

MY LIFE STORY
by
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I was born in Antimony Canyon in a two room log house with a dirt roof. The house sat on the bank of the Antimony river. On the opposite side of the river was a mill for processing the Antimony ore which is used for dyes. The river was full of mountain trout and we kids used to wade in it a lot. I remember our Mother taking us often to fish. There were no restrictions on game and fishing and we fished for all we could eat and Father shot deer whenever the family needed it for food. Mother would take us for walks in the mountains and show us the flowers and tell us about them.

Mother's sister Amanda Russell Robertson lived in the canyon also, and we played together with our cousins. There were two girls, Dealiah and Clara about our ages. Dealiah later married John Clayton. The boys were Joseph (Willio), Lester, Stanley and Raymond. There were other families in the canyon but I didn't know them well.

Mother cautioned and taught us of the dangers in the mountains. I remember one night after we'd all gone to bed. We had a lean-to for storage and a shed, and a mountain lion came down out of the mountains and climbed clear up the lean-to and over the house to catch a cat we had. I can still remember the screams of the pursued and the pursurer, and how Mother placed a lighted lamp in the window to try and frighten the lion away and how we children crawled deeper into our beds and pulled the covers over our heads in fright. The lion caught and carried the cat away as we could find no traces of it later.

We had to dip our water for household use out of the river and we had to get up very early and fill large 100 gallon barrels with water before the stock and cattle could get into the river and rile it up. Altho we were small we though we carried a lot of water and helped out a lot.

We moved down into the town of Coyoto in order to start we three older girls into shhool at the same time. Roxanna, myself and Catherine. We were strange among the kids. And if a child was big enough to go to school it didn't matter if you were six or not. We just went one term and then had to move back up the canyon, I guess because of my Father's work.

My Father was a Millwright by trade but he also did a lot of carpentry.

My Mother died in February 1902, from Rhumatic Fever. She had

been bedridden for what seemed to us children for a long time, but I really do not know how long. She hadn't been well since Henry's birth, and he was about six months old (we find he was nine months old) when Elizabeth Carpenter took her after Mother passed away. Our Father took care of her (Mother) and she was in great pain and could hardly stand to be touched so Father constructed some fabric straps with which to turn her.

I remember the day she died. Ladies came to the house and washed and the sheets and clothing were frozen stiff as boards on the lines and how difficult it was to get things dry.

As I remember it, the funeral was held in our home after which her remains were taken into town for burial. We six children were divided up and taken by different families immediately following the funeral and we never again lived together as a family. My Father lived in the canyon home and other miners lived with him. I guess the reason he let us go was his fear of the lack of protection for such young children while he had to work.

My oldest sister "Roxie" was taken into Bishop Culbert King's home. Their children were Ruby, Irvin, Florence, Lymon, Maude, Wells, and Levi. The latter was married to a Gardner girl.

The Kings had a big 10 room home, under which was a cellar. They also had a big dairy herd. She "Roxie", had to milk along with their boys but their girls were never allowed to. They also had a large summer ranch and each summer she would be sent there along, the only girl to cook and care for a group of men that were required to run and operate the ranch. She also had to milk besides her household chores. She was just a young girl in her early teens then. They make cheese and to dispose of the whey and excess milk, etc, they drove a herd of hogs back and forth between places. When the summer season ended they moved back down the mountain. She was forced to walk and help herd those hogs while all the men rode horseback. It was a trip of almost 40 miles, as it was winding mountain trails and meadows.

Any dirty work that had to be done, Roxie had to do it.

Later Kings moved to Richfield. After my sister Roxie was married and Mrs King (Polly Ann) was old and about to die, none of her own children would care for her, but my sister did. Even tho all those years before she had been treated as a slave. Roxie cared for her untill Polly Ann's death.

I was taken into the William Black family and his wife, Matilda King Docstader Black was a sister to Bishop King. My sister Catherine

and brother John were taken into the home of George K. Black and his wife Clarinda. She was another of Bishop King's sisters. My brother George was adopted by Bishop Joseph Fairbanks of Annabella, Utah.

Altho I was mistreated some, I was a fighter and wouldn't allow them to hurt me without a battle. I did have to work very hard tho.

I had the reputation of whipping all the boys at school. And when grown and my future husband came to get me so that we could be married, Lonzo Black asked him if he could fight and answered "Yes", he sure could". Lonzo told him he'd have to, "to live with Lillian" cause she was sure a fighter!" So every opportunity in later years Dad would tease me with---"Can ya' fight?" But only once in all our forty married years did I get really aggravated and then it was a day when I was doing a wash and Dad planned to go across the desert on a trip through what was called the "gap", It was just for pleasure and he planned to take just the two older boys, (Mike and Howard) and go. I had asked him to wait until I finished the wash and we'd all go. And through it all, I became so agitated I picked up a full bucket of water and just drenched him! He never did get over it, he was so surprised. He changed clothes and we all went to the gap.

So far as I know, Catherine and John were treated very well. They had a daughter Catherine's age and were treated and dressed like twins. Clarinda was a pleasant disposition. She had been the first school teacher in Coyote, Utah.

George was treated too good---too much money and freedom and it nearly ruined him. He loved to chase women, but never did drink.

Henry was treated well, he married under the name of Carpenter to Erna Robinson from Scipio, she was a cousin of Ward Robison who married Josepha Abbott, (my husbands only sister).

Bertha Black was the oldest daughter of Clarinda Black and she married Jim Fassy of Mesa, Arizona. My sister Catherine went to Mesa to tend Bertha's babies and while there she met and married Carl Ellsworth. They had five or six children. Mazel, Lorna, Cleo and two or three more. They remained in Mesa and Catherine and Mazel died there within an hour of each other from tomain poisoning from a can of meat. I received word of their deaths while I was in bed with pneumonia and I was not expected to live myself, and really do not remember any of it as the Drs. had given up hope for me. However a nurse was called in at the last and she asked the Dr. "Can I take over?" Dad gave her permission to do so. She boiled onions and in vinegar and mixed corn meal into the hot onions, enough to thicken them for a

flesh could stand and kept it up until the fever and congestion was broken. She told me that she had pulled many others through after Drs. had given up hope, in just the same way.

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Mrs Johnson was the nurse who pulled Mother through Pneumonia. Through the night which she stayed working with Mother, food was prepared and offered to Mrs Johnson. She replied, "When I am working with seriously ill patients, I also fast and pray along with my treatment.

---the above was related to me by my sister Eldona-----

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My sister Lorna tells me she was present at my Mother's bedside and the Dr. definantly pronounced Mom dead--as the Elders came into the room. They asked Dad if they should go ahead and administer to her anyway and he said "yes". They did and while giving her a blessing she again resumed breathing. The Dr. expressed amazement.

My Mother was expecting a child when all this happened.
she continues----

Catherine died while I was pregnant with Dean, my fourth son, and eighth living child. I believe it was in Dec.

(note-it was 12 Oct. 1928 that she died)

My Father was Catholic, but he did later join the LDS Church and was baptized.

Note--Mom says she does remember that he was baptized the day she and her two sisters were, however we can find no record of this occurance to date, 1965

I met your Father while working in the Fairbanks home.

When I was about 15 years old, I went up Antimony canyon to stay with Mrs Arthur, the Mother-in-law of Thomas L. King, while Mr and Mrs King took their son and daughter to Cedar City to go to school. Mrs Arthur and I were in the canyon alone. One morning after milking I saddled up the horse and drove the cows down the canyon a few miles to my Grandfather Russells old farm which was vacated. All the correls were made of poles and slabs. Slabs are the outer part or bark of trees. These are stood on end and nailed to the logs, forming a solid wall, making a good wind-break against bitter winter winds.

There were a dozen or more head of dairy cows. I was riding from east to west as we lived further up (east) the canyon for the summer. The job each summer was to make butter and cheese to last for the following winter. These were placed in five and ten gallon barrels, which were lined with cheese cloth, then waxed. As the butter was

churned with old dash churns instead of placing it in pound molds we would place it in the barrels and tamp it down. Repeating this process until each barrel was filled then it would be covered with cheese cloth and covered with woden tops. The canyon was cool enough and these products kept very well.

Before I could let the cows into the field to pasture I had to let down three bars at the gate. I rode up and reached from the saddle to drop the first one and the horse reared and snorted and tried to break and run, but I held onto the reins, however I was pulled from the saddle leaving me on the ground but I held on and brought the horse back. As I dropped the second bar, a great big mountain lion stood up and yawned and stretched, no further away than 15 or 20 feet from me. I had my hands full trying to hold onto the horse and the cows broke and run. But the lion only looked around and seeing us he just trotted off toward forest canyon. I watched him cross the creek and head up the canyon. I then calmed the horse and mounted and had the chore of rounding up the cattle, which I finally herded into the field, then I rode down by the creek above where the lion had crossed, and there I found the remains of a deer carcass freshly killed. So I knew now why the lion had shown little interest in me and the animals. To say the least, I was relieved.

My brother George had permission from Bishop Fairbanks to go to Richfield to go to our sister Roxanna's wedding in Circleville, Utah. At that time I was working for the Dan Day family in Circleville. He came in a little black top buggy drawn by a nice team of trotters. About a week later he came back from Annabelle and took me back with him as Aunt Stella Fairbanks wanted me to come for a visit. Of course I helped wherever I could doing sewing and house-hold chores. During my visit I had stayed overnight with a friend and neighbor of Fairbanks, The Staker Family and their daughter Mary.

In the mean-time Howard and Leon Abbott came in from Delta as they were hauling logs and building materials from Annabelle to Sutherland to build Grandpa Abbott's new home. I did not know it at the time but my home ward approach was being watched by these young men. As I walked along I was sort of humming and singing and was swinging my small hat by its ribbons. The sun was just coming up over the eastern mountains. They were sleeping in a sheep wagon bed which they used on these trips as it was near where they stabled their teams. My brother George also slept there that night in order to help watch the stock.

As I walked by, near the wagon, Howard raised up and remarked, "There comes my future wife." George then raised up to look and said "Oh, thats just my sis." I did not hear these remarks but they were related to me later. I went into the house and proceeded to put Aunt Stella's lace window curtains onto the curtain stretchers while Aunt Stell prepared breakfast. When breakfast was ready, Uncle Joe called me to come in for family prayer. Leon and George our two "kid" brothers had arranged to help set the breakfast table and had fixed it up with Aunt Stell so that I was seated next to Howard. Uncle Joe always sat at the head of the table with h's back to the east. Aunt Stell at the west end. The boys arranged to be on the south side leaving Howard at Aunt Stell's left and me to sit on Uncle Joe's right. As I walked around to take my place everyone was already on their knees for morning prayer. As I reached my place Uncle Joe introduced me to Howard who was on his knees and we shook hands.

When breakfast was over Aunt Stell had to go to Richfield to a Relief Society Conference and Uncle Joe was go be gone all day on the ranges to look after his stock. Un-beknown to me, Howard had given Leon and George each a dollar to take his team over to Richfield to have them shod. I went about doing the housework, but Aunt Stell had told me that Howard would be there loading lumber and I was to prepare his lunch. I must say he didn't load much lumber, but pestered me. I called him into lunch and sat him down along. He said "Well, your real sociable, you won't even eat lunch with me!". I ignored him and went about finishing my work in the parlor. But every few minutes he'd rattle his water glass for more water. I thought then he sure drank plenty of water. I later learned when I would leave the room, he'd walk to the door and throw it out.

I had dated Jay Staker who had gone to school with Howard. I later learned he had given Howard orders of "Hands Off!" as Howard had taken too many of his girls away from him.

Altho Howard tried to date me, I did not go with him right away. He took the load of lumber back to Delta and a week later was back in Richfield and had located a job there with his team building a canal. Almost every night he came to Annabelle after work. So we'd go horse-back riding around Annabella and visit the ice-cream shop. Also we'd go to Richfield for some special entertainment for dances and the like. But in those days young folks had to find their own entertainment. I did date Jay Staker and Rulon Morrison some, but their types just didn't appeal to me. It was July when I first met Howard and we were married on November 19, 1912 the same year.