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Biographical Sketch

of

Joshua Adams

by Cynthia Adams Okey, his daughter

Pioneer Year 1848

Born 26 Sep 1833 in Bathurst, Lanark, Ontario, Canada

Married Lydia Thornton in 1854

Died 22 Feb 1906 in American Fork, Utah, Utah

Buried 26 Feb 1906 in American Fork, Utah, Utah

Today, September 26, 1933, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth to Arza and Sabina Clark Adams, their second son whom they named Joshua. He was born at New Perth, Bathurst, Canada. His parents were among the first to accept the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints. They were baptized on the 25th and 26th of December, 1936, respectively, in Canada.

They soon moved to Kirkland, Ohio, where the headquarters of the Church was located. So earnest was their faith and so zealous were they in performing their duties that Grandfather was soon called to go back to his native land, Canada, on a mission for his new found Church. He as set apart June 3, 1837, by Elder John E. Page and left immediately without purse or script to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in Canada. His family he left in the hands of the Lord and to the care of his brother, Barnabas.

Joshua Adams was baptized a member of the Church at Nauvoo, Illinois, when he was ten years old, in 1843. He knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and heard him talk to the Iowa Indians in their own tongue or language. He was at work in a field near by when the Prophet Joseph was assassinated.

He came with his father's family to Utah in 1848, locating at Mil Creek, near Salt Lake City. In the Fall of 1850, they with Stephen Chipman and son Washburn Chipman, Father Eldredge and his two sons, Ira and John, and his father's brother, Barnabas L. Adams, wended their way into American Fork, with A. J. Stewart as surveyor.

The home of the Adams family was erected east of the Washburn Chipman home on Center Street. The material used was cotton wood logs cut from the dense cotton wood groves. During 1851, he helped his father build the first grist mill in American Fork. A young man of 17 years, reared to hard work and with a measureless ambition, found plenty to do, making ditches to irrigate the thirsty land with, building homes, roads and cleaning lands to plant and harvest, helping in a thousand ways to develop the wilderness and make it blossom as the rose.

Although they had come to a productive country, with abundance of grass, water, fish, game, wild fruits and the most beautiful valley in the West, there was plenty of hard work to do. Majestic and inspiring mountains adorned the landscape, covered with cedar, maple, quaking aspen and evergreen trees. They soon learned to love their valley home and make themselves comfortable and happy.

They built school and meeting houses where social gatherings were held. But it was a willow bowery that I first remember going to many celebrations. It was located on the lot where the Harrington School and the City Hall lots are. I remember of hearing Archie Laycock and others sing their songs, "The Old Shangii Rooster," "The Big Spotted Hog" and many others. We enjoyed them as much as we do Tabby and Bun, today. (Clarence Grant and Ray Shelley).

Yes, they had their amusements as well as their trials. I have often heard father say he and his brother, Nathan, went to dances barefooted. They were splendid dancers and so was mother. She once told us of a young fellow, that was very poor dancer and hardly any one would go on the floor with him. But, one night he asked her for a dance and she couldn't turn him down. How happy it made him, one would think he had been crowned king of the ball. He was an odd fellow, always wore a skein of yarn around his neck. (Maybe some of you remember him. His name was Tom Dutton.)

Father was married first to Lydia Thornton in 1854; second to Mary Bathgate and on the 26th of July, 1862, in the endowment house in Salt Lake City he married my mother, Mary Hoggard.

She went to live with his second wife, Aunt Mary Bathgate, in the one room dirt roofed house, located on the state road where James T. Larrabee now lives. Years before father had built a two story brick house for Aunt Lydia, which still stands on first west and second north street. Here most of her family was born.

Then father built the large brick house on the farm and moved Aunt Lydia down there. Mother was moved a block and a half north, Aunt Mary into a one room log house next door. How happy were we at these new improvements, each family with a home of their

own, although two of them were humble log places. We were proud of our new homes.

When father build Aunt Lydia's home I remember going with him to the lime kiln to get the lime to make the mortar with which to lay the bricks. It was near the County Infirmary. There were only one or two houses to be seen in crossing the Provo bench in those days.

While we lived with Aunt Mary, my mother generally went each summer to take the cattle on the range. It fell her lot to do this because of her boys. Aunt Mary's family were girls. One summer I remember Aunt and Mother both taking their children and going to Pelican Point to summer the stock.

Father had a large herd of cattle at different times. He would send them into Castle Valley or over the Jordan River to feed.

Will have to tell you of just one time. We heard father and mother talking and planning something concerning the family, but the law in the home was "Children should be seen and not heard." Kept us from asking questions until curiosity got the best of us and we had to ask what it was all about. We were told we were to go over Jordan for the summer. Thrilled with the excitement of going somewhere we exclaimed, "We won't have to pull weeds nor milks cows."

Father answered, "Then you don't want any milk nor butter for your bread."

"Yes, yes, came from every one, but can we take any one cow we want?"

"Yes," said father, "that is just what we are going for to take the cattle for you children to herd."

To be sure Buttercup, Blossom and old Lil were chosen. Liney couldn't go; no one wanted her for hadn't she kicked the pail and Cynthia went over backwards and spilt the milk all over her?

There was pleasure in milking cows, too, for it was fun to have your sister stand ten feet away and squirt the milk you were milking into her mouth.

If only the chickens could go, too, then we could gather eggs every day instead of every third day as we do now. "There, there, children," said father. "You will have all the cows you will want to milk and you can hunt squirrels, chipmunks and crows nests all day."

So a pleasant summer of our childhood passed and we are back to the farm again, helping to reap, thrash and gather ground cherries. Many and many sacks of pods were gathered during the day then at night we would shell them by the light of a brush fire, or a rag with a button tied on it set in a cup of grease (a bitch light as it was called) or by a home made tallow candle. These cherries cooked with molasses or sugar made a delicious spread for our bread.

I never remember of hearing my father say a swear word. He may of done so, but never in the presence of his children. He was always very kind and generous to us when he had anything to give he gave it among his children. One day I was raking rocks around the house, father asked me what I though I was going to do. I told him I wanted to plant some grape vines. I had on an old ragged dress. It was pretty when it was new, gold and green changeable color. He says, "Here, take this and buy you a new dress." And he handed me \$2.00 and said, "You are too good a girl to wear that kind of a dress, go and buy you a nice one." Mother bought some dark water proof cloth and made me a beautiful dress with a pointed bask, the skirt had a scant box pleated ruffle around it. I surely was proud of that dress.

These were happy days of childhood. Three large families yet just one family, for we loved one another and shared equal in all things.

We were taught to work. No matter how small we were there was a small duty required of us to do. Father always said idleness was the devil's work shop, and work would keep us out of mischief. No doubt that is why I like to work, to see each day some task begun and to feel at evening something accomplished, has been my life's ambition and I thank my Father for this training.

Father cleaned many acres of sage brush from the land both for himself and others. He would plow and we children would pull and pile it and haul it home for fire wood. We pulled sage brush from all around where the Manilla Meeting house now stands. The people were glad to have the brush to burn.

He was a busy man, himself, with the making of a new country, three large families to raise, yet with it all he never neglected his Church appointments, nor the reading of good books that enrich the mind. When his meals were not quite ready and he had to wait a few minutes he always would take his book and read. My Sister, Zina, says all she can remember him reading was "It came to pass" and "It came to pass." Long since she has forgotten what it was that came to pass, but today she knows what book he was reading.

He held many church positions from Deacon to High priest, and at one time was in the presidency of the ward teachers committee. He asked the privilege of holding cottage meetings to accommodate those who lived so far out of town. The Bishop, Leonard E. Harrington, consented and many wonderful meetings were held at our home and those of our neighbors where testimonies were born and experiences told by those faithful, tried and true pioneers. They have been a great inspiration and a guide to me to go on and keep my faith and leave behind me a life of righteousness and good works.

Father volunteered his services and was one of the first to go in defense of the settlements and try and quell Blackhawk. These were troublesome times and it took courage, faith and determination to live through them.

He served six months in 1888, in the State Penitentiary of Utah, rather than disown his plural wives and his children. I have two Mats that he wove while there, not much to you, but priceless to me, for they speak louder than words, to never be idle, do something to show the passing of time.

My sister Margaret and I were living in Salt Lake City when father and Mr. Eddison King were released from the penitentiary. We went up to the court house to see them before they came home. As

we entered the door Mr. King called out, "I am going to have the first kiss from them girls no matter if all the United States Marshalls are looking" and he ran and got us first so he got his kiss first.

How can we, and what are we doing to show our appreciation for what parents and grandparents have done for us? They sacrificed much and made these cities, farms and homes and all we enjoy today.

May his posterity, which number 260 descendants today, ever live worthy of that heritage he has left them, noble honorable men and women.

He was called home February 22, 1906, at his home surrounded by his wife, Mary Hoggard Adams, most of all his children and a host of friends.

OUR PIONEER PARENTS

O! If I had the words and the power
And could put them into rhyme
I would write them down on paper
Of your dear parents and mine.
I would tell you of their sorrows
Of their trials and their joys.
Their anticipation of the morrow
Gave them courage without alloy.

Did they stand those trails for nothing
Without no hope of any reward?
They gladly helped their neighbors,
They had faith in a living God.

Now let us their children
Strive to make our lives sublime,
That they will be glad to welcome us,
To live with them all time.

Cynthia Adams Okey.