

History of Rebecca Harris Taylor Yates, 24 December 1845.

Rebecca Harris, the daughter of Emer Harris and Polly Chamberlin (fourth wife) was born 24 December 1845 at Nauvoo, Ill. Her mother died when she was three years old. Rebecca came across the plains with her father and her grandfather Soloman Chaimberlin, the scout known as "Old Buckskin". Rebecca walked a great part of the way and told of gathering buffalo chips for the fire when camp was made.

They settled in Provo, Utah where some very trying experiences took place. They first lived in a dug out with a fireplace and no windows, they slept in a wagon. They had no matches so built their fire with flint rock. The first fire to get started in a neighborhood became the center of activity as everyone came to get coals to start their own fire. Rebecca could be trailed from the dug out by the blood from her feet as she had no shoes.

One day a neighbor boy was playing with her in the wagon where they slept, he picked up an old discarded shot gun and said he was going to shoot the cat; Rebecca protested and grabbed the gun just as it went off. It missed the cat but set fire to the wagon.

The neighbors chipped in, built them a one room cabin and shared their bedding with them.

One day while she was alone an Indian came in and began helping himself to the food they had in the cupboard. Rebecca being about eight years old and fearless picked up the broom and chased him out of the cabin; of course the Indian was friendly. About this time the Indians began warring among themselves. One day a squaw ran into the cabin where Rebecca was. She was followed and shot full of arrows.

Under these conditions the Saints were ordered to move. As they were crossing the Provo River on a plank bridge Rebecca decided she could make it alone, but failed and fell in. A man with a baby in his arms saw her going down, grabbed her by the hair and pulled her out. She reached the other side by sliding straddle of the plank and holding to the mans coat tail.

They next settled in Springville, Utah. One winter morning her step mother (Parna Chapel Harris) sent her to gather chips for the fire, clad only in a print dress and no shoes, with about four inches of fresh snow on the ground. Rebecca rebelled and started to cross the mountain to her brother's place. A man going to the foothills for sage brush picked her up and wrapped her in a buffalo robe. He took her as far as he was going. About twenty-four hours later she arrived at her brother's, cold, hungry and tired. (Dennison Lot Harris)

When she was eleven years old she went out to work for twenty five cents a week. The lady she worked for lived in a canyon. One day

the lady was called away and her husband went to the sawmill leaving Rebecca alone. While out walking she heard a noise in the bushes. She ran home and some men went and killed a black bear in those willows. This Rebecca Harris and pioneer, is the mother of my grandmother who is with us tonight.

Rebecca's husbands were: 1. William Joseph Taylor, 2. Hans Peterson, 3. Frank Adams (this was not a legal marriage), 4. Absolam Yates

Rebecca died 22 January, 1929 in Lake Point, Utah, buried 25 January 1929, Lake Point Cemetery.