

HISTORY OF GEORGE BURTON WHITNEY AND LOVINA SYPHUS, HIS WIFE, AND LUKE SYPHUS AND CHRISTIANA LONG, LOVINA'S PARENTS

Corrected Copy: (See Notes below:)

Important Notes:

We the descendants of George Burton and Lovina, are deeply indebted to Luke Whitney, Vera Perkins Moss, Clara Perkins Logan, Georgia Macfarlane McGarvie, Effie Syphus and others who compiled this original history. Without them we would not have this beautiful history. With present day historical research methods at our disposal there are several errors which my brother, Eugene H. Perkins and I, Waldo C. Perkins, would like to point out to you to make this a historically correct history. We have edited this history and made it historically correct as well as correcting obvious typographical or spelling errors and inserting full names of individuals to make it more understandable for present day readers. In some instances minor word changes have been made and in other instances some rather major changes have been made. We have also inserted appropriate pictures of the Syphus and Whitney families. Fifty copies of these corrections have been made to be distributed to the descendants of the eight children of George Burton and Lovina. In addition a complete history with these changes will be given to an individual representing each of the eight children. That person can make additional copies for members of that family who desire this up-dated history.

The major corrections follow:

p. 3, column 1, paragraph 5, line 4 – March 29, 1953 should be 1853 – an obvious typo.

p. 3, column 2, paragraph 2, line 2 – Became headquarters for the LDS Elders and Apostles who came there to proselyte the natives. In the 1850's no apostles came to Australia. It would be more correct to say the home they established in Australia was visited frequently by LDS missionaries and their mission president, Augustus Farnham, who were there to proselyte among the citizens.

p. 4, column 1, paragraph 3, line 2 – Jenoveve or Jenny Flora should be *Jenny Ford*.

p. 4, column 1, paragraph 4, line 7 – First white child, should be *second* white child. The first was Sister L. Stevens child who was born one the 20th.

p. 5, column 1, paragraph 3, line 1 – When he was one-week-old, should be *four-weeks-old* as the flood washed away the Santa Clara Fort on January 19, 1862.

p. 5, column 1, paragraph 4, line 5 – Luke's brother, Matthew Jr, left Liverpool, England, on 28 February 1853, sailing on the ship *International*. He is the only Syphus listed on the ship's manifest. Whether his wife, Marianna French Syphus, left on another vessel or whether he married her in America, we do not know. However, a daughter, Ida Louisa,

was born to this couple in Missouri in 1854. They then came to Utah Territory, settling in Ogden, Utah, where two daughters were born to Marianna: Mary Ann, in 1859, and Esther M., in 1861. Shortly thereafter they joined Luke in Santa Clara and were present when the flood occurred in January of 1862. When Matthew returned from California they were also in Santa Clara in 1865, as another daughter, Ada L., was born there in 1865. On 14 October 1872, Luke was set apart to serve a mission in England; primarily to convert his parents. His short lived mission was successful as his parents, Matthew Sr. and Mary Long Syphus with Luke's brother Theodore, came to America on the steamship *Idaho*, leaving Liverpool, England, on 24 June 1874. They arrived in New York City on 6 July 1874 and by train journeyed to SLC, arriving there on *15 July 1874*. They joined Luke and Christiana in Panaca. Here Matthew and Mary would live and die. This latter information is inserted in this history in its proper chronological order.

p. 5, column 2, paragraph 3, line 4 – He built a home for Jacob Hamblin. *Stone masons from Cedar City, Utah*, are credited with building this home although Luke certainly could have been one of the stone masons helping to build this home.

p. 5, column 2, paragraph 4, line 4 – Luke as Bishop. Luke was actually called as the *presiding elder*.

p. 6, column 1, paragraph 8, line 2 – Luke was a bishop for nine years. He was bishop for *seven years*, from 1875 when he succeeded Thomas Jefferson Jones until 1882 when he was succeeded by Milton Lafayette Lee.

p. 6, column 2, paragraph 4, line 4 – Luke was not a bishop at this time. George Burton and Lovina were married on 9 October 1873 and Luke did not become a bishop until 1875.

p. 7, column 2, paragraph 2, line 1 – We had it ground in Bunkerville in a small mill owned by Dudley Leavitt. Bunkerville had been settled *a year or two* previous to this time. Bunkerville was settled in 1877 by Edward Bunker and others who were determined to live the United Order. It was now the summer of 1881, therefore Bunkerville had been settled *four* years earlier.

p. 7, column 2, paragraph 4, line 4 – In June of 1881. Actually the big flood was in June of 1882.

p. 8, column 1, paragraph 6, line 3 –They had moved to St. Thomas the year before the flood in Mesquite. Since the flood in Mesquite was in 1882, Edward Syphus and Harry Gentry moved to St. Thomas in *1881*.

p. 11, column 1, paragraph 4, line 1 – In 1937, Levi and Clara wanted to take their grandmother to Salt Lake. Since Christiana died in 1918 this is an obvious typographical error. We believe *1907* is the correct date.

The Whitney's in Herefordshire, England, are classed in genealogical "lore" as one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the west of England. The name of Whitney originally spelled Whitenie or Wyeteney – meaning White Water – dates back to and even beyond the time of the Norman Conquest, A.D. 1066. It derives its origin from the River Wye near the borders of Wales where yet stands the ruins of Witenie Castle. The name is also said to signify the island of the Wise Men. Whitney Parish is still intact.

We will skip over the rest of the brief history of the family from A.D. 1066 until 1635, when John with his wife Elinor, and their five sons embarked at the Port of London in the early spring of that year and in June landed on the shores of the then New World. John Whitney had received a good education, probably at the famous Westminster school and had become a member in good standing of one of the great trade guilds of that time.

In Watertown, Massachusetts, where he settled, he became a foremost leader. He died in 1673, being about 84-years-of-age. From Massachusetts his descendants spread out over other parts of the continent. Eli Whitney, the famous inventor; Josiah Dwight Whitney, geologist and professor at Harvard; William Dwight Whitney, philologist, scientist, scholar and editor of the Century Dictionary; William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Grover Cleveland, and many other distinguished Americans are branches of this family tree. There are other Whitney's in America, but this history has only to do with certain direct descendants of John and Elinor Whitney of Watertown, Massachusetts.

Some of the Watertown Whitney's migrated to New York and Vermont. There in the former place of Troy, on 9 March 1846, the hero of this story was born. George Burton Whitney lived with his father and mother in Troy, New York, until he was nine-years-old (except for a number of short visits that he spent in the country with his mother's father and mother, his grandmother and grandfather Barnard.) He had to spend some time in the country because of his health. Later the doctor told his father and mother that if he was to grow to manhood, he would have to live in the country entirely. Therefore, he left the home of his father and mother to make his home with his grandparents Barnard in the country. There he lived until they died.

The Barnard's were strict Methodists. His grandfather believed in the Bible, especially Solomon's proverb which says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Although they were strict and insisted on obedience, they were very kind and loving and gave him the same loving care they had given their own children. He soon became happy and contented in the home of his grandparents. George B. received the best education the country schools afforded at the time, and his religious training was far above average.

It was probably more his religious training than his secular training that made him the scholar he was. He often said, both in his private conversation and public discourses that there was never a morning in the Barnard home when a Bible was not set at every place at the table as well as a plate. No matter how rushed the farm work or other things were, family prayers and the Bible readings were never neglected. During the winter when outside work couldn't be done, except the care of animals, not only one chapter of the Bible was read but many; and the Sabbath day was always religiously observed and church-going was a part of the family life.

This training was a wonderful foundation for a man whose destiny it was to be a pillar of the church in the communities in which he would live after the gospel (as

restored by our Heavenly Father through the Prophet Joseph Smith) should come into his life. At the age of 17, his Grandfather Barnard died and the old home was broken up. He then, perhaps unconsciously, began to wend his way to the western shores of his native land.

We hear of him next in San Diego, California, in 1868. It is thought that on his way there he taught school one winter in Kentucky and worked one year at Riverside, California. There he helped dig the first canal for the town, which at that time had only one house. The first summer after the canal was finished, he was given the privilege of choosing any ten-acres of land along the canal if he would stay and be the water master and ride the canal. He refused this offer because it seemed as though he had not yet reached his destined stopping place. From there he started for Nevada, crossing the Mohave Desert on the way, when he and the company he was with, nearly perished for lack of water.

He prospected in the Ivanpah Mining District around what is now known as Clark Mountain. Late in the summer of 1870 he camped at Las Vegas springs or on a ranch near where the city of Las Vegas now stands. From there he traveled north up the Las Vegas Valley by way of Corn Creek to the Pahranaagat Valley and on to the town of Hiko (Hiko was a thriving mining camp at this time). After working there for a few days, he started for Pioche, Nevada. Arriving in Pioche on 1 October 1870, he discovered that he came the day after what is known in Pioche history as the "big fire." This fire destroyed a large part of the town. At that time, Pioche was one of the largest mining camps in Nevada.

In Pioche there were hundreds of men going to work every day. Deciding that there wasn't any work for him, he came back to Bullionville, which is 12-miles south of Pioche and one-mile across the valley from Panaca. Bullionville was where most of the ore from Pioche was hauled and milled. There were ten or fifteen quartz mills in operation at that time, but again there seemed to be no job for him. From there he went on to Panaca.

Panaca was the only Mormon town in that section of the country. Like most non-members at that time, he probably entered with many misgivings as to his safety for at that time the Latter-day Saints were looked upon with suspicion, hate, and fear by many people. He had heard about the Mormons, and read about them having horns, and their intolerance for other people. Many other things were written by the emissaries of Satan about the people that would one day become his people that were not true. In Panaca he got a job chopping cord wood for Sy Reynolds, a Mormon man. (At that time all the mills or machinery in the mines were operated by steam engines and wood was used as fuel. Gasoline and gas engines would follow later).

Never having had the experience of chopping wood before, he soon realized he was no wood-chopper. He bought a four-horse team that winter and hired his own choppers and began to haul logs for the mills in Bullionville. He worked all winter until the end of June. By then he had his team paid for and a little money saved. Being somewhat of a wanderer by nature and owning his own team, he decided he would take a trip to Texas. On this particular venture he had told his companions of his destination and resolved that this would be his last trip after wood. One thing he hadn't realized was that he had not reckoned with providence and an all-wise Father in Heaven.

It was the custom of many of the freighters to hobble their horses at night so they could graze, as hay was not plentiful. As usual his horses were hobbled when camp was made for the night. The next morning the horses did not return to camp for their feed of grain as they had always done before. He went out and hunted for them but he never saw or heard a word about them as long as he lived. We will pause here and leave him hunting for his horses while we look back twenty-two or three years and follow a little event in old England, the land from which this man's ancestors migrated in the seventeenth century.

In England the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith and established upon the earth by our Heavenly Father through him in this choice land of America, was being preached. The gospel message was being accepted by thousands in that land from whence came the founder of this land of liberty.

There, in or near London, lived a girl in her teens and a young man. The young lady had accepted this gospel message, but the young man had not. Their story is now told as she told it in the sunset of her life with her own lips. She said, "You know when I first heard the elders, we went to their meetings together and their messages all seemed so true and they found a response in my heart and I tried to show him, but he would not listen, but I knew it was true. I could not marry him because he could not accept the gospel. I finally told him so and he felt sorry and so did I, but I wanted my children to be taught this gospel. Thus he and I parted, but there was another young man by the name of Luke Syphus. He was a good young man; he had joined the Church. We married and I have never been sorry."

They were never sorry and their faith was never shaken. They bore the hardships, sufferings, and privations with all the rest of our forefathers who settled this intermountain land. Many of them left homes of luxury and came here for their love of truth.

Luke Syphus, son of Matthew and Mary Long Syphus, was born on 23 January 1827, at Leafield, Oxfordshire, England. He married Christiana Long on Christmas day, December 1851. Christiana Long, daughter of John Long and Martha Hignall, was born on 10 January 1832, at Standlake, Oxfordshire, England.

There is little known of the life of Luke Syphus before he married Christiana except that he too had heard and studied the Gospel and had accepted it joyfully. Both he and Christiana were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints prior to their marriage.

Christiana's mother died when she was eight-years-old. Later her father remarried and although the step-mother was kind and good to the children, Christiana



Luke and Christina Long Syphus

wanted to be independent. She wanted to earn her own living. So while she was yet very young, she went to London to find employment.

Though Christiana was not born of the gentry, she always conducted herself in a most well-bred, lady-like manner. This quality enabled her to find employment in a “gentleman’s family,” caring for their children. However, she did not like to do things besides taking care of the children. She decided to leave and because she had always been such a lady-like girl, her employers were forced to give her a good letter of recommendation.

Her next job was with a family by the name of King. Here she stayed, seemingly very happy for five-years, or until the Kings left to sail for America. The Kings wanted Christiana to go to America with them, but for some unknown reason, she stayed behind.

Who can tell when the kind hand of providence takes charge of our lives for a purpose? It was not long after the King’s left that she heard the gospel of the Latter-day Saints. When she heard this new religion she began attending meetings and investigating. The more she studied and heard, the more she was convinced that she had found the truth.

Where Luke and Christiana lived in England we do not know, nor do we know what occupation Luke followed; but we do know that later he was a good stone mason and was skilled at whip-sawing lumber. He was able to make good use of these skills later in life.

About a year after their marriage (21 November 1852), Luke and Christiana set sail for Australia on the vessel *Java*. This vessel had nearly 500 people on board and carried water and provisions for three months. Before sailing Luke was given a blessing by the presiding church officials in England. He was told that he would suffer a great loss on the voyage and that he would be the means of saving the ship. This prophecy was literally fulfilled.

It was on this voyage that we begin to see a picture of the character and personality of Luke Syphus. Many adverse conditions prevailed; among them reverse winds which sometimes drove the ship back for several days. Instead of a three-month voyage the journey lengthened into five months.

All the people on the vessel suffered terribly from lack of food and water; many died and were buried at sea before Australia was reached. The passengers were put on rations that amounted to two-tablespoons of water per day with sea biscuits as their only food. The sea biscuits were not only so hard they had to be cut with an axe, but they were also filled with big worms. They were eaten anyway because those on board were so hungry.

When the ship was three months out, Christiana on 3 March 1853, gave birth to a son whom they named Luke. He was born while the ship was in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, Africa. Due to conditions on board ship she could not give her baby proper care and nourishment. He died on 29 March 1853, twenty-six days after birth and was buried at sea.

The reverse winds were not the only troubles that beset the *Java*. She sprang a leak and for some time the captain considered abandoning the ship. In fact he had ordered the boats lowered with all the women and children in them. Here Luke, with inspiration and faith, pre-empted the captain’s orders and told the passengers to stay aboard and away from the boats. In a calm, authoritative voice he told them that the leak

would be repaired and the water pumped out and the ship would continue safely on its way. They were assured by his calm manner and none left the ship. When the captain, who had been below overseeing repairs and pumping operations came on deck, he was very angry with Luke and threatened to put him in the brig for his actions. But Luke did not back down from the wisdom of his orders and the captain realizing that he had been spared additional troubles, forgot this act of insubordination and the incident was closed.

After five months of buffeting by the elements, with passengers almost starved, and with many sick on board, the *Java* reached Australia on 24 April 1853. Their arrival coincided with the discovery of many rich gold mines in that country. Consequently, there was a great demand for lumber and all kinds of building material. Luke was quick to see the possibilities in this activity and immediately prepared to saw logs. Well sawed lumber brought a very good price as it should.

At that time lumber, sawed by hand under great difficulties, was whip-sawed in the following manner: First a deep cellar-like pit was dug. The log to be sawed was marked with straight black lines; the size of the board determining the number of lines per log. The log was then placed across the length of the pit, with one man in the pit under the log. The helper would stand on the log, the two of them drawing the great saw up-and-down the length of it. A most arduous way to get lumber! Surely Luke earned the good wages he received for his efforts.

Since Luke and Christiana were Latter-day Saints, the home they established in Australia, was visited frequently by LDS missionaries and their mission president who were there to proselyte among the citizens.

In Australia, the cool time of the year came in the summer months. This was fortunate for Christiana, for on 31 August 1854, she gave birth to her second child, a lovely daughter whom they named Lovina. At the time of her birth Luke and Christiana were living in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Luke worked hard, and with the help of his good wife was able to save enough money for passage to America. Always in their hearts from the time they first joined the Church, had been the desire to go to Zion. When the time came to sail, Lovina was not quite two-years-old, but already she was a beautiful child, taking after her mother in looks. Christiana was a small, dainty woman, with fine features, beautiful black wavy hair, laughing brown eyes that were shadowed with provocatively long lashes, and a lovely mouth that curved easily into smiles. Her ankles were trim and neat, ending in the high arched instep of the true aristocrat. These attributes of beauty she passed on to her children to some degree, but her first born daughter, Lovina, was a true prototype.

There is no record of the names of the people with whom they associated and did business while in Australia except one; this was Joseph Ridges. He and Luke were associated in the lumber business and became fast friends; a tie that lasted throughout their lives. This same Joseph Ridges was later called to build the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ. Ridges tells about his conversion to Mormonism and his association with Luke in his personal history:

“In 1852, in company with a friend, I set sail for Australia, suffering from a bad attack of gold fever and after five-months we landed at Sydney. While on board ship I became acquainted with a gentleman whose name was Luke Syphus, and it subsequently transpired that Mr. Syphus was a Mormon; but at that time I could not have told what a Mormon was, as the fame or otherwise of the Latter-day Saints had not then become so

widely known as it is today. Upon landing at Sydney, I joined forces with this gentleman and we went some 400 miles up the rivers and creeks into the dense bush.

“Well, to cut the matter short, it was not long before I found out what a Mormon was, and I became one of them joyfully . . . an action I have never regretted [even] if it did have the effect of causing my brothers and relatives at home in England to cease corresponding with me.”

Brother Ridges had gone to Australia seeking gold, but through his association with Luke he found the more precious gold – the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

On 23 May 1856, Luke and Christiana and little Lovina set sail on the ship *Jenny Ford* for America. They sailed with a large company composed mostly of Latter-day Saints. This too was a hazardous passage as the ship caught fire three times while on the three-month voyage across the Pacific.

They landed at San Pedro Harbor, California, early in August (15 August 1856). Most of the Saints moved inland to San Bernardino where a Latter-day Saint colony was already established. However, the Syphuses and a few close friends stayed behind at San Pedro because Christiana was expecting her third child momentarily. Luke quickly gathered driftwood and ship wreckage to make a shelter. This was the first rudimentary cabin on the beach. Some two-weeks later, Edward Henry Syphus (22 August 1856) was born, the second child born on the beach. The first being a son of Sister L. Stephens, another passenger on the *Jenny Ford*, who was born on 20 August 1856.

When Christiana and the new baby could travel, the little party also moved into San Bernardino (30 September 1856). Here Luke sawed lumber and made rails from the trees in the nearby mountains. With these he built a three-room house for his little family and fenced a fifteen-acre farm. The soil here was very good, and with the help of a young Indian, Luke cleared and planted his small farm.

Ever a kindly man and one to help the needy, Luke took the hungry Indian boy in to his home, gave him food, and paid him to help with the land. Over Christiana’s protests, the Indian was allowed to sit at the table with the family for his meals. This was contrary to the prevailing custom, but Luke felt that if the boy worked in the field, he should be allowed to eat as his family ate. This Christian kindness later paid big dividends to the Syphuses and their friends.

The small farm yielded abundant crops in 1857. It looked as though the family larder would be running over with winter supplies, plus what could be grown the year round.

Things began to look good for the Saints in San Bernardino. They had water, good soil, good climate, and were seemingly unmolested by persecutors. But their good fortune was short lived. Far away in Great Salt Lake City, Church leaders, learning of the approach of Johnston’s army to “put down the Mormon rebellion” called people in the outposts of Zion to come home. In Southern Utah the Mountain Meadow Massacre had occurred with devastating effects on all Mormons. In California the Latter-day Saints were threatened with death if they did not get out. The Saints had to leave so quickly that they had no time to sell anything; probably would not have found buyers anyway. They just walked away leaving their homes and crops to anyone who chose to take them (3 December 1857.)

This certainly was a test of faith and proof of the sturdy character of these people. The wilderness road to Utah lay across three waterless deserts and through valleys

infested with starving, hostile Indians. Every mile was fraught with danger, yet those determined people loaded their families and meager possessions into wagons and started across the trackless wastes.

They were sure of three oases between San Bernardino and Utah, but they were not sure they would ever reach them. And reaching them, they were not sure they would leave alive because of the Indians lying in wait.

These oases were Las Vegas, the Muddy, and Beaver Dam. Each had running water, shade, and a modicum of grass. Las Vegas was a clear spring that spouted up and ran out into the desert. The Muddy was a big creek, fed by five warm springs that meandered down through a long narrow valley, all enclosed by tawny mesas. Beaver Dam was a mountain fed stream, bordered with trees and grass at intervals that had cut a wide gash in the earth for more than a hundred miles. Before, between, and after these three oases lay the desert, stark and jealous, reaching out hungry hands for the weak and unprepared.

The little party of fleeing Saints had safely negotiated the first third of their journey. They stopped at Las Vegas without incident, and were praying to do the same at the Muddy. But as they drove down the tortuous trail to the river ford, they came upon Indians; half-naked, hungry Indians.

The wagons had made the crossing safely and were slowly following the trail across the upper valley, each driver keeping a sharp look-out for Indians as they knew the Paiutes would do anything for food.

Suddenly Luke heard a noise to the rear of his outfit. Hastily looking over his shoulder into the dark depths of the wagon, he saw Lovina being lifted out the back opening by two brown hands. With a shout he stopped the team and leaped to the ground, running as he lit. He struck the Indian a blow that made him drop the child and sent him sprawling. Lovina had been too frightened of the ugly brown face to cry out, but in later years she said she was sure the Indian was only looking for food and had moved her the better to look.

With this incident to spur them on, the little party moved toward Beaver Dam. Up they went, up the steep sandy slope of the mesa, over the ragged rim-rock, across the dreary miles of top, down over the rim-rock, and on across the slopes of shifting sand. Plop, plod, plop went the feet of the horses, and in the minds of the people a question: Would there be Indians at Beaver Dam?

There were! The whole tribe had assembled, ready to pounce on the wagon train. The Saints quickly prepared to defend themselves and in so doing, one member of the tribe was recognized. He was the young Indian that Luke Syphus had employed in San Bernardino and had so kindly treated. He saw Luke and quickly spoke to the chief, pleading with him to spare the lives of those in the wagon train. Reluctantly the chief consented; providing the Saints would give them food. An agreement was made. Leaving most of their provisions behind, the train was allowed to proceed in safety.

And so the third oasis was left behind, and what lay ahead? None knew. When Utah was reached, the Syphuses arrived in Cedar City on 31 January 1858. They stayed there about a year, but apparently were not satisfied, for they moved further south to Toquerville, leaving on 15 November and arriving there the next day. This was a small settlement of Saints between Cedar City and what would later become St. George. The

Syphuses did not stay long here either, but during their stay a fourth child, a daughter, was born on 6 March 1859 whom they named Martha Ellen.

The next place the family moved was to the settlement of Fort Clara, a small place that was being built on a bend of the Santa Clara Creek. They arrived there on 11 December 1859. Here they acquired land, built a home, and surrounded themselves with the usual accoutrements of farm life: Pigs, chickens, cattle, farm equipment, and so on. The family was doing very well, was busy and happy, and well into forgetting their previous hardships. In this quiet town Alfred Luke Syphus was born on 22 December 1861. When he was four-weeks-old disaster struck again. During the winter of 1861-1862 there had been so much snow and rain that the beneficent Santa Clara Creek became a torrent. On 19 January, its angry water gobbled up the land it had previously made. The people hastily abandoned their homes, climbing a hillside for safety. Here Christiana sat with her baby, along with her neighbors and watched as the greedy torrent carried their homes, the fort, and the grist mill away. The men saved what they could but since they had been forced out in the evening, it was hard to work in the dark. When morning came, the only thing left of a flourishing settlement was the chimney of Luke and Christiana's home. This made two homes and farms that they had lost in the last five years. But they were not daunted. With stout hearts they moved around the point of the hill a greater distance from the creek on higher ground and started over again.

Luke's brother, Matthew Syphus Jr, left Liverpool, England on 28 February 1853, sailing on the ship *International*. He is the only Syphus listed on the ship's manifest. Whether his wife, Marianna French Syphus, left on another vessel or whether he married her in America we do not know. However, a daughter, Ida Louisa, was born to this couple in Missouri in 1854. After settling in Ogden, Utah, two daughters were born to Marianna; Mary Ann in 1859 and Esther M. in 1861. Shortly thereafter they joined Luke in Santa Clara and were present when the flood occurred in January of 1862. Matthew Jr., after staying with Luke for a short time, left for California leaving his wife Marianna and children in Luke's care.

Luke quickly made adobes and built a house for the family. One was surely needed for there was much sickness that summer. Because of so much sickness in the two families Luke moved Marianna and her children into his home. They sadly watched her two oldest daughters die, even as Christiana nursed her own ailing children. It was a terrible summer and one to try the faith of the most devout.

Probably because of the sorrow he had seen in this house, Luke sold it, moving the two families to a new one closer to the hills. In this new home Marianna saw her baby die and Christiana gave birth to her sixth child, a son, whom they named George Alvin. He was born on 23 December 1863.

In the preceding two years, and in spite of so much personal trouble and sorrow, Luke had been very busy. He had been building homes for other people; homes that still stand as a monument to his integrity as a builder. One home in particular that he helped build, assisting stone masons from Cedar City, was a home for Jacob Hamblin. This was a rather pretentious two-story home with thick rock walls on a hillside overlooking the rest of the town.

In the fall of 1863, Matthew returned from California, and assumed responsibility for his family. Later another daughter, Ada, was born in Santa Clara.. By this time, use of Santa Clara Creek water by both St. George and Santa Clara had created a dramatic

shortage of water. Settlers were called by Southern Utah Mission President Erastus Snow to settle Clover Valley, Panaca, and Pine Valley, where water was more plentiful. At the Mission Conference in May 1864, Luke, who had answered the call and moved to Meadow Valley, was sustained as the presiding elder of the Meadow Valley Branch. He was not there long for six months later, at the next Mission Conference in November he was sustained as the presiding elder of Clover Valley.

These were the days of Indian uprisings and raids. Clover Valley was not exempt. In fact, the raids became so frequent that the settlers had to build a fort and a stockade for the cattle and horses. At night, guards were posted to ward off Indian forays. On one of these raids, two Indians were shot. The settlers decided to follow them and, if possible, end the trouble once and for all. Since the raid took place about midnight, the men at the fort took up the trail as soon as they could follow the tracks. When they stopped for breakfast, Luke's horse got loose and went back to the fort. This caused a great deal of excitement and sorrow, because he was loved by all the settlers. One woman swore personal vengeance on anyone who had harmed "their Luke." The men returned to their families without success, and the raids continued until nearly all the stock was driven off.

Clover Valley was a beautiful valley, one of the most picturesque yet settled by the Saints. The present settlement is now known as Barclay and is on the Union Pacific Railroad but in 1864 it was an isolated, lonely place. The small group of Saints had to depend entirely on their own resources for protection from the Indians who were especially troublesome. They were ruled tyrannically by one Bushhead. He was feared as much by his own people as by the white settlers. Luke was not only the ecclesiastical leader of the Saints but he had to plan the strategy against the Indians as well. Many skirmishes and narrow escapes were recorded, not only by the Clover Valley residents but by more distant settlements as well.

One of these more distant settlements was in the Pahrnagat Valley, some 60 or 70 miles away. The settlers were not Latter-day Saints, but Bushhead was no respecter of persons and one of his group killed a man at Hiko in this valley. Bushhead cunningly blamed the Mormons for this killing. This of course aroused the Hiko settlers against the Saints in Clover Valley. They organized a posse and came post-haste to wipe out the "damned Mormons."

Here again the quiet strength and sagacity of Luke Syphus was demonstrated. Calmly his group met the irate posse and asked for a hearing. He quickly outlined the situation, explaining the cunning perfidy of Bushhead. Immediately the two valleys joined forces and subsequently succeeded in capturing the leaders of the Indians, among them the rebel Bushhead. After their demise, there was no more Indian trouble.

It seems that in each place that Luke and Christiana helped settle they were destined to spend a short time. They gave their strength and talent to establish a settlement and then were called to a new frontier. In each place a child was born into their family. Here in Clover Valley, Levi Walter, their seventh child was born on 22 April 1866.

In the late fall of 1866 they moved 55 miles east to an isolated little valley that was later known as Pinto. Their stay here was very short; just through the winter of 1866-1867. In the spring of 1867 the Syphuses again moved – this time to a settlement that had already been established and was situated adjacent to rich and active mines. They moved to Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada, and they were "home."

Not long after they settled in Panaca, another rich mining town sprang up. This was Pioche. Here they found ready sale for all the vegetables and farm products they could grow. They built a comfortable home and being thrifty and industrious they were able to give their children all the comforts available at the time and, in some instances, even provided luxuries.

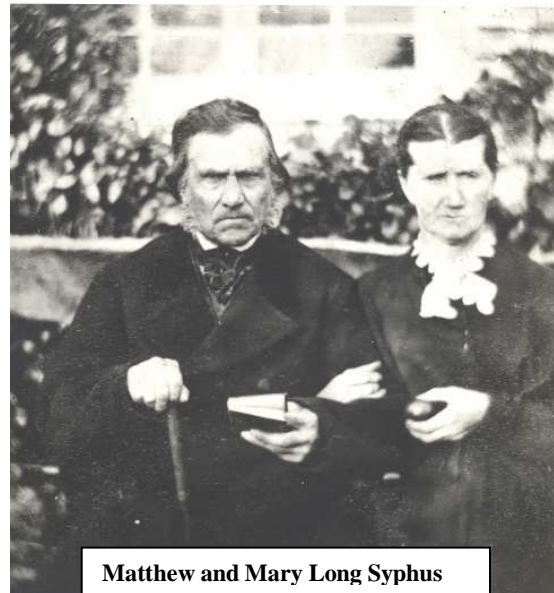
In Panaca, Luke and Christiana found the sanctuary among the Latter-day Saints of Zion that they had set out to find so many years before when they left England on the sailing vessel *Java*. They had given the strength of their youth, their talents and native abilities to help establish the church in Australia and in outposts throughout Southern Utah and Nevada. Now at the ages of 40 and 35, those choice, rich years of life, they found permanency and could put those abilities with which they were so richly endowed to purposeful and permanent uses.

Since coming to Utah in 1857 from San Bernardino, Luke was a member of the Southern Utah Mission. At the November 1869 conference held in St. George the St. George Stake was organized and Luke would serve in this stake for the rest of his life.

Luke took an active part in church, civic and political enterprises. In the June 1870 conference of the St. George Stake, Luke was called to be president of the elders of all the western valleys which included Spring, Eagle, Dry, Rose, and Clover. This was at a time when the bishop of Panaca was James Henrie. The following year (1871) Thomas Jefferson Jones was called as the bishop and in 1875 when Jones was called to supervise the cotton factory in St. George, Luke succeeded him as bishop. Luke served as bishop for seven years with Samuel Lee and George A. Wadsworth as his counselors. Together they led this ward of the Church into greater and more rewarding activities. On 6 May 1882 Luke was released and Milton Lafayette Lee succeeded him while selecting Luke's two counselors to serve with him. Luke also served as a county commissioner for Lincoln County, Nevada, for ten years. In this capacity he skillfully guided the policies and achievements of that body along lines of greater civic improvement.

On 14 October 1872 Luke was set apart to serve a mission to England; primarily to try and convert his parents. His mission was short-lived but successful and he returned on 16 January 1873. His parents, Matthew Syphus and Mary Long Syphus who were the parents of 16 children, came to America on the steamship *Idaho* in June 1874 with their thirteenth child, Theodore, who was born in England on 13 August 1845. They arrived in Salt Lake City on 15 July of that year and joined Luke in Panaca. Here Matthew and Mary would live and die.

Christiana was not idle either. She was busy helping her husband organize and staff the various church auxiliaries. Many of these she had to guide herself until sufficient



Matthew and Mary Long Syphus

people came into the ward to fulfill these leadership positions. Always Luke and Christiana wanted the best the church had to offer their children in opportunities and training and they worked together to achieve this end.

It was in Panaca that Christiana told her grandchildren about her conversion to Mormonism and about her marriage to Luke, the good man who had joined the church. "I have never been sorry," she said. What a revealing statement and what a sublime faith! After 16 years of wandering, building, moving, and fighting floods, famine, and Indians she could say, "I've never been sorry."

Luke and Christiana passed on to their reward, having lived a full, rich life, firm in the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Luke died at the age of 88, on 19 April 1915. Christiana followed three years later at the age of 86, on 17 August 1918. Both are buried in Panaca.

We will now return to the hero of this short story, George Burton Whitney. When he had spent what little money he had saved and decided it was useless to look longer for his horses, he began to look for another place to work. His friend Sy Reynolds told him that there was a Mormon man, Luke Syphus, who wanted to hire a man to hoe weeds in his garden. Following this advice he went to the man and was hired. Little did he think then that this Mormon would later be the grandfather of his children. It was on an errand to this man's home that he first met his future bride. She was sitting on a big dry-goods box bunching carrots and some other vegetables for the Pioche market. She was a beautiful girl of 17, with black hair, and dark eyes and complexion. This was in stark contrast to his light hair, fair complexion, and sky-blue eyes. It was no wonder their hearts missed a beat as their eyes met for the first time in mortality. (Be that as it may, this girl's heart and soul were hers to guard and keep until she knew where it would go and she felt that the receiver would be one of her own faith and that his heart would beat with hers in unison which would help her in the hopes and ideals she had for herself and her children).

George B.'s pay was small each day plus board and he was to start work the following morning. The custom of the Mormon family was to hold family prayer every morning before breakfast. Luke said, "Mr. Whitney, we always have family prayers. You can join with us or you may go out on the porch until we get through." George B. answered that it was always the custom in his home where he was raised. So George B. knelt in prayer with the Syphus family and that morning the two men began a discussion of religion.

After breakfast, Luke and Christiana went to Pioche with a load of garden produce, leaving their eldest daughter, Lovina, in charge. She had to prepare dinner for the younger children and the new hired man. You can imagine the thoughts that were going through this young girl's mind as she prepared the food. She wanted to impress the handsome young stranger. The family wouldn't think of eating without blessing the food. When dinner was ready, Lovina, wanting everything to be just right, blessed the food herself rather than asking the younger children to do it.

George B. spent many evenings discussing and studying the principles of the gospel with Luke. The months following resulted in this wanderer accepting the restored gospel and making it a part of his life. He was baptized by Bishop Thomas Jefferson Jones, on 1 September 1872.

He was now taking an active part in the community life, working for first one man and then another, and also teaching school during the winter. His future wife, Lovina, attended school with George B. as the teacher in the winter of 1872-1873. They became well acquainted with each other during this time and their friendship turned into love. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on 9 October 1873 (not married for time, but for all eternity by one who was authorized by our Heavenly Father to give them to each other with a covenant and promise to live true and faithful to each other.) It was 400 miles from Panaca to Salt Lake City, a long way to go by team and wagon to get married, when they could have been married for time at home. But this would not satisfy the kind of love they felt for each other. Theirs was the kind that would endure and not wear away but grow stronger and truer with the years. When one would pass on to the next stage of existence, he or she could welcome the other as they passed on to eternity together, in each others love and companionship.

George B. and Lovina returned to Panaca where they made their first home. Here their first three children were born: George Luke, 3 August 1874; Chrissie Eveline, 16 June 1876; and Lovina Ellen, 4 October 1878.

At the St. George Stake Conference on 15-16 March 1879, a number of brethren were called from Panaca to settle Mesquite Flats. Among those from Panaca were Bishop Luke Syphus, his unmarried son, Edward, and two sons-in-law, George Burton Whitney, and Harry (Henry) Gentry. They constructed a ditch and channeled the water from the Virgin River onto the land the first spring. Early in the summer they planted a few melons and a little corn.

When George B. moved his family from Panaca to Mesquite, his oldest son, George Luke, was six-years-old, and he remembered most of the events of his father and mother's lives. The following incidents are told by him:

“Father and mother located on twenty-acres of land on the east boundary of Arizona. This was approximately three-fourths of a mile above the present town of Mesquite and just below the present location of the grist mill. Our land ran from the base of the hill on the north side of the river, south to where the bank of the river was then. On the bank of the canal that runs where it does now along the base of the hill, father built a one-room, rock hut with a dirt roof.”

It should be pointed out that all of the above families called to Mesquite Flats were living in Panaca according to the 1880 Federal Census. It is possible that just the men went to the flats in 1879 to secure their land and help construct a canal for another source lists Luke and Edward Syphus as being among the early arrivals. This has to be George Luke (Luke's son) for we know that Luke Syphus never lived there. On 16 July 1881, St. George Stake President John D.T. McAllister dined with Luke in Panaca. President McAllister was again in Panaca on 18 February 1882 and stated that, “Bishop



George Burton and Lovina Syphus

Luke Syphus called on me. Panaca affairs and his own in Mesquite.” It appears that Bishop Syphus was discussing with President McAllister matters relative to his families who had left or remained in Mesquite Flats and also his tenure as a bishop for as previously pointed out he was released on 6 May 1882 and Milton L. Lee was set apart as the new bishop.

Luke’s narrative continues: “The first winter of 1880-1881 was spent in clearing land and hauling salt from the salt mine five-miles below St. Thomas and forty-miles below Mesquite. The salt was hauled to St. George, Utah, making the distance from the mine about 90-miles. The hauling rate was \$17.00 per ton. It cost the men \$1.00 per ton if they blasted it from the mountain themselves, but \$2.50 per ton if they purchased it already blasted out. This salt mine was owned by Daniel Bonelli. Because of their small teams, only three-fourths of a ton of salt could be hauled at once and it took ten days to make the round trip. Although they did not make much, the little they did get, helped to provide them with a little flour and a few clothes.

“The following summer of 1881, father thrashed a little wheat. We had it ground in Bunkerville in a small mill owned by Dudley Leavitt. Bunkerville had been settled previously in 1877.

“That same summer father and I came down with the chills and fever and we were sick most of the time. Poor mother! How she worked milking the cow, looking after the little crop, and the hundred and one other things to be done on a new place, and in a new country with very little to get along with. That fall, 18 October, 1881 their fourth child, Luella May, was born to George B. and Lovina.

“From 18 October on of that year was spent in hauling salt and getting more land cleared and planted. It began to look as though we would be able to establish ourselves there permanently. But it seemed that the time had not yet come for the establishing of a permanent settlement there because in June of the year 1882, we were struck with one of those thunder storms that this arid west is sometimes subject to in the summer. This storm filled the ditch in places, and washed it out in others, and took the dam out which they had put in the Virgin River to divert the water into their ditch. This was a real calamity for everyone. They did not seem to have the heart to begin all over again. I think father and mother were probably hit worse than anyone else.

“I well remember that terrible storm; it came during the night. Mother had been washing that day and was in bed earlier than usual, so were all the other children except myself and a boy, Andy Pulsipher by name, who was living with us at that time. I remember mother saying to father, ‘Why don’t you put the light out and go to bed; the flies are so bad I can’t go to sleep.’

“Father said, ‘I’m watching the storm,’ but he put the light out and he and I stood in the south door and watched the black clouds come clear across the southwest horizon. The lightning was so vivid it lit up everything. Presently the thunder began to rumble and as the storm approached, it became a roar; then it just seemed to crack and the storm was there in a regular deluge. My, how it did pour down; it seemed to come in buckets full. The water began to come through the dirt roof and father began putting pans and buckets on the beds and all around to catch the water; then all of a sudden it came pouring through the back window. That was a signal for action. Father gathered mother and the baby and started for the hill just back of the house; the water was up to his waist. He took mother and then came back and took the rest of us children up on the hill by

mother. He returned for a few quilts to put over us; then he left to go help Johnny Hansen and his wife, who were an old couple living in a dugout in the side of a wash a quarter-of-a-mile below us. He got them out and stored them in a haystack on the back of a wash.

“I will never forget that night; my two sisters, Chrissie and Ellen and myself lying there on the hillside with a quilt over us; mother sitting there with the baby, little Louella May in her arms and a quilt over them and Andy, the boy of about 12 there with us. The rain was pouring through those quilts; the lightning flashing; the thunder rolling and rocks rolling down the hillside; it seemed as though father never would come back. A half-hour seemed a long time to a seven-year-old boy. I think mother was worried too, but the boy Andy, was calm and unafraid like he has always been in the fifty years I have known him since. I remember him saying, ‘We will be alright; nothing to be afraid of here. We may be wet, but that is all.’ When mother would say, ‘I wonder if father will be able to get back,’ he would say, ‘Sure he is alright; he will soon be back.’

“When father came back he moved us up into a cave that was in the side of the hill where the Indians used to cache or hide their dried dogberries and pine nuts and other food they gathered and stored for the winter so it would keep dry. We children were soon asleep when we got to a dry place. Father made several trips to the house, getting out clothes and other needed things he could find. All our tools were buried in mud, books and many other things of value were destroyed.

“Father was elected delegate to the convention on 17 august 1882. He was later elected a Nevada State Assemblyman.

“That winter, 1882-1883, Father went to Bunkerville and taught school. We lived in a small room in George Washington Lee’s home. He had three rooms and was kind enough to rent one. That winter in December and January, there was an epidemic of measles and the youngest child Louella May, died on 13 January 1883. She was one year, two months, and twenty-six days old when she died and was buried on 14 January. There was a double funeral; a Miss Earl was buried the same day. Mother was unable to attend the funeral; my two sisters, Chrissie and Ellen were very sick with the measles.

“In June 1883, the family went down to St. Thomas in the Muddy Valley, as it was then known, to help mother’s brother, Edward Syphus, and brother-in-law, Harry Gentry, harvest their grain crop. They had moved to St. Thomas the year before the flood at Mesquite (1881). They were the first Latter-day Saints to establish themselves at St. Thomas after the exodus of our people a few years previously (1871).

“The following winter, 1883-1884, Father again taught school in Bunkerville. It was there my parent’s fifth child, Stowell Edward, was born on 28 March 1884. His birth nearly cost my mother’s life. She had been sick with chills and fever and the sorrow of the loss of her last child all coming together was too much for her frail body. It was only through the faith, prayers, and kind administration of those who attended her that her life was spared. I remember as a child in my tenth year how the Elders and the two good sisters, Aunt Mary McQuarrie Bunker, mother of Martin Bunker, and Aunt Viola Earl, cared for her and helped her in every way. I also remember others of the Bunker family, because of their kindness to us – John M. who married mother’s sister Mary Etta; Francis, May, Ezra, Robert and Hector. It seems to me as I remember it that I was indebted to these good people for mother’s life. I know Father and Mother have always held these people as their closest friends. Another good lady I want to mention is Aunt

Mariah Leavitt, one of the wives of Dudley Leavitt Sr., who was one of the original settlers of Bunkerville. I pay tribute to these good sisters because of their faith in God and the wonderful unselfish help they gave their fellow men all the days of their lives

“On the last day of April they carried mother and put her in the wagon and we started to look for a new home. Circle Valley and Junction in Piute County were being settled up then and since mother’s three brothers, Alfred, George, and Levi were locating in Circle Valley, father was going there too.

“We got as far as Washington, Utah, and mother stayed there with Virgil Kelly’s family, people they knew in Panaca, Nevada. In fact, Mrs. Kelly was one of mother’s girlhood friends. Father and mother were married at the same time this lady and her husband were. After leaving mother with the Kelly’s, father and I went on to Circle Valley.

“On arriving in Circle Valley, father planted ten-acres of wheat and started back to Washington for mother. The Sevier River was very high when we were coming up the river going after mother. The water was in the road in places and when we got back to the Sevier it was so high we could not get down the river, so we stopped at a ranch owned by a man named Wooley.”

Luke Whitney’s story ends here, but it seems that George B. and Mr. Wooley became friends and the Whitney family spent the summer of 1884 at his ranch south of Panguitch where the green meadows border Panguitch Lake.

In the fall of that year they moved back to Panaca. Here their next four children were born: Mary Maudeen, on 18 February 1886; Mabel Clara, on 18 December 1887; Levi Burton, on 25 July 1890; and Ralph Emmanuel, on 26 May 1892.

They needed a school teacher in St. Thomas, Nevada, so George B. Whitney and family once again decided to move. They arrived in St. Thomas in the late summer of 1893. They moved into the Bonelli home and many times the Saints gathered there for church services.

School was held in a boarded up tent for two years; then for several years it was held in the front room of the Moses and Lizzie Gibson home.

There was only one ward of the LDS Church in the Muddy (Moapa) Valley at that time and it was located at Overton, eight miles up the valley. George B. Whitney was a counselor to Bishop Thomas Jefferson Jones (the man who had baptized him in Panaca) of the Overton Ward while they lived in St. Thomas. He was also sent to the Nevada State Assembly to write or help write the original school laws for the State of Nevada. His “Book of Procedures” is dated 1897. (This book is in the possession of Idona Merrill, a granddaughter).

The trials and drudgery of pioneer life could not for long suppress fun and romance in the Whitney family. In spite of long hours of hard work, there were intervals for singing and dances and family outings. During this St. Thomas sojourn, Luke, Chrissie and Ellen were budding into manhood and womanhood. From little quotations in John M. Bunker’s letters from St. Thomas to Lovina’s sister, Mary Etta, in Panaca, we catch a glimpse of the courting that was going on, usually in a white-top buggy. Here is one quotation: “Utey has Ellen, Louisa, and Nellie out in “Brig’s” buggy. He is Ellen’s best fellow.”

But Chrissie was the first one married. On 10 March 1895, she married John Austin Abbott. A little over two years later, on 10 June 1897, Ellen married her “best

fellow,” Ute Vorace Perkins. Both of these marriages were sealed in the temple of our Lord, proving the effectiveness of the gospel teachings in the Whitney home.

A great deal of thought, counseling, and prayer preceded the marriage of Luke. On 17 February 1887, Lovina’s brother, Alfred Luke, had married the lovely brown-eyed, Julia Wardell, in the St. George Temple. Seven years later on 16 May 1894, Alf passed away, leaving Julia with three small children and an unfinished adobe room and no means of support. The young, blond, Luke Whitney had been working for his Uncle Alf, and when he noticed people taking advantage of the young widow in their financial dealings with her, he determined to do something about it. There were long counseling sessions with his mother and father and the bishop of the ward. Luke, being of a religious nature, was well aware of the scriptures which state that if a man die, his next of kin shall marry the widow and care for her children. So the resourceful young Luke, with Bible in hand went boldly to uncle Alf’s bachelor brother, Levi, explaining the situation and pointing out the Lord’s will in the matter. But uncle Levi, being averse to marriage, refused to marry Julia. There followed more discussion with his parents and the bishop. Luke was now the next-of-kin who was not married, but it was a hard decision to make since Julia was sealed to his uncle Alf. Luke would have to sacrifice his right to a wife and children in the life to come. But in spite of this, and the fact that he was six-years younger than she, he courted Julia and they were married on 10 January 1897.

A few months later another important event occurred in the Whitney family. On 12 May 1897, a baby girl, Jane, was born to Lovina and George B. She had a short sojourn on earth and passed away the same day she was born and was buried in the St. Thomas cemetery.

In April 1899, George B. and his 15-year-old son, Stowell, went to Enterprise, Washington County, Utah. Here they leased a ranch about a mile above town. The first week they were there they planted a garden and cleared sagebrush from the twenty or thirty-acres of land. He was real pleased with the work they had done and that Sunday on 23 April 1899, he wrote a long letter to Lovina, telling her of their accomplishments, describing the country, outlining his plans and giving instructions for the family’s journey to Enterprise. One sentence in the letter shows his faith and trust in Lovina and gives a glimpse of her character. “Now, Lovina, I am going to state the situation to you and you can act on your own judgment. Whatever you do in the matter will be alright with me. I have all faith and confidence in your judgment and business qualifications. So whatever you do, I will stand by you.”

Since there were cows and pigs available in Enterprise, he advised her to sell their animals if she could, since the weather would be too warm to move them successfully.

At that time, Chrissie’s husband, John Abbot, was on a mission for the church so George B. suggested that Chrissie and her children come and live with them, but Luke and “Bub” (Ute, Ellen’s husband) were free to make their own decisions.

The letter is long and interesting and will probably be printed later in a supplement to this history, as it shows a father’s faith and confidence in and his love and devotion for his wife and children.

As soon as the pigs had been sold and preparations for the journey made, Luke and Julia moved his mother, Lovina, and her children to Enterprise. They took the cattle with them and Bert, who was only eight-years-old, had to ride a horse and drive them. It was a big job for a small boy and it made the journey slower.

Luke and Ellen decided to remain in St. Thomas and Overton where they raised their children and helped build those communities. After he returned from his mission, John and Chrissie made their home in Idaho and Oregon.

The people of Enterprise tried to persuade George B. and his family to remain there, and offered him a job teaching school. But he felt he was getting too old to teach as his patience was not as good as he got older.

In the fall of 1899, the Whitney family moved to St. George, Utah. George B. was hired as water master for the Washington Fields. He rode horseback to do this work. He often took Ralph, his youngest son, along with him as he "rode the ditch." It was a wonderful experience for the boy and has been a fond memory for him throughout his life.

The Whitney's lived in rented homes in St. George for several years, and then bought the old home at 300 West and 200 South. This old home is still standing (1965) and is occupied. It looks the same as it did when the Whitney's lived there.

George B. worked at Shem for a while. He also freighted to Modena and Acoma, taking ore to the railroad and bringing back supplies for the stores.

Lovina's parents, Luke and Christiana Syphus came to St. George and lived with them one winter, working there in the Temple. Clara Syphus, Lovina's unmarried sister, came from Panaca and spent a summer with them.

In the spring of 1901, George B. was called on a short mission to teach the gospel to his family in Troy, New York. This turned out to be a disappointment to him, as he said many times, "Their hearts were too much set on this life's worldly goods." His people were comparatively wealthy, and if he would have given up his religion and come back, he could have had a share of it, but this he refused to do. His uncle (who seemed like a brother), Burton, and wife, Helen, came out West from the East and spent two-months with the Whitney family. Burton never joined the church, but asked George B. to do his temple work and have his first wife sealed to him after he was gone.

George B. took every opportunity to make a living for his family, even though it took him away from home many times. He freighted from Las Vegas to Goldfield. Then in 1904, Levi Syphus, Lovina's brother, asked George B. and Lovina to help him. He had charge of the Indian Springs ranch and needed help. So George B. and Stowell helped with the farming and care of his horses. There were many freight teams going through there then, including the twenty-mule team wagons carrying borax. Lovina cooked for the freighters and their daughter, Maud, waited on tables. Mabel, then 16, was left at home to take care of Burt and Ralph, who were 14 and 12.

The Whitney's moved back to their home in St. George in the fall of 1905, and on 18 February 1906, Maud married Abram Burgess.

In later years, George B. earned his living by hauling wood and selling it by the cord. This he did with a one-horse wagon, as was the custom in Vermont where he was raised as a boy. He also raised vegetables and sold them to help with their needs.

Burt left home at a young age to work in the mines in Arizona and Nevada and on the freight roads. He married Nellie Valate Hughes in June 1910. They had a daughter, Mabel, born in December 1911. Her mother, Nellie, passed away when Mabel was about two-years-old, so George and Lovina took her into their home and raised her.

Previous to Burt's marriage, Mabel married Isaac Chauncey Macfarlane on 8 October 1909, so Ralph was their only child left at home. When he finished the eighth

grade, he left home and went to work with Burt and Stowell. The boys spent much of their time in St. Thomas and while they were there, Luke and Julia cared for them.

Stowell married Anna Isabel Frehner on 21 May 1914 and Ralph married Doris Elizabeth Nay, on 23 December 1920.

In the fall of 1921, Ralph left his wife, Doris, with his father and mother at their home in St. George to await the birth of their first child. Doris really learned to love George and Lovina. George was such a kind, patient, man and treated her as if she was his own daughter. At this time, he spent most of his time working in the temple.

Luke's daughter, Clarice, and Ellen's daughter, Lorna, stayed with them one winter while they attended school in St. George.

The home of George B. and Lovina Whitney was always open to anyone who needed help. George B. passed away on 5 April 1927, and was buried in the St. George cemetery. At his funeral in the St. George Tabernacle, there was a profusion of beautiful flowers. The speakers were his neighbors. They paid tribute to this great pioneer in the following words:

"He was one of God's noblemen, a man of great faith; the gospel was the main-spring of his life. His life was above reproach; he has been an inspiration to all who knew him. While he did not have much of this world's goods, he was wealthy; the fullness of the earth was his. He loved his life of toil, and while he appreciated the love and help of his children, he liked to be independent. God bless Sister Whitney who has been his faithful companion."

"I doubt if ever a man lived truer to himself than Brother Whitney; his was a strong character, as perfect a man as I have ever known."

"He was one of the most independent of men, but was always ready with his contributions and his tithing. Although he did not have much of this world's goods, yet he left to his family a legacy worth more than money."

George Burton Whitney lived a full life. He raised a wonderful family and was an inspiration to all who knew him. We, his descendants, should be proud to honor the name of Whitney. He was 81 years of age at the time of his death.

After his death, his dear wife Lovina sold the old home. In 1928 she and Mabel, Burt's daughter, went to Overton and lived with Ellen and "Bub" Perkins. Then she went back to St. George and lived for a while in a room of the home of Lorna (a granddaughter) and Vernon Worthen. In 1931, she went back to Overton where she lived in a house that Ellen and "Bub" owned. Then later that same year, George and Clara (another granddaughter) Logan moved into part of the house to be with her.

In 1932, when the government bought the property in St. Thomas, in preparation for building Hoover Dam, Luke and Julia moved to Hurricane, Utah. When they became settled, Lovina lived in one of their rooms, insisting on caring for herself and doing her own cooking. Later she returned to St. George where she passed away at age 80, on 10 December 1934, and was buried beside her husband in the St. George cemetery. She was capable and independent until the last. She was a wonderful woman, full of faith and courage. She was precise and dainty in her ways, taking great care to be neat and attractive. We love and honor her name.

This brief history has given the hi-lights of the lives of our great-grandparents, Luke and Christiana Long Syphus, and our grandparents George Burton and Lovina Syphus Whitney. It is a compilation from several histories and bits of history written by

several of their descendants, among them Luke Whitney, Vera Perkins Moss, Clara Perkins Logan, Georgia Macfarlane McGarvie, Effie Syphus, and others. (In October of 2005, this history was edited to make it historically correct by Eugene H. and Waldo C. Perkins, grandsons of Lovina Whitney Perkins. They have also made some minor word changes as well as, in some instances, some major corrections.)

Each year we hope to print a page or two of supplement to this history. There are letters written by our ancestors, poems written by Luke Syphus, and other things that will bring their lives a little closer to ours.

We invite any who have faith-promoting or amusing memories of Luke, Christiana, George B. or Lovina to write them and submit them to the Family Organization for future printing.

Following are the memories of two of the descendants of Luke and Christiana: (Compilers note: The following was written by Mabel Whitney Macfarlane, daughter of George B. and Lovina Syphus Whitney, and granddaughter of Luke and Christiana Long Syphus. Aunt Mabel lived only a few months after this was written and I wrote a poem about her for her funeral. You who have a copy of the poem may want to insert it in this history following Aunt Mabel's story.)

I well remember both grandmother and grandfather Syphus. In 1907, Levi and Clara wanted to take grandmother to Salt Lake City to see an eye specialist. She was to have an operation to remove cataracts from her eyes. I remember she was blind. Now to go and leave grandfather was the big problem. I was about 18 or 19 years of age, and living in St. George, Utah. Levi wrote to mother to see if I could stay and keep house for grandpa. Mother consented and sent me to Panaca, Nevada, at the appointed time. It must have been about the month of July. I remember Panaca and Pioche played baseball while I was there, either the 4th or 24th of July and Chance Macfarlane was working at a mine in Pioche at the time. Chance and I had gone to school in St. George together but were just friends. Both being away from home seemed to make the difference. Chance wanted to come and see me so I asked grandfather about his coming. He agreed it would be all right, but told me how with all his children he and Christina had insisted on ten o'clock being the hour for young people to part. I knew all about this ten o'clock habit of the Syphus family from hearing my mother and Aunt Ellen Gentry tell about it. My instructions from mother and father were to abide by grandfather's wishes to the letter.

After Chance got through work for the day and ate dinner, bathed, and rode horseback from Pioche to Panaca it was nine o'clock. One hour was not very much time for all that time and energy and expense, for he had to hire the horse to ride down to see me.

When it was drawing near the time for me to go back to St. George we decided to make some excuse for me to stay with Aunt Maggie Syphus one night and Chance would come that night to see me. Aunt Maggie was very co-operative and persuaded grandfather to let me stay at her place under some pretense or other and let one of her girls stay with grandfather. She had not forgotten when she was young, and what the restrictions were in the Syphus home. I am not sure if the little trick was made known to grandfather or not, but it was 12:30 that night before Chance started back to Pioche. That was the beginning of our courtship.

Luke Syphus, to me, was one grand person. He was kind and had a very rare sense of humor, something like his oldest son, Ed Syphus. He was very dry and

unpretentious in his wit and everything else he did. I have never known him to be angry at anything I did, but when he said ten o'clock was the hour for nice girls to be in, I knew I was going to be in at that time

He was of medium build with nice, sharp eyes of dark blue. He had a beard and mustache at that time, which was gray like his hair. He arose early each morning and never went to bed early. As I remember, when grandmother was there, midnight was bedtime for them and the last thing they did was to have cheese and crackers or bread and butter and a cup of tea. They served that in the living room.

Grandmother was a very nice looking old lady, dark brown, sharp eyes until she went blind, small in stature. As I remember her, she always wore a black or dark dress, and a bonnet of black that was a protection for her eyes. She was slim and very neat in her dress. I always thought she was quite stern with grandfather; but it never seemed bad because his reaction was so calm and sweet.

I remember helping him sprout potatoes in the old dug-out potato cellar with the dirt roof. He was a very efficient gardener. I think all of his life in Panaca that he got a large part of their livelihood from selling vegetables and currants and gooseberries.

I will never forget their lovely front yard of pansies and pinks. The fragrance and beauty have always stayed in my memory.

There were two large trees north of the flowers that always had a hammock swinging from one tree to the other. The gooseberries were just north of the hammock. As a small child, I remember how handy it was to swing in the hammock and slip into the gooseberries, if we could find a time when grandmother was not looking. Sometimes we misjudged her watch, and then we got a good tongue lashing. The gooseberries were very precious, for there was a good market for them. If we would help pick currants, we could eat a few of them. In those days, everything that could be sold was needed for the keep of the family.

There were many years before they passed away that they needed care. Grandmother being blind made it hard for Aunt Clara, who never married. Besides keeping up the home, Clara had to wait upon her mother, and of course, she cared for her father in his last years. Uncle Levi tried to help her financially, but he was away from home a great deal. In those days all the water for house use had to be carried in buckets from the irrigation ditch. The ditch was across the dirt sidewalk outside the fence, which had to be maintained to keep stock from their gardens. Everyone turned their cattle out on the public streets to graze. I remember one time when someone left the front gate open and someone's milk cow came into the lot and drank from the barrel that had been filled with water for use in the house. She did damage to the flower garden with her big feet as well as what she ate of the beautiful pansies and pinks.

The most outstanding vegetables grandfather raised were those clean turnips with their pretty purple tops and white bottoms and the green leaves, tied in bunches and stacked in piles ready to be loaded on the wagon and hauled by teams to Pioche, Caliente, and other surrounding towns. The folks worked hard for what they had, but to me they always seemed happy. When breakfast was ready and on the long table in the dining room, the family kneeling at their chairs for morning prayers just seemed to give everyone a good start for the day.

I have never heard any unkindness, or a swear word in their home. They were devoted to each other. I think Clara felt it was her duty to stay home and take care of her

parents. For so many years she played the organ for all the church functions. I think of Clara as having won a great reward in heaven for her devotion to her parents, but she deprived herself of the blessings and happiness of having a family of her own.

Mabel Whitney Macfarlane

THE VISION OF UNCLE STOWELL EDWARD WHITNEY

After the death of my father, Uncle Stowell was the oldest living male member of George Burton Whitney's family.

He was in charge of the Family Organization and I was selected as Chairman of Genealogy.

Not too long after this change, Uncle Stowell and Aunt Isabel drove from Logandale, Nevada, to Hurricane, Utah, to see me. He related the following vision to me and my wife, and he was very much concerned about it.

According to his own testimony, the thing he saw was not a dream as he was as wide awake as he was while relating this experience to me.

This was the vision Uncle Stowell saw: "It seemed I was climbing up a very steep mountain, very rough, and at times it was almost impossible to continue, but finally I reached the top. As I reached the top, the land was more or less level and I could see some distance.

"To my right I could see a vast multitude of people and they were extremely happy and were enjoying everything about them. When they saw me, they smiled at me and went on about their labors.

"Off to the left I could see a small group of people who were very crestfallen and beckoned me to come help them. As I came nearer I could see a great barrier that separated them from those who were so happy."

At this point the vision closed but the Spirit said: "You are missing some in the research of your kindred dead."

After relating this to me with very much concern he said: "Fenton, we are missing some of our kindred dead. Don't let money hinder your efforts in finding the ones that have been missed."

The committee struggled for two-years to find the ones that had been passed over in previous research, but for all we could find, the work had been done.

In 1963, the committee decided we would collect every family group we could find. After four-years of gathering and research, we collected and printed 240 family groups. Of this number only about ten have needed work done on them; only two that we have had to do all the ordinance work on, and one who was a child who was missed; but mostly the sealings had been forgotten or neglected.

All this is a testimony to me that what uncle Stowell saw was true and given as a guide and help to the genealogy of the George Burton Whitney Family Organization. Stowell, being the oldest male member of this family and holding the Holy Priesthood had the right to receive this information.

George Fenton Whitney