A Trek to Arizona

History of Archibald Orrell Lamoreaux and Lydia Lavera Crockett Family

From Preston ID 1894

INTRODUCTION

During my boyhood days living on farms in the vicinity of Chandler and Mesa, Arizona, I frequently heard relatives discuss the family migration made some thirty years earlier from Idaho to Arizona. These discussions often occurred during visits with Grandfather and Grandmother Archibald 0. Lamoreaux at their home east of Mesa. On holidays and Sunday afternoons during the late 1920's children and grandchildren would gather at their small farm for informal (an usually noisy) family "get togethers." On such occasions and at family reunions such as their Golden Wedding Anniversary celebration in Mesa in 1928 incidents of the trip were told and retold. The visit of Hiram E. Crockett to Arizona in 1927 was cause enough to retell and relive the trip as he visited relatives and trip companions. Uncle "Hite," as he was called by most of the Lamoreaux family was by then no longer a youth fond of friendly tricks but a distinguished man, a former secretary of state for the State of Utah. However he still loved to tell jokes and mystify children with simple magic tricks. During his visit, and other times when the Idaho-Arizona move was mentioned, the reminiscing would end with the remark, "Someone should write up the story of that trip." This I have attempted to do.

Credit for this account is not mine alone. The spark that ignited this work was struck a few years ago when Uncle Ray and Aunt Mabel (Mr. and Mrs. Ray D. Lamoreaux, Mesa. Arizona) visited our home in Norfolk, Virginia. Uncle Ray and I spent many hours discussing events of the trip, examining maps and selecting probable routes. More details came from my father Guy V. Lamoreaux, Junction City, Oregon when in 1954 he wrote his account of the trip. Information on the married life of Grandfather and Grandmother Lamoreaux came from an account written by Grandmother Lamoreaux. A copy of her brief autobiography was furnished by Mrs. Earl Anderson (Lorraine Lamoreaux), Junction City, Oregon. The illustrations were drawn by Mrs. Bennie Cotter (Edna Lamoreaux), Gilbert. Arizona. Publication was made possible through the efforts of Corky McKinley of The Junction City Times, Junction City, Oregon. The services of my wife Jean, in typing and retyping the several drafts should not be overlooked. To all these people I want to extend my personal thanks. In addition there were others who read the rough draft, made suggestions and encouraged the work. To them I also say thanks.

In describing the trip I experienced difficulty in deciding what to call the persons involved. To me, the husband and wife will always be Grandpa and Grandma Lamoreaux. However because I wrote this story primarily to honor my grandparents and their children, I have taken the liberty of moving myself back a generation, (figuratively speaking) and have used the same names my father, his brothers and sisters used, i.e. Grandfather Lamoreaux becomes "Dad," Uncle Dave becomes "Dave" etc. An appendix identifies all names mentioned in this article.

This story is written to record for the trip participants, their brothers, sisters, husbands, wives and descendants an account of the trek from Idaho to Arizona. I hope it will refresh the memory of some and instill a knowledge and understanding in the hearts of others.

In conclusion if errors are discovered or there are incidents unmentioned that readers feel should be included, please advise me.

The map of the route taken is based upon known places visited and a study of maps of the area. At best it is an educated guess. More exact information would be appreciated,

Harold G. Lamoreaux
Washington, D.C.
November, 1959

— A TREK TO ARIZONA —

Time: 1894, President Grover Cleveland was halfway through his second term in the White House; the effects of the financial panic of 1893 were still being felt throughout the country; during the spring, "Coxey's Army of unemployed marched upon Washington DC demanding relief and the Pullman Strike agitated by Eugene V. Debs against the railroads stirred up so much violence that Federal troops had to be sent to Illinois to restore order. The year before, the World's Columbian Exposition had been held at Chicago and the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York had opened. To brighten the drab lives of many in New York, politicians sent thousands of newsboys to Coney Island for picnics and each summer women and children from the tenements were herded aboard fleets of ferries that were loaded with vast quantities of ice cream, peanuts and soda pop, and taken on excursions up the Hudson River. Tammany Hall and the Bowery were by-words in New York. This was the era which produced "The Sidewalks of New York." this was the "Gay Nineties."

Place: Dingle, Idaho. Life was not exactly gay for the Archibald 0. Lamoreaux family, living on a dry wheat farm nestled in the southeastern comer of Idaho a few miles from the borders of Utah and Wyoming. Flanking them to the south and west was Bear Lake from which the county got its name, a beautiful sheet of water approximately eight miles wide and 24 miles long divided almost precisely across the center by the Utah-Idaho border. Within its fresh clean water, fish abounded, principally trout. The nearest town, Dingle, a few miles to the north, was a small Mormon community of about 200 persons. "Diamond Jim" Brady, Victor Herbert, Lillian Russell and others may have been dining on oysters and pheasants and drinking champagne at the old Waldorf-Astoria and singing melodies from the latest musical comedy as they strolled along Broadway but living conditions were primitive on western farms and ranches.

It was the long, bitter cold winters that forced the Lamoreauxs to leave Idaho. A Doctor Hoover in Montpelier, Idaho, told Dad (Archibald 0. Lamoreaux) that he should move to California or Arizona as Mother could not stand the climate and high altitude of Idaho. The cold weather that was threatening her life had struck with devastating effect 11 years before against Dad. In 1883, a few days after Christmas, he was caught in a blizzard while deer hunting near Preston, Idaho. When found 24 hours later his limbs were so badly frozen that to save his life, it was necessary to amputate nearly half of both feet. The little fingers on both hands were also cut off.

Whether to move to Arizona or California? It was a withered peach branch that helped tip the scales in favor of Arizona. Two or three years previously a neighbor, Ike Palmer had gone to Arizona and Dad had written him asking about conditions there. Mr. Palmer's answer consisted of a blooming branch off a peach tree from his front yard, which he mailed Dad. Considering the slowness of the mail, it must have been an unimpressive looking peach tree branch that Dad unwrapped. But the evidence of peach petals was there, perhaps even a faint odor remained, and the contrast with cold snow-covered Idaho countryside was great. Eden, the name of the town in Arizona might have helped too. After months of snow, ice and freezing winds, these faded peach blossoms may have suggested an earthly paradise. The decision was made — the Archibald 0. Lamoreaux family would move to the territory of Arizona, some 1,000 miles away.

Early one summer morning the family was ready to begin the journey. Money for the trip, and to get a new start in Arizona, was obtained by selling the farm in Dingle, for $2,000. It was not an impressive party that prepared to leave Dingle, Idaho one July morning in 1894. Nor was the start an auspicious one, last minute preparations had taken longer than anticipated and the day was well along before the final pieces of equipment were loaded in the wagons and tied down. Dad was determined to start despite the late hour so a fast final inspection was made, the harnesses examined, a few tugs made on the ropes holding the water barrels and plow in place, a quick glance at the livestock, and then a final walk around the wagons. But as the would-be travelers climbed into the wagons and prepared to get the wheels rolling it was discovered that during the confusion of last minute preparations and flurry of final "goodbyes," three year old Dave had wandered off. He was finally found, but by then so much time had been lost that the start was delayed until the next day. The night was spent with relatives and everyone was up early the following morning anxious for an early start. Dad, taking no chances, tied a rope around Dave's waist and fastened the other end to the wagon wheel. Having loaded and packed all the equipment the day before, it didn't take long to move out. There were many skeptics among friends, neighbors and relatives, gathered to see them off, and with good cause. The

proposed journey was a long one, through a little traveled and desolate region, and the group did not inspire confidence. Dad was 36 years old, but badly crippled. His feet were round stumps that rested on thick blocks of leather covered wood. He could move around only with the help of a crutch and cane or by crawling on his knees. Mother was 35, and so sick that she was bedfast in one of the wagons much of the trip. Five children were in the party, Orrell, the eldest was 14 years old and Nora, the youngest, an infant of three months. The three other children were Ray Deloss, age 12; Guy Vivian, age 7; and David Crockett (named for both his grandparents, but called Dade or Dave all his life), age 3. A crippled father, a sick mother, two infant children, three young boys, the oldest barely in his teens, and nearly 1,000 miles of mountains, deserts and rivers to cross before they were to reach their "Promised Land," small wonder that many people looked askance at the trip. The only able bodied adult in the group was Hiram E. Crockett, Mother's 22 year old brother, who in later years became Utah's Secretary of State. He planned to go along and become a school teacher in Arizona.

As they prepared for the journey Dad may have thought of a trip taken in 1850 nearly 45 years before, by his father, David Burlock Lamoreaux and family. They had crossed the plains from Nauvoo, Illinois to Salt Lake City, Utah with a band of Mormon pioneers, bringing with them the bell from the Nauvoo Temple. However, they had traveled with a group, and Dad and his family were traveling alone.

If the personnel seemed somewhat inadequate for the trip ahead, their equipment was good. All the family's earthly possessions were in two wagons, one a new Bain wagon. Because it had springs, a large double bed was placed inside the new wagon for the parents to use. The bed was placed in the wagon box - a near perfect fit.

Eleven horses were included in the little caravan, two of them saddle horses. There was one team on each wagon and the other horses trailed behind, herded usually by Orrell or Ray. To obtain food and protect themselves from Indians, animals and outlaws, the family carried a .44 caliber carbine with an octagonal barrel, a muzzle loading 10 gauge shotgun and a revolver.

There would be a need in Arizona for farm equipment, so a hand plow, shovels, hoes and pitchforks were among the items carried in the second wagon. Drinking water and grain for the horses added to the bulk. One saddle and six harnesses were also carried.

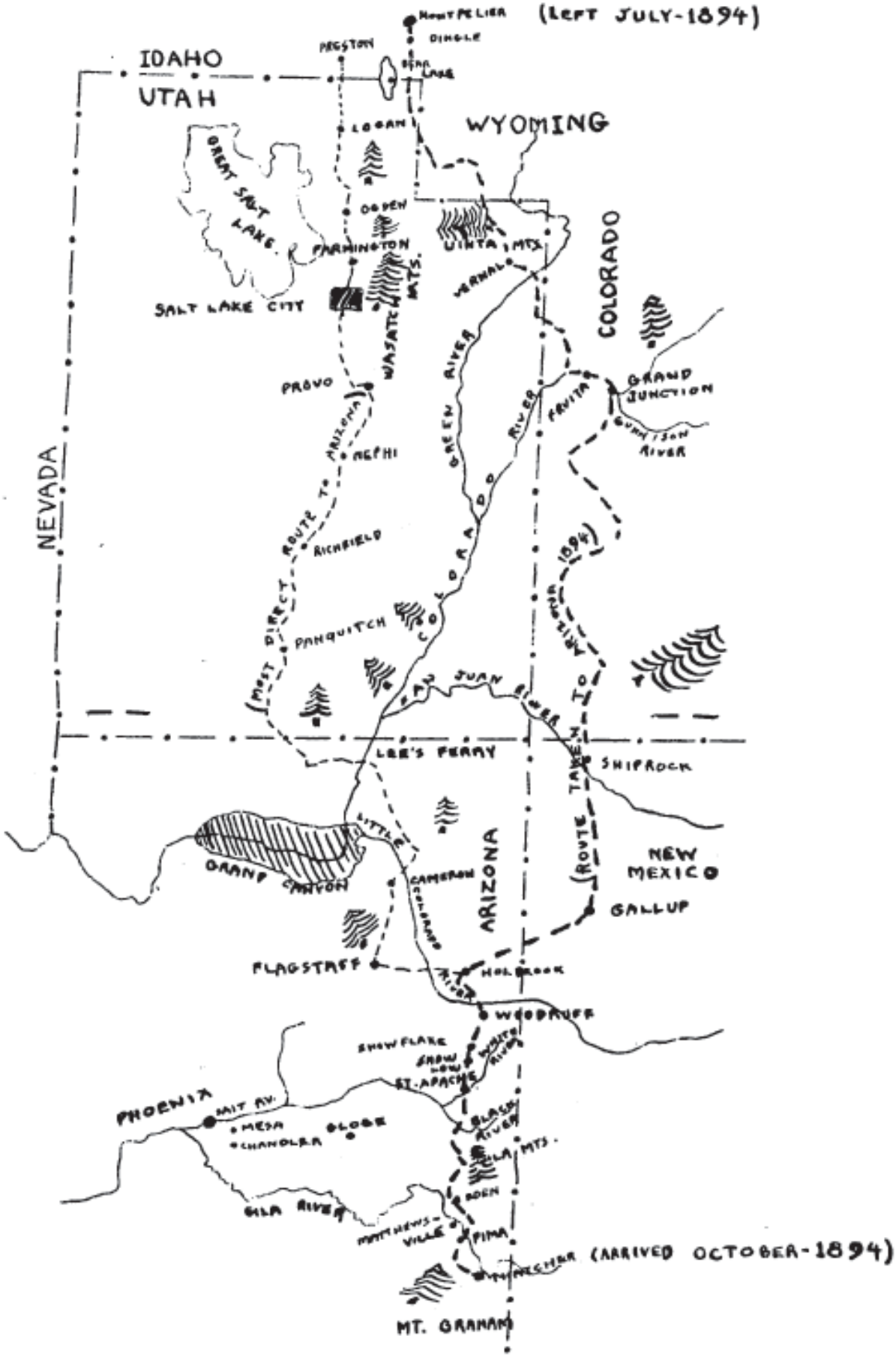
The end of the first day of travel found the little group camped in a mountainous area between Larktown and Garden City, Utah. Camp on the second day was made about 40 miles from Dingle. That night several of the horses broke their hobbles and disappeared. The next day Dad started off in pursuit, but first making arrangements for the family to stay on a dairy farm near the Wyoming line. The horses traveled northward and were tracked all the way to Dingle. Dad took advantage of this return to complete some unfinished business. Prior to leaving Idaho he had set out some fishnets in Bear Lake and had asked one of his friends to work them. But he now hauled in the nets himself and taking the trout sold them to secure additional finances.

Meanwhile he dispatched Rochester (Chess) Smith, a 15 year old nephew of Mother's out to bring the family back to Dingle to regroup before starting off again. One wagon and the extra horses were left at the dairy farm and Mother and the children retraced their steps to Dingle. Even their return journey was troublesome. They lost the burr (nut) off one wagon wheel and Dad had to send out for another one to get them home. The entire family moved in with a sister of Mother's, Aunt Nora Ream. (Frequently during the move and while getting settled Mother's family rendered aid in many ways.) Prior to making another start for Arizona, Mother and Dad spent a week visiting members of the Crockett family in Preston, Idaho and Logan, Utah.

The return to Dingle after only a two-day journey did not go unnoticed by the neighbors...many said the trip should not have been undertaken in the first place. But nearly a month after the abortive start they began again. The entire family piled in the one wagon and rode out to the ranch where they picked up their other wagon and additional horses. Dad found Uncle Hite, who had spent the time working for a nearby rancher, and convinced him that he should continue the journey with them. Dad settled his account with the dairyman and they were off once more — destination: Arizona.

The little caravan rolled along on its trek with Dad driving the lead wagon. This was the new wagon and Mother, Nora and the young boys rode with him. Uncle Hite followed with the second wagon, some 100 - 200 yards behind to avoid the dust, while the extra horses brought up the rear of the column herded by Orrell or Ray. Guy and Dave frequently would switch and ride in the light wagon.

From the start the route was through rough desolate country. Instead of skirting the shores of the Great Salt Lake and traveling through the relatively densely populated part of Northern Utah, the little company followed a course to the East, roughly parallel to the Wasatch Mountains. Today, 65 years later, this plateau region which averages over 5,000



TREK TO ARIZONA 1-1894

(A.O. LAMOREAUX FAMILY)

feet in elevation, is almost devoid of signs of civilization.

Utah Highway Number 3 which becomes Wyoming Highway Number 89 when it crosses the State Line connects Laketown, Utah with Evanston, Wyoming. These Highways, it is believed, closely approximate the route taken by the family. One of their first camp sites was the town of Almy, a small town five miles northwest of Evanston. At Evanston they crossed the Old Mormon Trail that early pioneers had taken into the Salt Lake Valley less than 50 years before. Dad led his party toward the majestic Uinta Mountains that blocked travel to the south. The Uinta's, highest mountains in Utah, and the only major mountain range in the United States with an east-west axis, were enough to give any group of travelers trouble. The five tallest peaks towered over 13,000 feet into the sky, while between the numerous peaks were deep amphitheater-like valleys, carved by glaciations. In many of these valleys were alpine lakes. It was and is a wild and difficult place. South of the Uintas was a forested area where the plateau summits rose from 9,000 feet to 11,000 feet high. Even today this region is completely uninhabited. The exact route Dad took to get by the Uintas is unknown. A guess is that he traveled south from Evanston and passed the Uintas on their eastern flank.

Journeying through arid mountain and plateau areas presented problems. Roads were few and poor, frequently nothing but wagon tracks and easily lost in dust, sand or hard ground. Oftentimes there were too many wagon tracks, and without road signs it was impossible to tell which ones led to the next town and which ones wandered off to isolated ranches or mining claims. But by primitive navigation, watching the sun and studying the stars plus inquiring of people along the way, the group kept moving in a southerly direction. After bypassing (or crossing) the Uinta Mountains the family's route was southeast to Vernal, Utah and then into the state of Colorado. Here their path again turned south, zigzagging back and forth near the Utah-Colorado borders. Plodding along at one or two miles an hour the primitive roads wandered endlessly through desolate and deserted wastelands. Hills, mountains, rivers and sandy washes slowed the troupe's pace.

Many times the gradient and load would be too great or the sand too deep and the horses would balk. Guile, gentle persuasion and threats were the methods used to get an extra ounce of pull from the horses. A steady hold on the lines after the horses leaned into their collars and a confident "Ged-up" was often enough to convince the team they could pull the wagon out of a tight spot. The secret was controlling the horses so that they pulled in unison and functioned as a team in fact as well as name. A crack of the whip judiciously applied would often convince the most reluctant of horses to settle down and pull. On other occasions it would be necessary to hitch up a fresh team and, with all hands pushing, the wagon would be freed.

Dad did not follow the usual route to Arizona. The shortest and most traveled route through Utah was via Logan, Farmington (Dads birthplace), Ogden, Salt Lake City, Provo, Nephi, Richfield and Panguitch. These towns, like widely spaced beads on a gigantic strand of pearls, bisected Utah from the Idaho border to Arizona. But Dad had reasons for taking the eastern and longer route, a route that followed the Colorado-Utah border.

1. More feed for the horses. A drought in southern Utah the previous year made it seem desirable to go where there was more grass and less traffic.

2. Cooler weather. The usual route led through the eastern part of the Great Basin area, a region that frequently experienced disagreeably high summer temperatures. The relatively cool mountain roads approximately 200 miles to the east seemed better, especially for the infant Nora.

3. Safety. Dad wanted to avoid crossing the Colorado River. Stories of horses, equipment and lives being lost at Lee's Ferry in northern Arizona seemed a good reason for avoiding the more direct route.

The round-about trek through sparsely settled country, (even today there are few roads through this section) took them across what geographers call the Colorado Plateau, a vast up-land area averaging over 5,000 feet in elevation, that covers parts of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. Moving at a snail's pace across this bleak, rugged region the family did not know that approximately 50 years later prospectors would be scouring this very area with Geiger counters, searching for and finding uranium, a mineral more valuable in the atomic age than gold. Deposits of uranium worth millions were possibly passed by, deposits destined to lay unseen and undisturbed for another half century before bringing vast wealth to their lucky discoverers.

Dad's route took them to Grand Junction, Colorado, today the center of the uranium rush. But the mysteries of the thermonuclear era were well in the future and to the younger members of the party the most exciting sight in Grand Junction was the mule driven street cars being pulled through the city streets.

As planned, the little caravan bypassed the most dangerous part of the Colorado River but there were other rivers to ford. They crossed the Uinta and

Green Rivers in Utah, the Gunnison and Colorado Rivers in Colorado, the San Juan in New Mexico and in Arizona the Little Colorado, the Black, the White and Gila Rivers. These were the larger rivers and there were many smaller ones. Frequently sign posts on each river bank marked the best points of entrance and exit. At one crossing a map was posted indicating the best fording points.

The day to day routine consisted of breaking camp at sun up and traveling until sundown. One of the chores performed during the day was to gather firewood as they rolled along. Pieces of dry mesquite, pine, and jumper were gathered up and tossed in the wagons to save time when they pitched camp in the evening. At night there were other jobs to be done, Uncle Hite and the older boys hobbled the horses, fed them grain, and put bells on the lead horses. Meanwhile Dad took the firewood gathered during the day and built a fire. Because Mother was frequently bedfast, Dad did most of the cooking. Bacon, potatoes, mutton (sheep and goat) bottled fruit, and dutch-oven biscuits were staple items on their menu. Oftentimes fresh vegetables, corn, peas and string beans purchased from ranchers livened up their meals. Fish and wild game added variety to their food supply. The game was usually rabbit or prairie hen; mountain trout was the usual fish. Deer and antelope were in the area but despite many efforts not one was ever killed. “Buck fever” affected Dad and Uncle Hite one particular Sunday. The two hunters (?) fired five shots at an antelope from a distance of not over 20 yards without injuring the animal, except perhaps its nerves. An occasional wild turkey or two provided a welcome addition to the larder. Sunday was a day of rest. It was then that most of the hunting and fishing was done.

It was the “Gay Nineties” period, but Dad, Uncle Hite and the boys wore clothing in keeping with Western frontier. There was nothing gay or frivolous about their garb; copper riveted pants, known today as “Levi’s” and similar type jackets. Heavy flannel shirts, button shoes and black felt hats with narrow brims completed a serviceable costume. Not until they reached Arizona did they see broad brimmed “cowboy” hats. Dad did not wear shoes, the stubs of his feet rested on squares of wood two inches thick, covered with leather and laced to his ankles. Mother was the epitome of feminine style in long gingham dresses that dragged the ground and she shaded her eyes with poke bonnets typical of that day.

By 1894 the Indians had been moved to reservations but they still presented problems. Renegade groups roamed the West, pilfering, robbing and making themselves disliked and distrusted by both white and red men. Descendents of the warlike Apaches (Geronimo had been captured only eight years before) and the Nomadic Navajos were the most worrisome The Uintas were friendly and on occasions Dad bought feed from them. Like many primitive people these Indians were fond of practical jokes. On one occasion they indicated that they wanted seven year old Guy in exchange for some grain. Probably this was a game devised to scare the younger members of the party.

One experience with Indians had serious implications and could have ended disastrously. It happened near Chimney Rock in northwestern New Mexico. The family awoke one morning and found all their horses gone, although the night before the horses had been hobbled and a bell placed on the neck of the lead horse. Orrell and Ray started out on foot to track the missing horses. Soon they fund two of them, still hobbled, but in the custody of two Indians. The boys with the aid of a few pieces of chewing tobacco got these horses back and returned to camp. Dad and Uncle Hite then rode off looking for the other horses and rounded them up – all but one. The missing animal was a blooded bay mare about three years old and the best horse Dad owned. She had been broken to ride but not to work. Dad was told

Trading tobacco with Indians

that a group of renegade Navajo Indians had driven the horses away during the night and it was believed, still held the missing mare. Dad decided to investigate.

Riding bare-back, alone and unarmed he went to the Indian village. There in the corral with the Indian ponies was his little bay mare. Dad said not a word but rode to the corral and without dismounting opened the make shift gate and entered the corral. Approximately 15 armed Indians watched in sullen silence as he maneuvered among the horses trying to catch the mare. Finally Dad looped a rope around her neck and led the little mare out the corral gate without a word to anyone. No one made a move to stop him.

Riding bareback, alone and unarmed

People who heard of the incident found the story hard to believe. The band of Indians was an outlaw group with little respect for law or property. Someone explained that it was the Indians' superstitious fear of deformed persons that saved dad from death or injury. Indians of those days believed cripples to be possessed of evil spirits and Dad must have been an awesome sight as he rode among the horses, his eyes flashing in righteous indignation, fingers missing as he handled the rope and only stumps slapping the sides of his horse where there should have been feet.

As a rule the Indians were friendly, sometimes too friendly but they did help break the monotony. Using a few words, usually nouns, and with descriptive gestures, they were able to tell the family of their exploits hunting various animals over many types of terrain. Sometimes an Indian would entertain them for an hour or more. Because of their skill at mimicry there was little chance for misunderstanding. Oftentimes they stopped the caravan and asked for presents. Usually they wanted tobacco, coffee, flour or meat, the first two items being their favorite "gifts."

Dad met this problem by carrying such items in special small cans and when the Indians requested "gifts" they were shown an almost empty can. This prevented them from making a big dent in the family's supplies. Here is a description of the Indians as recalled by Guy.

The Indians at times looked spectacular. They nearly always wore some article of bright color, if it was nothing more than a bright red or yellow rag or ribbon about the head. Often they carried or wore around their shoulders beautiful rugs or blankets with peculiar designs and bright colors worked into them. Some of the men wore buckskin trousers and moccasins and were bare from the waist up, save perhaps for a bright string across their forehead and tied in back. Their black hair, dark skin with a slight reddish cast and their faces often smeared with paint marks, gave them a primitive and strange look, a mixture of cunningness, defiance, boldness and cruelty. Their supplication for food often seemed more of an order than a request. When they approached the wagon they would start mimicking and repeating the name of the article they particularly wanted. If it was tobacco that they wanted they would puff as though smoking a cigarette or if it was coffee they would cup their hands and pretend to drink. Dad used to get a great deal of enjoyment out of them when a lone buck or two would come into camp and with a minimum of words and a great deal of gestures and acrobatics describe some exploit in which the Indian had participated.

The Indians were not always friendly and they gave the little party some uneasy moments. Once while stopped for a noon meal beside a wooded riverbed the sound of hoof beats were heard approaching the top of the canyon side. Upon sighting the Lamoreauxs the Indians stopped and studied the little camp. After a short discussion they continued quickly down the canyon in single file, and headed straight for the family. Naked from the waist up, wearing buckskin trousers and moccasins and carrying rifles they made everyone uneasy. Riding into the camp they reined in their horses and got off and proceeded to eat everything they could find that was edible. As soon as they finished eating they unceremoniously got on their horses and rode away. There was no conversation while the Indians were in camp and everyone drew a deep sigh of relief when they departed.

It was fear of the Indians that caused another person to join the troupe. One day near Shiprock, New Mexico a young man approached Dad and asked if he might ride with them while crossing the Indian Reservation. He told Dad that he was afraid a lone white man might be attacked by the Navajos.

Bob—the only name by which he was ever known to the Lamoreauxs—was about 30 years old, tall and slender. His friendly manner made him a pleasant addition to the group. At the time he was riding one horse and leading another. To pay his part of the trip he offered Dad one of the horses. Later Dad traded the horse for a $30 blanket. Bob traveled with them for about a month, making his board bill a dollar a day. During this month they met a rancher who needed help with his hay crop. So the adult male members of the party, Dad, Uncle Hite and Bob spent several days helping the rancher put up his hay. In turn they received good pasture for their horses, some fruit from the farmer's orchard and some money.

Bob disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. As they were approaching Holbrook, Arizona he volunteered to scout the road ahead. An hour or so later a sheriff and his deputies rode up from another direction. They were looking for a bank robber whose description fit Bob. The sheriff had been told that the bank robber had joined a party crossing the Indian Reservation. Bob was never seen again by the Lamoreauxs.

There were other incidents and problems. Once camp was pitched near a sheep ranch and in the confusion of preparing the meal, hobbling the horses, starting the fire and other evening chores, Dave wandered over to study a nearby herd of sheep. Suddenly, a childish cry split the air, a big ram had knocked Dave down and was standing over him. Every time the boy tried to get up the sheep would butt him down again, hard. Fortunately the owner of the sheep was nearby and he soon reached the sheep and with a pocket knife killed the ram. Dave escaped without serious injuries.

Amusements were simple and usually revolved around the birds and animals that were sighted along the way. One of the sports that the boys found interesting was flushing chipmunks out of their burrows by the simple expedient of pouring water down the holes. By acting quickly it was possible to grab these damp and thoroughly puzzled chipmunks by the scruff of the neck as they poked their heads from their water-soaked burrows. Properly done the chipmunk could be held safely without either the boy or the chipmunk getting hurt. After watching Orrell and Ray do the trick even Guy caught a few chipmunks. But one day he hesitated a fraction too long and the chipmunk grabbed first, biting Guy on the finger. Guy's interest in catching chipmunks came to an abrupt end.

Hunting was an important activity both as a method of obtaining food and as recreation. On one occasion Orrell, Ray and Uncle Hite decided to try their luck as hunters. As they left camp they talked importantly of getting some grouse or possibly even a deer. The afternoon passed and as the evening shadows lengthened the hunters were seen approaching camp carrying some sort of game. The way they were walking suggested that it was a small deer. Orrell was carrying the animal by the front legs and Uncle Hite was struggling with the hind legs. Everyone was elated . . . venison would be a welcome treat!! Soon the mouth watering venison was disclosed to be nothing but a large jackrabbit, one of Uncle Hite's jokes.

Efforts were made to camp at a water hole each evening, and often Dad or Uncle Hite would ride ahead looking for water, on at least one occasion they made a dry camp along a river bottom. However by digging several feet into the sandy river bed they obtained enough water for themselves and the stock. Two 30 gallon water barrels were carried on the heavier wagon - one on each side. These barrels and a smaller barrel on the other wagon had to be replenished at every opportunity. Water holes were not always easily found.

Once Nora became quite ill and a family along the way kindly took Mother and Nora into their house. The ranch family sent for a midwife who helped nurse Nora back to health. Within a few days the caravan was on the road again.

Their route through the Navajo Indian country of northwest New Mexico and northeast Arizona took them near Shiprock, New Mexico (named for an immense rock mass with a nautical appearance), along what is now U.S. Highway 66, and then south to Gallup, New Mexico nearly 100 miles away. Following what is now U.S Highway 66 they turned westward to Holbrook, Arizona. By now they were approaching the last stage of their Journey. They followed the Little Colorado River to the Mormon town of Woodruff and there prepared to descend into the Gila Valley. The preparation consisted of placing most of the equipment on one wagon, leaving seven of the horses at Woodruff and taking only light camping equipment on to the final phase of the journey.

Here is the situation as described by Mother.

When we got to Woodruff we camped for a few days and the people told us what awful roads we had to go over and advised us to leave one wagon and go on, and come back for it after we were rested. Also one or two of our horses had strayed off and we could not find them. We left the one outfit and went on, traveling with a bunch of men with freight wagons going to Fort Apache (Indian Trading Post) We traveled slow and were five or six days getting there. From Black River on (a short distance south of Fort

Apache) the roads were just awful hills, and almost solid rocks for miles. We got just about out of provisions and money too. Was surely glad when we struck the Valley." (Gila Valley)

The route taken by this little procession, following the freight wagons, took them through the towns of Woodruff, Snowflake (named for two Mormon bishops, Snow and Flake), Showlow (a gambling term), through the largest yellow pine forest in the United States to McNary and Fort Apache. Then, as now, much of the area was Indian Reservation. Apaches abounded in the White River, Black River and San Carlos River areas.

As they traveled south the scenery changed from pine to cactus. Eventually the tired and dusty group edged over the Gila Mountains, a few miles north of the Gila River, and started the final descent into their "Promised Land." The first appearance was not impressive, far off in the distance the Pinaleno Mountains formed a blue gray mass with Mt. Graham towering 10,000 feet high. Midway to the mountains a thin strip of green wound its way through the desert. It was the sandy river bottom of the Gila River covered with mistletoe infested cottonwood trees, thorny mesquite brush and thick growths of willow. Nearby the foothills were covered with greenish yellow creosote bushes. The pungent order from these plants seemed everywhere. Prickly pear cactus, cholla, sand and rock completed the scene, a rather rough looking paradise,

On October 20, 1894 about sundown the little cavalcade reached Eden, a small community at the lower (western) end of the Gila Valley. The first night was spent at the home of Aunt Jane and Uncle Alvin Kempton . . . but not until Uncle Hite had his little joke. Here is the way Guy describes it: "We pulled up close to their place, just out in the road from their house. Uncle Hite went in without introducing himself and inquired of Uncle Al, if he would sell us a little hay for our horses and let us camp in his yard so that outside stock would not bother us. He said that we were going farther east but our stock was tired and we would like to camp there if he was willing. There were many other travelers on the road at that time so Uncle Al thought nothing of it and told Uncle Hite that we could pull in the yard as there was plenty of room. Uncle Al said that he would come out later and get some feed for the horses. As Uncle Hite turned to go out of the house he said casually, "Good, I'll go out and tell Archie and Lydia that they can stay." That was the tip off, then there was a bedlam of joy and welcome, handshaking and backslapping by the men; and laughter, hugs and tears by the women. It was a Joyous occasion.''

Eden was still ten miles short of their destination and after 12 weeks of traveling Dad did not want to tarry long so near the final objective. After what was probably a rather sleepless night they arose the next morning and started for Thatcher, accompanied by Aunt Jane and Uncle Al. They went about four miles and stopped at Pima to visit with Uncle Wilfred Crockett. After a leisurely midday dinner the group, which now included Uncle Wilfred and Aunt Mahala, continued to Thatcher, a small community six miles east of Pima. At Thatcher they went to the home of Aunt Delia Curtis, Mother's sister. Again it was an exciting, heart throbbing experience with everyone talking, laughing and crying.

Here it was discovered that the Curtis family had become so concerned over their late arrival that that very day they had sent their son Frank with a team, wagon, provisions and feed to meet them. He went as far as Pima and discovered that the Lamoreauxs had already arrived in the Gila Valley.

Reunions with old friends and relatives from Logan occupied much of their time during the ensuing weeks while they stayed with the Curtis family. During this period Dad was busy looking at property. Finally for $600.00 he bought 40 acres of land in Matthewsville (today known as Glenbar), a little settlement about 10 miles west of Thatcher. Dad was mildly disappointed with Graham County—the farms were smaller than and not as prosperous as the ones he had left in Idaho. The weather was hot and dry, even the life-giving water of the Gila River was conspicuous by its absence.

Four to six weeks later before the first crop could be planted it was necessary to get the stock and equipment in Woodruff. A letter was sent asking the people with whom they left their equipment to bring the wagon and horses as far as Fort Apache when they took freight to the Indian Reservation. This they did, piling all the equipment in the back of the wagon plus an additional 2,500 lbs of freight and fruit, This extra weight proved too much and the wagon broke down before reaching Fort Apache. Dad had to fix the wagon before returning to the Gila Valley. The breakdown was only one of the many problems that beset him on the trip; he encountered storms, bad roads and lost a horse.

Despite the complications of getting established in a new country, Dad and Mother were able to aid in building a new school house and church house in Matthewsville. Two children were born while they were living in Matthewsville, Muriel on November 9, 1895 – just a little over a year after their arrival in the Graham County, and Douglas on April 26, 1897.

In addition to building a home in Matthewsville Mother and Dad were both active in Latter Day Saint Church activities, Mother served as counselor in the Mutual and as secretary for the Relief Society and Dad was ward chorister. However they were not too happy in Matthewsville. They sold their farm and on August 13, 1901 moved to Thatcher. The following day Mary, their youngest child was born.

The years followed quickly. There were other moves, Hubbard, back to Thatcher and eventually to Mesa in the Salt River Valley. For seven years Dad hauled and sold produce, chickens, eggs, etc. to Bisbee, Douglas and other mining towns in southern Arizona. Once while living in Hubbard, four of the children had pneumonia at the same time, Ray, Guy, Dave and Mary. However by then Ray was married and living in Duncan, Arizona.

Three children performed missions for the Latter Day Saints (Mormon) Church. In 1911 Guy left for Southern States Mission for 28 months from 1915-1917; Nora was in the Central States Mission; and in September 1919 Douglas was called to the Mexican Mission for 28 months.

The chronicle will end here ... the purpose of this account was to recall the trip from Idaho to Arizona. Perhaps someone at another time will describe in more detail the history of the Lamoreaux family after their arrival in the Gila Valley in 1894 until the death of Mother in Phoenix, Arizona some 36 years later (May 1930) and Dad's death in July 1941. The descendents of this pioneer Mormon couple are many and today their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and even great-great grandchildren are found in many cities and communities, especially in the West. However, three score and five years after the arrival from Idaho, Arizona is the home for most of the descendants of Archibald 0. Lamoreaux and Lydia L. Crockett. The state that furnished a faded peach tree branch provided fertile soil in which the Lamoreaux family tree was able to take root and grow.

THE END

Appendix 1

Archibald O. Lamoreaux family:

Dad (Archibald Orrell Lamoreaux (born 15 Sept 1857 Farmington, UT)

Mother (Lydia Lavera Crockett (born 21 Oct 1858 Logan, UT)

Orrell Lamoreaux (born 11 Nov 1879 Logan, UT)

Ray Deloss Lamoreaux (born 5 June 1882 Logan, UT)

Guy Vivian Lamoreaux (born 6 July 1887 Preston, ID)

David Crockett Lamoreaux (born 10 May 1893 Preston, ID)

Nora Estella Lamoreaux Hoopes (born 1 April 1894 Dingle, ID

Other Party Members:

Uncle Hite (Hyrum E. Crockett, brother of Mother) age 22 in 1894

Bob (full name unknown, rode w/family across northern New Mexico and Arizona, about 30 years old)

Members of A.O. Lamoreaux family born in Arizona:

Muriel Lamoreaux Matthews (born 9 Nov 1895 Thatcher, AZ)

Douglas Byam Lamoreaux (born 26 April 1897 Matthewsville, AZ)

Mary Lamoreaux Broomes (born 14 Aug 1901 Thatcher, AZ)

Other Persons Mentioned:

Grover Cleveland – president of the United States 1885-1889 and 1892-1897

Eugene V. Debs – socialist and labor leader born 1855 died 1926

"Diamond Jim" Brady – wealthy salesman and "man about town" in NY during 1890s

Victor Herbert – American musical composer 1859-1924

Dr. Hoover – Montpelier, ID, advised mother to move to either AZ or CA because of ill health in ID

David Burlock Lamoreaux – Dad's father 1819-1905

Rochester (Chess) Smith – Mother's nephew, age 15 in 1894

Aunt Jane Kempton – cousin of Mother, Eden, AZ

Uncle Alvin Kempton – Husband of Aunt Jane

Uncle Wilford Crockett – Mother's uncle, Pima, AZ

Aunt Mahala Crockett – Wife of Uncle Wilford

Aunt Delia Curtis – Mother's sister, Thatcher, AZ

Uncle E.M. Curtis – Husband of Aunt Delia

Frank Curtis – Son of E.M. and Delia Curtis

Aunt Nora Ream – Mother's sister Dingle, ID

Geronimo – 1829-1909, chief of Chiricahua band of Apache Indians that terrorized AZ and NM 1875-1885.