

The Improvement **ERA**



JULY, 1935

Volume 38 Number 7

Return Postage Guaranteed
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

From ENGLAND to SALT

By RUTH MAY FOX

MUCH has been said and written about crossing the great Plains, but not so much about crossing the ocean, which in itself was a real adventure in 1867.

As far back as I can remember a vision of plowing the turbulent waters, walking hundreds of miles over mountain and plain, and finally reaching Zion was constantly before me. I was too young to think about trials and hardships, but I am quite sure that travel and romance were appealing to my nature. The conversations I often heard and the songs my father and others used to sing no doubt served to glint my dream of glory. The following lines:

Cross the plains with Ruth May Fox, President of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and you will find that the great trek was not all sorrow even though it might be all hardship. In those days, the author had that priceless possession—Youth—to hold her up and rob the way of bad memories.

"O Babylon, O Babylon, We bid thee farewell.
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell."

stirred my childish emotions greatly. Again, the hymn—

"O Zion, when I think of Thee,
I long for pinions like a dove;
And moan to think that I should be
So distant from the land I love."

thrilled my soul with ecstasy.
Perhaps even more romantic was the following love song:

(The man)
Will you come along with me,
Bonnie Lassie O,
Far away across the sea,
Bonnie Lassie O.
Though the ocean's far and wide,
Never fear in wind nor tide
I shall have thee by my side,
Bonnie Lassie O.

(The woman)
We've our business and our home,
Bonnie Laddie O,
Then whither wouldst thee roam?
Bonnie Laddie O.
Does thy country thee not please
Or some sorrow vex and tease,
Or thine heart is not at ease?
Bonnie Laddie O?

(The Man)
Yonder temple rising high,
Bonnie Lassie O;
With its towers in the sky,
Bonnie Lassie O;
Where the Lord hath said
He'll bless
Those that in humbleness
Unto its porches press,
Bonnie Lassie O.

(The Woman)
Then I'll go along with thee,
Bonnie Laddie O;
You've been always true to me,
Bonnie Laddie O.
So I'll not forsake thee now
But to God's command we'll bow
And the wave we'll gladly plow,
Bonnie Laddie O.

WHATEVER the reason, when the time came for our departure, I was in the seventh heaven. The lady who was to be my stepmother, and her daughter—



RUTH MAY FOX

LAKE VALLEY in 1867

who was about my own age—and myself left our home under cover of darkness to avoid the curiosity of the neighbors. Could anything be more thrilling? After a walk of four or five miles under the stars we boarded the train to Liverpool. Arriving there, some necessities, peculiar to steerage passengers, had to be purchased and then came the novelty of climbing into a great steamship. To stand on a floating city and gradually pull away from the wharf with hundreds of people waving their hats or handkerchiefs in a fond adieu and hearty "God-speed you," is an event never to be forgotten.

We had secured berths in the steerage which meant that we must

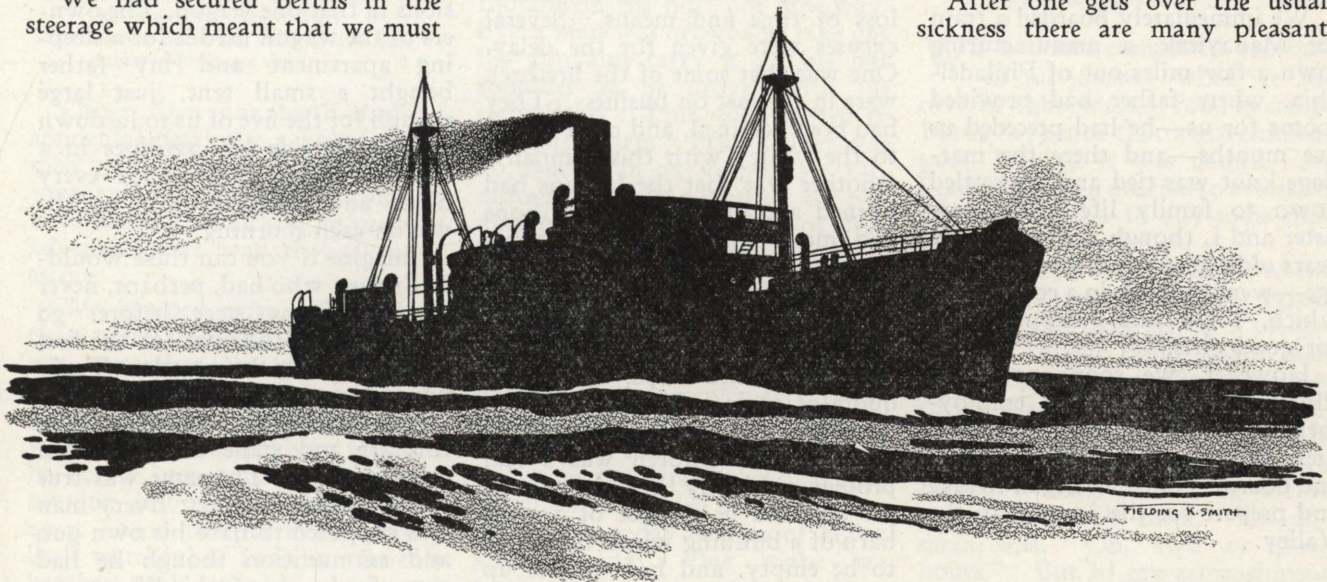
concerned. Of course, we were free to sit or walk, even lie down on the deck if we were fortunate enough to be able to make the climb, so no dissatisfaction was voiced by our little family, we got what we paid for. It happened that an old gentleman from Lancashire and his wife occupied berths next to ours. They were going to join their son in that Mecca of freedom and opportunity to which so many hopeful hearts turned to escape some of the miseries of the Old World.

MAN fashion, this passenger was very much interested in his meals and every day for at least

I wish I were whoam! I wish I were whoam! I canna tarry here! I canna tarry here!" Whereupon her husband shouted: "Owd thee noise with thee; how canst thee be whoam when thees in th' middle of th' ocean!"

The old ship rolled and tossed, but I have no recollection of being afraid. We had brought a bottle of bitters with us which happened to be under my pillow, so to avoid sea-sickness I occasionally took a swig at the bottle. But fear—I had none. We were Mormons, our family at least, going to Zion, and no ship would think of going down with such a precious cargo.

After one gets over the usual sickness there are many pleasant



OUR ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE "LOUISIANA"

descend through a trap door to our quarters below deck. The sleeping accommodations consisted of a large shelf or platform on either side of the vessel which, by means of boards, could be divided into spaces just large enough to accommodate one person. If a family preferred to sleep closer together the boards could be removed, thus giving more room and perhaps more comfort, if comfort could be thought of under such conditions. As I remember, there was absolutely no privacy, no provision even to hang up a pair of hose for protection from the eyes of the curious. On the same level were great long tables where we sat to eat our meals, the usual menu being soup, rice, hardtack, and sour biscuits. This, then, was to be our abode so far as eating and sleeping were

half an hour before the soup was served, he would entertain himself and annoy the rest of us by hammering his hardtack into little bits so that it would eventually absorb sufficient soup to make its passage down the esophagus more easily.

Everybody used to have a storm at sea. Indeed, what would a sea voyage be without one? So one night we had ours, which meant that steerage passengers were locked down and told to be comfortable, everything would be all right. This same old gentleman resented this kind of treatment and paced the floor frantically, declaring that "somebody ought to be up on deck." Meanwhile, his good wife sat up in her berth swaying to and fro crying out, "I canna tarry here!

occasions to be enjoyed on board a ship. One makes friends and acquaintances, takes walks with them from end to end of the vessel if it be possible to keep one's equilibrium. And then the wonder of it all! The vast expanse of water, the mystery of the starry sky, waves rolling mountains high and splashing over onto the deck, while passengers scrambled to avoid a wetting, and then to have a great calm when the water is so still that not a ripple breaks on its surface and the great craft appears to be sailing on a sea of glass and three long weeks are almost ended. What's that we hear? Oh Joy, "Land in sight!"

NOW for thrills! Everybody must see land, and joyously watch the vessel going nearer and

nearer to the shore. But things must be gathered up and packed. Trunks must be brought up from the hold. Good-byes must be spoken. Everybody is busy and excited, each vying with the other in seeing who shall leave the old ship first. At last we are landed at Castle Gardens and there we must stay until friends or relatives learn that the "Louisiana" is in port. Meanwhile, a dozen officers are opening trunks, sometimes turning the contents out to be sure that no smuggling is in evidence, while others are O. K'd. without opening them. All but one of our trunks were thus passed.

It was late evening and quite dark save for the lamp-light when through the crowd I heard my father say, "There she is. Bless her dear little face."

We immediately boarded a train for Manayunk, a manufacturing town a few miles out of Philadelphia, where father had provided rooms for us—he had preceded us five months—and there the marriage knot was tied and we settled down to family life. My new sister and I, though not yet twelve years old—and I was small for my age—went to work in a cotton mill which, I am sure, was no place for good girls.

However, we soon moved to Philadelphia and found employment, most of the time with families. My wage was a dollar a week and board. Thus we began to save and prepare for the journey to the Valley.

IN July, 1867, we started for North Platte, which was then the terminal of the railroad and the

outfitting place for those who were going West. It took us nine days to reach our destination. Emigrant trains did not travel very fast in those days; then, too, they were switched off on every possible occasion. We had to change trains at Niagara Falls and to our delight had a few hours' stay near that awe-inspiring torrent which is forever dashing over the brink to the foaming depths below.

One night we spent on a cattle boat sailing up the Missouri River. The cattle, judging from their belching, seemed not to enjoy our company any better than we enjoyed theirs.

Arriving at North Platte, which was then a little railroad town, we found that the company would be delayed one month. This situation was a serious one: every day meant loss of time and means. Several excuses were given for the delay. One was that some of the brethren were in the east on business. They had been detained, and must return to the Valley with this company. Another was that the Indians had burned a train-load of provisions and more supplies must be purchased. Still another was that here was fine grazing and the cattle must start out in good condition.

Meanwhile, there we were with our trunks and traps. The full quota of wagons had not yet been purchased and the housing of men, women, and children was a real problem. Finally the railroad people tendered us the use of a great barn of a building which happened to be empty, and here we set up some kind of housekeeping for the coming weeks.

At night we made our beds on

the floor, and with gratitude let me say, we could hang up a protection from wandering eyes. My father, after deducting other expenses, found that he had only money enough to buy one yoke of cattle and two yoke were necessary to pull the heavily loaded wagons across the rough way.

IT so happened that a certain brother had a wagon and one yoke of cattle, so the bargain was made that father join his cattle to this outfit and drive all the way for his share in the wagon. The owner of the outfit had a wife and seven children. Our little family consisted of five, as father was bringing a little girl across the plains to join her relatives in Salt Lake City. So you see there were fourteen persons with all their worldly possessions in that one wagon. The owners of the wagon used it for a sleeping apartment and my father bought a small tent, just large enough for the five of us to lie down in side by side like sardines in a can. This we unstrapped every night and fastened again to the wagon each morning.

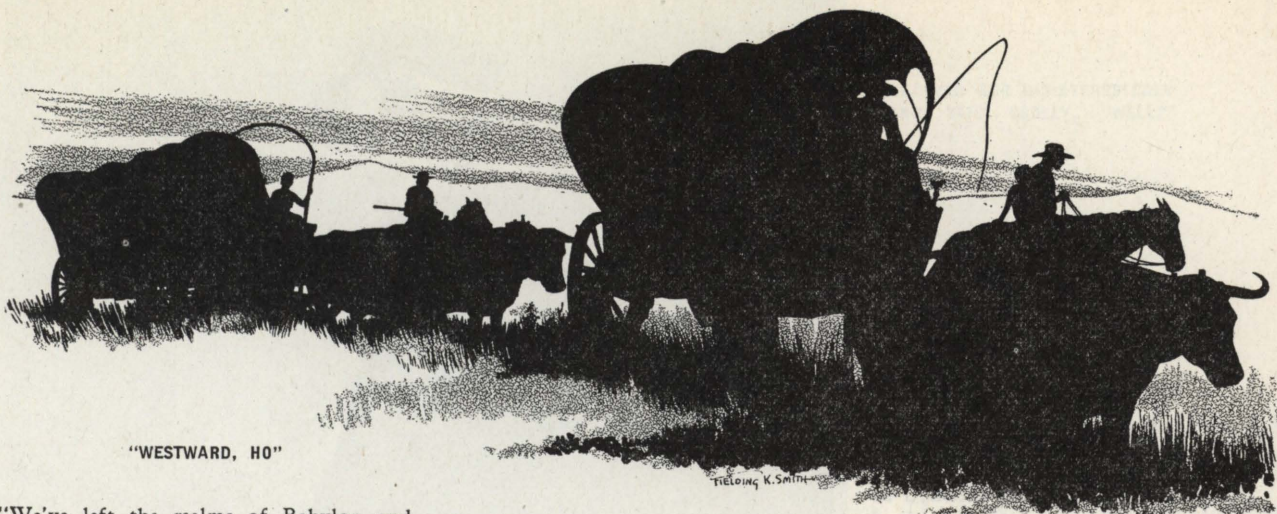
Imagine if you can these would-be drivers, who had, perhaps, never seen a Texas steer before, go through the procedure for the first time of yoking their cattle. Truly no rodeo could match the scene. The men had to be instructed in this art and some did not learn very quickly. The same was true of the use of firearms. Every man was supposed to have his own gun and ammunition though he had never fired a shot in his life.

Indeed there were many things for an immigrant to learn. He must be willing to understand and accept the discipline of the camp, become used to having his flour, potatoes and bacon measured out to him each day according to the number in his family.

THE captain of a company must be a real dictator. What he says must go. One crack of his or his assistant's whip on the tent or wagon cover meant "Get up quickly!" which we did and made hurried preparations to start. So now everything is in readiness, the command is given and our sixty wagons—fifty of them belonging to Scandinavian Saints—are on the way, and we could sing:



Great-Grand-Triplets—Merrill, Marilyn and Melvin, children of Grant W. and Mary Taylor Maxfield



"WESTWARD, HO"

"We've left the realms of Babylon and
crossed the mighty seas;
We've left the good old ship where we
walked about at ease.
And now's the time for starting boys,
We'll jog on if you please.
So gee up; my lads, Gee whoa! Push
on my lads, Heigh Ho!
For there's none can lead a life like we
merry Mormons do."

Other than one birth and an accidental death by a bullet when men were shooting sage-hens, our journey across the plains seems to have been rather lacking in perilous adventure but was always interesting.

We camped once more where there were trees and water. I do not remember the name of the place, but I do remember this incident: It was quite late at night when one of the brethren thought he could hear someone stealthily moving among the bushes. You must know that everyone was a little watchful of Indians. So this brother took out his pistol and three times he gave the warning, "Speak or I'll shoot! Speak or I'll shoot! Speak or I'll shoot!" and then off went the gun. This, however, caused some merriment as it was discovered later—that it was merely the wind playing with the leaves.

AFTER we left civilization the first place we came to was Julesburg, which was nothing more than a trading post but at least it broke the monotony of the journey.

One of the diversions of the plains was picking up buffalo chips for fuel. This task fell to the women and girls who wore aprons in which to gather and carry them. Once in a while a few Indians would come into camp when

we were eating and offer to barter trinkets for food.

One day we had an Indian scare. Someone thought he saw a few Indians on the hills not far away. Every man was ordered to take out his gun and carry it on his left shoulder as he drove, with his right hand. This, too, proved to be a false alarm. I think there was no dancing in our company. Occasionally we were called to evening prayer with the tune of "Do What is Right," played from a bugle in the hands of Brother Stephen Hales.

The Platte is a very winding river so we crossed it many times without much inconvenience, as the Scandinavian brothers would take us girls on their backs and carry us across the stream. Sometimes the distance traveled would be only eight miles a day because of heavy sandy roads. One night we pitched our tent in this sand when lo the wind blew and the rain descended and beat upon that tent and great was the fall thereof. Mother was hurried to the wagon of a friend and we girls held up the tent while father tried to drive in the pins, which was an almost hopeless task. This situation gave us sympathy for the man of Bible fame, but after all, situations are just the way you take them. If we had thought shower baths instead of cold rain running down our backs and arms the occasion would have been a delightful one. However, as we trudged along the next day we sang lustily:

"We may get wet a little when we have a
shower of rain,
The heat may skin our noses, but they'll
soon get well again.
And when we think of Zion's land, we'll
forget the wet and pain

So, Gee up! my lads, Gee whoa!
Push on my lads, Heigh Ho!
For there's none can lead a life like we
merry Mormons do."

WE had not completed one-half of our journey, when we discovered a shortness of food in camp, but it happened that a government post, I think it was named Fort Platte, had been ordered to evacuate. So we were able to buy some supplies from the soldiers.

One has to be accustomed to the western air and atmosphere before he really can have any idea of distances. In our camp was a man named San Givans who had crossed the plains many times. Walking along by his side one day as we were coming in view of Scot's Bluffs, I asked how long before we would reach them. His answer was, "Oh, two or three hours." But to my astonishment it took us one day and a half before we passed through the openings between those bluffs.

Fort Laramie was another place where some needed supplies could be bought, and oh, what a joy it was when we discovered wild berries and ground cherries growing there! Now we were getting into the Rocky Mountain region, and I remember that once at least we had to descend a hill so steep the cattle had to be unhooked and the wagons let down by ropes and manpower. Chimney Rock and Independence Rock had both contributed to our recreational activity but no one but those who have walked over prairies and deserts for days, where water is so scarce that the creeks were reduced to little puddles of alkali water, can imagine

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The Articles of Faith

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who know and disobey are left behind. In that sense man is engaged in the work of saving himself; the Father formulates the plan and places it within man's reach; man himself must accept or reject the plan. Salvation becomes a co-operative affair. The outcome depends upon man's will, as well as upon God's help.

To seek out law and to obey it when found is man's first and constant duty. They who obey the law find freedom; opposition to law results in bondage. Acceptance or rejection of law depends on the will of man. A fine and tempered will obeys; a weak and flabby will slinks away from duty. By the proper use of the will pre-existent

man rose to the privilege of earth-life. By the use of their wills Adam and Eve were made able to fulfill their mission. By the power of the will every man may be lifted into a state of salvation. The training of the will from infancy to old age, is and should be the chief business of life. True happiness is a product only of a will for righteousness. Upon his success in mastering his will a man's future will depend.

The word "punishment," used in the second Article of Faith, deserves consideration. When a law is broken, punishment follows, as effect follows cause in the ordinary experiences of life, natural or human. What is the punishment that follows the breaking of divine laws? Undoubtedly the slowing up of the rate of progression is the invariable result, but what particular form or degree does it take? The prophet, Joseph Smith, was concerned with this question, and

inquiring from the Lord, he received a luminous answer: "Eternal punishment is God's punishment. Endless punishment is God's punishment." He who is eternal and endless will determine the punishment to be meted out for human transgressions, and His judgments will be tempered with mercy. Yet, the solemn, fearful fact remains: as we sow we shall reap; as we disobey the law, we shall be punished; eternally we must pay some price for our acts.

Man's responsibility for his acts is set forth by the Lord in words that thrill the soul:

"All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence, also, otherwise there is no intelligence. Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man, because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light."

From England to Salt Lake Valley in 1867

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the beauty and glory of a river. On the Sweetwater we rested, washed our clothing, went in bathing, and had a real jollification.

ON one of these few and far between occasions, father being very tired, having walked every step of the way; after he had unyoked his cattle, threw himself on the ground to rest when one of the brethren came along and asked, "Well, Brother May, how are you today?" Father answered quickly, "Oh! There isn't much the matter—I have a sick wife, two sore heels and two dummies, that's all."

I was one of the dummies.

At South Pass we had a snow-storm which delayed us two or three days and made the roads very muddy for pedestrians and hard for the cattle to pull their loads as part of the way was up hill.

When we were out of the Indian country Brigham Young, Jr., and his brother John W., and the other brethren who were returning from business trips or missions left us

for their homes in Utah as they could travel much more quickly with their horses and carriages; they were asked to report that provisions were again becoming scarce. As a result we were met at Coalville by Brother Samuel Hill who had been sent by President Brigham Young with a load of potatoes and other edibles enough to last until we reached Salt Lake. As we passed through Wanship I noticed a man standing in the doorway of a rock cabin. As he stood there he seemed to be as high as the roof, but nevertheless his dwelling looked good to me for I said: "That is not much to wish for, father, but I wish we had a place as good as

that to get into." This incident shows that my ambitions for a home were not very exalted.

At Echo Canyon we were joined by a couple of boys whose home was in Goshen. These lads offered to ride us girls through this rugged freak of nature, so lickety split we came down the narrow defile expecting every minute to be thrown from the rickety old light wagon and killed. This afforded great sport for the boys who knew no fear of the canyon and saw no dangers, but to emigrants who had never before seen such a sight it was breath-taking to say the least.

Our last pull was through Parley's and up to the top of the hill. This was accomplished at twilight and here we got our first glimpse of the little city of Salt Lake.

I have to admit some disappointment as I exclaimed: "Oh, have we come all this way for that?" We continued on to the campground that night. Next morning was the Sabbath.

The sky was blue and radiant. The valley fair and the grand old mountains proudly guarded the home of the prophets. The family took a bath in a wash basin, put on our best clothes and went to the tabernacle services. My dreams came true and all was well in Zion.

Longing

By Lavenia B. Horsley

OH, the heart of me is longing
For country lanes today,
For scent of sweet wild clover,
And a meadowlark's glad lay.

I want to see gold wheat fields,
A-waving in the sun.
I want to breathe the wild plum's breath
That floats when day is done.

The whispering rills in woodlands,
Bring music to my soul,
That's stifled in the city
Where harsh noises swell and roll.