

SILVESTER HULET COX - Stories by Emeline, Maysie, and Edward - Compiled by Maysie and Jane

Sylvester Hulet Cox, 10th child of Frederick Walter Cox and Emeline Whiting, was born September 15, 1857 at Manti.

Vet, as he was commonly known, was a happy, congenial boy. He was baptized in 1869. He loved life and his fellowmen. He was a favorite among those who knew him best. Many were the happy times spend with his brothers, sisters, and friends in barn parties as well as house parties in the big Cox home. He never shirked a task or duty of any kind. He loved nature. Each bird spoke to him personally, and he taught his children and grandchildren to observe and listen to all of nature's wonders, birds, bees, flowers, plants of all kinds. My children feel they have had much more from life than most children because of his many lessons and his associations.

He was an excellent student in youth as well as in his adult life. He never ceased to study. He was a living encyclopedia. He could spell any word, show us how to work any problem in arithmetic, give any answer to history or just anything we needed to know. His brothers and sisters were his most intimate playmates.

He married Mary Ellen Parry in the St. George Temple on December 1, 1880. The families of Vet and Mary lived just across the fence from each other in Manti.

Honeymoon story - CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS - told to Beatrice by S.H. Cox  
We were married on December 1, 1880, in the St. George Temple; and along in February in the company of Henry M. Reid, Ezraiah Tuttle, Charles Moffitt, Edmons M. Cox, we started for Castle Valley through Salina Canyon. When we got near the head of the canyon, we encountered a terrible storm. We camped with a number of men from Salina who were opening a coal mine at the head of the canyon.

Next morning after traveling some little distance to the head of the Canyon we met a party of Railroad surveyors who told us it was impossible for us to go through on account of the snow. They told us that they had tried it with 6 horses and an almost empty wagon and had given it up. Uncle Hen Reid replied to them, the difference between you and us is that we are obliged to get through and you were not.

Uncle Hen rode his horse about 4 miles to a cabin at the foot of Neege Canyon. There was a little light trail which the surveyors had made that he followed. We had traveled some distance following that trail with our wagons, when he returned and met us. Mother got on his riding horse; I waded through the snow holding the horse and holding Mother to keep her from falling. In this way we arrived at the cabin.

The horses would break through the crust in the snow quite often. The crust of the snow was about 2 feet above the ground with nearly 18 inches of new snow on top of that. The men we were with put the bedding and grub on the horses and left the wagon and followed us to the cabin. Next morning they left us there and went back for the wagons. In going back they broke another trail about 2 feet from the one we had followed the day before. This made a trail for the two horses to go side by side on the wagons. They soon had the wagons with our loads. That took them until almost night; so we were in the cabin two nights.

I think we were a little more than a day going from there to the head of Meadow Gulch, the summit of the mountain. After crossing the summit and traveling a few miles, we got once again on bare ground. It seemed very good to us after having been in the snow for the past several days.

When we arrived in Orangeville, we moved in and lived in Uncle Hen Reid's and his

wife's kitchen until we got our own cabin built. Our first baby, Frederick Walter, was born September 1, 1881, but died from exposure as it was cold and raining at the time of his birth and our cabin was not prepared for the storm."

#### STONES HAULED - by S.H. Cox

"Heber C. Kimball had made the prediction that a temple would be built on that point of the hill in Manti, and that the stone would be quarried from the hill to build the temple. He also predicted that stone would be taken from that hill to use in the Salt Lake Temple.

"Before the Manti Temple was finished two stones 10 feet long, 5 feet wide, one of them 15 inches thick, the other 14 inches thick, the first one weighed 5600 lbs. The other weighed 5020 lbs. They were hauled by S.H. Cox and F.W. Cox, Jr, from the Manti quarry to York in Juab Co. York was the terminis of the railroad at that time. While traveling the rocks would jar to one side of the wagons, and we were obliged to move them several times on the trip. When we arrived at York, the wagon had to be backed up a platform onto a second platform to get them on a level with a flat car onto which they were to be unloaded. I told the station agent there if he would get four men with crobars, one at each wheel of the wagon that I thought I could push the wagon with a yoke of oxen by turning the oxen's head toward the wagon and placing the end of the wagon in front of the oxen with the tongue in the ring of the ox yoke, thus pushing the wagon in front of the oxen. The men attaching the wagon with the crobars every inch that they could and helping it along. We soon slid the wagon up even with the platform. Then with plenty of crobars and men we soon slid the rock onto the car. The stones were used one in the East and one in the West ends of the Salt Lake Temple. Thus the prediction of Heber C. Kimball was fulfilled."

The Children of S.H. Cox and Mary Ellen Parry Cox are: Frederick Walter Cox; first to leave the home nest was Vettie who married Ellen Jane Guymon, June 13, 1906; Edward went on a mission to Australia, I think in April, 1908. He was gone 2 years. He married Ruby Dyring October 27, 1920; Emeline married Alma Gardner Jewkes, June 20, 1906; Earnard married Elizabeth Clintey Jewkes December 16, 1912; Battie married Daniel Duncan McArthur January 10, 1917; Maysie married Herbert Hoffitt December 16, 1918; Elbert married Louise Whitaker June 17, 1929; Hallie Kostyn married Lucille Lamph *December 16, 1921*.

"Father left Orangeville for his Mission in Kansas City on January 24, 1899. He first went to Manti and visited his brothers and sisters there and then on in to Salt Lake City. The following was taken from his diary kept while he was in the mission field:

April 7, 1899 - While on our rounds, we were met at a door by a lady, a Catholic with whom we conversed on the Gospel for some length of time during which she explained their mode of belief more fully than I had before heard it. I admire Catholics for they staying quality, but can see no foundation for their faith. Her father came around the house and we conversed with him at length on the gospel. He said you are good men, what a pity we can't see alike. I hope we may meet in heaven but if we do, you will have to become Catholics to which we answered if we do meet, you will have to embrace the true gospel which he have brought to you today.

April 8 - Saturday, stayed in our rooms most of the day. Went in the evening with Elder Jensen and administered to Lelessly Olsen. He is very sick with spinal meningitis, a very fatal disease. The little boy is very low and the doctor says he cannot live.

April 17 - Very windy, rain in the evening. Elders Hylett and Jensen have visited the little boy Lessly Olsen; we Elders have visited him many times during his sickness. His parents told us the first time we visited them that the Doctor said "If he gets well, it will be a miracle. He has spinal meningitis from which disease not one out of 100 ever recover, and if they do recover they are nearly always left a cripple." The mother and grandmother had faith in the Elders and the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick. They sent for us on Friday evening. We went and administered to him and did the same Saturday evening. The doctor came in just afterward and examined the little one and said, "I wish I could give you hope but your boy is much worse; his breathing is very hard, his fever is higher than it was at noon; another thing against him his brain is too large for his skull." We six elders were very desirous that the Lord should heal him; we fasted and prayed for him to be healed and we think the Lord answered our prayers in his behalf. Elders Hylett and Jensen found the little boy playing on the floor; his parents have moved to another house; they moved on Friday just one week from the night we were first called to administer to him. This case has been a great testimony to me of the healing power of God."

May 4 - In the morning Sherman Dizmgang came and said his wife was very sick and had sent a telegram for him to come and bring two of the Elders with him. Elders Jensen and I were appointed by the Elders to go with him. We found Mrs. Dizmgang very sick. We administered to her and in a few minutes her father said "Just look at her, that yellow color is all gone. See how much better she looks." In the evening while we were singing hymns for her she said, "Who is helping to sing? I hear a woman's voice all of the time that you are singing." I had heard the voice and had looked around to see who was singing with us but there was no one visible to me. In the evening we went to Mrs. Dizmgang's place and stayed all night. He was a Baptist minister and the minister is of Scotch descent. He is the first minister either of us has had the privilege of staying overnight with. In the evening we held meeting with the family of Sherman Dizmgang and a few of their neighbors and enjoyed the spirit of God.

May 5 - This morning we found Mrs. Dizmgang feeling quite a bit better. We held another meeting in their house in the evening and stayed with Mr. Lester Krull. He is very much interested in the gospel.

January 8 - Elder Larson and I have been visiting the families in Independence who are friendly to us at that place. All whom we visited were pleased to have us call and invited us to call again. We called at Mr. Lenan's place and in the conversation Mrs. Lenan said, "I believe you left a blessing with my baby when you were here the first time you called on us." I confessed that I had offered up a silent prayer for it and told her I would like to bless and name him now if she did not object or if she was willing. She wished us to bless her baby. We did so; his name is John William Lenan, son of John Wesley Lenan. He is the man who told Elder Jensen and I that he did not want us to report a night without beds when we were within reach of his place.


This mission of Father's was such a sacrifice for Mother and the family, but I guess they did it willingly for the sake of the gospel.

Ours was a happy home. We were taught love, kindness and consideration for our parents and each other. There was always something interesting to do in the evening as we sat around the fireplace.

Father was a very kind and sympathetic nature. Mother was a kind and loving person. She did not always have good health and thus it was father who was our ministering angel when we were ill; if we cried out at night dear father was there to soothe our fears, rub our aching legs or just give a drink of water. Mother had a weak stomach and gall bladder trouble for a number of years. She was operated on but never regained good health. She died on Christmas day, December 25, 1912. Hattie, being the only unmarried daughter left at home, played a noble part in assisting father to keep the home up and pleasant for all of us to come to as we all loved to do. He married Lillian Martha Murray Stewart October 2, 1916. They continued to make a happy home for us all. We had our family gatherings and dinners there as always and helped ourselves to his good garden and orchard. His yard was a garden of Eden--fruit, vegetables, and flowers of every kind.

S.H. Cox was a builder. He with the other pioneers had to build their own homes, barns, bridges, yards, canals, roads and fences. His sons and many of his grandsons do carpenter work. When he came to our homes he always found something to repair or reconstruct. He built gates out of trees for the farmers. Many of these gates are still in use after many years. He delighted in raising bees. He had one of the first apiaries in the valley and continued to raise them through his life.

Stories of S.H. Cox as told by Emeline Cox Jewkes

In Father's granary he had placed a tanning tree. I guess you would call it that. Anyway he had a part of a tree with three limbs shaped as desired so he could put a cow hide or deer hide on the top of it with a seat of the larger part and used his drawing knife , shaped something like this, to tan the hides or remove the hair from the hides. He knew just how to prepare them. Then he cut strips at the width he wanted and braided quirts, bull whips or black whips and hackmore, for his and his family's use. He also often sold them to whoever wanted to buy them. At one time he bought a set of harnesses from cousin Luther Tuttle of Manti and made whips and quirts to pay for them. He had to first braid what he called the belly; he had a smooth stick shaped like a baton, larger at the top and tapering to a point, about 15 inches long. He braided over this so as to have it hollow so that he could fill it full of shot or beebies. Then he would braid over this to make the quirts and whips.

Father told that one time while home from herding sheep, that he was asked to administer to a young child. He felt he wasn't worthy to ask the Lord for a blessing as he had not been living right. So he told whoever ask for him to come to leave and if he could be would be there as soon as he felt he could. He went before the Lord and told of the way he had used coffee while with the sheep; therefore, he didn't feel worthy to ask the Lord to bless anyone, but if the Lord would forgive him of his wrong, he would promise never to touch coffee again. He felt he should go and bless the child and immediately the little one was blessed and was soon well. Father never tasted coffee again. He seemed to carry such a soothing peaceful feeling into a sick room or wherever and whenever he went. He was often called to the bedside of the sick.

Father was also quite a comedian and poet, A very good story teller and singer. He seemed to never tire entertaining us children. Some of the songs he used to sing to us were: Sweet Bunch of Daisies, Two Little Girls in Blue, Goodby Nellie Gray, Coming Through the Rye, Grandfathers' Chair is Vacant, Grandfathers' Clock, Star of the East, When There's Love at Home, Some Time We'll Understand, Hurrah, He Be

Captured, We've Conquered at Last, Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord, and O so many more.

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One of our favorites was "Sister Molly's Grecian Bend." Father learned this one while on his mission. He would go through all the motions as he sang it to us. He would grab a pillow and hold it to his back for the Grecian Bend or Crook. (Bustle)

Sister Molly's Grecian Bend

Oh my sister Molly went to town  
A week or two to spend,  
And while she was there  
She got the Grecian Bend.  
She got it awful bad  
And Oh dear me How she did look  
And what a hump she had.

Chorus:

O dear me how funny My sister Molly Looked  
As she went running around with the Grecian Crook.  
O, Daddy thought her back was broke  
And Mommy thought so too  
And we all went running around over end  
And didn't know what to do.

O Daddy ran for the doctor like  
A race horse on the track  
And Mummy poured the camphor  
All over Molly's back.  
While I stood on the floor  
And turned end over end  
Laughing at my sister Molly  
And her Grecian Bend.

O when Daddy found out what it was  
He was awful mad  
He soon cured the Grecian Bend  
With a hickory gad  
The next time Molly goes to town  
A week or two to spend  
She'll come back  
Without her Grecian Bend.

Father was always ready with his donations to the church and missionaries. He worked as a carpenter on the old Social Hall and also on the new meeting house in Orangeville. Sometimes when he knew a friend couldn't pay his priesthood dues, he would pay it for him. Saying if and when he can he will pay me back, and if he can't it doesn't matter. He always spoke kindly of everyone. My brother Bernard was just that way too. If he heard any of his brothers or sisters saying unkind things he would always hush them up some way and make us wish we hadn't said it.

Some of Father's Sunday School class members have said they could have listened to him for hours and never thought of time. He had such a wonderful voice.

BUILDING STRAIGHT CANYON ROAD

In the year 1889 or thereabout, Sylvester H. and his brother, Edwin M. Cox accepted a contract from the Emery County Commissioners to build a road through Straight Canyon from Orangeville to Lower Joes Valley, a road that a ton of coal could be hauled over, both up there and back when it was completed. If that could be done, they were to receive \$1,000.

They put chains, crobars, picks, shovels, wedges, pitchforks, and scrapers on the wagon, hooked their faithful animals to it and started out. It was a tough undertaking. They would make fires on and around the large boulders and then throw cold water over them which caused the rock to crack. Then they would fasten their iron chains (the chains, I'm sure were what Father gathered in Greenriver after the Johnston Army had passed through. An old Indian went to F.W. Cox, and told him of all the wagons and things that the army left, so Fatherwith brother William Arthur

went and gathered what they could and I'm sure the chains were a part of what they brought home.) where the boulders had cracked, hook the horses to the chains and have them move them inch by inch with the help of the crobars. I guess they didn't have dynamite at that time. That road took you across the creek 19 or 23 times when they had it completed.

At one place it went by or under a very large long rock called the "banging rock". Sometimes rocks were washed near this banging rock which made the wagon swing first to one side and then the other; it seemed at times as if the wagon would be thrown over either against that terrible rock or tipped over into the creek. At certain times of the year, there would be a good sized stream of water, which made you wonder if you would ever make it through. But it was wonderful to have a road over the mountain instead of going around by Salina. The dugways and fills were timbered to hold the dirt and rocks. When traveling to Manti over this road all who could were put out of the wagons to walk up the steep hills. The fills looked like this:



The teamster Walked by the side of the horses to drive them and let them stop to rest on the heavy pulls. Those walking would sit on the rocks of the fills and sometimes if they happened to look close they would see snakes' heads coming up through the cracks of the rocks. So naturally they would move quickly.

I remember once quite a group was on the way to Manti and Uncle Ed was walking with the kids and when we were becoming weary and wandering he stopped by the edge of the dugway and called, "Hi there, Bruin, what are you doing down there?" The way he hollered every kid hurried to Uncle Ed. Some were so scared they couldn't speak and I tell you my hair felt like it was standing straight in the air. I got as close to Uncle Ed as I could and finally asked if there was a bear down there. "Did you see one?" I said. I think that got the attention of all the kids and they stayed pretty close for a while.

Uncle and Father hooked Uncle Ed Cox's team to the wagon and hauled the ton of coal up and back when they finished that road. They received their \$1000, but it took all of that and perhaps more to build the road--that crooked road through Straight Canyon. All they really got out of it was the realization that they had completed the road as agreed. (The only way Straight Canyon is straight, is to stand at one end and look to the other end.)

#### THE GRAFTED TREE

Father had grafted six different kinds of apples on one tree. It was planted at the south of the house close to one of Mother's pines, and grew so fast it was shading one of the first four pine trees Father had brought from the mountains and planted. Mother loved those four trees so much. This particular one had had a sad life. In those times we hauled water from the creek in barrels on a sleigh, in winter, and a wagon in summer. This particular pine tree was run over quite often with sleigh and wagons and tromped by the horses. Now this fruit tree grew so fast it was shading the pine, so Mother wanted to cut it down. None of the boys would cut or chop it down so I asked her if she wanted me to do it. She said if you can, go ahead. So I sawed and chopped until it fell. I've always felt sorry I did. It would have been a monument to one of Father's gifts.

#### HOW JOE'S VALLEY GOT ITS NAME - as told to Beth Jewkes by her grandfather

While excavation for the Manti Temple was in progress, a little Indian, about 12 years old, hurried as fast as his little crippled body could come and hid behind the rocks. He was trying to hide from a large Indian who was after him to kill him. This little Indian hid behind some of the rocks and the big Indian had to come through an opening if he got at the little boy. So when he came to this opening, the little Indian called, "Stop, or I will kill you with my bow and arrow." The big Indian could not see the little Indian boy as it was getting dark and he was hidden well in the deep shadows behind the rocks. So he stopped and called, "Come out of there," but the little Indian said, "No, go away or I will shoot my arrow." So the big Indian left and some of the workmen found the little wounded, crippled boy and took him home and cared for him until he was healed. Then the little Indian went back to his tribe. When the Big Chief, I think Black Hawk, saw him, he was very happy and very much surprised because they thought Little Indian Joe was dead.

The Chief was so angry with the Indian who had been after the boy, because he had been such a coward, that he sent him away; wouldn't have him in the tribe. He was so happy about the return of Little Indian Joe, that he gave him the 12 braves and horses he wanted and gave him the valley for his hunting ground. Since then the valley has been known and called Joe's valley after the little Indian boy Joe. He became bishop of Indianola some years later.

#### OBITUARY - UTAH PIONEER DIES AT PRICE

Sylvester H. Cox, 78-year old Utah Pioneer and prominent church worker, died at the City Hospital in Price, Utah, November 9, 1935 of complications incident to age.

Born at Manti, September 15, 1857, Mr. Cox was the son of sturdy pioneer parents, and was a beloved and active personality in the community in which he lived.

He was married to Mary Parry in the St. George temple just prior to moving to Emery County in 1881.

Mr. Cox's church work attracted the attention of church authorities and in 1883 he was ordained a high counselor by Francis M. Lyman. He held the position of Superintendent of Sunday Schools and the MIA at several different times. In 1899 he was called to missionary duty in the Northern States Mission field.

Mr. Cox engineered the road between Orangeville, Utah and Ephraim, Utah, and diligently labored for the expansion of the community.

Several years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Cox married Lillian Stewart in the Salt Lake temple in the fall of 1916.

Children surviving by Mr. Cox's first wife are: Sylvester H. Jr., Bernard and Hallie Cox, all of Orangeville, Utah; Emeline Jewkes and Maysie Moffitt, both of Castle Dale; Elbert Cox of Richfield, Edward Cox, of Manti, and Hattie McArthur of Salt Lake City.

The following brothers and sisters also survive: Hattie Cox Reid, Orangeville; Lucinda Cox Tuttle, Manti; Francis Morley Cox, Manti; Levina VanBuren, Orangeville; Charles Cox, Manti; Arletta Cox Tuttle, Alameda California; Evelyn Cox Moffitt, Boneta; Eleanor Cox Peacock, Emery; Alice Cox Hardy, Salt Lake. Thirty-seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren also survive.

#### MARY ELLEN PARRY COX

Mary Ellen Parry was born at St. George, Utah, June 18, 1862. At the age of 16 she moved to Manti where she was married to Sylvester H. Cox, December 1, 1880.

The day she was 50 years old came on primary day. She was not well and was not planning to go to primary. Several of the primary girls went to see why Sister Cox was not there. She did not have the dinner dishes washed and was not dressed ready to go. The little girls all pitched in and did the dishes and were so proud and happy to think she would let them. Then they helped her dress so she could go with them to Primary. The children all loved her.

#### MY MOTHER - by Emeline C. Jewkes

Mother loved all beauty. She enjoyed flowers; raising them and caring for them was a great joy to her. She was an excellent seamstress. She made many beautiful pieced quilts. She also sewed most of the clothes for her family and others. She was especially good at making little boys' suits and pants.

Mother was most beautiful. We girls used to try to get her to wear short sleeves so everyone could see her beautiful arms and her hands were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Mother was not one to scold. She had such a sweet understanding way, kind, lovable, never harsh. One boy in speaking of Mother said he always loved her because he had never seen a frown on her face. She was so loved by her Primary Board that they were always present and prepared. Some said, "Why we wouldn't think of disappointing Sister Cox by being late." She enjoyed membership in the Laies Improvement Club. She was one of its first members--ever ready to do her part. She loved to have company come and enjoyed preparing her delicious and tasty meals for them. She was an excellent cook. In fact, everything she did had to be the best.

When Mother and Father reached Orangeville after they were married, they moved in with Aunt Hattie Reid and family until Father could build a little log house just across the street from Aunt Hat's. This was in February, 1881. Mother was so anxious to be in her own little log house, she just couldn't wait till it was finished and then too, she wanted her babies born in her own home on her own piece of ground. So when she knew she was to become a mother, she insisted to be taken to her four walls even though the roof was only one-fourth finished. Old Mrs. Biddlecome waited on Mother the 1st day of September, 1881, when she gave birth to her first born, a son. He lived just long enough to receive his name, Frederick Walter Cox. It was a cold rainy day. Pans and vessels were placed on and around the bed to catch the water. It seems the baby could have died from exposure and it's odd that Mother survived. All nine of her babies were born on the same corner in Orangeville.

#### Thoughts and Remembrances by Emeline C. Jewkes

She carried me under her heart.

She loved me before I was born.

She took God's hand in hers and walked through the valley of shadows that I might live.

She bathed me when I was helpless.

She clothed me when I was naked.

She gave me warm milk from her own body when I was hungry.

She rocked me to sleep when I was weary.

She pillowed me on pillows softer than down,

And sang to me in the voice of an angel.

She held my hand when I learned to walk.

She nursed me when I was sick.

She suffered with my sorrow.

She laughed with my joy.

She glowed with my triumph.

While I knelt at her knee, she taught my lips to pray.

Through all the days of youth she gave strength for my weakness,

courage for my despair, and hope to fill my hopeless heart.

She was loyal when others failed.

She was true when tried by fire.

She was my friend when other friends were gone.

She prayed for me through all the days, whether flooded with sunshine or saddened by shadows.

She loved me when I was unlovely, and led me into man's estate to walk triumphant on the King's Highway and play a manly part.

Though he lay down his life for her, no man can ever

Pay the debt he owes to a Christian mother.

God bless the mothers of men - living or dead.

They are still our mothers and the memory

Touches our hearts with tenderness and fills

Our eyes with mist and tears.

Such, I think, was our Mother. Mother was always thoughtful of others, ever ready to share and do her part. When her brother John's wife died, (Bell) mother prevailed on the family to let her take his two little girls, Mary and Maurine. She kept them for quite some time and treated them as her own. I haven't seen either of them since then, but in corresponding with Mary, she has expressed her gratefulness for mother and would like to do something now to let us all know how much she loved and appreciated our mother.

On one of Mother's and her companions Relief Society visits to the home of Sister Tatton's, she had quite an experience. An old turkey gobbler flew at Mother again and again and ripped her dress to shreds before he was beaten off. Sister Tatton let Mother wear a cape to get home in to cover the ruined dress. Mother was very much disturbed and still shaking even when she got home.

Mother was so careful about turning the Sunday eggs over to the Relief Society to be applied on the building of a new Relief Society building. (I guess it was the house where Donna Sitterud lived) The chickens didn't always lay enough, but Mother always gave more in money.

#### FUNERAL SERVICES FOR MARY ELLEN COX

Mrs. Mary Ellen Cox, who departed this life at Orangeville, Utah, December 25, 1912, was the daughter of E.L. Parry and Ann Parry. Mr. Parry was master mason in the erection of the St. George and Manti temples. Mary Parry was born at St. George, Utah, June 18, 1862, being the first white girl born in that place. At the age of 16 she moved to Manti where she was married to Sulvester H. Cox, December 1, 1880, and with her husband moved to Orangeville, then known as Castle Dale, in February, 1881, where they resided ever since.

Mrs. Cox was the mother of nine children, of whom eight, with her husband survive her. Four of her children are married and her youngest is a boy of 14 years. Mrs. Cox was taken to the general hospital at Provo some time ago, but she never entirely regained her health and had been stricken to her bed for about two months. All that could be done for her had been done to no avail. The attending physicians pronouncing her malady to be cancer of the stomach. Her family knew for some time that there was no hope, and all they could do was to watch the Destroyer making inroads upon their loved one until at the last the end came, and after so many weeks of suffering she peacefully sank to rest with all her family around her bed side.

Mrs. Cox was an earnest worker in the ward. She was president of the Primary Association and showed untiring zeal with the little ones. She was a woman of strong characteristics and in the home had good government and control over her children. She was frugal and thrifty and in every sense of the word a help-mate to her husband.

The funeral services were held at the meeting house in Orangeville, presided over by Bishop Reid. The singing was conducted by Mr. Clyde VanBuren. The mourners were arranged in their places by the presidency of the Relief Society. The stand was tastefully decorated with potted plants and the casket was covered with bouquets of flowers---tokens of love and esteem from many friends.

A very touching tribute was given by the officers of the Primary and the Primary children, who were seated on the stage. As the organist, Mrs. Maggie Cox, started to play a march the officers and children marched out of the building through the outside door of the stage, back into the main building, then marched around the casket of their president, leaving a beautiful wreath of autumn leaves with an appropriate motto, then marching back to their seats on the stage.

The speakers were Elders J. H. Taylor and Frank Killian, and President Alma G. Jewkes. Each spoke in glowing terms of the departed, and comforting words to the bereaved. A large cortege followed the remains to the last resting place.

The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community and we would say to them: Bear your cross as best you can--

Remember 'tis the better plan

E'en though your hearts in anguish swell,

Our Father doeth all things well.

## HONEYMOON OF SYLVESTER H. and MARY PARRY COX

As told by Fred Reid, whose mother was Sylvester's sister.

Sylvester Cox and his new bride Mary Parry; Hen Reid, Ed Cox, and Charlie Moffitt left Manti in February of 1881 to come to Castle Valley. Hen Reid drove a pair of oxen, Jack and Bolly, belonging to John Reid; and a team of horses besides. Uncle Ed had two teams. Sylvester had one or two teams. They were 17 days making the trip.

It was three days before they arrived in Meadow Gulch in Salina Canyon. They spent another day before they reached the summit because there was deep snow. They kept to the ridges pretty well, where the snow had been blown off. Evidently they drifted quite a bit south of the regular road. At last, the second night of the trip at the summit, they came to a place where they thought they could get off the ridges. They were really stranded right there.

They finally decided they would go right off the edge of a heavy ledge (covered with what they thought was scrub quaking aspen). They had bucked so much snow their horses refused to face the snow any longer. They wouldn't go through a drift so they used the two little teams of oxen. They had already worked them three days before they came to this ridge, so by that time the shoulders of the oxen were raw. The hide was worn off from the brisket and they hated to get out and pull in the snow. Sylvester and Ed thought of a way of overcoming this.

They had an old cowhide in one outfit; they cut it in two and fashioned some cowhide collars which they fastened to the yoke on the oxen, so that they could push against the

rawhide instead of against their shoulders.

They camped three nights in the one place just away from the top of the mountain. They finally decided they would have to remove the box of one wagon and make a sleigh. They put two dry quaky logs under the box. The snow had softened a little during the day and they succeeded in getting about a mile down the drift. They would take turns driving the oxen. The oxen soon got so good at it that when they said "Gee" they would swing to the left, and when they said "Haw" they would swing to the right. That way they took the weight of the snow with their breasts and didn't go down into the snow at all with their hind legs.

Uncle Ed said, "I hope it freezes tonight, good and hard, and we can get the outfits down." Sure enough, they had a cold night and they were able to pull the outfits down to where they had the wagon box. There they set up a new camp, still in plain sight of the previous night's camp.

From there down they went a little smoother and faster. They had to break snow through the drifts but it wasn't so heavy. They still encountered a lot of oak brush and it was slow traveling. In the middle of the morning, they got all the outfits organized so they could run as a traveling outfit.

Then they met two surveyors coming back from Castle Valley. They informed Hen that they better go back. They said "You can't go through." Hen said, "Hell WE've got to go through. We are going on." Two days after this they reached the Quitchempah. Here they practically got out of the snow and made good progress.

After the tenth day they made fairly good progress. They crossed the Muddy River and came back onto where the present highway is. Then they went to Molen where they stopped one night. The next day they went to Wilsonville. The following day they made it to Orangeville.

When they arrived here, Sylvester and Mary had no home. They lived in a wagon box until they built their log house. Ben let him have one 40 of his ground--the 40 acres right over the Blue Ridge.

He built their saved log house right where the old home stands today. It had one window in the front and the front room was about 16' by 18'. It had boards over the top and they plastered it with mud. It had a shanty kitchen in the rear. Their first baby was born there that fall.

The men went back over the road to Mantle the following summer to see what route they had actually covered. They thought it would be easy to find because of all the scrub aspens they had chopped down. They searched and searched the ridges and couldn't find anything but tall quakes. They finally discovered they had come right over the tops of these, and could see where they had topped the trees. The snow had been so deep they had gone right through the tops of them. They had gone over snow 35 or 40 feet deep.

Orangeville Jan 31, 1900  
Mr. S.H.Cox

My Dear Husband

We received your ever wellcome letter of the 27 on the 30 and was glad to hear from you once more. We was gotten anxious for a letter for it is the longest that we have been without one it was nine days between the letters but if you can stand to go so long I guess that we will have to. We are all well just nov. Vetty was real sick for four days he was in bed but is all right now.

They had a dance last Wensday for the benefitt of the choir and Brother and Sister Allen came for me and would not take no for an answer so I went and had a real nice time it was just for the married folks it was just one year since I was in the dancing hall. Alrudy Robertson has got a fine baby girl it is a 10 pound one.

Elbert is begin me to make our baby stop growing. And when I asked him why he says cause if he dont stop we wont have any baby.

I was over to Georgina Allens sewing all day yesterday for her.

Well about the mehins I can not get enough money just now to send to you so will try some other firm. Aunt Amanda and I are thinking of sending and gotten one like Sister Willken is the Arlington She thinks that we can get one delivered to Price for 22 dollers and I have got 23 dollers. I got 4.45 more on the lot and 10.0 dollers on our school work and sold a steer calf for 9.00 dollors. but if you need money let me know and you can have it and I will wate untill some other time for the mechen. Uncle Will gave Vetty one doller last night to sent to you and his best wishes. And Brother And Sister Sorson sends their regards to you. I am invited up to John Snows tonight to supper and to spend the evening. She is having a big crowd. You did not say wether you was well are not and we look for them words of love everthing else. We never have had so warm a winter here that I no of. May our Father in Heaven ever bless my own dear Vet is the constance prayer of your Own  
Wife M E Cox

Fellow Member Manning Street Tex  
Born Aug 22 - 1844



Mrs. S. H. Cox  
Jan 31 1900

E. R. COX, PRESIDENT.

LEN HUNTINGTON, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

OFFICE OF  
ORANGEVILLE FOUNDRY AND MANUFACTURING CO.,  
(INCORPORATED.)  
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

The + Utah + Lay-Off + and + Pulverisor.

B. F. LUKE, General Manager.

WM. G. PEACOCK, LOCAL MANAGER.  
GEORGE FOX, GENERAL SALESMAN.

Orangeville, Utah, March 13, 1900  
Mr J H box

Dear Father

You see by this that the foundry has incorporated and the heading tells you ~~that~~ the officers they are getting along fine with molding and the machinens sell like hot cake Ed Fox has went to Garret with a load of machinens sold them and sent an order for more. Beyond Huntington (S. L.) have went down in the coal country with a load and sent for more. Brother Jamison from cable job on. Will Peacock are going of as agents with a load each. Joe Patton expects to get the airt done this week. I am working these three week. Edwards was plowing to day with a belt and dokos and says they go fine. They are working on the Basement of the meeting house now it is to be 19 ft high and all ~~that~~ has to be all rock it is 60 by 40 We are all well at present and hope you are the same, Nettie

My Dear Husband we received your ever welcome letter of 10  
to night - and was pleased to hear that you are well we are all  
as well as usual and baby can walk all over and he says quite a  
number of words he will span his plate and say more more and when we  
give him some more he will say to her is so very much more he is in to say thing  
he can unlock the cupboard or box as we can lock it and what he can not  
think of Elbert can and when Elbert is off all little longer become baby  
thinks he ought to be he will go to door and call him in his baby way  
Pittie is waiting to get for some garden seeds we seen a advertisement  
in a paper for 10 packet for 14 ct - and we thought we would try it -  
the rest of the children are all in bed except Emeline and baby and  
Emeline is getting her lessons and baby is having his letters  
we have got the shipping bill of our mechanics and expect that they are at Price  
will fail say he will bring them if they are there he got in the morning my  
mechanic costs 19.00 dollars at Price and Aunt Amanda is 17.50 there is a  
cheap one than mine I run down to Aunt Giggie last night to surprise  
Mrs Johnson wife who there and Aunt Giggie was for me and Sunday I  
was to Aunt - says to me I had company and she was for me and I suppose  
to go to Aunt - says to me I had company after noon to club meeting  
I received a letter from Aunt - Gattie to night - she says that all of my folks  
are well and that - Father goes up to his home every day and that he is feeling not  
well and she wants me to go over to Maule this summer and stay with them. In  
a month and bring all of the children, she will do me good but I do not think  
that I will try to go until you come home to go with me. She and me a cloth in  
green back it is a little cloudy here to night - but it is a full moon and has been  
for quite a while, talk about in summer, you say I can not tell you shall be much  
that - I miss you but - I feel that - I can not do all most my thing if you will only  
be afraid to come home all right - that is a hour get along so far - would  
better though I thought we could and if the God will only bless us in the  
future or he has in the past I will be thankful to him for his blessing for  
I am thankful for all that he has done and for all that the people has  
done I only wish I had the language to express my thanks as I would like  
to. and I think that when you come home that that will pray me for all the things  
that I have not continued with which you are going may the God bless you with any thing  
to make your mission a success. and bring you home to me all right is the prayer of your boy

Orangeville  
Mar 17 1900

Mr S.H. Cox

My Dear Husband, We received your ever welcome letter of the 12 last night and was pleased to hear that you are well as this leaves us all as well as usual.

Vettie says that you must of been so interested with the lady's that you did not have time to answer him when he asked you what about the old binder. And you must have so well entened are so taken up with your lady's that you did not read your letter very close are you would have seen who the other 10 cents was from. Edward is to have credit for it. And you can give Aunt Lettie credit for this dollar as she sent it to me and I send it to you.

You say that you often think of us and dream of us. So do we dream of you coming home but we are disappointed to find it all a dream. All the Brothers and Sisters are all well as far as I know.

We are still having fine spring weather yet. It is Relief Society day today and I expect to put in all day in going to meeting and it is store meeting tonight for the purpose of reading the reports and I expect to go there also.

Edward is trying to half Eaeline's shoes and Bernard has gone to Brother Davis to try and get some shoe taks to mend them with for there is not any in the stores. Hattie is getting Elbert and baby a peace for it seems as if they are always hungry. Maysie is getting some wood and coal in. Vettie has gone out in town.

You asked in your other letter if Ray Cox was still at the mines. He did not stay only a week. He got scared out on a count of the small pox. I thought that I told you he is herding sheep now for over a month. I do not here any more about the smallpox here so they must be gotten along all right. I will have to stop to get redy to go the meeting for Bernard has gone to ring the first bell and I have got to get myself redy and to nurse baby befor I go so he will be good at home with Eaeline. Every praying for your welfare is your ever loving wife, Mary

Mar. 18 - Good morning. We are all well and hope and pray you are enjoying the same great blessing. I went to meeting yesterday and feel well payed for gain for we had a lovely meeting. It was a testimony meeting in the forenoon and some of the sisters bore their testimony and President Miller was there and he spoke real good to us and he said it was the first relief society meeting that he had ever been to. And Brother Cluf from Provo also spoke real interesting and good, also Brother Cluf from Castle Dale spoke and the Bishop of Castle Dale and our Bishop, and in the afternoon it was a program meeting and it was real nice. I stayed until it was picknick time when I came home. They had a dance at night. Vettie and Eaeline went said they had a nice time. Aunt Amanda was here to dinner for it was more than she could stand to go home and back. The store meeting is put off untill next Saturday night.

Vettie, Edward, Bernard are all over getting the hall ready for Sunday School. The boys do not go to Sunday School for they cannot get ready. Eaeline, Hattie, Maysie have got breakfast redy and are calling me to come for it is redy and Elbert, Nellie are redy. Only wish it was so you could have breakfast with us. Maysie says lets send Papa some eggs for his eyester and Elbert says tell Papa to hurry and come home for he is tired and he wants his Papa. Hattie says it seems like she hasn't got any Papa. Oh how we do all miss you. Words cannot express how much are tell how thankfull we will be when the time comes for you to be us again. I am so glad that the time does not drag for you as it does for me. Ever praying God to bless my own dear Vet is your own wife.

Orangeville  
Mar 17 1900

Mr S.H. Cox

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You asked in your other letter if Ray Cox was still at the mines. No he did not stay only a week. He got scared out on a count of the small pox. I thought that I told you he is herding sheep now for over a month. I do not here any more about the small pox here so they must be gotten along all right. I will have to stop to get redy to go the meeting for Bernard has gone to ring the first bell and I have got to get myself redy and to nurse baby befor I go so he will be good at home with Emeline. Every praying for your welfare is your ever loving wife, Mary

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Orangeville  
March 21, 1900

Mr. S. H. Cox

My Dear Husband, We received your ever welcome letter of the 17 last night and are pleased that you are well and do hope and pray that the Lord will continue to bless you with good health as it is the greatest blessing he can bestow unto us and there is not anything to good for my own Vet. We are all as well as usual.

Uncle All told Edward that Brother Sweet had a parcel from you so Edward went over yesterday and got them and Brother Sweet says he got home Saturday at 2 o'clock and Edward Asked him if your mustache was growing out and he said it was. When Edward was telling us about it the children all sayed good good. And our three girls claims the rolling pin. Elbert says Papa never sent him anything and he seems to feel quite bad. John Curtis has got home from his mission and he spoke to us on Sunday and he spoke real good. Aunt Amanda came over after meeting and was here to supper for there was cowir practis at night and she is not able to walk so much.

David Killpack is called on a mision so Lizzie told se. We have not got our michine yet. It was Sunday when Wile Fall got there so he dod not get them. Vettie went to Price on Monday and expected to get back last night but did not and has not got back yet. It is nice spring weather here yet. I am trying to water the trees. They are agoin to turn the watter out of the Clipper in the morning and Edward is attending watter in the field so they can plow. Emeline Bernard Hattie Maysie have just gon to school and Elbert and Hallie are playing with stick horses and are having a fine time. And I have got a qui t on. I have covered four quilts and am making a new one now all for ourselves. I have hired Omer to help Bernard with the school houses in my place as it hurt my side so to sweep.

Hattie and Maysie have come home and says that there is not any more school for them this week as their teacher is sick in bed.

Oh yes, John Curtis has got a sweetheart at last. He was quite sweet on her before he went off and is still sweet on her since he came back. Who do you think it is. I do not think you could guess so I will tell you. It is Eva Young. I Guess you remember her she is Brother Young's daughter, the one that wares glasses. Brother Nelson is a little better again he is able to walk to the yard and back poor man he is a burden to himself and to his family for he suffers so awful with his watter.

The relief society cleared three dollers at their dance Saturday night and they gave it to Uncle All to help pay for the coure books which they got some time ago and they have not got them paid for yet.

All of your brothers and Sisters are all as well as usual. Elter Mitchel has moved in Edd Reid home so you see we have got a knew nabor. Edd Reid is at helper so is Sam Jewkes and Orker Robertson and their familys they have ben all winter. We have got nine little pigs and Elbert says that they are all his and Hallie. If he has anything give to him he wants Hallie to have the same. Are you redy for some more money. If so let us know and you shall have some for we have got twentyfive dollers in the store yet. We did have 30 but I told Vettie to get 4 or 5 dollars when he went to Price to get some thread for he can get 6 spools for 25 cents and here it is 2 spools for 15 cents and I told him to get a dollar in sugar and some cotton blankets for sugar is 12 pound for the doller here and it is 16 pounds at Price. We do not have but very little sugar and the children will e glad when Papa comes home so they can have more and so will I for it is not only your company that we miss but your support as well although we do not suffer for things half as much as you do for your good self. May the Lord bless you is the prayer of your own Mary.

PERSONAL

Name in full	Sylvester Hughlet Cox		
Father's name	Sylvester Hughlet Cox		
Mother's Maiden name	Mary Ellen Carry		
When born (day, month, year)	July 10 - 1883		
Where born (town, county, state)	Grandville, Emery County, Utah		
When blessed (day, month, year)	July 10 1883		
By whom	Sylvester Hughlet Cox		
When baptized (day, month, year)	July 18 1891		
Where baptized			
Baptized by	Sylvester Hughlet Cox		
When confirmed	July 19, 1891	By whom	Jasper Robertson
Priesthood ordinations:			
Office	Deacon	By whom	Charles VanBuren Date Feb-21 1897
Office	Teacher	By whom	Wish C. Curtis Date Jan 9 1902
Office	Elder	By whom	Lars P. Anderson Date June 23 1917
Office		By whom	Date
Office		By whom	Date
Office		By whom	Date
Married to	Ellen Jane Raymond Date June 13 1906		
Where married	Grandville Utah by Henry M. Reid		
Where endowed	Manti Temple Manti, Utah Date		
Where sealed	Manti Temple Date		
To whom (husband or wife)			
Patriarchal blessing by	Date		
Departed for mission to	Date		
When returned			
Special appointments			
Where died	Grandville Utah Date Dec. 17 1942		
Where buried	Grandville Utah Date Dec 20 1942		

# AL RECORD

## IMPORTANT EVENTS

List below and on the reverse side items such as schools attended, vocation and business activities,

Church positions, places of residence, special talents and interests, unusual and faith promoting

experiences, travel, genealogical and temple work. Church leaders and other outstanding characters

you have met, etc.

My Father. By Edweta Cox Johnson  
He was a wonderful father  
his occupation was farming, Bee man  
& worked some in the coal mines. He  
served as town marshal a number of  
years. He also served as water master  
a number of years. He owned the  
farm that the L.W.S. church now  
owns. Lived most of his life in Orangeville  
Ut. He lived & worked in Keokuk Utah  
for 10 yrs when he worked in the coal mine.

## To Uncle Vet

He was a true son of his pioneer parents who helped settle this valley, having lived thru that period when our settler's had very little in the line of worldly goods.

He was always more than willing to do his share to help improve the condition of our little community. Donating his time and abilities to any improvement willingly and cheerfully. Many of his ideas were very helpful to our different civic projects.

He was naturally an inventive genius in lots of ways. He could take a few irons and some branches from a hard wood tree and make a very good plough or some other piece of farm machinery.

His hands have made many a casket for the dead and whenever he was at this task he did it skillfully and with love in his heart--to think he could do this last little service for the one who had passed away.

For a man as large physically as Uncle Vet, he was one of the most gentle persons around a sick person I ever knew.

He was a dependable helpful brother to his younger brother's and sisters. These facts were proven many times over when his father was in the Mission Field. And again when his brother, Edward, served as a missionary in a foreign field. His help, advice and determination helped very much in making these missions possible and successful.

He was a loving, kind, and considerate husband and father in his own immediate family and nothing gave him more pleasure than to strive to make them all happy.

He was never happier than when in the company of children. And he won the hearts of many, because he loved them deeply and sincerely. He sympathized with them when in trouble, laughed with and played with them when they were happy. He wasn't just a grown up relative, he was a pal--a friend.

He was honest, thoughtful, and dependable in his dealings with his fellow man and always willing to lend a helping hand to the poor and down trodden.

And when the books are balanced on God's great ledger--I think there will be many marks on the credit side of that page whereon appears the name

--Sylvester H. Cox Jr.--

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--Sylvester H. Cox Jr.--

To Brother Vet  
By Maggie Childs

Since you've been called dear brother Vet, I have done a lot of thinking.

Here are some of my thoughts--

I have been told by my mother many times that when I was born she was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism. Yours were the gentle hands that could turn her from side to side without causing her too much pain.

You and my dear sister took me from my mother's side into your own home. You were really moree like a father than a brother. Whatever Elverta had I had. I was never slighted in your home. If Elverta got something new--I too, got something new.

Some of my most happy memories are of my girlhood days spent at your old "Blue Ridge Home" with Elverta. We were allowed many privileges which made us most happy. Saddling up old Donder or hitching him to the she's--riding hour after hour thrilled and happy. And I can just see your smile when we would come in radiant.

I remember well, that you were always more prompt to say something good than to say anything bad about someone.

To me you were a real Santa Clause. A little dol with which I spent many happy hours was fashioned from a piece of cedar by your loving hands.

We'll miss that happy--Hello--is anybody home. Before you even reached the door--How are you? For you wanted to know the score.

If all wasn't so well--you didn't just stand and look on. But you did something about to straighten out what was wrong.

What a wonderful thing to have to your credit. That every child can say--I love Uncle Vet--Cause he loves me.

For it was bringing them candy to bouncing them on your knee. To your mother and Great Grandmother too--you were especially kind.

You could make them laugh and make their eyes shine. Coming at Xmas and all thru the year.

Just when you could bring us all the most cheer  
All tho we will never see you on this earth again  
It is memories like these will always remain.

To Brother Vet  
By Maggie Childs

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**PERSONAL RECORD**

**IMPORTANT EVENTS**

Name in full <i>Sylvester Hugh Cox</i>		List below and on the reverse side items such as schools attended, vocation and business activities,	
Father's name <i>Sylvester Knight Cox</i>		Church positions, places of residence, special talents and interests, unusual and faith promoting	
Mother's Maiden name <i>Mary Ellen Parry</i>		experiences, travel, genealogical and temple work. Church leaders and other outstanding characters	
When born (day, month, year) <i>July 10 1889</i>		you have met, etc.	
Where born (town, county, state) <i>Orangville Emery County, Utah</i>		<p><i>My Father - By Edw. Cox Johnson</i>  <i>He was a wonderful father</i>  <i>his occupation was farming. He was</i>  <i>a work some in the coal mines. He</i>  <i>served as town marshal a number of</i>  <i>years. He also served as water master</i>  <i>a number of years. He owned the</i>  <i>farm that the L.D.S. church now</i>  <i>owns. Lived most of his life in Orangville</i>  <i>Ut. He lived &amp; worked in Remickville Utah</i>  <i>for 10 yrs when he worked in the coal mine.</i></p>	
When blessed (day, month, year) <i>July 10 1893</i>			
By whom <i>Sylvester Knight Cox</i>			
When baptized (day, month, year) <i>July 16 1891</i>			
Where baptized			
Baptized by <i>Sylvester Knight Cox</i>			
When confirmed <i>July 19 1891</i> By whom <i>Jasper Robertson</i>			
Priesthood ordinations:			
Office <i>Deacon</i>	By whom <i>Arthur C. Van Buren</i> Date <i>Feb 21 1897</i>		
Office <i>Teacher</i>	By whom <i>W. A. C. Curtis</i> Date <i>Jan 9 1902</i>		
Office <i>Elder</i>	By whom <i>Lars P. Aronson</i> Date <i>June 23 1917</i>		
Office	By whom Date		
Office	By whom Date		
Office	By whom Date		
Married to <i>Ellen Jane Guyman</i>	Date <i>June 13 1906</i>		
Where married <i>Orangville Utah</i>	by <i>Henry M. Reid</i>		
Where endowed <i>Manti Temple Manti, Ut.</i>	Date		
Where sealed <i>Manti Temple</i>	Date		
To whom (husband or wife)			
Patriarchal blessing by	Date		
Departed for mission to	Date		
When returned			
Special appointments			
Where died <i>Orangville Utah</i>	Date <i>Dec 17 1942</i>		
Where buried <i>Orangville Utah</i>	Date <i>Dec 20 1942</i>		

Craigsville Jan 31, 1900  
Mr. S.H. Cox

My Dear Husband

We received your ever welcome letter of the 27 on the 30 and was glad to hear from you once more. We was gotten anxious for a letter for it is the longest that we have been without one it was nine days between the letters but if you can stand to go so long I guess that we will have to. We are all well just now. Vetty was real sick for four days he was in bed but is all right now.

They had a dance last Wednesday for the benefit of the choir and Brother and Sister Allen came for so and would not take no for an answer so I went and had a real nice time it was just for the married folks it was just one year since I was in the dancing hall. Alrudy Robertson has got a fine baby Girl it is a 10 pound one.

Albert is begin to make our baby stop growing. And when I asked him why he says cause if he dont stop we wont have any baby.

I was over to Georgina Allens sewing all day yesterday for her.

Well about the mshins I can not get enough money just now to send to you so will try some other first. Aunt Amanda and I are thinking of sending and getting one like Sister Wilkes is the Brington She thinks that we can get one delivered to Price for 22 dollars and I have got 23 dollars. I got 4.45 more on the lot and 10.0 dollars on our school work and sold a steer calf for 3.00 dollars. but if you need money let me know and you can have it and I will wait until some other time for the neches. Uncle will save Vetty one dollar last night to sent to you and his best wishes. And Brother and Sister Serson sends their regards to you. I am invited up to John Snows tonight to supper and to spend the evening. She is having a big crowd. You did not say whether you was well are not and we look for them words of love everthing else. We never have had so sars a winter here that I no of. May our father in Heaven ever bless my own dear Vet in the constance prayer of your Own wife M E Cox

Dear Grandma & Grandpa.

You have been on my mind so much lately. I'm ashamed of myself that I don't sit down and write you often.

The boys are all doing fine. They are every one cute and very special Scott and I are doing very well also.

Easter is coming up and I never think of easter that I don't remember the time we spent it at your house when the baby pig were born and Grandpa took us outside to see them those cute little pink squawling piglets in Grandpas big hand. And then looking for were the easter baskets were hid. Its a very special memory.

I have many such memories the times ~~at~~ I spent at your home on the farm are very special times in my life. I learned alot from you both and I have always felt of your love. I want you both to know--

---

how very much I love you and  
appreciate you! Everyone should have  
grandparents like you!

All my love,

Annette

SILVESTER HULET COX - Stories by Emeline, Maysie, and Edward - Compiled by Maysie and Jane

Sylvester Hulet Cox, 10th child of Frederick Walter Cox and Emeline Whiting, was born September 15, 1857 at Manti.

Vet, as he was commonly known, was a happy, congenial boy. He was baptized in 1869. He loved life and his fellowmen. He was a favorite among those who knew him best. Many were the happy times spend with his brothers, sisters, and friends in barn parties as well as house parties in the big Cox home. He never shirked a task or duty of any kind. He loved nature. Each bird spoke to him personally, and he taught his children and grandchildren to observe and listen to all of nature's wonders, birds, bees, flowers, plants of all kinds. My children feel they have had much more from life than most children because of his many lessons and his associations.

He was an excellent student in youth as well as in his adult life. He never ceased to study. He was a living encyclopedia. He could spell any word, show us how to work any problem in arithmetic, give any answer to history or just anything we needed to know. His brothers and sisters were his most intimate playmates.

He married Mary Ellen Parry in the St. George Temple on December 1, 1880. The families of Vet and Mary lived just across the fence from each other in Manti.

Honeymoon story - CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS - told to Beatrice by S.H. Cox  
We were married on December 1, 1880, in the St. George Temple; and along in February in the company of Henry M. Reid, Ezraiah Tuttle, Charles Moffitt, Edmons M. Cox, we started for Castle Valley through Salina Canyon. When we got near the head of the canyon, we encountered a terrible storm. We camped with a number of men from Salina who were opening a coal mine at the head of the canyon.

Next morning after traveling some little distance to the head of the Canyon we met a party of Railroad surveyors who told us it was impossible for us to go through on account of the snow. They told us that they had tried it with 6 horses and an almost empty wagon and had given it up. Uncle Hen Reid replied to them, the difference between you and us is that we are obliged to get through and you were not.

Uncle Hen rode his horse about 4 miles to a cabin at the foot of Neoge Canyon. There was a little light trail which the surveyors had made that he followed. We had traveled some distance following that trail with our wagons, when he returned and met us. Mother got on his riding horse; I waded through the snow holding the horse and holding Mother to keep her from falling. In this way we arrived at the cabin.

The horses would break through the crust in the snow quite often. The crust of the snow was about 2 feet above the ground with nearly 18 inches of new snow on top of that. The men we were with put the bedding and grub on the horses and left the wagon and followed us to the cabin. Next morning they left us there and went back for the wagons. In going back they broke another trail about 2 feet from the one we had followed the day before. This made a trail for the two horses to go side by side on the wagons. They soon had the wagons with our loads. That took them until almost night; so we were in the cabin two nights.

I think we were a little more than a day going from there to the head of Meadow Gulch, the summit of the mountain. After crossing the summit and traveling a few miles, we got once again on bare ground. It seemed very good to us after having been in the snow for the past several days.

When we arrived in Orangeville, we moved in and lived in Uncle Hen Reid's and his

wife's kitchen until we got our own cabin built. Our first baby, Frederick Walter, was born September 1, 1881, but died from exposure as it was cold and raining at the time of his birth and our cabin was not prepared for the storm."

#### STONES HAULED -- by S.H. Cox

"Heber C. Kimball had made the prediction that a temple would be built on that point of the hill in Manti, and that the stone would be quarried from the hill to build the temple. He also predicted that stone would be taken from that hill to use in the Salt Lake Temple.

"Before the Manti Temple was finished two stones 10 feet long, 5 feet wide, one of them 15 inches thick, the other 14 inches thick, the first one weighed 5600 lbs. The other weighed 5020 lbs. They were hauled by S.H. Cox and F.W. Cox, Jr, from the Manti quarry to York in Juab Co. York was the terminis of the railroad at that time. While traveling the rocks would jar to one side of the wagons, and we were obliged to move them several times on the trip. When we arrived at York, the wagon had to be backed up a platform onto a second platform to get them on a level with a flat car onto which they were to be unloaded. I told the station agent there if he would get four men with crobars, one at each wheel of the wagon that I thought I could push the wagon with a yoke of oxen by turning the oxen's head toward the wagon and placing the end of the wagon in front of the oxen with the tongue in the ring of the ox yoke, thus pushing the wagon in front of the oxen. The men attaching the wagon with the crobars every inch that they could and helping it along. We soon slid the wagon up even with the platform. Then with plenty of crobars and men we soon slid the rock onto the car. The stones were used one in the East and one in the West ends of the Salt Lake Temple. Thus the prediction of Heber C. Kimball was fulfilled."

The Children of S.H. Cox and Mary Ellen Parry Cox are: Frederick Walter Cox; first to leave the home nest was Vettie who married Ellen Jane Guyton, June 13, 1906; Edward went on a mission to Australia, I think in April, 1908. He was gone 2 years. He married Ruby Dyring October 27, 1920; Eceline married Alma Gardner Jewkes, June 20, 1906; Bernard married Elizabeth Clintey Jewkes December 16, 1912; Hattie married Daniel Duncan McArthur January 10, 1917; Maysie married Herbert Hoffitt December 16, 1918; Elbert married Louise Whitaker June 17, 1929; Hallie Kostyn married Lucille Lamph *December 16, 1921.*

~~Father~~ left Orangeville for his Mission in Kansas City on January 24, 1899. He first went to Manti and visited his brothers and sisters there and then on in to Salt Lake City. The following was taken from his diary kept while he was in the mission field:

April 7, 1899 - While on our rounds, we were met at a door by a lady, a Catholic with whom we conversed on the Gospel for some length of time during which she explained their mode of belief more fully than I had before heard it. I admire Catholics for they staying quality, but can see no foundation for their faith. Her father came around the house and we conversed with him at length on the gospel. He said you are good men, what a pity we can't see alike. I hope we may meet in heaven but if we do, you will have to become Catholics to which we answered if we do meet, you will have to embrace the true gospel which he have brought to you today.

April 8 - Saturday, stayed in our rooms most of the day. Went in the evening with Elder Jensen and administered to Lelessly Olsen. He is very sick with spinal meningitis, a very fatal disease. The little boy is very low and the doctor says he cannot live.

April 17 - Very windy, rain in the evening. Elders Hylett and Jensen have visited the little boy Lessly Olsen; we Wlders have visited him many times during his sickness. His parents told us the first time we visited them that the Doctor said "If he gets well, it will be a miracle. He has spinal meningitis from which disease not one out of 100 ever recover, and if they do recover they are nearly always left a cripple." The mother and grandmother had faith in the Elders and the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick. They sent for us on Fraday evening. We went and administered to him and did the same Saturday evening. The doctor came in just afterward and examined the little one and said, "I wish I could give you hope but your boy is much worse; his breathing is very hard, his fever is higher than it was at noon; another thing against him his brain is too large for his skull." We six elders were very desirous that the Lord should heal him; we fasted and prayed for him to be healed and we think the Lord answered our prayers in his behalf. Elders Hylett and Jensen found the little boy playing on the floor; his parents have moved to another house; they moved on Friday just one week from the night we were first called to administer to him. This case has been a great testimony to me of the healing power of God."

May 4 - In the morning Sherman Dizmang came and said his wife was very sick and had sent a telegram for him to come and bring two of the Elders with him. Elders Jensen and I were appointed by the Elders to go with him. We found Mrs. Dizmang very sick. We administered to her and in a few minutes her father said "Just look at her, that yellow color is all gone. See how much better she looks." In the evening while we were singing himns for her shc said, "Who is helping to sing? I hear a woman's voice all of the time that you are singing." I had heard the voice and had looked around to see who was singing with us but there was no one visible to me. In the evening we went to Mrs. Dizmang's place and stayed all night. He was a Baptist minister and the minister is of Scotch descent. He is the first minister either of us has had the privilege of staying overnight with. In the evening we held meeting with the family of Sherman Dizmang and a few of their neighbors and enjoyed the spirit of God.

May 5 - This morning we found Mrs. Dizmang feeling quite a bit better. We held another meeting in their house in the evering and stayed with Mr. Lester Krull. He is very much interested in the godpel.

January 8 - Elder Larson and I have been visiting the families in Independence who are friendly to us at that place. All whom we visited were pleased to have us call and invited us to call again. We called at Mr. Lenan's place and in the conversation Mrs. Lenan said, "I believe you left a blessing with my baby when you were here the first time you called on us." I confessed that I had offered up a silent prayer for it and told her I would like to bless and name him now if she did not object or if she was willing. Ahe wished us to bless her aby. We did so; his name is John William Lenan, son of John Wesly Lenan. He is the man who told Elder Jensen and I that he did not want us to report a night without beds when we were within reach of his place.

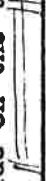
This mission of Father's was such a sacrifice for Mother and the family, but I guess they did it willingly for the sake of the gospel.

Ours was a happy home. We were taught love, kindness and consideration for our parents and each other. There was always something interesting to do in the evening as we sat around the fireplace.

Father was a very kind and sympathetic nature. Mother was a kind and loving person. She did not always have good health and thus it was father who was our ministering angel when we were ill; if we cried out at night dear father was there to soothe our fears, rub our aching legs or just give a drink of water. Mother had a weak stomach and gall bladder trouble for a number of years. She was operated on but never regained good health. She died on Christmas day, December 25, 1912. Hattie, being the only unmarried daughter left at home, played a noble part in assisting father to keep the home up and pleasant for all of us to come to as we all loved to do. He married Lillian Martha Murray Stewart October 2, 1916. They continued to make a happy home for us all. We had our family gatherings and dinners there as always and helped ourselves to his good garden and orchard. His yard was a garden of Eden--fruit, vegetables, and flowers of every kind.

S.H. Cox was a builder. He with the other pioneers had to build their own homes, barns, bridges, yards, canals, roads and fences. His sons and many of his grandsons do carpenter work. When he came to our homes he always found something to repair or reconstruct. He built gates out of trees for the farmers. Many of these gates are still in use after many years. He delighted in raising bees. He had one of the first apiaries in the valley and continued to raise them through his life.

Stories of S.H. Cox as told by Emeline Cox Jewkes

In Father's granary he had placed a tanning tree. I guess you would call it that. Anyway he had a part of a tree with three limbs shaped as desired so he could put a cow hide or deer hide on the tope of it with a seat of the larger part and used his drawing knife , shaped something like this, to tan the hides or remove the hair from the hides. He knew just how to prepare them. Then he cut strips at the width he wanted and braided quirts, bull whips or black whips and hackmore, for his and his family's use. He also often sold them to whoever wanted to buy them. At one time he bought a set of harnesses from cousin Luther Tuttle of Manti and made whips and quirts to pay for them. He had to first braid what he called the belly; he had a smooth stick shaped like a baton, larger at the top and tapering to a point, about 15 inches long. He braided over this so as to have it hollow so that he could fill it full of shot or beebies. Then he would braid over this to make the quirts and whips.

Father told that one time while home from herding sheep, that he was asked to administer to a young child. He felt he wasn't worthy to ask the Lord for a blessing as he had not been living right. So he told whoever ask for him to come to leave and if he could be there as soon as he felt he could. He went before the Lord and told of the way he had used coffee while with the sheep; therefore, he didn't feel worthy to ask the Lord to bless anyone, but if the Lord would forgive him of his wrong, he would promise never to touch coffee again. He felt he should go and bless the child and immediately the little one was blessed and was soon well. Father never tasted coffee again. He seemed to carry such a soothing peaceful feeling into a sick room or wherever and whenever he went. He was often called to the bedside of the sick.

Father was also quite a comedian and poet, A very good story teller and singer. He seemed to never tire entertaining us children. Some of the songs he used to sing to us were: Sweet Bunch of Daisies, Two Little Girls in Blue, Goodby Nellie Gray, Coming Through the Rye, Grandfathers' Chair is Vacant, Grandfathers' Clock, Star of the East, When There's Love at Home, Some Time We'll Understand, Hurrah, He Be

Captured, We've Conquered at Last, Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord, and O so many more.

\* One of our favorites was "Sister Molly's Grecian Bend." Father learned this one while on his mission. He would go through all the motions as he sang it to us. He would grab a pillow and hold it to his back for the Grecian Bend or Crook. (Bustle)

Sister Molly's Grecian Bend

Oh my sister Molly went to town  
A week or two to spend,  
And while she was there  
She got the Grecian Bend.  
She got it awful bad  
And Oh dear me How she did look  
And what a hump she had.

Chorus:

O dear me how funny My sister Molly Looked  
As she went running around with the Grecian Crook.  
O, Daddy thought her back was broke  
And Mommy thought so too  
And we all went running around over end  
And didn't know what to do.

O Daddy ran for the doctor like  
A race horse on the track  
And Mammy poured the camphor  
All over Molly's back.  
While I stood on the floor  
And turned end over end  
Laughing at my sister Molly  
And her Grecian Bend.

O when Daddy found out what it was  
He was awful mad  
He soon cured the Grecian Bend  
With a hickory gad  
The next time Molly goes to town  
A week or two to spend  
She'll come back  
Without her Grecian Bend.

Father was always ready with his donations to the church and missionaries. He worked as a carpenter on the old Social Hall and also on the new meeting house in Orangeville. Sometimes when he knew a friend couldn't pay his priesthood dues, he would pay it for him. Saying if and when he can he will pay me back, and if he can't it doesn't matter. He always spoke kindly of everyone. My brother Bernard was just that way too. If he heard any of his brothers or sisters saying unkind things he would always hush them up some way and make us wish we hadn't said it.

Some of Father's Sunday School class members have said they could have listened to him for hours and never thought of time. He had such a wonderful voice.

BUILDING STRAIGHT CANYON ROAD

In the year 1889 or thereabout, Sylvester H. and his brother, Edwin M. Cox accepted a contract from the Emery County Commissioners to build a road through Straight Canyon from Orangeville to Lower Joes Valley, a road that a ton of coal could be hauled over, both up there and back when it was completed. If that could be done, they were to receive \$1,000.

They put chains, crobars, picks, shovels, wedges, pitchforks, and scrapers on the wagon, hooked their faithful animals to it and started out. It was a tough undertaking. They would make fires on and around the large boulders and then throw cold water over them which caused the rock to crack. Then they would fasten their iron chains (the chains, I'm sure were what Father gathered in Greenriver after the Johnston Army had passed through. An old Indian went to F.W. Cox, and told him of all the wagons and things that the army left, so Fatherwith brother William Arthur

went and gathered what they could and I'm sure the chains were a part of what they brought home.) where the boulders had cracked, hook the horses to the chains and have them move them inch by inch with the help of the crobars. I guess they didn't have dynamite at that time. That road took you across the creek 19 or 23 times when they had it completed.

At one place it went by or under a very large long rock called the "hanging rock". Sometimes rocks were washed near this hanging rock which made the wagon swing first to one side and then the other; it seemed at times as if the wagon would be thrown over either against that terrible rock or tipped over into the creek. At certain times of the year, there would be a good sized stream of water, which made you wonder if you would ever make it through. But it was wonderful to have a road over the mountain instead of going around by Salina. The dugways and fills were timbered to hold the dirt and rocks. When traveling to Manti over this road all who could were put out of the wagons to walk up the steep hills. The fills looked like this:



The teamster Walked by the side of the horses to drive them and let them stop to rest on the heavy pulls. Those walking would sit on the rocks of the fills and sometimes if they happened to look close they would see snakes' heads coming up through the cracks of the rocks. So naturally they would move quickly.

I remember once quite a group was on the way to Manti and Uncle Ed was walking with the kids and when we were becoming weary and wandering he stopped by the edge of the dugway and called, "Hi there, Bruin, what are you doing down there?" The way he hollered every kid hurried to Uncle Ed. Some were so scared they couldn't speak and I tell you my hair felt like it was standing straight in the air. I got as close to Uncle Ed as I could and finally asked if there was a bear down there. "Did you see one?" I said. I think that got the attention of all the kids and they stayed pretty close for a while.

Uncle and Father hooked Uncle Ed Cox's team to the wagon and hauled the ton of coal up and back when they finished that road. They received their \$1000, but it took all of that and perhaps more to build the road--that crooked road through Straight Canyon. All they really got out of it was the realization that they had completed the road as agreed. (The only way Straight Canyon is straight, is to stand at one end and look to the other end.)

#### THE GRAFTED TREE

Father had grafted six different kinds of apples on one tree. It was planted at the south of the house close to one of Mother's pines, and grew so fast it was shading one of the first four pine trees Father had brought from the mountains and planted. Mother loved those four trees so much. This particular one had had a sad life. In those times we hauled water from the creek in barrels on a sleigh, in winter, and a wagon in summer. This particular pine tree was run over quite often with sleigh and wagons and tromped by the horses. Now this fruit tree grew so fast it was shading the pine, so Mother wanted to cut it down. None of the boys would cut or chop it down so I asked her if she wanted me to do it. She said if you can, go ahead. So I sawed and chopped until it fell. I've always felt sorry I did. It would have been a monument to one of Father's gifts.

#### HOW JOE'S VALLEY GOT ITS NAME - as told to Beth Jewkes by her grandfather

While excavation for the Manti Temple was in progress, a little Indian, about 12 years old, hurried as fast as his little crippled body could come and hid behind the rocks. He was trying to hide from a large Indian who was after him to kill him. This little Indian hid behind some of the rocks and the big Indian had to come through an opening if he got at the little boy. So when he came to this opening, the little Indian called, "Stop, or I will kill you with my bow and arrow." The big Indian could not see the little Indian boy as it was getting dark and he was hidden well in the deep shadows behind the rocks. So he stopped and called, "Come out of there," but the little Indian said, "No, go away or I will shoot my arrow." So the big Indian left and some of the workmen found the little wounded, crippled boy and took him home and cared for him until he was healed. Then the little Indian went back to his tribe. When the Big Chief, I think Black Hawk, saw him, he was very happy and very much surprised because they thought Little Indian Joe was dead.

The Chief was so angry with the Indian who had been after the boy, because he had been such a coward, that he sent him away; wouldn't have him in the tribe. He was so happy about the return of Little Indian Joe, that he gave him the 12 braves and horses he wanted and gave him the valley for his hunting ground. Since then the valley has been known and called Joe's valley after the little Indian boy Joe. He became bishop of Indianola some years later.

#### OBITUARY - UTAH PIONEER DIES AT PRICE

Sylvester H. Cox, 78-year old Utah Pioneer and prominent church worker, died at the City Hospital in Price, Utah, November 9, 1935 of complications incident to age.

Born at Manti, September 15, 1857, Mr. Cox was the son of sturdy pioneer parents, and was a beloved and active personality in the community in which he lived.

He was married to Mary Parry in the St. George temple just prior to moving to Emery County in 1881.

Mr. Cox's church work attracted the attention of church authorities and in 1883 he was ordained a high counselor by Francis M. Lyman. He held the position of Superintendent of Sunday Schools and the MIA at several different times. In 1899 he was called to missionary duty in the Northern States Mission field.

Mr. Cox engineered the road between Orangeville, Utah and Ephraim, Utah, and diligently labored for the expansion of the community.

Several years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Cox married Lillian Stewart in the Salt Lake temple in the fall of 1916.

Children surviving by Mr. Cox's first wife are: Sylvester H. Jr., Bernard and Hallie Cox, all of Orangeville, Utah; Ebeline Jewkes and Maysie Moffitt, both of Castile Dale; Elbert Cox of Richfield, Edward Cox, of Manti, and Hattie McArthur of Salt Lake City.

The following brothers and sisters also survive: Hattie Cox Reid, Orangeville; Lucinda Cox Tuttle, Manti; Francis Morley Cox, Manti; Levina VanBuren, Orangeville; Charles Cox, Manti; Arletta Cox Tuttle, Alameda California; Evelyn Cox Moffitt, Boneta; Eleanor Cox Peacock, Emery; Alice Cox Hardy, Salt Lake. Thirty-seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren also survive.

#### MARY ELLEN PARRY COX

Mary Ellen Parry was born at St. George, Utah, June 18, 1862. At the age of 16 she moved to Manti where she was married to Sylvester H. Cox, December 1, 1880.

The day she was 50 years old came on primary day. She was not well and was not planning to go to primary. Several of the primary girls went to see why Sister Cox was not there. She did not have the dinner dishes washed and was not dressed ready to go. The little girls all pitched in and did the dishes and were so proud and happy to think she would let them. Then they helped her dress so she could go with them to Primary. The children all loved her.

#### MY MOTHER - by Emeline C. Jewkes

Mother loved all beauty. She enjoyed flowers; raising them and caring for them was a great joy to her. She was an excellent seamstress. She made many beautiful pieced quilts. She also sewed most of the clothes for her family and others. She was especially good at making little boys' suits and pants.

Mother was most beautiful. We girls used to try to get her to wear short sleeves so everyone could see her beautiful arms and her hands were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Mother was not one to scold. She had such a sweet understanding way, kind, lovable, never harsh. One boy in speaking of Mother said he always loved her because he had never seen a frown on her face. She was so loved by her Primary Board that they were always present and prepared. Some said, "Why we wouldn't think of disappointing Sister Cox by being late." She enjoyed membership in the Ladies Improvement Club. She was one of its first members--ever ready to do her part. She loved to have company come and enjoyed preparing her delicious and tasty meals for them. She was an excellent cook. In fact, everything she did had to be the best.

When Mother and Father reached Orangeville after they were married, they moved in with Aunt Hattie Reid and family until Father could build a little log house just across the street from Aunt Hat's. This was in February, 1881. Mother was so anxious to be in her own little log house, she just couldn't wait till it was finished and then too, she wanted her babies born in her own home on her own piece of ground. So when she knew she was to become a mother, she insisted to be taken to her four walls even though the roof was only one-fourth finished. Old Mrs. Biddlecome waited on Mother the 1st day of September, 1881, when she gave birth to her first born, a son. He lived just long enough to receive his name, Frederick Walter Cox. It was a cold rainy day. Pans and vessels were placed on and around the bed to catch the water. It seems the baby could have died from exposure and it's odd that Mother survived. All nine of her babies were born on the same corner in Orangeville.

#### Thoughts and Remembrances by Emeline C. Jewkes

She carried me under her heart.

She loved me before I was born.

She took God's hand in hers and walked through the valley of shadows that I might live.

She bathed me when I was helpless.

She clothed me when I was naked.

She gave me warm milk from her own body when I was hungry.

She rocked me to sleep when I was weary.

She pillowed me on pillows softer than down,

And sang to me in the voice of an angel.

She held my hand when I learned to walk.

She nursed me when I was sick.

She suffered with my sorrow.

She laughed with my joy.

She glowed with my triumph.

While I knelt at her knee, she taught my lips to pray.

Through all the days of youth she gave strength for my weakness,  
courage for my despair, and hope to fill my hopeless heart.

She was loyal when others failed.  
She was true when tried by fire.  
She was my friend when other friends were gone.  
She prayed for me through all the days, whether flooded with sunshine or saddened by shadows.

She loved me when I was unlovely, and led me into man's estate to walk triumphant on the King's Highway and play a manly part.

Though he lay down his life for her, no man can ever  
Pay the debt he owes to a Christian mother.  
God bless the mothers of men - living or dead.  
They are still our mothers and the memory  
Touches our hearts with tenderness and fills  
Our eyes with mist and tears.

Such, I think, was our Mother. Mother was always thoughtful of others, ever ready to share and do her part. When her brother John's wife died, (Bell) mother prevailed on the family to let her take his two little girls, Mary and Maurine. She kept them for quite some time and treated them as her own. I haven't seen either of them since then, but in corresponding with Mary, she has expressed her gratefulness for mother and would like to do something now to let us all know how much she loved and appreciated our mother.

On one of Mother's and her companions Relief Society visits to the home of Sister Tatton's, she had quite an experience. An old turkey gobbler flew at Mother again and again and ripped her dress to shreds before he was beaten off. Sister Tatton let Mother wear a cape to get home in to cover the ruined dress. Mother was very much disturbed and still shaking even when she got home.

Mother was so careful about turning the Sunday eggs over to the Relief Society to be applied on the building of a new Relief Society building. (I guess it was the house where Donna Sitterud lived) The chickens didn't always lay enough, but Mother always gave more in money.

#### FUNERAL SERVICES FOR MARY ELLEN COX

Mrs. Mary Ellen Cox, who departed this life at Orangeville, Utah, December 25, 1912, was the daughter of E.L. Parry and Ann Parry. Mr. Parry was master mason in the erection of the St. George and Manti temples. Mary Parry was born at St. George, Utah, June 18, 1862, being the first white girl born in that place. At the age of 16 she moved to Manti where she was married to Sulvester H. Cox, December 1, 1880, and with her husband moved to Orangeville, then known as Castle Dale, in February, 1881, where they resided ever since.

Mrs. Cox was the mother of nine children, of whom eight, with her husband survive her. Four of her children are married and her youngest is a boy of 14 years. Mrs. Cox was taken to the general hospital at Provo some time ago, but she never entirely regained her health and had been stricken to her bed for about two months. All that could be done for her had been done to no avail. The attending physicians pronouncing her malady to be cancer of the stomach. Her family knew for some time that there was no hope, and all they could do was to watch the Destroyer making inroads upon their loved one until at the last the end came, and after so many weeks of suffering she peacefully sank to rest with all her family around her bed side.

Mrs. Cox was an earnest worker in the ward. She was president of the Primary Association and showed untiring zeal with the little ones. She was a woman of strong characteristics and in the home had good government and control over her children. She was frugal and thrifty and in every sense of the word a help-mate to her husband.

The funeral services were held at the meeting house in Orangeville, presided over by Bishop Reid. The singing was conducted by Mr. Clyde VanBuren. The mourners were arranged in their places by the presidency of the Relief Society. The stand was tastefully decorated with potted plants and the casket was covered with bouquets of flowers--tokens of love and esteem from many friends.

A very touching tribute was given by the officers of the Primary and the Primary children, who were seated on the stage. As the organist, Mrs. Maggie Cox, started to play a march the officers and children marched out of the building through the outside door of the stage, back into the main building, then marched around the casket of their president, leaving a beautiful wreath of autumn leaves with an appropriate motto, then marching back to their seats on the stage.

The speakers were Elders J. H. Taylor and Frank Killian, and President Alma G. Jewkes. Each spoke in glowing terms of the departed, and comforting words to the bereaved. A large cortege followed the remains to the last resting place.

The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community and we would say to them: Bear your cross as best you can--

Remember 'tis the better plan

E'en though your hearts in anguish swell,

Our Father doeth all things well.