

Written for this Paper.

## IN ARIZONA AND MEXICO.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 14.

My last letter of April 20th, was written at Mesa, Arizona, at which place we held a two days' annual Sunday school conference including five largely attended meetings of parents and children, besides a Seventies' meeting, and a visit to Papago ward, four miles from Mesa, where we gave short addresses to a portion of the Pima Indians, besides singing "O my Father," by request. Sunday evening closed our labors at this place, and on Monday morning our mutual friends, Henry Rogers and C. R. Hakes, who insisted on making our short stay as interesting as possible, took us by team to Phoenix, eighteen miles, the capital of Arizona Territory, and gave us introduction to many of Arizona's officials, after which we went to see a ten acre lot beautifully laid off in shrubbery, lawns, flowers and walks, preparatory to the erection of the capitol building, shortly to be erected. We then drove four miles to the ostrich farm, where we found forty-five ostriches, weighing between two and three hundred pounds each. When their necks were erect, there was a distance of nine feet from their beak to their feet. The owner told us they could travel sixty miles an hour without apparent weariness. There was danger in approaching too near them, and a kick from them would be as dangerous or fatal as that of a horse, and when the owner himself ventured over the fence he carried a club to defend himself. Each ostrich furnishes him \$40 worth of feathers annually, besides a charge of 25 cents entrance fee from each visitor. He showed us a quantity of eggs, and expected to increase his stock of ostriches this year to 100. There was going to be a race with them the following Monday; one rider was to weigh 200 pounds. I asked him how he could manage to hold himself on. He said that would be his own lookout. This was being noised through the country and some hundreds of visitors were expected. This was a very interesting visit.

We then drove to Tempe, having traveled near forty miles—our friends had eight more to travel to their homes—and we left by train at 8:30 for Maricopa, reaching Bowie at 9 o'clock the following morning.

Here we met President Layton's stage, which had two vacant seats for us to occupy, for a ride of fifty miles. Opposite Elder George Reynolds and myself sat two distinguished gentlemen, one a Catholic priest, and the other a friend of his, and at our back another passenger, and the driver, making six in all. After traveling some distance, and waiting in vain for some one to break the monotony of silence that prevailed, I ventured to open the ball for a free interchange of thought and sentiment. I told them that we had met for the first time in our lives as strangers in that stage, and had to continue for some hours in each other's company; and unless we revealed the fact as to who we were and where we came from, we should still be strangers when we separated. I then told them my name, where I was born and when, including other leading inci-

dents of my life to the present time. I called on my esteemed colleague, George Reynolds, to follow suit which he promptly responded to, after which the young man opposite Brother Reynolds did the same, and a remarkable incident was made manifest, viz.: that the father of that young man was once a guest in the same hotel that Brother Reynolds was staying at for nearly two years. My friend opposite dotted down a good many items in his pocket book, as they fell from our lips, but he only blushed when pressed to tell us his name, etc.; he was proof, against all our entreaties, until we reached Solomonville (his destination) when we learned that his name was Zimmerman.

Soon after delivering our silent friend, we reached the headquarters of St. Joseph Stake, at Thatcher, Graham county, and the residence of President Christopher Layton, who was at home and gave us a hearty welcome. While here several preparatory meetings were held with the presidency and Stake superintendents, board of education, Seventies, etc.

At Pima, four miles distant from Thatcher, having the largest meeting house, our two days' Sunday school conference was held, to overflowing audiences. Here also we met our friend Andrew Jensen, proverbial for his industrious habit of secluding himself from intrusion while consulting historic facts of every place he visits.

After our Sunday night's Seventies' meeting at Thatcher, we bade adieu to our friends in St. Joseph Stake and traveled a few miles towards the fifty we had traveled over a few days before. We stayed at Layton, and the following day (Monday) we finished our fifty mile ride, reaching Bowie about 6 p.m. Here we stayed for the night, and on Tuesday, May 1st, we left by train at 8 a. m. and reached Deming at 12:40.

Here we found Brother Richardson, superintendent of Diaz Sunday school, with a team to take us to that place, a distance of one hundred miles. After a chat with Mr. Fewson Smith, engineer of the John W. Young railway, we left at 3:30. Forty miles from Deming we reach the Mexican custom house, in which are five or six clerks, none of whom can speak English; but our driver being a good Spanish scholar we managed to pass their scrutiny without any delay.

During our one hundred mile travel by team into Mexican territory we camped out twice. There was nothing particularly surprising or interesting in the surrounding country except that that the roads for the most part are remarkably good. For many miles we traveled on the John W. Young railroad track, it being solid and level, though in many places it is considerably demoralized by washouts. To avoid the monotony of slow travel, my esteemed companion, George Reynolds, of inventive genius notoriety, hit upon the following suggestion: that I act as proxy and sing one verse of each song from my book, and not until I had sung about fifty could I be honorably released. Our mode of travel was to go slow, bait often, camp late, and start soon after daybreak. Our team was sure footed, and needed only the kind attention of an excellent driver to reach the end of our hundred mile ride.

At 1 o'clock we reached Diaz and

were made welcome at the house of Brother W. D. Johnson, father of Bishop Johnson. At 2 o'clock we held a Seventies' meeting, and at 5 o'clock a meeting of the parents and children.

After a good night's rest we bade adieu to our friends, Friday, May 4, at 6:30 a. m.; we entered another carriage with a fresh team, sent from Juarez on purpose to take us the balance of the journey, Elder Joseph Bentley late of St. George, being our welcomed driver. After twelve hours' travel we arrived at Dublin. Winslow Farr is Bishop, and under his hospitable roof we ate, slept and rested, about fifty-five miles from Diaz.

Saturday, 5th—Up at 5, started at 6:30 and reached Juarez at 11 a. m.; had a good wash and dinner at our old friend Stowell's late of Ogden, but as President George Teasdale had been expecting us to share his hospitality, we repaired to his house, and under his quiet roof enjoyed three good nights' rest. At 8 o'clock, we attended a Primary meeting; Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, held five Sunday School conference meetings, one Seventies' meeting and a social impromptu meeting composed of the leading brethren and sisters, also the choir, at which vocal and instrumental music and short addresses made a very pleasing and enjoyable entertainment.

Tuesday, May 8, at 7 o'clock a. m. we left Juarez on our homeward journey. Reaching Dublin (13 miles) the funeral service of Sister Call, who died two days previous, was about to be held, and we each spoke on the occasion, after which we resumed our travel and arrived at Deming on Friday, May 12, at 12:30, just in time to reach the train for Colorado Springs, where we arrived on Saturday afternoon, and had to remain until Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at which time we started homewards, arriving in Salt Lake City, Monday, May 14th.

Four weeks ago last Friday night, we left our homes for the purpose of holding annual Sunday School conferences in Maricopa, St. Joseph and Mexico. We have held at least thirty meetings, and traveled about four thousand miles, five hundred of them by team. We have met with a host of friends, whose recollection of us dated from 20 to 40 years ago, and the majority of them as Sunday School children now parents and grandparents. Owing to the minute description of country and settlements recently published by Elder Andrew Jensen, no mention is made of them in this communication.

The interest manifested by both parents and children and leading authorities in every place we have visited, affords a very pleasing indication that these annual conferences will be highly beneficial to the institution we were sent to represent.

With gratitude and thankfulness to God our Heavenly Father for preserving our lives, limbs and health from injury, and many thanks to the legion of friends who have so generously ministered to our comfort, this communication closes with an earnest desire and prayer that our feeble efforts may be crowned with the blessing of God, to His honor, and the good of the rising generation of Zion.

GEORGE GODDARD.