

This is a copy of a typewritten copy of a brief sketch of the life of Robert Bodily.

The first copy was completed under an ERA project in Southern Utah during 1934.

This copy was completed on December 3, 1937, by Louise R. Mathews, of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration, at Ogden, Utah.

This sketch embraces the period from 1857 to 1925.

*This bro Bodily married a sister Palmer from Longvalley
Wm H Wood & wife met & loved him on the occasional trips
to the St Geo Temple - in the 20^o & 30^o -*

CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY

ROBERT BODILY

I was born in England and raised in Africa. I was about seventeen when I came here. We joined the church in Africa in 1857. I came down here to St. George in 1925, in October of that year. I lived in Vernal before that. Vernal was a frontier town; I have been on the frontier all my life. I have been keeping track of all the interesting things that happened then in my journal. My son Joe has the journal now. There was no school there so I don't know anything about grammar.

I never lived in the United Order. We went from England when I was two years old and went to Africa in 1846, where we stayed until 1860. We were in the southern part of Africa. We started on the 25 day of March, 1860 and arrived in Salt Lake City on the fifth day of October. The trip took us all summer. Joe Prince's folks were in the outfit, Frank, George, William, and Dick. I went up into Cache Valley. It was early in the fall of 1879 when I first moved out to Vernal.

The Indians killed the man and kidnaped the white woman. They were the Uray Indians, we also lived close to the White Rock Indians. I was in the Indian War in 1866. We had no engagements but we were out after the Indians. They made a raid in the settlement and we went out after them.

My father was a polygamist, he had two wives. I never did because I always thought like this that I ought to provide well for one wife. My wife speaks highly of the United Order. She thinks it was might fine.

We farmed up at Vernal. There is some of the best country in Utah. I have seen some pretty hard times. We went to Vernal just after a massacre and the man who had charge of the valley ordered us to move down about four miles below but I told him I thought we would be safe and that the Indians wouldn't bother us in the winter so he let us stay there. We had Sunday School in a private house there. We put in an awful cold winter. The cattle would lay down and freeze to death. There was no feed because lots of people had gone in there and didn't take stuff enough. I had plenty but I couldn't eat bread and let the others go hungry. There was a high snow bank all around us. A young fellow that wintered with me that winter went out with a bunch of other fellows to rock springs, one hundred miles from there. It took them a long time to make the trip because they had to go so slow.

One morning my wife said, "What shall we do for bread, the flour is gone?" I told her we would have to do without but that day a fellow drove up with six hundred of flour. It had come when they were all hungry.

Brother Stringham, Brother Shaffer and I dug out our four miles of ditch with a pick and shovel. All we had was a little graham bread but we got it out and ate it. The worst trial I ever had was when I went to water. There was so many little hills and hollows and we would turn the water on the land and in a little while it would be way down deep in the hollow. I was sitting with my feet in one of these hollows when I heard something behind me. It was my wife. She asked me what was the matter and I told her nothing was the matter. She insisted that she knew there was something wrong so I told her to look at that water. I said, "I have been working and almost starving and it looks like we could not make a living here." She told me not to get discouraged because things wouldn't always be that way. You know, that right then I appreciated what a good woman was. I went at it again but the water continued to run in all the low places. I went back in a few days and the wheat was coming up so I felt a little better. It proved to be the very best kind of ground.

We were so poor. We had plowed and put in corn but we had had to scratch a little furrow a long and drop corn in it and cover it up the best we could. But that was the best corn I ever saw. It didn't grow very high but there was lots of corn. In the fall I had forty-five bushels of wheat on just a little piece of ground. In the spring one of my neighbors came to me. He was an old man but he said he had come for advice. I asked him what it was. He said that he had been for a Mr. Johnson. His own cows had died and then one of his horses died.

"Well," I said, "Why don't you go to work on your own quarter?" he told me then that he had no grain and only one harness. I said that I had a pony that would carry the harness and for him to take that pony and it would help some. I also said I would give him part of my wheat and get some more for him to put on his own land. I advised him to put in all the potatoes and corn that he had. He did as I had told him to and that old man came out fine and had plenty that winter. He never

forgot it. I have seen the tears come in his eyes when he talked about it. We had to help one another or people would have starved to death, but we didn't starve. My wife's father was promised that if they paid the tithing we would never want for bread and we never did although it was kind of scarce. Things got better and better and I think that is one of the best countries in the state.

After awhile I got quite well off. I ran sheep and I got so our outfit run into the six figures. I had five thousand sheep of my own and sheep run up to twenty dollars a head. Then, you see, I turned them over to the boys and told them that now was the time to sell their sheep but the boys didn't like to sell sheep because they had a good range. There was poor feed that winter, no rain to speak of and nothing for the sheep. I had twenty-five thousand dollars, six thousand of that was in the Gunnison Sugar Factory and I got about twenty cents on the dollar. I had three thousand in a canning plant, three thousand in a creamery. My twenty-five thousand dollars went up and wasn't worth the paper it was on.

My wife took the flue and was awful bad and I got ~~shot~~ through the lungs and out my back. Then I lost my wife and I thought that nothing mattered much. I thought I would come down here in this part of the country to a soldiers' home, I got a pension. But when I got here Brother Whitehead was so good to me, he took me in and took care of me and here I am and here I'll stay. I want to tell you here have been the happiest days of my life, here in St. George. I have done work for other people, over ~~two~~ thousand of them, and I don't know of more pleasing work than to be of service to your fellow men. I could not have lived in a soldiers' home. I never could be bound down or hired out. I always was my own boss.