

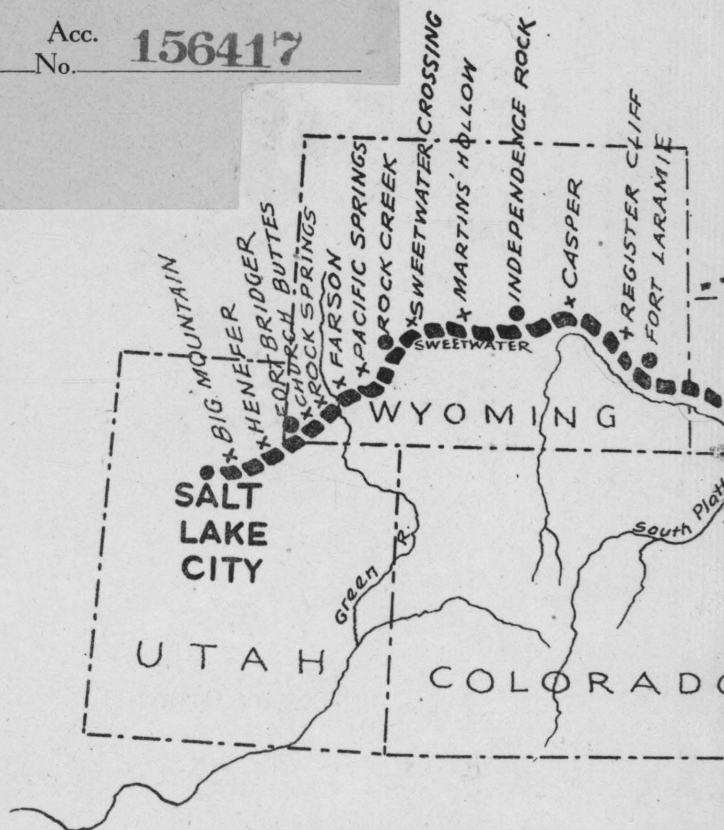
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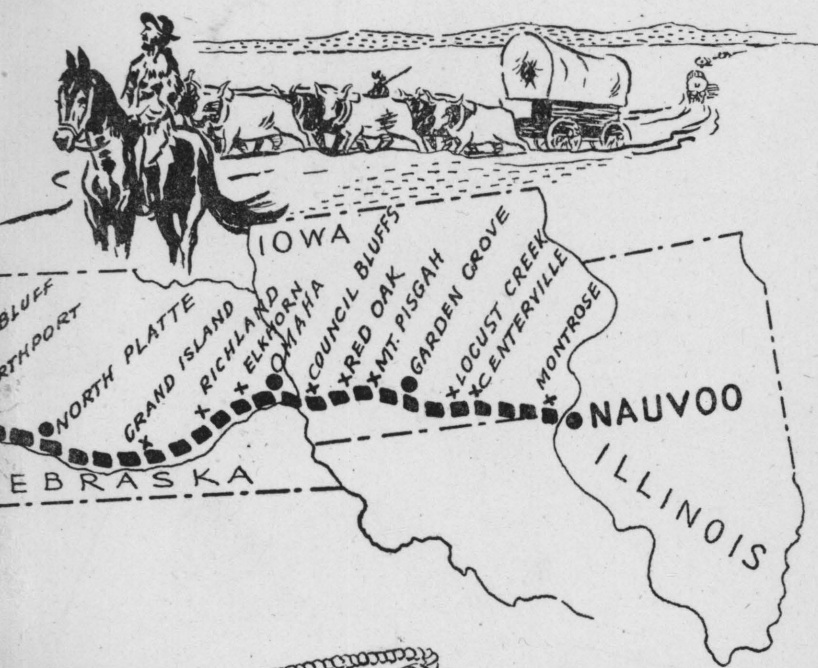
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SCHEDULE OF EVENING ENCAMPMENTS

Nauvoo, Illinois	Monday, July 14, 194
Garden Grove, Iowa	Tuesday, July 15, 194
Winter Quarters (Omaha), Nebraska.....	Wednesday, July 16, 194
North Platte, Nebraska	Thursday, July 17, 194
Fort Laramie, Wyoming	Friday, July 18, 194
Independence Rock, Wyoming	Saturday, July 19, 194
Rock Creek, Wyoming	Sunday, July 20, 194
Fort Bridger, Wyoming	Monday, July 21 194

For Pocket see Back Cover



MORMON PIONEER TRAIL

As Traveled by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, July 14-22, 1947

LEGEND

- Indicates encampment site.
- × Indicates caravan pause.



Centennial Caravan

Story of the 1947 Centennial Reenactment
of the Original Mormon Trek

from 1564-17

Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake Valley
July 14 to 22, 1947

Sponsored by

THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS

D. JAMES CANNON
Editor

WENDELL J. ASHTON PARLEY P. GILES
Publications Committee

Copyright, 1948
For the Sons of Utah Pioneers
By D. James Cannon

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APPRECIATION

Most of the photographs in this book were taken by Bishop W. Claudell Johnson. At the time of the trek he was affiliated with the Hal Rumel Studio in Salt Lake City. Nearly all pictures not otherwise identified as to the photographer were taken by Bishop Johnson. We express our gratitude to him for his excellent work.

* * *

The name of Richard Dykes, president of the North Omaha L.D.S. branch, was inadvertently left out of the narrative in the part dealing with Omaha. President Dykes rendered invaluable service to the trek by making all advance arrangements for the overnight stop at Omaha. We appreciate President Dykes' faithful service.

To the
One Hundred and Forty-eight
Who
Reenacted the Past
With an Eye
to the
Future.

Preface

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The idea of this book was conceived in the minds of many trekkers during the last few days of the trek, when the full significance of the reenactment became so impressive.

Next thought was, who will do it? Everyone was employed at a full-time job, and nearly everyone was busy on the side with church and civic responsibilities.

The book's budget would not allow the hiring of a staff to handle all phases of the publication, so the next best thing was to find a man who was acquainted with the planning and publishing of a yearbook. The central trek committee turned to D. James Cannon to get that experience. Co-owner and manager of a weekly newspaper and printing business, his days—and nights—are filled with business responsibilities. As far as his "after hours" activities are concerned, he is married and had two children when he started organizing the book in September, 1947. A third child arrived right at the crucial moment in the book's publication schedule . . . the press deadline. In addition to his family duties, the editor teaches a morning seminary class, acts as second vice-president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, and is a director of the Sugar House Chamber of Commerce.

The book was prepared during the hours remaining.

Limitations imposed by the budget and the time element, plus late reporting by some of the trekkers, prevented completion of publication in 1947.

One of his best qualifications, he avers, is that he has a wife—Elaine A. Cannon—who knows a bit about publication work herself. Former society editor of *The Deseret News*, Mrs. Cannon gave able assistance to the book's preparation.

It is hoped that the same spirit of charity and amicability which was so prevalent throughout the trek will be carried into the reading of this book. Bro. Cannon has, of course, tried to be as accurate as possible, but errors are no doubt present. He has tried to include everyone who had anything to do with the trek, but there will surely be a few who are not mentioned or given proper credit where credit is due. To those who are unintentionally overlooked, sincere apologies are extended.

The narrative is written with an eye toward getting as typical a cross-section of trek experiences as possible. It could have been done in diary form, but the editor felt that the story should reflect the outstanding experiences of *all* the trekkers, not of just a few.

PARLEY P. GILES.

Member of Publications Committee.

FOREWORD

☆ ☆

An exodus that has been acclaimed one of the greatest in all history moved across America's broad plains and into its Rocky Mountains during 1847-69.

It was the migration of a persecution-plagued people known to the world as the Mormons. Their original company, led by President Brigham Young, rolled into the sagebrush of the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the summer of 1847. There in the wilderness they began building a mighty empire. Their purpose in coming was to find a place where they could worship God unmolested.

The original company was followed by some 80,000 other Saints. Some spanned the plains with ox teams. Others on horseback. About 3,000 of them pushed and pulled handcarts. Many walked, often with babes in arms. Some 6,000 of them died on the way.

In tribute to these noble pioneers, a group of their descendants retraced their forebears' steps in 1947—the centennial year of the arrival of the first company in Salt Lake Valley. The centenary group, making the journey in eight days, began at Nauvoo, Illinois, last temple city of the Saints before establishing their home in the western mountains. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley on July 22—one hundred years to the day after the vanguard of the original company entered the valley.

The 1947 trekkers endeavored to make their journey as much a replica of that of the original pioneers as possible. Their personnel included 143 men, three women, and two boys—the same as that of the 1847 group. Both groups were organized in companies of hundreds, fifties and tens; both had a night guard, a chorus, a nightly encirclement of vehicles, and menus including meat from the deer, the antelope and the buffalo. The 1847 caravan included 72 wagons, most of them bonneted with "white tops" and pulled by oxen or horses. The 1947 caravan consisted of 72 automobiles, all (except two "scout" cars) adorned with simulated covered wagons and plywood oxen.

There were many other similarities between the two companies.

Careful day-by-day journals were kept by the 1847 pioneers. The centennial counterparts likewise made their recordings—with one great advantage, the camera.

This book represents a composite of diaries, pictures and other data gathered and prepared by the 1947 trekkers. Every one of the trekkers has contributed to the contents of this volume. The book has been written, organized and edited by one of the officers of the centennial company, D. James Cannon.

This volume, like the commemorative pilgrimage itself, has been financed entirely by the trekkers themselves, functioning under the sponsorship of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

In pictures and words, the pages that follow tell the story of a retracing of history by those who believe that to remember the worthy past helps assure a notable future.

WENDELL J. ASHTON.

Revelation and Genesis . . .

AN IDEA IS BORN AND A DREAM BECOMES A REALITY



. . . S.U.P. Executive Board held long sessions. Standing: John W. Boud, judge advocate; Ray L. Alston, finance committee; Fred E. H. Curtis, chaplain; Richard H. Wootton, treasurer; Parley P. Giles, historian; Harold H. Jenson, immediate past president. Seated: Willard R. Smith, 2nd vice president; Wendell J. Ashton, president; William E. Nelson, 1st vice president; D. James Cannon, secretary.

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It all began during the administration of Nephi L. Morris as president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers in 1936-37. He first suggested a reenactment of the original trek. Brother Morris' plan was to duplicate the 1847 caravan in exact detail, even including the use of live oxen and real covered wagons. Brother Morris had the original "revelation," and it was he who fired the idea in the minds of others.

When the Centennial Commission was set up with President David O. McKay as its head, the idea was given further thought. It is generally understood that some kind of a trek was actually on the agenda for 1947. However, the war came along and changed all that. Even the idea of a centennial celebration was given up during the war years. No one knew whether the conflict would end soon enough to take up the planning of the commemoration events.

War ended abruptly in August, 1945, thus giving time for projection of the centennial observance. But it had smothered the idea of a trek. And no one picked up the torch after it had been dropped.

For this reason, most men acquainted with the story give R. H. Wootton, former president and long-time officer of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, credit for conceiving the idea of a 1947 reenactment. It was Brother Wootton's plan to use automobiles with covered wagon tops, however, instead of real wagons and oxen. He and Harold H. Jenson, then president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers (1945-46), discussed the plan in some detail in the Spring of 1946. From this discussion, which accomplished a "polishing up" of the rough outline of an idea, the trek quickly began to take shape and substance.

Harold H. Jenson, first publicly announced the plan to an organization meeting of the Sugar House chapter of the S.U.P. The newspapers carried a story of his announcement at that time.

From the first and second "revelations," numerous others followed. If it had not been so, the trek would never have been a success. Many other ingenious men added improvements, modifications, suggestions on detail, and most of all, hard work to bring the trek plan into final form.

Next great stride forward came when Wendell J. Ashton was elected president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, July 15, 1946. Too much cannot be said of Brother Ashton's enthusiasm and perseverance in leading the Sons through a year of intensive preparation, and then successfully carrying out the actual reenactment.

It was Wendell J. Ashton who called the S. U. P. executive board together every other week beginning in August, 1946, at the Zion's Savings Bank's Board room on the second floor of the Templeton Building to perfect the great project. In addition, the board conducted a full year's program of activities, such as "Know

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

Your Utah" week, a chapter projects contest, marking of historical places, beard-growing contest and organization of new chapters.

It was Brother Ashton's intention to attain success through drawing upon the talents of committee heads. This he did admirably. Because of the methods used, it can be truthfully said that every person with whom trek plans were discussed contributed substantially to the design.

Willard R. Smith, for example, was given the difficult task of designing the covered wagon tops. His problems at first seemed almost insurmountable. How can a covered wagon top be fixed to a car without some major changes on the car itself? What is to be used to give authentic shaping to the canvas tops? Can the wagon top be made secure enough to withstand wind and rain, and 1500 miles of rough travel? And where can the materials be obtained? Should lumber be shipped to Nauvoo for assembling, or can it be bought there? What will be needed in the way of bolts, nuts, paint, tools? All these questions and a multitude of others confronted Brother Smith as he embarked on his assignment.

He solved them one by one, mostly by actual experiment after careful paper planning. Willard R. Smith not only did his job, he developed an additional idea which became an integral part of the adornment, i.e., the plywood oxen on the front fenders.

To 1st Vice-President William E. Nelson went the tasks of camping and food. Here was another job which easily could make or break the centennial caravan. "An Army travels on its stomach," and so would the 1947 pioneers. Brother Nelson quickly gathered around him several key men to whom he gave responsibility. With the board's approval he chose J. W. R. "Bill" Robinson as trek chef. The two planned the daily diet which had to satisfy two requirements: (1) be appetizing, (2) be inexpensive. Joseph S. Bennion, an experienced merchant, was made commissary manager. Ralph G. Smith, a veteran scouter, became sanitation engineer and captain of the guard. Brother Nelson asked Elias L. Day, state senator, lawyer, and fish and game official, to arrange for game meat. In the case of the almost-extinct buffalo, that was a big order.

Many have said, "The most important part of the trek was the people who participated." The man who had more to do with choosing the participants than anyone else is John W. Boud, 1946-47 judge advocate of the S. U. P. and Sugar House attorney. As former Navy Chaplain, Brother Boud understands his fellow beings as few men do. Chairman of the personnel committee was the ideal job for him. He carried out directions of the executive board on the payment of \$25 as an initial fee and later he collected the remaining \$75. He kept in constant touch with the chapter presidents as they went through the travail of choosing trekkers from among the numerous applicants. Bro. Boud had established a quota for each chapter based on its total paid-up membership. After the members were accepted, Bro.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

Boud then corresponded with them, sent them circulars, and answered their numerous questions. He also was worried with last minute replacements.

* * * *

It was an unusual man who would hearken to the trek call.

First of all, the man who took the trouble to apply for the trek had to have vision. Without it, he couldn't have understood the grand purpose of the reenactment. He had to have a love of heritage, a respect for those who had given so much so that others would be happier. He had to have a love of adventure. To a great extent, this man had to have a mind untrammelled by the burden of a humdrum existence, a mind that was free to travel and learn and see new frontiers. After all these requirements were met, the man had to have \$100, with extra for pioneer clothes and traveling expenses. He had to be a generous nature—even if he did have the money—to know that it would be used effectively. Most important qualification was the will-to-do, the self-motivation required to surmount obstacles and make the trek in spite of them. For these men were active in their occupations, in their church, in family life, and in the community. Just "getting away" for two weeks was a problem. Especially since the trekker couldn't take his wife and family.

John W. Boud thanked the Lord that there were people in the world who met these requirements. It made his job easier.

Wendell Ashton, in addition to having everyone else's job on his shoulders in the sense that final details had to be cleared through him, was placed in charge of the programs. He spent long hours with George C. Lloyd, music director, Francis L. Urry, drama director and Harry N. Poll, in charge of properties and technical equipment.

Bro. Lloyd called together and rehearsed the male chorus: Aldon Jr. Anderson, L. Burt Bigler, Wallace L. Johnson, George L. Woodbury, LaVerre V. Adams, S. Richard Keddington, Fred E. Curtis and Alvin Keddington. He worked with the flutist, Horace P. Beesley, the accompanist, Alfred M. Durham, the violinist, Golden Webb, and the buglers, Lionel Maw, Joseph H. Jeppson and Jay Lyman. The vocalists, Dorothy Kimball Keddington and Nora Player Richardson, and the mixed quartet composed of these two and George Woodbury and Alvin Keddington, were also part of George Lloyd's musical programs.

Francis L. Urry named Don B. Alder as assistant drama director, and then attacked the problems of scripts, trained dramatic personnel, staging, rehearsals, and numerous additional problems that the average dramatic director does not meet. Excellent scripts were written by L. Clair Likes, Luacine C. Fox and Bro. Urry. Joseph H. Williams, well-known as an actor and expert property man, was put in charge of scenery and properties. Adrian Cannon, as stage manager, and

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Wives of would-be trekkers sit this one out while some of the brethren struggle with the intricacies of assembling the sample wagon top at a "dress rehearsal" held in George Washington Park up Parley's Canyon near Salt Lake City in June, 1947

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Nora P. Richardson, Ruth C. Shields and Dorothy K. Keddington as a costumes committee, rounded out Bro. Urry's dramatic organization.

Route of the trek and daily schedules were worked out through the expert advice of John D. Giles, who had traversed the Mormon trail many times. From his suggestions an itinerary was drawn up and printed for sending to prospective trekkers, newspapers and other interested persons.

John D.'s son, Parley P. Giles, S. U. P. historian, did extensive research work on pioneer clothes in order that the trekkers could make their costuming authentic. Bro. Giles prepared a printed circular containing suggestions for pioneer dress. The circular also carried drawings of some actual samples of 1847 clothing.

Mementos proved to be a momentous job. The task of notifying all S. U. P. chapters and making arrangements for the preparation of historical souvenirs to be given to officials along the route was given to Aldon Jr. Anderson. It was he who gathered up replicas of the Mormon river raft, the odometers, the copper serving trays, the Indian gloves, the Mormon battalion bookends, the ox yokes, the model covered wagons.

Stanford P. Darger headed a committee entitled "selections," according to the trek souvenir program. No one except the board members and Bro. Darger knows what a difficult job "selections" was. It had been easy to select two of the three women to make the trek. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers, at the invitation of Wendell J. Ashton, named Mrs. Acel Richardson as their representative. Dorothy Kimball Keddington was next chosen because of several obvious qualifications: (1) talent for entertainment; (2) her great-grandfather, Heber C. Kimball, was Brigham Young's right hand man; (3) her husband, S. Richard, was excellently qualified in talent and background to make the trek. But the third woman? . . . There was a problem. Bro. Darger was asked to find a third woman, but to do it under cover. There was to be no publicity given to his search. The S.U.P. didn't want this to be another "queen contest." There were too many pitfalls if allowed to turn into a contest. Bro. Darger put in many weeks screening prospective representatives. Before final selection was made, however, his business firm moved him to Denver. The responsibility then fell on the loaded shoulders of Brothers Ashton and Boud. A tip led them to the F. Alburn Shields' home, and there they found the ideal couple for the trek. Ruth Fox Clawson Shields became the much-sought-after third woman, and her husband was called to join the trek dramatic troupe.

Another personnel assignment was in the search for the two boys on the trek. They were to be, the executive board decided, the two outstanding boy scouts in the state. Fred E. Curtis, who knows the ins and outs of scouting, and who was chaplain of the S.U.P., was asked to find the two boys. Again, it required several months before final selection was made. The two choices were Lionel Maw, son

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of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Maw of Ogden, and Joseph H. Jeppson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Jeppson of Salt Lake. The fathers accompanied their sons on the trek.

Flight of a jet plane from Omaha to Salt Lake was planned as a striking comparison in a century's advances in travel. T. R. Johnson of Ogden made initial arrangements with Col. Ray G. Harris of Hill Field for an Army plane and pilot to be used. Richard H. Wootton, S.U.P. treasurer, completed the plans after the trekkers, including T. R. Johnson, had gone east to build their wagons. It was Bro. Wootton who greeted Lt. John Rawson as he alighted from his two hour trip from Omaha.

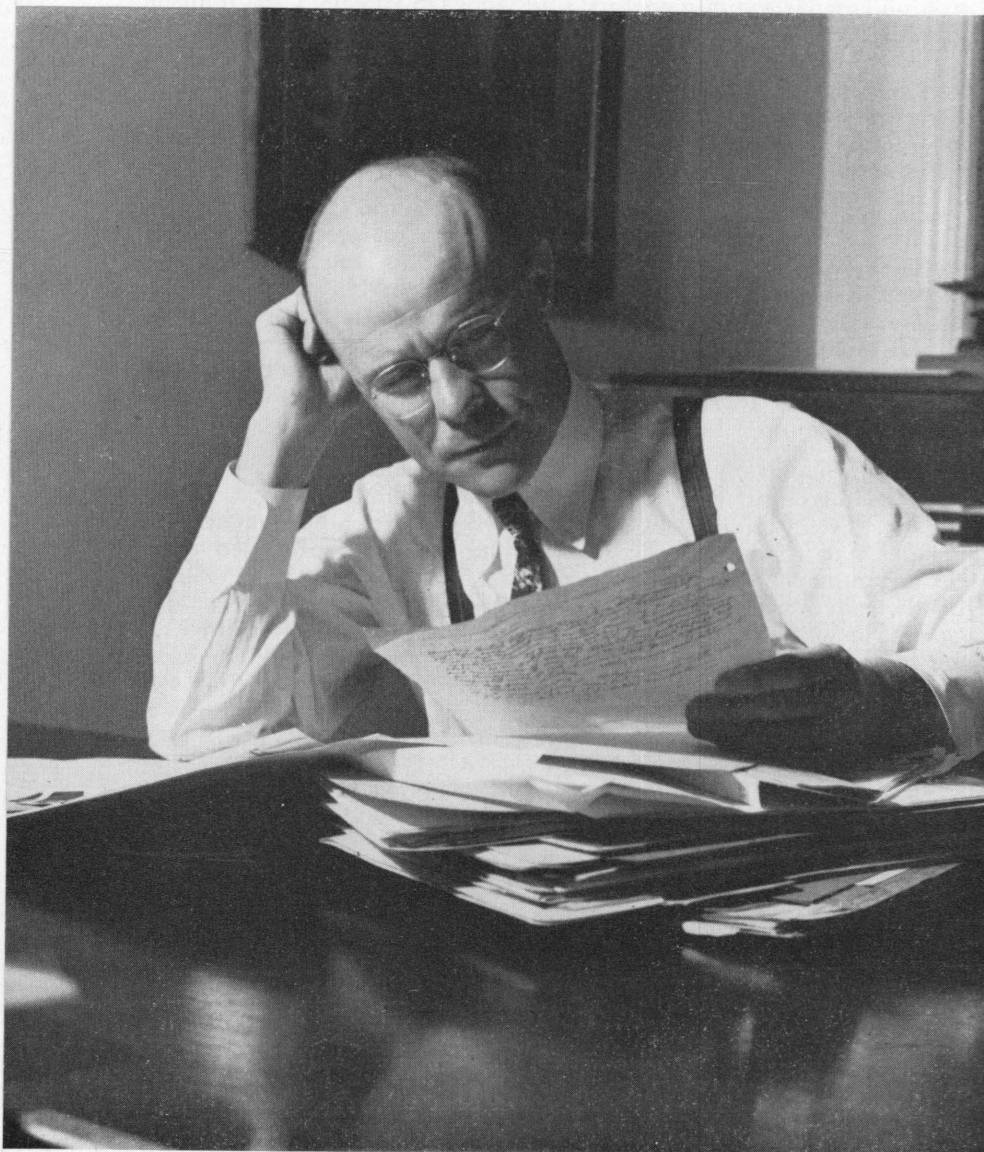
The job of working with the city officials, the Centennial Commission, and the Sugar House Chamber of Commerce on the Salt Lake valley greeting to the caravan was given to Donald B. Alder to make initial plans. Bro. Alder appointed Edwin H. Lauber to take over the assignment as soon as dramatic rehearsals started in June, 1947. Brother Lauber prepared the greeting in great detail, for he knew that it would be the climax of the trek. Robert H. Barnes and Salt Lake Theatre representatives aided Bro. Lauber in making plans for the welcoming.

The all-important task of advance arrangements, which required a trip to Nauvoo and return, was given to D. James Cannon, S.U.P. secretary. Bro. Cannon left Salt Lake May 3, after he had notified the cities and towns that he was coming. At each proposed overnight encampment spot, Bro. Cannon met with chamber of commerce officials, mayors, L. D. S. Church representatives, and newspaper people. He was asked to set up an arrangements committee in each town to carry out the details required by the big caravan. The committee's job would be to handle campsite arrangements, construct two stages for the program, have in readiness a large auditorium in which to hold the program in case of bad weather, arrange for police escort, obtain fuel for fires, water for drinking and cooking, and miscellaneous food items.

Bro. Cannon returned from his two week's trip impressed with the friendliness and cooperation exhibited all along the line.

Numbers . . .

THE 143 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 2 YOUTHS WHO WERE "TREKKER



. . . John W. Boud, personnel chief,
applications.

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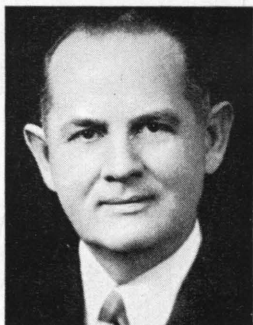
THESE ARE THE TREKKERS . . . The following pages proudly display the pictures and biographies of the 143 men, 3 women and 2 scouts who made the memorable trek in 1947 in tribute to their forbears who endured such hardship and sacrifices in the original trek 100 years ago.

Trekkers were all members of Sons of Utah Pioneers organization, having had forbears who made the trip across the plains to the Great Salt Lake valley before 1869, the advent of the railroad. Each paid a \$100 fee plus gas, oil and costume expenses. Every trekker had the worry of preparing a costume in keeping with the times and spirit. He must gather together his pioneer relics to be taken along. He must acquire certain traveling equipment specified by leaders.

Yes, each trekker planned for the trip and worked for the trip in some way or other far in advance of July 14 when we first struck out from Nauvoo. And there were chores to be done along the way by every man, too. The \$100 fee didn't entitle him to a vacation without work. Each did his part willingly and happily and thus contributed to the success of the venture. We pay tribute to our NUMBERS.

☆☆☆☆

Special Guests



SPENCER W. KIMBALL . . . our beloved invited guest and official Church representative on the trek who won the undying devotion of trekkers for being one with us in work and play. Constantly inspiring and certainly never tiring, though he spoke at every "pause" along the way. Born March 28, 1895, in Salt Lake, but moved to Arizona with the family at three years. Lived there for 45 years, all the while holding various responsible positions in the Church and community. Called to the Council of the Twelve in July, 1945.

CAMILLA EYRING KIMBALL . . . gracious wife of Elder Kimball who was born and reared in LDS colonies in Mexico until civil war forced them to flee. Quiet sense of humor . . . keen mind. Attended USAC, BYU and U of California. Met Brother Kimball while teaching at Gila Academy in Arizona. They've been married 30 years and have four children. The oldest boy is studying at Oxford University in England as a Rhodes scholar. The Kimball home is at 2028 Laird Drive in Salt Lake and Mrs. Kimball is a member of Yalecrest DUP.

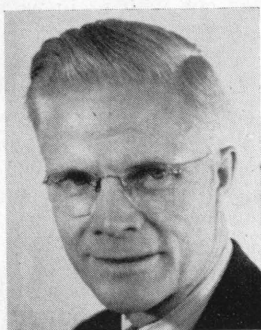


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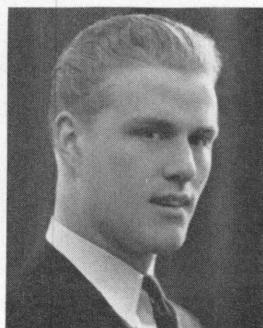
LA VERRE V. ADAMS . . . loves the SUP so much he belongs to two groups—Salt Lake-Riverside Chapter and the S. L. Luncheon Club. Vocation is accounting. Avocation is his family and home. Married to the former Nancy May Ferrin and they have one child. Claims pioneer heritage on both sides. Is 41 years of age and has been in Riverside stake presidency for seven years.

DONALD BENSON ALDER . . . thespian of no little fame . . . portrayed Brigham Young in trek dramatic incidents. After office hours as a salesman and business manager he works wonders as president of Salt Lake Theatre, Inc. Claims the early apostle Ezra Taft Benson as his great-grandfather. Wife is Elsie Loveland Alder and their children number three. Has spent a good part of his 37 years in dramatic work.

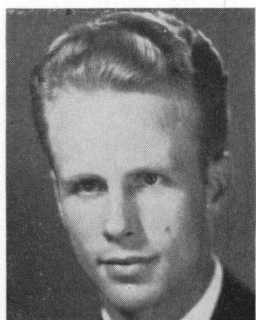


RAY L. ALSTON . . . long-time Red Cross field director and social service worker. Past president of Utah State Conference of Social Work. Worked with the central committee of SUP in planning the trek. Inspiringly spoke at Mt. Pisgah of William Clayton and the writing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Born September 22, 1895, in Sugarhouse. Graduate of USAC. Married the former Pearl Southwick of Lehi and they are the parents of four children.

ALDON JR. ANDERSON . . . 30-year-old Salt Lake lawyer memorable for his moving speech at Ft. Laramie and for his wavy blonde hair. President of the Ensign-Emigration chapter of SUP and active member of Millennial Male chorus in S. L. He and his wife, the former Virginia Weilenmann, are the parents of two young sons. Born January 3, 1917, in Salt Lake, where he attended college for his LLB degree. Filled a mission to Great Britain. Chairman of 1st Trekker's reunion held October 3, 1947.



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DESMOND L. ANDERSON . . . great-grandson of William Dorris Hendricks, who was the youngest member of the Mormon Battalion. Cache valley man who was valedictorian of his graduating class as well as a three-year letterman in high school. Born May 25, 1925. Served in the army of World War II and then returned to take the USAC campus by storm, finally becoming Student Body President in 1947.

WENDELL J. ASHTON . . . Trekkers' Brigham Young. Among other things of importance that he has accomplished this 34-year-old ball of fire has penned two books and recently was named Managing Editor of the Deseret News. 'Tis rumored his hobby is homiletics and, according to Webster, a homily is "a tedious exhortation on some moral point." So far there are no little Sons of Utah Pioneers in his household, but he and wife Marian (Reynolds) have three daughters. His father was M. O. Ashton of presiding bishopric.



JAMES E. BACON . . . hails from Roosevelt, Utah, and is proud of the fact that his first job as a 16-year-old was carrying the U. S. mail horseback 56 miles, making two trips a week for two summers. A rancher and sheepherder from way back, he has found time to be a public servant in many capacities. Owns and operates a ranch with his brother in Roosevelt.

GEORGE D. BALLS . . . born in 1878 in Hyde Park, Utah, and has spent 44 of his 69 years as a farmer, specializing in dairying and sugar beets. He and his wife, Julia Webber Balls, live in Dayton, Idaho, and are parents of five children. Boasts of pioneer ancestry on both sides.

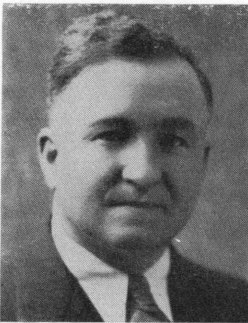


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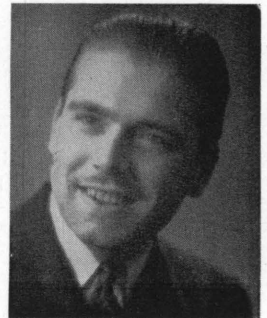
- LEO BANKHEAD . . . great-grandfather, was one of the first settlers of Cache Valley, where Leo was born and has lived since. Operates a dairy and poultry farm and, incidentally, is beloved bishop of his ward. Took Harriet Taylor as his wife in 1927 and they now have three boys and two girls. Birth statistics . . . September 20, 1908, Avon, Utah.

HORACE P. BEESLEY . . . "fluted" his way across the plains and into the hearts of Trekkers. Comes by his rare musical ability honestly, being a grandson of both Ebenezer Beesley, early Tabernacle choir leader, and Orson Pratt, 1st pioneer to enter the valley. Owns his own business as Ford dealer in Bountiful, and in his spare time is flutist with Utah State Symphony and a member of South Davis Stake Presidency. Hobby is aviation. Born February 11, 1935, and married Mary Brazier following his German mission. They have five children.



JOSEPH S. BENNION . . . unsung hero of trek, who performed continuous K. P. duty without a murmur. Sixty years old and knows the secret of living the full life. He's a patriarch, a former legislator and bishop, but has always taken time out for his hobbies of hunting, sports and traveling. Member of the Salt Lake Luncheon Club and is a merchant by occupation. Has had seven children. His wife is Izetta North Bennion.

GEORGE R. BIESINGER . . . Salt Lake building contractor who married the former Audrey Hardy. They have two children and a common interest in basketball, tennis and radio. On the trek he took along an old iron kettle used by his pioneer ancestors as they crossed the plains. Only 29 years old but still a member of board of directors of Utah Home Builders Association.

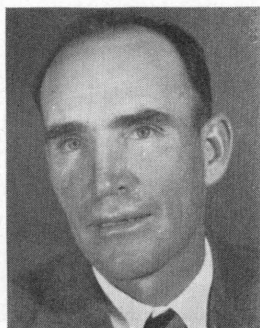


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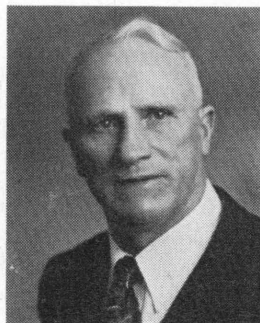
L. BURT BIGLER . . . does everything from selling insurance to raising purebred Jersey cows, and singing and playing the piano. Louis Burt "drive carefully—you might kill one of my policyholders" Bigler—is the father of five children. His wife is Hazel A. Bigler. A member of the SUP Luncheon Club and descendant of four pioneers. The Tabernacle choir has claimed him a member for 15 years.

VERNON A. BLACK . . . 36-year-old building contractor who makes a home with his wife in Kanab, Utah. He is a member of the Kanab Stake chapter, of which he is vice-president. Born March 9, 1911, in Huntington, Utah. Moved around considerably till he met and married Anna Deal Robinson of Kanab. They have three children.

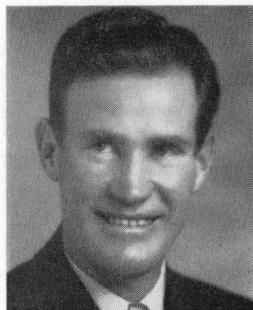


JOHN W. BOUD . . . drove the official "scout" car when his wagon top became the one real casualty of the trip. Well-known to Salt Lakers as a bachelor and barrister. Personnel chairman for the trek and is modest about his enviable record as first LDS Navy chaplain in World War II. Affiliated with Sugar House chapter, whose members recently elected him president. Born in 1912 on November 10, and hasn't spent an idle moment since.

ALMON DELL BROWN . . . second counselor in the Farr West stake presidency up Ogden way. Born January 31, 1885, and has spent his life in service to the church. Listed "barnyard golf" and dancing as his hobbies, with his wife, Eva Gaddis Brown, and their seven children as his main interest in life. One of three brothers to make the trek.

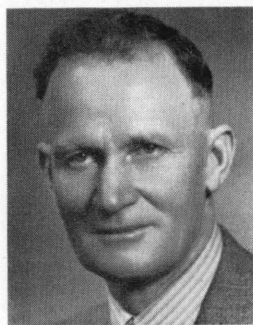


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



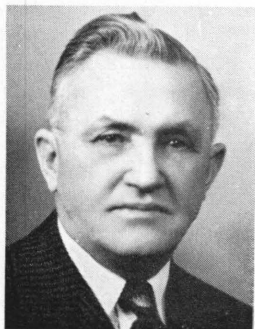
DEE D. BROWN . . . one of those RFD No. 2 gentlemen from Ogden. Was blessed, he feels, to have been born a twin. He learned to fight, play and pray with his brother and they are still together feeding their respective children and 60 head of pure bred dairy cattle. They were taught this vocation so well by their father that they were chosen Master Farmers of Weber County in 1944 by the FFA. An active church worker with a mission to his credit and has served in the Sunday School, Mutual and Priesthood. Born May 27, 1912.

HARRY D. BROWN . . . the son of Thomas D. and Esther Wardle Brown, who crossed the plains and left a trail of blood as they walked from Green River, Wyo., carrying their six-month-old baby. Born September 25, 1881, at Farr West, Utah, and lived there most of his life. Member of ward bishopric for 19 years, but still has time for his favorite sport—skating. Father of six children.



JETHRO D. BROWN . . . brother to Harry and member of Ogden-Weber chapter of SUP. Democratic candidate for four-year commissioner in Ogden. Is a retired farmer, but still does landscape gardening and runs a small nursery. Married to Emma Lee Brown and they have seven children. Labored as a missionary without purse or scrip and claims the most persecution he suffered was the outfit he wore—stiff collar, Prince Albert coat and a derby. Proud to say that his son and son-in-law were with him on the trek.

GEORGE ALBERT BULLOCK . . . 69 and one of the most ardent missionaries in our group. Even food would go untouched if he had a friend engaged in a good gospel conversation. Father, a member of the original band, was known as "Johnny Appleseed" because he planted crops along the way. A jeweler by trade and the father of three children by choice. Husband of Lavinia Dean Bullock. They make their home in Magna, Utah.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

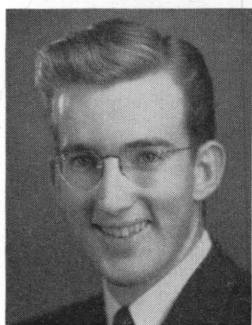


JAMES E. BURNS . . . lives on Burns avenue in Bountiful, Utah. Celebrated his 67th birthday July 17, 1947. Well-known and well loved by the townspeople of Bountiful, where he has been mayor, councilman, commissioner, member of bishopric, high council and stake presidency. Add patriarch to that impressive list and you have a knowledge of the services he has performed. Secretary-treasurer of the Thomas L. Kane Camp and father of seven children.

ADRIAN W. CANNON . . . unofficial recorder of trek activity with his complete diary entries. Called on Utah's Sen. Watkins in the capital city before the trek began. 29-year-old journalist who has done considerable traveling in his life, having spent two years in South America and three in Europe before he turned 20. U. of U. graduate, who is torn between two loyalties—California and Utah. So far unsmitten by the proverbial love bug.



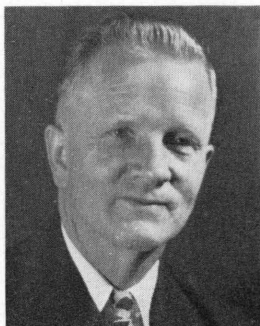
D. JAMES CANNON . . . advance agent for trek, past executive secretary and present state vice-president of SUP. A six-foot-five stack of energy with a printing and publishing company that he co-owns. Twenty-eight years old on December 8, with a wife (former Elaine Anderson) and three children to his credit. Brother-in-law to Aldon Jr. Anderson and chef Bill Robinson. Served 27 months in the Hawaiian mission and 38 months in the army.



WARREN C. CANNON . . . chairman of the Ensign-Emigration chapter group that beautified the Eagle Gate. He's married to the former Elizabeth Reynolds, who is a sister to Wendell Ashton's wife. Family ancestry includes the name of Quayle on one side and Partridge on the other. 36 and a member of Douglas ward bishopric. He's a sales engineer by trade. Has three children who keep things popping at home. Cousin to above two Cannons, who are also cousins.



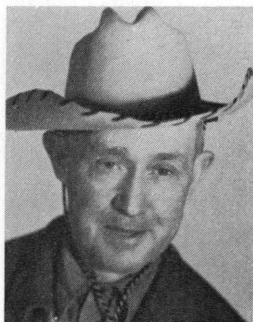
CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



EDWARD L. CHAMBERLAIN . . . treasurer of Kanab Chapter of SUP. Has an enviable record of loyalty to the church, having served 35 years continuously as clerk of Kanab stake. Comes from a large family—his father had six wives, 55 children, of which 54 are still living. Has been in mercantile business since 1912 and is present manager of Pickett Lumber company. Born August 23, 1893. Married Cora Esplin and they have three children.



THOMAS B. CHILD . . . Salt Laker who is one of the directors of the Luncheon Club and a contractor from 8 to 5. Newsworthy achievement is his position as president of Days of '47, Inc. Married Bertha Rumel Child, by whom he has had three children. For 19 years he was bishop of Tenth Ward. Thinks rocks, pigeons and books are among life's choice gifts as diversion from the workaday world. Born May 6, 1888.

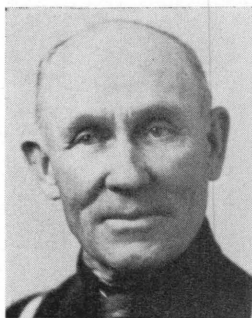


PETER D. CHRISTENSEN . . . who won fame in the local missing persons bureau when he hitched a ride to Nauvoo unannounced and left his scheduled partner high and dry. Sixty-seven-year-old church gardener who likes to attend "meetings" in his off hours. Unmarried and a member of the Salt Lake-Riverside chapter.



WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK . . . insurance salesman now, but he's been everything from a rancher to a grocer through the years. He and his wife, Millie D. Clark, reared 15 children to adulthood. Twelve are still living and there are 29 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren about which he can rightfully boast. Born in Salt Lake in 1877, but makes his home in Logan now. Performed a mission to England from 1907 to 1910.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



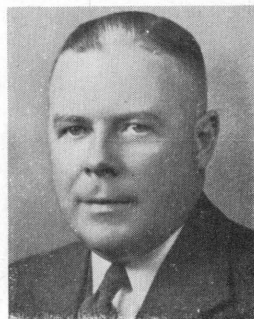
DON C. CLAYTON, Jr. . . . "Come, Come, Ye Saints" holds special meaning for him, because it was composed by his grandfather, William Clayton. Memorable event in his life was going to Arizona with his father and mother when they were called to pioneer that section. Married Aretta Clayton after proper courtship and they have had nine children in their married life. Born 63 years ago and has always been a farmer.

KENNER B. CLAYTON . . . a Halloween baby—celebrates his birthday every October 31. He's a son of Don C. Clayton Jr. and shares his father's enthusiasm for the life of an outdoorsman. Hunting, fishing and boating are his hobbies . . . the life of a merchant his chosen career. Filled a mission to England and then married Evelyn Gren. There are five children in their family and they make their home in Provo, Utah.

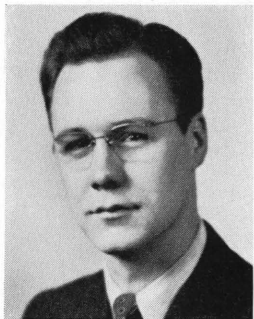


ELBERT R. CURTIS . . . been president of more things than you could number—including Sugarhouse stake presidency, Western States mission, and was secretary of the European Mission for a time, too. One of the Curtis clan of merchants in Sugarhouse and brother of Marvin, who made the trek, too. Wife is the former Luceal Rockwood, who claims he worked overtime preparing the fine speech he gave at Omaha. There are three little Curtises.

FRED E. CURTIS . . . has a knack for getting involved in club work. Is a member of two SUP groups, Salt Lake Council of Boy Scouts, Optimist club, Transportation club and Knights of the Round Table. Wife answers to Florence and the dictates of three children. Born 46 years ago at Mercur, Utah. Claims Southeast Salt Lake for his home. Stamp collecting and service projects are what keep this good man happy in spare hours from his position as commercial agent for Missouri Pacific Lines.

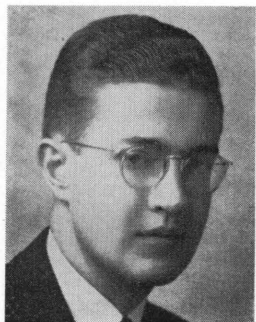


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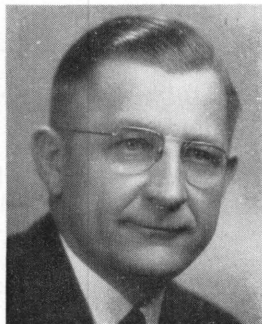
MARVIN R. CURTIS . . . another one of those young unmarried bucks who made the trek without a care in the world. Born April 19, 1920, with Brigham Young counted as one of his forbears. Filled a mission to the Eastern States, then joined the Navy and spent part of his 4½ years of service in the Orient. Has attended the U of U, BYU and U of San Francisco. Is actively engaged in one of the Curtis enterprises in Sugarhouse.

LOWELL CUTLER . . . whose home address reads RFD No. 3, Ogden, Utah, and who celebrates his birthday on May 25 1906, was the big year. Has a BS degree plus a year of graduate work which qualified him to teach school for 13 years and serve five years as principal of a high school. Gave two years of his life to his country and now is training officer for Veterans Administration at Weber College Guidance Center. Married to Marelda H. Cutler and they have two children.



STANFORD P. DARGER . . . the man "with an angle." 27-year-old idea wizard. Drove the only convertible in the group and it was noticeably pictured in Life magazine. Was vice-president of the Ensign-Emigration chapter until his recent move to Denver, where he is manager of Lighting Dept. of General Electric Supply Corp. Married talented pianist Arlene Barlow in 1946 and they have one son . . . Stanford Jr. Filled a mission to Canada between lower and upper divisions of college work at the University of Utah.

ELIAS L. DAY . . . Utah State Senator. His Honor proudly introduced his wife to fellow trekkers when she met him at Ft. Bridger. Fifty years old and an attorney-at-law with a degree from the University of Utah. Makes his home in Salt Lake with his wife and three children. Church duties have been numerous—most responsible of which is his present position in the Wells stake presidency.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



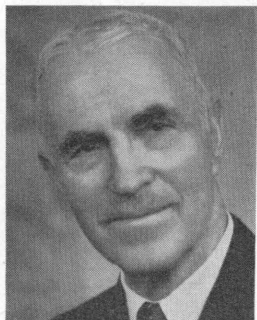
RAY E. DILLMAN . . . "Governor" to trekkers on account of being a Republican candidate for governor in 1956. Roosevelt, Utah, man who has made good as local bank president, stake president, state senator, member of USAC board of trustees, etc. Married Mildred Miles Dillman, from which marriage five children were born. Gave the stirring address delivered at Independence Rock. Back tracked from Garden Grove to Corydon to a Rotary Club Convention.

VERL GRANT DIXON . . . three-year-old daughter Linda is the light of his life. He is the light of numerous groups in Provo, to-wit: Kiwanis, executive board member of Utah National Parks Council, Boy Scouts of America, member VFW and American Legion, treasurer of Rheumatic Fever Foundation for Utah County. Flight officer in Air Transport Command in North Africa, Middle East and India during the recent war. Will keep busy now as Utah county clerk.



GROVER C. DUNFORD . . . think of him and you think of a Widtsoe-like goatee . . . of his handsome fringed buckskin jacket . . . of success! Newly-elected president of the Los Angeles chapter of SUP. At 58 he's successful in business (developed one of the most extensive chemical and fertilizer businesses in the west), in church work (former ward bishop and member of high council), in civic affairs (held numerous responsible positions in civic clubs). He has a wife and four children.

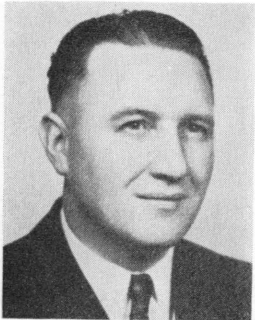
ALFRED M. DURHAM . . . he can even make good music come out of a portable organ, as 147 trekkers will testify. Born September 25, 1872, of parents who were hand-cart pioneers who settled in Parowan, Utah. Educated in Utah schools and took special training at Ann Arbor and in the Institute of Musical Art in New York. Recognized with a listing in International World Who's Who in 1947. Composed innumerable musical scores and songs. Twice married . . . Margaret Richards Durham, deceased, and Ann Mathews Durham. Four sons and six daughters to be proud of.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

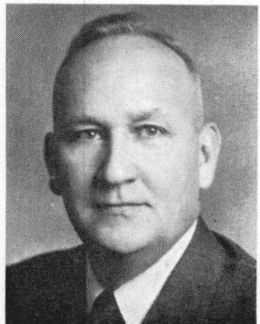


DAVID M. EVANS . . . 50 years old, has one child, the attractive Rosemary Maude Johnson Evans for a wife, and a wild passion for taking motion pictures. Claims to be an amateur but has had a good deal of experience at the game of photography. Does plumbing and heating contracting in the competitive world and does church work aplenty on Sunday. Makes his home on Highland drive in Salt Lake.

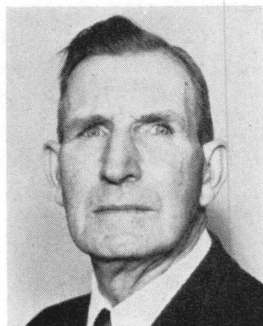


GEORGE B. EVERTON . . . maybe you didn't know it, but he has a clever way with the English language when it comes to putting words down on paper. His "where-with-all to keep body and soul together" comes from his typewriter service shop in Logan, Utah. Has been, and is chairman of more civic, church and SUP committees, groups and societies than we have time, energy or room to list. Born September 9, 1904, and married Ellen Rose Nielsen 20 years later.

VERN FARR . . . write him at 1129 Liberty avenue in Ogden, Utah, though he comes from a family so prominent in that section that no mailman needs an address to find them. Is proud to tell the world that he is a cousin to President George Albert Smith. Esther Gale Farr is his wife. Their two children are attending the University of Utah while papa supports them through his coal, gas, oil and tire business. Is member of Farr family Co-op, which owns and operates Farr Better Ice and Ice Cream Co.

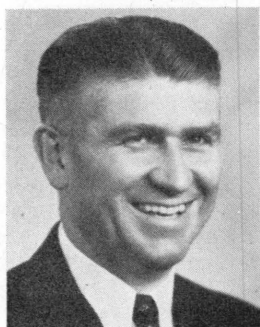
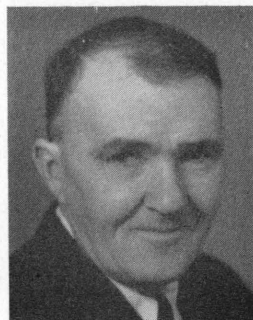


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



WILLIAM C. FITZGERALD . . . the "C" is for Commodor. He is the grandson of Perry Fitzgerald, one of the original 148 who came into the valley in 1847. Feels his life portrays the typical hard-working LDS farmer. At 69 he recalls many rich things that have happened to him . . . including the birth of his first son after he left on a mission . . . but feels the trek one of the outstanding events in his life. Has a farm in Draper, Utah; four children, and is grandfather to eight girls and two boys. His wife died in 1939.

WILLIAM M. FLANIGAN . . . an outdoor man from way back. Can tell tales that sound tall about his lone trip down the Virgin Narrows into Zion's Canyon in 1900; about his visits to highest and lowest points in the U. S.; about crossing the Continental Divide in 40 different places. Turned 70 in August and still going great guns. Made a table containing 100,000 pieces of wood from each state and 17 foreign countries that took him 12 years to complete. Father of three children and lives in Cedar City.

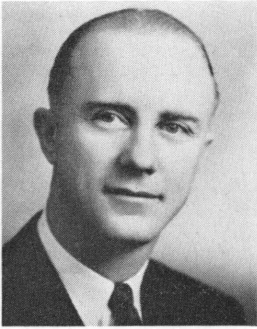


S. ROSS FOX . . . the tenth of 13 sons; 21 children in that amazing family. Printer by trade, but does church work with equal enthusiasm. Has been in two bishoprics and is now counselor in stake presidency. As if that weren't enough he claims his hobby is welfare farming and he manages a 41-acre truck garden for his LDS stake. Born August 2, 1899 in Salt Lake valley, and has filled a mission to the Central States in 1925-28. His wife, Blanche South Fox, is the mother of his five children.

WILLIAM J. FOX . . . another of those amazing Californians whose station wagon was the talk of the caravan. Feels certain that there was a guardian angel on every radiator cap. His business title is simply or completely "Sanitary engineer and pest control operator." His hobby of beekeeping earned him an honorary life membership in California Beekeepers Association. He and his wife, Margaret Ballantyne Fox, are the parents of four children. 54 years old with unusual zest for living and a habit of being president of associations.

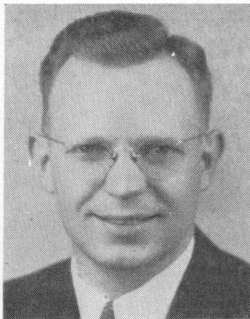
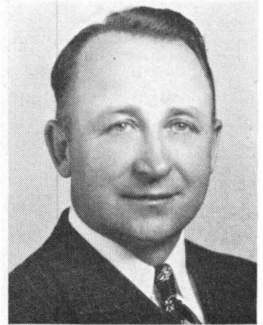


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



GEORGE T. FROST . . . 39-year-old owner of his own automobile agency. Three lovely daughters and his wife have him buffaloed into thinking he rules the family roost. Sings for fun and the pleasure of others and is interested in horses as a relaxing hobby. Makes his home in Ogden, where he is a member of the 30th Ward bishopric.

STACY D. GARN . . . sales instructor for Metropolitan Life, who forever held his peace on the trek. Member of the Ogden chapter who has a whopping celebration on his birthday each year . . . born December 25, 1906, in Fielding, Utah. Filled a mission to western states and places the trek second to his mission only in his choice experiences of life. Married Ada Carlson Garn and they have three children. Does photography and hunting as a change from the "policy" world.



PARLEY PRATT GILES . . . red beard was almost a trek landmark. State SUP historian whose wife, Marjorie Kimball Giles, will forever be clipping news articles on trek events for the scrapbook. Born 32 years ago, he grew up to be a capable sales executive. Great-grandson of Parley P. Pratt, and Thomas D. Giles, Welsh immigrant, who, though blind, pushed a handcart 1300 miles from Iowa City to Salt Lake. Has four children and a home on Douglas street in Salt-Lake City.

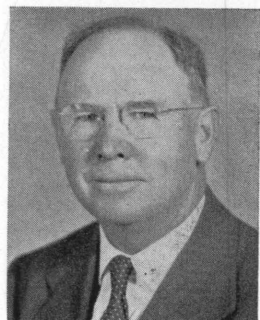
DEWEY GRIFFIN . . . grandson of the man who had the job of grave-digger in his band of pioneers. Member of "Old Juniper's Camp" in Logan and has supported his wife and eight children through farming and cattle buying. Born July 18, 1895, in Clarkston, Cache County, Utah. Makes his home in Logan. Tells an interesting story about the romance of his grandfather and grandmother who met while crossing the plains.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



DR. L. O. HALGREN . . . a large man, both in stature and spirit. Has a terrific following among the younger generation—he is a dentist with a rare ability for straightening their crooked teeth and keeping them happy at the same time! Incidentally, has a following among fellow dentists . . . he's a past president of Salt Lake District Dental Society and the State Association, too. Present Secretary of Pacific Coast Dental Conference. Born August 24, 1891, in Logan, Utah, but lives in Salt Lake now with his wife and four children.



HEBER T. HALL . . . is one of the enthusiastic group who made the trip to Nauvoo and back to the valley singing the praises of the Roosevelt SUP chapter. He holds membership card 3518-19 in that chapter. Brother Hall is married to Margaret M. Hall and during the goodly number of years they have been married they have reared a family of five children. He is 57 years old and with high school and some college training to his credit. His pioneer forebear was his father, James Roberts Hall.

HEBER G. HARRISON . . . a native Utahn who somehow got sidetracked to California. Makes his home at 1875 West 25th street in Los Angeles. His grandfather, William Harrison, saved his family's life in an early crossing when his oxen were floundering in deep water so badly it was feared the whole family would be swept to a watery grave. Harrison commanded the oxen, in the name of the Lord, to turn again to the bank—which they did. Heber is a college instructor. Minerva Jensen Harrison is his wife. They have one child. Bro. Harrison is 44 and fond of stamp collecting.



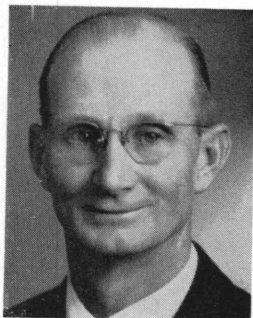
JOHN GUNDERSON . . . the oldest sheep man in Mt. Pleasant. Another August-born trekker who turned 71 this year. Active in civic affairs, he has served on the city council, been a county commissioner for two terms and was elected mayor of Mt. Pleasant for three terms. Seven children—six boys and a girl—are all married. His wife is Effie L. Gunderson. Newsworthy item . . . received a trip to Washington, D. C., as chairman of the Sanpete War Bond Drive, which was the first to go over its quota in the nation.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



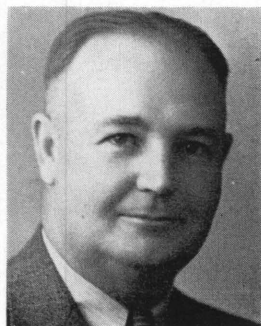
LORENZO H. HATCH . . . an active man with modest self-opinion. . . . His biographical report to the editors was as brief as humanly possible and still be called such. He is 54 years old and has won success in the field of education. Well-known principal of Granite High school in Salt Lake. Ina Porter Hatch and their four children make their home with our brother trekker at 1512 South Ninth East street. All four of his grandparents were early pioneers. Second Assistant General Superintendent of Y.M.M.I.A.

LLEWELLYN HIPWELL . . . another Ogdenite whose address is RFD No. 2. His Sons of the Utah Pioneers interests are chiefly concerned with the activities of the Ogden chapter to which he belongs. Possible exception to this statement would be his enthusiasm over anything the trekkers of 1947 might undertake to do in the future. This loyal SUP gentleman is a farmer in Weber County and is the father of three children.



LORAN D. HIRSCHI . . . knows the choice fishing spots throughout the state on account of he'd rather fish than anything when there is leisure time for the spending. Is a postal clerk in Cedar City, Utah, where he makes his home. Family consists of this trekker, his wife (Vera Harmon Hirschi) and their two girls and a son. Is mainstay of the Cedar City Chamber of Commerce and an active member of his ward and stake. Attended schools in Cedar and in S. L. before filling a Swiss-German mission. Born January 3, 1904.

WILLIAM HARRY HOLBROOK . . . Thomas L. Kane chapter man who graduated from the University of Utah in 1924 and since that time has taught school for some 25 years. Present job is in Davis High School. Twelve years of service were performed by him as Justice of the Peace in Bountiful Precinct. His wife is Norma W. Holbrook and they have two children. He lists hunting as his hobby and Bountiful, Utah, as his home town. Cuts his birthday cake each 29th of October Born in 1901.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



JOHN F. HOWELLS, JR. . . . genial lad if ever one we did meet. Was a letterman and captain of the football team as well as a big-wig in other activities on the Utah University campus. Well-loved by a certain group of California-ites for organizing the Los Angeles chapter of SUP. Is an insurance executive for Metropolitan Life in Los Angeles. Church duties at the moment are centered around his role as a member of the Hollywood Ward bishopric. Married the former Josephine Stewart and at 46 he's the father of two children.



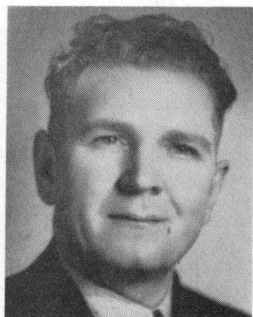
HOLLIS G. HULLINGER . . . claims he grew up quite normally in Vernal, Utah, where he was born January 23, 1914—meaning that he stole as many green apples as the next kid. Anyway, he grew up to become a counselor to two bishops and then finally a bishop himself in Roosevelt, Utah, where he now lives. In 1938 he married Elaine Goodrich and they have three boys and a girl to talk about. Has the Buick agency in that town, but is quick to add that even to fellow trekkers his cars are unavailable as yet.



H. HAROLD JACKSON . . . building contractor who has made good at the game California style. Is an active member of the Los Angeles chapter. His wife is Helen Woolley Jackson and there are two little Jacksons in the family. Family home is on Beachwood Drive in zone 4 of Los Angeles. Four great-grandfathers crossed the plains before 1869. Grandfather Jackson and his wife were a childless couple until they received a blessing by the Elders that if they joined the church they'd have a large posterity.

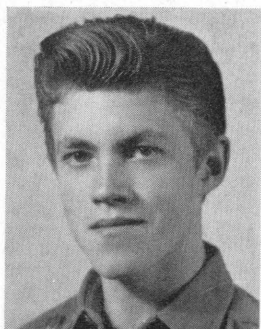
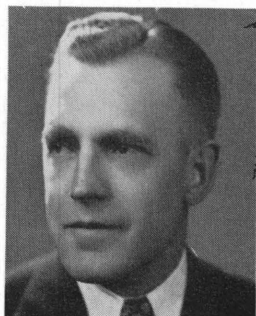
HEBER G. JACOBS . . . born in Ogden, April 6, 1904. Will be happy to service your car and sell you gas and oil if you'll stop in at his wholesale and retail service station at the corner of 36th and Harrison Blvd. in Ogden. Son of Henry Chariton Jacobs, who was born in a covered wagon in 1846 just outside Centerville, Iowa. Needless to say, the trek therefore meant a great deal to our Brother Jacobs. Places winter sports high on the list of his preferences in life, but his wife, Erma Valentine Jacobs, and five children, rate highest, of course.





HAROLD H. JENSON . . . States he has no newsworthy achievements—"a frozen asset," he calls himself. Was instrumental in helping to start the SUP organization and is a past president, with a good record for putting new life into the group at that time. Married Martha Smith, daughter of President Joseph F. Smith, and they have four children. Hal is a son of the late Andrew Jenson, assistant LDS Church historian, with whom he worked closely for many years. Born April 8, 1895, and looks younger than his years.

JOSEPH G. JEPPSON . . . the Judge's beard was a thing of unfailing interest among spectators everywhere. Father of Joe, who was one of the Boy Scouts to make the trek. The Judge received his degrees (AB and LLB) from the University of Utah and, what's more, he graduated with honors. Born October 10, 1904, in Cache County, Utah. Grew up to fill a mission in California when only 17 years old. Well known for his work in the church among the young people. Married to Zorah H. Horne Jeppson and they have two children.



JOSEPH H. JEPPSON . . . the first grandson in the Jeppson family, he was named Joseph for his father, grandfather and great-grandfather. Born March 6 in 1932 and has been exceedingly active and outstanding in church work and in the Boy Scouts. At 15 is an Eagle Scout with unusual qualities, maintains a straight "A" average in school. Looks forward to the day he can follow in his father's footsteps by studying law and filling a mission for the LDS church.

W. CLAUDELL JOHNSON . . . literally "bit the dust" as he tore through the dirt and brush with Sully Richardson in their open weapons carrier to "get a good angle" for their photographs. Took as many pictures as he had mosquito bites—and that's a-plenty. Literally blew out 31 candles on his cake July 17, 1947, but still not too young to be bishop of a well-established ward like Salt Lake's 31st. Married Ruby Wall in the temple and they have a Craig and a Claudia that are experienced photographer's models.

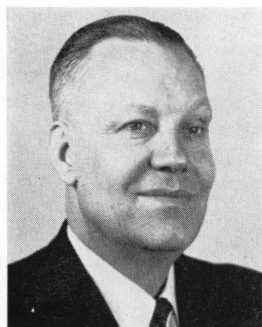


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



T. R. JOHNSON . . . he's been around. Born in 1890 and grew up to detest farming, to love teaching, but to earn money by news writing. Has been a chief of police by draft and not desire in the city of Ogden, where he makes his home. Has been a high school principal, a bishop, and a bank cashier at one time or another. Manages news bureau in Ogden for Salt Lake Tribune. A first vice president of the State SUP organization, he is actively affiliated with the Ogden-Weber chapter.

WALLACE P. JOHNSON . . . descendant of a long and impressive list of pioneers, and can relate many interesting and touching stories that took place on the plains during various crossings. Is highly artistic in music and painting. He and his wife have sung with the Tabernacle choir for 20 years. A druggist by trade, he is co-owner of the Temple Pharmacy in Salt Lake. Born 49 years ago on December 16th. Member of S. L. Luncheon club.



J. CHESTER JONES . . . we can tell you that his wife is Nola I. Jones and that he has three children. He is 41 years of age and a member of Cedar City Chapter, Camp No. 18. But as to his profession—you name it. Once he owned and managed a grocery store in Wyoming. Later he moved to Cedar City, where he owned and managed a brick plant. He lists his present occupation as a builder and his hobby as stock raising. Great-grandparents and grandparents on both sides crossed the plains under extreme difficulty.

ALVIN KEDDINGTON . . . that's his legal name. His "given" name from the trek on out is "Wagon Wheels." He's the county clerk of Salt Lake County, but he's just as well known about town for his deep, bass voice. Is 60 years old and the father of six children. His wife is Edith Burt, who makes a home for the talented family at 1022 Lowell Avenue. Pioneer forebears prominently identified with early music in the valley.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



DOROTHY KIMBALL KEDDINGTON . . . her smiles and songs won plaudits from spectators and trekkers alike. She lists her occupation as housewife and mother, but she's a career gal as far as contribution to community pleasure and cultural development are concerned. Is soloist for Tabernacle Choir, for numerous choral groups and has taken the lead in several outstanding musical productions, including Centennial Opera, "Blossom Time." Graduated from U of U in 1937 after singing her way into campus limelight. Born February 16, 1915.

S. RICHARD KEDDINGTON . . . of the musical Keddingtons and husband of Dorothy Kimball Keddington—one of the three women to make the trek. Dick is a singer, an actor, an accountant and the father of two sons. He's a graduate of the U of U where he was elected to Theta Alpha Pni dramatic fraternity. Has taken leads or prominent parts in numerous productions on campus and off. In the service of his country from 1941 to 1946—a major in the air corps. Born January 12, 1914.



RAY L. KIRKHAM . . . assisted in organizing L. A. SUP and was its first president. Main speaker at Centerville, Iowa. Had his troubles trying to get to Rock Creek and never did quite make it. Former bishop of Hollywood ward. Though he was born 44 years ago in Lehi, Utah, he has given up the home town for Los Angeles, where he is an insurance executive for Prudential Insurance Co. Married to Mona H. Kirkham and they have two children. Attended the BYU and filled a mission to Germany before marrying, however.

WALTER A. KERR . . . hard-working trekker who feels sure he knows all the tricks in K.P. duty. Professor Emeritus of the University of Utah with a 22-year-long record as chairman of the college athletic council. Born 67 years ago with a love in his heart for teaching and travel. Received his A.B. degree from the U of U and his M.A. in Chicago. Has traveled extensively in Europe and other parts of the world. His wife is Marion Belnap Kerr and they have four children—the fourth now filling a mission in France.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



THOMAS FRANKLIN KIRKHAM . . . Santa Claus! Trekkers will not soon forget the silky abundance of his white beard. Born July 20, 1882, in Lehi . . . about 20 years before his brother Ray. Lists the following as newsworthy achievements: Missionary to Germany, 27 years as ward clerk, and has never tasted tea, coffee, liquor or tobacco. So popular as a Sunday School teacher he's been one for 40 years. Graduated from BYU before taking up his profession as an accountant and insurance man. Married Margaret J. Cavanagh and they have two children.

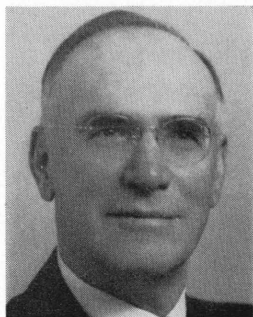
RICHARD A. LAMBERT . . . built his home himself and completed the job just two days before he took Mary Cox of Pocatello, Idaho, as his bride. There are four little Lamberts living with them now. Born and reared in Salt Lake City with a successful business to his credit. Is co-owner of an automobile jobbing business. 52 years old and has a fascination for miniature trains. Scouting is one of his main interests, and has been since he received his Eagle badge and two Palm awards at 15. Filled a mission to New Zealand.



DAVID LARSEN . . . his family was the first permanent group settling in Garland, Utah. He is noted for promoting the culinary water system of Fielding and East Garland. Was secretary and treasurer of that corporation for 20 years. Most amazing thing to him about the trek was that he came through without a scratch. Is 72 . . . has reared seven children and given them all a college education. Is a farmer with a keen interest in civic affairs. Served as ward clerk for 25 years and filled a foreign mission. Attended USAC.

JOSEPH J. LARSEN . . . 73-year-old farmer whose family was called soon after his birth to settle southern Utah. Family home was at Kanab, Utah, where he roamed the mountains, played with the Indians and developed a love for the Boy Scout work. Has been active in scouting for more than 50 years. Was educated at the USAC and has been principal of several schools. The mother of his four children is Lettie C. Larsen.





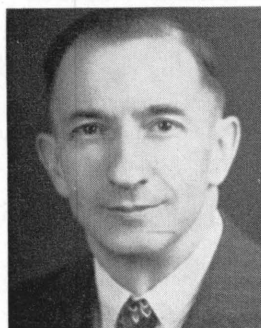
GEORGE A. LARSON . . . reared one son, who is a retired West Point colonel, no less. Principal of Pingree school in Ogden, George earned money for his college education by managing a sheep business as a young man. December 5, 1881, is his birth date. The son of N. A. Larson, who walked all the way across the plains when only seven years old. Descendant of pioneers on his mother's side, too. Most of his church duties have been in connection with Mutual Improvement Association and the Priesthood.

WILLIAM HARRY LEIGH . . . we don't know what he "merchants" or who he "hotels," but that is what he lists as his occupation. Giving credit where credit is due, we hereby inform you that our brother trekker was the first one in Utah to introduce deep well farming. He was born 70 years ago and has spent the majority of his life in Cedar City, where he is a member of Cedar City Camp. His wife is Ella Berry Leigh and there are 10 children in the family.



L. CLAIR LIKES . . . script writer supreme. His "Biographical Banter," as he called it, should be published somewhere—we only wish we had room for it here. Born May 6, 1908, with the help of a practiced midwife and a bachelor uncle. Forced to become family breadwinner while still in high school, so his education was spread over a number of years. Finally received his master's degree after having "colleged" at Ricks College, USAC and the U of U. Veterans' Training Coordinator. Eula Waldrum Likes is his wife. They have 1 child.

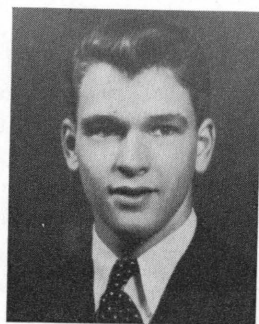
GEORGE C. LLOYD . . . still called Bishop by those who know him best. Served faithfully in that capacity in Salt Lake's Capitol Hill Ward for nine years or so. He and Leah Ashton Lloyd have one son. Well known for his melodic voice, distinguished graying hair, and as director of several choral groups. Luncheon club members elected him president. He does his duty from 8 to 5 each day as a buyer for Zion's Wholesale Grocery. 52 years old, with at least three pioneer forebears to tell his son about.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



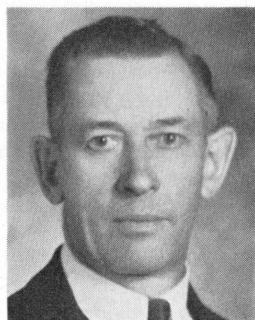
JAMES H. LYMAN . . . a native New Yorker for the first 12 years of his life, but has grown up to claim Utah his home. Is in his junior year at the BYU. Represented the Lyman family. One of the younger, younger set who made the trip without feeling the strain of it. Born May 16, 1923. Accompanied Adrian Cannon to Washington, D. C., to issue special invitation to Sen. Watkins to join in trek festivities. As yet . . . unmarried.



ALEXIS B. MALAN . . . Dubbed Professor Snodgrass by an aged Nauvoo resident. Brother Malan saw to it that the monicker was short-lived, however. Born July 26, 1873, at Mound Fort in Ogden. Both his parents and grandparents were original Utah pioneers. Has celebrated his golden wedding anniversary with Alfreda Andreason Malan. There are 10 daughters and three sons to their credit. Realized a lifetime ambition by filling a short mission together in 1942-43. Known for his love of people. Retired home builder.

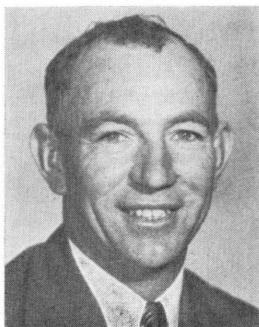


ALMA M. MATHEWS . . . born and reared in Providence, Utah, where he is at present First Lieutenant of the Spring Creek chapter of SUP. August 11, 1881, was the eventful birthday. Studied music and mechanical arts at USAC and has built many of the private and public buildings in Cache Valley. His life has been devoted to the Church which he loves. Chorister, old folks chairman, priesthood leader, Sunday School and MIA leader are a few of the jobs he has held. Wife is Hulda Erickson Mathews. They have 9 children.



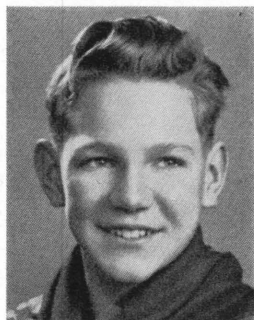
LANELL N. LUNT . . . a captain of ten and well liked by those under him. A big-wheel in Cedar City's camp No. 18. For the purposes of the family budget he and his brother organized the Lunt Motor Co. Two years following his return from the Swiss-German mission he married Lucy Mitchell, and they have five children—one boy and four daughters. In bishopric for five years and doing priesthood work at the present time. 47 years old and a native of Cedar City.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



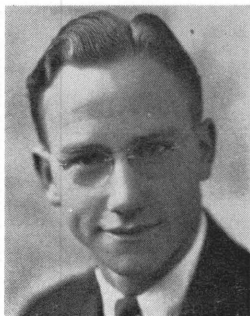
ABRAHAM E. MAW . . . fun-loving, he shed his clothes and went swimming in the Laramie river in spite of the cold and the mosquitoes. Has held his private pilot's certificate for four years. Thinks there is no place on earth like his 50-acre farm in Weber county. 41 years old, with most of his life, outside of farming, devoted to church duties. Married Monna Brown in 1926 and they have four girls and one son. The son is Lionel, one of two Eagle Scouts to make the trip.

LIONEL MAW . . . passed rigid requirements to prove himself one of the two most outstanding Eagle Scouts in the church and thus qualified to make the trek. Boasts a long and impressive list of ancestors who crossed the plains and settled in this valley before 1869. Outstanding in school. Next to Scout work his hobby is coin collecting. 15 years old and has earned a Bronze Palm in scouting.



GEORGE A. McCLELLAN . . . drew an interested circle of spectators at each stop with his exhibit of hand-made, miniature pioneer implements created by his 82-year-old brother D. A. McClellan, who couldn't make the trek. His own parents were pioneers. Born June 15, 1872, the 11th child of William Carrol and Almeda Day McClellan in Payson, Utah. Makes his home in Salt Lake and is a member of Salt Lake-Riverside chapter. Family history and genealogy are his hobbies.

JOSEPH WOODRUFF McEWAN . . . a 34-year-old CPA who has more hobbies than he has time for. Loves outdoor activity, with golf topping the list of sports. Flora Kenney McEwan is his wife and the mother of their two youngsters. His ability with books and numbers has won him the positions of financial ward clerk in Parley's ward, secretary-treasurer of Australian Mission association, and treasurer of Woodruff Family Association. Graduate of BYU.

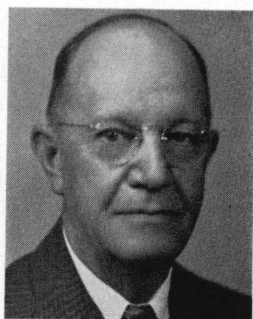


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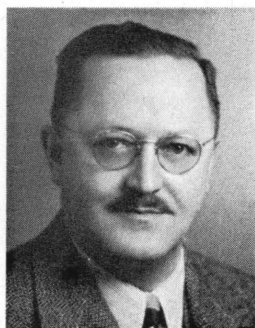
CHARLES S. MERRILL . . . gay blade with a heart full of song and an uncanny business sense. Has built four businesses to flourishing enterprises. Big-wig back of Deseret Mortuary service and Merrill Manor and Guardian Benefit Association. 57 years old and has always held some church job or other besides belonging to numerous civic organizations. You'll remember him for his bow tie at the reunion and his suggestion that we tack "United States of America" on the name of our Trekkers club.

FRED M. MICHELSEN . . . executive vice president of Utah Savings & Trust Co., no less. Advisory member of the Salt Lake county chapter of SUP. Born 72 years ago with a love of nature strong in his soul. His hobby to this day is growing flowers and making a beautiful garden more beautiful. Father of six children. He's a member of the Park Stake Presidency, member of executive board Salt Lake Boy Scouts of America, past president of Salt Lake's Chamber of Commerce and of Utah Bankers Assn.

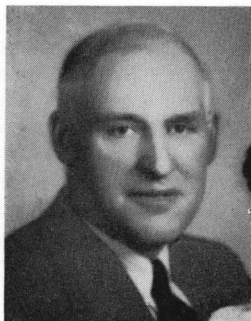


F. LYNN MICHELSEN . . . son of F. M., thereby a descendant of James M. Michelsen and his wife, Caroline, who crossed the plains early in the cavalcade. His wife, two children and home and garden are his great loves in life. Affiliated with Sugarhouse Chapter of the SUP and for his 39 years has done well as general agent, comptometer division of the F & T Mfg. Co. Has his B.S. degree from the U.

RALPH M. MITCHELL . . . an Ogden man with boating and gardening as his hobbies. Lists his occupation as an automobile dealer. One man lucky enough to go by air over the Pioneer trail eastward to Omaha within a few days of the return trek journey. Filled a mission to Northwestern States, went to New York to school, and then married Louise Fisher of Ogden following his graduation from NYU. Born October 8, 1901, and there are three little Mitchells to date.

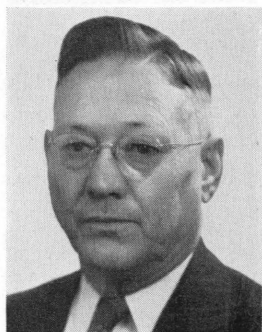


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



HEBER MOON . . . a successful stock raiser from Duchesne who has always been too busy for hobbies. Understandable when one looks at his church record . . . filled two missions, bishop for eight years, later became stake president, which office he held for nine years. This in addition to teaching classes, etc. His wife is Ruby Moon, and they have seven children. 64, but looks years younger.

CHARLES A. MUNNS . . . well known in Brigham City as a dentist and the father of two "Peach Days Queens." Raises homing pigeons and flowers during precious moments at home. His wife is Rowena Reese Munns and they have three children. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1923 and has been living in Brigham City since that time. He's 46 and would still rather "make teeth than cat," though he "always enjoys eating."



LEE NEBEKER . . . let the family talk him into going on the trek, then convinced his wife to take the Vida Fox Clawson tour . . . so he'd feel right about going. He's a Salt Laker with membership in the SUP Luncheon club and an insurance agency on State street. His wife is Lyle Grant Nebeker and they have two daughters and two granddaughters. Filled a Netherlands mission and attended college at the USAC in Logan. Cuts his birthday cake each July 9—the first time was 58 years ago.

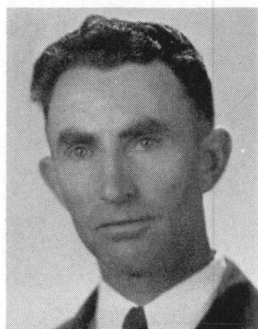
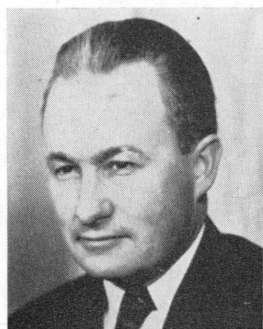
WILLIAM E. NELSON . . . was the architect for Utah's model Centennial Home, which has caused so much praiseworthy comment throughout the state. Received his professional training at Chicago Technical College. SUP Vice-Pres. for 1946-47, but townspeople recognize him for his activities as president of the Utah chapter American Institute of Architects. Was 49th in the world to receive the Scoutmaster's key. Married Evelyn Howells in the temple in 1920 and they have five daughters and two sons. Born 1893.





DAVID O. NIELSEN . . . newsworthy indeed is his faith and loyalty to the church when he left his wife and five small children at home back in 1907 to fill a mission in Denmark. Has been a farmer all his life near Hyrum, Utah, and successful in his work. He and his wife, Charlotte, had ten children, seven of whom are living and six of whom filled missions for the church. Born in Cache county, January 12, 1870, and spent his life there.

E. J. NIXON . . . manages the J. C. Penney store in Roosevelt, Utah, and is a sought after gentleman in the community when it comes to committee work, etc. Past president of the local Lions Club, a city councilman, secretary to the Indian Days committee, bishop of two wards—these are but a few of his achievements. He received his college degree from the U of U in 1929 shortly after his marriage to LaRue Olsen. They have three children. His birthday greeting cards have been arriving each April 8 since 1904.



VERNAL O. NORMAN . . . who has some tales to tell about his turn at guard duty on the trek. Born 14 years ago and grew up to become a dairy farmer who has a nack for carpentry. Priesthood leader, member of the bishopric and MIA worker for several years, he has been kept busy in spare hours. Old folks committee in his home town of Paradise claims him a member. Has a wife (Mildred Olsen Norman) and five children.

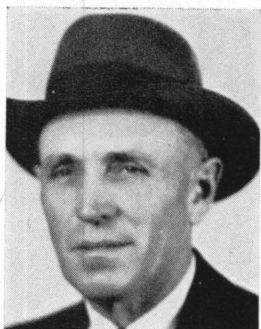
ALVIN NORR . . . claims his formal education was little but in the school of experience he has learned a great deal. Citizens of Deweyville, Utah, are familiar with the companionable sight of Alvin and his wife (Lydia Dewey Norr), each riding his own saddle horse. A dairy farmer with five sons to help with the chores and an attractive daughter to keep the home circle on its toes.





MYRL NORR . . . accompanied his father on the trek. College career at the USAC was interrupted by his mission to the Eastern States, which, in true missionary terms, were the happiest two years in his life. Returned to woo and win his wife, Gladys. They have one child. Working hours spent managing the parts department for Peterson Tractor Service. Woodwork carving, carpentry, etc.—and hunting, too, are leisure hour activities.

DAVID L. OLSEN . . . write him care of Logan, Utah. He'd especially like to hear from you if you are over 95! His hobby is corresponding with early settlers and learning of their experiences. Earns his family budget money through farming in Cache Valley. His wife, Marion Nelson Olsen, passed away in 1945 after 29 years of marriage. They have five sons and two daughters. Old Juniper is his SUP camp and October 6, 1891, is his birthday. Filled a mission to Scandinavia and attended college at the BYU.



NOLAN P. OLSEN . . . is indeed entitled to belong to SUP—fourteen of his immediate progenitors were Utah pioneers. Born July 1, 1908, in Logan, where he was well-educated and has lived since. Has his Master's degree from the A.C. and at present is secretary to the Extension Service at the college. Married to Katie Merrill Olsen and their children are Nona Kaye, David Nolan and Joseph Todd.

BYRON J. OPENSHAW . . . impressed us and the spectators while narrating for dramatic episodes. Young (just 29) and talented, "By" spends his money hours as a radio announcer for KSL and his leisure time as a sought-after bachelor around town. Claims to be an authority on insects encountered on the trek, having swallowed no less than half a dozen bugs per performance. Quit school to become (1) a vegetable inspector for Del Monte, (2) a draftee in the army with radio work as his chief duty for 3½ years.

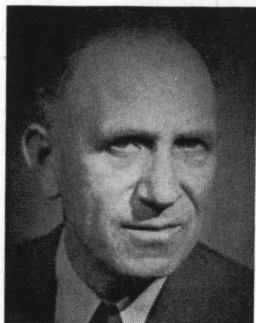


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



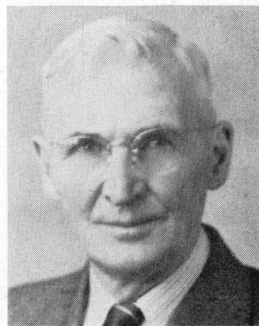
IRA PACKER . . . Brigham City's best known garage owner. 61 years old with 11 children to his credit. Wife is Emma Jensen Packer and they had some kind of record in Brigham City for having had five sons and four sons-in-law in the service of World War II. Ancestors included Jonathan T. Packer, who arrived with the second company of Saints and was appointed justice of the peace of Brigham City.

SAMUEL R. PAGE . . . was so impressed with the trip through Carthage jail and the guide's story that he would like now to do further research on the Martyrdom. Born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, in 1884, and moved to Orangeville, Utah, at the age of five. Comes 1906 and Bro. Page took up the venture of livestock and farming in Roosevelt, where he has made his home since. Married to Jane McLemonds Page and they have seven children. Captain of Roosevelt chapter 19.



J. EARL PALMER . . . father-in-law of Brigham Spencer Young, who was his "car companion." Works as a U. S. grazer with a hobby not far removed . . . collects range plants and preserves them in various special ways. Taught school for 13 years, with two years spent at BYU as an instructor. Trained for his vocation at the University of Utah, where he received his B.A. degree. Makes his home in Salt Lake with his wife, Elma, and loves the days when his grandchildren come. Has three children of his own.

ERNEST PARRISH . . . met his wife, Roseltha, in Canada while filling a "pioneering mission" to aid in a road and canal building project in Alberta. Brought her back to Zion via bobsled and train and married her in 1904 in the Temple. Lived in Canada long enough to have ten children. Moved to Utah in 1935, settling first on a farm in Farmington, then coming to Salt Lake in 1943. Spent a total of 21 years in office of bishop or as a member of bishopric. Filled missions to Central States and Northwestern States. Born August 15, 1877.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



EARL S. PAUL . . . 58 years old, with the wonderful hobby of "helping others who are in need" . . . which undoubtedly accounts for his success as a missionary, bishop, stake president and chairman of Northern Utah Region of welfare plan. Works as a general contractor in his home town of Ogden. Filled a mission to Samoa, where he met Myrtle L. Wilcox, but it took eight years for the marriage to materialize. They became parents to five children. After his mission he served with Army in France, World War I.



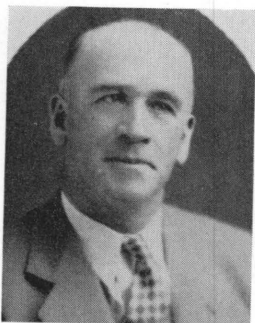
EDWARD B. PERKINS . . . one man who married his schooldays' sweetheart. They played together, schooled together and attended Sunday School picnics together in Magna, Utah. Ida Harris Perkins is his wife and they have four children. Moved to California in 1954 and established his own jewelry and novelty business in 1945. Had a hand in the fashioning of Mormon battalion book ends and the SUP ring. Born October 24, 1915, and collects books as a hobby. Treasurer of Los Angeles chapter 16.



HARRY NICHOLSON POLL . . . smooth operation on his part and fine sound equipment were the envy of many of town's local sound technicians. Always ready at the slightest pause to broadcast the program or speaker at hand. 35-year-old wizard of radio engineering. It's his job and his favorite pastime. Married to Grace Vance Poll, and they have five children in their home in Salt Lake. Member of the Sugarhouse chapter.



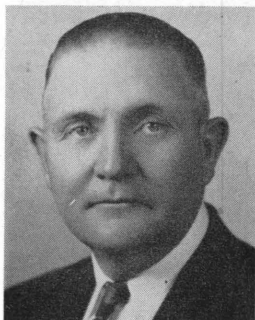
CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



ADOLPH M. REEDER . . . had his first taste of pioneering when he and his wife purchased a farm which was an alkali bed and with hard work and sacrifice turned it into a beautiful, productive piece of land called "Bon Air Farm," near Corinne, Utah. Born October 1, 1885, of parents who crossed the plains as early as 1853 and 1866. Married Ada Mathias in 1906 and left two weeks later to fill a mission to Great Britain. Have since reared eight children—four have college degrees and five have filled missions.



JESSE P. RICH . . . resembled Buffalo Bill Cody with his distinguished gray goatee. City judge in Logan where he has lived most of his life as a practicing lawyer. Elected third vice president of executive board of SUP for 1947-48. Descendant of Charles C. Rich. Graduated from college, then filled a mission to Germany. Later received his LL.B. degree from the U. of Chicago Law School. Married Louise Rogers in 1908 and they have nine children and 19 grandchildren.



LYMAN HOLMES RICH . . . boasts unusual colored slides of the trek that he has shown throughout the state. Born May 12, 1904, in Paris, Idaho, one of 14 children. Charles C. Rich and Mary Ann Phelps Rich were his grandparents. Filled a mission in the Northwest and served in World War I. Graduated from USAC in 1925. Attended U of Minnesota and received his Master's Degree in dairy production, which has earned him the job of State Extension Dairyman with headquarters at the USAC. Married to Ada Shepherd and they have five children.

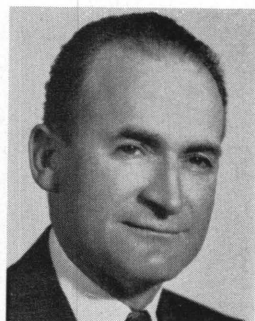


HYRUM J. RICHARDS . . . 55 year old widower with two children. His work is that of a dairy farmer and his hobby is so closely allied it's like the proverbial "busman's holiday"—he breeds Holstein cattle for fun! Headquarters are at Mendon, Cache County. Active in church work and civic affairs. Mayor for two terms and city recorder for several terms all the while serving as Mutual leader or Boy Scout executive or 4-H club director. Married Geneva Laub in 1916.



LORIN L. RICHARDS . . . lives across the street from the Wendell J. Ashtons and each claims the other to be an excellent neighbor. Is a dentist with a clientele that comes to Sugar House to keep their appointments with him. Filled a three year mission someplace (he doesn't say where) and then married a lovely girl named Florence who has mothered their 5 children. In the church he has served as superintendent of the Sunday school, stake board worker, bishop and a high councilman. Birth date—January 2, 1899.

ACEL RICHARDSON . . . his father crossed the plains when but 2 years old. Family settled in Benjamin, Utah where Bro. Richardson was born 54 years ago. A building contractor who is one of the alumni of the old LDS high school in Salt Lake also a graduate of the U of U. Nora P. Richardson is his wife and they have four children and a home at 855 Diestel Road in Salt Lake City. Enjoys all sports and outdoor life so took to the trek life but naturally.

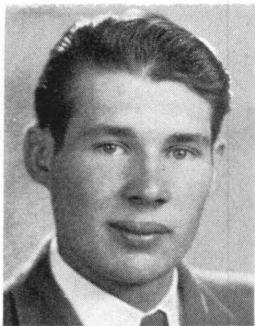


NORA PLAYER RICHARDSON . . . one of the three women who made the trek. She was the official representative of the DUP. Playful energy—as anyone who played baseball at the "Trek Dress Rehearsal" up Washington Park will remember. Excels in singing, dancing, dramatics and needlework. Has found time to be a good mother to four children and still be an active member of the DUP and sing in Tabernacle Choir. Trekkers will not soon forget her beautifully worded and delivered tribute at the graveside of Rebecca Winters.

SULLIVAN RICHARDSON . . . a photographer so busy with expeditions that he found no time to forward a good portrait of himself for yearbook publication. Has the unique occupation of being a motion picture producer and lecturer. Took the feet of film on trek incidents which is an invaluable record. Graduate of Northwestern University in Chicago, author of magazine articles and "Adventure South." Listed in "Who's Who" for 1946-47. His home—when he's there—is at 1400 E. 55rd street in Chicago.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



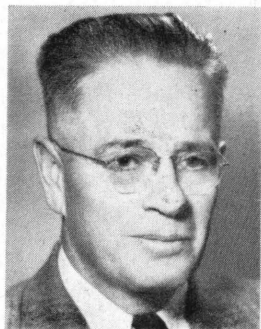
ALMA L. RIGGS, JR. . . . a man among women. The only boy in a family of girls, this nineteen year old man runs his father's farm in Nibley, Utah. Attended the USAC at Logan and dreams of the day when he can be "counted worthy of performing an LDS mission." Photography and woodwork are his vocational interests. Son of Alma L. Riggs and Marie Winborg Riggs.

J. W. R. ROBINSON . . . 42 year old chief cook and bottle-washer who can do wondrous things with buffalo meat. Besides being talented in the culinary art, Bill does woodwork, makes his own knives and collects antique furniture which he refinishes. As if this weren't enough he possesses a rich baritone voice and sings solos for the ward choir. Guns and outdoor life are listed as his real hobbies with his wife, the former Elinor Cannon, and his daughter, Joan, as his first loves in life. Is a chef by profession and makes his home in Salt Lake.

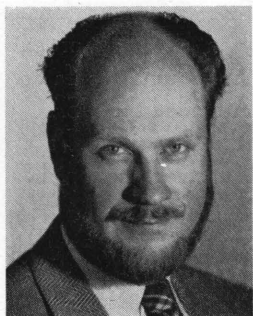


A. ALONZO SAVAGE . . . captain of Ira Allen SUP Camp. Makes his home in Hyrum, Utah, where he is known in the town and thereabouts as a sand and gravel contractor. A scouter from way back, he is recognized by boys from 12 up in the community as being an authority on the subject. Married to Emily O. Savage and they have five children. The "A" before Alonzo stands for Albert and he's 61 years old.

T. E. SESSIONS . . . one of the "Sessions of Bountiful." Descendant of Perrigrine Sessions, first settler of the town. Has had rare privilege of making the trip across the Mormon trail several times, including the journey from Vermont, the birthplace of the prophet, to Nauvoo. Has filled two missions for the church but has "never seen the gospel preached so convincingly as it was done by the example set by trekkers." Born February 25, 1892 and grew up to become a farmer with a wife, Marilla Hulme Sessions, and one child.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



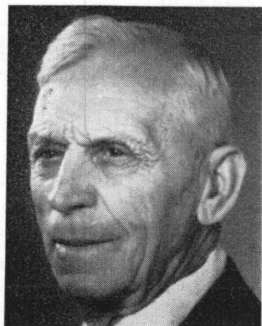
F. ALBURN SHIELDS . . . played his parts in the dramatic incidents with a real flare for comedy. Participates in Salt Lake's theatrical productions when he can get time off from his furnace cleaning company and scout work. Movies are his hobby and he shot some fine pictures along the way. Wife is Ruth Clawson Shields, who accompanied him on the trek. They have 3 children and a lot of fun out of life. Is 35 and has had some college training.

RUTH FOX CLAWSON SHIELDS . . . is the granddaughter of Ruth May Fox, prominent church woman who is still thrilling others with the telling of her experiences while walking across the plains. Attractive brunette who was one of three women selected to make the trek. Took part in dramatic incidents and generally made trekkers happy with her presence. Mother of three children who keeps house for her husband at 520 D street and does beautiful handiwork on the side.



GLEN S. SHIELDS . . . "Sandy the grocer" who is a committeeman of the Tooele Sea Scout ship "SSS Courageous." A member of the Tooele Lion's Club, the Bit and Spur club and a charter member of the Tooele Flying club. Is a grocer by trade but co-owns Tooele's sporting goods store. Has three children and a wife named Maxine. Born 24th of January in 1912, the fifth of eight children. His great grandfather was John Shields, an early pioneer musician in Tooele.

JOHN WILLIAM SMITH . . . oldest trekker to make the trip and probably the only one who can say he personally knew Brigham Young and Porter Rockwell. Brother Smith graduated from the University of Deseret in 1887 and, according to him, "the school of hard knocks in 1947" . . . referring no doubt to the trek. Won respect and attention in the field of education first as the superintendent of Salt Lake County schools in 1905. Widower of Elida Hansen and father of 4 children. Born November 27, 1867. Lives in Tremonton.

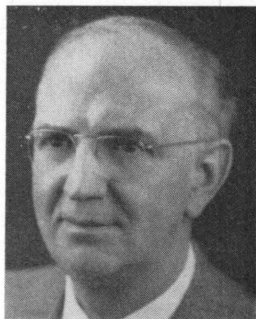
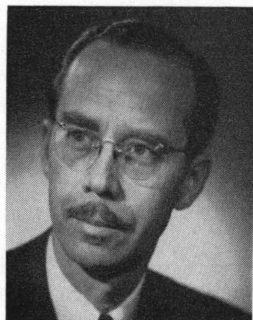


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



PAUL SMITH . . . Great grandson of Willard Richards, and grandson of Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant. Has artistic ability with a specialty in sign making. Before his call to the mission field he studied at the University of Utah. Spare time was spent fishing, fly hook tying, drawing and generally running things for the younger set in his ward. Affiliated with the Emigration chapter in Salt Lake. Accompanied his father, Willard R., on trek.

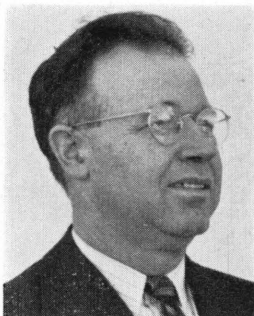
RALPH G. SMITH . . . our "dude-y" captain of the guard who played the part of an early pioneer dandy so well that it was difficult to picture him as the prominent young advertising man of today in Salt Lake. Born October 17, 1899, which makes him 48. He has a very attractive wife and two "likewise" daughters. A son is counted in the family, too. Reared in Provo and educated in Provo schools and the BYU. A leader in Boy Scout work and is a Silver Beaver. Filled a mission to the Northwestern states.



WILLARD R. SMITH . . . who deserves the full credit we give him for inventing and perfecting our "covered wagons". Bank executive with a talent for living the full life. Seven children share with their parents the joys of a canyon home, boating and fishing, etc. All active in church work and well-educated. Married to Florence Grant, daughter of the late President Heber J. Grant. Served as vice-president of executive board for 1946-47 SUP year. Is 62 years old and closer to youth than some men are at 20.

WILLIAM C. SMITH . . . a Pleasant Grove man who has always been active in the church and community. His father pioneered in Arizona and Old Mexico where William was born, June 1, 1889. His father died before the Mormons fled Mexico and our fellow trekker took on certain family responsibilities while he got his education. Has his master's degree and has taken advanced work at the U of Southern California. Has one daughter and his wife is Fern Eyring Smith. Principal of Timpanogos Stake Seminary.



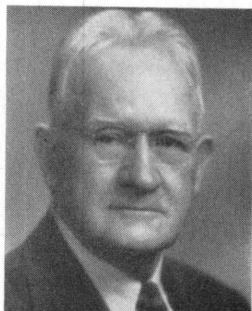


JOHN CARTER STOCKS . . . call this gentleman "Doctor" for he is one of the better known physicians and surgeons in Bountiful, Utah. Was official "medicine man" on the trek. Received his medical degree from Northwestern Medical School in 1911. 68 years old with a fine record in civic contribution. Was mayor of Bountiful for 10 years during which time the town became a city. Has three daughters and a son and a beautiful home at 267 South Main in Bountiful to which all trekkers are very welcome.



PAUL B. TANNER . . . 3606 Iowa street in Ogden, Utah, is his home address. Left fatherless at the age of 3 and so "knows something of the vicissitudes of life." Pays tribute to his wonderful mother, Evelyn Jensen Tanner, for her uncomplaining sacrifices. Graduated from the U of U in 1934 and then filled a mission to Denmark. Married Margaret Richards and to them have been born three sons. Professionally he's a C.P.A., but at home he's a gardener and an exemplary father.

ELTON W. STAPLEY . . . an auto mechanic from Cedar City. His great grandfather came with Brigham Young's company as one of the captains of fifty. Married to Elva Lunt and they have five children. Filled a mission to the Southern states from 1925 to 1927. He was born in Loa, Utah in August of 1901—the second child in a family of 10.



DEWEY STOUT . . . hard working stage prop man who wasn't still a minute and crawled into bed long after the others were snoozing loudly! Born May 2, 1898 in Rockville, Washington County, Utah. Family moved to LDS colonies in Mexico shortly before the exodus. Lives with his wife, Viola Allred Stout, and their six children in Salt Lake City where he works as a US Mail Carrier. Served in World War I for 14 months. Traveling is his hobby and plaid shirts his weakness. Attended college for 2 years.

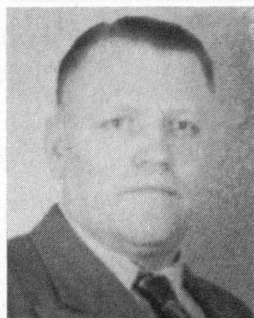


CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



FRANCIS URRY . . . played the Prophet with uncanny likeness during dramatic incidents. Writer of Nauvoo and Ft. Bridger scripts. Is a radio man and sought-after participant in local theatricals. Known for his imitations of unique people. Raises canaries and takes amateur movies for diversion from work-a-day worries. Married to Leona Virginia Urry and they have 3 children. Born 39 years ago and has lived in Salt Lake most of the time.

GOLDEN WEBB . . . was a long distance runner in his day. Earns a living as an auto mechanic and violinist. Earns praise as member of ward bishopric in Salt Lake. Does temple work regularly for the love of it. He and his wife, the former Ada Beames, have four children of whom they are very proud. Forty six years old. Affiliated with the Salt Lake-Riverside chapter of SUP. Popular as a violinist and auto mechanic on trek. Won stick-pulling contest on July 22.



JOHN H. WESSMAN . . . looked like the typical early days distributor of cure-all liniments with his miniature drug store in the trunk of his car. Actually is a pharmacist graduate and owner of drug stores in Utah and Idaho for thirty five years. Official First Aid man on the Trek and known to every trekker as the man in "car 34." A widower now but the father of eight children. He is 64 years old and a former resident of Malad, Idaho, now living in Salt Lake.

LAWRENCE DARE WILDE . . . has a firm hand on the brains of tomorrow as contributed by Brigham City—heads the social science department in Box Elder high school and is favorite with the young set. Married to Keren Skidmore and they have five children. Aside from being a member of the UEA he's a member of the Commercial Club and the Lion's Club in Brigham City. Born 53 years ago. Church work includes a mission in the Southern States and stake board work for over twenty years in the Sunday School.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

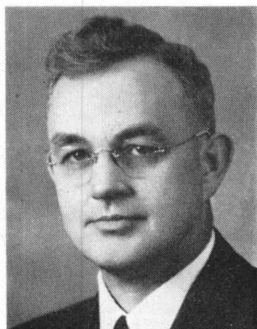


GEORGE L. WOODBURY . . . one of Geo. Lloyd's singing group who lent musical enjoyment along the way. Past president of Salt Lake's SUP Luncheon club. An accountant in the business world but a very busy father and family man in private life. Has six children and a good deal of responsibility when Woodbury and Cannon family reunion time rolls around. His wife is the former Louise Capson. Their home is in Salt Lake where George has spent most of his life. Attended the U of U sometime during his 55 years.



B. SPENCER YOUNG . . . and last but not least . . . the "B" is for "Brigham" from whom he descends. Handsome director of Centennial beard growing contest. Attended the U of U and London University. Married to talented Erla Palmer Young, artist and author. They have two children and a home on Parkway avenue in Salt Lake. 54 years old and crazy about sports. Recently elected a vice-president of Sugar House chapter of SUP. Brings home the family bacon from his job as production manager for Pacific Finance Corporation.

JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS . . . real professional in the dramatic game with special emphasis to be placed on character parts. Profession at present deals with stage scenes and artistic settings. Has a wealth of fascinating stories to tell about his early life in the theater when he traveled around the world and in the United States with famous road companies. His wife is Harriet L. Farley and he is the father of three children. Designed and built stage settings for trek dramatic productions. Born 65 years ago.



W. L. WORLTON . . . dentist who is also a first lieutenant—but not in the US Army. His rank comes as an officer in Lehi's SUP chapter. His wife is Essie Coates Worlton and at 54 the doctor is father of a family of four. Reared as a farmer's boy in Lehi but left an orphan at 15. However, he filled a 2 year mission in the Northern States and graduated from Chicago College of Dental Surgery. Has been a bishop and stake superintendent of MIA. Past president of Lehi Lion's Club.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

CARAVAN ORDER

(Numbers indicate order of covered wagons in each day's travel)

1. Wendell J. Ashton, 2245 Oneida Street, Salt Lake.
D. James Cannon, 1332 Westminster Avenue, Salt Lake.
2. Harry N. Poll, 1368 Sherman Avenue, Salt Lake.
Byron D. Openshaw, 1945 15th East street, Salt Lake.

* * *

Captain of First Ten

3. Elbert R. Curtis, 737 Logan avenue, Salt Lake.
Alvin Keddington, 1022 E. Lowell Avenue, Salt Lake.
4. Lorin L. Richards, 2248 Oneida Street, Salt Lake.
Joseph W. McEwan, 2045 Wilmington Avenue, Salt Lake.
Elder and Mrs. Spencer W. Kimball 2028 Laird Dr., Salt Lake.
5. Brigham Spencer Young, 1607 Parkway Avenue, Salt Lake.
J. Earl Palmer, 2695 Dearborn Avenue, Salt Lake.
6. John F. Howells, 3633 Landa Street, Los Angeles, California.
Grover C. Dunford, 7126 Marconi Street, Huntington Park, California.

* * *

Captain of Second Ten

7. George R. Biesinger, 1609 Garfield Avenue, Salt Lake.
Richard A. Lambert, 2311 13th East Street, Salt Lake (Driver).
8. David M. Evans, 4220 Highland Drive, Salt Lake.
Ray E. Dillman, Roosevelt, Utah.
9. Acel Richardson, 855 Diestel Road, Salt Lake.
Nora P. Richardson, 855 Diestel Road, Salt Lake.
F. Alburn Shields, 230 D Street, Salt Lake.
Ruth Shields, 230 D Street, Salt Lake.
10. Richard Keddington, 1432 South 11th East Street, Salt Lake.
Dorothy K. Keddington, 1432 South 11th East Street, Salt Lake.
11. Willard R. Smith, 209 8th Avenue, Salt Lake.
Paul G. Smith, 209 8th Avenue, Salt Lake.

Captain of Third Ten

12. George C. Lloyd, 545 DeSoto, Salt Lake.
LaVerre Adams, 326 Chicago Street, Salt Lake.
13. L. Burt Bigler, 2971 7th East Street, Salt Lake.
Wallace P. Johnson, 1620 Princeton Avenue, Salt Lake.
14. E. W. Stapley, 744 West 1st Street, Cedar City, Utah.
William W. Flanigan, 57 South 4th West Street, Cedar City, Utah.
15. Thomas B. Child, 452 South 8th East Street, Salt Lake.
L. O. Haloren, 2576 9th East Street, Salt Lake.

* * *

Captain of Fourth Ten

16. Aldon Jr. Anderson, 2805 South 2420 East Street, Salt Lake.
Stanford P. Darger, 1068 Jasmine Street, Denver, Colorado (Driver).
17. Warren C. Cannon, 720 South 12th East Street, Salt Lake.
Joseph G. Jeppson 460 South 12th East Street, Salt Lake.
SCOUT—Joseph H. Jeppson, 460 South 12th East Street, Salt Lake.
18. Dr. W. L. Worlton, Lehi Utah.
Ernest Parrish, 130 F Street, Salt Lake.
19. Lee Nebeker, 1389 Stratford Avenue, Salt Lake.
Ray L. Alston, 2546 15th East Street, Salt Lake.
George Woodbury, 2497 15th East Street, Salt Lake.
20. Parlev P. Giles, 533 Douglas, Salt Lake.
Fred E. Curtis, 1489 7th East Street, Salt Lake.

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Captain of Fifth Ten

21. Earl S. Paul, 1463 32nd Street, Ogden, Utah.
Stacy D. Garn, 3220 Polk Avenue, Ogden, Utah.
22. Dee D. Brown, RFD #2, Ogden, Utah.
Jethro D. Brown, RFD #3, Ogden, Utah.
23. Harry D. Brown, RFD #2, Box 197, Ogden, Utah.
A. D. Brown, RFD #2, Box 198, Ogden, Utah.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

24. Heber G. Jacobs, 485 36th Street, Ogden, Utah.
Paul B. Tanner, 3606 Iowa Avenue, Ogden, Utah.
25. Abraham E. Maw, RFD #2, Ogden, Utah.
Llewellyn Hipwell, RFD #2, Ogden, Utah.
SCOUT—Lionel Maw, RFD #2, Ogden Utah.

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Captain of Sixth Ten

26. Ralph M. Mitchell, 2860 Van Buren, Ogden, Utah.
Alexis B. Malan, 1435 28th Street, Ogden, Utah.
27. T.R. Johnson, 2461 Adams, Apt. 1, Ogden, Utah.
George A. Larson, 2916 Lincoln Avenue, Ogden, Utah.
28. Vern Farr, 1129 Liberty, Ogden, Utah.
Arza W. Paul, 1169 29th Street, Ogden, Utah.
29. Lowell Cutler, RFD #3, Ogden, Utah.
George Frost, 1353 Cahoon Avenue, Ogden, Utah.
30. William C. Fitzgerald, Draper, Utah.
Elias L. Day, 327 Milton Avenue, Salt Lake.

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Captain of Seventh Ten

31. Charles A. Munns, 68 South 2nd East street, Brigham City, Utah.
Adolph M. Reeder, Bon Air Farm, Corrine, Utah.
32. Ira Packer, 75 South Main Street, Brigham City, Utah.
John Smith, Tremonton, Utah.
33. Alvin Norr, Deweyville, Utah.
Myrl Norr, Deweyville, Utah.
34. John H. Wessman, 259 East 8th South, Salt Lake.
David Larsen, Garland, Utah.
35. William George Clark, 705 North 5th East, Logan, Utah.
Dewey Griffin, 453 West 2nd North, Logan, Utah.

Captain of Eighth Ten

36. Jesse P. Rich, Logan, Utah.
Hyrum J. Richards, Mendon, Utah.
37. Vernal O. Norman, Paradise, Utah.
Leo Bankhead, Avon, Utah.
38. George D. Balls, Dayton, Idaho.
J. J. Larsen, Newton, Utah.
39. David O. Nielsen, Hyrum, Utah.
A. Alonzo Savage, Hyrum, Utah.
40. Heber Moon, Duchesne, Utah.
Peter D. Christensen, 275 Vine Street, Salt Lake.

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Captain of Ninth Ten

41. George B. Everton, 526 North Main, Logan, Utah.
Lyman Rich, 718 North 2nd East, Logan, Utah.
42. Desmond L. Anderson, Logan, Utah.
Alma L. Riggs, RFD #1, Logan, Utah.
43. Dewey Stout, 3123 7th East Street, Salt Lake.
L. D. Wilde, 147 South 4th East, Brigham City, Utah.
44. David L. Olsen, RFD #1, Box 122, Logan, Utah.
Alma M. Mathews, P. O. Box 4, Providence, Utah.
45. O. Lavar Earl, Riverheights, Utah.
Nolan P. Olsen, 520 North 6th East Street, Logan, Utah.

* * *

Captain of Tenth Ten

46. James E. Burns, 10 Burns Avenue, Bountiful, Utah.
J. C. Stocks, 257 South Main Street, Bountiful, Utah.
47. Horace P. Beesley, 153 West 1st North Street, Bountiful, Utah.
William H. Holbrook, 134 East 1st South Street, Bountiful, Utah.
48. T. E. Sessions, 92 East 5th South Street, Bountiful, Utah.
Glen S. Shields, 104 North 4th Street, Tooele, Utah.
49. Marvin Curtis, 1119 Westminster Avenue, Salt Lake.
Walter A. Kerr, 132 University Street, Salt Lake.



Top, first row: Captain of first hundred, William E. Nelson; Camp Commander, Wendell J. Ashton; Captain of second hundred, Willard R. Smith. Back row: Captains of fifties, Giles Jensen, Cannon, Curtis, Boud.

Bottom: Captains of tens (other captains included). First row: Ashton, Anderson, Page, Lund, Everton, Rich, Munns, Kirkham, Curtis, Giles. Back row: Bennion, Burns, R. Smith, Curtis, Paul, Nelson, W. Smith, Lloyd, Mitchell, Biesinger, Jensen.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

50. Lynn Michelsen, 2304 Oneida Street, Salt Lake.
Fred M. Michelsen, 1070 South 9th East Street, Salt Lake.
* * *

Captain of Eleventh Ten

51. R. L. Kirkham, 3236 Larga avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Thomas F. Kirkham, 259 East 5th North Street, Lehi, Utah.
52. Heber G. Harrison, 1875 West 25th Street, Los Angeles, California.
L. Clair Likes, 1556 Browning Avenue, Salt Lake.
Alfred Durham, 60 West 1st North, Salt Lake.
53. William J. Fox, 6034¼ Romaine Street, Los Angeles, California.
George A. McClellan, 254 West 1st North Street, Salt Lake.
54. Charles S. Merrill, 3510 20th East Street, Salt Lake.
Earl F. Shipley, 665 West 1st North, Salt Lake. (Dramatic Assistant—not official member of trek)
55. Harold Jackson, 234 North Beachwood, Los Angeles, California.
Edward B. Perkins, 2244 Alsace Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
* * *

Captain of Twelfth Ten

56. Lanell N. Lunt, 295 South 2nd West Street, Cedar City, Utah.
Loran D. Hirschi, 194 South 1st West Street, Cedar City, Utah.
57. J. Chester Jones, 233 South 7th West Street, Cedar City, Utah.
William H. Leigh, 104 South 1st West street, Cedar City, Utah.
58. Vernon A. Black, Kanab, Utah.
Edward B. Chamberlain, Kanab, Utah.
59. Lorenzo H. Hatch, 1512 9th East Street, Salt Lake.
William C. Smith, Box 146, Pleasant Grove, Utah.
60. S. Ross Fox, 162 East Commonwealth Avenue, Salt Lake.
George A. Bullock, 8805 West 2700 South, Maqna, Utah.

Captain of Thirteenth Ten

61. Samuel R. Page, Roosevelt, Utah.
James E. Bacon, Roosevelt, Utah.
62. E. J. Nixon, Roosevelt, Utah.
Heber T. Hall, Roosevelt, Utah.
63. Adrian Cannon, 378 1st Avenue, Salt Lake.
Verl Grant Dixon, 595 West 4th North Street, Provo, Utah.
64. Hollis G. Hullinger, Roosevelt, Utah.
John Gunderson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.
65. John W. Boud, 1086 East 21st South Street, Salt Lake.
James H. Lyman, 6215 23rd East Street, Salt Lake.
66. Donald B. Alder, 223 F Street, Salt Lake.
Francis Urry, 207 L Street, Salt Lake.
Joseph Williams, 426 Douglas Street, Salt Lake.
67. Kenner B. Clayton, Kanab, Utah.
Don C. Clayton, Kanab, Utah.
* * *

Captain of Fourteenth Ten

68. Joseph S. Bennion, 1322 West 4800 South, Salt Lake.
Joseph Wm. Robinson, 273 East Capitol Street, Salt Lake.
69. William E. Nelson, 1529 South 5th East, Salt Lake.
Harold H. Jensen, 209 West North Temple, Salt Lake.
70. Sullivan Richardson, 1400 East 53rd Street, Chicago, Illinois.
W. Claudell Johnson, 108 Lake Street, Salt Lake.
71. Golden Webb, 348 Quince Street, Salt Lake.
Blain Lublin, 4420 7th East, Salt Lake. (Technician—not official trek member)
72. Highway Patrol Car. (This car carried no numbered sticker, but was lead car in caravan)
* * *

Captain of the Guard

- Ralph G. Smith, 2543 Highland Drive, Salt Lake.

Job . . .

LIKE JOB, WE HAD OUR TRIALS IN OUR JOB AT NAUVOO



*. . . It's dishpan hands for Aldon Jr. Anderson,
Joseph H. Jeppson, Lee Nebeker and Parley P.
Giles.*

by D. James Cannon

The president of one of Zion's largest stakes poked his long pointed stick into a piece of waste paper and then dropped it into a cardboard box along with the other rubbish he had picked up that Monday morning, July 14, 1947, on the Mormon temple lot at Nauvoo, Illinois.

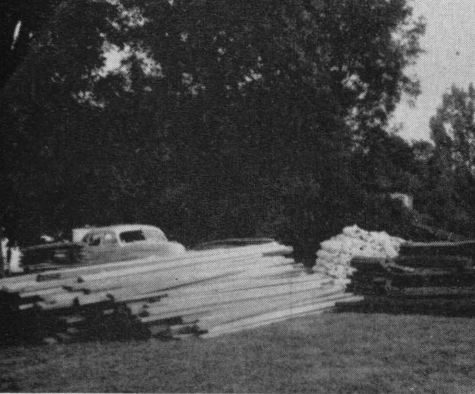
It was the first "official" day of the Sons of Utah Pioneers Centennial Trek which was to follow the route of the Mormon pioneers from Nauvoo to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and Earl S. Paul, president of Mount Ogden (Utah) Stake, had been assigned to the sanitation detail. Other men—bank executives, attorneys, educators, farmers, insurance officials—were peeling potatoes, bringing in firewood or hurrying over to the old pump to get water for the trek cook, J. W. R. "Bill" Robinson. Most of the other 143 men who were participants in the reenactment of the century-old original Mormon hegira had been busily at work since dawn sawing and hammering and fitting the long pieces of 2x4 board together around their automobiles to make the framework for their covered wagon tops.

Three women and two boys were there with the 143 men, too. They also had begun working at an early hour. They had a full day ahead of them. For the women there was final preparation of calico pioneer dresses to be worn during the next eight days' travel over the old Mormon trail. Their silk and satin gowns and bonnets must be made ready for evening dramatic performances and appearances before the

crowds which were to gather around them each night. The press and radio—even a newsreel outfit—were waiting to interview Dorothy Kimball Keddington, Nora Player Richardson and Ruth Fox Clawson Shields. Their husbands, S. Richard Keddington, Acel Richardson and F. Alburn Shields, were fortunately as talented as their wives. They, too, were scheduled to participate in the dramatic and entertainment programs each night of the trek. But sometimes each one looked like the well-known forgotten man as he stood in the shadow of the background as his wife smiled and posed while the news cameras flashed and the "brownies" clicked.

Young Joseph H. Jeppson and Lionel Maw represented the two boys who participated in Brigham Young's original migration westward. Because they were two of Utah's outstanding Eagle Boy Scouts, they were given a man's share of work each day. And they, too, had the press to contend with. They even had to pose for pictures getting their ears washed by the ladies. It wasn't hard to get the proper facial grimace for those pictures!

The scene for all this activity was laid on the temple site. Once the spires of the gray limestone temple had risen majestically into the sky on this plot of ground. Now, only partially owned by the church, the block is a grass covered vacant lot with a softball diamond complete with overhead night lights marked off in one corner and a Catholic Parish hall in another. The site is situated on a dome-like knoll overlooking the Mississippi river and near



Upper left: Before the task begins. 2x4 boards, canvas covers and a neat pile of wagon bows await distribution to trekkers. Upper right: After the task is done. The stack of supplies becomes 72 covered wagons complete with plywood oxen. Bottom: Judge Joseph G. Jeppson, left, and Warren Cannon, right, deep in the mystery of assembling their wagon box.—Photo, Peoria Journal.

Nauvoo's main street.

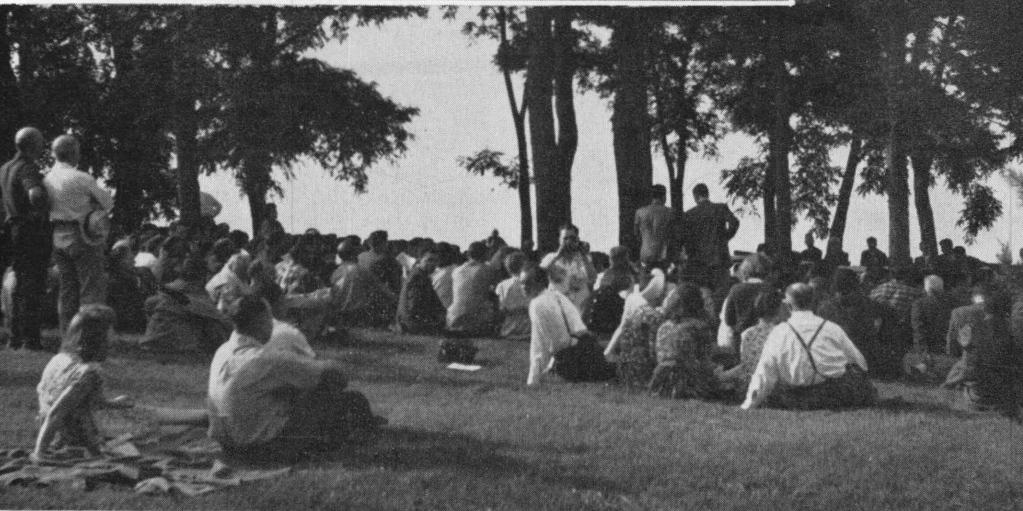
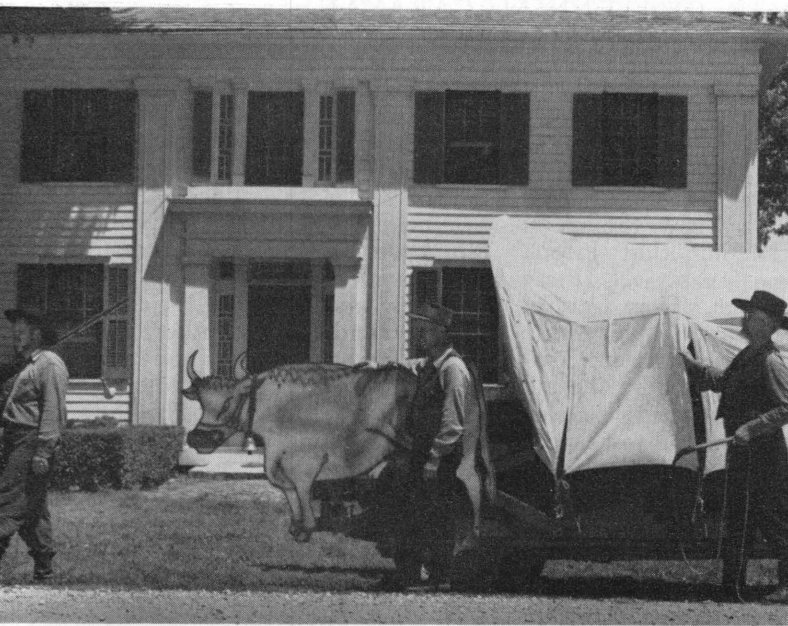
For three days this block had been the center of attention once more. Indeed, for the citizens of peaceful, little Nauvoo it was as if a giant circus had been staged there. Instead of the conventional 3 rings, however, there was a special act going on at nearly every turn of the head . . . Horace Beesley, flutist, and Golden Webb, violinist, entertained groups of people most of Sunday afternoon . . . Northern States LDS missionaries drew crowds with an information booth . . . trek members in their pioneer garb were a show in themselves because they were "Utah Mormons." . . . Nauvoo residents who were history experts on the subject of early Nauvoo had a following of their own as they conducted discussions and pointed out scenic and historical spots.

All of this activity didn't "just happen." The whole spring and summer had been one of preparation for the big event. In May the Sons of Utah Pioneers had sent its advance agent, D. James Cannon, to look over the encampment sites and apprise the town fathers of the caravan's needs for a stage, sanitation facilities, cooking fuel and dozens of other details. In May, also, bearded representatives of the vigorous Nauvoo Chamber of Commerce had junketed to Chicago as a publicity stunt to show the town's readiness for the coming of the "Mormons from Utah." Over a century ago, Chicagoans might well have junketed to Nauvoo for some reason or another, because Nauvoo, with nearly 20,000 people, was by far the largest city in Illinois. In 1947 Nauvoo's population count showed 1200.

The townspeople had the first indication of what was to come when on Wednesday, July 9, they watched curiously as a huge truck marked "Deseret Industries" was relieved of its load of wagon bows, thousands of nuts and bolts, hundreds of sheets of plywood and numerous lengths of 2x4 boards, white canvas coverings, cans of paint, and finally, over three hundred plywood oxen. Willard R. Smith, Salt Lake bank executive and creator of the covered wagon tops, was there with his son, Paul, to supervise the unloading on the grass of the temple lot.

Trekkers who could get away from their offices and farms early began to trickle into Nauvoo Thursday and Friday. Brother Willard was there to get them off to the right start on construction of their wagon tops. Most of them arrived Saturday, July 12, in their late-model cars. TIME Magazine and other publications indicated that all the cars were new Studebakers or Buicks. The trek commander, Wendell J. Ashton, had made it clear early in the Centennial year that each applicant for the trek who planned to drive should have a car that would not break down and cause delays. That order all but eliminated any old models.

Nauvoo was new to most of the arriving Mormons. They were awed by the great muddy sweep of the Mississippi river as they started over the bridge from Keokuk, Iowa, to Hamilton, Illinois. Then when they drove northward along the Illinois river highway they were moved to reverential silence as they reviewed stories that their fathers and grandfathers had told them about



Upper left: Three men and a wagon give a small parade of their own before the Mansion house of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. Trekkers are Jack Howells, Wendell Ashton and Grover Dunford.—Photo, Daily Pantagraph, Bloomington, Ill. Upper right: Charles Merrill, Richard Keddington and Earl Shipley add a bit of atmosphere before the marquee of the Mormon Theater in Nauvoo. Bottom: Trekkers, missionaries, friends and local citizens gather near the graves of Joseph, Emma and Hyrum Smith on the banks of the Mississippi for sunrise services on the Sabbath.

Nauvoo in the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was difficult to believe that this verdant, flowered paradise once could have been the background for tragedy and death. Trekkers' great thrill came when they saw the metal plaque proclaiming that Joseph Smith's home was just three blocks to the west. They were in Nauvoo the Beautiful—city of the Saints! Their thoughts were coming fast as they drove up the hill to the Nauvoo business district. At the brow of the hill townspeople directed them to the left . . . to the site where the great Mormon Temple had once stood overlooking the whole countryside.

New arrivals, still dressed in modern traveling togs, were a trifle startled to see bearded, determined-looking men dressed in clothes of a hundred years ago carrying long pieces of lumber on their sweatstained shoulders and pulling canvas tops over wagon bows. It was almost too realistic.

Horace Beesley and William Holbrook from Bountiful were already there and had started an innovation in wagon construction that the rest of the camp copied. They had found that by fitting the frame on the car's bumpers so that it was slightly off-center they would be able to open the car door wide enough to climb in with a degree of dignity instead of struggling through the window, as originally planned. Willard R. Smith used the window method, however, and shamed many of the younger men with his ability.

Moist heat was also new to most of the westerners. When the perspiration soaked their shirts after a few minutes activity

they began to understand the meaning of the word humidity.

Trekkers had been instructed by William E. Nelson before they left for Nauvoo to equip themselves with raincoats. As rain began to fall Saturday evening while most of them were still in the early stages of wagon construction, they ran for their raincoats, wondering whether their whole trip would be spoiled by inclement weather. Bill Holbrook suddenly realized that he had come off without his raincoat. He hurriedly ran to the nearest general store and purchased a large one that must have weighed 15 pounds. According to Horace Beesley it stopped raining as soon as Bro. Holbrook stepped out of the store. It was a sign of good fortune to the modern pioneers that Bill Holbrook's new raincoat was not used again during the entire trek.

Brilliant lights which were used to illuminate the softball diamond on the temple lot were turned on when darkness overtook the toiling trekkers and the work continued until midnight. "It looks like we'll have to work on the Sabbath day," one of the trekkers said, "there's still a lot to be done." Wendell Ashton must have heard that remark because a few minutes later his voice sounded over the public address system provided by Harry N. Poll's sound truck announcing, "There will be no work done tomorrow. We will resume construction at 4 a.m. Monday."

It was the first of ten sleep-short nights. By the time trekkers had climbed into their sleeping bags or cots it was 1 a.m. Four hours later the camp was pretty much alive again.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

T. R. Johnson of Ogden, Utah, describes background of one early Sunday morning scene:

Water in Nauvoo, was needed in quantities, with temperatures around 94 degrees. As we worked Saturday we drank copiously from the well on the Temple lot, in addition to the many bottles of 'pop' we purchased at the marts of trade.

However, after we learned all the water in Nauvoo wells came from shallow excavations, usually with only plank platforms over them, and that any water or other materials running from the pump or kicked or thrown onto the platform might well fall into the source of our drinking water just below the platform, we were a little concerned as to the purity of the water.

Too, the unsavory and certainly un-

sanitary outdoor toilet not far from the well did not add to invitingness of it. But as perspiration oozed and dripped from us, especially while we were working, the lack of pure mountain-fed drinking sources troubled us less and less.

Then came Sunday morning, the first morning for most of us to awaken in camp. Raising ourselves on our elbows, we looked over the area shortly after dawn, and then sat quickly upright at the sight we saw at the well.

There were two of the artificially dentured older men at the pump. They were most solicitous of each other, and while one performed his dental ablutions under the pump spout, the other levered the pump handle to produce a generous stream. They took turns and as one finished washing his plates the other rubbed and brushed and washed his



The dramatic personnel of the trek gather for a group picture at radio station WCAZ in Carthage. Front row, l. to r., C. Merrill, A. Shields, A. Cannon, R. Kedddington, J. Lyman, G. McClellan, C. Likes, A. Richardson. Back row, l. to r., E. Shipley, H. Poll, R. Shields, B. Openshaw, D. Kedddington, D. Alder, N. Richardson, W. Holbrook, F. Urry, A. Durham, A. dington.

under the stream. The water splashed and flushed itself from the hands and teeth to the plank platform and merrily ran back into the well from whence it had just come.

We carried our thirst with us a long time that day before we finally succumbed and went to that well for a drink.

Under the direction of President Creed Haymond of Salt Lake City, Northern States missionaries were having their mission conference the same weekend. The town officials hadn't overlooked a single place as a possibility for living quarters for the missionaries. For lady missionaries the Catholic church in Nauvoo had generously provided space in its dormitories.

One of the Catholic sisters told George A. Bullock that, "We did not see a single cigarette butt; we did not hear a single word of profanity nor a vulgar story; we did not see or hear a single thing that was not on a very high plane from these good lady missionaries of yours."

Sunday morning the mission officials had scheduled a sunrise service to be held near the graves of Joseph, Emma and Hyrum Smith on the green banks of the Mississippi river. Trekkers attended the meeting almost en masse, in spite of having only 4 hours sleep. In the peace of a beautiful Sabbath morning, sitting on ground hallowed by the prophet and his followers, with the river, the trees and the sky providing a background, the early morning congregation had a soul-satisfying experience. Paul B. Tanner, of Ogden Sons of Utah Pioneers, tells this story:

Here I experienced one of the most profound spiritual awakenings of my life. As the story was unfolded—not a new story to me factually, but rather

a vibrant recitation of one of the greatest stories ever told—I felt within me an aroused appreciation and love of the gospel and my heritage, an excitement in my soul to a new enthusiasm to serve well and the realization that all negative thoughts had suddenly disappeared, even as the rays of the morning sun dispelled so surely the shadows of the night. And here I was, ready to participate in a partial reenactment of the events that followed shortly after the death of the prophet.

In the diaries of most of the trekkers, under the date, Sunday, July 13, the word Carthage stands out. Sunday was about the only chance they had to see the well-preserved old jail in which the Prophet Joseph and his brother, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, were murdered by a mob with painted faces, June 27, 1844. Joseph A. McRae who, with his wife, Eunice, is the Church representative in charge of the jail and grounds, took numerous groups through the jail that day. His bushy white eyebrows were expressive as he recounted the story of the martyrdom to his listeners. Brother McRae knows the story of the jail as well as any living man. Visitors were obviously moved during the description of the assassinations.

Ralph G. Smith, great-grandson of Hyrum, brought with him to Carthage the same watch which Hyrum had carried in his pocket at the time he was shot. It was the first time in 103 years that the watch had been at the scene of its owner's death.

Residents of Carthage and surroundings listened to a radio program over station WCAZ in which a dramatization by trek personnel of the martyrdom was presented. Elder Spencer W. Kimball, special guest and offi-



Top: Historic Carthage jail provides an interesting background for a group of trekkers on a sightseeing tour.

Center: Camp musicians strike up a tune in preparation for the evening program. Flutist is Horace Beesley. Golden Webb plays the violin and Alfred Durham accompanies.

Bottom: Four Catholic nuns display their friendly attitude toward the Mormons as they playfully mimic the ply-wood oxen.



cial representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, delivered an address following the drama. Adrian W. Cannon, who played the part of Willard Richards in the sketch, is the great-grandson of George Cannon, the artisan who made the death mask of the slain Prophet when he was returned from Carthage, thus preserving the cast of his face for future sculptors and artists.

Indicative of the changed attitude that the century plus has brought is this story: Near Nauvoo, according to William C. Smith, a doctor asked Judge Joseph G. Jeppson if he were a Mormon trekker. The doctor then said he practiced in Montrose and that one of his patients was the grandson of the man who was tried as the murderer of Joseph Smith. The family of this man, the doctor said, felt "very bad" that one of their forebears had participated in the murder.

An 86 year old man who lived on the "flat" in Nauvoo seemingly had a prepared speech to give David L. Olsen and Alma Mathews. He said: "I, as a citizen of Nauvoo, welcome the Utah Mormons to our city. They are a great people. Their men are gentlemen and their women are ladies. They are the best citizens the United States has. They were divinely called. If not, they could never have done the things they did."

Every resident of Nauvoo old enough to talk could point out numerous homes and buildings which were partially built of stone from the temple. A. Alonzo Savage, of Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, said that he was happy to

see the stone still serving a useful purpose. Being an ardent scout, he—with Desmond Anderson, David O. Nielsen and Alma Riggs—had been taken to a scout camp about 7 miles south of Nauvoo. They were shown the mess hall and office which was largely constructed of temple stone.

Obliging townspeople took many trekkers on tours of historic spots. With some of his Cache County friends, George B. Everton toured the town and its surroundings. His description of the tour follows:

One of the outstanding features of the trek was the kindness with which we were received by all who had any contact with us as we traveled over the trail made by our forebears in their westward movement. An example of this courtesy was the way in which we were received by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Nauvoo, of their permitting us to assemble at the home of Joseph Smith, now owned by them, and holding services there on the banks of the mighty Mississippi and afterwards showing us some of the places dear to our hearts as well as to theirs.

After the services small groups were organized and taken through the Mansion House and to other historic spots near by, with guides from the Reorganized church. It was my good fortune to go with a group led by Bp. Seegfried. After taking us on the planned tour around the Joseph Smith homestead, across the street to the Nauvoo House and Mansion House, he asked us if we would like to see some of the other historic spots of the city, to which invitation we quickly responded. Some of us got in his car with him and the others of the group got into another car for a tour of the city of Nauvoo which proved most interesting.

He told us as we drove down the road that he probably knew as much as anyone living about the early history of Nauvoo and after our tour with him we heartily agreed.

First he took us west from the Mansion House to two homes formerly owned by Orson Pratt. These homes, he informed us, were now his property, having acquired them several years ago when they were just about ready to fall apart from neglect. The roofs and partitions, at that time, had entirely disappeared. Now they are in a good state of repair having been restored as near as possible to their former condition with new partitions, roofs etc.

We then went on down the road and around the bend of the Mississippi to the foot of Parley's Street. It was from here the Saints left Nauvoo that cold winter day in 1846 when they crossed the river on the ice which was thick enough to hold not only themselves but also their teams and wagons loaded with all their personal belongings which they could snatch from the mob who threatened to annihilate them unless they left immediately.

It is near this spot where the old foundation of the first house built in Nauvoo is still standing.

We then turned up Parley's Street and visited the site of the blacksmith and wagon shops where the Saints made hurried preparation for their departure. Green peaceful pastures now greeted us as we stood where fear-quickenened feet had once kept all vestige of vegetation from growing.

Bp. Seegfried then took us on through the lower part of town, showing us the homes of several church leaders. Brigham Young's, John Taylor's, Wilford Woodruff's, Orson Hyde's and Heber C. Kimball's being among those we visited. Also the site of the building where the Times and Seasons was first published and the building to which it was later moved.

As we came up the hill to the upper part of town, he showed us the building once occupied by the Nauvoo Legion, also the former home of Parley P. Pratt both of which are now owned by the Catholic Church. These buildings are near the Nauvoo Temple site, where we were camped and had started to build our wagons.

Driving up Main Street, he showed us the site of the "Expositor" building. A cafe now occupies the building on this spot where the smoldering fire of trouble burst into flames leading to the

death of many Saints and finally to their expulsion from their beloved city.

Our trail next led us east of Nauvoo to the rich farm land where many of our forebears plowed and sowed with high hopes but reaped only sorrow and trouble. Here Joseph Smith owned and farmed about 80 acres. Here, John Richards, (Grandfather of Hyrum Richards, one of our trekkers) was taken by a mob, with several other men while harvesting grain, and given 20 lashes each. And because he laughed at the mob upon being released, was given 20 more lashes and an injury to his back from which he never recovered.

Here also, was the home of one James Ogden, a deputy sheriff in Nauvoo at the time the Saints were driven from Illinois. It was while we stopped here to take some pictures that Bp. Seegfried told us how he, as a young man, had visited James Ogden, who at that time was past 80 years, inquiring after pioneer lore. Of how he had received from Mr. Ogden a story of those troublous times. A story which Mr. Ogden told shamefacedly, not being proud of the fact that he had been a party to so low a trick.

The story as told by Bp. Seegfried goes something like this:

"At the time just prior to the expulsion of the Saints, when feelings were running high, several of the Saints were convicted of stealing cattle from a number of 'Mormon Haters.' It was a study of the court records of these cases that led me to seek out Mr. Ogden to find out what he knew about them."

"Yes, Mr. Ogden knew about the convictions. He had been the person who had served the warrants for the arrest of several Mormons. He also volunteered the information that he knew, as he served the warrants, that they were innocent of the charges against them. It was evidently common knowledge among the 'Mormon Haters' that the 'good had been planted.' In other words that the cattle had been taken by the accusers during the night and placed in the corrals of the Saints, who found on arising not only the 'planted cattle' but also the deputy sheriff with a warrant for their arrest'."

Coming back towards town we stopped near a small creek and crossed over on foot to the old "Mormon Cemetery," now overrun by brush, weeds and

trees until it is rather hard to find unless you are well acquainted with its location. Many of the headstones are still standing but every vestige of inscription has long since been worn away by that slow process of eradication by the elements. It was here that our beloved prophets were supposed to have been buried after their martyrdom, the mock cortege leading to this spot with the caskets which had been robbed of their precious load by friends, who in turn had laden the coffins with stones to mislead the enemy. Here many of the Saints were buried both before and after the martyrdom of the prophet, but little is left to tell who they were or which were assigned to which spot for their last resting place. This place where their bodies were lain 'mid strife and trouble, though now overrun and unkept, was this day serene and peaceful, so unlike the time of their burial.

From there he offered to take us to Carthage or any other place of interest that we might name, but the hour was late and we felt that we could no longer impose on his hospitality, so forced a conclusion to what proved to be one of my most interesting experiences.

Ernest Parrish was one of those whose own father had lived in Nauvoo. A stirring benediction came to him as he looked at homes "built by the hands of my own father and grandfather . . . stood on the grounds of the little schoolhouse where my grandfather first heard the testimony of the missionaries." He trod the ground where 3 aunts, a great-grandmother and great-grandfather lost their lives and were laid away in unmarked graves. "Here my father did chores for the Prophet Joseph. Here my grandfather joined in uplifting amusements after laborious days working on the House of the Lord."

The Lord had set aside the Sabbath as a day of rest. Trekkers understood the wisdom of the commandment as they recuperated from the previous day's

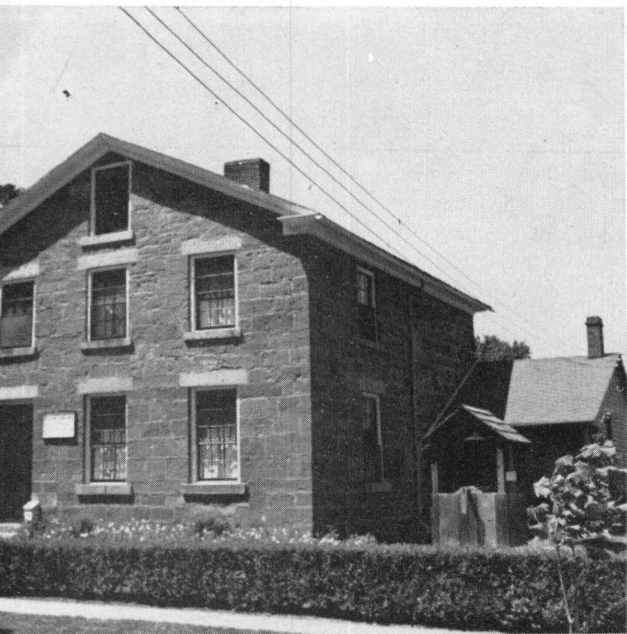
labor and contemplated the heavy schedule waiting for them on Monday.

* * *

Bright, new meal tickets with numbers around the edge were punched for the first and last time Monday at breakfast, lunch and dinner. Bill Nelson, officer of the camp, decided that anyone who would go to the trouble of dressing up like a trekker could have a meal. He didn't have the time to punch 148 tickets three times a day. He had to help Joseph Bennion, commissary chairman, and Bill Robinson, the cook, prepare the meal and see that it was "dished out" properly.

Down-to-the-minute timing describes the commissary committee's preparation and serving of every meal, beginning with the first breakfast. Trekkers found the following breakfast items put into their mess kits as they passed the serving table single file Monday morning: orange juice; cereal; french toast and syrup; bread, butter and jam; and cocoa. Men who never ate breakfast at home found that their appetites were sharp after a lot of back-bending work. They sat cross-legged on the grass or found seats on spare pieces of lumber to eat their breakfast. Food was devoured quickly and the men hurried to another lineup and waited to dip their mess kits into steaming tubs of water over open fires to clean them of any spare food particles.

Then back to work they went, realizing that their tops must be on by late afternoon so that they could attend the important organization and planning meeting for all trekkers. James Bacon of



Top left: Carthage jail... we'll not soon forget our excursion there and the wealth of information that we gathered about the jail, the martyrdom etc. from Jos. A. McRae, custodian of the sacred place. Top right: Dick Keddington points out to George Everton the window from which the prophet fell after he had been shot by the mob outside Carthage jail. Bottom: Couldn't resist a closeup of the watch that belonged to Hyrum Smith. Ralph G. Smith took it to the jail with him and it was the first time it had been near the place since its owner was executed in cold blood.

Roosevelt, who had completed his outfit, came to the rescue of Wendell J. Ashton and D. James Cannon as they puzzled over the proper fitting of boards and bolts and canvas. Their work had been interrupted every few minutes, Bro. Ashton with all the details of trek planning, Bro. Cannon with the job of escorting newspapermen and photographers around in their quest for stories.

"The first thing Bro. Bacon did," Wendell Ashton writes, "was to dismantle all that had been done. The holes for the bolts were too big. 'They'll rattle loose in no time that way,' Bro. Bacon said." He stayed with the job all day until it was completed, thus saving the day for the camp commander who was driving car no. 1.

A major crisis developed during the morning when it became evident that the supply of bolts was rapidly being exhausted with many cars yet to be completed. Several inquiries were made in Keokuk and other towns—all to no avail. Desperately, an appeal was carried to Nauvoo's Mayor Lowell F. Horton. In a very short time he produced the bolts—in proper sizes. Mayor Horton, sun-tanned, semi-bald, fortyish, with a beard which gave him some resemblance to General Sherman of Civil War fame, had the happy faculty for always being there when he was needed. How he kept his service station and garage business going, administered the affairs of the town and still had time to take care of any trekker's requests, will be an eternal mystery to his Mormon friends from the West.

One of the marvels to all members of the camp during the trek was the virtual absence of bickering, back-biting, or dissatisfaction. A story told by George A. Larson of Ogden humorously illustrates the harmony which prevailed in camp beginning with the opening day.

Everything had been going serenely during our preparations for the Trek, while we were building our "wagons" at Nauvoo. Then came Monday morning, with the start west to begin early the next morning.

T. R. Johnson, sat up in his sleeping bag, looked around at his nearby yawning, drowsy neighbors and said:

"Hey, you guys. Do you like this situation? This delay and work and sweat is getting me down. I'm sick and tired of it all. If these so-called wise leaders of ours don't do something pretty quick and make up their minds about things, I'm going west in the morning! Want to go with me?"

Of course, everyone realized we were going tomorrow anyway, and, getting the "point," readily chimed in that they would follow the rebellious T. R.

Getting dressed, he went from one group to another, before breakfast, with the same belligerent, complaining attitude, and in each instance met with a hearty, rollicking response, until he came to two older brethren—the last two to be visited. When he put the question, "What about it? Are you goin' to wait for these dilly-dallying leaders, or do you want to go west with me in the morning?" they began to soothe that rebellious spirit.

"Brother Johnson, let's not have any trouble," they began. "We've been getting along beautifully so far. There has been no quarreling or trouble, and it would be a shame to spoil that feeling now. Why don't we all just bear our personal troubles and control our feelings, just for the sake of peace and harmony while we are together."

With a twinkle in his eyes which was not noticed by these two brethren, Brother Johnson exploded:

"Phooey! If you fellows want to follow blindly these leaders of ours,



Top: Chow line forms to the right as trekkers await their turn to be served at the first official meal, Monday, July 14. Bottom: Close-up of chow line shows State Senator Elias Day pre-

okay. But as for me, I'm going west in the morning," and he stalked off in a huff, got his mess kit and went to breakfast while the two brethren shook their heads sorrowfully.

Before the noon hour Monday, two operators at the little Nauvoo telephone exchange situated on the east side of the temple lot were kept busy receiving long-distance calls inquiring as to the Tuesday driving schedule of the 72 vehicles. The Centerville, Iowa, chamber of commerce asked if the trek would please come to its city park Tuesday noon for cold lemonade, a swim in the city swimming pool and lunch. Dr. Marcus Bach, head of the department of religion, University of Iowa, phoned from Iowa City to ask permission to join the trek before its departure early Tuesday morning and accompany it west to Salt Lake City. Dr. Bach desired to take moving pictures and use his new wire-recording set at the trek programs. Keokuk and Montrose, Iowa, wanted to know the exact time that the trek would arrive in their towns.

* * *

The Catholic-owned parish hall located next to the southwest corner of the lot, which had been used almost constantly Saturday and Sunday by the Northern States missionaries was again offered for use by the Mormons when the trekkers assembled there at 4 p.m. The meeting had been planned months in advance by the Sons of Utah Pioneers executive board as a solemn gathering to impress every trekker with the far-reaching importance of a faithful, well-executed reenactment of Brigham Young's original trek. Each man, woman

and boy was charged with individual responsibility in making the trek a success.

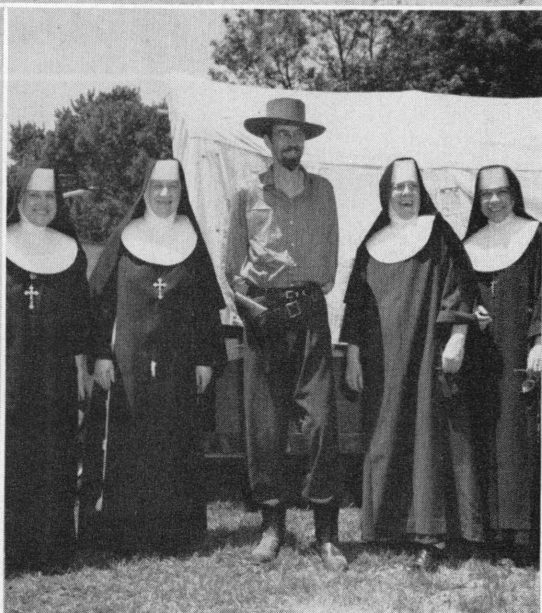
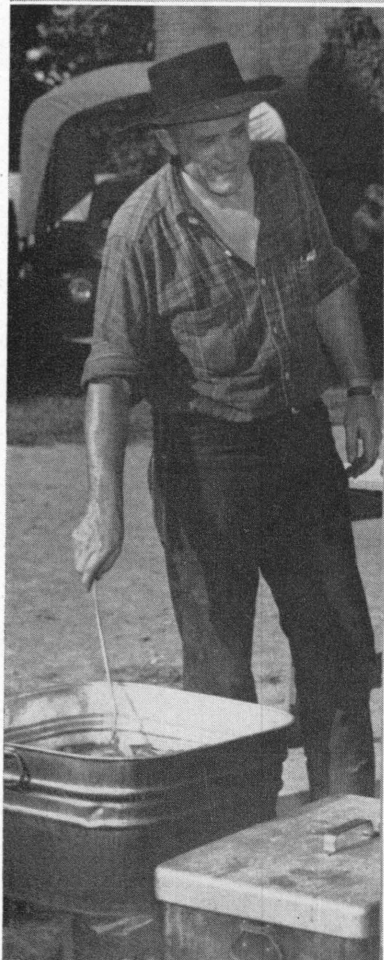
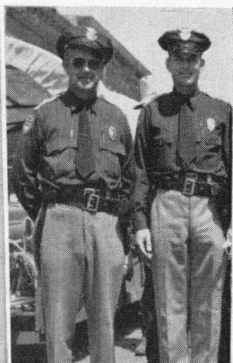
Wendell J. Ashton, president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and trek commander, presided over and conducted the meeting. Elder and Sister Spencer W. Kimball were present as special guests, Elder Kimball acting in his official capacity as a representative of the general authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Brother Ashton introduced the two captains of hundreds, William E. Nelson and Willard R. Smith, the five captains of fifties and the fourteen captains of tens. Then each trekker introduced himself briefly to the others.

Later, Wendell Ashton wrote this description of the personnel:

Ours was an unusual group. We had four stake presidents and a number of bishops. With us were a member of the central Y.M.M.I.A. superintendency, a former president of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and a former president of the United States Dental Association. There were a bank president and a bank cashier, and a college student body president. There were farmers, industrialists, lawyers and judges. All were descendants of Mormon pioneers who had reached Salt Lake Valley before the coming of the railroad in 1869. All wore authentic pioneer clothes. The observer could not distinguish a landscape gardener from an insurance executive. All were pioneers—and brothers on this trip.

As in the 1847 trek, the camp had a set of rules and regulations, and a job for every man. William E. Nelson and his chosen man as captain of the guard, Ralph G. Smith, pointed out that there would be nightly guard duty in which every man would participate once during the eight nights. K.P. assignments, sanitation detail and other jobs had been out-



Nauvoo... three of the most unforgettable days in our lives. Caught a group of wagons in apparent dishabile before we readied ourselves completely for the trip back. Top right: We even had the law on our side and these two highway patrolmen were typical of those who gave us courteous escort from one point to another along our country's highways. Center: Our own lawmaker—Ralph G. Smith, captain of the guard, could give orders like the best patrolman and he even had the Catholic nuns in Nauvoo under his spell. Bottom left: Thought we'd never see the day when we'd be served soup from a wash tub, but here's proof that we were and what's more with Chef Bill Robinson doing the cooking, it was good! Bottom right: We leave Nauvoo behind and take the beautiful river road along the Mississippi to Keokuk.



Top left: Final touches are made by Vernal Norman, Leo Bankhead and Ray Alston before it goes on public display in towns and villages between Nauvoo and home. Top right: Three Sons of Utah Pioneers pose with their "better halves" who were counted as the three women to make the trip. Gowned in their best satin the three and their husbands are left to right, Dorothy and Dick Keddington, Ruth and Alburn Shields and Nora and Axel Richardsen. Bottom: President Wendell J. Ashton pays homage to Mayor Horton of Nauvoo by presenting him with a Utah copper serving tray. Brother Kimball looks on.—Photo, Peoria Journal.

lined and presented to the captains of tens for fulfillment of assignments. One company of ten was to perform an assignment as a unit, thus insuring maximum efficiency.

"Wagons" were to travel in a certain order each day, so John W. Boud, personnel officer and a captain of fifty, had gummed stickers with white numbers on a field of black for each driver to paste one to the windshield and one to the rear of his wagon box. Numbers indicated the place of each car in the caravan. The cars were to travel in companies of ten. Each car had two men, and each company five cars. The cars within the company were to stay 50 feet apart, with 300 feet between companies.

Similarity of organization of the 1947 trek to its 1847 counterpart was carried further. The 1847 group had a chorus. And so did 1947's. It was led by George C. Lloyd of Salt Lake. Luke Johnson was physician in President Young's group. Dr. John C. Stocks of Bountiful, whose mother was born on the plains, was official physician for the reenactment. Rattlesnake oil was sometimes used to treat "black leg" of the original trekkers. The modern group had their medicines, a whole carload of them, voluntarily provided by John H. Wessman, a pharmacist of Malad, Idaho. (Mosquito repellent and no-doze tablets were to prove his most popular articles.)

Like the original pioneers, the 1947 organization had a bugler and fiddler. Blacksmiths were in Brigham Young's group; three

auto mechanics were in the centennial group. They had William Clayton, author of "Come, Come, Ye Saints;" the new band of pioneers had Alfred M. Durham, who wrote the hymn, "This Is The Place."

Willard R. Smith, who had spent long, work-filled months designing and perfecting the wagon tops and plywood oxen, gave directions for the care and preservation of the precious adornments. Bro. Smith humbly retold the story of the careful steps to make the tops and oxen as realistic as possible. Every trekker paid an unspoken tribute to this man who had been given one of the most difficult—and important—of all the trek assignments and had inspiringly fulfilled his task.

"Please listen carefully while I outline procedure in getting your cars serviced along the way," Grover Dunford announced. Having been appointed to orient trekkers on refueling stops, Brother Dunford then read the names of service stations in towns which had been forewarned of the trek's arrival. "As we get farther west there will be several places where a gasoline truck will come to the camp ground to refuel us," Bro. Dunford said.

George Lloyd, camp music director and leader of the chorus, distributed copies of L. D. S. hymns to be used by the personnel at evening programs.

The trek "brochure," a 48 page booklet prepared by Wendell J. Ashton as just one of his pre-trek responsibilities, was also distributed. Labeled, "Souvenir Program and Guide for the Utah

Centennial Trek," the paper-bound book contained a description and history of every stopping point in the itinerary, the sequence of each night's program, pioneer pictures of scenes along the route, a map of cross county travel, and the name and short biography of every participant.

Highpoint of the program came when Elder Kimball was called upon to speak and pray. It would be difficult to imagine what was in each trekker's mind as Spencer W. Kimball arose, but when he had finished speaking and praying it was clear that all persons were moved by the knowledge that this special guest was indeed a man of God.

He gave thanks for the privilege of participating in a great historical event. He expressed a desire to become well-acquainted with every trek member as soon as possible. His remarks clearly demonstrated his faith in every leader and every member of the trek. Spencer Kimball did not issue minute instructions and advice to his listeners. He did not lecture them. Instead, he expressed the hope that he too would be worthy of this great opportunity.

Elder Kimball bowed his head and asked God for His guidance over the caravan. He prayed for a peaceful, happy journey. The trekkers knew in their hearts that the Lord was listening.

Many wagon tops were yet to be finished, dinner was yet to be eaten, and the trekkers and the camp were yet to be cleaned up before the first evening program was to start at 7:30 p.m.—just before the approach of darkness.

Hundreds of people were already gathering for the performance. No time to get a few minutes of much needed rest, there was too much to do in too short a time!

The arrival of Vida Fox Clawson's "historic train" from Salt Lake City Monday afternoon was a time of rejoicing for many of the men whose loved ones were members of Mrs. Clawson's group. This company had been visiting several points of interest and had now arrived in Nauvoo to see the first program. Plans had been carefully made by Mrs. Clawson for her group to meet the trek again at Garden Grove, Omaha and North Platte.

Grover C. Dunford learned Monday afternoon that it's "always good for a man to be on his best behavior." He was taken by surprise when he saw three familiar figures coming toward him with arms outstretched. Unannounced, his wife, Hazel, daughter, Mary Lou and niece, Evelyn Sutton, had dropped in on him, having come all the way from Los Angeles to see their favorite trekker.

A crowd estimated at 2000 to 3000 rimmed the softball diamond on the temple lot, facing the stage which was formed by hay wagons placed together over home plate. There was a central stage for the speakers and honored guests during the first part of the program, and for the dramatic production following. A smaller, auxiliary stage had been set up for the chorus. To the south of the central stage in back of the two old frame buildings built by the French Icarians following the exodus of the Mormons, was a



Top: The varied activity taking place late Monday afternoon on the temple site in Nauvoo is caught in an air view photo furnished by Verl Grant Dixon. Lower left: Official trek chorus members raising their voices in song are, left to right, Burt Bigler, Wallace Johnson, Aldon Anderson, La Verre Adams, Fred Curtis, George Woodbury, Alvin Keddington, and director George Lloyd. Lower right: One of the dramatic scenes presented in Nauvoo is portrayed by Merrill, Alder, Cannon, Michelsen, McClellan, Shipley, Likes and Urry.

rectangular tent to be used as a dressing room for the thespians.

As the fiery sun sank over the treetops on the west side of the Mississippi, a reverent hush fell over the audience as they caught the full beauty of that moment. Surrounding them were the newly-completed covered wagons, providing a vivid background to a memorable occasion. Above the wagon tops, in the second story windows of the Catholic dormitory were the white head-dresses of the nuns. They too were interested in seeing and hearing what the Mormons would say at their first mass return to Nauvoo in 101 years.

Out of the silence came the clear notes of a trumpet playing "Taps," and another trumpet echoing the notes. The first trek program was underway!

Master of Ceremonies was Willard R. Smith, second vice-president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Honored guests were: Elder and Mrs. Spencer W. Kimball, Senator T. Mac Downing of the Illinois State Legislature and Mrs. Downing, Mayor and Mrs. Lowell F. Horton of Nauvoo, and President George E. Anton of the Nauvoo Chamber of Commerce and Mrs. Anton. Dr. Creed Haymod, president of the Northern States L.D.S. Mission offered the invocation. He asked the Lord that peace and goodwill abide where once was strife. He thanked the Father of all for freedom and a blessed land.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus, led by George Lloyd, sang "School Thy Feelings," an L.D.S. hymn by Charles W.

Penrose. Wendell J. Ashton next spoke on, "The Centennial Trek," telling the story of its development and purpose as only he knew it. He then presented a pair of Indian-made, leather gloves, beautifully beaded on the backs, to Senator T. Mac Downing. The gloves were prepared under the direction of the Roosevelt, Utah, chapter of the S.U.P. To Mayor Horton, President Ashton presented a copper serving tray. A paper weight bearing a metal portrayal of handcart pioneers was given to President Anton.

A speech long to be remembered by the audience and especially by the trekkers was then given by Senator Downing. The portentousness of his words can be partially realized through a reading of them. The words were given life and meaning, however, by the Senator's eloquence coupled with his obvious integrity. From his notes, Senator Downing prepared the following outline of his speech at the request of L. Burr Bigler.

The Hon. Dwight H. Green, Governor of the great State of Illinois, is at the moment in the capital city of Utah, from which our distinguished and welcome guests of the evening have so lately come and to which they will too soon return. He directs me to present to you his congratulations, best wishes and deepest regrets at his inability to be present to wish you godspeed on this historic occasion.

In the year of 1947, as a member of the Illinois Legislature, one cannot help but be deeply impressed with contrast of today and 100 years ago. At that time Governor Ford of Illinois was report-



Always mindful of the comfort of others, Wendell J. Ashton sees that the honored guests are seated for the Nauvoo dramatic performance. A portion of the 3000 people who rimmed the softball diamond on the Temple site in Nauvoo is shown. Newly-completed covered wagon tops form the background.—Photo, Quincy Herald Whig.

ing to the Illinois Legislature of the progress of a war in Nauvoo. In those 100 years, civilization in Illinois has come a long way. Then, by incitement and inflammation, the people of this section declared open war against a people who had the will and the determination to worship God as they chose. Now, we are happy, as a great part of the same great State, to welcome the sons and daughters of those brave people back to the land of their forebears and to a state and people who believe in tolerance and the right of all people to worship as they choose.

The Mormon trek from this historic spot is one of the most famous in all history. Their leaders, who had voluntarily surrendered to avoid bloodshed, slain, their homes pillaged, and with only the setting sun as their goal, this brave band of 143 men, 3 women and 2 boys sought a home in a land free from persecution. This group was a nucleus of the many thousands who followed and established a great city in the Rockies and developed the great state, which is now a sister of ours, in the most wonderful union the world has ever known.

Certainly, no event in the history of man has done more in establishing the doctrine of determination to win, careful planning, and loyalty to a cause.

After a lapse of 100 years our guests of tonight can take pride in the fact that time has mellowed and enriched the accomplishment which will pass on to their progeny living and yet unborn, and that 100 years from now, when their children's children and grandchildren shall again reenact the stirring events of 1847, the bravery and determination of those pioneers shall not dim, but shall shine with increased brilliance.

And so your sister State of Illinois welcomes you on this anniversary. It appreciates your interest in the part of its soil which you consider your origin. It takes pride, with you, in your magnificent accomplishments in the West. You comprise an outstanding seg-

ment of leading Americans. We, too, are happy for you.

Speaking, then, for the governor of Illinois and the lawmaking bodies of this state, we rejoice that in the lapse of 100 years no war exists in Nauvoo. The inflammatory tongues of criticism and incitement are still. We stand hand in hand as tolerant peoples, each rejoicing in the well-being, happiness and accomplishments of the other. And so the states of Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming will join with Illinois in wishing you God-speed on your reenactment of this historic event, and until you say again as you enter the borders of your beautiful city, "This Is the Place."

From the song books they had received just a few hours before all the trekkers joined in the singing of "How Firm Foundation," a favorite among Mormon congregations.

Most Illinoisans and Iowans who were there that night had never heard a Mormon Apostle speak. They were curious to hear what this man, Spencer W. Kimball would say. Would he condemn to hell fire and brimstone the people of Illinois who had driven his forefathers out? Would he spew forth the bitterness of a displaced people who were forced to move to a place no one else wanted? Perhaps this man would cry repentance to these non-believers and denounce them if they did not join the true church.

A whimsical smile played around the corners of Elder Kimball's mouth as he started to speak. It was a friendly smile that was destined to appear at some time in every speech he gave along the trek. His voice was soft, but very clear, and its tone was congenial. His theme

was not denunciatory, it was pleasant. His thoughts were happy ones and he gave voice to the joy he had had Sunday and Monday to see these story spots of Mormonism. He told, in plain but touching terms the experience of visiting his grandfather's (Heber C. Kimball) home. He had been deeply moved by the 194 spirit of cordiality and hospitality toward the Mormons. There was no bitterness among Mormons, he said, because they had gone to a land which, although difficult to subdue, was now a productive land. He told of beautiful mountains, fields of waving grain, towns and cities bursting with activity and industry. There was no need for regret or hatred among a people who had found happiness in the "mountain of the Lord's house" in the far west.

Elder Kimball spoke from his heart and the people listened.

He drew analogies and illustrations from a background which included lifelong experiences with farmers, ranchers and business and professional people. He had known the hardships of frontier life in Arizona. He had grown to appreciate and love his fellow beings. His audience felt that they knew this humble servant because he exemplified the traits which encourage friendship.

(Note: Elder Kimball's Carthage radio speech, which provided much of the background for his Nauvoo speech is found in complete form in "Acts and Epistles," found at the back of this book.)

The long-awaited dramatic presentation followed Brother Kimball's remarks. The chairs and their honored occupants were moved off the main stage to a central location out on the ball diamond. It was dark up there



Elder Spencer W. Kimball speaks as rapt attention is given by (left to right) Wm. E. Nelson, Wendell J. Ashton, Willard R. Smith (face not visible), Pres. Creed Haymond, Sen. T. Mac Downing, Mayor Lowell F. Horton and George Anton.

as the stage hands hurried to get everything in place, and last minute instructions were given by the actor-director, Francis Urry.

Then a brilliant light flashed on at the north end of the stage. There stood Byron Openshaw, narrator. He began to read from the pages of the loose leaf binder cradled in his arm. It was the first of many bouts Byron Openshaw was to have with multitudinous insects which were invariably attracted by that one, lone bright light. At a set point in his narration (see script at back of book), it had been prearranged for Charles S. Merrill to stand up from the audience and take issue on a particular point in the story. Then he was to move forward protesting what was being said.

Willard R. Smith, the emcee of the program, was uninformed of this plan and became very perturbed, thinking that maybe this was the sign of a modern uprising of the mob spirit. It was a few seconds before Bro. Smith's anxiety was relieved by his recognition of his distant relative, Charlie Smith Merrill.

(Readers may visualize to a certain degree the excellency of the Nauvoo drama by reading the script in the "Acts and Epistles" section of this book.)

The chorus and audience joined

in the singing of "America" at the close of the program. LaVerre V. Adams offered the benediction.

* * *

Nauvoo was the beginning of many hardships which the non-participant could not envision as happening on an 8-day motor trip. Dick Lambert tells of working in the hot sun all day, retiring at midnight after the program, and arising again at 1 a.m. to take his turn at guard duty. He went back to bed at 3 a.m. Reveille was sounded at 4:30 a.m. He faced his first day's travel with 2½ hours of fitful sleep to fortify him. His story is typical of the experiences of every trekker. During the whole trip no one enjoyed a normal night's rest.

Guard duty was more than a reenactment of an important pioneer activity. Wallace P. Johnson learned that, although in this modern day there was no need for guards to arouse the camp in case of an attack from the enemy, there was plenty of reason to help a trekker in need. Brother Johnson tells of seeing an object in the center of camp ground which was moving slightly. He flashed his light on it and saw a man sitting on a box with his head and shoulders hunched over.



Top: David Larsen lends a helping hand to John Wessman while he arranges his trunkload of first aid supplies. Bottom: A good publicity stunt is staged by Ruth Shields and Nora Richardson as they scrub the ears of Scouts Joe Jeppson and Lionel Maw. Dorothy Kedington casts an approving glance.—Photo, Quincy Herald Whig.



Bro. Johnson heard him moaning so he hurried over to give aid. It was John F. Howells Jr. of Los Angeles who was suffering apparently from the effect of the hot sun during the Monday working hours. Bro. Johnson got a few drugs to help ease the pain. Brother Howells then asked him if he would administer to him. Bro-

ther Johnson aroused two other brethren from their beds to assist in the administration. Upon completion of the blessing, Brother Howells stepped away a few yards and vomited. Then he said, "Brethren, I am almost well." To those brethren it was a manifestation of heavenly mercy in time of suffering.



Top: The local newspaper carried this shot of trek leaders charting the course in the dust of the temple site at Nauvoo. Left to right: Wm. E. Nelson, Willard R. Smith, Wendell Ashton wielding the stick, B. Spencer Young and D. James Cannon. Bottom: No linen napkins or sterling silver at this banquet . . . in fact, no fancy fixings at all. Meals on the trek are served from the pot to a tin mess kit and the diner takes his place on the ground to partake of the handiwork of chef Robinson and his crew.—Photo by Peoria Journal.



Exodus . . .

ON THE TRAIL FROM NAUVOO TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY



. . . Car No. 1 sets the pace on an Iowa Highway.—Des Moines Tribune.

The First Day—Tuesday, July 15

The routine of starting out each day—which had been planned weeks before in the Board room of Zion's Savings Bank in Salt Lake City—was established that Tuesday morning at Nauvoo. Everyone was supposed to arise at the sound of reveille, wash, dress and prepare his personal effects and wagon for traveling unless he had been assigned a special camp duty. Captains of hundreds, fifties and tens met with the camp commander to discuss plans for the day, make suggestions on camp procedure and report on welfare of the personnel. Following the captains' meeting, the whole camp was called into formation for the posting of the colors and the pledge of allegiance to the United States of America. Prayer was offered each morning by a camp member to invoke God's guidance. Instructions for the day's travel, stops at points of interest, and route to be followed were then given by camp commander Ashton and captain of the guard Ralph Smith.

It was still early when the trekkers dashed back to their cars for their mess kits to start breakfast, but already the townspeople had begun to arrive at the camp to witness departure preparations.

* * *

The Fox Movietone News cameraman had made careful arrangements for the caravan to move at a certain speed and to stop at certain points so that he would have time to get set up for the next shot. As the trekkers

made ready to move, he had perched himself on the top of a truck in front of the "Mormon" theatre on Nauvoo's Main street. A plane was circling overhead waiting for the caravan to start moving so that its occupants could take pictures. The mayor, town marshal and several Illinois highway patrolmen had asked that the caravan travel through the business district and then swing back onto the road that led down to the "flats" past Joseph Smith's Mansion House, Nauvoo House, and thence onto the river highway.

Across the river the people of Keokuk and Montrose were waiting by the hundreds to greet the Mormon trek.

As per instructions, the sound truck was driven to the center of the camp by Harry N. Poll. Then By Openshaw's resonant voice was heard reminding the trekkers to climb into their vehicles and get ready to depart. "All right," he called out, "Car No 1 start your motor and drive onto the street. Car No. 2 get ready." Wendell Ashton and Jim Cannon had slid into the front seat of Wendell's gray-green '46 Ford—Car No.1. Camp commander Ashton reached for his car keys. Not in that pocket. He probed into his other trouser side pocket. Not there. "Jim, have you got that extra set of keys I gave you when we left Salt Lake?"

"No, Wendell, don't you remember my giving them to you yesterday so you could get into the trunk?"

President Ashton's hand was thrust into one back pocket, then



Top left: The planting of the first blue spruce at Nauvoo took place Tuesday morning, with (l. to r.) Pres. Haymond, Wm. Flanigan, W. J. Ashton, Mayor Horton, Elder Kimball, Willard Smith and W. E. Nelson participating. Bottom: Trekkers on their way as the caravan starts rolling from Nauvoo business district to the Nauvoo "flats."—Photo, Quincy Herald Whig.

the other. Still no key. He clapped both hands to the pockets of his pioneer shirt. Then he dug down inside. Where could those keys be? The thousands waited for the trek to start moving. Trekkers were gunning their motors, wondering why Car No. 1 hadn't started.

"I'll go over to where we were parked yesterday and see if the keys are on the ground," Jim called over his shoulder as he raced across the softball diamond.

Prespiration was standing out on Brother Ashton's forehead (he claimed afterward it was blood) as the highway patrolmen and a few trekkers gathered around to learn the cause of the delay. Wendell had given all his pockets another thorough searching, as well as every other possible hiding place. Then, under the stress of the moment, he remembered that his keys were in the pocket of the shirt he had worn the day before. That shirt was in the trunk. Jim was back from his unsuccessful search, so he hurried around and gave the trunk handle a jerk. Locked. Then the advice began to flow through the windows.

"Pull off the ignition wires and put them together. Then you can start the motor."

"That won't do any good—these Fords are made so that the steering wheel is locked by the ignition key. He wouldn't be able to drive anyway."

From another one: "Pull the back of the rear seat down. You can get into the trunk that way."

That discouraging voice again. "Nope, these Fords have steel girders between the back seat and

the trunk. You wouldn't be able to get through."

Visions of a long delay passed through Brother Ashton's tormented mind as he calculated the time it would take to make an ignition key. All those wonderful plans would go askew with this little tragedy!

While the fretting was going on about what to do, one highway patrolmen slipped around to the trunk, grabbed the handle, gave it a quick twist and the door came up as if by magic. Yesterday's shirt was found and the key was there.

At last the caravan could start!

One of the more conscientious trekkers, Paul Tanner, had lingered a little longer at his job of camp sanitation to make sure that no one would accuse the Mormons of being unclean. When he finished his task he started looking for Car 24—his car—but found that it had already left. The stop down the street, he thought, and I can catch my companion then.

As several more wagons left the temple lot, Bro. Tanner began to get worried, so he started running. The cars kept moving and he was almost at the rear of the caravan so he hopped aboard one of the wagons, and then proceeded to go forward from one to the other each time that the caravan slowed up. By the time he could see No. 24 ahead of him, he suddenly realized that the cars had simply gone around several city blocks and were right back at the temple lot again! To climax the experience, Brother Tanner, skinned his shins as he climbed through the car window.

Many tears were seen to be

shed that morning, both by trekkers and townspeople as the caravan proceeded along the highway leading out of town. It had been a thrilling three days in which many friendships had been made with the kindly people of Nauvoo and the surrounding towns.

It was the beginning—the trekkers were soon to learn—of a continual parade. People were lining both sides of the road as the caravan moved along. Automobiles had arrived at certain vantage points on the highway so that the occupants could get a better look and shoot their pictures.

Obediently, the trek came to a stop so that the movie men could race ahead and get their pictures. In addition to the Fox Movietone News man, there were others: Sullivan Richardson, a trekker who had arranged to take colored movies of the whole trip, Dr. Marcus Bach of the University of Iowa, and a group from Minneapolis who represented an educational film concern. The camp still photographer, Bishop W. Claudell Johnson, was with Brother Richardson on his war surplus weapons carrier.

The highway patrol car led the caravan along the curves of the river highway for several miles and then made a right turn on to the Keokuk bridge. There was no toll charge for trekkers, and the caravan crossed the broad Mississippi. The patrol car stopped at the Iowa side where hundreds jammed the sidewalks of the bridge. Ralph G. Smith, captain of the guard, and the Illinois highway officer climbed out

of the patrol car to announce that this was where the Iowa state police took over. Behind the patrol car was the maroon Mercury in which Nauvoo's mayor and marshal were riding. They dropped back to Car No. 1 and photographed the plywood oxen.

Keokuk's mayor, chamber of commerce executives and newsmen extended an official greeting to the trek through Wendell Ashton. The trek then moved through the streets of Keokuk's business district and turned right in the center of town to take the Iowa river road to Montrose.

The caravan was about an hour late on its careful schedule.

One of the finest news-pictures of the entire trek was taken by the Des Moines Register-Tribune photographer from atop a building at Montrose, looking down on the covered wagons which were parked near the river's edge at a spot set aside for the short program at Montrose. The fresh white canvas tops and the oxen were surprisingly true to life in that picture.

Again, the trekkers were greeted by hundreds of onlookers. Harry Poll's sound truck was all ready for the program to begin. A microphone had been extended out to a grassy spot under the trees. Wendell Ashton greeted the people, and the men's chorus, led by George Lloyd, sang an opening number. Montrose Mayor L. W. Deerfield was presented with a model replica of a Mormon covered wagon as a memento of the trek. He, in turn, gave a cordial greeting to the caravan on behalf of the citizens of Montrose.

Judge Jesse P. Rich of Logan delivered the main address. He

told of many of the historic incidents in which Montrose played such an important part, and gave some of the background leading up to the exodus from Nauvoo in February of 1846. He reminded the citizens that it was there in Montrose that Joseph Smith had prophesied, on August 8, 1842, that the Saints would go west to the Rocky Mountains and there become "a mighty people."

Elder Kimball gave the first of many extemporaneous short speeches. His remarks brought forth the same interested, friendly reaction from his audience that his previous night's speech had done.

T. Earl Sessions of Bountiful tells of the interesting remarks of an elderly gentleman, Mr. Fred Norton, during the stop at Montrose:

1. He was an old man of 82 years, but he remembered well the stories his father told him. He knew the man who shot the Prophet, and told me that immediately after that shooting the man went stone blind, never again to look upon a human face.

2. So far as he knew the Mississippi has never been frozen over except that winter of 1846; but then the ice was heavy enough to hold up the wagons for the Saints to cross. As soon as the last wagon had crossed over, the ice began to crack and break, and was seen floating down the river, leaving the enemy on the Nauvoo side.

3. When the Mormons were encamped across the river in Nauvoo, they were short of food and did not know how to obtain any. But they went to the Lord in prayer, asking for assistance in obtaining the necessities. Before long, wild game, such as rabbits and game birds, came into the vicinity so plentifully that the Saints had no reason to leave camp for meat.

These stories were so unusual that I called President Horace P. Beesley to hear them, and Mr. Norton repeated them to him almost word for word as he had told them to me.

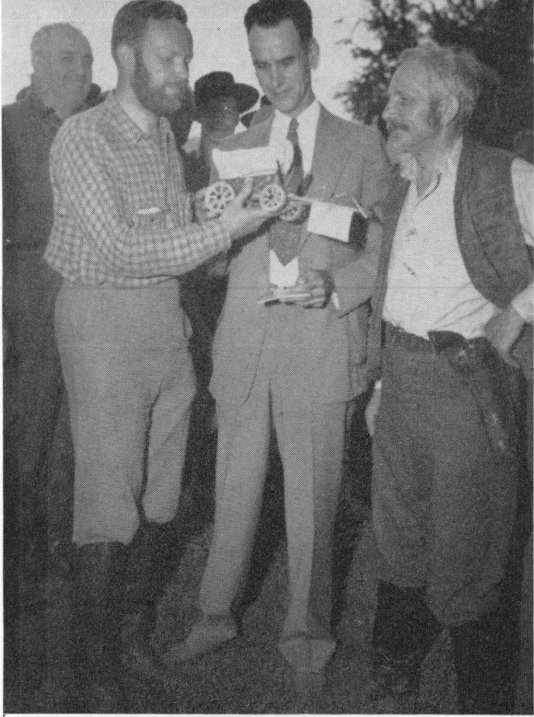
As the trekkers looked across the river to Nauvoo, it was easy to imagine seeing the spire of the sacred Temple, and feel the loneliness the Saints must have felt 101 years ago as they looked back for the last time on their beloved city across the ice-packed river.

* * *

Centerville, Iowa, had been informed that the caravan would arrive at 11:30 a.m., so, after the brief program, the trekkers hurried back to their cars, mindful that a fast pace was essential to meet the schedule. Centerville was 93 miles away.

The Iowa state patrolman was asked to lead off and keep about a 40 mile an hour pace. Caravaners hadn't reckoned with the combination of the rolling hills of Iowa, the summer heat, and the heavy pull of the canvas tops. It wasn't very many miles before most of the cars began to overheat. It was not known how many of the cars in the rear had dropped back to cool off. Car No. 1 was the first car in the lead group to pull off the road into a service station, however. Instructions were given to Willard Smith to conduct the program at Centerville in case Wendell Ashton's car was delayed. Cars were then waved on, but a full dozen followed Car 1 into the service stations at that point for water. It was also noted that the wagon tops caused the cars to use more gasoline per mile than had been planned. It looked like the gasoline stops had been set too far apart in view of this new development.

That stop was the first in a series of events that broke up the caravan considerably the first



Top left: Inset: Parley Giles, Mayor L. W. Deerfield and Judge J. P. Rich inspect the covered wagon model presented as a memento to Mayor Deerfield. Bottom: New white wagon tops provide picturesque setting for the crowd assembled on the banks of the Mississippi for a short program at Montrose.—Photo, Des Moines Register.

day. At almost every little town or service station at least one of the covered wagons would be receiving "treatment."

"I'm glad we arranged for Golden Webb, the trek mechanic, to be at the rear of the caravan," President Ashton said. A few miles later, Brother Ashton's car refused to go any farther. The engine was badly overheated.

"I'll hitchhike into Bloomfield for help," Brother Cannon said, as he slid his long frame between the car and the wagon box. "You stay here, Wendell, and maybe Brother Webb will come along and get you started. If so, I'll meet you in Bloomfield."

Lee Nebeker's Nash coughed and almost died as it stopped to pick up Brother Cannon on his way to Bloomfield. It started up again and, although suffering from recurring convulsions, made good time along the highway. George Woodbury was riding with Brother Nebeker. Ray Alston had been in the car, too, until motor trouble had caused a stop a few miles back. Brother Alston, scheduled to speak at Locust Creek, feared that he would be delayed, so he too hitched a ride in one of the more reliable vehicles.

In the morning stress, Brother Alston hadn't been informed that his speech was to be delayed until the pause at Mount Pisgah on the morrow.

No mechanic was immediately available in Bloomfield, but one promised to make the trip back to the stricken Ashton car at 1 p.m. Brother Cannon lounged on a steel bench while curious children gathered around to study this black-hatted, black-booted specimen from the West. Just as the

mechanic and Brother Cannon were getting ready to start back, Brother Ashton drew up to the semaphore in front of the service garage. Brother Cannon hailed him, thanked the mechanic and rejoined his companion. Brother Webb, it was learned, had caught up with the Ashton vehicle, discovered the trouble and had it repaired in a short time.

Lunches in paper sacks had been passed out to trekkers at breakfast so that no stop had to be made to set up a camp kitchen.

A few miles later Ashton and Cannon saw a Ford coupe stopped up ahead with debris from the wagon top strewn on both sides of the road for about 60 feet in back of it. Car No. 65—passengers John W. Boud and James H. Lyman—had crashed into the guard rail on one side of the highway when the driver, Brother Lyman, had joined Brother Boud in sleep. Both were rudely awakened by the crash, which could have been much more serious if it hadn't been for the protection of the wagon box. The trek embellishments were entirely demolished, but the car itself suffered only a dent or two.

Once again Wendell Ashton suffered with the thought that if this first day's incidents were to be repeated for the next eight, the carefully planned trek indeed might be a debacle.

The accident was turned into a very useful purpose, however. Brother Boud's car became a "scout" car, and for the rest of the trip performed every conceivable errand for the trek executives as well as for the trekkers themselves. Among the sundry items picked up by Brother Boud for the trekkers were firecrackers.

Top: A refreshing welcome was given trekkers by citizens of Corydon, as shown by Conoco attendants standing ready to distribute free soda pop. Bottom: Sullivan Richardsen prepares to dive from the board at the swimming pool in Centerville. Staging their own bathing beauty review are B. S. Young, J. Howells, W. J. Fox, A. Maw, G. Bullock and H. Jacobs. S. R. Fox in the pool.



mosquito repellent, candy bars, chewing gum, steer skulls and old wagon wheels. Boud's and Lyman's inherent artistry was exhibited by the transformation of a drab, gray coupe into a dashing scout car with a red wolf's head on each side and at the back, and a rippling American flag on a staff which extended up from the hood. It was so much of a "johnny-on-the-spot" all during the trek that it was declared almost providential that the accident happened.

While these little delays and incidents were happening at the tail end, the main body of the caravan had moved on to Centerville. George A. McClellan, age 85, had the experience here he will never forget.

We were entering the city of Centerville, when a somewhat lengthy delay occurred, which we in the rear had no explanation for. Through curiosity and perhaps a little impatience, some of us, who didn't have the responsibility of driving, decided to investigate. Getting out of the wagons, we started walking toward the front, each by himself and on his own responsibility. I had walked some distance when the word was passed along the line that the lead wagons were moving on. I turned and started back, but saw that those near me were also moving. My job now was to identify and make connections with my wagon, when it came; but, to my consternation, it didn't come.

As the end of the train was getting dangerously near, I ran alongside one of the vehicles and stated my predicament in as few words as possible. The driver gave his thumb a jerk toward the side rail of the wagon box and said, "Hop on." So I hopped. Seizing the firm wagon box I landed on the 2x4 okay. With my booted legs dangling on the outside I rode along, thinking, of course, that it would be only a few blocks to a stopping place where I could again crawl into my hideout.

But, alas! There was no stop. We drove right on through the streets,

thronged with people in close-up order, until we reached the Public Square. We circled the square and then headed out toward the park through streets still lined with spectators.

I fancied I could hear the bystanders saying: "Look at that bewhiskered old duffer out there trying to show off."

The 2x4 seemed to be getting thinner all the time, so I was relieved when we arrived at the park swimming pool. I met my partner there and learned that he had pulled off to fill up with gasoline during the stop a few miles back. That is why I hadn't located him.

When he asked me how I got there, I said, "By rail," and smiled ruefully.

The stopover at Centerville was one of the highlights of the trek. It was one of the finest exhibitions of all-out hospitality and friendliness in a week replete with such exhibitions. A large crowd was there to hear the trek speaker, Raymond L. Kirkham of Los Angeles. Once again stories of local interest were told to acquaint the listeners with the part the Mormons played in southern Iowa settlements. Brother Kirkham interestingly recounted the purposes of this reenactment of the original trek.

Brother Kimball gave a brief inspirational message to the townspeople. Mayor John R. Lavison was presented with a copper serving tray by Willard R. Smith.

After the program the large Centerville swimming pool was turned over to the trekkers. David L. Olsen of the Cache County chapter afterward remarked: "And did we enjoy that swim! And I believe the people of Centerville enjoyed it also. The Centerville boys seemed to get a great deal of joy from ducking us 'grandpas,' as they called us."

The show the trekkers put on for the townspeople must have entertained them if Ralph Mitchell's

Top: Trekkers at evening chow in Garden Grove are apparently enjoying a good joke.



* * *

Top center: Garden Grove receives its blue spruce, with Bill Robinson, Joseph Bennion and Elton Stapley doing the planning. P. D. Nolan and Mayor C. G. Comegys looking on.



* * *

Bottom center: W. J. Ash on presents official trek memento to P. D. Nolan during the evening program. Lorenzo Ha'ch, evening speaker, and Warren Cannon, who offered benediction, are in the background.



* * *

Bottom: Nora Richardson, Ruth Shields, Don Alder and Jay Lyman portray a tragic scene that took place in Garden Grove in 1846 for the 1947 crowd.



description of one scene is any criterion:

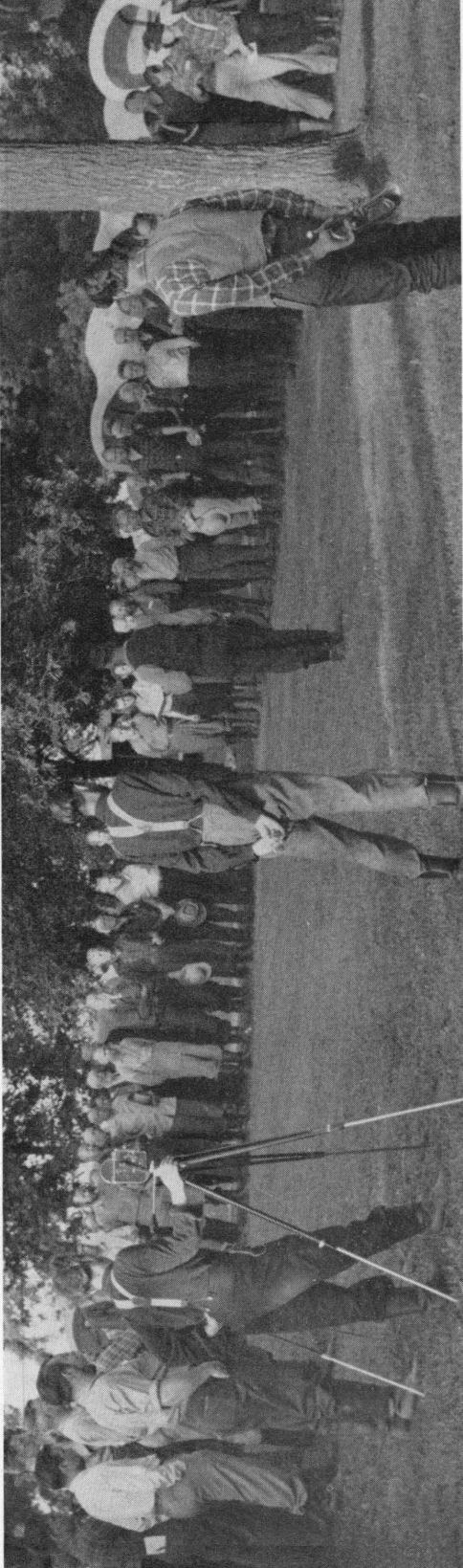
It is a pity that in making up the cast for the Water Follies they overlooked the spectacular form and breath-taking grace of one of our trekkers. Never will I forget the lithe and limber figure of Arza W. Paul as he ascended the ladder of the high diving board at the municipal pool at Centerville. Time after time he would boldly run to the end of the springboard, only to hesitate and outwardly exhibit a sense of great fear. When he repeated this performance enough times that he was certain all eyes were upon him and everyone was whipped into a stage of excitement, he bounded to the end of the board, sprung his 200-pound Olympian figure out through space; in a magnificent arch he floated toward the sparkling pool. As he did so, I caught the vision. With his full-flowing red beard trailing him through the blue, I was aware that I had seen the picture before in my youth. Arza Paul was Halley's comet!

To Heber G. Jacobs of Ogden the region around Centerville held much fascination, for it was here on March 22, 1846, that his father, Henry Chariton Jacobs, was born in a covered wagon. The middle name came from the Chariton river, which is one of the well-known landmarks in that vicinity. Heber's great-grandfather, William Huntington, died there at Centerville in the same year.

Swimming in the cool waters of the Centerville pool was not enjoyed by all the trekkers, however. Marvin Curtis tells how he and Walter A. Kerr, both of Salt Lake City, missed the swimming and went on to another memorable experience.

We had been having trouble with our car overheating. After making several stops for water, etc., we found ourselves way behind the caravan—far enough behind, we thought, that they would have made their stop at Centerville. We also figured that inasmuch as the whole caravan was behind schedule, they probably would not take time for the swim. So we drove straight through the town, planning to catch the caravan some dis-

A morning assembly is conducted by trek leader Ashton. Captain of the guard Ralph G. Smith and bugler Jay Lynman stand at ease . . . the rest of the personnel is very much at ease.



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tance ahead. We drove on and on, but no caravan was in sight. Soon we came to Corydon, Iowa, where we found the streets lined with people, flags flying, etc. We passed through the center of the town to the service station which was scheduled to take care of us. Driving into the station over signs painted on the cement saying, "Welcome, Mormons," we were literally mobbed by station attendants, who took care of everything except brushing our teeth. Newspaper people asked us for interviews and the Rotary Club wanted a speaker. Imagine our surprise to learn that the caravan had not yet been there, and imagine the surprise and dismay of people who had waited several hours to see the caravan when they saw one lone wagon meander into town!

Other wagons soon began to straggle into Corydon. They, too, were impressed with the welcoming signs, the soft drinks and the energetic service at the Conoco filling station. Wendell Ashton called upon Ray E. Dillman of Roosevelt, Utah, to fill the Rotary convention speaking appointment scheduled for that evening. Brother Dillman was picked up at Garden Grove later in the day by Rotarians and taken back to Corydon for his speech. Former candidate for governor of Utah and prominent eastern Utah lawyer, Ray Dillman delivered a stirring address. "I was very impressed with the interest of the group," Brother Dillman said afterwards.

At Corydon, after each car was filled with gas, it was diverted to join the lineup of vehicles parked along the street leading out of town. At least, the drive to Garden Grove would be made in a semblance of order!

The caravan turned off state highway No. 2 at Highpoint and traveled the last five miles on a dirt road to Garden Grove, with its tree-lined main street of fine old homes. Wendell Ashton de-

scribes the sight which greeted the caravanners:

Garden Grove, a little town of about 600 population, was like an Egyptian fair when we entered. Along the main street were the brown tents of carnival concessions. In store windows were large orange posters announcing "Mormon Day." The crank-type telephones in Garden Grove, founded and named by the Saints 101 years before, had no doubt been abuzz all day. The "Day" earlier had included foot races for children, men's potato-peeling contest, hog-calling contest, ladies' husband-calling contest, ladies' nail-driving contest and a pony potato race.

Garden Grove's generous citizens had given us their best for a camp ground: the shaded lawn of the town park.

Before our program, attended by an even larger crowd than Nauvoo's, Mayor C. G. Comegys and President P. D. Nolan of the Garden Grove Commercial Club, assisted Bill Robinson and Joseph Bennion in the planting in the park of a Utah blue spruce, our state tree.

The covered wagons could not park in a circle in the small park at Garden Grove, but they took their places between stakes which had been driven into the ground just a few days before by Aldon Anderson, Jim Cannon and Wendell Ashton.

The stage had been built at the north—and lower—portion of the park, thus providing the audience with the benefits of a natural slope upon which to sit and view the program.

William E. Nelson, first vice president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, officiated as master of ceremonies at the evening program, which started, as usual, with the trumpeters' call. Following the invocation, offered by James E. Burns, the trek chorus sang, "The Heavens Are Telling," by Beethoven. Presentator dropped into the already

tions of mementos were made by Brother Ashton, and P. D. Nolan gave a response and a greeting to the trek. Nora P. Richardson sang "The Flag Without a Stain."

Lorenzo H. Hatch, member of the Sugarhouse Sons of Utah Pioneers chapter and principal of the Granite High School in Salt Lake, gave the main address of the evening. His speech painted an accurate, descriptive picture of Garden Grove as it was settled and lived in by the early Saints. He told of their sufferings and great hardships there.

The instrumental duet, with Horace P. Beesley, flutist, and Golden Webb, violinist, which had been so popular on the temple lot at Nauvoo on Sunday, was played again at Garden Grove following Brother Hatch's speech.

Spencer Kimball addressed the large crowd after the duet. Once more Brother Kimball tied together century-old history with present Mormon progress and achievements.

The dramatization, featuring the story of the writing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints," by William Clayton in the part of Iowa in 1846, followed Elder Kimball's speech. As in Nauvoo, Donald Alder played the part of Brigham Young and Jay Lyman played William Clayton. Cast of characters and script will be found in the "Acts" section.

Singing of "Redeemer of Israel" and the benediction by Warren C. Cannon brought the program to an end.

Many of the trekkers visited the carnival district afterwards to see activities at the concessions,

crowded corner drug store for some ice cream or soft drinks.

After his duties were over as commissary chairman, Joseph Bennion had a chance that evening to review the history of his own forebears at Garden Grove. He remembered stories of his great-grandfather, John Bennion, dying there on Sept. 24, 1846, and his father, Hyrum Bennion, being born there Jan. 13, 1847. His grandparents and father arrived in Salt Lake Valley on Oct. 5 1847.

The Second Day— Wednesday, July 26

At the early morning assembly, at which the colors were presented and the morning prayer was given, Elder Kimball commented that "one good brother dropped in on us this morning." It seems that early rising did not necessarily mean that the trekkers were completely awake, for Brother Thomas Child, a large man, had walked between two of the cars that morning and did not see the little pup tent in which Brother and Sister Kimball were sleeping. They were suddenly awakened as the large form "dropped in on them." The ensuing scramble as Brother Child tried to disentangle himself and the Kimballs tried to escape their momentary prison caused a great deal of merriment among on-lookers.

"Brethren," Wendell Ashton addressed the captains at the morning planning session, "we must avoid yesterday's mistakes by maintaining a slower, steadier pace today. We have a full schedule, so we must get an early

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start this morning. Instruct your companies to be ready to leave right after breakfast. How many miles to Council Bluffs, Jim?"

"About 146, but we've got two important pauses before our scheduled arrival in Council Bluffs at 2 p.m.," Brother Cannon answered.

"Yes, we have to go off the main highway near Talmage for our Mount Pisgah stop," Brother Ashton remarked. "Then the city of Red Oak will have the band out for us at 11 a.m. We're really going to be pressed for time."

The Nauvoo car key incident was avoided when Brother Ashton solemnly turned his keys over to his companion, Jim Cannon, and said: "I think you'd better take care of them the rest of the trip."

Byron Opeshaw called for car No. 1 to lead off, and then as it started across the park grass to leave at the opposite end of the camp ground, he sounded a warn-

ing for the other cars to start their motors.

Just as the Ashton wagon reached the edge of the park, a muffled explosion was heard, followed by smoke and a hissing noise from the engine of the car.

"Turn off the motor!" Jim gasped.

As Wendell flipped off the ignition, laughter was heard from all sides as someone said, "It's only a toy time-bomb."

"It looks like the work of three ex-Maori boys," Brother Cannon said, "namely, Dick Lambert, George Biesinger and Dave Evans." Former New Zealand missionaries, the three quickly became known for their love of fun and ingenious stunts.

Parley P. Giles, camp historian, had gone on ahead, so that he could locate the old Mormon cemetery near Garden Grove. Due to lack of time no stop was made, but Brother Giles stood at the spot to identify it as the cara-



Dorothy Kimball Keddington smiles as the group waits eagerly for her rendition of "The Lord's Prayer" at Mt. Pisgah. Harold H. Jenson, speaker, stands near the microphone.—Photo Creston News Advertiser.



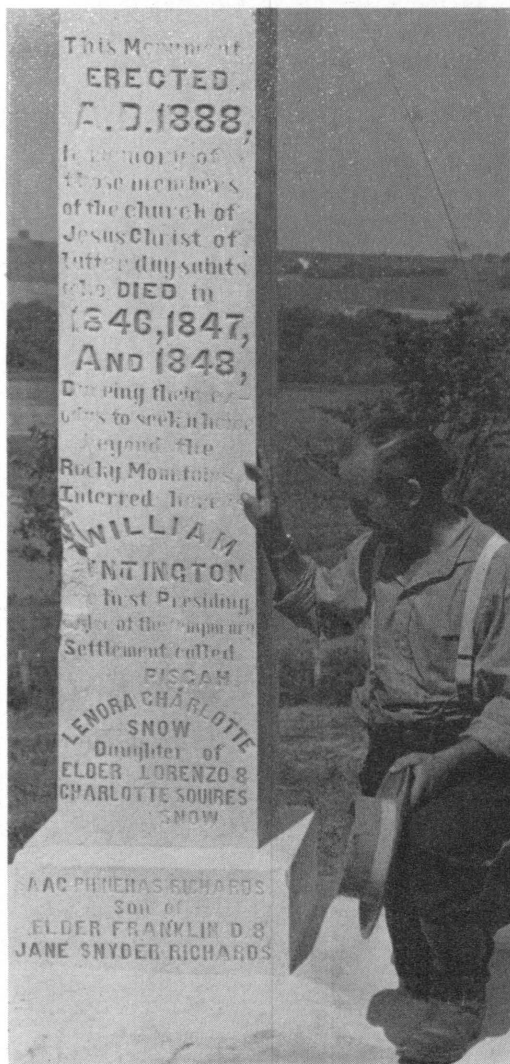
Part of the day's work—posing for pictures around historical monuments. This scene is at Mount Pisgah and trekkers look pleasantly into the camera.—Photo, Des Moines Register.

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van moved by so that members would know where the valiant Saints had been buried.

Dust choked trekkers for nearly 20 miles before they arrived on macadamized road once more.

By the time the last car had left the dirt road the first car had turned off the highway onto another dirt road which would take the caravan to Mt. Pisgah. The length of the train was once more



Top: The caravan comes to rest as wagons line up near city park at Red Oak for a short program. Bottom: Wendell J. Ashton addresses the audience at Council Bluffs. Giving their moral support to the speaker are . . . Radio executive (not identified) . . . Bro. Kimball, Earl Paul and Mayor Phil S. Minner.

Heber Jacobs kneels to read an inscription concerning one of his pioneer forebears.—
Photo, Creston News Advertiser.

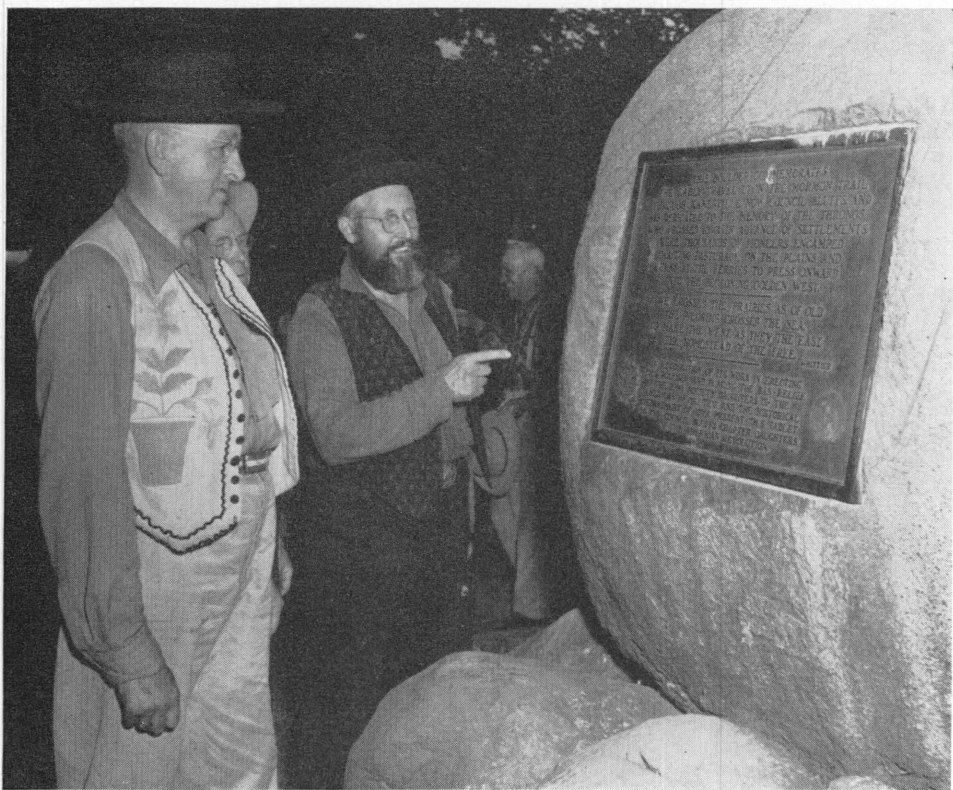
a source of wonderment to the passengers of the first cars of the group when they had to park hundreds of yards north of the Mt. Pisgah monument and then walk back along the little farm road to join the others for the program.

Wendell Ashton described Mt. Pisgah as "Nothing more than a mute granite shaft in a sylvan Iowa setting atop a small hill."

Even at this little unknown spot many interested people had gathered. Representatives of the Creston chamber of commerce and the News-Advertiser were there to extend somewhat of an official greeting.

The Iowa countryside was never prettier as the trekkers found places to stand or sit in the high grass of a shady portion of the monument ground.

Only the birds could be heard in the distance as Dorothy Kimball Keddington, with her lovely soprano voice, sang, "Our Father, Which Art in Heaven, Hallowed Be Thy Name." Trekkers' hats had already been removed, and as Sister Keddington sang the glorious music an overpowering reverence held the group to the last note. Many afterwards voiced the thought that that moment was the most soul-stirring



Hyrum J. Richards points out tribute to Mormon pioneers inscribed on plaque at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The large boulder commemorates settlement work accomplished by pioneers. Alvin Keddington and unidentified trekker (in the center) study inscription.

of any trek incident.

"The Lord's Prayer" was undoubtedly the song of hope to the 150 Saints who had died there a little over a century ago.

Another high point of the program was when Ed Bray of the Creston chamber of commerce presented the Sons of Utah Pioneers with a walnut segment of the Mormon fence that had once stood there. He in turn was given a trek memento—a serving tray made with Utah copper.

The son of the man who had written more history than any other Latter-day Saint delivered the main address there. Harold H. Jenson, son of Andrew Jenson, the late assistant church historian, gave a brief history of this once important Mormon settlement.

Ray L. Alston, a member of the SUP executive board, gave his Locust Creek speech, which was supposed to have been given the day before at Centerville. Brother Alston gave additional details on the outstanding event at Locust Creek—the writing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints," by William Clayton.

Elder Kimball's well of interesting information never ran dry as he spoke at each of the stops. The local farm people and the Creston citizens were signally impressed by the sincerity of his remarks.

"All right, everybody, gather around the monument for a picture," Sullivan Richardson shouted. He had them place themselves so that everyone's face could be seen. Then the photographers had a field day.

It was one of those almost necessary pauses, but time was fast slipping away. By the time everyone had refreshed himself with a

cooling drink from a nearby farmer's well and made the long trip back to his car, the carefully planned schedule was a thing of the past.

Lorenzo H. Hatch was a real minute man Wednesday morning when he was asked to leave Mt. Pisgah early to speak at radio station KSIB in Creston, according to William C. Smith, his companion. Brother Smith points out that, at Brother Hatch's suggestion, the radio announcer used a question and answer technique to make it more enjoyable for the listeners. Not only that, Brother Hatch sat down and wrote out the questions to bring out the dramatic story of the exodus of 1846, the migration, the development of the west, and the purpose and route of the 1947 reenactment.

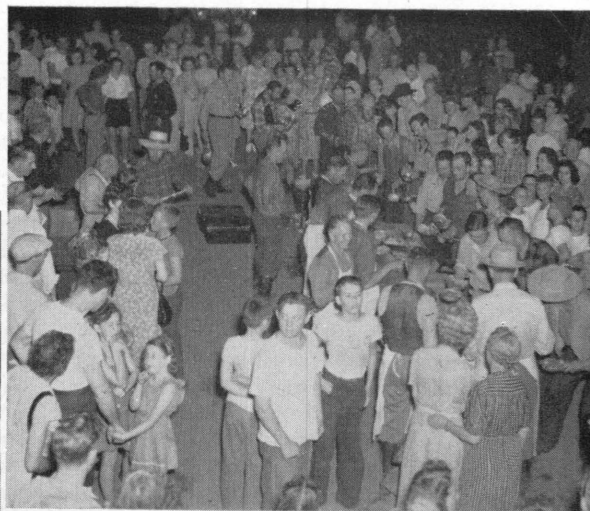
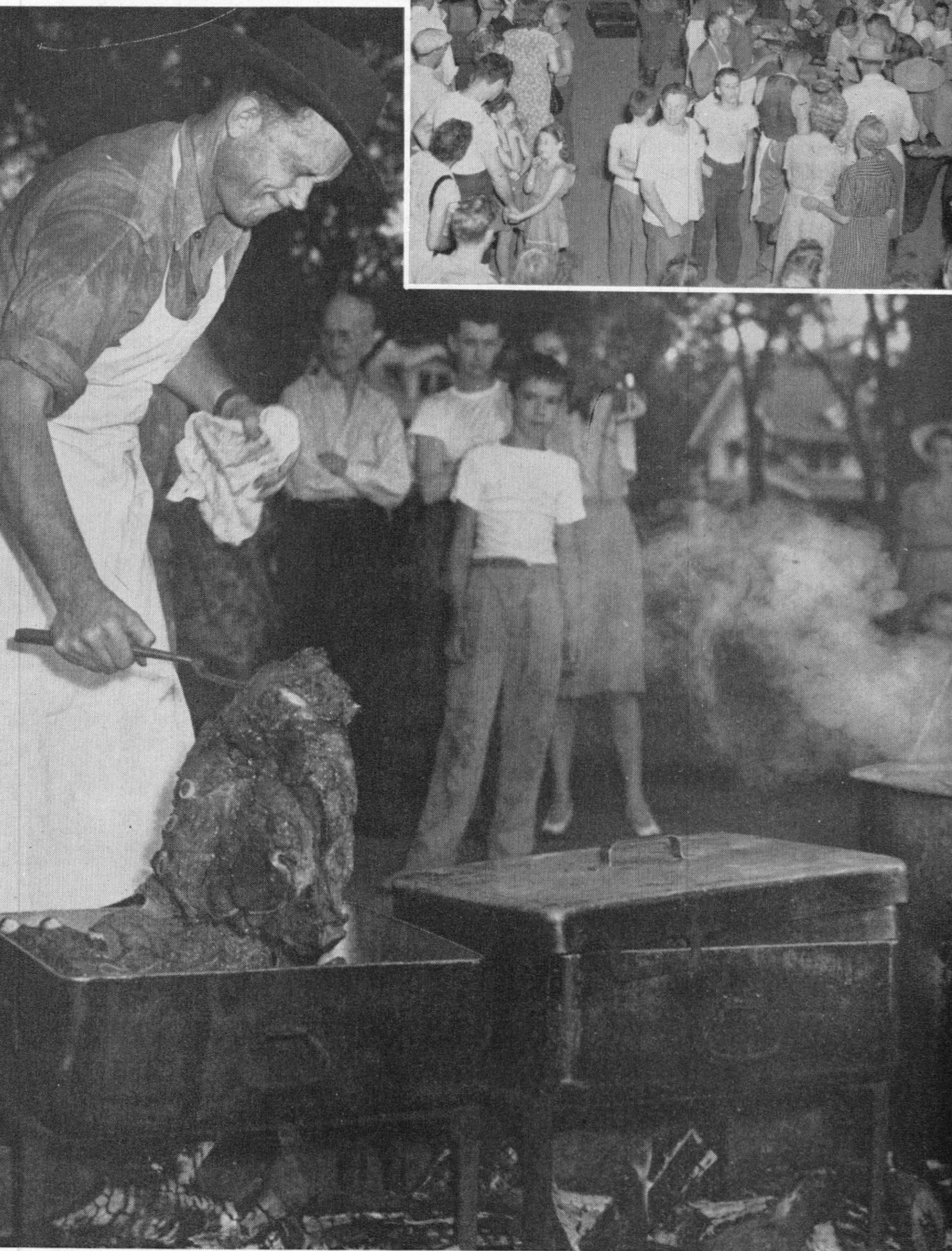
Hundreds of interested Red Oak citizens were still waiting when the trek pulled in two hours late. The band had been mustered out after waiting an hour for the Mormons to come, but the greeting was enthusiastic nevertheless.

As Myrl Norr of Deweyville, Utah, was climbing out of his car an old colored man came shuffling along between the cars mumbling to himself: "I'se 70 years old. I'se never seen anything like this in all my life. I'se waited a long time to see my kind of people." He proceeded along, touching each wagon reverently as he passed.

Mayor Horace S. Cloud of Red Oak extended a warm greeting and the townspeople clustered around the microphone to hear Dr. Lorin L. Richards tell the story of 1846 incidents in western Iowa. Dr. Richards recounted

Right inset: *Trekkers* fight for their right to dine while interested Omahans crowd about them. Bottom: Chef Bill Robinson turns a savory buffalo roast as a curious and hungry crowd watches.

Phonto, Omaha World Herald



events leading up to the exodus from Nauvoo to provide background for his remarks on local history as affected by the Mormon migration.

Dr. Richards, a dentist of Sugarhouse, was the "chauffeur," with Joseph McEwan of Brother and Sister Kimball. He has since expressed appreciation to Brother Kimball for his profound spiritual influence. Dr. Richards mentions that between towns "Brother Kimball would be studying for his next talk. His preparation was spent in trying to understand the people and say the thing that would influence their lives for good and be a credit to the church."

* * *

"The people of Iowa are too good to us," the Associated Press quoted Wendell Ashton all over the country; "we find it hard to break away on time."

As the caravan continued toward Council Bluffs, President Ashton recalled that buffalo meat was on the menu at Omaha that evening, so he signalled John Boud in his scout car to inform the commissary trucks to go ahead and start the buffalo meat a-cooking.

Still two hours behind schedule, the caravan pulled into historic Council Bluffs, passing along its brick-paved streets to the city park. Here again, hundreds were waiting patiently to see the covered wagons and look at these costumed descendants of the Mormon settlers who had once called the town Kanessville.

Mayor Phil Minner of Council Bluffs, one of the most gracious city officials to greet the trek, was the only one who didn't receive his memento on time. Brother

Boud's car, which had crossed the bridge over the Missouri river to Omaha to prepare things there, had the Mormon Battalion bookends which were to be given to Mayor Minner. He was invited to attend the Omaha program that night to receive his gift.

Exactly 101 years to the day that Mormon pioneer Arza E. Hinckley had enlisted in the Mormon Battalion at Council Bluffs, his grandson, Earl S. Paul, addressed the people of that city via electrical transcription, which had been made when he addressed the large gathering of people at the park.

President Paul described the mustering of the Mormon Battalion; the meeting of the Mormons with Col. Thomas L. Kane, from whom Council Bluffs' original name of "Kanesville" came; and the sustaining vote given there by the church membership to Brigham Young as president of the Church.

Wallace P. Johnson of Salt Lake describes the effect of the program on one listener:

When our program was over a prominent, well-dressed citizen asked me if he could take my arm and walk to where my car was located. He said, "Today something has happened to me. Those marvelous speakers of yours, and your leader (Elder Kimball) have proven to me that you have something that I have not. I have been a very selfish man to my family and my community. From this time on I am going to change. I'm coming to Utah to learn more of your ways, and I hope I will be a much better father and citizen."

Unlike the crossing of the Mississippi the morning before when the toll charges were waived, the Ak-Sar-Ben Bridge Association levied the regular toll charge for each vehicle. To save time the lead car paid a lump sum so that all the cars could pass through

and over to the Nebraska side of the Missouri river.

Omaha motorcycle police met the caravan and then set an exasperatingly slow pace through the back streets of the town and north to Miller Park. The business men and women had gone home by the time the caravan arrived, and very few Omahans saw the covered wagons as they followed the siren-less motorcycle to the camp ground in the city park.

But it was a different story at the park. Thousands of curious people came to inspect the covered wagons and watch buffalo meat being prepared. Dozens of them had their first taste of bison that night.

Bill Robinson had to use all the tricks of his trade to accomplish in two hours what should have taken four hours with that tough buffalo meat. As he made it ready to serve, Brother Robinson commented, "I wish I'd had time to make it more tender."

Bill tells the story of one indignant woman saying that she had driven 32 miles to taste the buffalo meat because she had heard over the radio that it was being served at Miller Park. Bill obligingly gave her a piece of buffalo meat to satisfy her. Other trekkers had similar experiences.

Vernon A. Black of Kanab and William C. Smith of Lehi had trouble in saving the meat for the hungry trekkers from the hungry Omahans. Bro. Smith describes it this way:

I'll always be glad I was K.P. at Omaha. It had been advertised that we would eat buffalo meat for supper that night. No sooner had the camp kitchen been set up than visitors began to gather around. They wanted to taste that buffalo meat and see it cooked. They crowded around until the cooking staff

could not work. Repeatedly they were requested to move back, and as often crowded back in again. When the cook laid the roast on the table, boys, leaning on elbows on the table, asked: "Can I have a taste of buffalo meat?" Many of them could. The cook cut off little pieces and passed them out on the point of his carving knife. One well-dressed lady was among the first to come up. No matter how the crowd surged forward and back, she was always in the front line. She was a little more shy about asking for a taste, but didn't leave until she had it. It was actually necessary to ask the police to make an opening for the trekkers to pass through to get served.

A unique method of doing missionary work was used by Lee Nebeker when he gave up two buffalo steaks during the course of the dinner to have gospel conversations.

"Talk about commemoration of 1847 events," Brother David Olsen of Logan said afterwards. "My buffalo meat was tough enough to be 100 years old."

Aldon Anderson's buffalo steak had one bite out of it when a woman asked him for a taste. She took a bite and then passed it on to the next person, and so on down the line until consumed.

The crowd finally became so unmanageable Brother Ashton requested that they go over to the program area on the west side of the park road rather than crowd around the dining trekkers.

Even then most of the crowd simply moved over by the wagons to see what was going on with the trekkers who had not yet got to the mess line.

Heber Jacobs tells of sliding down between the oxen, stripping to the waist and washing. Two cameramen began taking pictures. He asked them to please leave. They did. Soon he heard a camera again. He looked over the oxen and right down his neck was

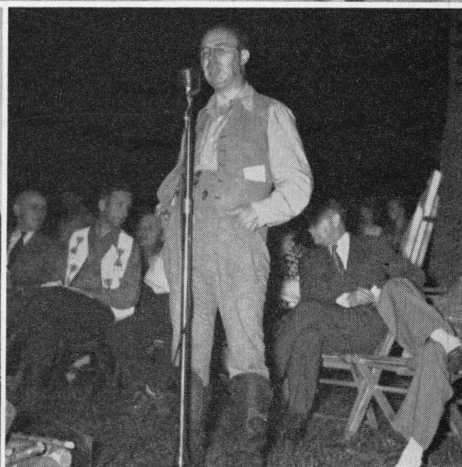
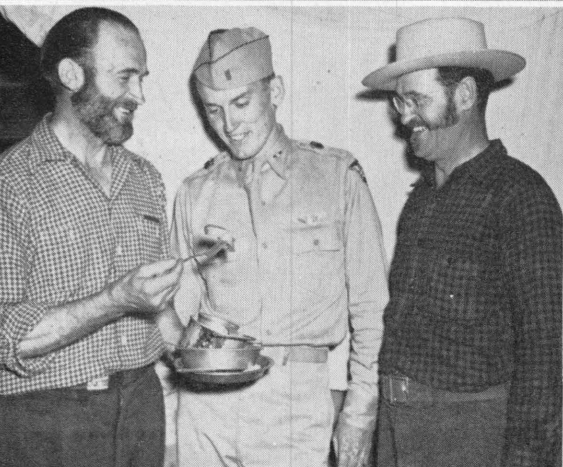
CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

a high-powered movie camera clicking away.

Many others performed their ablutions for audiences who

wanted to see even the more personal aspects of trekkers' lives.

One lady of at least 60 years, according to Alma L. Riggs, Jr.,

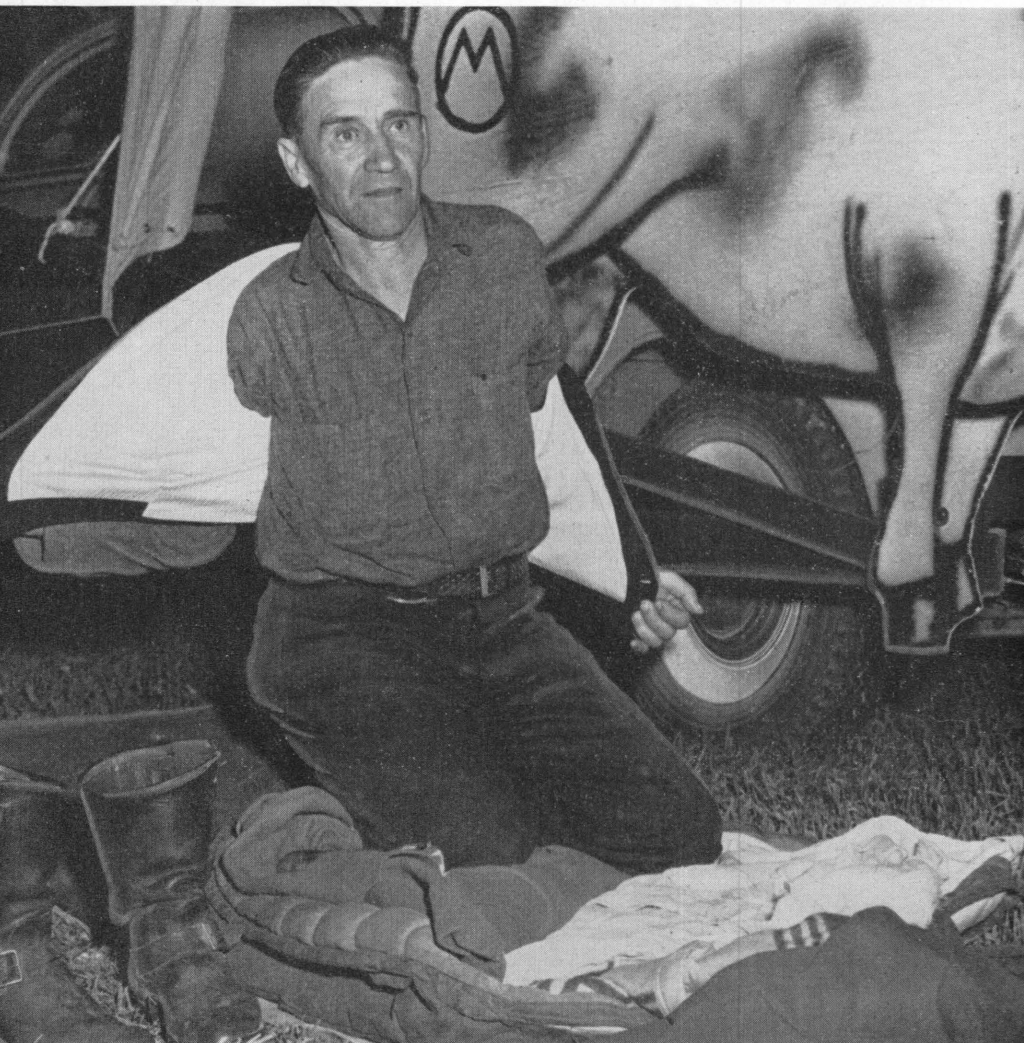


Top: The nightly circle is formed by wagons when they stop to camp for the night at Miller Park, Omaha, Neb. Bottom left: Acel Richardsen and Wm. E. Nelson laughingly offer some buffalo meat to Lt. John Rawson to help "strengthen" him for the next day's jet plane flight to Salt Lake. Bottom right: Elbert Curtis, former president of the Western States Mission, is at home addressing the large crowd in Omaha, Neb.—Omaha World-Herald.

of Logan, approached Desmond Anderson and asked him quietly how many wives he had. Turning to the lady, Brother Anderson replied, "For 25 years I have been trying to find me one wife and can't. Do you think maybe I could find one here?" The lady,

with a rather trapped look on her face, looked around quickly as if trying to find a way to escape and answered, "I must be on my way."

A. Alonzo Savage of Hyrum tells of another personal question:



Alvin Norr faces a 4½-hour night's rest on the hard ground with the optimism of an early day pioneer.—Photo, Omaha World-Herald.

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A woman holding the hand of a small boy approached me and asked, 'Are those real beards you men are wearing or just false ones you put on when you come into cities?'

I told her they were real and that I had begun to grow mine last March.

"Honest?" she asked.

"Sure, see if you can pull mine off."

She took a thumb-and-finger hold and gave it a stiff pull. It didn't come off. Her face changed color and she walked away without any comment.

The stage, which had been kindly prepared by the Omaha parks department, was not large enough to handle the scenery for the dramatic presentation, so Francis Urry had selected a natural background of trees and a platform of grass for his stage. Here the folding chairs were lined up for guests and program

participants for the first part of the entertainment.

After the invocation by President Francis A. Child of the Western States L.D.S. Mission and the singing of "O Say, What Is Truth?" by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, Elbert R. Curtis spoke on the subject, "Winter Quarters."

Brother Curtis, former president of the Western States Mission, drew from his extensive knowledge of the history of Omaha and Florence, known in early days as Winter Quarters, to present a graphic, stirring story of the tragic events of 1846-47.

In the fall of 1846 nearly a thousand homes were built by the Saints at Winter Quarters. Some



Lieut. John Rawson climbs out of the U. S. Army jet plane, "Mormon Trail Blazer" at Hill Field, Utah, after he had blazed across the plains from Omaha in two hours and three minutes.

were of dirt, some of logs. Chimneys were made of sod cut in the form of bricks. Some roofs were covered with mud, and others with shingles or oak shakes fashioned with weight poles.

The snows and winds were heavy that first winter. Sickness and suffering prevailed in almost every crude home. Three hundred refugees died there during the winter. About 300 more were laid to rest in subsequent seasons.

Following Brother Curtis' speech, Dorothy Kimball Keddington, dressed in her finest sat-in pioneer gown, sang "The Lord's Prayer." Presentations of mementos were then made to James S. Pittenger, representing Nebraska's governor, Val Peterson, who was in Salt Lake attending the governors' conference, and Mayor Phil Minner of Council Bluffs, and Mayor Charles W. Leeman's representative of the city of Omaha.

Lieut. John K. Rawson, a California Mormon, and Army flier, was introduced to the audience by Wendell Ashton, master of ceremonies, as being the pilot of the jet plane, "Mormon Trail Blazer," which was to leave Omaha the next morning at 7 a.m. and fly over the Mormon trail to Salt Lake City. The next morning it took Lieut. Rawson 2 hours and 3 minutes to fly the distance which took the first pioneer company 111 days to travel.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus then appropriately sang "See the Mighty Angel Flying."

Elder Spencer Kimball gave the main address of the evening. Omaha was of great significance to him, he pointed out, because his grandfather, Heber C. Kim-

ball, was the one who led out on the push west by taking six of his teams on April 5, 1847, equipped for the long journey and moved four miles west of Winter Quarters.

That was the beginning of the movement of the first company of Pioneers, including 143 men, three women and two boys, to the Rocky Mountains. Approximately 80,000 others—some riding in wagons, others pushing and pulling handcarts, some on horseback and many walking—followed them in an exodus that has been acclaimed one of the greatest in history.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," before the drama was presented.

The first, and only, trouble with the power unit happened at Omaha. It is a tribute to the ingenuity of the dramatic personnel that the presentation was as entertaining as it was. Constantly, during the course of the drama, there were interruptions due to fading lights and occasionally a complete blackout.

Four thousand Omahans sat through the numerous delays to get the vivid story as told by the actors. It was the most effective means of presenting Mormon history to both children and adults. The unusually fine script will be found in "Acts."

The program ended after 11 p.m. with the singing of "America" by the audience and the benediction by Lanell M. Lunt of Cedar City.

Cooperation of police was requested to clear the camp area of stragglers so that the tired trekkers could get a few hours sleep before their 285-mile drive on the



Top: The morning breaks and haggard trekkers gather in solemn tribute around the Winter Quarters monument plaque which records names of Saints who died there.—Photo, Omaha World-Herald. Bottom: Greatly impressed with the sculpturing of Avard Fairbanks and cognizant of the inspiration back of it, trekkers study the figures reverently.—Photo, Omaha World-Herald

morrow to North Platte. Before retiring, camp personnel were notified that reveille would be sounded at 4 a.m. so that the caravan could get an early start. First move would be to the Winter Quarters cemetery, a few blocks to the north in Florence, a suburb of Omaha. However, the other two scheduled stops at Elkhorn Crossing and Richland were canceled so that the caravan could arrive at its important 1 p.m. stop at Grand Island.

The trekkers had just bedded down for the night, most of them with no tents to cover them, when rain started to fall in abundance. "Almost with one accord," Willard Smith describes it, "the whole camp arose and fled to their automobiles with white underwear flapping in the breeze."

In spite of the discomfort it caused some of the trekkers, the rain turned out to be a benediction the next morning when it relieved the excessive heat and made traveling more pleasant.

☆☆☆☆

Third Day—Thursday, July 17

At the early morning meeting of the trekkers, Wendell Ashton expressed concern over the possibilities of fatigue overcoming some of the drivers on the day's long journey.

"We have 100 miles more to travel today than any other day on the trek," Brother Ashton commented. "We must warn the drivers to let their companions drive as soon as they feel the least bit drowsy."

Two other preventives were prescribed to the assemblage following the captains' meeting. Dr. Stocks, the camp physician, told

of the proper way of taking sleep-preventing tablets. John Boud advised each car to watch the car ahead for signs of driver weariness, and to honk if the car started to weave.

The energetic people of Florence had large signs across the street and in the store windows to greet the travelers. One man had been designated to set off fireworks in the park just east of the Mormon cemetery as the cars approached. Trekkers will never forget the early-morning demonstration of goodwill put on by citizens of Florence.

In the morning mist the trekkers gathered around the monument sculptured by Avard Fairbanks and erected by the Church in 1936. They looked up reverently at the heroic figures of the father and mother who stood with bowed heads over the open grave of their little baby. The ground upon which the trekkers walked, now covered with grass, trees and lovely shrubs, was the exact locality of Winter Quarters, scene of tragedy. Many trek members pointed out names of ancestors engraved in bronze on the plaque a few feet south of the statue who were among the 600 that had perished there.

Valuable traveling time was fleeting, so the trekkers hurried back to their wagons and the caravan started rolling. Out the tree-shrouded Dodge Boulevard the cars traveled. Business people waiting for buses that morning got a rare treat as the unique parade passed by. Past beautiful residences of Omaha's well-to-do, past Omaha University, past resplendent Boys' Town the caravan traveled. At the city limits the state highway patrolman took



Top: A real sweetheart and a bit of a pioneer herself, Dorothy Kimball Keddington smiles at the Grand Island spectators as she waits for her cue to sing "Pioneer Sweetheart."—Photo, Jack Bailey, Grand Island, Neb. Bottom: While oxen are "put out to pasture" in a service station, drivers of the teams refresh themselves with soft drinks.—Photo, Jack Bailey, Grand Island, Neb.

over the lead from the Omaha city police.

The Utah farmers in the group were astounded by productivity of the flat Nebraska land. "It's too bad they don't have some of our problems," many of them commented. The farm animals were as impressed with the caravan as the caravaners were impressed with the farm animals. Here is what Ralph Mitchell says about it:

A tribute should be paid to the artisans who created the plywood oxen. They were so lifelike that several times along the way, as my traveling companion, Alex Malan, will testify, we inspired a more than casual interest on the part of real, flesh and blood bovines in adjacent fields. As we traveled out of Omaha that day a full grown bull became indignant that his domain should have been so abruptly invaded. Methinks his rage would have overpowered him—and us—however, the fact that he was so greatly outnumbered assisted him in regaining his self-composure. On the other hand, the heifers in another field conducted themselves as though we had been sent from a Holstein heaven. They fluttered their eyelids coyly and ran along the fence line beside us, making all manner of playful overtures toward our stoical plywood beasts. It wrenched my heart to see the look of bitter frustration in their deep blue eyes as we passed them by. Of course, even our oxen had to be exemplary on the trek.

Further substantiation of the oxen's real-life-likeness is given by Dr. Stocks, who got started

on highway 30-A instead of 30. Later in the morning he came back on to highway 30 and found himself ahead of the caravan. "Give an ox his head and he will take the shortest way home," the doctor sagely commented.

At every little Nebraska town there were clusters of people who were equipped with all types of cameras to record the trek for their albums. "Eastman and Agfa must be doing a terrific business this season," one trekker dryly remarked.

Near Columbus the patrol car signaled a stop and pulled off to the grassy shoulders of the highway.

"Anything happening?" Wendell Ashton called out.

"There's been an accident involving a trek vehicle," the patrolman answered. "I just picked up the message from our rear patrol car."

"Is it serious?"

"He didn't say."

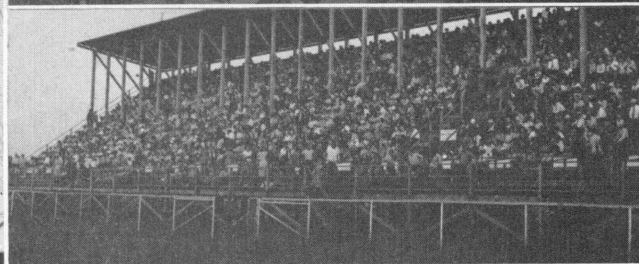
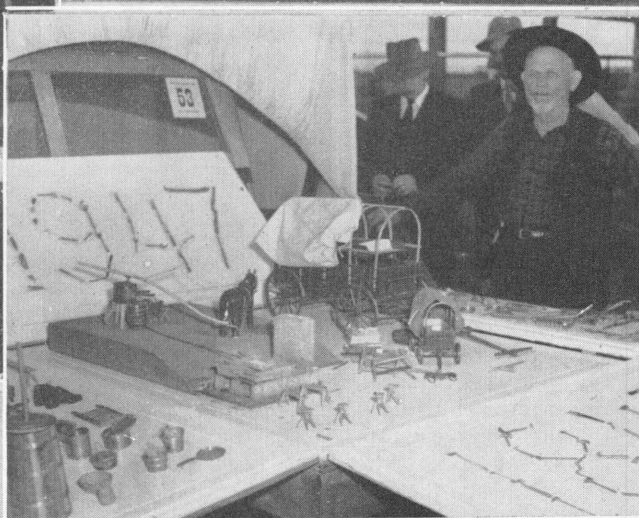
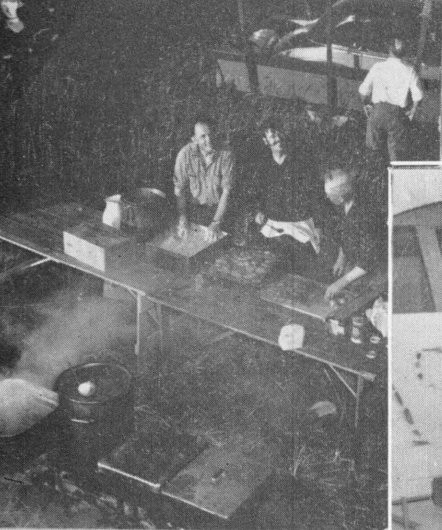
"Please try to find out the details, will you?"

No immediate word was forthcoming and little clusters of trekkers surmised it was a case of an exhausted driver falling asleep and crashing into another car or going off the highway.

After a few minutes' wait, word came over the radio that a Ne-



Clockwise, beginning at top left: Culinary wizards Bill Robinson, Bill Nelson and Joseph Bennion, stir up a mean stew for evening chow. Camp circle is formed on the county fair grounds at North Platte, Neb. Car 53 carried a treasure exhibit of pioneers' relics in miniature, made by David McClellan, and they're displayed by his brother, Geo. A. McClellan.—Photo by Henry A. Smith. The official SUP trek chorus brings forth stirring music under the direction of Geo. Lloyd. The huge crowd that gathered in the grandstand to witness the "Mormon" show. A highly successful dramatic incident, with C. Merrill, Jay Lyman, Alburn Shields and McClellan playing the lead roles. The mayor of North Platte, George Dent Jr., expresses his pleasure with the replica of the pioneer odometer presented him by W. J. Ashton. Heber Jacobs is a gentleman in distress and Ruth Shields and Nora Richardson came to his rescue by mending his wagon top—but neatly.



braska driver had drawn too close to the covered wagon driven by the Kirkham brothers so that when they made a quick stop he rammed into their wagon box, causing it to break and drop to the ground. The damage had been repaired and the caravan started to move again.

Trekkers shared another experience with their forefathers Thursday at noon as they drew near Grand Island. It was here that the original group had first sighted buffalo. Descendants of the pioneers stared at the descendants of the 1847 buffaloes as they wallowed in muddy fields and pools of water in a corral on the outskirts of town.

Grand Island was a "first" for the trek. It was the first town at which the caravan had arrived on time . . . in fact, ten minutes early. The Grand Island greeting was labeled as "terrific" by trekkers. Many who had served in the Army and Navy remembered the hospitality of Grand Island during the war when refreshments were passed out to servicemen aboard the trains which stopped at the station.

A car full of city and chamber of commerce dignitaries was on the edge of town to welcome the Mormons. The parade was led through the streets of town by a special queen for the day astride a beautiful horse. It was Mrs.

Opal Eldredge, a Mormon girl from nearby Alta, Nebraska.

The city police opened their sirens wide to announce the coming of the wagon train. At several places along the route of the parade Mormon missionaries, with their hats and cameras, could be seen waving to their friends from home. It would be difficult to estimate the number of Grand Islanders who saw the parade and program that day, but it ran into several thousand.

As trekkers alighted from their cars, one of them was heard to say, "I took three of those no-doze pills and had the best sleep I've ever had."

Brother Ashton describes the scene when he says, "The clouds parted for the sunlight as our program began in the flag-festooned city park, where there was a local radio broadcast along with free orange, chocolate and milk drinks for the trekkers."

One of the interesting bits of history that turned up along the way was given to B. Spencer Young at Grand Island by a girl who had asked to meet a descendant of Brigham Young.

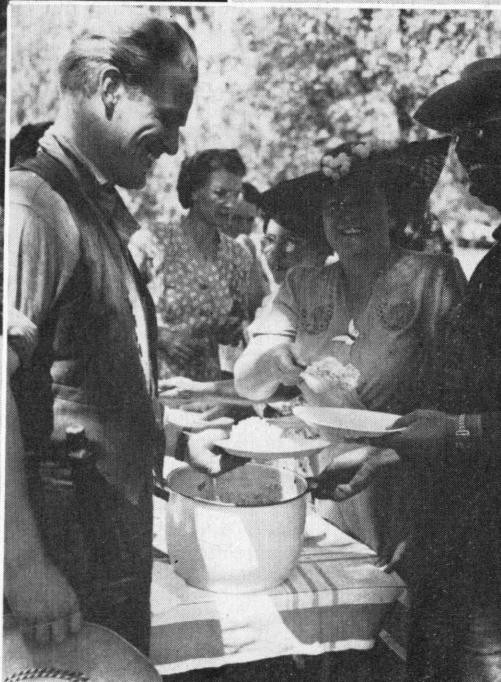
She told me about her great-grandfather, Phineas Kimball, and said when the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, that Brigham Young came to Phineas and gave him the deeds to all the land and property that they were not able to sell by that time and told him if he could get anything out of it in the



Top: Where a set of good teeth is one of life's greatest gifts—lunch is passed in sacks to trekkers along with breakfast on the fourth day. Center left: Steady, there! One man tries valiantly to recover everything including his balance as he comes away from chow lineup laden with a tray full of breakfast and a sack full of lunch. Center right: Camp sanitation detail pitches in to prepare the camp for departure in North Platte, Neb. Bottom left: The banner waving across the highway entering Bridgeport, Neb., is typical of the "welcome" signs that greeted the caravan at many towns along the way. Bottom right: Bridgeport LDS Relief Society serve lunch to modern day pioneers. Aldon Jr. Anderson and T. R. Johnson smile their thanks to one of the branch sisters.



WELCOME
CENTENNIAL TREKKERS



way of money, supplies or clothing, the Mormons would appreciate it, if it could be brought to them as they needed everything. Phineas thought so much of Brigham Young and the Mormons, even though he was a Catholic, that he made three trips from Nauvoo into Iowa to take them articles he had received from sales of their properties. Two of these trips were made in the winter on a sled.

It is an undisputed fact that the caravan did more than pique the curiosity of many people. It stirred their imaginations and affected them spiritually, as many of them testified to individual trekkers. Adolph M. Reeder said that while they were enjoying the program and reception, "one man spoke to me and said this seemed to be the happiest group of men he had ever seen. He felt that we had realized a great objective. He desired to find the secret of our success on such a great venture."

David L. Olsen's diary records the story of "the young lady with two very sweet little girls who asked me for my autograph. She said, 'Some day my children will study about the trek, and when that time comes I would like nothing better than to be able to show them that I had the autograph of one of the men who made the trek, and that I saw him write his name.'"

T. R. Johnson of Ogden, main speaker at the midday pause, touched on events in Mormon history which had happened near Grand Island, and then went on to tell the story of Mormon persecutions.

The United States government, though its leaders have sometimes fallen short in its administration and its protective functions for the weak and persecuted, is part of our religion. We believe with all our hearts that this is the nation from which shall flow the law of freedom to all the world. That is why, even

though our Pioneer forefathers had been denied the protection and religious freedom guaranteed by that Constitution, they still clung firmly to it as the guide by which liberty should come, not only to them, but to all the world.

The **Grand Island Independent**, copies of which were passed out during the program, not only gave full news coverage to the trek, but also devoted the major part of one page to an advertisement carrying banner headlines of greeting to the Sons of Utah Pioneers. This, combined with Mayor B. J. Cunningham's friendly greeting and the cordiality of the people, totaled up to be one of the outstanding stops of the entire trek.

As the trekkers were getting back in their cars, one of them came up to Brother Ashton and rather whispered, "Say, Brother Ashton, is it all right if I switch over to Brother So-and-So's car?"

"What's the matter?" Wendell asked. "Can't you get along with your present partner?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "He's a very good companion."

"Then why do you want to leave him?"

"Because he keeps dozing at the wheel and I'm tired of poking him in the ribs to keep awake."

"You go back with him and keep on poking—only a little harder and faster."

The remedy to cure sleepiness which each driver had developed at this point seemed to be effective during the afternoon trip, because there were no accidents. Some of the trekkers sucked oranges to keep themselves awake, some used no-doze pills and some used wet towels to wipe across their faces every time they became

drowsy. Those who did the latter, came in with the cleanest faces of the whole trip when they arrived at North Platte.

Two who conquered sleep by hitting it at its most vulnerable point were Jack Howells and Grover Dunford, who traveled in Brother Dunford's station wagon. According to Grover, they arranged a bed in the rear of the vehicle and would take turns "napping and relaxing." He added that it was "quite a hardship for pioneers to experience, yet we were hardened eventually to it."

Nolan P. Olsen records one of the more interesting highway dramas which occurred frequently during the trek.

With the covered wagons spaced out the way they were, it meant that the caravan occupied more than two miles of highway—without counting stragglers. And what fun the big passenger buses had with us that day! They would work their way up to the head of the line, only to stop at a town and let us all pass again. The buses ran two or three hours behind schedule that day, and the sad part was that we couldn't hear a word the drivers said about us.

The caravan entered the southeast corner of the city of North Platte, paraded through town and over the viaduct on Jeffers street to the northwest edge of town, where Buffalo Bill Cody once lived on a large ranch.

City police led the caravan off the highway to the site of the county fair grounds and the scene of a rodeo just a few days before. A large grandstand having a capacity of 4000 people had been built there that spring and summer. The cars drove through a gate and onto the rodeo grounds. As David L. Olsen said: "The wild rye was about waist high" where the covered wagons slowly moved

in a huge circle as each car found its parking place.

As so often had happened before, Dr. Charles Munns of Brigham City had to go to the car behind him, #32, and open the little gate which Ira Packer had made in his wagon box to make it convenient to get out. "His companion, John Smith of Tremonton, the oldest man on the trek, always seemed to draw a group of ladies to him. As he stepped through the gate, three ladies who were nearby immediately engaged him in conversation. They wanted to know why an old man like him would want to go on this kind of a trip." Dr. Munns writes:

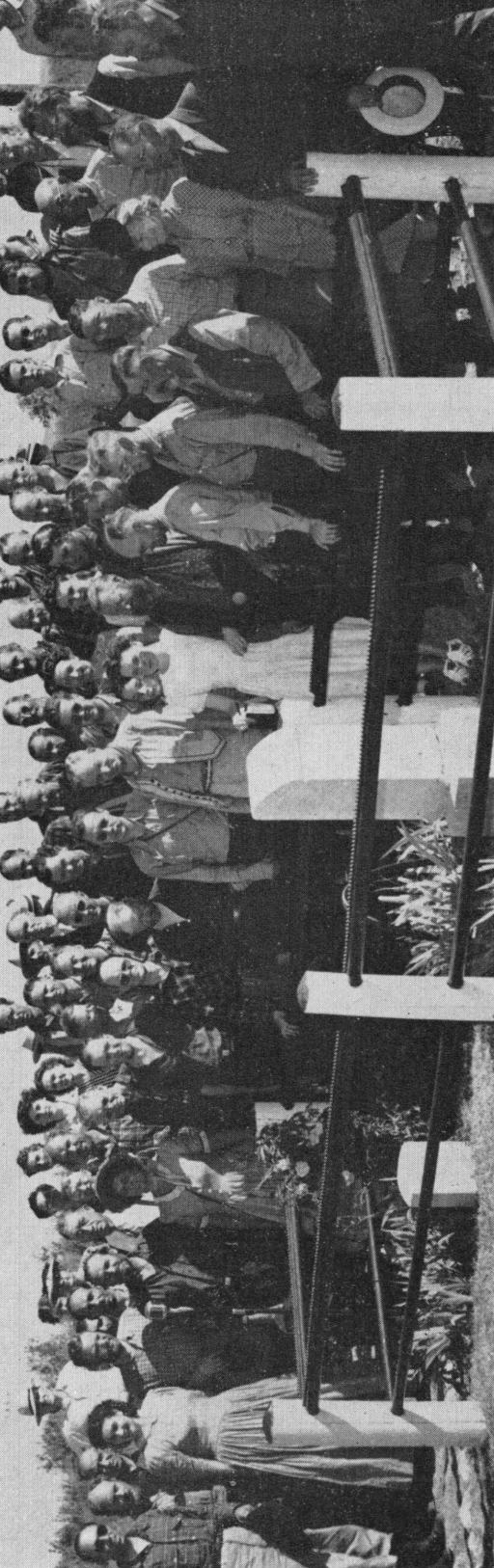
"You know, ladies," he said, "my dear old grandmother walked across these plains. She had shoes when she left Winter Quarters, but by the time she got here they were completely worn out. She was barefooted, and I'm looking for her footprints in the sand. I know I'll find them, because she was a good old Danish girl and her feet were large, with the toes far apart—like this." (And he held his hand up with outstretched fingers.)

Dr. Munns says that his listeners were, as usual, spellbound by the stories John W. Smith told. Brother Smith, who was personally acquainted with Brigham Young and Porter Rockwell, was born in 1867, making him eligible for the title of "native pioneer."

* * *

The stadium was beginning to fill with people and the kitchen detail was working frantically to get dinner over before it was dark.

The program was late in getting started, but the crowd was



The brief pause made at the grave of Rebecca Winters near Scottsbluff, Neb., was made memorable with Nora Richardson's remarks. (Mrs. Richardson is to right of microphone.)

CARAVAN

entertained with community singing, voluntarily led by Eilene Webb Clark, one of a number of Utahns in Vida Fox Clawson's tour.

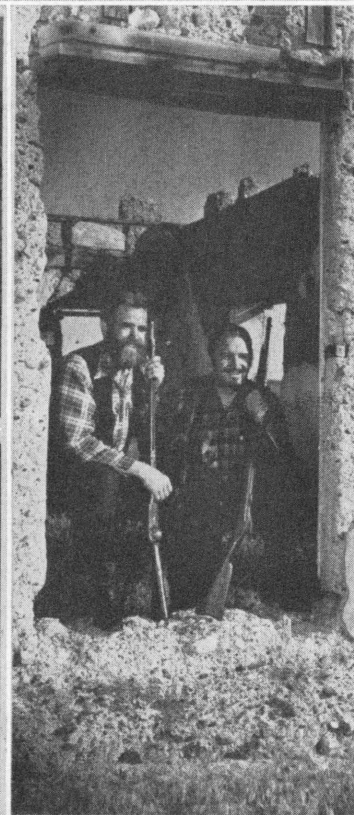
Willard R. Smith, who had finished his K.P. duty just a few minutes before, was master of ceremonies for the program.

Verl G. Dixon of the Provo chapter offered the invocation. The chorus, composed of George Lloyd, director, and L. Burt Bigler, Wallace P. Johnson, Richard Keddington, Aldon Jr. Anderson, La Verre V. Adams, George L. Woodbury, Fred E. Curtis and Alvin Keddington, next sang "On Great Lone Hills," by Sibelius. The accompanist, Alfred M. Durham, gave a sterling performance, as usual, with his "vest pocket" organ. He also accompanied Dorothy and Richard Keddington as they sang a duet of "The Morning Breaks," by Parley P. Pratt and George Careless.

Main address of the evening was given by Fred E. H. Curtis, chaplain for the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Brother Curtis, on a few days' notice (the scheduled speaker had been unable to make the trek), prepared and delivered



Top: Historic Ft. Laramie in Wyoming becomes "home" for a night to SUP trekkers. Left center, top: Conoco comes to the wagons and the cars are filled with gas "on location." Left center, bottom: Even the platform is all "oiled" up when modern Utah pioneers come to town—oil barrels support the planked platform from which Elder Kimball speaks. Right center: Judge Jeppson and George Everton strike a likely pose in the ruins of one of the old Fort barracks. Bottom left: George Woodbury, Dorothy Keddington, Nora Richardson and Alvin Keddington blend their voices in song during the evening program at Ft. Laramie. Bottom right: Aldon Jr. Anderson won warm praise for his remarks as speaker of the evening.



a memorable discourse of events on the Mormon trail. He told of the thousands of buffalo the original pioneers saw in the North Platte region. He described the differences in motivation of the Saints—as they traveled the north bank of the North Platte river—and the Oregon-bound companies who traveled the south bank. The Mormons had been forced out of their homes, he said, and were in search of religious freedom. Proof of their high principles may be found in the record Utah has made in education, science and community progress.

Honored guests, who were seated on the stand, were Elder and Sister Spencer W. Kimball, Mayor and Mrs. George B. Dent, Jr., of North Platte, President Don T. Swain and Executive Secretary C. T. Van Ausdall of the North Platte Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. Swain and Mrs. Van Ausdall, President Estel C. Lile of the North Platte L.D.S. Branch and Sister Lile.

Mayor Dent was presented with an "odometer," an exact copy of the original instrument used to measure mileage on the 1847 and subsequent treks.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers sang "Glory to God on High" as a prelude to the dramatic presentation, the last before Fort Bridger.

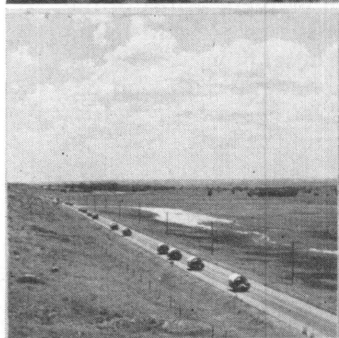
The script, written by Clair Likes, was filled with humorous situations in the creation of the odometer and in the meeting of the Frenchman, Beaumont, with Brigham Young. However, it ended with a dramatic portrayal of Brigham Young's foresight and inspiration as he guided his company on the north side of the river so that those who followed would have good grass for their animals and an easy trail to follow.

The trekkers enjoyed an extra hour of "grace" at North Platte, because it was here that their watches were to be reset from Central Time to Mountain Time.



Top and center left: Mile after mile after mile after mile of Wyoming desert land and we began to feel a true kinship to the pioneers of old. Top right: We crossed a rickety bridge that had been erected sometime around 1870 when Ft. Laramie was in its heyday. Seemed centuries older to us when we made the crossing. Center right: The campsite was typical of the rugged land through which we were traveling. We circled near the few trees thereabouts. Lower left: His honor the president gets presented with a Kirtland bank note by the people of Torrington, Wyoming. Lower right: Jim Cannon and David Heib, custodian of Ft. Laramie National Monument prepare to plant a blue spruce on the old Fort grounds. Mr. Heib was a real friend to trekkers.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



Fourth Day—Friday, July 17

The rigorous first three days had proved too much for some of the canvas tops which had several rips in them. The extra time on Friday morning was used by many of the trekkers to do some sewing and mending on their canvas in preparation for the Oregon Trails parade at 2 p.m. that day from Gering to Scottsbluff.

Dorothy Kimball Keddington was more conscientious—or energetic—than most, however. She had stayed up after the previous night's program and mended her canvas while the northern lights played in the heavens. She finished her work at 3 a.m.

The caravan pulled into Bridgeport, the noon stop, almost an hour late; but received an enthusiastic greeting nevertheless. The Relief Society of the Bridgeport branch had prepared a picnic lunch for trekkers and others who wanted to join them at lunch. There to welcome the caravan were Mayor G. B. Alshouse of Bridgeport, and Presidents J. W. Leland Chase and Malcolm Pitchford of the Bridgeport and Scottsbluff branches, respectively.

Parley P. Giles, historian of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, who had traveled over the Mormon trail last year in President George Albert Smith's company, was the trek speaker at Bridgeport. He recounted the story of the invention of the odometer which was completed in the Northport-Bridgeport area by Appleton Harmon, working under the supervision of William Clayton and Orson Pratt.

Just as the trekkers were leaving Bridgeport, Lyman Rich heard one of the little boys say

to his companion, "Just think, I'll be 108 when they come back again."

President Pitchford, who had arranged for the caravan's participation in the Oregon Trails parade, traveled in car No. 1 as it left Bridgeport over the dirt road that led past historic Chimney Rock and brought them into Gering.

The parade had already traveled the three-mile route from Gering to Scottsbluff when the trek caravan arrived. Most of the 40,000 onlookers were still lining the parade route, however, as the covered wagons moved along behind police sirens north across the meandering Platte river to Scottsbluff. Upon arrival there they were led into a pasture where they traveled about a mile to a place near the Burlington railroad tracks.

There, in a lone grave just a few feet from where big trains rumbled by daily, lie the earthly remains of Rebecca Winters, pioneer mother. Nora P. Richardson, representing the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, paid eloquent homage to this pioneer mother who had been a member of the second company of Saints to come west. Her grave had been found when, in charting a course for the railway, a topographer kicked a clump of sagebrush to place a stake for the center of the rail bed. His shoe touched an old wagon tire on which was crudely chiseled, "Rebecca Winters, age 50 years." She had died of cholera while on the exodus west. The course of the railway was altered to miss the grave.

The program by the graveside was one of the few held in the

absence of a large crowd. It was appropriate, too, that only those who fully appreciated the significance of Mormon exodus and consequent suffering attended the sacred services.

Ruth Fox Clawson Shields gave an extemporaneous speech following Mrs. Richardson's on the subject of her grandmother, Ruth May Fox, who walked the distance from Omaha to Salt Lake valley and is still living and enjoying good health.

* * *

"The city of Torrington, Wyoming, wants us to stop there for a few minutes," Brother Boud announced. "We had better move along if we expect to be at Fort Laramie in time for our program."

Torrington, a town just a few miles over the Nebraska-Wyoming border, was "on its toes," as one trekker put it. It had been one of the first towns to communicate with trek executives in the early spring of 1947, inviting them to chart their route through Torrington.

After the brief ceremony of greeting from Torrington officials the trekkers quickly moved to their cars for the final 20 miles of the day's journey to old Fort Laramie. As the motors started turning over, Heber Jacobs, who was enjoying a root beer float in a nearby drug store, ran to his car with his glass in his hand. Paul Tanner, driver of the car, had started the motor because the cars in the rear were anxious to move. Heber placed his drink on the engine hood in his hurry to climb in. But when he got in he couldn't reach it. Onlookers roared with laughter as he made several futile attempts to pick up the glass. He finally succeeded

just as several people came forward to help him. The caravan began to move when Heber Jacobs had his root beer float once more in hand.

Ft. Laramie looked as though it might have been a set from a Hollywood epic which was left standing after the movie company had pulled out. The old buildings, with crumbling walls and sagging roofs, looked as if they were the workmanship of some Hollywood artisan. It was almost beyond imagination that this peaceful, grassy spot, bordered by the Laramie river, was once the scene of much frontier turbulence, and one of the busiest places in western America.

The circle was formed in a lowland area west of the main fort buildings, which was large enough for a complete circle with no cramping. David Heib, the park custodian, had obligingly arranged to have the high grass cut in the area where the cars parked so as to eliminate as many mosquitoes as possible.

Seeing the river, some of the more itchy trekkers felt the need for a swim, and made their way to the chilly banks. Adrian Cannon said that he will never forget the scene of Judge Joseph Jeppson in the swift current of the Laramie river, "beard bobbing up and down in the water. He looked anything but a master of jurisprudence then," Adrian commented.

Fort Laramie was the first of three overnight stops at which no trek drama was presented. It gave the hard-working dramatic group and stage hands a chance to rest and enjoy the program. For scenery manager Joseph Williams and a property assistant,

Dewey Stout, it was a welcome relief not to have to unload and put in place all the scenery. However, it meant no rest for Golden Webb, Blain Lublin and Harry Poll, who had to set up the lights and sound system just the same as always.

The stage had been placed at a low spot facing a gentle rise. The audience, therefore, enjoyed a full view of the stage. The Torrington Chamber of Commerce officials had worked with Mr. Heib in preparing the stage, which was made of planking supported by large oil barrels.

William E. Nelson was master of ceremonies of the program, which had drawn over 1000 people from the farms and small towns in that region. Thomas F. Kirkham of Lehi offered the invocation. Nora P. Richardson next sang "Old Pioneer Melody," which had been arranged by her accompanist, Alfred Durham. The mixed quartet, composed of George L. Woodbury, Alvin Keddington, Nora P. Richardson and Dorothy Kimball Keddington, sang "Peace Hymn," by Parley P. Pratt.

In the midst of eight days of interesting speeches, many trekkers labeled Aldon Anderson's talk on "Fort Laramie and the Mormons" as one of the finest. To garner background material, Brother Anderson had consulted the greatest living authorities on the history of the Fort and then spent days working it into speech readiness.

Brother Anderson made the most of the colorful history of Ft.

Laramie, graphically describing its most important part in the development of the west. He traced its development from the fur trading days through the pioneering era to 1890, when it was abandoned as a military post. Later, the federal government designated it as a national monument.

The address of the evening was given by Elder Spencer W. Kimball. His subject matter was once more the story of the Mormons. His treatment was different from all others of his speeches, and trekkers marveled at the variety and interestingness of his approaches in preaching the Gospel of love and truth. Joseph McEwan's remarks about Elder and Sister Kimball are enlightening.

It was my honor to have as traveling companions in our covered wagon my good neighbor, Dr. L. L. Richards, and our special guests, Brother and Sister Kimball. We really learned to love our fine guests.

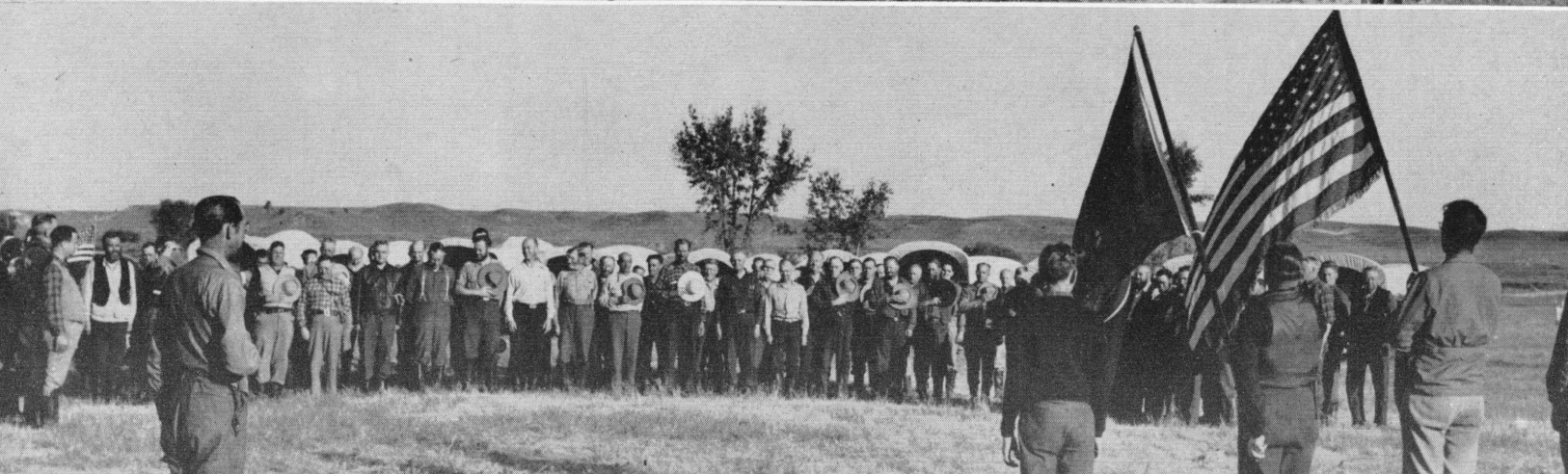
One of the grandest experiences of the trip to me was one which could have happened in our own home, but probably wouldn't have, it being prompted by the spirit of the great trek. Dr. Richards and I talked of asking Brother Kimball to tell us the story of his life as we traveled along. As it turned out, we each had our turn at telling our own story.

Words cannot express the thrill that came to me and the strength I derived from getting an insight into the lives of these people. Tales were told and thanks expressed for our illustrious forebears, some of whom crossed the plains together 100 years ago. It was learned that we had indeed a pioneer along with us as Sister Kimball told of her experiences as a very young girl when she with her family and the rest of the Saints were forced to leave Mexico.

We learned of some of the training to which the Lord puts those whom he



Top: Big-wigs of the trek . . . the captains of tens . . . are called together for a morning meeting before breaking camp at Ft. Laramie. Bottom: A proud moment for camp personnel when the presentation of colors recalls the part their forebears played in the Mexican War.



has chosen to fill high and holy callings, and some of the inner thoughts of a humble servant when he was called to be an apostle of the Lord. We learned of our mutual love of the Gospel, of our wives, our children, the Church missionary system, and the real and lasting values of life.

I was reassured that all the truly great men and women have not passed on, but surely many are among us even today.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers quartet sang "An Angel From On High," following Elder Kimball's address.

Mementos were presented to Governor Lester C. Hunt's representative, as well as Mayor Carl P. Miller of Torrington and David Heib, custodian of the Ft. Laramie National Monument. The Torrington Chamber of Com-

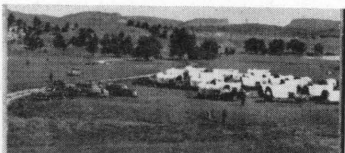
merce, in turn, presented the S.U.P. a \$5 note of the Kirtland Safety Society Bank, dated February 10, 1837, and signed by the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. E. M. Loy represented the Torrington chamber.

The singing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints" by the assembly and the benediction by President Malcolm E. Pitchford of Scottsbluff concluded the evening program.

Mosquito repellent was used in abundance that night by the trekkers, for they knew they were in the land of the "Mohawk," a nickname given to the formidable Wyoming mosquito. Many trekkers were also armed with mosquito netting, which helped them to get a good night's sleep.



Top left: Time to move on, brethren . . . and the kitchen truck is loaded by many a helping hand. Top right: Wagons are parked near Guernsey, Wyo., for a brief stop, while, below, trekkers give the camera the eye during their visit to Guernsey, where the early-day wagon tracks are still to be seen carved in the rocks. Center left: A very small part of the crowd numbering 29,000 that thronged the streets at Casper, Wyo., to welcome the caravan. Center right: The narrowness of the passing is accentuated when a few trekkers stand in the rut made by hundreds of wagons passing in the same spot. Bottom: By the monument at Ft. Caspar, B. Spencer Young (Brigham Young V.) recalls the days when his famous forebear built a ferry across the Platte river near the spot where he speaks.



Fifth Day—Saturday, July 18

Wyoming's fish and game commissioner, Lester Bagley, was introduced to the camp Saturday morning, July 19, as the guide of the caravan from Ft. Laramie to Rock Creek. Mr. Bagley proved to be an expert on Mormon history in Wyoming. Wagon tracks and scenes of pioneer incidents were as familiar to him as if he had been there himself in 1847.

He first led the caravan to the wagon tracks near Guernsey, Wyoming. There he pointed out an almost chute-like passage in the rock almost six feet deep. "At this point," Brother Bagley pointed out, "most of the western trails converged, passing through the trails and tracks which you see in the rocks. The deep cuts were made by the thousands of wagons passing through in the same place."

The caravan hurried along to keep its noon-time appointment with the people of Casper, who had been prepared for the long parade of covered wagons. A collapsed bridge over one of the desert washes caused some delay and an eventual detour of a few hundred feet over rough sage brush and rock.

Malcolm Le Sueur, chairman of the Casper Chamber of Commerce committee on trek arrangements, was on hand at the city limits of Casper with numerous city officials, including Mayor H. W. Noyes, to greet the caravan. Wendell Ashton and Elder Kimball were asked to ride in an open car with the mayor in true Broadway style. The sirens started and the parade was begun.

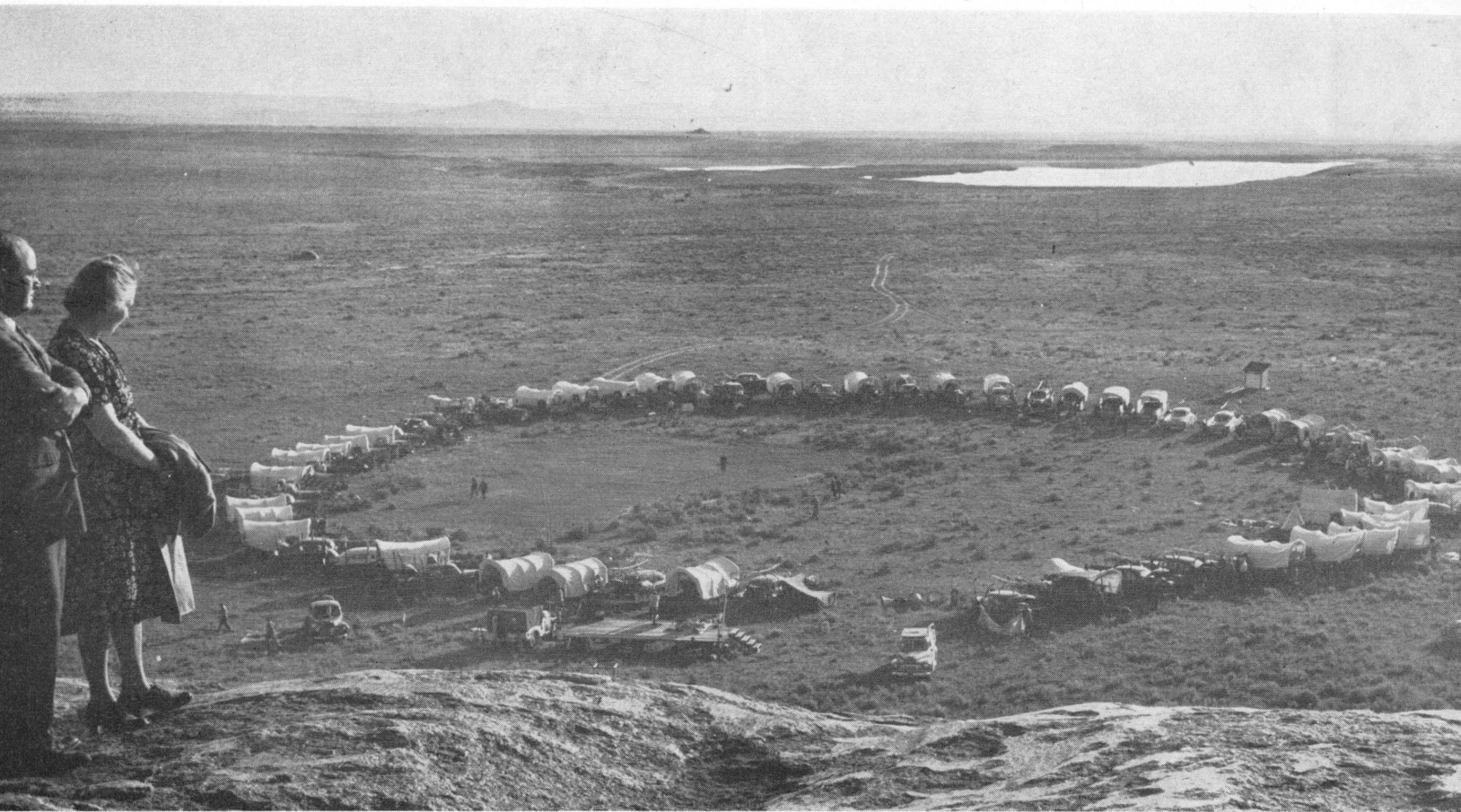
Mayor Noyes turned to Brothers Ashton and Kimball as they rode through the crowd-packed streets and said: "You know, Casper has a population of 30,000, and 29,999 of them are lining the streets right now. In all my years in this city, this is the biggest thing that has happened to us."

The parade continued through the city and then proceeded out to old Fort Caspar, where a short program was planned. Just as the trekkers and other members of the audience had assembled themselves around the public address system, among the old fort buildings, dozens of Indian war whoops were heard, and then trekkers found hard-riding Indians coming into the circle from all directions. Trekkers, like pioneers of old, held their ground and opened fire—with dozens of still and movie cameras.

The "Indians" were members of a local riding club who had painted their faces, decorated themselves with feathers and loin cloths, and made the raid to add a touch of color to the trek.

Speakers at the meeting were B. Spencer Young and Stanford P. Darger, whose scheduled speech at Register Cliff was cancelled due to lack of time to make that side trip. Both young men, Brothers Darger and Young, told Mormon history of that area and concluded with an outline of the modern achievements of the descendants of the pioneers.

Another special treat awaited trekkers after the program when they were guided back to the Casper high school to use the gym showers. It was the first "bath" since Centerville, Iowa, four days before.



Elder and Sister Kimball stand on historic Independence Rock and gaze at the encampment of the pioneers of 1947 which is located near the spot where hundreds of wagons made their nightly circle during the pioneering era.

Casper was a gassing-up spot. In addition, many trekkers did a little shopping, as Casper was the last large town before Salt Lake City. As a result, the 60-mile drive to Independence Rock was made almost individually instead of with a caravan.

Independence Rock proved a challenge to the pioneer ability of many trekkers.

With a fence post Horace P. Beesley wielded the death blow to a rattlesnake which he and William Holbrook had found when they arrived early at Independence Rock. Brother Beesley says, "I atoned in part by carrying a sliver in my finger for several days." This was the first of several experiences trekkers had with rattlers.

The Kirkham brothers, Tom and Ray, also joined forces to kill one of the snakes. Myrl Norr comments that his father, O. Alvin Norr, spent the night in the car after seeing the size of the rattler the Kirkhams killed. "I'm not going to share my bed with a rattler," he shuddered.

Wendell Ashton's description of Independence Rock, "Like a huge whale, lying in a sea of sagebrush," may be the key to the Rock's significance as a trails landmark. It has been called by many historians "The Great Record of the Desert." Daniel Wallace Greenburg, in his foreword to the booklet published by the

Natrona County Historical Society, describes it this way:

Independence Rock is an historic shrine to which future generations will refer with veneration. The best authorities in historic research of the plains and Rockies agree that it ranks among the great historical monuments of America. Upon its massive granite face have been inscribed the names of thousands of the pioneers of the Oregon, Mormon and California trail which passes by the Rock. It was the beacon in the desert for the adventurer, explorer, fur trader and emigrant within a century of time, and no chronicle of importance concerning the winning of the west has failed to record a tribute to its virtues.

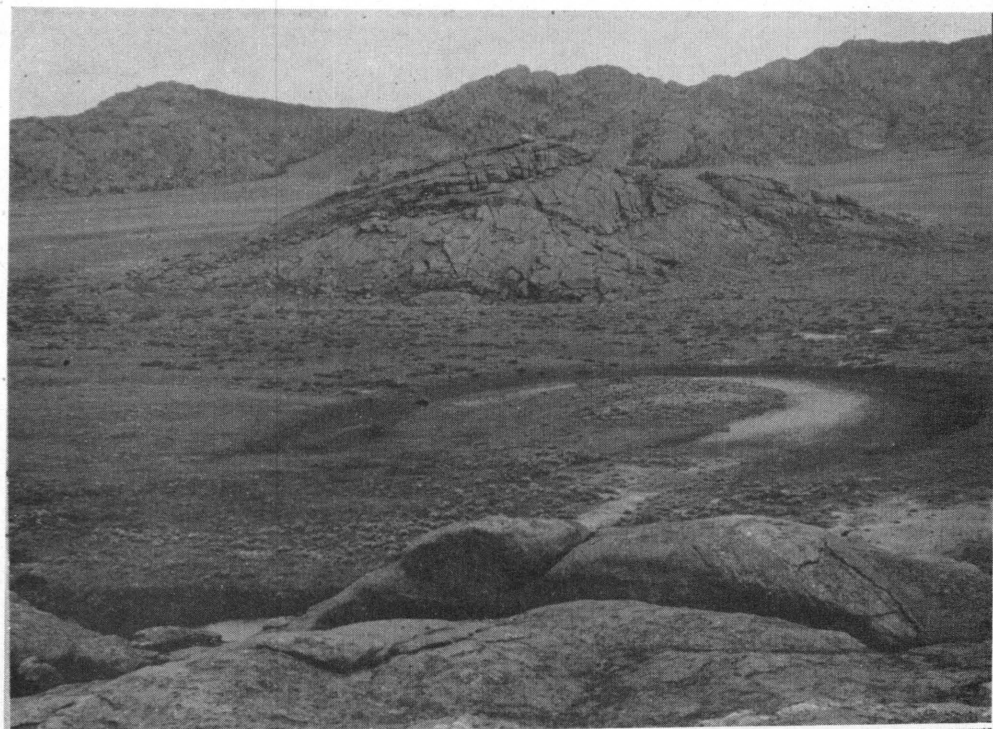
Like thousands before them, the trekkers had a wonderful time climbing all over the gigantic granite "whale" during the remainder of Saturday afternoon and also on Sunday morning before departure.

From the "saddle" of Independence Rock trekkers got their first panoramic view of the covered wagon circle. To those who climbed the Rock before most of the canvases were pulled off, the sight was one of the most thrilling of the entire trip. W. Claudell Johnson, trek photographer, captured the scene through the camera eye, with Elder and Sister Spencer Kimball as onlookers.

Members of the Church from the Casper district, under the direction of District President H. A. McFarland, had hauled a large tank of fresh water to the camp area because there was no supply of drinking water anywhere near the Rock. The members had also



Top: Unbelievable sight to behold—the original encirclement marks of oxen-drawn wagons still visible in the prairie soil and are photographed from atop Independence Rock. Sweetwater river is in the lower left corner. Bottom: A watermelon bust for trekkers gives them ample reason for pleasure before they push on their way to the valley.



set up a refreshment stand, serving hot dogs, hamburgers and cold soda pop. Trekkers found the refreshments very necessary to tide them over until the camp kitchen had dinner ready. The midday shower, the 60-mile drive from Casper in heavy winds, and the hiking around the Rock had sharpened appetites to a razor's edge.

The cow bell from Glen S. Shields' ox now hangs with Mrs. A. E. Boppel's world collection of bells as a result of a meeting at Independence Rock. Brother Shields tells that he and his companion, Earl Sessions, were working on their canvas tops when they were approached by two women who had examined every car's oxen and bells. Mrs. Boppel, who comes from Shakopee, Minn., told Brother Shields that she had bells from every corner of the globe and would like to trade a bell for the one on his ox. Brother Shields agreed to the proposal, also giving her a copy of the trek brochure.

After a dinner of hamburger steak smothered with vegetables, boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and lemonade, the trekkers made ready for the evening performance. The stage had already been set up by the Casper Saints.

George Albert Bullock, son of Thomas Bullock, who was clerk in Brigham Young's first company, took advantage of the time before the program started to explain principles of the restored Gospel to Mayor H. W. Noyes of Casper and his party. Ross Fox, Brother Bullock's companion, says that he held their interest for more than an hour as

he told them of the Church and its tenets.

Members of the audience spread out their blankets on the ground swell between the stage and the Rock, and others found that the gradual slopes of the Rock's saddle afforded surprisingly comfortable seating.

As the Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus sang "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," in the fast deepening twilight, the majestic solitude of the desert and the Rock were felt by the audience. The program continued and the combination of the speeches and music with the frontier-like atmosphere was as true a reenactment of pioneer life as anything on the trek.

After a violin rendition of "Though Deepening Trials," by Golden Webb, the main address of the evening, "Independence Rock," was given by Ray E. Dillman of Roosevelt, Utah. President Dillman pointed out that the original group had camped there 100 years ago on June 21st. He sketched the background for his remarks this way:

This granite pile of rock appears to have been dropped here by the Great Architect in almost singular abandon. Regardless of its lack of organization and structural symmetry, it has become one of the landmarks, a milestone in the history of man. Its shapeless form gave assurance to the weary traveler for miles before he arrived at it, and also offered silent encouragement as it sank into the horizon, after he had passed. It is almost like a mammoth quonset hut. In fancy we again see contented herds of buffalo, and the evening smoke from buffalo chips, made by some camping hunter or soldier of fortune.

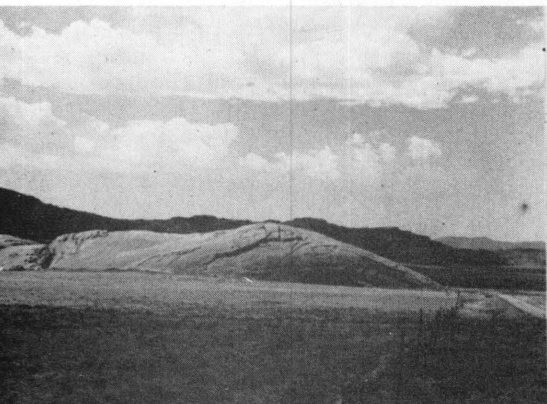
President Dillman pointed out that two things make that spot memorable: (1) the significance for which it gets its name, Inde-

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pendence Rock, is purely patriotic, being a result of a celebration on July 4th by another group of pilgrims; (2) the historical significance of the landmark itself, for, as Robert Spurrier Ellison relates it, "for over a quarter of a century, there circled round its

huge mass, the great tide of humanity pressing forward to complete the conquest of the Pacific slope."

In conclusion, President Dillman asked the audience what it would require for the present and future generations to be moved to



Top left: The great "Register of the Desert," Independence Rock, as seen from the highway out of Casper. Top right: Some of the plaques and markings that give further interest to this landmark so eagerly anticipated by the original pioneers. Bottom, l. to r.: Charlie Washakie is presented with an official SUP ring by manufacturer Edward B. Perkins. Mayor H. W. Noyes of Casper speaks his welcome. Dr. Marcus Bach, head of University of Iowa's School of Religion, has a few words to say to the crowd gathered in the wilderness. Ray Dillman, speaker of the evening, told many interesting facts concerning this historic spot.

accomplish great things as did their forefathers. If we are to do anything worthy of note in this day, our purpose must be the same as the pioneers, "spiritual in its inception, sacred in its ultimate destiny," President Dillman said.

The mixed quartet sang "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes," preceding the presentation of mementos by Wendell J. Ashton, master of ceremonies. Mayor H. W. Noyes responded to the presentation, voicing appreciation for the impressiveness of the caravan at his town of Casper, and the quality of the services at Independence Rock.

The program had two unscheduled surprises.

First was when Charlie Washakie, son of Chief Washakie who was an ardent friend of the Mormons, was introduced to the audience with his wife, and then presented an honorary membership in the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Brother Ashton fastened an official badge on his coat lapel and Edward B. Perkins, designer and manufacturer of the S.U.P. ring, fitted one on his finger. As Wendell Ashton noted afterwards, "Charles Washakie looked every inch an Indian, even to his black braids hanging down toward his broad shoulders." His wife, who wore ankle-high moccasins beaded with a floral design of red, green and white, explained that her granddaughter, a shy girl of about 12, was a direct descendant of Sacajawea, guide to the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Second unscheduled event was an impromptu speech given by Dr. Marcus Bach at the invitation of Wendell Ashton. Dr. Bach told

of his experiences with L.D.S. missionaries in Iowa City and church members who had attended school at the University of Iowa. He had invited many missionaries, over a period of years, to speak to his classes in religion, and never once, he added, did any of them fail to give an intelligent, interesting presentation of Latter-day Saint beliefs. Dr. Bach had joined the trek as part of his life-long plan to study all religions, especially those which showed great spiritual vitality. A recent book written by him deals with several minority religions and their enthusiastic followers. It is labeled, "Theirs Is the Faith."

Dorothy and Richard Keddington sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd," after Dr. Bach's speech. Then the assembly sang "Now Let Us Rejoice," followed by the benediction by Malcolm F. Le Sueur.

Fred E. Curtis was asked to look after the comfort of Charlie Washakie, his wife Ellen and their granddaughter, so after the program, when all the camp had gone to rest, he visited their tent to make sure that they were all well. On his way back he stepped on a snake which quickly struck at him, hitting the side of his boot. Brother Curtis chilled as he heard the snake's rattles. He told his companion, Parley Giles, about the incident, and the two of them decided that there was no sense encouraging further reprisals from rattlesnakes, so they climbed into their sleeping bags, which were on a folding spring bed. The bed quickly collapsed, dumping them to the ground, which they imagined was crawling with rattlers. "In the twinkling of an eye,"



Six groups of modern pioneers, who are bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers and educators in disguise, provide interesting camera study when pictured at Independence Rock, Wyo.



Brother Curtis says, "our spring bed was tied to our wagon, and with the support of other stakes we were able to enjoy a good night's rest with no worry about rattlesnakes."

In the middle of the night George Everton got alarmed when he couldn't locate his

companion, Lyman Rich. He called out to the guards, Vernal Norman and Leo Bankhead, for assistance in locating Brother Rich. After considerable searching, Brother Norman said, they found him "curled up like a kitten under the covers at the foot of his bed."

Sixth Day—Sunday, July 20

Giggles were heard by Arza Paul early Sunday morning from the area where some of the members of the Church from Casper were camped, so he went over to investigate. He found that two couples had gone to bed "pioneer style." A man and his wife had taken the center of the bed, and the other couple, being unmarried, took their places on the outside, next to their own sex. "On being discovered in this situation by the early rising trekkers the women folk seemed slightly embarrassed," Brother Paul said.

The pace of camp activities was leisurely Sunday morning as trekkers gathered around for pictures of the entire personnel. Also many group pictures were taken by camera enthusiasts — which included almost everyone.

Arza Paul took time off to do some pre-breakfast exploring. His morning experiences included fording the Sweetwater river in typical pioneer style, surprising a coyote—and himself, and counting 24 cottontail rabbits as he strolled along.

Trek guide Lester Bagley oriented the trekkers once more before the caravan started moving with these remarks:

This is truly one of the most historic spots on the old trail. All pioneer companies to the west passed this famous granite rock. The original pioneer company camped at noon about 1½ miles down the Sweetwater from this point on a small flat that is visible from this location. On the high ground about one mile downstream was the location of the military post known as the "Sweetwater Station," and between this point and the Rock was located the old Overland telegraph station and the pony express stables. The vanguard crossed the Sweetwater about 1½ miles upstream from Independence Rock. The old ford is clearly visible. As we leave this location we will pass the Devil's Gate and stop at the Martin's Cove Monument.

Sunday School, just west of the highway at the above mentioned monument, was termed by many trekkers as the outstanding meeting of the trip. Perhaps it was memorable because, as members listened to the speeches and music, they could see the cove in the distance where the great hardcart tragedy had occurred. The past seemed very close and very real as they heard stories of heart-breaking hardship among handcart pioneers.

Top: Smiles are spontaneous when trekkers climb on Independence Rock and pose for the cameraman. Bottom: The complete assemblage is shown once more on the rock with the huge granite boulders forming an impressive background.

Lawrence D. Wilde of Brigham City was the main speaker at the services. He devoted part of his talk to the story of Nellie Pucell, survivor of the Martin's Hollow tragedy, of whom Brother Wilde said, "Pain was the price of every step she took."

In the spring of that year, 1856, Nellie, who was then 9 years old, sailed with her parents and her sister from England to America. They joined the Edward Martin company at Iowa City, which started for the west on July 28, the last group to depart for Salt Lake in 1856. The start was made too late in the year and snow and cold overtook them as they traveled through central Wyoming. Relief wagons sent out from Salt Lake met the Martin company at the cove and carried survivors back to the valley, Nellie among them. According to Brother Wilde, "when they took off her shoes and stockings the flesh came with them."

A doctor advised that in order to save her life her feet must come off. Brother Wilde continues: "They strapped her to a board and without anesthesia the surgery was performed with a butcher knife and a carpenter saw. It was a poor amputation. Flesh was not brought over to cushion the ends; as a result, the bones protruded from the stumps. For the rest of her life Nellie moved moved painfully about on her knees."

She married William Unthank and had six children by him. Poverty and pain were her lot, but patience and faith were her guiding beliefs. Later in life, Brother Wilde adds, "Dr. George W. Middleton offered to trim her

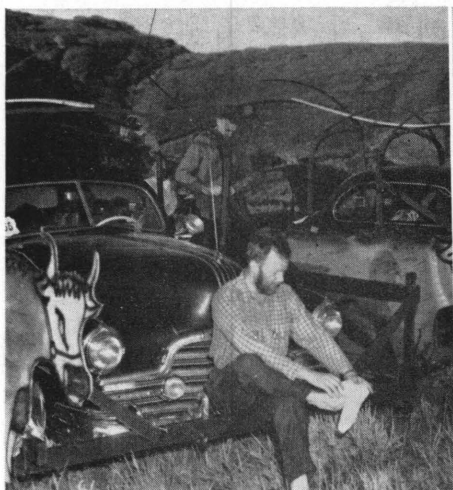
stumps so they would heal and enable her to wear artificial limbs. But the horror of that first amputation was so vivid in her memory that she could never consent to another operation."

Another trekker to whom the Martin tragedy had great significance is Ernest Parrish, whose own father, Joel Parrish, was one of the group which left Salt Lake to give assistance to the handcart company. Joel Parrish was there when several died in one night. He returned with the survivors to Salt Lake valley.

Since the caravan was unable to make the trip to the actual scene, Lester Bagley described it for them:

Martin's Cove, or Martin's Hollow, can clearly be seen to the southeast across the Sweetwater. It is located behind the sand dune and between the two projections of the granite hills. This spot is protected on three sides by the granite hills. The site of the old camp ground is a flat, grassy space in which there is a clear, cold spring. These granite boulders offered little protection to the handcart companies, but it was the best that was available.

D. James Cannon, who had been scheduled to speak at Sweetwater Crossing, had been asked to give his remarks at the Martin's Cove pause so that time could be saved. Brother Cannon recounted incidents of the original group near the Sweetwater. It was there that Brigham Young's best horse was shot accidentally, as it tried to run away. It was there that the pioneers found an ice spring in June and a few miles later enjoyed a friendly snowball fight. Bro. Cannon pointed out that both the 1847 and 1947 groups had laughed over humorous incidents and had enjoyed many good times. As the original group



Top left: The night is too soon over and sleepy campers get dressed for the day's journey. Parley Giles pulls on his socks while Harold Jackson buttons his shirt. Top right: Shaving in a manner far removed from the handy electric razor of today—reason enough why some trekkers grew beards. Center: Pres. Francis Child of the Western States mission, extends warm greetings to Sons of Utah Pioneers gathered at Martin's Cove, which is visible in distance at right. Bottom left: Another view of the monument surrounded by trekkers. Bottom right: Lawrence Wilde of Brigham City tells his fellow travelers of the tragedy that occurred 91 years ago in this hallowed place.

crossed the Sweetwater and neared the Continental Divide, their thoughts undoubtedly turned to the conquest which was ahead of them in the Great Basin. They were fortunate, Bro. Cannon said, because their frontier, their objectives were pretty well defined. "As we draw nearer home," he added, "our objectives which lie ahead of us after this reenactment is over are not so clear—but I'm sure they are just as great, if not greater. The salvation of the whole world from war and destruction is our frontier, the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ is our means of accomplishment. May the Lord help us to grasp our responsibilities as our forefathers grasped theirs."

Young Joe Jeppson, one of the two Boy Scouts on the trek, recorded a little drama which occurred near the monument unbeknownst to most of the trekkers.

As we paused for Sunday School, the road was crowded with trekkers making their way to the service. Being in a hurry, I ran into the brush, about ten yards out from the road. Suddenly I heard a sharp rattle. Jumping sideways, and turning around, I saw a large rattler which had quickly coiled itself.

I hurriedly called upon the services of Elias Day, Earl Shipley and Lionel Maw, who returned with me to the deadly snake. Noticing an antique sword on the side of one of the wagons, I borrowed it for safety measures. We advanced cautiously to the spot where we found the rattler in the same position. Elias Day hurled a small stick at the reptile, but scored a near miss.

As the snake emerged from a bush, I saw my chance, and with two strokes of the sword I ended its life.

Returning to the service, I showed Dorothy Keddington the rattles. I expected her to jump back in fright, but instead she left the meeting in a hurry to see the dead rattler. She witnessed the skinning, but was annoyed because

Lionel Maw wouldn't give her the skin. He wanted it for a hat band. Perhaps Dorothy wanted it for a necklace.

Spencer W. Kimball and President Francis A. Child of the Western States Mission each spoke briefly. President H. A. McFarland of the Casper district offered the benediction.

The caravan traveled for more than an hour after leaving the monument before Mr. Bagley signaled for a change in the route from paved highway to the dirt road to Rock Creek. Wendell Ashton sketched the scene briefly in the Improvement Era magazine:

The eastern approach to Rock Creek was the only portion of the journey with which Brother Cannon and I were not familiar. We shall remember it longer than any other. The road was dusty and rocky and gnarled with steep, abrupt turns. The bottom of our car occasionally scraped on the high centers, and in trying to avoid them we broke off the hoofs of our plywood oxen on the clumps of sagebrush bordering the narrow road. Occasionally we caught sight of the ruts of the Mormon Pioneer trail.

Our car became hot with toil and strain. I wondered about the cars pressing through the dust clouds behind us. What about those with low centers? What about the cars with wagon boxes built close to the ground?

We reached Rock Creek at sundown, weary but thankful. Then we began to anxiously count the cars as they tugged into camp—as one would count miners emerging from a disaster-struck shaft.

To every trekker the road to Rock Creek is sown with forgotten stories. There was drama at every turn of the road. The path was littered with debris from wagons which were struggling up ahead. Every driver had problems peculiar to the model of the car he drove. Some had low centers, some were too wide, and

some had bumpers which dragged at every high spot.

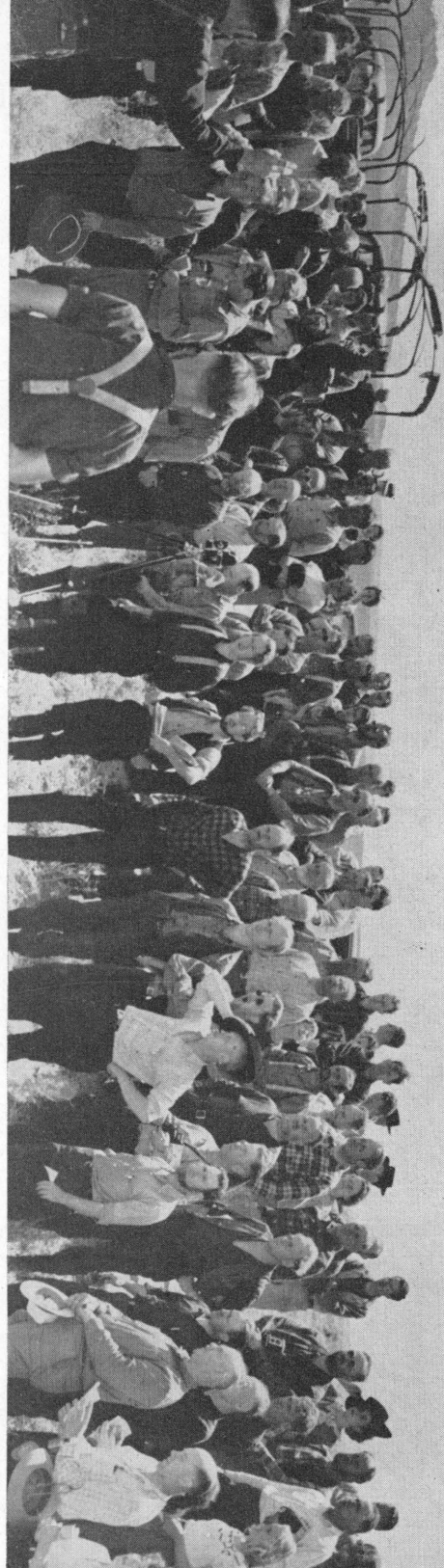
Dave Evans finally discovered the cause of his slow progress was his big traveling companion, Ray Dillman. Evans' low-slung new car would sink lower every time Brother Dillman re-entered the car after he had left it to guide Brother Evans over a rough spot.

Jim Cannon, who had left car No. 1 shortly after the caravan had turned off onto the dirt road, was riding with John Boud and Jay Lyman in Brother Boud's scout car as it came up behind Brother Evans' car. Lyman and Cannon offered to hike for awhile and offered Brother Dillman their place in the scout car, which he accepted under protest. Brother Evans scraped along with less trouble after that.

Progress was slow enough so that the two hikers could keep up with many of the cars by cutting across the prairie and meeting the next bend of the road. Drivers would call out to the two hikers asking them if they wanted a ride. They refused. Then, several curves and hills later, the same drivers found themselves overtaking the same hikers, whose pace had been unhampered by boulders and sagebrush.

It is no secret that in the heat of the toiling, snail-like travel, causing damage both to the cars and the wagon boxes, the trekkers did some "beefing" about the trail and the guide, Mr. Lester Bagley. Today, however, after the scars are gone and forgotten, Mr. Bagley takes on somewhat the stature of a hero who provided trekkers with the most memorable phase of the eight days' travel.

The Soboba is properly begun with a caravan Sunday School service conducted at Martin's Handcart company monument near Devil's Gate. George Lloyd leads trekkers and guests in a favorite hymn.



L. Burt Bigler voices the sentiments of many when he says:

The sixth day was by far the hardest day and coldest night of the trek, but the one day that will be remembered and cherished the longest by me. Going up over the mountains through the sage brush and rocks to Rock Creek gave me an opportunity to reflect on the terrible hardships of our pioneer forefathers.

Alfred M. Durham found a new closeness to his parents as he recalled that his mother, Caroline Mortensen Durham, as a little girl of six years had suffered hardships and privations along that same trail. With her mother, crippled father, and seven brothers and sisters, she had traveled to Rock Creek with the Willie Handcart Company in 1856. Bro. Durham's father, Thomas Durham, was also a handcart pioneer having traveled across the plains with the ill-fated Martin company.

Mr. Bagley pointed out to Arza Paul as they neared Rock Creek the extensive dredging operations which had netted operators about \$400 a day in gold for a period of three or four years. Brother Paul made some quick mental calculations and guessed that that stream which thousands of Saints crossed over contained enough gold to have paid for the outfitting and travel expenses of all of them.

George Biesinger unconsciously reenacted some of his own

family history when he turned around after reaching Rock Creek and went back to help others over the trail. His great-grandfather, John Harvey "went back" from Salt Lake in 1856 to aid the belated handcart companies. Bro. Biesinger, Richard Lambert, David Evans and Wendell Ashton retraced most of the dirt road with Mr. Bagley in his car to check the progress of the remaining cars. One car, driven by H. Harold Jackson, had left its entire wagon box and top by the side of the road when it proved too much of a hindrance. Another had broken a spring. All cars, except one driven by the Kirkham brothers of Los Angeles and Lehi, were accounted for. Of that, trekkers had to wait until the next day to hear the story as told by Ray Kirkham:

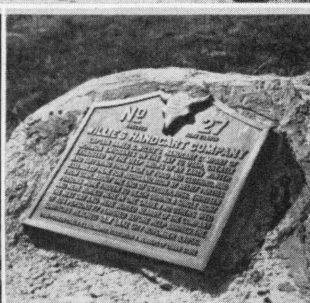
After being hung up on high centers and tearing our wagon box several times because our car was built so low, my brother Tom from Lehi read the incident of the "last wagon" in Brother William Clayton's diary of the original trek. We, like that good brother 100 years ago, decided to spend the night alone on the plains, thus duplicating to the very letter an incident of a century ago.

Even at Rock Creek the caravan had visitors. Several groups had driven over the dirt road from the west to attend the program.

Willard R. Smith conducted the services which began with the congregation singing, "We



Top: "Coverless" wagons finally arrive at Rock Creek after a rigorous journey up the Continental Divide. Center top: A group of solemn men gather around the plaque marking the spot where so many of the Willie handcart company perished. Center bottom, l. to r.: One branch of Rock Creek borders area where meal is served to trekkers. John F. Howells addresses the gathering and tells the story of the valiant Willie company. A close-up of the plaque placed over the mass grave of those who perished there in 1856. A blue spruce is planted by Dr. Stocks and Bro. Wessman, while Loran Hirschi looks on. Bottom: The delegates from Cache County group themselves for a souvenir picture taken in the early morning on the bank of Rock Creek.



Thank Thee O God For A Prophet." Pres. John Whittaker Taylor of the Lyman L. D. S. Stake offered the invocation. Horace P. Beesley played a flute solo of "Serenade" by Gounod.

John F. Howells, as trek speaker, told of the Willie Handcart Company disaster at Rock Creek.

The Willie company, 500 strong, had 3 cows, a wagon and 3 yoke of oxen for each 100 travelers, a tent for every 20 and a handcart for every 5. After a late start, the company lost most of its cattle to the Indians. Carts broke down causing further delay. Early Wyoming blizzards found the travelers exhausted and starving, several hundred miles from Salt Lake. On Oct. 18, 1856 they camped in deep snow on Rock Creek. Five persons died that night, the next night fifteen died and were buried in one grave. Three supply wagons that arrived from Utah on October 20 enabled the survivors to go on to Fort Bridger.

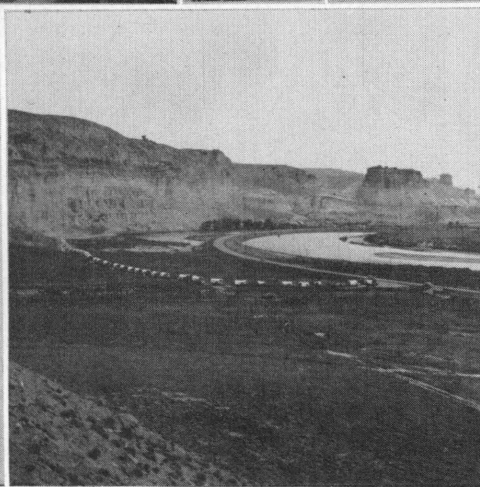
Elder Kimball, as he delivered his address following a musical number from the Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus, added an interesting commentary to the Willie Company story when he told that two of the men were buried one morning in a grave they had helped dig the night before.

The Mixed Quartet sang "The Handcart Song" in honor of the Willie Company. The closing song was "Come Let Us Anew" by the congregation. Glen S. Shields, trek member from Tooele gave the benediction.

The whole camp was abed and everything was peaceful, when the night air was split with loud explosions and Indian war whoops. Guards Loran D. Hirschi of Cedar City and Vernon A. Black of Kanab bravely circled the camp trying to locate the intruders and single-handedly quell the attack. It sounded like a tribe of Apaches on the war path, but the guards had a job to do.... They finally found that the source of the explosions and whoops were three trekkers who felt that Rock Creek would be an ideal place to use up their fireworks and their surplus energy. Dick Lambert, Dave Evans and George Biesinger were the self-admitted disturbers. After the guards hustled them off to bed all was peace and quiet except the earthshaking rumble caused by several heavy snorers.



Top: Trekkers settle themselves "comfortably" amid the rocks at Rock Creek to partake of the morning meal. Center, l. to r.: Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bagley of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission, are pictured with the copper serving tray they accepted from the SUP. Rock Springs, Wyo., and the wagons are parked while trekkers participate in the noon program. Judge Joseph Jeppson, who was scheduled to speak at Pacific Springs, and Senator Elias L. Day, who was scheduled to speak at Church Buttes, make their remarks at Rock Springs because of scheduled delays. Bottom left: Primary children at Green River, Wyo., give their attention to Wendell Ashton, speaker over the mike. Bottom right: The caravan detours and stops off the main highway to replace the canvas tops before they enter Ft. Bridger. Green River is on the right.



Seventh Day—Monday, July 21

The caravan wormed its way over 8 miles of narrow, rutted roadway before it arrived at Atlantic City, a ghost town which had once seen prosperous days during Rock Creek's gold rush period. All the buildings were now boarded up except the hotel which owed its continued life to visiting trout fishermen.

The gravel road that the caravan met at Atlantic City seemed like paved highway to the travelers as they drove to the once-famous town of South Pass City. It was here that the women's suffrage movement in the United States had started, according to the trek guide, Lester Bagley. Mr. Bagley pointed out that the area marked by the three towns of Lewiston, Atlantic City and South Pass City "formed the nucleus of approximately 20,000 people who were engaged in the mining industry."

Mr. Bagley asked the trekkers to watch for other pioneer landmarks after passing South Pass City. "In a few miles," he said, "you will pass by the famous South Pass, and a few miles farther you will see the well-known Pacific Springs, which is a grassy flat to the south with a large spring. This was one of the most-frequented camps in

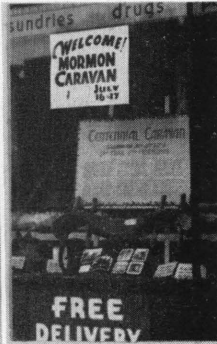
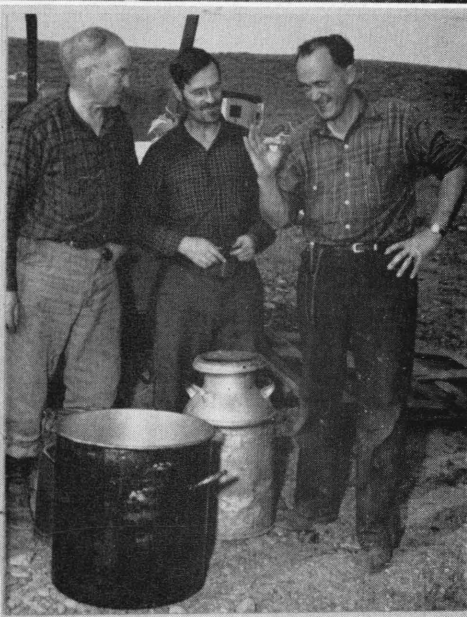
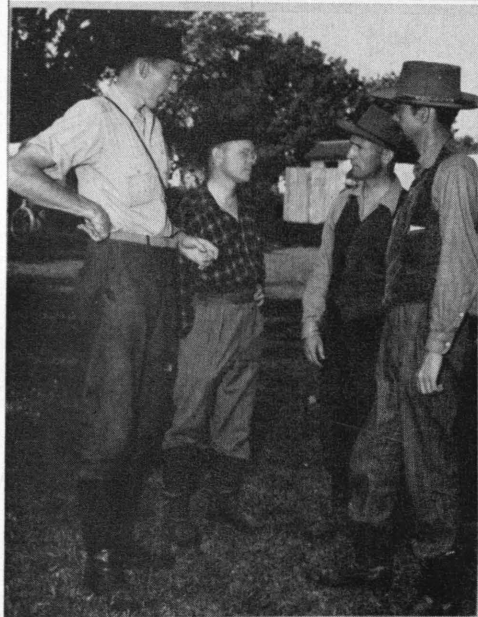
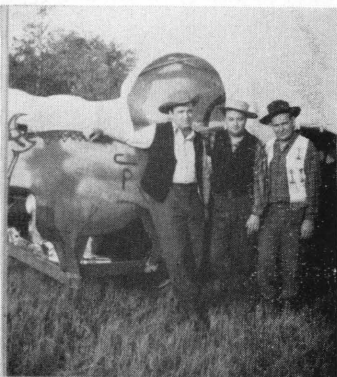
early days. You will proceed on to the Sandy Crossing, which you will see near the store at Farson, Wyoming." With these final directions, Mr. Bagley said goodbye to the caravan.

Trek "pauses" at Pacific Springs, Farson and Church Buttes were not made in the interest of time, but speakers at each of these places were asked to present their messages at the midday stop at Rock Springs. A few miles north of Rock Springs, cars were signaled to the side of the road and instructions given to put on the canvas tops. Willard R. Smith, captain of hundred, had requested trekkers to save canvas by taking them off the cars at Independence Rock, and keeping them off during the travel through the non-populous areas.

In a few minutes the white tops were again on and the caravan rolled into Rock Springs on schedule. City police led the caravan to the park in the center of town where the program was to be held. There, Dr. John Z. Brown, who had been unable at the last minute to go to Nauvoo to participate in the trek, met the caravan to give his speech originally scheduled for Farson, Wyoming. There, also, several eager wives of trekkers met their hus-



Top left: We have it on good authority that this handsome group of characters paid Claudell Johnson to take this picture for them. How about that? Top right: Three hi-jinks with more up their sleeves than their elbows were responsible for many of the practical jokes that were pulled in camp. The camp clowns pictured in all their innocence are George Biesinger, Richard Lambert, David Evans. Center left: Here's an important foursome, with Jim Cannon overshadowing Jack Boud, with Wendell Ashton and Ralph G. Smith facing them. Center right: The kitchen help says this menu is just right. That's Joseph Bennion, Bill Nelson and Bill Robinson peering into the soup kettle. Bottom left: Now it's your turn to see what's cookin' . . . green beans and elk meat simmering to perfection. Bottom right: Another of those signs that let the townspeople know we were coming, and they made us feel welcome, indeed.



bands after driving from Salt Lake City.

Speakers at the noon program were: Judge Joseph G. Jeppson who told one history of Pacific Springs; Dr. Brown who discussed Sandy Crossing and Farson; Fred E. Curtis who spoke of events in the Rock Springs region; and Elias L. Day, whose subject was Church Buttes, which were to be seen that afternoon about 3 o'clock.

Cars formed in line on the highway west of Rock Springs after fueling up to begin the afternoon journey to Fort Bridger.

Heavy winds enroute finally forced the caravan to stop and remove the wagon tops again. As the cars neared Green River, Wyoming they stopped once more to throw the canvases over the skeleton formed by the wagon bows, because Green River officials had specifically requested a parade through town.

Every train and factory whistle in Green River was opened wide as the parade started. The highway was bordered by crowds of people. Halfway through town the city police came to a stop near a large assemblage of children. The L.D.S. Primary children of Green River had gathered to see the modern reenactment of the great exodus they had been studying about in their classes. Bro. Ashton and Elder Kimball

greeted the children and spoke to them briefly on Mormon pioneer history.

At Green River the thoughts of three trekkers were stirred as they recalled a story of their parents. The three were brothers, A. D., Harry D., and Jethro D. Brown from Weber County. Their father and mother, Thomas D. and Esther Wardle Brown, had walked barefoot from Green River to Salt Lake 85 years ago carrying a six months' old baby. A. D. Brown commented, "My attention was drawn to the stubble and harsh brush along the way. No wonder my parents said that many times the blood prints from their feet were left in the sand."

The wagon tops were taken off again after leaving Green River in order to allow a speedier journey to Fort Bridger. Citizens of Lyman, Wyoming, just two miles east of Fort Bridger, watched curiously as the 72 cars drove into town with wagon bows bare and, circled around one of the large blocks south of the business district. Trekkers tumbled out of the cars and once more expertly threw canvases over the framework and secured them. Then the caravan moved on to the highway once more to make their last overnight stop at historic Fort Bridger.

Many familiar faces were



Top left: We reach Ft. Bridger and prepare to form the camp circle. Top right: Elk meat simmers over the open fire, but trekkers waited long for this meal due to program delays. Center left: Dignitaries gather round the blue spruce that they are about to plant on famed Bridger grounds. Center right: Full blooded Indians from Uintah basin sing native songs and display handsome costumes during the Ft. Bridger program. Bottom left: A scene from the dramatic production presented there. Bottom center: President David O. McKay and Elder Harold B. Lee, beloved church authorities, speak during the program, to which many families of trekker had come. Bottom right: The crowd was thrilled with Dorothy Keddington's and H. P. Bresley's soprano and flute duet.



among the crowds lining the dirt road into the old Fort. Richard H. Wootton, S.U.P. Treasurer and one of the trek planners who was unable to go on the trek, was there. Dozens of trekkers' hearts jumped as they saw their loved ones among the onlookers. It seemed longer than eleven or twelve days since they had left home.

Covered wagons moved slowly by the historic buildings, then turned right to a green pasture north of the old parade ground for the encirclement. It wasn't a perfect circle that night due to lack of space, but, bordered by the tall trees, the old buildings and the high grass, the scene was picturesque.

The commissary committee went "all out" at Fort Bridger to make an evening meal worth remembering. Antelope, venison and elk roasts were served, along with boiled potatoes, bread and butter, lemonade, and chocolate pudding for dessert.

A crowd estimated at between 1500 and 2000 spread out their blankets and camp chairs on the parade ground lawn to see the evening performance, which was opened with prayer by President Joseph I. Williams of the Woodruff L. D. S. Stake. Master of Ceremonies William E. Nelson

next introduced the Sons of Utah Pioneers chorus which sang, "Onward Ye People," by Sibelius. Before the presentation of mementos by Wendell J. Ashton, Dorothy Kimball Keddington sang "Sweet Bird," by Handel.

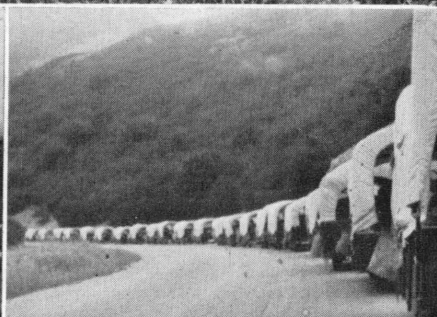
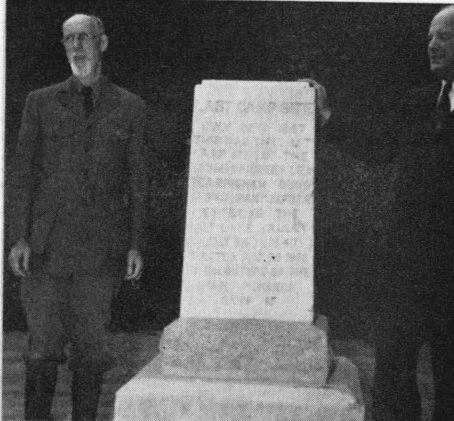
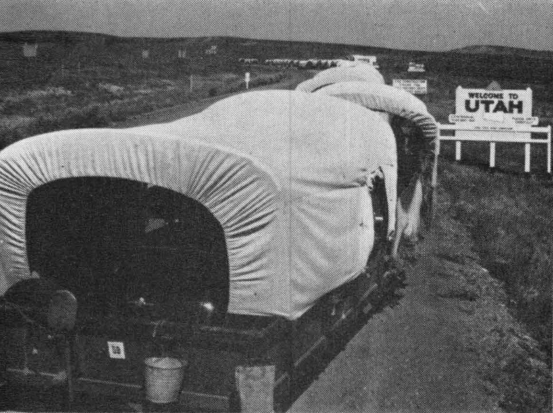
To President David O. McKay, second counselor to the president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and chairman of Utah's Centennial celebration, Bro. Ashton presented a pair of beautifully beaded Indian gloves. "President McKay can better handle the reins of the Centennial program and those of his horses on his ranch in Huntsville with these gloves," Bro. Ashton said as he made the presentation.

The three feminine members of the trek were surprised when Bro. Ashton called them forward to snap a Centennial charm bracelet on the wrist of each one. The bracelets had been made by Trekker Edward B. Perkins of the Los Angeles chapter.

President McKay's stirring address dealing with closing events of the original trek showed the significance of decisions made then in relation to the development of the intermountain west. His remarks gave undisputable proof of Brigham Young's inspir-



Top left: The last lap . . . and the "welcome Utah" looks mighty good to travel-weary trekkers. Top right: Pres. George Albert Smith and Gov. H. B. Maw are photographed at a monument marking the last campsite before 1847 pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. Center top: The band plays on as part of the trek celebration in Henefer, Utah. Center bottom, left: Oops-i-daisy . . . one contestant loses ground and almost his dignity when participating in the stick pulling contest at Parley's Canyon summit. Center bottom, right: Two finalists in the pioneer game are Golden Webb and Ray Dillman. Webb was determined the winner by Judge Jack Howells. Bottom left: The "This Is the Place Monument" in the foothills of Emigration canyon is surrounded with local citizenry welcoming their trekkers home. Bottom right: The caravan is a picturesque sight as it winds down Emigration canyon and makes its entrance into the valley.



ation and faith. President McKay outlined the history of Fort Bridger, introducing many little-known but important facts about the Fort and the man from whom it received its name, Jim Bridger.

The Mixed quartet sang "The Pioneers," by O. F. Whitney and Alexander Schreiner. The dramatization on Fort Bridger followed. Cast of characters and script will be found in Acts.

Rain fell during the latter part of the performance, but the audience stayed on to hear the song, "This Is The Place," by Alfred M. Durham, sung by the SUP chorus. The assembly then sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints," by William Clayton. Benediction was given by Willard R. Smith. Announcement was made that a refrigerated truckload of watermelons had been brought from Salt Lake for the enjoyment of trekkers and friends. There at the truck to serve the crowd were the three donors, Howard J. McKean, Sterling H. Nelson and Joseph H. Lym of Salt Lake City.

Dee D. Brown received word at Fort Bridger that his wife in Ogden, Utah had given birth to a son on Sunday, while Dee was with the caravan at Rock Creek. Dee's father, Jethro D., afterwards remarked that the infant's red hair was a perfect match for Dee's red beard.

* * *

Certain mysterious events at Fort Bridger that Monday night were not cleared up until after the trek was over. Investigation started when Horace P. Beesley wrote, "Off the record, but it

has been suggested that Nora Richardson might know why there were no corn flakes for breakfast at Fort Bridger."

L. Clair Likes' light essay regarding the background of Bro. Beesley's inference about Mrs. Richardson, although not originally written for publication, is herewith published under the title, "Breakfast in Bed."

Breakfast in bed! Oh, for the life of a trekker! It all came about at Fort Bridger when Nora Richardson suggested some pioneer dancing for the group around the campfire. Wendell Ashton could hardly believe his weary eardrums that anyone could scare up enough energy to cut the light fantastic at that hour. The tired but final "no" did not dampen Nora's enthusiasm—it merely re-directed it.

Commissary captain Joseph Bennion was routed out of bed, and in hush hush tones the dastardly plot was revealed. Furtively and with some misgivings, Joseph Bennion aided Nora in raiding the food truck.

Comes now the villainy! On pretense of being solicitous of their comfort, Nora visited the un-retired trekkers. Her inquiries of their welfare always included the patting of the beds—ostensibly to determine if their softness was adequate. And always a "Wonderful!" or "You should sleep well tonight." Oh, perfidy! When the ha-less trekker retired, he found himself the recipient of breakfast in bed—corn flakes—the gift of Nora Richardson.

Unwilling to let the last night go by without a fitting celebration, most of the dramatic group and a few cohorts, gathered around the campfire to sing and explode fireworks. Wendell Ashton struggled out of his cot, put on his jacket and sleepily walked over to the campfire to request the celebrants to go to bed. The camp was then undisturbed until daybreak.

Eighth day, Tuesday, July 22

Interesting friendships were made even in the early morning. Ross Fox of Salt Lake tells of one that happened at Fort Bridger:

About 5:15 a.m., I was at the creek getting a bucket of water when a Mr. Ferris of Philadelphia came to the bridge to take a last look at our encampment. He was greatly impressed both by our circle of wagons and by our spirit.

He said he hoped that we would carry on in the spirit of the trek, and added that our people had something in their hearts not found anywhere else. As secretary of Indian Rights Association he hoped that we would wield an influence to get help for the Navajos. Sixteen thousand Indian children are out of school for lack of facilities, he said. Mr. Ferris was going to retrace our trek from Fort Bridger to Nauvoo on his return to Philadelphia.

As with the first day when the caravan was ready to start moving from Nauvoo, so with the last day when it was ready to move out of Fort Bridger, Car No. 1 couldn't start. This time it was a dead battery. Several trekkers gave the needed push to start the motor turning over and then Bro. Ashton found out that he couldn't shift out of low gear. This time the caravan couldn't wait. The leader beckoned the others on, and then drove into a service station. Bro. Ashton best describes his own thoughts at that time:

The station attendant pounded on the transmission. But to no avail. Hopes of reaching Salt Lake City with the procession began to blur.

The attendant was accommodating, though: "I'll call our head mechanic on the phone, and see if he can come."

He did. About a half hour after the last car had left us, the gears had been fixed. We raced on toward Evanston, Wyoming. There we caught the others as they were fueling.

A few minutes after crossing the Utah border two familiar figures waved the caravan to a stop.

One was in a Scouter's uniform. He was George Albert Smith, president of the L.D.S. Church, and with him was Utah's governor, Herbert B. Maw. They shook hands with people in the lead cars and said they had been waiting anxiously to see the covered wagons.

In Governor Maw's black sedan they then led the procession to the outskirts of Henefer, Utah, where bands and horses and riders waited in parade formation. The streets were packed with a cheering holiday throng. The wagons moved behind the parade up Henefer's main street and then made a U-turn and started back. There was a short pause at Henefer for greetings and picture-taking.

A big surprise that only Wendell Ashton knew about awaited the caravan on the East Canyon route. However, Bro. Ashton had sent John Boud ahead that morning to make known a route change in order to save time. The caravan would have been slowed down by the dusty, narrow East Canyon road, so it was proposed to go down Parleys Canyon and then over the ridge into Emigration Canyon. Dozens of boys dressed as Indians who had prepared for a mock attack on the pioneers were disappointed that morning—as were the trekkers when they learned about it afterwards—that news of the change in the route did not reach them in time to change their plans. The attack was planned by President Carl W. Buehner of the Granite Stake, and was to be executed by the Aaronic Priesthood boys of that Stake.

The fulness of the daily sched-

who had also prevented the accomplishment of an 8-day horse-shoe tournament, carefully planned by John F. Howells, Jr., trek sports chairman. At Kimball's Junction in Parleys Canyon, however, Bro. Howells was given the time to carry out a stickpulling contest. This old pioneer game calls for two opponents to sit on the ground facing each other, with shoe soles together. The men then grip a stout stick and start pulling. The one who loses his grip or is pulled from the ground is the loser. Finalists in the contest were Golden E. Webb and Ray Dillman. Bro. Webb succeeded in raising Bro. Dillman from the ground, and was declared stick-pulling champion.

Once more, adjustments had to be made in the schedule to meet appointments at "This Is The Place" monument, Sugar House and downtown Salt Lake. The commissary truck was sent on ahead to locate itself near Willard Smith's summer home in Emigration Canyon so that lunches could be passed out to the cars as they drove by on a little side road.

The sight of the beautiful valley was almost new to the trekkers. Their thoughts had dwelt greatly on events of 100 years ago. Now here they were at the place that the original group had seen nothing but sun-scorched desert, like some of the country near Independence Rock. But there it was, a valley transformed from a wasteland to a verdant paradise by a people who had vision and perseverance.

A few of the trekkers saw more than the valley. Elias Day describes another inspirational sight:

As we came out of Emigration Canyon, we saw two great columns of seagulls, each column tapering to the top in the form of a cone, and both columns revolving as the seagulls soared round and round. There were hundreds of beautiful birds.

This was a demonstration different and outstanding from the ordinary flight of seagulls, and was a fitting welcome home at the gateway of the canyon. It deeply stirred one's emotions.

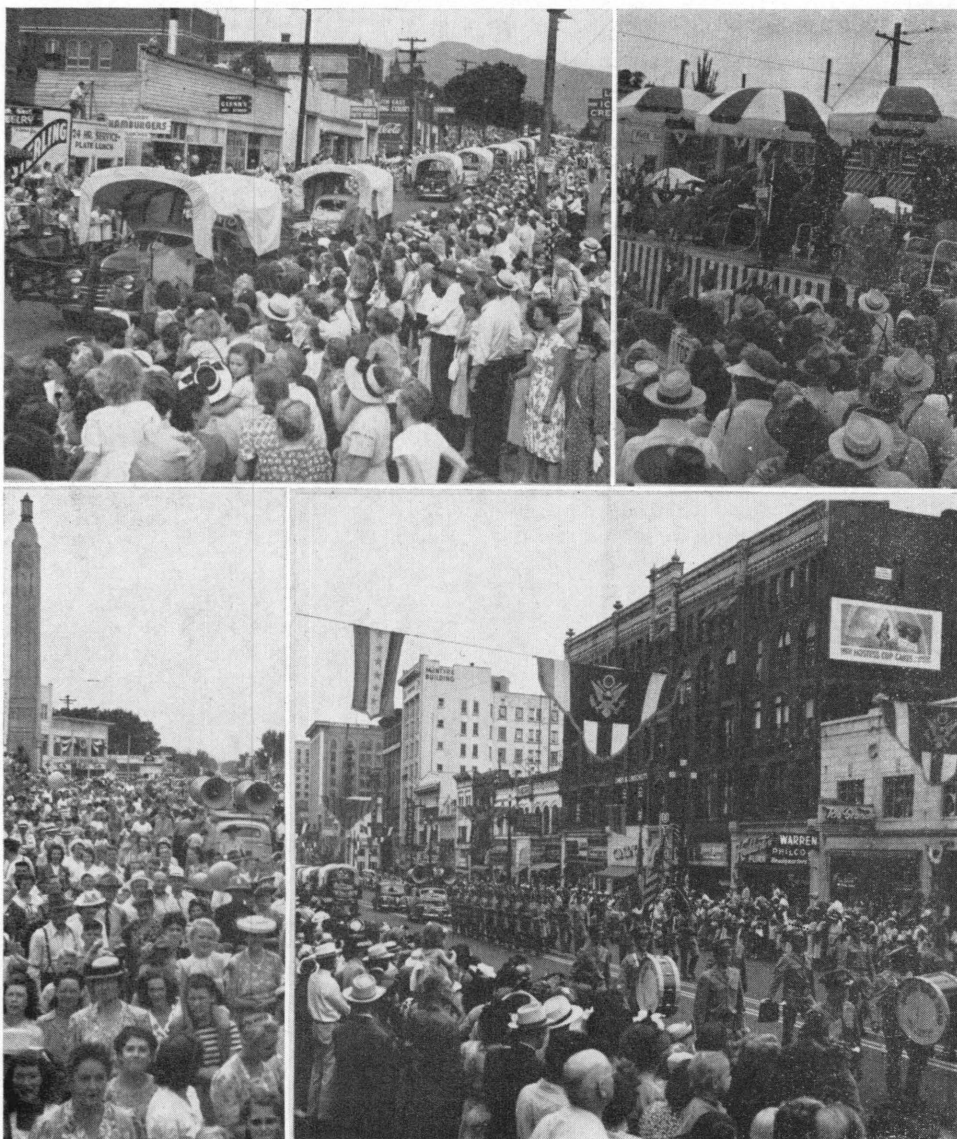
Thousands rimmed the hill-sides near the great monument which was to be dedicated in two days. As the procession approached, the recording of "Come Come Ye Saints" by the Tabernacle Choir was played and the crowd joined in. Tears were seen in trekkers eyes as they climbed out of their wagons to hear President Smith and Governor Maw speak over the radio and watch the laying of a wreath at the foot of the monument by Brothers Ashton, Nelson, Smith, Boud and Cannon.

Nearly every foot of the way from the monument to Sugar House was lined with people. As the procession approached 21st South on 13th East the crowd swelled to great proportions. A Salt Lake City Lines special bus, carrying an honored group of living pioneers preceded the caravan down 21st South to Sugar House's famed plaza. There was a sea of faces everywhere, but seats had been saved for the old pioneers and for the new ones.

The Sugar House Chamber of Commerce had erected a bunting-lined platform for the program. Cold soft drinks were passed out to the thirsty trekkers before the program started.

President Smith and Governor Maw were introduced by Raymond E. Nilson, chamber president. They each spoke briefly

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



Down 21st South in Sugar House parades the caravan while thousands line the streets. Top right: The rousing welcome from Sugar House is given at the plaza and it's there that Jim Cannon, on behalf of trekkers, presents leader Wendell Ashton with a portable typewriter. Bottom, left: A portion of the crowd around the Plaza monument. Right: A Marine Corps band leads the parade up Main Street.

and entertainingly to the large assemblage. Then Wendell Ashton presented President Smith with a pair of Mormon Battalion bookends and Governor Maw with a pair of beaded Indian gloves. Alvin Keddington sang a solo of "Wagon Wheels."

An unexpected memento was presented to Wendell Ashton at the Sugar House stop by the trekkers, with their gratitude. A new portable typewriter had been purchased that morning for the Sugar House presentation.

Radio station KUTA recorded the program and later put it on the air.

The finest mementos given, according to trekkers, were the medals presented by the Sugar House Chamber of Commerce to every participant.

On behalf of all the trekkers Wendell Ashton thanked Horace A. Sorensen, chairman of the committee which planned the Sugar House greeting and his co-workers: Grant Midgley, who arranged for the gold-plated souvenir medals; Paul Pehrson and M.L. "Bud" Brain who aided in decorations and arrangements; Ray E. Nilson, chamber president; and board members Sidney J. Ottley and Ray D. Free.

"My greatest thrill was the reception at Sugar House," wrote John W. Smith after the trek was over.

An egg was laid in Sugar House. The egglayer had joined the caravan some place along the way. Judge Joseph Jeppson's wife and daughter had made a pioneer chicken box, using wooden slats instead of wire, and sent it—complete with chickens—to the Judge while enroute from Nauvoo. Upon entering the valley, the chicken box, which was tied into the side of the wagon, received much more attention than Judge Jeppson's bounteous growth of beard. All the attention prompted one of the chickens to lay the egg for the entertainment of the Sugar House people.

Robert Barnes, a member of the Salt Lake greeting committee, urged the trekkers to hurry back to their cars and start moving. A Marine Corps drum and bugle corps, radio station KSL, and state, church and city dignitaries were waiting for the caravan to arrive in downtown Salt Lake.

The snappy drum majorettes of the Sugar House American Legion post 65, followed by the post's drum and bugle corps members dressed in Indian loin cloths and wearing red paint, had been moved to 5th South and Main to join the procession again there. At 5th South, the caravan stopped momentarily while mimeographed instructions on parking for trek cars near the Brigham Young monument were issued through car windows.



Top, left and right: Were we glad to see those hills of home! We'll always remember entering our beloved valley and listening with tears in our eyes to the home folks' voices blend with the recording of the choir in "Come, Come, Ye Saints." From the "This Is the Place" Monument we paraded to Sugar House, where the local Chamber of Commerce had really gone to a lot of trouble to greet us. Center, left and right: They even had the drum and bugle corps dressed up like redskins. Bottom, left and right: The spires of our holy temple . . . Brigham Young monument silhouetted against the evening sky . . . hosts and hosts of friends and loved ones lining Main street . . . and we were home. KSL, the newspapers and all the proper dignitaries were on hand to make our homecoming official, too.



The Marine Corps band swung smartly onto Main from 5th south and started the parade north toward the Brigham Young monument.

Crowds were packed from the edge of the street back to the business buildings for the next five blocks, and at the monument they were packed hundreds deep.

Trekkers' emotions and thoughts as they waved to the thousands of people, and then saw the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints standing at the base of the Brigham Young monument to greet them reached a climactic point which will never be forgotten by any of them. David L. Olsen expresses his own thoughts simply in his diary:

As I neared the monument of Brigham Young, that great man, I realized more than ever before what it all means. And now it is nearly over, I am just a little bit sad. Even though I know the trek can't go on, in my heart I am selfish enough to wish it could.

To the men who had spent long months planning the trek, in fact to all trek personnel who had prayed so much for its success, the presence of Presidents George Albert Smith, J. Reuben Clark and David O. McKay at the final greeting was positive proof that the reenactment was a success. Their presence there was as im-

portant to the participants as all the crowds along the 1500 mile route.

Edwin H. Lauber, chairman of the Salt Lake welcoming committee, had done his job well. The final program went off without a hitch, and many trekkers said, "Such a grand welcome I have never had in my life."

Mayor Earl J. Glade greeted the trekkers, commending them for a tremendous job well done. To the Sons of Utah Pioneers with Wendell J. Ashton as president he presented the key to the city. Bro. Ashton spoke inspiringly as he thanked the mayor and all who aided in the great homecoming. He later wrote:

Our hearts were light, all right. But more than that, they were grateful. They were thankful for a safe deliverance across the plains. We felt that He who had guided the first company of pioneers to the valley a hundred years ago had been with us. There had been no mishaps to our personnel. The warm greeting of Mayor Earl J. Glade was the last of a long strand of tributes from every mayor who met us along the route. Where a persecuted people had trod a hundred years ago, their descendants had been hailed, not for what they had done, but for the deeds of those who had been persecuted.

Indeed, we the Centennial trekkers, with mankind, might well ponder the words of the poet who said: "The lesson of life is to believe what the years and centuries say as against the hours."



Unforgettable sight which will be long remembered by trekkers was this scene of the huge crowd, the figure of Brigham Young and the stately spires of the Salt Lake Temple which greeted them Tuesday afternoon, July 22, 1947. Visible at the base of the monument are Pres. George Albert Smith, J. Reuben Clark and David O. McKay of the First Presidency; Gov. Herbert B. Maw, Mayor Earl J. Glade and members of the city commission.



Arts and Epistles . . .

OUR STORY IS TOLD IN SCENES AND SPEECHES



. . . Thespians strike a pose—soprano Dorothy Kimball Keddington, script writer L. Clair Likes and dramatic director Francis L. Urry.

THESE ARE THE ACTS . . . A most important part of entertainment provided by the Sons of Utah Pioneers Centennial Trekkers for the crowds gathered at each nightly stop along the old Mormon Trail was the dramatic skits written, directed and played by trekkers themselves. Each skit concerned itself with some incident or incidents that had occurred approximately 100 years ago in the locale in which it was being presented.

It is not to be wondered at that these informal presentations were so enthusiastically received by the audiences fortunate enough to see them, for there was a surprising amount of effort expended in the preparation of them. For background material script writers L. Clair Likes, Luacine Clark Fox and Francis L. Urry delved into early church history and the journals of pioneers who had crossed the plains under the leadership of Brigham Young, and other sources. Their task was not an easy one. They had to compile the information, prepare scripts that would be entertaining, simple enough to produce in rough country with few stage properties, yet dramatic enough to have a convincing effect on the audience. They must be professional, too, so that a good impression would be made. Francis L. Urry was the dramatic director and he trained his troupe with skill and enthusiasm. He was assisted by Donald B. Alder. Rehearsals began several weeks in advance of the trek. Much credit is due Joseph Williams who designed and made the scenery and had charge of properties.

The following pages contain full copies of the scripts with a list of characters and other details concerning their presentation. These, then are the ACTS.

DRAMA

Any attempt to dramatize the incidents which occurred on the 1847 Exodus has all the indicia of "gilding the lily." One becomes more aware of this situation as he reads farther and deeper into the history of that monumental event. While real life is by and large, more dramatic than its reproduction on the stage, screen or other media, it would be frightfully flat if it were set on the stage exactly as it occurred. The intervening lapses, pauses, and undramatic elements attending the real life situation create the need for editing "life" for stage purposes.

There is no claim that the "Trek" dramas are correct in every detail. The order of speaking by the various characters, even the speeches themselves are missing in the historical data available and have to be reconstructed from the narrative context of such documents. The authors of the five "episodes" attempted to minimize the "editing" of the incidents depicted. Apologies are, therefore, due and tendered for any impressions created by such editing which may counter tradition.

TREK DRAMATIC PRESENTATIONS

PRODUCTION STAFF

Francis L. Urry Director	Adrian W. Cannon Stage Manager	Harry N. Poll Light and Sound
Donald B. Adler Richard Keddington L. Clair Likes Edward Lauber Assistant Directors	Joseph H. Williams Scenery and Properties	Nora P. Richardson Dorothy K. Keddington Ruth C. Shields Costumes

CASTS

NAUVOO SEQUENCE

SCRIPT—FRANCIS L. URRY

Mother	Dorothy K. Keddington
Father	S. Richard Keddington
Child	Marilyn Bean
Joseph Smith	Francis L. Urry
Hyrum Smith	L. Clair Likes
Dr. Isaac Galland	W. H. Holbrook
Heber C. Kimball	F. L. Michelson
Voice of Prophecy	F. Alburn Shields
Willard Richards	A. W. Cannon
Brigham Young	Donald B. Alder

and others

NARR:

"When a deed is done for freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching
breast,

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west."

We came down from the Mountains of the West, the Rockies, we of the second, third and fourth generations of those who built here a century ago. Sons of the Utah Pioneers, we come that we might keep faith with those whose bodies sleep in dust. We came that we might join hands with you in fellowship and love. We salute you, citizens of Illinois, and join in a camaraderie of National Faith in our great land from sea to sea.

We tread again the steps our fathers trod and, walking with them, gaze in retrospect on scenes long since enacted.

For the record, let us note the current time and place.

PLACE: NAUVOO, ILLINOIS.

DATE: JULY 14TH.

YEAR: NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN.

"Time is swift in passing; we cannot call it back; it comes, then passes forward along its onward track, and if we are not mindful, our chance will fade away, for life is quick in passing, 'tis as a single day."

A century ago, nay, let us say, a "few days ago," our fathers stood where we now stand. This was their home, a sacred shrine, a city, beautiful—

We stand upon the summit of a hill,

The evening shades descending cool and still,

Are folding in the sable pall of night

The twilight beauties fading on the sight.

But far away, in colors warm and true,
Our vivid fancy sees another view
Rise clear and bright upon the mental gaze,
Like wakened memories of forgotten days.
Far down the vista of a hundred years
The grander panorama's front appears,
A moving vision on the scenes cast,
A glowing present of the withered past."

Yes, this was the home of our fathers—
—their town—crowned with the loveliness of a holy temple, reared to God by the humble hands of toil. This, the "Mormon City"—"Nauvoo, the Beautiful."

Builders they were, who developed from a marsh their scenic fertile place; frontiersmen from the East—Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, who already had learned the art of conquering the waste places—only to be driven from their lands to seek new havens of safety and peace—that they might worship God according to the dictates of conscience. Seeking liberty in liberty's land—a people oppressed—driven, routed, besieged.

SCENE ON STAGE:

ESCAPE

A number of Pioneers fleeing from Missouri—the group is composed of men, women and children. . . . One couple and their child haltingly bring up the rear. The mob is heard off stage:

MOTHER: We can't go on any longer.

Let us give ourselves up.

FATHER: There is no turning back. We must struggle on. Better to die from exposure than to be killed by demons in human form.

MOTHER: But I just can't hold on any longer.

FATHER: With God's help we'll endure as long as a breath remains in us.

(Child crying.)

CHILD: I'm hungry.

MOTHER: I know, my child, our enemies took all we had and they drove us from our home in Missouri. Oh, father, why should the righteous be made to suffer so?

FATHER: It has always been this way, my dear. Think of Joseph, our prophet, languishing now in a jail and guilty of no crime, save the teaching of unpopular theology. We are lucky to escape with our lives. We can't give up.

MOTHER: If we only had your courage, father. It is only a few days since they burned you with the tar.

FATHER: There is need for courage—need for hope—one day we shall find a place where we shall rest unmolested. (Looks off left toward mob.) You—some day, you or your posterity, will have all the mob rule you are looking for. And their voices shall cry from the dust against . . . (Gasp as though fainting).

MOTHER (Rushes to his aid): John! John! What's wrong?

FATHER: Oh—nothing. My lungs pain so—ever since I was hurt. But, come, we can't stay here . . . if they catch us they will beat us again.

CHILD (Is crying): I can't—I can't walk. Please carry me.

MOTHER: My dear child, I know you can't hold up much longer. (She looks left.) Those fiends. Oh, what can we do? We can't stay here and be beaten again.

FATHER: I'll try to carry him. Come, my child.

MOTHER: Father, you can't. You have no strength.

FATHER: Our strength is in God. Come, my child. (Father attempts to raise child but again suffers an attack and falls to the earth—the child crumpling with him—mother bends over them.)

MOTHER: Father! John! John!

FATHER: All—will be—well—mother—you must try to go on. Take—the water jug—maybe you can—revive our child. Take the—

MOTHER: John! No! No!

FATHER: All—will be—well—mother—you must try to go on. Take the water jug—maybe you can—revive our child. Take the—

MOTHER: John! No! No!

FATHER: Courage—mother. We—suffer—but for—a little—season—then—then. (Sink in death.)

Mob sounds off stage heard loudly.)

MOTHER (Screams): Oh, God, help us!

(Lights out.) . . . Music up quickly, dramatically, to finish.)

LIGHTS OF NARRATOR

(Voice from Audience)

VOICE: Just a moment.

READER: Beg your pardon.

VOICE: Just a moment, sir. (Rises from his seat and comes toward stage.)

VOICE: I have a few questions I would like to ask.

READER: Very well, come right up here. (He goes on the stage over to narrator.)

VOICE: Who were those people representing?

READER: Those people? They represented our people, your people, Americans.

VOICE: What was their difficulty? Why were they being subjected to such treatment?

READER: They were unpopular, adherents to a different religion.

VOICE: I don't see that that has anything to do with their being beaten and driven.

READER: Nevertheless, that's history.

VOICE: History? You mean they were barbarians?

READER: It is not for me to pass judgment.

VOICE: That is one thing we can be thankful for in America. Our people have always been guaranteed religious freedom.

READER: But this, sir, happened in America.

VOICE: Now, you're going a little bit too far. Our country has always stood for freedom of worship as guaranteed by our constitution.

READER: You are right, but there were times when those guarantees were not realized.

VOICE: How do you mean?

READER: These people whose misery you just saw portrayed represent our people, Americans, who lived in one of our sovereign states, who owned property built homes and believed in the constitution of our land. The kind of treatment you witnessed they were subjected to many times.

VOICE: Why didn't they do something about it? They had several rights.

READER: They did do something about it. When the governor of a state gave them an exterminating order, they appealed to the President of the country they loved, only to be answered with

the words, "Your cause is just, but we can do nothing for you." Hence, the necessity of fleeing to another state.

VOICE: I still can't believe this took place in America. When was this sort of thing going on in our land?

READER: In 1838-39 . . . it is an actual fact.

VOICE: I'll have to look that up. But if this did happen, I wish I had been there. I'd have done something about it, because I love my country.

READER: So did these people love their country. For Joseph Smith, himself, had said: (Spot Joseph Smith on stage giving speech about the constitution.)

JOSEPH: "The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men, from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

(Black out.)

READER: And you say you'd have done something about it. You know, human beings are all pretty much alike. We are prejudiced always against those things we do not understand, or are unwilling to investigate, and are too harsh in passing judgment. It is wise to see both sides of every issue. Truly our forebears suffered. They endured privation worse than death, but that is all gone now. Their church was young—so was the nation young—and just as individuals grow by overcoming mistakes, so do nations. We are not like that in America today. We've learned the meaning of our Constitution, and all classes, large and small, enjoy its protection.

VOICE: Well, friend, maybe you've got something there. Go on with your story.

READER: Very well; by the way, who are you?

VOICE: I—I'm just a citizen of 1947. I'm glad I live in this generation.

READER: Very well, Mr. Citizen, thanks for your questions—and now—to go on with our story. These people were indeed Americans all—our people—your people—champions of freedom's cause—victims of religious intolerance, bigotry, hatred, persecution and misunderstanding, who—despite

their woe-beset past built ever bigger and greater—with a firm faith in their nation's divine destiny.

In 1838 it was necessary for these exiles to find a new place of shelter. Then it was that Joseph Smith and some of his associates called upon one Dr. Isaac Galland, owner of much of the land at Commerce, Illinois.

(Scene on stage with Dr. Galland, Joseph Smith, Heber C. Kimball and others.)

JOSEPH: You are Dr. Isaac Galland, sir?

GALLAND: I am, sir.

JOSEPH: I am Joseph Smith.

GALLAND: Not the Mormon Prophet?

JOSEPH: The same. My friend here is Heber C. Kimball.

GALLAND: How do you do!

JOSEPH: Dr. Galland, we have come to talk with you concerning the purchase of your tract of land in Commerce, Illinois.

GALLAND: Oh, I see.

JOSEPH: We must find a place for our people to live. They are homeless—many of them are desperately ill.

GALLAND: Well—do you realize the condition of my property?

JOSEPH: I believe so, sir.

GALLAND: It isn't a very good place to take well people, let alone anyone who is ill. Why—it's a marsh land, full of malaria. The mosquitoes are terrible; the ground is so soggy, there are only a few months of the year that a person on horseback can get from the top of the hill down toward the bog, without miring.

JOSEPH: I understand that, Dr. Galland.

GALLAND: And you still think you would want it?

JOSEPH: Yes, sir!

GALLAND: Well—it has never been my principle to put something over on anyone—and I wanted you to thoroughly understand what you were asking for. Commerce is made up of only one stone house, three frame houses and two block houses—and there's nothing much to them.

HEBER: A very uninviting place all the way around, the way you describe it, Dr. Galland.

GALLAND: Indeed! As a place for people who are already weary from suffering and persecution, it doesn't offer

much. You see, Smith, I am aware of your difficulties. I'm not one with you, but I certainly know what you've been through. And for anyone to try to make anything of that swamp is difficult to imagine.

JOSEPH: It will not be the first time we have overcome our difficulties, Dr. Galland. We must find a place no one else wants—then they may leave us alone.

GALLAND: I can understand that.

JOSEPH: It's wonderful location for a city, Dr. Galland.

GALLAND: That it is. It may be—that if the place could be drained off—but that will take so long.

JOSEPH: With the help of the Lord we can make anything of it, and I'm sure we can make a home for our people.

HEBER: We have already purchased 135 acres of land from Hugh White—property adjoining yours, I understand.

GALLAND: Yes, that is correct!

JOSEPH: What would your property be worth, Dr. Galland?

GALLAND: Let me see—well, I should roughly judge the land should bring about, oh, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

JOSEPH: Fifty thousand dollars!

GALLAND: Right! And for a poverty-stricken people it would certainly be a burden.

HEBER: Well—what terms could you offer us, Dr. Galland?

GALLAND: Now—I know you'd appreciate as much time as possible.

JOSEPH: We would indeed, sir!

GALLAND: Then shall we say—twenty years?

HEBER: Twenty years—wonderful!

GALLAND: Your payments would be about \$2500 annually. Would that be satisfactory?

JOSEPH: Satisfactory—I should say—if you will do it.

GALLAND: Now—you understand what a useless place it is now?

JOSEPH: That we do—but we will purchase it nevertheless.

GALLAND: As you will—call around tomorrow and we'll arrange the documents. I want you to know that my heart goes out to you and your people. You've undergone terrible hardships—I'm glad I can help you in some little way and do hope you will not be sorry.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

JOSEPH (Shaking hands): Thank you, Dr. Galland. We will not be sorry. With the help of God, your marsh will be transformed into a delightful habitation for the Saints.

(Dr. Galland is seen looking off wonderingly at the men.)

CURTAIN

(END OF SCENE)

READER: Thus the Saints had found a new home where they might go and once again build for peace and security. Ever seeking freedom, the weary refugees, racked with hunger, with fever and every manner of afflictions, poured onto the tracts of land, bought for them by their prophet. Due to the unhealthful condition of the marshes death stalked them and the first year took a heavy toll. It seemed they should give up in despair. But by persistent effort and unyielding faith they drained the lands, cultivated the fields and, with the help of God, the desolate marsh, located in a bend of the great Mississippi, became a garden of beauty. Stately homes graced the countryside, streets were laid out wide and straight—all under the direction of Joseph Smith. Then Joseph changed the name of the place from Commerce to Nauvoo—a word of Hebrew origin meaning "A beautiful place."

READER: Where sire of waters sweeps
o'er silvery sands,
Prest by the pilgrim feet of many
lands,
Aloft, alone, a sacred city stands.
City, mother of many, none more rare,
A blossoming waste shall yield, now
burnt and bare;
City, mother of empire, famed as fair,
Whose birth the solemn muse must
yet declare.
Where groaned the land with dread
malarial ill,
Healed by a hand divine, o'er vale and
hill,
See roof and dome and glittering fane
arise!
Unworldly link, rewelding Earth and
Skies!

READER: Yes, at last a dream had been realized. Now they could live in peace. The city grew, until there were upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. Then once again the clouds of hate made their ominous appearance and hell

again was enraged against them. On August 6, 1842, across the Mississippi at Montrose, Iowa, Joseph and some of his associates met to discuss their problems. Joseph is speaking.

(Scene on stage depicting the episode concerning prediction about Rocky mountains.)

JOSEPH: Brethren: I prophesy that the Saints will continue to suffer much affliction and will be driven to the Rocky mountains. Many of the Saints will apostatize. Others will be put to death by our persecutors, or will lose their lives in consequence of exposure and disease. Some of you will go and assist in making settlements there.

BRIGHAM: What of you, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Me, Brigham? I am not destined to go with you. Our enemies will not be satisfied with anything short of my life. And even then they will ruthlessly pursue you others.

HEBER: And when is this to be?

JOSEPH: I shall not be sacrificed until my time comes; then I shall be offered freely. I thank God for preserving me from my enemies. I have no desire but to do all men good.

(SCENE OUT.)

READER: And even as Joseph had spoken, the persecution became more intense—the mob spirit fanned into a flame. Together with old-time enemies—some of the prophet's professed—but disloyal friends, apostates, traitors to the man they had once called Prophet and leader—united in seeking his life. In desperation, urged by his faithful associates, he fled across the river to Montrose. While there his supposed friends sent word that he was showing cowardice—to which he answered:

(Scene with Joseph.)

JOSEPH: If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself. Hyrum, my dear brother, what shall we do?

HYRUM: Let us go back and see the thing out.

JOSEPH: If you go back, I shall go with you, but we shall be butchered.

HYRUM: No, let us go back and put our trust in God. If we live or die we will be reconciled to our fate.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

JOSEPH: Very well—brethren, let us return to Nauvoo.

(Scene Ends)

Music up here and fade for.

READER: Thus resigned to their fate, Joseph, his brother Hyrum, and the others recrossed the river to spend their last night with their families. On the morrow Joseph and Hyrum kissed their loved ones goodbye and prepared to leave for Carthage, Illinois, where they were to be incarcerated in a jail, on a trumped up charge of treason.

(Scene: Joseph's farewell to Nauvoo.)

JOSEPH: "Oh, Nauvoo! Nauvoo! This is the loveliest place and the best people under the heavens—little do they know the trials that await them. I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience, void of offense towards God and towards all men. I shall die innocent and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood."

(Final farewells as they depart.)

MUSIC UP AND DOWN TO B. G.

READER: On to Carthage they went. They were safe in the jail for a night and day until late on the afternoon of June 27, 1844—when an angry mob broke into the building and accomplished the infamous deed of martyring Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and his brother Hyrum.

SOLO: "The Seer."

(Lighting Scene.)

READER: Truly peril, as predicted by Joseph Smith, now faced the broken-hearted Saints in Nauvoo. Their temple was not quite completed, but they were determined that it should be finished before they were driven out. They went to work with all their might and were successful in completing it but a few days prior to their departure West. Brigham Young, mighty leader and President of the Quorum of Twelve, began preparation to lead the imperiled Saints from their last found home before they were driven out again by their enemies. On February 2, 1846, Brigham Young met with other leading men of the Church in one of the rooms of the Temple.

YOUNG: Brethren, we will not waste words. You know why we have met here. The action of enemies makes it imperative that we should make some decision, and that immediately. Brother Kimball, I should like to hear your opinion.

KIMBALL: It seems to be self evident, President Young; we will have to move west now, instead of later.

YOUNG: Brother Willard Richards.

RICHARDS: I think that by all means we should depart as soon as possible. Our enemies have resolved to intercept us whenever we start. Therefore, it should be to our advantage to move as quickly as we are able—to give them less chance to prepare.

YOUNG: Yes, I think we are all agreed that we start at once. Brethren, this for us is a dark hour. There are some who believe that our expulsion will bring to an end our great cause, but this work will go forward in spite of all obstacles, past or future. But only two years ago I was with the Prophet sitting in the temple. He talked of the exploration of the west and said: "Within five years the Latter-day Saints will be free from the power of their enemies." So our course now is made clear. Take courage, brethren, we will leave Nauvoo in the hands of our enemies, but we will yet build greater cities and more magnificent temples. But let us not delay—I advise you all to procure boats immediately and hold them in readiness to convey our wagons and teams across the river. Get everything in readiness for this journey so that when a family is called to go, everything necessary may be put into the wagons within four hours at least.

(Meeting adjourns.) Music to show business, activity, etc.

READER (Sounds of working on various things, wagon wheels, etc.): So the preparation went forward. Some repaired wagon wheels, others made boats ready for the river crossing, and all united in making ready to depart to a new home in a foreign land, where they might be unmolested once and for all to worship God as they pleased.)

(Music and down for effect.)

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

READER: On February 4, 1846, under command of Brigham Young, the first group left the ill-fated city of Nauvoo. The great "father of waters" at this point was frozen over—and they crossed with their wagons on the solid ice. Camping in Montrose that night, they underwent the hardship of the tragic winter in the open. Nine mothers, huddled in the snow, gave birth to their babies under the wagons. Thus, our fathers bent their way to the new land beyond the horizon. Tragic as it may have seemed—the glory of their future home they had not dreamed—for there on rugged mountain tops the vision of ancient Isaiah had been realized.

VOICE: "And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it, and many people shall go and say, come ye and let us go up to the Mountain of the Lord to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we shall walk in His paths, for out of

Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord, from Jerusalem."

READER: So we came down from the mountains, in reverie to the glorious past. We, the Sons of the Pioneers, love the city where our fathers dwelt, love the descendants of those who unknowingly, unwittingly caused unrest among our sires. Today we are all Americans. As with our fathers and your fathers, it is our job to carry on for liberty, for freedom, for justice among all peoples in all lands. To quote again the poet:

Mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious,
yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean sundered fibres
feels the gush of joy or shame:
In the gain or loss of one race,
all the rest have equal claim."

With God's help let us build a freer—
stronger—holier AMERICA.

CHORUS: Ballad for Americans.

GARDEN GROVE SEQUENCE

SCRIPT—L. CLAIR LIKES & LUACINE C. FOX

William Clayton	James H. Lyman
Sister Phelps	Ruth C. Shields
Clara Young	Nora P. Richardson
Brigham Young	Donald B. Alder

GARDEN GROVE SEQUENCE
(Music Up and Down)

NARR: The tide of empires turns on
strong man's wills,
And Destiny must sojourn with the
brave.
But Destiny is out of joint and Em-
pires doomed
When men forsake their lofty aims
And seek the easy, rather than the
right.

MUSIC:

NARR: In April, 1846, Garden Grove,
Iowa, suddenly teemed with life and
activity, as the Mormon exiles made
an encampment here. The days were

charged with sounds of industry and
grim determination. The nights were
crowded with thoughts that generate
only in the minds of driven, persecuted
people—thoughts of mingled bitterness
and hope, and yet they were thoughts
of:

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would
break,
Never dreamed, though right
were worsted, wrong would
triumph."

Let us turn our thoughts in retro-
spect to April 15, 1846, and witness a

scene which may, perhaps, justify the application of Browning's verse to an entire people.

(Music.)

The locale is near Locust Creek, Iowa, approximately 45 miles to the east of Garden Grove. This morning the ground was frozen and the wagon wheels had to be pried free. This afternoon a steady rainfall began, until tonight the place is a sodden bivouac for the exhausted men and women in the great covered wagons.

WIND SOUND

It's an hour now since the last wagon of the exiled Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, lumbered into its place in the encampment. A bitter wind is tearing with rain-drenched fingers at the great canvas covers.

NARR: Inside some of the chill wagons, men and women are lingering over the last bits of a cold supper as if hoping that somehow their measured eating would warm and fill their stomachs more. In other wagons the occupants have swallowed their meagre portions and slowly are clearing away the dishes. Grimness is everywhere—grimness born of necessity and determination.

(Lights begin to slowly come up on the following speech until full at its close.)

In one of the larger wagons a pioneer woman is clearing up the remains of what has been an exceedingly scant supper if the few dishes in evidence mean anything. Seated at a foldaway table a clean cut, square-jawed man is pondering over the stupendous responsibility that rests on his 45 year old shoulders. After a brief moment, Brigham Young says to his wife:

BRIGHAM: I don't like the sound of it, Clara.

CLARA: Neither do I, Brigham. It may turn into snow before morning.

BRIGHAM: I don't meant the rain, Clara. I mean the murmurings of the men the complainings of the women. I don't like it, it's dangerous.

CLARA: You don't think that they'd—

BRIGHAM: Harm anyone? No, not that. But some of them might turn back even now.

CLARA: Let them turn back if they haven't enough courage to—

BRIGHAM: It isn't a matter of courage, Clara. All of these men faced the Nauvoo mobs unflinchingly. Each would have gladly laid down his life for the Prophet.

CLARA: Then why do they complain at THESE things? Where is their courage now?

BRIGHAM: In their hearts. But there are other things in their hearts, too. Things that make strong men weep—memories of loved ones dying—hunger written on the faces of children—homes burned over their heads. Those are the things that worry me. No! These are brave men but human! They can't be blamed too much for being a little-a-anxious about what lies ahead. Perhaps they fear even worse things than they've already passed through. At times I find myself a bit—hesitant.

CLARA: You? You've never given that IMPRESSION.

BRIGHAM: Nor can I give it to the men, now. These men—you, I, all of the Saints have a solemn and sacred responsibility to our posterity—and to the world. If WE fail—but we can't fail!

SOUND: (Scratching on the canvas outside.)

BRIGHAM: There's someone outside. See who it is.

(Clara pulls back the rug covering from the wagon entrance to reveal William Clayton.)

CLARA: Brother Clayton! Come in out of the rain.

CLAYTON: President Young—I—

BRIGHAM: (Rising and going to the entrance): Brother Clayton, what takes you out of your wagon on a night like this?

CLAYTON: I—President Young, you had better come at once!

BRIGHAM: What is it, William?

CLAYTON: Hannah Phelps' baby—

CLARA: Is she worse?

CLAYTON: I'm afraid she's gone!

CLARA: Poor Hannah.

BRIGHAM: I've been fearful for her the past three days. Privation and inclement weather are bad for pneumonia.

CLAYTON: Last night when we blessed her I felt certain that she would pass on.

BRIGHAM: Come, we must go to Sister Phelps at once.

(Brigham picks up raincoat and slips it on.)

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

CLARA: Brigham?

BRIGHAM: Yes, Clara, come along. The worst of the storm is over now. Sister Phelps will need all the help she can get. It would be bad enough if her husband were alive to comfort her.

(Lights out.) The music blends into the sobbing of woman. The lights come up and the inside of a wagon is revealed.)

SIS. P.: Oh, my baby! Oh-h! . . .

(There is a scratching on the canvas outside.)

BRIGHAM: Sister Phelps! Sister Phelps!

It's I, Brigham Young—

SIS. P. (Dazed): Come in.

(Brigham comes in, followed by Clara and William.)

BRIGHAM: Sister Phelps—

SIS. P.: President Young (Sees Clara)

Clara! Oh, Clara! My baby! My baby! (Fresh sobs.)

CLARA (Kneeling, arm about her):

Hannah, my poor dear, is she—

SIS. P.: Yes! (Sobs.) Why, Clara, why?

CLARA (Looking to Brigham as if for help): I—I don't know—

S'S. P.: What have I ever done that I must suffer so?

CLARA: It isn't anything you've done—

SIS. P.: Father killed by the mob—John tarred and feathered and dying from the burns of the hot tar—and now—and now this (Sobs). How much—how much does God expect of one person?

BRIGHAM: Sister Phelps—Hannah!

Listen to me. When we, when you, when I, when any of us espoused this religion, he vowed with God that he would consecrate his worldly possessions and his life, if need be, to the building up of the kingdom of God here on the earth.

SIS. P.: But Sarah made no such vow!

BRIGHAM: The vow you and John made was as much a part of her birth-right as her blue eyes or her golden hair. Your sacrifices have been great, but there is not a family among the Saints that hasn't suffered at the hands of the enemy.

SIS. P.: WE did nothing to them!

BRIGHAM: Every altar of liberty, civil or religious, has been built with sacrifice and suffering. Why should we hope that ours would be different? Your father, your husband, and now your little daughter were all, directly or indirectly, victims of misunderstand-

ing and prejudice. We can't change the narrow bigotry of the world by fighting it. We must go some place where we can worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience—where there will be none to molest or make afraid. Then maybe—perhaps after a century or two, the world will realize that we were only trying to tell them the same eternal truths that Christ and His disciples tried to tell the Jews—with the same results.

SIS. P.: I—I understand, President Young. I'll be brave.

BRIGHAM: You are brave, my dear woman. We can all take a lesson from you. Brother Clayton and I will make the necessary preparations. Clara will take care of things in here. I'll send Sister Snow to help. And Sister Hannah—don't be afraid, nor ashamed, to pour out your grief to Clara. Tears the only luxury we have left. And at the same time don't forget that God will listen to your sorrow, too, if you'll tell him about it. And remember the words of Jesus: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." May God comfort you tonight and in the dark days that lie ahead.

SIS. P.: Thank you, President Young.

MUSIC

(They exit and the lights out in the wagon and come up slightly outside.)

CLAY: Look out, President Young, don't tri over that log.

BRIGHAM: Thank you, Brother Clayton. I—I guess my eyes were a little blurred. Oh, William, William! The suffering this people has gone through! And the suffering it must yet go through, according to the Prophet. I wonder if we CAN endure much more?

CLAY: And yet, as you say, we MUST endure.

BRIGHAM: Yes, it's easy to say "We Must." But we've got to believe we must. Every man, woman and child has got to believe it. They've got to go to bed believing it. They've got to get up in the morning believing it. They have got to say it, they've got to sing it—sing it—Brother Clayton! Remember the words of God to the Prophet Joseph—"My soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song

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of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

CLAY: I remember.

BRIGHAM: I want you to compose a song for this people which will act as a spur to their lagging spirits, one which they can sing at night around the campfires. One which will sustain them in the hour of trial, one which will be as typically Mormon as "Yankee Doodle" is typically American.

CLAY: If I can—

BRIGHAM: You won't be writing the song alone. Through your prayers, and ours, you will get the necessary assistance. Now get busy.

CLAY: But how about Sister Phelps?

BRIGHAM: You write the song, the other will be taken care of if I have

to dig the grave alone. (Brigham exits leaving William alone. Clayton stands a moment in deep thought, then raises his eyes to heaven.)

CLAY: Oh, Father, assist me to discharge the sacred responsibility placed upon me by Thy servant.

MUSIC

(The lights dim out briefly and then come up on another area of platform. Seated is William Clayton, writing.)

CLAY: Come, come, ye Saints, no toil or labor fear, but with joy wend your way. Though hard to you this journey may appear, grace shall be as your day. (The words of Clayton blend into the song of the pioneers, with choir fading in and taking over.)

OMAHA SEQUENCE

SCRIPT—L. CLAIR LIKES

Thomas Grover	L. Clair Likes
George Miller	F. Alburn Shields
Indian	Charles S. Merrill
Indian Chief	C. S. Merrill
Captain James Allen	Acel Richardson
Brigham Young	Donald B. Alder
Parley P. Pratt	H. H. Jenson
First Man	James H. Lyman
Second Man	Joseph Jeppson
Willard Richards	Adrian Cannon
Col. P. S. Cooke	Ernest Parrish
John Taylor	S. R. Keddington

MUSIC

Lights come up showing figures representing the monument by Fairbanks in the Mormon cemetery at Winter Quarters.

NARR: Pause, friend, and gaze upon this graven stone:

Read on these furrowed brows,
See in this new turned grave
The sorrow of a people.

(HUMMING OUT)

NARR: This monument which keeps watch over the "Mormon Cemetery" at Florence, Nebraska, might never have been sculptured and the hundreds

who slumber there might have ended their earthly journey in the Rocky mountains, the land toward which they traveled, when untimely death overtook them, had it not been for a war.

NARR: Perhaps, if we turned back time to June 14, 1846, it would help us begin our story. On the west bank of the Missouri river we find only buffalo grass, and an old weather-beaten trading post founded in 1805. On the east bank, old Council Bluffs, with its trading post and six white men, and, of course, Indians! Lots of Indians! They have gathered here on

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the west bank, this sundown, to see the coming of more white men, not settlers, but emigrants bound for the land beyond the horizon. And out of the east come the wagons—scores of them—the van of the Mormon exodus, counterpart in purpose with the exodus of ancient Israel, but differing vastly in other respects. The exodus from Egypt was from a heathen land, a land of idolators to a fertile region. The migration of the Mormons was from a Christian land to a barren waste. They had already been driven to the outskirts of civilization where they reclaimed a swamp and built what was the largest city of Illinois—Nauvoo, the Beautiful. But this they had to abandon and throw themselves upon the mercy of savages. And now the Indians remain aloof until after the emigrants have cooked and eaten their rough fare. Then, as if by a prearranged signal, the Indians arise and draw near the campfire of the white men's leader, Brigham Young. They stop just beyond the firelight and a wrinkled but majestic old Potawatomie Chief steps forward.

(The lights come up on a section of the stage showing Brigham Young and several other men sitting on a log before the fire.)

BRIG: How long do you think it will take you to build a ferry, Brother Miller?

GEO: I'd say about two weeks, if we can find suitable timber. As we were watering the cattle, I saw some good-looking trees down toward the river. (Stops—mouth falls open—then low but tense): President Young!

BRIG: What is it?

GEO: We're surrounded by Indians! Hundreds of them!

MEN: What? Indians? Oh!

(There is a mad scramble for their guns.)

BRIG: (Sees the chief advancing.) Brethren! Men! Put down your guns!

CLARA: Brigham, be careful.

BRIG: These are friendly Indians, Clara.

CLARA: Don't be too sure!

BRIG: Don't you know the sign of friendship?

CLARA: I only know I'm frightened.

BRIG: Everything is all right. Brethren, put down your guns. These are peaceful Indians.

1ST MAN (Settling back): Well, I'm going to keep my gun handy just in case they change their minds.

BRIG (Making sign of friendship): Welcome, Ked Brother.

1ST CHIEF (Advancing): Welcome, oh White Brother.

BRIG (Sign of friendship): Sit by the fire and have some meat.

1ST CHIEF: Have eat. White brothers come many suns ride on swift horse. Wagons heap slow. Longtime come here.

BRIG: Yes, we have journeyed five moons, have built many campfires. We will build many more campfires before we reach our hunting grounds.

CHIEF: Where white brothers go?

BRIG: We are going beyond the mountains to the Great Basin.

CHIEF: Ugh! Indians no like. No good for white brothers.

BRIG: If it's that bad, maybe no one else will want it, and we'll find peace there.

CHIEF: Indian not want to leave hunting ground beyond Father of Waters, either. Much timber there, much deer. Indian happy. Paleface want land. Shoot Indian if he not go.

BRIG: Yes, I know what you mean.

CHIEF: Now paleface drive white brothers from lodges and from lands. Now you redman brothers. Red brother help white brother. White brother help red brother, Great Spirit help both.

BRIG: I—I hope so.

CHIEF: Red brother go now. (Leaves.)

BRIG (Looking after him and shaking his head): And may peace go with you.

BOY: What did he mean, Uncle Brigham—that the Indians would join with us and go back and whoop the stuffin' out of them land grabbers?

BRIG: No, son, that was his way of letting us know that the Indians want to be friends.

BOY: Sounded to me like he was rarin' to go scalpin'.

BRIG: We could have stayed in Nauvoo and fought the mobs without any help from the Indians, but the Kingdom of God cannot be established with bloodshed. The Indian was right—the Great Spirit will help mankind only if mankind will help each other.

1ST MAN: Did you notice he called us "White Brothers," but them that drove him out and us he called "Palefaces." (Laughs.)

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2ND MAN: He makes quite a distinction in the two.

BRIG: Let's hope we can always merit it. Now that we are in Indian territory, let's remember that it's cheaper to feed an Indian than fight him. Well, brethren, the day has been long and hard and it's half-past eight. Post the guards, Brother Pratt.

PRATT: Yes, President Young.

BRIG: And, Parley—?

PRATT: Yes, Brigham?

BRIG: Brother Clayton will not stand watch tonight.

PRATT: But it's his turn—

BRIG: He and I have traded. (Parley just stands there.) Well, get a move on you, man. The bugle will sound before you get started.

PRATT: You saw him turn his ankle today, then?

BRIG: I saw nothing and neither did you. If he thought he was being mollicoddled, he'd stand guard tonight if it killed him.

(BUGLE SOUNDS)

BRIG: Well, there it is and here we stand gabbing. To prayers, brethren, and bed. Five o'clock rolls around early. Come, Clara.

CLARA: Yes, Brigham.

(Lights fade out with voice. Music.)

ANNCR: The "Camp of Israel," as the emigrants called themselves—had planned to make Council Bluffs a way station on the road leading to the Rockies. They had not planned to make any kind of a project on the west bank of the Missouri other than the terminus of the ferry that George Miller was assigned to construct. Destiny, however, ruled otherwise.

On the morning of June 29th, just fifteen days after the Saints had arrived at Council Bluffs, Brigham Young, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and other volunteers, forty in all, had moved down to the ferry. They were to leave the main body of Saints and make a dash for the Great Basin in order to build houses and prepare the soil for planting before winter set in, thus saving another year's time. Last minute preparations were being made. (Fade.)

(Sawing and hammering fade in.)

(Hammering stops.)

GEO: Ease up a bit, John. My break-fast such as it was, has worn a mite thin.

(Sawing stops.)

JOHN: What did you say, George?

GEO: I say, where'd you get all your energy from? I can't get that much vigor from my vitals.

JOHN: Do you see that western horizon? (Brigham comes in during the speech.)

GEO: Yes, what about it?

JOHN: That's the source of my energy.

GEO: Huh?

JOHN: I can't get beyond that horizon quickly enough to suit me because I know we'll find the peace there we're looking for.

GEO: I can't see why Brigham is so set on going there.

BRIG: Because he believes in obeying the Prophet of God.

GEO: President Young!

JOHN: Good morning, Brother Brigham. I didn't see you come up.

BRIG: No, Brother Taylor, you and Brother Miller were just going over the horizon as I came up.

JOHN (Sheepishly): I guess we were, at that.

GEO: Can't see why we were in such a blamed hurry, though. From what I hear, even the Indians shy clear of the place.

BRIG: You still think it's a mistake, then, Brother Miller, to settle in the Great Basin?

GEO: Mistake? It will be the ruination of this people! You couldn't even raise your voice in that wasteland!

BRIG: And you needn't raise yours here. Brother Taylor and I can hear all right.

GEO: I wonder! The entire camp of Israel is moaning about the land of desolation you're leading us to.

BRIG: Don't be deceived into believing that, Brother Miller. What you probably think to be the moanings of the people is the reverberations of your own complaining. We've gone over your suggestion that we settle between the Rio Grande and Neuces rivers, in southern Texas, and Samuel Brannan's suggestion that we settle in California on the coast. There are some that would have us go up into the Oregon Territory, and one even suggested we go to Sonora, Mexico. We have considered each suggestion carefully and the consensus of the Twelve is that the Great Basin is best suited to our purposes.

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GEO: Then those purposes must be starvation and enslavement?

BRIG: Brother Miller! You were at Nauvoo when the Prophet Joseph Smith was murdered by the mob. Your tears mingled with those of the grief-stricken Saints. I hope you were not sanctimonious.

GEO: President Young! I—

BRIG: Hear me out! You have done this church great service. It would be lamentable if you were found in defection now. Before the Prophet's martyrdom, he saw in vision and prophesied that the Saints would become a mighty people in the tops of the Rocky Mountains. That is enough to tell me where our destiny resides. If it were not, my own reason would dictate that our only chance for survival is in a land so barren and desolate that no one else would want it. I don't fear for the future of this people when it has to struggle to make a livelihood. But if and when the time comes that things are easy, then I tremble for it.

GEO: I see there's no changing your mind.

BRIG: Not my mind. George—rather, the will of God.

GEO: As you would have it.

BRIG: But we'll never get there dreaming about it. Let's get these wagons ferried across the river. We must be well on our way by sundown. Come, brethren!

(HOOFBEATS.)

JOHN: Wait, Brother Brigham. Here comes a horse and rider in from the east.

GEO: Seems to be in an awful sweat. Wonder what his hurry is?

BRIG: I hope he bears good news for a change.

JOHN: The men by the blacksmith wagon are sending him down this way.

BRIG: Can you see who it is?

JOHN: It looks like Thomas Grover.

BRIG: Thomas Grover! He's supposed to be at Mount Pisgah! I hope that nothing—

GROVER (In distance): President Young!!

BRIG: Over this way!

GEO: It's Thomas, all right.

BRIG: Brother Miller, go see that his horse is taken care of. Wait! Someone has already taken it.

BRIG: Brother Grover—

JOHN: Welcome, Brother Grover.

GEO: What brings you in such haste?

GROVER: News, Brother Miller, news!

BRIG: What news?

GROVER: The United States army has—

GEO: Has attacked the Saints at Mount Pisgah!

GROVER: No, no!

BRIG: What then, man. Out with it!

GROVER: The United States army has sent Captain Allen to enlist five companies of the Saints to help fight Mexico.

JOHN: Mexico?

BRIG: Then war has actually begun?

GROVER: A month and a half ago.

BRIG: And the government wants us to furnish 500 soldiers?

GROVER: Captain Allen will arrive here shortly to receive enlistments. Elder Woodruff sent me ahead to apprise you of it before the Captain arrives. Here is the letter setting forth the details.

BRIG: Did Wilford make any commitment?

GROVER: No, sir. He told the Captain that the decision must rest with you.

BRIG: Me. I'm only one man—not five hundred. The men who will stand the enlistment must make the decision.

GEO: That being the case, there will not be five soldiers enlisted, let alone five companies.

BRIG: Why do you say that?

GEO: Because it's true! Do you expect the brethren to enlist after the treatment we have received?

BRIG: I expect the brethren to behave like any other citizen.

GEO: The United States has forfeited its claim to our loyalty as citizens.

BRIG: The Federal Government took no part in the mobbing or persecutions.

GEO: Nor has it taken any steps to redress the wrongs done us.

JOHN: This offer of enlistment may be a step toward righting those wrongs.

GEO: How?

JOHN: Well—

GEO: Even if it is, will the men be convinced of it?

BRIG: That remains to be seen. In fact, we must convince ourselves first before we even permit Captain Allen to read the proclamation to the camp. Wilford's letter says he bears. Brother

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- Taylor, call the Twelve together. We must be ready to welcome Captain Allen.
- JOHN: Yes, President Young.
- GEO: What about the caravan to the mountains?
- BRIG: That must be delayed until we at least see the outcome of this latest development. See that ferrying is stopped—and the men find useful employment. And, Brother Miller—meet with us in Brother Taylor's tent on Mosquito Creek.
- GEO: I shouldn't think you'd want me there, President Young.
- BRIG: Why?
- GEO: Because I oppose so many of your ideas.
- BRIG (Laughs): That's why I want you, George. I might become so wrapped up in my own opinions I might overlook some good arguments to the contrary.
- GEO: I'll be there. (Both laugh, fade.)
(Music. Fade. Hubbub.)
- BRIG: Brethren, brethren! You have heard Captain Allen read the circular wherein the Federal Government solicits the enlistment of 500 of our number. As I understand it, Captain Allen, the term of enlistment shall be for one year.
- CAPT: That is correct.
- BRIG: And that the pay shall be \$7.00 a month for privates, \$8.00 a month for musicians, \$9.00 per month for corporals, \$16.00 a month for sergeants—and—
- CAPT: For a first sergeant, that is. A buck sergeant will receive \$13.00.
- BRIG: It will be the first time any of our men have been sergeants, so that should entitle them to the \$16.00, shouldn't it?
- CAPT: They can't all be first ser—oh (laughs). You're pulling my leg, President Young!
- BRIG: Not half as much as you intend to pull the legs of the volunteers. You intend to march them some 2000 miles, don't you?
- CAPT: Yes, counting the distance from here to Fort Leavenworth, where they will be outfitted and accoutred.
- BRIG: If and when they are enlisted.
- CAPT: If and when they are enlisted? Why, I thought that—
- BRIG: That because you were permitted to read your circular before the council here, the Battalion was assured?
- CAPT: Well—yes.
- BRIG: Far from it. There are too many reasons why we should NOT raise the Battalion for us to rush out and begin the enlistment before we have had a complete and thorough discussion of the matter.
- CAPT: But your emissary, Jesse C. Little, in Washington, gave President Polk to believe that you would welcome a chance to be of service in the pending difficulties between the United States and Canada on one hand and Mexico on the other.
- BRIG: In the matter of building forts, of transporting supplies, yes. But when it comes to raising a battalion of our most able-bodied men to march to Santa Fe and thence to California, that's a different matter. Brethren, I think it is time for open discussion of the problem.
(Hubbub.)
- Brethren! Brethren! A discussion—not a bedlam. Brother Miller:
- MILLER (Rising): Yes, President Young.
- BRIG: Suppose you raise a point against the enlistment and we'll try to counter it. By that method we may be able to muster a preponderance of reasons on one side or the other and so reach a decision.
- MILLER: Well—first and foremost—to enlist five hundred of our able-bodied men in the army might mean a year's delay in our westward journey. I am afraid that a stay that long by this swampy river bottom with its malaria and mosquitoes would be disastrous. They say that last year the fever killed one in every nine of the Indians who camp here.
- RICHARDS: President Young.
- BRIG: Yes, Elder Richards?
- RICHARDS: Brother Miller's point is well taken, but we have more at stake than our lives. We have been falsely accused many times of disloyalty. Our enemies would lose no time in turning our refusal, if such be our decision, into an act of treason. They would count as nothing the lives and suffering the raising of the battalion might cost us.

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TAYLOR: I agree with Brother Richards our belief that the Constitution was divinely inspired dictates that we answer this call to arms by the President of the United States. I, therefore, move that we go on record immediately as approving the request of our government.

(LIGHTS OUT.)

NARRATOR: The loyalty for country triumphed throughout the Mormon camps. By July 19th the force was reported, mustered, organized, and ready to begin its historic march that was to span half a continent and write its name indelibly in the military annals. But their response to the call

to arms so reduced the number of able-bodied and efficient men in the camps that it was impossible to send even a small company over the mountains that summer or fall. Then stay they must where Death sat at every table, and that first winter 600 people answered his summons.

(Music up and under lights on figures.)

It was that death-filled winter that inspired the noted Utah sculptor, Avard Fairbanks, to carve his masterpiece, "The Tragedy of Winter Quarters."

(Music out.)

CHORUS: "And should we die, etc."

NORTH PLATTE SEQUENCE

SCRIPT—L. CLAIR LIKES

Orson Pratt	Adrian Cannon
Erastus Snow	L. Clair Likes
Appleton Harmon	F. Alburn Shields
William Clayton	James H. Lyman
Brigham Young	Donald B. Alder
Willard Richards	Francis L. Urry
Beaumont	S. R. Keddington
First Man.....	Charles S. Merrill
Second Man	George A. McClellan

(Music)

NARR: One hundred years ago last May, 72 wagons passed near the spot where we are now standing. With the wagons were 143 men, 3 women and 2 children. They formed the van of the Mormons' epic migration. Prior to the completion of the railroad in 1869 at Promontory, Utah, 80,000 emigrants were to inch their way along the trail blazed by this pioneer company, and leave as a monument to their faith and courage 6000 of their number in shallow and often unmarked graves.

MUSIC: Up and down . . .

NARR: We, a handful of their descendants, the same in number as the first company, of which Brigham Young was the leader, are retracing their steps to commemorate the sacrifices, and to teach ourselves the lesson they inscribed on the tablets of time; that man shall not live for himself alone. They sowed that others might reap. At Garden Grove, Iowa, and again at Winter Quarters—in fact, all along the route—they plowed and sowed and marched on without ever enjoying the fruits of their labors, except to know that someone else would find life a little more livable because of their efforts.

MUSIC: Out . . .

NARR: Even the trail they blazed was made at a sacrifice to their own personal comfort and convenience. It would have been easier and far less hazardous in terms of their own welfare for them to have crossed the Platte river to the south bank and to have followed the Oregon Trail. The Indians had been following their custom of spring burning the plains in order to provide a better crop of summer grass to attract the buffalo. This custom, however, left the Pioneers in rather a bad situation, as the horses and cattle were left without adequate grazing. In fact, on May 4th the company called a halt to discuss the advisability of crossing the river to the south bank. Brigham Young, Zebedee Coltrin and Orson Pratt were standing on the north bank doing some speculating as to what to do. (Fade.)

COLTRIN: I move we locate a crossing at once.

BRIGHAM: Don't be so impatient to get to the other side. We don't have only ourselves to think of.

COLTRIN: I'm thinking of the thousands who will follow in the trail we make.

BRIGHAM: We all are, otherwise we would not have volunteered to pioneer the trail. Our responsibility, therefore, dictates that we weigh carefully each act. Any wrong decision or miscalculation on our part will jeopardize the safety and perhaps the lives of thousands of our brethren and sisters.

COLTRIN: Then by all means let us cross over. The cattle and horses must have grass upon which to feed and there is almost none on this side of the river.

PRATT: If I didn't know that it was the custom of the Indians to spring-burn the plains, I'd swear they were doing it out of pure cussedness.

COLTRIN: I wonder, Brother Pratt, if there isn't a little cussedness mixed up in the customs this year, anyway—engendered by some of our enemies.

PRATT: Well, whether it is or not, our horses get thinner and weaker every day. We've already had to cut one hour a day from our travel.

BRIGHAM: How are the ox teams holding up, Brother Pratt?

PRATT: Strange as it may seem, President Young, they are holding up better than the horses.

BRIGHAM: Perhaps it's because they digest the leaves of the cottonwood trees better than the horses.

PRATT: If that's the case, perhaps we should continue to cut down the trees along the river bank for the oxen, and save what little feed grain we have for the horses.

BRIGHAM: That would be a wise move. By careful hoarding of our supplies we may be able to get through this black hell. It can't go on forever.

COLTRIN: I've thought that for the past week, but it seems to be getting worse. I've swallowed enough smoke and ashes this morning to make me black from the inside out.

PRATT: You haven't swallowed it all, Brother Coltrin. You've got a good share of it on your face.

COLTRIN: I can't see my own face, but if it's anywhere near as black as yours, it must be something to look at.

PRATT: Here comes Brother Snow. He seems a little excited.

SNOW (Coming in): President Young?

BRIGHAM: Yes, Brother Snow?

SNOW: There has been a company of eastbound travelers sighted on the south bank of the river. We scanned them with a telescope and they appear to be trappers or fur traders, judging by the way their wagons are loaded.

COLTRIN: It might be well, President Young, to send someone across the river and find out from them how things are on the other side.

SNOW: I don't think that will be necessary, Brother Coltrin. As we were watching them, they apparently sighted us and stopped their wagons and held a brief confab. Then they dispatched one of their number across the river on horseback. Here he comes up the bank now.

BRIGHAM: You better go hold his horse, Brother Snow. It seems to be frightened of something.

SNOW (Exits): Yes, sir.

PRATT (Chuckling): It may be frightened of Brother Coltrin's black face.

BRIGHAM: The stranger will probably think we're all fugitive slaves.

COLTRIN: Look at that horse! Isn't it a beauty?

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BRIGHAM: It certainly doesn't look as though it had been living on tree leaves, does it?

(The stranger comes in.)

COLTRIN: That ought to convince us that we should cross the river. As I've been saying all along, the grass is greener on the other side.

BRIGHAM (Laconically): It always is.

BEAUMONT: And in this instance, M'sieur, it is. The grass on the other side was what you call burned off last autumn, and now this spring she is green and good. M'sieur, I am Charles Beaumont, voyageur, trapper and your friend.

BRIGHAM: Thank you, Mr. Beaumont. I am Brigham Young. (Extends hand.)

BEAUMONT (Accepting his hand): How do you do, M'sieur Young?

BRIGHAM: Well, thank you. And these gentlemen are Elder Zebedee Coltrin and Elder Orson Pratt.

ALL: How do you do, etc.

BEAUMONT: Gentlemen, it is a pleasure. (Looking closely at Woodruff, Pratt and Taylor.) M'sieur, you call them elder, and yet they are younger than you?

BRIGHAM: Your pardon, Mr. Beaumont. The term elder, as I used it, refers to their status in the church and has nothing to do with our respective ages.

BEAUMONT: Oh, I see. You are an elder, too?

BRIGHAM: Yes I am an elder.

BEAUMONT: This is amusing, M'sieur. You are an elder and yet you are Young. They are younger than you and yet they are elder; quite a remarkable church, non?

BRIGHAM: You are not without a sense of humor, Mr. Beaumont.

BEAUMONT: A sense of humor, M'sieur Elder Young, is indispensable in the wilderness. Being able to laugh has many times kept me from going—what you say—?

BRIGHAM: Crazy?

BEAUMONT: Ah! it is the same in French—craciel!

BRIGHAM: It's the same in any language, isn't it?

BEAUMONT: An' you, M'sieur, are not without a sense of humor. Tell me, where are you going?

BRIGHAM: To the Great Basin.

BEAUMONT: Then you are the Mormons?

BRIGHAM: Yes, but how did you know?

BEAUMONT: It is almost miraculous how news spreads across the plains. A fortnight ago the Indian signal fires told of your coming.

BRIGHAM: Almost as soon as we left Winter Quarters, eh?

COLTRIN: No wonder we've had so many begging and stealing Indians plaguing us. Tell me, Mr. Beaumont, did you encounter many Indians on the south bank?

BEAUMONT: Indians? None at all, M'sieur Coltrin, since we left Fort Laramie 16 days ago.

COLTRIN: Another reason why we're on the wrong side of the river.

BEAUMONT: But yes, you are on the wrong side of the river. Over there is a good road. Here you have nothing, not even a faint trail to follow.

PRATT: The arguments pile upon Brother Coltrin's side, President Young.

BRIGHAM (Slowly): What gave you the idea, Brother Pratt, that he and I were on opposite sides?

PRATT: Well . . . he seems to be all for crossing the river and you seem to be a little hesitant about it.

BRIGHAM: He is enthusiastic and I am reluctant for the same reason—the best good of all concerned. Neither he nor I, nor any of this company, would hesitate to lay down his life if it meant that the thousands who follow would be enabled thereby to safely reach the valleys of the mountains. And, by the same token, none of us has the right to put his own comfort above that of those who will shortly follow where we lead.

COLTRIN: President Young, if you are implying that I am thinking of my own personal comfort, you are entirely mistaken.

BRIGHAM: I intended no such implication, nor do I impute such a motive on your arguments. I am merely pointing out that we cannot be too careful in the decisions we make. It will bring little credit to us if we're right. It will bring disaster to thousands if we're wrong.

COLTRIN: What do you think we should do?

BRIGHAM: Stay on this side of the river.

COLTRIN: In the face of all the arguments against such a course?

BRIGHAM: I think the arguments have had their back turned to you, Zebedee. On the face of them are the reasons why we should stay on this side.

ZEBEDEE: I fail to see them.

BRIGHAM: In the first place, we have been lamenting about the Indians burning off the plains. They have actually done us a favor. By the time the next company of Saints travel this way, the grass will be green again. They will be able to feed thousands of animals where we can't find fodder enough for our 230. And the fact that there is no road on this side of the river is still a greater blessing. Emigrant trains headed for Oregon or California will take the well-beaten Oregon trail on the south side. They will have no reason to quarrel with our people over here about who will have what wood or grass or water. Brethren, we are going to the Rocky Mountains, in order to have peace, and we shall carry that peace with us.

ZEBEDEE: Brigham?

BRIGHAM: Yes, Zebedee?

ZEBEDEE: Shall I give the order to drive on?

BRIGHAM: I—hope we're right.

ZEBEDEE: We are. I'm convinced of that now.

WILFORD: And so am I, Brigham.

BRIGHAM: I thank you, brethren.

BEAUMONT: M'sieur, I came to find out who you were and where you were going. You are not merely the Mormons going to the Great Basin. You are men on their way to keep a rendezvous with destiny.

(The lights go out, music up and under following) . . .

NARR: But Charles Beaumont took more than a good opinion of the Mormons back with him. He took 52 letters written by them to their friends and families at Winter Quarters. He took an epistle from the Twelve Apostles written to the church encamped on the Missouri. And he also took quite a supply of provisions which were given him for waiting while the letters were being written and for their subsequent delivery to Sarpee's Agency, where they would be forwarded to the Mormon encampments.

(Music blends into "Wagon Wheels.")

After Beaumont left, the train took up its march to the west on the north bank of the river. Mile after mile the

wagons crawled over the blackened ground and traced into the plains of Nebraska, the hills of Wyoming, an artery through which the life blood of Mormonism was to flow during the next 22 years. Weary miles they were, and fraught with danger and hardship. Important, too, that they be accurately gauged, in order that following companies of Saints could gear their travel to meet the seasons. At first only an estimation of the miles traveled was made. Later on, a piece of red flannel was tied to one of the spokes of a wagon wheel near the tire. William Clayton, composer of the Mormon hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," was generally assigned to walk beside the wagon and count the revolutions of the wheel, which, when multiplied by the circumference, gave the distance of each day's travel.

MUSIC: (Up and out) . . .

At the end of one particularly long and hot day, just as the wagon train was coming to a halt for the night, Clayton stepped in a badger hole. (Lights on part of stage showing wagon with red flannel tied to one of the wheels; Clayton is sprawled on the ground.)

CLAYTON (Nursing his leg): That's the last straw! (Appleton M. Harmon comes in just as Clayton falls in the hole.)

HARMON (Laughing): The last badger hole, you mean. That's the sixth one you've fallen into this afternoon. I don't know what you'll do when we move up in the train and I'm not around to pick you up. (Laughs.)

CLAYTON (Dusting himself off): Go ahead and laugh, Brother Harmon, your turn's coming.

HARMON: What were you doing, Brother Clayton? Observing the beauties of nature again?

CLAYTON: I was observing that infernal red rag again! When I went to bed last night all I could see was wheels, wheels, wheels with red rags tied to them.

HARMON: We'll take care of that tomorrow for you.

CLAYTON: How?

HARMON: We'll tie a blue rag on for a change. (Laughs.)

CLAYTON: Well, at least I didn't lose track of the number of turns and want to go back and count them over again.

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HARMON: I finally remembered how many it was, though. But, you know, it would be bad if a man really forgot how many revolutions that blamed wheel made.

CLAYTON: Yes. We wouldn't be any better off than when we were just estimating how far we traveled in a day. Say, how would it be if we drilled a line of holes, say a hundred, in a board and attached it to the side of the wagon? We could use a little peg and every time the wheel made a revolution we could move the peg up a hole.

HARMON: You'd be reaching kinda high for that last hole, wouldn't you?

CLAYTON: Well, we could nail it lengthwise along the wagon box, then.

HARMON: Say, that isn't such a bad idea, except that you'd have to start over about every third of a mile.

CLAYTON: Let's see—360 revolutions of the wheel per mile—um huh. Roughly, every third of a mile. Say, you wouldn't have to start over. You could come back along the board.

HARMON: That would be all right, unless you fell in a badger hole and forgot which way you were headed. (Laughs.)

CLAYTON: Now, seriously! Instead of nailing the board solidly, why not pivot it in the center and then, when you got to the end hole, you could turn the board end for end and start over again.

HARMON: Maybe you could fix it so every hundredth revolution the wagon wheel would reach up and turn the board for you. (Laughs.) Stops and then soberly):

HARMON: Wait a minute! Why not make use of the wagon wheel?

CLAYTON: I refuse to be bait for another of your alleged witticism.

HARMON: No, no! I mean it. I'm serious. Make something on the principle of a clock.

CLAYTON: And what would you use for the spring?

HARMON: The only function of a spring in a clock is to make the wheels go round. That ox team is the spring in our clock.

CLAYTON: Huh? Oh? All we have to do is supply the works.

HARMON: Right! Let's get a hustle on us. We've got work to do, important work! You find a board free of knots and I'll haul out my box of tools and

as soon as the camp chores are done we'll . . .

CLAYTON: Where will I find a board out here in this fire blackened prairie?

HARMON: The same place you'd find any other emergency material . . . in one of the wagons. If anybody asks what you want the board for, tell him we're going to play teeter totter. (Laughs.)

CLAYTON: How long do you think it will take us to construct this—whatever it is called?

HARMON: We'll call it a "mileometer" until we find out what it should be called. It shouldn't take more than three or four evenings, if we don't have any interruptions.

CLAYTON: Won't the camp be surprised when they see our "mileometer"?

HARMON: Won't we be surprised if it works? (They laugh as the lights fade out.)

MUSIC.

SOUNDS: Sawing and hammering . . . hubbub . . .

1ST MAN: What in tarnation is it?

2ND MAN: It looks like a mouse trap to me. (There is laughter.)

1ST MAN: We've asked you four times, Brother Clayton, what kind of a contraption that is you're making.

CLAYTON: It's a wooden one.

1ST MAN: Yes, I can see that, but what's it for?

HARMON: I'll tell you what it's for. It's for grinding flour.

2ND MAN: You'd better grind something with it in a hurry. Here comes President Young.

HARMON: Let's hope it works, William.

BRIGHAM: What's all the delay, brethren?

1ST MAN: Brother Clayton and Brother Harmon are making a flour mill.

2ND MAN: No, it's a mouse trap.

BRIGHAM: This is no time for levity, brethren. It's past seven and the wagons aren't moving yet. Brother Harmon, isn't Company Ten to be lead today?

HARMON: Yes, sir.

BRIGHAM: Then why aren't we moving? And why aren't you other men by your own wagons ready to go? (Sees odometer.) What's this trinket you have here?

HARMON: That is the reason for the delay.

BRIGHAM: But what is it?

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HARMON: Brother Clayton and I call it a mileometer.

BRIGHAM: A what?

HARMON: A mileometer. We made it to measure the miles we travel each day.

1ST MAN: Then it's not a flour mill at all.

BRIGHAM: Does it work?

HARMON: We didn't have a chance to try it before we were surrounded by this thumb-in-mouth mob.

BRIGHAM: How is it supposed to work?

HARMON (Pointing out): You see this shaft running from the axle tree to this piece of board nailed here on the wagon bed and held in place by these two gudgeons or pivots?

BRIGHAM: Yes.

HARMON: You'll notice that the shaft has a screw out in the upper part of it, and six little arms projecting from the lower part of it.

BRIGHAM: Those little pegs down there, you mean?

HARMON: Yes. Well, when the wagon wheel turns around, that cog, which is attached to the hub, operates those little arms and rotates the shaft. The screw part of the shaft operates this wheel up here which has 60 cogs cut in it. Every time it makes a revolution we've gone one mile—if our calculations are correct.

BRIGHAM: And if we ever get going.

HARMON: We may be wasting a little time now, but we'll make it up by not having to fish Brother Clayton out of badger holes.

BRIGHAM: All chaff aside, Brother Harmon, you and Brother Clayton are to be congratulated on your invention.

HARMON: Better wait and see if it works.

BRIGHAM: The fact that you've tried is deserving of praise. When are we going to try it out?

CLAYTON: Just as soon as I finish nailing this box to the wagon bed here.

HARMON: While he's doing that, I'll finish telling you how it works.

BRIGHAM: Is there more?

HARMON: Nine miles. (Laughs.) This cross shaft here has four cogs cut into it which in turn operate this other wheel here. When it makes a revolution, we've gone ten miles.

BRIGHAM: Very ingenious, brethren, very!

CLAYTON: There, it's finished! Well! Crack your bull whip, Brother Harmon. I'll get set to catch you if it works.

HARMON: Hand me the whip. (Takes the whip and cracks it.) Gee! Haw! Westward ho! (The lights black out and there is a cheering and shouting. It works! Hooray, yippee! It works! Etc.)

MUSIC.

NARR: And the mileometer or odometer, to call it by its proper name, did work. And very accurately, too. It was used by Brigham Young the next year when he again crossed the plains. On the second trip it was said to have been so accurate that when government surveyors made their survey of the Mormon trail from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake valley, that the difference in the two measurements was less than 60 feet. Today the odometer creates interest among the tourists visiting the Bureau of Information on Temple Square in Salt Lake City.

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FORT BRIDGER SEQUENCE

SCRIPT—FRANCIS L. URRY

Major Moses Harris	F. Alburn Shields
Samuel Brannan	C. S. Merrill
William Clayton	James H. Lyman
Brigham Young	Donald B. Alder
Jim Bridger	Earl F. Shipley
and others	

CHORUS HUMMING OFF STAGE:
"COME, COME, YE SAINTS."

NARR:

"We'll find the place, which God for
us prepared,
Far away in the West.
Where none shall come to hurt or
make afraid,
There the Saints will be blessed."

Thus sang the Mormon pioneers 100 years ago as they toiled across the forbidding plains toward the land of the setting sun, seeking the Zion of their dreams, which had been so vividly described earlier by Joseph Smith. Theirs was a divine courage. It spurred them on in the face of all obstacles. There was no turning back; they must go on, no matter how uninviting the way ahead or how unyielding of earth's bounty the place they sought to inhabit. The place was not entirely unknown, this valley of the Great Salt Lake. For many years explorers and trappers, having become acquainted with the place, gave unfavorable reports of the land. One such trapper, whose name is synonymous with the expansion of the West, was James Bridger, who in 1843 established a supply depot on Black's Fork of the Green river in Wyoming. This place later became known as Fort Bridger, an important outpost for the early-day transcontinental travelers. It is in this historic place, about 100 miles east of Salt Lake valley, we, Sons of the Utah Pioneers, tonight pay homage to our noble sires, who a century ago found here a resting place along the way. In Centennial observance of the trek of our fathers—we have journeyed as they did from Nauvoo, Illinois, to this place. Our manner of travel different, we find ease and comfort where they found only hardship and privation.

We are on the last lap of our journey, as were they when they reached Fort Bridger. It is in sacred memory of those brave folk that we recall incidents which occurred . . . near this spot 100 years ago.

(Music up and down for B. G.)

NARR: It is late in June, 1847. The pioneers are a short distance from Fort Bridger. William Clayton, author of the favored song, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," meets a mountaineer, one Major Moses Harris, and of him makes inquiry concerning Salt Lake Valley.

(Lights.)

(Scene on stage with William Clayton and Moses Harris.)

CLAYTON: My name is Clayton, Major Harris.

HARRIS: Happy to meet you, sir.

CLAYTON: I understand that you are familiar with the country out this way.

HARRIS: Ought to be. Been living out this way for more than 20 years now.

CLAYTON: Then perhaps you can tell me something of the country where we are planning to locate our people.

HARRIS: What place is that?

CLAYTON: Well, we're planning on locating in the valley of Great Salt Lake.

HARRIS: Gracious alive, man! I can tell you plenty about that place.

CLAYTON: Good!

HARRIS: Not so good! Why, the whole place is nothing but desert sand. No timber out there or nothing.

CLAYTON: Do you think we could grow vegetables and the like there?

HARRIS: Only vegetable out there is wild sage. As a place for human beings, it makes a good home for wild rabbits. If I was you, fellow, I'd just pass it up and keep on going.

(Blackout and music up.)

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NARR: Discouragement followed discouragement the farther the pioneers traveled. The day after the meeting of Harris the Pioneers met a small company of mountaineers headed eastward, one of which was Jim Bridger, the famous trapper, returning from one of his famous expeditions. As they met, Bridger and Brigham Young engaged in conversation.

(Lights.)

BRIDGER: Are you the Mormon leader, Brigham Young?

YOUNG: I am sir, and your name?

BRIDGER: I'm Bridger—Jim Bridger, they call me. I do a good deal of trappin' out this-a-way.

YOUNG: We people are looking for a place to settle.

BRIDGER: You expectin' to find that in these parts?

YOUNG: We hope to!

BRIDGER: You'll have to do a lot of hopin'! Where ya figgerin' on stoppin'?

YOUNG: We have in mind the Utah Basin!

BRIDGER (Laughs): And yer a figgerin' on settlin' there?

YOUNG: We want to find a place where there is timber, plenty of land and water.

BRIDGER: Well—there's plenty o' land out there—and that's about all. It's just a desert—a lot of salt flats—and that salt sea you've maybe heard about. I can't think of a worse place to camp.

YOUNG: Are there any streams of water at all?

BRIDGER: A few little ones. I'll tell ya what ya can find out there is toads, and grasshoppers—and them mountains is full of wolves.

YOUNG: Do you think we could grow corn there?

BRIDGER: Corn? (Laughs.) Now you have asked me one. Can't be done, Mr. Young. Why, I'd give \$1000 if I knew an ear of corn would ever ripen in the Salt Lake Valley.

YOUNG: Well, if there is water we'll raise not only corn but other kinds of feed as well. I'm looking for a desert country where our people can settle, where we may be unmolested and where we'll have to work hard to earn a living.

BRIDGER: Well, it's you for it. Come on, fellers, we gotta be on our way.

(Bridger and group move on . . . then black out . . . music . . . then out . . . lights out.)

NARR: They might have turned back, but where? They had been driven out of the East. There was only the West—the unknown West ahead. They had no alternative but to press forward each time with renewed zeal. It was near Fort Bridger also that Brigham Young received reports from Samuel Brannan, who had led a group of Mormons by ship from New York around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, then known as Yerba Buena. Brannan and his group had arrived in California and he had journeyed eastward in the hope of meeting Brigham Young and insisting on their going on to the west coast to settle. But Brigham was unrelenting. It was divine wisdom that was guiding him to the right place. So he is saying to Brannan:

(Lights up.)

(Scene on stage . . . Young and Pioneers and Brannan)

YOUNG: I appreciate your glowing reports of the region farther west, Brannan, but the place for the Saints to settle is in the Rocky Mountains.

BRANNAN: But, President Young, I've told you how desolate the valley is and how fruitful the Pacific coast area is. No place could be more ideal for our people.

YOUNG: That land may be as you describe it. I will not dispute with you. But the Lord has his designs and we will follow them.

BRANNAN: Indeed, President Young, but think. Many people are going out there and they will find a land of plenty while we end up in desolation.

YOUNG: Brother Brannan, we have been put to rout many times. This time we will establish Zion in the toes of the mountains and dig ourselves in so deep that the devil will not come and dig us out.

(Lights out.)

MUSIC: Blackout on stage.

NARR: Was there no one to give a favorable report of the Great Basin? Miles Goodyear, veteran of the mountain region, also warned Brigham Young and his people that the frost came too early and the warm season in the valley was too short to grow
(Music out.)

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any kind of food, that it was impossible to grow grain, that the winters were severe and the land uninhabitable to say the least. Even in the United States Senate in 1843 Senator George H. McDuffee had said:

(Start Special Recording)

MsDUFFEE: "The whole Rocky Mountain region is not worth a pinch of snuff."

NARR: It was to this unwanted waste Brigham Young was leading his group. Upon his decision would rest the success and perpetuation or the failure and extinction of a people. The final result would sanctify or make vain the sacrifices of thousands who already had given their lives that the work might go forward. In person he had heard the martyred Joseph Smith make declaration:

(Lights on stage*) Brigham)

JOSEPH: "I prophesy that the Saints will continue to suffer much affliction and will be driven to the Rocky Mountains, where they will become a great and a mighty people."

NARR: Perhaps no one better understood than Brigham Young that his decisions would to a great extent bring to naught—or to glorious fulfillment the prediction of him who he had called Joseph, Prophet and Seer. Decide he must—the past and future awaited his courage. Decide he must in the face of all opposition from those who knew the Great Basin—the Rocky Mountains. Dared he to ignore the advice of experience? Dared he to ignore the suggestions of those who regarded him "queerly," whose words tauntingly came to his mind?

HARRIS: The whole place is nothing but a desert—no timber—nothing.

(Music: Build on recording.)

BRIDGER: Summers are too short—winters too long—frost comes too early—you'll all perish.

(Music: Build on recording.)

HARRIS: If I was you, fellow, I'd just pass it up and keep on going!

(Music: Build on recording.)

BRIDGER: I'd give a thousand dollars if I knew an ear of corn would ever ripen in the Salt Lake Valley!

(Music: Build on recording.)

BRANNAN: They will find a land of plenty—while we end up in desolation.

(Music: Build climatically and out . . . end of recording.)

YOUNG: But with faith nothing is impossible to God. If we enter in with prayer He will cause the earth to yield and give forth her abundance. He holds the seasons in His hands. The barren waste can become a fruitful field. The desert can rejoice and blossom as the rose.

NARR: Here was no ordinary man—who would have given up or followed the suggestions of others. President Young was one who would do as the spirit whispered. Guided by a wisdom superior to man's, he unflinchingly held fast to the impressions that moved him and his people, compass-like, to the desert land of destiny. One can well imagine the frequency with which he sought the Lord in prayer.

Brigham Young Kneels in Prayer . . .

(Lights begin to go down slowly as narrator goes on.)

NARR: Small wonder the leader of the great latter-day migration of a religious people was resolute. He knew the way—the course had been chartered by wisdom greater than man's—and he declared that to him it had been made clear and vivid in his mind—he would know the place when he saw it.

(Lights out completely.)

(Chorus sings, "High on the Mountain Tops.")

THESE ARE THE EPISTLES . . . Trekkers will not soon forget the words of wisdom, of fascinating history and inspiring courage that they heard from the mouths of men chosen to speak at each important pause along the trail. The speakers came from the illustrious ranks of trekkers themselves—they were dignitaries from each locale—branch and mission presidents, mayors, chamber of commerce representatives, special guests.

Every speech had its worth and was enjoyed and appreciated by all. There were two outstanding talks given, however, that trekkers requested especially be included between the covers of this book. Printed in full, that they may be kept in permanent form, are the speeches given by Senator T. Mac Downing of Illinois and Elder Spencer W. Kimball, of the Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and a special representative, with his wife, on the trek. Sen. Downing's speech is included in the Nauvoo section. Herewith is Elder Kimball's speech.

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**REMARKS GIVEN BY
SPENCER W. KIMBALL
IN CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS
RADIO STATION WCAZ
JULY 13, 1947**

Dear Friends: I bring you greetings from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from Salt Lake City. This is the church often referred to as the "Mormon" Church. We assure you of our kindest wishes and appreciate this opportunity afforded by WCAZ to greet you.

We express appreciation also to the people of Carthage and Nauvoo and this area for their kind treatment of us as we gather here to pay homage to our fathers of a century ago on this the Hundredth Anniversary of the Crossing of the Plains.

To relive some of the momentous events of that great exodus, 143 men, 3 women and 2 boys are assembled at Nauvoo to leave on Tuesday in a covered wagon train simulating so far as moderns can do the unequaled trek of 1847. Dressed as pioneers, some with beards, and with their cars made to appear as ox-teams and ships of the desert these 148 people will follow the path, so far as possible, trod by those great men of the days of yesteryear. At many places along the road they will stop to pay tribute in pageantry and song and speech, commemorating the eventful episodes of that fateful summer long ago.

This cavalcade will plan to

reach Salt Lake City on the 22nd of July, the day when the vanguard of that earlier group came down out of the Rocky Mountains and found that inhospitable and barren valley of salt flats and desolation. And on July 24th they will join the people of Utah and the West in dedicating a quarter-million-dollar monument near the spot where Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Wilford W. Woodruff in the carriage of the latter stopped, and the prophet Brigham Young made the now famous statement: "This Is the Place, Drive On."

On top of this great monument are three metal figures cast in deathless bronze and pedestaled on a mighty shaft of eternal granite. They represent Wilford Woodruff, later President of the Church, Brigham Young the prophet, and my own grandfather, Heber C. Kimball. And I am proud indeed to be the grandson of so great a pioneer, colonizer and statesman.

And I feel like removing my shoes as I tread the sacred ground in Nauvoo and this area, for some busy and eventful years were spent here by my illustrious sire. His two-story brick home still stands on a street in Nauvoo and in fair state of repair, after a hundred years of absence from it. "H-C-K-1845" on the stone in the front wall identify it, and bear witness, with many other like buildings, of the sturdy people who built "better than they knew."

Someone has said, "Give us men to match our mountains,"

and among the leaders of this people we found them. As solid as the granite of our everlasting hills; tall and straight as the pines that cover those mountain fastnesses, and with enthusiasm as fresh as the mountain streams, and a faith as unshakable as the Wasatch range.

My grandfather was one of the vanguard first to reach the Salt Lake valley. He was with Brigham Young from those early days when they were baptized into the Church in Mendon, N. Y., many years earlier. He was his right-hand man in every important move in the dark days of Nauvoo and across the plains and in the building of the great empire of the West.

It was here at Montrose, more than a century ago, that the Prophet Joseph Smith raised a glass of cold water and said to his brethren around him, that this cold water was like that which flows down the mountain sides of the place where they were going, and this further is reported from his diary of August 6, 1842. "I prophesied that the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of them would live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

And when all efforts at reconciliation had failed, and it was apparent that a move was necessary, it was from this point that the prophecy began to be fulfilled. The movement began with the wholesale transfer of families and their scant belongings which they could carry, from Nauvoo over to Montrose and the perilous winter movement across the state of Iowa for a temporary haven.

To liquidate a city of 20,000 people who had set their roots deeply in the soil of Nauvoo was no easy task. But under the guidance of strong men whom they accepted as Prophets of God, they had strength to follow at all costs.

On the Missouri at Council Bluffs and Omaha they established Winter Quarters, and made preparation to make the still longer journey of a thousand miles across the plains to the Rockies. Illy prepared for the cold winter, they suffered privations with hunger and cold and disease ranking in first place. Death stalked their movements and many hundreds of the faithful gave up their lives in this first leg of the journey. The Mormon cemetery, where 600 were buried, is mute evidence of the suffering and sorrows of a people, homeless and wandering.

The advance guard simulated by this modern trek, went on ahead to blaze the trail so that the great numbers might follow later with greater safety. There will not be time today to even touch upon the stories of peril and hazard of that great movement. Following that first vanguard which reached Salt Lake country 24 July 1947, came numerous companies on horseback and on foot, in covered wagons and pushing handcars. The trail was marked by the graves along the way. Eighty thousand people with their livestock and their world's goods went trudging cross the interminable distance. Those who went in the spring found the streams, swollen by melting snows, were hard to cross, and deep water, quicksand and steep banks increased the difficulties. Those who went in summer found in addition that the sands were hot and the way long. Those who were unlucky enough to travel in the early winter found to their sorrow that the winds were penetrating and the snows were deep and the way was hard. But Faith is indomitable and a great cause gave them their inspiration. There was no turning back. The story is told of the lady who heard the story of this incomparable trek for the first time and in amazement she said: "How in the world could those people give up their comfortable homes and go forth to endure the hardships and dangers they had to face in making new homes in the wilderness." "My good lady," replied the in-

former, "They thought that God was marching by their side." Then pausing a moment, he said, "And I do not know but what they were right."

Some six thousand or more paid the supreme price and gave their lives for the Cause.

Someone has said, "Security is not born of inexhaustible wealth, but of unquenchable faith." And the Mormons found security in an untamed wilderness. Many had presented to the great leader, Brigham Young, the suggestion of other kinder places to settle. There was Oregon, with its many opportuntines and resources; there was Texas with its vast expanse for settlement; there was California with its gold. But with the vision of a prophet, Brigham Young said of the desolate valley of the Salt Lake—"This is the right place," an isolated place where a hard-working people could remain unmolested for time to build, was all he asked.

And so, upon the unfriendly soil of a desert wilderness, has come a mighty empire. Cities grace the land for hundreds of miles. Temple spires pierce the skies. School buildings are everywhere and happy homes of a God-fearing people are found surrounded with flowers, trees and gardens.

Another important prophecy by an ancient prophet came to be literally fulfilled also in this exodus and colonization: Isaiah prophesied: "And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord of Jerusalem."

The 20,000 people who moved from this area a hundred years ago came from all over the world. As have also the million members

now on the records of the Church. Thirty-five hundred missionaries are in many of the nations of the world today, bearing witness to the doctrines of this eternal plan of salvation and bearing testimony to the divinity of the work of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Fifty thousand before them have done likewise, and today more than 160 of these missionaries from this area are assembled at Nauvoo to commemorate in their conference the Mormon trek. These missionaries are largely young men who have been in the service of their country for from one to five years, in the Pacific, European and other theatres of war, and now, like the others of their number, are giving themselves and their time and energies, and paying their own way to tell the MORMON Story to the world. I hope that as they come to your homes you will let them tell you the Mormon Story. These young people return to their homes after approximately two years of volunteer, unpaid service, and eventually become leaders in the many organizations throughout the Church.

As a result of their missionary labors begun by the first disciples in this church more than a century ago, hundreds of thousands have come into the Church from many lands. They come as Isaiah predicted, from "all nations," and they come to the place "exalted above the hills" into the top of the mountains. Many of the communities of the Church are from three to eight thousand feet above sea level. From Japan and China they have come, and from the Isles of the Pacific. From Assyria and South Africa and Australia also, and from Scandinavia, Germany and England have come the tens of thousands. And the Church becomes a great melting pot of numerous peoples who come to serve the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Even in my short memory the church was made up of a group of colonies mostly located in and around Salt Lake City within a radius of a couple of hundred miles. But today, large groups are

found in nearly every large city and many smaller ones in nearly every State of the Union and most foreign countries.

The Church of Jesus Christ has gone forward with its policy of progress and development. Its teachings are designed by God to give to men an abundant life in this world, and eternal life in the world to come. It teaches that men should be honest and upright, and that they should love their fellowmen next to God. It teaches a single moral standard by which men and women everywhere should adhere to the high standard of chastity. "Immorality is next to murder," is a statement frequently made by its leaders. Good members of the Church abstain from the use of liquor and tobacco, tea and coffee, and endeavor to live a healthful life by carefully following this standard.

The Church endeavors to assist its members to be independent. The great and widely publicized Welfare program of the Church, while yet not working as effectively as desired, is a move in the direction of providing for the needy among its members. Hundreds of local projects over the church provide food, clothing and other commodities and store them for the needy in the time of need. Salmon is canned in the Northwest, citrus fruits are grown in California, cotton for bedding and mattresses is produced in Arizona, cattle and hogs are raised in many sections, potatoes in Idaho, fruits in California. Sugar beets are produced in Colorado. In every sec-

tion, those who can work, work together to produce on their own projects those things which the less fortunate members may need.

By their fruits ye shall know them. In education Utah leads the nation. The Church has a motto: "The Glory of God Is Intelligence."

When I see your beautiful countryside, with its luxurious homes and farm buildings and the fields heavy with crops, I think I can more nearly understand the feelings of the Prophet Joseph Smith when he lingered to look back at his farm as he left Nauvoo on that last one-way trip to Carthage. Looking back over his shoulder, someone noted it and brought from the Prophet this statement:

"I expect that you too would like to take one more look at your farm if you were leaving it for the last time." And again: "Oh, if I could only preach one more sermon to the Saints," and "Oh, if I could only see my family again!"

Again let me say that we appreciate beyond our expression the warm welcome we have received in Nauvoo, Carthage and vicinity. These kind people have literally turned all their facilities over to us. We have the kindest feelings for you and bid you a hearty welcome to attend the special services and program in Nauvoo, Monday night at 7:30, and to come to Utah and visit us and the great empire which is the fulfillment of much hard work and of prophecy. Thank you.



WHAT PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS SAY . . . Feet upon feet of film were used and hundreds of dollars spent by trekkers and interested onlookers who wanted a pictorial record of the unique adventure. Like pioneers of old, we kept our records, too, but most of us did it with our little Brownies, our movie cameras, our candid "shooters." And after the films have been developed, the albums arranged and the movie film spliced . . . we show off our talents to the family, the neighbors and our friends with fierce pride that we were privileged to participate in this wonderful event. The next few pages are a peek into the SUP snapshot album—a sort of informal "student life" section of the yearbook.



Psalms . . .

PRAISES ARE SUNG BY NEWSPAPERS, LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS



. . . Trek aftermath. A new playhouse in the backyard symbolizes the days following the trek when newspaper clippings and fan mail are eagerly read and photograph albums are well thumbed through.

Fan - Mail

WHAT FAN LETTERS SAY . . . Trek leaders received fan mail—a goodly amount—after it was all over and the last car had been stripped of its white bonnet and plywood oxen and proudly placed in the backyard for the youngsters or torn apart and fondly stored in the attic with other memorable keepsakes. The letters came from dignitaries we met along the way, private citizens, missionaries, Church leaders and from trekkers themselves. That each trekker and every interested person may know what President George Albert Smith of the LDS Church and Phil Minner, Mayor of Council Bluffs, wrote concerning the trek, their letters are published in full. Excerpts from others are included, too.

★ ★ ★

Dear Brother Ashton and Associates on the Memorable Trek:

I congratulate you most sincerely on the fine record you made while traveling between Nauvoo and Salt Lake City over the Pioneer Trail.

You did a splendid piece of work and one that will be remembered by the many visitors you had in your camp and who watched you pass down the road. I am surprised that your imitation covered wagons and oxen held together on so long a trip, and it is creditable to those who devised the imitation that it worked so well.

I was happy to meet you before you arrived at Henefer and then to be with you when you came into this valley and I enjoyed the entertainment and reception you received at Sugar House, and then the contribution you made to the parade here in Salt Lake City. I am satisfied from the expressions by those who made the trip that it is one of the highlights of a lifetime, and I congratulate all of you who were fortunate enough to make up the company.

I was indeed surprised when you presented me with those beautiful bronze bookends. I think they are the finest I have ever seen and they will be among my treasures to be passed on to my family, and your kindness will be held in remembrance for a long time.

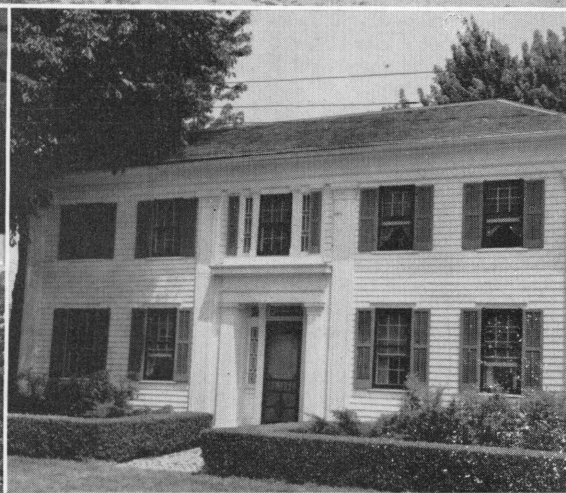
I pray that you will all continue to enjoy the favor of our Heavenly Father and when the roll is called of those who are entitled to a place in the Celestial Kingdom I trust that your names and the names of those you love are all to be found inscribed there, not one missing.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.



There was little time for sightseeing but we did manage to get a snapshot of the Monument at Mount Pisgah. Top right: Lorenzo Snow's home in Nauvoo is typical of the beautiful houses that the Saints left behind when they fled over 100 years ago. Center: We took pictures of the homes of the prophet—this is the famous Mansion House and is well kept up by Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Lower left: a picturesque setting for the monument erected by the Relief Society in Nauvoo. Lower right: Earl Shipley and Charlie Merrill took in the sights of the old Liberty Jail.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

Council Bluffs, Iowa, July 18, 1947.

Council Bluffs is still talking about your visit. I am sure it will long be remembered as an outstanding, though brief, incident in our history. Your organization merits highest commendation for that tremendous undertaking. And certainly in behalf of our city I wish to thank you all for the inspiration left here and for so vividly refreshing our minds of the rich heritage that has been ours as a result of the original company's sojourn here a century ago.

The book ends with which you so kindly presented me have been admired by all who have seen them. They shall always fill an honored spot in my home and shall serve as a constant reminder of you and your group. But more than that, they shall keep me reminded always of the great debt of gratitude we of this city owe to your fathers who so enriched our history and planted here the seed of American nobility that teaches us to live humbly together.

Most sincerely,

PHIL MINNER, Mayor.

★ ★ ★

The whole trek thrilled me. To travel over the same trail that my grandfather did; to experience, even vicariously, the trials and fatigue which my mother and others of the handcart companies endured as they pushed and pulled those two wheeled vehicles over the endless miles to the Salt Lake Valley, and see many of the scenes which their eyes beheld, was a continuous source of enjoyment. It made me realize more than ever before the strength of the testimony of the founders of our inland empire. To stand on the sacred sod at Winter Quarters where so many of the Saints were laid to rest, two of my father's younger brothers among them, and to see in the mind's eye my father as a lad of eight years with his mother walking and driving oxen on to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848, has increased my love and respect for them and for all our noble pioneers. Their knowledge and love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith has equalled or surpassed anything that I have ever read. They knew that God had spoken, and they were willing to give their lives if necessary for that testimony. Verily, they manifested by their works and by their fruits that our Saviour lives and has established His Church again on the earth; that He will come again to visit His people, and that we, the posterity of those pioneers who made our lives so full of happiness and blessing, should, in their honor, and for our own good, carry on with hope and determination.

WILLIAM C. FITZGERALD, Draper, Utah.

All in all, it was the most wonderful experience of my entire life.

LEO BANKHEAD, Avon, Cache County, Utah

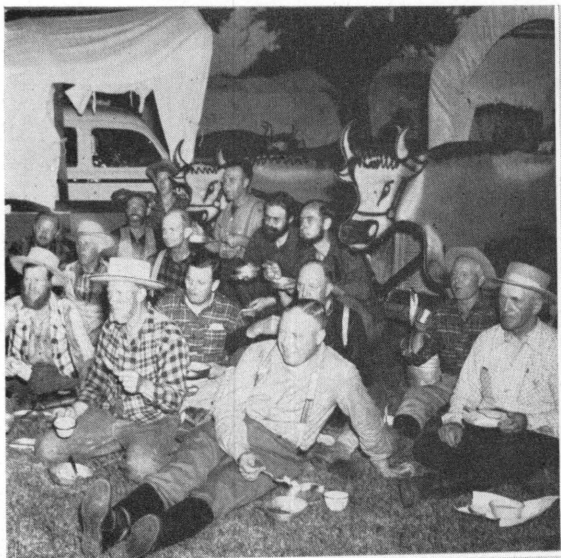
My, my! What a time we had!

JOHN W. SMITH, Tremonton, Utah.



Top left: "Hey, that's my soup you're putting your foot in" ... needless to say we dined informally! Top right: At first glance we thought the oxen had been affected at Garden Grove for seemingly they sprouted strange growths from their horns. 'Twas merely milady's pioneer wardrobe getting an airing, we discovered on examination. We made use of everything on this trip! Bottom: There wasn't a lot of time to enjoy Wendell's company, he was always making presentations to some dignitary or other. Here's a close-up of Wendell receiving a walnut section from the old Mormon fence at Mt. Pisgah. Photo by Creston News Advertiser

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

I think the trek accomplished far more and will yet accomplish far more than what we first expected, particularly is this so when the importance of marking the pioneer trail is realized in its full utility as an incentive to bring people to our State in the future and the opportunity it will give to tell them the story of the Gospel.

ELIAS L. DAY, Salt Lake City, Utah.

★ ★ ★

The superiority of the members of the trek party impressed me. No vulgarity and no critical talk. Cleanly in their thoughts and actions, they were a model of deportment. I was interested in the "Mormon Cocktail Bar" in Nauvoo, and though to us it was incongruous, we understood that the operators so named it intending to honor us.

The testimonies of the members of the trek concerning the trek itself and the character and faith and devotion of the people and the religion for which they suffered, inspired me.

SPENCER W. KIMBALL,
Council of the Twelve, Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

★ ★ ★

It was a trek long to be remembered. The most fluent English at my command could not begin to portray a titling of the wonderful experiences that were ours. We considered it one of the greatest missionary events the church has ever done, and one that will keep the people of America talking about the Mormons for many years to come. It was a sacred journey for memory to sniff the rest of our lives.

NOLAN P. OLSEN, Logan, Utah.

★ ★ ★

May I say that the trek, as viewed by one who was compelled to stay at home, in my opinion, is one of the outstanding achievements of the celebration. I shall never forget how impressive you appeared as you came up Main street, cheered by the waiting throng. It was, indeed, a thrilling sight.

EARL J. GLADE, Mayor
Salt Lake City, Utah.



Mormons were nothing but "welcome" this trip. Typical of the signs of greeting is this one hung over a dry goods store in Florence. Top right: This handsome marker tells the way to the sacred Winter Quarters cemetery located in Florence, Nebraska on the outskirts of Omaha. Center: It was well worth the early morning rise to gaze at the Fairbanks statue and partake of the peaceful spirit that prevailed in the cemetery there. Bottom left: We were in demand by the press and radio, too. Here an announcer interviews a bunch of the boys at lunch while we make with the atmosphere by rattling empty dishes and the like. Bottom right: Just a tiny shot of a girl who made a big hit on the Omaha program—Dorothy Kimball Keddington.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

THE NEWSPAPERS SAY THIS ABOUT US . . . We caused a lot of attention during our caravan cross country. The unusual aspects of the caravan were many. Nothing had ever been done like this before and what's more, the "Mormons" were doing it. The press was quick to pick up every little detail of interest about the Sons of Utah Pioneers hegira and stories and pictures were spread on pages from one coastline to the other.

The number of column inches devoted to this particular phase of Utah's 1947 Centennial Celebration in the various newspapers and news magazines in the country would undoubtedly be staggering if such a figure were to be compiled. There is room in this yearbook for a very few excerpts from the clippings we've received from publications throughout the country. But the book would not be complete nor the memory of the trek quite so vivid if the "press" were not represented.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps our readers, better than we, can recall that Scriptural passage which speaks of the stone rejected by the builders which became the cornerstone. If so, we wonder if it can be applied to this week's memorial trek of the Sons of Utah Pioneers over the trail through Southern Iowa of their forefathers, the Mormons, or Latter-day Saints.

Illinois had rejected the stone which might have become the cornerstone of a greater commonwealth than any now existing. The influx of Mormons into Iowa helped get statehood. A Mormon military unit served for Iowa in the Mexican war.

When the sagas of North America are all recited, none will surpass that of the Mormon hegira for its tales of suffering and hardship, and its implicit heroism. The Lost Tribes would barely have undergone a more rigid ordeal, or had a greater testing of faith. And who knows how far they may have been right, or whether or not they were very far wrong?

Oh, vagrant host,
Methinks a spirit Abrahamic urges you, though fanatical,
You sensed a promise; real and yet conditional.
That you should reach that land if only you would strive—
And not lose heart.

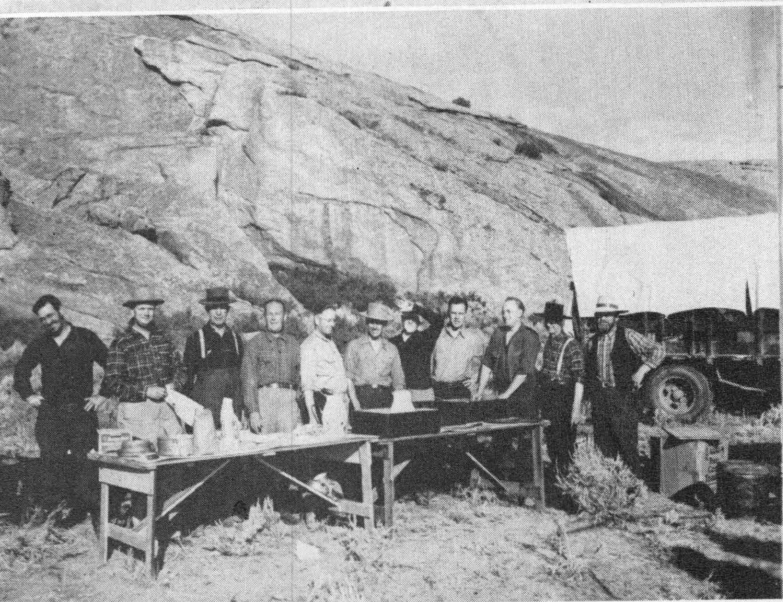
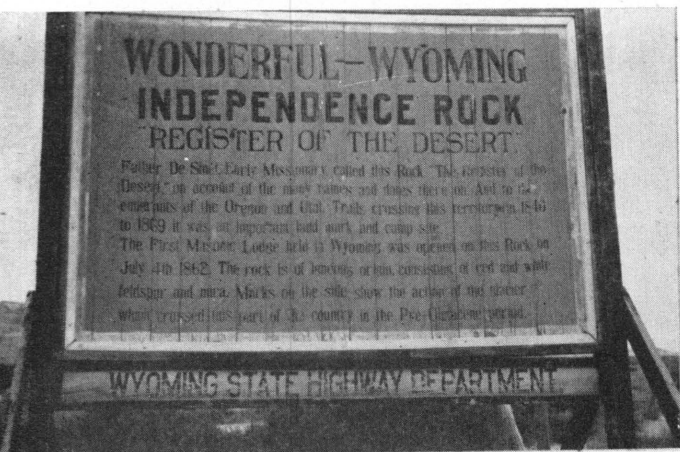
Oft on the way
You bore the testings of a life primeval, hard;
Only the fit could live and press on goalward,
Answering the call mean suffering and weariness,
That tried the soul.

Shall we deny
That you were faithful to the light you had?
Must we condone your persecution, praise those who used the goad?
Nay, not where we reserve the right by conscience guided,
To worship God.

Mystic (Iowa) SENTINEL. Thursday, July 17, 1947.



Top left: The close-up of the sign telling about Independence Rock is less impressive than the rock, to be sure. Top right: We lined up for chow in the shade (had there been any) of the impressive, shapeless mass of granite stone. Center left: The day's K. P. detail smiles for us, little realizing the chores ahead. Center right: It's the Keddingtons, Dick and Dorothy, who rustled up a little Independence Rock atmosphere for the sake of the folks at home. Bottom left: A crackling fire whose thick spirals of smoke gave off the pungent odor of burning sagebrush and made us feel a bit more secure against the night in the wilds. Bottom right: Do you think they liked our show, folks? This audience was typical of most along the way except their seats were harder and they had driven farther to see the trekkers at Independence Rock than most of the spectators had had to do along the way.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

The men and women were dressed in frontier style clothing and the men wore beards of different types. What impressed me most was their friendliness and courtesy and their deep appreciation of the courtesies shown them. They were all prominent businessmen and all had to pay all expenses, which they estimated would be \$150 per person. The driver of one car went to sleep before reaching here and the car was wrecked. Charley Bates has one of the cows discarded and Bart Brown has one of the bows of the covered wagon. . . .

Mayor and Mrs. Comegys were presented a copper serving tray.

Humeston (Iowa) NEW ERA. Wednesday, July 23, 1947

★ ★ ★

A great event in the history of the West which took place 100 years ago will be commemorated this summer. This is the Mormon trek from Nauvoo, Ill., to the Great Salt Lake of Utah, which began Feb. 4, 1844, and ended July 24, 1947. The 1947 repetition of this journey will have the advantage of modern modes of transportation, for it will begin on July 15 and end one week later.

Anyone who sees what the Mormons have made of a forbidding land with a few natural advantages, must acknowledge their sturdiness. Anyone who read history must be ashamed of the brutal treatment by their non-Mormon neighbors, which sent the followers of Joseph Smith on their transcontinental trek.

Waxahachie, Texas LIGHT. June 17, 1947.

★ ★ ★

Illinois which virtually drove out the thrifty Mormons a century ago today salutes this pioneer saga. If Illinois in 1844-47 had shown some consideration, Nauvoo might be Salt Lake City.

To the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, a good journey!

Kewanee, Ill. STAR COURIER. Thursday, July 10, 1947.

★ ★ ★

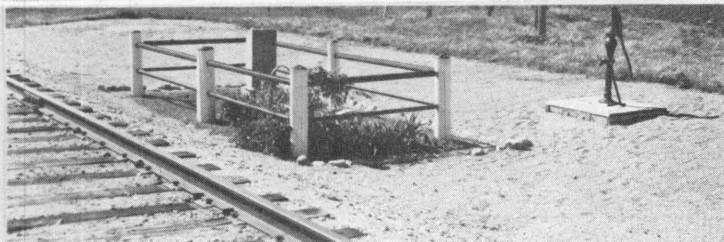
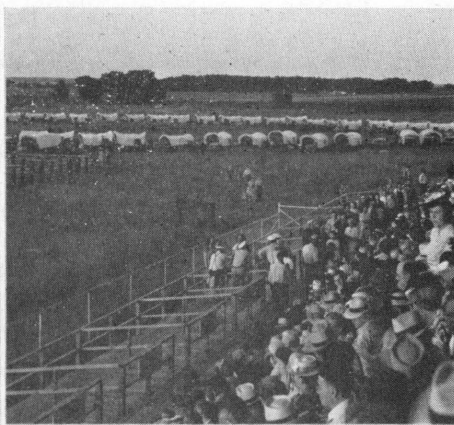
The century of achievement which the Mormons are celebrating marks a real contribution to the kingdom of God on earth. The next 100 years hold great possibilities of useful development.

Long Beach, Calif. PRESS-TELEGRAPH. Saturday, Aug. 2, 1947



North Platte camp grounds would have been a paradise for oxen if the critters had come equipped with an appetite. We plowed through a high growth of grain and made our circle before a huge grandstand (Top left and right) that the local citizenry used on county fair days etc. Center left: The three damsels who made the trek with us. Nora Richardson, Ruth Shields and Dorothy Keddington, make a pretty picture "Coming Through The Rye". Center right: The man behind the construction of our teams and wagons was Willard Smith so we wanted a picture of him doing his part in another way by speaking on the program at North Platte, Nebraska. Lower left: Official photographer, Claudell Johnson, decided turn about is fair play and we got a close-up of him by the graveside of Rebecca Winters. Bottom right: The grave is surprisingly close to the tracks but it has been well-cared for by the railroad company and the Saints around Scotts Bluff.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

The visit of the Mormon caravan Thursday should have brought back to all of us in Council Bluffs the story of our beginnings and of the great debt this city owes to that band of men and women who crossed the plains to Salt Lake City a century ago. . . .

They laugh and joke as we do, sing and play, and after listening to one or two of them talk, enjoy a joke as we do. Once or twice we suspected one or two of them of slyly pulling our leg.

We'd like to have another visitation from them so that we could all become better acquainted. We think they are pretty good citizens.

Council Bluffs, Ia. NONPARIEL. Saturday, July 19, 1947.

★ ★ ★

It is not just maudlin sentiment that prompts the descendants of that band to re-enact the hazardous journey 100 years later. It is more than that. It becomes a religious ceremonial, a thanksgiving for the experience of the century that has intervened, a blessing for the citizenship attained by those hardy settlers.

Burlington, Ia. HAWKEYE GAZETTE. Wednesday, July 16, 1947.

★ ★ ★

Per capita the Mormons suffered more massacring and persecution before they established Utah than any other sect ever experienced in this country. Next to the Indians the Mormons took a worse beating than any group ever took in the U.S.A. They fled to a desert and made it a garden. They converted wasteland into a flourishing, clean, decent community where crime and chiseling are at a minimum.

Their conversion of this land, that was too lean even for the Indians and trappers a century ago, into a kingdom of prosperity, diligence and happiness most certainly presents some answers to the tragic puzzles of other minorities. The Mormon solution as seen in Utah today is the world's chief exhibit of a persecuted minority working and thinking itself into a bright destiny.

Chicago, Ill. DAILY TIMES. Wednesday, September 3, 1947.

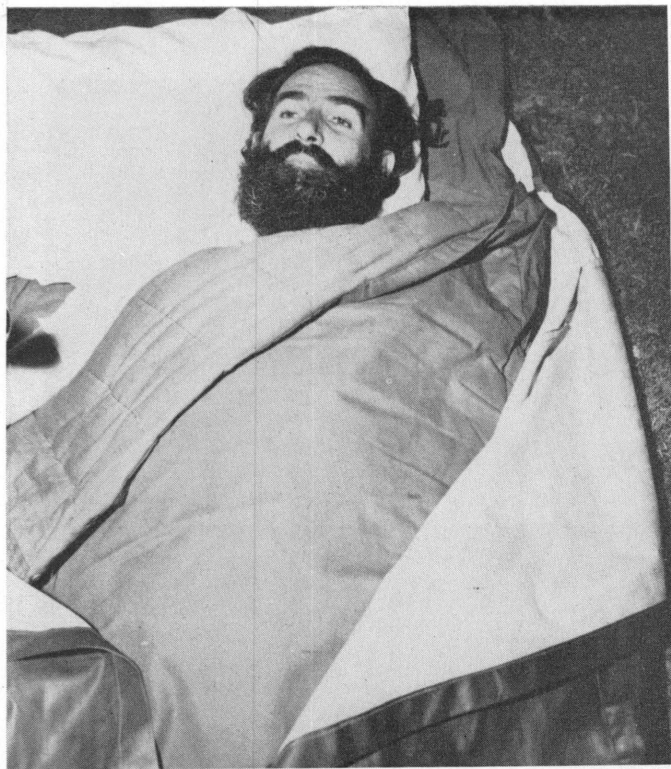
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Top left: Pre-caravan activity is centered around the utility trucks, which are the first to arrive at the day's campsite . . . there's Sully's weapons carrier, the scenery wagon and the familiar red of Archie McFarland's meat truck. Top right: The sound truck was always in a hurry, too. They were johnny-on-the-spot to amplify the words of speakers at every little stop. That's Harry N. Poll and By Openshaw standing up front. Center left: The California contingent in all their glory take time out for group close-up. Center right: Fearsome looking creature, isn't he? But quite harmless and served his purpose well. Bottom left: Three thespians step out of character for a moment's chat. Left to right, Judge Jeppson, Alburn Shields and Acel Richardson. Bottom right: Probably the one vehicle in the caravan that didn't have trouble making it up to Rock Creek. The little white weapons carrier with Claudell Johnson and Sullivan Richardson hanging onto the windshield.





But life on the trek wasn't all parades, speeches and K.P. duty. There was the time Dorothy Keddington (top left) doused "Jim Bridger" Shipley with the help of a water bag . . . and he took it smiling. Top right: Grover Dunford and Jack Howells are perched atop the rock marking the graves of those who died with the Willie Handcart company at Rock Creek. Bottom left: F. M. Michelsen tells Mrs. M. O. Ashton, who was with Vida Fox Clawson's party, and her son Wendell, that those grains of rye were good to eat. Bottom right: Time out for a camera study of the three ladies and their pioneer companion, Bill Nelson.



Top left: Earl Shipley in sweet repose . . . snapped just before a rattlesnake slithered over his way. Top right: Memories that bless and burn . . . Wm. George Clark of Logan preserved by a photographer's skill for posterity as he looked in his trek regalia. The man is a born actor and is never happier than when he is dressed up in a costume of some sort or other. Bottom left: Recalling days of their "youth" by balancing on the railroad tracks for a distance are the two Boy Scouts on the trek, Lionel Maw and Joe Jeppson. Bottom right: This picture could possibly be entitled "Sully Sleeps," with the wilds of Wyoming for a canopy and his weapons carrier for a bed.

CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

The caravan is a tribute to the hardy pioneers who overcame all misfortunes, in their search for freedom, to build cities in the desert. It also is a reminder of the hardy spirit that built America and made it great. The Saints ventured into the West in much the same manner and for the same reason that the Puritans came to New England. The re-enacted trek is a reminder of the perseverance of all those who helped to found this nation. Each pioneer group had its able leaders. The Saints had Brigham Young, without whose sound judgment and stern discipline the caravan might have perished. Young's plan for establishing temporary colonies along the way to grow food and afford resting places for following caravans and his program of organizing work parties of 10 carried the bulk of the party safely through the long journey westward.

This week, the pioneers again are on the march as a reminder that the spirit of America still lives in the hearts of strong men and women who have the will and energy to carry a great nation onto even greater heights.

Quincy, Ill. HERALD WHIG. Monday, July 14, 1947.

★ ★ ★

Unlike some moderns they (the Mormons) set great store by tradition and miss no opportunity to honor the founders of their religion, who had the courage to undertake the impossible a century ago.

Many of the brave men and women who started on that epic journey died along the way. Those who survived founded an empire and built one of the great cities of the country in what was then a barren waste.

Siioux City, Ia. JOURNAL-TRIBUNE. Monday, July 21, 1947.

★ ★ ★

Recent news stories have described the modern caravan of shiny motor cars, upon which are mounted plywood oxen and white canvas tops to give the appearance of prairie schooners, rolling from Nauvoo, Ill., over the route followed by the religious group a century ago, westward to Utah for the celebration. Hostile mobs threatened the lives of the 1847 party, whereas this summer the only interference with the schedule of the motorists was the friendly hospitality thrust upon the travelers by those in the communities through which they passed. . . .

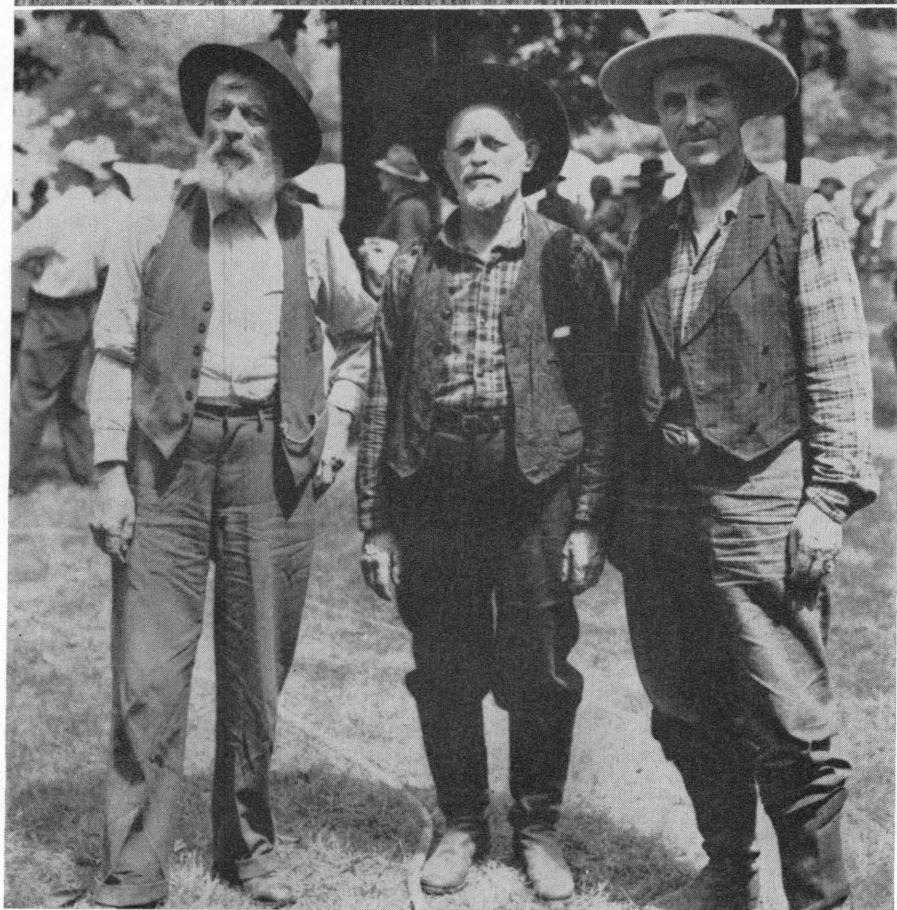
The modern caravan arrived at its destination this week to find a thriving and prosperous city of 183,000 to welcome them, contrasted to the wilderness which awaited the Brigham Young party.

Kansas City, Mo. TIMES. July 24, 1947.

★ ★ ★



Top: Trekkers boasting ancient guns gather together in the midst of memories of early heroism at Ft. Bridger and display their heirloom shooting equipment. Bottom: The three oldest sons of Utah Pioneers to make the trek obligingly stand together for a unique picture. Left to right: John Smith, George McClellan and Alfred Durham.



CENTENNIAL CARAVAN

One hundred years ago this morning the Mormon hegira leaders reached the present site of Columbus. They were emulating the example of the Moslems on their flight from Mecca. Their first location was in Western New York. The second "stake" was at Nauvoo, Illinois. There they were persecuted by many religious sects, the Quakers alone befriending them, and fled enmasse westward to the shores of the great Salt Lake in Utah. Chief among the Mormon leaders was Brigham Young. When I was a little boy I lived on the marked trail of the Mormons through Southern Iowa. I often heard prejudiced people tell incidents of the wickedness of the Mormons. My Quaker mother guarded me against accepting such stories as true, but despite her teaching I did imbibe more or less prejudice. Fifty years later I spent one hundred days among the Mormons in Salt Lake City and vicinity. I have been privileged to visit many strange people in many lands in the Western hemisphere and beyond the far-reaching seas. Now it is my high privilege to do my best part in testifying that in all my far journeyings over the world I never encountered a higher type of people than the Utah Mormons. During my hundred days in Utah I never heard a Mormon utter a profane nor an unclean word. I visited the Mormons on their ranches in Southwest Utah and Eastern Nevada, chiefly engaged in the sheep and cattle business. In that almost desert zone I never saw a Mormon abuse a horse nor a dog. That experience of fifty years ago drove out of me all thought of evil regarding the Mormons. None other than religious enthusiasts could have survived that hegira from Nauvoo to Utah. Did the Mormon prophets lead their followers to that barren land by divine command? I do not know. But I doubt if any other than religious enthusiasts could have accomplished what the once despised and persecuted Mormons accomplished in Utah. Today, as in the days of their persecution, the Mormons live true to the tenets of their religion. There are no hungry people in Utah, nor any Mormons on public "relief" rolls. There are no drunkards among the Mormons. Utah is close to first place among all the states in promotion of public education. My advice to any friend who was prejudiced against those peculiar Mormon people is to visit them in their business places, in their homes in one of the most beautiful cities in all the world. I give promise that such a visit will cause all un-Christian prejudice to fly from their hearts and minds as "the mists before the morning sun."

Edgar Howard, Columbus, Nebr. TELEGRAM. July 16, 1947.

★ ★ ★

The Mormon trek wrote a dramatic chapter in the history of this city and of the fertile Missouri Valley. Both the city and the valley extend the hand of welcome to the descendants of those who wrote that chapter 100 years ago.

Omaha, Neb. EVENING WORLD HERALD. July 16, 1947.

★ ★ ★



Top left: This is a posed shot of the very attractive and talented Indians who performed on the program for the hundreds who came to Ft. Bridger to meet us. Top right: Biggest thrill of the journey for ladies might well have been the moment when they were introduced by Wendell Ashton to the audience overflowing with home folks and then each presented with a sterling silver charm bracelet boasting Centennial charms that were miniature replicas of historic monuments and buildings, etc. Bottom left: It's our president again, this time paying tribute to Mrs. Charles Washakie. Bottom right: President David O. McKay drove up to Ft. Bridger to be our main speaker. We got a picture of him warmly greeting two of our adventurous band, Mr. and Mrs. Axel Richardson.

