This was a board with little nets in each of the four corners. In the center of the board was a round place surrounded by little pegs. The object of the game was to flip the playing pieces, which were like small doughnuts about as big around as a checker, into the ring in the center of the board. This won the game. However, there were other areas on the board where you could win points. We bought the board with the little nets--it was pretty, a light tan. Father was very good at that--he was really good at any game. He loved to play Flinch, and he loved to play checkers. He'd take his time, so long that us kids would always say, "Father, move!" Then we'd get disgusted because he took so long--but he'd beat us most of the time!

Bloaters

He used to bring something called bloaters (a fish) home to eat. He'd bring them from the store, mostly on Sunday evening. He'd roast them on a fire, and we'd eat them--they were delicious,

just about the size of a good-sized trout. They were a little heavier and thicker than a trout, they were a smoked fish, but oh, they were good. We just loved them.

His Garden

Father always had a beautiful garden, the most beautiful in Meadow. His rows were always as straight as could be, and he planted all sorts of vegetables. Everyone always admired his garden--he'd get up early and weed and then we'd get up later to try to help. That's probably where my love of gardening comes from--all of his kids loved gardens. I have a picture of him coming out of the garden with his hands full of radishes. He was just a little taller than me--he was pretty short--and a little bald-headed, but his eyes were very blue.

Figure 246 - Charles Swallow in His Garden



Music

Father used to love to hear the boys play their harmonicas. We'd go in on Sunday evenings and Ivy would play the piano, I would sing alto, Noreen and Ivy would sing soprano, and Tom had a beautiful bass voice; and all the boys would play harmonicas. Father used to love to come in and hear us. Tom used to sing "Asleep in the Deep," and he could really go low.

Very Considerate

Father was very considerate of people in regard to the store. People could charge things in the store--he always had charge accounts for people. And I know many times he just marked off the bills for people if they couldn't pay. Several times he did that for Sister Eliza Safford. Her

husband died, and she had a large family and when her bill was due, father would often mark it off. He had lots of bills he never did collect, because he'd just let it go if they couldn't pay.

Honored His Priesthood

I remember father held the priesthood, and it meant a lot to him. He was very religious--they'd call on him to speak at church a lot, and he was a very good speaker. I never remember hearing father swear but once--he was opening a box and hit his finger with a hammer and said oh hell or damn or something like that. That's the only time I ever heard him swear in my whole life. He knew his scriptures very well. The church meant a lot to him, and temple work meant a lot to him. He loved temple work. He and mother would go to the Manti Temple--it took a long time to get to the temple and back. George Bushnell drove the bus--a sort of a van--over to the temple and back, and father loved to go and do temple work. And he would administer to people a lot--it seemed like a lot of people were blessed through his priesthood administrations.

Father was in the High Priest Presidency, and mother used to let them have their meeting in the parlor on Sunday morning. Mother would always have everything spic and span. The Church meant a lot to father.

I remember after I was married, when my daughter, little Rhea, died. I think father came up to the house, or else I was on my way down to tell him. But it seems like he was on his way up and I met him and he said, "Your little girl died, didn't she?" I said, "Oh, yes, father, she passed away this morning." And he said, "I knew it. It was made manifest to me that she was gone." He said he saw her and little Lavon, another baby who had died earlier, together and they were just as happy as they could be. Rhea had died of pneumonia and Lavon of stoppage of the bowels.

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes about her recollections of her father in the History of Charles Swallow:

Handling a Difference of Opinion

Don remembers an incident where dad was unfair, and Don was really hurt. Tom had given Don a little calf and told him it was his if he would take good care of it. Don had done this and was very proud of the calf. One day when he returned home, he found the calf had been killed and butchered. He confronted Dad and reminded him that the calf was given to him. Dad's reply was "I'm sure you'll get your share of it."

I remember one time Nola and I were freezing homemade ice cream. I thought we should drain the salt water off before we took the top off the freezer so the salt wouldn't get in the ice cream. Nola didn't think this was necessary. I guess the argument reached a point of pushing as well as arguing. Dad came in and gave me one little swat on the seat of my pants. It didn't hurt except my feelings because I was so certain I was right. Nola took the lid off the ice cream and the salt didn't get in it, but to this day I still feel I had the right idea. Isn't that strange?

A Description of Dad

To begin, I would like to give a brief description of Dad as I remember him. He was a quiet person and rather reserved. He did not show a lot of affection outwardly, but we always knew we were loved.

He was not very tall, about my height 5'4", but the thing that used to amaze me was that when we measured, he could stretch until he had added two or three more inches to his height. His hair was very light gray, and he was quite bald. He had a mustache, and at the beginning it was quite a luxuriant one. Each time he would go to Emil Pearson, who was the town barber, he would come home with it trimmed just a little bit smaller until one day it was completely gone.

Slow To Anger

I never remember seeing Dad really angry. He would get upset sometimes when Nola or I changed things around in the store or moved papers, which he usually kept stacked on one of the shelves. He would say, "I can't find a thing in here after you girls move things around." Sometimes he would say "For the love of mite" or "My land." But after he had found his papers and become accustomed to the changes, he was usually pleased. I didn't like to ask Dad for money, and we were never given an allowance. I would usually ask Mom to ask Dad for something that I thought he might object to.

Sometimes he would whistle a little on his s's. I noticed it most when he said prayers. I liked it when he sat me on his knee and told me the story of the three pigs, especially when he did the huff and the puff. He always put great emphasis on that part of the story.

We remember playing checkers and Flinch and some of those games with Dad. We would say, "It's your turn, Dad." He would say, "Just a minute." His minutes extended over several. Finally he would move but by that time our concentration had vanished, and he very often won the game.

Loved Nature

He loved the out-of-doors, not to camp or engage in sports, but he loved the things of nature and watching things grow. He enjoyed walking through the alfalfa and grain fields, and sometimes on Sunday afternoon, he would go out to the Stott place and look things over. Theron tells of a time when he was irrigating the grain, and Dad came out. Theron warned him that the water was coming, and he should move. Dad was wearing his Sunday clothes and the water was soon surrounding him. He called Theron and said he couldn't get through the water, and he would have to help him. Theron said, "I can't carry you." But Dad persisted and that seemed to be the only way out. Theron tried to carry him but his boots were coming off, Dad's feet were getting wet, and his grasp around Theron's neck was choking him. He struggled until he finally got Dad to dry land.

Dad's interest in irrigating seemed to get him into some awkward situations to say the least. One time Theron and Tom were plugging gopher holes in a head gate. The sides of the ditch were wet and muddy. Dad was going to show them how it should be done, but his feet slipped out from under him and he ended up in the deep water. Again Tom and Theron had to come to the rescue.

To tell the story of dad without mentioning his love of gardening would be to leave the story incomplete. He was always up early in the morning before the sun was up and out in the garden working in his vegetables. Ours was a big garden. Having the earliest turnips, peas, and corn was a source of pride for him and whetted the appetites of his children. Sometimes he would let us help plant the peas and corn. I remember counting the number of kernels to go in each hill as he dug the hole. One of the things I have heard Dad mention when they first reached this country is seeing a beautiful red tomato in a store window. He wanted that tomato more than anything. Finally his mother bought it for him and then the disappointment! He had to learn to like tomatoes so his first one was no treat.

He Was Very Competitive

Laura told of a 24th of July celebration. This was a big event in our town. They always had races from the youngest children on up. They wanted Dad to run in a race. He was quite old at the time, but he ran anyway. Dad was competitive. He ran through the meetinghouse lot. He beat the fellow who chased him, but he was really out of breath and tired after the race.

His Love of the Gospel and the Savior

Dad was happiest I believe when he was studying the scriptures or participating in a gospel discussion. Sunday afternoons were often spent in this way. The married children and their families would come down after church, and we would sit around and talk about different gospel subjects. I remember Tru (*Truman*) and Dad discussing whether Jonah's experience in the whale was a reality or whether it was symbolic. Not everyone interpreted the scriptures in exactly the same way, but these were friendly discussions. I liked to listen, and it was a learning experience for me.

My father's faith and love for the Savior have been a source of strength to me. In times of trouble or discouragement, I pictured him and Mom and the family as we used to kneel around the dining-room table in prayer. I remember walking down the hall when Dad was saying his prayers and thinking at first that he was talking to someone in the room. (Lyde Safford told Nonie, "When I hear your father pray in Church, it's just like he is talking face to face with Heavenly Father.")

Nonie: I remember Dad always closed his prayer "In the Name of our Beloved Savior.") Sometimes Dad was called in the night to go to a home to administer to someone who was ill. I remember when Don jumped from the hay in the barn and ran a rusty spike nail through his foot. He was upstairs in bed and was suffering great pain. Mother was so worried, as were the rest of the family. As we knelt around in a circle and Dad prayed, it was like a miracle. The pain went away almost immediately, and Don began to improve.

Dad would sing softly to himself sometimes. I would hear him walking down the hall or going upstairs. The songs I remember most were, "Beautiful Zion Built Above" and "Know This that Every Soul is Free."

To me Dad's outstanding characteristics were his humility, his honesty, and his kindness. No matter to what position he was called to serve, he accepted with a willingness to do his best, but he was never the kind to seek a position for the prestige it might bring him.

Dad has always been an earnest church worker. He was a block teacher from the time he was married until he was eighty years old. He was ordained one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy in the Millard Stake soon after his return from his mission. He remained in this position until he was ordained a High Priest and acted as second counselor in the Stake High Priest Presidency to Alonzo Robison and Brother Edward Bennett. At President Robison's release, he was made first counselor to Edward Black with Frank Robison as second counselor.

He has held the position of teacher in many classes of the Sunday School and of secretary to the MIA for a number of years. He has also spent a lot of time doing temple work for the dead and in furthering genealogical research for his ancestors.

The Later Years of Charles and Isabella

Elva Swallow Lindberg continues in her History of Charles Swallow:

Following is part of a letter Dad wrote to me April 9, 1939 when I was in the mission field:

Dear daughter, I can understand just about how you feel in losing your old and faithful companion for I have passed through the same experience. But you have been wonderful blest to have such a faithful companion so long. You seem to feel like it is not for the best. I have had the same thoughts, when I was on my mission in England. I felt that I had investigators getting quite interested in the gospel. I hated to leave them. But we don't know; it may be the very best thing for us and for the mission. I remember on one occasion, the President of our Branch was called to administer to a little girl who was very sick. And if I remember right the Doctor did not know what her trouble was. The President asked me to go with him. It was a seven mile trip. We walked part of the way and took the train the rest of the way. We administered to her, and she recovered at once. It happened that a Church of England Minister was there. I think this place was a rooming house and the minister was staying there for the night. After we had administered to her, her father introduced us to him; and we talked to him on the gospel until about midnight. He took our address. About a week later a knock came to our door and inquired if we were there. The President was away. It was this minister. His congregation were all deaf and dumb people. He wanted us to teach them our gospel. He had learned the deaf and dumb language.

I was at the conference house at this time and there were nearly always a number of Elders there as well as the President. I went and took I think two other Elders with me. I suppose I was the first missionary that had the privilege of talking to them. They were a bright lot of people. I had the privilege to talk to them a few times.

Later I was called to labor in another place but the calls were followed up by others. I heard later that the minister and all of the members joined the church and some of them got their speech and hearing. I heard this from a missionary after I returned home. We don't always know where we can do the most good, but I pray that we may always enjoy this Spirit, "I will go where you want me to go dear Lord. I will do what you want me to do.

I pray that the Comforter, The Holy Ghost, may be with you as your companion to comfort you and to bring to your remembrance all scripture that you may need to defend the gospel and to teach it in plainness so they cannot help but understand it. I pray that the Lord will bless you with courage, wisdom and with stores of knowledge.

A letter written to Dad on his birthday by Mildred:

Sunset, Utah

Nov 4, 1946

Dearest Grandpa and Grandma,

Someone very special is celebrating his birthday today and oh how I would love to give him a great big hug and kiss and to let him know that to me he is one of the most wonderful persons I know. Oh how I hope and pray that my little boys can walk in his footsteps. I wish we lived closer so they could see him oftener. Grandpa dear you have the many wonderful traits that I admire so much, namely, honesty, truthfulness, not talking about your neighbor, kindness, a loving disposition and oh so many, many more. I wish I myself were much more like you.

I hope Grandma dear is back to help celebrate the big occasion. I'm so sorry I didn't get to see her when she was up. I think you two are such wonderful people, and I love you so.

I hope you are both well. My little kids have colds and Glen has a bad back but other than that we are well.

Lots of love,

Glen, Mildred, Hal, Iva Mae, and Bryce"

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes the following about her mother:

Mom's (Isabella's) flowers were enjoyed by most everyone in our town. She was always giving "starts" to someone. She took bouquets of flowers to church each Sunday morning. One time a letter was sent to a Mrs. Sparrow in Fillmore. On the outside of the envelope was written "Flower Seeds." Someone with whom mom had shared her flowers had sent the seeds to her. The letter found its way to our house. Uncle Tom Dearden took Mother to the Rose Parade in California, and I believe that was one of the highlights of her life.

One day George Arliss, a well-known movie actor, stopped at Don's service station for gas. The next thing we knew, Mom (Isabella) was taking him on a tour of her flowers; and he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Figure 247 - Isabella Dearden Swallow in Her Garden



Figure 248 - Isabella Dearden Swallow



Figure 249 - Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow

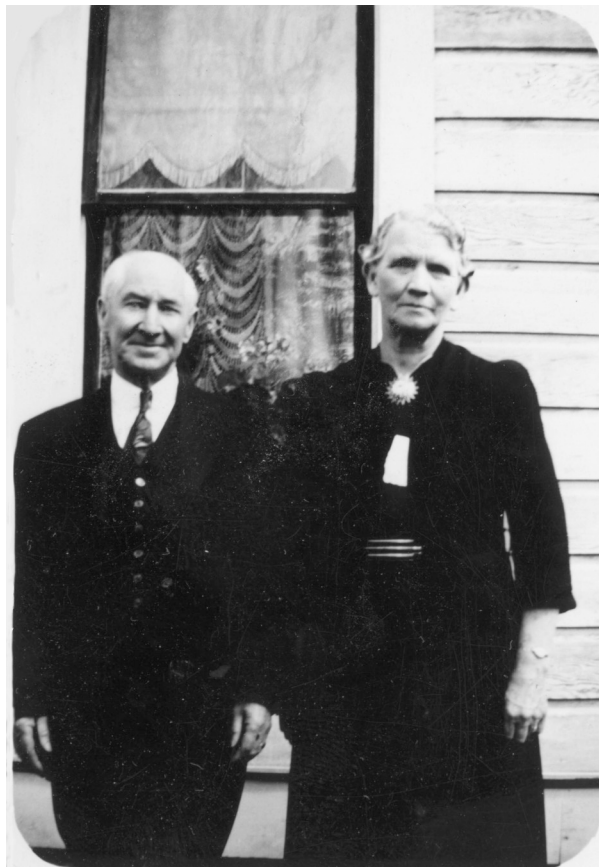


Figure 250 - The Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow Family In 1941



The Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow Family -- July 14, 1941 -- Charles' & Isabella's 50th wedding anniversary.
L to R - Back row: Don, Truman, Thomas and Theron. Middle row: Elva, Iva, Noreen, Nola, Laura and Norma.
Front row: Isabella and Charles

Charles and Isabella had twelve children:

Thomas Charles Swallow born Feb 14, 1892, Fillmore, Utah. Married Vanda Duncan
Eliza Esther Swallow born Sept 2, 1893 Meadow, Utah. Died 2 Sept 1893
Iva Bell Swallow born Aug 6, 1894 Meadow, Utah. Married George L. Bushnell
Laura Swallow born Dec 15, 1896 Fillmore, Utah. Married J. Clifton Beckstrand
Noreen Swallow born July 2, 1901 Fillmore, Utah. Married Venoy B. Labrum
Owen Truman Swallow born Sept 2, 1904 Meadow, Utah. Married Ruby Gustaveson
Norma Swallow born Dec 1, 1906 Meadow, Utah. Married Charley T. Reid
Donald D. Swallow born Dec 31, 1908 Meadow, Utah. Married Sarah Lister & married Blanche Berry
Myrtle Swallow born Feb 5, 1911 Meadow, Utah. Died Mar 13, 1911
Nola May Swallow born May 15, 1912 Meadow, Utah. Married Robert Killam
Theron Swallow born May 22, 1914 Meadow, Utah. Married Pearl Kimball
Elva Stella Swallow born Jan 21, 1917 Meadow, Utah. Married Paul F. Lindberg.

Deaths of Isabella Dearden Swallow and Charles Swallow

In the Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states:

Many family members remembered that Isabella was "always taking something to someone." It might be to help someone who was sick, or needed food, or someone who was celebrating a special occasion (such as a birthday). She was known for her generosity and desire to help others.

Dad and Mom were actively engaged in extending their ancestral lines and often sent money to genealogists they had hired to do the research for them. I vividly remember mother in the hospital. I had come home for a few days, realizing she was very ill. We were in the room alone one night after her surgery, and she was so sick. She said, "I've just got to get better, so I can get my genealogy straightened out. I have so much to do." Perhaps this is the reason why I [Elva] have felt the need to do what I can to continue this work. Also, I keep remembering her saying, "I wish one of you girls would write to our relatives in England. They seem like such nice people, and maybe they could help us with our genealogy. My hands are so bad, I just can't write decent any more." I'm sorry that I didn't take time to help her.

On July 14, 1941, the entire family met at home to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary-- 50 years of marriage. Mother made a brief copy of the program as follows: Harmonica duet, Tom and Theron; Song by group; Song by Therald, Shirley, Gay, and Larry; Some parts by the Fillmore bunch; Reading by Mrs. Elmo Bushnell; Spoons played by Iris and Dean; Some outstanding events in our family life were told. They shared each others company for eight more years. Mother's health was not good, but she was never one to complain. She had what we now call arthritis, but she called it rheumatism. There were other physical problems as well. She passed away in the Fillmore Hospital on February 25, 1949 of a ruptured gall bladder and peritonitis.

The Deseret News published the following obituary for Isabella Dearden Swallow on February 14, 1949:

Isabella Dearden Swallow

Meadow, Millard County – Funeral services for Mrs. Isabella Dearden Swallow, 73, Meadow, who died in a Fillmore hospital Friday of complications following a major operation will be conducted Tuesday at 1 p.m. in the Meadow Ward chapel, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Bishop C. J. Venoy Labrum will officiate. Burial will be in Meadow Cemetery under direction of N. L. Nickle Mortuary of Delta.

Mrs. Swallow was born Aug. 14, 1873, a daughter of Thomas and Charlotte Dearden. She was active in Relief Society work and other Church organizations.

Surviving besides her husband, Charles Swallow, are four sons: Thomas C., and Theron Swallow, Meadow; Truman O. Swallow, Salt Lake City; and Donald C. Swallow, Hawthorne, Calif.; five daughters: Mrs. Laura Beckstrand and Mrs. Noreen Labrum, Meadow; Mrs. Iva

Bushnell, Sunset; Mrs. Norma Reid, Mrs. Elva Lindberg, Salt Lake City; and Mrs. Robert Killian, Milford; three sisters: Mrs. Ann Bushnell, Meadow; Mrs. Fanny Ashman, Fillmore; and Mrs. Esther Smith, Baker, Nev.; one brother, Albert Dearden, Fillmore; 30 grandchildren and 21 great grand children.

The following, A Tribute to My Cherished Mother, was written by Truman Swallow, June 1962:

Isabella Dearden Swallow was born 14 August 1873 at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, and died 25 February 1949 at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah.

When God created the earth and finally placed man upon it, he felt that something very important and necessary was still lacking. So, to fill the great void he created Mothers and vested in them special powers and attributes such as He himself possessed, even the power to bring life and love into this world. With this crowning achievement, God could see that His work was good, so he blessed and hallowed it.

When I think of you, Mother, cherished memories crowd my mind in great profusion. A vision of beauty, loveliness, tenderness, kindness, security, peace, belonging, all these and more, nestled in a background of that most sacred place, home; and I find myself longing to walk that old familiar path just once again and to experience that warm welcome of days gone by.

It is with a feeling of deep respect and sadness that I recall some of the tragedies that filled your early life before marriage: the loss of your mother; the passing of your little sister soon afterward; and the tremendous responsibilities and burdens you were subsequently called to bear while yet a child. All these experiences prepared you to assume the duties of motherhood far in advance of your years.

I still marvel, Mother dear, at your depth of understanding. You always knew how to heal the wounded, bind up the broken hearted, and comfort the sick and weary. Our problems seemed to vanish in your presence. Home and children were neat and clean, and your front yard was a garden paradise of flowers. Though you have left us for awhile, the memory of you remains in colors that will never fade and that time cannot erase.

Thousands of poets have sung of you Mother, and this feeble attempt to express my feelings adds little. Words can only partly tell of the closeness I feel toward you even now, and I can never transmit my love and esteem for all you so graciously sacrificed and gave to me, your son. May God watch over you especially, and keep you until we meet again.

In the Isabella Dearden Swallow's History by her daughter, Elva Swallow Lindberg, it states:

I wish I were a poet and could express in beautiful sentiments my feelings when I think of the touch of my Mother's hands. This memory is so vivid, it is almost as if Mom is with me. Love and healing seemed to flow through her hands as she placed them on my hot forehead and brushed the damp hair back when I was ill. Since I am lacking in the poetic talent I wish for, I will borrow from part of a song by Deanna Edwards.

My Mother's Hands

By Elva Swallow Lindberg, July 13, 1991

Her hands nearly trembled the first time she touched
her small bundle the day I was born.
They guided me gently through childhood dreams
and mended the clothes that were torn.

I loved the warm smile she wore every day,
and her sweet voice and gentle commands.
But I'll always remember through good days and bad
the wonder of my mother's hands.

Sometimes they were gentle and soft as the rain,
when she kissed me and tucked me in bed.
Sometimes they were firm as she led me away
from dangers that lay just ahead.

All the work they have done and the burdens they've borne,
I know only God understands.
There is magic and mystery when I think about
the wonder of my mother's hands.

Following is a copy of a letter written by Fannie Dearden Ashman, Isabella's sister. It was written to Charles after Isabella's funeral.

Midvale, Utah
Mar. 15, 1949

Dear Uncle Chas. & Family,

I couldn't talk to you the day of the funeral. I felt like my mother was being taken from me as indeed she was. I loved my sis far more than most sisters do, I know. I have always had so many problems to face in my own home, I feel I never took the time or made an opportunity to let my darling sis know just how very much she meant to me. I wake up in the nite and keep thinking about it. It seems like a bad dream. I wouldn't want her to have to suffer with that terrible disease, but I wish she could have been well and stayed for awhile longer. But they say the Lord works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. I guess some day we'll understand.

Uncle Charles I hope your health will remain good that you will enjoy the companionship of your daughters and sons. Rely on them and let them do things for you. I will be glad to do anything I can any time.

I will see you all soon. I expect to come down home around April 6. I hope Nola had no bad effects from the sad news. I can't help but worry about her. Be with your family all

you can. Love to all of you and may you receive comfort from Him from whom all blessings come.

I must close. Your loving Aunt Fan

From the Recollections of Charles Swallow by Laura Swallow Beckstrand we read:

When father got older, he couldn't hear very well and so we got him some hearing aids, but he wouldn't wear them. And after mother died, father seemed like he just went down-hill. It didn't seem like he was the same person, hardly. We used to go down and take food to him and try to take care of him a little. Finally, it got to where he couldn't take care of himself. He bought the Bushnell house and sometimes kids would get into it and wreck it. He went over there one night and drove them out and after that he was never quite right. He couldn't stay alone so Noreen and I took care of him--I don't know for how long, but either Noreen or I had to be with him. We were nervous about staying there alone but sometimes we had to. Other times we would stay there together. When the children would come to visit, he'd seem fine, but it was different after they left.

I was Stake Relief Society President at the time and was trying to take care of father and do that work, too. Finally, I told President Olpin I couldn't do both, so he said they would release me at Stake Conference, and the day they did, father died.

I didn't go to the Stake Conference in Fillmore because Noreen and I were staying with father in Meadow. He was complaining that day that he was in awful pain. We didn't know what was wrong with him. We were trying to make him comfortable when he suddenly stopped moaning. It went so quiet. Then I heard a noise like it was in his throat and I said, "Oh, Noreen, he's going," and she said "Oh, no!" I looked at him and he wasn't breathing. I said "He's gone." Clifton came in right after conference and said they had released me from my Relief Society job, and I told him father was gone. He called Olpin Mortuary, and we hurried and got him ready. President Olpin came down and got him. "

Elva Swallow Lindberg writes in the History of Charles Swallow:

His wife, Isabella, passed away on February 25, 1949. The remaining years were lonely for Charles. I remember him saying he would stand at the gate in the evening looking up the pathway and dreading going into an empty house. He was fortunate that he was able to remain in his own home, which he loved, with the help of his daughters Noreen and Laura. The last few years of Dad's life were not very happy ones. It was difficult for him to hear and the cataracts on his eyes made it impossible for him to enjoy reading, which had been so important in his life. He also had periods of hallucinations. He seemed to have a vague memory of what had transpired and this caused him to worry. All Noreen said about this was, "He was so sweet, and I loved him so much." She said; one day as he was sitting in his chair, while she and Laura were changing the linens on his bed, he quietly passed away. This was on 9 June 1957. He was 91 years of age at this time.

Figure 251 - Obituary for Charles Swallow

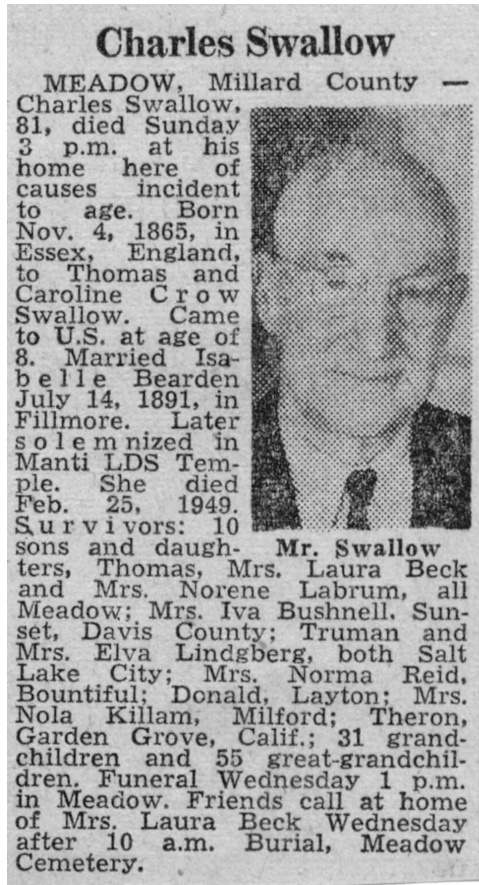


Figure 252 - Gravestone of Charles Swallow and Isabella Dearden Swallow



Charles Swallow was 91 when he died, and he was married to Isabella Dearden

Laura Swallow Beckstrand Remembers the Last 100 Years

The following is quoted directly from a Special to The Daily Herald dated Sunday, December 15, 1996 and titled "Centenarian thinks life has been wonderful," by John Best. It has been included here because it is about Laura Swallow Beckstrand, the author of Recollections of Charles Swallow, all of which is contained in this document. This newspaper article gives us a rare glimpse of what growing up in a rural Utah community was like in the late 1800's and early 1900's. It also shows what day to day life was like within the Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow family.

A century ago in the tiny town of Fillmore, two important events occurred.

The first was in January of 1896 when Utah was granted statehood; Fillmore celebrated in grand style as the capital of the territory and now the newest state of the United States.

The second significant event happened on December 15, 1896, when Laura Swallow was born. She was the fourth child of 12 children born to Charles and Isabella Swallow. This week the active and hearty lady, now known as Laura Swallow Beckstrand, joins the Century of Utah

along with a few other 100-year-old residents, by invitation of Gov. Michael Leavitt.

Her life story covers 100 years of fascinating history — from being chased by Indians to the exciting day in 1926 when power came to her rural home in Meadow to several years later when water ran from the pump inside the house making the well obsolete.

Her family's first horseless carriage was a truck they got in 1945. Which means, for half her life, the horse or a horse-drawn buggy was her sole mode of transportation.

"It wasn't bad," she reflects, "I really loved my horse, Prince. We rode a lot of places together. We had horses; and we'd often borrow a buggy from the neighbors."

Laura spent 83 years of her life in the Meadow and Fillmore areas. As a young girl, she remembers going to a one-room rock schoolhouse in Fillmore, where grades kindergarten through eighth met together. That school still stands.

"After school I would work in my father's general store until about eight o'clock when we'd close. Then I'd go home and help milk the cows. We had to milk them in an open field, and I remember going out with snow up to my knees still milking at eleven o'clock at night," says Laura, who believes hard work is one of the keys to a long life.

She remembers hard times in her life, but she has no regrets and thinks life has been wonderful.

When she was three, her father was called on a mission to England for the L.D.S. Church. He was gone for more than two years, but the family kept the store and the farm going. When Laura was a young lady in 1917, she attended the Brigham Young Academy. While there she played the French horn in the band. She remembers the day she got a message from her mother in Meadow that the kids were sick with the measles. Her mother was too weak from recently giving birth and was having to lean on a broom stick to stand up. She asked Laura to leave school and come home to help. She left and was never able to return to BYU.

Life didn't get any easier during the Depression. She remembers when the family cows had to be shot because of the draught, and there wasn't any feed.

"We always had food, but not a lot of it," she says. "I remember eating a lot of lettuce and milk. We would cut the lettuce up and eat it in a bowl of milk. Once in a great, great while we would get a banana, not a banana each, but one banana to split among the family. An orange is all we ever got in our sock at Christmas."

Despite the trials, there were also many blessings. Her greatest blessings are her family, her health and temple work — she is also quick to point out the day she finally got a washing machine.

"I think the blessings of the Lord are also a reason I've lived so long" she concludes.

Some of the most joyous times of her life were spent in the L.D.S. Manti Temple with her husband, Joseph Clifton Beckstrand, working as a temple worker for seven years. She was married to Clifton for 64 years before he passed away in 1981.

Beckstrand has remained an avid BYU fan ever since her time at the Academy. She has received many honors for the support she gives BYU's athletic programs. Just this year; she was voted runner-up to the world-wide Die Hard fan contest sponsored by Sears. She loves BYU football and was honored by 60,000 fans during a home game this season.

She has two daughters Nelda Wadley of Pleasant Grove and Thressa Knoell of Orem, and one son Therald Beckstrand of Pleasant Grove. Two other daughters died in infancy.

Beckstrand has 15 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren.

Beckstrand will be honored with a fireside tonight at 6 P.M. at the Manila Seventh Ward Church, 2600 N. 700 West, in Pleasant Grove. There will be a program honoring her life and several speakers from her family, the BYU athletic department and an award from the Cougar Club. Family and friends are invited to attend.

Figure 253 - Laura Swallow Beckstrand



Laura Swallow Beckstrand was in her early 20s when this picture was taken in 1917. Now, at 100 years old, Beckstrand has 15 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren.

Figure 254 - Laura Swallow Beckstrand at 100 Years Old



Laura Swallow Beckstrand enjoys quilting in this undated photo. She turns 100 years old today.

Appendices

Appendix A - Copy of 1888 letter Caroline Crow Swallow wrote to Charles Swallow

Killman City June 14th
1888
My Beloved son Charles
I taking this opportunity to convey
your most faithful letter with
I received with gladness of heart
to again learn of your welfare
and that of your Mother James
& George & family
well I cannot say that I
am feeling well for the
weather is so against me
now that it seems I dare
to get along we have so
much wind and this morning
is such a heavy rain so
that I am just able to
scribble these few lines as
I want to convey it to you
as I was so very pleased
to get one but in regard to
be hoping for James and

have all the time William keeps saying its of care that James dont write of live on ^{they} about what to do he has written over twice that is all I except it will get he had to go 2 or 3 times to get the list done he is working very hard now all the time waiting putting away he is now doing William keeps 2 lots and then he is going to do James and next week he says he will have to go to the ship and commence their and what things to eat and so on it is all right seems uphill business he are living quite a little now and it seems that I only get just as little as I can probably do with just on the account of my health been so poor there is expenses is necessary to what there others

would be if I knew well
and left the money I am
Joseph and then have had
a real hard time off late
he has had to pay quite a
little about the rent and they
will want down to the ship
last week stayed so long so
that they might live on it to
come I except it is all right
now when he gets his other
papers the other girls fetched
him some the day changed
him 5 dollars but Joseph
seems very much when he
starts in to work and wants
more to take than he can
really get he said the other
day I don't know what would
become of us if it was not
for you I had a little perke
tea and some per little coffee

as much as I have to do with
but Susan seems so much
and a little wanting in so many
ways I heard your father's voice
speaking the other morning just
so plain he says I want you
to make your mother comfortable
he repeated it over twice so often
as he used to tell when alive
and I would grasp as to speak
but he was gone I feel and
can think he can enjoy his
things are going and the
spirit said I care thy father's
children will let thy wisdom
trust in me well I hope
to fight my way through
to the end but I never see
the time in my life that
I had not a little means to

Appendix B - A Chronology of the Thomas Swallow Family in Utah & Nevada

By Russell M. Robison

The Thomas Swallow family, like most families of that time, lived close together and had many interactions with one another. While the information contained here is included in each history, it is difficult to get a complete picture of their social and business dealings with one another just by reading the histories. This Appendix was prepared to help pull a number of these key interactions and events together for the reader. It also shows how important land ownership was to this family from England that had never owned land before and would have never had a chance to do so had they remained in England. America was the land of opportunity for the Thomas Swallow family. (Most of this information came from Millard County Land Records).

1868

July 1868 – George Swallow, age 17, is the first of the Thomas Swallow family to leave England and immigrate to America.

September 1868 – George Swallow arrives in Fillmore, Utah. He works at least part of the next three years for the Holbrook family.

1871

By 1871 – George, age 19, is hauling freight between Milford, Utah and the mining town of Pioche, Nevada.

July 1871 or sooner – George Swallow purchases Block 41, ½ of Lots 4 & 5 in Fillmore.

August 1871 – Frederick Swallow, age 22, arrives in Fillmore. He most likely worked for the Holbrooks as George did.

1872

June 1872 – Joseph Swallow, age 14, and James Swallow, age 11, arrive in Fillmore. Along the wagon trail from Salt Lake City to Fillmore, they met and traveled with the Henry Davies and the Thomas Dearden families, also on their way to Fillmore. Frederick, age 23, and George, age 21 meet Joseph and James in Fillmore and they all have a joyful reunion. Joseph works for Joseph V. Robison seven years and lives with them until his parents arrive and get settled. James lives with and works for Orson Holbrook, Alonzo Robison and others.

Summer 1872 – George Swallow, age 21, continues to haul freight to the mining towns in Nevada, helps on cattle drives in Nevada and works for a few months on the Benjamin Kimball ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.

Winter 1872/73 – George Swallow earns money by cutting wood, piling it into cords and selling the cords of wood to the mills in the Pioche, Nevada area.

1873

Spring 1873 – George Swallow, age 21, purchases a partnership in the Benjamin Kimball ranch at Shoshone, Nevada and moves there.

July 1873 – George Swallow, age 22, sells Block 41, ½ of Lots 4&5 to Henry Davies & Thomas Dearden and then purchases Block 48, Lot 5 in Fillmore.

1874

September 1874 – Thomas Swallow, age 52, Caroline Crow Swallow, age 45, Eliza Swallow, age 11, and Charles Swallow, age 8, arrive in Fillmore. Frederick is now 25, George is 23, Joseph is 16, and James is 13. Thomas Swallow's first home in Fillmore was located across the street and just south of where the Thomas Dearden family lived. It was while they lived here that their only daughter, Eliza, dies. Thomas works as an agricultural laborer in the Fillmore area until his death in January 1888.

1875

October 1875 – Eliza Esther Swallow, age 12, dies of diphtheria. This is a mighty blow to the entire Swallow family.

1876

January 1876 – Frederick Swallow, age 26, purchases Block 78, Lot 5 in Fillmore. George Swallow signs as a witness for the mortgage connected to this purchase.

May 1876 – George Swallow, age 25, purchases 6 ½ acres of farm land - part of lot 4 Sec 20, Twp 21, Range 5 West - in Fillmore.

July 1876 – Frederick Swallow, age 27, purchases Block 39, Lot 8 in Fillmore.

1877

July 1877 – Frederick Swallow, age 28, sells Block 78, Lot 5 in Fillmore

1878

January 1878 – George Swallow, age 26, marries Anna Day of Fillmore and moves her to the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. They have seven children there over the next 16 years.

October 1878 – Frederick Swallow, age 29, mortgages Block 68, Lot 6 in Fillmore. This is part of the property Thomas and Caroline Swallow purchase in October 1883. Based on this mortgage, Frederick Swallow had some kind of an interest in this property in October 1878.

1879

January 1879 – George Swallow, age 27, and Anna Day Swallow's first child, George William Swallow, is born in Fillmore, Utah. It is most likely that Anna stayed with her parents, Richard and Elizabeth Smith Day, in Fillmore for this birth. This is the first grandchild of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.

1880

About 1880 – George and Anna Swallow purchase the balance of the ranch at Shoshone, Nevada from Benjamin Kimball. Hereafter it is called the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada.

April 1880 – George Swallow, age 28, and Anna Day Swallow provide a second grandchild (Richard Thomas Swallow) to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. The child is born on the Swallow ranch in Nevada.

Summer 1880 – Joseph, age 22, and James, age 19, are working on the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. Before they were married, all of the Swallow brothers except William worked parts of several years on the Swallow ranch during the 1870's. It is also likely that Frederick worked there at times in the late 1870's.

1881

March 1881 – Joseph Swallow, age 24, purchased Block 76, Lot 2.

April 1881 – James Swallow, age 20, purchased Block 77, the East half of Lot 2 (170 E 100 N) in Fillmore, Utah. The current two story red brick home on this property today was built about 1886 or 1887. It was occupied first by Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. From 1891 to 1894 Charles and Isabella Dearden Swallow lived there. William Swallow lived there from at least 1907 to his death. This property is still owned by the Joseph Swallow family. A photo of the existing house, taken in 2003, shows a red house with "S" in triangle over front porch.

1882

January 1882 – The first grandchild, George William Swallow (age 3), of Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow is killed when his skull was fractured while playing alone in the barn on the Swallow ranch. It was assumed by the family that a horse kicked him.

February 1882 – Thomas Swallow, age 60, purchases Block 68, Lot 5 in Fillmore. This property is where Thomas and Caroline Swallow had their home, a log cabin, from at least February 1882 until they moved to the two story red brick house across the street in about 1887.

August 1882 – George and Anna Day Swallow provide a third grandchild, Alfred Marion Swallow, to Thomas and Caroline Swallow. Alfred is born in Fillmore, Utah. It is most likely that Anna went to Fillmore because she wanted to make sure she had the best of care for this third child born just seven months after the death of her little "Willy." She probably stayed with her parents, Richard and Elizabeth Smith Day, in Fillmore.

1883

October 1883 – Thomas Swallow, age 61, purchases Block 68, Lot 6 in Fillmore from James Lambert. This is the property Frederick mortgaged in October 1878.

October 1883 – Joseph Swallow, age 25, purchases Block 77, Lot 3. The address is about 130 North 200 West, Fillmore, Utah. This is where the Joseph Swallow Family until 1937. In 1941, Joseph sold this property to his son, George B. Swallow. This property backed up to the property James owned then William Swallow owned and lived on. The Joseph Swallow home, on this lot, burned down sometime after Joseph purchased and moved to Block 77, the East half of Lot 2 (170 E. 100 N.) in 1937.

October 1883 – George and Anna Day Swallow provide the fourth grandchild, May Caroline Swallow to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow. May is born at the Swallow ranch in Nevada. The first four of Thomas' and Caroline's grandchildren were born to George and Anna Day Swallow.

1884

February 1884 – Frederick Swallow, age 34, mortgaged Block 39, Lot 8 in Fillmore.

May 1884 – Joseph Swallow, age 25, marries Emma W. Beeston. They have five children.

1884 – Joseph Swallow, age 25, mortgages or sells Block 76, Lot 2.

1885

February 1885 – Joseph Swallow and Emma Beeston Swallow provide the fifth grandchild, Joseph William Swallow, to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.

1885 – William Swallow – still single, age 30, arrives in Fillmore. Thomas is now 63, Caroline is 56, Frederick is 36 – still single, George is 34 - married and living in Nevada, Joseph is 27 – married and living in Fillmore, James is 24 – still single, Eliza has been dead 10 years, and Charles is 20 – still single.

About 1885 – James Swallow, age 24 and single, purchases an interest in the Swallow ranch at Shoshone.

October 1885 – George, age 34, and Anna Swallow (now with three living children), purchase 19.6 acres on Chalk Creek in Fillmore. I believe this property was where they intended to have a home so their children could attend school in Fillmore.

1886

April 1886 – Frederick Swallow, age 36, marries Louisa Mills, age 17. There is little information about Frederick Swallow and his family after this, except that Louisa Mills was from Kanosh, Utah, about 15-20 miles south of Fillmore. Their three children were born in Kanosh, where Louisa's parents lived and the children's Church records were maintained there. Only one of their three children lived and she was born in 1889. The William E. Jukes and Allen Russell journals show that Frederick and Louisa lived in Fillmore.

May 1886 – George and Anna Day Swallow provide the sixth grandchild, Ray G. Swallow to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.

1887

About 1887 – The two story red brick home located on Block 77, the East half of Lot 2 (170 E 100 N) in Fillmore, Utah is built. Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow move into it.

June 1887 – Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow provide the seventh grandchild, George Beeston Swallow, to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow

October 1887 – George and Anna Day Swallow provide the eighth grandchild, Birdie E. Swallow, to Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow.

1888

January 1888 – Thomas Swallow, age 66, dies with posterity of seven children and eight grandchildren.

Spring 1888 – Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow provide the ninth grandchild, no name, to Caroline Crow Swallow. The records of this birth are sketchy at best.

June 1888 – Caroline, age 58, writes letter to Charles, age 22. Thomas has been dead for 5 months. Frederick is not mentioned. William and Joseph are working in the Fillmore area. James and Charles are in Nevada working with George on the Swallow ranch.

November 1888 – James Swallow, age 27, purchased Block 78, Lot 3 & 4.

1889

January 1889 – Charlotte Davies Dearden dies at age 39 and leaves a number of small children at home. Because Thomas, the father, is traveling most of the time, the older children care for the younger ones.

April 1889 – George Swallow, age 37, sells Block 48, Lot 5 in Fillmore.

1889 – Thomas Dearden, age 44, opens the “Ranchers Store” in Baker, Nevada to sell some of the goods his family freights to Nevada from Utah.

November 1889 – Frederick and Louisa Mills Swallow provide the tenth grandchild, Louisa Swallow, to Caroline Crow Swallow.

December 1889 – James Swallow, age 28, marries Charlotte Dearden, age 18.

1890

1890 – Charlotte spends most of her time at her father’s home helping care for her younger brothers and sisters. James Swallow is freighting back and forth to Nevada with Joe Smith, Will Payne, and Lafe Barkdall.

March 1890 – James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow provide the twelfth grandchild, Charlotte Swallow, to Caroline Crow Swallow. She died 5 April 1890 or 1891.

May 1890 – Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow provide the eleventh grandchild, Alfred Beeston Swallow, to Caroline Crow Swallow.

Summer 1889 or 1890 – James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow spent part of the summer on the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada. Charlotte refuses to live and raise their family on the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada, because there are no schools or church there. James and Charlotte have 9 children over the next 20 years.

1891

31 March 1891 – Caroline Crow Swallow, age 61, dies with posterity of seven children and twelve grandchildren.

1891 – James Swallow, age 30, sells his interest in the Swallow ranch at Shoshone to George Swallow and buys property in Fillmore.

April & June 1891 – James Swallow, age 30, purchases Block 68, Lot 5 (175 W. 100 N.) from the rest of the family (Frederick & Louisa Swallow, William Swallow, Joseph & Emma Swallow, Charles Swallow, and George & Ann Swallow). This is the location of the log cabin that Thomas and Caroline Crow Swallow owned and lived in. James and Charlotte Dearden Swallow lived in the log cabin from 1891 to 1895. Their children Ella and Nellie were born here. Ted Dearden, Charlotte’s youngest brother, lived here with them. The property was later sold to William Swallow. His son, Robert O. “Alva” Swallow, lived there while William was still alive.

April & June 1891 – William Swallow, age 35, purchases Block 68, Lot 6 from the rest of the family (Frederick & Louisa Swallow, James & Charlotte Swallow, Joseph & Emma Swallow, Charles Swallow, and George & Ann Swallow)

July 1891 – Charles Swallow, age 25, marries Isabella Dearden, age 17. Charles and Isabella live in the two story brick home at 170 E 100 N in Fillmore, where his parents lived the last few years of their life. Charles and Isabella have 12 children over the next 26 years.

July 1891 – William Swallow, age 35, marries Maria Beeston, age 23.

1892

April 1892 – Maria Beeston Swallow, age 24, dies giving birth to a stillborn child. William Swallow, age 36, is now a widower.

1893

January 1893 – Frederick Swallow, age 43, dies. He and Louise Mills Swallow have only been married a little less than 7 years. Frederick's only living daughter, Louisa, is just 3 years old.

July 1893 – Louise Mills Swallow, Frederick's widow and age 25 with a 3 year old daughter, marries Walter Eugene Jukes. They have four children together. Then, Louisa Mills Jukes, age 39, dies in December 1907.

1895

May 1895 – James Swallow purchases 19.6 acres on Chalk Creek from George and Annie Swallow. This became the James Swallow family farm and home. They lived here in "the Old Place," an old adobe house, from 1895 to 1905. In 1905, James built a new two story brick home for his family on this property where they lived the rest of their lives.

1896

1896 – Isabella Swallow, age 23, purchased Block 69, Part of Lot 3, Part of Lot 2, and Lot 4. The address of this property is 40 North 100 West, Fillmore, Utah and was often referred to as the "Lowder home." The Charles Swallow family lived here from 1896 until 1903 when they moved to Meadow, Utah.

1897

November 1897 – Isabella Swallow, age 24, purchased Block 69, the rest of Lot 2

1898

May 1898 – Charles Swallow, age 32, leaves his wife and 3 children, for a two year mission to England.

1901

August 1901 – William Swallow, age 45, buys Block 78, Lot 3 from James Swallow.

1902

November 1892 – James Swallow, age 33, sells Block 78, Lot 4.

1903

February 1903 – Charles Swallow, age 37, purchased Block 7, Lot 3 & 4 (2.22 acres) in Meadow, Utah. This is where the Charles Swallow family had their home and the Store in Meadow, Utah. This was the Charles Swallow family home from 1903 until 1957, when Charles passed away.

1905

About 1905 – Thomas Dearden, age 60, purchases the James and Clay Co. store in Garrison, Utah (8 miles south of Baker, Nevada) and re-names it the "Ranchers Store." Thomas Dearden now has two stores in Snake Valley, Nevada/Utah. He also has five of his children living there.

April 1905 – Richard T. Swallow, age 25, George and Anna Day Swallow's oldest living son, goes on a two year mission to California.

June 1905 – William Swallow, age 50, marries Clara M. Copley. They legally adopt two children in 1918, Mabel Ione Davis and Robert O. Davis, after their mother, Alice Williams Davis, died.

1907

Summer 1907 –George Swallow, age 56, and Anna Day Swallow, age 56, turn over the Swallow ranch at Shoshone, Nevada to their two oldest sons: Richard T. , age 27, and Alfred M. , age 25. The rest of the family moves to Salt Lake City where George and Ann buy two homes and build the Swallow Apartments. The children attend school and work. They spend part or all of each summer on the Swallow ranch. In 1910 Ray G. Swallow was also brought into the Swallow Brothers ranch partnership.

1908

February 1908 – Charles Swallow, age 42, purchased Block 29, Lot 1, 2, 3 & 4 in Meadow, Utah. Lots 1 & 2 are called the “Honeymoon Cabin.”

1908 – William Swallow, age 53, purchased Block 68, Lot 5 (the original log cabin that Thomas and Caroline lived in) from James Swallow.

1909

December 1909 – William Swallow, age 55, purchased Block 77, the East half of Lot 2, from James and Charlotte Swallow. The street address for this property is 170 West 100 North, Fillmore, Utah. This was the William Swallow family home until his death in 1939. Two years before his death, William sold the property to his brother, Joseph Swallow. Joseph and his daughter, Pauline Swallow Robison’s, family lived here starting in 1937 and helped care for William.

Appendix C – Fillmore, Utah Property Owned in the 1800's by the Thomas Swallow Family

This information was researched, by the Elva Swallow Lindberg family, using the Millard County Land Records in Fillmore, Utah.

Blk 78, Lot 5

Jan 1876 – Frederick Swallow
Jul 1877 – sold out of family

Blk 77, Lot 3

Oct 1883 – Joseph Swallow
Mar 1941 – George B. Swallow

Blk 76, Lot 2

Mar 1881 – Joseph Swallow
1884 – Sold or Mortgaged

Blk 78, Lots 3 & 4

Nov 1888 – James Swallow
Lot 3 – Aug 1901– William Swallow
Lot 4 – 1902 - sold out of family

Blk 77, E ½ Lot 2

Apr 1881 – James Swallow
Dec 1909 – William Swallow
May 1937 – Joseph Swallow
May 1942 – Polly Swallow Robison

Chalk Creek Property

Oct 1885 – George Swallow
May 1895 – James Swallow
1932 – Albert & Frank Swallow
1935 – Frank Swallow

**The Davies & Dearden Properties
are shown as supplemental
information for the reader.**

Blk 77, W ½ Lot 2

? – William Swallow
1922 – sold out of family

Blk 57, Lot 4

Joseph Swallow

Blk 87, Lot 3, 4

Jacob Davies

Blk 68, Lot 5

Feb 1882 – Thomas Swallow
Apr/Jun 1891 – Thomas Swallow
heirs
Jun 1881 – James Swallow
1908 – William Swallow
1917 – Clara Copley Swallow
Mar 1938 – William Swallow heirs

Blk 68, Lot 6

Oct 1878 – Frederick Swallow
(mortgage)
Oct 1883 – Thomas Swallow
Apr/Jun 1891 – heirs of Thomas
Swallow
Apr 1891 – William Swallow
May 1894 – sold out of family

Blk 69, Part of Lots 2, 3 & 4

1896-1897 – Charles Swallow
? 1903 – sold out of family

Block 42, Lot 7, 8

Edward Davies

Blk 42, Lot 7, 8

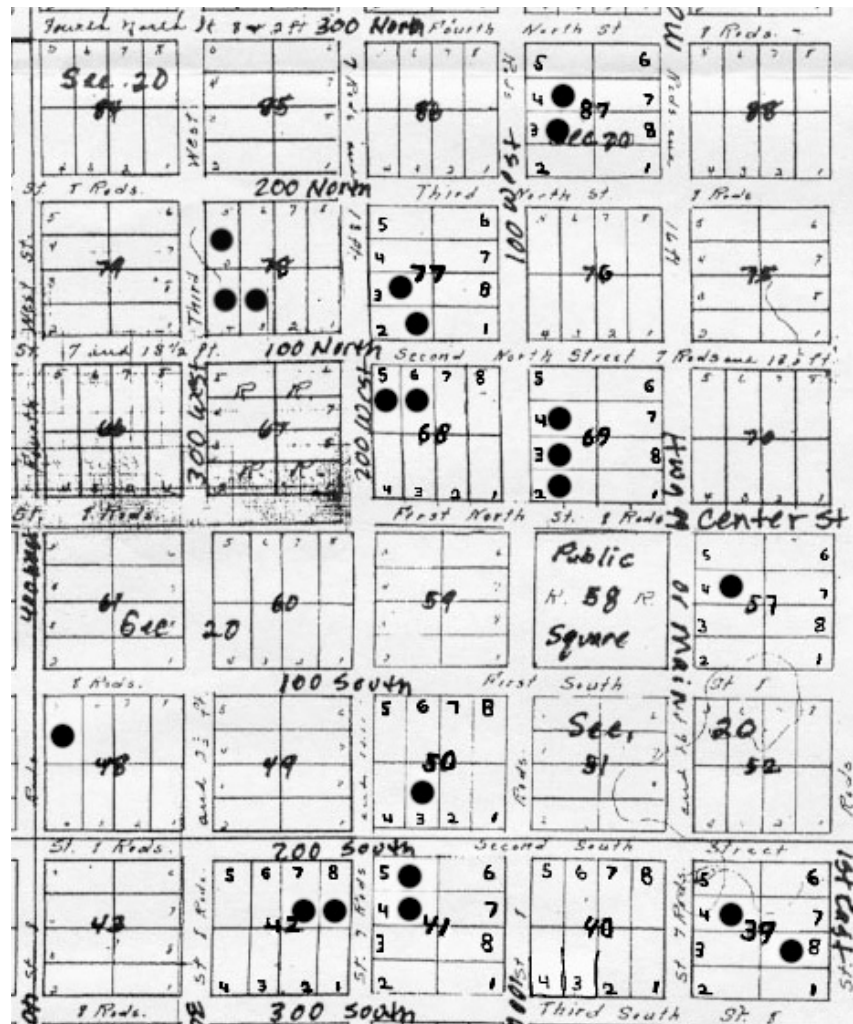
Fanny Dearden

Blk 41, Lot 4, 5

Thomas Dearden

Blk 50, Lot 3

Henry Davies



Chalk Creek
Property
----->

Blk 48, Lot 5

Jul 1873 – George Swallow
April 1889 – sold out of family

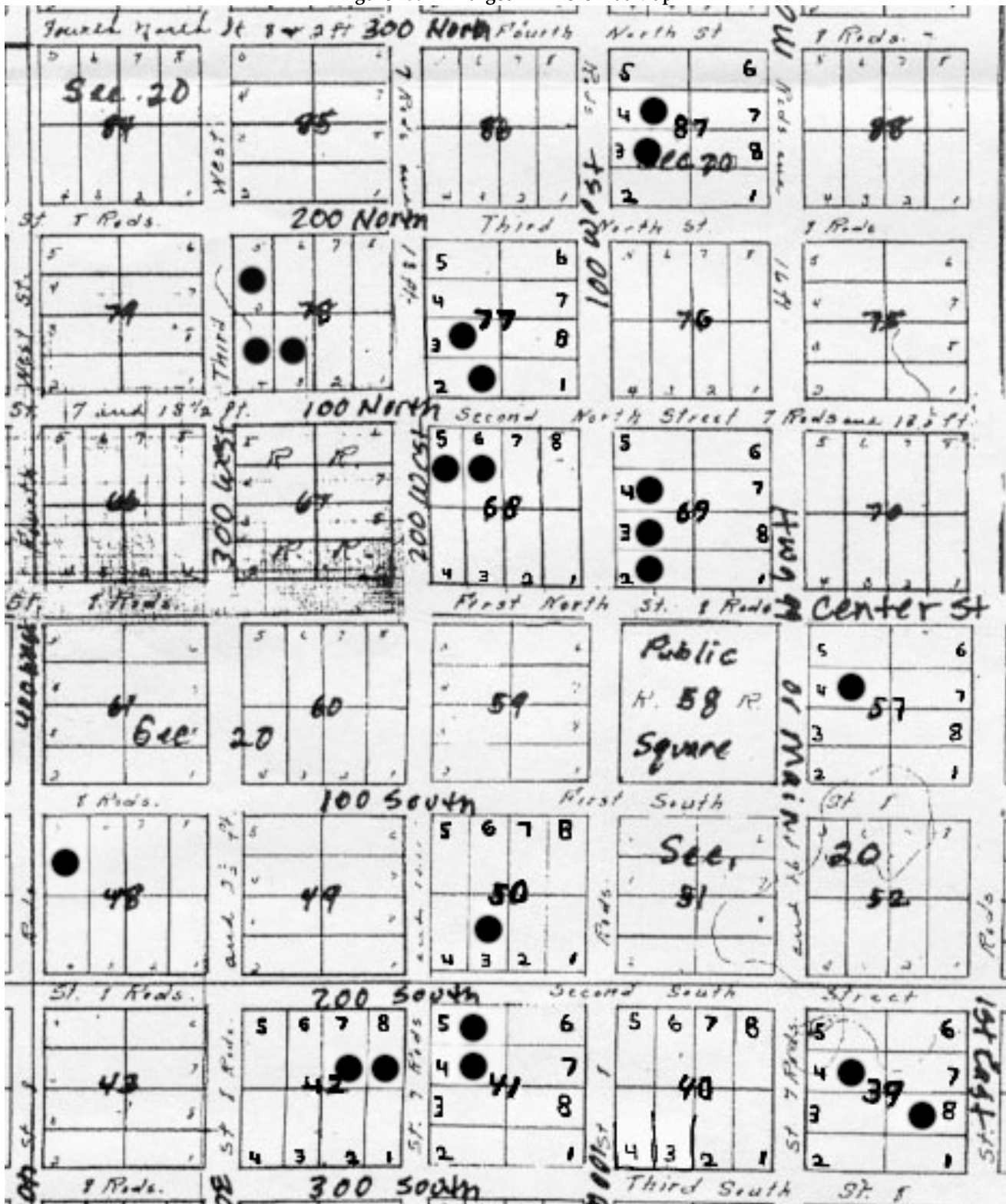
Blk 41, Lots 4 & 5

July 1871 – George Swallow
July 1873 – Henry Davies & Thomas Dearden

Blk 39, Lot 8

Jan 1876 – Frederick Swallow
Feb 1884 – sold out of family

Figure 255 - Enlarged Fillmore Plat Map



Appendix D - A Brief History of the Thomas Dearden and Henry Davies Families

Written and Compiled by Russell M. Robison

A brief history of the Thomas Dearden Family and the Henry Davies Family seems appropriate here because they had such an integral connection to the Thomas Swallow Family in Fillmore and Shoshone, Nevada. We believe the Thomas Swallow family, when they first came to Fillmore in 1874, lived as neighbors to the Thomas Dearden family and the Henry Davies family.

Thomas Dearden married Charlotte Davies, and they came to America and then to Utah with Charlotte's parents Henry and Sarah Bolton Davies. Thomas Dearden and Henry Davies also worked together in England and Utah. Two of Thomas and Charlotte Davies Dearden's children, Charlotte and Isabella, married two of Thomas Swallow's sons, James and Charles.

It is of interest that Henry Davies and Thomas Dearden, Sr. were both trained to work in an industrial world, as a sawyer and a steelworker, not as farmers, like most of those who settled in Fillmore. When they arrived in Utah, they worked at building the railroad. Afterwards, they operated sawmills because it was something they knew how to do and were good at. When the sawmills became unprofitable, they switched to freighting; and Thomas added selling goods through two mercantile stores he started or purchased. He started the one in Baker, Nevada in about 1889. He purchased the second store in Garrison, Utah from Williams & Clay in about 1904. Both stores were named "The Ranchers Store" when Thomas Dearden owned them.

The Davies

First, I will include a short history about the Davies family from Builders of Early Millard, compiled by Stella H. Day, Rose Rogers and Fontella (*Fountella*) Robison. They wrote this about their grandparents, Henry Davies and Sarah Bolton Davies:

Henry Davies was born February 21, 1824 at Ashton, Under-Lyne, Lancashire, England, the first child of Edward and Sarah Bennet Davies. He was their only son, but had nine sisters. He grew up at Ashton and married Sarah Bolton on August 28, 1848. Sarah was born November 25, 1827 to Thomas and Isabella Webster Bolton. She was twelve when her mother died, and she lived with her sister until she married Henry.

Henry and Sarah were the parents of Charlotte, Joseph Hyrum, Isabella, Edward, Elizabeth, Joshua, Fanny and Henry – all born in England. (*They had a number of other children in England that did not live.*)

Henry had several occupations but preferred being a sawyer as was his father. Sarah worked in a factory.

Sarah's older sister, Fanny, had joined the L.D.S. Church and had moved to America settling in Deseret where she lived with her son, Randle Bennet. Henry also had a sister in Utah, Amanda, who had married William Maycock, a widower. Henry and Sarah had joined the L.D.S. Church in November, 1848. They were baptized at night to avoid the ridicule of friends and neighbors.

They both became active, devout members and began to pay into an emigration fund in order to get to Utah. When they thought they had enough saved, they learned they had been paying into a fund to help the poor get to America! Stunned, but undaunted they began to save again, this time for their own voyage.

Davies and Dearden Emigrate to Utah

Twenty years after joining the Church, they (*the Henry Davies family*) had enough money to emigrate to Utah. With their daughter, Charlotte, her husband, Thomas Dearden, and two small children, they sailed from Liverpool June 4, 1868 on the "John Bright". It was filled with people making their way to Zion. They reached New York on July 13, 1868. (*The Henry Davies and Thomas Dearden families consisted of 7 Davies and 4 Deardens when they left England. One child from each family died in route, so only 9 arrived in Utah.*)

They (*both families*) traveled to Laramie, Wyoming by railroad where they were met by wagons from Utah. The three week trip to the Salt Lake Valley was one of hardship, sickness and death. They (*both families*) settled at Cottonwood (now Murray) where Sarah (*Davies*) gave birth to their youngest son, Jacob Bolton Davies. They (*both families*) lived here for two years, then moved to Springville where they built a sawmill. (*Charlotte Davies Dearden gave birth to two children, Charlotte and Susan, while living in Springville.*)

Fillmore

Two years later they (*both families*) were called by Bishop Partridge, of Fillmore, to come there and establish a sawmill. They set up the Davies-Dearden Sawmill in the right-hand fork of Chalk Creek. A lumber-yard was established in back of the co-operative store to handle their lumber. The families did well at work, in the city and the Church. But one day a terrible flood swept down the canyon and carried away their mill. They had to work hard to support their families after this misfortune. Henry worked as a freighter taking loads of produce to Salt Lake and bringing back merchandise. Sarah was in ill health for several years and died in 1884. Henry died in 1896 at the age of seventy-two.

Figure 256 - Sarah Bolton Davies



The History of Charlotte Dearden Swallow by June S. Smith and LaNola Swallow Turner states:

The Davies and Dearden families lived almost as one (*in Fillmore*). They lived across the road from each other and Augusta Davies, wife of Ted Davies (*Edward Davies "Ted" Sr.*), acted almost as a second mother to Charlotte (*Davies Dearden's children*), after she married Thomas (*Dearden*), during the birth of Charlotte's children, and at times of pulling aching teeth, etc. (*Note: This comment refers to Edward Davies and to his wife, Augusta Amelia Beauregard Davies. Edward was a younger brother of Charlotte Davies Dearden. Charlotte Davies Dearden was married 12 years and had 7 children, before Edward, age 24, and Augusta, age 18, married. Charlotte had five more children, after Edward and Augusta were married.*)

Charlotte (*Dearden Swallow*) remembered her grandmother Davies always had a mint in her apron pocket for her. She always felt as welcome in her grandmother's home as in her own.

Now I will include a short history about the Dearden family.

From the Life Story of Thomas Dearden (1845-1911) as written by Flora B. Stott and printed in the 1958 and 1978 edition of the Dearden Family Bulletin.

Thomas (*Dearden*) spent forty-three years of his life in America. He was sixty-six years of age when he died, twenty-three years when he left England.

He (*Thomas Dearden*) was born in Stourbridge, Staffordshire, England; street address, Holdbeach, 4 Aug 1845. At the age of one year, his family moved to 13 Mill Street, Warrington, Lancashire, England. Here he spent his boyhood days and received his early education. The 1851 census of Warrington tells us he was in school at the age of five years. At the age of nineteen, he was working as a "Steel Fitter," a branch of engineering. We know he had been a good scholar and industrious to be employed thus at such an early age.

He was the ninth child in a family of eleven children of Joseph Dearden and Ann Wragg—five boys and six girls. There were five of them living at home when their devoted mother died at the age of forty-three years on 5 June 1849. Thomas was four years old, Ann fifteen, Esther eleven, born 4 June 1838, Susan, seven, born 1 December 1842, Albert was only two, he was born 19 November 1847, two years younger than Thomas. They grew up together and loved each other dearly.

The older brother, Joseph, born 29 April 1827, stayed in Staffordshire working at the iron and steel works of Stoke-upon-Trent. His occupation was an "Engine Fitter."

Caroline, an older sister, born 17 September 1829, was married to John Thomason, 17 September 1855, a young man of whom all spoke highly "as one of the nicest men you would ever care to meet." These are the parents of Margaret Thomason (not Thompson) who came to America and married Henry Davies Dearden, 7 Oct 1902. She was born 12 January 1864; we have her birth certificate.

Three of Joseph and Ann's children died. John, their first child was born or christened 2 October 1825 at Tipton, Staffordshire, England; died 17 February 1842, age 17 months. Their eleventh child, Mary Ann, born 7 May 1849, died 24 September 1849. She was born just a month before her mother died. What a trying time this must have been for Joseph and the family.

Joseph was born in Rotherham, Yorkshire, England (not Sheffield), 16 December 1800—we have his birth certificate. The 1851 census of Warrington gave his birthplace. He married Ann Wragg, 14 December 1824 at Sedgley, Staffordshire, England. They had been married twenty-five years when she died.

Joseph was a gun borer or a gunsmith by trade. In Warrington, he helped build the warship named the "Follower." When Thomas was nineteen years old, he and his brother were employed at the Hushenson's Iron and Steel Works of Widness, Lancashire, England, which is not far from Warrington.

It was here at Widnes that Thomas met a charming young girl, Charlotte Davies, the daughter of Henry and Sarah Bolton Davies. She was born 17 September 1846 on Vulcan Street, Newton Lancashire, England. (Newton Lee Willows on the old map.)

Thomas was a striking young man, medium height, square shouldered and athletic, with wavy brown hair, and always a twinkle in his deep blue eyes. He was jovial, ever ready for a good story, yet he could be stern if the occasion called for it.

It was this young man Charlotte fell in love with. They were married in the parish of St. Mary at Widnes, Lancashire, England, 10 March 1867. Two children were born here to this lovely couple, Sarah, 9 February 1867, and Joseph Hyrum, 24 March 1868.

Charlotte's parents had been faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for twenty years. They were known in the British Mission for their kind hospitality to the missionaries. Their one great desire was to save money and prepare to go to America, or what was to them "Zion."

Through the missionaries, Thomas accepted the gospel, and was baptized 2 June 1865. His father greatly opposed this and told him, "If you do, I will have nothing to do with you." Thomas was convinced of the truthfulness of the Church, and there was always a tug at his heart when he thought of his good father who had raised five of the family without a mother or wife.

Figure 257 - The Davies and Dearden Families in winter of 1867-68



Group photo taken the winter of 1867-1868 at Liverpool, England, before Charlotte Davies Dearden gave birth to her second child and before the Davies and Deardens moved to Utah. L to R Back row- standing: Edward Davies (1854-1938), Thomas Dearden (1845-1911), Charlotte Davies Dearden (1849-1889) holding Sarah Dearden (9 February 1867 to 11 August 1868) and Isabella Davies (1852-1927). Front row - sitting: Henry Davies (1824-1896) holding Fanny Bolton Davies (1865-1945), Sarah Bolton Davies (1827-1884) holding Henry Davies, Jr. (30 October 1866 to 13 August 1868) and George Henry Davies (1860-1917).

Finally, the day came that Charlotte's family had been hoping, waiting, and praying for—the day when they could sail with the Saints to the Promised Land. It was a serious day for Charlotte as

she and Thomas decided he would stay and work to send money, and she would go with her parents and the children. Thomas would join her later.

On Thursday, 4 June 1868, Charlotte, nineteen years of age, their two children—Sarah, sixteen months and Joseph, two months—along with Charlotte’s parents, three brothers and two sisters, sailed from Liverpool on the sailing vessel, “John Bright.”

Thomas, age twenty years, and his brother, Albert Edward (*Dearden*), stood on the pier waving their handkerchiefs in farewell until the ship was well out to sea. Suddenly, Thomas embraced his brother, said goodbye and hired a fast sailing boat. Those on the ship could see a small speck in the distance. As it came closer, they recognized Thomas on the tiny craft. What joy and happiness was Charlotte’s at his arrival!

Years later, in a letter from Albert Edward’s son, Albert, he says “My father often talked of his brother, Tom, and was sorry he did not go to America with him at the time he left Hushenson’s Iron and Steel Works at Widnes where they worked.”

The events of life are like threads of a tapestry—all together they make the pattern and picture. Who can say what this one would have been like if Thomas had loved his father more than he did the Gospel, or if he had loved his brother, his good paying job, and his native country more than he did his wife and children?

As his grandchildren, we rejoice today for the Gospel and life in this choice land—just as the seven hundred and twenty-two immigrant saints did on that stately vessel as it carried them nearer and nearer to such a goal.

Before they left the harbor at Liverpool, they had been called on deck where President Franklin Richards addressed them. Elder James McGraw was appointed President of the company, and Charles W. Penrose dedicated the vessel. The weather was very pleasant during all the voyage, and there was little sickness. There was only one death, an elderly lady who was not well when she left England. They were six weeks on the ocean, landing safely in New York 13 July 1868.

The following day they began their journey westward by railroad, traveling by way of Chicago and Omaha to Laramie, Wyoming, which was the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad at that time. It was also the outfitting place for the pioneers traveling to Salt Lake City. Here they joined a company of about 600 immigrants. Some had crossed the ocean on the steam ship “Minnesota.” Under the leadership of Captain John B. Murdock, with a mule train of fifty wagons, they left Laramie on July 27th.

The mule train was an improvement over the Handcart Company, which had passed over the same trail some thirteen years before in the year 1855. They met with many hardships and trials of pioneer life, ever on the alert for Indians, facing the wind and rain, enduring the hot sand and burning sun, sickness and death. Six of the company died. One of them was Sarah, daughter of Thomas and Charlotte, on the 11th of August. She was eighteen months and two weeks old. Two days later, Henry Davies, a brother of Charlotte, died at about the same tender age. They had been two weeks traveling on the plains. Grandfather Davies made coffins of wooden boxes, and they buried the babies in shallow graves. Eight days later, 19 August, the company arrived in Salt Lake Valley.

Where were those little mounds out on the plains? Fifteen miles a day was considered good traveling by the pioneers. It is seventy-eight miles from the Utah line to Salt Lake, or five days of traveling. Three days before that they might have been this side of Fort Bridger or perhaps near Devil's Gate. We never knew.

These landmarks meant a great deal to the leaders of the pioneer companies, and they do to us today as we travel over the well-charted trail. The trail through Echo Canyon, and over the summit in Emigration Canyon to the mouth that opens into the valley, was rough and difficult, but cool and refreshing on an August day after traveling over the hot prairie. They had traveled 7,840 miles as estimated by an artist, Fredrick Piercy, who kept an account of his travels from Liverpool to Salt Lake.

Like the pioneers who had come previously, they were taken into the hearts and homes of the saints of Zion, and made as comfortable as possible until they could make a home for themselves. Thomas helped Charlotte's father (who was a "circle sawyer" or lumberman by trade while in England) saw lumber in Cottonwood Canyon, using a large waterwheel they had made. We note in Fanny Davies Cunningham's autobiography (she is the daughter of Henry Davies) "that her father and Thomas Dearden also worked on the railroad." On May 10th, the following year, the Union Pacific from the East met the Central Pacific which started from San Francisco, at Promontory, Utah, sixty miles northwest of Ogden. It is interesting to know they helped to prepare for this great event, as it was the first railroad to span the United States.

Salt Lake was then a pioneer village. The old Tabernacle made of adobe was built on the southwest corner of the temple block and could seat twenty-five hundred people. The Endowment House, a rather large two-story building, had been built. Here Charlotte and Thomas were sealed for time and all eternity on 2 August 1869—one year and seven months after those faithful pioneer arrived in Salt Lake. Charlotte's parents were sealed on 21 March 1870. Elder John A. Widtsoe likened the Gospel to an arch; the sealings as the keystone, that which holds the whole together. How the hearts of these courageous immigrants rejoiced as they received this blessing.

The winter of 1869 was a bitter cold one. The streams were frozen over. Water had to be thawed from ice and snow. During this winter, on December 22, another daughter, Susan, was born to this devoted couple, Thomas and Charlotte.

In the spring of this same year, they moved to Springville, where another sawmill was operated. Their fourth child was born here, 10 October 1871, who was named Charlotte.

A year later in 1872, the two families were called by President Brigham Young to go and settle in Fillmore.

In the book, A Century of History of Millard County, we read on page 34, "Since the coming of the railroad, machinery could be purchased at lower prices; therefore Millard county, together with the rest of Utah, experienced an era of expansion. Henry and Thomas Dearden erected the first steam sawmill. This was in Chalk Creek Canyon of Fillmore, and the Cooperative Store established a lumber yard back of their store to handle the sale of the lumber made at the Davies-Dearden sawmill."

Figure 258 - The Thomas Dearden Cabin in Fillmore, Utah



The Dearden family lived in a log house with a lean-to, on second south and third west (*this is now second west in 2004*). It was two large rooms, a living room with a fireplace in one end, a bedroom, a lean-to (or a shanty as they were called) for a kitchen. They soon acquired some pioneer, homemade furniture. Their extra beds were what we would call trundle beds as they rolled them under the main ones and brought them out at night for the children.

The Davies family lived across the street. They were kind, industrious and everyone loved them. Sarah Davies was very good with the sick and spent much of her time throughout the village helping to care for them. This is what Fillmore was, a pioneer village. It had been the Capital of the Territory of Utah from 1851 to 1859. The south wing of what was to be the State House had been built and the legislative assembly had met there. Because of lack of funds from the government for their building program, the legislature was moved to Salt Lake City, where there were more suitable accommodations, until otherwise ruled by law. Later, when Utah was made a State, Salt Lake City was named the capital.

Later, the State House became the property of Fillmore City. It was used for many public needs. Some of the Dearden and Davies children attended school there. It is interesting to hear them tell of the dances when the kerosene lamps on the walls were lighted early in the evening; and in the wintertime, wood fires were built in two big stoves. They waltzed to the tune of "Over the Waves" or "Dolly Gray." Today the State House is a pioneer museum. The Daughter of the Utah Pioneers are in charge of it.

In the city of Fillmore, the family was very happy, contented, and quite prosperous for those pioneer days. We note in the History of Millard County that Thomas was called in the year 1882 to fill a mission to the Southern States. Five more children had been born to them: Isabella, now 9 years old; Thomas, 7 years; Ann, 5 years; Esther, 3 years; and Elizabeth, a baby of one year.

Figure 259 - Charlotte and Thomas Davies Dearden



In about 1881

Figure 260 - Three Dearden Sisters and Fanny Davies



Susie Dearden, Charlotte Dearden, Fanny Davies Cunningham, and Isabella Dearden (seated front middle) in about 1889

After Thomas returned home, he and Henry Davies owned and operated another sawmill in Sevier county. They sold it to James A. Melville, William H. King and Joshua Greenwood in the year 1886. They both began hauling freight to the mines and ranchers in Nevada.

Three more children blessed their home—Henry Davies, Fanny, and Albert Edward, making a family of twelve children. The youngest was eighteen months old when their devoted mother died on 5 January, 1889, at the age of forty years. A short time before she died, although she was not well, she felt that she should be with her daughter, Susan, at the time her first grandchild, Charlotte (Lottie) was born. While there she became seriously ill and felt she should go home. It was bitter cold, and the snow was deep. Susan was greatly concerned over her mother traveling in her condition, but her husband, Daniel Bushnell, arranged a bed in the wagon and made her as comfortable as possible. Just before leaving, her mother stood by Susan's bed and told her not to feel badly or worry, because she had been a good, devoted daughter and was very dear to her, and that Susan would be well long before her mother was. Charlotte realized that she had been ill for a long time and was not getting better. That was the last time Susan saw her mother alive.

Charlotte's daughters always thought of their mother as an ideal mother and homemaker. They emulated her in their lives, as each of them became devoted mothers to large families. All were good cooks and immaculate in their homes and appearances.

Thomas was ever true to his first love and never married again. His life was full of responsibility and adventure as he continued to provide for his family as a freighter. He was away from home several days at a time which meant the older children were left to take care of the younger ones. The oldest boy, Joseph Hyrum, married Margaret Russell about six months after his mother's death, and Charlotte, the third daughter, married James Swallow. Isabella was then the oldest girl at home. She was sixteen. Thomas was the oldest boy, being eleven. Often he went with his father and grandfather, Henry Davies, on their freighting trips. When he was twelve years old, he operated a wagon and team himself.

Esther lived with Susan. She was there when the children at home contracted diphtheria. This was two years after their mother's death, and their father was away at the time. Charlotte came home to help take care of them until he returned. We quote from Isabella's history, which was related by Isabella and written by her daughter, Elva: "Two years after grandmother Dearden's death, the family became ill of diphtheria. Mother (Isabella) was the oldest one left at home to care for the other children. There were six of them, as Esther had gone to live with Aunt Susan, who had married. They sent for grandfather to come home. No one was allowed to come into the house except two quarantine physicians who would come and blow some medicine down their throats. One night mother and Lizzie (her real name was Elizabeth, affectionately called Lizzie), a younger sister, were sleeping in the same bed, and both of them were ill. Grandfather had returned by this time and had been sitting by the bed watching them, along with Charlotte, who had come home to help care for the family. Charlotte, at her father's insistence, had gone to lie down for awhile. Grandfather, who was also tired from traveling and lack of sleep, fell asleep for just a moment. Mother turned over to look at Lizzie, and she was dead." Elizabeth died 14 February, 1891, at the budding and promising age of ten years.

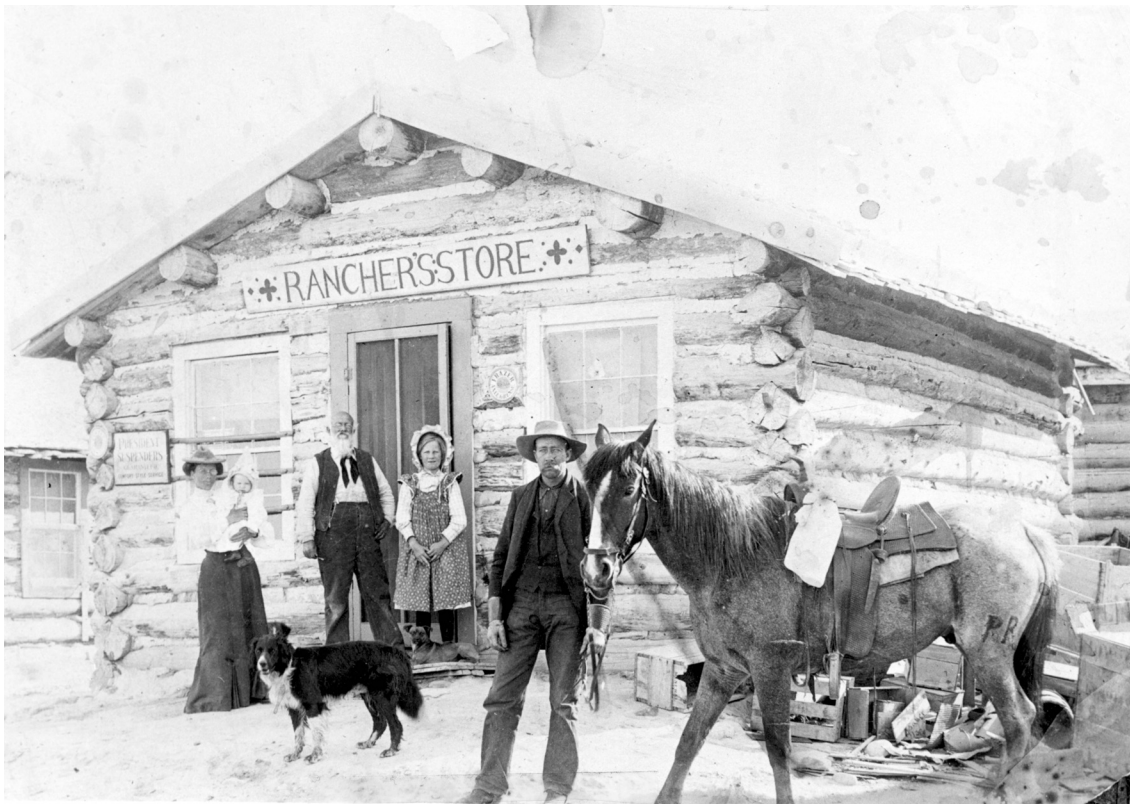
This was a very trying time for grandfather. His family needed him, yet it was necessary for him to assume his job. When he first began freighting, he loaded his wagon with grains, groceries, dried fruits for the miners and ranchers, salt for the sheep and cattle. Later he took dry goods purchased from the salesmen who brought them to the cooperative store of Fillmore, which was a branch of the Z.C.M.I. store of Salt Lake City. While freighting, Thomas conceived the idea of opening a store at Baker, Nevada. A friend loaned him five hundred dollars to start the "Ranchers' Store." It was the first store in Snake Valley, named for the Snake Indians, a branch of the large Piute tribe that was located there.

The married daughters took the younger children with the understanding that grandfather would come for them when he had a home built. Esther was still living with Susan, and Henry went to live with Susan also. Charlotte took Albert Edward the youngest. Fannie lived with Isabella who had married Charles Swallow. In 1903, Fannie married Charles Ashman, and they moved to Baker, Nevada. They lived in some rooms that had been built on to grandfather's store. Fannie loved to tell how happy it made her father when she beautified the rooms with linoleum on the floor and curtains at the windows and how she loved to look after his comfort and help him in the store. He sincerely appreciated Fannie reading to him, playing dominoes and checkers, which he so enjoyed. These games have carried over into the present day generation. In 1910 they moved back to Fillmore so their two older boys could attend school. Grandfather's oldest son, Joseph, ran a hotel next door where grandfather ate most of his meals. In 1897 Thomas married Elizabeth Rowley of Fillmore. They made their home in Garrison. That same year the fifth daughter Ann, married Joshua Brockbank Bushnell. They lived in Meadow, Utah. Ann had lived most of the past five years with her sister Charlotte in Fillmore.

Figure 261 - The Joseph H. Dearden Home in Garrison, Utah



Figure 262 - The "Ranchers Store" in Baker, Nevada - About 1906



L to R: Esther Dearden Smith holding the baby, Thomas Dearden Sr., Daisy Dearden (Joe's daughter) and Lester Jerome Robison

When Esther was sixteen years old and Henry twelve, their father sent for them to come and live with him at Baker. Naturally, Susan was saddened at their going as she had loved and cared for them as if they were her own children. She pleaded with her father to let them stay until they were older. Her one great concern was that there was no organization of the Church there for

them to attend—the Church that had brought their parents here in the beginning. It was not until 1925 that a branch of the Deseret Stake was organized in Garrison.

Figure 263 - Esther Dearden Smith



Figure 264 - The George and Esther Dearden Smith Family

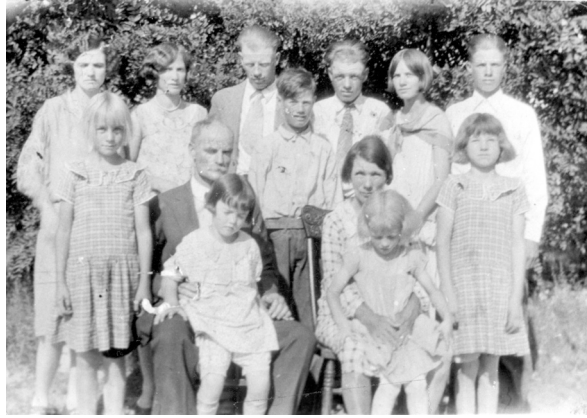
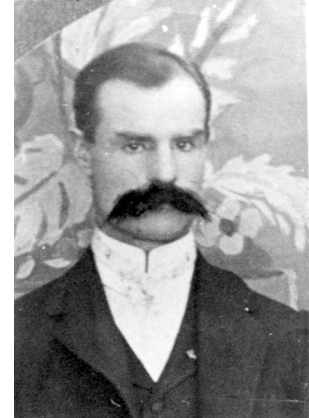


Figure 265 - George T. Smith



Three years after Esther went to live with her father, she married George T. Smith. Henry married his cousin, Margaret (Maggie) Thomason Roberts. Her first husband was Fred Roberts. After Margaret and he were divorced, Henry married Jenny Harrison of California. Albert Edward, the youngest child, married Laura Beauregard and lived in Fillmore.

Figure 266 - Thomas Dearden's "Ranchers Store" In Garrison, Utah – about 1910



The store front is in the process of being painted.

L to R: Eva Heckathorne, Lola Heckathorne, Bert Ashman on porch, Mattie Heckathorne with baby.

The other store, just two doors to the north, in Garrison, Utah is owned by the Heckathornes.

The following is taken from Chapter 30, "The Dearden's", By: Eleanor Smith Yelland, in the book Pioneers of Snake Valley by Boyd E. Quate.

Thomas bought the store in Garrison from the James and Clay Co., 1904. He owned both stores - the one at Baker and the one at Garrison. His son Joseph Hyrum owned a Hotel next door to the store in Garrison. When Esther was sixteen years old, Thomas sent for her and his son Hendry (*Henry*) to come live with him at Baker. Three years later, 17 April 1898, Esther married George T. Smith. (Cripps)

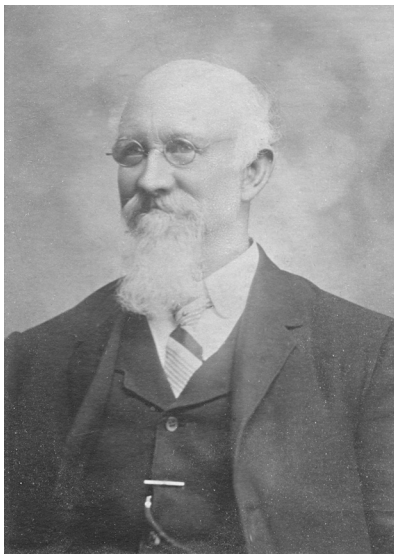
Esther kept house for her Father. George, her husband, kept books for him and drove a freight team for him from Frisco to Fillmore where he hauled supplies for Thomas's store.

The Life Story of Thomas Dearden (1845 -1911), written by Flora B. Stott and printed in the 1958 and 1978 edition of the Dearden Family Bulletin, concludes:

Five of grandfather's children at one time were living in Garrison and Baker. He used to come to Meadow and Fillmore two or three times a year to visit with the others. It was a festive occasion as the children and grandchildren gathered at one of the homes where refreshments were served. There was singing, visiting, and story telling, pine-nut cracking and eating. It was always a treat when Grandfather brought pine-nuts which had been gathered from the pine trees in Nevada.

To those who knew him in his late years, one of the fondest and brightest memories is how he looked with his long, white, shining beard -- walking so straight and proud with his grandchildren on his arms. There was always that twinkle in his eyes and a smile for everyone -- jovial and pleasant to be around.

Figure 267 - Thomas Dearden, Sr.



In about 1900

Figure 268 - Thomas Davies Dearden



In about 1897

Those who visited grandfather and his children in Baker and Garrison remember the good times they always had with them. They killed the fatted calf and served the barbeque dinner with all its trimmings. They had fun gathering pine-nuts and visiting Lehman Cave, where there are

some wonderful specimens of stalactites, and you can listen to the playing of the organ on the pipes. It is a visit you always remember. You were especially favored if you visited grandfather's prospector's mine.

It was mid-winter, when on the 29 of December, 1911, he died of pneumonia. There was snow on the ground, and it was cold when his devoted children brought him from Baker to Fillmore to be buried by his dear wife.

Figure 269 - Thomas and Charlotte Davies Dearden Family Photo Sheet



The following is the text of a Tribute to Thomas Dearden – My Beloved Grandfather by Harold Ashman. Harold lived his first six years with his parents and with his grandfather in Nevada.

Mother and I moved to Baker to help grandpa and to keep house for him. My father, C. N. Ashman, stayed in Garrison to run the store there and the post office. As it turned out, I lived six of the last seven years of Grandfather's life with him. Memory is such a fleeting thing. A tribute, written sixty-five years after the death of a truly remarkable and wonderful man is not an easy task, nor can it be complete. It will be minus some important aspects that memory hasn't recalled.

"We travel this way but once." Grandfather knew this so well. Each day he did all he could to brighten it for those he met; all he could do to ease their burdens; all he could do to let them know he was their friend and truly cared.

He always spoke affectionately of the Bakers, the Bellanders, the Robisons, the Heckethorns, the Smiths, the Gonders, the Rowleys, and a host of other ranchers. He was kind and understanding with the many Indians who lived in the area. The sheepherders who came to the desert areas with their sheep had special places in their hearts for Grandfather, and he for them. I can truly say that Grandfather was loved, trusted, respected, and honored by his family, his many friends and customers, and even by his competitors.

The qualities possessed by Grandfather that have stood out in my memory, and I'm sure endeared him to all who knew him, were his fairness, his honesty, his sense of humor, his genuine goodness, his hard work, and his love of God and family, neighbors and friends. These qualities marked him as a true Christian gentleman of the first order.

Grandparents can mean so much to young children. Grandfather Dearden was such a special person to me, but I guess he was extra-special because I knew he loved me and more particularly because he loved my mother, who was grandfather's youngest daughter. Grandfather had a special love for her because in 1902 she came to Baker to help him in the store and to cook, keep house and care for him. Grandfather passed away in 1911, and we moved from Baker to Fillmore that later part of 1910. Grandfather was extra special to me because he was the only grandfather I ever knew.

How well I remember his death. His mortal body was brought to Fillmore to our house and placed in the parlor where it was prepared for burial. Crushed ice was put in fruit bottles and placed around his body. Two men stayed up through the long night to keep the bottles filled with ice and any other thing that needed doing. The day following, brought all my uncles, aunts and cousins to our house. What a sad day. I remember the horse-drawn hearse that carried Grandfather to the Fillmore cemetery. How heavy my heart was as I rode behind the hearse with my folks in our white-topped buggy. I was probably more emotionally upset because I knew my mother was sad and full of grief.

Of course I remember few events that happened during those very early years of my life. I did love to sit on Grandfather's knee and look at the many catalogs he had. Grandfather often accused me of being in everything I shouldn't. One day he worked hard to get the last big barrel of whiskey ready for the sheepherders who were coming for supplies. He had installed a spigot in the end of the barrel and had put up the barrel horses to hold it. He got some of the customers to help him turn it down on its side and put it on the barrel horses. When it was secure, he removed the bung-hole cork in the side so air could get into the barrel. The barrel was set up in the back room where he kept some reserve stock of supplies. Setting near the whiskey barrel was an open keg of nails. Grandpa was busy with customers and I went into the backroom to look around. I was at least an average mischievous five-year old, and soon I was amusing myself by putting nails in the bung hole. Granddad missed me in ten or fifteen minutes and when he found me and saw how I had been entertaining myself, he was upset. First because that was all the whiskey he had, and he wouldn't get any more for several days, but also, I had ruined it. As the sheepherders came in for supplies, the first thing, that many wanted, was to have their whiskey jugs filled. Granddad told them he was sorry, but he didn't have any whiskey. He told them what I had done.

(This little incident always reminded me of the basic honesty and fairness of my Grandfather.) The sheepherders had to have some whiskey, and there wasn't any place within many miles, so

they told Grandfather they didn't think it was hurt, and they would take a chance on it. The shepherders later told Grandfather that it was the best whiskey he had ever sold them.

One day Grandfather received a shipment of pocket watches. (Ingersolls). What fascination they had for the Indians. They asked Grandfather what good they were. After considerable explaining and showing, several of the group bought watches. They had him show them several times where the hands had to be when they started work at 8:00 A.M., and where they were to be at 5:00 P.M. when they were through. Most of the Indians in the area were working on the Baker Ranch in the hay. From that time on Mr. Baker could never convince the Indians it was all right to start working before 8:00 A.M., and there was no work of any kind after 5:00 P.M. It didn't make any difference if there was only two forkfuls of hay to go on the stack, when 5 o'clock came, they climbed down and stopped whatever they were doing.

Grandfather often traded goods from the store to the Indians for fish, pine-nuts, and for meat, mostly deer meat. He often helped the needy Indians. They loved and trusted Grandfather, but they soon learned that he was pretty sharp for any dishonesty. None of us ever had any fear whatever of the Indians because they had such love and respect for Grandfather.

To be loved, to be trusted, to be helpful, to be kind and most of all to love God and to want to serve others made Grandfather Thomas Dearden special to his children and his grandchildren. He and his family are outstanding examples of family solidarity and pulling together. This is especially true considering the fact that they were left without a mother and had so little of the world's goods. What a marvelous heritage is mine. May God help me to preserve it.

The following is A Tribute to Thomas Dearden Sr., written by Mrs. James (June Swallow) Smith.

In my mind's eye I can see my grandfather, Thomas Dearden, as he walked down the street. His stately figure - that stood out in a crowd. He was tall with head erect, his white hair matching his long white beard. His clear blue eyes had a twinkle that made friends for him everywhere he went. He would stop and visit with all he met, inquiring as to everyone's health and the various happenings of the town.

He was cheerful and jovial with everyone, although he had to break up his family at the death of his wife and suffered many disappointments.

In as much as Ted, his youngest child, was being reared by one of his daughters, Charlotte and her husband, James Swallow, Grandfather often visited there.

What a glorious occasion it was, when grandfather would come home from his store in Baker or from a freighting trip, and Ted would come running, yelling, "Here comes father;" or one of the other children would call, "Here comes Grandfather."

While he would alight from the buggy with a smile on his lips, his eyes twinkling, and embracing each one, starting with Charlotte; and next his own darling little son, Ted. He was always so kind and sweet, making each one feel that they were someone special.

Ted looked forward to these occasions because Grandfather always brought him some special gift.

I can see mother now frying steaks, making a coconut cream cake and opening raspberries. Grandfather always said, "Shall, (her name was Charlotte, but she was lovingly called Shall), that was the best meal I ever ate." He was always so gracious and complimentary.

We, as his posterity are proud to be his descendants and hope we can emulate some of his sterling qualities.

The following is taken from the inside front cover of the book Pioneers of Snake Valley by Boyd E. Quate.

Figure 270 - Snake Valley Trading Company in 1925



The SNAKE VALLEY TRADING COMPANY (store on the left) in about 1925 was purchased in 1904 by Thomas Dearden, Sr., from the James & Clay Company. In 1913, Alf Swallow and James F. Robison purchased and ran it from 1913 to 1916. In 1916 Alf Swallow sold his interest to Doyle C. Robison, who ran it, with his brother James F. Robison until 1921. In 1921 the store was purchased by Alma Jennings (the brother-in-law of Jim, Lee and Vivian Dearden). In 1926, Graham and Margie Quate brought it from Alma Jennings. The store went out of business during the depression of the 1930s.

In 1913 James F. and Birdie Swallow Robison in partnership with Alfred M. Swallow (Alfred and Birdie are grandchildren of Thomas Swallow) purchased the mercantile store in Garrison, Utah from the Thomas Dearden Sr. estate. Then Alfred M. Swallow sold his interest in this mercantile store to his sister and brother-in-law, Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison, in 1916. The house in the middle of the photo is where two of James F. and Birdie Swallow Robison's children were born. Also, my grandparents, Doyle C. and Pearl Swallow Robison, lived in this house from 1916 to 1921 when they owned and ran the mercantile store in Garrison, Utah. Their first two children, Lenard D. and Melvin A. Robison, my father, were born there. The mercantile store operated under the name Robison Bros. from 1916 to 1921. Then it was sold to Alma and Myrtle Dearden Jennings. Myrtle was a daughter of Thomas D. Dearden and a sister of Jim, Lee, and Vivian Dearden.

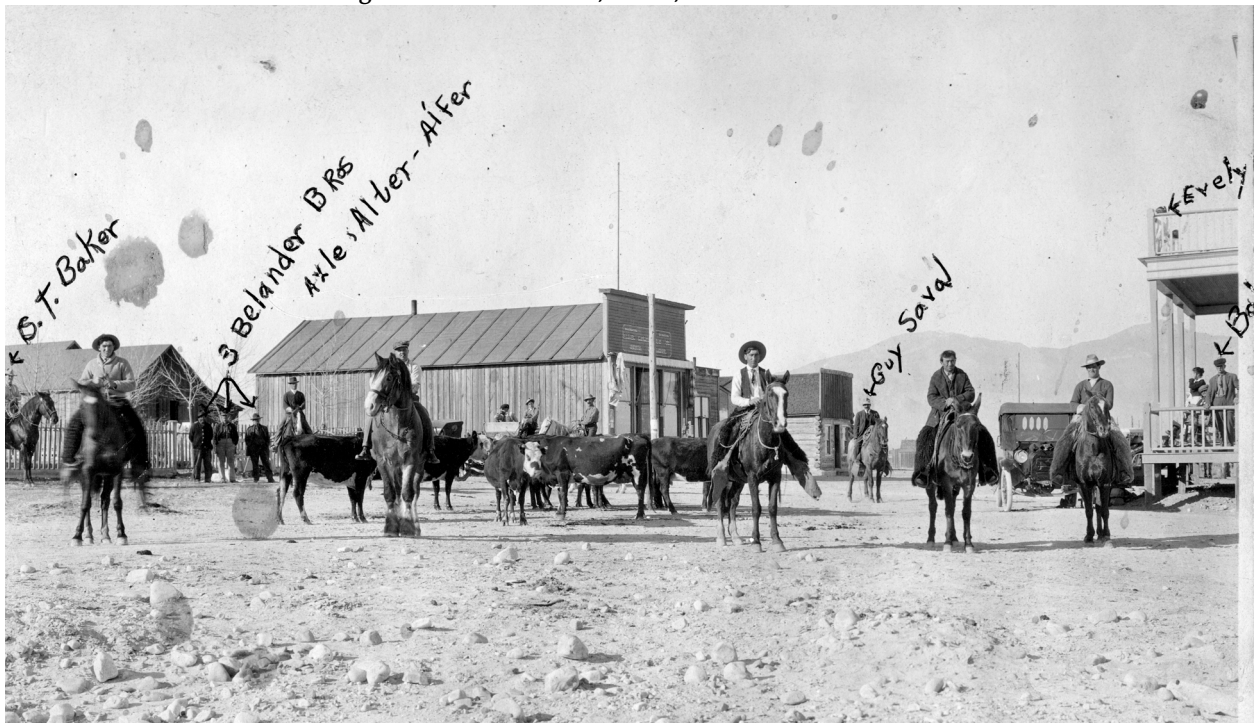
The following is taken from Chapter 32 – Memories of Lee Dearden - in the book Pioneers of Snake Valley by Boyd E. Quate.

Alma Jennings had the other store in Garrison (his wife was Myrtle Dearden), they had a good business. After a few years he sold it to Graham and Margie Quate. Alma Jennings had the store in Baker too. (Axel and Alfred Bellander owned it in the early 1920's); Cecil Warner (Fern Dearden's husband) ran the

Turning the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Baker store before it was sold to Leo Rowley. When Leo Rowley owned it, his daughter Chloe and husband Conney Frampton operated it, and Leo sold it to Fred Horlacker.

Figure 271 - Main Street, Baker, Nevada in about 1914



The General Store on the left and the hotel on the right

Appendix E - A Brief History of the William and Pauline Wegener Beeston Family

The William Beeston family was integrally tied to the Thomas Swallow family in Fillmore, Utah. Three of the William Beeston children married a child or grandchild of Thomas Swallow. I have included a brief history of the William Beeston family because of this.

The following is from My Paternal Great Grandparents - The William and Pauline Johanna Therese Wegener Beeston Families by Emma Leah Swallow Rudd, 1994.

England

William Beeston was born 13 August 1832 at Liverpool, Lancashire, England. His father was George Beeston, the son of Joseph Beeston and Mary Hirst. His mother was Eliza Cooke, born 24 October 1792 at London, Middlesex, England, the daughter of Thomas Cooke and Elizabeth Wilson. William left records of only one brother and one sister; Joseph, born 3 February 1821 at Manchester, Lancashire, and his sister, Mary, born 10 October 1824 at London, Middlesex, England. It appears he may have had other brothers and sisters that we have not yet found a record of.

Figure 272 - William Beeston - 1860



Figure 273 - George and Eliza Cooke Beeston - 1860



William's family apparently moved from Manchester to Liverpool sometime between 6 December 1825 and the 6 February 1830 as he recorded his sister Mary died in Manchester 6 December 1825 and his brother Joseph in Liverpool 6 February 1830. They must have left the Church of England as William was found to be christened in the Mt. Pleasant Wesleyan Methodist Church 7 October 1832. No other Beeston's were found in this parish.

The first record found of William's family in Liverpool was in 1832. His father was listed, in the Liverpool directory, as a "school master" and that he resided at 78 Harrington Street in Harrington. Then in the 1851 census, the family was living at Toxteth Park, which was a

township in the borough of Liverpool (F13671 p. 68 FHL). It also listed his father as a "teacher" and William, age 18, as a "paper hanger." We have not yet found his school records, but we do know William had a good education and was trained in singing and conducting musical groups.

William and his parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. William was baptized 8 September 1850 and confirmed 13 September by Elder John Clements. His mother was baptized 19 September 1850 and his father, George, 25 October 1850 by Elder Hancock.

On 10 October 1853 William married Emma Charlotte Perks in the St. Paul's Church in Toxteth Park. The ceremony was performed by Job Lea, curate of the church. Robert Green and Mary Perry were witnesses to the marriage. On their marriage certificate, from Somerset House in London, it listed his father's occupation as a "druggist" at that time. Emma was only 16 years old at the time of their marriage. We have learned that they eloped and then wrote a letter to their parents to let them know. Emma was born 12 June 1836 at Dudley in Worcestershire, England the daughter of Henry and Charolette Lowe Perkes. She was also a member of the Latter-day Saint Church.

Immigration to America

William's and Emma's first child, a daughter Emmalena, was born 16 July 1854 at Liverpool. Then, on the 30 November 1855 they emigrated to America. They sailed on the ship "Emerald Isle" from Liverpool. There were 350 saints on board. Elder Philemon C. Merrill and his counselors, Elder Joseph France and Thomas B. H. Stenhouse, presided over the emigrant company. Captain George B. Cornich, a veteran mariner, commanded the vessel. The crossing was marked by some damage caused by high winds and heavy seas, the deaths of two children and three marriages. After a relatively fast crossing of 29 days, the ship arrived at the New York Harbor 29 December 1855. They settled temporarily in Brooklyn. Like many of the emigrants of the Mormon Church, they planned to stay in the east until they had earned enough money to pay their expenses to go to Utah. Another daughter, Adalaide, was born to them in Brooklyn 22 January 1856.

Tragedy

Then tragedy came into William's life. Little Adalaide passed away 3 February 1856 and one month later on the 15th of March Emmalena, almost two years old, died. It was told that Emmalena contracted measles on the boat to America and died as a result of the disease. On 17 April 1857 a son, William, was born prematurely to William and Emma, after Emma suffered an accidental fall from a chair, as she reached high into a cupboard and fell over backwards. Their baby lived only a few hours and died the next day on 18 April 1857. Then his wife Emma died one week later, on 25 April 1857, from the results of this accidental fall and child birth. They were all buried in the Cypress Hills Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York. At this time, William was very ill with brain fever and almost died as well.

Marriage to Pauline Wegener

William then married our great grandmother, Pauline (known as Paulina) Johanna Therese Wegener, on the 4 April 1858 in Brooklyn, New York. The ceremony was performed by W. I. Appleby, and Pauline's sister, Amelia, and her brother, Ferdinand, were witnesses to their

marriage. Pauline was born 6 September 1837 at Hamburg, Germany and was christened 21 January 1838 in the St. Peter Evangelical Lutheran Church. She was the daughter of Danger Andres and Emma Efnert Wegener. She had joined the church in Hamburg and had emigrated to American to be with the body of the church. She left Liverpool, England 29 July 1855, at the age of 17 years, on the ship "Cynosure" and arrived in New York 5 September 1855 with her parents and her sisters, Emelia and Maria and her brother Ferdinand. (Pauline Wegener's birth and christening records show her name as Johanna Therese Pauline Wegener. In Germany, where she was born, an "a" is usually added to given names. She was known as Paulina by most of her family, but her real name was Pauline.)

Figure 274 - William and Pauline Wegener Beeston - 1860



Figure 275 - Pauline Wegener Beeston - 1860



In the 1860 census of New York City, taken 17 June, William and Pauline and William's parents, George and Eliza Beeston, were found living in the 10th Ward, District 2 of New York City, New York County, New York.

Fillmore, Utah

William, Pauline and probably his mother, as his father had passed away 16 October 1860, left New York for the west in the early summer of 1861 and arrived in Utah 20 September. He worked at his trade in Salt Lake City until 1863 when President Brigham Young called him to go to Fillmore, Utah to organize a choir there. They bought land and farmed along with his trade as a painter and house decorator. He also worked in the Fillmore Co-op Store, organized by the

Citizens of Fillmore, and served on the City Council for a number of years. He contributed much to the cultural life of Fillmore through his musical ability all during his years in Fillmore.

Six children were born to William and Pauline in Fillmore. Henry Wegener was born 20 March 1863 but only lived 13 days before dying 3 April. Our grandmother, Emma Wegener Beeston, was born 6 July 1864; Maria was born 15 October 1867; Alfred was born 9 October 1870 (and died of pneumonia when 14 years old); Paulina was born 4 October 1874 and died the same day; and Joseph was born 3 December 1882. Only three of his first nine children lived to adulthood. (*All three married a Swallow—Emma married Joseph Swallow, Maria married Frederick Swallow and Joseph married Florence Swallow*). Maria also died young at the age of 24 years while giving birth to her first child.

Figure 276 - Emma W. Beeston



Figure 277 - Maria W. Beeston



Figure 278 - Joseph W. Beeston



William and Pauline were sealed for time and eternity in the Endowment House 13 October 1865. William had his first wife, Emma Charlotte Perkes, sealed to him also at this same time.

Figure 279 - William Beeston



Figure 280 - Pauline Wegener Beeston



Figure 281 - Ellen Kenney



In the Endowment House, 20 January 1873, William took him another wife, Ellen Kenney, in plural marriage. This marriage was sealed by Daniel H. Wells.

Ellen was born 10 September 1842 at Shake Rag, Hancock County, Illinois the daughter of Loren E. Kenney and Hannah Gott Nichols. She crossed the plains with her mother, probably with the Miles Standish Company, in 1851. Her father was with the Mormon Battalion. She had been married previously to George Sears and was the mother of three children, two of whom died shortly after

birth. William and Ellen had five children, all daughters. They were Nellie, born 23 December 1873; Mary born 31 December 1875 and died at the age of two; Charlotte, born 19 February 1878 and died at the age of 7; Katie born 29 March 1882; and Eliza born 25 August 1885. Records of all of our great grandfather's children are recorded in our Family Record Book. (*Leah Swallow Rudd believes the following two photos are identified correctly.*)

Figure 282 – Eliza K. & Nellie K. Beeston



Figure 283 - Katie K. Beeston



William was ordained a Deacon 24 June 1852 by Elder Kent Wilson and J. R. Winder in Liverpool; a priest 26 March 1854 by Peter Moore in Liverpool; a Seventy 19 August 1869 by H. Mace of Fillmore, Utah; a High Priest 21 February 1882 by J. W. Robinson; and a Patriarch 23 November 1902 by Apostle Teasdale at Fillmore. He was set apart as a member of the High Council 24 June 1882, in Fillmore, by Joseph V. Robison. He participated in much temple ordinance work, especially for his families and his ancestors. His children by his first wife, Emma, were sealed to him in the St. George Temple 16 May 1884, and on 3 June 1896 his son Henry and daughter Emma in the Manti Temple.

Our great grandfather left a beautiful hand written record with all the ordinances and temple work and records of his families. He wanted his only living son, Joseph, to have this book and it is now in the hands of Joseph's descendants. A copy of the pages of this book is in my Beeston Family History Book. Our great grandmother, Pauline Beeston, died 7 February 1895 at Fillmore and was buried there. Great grandfather, William Beeston, died 6 February 1917 at the age of 84 years 5 months and 22 days. The cause of death listed on his death certificate was "old age." His

wife, Ellen Kenney Beeston, died 5 February 1920, at Fillmore, at the age of 77 of a cerebral hemorrhage. They are all buried in the family plot in Fillmore and share one gravestone. The records of his first wife, Emma Charolette, and their three children are also engraved on the tombstones.

The following has been handed down to us recorded as written:

The Beeston Choir of Fillmore, Utah

(This information was copied by Dian Robison when she worked at the State House.)

Music has always been a part of the cultural growth of the town of Fillmore, Utah. As early as the 1850's bands, orchestras, and choirs were organized to use the talents of the gifted and help keep the spirits of the depressed on a high level of accomplishment. To William Beeston is given the honor of having been an able choir leader for some thirty years.

Born in England 13 August 1832, William Beeston became a convert to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the year 1850. He came to Utah and was sent by Governor Brigham Young to the town of Fillmore in 1861. The young community of Fillmore, then in its fourteenth year, was still struggling to cope with the bare necessities of living. Mr. Beeston soon found plenty of talent in the town, and he had the will to organize and start a choir of mixed voices. He had brought a tuning fork with him, and with it, he soon taught his choir members to sound a pitch without sliding or slurring the notes. After four years of training and practices, the choir was considered as one of the best in the territory.

The first organ the choir had was a "Mason and Hamlin." It is still in the southwest room of the Old Capital Museum. The organ was unusual in that the key usually called "Middle C" was not in the middle of the keyboard but a few keys lower, about where "A" would normally be placed. This would have been a real handicap to most choir leaders or organists, but not William Beeston. He transposed most of the music he used and took into consideration the organ's unusual keyboard.

He was the choir's organist as well as its director, manager, enlistment committee, finance manager and janitor on the nights the choir met for practice. From the tips of his polished shoes to his long, beautiful resplendent beard William Beeston was a skilled musician. He had a sensitive straight nose and finely cut ear lobes. His hair was as soft as silk and sunshiny. He had soulful gray eyes and long delicately shaped fingers. His voice could quiver or hold steady and true as long as he desired and those who worked with him felt it a privilege to do so.

During the early years of his choir leading, his young daughter, Eliza, carried the lantern for her father as they made their way to the church for their practice, but she soon learned to sing and play the organ and did either as the occasion demanded. On every Thursday afternoon, it was Eliza's task to put kerosene in the lantern, wash the chimney clean, and get the songs and music

Figure 284 - William Beeston



together that were to be used that evening at choir practice. About an hour before the choir members were to come to the building, especially in winter, she and her father (he with his arms loaded with books) would trudge from their home, about a mile away, and often with the snow up to their knees, to light the fire and have the building warm for the others. Punctuality was something William Beeston demanded from his singers, but their sense of loyalty made everyone reluctant to keep the other members waiting; every member was in his or her appointed place at the appointed time, unless there was illness or a very urgent reason for their absence. The director himself was never tardy, nor did he ever miss a practice or performance. If necessity took him from the community, his assistant, Alex Fortie, conducted the choir in his stead.

Most of the time there were seventeen sopranos, fourteen altos, seven tenors, and fourteen bases. Mr. Beeston would buy his own music on his frequent trips to Salt Lake City. He also purchased paper with lines drawn for the staff, then at home, by the light of a kerosene lamp, he would laboriously write out the different parts for each section with extra copies for the organist, conductor, and all four parts. He had friends, such as George Careless, Ebenezer Beesley, Joseph J. Daynes and Evan Stephens, and many others, who would lend him one of their compositions to take home to make his own copies.

In the Old Capital, or Stake House, there are several of these meticulously copied arrangements besides a baton, hymn book, and a music stand that were used by Mr. Beeston. He was never paid a penny for all the hours of time he spent with his music. He worked in the County Courthouse and with his own money purchased the music and materials needed for his choir. Once he gave each member of the choir a small hymn book that had the words to the hymns. This enabled them to practice more readily with the organ and music that had been written for it. He asked just one thing of the members and that was that they be on time when the hour came for them to practice or sing. If the celebration, funeral, or conference was held any other place than the church meeting house, the "Mason and Hamlin" organ was taken along with the choir members and music.

Infants and young children sometimes had to go to the choir practices. Mr. Beeston cajoled them into keeping very quiet by digging into the pocket or deep into the tails of his "Prince Albert" coat for peppermints. Many children grew up thinking the "sweet" music of the choir was in some way related to those peppermints handed out by the conductor.

In 1895 "The Beeston Choir" was given special recognition by being invited to sing with the Tabernacle Choir in Salt Lake City, at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. For months they practiced extra on the song called, "Song of the Redeemed." It was one of many beautiful anthems composed by Evan Stephens. They had songs to fit all occasions - patriotic, funerals, humorous, sacred, and even folk songs. They kept them all well practiced and could sing at a moments notice.

William Beeston lived until 1917. He was a loved, respected, and integral part of all that was musical in the city of Fillmore throughout all of its early years.

Figure 285 - Fillmore Ward Choir

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Fillmore Pioneer Choir

Note: A picture of the choir with their names hangs in the main hall on the lower left-hand of the state house in Fillmore, Millard, Utah.

Appendix F - A Slice of Life in Eastern Nevada: 1894 to 1900

The following is most of "Chapter 58" in the book Pioneers of Snake Valley by Boyd E. Quate. The journal was furnished to Boyd E. Quate by Wayne Gonder. The following contains most of the journal entries of Neal D. Woodward from November 1, 1894 to October 1900. This is the period that Neal D. Woodward and his family lived in Snake Valley. Neal was 14 years old when they came to Snake Valley and 20 years old when they left.

I have included this material because it tells in first person what it was like to live and work in Snake Valley and Spring Valley, Nevada during the years 1894 to 1900. The material describes in detail what the country and communities were like, what the living conditions were like, what the weather was like, how people struggled to make a living in very trying conditions, what travel was like, etc. My father's grandparents (George S. and Emma Meecham Robison & George and Anna Day Swallow) lived in Snake Valley and Spring Valley respectively during this same period, faced these same struggles, and had many of these same experiences. The Robisons, Swallows and Deardens are briefly mentioned in this journal.

From the Journal of Neal D. Woodward, Salt Lake City, November 1, 1894

In the fall of 1894 father was on a small salary and had 7 boys under his roof and wanted conditions different to city life to raise his family. Clarence was now 17 years old and David about 2 months. Father wanted to get a farm; and since buying was out of the question, we started to find one.

We had a friend here in the city who was secretary for a land and irrigation concern who had holdings in the southwestern part of the state, and he advised us to locate there.

Soon we learned of another man who was looking for the same kind of a proposition as we were so we secured a small loan of \$200 to purchase a team, harness, wagon and supplies for our venture and made ready to start. Times were hard now, and money was scarce. We paid \$75 for our teams, harness and wagon.

We went to our friend the secretary, Mr. Pettingill, and told him of our plan, and he assured us that we were doing just the proper thing at the right time as their company was going to work at once; and as soon as we reached their fertile valley, we would find plenty to do at good wages and land we could locate and go to work on. This land was some 250 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. By November 1, we were ready to start.

Uncle Rob was with us, and he, father, and we 3 older boys made up our crowd. Our friend, Mr. Roberts, who was going with us, was going to take his son so we had a company of seven.

We had remodeled our wagon box and put on an extension so we could put in our bed crosswise in the back end of the wagon. In the front end we had room for a table and stove and the extension came up just right for a good seat. In the lower part of the wagon under the bed, we could pack our supplies; and toward the front below, we had room for our grub box and grain. We built a rack on the back to handle hay for our horses as we knew we would find lots of road where it would be long distances to feeding places.

We left mother and the 4 smaller boys at home. Grandma and Grandpa Bancroft were going to

move in with them to spend the winter, but grandpa wanted to stay where he was a few days yet to vote as election was a few days away and to move he would lose his vote. We expected as soon as we reached our destination, Snake Valley, that we would locate our land and get busy at making a home and send for mother and the boys.

(My uncle wrote descriptions of the people and places as they traveled along)

November 7 -- We left the higher mountains and went into the desert. We intended to make it to a place called Simpsons Springs for noon. We had some 16 miles to travel. We had been told this was a place where the sheep men made their headquarters in the winter. A family had lived here the winter before to furnish them meals. We looked to find some place here. Were somewhat surprised to find a little one room log cabin with one small window and no floor with an old broken table inside. There was a rough dugout cellar where they could store their vegetables.

There had been an old barn that would have held 4 horses, but this had burned down and only a few rocks were left to mark where it was. It looked like the last place in the world where anyone would want to stop, but this kind of a shelter beat nothing on a stormy day.

We found a small spring in the gulch back of the house where we watered our horses and filled our barrels. From here it was 40 miles to the next water if we went west, and 21 if we went south. Most of the travel went west; but the one south was more direct to our destination, so we took it. We started on intending to make a dry camp tonight. We drove till near sundown and camped in an old river bed. Here in the desert was a well defined river bed that looked as though one time it might have held a big stream of water, but it was dry now and looked as though there had been no water in it for 1000 years. Just beyond this river bed was a table mountain.

November 8 -- We left camp and found some loose rock in the road today as well as other days. One of us generally drove the team, and the others walked ahead and threw out the rocks. Soon the sun was up, warm and bright. Here the earth below seemed as lifeless as the sky above, no sign of life except the slow moving teams and here and there a horned toad or lizard as they crawled into the shade of a bush. All the vegetation was a gray faded color and looked dry and dead, and it was certainly a scene of poverty and starvation. We drove till noon and watered the stock from our barrels. Took most that we had. We had been away from water now for 24 hours and must find some before night or be without. I left the teams and walked on ahead. Soon we came into the low foothills and found some grass. About half an hour before sundown, we came to a spring that ran out and filled a hole about 4 feet across and 1 1/2 feet deep.

This looked good to us. We all, as well as the stock, were dry. Next morning early we saw 4 head of horses that came into water. They were fat and fine, but wild. They were afraid to come to the spring while our wagons were there, but we would soon move on. We wanted to get on the road early and make Detroit Springs tonight as there was water and a small settlement of miners there, and from there we could get our bearings and take a new start. Got out about 3 miles. Father, Uncle Rob and Roberts and the boys are ahead. Clarence and I were with the team. We crossed a rock patch when a tire broke on one of the hind wheels of the wagon. We called a halt right away and motioned them back. It looked as though we were up against it. It was 80 miles back to a blacksmith shop and we did not know how far ahead to one, and it was impossible to fix up with what we had. We went to a nearby juniper tree and cut what timber we needed to block up the wagon and take the wheel off. We decided we would have to load it on Robert's wagon and take it to Detroit Springs and get it fixed. Roberts suggested we put it on his wagon and he hauled it thru, and then we could take a hand cart he had, and haul it back. It did not look

good to us, and there were none of us who wanted to pull a cart 25 miles through the desert with a heavy wheel, water and feed for a load. We decided to unload Robert's wagon and take our wheel to a shop. Roberts, his boy and we 3 boys were to camp in the desert. Father and Uncle Rob took 2 of the spriest horses in the 5 we had and took the outfit and started for Detroit Springs. We made a dry camp till they got back. We did not know where D. Springs was or what they would find when they got there but hoped they would find someone to mend the wheel.

If we had known this was to happen it would have been better to have made our journey by the railroad towns even if we did have extra distance to travel. We boys had one horse here to ride back to the springs for water every day. We had a 3 gallon milk can to carry water in to cook with and drink. Mr. Roberts had his team to water every day.

Father and Uncle Rob left at about 10:30 Saturday morning. We had rather a lonesome time for 3 days strolling over these desert hills and looking for specimens of flint. We had all gone to bed Monday night and did not expect them back. About 10:30 they came into camp. They, too, had had a trying time. They arrived at Detroit Springs about sundown Saturday night and found no blacksmith. Heard of one up on the mountain side where there was a man sharpening tools for the miners. They hauled their wheel up there the next morning and found the tire so old and rotten it would not weld. Looked as though we were up against it proper as it would take a week to get a new tire. The nearest town they could reach was Deseret and that was 35 miles away. One of the men at the mine told them of an old wagon over across the mountain where they might find tires that would do to fix up with. It was too steep and rough to go with a team so they went on foot. Had a long hard trip but found the tires and brought them back.

Was too late to do anything that night. These tires were heavier than our old one and made a good weld. The blacksmith took the best part of the tires they had brought and made a good tire for our wheel. They did not get away from the mine till near noon, and it was after one o'clock when they got on the road to camp. We were glad to see them back.

Early next morning 2 of us boys took the horses back to the springs for water and filled up the cans while the rest loaded Robert's wagon and made ready to haul.

It seemed good to be traveling again. Made a dry camp in the desert at noon and got to Detroit Springs for supper. Later a crowd came out to the campfire to visit and tell tales. It seemed good to see and hear someone again after being in the desert over a week, but this was a rough bunch.

(Note added by Boyd E. Quate: From here on he hasn't used dates, but they crossed a well traveled road running east and west and later learned it was the freight road from Oasis to Rush Springs and Dugway mountain mining camps near the Nevada line. They stopped at Antelope Springs where a flock of sheep had come for water. They bought a mutton from the sheepherder "It cost us \$2.00 and weighed 66 pounds. Was cheap meat." After leaving here, they went on over very steep mountains.)

When we reached the bottom we were in a deep box canyon called Death Canyon. The sides were straight up or nearly so and solid rock and it looked 1/2 mile to the top. There were deep crevices and caves all thru the walls; and many places if a man got into he never could get out. It was a lonesome place, and it was enough to make the chills play along your back to look into the deep shadows and think of spending the night there. Every sound echoed and reechoed.

We traveled down this canyon some distance when we overtook some freighters. They were

having trouble. One of them had lost a tap from his wagon spindle, and the wheel had come off and let him down in the road. They found the tap and had their jackscrews under his wagon and had him nearly fixed ready to travel again. This was only one of the many mishaps a teamster is likely to have anytime. These men told us if we did not have any wood along we had better gather some as we would find nothing to burn at Tule Springs where we were going to camp. We gathered several armfuls of big dry sage which we found near and tied them in bundles and tied them on. The freighters pulled on while we were busy with the wood. They traveled much faster than we from here. After leaving the canyon, we came to a long rocky slope into the valley. Rocks were big and lots of them and shook us up plenty. Got dark before we arrived at the spring, cold and windy.

Tonight we visited with the freighters. They were from Sanpete County, Utah one of the best agricultural counties of the state, but markets were poor and money was a scarce article with them. These men had loaded their crops of honey, flour, dried fruit, butter and eggs and were hauling them some 200 miles to the Nevada towns where they could change them for money. It was a long hard trip which took them nearly 3 weeks to make and then sometimes they did not get much for their loads, but this was the only way to get money with some of them. The money made on these trips was about all they had for a year.

Since the rich strikes in eastern Nevada in 1869, White Pine and Lincoln counties had been the purse for southern Utah. For years the prices of foods had been high and these farmers had made big money by hauling their products to Nevada. But now times were hard; and many of the good camps had closed down and what people were left were just hanging on and waiting for better times to come. So these tireless men still hauled their loads over the mountains and deserts for 200 miles and used to tell of "those days that were" when times were good and money was plentiful, when their loads used to net them from \$300 to \$500. Now they had to haul to a failing market; and if their loads netted them from \$100 to \$150, they were happy to get that and made it go as far as it would.

We traveled some 14 miles today, made a dry camp between Tule Valley and Snake Valley. Tomorrow we expect to see the land which was to be our home. We had been in camp some 3 hours and was quite dark when we heard teams coming. They were from Snake Valley, and the drivers were the sons of the merchant in that valley. One of them was a quiet solid sort of a fellow but the other was an up-to-date town bum and a great blow hard. He was on his way home to Fillmore, Utah, while his brother was going over to the rail for a load of merchandise. Father and Uncle Rob sang several duets which they seemed to enjoy. They told us several things about Snake Valley and said we would find water at Knoll Spring about 8 miles farther on. This morning we started on west soon crossing the summit and started on the down grade into the valley. It was desert just like all the rest of the country we had passed thru, but on the west side of this valley was a high range of snow capped mountains, the Snake Range.

Mt. Moriah was on the north of this range and Jeff Davis was the main peak of the range. These mountains were some 13,000 ft. high! It was now the middle of November but there was some of last years snow on the north side of some of these peaks. On the north of the Jeff Davis Peak were the placer mines of Osceola and also rich quartz mines but was quiet now. The camp had been on the decline for some time.

We reached Knoll Spring for noon and took plenty of time to rest; and as the day was warm and we were back to where water was plentiful, we took time to wash off most of the desert dirt. Left

the Springs in the afternoon to go on to the Conger Ranch some 10 miles to the south. This was the first ranch we had seen since leaving Rush Valley some two weeks ago. We got to our camp about sundown, found a man and his family here, also two hired men. They were all working for a Mr. Gonder (*Daniel Alexander Gonder*), one of the big cattle men of this valley. (*The 1887 and 1990 White Pine County tax roles show: D. A. Gonder had water rights and cattle range 7 miles north of the Gregory's Ranch on Strawberry Creek. The cattle range was on Silver Creek with a log cabin and corral about 6 miles north of Gregory's Ranch in Snake Valley.*) We learned that the man here was named Meacham (*This would have been George Meecham, one of Emma Meecham Robison's brothers.*) and was a friend of Mr. Parks at Camp Floyd. Mr. Parks had asked us to inquire for this family.

Figure 286 - Daniel Alexander Gonder



Figure 287 - George Meecham



One of the hired men here was a full-blood Indian and the other was a man who had traveled over most of the world from London to San Francisco, said he had been in the army and he looked it, was tall, trim, straight as an arrow and carried himself like a trained soldier. He was a very interesting talker though sketchy with a broad hand.

Here Clarence and Uncle Rob went to the bunkhouse to sleep, but we slept in the wagons. Was cold but pleasant. The water was frozen so hard we had to take a club to break the ice so the horses could drink. This morning we left for Snake Creek, our destination. That was some 13 miles to the south. There was a small settlement here now of some 6 or 7 small farms, and this was to be the seat of operations for the irrigation company. At noon we came in sight of the farms and trees, the first we had seen since leaving Camp Floyd, except for cedar and junipers which grew wild in the hills.

The fields and hay stacks were a sight which we could enjoy. We reached the Rowland ranch to stop for dinner and afterward Clarence rode his saddle pony up to the Burbank Post Office to get our mail, some 4 1/2 miles. He found the building, a log building some 14 mile from the nearest ranch. Just a place to receive and distribute mail which the stage brought from the rail at Frisco.

This was one of the offices on the stage line from Frisco to Ely, Nevada. We sent other letters home today. We had only passed one post office in the last 2 weeks. We got letters from mother today and she was getting anxious and worried over our long silence. While we were here in camp a man came along with a big, black team. He said his name was Perry Imas and that he had the contract to make a tunnel thru the hill for the Irrigation Company to make a drain for their reservoir. Said his work was now nearly completed, and the company was ready to begin construction work on their dam.

He also told of squatter's right which he held to land and water some 10 miles from Snake Creek which he was anxious to dispose of at a very reasonable figure. Since we had come to the valley to stay, we wanted to look around and find where we could locate with the least money and get something worthwhile.

In the afternoon we drove on thru the settlement. We stopped at a farm Mr. Imas had rented and bought 2 sacks of grain. This farm belonged to a Mr. Robison (*James H. Robison*), but he was away so we did not see him. We pulled on up to the creek above the settlement and camped to stay here till we could find something to do or go on the land we intended to locate.

We found most of the people here very friendly, though people of very moderate means. Their houses were all built of logs and the roofs were made of poles covered with straw and clay. The clay shed water when it did not rain too hard. Most of them were sealed with white cloth. They were warm, comfortable houses but not very fancy inside or out. Most of them had a big fireplace. They were a long ways from the railroad here, 60 to 80 miles, and building material was high and this kind of a house did not require much which they had to buy except lumber for the floors and doors and they could trade for that at a local sawmill. Their nails they bought from the local store, but they had to "send away" for windows.

Most of the people had small farms and did all their own work and raised hay, grain and gardens for their own use. They fed their hay to their work stock and cattle and sold their grain to the travel or took it to the store to trade for store pay. Some of them used to have to take it all to the merchant to trade for store pay already taken up.

After looking around for sometime, we came to the conclusion the irrigation company was not going to do anything to help us. Their work was all let by contract, what little was to be done and it might be years before we could get onto the land and raise crops. We were stung, completely shut out and nothing in sight.

Though our friend, the secretary, was a shining light in the Baptist Church of Salt Lake City and

Figure 288 - James H. and Emma Gandy Robison



used to teach the Bible class at times, he had done us a plenty this time. He was either criminally careless or willfully ignorant, it did not matter much which, but we had staked all we had on his word and now were in this isolated country with winter coming on. It was a land of no money and ours was about all gone and nothing in sight. We could not very well go back to where we came from and there was no place ahead where we could pull for, so we just had to stick it out and that was what we did for the next 6 years.

Here in this country when they found desirable land with water they filed on the water at the county seat and put it to use. They could not get a patent to the land in this way but could farm it and keep anyone else from locating and when it was surveyed, they had first right if they were on the land.

After looking over the land Mr. Imas had to sell, father decided to buy, so we hitched our wagons and pulled to our new home. It was up in a canyon some 4 miles from the store and stage road. The water supply was somewhat limited and the land was rocky, but it was the best we could do.

There was a frame cabin on the claim, 12 x 16 and all built of new lumber. We decided to get out logs for our houses and use the lumber in the cabin for floors and doors. We found a place where we could get logs some 2 miles from where we wanted to build. Father and Uncle Rob went to work for Mr. Roberts to cut and get out the logs for his house first. The timber was up on a steep rocky mountainside where we could not pull a wagon, and in some places it was too steep and rough for a horse to travel. We cut trees, and where the hill was too steep, we pulled them by hand till we could get a horse to them and drag them down. It was hard, slow work, and we were new at the business. We had taken no hay with us and intended to let our horses run on the range till snow.

It was new to them too, as they had lived in the city and always had their hay and grain brought to them. They were dissatisfied and took the road back. We went after them once or twice and then our two got clear away. Clarence hunted them for 2 days and did not find them, so then Uncle Rob struck out after them and found them some 30 miles back on the way home.

On December 4 we had a big snow that covered up everything. Snow was a foot deep at the cabin and 2 feet deep in the timber. It was just what the sheep men on the desert wanted as it was not so deep there and they could get to their range. We could not welcome the snow, and we only had half of our logs out of the timber and very few of them down to where we could use them. But we had to have houses, so we worked in the snow. We used to come in wet to the waist and cold frosted our toes and fingers but kept at the job.

After the snow came, we had to haul feed to the horses. We built a shed out of juniper posts and limbs and covered it with the boughs, but it was not much of a shelter. We had blankets for them to keep out the cold. But they were old horses and not used to such life, and the best one sickened and died before long. We kept at the log business till we had enough out for our houses and a small barn. Had our houses partly finished and sent for mother and the little boys. Mr. Roberts sent for his wife and her niece.

For some time Uncle Rob had been staying with a rancher named Richardson, and they had spent sometime in prospecting. We still had lots of work to do on the houses when mother was due at the railroad, so father and us boys all stayed to work on the houses and Uncle Rob got a good team from Richardson and took our camp wagon with the cover and stove and went to

meet mother. Mr. Roberts went to meet his folks. They had some freight to bring too. It was cold weather, being in February but they had a good trip though slow and cold. They were 4 days getting home. Mother said she left Salt Lake in a chair car, at Milford she changed to a car with wooded seats to Frisco and from there took the lumber wagon and before she got to her new home the snow drift was so deep and the hills so steep they could not pull the wagon so she came in on her feet. We met her and carried David as he was only 4 months old.

Mrs. Roberts was crippled with rheumatism and could not walk, so she stayed in the wagon. They worked on the wagons till noon and then led the teams over to the barn to feed. One of our neighbors had been watching our slow progress along the hillside though we were some 4 miles away. He came over with a big fresh team and hauled our wagon up to the house for us. Mr. Roberts' house was unfinished, so they all went in with us.

It seemed nice to have our mother with us again and to be all under the same roof. The weather turned warm, and it began to snow and rain. Our dirt roof was not the best to turn water, and some of it came right on through. We got canvas to protect the beds and kept a good fire and let it rain though it was hard work to keep comfortable. Later it turned warmer and was very pleasant. Finest winter weather we'd ever seen, bright and mild and the sky was a clear summer blue. Father and Mr. Roberts got his house finished, and his family moved home. We had been home together a week when we had to get out and get something to live on and get a job.

Father had been talking with a Mr. Pack and decided to farm his place at Snake Creek, so we moved into a small cabin on his farm, put up our camp and began the spring work. Roy stayed with mother. We put in some 3 weeks hauling manure. It was a job Mr. Pack had neglected for some time, and it had piled up. Mr. Pack was a very good farmer but had a large herd of cattle on the range which took much of his time; so he used to lease his place while he tended the stock. This summer he was planning on building a new brick house, the first one of this kind in this big valley.

Father got us boys nicely started at the work, then took a trip home to see how mother and the boys were getting along. Found everything all right. Game had been scarce with us this winter, and I had killed some 10 or 12 birds of good size which I tied together and sent home. Father did not get home till late and left them in the wagon over night. Next morning he went to look for them and they were gone. Our big cat had found them and dragged them under the house so their potpie had gone glimmering.

Father worked with us till Phillip was taken with scarlet fever then he had to go home to stay till Phillip was well again. It was hard work this spring but seemed good to get to a farm with its fat horses, cows, calves and pigs after working in the snow all winter. Some day we wanted a place like this of our own. We had been here some time when Mr. Pack told father of another place for sale. Father went with him to look at it. It was some 12 miles from this farm and father considered it better than our first location and bought it on time. We thought this place would make a better home than we now had and later on hoped to dispose of our first location.

When warm weather came on, Mother and the little boys moved to the Pack farm. We had a small cabin where we cooked and ate. Father, mother and the little boys had the big camp wagon for their bedroom while the rest of us went to the barn loft.

Money was still a scarce article with us. We had not seen any for so long we hardly knew what it looked like. We got a \$25 loan from somewhere to buy a sack of sugar and summer flour. The

rest of our living we could make at home. Mr. Pack killed several head of beef this summer which he sold to his neighbors and to the ditch camp when they were working a few men. We got our meat from him. This spring we got 2 good teams from Mr. Pack, and Roy and Uncle Rob went to Frisco and hauled in all our household goods which had been shipped the winter before. They were gone 6 days. We were well started with our work here when Roy went to work for Richardson to earn a team. He worked all summer and fall, earned a team, but we did not get them for sometime as they were wild and on the range. We needed a strong team for our work if we went on to our place in the fall. We found a neighbor who had a good team to dispose of and we traded him our old organ for them and promised to pay the balance in grain in the fall. We got a good team that just suited us.

Some of the first work we did with them was to let Clarence take them to Frisco, 73 miles, to get our flour and sugar. It was his first trip alone, but he got through all right. He was now 17.

He had company on the way home as he overtook 4 teams from Utah on their way to Nevada with flour. Frisco is a small mining camp in Beaver County, Utah. The big house Silver Mine is located here and its store, buildings and employees make the town. It is the terminal of the U.P. railroad from Ogden and Salt Lake south.

We had the first crop of alfalfa cut and stacked when I went to work for our ditch boss, Mr. Kelly. His work with the irrigation people was slack and money was scarce, so he rented a farm to help pay his expenses. He had his first crop of hay harvested now and had his teams hauling rock for the dam. He left one mare and team on the farm, and we hauled some hay and grain. He was a very kind old man of about 50 years, but he had a job which he had to work hard at to make any money, so we put in long days. He had a family of 3 boys and 3 girls, all very friendly, and Mrs. Kelly was a good soul; so take it all around, it was a very pleasant place to stay. Two of his boys were of 4 and 6 years while the eldest was 20. I worked here through the second crop of haying, harvest and threshing. In the meantime the folks at home had finished their harvest. Our crops were light this year. It took most of our grain to meet accounts, and all we had left was a little grain, some hay, and 1/2 interest in a good crop of potatoes which were hard to dispose of. Father and mother planned to move up to our home in the canyon and left us boys to dig potatoes.

It was hard work to get everything finished up and ready to move, but one chilly morning father got his first load ready and he, mother and the little boys struck out. It was noon when he passed the Atkinson place at the end of the lake, and he should have stopped here to dinner but was in to big a hurry. It was some 10 miles home and all uphill. Was getting late when he got to the house and instead of resting and eating something, he went right to work to fix up and make things comfortable. Was cold and stormy, and he worked till tired out. Had a chill and had to go to bed. Later fever came on, and it was a long time before he got up. Fever continued and pneumonia came on. Clarence brought the team back and rode for Uncle Rob; and he came to stay with mother. Father continued to grow worse. We were some 200 miles from a doctor, and it looked impossible to get one. He was just as sick as a man could be and live.

One night the crisis came. He said he could see the light of a distant land. It was in a lonesome, silent valley and was coming toward him. He was conscious that mother and Uncle Rob were with him. The light came nearer and nearer and then was gone. He left it and came back to his loved ones. He said that if he had reached that light, he would never have come back. Only our mother and a loyal brother know of all that happened in that lonely cabin. It would be beyond the power of pen to picture the struggle of the brave soul that would not leave this life till his

work was finished. Kind neighbors came from all sides to help us. Life still hung on a small thread. There was not a doctor anywhere. The summer before when one of our neighbor's boys died, his father undertook to get a doctor. He traveled 120 miles over the deserts. It was a long way to feed and water between places. The boy died before he could reach the doctor. Another man went out to head them off and save the expense of bringing the doctor in. He followed the track of his neighbor and in the desert found the exhausted horse and the man wandering afoot.

Mr. Virgil Kelly, my boss, had experience with pneumonia and thought he might be able to help us out. After working all day on the ditch, the word came to him of our need. He hitched a team of broncos on a lumber wagon and drove the 12 miles in the night. Mr. Kelly had only smoking tobacco and wagon grease for plasters and brandy for a stimulant. Weeks later when father could get up and put his clothes on, he still failed to gain as he should. We decided the high altitude was too much for him, and he would have to change to get well. He decided to go back to Salt Lake City. Uncle Rob got a light wagon with a tight cover and put in plenty of hot rocks and blankets and started to make the 80 mile drive to the railroad. It was a shaky crowd he left and a lonesome little man he took with him. Father was going to get well and come back to us. He gained steadily after getting to lower levels. He left us between Christmas and New Years and by the middle of February was able to go to work.

This winter I worked some 3 weeks for a neighbor and earned 2 dozen chickens. Roy and I hauled feed from the valley. The snow got deep and teaming was slow and cold. We could not make the trip in a day so used to take our bed and grub box and camp wherever night overtook us. Sometimes it was in an empty cold house where we got the hay and sometimes it was in a gulch or canyon. That spring we got a job cutting 200 big 9 foot posts and earned a cow and a calf. Roy was 15, and I was 16.

By March father had a house in view and wanted mother and the little boys to come to the city. We got ready to start when another snow came. We pulled down to the valley where Clarence and Uncle Rob were at work. The snow was deep all the way to Frisco, and Uncle Rob persuaded us to return home. It would be too much of a trip now. Mother did not go till June.

During the winter we had built a small barn and a room on the house. After father left, Clarence had been friendly with a man named Deeds. He had bought our first location where we lived the year before. His place was in Young's Canyon, and ours was in Lexington Canyon. Deeds was a poor man with a large family and like the rest of us had left the city to get a farm in this isolated country. He had a contract to cut and deliver some 300 posts, and Roy and I cut them for him. Our cow went dry and we traded her for hay to feed our team. After father got to work, he sent us some money. Roy took mother and the little boys to the store 20 miles away to buy provisions. They did not make the trip in a day but stayed overnight at a neighbors. Was warm and they did not tie the team in the barn but turned them in a yard and fed them. In the night an old cow broke the gate, and the team pulled out.

Next morning Roy took a saddle horse and started after them but could not find them. They got away to the mountains. Roy rode all day but found no trace of them. One of the Deeds boys (they lived some 4 miles from here) came down with their team and pulled the wagon and its passengers up to their place so mother could visit with Mrs. Deeds. Roy borrowed a team to get home. Our team was gone now, and we were afoot. It was 3 miles to the nearest neighbors, 10 to the post office and 20 to the store. Clarence walked to the valley twice but did not hear anything of our team. Some 3 weeks later, Roy went to the valley to see if he could borrow a team to take

mother to Frisco and found our team with a farmer at Snake Creek. He had been riding up in the mountains and found our team and was waiting for a chance to send us word. Clarence then took mother and the little boys to the railroad. We had our team now but one of the wheels on our wagon had given out, so we had to fix up a 2 wheeled cart to run around with. This butterfly life was certainly a snap, but it came very near getting the best of us at times.

Just after the 4th of July father's job ended unexpectedly, so they decided to come home. It was the quickest trip they ever made from the city, only 45 hours, wagon trip and all. It often took 4 days.

Clarence took our team and went to Frisco for the neighbor's goods and some of our own. In our goods was a set of bed springs which Clarence put on the ground and spread his bed on them. In the night a stray horse came to steal feed from the wagon and stepped thru the frame of the spring, then got scared and took Clarence, bed and all, across the country for a fast ride. It disturbed his midnight dreams somewhat and might have resulted seriously, but he got away and was not hurt. This summer Clarence, Roy and I took a contract to put up Richardson's hay. He had a small cabin near where we cooked our meals. We were here some 5 or 6 weeks. Our job of haying and cooking grew old in that time. By the middle of August, father had the offer of a position in the city which he decided to accept. He took the stage to the rail.

We boys found plenty to do now. We finished our haying and took a contract to get our logs for our neighbors. We and 2 other neighbors built a log school house this fall some 3 miles from our place where the children of the district went to school: our district was some 16 miles long and had 4 families in it. Lloyd and Ted went to this school 3 miles over a mountain trail.

This fall we earned some grain and saddle horse. We had 5 head of young cattle we had earned and traded for. Lloyd and Ted used to get home from school in time to do chores at home as it used to be late when we older boys got in from work. Clarence was away most of the time this fall.

This fall things began to look better for us. We had plenty of hay for our stock, and we were making improvements right along. Roy and I had built a good stable and cellar and got out the logs for a house and big stable for a neighbor. Roy was now past 15, and I was 17. Father was working in the city and making what cash we needed.

The winter before, Clarence and I made a trip to Frisco in February. We had a small shipment of goods to get and \$5 to spend for groceries. After we got home, Roy and I took the team and went on to Osceola, 40 miles, to deliver some freight we had got in Frisco and also took 2 dozen chickens to sell. We were gone 3 days and 2 nights. We also got 2 sacks of dried fruit Grandpa Bancroft had sent out from the city by way of Deseret and the teamster, instead of leaving them in our valley, had taken them on to Osceola. We had a pleasant trip and good weather.

Figure 289 - Osceola, Nevada in 1915



Roy made another trip to Frisco, this time for Mrs. Ketchum. It was so cold he slept with his overcoat on to keep from freezing. We got started into the winter pretty well, and mother decided to move to the city and take the little boys with her. So in February Roy took them to the rail. This made 3 trips to the rail for him this winter. Lloyd stayed with us this time.

In the meantime Grandpa and Grandma Bancroft decided they would try their hand at making a living in our isolated land. Grandpa sold his milk route in the city and Grandma packed her loom, and they came in March. Clarence took a big wagon and 4 horses to bring them in and their goods. They now had 50 miles to make to get to another place. They intended to camp on the desert the next night. They had a long high mountain to cross the next morning. They were over the hill and some 8 or 9 miles from camp when a blizzard struck. The snow came so thick and fast that the team could not face it. They had to leave the wagon and take a buggy they were trailing and drive back to the Squires place to stay that day. This was one of the worst storms we had seen in this country. Next morning was pleasant, but snow was deep. This morning one of our neighbors was at Squires and had a light rig and was going to drive to Snake Valley today. He was alone and took Grandma with him. She stayed at his home till Clarence and Grandpa got thru with the loads. They had 2 days of hard work. From the valley up to the canyon home, Grandma rode with them. It was slow traveling as it was all uphill and in some places the snow was so deep they had to shovel to get through. Roy and Lloyd went down to meet them while I stayed home to keep up the fires. In the home where Grandma had stopped in the valley, there were little boys; and their mother was away sick. She made friends of them, and they were sorry to see her leave. The folks were all glad to get to their journey's end. Grandma soon got her loom set up and had plenty to do.

This spring we boys got a job to herd some 350 sheep for the sheep men. Three of them put all their rams in one band and hired them herded. We could do this work and stay at home part of the time. I went some 25 miles south and got the sheep and herded them in the valley for 2 weeks then brought them home. We kept them near home for sometime when we decided they would do better farther back in the mountains. We moved them 4 miles farther up the canyon where the feed was greener. We herded the sheep for some time then our boss got a man to take the band

for a month. Herding sheep was one of the cash jobs here.

In July, Roy and I took a contract to stack the hay on the Ketchum Ranch. We were to get 1/3 of the hay and did their chores to pay our board. We worked here for a month.

This was our third year here (1897). The irrigation Company was still hanging fire. They had done nothing since the first year and had no water in their reservoir or ditches.

Grandpa raised a good garden and some chickens this year. Grandma was busy with her loom and disposed of her work at a good figure. We hauled the logs, and Grandpa built them a new house this summer.

This fall father left his position in the city and came out here to stay. Things were picking up, and it began to look as though we might make a living here. The price of cattle was on the rise, and sheep men were getting nearly double for their wool they had two years before.

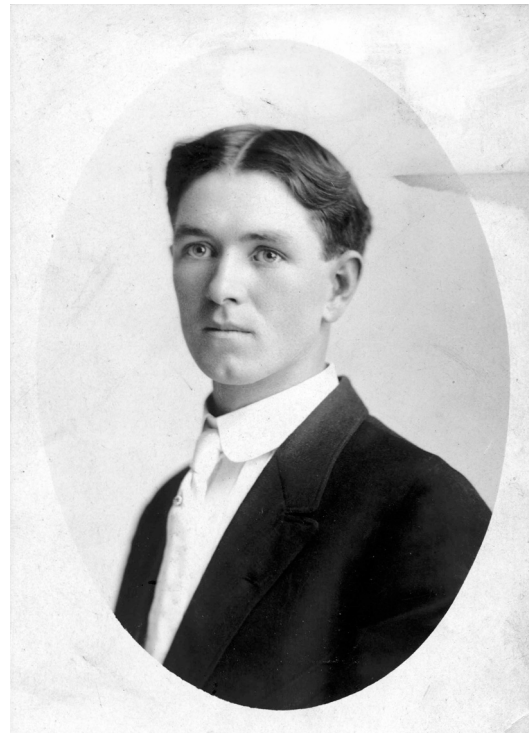
This fall a man named Quate (*Graham Quate*) decided to put a sawmill in our canyon to saw for the local trade. The road to timber ran right by our house. We expected to get plenty of work to do here in spare time. I got a job to help the logger, Mr. Wilson, who had a contract to get the logs from the timber to the mill.

He hired another man to help, and we fell and trimmed while Wilson was hauling up his hay and feed. He intended to draw his logs on the snow. Wilson was a poor provider and did not furnish much to live on. He furnished us potatoes, a few onions, sugar, coffee and salt. That was about all. We had to make sourdough bread. This was made by stirring flour and water together to sour and when ripe, we put in soda and stirred in more flour and baked it. When our dough froze every night, it failed to ripen, and so we had some good tough bread. My pa said we put them in wrong

side up, and they tried to go down instead of come up. We ate our sinkers and potatoes most of the time. We did not take time to cook much else. We worked all day, cooked at night by candle light over a slow stove in a cold tent. It was like a campfire, you froze one side while the other thawed. The snow was getting deep, and we used to come in wet nearly to the waist a good many times, and it was a slow process to dry out. My pal stayed 29 days and then I stayed with the boss. He had most of his feed hauled now and could stay and work. I earned \$80 this winter. The next spring I got \$5 in cash out of my wages and had to take junk for the rest of my acct.

Later I went to work for the mill-man. He was a better provider, had a comfortable cabin to live in and gave us plenty to eat. But money was scarce. I earned some \$60 to \$70 here. Got \$10 in cash and took junk for the balance. Father, Mother and the boys, except Clarence, were at home

Figure 290 - Graham Quate



this winter. Father drilled the boys in singing, and they started a male quartet. It was pleasure and instruction for them. Clarence came home after New Year's and was home for sometime. Roy and I took a contract to cut and deliver several hundred posts this winter and spring. Father was busy most of the winter putting up some new buildings for us: a new granary and store house and built more barn room. In February we got a letter from our Uncle Frank R. Stanton who was traveling by wagon from Kansas to the Pacific coast. He was in Central Utah and coming to see us. When he was crossing the desert, he met a neighbor of ours who sized him up and wanted to know if he was a traveling menagerie. Whereupon our uncle informed him that he was the Rev. F.R. Stanton and was a minister of the Gospel. But his old covered wagon and bobtail bulldog gave the man a different impression, and the old minister himself looked like a hermit. He had his two children with him, Ethel, 15, and Nathan, 13, who were getting awfully tired of this wandering existence.

He was with us 10 days when he decided to hold meetings at Snake Creek. He preached to a good-sized audience and organized a Sunday school. These people only heard about 1 sermon every 2 years and were glad to hear anyone speak. Uncle Frank was with us 3 weeks then left for the coast. He intended to travel south and west to Los Angeles. Ethel and Nathan would have liked to stay with us.

This spring we broke up some new land and put in some oats, corn and beets. Our corn and beets did very well, but our oats dried up as we could not irrigate them. Father and I put in some time at the sawmill this summer. We could not get money for this work so took trade. Clarence got a job with a surveying crew who made headquarters at Snake Creek. This summer our friend Mr. Kelly, came back to finish up the work for the Irrigation Company. They had found some more money in the past 3 years and now could finish their work. But their water supply was not large enough to irrigate any new land, so their work did not stand for anything. Fortunately no one but the company had put any money into it.

Father and we boys had earned another good team this summer, and Roy and Lloyd were breaking them. They wanted one of them to work to Deseret with our gentle stock. Roy and father drove to Deseret in 3 days, put the team in pasture, and went on to the city to spend a week. Roy had to have dental work done. Uncle Rob was there, and they had a good time with him. Father bought a new wagon and supply of provisions. I worked at the Quate Ranch. Had cows to milk, pigs to feed and the garden to gather and started to haul up the winter wood. Had to go up in the hills about 5 miles and drag the dry trees down the mountain side to where I could load them onto the wagon. Used to take most of the day to get a load. Had some hay to haul also. Mother and the little boys were at home alone now. Lloyd was 14 and could look after the chores, and he and Ted went to school.

I had been at Quate's some 2 weeks when father and Roy came home from Deseret. They had a very good trip, but the last day the bronco went lame from a bruise on his shoulder. The road was very rough, and he was new to the work. They left one team with me and took the best team on home. Roy came back later and got the other load and took the lame bronco home. He got better and was sound, so we could use him later. I stayed at Snake Creek some 2 weeks longer when Mr. Quate returned from Deseret and brought a man with him to work on the place this winter.

I had been here a month and had a good time all the while. There was something doing most of the time which was an agreeable change after living in the hills. Mr. Quate had the post office for

Snake Creek, and the stage had to change mail here. This work was done at night. At 3 o'clock in the morning, the drivers came for the mail. They had 144 miles to drive. One went 71 miles east to Frisco, and the other 73 miles west to Ely, Nevada. They used to earn their \$1.00 per day they got for their work. I used to sleep in the mail room to see that the drivers got the mail. On the Frisco drive, they had to make 50 miles with one team as there was no place to change. They made 3 round trips a week which made 6 hard days every week, and when the cold went to way below zero and it took them well into the night, it was tedious work to go every day. Most of this winter, I worked for Quate, either on the mill or logging. We had to flume the water some 200 yards from the spring to the mill. It used to freeze in the flume so we put in an iron tank about halfway down and kept a good fire under it. Then the water ran on to the mill without any further trouble.

Figure 291 - Logging up Snake Creek In the 1890's



Wilson, the logger, got behind with the work, so I took Quate's team to help him out. I was supposed to board with Wilson while working for him, but the recollection of the past winter was too much for me. I fed with Quate. Could only stand 1 meal with Wilson. He was a queer genius. He came from a way up family in Germany, named Gersdrof. When he came to the U.S., he took the name of Bill Wilson. His people were wealthy and owned a large estate. He got \$5,000 from home at one time but could not stand prosperity and had blown it all. He worked at the mill till early spring, then went to Osceola to haul timber. Later he went to Cherry Creek, and 2 years later he'd sold everything and was carrying his blankets on his back.

Clarence was in Salt Lake this winter with Uncle Rob. Later he got a job firing on the railroad and went up as far as Butte, Montana. Later in the winter Roy and I took a contract to put in some logs for Quate. It was a small job, but we made well out of it.

Our snow fall was light this winter, and we knew we would have very little water for irrigation next summer so we began to look for something better. We decided to rent the Baker Ranch. This was a big ranch some 20 miles to the north. They had large orchards and gardens and broad meadows. We intended to raise a garden for the mining camp and peddle vegetables and fruit the coming summer. It was a big job and would take all of us all the time. About March 1st (1898), we moved. I stayed with the sawmill man sometime after the rest left. The Baker ranch was a fine place. Mr. Baker (*George W. Baker*) was an old gentleman from Virginia. Had lived in Missouri but came west in 1873. He was a very matter of fact businessman but always a gentleman. We liked him very much. He had 2 sons on the farm with him. One was married and had a family here (*Doc and Nettie Meecham Baker*) while the other was a helpless invalid (*Martin Baker*). Old Mrs. Baker had been dead several years. Mr. Baker had been on this place since 1877. He used to haul vegetables to the mining camps when money was plentiful, and he could get \$250 per load. He sold his hay in those days for \$20 to \$27 per ton.

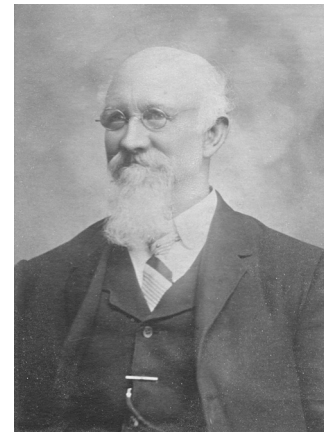
Figure 292 - Doc and Nettie Meecham Baker



Figure 293 - Martin Baker



Figure 294 - Thomas Dearden



Here we had neighbors nearby. Mr. Baker had another son 1 mile north who farmed a place of his own. Then there was our postmaster, Mr. Peck, a veteran of the Civil War. Had been in the Navy under Dupont, had been in Nevada in the mines since 1869. Mr. Warlick, a retired sawmill man, was another old timer of 69. Mr. Dearden (*Thomas Dearden, Sr.*), our merchant, was another old man. He had raised a large family but his wife was dead and his children scattered. He used to peddle merchandise years before and then had located in this valley and built a store. He had a little log building, 16 by 20, where he managed to keep in stock everything needed for his trade. When he went into business, he could not read or write but managed to keep acct., pay his bills and prosper. He was a jolly old man from England. We liked our neighbors very much. We had been without for so long. Father organized a Sunday School and had a good attendance all summer. People came from 8 to 10 miles away.

Roy and Lloyd looked after most of the plowing and seeding this spring. Father put in his time in the garden while I did the irrigating till the middle of June. When we had our work well under way and were looking for a prosperous season, we had a cold snap with killing frost which took nearly all the fruit crop. Only left a few apples and plums. We had a large peach orchard and expected to make most of our money from it. Mr. Baker said he considered we had lost \$1000 by that freeze.

By the middle of June, we were ready to start the peddling wagon. I loaded up a small load one

Monday evening and expected to sell it at Osceola the next day. Started early Tuesday and got to town at noon. Found things very quiet and did not sell much of my load. I still had a good deal left and decided to go on to Ely (45 miles). Left Osceola at 2:30 and had 22 miles to make across the desert and mountains to get to water and meals. The next place was Mrs. Conner's where they changed stage horses. I drove hard, had one summit to cross, and it was nearly 8 o'clock when I got to camp. This was one of the most desolate places on the whole trip. Mrs. Connor was a widow who kept a station here and had the only spring on the road for 22 miles one way and 16 the other. She had a water tank and sold water to the travel. She kept a flock of chickens and had a bunch of some 200 head of cattle on the range. She kept most other cattle nearby having water and salt for them. When the stockmen used to gather (*cattle*), she would hire a man to ride with them.

She depended on the range for feed summer and winter. She kept 15 to 20 tons of baled hay on hand so in case of a big snow, she would have feed to carry them through. Then being right on the stage line, she could send word to the nearest town when she needed help. She had been on the frontier some 30 years and was getting tired of living alone.

Figure 295 - Conners Station



Conners Station was a rest stop between Taylor and Osceola.

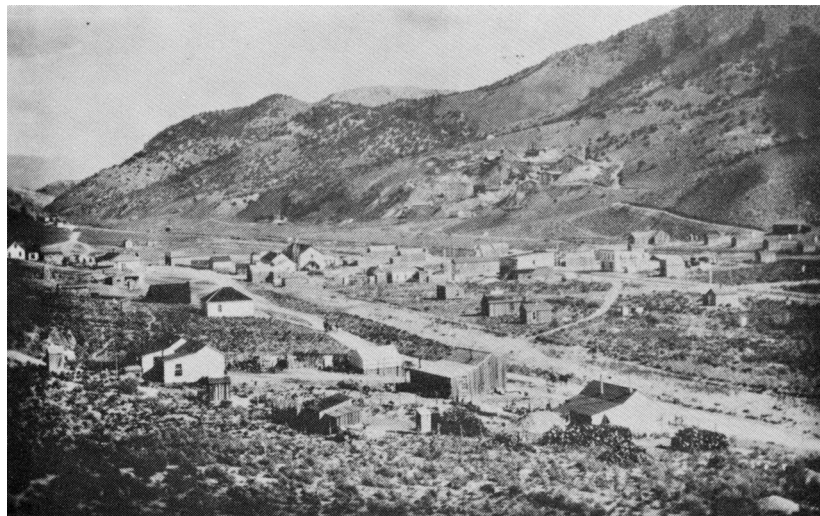
I left here as soon as I could get breakfast and went on to Comins Ranch in Steptoe Valley. Got there early and sold some produce and went on to Jake Schallenberger's for noon. Mr. Comins was a state senator from White Pine County. A very pleasant and shrewd man to meet. Was a man of good education and broad ideas. He had some 2000 acres which he irrigated from Steptoe Creek. He kept 4 hired men thru the busy season. Here the frosts were so frequent, they could not raise grain and a garden, but Mr. Comins had raised very good potatoes and hay.

Mr. Schallenberger was an old timer who came to Nevada in the early sixties. Had been in Virginia City and White Pine in the big strikes when hay sold for \$300 a ton. Later he came to Steptoe Valley and bought his farm of 1000 acres. These people used to bale their hay and haul it 40 to 60 miles to market. It sold at \$20 per ton and up. Mr. Comins kept 2 six horse teams on the road most of the time. Had 2 wagons with each team and used to haul 3 1/2 tons to each team, a big load for the mountain roads. Mr. Comins and Schallenberger were now engaged in a never ending lawsuit over the water of Steptoe Creek. Mr. Comins was the first man on the creek and

was breaking new land all the time and taking more water while Schallenberger maintained he needed his full share for his meadow. Then they had a rascal in for a judge who would give neither side judgment, so they just had to fight and fill the coffers of the lawyers who just let them go at it as long as they would fill their sacks.

I stopped at Jakes for dinner and went on to Ely in the afternoon to sell my load. Found things very quiet and not much money in town but sold part of my load. Ely was on Murray Creek and was county seat of White Pine County. It was rather a pretty place when compared to adjoining towns but was decidedly common when compared with county seat towns of other states. The Chainman Mine and Mill were in operation at Lane City some 3 miles west of Ely. That payroll and also (*that*) of the Robust (*mine*) at Ely was about all that was keeping the town up. Except the overland travel and a little county business, and it was a struggling county deeply in debt. In fact, this whole state was not far from the pawnshop. I left Ely and got back to Schallenberger's at dark. Visited with Mr. Schallenberger's, and he told me a good deal of the way they were doing business in Ely. He found it very hard to get money from the people in town. Most of them were pretty hard up and holding on waiting for better times. One hotel man owed him an \$800 butter bill, and a livery man owed him \$1000 for hay. It was not a very encouraging outlook for us.

Figure 296 - Chainman Mill at Lane City



Chainman mill on the hill at Lane City.

My load hardly brought enough to pay for time and work on the road and what I had taken in had to be divided with Mr. Baker. But like the rest, we had to keep going and look for better times ahead. I loaded a bundle of hay next morning and left for Osceola. Got there that night. Osceola was a town of cabins built in a narrow steep canyon. There was hardly 2 square rods of level land in the town except where the buildings stood. There were 2 stores, 2 restaurants, a saloon and a schoolhouse here besides the cabin homes. Also a livery stable. I went to a restaurant for meals and slept in the wagon. Left early the next morning and got home to dinner. Afternoon went over and settled with Mr. Baker. He thought I had made a good start and would do better later when we had more to sell. Did not try to sell a load until a week later. Our potato crop was late this year so we did not have them for market when the demand was best. Was loading radishes, lettuce, green onions, turnips and beets. It was hard slow work to gather and load and care for this stuff, so it would look fresh after traveling 3 days in the desert. Too much water and heat would rot the stuff and with too little water it would wither, got along very well

and lost but little. We decided that I would take a grub box and a barrel of water. I could camp on the desert and divide my drive better and save the team some hard days.

We had not been making much on our trips to Ely so decided to try Cherry Creek. It was over 100 miles and took some 10 days a round trip. It was a long tedious trip, and we found the market even worse than Ely. Later we had large loads of tomatoes, corn, beans, melons, and onions which brought us in some money. Roy made 3 trips to Cherry Creek later which paid, and Lloyd and I hauled to Ely. We now had a class of goods which would keep and sold considerable to the merchants which they would sell when we ceased to come. We continued to peddle till we had disposed of most of our vegetables. Was now the latter part of November. Father and Ted were up in our canyon home getting ready for winter. We still had some 2 tons of hay to bale and sell which we would haul to Osceola.

Figure 297 - Cherry Creek in 1898



Main street, Cherry Creek, 1898.

Roy was putting most of his time hauling loads to the canyon. He helped us with the hay too. It got to be risky business hauling hay. The roads were slippery and hay was bulky stuff, and our loads were easily overbalanced. I had one tip over when my wagon slipped off from the roadway and rolled some 40 feet down to the creek. The team and front wheels stayed in the road, but the load, rack and hind wheels rolled down the hill. I was not with it as I made my getaway when it started.

It was 12 miles from home and 8 miles to town and I could do nothing alone. So I took the team, pulled the hind wheels back up to the road and tied my wagon together and went home. It was snowing hard by now. We decided to load up 2 more loads and take them to town and then come back and pick up the wrecked one and take it in.

Winter set in earnest before we got the hay hauled. Was cold, the days were short. I used to camp

wherever night overtook me. It was way below zero at times. Did not have to stay out more than one night on each trip. Snow in the road made teaming slow, so we could not make long drives. We had all the hay hauled by New Year's. Now mother was ready to move to our canyon home. They all moved home but me and left me at Bakers to feed the extra stock.

I did not have much to do and Bakers wanted to teach private school for 2 months. They wanted to send their children and a neighbor (Mr. Robison) (*George Samuel Robison, my great grandfather*) some 5 miles away, had 3 to send (*George – age 14, Elizabeth – age 12, and James – age 10*). Had a very good school. The work was light and they paid me \$1.00 per day and board, and I had plenty of time to look after my stock. It was the easiest money I ever made. My school was a success and my employers were pleased.

Figure 298 - George S. and Emma Meecham Robison



Figure 299 - Elizabeth, George and James Robison



Sometime later (1899) I went to work at the Gonder Ranch. Lloyd and I worked together till after haying when Lloyd went home. I stayed till October, and Mr. and Mrs. Gonder wanted me to stay all winter.

Mother's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Warland, (Owen and Jenny), from Chicago were with us, had been for a year. They came while we were at the Baker Ranch. Aunty was a helpless invalid and a constant care to mother every hour of the day and night. This too kept father and Uncle Owen near most of the time. We had been in this land of promise-mostly promise-results were few, now for about 6 years (1894-1900) and had gathered some stock around us but had not found the farm we were looking for and had not seen any within our reach. We had 21 head of cattle and some 30 or 35 head of horses. But farm land was scarce and water was scarcer and uncertain. And though a rolling stone gathered no moss, we thought that a change of pasture might make fat calves; so we decided to look for greener fields. We wanted to go to Oregon as we thought the rain would fall there and the grass would grow. We were getting tired of the desert. Mother said she could not let us go till Aunty was well or gone, so we waited. Aunty failed slowly; but by the first part of October, all was over. We laid her to rest and then prepared for our journey. Roy had 4 horses and 2 wagons and was hauling lumber to Pilot Butte, a new camp some 7 miles beyond Ely, a haul of 96 miles. Most of the way was over the same road I teamed over the year before.

October 9, 1900 - Father and I left Lexington Canyon at noon and went to the Baker Ranch. Mother, Uncle Owen and the little boys went with us. We got to Bakers for supper, Roy came in from Ely. We all stayed together. Mother, Uncle and little boys went home with Roy. Was cloudy the next morning. We intended to go to Cleveland some 30 miles. We had a little team of mules and a light spring wagon, so we could keep dry. We said our goodbyes and made a good start that morning. It was the last time I saw mother for 13 months. We had our provisions for our trip -- bed, carpenter tools, shot gun and a sack of grain for the mules which made about all the load we wanted.

We got up near the summit of the Snake Range (*Sacramento Pass*) and camped for dinner. We could see back over the valley that had been our home for the past 6 years. Many of our plans had fallen flat. The Irrigation Company had failed to make good; not 1 foot of land had been reclaimed by their work. We came here to get a farm, but there was such a small area of cultivated land and this was held so high that it cost as much to buy a farm here as anywhere. There was thousands of acres of good level land in this valley, but it was worthless without water. Without water it would not produce anything but lizards, homed toads and disappointment. Shortly afternoon it started to rain and rained most of the afternoon and night. We got to Cleveland (*the Cleveland ranch*) about 5:30. We gave Mr. Cleveland 2 watermelons Mr. Baker had sent over for him. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland made us their guest. They were rich people and had everything money could buy. They owned a ranch here some 20 miles long. Mr. Cleveland took us out to see his cattle. He had some fine cows, some of which he had bought at the fat stock show in Kansas City. He had many cattle in his field and on the range. He had a neighbor of ours, Fred Schumacher, for his cow foreman.

Figure 300 - Fred & Stella Schumacher



Figure 301 - George Swallow



Figure 302 - George Swallow's Threshing Crew



His neighbor, a Mr. Swallow (*George Swallow*), from 25 miles south was here with his threshing machine, doing some work for Mr. Cleveland. The rain was making the work slow. There was a Mr. Hickman here too, a cattle buyer. They were all very pleasant people. After supper Mr. Cleveland took us out to see their big cellars full of potatoes and their chicken houses. Mrs. Cleveland was raising fine chickens. They kept from 10 to 20 hired men thru busy season. Many of them were young men and boys from Utah. Mrs. Cleveland had a piano and was a good musician and used to ask the boys to come and sing with her. She said there were some very good voices among them, but too many of them were spoiling their voices with cigarette smoking. Mrs. Cleveland was a great lover of the Old Moody and Sankey hymns, so Mr. Cleveland told us, and used to like nothing better than to get her neighbors to come in and sing with her. But it was a long ways to neighbors here and was not very often they got together. Mr. Cleveland was a rough, outspoken man but a man of education and capacity. He had looked after the interest of his state at Washington D.C. He was a good friend to the poor man in his every day life and protected every living thing on his ranch and would not allow mistreatment or cruelty at any time. When we were ready to leave, father asked him what our bill was and he said he had never charged a man in his life to stay and he would not begin on a poor devil from Snake Valley and if it was not so early in the morning he would fight father for asking such a question. He invited us to stay over another day but we knew we would have to keep busy if we made our journey before winter. Here we met a traveling photographer who was traveling over the country doing work for everyone who would hire him. The year before he had been in Oregon and told us many things of the land we hoped to see in the near future.

(Note added by Boyd E. Quate: They went on up to Cherry Creek - ate from their wagon as dinners were 50 cents. Then on to Ruby Valley, Tuscarora, Paradise Valley, Quinn River Crossing, camped one night at headquarters for Miller and Lux ranches, Denio, Cedarville, California then up to Lakeview, Oregon. The journal continues till 1914 and ends with the following.)

Pages have been written of how the large cattle companies have gone into countries and crowded out the small owners and compelled them to move, and much of it is true. Pages could still be written of how the big companies have established themselves and run their big herds and farms and brought money and capital into isolated districts and in this way made it possible for the homesteader and small farmer to exist. When crops fail on the dry farms and there is no money in sight for taxes, many a poor man had found employment with the more well to do and kept the wolf from his door. When the hard winters came and the snow covered up all the feed in the hills and fields, many of the small owners have driven their stock to the large ranchers who had capital to provide for the future and save the surplus hay and feed of the fat years to tide them through the lean years. Many of these large owners share their feed with the smaller ones and take stock or notes in payment and save their neighbors from bankruptcy. This I know, our existence in the west would have been short if it had not been for the men who were already on the ground and could use our labor and pay us from their stores of money and products.

Appendix G – Maps of Millard County, Utah and White Pine County, Nevada

Figure 303 - 1895 Map of Millard County Utah

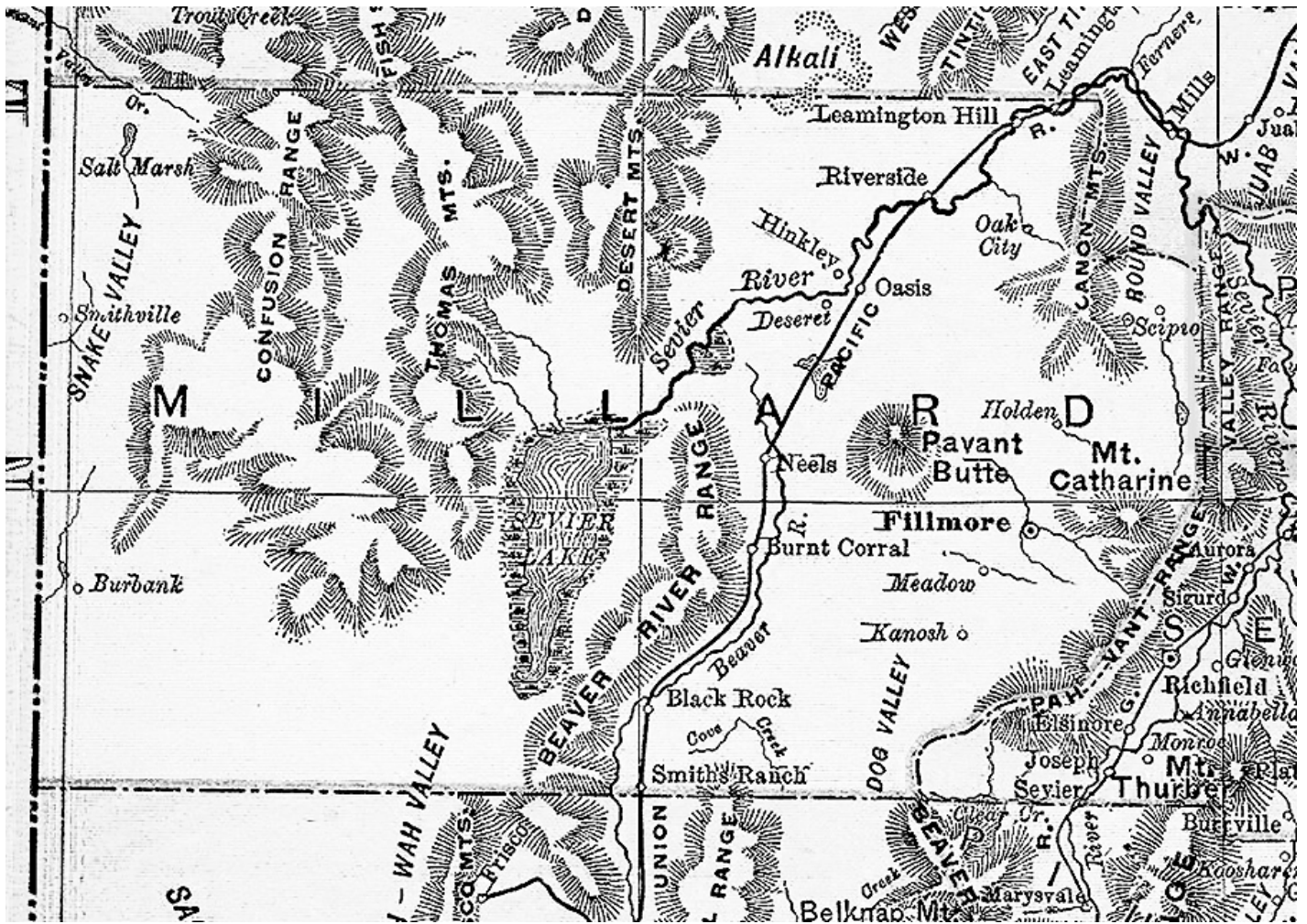
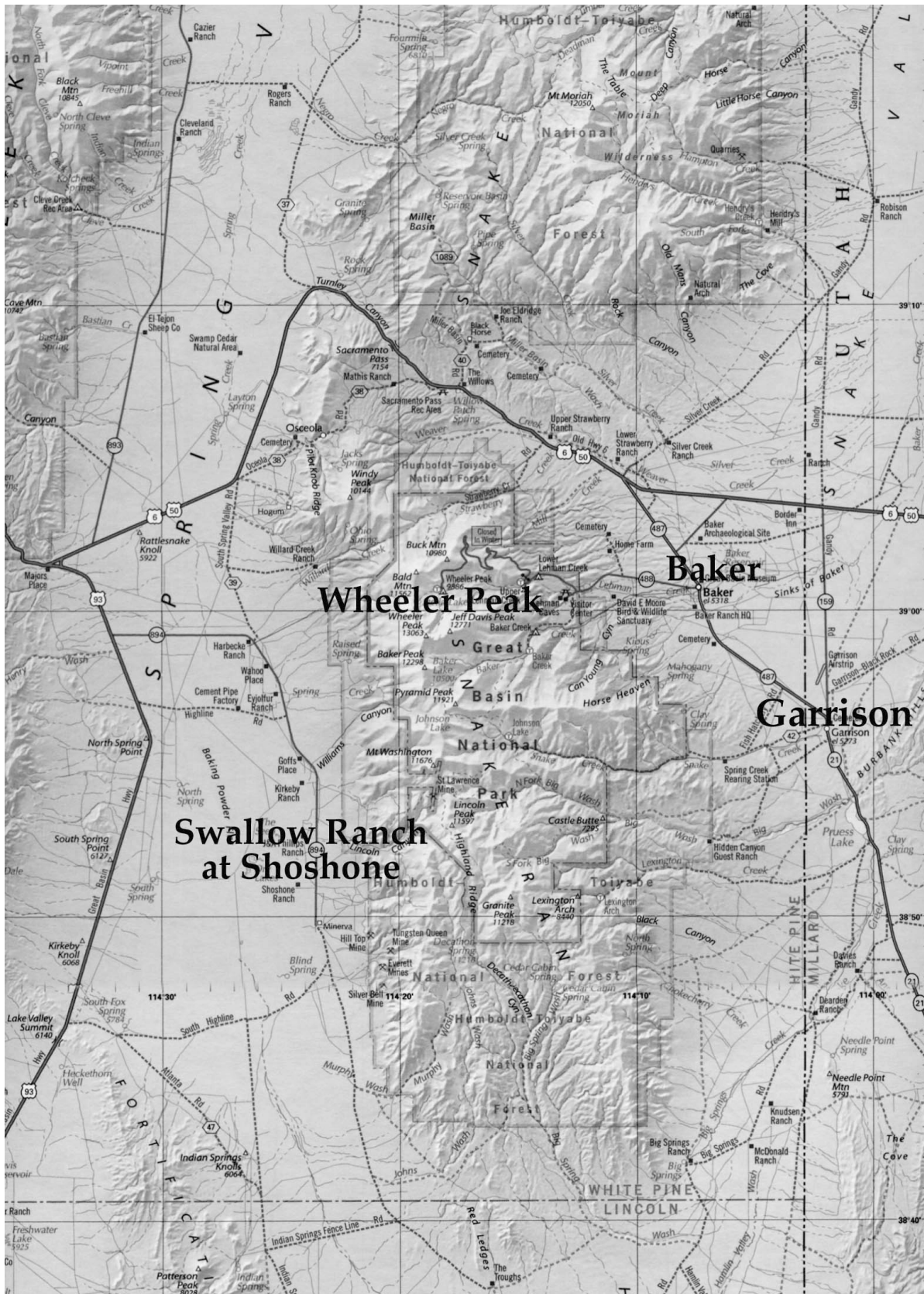


Figure 304 - 1895 Map of White Pine County Nevada



Figure 305 - Modern map of Spring Valley, the Snake Range and Snake Valley



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