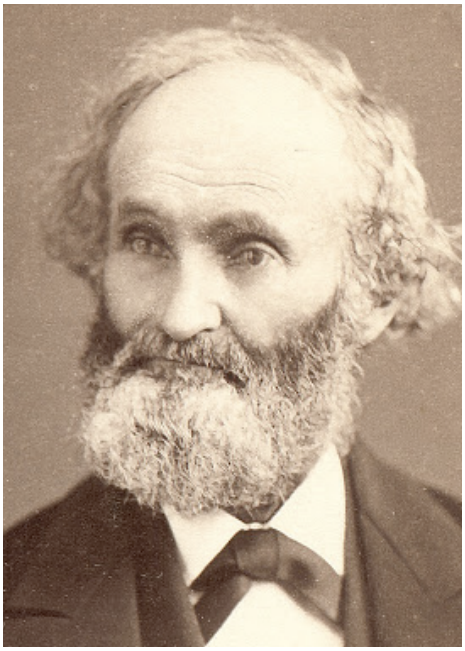

John Pack
(1809 - 1885)

John Pack and Mary Jane Walker

A Biography compiled by Veldon R. Hodgson, Historian, and Edited by David E. Gardner, Douglas H. Pack, and Elmo A. Nelson of The John Pack Family Association, 15 April 1996.

John Pack was born 20 May 1809, St. John, St. John Parish, New Brunswick, Canada to George Pack (1768 – 1838) and Phylotte Greene (1774 – 1866). Both of his parents came from American colonial stock.

He married (1) Julia Ives (b: 8 March 1817, Watertown, Jefferson County, New York; m: 10 October l832 in Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, sealed: 16 December 1846 in Nauvoo Temple, Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois; d: 23 June 1903, Kamas, Summit County, Utah), (2) Nancy Aurelia Booth (b: 1826; m: 1844; d: 1853), (3) (Ruth Mosher (b: 1824; m: 1845; d: 1914) (4) Eliza Jane Graham (b: 1825; m: 1846), (5) Mary Jane Walker (b: 1835; m: 1852; d: 1908), (6) Jessie Bell Stirling (b: 1845; m: 1864; d: 1925), (7) Lucy Jane Giles (b: 1848; m: 1868; d: 1918); and (8) Jane Robinson (b: 1828; m: 1870; d: 1898). He died 4 April 1885, Salt lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah. He was a pioneer of 16 April 1847 – 22 July 1847 in the Heber C. Kimball company traveling by horse team and wagon. He was a Captain of 100.

In physical stature, John Pack was about five feet nine inches tall, and weighed about 170 pounds. Even in the later years of his life, he stood erect and walked with a sprightly tread. He was always well dressed. He was neat and tended somewhat to aristocracy. He had a rather large forehead, with a mass of curly black hair well back from the temples. His chin was, perhaps, slightly smaller than normal, mouth firm. nose straight, and expressive dark eyes. He wore a mustache and a neatly trimmed beard, which in his later life was tinged with gray. Altogether, he was a very striking and commanding figure.

He is said to have been frankness personified. He possessed no tolerance whatsoever for insincerity or hypocrisy. He was outspoken in his opinions and fearless of results. lt is said, in fact, that sometimes he offended people with his abruptness, especially those who were not well acquainted with him. He pronounced opinions, but withal, was as obedient as a child to every official call made of him.

He is rated as a man of extreme honesty and as one who almost abhorred indebtedness to others. Shortly after his return from a mission to France, he had an opportunity to enter the mercantile business, but he refused to do so on the ground that he feared it might lead him into unfair dealings with his brethren. He was meticulously honest in all things. He died owing no man. leaving a will in the Salt Lake County Courthouse.

He was the husband of eight wives and the father of forty-three children.

He was called to be the Senior President of Eighth Quorum of Seventy, 8 October 1844, at Nauvoo, Illinois.

John Pack was called and served on "preaching missions" to the States of New Jersey, Maine, and other local missions in the State of Illinois and adjoining states.

He was commissioned a Major in the Nauvoo Legion, 28 October 1844, by Governor Ford of Illinois.

He was a Captain of 50 in the first Utah Pioneer Company of 1847, first entering the Great Salt Lake Valley, 22 July 1847. He made several other trips across the plains.

He built and operated two sawmills, one on the Chagrin River,

Geauga County, Ohio, and, the other, on Beaver Creek near Kamas, Summit County, Utah.

John Pack served an honorable three-year mission to France and The Channel Islands of Great Britain, October 1849 to August 1852. He went there with Elders John Taylor, Curtis E. Bolton, and William E Howell of Wales.

John was a very successful farmer and cattleman.

He was one of the organizers of the "Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society" — forerunner of the present [Utah] State Fair Association. He was closely associated with this organization until the time of his death. He was a lover of fine stock and exhibited them regularly each year at the fair, as well as various farm products.

John Pack and Julia Ives, the daughter of Erastus and Lucy Paine Ives, were married, 10 October 1832, at Watertown, New York Shortly after, John purchased the homestead at Hounsfield, Watertown, New York from his father. As a part of the transaction, he assumed the responsibility of caring for his parents during the remaining years of their lives. He carried out this responsibility faithfully.

The Pack family first became acquainted with Joseph Smith, Sr., father of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr., about 1835. They also became acquainted with John Smith and Heber C. Kimball. George and Phylotte Pack joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints sometime during the summer of 1835. They were anxious to move to Kirtland, Ohio, to join with the members of the Church there. In the fall of 1835, John fitted out his parents and they moved to Kirtland. John and Julia were then baptized, 8 March 1836, by Elder James Blakesly. They had to chop a hole in the ice in a stream of water to be baptized.

John sold his farm at Hounsfield shortly thereafter. In April of that same year, John, with Julia and their eldest son, Ward Eaton, gathered with the Saints at Kirtland, Ohio, locating on the Chagrin River. He built a sawmill on that stream, and remained there for one year. Both John and Julia received their Patriarchal Blessings under the hands of Joseph Smith Sr., the father of the Prophet Joseph, on 22 July 1837, in the Kirtland Temple.

During the summer of 1838, John took his family, his father and mother, and journeyed to the State of Missouri. He was accompanied by his brothers, Rufus and James Benjamin. They were also accompanied by Henry Ives, the youngest of Julia's brothers. James Benjamin Pack and Henry Ives had not joined the Church at that time. John purchased a farm in Daviess County and planted it into corn.

The Missouri mob soon began to drive the Saints and to destroy their property. At about this same time, John received word that the husband of his sister Phoebe, Levi Wood, had passed away. She and her children were also sick. They were living at Huntsville, Randolph County, Missouri about 100 miles away. John and Julia immediately hitched a horse to a light wagon and went to get them to bring them to their home. They had a very dangerous encounter with a Missouri mob. The mob demanded to know if they were "Mormons." John Pack gave the answer, "Mormons and full- blooded ones." The mob threatened their lives, but the Lord blessed them. The mob, after several hours, let them go on their way. They were able to continue on and get Phoebe. They left her children with another member of the Church, Amos Herrick. They brought her back to Daviess County. Shortly after this experience, October 1838, George Pack, John's father, sickened and died. He was buried at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, eighteen miles from the family home. The family then moved to the town of Far West. They purchased a one room house there. However, shortly after this time, Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, and other leaders were betrayed into the hands of the mob. Then, the Saints were compelled to leave the State of Missouri, and sign over all their property to the mob.

At a general conference of the church in Commerce (Illinois) October 1839, a delegation which included the Prophet, Judge Elias Higbee, and Sidney Rigdon was appointed to present a petition to the federal government in Washington (D. C.) seeking redress under the Constitution for injuries sustained by the Saints in Missouri. John and Julia Ives Pack were two of the signatories to a petition for a redress of $2,000 for the loss of property in Missouri.

John Pack and his family moved into Pike County, Illinois. They located on a farm owned by the Brower family at Perry. In the spring of 1840, John and his family moved to Nauvoo, where he became an active preacher of the Gospel. He performed several short-term missions in Illinois and adjacent states. He then filled a mission to the State of Maine.

Governor Carlin, of Illinois, signed a bill authorizing the incorporation of the City of Nauvoo on 16 December 1840. The bill also authorized the formation of an inde-

pendent military organization, which was later known as "The Nauvoo Legion." The officers of this organization were to be commissioned by the governor. Subsequently, when the organization was completed, John Pack was commissioned a Major.

John and Julia were sealed for time and all eternity in "The Celestial Order of Marriage," by the Patriarch Hyrum Smith in August 1843. His mother, Phylotte Greene Pack was, at the same time, sealed to her husband, George Pack. John acted as proxy for his father. When the Nauvoo Temple was nearing completion, this sealing was repeated in that building, 16 December 1845, Heber C. Kimball officiating; John Young and Amasa M. Lyman were witnesses. At this same time, they received their endowments. John and Julia later became temple workers.

Senior President, 8 October 1844. He had been ordained a Seventy, 6 October 1844. The names of the Presidency called at that time were: John Pack. Samuel B. Frost, Benjamin Wilber, Alston Colby, Benjamin Clapp, Ebenizer Robinson, and William Hyde.

In 1845, upon the advice of President Young, John rented the Nauvoo Mansion. He and Julia kept tavern there for six months. The President then counseled John to purchase the Loomis Tavern, to prevent the rendezvousing, there of the enemies of the church. He kept this place until shortly before the eighth of February 1846, the time of his final departure from Nauvoo.

John and his family, consisting of 11 souls, left Nauvoo, 8 February 1846. They consisted of himself, his four wives, Julia, Nancy, Ruth,

They had a very dangerous encounter with a Missouri mob. The mob demanded to know if they were "Mormons." John Pack gave the answer, Mormons and full-blooded ones."

At the time of the Prophet's martyrdom, 27 June 1844, John was serving a mission to New Jersey. Immediately upon receipt of the news, he and his companion, Ezra T. Benson, returned to Nauvoo and joined the sorrowing Saints.

September 1844, John's first plural wife was sealed to him, Nancy Aurelia Booth. In December 1845, John and Julia received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.

A few months after John had returned to Nauvoo from New Jersey, the Eighth Quorum of Seventy was organized by President Brigham Young. John was called to be the

and Eliza Jane, his five children, and his mother, Phylotte Greene Pack. They camped on Sugar Creek, Iowa with the Saints. They remained there for three weeks. A temporary organization was brought into being. Slightly later in the journey, near the Chariten River, a more systematic organization was formed. The entire company was divided into two grand divisions. Brigham Young had command over one, and Heber C. Kimball commanded the other. John Pack was called to be the clerk of 50, over which Stephen Markham was captain, who, in turn, was under the command of Heber C. Kimball.

They finally reached Cutler Park about 1 August 1845. Cutler Park was located on the west side of the Missouri River and a few miles upstream from Traders Point. This place became a place of sorrow, for, on 13 August 1846, John and Julia buried their second daughter, Julia, who was less than a year old. She was unable to survive the hardships of the six month's journey from Nauvoo, westward. In the first days of September, the camp moved down onto the bench land close to the river and established the town of Winter Quarters, now called Florence. Florence is located about five miles north of the present City of Omaha. John Pack transported freight between this place and St. Joseph, about 150 miles down the river to support his family during the winter of 1846–1847.

Before the U. S. Army made its call for what is known as the Mormon Battalion, plans had been laid by the brethren to send an advance company of picked men to the mountains, immediately after reaching the Missouri River in 1846. When the Mormon Battalion took about 500 young men into the service and thus weakened the Saints, it was decided to go into "Winter Quarters" and make ready for an early start the next year. Accordingly, as soon as this conclusion was reached, construction work on a large scale was begun in Winter Quarters.

A company of twelve times twelve men were chosen to pioneer the way to the Rocky Mountains in the month of April 1847. On 5 April 1847, Heber C. Kimball with six wagons moved out as far as Cutler Park, which had been designated as a place of assemblage for the pioneer company. The General Conference

of the Church was held at Winter Quarters, 6 April 1847. The entire wagon train, including President Brigham Young, reached a position 20 miles west of the Elkhorn River, and 47 miles west of Winter Quarters, 15 April 1847.

The pioneer camp was organized at this location, on 16 April 1847, as follows: Captains of hundreds, Stephen Markham and Albert P. Rockwood; Captains of fifties, Tarlton Lewis, James Case, John Pack, and Shadrack Roundy. Also, a large number of captains of tens. The companies were instructed to travel closely together, rather than scattered as before. In the company there were 143 men and boys, three women, and two children, total, 148. There were 72 wagons, 93 horses, 52 mules, 66 oxen, 19 cows, 17 dogs and chickens. At five o'clock in the afternoon of 17 April, the camps were called together and a military organization was created as follows: Brigham Young, Lieutenant General; Stephan Markham, Colonel; John Pack, Major; and, Shadrack Roundy, Major. The military organization was chiefly for protection against Indians and outlaws. The next day the trek west began. John was also appointed to be a hunter and scout; therefore, he was frequently involved in buffalo hunting.

Julia Ives Pack, who remained behind at Winter Quarters, has left the following brief statement: "In the spring of 1847, my husband was called to be one of the pioneers to the Rocky Mountains. The pioneers were led by the Twelve, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. They organized it in a military organization: the officers were as follows: Brigham Young, Lieutenant General; Jesse G. Little, Adjutant: Steven Markham, Colonel; John Pack and Shadrack Roundy, Majors. They started on their journey the first part of April 1847."

It is interesting to observe that one fails to find a single complaining note in what Julia said, and yet she was to be the sole support of herself and her children in her husband's absence. That too at a time when her own health was not the best. She proved herself to be heroic to the end of her days.

Sunday, 20 May, while encamped at a point about fifteen miles east of Fort Laramie, in what is now Eastern Wyoming, the brethren bore testimony to the goodness of God to them, and partook of the Sacrament, in renewal of their covenants. Later, the same day, the members of a prayer circle met in an opening within the nearby cliff. They dressed themselves in their temple clothing, offered prayer to God for themselves, their families, and for all that pertained unto them. The names of this council were: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Amasa Lyman, Ezra T. Benson, Phineas H. Young, John Pack, Charles Shumway, Shadrack Roundy, Albert P. Rockwood, Erastus Snow, William Clayton, Albert Carrington, and Porter Rockwell. The brethren last named had no temple clothing, and stood on guard to prevent interruption.

Difficulty was encountered in getting the wagons across the river, at the upper crossing of the Platte River, near what is now Casper, Wyoming. It was 14 June, and the water was high and swift. The contents of the wagons were taken across in a boat. Most of the wagons were then taken across on an improvised raft. A few of the wagons were tied together side by side and pulled across by means of a rope. This was the case with John's wagon. But, when it and the wagon lashed to it, reached the far side, they rolled over one another, breaking the bows and losing the tire irons of John's wagon to he value of thirty dollars. His wagon is still in the old river bed.

Monday, 21 June, the pioneer company passed the famous Independence Rock. It had been a famous landmark for many years for western travelers. Sunday, 27 June, three years after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, the company camped near South Pass, the dividing line between the Pacific and Atlantic water drainage.

President Young became sick 12 July, on Bear River, not far from the present site of Evanston, Wyoming. This event delayed the company. It caused some anxiety since the planting season was already well advanced. The main company passed through Echo Canyon on the 18 July and reached the Weber River. President Young and a small company of eight or ten wagons were somewhat behind. President Kimball, who was then in charge, proposed that on the following day, the company should move forward, proceeding to the valley without, further delay.

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Exploration had already been made of Weber Canyon, below this point, and found impassible. Accordingly, the company decided to turn to the left at the present site of Henefer, and follow the trail traveled by the Donner Party of the year before. Heber C. Kimball and a few others went ahead. John Pack was left in charge of the main company, which he directed the entire distance through East Canyon, over Big and Little Mountains, and into the head of Emigration Canyon.

John related that when he and a few of his associates obtained their first view of the Salt Lake Valley from the summit of Big Mountain, pandemonium broke loose. Strong men embraced one another and cried as if they were children. Others shouted at the tops of their voices, and hurrahed to those who were still approaching their viewpoint. He said that Porter Rockwell, characteristically stolid and unemotional, was so affected by the sight, that he even removed the boots from his feet and repeatedly hurled them into the air.

Early in the morning of 22 July 1847, John, in company with Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, John Brown, Joseph Mathew, Orrin Porter Rockwell, Erastus Snow, and Jesse C. Little, went forward on horseback from their camp. They were seeking a suitable place for planting crops and beginning their settlement. John Pack and at last some of his companions, discovered the Warm Springs (Becks Hot Springs), and continued about five miles further to the northward. Later in the day, the combined party decided upon a location near the mouth of City Creek Canyon, within a fraction of a mile from the place, where the Salt Lake Temple now stands. A memorial has been erected in Emigration Canyon, as a remembrance of this entrance into the valley.

The soil of the Salt Lake Valley was of first quality. The soil and the valley were far more inviting than much of the country through which the pioneer company had passed. Water was comparatively abundant.

Moreover, the pioneers did not know the meaning of the term failure. Therefore, they immediately began converting the barren desert into fertile fields.

In 1845, upon the advice of President Young, John rented the Nauvoo Mansion. He and Julia kept tavern there for six months. The President then counseled John to pourchase the Loomis Tavern, to oprevent the rendezvousing, there, of the enemies of the church.

John obtained a dwelling lot in Salt Lake City, which was located on West Temple and 1st North Streets (now 2nd North). Preparations were then begun, by a considerable number of the brethren, to return to Winter Quarters to their wives and families. John Pack was a member of this group. Most of John's horses were worn out. But he was able to procure a pair of three- and a pair of four-year old, half-broke steers from a man named Crow, which could be used for the return trip.

The company, consisting of 71 men with 33 wagons, 92 oxen and some horses and mules, left the valley 16 August 1847. Those who had horses to ride were assigned the special duty of repairing the road, driving loose cattle, and selecting the camp sites.

John was the proud possessor of a valuable riding horse. Therefore, he took his position within this group. He was also the owner of a wagon and two yoke of oxen in the company. This journey to Winter Quarters was lightened by his joy of having reached the Promised Land and the ecstatic joy of returning to his family.

John broke a wagon tongue while crossing the Elkhorn. But he soon repaired it and continued his journey. There were also some instances when the oxen grazed too far away from camp. However, they were eventually found, after which the company continued eastward. The company was annoyed toward the end of the journey by some Indians. The Indians drove off some cattle, stole a horse and threatened them. But the pioneers did not get into an altercation with the Indians. They arrived safely at Winter Quarters in late October 1847.

Early in the spring of 1848, John Pack moved his family to the east side of the Missouri River and up into the foothills of Pigeon Creek, Iowa. There he built a two-room, log house and cleared some land for a little farm, feeling that it was impossible to go west that season. However, his circumstances changed. He and his family succeeded in joining President Heber C. Kimball's company. He was called to be a captain of 50 in that company. Upon reaching the Black Hills, it was thought

advisable to divide the company into smaller companies, so that they might more easily procure feed for their animals. John Pack guided one of these smaller companies to the Salt Lake Valley. They arrived in the valley in late September. "Being advised by President Young, he obtained cut timber from the canyons. He built an adobe house 30 by 60 feet, in the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City, to be used as a place for dancing and other amusements."

In the fall of 1849 or 1850, Livingston and Kincaid established a general store in this house. It was the first store that was opened in Salt Lake City.

John moved his family to Farmington in 1849. There they planted and raised a crop of corn. They were successful in raising a fairly good crop. Sometime in the late summer or early autumn of 1849, John made entry for an eighty-acre tract of land in West Bountiful, ten miles north of Salt Lake City. Forty acres of this property eventually became the property of his wives, Mary Jane, Jessie Bell, and Lucy Jane.

John was called to carry the Gospel to the people of France at October Conference, 1849. He participated in this work with Elders John Taylor and Curtis E. Bolton. At this time, he was supporting three wives, seven children, and his mother. In addition, his wife, Ruth, was expecting her first child. That child was born 20 October 1849. His monetary prospects were quite dim. His eldest son, Ward Eaton, was only 15 years of age. Two of his wives had a child of only a few months of age. This meant that his family would be left to largely shift for themselves during the period of his absence. One can scarcely imagine the faith and fortitude necessary to accept a call under such conditions. Nevertheless, John surrendered the care of his family to the care of The Master and departed for his distant field of labor.

He departed with a company of 30 men. They had a hair-raising encounter with some Sioux Indians, but were able to parley with the Indians and moved on to Missouri safely. They remained at St. Louis for a short time, exhorting the Saints to righteousness. There were about 3,000 Saints there at that time. They finally arrived in New York and set sail on the vessel Westervelt. Their ship docked at Liverpool, 27 May 1850. Finally, they reached Boulogne, France, 18 June 1850, exactly eight months from the time that they had left Salt Lake City, Utah. The Elders were John Taylor, Curtis E. Bolton, John Pack and William Howell from Wales. William Howell had already been doing missionary work on the island of Jersey in the Channel Islands and along the west coast of France.

They established themselves in simple quarters in Boulogne and contacted the mayor of the city to obtain permission to preach the Gospel in his city. They dedicated themselves to the work of spreading the Gospel in France.

After remaining in Boulogne for some time, John Pack went to Calais. There, he had the good fortune to baptize three or four converts. John Taylor invited him to go to Paris and be present at the organization of a branch of the church at that place. He accepted the invitation and was present when the organization was effected, December 1850.

John was in London, England, 13 May 1851, to attend a general conference of the British Mission. John was called to preside over the Saints residing in Jersey Island and contiguous parts of France, 6 June 1851. Because of the large number of Saints in Jersey and their willingness to assist the Elders financially, John was requested to hold himself in readiness to send help to the missionaries in France in case they should need it.

John arrived in Saint Helier, Jersey Island, 39 June 1851. The Saints of Saint Helier held a big celebration on Pioneer Day, 24 July l 851. John wrote a letter to William Hyde regarding the progress of the work on Jersey Island, 1 August 1851. "'The work of God is rolling on here with great rapidity. We are baptizing almost every day, and all the Saints are bound for Zion as soon as time and means will permit. " It was at St. Helier that John met Jane Walker, widow of Captain John Walker, and their had joined the L. D. S. Church as converts.

In response to a deep and prolonged religious impression, John went to Havre, France, on 2 November 1851. There, he met Curtis E. Bolton, who had been similarly impressed to go to the same place. They baptized a number of people and experienced remarkable spiritual manifestations. It was a time of great rejoicing. John returned to Saint Helier the following day.

A further record of the activities of John Pack at Saint Helier had not been found until the 10th of January 1852. At that time, a company of 19 Saints from Saint Helier boarded the sailing vessel Kennebec at Liverpool, bound for New Orleans. John had been honorably released from a three-year mission. He was on his way home with daughter, Mary Jane Walker, who this group. The company from Saint Helier consisted of

eight males and twelve females. The entire company, including the Saints from Saint Helier and others principally from England, was under the direction of Elder John S. Higbee, and consisted of 333 souls. They arrived without significant incident at New Orleans, 11 March 1852. They continued on by boat to Council Bluffs.

Considerable delay was encountered both at St. Louis and Council Bluffs. It was not until 27 May 1852 that organization of the overland company was completed and orders were given to proceed. The company was under the general direction of Ezra T. Benson. John S. Higbee, who had been in charge of the party from Europe, was a captain of 50 of which John Pack was a member.

At a point somewhat more than 100 miles west of Winter Quarters, a military organization was effected, primarily for defense against Indian attack. John Pack was elected Colonel. Thereafter, he usually traveled slightly in advance of the main company. He kept this position until all danger had passed. Then he quickened his speed and arrived in the valley nearly a week ahead of the main company. He gave a report of his three-year mission to France at a meeting held in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, 8 August 1852. The main company reached the city five days later, 13 August. John had been away from home for almost three years. The reunion between John and his family was a joyous occasion.

When Utah was two and one-half years old, the Legislative Assembly of the Provisional Government passed an act incorporating the University of the State of Deseret, now known as the University of Utah.

On Monday, 11 November 1850, the University, called by the press of the time, the "Parent School," was opened in John Pack's house, situated on the corner of First North and West Temple Streets.

The Deseret Evening News of 16 November 1850, says: "The Parent School commenced on Monday at Mrs. Pack's house, in the Seventeenth Ward, under the direction and supervision of Professor Orson Spencer. The Board of Regents have employed Dr. Cyrus Collins, A.M., for the present, who will instruct in all branches taught in High School." Dr Collins taught for one term, for which he received $200.00. At the expiration of this term, the University was moved from the old Pack house to the State House, afterward called the Council House, on the corner of Main and South Temple Streets, where the Deseret News block now stands (1907). Orson Spencer, A.M., was made president, with W.W. Phelps and Apostle Orson Pratt as assistants.

John married Mary Jane Walker September 1852.

John was called to go on other missions. A large group under the leadership of Brigham Young went to the Limhi Valley in Idaho during the summer of 1855. Most of the Elders took their wives with them. John took his wife, Mary Jane, on this trip. John went to the Carson Valley in 1856. But, because of the news that Johnston's Army was approaching the valley, he returned to Salt Lake City shortly after going to the Carson Valley.

John accompanied his wives, Mary Jane and Ruth, to the Shanghai Flats "near Utah Lake," in April 1858, when the Saints were instructed to leave Salt Lake City because of the approach of Johnston's Army. He then returned to Salt Lake City, where Julia had remained because of the critical illness of her eldest son's wife, Elizabeth Still, who died on 19 May 1858. The next day Julia gave birth to her fourth daughter, Sedenia Tamson. Two weeks later, John and Julia with the baby, the very day that Johnston's Army entered Salt Lake City, joined the Saints at their refuge near Utah Lake. This army expedition to Utah is known as "BUCHANAN'S BLUNDER."

The coming of Johnston's Army could be considered to be a two-edged sword. It benefitted the Saints because they could sell their excess farm products to the army and use the money for other supplies which they needed. But the Army brought with it the unsavory influences which seem to follow every army. These influences affected the lives of many of the Saints. However, the Saints were able to return to their homes in the Salt Lake area instead of burning them.

John obtained a large acreage of land in Rhodes Valley in 1861, also called the "Kamas Prairie." It was located 45 miles southeast of Salt Lake City. There, he helped establish

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the town of Kamas, at the mouth of Beaver Creek, where it flows from the west end of the Uintah Mountains. John invested in the cattle business and soon became the owner of some large herds. Thereafter, it was the custom of his wives, Ruth and Mary Jane, to go to Kamas, and make large quantities of butter and cheese during the summer. They then returned to Bountiful for the winter. Some of these products were sold, and some were used by the Pack families at Salt Lake City, Bountiful and Woods Cross. Ruth moved from Bountiful to Kamas, permanently, on 12 March 1863.

Soon after obtaining land at Kamas, John and Charles Russell built a saw mill on Beaver Creek. It was near an abundance of excellent timber. John and his associates manufactured large quantities of lumber. Later, they also manufactured shingles which were 18 inches wide by 20 feet long. These were hauled to Bountiful to fence the entire 40-acre farm. The fence was two boards high and the posts were about ten feet apart. This fence stood for many years before it fell apart.

John, Julia, and Ward Eaton Pack left Salt Lake City on 19 November 1869 for a short-term mission to several of the Eastern States. John gave a large number of lectures on Mormonism. However, he devoted the major part of his time to the gathering of family genealogy. They were very successful in this project, bringing back much valuable information. The exact places that they visited are not known. However, it appears that they spent most of their time in New York, Vermont, and New Jersey. John, Julia, and Ward spent much of their time from May 1870, until the time of his death, at the Logan Temple, performing ordinances for their dead ancestors and relatives, the names of which they had obtained during this trip.

The following self-explanatory note appeared in the Deseret News of 1 December 1875: "Elder John Pack has done a very liberal thing. He has deeded over to Bishop John H. Smith, of the Seventeenth Ward, and his successors in office, a piece of ground valued at about $1,000.00 on condition that a good and substantial meeting- house be erected thereon, subject to the condition that such building shall not be used for balls, parties, political or similar gatherings, but exclusively for religious Christ of Latter-day Saints, and such meetings as shall be approved by the presiding authorities of said church."

Brother Pack also generously deeded a piece of ground in the same ward and of similar value to Maninda Hyde, President of the Ladies Relief Society and her successors in office of that ward, on condition that a good and substantial building be erected thereon suitable for the furthering of the purposes for which the society was organized by the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"This is a most generous donation for a laudable object and is well worthy of emulation."

John Pack died very suddenly at his home in Salt Lake City in the late evening of 4 April 1885, after a simple illness of less than a week. He had awakened somewhat suddenly and requested that Julia send for some Elders, but he died before they arrived. A few days later, funeral services were held in the Seventeenth Ward Meetinghouse, only a few rods from his home. Elder John Henry Smith, then an Apostle, formerly the bishop of the ward, was the principal speaker. John was extolled as a devout Latter-day Saint, a true son of God, all of which he fully deserved. He is buried in the family plot in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. A granite monument marks his grave.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

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Mary Jane Walker
(1835 - 1908)

Written by Frederick J. Pack

Family records written sometime after Mother came to Utah all state that she was born in Davenport, Devonshire, England, but a record in the Church Historian's Office, number 154 of the "Channel Island Conference," as of Feb 5, 1852, gives her birth place as Saint Helier, Jersey Island. This old record is likely to be more reliable than the late ones; hence we have used it here.

Mary Jane Walker (Pack), only daughter of James Walker and Jane Sheperd Walker, was born at Saint Helier, chief city of Jersey Island, April 3, 1835. She had one brother, Frederick James, who was born in Jan. 1829. The father, James Walker, was a native of Cornwall, southwest England, where he was born in 1789. The mother, Jane Shepherd, was born Feb. 23, 1808 at Tavistock, Devonshire, England. Family tradition has it that the father and mother were married in England and later moved to Saint Helier. The birthplace of the son Frederick James is not known.

Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, is situated nearly one hundred miles south of England, and only 15 miles from the west coast of France. It belongs to Great Britain. The Island is 10 miles long and 6 miles wide.

It is rugged and precipitous at the north, but lower at the south. Its interior is mostly a well-forested tableland. The climate is moderate, especially at the south, and is characterized by plenteous rainfall. The soil is generally loamy, and therefore, coupled with the favorable climate, is adapted to the growth of a variety of garden and field products, more particularly tomatoes, potatoes, and various fruits.

At one time the people of Jersey owned fishing boats in New Foundland and developed a knitted garment suitable to protect the fishermen from the cold, which later became known as a "Jersey." The island is also famous for its Jersey cattle. The language of many of the farming people is French, but English is also widely spoken, especially in the urban communities.

Saint Helier, the city in which the Walker family lived, is situated at the south end of the island. It is a seaport town, of about 25,000 population, and boasts a substantial maritime trade. The father, James Walker, was a sea captain, and therefore was away from home most of the time. The family belonged to what was called the better class since the father was able to supply all that was needed for a very comfortable living.

When Mary Jane reached the age of 7, her father died, Dec. 9, 1842. Thereafter the mother and children lived alone. Their source of maintenance is not known, but inasmuch as no one of the family worked out

for a living, it may be assumed that an inheritance was received from the father. The daughter has always spoken of their cir- cumstances as having been "very comfortable."

Soon after the gospel was introduced into England (1837), the Channel Islands became a prolific field for converts to the church. The first missionary work done in these islands was that of local elders from England, prominent among whom was Elder William Ballen, who was already at work at Saint Helier when we first hear of him, November 13, 1847. On this date Elder John Banks, from England, arrived at the port of Saint Helier and found Elder Ballen and a small group of Saints enthusiastically awaiting him. During the following 13 days, while Elder Banks was at Saint Helier, 11 People were baptized. Elder Ballen had already been very successful in his missionary efforts, and future prospects were reported as even more encouraging.

Mary Jane Walker and her mother, Jane Walker, were baptized at Saint Helier, December 20, 1847, by Elder William Ballen, and confirmed by him at the same place six days later. At that time Mary Jane was some 12 1⁄2 years of age. Sixty years later, after she had come to America and undergone all the hardships incident to Mormon Pioneering in the great West, I asked her if she ever regretted joining the church and doing all the things that its teachings entailed. She quickly replied in steady measured terms that she was grateful to the Lord for his giving her the opportunity of doing what she had done. She was a true Latter Day Saint.

William C. Dunbar did very effective missionary work in Jersey during the years 1848-49, and William Howells, a Welshman from England, visited the Island in Aug of 1849. John Pack, who had come from Utah to the French mission in company with John Taylor and Curtis E. Bolton, in June 1850, was appointed president of the Jersey mission and contiguous parts of France, at a conference held in Saint Helier, June 22, 1851. It would be interesting to know if mother was present at that meeting; which she probably was, for she and her mother were devout members of the church. They did everything in their power to assist the elders in their work, not only by attendance at meetings and making of contributions, but also by entertaining them at their home.

A short time before mother's death I asked her what she thought of Father when she first saw him. Although she blushed, she staunchly denied having had even the remotest thought at that time of subsequently marrying him. Indeed, she remembered him only as a black- whiskered man, and quite unattractive.

Already preparations were being made to migrate to Utah, and accordingly, Mother embarked from Liverpool on the sailing vessel Kennebec Jan. 10, 1852, bound for New Orleans. Nineteen other persons from St Helier were on the same ship, including John Pack, who was then returning from a three-year mission in France and the Channel Islands. The Saint Helier group consisted of 8 males and 12 females. One or two of the young women were about Mother's age. The entire company of 333 Saints was under the direction of John S. Higbee.

Of the family, Mary Jane went alone. It was planned that the Mother and possibly the brother would follow later. In all this, the greatest of Christian fortitude was exemplified, for what else than a living faith in God would permit a young woman, scarcely 17 years of age, to leave a comfortable home and go out into the new country among strangers, where indescribable hardships were known to be ahead? But, with faith possessed only by those who have a testimony of the Gospel, the Mother tenderly bade her child good-bye and consigned her to the beneficence of an overseeing God. The child, full of faith and courage to do right, went forward into the great unknown of sea and land, fully confident that God would not only take care of her but also of her loved ones whom she was leaving behind.

The sea voyage was long, tiring, and largely uneventful. In mid-ocean the winds ceased and the waters became calm. For two weeks the ocean was like a great sea of glass. The vessel failed to go forward; indeed, according to the observations of the Captain (Smith) it actually drifted backward. I remember of Mother's relating that each morning they went to the deck always praying that the wind would blow. Eventually the sails were filled and the voyage resumed, to the great relief of crew and passengers alike. After two long months at sea, the Kennebec came into harbor at New Orleans, March 11, 1852. From here the Saints were to be convoyed by river-boat to Saint Louis, and hence by smaller craft to Council Bluffs.

Mother and her companions had scarcely alighted from the Kennebec when they were anxious to proceed. Their goal was the "Valley of the Mountains" and they could not be content until it was reached. I remember of Mother's telling me of her disappointment when she learned that the river boat, the

Saluda, upon which she had hoped to find passage, about the first of April, was reported as already over-booked. The long period of delay, however, was about ended, for within a few days she found herself and companions steadily moving up the great Mississippi, each stroke of the engines bringing them closer to the end of their seemingly interminable journey.

But tragedy stalked ahead. Mother's inability to obtain passage on the Saluda was likely her salvation, for when the boat upon which she was riding approached Lexington, Missouri, the hulk of the Saluda was barely visible above the water and scores of passengers were lying about on the ground, many dead and more dying. At that time the waters of the Mississippi were unusually high and difficult to navigate. When the Saluda's captain had ordered full steam ahead, the strain became too great and the boilers burst, bringing death, it is said, to Captain Belt, most of the crew, and more than 100 passengers, many of whom were immigrating saints.

The tragedy of this experience remained with Mother almost to the day of her death, and on numerous occasions she recited its details as illustrative of the fact that people are far safer when they place themselves in the hands of God, than when they are determined to have their own way. The boilers of the Saluda exploded in April 1852. It is reported that the boat's bell is now (1937) mounted in the tower of the Christians' Church at Savannah, Missouri, where it has been more or less in continuous service since the disaster of 85 years ago.

After the passengers and crew of the boat in which Mother was riding had rendered whatever service they could, the combined parties moved on to Saint Louis, where following another delay, passage was resumed on a smaller craft plying the Missouri River between this point and Council Bluffs.

At the latter place the overland journey was to begin. It was here too that Mother encountered an environment entirely foreign to her earlier experiences. The ocean voyage and even the river trip from New Orleans to Council Bluffs were only modifications of various types of boating with which she was acquainted in the Channel Islands region. But here, on the very frontier of Western Civilization, everything was strange and seemingly endless wastes, was totally unlike anything she had seen at home. The immediate scene was bewildering. Men and women were hurriedly packing their belongings into heavy wagons, covered with great white "cloths"; horsemen were hurrying here and there; and wagons, drawn by oxen and also by horses, rumbled through the crowd. Everyone was busy, and yet seemingly little was accomplished. But Mother soon found herself entering into the activities of the group. She packed her precious belongings into a designated wagon, and then waited day after day for the company to start.

Eventually, on the 27 of May 1852, seven weeks after the Saluda disaster, orders were given to move forward. The company had been organized by Apostle Ezra T. Benson. John S. Higbee, who had been in charge of the Saints on their ocean voyage, was made captain of fifty. There is reason to believe that Mother was in Captain Higbee's division. John Pack was also a member of the company.

The first day was consumed in ferrying across the Missouri River. Here again Mother was encountering new experiences. The creaking of the ferry, the lowing of the cattle, the chanting of the boatmen—it was all new, strangely new. And that first night, 5 miles from the river, found her even more confused than before. She had never cooked over a camp fire nor eaten out of doors. The preparation of foodonanopenfire,the serving of the meal on the ground, indeed, the inconvenience of the entire camp was disturbing if not actually repellent to her, but there were friends at every hand who were willing to help and to explain. Mother was an apt pupil, and before a "fortnight" passed she was taking her part along with the others.

Sixty years later, after she had come to America and undergone all the hardships incident to Mormon Pioneering in the great West, I asked her if she ever regretted joining the church and doing all the things that its teachings entailed. She quickly replied in steady measured terms that she was grateful to the Lord for His giving her the opportunity of doing what she had done. She was a true Latter-day Saint.

But if the truth were known, Mother was probably passing through one of the most trying experiences of her entire life. She had been reared in a home of comparative luxury and ease, an only daughter. She had accepted a new faith. She had left her Mother behind, and was now going forward into an almost uninhabited desert, fraught with dangers which she might not be able to survive, but if she entertained any misgivings, they never were betrayed, not even in the later years of her life.

The early part of the journey was more attractive because of its novelty, but as time wore on and days stretched into weeks, the monotony must have become severe. And yet Mother has told me that they daily went forward with gladness in their hearts, thinking only of God's goodness and of the joy that awaited them at the end of the road. Saints in every deed!

The wagon in which Mother traveled was heavily loaded and hence she adopted the practice of walking behind much of the time, especially when the road was rough and steep. On one occasion she and a girl companion walked a considerable distance ahead of the wagons, and much to their consternation saw two mounted Indians galloping over the hills toward them. With cries of fear they turned and ran toward the wagons, and much to their concern the distance was such that the Indians readily overtook them. Then greatly to the relief of Mother and her companion, the savages actually laughed aloud at the girls discomfiture. It was Mother's first experience with the Indians, and thereafter, as she later told me, she did not venture far enough from the wagons to permit a repetition.

The route followed by the company was closely identical with that of the original pioneers, namely, along the north bank of the Platte River to Fort Laramie, where the river was crossed; thence to a point close to the present site of Casper, where the river was re- crossed; thence to Independence Rock and up the Sweet Water to South-Pass; thence down the Big Sandy, across Green River, and to Fort Bridger; hence through Echo Canyon and on to the "Valley."

At a point somewhat more than 100 miles west of Winter Quarters, a military organization was effected, chiefly as a matter of defense against the Indians, and John Pack was elected Colonel. Thereafter he usually traveled slightly in advance of the main company, and kept this position until all danger had passed. Then he quickened his speed and arrived in the "Valley" nearly a week before the others. He gave an account of his three- years mission to France at a meeting in the Tabernacle Aug. 8, 1852. It is not known whether Mother accompanied John Pack's military organization or remained behind with the larger group; which reached Salt Lake City in the late afternoon of Aug. 13, 1852.

The journey of very close to 1,000 miles had been made in 79 days, an average of 12 1⁄2 miles per day. Captain Highbee's division contained 6 wagons and more than 300 people, that is assuming that all of the European immigrants came from Winter Quarters with him. Entrance to the Valley is believed to have been through Parley's Canyon, farther than over the original route through Emigration Canyon which had been abandoned since 1850 in favor of the former.

Ezra T. Benson, organizer of the company with others of the Church authorities returning from various missions, arrived in Salt Lake City, Aug. 20, 1852.

Of recent years I myself have become acquainted with almost every mile of the Mormon trail. By means of improved roads and high powered automobiles, I have been able to travel as far in 15 minutes as Mother could walk in an entire day. I have frequently found myself in reverie, selecting identical segments of the road over which her weary feet carried her, to ride on the cushioned seat beside me, and thus relieve her of the labor which she so willingly preformed. But such of course cannot be the case. Her work is done,andifIamtoshowmy appreciation of what she did, it must be in deeds to others rather than her.

The country through which Mother passed seemed like a new world to her, or in England, and especially in Jersey, the hills were everywhere covered with grasses and trees, where as on the plains, the vegetation was sparse and scanty. Then too, the excellent roads of her homeland formed a bold contrast with the miserable trails over which she was forced to travel. Even the climates were as opposite as the antipods; at home they were moist and balmy; here they were dry and almost verile to her naturally delicate skin. Finally the region was totally uninhabited, except for a few frontiersmen and a band of untrusted savages. But her heart was brave and her faith knew no bounds.

If I am not mistaken, her faith was again put in the crucible when she gazed for the first time upon the Salt Lake Valley—the "Land of Promise." She had arrived at the time of the year when the country was

shimmering under the heat of an August sun, when the natural grasses had disappeared and the hills had turned brown. The only outstanding delights were the fields of yellow wheat, ready for the cradle and the flail. And withal, when her wagon moved on to the streets of Salt Lake City, she pulled her sun bonnet back from her face and sang a song of praise. She had reached the valley of the Saints, the Zion of latter days. She had been en route for seven months.

Here records fail us. We can only speculate as to what occurred during the next few weeks. It was the custom in those days, however, for the residents to meet the immigrant trains and invite the strangers to remain at their homes until they could become permanently settled. And this was Mother's experience. In the later years of her life she was unable to remember the names of the people who thus gave her temporary abode. She did, however, remember their extreme kindness, and often spoke in deep appreciation of what they had done for her.

At the end of four weeks after her arrival in the Valley a momentous experience confronted her—marriage. She had consented to become the plural wife of John Pack. She was 17 and he was 43, and already the husband of 3 wives, the first of whom had a son slightly older than Mother herself. Here again her integrity was tested to the core. It was no easy task to give up the training of her youth concerning marriage—one man for one wife—and to accept the revelation of God concerning plural marriage. But her conversion to the Church was complete, and she was ready to accept whatever its doctrines entailed. Even so the task was a most difficult one—one that required almost super-human strength and devotion. And let it be said to Mother's resounding credit that throughout all the succeeding years of her life she remained loyal to the principle, loyal to her husband and loyal to his families.

When the period of courtship began we do not know. Father and Mother first met in June of 1851 when he became President of the Jersey Mission. Thereafter for six or seven months they met at frequent intervals in Church work at Saint Helier. Then, beginning in January of 1852, they were almost continuously together on the seven months trip from Liverpool to Utah. Their regard for each other resulting in matrimony was probably maturing throughout this entire period.

At any rate on the 15 (Temple Records) of September 1852 at 1:30 P.M. they went to the office of the President of the Church at Salt Lake City, and were sealed in the holy bond of marriage for time and all eternity. President Heber C. Kimball officiated. At this time there was no place in which the endowment could be given, and therefore at a later date, February 13, 1857 they were again sealed to each other in the Endowment House by President Brigham Young. W. W. Phelps and S. L. Sprague were witnesses.

As we view the matter from the present, it appears regrettable that Father did not have a separate house to which he could take his bride. But in those days such a condition was impossible. Since his entrance into the Valley on July 22, 1847, Father had been away from Utah all the time except for 13 months—September 1848 to October 1849. During this period he erected a very comfortable adobe house at the southwest corner of West Temple and first North Streets. The building, facing the east, contained two large rooms at the front and two or three smaller ones at the rear. It was in the front northeast room that the University of Deseret held its first session during the winter of 1850- 1851.

After marriage to Mother, Father therefore took her to his home, where already he and three other wives were living. These wives were older, they were of American birth and training, they had already been in Utah for four years, and were accordingly much more accustomed to frontier life than was Mother. It should be said to their credit that they did everything within their power to teach Mother the ways of the new country.

But even so, it was all very difficult for her. She knew nothing about carding wool, spinning yarns, or weaving cloth; she knew nothing about cows, or horses, or sheep, or chickens; and she knew nothing about making of cheese, of butter, of soap, of candles, or quilts, and yet withal she was determined to learn, and let it be added she was a very apt pupil.

For five or six years following her marriage it appears to have been Mother's practice to live on the farm in West Bountiful during the summer months and in the city during the winter. These annual movements appear to have been occasioned by the inadequacy of the farm house for winter usage. Mother's first three children were born in Salt Lake City, namely Geneva, Luella, and Quince, the latter in November of 1857.

In explanation, it should be said that Father located the farm in West Bountiful in the summer of 1849, shortly before his departure for the French Mission. While he was away,

part of the farm was cleared and a small log house was constructed upon it, the work being done largely by Aunt Julia's older sons, assisted by their Mother and Aunt Ruth.

The log house was situated some 20 or more rods back in the field, by the side of a spring of abundant cold water. Its precise position was about 4 rods southwesterly from the spring, on a slight elevation of ground. As Mother described it to us, the house contained two rooms, and faced the east. One small window covered with white cloth—serving the purpose of glass—was present in each room. Both the floor and the roof were of dirt, the latter leaking badly with each down-pour of rain. The furniture consisted of a small two-hole stove, a cord bed, a home- made table, two or three improvised chairs, and a few boxes obtained from the store in the city. I have heard Mother tell of her efforts to keep the rain from the bed by holding a prized cotton umbrella above it.

For several summers after Mother's marriage, she and Aunt Ruth lived together in the house at Bountiful. Some of Father's older sons, children of Aunt Julia, took care of the farm, while Mother and Aunt Ruth prepared the meals, made butter, and cheese, carded and spun wool, wove cloth for the family, and occasionally, when time permitted, helped in the fields.

Mother and Aunt Ruth formed a mutual attachment at this time that lasted throughout their lives. During subsequent years they continued to visit together, and enjoyed each other almost as much as if they were kindred in the flesh. In view of the fact that they were married to the same man, their admiration for one another not only speaks volumes for their superiority, but also for their actual devotion to the principle which they were attempting to live.

In 1855, Father and Mother made a trip to the country near Fort Lemhi, on the Salmon River, Idaho. They left Salt Lake City in April and returned in September. The total distance traveled was in excess of 1,000 miles. I have never learned the precise object of the trip, although I assume that Father was looking for a suitable place in which to settle one or more of his families. At that time there was scarcely a white man between the Utah colonies and the Yellowstone. Others from Salt Lake City who went to Salmon River with Father and Mother established themselves at Fort Lemhi, which until the time of its abandonment a few years later, was the oldest settlement in Idaho.

Mother later gave me the impression that the trip was a very pleasant one. The roads of course, were extremely rough, but Father always had the best horses and the best vehicles that the country afforded. The trip was made in the third year of Mother's marriage and she always regarded it as a kind of honeymoon. I think that it was the longest trip of her life after coming to Utah.

In 1856, while Father was on a mission of colonization to Carson Valley, Nevada, the crops were extremely poor, and Mother with Aunt Ruth and Aunt Julia labored hard in the fields to prepare a meager store for the coming winter. Meantime Mother left her baby in the shade of nearby willows. After the grain had been cradled, Mother and the others carefully gleaned whatever had been missed, subsequently threshing it with flails and winnowing it over wagon covers spread upon the ground. In later life she laughed merrily when she spoke of her experience, and laconically mused that if "worse came to worse" they would all starve together.

On the 24th of July 1857, while the Saints were making merry in celebrating at Silver Lake, (now Brighton) near the head of Big Cottonwood canyon, a message was received that made the stoutest hearts tremble with fear. An army was being sent by the United States Government for the purported purpose of exterminating the Mormon colonists. The people quickly and sorrowfully repaired to their homes in the Valley.

Council meetings were held by the Church leaders, and it was decided that the army should not be permit-

ted to enter the valley, at least until its mission was fully known. Strong, daring men were sent to meet the army with instruction to employ every legitimate means to retard its progress. The manner in which this was done is a matter of common knowledge to students of history.

In the springtime of 1858, an agreement was reached, by the terms of which the army was to enter the Valley peaceably and take up its quarters outside the Mormon communities. But the people had been deceived by their enemies so many times in the past that they naturally doubted the sincerity of their present opponents. Meantime rumors ran wild and the Saints became fearful that almost anything might be done by the incoming soldiers. Their perfidy of such men as Boggs and Ford was well remembered.

The Mormon people had already given up their homes to their enemies in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and they were determined that this should not occur in Utah. If the enemy attempted to forcibly occupy the country, they were to find it as barren and desolate as when the pioneers themselves came to it. If necessary, the homes were to be burned, orchards cut down, and every evidence of civilization destroyed. The people themselves were to be gone when the army arrived, leaving only sufficient men to meet whatever exigencies might arise. This was Mother's first real taste of persecution. She of course was well acquainted with what the Saints had previously suffered at the hands of their enemies, but whether her lack of personal experience intensified or diminished the gravity of the present outlook, I cannot say. I remember her description of that extremely critical affair. At the time, she and Aunt Ruth were living on the farm at Bountiful. The granaries were full from a bounteous harvest of the preceding year. A young orchard was about ready to yield its first crop, and the trees around the house were large enough to provide a little shade. The house itself was crudely primitive and yet it was the only home that they had. The people were resolute. If the incoming army exhibited an unfriendly attitude, all of these were to be destroyed. The country was to be laid waste. What was to become of them, they did not know. God had taken care of them before; He would again.

execute the orders of destruction, if such were given.

There is probably no parallel experience in human history. The only thing that approaches it is the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt or that of the Mormons themselves driven from Illinois, but in both these cases, however, they were in the midst of a desert, 1,000 miles from the frontier of civilization, and they had no destination except the burning sands of the waste before them, but withal, they would rather die at the hands of nature than at the hands of murderous debauched men.

I have heard Mother tell of her efforts to keep the rain from the bed y holding a prized cotton umbrella above it.

Mother packed her most precious belongings into the wagon, mounted the seat, and rode away. Quince was in her arms, Geneva and Luella at her side. Father had already placed flammable material beneath the house and the granaries, also a sharpened axe at the foot of a nearby tree. Mother could scarcely hope to see her home again, for already the army was at the gates of the Valley and no one could tell what it might elect to do.

With thoughts such as these in her heart, Mother rode away, scarcely daring to look back. But she was not alone; hundreds of others were similarly leaving their homes. The roads were lined with herds of horses and cattle and sheep. The people were taking with them everything that could possibly be moved, and when they had gone, the country was totally uninhabited; save for the few watchmen who had been left to

The people were instructed to assemble temporarily in Utah County, in the vicinity of "Shanghai Flats," and there await the outcome of the army's attitude. Some went further. The tensest moment in the lifetime of most of those people came when it was reported that the army was entering the deserted streets of Salt Lake City. Would they pillage and destroy, or would they pass peaceably through as they had promised? And the greatest relief came when it was learned that they had marched through the city without molesting it. The Saints did not feel safe, however, until the army had gone beyond the Mormon villages, and settled in Cedar Valley at a place called Camp Floyd, some 50 miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

Soon thereafter many of the people began to return to their homes. Others preferred to remain since the army provided an excellent market for whatever the Saints had

to sell, particularly butter and cheese. Mother and Aunt Ruth were among those who chose to remain, and for the following several weeks they sold sufficient of these produces to provide themselves with more "luxuries" in the form of household conveniences, than they had since they entered the Valley. From rather meager information, I conclude that Mother was absent from home some five or six months.

The decision of Mother and Aunt Ruth to remain and take advantage of the sudden turn in affairs is truly indicative of their industry and resourcefulness. They had several cows with them, pasturage was good, and the market excellent. What they lacked in manufacturing facilities they made up in courage. The children herded the cows, and under improvised tents and boweries, Mother and Aunt Ruth made butter and cheese—I may safely say good butter and cheese, for that was the only quality with which they would be satisfied. Then when the season was drawing to a close, they returned to their home rewarded with sufficient money to purchase some of the things for which they had long wanted. Pretty smart, I should say!

A thread of sadness still lingers in my memory of something that Mother told me of this incident. A year or so after her marriage, she managed by dint of industry and careful economy, to lay aside sufficient money with which to purchase a small rocking chair. It was almost the only "states" article in the house. She prized it greatly; it welcomed her whenever she had a spare moment to rest her tired feet. When she "moved South" the chair was placed on top the wagon, carefully wrapped in clothes to protect it from scratching. She used it as she sat under the bowery churning butter for the soldiers. But on the way home it was lost and never found.

Shortly after the return from the "move South" Father began the construction of a rather pretentious home for Mother on the farm at Bountiful. It was situated about 50 feet immediately east of the spring, and therefore only a few rods northeasterly from the original log structure. The main part of the building, which contained five rooms, was about twenty-four feet north-south by thirty feet east-west. Mother's bedroom was at the southeast, a smaller sleeping room at the northeast. A somewhat smaller room, known as a "lean-to" was at the west end of the building.

The rooms of this house, in bold contrast with those of the old one, were plastered, contained wooden floors, and real glass windows. The adobes were made on the "bottoms" a mile or so to the westward, and the timber was brought principally from the nearby mountains.

The completion of this house meant far more to Mother than merely a more comfortable place in which to live. Heretofore, she had not only been moving into the city each autumn; she had been sharing quarters with others of Father's wives. Now she was to have a home all of her own, in which she could remain the year round. No matter how pleasant and friendly her relations with other wives had been she necessarily sacrificed many of the privacies which mean so much to every housewife. I have no doubt that Mother had long looked forward to a realization of this pleasure, but if so, her uncomplaining nature never permitted her to mention it, at least no such thought was ever uttered in my hearing.

The task of getting the house ready for use was for Mother a most pleasant one. The furnishings were necessarily few and simple. The "front room" which also was the living room naturally attracted her chief interest. We had already prepared a neat home- made carpet for the floor which she stretched over a generous supply of fresh clean straw, in part to produce a feeling of elegance and in part to protect it from the roughness of the underlying boards. Dainty white curtains were placed over the windows and a few family portraits on the wall. Half a dozen home-made chairs, a table and a cook stove completed the furnishings. Near the west door on a wooden bench was a shiny brass bucket used in bringing water from the nearby spring.

The bedrooms were none less attractive. Four-poster beds equipped with cross cords and ticks filled with oat straw or corn husks, were the principle pieces of furniture. Here as elsewhere, throughout the house was a sprinkling of fine table coverings, pieces of linen, and other delicacies, brought by Mother when she entered the Valley. Mother was a most excellent housekeeper, frugal and scrupulously clean.

The meal room contained a large flour bin, a number of board, pine shel- ves, and a trap door in the floor leading to a cellar for potatoes and other vegetables. In later years, at least, it was always well stocked.

My brother Walker, Mother's fourth child, was the first of her children to be born in this house, February 17, 1860.

In 1861, Father obtained a considerable acreage of land in what was then called Kamas Prairie, or Rhodes Valley. Shortly thereafter he

assisted in building a sawmill on Beaver Creek nearby. He also invested in cattle and soon became owner of large herds. About this time it was Mother's custom to go to Kamas in the summer time and to assist Aunt Ruth in making large quantities of butter and cheese, part of which was sold and part used by the families in Salt Lake and Bountiful.

In the autumn of 1864, a terrific wind blew the roof from Mother's house, seriously endangering not only her own life, but also the lives of her five small children. Annie, the youngest child, was about two years of age, and Geneva, the eldest, was eleven. The following account was given to me by Luella, who at the time of the occurrence was a child of nine.

The wind came from the east. For two days we had watched an ominous cloud gather on the mountains. I remember how frightened we were, and how we gathered about Mother, who herself, wondered what to do. As darkness drew near, the wind increased, and just as Mother had decided to go to a neighbor's for the night, two of Father's elder sons came from the city, I think George and John, stating that they had heard the roar of the wind, and had come to render what assistance they could. This, of course, made us feel more secure.

When bedtime came, the boys would not let Mother sleep in her room, for already a crack was present near the foot of her bed, made by a bolt of lightning some years before. So we made our beds on the floor of the front room near the north wall. By that time the wind was shrieking like a thousand demons, and we could scarcely hear one another even by shouting. The boys were placing heavy logs against the roof to prevent it from being blown away.

"Just then we heard an awful crash, and the boys came running in to tell us that the entire roof on the north side of the house had gone. Another moment and the ceiling of the northeast room similarly disappeared. A little later the ceiling of the room in which we were attempting to sleep broke loose from the east and south walls, and for hours thereafter it flapped up and down with every gust of wind. We were in constant fear that it would fall upon us."

Mother had a single, lighted candle on a chair by the side of her bed, and because of the rocking of the floor it was repeatedly necessary to bring the candle back to the center of the chair. Every few minutes the boys would come into the house to see how we were, and then quickly run back to their task of placing heavy logs on the roof. Toward morning they advised us to move into the little room at the west, fearing that they would not be able to save the other part of the house. Shortly thereafter a rooster crowed within a few feet of us—a welcome sign of morning. The boys had recovered the rooster from somewhere outside and put him into the room. When morning finally came we were all up and ready for breakfast. While we were eating, neighbors came to the house, fearing that we might have been killed.

"A little later we discovered that a great hole had been blown into the east wall of Mother's room and that the adobes had fallen directly onto her bed. We also learned that a large part of the roof had landed in Joseph Fackrell's field, more than a quarter of a mile away. One of Aunt Ruth's bonnets which had been stored in the north east room was found in a tree on the same farm."

Winds of this character are still occasionally experienced in Davis County. I, myself, have witnessed their destructive effects on several occasions, such as the uprooting of trees, especially the tall Lombardy poplars, and the demolishing of buildings. In 1907 an east wind unroofed the new meeting house in West Bountiful and blocked the streets with fallen trees. I think I must have imbided some of Mother's fear of these winds, for even today I do not feel comfortable in their presence.

Within a few days after Mother's house had been demolished, the task of reconstructing it was begun. With the aid of kindly neighbors, Father entirely replaced the old roof with a new and better one. It was anchored to the walls as a safeguard against future winds, and covered with shingles, instead of boards, as before. Thus aside from its influence upon her nerves, Mother was not seriously affected by this experience that might easily have resulted fatally to both her and her children.

In 1869, Father and Aunt Julia and their son, Ward, went on a mission to several of the eastern states, principally in search of genealogical data. Upon his return, Father brought with him a quantity of seed from the silver maple trees of Vermont. This he planted on a small plot of ground about 40 rods northwesterly from Mothers house. When the trees reached suitable size, many of them were transplanted in various parts of Salt Lake City and Davis County. A row of them was planted on the north and east sides of the lot in the city, and a considerable number around Mother's house at Bountiful.

When I was a lad of five, the trees were somewhat larger through than a man's arm. I remember of nearly killing one of them with red paint, and I have the feeling that Mother attempted to screen my conduct from Father's attention. I remember too that Mother and the older children carried water from the spring to keep them alive. Some of them are still standing, and are now mighty monarchs.

In 1870, the Utah Central Railroad, from Ogden to Salt Lake City, was constructed through the field within a hundred yards of Mother's house. In later years it was followed by an almost endless procession of tramps, bound apparently nowhere. I dare say that the number who applied at Mother's door for food reached into many thousands. It was her practice never to turn one away; even when another member of the family became impatient because of the frequency of the visits, Mother invariably fed them. She doubtless questioned the sincerity of many of them, yet she was always fearful of sending a worthy one away.

Even the Indians made frequent visits to her home. They always carried away a goodly supply of flour, dried fruit, and molasses, together with various articles of apparel. On one occasion I saw her take a dress from her own body and give it to an Indian woman. The incident particularly impressed me because the woman made it known that she wanted the buttons taken off and the dress sewed onto her body. Mother's task was by no means a simple one, for the Indian was very much larger than she. The woman's repeated grunts with each tightening of the thread gave rise to our fear that the garment might burst before she could get away from the house, but everything was intact when she left.

As soon as Quince and Walker were large enough, they began working on the farm, and later assumed its entire responsibility, subject of course to Father's general supervision and Mother's ever watchful eye. Father also owned a one-third interest in the forty acre hay field one mile north and one fourth mile west of the farm. This too, was taken care of by Quince and Walker. Hauling wood from the canyons was a part of their regular duties and the milking of a dozen cows was merely incidental to their major responsibilities. The girls meantime were working equally hard. Industry and happiness were characteristics of the Pack home.

Shortly before 1880, Quince and Walker tore down the little room at the west end of Mother's house and replaced it with another about sixteen feet square. This was to be the living room, and thereafter the "front room" was to be the "parlor." To the north of this newly completed room was a lumber kitchen into which the cook stove was annually moved for the summer months. To the south of the new room was a large uncovered porch, through the floor of which an elegant silver maple tree protruded.

Throughout the past several years Mother had been continually adding to her household furnishings. This was possible only as the result of most frugal saving. She had a very high regard for "nice" things. When the new room was finished, she furnished the "parlor" with a "states" carpet, a plush-cushioned settee, half a dozen chairs to match, an oak center table, and a coal heater with doors carrying panels of isinglass. Quince supplied an excellent Estey organ of the high cabinet type. Somewhat later, Edith presented Mother with two large framed pictures for the walls, pastoral scenes. About this time the room was also papered, a marked improvement over the whitewash of earlier years.

The following incident will illustrate Mother's ability to teach her children proper standards. It was always necessary that the entire family work hard in order to obtain a proper livelihood. Both Mother and the children had onion patches in the field. The onions were of the red variety and when properly cared for grew to great size. At harvest time we measured them in willow baskets and obtained about twenty five to fifty cents per bushel. On one occasion when I was some seven or eight years of age, I had harvested my onions, heaped them in piles and was filling a sack when Mother appeared from somewhere and asked if I thought the basket was full enough, and then added that "You can always tell how full to fill a measure if you think of yourself as being the purchaser."

Mother possessed remarkable ability to do well on an extremely small income. During the larger part of her married life she had very little money except that which came from the sale of butter and eggs and chickens, and occasionally a little grain or a few loads of hay. And yet the family always appeared prosperous. The children were well dressed and Mother was continuously buying something new for the house, a chair, a carpet, a set of dishes. She could buy more for a given amount of money than anyone else I have ever known; moreover, the things that she purchased were always first quality. Her trips to the city, ordinarily in a wagon with one of the older

boys or a neighbor, usually consumed an entire day and far into the night. Upon her return, the children would gather around her and watch with keen delight the opening of each of her precious bundles, and so far as I can remember she never forgot one of us, if it was not more than a hair ribbon or a bag of candy.

But this was only a small part of Mother's household duties. The making of quilts and carpets demanded no little attention. In the later years of her life Mother was lovingly taunted with the report that when she first saw a quilt on the frames she seriously asked how the middle of it was going to be

"You can always tel how full to fill a measure if you think of yourself as being the purchaser."

Mother was always busy, and yet she never appeared to be in a great hurry. Each night and morning the children brought the milk from the corrals, she strained it into bright tin pans and put it on the shelves in the pantry or in the cellar, depending upon the season of the year. At regular intervals she deftly skimmed the cream from the pans and stored it in an earthen jar, covered with an immaculate white cloth. At the proper time it was transferred into the dasher churn. Whether Mother did the churning by the side of the kitchen stove or beneath a great maple tree, the operation was always well worth watching, she did it so efficiently and so well.

In the back yard was a great iron kettle, used two or three times a year for the making of soap. Close by was an enormous wooden barrel in which hams were annually smoked—the barrel caught fire more than once as the smoldering corn cobs burst into flames. In the granary was a battery of candle molds, used only in the winter time, after the beef fat had been rendered. Then out beside the granary were half a dozen hives of bees from which the annual supply of honey was obtained for the family. Corn and apples had to be dried, fruit had to be put up and pickles made.

reached. But not for long was she ignorant of such things. Her deft hands and ready brain soon made her a veteran in all of the household arts. Quilting bees at our house were both frequent and interesting. The sewing of carpet rags was an almost interminable task. Knitting stockings, mending clothes, and making bread were an indispensable part of the daily routine.

But with all of this, Mother had ample time for her religious devotions, She had her children ready for Sunday School and Primary as regularly as the times for meeting arrived. She was a member of the Presidency of the West Bountiful Primary Association, along with Sister Maggie Grant, Lucy Muir and Sadie G. Pack, for a quarter of a century. She attended to the payment of tithes. She was a member of the Relief Society, and acted as a block teacher in the same organization. I dare say that she walked more than a thousand miles in the performance of the duty. Mother was truly a devout Latter-Day Saint. The wonder of it all is how she found time to do the almost endless variety of things that she did. She of course was always busy. She seemed to think that the wasting of time was a sin. Work was a delight to her; it was an integral part of her nature. She lived to work and to grow.

And with all this, she had time for numerous social contacts. She had many lovely friends—Hannah Eldredge, Maggie Grant, Elizabeth Lamb, Martha Fackrell, Jane Muir, Sarah W. Eldredge, Mary Ure, Jane Argyle, Annie Jackson, Susan Grant, and many others. She also visited frequently with Aunt Julia in Salt Lake City, and less often with Aunt Ruth in Kamas.

Finally, but of first importance, was the intimate contact with her family. No mother could have been prouder of her children, or have taken greater delight in being with them. She visited frequently at their homes, and they in turn came equally as often to hers. Geneva married Lafayette Buckland and lived scarcely more than a half mile to the east of Mother's home. Luella, who married Silas Buckland, lived in Deseret Utah, until 1884 [this date is not correct, we came to Idaho in 1883. Inez B. Anderson.] when she moved to Lyman, Idaho. Quince lived at various times in Bountiful and Kamas, and still later in Grace, Idaho. Walker always lived nearby, except for one year at Lyman, Idaho and one at Byron, Wyoming. Annie married Thomas Roberts and lived through the field on the north side of the block. Soon after Edith's marriage to Adelbert U. Eldredge, she moved to Gentile Valley, Idaho and later to West Bountiful. Flora, who married Fred Kohler, lived nearby and about 1900 moved to Byron, Wyoming. Phylotta married Frank Brown and thereafter lived at Loa, Utah. Hattie married Thomas J. Howard, and moved to Byron about 1900. Fred lived at Bountiful most of the time until 1908, when he moved to Salt Lake City.

Harold, the youngest child, married Lottie Perkins, and for a few

months immediately preceding Mother's death lived in the east side of her house.

On the morning of April 1885, as Mother and her family sat at the breakfast table, William Tolbert brought word of Father's death, the night before in Salt Lake City. Mother broke into tears and cried bitterly, expressing keen regret that she was not with him when he passed away. Preparations were immediately made for a trip to the city, which we reached some time shortly after noon. In the presence of a very large part of his entire family, Father was buried from the Seventeenth Ward meeting house a few days later. Apostle John Henry Smith was the principal speaker.

Before his death, Father deeded most of his real estate to his varioius wives. In this manner Mother became the owner of slightly more than falf of the forty-acre farm at Bountiful, and Aunt Jessie the owner of the remainder.

Before his death, Father deeded most of his real estate to his various wives. In this manner Mother became the owner of slightly more than half of the forty- acre farm at Bountiful, and Aunt Jessie the owner of the remainder. This apparently unequal division arose from the fact that Mother had eleven children and Aunt Jessie seven. When Father's undeeded estate was settled, Mother received a small amount of money from this source.

Mother's part of the farm contained a pasture of about seven acres, within which were a dozen or more large spr- ings. Before this land could be made productive, the springs had to be drained and the sod plowed. At the time of Father's death, both Quince and Walker were married, and I was only a lad of ten, in consequence of strip from the westside of her property. The terms of this agreement were satisfactorily completed by both parties. When I reached the age of 15, the management of the farm, under Mother's direction, fell on my shoulders. At that time the pasture land had been drained and most of it plowed. Practically all of the drains, however, were still open and the springs still uncovered. After half of the remaining part of the farm was hay land, which I subsequently plowed and converted into ground suitable for tilling. I also backfilled fully half a mile of drains and covered ten large springs in such a manner that the ground above them could be plowed and tilled. I continued to manage the farm until the autumn of 1904, when I went to Columbia University at New York City. During the latter part of this period, Harold and I worked the farm together.

In the late summer of 1894, Mother and a group, including Walker, Bertie, Hattie, Harold, and myself, made a trip to Idaho for the purpose of visiting with Mother's two daughters, Luella and Edith, and their families. We made the journey in two white tops, one driven by Walker and the other by myself. The white top that I drove belonged to Lafayette Buckland, Geneva's husband. We traveled Via Willard, Malad, Marsh Valley, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Eagle Rock, (now Idaho Falls) to Luella's, four miles east of Lyman, Idaho. Luella and her husband, Silas Buckland, greeted us with the kindest of welcome. We stayed at their home about one week, and then returned via Blackfoot, east of Chesterfield, Squaw Creek (now Bancroft), and Cleveland where my sister Edith and her husband, Adelbert U. Eldredge, lived on a most beautiful and valuable ranch. We remained here for a few days and returned home via Oxford, Clarkston, Willard, and Ogden. The entire trip consumed about one month, averaging while enroute about twenty-five to thirty miles per day. While traveling,we camped each night, cooked our food on an open fire, ate our meals on the ground, and had a most delightful time. Mother was in excellent health and the best of spirits. She sang and danced and took part in all the merriment of the occasion.

About this time or a little earlier, Mother entered upon the period of her most pronounced financial well-being. It really began with the draining of the pasture and the plowing of the hay field. Thereafter the farm was planted to more remunerative crops—early potatoes, tomatoes for the nearby newly established cannery, melons, and a little later, as much as three acres of strawberries for Salt Lake City Market. There was also nearly an acre of large red currants that yielded profitably shortly after the strawberry crop was harvested. In the autumn there was, of course the usual crop of onions.

Shortly before the trip to Idaho, Mother had a flowing well drilled at the southeasterly corner of her property. It was drilled to a depth of 130 feet, and produced excellent water, sufficient in amount to assist materially in irrigating several acres

of nearby ground. William Mann was given a cow for his work in drilling this well. A little later another well was put down at the west side of the railroad right of way immediately east of Mother's house. A year or so later water was piped from this well into Mother's kitchen. Unfortunately the excellent spring of water that had served the family with culinary water for nearly fifty years, was slowly going dry, due to the draining effect of numerous flowing wells in the vicinity. Another well was completed on the high ground some forty rods northeasterly from the house, and still another on the west side of the railroad right of way and two hundred feet from the east-west street. From these wells sufficient water was obtained to irrigate nearly the entire farm, which by this time was intensively cultivated.

About this time, and shortly before going to Idaho, Mother bought a family horse that we called Bill, slow and safe, and shortly after her return she purchased an excellent two-seated surry at the price in excess of two hundred dollars. This gave her far greater freedom in going from place to place than she had ever had before. For a few years she drove the rig herself, but later turned the driving over to other members of the family. In later years she became very fearful of horses. In 1901, Mother and Harold turned the surry in on the purchase price of a one-seated, top buggy.

In the autumn of 1903, Mother and Harold accompanied Sadie and me to Salt Lake City, where we lived the following winter in a comfortable house at about 1120 Rueno Avenue, they in one side of the house and Sadie and Eugene and I in the other. Harold and I were in attendance at the University of Utah, less than ten minutes walk from the house. We furnished the cottage with things that we brought from Bountiful. Mother had her own bed and everything else to make her comfortable. She was then in her seventieth year of good health and excellent outlook. I have reason to believe that it was one of the happiest winters she had spent for some time. She and Sadie loved each other dearly, and were almost constantly together. Then too, she had Eugene, who was a round, pudgy child of less than two years. She daily took him on her lap, as she sat before the open oven door, and gave him what she called his "lesson." She taught him to count to 15, and to spell her name, and give the names of the days of the week, also the months of the year. In the early springtime we all moved back to Bountiful, in time for the first work of the season.

Within the next few months Harold left for a mission to the North Central States, where during the next two years, he did the major part of his work in Illinois and southern Indiana. Through much of this time Mother was largely alone, except for the devoted efforts of Nellie Pack, Walker's second daughter, who spent as many nights as possible with her. When Sadie and I returned from New York in June of 1906, it was readily apparent that Mother had failed considerably. She had never been alone before in her entire life, and the two years of loneliness during Harold's absence had given ample time for uneasiness and worry. I have ever since regretted that we did not understand this earlier and provide a constant companion for her. By so doing we might have kept her with us longer.

Shortly after Harold's marriage in 1900, he and his wife moved into the three east rooms of Mother's house, and remained there for several years. Mother herself occupied the living room and a kitchen which I had built for her in 1892. She also had access to the pantry. The door was always unlocked between her and Harold. About this time a young lady named Alma Stark, a convert to the Church from Chicago, came to live with Mother and for the remaining part of Mother's life as her companion. Alma was extremely kind to Mother, as Mother was to her.

In the latter part of March 1908, a few days after Sadie and I had moved into our newly completed home at the southeast corner of fifth South and Thirteenth East Streets, in Salt Lake City, Mother and Alma spent an entire day with us. Mother was particularly well pleased with the arrangement of the house and complimented us on nearly every detail. She ate well—that is for her, as she was never a hearty eater and conversed freely on a variety of subjects. She was by no means robust in health and yet she did not appear to be more feeble than she had been for the past two years. After she had gone, Sadie remarked that she had never had a more delightful visit with her.

Mother had a childlike, implicit faith in the Gospel and the goodness of God to his children. Not long before her last sickness she confided the following to her daughter, Annie. She said, "This morning I prayed that if the Lord is pleased and satisfied with my life and the things I accomplished, before night fall he would permit me to hear the singing of little children." All that day she waited, hoping and praying that in some way her desire might be granted. The afternoon passed and night was near at hand when little

Marie and Bertie Pack (Walker's children) came with some delicacy for Mother's supper. They lingered long, playing and chatting and just as they were about to leave, little Marie said as if the thought had just occurred to her, "Grandma, would you like to hear Bertie and me sing?" Then they sang some of the songs they had learned in Sunday School. Mother's heart was full; her prayer had been answered. God was pleased with her and had accepted the work she had done. Surely a welcome assurance, near the close of a life of unselfish devotion! Within a few days after her visit to our home, Mother became critically ill. The children were quickly summoned for already those of us who were near feared that she might not get well. She lingered for only a few days, and on the fifth of April 1908, she returned to the God who sent her, age 73 years and two days.

Most of the children were present. She was resting on the same beautiful feather bed that she had used for years. She was in the living room at the west end of the house. For hours the children about her had scarcely whispered. She appeared to be resting easily and without pain. Then just as the long rays of the setting sun filtered into the window through the great trees that she loved so much, her spirit gave flight. We knew that she had gone, and yet we felt the presence of her glorified spirit about us. For several minutes we remained in reverential silence, scarcely daring to speak, or even to gaze upon the sacred body that had worn itself out in the service of God and men. She died as she had lived– peacefully, reverently, and with good will toward all.

It was truly fitting that she should close her earthly career in the house where she had lived the greater part of her life, fifty years. It was here that 8 of her 11 children were born; it was here that they all grew to honorable manhood and womanhood, and it was from here that most of them married. If its old walls could speak, they would tell of long years of peace and harmony, and of Mother's only desire to live the Gospel and to teach her children to do the same. Into this house disgrace or tragedy never came. Quarreling or fault finding found no place. Hardship and privation were often present, but these were never permitted to dampen the spirits of those who lived there. The house was full of sacred memories. The only death that ever occurred within its doors was that of the woman who had made it a heaven upon earth.

We provided a beautiful luxurious, but unpretentious, casket, wholly befitting her life of genuiness and truth. The daughters and daughters-in- law selected the finest fabrics, and with tender hands made them into clothes of the kind that Mother herself would have chosen. Then they dressed her dear body in the robes of the Temple, and laid it amid silks and laces, in the casket prepared for its final resting.

Three days after her passing when all the children were present, we held a fitting funeral service in the meeting house at West Bountiful. Admiring friends filled the building to capacity. Elder B. H. Roberts was the principal speaker. He paid high tribute to her womanly qualities and to the great work she had done. He spoke of her as a queen in Zion, an unfaltering pioneer, a perfect mother, and a true Latter-Day-Saint.

We buried her in an especially prepared cement vault in the cemetery at Bountiful, Utah, and dedicated the place that it might become hallowed to her name, that it would serve as a mecca to her children both living and dead, and that she would arise from it with the resurrection of the just.

Shortly thereafter the children jointly erected a substantial granite monument at her grave, upon which is the inscription:

Mother
Mary Jane Walker

Wife of
John Pack

Born in Devonshire, England
April 3, 1835

Died Bountiful, Utah
April 5, 1908

Mary Jane Pack was an ideal Latter- Day-Saint, cultured, refined, unafraid of hard work, undismayed by discouragement, loyal to her family, kindly, benevolent and true to the cause of God.

Salt Lake City, Utah September 3, 1937