Life of

MARY JANE WALKER PACK

by

Frederick J. Pack

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MARY JANE HAD A
half-brother
FREDERICK JAMES
WALKER
born Jan 1829 at
DEVONPORT.

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Change birthplace
of MARY JANE WALKER
to 3 Apr 1835
DEVONPORT,
STOKE DAMEREL,
DEVONSHIRE, ENG

(Note: Family records written sometime after Mother came to Utah all state that she was born in Davenport, Devonshire, England, but a record in the Church Historians' office, No. 154, of the "Channel Island Conference," as of February 5, 1852, gives her birth place as Saint Helier, Jersey Island. This old record is likely to be more reliable than the later ones; hence we have used it here.)

Mary Jane Walker (Pack), only daughter of James Walker and Jane Shepherd Walker, was born at Saint Helier, chief city of Jersey Island, April 3, 1835. She had one brother, Frederick James, who was born in January of 1829. The father, James Walker, was a native of Cornwall, southwest England, where he was born in 1789. The mother, Jane Shepherd, was born February 23, 1808, at Tavistock, Devonshire, England. Family tradition has it that the father and mother were married in England and later moved to Saint Helier. The birthplace of the son, Frederick James, is not known.

Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, is situated nearly one hundred miles south of England, and only 15 miles from the west coast of France. It belongs to Great Britian. The island - 10 miles long by 6 miles wide - is rugged and precipitous at the north, but lower at the south. Its interior is mostly a well-forested tableland. The climate is moderate, especially at the south, and is characterized by plenteous rainfall. The soil is generally loamy, and therefore, coupled with the favorable climate, is adapted to the growth of a variety of garden and field products, more particularly tomatoes, potatoes, and various fruits.

At one time the people of Jersey owned fishing banks in New Foundland, and developed a knitted garment suitable to protect the fisherman from the cold, which later became known as a "jersey." The island is also famous for its Jersey cattle. The language of many of the families is French. English is also widely spoken, especially in the urban communities.

Saint Helier, the city, in which the Walker family lived, is situated at the south end of the island. It is a seaport town of about 25,000 population, and boasts a substantial maritime trade. The father, James Walker, was a sea captain and therefore was away from home much of the time. The family belonged to what was there called the better class. Since the father was able to supply all that was needed for a very comfortable living.

When Mary Jane reached the age of seven, her father died, December 9, 1842. Thereafter the mother and the two children lived alone. Their source of maintenance is not known, but inasmuch as no one of the family worked out for a living, it may be assumed that an inheritance was received from the father. The daughter has always spoken of their circumstances as having been "very comfortable."

Soon after the Gospel was introduced into England (1837), the channel Islands became a prolific field for converts to the Church. The first missionary

work done in these islands was that of local elders from England, prominent among whom was Elder William Ballen, who was already at work at Saint Helier when we first hear of him, November 13, 1847. On this date Elder John Banks, from England, arrived at the port of Saint Helier and found Elder Ballen and a small group of saints enthusiastically awaiting him. During the following thirteen days, while Elder Banks was at Saint Helier, eleven persons were baptized. Elder Ballen had already been very successful in his missionary efforts, and future prospects were reported as even more encouraging.

Mary Jane Walker and her mother, Jane Walker, were baptized at Saint Helier, December 20, 1847, by Elder William Ballen, and confirmed by him at the same place six days later. At that time Mary Jane was some twelve and one-half years of age. Sixty years later, after she had come to America and undergone all the hardships incident to Mormon pioneering in the great West, I asked her if she ever regretted joining the Church and doing all of the things that its teachings entailed. She quickly replied in steady measured terms that she was grateful to the Lord for his giving her the opportunity of doing what she had done. She was a true Latter-Day Saint.

William C. Dunbar did very effective missionary work in Jersey during the years 1848-49, and William Howells, a Welchman from England, visited the island in August of 1849. John Pack, who had come from Utah to the French mission in company with John Taylor and Curtis E. Bolton, in June, 1850, was appointed president of the Jersey mission and contiguous parts of France, at a conference held in Saint Helier, June 22, 1851. It would be interesting to know whether mother was present at that meeting, which she probably was, for she and her mother were devout members of the Church. They did everything within their power to assist the elders in their work, not only by attendance at meetings and the making of contributions, but also by entertaining them at their home.

A short time before Mother's death I asked her what she thought of Father when she first saw him. Although she blushed, she staunchly denied having had even the remotest thought at that time of subsequently marrying him. Indeed, she remembered him only as a "black-whiskered man," and quite unattractive.

Already preparations were being made to migrate to Utah, and accordingly, Mother embarked from Liverpool on the sailing vessel Kennebec, January 10, 1852, bound for New Orleans. Nineteen other persons from Saint Helier were on the same ship, including John Pack, who was then returning from a three-years mission in France and the Channel Islands. The saint Helier group consisted of eight males and twelve females. One or two of the young women were about Mother's age. The entire company of three hundred and thirty-three saints was under the direction of John S. Higbee.

Of the family, Mary Jane went alone. It was planned that the mother and possibly the brother would follow later. In all of this, the greatest of christian fortitude was exemplified, for what else than a living faith in God would permit a young woman, scarcely seventeen years of age, to leave a comfortable home and go out into a new country among strangers, where indescribable hardships were known to be ahead? But with a faith possessed only by those who have a testimony of the Gospel, the mother tenderly bade her child good-bye and consigned her to the beneficence of an overseeing God. The child, full of faith and courage to do right, went forward into the great unknown of sea and land, fully confident that God would not only take care of her but also of her loved ones whom she was leaving behind.

The sea voyage was long, tiring, and largely uneventful. In mid-ocean the winds ceased and the waters became calm. For two weeks the ocean was like a great sea of glass. The vessel failed to go forward; indeed, according to the observations of the Captain (Smith), it actually drifted backward. I remember of Mother's relating that each morning they went to the deck almost praying that the winds would blow. Eventually the sails were filled and the voyage resumed, greatly to the relief of crew and passengers alike. After two long months at sea, the Kennebec hove into harbor at New Orleans, March 11, 1852. From here the saints were to be convoyed by river boat to Saint Louis, and hence by smaller craft to Council Bluffs.

Mother and her companions had scarcely alighted from the Kennebec when they were anxious to proceed. Their goal was the "valley of the mountains," and they could not be content until it was reached. I remember of Mother's telling me of her disappointment when she learned that the river boat, the Saluda, upon which she had hoped to find passage, about the first of April, was reported as already overbooked. The long period of delay, however, was about ended, for within a few days she found herself and companions steadily moving up the great Mississippi, each stroke of the engines bringing them closer to the end of their seemingly interminible journey.

But tragedy stalked ahead. Mother's inability to obtain passage on the Saluda was likely her salvation, for when the boat upon which she was riding approached Lexington, Missouri, the hulk of the Saluda was barely visible above the water and scores of passengers were lying about on the ground, many dead and moredying. At that time the waters of the Mississippi were unusually high and difficult to navigate. When the Saluda's captain had ordered full steam ahead, the strain became too great and the boilers burst, bringing death, it is said, to Captain Belt, most of the crew, and more than one hundred passengers, many of whom were immigrating saints.

The tragedy of this experience remained with Mother almost to the day of her death, and on numerous occasions she recited its details as illustrative of the fact that people are far safer when they place themselves in the hands of God than when they are determined to have their own way. The boilers of the Saluda exploded on the ninth of April, 1852. It is reported that the boat's bell is now (1937) mounted in the tower of the Christians Church at Savannah, Missouri, where it has been in more or less continuous service since the disaster of eighty-five years ago.

After the passengers and crew of the boat upon which Mother was riding had rendered whatever service they could, the combined parties moved on to Saint Louis, where, following another delay, passage was resumed on a smaller craft plying the Missouri River between this point and Council Bluffs.

At the latter place the overland journey was to begin. It was here, too, that Mother encountered an environment entirely foreign to her earlier experiences. The ocean voyage and even the river trip from New Orleans to Council Bluffs were only modifications of various types of boating with which she was acquainted in the Channel Islands region. But here, on the very frontier of western civilization, everything was strange to her. Even the country itself, with its broad rivers and seemingly endless wastes, was totally unlike anything she had seen at home.

The immediate scene was bewildering. Men and women were hurriedly packing their belongings into heavy wagons, covered with great while "cloths;" horsemen

were hurrying here and there; and wagons, drawn by oxen and also by horses, rumbled through the crowd. Everyone was busy, and yet seemingly little was accomplished. But Mother soon found herself entering into the activities of the group. She packed her precious belongings into a designated wagon, and then waited day after day for the company to start.

Eventually, on the twenty-seventh of May, 1852, seven weeks after the Saluda disaster, orders were given to move forward. The company had been organized by Apostle Ezra T. Benson. John S. Higbee, who had been in charge of the saints on their ocean voyage, was made a captain of fifty. There is reason to believe that Mother was in Captain Higbee's division. John Pack was also a member of the company.

The first day was consumed in ferrying across the Missouri river. Here again Mother was encountering new experiences. The creaking of the ferry, the lowing of the cattle, the chanting of the boatmen----it was all new, strangely new. And that first night, five miles from the river, found her even more confused than before. She had never cooked over a camp fire nor eaten out of doors. The preparation of the food on an open fire, the serving of the meal on the ground, indeed, the inconvenience of the entire camp was disturbing if not actually repellant to her. But there were friends at every hand who were willing to help or to explain. Mother was an apt pupil, and before a "fortnight" passed, she was taking her part along with the others.

But if the truth were known, Mother was probably passing through one of the most trying experiences of her entire life. She had been reared in a home of comparative luxury and ease, an only daughter. She had accepted a new faith. She had left her mother behind, and was now going forward into an almost uninhabited desert, fraught with dangers which she might not be able to survive. But if she entertained any misgivings, they were never betrayed, not even in the later years of her life.

The early part of the journey was more attractive because of its novelty, but as time wore on and days stretched into weeks, the monotony must have become severe. And yet Mother has told me that they daily went forward with gladness in their hearts, thinking only of God's goodness and of the joy that awaited them at the end of the road. Saints in very deed!

The wagon in which Mother travelled was heavily loaded and hence she adopted the practice of walking much of the time, especially when the road was rough and steep. On one occasion she and a girl companion walked a considerable distance ahead of the wagons, and much to their consternation saw two mounted indians galloping over the hills toward them. With cries of fear they turned and ran toward the wagons, but the distance was such that the indians readily overtook them. Then greatly to the relief of Mother and her companion, the savages actually laughed aloud at the girls discomfiture. It was Mother's first experience with the indians, and thereafter, as she later told me, she did not venture far enough from the wagons to permit a repetition.

The route followed by the company was closely identical with that of the original pioneers, namely, along the north bank of the Platte river to Fort Laramie, where the river was crossed; thence to a point close to the present site of Casper, where the river was re-crossed; thence to Independence rock and up the Sweetwater to South-Pass; thence down the Big Sanday, across Green River, and to Fort Bridger; thence through Echo canyon and on to the "valley."

At a point somewhat more than one hundred miles west of Winter Quarters, a military organization was effected, chiefly, as a matter of defence against the indians, and John Pack was elected Colonel. Thereafter he usually travelled slightly in advance of the main company, and kept this position until all danger had passed. Then he quickened his speed and arrived in the "valley" nearly a week before the others. He gave an account of his three-years mission to France at a meeting in the Tabernacle, August 8, 1852. It is not known whether Mother accompanied John Pack's military organization or remained behind with the larger group, which reached Salt Lake City in the late afternoon of August 13, 1852.

The journey of very close to one thousand miles had been made in seventy-nine days, an average of twelve and one-half miles per day. Captain Higbee's division contained sixty-six wagons and more than three hundred people, that is assuming that all of the European immigrants came from Winter Quarters with him. Entrance to the valley is believed to have been through Parley's Canyon, rather than over the original route through Emmigration Canyon which had been abandoned since 1850 in favor of the former.

Ezra T. Benson, organizer of the company, with others of the Church authorities returning from various missions, arrived in Salt Lake City, August 20, 1852.

Of recent years I myself have become acquainted with almost every mile of the Mormon trail. By means of improved roads and high powered automobiles, I have been able to travel as far in fifteen minutes as Mother could walk in an entire day. I have frequently found myself in reverie, selecting identical segments of the road over which her weary feet carried her forward, and wishing that somehow I might invite her to ride on the cushioned seat beside me, and thus relieve her of the labor which she so willingly performed. But such of course cannot be the case. Her work is done, and if I am to show my appreciation of what she did, it must be in deeds to others, rather than her.

The country through which Mother passed seemed like a new world to her for in England, and especially in Jersey, the hills were everywhere covered with grasses and trees, whereas on the plains, the vegetation was sparce and scanty. Then too, the (10) excellent roads of her homeland formed a bold contrast with the miserable trails over which she was forced to travel. Even the climates were as opposite as the antipodes; at home they were moist and balmy; here they were dry and almost verile to her naturally delicate skin. Finally, the region was totally uninhabited, except for a few frontiersmen and bands of untrusted savages. But her heart was brave and her faith knew no bounds.

If I am not mistaken, her faith was again put in the crucible when she gazed for the first time upon Salt Lake Valley--the "Land of Promise." She had arrived at a time of the year when the country was shimmering under the heat of an August sun, when the natural grasses had disappeared and the hills had turned brown. The only outstanding delights were the fields of yellow wheat, ready for the cradle and the flail. And withal, when her wagon moved on to the streets of Salt Lake City, she pulled her sun-bonnet back from her face and sang a song of praise. She had reached the Valley of the Saints, the Zion of latter days. She had been enroute for seven months.

Here records fail us. We can only speculate as to what occurred during the next few weeks. It was the custom in those days, however, for the residents to meet the immigrant trains and invite the strangers to remain at their homes until they could become permanently settled. And this was Mother's experience. In the

later years of her life she was unable to remember the names of the people who thus gave her temporary abode. She did, however, remember their extreme kindness, and often spoke in deep appreciation of what they had done for her.

At the end of four weeks after her arrival in the valley a momentous experience confronted her--marriage. She had consented to become the plural wife of John Pack. She was seventeen and he was forty-three, and already the husband of three wives, the first of whom had a son slightly older than mother herself. Here again her integrity was tested to the core. It was no easy task to give up the training of her youth concerning marriage--one man for one wife--and to accept the revelation of God concerning plural marriage. But her conversion to the Church was complete, and she was ready to accept whatever its doctrines entailed. Even so, the task was a most difficult one--one that required almost super-human strength and devotion. And let it be said to Mother's redounding credit that throughout all the succeeding years of her life she remained loyal to the principle, loyal to her husband, and loyal to his families.

When the period of courtship began we do not know. Father and Mother first met in June of 1851 when he became President of the Jersey mission. Thereafter for six or seven months they met at frequent intervals in the church work at Saint Helier. Then, beginning in January of 1852, they were almost continuously together on the seven months trip from Liverpool to Utah. Their regard for each other, resulting in matrimony, was probably maturing throughout this entire period.

At any rate, on the fifteenth* of September, 1852 at 1:30 P.M. they went to the office of the President of the Church at Salt Lake City, and were sealed in the holy bond of marriage for time and all eternity, President Heber C. Kimball officiating. At this time there was no place in which the endowment could be given, and therefore at a later date, February 13, 1857, they were again sealed to each other, in the Endowment House, by President Brigham Young, W. W. Phelps and S. L. Spragne were witnesses.

As we view the matter from the present, it appears regrettable that Father did not have a separate house to which he could take his bride. But in those days such a condition was impossible. Since his entrance into the valley on the twenty-second of July, 1847, Father had been away from Utah all of the time except for thirteen months, September 1848 to October 1849. During this period he erected a very comfortable adobe house at the southwest corner of West Temple and First North streets. The building, facing the east, contained two large rooms at the front and two or three smaller ones at the rear. It was in the front northeast room that the University of Deseret held its first sessions during the winter of 1850-1851.

After his marriage to Mother, Father therefore took her to his home, where already he and three other wives were living. These wives were older, they were of American birth and training, they had already been in Utah for four years, and were accordingly much more accustomed to frontier life than was Mother. It should be said to their credit that they did everything within their power to teach Mother the ways of the new country.

But even so, it was all very difficult for her. She knew nothing about carding wool, spinning yarn, or weaving cloth; she knew nothing about cows; or horses, or sheep, or chickens; she knew nothing about the making of cheese,

*Temple Records.

of butter, of soap, of candles, of quilts, and yet, withal, she was determined to learn, and let it be added, she was a very apt pupil.

For five or six years following her marriage, it appears to have been Mother's practice to live on the farm in West Bountiful during the summer months and in the city during the winter. These annual movements appear to have been occasioned by the inadequacy of the farm house for winter usage. Mother's first three children were born in Salt Lake City, namely Geneva, Luella and Quince, the latter in November of 1857.

In explanation, it should be said that Father located the farm in West Bountiful in the summer of 1849, shortly before his departure for the French mission. While he was away, part of the farm was cleared and a small log house was constructed upon it, the work being done largely by Aunt Julia's older sons, assisted by their mother and Aunt Ruth.

The log house was situated some twenty or more rods back in the field, by the side of a spring of abundant cold water. Its precise position was about four rods south westerly from the spring, on a slight elevation of ground. As Mother described it to me, the house contained two rooms, and faced the east. One small window covered with white cloth--serving the purpose of glass--was present in each room. Both the floor and the roof were of dirt, the latter leaking badly with each down-pour of rain. The furniture consisted of a small two-hole stove, a chord bed, a home-made table, two or three improvised chairs, and a few boxes obtained from the store in the city. I have heard Mother tell of her efforts to keep the rain from the bed by holding a prized cotton umbrella above it.

For several summers after Mother's marriage, she and Aunt Ruth lived together in the house at Bountiful. Some of Father's older sons, children of Aunt Julia, took care of the farm, while Mother and Aunt Ruth prepared the meals, made butter and cheese, carded and spun wool, wove cloth for the family and occasionally, when time permitted, helped in the fields.

Mother and Aunt Ruth formed a mutual attachment at this time that lasted throughout their lives. During subsequent years they continued to visit together, and enjoyed each other almost as much as if they were kindred in the flesh. In view of the fact that they were married to the same man, their admiration for one another not only speaks volumes for their own superiority, but also for their actual devotion to the principle which they were attempting to live.

In 1855, Father and Mother made a trip to the country near Fort Limhi (now) on the Salmon River, Idaho. They left Salt Lake City in April and returned in September. The total distance travelled was in excess of one thousand miles. I have never learned the precise object of the trip, although I assume that Father was looking for a suitable place in which to settle one or more of his families. At that time there was scarcely a white man between the Utah colonies and the Yellowstone. Others from Salt Lake City who went to Salmon River with Father and Mother, established themselves at Fort Limhi, which until the time of its abandonment a few years later, was the oldest settlement in Idaho.

Mother later gave me the impression that the trip was a very pleasant one. The roads of course were extremely rough, but Father always had the best horses and the best vehicles that the country afforded. The trip was made in the third year of Mother's marriage and she always regarded it as a kind of honeymoon. I think, too, that it was the longest trip of her life after coming to Utah.

In 1856, while Father was on a mission of colonization to Carson Valley, Nevada, the crops were extremely poor, and Mother with Aunt Ruth and Aunt Julia labored hard in the field to prepare a meagre store for the oncoming winter. Meantime Mother left her baby in the shade of nearby willows. After the grain had been cradled, Mother and the others carefully gleaned whatever had been missed, subsequently threshing it with flails and winnowing it over wagon covers spread on the ground. In later life she laughed merrily when she spoke of her experience, and laconically mused that if "worse had come to worse" they all would have starved together.

On the twenty-fourth of July, 1857, while the saints were making merry in celebration at Silver Lake, (now Brighton) near the head of Big Cottonwood canyon, a message was received that made the stoutest hearts tremble with fear. An army was being sent by the United States Government for the purported purpose of exterminating the Mormon colonists. The people quickly and sorrowfully repaired to their homes in the valley. Council meetings were held by the Church leaders, and it was decided that the army should not be permitted to enter the valley, at least until its mission was fully known. Strong, daring men were sent out to meet the army, with instruction to employ every legitimate means to retard its progress. The manner in which this was done is a matter of common knowledge to students of history.

In the springtime of 1858, an agreement was reached, by the terms of which the army was to enter the valley peaceably and take up its quarters outside the Mormon communities. But the people had been deceived by their enemies so many times in the past that they naturally doubted the sincerety of their present opponents. Meantime rumors ran wild and the saints became fearful that almost anything might be done by the incoming soldiers. The perfidy of such men as Boggs and Ford was well remembered.

The Mormon people had already given up their homes to their enemies in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and they were determined that this should not occur in Utah. If the enemy attempted to forcibly occupy the country, they were to find it as barren and desolate as when the pioneers themselves came to it. Ifnecessary, the homes were to be burned, orchards cut down, and every evidence of civilization destroyed. The people themselves were to be gone when the army arrived, leaving only sufficient men to meet whatever exigencies might arise.

This was Mother's first real taste of persecution. She, of course, was well acquainted with what the Saints had previously suffered at the hands of their enemies, but whether her lack of personal experience intensified or diminished the gravity of the present outlook, I cannot say. I remember her descriptions of that extremely critical affair. At the time, she and Aunt Ruth were living on the farm at Bountiful. The granaries were full from a bounteous harvest of the preceding year. A young orchard was about ready to yield its first crop, and the trees around the house were large enough to provide a little shade. The house itself was crudely primitive, and yet it was the only home that they had. The people were resolute. If the incoming army exhibited an unfriendly attitude, all of these were to be destroyed. The country was to be laid waste. What was to become of them they did not know. God had taken care of them before; He would again.

Mother packed her most precious belongings into the wagon, mounted the seat, and rode away. Quince was in her arms, Geneva and Luella at her side. Father had already placed inflamable material beneath the house and the granaries, also a sharpened ax at the foot of a near-by tree. Mother could scarcely hope to

see her home again, for already the army was at the gates of the Valley, and no one could tell what it might elect to do.

With thoughts such as these in her heart, Mother rode away, scarcely daring to look back. But she was not alone; hundreds of others were similarly leaving their homes. The roads were lined with herds of horses and cattle and sheep. The people were taking with them everything that could possibly be moved and when they had gone, the country was totally uninhabited, save for the few watchmen who had been left to execute the orders of destruction, if such were given.

There is probably no parallel experience in human history. The only thing that approaches it is the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt or that of the Mormons themselves from Illinois, but in both these cases the people had objectives, they knew where they were going. In this case, however, they were in the midst of a verile desert, one thousand miles from the frontier of civilization, and they had no destination except the burning sands of the wastes before them. But withal, they would rather die at the hands of nature than at the hands of murderous, debauched men.

The people were instructed to assemble temporarily in Utah County, in the vicinity of "Shanghai Flats," and there await the outcome of the army's attitude. Some went further. The tensest moment in the life time of most of those people came when it was reported that the army was entering the deserted streets of Salt Lake City. Would they pillage and destroy, or would they pass peaceably through as they had promised? And the greatest relief came when it was learned that they had marched through the city without molesting it. The Saints did not feel safe, however, until the army had gone beyond the Mormon villages and settled in Cedar Valley at a place called Camp Floyd, some fifty miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

Soon thereafter many of the people began to return to their homes. Others preferred to remain since the army provided an excellent market for whatever the saints had to sell, particularly butter and cheese. Mother and Aunt Ruth were among those who chose to remain, and during the following several weeks they sold sufficient of these products to provide themselves with more "luxuries"in the form of household conveniences, than they had had since they entered the valley. From rather meagre information, I conclude that Mother was absent from home some five or six months.

The decision of Mother and Aunt Ruth to remain and take advantage of the sudden turn in affairs is truly indicative of their industry and resourcefulness. They had several cows with them, pasturage was good, and the market excellent. What they lacked in manufacturing facilities, they made up in courage. The children herded the cows, and under improvised tents and boweries, Mother and Aunt Ruth made the butter and cheese--I may safely say <u>good</u> butter and cheese, for that was the only quality with which they would be satisfied. Then, when the season was drawing to a close, they returned to their home, rewarded with sufficient money to purchase some of the things for which they had long wanted. Pretty smart, I should say!

A thread of sadness still lingers in my memory of something that Mother told me of this incident. A year or so after her marriage, she managed by dint of industry and careful economy, to lay aside sufficient money with which to purchase a small rocking chair. It was almost the only "states" article in the

home. She prized it greatly; it welcomed her whenever she had a spare moment to rest her tired feet. When she "moved south" the chair was placed atop the wagon, carefully wrapped in cloths to protect it from scratching. She used it as she sat under the bowery churning butter for the soldiers. But on the way home it was lost and never found.

Shortly after the return from the "move south" Father began the construction of a rather pretentious home for Mother on the farm at Bountiful. It was situated about fifty feet immediately east of the spring, and therefore only a few rods northeasterly from the original log structure. The main part of the building, which contained five rooms, was about twenty-four feet north-south by thirty feet east-west. Mother's bedroom was at the southeast, a smaller sleeping room at the northeast, a large "front room" at the southwest, and a pantry and a meal room at the northwest. A somewhat smaller room, known as a "lean-to" was at the west end of the building.

The rooms of this house, in bold contrast with those of the old one, were plastered, contained wooden floors, and real glass windows. The adobes were made on the "bottoms" a mile or so to the westward, and the timber was brought principally from the nearly mountains.

The completion of this house meant far more to Mother than merely a more comfortable place in which to live. Theretofore, she had not only been moving into the city each autumn; she had been sharing quarters with others of Father's wives. Now she was to have a home all of her own, in which she could remain the year round. No matter how pleasant and friendly her relations with the other wives had been, she had necessarily sacrificed many of the privacies which mean so much to every housewife. I have no doubt that Mother had long looked forward to a realization of this pleasure, but if so, her uncomplaining nature never permitted her to mention it, at least no such thought was ever uttered in my hearing.

The task of getting the house ready for use was for Mother a most pleasant one. The furnishings were necessarily few and simple.. The "front room" which also was the living room, naturally attracted her chief interest. She had already prepared a neat home-made carpet for the floor which she stretched over a generous supply of fresh clean straw, in part to produce a feeling of elegance and in part to protect it from the roughness of the underlying boards. Dainty white curtains were placed over the windows and a few family portraits on the wall. Half a dozen home-made chairs, a table, and a cook stove completed the furnishings. Near the west door on a wooden bench, was a shiny brass bucket used in bringing water from the nearby spring.

The bedrooms were none less attractive. Four-poster beds, equipped with cross cords and ticks filled with oat straw or corn husks, were the principal pieces of furniture. Here, as elsewhere, throughout the house was a sprinkling of fine table coverings, pieces of linen and other delicacies, brought by Mother when she entered the valley. Mother was a most excellent housekeeper, frugal and scrupulously clean.

The meal room contained a large flour bin, a number of broad, pine shelves and a trap door in the floor leading to a cellar for potatoes and other vegetables. In later years, at least, it was always well-stocked.

My brother, Walker, Mother's fourth child, was the first of her children to be born in this house, February 17, 1860.

In 1861, Father obtained a considerable acreage of land in what was then called the Kansas prairie, or Rhodes Valley. Shortly thereafter he assisted in building a sawmill on Beaver Creek nearby. He also invested in cattle and soon became the owner of large herds. About this time it was Mother's custom to go to Kamas in the summer time to assist Aunt Ruth in making large quantities of butter and cheese, part of which was sold and part used by the families in Salt Lake City and Bountiful.

In the autumn of 1864 a terrific wind blew the roof from Mother's house, seriously endangering not only her own life, but also the lives of her five small children. Annie, the youngest child was about two years of age, and Geneva, the eldest, was eleven. The following account was given to me by Luella, who at the time of the occurence was a child of nine.

"The wind came from the east. For two days we had watched an ominous cloud gather on the mountains. I remember how frightened we were, and how we gathered about Mother, who, herself, wondered what to do. As darkness drew near the wind increased, and just as Mother had decided to go to a neighbor's for the night two of Father's elder sons came from the City. I think George and John, stating that they had heard the roar of the wind, and had come to render what assistance they could. This of course, made us feel more secure.

"When bed time came the boys would not let Mother sleep in her room, for already a crack was present near the foot of her bed, made by a bolt of lightning some years before. So we made our beds on the floor of the front room near the north wall. By that time the wind was shrieking like a thousand demons and we could scarcely hear one another even by shouting. The boys were placing heavy logs against the roof to prevent it from being blown away.

"Just then we heard an awful crash, and the boys came running in to tell us that the entire roof on the north side of the house had gone. Another moment and the ceiling of the northeast room similarly disappeared. A little later the ceiling of the room in which we were attempting to sleep broke lose from the east and south walls, and for hours thereafter it flapped up and down with every gust of the wind. We were in constant fear that it would fall upon us.

"Mother had a single lighted candle on a chair by the side of her bed and because of the rocking of the floor it was repeatedly necessary to bring the candle back to the center of the chair. Every few minutes the boys would come into the house to see how we were, and then quickly run back to their task of placing heavy logs on the roof. Toward morning they advised us to move into the little room at the west, fearing that they would not be able to save the other part of the house. Shortly thereafter a rooster crowed within a few feet of us--a welcome sign of morning. The boys had recovered the rooster from somewhere outside and put him into the room. When morning finally came we were all up and ready for breakfast. While we were eating neighbors came to the house, fearing that we might have been killed.

"A little later we discovered that a great hole had been blown into the east wall of Mother's room and that the adobes had fallen directly onto her bed. We also learned that a large part of the roof had landed in Joseph Fackrell's field, more than a quarter of a mile away. One of Aunt Ruth's bonnets which had been stored in the northeast room was found in a tree on the same farm."

Winds of this character are still occasionally experienced in Davis County. I, myself, have witnessed their destructive effects on several occasions, such as the uprooting of trees, especially the tall Lombardy poplars, and the demolishing of buildings. In 1907, an east wind unroofed the new meeting house in West Bountiful and blocked the streets with fallen trees. I think I must have imbibed some of Mother's fear of these winds, for even today I do not feel comfortable in their presence.

Within a few days after Mother's house had been demolished, the task of reconstructing it was begun. With the aid of kindly neighbors, Father entirely replaced the old roof with a new, and better one. It was anchored to the walls as a safeguard against future winds, and covered with shingles, instead of boards, as before. Thus aside from its influence upon her nerves, Mother was not seriously affected by this experience that might easily have resulted fatally to both her and her children.

In 1869, Father and Aunt Julia and their son, Ward, went on a mission to several of the eastern states, principally in search of genealogical data. Upon his return, Father brought with him a quantity of seed from the silver maple trees of Vermont. This he planted on a small plot of ground about 40 rods northwesterly from Mother's house. When the trees reached suitable size, many of them were transplanted in various parts of Salt Lake City and Davis County. A row of them was planted on the north and east sides of the lot in the city, and a considerable number around Mother's house at Bountiful. When I was a lad of five the trees were somewhat larger through than a man's arm. I remember of nearly killing one of them with red paint, and have the feeling that Mother attempted to screen my conduct from Father's attention. I remember, too, that Mother and the older children carried water from the spring to keep them alive. Some of them are still standing, and are now mighty monarchs.

In 1870, the Utah Central Railroad, from Ogden to Salt Lake City, was constructed through the field within a hundred yards of Mother's house. In later years it was followed by an almost endless procession of tramps, bound apparently for nowhere. I dare say that the number who applied at Mother's door for food reached into many thousands. It was her practice never to turn one away; even when another member of the family became impatient because of the frequency of the visits, Mother invariably fed them. She doubtless questioned the sincerity of many of them, yet she was always fearful of sending a worthy one away.

Even the Indians made frequentvisits to her home. They always carried away a goodly supply of flour, dried fruit and molasses, together with various articles of apparel. On one occasion I saw her take a dress from her own body and give it to an Indian squaw. The incident particularly impressed me because the squaw made it known that she wanted the buttons removed and the dress sewed on to her body. Mother's task was by no means a simple one, for the Indian was very much larger than she. The squaw's repeated grunts with each tightening of the thread gave rise to our fear that the garment might burst before she could get away from the house, but everything was in tact when she left.

As soon as Quince and Walker were large enough they began working on the farm, and later assumed its entire responsibility, subject of course to Father's general supervision and Mother's ever watchful eye. Father also owned a one-third interest in a forty acre hay field one mile north and one fourth of a mile west of the farm. This too, was taken care of by Quince and Walker. Hauling wood from the canyons was a part of their regular duties and the milking of a dozen cows was merely incidental to their major responsibilities. The girls meantime were working equally hard. Industry and happiness were characteristics of the Pack home.

Shortly before 1880, Quince and Walker tore down the little room at the west end of Mother's house and replaced it with another about sixteen feet square. This was to be the living room, and thereafter the "front room" was to be the "parlor." To the north of this newly completed room was a lumber kitchen into which the cook stove, was annually moved for the summer months. To the south of the new room was a large uncovered porch, through the floor of which an elegant silver maple tree protruded.

Throughout the past several years Mother had been continually adding to her household furnishings. This was possible only as the result of most frugal saving. She had a very high regard for "nice" things. When the new room was finished, she furnished the "parlor" with a "states" carpet, a plush-cushioned settee, half a dozen chairs to match, an oak center table, and a coal heater with doors carrying panels of ising glass. Quince supplied an excellent Estey organ of the high cabinet type. Somewhat later Edith presented Mother with two large framed pictures for the walls, pastoral scenes. About this time the room was also papered, a marked improvement over the whitewash of earlier years.

The following incident will illustrate Mother's marvelous ability in teaching her children proper standards. It was always necessary that the entire family work hard in order to obtain a proper livelihood. Both Mother and the children had onion patches in the field. The onions were of the red variety and when properly cared for grew to great size. At harvest time we measured them in willow baskets and obtained about twenty-five to fifty cents per bushel. On one occasion when I was some seven or eight years of age, I had harvested my onions, heaped them in piles and was filling a basket of seeming infinite capacity. I was about to empty the onions into a sack when Mother appeared from somewhere and asked if I thought the basket was full enough, and then added that "you can always tell how full to fill a measure if you think of yourself as being the purchaser."

Mother possessed remarkable ability to do well on an extremely small income. During the larger part of her married life she had very little money except that which came from the sale of butter and eggs and chickens, and occasionally a little grain or a few loads of hay. And yet the family always appeared prosperous. The children were well dressed and Mother was continuously buying something new for the house, a chair, a carpet, a set of dishes. She could buy more for a given amount of money than anyone else I have ever known; moreover, the things that she purchased were always first quality. Her trips to the city, ordinarily in a wagon with one of the older boys or a neighbor, usually consumed an entire day and often far into the night. Upon her return, the children would gather around her and watch with keen delight the opening of each of her precious bundles, and so far as I can remember she never forgot one of us, if it was no more than a hair ribbon or a bag of candy.

Mother was always busy, and yet she never appeared to be in a great hurry. Each night and morning when the children brought in the milk from the corrals she strained it into bright tin pans and put it on the shelves in the pantry or in the cellar, depending upon the season of the year. At regular intervals she deftly skimmed the cream from the pans and stored it in an earthen jar, covered with an immaculately white cloth. At the proper time it was transferred into a dasher churn. Whether Mother did the churning by the side of the kitchen stove or beneath a great maple tree, the operation was always well worth watching, she did it so efficiently and so well.

In the back yard was a great iron kettle, used two or three times a year for the making of soap. Close by was an enormous wooden barrel in which hams were

annually smoked--the barrel caught fire more than once as the smouldering corn cobs burst into flame. In the granary was a battery of candle moulds, used only in the winter time, after the beef fat had been rendered. Then out beside the granary, were half a dozen hives of bees from which the annual supply of honey was obtained, for the family. Corn and applies had to be dried, fruit had to be put up and pickles made.

But this was only a small part of Mother's household duties. The making of quilts and carpets demanded no little attention. In the later years of her life Mother was lovingly taunted with the report that when she first saw a quilt on the frames she seriously asked how the middle of it was going to be reached. But not for long was she ignorant of such things. Her deft hands and ready brain soon made her a veteran in all of the household arts. Quilting bees at our house were both frequent and interesting. The sewing of carpet rags was an almost interminable task. Knitting stockings, mending clothes, making bread, were an indespensable part of the daily routine.

But with all of this, Mother had ample time for her religious devotions. She had her children ready for Sunday School and Primary as regularly as the times for the meeting arrived. She, herself, was a member of the Presidency of the West Bountiful Primary Association, along with sisters Maggie Grant, Lucy Muir, and Sadie G. Pack, for a quarter of a century. She attended Sacrement service regularly, also Fast meetings, and was scrupulously careful in the payment of tithes. She was a member of the Relief Society, and acted as a block teacher in the same organization. I dare say that she walked more than a thousand miles in the performance of this duty. Mother was a truly devout Latter-Day Saint.

The wonder of it all is how she found time to do the almost endless variety of things that she did. She, of course, was always busy. She seemed to think that the wasting of time was a sin. Work was a delight to her; it was an integral part of her nature. She lived to work and to grow.

And with all this, she had time for numerous social contacts. She had many lovely friends - Hannah Eldredge, Maggie Grant, Elizabeth Lamb, Martha Packrell, Jane Muir, Lucy Muir, Sarah W. Eldredge, Mary Ure, Jane Argyle, Annie Jackson, Susan Grant, and many others. She also visited frequently with Aunt Julia in Salt Lake City, and less often with Aunt Ruth in Kamas.

Finally, but of first importance, was the intimate contact with her family. No mother could have been prouder of her children, or have taken greater delight in being with them. She visited frequently at their homes, and they in turn came equally as often to hers. Geneva married Lafayette Buckland and lived scarcely more than half a mile to the east of Mother's home. Luella, who married Silas Buckland, lived in Deseret, Utah, until 1884, when she moved to Lyman, Idaho. Quince lived at various times in Bountiful and Kamas, and still later at Grace, Idaho. Walker always lived nearby, except for one year at Lyman, Idaho, and another at Byron, Wyoming. Annie married Tomas Roberts, and lived through the field on the north side of the Block. Soon after Edith's marriage to Adelbert U. Eldredge, she moved to Gentile Valley, Idaho, and later back to West Bountiful. Flora, who married Fred Kohler, lived near by, and about 1900 moved to Byron, Wyoming. Phylota married Frank Brown and thereafter lived at Loa, Utah. Hattie married Thomas J. Howard, and moved to Byron about 1900. Fred lived at Bountiful most of the time until 1908, when he moved to Salt Lake City. Harold, the youngest child, married Lottie Perkins and for a few months immediately preceding Mother's death lived in the east side of her house.

On the morning of April 5, 1885, as Mother and her family sat at the breakfast table, William Tolbert brought word of Father's death, the night before in Salt Lake City. Mother broke into tears and cried bitterly, expressing keen regret that she was not with him when he passed away. Preparations were immediately made for a trip to the city, which we reached some time shortly after noon. In the presence of a very large part of his entire family, Father was buried from the Seventeenth Ward meeting house a few days later. Apostle John Henry Smith was the principal speaker.

Before his death Father deeded most of his real estate to his various wives. In this manner Mother became the owner of slightly more than half of the forty-acre farm at Bountiful, and Aunt Jessie the owner of the remainder. This apparently unequal division arose from the fact that Mother had eleven children and Aunt Jessie seven. When Father's undeeded estate was settled, Mother received a small amount of money from this source.

Mother's part of the farm contained a pasture of about seven acres, within which were a dozen or more large springs. Before this land could be made productive, the springs had to be drained and the sod ploughed. At the time of Father's death both Quince and Walker were married, and I was only a lad of ten, in consequence of which Mother had no one at home to manage the farm. A little later she and Walker entered into an agreement whereby he was to take care of the farm, drain the springs, and otherwise bring the entire property into a state of productivity. In return for this service, she was to deed him a five-acre strip from the west side of her property. The terms of this agreement were satisfactorily completed by both parties. When I reached the age of fifteen the management of the farm, under Mother's direction, fell on my shoulders. At that time the pasture land had been drained and most of it plowed. Practically all of the drains, however, were still open and the springs still uncovered. About half of the remaining part of the farm was hayland, which I subsequently ploughed and converted into ground suitable for tilling. I also backfilled fully half a mile of drains and covered ten large springs in such a manner that the ground above them could be ploughed and tilled. I continued to manage the farm until the autumn of 1904, when I went to Columbia University at New York City. During the latter part of this period Harold and I worked the farm together.

In the late summer of 1894, Mother and a group, including Walker, Bertie, Hattie, Harold and myself, made a trip to Idaho for the purpose of visiting with Mother's two daughters, Luella and Edith, and their families. We made the journey in two white tops, one driven by Walker and the other by myself. The white top that I drove belonged to Lafayette Buckland, Genev's husband. We travelled via Willard, Malad, Marsh Valley, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) to Luella's, four miles east of Lyman, Idaho. Luella and her husband, Silas Buckland, greeted us with the kindest of welcome. We stayed at their home about one week, and then returned via Blackfoot, east to Chesterfield, Squaw Creek (now Bancroft), and Cleveland, where my Sister Edith and her husband, Adelbert U. Eldredge, lived on a most beautiful and valuable ranch. We remained here for a few days and returned home via Oxford, Clarkston, Willard, and Ogden. The entire trip consumed about one month, averaging while enroute about twenty-five to thirty miles per day. While travelling, we camped each night, cooked our food on an open fire, ate our meals on the ground, and had a most delightful time. Mother was in excellent health and the best of spirits. She sang and danced and took part in all the merriment of the occasion.

About this time or a little earlier, Mother entered upon the period of her most pronounced financial well-being. It really began with the draining of the

pasture and the ploughing of the hay field. Thereafter the farm was planted to more remunerative crops - early potatoes, tomatoes for a near-by, newly established cannery, melons, and, a little later, as much as three acres of strawberries for the Salt Lake City market. There was also nearly an acre of large red currants that yielded profitably shortly after the strawberry crop was harvested. In the autumn there was, of course, the usual crop of onions.

Shortly before the trip to Idaho, Mother had a flowing well drilled at the southeasterly corner of her property. It was drilled to a depth of 130 feet, and produced excellent water, sufficient in amount to assist materially in irrigating several acres of nearby ground. William Mann was given a cow for his work in drilling this well. A little later another well was put down at the west side of the railroad right of way and immediately east of Mother's house. A year or so later water was piped from this well into Mother's kitchen. Unfortunately, the excellent spring of water that had served the family with culinary water for nearly fifty years, was slowly going dry, due to the draining effect of numerous flowing wells in the vicinity. Another well was completed on the high ground some forty rods northeasterly from the house, and still another on the west side of the railroad right of way and two hundred feet from the east-west street. From these wells sufficient water was obtained to irrigate nearly the entire farm, which by this time was intensively cultivated.

About this time, and shortly before going to Idaho, Mother bought a family horse that we called Bill, slow and safe, and shortly after her return she purchased an excellent two-seated surray at a price in excess of two hundred dollars. This gave her far greater freedom in going from place to place than she had ever had before. For a few years she drove the rig herself but later turned the driving over to other members of the family. In later years she became very fearful of horses. In 1901, Mother and Harold turned the surray in on the purchase price of a one seated top buggy.

In the autumn of 1903 Mother and Harold accompanied Sadie and me to Salt Lake City where we lived throughout the following winter, in a comfortable cottage at about 1120 Bueno Avenue, they in one side of the house, and Sadie and Eugene and I in the other. Harold and I were in attendance at the University of Utah, less than ten minutes walk from the home. We furnished the cottage with things we brought from Bountiful. Mother had her own bed and everything else to make her very comfortable. She was then in her seventieth year, of good health and excellent outlook. I have reason to believe that it was one of the happiest winters she had spent for some time. She and Sadie loved each other dearly, and were almost continuously together. Then, too, she had Eugene, who was a round pudgy child of less than two years. She daily took him on her lap, and as she sat before the open oven door, gave him what she called his "lesson." She taught him to count to fifteen, to spell her name, and to give the names of the days of the week, also the months of the year. In the early spring we all moved back to Bountiful, in time for the first work of the season.

Within the next few months Harold left for a mission to the North Central States, where, for the next two years, he did the major part of his work in Illinois and southern Indiana. Throughout much of this time Mother was largely alone, except for the devoted efforts of Nellie Pack, Walkers second daughter, who spent as many nights as possible with her. When Sadie and I returned from New York in June of 1906, it was readily apparent that Mother had failed considerably. She had never been alone before in her entire life, and the two years of lonliness during Harold's absence had given ample time for uneasiness and worry.

I have ever since regretted that we did not understand this earlier and provide a constant companion for her. By so doing we might have kept her with us longer.

Shortly after Harold's marriage in 190 , he and his wife moved into the three east rooms of Mother's house and remained there for several years. Mother herself occupied the living room and a kitchen which I had built for her in 1892. She also had access to the pantry. The door was always unlockedbetween her and Harold. About this time, a young lady named Alma Stark, a convert to the church from Chicago, came to live with Mother and for the remaining part of Mother's life acted as her companion. Alma was extremely kind to Mother, as Mother was to her.

In the latter part of March, 1908, a few days after Sadie and I had moved into our newly completed home at the southeast corner of Fifth South and Thirteenth East streets, in Salt Lake City, Mother and Alma spent an entire day with us. Mother was particularly well pleased with the arrangement of the house and complimented us on nearly every detail. She ate well--that is for her, as she was never a hearty eater--and conversed freely on a variety of subjects. She was by no means robust in health, and yet she did not appear to be more feeble than she had been for the past two years. After she had gone, Sadie remarked that she had never had a more delightful visit with her.

Mother had a childlike, implicit faith in the Gospel, and the goodness of God to his children. Not long before her last sickness she confided the following to her daughter, Annie. She said, "This morning I prayed that if the Lord is pleased and satisfied with my life and the things I have accomplished, before nightfall he would permit me to hear the singing of little children." All that day she waited, hoping and praying that in some way her desire might be granted. The afternoon passed and night was near at hand when little Marie and Bertie Pack (Walker's children) came with some delicacy for Mother's supper. They lingered long, playing and chatting, and just asthey were about to leave, little Marie said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, "Grandma, would you like to hear Bertie and me sing?" Then they sang some of the songs they had learned in Sunday School. Mother's heart was full; her prayer had been answered. God was pleased with her and had accepted the work she had done. Surely a welcome assurance, near the close of a life of unselfish devotion!

Within a few days after her visit to our home, Mother became critically ill. The children were quickly summoned for already those of us who were near at hand feared that she might not get well. She lingered for only a few days, and on the fifth of April, 1908, she returned to the God who sent her, age 73 years and 2 days. Most of the children were present. She was resting on the same beautiful feather bed that she had used for years. She was in the living room at the west end of the house. For hours the children about her had scarcely whispered. She appeared to be resting easily and without pain. Then just as the long rays of the setting sun filtered into the window through the great trees that she loved so much, her spirit gave flight. We knew that she had gone, and yet we felt the presence of her glorified spirit about us. For several mimutes we remained in reverential silence, scarcely daring to speak, or even to gaze upon the sacred body that had worn itself out in the service of God and men. She died as she lived, peacefully; reverently, and with good will toward all.

It was truly fitting that she should close her earthly career in the house where she had lived the greater part of her life, fifty years. It was here

that eight of her eleven children were born; it was here that they all grew to honorable manhood and womenhood, and it was from here that most of them were married. If its old walls could speak, they would tell of long years of peace and harmony, and of Mother's only desire to live the Gospel and to teach her children to do the same. Into this house disgrace or tragedy never came. Quarreling or fault finding found no place. Hardship and privation were often present, but these were never permitted to dampen the spirits of those who lived there. The house was full of sacred memories. The only death that ever occurred within its doors was that of the woman who had made it a heaven upon earth.

We provided a beautiful, luxurious, but unpretentious casket, wholly befitting her life of genuineness and truth. The daughters and daughter-in-laws selected the finest fabrics, and with tender hands made them into clothes of the kind that Mother, herself would have chosen. Then they dressed her dear body in the robes of the Temple, and laid it, amid silks and laces, in the casket prepared for its final resting.

Three days after her passing when all the children were present, we held a fitting funeral service in the meeting house at West Bountiful. Admiring friends filled the building to capacity. Elder B. H. Roberts was the principal speaker. He paid high tribute to her womanly qualities and to the great work she had done. He spoke of her as a queen in Zion, an unfaltering pioneer, and a perfect mother, and true Latter-Day-Saint.

We buried her in an especially prepared cement vault in the cemetary at Bountiful, Utah, and dedicated the place that it might become hallowed to her name, that it would serve as a mecca to her children both living and dead, and that she would arise from it with the resurrection of the just.

Shortly thereafter the children jointly erected a substantial granite monument at her grave, upon which is the inscription:

MOTHER

MARY JANE WALKER

Wife of

John Pack

Born Devonshire, England
April 3, 1835
Died Bountiful, Utah
April 5, 1908

- - -

Mary Jane Walker Pack was an ideal Latter Day Saint, cultured, refined, unafraid of hard work, undismayed by discouragement, loyal to her family, kindly, benevolent, and true to the cause of God.

Salt Lake City, Utah
September. 3, 1937

MARY JANE WALKER PACK

Children	Date and Place of birth	Married to	Grand Children
Geneva Harriet	June 22, 1853 Salt Lake City	Lafayette Buckland	10
Kamelia Luella	December 17, 1855 Salt Lake City	Silas Buckland	11
Quince Rufus	November 29, 1857 Salt Lake City	Hannah Oliver	4
Walker Xenophon	February 17, 1860 Bountiful	Bertha Zahler	8
Jane Annie	September 28, 1862 Bountiful	Thomas Roberts	11
Olive Edith	March 17, 1865 Bountiful	Adelbert U. Eldredge	7
Lora Inez	December 10, 1867 Bountiful	Fred Kohler	9
Phylotte	December 7, 1869 Bountiful	Franklin Brown	6
Hattie	September 30, 1872 Bountiful	Thomas J. Howard	5
Frederick James	February 2, 1875 Bountiful	Sadie Grant	4
Harold R.	August 7, 1882 Bountiful	Lottie Perkins	0

Great Salt Lake City.

May 7, 1852

A BLESSING BY JOHN SMITH, PATRIARCH, upon the head of MARY JANE PACK, Daughter of James and Jane Walker, born, Davenport, England. April 3, 1835.

SISTER MARY JANE, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus Christ and seal upon you a Father's blessing, even all the blessings that the Lord hath in store for those that walk uprightly before him.

You are of the blood and lineage of Ephraim and an heir by inheritance to the everlasting priesthood, on that pattern of it that was sealed upon the daughters of Joseph. You shall be blest with health and with long life. Your days shall be many and shall all be spent in the service of the Lord. You shall have wisdom to conduct all your affairs in the most discreet manner and to answer all questions, that may be proposed to you in the most wise and great manner.

You shall have the ministering of angels to comfort your heart, have faith to heal the sick in your own house, to preserve the lives of your children. Your posterity shall spread upon the mountains like Jacob and be mighty in the priesthood, be saviours on mount Zion in the last days.

You shall live to see the winding up scene of wickedness, shall inherit all the blessings and glories of Zion and rejoice in the presence of God and the Lamb with your Father's house. Amen.

Mary J. Pack

Recorded

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John A. Smith

Recorder
