

PART 7: APPENDIX

ENID COOK'S BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES REID

Compiled by Enid R. Cook 1979

James Reid was born April 29, 1853 at Terrace Moore Wigtonshire, Scotland to Mary Reid. At the age of 5 years his Mother was married and went away leaving him in the care of his Maternal grandparents who took care of him and raised him as their own.

At the age of 10 years, on May 1, 1863, in the care of his grandparents, who had been converted to the L.D.S. Church by the missionary's, sailed from Wigtonshire to Liverpool, England where they planned to sail to the United States and come to Utah where the Mormon settlement was. Upon arrival at Liverpool, they boarded the ship Antarctic, a sailing vessel. They took a cabin passage, which in those days cost more money but was more comfortable. They set sail on approximately May 23, 1863 with 750 other Latter-Day-Saints for America. Their company leader was John Needham, who ably handled the large vessel. They depended upon the wind to drive them over the great deep.

They had two presiding Elders to take charge of the Saints while sailing. One they called "Delama", who was in charge of the French and British and the other they called "Needam," who took care of the Swiss, German and those that spoke that language.

They had an enjoyable trip until sickness overtook them. Many young people died with Measles and other diseases. Grandpa Reid had the Measles and was very ill. As the Doctor would come to inspect him every morning, grandmother would wipe his face off with a cold cloth so the Measles would not show because if the Doctor had known he had Measles he would put him down in the sick room with the others who were rapidly dying, and his grandmother wanted to take care of him and get him well. As she did this, the Doctor thought he had just a bad cold and let him stay in the cabin with his grandmother and grandfather.

He had a chum his age while on the journey. His name was Douglas Swan, an English boy. They passed many hours away together playing marbles, jacks etc.

They had traveled for one month and were only halfway to their destination. There was no wind and they couldn't move because they depended upon the wind to sail the vessel. A ship passed them and told them that there was a band of pirates ahead, but they missed the pirates because of the calm which would not let them sail.

Their drinking water had become so low also that it was so rotten, no one could drink it.

After five weeks journey there came a dreadful wind from the Northwest, the waves rolled so high that they looked like mountains. The sailors were up the masts, rolling up the sails to keep the wind from wrecking the ship. Grandpa and his chum, Douglas Swan, were sitting on the deck watching the waves when the sailors saw them. The sailor gave them a kick and told them to get into the hatchways that they would soon

close them up. The storm was very severe all night, but none of the Mormons had a fear.

When they neared the banks of Newfoundland, it became very foggy but as it cleared off a little breeze sprang up and they sailed toward the New York Harbor. They were 7 weeks and 3 days from Liverpool to New York a distance of about three thousand, five hundred miles, they arrived approximately July 14, 1863. Their ship hove anchor two miles out and they were taken to the Castle Gardens on steamboats.

After a few hours in New York, they marched in rows from the Castle Gardens to Broadway, a distance of perhaps one half mile. They boarded a streetcar that was pulled by 6 mules that took them out of the main City to the railroad station. They traveled by train to St. Joseph, Missouri. From St. Joseph they took a steamer up the Missouri river to Florence, Nebraska, a distance of five hundred miles. Here the Ox Teams from Salt Lake City, Utah were waiting for them. There were 75 wagons (eight oxen to each wagon) making a string of a mile or more in length. There were approximately 500 people in the company the fifth Church Train with Daniel D. McArthur as Captain of the Company. Note: (Taken from 1977 L.D.S. Church Almanac.)

At Omaha, Nebraska, there was a store where the necessary equipment for the trip across the plains was secured. They were allowed one frying pan, one stew kettle and one dutch oven. Those were about all the cooking utensils necessary and about all they could bring. The immigration fund supplied all the food and transportation for the Saints to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Grandpa Reid drove four yokes of cattle on a provision wagon part of the way across the plains. He was only 10 years of age but was very capable of doing work of that kind. At night they would corral their wagons in a big circle and build a big fire to keep the Indians away. They danced every night on the bare ground to Violin music.

Grandpa remembered the times when the Indians would come in the camps at mornings to beg for something to eat. The teamsters would cook a cake of bread and put it up for the Indians to shoot with their bows and arrows to see how good they could shoot. The small ones, as well as the larger ones took their turns.

Quoting from Grandpa Reid: "About the only experience that stands out in my mind as the worst that happened on the entire journey was a thunder storm. It was very severe. When we first started out on the flats from Omaha it began. Such terrible thunder and lightning, and my, how it did rain! The ground was covered by two inches or more of water after the storm cleared away, and that was the only bad storm on the entire journey."

Other exciting and interesting experiences also happened on the way. At one time there was a herd of Buffalo which blocked the road and made it necessary to stop and wait for them to move on. There was plenty of buffalo meat and fish to eat almost all the way. A company U. S. Cavalry, moving from one fort to another, traveled with the immigrants as far as Ft. Laramie for safety. They kept the camp in meat. There was little sickness or death on the trip.

They arrived in Salt Lake City an October 3, 1863, just in time for General Conference. They lived in Salt Lake City for 18 months. His grandfather worked at the Quarry, where they were getting the Granite for the Salt Lake Temple. Grandpa drove an oxen and hauled the Granite down to the place where it was transferred to the Temple site.

In May, 1864, when Grandpa was just 11 years old, he with his grandparents and several other families were sent to Beaver, Utah. On arriving in Beaver, they were unable to rent a house and the only place available was a cellar. For this they paid \$1.00 per month. During the summer they got out timber and built a large one room house and the following winter they were warm and comfortable. A fireplace was used to cook their food and heat the cabin.

While in Beaver, Grandpa had an experience with the Indians that he never did forget. One day as he was hunting cattle a foot on the range, two Indians took after him and he ran until he spit blood. He stopped behind a clump of cedars and was ready to shoot but the Indians didn't go any closer to him.

At 16 years of age, Grandpa was drilled in the Black Hawk War under Captain Joseph Betterson. He guarded horses and cattle at night from 1869 to 1870.

He was married to Harriet Valentine on December 25, 1877 in Beaver, Utah by Mathew Ivory with John H, Holgate as a witness. Eight children were born in Beaver as follows: Margerat Ellen, 25 November 1878; Caroline Ella, 6 July 1881; William James, 15 January 1884; George H., 8 June 1887; Samantha Agnes, 12 January 1889; Rose May, 24 January 1892; Ross Alfred, 24 January 1892; Hilda, 1 September 1895.

They owned a ranch in North Creek where they spent their summers and also owned a 5 room brick home in town where they lived in the winter so the children could attend school and church. Grandpa worked away from home a good deal of the time doing carpenter work. He would be gone sometimes a month at a time working in Panguich, Minersville and Milford. Also, Grandpa and his brother-in-law, George Valentine, at one time traveled all through Utah with roller skates. They would stop in each town that owned a dance hall and rent their skates to all who wished to enjoy themselves. He and George Valentine also cradled wheat one fall to earn money,

Grandpa heard of a place "flowing with milk and honey" and wanting to spend more time at home he decided to sell his property and move to Lucerne Valley, now known as Manila, Utah. In September 1897, with their five living children a wagon loaded with provisions: a barrel of flour, some beans, bacon, sugar, a sewing machine, 20 yards of some rag carpet and a thousand dollars sewn in a pillow, they started for Lucerne Valley. Some of their former neighbors who had moved to Lucerne Valley and had enticed them to come gave them a very warm reception. Some of the people who arrived with them were Sam and Mary Hanna Warby and Axel Anderson, a single man. Most of the people were able to build some sort of shelter before winter set in. Grandpa and Grandma Reid and their five Children and Daniel and Matilda Nelson and their eight children, who were Mormon converts from Australia, moved into a dugout in the side of the hill and lived there for about 30 days until they could get out timber to build a cabin. Grandma Reid used the 20 yards of rag carpet on the floor which made the Dugout a

little warmer and more comfortable. The "Dugout" was cut out of the side of the hill, just east of the present school which is now in Manila. This dugout was the first real residence in what was to become a town.

After getting his family settled, Grandpa and his son William went back to Beaver to get the 50 head of cattle he had left there. They thought at first that it was an ideal place to run the cattle, but soon found out that the outlaws and cattle rustlers were too much for them and their cattle dwindled until Grandpa only had 7 head left. Some of the men having the same trouble formed a posse and went out to look for the cattle rustlers. While they were gone, one of the rustlers came back to Grandpa's cabin and ask Grandma for something to eat. Grandma made him a good dinner not knowing that he was one of the men they were looking for.

Grandpa Reid's home was the first real house built in Manila.

So the new little Mormon community began its first long winter in Lucerne Valley. What did they eat? Grandpa and Grandma Reid shared what provisions they had brought with the Nelson family. What they had brought did not last long, but there was plenty of game to eat. A man by the name of Frank Mann, just passing through, killed 28 deer for them, and it has been told that two men, George Finch and Shade Large, whenever they came across a "cedar buster" (a seven or more year old steer that had escaped roundups) it was delivered to the new homesteaders with their compliments. Also, Dick Son, "the friend to every man," let them have supplies on credit from his store. It was also told that Shade Large sent them a barrel of sauerkraut.

Once a week the men would go on horseback over to Son's to get the mail and news of folks back in Beaver. Dick Son was losing his eyesight, but anyone who came in for mail helped him do the sorting. They'd visit a bit and hear of the outside world from C. B, Stewart who carried the weekly mail. It was a pretty lonely life especially for the women who missed the daily contact with friends they'd had back home.

Whenever there was a dance at Burnt Fork, everybody would load into wagons and go to the dance. This started an exchange which went on for a good many years. The people up the river would come down to Dan Nelson's cabin. While the children slept in one room, the parents would dance in the other with Jim Large or Grandpa Reid to fiddle while Ed Tolton called. There were jolly times, even if people did have to grind up some of their precious seed wheat in a coffee mill to get just a taste of the scarcest item - bread. After one of these dances, Grandma was very tired. In fact, so tired that Grandpa had to carry her in the house. She was expecting a baby which accounted for her being so tired from all the dancing she did. Not long after this dance on 13 December, 1898, a baby girl was born to them. They named her Lillian Sarah.

The first schoolhouse in Lucerne Valley where all of Grandpa's children attended school wasn't a fancy school but had a dirt floor and the seats were planks laid across packing boxes. The teacher was Ben Soglowksi. He was a forceful teacher with a good strong right arm. He had to be strict as the pupils, the first day of school, threatened to "chuck him out the window."

Lucerne Valley also got their first church in that same year. Grandpa Reid was appointed presiding Elder and had charge of the Sunday Schools and meetings for three years. He called and held the first meeting that was held there and blessed and passed the Sacrament alone until they were fully organized.

Grandpa Reid was one of the founders of Lucerne Valley and also helped to build the first water system as it was. A man named Jim Merchant had discovered that the rocks just north of town had strata of shale through which water seeped, so the men dug a tunnel and built a cistern to collect the seepage. The water was piped down into town where a big 2000-gallon steel tank in the middle of the intersection was put to hold the water. It was enclosed by a log crib and there everyone brought their stock to water, and barrels on drags for their household supply.

Booze was cheap and plentiful in those days. Three dollars and fifty cents would buy a gallon of "pretty fair", two fifty for "not so good" and a dollar would buy a gallon of locally distilled. Grandpa was only intoxicated but twice in his life, when he was but a young man, and was something he wasn't very proud of and didn't like to tell about it.

Grandpa Reid did much to interest other people into moving to Lucerne Valley. He wrote an article entitled "A Home For Settlers" which was published in the Deseret News February 13, 1899. He explained about the abundance of land, water, timber and coal that offered grand opportunities for the industrious home seekers. A later article written by Grandpa Reid and E. H. Tolton and published in the Deseret News March 3, 1899, told of Lucerne Valley's advantages for settlement.

After encountering many hardships and crop failures, Grandpa and his family decided to move over to the Ashley Valley. They loaded their wagon with their few possessions and with 7 head of cattle which William, about 16 years of age, and Ross, 7 years of age, drove over the mountain in September of 1899. The first place that they came to was Taylor Birds place. He had a large apple orchard, so Grandpa bought some apples from him and Grandma baked a fresh apple pie in the dutch oven on the hot coals. It was the first pie they had had for a long time and really tasted good to them.

On January 6, 1900, Grandpa traded his last 10 head of cattle for ten acres of land in Glines Ward. There they made their home. Grandpa worked as a carpenter and took pay in store trade that winter.

On 23 November 1900, their daughter, Caroline Ella, died while sitting in a rocking chair. She had been very ill for some time. Some of the Relief Society ladies were sitting with her and she said "Please pray for me." One dear sister, Emma Johnson, started to pray. Ella said, "Please pray for my eyes, I can't see the way". Mrs. Johnson continued to pray and Ella passed away while she was praying.

On 28 December 1902, their son, Ross Alfred passed away at the age of 10 years old.

On 16 September 1903 the tenth child was born to Grandpa and Grandma Reid. They named her Bertha Ethel. After her birth Grandma's health was broken and she became very ill and eventually an invalid. All medical help was secured but to no avail. She

passed away 28 August 1923. On 28 August 1924, Grandpa was sealed to Grandma by the holy spirit of promise for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple.

Grandpa was baptized in the summer of 1864 and confirmed a member of the LDS Church. He was later re-baptized. He was ordained a deacon in 1866 and appointed secretary of the Quorum. This office he held for three years and then he was appointed first counselor. He was made an Elder in the Church about 1871. This office he held for 53 years. In 1900 he was called to be a Ward teacher and served in that capacity for 35 years until his health made it impossible to act. He was ordained to the office of a High Priest in 1925.

After Grandma Reid died, Bertha lived with Grandpa and took care of him for six years, until she was married. Grandpa lived alone for about 10 years and when his health failed him, he went to live with his children. He died 16 November 1938 at the home of his daughter, Lillian.

Grandpa Reid to me was a true saint. He was generous and kind and how I loved to go get him by the hand and take him to our home where my Mother had prepared a sumptuous meal for all of us. Grandpa always radiated cheerfulness and contentment and the ability to make people love him. I have a loving memory of him always sitting on the front bench at church so reverent and quiet in his wonderful way.

What a great blessing it has been to me to have known him.