Hyrum Corry and Mary Kisten Adams Perkins

By Margaret Perkins Tennity

Corry

Corry was born on January 30, 1885, to Hyrum Mathew and Rachel Maria Corry Perkins at their log cabin in the fort at Bluff. At the time of his birth there were three older children in the family: George, Maggie, and Rachel. When it was time to bless him and give him a name, his father's name as well as his mother's name seemed appropriate and he was christened Hyrum Corry with the intention of calling him Corry.

Corry was a fine name and Corry would have been happy to be called by that name but his father's Welsh accent turned it into "Corragh" His family and the townspeople followed his father's pronunciation and he was called Cora by everyone in Bluff. He hated the effeminate name and vowed he would insist on being called Corry when he went to Provo to school and when he moved to Blanding.

Corry's personal records have this information:

- He was baptized on February 24, 1893, by James B. Decker. He was confirmed by Kumen Jones.
- Ordained an elder on July 30, 1907
- Ordained a Seventy on August 26, 1907, by Stephen L. Richards.
- Ordained a high priest December 4, 1927, by Wayne H. Redd.
- Married Mary Kisten Adams on June 5, 1913, by Alvin K. Smith.
- Served in the New Zealand Mission 1907-1911. Mission president was Rufus K. Hardy.
- Served Central States Mission, Kansas City, Mo., October 1916-april 1917.
- Served more than one short-term mission to the area east of Monticello. That area had been opened to homesteaders and many non-Mormon people had moved in there. The mission was for only several weeks, but his posterity should be interested that he left his wife and children to preach the gospel to people who lived not so far away.

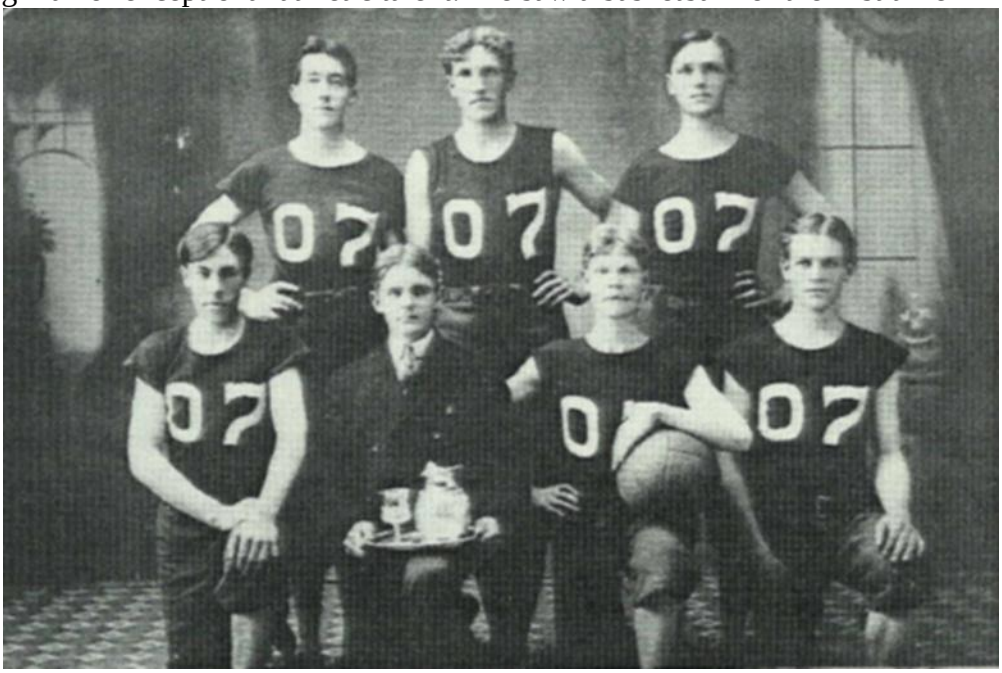
Rachel brought genes to her marriage which produced tall sons; and with the handsome features of the father Hyrum, Corry was a handsome man, six feet tall, lithe, and lean.

Life was hard in the little community of Bluff and there was plenty of work for a little fellow of six or seven. He had to assume responsibility early in his life. One of his chores was to herd the family's milk cows in Cow Canyon and keep them away from the alfalfa fields nearby.

He showed musical talent at an early age and while a young boy he played the violin in an orchestra of string instruments. He also played in a band of harmonicas, led and organized by his father.

The children did not attend school for nine months as they do today, and as a result the graduates from the eighth grade were seventeen and eighteen when they went to Brigham Young Academy (BYA) in Provo for high school.

Corry was a young man of exceptional athletic talent. He saw a basketball for the first time when he entered BYA. He played guard for the White and Blue, as the team was known then, the four years he spent at BYA. He was the captain and star of the team in his senior year. That team won the tournament that decided the national champions and he was the one who made the last basket that won the game. He was carried around the playing floor by his teammates. That was one of his life's greatest thrills.



Brigham Young Academy Basketball Team, 1907
Corry Perkins, back row on the right.

Hyrum Corry Perkins,
a new missionary in 1908.

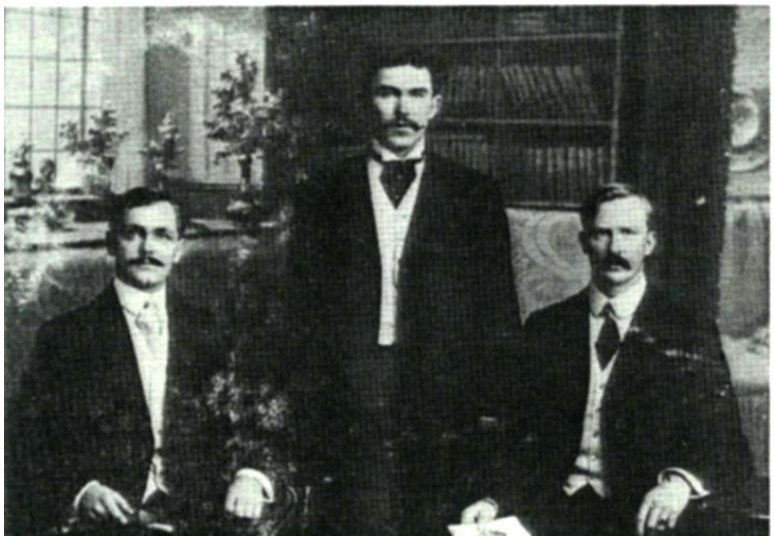
Corry had been called on a mission to the Maori people of New Zealand. After graduating in the spring of 1907, he left for his mission and spent more than four years in the South Sea Islands.

It took weeks to reach Aukland and time passed slowly for the passengers. There was nothing to see except an occasional flying fish, blue skies, and the ocean – nothing to break the monotony. There was a professional wrestler on board who made the ship his home for months at a time. He challenged the men on board the ship to a wrestling match for a cash prize. Corry was coerced to throw his hat in the ring and accept the challenge. The wrestler was a fierce looking man, bearded, with a moustache that curled up at the ends. Corry knew little about the finer points of wrestling and during the days given him to prepare for the match, he accepted advice from anyone who understood wrestling. The upshot was that Corry won the match but he said he walked like an old man for weeks after that great effort.

In New Zealand, he and his companion bought two island ponies to get around to the villages they visited. The horses were accustomed to swimming and could be ridden to other islands where they were required to swim a short distance. On one occasion Corry and his companion rode the ponies to an island with the ponies swimming part of the way. When it was time to return, the tide was in and the distance that the horses were required to swim had lengthened considerably. A friendly boatman offered to take them to their base and the ponies were tethered alongside the boat swimming strongly without the weight of a rider. Suddenly they were under attack by sharks swimming swiftly toward them. Before the islander could unwrap his rifle from the waterproof wrapping, a shark struck, tearing off a leg from a fear-crazed horse. They cut the horse loose but not before a bullet was fired into its brain. More sharks gathered and were in a feeding frenzy. The rifleman shot at the sharks and

the gunshot sharks became the prey of the others. During the feeding orgy, the men were able to calm the other horse which had been bucking and screaming and rowed to safety.

Corry loved the Maori people. He spoke their language fluently and lived with them and ate the food they ate, which was most often a fish stew. They sat around a huge pot and dipped the fish and vegetables out with two fingers. After he returned home his taste for fish had completely deserted him.



Corry, on left, with missionary companions in New Zealand.

Rufus K. Hardy was his mission president and after Corry had served two years, President Hardy chose him to be editor and reporter of a paper that reached most of the Saints in the South Pacific. The south Pacific Mission at that time covered a vast area. Corry spoke of visiting Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, and Sidney, Australia.

He learned the island dances and songs. The Maori men's faces were tattooed and during their war dances they would screw their faces into hideous grimaces which were part of the war dances to intimidate their enemies.

After more than four years spent in the islands it was time to return to his home. He brought a trunk of souvenirs: tin-type photographs of their queens and princesses, grass skirts, seashells, spearheads, and a gold nugget. Most entrancing of all was a beautiful feather robe made from native bird feathers of indescribable shades of blues, greens, purples, and reds. It was truly a museum piece. What happened to that feathered robe is an interesting story which took place in Blanding ten years after Corry returned from his mission.

The Piute Indians had seen the feathered robe several times and were fascinated by it, the people who made it, and the land where it was made. They never tired of hearing the story. Corry was fluent in the Piute language as well as the Navajo language and could converse with most of the Indians of San Juan. He also considered them his friends, and valued that friendship, having learned during four years in the mission field, as do virtually all Mormon missionaries called to a foreign land, that though people speak and look different, they are people to be esteemed. If he had ever had any real fear of the Indian people, he had lost it, and truly enjoyed their association in the cow camps and in town. He thus was unprepared for a precipitous situation that might have resulted in the loss of his life.

On May 28, 1921, L. H. Redd, president of the San Juan Stake, had received word that two Indian boys had been placed under arrest and were in the jail above the co-op store at Bluff. They had been arrested for burning bridges, cutting telephone lines, and shooting cattle. There were Piutes in Bluff who were threatening to shoot anyone who interfered with their breaking the two boys out of jail.

President Redd asked Kumen Jones to choose some well armed men to go with him to Bluff and try to calm the Indians and make them understand the boys' punishment was a just and fitting action that followed when laws were broken. Jones was a staunch friend of the Indians and spoke the language fluently and understood them.

George Perkins, Corry's brother, was one of the men Jones selected to go with him. When they arrived in Bluff they found that the two boys, Joe bishop's older boy and Dutchie's son, had escaped. The law officer at Bluff was trying to get a posse together to go after the two culprits. The Jones party joined the posse and started after the two boys. At the river they saw the two boys in the water swimming for the opposite side. Shots were fired and Dutchie's boy cried out that he was hit. George took off his boots and left his gun and went into the river to bring the boy back to shore. He took him to Blanding for medical attention. None of the posse knew what happened to the Bishop boy. They saw him dive under water but did not see him come up. They heard later that he had reached the Navajos and had been given shelter.

During the days that the Bishop boy was missing, the Piutes were making threats and Sheriff Bill Oliver sent word to the cattlemen with stock on the Elk Mountain to remain at home. With the threats the Piutes were making the risks were too great of inviting gunfire upon themselves.

Corry thought that advice was ridiculous. The Piutes were his friends. They came to the Perkins' cow camp many times bringing venison. They had shared meals and persuaded Corry to play the harmonica and also to tell them of the Maoris and sing the songs of the islands. He could not visualize the Piutes turning on him. He had spent too many nights around the campfire with them. Sensing a need to care for his cattle on Elk Mountain, he started out with his nephew, Earl.

They had ridden through Cottonwood Wash and started up the other side when a group of Piutes, seventeen in number, rode out of the trees and surrounded them. Threats were made and Joe Bishop's younger son hit Corry across the face with a quirt and put his loaded rifle against his mid-section.

Never was Corry closer to death than at that moment. He heard Posey bark out a command to the young hothead and saw Dutchie ride his horse up beside Posey's in a gesture of support for Posey. Joe Bishop's boy told Corry that Corry's brother had shot his brother and left him to die in the river and now Corry was going to pay for it. Posey talked to the Bishop boy telling him Corry never carried a gun and had always been their friend. Posey told Corry and Earl to go on to the mountain and that they wouldn't be bothered again. Before they got very far the Indians surrounded them again and the same argument went on between the young hotheads and Posey, with Dutchie beside him. Once again they were told to go on and again they were stopped and surrounded with the same ending to the argument between the hotheads and Posey. This time they didn't see the Piutes again on that trip.

Earl and Corry went on to their cattle but Earl, at seventeen years of age, did not live through that experience without an adverse effect. Nightmares plagued him. Insecurities took a toll but to the young man's credit, despite the traumatic experience, before long he was riding to Elk Mountain past the Indians camped at Allen Canyon without any visible fear.

Despite genuine desires to associate peaceably by people of both races, there was a strong element of discord being conveyed by many of the younger members of the Piute group. None of the settlers seemed to understand exactly what plan of action the Piutes were taking, or why. Did they think their depredations would be enough to drive the settlers away from San Juan? They tried to provoke the Mormon men in to hostile response time after time. They seemed to want to fight a war, yet all they got were pleas for peace and the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." Their treatment by the hand of the San Juan Mormons was baffling to the undisciplined Piutes. Some of the white men thought they were bored and wanted excitement. They had no reason to fear retribution from the white men's law. What they had experienced in times past when the lawmen had come had been exciting and something to talk about around their campfire for years. Perhaps they hoped for another trip to the big city, where they were treated like royalty rather than like the criminals they were.

Posey had a long-range rifle, a 30-06, far better than anything the white men in San Juan owned. He claimed it had magic powers and it would protect him from any gunshot fired at him by his enemies. Other Piutes also had long-range rifles and knew how to use them.

The Piutes were compulsive gamblers and anything they could steal and use to finance their card game would be of value to them.

After a meeting of the stockmen in Blanding and the Indian leaders at the home of J. Frank Adams, it was presumed the Piute Indians would no longer show hostility to the white men, but once again the young hotheads among the Piutes became bored and, craving action, decided to stir up trouble. A sheepherder's camp came under attack and there young Piutes shot at the herder and robbed his camp, taking everything they desired. The three Indians were Joe Bishop's younger boy with two of Sanup's boys. A warrant was issued but the lawmen waited for an opportune time to make the arrest. One of Sanup's boys died during the winter and the following spring the two fugitives assumed that their robbery had been forgotten just as it had the other times when they had robbed, pillaged, and burned. But when they came into Blanding they were promptly arrested, tried and convicted in very short order. The trial was held in the basement of the elementary school and the verdict was to be read after the noontime break.

The two boys left the courtroom accompanied by the sheriff, Bill Oliver. They made their break for freedom at that time. Posey had made his choice. He no longer spoke with a forked tongue: he was racing the two tried and convicted youths one hundred percent and was standing by the steps holding his won swift mare. The uprising was on.

The Bishop boy grabbed the sheriff's gun, pointed it at the sheriff, and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired. After mounting and beginning to ride off, he fired once again, this time hitting Oliver's horse in the neck. Then the Bishop boy led the daring escape on Posey's fleet mare with most of the band of Indians following the Indian boy's break from custody. Posey rode with them as did most of the Piutes with their squaws and children. They rode southwest of Blanding headed for the Comb Wash area in a well-planned show of contempt for the white man's laws.

A posse was organized with Sheriff Oliver deputizing many of the men in Blanding. They were determined to end once and for all the Piutes' disregard of the laws that protected the lives and property of the people in San Juan County.

Posey was hidden in the rocks, supposedly waiting with his long-range rifle to pick off the men of the posse as they came after the Piute tribe. Posey shot many times but whatever magic he claimed for his gun was now gone. No one in the posse was hit by the shots he took and that was true for the other Piutes with their long-range rifles. In the next twenty-four hours Joe Bishop's youngest son was killed and Posey seriously wounded.

Instead of vanishing into the canyons of the Comb Reef as was the plan, they were surrounded and gave up. Trucks came from P\Blanding to Bluff and the tribe was transported to Blanding and was locked in the basement of the school until a place to lodge them could be built.

Posey was not with them. The posse had hunted for hours for him but he seemed to have vanished. They suspected he had been wounded but it was also possible he had escaped across the river and was on this way to Navajo Mountain.

While the Piutes were being held in the school basement the men in banding constructed a stockade of barbed wire twelve feet high surrounding one hundred feet square wicki-ups, placed in the pen. A hydrant furnished water and they were given what food they needed.

They wanted to talk. They wanted to make the people in Blanding understand that they had learned their lesson. Never would they allow anything like that to happen again.

The stockade was located west of the San Juan Bank building right in the center of town. As a child of four I remember my dad giving my sister and me money to buy candy and we divided it into smaller bags and pushed it through the fence to the Indian children.

A U.S. Marshall Ward had come from Salt Lake to take charge of the situation and he allowed Posey's squaw to take food and blankets and a horse to look for lost possessions. So she said. After she returned the people in Blanding began to see signal lights from the southwest and the people were

reasonably sure Posey was trying to signal his people. Anson and Jesse Posey sent for Corry Perkins and wanted him to have Oliver allow Posey's sons to go with Corry and bring Posey in for medical treatment. He was wounded and they feared for his life. Oliver refused and the next day they said Posey was dead.

Marshall Ward took the tow Posey boys and with Lynn Lyman as a driver found Posey's body and buried it. He then told the men in Blanding that they would never find his grave. He was wrong about that; they did find his grave and made certain it was Posey that had been buried. The Piutes were sent back to their reservation at Allen Canyon and their children were sent to Towaoc on the Ute Reservation in Colorado for schooling.

Several years after the rebellion that left Posey and Pahneet (Joe Bishop's younger son) dead, the Indian whom the whites called Old Dutchie (his Indian name was Sanop) came with others of his family to Corry's home. They wanted to hear him tell of the people that lived far over the seas once again and wanted him to do the war dance they had seen before. He talked to them for a while and then disappeared into the house. When he returned he had a grass skirt tied around him, he carried a spearhead attached to a broomstick and around his shoulders was the feathered robe that was stored in the basement wrapped in a sheet inside a trunk. He was barefoot and had taken off his trousers and shirt but not his long white underwear. He put on a show the likes of which hadn't been seen in that part of the world before. He made his face into such terrible grimaces that his little daughter fled into the hose in terror. The Indians were sitting on the steps and Corry was doing his act on the lawn.

After his act was over, Corry folded the feathered robe and handed it to Dutchie and told him it was his. That's the last we saw of that beautiful feathered robe. It was Dutchie who stood beside Posey when the group of fifteen Piutes threatened the lives of Corry and his nephew, Earl. It was Dutchie's son who was wounded and pulled from the river by Corry's brother George.

Corry and Kisten Adams Perkins Begin Their Own Family

When Corry returned from his mission in the South Seas, he renewed his friendship with Kisten Adams, the daughter of "Cold Water" John Adams and Margaret Nielson Adams. That friendship ripened into love and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 5, 1913.

Kisten had graduated from the Brigham Young Academy and was well versed in making a home.

Their first child, Merlene, was born on June 11, 1914. She was a beautiful child and grew to be a beautiful girl. When Merlene was fourteen months old, Corry was called to serve a short-term mission to Kansas City, Missouri. Leaving on a mission then, too, was John Adams, Kisten's father. Kisten's mother took her children to school in Provo that year and Kisten moved into her home and kept house and cooked for her husband and her father for the remaining months of the school term.

One of the experiences that Corry told his family about many times was that of going on a cattle buying trip to the Navajo Reservation. He was acting as agent for another rancher who had heard that some of the Navajos were raising cattle of good quality that could be fattened, conditioned, and sold at a profit. Leading a pack mule with a bedroll and provisions on its back, Corry was carrying money to buy the cattle and in his pocketbook there was over $1,000. Like most cattlemen he couldn't sit on a wallet for long hours in the saddle, nor did his shirt pocket provide a safe place, and so he carried it under his shirt – his belt was relied on to keep it in place.

Realizing the pocketbook was missing came as a great shock to Corry and he dropped the lead rope of the pack mule and whipped his horse to ride as swiftly as possible to the place where he had taken a short rest. Coming up over a rise in the trail he saw below him a Navajo man making the dirt fly in his haste to bury the pocketbook. The money was recovered and Corry went on with his

commissioned task of finding the cattle, buying what was needed, and driving the back to Bluff. As he told his family of this experience, he expressed his gratitude that he had not lost the wallet, thus betraying the trust others had placed in him.

Kisten and Corry's second child, Dorothy, was born on March 27, 1917, in the Adams home in Bluff, where they were living at that time. The next year Corry and Kisten began to make preparations to move to Blanding. Kisten's mother and father were in Blanding and Kisten was always very attached to them, so she was anxious to live there, too.

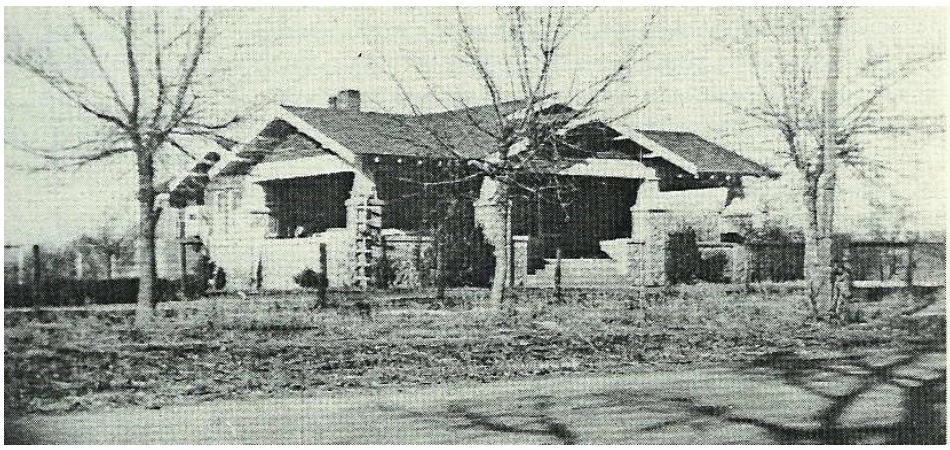
Benjamin D. Black came up from Kirtland, New Mexico in 1910. He had gained knowledge from the Mexicans on how to make adobe brick and now he wanted to fire them in a kiln to make a harder, more durable brick.

He set his brickyard up on the northwest corner of the town square, across the street form one of his homes. Here he turned out the red brick for many of the homes built in Blanding. The sand he used was at hand as well as the clay. The lime was found near Recapture Canyon. One can see the lime deposit l9ooking east on the road up out of the canyon, at the place where the road makes a curve and turns north.

The bricks from the kiln were the bricks used to make the beautiful church on the southeast corner of the square. That church building is dear to anyone who ever lived in Blanding. It has stood for seventy five years and hopefully it will be there for the next seventy five. The elementary school that was on the southwest corner, also made of the red brick, is no longer there. It no longer met the needs of modern-day schools and was demolished. There were many homes in Blanding made from the red brick. Some are still in use and others fell in disrepair and were torn down.

From the Salt Lake area a young home building contractor, Henry Ashton, came to Blanding looking for work. He designed and built the Francis and Leona Walton Nielson home that is now owned by their grandson, Preston Nielson, and the Floyd and Clara Jones Nielson home, using the natural sandstone that came from a quarry in Westwater Canyon as well as Ben Black's red brick. The sandstone was cut and set in the construction of the homes by Ed Thompson and the Gottford brothers from Germany.

After Corry's father's death and after the birth of their second child, Corry and Kisten went on with their preparations to move to Blanding. Corry's brothers, Dan and George, were already living in Blanding. George's home was at the north end of a huge tract of land the Perkins' owned below Blanding. Jesse Thornell from Salina owned property in Blanding and that block was bought for the home sites of Dan and Corry. The Thornells had been living in a two-room frame home located north of where Corry's home would be and Corry and Kisten moved there while their home was being built. Henry Ashton was given the contract to build the home, using the same red brick and sandstone in the construction. Ben Redd and Andrew Peterson crafted the lovely woodwork in the home.



That place provided a lovely home to grow up in. The large veranda that ran across the front and on to one side provided a wonderful play area, both winter and summer. The construction of the home never allowed the hot weather to build up, and it

was always pleasant. Regrettably, that home is no longer owned by the Perkins family.

One of the things we very much enjoyed as children was to be able to go with our father in his work in the cattle industry. The following is my recollection of one such time.

We were excited when our dad said we might go with him to take a load of block salt to the cattle on Elk Mountain. His intention was to distribute the salt around the cattle range and then return home. The three oldest girls would go on the trip: Merlene, age eleven; Dorothy, age eight; and Margaret, age six. We were a happy trio, singing songs, telling stories, and just enjoying ourselves. Dorothy rode a horse all the way there and back. She was always the most athletic one of the lot.

The road was very rough. Recent rains had washed down in gulleys from the mountainside and swept across the road, washing out large areas that had to be filled in before the wagon could go on. We three girls began carrying rocks to the ditch very enthusiastically. We crossed that washed-out area but before we had gone far we came to another. Our enthusiasm dwindled to almost nothing when we had to go to work on the third.

We hadn't reached Kigalia when the sun began its descent into the horizon. We stopped for the night and Dad made a fire and began to cook our supper. Merlene peeled potatoes while Dad made biscuits. I remember Dad saying, "We'd better cook the peelings" since there was more potato on the peelings.

We were interested in his method of making biscuits. No bowl was used, just a sack with about a third of the flour left in it. The sides of the bag were folded down until it was level with the flour. Baking powder poured out of a can onto his palm was sprinkled over the flour as was a pich of salt, a lump of shortening was rubbed into the flour, and a measure of water, which was the only thing he did measure, was mixed in. When he formed the biscuits with his hands we noticed the number of biscuits he made fit the dutch oven exactly, no waste, no dampened flour left in the bag. The dutch oven was placed in the coals and more coals heaped on the lid. Our potatoes were cooking in another dutch oven and meat was cooked in a frying pan. All of this was done with very little effort and I can remember how good it tasted.

The dishes were washed and the horses fed and with the last of the twilight we unrolled a bedroll that we girls would sleep in. Tired after all of that construction work on the road, we were ready for bed and I was nearly asleep when my sister's whispering awakened me.

I heard one of them say, "I think it's a ghost. I'm scared." With those words I took one look at where they were staring and saw the tall figure in white clothes dragging Dad's bed away. I scrambled under the covers and crawled as far down as I could get. Dorothy, always the brave one, called to Dad and he came to our bed and asked where Margaret was. One of my sisters raised the covers: "She's down there someplace. We thought you were a ghost and she was scared." He drug me out by one foot saying, "Come out of there; you'll smother." Dorothy asked why he had moved his bed. Dad said, "I spread it onto a prickly pear patch." We giggled at that, and asked if he got stuck. He admitted that he had and then admonished us to go to sleep.

On February 4, 1930, my parents, Kisten and Corry and their children, lost a daughter and a sister, beautiful Merlene. She was extremely fair and as sweet as she was beautiful. She would have been sixteen on her birthday in June. Merlene had been ill for some time. Driven to desperation, her parents decided to try and get her to a hospital and a doctor. White mesa was going through a cycle of extremely cold weather with deep snows. The road to Monticello was blocked. They decided to try to get to Cortez, going east, south of the Montezuma Creek Ranch and through McElmo Canyon. Deep snow stopped them several times but the trucks that accompanied the big Dodge care with brothers Dan and George and nephew Earl were prepared to get through, even though they followed nothing more than a stock trail. And they did. Merlene stayed warm and comfortable during the journey but after they had been in Cortez for less than two days, she died. The doctors said she had viral pneumonia.

The next years brought little joy to the Corry Perkins family. The child Kisten was carrying at the tie of Merlene's death was born retarded. Dan lived until he was thirteen. Grandmother Rachel died in Salt Lake the year after Merlene on September 16, 1930, and was buried in Blanding.

The Depression tightened its grip on the entire country and the price of wool, lambs, and cattle plunged to depths never heard of before. Lambs had to be sold for $.06 a pound but several years' wool clips were warehoused in Boston.

Another blow struck the family on July 6, 1934. Bruce, the oldest son, was playing Tarzan in the trees in front of the house and was swinging from limb to limb when he fell, breaking his elbow at the joint. The bone came through the muscle, creating a terrible wound that came in contact with the dirt and grass under the tree. The doctor in Blanding, after doing what he could, sent Corry and Kisten with the injured boy to a hospital and they got as far as Price Hospital where Bruce died from a form of gangrene at the age of eleven.

The death of their oldest son following so closely that of their oldest daughter was extremely difficult for my parents to reconcile themselves to. They mourned deeply and probably never recovered from their grief.

One afternoon our dad considered the time right to go to Bluff to see his mother and take his daughters to visit their grandmother. We had a wonderful time going down to Bluff. We sang songs, told stories and jokes, and we enjoyed our visit with Grandma and Aunt Rachel. The time passed quickly and it became time to start home. The family car at that time was a Model-T Ford and it had seen better days.

Before we had gone very far up cow Canyon, Dad stopped the car and showed us the old road that was on the floor of the canyon. He told us of driving three or four span of horses on a wagon loaded with huge sacks of wool and freighting them to the railroad at Thompson Springs.

The car wouldn't go after that brief stop and Dad told us the car had three gears, hither, thither, and yon. Thither and yon were pretty well worn, but hither was in good condition and we saw what he meant when he backed down the canyon to a place he could turn the car around and aimed the rear end up the canyon and charged all the way to the top. As I look back on that adventure it seemed there were many times we traveled in the hither gear. Black mesa was a place of narrow dugways and steep grades and White mesa also had its share. It wasn't until we passed Shirt-tail Corner and were moving up the lane that we got any speed at all out of the old bus. After that trip the car was referred to as "Old Hither."

In 1927, the Perkins brothers decided to divide the property they owned. George's sons were growing up and wanted to be on their own. Corry and Dan would continue running the cattle on Elk Mountain, wintering at Comb Reef, Butler and Lime Ridge. George bought his wife's father's cattle at Montezuma and the Blue Mountain range. When they began to lose cattle to rustlers and homesteaders were moving in on them, they decided to sell the HB brand cattle and buy sheep.

Corry began to suffer from bleeding ulcers and he realized that he would be unable to stay out on the range for days and weeks at a time. He carried a vacuum flask containing a mixture of eggs, protein powder, and milk and he existed on that for some time.

The three brothers decided to trade the property again, with George's sons going back to run the cattle on Elk Mountain and Corry taking the sheep as well as the George Dalton ranch and adding another herd of sheep. Corry thought taking care of sheep would be less strenuous work than the cattle business demanded. At the time the deal was made with Dalton, they were trying to get an accurate count oft the sheep. A chute had been made and through that the sheep would be forced one by one. The chute had a small drop off that was meant to slow them before they jumped off the chute. At that point it was meant that the sheep would be counted. No one there seemed to want the job of counting the sheep.

A man by the name of Walter Goff, who was working for the Perkins', volunteered and began the counting. As a sheep came out he raised his arm and as the sheep jumped he lowed it and called the number. That went on for a time. The Old Walt, getting into a rhythm, began jumping a little as he raised his arm. It was when he began jumping as high as the sheep were that his counting went to pot. Corry roared, "Walt, get those sheep back in the corral; we'll have to count them again. How you expected to count over two thousand sheep raising your arm and jumping, I'll never know." Corry took over counting to twenty-five and made a mark in his tally book and started counting to twenty-five again. He had to call a halt from time to time for a rest. He hadn't realized how mesmerizing counting two thousand sheep could be. I wonder if at that time he realized he didn't care for sheep very much at all.

The lease permit in the Blue Mountain was not enough and Corry was forced to buy property and a grazing permit at a place called Plateau near the town of Cortez, Colorado. All the sheep summered there.

In the month of June in 1934, Congress passed a bill that the stockmen had been expecting for some time. The Taylor Grazing Act gave the Secretary of the Interior the authority to limit the number of livestock using the range on the public domain. The existing General Land Office combined with the new agency and became the Bureau of Land Management which became the administrator of the new law.

There had been no management practice prior to the grazing land ill and there were ragtag outfits with mongrel stock that plagued the stockmen. The bureau of land management had enough authority to move them off the public domain. To get the plans of the BLM into operation it was necessary for the stockmen to work closely with the government agency which had employees who didn't understand the problems of the stockmen in San Juan County. It took patience and a willingness to accept compromises and a trade off of advantages with their neighbors, but finally the boundary lines they could accept were made and the stockmen settle down to begin a new era. The day had come when they were forced to comply with the conservation programs initiated by the Bureau of Land management.

The grazing for the summer on the mountain I controlled by the Forest Service under the Secretary of Agriculture, and there were times when it seemed t the stockmen that the tow agencies did not cooperate with each 0other. But gradually all existing problems were solved and the stock business went on.

Corry was always the athlete, excelling in anything that demanded coordination and quickness of hands and feet. He loved to tell tales of roping wild cattle. The cattle came from the survivors of the Texas longhorns that were driven into that area as far back as 1888. He loved rodeos and had been known to take part in the calf-roping and bull-dogging events. For Corry there was nothing like a horse race, especially if one of his horses was in the race.

A rivalry over horse racing developed between the Navajos and the Perkins'. The Navajos had some great racehorses and what they dearly liked to do was to bring their racehorse out for eve4ryone to see just before the race. One fourth of July, after the kids' races and the other events were over, it was time for the great horse race. The Indian boy upon the Navajo horse rode up the street in front of our home, parading his horse, walking and trotting. The race would be approximately a furlong, an eighth of a mile, from the road in front of Jens Nielson's property to the street that the schoolhouse faced on. The Navajos were excited, jabbering in their own language and wondering were the Perkins' horse was. The beautiful animal came out of a side street the first time the Navajos had seen it. Clarence Perkins was riding the horse ad he walked it up the length of the track. The horses broke even and were off. Down the street they flew with the Perkins horse slightly ahead. It increased its lead at the end and won easily.

The Navajos gathered around the Perkins' horse, admiring its grace and beauty. Running their hands over its neck and legs they began to make offers to buy it. Corry turned them down. Failing in their attempts to buy the colt, they tried to steal it and doubled their efforts when they somehow learned the horse had belonged to one of their ow3n people.

A young Navajo had offered the colt to Joe Smith and he had bought it from the Perkins' at a price of $50. The colt had the Arabian characteristics – dished face, small head, and long legs. They didn't know where it came from but probably from the Mexican rancheros in Arizona or New Mexico, where its dam had escaped and roamed free. Corry could see that sooner or later the Indians would make off with the colt and when they offered $500 in ten dollar gold pieces, he sold it.

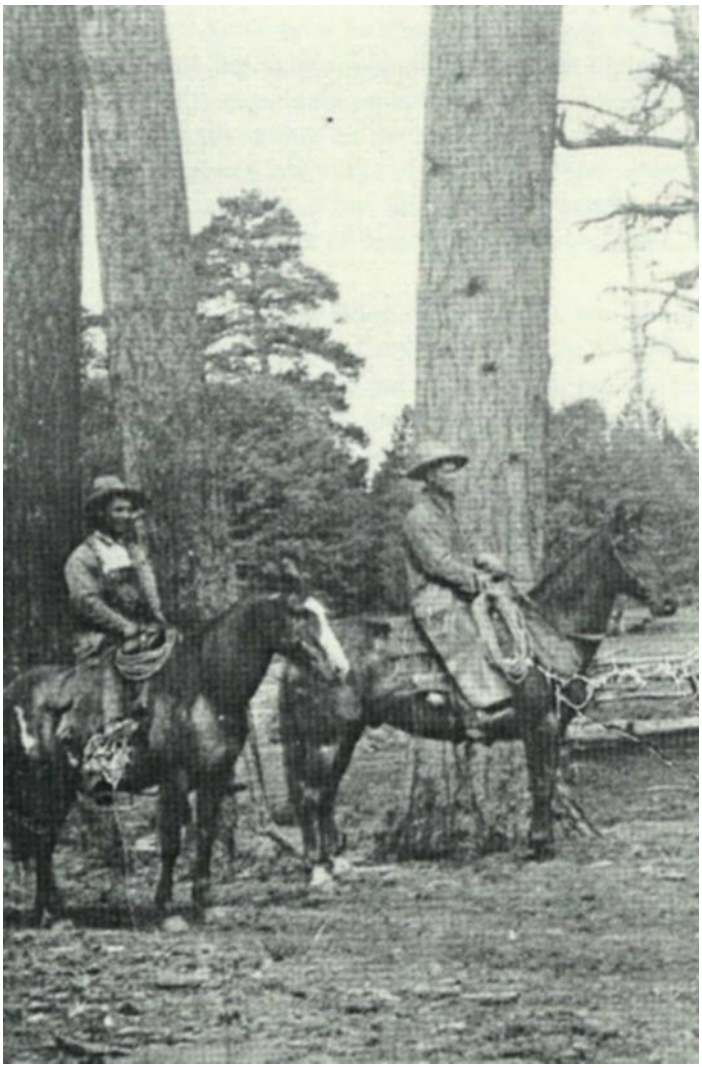
The Navajos raced the colt in Gallup, New Mexico and some of the Colorado towns and made a considerable amount of money from the purses earned in the races. Somehow the horse got away from the Navajos and roamed free for a while. They made an all-out attempt to recapture it and finally trapped it on a point of land overlooking a drop off of many feet. In their attempt to get a rope on the horse they crowded it and the horse turned and jumped off the ledge and fell to its death on the rocks below. This story of the black horse was told to me by Joe smith, many years later.

Another story he told demonstrates Corry's skill in roping and handling cattle. The name Kigalia was the name of a Navajo man who a long time ago ran sheep on Elk Mountain. He had a Ute wife and the Piutes who claimed that range allowed him to use the grazing land. He was no longer there when the men of Bluff moved onto Elk Mountain, but the place where he lived and the spring that he loved have retained his name.

There is a wonderful spring at Kigalia that has formed a cavity there, the ice cold water bubbling up from the spring keeping the cave at a cool temperature. People from Bluff made use of the plentiful grass and water and drove milk cows there in early spring and spent the summer milking the cows and making cheese and butter that they stored in the cave. They would take it to Bluff, Blanding, and Monticello and even to Durango for sale. Zeke Johnson was the ranger and caretaker of the Natural Bridge National Monument and at the time of this incident he was escor8tng an adventurous party of four, tow men with their wives, on a tour of the bridges. They were traveling in a Model-A Ford and had stopped for a rest at Kigalia. The tourists were resting in their car after making the climb down to the spring and the hard climb back up. They agreed with Zeke that the ice cold water was a treat and filled the canteens they carried.

While they were resting they spied Corry Perkins and Joe Smith coming down through the trees, driving a small herd of cattle. The two cowboys drove the herd into one of the corrals located there. Among the herd was a young bull, a maverick, without a brand. It soon became apparent that the wild bull was going to cause trouble. It trotted around the corral looking for an opening, and finding none, it lowered its head and hit the rails of the fence like a locomotive going through a flimsy barricade this obtaining its freedom. Spying Zeke walking toward the car, the bull took after him with every intention of venting his spleen on the unsuspecting man. With Corry's shout of warning, Zeke turned and saw the wild bull and made a dash for the trees. The bull was right behind him when Corry, on his well-trained horse, Cap let loose his lasso and stopped the bull not ten feet from Zeke. The bull, stunned from its sudden stop, was on its side with the rope Corry had on it stretching out its neck.

Corry called to Joe to stop laughing and tie the bull's legs. They dragged the bull nea4er to the corral and then showed the easterners a demonstration of working with cattle that wasn't to be equaled. The tourists sat on the rails of the fence keenly interested in all that went on. The cowboys built a small fire and placed branding irons in it. Then the horses, acting in unison with the rider cut the calves from the herd, placed the rider in position to rope the calves, and held the rope taut until the claves' legs could e tied. While most of the calves in the bunch were branded with the lazy IP or the KX brads owned by the sons of Hyrum Perkins, there were a few cows that had other brands and the cowboys branded the claves with the brand the cows carried. After the calf had been branded and earmarked, it was time to do another procedure on the calves which were bulls, and so they sheltered the view from the ladies' sight with their bodies. It was done with great swiftness and precision but still the tourists wanted to know what had happened that they couldn't see. Corry told them he would let Zeke explain that to them. After the work with the fettle was finished, the tourists wanted pictures of the cowboys. With Corry on Cap and Joe on a horse they called Rex, they posed for this picture. They were each sent a copy after the tourists returned to their homes in the East. Corry is the cowboy on the right.



For the first part of the 1930's Corry took care of the two herds of sheep: one on the Blues that wintered at Montezuma Creek and the other at Plateau in Colorado, which was also brought down to Montezuma in fall and winter. He was no longer bothered by the ulcers, but an arthritic condition in his hip gave him severe pain. The family noticed the change in his personality. He no longer played with or teased his children. He was grim because he felt grim and the entire world was grim. The United States was staggering under the weight of a severe depression. The lambs had to be sold for the unheard-of low price of $.06 a pound. The wool was stored in Boston, but a certain amount of money was borrowed, with the wool as security.

There was not enough money coming in to support two families and Dan went to work for the Civilian Conservation Corps as a foreman. In 1939, he sold out to Corry with the understanding he would be paid when money became available.

The pain in Corry's hip became so severe he could no longer endure it and he sought help from Doctor Allen in Moab. The doctor advised that Corry be admitted to the hospital and have his leg put in traction and stay there a month, hoping the long rest would bring relief. This Corry agreed to do. He stayed a month and worried about his family and his property. At the end of that month he came home in a weakened condition and spent the days resting and trying to regain his strength.

The bears and coyotes were decimating the sheep herd in Colorado and the conservationists were targeting that area to protest any effort the ranchers made to protect their herds. The sheep were moved down to Montezuma that fall and Ray Perkins, Corry's nephew, trailed the lambs to the railroad at Thompson. There weren't enough lambs to fill the contract and this was very upsetting to Corry.

Corry sat with his family in the evenings and told us stories of the happenings in his life. The stories I have related here were told to us at that time. He told us about roping wild cattle on the Elk. He also told us about the mustangs he had caught around Montezuma Creek and the fabulous wild stallion there that he had chased several times and never caught. The mustang herd he captured he sold to Bill Young before they were broken to saddle. At the Montezuma Creek ranch were Corry's herd of horses that represented a lifelong desire to breed horses that had the characteristics of good cattle horses.

While he was resting at home, he had two colts brought in from the ranch. It was time to make a decision whether or not to geld them and he wanted to see them. The colts, a gray and a sorrel, were led by halter up to his bedroom window. They were walked up and down. Something about them was disappointing and he had them gelded, but they stayed there at the barn that was close to the house. They were there when a major disaster struck the horses at the Montezuma Creek Ranch. This was only weeks after Corry's death.

At the ranch, a young Navajo working there was told to walk the alfalfa fields and was shown how to thrust his hand down into the gopher holes with a few grains of poisoned oats, and then cover the grain with soil. The prairie dogs were numerous and had to be controlled. He had not finished his task by nightfall and instead of taking the grain to the barn, he climbed up I a big cottonwood tree and tied the sack of poisoned grain high enough in the tree that he thought the horses could not reach it.

But they did. Among the horses were two Percheron. Standing on their hind legs with their necks outstretched gave those big horses great height and presumably they managed to pull the sack of poisoned grain down. Most of the horses died that night. Those that did live were given to Corry's nephews, Earl and Clarence, for a share of the colts that would be produced in the future. Corry's dream of breeding a horse with all the attributes needed to be a perfect cattle horse died with him. The gray and the sorrel grew to be very fine horses and lived many years.

Brother Ben Black had walked across the street to visit with Corry who was still recuperating from his stay in the hospital. In his conversation with Brother Black, Corry related a dream he had experienced and he wanted Brother Black to tell his family if that dream became a reality. Corry saw his death in the dream. He saw the men come, prepare his body for burial, dress him in his burial clothing, but his body remained in the bedroom. The dream ended before Corry knew why his body was not placed in a coffin. The reason for that was the freight truck came in without the casket and a truck had to be sent back for it. Brother Black had a message for my mother given to him by my father. He realized his affairs were not in very good order and he was deeply troubled.

One of the last days of his life was gloomy. Hitler and Stalin had signed a non-aggression pact that allowed them to divide up Poland, and German and Russian troops quickly over-ran this brave little country. England and France had declared war on Germany, and the war that almost all Americans had hoped would never happen had begun. Corry and his family wondered how soon our country would be at war.

This was the state of the country when our father was called to leave us. He left a widow who would endure with courage and faith the trials and tragedies that would break an ordinary person. Corry died October 30, 1939, of coronary thrombosis.

Kisten

Kisten was born in a log cabin in Bluff on August 31, 1889, the first child of Margaret Nielson and John Ernest Adams. Margaret was the daughter of Jens Nielson who was born on the Island of Lolland in Denmark and Kirsten Jensen, born on Blans, Maribo Island, also in Denmark. Jens and Kirsten were both converts to the Church, and Jens came to Utah as a member of the Willy's Handcart Company and Kirsten with the Martin Company, the two companies which experienced such adverse weather conditions on their journey.

John Ernest was born in Parowan, the son of William Adams from Hillsborough, County Down in Ireland, and Mary Barbara Bolanz from the Prussian city of Oberweiler Badan, in Germany. The Adams' were part of the group led by Hyrum Perkins into Bluff form Iron County in 1882.

It had been the intention of John and Margaret to name their first child after both of their mothers, Mary and Kirsten, and she was to be called Kirsten. Friends and relatives found pronouncing Kirsten awkward and she was called Kisten. She was blessed and given the name of Mary Kisten.

The three-room log cabin that was the first home of John and Margaret was comfortable and cozy with a fireplace at one end of the large living room. The mud plastered walls and ceiling were covered with a cloth they called "factory" that had to be taken down and washed after each rain. The roofs of those first homes kept very little moisture from dripping into the homes and it was a struggle to keep a home dry and livable. The floors, without floorboards, were covered with straw and over the straw was spread homemade carpets. The chairs had homemade cushions and the mattresses and quilts were made of wool washed and carded by Margaret. Shelves built on one end of the room held pots and pans, dishes, and their food supply. Candles, also homemade, furnished what light they had. She made her own soap, she baked bread and churned butter and washed her clothes in a hand-turned washer. Kisten said in a brief life history that she remembered turning the handle 250 times before her mother considered the clothes clean enough to be rinsed in another tub.

Kisten loved school. Her first-grade teacher was Jennie Brimhall Knight. When her teacher finished the school year and left Bluf, Kisten was so sad she cried. She commented that she couldn't understand how the small remote town of Bluff could attract the caliber of teachers that came there to teach. Vilate Elliott taught in Bluff as well as Charles Broadbent and Fletcher Hammond. The teacher who she thought surpassed all the others was Dave Edwards, her eighth grad teacher. She went to the Brigham Young Academy in Provo for further schooling as was the custom in Bluff.

The first year at the "Y," Kisten attended a basketball game and nearly swooned when Corry made one of his spectacular plays. Her fresh young beauty caught Corry's eye. She says she didn't know him well until that first year at the "Y" and that could be true. The four-year difference in their ages would place Corry in another social group in Bluff.

Corry finished school in the spring of 1907 and left for his mission to New Zealand and Kisten continued her course of study in what they called Manual Arts. At the end of four years she had a broad base in all homemaking skills. Hairpin lace, tatting, fancy crocheting, smocking, mending, and patching were all exhibited in a book she kept to show samples of her skills.

She understood food and nutrition and when she was raising her family she made us line up and swallow a spoonful of cod liver oil just in case our diet lacked certain vitamins.

She was an excellent cook and the classes she took at the "Y" added to her store of knowledge given to her by her father's German mother as well as her Danish mother. They had always made cheese in the spring and so did Kisten. Bread toasted in the oven with cheese melted over it was a favorite for breakfast or a snack.

Kisten's father and mother were devout Mormons and raised their family in the same mold. John was known as "cold Water" John Adams and that name came from the men who rode the range with him. They would waken some mornings with several inches of snow on the tarp which covered

their beds. The men would waste little time in getting a fire started and coffee made. When they offered a hot drink to John he refused it with these words, "No thanks. I'll have a little cold water."

IN 1916, he rode away from his large family of nine children, the youngest desperately sick, to serve a mission for his church in the Central States. He said later that he didn't expect to see his youngest child again. He left young sons that needed a father's care, and he left the cattle that produced the family's income in the hands of his brother. His wife's father was his bishop and Jens Nielson promised the couple all would be well. John believed him and all was well. Such was the faith of Kisten's parents, which Kisten would bring as a dowry to her own marriage.

Kisten returned to her home after graduating from the "Y" in the spring of 1911, and Corry finished his mission that same year. A courtship developed and on June 5, 1913, they were married in the salt Lake Temple. Just a year later their first child, Merlene, was born. When Merlene was fourteen months old, Corry was called to a short-term mission to the Central States. He served six months in Kansas City, Missouri. Also called to the same mission at the same time was Kisten's father, John, and Kisten moved in with her mother in Bluff. Dorothy, their second child, was born there.

Floods down the San Juan River spelled disaster for the Adams home after they had lived in it for just seventeen years, and John and Margaret bought the Will Nix home in Blanding and moved there in 1917.

Many of the people in Bluff were moving to Blanding, and after Kisten's father and mother had made the move, Kisten was also anxious to leave Bluff. The Perkins' bought a block that was to be the home sites for Corry and his brother, Dan.

Margaret was born in Blanding in the small frame home that was north of the big home which was being constructed at that time. Beverly was the next child and after her came five boys, Bruce, Calvin, Richard, Dean, and James.

Kisten played the piano well and three of her children excelled in music: Beverly, Calvin, and James. Beverly and Calvin started a jazz band and played just for fun at first, but before long everyone wanted to dance to their music and they were in demand all over the area.

Mary Kisten Adams, upon her graduation from Brigham Young Academy in 1922.

While still a young woman, Kisten was asked by the bishop to serve on the Burial committee. She worked with her cousin, Lydia Nielson Redd, Irene Hatch Redd, and Caroline Lyman Bayles. If a sister or a child died in the ward, the four women would go into the home, prepare the body for burial, and sew the clothes that were needed for burial. For years her handiwork was that part of the burial clothing that was made with embroidery stitching. Many times the four ladies worked through the night and had the body dressed so that the family could receive callers who came to mourn and sympathize.

She belonged to the Devanza Club, and meeting with the ladies twice a month was a time for socializing that meant a great deal to everyone involved and gave them an hour or so of recreation that was sorely needed.

She taught the young girls in the Mutual Improvement Association as well as Sunday School and Primary. She fulfilled a stake mission and also filled a full-time mission to Northern California.

She loved to watch her sons play basketball and baseball. Calvin and Richard excelled in basketball and their team won the all Church M-Men Basketball Tournament in 1954, with Beverly's husband, la Ray Alexander, as their basketball coach as well as their brother-in-law. The championship game was very close and everyone from Blanding will remember forever the thrilling ending, with Richard dribbling on and n, keeping both from losing the ball or being fouled which would give the other team the chance to win.

Calvin was nineteen when he enlisted in the air force, and in what seemed no time at all, he was flying bombing missions over Germany in a Flying Fortress. His plane was hit by gunfire and the crew bailed out. Calvin received several severe wounds but managed to live through long months of captivity as a prisoner of war. He was released by Patton's Army and after several months of rehabilitation, he was returned home. During this time, his mother never wavered in her faith that her son would return home.

LaRay Alexander, whom we all called Alex, married Beverly in the Salt Lake Temple and they had a small daughter when he was accepted as a Red Cross worker and spent five years in the war zone in Europe. He left his wife, Beverly, and his daughter, Karen, in Blanding. Alex returned home and within one year Beverly was expecting a child. Her labor was long and severe and after the child was born, Beverly died of heart failure. Kisten took little weak Pamela and cared for her until the child was a sturdy child of two or three and then Alex took the child to his home.

He engaged a couple to live with him and his tow daughters to keep house and do the cooking. They managed very well.

Kisten loved to travel and took many trips by plane and bus. The one she talked of the most was a trip she, her son James, and Alex took in a light plane. Alex and Jimmy were both pilots and they set out to visit all the temples in the United States and Canada and attend a session in each temple.

She took instruction in oil painting and has left her children and grandchildren paintings that are pleasing to the eye as well as a symbol of her faith and courage in carrying on when her heart was breaking.

She lived twenty-seven years as a widow and raised her sons to be honorable men, strong in their faith. She died of a ruptured aorta on November 22, 1966 and is buried beside her husband in Blanding.

Grandma Kisty's Words and Testimony

Written in 1968 for Jay Nielson's family book.

I have three sons: Calvin John, Richard Corry, James Adams and two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. Calvin and Richard are working in the livestock business. GCalvin has his business at pagosa Springs, Colorado. Thay are activie in the church there. Richard has his business in San Juan and Colorafo. He and his wife, Eve Lynn, three dautghters and two sons live in Blanding. James and his wife Lillie, one son and one daughter live in los Angeles. He haas a job there and they are obth going to school at USC working for their masters degree. James went on a mission to Northern California.

Dorothy and her husband, Kay Jones, live in Blanding. He is in the livestock business. They have four grown sons. Max filled a mission to France and Corry went on a mission to England. Both boys are attending the Brigham Young University this year. Norman and his wife, Diane and two children live in Phoenix, Arizona. Norman graduated from Arizona State College last year. He is presently employed by the government in the Agriculture department as a micro-biologist. He will continue his education this fall. Lindsay will graduate from the San Juan high School this May. Dorothy is employed as secretary at the San Juan high School.

Margaret and her husband, Thomas Tennity have a fine home at Provo. He works at Geneva Steel Company. They have two daughters, Christine and Kathleen. Christine graduated from St. marks School of Nursing and she is married to Leo Draper from Moroni. He works as an engineer at the Douglas Aircraft Company at Huntington Beach, California. Kathy is going to school at Provo High School.

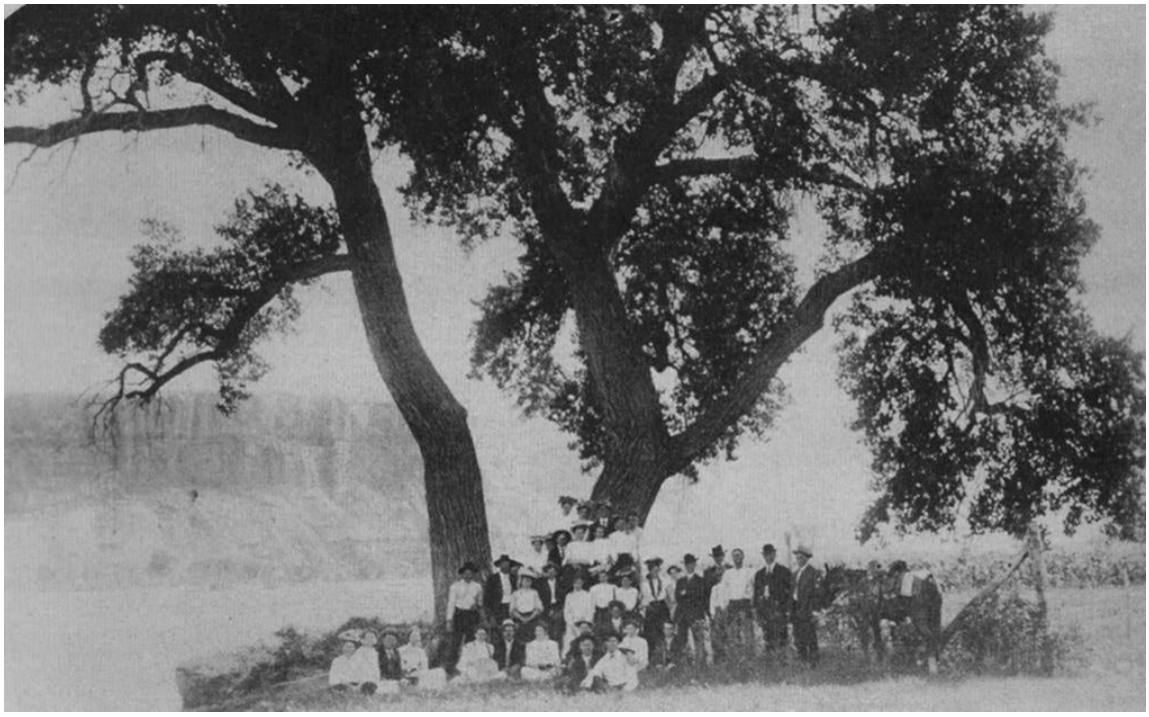
Beverly's two daughters, Karen and Pamela are wonderful girls. Karen is married to James Slavens and has five children. She is a fine mother. They own and live in "The Castle," the old jens Nielson home. Pamela is a sophomore at the San Juan High School.

I am proud and thankful for my family. I want to thank Jay Nielson, his wife and sisters who put out the Nielson Book. I am so glad and thankful for it.

I am still living at my fine big home in Blanding. I like to have my children come to visit and I like to visit them. I am busy all the time. I teach a Sunday School class of ten and eleven year old girls and I am Relief society Visiting Teacher and I go to the Daughter of the Utah Pioneers meeting and to club every month. I enjoy those things very much. I do a little oil painting. This takes up my time. Pearl and I went to the World's Fair in New York. We stayed with my sister, Clara and her husband Horton Nielson who live there, for a month and saw the wonderful things in new Youk City. I love my cousins and relatives and love to hear about them.

The Old Swing Tree

When the people arrived at what became Bluff and before they had time to build "The Bowery," a shed of cottonwood limbs, they organized a Sunday School and held meetings under The Old Swing Tree. For years, it was the favorite place to stage social parties and pleasant meetings. Lovers met here and people in sorrow came here to think. This tree became a part of the fence in Bishop Nielson's field and with its lofty spread of protecting limbs and its rugged strength to meet the winds and the storms, it is typical of the Bishop's unremitting vigil in the long fight which he made to maintain the little settlement.



Poem

Yes, I remember the “old Swing Tree.”
Its sturdy roots and gnarled limbs.
Nature built you for a swing,
The tallest I have ever seen.
Were you lonely in fields of corn and alfalfa?
No, there were children’s pratter and laughter.
Speak out old tree and tell us
When everyone came to Sunday school,
How the singing filled the air.
With thankful hearts for his loving care,
The pioneers met to worship God
Under the branches of the “Old Swing Tree.”

An Afterthought

First, through lover’s lane they came,
Young and old romances began.
There were Lillie, Henry, Jennie, Arthur, George, Annie,
Albert, Lell, Fletch and Hanna, Frank and Hattie and many more.
Tell us your secrets, Old Tree, if you can.
No, you cannot – through the ravages of floods, you are gone.
Where are the lovers?
Just memories.

I Wanted to Paint a Picture

We traveled through Monument Valley. There were roads and trails leading in many directions. Through your imagination you see the Mittens, the Needles, the rooster, the Owl, the Buttes, Chimney rock, and the Totem Pole and many more. Nowhere in the world is there a more inspiring sight than the brilliantly colored rock sculptures. They are fantastic and unbelievable.

In the desert, a way off, we see a Navajo squaw and her papoose tending a bunch of sheep. At a distance we see her Hogan, a donkey and dogs. Blankets are hanging on bushes and sticks. Life goes on much as it did centuries ago. It was mysterious and quiet.

As we traveled in the early morning everything was lavender purple and black. The sky also was hues of purple and gold.

At noon the colors have changed, the sky was blue with white clouds. The rocks and monuments were red, orange, yellow, and brown. There were changing lights and shadows.

When evening came how gorgeous the sky became, the clouds turned to hues of crimson orange, yellow, and brown, the blue sky shining through in places. The monuments became darker hues of color. We journeyed on to the Totem Pole. We passed rippled sand dunes and huge cliffs. In the midst of this stood the mighty Totem Pole rising 1000 feet above the floor of Echo Canyon. It casts a shadow 35 miles on a short winter day. It is a deep red and purple changing color as the light shines on it. Close by are three smaller totem poles called the Three Sisters.

I wanted to paint a picture. This picture would take a masters hand. These wonderful views were formed in the past ages by nature. The handiwork of God. The artist paints these pictures and puts into it his own feelings. He feels divinity in nature and portrays it to us. We feel he has been inspired and our souls are filled with the wonders of nature.

Testimony

My faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in His Church mean more to me than all else in the world. I know that it was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. I know that there is a God in Heaven who is real, not just a force, but a Father who hears prayers and answers them. The restored Gospel began in such a humble way. It was in answer to a prayer of a young boy, Joseph smith. He was seeding to find the true church. He live in 1820 in a day of religious confusion. There was also religious conflict in his own family. Some had joined one church and some another. The ministers had him so confused he was about to give up in despair. He read the Bible and found a passage of scripture in the Epistle of James chapter 1 verse 5 which said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." This impressed Joseph and he decided to follow this admonition and he found a secluded place in a grove of trees near his father's farm. There he offered his first prayer in perfect faith knowing that god would answer him. He must have prayed something like this, "Dear God, bless me that I might know which one of all the churches are true." While he was praying there descended a beautiful light brighter than the noon day sun and in the midst of this light stood before Joseph Smith two Heavenly Beings. One pointed to the other and said, "Joseph, this is my Beloved Son. Hear Him." Joseph then inquired, "Which church shall I join?" The Lord declared to him, "Join none of them for they are all wrong." And he further said of these churches, "They draw near to me with their lips but their hearts are from me. They speak for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness but they deny the power thereof."

Joseph was amazed and he marveled. He had received the answer. He went humbly forth and told the people of the world what a great responsibility was placed upon this young boy. The only

way that God could have restored his true identity to the world was for him to reveal himself to a Prophet. Joseph Smith was chosen to be that Prophet. I know that he was divinely called of God.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was established by the authority and through the personal administration of the Savior. There are very few occasions when God the Father has appeared to anyone. This is a great age that we are living in. The last dispensation. The gospel will never be taken from the earth again.

Everyone must work out his own salvation. This life is truly a garden in which every person gathers fruits from the seeds he plants. If he plants weeds, weeds will be the harvest. If he plants flowers and useful grains, beautiful flowers and useful grains beautiful flowers and a rich harvest will be his reward. But an abundant harvest is the result only of painstaking, intelligent cultivation. It is only through individual effort may true success and happiness be obtained. Only through cleanliness and purity of thought of word and action may we enjoy to perfection the inspiration of the Lord.

Mary Kisten Adams Perkins

Kisten Perkins missionary picture, about 1954.

A Blessing given to Hyrum Corry Perkins

Provo, UT, 1907

A blessing pronounced by patriarch Charles D. E… upon the head of Hyrum C. Perkins, son of Hyrum and Rachel M. Perkins, born Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, 30 Jan 1885.

Hyrum, by virtue of my office as a Patriarch I lay my hands upon thy head and pronounce and seal upon thee a blessing. Thou art of the royal blood of Ephraim, through whose lines thy blood shall descend unto thy generations. It will be easy for thee to obey the truth. I seal upon thy mind and upon thy memory the attributes of wisdom to guide thee that thy course may be … and that those … never find. Seek the Lord. Be humble and thou shalt be safe. I seal upon thee the forgiveness of thy sins. God will give thee power to build a kingdom on earth that shall never end. Thy seed shall be numerous, and thy dominion strong, thy children rise up and call thee blessed and thy mind expand and treasures of wisdom and knowledge abide in thee. Thy perceptions of … will be clear, thy judgment sound. The Lord will send thee to the gentiles. Thou shall raise thy voice in power among them and gather souls unto Christ, every blessing of the covenant be thine, thy children be numerous, thy kingdom endless, thy food and raiment pure, and by the exercise of great faith thou shall live until the Lord comes. Thy temporal blessings shall be many, thy friends remain with thee. Seek faith and thy prayers shall be answered. Thou shall see the great temple of temples reared in Missouri, the tribes of the … come forth. Thou shalt have power in the priesthood to heal the sick and command the elements for thy safety. Thou shalt see great cities destroyed by earthquake, fire and tempest and sword, but the destroying angel shall pass by thee. And I seal thee up to come forth on the morn of the first resurrection in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.