

Asa Baird's Life Story

Asa, in telling his life story to his daughters Vera and Reva, starts by saying, "To begin let's mention my ancestors." My paternal grandfather Samuel Baird was born in the state of Tennessee on 22 September 1801 or 1810. My paternal grandmother Matilda Rutledge was born in Lancaster County, South Carolina on 4 April 1813. The Baird and Rutledge families both migrated to Alabama. Later Samuel and Matilda were married on 5 September 1830 in Perry County, Alabama.

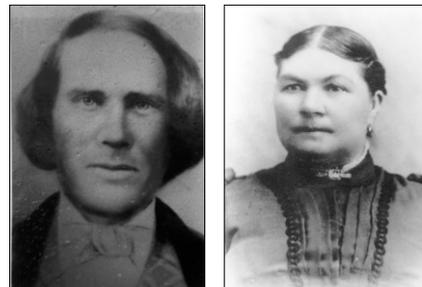


James Hyrum Baird and his mother Matilda Rutledge Baird

They had a family of ten known children. My father James Hyrum Baird was the youngest. He was born at Quincy, Adams County, state of Illinois on 5 February 1848. Quincy is located on the east bank of the Mississippi River about opposite of Palmyra, Missouri. At Quincy a large stream of water, the Bear River, empties into the Mississippi River. Up this stream two or three hundred little houseboats had been built for people to live in. About one-half mile up this stream in one of these houseboats father was born.

Samuel Baird accepted a position on a riverboat going between New Orleans and the upper navigation points on the Mississippi River. He would come home to visit his family at the end of these trips. Matilda divorced her husband Samuel Baird for desertion, and then on 27 June 1854 she married a man named William McFarlane Greer, whom she divorced in a few months. Samuel Baird did try to help support his children, but Matilda refused much of his help. The children worked where they could to support themselves. The last word the family had from Samuel was a letter he wrote to Matilda in May 1859.

Asa Baird's maternal grandfather was Perrigrine Sessions, who had migrated to Utah, arriving about 24 September 1847. He had followed the company of Brigham Young. Perrigrine Sessions married as his fourth or fifth wife in polygamy the



Perrigrine Sessions and Fanny Emmorett Loveland Sessions



Chester Loveland and Fanny Call Loveland

daughter of Chester Loveland and Fanny Call. This wife's name was "Fanny Emoret", as Asa wrote it in many of his notes, but she was called "Emma". The name "Emoret" has been spelled many ways in the many different records. In some of Asa's notes he called this set of his grandparents - "Grandfather Pege and Grandmother Emma".

He states, my mother, Fanny Emmorett Sessions, was born 25 October 1855 in Bountiful, Utah; the daughter of Perrigrine Sessions and Fanny Emmorett Loveland. Fanny Emmorett Loveland was born 13 December 1838 in Ohio. Perrigrine Sessions was born 15 June 1814 at Newry, Oxford County, Maine. He and his first wife Julia Ann Kilgore were early converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Julia Ann died 25 January 1845 in Nauvoo, Illinois. After Julia Ann's death Perrigrine entered into polygamy and married Mary Call and Lucina Call on 28 June 1845. Perrigrine immigrated to Salt Lake City with a group of Saints on 24 September 1847. Four days after his company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, Perrigrine moved his wagon northwest about ten miles, camped on the south bank of a little mountain stream and called the place Sessions Settlement, later renamed Bountiful.



Perrigrine Sessions (back row center) and some of his wives – back left to right – Mary Call & Elizabeth Birdenow – front row – left to right – Lucina Call, Fanny Emmorett Loveland, Sarah Crossley & Sarah Ann Bryson

James Hyrum Baird was known by the name of Jim Baird. He married his first wife Fanny on the 7 March 1870 in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City. When Jim and Fanny were married, Jim was aged 22 years the month before their marriage, and Fanny was fourteen and a half years old.

Asa told the story that Jim Baird asked Pege Sessions if he could marry his daughter, Fanny, and if she were old enough to get married.

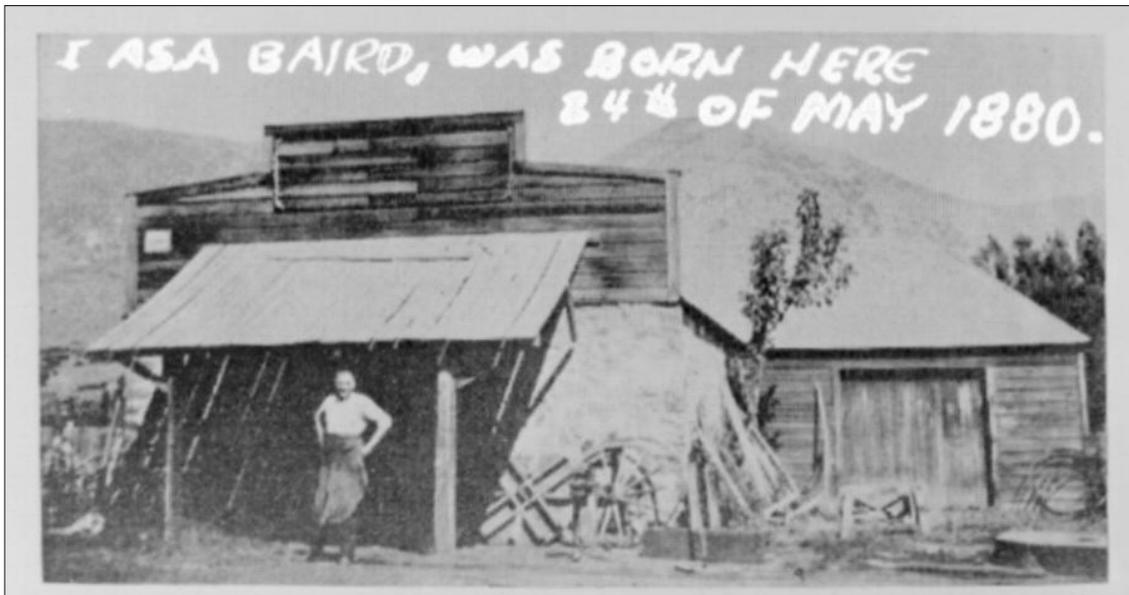
Fanny's father said, "Well I don't know if she is old enough, but she is big enough, so if you want to marry her do so!"



*James Hyrum Baird and Fanny Emmorett
Sessions Baird*

After their marriage, my father and mother, Jim and Fanny lived in Bountiful for a while where he worked at the Blacksmith trade. Then they moved to Centerville, Utah, where he owned and operated his own Blacksmith shop. He built this shop of rocks. It was situated on the east side of the road, facing the main highway, or the west. At the back of the blacksmith shop they built the living quarters for the family. I, was born 24 May 1880 in Centerville, Davis County, Utah in the

little rock house just east and back of their rock blacksmith shop, which was just north of the Ward Church House. I was blessed here by my Father on 8 July 1880.



Blacksmith shop that James Hyrum Baird was operating in Centerville, Davis, Utah in the 1880's

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Salt Lake City, Utah, November 29, 1943

This Certifies that according to the Records of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

- ASA BAIRD -

was born on the twenty-fourth day of May, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty

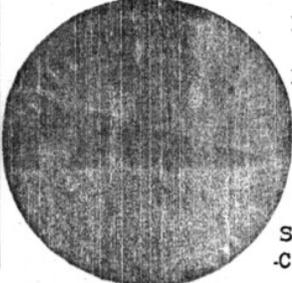
at Centerville, Davis County, Utah

Father's name James Hyrum Baird

Mother's maiden name Fanny Sessions

Joseph Fielding Smith
Historian of the Church and ex officio Custodian of its Records
Salt Lake Temple Records Book B-lvg., Page 177. Index
Card No. 6356. Entered on Record October 8, 1903.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH



The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints issued this birth certificate to Asa in 1903

While we lived in Centerville, Brigham H. Roberts came to live with us and learn the blacksmith trade. He worked eight to ten hours a day, striking the anvil and shaping the iron. At night he burned the midnight oil in studying and gaining an education. He lived with us for four years. Brigham H. Roberts became a noted man in Utah as an educator, and a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. During the time Brother Roberts lived with us a Brother William Chandler also lived there for about two years and taught school in Centerville. He later became a patriarch in the Rigby Stake in Idaho. I was cradled by B.H. Roberts and the school teacher, as both of them lived with us."

My older siblings in order of birth were (1) Sylvia Baird born on 4 May 1871, died 5 May 1871; (2) Hyrum Baird born on 11 April 1873, died 30 June 1963; (3) Perry Baird born on 6 August 1874, died 21 April 1876; (4) Minnie Baird born on 9 February 1876, died 1 January 1935; (5) Chloe Baird born on 10 August 1877, died 14 April 1928; (6) Zina Baird born on 10 January 1879, died 5 April 1960.



James Hyrum Baird family
Back row - left to right – Chloe, Minnie & Eliza
Middle row – left to right (father) James, Zina, (mother) Fanny
Front row – Walter & Asa



*Margaret Ellen
Randall*

Father was married to a second wife, Margaret Ellen Randall on 8 July 1880 in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Their first child was born 31 July 1881. These wives and their children were moved to the Farmington area hoping to have more space for the growing families, but it was fast becoming hard for those families of polygamy. Many of the men had a wife living in one place and others in other places. Polygamy had been given by revelation to the church in 1843 and many of the men in the church had more than one wife.

Those who lived this principle righteously were blessed with a large posterity and lived together as a united family. Later the United States Government passed a law making marriage to more than one wife illegal so those men who had more than one wife were hunted by the officers of the Government and if caught were imprisoned. These men were chased and fled from the officers of the law, as rabbits have to flee to their holes under the sagebrush and hide from the hounds.

The next year Jim Baird moved his family to South Farmington, where on 17 August 1881 the next child was born, and named Eliza Jane. This move was to a place called the "OLD WILCOX HOME". This house was on the eastside of the road, with the barn and sheds across the road on the west side of the road. This house was large and built on the side of a hill. A large grape vineyard went from the house up the hill. The children gathered grapes and dried them in the basement, by hanging them from the rafters, or they would put them outside in the sun. While this was the family home the father Jim operated his blacksmith shop part of the time, and worked part of the time in the state of Colorado.

The old Wilcox house still stands today. It has an addition built on to it. I was delighted to go see this old place. Today the bus route from Ogden to Salt Lake City goes by this old house. I remembered that this was a pleasant and happy home.



Asa Baird standing in front of the "Old Wilcox Home" sometime in the 1960's

When I was seven years old, my older brother and I were going to haul water in an old lumber wagon. A dog came out, and barked at the horses and frightened them. They started to run, and the end of the front seat broke off and the wagon was in a cramped position. I was thrown from the wagon and under the right front wheel. The wheel ran over my left leg and crushed the bone and the top of my head hit on a rock and cracked my skull, making a large cut on my head that required seventeen stitches. I saw Father running towards me from the little gate and that is the last I remembered.

I was unconscious for twenty-six and one half-hours. During this time of unconsciousness the Doctor wanted to take off my leg as he thought it

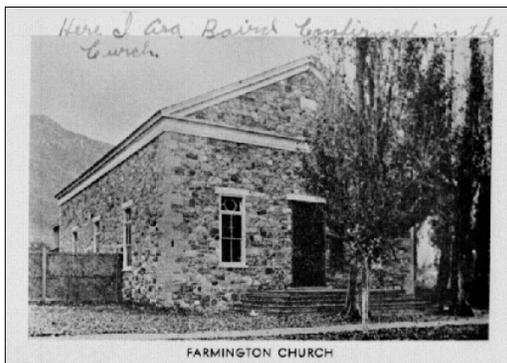
wouldn't heal, that gangrene would set in and it would have to be taken off, but Mother said "No." President Hess of the Davis Stake and his two Councilors came and administered to me and I came to. In sealing the anointing President Hess gave me a blessing and promised me that the crushed bone would grow together and I would out grow the pain. After a few months I had no pain only when I walked a lot.

Sister Aurelia Rogers started the first Primary in the Rock meeting house in Farmington on 11 August 1878. In 1886 and 1887 I attended her primary. Sister Rogers, the primary teacher was one of the first people to visit me after the accident and she visited me often.

When the family made the move to Farmington, Aunt Ellen (as the second wife was called) lived on the North end of the place by a mountain stream of water, in a little frame house, about a half mile from the Wilcox house.

Father accepted some contracts to build grades, etc. One of these was to build the grade and help with building a railroad in the state of Colorado. He took his second wife, Ellen, to Colorado to live with him, and left Fanny in Farmington with her 4 girls and 3 boys.

The family lived in Farmington for seven years. In Farmington two sisters and three brothers were born, namely: Eliza Jane and Emorett, and Walter, Chester and Chauncey.



Church where Asa was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1888

I started to school in a small adobe schoolhouse in Farmington, where I went for about 2 1/2 years. It was about this time when I was baptized in Farmington on 24 June 1888 by Jonathan D. Wood and confirmed the same day in Farmington by Amasa Clark. I was baptized in a little mountain stream, running West through North Farmington down to the Great Salt Lake, through a meadow by a little willow bush in

Farmington. The exact spot today is where the swimming pool is located at the Lagoon Resort.



Front of the "Old Wilcox Home" as it appeared in the 1960's

and stood watching there and the third one came through the gate and up to the front door and knocked. Mother met the man at the door. He asked for father and said that he would not leave until he found him, and that he was going to search the house and cellar. During this time Father had made his get-a-way. Mother opened the door and the officer looked through the house and cellar but could not find father, so he joined the other officers and they drove along the road to the north and stopped to watch and look about.

When father had seen them coming he went down through the cellar and out to the grape vineyard to hide. When the officers left he came back into the house and bid his family good-bye; went to the corral and caught the old black horse and rode it west to the railroad, then he turned the horse loose to return home, took off his coat and flagged the passenger train. A few days later word was received that he was safe in Colorado with his Railroad Construction Company.

Like all polygamists, Father had his little experiences with the officers of the Law. The Federal Officers were after him because he had two wives. Once three U.S. officers drove up in an old style buckboard to the farmhouse in South Farmington. They stopped and one of the officers got out of the buckboard and walked to the south about 100 yards, another walked to the north a little way



The back of the "Old Wilcox Home". This is the cellar window that James Hyrum Baird escaped from the Marshals through. As it appeared in 1960.

In the fall probably about August or September of 1888, as I remember, father came home to Farmington from Colorado where he had a Railroad Grading Outfit for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. He moved mother and the family to Walsenburg, Colorado to the Railroad

camp. After finishing there, in 1889 we moved up to Palisade, which was 12 miles up the Grand River from Grand Junction, Colorado. We lived here while the grade was being made from Palisade to Rifle. Mother had a cook tent on the banks of the river and cooked for the men of the Construction camp.

My favorite sport was trout fishing at this time in life. I can remember taking a net and getting 400 at once. More than once it would take four men to pull them out of the Grand River.

They had to do a lot of blasting along the grade from Palisade to Rifle, a distance of about 12 miles. When this work was completed the camp was moved on to Rifle and Mother had her cook tent where the Depot now stands at Rifle. I, Asa, was about nine years old at this time. I helped the work crews by riding the wheeler horse or the one next to the plow and drove the leader horse. These horses were named Dan and Rock. Old Rock was a black horse and a great favorite with the family. Old Dan was a mouse colored mule. In one hand I held a jerk line which was fastened to the horses bits to guide them and in the other hand I had a black whip. An extra man held the plow handles as we plowed the sand dunes.

The other men worked with forty scrapers scraping out the sand and dirt. In October 1889 the camp was moved on to Glenwood Springs and in November a big snowstorm came up and covered the whole country from Mexico to Canada and California to Maine. Most places there were from three to five feet of snow, but at Glenwood Springs we had about five or six feet. We were all snow bound and no work could be done. Then smallpox broke out in camp, and at one time about sixty to seventy-five men were down with smallpox.

Mother and her family, all except Hyrum, who had the Smallpox, were moved about one half mile east of Glenwood Springs up the mountain to an old yellow lumber house and we were all vaccinated for Small pox. These were hard times all over the country. Many herds of buffalo were covered with the snow and frozen along the plains east of the Wasatch Range of Mountains. Mr. Clark, who owned a ranch north west of Cody, Wyoming, told me when I worked for him during the summer of 1902, that he lost between seven and eight hundred head of cattle and about three hundred head of horses under this big snow. I also found

skulls and bones of buffalo in all the ravines in the Bighorn Basin that had probably lost their lives at this time.

A man named George Higgins worked with my father Jim, and went with him to Colorado to work with the railroad crew. He was the main man to hold the plow, while we plowed the sand dunes north and south of Rifle. He was in the work with my father for more than 3 years. Father moved his outfit to Glenwood Springs for the winter, and to finish the railroad grade between Glenwood Springs and Rifle.

Father lost all he had this hard winter of 1889. The company he subcontracted for moved all railroad equipment to West Jordan in Salt Lake City; held an auction sale and all father had left was four of five head of old horses and a few worn out scrapers. Some of the men I remember who worked with father's construction outfit, most of them polygamists too, were William Carbage, Ben Noble, George Noble, Wallace Noble, and George Higgins.

I met this Brother Higgins in Basalt, Idaho in 1925 when I was assigned as his Ward Teacher. He remembered working with father and remembered me as a small boy working with them there. I visited Brother Higgins each month for over a year and he told me a lot of things that happened in the three years he was with father's railroad outfit.

In the spring of 1890 father moved Aunt Ellen to a place called "E.T." This place has been described as being named after some man, whose name now has been forgotten, and as being between Garfield and Salt Lake City, and west toward the Lake. I lived with her about three months and helped her milk cows that belonged to George and Ben Noble. Father, Hyrum and Cousin Peter had what was left of the old railroad outfit and built a canal from the Jordan River to the point of the mountain then on to Salt Air. At this time I was ten years old, but worked for them and run a scrapper. In the later part of the summer, father took me home to Farmington to see mother. It was about 11:00 p.m. when we got home and mother met us at the door with Chauncey in her arms. This was the first I had seen him as I had been with Aunt Ellen for the summer.

My mother, Fannie Baird and her family moved out to Hyatt Bench, northwest of Farmington three miles. While living there I walked two and one half miles to school, and fed sheep to help with living expenses. The following spring we moved to Mountain Green while father worked in a blacksmith shop in Fort Bridger, Wyoming. We spent the winter in Pendhalf, so the children could go to school, the name of my teacher was Walter Palmer.

Old sheep were selling for 50 to 75 cents a head. We bought four or five hundred and father moved mother and her family north of Farmington about four miles, bought a lot of alfalfa to feed the sheep and as fast as they got fat, he butchered them, about five or ten a week and delivered them to Ogden. We children cared for the sheep. I walked about two miles to school that winter in North Farmington. In the spring, 1891, he moved us to Mountain Green in Morgan Valley on Dry Creek. Wilford and I took care of the sheep up in Long Valley, south of Huntsville where Ogden River heads. Hyrum and father ran the farm. One day Wilford and I missed some of the sheep and went to hunt for them. When we came back to camp there was an old black bear by our tent and we ran off for home. The next morning father and Hyrum went out to the sheep to see what had happened. The bear had killed about 15 of the sheep. They moved the sheep back home to the farm.



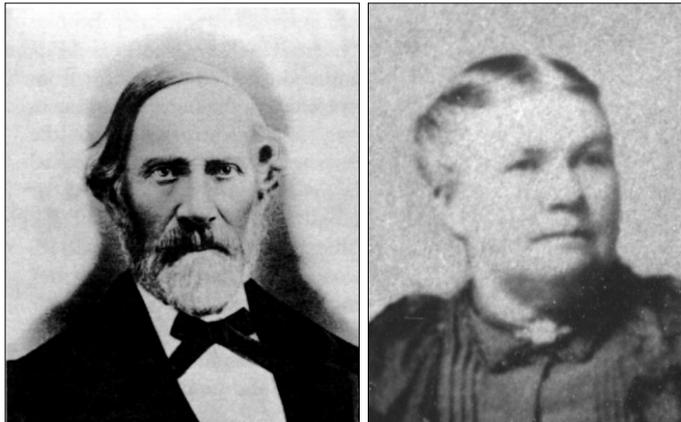
In the middle is Fanny Emmorett Loveland Sessions with her daughters – left to right – Fanny Emmorett Sessions Baird, Samantha Sessions Smith, Lucina Sessions Waite & Agnes Sessions Stoddard

This summer 1891, while I was 11 years old, Mother's brother Uncle Chester and Aunt Isabelle came to Bountiful from Star Valley, Wyoming and they brought Chetty, their son with them. Father took mother, my sister Chloe, and I to Bountiful for a visit with Grandfather Perrigrine Session's family. Chetty and grandmother's youngest son Chauncey and I were the same age. My mother's sister Aunt Samantha, Chloe and we three

boys would pick fruit from grandfather's large orchard north of their old adobe house. Grandmother, Aunt Lucina, Aunt Zina, Aunt Isabelle and mother would cut the fruit to dry and place it on the drying racks.

These racks were about three feet wide, five feet long and four feet high, placed so the full heat of the sun would be on the fruit. There were about thirty of these drying racks around grandfather's place. We visited, picked fruit and dried it for several days. After we had picked enough fruit to keep the women busy for a while we would go over to the west side of the road by the barn and watch grandfather and four or five of the older boys thrash the grain. The boys cut the grain with a cradle, a scythe like instrument. When the grain was dry enough, it was placed in the old tread mill, then the old white mule with sacks tied on its feet to make them bigger, would, tread out all the grain.

Then we helped sack the fruit and carry it upstairs in the old adobe house to the dried fruit room, and then we would pick more fruit for our mothers. At the last of our visit Chauncey, Chetty and I were at the south gate of the new brick house playing marbles when grandfather came out of the house with his cane in his hand. As he came out of the gate he stopped and looked at us and asked if any of us boys were his. Chauncey was his son and Chetty and I his grandsons.



Perrigrine Sessions & Fanny Emmorett Loveland Sessions

I looked up at him and pointed to mother sitting on the porch cutting blue plumbs to dry, when he saw mother he said "Fanny, is this your boy?" and she said, "Yes". Grandfather went on up the sidewalk with his cane in his hand. This is the last time I ever saw Grandfather Perrigrine Sessions.

I learned to be a blacksmith from my father James Hyrum Baird. All my life when I needed a tool and didn't have one I used my blacksmith skills to make one. I learned the skill of doctoring animals from my mother Fanny, grandfather Perrigrine, great grandmother Patty Bartlett Sessions and grand Uncle David. David learned his medical skills and knowledge of herbs from his mother Patty and his brother-in-



*James Hyrum Baird
working as a
blacksmith*



*Fanny Emmorett
Sessions Baird*

law Windsor P. Lyon. While I was growing up these people lived in Bountiful and I spent time with them, helping them and being trained by them. Death occurred for all of them except my mother during my teenage years.



*Patty Bartlett
Sessions*

Mother and father lived in Mountain Green the winter 1891 and 1892. Clarence was born 6 January 1892 and on the next night Chester died of membranous croup. These were hard days for mother. Hyrum, Minnie and Chloe lived with Aunt Ellen in west Morgan during the winter and went to school. Father and Aunt Ellen moved to Fort Bridger. Father worked most of the time in Rock Springs and Ft. Bridger in the blacksmith shop. He came back to Mountain Green when the melons and fruit were ripe and went on to Bountiful for a load of fruit, which took him three or four days to pick a load. Our old black dog, Shep, left him in Bountiful and was home the next morning when mother got up. When she saw him she said, "Paw will be home today," and he came that afternoon.

I went with him up Weber River and on to Evanston, Wyoming and Fort Bridger. We ate our lunch in Echo Canyon at the place where Daniel H. Wells had his camp established on 29 September 1851 to try to stop the advancing U.S. Army. Here they dug trenches and threw up a breastwork to stop the advancing army. Father showed me the breastwork at this time and told me he had camped here in 1863 when he was with the Emigration Company. At night we camped on the slope of the Wasatch range over from the head of Echo Canyon 9 miles west of Evanston, Wyoming at Wyuta on the state line between Utah and Wyoming. Here a tire slipped off our wagon in a little meadow.

Another night we camped where Lot Smith, in 1851, with a small company of men had met and surprised the U.S. Army and burned two

wagon trains of Government Supplies on the Big Sandy. This was the detachment of the army known as Johnston's army. We went on to Fort Bridger peddling our fruit as we went. Aunt Ellen and her family were living at Ft. Bridger and father and I stayed a while. Here Wilford and I watched the men building new homes. They moved the old army barracks out south east of the bench and put up new homes. Quite often they would break the chain and hooks, then they came to father and he would tie them together again in the Blacksmith Shop.

We came back to Mountain Green and harvested the crops there. Late in October or the first part of November, father moved mother and her family to Randolph, Rich County, Utah where we went to school. Father worked in Rock Springs, Wyoming part of this winter sharpening mining picks for the miners. Then in the spring we moved to Woodruff on the old Eastman place on the south bank of Woodruff Creek. During the summer I herded the village cows for a dollar a head per month. I earned ten dollars per month doing this. While living here, father, Hyrum and I went up west of Woodruff in the mountains to get logs to build a new log house. Hyrum was sent down with a small load of logs and to get more supplies. He was detained about four days and we had nothing to eat. We managed to catch a few pine squirrels and had squirrel and flour soup for about three days.

I was ordained a Deacon by Byron Sessions the 3 January 1893, at Woodruff, Rich County Utah and during this winter I went to school in Woodruff. My teacher's name was Ziek Lee. In the summer of 1893 my father had a contract with Byron Sessions to harvest his alfalfa and 'tullie' hay, on the North and Stone Ranch, seven miles east of Woodruff. I drove the derrick cart for father. We put up more than 1500 tons of hay that summer.

"I had a water experience while in Colorado. Water had to be hauled for about a hundred-fifty head of horses for their noon drink. At morning and evenings we drove the horses about 1½ miles to the river for them to drink. One night I was put on my saddled horse and ordered to see that all had a drink. I rode my horse into the river the last one. He had just begun to drink when a large White Mountain Lion walked out of the brush on the other side of the river and roared. Some of the horses and mules were about half way across drinking. At the roar my horse tried to get out. He got out and ran up the large ravine

that we had to cross. I fell partly off, with my foot through the stirrup between my ankle and knee. My horse was running by the side of a mean mule. George Higgins got a club, when he saw my predicament. The mule kicked with both feet hitting my horse in the side, then the stirrup broke, and my foot was freed. As I was getting off the mule kicked at me, but I was pretty close to his legs, so with the movement he landed me in a manure pile, knocking the wind out of me. George Higgins hit him with the club a time or two on the head, then jumped to my aid, and keeping those animals off me with his club. Father rushed out of the cooking tent and carried me to the sandy floor of the tent. He gave me a few spats on the back, and a good rubbing and I came too. My mother passed out, and laid on the floor, and was ill for several days from this shock. In a little while I was all right.

"The following winter, or part of the winter I went to school in Woodruff, the next spring in May, my mother and her family moved to West Layton, and "Aunt Ellen" moved to Syracuse on the old Prout place. That summer for a while I lived with James D. Wood, walked behind a 40-Oliver Chill Plow (this is a hand plow). In the months of May and June I plowed three acres per day, and lived with Aunt Ellen the following winter, where Wilford, Margaret and I walked over two miles to the North Syracuse School. Emma Wellings was the teacher. This is the same woman who had taught me in Farmington in the winter of 1890 in North Farmington, at which time I also walked miles to school.



In 1894 when I was fourteen I worked for James Wood west of Clearfield, Utah following a plow and continued to live with Aunt Ellen. I worked for him three months for \$12.00 per month. When Uncle P.G. Sessions came to work for him putting up hay, he saw how my leg bothered me, especially at nights as we slept together. The third morning he reported my condition to mother and she sent father to see me. After father talked with James Wood a few minutes he told me to get in the wagon and we drove out his gate leaving

him standing in the yard. We drove to William Carbage's and then home to Layton. This day I will never forget.

Father, my brother Walter and I dug a well. We had to dig down about seventeen feet to water level. We then boarded it up and had lots of fine water at our Woodruff home. We all loved it, and had an enjoyable time while we lived there. That fall father ground sugar cane, and made molasses for the winter. I helped him do this. I also helped him sell salt in the valley, and hauled flour and bran from Layton to Ogden. I lived with Aunt Ellen during the winter of 1894. I went to the North Syracuse school that winter, and also went there to school the next two winters. During the year of living in Syracuse I was over to Woodruff, Rich County, Utah many times to help my Uncle Byron Sessions at his feed place. Uncle Byron operated a massive business known as SESSIONS FEED PLACE. All up and down the Bear River and Bear Lake Valley from Evanston north for some fifty miles were several large ranches. One of these was where Byron Sessions had bought part of the business and he lived there with his family. I worked there several times for a few weeks after the time our family lived in Woodruff.

I was ordained a Teacher 3 January 1895 by Bishop David Layton at the Schoolhouse in West Layton. This building was used for both the Schoolhouse and Meetinghouse.

In 1896 father bought a home in Syracuse. He turned the yellow mare, "Old Jude" in for a down payment and moved Aunt Ellen there. Then hauled logs from the top of the mountain east of Ogden down through Weber Canyon and built a two-room house for mother, where she spent the rest of her life. I went one-half year to school in Syracuse. I was in the fourth grade, but this was the last of my formal schooling. I was now seventeen years old. The next four years the family truck-farmed in the summer, baled hay and sold it during the winter. At other times we sacked salt and sold it.

There was a great problem about where to build the church in West Layton. The people spent four hours in a meeting with Apostle John Taylor deciding on the location for this building. The decision was made to build it on the southwest corner of Orson Layton's property. The work started the next day. Many people worked and the building was finished and dedicated in between 90 and 100 days. I hauled four loads

of rock by myself and then helped others haul more rock for this building.

My father learned the blacksmith trade from Henry Rampton and I learned it from him. I learned how to fix a wagon tire. The method was to nail gunnysacks on the felly (felloe), heat the rim and then pound it on the felly with an axe. Then throw the wheel in the creek to shrink the rim and keep it from burning the sack.

In September 1896 I went to Evanston, Wyoming where I helped build an icehouse. Then I went to work cutting ice. When we had the ice about ready to fill the icehouse, Uncle Byron Sessions came to me. He told me that I could go to work as a chore boy on the ranch on Bear River about 4 miles east of Woodruff. I was to take care of the horse stable. This stable housed the horses that were being used to feed six to seven thousand cattle, and also for other jobs.

I went to the North and Stone Ranch that was about 22 miles Northwest of Evanston, Wyoming. There we gathered over 300 range horses and over 17,000 cattle for the ranchers around Evanston, then went to Randolph to gather more. The North and Stone Ranch contained about 27,000 acres. There were about 4,000 head of cattle that belonged to this ranch.

After this I was appointed chore boy. There were four men assigned to the duty in the feed yards. The lumber sheds and stables were joined together south of the haystacks. These were about 100 yards north of Bear River. Bear River ran west from the mountain canyon out of Wyoming. It was about three miles west to the border of Utah from the North and Stone Ranch, and the access to this river that was used for all kinds of work. The bunkhouse was large enough to care for 12 men at once. The head stable had room for 14 workhorses and 6 saddle horses, all of which I was assigned to take care of.

One evening just at sunset, I was through with my chores, and just got to the machine shed between the cook house, and the bunk house, when I saw a man leading a pack horse ride up the road between the cook house and machine shed. As he got up to me, he asked if he could stay for the night. Everyone was always welcome to drop in and stay at

Uncle Byron's home. Uncle Byron always said, "There is always room for one more."

I told him to get off and I would put his saddle and packhorse in the stable for the night. When taking the packsaddle off from the packhorse, I noted the pack was made of leather, with two pockets on each side such as are used on a packsaddle. This one was two feet wide, and two feet long and 6 inches thick. The same size on each side of the horse. I did not see what was in those pouches, or bags. Then he took off his saddle having a rifle like a 30-30 hanging on each side of the saddlehorn. He released the two rifles, and the two pockets from the packsaddle. I ask if he wanted to put them in the bunkhouse. He refused and said he would sleep in the corner the machine shed. It was about twenty feet wide and 30 feet long, with machines in it, leaving room for him in the corner, out of the way. He had a pack of two quilts and two blankets lashed over his saddle. He took off his saddle and put his saddle, pack outfit, blankets and the two rifles in the corner of the machine shed. I then took his two horses and put them in the horse stable, giving them grain and hay for the night. Then I went down to the cookhouse and shed. The four men with the hay and feed wagons hurried their horses to the stable for the night. Then we were all called to supper. After supper I gave him a lantern and he went up under the machine shed and went to bed. Then I went to bed in the bunkhouse.

When morning came I hastened to the stable and fed the horses. We were all called to breakfast. He sat at the table looking through his field glasses, through which he could see at least half a mile down the road. He then said he wouldn't care for any breakfast. I had previously taken his two horses to water, then to him at the machine shed. He saddled the one horse at once, hanging his two rifles on the horn of the saddle. He had three belts around his body, from one was hanging a pistol, and the other two were for his rifles that he had hanging from the saddle horn.

He mounted his horse with a 30-30 in one hand and took off through the field with his gear. Three men were coming up the road. They were officers looking for him. They started to follow him. Three times he sent bullets into the river about 75 to 100 feet from us in the yard by the bunkhouse. It seemed that two other men were with or following him.

The officers told us, "That was Butch Cassidy". I believe one of the two men following Butch was the Sundance Kid, or the "Kid" as we called him, and they were stationed outside at a distance to keep watch and guard. The officers said they had just robbed a bank in Montpelier, Idaho. The officers and the two others followed him over the mud in Wyoming to Dutch John's Ranch.

At Dutch John's Ranch all were out working but the cook. Butch tied his horses to a load of hay, went into the cookhouse ordered something to eat, laying his 30-30 on the table to be close if he needed it. He laid a dollar on the table. He then went north to Kemmer. Then he went east on the old pioneer trail to where Lot Smith had burned ten U.S. wagons that were loaded with food. Then Butch Cassidy took off east in the timber and brush to Green River.

The officers and some other men came back to North, Stone and Sessions Ranch and stayed all night, and told us all stories of their troubles as they talked that night in the bunk house to between ten and eleven o'clock.

I wrote to officials in Montpelier, Idaho asking them about a robbery there, which Butch Cassidy's gang had pulled off. I received the following reply, "During the summer months of 1896, the Butch Cassidy gang staged a daring daylight robbery in Montpelier. It took place as follows: `On Thursday afternoon at 3:20 o'clock, while the citizens of Montpelier were quietly engaged in their usual daily avocations, three men, none of them masked, rode quietly down Washington street to the Bank of Montpelier and dismounted. Cashier Gray and Edward Hoover were standing in front of the building talking. One of the men invited them inside, at the same time drawing a six-shooter. They did as directed, and when inside was told to stand with their faces to the wall and their hands up. Two more men who happened to pass the door were also ordered in. Then one of the robbers went around behind the counter and held up Bud McIntosh, the assistant cashier, taking all of the money in sight and dumping it into a sack. Bud refused to tell where the greenbacks were and the man inside hit him over the eye with a gun. After ransacking the bank vault they went outside mounted their horses and rode off. The alarm spread quickly, and Deputy Cruikshank and Attorney Bagley were soon on the

trail, closely followed by Sheriff Davis, who was in Paris, Idaho when the robbery occurred, and a large posse. The robbers took the Canyon Road leading to Thomas' Fork, when several miles away they changed horses, and crossing Thomas' Creek, took to the mountains. Telegrams were immediately sent to all points along the railway and to Lander, Wyoming, and a reward of \$500.00 was offered for their capture by Mr. Gray. (*Ref: Montpelier Examiner of Aug. 15, 1896.*)

The banks loss was set at about \$5000.00, but it was fully insured against daylight robberies, and the bank lost little or nothing by the occurrence (*ibid for ref.*) Bob Meeks was later tried on flimsy circumstantial evidence and convicted for bank robbery. He was sentenced to 35 years in the penitentiary. An interesting Murder case heard by the same judge in the previous session of court and upon conviction, the murderer was sentenced to ten years in prison. The judge was an ex-banker. (*Ref: Cruikshank, Fred, Interview ** see also Montpelier Examiner, Sep 1, and 8, 1897*)

I was ordained a priest by George V. Stevenson, First Counselor to Bishop David Layton, on 3 January 1897 at the West Layton School and Meetinghouse. Again at seventeen when at Syracuse on the Hooper place when I tried to run the rudder paddle that steered the header cutting grain, the muscles of my leg was hit, then father took over my job. I was called and worked as First Counselor in the Priests quorum in Syracuse in 1898 and 1899.

In the first part of the year 1898 the Spanish American War broke out. Several of the young fellows from Syracuse had gone and I wanted to go in the service too. On 10 May 1899 at sunrise, I had brought the team from the pasture, harnessed them ready to go help clean and repair the water lateral one mile south of the Depot at Clearfield. On my way from the stable to the house I met Father on his way over to Aunt Ellen's. Her house was north of the stable. He said he wished I would not bother mother any more about going to war, as she had not slept all night and had been crying. They had decided that I could join the army in about three weeks, when I finished planting the crops. He sent me to get my breakfast, and said he would have Wilford help me hitch the team on the wagon and finish loading the black willow stakes and material needed to repair the wash in the canal.

When I came in for breakfast, Mother was still weeping. We knelt down by her rocking chair for a few minutes, then we ate breakfast, and as I left for work she kissed me good day and handed me a lunch pail, saying, "I hope the Lord will bless you this day." Then she wiped the tears from her checks.

I met James Wood, the ditch foreman, at seven o'clock a.m. at the corner of the Eldridge home. I tied my team to the Header Box, then started to throw the weeds from the ditch. George Extroy and Patriarch Wright came to help me. About thirty other men followed us putting stakes in the ditch to hold the wash. As we three worked along we debated about the war. After about three or four hours work we were ahead of the others about one fourth of a mile. We stopped to rest.

Patriarch Wright stuck his shovel in the ground and started to tell us about the war. He said, "You don't know how you would enjoy it over there in this war. I will tell you how it will turn out. You both have lived here long enough that you have seen the black clouds rising from the south of Salt Lake near Tooele and it looks like you would soon get drenched to the hide. Then when it hits the south end of Church Island the cloud will split, half of it goes east over the mountains at the hot springs between Salt Lake and Bountiful and ends up in the mountains. The other half goes north along Church Island out over Corrine then up the Bear River in the mountains north of Brigham City and Logan and that is where it ends.

In this war, Dewey will go sailing around the Manilla Bay and that will be the end of this war just as the clouds pass by without a storm. The soldiers will be home before the summer is over and march in the streets of Salt Lake City. In a little while there will be another black war cloud rise in Europe and roll to America. Then one will rise in America and roll back against the European cloud and it will look as if the whole world will be involved through this cloud."

He then pointed to me and said, "You will have some of your close relatives in this war, and in a short time it will roll away, but in a short time there will also be a second cloud rise in Europe and roll to America. Then one will rise in America and roll back against this second cloud larger and blacker than the first. In a little while this second cloud will break and pass away. There will always be a cloud of

war on Earth somewhere until the Son of Man comes in his glory, and you will have some of your posterity in this second War". He pointed to me again and said, "You will see your pal, George layed away, he will not see these last two war clouds, but you will. Also a little handful of people that will rise up and whip the world. Now I am going to let you guess who this little hand full of people will be."

We guessed Germany, Japan, China, England, France, or New Zealand and he asked if we would give up and we said yes. "The Deacons, Teachers, Priests and Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by the power of the Priesthood they hold, they will whip the world. With the Power of the Priesthood and the truth it carries they will save the flag of America, and this power will save the Constitution of our country from being destroyed." He then quoted several passages in the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants showing that if it were necessary, God would send fire to their aid, that they might get the truth of their Priesthood and what it carries before the world. He then told me I would live to see these things and a desire to go to this war would leave me within the hour. We then looked up the ditch and saw the other men leaving for dinner. I went back to my team and my lunch, sat in the shade on the wagon tongue to eat my lunch. There a feeling came over me of the horror of war and is still with me to this day.

George Extroy's widowed mother had just died in Bountiful and he had come to live with Tom Thurgard about 60 days before this incident. In a short time he went to live with Brother Cook and Tom Bridger. We were in Salt Lake in August, and watched the returning soldiers marching the streets and receive their release from the service. At Christmas time of that year George took Hattie Miller to the dance in Syracuse and on the way home he caught an awful cold. It was cold and windy this night. By the 12th, 13th and 14th of January we had to sit up with him at nights. I was sleeping to the back of the bed with him, and several times I could hardly hold him in bed he was out of his head so. At 3 a.m. the Doctor was called and he said George had Yellow Jaundice.

I was ordered out of the bed and all my clothing burned and the bedding burned and I had to be disinfected before I could go home. He died at 3:00 p.m. that day. No funeral services were allowed and four of us placed him in the Bountiful Cemetery, less than a year from the time

of Patriarch Wright's prediction. I had seven brothers serve in the 1st World War; namely: Orrin, Samuel, Reese, Abner, Clarence, Chauncey, and Edwin. I had three sons in the 2nd World War and my Father had 20 grandsons and one great grandson serve in this war.

In 1900, when I was nearing twenty years old, I was living in Bear Lake Territory at Woodruff with Uncle Byron Sessions. I fed 900 head of cattle in a feed lot next to state line of Utah and Wyoming until February, when I received a phone call to leave Woodruff at once and go to Syracuse, Davis County as Mother was awful sick. I mounted the best saddle horse at the home ranch one-mile South of Woodruff and headed for Syracuse in the afternoon at 2:30 p.m. I went south out over the Salaras divide to the trail over the mountains to the head of Lass Creek, that empties into the Weber River at the Devils Slide, it being 12 miles up the river from Morgan, Utah.

When I got up into the timber, a heavy snow hit me, and on the trail I had to cross a short space of small shale rock. The snow was making the shale rock slick. I walked leading my horse. My horse's feet slipped out from under him on the slick rock. We both slid down the steep hill, taking my horse and me about 10 feet down the hill, then over a ledge about 4 feet straight up and down the steep hill, cutting my horses front leg about 4 inches above the knee.

To keep my horse from bleeding to death, I took the under saddle blanket, tore it into pieces, tied one over the other, then took my lariot and roped it over the blanket and twisted it with a short stick and finally stopped the bleeding. There I was about 3 miles from the top of the divide to the head of Lass Creek and dark was coming, and I had a crippled horse.

I then crawled into the middle of a large willow bush, it being about 50 feet through. It was snowing quite hard and the wind was blowing. It took me about 1 hour to start a fire, because of the bad weather. I had a box of eight-day matches that my cousin Julia Sessions brought to me as I left the house at Woodruff. I spent all night by the fire in the middle of this large willow bush. During the night along towards morning the wolves and cayotes were howling. I left at sunrise the next morning and I could see my way as I had been over this trail many times. I took the trail up over the mountains to the head of Lass Creek about 4 miles, and

half way up I saw a black dog going up toward the old sheep carrol. I continued going my way, and saw 3 men frozen to death within 1/2 mile of where I stayed. I got to Frandsen's ranch but no one was there, so I stayed alone there all night. The next morning I found they were out looking for me, thinking I had probably frozen to death. I went on home and stayed with mother until April, then went back to the home of Uncle Byron Sessions at Woodruff.



Byron Sessions

In April 1900 Byron Sessions, Mother's brother, was called under the direction of Elder Owen Woodruff, a Member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, as a colonizer in the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. This colony left Woodruff, Rich County, Utah on the 24 April. There were 140 wagons in the company, about 300 head of cattle driven under the direction of Alma Cox, and over 200 head of loose horses. I was helping to drive these horses as far as Hamsfork and planned to return home from there. The company traveled east across the Bear River and the North & Stone Ranch.

Left Utah going into Wyoming at a place called the Narrows; this route ran north and east of Evanston, Wyoming, Across Dutch John's Ranch. It stormed and held the company here for three days.



This is part of the group that went with Byron Sessions to the Big Horn Basin, unfortunately most of the people in this picture are unidentified. Asa is the one circled in yellow with the sack of oats thrown over his shoulder. This picture was taken 27 April 1900 at Dutch John Ranch

The next place was Hamsfork. Here Elder Woodruff met with the whole company to give them instructions as to the journey. When I reached

Hamsfork bridge about 5 p.m. on the 28 April driving these horses, Elder Woodruff was standing on the bridge. I had never met him and didn't know who he was. When I attempted to drive the horses across they saw him, divided and ran in three different directions and into the foothills. I ordered him to get off the bridge down under the edge of the bridge out of sight, so I could get the horses across. That night I was helping to night herd these 200 horses along with 200 other work horses from the colony. We were herding on the north side of the river until 4:00 a.m. when we four were released for the night.

I had just got into the tent we had pitched at the south end of the bridge. It was about 5 a.m. and I had not blown out the lantern when Elder Woodruff shook the tent flap and asked if we were asleep. I replied no and to come in. He talked to me about 20 minutes and then he said I was called as a scout to go with the company and help to colonize the Big Horn country. He said for the two or three years that I would be there I would not make any money, but would be blessed far better than the wealth of the earth. He said that if I wasn't satisfied at that time he would release me. He asked me if I would go. I said I would be on my way in the morning.

In three hours I was on my horse again driving the horses across the Big Sandy Desert. We camped that night at Big Sandy, where Lot Smith had burned the Government wagons. Only a little salt grass was growing here. Joseph Neville got out his horn and played the old time waltz and about 40 of us couples danced. I danced with Julia Sessions. He played three dances. This was the first day of May 1900. The next day we crossed the Green River. I was following the company driving the horses and when I came to the river. Jim Lee, my Sister Chloe's husband, was stuck in the quicksand. He had stopped to let his horses have a drink and the wagon had started sinking. We hitched eight horses to the back axle of the wagon and pulled it from the river.

Chloe lay in the wagon sick at the time. We next crossed the big and little Sandy Rivers and then came to the mountains above Martin's Ravine. There was a good road leading through a little meadow and on around the mountain. Uncle Byron said he felt impressed that the company should go on and camp around the mountain. The captains of the companies wanted to stop here on this meadow to make camp and so they stopped here for the night. I was night herding this night and

there was a cloudburst up the canyon. The water came rushing down toward the camp. I rode into the camp and warned the people to move on up the side hill.

The next day the place where camp had been the night before was under water and a new road had to be made around the side hill by cutting the timber, then using a log to balance the wagons as they drove around the hill. They camped the next night on the other side of the mountain. It took three days to make the distance to the spot Uncle Byron wanted them to make camp the night of the cloud burst.

The company traveled north to the Big Wind River and the Little Wind River and over the Owl Creek Mountains. It took four days to get the wagons over the Owl Creek Divide. The water was full of alkali and I lost all my hair. We traveled to Meeteetse over the Burlington going along the Greybull River and from Burlington to and across the Shoshone River to where the town of Lovell is now. Here I met Elder Woodruff and we took the horses on up the river and on the sand hills near Byron. We arrived here on my 20th birthday the 24th of May and on the 25th of May the colonizers arrived. The camp was established on the banks of the Shoshone River, south and west of where the town of Byron was later located. On 29 May Roy Willie, Sam Ashton and I started digging up sagebrush for the canal, then we burned them. The fires caused rattlesnakes to come crawling from all directions. They had been living in the brush. At the end of the first month I had personally gathered the rattles from 33 snakes. By July the first mile of canal was built, so water could be turned from the river into the canal, then down a dry wash.

As the work on the canal progressed they came to a large rock between twenty and twenty-five feet long and about 10 feet wide and about 18 feet high. It was banked with sand around each side and looked as if a piece of the ledge had been broken off from the large ledge above and had fallen here about six feet from the ledge. We scraped the dirt from around the rock onto a levy below leaving a hole on the east side of the large rock. One day Uncle Byron rode up on his horse and called to get out of the way. This large rock rolled over into the hole we had made and left room for the canal between the rock and the ledge. They had asked the Lord in their Prayer to help them remove this rock and it is called "Prayer Rock" today.

On the 1st of July Alma Cox arrived at the colony with the cattle. I had been relieved of the care of the horses, so I went out to Garland flats to herd the cattle during the months of July and August. Then I was visited by Byron Sessions and Elder Woodruff and they asked how I was getting along. I told them of the large rattlesnakes I had seen and they had me leave there. Work on the canal had stopped while we cut and hauled logs to build homes. By Thanksgiving time all working together, we had built 72 homes in Cowley and a log church and dance hall combined. The hall was big enough for fourteen sets to dance the square dance, and was built with six corners instead of four.

Also in Byron 83 homes had been built and we hauled logs for a school and church. The Byron townsite had been laid out; lots were drawn to see who would obtain which property. My lots were located one block north and two blocks west from the Byron Meetinghouse. A man and wife with four children came into Byron late in the fall. They had no place for a home so I gave them my lots and he built him a home there. I also had a homestead near Byron. I had filed on it while in the Big Horn, but left before I could prove up on it.

We spent the winter working on the canal building a tunnel, or worked here until it froze so that no more work was possible. I then tended camp for two herds of sheep for Art Howell, east of Byron on what is known as the Bad Lands. We took about 4700 sheep on up into the mountains at the head of Clarks Fork at the East Boundary of Yellowstone Park for lambing time and until they were sheared. In the spring the cattle and sheep men of the country banded together and rounded up about 2200 wild horses or Indian ponies and sold them for one cent a pound to be shipped and used in the Boar War. I started out with this group but after about 4 days left and returned to the colony.

Elder Woodruff came to the colony; sent the men out in twos around the country to work for ranchers to obtain money for a living, There were about 150 men went out. Alma Cox and I were sent together. We went to the Clarks ranch 70 miles west of Byron. Here for sixty days I ran a mower cutting wild hay and Alma ran the rake. We slept at night under a big cottonwood tree. The third night a big thunder and lightening storm came up. The second clap of thunder and the

lightening hit the south end of the log cook cabin, tore about four of the logs from the corner and started the cabin on fire.

The forty men rushed out to put out the fire. Alma and I were warned to get out from under the big tree and when the third clap of thunder sounded we rushed with our beds to a load of wild hay about fifty feet away. The fourth bolt of lightening hit the big tree and split it right to the ground. The bottom lay on the hay where our beds had been. The tree was about three feet through. The men putting out the fire called to see if we were mashed under the tree and after a few minutes we were able to answer them. The next morning all the men came to examine the tree, our beds, and then they said, "You Mormon kids surely had the Lord on your side last night."

"It was on 20 March 1901, that I started working for a Mr. Howell. My job for some of the time was to haul barrels of water, one day to one camp, next day to another camp. About the 15th of May Mr. Howell and I tried to cross the river in a rowboat to go to Byron from his ranch. The river water was high, having gone over its banks. We got about 500# of supplies at the store delivered to the boat, which was East of Byron under the bluff on the South of the riverbank. We started back, but with the extra pounds of supplies we had a hard time to keep the boat on course. The current was carrying our boat downstream. We went 100 yards below our landing mark to sort of an island with a cluster of willows around it. This island was under water about a foot deep. I got out by holding to the willows, then climbed onto the bank. Now the boat tipped half over, with bottom part against the willows. He then threw his oars on the bank in the water where I was and climbed out on the bank. The water washed away our supplies except two sacks of flour and some dried fruit and oatmeal. They went floating downstream to the fishes below. We tugged and pushed the boat around this island, then took off down the middle of the river and landed at the coal mine on the north end of the ranch a mile Northeast of Byron with no supplies. I then had to get a team and go find more supplies for the sheep camps. He took off for California, being called there because of the death of his folks."

"After finishing my work for Mr. Howell, Uncle Byron sent me to Burlington, Wyoming for a four-horse load of oats. I crossed the river about 7:30 a.m. and everything was all right. I took the cut-off road and

was on my way in the badlands. Uncle Byron received word that he couldn't get the oats, so he sent a messenger to bring me back. I arrived back at the river about 3:00 p.m., and started crossing where I had crossed that morning. My lead team dropped in a gorge, caused by the changing river during that day. I threw on the brakes, and using a four-horse whip on the lead team making them pull the wagon. By then I was standing in the water in the wagon up to my knees and by now all four horses were swimming. They swam about 100 feet down stream. I could feel the wheels hit bottom part of the time. I landed at the end at the north of the island in this river. At the same spot where at another trip we lost the groceries. About this time I looked up and there were about a hundred people ... men, women and children watching me from the cliff on the east side of Byron. I got out on the east side of the river and had to go to the spot where the "old Freighter's Ferry: was located, near where Lovell is today, cross the river and back up to Byron."

"I remember that one time some horses got lost from the herd. About 11 months later we received word that they were watering at the McKelley shearing plant forty miles South of Byron and thirty miles East of Cody. I packed an outfit of bedroll and Dutch oven, saddled my horse and took off for the badlands. I went to the McKelley ravine and camped there waiting for the horses to come there to get water. Here I saw remains of petrified buffalo in a large group that had frozen to death during the hard winter of 1889/90. I got the horses and arrived on the third day back in Byron. When I took the horses to the river for a drink I herd a scream. I started my horse up the bank of the river, and at top saw two women standing up on the seat of an old buckboard. The head of an old white horse was starting down the gorged stream of water, at the same place where my team had hit this gorge. I called for Mrs. McQuin to let go of the reins and let the horse go, and to grab his tail and hang on. This she did, and the younger woman held on to her, and in a few minutes the horse hit high land, I went after them with my horse, and helped them to land on the other side of the river."

We worked around on other ranches for the rest of the summer. For the winter the Colony had a contract to build twenty miles of railroad from Garland north of Powell to Sage. We lived in wagons and tents. In the spring, Byron Sessions Jr. known as "Bynie", (Uncle Byron's oldest son,) got a contract to run the stage from Cody to Valley in the South Fork. I ran the stage for him and carried the mail. I stayed in the Hotel

in Cody on Sundays, drove the stage to the Valley on Monday, Wednesday and Fridays. I changed the horses twice on the way. I stayed with Bynie and family over night, then the next day back to Cody and stayed there in the Hotel. I hauled tourists; there was room for five passengers. Bynie and his brother Scott H (Aytch) Sessions known as "H" or "Aytch" had a pack outfit acting as guides for these tourists on trips through Yellowstone Park.



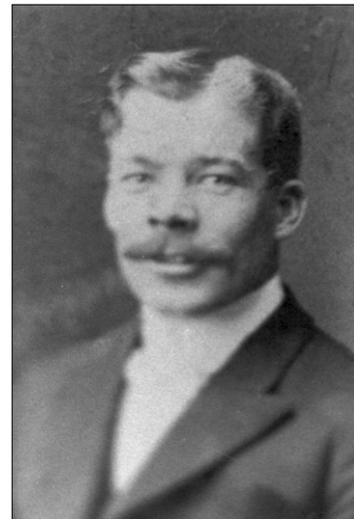
*Byron Sessions Jr.
"Bynie"*

On one of these trips they shot a mother bear and made crates for the cubs. I hauled them into Cody in a wagon the next day while they drove the stage. They stopped to do some hunting and one of the tourists accidentally shot H's foot off. I stayed with him, and took care of him, at the Hotel in Cody for about thirty days or until between Christmas and New Years, when I received a telegram to come home as Mother was very sick. H, his wife and children, and a Mrs. Weaver and I all traveled together. We traveled to Lincoln, Nebraska then to Denver. We stopped off at Denver for a day to buy an artificial foot for H, then went from Denver to Ogden, Utah. We arrived there New Years day, 1903, and my brother Hyrum met and took me home.



*Scott H. Sessions
"H" or "Aytch"*

I loved my life with the people in the Big Horn Basin. The experience was wonderful. My homestead remained there unclaimed for several years. Apostle Woodruff and Uncle Byron tried to get Mr. Howell to take it and pay the state \$1.25 per acre, which was the amount of money required to pay the state for homestead at that time. Uncle Byron came to Syracuse for a visit with my parents about October-November about 1907. At this time Uncle Byron told me my 160 acres of land was still waiting for me in the Big Horn Basin. After



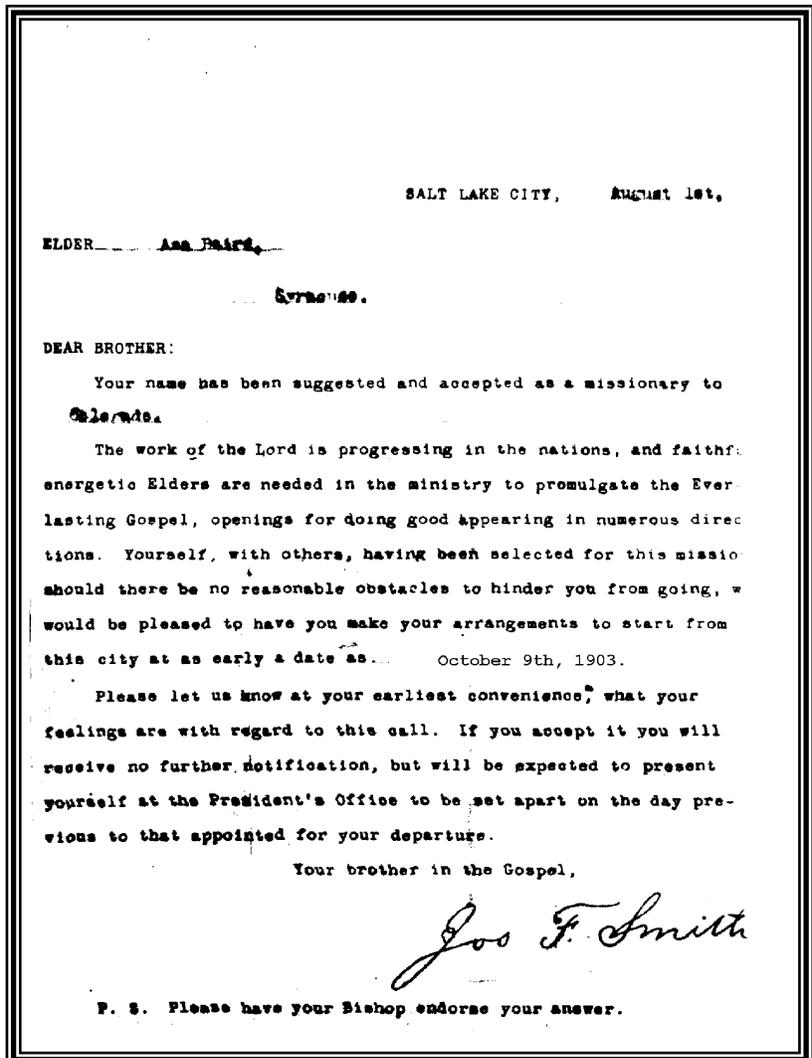
*Asa Baird
Possibly during the Big
Horn years.*

April conference the next spring Apostle Woodruff went back to the big Horn with Uncle Byron. They thought that I had 60 days left to get my land. They soon learned that about this time six men, four of which was from Salt Lake City had bought this 160 acres of mine from the state, and had placed an oil rig on it. Later oil wells were drilled on this spot, totaling twelve wells. Later when I went back to the Big Horn basin for a visit, I was told each of these wells were worth three million dollars."

Apostle Owen Woodruff and his brother wanted me to take over their ranch on Wood River, which had a hundred head of cows. I was offered half of the increase for five years. But because of the health of my parents I never went back (there) to live.

I was soon called to be a teacher in the Sunday School in Syracuse with Amelia Tree, who later married my brother Walter. My father had leased some land from the state in the canyon above Morgan. In May my brother Wilford and I took 700 head of sheep to this place, near Devils Slide Area for summer range. While there I took a rest and sleep under some shade trees, at a place where we had rested many times on our trips. I dreamed that I received a BOX B LETTER, asking me to go on a mission.

When I got home four days later, there was a Box B Letter, asking me to go on a mission in the coming fall.



I was ordained an Elder 28 September 1903 in Syracuse Ward by George A. Rampton. I went to Salt Lake City and said good-bye to friends and relatives along my way. At the time of October Conference, on 6 October, mother and I met with Apostle Owen Woodruff at the Union Depot in Salt Lake City. We had a good talk with him. He said that he was now releasing me from my call as a scout and colonizer to the Big Horn Basin, and was sending me on another mission to Colorado. I was called to the Colorado Mission, later this area became the Western States Mission.

I was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple 8 October 1903 along with a missionary group, and set apart for this mission and given a blessing by Apostle Jonathan Golden Kimball. This blessing was given in the Annex Building in the Seventy's Office in Salt Lake City, with Martin S. Lindsay as recorder.



Salt Lake Temple – Salt Lake City, Utah



*Asa Baird
6 December 1903
Taken at the Colorado Mission
Conference*

We left Salt Lake City by train on 9 October, arriving in Denver the 10 October 1903, at about 4:00 p.m.

The night I arrived in Denver five of us Elders and three lady missionaries went down town from the Mission Home at 622 West 6th Avenue, to the Post Office area and held a street meeting. I was asked to speak and given the subject of How Columbus Discovered America. I didn't know anything about this subject, so didn't give a very good talk. The next day I began hunting information.

At this time the Mission President Joseph A. McRae came into our study class and told us that Elder James Wolf was in a very serious condition and would have to stay in the city hospital for several days, because he had Typhoid Fever. Elder Wolf was a new missionary, having been in the field only 4 days. He was in the hospital for 9 weeks, with some of us visiting him every day. The second day of the tenth week President McRae was notified that he could die anytime, then they must immediately remove his body.

The 17 of us in the Mission Home held a testimony and prayer meeting that morning and again that night, and we all fasted. The next morning we were holding another prayer meeting for him, when the phone rang, and we were told that Elder Wolf had gotten out of bed that morning and walked out of his room and was waiting for someone of us to come for him. President McRae and two of the Elders went to the Hospital and he walked home with them. Such a great healing!

After his recovery, Elder Wolf was one of my missionary companions. We worked in Denver until 2 August 1904, or about ten months. We were also working to finish up a Mission Home. Each day we dug a little on the basement then went tracking (going door-to-door to share the Gospel message) for 3 or 4 hours in East Denver on Sixth Avenue and north and east of the Capitol Building. These were residential districts of people rich enough to have mansion homes. We had to talk through talkies at the door with the people, so we never met or saw many of them.

We held several street meetings in Denver. Usually others were holding meetings too. On the night I got to Denver at our meeting time, there was on one corner some Holy Jumpers, on another the Salvation Army, some Baptists were on another corner, and we were on the fourth corner. Streetcars were buzzing by frequently. The mission was quite an experience. We next tracked the territory of the Platte River for about two months. The next summer we worked the country south and west of Denver, selling 60 Books of Mormon. This territory consisted mostly of mining towns or camps, but we held street meetings and tracked in this locality.

I found out what had happened to Elder Wolf's health. He had an appendicitis operation that was followed by a peritonitis infection. We

lived in two rooms upstairs four blocks east and three blocks north from the State Capitol Building. We lived together there, tracking this area about two months, as well as all parts of the city of Denver. We worked with both rich and poor until about 7 August 1904. Then Elder Wolf was sent back to the Mission Home, and I was sent north to Manhattan Park to work, then to Glenwood Springs, to replace Elder Bunting, who was sent to Denver because he became ill with mountain fever.

I now worked with Myron Phillips who was from Kaysville, Utah, near my hometown. We tracked along the Grande River and through the places where Father had been with his Railroad Grading Company, and other places such as Mormon Mesa.

While working in Denver Elders Matthew Cowley, James E. Talmage and Ben E. Rich visited this mission and gave us many instructions. During my mission Apostle Owen Woodruff came through Denver and tried to find me, but didn't, he left word with President McRae that he was still holding 160 acres for me. He was on his way to El Paso, Texas where his wife was ill. I learned that he came through at the time I was twenty miles west of Denver in the Goldfield area of the Telluride mining camps tracking. Soon after this Elder Owen Woodruff and his wife both died in Texas.

At the time that Elders Cowley, Talmage and Rich were in Denver, they with some elders visited the state capitol building. I was one of these elders. We saw some mummies that had been taken from the southwestern part of the state. We believed that they were people of the Book of Mormon times, and Elder Talmage told us if we got the chance to go visit this territory.

Apostle Matthew Cowley told us that in our traveling when we didn't know what to do or the way to go, to stop, step up to each other, and put our faces together for a minute, then tell each other what to do, and we would be directed. If we would do this HE would show us the way, and that we would never, ever be lost, or want for a place to stay, or something to eat. THIS NEVER FAILED! We remembered this instruction when we were being followed as outlaws.

It was a great joy to visit the places where we had been in Colorado with the railroad. We tracked all of this area and all down the Grande

River, and worked much around Rifle. We lived at the home of Brother Charles Worth on Mormon Mesa. One day we received a telegram to go to Loma for conference by the next morning at ten. We had just 24 hours to get there, so started that afternoon about 4:30 p.m., and arrived there about ten the next morning, a distance of twenty-eight miles that we had walked.

An Elder Hugh Cummings and Elder Joseph Kirkman were at Montrose, and they were called to this conference. They also got there about ten in the morning. Elder Phillips and I walked in one end of the building and the other two elders walked in the other end of the building about the same time, both thirty minutes late. Elder Kirkman was called to give his report, then I was called to give my report. Then they assigned us to be partners for the next part of our mission. President McRae gave Elder Kirkman and I great promises when he told us to pack our grip, and go without purse or script and work in the southwest of the state of Colorado.

We were to walk together going from Grand Junction to Durango, working together and tracking as we went. We were to go by way of Montrose, Ridgeway, Telluride and over the loop, over the Dallas Divide at timber line, then to the Deloris River, through Deloris City, then to Cortez, and finally on to Durango, where we were to work the coming winter. This conference was held about the 15 October. The next day we started from the Mikini home in Grand Junction.

On our way we fought off a stampede of cattle by opening and closing our umbrellas. Elder Kirkman turned his inside-out. We worked together until November. I went to Mancos for Thanksgiving, where at the L. C. Burnham home I was given a patriarchal blessing on 28 November 1904 by Patriarch Burnham.

In Telluride there was a labor strike in the mining camp. We tried to hold a street meeting, but were ordered off the street, after we had obtained permission to hold this meeting. They threatened to tar and feather and hang us to a pine tree at 4:00 a.m. if we were still around that town. Three armed men with a 30-30 rifle each were sent to the west of town and about half mile out of town to shoot us if we left town that way. Our only way out of town led over the mountains for five miles to another town, where the same conditions existed.

By guidance of the Holy Spirit we were kept safe and fed. A man in a pack train risked his life by hiding us in his bed and buying us sandwiches. Each of the mules on this pack train were loaded with a 200# pack, and from their lights we saw the 3 armed men leave the railroad. This was a seventy-five-pack mule train. At 3:00 a.m. the spirit awakened us. We thanked the young man for his bed and sandwiches and were on our way.

We hiked "the overloop" and the Deloris Divide, through the snow. As we climbed over the ridge on top we saw a man following us on a yellow mule. He called to us and asked if we were the Mormon Missionaries that he had been following all day from the mining camp. He said that he had instructions to bring us back for punishment. However by this time we were over the divide and in territory where he could not take us back, therefore he called to us good-bye and good luck, and was on his way and we on our way.

We followed along the railroad track. We both suddenly felt prompted to get off the track, so started up a steep trail, and very soon after this a lone engine came whizzing by us. We continued walking up this steep trail. It started to storm and soon was muddy, making it hard to walk holding an umbrella in one hand and a grip in the other hand. The day before this Elder Kirkman had used his umbrella to scare off a herd of wild cattle, so I was trying to hold my umbrella over both of us. Being hard to walk here we turned and walked again on the railroad track.

When we had gone a part of a mile we saw a large black snake. The engine had cut off his head. Elder Kirkman said that was surely the devil himself out to get us this time. We did more discussion about this and thought about this sight.

Going on our way one day we were walking and were attacked by a wild bull, so we rushed into a patch of timber. The bull followed us, but hanged himself by his horns, so we got away. We came to a high pole corral, which was full of wild cattle. The lady of this ranch was keeping a fire to keep the branding iron hot to mark the weaning calves. She cried out at us, 'Are you Mormons from Utah?' I replied, 'Yes and proud of it.' Then she cried out, 'Do you know what I would like to do?' I replied, 'I have no idea.'

She then said that she would like to take all the polygamists and drown them in the Dolores River. I then crawled over the high pole fence, and she cried out `Don't come through that, or the cattle will gore you to death'. I had my grip in one hand, and with the other pushed open my umbrella, then closed it, and kept opening and closing it, and the cattle piled up in the other end of the corral. I walked up to the lady by the fire. Set down my grip in about two inches of slop. Placed my umbrella on my grip, then placed my thumb in an arm hole of my vest, stepped up to about 3 1/2 feet from her and gave her the following song:

“My grandfather Sessions crossed the Iowa plains, climbed the high lands of Wyoming, down through the box canyons of Utah in 1847 with a pioneer group. He wore out his shoes, on the plains of Iowa and butted off his toenails in climbing the highlands of Wyoming, and other trails. He had 8 wives, 52 children, 162 grandchildren, when he died in Utah. My mother, the oldest girl of one of his families had 17 children, living in Utah and all proud to be Mormon. You just as well take me down and drown me in the Dolores River, then go to Utah and get the rest.”

She reached down and pulled up her old brown coat and wiped tears from her eyes, and said `I don't know of a man I would rather quarrel with than you.' I replied, I don't know of a woman that I would rather quarrel with than you.' She picked up my umbrella and grip, opened the gate, and said, `John when you and the men can, come to the house. We're going to the house.' We three went into the house, She opened the door and walked in and said, `Nothing is too good for you!' She cleaned the brown slop and tears off her face, set down our things, and said, `What shall we quarrel about?'

I replied, `Before we begin to quarrel, we would surely like to get something to eat, as we have walked so far this morning, on one sandwich, coming from Telluride. The lady said in surprise, `You have walked from Telluride since three this morning? That's 52 miles. We do not have anything cooked in the house. We have eaten everything that has been cooked because we have been branding for three days. We have plenty to eat, to be cooked.' She gave us each a large apron. In about ten minutes I had the oven filled with soda and sour milk biscuits. In 45 minutes, she, John, 2 hired men, Elder Kirkman and I

sat down to as fine a meal as anyone would ask to have. We washed the dishes and placed them in their places.

By seven that night she had cleaned up my grip and the center table and floor of the brown slop from the corral. She, John, the two hired men sat down to a nice warm fire and asked us, 'What are we going to quarrel about?' I opened my grip and laid the Book of Mormon, Bible and Pearl of Great Price on the center table. Then asked her, 'Is anything that you want to quarrel about,' I was ready to answer any questions she wanted to ask, and with the Lord's help I would try to answer.'

She asked me to explain how I lived in my father's two homes and so many homes of my Grandfather Sessions. It took me nearly two hours to answer her questions.

I asked them about the black snakes in that country, and told them about seeing one and the engine. They told me that the Lord sure saved our lives by sending that engine to cut the serpent in two before it saw you, because when it saw you, it would chase you until it got you. Then they said that they have the snake's den fenced with five barbed wires, and another fence around their den, with a ledge of about 50 feet in places and 100 feet in others. Also that when they went into that country they took an automatic shot gun to defend themselves.

At three o'clock in the morning we were still quarreling about the beliefs of the Mormons. The next morning John took us seven miles to the city of Dolores in his buckboard and gave us \$19.35 for books, which we sent to Denver to have these books sent to them. We then started west over ruff mountain roads for Cortez.

On this day's journey we were trying to cover a distance of fifty miles up over the divide. We headed for the Kittle Dairy, which we guessed was about twenty miles west from the top of the divide or near the divide. This would take a route directly to Durango. We could go down the railroad to Silvertown, but there were mines there, and we had enough of them for a while. We went down the Dolores River.

We came to a ruff mountain country and saw a dull looking road. It looked as if it had been a road, but now a very dim one, as if no one had

traveled it for six months or more. Any other way was through thick timber, so we took the old road. We followed instructions and felt inspired to take this road. We walked up the hill about the quarter of a mile, and to our surprise saw a young lady riding a fine horse coming toward us at a high gallop. When she got up to us she asked if we had seen any milk cows, that she had lost some.



*Elder Asa Baird wearing his
"Prince Albert" coat*

I asked her if she could tell us where the Kittle Dairy was located. She then lifted her head and smiled and seeing our grips in one hand and umbrella in the other, the wind flapping the tail of our Prince Albert coats, she said 'You are missionaries, aren't you?' She further said, 'You should have taken the road that crossed the crick down in the canyon at the old sawmill about four miles down the canyon. Give me your grips, I will carry them on the horn of my saddle. I am Edith Kittle you are going home with me. I will show you the way. You are the first missionaries that I have seen, ever in these mountains!'

At the south side of the Kittle Dairy Ranch, we met her father on his way to find her. We hastened on to the house meeting her mother at the gate. Her mother scolded her and asked where she had been. Edith told her mother where she had been hunting the cows. 'You know the cows would never be over there. Why did you go there?' the mother said.

The girl replied, 'I don't know why I went there. Here Mother, see what I found!' and she handed her our grips, telling her mother where she had been to find the lost cows. The mother said that the cows have never been over there in the ruff rolling hill country in the twelve years that they had been here.

The girl said, 'Yes mother, I see now that the cows are in the corral, but I could not see them about an hour ago, and why I went over there I don't know, but see what I found.' She took her horse to the shed, took off the saddle and bridle and put her horse in the pasture. She came

back to the house, picked up our things and we went into the house. She told us that we were the first elders in their home, which she knew about, for 20 years.

We had the happiest night that I had spent for quite some time. The next morning Edith's mother insisted that she go with us and see us over the ruff trail to where she found us, and show us the way through the timber because we could hear the roar of lions on the other side of this timber. At their home we told the Kittles about the immense snake we had seen, which was about twelve feet long, with the head cut off, being about eight inches thick. They told us about a place on Cliff Mountain in that vicinity that had lots of these snakes, very vicious. If bitten, a man would die in about 45 minutes and for an animal about 30 minutes. Elder Kirkman and I believe these snakes were descendants of those talked about in the Book of Mormon. It seemed that the engine had jumped off track when it hit the snake. Later we saw where the engine had turned over in about 20 miles.

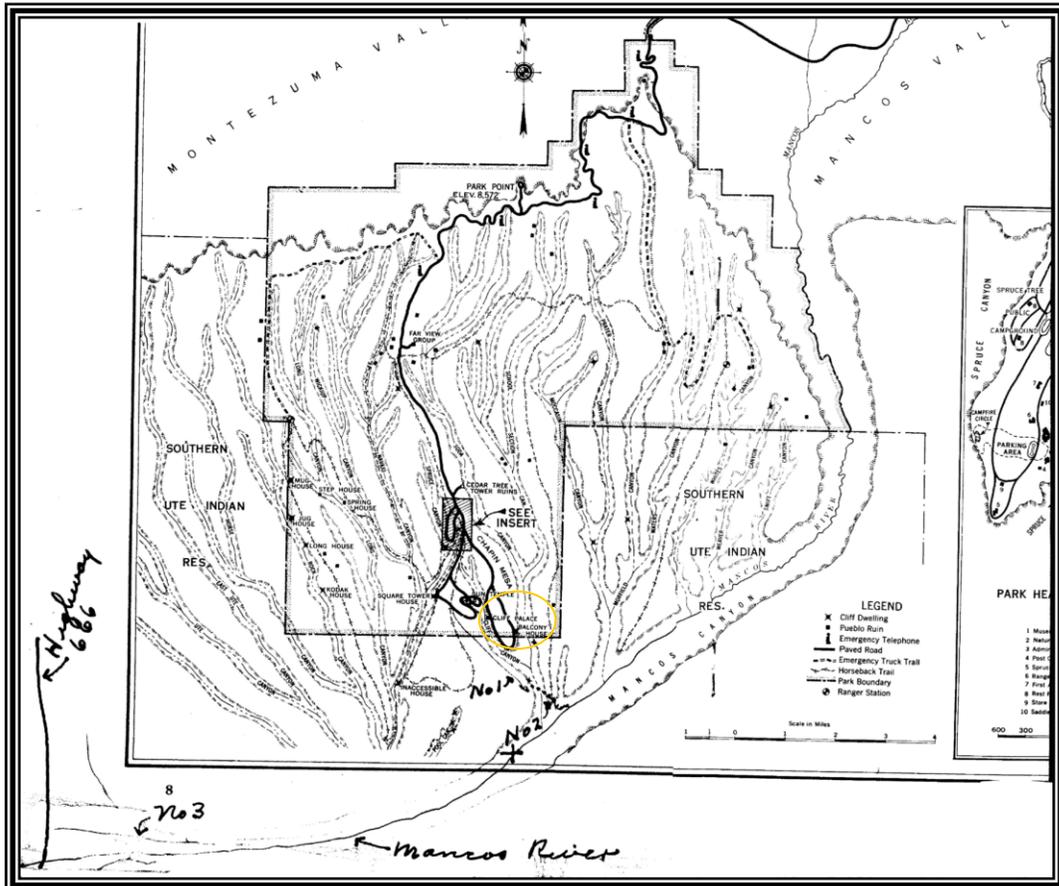
Ten days later we landed at Cortez. We went to the combination Post Office-Store to get our mail, which was the first we had for fifteen days. We wore out our shoes by the time we got to Cortez. We looked so destitute that the Keeper of the store gave each of us a pair of shoes worth \$5.00. We continued our travels on west of Cortez and east of the Utah line, until we came to the home of Charles Burr.

We stayed for more than two weeks in the home of Charles Burr. While there he talked with us about the cliff dwellers, and said that these ruins were 1800 years old. He believed that these cliff dwellings were the homes of the Old Gadianton Robbers, spoken about in the Book of Mormon and located near Mancos, Colorado. From his home we made plans for a trip to see these ruins.

We went to Mancos for Thanksgiving, where we stayed with Patriarch Burnham, at which time he gave me a Patriarchal Blessing on 28 November 1904. At this home we completed our plans for the trip to the old ruins. I remembered the advice of Elder James E. Talmage, to go see these ruins if we ever got the opportunity. Another set of missionaries was in this same group, this made four of us, namely Elders Cummings, Jacobs, Kirkman and myself. All four of us were at this time working the territory around this place. This was a never to be forgotten trip.

The saints in Mancos got each missionary a saddle horse, pack horse and supplies for 5 days and rope to explore the ruins.

On 29 November 1904 we were escorted down Mancos Canyon to an old ruin by a young man named Ira Russell, a member of the Mancos Ward. We camped about one-fourth of a mile from an old cemetery that covered about ten acres of ground. The next morning we each took 75 feet of new five-eighths inch manila rope, tied one end around a cedar tree about three feet in diameter. While holding to the rope, we stepped in holes about two inches deep, and six inches wide and about twelve to fourteen inches long, and about two feet apart. We started step by step down a slope about one half pitch to the edge of a cliff to a wall straight up and down like the outside wall of a large building. A large pine tree was growing out of the side of the cliff about twenty inches from the ledge. Holding to the rope we let ourselves down between the tree and the ledge about twenty-five feet to a wall walk about three feet wide that had been built from the tree to the entrance to a cave.



Map showing the area where the cave was located that Asa Baird and his companions explored. Circled in yellow is the Cliff Palace and the Balcony House.

There were 93 rooms in the ruins called the Palace, from which they had taken 3 mummies and placed them in the Denver Museum. We spent seven hours in this cave, then went to the cave called the Balcony.

In the Balcony were 82 rooms and we spent four hours viewing them. In this cave we saw engravings on the wall that were ten by twelve feet in two-tone gray, unbreakable rock. In the widest end of this room stood a stand that faced the engravings. The top dished out like a dish two inches deep in the center; a ladder of steps at the back went up to the top. One standing on this top about eighteen inches across, and looking to the west end of this room which is forty feet [long] and twenty-five feet wide, with three rows of seats built out of a plaster finish, one seat, as usual in a bench form. The second row of seats had a walk two feet wide, level with the top back of the first row of seats. This makes the second seat two feet back, and two feet higher than the first one, and the third seat two feet higher and four feet further back. The head of the people sitting on the third bench would be level with the top of the stand, which was about seven to eight feet high.

These three rows of benches run in a rainbow shape from the stand on the east of the room to the west wall. There was a set of steps at each end of the row of benches; with seats on the north and south side and none in the center, just on the two sides, leaving the room in the shape of an egg. There was twelve feet between the ends of these rows of benches at the west end of the room. On this twelve foot wall and three feet from the floor to the writing on the wall; then about five feet to the top of the writing, about eight feet from the floor to the top of the writing, making them about level with the top of the stand. The writing on the wall was about five feet by twelve feet.

As I sat on this stand and looked at all in this wonderful temple of Satan's, and at his work; I then turned to Alma 31st chapter and read verses 15-18 word for word, line by line from the writing on the wall and from the book. The angel told Joseph Smith [what] was on the gold plates. After about one hour studying them I was prompted by the spirit that they were the same.

In this cave we saw engravings on the wall that were ten by twelve feet in two-tone gray, unbreakable rock. I decided to break off some of the plaster on the wall with the writing on and bring it out with us. I

gathered a large rock, about the size of a two-quart fruit jar. In trying to do so, I was soon shown that the Lord was preserving it for a future testimony of the Book of Mormon. By His power it was shown to us, by throwing this rock upon the wall, that He had saved it for some 1500 to 1800 years untouched by human hands. It was sealed from the vision of man until some forty-nine years after the Book of Mormon was translated by Joseph Smith.

The third room was called the Tree House because a large tree grew in the middle of it. It was a round room about 35 feet in diameter. Part of the tree had been cut off and sent to St. Louis for specialists to analyze; they said it was at least 1600 years old. They dug corncobs out of a wall, which were in a petrified state. We could see five places we couldn't get into to explore. The Indians had a legend that told how many years ago robbers would come out of these caves, take the farmers corn, and carry it home with them.



One of the caves that Asa Baird and his companions explored.

We spent 3 days exploring these ruins then the next day explored the cemetery ruins, which is believed to be where these people buried their dead. The cemetery was three quarters of a mile east and covered ten acres. Each lot had a layer of hewn rock laid around it. Some lots had

headstones that were five feet high. Each lot had a huge stone from eight to ten feet high. The Indians and the people claim this was a square. The people who were buried in this graveyard were the cave robbers, according to Navajo traditions. We left the cemetery at 5:00 p.m. and went back to Mancos.

Elder Kirkman and I went back to Cortez and worked that territory until Christmas 1904, at which time all four of us Elders were in Mancos for the holidays and working this territory for more than two weeks. Then Elder Kirkman and I were sent to Durango, where we held meetings and tracked about three months, during January, February and March of 1905. For a while in March Elder Kirkman was sent to La Junta, then back to Durango. I worked with Elder Jacobs after that until 10th of April conference.



*Asa Baird
Possibly taken while on
his mission*

We were called to conference by 10 April at Grand Junction where Elder Kirkman was given his release and sent home. During the next few months I was assigned to help in an Indian School in Grand Junction. I was working during about the months of May, June and July without a companion teaching the Indian Children the ways of learning of the Americans.

I got Typhoid Fever and spent several days trying to get well. About this time I learned that land

was being opened for homesteading in the Vernal, Utah area or the Uintah Indian Reservation in Utah. I put in my request for some of this land. Grand Junction was the filing station for this area. I drew lot number 201. When I was well enough to work I tracked along the area of Loma to Glenwood Springs.



*Asa Baird
Possibly taken while on his
mission*

I received permission to go to Vernal, Utah to file on the lot #201 that I had drawn. I went to Vernal by Stagecoach and filed on my homestead land. My older brother Hyrum met me in Vernal and went with me to file. I returned to my field of mission with a company of seven wagons of Saints who were moving to Loma, Colorado. This trip took seven days. I traveled with the Isaac Allen family, and helped them drive their team. When I got back to the Grand Junction area, actually Loma with these saints, President McRae was helping the saints to get the necessary business settled so they could build a meetinghouse. Elder Farren and I were assigned to help build this house at Loma. They took up a collection from the Saints and got seven hundred dollars in ten days.

Lumber was hauled and everyone worked hard on this building, so that by the first of November 1905 the building was finished, at which time a conference was held there and this church was dedicated to the Lord for his work. Now that the church at Loma was completed, I was assigned to go back to Grand Junction. I received my mission release on 22 November 1905 at Grand Junction, Colorado.

I returned home to Syracuse. My brother Wilford went with me to the Vernal, Utah area. We got some logs out of the mountains and built a log cabin 14x16 feet on my homestead. This took the two of us just seven days, then we drove a team home to Syracuse for Christmas. I stayed in Syracuse until spring, or about three months, during which time I served as a Home Missionary in Syracuse Ward. Then I returned to my homestead to do more work there.

In July 1907 and the rest of the summer my cousin Brigham Young Baird (Brig) and I hauled ore from Alta to Sandy, Utah. That winter my mother took very sick, so they asked me to come home to help care for her. She died of Dropsy on 25 Feb 1908. Father then went to Kaysville to live. The reason seems quite apparent. My sister, Minnie, the oldest living daughter, had married and moved to Kaysville, so father went there so she could help him. Also my youngest brother, Joseph Reese Baird, was given to this sister to raise. He remained with her until he was grown and educated, and completed a mission.

Being at home with my mother that last winter of her life, we talked and discussed events from years past. She reminded me about a time in February 1898, when we went to a cottage meeting at the home of Patriarch Judson Tolman. He talked about the ten tribes, and looked directly at me during his speech. Since that time I've had a great interest in the ten tribes. "My mother was also very pleased that during some of the last years of her life I received more patriarchal blessings.



*The children of James Hyrum and Fanny Emmorett Sessions Baird
This picture was taken the day after Fanny S. Baird's funeral February 1908
Back row left to right – Walter, Clarence, Minnie, Asa
Middle row – Chauncy, Zina, Hyrum, Chloe, Eliza
Front row – Samuel & Joseph Reese Baird*

During the winter of 1907/8 I worked in Sim's Confectionery store. This winter my father was taking treatments from Dr. Terrell. My father had gone to the State of Oregon to settle the business affairs of his brother Joe Baird, who had passed away. He came home with a cold and fever, soon rheumatism set in, which never left him. He gradually got worse as the years went by, so that about the last seven years of his life he was confined to a wheelchair.



*Asa Baird
Possibly taken in 1907?*

In the year 1907/8 he was being taken to Kaysville for treatments, in which town was located the Sim's store. Father was living in Kaysville and my sister was trying to assist in his care. My mother was still living at the home in Syracuse. In January 1908, Mother wanted me to come to Syracuse to be with her and help take care of her, so I went and was with her until she died 25 Feb 1908 in Syracuse.

The last fifteen days of her life, I turned her every time she moved. My mother is said to have died of dropsy, but she was operated on four times for cancer. After the death of my mother, I returned to Kaysville for the rest of the winter to help take care of my father, who at this time was almost a complete cripple. His legs had gone stiff in a sitting position.

In May I received notice of a contract about my homestead, so rode a horse to Vernal, part of the way through snow. The summer of 1908 I spent helping to build up the settlement in the locality of my homestead. I helped with building the canals as needed this summer in this country, and hauled lumber for buildings for public use and homes. I stayed most of the winter of 1908/9 around Vernal working and helping to build up the settlement.

By this time I had met some sisters of my missionary companion, Joseph Kirkman. One of these Winnifred Kirkman, called Winnie, was working in Salt Lake City doing housework for a family. We were corresponding, with each other. I went to Salt Lake City for General Conference in April 1909 and visited with Winnie. Then went back to Vernal, for about six weeks, then went home to Syracuse. I went on to Kaysville, as my father was still living there. By now he had to be washed, dressed and fed.

In June I visited with my Father in Kaysville. His teeth had not failed him. They were good grinders. He had all double teeth in front, as well as in back. He still had all but two, one of these he had pulled out while

in Centerville in the Blacksmith shop. He used a small pick to pry it out. The other he had pulled by Heber Robinson in Mountain Green.

I was married to Winnifred Kirkman on 23 June 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple by John R. Winder. We had both been previously endowed, me prior to my mission, and Winnifred in the Manti Temple earlier in June. We went to my homestead in Vernal to make our home.