

DUP AF Book 1 page 134

Biographical Sketch

of

Caroline E. W. W. Larrabee

by Herself

Pioneer Year 1862

Horton D. Haight Company

Born: London, England

I was the oldest child of Charles H. J. and Eliza Dangerfield West. I was born in London, England. My first remembrance is of going to Church with parents, and of my home life in England. I remember of hearing the preacher talk of Gathering of Zion, mother told me as soon as I was 8 years old I must be baptized. My father was an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He baptized me. After I was baptized it seems like my thoughts was of going to Zion. I would sing the Hymn, "Oh Zion, when I think of thee I long for Pinions like a dove and mourn to think that I should be so distant from the sand I love..." The tears would roll down my cheeks while singing.

An Elder from Utah named John Brown of Battle Creek, Utah, no called Pleasant Grove used to visit my father's home in England. In fact, he used to make his home there while in London. He told my parents when they used to be wishing they could get enough means ahead to go to Zion that if they would send 2 of their children to Zion that he would promise them that they should be able to go there next year.

They had some money saved in the Emigration fund, they had put a little by every year since they joined the Church. They were Latter-day Saints before they were married, they thought it over and prayed about so finally they made up their minds that they would send my sister and I., I was 10 years old and she was six. My brother that was next to me was sickly. That was the reason they chose my sister. A family by the name of King was going to Utah so they put us in their care. Brother James King's family consisted of his wife, mother and sister. The reason I spoke of that was that Bro. King had taken a great liking for my sister. He did not have any children of his own so I suppose that was the reason. Some time in the month of May 1862 was when the immigrants started on their journey. We left London in the morning. I remember leaving father, mother, brother and sister. Did I cry, no I was going to Zion. Did my sister cry, I don't remember that she did. Well, we got to Liverpool in good season and got on the ship. It was a 3-masted sailing ship. It had three decks: The top deck where you could look over the side and see the ocean. Then you went down a trap door to the second deck. It was like a large room with berths built all around the walls of the ship. They were the

places you slept. In there was three tiers of them, one above the other. Then there was another trap door that let you down into another dce3ck from the trap door down was a rope ladder to go down when you got to the floor of the 3rd deck it was so dark that you could not see for a while till your eyes got accustomed to the gloom. On the third deck was more berths all around and there was some lanterns alight so you could manage to find your way around.

The berths that Bro. King and family and us two children had was down in the lowest deck. Our berth was in the upper tier. Well we got settle3d on the ship. What you paid for your passage included your food. The ration consisted of sea biscuits. They were as large as a moderate sized plate and was hollow like a plate. There was salt beef and pork, rice, split peas, oatmeal, vinegar, mustard, black tea, brown sugar, and a very little flour for there was no way of baking bread. The flour was to make a pie or pudding if you wanted to.

Bro. King used to take the meat and other food to the cooking gallery and get it cooked. Lots of people had some extra foodstuff with them, such as raisins, currants and other fancy stuff. Brother King used to make gruel of the oatmeal and cook other things. The reason he had to was because his wife was sick and mother too old and his sister was sick too, I guess. My sister and I was not sick. We used to get 2 of them big sea biscuits each with a piece of boiled beef and pork with some mustard and vinegar on it and go up on the upper deck and sit on the coils of the rope and enjoy ourselves. Then we used to parade around poking our noses in every place we got a chance to. We managed to find out where the captain's cook was cooking. He wanted to know if we could sing. We said, yes, so he asked us to sing for him. We did. He gave us some fresh meat broth and bread and cake and other good things. We used to take some of it and give it to Sister King, for she was so sick.

I tell you the only place I was frightened was when we had to go to the closet. There was just a straight stick across and of course you could see the ocean. How I did cling to my little sister when she was on that bar for it was big enough to let a grown person down, let alone children.

We used to like to look over the side of the ship and see the porpoises showing their heads out of the water and watch other ships

go by. Well the voyage came to an end. Oh I forget, we had an awful storm. How the ship did rock. It seemed like it would tip over. Oh how the cans and things did tumble around, but we got to New York alright. We stopped in a place called Castle Gardens. It was a large building. I have read since that it had been built for an Opera House and used for that. They said that the great singer Jenny Lind sang there.

We stayed a few days at Castle Garden, then we got on the cars, and Oh dear, how hungry we were on the cars. We bought bread from men that came on the cars with bread to sell and it was like eating wind; there was nothing to it. How we did wish for some of the sea biscuits to fill up on. We rode on the cars a while and then we got on steamboats and were packed in like sardines in a can. And thirsty, oh how thirsty we were. We were on the Missouri River when they would dip up a bucket full of water and let it settle. It was half sand and oh how warm it was.

Well, finally we got to Florence and stayed there two weeks while they were getting the oxen and wagons ready. While there, there was an awfulest thunderstorm I ever remember seeing. Close to where the camp was, there was a large building. We all went in it and stayed all night. One day while there, a man and woman came and enquired if there was anyone there by the name of West. We were pointed out; they asked us what our Father's name was. We told them. Their names were Marmey. He said he was my father's cousin. They took us home with that and treated us to candy, crackers and cheese, and wanted to keep us but Brother King would not listen to it. He said he promised my parents that he would take us to Utah and he intended to do it.

Well, we got started on the plains. There was a lot of us. I don't know how many. Well, we traveled along. Everybody walked that could. We two little girls would start out when the rest did and get ahead of the wagons and when we got tired we would wait till the wagons caught up to us. The teamsters of the commissary wagons took notice of us and let us ride with them if we would sing for them. Of course we sang for them. Can you imagine two little girls dressed in brown dresses, brown coats, heavy leather shoes traveling along hand in hand? He had brown or black hats on our hair - half the time

unbraided. We used to stop when we would come to buses with buffalo berries on and eat our fill and fill our pockets. When we could not get them we would get prickly pear, peel and eat them. The teamsters told us what was good to eat. We had good rations on the plains. We had flour, bacon, dried peaches and apples, brown sugar, black tea - I don't remember anything else. We used to pick what we called wild grapes here and eat them.

Sister King did not get much better after we got on the plains. One night a little baby was born but it did not live long, only a few hours and was laid by the wayside in a grave with rocks piled on the grave to keep the wolves out. The old lady King took care of her daughter-in-law. One night when they camped and went to the wagon the old lady had passed away. They laid her away. Not long after that Sister King died and they laid her away on the plains. Brother King had no one only his sister left and us two little girls to care for. He used to take us to the creek and wash us all over. We got cooties as the soldiers called them on us. They said it was from camping where Indians had camped. I don't know if the grown people had them or not. One thing I forgot to mention was, we saw large herds of buffalos. Some of the teamsters used to go and kill some. When they did, all of those in the camp had fresh meat. Sometimes they would kill antelopes. Another item stays in my memory: At the South Pass it was very cold. My sister cried, her hands were so cold. Eliza King said, "I will warm them." She clasped them hard. It hurt me I tell you.

We left England in May. We got to Utah in October. We had a long journey. Brother King was to have left us with our mother's brother when we got to Salt Lake City. When we got here he had gone to Silver City. The folks that our uncle made his home with wanted to take us but Brother King he would not let them have us.

When we got to Salt Lake City the second captain of the train married Bro. King's sister in the Endowment House. We camped in the tithing office. While there, Bishop Edward Hunter came to the office and took us to his home and they gave us supper and some fruit. The Bishop wanted to keep us but his wives thought they had enough to do, so when Eli Curtis, the man who married Bro. King's sister, Eliza went to his home that was in Springville, Brother King

and us two children went along with them. When we got to Springville we stayed at the old gentleman Curtis' and was there for a short time. When his son-in-law Bishop Wm. Miller of Provo came to visit them he saw my sister Annie and took her home with him. She took sick a short time after and wanted me so I went there and we made our home with them till our parents came. It was just one year and five months from the time we left England till we saw our parents again.

When they came to Salt Lake City they went to Bishop Hunter's and asked him if he remembered seeing two little girls by the name of West with the emigrants. He said, "Yes, yes, yes, two fine little girls. I would like to have kept them," but his wives had too much to do and did not want to be bothered with them. He said, "Come to me in the bowery on Sunday and I will show you the man that has your two little girls." So they did and found out were we were. They went to Provo with one of the teams and found us. It was a joyful meeting. They lived in Provo that fall and winter. Father found work and got a small log room someone let him have to live in. The next fall we went to gleaning and gathered enough wheat to make 22 bushels, mostly gathered by mother and us children. Father was working part of the time for other people and helped us glean some. Mother, my brother, and I took sick. Mother and I had typhus fever. My brother soon got well, but Mother and I was very sick. One of the neighbors helped us a little but father and my sister Annie were the ones we had to depend on the most. Father had to mix the bread and once it did not rise. He forgot to put the yeast in. The same fall they were persuaded to go to Heber City and then their hard luck began. I was not with them then. I had gone to Coalville in Summit County with a family for my board and clothes. I got the food but clothes are a pretty scarce article. I was there with them over a year. I had one pair of shoes during that time and one linen dress made out of a woman's old dress. Well after a while I went back to my parents in Heber City. When I got there they were living in a log house without any floor in it, only the dirt and the dirt roof. No chimney in it but they had a stove with one length of sheet iron and the rest of a wooden pipe made out of boards.

One day when my baby sister three days old, the wooden pipe took fire, father was away we were quite away from a neighbor. No water, only as we melted snow we did not know what to do. My brother ran to the neighbors. He came back, got on the house and put snow on the blaze and put out the fire. So we then had to have some pipe. The neighbor helped father get some pipe some way.

One time I wish to mention happened two weeks after. My parents got to Provo. My little sister Mary Ann was sick all through the journey. Two weeks after they got to Provo she seemed some better. When they went to bed she always slept on fathers arm. About 2 o'clock in the morning father woke. He said, "Mother I believe Mary Ann is dead." My mother said, "Oh! no it can't be." They made a light. She had passed away before she went to sleep she bid us all good night each one by name.

The evening after the funeral as they were sitting mourning the door opened and a tall white haired old gentleman came in. He was neatly dressed in a gray suit of clothes, had a long white beard and seemed to be quite old. He told my parents not to grieve that if they were faithful they would receive their child again. He told them of their past lives and talked very kindly to them and he comforted them. He never turned his back on them. When he left, he backed out. After he had been gone a few minutes father stepped out to the gate but could not see a sign of him. They looked in every direction. They thought that the Bishop had sent him to them. They looked for him in the meetings but never saw him again. They told the Bishop about him. He said, "There is no such man lives in Provo." He said, "You have had a visit from one of the three Nephites." They always felt that they had been highly favored by the Lord.

I will continue from where I left off: My parents continued to live in Heber City for a year or two. Father worked in the line kiln and they were very poor. Some of the time eating bran bread. They had frozen potatoes. Father had not known that he ought to buy them after he had earned them. He had sold his watch to buy the step stove, which they had. Mother had sold some of her best baby clothes to buy a table, and when the kilns froze up they boiled wheat to eat. Mother said, "At last you will have to go to Salt Lake City and see if you can't find a joy." They were so poor they nearly starved. It just

seemed like they could not earn enough to eat. What clothing they brought from England was about all worn out. I was not at home much. I lived at different places where they needed help. I used to get enough to eat but no clothes or shoes. I went barefooted summer and winter so I did not fare as bad as them at home.

One winter I was living with a family. The woman was sick. I wanted one Sunday to go and see my folks. They lived quite away from where I was. It had been snowing in the night. I did not have shoes or stockings. I started out. I thought my feet and legs would freeze. The snow was above my knees. When I got part way I had to stop at a friend's house and warm. They asked me how it was I was out? I told them and they let me take their boy's shoes and socks the rest of the way. Mother took one of her dresses that was lined and made me a dress of the chimmy and drawers of the lining and was careful to save the ... for thread then was 25 cents a spool. We never saw sugar or fruit.

Well Father went to Salt Lake City in the spring and found a chance to work a farm on shares he furnished the labor for half the owner the land tools and team he could use the team to get loads of wood with to buy flour and other necessities. When he got the crops in he came back with the team for Mother and we children. While he was gone mother taught a small school and done sewing and anything she could to get to do. I was earning my own food, could not get nothing to help her for all I got was my food for my work. The incident I will mention while Father was gone:

She did not have nothing in the house to eat and did not know where it was coming from. They had not breakfast nor supper the night before a friend came in. he said, "Hello, Eliza. How are you getting along?" "Oh, fairly well," said mother. She was too proud to tell him her circumstances, for he was a poor man himself. My sister Annie said, "Oh, Mother I am so hungry." The man said, "Ain't you had no breakfast?" She said, "No sir." He said to mother, "Why didn't you tell me you did not have anything to eat?" He went away and soon returned with flour, bacon and some few other things.

Well we went to Salt Lake City. Father was tending a farm close to the Jordan River. He earned our food hauling wood and selling it and tended the farm. There was a fine stand of wheat and looked



fine. One day there came a big rain before it was ripe and laid it all flat and it rusted so that there was not grain for us or the owner of the farm. So that fall they moved into the 6th ward of Salt Lake City and taught the district school. They managed to make a living. Before my folks moved I had gone from home again to work for my board and clothes. That time I got good food and warm clothing and I lived there till I got married.