

HUGH MOON AND FAMILY

by

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

I hope this book will partly repay a debt I have long owed. Few people have done so much to add joy to my life as have Uncle Hugh, Aunt Martha, and their children. I have tender memories of them. My uncle and aunt have a numerous postarity who may be pleased to know more about their noble ancestors.

Only three of the second generation are left in this world and they are close to the end of the trail. Eight of the first and second generations are in the spirit world. (1986). I am now at the age when I may soon join them. Perhaps it will then be interesting for us to talk over some of the incidents mentioned in this history.

I am thankful that recently I had an opportunity to become acquainted with Robert's daughter, Sharon. She is a lawyer, and it didn't take her long to lift my spirit and give me a strong desire to be anxiously engaged in a good cuase. I believe the Lord had a hand in bringing her to Sacramento. Between the two of us I hope we can

play a part in cementing the Moon family together in love. I believe she will make it possible for the rest of the Moon family to read what I have written about them.

Family history is precious. I am sure that Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha in the spirit world, are very conscious of their descendants, and desire to be kindly remembered by them. They wish to be regarded more than just a name on a genealogy sheet.

Some of this history dates back more than 100 years. In compiling this book I have had to rely primarily upon my memory and impressions. However, I am grateful to Sharon for providing me with a copy of her great-grandfather's autobiography.

I pray that this history will inspire members of the Moon family to write their autobiographies.

CHAPTER ONE

UNCLE HUGH'S FATHER

Conversion to The Church

Uncle Hugh's father also had the name of Hugh Moon. He was born in Longashire, England in 1815. He was the son of Matthias Moon. Matthias was converted to the Mormon Church by Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde. He believed and was baptized with all his house. "He lived a few years enjoying the blessings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which he lived for and hoped to see, and died with a hope of a glorious resurrection."

Hugh, Sr. wrote in his autobiography: "My parents were not very rich and did not give me much schooling. When I was fourteen years of age I bought books to instruct myself. I learned to read well, then I studied figures till I got a knowledge of them. I was beginning to study the

Latin language when the true Gospel came to my father's house, when I turned my attention entirely to the study of the Bible and the principles of the everlasting gospel...I ceased not in bearing testimony to the truth we had received.

"...Brother Heber C. Kimball told me to write everything that transpired, down in my record from the time we left our homes."

Left England for America

When Hugh, Sr. was 25 years of age he left England for America. On board ship he received a special blessing from the hands of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball.

When he arrived at Montrose, near Nauvoo, William Clayton, who wrote the hymn "Come, Come Ye Saints", helped unload his luggage.

Marriage

While living at Nauvoo, Hugh, Sr. met and married Maria Emeline Mott in 1846. They were driven out of Nauvoo by a mob.

Crossed The Plains

They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, 1948.

Hugh Matthias Moon (my uncle) was born in Salt Lake, January 25, 1856.

Difficult Mission For The Church

Hugh, Sr. became a prosperous business man and made considerable money. He had laid out a great many thousand dollars in his new establishment. He left it all in obedience to a call to go three hundred and fifty miles south where his special skills were needed to build the Kingdom.

"We lived in St. George for five years, we as a family suffered much, all for the gospel; we almost starved to death." Hugh, Sr. was sick nearly all the time and wasn't able to attend to the wants of his family.

He returned to Farmington, near Salt Lake, and possibly regained much of his wealth. He was greatly blessed for the great sacrifice he made for the gospel.

My Evanluation of Hugh, Sr.

Uncle Hugh's father was a remarkable man. Because he was a devout Latter-day Saint, he was greatly honored by Brigham Young, himself, who became acquainted with him in England. It was there that that great prophet gave him a speical blessing. When Brigham needed a man specially qualified to help build the Kingdom in St George, Hugh Moon, Sr., received a written call from the President of the Church.

I admire that great man for being willing to give his all for the gospel's sake. At great financial loss he

left his prosperous business in Salt Lake and moved his family 350 miles where they suffered hunger and many hardships, including broken health.

There may be those among his nonmember descendants, who look upon him with disrespect because he had three wives. He was commanded by the prophet to take two wives, and the prophet, himself, personally performed the marriage ceremonies. Only men of sterling character were called to practice pologamy and Hugh, Sr. was in that class.

The father of the children of Israel, Jacob, had four wives and we greatly honor and respect him.

John Smith, uncle of Joseph Smith, presided over the Mormons during their first winter in the Salt Lake Valley. That same man gave Hugh, Sr. a blessing in which he promised, "your family shall increase like Jacob, be mighty in the Priesthood and saviours upon Mount Zion and inherit all the blessings which the Lord hath in store for those who walk uprightly, you shall be a counselor in Zion, have wisdom that none shall be able to gainsay,"

Whenever we serve the Lord and faithfully keep his commandments, it is impossible that we won't be blessed. Hugh, Sr. seemed determined to do all the Lord required of him. For example, as soon as he joined the Church, he learned the lesson that every member should be a missionary. He declared, "I turned my attention entirely to the study

of the Bible and the principles of the everlasting Gospel ...I never ceased not in bearing testimony to the truth we had received. Many would rail against it, but the honest would believe."

He kept another commandment given to him by an apostle of the Lord. "Brother Heber C. Kimball told me to write everything that transpired, down in my record from the time we left our homes." If Uncle Hugh's father hadn't kept that commandment, what a great loss would have been suffered by his descendants. It is a precious jewel to have and read his excellent autobiography. We can learn a lesson from him, and be sure to write our own stories.

For all of Brother Moon's faithfulness, how did the Lord especially reward him? What was the promise God gave him in his blessing? "your family shall increase like Jacob, be mighty in the Priesthood and Saviors upon Mount Zion." One of his descendants, an Elder Moon, came to Sacramento and married our bishop's daughter. Perhaps that blessing couldn't have been realized if he hadn't had three wives and about twice as many children as those given to Jacob.

The Choice Descendants of Hugh, Sr.

Then what about you in whose veins his blood flows? Shouldn't your hearts be filled with gratitude that you were selected in the pre-existence to be born with such

a noble heritage?

Shouldn't you also be grateful to his father who first accepted the gospel from two apostles, Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde? You also have two other great ancestors, Thomas and James McBride. They are my ancestors, too, and I have thrilled to read about their accomplishments in building the Kingdom.

CHAPTER TWO

UNCLE HUGH'S MOTHER

Uncle Hugh's mother suffered much for the Church. She stuck with her husband through many trials. Her name was Maria Emeline Mott. Hugh, Sr. and she were married in Nauvoo in 1846. That was the time when the Saints were being driven out of Nauvoo by mobs.

Hugh Moon, Jr. was born in October, 1847. (Not Uncle Hugh). They were poor in consequence of sickness. Maria's uncle Hyrum aided them in getting ready for the journey. She had a yoke of small steers and two cows. They started for the Salt Lake Valley, May 15, 1848, and arrived in October.

Much to their sorrow, Hugh, Jr. died when he was one year and seventeen days old. He lost his life in consequence of the hardships of crossing the plains. The loss of an

only child can be very trying to one's faith.

Uncle Hugh was born January 25, 1856. Maria bore Hugh, Sr. six children. The last one was born in 1861, the same year they were separated.

Hugh tells in his history that he left for St. George in 1861, and took only two wives, Elizabeth and Jennatt. At that time Uncle Hugh was only five years of age. I wonder if that was the last time he saw his father? It is mentioned that only 10 children were in their traveling party.

I don't know the details of what happened to Maria after she left her husband. I would be interested in hearing how they obtained the Moon ranch at Willow Creek, and whether or not Uncle Hugh kept contact with his 24 brothers and sisters. I heard them mention a brother, Ben, whom I think was killed by the sting of a bee. Ben was two years younger than Uncle Hugh.

It must have been very trying to Maria's faith to have her husband marry two more women. In spite of that heartache she stayed with him seven more years. I would assume the final blow came when Hugh, Sr. gave up his prosperous business and moved to St. George at Brigham Young's request. Perhaps her faith wasn't so strong as her husbands.

From what I hear, Maria Mott Moon was a noble and great woman with much courage. She will be rewarded for all the good she has accomplished. Even Joseph Smith's wife, Emma, left the Church after her husband's death.

CHAPTER THREE

MY RECOLLECTION OF UNCLE HUGH

The Charity of The Moon Family

We lived on a dry farm about three miles south of Moon's ranch. Most of the time it was a struggle for bare bones existence. The Moon family were the most prosperous family in Willow Creek. They had plenty of water that flowed down out of the mountains, and Uncle Hugh was a good farmer. Many of the surrounding families, including us, were sometimes near hunger. Often the Moon family responded generously to their needs.

Frontier life can be very lonely and we looked to our relatives for sociability and we were often in their home, enjoying their hospitality.

I Learned A Lesson

When I was about three years of age I was fascinated as I watched Uncle Hugh light up his pipe. He had a problem keeping my hands off the pipe when he laid it down. In order to remedy his vexation, he decided to teach me a lesson. He asked me if I wanted to smoke the pipe. I was delighted with the opportunity of an exciting, new experience. He filled it with tobacco, lighted it, and after I was comfortably seated in a chair, he put the pipe in my mouth. I was quite proud of myself and felt as if I were a man. Then a horrible thing happened. I became dizzy and ill. There was a rebellion in my stomach, and I laid the pipe down and ran out of the house. Why was Carl laughing at me as I lost my breakfast in the front yard?

Uncle Hugh's Philosophy

Uncle Hugh was an admirer of Robert Ingersoll and Eugene Debbs. In my book, The Horrible Dogmas, is a chapter on Ingersoll who was an agnostic. I believe he had a tendency to shape Uncle Hugh's thinking about religion. I often listened to Mother and him discuss religion, and he would quote Ingersoll. He named two of his sons after Robert and Eugene.

Uncle Hugh's Wit

Uncle Hugh had a sharp mind and a keen sense of humor.

For example, I heard the story of a new family who moved into our neighborhood and hired the Moon threshing machine with a large crew of men. The wife was under the impression that the owner of the machine, was a Mormon bishop. She said, "Bishop Moon, will you say the blessing on the food." He replied, "I'll have my councilor, Hance Ownes, do it." Hance, a backsliding Mormon, rose to the occasion.

Church Attendance

My Uncle would seldom go to Church, but I do remember an occasion when Orson F. Whitney, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, came to Burley. We persuaded him to go with us to the meeting.

On an other special occasion, he and I attended a funeral in the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake. Evan Stevens, conductor of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, died in 1930. He is the composer of several hymns in our hymn book. Uncle came to Salt Lake where we lived, and I offered to take him sight seeing. As we walked through the Temple grounds, the funeral was just beginning and we sat in a seat near the front. My guest was delighted to be in attendance because he said he had often heard of that great man. My father took lessons from Professor Stephens on how to direct group singing, just before going on his mission.

My Traveling Companion

Our family moved to Burley three winters so Lorene and I could attend high school. In the process of moving I was hauling a load of chickens to Burley. Uncle wanted to ride with me, a distance of twelve miles. On the way we met Dad and Irel Goodmanson in a car. They were scheduled to speak in the Hazel Ward. (My brother, Irel, was named after this man.) Irel said, "Brother Moon, are these your chickens?"

"No, they belong to Brother Barrus."

Uncle Hugh had an admiration for Abraham Lincoln. He named one of his sons after him. As we rode on our possibly three hour journey, I was entertained by listening to stories about that great American. I still remember one that amused me. Abe met a man who threatened to kill him with a gun.

"Why are you going to shoot me?"

"Because I always said if I ever met a man uglier than I, I would kill him."

"If I am uglier than you I deserve to be shot, so, fire away."

Uncle Hugh's Kindness

Uncle Hugh was always kind and gentle with me except once. He had a small field of wheat that was his pride and joy. It was green, thick and over our heads. Robert and I

got out into the middle of the field and tramped some of the luscious stems into the ground. Suddenly I felt a sharp sting in the area of the seat of my pants. Uncle Hugh used a switch on both of us.

When any member of his family was ill, he nursed him or her with tender care. I remember when Viola's girl had the smallpox, she had a pox that blinded one eye. I was very much impressed when I saw him trying to give her comfort.

The Last Time I Saw Uncle Hugh

The last time I saw the loving father of the Moon family, was about 1931 or 1932. I rode with Uncle Wallace from Salt Lake to Burley. At that time Brother Moon was very ill. I doubt if he recognized me. I was told that he turned to religion in his old age, and had the elders administer to him.

Certainly Uncle Hugh was a man of substance and integrity. He evokes in me a feeling of love and respect.

CHAPTER FOUR

MY REMEMBRANCE OF AUNT MARTHA

Aunt Martha Added Much to My Happiness

Aunt Martha was almost as dear to me as my own mother. Never once did she speak a cross word to me, and she added much to my happiness. I must have tried her patience. It can be very lonely living on a dry farm, isolated from the world. We didn't have a radio, electric lights, or even a phone.

There were times when we were short on food items. It was a treat to eat one of her delicious meals.

Gene Was Spanked

Some of the surrounding farmers were near hunger when they had crop failures. Uncle Hugh would often hire one

of them to do odd jobs. One day Gene and I were watching a man do some carpenter work near the house. Gene was telling me that this man had stolen from them. Perhaps he wasn't to be blamed because he was only repeating what he had heard adults say. The man threw down his hammer, ran and told Aunt Martha to come and give us boys a spanking. She immediately spanked Gene, then turning to me she said, "I'll let your mother take care of you."

A Humorous Incident

I heard Mother tell a humorous incident that happened. Uncle Hugh was sitting in the front yard churning butter in a large wooden churn. It was the type with a long handle that was pulled up and down. He accidentally tipped the churn over and the contents was spilled on the ground. Aunt Martha was so disturbed and excited that she ran over and slapped Uncle Hugh's face, as if he were one of the kids. Her husband who was about twenty-three years older than she, didn't say anything, but looked sheepish, embarrassed and conscious of a fault. Of course, Aunt Martha saw her mistake and apologized. Then they both joined Mother in laughter.

A Frightening Experience

The following is a frightening experience Aunt Martha had when she was eighteen years old. My mother wrote in

her autobiography, "When I was twelve years of age, my father, mother, sister, Martha, and brother, Wallace, and I were traveling from Grantsville to Oakley, Idaho. Someone recommended to my father a short cut over the Promotory Road. This road might have been all right, had it not been raining. It wasn't long before we got stuck in the mud in the desert. We were far from any community and were cold and in desperate circumstances. It became dark and our case seemed hopeless, until we saw a light in the distance. Dad unhooked one of the horses and rode toward the light. It turned out to be the house of a railroad section foreman. The man came to help us but we couldn't get the wagon out of the mud, so we went and stayed the night with the stranger and his wife. The next day Dad and our host were able to get our wagon out of the rut. We often felt how tragic it would have been if the Lord had not answered our prayers, because that road was seldom traveled."

Lorene's Recollections

Lorene wrote, "Mother's sister, Aunt Martha Moon, lived with Uncle Hugh and their family about 12 miles north on a ranch at Willow Creek. How I loved to go to the Moon ranch and play with my cousins, Viola, Marie, Robert and Gene. Hughie and Carl were some older. Aunt Martha was a good cook, and Uncle Hugh was so kind to us. I remember

him sitting by the table in the lamp light, reading the Bible, seemingly unaware of the comotions we kids were making in our play.

"...Mother was a good sewer; she made dresses for Viola and Marie, who were more like my sisters. Aunt Martha bought enough material to make me a dress like theirs. Sometimes I would get their hand-me-downs, if the clothes weren't too worn out.

"...Aunt Martha and Uncle Hugh were terribly burned by a greese fire that exploded in the oven. It took weeks of suffering for them to get over their burns. Mother spent many hours over there and so did Dad, taking care of them and the chores."

The Cause of The Explosion

I recall what caused the explosion. Some meat in the oven caught fire. When they opened the oven the flames leaped out. There was a bucket of water near by, and Uncle Hugh threw the water into the oven. The contact of the water with the burning greese, caused a terrible explosion that blew the windows out. It seems almost a miracle that both Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha weren't killed. I remember how tragic I felt when I learned of the accident and saw the damage. At that time I was seven years old.

Marjorie McBride's Remembrance

Marjorie McBride Nibley is the daughter of Uncle Wallace. She is also the wife of Reed Nible, a noted concert pianist. He was accompanist for the Utah Symphony Orchestra. Morjorite wrote: "I have a memory of being on Aunt Martha and Uncle Hugh Moon's ranch--playing in the yard with Robert, Gene, Marie and Viola. Was one of the girls blonde? Was something the matter with her eyes? (I think she was refering to Viola's daughter who lost the sight of one eye due to smallpox.) I remember farm equipment--sunshine--farm smells, I had a good time--were you there?"

Aunt Martha performed many acts clothed in beauty, and she is very dear to my heart.

CHAPTER FIVE

MY REMEMBRANCE OF HUGHIE

My Close Association With Hughie

I had a close association with Hughie in Logan when I was about eight years old. We were living with Grandma McBride while we were going to school. Uncle Wallace McBride, Mother and we kids were all living in the same house. I remember Hughie came home from school with a bloody nose, having been in a fight. He claimed the other kid was banged up worse than he was.

Hughie Was Taken By Surprise

Being a teenager, he was lonesome for his family; especially for his father. Uncle Hugh came from Willow Creek to pay us a short visit. He didn't tell us he

was coming so he could surprise his son. He arrived while Hughie was in school. We were all sitting around the dining table, expecting the boy to arrive at any moment. When we heard his footsteps, Wallace suggested that Uncle Hugh duck into the coat closet. As Hughie entered, Uncle Wallace requested him to put his hat and coat in the closet. When the lad opened the door it was an exciting moment for all of us when we saw him joyfully recognize his father. They greeted each other with a warm heart of love.

Hughie's Kindness to Me

At Christmas time Highie returned to Idaho to spend the holidays with his folks. I rode with him on the train and he looked after me.

When Hughie married Hazel Kidd, they spent their wedding night in our home.

I tried to drive an old rattle-trap car from Burley to Oakley. A few miles out of town it stalled and I couldn't get the motor started. I walked over to a farm house and asked to use their phone. Hughie came in response to my call. Being an excellent mechanic, he soon fixed my car.

Soon after Maxine and I were married, Hughie came to Salt Lake and paid us a visit. That is when he first met Maxine.

Many years later Maxine and I visited Hughie and Hazel in their home in Burley. That is when we met their son.

Hughie Was Called On A Mission

I remember hearing my father and mother comment how delighted Uncle Hugh was when Hughie was called on a mission. He agreed to pay the full cost of the mission. Hughie was ordained an elder, and a missionary farewell was held for him in the Hazel Ward. He left for his mission and got as far as Salt Lake. There it was discovered that he would require minor surgery. The plan was to have it done and delay his departure for a short time. Hughie returned home but never completed his mission. Uncle Hugh returned to the ward the donations that were made for Hughie's mission.

I Cut off Hughie's Pig's Tail

Hughie was very fond of his pet pig. When I was about five years old, somebody gave me a beautiful, pearl handled knife. I was walking behind the pig and couldn't resist the temptation to cut off its tail. When I saw the blood running on the ground, I was harassed by my conscience. To make matters worse, the critter ran, squealing to the front door of Moon's house and stood, dripping blood on the steps. I tried to drive him away in order to conceal my "crime",

but I was soon detected in my misdeed.

Much to my sorrow, Hughie took my treasured knife. I became known in the neighborhood as the "hog Oculist."

Hughie moved to Oregon and I believe he spent his closing years in that state.

CHAPTER SIX

MY REMEMBRANCE OF CARL

The Sleigh Ride

Carl was older than I; he and Hughie were near the same age. I was amused when I saw them in a wrestling match. I remember when both boys were courting the Koyle girls, Mary and Emma. They were taking their young ladies for a sleigh ride. There might have been another couple, also. Without being invited I climbed aboard. A seven-year-old boy who may spy on them, was excess baggage. Few things thrilled me more than a sleigh ride, embellished with tinkling bells. As we traveled at a swift pace I was

having the time of my life, when we came to a gate that had to be opened. I was asked if I would be kind enough to get out and open the gate. I was pleased to comply with their request, but I was deeply hurt and insulted when they whipped up the horses and left me standing in a snow drift. I couldn't understand how they could be so mean when I was nice enough to do them a favor. I had to walk home with deeply hurt feelings.

Carl's Marriage

My sister Lorene wrote, "When Merrill Koyle met Dee Smith they became friends immediately, I think, and soon it was love and marriage. Seems it was . . . almost as fast as the romance between Carl Moon and Mary Koyle and they were just as young. Carl was not more than 17. That was truly a marriage of love until Mary's death, leaving a large family."

Carl, with Mary's help, became a devout Latter-day Saint, and raised his large family in the Church. A few years ago I received a letter from him which told about the accomplishments of his family. They achieved in the Church and higher education. One of his sons was in the bishopric.

Carl's Kindness to Me

During the depression of the 1930s, Carl was a

representative of the J.I. Case Company. (When we were on the dry farm we bought one of that company's tractors.) It was his job to travel almost constantly. He often stopped at our home in Salt Lake. Once he took me on one of his trips to Grantsville where I had some relatives. He left me there two or three days and then took me back to Salt Lake. It was a rare treat for me to have the opportunity to eat in a restaurant and he paid for my dinner. In those days I was unemployed and didn't have a cent in my pocket.

Robert came to Salt Lake, picked me up and took me to Carl and Mary's home in Spanish Fork where I met their children. We spent one night with them.

Several years later, after Mary passed away, Carl was blessed to marry another faithful Latter-day Saint who helped him raise his children.

I think it was about 1948 that we took a trip to Logan where Carl and his new wife were living. We had the opportunity of meeting her. That was the last time I saw Carl until he came to Dad's funeral in Gooding. I went with him and Robert to buy flowers.

Carl Was Sealed to His Parents

When I was on my mission I received a letter from Mother, dated March 30, 1935, in which she said, "Aunt Martha went to the temple a week ago and was sealed to

Uncle Hugh, and Carl was sealed to them. Isn't it sad that the rest of her family could not be sealed? I am afraid that some of them will never go to the temple."

It is my prayer that this short history of the Moon family will help bring them closer together in bonds of love. May they be inspired to see how their ancestors stood up to life and wrestled with its harsh demands. May they become aware of the pervading warmth of loving and caring, feeling the acceptance of each other. May they follow Carl's example and be sealed to their noble family forever.

Viola and Marie

44

Viola
Moon
Row

CHAPTER SEVEN

MY MEMORY OF VIOLA AND MARIE

Both Viola and Marie were older than I and I didn't have a close relationship with them. The last time I saw Viola was when she was living in Pittsburg, California. I worked one day with her husband, Oliver. He had a beautiful singing voice and could play a guitar well. He sang mostly Scottish songs. Oliver and Gene were looking for employment, and at my request, brought Dad and came to Nevada to work on a railroad section gang. They stayed only one day and then headed for home. They didn't enjoy pounding spikes. Dad remained and worked with me several months.

When we were living in Oakley, Marie and her husband

for a ride.

We were told that Marie was living in Oregon. Maxine and I drove several miles trying to locate her home, but couldn't find it. We were very disappointed.

It is remarkable that both Viola and Maria are still living (1986). They and Robert are the last of Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha's children. I wish I could have talked with them before writing this history. They would be able to supply many details I couldn't include.

Lorene's Recollections of Viola and Maria

My sister, Lorene, had a more intimate association with Viola and Marie. The following is from, My Life's Recollections: "Father moved us to the Moon ranch and sold the Bingo farm. Moons leased their ranch to us.

"Even though they lived in Oakley, the kids spent lots of days with us. They were such happy carefree days. We girls would walk through the meadows, up and down the willow-lined creeks. We enjoyed the beautiful warm days, learning about the flowers, insects and birds. We made whistles out of the green sapling willows. We sometimes stayed so long we missed our dinner.

"Our regret later was the ignorance we had in gathering bird eggs. We prided ourselves in trying to see who could find the most pretty eggs. We climbed the tallest trees,

searched through the bushes. We looked through the grass for meadowlark and killdeer eggs. We reached our arms into the hallows of peck-out woodpeckers' nests down deep in the trunks of trees. Sometimes we scrambled when we touched a snake in these nests, seeking for eggs and baby birds. The beautiful blue robin eggs were our favorite.

"When our mothers learned what we were doing, they explained we were robbin the birds, destroying the life of baby birds, and making the mother birds chirp with grief. We couldn't take the eggs back; we didn't know which nest they were from.

"We went barefooted so much our feet were hard and callosed. The top of our feet near our toes were cracked and callosed. The top of our feet near our toes were cracked and peeling because we were in the water so much. When Sunday came we could hardly stand to wear our shoes and stockings. As soon as we got out of the meeting, we pulled them off and carried our shoes and stockings in our hands.

"...It was so much fun to ride the donkeys on Moons' ranch. A saddle just couldn't stay on their backs. They would drop their heads down and a saddle would slide off every time, no matter how tight it was cinched. Marie and I hooked a donkey to a cart. She had had a new pair of brown shoes, and as we rode along the cart was so close to the

donkey's tail, he kept switching us in our faces. Marie's new brown shoes became quite plastered and soiled.

"Hughie and Carl took the running geers from an old buggy, put us on the frame and pushed us down the hill on the run. What fun we had, and especially when they swung the huge hay derrick arm out over the hay stack, picked us up from the top and swung us way out over the stack yard.

"Speaking of stack yards, there was the first time I saw an automobile. Some friends of Uncle Hugh came one day in one of the first cars in that area. They parked it in the stack yard and we kids stood outside the pole fence so fascinated and frightened of such a queer beast. One of the boys ventured close enough to touch the car, then ran back. Finally he got brave enough to squeeze the rubber bulb on the horn that let out such a squak, we kids all squeled and ran.

"Then finally came the day when Uncle Hugh bought a new, open-top Modle T Ford. How excited we were. We all argued and howled to be the first to ride to Burley with him. There were six or seven of us, we had to take turns. I was lucky to be one of the first ones. We perched on the back seat, grinning and laughed like a bunch of Cheshire cats. I think it was my greatest thrill."

CHAPTER EIGHT

ROBERT MOON

Robert Was As Dear to Me As A Brother

From the time I was four years old, until I was 17, Robert was almost my constant companion. He was as dear to me as if he were my brother. We traveled many miles together on horseback. It is true that as teenagers we did a few things we shouldn't. For example, when I was seventeen, Robert, Jess Osborne and I were courting girls who lived in Oakley, about 12 miles from our farm. We went to see the young ladies in an old rattle-trap, Model T Ford that had only one headlight. We stayed quite late, and when we started for home the one globe burned out. We couldn't

drive that old car home along a winding road in the dark with no lights. Our parents were expecting us back at a certain hour, so what could we do? No stores were open at that time of night and all honest people were in bed.

Rube McEvers had his car parked out in front of his house. Robert said, "Wait, I'll be back with a globe." Thus we were able to travel safely home.

I often thought about that dishonest act even many years later. I vowed that if I could ever find Rube I would pay him for that globe. Finally I heard he was dead. Perhaps I shall meet that man in the spirit world and have an opportunity to make things right with him.

On another occasion Robert and I were riding our horses in the mountains near Lake Cleveland, when we realized we were very hungry. We saw a sheep camp and Robert remarked that he would find us something to eat. While I waited behind a tree, he stole a can of sardines out of the sheep camp. We knew it was wrong and our consciences really hurt us. When he opened the can with his knife, the fish smelled so good, and I was so hungry that I accepted his offer to share the food, but the still, small voice really pounded in my head. Even till years later, how I wished I could repay that sheepherder for the stolen goods.

"If You Dance You Have to Pay The Fiddler"

There was going to be a country dance in the meeting house of the Hazel Ward near Moon's ranch. Robert was courting Olga Wilson, and I was courting Levella Stapley who lived in Oakley. Their mothers trusted the young ladies in our care so we could take them to the dance about twelve miles from Oakley. We promised to return our dates to their homes safely. However, we hadn't taken into count the condition of the tires of Robert's car. After three "blowouts", we arrived at the dance. When it was time to go home, we had another flat tire which was beyond repair; we had no spare. The problem was, how were we going to return the girls to their mothers?

My family had come to the dance in an old Model T Ford truck that would travel no faster than fifteen miles an hour. Of course, we had to take my mother, father, and brothers and sisters back to our farm. When we arrived in town with the girls it was starting to get daylight. I could see Olga's mother pacing up and down in the street. I later had to explain to Levella's mother what had caused our delay.

The sun was coming up over the mountain when we drove into our yard. It was harvest time and Dad had the horses harnessed and ready to go into the field. Robert had been hired to help us with the harvest. We hadn't had a wink of sleep and were exhausted, but Dad repeated the old saying,

"If you dance you have to pay the fiddler."

I could hold up pretty well while I was working hard, but when we went to the house for dinner, I ran into trouble. Before I could eat I was told to feed the horses. An hour later, when it was time to return to work, I was missed. It was reported that I had fallen into the manger and was fast asleep. Unfortunately, the horses hadn't been fed and it was time to go back to the harvest, when I was awakened.

Perhaps I needed that hour's sleep more than my dinner. However, the romance and really good time we had on that occasion was worth all it cost me.

A Frightening Prank

When I was eleven years old, we were living in Logan. Robert is about a year and a half older than I. He and Aunt Martha came to spend Christmas holidays with us.

Robert could always think of some interesting things to do for our amusement. He cut a limb off a fir tree about the size of a porcupine. He tied a black thread on it and we hid behind a hedge, after dark, and waited for someone to come down the sidewalk. As a man and woman approached, Robert slowly dragged the limb across the sidewalk. The woman screamed in alarm and near panic, they jumped backward. The man said, "It must be some some wild animal." We were so amused that we couldn't

keep from giggling and they suspected what we had done.

Robert Was Handy With His Fists

There were two brothers living in Burley who would fight either Robert or Gene on sight. One day I was walking down the road with Robert in front of their home. Lynel Yaman came around the corner of their chicken coop just as we were walking by. In a flash Robert nailed him and had him on the ground pounding him with his fist. Lynel called for his brother to come and help him. Roy Yaman came running out of the house and picked up a shovel. In trying to hit Robert, he hit Lynel by mistake. The boy was so badly hurt that Robert turned him loose and we went on our way.

Once Robert Joined Me In Prayer

Often Robert and I would sleep outside so we could enjoy the beauty of the skies. My parents had taught me to always say my prayers before going to bed. I tried to get him to kneel with me. Only once did he join me in prayer. He loved his father very much and my cousin was greatly concerned when Uncle Hugh had to face surgery. When I knelt by my bed that night Robert joined me and asked the Lord to spare his father's life. However, I could never get Robert to attend church with me.

We And Our Horses Fell Into A Pit

It seemed that an Over-ruling power kept us from getting seriously hurt. Robert and I were galloping our horses through a field that was covered with tumbleweeds. Suddenly the horses fell into a pit over our heads. The hole was full of weeds and we were not able to see it. Robert was painfully hurt, but I didn't receive a scratch. We managed to stay mounted on our horses and they were able to keep on their feet, or we could have been crushed beneath them.

We found out later that a house had been built on that spot and the pit was the celler under the house.

Victims of Deceit

Robert had a big two-seated car with the top down. We were driving down Main Street, Burley, when we saw two beautiful teenage girls on the sidewalk. We stopped at the curb and asked them to go riding with us. They replied that they would be pleased to go with us, but they had a problem: One of the girl's little brother was with them. However, if we would give him the price of a show ticket they could dispose of him until after the show. That seemed fair enough and Robert supplied the money. They immediately walked over to the ticket window, purchased tickets and went into the show. We were left standing there, realizing that we had

been cheated.

Robert was so angry that he said he wouldn't allow them to get away with a dirty trick like that. We inquired when the show would end, and we returned and met them just as they were coming out. They ran from us and got into another car and sped away. We followed them for a short distance, but realized their folks must have picked them up.

The Four Horsemen

Halloween was an exciting time for us. We called ourselves "The Four Horsemen." The foursome was Robert, Jess Osborne, Merrill Koyle and myself. We took great delight in playing pranks on the farmers, such as tipping over outdoor toilets, putting buggies on top of sheds and rapping on windows. One farmer, John Jeffs, shot a gun over our heads.

I Am Deeply Indebted to Robert

I seldom had any money in my pocket and Robert was kind enough to pay our expenses when we did things together. For example, when we were living in Salt Lake during the Great Depression of the 1930s, Robert came and took me to picture shows. At that time Carl Moon was was living in Spanish Fork, and my cousin, took me in his automobile and we stayed all night with Carl's family.

When I was going to high school in Oakley, Robert, from time to time would invite me to their ranch. Aunt Martha was a good cook and I enjoyed many meals at her table. I regret that I had such little money and was unable to repay them for their many kindnesses to me. When we were courting girls, it was always Robert who provided the transportation. Perhaps I can to a certain extent make it right with him by preparing this short history. It is my objective to help his family realize what a special man their ancestor was during his younger days.

A Letter From Aunt Martha

When I was on my mission Aunt Martha wrote me a letter, dated March 27, 1936.

Just a few lines in answer to your more than welcome letter. I was glad to get such a fine letter from you. It was a comfort to me.

We feel awfully bad but I guess the Lord has a mission for Victor on the other side. Some times I think I can't stand my grief, but I know that God will bless me if I do right.

I know we will meet Victor and Hugh the morning of the resurrection.

Clain, I am glad you have enjoyed your work. Maxine will be glad to have you home. She has been a good, true wife to you. I have learned to love her.

We will all be glad to see you. I suppose that you have heard I moved back to Burley to live. All of my folks wanted me to come back to Burley. I am more contented now than I was in Salt Lake.

Lorene was here a few minutes last Saturday. They are all well.

I May go to Salt Lake for Conference.

Well, I can't think of any more to write, so will close with love. I will be glad to hear from you any time.

Mother wrote me a letter from Salt Lake, dated, September 14, 1934, in which she stated:

"Aunt Martha was here at the same time Grandma was. She returned home Wednesday and then Saturday, Huie brought her back to Salt Lake to live. She and Wallace are living in the same apartment house in which Grandma lives--the Mannax Apartments over the Z.C.M.I. It surely is a big relief to me to have her there to help look after Grandma."

In another letter, dated March 30, 1935, Mother said, "Aunt Martha went to the temple a week ago and was sealed to Uncle Hugh and Carl was sealed to them. Isn't it sad that the rest of her family could not be sealed? I am afraid that some of them will never go to the temple."

I Could Have Introduced Robert to His Future Wife

When I was going to the Burley High School, I became

acquainted with a pretty girl by the name of Athlyn Bingham. Robert and I attended a dance in the View Ward. I was happy to see Athlyn there and had the privilege of dancing with her. I thought many times later, why didn't I introduce her to Robert? They didn't meet until she started teaching school and boarded with the Moon family. I understand it was love at first sight and they were soon engaged to be married.

The Last Two Times I Saw Robert

Maxine, Mother and I drove to Nampa to see Robert. It was after Athlyn passed away and I believe Sharon and Shelia were keeping house for him. Even though we dropped in on them unexpectedly, Sharon cooked a lovely dinner for us. She was a sweet girl and we were impressed when we met her.

At a later time Mother and I made another trip to Nampa, and found Robert living alone. We took him out to dinner. It was on that occasion that we had the opportunity to meet Sheila and her lovely in-laws, the Bastions. A few years before that time we were delighted to receive an announcement that Sheila was going to be married in the temple and we sent them a present.

Brother and Sister Bastion Became My Dear Friends

It was in the Oakland Temple that I had the opportunity

to become closely associated with Brother and Sister Bastion, Sheila's in-laws. They and I were serving as set-apart temple workers. At that time I was exchanging Christmas cards with Sheila, and when I saw the Bastions I remembered that I had met them when Mother and I were in Nampa. When Brother Baston died I wrote Sister Bastion a sympathy letter.

Mother Urged Robert to Be Sealed to His Family

Robert's family encouraged him to get baptized and he held the Aaronic priesthood, but it was difficult for him to advance in the Church. Mother cautioned that there was danger of him losing his family if he wasn't sealed to them. His answer was, "I don't believe it. God isn't so cruel that he would take my wife and children away from me."

It wasn't long until he was involved in a serious car accident that nearly cost him his life. In the following letter he described what happened:

I was in heaven. I saw and talked to my darling little wife ...Millions of other beautiful people...such a beautiful place. I told my family I wanted to go back. I told my darling wife I would be back. She knew I was to be there. She was watching and waiting for me. There was something keeping me from touching her, or holding her hands. Everyone was dressed so beautifully ...I could see for miles.

I wrote the following reply to his letter:

"The privilege that was granted you is worth all the pain you have suffered. It indicates to me that your wife and children truly love you and desire that you will be with them for all eternity. Perhaps that won't be possible unless you accomplish certain things before you die.

"I am impressed that you were unable to touch your wife's hand. There is an experience related in the book, Added Upon, by Nephi Anderson, about a man who was unable to touch his wife when he died and went to meet her. But he didn't have your opportunity to return to earth so he could qualify himself to be eternally married to his dear companion.

"The question is, what is left undone which you need to accomplish in this life? If you would have a talk with your bishop, I believe he would give you the answer. My guess is that you need to go to the temple and be sealed to your wife and children. Your bishop will explain how that can be done.

"From what you say, I believe your spirit left your body and went to the spirit world. Many others have had that experience and have lived to tell what they saw. The description you give of the conditions there, appear to be accurate and in harmony with the teachings of the Church. In fact, I talked to a patriarch who works

with with me in the Oakland Temple, and he agrees with me that the Lord is giving you another opportunity to have eternal life with you choice family. I wanted him to know about your experience because he told me that when he was a soldier, a bomb exploded and badly wounded him. His spirit left his body and went to the spirit world. The conditions he saw there were very like those you describe. He is convinced that what you saw is real.

"This is an occasion for great rejoicing. My advice to you is to spend the rest of your mortal days in keeping the commandments."

A Delightful Surprise

March 16, 1986, I received a phone call that delighted me. A sweet voice said, "I am Robert Moon's daughter, Sharon, and would like to see you." She explained that she was in Sacramento, attending the McGeorge Law School to get her Masters in Law.

Sharon came to our home and requested that I give her a priesthood blessing. She said that her husband teaches foreign languages in an Oregon University. He is not a member of the Church, but he himself, asked that the missionaries give him the discussions. She wanted me to pray for them and put their names in the temple prayer roll.

I showed Sharon some family history that I had written about her noble ancestors. She borrowed my manuscripts and made copies of them. She gave me Robert's phone number and requested that I phone him and try to lift his spirits. I was very much impressed with her humility and sweet attitude. She was visibly affected and wiped her eyes when I let her read the letter written by her father.

It Is Amazing To Me

I am very much impressed with Robert's two outstanding daughters, Sharon and Shelia. They both graduated from the Brigham Young University. Sharon is a lawyer and Shelia is a highly skilled medical technician and has seven children; Sharon has four.

It is my belief that his wife Athlyn, who is in the spirit world, has had and is still having a great influence on the lives of her children. She was a school teacher, and inspired her five children to seek higher education. She is still deeply concerned with her children and has power to impress their minds. They must feel that she is near, loves them and urges them on to live righteous lives.

Sharon Changed The Course of Her Life

Sharon phoned me and said that she was going to change the course of her life. She came to the conclusion that

family responsibilities should take precedent over attending law school. She said she is going to honor her father and help look after his needs and not leave the full responsibility to Sheila.

Then she is going to return to her husband and help bring him into the Church. She didn't have time to come and see me again but asked that I say a special prayer for them on the phone. She wants me to keep their names on the temple prayer role until further notice.

I told her that I phoned Robert and we talked over old times.

I tried to explain to her what a valuable asset she and her husband would be to the Church, serving as missionaries after they retire. Her husband has precious languages skills that would help reach the Russian people. Also the Church needs translators.

Sharon paid me the the compliment of saying that I am a good man and that I influenced her to make the right decision. She promised to keep in touch with me.

Dec. 28, 1983

Dear Sheila:

I wish to tell you that you are a remarkable person. I am sure you were an outstanding spirit in the preexistence. You came into this world to fulfill a marvellous mission which you agreed to, and were set apart to accomplish. The blood of your noble ancestors flows in your veins. I refer to such men as Thomas and James McBride. On your mother's side of your family, also, there are great people. They are watching your progress and are pleased with your accomplishments.

To help you fulfill your mission you were privileged to marry into a faithful family.

I am happy I had the opportunity to become well acquainted with Sid and DeOx. They were an inspiration to me while serving in the Oakland Temple.

In this day and age when there is a tendency to have few children you have borne nine. How great will be your posterity!

I believe you also have another mission to accomplish. In the Moon family there are those who are not now affiliated with the Church. I teach the member-missionary class in our ward and I have learned how great our responsibility is to our nonmember relatives, ever until the day we die.

You mention that your children enjoy staying with De On. They are blessed to be under the sweet influence of that spiritual woman. She will help you aid them to become devoted Latter-day Saints.

Sheila, I want to say that I am honored to be your relative

Love and blessings,

Mc Clain & Maxine

4-14-86

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Dear Cousin McClain & Maxine,

What a wonderful surprise to get your Book. My children & I & Aunt Marie & Aunt Viola are going to enjoy it so much. I have already read it once & am so amazed & happy to have such an erudite relative. And I am inspired to write my own story now. I love you McClain & Maxine and I think I was inspired to go to Sacramento because one very good result was to get to know you.

I am so happy to be back with my husband now. This week we are in Seattle with his work and I am going to visit the temple for at least 3 sessions. What a blessing we have in the Gospel & our temple. Enclosed are some things Aunt Marie has & I copied for you. Love, Sharon

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MY REMEMBRANCE OF GENE

Gene was about a year younger than I but he was soon taller. We often wrestled and were an even match. When we were in the first grade we both got whipped by our teacher, Madge Marcelles. Gene told the teacher that I had hurt him in a fight. She warned us to never let it happen again. However, it wasn't long until we were involved in another scuffle and Gene was hurt again. We were told to remain after school. She pulled a large razor strap out of a drawer and told Gene to come forward. When I saw what was happening I was greatly alarmed and Gene began crying out in a loud tone of voice. I knew my turn would be next.

However, my stragedy worked because Madge didn't hit me nearly so hard as she did Gene who didn't cry.

They Made A Fool of Me

When I was about six years old, Gene got me in serious trouble. He was more forward than I and could think of exciting things to do. It was his idea that we kiss the twin girls, Arla and Orfa Craythorne, about our age. As he ran past them he smacked them on their cheeks, and I followed his example.

When Uncle Paul Barrus heard what I had done, he conceived the idea of having some sport at my expense. Gene was too smart to be deceived by the prank. Paul was courting Madge Marcelles who was boarding with the Crawthornes. He told me that he had overheard them talking, and they were going to call the sheriff and have me thrown into jail. I was terrified with the idea of being locked up in that horrible place. I asked Uncle Paul what I could do to avoid such a frightening experience. His solution was that I should apologize to Mrs. Crawthorne, and he offered to get her on the phone. I was extremely embarrassed to talk to the girls' mother, but I had no desire to go to jail, so I agreed to do what he suggested. Gene, Robert, Carl, Hughie, and others, gathered around so the could enjoy the show.

I was trembling and as pale as death when I was told that the girls' mother was waiting to accept my apology.

About all I could manage was a hoarse croak, but whe, surpressing a laugh, said she was willing to forgive me. I sensed that Uncle Paul had made a fool of me when my family and friends roared with laughter.

Gene and I Sneaked Into A Show

When I was about twelve years old, Gene suggested that we sneak into a picture show. I went in first but got caught and thrown out, much to my embarrassment. Gene said, "Let me show you how to do it." He watched his chance and slipped past the ticket taker. I waited for him quite some time, hoping they would also throw him out. Finally, not wishing to be outdone, I told the ticket taker that a boy had sneaked in, and I offered to identify him. Gene was also ejected from the theater.

My Embarrassing Situation

The Moon boys in those days almost always had money, but I seldom had a dime. Gene took me into Pixtons and offered to buy me a banana split. I was delighted because that was a very rare treat for me. When I had it half eaten, he said, "How are we going to pay for these because I don't have a cent of money with me." I can still remember my strong feeling of embarrassment. The clerk overheard our conversation and said demandingly, "Where is your money?" Gene replied, "In my pocket, why?" To hear

him say that was a great relief to me, and I then realized that he was just teasing me.

Gene, A Man of Distinction

When I was seventeen years old, and going to high school in Oakley, Gene came and spent a couple of nights with us. He had just purchased a new suit and was dressed up like a man of distinction. I can still remember what a tall, handsome man he had become. I was proud to take him to church with me and introduce him to my girl friends. He commented that his mother had bought him a new shirt for Robert.

Durring the depression of the 1930s we were living in Salt Lake. Gene came to see us and brought his bride, Audrey. She was a school teacher, a woman of culture and refinement. Gene was really blessed to have her for his companion many years. She bore him four children who achieved in higher education, and she brought him much happiness.

I married Maxine and soon lost my job, having to depend on her for my support. That really hurt my pride and I was planing to catch a freight train to Idaho and ask Gene if he would permit me to work on the Moon ranch for my board. About that time I was called on a mission.

Our Visit to Gene's Home

I took Maxine and Merle Ann to Willow Creek. It was my

my first trip back in eighteen years. The warm welcome given us by Gene and Audrey, made us happy. The dinner Audrey served was long remembered. That was the first opportunity we had to meet their three boys and a daughter.

Gene and his family followed us on our return trip to California by way of Boise. The plan was to stop in Nampa and call on Robert. Gene knocked on his door and was told by one of the children that he was running a harvester in a field near by. We made an effort to locate him, but could not find him, so we went on our way to California.

I think the next time I saw Gene and Audrey was at the Golden Wedding anniversary of Dad and Mother. It was held in the Gooding Ward chapel and I was master of ceremonies. I asked Gene to stand and take a bow, and I referred to him as "the sagebrush philosopher."

Then, of course, we visited with them again at Dad's funeral. Mother outlived Gene, but Audrey was at Mother's funeral to give her love and support.

A year or so after Dad passed away, we took Mother to Rupert to see Audrey. She invited her large family, and once more we had a lovely dinner.

I regret that I have not been able to repay Gene and Audrey for their many kindnesses to us and our family. especially to Mother after Dad was gone. They drove to Gooding several times to comfort Mother and bring her food.

Perhaps my writing this tribute will show our appreciation. Maxine has often commented about the strong bond of love that exists in the Gene Moon Family. He had the same gentle qualities manifested by his father.

CHAPTER TEN

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF VICTOR

Victor Disturbed The School

When Victor was learning to talk he made all the kids in our school roar with laughter. Viola took him to school with her and he was a nice, quiet little boy, sitting at her desk beside her. It was the type of school where one teacher taught all eight grades, assembled in one room. The teacher would listen to the recitation of each class one at a time. When Carl's class marched up to the front, Victor saw him and called out in a sweet, little voice, loud enough to be heard by all of us, "I see Carlie." Our teacher was greatly disturbed by the laughter and rumpess that was created, and told Viola to take him right home and never bring him back.

Victor Saved Me From Walking 15 Miles

The Moon family bought a large, beautiful home in Burley and left their ranch to various renters. Often I would be permitted to take a trip to Burley and spend a few days with them. That really was a joyful experience to get away from our lonely dry farm and have some new experiences.

Robert let me ride his bike and I did some harm to it, which caused him to be a little cross with me. My feelings were hurt and I decided to walk home--about fifteen miles. The sun was just going down and I was about a mile down the road, when I looked back and saw Victor running after me. He said Robert was sorry and wanted me to return. I really dreaded the thought of walking fifteen miles in the dark. Victor's kindness touched my heart.

A Trip to Oregon

The Moon family had money and could afford some of the luxuries of life. They bought a large automobile and took a vacation trip to Oregon. (I don't believe Hughie and Carl went.) I missed them while they were gone and was anxious for them to return. One day while I was working in our field, I saw a big car pull into our yard, and I knew they had come back.

Victor jumped out and came to meet me. It was he who

first described their exciting experiences.

Three Moon Brothers Married School Teachers

Victor met his future wife when she was boarding with the Moon family and teaching school in the same building where I was graduated from the eight grade. Robert and Gene met their wives under the same circumstances.

Victor's Death

I moved from the area of Moon's ranch and lost contact with those who didn't come to Salt Lake to see us. Victor was still a young teenager when I saw him last.

When I was on my mission, I received the following news from my wife, dated March 5, 1935: "Sister Edith Jordan Willet called me this morning and said that your cousin, Victor Moon, died about a week ago from penumonia. I believe she said he lived in Washington where some of his sisters live, but his funeral was being held in Burley. I'm going to call your mother tonight, and find out more about it. I was very sorry to hear that. It is a shame your Aunt Martha has so much grief, losing her husband, and this son with penumonia. I feel so sorry for her."

I also received the following from Mother, dated March 20, 1936: "Maybe you have heard the particulars about Victor's death. He died of penumonia. He was living in Oregon. Aunt Martha said he had the biggest funeral ever

held in Burley. The procession reached from the meeting house to the cemetery. She said his death seemed to make a big difference in the boy's feelings toward religion. She thought maybe he was taken for that purpose."

When I received this sad news, my heart ached for Aunt Martha and I wrote her a letter of consolation. I was deeply touched when I received a quick reply from her, dated March 27, 1936: "Just a few lines in answer to your more than welcome letter. I was glad to get such a fine letter from you. It was a comfort to me.

"We feel awfully bad but I guess the Lord has a mission for Victor on the other side. Some times I think I can't stand my grief, but I know that God will bless me if I do right. I know we will meet Victor and Hugh the morning of the resurrection."

Aunt Martha said, "We will meet Victor and Hugh the morning of the resurrection." According to our belief, we won't have to wait until the morning of the resurrection. We may meet them as soon as we die and go into the spirit world. It is there that we continue to get ready for the resurrection. When I die I hope to do missionary work there and help save many of my dear relatives, including Victor, Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MY REMEMBRANCE OF LINCOLN AND WALLACE

Both boys were younger than I and I didn't have a close contact with them. Several years ago, Maxine and I were driving through Burley and stopped to see Lincoln. We could have only a short visit because he was working at a restaurant where we stopped to eat.

Wallace came and stayed a night or two with us when he was released from military service. He lived near San Francisco and would occasionally come to see us. Once I ran into him at the California State Fair. They were both quite large men. In fact, all of Uncle Hugh's sons were large men, with the exception of Robert, who was about my size.

C O N C L U S I O N

It didn't occur to me to compile this history until Sharon revived my memory of her family. She has a keen interest in other volumes of family history I have compiled.

Suddenly I received a strong urge to get busy on the project. I wonder if Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha gave me impressions from the spirit world? It is a teaching of our Church that such things do happen. We are told that our ancestors there are more concerned about their families than we are here. They keep close watch over us and are grieved when we do wrong. Their salvation is wrapped up with ours. Our motto is "together forever."

I would like to have included in this history some statistics, but they are not available to me. For example, Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha have nine children. How many grandchildren do they have? great-grandchildren? great-great-grandchildren?, etc. When I wrote the Ezra Barrus Family history, Dad and Mother had near 100 descendants. Perhaps Uncle Hugh and Aunt Martha have more.

If it could be known how many descendants Hugh Moon, Sr. has, they would probably number in the thousands.

Conclusion

"Your family shall increase like Jacob, be mighty in the Priesthood and Saviors upon Mount Zion." That prophecy is in the process of being fulfilled.

Hugh Moon, Sr. and Robert Gardner

These two men must have known each other. I came to that conclusion when I read about Robert in the Church News, April 27, 1986: "Crossing the plains in 1847, Gardner carried in his arms a little child some 500 miles before death overtook the tot." Uncle Hugh's father and mother lost their only child in a like manner.

"...Robert Gardner's family in 1861 was among those called to establish a settlement in Southern Utah along the Virgin River. He was chairman of the committee that laid out the city. It was named St. George in honor of George A Smith, then the youngest man named an apostle in this dispensation." (p. 16.)

It is a coincident that Hugh, Sr. and his family also left for St. George in 1861, and could have played a part in the establishment of that city. It is very likely that these two pioneers had a close association with each other. They were living close neighbors for five years and had much in common. Robert Gardner served as mayor of St. George for eight years.