

History of Alice Jane Durfee Rice

Father Henry Dennison Durfee, born September 18, 1833 at Westport, Essex, New York and died 16th April, 1916, at Almo, Cassia, Idaho. My mother Jane Isabel Barker was born 17 May 1839, Watertown, Jefferson County, New York. My grandfather Francillo Durfee was born 17th May, 1812 Lincoln, Addison, Vermont, died 15th Nov, 1871 Beaverdam Utah. His wife Marian Jones was born 5 Nov, 1809, Pitsfield, Rotingham, New York, died 27 Sept 1845 Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois. Francillo left Illinois with first company of saints in 1847. The exiled saints called upon to furnish 500 men by the government and he was one of the Mormon Battalion . He was mustered into Company "C" with James Brown captain. They took up their line of march 20 July 1846. He was one of the sick detachment who left Santa Fe for Tubalo to winter there on the Arkansas River. Then on a brief discharge then arrived in Salt Lake the 28th of August 1848. Grandfather and Grandmother Frederick Barker and Ann Bligh were converted to the gospel in Watertown the fall of 1844 and came through Nauvoo in 1846 and went up on the roof of the temple. All the saints had been driven out but a few. They drove their ox teams on the ferry boats and approached the Mississippi river that night and camped on the west side and next day started for Mt. Pisgah when they ---- all summer. In the fall moved to Council Bluff. In 1847 to form a company to come across the plains or come to Utah. David Moore was made captain over 10, Enoch Bees captain of 50, Alan Taylor captain over 100. They arrived in Salt Lake 23 of oct 1849. They lived in Ogden near the junction of the Ogden and Weber rivers and in the spring they moved up on the bench on account of high water. With them at this time were the families of David Moore, Francillo Durfee, Amos Andrews and an old mountaineer named Mr. Button. Heres where my mother lived during her girlhood. Many faith promoting incidents happened here in her home. She was married to Henry Dennison Durfee the 26 of Mar 1857 at Ogden. That same year he was called to go assist the saints across the plains and meet the handcart company. They had two children born at Providence Cache Valley. The first was born 31 Aug 1865 and one born 23 Aug 1867. They moved to Beaver Dam just before 1870 as the first child was born at Beaver Dam in 1870. They were sealed in the old Endowment House in 1864. Beaver Dam, Utah is where I was born I was three years old when they moved to Connors Springs, a very desolate place sagebrush, swamps and mosquitoes and water cress so thick they had plenty. I almost got drowned at this place . There was a very deep spring among the water cress, I got curious, peeked in and in I went. My brother Dennis saw me fall in. I was going down for the third time when he grabbed me by the hair of my head and pulled me out. They had a hard time to bring me out of it. Never again was I curious about that spring. We children used to go up on a bench to eat-----and they were delicious we would stake little pens and find-----picked on the others-----the punishments were rather severe. Sometimes our----however, It learned us to be honest along with the fun. There was no church to go to but father always had us have family prayers and read the bible to us and we were never worked on Sundays and Mother told us stories that happened in Ogden and in crossing the plains. That is where I first began to love the gospel and to believe Joseph Smith was a true prophet. My favorite was this one. She said one evening Little Soldier, an Indian chief, came to their home dejected and sick at heart. He said his people were virtually prisoners. They had committed depredations against

the white settlers here in Utah and the government had taken all their guns and fire arms from them and they were camped down next to the mountain near Meadow Creek. This is in Ogden. Little Soldier came in their presence and he said meet the ----- indicating his chest and he said that he and his people were nothing but dirt under the white men's feet and they treated them like dogs. He was complaining bitterly about the attitude of the saints toward him and his people. He said they had taken their guns and they would starve but papoose heap hungry. He said they tried to tell him it was their own fault, that if they would cease their trouble making - with the settlers, that he knew that it was their policy to treat them right and be kind to them. All at once the mother of this family, my grandmother, had the Spirit of -----come upon her and by the gift of tongues she arose and spoke to Little Soldier in the Shoshone language. She explained to him with respect to his people and his ancestors. She told him in simple language the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and if they would be faithful and honor God and keep his commandments they would yet become a white and delightsome people. He pushed up his sleeve and said,"Indian someday like that, white, she no talk - Great Spirit talk through her. They asked him what she said and he said she told him his people came across the great waters. That through disobedience they became dark and a boy was told where a book was hidden in a hill that told all about his people. He said, " Me feel good, -----had such great influence on the old chief that he shook hands with all of them and took his departure promising that he would do his best to avoid trouble between his people and the settlers in the future.

There were only three families at Conner Springs - two brothers - and --- Taylor were just around the corner of the little hill. There was a town of about twenty-five miles called Corrine where we did all of our trading for food and for dress goods. They were non-Mormons almost Mormon haters. Most of them. I remember there was a large rock on the bench where we dug sagos with a cane. The size of a good-sized room with lovely dry sand on the floor where we had a play house. We had to go up about 8 feet of sloping rock to reach the cave. It was lovely to get out of a shower when it rained and when wild cattle came along. In the fall of 1879 my father and two older brothers, and Myron Bushnell Durfee, Henry Cahoon came to Almo to find homes. Father bought a place of John Stines a quit claim deed. It took all his cattle to pay for it. He left the two boys to look after the place, plant a garden and wheat in the spring. And went back to move the family in 1880 as soon as it was warm enough. I was eight years old when we first moved here and this is where my first schooling began only three months of each year. My first teacher was Sylvia Ward from ----, Idaho. School was held in a log cabin just on the right of Lewis Eames' home in the cedars. We had to walk one and one half miles to school rain or shine the first winter. Then in the cove - first across from Arthur Taylor's home in a log cabin. Our teacher was first Mr. Waldo then Mr. West, a small man but oh my we had to study or else. Later the school was in a log cabin just west of Elbert Durfee's home next to the bench. We also had all our church activities and amusements in the same log cabin which was a larger cabin. Mr. Edward Hogan was the first teacher in this cabin then Mr. Thornton. I only received an eighth grade education. There were only nine or ten families here when we first came. However, others soon came. We belonged to the Oakley Stake. A presiding Bishop was ordained namely Myron Bushnell Durfee. With ----organizations complete.

My parents had a large family of five boys and five girls. We were very happy in our home which was filled with love and peace and the good family that goes with it.

We used to get in bobsleds and run races, also had skating parties and other games. One of the sleighs we rode in, the boys could -----and it was. Do not try one you had better take a trip to the moon in a rocket ship. The boys went up in the hills and found limbs of oak and mahogany shaped just right for crook of a sleigh ----and out for shafts - nailed boards on the crooks and ----bored holes in a sleigh up high enough to put a board across for a seat. Hooked up a horse and away we went for a ride in the snow which we often did. We also had dramatic programs, performances or plays directed by Mrs. Matilda Brackenbury, a very lovely lady gifted with great talent. Those who took the leading parts were Matilda Brackenbury, Henry Dennison Durfee, Harry Eames, Charles Heath and Henry Reynolds Cahoon and Isabell Brackenbury. At such plays ---then witnessed and also had supper parties. Old and young would get in bobsleds and take their own suppers and music and have a dance and games. They all tried hard to out do each other in surprising each other.

It was the ----here that we all were standing up in----- came up in a covered wagon still snow on the ground. He was having hard work to get through the snow. I looked up in the Castle Rocks and I said "Father who lives way up there in them rocks and he says that's Mr. Oaks' house and then he got up and said that is just a rock there is one that just stands out away from the Castle Rocks and it looks like a house with a chimney on it and that's the one I looked at and we got up home and we lived in his house that was just a little log cabin with a dirt roof and a dirt floor and it was just about ---house across the creek there in those willows and when we got there I thought oh my goodness, we got to live here . And mother looked blank and the boys, Ben and George come upon the house and mother had a nice red carpet that she had made and so she had the boys go get some straw and they went to a neighbors and got the straw and she shook that all over the floor and then she stretched that carpet down on the floor and she tacked it down with stitch of-----she pinned down in the dirt all around and that was where we lived. And it was alright until it began to rain and then here came the rain down on the house and we had to put pans and buckets and everything all around the house to catch that rain wherever it came down to save her carpet. That was the first house we ever lived in but they went up in the hills and got logs and hewed them down on three sides and built a log cabin and then we had a better home. I can remember all my school days when I used to go to school, I remember the first one I went that was down through the ---we walked down through that --- I was a little tot - my legs were short and I wasn't very big you know and I had to keep up with---- and you know and my tongue would get so thick with spit I couldn't hardly speak and I didn't like to see fighting going on and they would come up through the gap and ---would say, "George, who ---tonight you or Jim and then they would get to scrapping over there and I would sit down and rest and turn my back on them and let them fight and I would rest. And then when we got up in the cove well that ----- where Arthur lived, you know right where he lives now. He lived right there in a log house right across from his house. That's where I met Nathaniel in that school. He was going to school the same time. I was about sixteen and he was three years older. I was in the eighth grade and I never got a certificate. I only had one book to study on and that was arithmetic.

I started going with him right then when I was sixteen. We got married in 1890. He was gone quite a bit. He went to Nevada and worked for quite awhile and then he went to

Farmington and worked quite awhile. We wrote to each other and I'd get letters and Wallace would chase me around and around the house but he never did get them. He was a good man. After we were married he was put right in the Sunday School. I went with him of course after we were married. We went out to the Vipont Mine and lived two or three years. He got out logs for timbering the mine.

He milked about 25 cows and we sold milk.

I nearly got killed there - our whole family did. We went up to the mine and Green was working there - I guess you don't remember him. A little short man. He was working there and was always coaxing me to come up to the mine so we went up that day and went in the mine in the iron car that they hauled the ore out and it went on a track and he pushed it and he had a little engine that kind of run it and when he step on it it would stop it.

We went clear back in it about 1 ½ miles maybe two miles and boy was I glad when we got started back out. When we were coming out to where we could see daylight, he said to tease the girls, "I'm going to dump you out where we dump the ore and Janey she got scared and she jumped right up and grabbed him around the back of the neck and I had a little baby in my arms.

It was Wesley. I had him in my arms and he kept hollering for her to let loose and she wouldn't do it and I had to lay the baby down and I had to just work hard to unclasp her hands from around his neck. He couldn't get his foot on that brake and when we so he could at least put on that brake. And if we had gone down there, I guess it was 50 or 75 feet down where they dumped the ore. I???????? the whole shooting match of us. I never did want to get in another car. That was Janey that done that.

Interviewer said "Of course mother was there", Aunt Alice replied "Yes she was there, she was in there too - she was all scrooched down and she wasn't doing a thing only scared.

It would have killed us all, him too because he couldn't get his foot on the brake and he couldn't pull the thing back - solid iron - great big iron thing.

When we moved out there we had a great big team of horses, Clydes they was, they was great big they was, and he was riding along and when we was going down along that way the single tree came off and the double tree came off and away they ran. Got hold of the lines, the wagon was going front wards. The tongue was on the ground and dropped the tongue you see when the double trees came off and that let them loose and away they went.

Right into the orchard and he had his hands wrapped around

Tape 2 Side 3

The Indians left during the night they must have come and stolen the pan of buffalo chips - because in the morning the pan of buffalo chips had been taken.

They built a fire down there and he would walk in a tunnel in the rocks and that's what they were doing, the women were gathered down there and Harry was with them and this little girl was playing around and they kept their eye on her so she wouldn't get in the creek. And this woman she came out of the bushes by the creek and grabbed the little girl. She was an Indian squaw. She wasn't too old and she could run fast and she caught that little girl and put her in her arms and wrapped a blanket around her and they ran screaming and they tried to make her stop but she kept a going and when the men got there they had her hid but they hunted around

until they found her and got the girl back. They (the Indians) had already pulled camp and was ready to go.

Two Indians came into the village to borrow - to beg as they always did for biscuits. And as they ? more biscuits and as they left, they went through this man's corn and picked two or three ears of corn. This man shot him but he didn't kill him and it made the Indians mad and that is what caused all the stealing and other things that went on. If you were good to them you would make a friend you were friends forever but if you make an enemy you made an enemy forever. So that is what caused all this stealing and other things that went on account of his shooting this Indian. I don't believe though that he killed that Indian. It was one of the chief's sons. President Brigham Young had told them not to be unkind to the Indians to give them a biscuit instead of being unkind to them. But he didn't obey you see. He was the kind of man that thinks that the all the Indians are good only when they are dead. I heard that saying a lot of times.

Right after that they had to fort up to keep safe just on account of that one man.

The Almo Massacre.

The Indians were hid up in the City of Rocks and they could watch the emigrant road and they saw an emigrant train riding along on the emigrant road and they sent their braves down on the Almo Creek so they couldn't camp close to that. And they had to camp out on the flat and the Indians were almost surrounding them and they went to building embankments around to protect themselves. They could have whipped the Indians but they couldn't get to the creek to get water and they had plenty of food and the rest of the Indians came down and they surrounded them all around and they tried to dig wells but they was watched to closely and the Indians every time they would start to dig wells they would shoot at them with arrows.

So they got so thirsty they had to come out and try to fight their way through and so the Indians massacred the whole train of immigrants but some of the men volunteered to go for help. Some went toward Yost and others toward the City of Rocks. And they were all caught and killed. There was one man and his son and his wife and he was a young man not long married and he put his little son on his back and told him to cling tight and to keep still. He and his wife crawled toward where most of the Indians were and they got away and spread the alarm and when the soldiers came, when they got here they didn't find a thing except charred wagons and the tongues of the wagons and the Indians had gone and all the emigrant train was either massacred or some taken prisoners. They didn't know what happened to all of them of course. They didn't find many bodies and they would be mostly men. They captured all the rest and took them with them. Years after when we came here why the embankments were still there where they had built to protect themselves. I as a girl used to go down there on horseback and run around and around there on that bank and then get down in the pit and pretend the Indians was after us and we would get so frightened we would get on our horses and scoot for home. The banks were still there then and was taken up after that by two or three men and they plowed it over and they found wagon tongues, and one or two tomahawks that was there, they are still finding little pieces of iron when they plow there.

We came here in 1880 my father came here in 1879 and bought a place - John Stines, he was ? he was working for a gentleman and he bought his place and there was about 10 families when we first moved here. Others soon came.

Oregon Trail:

They've got markers all along that Old Oregon Trail. We've got a marker for it - it's put there by the store and I told them they ought to put it down there where that trail was. That's where they should have put that Old Oregon Trail. No. They never drove up in Almo. That's where the Indians were camped. On the Almo Creek. But the Oregon Trail was down in the flat there. You used to see ? just opposite Henry Cahoon's ranch right straight out into the flat. After I was married and my husband died, that was in 1894 (1904?) when he died, I was left a widow with six children to take care of and one day I was alone with the children and two Indians came to the house and they were quite sassy and the next to the oldest had long black hair and dark black eyes and one of them said " Wynone, Indian - Wynone, papoose and she was angry and she said "I am not a papoose, and I'm not an Indian and that seemed to please him because she was so spunky and then one of them looked at the other and ran his hand around her head just like her hair would make a beautiful scalp lock and I was getting kind of frightened because they were so sassy around me and they made me make biscuits for them and I didn't have anything to raise the biscuits with just out of baking powder so I just stirred up some flour and water and baked that for them and that seemed alright for them and then they demanded meat and other things and I was getting quite frightened and one of them he turned his head a little and listened and I thought now what is going to happen. And what happened was they jumped right up off their chair and ran and got on their horses and went just as fast as they could go. In a little while here came an Indian another Indian and he had two pistols one strapped on each side and I could see he had a rifle strapped on his horses saddle and he came strutting up the path and I thought "Oh my goodness" another one and as he came up to the door he said "You seeum Indians? Two Indians?" and I said yes, they were right here a while ago and they were sassy. He said "Heap bad Indian, me catch um." He said they escaped from the reservation. He said "Me catch um you no be afraid of them anymore."

And then he went as fast as he could go. I guess he caught them because it came out in the paper that an Indian policeman had caught two desperate Indians that had escaped. After my husband died, she (Jane) was off up in the field as she and the children often did where we had lived before we had moved down to the lower part of the ranch and there were gooseberries - green gooseberries and half green currants up there and they never came back to dinner. They stayed up there watching my brother Ren plow and they got their fill of these gooseberries and Janie she got sick up there and he had to bring her home. She was cramped over and crying with pain. The next morning she wasn't any better so we sent for the Dr. and he came and he said she had appendicitis and it was busted. She was swollen from her neck down and her body so you couldn't see the shape of her and there were three or four women there with me at that time. He said he would have to operate right there in the home because she couldn't be moved. Her appendix would bust if he did. Brother Allen, our bishop was there, and he ? around the bed and he said if there was anybody in that prayer circle that had feelings against their bishop or their neighbors to leave the room and there was one lady that left the room.

He prayed for her and he promised me in the name of the Lord that if I didn't have her operated on that she should live. The doctors had told me that if she wasn't operated on that she would die and that she wouldn't live three hours. Then I was left to choose between the priesthood and the Dr.. I went outside and I prayed in secret and I was impressed to choose the priesthood and the minute that I did my heart and soul was filled with love and joy . I told

the doctor that I wouldn't have her operated on and he said I'm sorry lady but she won't live three hours. And they left medicine to deaden her pain. She didn't have to take the medicine. She began to mend from that time forth. Her bowels were alright and the lady that was there that ? morning was there and she went home and she said I will come down early in the morning. And when she came down the next morning Janie was sitting propped up in bed eating toast. She came in and she looked at her and she stepped back and she says " Well, she says, this is a miracle. I don't understand it - it surely is a miracle." And so Janie got well fast and got better.

Well there were times that we got pretty hungry once in a while. But mostly my children, especially my daughter Ardeth, was so hungry for an education her heart was set on it, but I wasn't able to do it. It was all I could do to take care of them . We used to walk to Sunday School and the meeting was in the afternoon and then we would go home and come back to meeting. We done a lot of walking that was the only way we had. There was one time that we went over across the neighbors to my sister's house through the field and they persuaded us to stay in the evening. When we was going home through the field, we heard a mountain lion scream not far from behind us and we run and run until we almost dropped. We crawled through the fence and got in with Uncle Carl? and we knew that mountain lion had tagged us almost to the fence. We could hear him behind us. And we were surely afraid of it.

Ardeth was the only one that clamored for an education and I surely would loved to have given her one. She was that way all her life - she wanted an education for her kids and she did give it to them. I know I should have done but I didn't.

Well we were always happy even in our poverty we were happy. They (the kids) went to the mutuals they took part in mutual and Ida? was chosen on account of her dark hair and black eyes to be Queen of the May. How pleased she was that they picked her and had that given to her. Daughter Janie was working out at that time and she said "Momma, I will furnish her a pretty dress and she did. She sent money to buy her a pretty dress. It was embroidered - was all the style then it had a skirt with embroidery all over it. It was a pretty embroidery and it was deep enough so it made a pretty skirt for her and she was dressed nice and she looked so pretty with her black hair and the crown on her head and she was Queen of the May that year. And everybody thought she looked so nice. And then they had many happy times, they had games and they had playmates come home to play with them. They sleigh ride. I made them a little sleigh myself. We had a gentle horse and they would hook up that sleigh and sleigh ride. We rode in the sleigh wherever we went. I made the sleigh and first thing I know why half the town had one.

There was one time when we went up to my mother's in the sleigh and I regret it. There wasn't any snow in the roads so we went through a man's field and he had a lot of cattle in there and I never thought they would bother - but they all gathered around that sleigh and bellered and ran all around and around us and I was really frightened. And the old mare she went just as fast as she could and we got through a gate that led out there and I was very happy to see a dog coming out of Mr. Sheridan's place. He lived right opposite there and he took those cattle off and I was sure glad to see that dog. I was usually afraid of him - because he was kind of a mean dog - but I was sure tickled to see him that day.

We had lots of happy times. We used to go up in where we lived before and there was trees up there and as I said fruit. And they would go up there and take their dinner along with

them so they didn't feast on green gooseberries. We had lots of happy times, everyone was agreeable and good natured and so that helped a whole lot.

(Janie does some reminiscing) We used to fishing up that creek. There was lots of fish and we would go fishing and Idy and I was busy fishing one day and Stella sneaked up behind us and she had caught a water snake. She chased us all over with that water snake. We had lots of fun fishing. We went up there one day - it was winter time and we went up to skate down the creek. We would go up to the top and skate down the creek. And the Bruesch's came over and they said come over here we want to show you something. And we went up to a drift and there was a big mountain lion's track so we got kind of afraid to go up after that but still we would skate and we would skate clear to the school, and one day we got busy skating down to school and we got down even with Cahoon's place, they had kind of a crazy man that lived there with them and we was skating and we heard somebody let out a yell. We looked around and he come after us and he just had breech ? on and a big butcher knife. We just thought we never would never get to school that morning. But we finally got away. But the daughter there had just told him to go out and scare us. They shouldn't have done that because he wasn't responsible all the time for what he done. There was quite a bunch of us, there was the Bruesch kids and us. And then another time we went to school and we skated and we had a school teacher named Rothrie. And we went to school in a little log cabin and Mary Wake taught us and Rothrie taught the big room. This morning we had been skating and we was a little late. Just before we got there the bell rang so we decided to skate and when the recess come the teacher didn't say anything to us - Mrs. Wake didn't say a word to us but till recess and then she said you are wanted in the principal's room. So we went into the principal's room and he could look awful mean and he had a wooden handle and he never said a word to us. He just set us up close by him and he would write on the board and ever once in awhile he would turn and look at us and come down with that wooden handle and pounded on the bench and we never played hooky any more.

(Aunt Alice) They fished by reaching in and catching them with their hands. That creek was full of fish at that time and they would just reach in and get the fish out but after Stella brought out that water snake they was kind of scared to.

They had wonderful times up there and of course there was trees up there and down where we moved there wasn't a sign of a tree or shade of any kind. And they would go up there where they could play and I sent Wes so he could be off away from some environment I didn't want him in any how. And they would go up and take him and go up there and play all the time. Some of the neighbors weren't the best environment. He (the neighbor) turned out and never did amount to anything either only a drunk. I was never sorry that I kept Wesley away from him. They played and had wonderful times up there and there wasn't anything that could hurt them. There were cougars alright cause I told you about that one that came down near our house but they never bothered in the daytime.

(Interviewer) There was lots of cougars in this area and quite a few deer this was a natural habitat for them. I guess there aren't any around now. (Aunt Alice) No, they still catch them. Bruesch's still catch them once in awhile.

Start of side 4 - starts in middle of conversation.

He was only about three years old. And he wanted that little horse.

??? says I'm gonna keep this and yes he did. Now if I'd went over there as I should have done, William says I told him about that. He said Mother, maybe I would have went to the dogs. I'm watching these stars and there are so many of them that has gone bad, he said I'm kind of glad that you didn't do that. He said I don't know what I would have done. Talking or singing or sculpturing, I don't really think he had that gift and I didn't give him a chance. He says I am happy the way I was. Says don't feel bad over me.

Jane Isabelle Barker Durfee, my great grandmother, - a group is sitting around talking about her life and taped by Oriol Tracy son of Ida Rice Tracy and Andrew Tracy. And my grandmother is seated with me who is my mother's mother - her name is Alice Durfee Rice.

And so we are going to talk about her mother who is Jane Isabell Barker Durfee. First I will read a little history of her life as recorded in the Alice Rices' book of remembrance written here as if she was speaking. My father and his brother George and their families, Barkers, left England on 23 Mar 1830 and they sailed on the old war ship called the New Brunswick and arrived in the Americas 23 June 1830 after a three months ocean voyage landing at Statton Island in a short time they were located in Lerayville, Jefferson Co New York. From there they moved to Watertown. They first heard of the Mormons from a man named Clark. He said he was going to the promised land he was owner a grist mill. Benjamin Brown and Jessie Crosby were at our house the winter of 1844 . and they were the first to do much preaching to us. My sisters Harriet and Sarah were baptized. All the family joined the church except one sister Matilda who married and moved to Wisconsin where she lived until her death. I have 4 bro and 4 sis. Harriet and Sarah were baptized in the creek that ran down through the pasture of the farm on which we lived. This farm formerly belonged to Zinna B. Huntington Young. My cousin had been very sick with typhoid fever and when he was recovering he was taken down to the creek on a stretcher and baptized and was almost instantly healed. We left Watertown in 1849 and came to Nauvoo. We went and looked at the temple. We all went upon the roof except me and I sat on the lower step and cried aloud. As loud as I could. We drove our horse teams on the ferry and crossed the Mississippi that night and we camped on the West side of the river. The main body of the Saints had left but a few were still there in Nauvoo. From there on to Mt. Pisgah where we lived all summer. The men folks went into Iowa to get work and they thought it was a pretty good place so in the fall moved the family to Indian Prairie, Van Buren County, Iowa, a place just east of Mt. Pisgah. We stayed there until 1849 and then moved to Council Bluffs to start for the valley. David Moore was made captain of our ten, Enoch Reese of 50, and Alan Taylor captain of 100. I was only ten years old when we crossed the plains. The older folks walked most of the way and at night we gathered all around the campfire and the young played games. Along the Platte River we had to gather buffalo chips to use for fire. Mother used a large kettle to bake in that stood on legs and had a tight cover. And she placed hot coals under it and over it and on the cover. While traveling, as soon as the milking was done in the morning, the milk was strained into the churn and through the motion of the wagon the butter was churned into round balls. Occasionally we stopped a day so the washing could be done and always rested on Sunday and held meeting. We saw great herds of buffalo and stopped the wagon trains until they went past. We had several runaways with the train. They got scared at a lady once when she took off her bonnet to fan herself. It was a terrible sight. One of the men was hurt but no one was killed . We arrived in Salt Lake City valley on the 20th of October 1849.

Ephraim Green wanted us to locate at the Sessions Settlement. We met Captain Brown and he wanted us to go to Weber. He praised the place so highly that we moved there and moved into the empty cabins just a few rods from the junction of the Ogden and Weber Rivers. These cabins were left there by some people named Crow and with us at this time were the families of David Moore, Amos Andrews, Francillo Durfee and Mr. Button an old mountaineer. In the spring we moved up on the bench near where Joseph Moore now lives. Our house had a mud floor and a mud roof. Mrs. Judkins was our first school teacher we studied out of a spelling book. I was married to Henry Dennison Durfee the 6th of March, 1857. The same year my husband was called across the plains to assist the emigrants. In 1858, we were ordered South and Johnston's army were coming and in the summer we were later on called to come back by President Brigham Young. Now that concludes what is written here in this record.

Here is an account about the family as they lived in the Ogden valley. It is about Jane Barker Durfee told to Alice Jane Durfee Rice.

When we first came to Utah or the valley on Oct. 20, 1849 we had very little flour and it was soon gone and we had to live on corn meal and ground wheat. We made our sugar and molasses from beets. A man planted all our spare grain and we were depending upon it for our bread, so you can see how we felt when the crickets came. On the day the children came running in and said "Mother come and look, there's a big cloud going right toward our grain patch." It was the crickets. Mother tried to get the men folks to go help scare them away, but Father was afraid they would only light on the neighbor's field and then come back to ours.

Mother said they could go scare them too, but Father was discouraged and would not go. Mother said, "Come on girls, Harriet and Jane, let us go. We took a sheet and tin pans to drum on and went forth through the grain, but the did not move. Then we saw that Mother was standing still and praying, so we stood still. She was praying aloud in tongues and as she prayed the crickets began to raise until the sky was black with them. They all left and flew off down the lake and never came back. We raised 600 bushels of grain that year. Mother died of cancer. It was very hard for her to eat corn meal and ground wheat and she was a midwife and waited on the sick a lot.

Stories - by Aunt Alice.

About Grandmother Jane Isabelle Barker Durfee.

She had to go along the mountain, they lived upon a mountain. Most of the settlers lived on this mountain and she had to go and do washing for quite a few of them. And one day she was late. She was running along she saw a big black bear on the side of the hill and she ran back to the neighbors as fast as possible. And she came a little farther along and she saw an Indian camped and she was slipping by just as careful as she could - she just snaked by bent over and the Indian saw her and took out after her and she ran and ran and she was just so tired when she got home she just fell right in the door. He came in right behind her and he said "Jane heap a scared, me no hurt her.

There were instances where the Indians were friendly with the settlers and knew their names and of course instances where they weren't friendly.

Not long before that a little child was playing outside with the other children and they were close to the river and in the willows and it started to rain and they all ran home to the house and they forgot their little sister who was quite young. She couldn't run as fast and there

was a couple of Indians there and they saw her and grabbed her and put her on the horse and they were both riding one horse with her in the middle and wrapped his blanket around her so she couldn't cry out and they went for home. They took her home and when they got to the camp they didn't treat her very good. They took all of her warm clothing off her and put it on their own papoose and dressed her in just a blanket. People knew that they must have stole her and there was one man that saw these Indians go but he didn't see any child. They had her hid. The father offered a great big reward for her. For anybody, any Indian, anybody that knew where she was. They wouldn't prosecute them or ask any questions, and the Indians saw this reward and heard about it and they started to bring her home but she had caught pneumonia and she died on the way back so they buried her and never said a word about it. These folks felt so bad that they left the state and went back home. The mother had a nervous break down over it and a long time after that an Indian came to beg and he told us what had happened. That is the only way they knew about it. So that is why it frightened Mother so when that Indian began running towards me.

Story about Little Squaw read by Oriol Tracy.

Utah and Bannock Indians were angry towards each other. It is generally referred to as Ute Indians. One day an old Bannock Indian, his squaw and little sister were out hunting for deer near their home. He wounded a deer and trailed it for a long ways and finally killed it. By this time it was dark and they decided to camp and dress the deer which the Indian had killed. The young Ute Indian who was out hunting horses saw this fire and slipped upon them. When he saw it was just one old man, he pretended to be very tired and hungry. And he pleaded with them to stay all night. After the Indians were asleep he killed the old Indian and told the squaw to go back to her people. But he took the horses and the little squaw and went to Utah. This little squaw was about ten years old. After he had been there a little while he brought her to the Mound Fort to beg. They came to mother's first. The little girl was all bruised and bleeding with cuts made from the back of his knife and she was covered with mud and snow. He had been dragging her and she was very cold. Mother told him to leave the little girl there while he went around to beg. He pretended to go but he laid down under the window to listen.

The little girl showed her arms and back and how she was bruised and cut. And then the Indian raised up and said something in their language. Mother asked her what was said. She said "He told her he was going to kill her on the way back." She asked Mother if she could go in the bedroom. Mother thought she wanted to go and dress her wounds, but she was in there so long Mother went to see what was the matter. She was hid under the bed and under some extra clothes that were also under there. She said that when the Indian came to tell him she heapemnuf. This heapimnuf means she vamoosed or took a powder I guess you would say. This bedstead was made by boring holes in the wall, pulling poles into them and nailing two side pieces and two foot pieces and then lacing ropes crisscross for the springs. When the Indian came back, he asked. "Where squaw?" Mother said "She heapinook." He shook his head and said ca-ca-me look. The Barkers had a puncheon ? floor, that is a log sawed in two and turned upside down. So he took his gun stick and punched down all over the floor and then went into the bedroom and did the same. He raised the bed curtain and punched the clothes so hard that she was under but she didn't make a sound though it must have hurt her very badly being so sore from the cuts. When the Indian left, they hid her in a

straw stack that was near the Weber river. The children had made a hole in the stack for a play house. So they put bread and water in there and kept her for about three weeks. One night she heard them, that is the Indians walking around the stack. They thought she was there and said they were going to burn the stack that night. So Mother had to bring her into the house. That night the "Little Soldier" came. This is the chief of the Indians. And when he saw her, he knelt down, crossed his gun sticks and sighted at her. My Uncle George Barker was there and he jumped up and said. "Now look here, what are you going to do?" The Indians called Uncle George "Tookyhere" because he always said - looky here. The Indians said me heap mad. Then Uncle George said, "me heap mad too," and threw his cane and hit the Indian. Although the Indian had a gun, Uncle George chased him clear off the place, running and throwing his cane at him. Mother kept Little Squaw for about a month. One day she went to the neighbors to borrow some yeast and when she came back Little Soldier saw her and tried to run over with his horse. She was near enough to a haystack that the calves had been eating on it so that she could get under it and avoid the horse. A neighbor saw him and drove him away. The next day the whole tribe came to get Little Squaw.

They said they would kill the whole family if we did not give her up. Our Stake President said, "better to let her go, and also Little Squaw begged them to let her go. She said that she didn't want her good mother and her good sister killed. So then the Indians took her and began beating her and cutting her with the backs of their knives and abusing her before they even left the yard. My sister, Harriet, and Louisa Bronson ran among the Indians and brought her back to the house. The Indians left her there and said heap brave squaws. That is meaning Harriet and Louisa. The little squaw's brother, came from Bannock and mother told him to take her home. He started with her, but he met Little Soldier and traded her to him for some horses. Now the Indians had begun to steal horses and cattle from the settlers and they were afraid that Little Squaw would tell on them. So they smoked while they decided how they would kill her. And they finally decided to burn her at the stake. They sent her out with others to gather the sticks to burn herself. Little Soldier's young wife, Nitra went with them and kept driving Little Squaw to the Weber river. When they were near the bank of the river, she told her to take off her moccasins and swim the river and then jumped from rock to rock so she wouldn't leave any tracks so they couldn't tell which way she went. She did this and came back to mother who happened to be out in the corn patch near the river. And when mother heard the corn rustling, at first she was frightened. She said, "who is there?" And then the little Indian girl said "it is me, Roda and I is so tired and Mother says "You poor little thing." Her feet were cut and bleeding from jumping on the rocks and was tired from running. The next day the whole tribe came back after her. Squaws were all jabbering at once and swinging their tomahawks and knives. Father tried to tell them how wrong it was to abuse the little girl. He asked what they were going to do with her and Little Soldier just motioned with his knife across his throat.

All at once Father got to talking with them in their language and they got so still you could hear a pin drop. He yanked Little Soldier's gunstick from him and pointed toward the east to the north and to the west and to the south. And he talked a long time and when he was done, every Indian jumped on his horse and shook hands with Father and Little Soldier said "He no talk, Great Spirit talk through him. Great Spirit heap mad if we harm squaw" and then they left.

Later on Mother sent Little Squaw in custody of a freighter to the Bannock people. And she married a white man by the name of Dempsey and they raised a splendid family. Mother taught her to be neat and clean and to cook. And she sent Mother some buckskin trousers and me some beaded moccasins and said for my good Mother and for my good sister.

This gives us an idea of some of the things the Indians did.

Janie's story about the Indians Grandma Durfee used to tell.

Well, my story is about Uncle George. The Indians called him Tookyhere. He lived there with Grandma's folks and the Indians come there one day and they kind of liked Aunt Harriet. She had black hair and she was dark and they told Uncle George that they would like to have her. And he told them, "well if you will get me twelve white buffalo horses you can have her." He never did have any idea that they would be back but in a few weeks with the twelve buffalo hide horses. And then of course he had to tell them that she didn't belong to him and he couldn't give her away and that he was just a teasing her. But they said he had forked tongue and they was going to have her anyway. And so they went away a little ways but they camped out of sight down by the willers. And just before dark two or three little squaws come up and pretended to be hunting for a feather. But when they went back, I suppose they was trying to find where they slept or something. But they had two log houses, one with a little alleyway between them and the two girls slept in the littlest one and there was just a buckskin window on the back of the house and the divided door and they had a big dog tied up there. And that night why the two girls could hear the Indians walking around and around the house. The dog would jump out at them and they didn't dare come to the window. So the next morning while they were walking around, Grandma got scared and said if they find that buckskin window they will crawl in and get us and I am going to get dressed. So the girls got up and got dressed. In the morning when they got up the Indians was all gone - there wasn't any sign of them but they saw the tracks of these Indians. They had gone around and around the house.

Story about Indians as told by Oriel Tracy.

Six Indians came to the door of the Barker home and asked for some flour or some bread. And since all of the seed had been pretty much planted and they didn't have any flour to speak of - just barely enough to do them until the grain got ripe, why they told them they didn't have any bread. Well the lady of the house which could have been Grandma Durfee's mother, was ironing at the time. And they used these three or four flat irons they set on the stove and alternate them as they get cool. They changed to a hot one. Well the Indian walked over to one of these irons and picked it up and held it over the crib of the baby and threatened to burn it if they didn't give them some flour. Well, they could hear Uncle George up in the bedroom and he cleared his throat and pretty quick he appeared at the door with his cane and says "You fellas better leave now. And the braves stood there and one of them laughed and said "Tookyhere, old man, lame back, walks with a cane. Us six big strong Indians and you tell us to leave and it is said Uncle George pointed at the door with his cane and said " In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, leave this room" and the Indians looked at him for a moment and the one by the crib took the iron back and put it on the stove, walked over to the rest of them and one by one they dropped their heads and walked out the door. And they never came back as

far as they knew. This is a story I've heard Grandma Durfee tell many times. She used to tell about Indians jogging by at night and singing. Something that went like.....

That is what they sang too, when they were doing a war dance. And she would get up and show us how they danced. She knew a lot about the Indians.

I remember one story that Grandma Durfee used to tell us when we were young - it's about the time when they were crossing the plains and she walked across the plains. They didn't have any chance of gathering any firewood for fires at night for cooking the supper. It was her job for the wagon to gather buffalo chips on the way and store them in a pan for fire at night. One night at dusk she had the buffalo chips in a pan and it was sitting by the wheel of the wagon. That evening about dusk two Indians came up to the wagon and asked for meat. They told them they didn't have any meat but they gave them some.....end of tape.

ALICE JANE DURFEE RICE
written by herself

My father was Henry Denison Durfee, born September 6, 1833 at Est port, Essex, New York, and my mother's maiden name was Jane Isobelle Barker, born May 17, 1839, at Watertown Jefferson, New York. My father's father and mother were Francillo Durfee, born May 17, 1812, at Lincoln, Addison, Vermont, died February 15, 1891; Mariam Jones, born November 5, 1809 at Pittsfield, Merrimack New Hampshire, died September 31, 1854.

I was born January 23, 1872 at Beverdam, Box Elder, Utah and blessed there by my father but no record was made.

My parents removed from there to Conor Springs, Utah when I was about three years old, where we lived until 1880. We came to Almo, Idaho and lived here ever since. This was where my first schooling started and we had only three months schooling out of each year.

My first teacher was Sylvia Ward of Elba, Idaho. We had to walk one and one-half miles to school. Other teachers were Edward Hoaglund, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Waldow, Mr. West and others.

I had only an eighth grade education but did not receive a certificate of graduations these were not given out here at that time.

There were only nine or ten families here when we came, however, others soon arrived.

We belonged to the Oakley Stake and had a Presiding Bishop. I was baptized the 5th of August 1884, by W.C. Martindale of Oakley and confirmed by James Cole of Oakley, Idaho. I received by Patriarchal blessing at Almo, Idaho, the 31st of January, 1889, given by Robert Wilson of Oakley.

My parents had a large family of six boys and five girls and my childhood was very happy. We had love and peace in our home. We had a wonderful time running races in sleds and being dumped out in the snow, skating, and other games. We were never hurt playing our games. We had some very nice clean boy-friends and we had great time together and with other children. My favorite girl play-mates were Agnes Hoagland, Berdie Johnston, and others. We rode horseback to view the City of Rocks and Castle Rocks. Our amusements were sleigh riding, dances, dramatic performances given by our local talent which was very good; we used to have surprise parties, old and young would get in sleighs and go to a neighbors house, take their own music along and supper and have a dance. It was surely fun. We also had molasses candy pulls or parties. Sometimes were afraid of the Indians. About three years before we came here, when the place was unsettled, the Indians hid in the City of Rocks and watched a company of emigrants wind along the old Emigrant road. They sent some of their braves down on Almo Creek so they could not camp there where the water was. The emigrants camped in a circle and built up breast works. The Indians then came down and surrounded them. They tried to dig wells but could not for they were watched too closely. Some escaped to get help by crawling toward the creek where most of the Indians were. Those who went the other way were caught and killed. When the soldiers came they found only charred wagons and pieces of iron. Later some cowboys dressed up as Indians to scare a tenderfoot young man who was working with them and they did scare him. He was so frightened that he swam (Raft River) and gave the alarm. We were all fortified up at the

Bishop's place which was on Almo Creek just opposite where the emigrants were killed. We were surely glad it was a false alarm.

When I was sixteen years old I was a teacher in Sunday School and also assistant Secretary in Relief Society for several years, and in 1896 counselor in the Mutual for three years.

I first met my husband in 1885 and was married on September 4, 1890 by the Justice of the Peace. On 1 March 1891 we traveled in a wagon to Logan and were sealed in the Temple. It took us three days to get there.

I have had my prayers answered several times especially when one of my children, who in 1905 was given up by three doctors, was saved. She was stricken with appendicitis and was swollen from her chest down, rounded up so you could not see the shape of her body. The doctors said she would have to be operated on right in our home; that the appendix had broken and she could not be moved; that she had only once chance in a hundred of living even at that.

Our Bishop, David O. Allen, held prayer circle in the room around her bed and promised me in the name of the Lord that if she was not operated on she should live even though the doctors said she would die if she was not operated on. I was left to choose. After praying in secret I chose the Priesthood and a feeling of love and joy filled my whole soul. The doctors said they were sorry that she would not live two hours, but she began to get better. Incidentally, they left medicine to deaden the pain until she died, but she did not have to take any. There were six ladies with me who witnessed the miracle. My daughter, Janie, was 11 years old when this happened.

My husband took contracts on large cattle ranches, also plowing ground and he took a contract to cut timber for the Vipont mine. So we did not have time for pleasure trips. The children and I had a narrow escape from death at this mine. a friend who was working wanted us to ride in the ore car back in the mine, which was 1 ½ miles in. When we were almost out of the mine, to tease the girls he said he was going to dump us out where they dumped the ore. The oldest girl jumped up and grabbed him around the neck. He was a short man and he could not get his foot on the brake. I had to lay my baby down and unclench her hand. We went within a foot of the dump which was 50 feet down.

My husband passed away on September 5, 1904 just 21 days before my baby was born and I was left with 6 little children to take care of which I did by weaving carpets until my two youngest got old enough to take care of me.

I have been going to the Logan Temple on excursions for a long time but never was baptized for the dead as that is taken care of by our junior excursions. I worked in the Primary for 25 years - first as a teacher then as second counselor, then first counselor. In 1943 I was set apart as a home-missionary with Sister Alice Ward as my companion. My children have all married in the Church except one, my son who is not married. I have 37 grand children and 53 great grand children. My faith promoting experiences have been many times enriched by stories my Mother told me of which the following is one:

One evening Little Soldier (an Indian Chief) came to my Father's house very dejected and sick at heart. He and his people were virtually prisoners. They had been committing depredations against the whites or settlers here in Utah. Their guns and firearms had been taken from them and they encamped down west of the mound, near Old Mill Creek (this is in

Ogden). Little Soldier came into their presence that night and he said he felt very bad in here (indicating his chest). He said that he and his people were nothing more than dirt under the feet of the white men; that they were treated like dogs and he was complaining bitterly with respect to the attitude of the whites towards his people. He said they had taken their guns and maybe soon they would starve; that papoose heap hungry. They tried to explain to him that it was their own fault, that if they would cease their trouble-making with the settlers that he knew would, as it was their policy, treat them right and to be kind to them. all at once the Mother of this family (my grandmother) had the spirit of the occasion come upon her and she arose and by virtue of the gift of tongues which came to her she spoke to Little Soldier in the Shoshone tongue. She explained to him something with respect to his people and his ancestors. She told him in simple language of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and if they would be faithful and honor God and keep his commandments that they would yet become a white and delightsome people. He pushed up (Mother's) brother's sleeve and said:

"Indian some day like that white. She no talk, Great Spirit talk through her."

They asked him what Grandmother said. He said she told him that his people came across the Great waters, that through disobedience they became dark, that a boy was told where a book was hidden in a hill that told about his people. He said "Me feel good." The power of the utterance had such influence upon the old Chief that he shook hands with all of them and took his departure promising that he would do his best to avoid trouble between his people and the settlers in the future.

I have read the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and covenants, Pearl of Great Price, History of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Mormon Battalion, parts of the Old and New Testament, Ben Hur, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Pioneer Stories and books too numerous to mention.