

This book contains a short written statement written by Alexander Alma Allen, partly from memory and partly from records of my life and labors in this life.

Alexander A. Allen was born in Nauvoo Co. Illinois U. S. A. on September 28th 1845. My father's name Ezra Heela Allen was born in St. Laurence Co. N. Y. Town of Madred. My mother Sarah B. Fiske was born St. Larence Co N. Y. Town of Potsdam. They were married Dec. 25 1837 at Madred St. Larence Co, N. Y. Joined the Mormon church and moved to Nauvoo Illinois. Had four children. Two died in childhood, two lived, Amorette and Alexander. They passed through the trials with the saints at Nauvoo. Was there when the Prophet was killed. He was there at the expulsion, took an active part in all the troubles of the time and enlisted in the Mormon battalion 1846 as a fifer, did a faithful part and on his return from California was killed by the Indians 27th of June 1847.

Mother was left in Iowa in a little place they had built for shelter alone with her two little children. The Indians killed her cow and stole her clothing she had hung out to dry. She passed through untold trials but kept on to the West until she reached Salt Lake Valley 1852-7. She lived first at Centerville and then moved to Farmington Davis Co.

Mother was able to come to Utah with money which was obtained in the following manner.—My father when killed, had two buckskin purses containing gold, hung from a string around his neck down into his pocket. When he was killed the Indians threw a large rock on his head and thus cut the string. The purse pulled out of his pocket and was covered so the Indians didn't find it. When he was found the men noticed the bloody rock and the strings and turned him over and there was the gold and it was brought back to mother and by that means she was able to get an outfit to come to Utah.

My father had the reputation of being a true Later Day Saint and a faithful man by taking his part in the army. Mother had accomplished her great aim in gathering with the Saints.

The first thing we encountered was the great Cricket war in 1854. We then witnessed the Sea Gull war upon the crickets and the saving of crops. The country was sparsely settled only here and there a house and threats of Indian troubles. People had to build stockades and forts for protection and be constantly on guard. They had to make wagon roads through the country and in the canyons, build houses and fence their fields and make water ditches as the country was dry and barren, nothing would grow without water. The winters were long and severe and people had poor and scanty clothing.

Mr. Ricks dug out a trough from a big cotton wood log and made a place to tan leather. They would get the pine bark and shoemaker leaves for tanning shoes and boots made from the leather. When wet this leather would turn the water like a pair of sacks. Clothing was made from wool carded by hand and spun on a big wheel and woven in a hand loom. They also raised flax and made clothes in a similar way. Some wore Buckskin clothing.

I was Baptized in an old pond on the South East corner of the Ricks farm in Centerville in 1853. We moved from Centerville to Farmington where Mr. Ricks enlarged his farming business. He went in with Thomas Weare a practical tanner. They also ran a shoemaking outfit.

I remember about the making of the first canal and building the old Jud Fort Wall at Farmington. It was about 16 miles North of Salt Lake City. I remember about this time 1855, there was a famine caused by grasshoppers and drought and the people suffered for the want of bread. Men and women would travel through the country begging for something to eat and they would dig sego. When we were going to school each student would have a sharp stick and at recess or noon we would run upon the side of the mountain above the school house and dig segos for our dinner. We would also eat the thistle top and dig up the flag roots and anything that was eatable.

About 1857 word was this time there was a reformation called by the church authorities and everybody was called upon to repent and renew their covenants by baptism. Men were sent around to criticize the people and a great wave of reformation went throughout the land and the judgment was staid and peace and plenty was given to the people.

About 1857 word was received that an army was on its way to Utah to slaughter the Mormons. This brought other trouble for the people had to hunt up all their old guns and ammunition and go out to meet them and try to baffle them in every way possible until a reason or object for them coming could be had, and if possible, a treaty made with the government, so the people was told to move south. Our people moved south as far as Nephi, returning in the fall of the same year. When we were returning we passed lots of soldiers along the Utah Lake hunting and they made light and ridiculed the Mormons.

When the people moved south, men were left in each town with orders to burn everything if the soldiers acted mean when they came, but a treaty of peace was signed and fairly well lived up to. They tried to stir up trouble and no doubt would, but the Mormons were for peace and suffered many wrongs at their hands and after staying for two or three years down in camp fled Utah.

The great rebellion started between the North and the South and the army was called away and Utah was left in peace from the year 1848 until after the Johnsen army left in 1861. There were lots of people passing through Utah to California for gold and some were friendly and others not.

After our return from the move South my folks moved into Cache Valley in the Spring of 1859. When we came to Logan there were only a few wagons and camps along the North bank of the Logan river. There was one house started with three or four rounds of logs laid up. I was then 14 years old and there was some trouble and dread of Indians, and we had to stand guard for several years and I have walked up and down many a night carrying an old musket. I herded cows on the bench at the foot of the mountain east, drove four yoke of oxen breaking land, used to haul hay from the slopes down by Benson

Ward. Hauled logs out of the canyons; Mr. Ricks owned a saw mill by the big eddies on Logan river and many times the Indians would come and take our grub. Men had to guard for fear the Indians would steal the horses.

In the winter of 1861, Tom Nelsen organized a martial band of young boys and I was chosen to be one of the number to play the fife and I eventually got to be the Captain and lead player. It lasted until 1875. We played to all the drills and was on military duty during that period of time and had lots of good times together.

In 1857, Logan Ward was organized with Bp. W. B. Preston. 1860. My step-father drove me from home in the dead of the winter and it was very hard for me to find a place to go. The people were all poor and nobody wanted a boy, so I stayed with my sister, Amorette and husband until spring and then I went to work for Mr. Mallery for a month, then for Cyrus Card, who was a kind friend to me. I stayed and worked for him about one year and I got along very well and had a good home. I went to school in the winter. Worked sometimes for Thomas Ricks. Went down to the Ricks ranch and herded sheep. In the fall of 1864, I went with Mr. Lewis Ricks in the first company to Bear Lake Valley, Idaho. We found from Franklin up the big dug the country was all burned over by a big fire so it was hard to get feed for our teams. When we got to the foot of the mountain above Mink Creek the mountain was steep and we had to work several days on the road and there was nothing but an Indian trail. There were about 15 men and 7 or 9 women and number of children in the company. Mr. Boman of Richmond, was the captain. We had to work the road, cut through brush and timber as we were the first wagon train to go through the canyon.

We finally arrived in a place that is now called Paris, in Bear Lake County, Idaho. We named it North Winn Creek. Some of the men worked in company, some put up hay while others made canyon roods and got out timber to build houses and prepare for winter. Before we got all our hay up, we could walk on the ice and cut. We used the scythe method. We worked long and hard as some had to return for their families before the snow got too deep. I returned to Logon for the winter. Next spring early I returned to Paris on snow shoes from Franklin and we had a very hard time as there came up a big storm and we had but little provisions and we all gave out on the mouth of Emigration canyon. There were five of us.

I stayed in Bear Lake valley most of the summer and made two or three trips to Cache Valley for supplies. I thought of making my home there, but it was ordered other wise. About this time I had no home. I lived and worked for anyone that would take me in and I had a very hard time of it. There was a certain class that tried to scandal me on all sides and every way, and it was a wonder to me now when I think of it, I got along and stayed in this country as there was great inducement for a young man to go along freighting or to the mines and I was tempted to go several times, but mother pled very hard with me to stay and that was what held me. I was nearly always a praying boy and I always attended Sunday School and acted as a teacher from the first organization, which was made by D. B. Delley. I was teacher of what they now call the Primary Class. I was then 15 years old and I tried to be a pretty good boy and I suppose God had a guardian

care over me at least, I can look back and recall many things that I believe to be a guarding power over me from sin and in saving my life.

I worked for Thomas Ricks and he and his family was very good friends to me. While I worked there I was engaged in freighting canyon work, farming, and was out on several Indian trouble expeditions. I also carried an express from Bear Lake valley to Logan. The time passed and I was always busy, sometimes working by the month then by days, working on a farm in the store, on the railroad, and occasionally making trips to Bear Lake and helping my brother-in-law.

In 1867, Apostle C.C. Rich wanted to explore Logan Canyon and wanted me to come with him. There were eight of us. We came through horse back and had a very hard trip. I think the first white men ever to come through during those times.

I fell in love with a very pretty and loving little girl, Maria Cowley, who finally became my wife and during our courtship she became an anchor to my life and conduct and for her sake I stayed in Zion and tried to be good and worthy of her.

In Dec. 27, 1864, with five other young men, I was called to go to Salt Lake City to get our endowments which was a great favor. In 1868, Mother and I went to Salt Lake City and did some work for our dead friends in the endowment house.

In the spring of 1869 April 5th, I was married to Miss Maria E. Cowley in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. D. H. Wells officiating. Then followed a life that was perfect for a long time. I had at last realized my cherished hope and gained the prize, but it had its lights and shades.

We lived at her father's place as they desired we should and that fall I was working in the canyon to get material for a house. The team ran away with me and I got hurt very bad. This affected me more or less through all of my life. Before this I didn't know an ache or pain and I was strong and active. There was but few indeed that could out run or out jump or throw me down. Through the blessing of God I was spared and was strong, healthy, active, but not perfect as before. I was very poorly for about a year afterwards and then I began to work and get along very well, and I got my house completed and moved into it in the Spring of 1871. Our joys seemed complete then. In 1870, we had a daughter born to us and again in 1871 a son. We had peace and plenty and perfect love and happiness. I got a little farm up in the Logan hollow and a piece of hay land below town. I got a yoke of oxen, some cows and a wagon and prosperity seemed to come our way.

I was called to labor in many positions in the church such as home missionary work, and teacher, assistant superintendent for the 3<sup>rd</sup> ward Sunday School and teacher in Sunday School. I was also a police man, called to manage dances so my time was well occupied.

I went to work for Bro. Card in the saw mill and learned to be a sawyer. J. Wight and I rented the mill for a year and did fairly well with it and then I bought property in Milsville and an interest in their saw mill and old grist mill, but I was a loser in that deal.

I ran the Milsville mill for a while then the Cowley Steam Mill, then John Cowley and I rented the steam Mill and did very well. Birdna and I took the jog to get out a lot of logs from Providence cry canyon. I then run the alkick mill at the forks of Logan canyon and sawed out lumber to build the Logan Tabernacle. That was in the fall of 1875. I was kept busy. I ran the Cowley mill chopped logs, hauled logs and done any thing. We had four children all well hearty, and happy.

In the winter of 1876, I was called to move to Weston, Oneida Co., Idaho to be Bishop of that place, so in company with Apostle Brigham Young, Bp. W. B. Preston and others, we went to Weston and they presented me to the people as their Bishop, Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1876, and they received me with a unanimous vote, and I was ordained a High Priest by Apostle Brigham Young Junior. At that time I felt my nothingness. I returned home to prepare for moving to Weston with my family. I sold out in Logan and bought in Weston.

While over putting in my crop, my wife was confined and had a little girl, Rettie, and she had a very hard time, but she pulled through and we moved over and entered upon our duties. I found that there was considerable trouble over land and water. The land had been lotted off in small parcels before the government survey and when men homesteaded, perhaps a dozen or more men had small claims in the quarter they had fenced, plowed, and made water ditches, and then wanted to drive the small claimers off and there was no end of trouble. It caused disunion. I was young and anxious to see the people united and I had great trouble and grief, but the Lord blessed me and I had the support of the best men and eventually after a few church trials and a few lawsuits, we got things fairly well settled and we had a very good and united ward.

Weston was settled in 1865, mostly by people returning from Bear Lake and when they first came there was some trouble with the Indians and trouble incident to a new settlement. There was little water and it had to be used with care and there was as in places, some that were very greedy and selfish and that caused disunion, and all things and trouble had to be met and got along with.

In 1876, we built a new meeting house that cost about \$800. People responded very well and it was all paid for in the same year and dedicated in January, 1877. W.B. Preston presided. Bp. Wm. Maughn of Wellsville offered the prayer. At the same meeting the united order was started or organized, with A. Allen, President. Many showed their willingness and baptism, according to the United Order was given and nearly all came forward and were baptized.

I was put in President of the Co-Op store which did a very good business and was a great help to our people until it run into the hands of a few greedy ones and it was no more a Co-op and was finally closed to pay its debts, but I got out of it after about 3 years.

I succeeded in completing a full organization of the primary, Relief Society, Y.M.M.I.A., and Y.L.M.I.A. and Sunday School. I got them in full and good working order. I taught a Book of Mormon class and took an active part in all of the organizations. We had a very good and fairly well united ward.

There were two branches of the ward, one at Daton, Idaho and another at Trenton, Utah, which I also had to look after and organize. I was without counselors until June 12, 1877. I was then given Nels Georgensen and Peter Mickelson. I was acting by appointment from Feb. 1876 until May 21st, 1877. I was ordained bishop by President Geo. Q. Cannon in Logan. Lorenzo Snow and Erastus Snow, both Apostles.

About 1880, we had a law suit about water which lasted a long time and was finally settled. Then another with Samuel Preston over the water. All was settled in favor of the people and finally we had a season of peace. In the year 1878, I married Miss Elizabeth Clarke, April 11 in Salt Lake City, by President D. H. Wells. We had born to us eight children, four boys, and four girls, all well, healthy and strong. We lived happy and in peace until the manifesto and then others interfered and by one means and another they caused a separation, but not, as yet, a divorce and this is 1900. I hope some time a better feeling will prevail, but it is doubtful at present.

In 1883, I was set apart by Apostle Moses Thatcher to preside over the Priests quorum, including Weston, Daton, Clifton and Oxford.

1882 Maria Allen was chosen and set apart as President of Young Ladies Mutual Association of Weston until 1891.

In Aug. 20th, 1884, President John Taylor and company came to Weston and stayed all night. We held a meeting and settled some trouble, and we had a very good time. 1878 work commenced on Logan Temple and I was called to go to Logan canyon and superintend the building of the canyon road from the forks to the Temple fork. I had about 50 men and we got along very well. I was then called to go and take charge of the Temple Mill and oversee the whole business. I stayed to the mill and run it more or less, until the Temple was completed.

The dedication of the Logan Temple was on the 16th and 17th of May, 1884. The people of Weston donated very well for the building of the temple. They donated somewhere between 3 or \$4000.

When I first went to Weston our farming was a very uncertain thing. Sometimes we would have fairly good crops, other times entirely a failure. I had a large family, in fact, two families and I had to be away from home a great deal in order to get our living. I home-steaded a 160 acre of land joining the town on the East. It was a dry farm and covered with sage brush and had to be fenced and cleared and my family all small. My own work and ward work caused a very heavy burden, but I learned with the blessings of the Lord to master it very well until the raid came on Polygamy, which began in 1885. I was compelled to leave home and keep shaded to avoid being arrested and try and earn a little means for my families. I found it very hard on me and them, and in the very midst of almost despair, I was called to go on a mission to the Southern States. I was set apart May 4th, 1885, by Apostle F. D. Richards and went to the states of Virginia and North Carolina. Labored in both states along the Blue Ridge Mountains in Carol, Wilks, and other countries in Virginia, and Alexander two or three others in North Carolina.

I had a very good time and enjoyed my labors very much and God blessed me with faith and many ways, I was confirmed that the work I was engaged in was true and

from God. I saw the sick healed and several occasions other miracles, so that I knew that God was with us, although I became affected with rheumatism and was released to return home after I had been out a little over one year, but the raid was still on and I couldn't go home because it had increased in intensity and our brethren were hunted down and imprisoned in Idaho and Utah and it caused a great distress and the women in many cases were insulted by hard and unprincipled Dept. Marsh. and Mock courts, so we were advised to keep out of their hands if we could, until the storm passed. I had to seek labor where I could earn something for the support of my family and I got work up Logan Canyon running a saw mill that summer and fall.

In 1886, I was released from being Bishop, and John H. Clarke was put in. In the winter of 188, Elizabeth with her family came to Benson Ward to live. The next spring I took a trip south and unable to get work, I returned and got the running of the shingle mill in Logan canyon and Maria and her family went with me up there and I did very well with that run, that fall and winter. I went to Bear Lake country to run the shingle mill for Hoge and Nibley. Elizabeth went over there. In 1888 I went to Logan canyon to run a steam saw mill for Hoge and Nibley. Our health was good and if I could have got my pay I would have done very well.

After we got through in Logan canyon they moved to Hams Fork, Wyoming. I went out there and took charge of the mill works. I run the mill on the West fork of the Hams Fork for two years, and then moved to the East fork. We did but very little sawing there as it was too far to haul the lumber to market, so we cut and piled logs on the bank of the river that winter and in the spring floated them down to Hams Fork Station. Owing to the deep snow that winter we were unable to accomplish very much. We had three camps, about 20 men, 6 women and a few children that stayed up in the canyon all winter. The snow fell about 6 on 8 feet and blocked us up so it was impossible to do much work. In the spring we floated what we had down to Hams Fork and sawed it up and went home.

Elizabeth and family were up there with me all winter. That fall the Manifesto was issued by President Woodruff and the raid was at an end--1891. In Jan. 12, 1891, Mother died. I was unable to attend the funeral on account of being up Hams Fork and was unable to get the news until after her burial which was Jan. 12, 1891.

After we had completed our work and done the very best I could in taking charge of the millwork, camping in the canyon in the snow, and suffering untold hardships, running the log drive to Hams Fork, I was swindled, robbed out of my wages and had to return home, destitute, although the Hoge and Nibley owed me over \$1,000 and they owe it to me at the present time, but verily they shall have their reward for their lies and deceptions.

My daughter, Annie, got married that fall to Chris Paulsen, Oct. 18, 1891.

During all of my labors at the different mills and some of the time with the worst of men and dealing and doing business with them, I can honestly say I tried to be straight and honest to the very letter and feel that I have done as near right as I could in my weak way, always speaking in defense of my faith and belief, in Mormonism and also by example tried to be what I professed to be amongst all men.

In the summer 1892, I labored on my farm and I was afflicted with sore eyes. I run a mill in Cotton Wood canyon also.

Jan. 25th, I was called to fill a special home mission to the northern part of Oneida stake. With Brother Johnithan Hale, we went as far as Pocatello. We had a most excellent time. The next winter I worked on the Oneida stake academy.

Jan 23, 1893, I was ordained a member of the Oneida stake High Council by Apostle Merrill. April 2, I was called as first teacher in the Theological class in Weston Sunday School. I was kept very busy in Ecclesiastical work, visiting various wards on missionary labor and Sunday School work, laboring on my farm and getting out lumber from Marsh valley and Gentile Valley mill and also running mills as our crops failed us very often and I had to find work where I could to keep up with the times and support my family. I, at times worked at the carpenter work. During all this time, my health was very poor, caused by exposure at Hams Fork while floating lumber. My health broke down while working at the mill, but still I struggled on.

April 6th, 1893, I had the privilege of attending the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.