

HISTORY OF ISAAC ALLRED
AND
MARY ANN MC ELPRANG COOK

CHERISHED MEMORIES

My Tribute To My Late Husband
by Mary Ann Cook Allred

He was one of the greatest men on earth.
A man with an open mind,
A man who weighed all problems,
With an outlook that was kind.
A man who lived by what is right,
And helps those who may fall,
To get upon their feet again,
And scale their troubled wall.
A man who fathered children
And loved his families too.
A man who weathered storm and strife.
He was a man whom I call great
And great he will always be,
Both on this earth and hereafter
Throughout eternity.

Isaac and Mary Ann Cook Allred

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One day in the early spring of 1950 while at Sunday School, I met Mary Ann Cook, a lady whom I had seen a few times before, but hadn't had much acquaintance with. We visited with each other quite frequently, and I soon discovered her to be a woman with a very beautiful character and with high ideals in life. Our likes and dislikes were much the same, and we had much in common and so our visits together became more by appointment than otherwise. It soon developed that we really cared for each other, and so with the consent of her family and mine, we were married in the Manti Temple in May 1950. We felt sure that our companions, who had gone beyond, approved of our marriage also; and oh, what a blessing it has been to both of us.

Harvey and Berniece, and Earl and Dixie accompanied us to the temple, and Earl and Harvey were witnesses in the sealing room. Inasmuch as we were an elderly couple, many spectators came to see us married and really had a laugh when I tried to put the ring on Mary Ann's finger. It was a wee bit small. We and the relatives had dinner in the temple and Harvey, Earl and their wives returned to Emery.

Mary Ann's brother Peter and his wife, and her sister Minerva and her husband were waiting for us at Salina. Peter had a large new car. The six of us started south on what they teasingly called a honeymoon. We went down through Sevier Valley, and over the divide to Glendale and Orderville. We stayed here overnight. The next morning we went to Kanab and visited with Mary Ann's cousin, William Mc Elprang, a cattleman of some six hundred head. We went through the Kaibab Forest and on to Jacob's Lake. We stopped here overnight and were entertained by a group of scouts who were on an exploration trip. The next day we continued on to the north bank of the Grand Canyon and to Lee's Ferry. We crossed the Colorado River at Navaho Bridge and toured the southern rim of the canyon. We saw many Indians and even visited their huts. The men were all playing cards, while their squaws were out trailing a few sheep on the hills and hunting for water in an arid region where there was none. This was quite an introduction to Indian life.

We traveled on to Boulder Dam. We took the tour of the dam, going down the elevator for six hundred feet to the bottom. We stood with one foot in the state of Nevada and the other in Arizona at the borderline of the two states. It was thrilling to see this massive, man-built structure. We stayed overnight at the beautiful little town of Boulder City. We then went to Las Vegas where they were celebrating their annual Helderado Days. We saw a huge parade and toured the glittering city at night. We even tried out the slot machines, our first and last time to do anything like that. We were all amused that I being superintendent of the Sunday school, and Peter, president of the Cattlemen's Association, were the only lucky ones in the crowd. Well, we stood the jeers of the managers for not spending much, but we went for experience and information. We learned in a hurry. We were thankful that we lived in a state where this gambling and worldly night life was not allowed for the youth of our church to be in contact with.

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The next day we went to St. George. We stayed there overnight and then traveled on to Emery. We had a wonderful trip and a very good time.

We lived in my home at Emery this first summer. I had a new car and we enjoyed trips to Huntington each week. Mary Ann was secretary of the Relief Society and the board refused to release her until fall when they would reorganize, so I took her to Huntington each week for her meetings. On one trip I insisted on her learning to drive the car. She did very well until we turned the corner in the street to enter my garage. The garage door was open and she was going to stop and let me drive the car into the garage. She was tired and a little nervous and accidently stepped on the wrong pedal. Instead of stepping down on the brake she stepped hard on the gas pedal. The car went like a flash into the garage, through the north end, taking out the wall and laying the hood of the car out into the lot. Well, this was a exciting experience but soon forgotten. We were frightened at the time, but we soon became amused and laughed at the incident. That ended Mary Ann's driving career.

Mary Ann wanted to work in the temple, so we spent the winter of 1950 working in the Manti Temple. When we returned to Emery we decided it would be better for us to live in Huntington at her home. We moved there and shortly after we were set apart as stake missionaries. We served in that capacity until September of 1953. We then came to Salt Lake City to do library and temple work. We expected to stay one month, and we took two suitcases full of clothes. Mary Ann worked in the library for three months, and I spent my time working in the temple. We joined the Salt Lake Senior Citizen Club. Each Saturday evening we would go to a clubhouse and danced until twelve o'clock. The crowd was all about our age and we had lots of fun and entertainment. Refreshments were served most every evening and on special occasions, such as Thanksgiving, dinner banquets were served. There were summer outings for all over seventy to Fort Douglas, Saltair and many other things for our enjoyment.

In the summer of 1952 we took a trip to Idaho and spent two weeks with the folks up there. Earl Christensen, the nephew I raised, took me all over his mountain range. We went through a session in the Idaho Falls Temple and witnessed the marriage of Lee's daughter. (Lee is another nephew). Earl and Gladys brought us back to Salt Lake City.

The same year David Hood and his wife took us in his car to California. We visited their daughter June in Bakersfield for ten days, then we took the bus and went up to Sacramento and visited my granddaughter, Genevieve Hansen, and family. They took us around the city and showed us a nice time. Especially interesting to us was Sutter's Fort; it played such an important role in early California history at the time of the gold rush. We returned with the Woods to Huntington, then back to Salt Lake.

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We stayed on in Salt lake. It seemed there was so much more there for us to do. We continued to work at the temple and at the library, and our time was taken up in useful endeavors. Even in our spare time we found things to do. One year I braided several nice quirts for members of the family. Mary Ann would make little sacks that we would fill with gunshot, and this would be the butt of the quirt that I would start to braid on. I had done quite a bit of braiding for my own use all through my life, and now for a while I took it up as something extra to do. The quirts I made were considered by the family to be quite nice and those who received them were very thrilled. One Christmas I braided a small key holder for most of the grandsons and grandson-in-laws in the family. Mary Ann would also make interesting and useful gifts for the families.

I have always had a longing to visit the places of early church history in the east. Especially have I wanted to travel to Nauvoo, and other church historical places where my father knew and worked with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and where my grandfather and uncles had also lived and suffered the persecutions that were inflicted on the church. Mary Ann and I planned for several years to some way make this trip back over Mormon trails. Little by little we saved of our means until we had accumulated sufficient money to make my dream come true. On 19 July 1958, we joined eighty other people ranging in age from 25 to 85 years in Margaret Lunds tour of twenty-two days by bus to the eastern states. Our hotels and meal stops were all scheduled ahead of time. We traveled four and five hundred miles each day. As we came to places of interest, the bus would stop and the driver would explain the spots of interest to us and tell us the time we could have. Everyone was cooperative, so each day was a pleasure.

Our first stop was Vernal. It was interesting here to see the big red bank that was built in 1916. Every brick that went into this building was wrapped separately and was delivered by mail from Salt Lake City -- 407 miles away. We spent our first night in Denver. We were late getting in so we waited until morning to call Glendon. He came to the hotel and took me out to breakfast. We returned in time to catch the bus. The second night we were in the city of Hayes at the Lamar Hotel. The third day we reached Kansas City and stayed at the Kansas State Hotel. Our room was ten stories up. We had never slept in a room that high before. We arrived early on Sunday and attended church. It was ward conference and there was about seventy-five members in attendance. The windows were all up and it was very warm. We visitors kept our fans going and wondered why they didn't open some windows. Soon the big black crickets or bugs came jumping through any place they could get through, and the floor was soon spotted with them. No one seemed alarmed so I guess it was a common thing. As the ward reports were given, and it came to the M.I.A president, she said she felt the girls had done a good job. There was seven enrolled, and they had traveled from ten to sixty miles to attend their meetings. I wonder if we here in Utah would put forth the effort to go that distance for a one hour meeting.

The next morning we crossed the wide Missouri River which divides the city. Kansas City means 'the water'. On the west side were many tumbled down adobe and brick buildings. They reminded me of reading of ancient days. The next ten hours we encountered rain, but we kept right on traveling and did not have to stop.

At Independence, Missouri, we visited the old Liberty Jail. The guide took us down in the dungeon. The walls were very thick and it had a rock floor. The one window was very small, and it still has the same glass as when the Prophet was imprisoned there. It was here that the Prophet Joseph Smith, his brother Hyrum Smith, Caleb Baldwin, Alexander McKree, Lymon Wright and Sidney Rigdon were imprisoned from November 1838 until April 1839. The treatment they received was too heart chilling to talk about. They were even given human flesh to eat which they refused. Hyrum's wife gave birth to a baby boy while he was in jail. She went to the jail and passed the baby down through the trap door and the father, Hyrum, gave him his name and blessing. The name he gave him was Joseph Fielding Smith. While confined to this dungeon prison the Prophet wrote to the church the information we now have in the Doctrine & Covenants, Sections 121, 122, 123.

Our next stop was Nauvoo. We traveled eighteen miles along the banks of the great Mississippi River before reaching the city. This was very exciting and wonderful. Only a few in the crowd had ever seen such a body of water, and then to enter that historical old city gave us a feeling not to be forgotten. The stories of real church history came to our minds of how our beloved Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were murdered in cold-blood in Carthage Jail 27 June 1844, and how the temple was burned by vandals in 1848. I was reminded of the roles my own father and grandfather had played in the sad events in Nauvoo. It was in this once beautiful city that they had lived and known the Prophet of the Lord. Now the city is reduced to a shadow of its former self. Once there were 20,000 people, now only about 1200 live there. Main street, once the principle thriving business street, now has only a few houses on it. The vacant lots are filled with grapevines where one day grape wine and juice was sold. Rats scurry through the many vacant buildings.

We visited Joseph Smith's homestead and mansion house. The graves of Joseph, Hyrum and Emma Smith lie side by side on the river side by the homestead. After the martyrdom, they were secretly buried under a beehouse and it wasn't until 1928 that their bodies were brought to this spot and buried. We visited the grassy spot where the temple stood and all the old homes of church officials and members. Today they are cared for and owned by the Reorganized Church.

Leaving Nauvoo, we traveled on to Columbus, Ohio. Here we slept in a hotel on the fifteen floor. The cars below looked like flies. We visited Abraham Lincoln's tomb. We traveled through the beautiful, Blue Ridge Mountain country and on to Washington D.C.

It was quite exciting to me to be able to see the Capitol once more, and to be able to tell Mary Ann about the places I had seen before. We visited Arlington Cemetery where there are 90,000 soldier graves. We visited the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Here a soldier walks day and night guarding the grave. We went to Mount Vernon to Washington's home and tomb. This place impressed me so, when I visited it before, that I was happy to have the opportunity of seeing it again. Next, we traveled to Philadelphia. Here we saw the Betsy Ross home and the Congress Hall of Fame. There were many negroes there. Much of the labor and office jobs are filled by negroes. We went on to Baltimore, known as the Marble City, where nearly every home has from three to five marble steps leading into them. This city is 491 feet above sea level with a population of 949,708.

From Maryland we traveled to Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia we saw the Liberty Bell and hall where the constitution was written in 1776, and signed 17 September 1789. One pays toll coming in and out of the city. We went through the White Tile Walls Tunnel, the largest in the world, then on to New York. This is one place I have no desire to live – tall buildings, narrow streets, no trees or flowers, everything is all business. We went through Harlem in New York, the largest negro city in the world. We saw the United Nations headquarters and had a boat ride around Manhattan Island. Our greatest thrill was going up 102 stories in the Empire State Building. The first observatory platform is on the 86th floor and the second is on the 102nd floor. We went to the top. Seeing is believing at this place. Falling rain looks red and snow goes up instead of down. It is told that the tower sways, actually it doesn't, but heavy winds cause the tower to lean two inches.

In Palmyra, New York, we visited Joseph Smith's home, New Palmyra, the Bureau of Information, and Angel Moroni Monument. We had our pictures taken at the base of the monument, but failed to get one for ourselves. We went into the Sacred Grove. Here we held a testimonial meeting and all took part. That was as near heaven as I ever felt. We saw the pageant at the foot of the Hill Cumorah. It was a spectacular performance and a credit to our church. It is attracting more people every year. It seems that one couldn't deny the Latter-day Prophet after visiting such places and feeling the influence they carry.

The trip to Niagara Falls was a grand sight. We saw the falls from the New York side and also from the Canadian side.

From Cleveland we headed for Chicago. The yacht harbor with all those fishing boats and yachts was a sight not soon to be forgotten. We rode for two hours around Lake Michigan. The waves dashed high and water poured in from the side we were sitting on. Mary Ann asked for a life belt several times; she pretended to get quite alarmed just for the amusement of the crowd. The ride was lots of fun.

Our next stops were Omaha, Nebraska, Cheyenne, Wyoming, and then Salt Lake City. It had been twenty-two days of sight-seeing, education, making friends and seeing places never to be forgotten. An adventure I had hoped for, for many years, had been fulfilled. I was eighty-six years old, but I couldn't have enjoyed this trip at any other age more than I enjoyed it now.

We were soon settled down again and back at temple work. We are quite happy and satisfied at our present location. Since coming to Salt Lake, we have moved nine times all because we were trying to get a place close to the temple and church. At last we are located at 180 North West Temple in a downstairs apartment. We have lawn and flowers and lots of nice shade. Everything is quite to our liking, so here we will stay. We have many nice friends who come to see us quite often, and our families also come to see us. We feel very fortunate.

In 1956, Harvey sold the property in Emery and moved to Salt Lake City. He is now working in the Veteran's Hospital. All of his children were living here and he and Berniece felt that they would like to be with them. I am happy they are here. Harvey comes to see us often, and it gives me a feeling of security to have him close by. Merrill is still living in Emery and working very hard on his farms and in his business of live-stock raising. He is a fine fellow and has raised a fine family. His oldest boy, Wells, is doing government work in Chili at the present time. May and part of her family are still in Emery. Most of her children are living in Utah County. Glendon is in Denver, Colorado. Mary Ann's children are located in Emery and Utah counties. They are all very good to us.

In spite of our present, pleasant surroundings, we are not always masters of our fate. On 14 January 1958, Mary Ann went down to Emery County by bus to attend her sister-in-law's funeral. She got off the bus at Price to change to the Emery County bus. She was crossing the street and as she stepped up on the sidewalk, she caught her foot in the broken pavement of the sidewalk and fell down and broke her knee. She was brought back to Salt Lake by car and put in the hospital. Her leg was put in a full length cast. She came home and bore her pain very bravely, praying that it would mend all right, and that she wouldn't be left with a permanently stiff leg.

Just when Mary Ann was beginning to recover a little from her accident, I backed up against the pipe to the circulating gas heater and burned my leg severely, almost from my thigh to my knee. Mary Ann took such good care of it that I never would go see a doctor. I told her she was my doctor. When May asked me how on earth I burned me that that, I told her, "It was the easiest thing in the world to do." We had a few laughs about it, but it was a bad burn and it was quite awhile before it healed completely.

While we were both nurturing our wounds, we received word from Moab that my dear sister Hulda had died. She was ninety-two years old, and we had always been very dear

to each other. We had visited back and forth through the years, and had really been closer to each other than any of the others had been. She had always been an energetic person — full of life and vitality. She was much like father in many ways. Her hair was like his, thick and black while she was young and snowy white as she grew older. It always retained its thickness and body. It was her pride and joy because everyone made such a fuss over it. She was always very fussy with her hair. It had to be washed just so and look neat and nice. In fact, she was a very neat and clean person. She had always been a very dear friend to Hannah, and I was happy that she and Mary Ann also became good friends. My daughter May and her children and all my family were very dear to Hulda and she to them. She had the courage of her convictions and feared no one. She had lived a rich full life and was able to care for herself right up until the day she died. We were all very happy that she passed away quietly and peaceably, without any suffering. She died 23 May 1958. My brother William died at the age of 91 in the Spring of 1956 at Spring City, Utah. Martin died a few years ago. John is still living in Provo. He and I are the only ones left.

I am very proud of my heritage. My father and grandfather did very much to help the cause of Mormonism in early church history. I am very proud of my posterity and I have a lot of faith in the ability of the youth of this nation and of this church to carry on the work of the Lord as it is outlined to them. To my grandchildren and other young people, I would like to make this suggestion: adhere to the teachings of the gospel, aspire and try to obtain an education, formal schooling and higher education if possible, for in this day it is quite necessary. I had very little schooling myself, but I have always taken every opportunity to improve myself and educate myself in every way possible. I want to impress on you the importance of an education. I would like to see as many of my posterity as is possible go on missions, work in the church, and do what they can to develop good character and cultivate a desire to perform service to others. For it is only in doing these things that finding real happiness is possible.

I am proud to be classified as a native pioneer in Utah's last frontier. I feel that I have lived in the most marvelous age in history. I have seen things develop from the crude wheel and ox team to the present jet propelled engines. I have experienced the thrill of a first ride in an automobile, on a boat, a train and an airplane. I have tried to live with an eye to the future, and have always accepted the new things in preference to the old. Life is eternal progression, and I know the future holds many wonderful and exciting events that only the young will experience. I only wish I had the youth all over again to witness the new things to come.

As for my future, I feel that as long as I have an interest in life I still have a future. I have never been more interested in anything that I have ever done, than I am in what I am doing now. My marriage to Mary Ann has been a blessing to me. It made it possible for me to come here and work in the temple, and in so doing, I feel that I am helping

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someone else. I am still doing some useful service. I hope that my health and capacities will stay with me to the extent that I do not become a burden on anyone. The promises made to me in my patriarchal blessing have been fulfilled to the very utmost. The Lord has been very good to me. My future I dedicate to my Heavenly Father.

AMEN

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