A Short History of

Irene Perkins Lyman

Born: March 11, 1894

Died: May 24, 1968

And

Edward Partridge Lyman

Born: October 11, 1886

Died: October 18, 1972

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This short history was written for Edward Partridge Lyman's 100th birthday, October 11, 1986. In true Lyman fashion, it is completed a year late.

Neither Edward nor Irene left personal journals or histories of their lives. This history was compiled from the following sources: journal entries of Ione Perkins Hunt, Gladys Perkins Lyman, Sarah Perkins Barton, Platte DeAlton Lyman and Albert R. Lyman; letters written by Casse Lyman Monson, Edward Partridge Lyman, Irene Perkins Lyman, Velma Hansen Lyman and Albert R. Lyman; short histories written by Irene Perkins Lyman, Casse Lyman Monson, Sarah Williams Perkins, Benjamin Perkins, Rene Lyman Morin, Allie Lyman Platt, Almon Perkins Lyman, Lyman De Platt, Karl R. Lyman and Klar Lyman Bishop; tape recordings by Rene Lyman Morin, Ann Lyman Reeve, Enone Lyman Hardman, Edith Lyman Frost, Ellen Lyman Atkin, Floyd Atkin and Alberta Lyman O'Brien; and personal interviews with Edward Partridge Lyman, Kay Perkins Lyman, Velma Hansen Lyman, Edward (Bob) Robison Lyman, Clessa Lyman Black, Ethel LeRee Nuffer Lyman, Gordon Platt and Rene Lyman Morin.

I have attempted to keep this history simple enough that it will be easily read. It is my hope that many of their descendants, some of whom never knew them, will come to love and appreciate these good people. I knew them only as 'grandpa' and 'grandma'. Getting acquainted with the rest of their lives has increased my love and admiration for them.

My thanks to all who helped in this endeavor. Special thanks to Jed E. Lyman for all his help with printing and graphics.

Mark Edward Lyman

October 11, 1987

Chapter 1

Settlement of Bluff

The story of Irene Perkins Lyman and Edward Partridge Lyman, like all of our stories, began before their birth. Long before they were born, events were taking shape that would influence the course of their lives.

One of those events was a meeting held November 13, 1879. It was held at the cliffs 200 feet above the Colorado River in Southern Utah. The weather was bitter cold as the 200 discouraged Mormon pioneers met to decide what they should do. The group, with 80 wagons and herds of cattle, had left their homes in answer to a call from their Prophet Brigham Young. Most were converts to the Mormon faith and had come with the Saints to settle in the Salt Lake Valley. Now they were being asked to settle what was known as the "*San Juan Country*" located in the southeastern corner of the Utah Territory, it was a largely unexplored desert area inhabited by Navajo and Piute Indians. Brigham Young sent the group to establish a settlement between the two tribes.

The settlers, mostly from Oak City, Parowan and Cedar City, had sold their homes and, in October 1879, set out for San Juan. They had provisions for a six week trip. In November they reached the Colorado River. An earlier scouting party had reported there was a suitable way to get down to the river. At the river they found a narrow crack, much too narrow and steep for wagons.

The group was discouraged. Winter was upon them and it was snowing and cold. The cattle were short of feed. Deep snow had fallen in the mountains behind them. A return trip was impossible.

The President of the company, Silas Smith, called for a meeting. After much discussion, the company voted to widen the crack in the cliff and go ahead. Platte D. Lyman wrote, "*All expressed themselves willing to spend three or four months if necessary working on the road in order to get through, as it is almost impossible to go back the way we came."*

Almost immediately the group put all their effort into widening the crack. Platte D. Lyman was appointed general chairman of the project. Part of the men worked at the bottom of the crack moving rocks and dirt to fill and level the bottom of the crack. At the top, men were lowered in barrels over the edge to blast the crack wider.

In this group were several people who will play an important role in this story. Among them were Irene's father, Benjamin Perkins and her mother, Sarah Williams. Also in the group was Edward's father, Platte D. Lyman. Edward's mother, Adelia Robison Lyman, was back in Oak City, awaiting the birth of a child.

PLATTE D. LYMAN; Platte was the first counselor to the company president, Silas S. Smith. His mother, Eliza Partridge, had been a plural wife of the prophet Joseph Smith. After the Prophet's death she married Apostle Amasa M. Lyman. She, like the other Saints in Illinois, was driven by mobs across the Mississippi River as they made their way to safety in the West. Her second child, Platte DeAlton Lyman, was born on the banks of the Platte River in 1848 as the wagon train stopped for one half hour for his birth. Raised in Salt Lake City and Fillmore, he was the oldest living son of Amasa M. Lyman. His father had married three of the Partridge sisters. Platte was the oldest son and served as man of the family at a very young age. Platte served two missions to England. In 1867 he married Adelia Robison. They had four children, three of whom died. In 1879 they joined with the group called to settle in San Juan. Adelia remained in Oak City with plans to join Platte after the birth of their fifth child.

BENJAMIN PERKINS; Also in the group was Irene's father, a 35 year old immigrant from Wales. Benjamin Perkins' parents had joined the Mormon Church in Wales when Ben was a child. He wrote: "*The people hated the Mormons and for two or three years my father could not get a day's work anywhere. At last we had to go to the poor house and as near as I can remember we were there about six months*."

At the age of six, Ben went into the coal mines and worked there for the next nineteen years. He immigrated to the United States in 1867 and eventually ended up in Utah where his mining experience helped him find work preparing stone for the St. George, Manti and Salt Lake Temples. He married Mary Ann Williams, a girl he had known in Wales. They, along with Mary Ann's younger sister Sarah, joined the group moving to San Juan.

At the Hole-in-the-Rock, Ben was put in charge of blasting the crack wider. Known as the *'blower and blaster from Wales*,' he played an important role in widening the crack. He also figured out a way to literally hang a section of road onto the side of a perpendicular cliff at the bottom of the crack. This became known as "*Uncle Ben's dugway*."

SARAH WILLIAMS PERKINS; Sarah Williams, a 19 year old girl from Wales, was in the company to care for her older sister Mary Ann's children during the trip. Sarah was one of the few members of the group who was not a Mormon. She wrote, "*We had to put up with many inconveniences and unpleasant situations, but I thoroughly enjoyed the trip and was deeply impressed with the lives and actions of those with whom I traveled. There was something different about them – could it be their religion?*

"There were several good singers and musicians in the company, and many a pleasant hour we whiled away singing and dancing by the light of the moon or of the campfire. As far as I can remember there were no ill feelings, neither death nor serious sickness on the journey, and all shared alike at the table. When we wanted something extra for supper, lumpy dick and molasses was the dish, made by stirring mush from flour into boiling water.

"When we neared the Colorado River we found it necessary to make a road through solid rock down the steep cliffs. We camped here for six weeks, giving the place the name of "The Hole in the Rock". In crossing the Colorado, the animals were made to swim; the wagons and provisions were taken in a ferry boat. After crossing the river the country became rougher and feed and water more scarce. The stock became so poor that travel was very difficult, making it impossible to cover more than a few miles some days. Whenever a good supply of water was found, camp was made for a general washday.

"We arrived at what is now known as Bluff, April 6, 1880. My feelings at that time were, I think, similar to Sister Clara Young's when they landed in Salt Lake: I didn't see anything there to stop for, nor could I see how it was possible to make a town in such a place. How thankful I was I didn't have to make my home there."

But Sarah, and the rest of the company, did make their home there. Brush sheds and shelters dug into the side of the hill served as their homes the first summer as they planted crops and made ditches.

Sarah wrote, "*The longer I lived among these people the more convinced I became that Mormonism was for me. I entered the water of baptism in the fall of 1880. I was baptized in the San Juan River. The following year my sister and her husband came home (to Cedar City) for a visit. On October 28, 1881, I became the plural wife of Benjamin Perkins. We were married in the St. George Temple. This was during the crusade, so for safety's sake it was necessary for us to make the journey under the cover of night."*

The decision to become a plural wife would have a profound effect on her life. Her parents were very much opposed to the idea and refused to allow her back in their home for many years. Her older sister Mary Ann, her husband's first wife, was opposed to the idea and would treat her coldly the rest of her life. In 1884, Ben was imprisoned in the Utah penitentiary for having plural wives. Sarah wrote, "*He was there six months and fined $300.00. This prison was no stain upon his character, but it proved his fidelity to his convictions of right."*

Sarah's life also proved her fidelity to her convictions. After her husband's release from prison, he settled his first family in Monticello. He moved his second wife and family to the log home he had left behind in Bluff. Here Sarah would raise her family alone. She wrote, *"I raised a family of ten children, nine girls and a boy. As life is always hard in a new country, we were often taxed to the limit to know how to provide food and clothing for our children. Life was especially hard for me, being left alone so much of the time with small children."*

Life in Bluff was also difficult for the Lyman family. After Adelia had her fifth child, a son they named Albert, she joined her husband in Bluff. While in Bluff they had two more daughters, Mary and Lucretia. In 1884, Platte decided to move his family back to where his wife could be closer to her family. They traveled by way of Moab and arrived in Scipio in December, 1884.

Albert wrote, "*On the 30th of December, we moved into an old farm house northwest of Scipio on the shore of a great pond where great flocks of wild ducks and geese swam and quacked. The house was a dirty old place when we moved in. My folks said that Derbyshires, the former tenants, had butchered pigs in there. It entailed a lot of work on my mother, but to me it as a charming castle."*

Chapter 2

SCIPIO

The night of October 11, 1886 became a sacred night for Adelia Robison Lyman. On that night her third son, Edward Partridge, was born. The night he was born she was attended by a midwife. After a long and difficult labor, the midwife became convinced that the child she was trying to deliver would have to be sacrificed to save the mother's life. Adelia had answered, "*He will live and if he does not, we will die together*." The battle for life raged until, at last, she delivered a red headed son with an unusually large head. As Adelia held her new son she remembered a dream she had while she was carrying Edward. In that dream she had seen him as a little boy, beautiful and serene, playing close to the log walls of their home. She had known how that night would end, and so had the courage to endure the awful ordeal necessary to deliver him. That night would forge a lifelong bond between Adelia and her redheaded son. While her older son, Albert, would grow up next to his father, Edward was destined to grow up to have an unusually close and loving relationship with his mother.

The same year Edward was born, his grandmother Lyman died. Eliza Partridge Smith Lyman was the daughter of Edward Partridge, the first Bishop of the Church. Her testimony of the gospel and her great respect and love for the Prophet Joseph were passed on to her children and grandchildren. Edward was named for her father.

Edward's first four years were spent in Scipio. His father had returned to run cattle in the San Juan country and was able to visit his family in Scipio only once a year. Albert wrote, "*Pa wrote us from San Juan that he had two little donkeys which he would bring with him when he came again, and from then till the time of his coming, we never wrote without asking about the donkeys and reminding him to be sure and bring them with him. We anticipated how we would ride all over the country on the donkeys, and we could hardly wait.*

"In the later summer he really did come. Oh the glad cry which would ring through the house on such exceptional occasions. "Pa's come! Pa's come!" and we would all go stringing out to hug and kiss him and feast our eyes on his face and listen to his dear voice, for he always had interesting things to tell us, a new song to sing, presents and books and pictures. Once he brought a bag of pine gum, and another time he brought a bag of pine nuts. The new song, the

thrilling book he was going to read, we wanted to know as soon as possible about them. Once it was Robinson Crusoe, once it was David Crocket. And the songs, the dear songs of the dearest Pa Lyman in all the world sanctified by his love for us and our love for him; "The Mistletoe Bough," "The Ship That Never Returned", "Our Jack's Come Home Today", and "The Old Log Barn".

"We listened entranced for hours to his books, his songs and his stories; he was writing on the tablets of our memories the indelible records never to be erased.

"When he came in the summer of '88 he brought the much-anticipated donkeys. Pa went away again in the autumn – we kissed him goodbye and waved him good luck as he started his pack horses off through the sagebrush. And we prayed for him night and morning that the Lord would take care of him and bring him back to us again." But while the older children greeted their father with total delight, Edward wrote, "He was a stranger to me and I was afraid of him."

When Platte returned for a visit in the summer of 1887 he decided to raise the walls of the home and put on a shingle roof. Albert wrote, "*When the grand rafters, and the sheeting and the shingles went on over the new 'up-stairs', it was one of the most delightful things to contemplate that I had ever known. In the southeast corner Pa built a stairway with a closet under it, and along that stairway at the top he built a railing which he called a banister, to keep us from falling.*

"From the upstairs windows in the gables north and south, we could see out over town and to the mountains beyond. No million dollar palace could have charmed me more.

"We moved our beds up there. Each one of us had a place in the big single room for his childish treasures. The pipe from the kitchen below came up through the center of the room to make it warm, and it was a glorious retreat with beds in each corner. On the wall was one picture advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla, another advertising Rising Sun Plug Tobacco, and still another fine picture of a girl carrying water from a well."

As much as the children anticipated their father's coming, they dreaded to see the time come when he had to leave. Although they were too young to understand, it was more than business that kept Pa away in San Juan. Six years before Edward's birth, in 1879, Platte had married a second wife. Platte had first met Annie Maude Clark while he was a missionary in England. After she immigrated to the United States, Platte married her in conformity with the church's teaching regarding plural marriage. By 1886 polygamy was made illegal and Platte was being hunted by Federal marshals. Albert wrote: "*At that time the notorious 'Raid' on the Latter-day Saints was at full tide. Our neighbor, John Qvuarnburg, and our beloved 'Big Nielson' of the ward bishopric, were dragged away to prison. Pa's being in San Juan with his cattle was more to keep away from our enemies than we knew at first. People 'on the underground' came to our place late at night and left before dawn in the morning, or hid with us till they could go in*

safety." Pa's visits home had to be kept quiet, and after a short visit, he would return to San Juan.

Edward always remembered his first four years in Scipio as happy and carefree times. "*The first I remember I was wearing a colored dress. Also that I used to put my hand, or rather my fingers over a knot-hole in the west door and I could see the bones in my fingers. I remember the house and lot, trees, bushes, granary and corral, the cows, the ditch, the cemetery, the mountains, neighbors and school where our children went. Also Sunday School and some of our relatives and friends who lived down town. I also remember a man brought a bear to our place. The bear was on a chain and would dance when the man sang for him. I even remember the song, "Na, na, na". I remember going to Fillmore in our one horse buggy. The horse's name was Moody, named for the man father got him from. I remember the road and the different directions it took and the ups and downs.*

"Some of my earliest recollections are of Ma spinning or knitting while all of us nestled close around her listening to stories she told of her people and Pa's people and how they suffered for the gospel. She told us about the Prophet Joseph and of Jesus and we listened and loved her and felt she was truly a part of our very own lives. It seemed like our very breath depended on her. She told me I looked very much like the little boy she lost. Perhaps that is why I felt special to her."

In the summer of 1890 Adelia was walking from the garden into her home. She stopped abruptly as she noticed Edward playing next to the house. He was smiling at her. The little cap, the boots and the other clothing he was wearing struck a response in her heart that caused her to stop, tears in her eyes. For a few moments she was unsure why this particular scene would evoke such a reaction. Then the dream she had while carrying Edward came flooding back. In her dream she had seen this exact scene, with Edward, in these very clothes, playing next to the house and smiling at her. She picked him up and carried him into the house, again remembering that awful night.

When Edward was four, on a beautiful spring day, his sisters and Albert took him for a walk in the hills. Edward remembered, "*and when we came back home Ma had a little girl baby, Dolly*." Albert wrote, "*We all looked in awe and wonder at the little new-comer, who seemed to be cross-eyed, but soon got over it. Right away Aunt Caroline Lyman came from Oak City and took care of us all till Ma was able to be around again. Aunt Caroline was one of the sweetest and best old ladies we ever knew; we all loved her and were pleased when it was proposed to call the little girl Caroline. And yet in our ecstatic love for the little sister, we called her Dolly Dumpling, and then Dolly, and she is Dolly still."*

Adelia was a dedicated and loving mother and gave her children all the love and security they needed to feel good about their lives. Because of her, the children were not aware of the poverty and hard times their parents were facing. When the Temple in Manti was dedicated, Adelia

attended the dedication and returned home to tell the children of hearing a heavenly choir while in the Temple.

Albert wrote: "*Ma was always solicitous for our health, feeding us graham bread and milk, graham and corn-meal mush and wholesome vegetables, and keeping Dr. Gunn's doctor book always ready to find remedies for getting us back to health if we got sick. We had coughs and colds, sore throats and bowel disorders, and we took castor oil, turpentine, hemlock and other things worse than the disease.*

"Mother was untiring in her efforts to teach and care for us. She dressed us in woolens in the cold weather, but sometimes in spite of her efforts, our underclothes were in sad rags. We had no stockings but those she had knit with her own fingers.

"We heard frequently of people freezing to death. The winter of '87-88 became terribly cold; deep snow, fierce north winds, long spells of sub-zero temperatures. One morning from our upstairs window, we saw that a covered wagon had come inside and made camp without consulting us. The people in the wagon apologized for taking that liberty, explaining that they were so nearly frozen to death they dared venture no delay without stopping and getting in bed in their wagon.

"Mother sold butter and eggs to the stores to help pay for our living. We had two cows, Brock and Heff, and until I was able to do the milking, Ma waded out morning and night, whatever the weather, and made sure that our sources of revenue were well cared for."

In 1891, Platte decided to move his family to San Juan with him. The demands of traveling back and forth between his family in Scipio and his business and "Aunt" Annie in Bluff was taking too much of his time and resources. The marshals were increasing their search for him.

Albert wrote, "*In our big log room where we lived most of the time there was one little south window from which we could watch the road coming from the southeast, and towards spring we kept vigil through that window till we grew weary of looking and looking for the sight of a man coming on a horse with a pack outfit. When he finally did come in sight we were all off guard, and he was unpacking in front of the granary when we discovered him. Everything was excitement at once. We tore out in a wild string to the granary and while one was delivering and receiving the hugs and kisses, the others were dancing in eager delight.*" A happy chapter in their lives was coming to an end. The children had no way of knowing how they would long for the pond with its ducks and willows, their loft bedroom with the chimney to keep them warm, and the huge brick oven and all the wonderful things Ma knew how to make in it.

The house and all the property was sold, even the donkeys Pa had brought for them to ride. Ma filled the old brick oven many times as she packed the grub box with food for the journey to San Juan.

The final hour came at last. The old door with the knot hole was closed for the last time. Tearful goodbyes were said and in March 1891 Edward sat next to his mother as they drove away from Scipio for the last time.

Albert wrote, "*It was on the 26th of March that we drove our two wagons out through the big gate by the corral and headed off. The two south gable windows from the upstairs where we slept and lived so much seemed to look wistfully at us as we moved from sight, and we looked back with love at the dear home which we were never to see again, and never again as an unbroken family to have a home as good as that."*

Chapter 3

TRIP TO BLUFF

Platte drove the lead wagon with two teams and Adelia drove the wagon pulled by Buck and John. They traveled by Scipio Lake, up the Sevier River and through Grass Valley. The melting snow gave them trouble and they often became stuck in the mud.

Edward remembers, "*Ma's team was Buck and John. Buck was grey and very lazy. John was a dark sorrel and not lazy at all. I liked John but not Buck. I rode with Ma all the time. Pa had two horses and two mules on his wagon. Albert rode old Toggy and drove the loose stock. I remember small towns, camp houses and campfires. Also some men and some of the places we camped. In the mountains between Grass Valley and Rabbit Valley we ran into drifted snow and got stuck and a man named Ike Riddle came along and pulled us out. It was very dark and when it got dark I was glad we had a wagon with a warm bed to sleep in.*"

They crossed the Colorado River at Dandy's Crossing. The Hole-in-the-Rock crossing had been abandoned as more practical crossings were discovered. The sight of the big river, with its crushing power, struck fear in Edward's heart. He clung to his mother's skirt for protection and comfort. The wagons were unloaded and their contents carried across the river in several small boats. The wagons were then taken apart and carried over a piece or two at a time. The frightened animals were driven into the river and forced to swim. Edward's older brother, Albert, wrote in his journal of his own terror as he gazed at the river and of how grateful they were when the family, the wagons and animals were finally safe on the other side. It took most of a day to reassemble the wagons and get them loaded again. That night they knelt and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for their safe crossing.

When they reached the Snow Flat on the south end of the Elk Mountain, Albert wrote*, "When we reached what is known as Pollywog or Snow Flat, we went down the gulch to water the horses and Cretia tried to follow us and became lost among the rocks and trees and we were led to her by the sound of her crying, which reminded us that it was a cruel wilderness all around, and we felt endeared to each other with the thought that we had come safely this far."*

Chapter 4

BLUFF

The little town of Bluff had grown and prospered since its settlement eleven years earlier. Because of the problems between the settlers and the Indians, the Mormons had built their homes in a square, with all the doors and windows facing into the center. A wall of roughhewn logs was built between the homes with a gate to allow access into the fort. A well was dug inside the fort and a block house was built in one corner for a lookout.

By 1884, some of the settlers began building log cabins outside of the fort. The fort had been built close to the river and water flooded into the fort each spring. The threat from the Indians was less than anticipated. Slowly, the little community spread out from the fort. Platte built a log cabin north of the fort. It was to this home that he brought his family.

The settlers in Bluff had faced some difficult years. In 1885, Amasa Barton was murdered by Navajos in his store ten miles west of Bluff. That night the settlers in Bluff gathered together, fearful of an Indian attack. Most of the Bluff men were on the range with their cattle or were working in Colorado. A group of 100 Navajo men, with faces painted, rode into Bluff and demanded to see the leading man of the town. They met with Jens Nielson, the Bishop, and Kumen Jones, both elderly men. Both calmly told the Indians that the Mormons had come in peace and did not fight. If the Indians wanted to fight they would send for soldiers. Their calmness and courage calmed the Navajos and they accepted an invitation to eat a meal of beef, frybread and coffee before leaving.

There was no industry in Bluff. Most of the men spent their time hauling lumber from the Blue Mountain or working on ranches or sawmills or on the railroad in Colorado. This left the women and children alone much of the time. After things got better between the settlers and the Indians a new threat arose. Cowboys and outlaws hiding from the law often rode into town, riding up and down the main street shooting their pistols into the air. Many of the settlement's cattle and

horses were stolen. The Bluff settlers became discouraged and some moved on. Twice the church sent authorities to Bluff to encourage the settlers to stay. The settlers were promised protection and prosperity if they would stay and fulfill the purposes of the San Juan Mission.

The little town of Bluff was a '*wild west'* town, typical of its time. Because it was settled by Mormons it had no bars or saloons, but was otherwise very much like other little western towns. Goods were brought into town by wagon, usually from Colorado. North of town, on a gravel hill, was the cemetery. Social events often were held at the swimming pond north of town or at the 'swing tree', a big Cottonwood tree with a swing that swung out over the San Juan River.

Edward's father, Platte, was a leading man in the town. He had been the Assistant Captain on the Hole-in-the-Rock trek and was made first counselor to President Silas S. Smith in the San Juan Mission. In 1882 he was called to be President of the San Juan Mission. He was President of the San Juan Co-op, the first store in Bluff.

Chapter 5

EDWARD'S CHILDHOOD

Seven years after leaving Bluff, Platte and Adelia and their little family returned to Bluff. They arrived the latter part of April. Pa's log house with the leaky mud roof and dirt floor was a long way from the comfortable home they had left behind in Scipio. Almost immediately Pa and Albert left to take care of the cattle in the Lake Country, leaving Edward home with his mother and sister. Edward wrote, "*I hated to see them go and wished I could go with them*." This was the beginning of a long history of Edward at home with his mother while Albert was with his father.

Edward was intensely unhappy in Bluff and wanted to go back to Scipio. In Scipio, he and Albert had planned for the day when they would move to San Juan and be with their father. Now that day had come and it was not at all what Edward had imagined.

Soon after moving to Bluff, Edward began complaining of headaches. His sisters accused him of using the headaches to get out of work, but his mother believed they were genuine. She watched over him protectively and would not allow him to go to school until he was eight because of the headaches. These headaches plagued Edward until he was on his mission, where he seemed to outgrow them.

Life in Bluff was more difficult than it had been in Scipio. Edward and his sisters spent long hours tending the family garden. Edward wrote, "*I learned to ride a horse on the old lazy Buck so I forgave him of all his weaknesses. Kissie and I used to ride him together, and sometimes Mary, but we never went fast or far. It was a highlight in my tiny life when Pa and Albert would come home from the range. I didn't know what to think of the Indians but I noticed everything about them and got me a bow and arrow when I went with Pa to haul wood.*

"*I went to Primary and Sunday School and to a few parties but Ma never let me go to school until I was eight. She taught me to read before I ever went to school. I was baptized in the river by Pa and confirmed the same day by Pa on October 12, 1894. About this time I took my first trip on the range with Pa. I rode a black mare. I was not a dashing figure. If the old mare I rode had had a speedometer, I am sure she would have registered exactly nothing an hour. A humble beginning, but I was very happy to go with Pa. One night we camped at Peavine and the next morning there was snow on our bed, enough to make it heavy and it was hard to get out without getting snow in the bed."*

Adelia did her best to feed and care for her family, but times were hard and all they had was what they could raise. Many times all they had to eat was '*slickum*', a gooey paste made with water, flour and salt. After Edward was grown he confided to Albert that when he was a child he thought it was normal for children to be hungry and cold.

Edward was not the only one that had a difficult time adjusting to Bluff. His mother also had a difficult time. In August, four months after arriving in Bluff, she reached a place where she had to have a change. She took Lucretia with her and fled back to Fillmore where she could rest and be nourished by her family. Edward and the girls were cared for by Aunt Annie.

With both his mother and father gone, Edward wrote his mother:

"*Bluff August 27, 1891. O Ma, it seems so lonesome. Pas has went to conference and took Eva and Mary with him. You must come home. If Lucretia is homesick, I am too. We have got 4 cows to milk. Pa and Albert brought two from the Lake and there is a spotted one we got up Cottonwood and one is ole Linnie. From Edward to Adelia Lyman*."

Surrounded by her family in Fillmore, Adelia rested and her shattered nerves and depression healed. She found the courage to return to the rude and difficult life she had left behind in Bluff. She returned to Bluff in September on the same day Albert and Pa returned from the mountain with a deer they had killed. The meat was cooked and a meal of Thanksgiving was held celebrating the reunion of the family.

After returning to Bluff, Adelia threw herself totally into her little family. She kept Edward at home and taught him to read while she knitted or sewed or cooked. She taught him the Gospel and instilled in him a faith in Jesus Christ. She taught her children to sing and to love their father.

When Edward was eight and Adelia finally allowed him to go to school, he found that in some areas he was not far behind the other children. Edward enjoyed school. He also enjoyed the social life in Bluff. The community sponsored programs, dances, parties and dramas. These occasions were usually for the entire family and Edward often attended with his sisters and mother. Charles Walton would blow a bugle to announce that it was time for an event to begin. In the program and dances, Samuel Cox would often play the fiddle, just as he had done on the Hole-in-the-Rock trip.

Sundays were spent in church services. Meetings were held in the big rock church, with prayers for the Saints and for the good will of the Indians.

Platte was aware of Edward's longing to spend time with him and took Edward with him when he was not on the range. On one such trip he took Edward with him when he went to haul cottonwood logs from west of town. They crossed Cottonwood wash in the afternoon and by evening a storm came in with heavy rain. When it got dark Adelia became anxious. She took Albert and set out for the wash. They had no lantern and no light except occasional lightning flashes. They were soaked before they got out of their gate. They were afraid they would not get to the wash before the flood came down. They reached the wash to find only a little water and started across.

Albert wrote: "*It was a terrifying moment – the blackness of the night, the fury of the storm, the certainty that a flood would be coming soon down that wash, and our great fear that if something terrible had not already happened to Pa and Edward, it might happen when they came toiling with their load through the sand in the wash.*

"We could hear nothing above the roar of the storm, and bright flashes of light left us so blind we could hardly see what it revealed. Ma said all we could do was to pray, and we kneeled there among the big rabbit brush, and she prayed. In one of those flashes I saw her upturned face drenched with the storm, the prayer on her lips. I do not forget it; it was a powerful emphasis to all she had taught me about prayer.

"When she had prayed, we felt impressed to go home, that they would suffer no harm. While we were getting dry clothes on, they came safe and sound. A sick or give-out horse had caused the delay."

Albert wrote: *"Over our west dooryard we had a shed made of cottonwood limbs to modify the fierce summer heat, and we often ate out there because of the oppressive heat in the house. Our family circle around that table is still unbroken. Wherever Pa sat was the head of the table, a place to which we instinctively gave dignity and honor.*

"One source of revenue was dried peaches. We had a fairly good orchard, nearly all peaches, and in the latter summer we cut and peeled and spread peaches till we had everything stinking of them. It was difficult to get enough boards on which to dry them, and when it rained, we had to

hustle in the day or the night to get them in or to cover them. We could always sell them for something, or we could eat them, and I remember long periods when we ate bread and stewed peaches.

"When we came to Bluff we had a dog, Tip, a very intelligent creature whom we all liked, for we could make him understand about anything a dog is supposed to understand, and he was eager to serve in every way possible. We would set the breakfast table outdoors under the shed and go in the house to have prayers, and tell Tip to keep the chickens away from the table; he would lie there under the table and watch, and if a chicken came near, he would warn it with a low growl, and if it came on he would get up and frighten it but not hurt it."

Albert and Edward enjoyed spending time together. They explored the cliffs and canyons around Bluff. They hunted gophers and coyotes, for which they got a small bounty. They played marbles on the floor of the old log house. By now the house had a rough wooden floor with such large holes that they often lost their marbles. They and their sisters played games in which one would find a word on the newspaper wallpaper and the rest would hunt for it.

As the boys grew they were heavily depended on to help care for the struggling family. When Edward was twelve, his father was called to preside over the European Mission. With this call his dreams of spending time with his father were gone. He mourned that he would have to postpone those dreams. With his father gone, he clung to Albert as a substitute for his father. But, in the great plan of things it seemed Edward was destined to walk very much alone. Shortly after Platte left, Albert was called to the same mission. At the age of 13, Edward was called to be the head man in the Lyman home.

With his father and brother in England, Edward did what he could to take care of his mother and sisters. His oldest sister, Evelyn, had married, but Mary and Lucretia, and his younger sister Dolly were all still at home. His father had left the cattle in the care of Wayne Redd. Fourteen year old Edward knew little of the cattle business and instead took care of the chores around the house. He hauled wood for heating and cooking and found odd jobs around Bluff to supplement the meager family income.

In November, 1900, Albert returned from England. He was released early due to serious stomach problems. Edward and his mother took a buggy to Moab to meet Albert who looked *"more like a corpse than a live returned missionary."* Upon arriving in Bluff on November 14, Albert wrote in his journal, *"Home too, for all its humbleness is home, and though many of the embellishments that many people think to be absolutely necessary are not here, there is that love that makes beauty all around, that gives ease to the heart and comfort to the mind."*

The following summer Platte was released as President of the European Mission and was called to again be the President of the San Juan Stake. It was an exciting time when Pa returned from England. Platte, Albert and Edward began making plans for a new, large stone house for the

family. The material was ordered and was ready for construction when Platte showed the family a *'blue lump as big as an egg in front of his right arm pit.'*

The lump was cancer. It was removed in Salt Lake City, but Platte was not to recover. Arriving back in Bluff he grew weaker until he was bedridden. Albert wrote, *"He had no expectation of recovery, he asked only relief from the pain. 'Don't think I am taken in terror and surprise,' he told us, 'I have been warned this was coming, it is all in the program.' Toward the end his suffering became terrible. On the 13th of November he called us around him in the morning and rising to a sitting posture he gave us his final message. To all of us he said, 'I'll not forget you, I'll do more for you from this time on than I have ever been able to do before.' Then as if he were blind he said, 'I cannot see you all', and he waited in agony all day while we looked for and prayed for his release. Finally, sitting up in bed he extended his arms in appeal towards us and with pleading agony said, 'O pray the Lord to let me go.' Falling on his back he turned quickly on his right side, raised his left hand…dropped it…and moved no more. He was gone."*

With his father's death, Edward's fifteen year old dream of spending time and getting better acquainted with his father came to an end. It would be one of the major disappointments of his life that he did not have the opportunity to spend more time with his father.

In their grief, Edward and Albert turned to the planned home for their mother. Along with the help from others in the town, they built their mother a large attractive stone home. Finally, Adelia had a home to match the Scipio home she had left eight years earlier.

Chapter 6

IRENE: A FRAGILE BEGINNING

In 1894, the year Edward was baptized, another important event took place in Bluff. His future wife, Irene Perkins, was born on March 11, 1894. Although they were to grow up in the same town they did not become acquainted with each other until years later when they were no longer living in Bluff.

Irene's older sister, Gladys, wrote: *"It was March 11, 1894. A miracle had happened! Or so it seemed to me, as a child of six. I entered our house and beheld two wee bits of humanity that had arrived while we children had been away for the day. We had been allowed to spend the day with Aunt Rachel Perkins. We were sent away, I later realized, to make a more desirable condition for the arrival of the baby mother was expecting.*

"Aunt Jody Wood was the only doctor, and she was astonished and almost dismayed when twins arrived. And such tiny mites! The two of them together weighing only five pounds. Painted clearly in my mind is the little wicker basket, one for each babe, which was lined with cotton, bottles of warm water placed next, another layer of cotton on which the baby wrapped in more cotton was lain. Those bottles of water had to be kept warm 24 hours a day, and water carried from a neighbors well and heated on a wood burning stove."

When Irene and her twin sister Ione were born prematurely, their internal organs and nervous systems were not yet fully developed. The little girls had a long uphill battle ahead of them. No one, except their mother, expected them to survive.

Gladys wrote, *"A good part of the time the little hearts failed to function properly, causing them to have spasms from which it seemed they could not recover. Many times they were pronounced dead and the minutes seemed hours before they showed signs of life. It seemed impossible that they could ever grow to maturity. But through constant vigilance, faith, prayer and the power of the Priesthood they lived. It was a trying ordeal for mother, who for nine months never was able to undress and go to bed for a night's rest. I recall sitting in my little rocking chair with one of the babies, mother in her chair with the other and mother would say, "You needn't rock so hard. It isn't your baby that is crying, it is mine.*

"The problem of feeding them was an almost overwhelming task for it seemed that nothing agreed with them. Formula after formula was tried; neighbors and friends making suggestions and offering help. One dear old Navajo woman wanting to help used to walk miles bringing goats milk in a little dirty open pail for the babies."

In addition to the constant struggle to feed and warm the little girls, there was the fear they could die at any time. Both had seizures, and several times Irene was given up for dead. Gladys wrote, *"When they were about three years old, there was a severe epidemic of scarlet fever in town. Among the sickest were the twins, but after 13 weeks in quarantine we were free to mingle with the other people. Then the twins had a relapse, complications set in and again their lives were despaired of. They said they had Brain Fever. I recall that Brother Platte Lyman was there to administer and he told mother that sometimes after a terrible high fever a person might be permanently affected, and it might be best not to cling to them too determinedly.*

Ione and Irene

"I can see in my memory her pale little face and big burning eyes and her restless hands picking at her little ears until they were raw and bleeding. The hands would have to be bound to keep her from injuring her ears worse. That siege of sickness passed only to have another reaction set in. This time it was their kidneys. A doctor came from Mancos and said if they weren't taken to a hospital immediately they could not live. A hospital was a week away with team and wagon! A lady in Moab heard of their plight and sent mother word to steep some watermelon seeds and give them the tea. Again, they recovered."

Even after Irene and Ione were no longer critical and began to grow, their health was not good. Both had pains in their legs and Ione, in particular, had severe headaches. As an adult, Ione had serious problems with seizures. As we follow Irene's story we will see that her fragile beginning would affect her as an adult also.

Chapter 7

IRENE'S CHILDHOOD

Irene grew up in a log cabin her father had built for her mother in the south part of Bluff. Her father lived in Monticello with his first wife and their children. This left Irene to be raised almost entirely by her mother. She had sisters, Lell, Beatrice, Sarah, Gladys, Ione, Alberta, Vilate and Minerva and one brother, Leonard.

Although life was difficult for the Perkins children, Irene always remembered her childhood as happy. After her difficult time as a baby, her mother was protective of her and the two were close. Conditions were crowded in the little cabin and the few beds were shared by many. Irene wrote, *"Mother enjoyed so much having her hair brushed and combed as it was long and thick. I combed it so much – usually in the evenings. Another thing I did was to sleep at the foot of her bed to help keep her feet warm."*

The Perkins family never had enough money. With two families to support, Ben was unable to contribute much to the family in Bluff. This left Sarah to provide for her children. As soon as the children were old enough they were expected to find work to help with the family finances. Irene and her sisters would baby sit, clean homes, hoe weeds, pick fruit, or any other work they

could find. They were usually paid with a cup of honey, molasses, sugar, or a little credit at the Co-op.

Because Irene and Ione were not as strong as the other children, Sarah often kept them at home to help her when the other children would go to work. When Irene was four, her older sisters Gladys and Sarah found work hoeing corn a half mile from home. They took Irene along to tend her while they worked. They had to cross a ditch on their way to the field. Gladys jumped the ditch and Sarah took Irene by the arms and tried to throw her to Gladys. Irene landed in the middle of the stream. She spent the day playing naked in the field while her clothes dried in a tree.

Irene's father, Ben, came to visit the family in Bluff occasionally. His visits were an exciting time for the children. He often brought supplies but he was not able to give his second family all that he would have liked. He did try to give each child a nickel each time he came. On one of these visits Irene's older sister Alberta asked if there was any way he could get her a pair of shoes. He told her she would have to talk to her mother as he had no money for shoes.

Sarah often called on the elders to help the family with Priesthood blessings. When Irene's younger sister Alberta was three, she fell into a tub of hot brine. Her sister Vilate, while learning to walk, fell into the fireplace. On another occasion Ione ran out to meet her father as he approached, and was trampled by his horse. On these and on many other occasions Sarah would call for the elders to give her children a blessing.

When Irene was eight her father came for a visit and told the family he had decided to take Leonard to live with his other family. He said Leonard needed to grow up with his father, and he needed Leonard to help with the farming. This was a difficult thing for Sarah and her girls. This was in a day and age when the needs of men always seemed to come before the needs of women. Sarah offered no resistance when, at the conclusion of the visit, Leonard rode off with his father.

As Irene grew she was bashful and shy and did not have as many friends as some of her more outgoing sisters. Because of her own illnesses she learned compassion for others. When her sisters were assigned unpleasant tasks Irene would often volunteer to do the work for them.

Sarah was a wise and loving mother. Despite their poverty, she taught her family to appreciate nature, to respect God and to enjoy singing. One of Irene's fondest memories of her mother was of Sarah, in her beautiful Welsh accent, singing hymns as she worked in the garden.

Sarah wrote: "*Many were the trying times we had with the Indians. Not only would they pilfer and steal, but they would threaten to take our lives if we refused what they asked for. At one time I had an Indian boy chop me some firewood, promising him bread for his work. When the wood was chopped he refused the bread and demanded money. I had no money and he still refused the bread and demanded money, but I had none to give. He went away in a rage and returned with his father, a Ute chief, Mancos Jim. I explained to the father but he insisted that I give the boy*

money as I promised, saying that his 'boy no lie'. They declared that if I didn't pay the money they would come when I and my papooses were asleep and burn the house down.

"Oftimes I have been warned of danger. I recall in particular while in Sunday School I felt impressed to return home. I could see no reason for doing so as I had my children with me and could think of nothing at home needing my attention, but the warning voice came repeatedly and so clearly I could not disregard it. On reaching home I found an Indian in the act of carrying off what few provisions we had.

"Besides caring for my family, I did a good deal of work for the neighbors to help my husband in the task of providing for his big family. I also made most of my first furniture from goods boxes, and I think I was almost as proud of what I had as many a young matron is today of her upholstered set. My first screen door I made from coffee boxes. More than one stranger stopped to ask if I sold coffee, for seeing the word "coffee" on the door they mistook it for a sign.

Irene, right, with sisters

"My children's Christmases were quite different to the Christmas of children today. One year by washing for others I had obtained yarn enough to knit each child a pair of woolen stockings, to be their only Christmas present. After hours and hours of knitting, they were completed, washed

and hung out to dry, and when no one was looking, one of our dusky neighbors helped himself to every pair, and the children were left without any Christmas."

Irene wrote*: "For Christmas we were glad if we got a few nuts and candy in our stockings with a new hair ribbon and maybe a storybook, an apple or an orange. I kept a pretty little coloring book my mother gave me for years – in fact until after I was married. We had very few books in those days. I don't remember ever getting a doll until I was ten years old or older."*

When Irene was six she started school in the log building that was used for all public meetings. Her teacher was Miss Jenny Brimhall, daughter of the president of Brigham Young Academy. The school had crude, homemade seats. Paper was not available so the children used slates, thin sheets of slate rock inside a wooden frame. The children wrote on the slates with a round stick of slate. After they were finished, the writing was erased with a crumpled newspaper. They had to be careful because the slates shattered like glass if dropped.

When Irene was in the third grade a new school building was built. To the children of Bluff, who lived mainly in log cabins, the two room rock school seemed like a palace. The walls were two feet think and there were large arched windows to catch the sunlight. The seats were brought in by wagon from Salt Lake and there were even green blackboards on the wall. It was a very inviting place.

Chapter 8

NORTH TO WHITE MESA

When Platte died in 1901, the town of Bluff was not prospering. The settlers who had followed the advice of the Church leaders to stay and keep the town alive were often discouraged.

There was no logical reason to have a settlement in Bluff other than the goals of the San Juan Mission. The town was isolated, had little farming potential and survived mainly by the men going outside the area to find work. Twice before, in 1882 and 1884 the settlers had reported intolerable conditions to the brethren in Salt Lake, and each time they were advised to stay.

On a third visit to investigate their requests, Brigham Young Jr., in 1897, again affirmed that the San Juan Mission was necessary. But, unlike before, he gave permission to expand the mission to the mountains and streams north of Bluff. That same year, Edward's uncle, Walter C. Lyman, on a visit to White Mesa, '*was given the impression that there would be a town established there and saw in vision the exact place on which it should be built.'*

With the death of their father, both Edward and Albert began looking towards White Mesa. Albert married Irene's oldest sister, Lell and moved his new bride into a tent on White Mesa at

the L.C. Ranch. Edward divided his time between his mother's new home in Bluff and White Mesa. He and Albert moved the family cattle in from the Lake Country and Edward took care of them for several years on the White Mesa.

In 1905, Albert and Lell, along with their baby daughter, Casse, and 11 year old Irene, moved onto the Mesa where Uncle Walter had seen the town in vision. Lell had always been a second mother to Irene and when the decision was made to settle on White Mesa, Irene was invited to move with Lell and Albert. They were the first settlers in what would grow into the town of Blanding.

In her history, Irene wrote: *'On April 1, 1905 I left Bluff with my sister Lell and her husband Albert R. Lyman and their little girl, 15 month old Casse, for White Mesa. It took us two days. We traveled by team and wagon. It snowed on us. This was the first family on White Mesa. We lived in a tent and had to clear sagebrush to pitch the tent on. We cleared brush and trees to plant a garden. I would herd the cows in the brush. I carried a song book and learned many of the songs. The first time I remember seeing Edward was on that first trip. I thought him a pretty nice boy, but never dreamed at the time that I would marry him."*

Uncle Walter's vision of a town on White Mesa proved to be prophetic. By June there were six families making it their home. It was officially named Grayson. Land was cleared and one at a time, the families moved from tents into log homes. That December*, 'the entire population of Grayson ate a merry Christmas dinner at one table, a thing which was never to happen again.'*

With the settlement of the new town, many people from Bluff moved north onto White Mesa. Edward's sisters moved to Grayson. Lucretia wrote: '*That summer (1907) I lived with Albert and his wife and helped in the store. I had the unique experience of raising a garden on new ground without weeds. Mother boarded up a tent with a shed of wangy-edged lumber – lumber rough with bark on it. I think Dolly and I did most of the carpenter work on it and it certainly was a masterpiece. One day I was sitting on the roof adding some finishing touches and Brother Hansen Bayles and Uncle Lem Redd came and asked me if I would teach school there that winter. I consented and so taught the first school in Grayson, or Blanding as it was later called*.'

Irene was one of her students and attended school in Blanding until she was fifteen years old. School was held in a twelve by fourteen foot tent that was also used for Church and social events. The tent was heated by a pot-bellied stove. When it was necessary to close the tent flaps because of wind or cold, the tent became stuffy and dark. It had no windows. The desks and books were worn out items from the old school in Bluff.

In 1908 a frame building with a bell on top was completed. The bell rang to summon help in time of fire, to welcome home soldiers from the First World War and one half hour before church. On Christmas Eve, 1908, Irene attended a dance in the almost finished building. The building, twenty by thirty feet in size, seemed incredibly spacious when compared with their little tent. Dances were held on weekends, with Albert playing his fiddle. Irene was too young

for most dances. She stayed home and tended baby Casse for Lell and Albert. Had she gone to the dances she would have seen Edward dancing with the eligible girls.

Edward wrote: *"My mother died in 1909 while doing Relief Society work in a home of one of the sisters in Bluff, of a heart attack."* This was a difficult time for Edward. With both his mother and father gone he cut his ties with Bluff. All of his time and energy went into starting a new life in Grayson. He wrote, *"Pa had stock in the ditch at Grayson. Also he had some land south of town covered with trees and sagebrush. I put everything I had into it; clearing and planting it. I gave two of my unmarried sisters each a part of it.*

"I was called to serve a mission for the church in the Society Islands. We met in the Temple Annex where they talked to us for about an hour. Afterwards, they gave us a physical. I had one of my headaches at the time, but they still let me go through, although they changed my call. I was assigned to the West Iowa Conference, walking all over Iowa during my mission.

"I went to Nauvoo and Carthage for some of the mission conferences. I worked at St. Paul for one winter, carrying a grip that weighed 20 pounds in the morning and 60 or 70 at night.

"We taught the gospel by holding street meetings. I was scared at first. We taught the Reorganites. I was afraid of their Elders, but soon ate 'em up. I didn't respect 'em. We held one public debate with an old fellow that had whiskers to his waist. Elder Milton whipped the socks off him. In Council Bluffs I had charge of a Branch as conference president. Iowa was hot in the summer – 100 in the shade and a long way to shade."

Edward on the lower left as a missionary

In 1910, Irene went with her father to Cedar City and spent the school year living with her parent's relatives. This gave her the opportunity to get acquainted with both her mother and father's families. In Cedar City, Irene attended the 10th grade and helped her aunt run a boarding

house. This was the last year Irene attended school. At the end of the year she moved back to Blanding and lived with Lell and Albert. She helped Lell with the children and found work tending children and cooking. She wrote, "*Edward was 7 years older than I. He went on a mission to the Northern States in the fall of 1909. I was going to school in Grayson at the time. The next year I went to Cedar City to school and didn't see him again until I came back. He was in Blanding and I'll always remember how I felt about him.*

"Living with Lell and Albert so much of the time I saw a lot of Edward, as he lived just a short distance from them with his sisters, Dolly and Lucretia. He had several girlfriends, but we finally got together."

During 1911 and 1912 Irene and Edward dated and got better acquainted. Edward did carpenter work for some of the families moving into the new town. In 1911 the town began building a new cut stone and brick building across the street from where Irene, Lell and Albert had first settled.

Edward and Irene attended dances, went for buggy rides up to the Blue Mountain and attended parties with other young couples in the town. Several times Edward took Irene to Monticello to visit with her mother. She had moved to Monticello soon after Irene left Bluff. Irene enjoyed visiting with her mother and with her married sisters in Bluff.

Edward wrote: *"That same winter before I was married, I was on a trip to Monticello with Marvin Jones. The snow was slick, but we had four good horses. We got the grain and flour we wanted and started back. At Devil's Canyon it was real slick. I thought I could handle it though. However, one of the wheelers went over, as did one of the wheels. The horse was left hanging, having been hung up in a tree by the harness. We chained the wagon to a tree and unloaded the four and grain, then cut the mare loose. She dropped a ways."* Kay remembers*, "Whenever we would drive by that spot, Dad would always point out the spot where the horse hung in the tree."*

Chapter 9

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

In 1913, after counseling with Lell and Albert, Irene accepted Edward's proposal of marriage. On February 6, 1913, Irene and Edward left Blanding in a white top buggy. They traveled for five days to Thompson Springs where they boarded the train for Salt Lake. On February 12, 1913, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They stayed in Salt Lake for two days, and then took the train back to Thompson. They traveled back to Blanding in a blizzard. Irene wrote, "*The night we got to Monticello the snow was so deep the fences were covered up. We stayed in Monticello two days and one night. When we got to Blanding it was really good to get in out of the storm. The snow had piled up so we were afraid we'd never make it home. That was a trip never to forget but we were not sorry we had taken it*."

Irene and Edward moved in with Edward's sister Lucretia. When Irene became pregnant she was very ill. She spent a good deal of their first year of marriage in bed. Several times she

threatened to miscarry. Irene found that her health, which had never been good, broke under the strain of carrying a child.

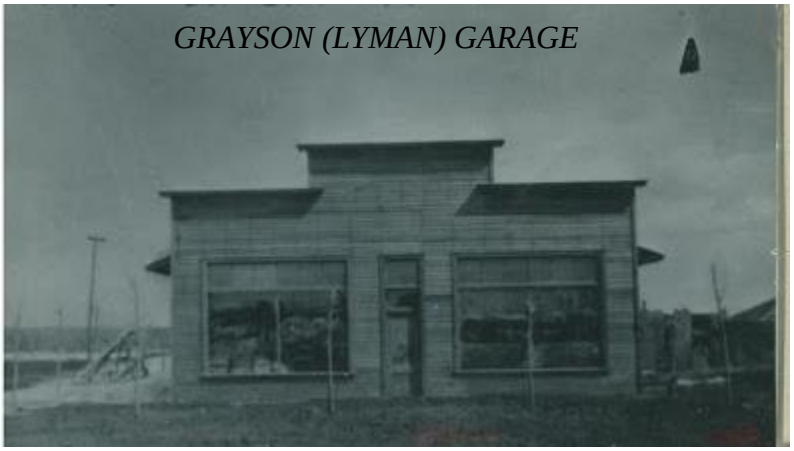
In addition to the problems caused by Irene's premature birth, Irene had an additional problem when carrying children. Her mother's family had a hereditary kidney ailment called Nephrites, or Alports Syndrome. Because it is a chromosome determined disease, male carriers pass it on to all daughters, and female carriers have a 50/50 chance of passing it onto their children of both sexes. The disease usually causes premature death for male carriers. It does not cause death for females, but causes female carriers to have difficulty carrying children. Irene, a carrier of the disease, found she became weak and ill while pregnant.

When the baby was due, the midwife in Blanding did not want to deliver the child. She was afraid that Irene's poor health, along with the probability the child would have Edward's large head, would guarantee a high risk birth. Edward employed a midwife from Colorado to deliver the child. Irene wrote, "*She had come to Monticello where her daughter lived to be nearer us. When we called for her, her daughter said she was sick. After calling the second time she got up and had some of the folks bring her part way. Edward met her with a fresh team and brought her to Grayson (Blanding). I had a very close call but was saved by the will of the Lord.*" The baby, a boy born November 4, 1913, was named DeAlton Perkins Lyman.

Soon after the birth of their first child, Irene and Edward moved into a small frame house on the south side of town. Irene was soon pregnant again and again spent much of the pregnancy in bed. Their second child, a son, was born May 18, 1915. They named him Kay Perkins Lyman.

In 1916 Edward purchased his first automobile. It was a new Dodge touring car. It was a beautiful machine with small lemon shaped windows across the back. It had a fabric top with open sides and Eisenglass curtains to snap into place when needed. Its highest speed was 35 miles per hour. It was one of the first automobiles in San Juan County and Edward loved driving it. From that time on Edward was never without a car.

In 1916 Edward was asked by the Stake President, L.H. Redd, to go on a six month mission. Irene wrote, *"He said if we would go to Salt Lake he would receive his call there. We got my sister Vilate to quit her job in a store in Monticello to go with us. We got in Salt Lake the night before Thanksgiving. When Edward reported to the authorities, they told him that wasn't the way President Redd should have done and that he couldn't go and take his family, so we weren't able to go and couldn't go back to Grayson, so we stayed in Salt Lake. Edward and Vilate went to school that winter. On February 19, 1917 our third son was born. We named him Edward Robison. He was a month over time and surely looked and acted it. We stayed in Salt Lake until about April. After returning to Blanding we had a two-room house in the center of town built where we also had a garage built. Edward ran a bus line to Thompson Springs for several years. While living in this house we had another boy, born October 14, 1918. We named him Almon Perkins Lyman."* This child, like the three before him, arrived after a difficult pregnancy and birth.



GRAYSON (LYMAN) GARAGE

Edward did well financially with his garage and his bus line. For many years he transported people to the train at Thompson Springs and to the doctors in Cortez and Moab. The garage became an important part of the community. It was the only source of gasoline and auto repair. Many young men in Blanding learned about the internal working of automobiles from Edward. His daughter, Allie wrote: *"There weren't very many things that went wrong with cars that he couldn't fix. He loved machinery. I remember him showing me how motors worked and explaining to me their intricate movements and saying, 'Isn't that beautiful?' I could never feel the same excitement he did but loved him for his interests and abilities."*

Irene wrote, *"On September 26, 1920 our first girl was born. We were surprised and happy when we got our first girl. We named her Rene. When she was ten months old I had to go to the hospital and leave her. I had been having a lot of trouble with my nerves. I never was very well and had to have a lot of help raising my family."*

Five children in seven years had taken a toll on what little health Irene had. Following Rene's birth she did not recover her health as she had previously. The difficult pregnancies and births

had caused Irene to live in fear of dying in childbirth. The responsibility of caring for her family overwhelmed her. She began having emotional problems. By the time Rene was 10 months old, Irene was unable, physically and emotionally, to care for her family.

Edward took her to Salt Lake and admitted her to a hospital to help her regain her health. To be closer to her, Edward arranged for a lady in Blanding to care for DeAlton, Kay and Rene and he took Bob and Almon and moved to Salt Lake. Later he rented out the home in Blanding and moved all the children to Salt Lake. They purchased a home at 1420 Harrison Avenue. Here Irene was close to medical help and Edward found work with the Thompson Seed Company. While working for this company he and his cousin, Fred Lyman, invented a machine that cleaned alfalfa seed.

Lyman Children in Salt Lake

DeAlton, Kay, Bob, Almon and Rene

After Rene was born, Irene was advised by the doctors not to have more children. Irene and Edward believed there was another girl for them. Irene knew the price she had paid to give life to her five little children, but was willing to pay an even bigger price to have another child.

On October 7, 1922 a second daughter was born. The black haired girl was named Allie. Rene wrote, "*I remember the day Allie was born. Our neighbor, Sister Hepworth, called over through our bedroom window that we had a new baby sister*." After Allie's birth, Irene's emotional health became worse than ever. She became disoriented and confused. When the baby was six weeks old, Irene went back to the hospital. Edward's cousin, Mamie Wells, took the baby and raised her for the first year of her life."

Irene's time in the hospital was difficult for the entire family. Irene would much rather have been at home caring for her family. Psychiatric hospitals in the 1920's were not pleasant places. Irene found herself with other unfortunate people, some of whom were frightening to be around. The medications that today are so effective in treating mental illnesses were not yet discovered and many people lived in an irrational state most of their lives. It was a depressing, frightening place to be. Later, when asked what the experience was like, Irene said: "*It was hell*."

At home, Edward did his best to care for his little family. He needed help from relatives and friends to help care for the children. It was a discouraging time for both of them. He was afraid Irene would never recover and be able to raise the children. When he would visit Irene at the hospital she would share the same fear with him. The thought of someone else raising her family was almost more than Irene could bear.

Irene with Allie and Rene

By the summer of 1923, Irene was well enough that the family moved back to Blanding. Although Edward had done well financially in Salt Lake City, he did not like city life. Edward ran the garage and transported people to the train and to medical help. Rene wrote: *"Whenever anyone became ill and had to travel to the nearest doctor they always seemed to want daddy to drive them – they had confidence in his ability to get them there safely and dad seemed to have a sixth sense when it came to illness. He, perhaps, should have been a doctor, I used to think, because he always seemed to know what to do to bring relief to one's suffering. Whenever a General Authority rode to Thompson on the train, for a Stake Conference, Dad was dispatched to drive over and bring them to the Stake."*

Edward also ran the movies that were shown in the church on Saturday night. His children looked forward to these movies. Often Edward also paid for Albert and Lell's children to attend with them. Allie wrote: "*One of my earliest memories is attending the silent movies in the Blanding Chapel. Daddy ran the projector for these movies and we children would sit spellbound watching. As the movies would end, many times I would pretend to be asleep and dad would gather me up in his arms and carry me the couple of blocks to our house. Dad would go out of town quite often on business. He always had goodies in his coat pockets for us to 'find' when he returned, so his homecomings were doubly exciting.*"

Edward wrote: "*In Kigalia Canyon in 1928, I was freighting for an oil rig. It was the latter part of February. Snow drifts were 7 feet deep. Going into the canyon, I'd pull the wheel horse next to the wagon. We hit a rock two feet high and it jarred as we were on a trot. I flew between the wheel horse onto the tongue, throwing my arm over it as I fell off. I began talking to the horses. One was hitting my back as he trotted*." Almon finishes the story: "*He could visualize being forced up in front of the front axle, there either to suffocate or be crushed to death. The wagon approached the curve at the bottom traveling at top speed. Around the curve the road leveled out and by sheer friction and horse flesh the wagon was brought to a stop. My father worried a lot about the protection of his children and said he many times did not allow his boys to go with him, thinking what might happen to them if something serious did happen*."

As the town grew, Edward began to feel like he was back in the city. He wanted more space around him. In 1928, Edward sold his garage to Marvin Lyman and moved his family into the North West part of town. Their property was outside the rest of the community. A lane connected them with the rest of the town. Because of its undeveloped nature it was known as "*Jungle Town*." The property had a small home that they added on to.

It was here that Irene and Edward would finish raising their children and live the rest of their lives. Eventually the town would grow and surround them, but as the children were young it was a very special place. Edward built a barn and other buildings for chickens and pigs. He planted a large orchard in which many happy memories were made. A stream ran through the orchard and the grass under the trees made it an inviting place for picnics. Often the town would use the orchard for a town picnic. In summers, when the uninsulated house became hot tents were pitched and the children would sleep in the orchard. In the fall it produced fruit for fresh eating and bottling and apples for storage in the underground cellar.

Chapter 10

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Rene wrote: *"Through my very young years when Mother had such poor health, Dad was always very tender with us, fixing food, administering love, and disciplining when necessary. We sat on his lap often and his strong arms around us were so assuring of his love, and his ability to take care of us. We loved to have him sing to us, which he so often did, and the songs he and mother taught us were a very important part of our lives, some of which our own children have learned and loved. Dad's rich voice was a source of joy in our home. Dad knew how much I loved music and yearned for a piano, so when Bishop Bayles got a new piano for the Church and was going to dispose of the old piano because of the very poor condition it was in, dad asked if we could have the piano. It was truly a magic day when they moved the old piano into our humble home. Allie and I must have driven the family almost crazy with our hours of struggling to learn to play our first easy pieces – the hymns with which we were so familiar. I shall ever be grateful that our parents taught us to love and enjoy good music. The one luxury we had at the sheep camp, the summers dad had sheep, was a small hand-cranked Orthophonic, which provided hours of good music and entertainment.*

"One of the most special things I remember about my dear mother is waking up almost every morning and hearing my mother singing in the kitchen as she went about fixing breakfast. She had the wonderful ability to forget her own needs, her burdens and her challenges and brighten her day with song. Hymns were what she loved to sing most. She'd sing one hymn after another. Daddy would tease her that she didn't even stop between songs. She never gave way to gloom or discouragement. Mother's life was never easy and I suppose she sang to drown out disappointments and discouragement. But if she was discouraged she never showed it to anyone. She had a very even, constant disposition. She didn't seem to ever get upset, but took things in her stride.

"Through all of mother's health problems and her other challenges, she mastered the art of being patient and long-suffering. While others might perceive her as very quiet and submissive, those who knew her best knew of the degree to which she possessed many of the much coveted qualities which bring one eternal life. Because of her health she didn't have time or strength to do a lot of fun things with us as we were growing up, but we always knew that she would like to do more with us. And we knew that she loved us. As we grew up and accomplished some of the things that mother would like to have done, she was quick to express appreciation and pride for our accomplishments and said many times that she felt in her children the joy of fulfillment that she longed for in her own life.

"Mother was never strong. The pressure of raising a family really taxed what little health she had. Raising a family was difficult for mother because of her health. Dad often had to be both

mother and father. Sometimes the pressures would get to mother and she'd have to leave for a while. Aunt Lell or Aunt Cretia would take care of us. Sometimes we'd go to Aunt Evie's big mansion-house and she'd take care of us.

"After Daddy sold the garage, our finances were never what they had been before. Daddy farmed, but the income from raising alfalfa was not dependable. I remember mother telling me she felt badly she didn't have the money to spend on her girls that she did for the boys when they were young. During the depression we even went without the necessities sometimes. Those were tough years, but we didn't' feel like we were poverty stricken. We always knew we were loved.

"When Deco (DeAlton) was about 3 he became very ill and dad took him to Cortez to the hospital. It turned out to be a ruptured appendix but they didn't know how to diagnose and fix it as they do now. By the time they found out what the problem was it had filled his system with infection and he was seriously ill. Dad sat by his side for days, administered to him, and said the thing that saved Deco's life was the administrations and the fact that Dad threw out the window much of the medication they gave him. He was always very tender with us when we were sick. Mother had such poor health herself that dad was very good to fill in whenever he could for her. Dad not only nursed us, but often cooked and fed us, helped with the washing and was a sweet, steadying influence in our home."

Edward seemed to have the gift of knowing how to bring comfort to people who were ill. Albert's daughter Ellen remembers*: "Uncle Edward endeared himself to me when I was five years old and had been terribly burned. Uncle Edward was called, as he often was when people were in pain, and he picked me up and held me. He talked softly to me and calmed me. Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the dead flesh from my arm. He was so tender and considerate. Afterwards he gave me a dime – an unheard of thing in those days. There was no one like Uncle Edward."*

Rene remembers*: "For several years Dad drove his old Ford truck to Grand Junction to bring back freight for the business houses in Blanding. Occasionally I was fortunate enough to get to go with him and that was a treat to remember. I remember that he even bought me a soft drink on one trip. That was the trip that we took with us Grandma Perkins and Elaine so they could spend some time visiting Aunt Gladys in Montrose. I guess Elaine and I rode in the back the greatest part of the way, standing up behind the cab with the wind blowing through our hair. It was delightful. We stayed in a motel, heard the train whistles all night, and went with dad the next day to load up with freight. On the way back when there was just Dad and I we sang songs all the way home, made up verses to "Mr. Frog Went a Courting", some of which we still sing. Dad was great at making new verses. He was just plain fun to be with – even let me take my chipmunk with us to Grand Junction and we tied him to a string so that he could run in and out of the pockets in my striped overalls.*

Bob, DeAlton, Kay, Almon, Allie and Rene

"Dad loved animals and helped build in all of his children a tenderness for all of the Lord's animal kingdom. People used to love to buy his milk cows because they were so gentle and produced such rich, delicious milk. We made pets of baby pigs that never got a chance to eat with the other babies. We cuddled them and nursed the baby chick hatched during the cold

weather and got his toes frozen off. We called him "Old Frozen Toes" and practically raised him in the kitchen. He would limp around on his stubs. When he died we couldn't eat it. He was a real friend. When one of dad's milk cows gave birth to a beautiful heifer calf on April 6, 1930, we, of course, had to name her Centennial, and Centennial was little less than a member of the family. Her calves were much to be desired and as each of us reached twelve Dad would give us one of her calves. If times got rough, as they sometimes did, and Dad had to sell the calf to keep things going, that was all right too. Dad bought us all horses and taught us to ride and care for them.

"Our home was never as nice as mother would have liked it. Daddy didn't finish it with a woman's needs in mind. He had a lot of talents, but finishing homes wasn't one of them. The home was very rough. Later Kay and DeAlton and Bob finished it so they would be more comfortable bringing friends home. They put wallpaper in the kitchen and linoleum on the floor.

"I remember during the depression years how hard it was for Dad not to be able to give the boys 25 cents to go to the dances. He didn't go himself but he wanted his children to have what they needed. We used to enjoy the winter evenings around the warm stove in our 40 foot front room. We had spelling bees, worked math problems, played games and the boys boxed. Sometimes Dad made a shop in one end of the big room and built each of us a wooden chest to keep our personal belongings in. I believe they burned up, a lot of them, in the fire that destroyed our home in 1948. Sometimes we put up quilting frames and made quilts from the wool we had raised and carded ourselves. Dad and the boys helped cut blocks from old pants and helped sew them together, then we all tied or quilted them, and it was a lot of wonderful togetherness. Winter evenings we made candy, ate apples from the pit dad had built, and drank lots of Centennial's rich, delicious milk.

"Mother became a master at making delicious food from what little we had. We had lots of cream and eggs and butter, so she made lots of wonderful food that called for those things. I remember sweet and sour cream cakes, tomato soup with cream, creamed vegetables and wonderful sour cream cookies.

"Two things I never doubted about Dad. I knew he loved us and I knew that he loved the Lord and knew the gospel was the Lord's way for us to go. I can't ever remember Dad and Mother not going to church unless there was illness. I remember how proud I was to walk down the aisle at church with my parents and family, knowing they were my forever family and having such a warm feeling of love and pride for them."

In Allie's journal, she also recalls her childhood with much fondness. She wrote: *"In the winter when it was really cold or the snow was deep and Dad couldn't get his car out over the roads, he would often saddle up old "Pet" and ride down to the school to give his two little girls a ride home. Needless to say, we were always more than happy to have the ride.*

"The town irrigation ditch ran down through Dad's fields, and through the orchard and past our home and it provided many hours of fun for us, whether it had water in it or not. When it was full we waded and 'swam' or 'jumped the ditch'. When it was dry we built castles and ranches and cities in the sand.

"I have pleasant memories of lying in the tent listening to the rain fall, eating green apples or apricots and reading or just talking. It was a lovely place to hang a hammock and a good place to go to meditate.

"We had a number of pets, and some of them were almost like members of the family. Old 'Pup' lost one leg in the mowing machine and hopped around on three legs for years and years and was with us until he got so old it was hard for him to get around. 'Squeaky' and 'Beady' were two of the three kittens born in the attic next to the chimney. The third kitten was given to Uncle Albert's girls. Squeaky was Rene's baby and Beady was mine and they wore our doll's clothes and rode around in our doll buggy and submitted to all sorts of things that most cats would think beneath their dignity. One chicken that I remember was old 'Frozen Toes', who wobbled and hobbled around up to the house for us to feed and pet.

"Our house was quite a big frame home covered with a red tin brick covering. It had a big long living room into which all the other rooms opened. The kitchen was small and had a little screened porch off of it. There were two bedrooms and a big sleeping porch and one other small porch.

"It has been a long time since I have seen snow like some of the winters I remember during this period of my life. Well do I remember the snow so deep that Dad and the boys had to shovel trails through it to the corral and out buildings. One day after a beautiful heavy snow storm, we were out playing 'Fox and Geese' in the snow when we heard a loud crash – and looking toward the corral we saw that the roof of the chicken coop had caved in with the weight of the snow. Of course, after such a storm the boys or Dad had to get up on the house and shovel it off the roof."

In addition to their own children, Edward and Irene were important in the lives of some of their nieces and nephews, particularly Lell and Albert's children, Rene remembers*: "We loved to have Uncle Albert's children in our home and they loved to come, not because it was a nice or beautiful home, but because Mother and Daddy always made them feel so welcome."* Their

nephew Karl wrote*: "As a small boy, we had the distinct impression that Uncle Edward's family was much better off financially, than ours was. He had more 'business savvy', than my father. He owned a business in town, a garage, and always had a car, which luxury we did not have. But he was very generous and kind to my father in the things that came into his hands, and made it possible for my father to acquire a used car, and other things too. On more than one occasion Uncle Edward would give to my brothers and myself a little spending money on the 4th and the 24th of July."*

Karl's sister, Klar, remembers*, "My father's first car was from the generosity of Uncle Edward. Shortly after he taught my father to drive it, both families, in cars, drove down south and west of town and camped together one night. I remember we all slept in a huge bed made up of quilts we owned (who ever heard of a sleeping bag in 1924?). Uncle Edward had a love for animals and would not even allow the kids to chase the chickens. He and Aunt Irene were very tender hearted and reached out to people in difficulties, especially children. Many times the Albert R. Lyman kids got to see the Saturday night picture shows through the generosity of Uncle Edward. I thought they were rich because their kids had cornflakes and we always had to eat germade mush."*

Ellen remembers*: "I always thought that Uncle Edward and Aunt Irene were more lenient with their children than was my father. My father was very serious, but Uncle Edward laughed easily. And when we'd spend time in their home we were treated as family. I always liked to eat at Aunt Irene's because we got to eat things we were not allowed at home."*

Albert's daughter, Alberta, remembers*: "Their big red home was not a lovely home by the standards of today, but it was beautiful home to me because there was friendliness and love and fun inside. Our father wasn't at all in favor of fun or frivolous things and Uncle Edward had fun records and told us jokes. He enjoyed things on the lighter side. Aunt Gladys told me she thought Uncle Edward was the best scriptorium in the church, but he also knew how to relax and have a good time. I felt like he knew how to relate to us kids as well as older people. Aunt Irene made the most wonderful cookies. They were big fat yellow cookies with sugar sprinkled on. She was always generous to share them with us."*

Karl remembers*: "Uncle Edward acquired a long horned Billy goat which they would harness and trained to pull a wagon the boys played with. One time as DeAlton was harnessing the goat it raised its head and jabbed DeAlton a blow on the cheek bone, making a nasty gash, opening the flesh to the bone. When the wound began to heal a ragged scar seemed to twist his face somewhat out of shape. Uncle Edward devised a system to massage the scar on a regular basis and soon the scar seemed to disappear. I remember when Kay had a broken leg and lay there for weeks at a time with a weight on the end of the leg to make it set right. He spent many hours reading to this little boy and showing he loved him, by his careful attention."* Klar wrote*: "I remember when DeAlton had a ruptured appendix as a child, and when Kay broke his leg and*

when my sister Sara had a stroke, and many other illnesses, I was so impressed with Uncle Edward's and Aunt Irene's very tender and concerned care."

Chapter 11

LEAVING THE NEST

As the Lyman children finished High School, they began to leave home.

DeAlton worked in a saw mill after completing High School. He married Clessa Palmer in 1935. They had five children: Gordon de, Maureen, Mark, Lloyd and Jed.

Kay attended BYU and worked as an auto mechanic and installed furnaces in Salt Lake after completing High School. In 1940 he served a mission in the California Mission and had the same mission president his father served under in Iowa. In 1942 he joined the Enlisted Reserves and went into active service in 1943. He saw service in France and Germany and was discharged from the Army in 1946. He married Velma Alvira Hansen in 1946. They had eight children: Charles, Mary Kay, Sue Zan, Velyn, Deana, Grant, Platte and Ben.

Edward (Bob) attended BYU after High School and then worked in the mines. He married Alene Cook in 1937. They had five children: Theral Burns, Kirk C., RaeLeen, Terry K., and Edra Jean. He later married Lois Tatro in 1955 and they adopted two children: Jeri Lynn and Robert Scott. In 1986 he married Katie Tsosie.

Almon served in the California Mission in 1941 and joined the Enlisted Reserves in 1942. In 1943 he went into active service and was given a medical discharge for Nephrites problems in 1944. He married Ethel LaRee Nuffer in 1943. They had six children: Joy, Carolyn, Joanne, Allie, Paul and Edward. Almon later attended college at Utah State and Oregon State and completed a degree in Civil Engineering.

Rene attended Dixie College in 1938-39. She served a mission to the Northern States in 1946. She married Arthur Roy Morin in 1948 and they had eleven children: Art, Brad, Marilee, Julynn, Edward, Lynette, Burke, Chris, Ben, Charles and Carolyn. Rene later finished a teaching degree from Utah State.

Allie attended LDS Business College in SLC and completed a secretarial degree. She married Gordon Leavitt Platt in 1942. They had eight children: Lyman De, Joseph, Edward, Gene, Roberta, McKay, Gordon and Irene.

Chapter 12

ALONE AGAIN

As their children grew to maturity and began to leave home, Edward and Irene entered a new phase of their life together. Klar wrote, *"During Aunt Irene's illness, Uncle Edward had to be both mother and father to the children and it was a most difficult time for both of them. When Aunt Irene was able to assume responsibilities, their marriage improved. When they were working with the Indians I believe they really became sweethearts again."*

Allie wrote*: "Daddy had a real appreciation and love for mother. He probably did* not express *this to her as often as he should. But he has expressed it to me and told me Mother was the most patient woman he had ever known They went through many trials and hardships together and I love and admire them both for 'sticking it out; instead of going their separate ways or taking an easier route as so many do. As their family grew up and left home, they seemed to have more time to grow close to each other and enjoyed each other more and more."*

Irene's illnesses helped her develop many admirable qualities. One of her daughters-in-law described her as *"the most patient woman I ever knew. She was totally forgiving and never complained about the problems that came her way. When they were having financial problems she sold stockings and hosiery and milk to have a little extra cash."* Another daughter-in-law recalls: *"Grandma was a very giving lady. She cared about everyone and insisted on fixing a meal anytime there were visitors in town. She had lots of health problems. She suffered terribly from hay fever and sometimes had to go to Bluff in the summer to get a little relief. She had problems with her eyes. Her eyesight was never good and she had problems with sties, but I never heard her complain about it. She loved to visit and really enjoyed having company."* Allie's husband, Gordon, remembers: *"Once when we were visiting in Blanding, Allie and I had a disagreement over something and I got angry. Grandma took me aside and said, 'I have found that sharp words can lead to sorrow and disrespect. I suggest you learn to curb your anger.' It was the best advice I ever got from anyone."*

Music was important in the Lyman home. Allie wrote*: "Dad loved and appreciated music. He had a rich deep bass voice and for years sang in the "Sagebrush Quartet" with Tom Jones, Floyd Nielson and Ernest Adams. How well I remember him singing around the house or in the barnyard as he was doing his chores. "Sing Me to Seep", "Asleep in the Deep", "I Have a True and Tender Lover", and many others will always be Dad's songs to me, written especially for his beautiful bass voice. He had a lot of 'fun' songs he sang to us children and he instilled in each of us a love for good music."*

Edward was an independent man with strong opinions. Allie wrote*: "Dad had many friends. Most people he liked, but if he didn't like them, he just didn't like them* and that was that. Dad

was very independent in his actions and thinking and was happier working for himself than for others." Karl wrote*: "Uncle Edward was a man of rather strong feelings on some things and was slow to change those feelings."* Rene remembers*: "Dad was proud of his independence and tried to work for himself as much as possible. He always wanted to be his own boss. He didn't want to be beholden to anyone. I suppose it would be fair to say he was stubborn. Daddy didn't like to be coerced into anything."* Edward's independent spirit was shown in his refusal to keep a journal, something his father and other family members were famous for. In his later years, several family members tried to get him to put a history of his life together. He seemed to find some satisfaction in not leaving a written history.

Edward had a strong love for the Indian people of San Juan. He learned to speak some Ute and Navajo and was sometimes called to serve as an interpreter. When an Indian chapel was built one block west of his home he took pride in pointing it out to people as fulfillment of prophecy. Allie wrote: *"Dad was always a friend to the Indian and many times he had mother fix a meal for a visiting Indian man, woman or family. Lots of times they borrowed money from him and he would hold a piece of jewelry as security until they paid back their loan. He learned to speak quite fluently with these people and they had a great respect for him."*

Edward had a sense of humor. LaRee remembers*: "His sense of humor was different. It was subtle and pleasing and it was never offensive."* Karl wrote*: "He had a fine sense of humor. On one occasion we were at Halls Crossing on the Colorado, before Lake Powell was ever built. Since it was only men in the company and it was a hot day, Leland Redd and I decided to strip off and swim in the river. We were both in the Stake Presidency at the time. When we got way out in the river, Uncle Edward took a picture, so far away it was hard to tell who it was but in his humorous observation said: "This is the Stake Presidency exposed."*

His niece Casse, whom Irene had tended in the first days of Blanding, relates an incident that shows Edward's sense of humor. She writes about a trip to Blanding with her family. *"Shortly after we got to Blanding, Uncle Edward bet me six ears of his beautiful Indian corn against my daughter DeLell over some foolish thing, I lost the bet. I sent DeLell to Uncle Edward with this little note:*

Like Abraham of old I bring my child,
My heart is wont to burst.
She is so dear and sweet and milk,
Of the gentle sex, my first.
Though innocently I spoke the word
That lost DeLell to me,
Your pound of flesh, so I have heard,
Is yours and all agree.
Yet in my broken heart there burns
Vague hope with deep regret
And wonder that your soul may yearn
To restore my treasure yet.

And then like Abraham of old,
My heart with joy would swell
And tales of your compassion told
Would fill your heart full well.
"I signed it "Your Despicable Niece".

He sent her home with this clever answer

"Tis well you paid your honest debt,
Nor did you courage lack.
But now that you have paid
Don't think to get her back.
You write of God and Abraham
And Isaac and the ram
But my dear Niece, I'd like to know
Just who you think I am?
Nor do I see the likes of Abraham in you.
I'm afraid my dear the comparison
Will never, never do.

Just where is Isaac like the maid?
For she could never never be
The progenitor of the lost ten tribes
As he turned out you see.
If she like he were an only child,
I'd listen to your clatter,
But since your house is full of girls,
One really shouldn't matter.
Yet if you really need the maid
To make your bread and gravy,
I think it only just and fair
To give me little Davi.
Your Uncle E.P. Shilock

"Isn't that precious? Since that day I've called him Uncle Shi. He was a very special man. I loved him very much."

Irene wrote*: "In the year 1940 we went to the Hole-in-the-Rock by way of horseback with a company of around 86 people, most of them descendants of the people who came through in 1880. It was a marvelous trip and one to be remembered."* The Hole-in-the-Rock and the Lake country where his father had run his cattle was always a place of fascination for Edward. He took many jeep trips into this country and enjoyed showing people the sites where important events had taken place. One of his grandsons remembers*: "Grandpa loved to take us to the places where he camped with his father. I remember riding with him to the Hole-in-the-Rock in his jeep and having him explain gospel principles just as his father had explained them to him in that very country."*

In 1947 Edward and Irene had the opportunity to work together as missionaries to the Indian people. Irene wrote: *"In 1947 we were called to labor in the West Indian Mission. Our work was with the Indians and most of our work was here in Blanding. Our brother and Sister Albert and Gladys Lyman were also working and were teaching school out at West Water. Sisters that were in the mission here cooked dinner and Edward hauled it out to West Water where we served it to the Indian children. We had some wonderful experiences and were happy we were able to fill this mission. While on this mission our home burned down."*

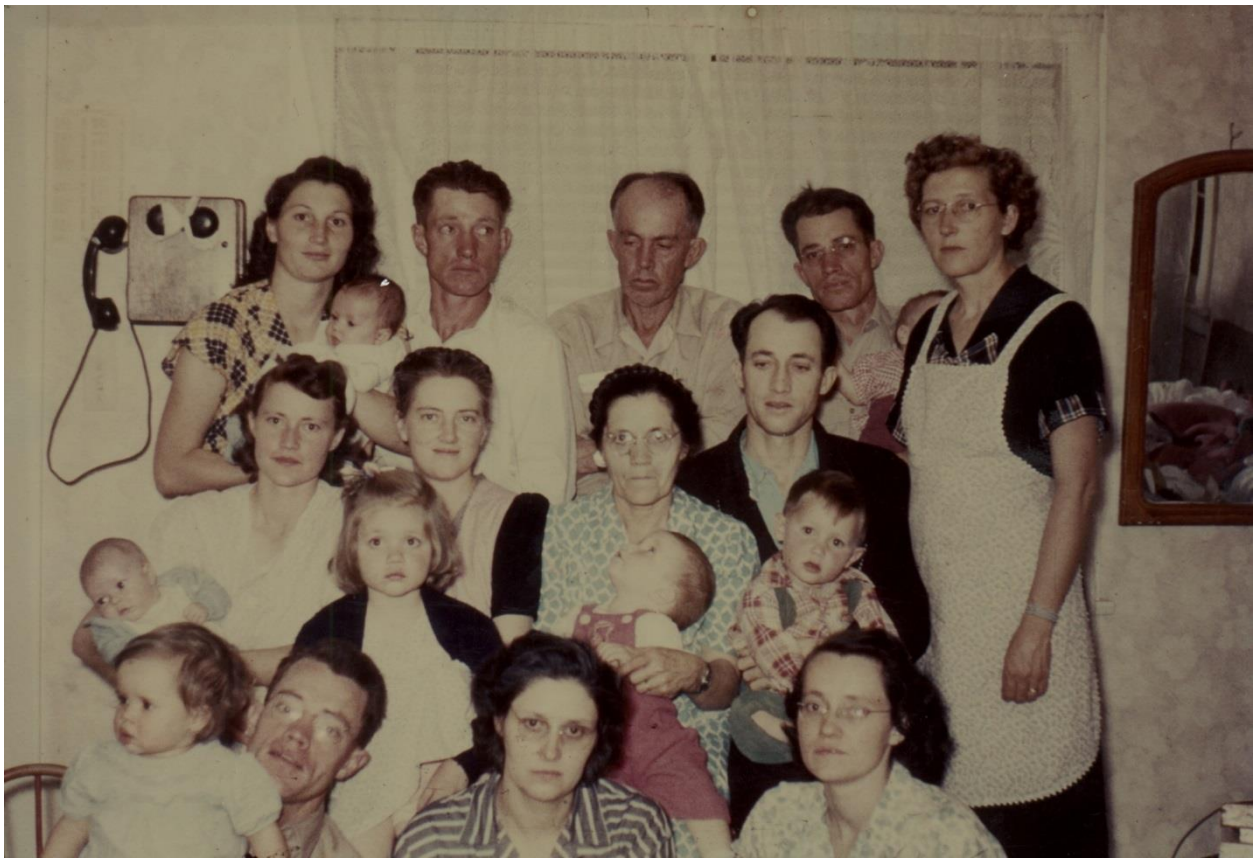
Their home burned down on a Monday morning in the spring of 1948. Rene and Irene and Edward were the only ones at home. Edward built the morning fire and they were preparing for breakfast when neighbors came running to the door to tell them their home was on fire. They were able to rescue some furniture, including the heavy piano, but the home burned to the ground. Edward purchased a small two-room home north of them that belonged to Allie and Gordon. They would spend the rest of their lives in this little home.

Edward enjoyed hunting deer. During deer season, it was common for him to plan hunting trips for out of town visitors. Allie wrote*: "In the fall of 1947 we had quite a group come to hunt deer. Dad, Almon and Kay, Gordon, Lyman De and I all went out on North Elk and set up camp. Mother kept Joe at home with her. It was a hunting trip long to be remembered, and of course, the men all hunted deer. The trip home was a very eventful one. A good snow storm hit the mountain and we couldn't get far the first night. We all stopped at Clarence Roger's cabin and slept like sardines all over the floor. But at least it was dry and warm. We all started home the next morning and the roads were slippery or muddy all the way down the mountain. We went over some pretty treacherous roads, and I for one was awfully relieved to be down off that mountain."*

In 1949, Bob, while prospecting at the base of the Henry Mountains, found a rich claim of surface uranium. Edward and Kay and DeAlton went into partnership with him and mined it with an old weapons carrier. The oar was transported to Denver. It was a high quality oar, and if the strike had been bigger, could have made them all wealthy. It turned out to be a good experience for them all to work together.

Edward and Irene lost their oldest son to the family disease of Nephrites in 1950. Allie wrote, *"In November, 1949 we were all called home because of the serious illness of our oldest brother, DeAlton. He had been sick for some time with Nephrites, and now had complications which seemed would take him from us. We all spent a few days at home, and he rallied and got somewhat better. One day he felt well enough to get up for a few minutes long enough to have his picture taken with the rest of the family, the first time we had ever had Dad and Mother and all six of us brothers and sisters.*

Almon, Bob, Edward, Kay and DeAlton, Allie, Irene and Rene



Alene, Burns?, Bob, Edward, Kay, Clessa – Rene, Velma, Irene, DeAlton, - Almon, LaRee and Allie (children are unknown at this time)

"In February, 1950 DeAlton was called from this life. This was the first death we had had in our immediate family, and of course, we were all very much saddened by it. He left a young family of five children, but the thing that made it easier for us all to take was the knowledge that he had lived a very good life and was ready for anything the Lord had in mind for him. Clessa was very brave and as always a stalwart in meeting any situation. We were so glad that his children had such a wonderful mother to raise and care for them."

As their children moved to various places, Irene and Edward had the opportunity to visit them and see places they had never seen before. Irene wrote: *"About 1954 we went to the state of Washington with our son Almon and family. We stayed there from April until fall. I came home in October and Edward stayed until about Thanksgiving time. Almon was the Bishop of Longview Ward and they were tearing down a high school they had bought for $500.00 and were going to put what lumber they could save into a church. We enjoyed visiting with Almon and family*." LaRee remembers*: "They helped us move from Longview to Kalama into an unfinished home. Grandpa helped work on the house and supervised tearing down the old school house. Grandma helped me with the children and did a lot of baking. We took them to the beach and they really enjoyed that. Grandma had no hay fever while she was here or for one year after. It was good for our children to get acquainted with their grandparents."*

Edward loved the outdoors, especially the country he remembered from his youth. Karl wrote*: "He liked a good jeep, and thought they were about the pinnacle of performance for the good of men outdoors. I remember one trip we were on which took us over the Elk Mountain. There were three jeeps in the company, and when we got on top of the mountain, there in the middle of the road, in a bog hole was a man and his family with their car badly stuck in the mud. With our chains and jeeps it took only a few minutes to pull him loose. He thanked us, and then he said: 'when you get as old as I am, you will not work as hard as you have worked to free a car from the mud.' Uncle Edward asked him how old he was, and he said, "I am sixty two years old." Uncle Edward smiled but said nothing. He was past seventy at the time. I took numerous jeep trips with him, and thoroughly enjoyed his company. I have camped with him dozens of times and always found him a most pleasant companion."*

Although Irene seldom showed much emotion, her son-in-law, Gordon, remembers a visit to Bluff with Irene, Edward, Albert, Gladys and Allie. After visiting the old home site, they drove to the cemetery on the hill north of town. While overlooking the town, Gladys and Irene began singing "The Old Log Barn". Gordon remembers the great emotion Irene showed as she looked out over the place where so many memories had been made. He remembers, *"As she sang she gave vent to the many feelings the visit had stirred in her."*

In 1957, Edward and Irene took Kay's son, Charles, and Rene's sons, Art and Brad, on a trip out to the Elk Mountain. On their way home it began to rain. When they reached Cottonwood Wash, Edward stopped at the edge of the wash to check on the depth of the water. He waded out into the stream and decided that it was too deep to cross. Just then he heard a wall of water

coming. He tried to move the pickup, but was unable because of the mud. He grabbed two of the boys and Irene grabbed the other one and they ran. They found shelter under a loading platform and spent a cold, wet night. The next morning the pickup was gone, having been washed away by the flood in the same wash where, sixty years earlier, his mother had knelt and prayed for his safety. The pickup was found a mile downstream, totally destroyed.

In 1963 Irene and Edward celebrated 50 years of married life together. The family held a reunion in their honor. Allie wrote: *"We timed it so they could also be there for Lyman's missionary farewell, and we had a big group of our family there with us. Most of the family was there except for Gordon D. who was in Brazil on a mission and Kirk, Burns and Raeleen. We had a good time together."*

Edward and Irene enjoyed watching their grandchildren grow and took every opportunity to be involved in their lives. Edward, famous for his distaste of letter writing, wrote regularly to his grandchildren serving missions. Irene enjoyed going into her children's homes when grandchildren were born and helping out until things were back to normal. In 1961 they held a family reunion in Springdale, where Gordon and Allie were running a motel. They had 53 family members in attendance. This was the kind of occasion Irene really enjoyed.

In June, 1967, they had another family reunion. This reunion, held in Blanding, ended in tragedy. Allie wrote: *"All of Mother's and Dad's children were there and quite a few of the grandchildren (51 in all). About 4 o'clock we went up to the park north of town and had our supper. The kids enjoyed games and hiking around and the rest of us enjoyed visiting with each other. About 6 p.m. Burns and Doris went to the airport to get their plane. Doris drove home with her children and Burns took the plane. He came up past the park and buzzed us to say goodbye. He went into a steep climb and his motor stalled and we saw his plane go down. Gordon, Almon and Dad and some of the rest ran to where he had crashed and Cless, Rene and I drove to town to let Bob and his girls know. We couldn't catch Doris and she got home before getting the word. Burns was barely alive when they reached him, but died within a few minutes. Burns had requested that if anything ever happened to him that his body be cremated and that a funeral not be held. We held a meeting at Kay's with just the family and tried to say a few things to console Bob and Doris and the family. It was a pretty hard experience for everyone."*

In 1967 the Lyman family had another opportunity to show their faith and training. Almon, who had suffered with the family problem of Nephrites, became seriously ill. Since the death of his brother, DeAlton, in 1950, there had been much progress made in kidney transplants. Allie received a call from his doctor in California asking her if she would be willing to donate a kidney to her brother. She agreed. She was asked to come to California for several days of tests to determine if she would be a good donor. But before going, the Lyman family held a special meeting in Manti. Allie wrote: "*We had a very spiritual day in the Manti Temple. Mother and Dad and Kay and Velma came up from Blanding and we had 9 members of Mother's family; 9 of*

Uncle Albert's family and 13 of Aunt Sade's family. The family is concerned about the kidney weakness in the family and made special petitions to our Heavenly Father in this regard"

A trip to California confirmed that Allie would be a suitable donor. She wrote: *"Had calls from many of the family who are all concerned about Almon and about my part in this. Most people were very kind but a few people thought I was doing the wrong thing by submitting to this surgery. I couldn't understand this attitude*." In December the surgery took place in Los Angeles. It was successful. Allie wrote*: "Of course, I inquired soon and often about Almon and was informed by the doctors visiting me that he was doing fine. The kidney started functioning right on the operating table and is doing really well. My other one seems to be taking over just fine. Our families had fasted Sunday and many of them on Monday, for which we are grateful. I'm sure the Lord had been very mindful of our many petitions to Him and has heard and answered our prayers. I'm so grateful for my healthy clean body that can be shared now with Almon to help him enjoy good health too. The second day I was walking around, some. Carolyn wheeled me down to Almon's room. He seemed to be feeling good and said he had slept better than he had for months. We called Blanding and both of us talked to Mother and Dad. I know it was a thrill to them to hear us both there together."*

The next month, Irene had a stroke. Allie wrote*: "On the 10th, Kay called and said that mother had had a stroke and the brought her up to Provo and on to Salt Lake that night. I went out to the car and talked to her and it really did hurt to see her suffering. They put her in the LDS Hospital. Kay came up on the 25th and took Mother and Daddy home. Mother was feeling pretty well, but the stroke had taken its toll and she had some paralysis and her memory was affected, but she was so patient and sweet through all of her trouble. I really felt that her main problem had been the worrying she did about Almon and my part in his sickness."*

Edward, in a letter, wrote*: "Mom stood the trip home very well and was comfortable. We left* her *in the hospital in Monticello. I talked with the Doctor; he said her heart is good but she has diabetes and a stone in one kidney, that her bowels are paralyzed. He thought she could come home in about a week. So Cowboy (his dog) and I are starting to plan for company."*

Allie wrote*: "Daddy took such loving care of Mother in the months she was ill before she died. She expressed her appreciation so many times for his care, and he showed his love and appreciation for her in many ways."*

The first few months of 1968 were not good ones for the Lyman family. In March, Rene had emergency surgery, and in May, Kay had a heart attack. Then, on May 24, Irene died. Allie wrote: *"Today is a day we will always remember. Kay called to say that our little Mother passed away this morning. It was quite sudden. She took sick during the night and suffered a lot. Dad and Kay administered to her. A few hours later she collapsed and went into a coma. They got her into the ambulance and started for Monticello, but she died as they were leaving town. We arrived in Blanding around 6. Daddy was so glad to see me home, as he was dreading the first night. It's hard to describe my feelings. As Daddy said, "The house is still here but not the home."*

"We went down to Aunt Dolly's about 11 a.m. where they brought Mother's body. She looked very nice in her temple robes and pretty casket. We are so thankful for her good life and that now she is at peace. The service was lovely. Almon was taken to the chapel in a wheel chair and he sat through the funeral just fine. It was a beautiful service and everything nice that was said was so true of Mother. Rene and I stayed in Blanding for a few days and took care of a lot of Mother's things and spent time with Daddy, who felt very lost without Mother." Rene remembers: "One of the hardest things I ever did was to go and leave daddy their alone. Of course, he was invited to our home but he chose to stay where he felt comfortable."

Irene's life was beautifully summarized by her niece Anne, who wrote*: "She was a woman of calmness, a woman of forgiveness. She demanded very little, but gave all she had."*

Three months later, in August, Almon died. His donated kidney had quit working and he died of a stroke. Funeral services were held in Stockton, California. Several of the family in Blanding made plans to fly to California. Edward, who had never flown, was frightened of flying. He made out his will and got ready to fly to California. At the last minute he couldn't bring himself

to get into the plane. He remained in Blanding during the funeral and helped with the burial after Almon's body was returned to Blanding.

From 1968 to 1972 Edward lived alone. He, along with his dog, Cowboy, spent many hours alone. He spent many hours studying the scriptures. Rene wrote*: "Dad loved to study the gospel. He spent many hours in his big chair. Sometimes he'd read out loud if he wanted to remember what he was studying or he'd write notes. We still find his notes in the books we have that belonged to him*." Edward often compared the Gospel to a rose. *"Each part of the gospel is like a petal on that rose,"* he'd say. *"As you study and understand a principle, another petal opens. After a while you have a beautiful rose, something very pleasing and desirable."* Allie wrote, *"He spent most of his hours reading and studying the scriptures. He had as good an understanding of the gospel as anyone I know. Any visit Gordon and I made to visit, we could be sure he was always ready and anxious to sit and have a good gospel discussion with us. He read other good books also, but never had time to read anything that was not uplifting. He loved to read anything he could about Abraham Lincoln and admired him greatly. He loved good poetry and had memorized a number of beautiful poems."*

Edward often told visitors how much he missed Irene. He built a glass display case which he placed on Irene's grave, filled with flowers. He visited with friends and ate Sunday dinners with his family. These were lonely years during which he learned to appreciate Irene even more.

Allie wrote: *"Daddy mourned greatly for Mother during the years he was alone. It was never in the vein of complaining or questioning the Lord's wisdom in taking her, but he missed her so much, after so many years together. He thought of her constantly and wanted to be with her. He felt her presence many times and said he felt sure she was allowed to be his guardian angel and was close by."*

In 1971, Rene and Art's family was chosen to represent Utah at the All American Family Pageant in Florida. Allie wrote: *"We were so proud of them and felt they should have had first place. They did very well and were on national television and were first runner up in the talent contest. They had a wonderful trip and it was a great experience for them*." Edward was very proud of them also, and stated many times there was no doubt that they should have won first place.

Karl wrote: *"The last few years of his life he was fascinated about the possibility of perpetual motion and spent long hours in trying to perfect a machine that would create perpetual motion. While he did not attain that unattainable, he did prove that he had a great mind, and could devise almost ingenious devices for giving the theory a chance to work. I think he would have been a great asset to some company that was given to inventing and using devices for the benefit of mankind. He had a good and active mind."*

In 1972 Edward began to have pains in his side. Kay took him to Salt Lake to the University Hospital. It was determined that he had cancer in the right rib and the left lung. He was given

radium treatments and then went to Allie's home in Provo. She wrote: *"For the first day or two after we brought Dad home he was able to get around a little but after that he was completely helpless. He had a lot of pain and it was really hard to see him suffer."*

In September, while Edward was at Allie's, he received word that Kay had been called to replace his brother, Albert, as Stake Patriarch in the San Juan Stake. Allie wrote*: "I know that was a thrill for Dad. He had felt that there was something special in store for Kay."*

While Edward was at Allies, he had many visitors. One of those visitors was his niece Alberta. Her husband had just died under tragic circumstances. She remembers: *"I went to Uncle Edward to talk to him. We both knew that he was dying. I asked him to give my husband a message. He was so patient and said he would do what he could. I'm sure he was in pain the entire time I was there but he showed only concern and tenderness toward me."*

At the same time Edward was being cared for by his family, his brother Albert was also being cared for by his family. Albert wrote to Edward*: "I think of your early childhood, when I was very much interested in hearing you learn to talk, and I still remember very distinctly, many words as you first pronounced them. I think of the hardships and privations through which we grew up and the trying and humiliating experiences through which we had to go. We adored our father and our mother; we saw them go through the anguish of mind and body in the closing up exercises of their program. We have no reason to think we can stand by them in equal glory unless we finish our work as they finished theirs. The end of the journey is not far distant for either one of us. Our past lives will appear on the pages of our memory and we will look back to even these days, as we look back at the days of our childhood. There is in it something more grand and majestic than I can express."*

Allie wrote*: "Daddy got weaker and weaker. Part of the time his mind was clear and part of the time he was confused. It was so hard to see him suffer. On Wednesday, October 18, just one week after his 86th birthday, he left us. His passing was peaceful. When I had the opportunity of caring for Daddy the last few months of his life, I learned even better than I had known before the sterling qualities he possessed. So patient and sweet in his suffering. So unselfish and undemanding, considerate of all of us, not wanting to be any bother or cause anyone work or concern. His thoughts were always still on gospel principles. It was not hard at all to see where he had put his priorities during his lifetime.*

"How fortunate I feel to have had him for my earthly father, to have him for my teacher here in mortality. I know he was not perfect. I know of his faults and weaknesses. But his greatness so outshone those few faults that I feel he won't have too hard a time overcoming and becoming perfected with mother at his side."

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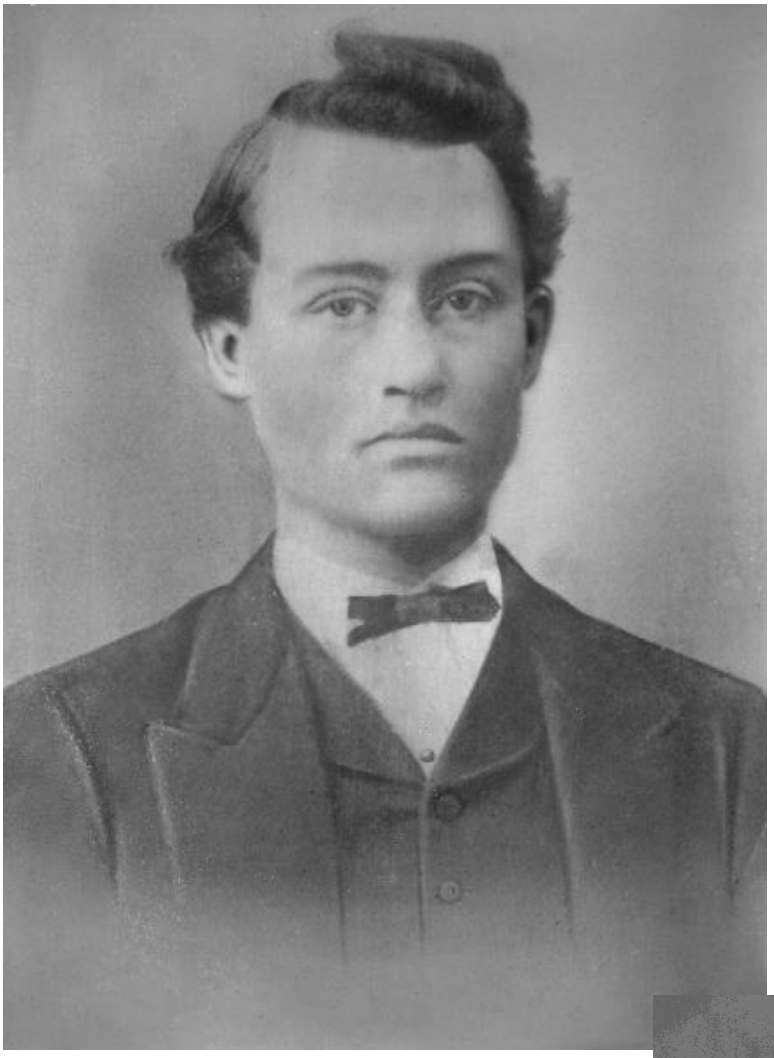
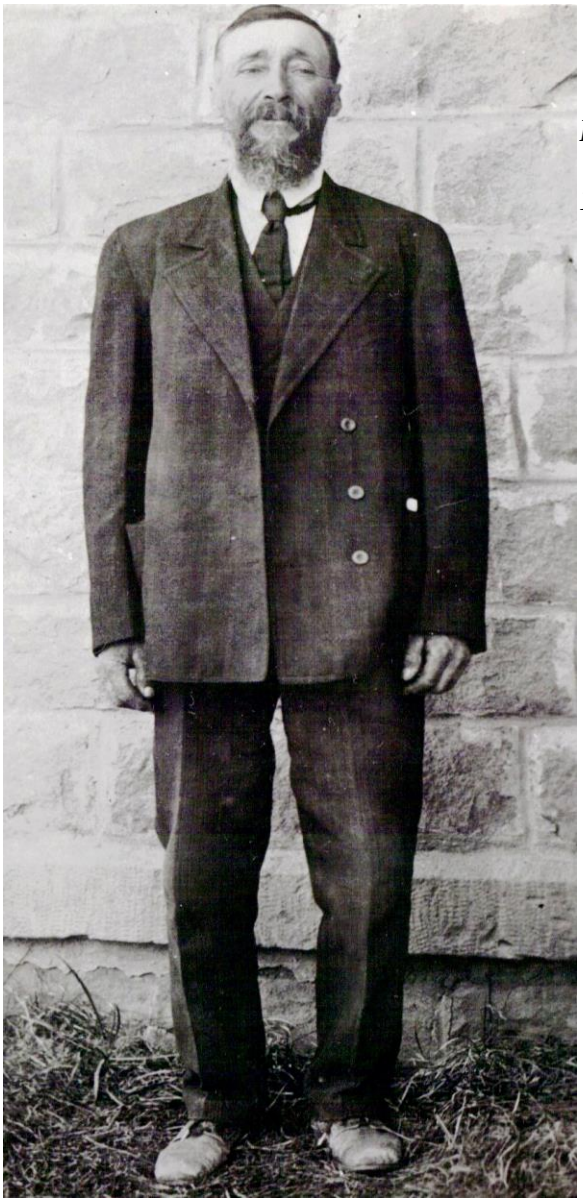


Platt de Lyman

1848-1901

Adelia Robison Lyman

1848-1909



Benjamin Perkins

1844-1926

Sarah Williams

1860-1943

Evan Williams and Mary Davies, Wales, 1869 and Tom, Edmund, Sarah, Catherine, Richard, Jane and baby Evan.