

The Andrus Recorder

Vol. XVIII No. 1

Annual Dues: \$6.00 per family

May 1982

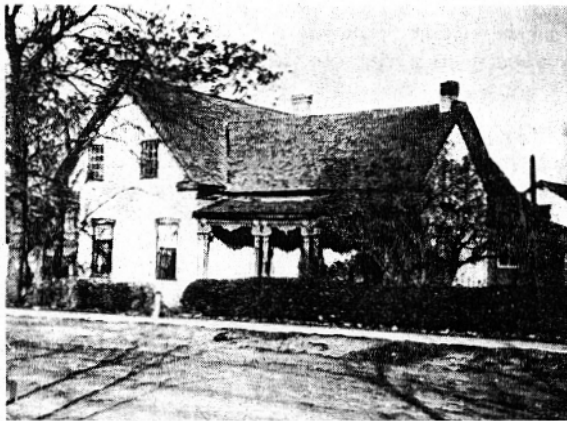
(Send to Sharon Long, Rte 1, Box 77, Shelley, Id. 83273)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

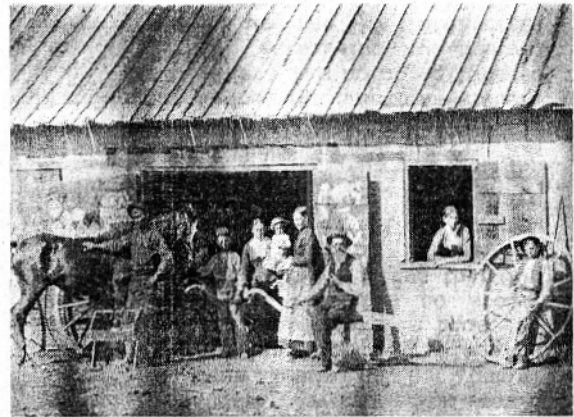
Dear Andruses,

The Milo andrus Family Reunion is scheduled for June 18 and 19 at the Milo Church, about 8 miles east of Idaho Falls. A map showing how to get to Milo from Idaho Falls is on the last page of this Recorder. A schedule of Reunion activities is as follows:

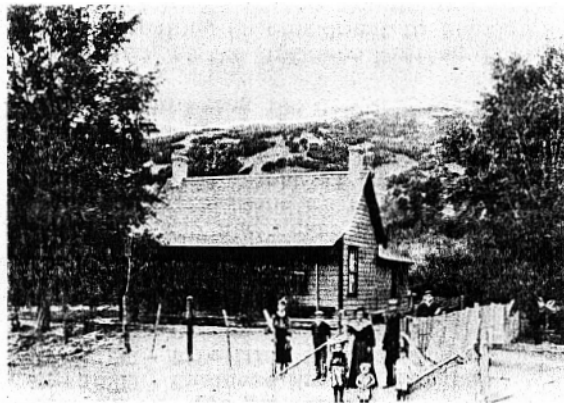
Friday Evening (June 18) Fun time, especially for the kids. Games; a wiener roast; and, for those who like to camp out, bring your sleeping bags. Weather permitting, there are excellent campgrounds nearby.



ROBERT McKELL FAMILY HOME
Spanish Fork, Utah



ROBERT McKELL BLACKSMITH SHOP
L. to R., William, Joseph, Ellen,
Francis, Robert, Elizabeth, Emma & John



WILLIAM B. McKELL FAMILY HOME
Diamond Fork, Utah



WILLIAM & ESMARELDA ANDRUS McKELL
(About 1911) Back: Lucy, William E.,
R. Dewey. Middle: William B., Milo,
Leah, Vernon, Eldon, Esmarelda.
Front: Vera (child).

Saturday Morning (June 19)

5:00 Temple Session--Idaho Falls
Saturday
9:00 Registration--Milo Church
(\$6 per family)
10:00 Business Meeting--Chapel
11:30 Wife-line Meetings
12:30 Dinner (\$5 per family)
2:00 Program

Anyone from Utah and Salt Lake Valleys who might care to charter a bus and come to Idaho as a group, please call La Verne Diehl at 277-1453. The cost for two days would be about \$17 per person, but 40 passengers would be needed to swing the deal.

Also, at the Business Meeting during the Reunion, an amendment to Section 2 of article VI of the Constitution will be proposed. Section 2 currently reads, "Wife-line Families shall be encouraged to hold reunions on odd numbered years." The proposed amendment reads, "Families within the Milo Andrus Family Organization shall be encouraged to hold reunions on odd numbered years."

Finally, Dean Andrus, who is helping Hyrum gather family histories, has requested that those who come to the Reunion bring with them a copy of their family history and, if possible, a Family Portrait Sheet, all filled out. If you do not plan to come to the Reunion, you might send this material to Dean at 4312 Parkway Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held April 3 in Salt Lake, Hyrum indicated that documented material which he is working on in relation to Milo and his children will be available for purchase in the near future. In this connection, Hyrum needs you to send him a copy of the documented material which is supposed to go to Salt Lake as a part of the Four Generation Program.

The Reunion this year is being organized under the supervision of the Jane Munday Wife-line Organization. Don Andrus is in charge. His address is Route #2, 540 West, Kim Dr., Brigham City, Utah, 84302.

See you at the Reunion. Have a pleasant trip.

Sincerely

Alyn B. Andrus

MILO ANDRUS FAMILY EXECUTIVE AND BOARD MEETING

Executive Meeting began at 1:00 P.M., April 3, 1982, with Board of Directors meeting following at 2:00 P.M. President Alyn B. Andrus conducting. Those in attendance were:

Alyn B. Andrus Jane Munday Wife-Line
Dean Andrus Mary Ann Webster
Wife-Line
Hyrum L. Andrus Jane Munday Wife-Line
Geniece A. Smith Jane Munday Wife-Line
LaVerne A. Diehl Sarah Ann Miles
Wife-Line
Leone A. Mousley Sarah Ann Miles
Wife-Line
William Mc Kell Lucy Loomis Tuttle
Wife-Line
Afton Jolley Margaret Ann Boyce
Wife-Line
Berwyn Andrus Adeline Alexander
Wife-Line
Don Andrus Jane Munday Wife-Line
Thomas E. Andrus Jane Munday Wife-Line
Opening Prayer: Berwyn Andrus

Alyn welcomed all in attendance and turned the time over to Thomas E. Andrus for a report of the grave sites of Milo and Wives. He cannot find any record as to Emma Covert's burial place. He has been to Salina, Utah and visited both cemetery's there. He could not find anything on Emma Covert. Tom would appreciate some leads on her burial place. Sarah Ann Brooks is close to Milo's grave. Ann Brooks is close to Milo's grave, but there is no stone; Sarah Ann Miles is buried less than 100 yards from Milo's grave. There are three vacant plots by Milo's grave. There are also two plots which have bodies, but the cemetery has no record of the name of those buried there. Tom asked permission to put in headstones for Sherman Andrus and Sherman's sister, Sarah Jane. There was no objections to Tom doing this. Permission was granted to go ahead and use the \$136.73 which is the Jane Munday Wife-Line head stone money. Hyrum suggested that Tom call Mrs. Elva Goff to check out more information on the burial location of Emma Covert. Afton says an account has been started on the Boyce-Line for a new head stone. Tom said he would be happy to give some money to the Boyce wife-line for the purpose of a new head stone when the family really gets serious about it and is ready to put it in. Tan asked permission to be excused because of another engagement.

Hyrum informed the group that the Milo Andrus family was the 5th largest family in the Church.

Alyn suggested that Tom make a complete report on graves and head stones and send to Hyrum to be published in the RECORDER.

Alyn gave the financial report. It is as follows:

In checking	\$4,046.00
In savings	1,165.44
Total	5,211.44

Less Jane Munday's Head Stone 136.73
Less Boyce Line Head Stone 50.00
5,024.71

Alyn noted there is enough to send out THE RECORDER.

The time was turned to Hyrum to report on Research, Special Projects, and the Recorder. Hyrum noted that the Organization has done well money wise with the publishing and selling of the Milo History. He says that in addition to the above expenses we now owe \$1,920.96 on the special project of authenticating the data on the Milo Andrus wives and children. When the project is finished it will authenticate and cover at least three generations, and possibly four.

Another project is the New England Andrus families, from 1600 down to 1800. Hyrum feels this record would be essential and necessary even though it is costly. Hyrum says we are still hung up on the Lucy Lumis Tuttle Line, as far as having information to publish in the Recorder.

Hyrum would like to get a copy of an old St. Louis Missouri minute book which was mentioned in one of the December issues of the Church News. Some of the information in it would be vital and important information to the Andrus Family inasmuch as this was the period of time which Milo served there as Stake President.

Alyn noted that a notice needs to be sent out immediately concerning the upcoming reunion in June. Alyn will get a letter ready this week. Afton volunteered to run them off and mail them out if LaVerne will get her the addresses. Don Andrus from the Jane Munday Wife Line is in charge of the Reunion. Activities for children are planned during program time. The cost of the Lunch will be \$5.00 per family. Homes will be available for people to stay in, if any wish to do so.

LaVerne has looked into the cost of a chartered bus service for the Utah Valley people, if there are enough interested in going by bus rather than driving. Doris Gherr called Alyn from Cedar City about coming to the Reunion. She was concerned as to the care of children while adults are in the Friday night Temple Session. This was discussed among those in attendance, and there may be some revisions to plans as they now stand.

Alyn proposed an amendment to the constitution:

Article VI Reunion

Section 2 Now Reads:

Wife-Line Families shall be encouraged to hold Reunions on odd numbered years.

Will be amended to read:
Families within the Milo Andrus Family Organization shall be encouraged to hold Reunions on odd numbered years. Afton Jolley then made a proposal that we present this amendment change to the family members at the Reunion in June. Hyrum Andrus seconded the motion. It was voted on and passed.

Alyn made notation that this June Reunion is election year of a new president and stated that we must come up with 3 names other than Dean Andrus who is the Vice President at the present time. These names will be presented to the Milo Andrus Family as suggestions for the next President and Vice President. Hyrum Andrus nominated Don Andrus. The nomination was seconded and passed. Alyn Andrus nominated Beth Anderson for Vice President. The nomination was seconded and passed. Hyrum Andrus nominated Bill McKell. The nomination was seconded and passed. Alyn thanked Dean for his home and the meeting was adjourned.

Closing prayer: William McKell

DEATH OF CHARLES H. ANDRUS

Charles H. Andrus, grandson of Milo and Margaret Boyce Andrus and one of the most faithful attenders of family gatherings, died of natural causes, December 28, 1981, at the age of 81. He was born at Ora, Idaho, son of Hyrum and Virginia Garner Andrus, and lived his early life in Shelley, until he moved with his family to Elba, in 1918. Charles filled a mission for the LDS Church in Massachusetts. Married to Mildred Peabody Stone, of Boston, on June 1, 1926, in the Salt Lake Temple, the new couple moved to Jerome, Idaho in January, 1928, where he farmed and later operated the A & L Grocery, and also the Andrus Hardware Store. He was active in church and civic duties. He served as the Bishop of the Jerome Second Ward from 1943 until 1950; and as Jerome County Commissioner and as President of the Lion's Club for two terms. Charles is fondly remembered for his devotion to the Andrus family and for his friendly and congenial disposition. We extend our love and sympathy to the members of his family.

WILLIAM B. MCKELL PROGENITORS
(Taken from The History and Posterity of Robert and Elizabeth Boyack McKell, ed.)

Scottish Ancestry

The ancestry of the McKell-McKail family goes back into early Scottish history. Genealogical research has already established definite connections as far back as Thomas McKail, born about 1680, but we hope to some day press the search still further.

It is our considered opinion that the McKells may have a possible and perhaps a very real though collateral connection with Hugh McKail, one of Scotland's first religious martyrs.

Religious warfare is always the most bitter of all wars and the conflict in Scotland was no exception; its history makes but sorry reading but some of the details may be pertinent to our ancestral background history.

Apparently the Presbyterian faith was rather generally subscribed to in Scotland but England attempted both political and religious domination for a long time. At one period the local ministers were ejected from their parishes and soldiers were employed to enforce the prescribed Episcopalian formalities of worship and belief. Heavy fines were imposed for failure to conform but even worse treatment faced those Presbyterians who held to their faith. The most devout were known as Covenanters because of the Covenant to which they subscribed.

We have heard that the McKell family was a part of the Cameron Clan but this may have been because the more staunch and irreconcilable of the Covenanters were sometimes known as Cameronians. Hugh McKell, sometimes spelled McKail, was one of those Covenanters; he was born about 1640. We find that "he studied with a view to become a minister of the church at the University of Edinburgh, under the care of his uncle, one of the ministers of that city. In 1661, he was licensed to preach, being then in his twenty-first year." In September, 1662, he preached a sermon which, by implication, reflected on some of the ruling officials. They sought him out, but he escaped and "went to his father's house in the parish of Liberton. Soon afterward he took refuge in Holland where he remained four years." He returned to Scotland in 1666 but again became involved with the Covenanters and paid with his life. His martyrdom was the outgrowth of an incident in which two Covenanters were so bold as to question some soldiers abusing an old man unable to pay his church fines. The soldiers took it as a challenge and an argument and scuffle resulted in one of them getting hurt. This occurred at Dairy on November 28, 1666, and the results grew to such

serious proportions that it became known as the Rising of Pentland Hills. Although it was an unprepared and unpremeditated thing, the fears or the cunning of the prelates made it appear as part of an extensive conspiracy. The natives grouped together for their own protection and about 900 of them were finally involved when 3,000 troops led by Thomas Dalziel, a name of horror to Presbyterian Scotland, engaged the supposed rebels at Rullion Green seven miles south of Edinburgh. Most of the heroic natives gained the hills under cover of darkness but about one hundred were taken prisoners. It is said that fifty others, more fortunate, lay stark and still, each in his pool of frozen blood upon the snow.

The prisoners had surrendered on promise of quarter but that mattered nothing. The local administrative Archbishop, Sharp, was enraged and determined to have revenge. The severities which followed form one of the blackest chapters in Scottish national history. Many of the prisoners were given only the formality of a trial and all were hanged or beheaded.

Hugh McKail was subjected to torture of the boot on December 4th but gave them little satisfaction. He was finally brought before the court of Justiciary on December 12th, 13th, and 18th and sentenced to have his head and his right arm cut off at the Market Cross of Edinburgh on December 22nd, 1666. Various writers have referred to his martyrdom and we have selected several which are quite descriptive. Brown's History of Scotland has this to say on the subject:

"It was professedly the conviction of the Privy Council that the Pentland Rising was the result of a deliberate conspiracy to overthrow the Government; and they selected two victims whom they believed to be among its prime movers. One of these victims, Hugh McKail, holds a high place in the Martyrdom of Scotland. He was a youth of attractive appearance, of high attainments, and a born apostle. He underwent the torture with rapturous courage, and when he stood on the scaffold there was not a dry eye in the crowd."

Terry refers to the matter briefly in his History of Scotland:

"The torture of the 'Boot' applied; one of the victims, Hugh McKail 'died in a rapture of joy' uttering a valediction long remembered."

Another author, Lang, says:

"The use of torture to extract information was a return to a

practice of Scottish law which has been in abeyance since 1638 except, of course, in the case of witches."

Williams, in the Historian's History of the World adds a little to the gruesome picture.

"Many were put to the torture" but "the court at length sent an order to put an end to the sanguinary proceedings; but Sharp and Burnett, Archbishops, withheld the document until they had numbered Mc Kail (M'Kail), a young preacher of great reputation among the Covenanters, with their victims. Mc Kail was put to the torture; the instrument employed was the boot, which was of iron, and was made to crush the leg by means of wedges. The prisoner sustained the barbarous pressure until the bone was broken."

The Encyclopedia Britannica, 9th Edition, makes this reference to the subject:

"The executions which followed, and especially that of Hugh M'Kail, a young and enthusiastic preacher, sank deep into the spirit of the people. He was the first martyr of the Covenant as Wishart had been of the Reformation."

Anderson concludes his extensive mention of Hugh McKail's martyrdom with his tribute:

"Such was the fate of Hugh Mc Kail; who was only twenty six years old at the time of his death, "one of the brightest, purest, and most sanctified spirits," says Hetherington, "that ever animated a human form; a victim of prelatic tyranny."

Hugh McKail's dying words are fully recorded along with other Scottish worthies in a rather rare volume at the Chicago Public Library which we have read but did not take time to fully copy.

Mackenzie, however, gives us the closing words as well as other details which may be of interest in describing him as a man.

"The other prisoner who suffered the torture of the boots, and dragged his mangled limb to the gallows was a young man of twenty-six, beautiful to look upon, and of rarer intellectual face.

"He had been with the Pentland insurgents for a few days in the exercise of his calling, but had

left them when he found that he could not endure the exposure and hardship of the field. Sharp presided at the torture of M'Kail. They questioned him as to the cause and design of the Pentland insurrection. He told them that it began in the accidental way which the reader knows. They tortured him until they were weary, but he had no more to tell. When he was brought out to die, there was scarce a dry cheek among the multitude who filled the street and looked out of the windows at the Cross of Edinburg. Standing under the gibbet-beam, he addressed the people. "The peace that kept his soul shone in his beautiful face, and made its beauty seem holy. His closing words were: 'and now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to thee, O God. And now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relation; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon and stars! Welcome, God and Father; Welcome sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of grace and God of all consolation) Welcome glory, welcome eternal life, WELCOME DEATH! In consequence of the deep impression made on the people by the dying words of M'Kail, the practice was adopted at future executions of beating drums to drown the voices of the sufferers."

We agree with Macaulay, the historian, that "In perseverance, in self command, in forethought, in all the qualities which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed.

We have not as yet found enough time for all the genealogical research necessary to determine our exact relationship to Hugh McKail but we feel certain that there may be a connection. The Records of the Proceedings of the Judiciary Court show three different spellings of his name and we think it almost prophetic that in the last reference when he was sentenced to have his head and his right arm cut off he was referred to as "Hugh McKell."

With this sort of tradition and background in Scotland, if not in the immediate family, it is not surprising that Grandfather Robert Mc Kell and Grandmother Elizabeth Boyack would have the courage of their religious convictions when they, two hundred years later, learned of the restored gospel as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and came to Utah.

When one reads Grandfathers own story of his conversion to Mormonism and the sacrifices involved for his religion, one cannot but be impressed that he too was a man of faith and courage.

Autobiography of Robert McKell to 1850 (Taken from The History and Posterity of Robert and Elizabeth Boyack McKell)

"Our children, since they have grown up, have asked their mother and me many times where we came from and what we were in the old country. I thought I would write a few items in the history of my life as far back as I can remember. I cannot give it in full, children, but will tell you a little of what your mother and I have passed through.

"My father, John McKell, and mother, Jabobina Wilson, were born in Ayrshire, Scotland, the year I do not know. They reared a large family of eleven children. I was the youngest. My father was a farmer in Ayrshire. He left, going to Glasgow, thinking to better his conditions. He started in the business of cow feeding, that is, the buying and fattening of cows, milking and selling the products. This adventure did not succeed, and I expect he died a poor man, as my brother told me.

"I was born on the 23rd of February, 1823. [February 11, 1824] My mother died when I was eight years and six months old. My father followed her six months after and I was left an orphan at nine years of age. I was then taken by one and then another of my brothers and sisters to stay with. An uncle of mine, David Mc Kail, in Ayrshire, sent for me. He sent me to school. I stayed with him about a year when my brother James took me away. I was put to work at one thing and then another. My brother John had started making and bottling soda water. He being the first to do anything of this kind in Glasgow, along with a brother of my mother by the name of James Wilson. They continued in this business for quite a length of time. I washed the bottles and took the soda water, along with another man, from one town to another for sale. I do not know how long I was engaged in this work.

"Then my brother James took me to a place called Sterling. I carried the mail between Sterling and Halender, sixteen miles each way, making thirty two miles every day, Sunday included. I got very tired of this job but my brother gave me a rest by going himself on Sunday. I stayed at this about a year and then he put me to work at blacksmithing in the shop along with himself. Trade got very dull so my brother went to a place called Edin-

burg, the capital of Scotland. He got work there and sent for me. We worked there about a year and then went to Dundee. He got a job in a coach builder's establishment in Birack Street. Here they bound me an apprentice for six and one-half years to learn the blacksmith trade and to get eighteen pence, that is 36 cents a week the first year and a raise each year of 24 cents per week, until my time was served. This would give me on my last year \$1.80 per week or seven shillings and six pence in English money. We worked together in this shop for four years. Trade got dull and my brother went to London. I could not go with him now, being a bound apprentice. When he left, my wages at that time was \$1.08 per week, or in English money four shillings and six pence. I had to do the best I could under the circumstances. My lodging cost me about all I made. My boss was very kind to me, allowing me to work for myself at meal hours, making things which I sold. This helped me out

a great deal. I worked away at my trade doing the best I could until my time was out. I then went to another place and got 20 shillings per week.

"I was now getting along well, saving a little money. I stayed with a young man and his wife by the name of Moncur. Mr. Moncur and I did the same work in the building of coaches and carriages. He was a sickly man and died, leaving a wife, Helen Whytock, daughter of John Whytock and one child. After his death I left their house and went to another lodging. I went to see the widow once in a while; she was about three years older than I was. My age then was about

eighteen and a half years. An attachment sprung up between us. We thought of marrying and did so about thirteen months after her husband's death. I was about twenty and she twenty-three. This was in 1842. [January 26, 1846].

"I worked a little while at black smithing. She, being a good dressmaker, had saved up a little money, as well as myself, so we thought of starting up a little store. Things prospered with us. We commenced the grocery line until I put out my sign, "Robert McKell, Tea and Coffee Merchant." We carried on a bakery attached to the store, hiring six men to do the baking of bread, pies and pastry.

"A circumstance occurring during this business venture I must relate why I changed my name. My name was Robert Me Kail and the young men in a jovial way used to call me in the Scotch way, Caul Kail, Caul Kail. So I thought I would change my name to McKell. This was before I was married. So I was married under that name, my wife not knowing anything about it. I have regretted it since I have come to this country. I will realize my error when being bap-

tized for the dead. I cannot help it now. My children have all been born under that name and they are on the church records. If I do not have the privilege of doing all this work before I die, I hope my children will see to it and understand that the ancestral name is Mc Kail.

"As I was saying above, we had hired help. Amongst them we had a servant girl by the name of MacFarlane. She was a Latter-day Saint and used to drop tracts in on the dining room floor so I could pick them up and read them. I did once in a while but oftener would light my pipe with them. At this time I did not care about religion but my wife was quite the opposite. What made me so careless, the minister of the church that we went to used to come to our house very often and have tea parties. His elders would come sometimes with him and would want to drink and carouse around. We very often would take him home drunk. All religion with the minister seemed to me a moneymaking affair. They did not associate with me for the sake of my soul salvation but for what money I could donate to their cause. As I was saying above, the girl dropped tracts, my wife read them and advised me to be more serious. What convinced me that there was something to Mormonism was when she gave me Spencer's Letters to read. From that time on I used to go and hear the Mormons preach until I was thoroughly convinced that if there was a God in Heaven and that if the Bible was true, that they were the people of God. I was in this state of mind for three or four weeks but I could not rest. My wife was worse than I. The elders used to come to our house and talk about Mormonism. One Sabbath evening directly after an elder Atkin was preaching, and so convincing was he in his remarks that after the meeting was over we applied for baptism and it was attended to that evening. This was in August, 1848.

"My business at this time was in a very prosperous condition but after becoming a Mormon, it began to decline and I was obliged to curtail a little in my expenses. _

"Soon after I was baptized, I was ordained a Teacher and Clerk of the Branch and a little while after to the office of a Priest. I was sent out to districts surrounding the city to attend to the preaching in the mornings and evenings on the Sabbath day. I was very timid to begin with, more especially as I was so well acquainted. Some would say, 'Oh, that is the West Port grocer,' with some gear or slur. In a short while I got bolder knowing that the work I was engaged in_ was the work of the Lord.

"A circumstance occurred at this time

I thi I will mention. In our travels around, I used to talk a great deal to a partner of mine, Mr. Gardner, about the Saints being polygamists, quoting to him the scriptures about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob having more than one wife and that they were men according to God's own heart. I did not preach this publicly, only to him, thinking he would see the same as I did. He took it, as I thought, alright, but after awhile he quit going out to preach with me, saying that if this doctrine of polygamy was going to be practiced in the church, he wanted nothing to do with it. A council was called and he was asked what was the matter that he wasn't doing his duty. He then told them that I had been preaching to him the doctrine of polygamy and that I said it would be practiced throughout the church and that if that was the case, he wanted no more to do with it. The question was asked of me if I had done so; I said that I had, and thoroughly believed it would be in time. A discussion followed; after ward one made a motion that I be cut off the Church for preaching false doctrine. It was seconded and put before the council and I was cut off. After they got through with their business I asked the President if he would be so kind as to baptize me for the remission of my sins that I might become a member of the Church. The matter was talked over and Mr. Gardner was advised to go with me and renew his covenants, which was done that evening. I was baptized and confirmed at the waters edge with the priesthood I held before. Coming home with the President, he asked me what I thought about polygamy now. I told him it was the truth. He said, 'Hush, I know it too, but it is not yet time to rpeach it but it will be before long', and that in cutting me off was only a policy to save others."

"I continued in business doing the best I could, but trade had fallen off since I had become a Mormon. It was rather uphill business. The spirit of gathering came upon us and we decided to bring our business to a close and emigrate with the first company that was to start in January, 1850. I was quite a long time in doing this, my time being taken up with my business and also in preaching and traveling around. But we had made up our minds to leave for Zion. I advertised my property for sale about the month of December, 1849, so I could pay all my debts and' see how we stood with regards to this worlds means. My household effects were sold to the highest bidder to a great disadvantage. The store business was sold to a man whose name I have forgotten; however, we disagreed only in one small item and that was the recipe for the making of an article called soda scones. It was a small thing but I had made money at it and would not give him the recipe for same except he paid me

well for it. Our bargain was nearly broken up when I gave in to him with him paying twenty-five pounds for the recipe. I had wanted fifty but I saw I could do no better and gave it up. Since I have come to America, now about 34 years, I have heard by the Elders who have been at that place that the man I sold out to has retired from business, independent. His son now occupies the same place, carrying on the business as I left it. After everything was sold out, I had in the neighborhood of one thousand and five hundred dollars and left for the Branch to collect about three or four hundred dollars that I had trusted out to the Saints but left word not to oppress them. Before I started out I paid into the Temple fund fifty dollars. The night before we left, the Saints had a social party where we all gathered together; we had a good time I assure you.

"We left on the first day of January, 1850, with the Robertson family. We journeyed along through Perth and on to Glasgow. William Robertson and I left them there. They were to go by rail and we to go by steamer as we could be in Liverpool before them to secure places for their comfort. We stayed in Liverpool four or five days. We sailed on the old ship Argo on the 10th of January. There were on board five hundred saints bound for Zion.

"it seemed from the start we were going to have stormy weather. We were nearly nine weeks in crossing the deep which we ought to have crossed in half that time. At one time near the Island of Cuba we were nearly wrecked. One night about 10 o'clock when quite a number of the cabin passengers were on deck and the captain was spinning his yarns, thinking all was going right, a flash of lightning as bright as day showed to those on deck the land and breakers within three or four miles. In an instant the captain ordered all hands below; the sailors were ordered to their posts and they worked with a will. By daylight we sailed clear of the rocks. In a few days more we landed at the mouth of the Mississippi river, where we had a busy time in fishing up buckets of fresh water. In crossing the mighty deep we buried twelve or thirteen of our brethren and sisters. Tug steamers came down the Mississippi to look for vessels that wanted to be tugged up to New Orleans. One came along and took us in tow. We got along for sometime until we came to a place I think they call the barr. The old ship Argo went aground and all the steaming and tugging she could do had no effect. There we stuck and had to wait until the tide came in. When it came in, we got off the barr amidst the cheering of all hands.

"As we went up the Mississippi a most dismal scene met our eyes. You could see the fishermen's houses built on piles, the same as those driven down for the building of bridges. There were four piles driven down into the soft mud and water and then their houses of logs were built upon them. The Negroes would come along in their boats to trade with us. They had eggs, oranges, chickens and many things which we were very glad to get. As we neared New Orleans we could see splendid buildings, plantations and orange groves. They were busy plowing and working in the fields and gardens. It seemed like summer. What a contrast! When we left Scotland, everything was winter and now everything was in blossom.

"We arrived at New Orleans. The ship was fastened by her moorings and then we were allowed to go ashore, which we had not done for over two months. I remember it was on Sunday. We went into the town and bought a few things for the folks on board. When we got to the market they were busy selling the Negroes by auction to the highest bidder. We stayed in New Orleans a few days. The officers in charge of the company chartered a steamer to take us up the river."

History of Robert McKell
after 1850 (Taken from The History and
Posterity of Robert and Elizabeth Boyack
McKell)

Grandfather apparently continued his journey up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers from New Orleans to Council Bluffs and located at what was then known as Carterville, Iowa, in April, 1850. Many of the Saints stopped along the way in this area in order to secure the means and the supplies and equipment for the long trek across the plains. We have been told that he farmed there for about two years.

According to the Millennial Star 14:325, the First Presidency of the Church in 1851 addressed the Saints as follows:

"Let all who can procure a loaf of bread or one garment on their back be assured there is water plenty and pure by the way and doubt no longer, but come next year to the place of gathering, even in flocks, as doves fly to the windows before a storm."

This earnest call had the desired effect on Grandfather and others and it is said that the year 1852 witnessed such a stream of Mormon emigrants crossing the plains and mountains to Utah as had never been seen before. The Pottawattomie lands were vacated and the church there discontinued.

We find that Grandfather left Council Bluffs, Iowa, on June 5th, 1852, with the 5th Company of Immigrants headed by John Tidwell, Captain. Official records indicate that there were 32 wagons and 340 souls divided into companies of ten after the group was organized at Kanawha, Iowa. We think it both interesting and significant that the Company very obviously traveled by ox team since the records show there were only 10 horses among the entire group. It is quite likely that the 31 sheep they started out with could keep up with the plodding oxen.

In attempting to supplement and verify our data, we have spent as much time as was possible in searching many of the files in the Church Historian's office. The Shipping Records there verify that Grandfather came to the United States, as he said, on the ship *Argo*, leaving Liverpool January 10th, 1850 with 402 souls on board and arriving at New Orleans March 8, 1850. The entry concerning Grandfather's party lists them as follows: "Robert McKell, smith, 26; Ellen Whytock, 31; David Adamson, miller, 24; Robert Moncur McKell, 11." His last address was given as "14 West Port, Dundee" which explains why he was referred to earlier as "the West Port grocer."

The list of Companies crossing the plains refers to Grandfather only as "H. McKell." Since he often signed his name as R. McKell, it is likely that the "R" was incorrectly copied into the Journal History of the Church as "H."

Family tradition seemed to be that Grandfather brought only his wife, Helen Whytock Moncur McKell and her son, Robert Moncur, with him from Scotland. However, the official Journal History of the Church, Dec. 31, 1852, page 27, shows that there were four in his party; it, unfortunately, does not list them by name. In addition to the 4 cows, a wagon and a team of four oxen it is quite possible that Grandfather also brought along the David Adamson previously mentioned on the Shipping List. Microfilmed church records of the Dundee Branch show that David Adamson was born in Forfarshire 1825; he was the son of James and Margery Adamson; his father was a miller and a farmer by trade. There were 10 in the family and all were listed as members of the Church. David was baptized in Dundee by Hugh Findlay on January 9, 1849." Apparently Grandfather understood because he brought David along when they left for America two weeks later and it may have been that he brought the young man all the way to Utah.

The Company traveled up the north side of the Platte River as far as Ft. Laramie. Here they ferried over the river and went on in a northwesterly

direction for about a hundred miles; they crossed again and went up the Sweetwater to the South Pass over the Continental Divide. From there the trail crossed the Greenriver to Fort Bridger and thence over the old Donner Trail to Salt Lake City and the Zion they had been striving for.

After a little more than three months on the trail, their plodding oxen brought them into Salt Lake valley on September 15, 1852. One can well imagine their joy and their relief to be in Zion at last and it is likely that they rested, got acquainted and sought further council as to a permanent settlement. They apparently chose or were directed to Palmyra, in Utah County, which, incidentally, was named after the town of the same name so prominent in the early history of the church in New York.

In the Daughters of Utah Pioneers' book, *Memories That Live*, page 379, Robert McKell and his wife Helen and her son Robert Moncur are listed among those who lived in the Palmyra settlement during the year 1852 so they must have hurried on in order to get settled that fall.

Even though Grandfather is not credited with being among the original, first settlers here, he was certainly an early one because the Church Historian tells us that: "The Townsite of Palmyra was surveyed in July, 1852, and on which the first house was built in the following August."

Isaac Brockbank, Jr., one of the first settlers, tells in his diary a little about his early location:

"During the fall of 1852 a great many settlers came on the townsite and soon there were great numbers of cellars dug and occupied. During that winter the town was nearly all underground, though a few persons put up log rooms. In the Spring of 1853 we had to wait until the grass was good before we could commence to do any farm work. The ground was all unbroken and most of it required good double teams to work it. During the winter the land around the townsite had been surveyed and was distributed among the settlers by ballot, so that all had an equal chance of getting a piece of land close to the town and some at a distance, but all appeared to be satisfied with this way of dealing

President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and other brethren from Salt Lake City visited Palmyra in the early spring of 1853 while on a tour through out the territory.

George A. Smith tells us a little more about the settlement in an item in the Deseret News of March 5, 1953:

"The settlements have greatly increased with the fall's migration. Palmyra, one of the most beautiful city sites in the Territory, now contains one hundred families and from the increased amount of rich farming land which surrounds it, and the Spanish Fork affording abundant water for machinery and irrigation, and the energy of early settlers in developing its resources, its facilities for timber, added to the beauty of its position being in plain sight of nearly all the settlements in Utah Valley, bids fair to become one of the most considerable cities of the saints."

We are sure that Grandfather and Helen went right to work building a shelter, clearing some land and assisting in community enterprises.

Grandfather was a veteran of the Indian wars which began with the Walker War in July, 1853 at Springville when, according to the diary of a contemporary, Isaac Brockbank, Jr., "a Bro. Kelly had whipped an Indian who had come to his house and committed some trifling offense. The result was that the whole of the Indians throughout the Territory were aroused. They commenced shooting at our people whenever they had the opportunity and driving off their cattle that were on the ranges adjacent to the settlements. Then the excitement among our people commenced. Meetings were called, rules established, companies organized and a military spirit infused into the people. Drilling and the use of firearms was the order of the day. The people came together and formed temporary residences in the line of a square, leaving a space inside for stock yards, etc. The houses were all built to face the inside with portholes through the back walls so that in case of attack by the Indians, they could be repulsed from the inside. Prior to our getting these walls put up, all the able bodied men and good sized boys were mustered into service to do military duty and take their turn in standing guard to protect the people from being shot from marauding Indians. It was a time of hardship among those who were able to work, especially among the men; some were engaged in making the Spanish wall, others in making adobe for houses to be built on the line of the square to be enclosed, others attending the crops and then standing guard at night. During this time, many of the people were short of supplies for food. Most of the people were poor and had not yet raised any crops. They depended on the

crop already in the ground acid to raise that they had to subject themselves to military discipline, carrying arms and going in squads so that it was with great difficulty that any farm work was done. There was no money to buy any provisions with and we had to depend very much on each other and so we found a good liberal spirit manifested among those who had a small supply of extra provisions to share with others. In this way, we succeeded very well and we harvested a fair crop of grain that season."

As the settlers moved on up the valley, they built a fort in Spanish Fork as protection against the Indians; it was known originally as Fort St. Luke when completed in the Fall of 1854 but soon became known as Spanish Fork because a Spanish exploration party under Father Escalante had passed through there in 1776.

Grandfather likely took an active part in all this as well as in the Blackhawk war in 1865-67, but unfortunately, left us no personal account of these or other experiences as a pioneer in Palmyra, Goshen and Spanish Fork.

These were troubled times and Grandfather had his faith and his courage repeatedly tested. The summer of 1855 saw in Utah Valley a grasshopper plague that was worse than the historic crickets of 1848 when the Pioneers of Salt Lake Valley were so miraculously and dramatically saved by the seagulls. Elisha Warner, in his History of Spanish Fork, described it this way:

"Everything green was devoured by them and the whole valley appeared as though scorched by fire. Not only at Palmyra but throughout the Territory, the grasshoppers destroyed the crops and famine stared the settlers in the face. In consequence of the ravages of the grasshoppers, the winter of 1855-56 furnish some of the darkest pages in the history of Spanish Fork and Palmyra, but the consideration and brotherly love the people manifested toward each other make the pages seem bright in retrospect. Following the council of Brigham Young, the settlers who had flour, potatoes or other eatables shared them with those who had none, and many put their families on half rations to perform this generous duty. The people lived largely on fish, and in the early spring of 1856, on lambs-quarter, or pigweed."

After leaving a successful grocery and bakery business in Scotland, with a nice home and hired servants, we imagine that these conditions would have been a

real test of faith and character. But Grandfather went through all this--and more.

If one is content with mere dates and statistics, the record simply reads that Grandfather's first wife, Helen McKell, died February 5, 1856. We are inclined to wonder, however, if privation and even malnutrition might not have been at least partly responsible; we wonder, too, how Helen really felt about Grandfather's plans for an additional wife. As a youngster, I once heard someone say that poor Helen died of a broken heart at the prospect of having to share her husband with another woman. We do not pretend to know; but the McKells missed being a polygamous family by only four days time. We assume that Grandfather's marriage to Elizabeth was planned quite some time in advance of February 9th since we have been told that they went ahead with the marriage in spite of Helen's death on February 5th.

Certainly Grandfather, like many others, believed sincerely in plural marriage. You will recall his own account of a brief excommunication in 1848 for preaching it in Scotland; perhaps he was a little ahead of his time. We think, however, that he must have got some satisfaction out of learning when he arrived in Utah that he could not only talk openly about it but practice it as well.

The so-called revelation on plural marriage was apparently received in July, 1843 and, while it was practiced by Joseph Smith and some other leaders of the Church, it was not openly admitted as a tenant of the gospel until 1852. The historian, Orson F. Whitney, tells us that Orson Pratt preached the first authorized discourse on it during a Conference of the Saints in the Old Tabernacle on August 29, just two weeks before Grandfather arrived there. The Church has presumably always respected the laws of the land but when the Saints came to Utah where Mormon law was paramount for a time, they lived up to their principles of plural marriage to the fullest extent until 1890 when President Wilford Woodruff issued the Manifesto on the subject.

But as indicated, the death of Grandfather's first wife prevented him from actually entering into polygamy. Helen Whytock Moncur McKell was buried in the old cemetery on the brow of the bench land near the Vincent farm in the River bottoms south and east of Spanish Fork. That burial ground was, however, abandoned and in recent years the broken headstone to her grave was brought to the Robert McKell family plot in the present Spanish Fork City cemetery.

HISTORICAL NOTE ON ROBERT McKELL
(By his daughter, Emma Jane Brockbank)

In April 1850, he located at Carterville, Pottawattamie Co., Iowa, where he farmed for about two years. Anxious to be with the body of the church they came to Salt Lake in 1852. Feeling he could do better in Palmyra he came there. In the year 1856 his wife Helen died. Just previous to her death he was to marry Elizabeth Boyack who crossed the plains in the Milo Andrus Company. They arrived in Salt Lake October 24, 1855. The marriage date had been set so on Feb. 9, 1856, they were married. The pioneers had to furnish their own amusement so a home dramatic company was organized in Palmyra. Father has often expressed himself as to the enjoyment of his participating in the dramatic circle. Soon after his second marriage, Palmyra was vacated and they moved to Spanish Fork. They settled on the corner where the Oran Lewis store is now. Robert W. McKell, their first child was born in a dugout on that corner. After their second son Henry J. was born, they moved to Goshen where they stayed for two years. They came back to Spanish Fork in the intense cold weather of 1859 in a covered wagon. They went to Grandma Boyack's. On New Year's day 1860 Mother gave birth to triplets, three girls. Two died in infancy, the other lived and was married to Wm. B. Hughes. Father and Mother bought the lot on which the old home now stands and built a one room adobe house. The family consisted of six boys and seven girls. Father built his blacksmith shop on the same lot and continued his blacksmithing until the time of his death.

He never cared much for wealth. He used to say, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." When a missionary went on a mission, he never charged the family anything for the blacksmithing work while he was gone. He was president of the East Bench Irrigation Company and was one of the board of directors of the Spanish Fork Co-op for several years. hawk Wars. He helped forge the

cannon used in Spanish Fork. Father had very good health. He said he wanted to die at the anvil. His wish almost came true because he was ill only one week when he passed away on the 8th day of June 1903 in his 81st year. His motto was, "Look forward and not backward." His funeral was largely attended. All the speakers eulogized the excellent character of Father as a Latter-day Saint of irreproachable character.

History of Elizabeth Boyack (Taken from The History and Posterity of Elizabeth Boyack McKell)

Elizabeth Boyack, the girl who was to become our Grandmother, came to Utah with her father and mother, James and

Elizabeth Mealmaker boyack, and her eight brothers and sisters in 1855. She was born April 15, 1838, at Mains, Farfarshire, now Angus County, Scotland but she was an attractive young lady of 17 when she arrived in Utah.

The Boyacks are shown merely as "James Boyack, wife and 9 children" among the members of the 3rd Co. of the P.E. Fund Emigration as listed in the Deseret News of October 17, 1855 on file in the Church Historian's Office. This company of Saints crossed the plains under the leadership of Milo Andrus, Captain, as he was on his way back to Utah after serving as the first President of the St. Louis Stake. They left Mormon Grove, near Atchison, Kansas on August 4, 1855, as the third company sent by the Perpetual Emigration Fund which was established to assist those needing help in making the long trek to Utah, with the provision that they reimburse the Fund as soon as they were settled and able.

in some historical reports, we read that "the Milo Andrus Company arrived in Salt Lake City October 24, 1855 and were the last of all the companies of emigrating Saints which came to the Valley that season." When we learned that this was the second trip to Utah for Captain Andrus, we rather imagined that his previous experience and knowledge would be used to good advantage; our belief seems to have been justified because even though his company may have been the last in starting that season, he overtook some of the others and arrived in Utah 5 days ahead of some companies which had an earlier start. This is verified by an item under "Arrivals" in the Deseret News, October 31, 1855, which states: "Capt. Charles A. Harper arrived on the 29th with the P. E. Fund Co. which closes the family immigration for the season."

An earlier issue of the Deseret News October 17, 1855, apparently had some advance information on the immigrants brought in by a man who had faster and more adequate transportation. David Wilkin reported at a meeting in the Bowery that of several companies "the Milo Andrus Company took the lead" and that:

While they were at the 5th crossing of the Sweetwater, October 4, snow had fallen during the night so that it lay 3 inches deep and it snowed quite hard through that day but since, the weather has been warm and pleasant. Grass is good and plenty between here and Fort Bridger and if teams are taken back all the companies can arrive before inclement weather and much stock can be saved that may otherwise be lost."

We get some little idea of the courage of these Pioneer forebears and some specific references to the hardships and dangers they faced in this same issue of the Deseret News. In a quoted letter dated October 12, Geo. W. Boyd reported:

"That 2 men had just come from Br. Andrus in quest of animals to assist them, for his company was at Greenriver and unable to roll. Br. Andrus also wrote to Mr. Boyd that many of the men, women, and children were almost barefoot and very destitute of clothing."

Indian attacks and thievery were common enough at that time according to 1855 news items. One note on the editorial page of the October 31st issue of the Deseret News would have been almost humorous if it had not been so serious.

"No mail from the East since Sept. 5. When will it come again? Don't know? What is the matter? It is said that a few Indians are somewhere between here and Missouri."

Perhaps Grandmother was too busy or too tired to keep a diary or journal of her experiences; certainly she would have had better excuses than most of us give for not keeping a record but it is unfortunate she did not leave us a few word pictures of such an experience as her trip to Utah.

The years have brought a remarkable change; your compiler has had the pleasure of flying over practically the same route that the Pioneers took but I had dinner in New York City the same day I left here, it wasn't even time for breakfast when we passed over Council Bluffs but of course, we took a few short cuts and did not have to stop for the oxen to graze or to deal with Indians. A large Airliner will clock off more miles per minute than the Pioneers made in a hard day's travel but even Grandmother Boyack and her party made quite a little better time in crossing the plains than Grandfather had done three years earlier; even so, it took them 80 long, hard days before they entered Salt Lake Valley on October 24, 1855.

The Boyack family settled in Spanish Fork that fall under circumstances which were likely quite disheartening. We imagine that the Valley hardly looked much like the 'promised land' they had dreamed of as Zion, after the grasshoppers got through with it that summer. Leland H. Creer, in his book, The Founding of an Empire, page 341, quotes a letter from Geo A. Smith written June 20, 1855 to a Mormon Church publication

at that time as saying:

"About two-thirds of the grain in Utah County is destroyed and a large black bug is devouring the potatoes. All the farms south of this city, Salt Lake, are nearly a desert. This is a dark picture but I regret to say it is not overdrawn."

Brigham Young and his Counselors, through the Deseret News, February 13, 1856, began some lengthy advice on conserving, producing and sharing food supplies rather grimly."

"To the Saints throughout the Territory of Utah, Brethren:

"The scanty supply of food for the sustenance of the people, until the coming harvest, is a matter that is beginning to be pretty thoroughly understood and by many rather uncomfortably realized."

The faith and courage of our fore bears must have been strong to have felt good about leaving their comfortable homes in Scotland for this desolation and privation. And their faith included a firm belief in the revelation of the Prophet Joseph Smith concerning plural marriage as now recorded in the 132nd Sec. of the Doctrine and Covenants.

History of Robert and Elizabeth McKell After 1856 (Taken from The History and Posterity of Robert and Elizabeth Boyack

McKell)

One can only speculate on how or when Grandfather met the young Elizabeth or on their planning for the future but at least an arrangement was made and on February 9, 1856 set for their marriage in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City. In spite of the first wife, Helen, passing just 4 days before that eventful day, they were realistic enough to go ahead because Grandfather needed her now more than ever.

If the winter of 1855-56 was as has been described, we marvel at their fortitude. We can't imagine that they had much of a wedding feast with food as scarce as it was but after Helen's funeral they probably didn't celebrate much anyway. What a week that must have been! It was nearly a two day's trip from Palmyra to the cemetery and probably took twice that long to get to the Endowment House in the big city for their marriage.

And no sooner did they get back from getting married than they were forced to give up what little Grandfather had by then built up as a home in Palmyra. In February, 1856, the very month all this

vised that the settlement of Palmyra be abandoned and that they all join in with the people of Spanish Fork, a few miles farther up the valley.

In describing the settlers of Spanish Fork, Elisha Warner's history of the city says:

"Scotland gave us the Robert sons, the Fergusons, the McKells, the Boyacks, the Hutchisons, the Moneys and others prominent in the building up of the community."

But Spanish Fork was merely in process of getting started when Grandfather took his young bride and located there in 1856. We understand that they settled on the corner which later became known as the Oran Lewis Store corner which the City Drug now occupies at 1st North on Main Street. This is quite likely since the Boyack home was on the opposite corner of the block and they may have owned the entire block at that time. We are told too, that their first child, Robert W., was born November 16, 1856 in a "dug-out" on that corner. In order that those of the younger generation might be able to visualize what kind of a home that was, we would like to quote Geo. A. Hicks, one of the early pioneers on the subject.

"The dug-outs were places dug in the ground, usually four or five feet deep, with steps leading down into the room from one end, and a roof usually made of willows and mud. The dug-outs were quite warm and comfortable during the winter, there being a fireplace in the end opposite the entrance. They were generally without windows, so in order to get light, the door must be left open, or the open fire depended upon for illumination. Some of the settlers were able to provide candles." (Warner, page 37-38-History of Spanish Fork.)

It is said that these dugouts were so commonly used as homes in the early days of Spanish Fork that the settlement was sometimes in derision called "Gopher Town."

In the brief history of Grandfather, previously referred to, we read the somewhat colorless statement that "after their second son, Henry J., was born, they moved to Goshen where they stayed two years." That is very true but we think it hardly does justice to the real significance of the change or the circumstances. Uncle Henry was born May 25, 1858, but there was something else quite important in the lives of the settlers happening at that very same time. We surmise that their move to Goshen was part of the mass migration of the Saints which became known as "The Move," the

exodus of the people southward when Johnston's Army threatened Utah because of a supposed rebellion and other erroneous charges. We know, of course, that in this, the fifth mass exodus of the Church, many Saints felt safe by the time they got as far as Spanish Fork but many of them went farther on for fear that the 2500 soldiers, armed and equipped for war, would repeat the atrocities previously suffered in Missouri and Illinois.

We are told that during April and May 1858, thousands of the settlers moved South where they encamped pending decision by their leaders of the final course to be adopted. The Saints gave some resistance but attempted to prevent open hostilities. All the settlements to the North were abandoned and the colonists were determined that if the Army came in hostile manner, 'they would find nothing, no people, no houses, no trees, no grass--as desolate as when the Mormons had found it in 1847.' Men were left in the vacated cities who were to cut down every tree and set fire to every house and barn if the Army made a warlike move. Fortunately, Johnston's Army passed through Salt Lake City peaceably on June 26 and took up quarters at Camp Floyd in Cedar Valley on July 5th. The very next morning Brigham Young advised the Saints that they could now return to their homes.

Grandfather McKell, however, apparently decided to stay in Goshen but from the descriptions of the early settlement we can understand why he later changed his mind. This was Grandfather's third attempt in Utah to establish a home but it was doomed to failure at that location; there was no drinking water, except from ice stored in pits and covered with grass and rushes. The soil was also very poor in that first of three locations which the town of Goshen has known. It was originally settled in 1857 but the first vital colonization came when the Saints moved South to get away from the United States Army sent here by President James Buchanan. The settlers there first located and built a small fort on Salt Creek, about two and one-half miles northwest of where Goshen is presently situated. We are told that the area was so damp and unhealthy that the inhabitants named the place Sodom but it may have gotten the name from the fact that most of the dwellings were built out of sod. When they decided in 1859 to move to a new townsite, known later as Sand town, about a mile east of present Goshen, Grandfather gave it up and headed back for Spanish Fork.

Again we surmise, but we believe the return to Spanish Fork might have been influenced a little by the fact that Grandmother was expecting an addition to the family and she wanted to be with

or at least near her mother; that would not be unusual even today but in 1859 there were no hospitals and even Doctors were very scarce. Even if the Goshen experience had been pleasant and profitable, I think one could sympathize with Grandmother in wanting to get back to Spanish Fork in time for the expected birth. She was only 21 years old at that time and she already had two small youngsters of her own to look after and possibly at times, the orphaned Bobbie Moncur, as well. Anyway, they loaded their few belongings into a covered wagon and came back to Spanish Fork during the intensely cold winter of 1859.

Perhaps even Grandmother's expectations were exceeded when she gave birth to triplets, all of them girls, on New Years Day, 1860. Elizabeth Ann, however, died February 10, and little Mary joined her on March 15th of that same year. The third of the trio, Louisa survived those early hardships and lived to have a lovely family of her own.

We are not certain but rather believe that Grandfather must have settled on the corner of first East and 3rd North at about that time. Here, finally, he was able to build a house and stay long enough to enjoy it. We are told that it began humbly enough as a small adobe one room affair but eventually was enlarged to an adequate and comfortable home as measured by the standards of the time.

It was here that the other eight children first saw the light of day. Aunt Ellen arrived February 26, 1864. The next two were girls: Aunt Emma Jane was born March 4, 1866 and Margaret Ann, better known as Aunt Maud, was born April 19, 1868, and is still quite active today.

David A. started life on March 8, 1870 and his brother, John Edward, on February 25, 1873. John, however, died at 23 years of age in 1896 without having married so leaves no posterity of his own. Joseph G. is still with us and has been since April 27, 1875. The youngest daughter, Lucy May, the last of the family was born May 8, 1877.

Thirteen children, eleven of whom survived to adulthood and ten of whom left descendants of their own, is a remarkable record. All of them stayed in Spanish Fork and lived close to the good earth. Most of them have now gone to their rest but Uncle Joe and Aunt Maud are still with us as living links representing the beginning in the long chain of posterity.

Robert and Elizabeth Boyack McKell's children were important to them but they are also important to us and to society.

The records show that Grandfather was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on August 27, 1848 by William Aitken and was confirmed the same evening by Hugh Findlay. He was ordained a Teacher on October 29, 1848 and likely went on up through the offices of Priest and Elder although we did not find the record. He was advanced to the office of a Seventy on June 7, 1857 by Philo Allen and was made a High Priest by Wm. H. Kelsey on July 6, 1890.

Grandfather enjoyed his participation in the Church and he apparently had the special "gift of healing." Hazel Brock bank Bowen tells the following incident concerning a manifestation of this gift: "When David B. Bowen was just a baby only nine months old, he was cutting his teeth and became very ill. Dr. Warner was out of town and David's mother, Mary Ann Bowen, was extremely worried about her baby because he had such a high fever. David wouldn't eat but just cry; he kept getting hotter and hotter and tossed about on his pillow. He finally went into a convulsion and just went blue.

"At that moment David's father came into the house from his blacksmith shop and said, "Mary Ann, I think you had better send for Robert McKell to bless baby David; you know he has the gift of healing." Mary Ann called little eleven year old Mollie and told her to run fast to Robert McKell's blacksmith shop and tell him to come quickly and administer to her baby brother. She ran all the way and brought Grandfather McKell with her. Grandfather Bowen took the consecrated oil and anointed the sick baby. The two men laid their hands on the baby's head and Grandfather McKell sealed the anointing and blessed David, saying he would get well. The baby stopped tossing about; he opened his eyes and looked up at them; the pink color came back into his face. Before Grandfather McKell left the house, the baby had gone to sleep. These good people believed in the gift of healing and through faith and prayer, David Bowen was healed and never had a convulsion again."

Several generations of the boys and girls of Spanish Fork remember the impressive 13 gun salute at daybreak each Fourth of July. Many of us have raced to the City Park to watch the actual firing of the old canon which was used to let everyone know that it was Independence Day. Some few of us have heard vaguely that our Grandfather helped make the canon from wagon tires left behind by Johnston's Army but that was as far as the story usually went.

In our brief search for more information, we were fortunate in finding

a brief account of The Story of the Cannon written some years ago by our cousin, William McKell Hughes. He helped to explain it this way:

"During the winter of the year that Johnson's army was quartered at Camp Floyd, old-time Spanish Forkers did considerable trading with the United States regulars. They crossed Utah Lake on sleds and exchanged produce and dressed livestock for various army supplies. One of the deals in which Grandfather was involved was the trading of a big hog for an old army wagon with wide, heavy iron tires. The wagon was pulled across the ice of the lake to Spanish Fork where it did service for a time. Then Grandfather had an idea,-in his forge, the large iron tires were melted down and converted into a cannon. The purpose back of the making of this cannon was the celebration of the Fourth of July. It was given to the town officials for city use and for many years--scores in fact-it did yeoman service in awakening sleeping inhabitants at dawn to a day of patriotic celebration. This little cannon bore tribute to the intense patriotism of Grandfather and his com patriots. Its boom, boom, boom bespoke louder than words the loyalty of the Mormons to the Stars and Stripes.

Among my father's souvenir relics, I found an old copy of Tullidge's Quarterly Magazine published in Salt Lake City, April, 1884. From it I not only learned a little more of the history of Spanish Fork but also something more of the details of the old cannon as follows:

"In 1861, when the war between the North and the South broke out, the commanding general of the Utah militia issued the following order: 'Headquarters Nauvoo Legion, G.S.L. City, June 25, 1861. General Orders, No. 1. - 1. Thursday, the 4th of July, being the eighty-fifth anniversary of American independence; not withstanding the turmoil and strife which distress the nation established on that foundation, the citizens of Utah esteem it a privilege to celebrate the day in a manner becoming American patriots and true lovers of the Constitution of their country. 2. The Lieutenant-General directs that district commanders throughout the Territory will conform, as far as practicable, to the requisitions of the various committees of arrangements for details. - By order of Lieut.-

Gen. D. H. Wells, James Ferguson,
Adjt.-Gen.'

"The inhabitants of Spanish Fork took up the matter with great enthusiasm, but they found nothing worthy to salute the dawn of the Nation's birthday. Big with desire that Spanish Fork should do its full duty on that auspicious day, Thomas Robertson and Robert Me Kell volunteered to make a small cannon. They commenced their work on the morning of the 2nd of July. The citizens gathered up some of General Albert Sidney Johnston's wagon tires and brought them to the Smiths, who took four pieces, eighteen inches long, laid them length ways and welded them to gether, after which they welded bands around them, making one solid piece of iron. It was then taken from the smith's shop to the turning lathe, where it was turned smooth on the outside and bored with an inch and a half bore fourteen inches deep. The turning was done by Allen Adamson. The brethren kept steadily at work and completed the cannon at daybreak of the "glorious Fourth," in time to awake the citizens to their duty of celebration of American Independence and that novel piece of cannon has rendered efficient service at each returning Fourth until the present time."

"This military manifesto ordered by General Wells was intended to signify that Utah was going to stand by the Union; and there was something remarkably suggestive in the citizens of Spanish Fork making their cannon out of Johnston's wagon tires to salute the national flag just when that famous general was firing his cannon upon that flag."

So, the old canon was made in 1861 and Grandfather did have a part in making it. After all these years of service, it has been placed in the Pioneer collection in the D.U.P. Relic Hall in Spanish Fork.

We might add the postscript that General Johnston left Utah in March, 1860 and most of his inglorious army followed about two months later. The General resigned from the United States army at the outbreak of the Civil War and joined the Southern forces; he was killed while leading a Confederate Army at the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Grandfather McKell was one of the early blacksmiths of Spanish Fork. Certainly he was well trained for it after his apprenticeship as a boy in Scotland. The old ledgers in which he kept his accounts were rich in history

of both the times and of his life, if one but reads between the lines. The earliest ones are no longer available but we still have the fourth one, Book E, which he kept between 1892 and 1903. It has many interesting entries which show his character and his philosophy in dealing with other people.

Accounts were but rarely settled with cash and only one entry of a bank check was found in the entire ledger. It was common to deal in commodities and produce and many of the accounts were balanced with these as well as in the exchange of labor. Scrip and store orders on the old Malcom Store and the Spanish Fork Coop were very ordinary mediums of exchange in those early days. Charges for work done were surprisingly low but prices of commodities taken in trade were correspondingly reasonable.

A blacksmith was called upon for a variety of services but in his later years Grandfather apparently left the shoeing of horses to his sons or others. Certainly William and Dave followed in the trade but Joe and others were quite capable too. One could hardly blame Grandfather for letting them do the strenuous horseshoeing, especially when it only paid a dollar for the job in those days. Plows were sharpened for 15 or 20 cents and a new point was put on a plow share for 50 cents. Horse shoes were "corked," as they called caulking, for a "bit a piece" or 12 1/2 cents but occasionally were done for 10 cents.

The items which Grandfather took in as pay for his work are rather interesting as are the prices common at the time. around the turn of the century, we find such notations as these in his own handwriting: "Geasley Bearensen, one can of honey \$3.00; John Halton, one ton of hay, \$3.50; Joseph Chappe l , dehornin g 2 cows, 30 cents; William Stoker, 98 lbs. beef at 4 cents, \$3.92."

Dance tickets, hats and the trimming of hats were probably something from which Grandmother probably benefitted and it would seem the bookkeeping system was often one of barter and exchange. Wheat apparently sold for less than a cent per pound and even Grandfather's son, Robert W., was only allowed a credit of 35 cents per bushel for potatoes paid in balancing his account.

In an 1896 item, we read that John Burt was credited with \$3.50 for 2 pigs but underneath was the postscript "sold the pigs for \$3.00." Money was not too plentiful if we judge from an entry in 1901 which indicated that a 60 cent discount was allowed on payment of \$5.00 in cash.

Several accounts show Grandfather's generosity and thoughtfulness; he

balanced the account of George Wilkins several times with the note "settled by donation." After another customer, Ephraim Davis, died the account totalled \$10.40, but Grandfather wrote, "Being a widow, donated \$5.40" and didn't worry about the small remaining balance after he received "92 lbs. of beef at 5 cents, 4.60."

But Grandfather was a practical and realistic man; he helped some people out with credit and even with small loans, but he kept strict accounts and did not like to be taken advantage of. He was apparently familiar enough with charge accounts to prefer the "pay as you go" policy. Ira J. McKell tells an interesting incident which illustrates this philosophy as well as an amusing but practical way of teaching economic principles.

"When I was a little fellow, I was at Grandpa's Blacksmith Shop once when this happened and I have never forgotten it, as it was so funny to me. Grandpa had just finished a *job* for a man and the man said, "Charge it." Grandpa said, "I have a rooster tied up back of the shop; go around and thank him and see how long he will live." I went around back and the rooster was sure tied up and I thought, "No, he couldn't live long on just thanks."

Grandfather tried to pay a tithe on all his earnings. The Bishop, Andrew Eglong Neilsen, often settled *his* account by crediting Grandfather's account in the Tithing Office. In the account of James Vincent, we find that payment was often in the form of tomatoes, corn in ear, vegetables and by the use of his cider mill. In September, 1895, we find "15 gals wine and 25 gals cider ground by mill 50c." There is evidence, too, that Grandfather allowed the Vincent family one dollar a year for "tending grave" of his first wife, Helen, who was buried in the old cemetery near the Vincent farm.

We sincerely wish that the earlier ledgers had been saved; there would have been even more romance and character revelations in the thirty years which they covered.

Grandfather often said that he wanted to die at the anvil and his wish almost came true. He was ill only a week before he passed away on June 8, 1903 in his 80th year of life.

Grandmother lived on alone in the old home. I lived next door and remember her very well. As a youngster, I tried to keep her in kindlings, carried her coal and run her errands; it may have been that I was influenced a little by the cookies because she seemed to always have a supply of sugar, molasses or

ginger cookies unhand and no youngster went away empty handed. Her children and the other grandchildren called, too, to ease her loneliness and to make sure she was comfortable. The inevitable came on January 30, 1916 and she was permitted to rejoin Grandfather. Both were buried in the Spanish Fork cemetery.

The old home was rented for a time after Grandmother left but was finally sold to Peter Nelson; part of the lot was sold again; the house was eventually torn down and replaced with a modern home by Duke Page.

Grandfather's life and works are an inspiration and a challenge to us; he gave up home and friends to embrace a new religion; he left a profitable business to pioneer a barren western desert. He helped to reclaim that desert and lived to see it "blossom as the rose;" he made new friends and built a new home in a new land.

He not only saw history being made but he helped to make some of the most interesting chapters in the history of Utah. He lived under and knew five of the Presidents of the Church, beginning with Brigham Young and on to John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith in turn. He probably voted for Abe Lincoln; he saw the railroad come; he saw settlements fail but cities rise on their foundations.

We imagine that the fifty dollars he contributed to the Temple Fund before he left Scotland was just a beginning but Grandfather *saw* the Salt Lake Temple during 40 years of building and lived to see it an actual, finished reality in 1893.

Grandfather was not the type of man to seek public office but he did serve his community in many ways. He was President of the East Bench Irrigation Company for a time and was a Director in the Big Coop Store for many years.

In review, we are reminded that his was a rich and varied experience in many ways; during his lifetime he worked as a salesman, mail carrier, merchant, farmer, blacksmith, Indian fighter and Pioneer.

Grandfather suffered failure but did not fail: His motto was "Look forward, not backward," and he used to say, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." With this philosophy, we are not surprised that he would give his last quarter to help somebody who needed it. Much more could be said but we think that his life and character was well summed up in a very brief statement made by my mother, "He was a good man."

Robert McKell probably died a poor man as far as this world's goods are concerned but he was rich in the heritage he left by his influence on others and in his posterity left to carry on his good name and his work.

TRIBUTE TO MCKELL FAMILY
(By Charles R. McKell)

There once was a laddie in Glasgow
Whose birthday we honor today,
Who there heard the true gospel
message,
Came here and decided to stay.

He set up his forge and his bellows;
He laid out a farm for his boys
And Grandma, she kept the girls busy,
Too busy for frivolous toys.

The McKells were quite a large family,
For thirteen were born to these two;
Though two of the triplets died early
That's still an above average crew.
There was Robert and Henry and William.
And David, Louisa and Joe
And Ellen and Maud and Emma
And Lucy and John, as you know.
All but one grew up to be married
And each made a home of his own
And thus by division, expanded
And the seeds of posterity sown.
Only John was left wholly childless;
Each of them have descendants today.
First the two, then eleven, then
hundreds
When all listed, they make quite an
array.

With the years the family has scattered
And Time has taken its toll.
Now there's only the four living
children
Of Granddads when we call the roll.

Uncle Joe sings the old songs, and
dances

But he's bashful and seldom will try
But once get him started and you will
agree
He's got a good voice and he's spry.

But he's just the kid of the family;
He's not quite seventy-three,

And he's never seemed to grow older;
He's what an Uncle should be. -
Then there's Dave, he's my Dad, now
seventy-eight;
He'd be here if he could, I just know
But his 'ticker' got tired and he's
resting
Like he should have done some years ago.

He hopes that you'll call and see him;

He'd enjoy a visit from you;

He's had a bad time but he's better

And he'll soon be as good as brand new.

Aunt Maud's just a girl, nearing eighty
But the years have been gracious and
kind;

A more attractive, good looking young
lady
in all this old world you won't find.

She's a good neighbor too and she's
active;

She's pleasant and patient and good;
She's Aunt Maud to even the youngest,
An example of real womanhood.

Aunt Ellen has raised a large family
And she's done a good job too, you bet;
I would tell her age, a mere eighty six
But it wouldn't be good etiquette.

Our Aunt Ellen is now the big sister;
She's home but she'd rather be here.
And she would, if a cold hadn't kept her
But she sends you all worlds of good
cheer.

Now in honor of these and the others,
All descendants of Robert McKell
And Elizabeth Boyack, our Grandpa and
Ma,
I've an idea that should work quite
well.

Let's keep up our family reunions
And meet, tho it's but once a year
to keep the memory of loved ones alive
And honor the names we hold dear.

HISTORY OF WILLIAM B. AND
ESMARELDA ANDRUS MCKELL
(Taken from The History and Posterity of
Robert and Elizabeth Boyack McKell.)

William Boyack McKell was born in Spanish Fork, Utah, February 19, 1864. His father taught all the boys a little of the blacksmithing trade but William, perhaps more than any of the others, following in the paternal footsteps and established a shop of his own on a full time basis. As a boy, he naturally helped with the farm work, herded cows, and assisted with other tasks around the home.

He was educated in the public schools of Spanish Fork and as a young man spent considerable time in hauling freight by team and wagon between Utah and Nevada. He acquired land of his own and had several small farms as well as a ranch up the canyon, but his principal work was his blacksmithing. He carried on the trade for some time in Spanish Fork canyon while employed by the Diamond Fork Sandstone quarries. and later did work for the Dream Mine.

His permanent shop was in Spanish Fork and it was there that he won the hearts of so many of both the young and the old in the many years his anvil sang out the song of industry. It was a common sight to see children bring their wagons, tricycles and toys to him for repairs. "Uncle Will," as he was

lovingly called by most, whether relatives or not, would always fix them for the love of people and service as his pay. It was also his practice to make no charge for work done for families when the father was on a mission for the church.

William married Esmarelda Andrus on January 5, 1887; his young bride was the daughter of Milo and Lucy Loomis Tuttle Andrus; she was born February 24, 1865 at Willow Creek, now known as Draper, Utah. Esmarelda's father was a staunch and well-known member of the church who served on several missions and also had charge of various companies of Pioneers in crossing the plains to Utah.

Young Esmarelda also attended the public schools of Spanish Fork but she continued on to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. With an above average education, it was perhaps natural that she herself became a teacher; she taught classes in the old building which is now retained as the Pioneer Relic Hall on the Spanish Fork City Park grounds; she also served in the old Ideal School where the Reese School now stands and in the little white Dahle School on Main street where the Fire Station is now located. She proved to be a capable teacher and was considerate and understanding of her pupils. As a young woman, she belonged to the Teachers Association and served as Counselor in the Retrenchment Society.

William and Esmarelda were married in the Logan LDS Temple by Apostle Merrill; a beautiful wedding reception was given at the home of Grandfather Me Kell. They were blessed with ten children, five of whom are still living; they also adopted a girl, Mary, at the age of ten and raised her as their own. Up to the present, there are 18 living grand children, 32 great grandchildren and 2 great, great, grandchildren in their line of posterity.

They worked hard together and for twenty years moved back and forth from the ranch in order to allow and encourage the children to attend school. Isolated ranch life naturally involved its hardships and sacrifices for Esmarelda but she went beyond her expected duties in organizing a Sunday School for the other ranchers, helping with the farm, entertaining, etc. After giving up the ranch, she became active in the religious, civic and social affairs of Spanish Fork and variously served in the Primary, the Relief Society, the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and other organizations.

William was interested in civic affairs and served two terms on the City Council of Spanish Fork. While his life was a busy one, he was always able to find time to attend to his church duties

as a High Priest and as a faithful ward teacher. Faith, prayer and adherence to the law of Tithing were outstanding spiritual traits. He believed sincerely in missionary work and sent a son, Robert Dewey, and a daughter, Leah, on missions to help spread the gospel.

While he would have likely disclaimed any great ability as a musician, he is remembered by the close family unit for playing the organ and singing such old favorites as "Where is My Wandering Body Tonight." We are sure that their family group spent many happy hours and evenings together.

Uncle Will had many and varied interests and was eminently successful, though not always as usually measured in terms of money profits. He was thoughtful and generous; when he operated a small dairy at home, he kept some accounts very poorly for his own good reasons. He occasionally not only refused to accept payment when he thought it was indicated but he oftentimes would leave a one or five dollar bill under the bottle of milk when he called.

Esmarelda's busy and active life was rather suddenly and sadly brought to a close when she was stricken with cancer; for two years she fought valiantly to regain her health; never did her courage and faith waiver. She passed away April 22, 1926, loved and cherished by all who knew her.

It was Uncle Will's wish to end his mortal days at his work in the black smith shop and his wish was granted; a heart attack claimed him after only three hours notice on June 3, 1936. He will not easily be forgotten.

The following tribute has been suggested since it expresses a little of the high esteem which the family, and all of us who knew him, hold for the memory of Uncle William B. McKell.

I Follow a Famous Father

I follow a famous father; his honor is mine to wear;
He gave me a name that was free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.

He lived in the morning sunlight and marched in the rank of right
He was always true to the best he knew
And the shield that he wore was bright.
I follow a famous father, not known to the printed page,

Nor written down in the world's renown
As a prince of his little age;
But never a stain attached to him
He was bold and brave, and to me he gave
The pride of an honest name.

I follow a famous father and never a day goes by

But I feel that he looks down on me
To carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials as only
a brave man can
Though the way be long, I must never
wrong
The name of so good a man.

I follow a famous father and him I must
keep in mind;
Though his form is gone, I must carry on
The name that he left behind.
It was mine on the day he gave it;
It shone as a monarch's crown.
And as far to see as it came to me
It must be when I put it down.

LIFE STORY OF LUCY TUTTLE McKELL
By herself (Daughter of William B.
and Esmarelda Andrus McKell)

I was born January 31, 1891 at Spanish Fork and started school at the age of 6 years. My first teacher was Mrs. Nom Woods Carter. She taught at the Ideal School. At the age of 8 years I was baptized, July 2, 1899, by Bro. Christan Larsen and confirmed same day by August Swensen. I was baptized in the old mill race, just west of the old Spanish Fork flour mill.

I attended grade school in the winter months and moved to our summer home in Spanish Fork Canyon. It was there as a little girl that I learned to love and appreciate the great outdoors.

I loved to ride for hours on my dear little pony, (Dot) up the mountains and into the beautiful scenery where I could be alone with nature. I always had my dog at my side.

My mother taught me to be brave, but I am sorry to say that I was very daring. I had no fear. Once, I remember, I rode my horse through a swollen stream of water. The horse had to swim and we landed far down the river, but I wanted to get an April Fool joke on an old man (a watchman at Diamond Quarry). I have seen some terrible floods, but my mother was very prayerful. She would take us children to a place where she thought it would be safe and pray, for many times our home was in danger and I wasn't afraid. Often the wild animals would come close to our home and I can still hear the cry of a mountain lion. You would think

it was a baby crying. We had lots of tramps, but Mother always chatted with them and gave them something to eat; and many times I was left alone with my little brothers and sister to care for, while mother and father came to Spanish Fork.

I must tell you of my mud pies day (0, I had fun). I was given the baby, which was Vernon, to tend. I put him in old-fashioned baby buggy and thought he would stay put. 0, no; and the first

thing I knew he was in the river. The place was very deep with willows hanging over part of the stream. All I could see was the hem of his little red apron and one little foot. I got him out, and did I thank my dear Heavenly Father. Those were the last mud pies I ever made.

While writing this, it brings to mind a picture of a little girl catching her mother's ducks, putting them in holes along the river all but their head, and then putting mud on them. And was there a commotion.

I attended school at Thistle Junction, and rode to and from school. I remember, on one occasion, I was returning from school. It was dusk, and at a point in the road I saw two men crawl from the rail road track to the road. I was alone in the canyon. I talked to my horse (his name was Shy), and I asked God to bless me. I told my horse to go fast, and we sure went, like lightning. I was glad to see my little mother on the front porch looking for me.

I graduated from the 8th grade in school in 1904 and I attended one year high school; but on account of my mother's ill health and a new baby (Eldon), I was unable to attend the 2nd year. This was my first big disappointment. In a couple of years my parents sent me to the B.Y.U. at Provo, but my school chums were all ahead of me, and I felt alone, so I only went during the winter.

All through my school life I loved to recite and take part in plays. As a little girl I used to recite, "Barbara Fritchie," "The First Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims," and "The Village Blacksmith." That gift came from my mother. She would help me and the sweet dear made a lot of my costumes. One dress had 25 yards of cloth in it.

In 1907, my parents sold their summer home and Father bought more land. He also built him a bigger and better shop, he being a Blacksmith by trade; and I have often heard it said no one had the art to sharpen plow points and picks like he did. He also did a good job shoeing horses.

My mother was one of the first school teachers in Spanish Fork. She also took a prominent part in leading plays, such as "East Lynn," "Ten Nights in the Bar Room," "Enoch Arden," and many others.

About two years after we left the canyon, I was married to Alma G. Stone, Nov. 17, 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple. I had a pretty wedding dress and some very nice clothes, and I had a lot of nice things to start house keeping.

The first year of our married life was spent in Salem, Utah. On August 3, 1910, a daughter was born. We named her Lucy Marelda after myself and mother. She was a large baby, weighing 12-3/4 lbs. I was very sick when she was born. I was a young mother, just 18 years old when she was born, but we got along just fine. When she was about a year and a half old we bought our first little home. It is located 1/2 block east and 1/2 block south from Dr. Georges Hospital. We didn't stay there long. Mr Stone went to work in the mines at Mammoth. and we moved in 1911. We lived there 3 years. During this time a son was born on November 17, 1913. He was born at Spanish Fork, as I came home to my parents. We named him Dean Alma. He was a very sickly child and could not stand the high altitude, so we moved back to Spanish Fork. No one thought my baby would live. I had to get two well nurses. Dr. Stoddard saw him every day from May until Xmas. I had to carry him on a pillow, he was so poor; but God spared his life.

We moved to Salt Lake City, in the year of 1914 and lived there 5 years. We had a happy home and spent many hours in parks. We would take our lunch and go on picnics to all the resorts. I was interested in what the Pioneers did in Salt Lake valley. The old Theater, grist mill, log cabins and the museum in the State Capitol. My aunt, Mrs. Ann Andrus, brought the first piano to Utah. At the time of Johnston's Army, it was buried in the banks of Dry Creek, in Draper Ward.

I was 2nd councilor to Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Young in Primary, in the 7th Ward for some time. I was baptized on several occasions for the dead, and also did endowment work in the Salt Lake Temple.

We moved back to Spanish Fork in 1920. We lived in my brother Dewey's home, from May until Oct. 3, when we bought the home we are now living in. I have always loved my dear little home and have found contentment. My hobby is flowers. I have tried to make it a home, not a house.

I became a teacher in Relief Society in the 2nd Ward, in 1921 and was released in 1925. I was also a teacher in Sunday School, with Ellen Keenen. Also a religious class teacher, when Rina Andrus Ludlow was president. I did a lot of baptisms for the dead in the Manti Temple.

I worked in the U. I. Sugar Factory, one year, in the mill; next year as a matron, and two or three years as a chemist. I also worked as a saleslady in the Oran Lewis Store for about 5 years, and as clerk for Henry Childs in the City Bakery for two or three years.

I have worked in fruit orchards. I loved to work and mingle with people. I have made a lot of friends that I will never forget.

I think I made it possible for Marelda and Dean to take music lessons. They have done very well and make me so happy. They have taken active parts in music and plays. Dean was in an orchestra. He is now playing his trom

bone. About this time my mother took ill, with cancer of the stomach. I gave up my work and home and went to care for my mother. Oh, what a patient sufferer she was. She was ill about 2 years. She died April 22, 1926, at the age of 61 years. Her passing was my first great sorrow. I didn't see how I could ever laugh again, and for six years I never went to a dance. I suffered. I have learned that if you ask God to bless and direct you, He will, for He has been so good to me.

Marelda was born December 12 to Tel Lerwell in the Salt Lake Temple. One son was born, Dean Gordon. He was born June 28, 1931. Dean was married December 4, 1931, to Dona Warner, in the Salt Lake temple.

Dean went to New York to work for American Surety Co., Oct. 4, 1932. I was very proud of my boy and girl.

About this time the depression came, and Mr. Stone went to Boulder Dam to work. He left May 1, 1932. I felt like I couldn't go, but we closed up the home and went to Boulder City, Nevada to live. I found my life different. Met such nice people from all over the world; and I seemed to like the life and bustle of the city. At one time there were 7,000 men working on the dam.

I was put in Relief Society teacher with Mrs. Geo. Weber. She has a sister from Germany and had given up everything for the Gospel. She was such a prayerful woman. I loved her, and she helped me with things in my life that made me sad. I worked as a teacher from 1933 to 1936. I was chosen President of the Young Woman's Improvement Association January 28, 1934, to 1936. I felt my inability, but God blessed me and I loved my work. We put on plays, stunts, and had entertainments on Valentine Day, Halloween, Christmas, and had 0, so many good programs and dances. I worked with the young people; and doing so, it gave me a different look on life. I will never forget the change. I found that life was beautiful. I also found beauty on the desert-so many pretty flowers and the purple sage was so different. I will never forget my Boulder City friends, Bishop and all the officers.

Marelda married the second time. She met and married a Mr. G. W. Perry, from Boston. They were married March 10,

1934. They have a little boy, born June 12, 1937. His name is Lynn Gilbert Perry, he was born at Spanish Fork. They moved to Washington, in July 1937, living at Electric City. Mr. Perry is working on the grand Coulie Dam.

We moved back to Salem in 1936 and lived there 1 year. In 1936 my dear father was called home. I miss him so much, but have learned tears don't bring them back, and I must try and work harder and live a fuller life to get to him. He died June 3, 1936, at the age of 72.

On June the 22nd, 1936, Mr. Stone, Marelda, Deannie, Mrs. Sara Warner and myself took a trip back east to visit Dean and Dona. We visited most all the places of interest from here to Albany, N.Y., then went to Kentucky, Virginia, Washington, D.C., New Jersey (my brother Will's home), Mt. Vernon, New York City, and Nauvoo. I will never forget our trip into the Catskill Mountains, the Mississippi River, and Mt. Vernon.

We moved from Salem to Spanish Fork in March, 1937. I was put in as a teacher in the Mutual, but on account of poor health only taught a short time. I was chosen to work as a teacher in Primary for the Trekker boys, with Annie Woods, September 1938, for which I am very happy. I love the boys and hope and pray I can in some ways help them to get a good footing and grow and improve themselves for a noble manhood.

In the J. Whyllie Thomas Camp of the D U P chapter, in Spanish Fork, Utah, I was chosen 2nd Captain with Deliah Hughes, Pres. and Ettie Tuttle, 1st Captain. This was in 1941. In February 1941, I was chosen Vice President of the Ladies Poultry Association with Mrs. David Thomas as President. The summer of 1941 was a very happy summer for me. It will always bring fond memories. Mary and family spent their vacation at home. Boyd was with us for the summer. Dean and Dona came home, and the beautiful drives and campfire picnics were such happy memories.

Marelda and Lynn were at home and how that little boy did enjoy the farm life. Marelda didn't have a very pleasant time. She had a tonsil operation and Lynn was ill part of the time. But, oh how I love to have her back home. Leah came from Nevada, and we all took Marelda back home by auto to Electric City, Washington. We had a very enjoyable time. The scenery of the Northwest is very beautiful, and we had such a happy time the few days spent with Marelda and Gil. Pa and Gil went fishing and we had all the fish we could eat. We took our lunch and went to Swan Lake, Sand Pail River; also cross by Ferry the Columbia River. We also

visited the Coulie Dam. It is the largest dam in the world. The dear Heavenly Father was so good to us, we returned all well and happy.

ROBERT DEWEY MCKELL

(Excerpts from the funeral service of Robert Dewey McKell, son of William E. and Esmarelda Andrus McKell, born December 21, 1894, at Spanish Fork, Utah; died September 3, 1935, at Payson, Utah; funeral services held at Payson, September 6, 1935, 2:00 p.m., Bishop John F. Olsen presiding and conducting.

Speaker. Ralph Nilsson

My brothers, sisters and kind friends: Difficult as this task is for me this afternoon, I should have been most disappointed if I had not had the opportunity to say just a few words in parting with this best of friends.

The vast audience here this afternoon is ample evidence of the fine respect in which this man was held. The personnel of this audience bears for the evidence of that respect because there are people here from far and near. I see my neighbors, close ones, and some not so close in neighboring communities, when I lived in Heber City. I see those who are verging on to old age, and I see that little boys and girls, young men and women who represent this fine character, are in attendance here today and I think that those friends which he had way back in Colorado when he was a teacher there, if it had been possible to have been here, would have been here also. So there are many friends that **are** not here in person today that are here in spirit and they all would like to send their love and respect and their sympathy.

When the school system or a community loses a man like Brother Dewey McKell, they are losing a great friend, a great friend in the cause. This man, so to speak, was a 'Top Notcher' in his line. He not only did his work, but cheerfully and willingly did his work. He was one of those great teachers who not only imparted the fundamentals of the subject to his pupils, but he imparted inspiration. He, as the Master said, gave them a new birth, a new desire, a new determination to keep men and women useful citizens, and this I call a real teacher.

Five years ago, when I was looking for a teacher for our Mechanical arts Department, I went to the State Office and inquired if they knew of any person suitable. They named over a great many men and then they said, "There is a man in Payson that I class as one of the two or three best men in this state in his line. So I sought the services of Dewey McKell and for it I have always been

happy and glad because he came into our community and made a great contribution to that department and made a wonderful contribution to the boys and girls and to the community in general. A home which loses a father, a husband, and a companion like Dewey McKell, has indeed more than a great loss.

I appreciate the friendship of these good people in asking me to speak here, because I not only knew Dewey McKell, but he was in my heart and so it was I believe with everybody that knew Dewey McKell, he was in their hearts, too. So they have been moved to come here today to show their last respects to their departed friend, and I believe if these beautiful flowers, the very emblems of love and sympathy and comfort, could speak today, they would express their gratitude and appreciation for the privilege of being used on this occasion.

This good man was one of those personalities that was blessed with a big capacity and a versatile capacity. I never worked with a man who could do as much work himself and so willingly and cheerfully, and at the same time, direct so much work for a large number of people. When there was a big celebration to be put on, a parade to be put on, everybody would go to this man to have him supervise it. He could supervise it and manage it better than any man I ever knew. He could come and work for ten minutes and give his direction and do more than the rest in ten minutes than they could do in an hour's time.

With his boys in the shop he studied them. He tried to learn the personnel of his group and he found their interest and could direct a different boy or girl in the way they seemed inclined for the better and at the same time direct all of the group and keep all going all at the same time.

So it is no wonder that these good people from Heber and Wasatch have come down here, young and old, in large numbers because they appreciate the contribution that this splendid man has made in that community and county.

It is certainly said that the man can be replaced. He may be replaced but will he be as well replaced. Will Dewey McKell be replaced by a man just as good and competent and versatile and willing. I doubt it very much. When it was said that they could replace this man with just as good a man in every particular, I felt that was an impossible task.

I know these occasions are over whelming. I sat for a couple of hours the other evening with this good woman and with her fine family of fine children and after spending this time

with them, so deep was my sympathy, so much did my heart go out to them, that I was more weary than I would have been had I gone home direct from a hard day's labor.

It is hard to believe now Sister Mae, when I tell you that time alone will heal this wound, for clouds hang heavy round my way, I cannot see but through the dark, I believe He leadeth me. The clouds are heavy and will not be lifted for days, even months, even years to come. Hours darker than these will come, even months will bring sad days, and the only source of solace I know of, is that eternal source and our Heavenly Father will lift the clouds and you will gather more strength. You cannot see beyond them now and God Our Eternal Father is the only one that can give the consolation you so badly need.

Just a word in conclusion. The children need encouragement, too; encourage them. These children have a wonderful heritage. They do not realize just what that means now but will in later years. They do not realize just now, especially the younger ones but in time they will appreciate it. Way back in religious history a man said: "I, Nephi, have been born of goodly parents;" perhaps being young, it is not in their capacity to understand just what that means, to be born of goodly parents, to be the children of a father like Dewey and a mother like Mae. I know Jean Marie, William, Cyris and Melburn, that you have the stuff in you, to be a good woman and good men. Now help your sorrowed mother by showing her that you are children like your father and your mother, so that she can lean on you and that will be of great help to your lonely mother and live to lighten her burden, as your father has lived.

Nothing is sweeter under God's sun than the companionship such as existed between brother and sister McKell and children. You can gather all the wealth of the world and all the friends, but it will not equal such pure companionship and joy as existed between Dewey and Mae. You will never find a nobler man and woman. You can repay that heritage, and this is the only way in which you can do it; be kind to your mother.

May God's blessing rest with these people. May they be comforted and buoyed up. Oh, my heart goes out to you Sister McKell, right from the very bottom of it. I do ask God in all sincerity to pour out his blessing on you and I ask it in Christ's name, Amen.

Speaker. William J. Bond

My brothers and sisters: May I have an interest in your faith and prayers that what few moments I may stand before you, I may say something which will be-

speak the esteem which this people of Spanish Fork, Payson and Wasatch County, have for Dewey McKell. To us outside the school room, he was known as Mac.

It is not all men that can have the American Legion, the Boy Scouts, a representative from the State Department of Education from Salt Lake City, the faculty of Spanish Fork, Payson, and other schools all represented in this audience. One who has not been in words alone but in action, a trained and a real teacher. This was Dewey McKell. Supt. Skidmore yesterday gave him much praise. He said, "Few we have who have been as artistic as Dewey McKell was along his line of work." Dr. Knowles, a few minutes ago said, "Where will they replace Dewey McKell." He was not only a teacher, but a father and a pal, as in the song just sung by a pal of William, and a boy who has been in the McKell home very, very often. I do not think I ever knew of a man who was a real father like this one....

We have teachers, we have our board of education, faculty members and there are others assembled in honor to this great man. He was an advisor to students, not only to a few but to all. He was a genius; he was one of the hardest workers we had on the faculty. I will relate on incident. He had placed the most beautiful decorations for a Junior Prom. As he came in about 8:30, the girls could see by the expression on his face that everything did not suit; so they said, "Mr. McKell, it is not as you wanted it and we know it, what shall we do?" Without saying a word, he took off his coat, took his keys from his pocket and gave them to a boy and sent him to his shop at the high school and told him to bring his tools and, "We will fix things up as they should be." You never saw students work harder on account of a leader. He fixed things up in a little while. He was their inspiration. He surely was an inspiration to his students. They were his buddies; they were buddies of Dewey McKell. There are boy scouts here, buddies of Dewey McKell and they loved him.

I recall an incident at Schneitters Hot Pots with the American Legion boys. It was just as we had the statute raised in the State of Utah, that we have beer. The boys had a table reserved for Dewey McKell and others. I knew it was just a select group and this is the thing which came to my mind. Buddies were drinking and carousing, they passed the beer to Mac and his table and he said, "No, thank you." Two buddies walked up and said, "Mac, we appreciate there are some buddies who do not indulge in all the things that might be spread before them."

Mr. McKell was forty years of age,

which was forty years young. We never have had such a young person attend our dances as Dewey and his good wife, and when things were not going good, when things seemed dull and there was not much mixing, he and Ralph Nilsson would go out and join hands and call, "Grand Right and Left," and things would brighten and he was the life of our party.

Dewey McKell has been a good father and a good husband. He has been a good scout master. He has done everything good. When the faculty would ask Mr. McKell if he would be at the school dance, he would not say, "I will be there," but, "We will be there." We understood Mrs. McKell would always be with us.

After laboring with him for five years, I was unable to see, like other members in our community, how we could get along without him. He seemed to understand that he had a work to do and was "coming back" as he termed his home down at Payson.

I believe that Mr. McKell understood that God needed a good, hard, honest worker to help him bring about the Millennium. May God help us to live that we might be called with the rest and may we have the smile that Dewey McKell has on his face today, the smile that he always had. It is hard to understand why we leave dear ones and friends behind. God bless you that you may pass this ordeal, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior, Amen. Speaker: Edward M. Rowe

The perfect calm of this day, the serenity of the setting sun, the beauty of our surroundings, are in keeping with the task which we have before us now, and to this sorrowing family we offer words of comfort and consolation, to let them know of the sorrow which labors in our hearts on this occasion.

The sadness of this group, the personnel of this audience that has been referred to, all calls upon us to discharge a sacred obligation. This obligation calls us back to previous days where we might recall that in our infancy, in a little white school house across the street from the Spanish Fork Court House, and gracing that quiet building, lived one of the most charming women that has come under my observation. She was the school teacher in this community. She became the mother of this good man. She was a teacher as refined a personality as one could find life's journey and there she taught us in the great principle of forgiveness, of joy, and inspiration and then she met the village blacksmith, who wooed and won that charming personality, and to him we say today, the things that I say

to my worthy friends, who have lost this man, the son of this charming mother who met the village blacksmith, and this is their son....

This man was a diamond in the rough and had, like the diamond he received, his polishing in the schools. Such was this boy when he went to the old school house and learned the same principles his mother had taught to others. He learned to love nature,... the woods, the mountains, the sea, the green earth and all nature's gifts; he loved the song of the wind, the anger of the mighty ocean, and the songs of the bird

When the Boy Scouts came along and wanted someone to direct them, they found Dewey McKell, one of nature's important men, who could lead them out under the stars and talk to them, lead them, and show them the joys of childhood, teach them honor and respect; he could guide and direct them in such a way they did not know that he was teaching them; one of the greatest qualifications in the world that a person could possess. Is it no wonder then that Commander Anderson selected him to direct these boys in their adolescence, and to direct them in Scouting and teach them to honor this old flag?

The Boy Scouts are here today to do him honor, the American Legion is here today to do him honor, and this vast congregation is also here today to do him honor.

He met Mae Ellsworth, wooed and won her. He led this good woman to the altar, and they were wed in the Temple, where, when she meets him again, they will be Priest and Priestess to the most High God. She was the queen of his home and a most wonderful queen.

The call of his country came to this good man, the call to go to Flounders, overseas, where young men, strong men, were sent, fought and died, that men might be made better and that men might live in peace and happiness. He bared his life for man. He was sent to Boulder, Colorado to instruct the men who were to go overseas and fight in Flounders. This was the call of his country and if the war had kept on he would soon have gone overseas. Oh, this great flag of ours. We do not appreciate it half so much as when we go abroad, among foreign people. We do not appreciate it until we are among foreign people just what it means to us. Dewey McKell knew and was willing to go abroad in its defense.

This man had another call. It was to go to Holland on a Mission and he accepted it and was willing to spend his time and money in studying and teaching

this religion and promulgating the gospel in the interest of the Prince of Peace, and he went among the Hollanders to teach them.

He was called back into his native country when war broke out and he finished his mission in the States, in South Bend, Indiana, where he was selected conference president.

Then he went on in life and they called him into the service of a teacher. A wonderful work is done, the work which this teacher has done will live forever and always endure. It is one of the greatest works that God has granted to man, that is to be a good teacher, to train these young boys and the older boys as well, and they will be grateful in all the years to come that they had Dewey McKell for their teacher.

While he was in Boulder, Colorado, he imparted some of his wonderful knowledge and personality to those people there and they would like to be here today to offer some consolation if it were possible to do so.

As I look over the life of this great man, I see that it is not wealth that makes a great man, but it is a desire to impart to mankind all the good qualities and qualifications that we can give to others in teaching them in the wonderful way that Dewey McKell had in teaching others and they did not know that he was teaching them, but would follow and learn by his guidance....

God help us at all times to appreciate these things this great man and this great family has bequeathed unto us, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Speaker: Joseph Olphin

My Brothers and Sisters: It was a little more than half my life ago, I was an eighteen year old boy in South Bend, Indiana, and had been out in the mission field about a month or five weeks, things had not been breaking for me as they should have been in my missionary work.

Just before the Fourth of July he came to visit us, he was our conference president. He saw immediately at a glance that I was discouraged. I can see that now, I realized it then, and so he and I, without my companion, went for a walk. We went out to Howard Park and we sat on the grass. He talked to me for a long afternoon and as I look back, I can appreciate his leadership because of such things as this.

He started out like this, "Elder Olpin, you are a son of your Heavenly Father; you are starting on a long, long journey. You lived with Him before you

came here and you are here on probation and this mission is one of the greatest periods of your life, that of presenting the message of Jesus Christ to the people" He went on and told me about the Fall and the Atonement and Resurrection. He told me those things just as he would teach a Sunday School class. In fact, as I told a Sunday School class time and time again since he told me. He taught me that great lesson in such a wonderful way. He taught it with such explicit faith, and as I look back in my life, that was the greatest sermon I ever heard. It brought the sun over the hill in my life and from that moment, I was never homesick in the mission field. I thank him from the bottom of my heart for the inspiration he brought to me at that time and the impression that it made on my life since then.

Seven years ago I moved to Heber City. Five years ago Brother McKell came to my door and knocked. I was delighted to see him and he told me he was going to teach in our high school. The first six weeks of school, before the family came to Heber City, he lived in our home. We shall always cherish this precious six weeks. The children would watch for him as he would come home from school. They coaxed for him. We did enjoy him.

I could tell you how the Church got its new roof last summer. Brother McKell was the leader and we did not pay him. I appreciate this opportunity that you have given me in trying to express my appreciation of him. Praying God to bless you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Speaker: Bishop John F. Olson

I have been asked by the family to express their gratitude for the kindnesses they have been shown during the sickness and death of Brother McKell. The vastness of this audience shows the respect in which this family is held; it expresses the love and friendship and heart of this good people.

Three statements have been made that continually remind me of the last talk I had with Dewey McKell.... He was just selected President of the Young Mens' Stake Mutual in our stake and my wife is president of the Young Ladies. Together we visited him for just a few minutes. The things he told me then brought my attention to these three statements.

Someone said, brother McKell was never a shirker... Another said, "The work of the teacher is done," and he suggested, "the work of the teacher is done." That night Brother Dewey McKell said he would try and arrange his work because he had to work fast, and he said he must go to St. George. "My

family is meeting there, the family organization of which I am secretary." He said, "They are having a hard enough time of it as it is and I am afraid it will fall through, so I must go there no matter what else I do."

I forget just when it was he said that he signed a new contract in this district, just a few days too soon. He received another contract to go to Cache Valley and he said he would like to go there as he had many friends there. He had many friends everywhere. These families are great families. The Andrus family, McKell, Ellsworth and Merrill families, four great families, great in this land, great among this people. He was the secretary of his family organization and he said he must not fall down on this job and I have been called to go and must go and do what I can for this meeting that is being held in St. George.

This is not his task. He has gone to perfect that family organization in that other sphere of life, to carry on and fulfill the work there probably that cannot be done here.

My Brothers and Sisters, I believe very sincerely that is so. After this, I think more and more that that is the great test the Lord's great people have to go through; the hereafter is the place where we are called to do our work; great men and women are called there to go right on with the work they have started here....

REMEMBER - - - -

MILO ANDRUS

JUNE 18, 19, 1982

