Lost at Willow Springs

The Story of Robert Daybell 1842-1866

BY WYNN PHILLIPS

Third Edition

This work is based on historical facts and circumstances derived from research. Some assumptions are made to connect known facts. All characters portrayed are real, all locations are real, all dates are real, and all documented events are real.

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Third Edition – Published 2004 – changed font, smoothed transitions, and corrected electronic bugs that emerged from nowhere

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Introduction

Esteemed reader: This story is about the disappearance of Robert Daybell who disappeared at Willow Springs, Wyoming on August 16, 1866 while crossing the plains.

Exactly what happened to Robert when he went "up another hill a little farther ahead," as stated by his hunting companion, is not known. Four main theories have been postulated by family members down through the years.

- He drowned in a river—an explanation passed down through the Daybell family based on a psychic's explanation
- He ran away—leaving his pregnant wife and seven-month old daughter
- He died accidentally
- He was killed by Indians.

My personal challenge was to find out what really happened to Robert. I approached the 131 year old mystery using investigative skills honed over 25 years experience in conducting criminal and fraud investigations for the United States Air Force.

To conduct my investigation, I went to the best sources of information that I knew of and gleaned pertinent information. I compiled and analyzed the information and placed it in chronological order, a basic investigative technique. I then determined relationships of people, times, places and events. I broadened my research to include historical events in 1866.

I examined key pieces of information needed as the story evolved. From that foundation, I wrote the story you are about to read. I inserted some of my own assumptions based on historical knowledge. I took the liberty to describe how Robert and his family may have thought, felt and responded as the story unfolds.

As in all investigations, the more evidence that is available, the fewer the assumptions made. In Robert Daybell's case there were no eyewitnesses to his disappearance that could be interviewed—there was no physical evidence that could be analyzed, for sure. But, there were friends who traveled with him who wrote of their experiences. Associates of Robert and his family who provided pieces of information that clarified the picture. And of course, family members who passed down through their posterity facts and circumstances as they recalled them.

As a good investigator should, I visited the "scene of the crime" at Willow Springs, Wyoming, this side of Casper, Wyoming. I found Willow Springs mostly untouched by modern man, as it is out in the wilds of Wyoming, inhabited only by cattle. That visit, plus my research, provided perspective to the some of the assumptions I make.

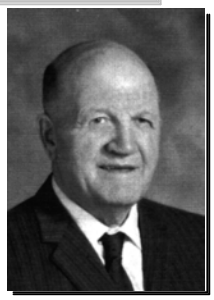
Ultimately, I describe in detail what I think happened to Robert Daybell on that fateful day of August 16, 1866. Read on, esteemed reader, and see if you arrive at the same conclusion.

A Picture Pedigree

Wynn Craig Phillips
b. May 29, 1943
Living
Pleasant View, UT
AUTHOR

Marian Price
b. Aug 21, 1918
Living
Kaysville, Utah
MOTHER

Franklin Daybell Price
b. Jun 12, 1892
d. Jan 2, 1972
dp. Salt Lake City, UT
GRANDFATHER



Finity Daybell
b. Mar 11, 1814
d. Oct 25, 1897
dp. Charleston, Wasatch, UT
GREAT-GREAT-GREAT
GRANDFATHER

Robert Daybell
b. Jul 2, 1842
d. Aug 16, 1866
dp. Willow Springs, Wyoming
GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER

Mary Hannah Daybell
b. Jan 9, 1866
d. Aug 15, 1952
dp. Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ
GREAT GRANDMOTHER

Mary Draper
b. Jan 6, 1820
d. Sep 2, 1899
dp. Heber City, Wasatch, UT
Great Great Great
Grandmother

Agnes Ann Bancroft
b. Apr 26, 1847
d. Jan 28, 1914
dp. Provo, Utah, UT
Great Great Grandmother

Robert Daybell – The Man

Robert Daybell was a man who was untiring in his pursuit of righteousness, once he embraced the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His personal faithfulness caused him to leave his friends and worldly goods in England, emigrate to the United States, and cross the plains. That same faithfulness has been passed down to many of his descendants.

Robert Daybell

Robert Daybell, born in England on July 2, 1842, was the author's maternal great-great-grandfather. The author's mother, Marian (Price) Phillips, was the daughter of Franklin Daybell Price who was the son of Mary Hannah Daybell who was the daughter of Robert and Agnes Anne (Bancroft) Daybell. Mary Hannah crossed the plains with Robert and Agnes Ann in 1866 at the age of 7 months.

Chapter One

Robert Daybell walked into Langdon's Gun Shoppe, Chesterfield, England on a cold, damp December day in 1865. He was determined to complete his plan in preparation for emigration to Zion. He finally had enough money in his leather purse to buy the over-and-under "Grenner" hunting rifle he had admired. It was a "Grenner" over and under, percussion cap, black powder rifle with a long, shiny barrel, permanent sights, engraved wooden stock, and two triggers. The first trigger was for the .50 caliber ball rifle. The second trigger was for the .60 caliber smooth bore shotgun. The shooter could shoot either a ball or shot.

He chuckled at the thought of what people might say about spending his hard earned money on a gun rather than house wares for his cottage. But most of the doubters didn't understand and never would understand. True, his marriage to Agnes Ann and her subsequent pregnancy brought greater responsibilities upon his shoulders, but in his plan, the rifle was more important than many other things. Even his unbelieving coworkers understood that one must take care of one's family. That rifle would come in handy on the plains. It might even save their lives. His brother, William, later wrote,

> *"As a young man in England he [Robert] was one that loved the gun. He liked to hunt and shoot the game, and he had bought a beautiful gun in England which we called a double barreled gun, one barrel a rifle, the other barrel a shot gun."—William Daybell*[1]

The rifle became Robert's most prized possession. He had calculated into the cost enough bullets, powder, and percussion caps so that he could practice in the field near their village when he had some free time. He was amazed at how well the gun handled. He decided that he had to name the rifle, since it had become such a good companion. He called it "Two-Chance" With the over and under, he had two chances to bring down the game. Soon, with practiced skill, he was bringing home a deer or squirrel or crow more often than not after a hunting foray into the woods. Because of the word of his skill being noised around in the village, he would sometimes hunt for others and receive a farthing or two for his effort. He had become a good hunter.[2]

Robert Daybell was the last of the Finity Daybell family, waiting to immigrate to Zion. The plan to emigrate really started in August of 1860. If he had heard the story once on how they had decided to emigrate, he had heard the story a hundred times from his father, Finity. Finity would tell of his and Mary's conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, also known as "the Mormons."[3]

"Robert", he would say, "If you think these times are hard, you don't know the half of it. You're Mother and I had joined the Mormons when you were at the ripe old age of three and George, your brother, was almost one. The Mormon missionaries arrived in our village one summer and they preached up a storm. I remember huddling around our small coal fire in that two-room cottage, trying to figure out whether the words we heard from the Mormon missionaries were true. We were in hard times. The farm owners demanded long hours of hard work and returned little pay. They weren't taking kindly to those foreign missionaries, neither. The word was that once people joined the Mormon Church they up and left for America and the

Finity Daybell

owners didn't like loosing farm workers. [4]

So there we were you're Mother and I, having just attended one of the street meetings of these foreigners and trying to read one of the tracts they handed out. The light from the coal fire was poor and Mother and I weren't the best at reading, but it was tolerable. Robert Daybell, (he always used Robert's full name when he had something to emphasize) after we had talked and thought about the new teachings, I just felt it was true and we needed to do something about it. Mother was not so convinced and it took her some time to accept the teachings, but she finally did. So, after some weeks of listening to more of the Gospel and talking with friends who had already joined, we were baptized on August 17, 1845 in our town, Pointon, Lincolnshire, England."

Mary (Draper) Daybell

"In the spring of '46 while working on a farm, I hurt my shoulder. You know it was slave labor back then. Well, that injury to my shoulder put me down for a long while. I must have broken or chipped a bone because I was always in pain. The land baron wouldn't pay for work not done and we couldn't make ends meet. Mother was pregnant and then had Ann in April of '46. Mother just couldn't work with three of you youngsters running around. We lost everything. Our debtors wouldn't hear of anything but the Poor House for us. In October 1846, you were four, George who was still alive but sickly was 2 ½ and Ann was just six months old when we went to the Poor House."

Ann Daybell

The Poor House

"At the Poor House they separated you from us. The two younger children stayed with Mother. You cried and carried on so. You wanted 'Mother's smellin' bottle' which she used to let you play with. It broke your Mother's heart to hear you cry. After a few weeks of my working in a grinding mill in that hellish place Mother finally said she would rather starve than stay in the Poor House any longer, so we left, trusting in God."

> *"And we were blessed by God above because we found a way to make some money. Mother started taking in wash and was able to make enough money to tide us over until I got back to where I could earn a wage. Things started to look up. Of course, the Lord has a way of keeping us humble. George continued poorly. We tried everything but he just didn't get better. He died in March of '47 at the age of 3 1/2 years."*

"Then you gave us quite a scare. Mother was still taking in some laundry to make ends meet. You were almost five and active like every youngster. One day she took her eye off you for just a moment. You went over to an old rock quarry that was filled with water and fell in. By the time Mother noticed you gone and got to you, you had quit breathing. It was all Mother could do to roll you back and forth. Finally you gasped and started breathing. What a scare! Mother kept an eye on you for sure after that and she still does." (He always said 'she still does' at the end of the story."[5]

Susannah Daybell 1

After the Poor House in 1846, Robert recalled that his family continued to struggle. After about three years Finity was able to bring home enough money to make ends meet but it wasn't easy. Robert worked in the fields, carrying water to the workers and did odd jobs to earn anything.

Sarah Daybell

The Daybell family continued to grow with Susannah being born on August 5, 1848. Then another girl was added to the family when Sarah was born March 11, 1850. The family continued to live and attend Church in Pointon, located northwest of Liverpool in England. There weren't too many Mormons in the area, as Finity and Mary had joined the LDS Church early in the missionary effort. Three other families that also joined the Mormons were the William Bromley family, the Bullimore Family, and the John Banks family. Because of religious persecution in that area against members Mormons, life was getting a little harder for the Daybell family.[6] [7] [8]

George Daybell

(No Picture)

On August 2, 1852, George, (given the same name of the first George who died in 1847) was born while the family was still in Pointon. This second George was much stronger than George the first, and kept Mary on the go. Then, two years later, on July 11, 1854, Elizabeth was born. She was not a healthy child and the weather turned from the warmth of summer to damp and cold of winter. Their drafty cottage did not help matters. Elizabeth's health worsened even though Finity and Mary tried everything they knew how to help her. But all was for naught, and on January 11, 1855 she died.[9]

From Lincolnshire to Derbyshire

It was a probably a combination of things that caused the Daybells to move from their birthplace and home in Lincolnshire in 1855. They had just suffered the loss of their second child to poor health and living conditions due to their poverty. The persecution of the Mormons had intensified in Lincolnshire. Derbyshire, where they planned on moving, didn't have many Mormons and so the dislike for those of the "American" religion wasn't so great. Also, Finity had an opportunity to earn more for his labor. The coal pit companies of Derbyshire were hiring at a higher wage. Maybe Finity could improve their living conditions with a better wage. So, after 14 years of married life and 41 years of personal life in Lincolnshire working on a land baron's farm, Finity changed professions and moved his family to Whittington, Derbyshire along with the Bromley and Banks families.[10]

There was no organized branch of the Mormon Church in the new area, so, for some six years, the Daybells and other Mormon families attended the Methodist Sunday School. During that time, another Elizabeth was born to Finity and Mary. [11] With the birth of the baby on January 16, 1856, they choose the same name Elizabeth in memory of sweet Elizabeth who had died in the same month exactly one year earlier.

Elizabeth Daybell

On February 24, 1858, another child was born, a son Finity and Mary named William. He was born into this happy but still poor Mormon family. Robert, now 16, George, age 14, and Ann, age 12, were able to work by now and additional money was flowing into the household. Susan, age 10, Sarah, age 8, and Elizabeth, age 2 would help around the cottage especially now that they had baby William. [12]

William Daybell

As the family was growing, the local community was subtly increasing in their persecution of the local Mormons. As more Mormon missionaries were arriving in England and preaching the Gospel, more Derbyshire Englishmen were converting. One missionary, Joseph F. Smith, Jr. was very successful in his preaching. He, along with some other missionaries rented a local dance hall in Whittington, Derbyshire, in which to preach. Sarah, age eight at the time, later wrote,

> *"In 1860 sum (sic) elders came to where we lived and rented a dance 'all and we 'ad meetings there. People was very opposed to them. Joseph F. Smith was a missionary there. He came there to preach and when the meeting was out there was a mob. They threw eggs at 'im and knocked 'is 'igh 'at off 'is 'ead."— Sarah (Daybell) Giles*

This was one example of the increased persecution. But even with the religious resistance, by 1862 there were finally enough members in the local area to organize a branch. The branch was built around the nucleus of the Daybells, the Bromelys, and the Banks. [13]

Working in the Foundry

Robert, now 18, had left coal digging and secured a job with a local iron foundry where the pay was better. It was so good, in fact, that Finity also decided to leave his coal pit job and hire on. Things were looking up for the family until a smallpox epidemic swept through their community. The whole family came down with small pox, which in 1862 could be fatal. Finity became sick enough with "the fever" that he could not work. Because of a workman's association he belonged to, he had sick benefits and was paid even though he stayed home recuperating. This was much better circumstance than in 1846 when the Daybells went to the Poor House because of loss of income. All family members were blessed and got over the small pox without ill effects.

Emigration Hope

With Finity and Robert's combined income, plus having Mary and the older children helping to make a little money, emigration to America became a possibility. Earlier it had never been an

option, now it was feasible with careful husbanding of their income. Emigration was an expensive undertaking. Fortunately the Mormon Church came to the assistance of many emigrants.

In 1851 Brigham Young set up a Perpetual Emigration Fund. If a family desiring to emigrate could provide the amount required to get to one of the "jumping off points", as they called them, then the Church would loan the additional moneys and equipment needed to cross the plains to Utah. The Church also provided an emigration agent to handle passage and combine ticket purchasing for better prices. The key for a person was to save enough for the initial trip, which in Finity's case was a goodly sum since he had to provide passage for nine people. This wasn't going to be easy. [14]

While working on their dream of emigration, the Daybells remained active in the local Mormon branch, even sharing what little they had with some of the missionaries that came through. One missionary, Elder "Twelves" from Provo, Utah stayed for over a month and became a friend of the family.

On January 17, 1863, at the age of 21, Robert was baptized. This is somewhat strange by the modern LDS Church policy of baptizing children at the age of eight. Robert had been active in the Church since his parents joined in 1845. But in England and elsewhere at that time, members were baptized when they felt they were ready.

The family emigration fund continued to grow as every additional coin went into their nest egg. They scrimped and saved, slowly increasing the fund. In two years they had enough money for two people to emigrate.

Then there was one

Ann, now age 17 and Susan, age 15 were chosen to go west to Zion in the wave of emigrants that would start in May, 1863. Robert was to remain and continue to earn money. Sarah, age 13, would stay and help around the house as could George, now 10. Elizabeth, age 7 and William, age 5, had to be taken care of. Ann and Susan were hearing stories of friends and acquaintances who had emigrated and they wanted to be part of the excitement. [15] [16]

What excitement there was as plans and preparations were being made! What could they take? Who would look after the two girls? Would they run into their friends who had already emigrated? Who would they look up when they arrived there? Where would they stay once in Salt Lake City? How would they re-contact their family? There were many unanswered questions.

In the midst of these questions, Ann added another little surprise. She had been seeing William Webster, a local non-Mormon Derbyshire boy. Although Finity and Mary had cautioned her about seeing William, Ann continued to take every opportunity to be around him. Finally decision time arrived for Ann. Spurned into deciding by the shortage of time, Ann decided against going. With Ann's decision Susan lost her companion to go west.

Filling Ann's passage on the emigration ship by the travel agent was easy. More Mormons wanted to travel than there were seats. The dilemma for Finity and Mary was who would take

care of Susan if she went? Ann, being the oldest, was to have been the leader of the two-person party. Should Susan, at age 15, continue emigration or stay? Should Sarah take Ann's place?

After talking it over with the family and being assured that Susan would be cared for by other families in the area that would be traveling in the same company, Finity and Mary relented. Ann followed through with her plans by marrying William Webster on August 3, 1863 in New Whittington, Derbyshire after Susan had left for America. [17]

Susan – the first to emigrate

Susan left Derbyshire by train in May of 1863. She arrived in London where she boarded the ship "Amazon" with hundreds of other Mormon emigrants. The "Amazon" sailed on June 4, 1863 to New York City where she entered the United States and went to Florence, Nebraska with her group. There she joined up with a pioneer company to cross the plains.

With Susan's departure, the family, consisting of Finity, Mary, Robert, George, Sarah, Elizabeth, and William, wanted to know of her progress as she traveled west. There were two methods by which they could possibly glean information about Susan or at least her Mormon company. One method was from those missionaries who arrived in England. Happenstance meetings on the wharves and trail as missionaries traveled east and emigrants traveled west gave both parties a chance to send a note on or provide a verbal message to loved ones. Another method was by reading the Millennial Star, the weekly Mormon newspaper published in Liverpool at the mission home.

Because the transcontinental telegraph was completed in 1861, emigrating companies could report to Salt Lake City when they arrived in New Orleans or New York or telegraph their progress to Salt Lake City as they traveled west in wagon companies. The information was published in the Desert News, which information was in turn distributed to England via the Millennial Star. So, by round-about methods the Daybell's hoped for tidbits of information as to the well being of Susan. For that and other reasons they thoroughly read each issue of the Millennial Star that came to their Church branch.

The Daybell family in England was relieved to receive word that Susan was safe, (albeit three months after Susan's arrival in Salt Lake City). What they didn't know was Susan ran into some problems in Salt Lake City.

Susan in Salt Lake City

The family plan was for Susan to stay with friends after arriving in Salt Lake in September. Susan stayed the first night in the Eighth Ward square with only one blanket to keep the night air away. The following morning she traveled with another lady who had befriended her and the lady's daughter to Payson, Utah, but found there was no place for her to neither stay nor people that she knew. Susan remembered Elder "Twelves" who had been a missionary in England and that he lived in Provo, Utah so she went to Provo accompanied by the lady's son. She found that conditions there were not amenable for staying so she had to take her chances somewhere else. Apparently the Daybells knew the Thacker family in Charleston, near Heber City, possibly because one of the Thackers was a missionary, maybe because the Thackers were originally from

England. For whatever reason, Susan again went on the road, this time with a Mr. William Giles, to Charleston, Utah where she was hoping to work and stay with the Thacker family. Conditions there were not the best, to say the least. Apparently Mr. Thacker had just entered into plural marriage for the first time and the original Mrs. Thacker wasn't too keen neither on the idea nor of the person Mr. Thacker had selected for his second wife. After a couple of days living at the Thacker's Susan realized that this situation would not work out either. She decided to return to Salt Lake City where there would be more chance of finding some friends with whom she could stay until her family came west the next summer. The first Mrs. Thacker, seeing that Susan was headed to Salt Lake City decided that she too wanted to leave and they both hit the road. They had nearly reached Heber when they caught a ride with Mr. Decker who took them as far as his home at the mouth of Parley's Canyon. From there they walked to a home by the Jordan River where Mrs. Thacker's daughter worked. They again found there was no room for Susan but finally a Mrs. Myers took her in, and Susan stayed there during the winter. In the spring of 1864 Susan found employment with Eliza Broadhead Summers who had just given birth to a baby.[18]

England - Finity and Family

Meanwhile, back in England, Finity and his family were gathering things together so they could emigrate in the summer of 1864. Everything was going according to plan until the departure date got closer. Because of an increase in the cost of travel, the Daybells counted their money and found they were lacking enough fare for all to travel. The amount lacking wasn't much, but the ability to make up the difference was not there. One person would not be able to make the trip. Who would that be? After attempts to borrow or trade for the money proved fruitless, it was finally settled that Robert would stay behind. They assured each other that the delay would be for only one year.

The rational for Robert to stay behind was logical. Robert was the oldest of the children at 22; was self sufficient, and could more easily be on his own in England. He could earn the additional money to travel while he waited for the 1865 emigration season. Robert not going would put a strain on Finity and his plans for travel because he had planned on Robert's help with equipment and supplies. This change in plans would make the trek more arduous.

The Family Emigrates

In April 1864, Finity, mother Mary, sisters Sarah and Elizabeth, and brothers George and William finalized travel plans. Elizabeth had turned 8 years of age in January and Finity wanted to make sure she was baptized before the journey started since one never knew what might befall a traveler. Only five days before they left England, on May 16, 1864, Elizabeth was baptized a member of the Mormon Church.

The day dreamed of and patiently waited for by the Daybells had finally arrived. On May 20, 1864 they boarded the train that took them from Derbyshire and deposited them with all of their worldly possessions, at the Great Line Rail Station. At the station they rented a wagon to get themselves to the dock in Liverpool. The next day they joined with others—becoming part of the Thomas E. Jeremy Company as set up by the emigration committee of England. The next day the Daybell family boarded the ship General McClellan. The ship departed that day with 802 souls (as they called them on-board) and arrived in New York City on June 23, 1864.

After the family departed, Robert staying behind continued working in the iron foundry. If anything, he had singleness of purpose—to earn his passage to Zion. With that goal in mind he scrimped and saved as he waited for his turn to make the western trek. But Robert got waylaid by love.

Love, that unexpected but always welcome intruder, wedged itself between Robert and his goal. Love, in the person of Agnes Ann Bancroft of Derbyshire disrupted the logical processes of Robert's mind and changed focus from emigration to matrimony. Here was the love of his life. Here, in his mind, was the reason God had him stay behind in England. Agnes Ann gave new meaning to Robert's life and he loved her dearly. Finity and the other family members had not met Agnes Ann prior to their departure for Zion. They couldn't help Robert in this decision, and in reality he didn't need any help. Getting the word to his family in Salt Lake City was hard, so Robert had to forge ahead with his marriage plans knowing it would be a while before he could have his parents bless their union.

Marriage of Robert & Agnes Ann

Robert and Agnes Ann Bancroft were married on December 24, 1864 some ten months after his family left. The marriage was performed in the local Church branch with members and friends attending. Since both Robert and Agnes Ann were members of the Church, they enjoyed a common purpose that helped strengthen their resolve when they said, "I do." That common purpose was to immigrate to Utah.[19] To emigrate now for Robert was more costly. Robert now had to have money for two people. As before, the ability to get additional income was not there. The only way to set aside the required amount was to work longer and wait. That realization didn't take long in coming to Robert and so at the time of his marriage he wrote a letter to his family in Utah telling them of his marriage and that he would not immigrate to Zion until the summer of 1866. That letter took awhile to arrive in Heber, where Finity and his family had settled. They found out about the delay soon after the first wave of the annual summer emigrants from England arrived in 1865. They were disappointed in the delay but happy for Robert who had found a helpmate. [20]

Agnes Ann Bancroft

Robert and his new wife Agnes Ann settled down to working hard and saving for the big trip in the summer of 1866. Meanwhile, Agnes Ann became pregnant in May 1865, a common result of new marriages. Robert and Agnes Ann considered this new circumstance in their life and decided they would continue on with emigration plans.

Chapter Two

The Robert Daybell Family

Mary Hannah Daybell

On January 9, 1866, a Tuesday, Agnes Ann gave birth to their first child, a little girl whom they named Mary Hannah. With the birth of Mary Hanna (named after Robert's mother), Robert and Agnes Ann started preparing for their upcoming trip west. They went through their meager possessions and decided what they could and could not take. Robert didn't have too many items to take knowing that he would have to get tools and other things in America once they arrived at the staging area to cross the plains. One thing he was taking for sure was Two-Chance. [21]

Agnes Ann, on the other hand, had to put a little more effort into the planning. She had to think of the comforts of both baby and mother. Food, clothing, and specific items outlined by the emigration committee had to be packed and ready under the weight restriction of 200 pounds. Since they were a young family with few possessions and with only one child, the requirements were not as restrictive as it had been for Finity.

Finally, through correspondence from the mission home in Liverpool to the Derbyshire Branch they received official notice that they needed to be in Liverpool on April 30, ready to go to America. There was one unexpected change, they needed one extra English pound (approximately one US dollar in that time) to cover expenses in Liverpool. Robert and Agnes Ann had foreseen these little added expenses and had saved for such an eventuality. It wasn't of much impact to them as it was for others who were down to the last farthing. So, here the Robert Daybell family was poised to immigrate to America, fulfilling a dream. [22]

However, the dream wasn't without one little nightmare for Robert. He was afraid of water! The fear had been with him ever since he had nearly drowned as a young boy. He had even shunned the weekly bath because he had to cover his head with water (although many young people did that for no reason). Not until he was older was he able to wash in the tub without screaming. Mary his mother was understanding of his antics as a young boy because she could remember his wet, limp body being pulled out of the rock quarry. Now to get to America Robert had to go out in a ship and sail over water that stretched as far as the eye could see. This was a challenge. He decided he would face that devil when he got to it.

Robert & Agnes Ann Leave

On April 29, 1866, Robert, Agnes Ann and Mary Hannah their four month old daughter traced the steps of Finity and family who had emigrated two years earlier. They boarded the train in Derbyshire station with all of their worldly possessions. After a wagon ride in the early morning hours, they arrived in the late afternoon at the Great Line Street Station in Liverpool. They hired a hack and were finally deposited on the largest ship dock in the world at that time. There were two to three thousand ships of every size and style in the harbor. There were schooners and heavy mast ships, new and modern "palace steamers" and small dingys sitting in the port

awaiting their turn to be filled up with cargo and passengers and to depart to other places.

The ships were congregated on the water like the passengers were congregated on the dock. Groups of people were anchored around emigration agents as ships names were called, families assigned ships, wayward families sought, late families running, friends meeting friends, and lost children crying for mother. The very air was filled with color, sounds, and smells that were so different from the quiet life of Derbyshire. What a mad but exciting place.

Robert and Agnes Ann found a spot somewhat away from the commotion on the dock where they could stash their possessions, including Two-Chance. Agnes Ann stayed with Mary Hannah while Robert ventured out to find the clerk for the ship "John Bright" somewhere in the mass of humanity. More by chance than by design he came across Brother Collin Moore Gillett, who was assigned as leader of the company going on the "John Bright". Brother Gillett had just finished serving as a missionary in England and was on his way home. He was assigned the responsibility of leading this company of Saints and had been working out of the mission home in Liverpool. As he approached Brother Gillette, Robert remembered a couple of sermons given by Brother Gillette in rented dance halls up in Derbyshire. [23]

On the ship "John Bright"

Robert talked with Brother Gillett and found out that they needed to board the "John Bright" that afternoon since they would leave sometime the next day. Brother Gillette cautioned him that once the family was on the ship they had to remain there because too many things were going on to have families come and go. The ship was being provisioned and there were some 747 other "souls", as Brother Gillette used the word, who had to get on the ship and find their bunk. Robert paid Brother Gillette the 42 pounds English (about $42 dollars at the time) for passage and provisions to get him and his family to Wyoming, Nebraska, the "jumping off point" for Zion in 1866. From the Desert News we read,

> *"Emigrant Ships and Fares- From the Millennial Star of April 28th we learn that, after much difficulty consequent upon a great scarcity of ships for emigration purposes, Pres. B. Young, Jun., had succeeded in chartering two magnificent vessels, the John Bright, of 1,440 tons, and the Caroline, of 1,192 tons, at rates considerably lower than were ruling at the time in the English ports. The former was to clear from Liverpool on the 30th April, carrying 680 American adult passengers, and the latter to clear from London on the 5th May, with 350 adult passengers.*
>
> *Other vessels were expected to be chartered to sail about the 25th May. The passage money to New York was 4 pounds 12 shillings, while passengers by other emigrant ships were paying £5. Fares from Britain to Wyoming would be about 7 pounds 14 shillings. This information will doubtless be interesting to many of our readers, whose friends are, or are expected to be, coming through this season."— The Desert News, May 31, 1866*

Returning to where Agnes Ann was waiting and, gathering up their belongings, including old Two-Chance, they started for the gangplank of the ship "John Bright." As they walked towards the ship they noticed that the milling throngs lined up at their respective locations and confusion subsided as people disappeared into the bowels of the ships.

Abel Evans, a missionary from Utah, was also assigned to help Brother Gillette get people on the

"John Bright." He became ill with a cough while assisting the Daybells and other Saints to embark. [24]

Finally it was Robert's and Agnes Ann' turn to board. Robert took a deep breath and said to himself, "I am not going to let my fear of water stop me from reaching Zion" and he stepped out on the gangplank with bags under his arms, bundles tied to his back and Two-Chance slung over his shoulder. With Agnes Ann following in his footsteps carrying Mary Hanna they climbed the gangplank and set foot on the deck.

But what was that sweet music they heard? Looking towards the sound, Robert saw a man playing a serenade with his coronet on the ship's deck. What a contrast! Sweet notes in the middle of the harsh sounds of loading a ship

After enjoying the music, Robert and Agnes Ann followed the stream of emigrants along the deck, through the hatch, and down the ladder…and down the ladder. The "John Bright" was a three-deck ship and he and Agnes Ann found themselves on the bottom deck. Things were a little crowded, to say the least. Once their eyes grew accustomed to the light from the oil lanterns they found a bunk they could claim as their own. That is, one bunk for the three of them. The ship was going to be home for the next two-score days.

They placed their baggage around as best they could. Robert found a place at the foot of the bunk where he could stash Two-Chance away from prying eyes wrapped in a blanket. He didn't want any problems even if they were all Mormons.

In the afternoon at about 4:00 p.m. of April 30, 1866, the "John Bright" slipped anchor and started down the river towards the Atlantic Ocean. Many of the passengers came up on deck to watch their beloved England slip away, a land that many would never see again. Agnes Ann took the opportunity to watch the land fade from sight but Robert choose to stay with Mary Hannah below deck; he didn't even want to think about floating on water, let alone look at it. He hoped he would somehow overcome his fear. [25]

As the ship picked up speed and the waves started rocking the ship to and fro in the Irish Channel, the bowels of the ship seemed to physically eject most of the landlubbers up through the hatches and to the deck railings. To the officers and deck hands it was a very humorous sight. To the participants, it was a matter of life or death. William Grant wrote,

> *"The heaving and tossing of the vessel soon had its effect on all the passengers and hundreds were sea sick, and O, dear, what a sight. All my company from Willenhall were sick and the most strong were the worst but I did not get it at all."— William Grant*

Caroline (Hopkins) Clark described the situation this way,

> *"May 2nd — Martha is seasick. We went upon deck. It is a grand sight to see the waves roll mountains high. Herbert seasick, and Roland poorly. Sister Staples is very kind in helping with the children. John is busy attending to the cooking, but all together very comfortable."*

And Robert wasn't immune from the effects of the rolling sea. In fact, Robert was one of the first to burst forth from the hatch and head for the railing. Fear of water be damned! He was sick

and the only thing his body wanted to do was get rid of last night's food—and the food of the day before, and the day before, and so on. Robert thought he was going to die. Finally, when all hope was lost, he realized he was not throwing up and his senses were returning. In fact, he now realized he was hanging over a railing, staring at crashing waves, sea spray in his face, and the terrible fear of water he had felt before was somewhat diminished. His mind had been occupied with something worse than fear, survival. And when he had survived, his fear had lessened. He laid on the rail for a while, holding on for dear life until all his senses returned and he could get his legs under him. With a slow but steady step he ventured towards the hatch. He joined some others who were tentatively descending the ladder, experiencing an occasional jostle as a passenger would erupt from below and pass them on the way to the life-saving rail. On his return and as he laid down to rest he noticed that the trumpeter and his group were located near him.

Brother Gillette wasted no time in getting things organized. First he held a meeting with leaders of the different districts from England. He proposed and then got their agreement to rules and regulations of the ship.[26] The information was passed on to the various groups throughout the ship. Taking advantage of the talents of those aboard, Brother Gillette asked Brother William Grant from the Willenhall Branch of London to play his coronet for morning and evening prayer and for other meetings and functions throughout the day. Grant wrote,

William Grant

> *"I was appointed trumpeter of the company to sound the call in the morning for all to get up, also for prayers and all meetings, and for all to go to bed at night. I was also appointed to take charge of the choir, and I got all the singers together. I formed a choir of some 30 voices. I also got by request all the instruments together and formed a band to amuse the company."*

Cooks were also assigned, one being John Clark of London. Gillette set up a schedule for each day so that life would be somewhat orderly for the 747 emigrants.

The Schedule of the Day

The day would start at 6:00 a.m. with a melodious rendition of some tune from Grant's coronet, at times familiar, at times completely unknown, families would awake, wash up as best they could and engage in prayer by district. At 8:00 a.m. breakfast would begin, consisting of tea and rye bread in the beginning of the trip when provisions were plentiful and changing to sea biscuits, which were made of rye, wheat and oatmeal, as the voyage progressed. The food was prepared in a large kitchen from where it was brought by the several presidents of the districts, who distributed it to the respective persons or families in their charge. At 11:30 a.m. dinner was served, which generally consisted of good, solid food. Between breakfast and dinner, the passengers would divert themselves by dancing or playing different games on deck. At 6:00 p.m. supper was served and at 8:00 p.m. they were supposed to have prayers and then retire at 9:00 p.m. for the night. Guards, able men who were of a proper age, were stationed during the night to insure all was well.

Cleanliness below deck was stressed by Brother Gillette and passengers tried to spend as much

time as possible on deck rather than below decks, to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine. A method of "fumigation" was used a number of times as the ship crossed the sea. Smoking pots were taken below which produced billows of smoke, enough that all passengers were required to go on deck during the treatment. The smoke allegedly killed lice and other vermin that tended to multiply in such cramped quarters. The treatment took two to three hours and generally was done when the weather was nice and passengers could enjoy their time on deck. Sometimes fumigation was done during dinner or supper time, requiring the passengers to eat while standing or sitting on deck. Caroline (Hopkins) Clark reflected,

> *"May 6th— We are feeling a little better. Martha said she dare say you would be wondering what we were having for our dinner. We had a Yorkshire pudding. Just as it was done, the captain ordered us up on deck, so we had to stand outside and eat it the best we could. We also had boiled potatoes and peas. They had to stand in the water about one hour after they were done, before we could get to eat them."*

Even with the precautions, illness was common among the passengers. Due to living conditions, the damp, dark environment, and the quality of food some times a small epidemic of "bowels complaint" as they called it, would break out after some tainted food was eaten. Sanitary toilet facilities were not really understood. "Slop buckets" were the toilet of the day with the accompanying stench and handling problems. Germs were spread without their knowledge. The highest toll paid for this illness, death, was extracted generally from the very old or the very young.

Church meetings were always held on Sundays and also at other times during the week. Passengers would share their testimonies or listen to Gospel discussions from the returning missionaries. Under the tutelage of Grant a small choir was formed, providing some entertainment. Of course, whenever possible, Grant would bring out the old coronet and play into the wind, sending sound across the ocean waves to counter or complement the slapping wind in the sails.

The set routine—the periods of activity and then boredom—made the days start to blend. The sameness would be broken periodically by events outside anyone's control.

A Real Storm

On May 10, the John Bright ran into a real storm. As the fury of the wind and rain increased, the ship's captain ordered all passengers below deck and the seaman secured the hatches. This was done to prevent the crashing waves that rolled across the decks from entering the ship. To the passengers it was like being sealed in a tomb. The storm did not abate. It was so tumultuous that meals were not cooked nor normal cleanliness observed. What food the passengers had stashed in their bunks and belongings had to hold them over until the storm passed. Slop buckets slid back and forth or sloshed over on the floor. Water that did get in, even with the hatches secured, first puddle and then ran across the floor. Darkness enveloped all except for shafts of light from lanterns. About the best one could do was to remain in one's bunk, sleep, talk when the crash of wave allowed, and hope the ship wasn't sinking. From Caroline (Hopkins) Clark's diary,

> *"The sea is very rough. None of us are able to stand on our legs. I fell down and hurt my leg badly, and John has had many falls, in fact we all fall more or less. The tins are rolling about, the victuals are tossing about, but we cannot help laughing."*

Even though Robert thought he had been "healed" from his fear of water it returned under these trying conditions. One source of solace was the prayers offered as Districts. Their entreaty to God above to spare them from the deep and the feeling of peace after the prayers helped them through this perilous time. Finally as the storm was abating, some of the more hardy men were allowed to go on deck to empty slop buckets and to get some food.

Until the storm abated, John Clark, the cook, didn't have much to do. Then he hurried to his station to get food prepared because people were hungry.

Grant ventured forth and enjoyed the breath of fresh air as he stepped out of the dark. However, he was immediately greeted by a large wave that inundated him completely, soaking him from head to toe. Robert also ventured out for a short stay but scurried back when he saw the same size of wave coming his way. Slowly the storm subsided and after some 48 hours the sea became calm enough that families could come on deck. Oh how wonderful it was for young and old alike to spring out of the hatch and stand on the deck with the sky above, the wind snapping the sails, and the sea sliding by the bow. In thankfulness for their safety they had District prayers and Brother Gillette led them in singing hymns with Grant's coronet providing a clarion to the words.

The Calm after the Storm

As wild as the storm was, the following five days were dead calm. It seemed like nature spent its fury on the ship and now that there was nothing left, it was going to rest. The wind stopped, the sea was like glass, and the sun bore down on the ship. Slowly the temperature on the lower decks crept upwards. As the sun rose in the sky and the heat increased, the passengers emerged on deck hoping for a breath of fresh air. The ship wasn't going anywhere.

At first the shipmates took advantage of the calm and had the passengers clean up. They fumigated the ship and checked to make sure all cargo was tied down. They also sent a couple of boats out to fish, hoping to supplement their food supplies. Passengers on deck could see large fish swimming in the depths, to include sharks, small whales, and fish that looked like they had heads of horses. These were sights that had never been seen by many of those on the ship. It was a fascinating time but the languor started to irritate. On deck, the breeze at times would quit and the sun would burn. But to go below where it was suffocating and smelly was just as bad. There was no place to hide. If the weather allowed, awnings of canvas were set up but the sun would just glare off the water and burn at will. Some, forgetting how bad it had been just days before, wished for a storm. At least it had been cool! The more hearty swimmers of the group took the occasion to take a swim (properly attired, of course, in the style of the day.)

The "John Bright" averaged about 3 miles per day for the next five days. Their progress had slowed enough that they watched a couple of the new "palace steamers" pass on by under their own power. It would have been nice to have been on a steamer, but the cost was prohibitive for these emigrants. Finally the breeze picked up, the slack sails billowed, and the "John Bright" started to make headway again.

"Hanky Panky"

Amid all this adventure Robert and Agnes Ann's love for each other continued. Theirs was a marriage of love and not of convenience like so many other marriages of that time. Robert had married Agnes Ann knowing that it would delay his dream of going to Zion but Agnes Ann was worth it. Together they had continued towards what was now their goal. And even with the birth of Mary Hannah some five months earlier, they knew that this was their time to go west and they were happy.

If nature's calendar of life-events is correct, and the gestation period of a human is nine months, then during the month of May, on the high seas, in the ship "John Bright" and in the midst of families, friends, and acquaintances, Robert and Agnes Ann found a few moments of quiet solace and were involved in a little "hanky panky." The results of such activity would not be noticed until farther down the western trail.

Chapter Three

New York to Nebraska

Finally, after 38 days of voyage, the shores of America came into sight. Passengers were ecstatic. This was their dream fulfilled; this was their land of milk and honey. No matter what, everything would be all right. Robert and Agnes Ann stood at the rail of the ship with Mary Hannah and watched as the harbor pilot was brought out to steer the ship up the Hudson River to Castle Garden, the emigration receiving station for New York. While passing up the river they were overwhelmed with the sight of docks and buildings and ships and people. The ship anchored on the Hudson river across from Castle Garden and they had to wait until 11:00 a.m. on June 7 before they could debark by small steamer.
Once again Robert put bags under his arms, strapped some on his back, and slung Two-Chance over his shoulder. Agnes Ann carried Mary Hannah in her arms and the Robert Daybell family planted their first step on American soil. The constant rocking of the ship for over five weeks left a roll in their gait as they followed the other passengers streaming onto shore. For Robert, the joy of arrival was enhanced by knowing he wasn't floating on water.

The sights and sounds on an American dock as compared to an English dock were the same but different. Shouts, whistles, grunts, and greetings were there but with a different dialect. The people on the dock were all colors, ranging from those with a darker skin, like the Africans, to the red and yellow tones of the Indians and Asians, and to the white of the Caucasians. Robert and Agnes Ann had seen a few people of other races in England but here they were liberally mixed throughout the mass of humanity welcoming the ship or assisting with its arrival and unloading. The smell of sea mixed with fish, oil, wet canvas, and wet and decaying wood, reminiscent of Liverpool. But what exciting times!

Robert found a quieter spot for Agnes Ann and Mary Hannah to wait with Two-Chance and their luggage while he found Brother Gillette for the next set of instructions. He was told to exchange whatever English money he had for American dollars. The exchange rate was 25 cents a schilling. He was warned about shysters and to go to one of the official exchange offices to make the transaction. Gillette said that after exchanging money, Robert was to wait near the Castle Gardens and then later in the evening they would have to walk to their next conveyance with the other 747 people.

Robert exchanged his money and returned to where he left Agnes Ann and Mary Hannah. They arraigned with a friend that if he would watch their property while they walked around a while, they would watch his property. With that, Robert and Agnes Ann with Mary Hannah in her arms took a stroll in New York City on June 7, 1866.

And wouldn't you know it, they once again heard sweet notes they recognized as coming from Grant's coronet. Grant wrote,

> *"While at the Castle I took out my cornet and played an-hour under the great dome and it sounded beautiful and attracted much attention as there must have been 2,000 people in the hall; but all is bustle and we must go."*

The Daybell's continued along looking in stores and watching people, many dressed in the western garb they would soon see on the frontier. Upon their return from their stroll, they watched their friend's baggage and settled down to rest until evening. Fortunately, it was good weather. It wasn't until 10:00 p.m. that the word was spread to gather up their belongings and get ready to walk to the west side of New York where a steamer was waiting to leave.

At 10:00 p.m., the newly-arrived emigrants from the "John Bright" started walking through the dark streets of New York city. There were a couple of reasons for the night-time excursion. Moving 747 people from one place to another wasn't easy at any time, but especially during the day-time hustle and bustle of New York city. These were families with children. Many of the young and old people were somewhat naïve to the ways of the world. Moving them in the evening made it easier to control the group, there was safety in numbers, and less people would be lost in the trip. They were asked to organize themselves in their Districts to keep things orderly.

Upon arriving on the west side of the city, a walk of about two miles, the emigrants clamored aboard the steamer and found places to sit or lay down. There was some confusion when it was noticed that the Grant family was missing. Some knew that the Grants had started out on the walk. In fact, one brother had helped them by carrying little Lizzie Grant because the Grants had so much baggage. The steamer Captain was pressing to leave at exactly 11:00 p.m. At the last minute, William, Louisa his wife, and their children walked out of the shadows and scrambled aboard the steamer. They found Lizzie among the passengers and then tried to find a place to settle. Everyone else had their places chosen so they had to take the last spaces which happened to be near the boiler for the steamer. William secured a position in the engine house where he could lie down but his head was only six inches from the massive boiler plate and the pounding of the steam-driven machinery. The vibration and noise made it very uncomfortable, but at least he and his family had made it to the ship on time. The company led by Brother Gillette started up the Hudson River.

When things had settled down on the steamer, Robert had a chance to talk to Brother Grant about his adventure in New York City. It happened that the Grant's had been carrying much more luggage than many of the other people because they had very little money. They had to bring possessions from England that others could purchase once in America so they started on the walk that evening encumbered by lots of bags and luggage. One brother had offered to carry little Lizzie, their youngest child and they accepted the offer. After some walking they found themselves left behind, to include losing sight of the brother who had Lizzie. They lost their way but were put back on the right street by a friendly New York policeman. Brother Grant was a little miffed at why some of the "good Mormons" had not provided more assistance when they saw a brother in need.[27]

Riding the Railroad

Arriving in New Haven, Connecticut, at 4:00 a.m. by steamer the Gillette Company transferred to the Grand Trunk Railroad Line. At around 9:00 a.m. after all passengers were loaded along with their belongings, the train left for Nebraska via Canada. On May 9 they crossed the boarder into British Canada. [28]

At the boarder the train ran into trouble. At the time there was a regional war with the Fenians

and there had been fighting in the area of the track. From the train they saw both English and Canadian troops in battle gear but both armies allowed the train to pass unmolested. Soon the train rolled into Montreal and passed over the great "tubular" bridge. Suddenly the train came to a halt and it was commandeered for use by the military to move troops to the front. While all 747 passengers got off, Brother Gillette worked hard to resolve the problem to secure a train with enough freight cars to go on. Finally, late in the evening, he was able to do so, and the company continued on. The entourage finally arrived in Chicago and put up in a freight warehouse for a night while they waited connections to travel farther West. But the trip from Montreal to Chicago wasn't without sadness.

Illness - A Common Malady

This company of English Saints had had little illness and no deaths to this point on their journey. This was unusual for the number and ages of people who were traveling. In 1866 there were various diseases that were menacing humanity. Small pox was mentioned in the newspapers as being epidemic. Cholera was common, especially in the cities. Cholera could strike anyone at anytime, and death was quick. Dysentery, measles, food poisoning and tuberculosis were high on the list. Caroline (Hopkins) Clark noted in her diary,

> *"June 13th— Very sad news to tell of today's journey. Mr. Cox was taken worse during the night, and remained so until about nine o'clock, when he died. The name of the place was called Michigan. He was taken on to Chicago. We stayed there during the night. Sorry to say baby keeps very ill. Little Frank has the bowel complaint."*

Brother Cox, a member of the Gillette Company became sick and died of dropsy on the train on June 10, prior to arriving in Chicago.[29]

If that wasn't bad enough, Martha Clark, youngest daughter of Caroline and John Clark of the Company, had been doing poorly on the trip and also died as the company was arriving in Chicago on June 14th. Carolyn continued,

> *"June 14th— Today's journey is a sad one to us, on account of the death of our own dear baby. It grieved us much. She died at the place where Mr. Cox was buried (Chicago). John stayed behind to bury her. She died with the same complaint as my other three children."*

Burial was somewhat harder in a city than on the ocean and both families had to find a grave site. Time was the problem. Brother Gillette had to keep the Company moving west; when the train left, emigrants had to be on it. The Coxs' were able to secure a grave site for Brother Cox, but John Clark decided to stay behind to bury his daughter. [30]

John was planning on catching the Company in Nebraska later in the day of June 14. The train left Chicago and continued through Quincy, Illinois and stopped at St. Joseph, Missouri, the end of the railroad line. The Gillette Company had been in America exactly one week when they set foot on the dock of St. Joseph.[31]

St. Joseph, America – Meeting English Friends

St. Joseph's location was advantageous in that it was right on the Missouri River, giving emigrants

access to their next mode of travel, a river steamer. But the steamer wasn't due to depart for a couple of days so the travelers had a chance to rest and recuperate. The news of the pending arrival of the first contingency of emigrants for 1866 had been spread to the Mormon community in St. Joseph which included the Bromley Family. Because of the wait, the baggage brought by the emigrants was stored in a warehouse. Robert, not trusting others with Two-Chance, kept the rifle with him. [32]

The William and Sarah Bromley family, with daughter, seventeen year old Celestia Clarissa, had left Lincolnshire England in 1865. They had been friends of the Daybells since before Derbyshire. The Bromleys had stopped for a year in St. Joseph thinking they could make some extra money before continuing to Utah. They stayed at the home of Joseph Bullimore, the brother of Sarah Bromley who had emigrated earlier. William worked as a hack driver. When Celestia Clarissa found out that a train would arrive on June 15th with the emigrants from England, she went to the train station to meet the group and to see who she knew.

Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys

There, to her happiness were her friends, Robert and Agnes Ann with their new baby, Mary Hannah. Celestia hadn't seen the new baby because Mary Hannah was born after Celestia had left England. Meeting such good friends required that they be invited to stay in the Bullimore house as guests while they waited for the next phase of their journey. Both Robert and Agnes Ann were happy for the offer because their sleeping circumstances hadn't been the best in the last few weeks.

Celestia Clarissa was a girl with a lot of life. She had had an accident early in her childhood which required her to use crutches but that didn't stop her. She was always cheerful and full of pep and this had made for good, strong friendships. Robert, Agnes Ann and Celestia sat and talked about all their experiences and brought each other up-to-date on news and gossip of the Mormon church—both in Salt Lake and in England. But the better surprise was the announcement by the Bromleys that they were going to join the Gillette Company and continue the trip west to Salt Lake. Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys wrote,

> *"In June 1866 the Mormon emigrants came, and a friend of ours, Robert Daybell and family, visited with us a few days. We disposed of our things, got a tent and other things ready and bid goodby to our relatives."*

The stay in St. Joseph lasted three days but was filled with preparations by the Bromleys while Robert and Agnes Ann took the opportunity to walk the city and see the sights of St. Joseph. Agnes Ann wasn't sure yet but she was starting to feel a little funny, almost as if she were pregnant. But that couldn't be, could it?

The Grant family also took advantage of the wait and looked up a friend from Birmingham, a Mr. Burr. They found him and were able to dine at his house. They enjoyed the repast having lived on shipboard rations and whatever food they could get together while traveling on the train.

On June 16 the Gillette Company of now more than 747 souls clamored aboard the river steamer that would take them up the Missouri River to the jumping off point for the wagon trains. The water was very muddy and the weather was hot. Many sat and slept on the top deck

to take advantage of the cool night breeze. Excitement was felt by many travelers, anxiety was felt by others. All knew they would soon leave the known "civilization" for the unknown of the great American West.

Wyoming, Nebraska

On June 19, 1866 in the early morning hours the steamer arrived in Wyoming, Nebraska, which was situated about six miles north of Nebraska City. The steamer disgorged the passengers and all their worldly possessions on the western bank of the Missouri River.

Wyoming, Otoe County, Nebraska was a welcome sight for these tired travelers who had been on the road since June 7. Brother Thomas Taylor was assigned by Brigham Young to coordinate the summer's emigration from Wyoming, Nebraska to Utah. Being the first contingent of emigrants, Brother Gillette immediately sought our Brother Taylor to get instructions on the next step of their journey. The District leaders then gave direction and guidance to those under their responsibility as families sought places to build some type of shelter until they could move west. [33]

The arrival at Wyoming wasn't without its problems. The emigrant's luggage had been stored at St. Joseph for three days and was then put on the steamer to come up the Missouri. When it was off-loaded at Wyoming people started checking their luggage and many found that thieves had stolen much of the clothing and other equipment that they had brought. These losses just added to the uncomfortable circumstances the Company kept experiencing as they journeyed to Zion. Robert and Agnes Ann didn't loose anything but Robert was real happy that he kept Two-Chance with him in St. Joseph because for sure it would have been stolen…and he didn't want to lose his friend.

As soon as the steamer docked, William Grant hit the ground running. The Grants planned ahead having learned their lesson in New York and arriving late on the river steamer. They decided that William would be first off the steamer to quickly secure a good camping spot. However, being first to arrive at the staging area didn't help much. Every place that was available for camping was in the open. So with resignation, they found some willows and made a tent with quilts and sheets to protect them at night. They were not alone in their plight. Most of the company had to do the same, as there were no tents for their use until the wagons arrived from Salt Lake City. The Clarks were luckier in that they had a tent and were able to set it up. That evening, while sitting around the campfires many noticed for the first time fireflies blinking in the field.

The Daybells also found the same harsh circumstances and made a tent of sorts with the blankets and quilts they had brought. Robert tried to make things as comfortable as possible for Agnes Ann. He looked after her knowing that the travel was wearing on her. He found a protected area in the tent where he could store Two-Chance with the caps, powder and ball. He learned from some of the others that he could wrap Two-Chance in a linseed soaked cloth and it would keep the moisture off, since the morning dew always wet things.

The shelters that were made were barely adequate to keep the dew off them in the morning or to keep the breeze from blowing on them. When rain arrived or the breezes became winds, protection from the elements was not possible. Great thunderstorms were not uncommon on

the plains and took their toll. Pounding rains were especially difficult for the emigrants because most of their protection was not water proof.

The wind also played havoc with the shelters. It would pick up a corner, or flap, or the whole blanket so that everything was exposed until it could be secured again. It even penetrated when the blanket remained in place. A gritty layer of dust was on most everything.

A light sprinkle was welcome, however. It freshened the air and took away the heat. It dampened the dust and return the landscape to a beautiful green. But then the sprinkle quickly became unwelcome as the tempo and duration increased. Too much rain became worse than none at all.

Some of the storms were downright "gully washers" and would wash through a shelter in a moment. Quilts dripping until there wasn't a dry spot in the tent and rivers coursing through the site were common when it rained. Mud and cold then became the issue. Living and sleeping in the cold and damp could have a deleterious effect as some were to find out.

Those emigrants in the lower portions of the camping area, who built there shelters because willows were readily available, soon go the worse of any rain storm. Many learned quickly to move to higher ground with their shelters and belongings. Since the Gillette Company was the first group of the year, positions on the high ground were readily available. Later arriving Companies had to accept the lower ground until higher ground positions came open with the exodus of companies going west.

Telegram to Salt Lake City

The closest telegraph office to Wyoming, Nebraska was in Nebraska City. Upon the arrival of the Gillette Company, Elders Isaac Bullock and W. W. Riter, both returning from missions in England and who were helping Brother Taylor organize the trip west, rode the south six miles and telegraphed to Salt Lake City on June 19, stating,

> *"First consignment of emigrants arrived today in excellent condition."* [34]

The weather quickly tested the emigrant's situation with a heavy thunderstorm springing up on June 20th. There was a shed used for storage of materials where the kids were kept until their clothes were dry enough to wear. William Grant wrote,

> *"A bad storm one night washed us out and we had to move to the rock house where we had better quarters, but I was taken ill and kept to my bed 3 days, during which time not one of my old Willenhall friends once visited me."*

Living in wet clothes, bedding, and shelters caused some problems. The Daybells and Bromleys tried to help Louisa Grant with handling the kids and drying out clothes and bedding when possible, but generally everyone was wet and cold when the rains came. This storm had severe consequences for the Grant family, for William was not the only one that became sick. .little Lizzie their daughter also took cold.

The Bromleys also had at big change in living conditions because they had been accustomed to sleeping in a house and now they were in a tent with rain pelting the canvas. Sacrifice was common to all who trekked west. [35]

The Wait at Wyoming, Nebraska

It had now been over a week since the Gillette Company had arrived at Wyoming, Nebraska and they were getting anxious to move on. They tried to pass the time with meetings, singing, dancing, and music. Brother Grant was still assigned as "camp trumpeter" trumpeting reveille for morning wake up, meeting calls, dinner calls, and taps. Taps was the part he enjoyed most. The camp was quiet, the stars were out, and the musical solo seemed to call blessings from the heavens on these strangers and foreigners who were seeking more than they had for a cause more just than any other.

Many of the Company found time to talk, hypothesize, and plan for the trip across the plains. Rumors would start at one end of the emigrant camp and spread out like ripples in a pond. "The wagons were coming." "The wagons haven't left Utah yet." "The wagons were attacked by Indians." "The Indian problem is nothing this year." "Some of the families will have to stay here during the winter." The rumors went on and on. Fads would start, with word that "if you don't take 'such-and-such' you will really be sorry." Runs on those items would start and then calmer heads would prevail and company members would go back to the basics of food and clothing.

Robert took the opportunity to practice some with Two-Chance, making sure that all was working right and that it was sighted in. He thought that he could supplement his and Agnes Ann' diet with some rabbit, sage hen, and maybe even a buffalo as they went west. At least he was going to be ready if the opportunity presented itself.

The staging area was always in movement, expanding and then contracting, as the various emigrant companies arrived from the east and the wagon trains exited to the west. The companies themselves would expand and contract as babies were born or people died. A small cemetery was marked off to the north of the camp that ultimately held about one hundred emigrants who found their promised land at Wyoming, Nebraska. Most deaths resulted from measles, scarlet fever, cholera, and diarrhea.[36]

On June 27, the second consignment of emigrants from England arrived. This company, led by S.H. Hill, was also from England and increased the size of the camp by 389 people. Things were getting a little tight. There were now 1,036 emigrants plus those present from assignment by the Church. None of the wagon trains from Utah had arrived yet but word was that they would arrive any day. During the waiting, there were a number of things the pioneers had to consider on their trek west. One of them was guns. [37]

Western Firearms

The recent improvement in firearms technology was significant for emigrants. The weapons evolved from the flint lock, black powder and ball, single shot, muzzle loader, to percussion cap, black powder and ball, then to the cartridge fed, rapid fire Browning revolvers and rifles. The European emigrants weren't too savvy when it came to guns. Many had little or nothing to do with guns until they hit the staging area prior to crossing the plains. The threat of Indians, many times magnified in the emigrant's mind, required that most "real men" carry a weapon. Therefore, it was the norm that the males of the emigrating company were given cursory training on the use and firing of guns. Because of the lack of money, many of these weapons were older

models and more prone to misfires and accidental firing. As one can imagine, safety was not much of a factor as they shot the weapon once or twice and called the training good to conserve ammunition.

These weapons were carried in wagons, in saddle holsters, on hips, or stuck in waist bands or pockets. Men checked them to make sure they were loaded, women generally tried to stay away from them, and children played with them. One can imagine the accidents that could happen. There are many stories of the gun going off because the trigger got caught on clothing, or because it fell to the ground striking the hammer, or a child pulled a trigger. Brigham Young lost his best horse while traveling west in 1847 because a good friend accidentally discharged his rifle and it hit the horse in the stomach. These were not new problems but many times there were disastrous results because of the lack of medical wherewithal to treat gunshot wounds. "Lead poisoning" was a consideration in a pioneer's life. Another concern, although more a concern of the wagon master than of the emigrants, were draft animals and wagons.

Draft Animals and Wagons

A wagon master going out on the plains of America had to make two basic decisions. First, which draft animal to use and second, which type of wagon to use. There were many variables in these decisions.

When it came to draft animals, horses were generally rejected as the best animal because they could not live off prairie grasses along the way. That meant that some feed had to be carried in the wagon, adding extra unwanted weight. As a result, most of the wagon masters selected oxen. They were strong; could live off grass or sage; and were less expensive. One emigrant of another wagon train wrote,

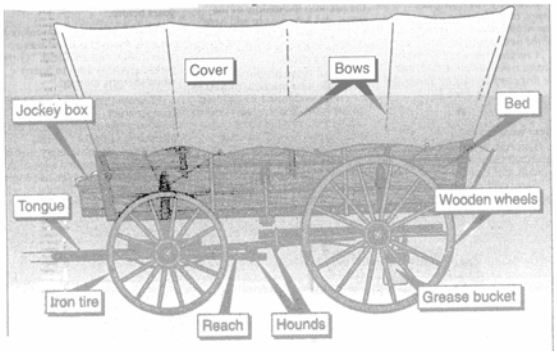
> *"'The ox is a most noble animal, patient, thrifty, durable, gentle and does not run off. Those who come to this country will be in love with their oxen. The ox will plunge through mud, swim over streams, dive into thickets and he will eat almost anything.' There was just one problem: oxen were slow— about 2 miles-per-hour slow. That is where the mule came into its own."* [38]*— Emigrant Peter Burnett*

Mules were another option as a draft animal. They were faster than oxen, and they too could live off prairie grasses. But many believed mules didn't have quite the staying power of oxen. A historian wrote,

> *"So a number of emigrants in their diaries would write about a mule team that would pass them early in their journey, but about half way through the old oxen would catch up." Perhaps the biggest problem with mules was their cantankerous disposition."* [39] [40]*— Historian William Hill*

Once a draft animal was chosen, the next choice was the type of wagon that would be used for the trek west. Huge conestoga wagons were never used by the pioneers—they were just too unwieldy. Instead, the emigrants used small farm or utility wagons. Although these utility wagons appeared somewhat fragile and simple, much thought went into their construction. For one thing, the complex undercarriage centered around a kingpin, which allowed the front wheels to pivot, so the wagon could turn easily. The front wheels were smaller in diameter than the ones in back which also helped the wagons to maneuver better.

The width of the wheels itself was considered depending on where the wagon would be most used. Wide wheels were more effective in soft, sandy soil. Narrow wheels worked better on hard surfaces. The cotton covers were placed over the bows end and were made so that they could be drawn shut at both ends to keep out the dust. To keep out the rain, the covers were treated with linseed oil which gave off an oily smell when hot. The method helped for a while to keep the rain out, but most covers eventually leaked.

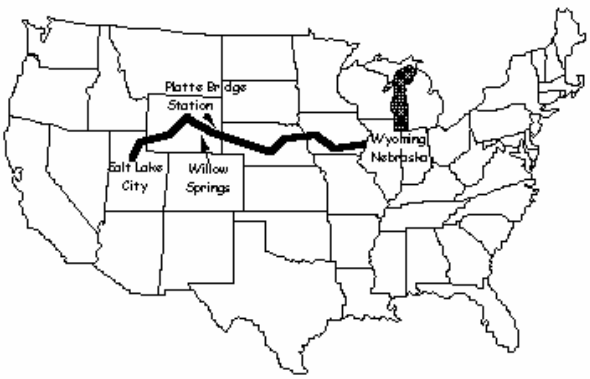


The wagon box commonly measured four feet by ten feet. The wagon could carry up to 2,000 pounds of food, equipment, etc. and most wagons were loaded to capacity. All this weight was supported by large axles. If one broke, the wagon master was in serious trouble. That is why most wagons were part of a wagon train, so travelers could provide help and support to each other. Most wagons had other "accessories" such as a toolbox on the side, a water barrel, hardwood brakes, a shovel, a grease bucket swinging on back, and not least, an old blanket or cloth stretched underneath so that dried buffalo chips could be tossed in preparing for the evenings fire. [41]

The American Indian

The American Indian was a concern to travelers on the Oregon Trail. Thousands of people were going west, not just the Mormons. The constant flow of humanity, wagons, and livestock was changing the lives of many Native Americans; The Indian saw the future of his land and did not like what he saw. There were varied reactions by the Indian leaders. Some Indian Chiefs and their tribes were accepting of the white man and tried to accommodate them; some Chiefs were opposed to any change and resisted the white man at every step; and many Chiefs and their tribes fell some where between the two positions.

There had been wars and rumors of wars with the Indians since 1849 when the Indians started to resist the encroachment by the White man brought on by the California Gold Rush. Every year after 1849 there would be a flurry of resistance while the pioneers crossed the plains in the summer, followed by months of calm when travel was prohibited by weather.



This annual cycle had been going on for some 18 years, resulting in the erosion of Indian held lands by settlers and travelers. The fury with which the Indians resisted the encroachment increased as technology improved and lessons were learned. In 1849 the Indian warrior had a bow, arrow, a knife, maybe a horse, and his own skulking skills to withstand the interlopers, but

in 1866 the year Robert Daybell and family started West, the Indian had more experience and better weapons.

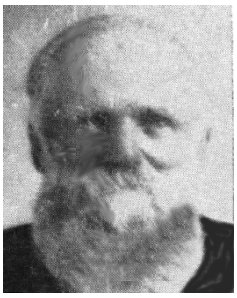
Going East to bring them West

In the spring of 1866 the headquarters of the L.D.S. Church in Salt Lake City was gearing up for the wave of emigrants that would be coming into Utah. They had been sending wagon trains back for emigrants for at least 18 years. They were experienced in the process. They set up emigration agents in England and America and assigned returning missionaries to lead the nine companies that were scheduled to cross the plains that summer. The church now had to organize and send the wagon trains east that would bring the emigrants across the plains on the last leg of their journey.

Samuel D. White who had led a number of east and west trips in previous years was assigned as head of one of the wagon trains. The 46 wagons in White's train would use as draft animals mules and horses rather than oxen. It would be the only mule and horse wagon train used for the summer of 1866. One of the wagons in the train was owned and driven by Robert S. Duke of Heber, Utah.

Robert S. Duke

Robert S. Duke had been asked by the LDS Church to assist in bringing emigrants from the east. Duke had prepared his wagon and horses and mules for the long trip while he worked them in Heber City, where he resided. In the early part of May he left Heber and traveled to Salt Lake City to join up with the other wagons in the White train.



Robert Stone Duke

Charles Gardner

Traveling with Robert Duke was Charles Gardner, his good friend from Heber. Charles was known in the Heber and Charleston area as an excellent hunter. In the Gardner family history, they wrote [42] [43]

> *"He was a great hunter, always having plenty of rabbit, chicken and dried venison and ducks. These furnished feathers for their feather beds and pillows."*

Charles Gardner

Robert Duke and Charles Gardner both knew Finity Daybell and his family in Heber. The Daybells had been in Charleston two years—Christmas Eve of 1864 to be exact.

Daybells in Heber

It was Christmas Eve, 1864 when the Daybells arrived in Charleston via a wagon driven by George Carlile (he later married Susannah Daybell). They were contracted to work on the farm of Joseph E. Taylor. The Daybells were told by Taylor they could live in a one-room 14' x 16'cabin on the land. But when they arrived at the Cabin on Christmas Even they were surprised

to find a man and two women living in the cabin. It was apparently a convenient temporary shelter for the man had apparently hurt his leg and the women, assumed to be wives, who were taking care of him. In the midst of snow and cold they would gather fence posts from the farm and feed the posts through the open door into the fireplace until they were short enough that they could close the door. The arrival of the Daybell family complicated the situation. There was no other nearby shelter so all had to stay at the cabin. That evening, the Daybell family of Finity, mother Mary (Draper), Sarah, Elizabeth, George and William stayed in the cabin with the other three people. The next day one of the women returned to Salt Lake City in the wagon with George and Sarah, while Finity fixed up a dugout next to the cabin where the four children could sleep. They slept in the lean-to all winter.

That spring, the man and his wife left for Salt Lake City, leaving the cabin to Finity and his family. The Daybells got to know the Noakes who lived the closest to them and then other families throughout Charleston and Heber as they attended church and school throughout 1865 and into 1866.

In the spring of 1866 the Indians were stealing livestock and killing settlers throughout Southern Utah. The Black Hawk war had started and some of the Heber-ites were called into the Utah militia to protect their homes and farms. Brigham Young put out the word that communities needed to gather in close to protect themselves. Early in May 1866, Finity and others took the sod roof off the cabin, shored the walls up so it wouldn't fall apart, hitched oxen to the cabin and pulled it five miles to Heber. Once it was on the new site in Heber City, the cabin was settled on the ground and a new sod roof was put on the cabin. This was the first mobile home recorded in the history of Heber City.

While the settlers in Heber and Charleston gathered together for protection, Duke and Gardner departed Heber for Salt Lake City. In their horse and mule drawn wagon they carried letters from Finity and Mary (Draper) to be delivered to Robert and Agnes Anne when they met them in the east.

The White Wagon train including Duke's wagon, joined up in the Tithing Yard in Salt Lake City. They were checked and double checked and then filled with food, provisions, supplies, and mercantile goods made in Salt Lake that would be taken east to market. Brigham Young was encouraging commerce between Salt Lake and the east and one method was to send goods to be sold. Some of the provisions would be dropped off at strategic locations along the trail going east so that they could be used on the return trip; other provisions were for commercial use or supplies for the emigrants. On May 3 teams from Willard, Box Elder, and Tooele arrived in Salt Lake to get provisions and be assigned to a wagon train. They then left northeast through Weber Canyon.

The White wagon train joined with the trains of Ricks, Nebeker, Chipman, Holliday, and Rawlins and started east going up Emigration Canyon. Assigned to the White Train, but as passengers on their way to England, were Peter Harrocks and his wife. At Little Sandy on this side of the South Pass, Peter Harrocks suddenly fell ill and died on May 14. His wife, accompanying his body, returned to Salt Lake City while the White Company continued east. [44]

On June 2, five days before the ship John Bright discharged its passengers onto American soil, the wagon trains of Ricks, Nebeker, Chipman, Holiday, Rawlins and White pulled into Fort

Laramie, Wyoming. The emigration plan was in full swing but the Indians were not too happy and the trains passed through Fort Laramie just a few days before a significant event occurred concerning the Indians and the White man.

The Desert News noted in its June 14 1866 edition that news from back east had slowed down some due to telegraph lines being down. Those lines were down because of Indian interdicting the lines. The Indians were trying to disrupt the white mans ability to communicate and travel through Indian territory.

Wyoming, Nebraska

On June 28, the Samuel D. White wagon train along with the Chipman, Nebeker, Holliday, Rawlins, and the Ricks Companies arrived in Wyoming, Nebraska. It had taken the companies some 54 days of traveling from Salt Lake City and their arrival brought cheers and tears from the emigrants waiting in camp. Here was their transportation for the final leg of the long journey; here were the men who had just recently been in Zion and could tell them what it was like; here were the couriers of letters and messages from loved ones who went before; here were suppliers of goods and food; here was the Gospel of Jesus Christ in action! The Gillette company from the John Bright had been waiting since June 19, some 21 days. They were anxious to get on with the journey.

Robert Duke had a charge from some friends in Heber to try and have the Clark family in his wagon for the return trip. But in the commotion of things, the Clarks were assigned to the Chipman Company before Duke's request could be made. By the luck of the draw, Robert and Agnes Ann with their baby Mary Hannah were assigned to the Duke wagon, allowing Duke to give Robert and Agnes Anne the letters sent by Finity and his family.

Duke added insight into the letters by telling Robert and Agnes Ann of the happenings in Charleston and Heber. He described the beauty of the Heber valley, tempering the beauty with descriptions of hard winters. Robert and Agnes Ann were very excited about the prospects that awaited them in Utah. Robert was anxious to see his father, mother, and brothers and sisters and to start working on a farm with them. He knew that Finity was an industrious man and would prosper in "Zion." Robert hadn't seen Susan, his younger sister, since she left in the summer of 1863 and he had wondered where her fortune had taken her. Robert and Agnes in turn brought news from Ann and her husband William Webster in England that they could share with Finity's family.

Agnes Ann, on the other hand, had never met the Daybells. They had left before she became acquainted with Robert in England. Their marriage had been announced to Finity and his family by letter which had taken some three months for delivery. Now she would soon meet her new family. She asked Duke and Gardner all kinds of questions about the family, trying to know of them before she met them.

Agnes Ann also had another little secret that she would have to soon share with Robert and that was she was expecting another child. She had wondered a little through the month of June but now with July starting and the trip imminent, there was no doubt. As best she could figure, the child would be delivered in late December or early January, in Utah.

After the sharing of news was finished, the hard work of preparation started. Duke had brought tents and food for the trip for the family that would be assigned to his wagon. The Daybells added with those provisions their clothing and what essentials they had, like blankets and eating utensils. Robert had trusty Two-Chance and he made sure that it was secured in the wagon. He kept it wrapped in the protective cloth to keep the gun dry.

Training was part of the preparation for traveling. A Brother Bean dropped by and taught the Daybells, Bromleys, Clarks and other families how to make bread on the plains. This was a skill much needed since bread was a staple of the trip. Andrew Jenson wrote,

> *"Some of us found the baking of bread and the cooking of meals in the open air a somewhat difficult task, as we had never done the like before, but after a few days practice we mastered the situation, and life on the plain soon became quite natural and pleasant to those of us who were young and hearty."— Andrew Jenson*

Trial runs were made with the wagons to make sure that the new emigrants knew their duties and were trained in how to handle the draft animals and the equipment. On June 29th the Clark family drove their wagon to Nebraska City. They found out that riding on a wagon pulled by oxen was not necessarily comfortable. Rocking back and forth they were almost thrown out. The teamsters said that what they were experiencing was nothing to what it was going to be like on the trail.

The provisions that were supplied for the trip were roughly 200 pounds of flour, 150 pounds of bacon; ten pounds of coffee (still a staple of pioneers at that time even after the word of wisdom of 1837); twenty pounds of sugar; and ten pounds of salt per person. These were supplies that could endure the heat and cold and still provide sustenance to the traveler. On July 3rd the weather was hot and then an afternoon thunder storm rolled through the area but the camp luckily escaped the rain as it passed by to the South.

Chapter Four

Westward Ho The Wagons!

The departing of the wagon trains was carefully orchestrated. The horse and mule trains were first to leave camp so these less-durable draft animals would have better grass to graze on as they traveled. The oxen that pulled the later wagons were not so fussy as to what they ate.

The companies were given their departure assignments. Captain Ricks Company of 46 wagons and 251 emigrants would leave on July 6th and Captain White's Company with 46 wagons and 230 emigrants would leave on July 10th.

WYOMING, NEBRASKA - DAY 1, JULY 10

On the morning of July 10, 1866 the Samuel D. White wagon train, with the wagon of Robert Duke started west for Utah. Because Duke's wagon was carrying some supplies and goods back to Utah, and the wagon was pulled by mules and horses, the Daybell family was the only family assigned to the wagon. Mary Hannah, being only seven months old, was bundled in a corner of the box near the rear of the wagon where she could ride when the trail was smooth. Agnes Ann would walk behind and keep an eye on her or ride when she was tired or when she needed to care for Mary Hannah. Most of the time Robert would walk but he traded places at times with Agnes Ann to ride for a ways, resting his legs. Gardner was also assigned to the wagon but he was more independent and could help where needed within the whole wagon train. Being an experienced hunter he was charged to bring in extra meat by hunting along the trail.

The White Company started southwest from Wyoming, Nebraska and connected up with the Nebraska City cutoff that led them West. The cutoff towards Ft. Kearny saved the travelers 40 miles from the longer trail that went up from Winter Quarters on the Ox-bow trail. It was also known as "Steam Wagon Road" because of a failed experiment in 1862 to use a steam driven wagon to cross the plains.

They stopped early that first day at a place called Syracuse and checked all their equipment. This was the shake down run. Syracuse is near the Nemaha River which the wagon train had to cross. They made sure the supplies were secured and re-arranged things so that they rode better or were more easily accessible. They were far enough away from Nebraska City that they would not be harassed by the "less-desirable" frontier elements. However, they were using a common, well-used western route that non-Mormons seeking fame and fortune were using. After settling in for the evening, that is circling the wagons, making sure the livestock had water and feed, and finding firewood, the excited pioneers spent their first night "on the road."

Captain White used the first evening to gather the trail novices together and give them some guidance after they had experienced a day on the trail. Some had already understood the importance of securing things in the wagons, as the jostling of the day had upset things. They had a feeling for what walking a long distance was like and were tuckered out. After many days of waiting and inactivity at Wyoming their muscles were not used to the sustained effort. They also had to learn how to use water sparingly and the skills of making a little food go a long ways. These and other little lessons were discussed with the company. Captain White told them that

the normal schedule would be to rise at 6:00 a.m. and be ready to move out by 7:30 a.m. They would travel between 12 to 20 miles a day. As a rule they would stop about two hours at noon to rest and feed themselves and their animals. White put out a schedule of common duties for scouts, guards, cooks, livestock herdsmen, etc. so that the camp would be orderly. Captain White asked William Grant to be the company trumpeter to raise the Saints in the morning and to put them to bed at night. William Grant readily agreed as he wanted to help in anyway he could. They closed the meeting with a song and a prayer and that evening, after all had retired to their various bed locations, the pioneers heard the reflective closing notes of the first day from Grant's trumpet. The melodious pause between the tiring day and the rest of night would become a much-anticipated moment as they crossed the plains. [45]

Robert and Agnes Ann had their bed set up under the Duke's wagon. The wagon would remain filled with freight so sleeping inside would be done only on the wettest nights. Mary Hannah, however, had her place near the rear gate to keep her off the damp ground and so that Agnes Ann could hear Mary should she cry. Although weary from the first days travel, there was still excitement. As they listened to the notes from the trumpet played by Grant, Robert was thinking of the day when he would again greet his loved ones in Utah, and Agnes Ann was wondering what her new relatives were like.

Duke and Gardner slept a little ways away from the wagon, being used to bedding down in the open night air. Both men had extensive experience living on the range since they ranched and farmed in Heber City where amenities were few and far between.

THE CUTOFF, DAY 2, JULY 11

Morning came too early. Grant played a rousing song at 6:00 a.m. Robert and Agnes Ann rolled out of their blankets stiff and sore but rested. They made preparations to move out by gathering the blanket they had used and making sure Mary Hannah was well. Duke and Gardner had already started a fire to warm up water and to get breakfast prior to leaving.

As soon as the livestock were watered and harnessed and people fed, the wagon train started down the trail. Starting the wagon train wasn't as hectic as the first day but it wasn't as smooth as it would be later as wagoneers and travelers learned their duties and performed them more efficiently.

After a few days on the trail, the emigrants would settle into a well-defined daily routine. Awake before sunup; water and yoke the oxen; cook and eat breakfast; and hit the trail. There was a two hour break for lunch and at about six p.m. they set up camp. The emigrants would circle their wagons providing a convenient corral for loose livestock.

Immediately the campfires started burning and dinner was begun when a camp site was reached. Andrew Jenson described it this way,

> *"At night, when camping, we all had our busiest time. First, we pitched our tents and gathered fuel and fetched water, then we made fires, baked bread, cooked food, and finally ate our meals around the camp fires, sitting on the grass or rocks."*

Cooking bread over a campfire was something of a challenge- the result was usually burned crust on the outside and dough on the inside. Even worse, keeping bugs and dirt out of the mix was

nearly impossible. However, the biggest problem for cooking was finding fuel for the campfire. For the first few weeks, there was plenty of wood along the way. But soon trees were scarce and there was only one alternative- buffalo chips. It was the duty of the cooks on arriving at a camping place to collect buffalo chips for cooking. The chips burned well when dry, but if damp or wet were smoky and almost fireproof. One account indicates that it took about three and one half bushels of buffalo chips to make one good campfire. The women, usually with their aprons, would go around collecting the stuff and bring it to use in their individual fire.

Food on a Wagon Train

> *"I guess you would like to know how we live on the plains. We do not get any fresh meat or potatoes, but we get plenty of flour and bacon. We have some sugar, a little tea, molasses, soap, carbonate of soda, and a few dried apples. We brought some peas, oatmeal, rice, tea, and sugar, which we had left from the vessel. We bought a skillet to bake our bread in. Sometimes we make pancakes for a change. We also make cakes in the pan, and often bran dumplings with baking powder. We use cream of tarter and soda for our bread, sometimes sour dough. At times Roland goes to the river and catches fish and sometimes John shoots birds."— — Caroline (Hopkins) Clark*

If they were lucky, the emigrants would have quail or buffalo with their bread. More often, however bacon was the main staple of any meal. Dry bread and/or beans and bacon was a common breakfast, dinner and supper. The bacon was cooked when they could obtain wood for a fire; but when nothing but green grass could be found, they would eat the bacon without cooking it. Many of them had to rely on what they had; there was a lot of beans and bacon.

By nine p.m. they would bed down for the night. Some families had tents, but most just slept right on the ground or under the wagon. Pure exhaustion helped them get to sleep- but it wasn't comfortable.

> *"We rose this morning from our bed upon the ground with sensations similar to that I imagine must pervade the frame of the inebriate- after a week's spree."— Niles Searls*

The end of the second day found the White Wagon train camped just south of Palmyra, Nebraska as they still followed the Nemaha River. The next morning, July 12, they had their first experience with crossing a river. It was so time consuming that it took all of that day. They settled in that night on the opposite shore and left in the morning for the next camp site on the Big Blue river.

Back in Wyoming, Nebraska, on July 11th, the Clark Family left the camp alone and traveled five miles. They waited and then joined the next wagon train, under Captain Chipman which departed on July 13th. The Chipman Train was the third pioneer company of the season, following Captain White's Company which was number two. Chipman's Company was larger with some 375 emigrants and they used oxen rather than horses and mules as draft animals. [46]

BIG BLUE RIVER - DAY 4, JULY 13

The Big Blue river was well known to travelers and was the second largest river that the White Company had to cross going west. They camped on the east bank of the Big Blue on the evening of their fourth day of travel and made preparations to cross the river the next day. The

small village of Camden was located nearby but it had only been in existence for two years and provided nothing of benefit to the travelers. They remained near their camp that night.

For Agnes Ann, her body was starting to complain about the long hours of walking or being jolted in the wagon as she cared for Mary Hannah. She had had some suspicion that she was pregnant but had waited for a month until she was sure of it. The changes that she was experiencing, the increasingly tired feeling, and the morning sickness finally convinced her that she was. She shared her secret with Robert who was delighted but now felt doubly obligated to make sure Agnes Ann had sufficient food and rest to keep her healthy. He was glad that he had brought Two-Chance because with some hunting guidance from Gardner he could supplement their food supply with fresh rabbit or grouse or maybe even a buffalo.

FORT KEARNY - DAY 8, JULY 17

The White Company arrived at Fort Kearny on July 17. At Fort Kearny they merged with the "Oregon Trail." They were able to gather information of what lay ahead by talking with travelers coming from the West. Information such as how the rivers were running, where it was best to cross, and where the Indians had attacked was important to know. Brother S.D. White was particularly concerned about the Indians.

Fort Kearny was a protected fort located on the Platte River where travelers rested, bought supplies, received and sent telegrams, and received medical attention. Fort Kearny was at the confluence of four famous trails. On the south side of the river were the Ox-Box trail and the Nebraska City cutoff used by the White Company, and the Oregon Trail. On the north bank was the Mormon Trail. The Fort was the first military post built to protect the Oregon Trail emigrants. In late May of 1866 as many as 2,000 emigrants and 10,000 oxen would pass through or by the Fort in a single day.

Ft. Kearny was not the walled fortification that many pioneers expected. It was instead a collection of ramshackle buildings, most made of sod. The construction was so crude that snakes often slithered through the walls and into the beds of the soldiers stationed there. But the enlisted men were not overly refined anyway. One emigrant described the fort this way,

> *"A most unsoldierly looking lot they were: unshaven, unshorn, with patched uniforms and a lounging gate. The privates being more particular in their inquiries after whiskey, for which they offered one dollar the half-pint; but we had none to sell them even at that tempting price."— Emigrant William KelleyIn the vicinity of Ft. Kearny was Dobytown and the Dirty Woman Ranch. Each catered to the less desirable characters and Mormon wagon trains tried to stay away from both. In fact, they tried to stay apart from most everyone. Persecution in New York, Illinois and Missouri made them very leery of gathering around others who were not Mormons. That was one reason for the Winter Quarters and Council Bluff locations in the first years of moving west and then later at the end of the pioneering era, Wyoming, Nebraska. The Mormons wanted places where they could gather. "Jumping off places" as they called them, where they were away from the frontier element, persecution and gentile influence. They carried that same sentiment on the trail. Where they could, the Mormons traveled separate from those on the Oregon Trail. Much of the way west the Mormons paralleled the Oregon Trail, keeping the Platte River between themselves and the "Gentiles."* [47]

The White wagon train stayed an additional day at Ft Kearny to make sure all was well and ready

for the next push west. On the morning of July 19 they tried to cross to the north side of the South Platte River. It took them a little time to find a usable ford because the river was running quite swift and was four feet deep in places. Grant felt some fear in crossing as he had never learned to swim. He waited until his wagon crossed and held on the back, at times floating as the wagon pulled him through the water. Everyone crossed safely but were so wet that Captain White had the company hold up a day while everything was dried out.[48]

The terrain the emigrants were passing was slowly changing from forest and rivers to more of a prairie-like landscape. Although a few buffalo had been seen prior to this, the White Company started seeing them in larger numbers and more frequently. Periodically Captain White would authorize Gardner or other skilled hunters, to include Robert, to try and shoot a buffalo to supplement their food. There were concerns, however, that the buffalo would stampede and the result could be dangerous, so White was selective as to when he allowed them to hunt buffalo for food.[49]

PLATTE VALLEY - DAYS 10-19, JULY 19-28

As the S.D. White Company continued west they came upon the sand ridge that somewhat delineated the start of the Platte Valley. Sandy soil and bluffs started making travel more difficult. In some places the wagons had to double hitch draft animals to pull wagons through the sandy areas. Once into the Platte Valley the days become somewhat routine and monotonous. Get up, walk, and go to bed. Another emigrant wrote,

> *"Frequently we had to tramp long distances to get water, and in some instances we had to make dry camp; that is, we camped in places where there was no water. Often we had to cook our meals when the rain poured down in torrents and drenched us to the skin and put out our fires. At other times, the wind blew so hard that our tents fell and our food in course of preparation became spiced with the sand to a greater or lesser extent, as the wind raised the soil and enveloped the camp in a cloud of dust."— Andrew Jenson*

On July 24, Captain White allowed the wagon train to camp early so they could celebrate the arrival of the Saints into the Salt Lake Valley nineteen years earlier.

FT. MCPHERSON - DAY 22, JULY 31

The White Company arrived at Fort McPherson (also known as Cottonwood Spring) on the evening of July 31. Fort McPherson was one hundred miles west of Fort Kearny. It had taken them 13 days to travel the 100 mile distance. The terrain was hard but crossing rivers was really what slowed them down.

Fort McPherson was one of the new forts established along the Oregon trail by the US Army as they tried to protect emigrants moving west. The Fort was only three years old and so it wasn't known by earlier pioneers. What most pioneers remembered of that particular area was the spring at that location known as Cottonwood Spring. This was the first spring water pioneers had to drink while traversing the Platte Valley. The water they drank before came from the rivers or ponds along the way. Cottonwood Spring was a resting place that had been anticipated for a few days.

Cottonwood also had the first telegraph office that was available to them since they left Wyoming, Nebraska. Captain Ricks, eleven days ahead of the White Company, telegraphed Salt Lake City on July 20.

> *"We pass here to-day. All well. Stock in good condition. T.E. Ricks"*[50]*— Desert News, July 26, 1866*

S.D. White didn't telegraph Salt Lake from Cottonwood. The train was moving fine, they had had no problems to speak of up to this point, they had had no deaths, and the weather had been outstanding. It had not rained a day since they left Wyoming, Nebraska.

The White Company purchased a few items at Fort McPherson but it really wasn't a supply post and wasn't expected to be. It did provide some protection to the travelers by just being there.

SIOUX LOOKOUT - DAY 24, AUG 2

The White Company departed Fort McPherson on the morning of August 2nd. Just a few miles into their travel they came upon Sioux Lookout, the highest point in Lincoln County, overlooking the Platte River and the Oregon Trail. During the Indian wars of 1864 and 1865 Sioux Lookout was used by both sides to monitor movements of the respective enemy. During the previous two years the area had been the sight of skirmishes between the US troops, travelers and Indians.

The wagon train continued on towards O'Fallon Bluffs. Robert would walk most of the time and was used to it but Agnes Ann, knowing how tired one became walking behind the wagon in the dust, would almost force Robert to trade her places so that he could rest. Both could ride in the wagon if they were going down hill (if it wasn't too steep). On the up hill trek, however, both had to get out and at times push to help the draft horses and mules get the wagon over the top. On the level one could walk and the other ride, with Mary Hannah riding all the time.

Pressing on to O'Fallon Bluffs from Fort Kearny was some thirty miles. But White and the other wagon masters felt that they needed to gain the higher ground for protection and anyway the Bluffs was a good camp site with wood and water. They arrived at O'Fallon Bluffs and set up camp. At O'Fallon Bluff the White Wagon train experienced its first death of an emigrant while on the trail. An older lady of 80 years, had passed away of "dropsy." William Grant had the dubious honor of lying with the body under a wagon until they could bury her in the morning light.[51]

Ricks at Platte Bridge

While the White wagon train was camped at O'Fallon Bluffs, the T.E. Ricks wagon train, the first to depart west in 1866, rolled into Platte Bridge Station, twelve days ahead of the White Wagon Train.

While T.E. Ricks' wagon train crossed the Platte Bridge and camped on the north side, he took the occasion to send a telegram.

> *"Aug 2, 1866 - We have passed here this evening. All well. T.E. Ricks"*

The next morning, August 3, Ricks continued west while Captain White's company left O'Fallon Bluffs behind. [52]

THE LOWER CALIFORNIA CROSSING, DAYS 26 AND 27, AUG 3-4

It took the White Wagon Train two days to travel from O'Fallon Bluffs to the Lower California Crossing of the Platte River 50 miles away. They arrived in the evening of August 4. They had been on the trail for 27 days.

The Oregon Trail was actually very broad. Depending on the time of year, the weather, the forage, and many other variables, the trail meandered anywhere through the Platte Valley. However, there were some locations where, due to geographic conditions, the trains were funneled into a narrow trail. The Lower California Crossing, a precursor to California Hill, was one of those narrow places. Ruts, worn into rock from the thousands of wagons going over California Hill had left their mark. The White Company came upon those ruts and followed them knowing they were on the trail to Zion. The pioneers in the wagon train were somewhat trail wise now and could handle the wagons and teams fairly well, but they were still amazed at the steep slope of California Hill. The experience of the teamsters and leaders paid off at the hill: the teamsters had to double-rig draft animals and pull the wagons up the hill. When they stopped to rest they would have the brakes set and large poles lodged into the wheels so that the whole wagon would not start rolling back down hill.

Robert and Agnes Ann along with Charles Gardner helped push the Duke wagon up California Hill. Even with double rigging it took effort. Robert kept cautioning Agnes Ann to take it easy and stop pushing so hard because he didn't want anything to happen to her and the baby. Agnes Ann, holding on to the same dream as Robert to get to Utah, would listen to his cautions but would put her shoulder to the wheel when needed to make sure the wagon kept moving west. The White train held up at Ash Hollow on the evening of August 5.

Ash Hollow

The White wagon train pulled into the camp site known as Ash Hollow after traveling 17 miles from Lower California Crossing. Ash Hollow fell between the "Y" of the Platte River to the south and the North Platte River to the North. Most of the wagon trains would rest at Ash Hollow for a day or two. The trees at Ash Hollow were the first the pioneers had seen for 100 miles. Emigrant E.B. Farnham described Ash Hollow.

> *"This is the best looking place we have seen for some time. It is a cool shady looking place fragrant with different kinds of flowers of which rose and jasmine are the principle. Grape vines and currant bushes are plenteous." Captain Howard Stansbury said of Ash Hollow, Several springs of delightfully cold and refreshing water were found, altogether the best that has been met with since leaving Missouri."*

Robert, for Agnes Ann's sake would have liked to rest an extra day at Ash Hollow, but he wasn't the wagon master. Agnes Ann was starting to show the strain of the trip. She needed to ride more and more in the wagon rather than swapping with Robert- which was all right with him but caused Robert to worry about her health. He had been able to shoot a rabbit or two and some squirrels with Two-Chance but the quantity was less than he expected. The additional wagon

train duties White had assigned him had limited his hunting.

The wagon train started out on the morning of August 6th with both animal and man rested and refreshed. They were traveling along the south side of the North Platte River when they came to one of the most spectacular landmarks on the entire trail, Chimney Rock.

Chimney Rock

Robert and Agnes Ann gazed at the large Chimney Rock that stood some 425 feet above the plain. From her diary, emigrant Elisha Perkins said,

> *"No conception can be formed of the magnitude of this grand work of nature til you stand at its base and look up. If a man does not feel like an insect, then I don't know when he should."*

After taking in the sight, the wagon train continued on for another 20 miles until they came to the area known as Scotts Bluff. They went into their routine of setting up camp for the night. Sam White set out two extra guards up on the bluffs so they could warn of any Indians moving into the area. The wagon train was moving ever deeper into hostile Indian country.

SCOTTS BLUFF - DAY 28, AUG 6

Scotts Bluff (now called Scottsbluff) was allegedly named after a man by the name of Scott who was left on the bluffs for dead by his friends. He surprised them, however, and survived the winter. Scotts Bluff was something of an obstacle for the emigrants. In the early years, the Oregon trail veered south, avoiding the bluffs, but after 1850 a shorter route at Mitchell Pass was used. Thus Mitchell Pass was the next destination of the wagon train. They left the next morning having slept the night with no interruption. Apparently the Indians were leaving them alone for now.

Mitchell Pass

The climb over Mitchell Pass was somewhat tiring for man and beast. White decided that the draft animals needed to rest up and so he called a halt early in the afternoon. The distance traveled that day was only 16 miles but it had been a hard 16. They settled in and enjoyed the rest and free time on the evening of August 7.

The next morning, August 8, they left Mitchell Pass starting a 20 mile day to a campsite at Lyman, Nebraska. It was a long day for the train as the terrain was up and down hills and through rivers. The wagons settled in camp east of Lyman later than usual because of the hard traveling. The pioneers were happy to hear Grant's trumpet signaling the end of the day. After eating a quick meal and securing the camp, It didn't take long for the camp to fall asleep, especially Agnes Ann, who had experienced some sickness because of the hard, bumpy ride. Robert offered to try and find some game to shoot to provide additional food for her but Agnes Ann knew how tired Robert must be, since he had to walk and help push the wagon up the pass, so she talked him out of hunting before dark. They closed their eyes on the evening of Aug 8, after a full month on the trail.

LYMAN, NEBRASKA - DAY 31, AUG 9

The next morning, the wagon train started with an air of expectation. The day's journey was going to be 25 miles and the destination was Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Besides having some supplies that could be purchased, Fort Laramie was a source of all kinds of information about what lay ahead. The word around the Wagon Train was that the Indians were causing problems.

The White wagon train rode into Fort Laramie on the evening of August 9. Because of expected hostile activity by the Indians, the number of soldiers at Fort Laramie had been increased by the U.S. Army. The reason for the increase was that some telegraph poles and lines had been cut down by the Indians and the soldiers' job was to keep the telegraph system running. Some additional troops were also sent on to Platte Bridge Station and Sweetwater Station in Wyoming.

The American Indian

The American Indian had been slowly losing land, lives, and livelihood to the white man. Each year, the number of violent acts on both sides escalated. Attacks, counterattacks and retaliatory attacks were occurring all along the Platte River in Nebraska and into Wyoming. Horses had become the common mode of transportation for Indians and were much better than traveling on foot. The horse extended the range of the Indian war party and the settlers and pioneers suffered the consequence of the greater range.

In 1865 the US Government, trying to keep the peace, worked with the Indians in the Platte/Arkansas River areas. But in the Wyoming area of the Wind Rivers and Powder River country, things were not so peaceful. In 1866, the interest of the US Government shifted to the Bozeman Road, which runs from Fort Laramie to the mines in Virginia City in Montana Territory.

Earlier in the spring, on April 14, 1866 the Indians and US military met at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Under the command of Colonel Taylor, the government was trying to make agreements so that the US military could build forts along the Oregon trail to protect the travelers, settlers and the telegraph system. These were sensitive issues since the Indians were suspicious of every move of the horse soldiers. They had been deceived before. The Chiefs correctly foresaw the posts as a permanent presence of a military force in their lands, which presence would speed up the settlement of their land. [53]

Some of the Indian Chiefs wanted peace and had at least agreed to the discussion at Fort Laramie in hopes of finding peace. The Sioux chiefs Red Cloud and Spotted Tail had assembled their bands in preparations for the meeting concerning the North Fork of the Cheyenne River, an area called Belle Fouche. It was directly north and north west of Fort Laramie and Fort Casper, Wyoming. During the meeting there was some dissension within the ranks of the Indians back in camp because of the conciliatory stance of Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. Lame Minnie, Gougon, and other Ogalala young warriors were inciting unrest among the other Indians and trying to gather together a war party. They wanted no part of reconciliation. According to Colonel Taylor, Red Cloud and the other chiefs suppressed the uprising by killing the young warrior's horses and cutting up their lodges. The action delayed the discussions. Both parties agreed to meet again in June.

In June 1866, a delegation of Brule and Ogallala Sioux, led by Red Cloud, met again with military officials at Fort Laramie. The issue was improvement and fortification of the Bozeman Road. The road crossed some prime buffalo-hunting range of the Sioux and was a sticky issue. During the meeting, Colonel Henry Carrington arrived at Fort Laramie with 700 soldiers after marching from Fort Kearny in Nebraska. The timing was very poor. Red Cloud considered the presence of the additional soldiers a threat by the US. This added fuel to a smoldering fire of mistrust and he broke off negotiations and left. The US Army soldiers continued with their orders and begin constructing Fort Phil Kearny (different than the Fort Kearny in Nebraska), near the mouth of the Tongue River on the Bozeman Road. The settlers and Army units in the Powder River area were sporadically under siege by Red Cloud as opposition expanded.

Red Cloud declares War

On July 16, 1866, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Roman Nose, Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, and Lone Hand, among others, officially declared war on the White man.

EARLY-DAY INDIAN CHIEFS
Left to right: 1. Spotted Tail (Indian name: "Shan-tag-a-lisk), murdered by Crow Dog, 1881. 2. Roman Nose, engaged in the Caspar Collins massacre. 3. Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, also in the Collins massacre. 4. Lone Hand, Sioux warrior. 5. Whistling Elk, one of Red Cloud's men. 6. Pipe, a Cheyenne warrior. 7. Unidentified. (Photograph taken at Fort Laramie in 1867, after the Indians had signed a "Peace Paper" and agreed to go to the Indian Agency in Dakota. Original copy on file in Missouri State Historical Society.

While White was trying to find out the "lay of the land" to the west from travelers at Fort Laramie, emigrants with money took some time out to supplement their food and supplies. William Grant wasn't one of those with money and he had a problem. Grant had been poor when he started from England and he was still poor. He had .50 cents left and he had to do something for Lizzie, his daughter. She had continued sick after catching cold during one of the rain storms at Wyoming, Nebraska. The energy needed to travel each day, coupled with the lack of good food and medicine was taking her life. Grant had watched the slow decline of Lizzie and was frustrated with his inability to help. He bought some cheese and a bottle of medicine for her with his last fifty cents. Now he was penniless. They had nothing but bacon, molasses and flour to eat.

Supplemental food from hunting was not as good as Grant had hoped for just as Robert had found out. He thought the Ricks Company who was ahead of them three or four days and was driving away the game. In actuality, the Ricks Company was nine days ahead, but the effect was probably still the same. The game was shy and the result was no fresh meat for the travelers. There was nothing he or his wife could do but tend to Lizzie as best they could, give her the meager medicine and cheese he had bought, and pray that she would somehow find the strength to overcome her illness. [54]

Robert also took advantage by adding to his food supplies while at the Fort. He still had a little money left and so he purchased some eggs and cheese for Agnes Ann. He also made sure he had powder, shot, and percussion caps for Two-Chance so that he could continue to hunt animals along the trail. Recently he had been more successful in his hunting, supplementing their diet of flour, bacon and beans with rabbits and birds.

The Wagon Train left the comfort of Fort Laramie on the morning of August 12 and headed for Heber Springs. Heber Springs was named after Heber C. Kimball after he traveled through in 1847. The train also passed Register Cliff, so named because of the rock face that invited those passing to scratch their name into its surface. They spent the night at Heber Springs and started out on the morning of August 13 for Silver Creek. August 13 was a sad, significant day in the life of William Grant and his family.

SILVER CREEK - DAY 35, AUG 13

The wagon train did not travel too far this day. Captain White realized that the Grant baby's health was getting worse and he hoped that by stopping the wagon train the baby could get some additional rest. Even with the added cheese and application of the medicine that her father had bought at Fort Laramie, she was not responding. Soon after the wagons stopped, Lizzie Grant passed away. Grant and Louisa were heartbroken. Lizzie had been the favorite of the family. She had been watched over by her older sisters and brothers and a special bond had developed among them. Now she was gone. William Grant wrote in his autobiography,

> *"After being 5 weeks out, at a place called Silver Creek, our darling Lizzie was much worse and in two or three minutes after the wagon stopped she died there which was a hard trial to us - August 13, 1866."*

Those who were watering livestock and circling wagons and gathering fuel for the evening meal watched as the small family walked a short distance away from the camp site, with Lizzie's body in their arms. The family had wrapped her in her favorite blanket and found a special place for her grave. They dug a shallow grave and placed their daughter in it. They covered the small body with dirt and then placed rocks and brush over the top hoping to mask its location from predators. After holding a short ceremony and saying a prayer, they went back to the camp and waited for the night to fall. The whole camp was subdued that evening and Grant had an especially hard time playing the evening reverie. Such were the trials of many pioneers as they crossed the plains.[55]

The train left the next morning, August 14, with the wagons strung out in a long line. Grant and his family kept looking back to where they had buried Lizzie. Finally they could no longer see the spot and they knew that they probably would never see that spot again while on this earth. This was the second death, first child the wagon train had experienced on the trail and it affected all.

A general perception of death on the pioneer trail was written by Alfred James Mokler. He wrote,

"From 1840 to 1867 there were at least 5,000 newly-made graves along the 300 miles of the Oregon Trail between Fort Laramie and South Pass. Most of them were unmarked, and in many cases all signs of a grave were obliterated, to prevent the Indians from finding and digging up the bodies and robbing them of their burial clothes, and then leaving the remains on the plains as food for coyotes. It was indeed a trail of suffering, misery, and death. There was not a mile along the route of which it could not be said: 'The place whereupon thou standest is sacred ground.'" [56]

PLATTE BRIDGE STATION AT FORT CASPER - DAY 37, AUG 15

Platte Bridge Station, also known as Platte Bridge when Robert arrived in 1866, was a small but important location for the S.D. White wagon train. The Station was located between Fort Laramie to the east and the South Pass to the West. Later named Fort Casper, (note different spelling from Casper), the Station had been under sporadic attack by Indians for over a year. It's strategic location was important both to the Indian and to the white man.

For the Indian, it represented an encroachment near their sacred hunting grounds north in the Wind River and Powder River area. For the White man, the Fort provided protection to pioneers as they crossed the North Platte River for the last time It also provided shelter for the soldiers as they tried to protect the telegraph lines that had been in-place since 1861.

In the summer of 1865, one year before the arrival of the White Wagon Train, the Indians, led by Red Cloud, decided to annihilate Platte Bridge Station. In June, they started appearing on the bluffs north and northwest of the bridge. Their numbers increased to an estimated 2,000-3,000 Indians around the Station which had about 120 soldiers. Right at this critical time, a wagon train was camped at Willow Springs and was due to come east to the Station, directly through the Indian's camp. Major Anderson, the Station Commander, was told of the predicament in the early morning hours but choose not to warn the wagon train and the wagon train set out the next morning, not knowing of the danger. They walked right into the ambush.

When Major Anderson realized the train was in trouble, he ordered Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins, who was transiting through the Fort (and not necessarily under the command of the Major), to take 25 soldiers and assist the wagon train that was now under siege. Lt. Caspar rode across the Platte Bridge and straight into a massacre. The wagon train was destroyed, as was the rescue party. After two days of skirmishes the Indians left. The military was able to hold on to the Station the rest of the summer and winter with assistance from Fort Laramie.

The spring of 1866 brought renewed efforts by the Indians to drive the white man from their area. The military, realizing that Lt. Caspar had been a good soldier who followed orders even though it meant certain death, had petitioned headquarters to change the name of North Platte Station to Fort Casper. The name change was being considered even as the White wagon approached the Station.

Crossing of the North Platte

On August 15, 1866 in the mid-morning hours, the S.D. White Wagon train rolled up on the

south side of the river ready to cross the 12 foot wide, 1000 foot long bridge. The loss of two members of their wagon train had dampened their spirit but the losses were relatively small in comparison to some other wagon trains in the summer of 1866. The wooden bridge tended to buoy their spirits because crossing the North Platte River would be easy. They wouldn't have to ford the river and get clothes and supplies wet. [57]

FORT CASPAR, COMPLETED 1866
Sketched by Bugler C. Moellman, Company G, Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. Post was abandoned October 19, 1867, and only a few days later the buildings and the bridge were burned by the Indians. This part of the country was then abandoned to the Indians. Emigrants to the Oregon Country thereafter traversed the "Southern" route.

The Station itself consisted of only four or five small cabins, with few supplies. There were a few Indian tepees near the cabins, housing friendly Indians who were helping the military at the Station. The military population of the Station had ballooned because of renewed hostilities by the Indians. The telegraph office in the northern-most cabin kept the Station apprised of activity up and down the telegraph line. Any interruption of the line or request for help would cause a detachment of soldiers to leave for the trouble spot. The Station Commander, however, always kept enough troops nearby to protect the Station.

Samuel D. White took the opportunity to drop into the telegraph office in the northern most cabin of the Station and write a short telegraph to Church Headquarters in Salt Lake City.

"Passed here today, all well. S. D. White."

He didn't mention the death of Lizzie Grant that occurred one day earlier.

While he was sending the message the wagons slowly crossed the bridge. The stories about the year-old battle that had happened just across the river circulated throughout the wagon train as they waited their turn on the bridge. The stories were not pleasant. The stories told of the loss of the wagon train and the killing of Lt. Caspar and his rescue detail of 24 men by the Indians.

After crossing the river, the pioneers turned north by north west and traveled through the battleground of the year before, continuing towards Avenue of the Rocks. [58]

Before coming upon the Avenue of the Rocks the wagon train had to cross some inhospitable country. The area had large deposits of alkali at ground level that made the edges of any bodies of water as white as sun-dried bones. The water was poisonous and the pioneers had to keep their livestock from drinking the water. The area was also known for having rattlesnakes and the travelers took precautions not to tromp upon them as they walked through the area. There still was no good water until Willow Springs which was just ahead.

Chapter Five

CAMPED AT WILLOW SPRINGS - DAY 37, AUG 15

The White wagon train arrived at Willow Springs, some 19 miles past the Platte Bridge Station, on the evening of August 15th. Robert found that Willow Springs was a relative descriptive term. The spring was near the bottom of a hill that sloped upwards to the north. Looking in that direction he could see a saddle between a hill to the east and a higher hill to the west. It was a natural area for drainage of water from the higher elevations. The willows, for which the spring was named, had been thinned over the years by the westward travelers. However, it was the first good water after the alkali fields. One earlier traveler wrote,

> *"We found some small patches of grass and some water in a number of places. We got to the Willow Springs about noon which is a good campground for a small camp." — Levi Jackman* [59]

The White wagon train was only the second train through that summer so the area was not as travel worn as it would be later in the year. The water from the spring was running and there were two soggy areas on two levels that made up the spring. Higher on the hillside about 150 yards to the north was the main location for the spring, where the first water came to the surface. Then a small separation of dry land ran east to west and then another soggy, larger swamp-type area could be seen. Looking south from the spring, Robert could see hills falling away towards the valley of the Platte River, some eight miles distance. Because of the fresh water at Willow Springs and the prospect of the Sweetwater River one day west, the wagon train did not have to stay near the Platte River.

Circling the Wagons

Upon arrival in the late afternoon at Willow Springs, Robert helped make camp in a flat area just south of the lower swamp. As normal, they brought the wagons into a circle, making it large enough to hold the horses and mules. Having been warned of Indian activity in this area, they wanted to make sure they didn't loose any livestock. They watered the animals and allowed them to graze until dusk under the watchful eyes of guards and then moved them into the circle. As a double caution they hobbled the animals so that they couldn't be easily stampeded. Sam White added two men to the usual night guard and put them on horses, hoping to protect the train. At least they might give an early warning should problems erupt.

While the livestock were being watered and brought into the circle, dinner at the various wagons was being prepared by the women and younger children. There were no trees in the local area and no one wanted to wander too far from camp, so all that could, gathered dried sage brush for the fire. The dry wood burned hot but quick so it took much more sage brush to cook dinner than it did if wood were used. With the fires going, kettles of water were heated for cooking meat or potatoes. Frying pans were heated to fry bacon which provided grease for cooking the rest of the meal. The wagon train had been on the trail for some 37 days and food was down to the basics unless it could be supplemented by hunting or fishing.

At twilight, standing in camp and looking west, Robert could see a ridge called "Prospect Hill." It

would be tomorrow's challenge. Although the track looked fairly smooth, the grade was steep enough and long enough to tax the livestock as the wagons were pulled up and over. The name "Prospect" came from the western view at the top of the ridge, one could see the range of mountains that comprised the continental divide and gave one a "prospect" of what was next.

Mosquitoes - A Curse

After the usual camp prayer and taps played by Grant, the camp settled in for the night. They had traveled some 24 miles that day and rest was welcomed—but it was hard to come by. The reason was mosquitoes. They had been fighting them all along the trail but in Wyoming it seemed that they increased in numbers and were more aggressive. Mosquitoes swarmed around both animal and man and the only protection was to cover up under a blanket or coat so that they couldn't get at you. Even a small area of the body left unprotected drew hordes of the pests. The livestock were bothered by the numbers and there had been stories of horses and oxen being driven mad by the mosquitoes.

Sleeping under a cover or blanket was somewhat stifling, so one had to decide whether a few bites by mosquitoes was worth breathing fresh air, or whether you suffocated under the blanket. What was worse, if you went to sleep and an arm or leg became uncovered, there was the devil to pay because of the mosquitoes bites on the exposed appendage. Robert crawled under the covers after he was sure that Mary Hannah was bundled away inside the wagon box with blankets around her and Agnes Ann was covered well against the mosquitoes.

WILLOW SPRINGS, DAY 38, AUG 16, MORNING

An Idea and a Plan

The morning of August 16th brought with it clear skies and warm weather. With the 6:00 a.m. sounding trumpet of Grant, the camp stirred to life. The livestock had remained within the wagon circle and the early morning guards were already moving them north to the spring to water them prior to hitching them to the wagons. Robert and Agnes Ann, along with the other pioneers, started their fires. They hoped that the smoke would discourage some of the mosquitoes that were buzzing around so early in the morning. Agnes Ann used one of the last eggs that she had saved from their purchase at Fort Laramie and mixed it in with the flour and bacon to make breakfast a little different. They finished eating and cleaned up, dousing the fire with water from the spring and stowing their blanket and other items in the wagon so that they could leave.

As Robert went out to get the horses for their wagon he saw antelope grazing on the hillside northwest of the camp. He returned back to the wagon with the horses and as he was hitching the animals to the wagon he mentioned to Gardner what he saw and asked if they would have a chance at shooting one for additional food. Agnes Ann was feeling poorly because of her pregnancy and Robert explained that if she had some fresh meat, it would greatly help her. Gardner considered the idea and said that if they could get within rifle distance of the antelope, they probably could take one, as antelope tended to be more curious and less frightened than deer. . .and antelope meat was great eating.

After they had the wagon in running order and everything stowed for the days travel, Gardner approached Duke and told him of his plan to take Robert and see if they could get an antelope or two for food. Duke discussed the idea with Gardner because they had been warned by the soldiers about Indian war parties being in the vicinity. They both agreed that they hadn't seen any sign of Indians since they left Platte Bridge Station and it was worth the chance to get some fresh meat. Because they would have to go north by north west while the wagon train was going southwest, Gardner and Robert would each have to ride a horse so that they could catch up with the wagon train down the trail.

Duke reminded Gardner that he and Robert needed to join up with the wagon train four miles west at the base of Prospect Hill because they would need all the horsepower they could get to take the wagons up the long incline. Duke cautioned them not to wander too far, but knowing that Gardner was an experienced hunter, the caution was more of a courtesy than an order.

Gardner got his rifle and Robert got old Two-Chance and they saddled up a couple of horses. Telling Agnes Ann that he would join up with the train in a couple of hours, Robert rode north out of camp with Gardner. Turning in his saddle, Robert glanced back at the wagon, making sure that Agnes Ann was sitting on the tailgate and Mary Hannah was riding comfortably inside. Agnes Ann waved and blew him a kiss for good luck.

> *"They started out to go, not going in the direction that the train was going, but off into the low foothills that they were passing at the time."— William Daybell*

As the two hunters approached the south side of the hill, Gardner half listened to Robert talk about the antelope as he surveyed the area with his experienced eye. He had lived on the frontier and around Indians long enough to know that one must always keep an eye out for danger. But he didn't noticed anything out of the ordinary. [60]

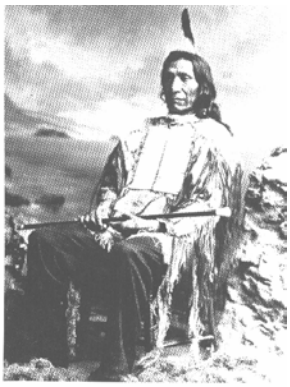
> *"As they came to a little mountain one said to the other, 'You go on that side of the hill and I will go on this side of the hill and we will meet around on the other side.' This they did. They took their guns and they separated."— William Daybell*

Gardner realized that the antelope must have moved around on the east and north side of the hill. Knowing that they had a chance to surprise them, he and Robert stopped and discussed how they could get in close. Gardner told Robert to circle the hill on the east side while he would circle on the west side. They would meet on the north side, hoping to drive the antelope into one or the other so they could get a good shot. With that agreement, they split up and started the pincer movement. Neither man realized that they were being watched.[61]

Red Cloud Raiding Party

The warnings given by the soldiers at Platte Bridge Station had some substance. The Sioux, declaring war in July against the white man, conducted some hit and run raids in the Powder River area, north of Platte Station.

The Indians had been very patient. They had seen the same emigration scenario for some 18 years and they knew what to expect. That is, after the white man's wagons went east, they returned headed west loaded with supplies and driving livestock. They knew that many of the travelers were novices when it came to living on the plains and at times it was fairly easy to stampede the livestock or steal supplies. So, knowing that the wagons had been east, the Indians in the Wind River area organized a war party and moved south to watch for the returning wagons loaded with supplies. However, they missed the first train of the season.



Red Cloud

The T.E. Ricks wagon train had passed by Willow Springs some 14 days earlier, but the war party didn't mind. Led by Red Cloud and assisted by Roman Nose, Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, and Whistling Elk, all veterans of the Fort Casper massacre of the year before, the party arrived in time to watch the next train. [62]

When the White wagon train came into the area on the afternoon of August 15, Red Cloud and his band watched from the high ground to the north of Willow Springs. The distance was such that they were not easily seen but the war party could easily see the wagon train. The ground slopped away to the Platte River, a few miles South of their location.

They watched as the wagons were circled and the livestock watered in the waning light. They noted that additional guards had been set out by the wagon master, some on horses. This complicated the possibility of stampeding the livestock which was what they wanted. Failing that, they hoped to steal some supplies or at least a horse or two. Getting some scalps would be an added benefit.

The raiding party watched as the camp fires were lit and the livestock was moved into the center of the circled wagons. Noting that the white man put hobbles on their horses and mules, the warriors realized that stampeding them in the night would not work. They heard the notes from the trumpet as the camp closed down for the night. After discussing the situation, they decided to wait until the morning to see if the wagon train dropped its guard, giving them an opportunity to attack. Red Cloud and his men moved back a mile or so to the north and settled in for the night, out of sight of the wagon train.

Sunrise the next morning found the war party back in their observation spots watching the wagon train. They had divided up this time, with Red Cloud's band on the west side of the west hill while the other band, led by Whistling Elk, hunkered down on the east side of the east hill. They figured that if they could get a chance to attack the wagon train, coming from two directions would be to their advantage.

While watching the morning sunrise to the east, the two war parties heard the faint trumpeting as the wake-up call was played by William Grant. Like an agitated ant bed the camp started moving. The livestock were led towards the war party's northern positions as they were watered at the springs in preparation for the days travel. The additional guards were still in place and kept a sharp lookout for problems, so both raiding parties stayed out of sight. An attack wasn't looking too promising.

As the final preparations were made by the pioneers and the first wagons started west towards Prospect Hill, the war parties saw two men on horses move away from the wagon train and start towards Red Cloud's position on the west side of the west hill. Not understanding exactly why the riders were coming their way, Red Cloud decided to drop back to the north west, around the hill. This would allow his band to stay out of sight of the wagon train, as it headed southwest, but still be able to watch the two lone riders coming their way.

Ambush

As the Raiding Party dismounted and quietly fell back, the warriors noted that the two riders kept coming. At the base of the first hill the two riders stopped and talked. Although they were too distant to be heard, from the pointing and then from their actions, it was apparent to Red Cloud that they were going to circle the hill, one rider on each side. In fact, one rider did start towards Red Cloud's position. He wasn't sure what to think. Here was a white man on a horse with a rifle riding directly at his band. He hand signaled Whistling Elk to hold where he was while he quickly dispersed his band into the waist-high sage brush on the second hill. One of the braves took the horses out of sight into a nearby dry gully. Red Cloud signaled to his braves that they wanted to take the white man quietly, if possible, because shots would be heard by the other white man and he would bring help in a hurry. So the war party drew themselves back into the sage brush and waited for the white man to ride into the ambush.

Robert started north around the east side of the hill. He had old Two-Chance laying across his saddle with both barrels loaded, knowing that if he could just get within range of one of the antelope he could bring it down. He had been shooting Two-Chance for almost a year and felt very confident that if he could see it, he could shoot it. All he needed was to draw a bead on an antelope and there would be meat on the table tonight!

He continued around the east and then started west along the north side of the first hill and was surprised when he didn't see any grazing antelope. He stopped and surveyed the area, trying to figure out where the antelope had gone. As he looked west and south to find Gardner and to check on the wagon train, he saw some movement out of the corner of his right eye but when he looked in that direction, he didn't see anything that might have caused the movement. He looked back south and saw that Gardner was just starting to come into view. Thinking that the movement he had seen was grazing antelope, Robert decided to ride again to the north and east. He and Gardner had agreed on meeting at the base of the first hill, but since the antelope had moved on, he might as well try the next hill. He dearly wanted to bring back some additional meat for Agnes Ann since she was laboring with the pregnancy. He could see the wagon under the rising dust, so he wouldn't be too hard pressed to join back up with them after checking the next hill. He turned his horse towards the next hill and started out.

Meanwhile, Gardner went west around the South side of the first hill and hadn't seen one

antelope. It took him a few more minutes of riding before he was able to see that Robert was riding towards the next hill.

> *"Instead of my brother coming around the hill to meet him he (Gardner) saw him go up another hill a little farther ahead."— William Daybell*

That wasn't what they had agreed on and Gardner started "helloing" and waving his hat trying to get Robert's attention. He didn't get any reaction from Robert and slowly Robert rode out of sight on the east side of the second hill. Gardner decided that it wasn't worth riding hard to catch him because they could still see the wagon train which was where they were to join up. So thinking that Robert could rejoin the train, Gardner started south west towards the dust trail of the wagon train. He noticed as he got closer to the train that it had varied some from the route they thought it would take but Gardner thought the difference wasn't enough to cause problems for Robert.

Robert continued around the east side of the second hill, riding quietly in hopes of getting close to the antelope he thought were just ahead. He kept glancing back and forth hoping to see some kind of movement that would reveal the location of the antelope before he spooked them. The horse was walking at a slow gait, giving Robert an easy ride while not making much noise.

Suddenly Robert felt something hit him in the left side just above his hip, as if someone had hit him with a rock. It was puzzling because he thought he was all alone. The horse shied to the right at the impact, but then continued on. Robert glanced down and saw the shaft of a feathered arrow protruding from his left side. His reaction to the arrow was not as quick as that of the Indian who jumped from the sage brush, ran two steps, swept Robert out of his saddle and on to the hillside. The swiftness of the attack did not give Robert a chance to pull Two-Chance's trigger let alone to bring the rifle up for a shot. Before he knew it, Robert was pinned to the ground by the Indian. The shock of what was happening was so great that he did not feel pain from the arrow nor from the fall from his horse. His mind seemed to be running in slow motion as he saw other Indians silently materialize around him. Finally motion caught up with mind and he felt a sharp pain deep within his body. He knew he was in trouble.

Meanwhile, Gardner, not suspecting that anything was wrong, continued on towards the wagon train, occasionally looking back to signal Robert to come in if he saw him. The longer he rode the more he decided that maybe Robert had found an easier way to the wagon train, maybe through a gully, and he would be at the wagon train when Gardner arrived. Periodically checking, but no longer worried, Gardner caught up with the wagon train and searched out the Duke wagon. Robert wasn't there. He checked with Agnes Ann and when she showed concern that Robert hadn't returned, he told her that no doubt Robert would ride in shortly. Gardner then sought out Duke to see if he had seen Robert or if the Wagon Master had sent Robert on an errand. Both had not seen him and had thought he was with Gardner. Now Gardner was worried.

With concern for his fellow hunter, Gardner rode to the rear of the wagon train trying to spot Robert coming in. There was no sign of him. The wagon train couldn't be stopped by him—only the Wagon Master had that authority. Anyway, the train was visible for a number of miles as it started up Prospect Hill, so if by chance Robert was lost, he could easily see the wagon train by looking to the west. Gardner rode back to the Duke wagon and helped pull it up the long Prospect Hill towards their next camp site.

For Robert, time seemed to stand still. The Indian who appeared to be the leader stood over the Robert who was lying on the ground on his back. A red circle was gradually growing where the arrow had entered his side. One of the Indians had grabbed Robert's horse during the attack to make sure it didn't run off towards the wagon train. It would be a good prize. The leader saw Robert's rifle laying in the sagebrush and walked over, picked it up and studied it. It was an older black powder and ball rifle with an over and under barrel, but if the white man had ammunition with him it could be used by one of his men who still used bow and arrow. But a bow and arrow had its place in the band's arsenal, especially when silence was important as just proven. While he was looking at the rifle, the other Indians went through Robert's pockets, took his powder horn and shot, and removed items they wanted. Robert remains still, feeling the pain in his side but also recognizing that he was completely out manned.

The leader, Red Cloud, moved over to Robert again. With a prod from his foot, Robert opened his eyes. Having dealt with the white man before and speaking some English, Red Cloud asked Robert why he rode away from the wagon train. Robert answered that he was hunting antelope for meat for his sick wife. Red Cloud told him the game and land belonged to the Indian, not the white man, and they should leave the land. Red Cloud hand signaled Whistling Elk and his band who were still watching for the other rider to come in and he waited for them. Robert, in the meantime, realized that he was loosing blood and strength. He blacked out for a moment and then regained conscience when a stab of pain coursed through his side. He held the arrow with his right hand but noticed that blood kept running through his fingers and dripping on the ground. Every few minutes he coughed and spit up blood.

The realization that he wasn't going to see Agnes Ann or Mary Hannah again started to seep into his mind but he refused to acknowledge it. They needed him! He had given everything to bring his small family to Zion and he couldn't stop now when they were so near. Agnes Ann was pregnant again and who would take care of her? Wasn't he out doing just that, trying to find fresh meat so Agnes Ann could feel better? He thought of his father and mother and brothers and sisters, already living in Zion and awaiting his arrival. Oh there would be joyous times and happy tears and thankful hearts when he and his family arrived in Utah. It would be the answer to his prayers and fulfill years of hope and faith and work.

The nagging premonition of death moved towards reality. Robert realized his life blood was flowing out onto the hillside at Willow Springs. With reality suddenly clear, he tried to stand up to get one last look at the wagon train where Agnes Ann waited. His efforts were for naught as his legs wouldn't support him and the Indians, thinking he was trying to flee, pushed him back onto the ground. Robert closed his eyes and silently prayed,

> *"Heavenly Father. I tried my best and thought our life in Utah would fulfill thy will. I'm short of the mark. Please look after Agnes Ann and Mary Hannah and the unborn child. Let them enjoy Zion as I would have. Amen"*

When Robert opened his eyes, the Indians saw a change in the man. Rather than fear and pain, they saw in Robert's eyes calmness and peace. A weak smile crossed his lips as he turned his head to Red Cloud and said, "May your people have peace, as I feel peace." And he died.

Away to the East

When Whistling Elk arrived with his braves, Red Cloud decided that they needed to hide the body of the white man and leave the area. The men from the wagon train would probably come looking for their lost member. The warriors dragged Robert's body over to the dry gulch and threw it in the bottom, covering the remains by caving in the side of the bank. They went back to where Robert had been ambushed and covered up most of their tracks, kicking dirt over the blood on the dirt and wiping out tracks with brooms of sage brush. After they had covered what they could, they mounted their horses and rode east at a fast clip, parallel to the pioneer trail but with the hills still between them and the trail. Their goal was to find the next wagon train, their second target. Like a caterpillar over a stick, the wagon train with one less pioneer continued west as it climbed up and over Prospect Hill.

WEST OF PROSPECT HILL, DAY 38, AUG 16, EVENING

The White wagon train continued down the western side of Prospect Hill covering 13 miles. They stopped near some standing ponds of water that were covered with a green substance. The water here was more abundant than had been found at Willow Springs. An earlier traveler described it as

> *"Some frost this morning near the creek. We passed this morning a number of what we then called salt ponds, but proved to be saleratus ponds. We have come south direct for about 12 miles. We reached Still Water, at Independence Rock, at noon, and according to our measurement it is 174 1/2 miles from Laramie or Fort John. Some of the men went back at noon and got pails full of the saleratus which proved to be pure and good." — Levi Jackman* [63]

But none of these facts even entered into the mind of Agnes Ann. She was becoming more anxious and concerned by the minute with the absence of Robert. Gardner kept telling her that Robert would ride up at any moment, but that moment hadn't arrived.

The wagons of the White train were circled and the pioneers were settling in like they always did at the end of the day. Agnes Ann's concern was such that she went to the Wagon Master and asked him to send some searchers back for Robert. He tried to calm Agnes Ann down and told her that they would build a large fire as a signal and keep it going all night. That would be the best beacon if Robert had lost his way and needed a light to guide him home. Agnes Ann had no other option than to accept the plan because she was not in charge.

As the guard assignments were made, White told those who would be up to keep the main fire burning bright so that Robert could see it from far off and make it back to the train. As night fell lightening and thunder were heard to the north and slowly the rainstorm moved South through the camp. It cleared out the mosquitoes but it also tended to keep the fire from burning very bright. All night the guards kept feeding the fire and Agnes Ann kept getting up to check to see if Robert had arrived. She encouraged them to throw more fuel on the fire, just in case.

> *"That was the last that was ever seen of my brother for he never came to the train that night. They waited and watched, building big fires that he might be able to see his way back, but he never arrived at the train that night."— William Daybell*

Back at Heber Springs, the Chipman wagon train, some four days behind the White Wagon Train, went by the telegraph station and the Captain sent a telegram.

"I passed here this evening. All well. Captain Chipman" [64]

The Search for Robert Daybell

When the eastern sky began to lighten on August 17th, the night-storm had passed. Robert still was no where to be found. Agnes Ann went to Samuel White and spoke with him. She told him that she knew Robert was out on the prairie somewhere and that he needed help and she wasn't going another step closer to Utah until a search party was sent back for Robert. After some discussion as to keeping over 250 people from traveling and the impact it would have on their food supplies, White relented, and choose Gardner and 14 armed men to return on horse and mule to where Robert was last seen. The search party left camp with supplies enough to stay one night on the trail. Agnes Ann, watching them go, held Mary Hannah close to her and said a prayer that Robert would be found safe.

> *"Some of the teamsters went back and searched all night to see if they could get any trace of my brother, but they never got any trace of him. He was lost and lost for good."*
> *— William Daybell*

The search party rode back up the west side of Prospect Hill to the summit. They sat on the top for a while to get their bearings, let the horses rest, and to study the land to try and determine where Robert might have gone. Gardner pointed out the hills to the northeast where he and Robert had ridden and the search party started in that direction. As they traveled they realized that the rain storm of the night before had made tracking almost impossible. The rain had been heavy enough and long enough that it obliterated many of the tracks along the pioneer trail, let alone the tracks of one or two horses through the sage brush. They were going to have to rely on Gardner to get them as close as possible to where Robert was last seen and try to pick up his trail from there. It proved to be an impossible task.

Gardner was able to show them where they split up and in what direction Robert had gone but there were no tracks to help him out. The search party went around the north side of the first hill and then started around the second hill. Without tracks they weren't sure where Robert would have gone once Gardner lost sight of him so they split up in two groups. The first group rode east and then circled back to the north, around the hill and ending up on the west side of the two hills. the second group rode south and then circled to the west and then back north, meeting the first group on the west side of the hills.

The first group passed the scene of the ambush unbeknownst to them. The tracks and blood had been brushed away by the Indians and washed away by the rain. The gully bank, having been caved to cover Robert's body, was then washed over by the rain. It looked like it had been there for months rather than hours. The search party didn't find Robert's body. The two groups, camped on the west-side of the two hills, maybe a mile away from where Robert's remains were buried, kept a fire burning all night with guards posted.

The wagon train, in the meantime, took the rest time to repair harnesses and wagons and to check all their equipment because the hardest part of the trip was ahead.

That night the pioneers in the White wagon train gathered together as one and offered a prayer in behalf of Robert. Duke offered the prayer since he knew Finity and his family in Heber and

Robert and his family were in his care in the wagon train. Duke asked that the search party would be inspired in their search and find him well. All went to bed hoping that their prayers would be answered, but no one more than Agnes Ann.

THE SEARCHERS RETURN - DAY 40, AUG 18

The rising of the sun of August 18 only meant that Agnes Ann could see farther because her eyes had been open all night. She had sat up hoping and praying that she would hear a "Hellooo the camp" and the search party would ride in with Robert in their midst with a story of being lost and then found. She hadn't heard the call. She knew that the longer it went the less chance there was of his being found. She also knew that White was anxious to move on towards Utah. He had many other souls that he had to think of and take care of until they reach their destination.

White was patient throughout the day. Early in the evening a cry came through the camp that the search party was seen descending from Prospect Hill and would soon be in camp. They were still some distance away and Agnes Ann couldn't tell whether Robert was with them. She sat and waited, with a prayer on her lips.

As the party rode nearer she knew that Robert had not been found. The search party wasn't yelling and waving hats but were riding straight ahead, trying not to look at Agnes Ann. When the party had passed her wagon to report to White, Agnes Ann buried her face in a blanket in the wagon and cried. Mary Hannah was unaware of the crises being only eight months old.

White approached Agnes Ann with the "official" news that Robert had not been found and that the wagon train would continue on the next morning. He tried to buoy up her spirits by telling her of others who had been lost on the plains and then found, a little bit worn but in good shape. He was sure the same would be true with Robert. Agnes Ann accepted the attempts by White and others to comfort her but she realized that she was now on her own, heading to a strange place to meet family who were strangers and to bring her children up alone. She returned to the wagon and cried herself to sleep.

> *"The train stopped over but the Indians were bad; they had burnt the stage wagon station, horses and some telegraph poles. Captain White said we must go on, so the children and old people rode in the wagons. Every man took his gun and walked on the right side of the wagons. I drove the team. The teamster had his gun ready to shoot if the signal was given."* [65]*— Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys*

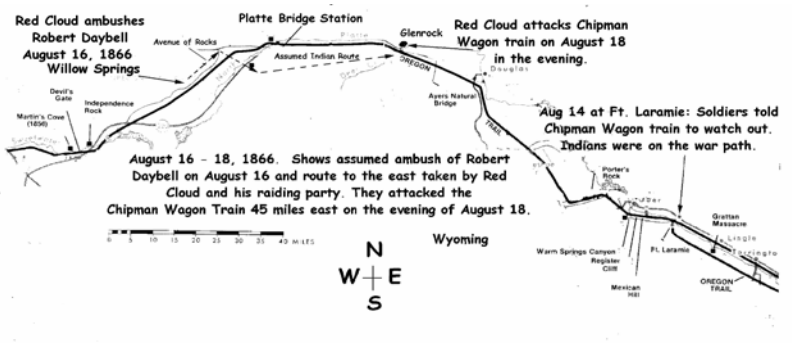
Red Cloud Attacks Again

While Agnes Ann fell into a fitful sleep, the raiding party of Red Cloud was wide awake. They had ridden some 45 miles in the two days, going east and then southeast, crossing the Platte River and circling to the south of Platte Bridge, looking for the next train. They came upon two ranches where they attacked the occupants, killing them and burning their cabins. They continued a little farther east and set up to pounce on the Chipman wagon train which had just camped for the night some fifteen miles east of Platte River Bridge.

The band found an observation post south of the Chipman camp and waited for the right moment. This time they got a break. Chipman had not set out as many evening guards as had White and besides that the guards were on foot, none on horse. In fact there were few horses in

the Chipman wagon train since the draft animals were oxen.

Red Cloud saw the opportunity. Splitting his raiding party the two groups rode out of the hills and stampeded the oxen towards the north in the direction of Wind River and Powder River area.



The Indians got away with 91 head of oxen in the raid. They had to drive the animals hard and fast, but if they were lucky and got them back to the Indian village, they might have plenty of food for the winter. Chipman, seeing the loss of oxen and realizing the impact it would have on his wagon train's ability to move forward, sent four men on horses to see if they could in some way get the oxen back

> *"August 18th— Today we had trouble with the Indians. We suppose they followed us. We had just corralled, and begun to cook our dinners, when the alarm came that the Indians were driving away our cattle. The boys followed them, but they got away with ninety-one head and wounded three."— Caroline (Hopkins) Clark*

The next day, August 19, Chipman sent a rider ahead to the Platte Bridge Station to telegraph Salt Lake City. He wrote,

> *"I have lost 90 head of oxen yesterday p.m., taken by Indians, and a few (oxen) killed. Send us oxen and provisions, or we shall leave freight at Platte Bridge. W.S. Chipman."*

The Chipman wagon continued on towards Platte Bridge without the 91 head of oxen. They passed Deer Creek where they found the burned cabins and dead homesteaders.

> *"August 20th— We passed Deer Creek. The same day the Indians took our cattle, they took all the possessions of two homes, killed the people, and burned their homes. A telegraph message has come to tell us Brigham Young is sending us some mule teams and provisions to help us."— Caroline (Hopkins) Clark*

The Chipman train arrived at the Platte Bridge and crossed over the river on August 22. With help coming from Salt Lake as indicated in the return telegraph, the wagon train continued on, arriving at the Avenue of the Rocks. They settled in on the evening of August 23. Upon arising the next morning, the men who went after their oxen drove in some 100 head that they had recovered from the Indians.[66]

> *"August 24th— This morning we were just starting when four of our men drove in about one-hundred cattle that they had taken from the Indians. We found the train (wagons) they belonged to and we gave them back."— Caroline (Hopkins) Clark*

SWEETWATER DAY 41, AUG 19

While the Chipman Wagon Train lost and then recovered their oxen from the Indians, the

White wagon train was mourning the loss of a pioneer. They knew they needed to continue on the trek westward but in doing so they were leaving one of their own behind. Brother Grant woke the camp a little earlier than usual with a less joyful tune. Captain White knew that the next stop had a telegraph office and wanted to get on the trail so they could let Salt Lake know of their status.

The wagon train moved out and traveled that day. Agnes Ann realized that with each turn of the wagon wheel Robert was a wagon wheel further away. Duke allowed her to ride full time in the wagon since her sadness had taken away almost the will to walk. Fortunately Mary Hannah was there to demand care and feeding, giving Agnes Ann a reason to keep functioning. White, with an increased concern for Indians, had the men of the wagon carry their guns and walk along side of the wagons, with the women and children riding in the wagons when possible.

In the early afternoon, the wagon train pulled into Sweetwater Station one mile east of Independence Rock. While the pioneers went into their normal pattern of making a circle of wagons, watering the livestock, building dinner fires, and generally preparing for the night, White rode over to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Salt Lake City.

> *"We laid over yesterday to hunt for a lost man by name of Robert Doble. (sic) could not find him. All is well." — Robert Duke* [67]

"Daybell" vs." Doble"

The telegraph operator apparently spelled Robert's last name phonically, writing "Doble" pronounced "doughblay" for "Daybell." With some 230 souls in the wagon train and families all over the Utah territory waiting word from the trains as to the status of their loved ones, friends and families, the misspelling probably caused some confusion. Even if Finity and his wife would have heard of the telegram, there could have been a Robert Doble as well as a Robert Daybell in the train. Agnes Ann wasn't confused, she cried herself to sleep in the wagon for the second night.

PASSING INDEPENDENCE ROCK, DAY 42, AUG 20

On the morning of August 20, the camp broke earlier than usual. Fortunately they did not have to start rationing food in the White Company but the fare was somewhat monotonous, flour, beans, and bacon. Soon after they started down the trail, they went by the south side of Independence Rock, between the rock and the river. As they passed, they noted that many a traveler had carved his or her name into the face of the rock, especially on the side facing the river. Some of the more adventuresome in the wagon train made the extra effort to climb to the top for a view both east and west. As the wagon train rounded the south and west corner of the rock, they crossed the Sweetwater River while it turned to the north and went through Devil's Gate.

Swinging around Devil's gate and continuing northwest, the train passed by one of the more tragic areas of the history of the Oregon Trail. In 1856, two handcart companies of Mormons were caught in an early snowstorm and blizzard while still going up the east side towards South Pass. The two companies, the Willie Company and the Martin Company were forced to seek shelter and hope that they would be rescued. The Martin Company of 500 had initially sought

shelter near Independence Rock but due to continued winds that drove the temperature into the sub zero realm, they moved into Martin's Cove which was on the west side of the ridge wherein was located Devil's Gate. Fifty-six people lost their lives while they were awaiting rescue. White had the word passed from wagon to wagon that they were passing hallowed ground.

Levi Jackman described the area where the White wagon train came down to Sweetwater and then continued west.

> *"This p.m. we crossed the creek which was about 3 rods wide and 2 1/2 feet deep. We went up the valley between the two ranges of mountains and turned west. The valley affords but little grass only on the margin of the creek. The production is mostly wild grease bush, etc., where we camped, which is about 7 miles from the rock (they camped farther east from the rock than did the White wagon train.) The creek runs through a notch in the mountain, only wide enough for the water to pass through, a distance of about 40 rods or more and the rocks standing almost perpendicular on both sides, about 200 feet high. It is a singular place and a fine situation for a mill. This is called the Devil's Gate. We went this day 15 1/2 miles. The country is mostly sand and gravel. Hard wheeling. Our provisions getting scarce; Curtis and I concluded to ration ourselves to one pint of flour or meat each day for each of us." — Levi Jackson* [68]

The evening of August 20th they made camp where there was plenty of wood and water. They noticed, however, that the trail west was gradually starting uphill. They were headed for South Pass.

SOUTH PASS - DAY 43, AUG 23, AFTERNOON

On August 23, S.D. White's wagon train made the summit of the Continental Divide. From the Telegraph Station located near the pass.

> *"My train passed here today, all well. S.D. White"*

It took White's train 8 days, including the two days they held up looking for Robert, to arrive at South Pass from Platte Bridge Station. The T.E. Ricks wagon train had passed through South Pass some 12 days earlier. [69], [70]

Red Cloud was gathering a force of some 3,000 Indians warriors to continue the declared war through 1866. The Deseret News made mention of it in their August 23 edition:

> *"The Indians are reported to be troublesome in the neighborhood of Fort Reno, Powder River, on the route from Ft. Laramie to Montana."— Deseret News, August 23, 1866*

The White wagon train continued on its trek west from South Pass. The scenery had changed from the plains of Nebraska to the sage brush of Wyoming and now to the red rock, sand, and pines of western Wyoming and Utah. Agnes Ann had settled down some and was able to cook and take care of the chores in the morning before jumping into the wagon and riding with Mary Hannah and in the evening. She continued to feel poorly, physically because of the pregnancy and the strain it placed on her as she was traveling in such circumstances, and mentally as she tried to reconcile the loss of Robert and imagine what her future would be like. She continued to carry some hope that Robert would catch up to the wagon train and ride in with his Two-

Chance on his shoulder and a great story on how he was lost but found his way back. But it had happened yet so Agnes Ann would softly cry herself to sleep each night, in the box of Duke's wagon. Things didn't change much as the wagon train made its way through the Bear and Green Rivers, and down Echo Canyon. After seven days of travel they stopped at the mouth of Echo Canyon at Chalk Creek.

Chapter Six

Sad Rendezvous at Chalk Creek

September 3rd was a remembered day in the history of the Daybell family. The S.D. White Wagon train rolled out of Echo Canyon expecting to meet family members and friends from Heber who had sent the wagon train east back in May. The Heber-ites traveled over from the south to meet the wagon train so that those pioneers who would settle in the Heber area would not have to travel on to Salt Lake City via Henefer and Emigration Canyon. Among the greeters were Finity Daybell and his wife.

As the wagon train came into sight with dust bellowing and wheels creaking, the greeters were really excited. Adolphia Young Duke, the son of Robert Duke was six and a half years old but he recalled his trip to meet his father at Chalk Creek, just north of Coalville at the mouth of Echo Canyon.

> *"We went just outside the city of Coalville, at Chalk Creek, where the train was coming down the hill. Our dog ran part way up the hill and jumped into my father's wagon." — A. Y. Duke* [71]

Adolphia didn't realize the human drama that was happening at the back of the wagon as he ran to his father, Robert Duke.

Finity and Mary (Draper) had left Heber City two days earlier to travel to Chalk Creek to meet their son, his wife, and their grandchild. They were excited. Neither Finity nor Mary had known Agnes Ann in England and of course had not met their grandchild, Mary Hannah. They were looking forward to this reunion with joy.

As Finity started down the line asking for the wagon of Robert Daybell he was directed on without any one mentioning Robert's disappearance. Finity finally saw Duke and his wagon. He and his wife jumped out of their wagon and approached the lady at the back who they guessed correctly was Agnes Ann. Agnes Ann, realizing who they were, broke down in tears and sobbed out the story of Robert's loss. After tears were shed by all, and Duke and Gardner giving their condolences, Finity and Mary gathered Agnes Ann and their grandchild and started the sad trip back to Heber.

The ride back was sad, interspersed with happy stories of Agnes Ann's trip and information about their daughter Ann and her husband William in England. Though polite enough not to ask, both Finity and Mary noticed the widening of Agnes Ann's waist and couldn't help but wonder if she were expecting another child. They discussed the idea privately between themselves when they got a chance.

SALT LAKE CITY - DAY 58, SEPTEMBER 5, 1866

The rest of the wagon train, minus those families that went to Heber, continued on to Salt Lake City via Henefer, East Canyon, and Emigration Canyon. They arrived at the Tithing Yards on the afternoon of September 5, 1866.

"Arrived- Cap Samuel D. White's mule train, 46 wagons, arrived on the afternoon of the 5th inst. Cap. White informs us that they had a very pleasant return trip. Only one shower and a rain on Bear River, and made the distance in 53 1/2 traveling days, lying by 3 days. There were 3 deaths on the route, one a very old lady, of dropsy, and two small children. W. Woodruff, jun, Roswell Knight, ---Richards, ---Phillips and Robert Watson, jun, returning missionaries arrived in this train. It was Robert Daybell, not Doble, who strayed from the train near Willow Springs, between the Platte and Sweetwater bridges. The company hunted for him two days and part of one night, but up to date he has not been heard from."— Desert News, Aug 30, 1866 [72] [73]

Chapter Seven

Agnes Ann in Heber

Finity, his wife Mary, and Agnes Ann and her daughter, Mary Hannah, returned to Heber on September 5, 1866. Finity's 14'x18' cabin had been moved in May from Charleston to north Heber near the fort because of the Black Hawk War and threat from Indians. Sarah, one of Robert's sisters wrote her recollections the way she spoke;

"In 1866 my Brother Robert left England for Utah. 'im and 'is wife and one child. He would have reached Utah within 2 weeks and then was lost on the plains and was never seen again. That was an awful blow to Father and Mother could not git over it for a long time and 'is poor young wife was a stranger to us. It was awful for her. When she here five months she 'ad another baby girl, but Father and Mother did all they could to make 'er comfortable and was very good to 'her."— Sarah (Daybell) Giles

William's Autobiography

William Daybell, in his autobiography The Life of William Daybell written in February 1932, described the circumstances after Agnes Ann arrived in Heber.

"It was a sorrowful time for my mother and for the Daybell family. We sorrowed very much at the loss of our oldest son. He had given his life for the gospel's sake, trying to get to Zion. His wife was still in poor health and there was weeping and sorrowing in that home for many a day and many a night. Every night there had to be three beds made upon the floor of that little cabin. My father and mother had one bed and set upon that mother had three or four straw beds. At night she used to take them off and put them on the floor to make a bed for her daughter-in-law and child and beds for the three children. That good sister would lie and cry every night till twelve o'clock and after, until sleep caused her to close her eyes, waiting every day thinking he would come, but he never came.

My father went to Brigham Young to get advice from him what to do, whether to take men and go back upon the plains and try to find him amongst the Indians, but Brigham Young counseled my father. He said, "No, don't go back to try to find him for if the Indians find that you are trying to get your son they will likely take his life. If he is alive he will sooner or later come back to you."

So it was settled in our minds at that time that nothing more could be done. So time went on to the last of November and then came a man to Heber City by the name of Saunders from Springville, a good Latter-day Saint but we had been told that he could tell us where our son and brother was, that he used a peep stone and that if my father could get him to come he would tell us what became of my brother. So my father went and found him and made arrangements with him that he would come to our house the next morning and see what he could do.

The time was set for him to come and he came the next morning on time. He said to my folks that he had faith that he could tell what had become of my brother. He was a good Latter-day Saint and before he started to do anything he had them all kneel down and have prayer. When the prayer was over he said to my mother, "Now Sister Daybell, tell me as near as you can the year, the month of the year, the day of the month, and as near the hour as you can when your boy was born." This she did. He sat with pencil and paper, and he was a man who understood some little of astrology. He wanted to figure out and find the planet under which my brother was born, which he did. And as he wrote and figured, he told my mother the life of her boy from his infancy up to the day that he was lost. He told her "Your son nearly lost his life in a fire." She said, "Yes, he and his father barely escaped from a burning coal mine." "And another time," he said, "your son nearly lost his life by drowning." She said, "Yes, they took him out of a pond for dead, but he was revived although his life had been very nearly taken." He even told her of the scars that he had upon his body, where they were, and all about it, causing my mother to believe everything that this good brother said to her."

Saunder's Peepstone

"So then he got the peep stone that he had and he selected my youngest sister, next to me in age (she at that time was eleven years old) (writer's note- the sister was Elizabeth.) He said, "I will give this to her as she is the youngest and you will believe all she says."

He wrapped the stone in a red handkerchief and put it in both of her hands. She sat with that between her two hands, one end of the stone bare so she could look into it. She sat down by his right side and he sat down at her left side, and he would ask her if she could see anything in the stone. She said, "No, I don't see anything. Then he reached over and touched the end of the stone with his finger. He said, "Now do you see anything?" She said, "Yes." "Whom do you see?" he asked. "I see my brother. "And what is he doing?" She said, "He is walking along an Indian trail on the side of the mountain." He then touched it again and asked her, "Now what do you see?" She said, "I still see my brother. He is on the side of a beautiful hill. He has his gun on his shoulder but he has no hat on his head." And then he touched it again and he said, "Now what do you see?" She said, "I still see my brother. He is on a beautiful hill, the moon is shining, he is kneeling down to pray." By that means my sister commenced to cry and he told her she mustn't cry, if she did he would have to take the stone away from her, so she dried her tears and looked again. He said, "Now what do you see?" "Oh." she said, "I see my brother, he is in a big river. He is in the water." He said, "Ask your brother why he doesn't come home." And she said, "Brother, why don't you come home?" Then she said that he went down under the water.

Mr. Saunders then took the stone away from her hands and he said, "Your son was drowned in the Platt River. When she saw him without his hat he was then bewildered, he was lost and that is how he came to undertake to cross the river." He couldn't swim, had never had that privilege to learn while a boy, and so he said that was the end of my brother's life.

So to make his words more convincing, while in our home, he then turned his attention to my brother's wife who sat there crying as though her heart would break. He said, "Will you tell me when you were born, as near as you can to the hour, and let me figure on the planet under which you were born." Which he did. He figured a while and at last he said to her, "My good sister, this is a great trial to you, but in about four and a half or five years you will marry again.' "No.'" she said, "I won't." "Yes," he said, "you will. You will marry a little light complexioned man." Of course, she became a little more cheerful then, and he said, "You will bring forth posterity by this little light complexioned man. The first children that you will have will be a pair of twin boys." Then she laughed and said it could not be. He told her other things that would happen in the future. . . .

But he said he would figure more on it and later on would send us more word, but he was convinced that my brother was drowned and not killed by the Indians.

But in going back, after the time of the talk with Saunders, she (Agnes Ann) lived with us and on the 11th day of January of the New Year she brought forth another girl baby, only a year and four days between the two children. That made two beautiful girls that had to be reared and taken care of. The one, the baby (Kate), remained with its mother after she (Agnes Ann) married and left our household, the older one was raised by my mother and was a constant companion of mine in the house, although I was nine years older than she. But she was raised in our household Her name was Mary Hannah Daybell.

Father saw him later on and he said he had written us a letter but we had never received the letter, but he said the conclusions that we came to that day were true."

The Peepstone Predictions

Widow Agnes Ann and her two children continued living in the Heber area. Some four years later Agnes Ann became acquainted with George Sharrett Moore. George Moore matched the description of a "little, light complexioned man" as given by Saunders based on his astrological calculations. On May 15, 1871 George and Agnes Ann were married. A year and a month later, on April 3, 1872, Agnes Ann gave birth to twin boys as predicted by Saunders. Agnes Ann named them Robert Daybell Moore named after her first husband and William Bancroft Moore named after her father.

Closing

There you have it esteemed reader. You know of the historical facts, circumstantial facts, and some suppositions that surrounded the life and loss of Robert Daybell. You know of the astrological and paranormal descriptions and predictions as put forth by Mr. Saunders of Springville. You can make your own determination as to what happened to Robert Daybell. But, I as you, will only know the truth when we meet Robert on the other side and ask him face to face, "What happened to you at Willow Springs on August 16, 1866?"

About the Author

Wynn Phillips was born in Ogden, Utah to Thomas Ray and Marian (Price) Phillips. He graduated from Ogden High School in 1961 and subsequently served a mission in Brazil. He returned in 1965 and attended Weber State College where he met his wife, Karen (Jones) of Pleasant View, Utah. He graduated from the University of Utah and entered the United States Air Force as a 2nd Lieutenant through the AFROTC program. He was a Federal Agent with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations, serving in a number of staff and command positions. He was Commander, AFOSI Detachment 1404 at Hill AFB, Utah from 1980 to 1983. He retired in 1989 as a Major and presently works at Utah State University Research Foundation as the Security Manager. He is on the Board of Directors of a national professional security organization. He and Karen are the parents of four children and are grandparents to nine. They reside in Pleasant View, Utah.

References

Daily Travel Log

Dates & Places of the White Wagon Train traveling from Wyoming, Nebraska to Salt Lake City, July 10 through September 5, 1866

Day	Calendar	Location of White Wagon Train	Left	Arrived
1	July 10	Wyoming, Nebraska (6 miles north of Nebraska City)	Morning	
		Syracuse, Nebraska		Evening
2	July 11	Syracuse, Nebraska	Morning	
		South of Palmyra, Nebraska		Evening
3	July 12	South of Palmyra, Nebraska	Morning	
		Cross the river - and camp		Evening
4	July 13	Cross the river - and camp	Morning	
		Big Blue		Evening
5 -	July 14 -16	Big Blue	Morning	
8	July 17	Ft. Kearny		Evening
9	July 18	Ft. Kearney	Rest	
		Ft. Kearney		Evening
10	July 19	Ft. Kearney	Morning	
		Platte Valley		Evening
11 -	July 20	Through Platte Valley 80 year old lady dies and is buried on the trail.	Travel	
15	July 24	Stop early for July 24 celebration		Evening
22	July 31	In Platte Valley	Morning	
		Ft. McPherson		Evening
23	Aug 1	Ft McPherson	Rest	
		Ft McPherson		Evening
24	Aug 2	Ft McPherson	Morning	
		O'Fallons Bluff		Evening
25	Aug 3	O'Fallons Bluff	Morning	

Day	Calendar	Location of White Wagon Train	Left	Arrived
		Camp		Evening
26	Aug 4	Roll On	Morning	
		Lower California Crossing		Evening
27	Aug 5	Lower California Crossing	Morning	
		Ash Hollow		Evening
28	Aug 6	Ash Hollow (passed Chimney Rock during day)	Morning	
		Scotts Bluff		Evening
29	Aug 7	Scotts Bluff	Morning	
		Mitchell Pass		Evening
30	Aug 8	Mitchell Pass	Morning	
		east of Lyman, Nebraska		Evening
31	Aug 9	east of Lyman, Nebraska	Morning	
		Fort Laramie		Evening
32	Aug 10	Fort Laramie	Rest	
		Fort Laramie		Evening
33	Aug 11	Fort Laramie	Rest	
		Fort Laramie		Evening
34	Aug 12	Fort Laramie	Morning	
		Heber Springs		Evening
35	Aug 13	Heber Springs	Morning	
		Silver Springs (Lizzie Grant dies and is buried here)		Evening
36	Aug 14	Silver Springs	Morning	
		5 miles east of Platte Bridge		Evening
37	Aug 15	5 miles east of Platte Bridge	Morning	
		Willow Springs		Evening
38	Aug 16	Willow Springs (Robert is missing)	Morning	
		west of Prospect Hill		Evening
39	Aug 17	west of Prospect Hill (it rained in early morning) Search party is sent out.	Wait	
		west of Prospect Hill		Evening
40	Aug 18	west of Prospect Hill.	Wait	

Day	Calendar	Location of White Wagon Train	Left	Arrived
		west of Prospect Hill Search party returns		Evening
41	Aug 19	west of Prospect Hill	Morning	
		Sweetwater Station		Evening
42	Aug 20	Sweetwater Station (pass Independence Rock)	Morning	
		Towards South Pass		Evening
43	Aug 23	Towards South Pass	Morning	
		South Pass		Evening
44	Aug 24	South Pass	Morning	
		west of South Pass		Evening
45-53	Aug 25-Sep 2	Bear River, Green River, Enter Utah	Roll On	
		Echo Canyon		Evening
54	Sep 3	Echo Canyon Daybell Family Meet Agnes Ann and Mary Hannah and take them to Heber.	Morning	
		Chalk Creek		Evening
55	Sep 4	Chalk Creek	Morning	
		East Canyon		Evening
56	Sep 5	East Canyon	Morning	
		Arrived in Salt Lake City in afternoon.		p.m.

Documented Sources

[1] For ease of reading, where quotes are from the basic diaries and autobiographies already referenced herein and quoted from extensively, the exact reference will not be shown.

[2] How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Wasatch County Daughters Of Utah Pioneers, 1963, page 1026.

[3] This story and additional information about the Finity Daybell family can be found in History of Finity and Mary Draper Daybell by their daughter, Sarah (Daybell) Giles. She gave the verbal history in Heber City, Utah on November 17, 1930, which was written down as she spoke. Sarah was 80 years old at the time.

Finity Daybell was born in Aslackby, Lijnclnshe, England on March 14, 1814 (have seen 1815 in some records.) He stayed in Aslackby from 1814 to 1841. He married Mary Hannah Draper on February 9, 1841 and they moved to Pointon, England in 1842. They stayed in Pointon until 1856 when they moved to Whittington, Derbyshire because of religious persecution. At that time Finity's family consisted of Robert, Ann, Susan, Sarah, and George (second child named George). This story and additional information about the Finity Daybell family can be found in History of Finity and Mary Draper Daybell.

[4] Sarah's story appears to be wrong on the point that only one child was alive when Finity and Mary joined the Church. Both Robert and the "George #1" were alive on August 17, 1845 when Finity and Mary were baptized. The "George #1" died on March 2, 1847 at the age of 3 1/2. Finity was re-baptized on 2 March 1863, as was the custom at that time. William Daybell, Finity's son, said that Finity accepted the gospel when first heard but it took Finity's wife, Mary, "a long time" before she embraced it.

[5] William Daybell, The Life of William Daybell, mentions that Robert had almost died of drowning while a child.

[6] History of Finity and Mary Draper Daybell, by Sarah (Daybell) Giles, November 17, 1930, in Heber City, Utah.

[7] Susan Daybell aka Susannah (Daybell) Carlile and "Aunt Susie as noted in How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Wasatch County Daughters Of Utah Pioneers, 1963, page 287-288. Susan Daybell was an independent person and one to whom life was not kind. She traveled to Utah from Whittington, Derbyshire, England without her family in 1863. Her family joined her in September 1864 and they stayed with her in Salt Lake City until December 1864 when they moved to Charleston. She remained in Salt Lake City where she was working. She met and married John Pollard on May 3, 1866 while working at the Apostle Wilford Woodruff's home in Salt Lake City. Ultimately she and John moved to Heber. On June 9, 1892. John Pollard committed suicide (reason not known.) Susan remained a widow until March 31, 1894 when she married George Carlile as his second polygamist wife. Susan had no children by either marriage but was known in the community as "Aunt Susie" as she befriended many children from other families. Her home was a sanctuary for those in need. Nellie Simmons lived in the home as a child but then died. George Durnell lived in her home for a number of years. Ross Moose, a grandson of George, her husband, lived in the home but was subsequently killed in World War I. She died on November 12, 1932.

[8] Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys, Our Pioneer Heritage, Eleven Autobiographies, pages 92 - 94.

[9] Concerning **"**Elizabeth #1". The custom of the time was to use the name of a child who dies in infancy for other children subsequent to the child's death. The Daybells did this with George and Elizabeth. Though a way of remembering those who died, it tends to confuse historical records and dates.

[10] Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys in her diary said that the families all moved at the same time because of persecution.

[11] Concerning "Elizabeth #2" of the Daybell family. She married Franklin Moore Giles. They were never blessed with children although they loved them very much and took in various children during their life on this earth. She died December 19, 1939. How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, Heber Biographies, page 364.

[12] William Daybell wrote The Life of William Daybell, February 1932.

[13] Hubert Howe Bancroft, History of Utah, page 435. Joseph F. Smith served on this mission to England from 1860 to 1863.

[14] The Perpetual Emigrating Fund was organized on September 7, 1850. The Church provided seed money to assist those who could not otherwise afford to emigrate. Emigrants were required to pay for their own travel to the "jumping off" place, in this case Wyoming, Nebraska. In 1866 the cost of emigration was about 7£ per person. Once arriving at Wyoming, the Emigrating Fund picked up the cost, with Section 16 of the Fund being applied, that was,

> *"Sec 16. All persons receiving assistance from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund for the poor, will reimburse the same in labor or otherwise as soon as their circumstances will admit." In a letter of instruction, Bishop Hunter added, "When the Saints thus helped arrive here they will give their obligations to the Church to refund to the amount of what they received, and as fast as they can procure the necessaries of life, and a surplus, that surplus will be applied to liquidating their debt and thereby increasing the Perpetual Fund. By this, it will be discovered that the funds are to be appropriated in the form of a loan rather than a gift…" Our Pioneer Heritage, page 250-254.*

[15] The Daybell family was a typical English family that embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They were poor but humble, desirous of a better life, but seeing no possibility of such a life, they remained in England. Finally they were victims of persecution that made them all the more anxious to emigrate to "the land of milk and honey" as they read in the Book of Mormon.

[16] Timing was everything with emigration. There was a window of opportunity when travelers could cross the plains, make it through the Rockies at South Pass, and get into Salt Lake City before extreme weather caught them. That window was from roughly middle to late May to early October. That window required leaving from overseas areas earlier so they could be at the "jumping off points" at the right time.

[17] It was common for families to split up for the emigration. Some members of the family could remain behind and continue to earn money while others traveled to America, secured jobs, and sent money back to help with travel costs. Even young girls traveling alone was not uncommon, as did Susan Daybell travel in 1863. The standards of the times protected these young girls from harm. Concerning Ann Daybell, she subsequently married William Webster. They remained in England and had five children. In 1882 Ann, William, and their family emigrated to Utah and settled in Heber. They subsequently joined the LDS Church.

[18] Susannah (Daybell) Carlisle, Our Pioneer Heritage, page 106.

[19] No date of baptism in England is shown in Agnes Ann's genealogy records. There is a date of March 3, 1969 that is shown as a "re-baptized." That she was baptized prior to marriage is assumed by the writer.

[20] William Daybell, The Life of William Daybell, 1858-1945, page 9.

[21] Mary Hannah Daybell was born on January 9, 1866 in Staveley, Derbyshire, England. She left England with her parents at the age of three months, and crossed the plains at six to nine months of age. She was raised by her mother in Heber and then by the Prices. She married George Price of Heber on November 29, 1883 in Manti, Utah. One of their 13 children is the author's grandfather, Franklin Daybell Price.

[22] Some of the particulars of the trip from Liverpool to Wyoming, Nebraska are found in Biographical Sketches of the Life of William Grant, written by himself at American Fork, May 21, 1882. It is found in microfiche 0000491, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah. William was born on December 25, 1838 in Williamshall, Stafforshire, England. He was on the ship "John Bright" and continued across the plains in the Samuel H. White mule train but was assigned to a different wagon than the Daybell's.

His records gave a detailed description of some of the happenings that Robert Daybell would have known about or participated in. A picture of William Grant was taken in 1867 while he was part of the American Fork Brass Band. His individual picture is shown in this history. Brother Grant was a polygamist and suffered imprisonment because of the practice.

[23] According to the Emigration Records for 1866, the following information is provided on ships that brought people who are part of, or whose descriptions of the trip are used in this story:

Ship Nr	Date of Sailing	Port	Name	Leader	Souls	Place of Landing
133	Apr. 30	Liverpool	John Bright	C.M. Gillett	747	N.York
134	May 5	London	Caroline	S.H. Hill	389	N.York
135	May 23	London	Am. Congress	John Nicholson	350	N.York
136	May 25	Hamburg	Kenilworth	Sam L. Sprague	684	N.York
137	May 30	Liverpool	Arkwright	J.C. Wixom	450	N.York
138	May 30	London	C. Grinnel	R. Harrison	26	N.York
139	June 1	Hamburg	Cavour	N. Nielsen	201	N.York
140	June 2	Hamburg	Humboldt	Geo. M. Brown	328	N.York
141	June 6	Liverpool	St. Mark	A. Stevens	104	N.York

[24] LDS Biographies and Autobiographies, LDS Infobase CD-Rom. "Later, while attending a conference in Birmingham the following September, Abel Evans slept in a damp bed, which renewed the cold and coughing upon him. Although his condition was serious, he continued his preaching, both indoors and out, being exposed from time to time, until he became so weak that he could not stand and until the day of his death in September of the same year, he did not seem to realize his condition."

[25] Caroline (Hopkins) Clark in her diary said they left at 4:00 p.m. on April 30. William Grant said they left in the early morning of April 30. Clarks information is probably more accurate as it comes from a diary as compared to Grants recollection some 16 years after the event (May 21, 1882.)

[26] The daily routine events were taken from various personal histories but the more specific information is found in the Autobiography of Andrew Jenson in Our Pioneer Heritage, pages 29-34. Andrew Jenson traveled from Saeby, Sweden via Hamburg, Germany to America on the ship "Kenilworth." He arrived in New York on July 17, 1866.

[27] William Grant, Biographical Sketches of the Life of William Grant, American Fork, May 21, 1882.

[28] Our Pioneer Heritage, They Came in 1866,"The company. . .traveling by way of New Haven, Conn.; Montreal, Canada; Detroit, Michigan; Chicago, Quincy, Illinois, and St. Joseph, Missouri.", , page 24.

[29] Dropsy - A pathological accumulation of diluted lymph in body tissues and cavities. In other words, the heart just couldn't handle the job anymore.

[30] Cholera - An acute infectious epidemic disease caused by the microorganism Vibrio comma, often fatal, and characterized by watery diarrhea, vomiting, cramps, suppression of urine, and collapse. Also called "Asiatic cholera."

[31] Our Pioneer Heritage, They Came in 1866, page 24.

[32] Our Pioneer Heritage, Eleven Autobiographies, Celestia Clarissa (Bromley) Buys, p 92-94. Also, How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Wasatch County Daughters Of Utah Pioneers, 1963, page 863.

[33] Stanley B. Kimball, Historic Sites and Markers Along the Mormon and Other Great Western Trails, page 144. The first emigrant agent in Wyoming, Joseph W. Young, arrived there on May 14, 1864 and it served as a staging area for the Mormons until the last company left in 1867. It was chosen because it had enough open space and area to handle the arriving oxen and horse and mule teams that arrived from Salt Lake at the same time as the emigrants that arrived from the east. Also it was away from the frontiersmen and wild life of Nebraska City to the south, keeping that worldly influence at bay. The settlement no longer exists.

[34] "Telegrams", Desert News, June 19, 1866 edition, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[35] A half-dozen emigrants were killed by lightning strikes; many others were injured by hail the size of apples while traveling the plains. Pounding rains were especially difficult for the emigrants because there was no shelter on the open plains and the covered wagons with cotton covers soaked in linseed oil eventually leaked.

[36] Stanley B. Kimball, Historic Sites and Markers Along the Mormon and Other Great Western Trails, page 145.

[37] The third consignment of emigrants was under the direction of John Nicholson. They traveled on the ship "American Congress" and arrived in Wyoming, Nebraska on July 14. With 856 emigrants having left Wyoming for Utah as of July 13, space was available for the next "wave" to arrive.

[38] The Oregon Trail, on the Internet.

[39] Ibid.

[40] Ibid. Emigrant John Clark purchased several mules just before departing: "We had to risk our lives in roping them. After being kicked across the pen some half-dozen times and run over as often, we at last succeeded in leading them out. It was laughable." (John Clark is not related to the John Clark in the White Company)

[41] The wagons the pioneers used were simple, durable, but not necessarily safe. Each person had to look after his or her own, as it were. Even with the speed of the wagons being only one or two miles per hour, once the oxen started moving, inertia kept them going and it was hard to stop them. It was up to the "pedestrian" to get out of the way of the wagon and team. At times this wasn't possible. Children were the more common casualties of being run over by a wagon. They could fall out of the front of the wagon, called the jockey box, and land in front of the rolling wheels. Children and adults walking along beside the wagon could slip in the mud or rain-slicked grass and fall under the wheels. The power source, livestock, were also dangerous. Livestock were prone to being spooked, whether by a passing horseman, the sudden fluff of a woman's full skirt as she walked in front of them, or just because. Crossing rivers was always more dangerous because people had to walk on rocks under water while pushing or pulling the wagon to ford the river. If someone fell under the massive wagon wheels, death or serious injury was almost always the result. The wheels were wood and iron, with no give at all. If ones arm or leg went under the wheel, it gave, not the wheel. If your head was under the wheel, you were dead. Many lost their lives this way. One pioneer, not of this train, wrote,

> *"A little boy fell over the front end of the wagon during our journey. In his case, the great wheels rolled over the child's head-crushing it to pieces."*

Even more common than crushing were accidental shootings. Historian Merrill Mattes wrote,

> *"They would have Bowie knives and pistols as well as rifles, shotguns—yet safety devices for these guns were very primitive and any number of emigrants died or were seriously injured by accidental gunshots. Either somebody else was fiddling with them, or it would be half-cocked and go off in the wagon -it's surprising how many people died of that cause."*

[42] Robert Stone Duke was born April 14, 1837 in the state of New York. As a boy he lived in Nauvoo and was acquainted with Joseph Smith. He was an early pioneer of Heber and was a community leader. See his history in "Heber Biographies", How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, page 348.

[43] Charles Gardner was born in Huntsburg, Geauga County, Ohio on January 19, 1833. He died in 1884. Charles was a very good friend of Robert Stone Duke. Charles made several trips back east to pick up emigrants coming west, although the it is not known if his trip in 1866 was his first, last, or in-between. He was a great hunter. See "Wallsburg Biographies", How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, page 945.

[44] "Telegrams", Desert News, May 24, 1866 edition, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[45] William Grant, Biographical Sketches of the Life of William Grant, American Fork, May 21, 1882.

[46] Our Pioneer Heritage, They Came in 1866, page 27.

[47] Stanley B. Kimball, Historic Sites and Markers Along the Mormon and Other Great Western Trails, page 118.

[48] William Grant, Biographical Sketches of the Life of William Grant, American Fork, May 21, 1882.

[49] In 1870 the buffalo were slaughtered by the thousands as the white man moved west and the railroad started to encroach on the western prairies.

[50] "Telegrams", Desert News, July 26, 1866 edition, page 269 found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah

[51] William Grant, Biographical Sketches of the Life of William Grant, American Fork, May 21, 1882 page 48.

[52] "Telegrams," Desert News, Aug 16, 1866 edition, page 293 found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[53] Desert News, April 19, 1866 edition, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[54] "Telegrams," Desert News. August 16, page 293., found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah. "August 2 - We have passed here this evening. All well. T.E. Ricks"

[55] Morris W. Werner, Nashville, TN 37215 wrote,

> *"Trail deaths meant heartbreak and hardship for survivors, but little time was allowed for grieving. A grave was hurriedly prepared beside the trail and a prayer offered if a minister was present. If not, someone might volunteer to read a passage from the Bible, or "say a few words," after which the journey continued. Sometimes the grave was dug in the trail itself to conceal it from Indians. Death due to cholera or contagious disease meant increased haste; sometimes such individuals were simply abandoned beside the trail.*

Graves were usually shallow to save labor, and often located in a natural depression. As much soil was scooped out as possible, and earth imported to the site and mounded over the remains. Sorrowing relatives sometimes transplanted prairie sod and wild flowers, and some type of wooden marker was set up, probably with the thought of returning some day to provide a more permanent memorial. Few did, however, and only a small percentage took time to erect a suitably engraved headstone.

[56] Alfred James Mokler, Fort Caspar, Casper, Wyoming, 1939, reprinted with permission in 1983, page iii.

[57] Captain Abner Lowry's train of emigrating Saints, the last company of the season, arrived at G.S.L. City. It had started from Wyoming Aug. 13th. A relative large number of immigrants died of cholera on the journey.

[58] Alfred James Mokler, Fort Caspar, Casper, Wyoming, 1939, reprinted with permission in 1983, page 33, 34. The Indians mutilated many of those soldiers who were killed on July 26, 1865 to include Lt. Caspar. His body was found two days later. They brought what was left of his remains back to the Station where he was buried.

[59] Levi Jackman "Autobiography," typescript, BYU-S, page 36.

[60] Charles Gardner had been encountering Indians in Heber and southern Utah for a couple of years. The Black Hawk War was in progress and Heber men were part of the militia that was organized to provide protection to the community in that area.

[61] The portion of this encounter with the Indians is supposition on the author's part. However that supposition is based on historical facts, research, and probabilities to best determine the cause of Robert Daybell's disappearance.

[62] Alfred James Mokler, Fort Caspar, page 44-45.

[63] Levi Jackman, "Autobiography," typescript, BYU-S, p.36 - p.37. Saleratus is sodium or potassium bicarbonate used as a leavening agent; baking soda.

[64] "Telegrams," Desert News, Aug 23, 1866, page 299, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah

[65] Celestia makes a point that supports the assumption that Robert rode into the north hills. She mentions that

"Every man took his gun and walked on the right side of the wagons." The right side would have been the north side, placing the protective guns between the wagon train and the hills.

[66] Our Pioneer Heritage They Came in 1866, Mrs. Clark's Story, page 43.

[67] "Telegrams," Desert News, 26 Aug, 1866 issue. Telegraph sent 19 August, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[68] Levi Jackman, "Autobiography," typescript, BYU-S, p.36 - p.37

[69] Ibid.

[70] Ibid.

[71] How Beautiful Upon The Mountains, Heber Biographies, page 331.

[72] "Telegrams," Desert News, Aug 30, 1866 edition. Paper was published late but with August 26 date. It contained information dated September 5, 1866, found in microfilm 0026590, Family History Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[73] The Chronological History of the Church reflects the following information concerning emigration in the summer of 1866.

Andrew Jenson, "Church Chronology," September 4, 1866 (Tuesday)

Capt. Thos. E. Ricks' train of immigrating Saints, consisting of 46 wagons and 251 passengers, arrived in G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, "Church Chronology," September 5, 1866 (Wednesday)

Capt. Samuel D. White's mule train, which had left Wyoming, July 7th, with 230 immigrants, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, "Church Chronology," September 15, 1866 (Saturday)

Capt. Wm. Henry Chipman's train of immigrants, which had left Wyoming July 13th, arrived at G.S.L. City. About one hundred head of cattle were stolen from this company by Indians, on the plains.

Andrew Jenson, "Church Chronology," September 25, 1866 (Tuesday)

Capt. John D. Holladay's ox train of immigrating Saints, which had started from Wyoming July 19th, arrived in G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, "Church Chronology," September 29, 1866 (Saturday)

Capt. Peter Nebeker's train of 62 wagons and nearly four hundred immigrants, which had started from Wyoming Aug. 4th, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” September 29, 1866 (Saturday)

Capt. Daniel Thompson's ox train of immigrants, which had left Wyoming July 25th, with 84 wagons and about five hundred immigrants, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 1, 1866 (Monday)

Capt. Joseph S. Rawlins' ox train of 65 wagons and over four hundred passengers, which had started from Wyoming Aug. 2nd, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 7, 1866 (Sunday)

Part of Capt. Arza E. Hinkley's relief train, which was sent back 450 miles to meet the last companies, returned to G.S.L. City, with 87 passengers from Capt. Abner Lowry's train.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 8, 1866 (Monday)

Capt. Andrew H. Scott's ox train, which had started from Wyoming, Aug. 8th, with 49 wagons and about three hundred immigrants, arrived at G.S.L. City. About thirty of the immigrants died on the journey.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 10, 1866 (Wednesday)

The surviving members of Zion's Camp had a reunion at the Social Hall, G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 15, 1866 (Monday)

Capt. Horton D. Haight's train of 65 wagons, bringing the wire for the Deseret Telegraph Line, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Andrew Jenson, “Church Chronology,” October 22, 1866 (Monday)

Captain Abner Lowry's train of immigrating Saints, the last company of the season, arrived at G.S.L. City. It had started from Wyoming Aug. 13th. A great number of immigrants died of cholera on the journey.