

"I helped to raise the United States flag on Euine (Ensign) peak. I feel to rejoice at having the privilege of seeing the flag raised that was spoken of by Isaiah the prophet. Hoping to participate on the day of jubilee with comrades and friends." After 50 years the memory that dominated his mind was a little incident which enabled him to show his love for his country's flag.

Here is the record of a woman: "I drove an ox team about half the way. Waded streams and helped kill snakes." One can almost feel the fatigue and the lurking danger, which was the lot of that brave woman, for weeks and weeks.

Here is a report of how they practiced surgery on the plains:

"I had my thy badly broken. Was set by Luke Johnson."

This is more pathetic than a whole essay on famine, and was written by a woman who was only 15 years old when she crossed the plains:

"The first dress I had after coming here was made from flour sacks colored with melon leaves."

True to the ruling passion of her sex, the good old soul retained as the most vivid memory of the strenuous days, the kind of dress she was obliged to wear, and in this there is a delicate humor intermingled with the pathos.

One sturdy heart but trembling hand inscribed the following:

"I have been in all the Indian wars that there has been in Utah and I have always been a minute man."

What a proud record that is. To be ready at any moment to spring to the defense of friends and home, and yet the lives, unconsciously perhaps, have a deeper meaning even than that.

In that remarkable band were men who could make adobies or violins with equal skill, as is testified to here:

"I helped to make the first dobles (abobe) for the first fort. I also made a violin in 1847."

Here is a sentence that is enough to set one's stomach to gnawing, and bring to his mind's eye the long, gaunt form of famine:

"I suffered many privations and lived on thistle roots and sego lilies for six months."

It is doubtful that the monarch who ate grass with the cattle had any harder time of it than that.

Some of these men were trusted servants of Uncle Sam as one of them records:

"I was one of the first three to carry the United States mail to the Missouri river."

How, like a patriarch of invincible faith, does this sound, written by one over 80 years old:

"To fear God, live righteously and walk humbly is the whole duty of man."

One of the most prominent of the pioneers, who was loved for his courage, industry and patience, wrote the one line, eloquent in its brevity:

"A very hard journey."

A hard journey for such as he would be an impossible journey for thousands.

How pathetic it is to read in an almost illegible hand:

"My memory is very bad and my eyesight is almost gone."

It is on a parallel with this:

"I can hardly see the life above me."

And this:

"I should like to attend the jubilee, but I am too feeble."

It brings to mind the words of Prentiss:

"Remorseless time, fierce spirit of the glass and scythe, what power can stay him in his silent course or move his iron heart to pity? He lays his pallid hand on the strong man, and the haughty form is fallen and the flashing eye is dim."

It must have been a naturally poetic nature that could retain in the memory for 50 years so pretty a picture with which it had associated the great beasts of the plains, as is indicated in the following curiously spelled words:

"I can't remember much about the planes but I know that we had a Hard time in Gittin' here to Salt Lake. I can remember how seeing Grate Hurds of Buffalo they looked like Grate Big reader trees on the Hills Glad too the vally lived on roots for a long time. Had know shoes for three years and winter if I was young I would take Part in your ox teams."

If the imagination wants a theme from which to draw pictures of pitiful suffering and the woes that attend the wandering of family ties, here it is from the pen of one of the heroines:

"I was in all the missionary meetings in my youth. My mother died in consequence of the hardships. My father was in the Crooked River battle when David Patton was shot."

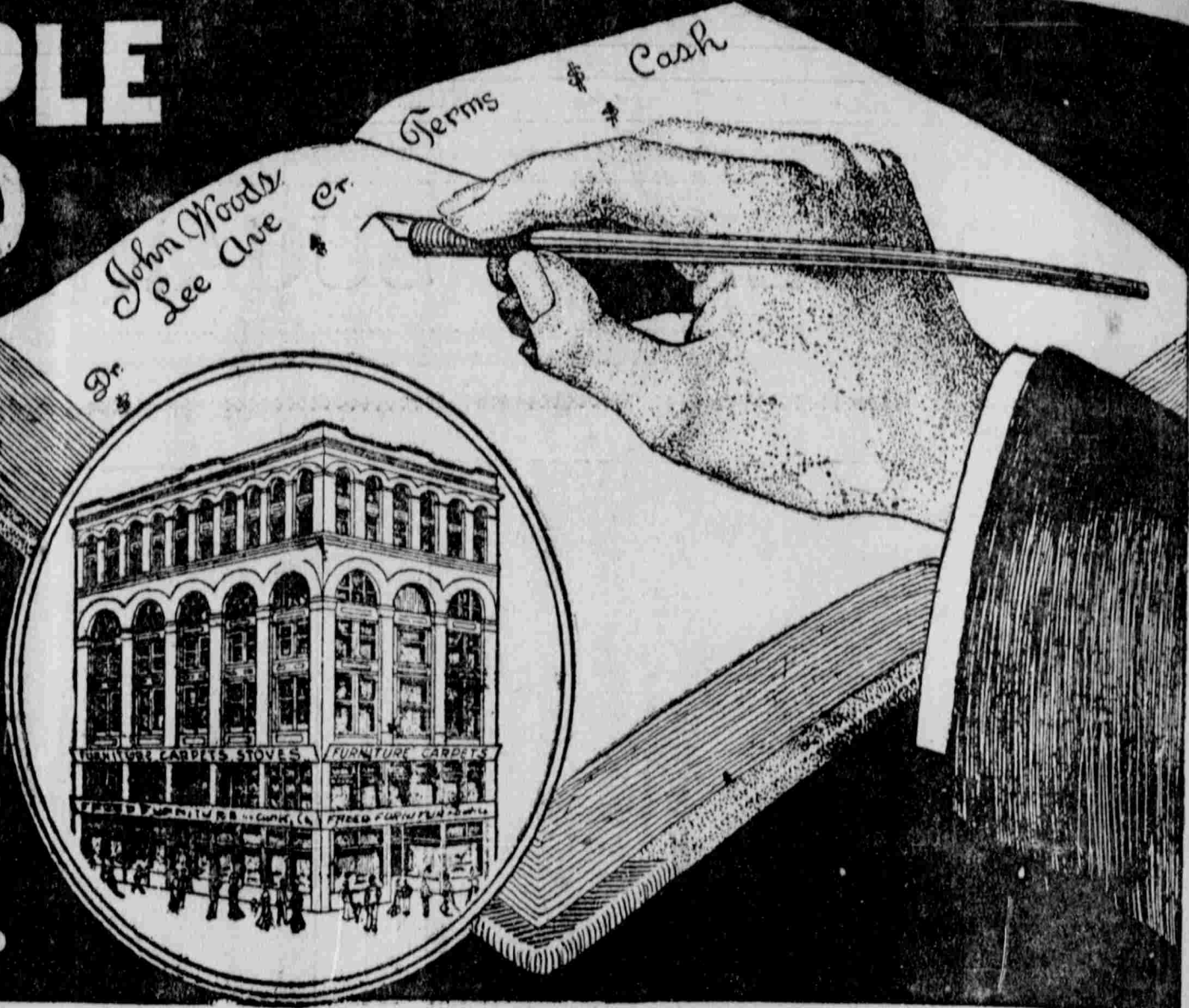
And thus from one broken line to another their story is felt rather than read. It tells of joy and sorrow, hope and despair, poverty and riches, health and disease, life and death in fine it will tell runs the gamut of human experience. The young and unthinking may smile as they try to read those old lines, some of which were written without any reference to grammar or spelling, but to the thoughtful they will appeal strongly in the grave and solemn spirit that lies at their foundation. Those aged hands had worn out their strength in shaping the course of rivers, not in writing essays. They were made to construct bridges and mills, not sentences. In bearing off the duty of life there are two signal rules for man to play. Either the making or the writing of history. These men stand pre-eminent as the makers of history. If their sons write it equally as well, the deeds of both will be given to immortality.

At the time of the jubilee there were living, of the original band of 143, who entered the valley on July 24 the following named: Wilford Woodruff, Joseph E. Smith, George W. Cannon, George W. Brown, Isaac Perry Decker, Lorenzo Sebeski Young, Stephen H. Goddard, Charles Shumway, Andrew Shumway, William P. Vance, William C. A. Smith, Benjamin F. Devery, Oso Eastman, Horace Thornton, Stephen Kelsey, James W. Stewart, Levi N. Kendall, Thomas P. Cloward, Aaron E. Farr, Conrad Klemman, Hensen Walker, Charles A. Harper, George Woodward, John W. Norton, Lyman Curtis, John S. Gleason, Norman Taylor, Green Flake, a faithful colored servant of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Since 1847 the ranks of this little band have been thinned out still more. One by one they are succumbing to the ravages of the years until now there are less than a dozen. Levi N. Kendall was the last one to cross the mystic plains to join his comrades on the other side. For long they will all be over there while on this side there will remain as long as time endures the monuments of their industry and vision, and their posterity down to the next generation will cherish these two columns, with their plain records that proclaim the fact that those men were so busy writing a portion of the world's history on the face of mother earth to trifling with mere words on sheets of paper.

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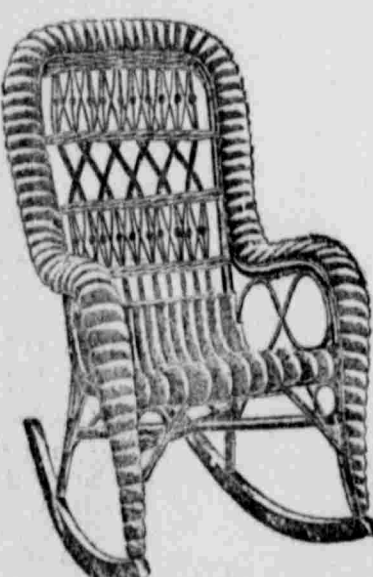


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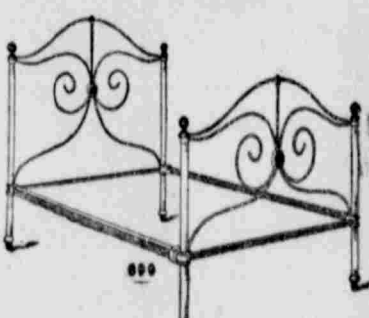
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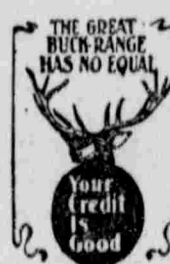
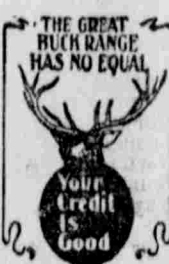


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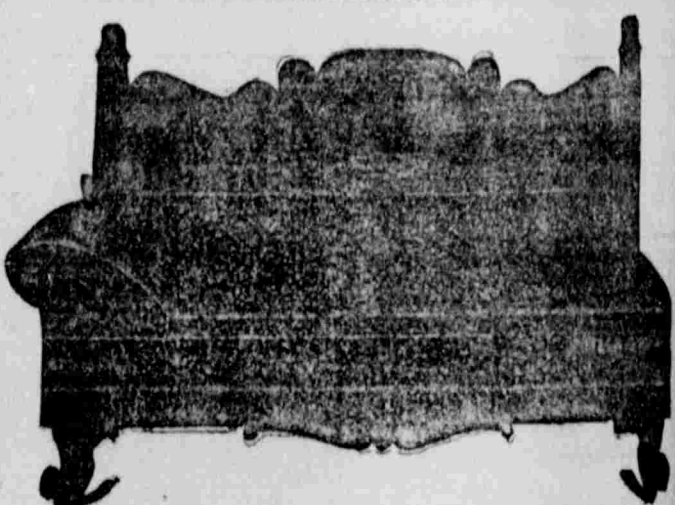
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