History of Elzina Stringham Henrie

In 1941 Elzina (Zina) Henrie told her life story to Marie Wayman of Herron, Utah, who wrote a detailed account of what she was told. Later, in 1955, this same history was re-written and brought up-to-date by Elzina's granddaughter and first namesake, Elzina Herring Smith. At present (1981) this history is being edited by Dana Herring. In telling her story, Elzina Henrie went into great detail about confrontations with the Indians, giving the dates and locations and names of those wounded or killed. Anyone doing research about persons living in the named areas during these periods of time would greatly benefit from these detailed accounts. They are not necessary, however, for our purpose of becoming acquainted with our pioneer grandmother, and for this reason have been edited out.

(Brief history of her parents William & Eliza Lake Stringham)

My parents were among the first immigrants to settle at Manti, Utah, and it was the next year after they settled there that I was born on November 5 1857. The hardships and privations that my parents endured through their struggle for existence were many, but were made increasingly difficult from time to time by the numerous encounters with the Indians. We saw many sad things as they were on the warpath until Our home was a log house consisting of one large room with two high, small windows,

or the west. We lived on the outskirts of town & were often so frightened ~~by the Indians~~ that father would take me by the hand and go into town, about seven blocks away, to spend the night for he was very feeble and unable to defend himself against the warring Indians. Mother was a very brave woman, she and brother Will would stay at home while we were gone. Sometimes wild animals would prowl around our place ~~and do great harm~~ but she never left home unless she had to. During this time two guards were sent to guard our home against the Indians. This was about the only time we were able to sleep peacefully.

Father's health continued to fail and then one sad day when I was about 8 yrs old he was taken from us. A little later we had to move into town as the Indians were killing so many people and stealing so many cattle and horses. They were persistent in their attacks and no one was safe outside the settlement.

In March 1865 a band of Indians camped around Manti and very strongly indicated a desire for war because they were quarrelsome and insulting, often making vicious threats against our people. Elijah N. Ward & James Anderson were killed & scalped in Salina Canyon. The attacking Indians ~~had~~ escaped & drove away the cattle that they had stolen from the settlers. This aroused the people and a posse of eighty four men was sent after them, following them into Salina Canyon

where two men, Jens Sorensen of Ephraim and William Kerns of Gunnison were killed on April 13. My brother, Walter, and my brother-in-law, Johnston McDonald, were among the posse men and, as they rode along the trail, the Indians were ambushed where they could easily fire on them; the men became confused and turned back but both Walter's and Johnston's horses were shot from under them. Johnston stopped and pulled the saddle from his horse while the bullets were flying all around. After the shooting had stopped, the men came back and got the bodies of their dead. Some time later Johnston took me to the place & showed me a small spot about the size of a man's hat where so many bullets had hit. It made me shudder.

In 1865 as my brother-in-law Johnston McDonald, was coming back to Manti from a visit with his home folks in Spring City, a band of five Indians, the leader Chief Whitehorse with four of his braves came running after him. Using his wit & his horses speed he kept at a safe distance in the lead until he neared a lane about a mile from Manti, where the temple now stands. As they came closer he would turn and fire his pistol which had only five shells in it. This frightened them & they would turn back for a spell. In this way he miraculously reached home.

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Castle Valley; but with the opening of the spring of 1866 they again resumed their pilfering and stealing. They killed one man + boy and took all of the cattle + horses they could find on the range at that time.

After about a twelve year siege, the advent of the year 1868 still found the aggressors on the war path. The settlers attempted to negotiate a treaty with them which made them friendly for awhile, but even then they would serenade around our homes, frightening the people while they begged for food + provisions, which were very scarce with us, but they continued to come in large bands + nearly tormented us to death.

On one occasion when Mother + I were home alone, as we saw the Indians coming Mother said "Here are those Indians, we will pretend not to be home". so she locked the door. As we crouched low beneath the window, which was too high for them to see into on that side of the house, they beat on their tin pans and on the drums they had made by stretching dried hides over hoops + rang their cow bells. Finally they believed us not to be home + left.

In May the grasshoppers came + took nearly all of the grain. They were so thick that when they flew great clouds of them darkened the sky. Nearly every one was called out to help fight them. The men plowed ditches around a five-acre piece of land, turned water in the ditch then fixed sacks in the water to catch the floating grasshoppers which were driven in to the ditch by people taking a brush of willows or anything + walking side by side in long lines. Many sackfuls were destroyed in this way.

Place this in chron. order

I started to the district school when I was 5 yrs old. My first teacher was Ella Van; Vira Coolidge taught me 2 winters; John Squire for two years & John Bench for three years. Schools weren't graded in those days nor did they run nine months. We were lucky if we could go six months of the year. I went from age 5 to seventeen when I quit & got married. I attended all the school possible for 12 years.

On January 17, 1875, I married Daniel Henrie, son of Daniel Sr & Amanda Bradley. The ceremony was performed by F R Kenner at Manti, Sanpete Co. On Oct 3, 1888 we went to the Manti Temple & were sealed for time & eternity.

In 1881, we with a number of other families, came to Ferron and helped settle this town, having previously made our home in Manti. By this time we had three small children. There wasn't much here but rattle snakes & horned toads & our hardships were many. (There weren't as many snakes however as we had at one time in Manti when they came so thick they crawled in peoples beds, cupboards, & chairs; four hundred were killed one night. Not one person was bitten but many of them were badly frightened.

When we left Manti to come to Ferron, Mrs. Cranes said, "I am glad it is you that is going over there, the Indians will get you first." I used to think of that after we came here for there was no vegetation except prickly pear & small sage brush growing in the alkali soil.

We lived on our farm the first summer. Sister

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When fall came the town site was laid out & people began to build homes. Mike Molen built the house that sister Millie J. Christensen lives in & we had a log house about where their chicken house is. Later we built a house over on the west side where the ranger station now stands. Three of our children were born there, then we moved out on the farm where the two youngest children, LeGrand & Ada were born.

We moved out to La Sal, in San Juan County in 1915 where we again cleared the brush from a dry land homestead & built a small house to live in. There too we had rattlesnakes, centipedes, tarantulas & lizards to contend with. I have lived on the frontier all of my life, helped to settle three places, but had some joy.

I was a member of the first Relief Society of Ferron which was organized in 1879, was asked to be a counselor but refused because I had no place to leave my small children. Pa furnished a horse & buggy for me to go Relief Society teaching however & I would take my baby Ada with me. While we lived at the field in Ferron, I was ill for two years. Brother Swallen, Peter R. Peterson & his brother Christian Peterson came about three times a week for awhile to administer to me. Once when brother Swallen came he promised me that I would get well. Hope and faith in his promise speeded my recovery. No one believed I would live. Never have I had an administration in my life that I didn't receive relief and eventually get well; and

I have had lots of sickness. I have been blessed all of my life, for I have never been in an accident.

While serving as a primary teacher under Sister Millie J. Christensen, I attended a class of seminary directed by Pearson H. Corbett in Herron seminary building, attended genealogical classes for several years & while we were at La Sal I had the pleasure of serving as second counselor in the Relief Society with Sister Sarah Leemaster as president; was set apart for this position on Sunday Sept. 26, 1920 by Bishop Delworth S. Hammond, assisted by George McConkie.

From December 1926 to March 1927 I filled a three months mission in the Manti temple, where I received endowments for 337 dead. While on my mission to the temple I became ill with the flu. I requested brother John Hall & Pres. Young to administer to me as I was so ill that I thought I would have to go to bed. After they had given me a blessing, I was able to do three sessions that day & continue on without any further trouble while I was there.

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Dancing, singing, music, & the clean sort of sports are my favorites. (After she was 60 yrs old she could do the clog dance beautifully.) I enjoy old folks parties, school & ward plays, social

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My occupation is housewife & mother. As I have stated earlier in my story, 10 children came to bless our home. Although our lives were filled with hardships, we were happy with love for each other & our family. Our dear husband & father died of heart failure 28 yrs ago.

Although I was raised on potato soup I have lived to a ripe old age - now 97.

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Marietta passed away April 7, 1954 of what was believed to be cancer of the lungs.

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I have tried to live a good clean life, being honorable in everything that I do.

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