

Knopp Family

Albert Knapp

Silas Knapp

Lydia Ackerman

Justin Abraham Knapp

Rozina Shepherd

Isaac Shepherd

Sarah Lackore

Justin Willis Knapp

Willis Lemon

Washington Lemon

Tamer Stephens

Anna Eliza Lemon

Russell King Homer

Anna Eliza Homer

Eliza Williamson

Jonathan Harriman Hale

Alma Helaman Hale

Olive Boynton

Alma Helaman Hale, Jr.

John Beauchamp Walker

Sarah Elizabeth Walker

Elizabeth Ann Brown

Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp

Joseph Smith Hendricks

James Hendricks

Elizabeth Precinda Hendricks

Drusilla Doris

Sarah Fidelia Pew

William Pew

John H. Tippets

(Lucinda Bess Hendricks)
plural marriage wife but
not line relation

Carolina Fidelia Calkins

Hendricks Temporary Table of Contents

Joseph Smith Hendricks Page 1

- Page 1 Biography
- Page 3 Indian Story of Pioneer Days

Sariah Fidelity Pew Hendricks Page 6

- Page 6 Patriarchal Blessing
- Page 7 Biography author unknown
- Page 8 Biography by Elizabeth "Finnie" Hale Hammond

James Hendricks Page 11

Drusilla Dorris Hendricks Page 12

John H. Tippets Page 13

Caroline Calkins Pew Tippets Page 15

Joseph Smith Hendricks

JOSEPH SMITH HENDRICKS

BORN: MARCH 23, 1838 — FAR WEST, CALDWELL, MISSOURI

MARRIED: JANUARY 4, 1857 — SARIAH FIDELIA PEW — PROB. SALT LAKE CITY

DIED: JANUARY 18, 1922 — BOTHWELL, BOXELDER CO. UTAH

PARENTS: JAMES HENDRICKS AND DRUSILLA DORRIS

Joseph Smith Hendricks was the youngest son of James Hendricks and his wife Drusilla Dorris, who had joined the Church and had been driven from their homes to Far West, Mo. He was born 23 March 1838. Pres. Smith had been driven from his home and taken refuge in Far West. Grandmother Drusilla was so desperately sick they thought neither she nor her baby would live. They sent for Joseph Smith. He came and blessed grandmother and turned and blessed the baby. He asked if they had a name selected but they did not have one, so he turned around and blessed the baby and gave him his own name, Joseph Smith Hendricks. On Oct. 25, 1838 his father James Hendricks was shot in the back of the neck and though he was not killed he was paralyzed the rest of his life, which was thirty three years, or one half of his life.

They crossed the Plains and arrived in Salt Lake, 10 Oct. 1847. Grandfather grew up in Salt Lake City. His mother ran the Bath House just north of Salt Lake City and here they made a pretty good living. Grandfather married another woman who had three slaves and they helped in the work at the Bath House.

When grandfather was nineteen he married Sariah Fidelia Pew, who was the step-daughter of John Harvey Tippetts. This was on 4 Mar 1847. Her mother joined the Church in Nauvoo and her husband, Wm. Pew was a ship builder in St. Louis, Mo. He was to have joined her as soon as his contract was finished but instead she received his empty tool chest filled with shavings and rocks. So thinking he was dead, perhaps murdered, she married John Harvey Tippetts, whose first wife, Abby Smith, was her friend and whom she had nursed during her last illness and promised to care for the little baby she left. The Tippetts had come to Utah in 1848, a year after the Hendricks. They lived in a dugout the first winter, then grandfather Tippetts built an adobe house on a lot given him by President Brigham Young.

The young people stayed at the Bath House

helping with the work there. They left with the Saints in 1858 when the Johnston's Army came and returned with them also. The first baby, a little girl was born in Nov. 1856 and die soon after. Times were hard and they made gloves and rope, also kept boarders. Sariah was a tailoress, having learned the art from her mother and made mens suits. She made a suit for Heber C. Kimball about this time. A second child was born 24 Sept. 1857 named Fidelia Sariah.

In 1860 grandfather went to Cache Valley to help settle that part of the country They went to talk with Pres. Young who advised him to take his father and mother and keep his whole family together. William had gone ahead and settled in Richmond, so Joseph and family, his father, Mother and his sister, Catherine, who had married Wm. T. Van Noys and his sister, Rebecca, who had married Samuel Roskelley went with him. His mother also had her daughter's Elizabeth's two children, James Bainbridge and Libbie Gammel to raise since their mother had died. Rebecca had her son by her husband Hyrum Watson.

Their life in Richmond was full of hardships again and always the fear of Indians. The grasshoppers also took their crops and left them with very little to eat but they killed their pigs and managed until another crop came. Grandfather always kept his horse saddled to be ready to go out and fight the Indians. However, Pres. Young taught them to be kind to the Indians and one time they saved his life. He was freighting to Montana for the railroad. They were upon the Portneuf River near Pocatello. Suddenly they were surrounded by yelling Indians riding horses. They closed in on the freight train of wagons and grandfather stepped out on the wagon wheel and called to his men, "Boys, it looks like it is all up We have to shoot it out." They took their guns from in front of the endgate and all jumped to the ground holding their frightened horses. As grandfather hollered, an old Indian hollered, "Richmond Joe" and the circling stopped. Eagle Feather came up to grandfather and shook his hand. Grandfather had been kind to him and saved his life and took food to his squaw and son, also blankets. So now the Indian saved the lives of all the men and gave them presents, after which they were allowed to go on and were never bothered again. Though often had to give presents to many Indians through the Portneuf Country.

In 1863, Samuel Roskelley was called to Smith-

Joseph Smith Hendricks

field to be the Bishop. He presided over that Ward for 17 years. On 8 July 1870 his father, James Hendricks died. He had been a cripple since the Crooked River Battle but had gotten able to get around with his cane, through the administration of the elders. He often wanted his brethren to administer to him through his last illness but not to save him but to let him go in peace if his time was served. Soon after his father's death his mother went to Smithfield to live with her daughter and husband, Samuel Roskelley. Three children were born in Richmond, Joseph Smith, Jr.; born 22 Feb. 1862; Elizabeth Precinda, born 16 Dec. 1867 and Inez Catherine, born 19 April 1870, who died of diphtheria in Nov. 1879 when her sister Laura, also died of the same disease. They were buried in one coffin.

October 10, 1864 he married as his second wife Lucinda Bess, daughter of Joel Bess and Laura Richardson, who bore him eight children. This family lived in Lewiston, Utah until after the death of the second daughter.

Grandfather was next sent to Idaho to help settle the country there. So he settled in Swan Lake and raised cattle, also worked on the railroad. contracts laying tracks and building grades from Pocatello to Silver Bow, Mont. He was called Uncle Joe by all. In 1890 he moved again to the frontier and settled in Marysville, Idaho, then called Springville. His daughter Aunt Dealia Whittle and her husband Wm. T. Whittle had already homesteaded a place there. He helped clear the land, build the canals, drive out the wild cattle, tame the Indians. He owned the second sawmill in the Valley up at the confluence of the Warm River and the Snake River. M. M. Hammond bought in with him the following year. Allsop and Sharp had the first sawmill.

His second family homesteaded near him, though it was now under the manifesto, grandfather always played the part of a good father and his children all loved him.

He was first councilor to Bishop Wilson for 15 years. He and grandfather were endowed in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah where the Church did the Endowment work for the forty years they were building the Temple. When he was too old to farm he sold his farm and ran a livery stable and hauled mail with a little white team of horses, the old settlers can still remember. He also rode a sorrel pony, "Fremont," whom most people can still remember.

They wanted to go back to Utah to do Temple work but were unable to get a place very near but

found one in Lewiston in 1914. They could go on the car line at their will but grandmother died of pneumonia 16 June 1919. Grandfather lived with his children and grandchildren then until Feb. 1922. He was buried beside his wife in Richmond, Utah. His second wife, Aunt Lucinda as we all called her, went to live with her daughter, Lurinda Leavett, whom she had named for her twin sister. She also died 16 June 1925 six years later and was also buried in Richmond, Utah.

By his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hale Hammond, Sariah Camp, Fremont, Co., Idaho.

An Indian Story of Pioneer Days

As was told to Elizabeth P. H. Hammond by her grandfather, Joseph Smith Hendricks.

It was one of those evening^s in late November that is hard to describe. A cold north wind had been blowing, the mist had been gathering and had dimmed the sun; the stillness, the quietness, the feel in the air, all foretold the coming of a storm.

Early that morning Joe and one of his friends had gone to the canyon for wood. As they returned and Joe was turning into his gate he stood upon his load of wood, looking in every direction slowly and deliberately he shook his head. Bullock, his neighbor, who was watching him remarked, "And the old settler shakes his head." "Yes," answered Joe, "This is one of those days you have to experience to understand, I think winter is here, and I better gather up my small tools, chains and singletrees, they are scattered all over, if I let the snow come on the, I'll not see them till spring."

The clouds had filled the sky and were slowly settling down on the mountains. Joe quickly put his team in the barn, and gathered up his tools and prepared for the long winter.

This done he cut wood for the night. As he paused he could see the storm coming. He looked toward the house and saw the fire burning brightly through the window. Proudly he thought of this girl wife as he saw her pass to and fro before the light of the fire as she prepared the evening meal. With satisfaction he observed the stack of hay in the "stack-yard" knowing he too had wheat in the bin for flour, and vegetables in the cellar. "Well, let it snow, I feel sure I am prepared for the winter.

He carried in the wood for night. His wife Sariah followed him to the door and observed, "It is going to be a bad night, I pity a dog that would have to be out tonight." Finishing his chores he stopped to watch the storm and his eyes fastened upon three objects coming out of the canyon toward the east.

Instinctively, he ran for his gun, and very excitedly told his wife that he believed some deer were coming out of the mountains, by the time he returned to the yard his trained eyes told him it was not deer, but a man on horseback leading a horse, he thought it was a cowboy returning from the range. He dismissed the matter from his mind and returned to the house. Soon he was washed and ready for supper.

"Rye" seeing the horses coming nearer said, "Why, Joe, it's an Indian and he his coming in here." Joe looked toward his gun, then thought of the Prophet's words, "It's better to feed an Indian than to fight him." So he casually walked out of the gate to meet the Indian. He, without any fear came directly toward him and in good Indian fashion without any greeting dismounted and drawing his blankets closely around him, he said, "Injun heep cold."

And pointing to his horses said, "Caballos hungry."

"Alright," said Joe, " You go into the house get warm. I shall take care of the horses."

When he unpacked the horses he found they were heavily loaded with jerked meat.

It might be well to observe that when an Indian accepts your hospitality, he does it with confidence and as Joe had suggested he went into the house and the warmth of the open fire in the fireplace soon had him warm and comfortable. In a short time Joe had the horses in the shed and fed and the meat in the meat house and three instead of two sat down to the evening meal.

That night the storm broke in all its fury and for three days and nights it rages, piling up the snow in great drifts and when it broke one would have thought he was in a new and strange country; all the fence-posts and buildings had a strange ghost-like look. Richmond, Utah at that time was not the peach bearing country it now is, the snow piled up four or five feet deep through the winters.

Not to be frustrated, our Indian friend, Eagle Feather, explained to Joe in broken English and gestures that he had become separated from his tribe while hunting, he also told him where the tribe were in camp for the winter. He marked on the hearth the big water (Snake River) then the Blackfoot and the Portneuf rivers. He carefully explained his tribe would be camped for the winter between the Portneuf and the Blackfoot and the Snake River.

He explained in his broken English and Indian and with gestures with the snow now so deep he could not get to his squaw and papooses but must stay many moons until snow all gone and grass come again. Of course, Eagle Feather was allowed to stay and a good comfortable place was provided and the tree of them sat at the table all winter. The long cold winter passed slowly, Eagle Feather

learned considerable English and Joe improved his vocabulary in the Indian language.

Spring came as the winter had come, almost in a day the warm chinook winds melted the snow very fast, the grass became green and the birds sang gaily as they flitted about, told them it was spring again.

Then Eagle Feather went as he had come, unannounced and in good Indian style, no one saw him go.

Two years passed and it was spring again and no one had heard from or about Eagle Feather. One day Joe and his friend Bullock were on their way to Butte, Montana, a busy mining town, with loads of flour and bacon. Several other men were in the freight wagon train.

The second day out they camped for the night at the big bend of the Portneuf River, from their camp ground the road gradually rose to some height. And on the other side, a more level strip of ground sheltered under some low lava cliffs. In a teepee of an India Chief was held a council of war which lasted well into the night, some prospectors or trappers had killed some Indians and to them, revenge on one white man was as good as another, and the council had decided to kill the freighters and steal their horses and provisions, burn their wagons, then fall upon the settlers in northern Utah.

Morning came and the freight teams slowly pulled their heavy loads up the hill, Joe was taking lead and as he reached the crest of the hill what should meet his gaze but Indians, hundreds of them it seemed, coming up the road riding single file, a custom when they are on the war path, his trained eyes took the situation in at a glance. He stopped his horses and standing up in the spring seat called to his companions that he could see Indians coming toward them dressed in war paint and eagle feathers.

As the first Indians came near, Joe called to them in their own language, but no word came back to them. Joe was having trouble with his four horses, they were afraid. Standing on the jockybox and braced, he was ready to run for it or shoot. Quickly the line circled around the freighters, as the first circle formed they began closing in, the tension was high, it seemed only for the leader to give the signal, the savage warwhoop, that they might execute their hellish purpose, to kill them outright or take them alive and torture them. Joe turned on his step and yelled to Bullock, "Well, I guess this is it." he tried again and again to make the Indians understand that they were friendly, but not a word from the stoic men. Slowly the circle moved around the wagon train, closer and closer, then at once beside him was Eagle Feather whom

he had befriended two years before. Hope and gladness hovered for a moment, would he recognize him? He thought again of the Prophet's words, "It's better to feed the Indians that fight them."

Joe called to Eagle Feather with a prayer in his heart, but he spoke no word, would not look at him, had he forgotten him in the two years? He thought of his home and family, he was holding the horses with so tight a rein he could not get his gun, his faith was beginning to weaken. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to you." But he intended to die fighting so reached for his gun, calling again to Eagle Feather who was now at the head of his horses, "What are you going to do?" Eagle Feather stood on his horse making signs. Would his life soon be over? One cannot read an Indian's face, the air was tense, the Indians gave a loud shout that Joe did not understand, to himself he said, "Oh my God, Help us in this if it is the last." Then clear and loud as a clarion these words rang in his ears.

"Richmond Joe, Richmond Joe, Richmond Joe."

Quicker than we can tell it, the situation changed, Eagle Feather slid off his horse, he had received the proper signal from the leader, and running toward Joe who had tied his lines to the break-bar and jumped from the wagon wheel, with out-stretched hand, he said, in broken English, "How Joe, How Joe, How!"

The rest of the horsemen came racing their horses at breakneck speed, and for more than an hour, Joe standing at his wagon wheel holding to the break-comb with his left hand, shook hands with Indian braves.

Runners were sent to the Chief; and the Indians took over, they had Joe and his companions drive down the bank of the river, Indian herdsmen took charge of the horses, hunters went out for meat and a big barbecue was prepared and for three days they feasted, and in the evening Joe and Bullock sat in the Big Teepee and smoked the "pipe of peace!" It was here they were told of the killings of the Indians, and to retaliate the Blackfeet Indians were going on the warpath.

For further protection, as the freighters moved on, a guard of several Indians were sent to accompany and protect the wagontrain across the Blackfoot country to the border of the Crow Indian country.

This act of kindness to a lost and hungry Indian on the part of Grandfather Joseph Smith Hendricks, averted a terrible massacre of the freighters and pioneers in the sparsely settled country in northern Utah and southern Idaho, and teaches us a valuable lesson to listen to the "Prophet's Voice."

Sariah Fidelia Pew Hendricks

Patriarch John H. Tippets

A Patriarchal Blessing given to Sariah F. Hendricks, daughter of William and Caroline Pew, born Jackson Co. Missouri, Aug. 11, 1833 Patriarch: John H. Tippets

Recorded Farmington Jan 9th, 1886

A Patriarchal Blessing

By John H. Tippets upon the head of Sariah F. Hendricks, daughter of William and Caroline Pew, born Jackson Co. Missouri, August 11th, 1833.

Sariah Fidelia, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I place my hand upon your head to seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing which is according to the ancient order of the Patriarchs of old to seal blessings upon their children which should continue with them through all generations to come, which were of the blood and lineage of those through which the Priesthood should continue for the purpose of the gathering of the blood of Israel in the latter days in the fullness of times of the dispensation of times. This blood and lineage hath continued through your forefathers until it reached your day and generation for you are one of the daughters of Israel, through the blood and lineage of Ephraim, the son of Joseph, the Patriarch, that was sold into Egypt and you have taken your lineage from your father and mother and (it) will continue with you and your posterity throughout all time and generations to come. For you have embraced and entered into the New and Everlasting Covenant in your youth and have made yourself honorable in keeping your integrity and will be remembered with those that will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to enjoy the presence of the Lord and the society of all your friends, relatives that have gone before you and will have an inheritance upon the earth, and your children, for a possession when the earth will be cleansed from all its abominations which has been brought upon it by the corruption of the children of men, and you will be made partaker of the riches of the earth in its purified state and enter into the Holy City, Jerusalem, to go no more out forever.

These blessings I place and seal upon your head in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen

Z.L. Glover Recorder

SARIAH FIDELIA PEW HENDRICKS

BORN: AUGUST 11, 1833 — INDEPENDENCE (GARDEN OF EDEN), JACKSON CO. MISSOURI

MARRIED: JANUARY 4, 1857 — JOSEPH SMITH HENDRICKS — PROB. SALT LAKE CITY

DIED: JUNE 16, 1919 — LEWISTON, CACHE CO. UTAH

BURIED: RICHMOND, UTAH

PARENTS: WILLIAM PEW AND CAROLINE FIDELIA CALKINS.

NOTE: WILLIAM PEW DIED WHEN SARIAH WAS A BABY. CAROLINE MARRIED JOHN HARVEY TIPPETS.

Sariah Fidelia Pew Hendricks

Sariah Fidelia Hendricks, born 11 August 1833, died 16 June 1919. She was born in Jackson Co. Missouri and was baptized in the Missouri River when 8 years old. She was the daughter of William Pew and Caroline Calkins Pew. Before Sariah was born William Pew died, leaving Mrs. Pew a widow with one child [and one on the way]. She afterward married John H. Tippetts who came with his family to Utah. He came with the pioneers having left his family behind. Sariah was driven out of Nauvoo with her parents and crossed the plains enduring the hardships and trials of that long tedious journey arriving in Salt Lake in 1848 at the age of 15.

She was married to Joseph S. Hendricks 4 Jan. 1857. In 1870 she with her husband moved to Richmond where they lived until 1876. They moved to Swan Lake and Oxford, Idaho, then in 1891 moved to Marysville, Idaho being among the early settlers of that country. There lived until 1908 then moved to Lewiston, Ut. She spent nearly her whole life on the frontier so it could be said that nearly her whole life was one of the hardship and trials of the pioneer; but still she was always a patient and faithful Latter-day Saint and worker in Primary and Relief Society until too feeble to attend to that work.

Being such a loveable nature, friend and mother to every body she became known throughout the entire country by her many friends as "Aunt Rye" and her husband being of the same noble spirit as "Uncle Joe." A family of six grandchildren were left motherless and at the age of 60 years she took these children and raised them until they were all married, except one who died at the age of 16.

At her death she was survived by her husband, one son, Joseph S. Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. T. Wm. Whittle and Mrs. Alma H. Hale, 19 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at Lewiston 1st Ward. Bishop G. A. Hogan presiding, speakers were Jus. W. and Brigham Hendricks nephews to the deceased and Brigham Pond each of whom spoke of the noble spirit she always possessed. She was buried in Richmond, Utah.

Written by Alma Helaman Hale, Sr. age 75

Attended her first school in Joseph Smith's home. President of Relief Society in Swan Lake, Idaho 1877- 1890. President of Relief Society in Marysville, Idaho 1892-1894.

At age of 61 she took a motherless family of 6 children and raised them all but one who died at

the age of 16 of a gun wound — an accident caused while cleaning a gun.

Copied with notes copied and/or written by Mabel F. Hale Knapp.

Sariah Fidelia Pew Hendricks

*by her granddaughter, Elizabeth Precinda Hale
Hammond*

Sariah Fidelia Pew Hendricks was born in the Garden of Eden, Jackson County, Mo., August 1833 and blessed when eight days old. Her father's name was Wm. Pew, who was a shipbuilder, serving his apprenticeship in St. Louis, Mo. They heard the Gospel and both joined the Church. They had a little son in 1831 whom they named Hyrum, after Hyrum Smith who had taught them the gospel. Then grandpa either went into apprenticeship, or had to go back, at least they decided that grandmother should go on with the Saints and he would go to shipbuilding. Grandmother went with the Saints to Jackson County, Mo., and there in August, five months after grandfather had left her, a little baby girl was born. Grandmother had frequent letters from him always reminding her he was coming home as soon as his time was up, having had to sign up for a number of years. This making us believe he had already signed up before they heard the gospel. Before the time came for his release from the contract his letters stopped and several months after she received his tool chest but instead of having the tools and effects in it as in case of death it had only rocks and shavings in it. No other word was ever heard from him though grandmother tried for years. She always thought he had been killed and robbed. Grandmother went with the Saints when they were driven out of Jackson Co. to Caldwell County. Again they were mobbed and ordered out of the state or die. She went with a friend, John Harvey Tippetts and family. Many Saints apostatized and the poor had to be helped by others. They had gone only six miles when the wagon tire broke and J. H. Tippetts and an old man walked back the six miles to a blacksmith to have the tire mended, then walked back to the wagon. They went on and caught up with the company by dark where they had camped. They arrived in Quincy in April 1839. Grandmother went on to Nauvoo where she lived near the Prophet. Little Sariah, now six years old went to school in the Prophet's home. One day he took her on his lap and asked her if she knew she was born in the Garden of Eden. He said, "Always remember that and tell your children that you were born in the Garden of Eden." So we always remembered where she was born. He always begged her mother to let him adopt her as it was hard for her mother to get along. Her mother was a tailoress and had to work so hard.

In March 1840 her friend, Abby Tippetts died in childbirth and the child a son, died too. Grandmother had gone to care for her friend but went back to Nauvoo after her friend's death. In April, John Harvey Tippetts took his little boy, three years old, and went to Nauvoo with his cousin, Alva who was moving to Nauvoo and married his friend Caroline Pew, the mother of my grandma. In the spring of 1842 their little baby girl, who they named Abby Jane after his first wife and Caroline's friend, was born and died four months later.

After the death of the Prophet 27 June 1844, grandma went to her sister's place. The Temple was being pushed as fast as possible, so the Saints could get their Endowments before going to the West, as they had agreed. On 30 April 1846, the Temple was secretly dedicated. In May 18, 1846, their son, John Harvey Tippetts was born. In August 1842, Sariah F. Pew was baptized in the Missouri River by her step-father, who left for a mission soon after. On 16 Jan 1846 before the Temple was dedicated a number of Saints were endowed. John Harvey Tippetts was sealed to his first wife Abby Jane Smith, to Caroline Corkins Pew, her sister Nancy Corkins, or Colkins, we are not sure which, and to Abigail Sprague. Nancy and her wee baby were drowned when the boat in which she was crossing the Missouri River capsized and in trying to save her baby they both drowned.

In July 1846 John Harvey Tippetts joined the Mormon Battalion and was gone 52 days arriving in Winter Quarters 15 Feb. 1847 with a sick detachment he had been sent back with. His family had arrived before him. In April, he went with Brigham Young's Company as far as Laramie, Wyoming and went on to meet his company. It was on the way home and they arrived in Salt Lake in August. he stayed there and went back to Winter Quarters with Brigham Young to get his family and the rest of the Saints. In April they left Winter Quarters for the long trek. Grandpa Tippetts was sick with chills and fever and had only gone six miles when the tire came off the wagon wheel. They all stopped and fixed the wagon and reloaded, learning in that short way how things would ride. They all were better off for staying over. Sariah was 14 years old, her brother was 14 [sic], Osten was 7 and Harvey was one. Most of the way there was no wood to burn but they made fires with buffalo chips and little Ott, as they called him would go with Sariah to gather them for the fires on the journey. They lost two

cows and three oxen, having one ox and two cows left. The trip being as hard on the cattle as on the people, but they were going to a home where they could live as they desired and they did not complain but sang and danced and made the best of everything. They milked the cows in the morning and put the milk in jars and at night there was butter for the new salt-rising bread. Grandmother would set in the morning the bread. The milk they gave to the stock and the new milk helped with the supper for all. Grandmother set the emptings [sic] in the morning, mixed the water and flour in it at noon and baked it in bake ovens at night.

The Indians stole their cattle on the Horn River and four young men were sent after them. Thomas E. Ricks was one of them and was shot as he was turning them back, one shot in the back. His companions took him to camp and he was put on a stretcher for four months before he recovered but he carried the bullets to his grave. They crossed on the Loon or Wolf Fork of the Sweet River, at Independence Rock, crossing the Big and Little Sandy, stopped at Fort Bridger, Wyo., then on into Salt Lake traveling about eleven miles a day, a distance of 1,100 miles. Sariah and her brother Hyrum driving an ox team all the way and walking most of it. Their first home was a dugout about 10 feet into the hill on City Creek, the front built up of dirt. In the spring they moved to a house they had built on a lot given to them.

Fashion followed them and it became the style to have very small waists. If a man could span his sweetheart's waist with his two hands, she was the "belle of the ball." One morning when Grandpa Tippetts went to call Sariah, he found she had slept in her corsets all in order to be able to tighten it more in the morning. He took out his pocket knife and cut the corset string. It popped like a gun and Sariah would surely have awakened had she not fainted. They lived here for eight years and Sariah adored her stepfather. He always treated her as his own child. Hero [or Aero, I can't tell].....
.....the youngest girl was born who was known to all as "Aunt Fin."

Just a month after Sariah was 23 her father was called on a mission to England. The next 4 Jan 1857 she was married to Joseph Smith Hendricks and went to live in the "Bath House" just north of Salt Lake City. Joseph and his mother having taken a lease on it. He was 19 and she was 23. They had three Negro servants who did most of the hard work but she was not used to being waited upon and always found something to do, much to the adoration of the servants, whose names were Bill, Cad

and Chloe.

Grandmother's first baby girl, name Lily, was born here in the Bath House but she only lived two months. 24 Sept. 1859 another baby girl was born, whom they called Sariah Fidelia, who grew up to be a wonderful woman and nurse to all of Snake River Valley, to whom she was "Aunt Deal". When she was eight months old grandpa and grandma moved to Richmond, Utah, with a colony sent there to build up that part of the country. Taking his mother and father and giving up the Bath House. Here they lived for years and grandpa was a minute man and kept his horse saddled all the time to be ready for Indian trouble. He was always good to the Indians and they called him "Richmond Joe." Here a son was born 22 Feb 1862, who was named for his father. Dec. 16, 1867 a baby girl was born who was named for Aunt Fin and Aunt Laura Gammell, who was a niece of grandpa's but had lost her mother and had been raised by his mother as her own. So the baby had the name of Elizabeth Precinda Hendricks, who became my mother and was lovingly called "Aunt Libbie" by all who knew her.

May 11, 1861 Grandpa married a young woman, according to the advise of the church, named Lucinda Bess, a twin. Grandpa made most of his living at this time hauling freight and had many thrilling adventures. April 19, little Inez was born who died of dyptherery in Swan Lake. Her half sister, Laura died two hours before. Lola, another sister died of Typhoid. The other children, who had typhoid at this time recovered. They were Will, Juel, Jody and Libbie. They said they could just remember being lifted up to see Inez and Laura in the same coffin and then put back to bed. Libbie lost all her hair and it came in very curly and she had lovely curly hair all the rest of her life. Grandma went with grandpa on some of his railroad contract but they always had a Chinese cook.

In 1891 they moved to Snake River Valley taking with them a young man who had come from Nebraska to work. Grandpa treated him like his own son. Aunt Deal had moved there two years before and they all homesteaded 160 acres and took Desert claims of 320 acres. The snow was deep in winter, always covering the fence posts and roads were hard to keep open so they made a conveyance of an elk hide and hooked a team on the head part and go over the snow, fences and all wherever they wanted.

Church was held at Grandpa's the first winter until they could build a log house. It was the largest house and had a board roof. Most of them were dirt roofs.

They had parties there too and dance and eat until morning, so no one would get lost in the darkness. They hauled water from Fall River in barrels for the house in a wagon fixed up for just that and it was usually the youngest who did the hauling.

The nearest market was Market Lake, now known as Roberts, about 60 miles away. Everyone had their own meat, milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. Not much fruit except wild fruit. They raised their own hay and grain for a grist every fall. One sack of sugar had to last a year, so they bought "sargum" in kegs.

Grandmother was the first Relief Society President in Marysville. She was always on time. No one ever waited on her. She was always the first one up in the morning. Grandpa was not very well and she always petted him. When she was 60 years old her son's wife died and left six children. The youngest two weeks old, two girls and four boys, and she raised them until the youngest was 25 years old. One boy, James, was shot while cleaning a twenty-two and died of Lockjaw.

In 1916 they moved back to Cache Valley to be nearer to Temple. On 16 June, 1919, two months before she was 86 years old she died of Pneumonia and heart disease, which had bothered her for years. She was buried in the Richmond Cemetery, a wish she had made two weeks before, on the 18th June. Surviving her were two daughters, "Dealie" Whittle and "Libbie" Hale and her son, Jody. Grandpa followed her 18 Feb. 1922 and was buried by her side.

Read in Sariah Camp, Fremont, Idaho

Lucinda Bess Hendricks

Second wife of Joseph Smith Hendricks

BORN: 1842 — GREENWOOD, NEW YORK
MARRIED:
DIED:
BURIED:
PARENTS: JUEL JOSIAH AND LAURA (RICHISON) BESS

By Lurinda A. Hendricks Leavitt

Lucinda Bess Hendricks born 1842 in Greenwood, New York. The seventh child of Juel Josiah and Laura (Richison) Bess. The following names are of her brother and sisters, Oliver, James, Laura, Eliza, William and Lurinda which was her twin sister. Her parents were staunch members of the L.D.S. Church. But the shadow of death visited this home and took the beloved father to another cilme, and a great responsibility fel upon Laura the mother of this small group of children. But undaunted in her faith she began prepairing to cross the trackless plains. Trouble never came singly. Two of her children, James and Eliza were kid-napped by her husband's mother who said she was crazy and not fit to take care of her children. Therefore she had to have a doctor's certificate to state she was sane before she could get her children back.

Laura, a very stroung character surmounted all obstacles. So Lucinda crossed the plains with her family in 1848. She was baptized a member of the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. Also received her endowments in the Endowment House at the age of seventeen. Her school teachers were few, her school books were the Bible nad the Book of Mormon.

To assist with living expenses she embroidered buckskin gloves and various other things.

In a social way she partook of the activities of the young people, and many times attended banquets at the home of Brigham Young. Later in life at the age of 23 she became the plural wife of Joseph Smith Hendricks and to that union was born eight children, named as follows, Juel, Laura L., William D., John H., Lurinat A., Asa O., Lola E., and Hyrum S. She fought the good fight, and lived and died a true Latter-day Saint. She was also a Relief Society Worker. Prayer was her watchword and all troubles and sorrows were told to the Lord and he in return gave her strength to carry on.

Dear Blessed Mother, I get so lonesome to see

your dear face, but I nknow you are happy up there in your lot and place, so let us as her dscendants, dare to do right, and dare to be true, and do the work she would have us d.

She had eight children, thirty-eight grand-children, a number of great grand-cchildren and a few great great grand children.

Funeral of Horton B. Leavitt

Service cond. by Bishop Vernon Johnson.

Solo: *Open the Gates of the Temple* by Violet Hendrickson. Acc. by Mrs. Mellor.

Invo. Jacob Trainor.

We have come to show respect to Horton Leavitt who has gone to his reward in the realm above. We are thankful that we have known his sweet spirit. We are thankful that he has been valiant and faithful. He and his wife have born their crosses faithful.....

Violin solo: Ronald Hammond. Acc. by Mrs. Mellor.

Sketch of his life. **Leavitt Grover.**

Horton B. Leavitt was born 14 May 1872 at Mendon Utah, son of George and Janetta (Brinkerhoff) Leavitt. When a small child he moved with his parents to Lewiston, Utah where he went to school and spent most of his boyhood days. He also spent a short time in Star Valley.

When about 12 years old his father was called to the great beyond. Therefore he and his younger brother, Edward did their share in taking care of their beloved Mother.

In the year 1899 he was married in the Logan Temple to Lurinda Hendricks. They were blessed with seven children, twenty grand children and one great granddaughter. The children are as follows: Cleah Grover, Druzzilla Lucile, who died in 1914 Mar 25, Lola Green, Marva Kington, Marnie Merrill, Virgil Leavitt and Dorris D. Leavitt. Also surviving are two brothers and one sister. In the years 1902-1904 he filled a mission in the Central States. After returning home he was in the Presidency of the Elders Quorum. In the year 1905 they moved from Lewiston, Utah to Marysville, Idaho, where he was engaged in farming. In 1920 ill health caused him to give up farming. He then moved to Rigby and later to Idaho Falls where He was an employee of the L.D.S. Hospital 13 years, again forced to retire because of ill health.

During his life he was enthusiastic Church worker and held many responsible positions. Sunday School Supt., a Bishop, Genealogical Worker and two Stake Missions in Idaho Falls. He was an honest man, a loving father and a kind husband.

Horton B. Leavitt will be greatly missed by his loved ones. The vacant chair can never be filled. But we have memories, sweet memories that will softly come and softly go like the sunlight on the

flowers and with them tender thoughts of once happy golden hours. He always enjoyed his friends. The Saturday before he passed away he had a large group of friends to see him and he asked, "Lue, have you fed them?" These were some of his last words.

John Cordingly said, "I ask in faith to be able to speak. Brother Leavitt was very loveable, he did not speak ill of people. Once he gave 1000 feet of lumber to help build a house for a brother who was in trouble. Another time watching sheep he was walking in the dark when some one told him to light a match, he did and saw he would have, by taking another step gone over the ledge. He was Sunday School Supt. eight years, Bishop five years. He did not speak ill of any one.

Solo: *Bury me Near the Old Home* by Norma Rhoads of Annis.

Remarks by **Bishop Warren Wright.**

He was a friend of man and lived by the side of the road. I have spent many hours in his house and knew him well. I don't believe I ever did rub elbows with him, but that I came away with food for thought. I am sure you have too. Many people are here from over the Valley and out of State. He set a good example to those who came in his presence. If some one spoke ill of another he would say, "We don't know if that is true."

They have been married almost 50 years. He was a kind father and loving man. He has gone with me to visit the sick on many occasions. He loved to listen to gospel talk, always the kindness manifest by the things he would say made people enjoy him. He lived a good life, there is no need to enumerate here the things he did. His family knows the pattern he set, as do many other people. We'll miss him but he has stood the teste and it will be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." may the Lord bless his memory, may we profit by the good things he has left behind him. May the Lord bless you. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Solo: *O My Father* by Knowels of Pocatello.

Next Speaker: **James Colson**

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity; I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, etc."

I don't know why I talked on this line, but when I saw the undertaker carry him out Sister Leavitt said, "There goes a good man." I have learned what charity is. When Dorris broken with grief called to

me I knelt down to where he was on the floor he
said Bro. Colson I loved him. It did me good to go
see him or even pass by and see him.

"All is well, my Savior with me
All is well, All is well.
All is well, and well for us
All is well, All is well.

And my long imprisoned spirit
Soon will rise, soon will rise
To the realms of bliss Eternal
In the skies, in the skies.
O, I dread to leave you Dorris
As I go, as I go.

But Father knows what's best for us
Even so, even so.
But I'll see you up in Heaven
You'll be there, you'll be there.
Standing full five feet eleven
Straight and fair, Straight and fair."

No. 3

When those dark days come and the skies are gray
All men must brave them as best they may,
With never too much repining
And the bravest is he when the shadows fall
Who sees through the gloom of his darkened hall
The light of his faith still shining.

In those lonely days when his heart shall ache
And it seems that soon shall his sorrow break
There is only one place to borrow
One place to go for the strength he needs,
He must bind with faith every wound that bleeds,
And cling to his faith through sorrow.

For truly forlorn is the man who weeps,
When his dad lies buried 'neath floral heaps,
And his path are lining, [sic]
And a pitiful creature he's doomed to be,
If he cannot look through the gloom and see
The light of his faith still shining.

No. 2

God won't ask if you are clever
For I think He'll hardly care.
When your toil is done forever
He may question, were you square?

Did you do the best you could do
With the knowledge you possessed?
Did you do the things you should do
That will be your earthly best?

God won't ask what kind of labor
Life commissioned you to do
Were you richer than your neighbor
Of the many or the few?

But you knew what right and wrong was
What was bad and what was good.
And you knew what weak and strong was
Did you do the best you could?

Were you skillful in your daring?
Were you brilliant? What of these?
All the medals that you're wearing
When in death your eyelids close

Will be left on earth behind you,
All you'll ever take away
Is the soul that God assigned you
For it's tenement of clay.

There the great may be the humble
There the poor may be the rich
There the weak and frail who stumble
And the digger in the ditch

May receive Eternal Glory
For the good he tried to do.
God will smile to hear your story.
If you lived to what you knew.

1st

The test of man is the fight he makes
The grit that he daily shows.
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Life's numerous bumps and blows

A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars
But takes a man who can stand and cheer
When some other fellow star's

It Isn't the victory after all
But the fights a brother makes.
A man though driven against the wall
Still stands up erect and takes

The blows of Fate, with his head held high.
Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he is not afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get, and the jolts you get? [sic]
And the shocks your courage will stand
The hours of sorrow and vain regret

And the prize that escapes the hand

That tests your mettle and proves your worth.
It isn't the blows you deal
But the blows you take on this good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real.

Brothers and Sisters, I have never felt so good and rejoiced in knowing Brother Leavitt. When I was called to missionary work with Brother and Sister Leavitt were missionaries he was in charge and the kindly instructions he gave endeared him to us. We loved his sweet spirit and beautiful influence. (Test of Man)

There lies a man who had the stuff that is real
(No 2. God won't ask if you.)

One more then I'll quit. (No. 3 When those dark days.)

May your faith keep you, may you look up to God is my prayer.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Remarks from **Brother Eugene Belnap.**

*Copied and/or recorded by Mabel F. Knapp Hale.
BYU M1*

James Hendricks

JAMES HENDRICKS

BORN: JUNE 23, 1808 — SIMPSON CO. KENTUCKY

MARRIED: DRUSILLA DORRIS

DIED: JULY 8, 1870 — RICHMOND, CACHE CO. UTAH

PARENTS: ABRAHAM HENDRICKS AND CHARLOTTE HINTON

October 20 (22?)

Patriarch John Smith

A blessing given to James Hendricks

Patriarch: John Smith

October 20th,

Oct. 22nd A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of James Hendricks, son of Abraham and Charlette, born June 23rd, 1808, Simpson Co. Kentucky.

Bro. James, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and place upon thee a father's blessing; inasmuch as thou hast obeyed the gospel and passed through exceeding great sufferings in order to defend the cause of truth, and hast been patient and art yet patient, laboring under infirmities and wounds, the Lord is well pleased with thee and He hath accepted thine offerings, and he hath preserved thy life by the power of His spirit when no human means could have saved thee, that thou mightest live and be a swift witness against this wicked and ungodly generation for their murders and all their abominations, that the Lord may be just when He pours out His indignation upon them without mixture.

Thou art of the House of Israel and of the blood of Joseph and a lawful heir to the holy priesthood. The keys of the mysteries of the same shall be committed unto thee in due time and thou shalt have power to do miracles in the name of the Lord, to heal the sick, the wounded and the afflicted, and to remove every obstacle that shall be thrown in thy way, that thy life may be preserved to see all the enemies of the church swept from off the face of the earth, and thy prayers and cries shall continually be united with the saints that are under the altar, crying to the Lord to take vengeance upon the ungodly for blood they have shed until all these things are accomplished, and thy testimony shall go forth to the ends of the earth and all nations shall hear it and thou shalt bring many to a knowledge of the truth.

Thou shalt be blessed in thy family with health,

peace and plenty. Thy children shall grow up around thy table and they shall continually increase till time shall be no more, and shall be esteemed as the excellent of the earth, and shall do great good in their generation.

Thy name shall be had in everlasting remembrance in the church and thy years shall be many and (thou shalt) have part in the first resurrection; this is thy blessing which I seal upon thee, in common with thy companion and children, and I give thee this promise of eternal lives by the authority of the priesthood. Amen

A. Carington, Recorder (?)

Hendricks, James, the first Bishop of the Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, was born June 23, 1808, in Simpson county, Kentucky, fourth son of Abraham and Charlotte Hendricks. He became a member of the Church in the year 1836, and moved to Clay county, Missouri, whence, in the same year, he moved with the Saints to Caldwell county, Mo. Oct., 25, 1838, at the battle of Crooked river, while defending the lives and rights of the Saints, he was shot down by the mob, from the effects of which he never recovered, being rendered a helpless cripple for life. In March, 1839, he moved to Quincy, Ill., and later he moved to Nauvoo, where he resided until 1846, when he started for the Rocky Mountains, wintering at Winter Quarters. June 3, 1847, he resumed his journey westward, arriving in Great Salt Lake valley the following October. In the spring of 1866, he moved to Richmond, Cache county, where he resided until his death. He held the office of Bishop in the 19th ward of Salt Lake City for nine years, and filled several other important positions. Bro. Hendricks was a living martyr to the sacred truth, and died full of faith in the glorious gospel of Christ, July 8, 1870, in Richmond, Cache county, Utah.

Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia, pp. 403

Sunday Jan 19 The High Council at Nauvoo voted to donate a city lot to Brother James Hendricks who was shot in Missouri, also voted to build him a house.

from Church History

Drusilla Dorris Hendricks

DRUSILLA DORRIS HENDRICKS

BORN: FEBRUARY 8, 1810 — SUMNER, TENNESSEE

MARRIED: JAMES HENDRICKS

DIED:

PARENTS: WILLIAM DORRIS AND CATHERINE FROST

Drusilla Hendricks

June 25, 1865

Patriarch C. D. Hyde

A Patriarchal Blessing upon the head of Drusilla Hendricks, daughter of William and Catherine Dorris, born February 8th, 1810.

Patriarch: Charles W. Hyde Richmond, June 25th, 1865 A Patriarchal Blessing, by C. D. Hyde, upon the head of Drusilla Hendricks, daughter of William and Catherine Dorris, born in Simpson Co. Tenn., Feb. 8th 1810.

Prisilla, I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a Father's Blessing and you shall have wisdom and knowledge and power with the Father to comprehend many things in His Kingdom and to govern thy household in righteousness and in the fear of God, and I ask the Father to heal you that you may begin to be healed from this very moment and according to thy faith and desire with the Father you shall be made whole, that a holy angel may touch you in the silent watches of the night that your age may be renewed 20 years.

Thou art a daughter of Joseph and a lawful heir to the fullness of the priesthood with thy companion, with a kingdom upon the earth for ever and ever.

Therefore, go thy way, these blessings I seal upon thy head and with health and (you) shall be sealed in heaven with a crown of glory and eternal lives with all thy father's household, for ever, and ever. Amen.

Drusilla Hendricks

Patriarch John Smith

A Patriarchal Blessing upon the head of Drusilla Hendricks, daughter of William and Catherine Dorris born Feb. 8th, 1810.

Patriarch: John Smith

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Drusilla Hendricks, daughter of William and Catherine Dorris, born Feb. 8th, 1810, Sumner, Tenn.

Sister Drusilla, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and by the authority of the holy priesthood I place a Father's blessing upon thee. Thou art a daughter of Jacob and of the blood of Joseph, and heir to every blessing which was sealed upon his children by his father Jacob. Inasmuch as thou hast been called to pass through trials of faith, and denied the truth, but still endure in patience and persistence to promote the interest of the redeemed kingdom, thou shalt be blest with every favor which your heart desires. Thy storehouse shall be well filled with every necessary comfort. Thy family shall be blest with health and grow up about thy table like olive plants and they shall become very numerous so that they can not be numbered, and shall be a mighty people.

Thou shalt have faith to heal the sick and to do any miracles which shall be for the comfort of thy family. Thou shalt live to be a comfort to thy companion all his days and enjoy all the blessings and powers of the holy priesthood in common with him, (and) have part in the first resurrection with all thy father's house, thy family and friends and in the end receive the blessings of eternal lives.

Therefore, Sister, be patient and continue as thou hast hitherto been and not a word of this blessing shall fail. Amen

A. Carington, Recorder

John H. Tippetts

JOHN H. TIPPETS

BORN:
MARRIED:
MISSION:
DIED:
PARENTS:

and they shall administer to your wants and you shall have power to gather many unto the fold of Christ and you shall bring them to this land. You shall have power to save souls from darkness and to bring them to light, from the power of Satan to God, and your heart shall rejoice and bring forth fruit, even the word of life.

You shall be preserved from all evil, accomplish your mission, and return in peace and safety to the bosom of the church with many of the fruits of your labours and be again numbered with your family and with your children in the Kingdom of God.

We seal upon you these blessings through diligence and faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

L. L. Glover, Recorder

John H. Tippetts Set Apart for Mission September 6, 1856 Great Salt Lake City, Utah Pronounced by P. P. Pratt

A blessing upon the head of John H. Tippetts, setting him apart for his mission.

Under the hands of P. P. Pratt, A. P. Rockwood and L. Pulcifer, pronounced by P. P. Pratt.

Given in Great Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 6th 1856.

Brother John, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, invested in us, we lay our hands upon you and we consecrate you and dedicate you unto the Lord, even in the name of Jesus Christ. And we set you apart unto the mission whereunto you are now called, that you may be full of the Holy Ghost from this very moment; that your faith and energies may be renewed and quickened and that you may have power to overcome every obstacle, that you may come off victorious, and that you may be enabled to provide and arrange all matters aright and have power to go on this journey and have means to accomplish the same, to go over the plains and travel from place to place on this mission and nothing that is necessary may be withheld from you.

We say that inasmuch as you are prayerful and faithful you shall have every needful thing, both by sea and land, and in every moment and time of trouble you shall be preserved from all that is evil, from accident, and shipwreck, and from wicked men. And you shall be blessed in your calling and when you shall open your mouth to speak of the things of this kingdom, of the Book of Mormon, and of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and those that were with him and testify of those who succeed him, you shall be full of the Holy Ghost. And you shall be powerful in your voice in bearing testimony of these things, and the hearts of the people shall be touched

John H. Tippetts
February 5, 1883
Farmington, Davis County,
[Utah]

Patriarch John Smith

A Blessing on head of John H. Tippetts, February 5th, 1883, Farmington, Davis County.

Born in Wilton, Buchingham County, New Hampshire, September 5th, 1810. Patriarch: John Smith

A blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of John H. Tippetts, son of John and Abigail Tippetts born in Wilton, New Hampshire, September 5th, 1810.

Brother John H. Tippetts, according to thy desires I place my hands upon thy head to pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee and I ask God, the Eternal Father, for His spirit to endict (?) the same for thou art of the House of Israel. Thou didst embrace the Gospel in thy youth with an honest heart and in consequence, thereof, thy pathway hath been fraught with trials and difficulties. The adversary has laid snares for thy feet. The wicked has sought to take thy life and the ignorant has pointed a finger of scorn at thee. Thou hast been faithful and the Lord hast lengthened out thy days that you might fulfill your mission and secure unto thyself the blessings of Eternal Life, which is the reward thou shalt receive for the trials through which thou hast passed.

Therefore, I say unto thee, be of good cheer and comforted. The Lord hath accepted thine offerings. He is pleased with thine integrity and thine inheritance is prepared for thee on Mount Zion, the New Jerusalem. Therefore, be of good cheer and look forward to the future with pleasure for all will be well with thee, and the few days which thou shalt remain here upon the earth shall be made pleasant unto thee for thou shalt be strengthened in body and in mind and be made equal unto every task that when thy time comes thou shalt go down into thy grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe for the garner of our Lord, and thy name shall live in memory of the Saints.

The blessings of the Lord shall attend thee and thou shalt not lack for the comforts of life. This, with thy former blessings, I seal upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, even so, Amen.

G.F. Richardson, Recorder

John Tippetts
May 12, 1845
City of Joseph
Patriarch John Smith

City of Joseph, May 12th, 1845

Patriarch: John Smith

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of John Tippetts, son of John Tippetts and Abigail Pierce Tippetts, born Willsborough County, New Hampshire, September 5, 1810.

Brother John, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal upon thee a Patriarchal, or Father's Blessing. Thou art of the House of Jacob and a lawful heir to the Priesthood and all the blessings which were sealed upon the children of Joseph, which blessings cometh down through the lineage of thy fathers, which hath been mixed with gentile blood. Nevertheless, thou art of the pure blood of the seed of Joseph.

Thy calling is to preach the gospel to the nations of the gentiles for a season with great success and thou shalt gather many that are honest hearted from among them and shall lead them to Zion and no power shall stay thy hand. And, verily, thou shalt be called to preach to the Lamanites. Thou shalt be able to speak their language and shew them the reasonableness of thy believing the gospel and receiving the Messiah, who they have long rejected and wandered in unbelief and idolatry. Thou shalt do miracles among them that shall cause them to believe. Thou shalt gather a great company of the remnants of Jacob, as the Prophets have spoken, as a lion among the beasts of the forest to tread down and tear in pieces and thou shalt be their leader.

Thou shalt raise up a numerous posterity to keep thy name in remembrance.

If your faith does not fail you shall see the Saviour stand on the earth and converse with Him face to face and enjoy all the blessings of His Kingdom in common with thy companion. Even so, Amen.

Percy Tanner, Recorder

John H. Tippetts
December 24, 1864
Farmington, Davis co., [Utah]
Patriarch John Smith

Farmington, Davis Co. Dec. 24th, 1964

A Blessing on the head of John H. Tippetts, son of John and Abigail Tippetts, born September 5th, 1810. Patriarch: John Smith

A Blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of John Harvey Tippetts, son of John and Abigail Tippetts, born (____), Rockingham Co., New Hampshire, Sept. 5th 1810.

Brother John, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I place my hands upon they head in order to pronounce and seal upon thee a blessing therefore, prepare thy mind and look forward to the future that it may be unfolded unto thee in a measure for thou hast, in thy way, passed through trials and afflictions and seen many changing scenes. Thou hast also seen the hand of the Lord in many things, therefore, thou hast no doubt of the work in which thou art engaged. Therefore, I say unto thee, slacken not thine endeavors to do good for much is expected at thy hands. Let thy heart also be comforted in that the Lord knoweth thine integrity and will assist thee inasmuch as thou will call upon Him in faith. Better days also await thee in this life and hereafter thou shalt obtain Life Eternal.

Thou shalt also be blessed in thy Basket and Store and in thy habitation. Therefore, I say unto thee, be humble and prayerful and every desire of thy heart shall be granted thee.

These blessings I seal upon they head with all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for thou art of Ephraim and entitled to these blessings through thy lineage and I seal thee up unto Eternal Life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection as saviours in thy Father's house. Even so, Amen.

H. C. (F____)

Caroline Calkins Pew Tippetts

CAROLINE CALKINS PEW TIPPETS

BORN:
MARRIED:
DIED:
PARENTS: AMOS CALKINS AND HULDA MARVIN

Paragraph taken from The Women of Mormondom by Tullidge pages 434 and 435

Sister Caroline Tippetts, whose maiden name was Pew, deserves to be mentioned as one of the earlier members of the church, having embraced the gospel in 1831. Shortly afterward she joined the saints in Jackson county, Missouri, and during the persecutions that ensued, endured perhaps the most trying hardships that were meted out to any of the sisters. Driven out into the midst of a prairie, by the mob, in the month of January, with a babe and two-years-old child, she was compelled to sleep on the ground with only one thin quilt to cover them, and the snow frequently falling three or four inches in a night. She came to Utah with the first companies, and is reckoned among the most faithful of the saints.

Film #298442 Crossing the Plains

Tippetts, John H. Wife and nine children in 1852 crossed the plains in the 14th company. (Captain John B. Walker) J. H. Supplement Dec. 31, 1852 page 91.

JH & Caroline Tippetts

Donations for purchasing lands in Jackson Co. — among others:

John D. Tippetts 171.05 cash, 51.93 property

Caroline Tippetts 151.06 cash, 107.00 property

The wise men sent to collect money for this purpose were John H. Tippetts and Joseph H. Tippetts.

Copied and/or written by Mabel F. Hale Knapp ca. 1914. Could have been originally written by Alma H. Hale Jr.

Biography of John H. Tippetts

Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 3, pp. 269-270.

John Harvey Tippetts, a member of the Mormon Battalion, was born Sept. 5, 1810, at Wittingham, Rockingham county, New Hampshire, the son of John Tippetts and Abigail Pierce. In March, 1832, he heard of the Book of Mormon and walked fifteen miles to see it. Becoming converted to "Mormonism" he was baptized in the fall of the same year. In the fall of 1834 he first met the Prophet Joseph Smith, and from that time till the Saints were driven from Missouri he was with them and became subject to all the trials and tribulations of his people. He witnessed the betrayal of Joseph Smith and others by Geo. m. Hinkle at Far West, Mo., in 1838, went to Nauvoo in 1844, and shared in the persecutions there until driven out by the mob. He was in the Pres. Brigham Young's company when the call for the Mormon Battalion was made, and enlisted in Company D (Capt. Nelson Higgins) and marched with a part of the battalion to Pueblo. On the 23rd of December, 1846, in company with This. Woolsey, he started from Pueblo to carry money, mail and dispatches to the Saints at Winter Quarters, taking with them their guns, four days' provisions and two mules. After enduring untold hardships of hunger and cold, they reached Winter Quarters in 52 days. On the trip they were taken prisoners by Pawnee Indians and came very near being burned at the stake. Soon afterwards they were met by some friendly Omaha Indian, who directed them to their journey's end. In the spring of 1847 Elder Tippetts joined the pioneers and traveled with them as far as Laramie; thence he went toward Pueblo and joined his company, with which he then made his way to Salt Lake Valley, where he arrived in July, 1847. He returned to Winter quarters the same year for his family, and arrived in the Valley with his family Sept. 24, 1848. He located in Salt Lake City. In 1856 he was called on a mission to England and when he returned to Utah in 1858 on account of the Johnston Army troubles he found the Saints had moved south. In 1863 he moved to Farmington, Davis county, where he resided until his death. In 1878 he was ordained a Patriarch. For several years he suffered much through sickness, bore his affliction with the utmost patience. Sometime before his death he became aware that he could not live much longer and so expressed himself, but his mind was clear to the last, and he died in full faith in the gospel at his residence in Farmington, Feb. 14,

1890, of dropsy. during his life Patriarch Tippetts married three wives, by whom he became the father of ten children. His first wife, Jane Abigail Smith, bore him two children; his second wife, Caroline Hawkins, bore him two, and his third wife Eleanor Wise, six children.