# THEODORE TURLEY FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Volume 22 No. 3 October 2004

## Contents

2 Climbing the Unfinished Utah State Capitol, Wally Gray
3 From an Eternal Perspective, Carwin and Susanne Peterson
6 Isaac Russell, Theodore Turley Contemporary
7 My Mission to South Africa, Ann Lewis
10 Report from Cochabamba, Bolivia, LaRue and Carolyn Lunt
11 Theodore Turley, Richard E. Turley, Jr.
13 Turley Missionary Story #19, Quinn Adelbert Hatch
15 Notes from Daughter of Alma Ruben Turley
16 Faithful Arizona Pioneer Departs this Life
17 Early Pioneer Woman had Many Interests
20 Little Notes from the Family
21 Autobiography of Melvin I. Turley, Continued

**Dear Readers of the Theodore Turley Family Newsletter**—My question is, should I spend the time (whatever time it takes) trying to get the lines around this section to conform, or should I just go with what I have and get the Newsletter out? I have chosen the latter! Next, should I start listing all my excuses for the Newsletter being late, or should I just assume that everyone will understand, and "get the Newsletter out!" Again, I am choosing the latter. And now, this Thanksgiving season, soon to be, should I begin listing my many blessings of the past year? Or just tell each of you that I appreciate so much the support you have given to the Turley Newsletter, and pray that I will be able to continue to have the inspiration and strength to produce "at least one more." It seems that is the story of life, to try to not worry about the big picture, but concentrate on what we can accomplish TODAY!

**Ella Mae Turley Judd, Editor, 6615 W. Lupine, Glendale, AZ 85304 GfjEmjPub@aol.com (623-412-3955)**

2.03 24 Pages

## Climbing the Unfinished Utah State Capitol

By Wally Gray

Early Theodore Turley descendents, like other early residents of Salt Lake City, had lots of exciting adventures as children which are not possible now. Take the experience of Elsie Lundquist, my late mother-in-law. Elsie (Grace Honor Bushman, Charlotte Turley, Theodore Turley) who was born in Salt Lake City in 1904, grew up in a home on Fifth Avenue between H and I streets. The home was also a grocery store which served as the family's livelihood.

One winter adventure included sleigh-riding on the gradual hill from Fifth Avenue to South Temple. Other adventures included hiking up City Creek Canyon from Fifth Avenue to 21st Avenue.

No adventure, however, equaled the joy of climbing up the unfinished state capitol building one Saturday morning. Eleven-year-old Elsie and two of her older teenage brothers were on one of their hikes. They wandered over to the capitol which was in the process of construction and was nearly finished. Let Elsie tell the story:

"No workmen were around. We went inside, then took an outside stairway to the first ramp surrounding the great dome. After we had circled that, we saw a long ladder inside the dome. With no one to deter us, we started to climb it. I was so scared when I looked down, but I couldn't go back because I had my brothers Roy ahead and Carl behind.

"When we got to the top they opened the door to the observation tower on the very top of the dome. The gust of wind nearly blew us back. We went on top and walked around and saw the whole city. 'Breathtaking' puts it mildly. Going back down was almost worse, but our guardian angels must have been with us."

As if that wasn't adventure enough, on the way back Elsie couldn't resist the brilliant colored autumn leaves, so she picked a handful. A man called to her and told her, "Do you know you have poison ivy in your arms?" It took a week to get over that adventure!

(Note: The building was constructed between 1912 and 1916, using granite from nearby Little Cottonwood Canyon. Elsie was probably about 11. Carl would have been about 15 and Roy, about 13.)

### Family History Work

President Howard W. Hunter

"The objective of family history work is to make the blessings of the temple available to all people, both living and dead. As we attend the temple and perform work for the dead, we accomplish a deep sense of alliance with God and a better understanding of his plan for the salvation of the human race. We learn to love our neighbors as ourselves. Truly there is no work equal to that done in the temple.

"In addition to the blessings we receive from doing work for the dead, we receive personal blessings as we attend the temple."

### Importance of Teaching Children

President Gordon B. Hinckley

"In terms of your happiness, in terms of the matters that make you proud or sad, nothing--I repeat, nothing--will have so profound an effect on you as the way your children turn out."

*Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 50)

## From An Eternal Perspective

By President Carwin Y. and
Sister Susanne L. Peterson

Carwin Peterson is president of the Dallas Temple; Susanne is Matron.

Susanne and I have had the wonderful blessing over the past three years serving as President and Matron of the Dallas Texas Temple. The three years prior to that we had the opportunity to serve as a Counselor and Assistant to the Matron. Although this time represents about one-tenth of our lives, it is but a small drop of water in a huge ocean, from an eternal perspective.

When Ella Mae Judd asked that we provide an article for the Turley Newsletter, we felt it would be appropriate to share a few insights gained over the past several years while serving in the House of the Lord. These insights have brought us closer to our Father in Heaven and our Savior Jesus Christ and have provided us a greater understanding and love of the temple. It has also given us a greater appreciation for our ancestors who sacrificed almost everything they had because of their humble acceptance of Jesus Christ and His restored gospel.

The temple is where we receive the ordinances necessary for exaltation, if we are faithful. It is also where we learn how to return to the presence of our Heavenly Father. The temple is the vital link between the earthly and eternal life. The Prophet Joseph Smith stated "And now, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters, let me assure you that these are principles in relation to the dead and the living that cannot be lightly passed over, as pertaining to our salvation. For their salvation is necessary and essential to our salvation, as Paul says concerning the fathers—that they without us cannot be made perfect—neither can we without our dead be made perfect. (D & C 128:15)

Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles describe temples as "...A place where God will come, a place where the pure in heart shall see God. A place where baptisms for the dead are performed, a place where sealings for time and for eternity are done, a place where the endowment of the priesthood is given..." (Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine, April 1921, pp 55-56)

When we first attended the temple as youth in Mesa, Arizona to participate in baptisms for the dead, there were only 12 temples in the world. In 1982 when we moved to the Dallas, Texas area for the first time, we were part of the Mesa Arizona Temple district. The Dallas Texas Temple was the 30th temple and was dedicated on the 19th of October 1984. There are today 118 functioning temples, with an additional 11 temples under construction or announced.

It is wonderful to live at a time when temples are more readily available, where we can participate much more easily and be blessed as we bless the lives of those who have passed on before us. President Gordon B. Hinckley made the following statement in the Saturday morning session of General Conference in October 2002:

"...I urge you, my brethren and sisters, to utilize the temples of the Church. Go there and carry forward the great and marvelous work which the God of heaven has outlined for us. There let us learn of His ways and His plans. There let us make covenants that will lead us in paths of righteousness, unselfishness, and truth. There let us be joined as families under an eternal covenant administered under the authority of the priesthood of God.

"And there may we extend these same blessings to those of previous generations, even our own forebears who await the service which we can now give.

"May the blessings of heaven rest upon you, my beloved brethren and sisters. May the Spirit of Elijah touch your hearts and prompt you to do that work for others who cannot move forward unless you do so. May we rejoice in the glorious privilege that is ours..." (Gordon B. Hinckley, October 2002 General Conference)

In 2002 many primary children came and spent time touring the Dallas temple grounds. The emphasis in primary on temples that year will bless the lives of these children for years to come. I had the opportunity to ask one group of children: "Why do we have temples?" One young man, 7 or 8 years old, said: "Because Heavenly Father commanded us to build temples." Then I asked why did he command us to build temples and he said: "Because He loves us."

Heavenly Father does love us. He loves all of his children. He desires to bless us. Through the atonement of Jesus Christ and acceptance of Him through baptism and the receiving of the gift of the Holy Ghost and then through striving to be righteous and receiving the ordinances of the temple and then enduring to the end, we can receive all that He has.

As we enter the House of the Lord *we leave the telestial or worldly realm and enter into the*

*terrestrial realm*. In this world in which we live Satan has considerable control. When the Savior comes on earth to reign and the Millennium is ushered in, Satan will be bound and those living on earth will be living in a terrestrial world where Satan will have no power, because he will be bound for he "shall not have power to tempt any man." (D. & C. 101:28).

Elder George Q. Cannon said: "Every foundation stone that is laid for a temple, and every temple completed ... lessens the power of Satan on the earth, and increases the power God and Godliness." (Logan Temple cornerstone ceremony, 19 Sept. 1877 quoted by Elder David E. Sorensen in the October 1998 General Conference).

These are very troubled times. We need to remember that God's wisdom and power are greater than all the combined forces of evil. God's purposes will not and cannot be frustrated (see D&C 3:1). The Lord Jesus Christ is directing the affairs of His church through a living prophet, even Gordon B. Hinckley. We can have peace in our minds and our souls if we accept his counsel and guidance and if we are striving to be faithful. We can find refuge from the storm in our homes, which can and should be a "Holy Place" and we can find refuge in the House of the Lord, which is a "Holy Place". Remember "The righteous need not fear; for . . .they shall be saved" (1 Nephi 22:17).

The temple is a Holy place, a place of refuge, a place of peace, a place of revelation, a place of service, a place to receive eternal blessings and a place to learn. May we all be more willing to spend more time and effort on things that have eternal value and less time on things that have only earthly value. We hope and pray that we may each be blessed with the desire to be more obedient as we follow the example of the Savior and develop an eternal perspective in our daily lives.

## NOTE FROM ROBERT TURLEY

*I'm still excited about doing the missionary project. The best way at the present time to keep receiving these reports is to keep reminding the family to get theirs done. Now, I understand why it took 20 years to get the Theodore Turley book done!*

*I would love other family members to maybe take charge of their family line and contact their immediate family and ask for their missionary reports and send them in. They might have better success than me.*

*My address is now 145 Gardenside Court, Fallbrook, CA 92028. I no longer have a P.O. Box. My e-mail address is rstur@adelphia.net. Fax numbers are 760-728-2217 and (home) 760-723-0504.*

*I am surely hoping I will get many more missionary stories in the near future. I still also have many Theodore Turley CD's for family members to enjoy. Just let me know. Take care, Robert Turley*

## ISAAC RUSSELL

*Members of the Theodore Turley family will remember a time when Theodore was with members of the Quorum of Twelve, getting ready to leave on their mission to England and other foreign countries. They had just returned from Far West, where they had "taken leave of the saints" as they began their missions, as directed by a revelation received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Theodore, who was able to accompany them, wanted to stop at the home of Isaac Russell, who by then had been excommunicated. Isaac was very surprised to see Theodore, and even more surprised to learn that members of the Twelve had already "taken their leave" from Far West. Following is a brief summary of the life of Isaac Russell.*

Isaac Russell was born April 13, 1807, son of William Russell and Isabella Peart. The youngest of 13 children – 6 boys and 7 girls. He came to Canada in 1817 with his father and the family, settling in Toronto (formerly Little York), in York County, Ontario.He was an apprentice to Robert Petch, a cabinet maker, for 7 years, and at age 22 he married Mary Walton 25 June1829.

Mary was the daughter of John Walton and Ann Millican, and was born April 17, 1811 in Alston, Cumberland, England. Her mother died November 17, 1812, and her father then married Mary Natrass. After coming to America in 1817, her father drowned in the Crow River.

Isaac bought a lot and built a house, where he and his family and his parents lived until about 1833 or 1834, when he bought a farm of 100 acres, northwest of Toronto.

He joined the Church after hearing the Gospel preached by Parley P. Pratt, became a strong missionary to his family and friends, and later served a mission to England with Parley, and was accompanied by Joseph Fielding, John Goodson, John Snider, Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde. The mission was the first to England, and was extremely successful.

He returned to Kirtland, thence to Far West. He was imprisoned, sold as a slave, ransomed by a man who paid money for him. Isaac refused to be freed until he had worked to pay off the money spent by the man to release Isaac.

He was excommunicated by Sidney Rigdon, in an action not at all approved by Joseph Smith, who told Isaac that if he would come to where Joseph was, he'd be reinstated. Joseph and Isaac both died before this could happen.

Isaac died September 25, 1844, and was buried on the 29th, on the Woodward farm, which he and William Dawson had obtained.

Isaac remained a staunch believer in the Gospel, and died without ever denying any portion of it.

*[One of our readers sent this little history to me. I am sorry it isn't documented; however,I felt the information was interesting, and significant in the life of Theodore Turley.]*

## "My Mission, and Later Visits to South Africa were Wonderful Blessings for Me . . ."

by Ann Laemmlen Lewis

*[When Ann Lewis told me she and her husband, John Lewis, would be chaperoning a group of BYU performers during their month stay in South Africa, I immediately asked her if she would share some of her experiences with readers of the Theodore Turley Newsletter. She later surmised she might be able to combine writing an article for us with her intent to write an account of her earlier mission as requested by Robert S. Turley. We surely thank her for the result!]*

In October 1981 I was called to be a missionary in the Johannesburg, South Africa Mission. I was thrilled for the adventure and opportunity to go abroad to "teach and preach the word of God." Because of visa problems, I spent 13 weeks in the MTC, and after learning all of my Afrikaans discussions, while there I also completed the training for Welfare Services Missionaries. This was a wonderful blessing for me–I loved the principles I was taught, and hoped to be able to put them to practice when I got to South Africa.

*Previous column: Ann Laemmlen Lewis with a man named Kumbalani, on her recent trip to South Africa. He was 16 years old when she taught him in Kwa Mashu. He now lives in SOWETO and is in the SOWETO Stake presidency and also is Area Director for CES in Johannesburg. She couldn't provide more pictures of herself, she tells us, because "I was usually the one out in front, taking the photos."*

When I arrived there in January 1982, it wasn't long before my Mission President, Lowell Wood, gave me and my companion a special assignment to go into the Townships in the Durban area. At that time, because of Apartheid, Townships were established where the Black, Coloured, or Indian people lived. White South Africans did not go into these areas. Because we were Missionaries, we were accepted into these communities, and made many friends there. We taught and fellowshipped newly-baptized members in Kwa Mashu (Zulu), and Chatsworth and Phoenix (Indian). We loved these new member families, and were able to teach many the gospel and the principles of Welfare Services, such as Personal Finance; Home Production and Storage; Nutrition and Health Care; and Social, Emotional, and Spiritual Strength.

One of the highlights of my mission was attending the first Stake Conference in Durban where we were able to arrange transport for these wonderful members to join with the Durban Saints. I remember the shock I felt when I realized that their skin color was different than the rest of us! I'd grown so accustomed to the beautiful dark tones of their skin, it seemed as if I were one of them.

I loved my mission experiences, later serving in the Transkei and Ciskei, independent Black Homelands with the

Xhosa people. These are some of the finest and truest people I've ever known. These townships and homelands had no electricity at that time, and water had to be carried into their homes. Life there was simple and good. The members were happy, and were kind to us. The children were the most beautiful I've ever seen. I loved being a part of that world.

Towards the end of my mission, we were instructed by the Brethren in Salt Lake to concentrate our missionary work in the White areas, so I was transferred to Johannesburg, and then later to Cape Town. I had wonderful experiences in these beautiful areas as well. I always felt I was given a choice opportunity to be in such an incredible country with so much cultural diversity.

I returned home in May 1983, having made so many wonderful friends and having broadened my cultural experiences. Because of the love I had for my African friends, I returned to Nigeria in 1984, to direct a 3-year child health project for the Thrasher Research Fund, an organization administered by LDS Welfare Services. But that's another wonderful story!

Part two of my mission story took place a few months ago. My husband and I were asked to accompany a BYU performing group scheduled to spend a month touring and performing in South Africa. Of course we jumped at the opportunity. The group was called the BYU Living Legends, made up of students from Polynesia, Latin America, and American Indians. It was a cultural group headed for a culturally diverse country. We filled a bus and a large truck with students, costumes, and staging props, and prepared for more than 20 evening performances in 30 days, plus day-time visits to AIDS orphanages, schools, care centers, hospitals, and universities. These BYU kids had a lot of love and spirit to share.

The performances were incredible. South African saints and friends filled the performance halls at each stop. And after the performances, we were welcomed into the homes where members and friends housed and fed us and cared for our needs.

Before the trip, I wondered about contacting my old friends to let them know I'd be returning. I wanted so badly to see the families I'd known and loved in each of the areas where I served. I knew I would not have my own transportation, or any time to go out visiting, so I sadly resigned myself to just showing up, and hoping to see a few I once knew.

What I didn't expect was that wherever we performed, the members would be coming to us. One of my responsibilities was to greet people in the lobbies before each performance, and to help with the sales of Living Legends products. It only took one performance to realize that I would be able to greet and see almost everyone who came in to the performances. I couldn't have planned a better way to visit old companions, members, and friends. They all came right to me!

Some of my most memorable reunions were in Durban. We had two performances there, and the first night I started asking if any members from

Chatsworth were there. I quickly learned that Chatsworth is now a thriving Ward. In fact, I was told that the bishop was there that evening, and we were later introduced. Bishop Dan Pillay was the little son of one of the families I had taught there 22 years before! I asked about the 7 or 8 families that made up the small branch I once knew. Bishop Pillay beamed as he told me about his parents, and the other pioneer families:

"We are all still faithful and our families are blessed!" he said. "And we are now a ward, and have our own beautiful building!" He told me how happy they were and we embraced and wept together.

This a photo is of some of the Indian members from Chatsworth.

The next night, as I stood in the lobby, one by one, each of the other families I had known arrived. Bishop Pillay had gone home and told each of them that "Sister Laemmlen" was back in town! We hugged and embraced, and they showed me photos of their children, many of whom have now returned from their full-time missions.

Their faces, like mine, have aged a bit, but their spirits and smiles are the same. As they each embraced me, they would whisper something in my ear: "We have never forgotten you." "We still have your photo." "We remember the lesson you taught us on how to budget our money." "We are all still faithful." As we stood for a group photo, they told me, "Each of our families has been to the temple. We are all endowed and sealed." My heart just about exploded with the love I felt for them and for the chance I had to come back after so many years and see "the rest of the story." It was a gift, and it was repeated like this in every one of the areas we visited where I had served. There is not time to tell each story, but they were choice, and not to be forgotten.

I have often reflected on what a blessing it was to be able to return a generation later to the place where I served as a missionary. I realize that few missionaries have that opportunity. But I imagine it would be much the same for any of us, if we could only be there to see it. We really have very little idea of the influence for good we have on others, even if it might seem a small thing at the time. There have been many missionaries who have come and gone since 1982 in those areas of far away South Africa, but memories were made then that are still kept today–by all of us.

Ann Laemmlen Lewis

*[Ann Laemmlen Lewis is married to John Conley Lewis, a vice president at BYU. Ancestry: Grace Helen Smuin and Arthur R. Laemmlen, Ruby Grace Lundquist Smuin, Grace Honor Bushman Lundquist, Charlotte Turley Bushman, Theodore Turley.]*

## LaRue and Carolyn Lunt
## Report from Cochabamba, Bolivia

*LaRue and Carolyn Lunt*

We arrived in Cochabamba Bolivia 2 Apr 2003 to serve in the Temple Presidency. My husband was set apart as 2nd councilor and is now 1st councilor. We have served under two presidents: President Richard Hardy and President Evans Heywood.

This has been a wonderful experience to serve with the sweet, humble Bolivian people. Our time here has been a blessing to us and we hope to others. We have a very nice apartment in the Hospedaje. There are 20 fully furnished apartments for Couple Missionaries. As one of our Sr. Missionaries said, "This is one of the best kept secrets in the Church."

The weather can't be beat, good all year around. The Temple is beautiful with the well kept grounds, the apartments well furnished with wonderful washing facilities. And we have our own clean spring water. Fruits and vegetables are plentiful all year around.

The Church is growing in Bolivia, and the Saints are very faithful and loving. They travel far and sacrifice much to come to the Temple to receive of their blessings.

I am so thankful to have had this opportunity to serve. This is our 4th Mission in Latin America. Our knowledge of the Spanish language has been a big help. I really admire those couples who come down without any Spanish. We work with the Cream of the Crop.

I love my heritage and appreciate our pioneer ancestors who sacrificed so much for the gospel. I hope that in some small way we have been able to do the same. May the Lord bless you all and give you the desire to go on a Mission. Couples are needed desperately.

Love Carolyn W. Lunt

PS Please send our newsletter to our home address. We will be leaving for home the 1st of Nov.

* * * * *

"We are challenged to move through a process of conversion toward that status and condition called eternal life. This is achieved not just by doing what is right, but by doing it for the right reason--for the pure love of Christ. . . . The reason charity never fails and the reason charity is greater than even the most significant acts of goodness . . . is that charity, 'the pure love of Christ,' is not an act but a condition or state of being. Charity is attained through a succession of acts that result in a conversion. Charity is something one becomes."
(Dallin H. Oaks, "The Challenge to Become," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 34)

"It . . . helps in resisting the tugs and pulls of the world if we, though imperfect, know that currently the course of our life is generally acceptable to the Lord. With sufficient dedication, those quiet assurances can come!"
Neal A. Maxwell, "The Tugs and Pulls of the World," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 37)

## *Theodore Turley: A Biography*

Richard E. Turley, Jr.

(Continued)

[This is another in a continuing series of newsletter articles that together will make up the first rough draft of a biography of Theodore Turley. The draft will undergo considerable revision before being published in book form. I invite all family members to read it critically, make suggestions, and offer additional information for possible inclusion. Please send all comments and information to me at 2914 West Ivory Way, West Jordan, Utah 84084.]

### 25 Still in Prison

Saturday, 18 April 1840, brought welcome greetings to Theodore, who still languished in the Stafford jail, worried that his presence there might adversely affect his fellow Church members or those investigating the gospel. He received a letter from one Church member, and four others came to visit him from as far away as Manchester. They brought him both their own company and "Pro[vi]son and some mony." Without such assistance, Theodore would have been in terrible trouble.[1]

As one of Theodore's fellow missionaries, George A. Smith, later explained, "The law at that time was, that unless a man could obtain a recommendation from the parish minister, he must live without eating, or find himself in food. Elder Turley having no money fasted about four days, when some sisters in the Potteries learning of his condition came to Stafford on foot, a distance of 14 miles, and brought him some money. There was also an old gentleman who walked with a staff from Hanley to the jail, and took him food several times."[2]

Besides this assistance, Theodore also received a letter from his brother John, who sent "my Trowsers & linin." How John obtained Theodore's things is unclear. But however he did it, he apparently did not let their mother know about it. "My Poor mother," Theodore wrote, "do[es] not know that I am here in this confinemen[t] as it whould be to[o] much for her to bare at this time of her Life as She is so weke in Body."

That evening, Theodore asked the Lord to bless the woman who had come all the way from Manchester to see him, as well "the Brethren and all the Saints and my dear Wife and all the children."

The next day, he received a letter from Reuben Hedlock, who filled him in on what had happened since the two missionary companions parted in Batavia, New York, on their journey to the British Isles. Of greatest interest to Theodore was the information he provided on the conference that Theodore had been unable to attend because of his imprisonment. Theodore dutifully recorded the conference statistics in his journal, which showed total membership in the area had grown to 1650. "Thus you see how the work is rolling on in this Land in the short time of two years and six days," Theodore wrote.

Theodore spent part of the day reading and preached for two hours that evening "to this people in prison on the Princ[i]ple of revelati[on]." He felt "the Lord helping me" as he taught.

That night as he retired to bed, he recorded in his journal, "I now Lay me down to rest in my Cell on my sackcloth[,] contented till my change cometh. I Pray God to bless my Wife and children and . . . all the Saint[s]."[3]

Theodore spent the next day writing letters for his fellow prisoners and responding to the one he had received from Elder Hedlock. On Tuesday, 21 April, he got up before breakfast and spent "time in walking round the yard for exercis[e]." After breakfast, a dozen friends came to visit him in prison, including Alfred Cordon. "I am much rejoiced to see my Bretheren and Sisters," Theodore wrote. They brought him some food, including a pudding from one of the sisters.

Theodore probably realized that instead of harming his fellow Church members, his imprisonment actually strengthened them as they watched him endure persecution for the gospel's sake. Perhaps it was that realization that emboldened him to try writing to his own family members. "I wrote a long epistle for my Par[e]nts and all their children Directed to Br John Turley," Theodore wrote. He also wrote another letter, did some reading, and again preached to his fellow prisoners about revelation.

"I Pray God to Bless my exertion to Spread the truth," he recorded. "I Pray the [Lord] to Bless my famely and all the Saints. . . . I ask Wisdom that the adversary may not have power to Destroy nor take advantage."

If Tuesday buoyed his spirits, however, Wednesday's experiences wore him down. He helped out "a poor prison[er]" by writing a letter for him. He also wrote to relatives in Woolverhampton. But he had also grown frustrated with prison life. "The rest of the Day I Spent allmost in Idl[e]ness," he wrote, "being put about with quariling and swaring of those I am obliged to be amongst. I am now Tired of this situation and company."

On Thursday, he renewed his resolve to be useful. He counted his blessings, including his good health. He wrote a letter and spent most of the day conversing with the prisoners, preaching the best he could under the circumstances. But he was still tired of those circumstances. "I am here but when I Shall get away I know no[t]," he told his journal. "I hope Soon. I long to he[ar] from my Brother John."[4]

He still had not heard from John the next day. "My mind is Still ancious for news from Birm[ingham]," he chronicled. Besides not hearing from John, Theodore faced having his testimony rejected by a Mr. Penkhurst. "I hope he may see," Theodore patiently reflected. Despite these setbacks, the day did bring some welcome news. He received a letter from John Taylor, who told him that his family back home was in good health as of 2 February. Theodore thanked God "for that comfort."

On Saturday morning, 25 April, Theodore wrote in his journal while waiting "the arrival of the Mail to Deside my Situation." He prayed that God would "Bless my enemies and turn their hearts to him." When the mail arrived, it brought a welcome parcel from a friend, and Theodore wrote back thanking her for her kindness. The mail also brought a letter from his brother John "with the sorowfull tidings that TK could not Let me have the mony." TK may have been his brother-in-law, Thomas Kimberley. Theodore was not about to give up and wrote another letter back on the same subject. "I receive this," Theodore ruminated, "Like all other things as to prevent me having the chance of doing any good."

Even though Theodore felt the forces of evil were trying to hedge up his way, he believed the work of God would roll forward in spite of men or devils. He copied into his journal an article about Alfred Cordon's efforts to license a house in Burslem for preaching. When a magistrate rejected Elder Cordon's petition, Theodore wrote, "*Now Look out.*"[5] He knew that the designs of men might be frustrated but not the works of God.[6] As Joseph Smith wrote during his own imprisonment the previous year, "Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, let us cheerfully do all things that lie in our power; and then may we stand still, with the utmost assurance, to see the salvation of God, and for his arm to be revealed."[7]

[Next issue: "Free at Last"]

Notes

1. Richard E. Turley, Jr., "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal, 1839-1840" (honor's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1982), 43. 2. "My Journal," *Instructor* (July 1947): 323. 3. "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal," 43. 4. "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal," 44. 5. "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal," 45-46. 6. D&C 3:1, 3. 7. D&C 123:17.

**Turley Missionary Story #19**

## Mission of Quinn Adelbert Hatch

[Quinn passed away in Aug 2003. This record was extracted from his mission journal. Ancestry: Quinn A. Hatch, Josephine Turley Hatch, Alma R. Turley, Isaac Turley, Theodore Turley. Quinn served in the Southern States Mission from January 1941 to February 1943.]

**Feb1, 1941, Atlanta, GA**: After dinner at Mission Home, we spoke at a street meeting: "This experience stripped us of any pride and light-mindedness." **Feb3**: West Florida District (where I served my entire mission): I was at a dinner provided by members; I couldn't believe we didn't need to pay for all this hospitality of the members. **Feb9**: Missionary Conference: "The [spiritual] feeling I experienced was worth coming here [on this mission], for it was a special manifestation which I never will forget." **Feb13**: Elder Staples and I, as roving "country elders," bought our own car ("The Pot of Bolts"). [At nightfall, they always were given a place to stay and eat. In time, Quinn served in about 50 towns and villages.] **Feb21**: We had a cottage meeting attended by 50—"a sheer delight." **Mar4**: Harbor Bay School District asked us to the elementary school to talk to 700 students. **Mar17**: Had a meeting at a CCC Camp, where we showed Church-related slides. **Mar19**: Held 2 meetings the same night; everyone was either spitting snuff or drunk. **Apr9**: At a meeting with Sister T's neighbors, I talked on "Why I Am a Mormon;" and I waited, "but the congregation didn't run up asking for membership." **Apr18**: We have to rely on lakes and rivers for our baptismal fonts. **May 25-26**: This District Conference [of missionaries] was the most special meeting I have ever attended in my life, the strongest spirit I have ever experienced. **July19**: One of the "biggest days" yet: 6 street meetings and a baptism, traveling 200 miles. [The previous two days there were 8 baptisms and 8 more in the next five days.] **July27**: "The bedbugs had a jubilant celebration." **Sep4**: My 7 mos. as a "country elder" ended; Elder C. and I will serve in Quincy [where they soon organized the first Sunday School, with Quinn as superintendent]. **Sep19**: We blessed 5 sick people, several heart-rending cases. **Sep26**: We lent 2 more *Books of Mormon*, 10 for the month. **Oct8**: As country elder again, I re-bought our car; its top had been eaten off by goats, but canvas fixed it. **Nov16**: "We were imbued with a feeling to be more humble, knowledgeable, and full of faith." **Nov25**: "[Now,] I love street meetings." **Nov28**: . . I was, with Elder Haslam, the first ever assigned in Blountstown. When our landlord learns we're missionaries, we are asked to move. **Dec7, 1941**: Japan attacked Pearl Harbor: [Following are some experiences of the next 14 months:] We two elders were in charge of the funeral of a one-year-old, dead of pneumonia; the funeral was in the family home, built on 3-foot stilts, which collapsed under the weight of those assembled—but no one was injured. One day, we lent 19 *Books of Mormon* apiece and also sold a number. "Somehow, every day something turns up to make for our happiness." **Mar6, 1942**: River in Quincy is in flood stage and icy, but baptism must be held [for two women converts]. **May3**: Elder Thos. Myers and I were assigned to "walk about [aided by bikes] without purse or scrip in this wooded area" [by Wing, AL]. **Jun7**: "The Primaries we've organized here have been worth the time spent in this area, and Fast Day presented its indescribable joys." **Jun11**: "We're trying to get members to hold "Home Primaries." **Aug25**: Bonifay: Our little Primary is still thriving. Baptist minister is [vainly] directing action to terminate our labor in Bonifay, falsely accusing us. **Sep10**: We were 'phoned to conduct funeral of Sis. Webb (a convert of 4 months) in Crestview—but the bus wouldn't get us there in time. We prayed for a way to open for us. Just as we reached the highway, a trucker stopped and backed his rig up; we told our need, and he took us there, just in time! He said he'd never taken this route, but this morn he was "directed" to do so. **Sep23**: I held cottage meeting alone because

Elder Rawlins is completing papers for his draft board. . . **Sep27**: (Sunday): We put members in charge of the meeting. **Oct13**: Elder Rawlins received "Delinquent Draft Induction" notice! **Oct19**: Elder Rawlins' draft board let him remain on his mission! **Nov5**: We held street meeting, using Elder Myers' music and loudspeaking system; seemed all of Crestview were there. **Nov6-Nov21**: During this time as country elders again, we baptized 3 (despite icy water), "tracted up" 4 cottage meetings (one was our "best ever"), held 7 street meetings (one was "colossal"), administered to 11 sick, set apart 3 officers in a branch, registered for rationed gas; I talked at a large funeral and dedicated the grave, I gave a talk (we enjoyed the company of [President-to-be] George Albert Smith) at a conference. **Nov22-Jan5**: Despite time-out for the three big holidays during this period, we would: have 4 "big" street meetings using the loudspeaker; I talked an hour in one; held 11 cottage meetings, administer to 12, including 3 in hospitals; assist members in Suwannee River area in processing sugar cane and in "rendering" 14 hogs. . talk in Church meetings—as well as ordain, set apart, give lessons, and officiate. **Jan 6-Feb7, 1943**: During this time, we held: 9 cottage meetings (one had 27 there), 9 street meetings (one had 60 there); two public meetings (in courthouse and in community center); we witnessed a "total downpour" and a "raging-mad" flood in the Apalachicola River; we gave talks at 2 meetings of "local missionaries;"I spoke at an open-air funeral (attended by 150); we encouraged baptisms (and had 3—despite icy water), we fixed numerous flat tires, including two on the way to my departure train! [Time and again, Quinn expresses deep gratitude for assistance given to his mission's expense by family—including a bachelor uncle—and by local members: "These people have been so good to the missionaries they have earned an eternal crown of glory." He never had to rent an apartment with cooking facility.] **Epilogue**: Mission Pres, Wm. P. Whitaker, asked Quinn ***to return from home to be Branch Pres*** **at Prichard, AL**, a suburb of Mobile. (Since Quinn was not married, Pres Whitaker first had to obtain approval from Church Hdq.) Quinn lived in a boardinghouse across the street from the chapel, and he obtained employment at Brookley Army Airbase, where he was trained in use of up-to-date office machines. **He was there from March until the end of June 1943**, when he was drafted. He **married Dorothy Jean Goates July 2,1943** in the Salt Lake Temple, shortly after she'd returned from a **mission to Southern California**. Then, within a couple of weeks he was inducted into the Army at Fort Douglas, UT. [He reports:] The first night at Ft. Douglas, those inducted this day were all bedded on cots in a large room. The sergeant turned out the lights, but . . .continued talking . . .Most of the chatter of this large mob was profanity. I got on the floor in the dark, and said: "I'm sure glad I'm a Catholic because I've heard this vile talk and I think it comes from the new Mormon soldiers. . ." The group demanded that the lights be turned on to see who was doing this talking, and they finally made me admit it was I. All together they said they knew better, and they asked that we close this night with prayer. Everyone kneeled and asked that I give the prayer, and I consented. Thereafter they closed each day with prayer and left out the swearing and smart talk. Because of the office-machine experience gained on his job during the time he was Branch President, Quinn was assigned to the clerical division of Quartermaster Corps at Ft. Lee, VA, and he served out World War II in England. He joined the Reserves, so he also served during the Korean War, processing soldiers at Ft. Lewis, WA; just before the end of the Korean War, he received from the Church an "ecclesiastical endorsement" to be an LDS Chaplain, but he chose not to stay in the Army. **He and Dorothy served in the French-Canadian Montreal Mission from March 5, 1986 to August 7, 1987**—which is another story.

He served as Orem Stake Sunday School President in Orem, UT; Bishop's Counselor in Sharon Ward in Orem; High Councilman in each of these stakes: Orem, Orem West, Orem South, and BYU 6th, Bishop of BYU 60th Ward, Branch President at Provo MTC, Counselor to President of French Branch at Provo MTC.

His daughter, **Rozanne, served in the Edinburgh, Scotland Mission, 1969-71** (and afterwards met and married Walter Nicholes, who'd also served there). His son **Bryant served in Tokyo, Japan Mission, 1969-71** (and later served as Bishop of BYU 24th Ward). His son **Gregg served in the Auckland, New Zealand Mission, 1975-77**; (a maternal great-great-grandfather, **William Michael Bromley, served as an early Mission President in New Zealand**).

## Little Notes from a Daughter of Alma Ruben and Delilah Jane Willis Turley

*[Following is an excerpt from letter received from my Aunt Rhoda Turley Brinkerhoff for a history I was beginning about my Grandfather, Alma R. Turley, in the Fall of 1954, after my marriage in June 1953. Unfortunately, I did not finish that project, but I did later do a history of their entire family. My father, Wallace, and I believe Uncle Tillman were both on full-time missions at that time. My dad was in California; Uncle Tillman may have been in the South somewhere.]*

I am very proud to have you write and ask about Father [Alma Ruben Turley]. I tried this two years ago. I wrote to all of my brothers and sisters and asked them to give me something of Father. But Uncle Tillman was the only one who answered. I wanted to do that in December and try to do the same with Mother. But no one seemed to be interested. I know a nice book can be made. I had a copy of a paper put out from Lehi Arizona. But Aunt Leora said she sent hers to you so I won't send mine. I have a letter here in a record book of Mother's she has written so I will send it and you can take what you want and then send it back.

I think I had a very swell dad. He wasn't any hand to take part in Church or other offices, but he was a clean-minded man. I never heard him tell a dirty joke or tell a bad story. His actions were the best. He had his whole soul in raising his family. Was a hard-working man on any job he did. A very good example. I can see him in the old home sitting, with a child on his knee, singing, "Guide Us Oh Thou Great Jehovah."

He was kind to children. I can see him in front of our old fireplace with a box of corn, shelling it into his nose bags for the horses. The only time I remember him touching me was one morning when we were just ready to kneel and have family prayer. He had told me not to call Hazel, my oldest sister, a "little bugger." Well, that slipped out right then and I had a hard strike to the side of the head. I don't think I said that any more.

The morning of February 25, 1938, when my last and 10th child was born, Carma Lee, he was at my home most of the forenoon. We were then building our new home. At that time we lived in a 2-room house made of adobe. Now we have a 8-room house. Well, the evening of February 25, 1938 I went to the nurses home, Lovina Larson, to have my baby. I never saw Father after that, only in his casket. He wasn't feeling very well at this time and didn't get to see me. In three weeks he was dead. I always had trouble with my right leg after one of my babies was born so I did not feel [able] to go to the funeral.

I can see him standing by the East gate at his home. When I go by there I remember him as he stood there so much, looking around. My Father was a good man.

*Alma Ruben and Delilah Jane Willis Turley*

Mother was a grand woman. She always came to my home and would cheer me up. The last day of her life she came over and sat in the dining room and wanted to sit and talk. Before she always wanted to be doing something. She visited in all the childrens' homes that day. At the time of her death she was living across the street in my brother Charles's old home. In the evening I stood looking out of our window and she was coming from Zella's and Leora's homes. I thought when I saw her, Mother's step is getting slower all the time. That night she took her old

style lantern and went to the show, the first one we had in our little town schoolhouse, or it started then, as we have had one every Thursday night since. She just stayed a little while then left. (Why didn't one of us get up and go home with her? I don't know.) We noticed a light in her house when we came home. The next morning around 8 o'clock, after all the children had gone to school and the men off to work, Aunt Ann, Charles' wife, missed Mother. She just thought she had gotten up early and went to one of our homes. But she didn't return so she went out and looked in the room. There she lay on the bed. Ann ran over to my place. I saw her coming and she called, "Rhoda!" I said, "Ann, what is the matter?" She said, "Something is wrong with Mother."

I went over and there she lay. The door screen was locked and I gave it a jerk. It hit me on the head and I have suffered ever since then with a pain in my head. Well, Mother just lay across the bed. Gone. We could see she had been up quite a bit thru the night. Ann left to call some of the other children. I stayed there alone with her, looking at her and saying to myself, "Why, oh why didn't we do this, or why didn't we do that?" But it was too late.

Many a time since I have felt her come trotting down my path to my dining room door as she always did. Mother was a grand woman. If only I can be as well prepared to go as she was when she left. Mother never owned one piece of household things to lighten her life. No washer, no refrigerator. She finally did have water in her home and then electric lights and later an electric iron. She raised a large family, her and father. I hope we, their children, will be worthy to be with them in eternity.

Your Mother [meaning my mother, Margaret Wimmer Turley] and three children were here during the week. I did enjoy them. Your Mother is a wonderful woman. She is so happy to have her husband on a mission. She said she could stand all of it. But when sickness comes she feels like she just can't take it. But the Lord will bless her for her efforts. We are all quite well. There is plenty of work to do, now in canning season. Love, Aunt Rhoda Brinkerhoff

## FAITHFUL ARIZONA PIONEER DEPARTS THIS LIFE

**John Edwin Heward, Jr.**, born 27 Sep 1910 in Woodruff, AZ, passed away 31 Aug 2004 in Mesa, AZ. The first child of John Edwin and Hazel Turley Heward, he married Beulah Whiting 5 Apr 1934 in the Salt Lake temple. They were sweethearts in this life for 66 years, and no doubt once again rejoice in each other's company.

John and Beulah lived in several different northern Arizona communities, and since 1949, their home has been the ranch in Holbrook, AZ. Earlier he was a civic leader in Prescott. During the Second World War John distributed meat, groceries and supplies to the mines and businesses of Yavapai County. He was very involved in the Navajo County's cooperative extension service and 4-H program.

Missionary service was an important part of John's life. He served in Texas, northern Arizona, Edcuador, Mexico City and Guatemala, and was a temple worker in the Mesa Arizona LDS Temple for many years.

John is survived by 5 children, E. Marion Heward, Phoenix; Beryl Fisher, Holbrook; Loraine Vreeken, SLC; Richard, Gilbert, AZ; and Earnest, SLC; 18 grandchildren, 47 great-grandchildren, 6 great-great-grandchildren, 3 brothers and 3 sisters.

Services were held in Mesa on 3 Sep and in Holbrook on 4 Sep 2004.

**Early Pioneer Woman Had Many Interests**

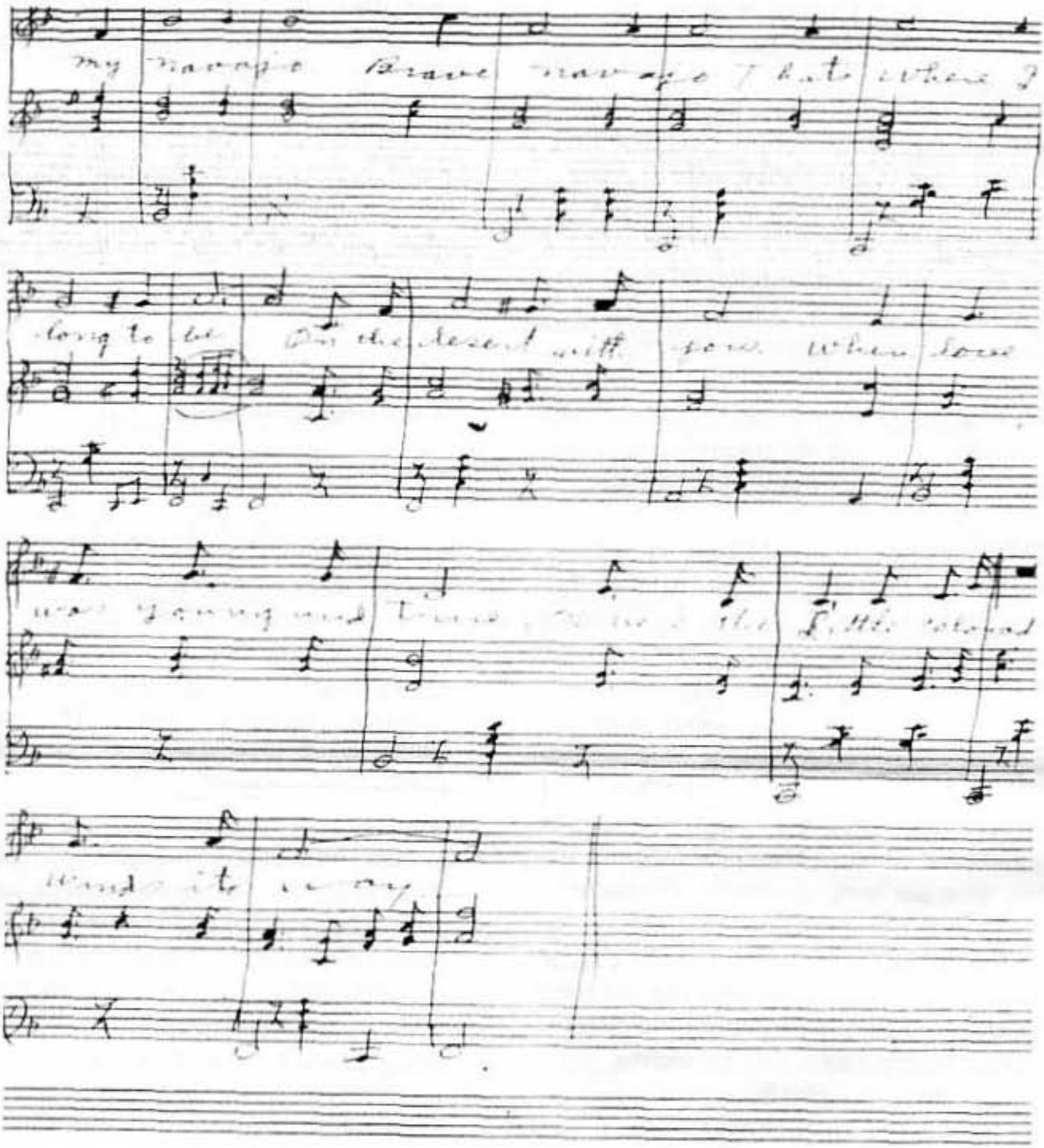
Lately I have been privileged to be re-reading some history of my Grandmother, Delilah Jane Willis Turley, wife of Alma Ruben Turley. She was a most unusual woman, living far ahead of her time with her many humanitarian interests and even romantic inclinations. I have decided to share with you a couple of her writings. One comes from a little town Newspaper, *The Mutual Advocate*, that she edited. The other is a song that she actually composed and had set to music (see next page).

This newspaper was published on September 24, 1900, in the little town of Woodruff, Arizona. Articles for the paper were gathered from several other women in the community. One item very interesting to me was "Definition of a Good Wife:"

"First, she should be like a snail, and always keep within her own house, but she should not be like a snail, and carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to, but she should not be like an echo, always needing to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keeping time with regularity, but she should not be like the town clock, to speak so loud that all in the town may hear her."

At Grandma Turley's funeral, Sister Maud DeWitt told of calling on her as a visiting teacher when she herself was just a young girl, and of how incompetent she felt to teach a woman much older and more experienced than she was. Maud said Grandma Turley encouraged her, telling that early in her marriage she was called to visit her Grandmother Stratton in Snowflake, and "thought I just couldn't do it." Grandma was called to be President of the Woodruff Relief Society in 1915 when times were difficult for many, and she bought a hundred pounds of flour and distributed it to needy families. She was full of faith, Maud said, and often helped others with Red Cross work, conservation work, or "anything in the world that needed to be done. She visited the sick and homebound . . . and [since the death of her husband eight years prior] has spent much of her time doing temple work."

Sister DeWitt further quoted from Grandma Turley's testimony: "My membership in the Relief Society has always . . . broadened my mind to live a better and more useful life, to be cheerful, honest, truthful, kind and gracious, and to have a greater love for my family, my neighbors and my associates. The time is fast approaching when our Savior will appear. I wonder if he will find us all prepared to greet him here? . . . This is a glorious time to live; we must not fear or dread. 'Tis true that trials await us but think what waits ahead. Have we, the chosen ones of God, the faith to carry on until the storms and troubles break to usher in the dawn? His words divine they do not change; God has a perfect plan."

The words of the little song that follows were composed by Grandma Turley. The mother of 13, 11 that lived, she kept her household operating in an organized manner, and never, *ever*, failed to *vote*. From the words of this little song, we can see that she was not totally consumed with her rugged pioneer life, but also appreciated her husband and her surroundings, which in her little town included dams that regularly went out, threatening starvation.

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL NOTICE

Name_____

Address_____

_____

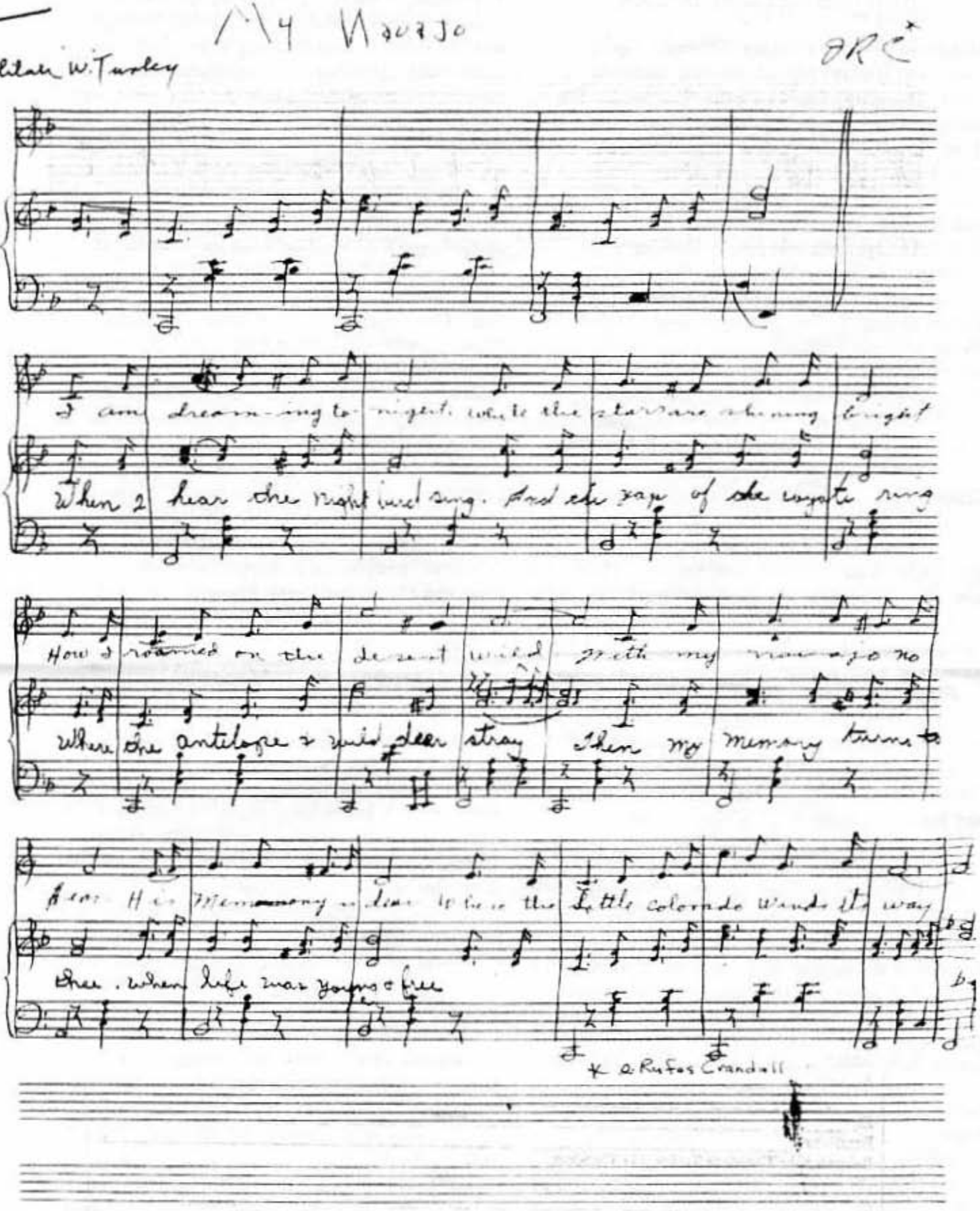
Zip_____ Phone_____

Fax/E-mail_____

Relationship/Theodore Turley (1) Theodore (2)_____

(3)_____ (4)_____

(5)_____ (6)_____

Dues for the Newsletter are $10.00 per year, payable to the Turley Family Organization, 6615 West Lupine, Glendale, AZ 85304. Please check your address label for expiration date. Remember, for newlyweds, two years for the price of one! If you know someone who would like a sample, just send us their name and address.

Delilah W. Turley
I am dream-ing to-night, while the stars are shin-ing bright
When I hear the night bird sing. And the rays of the moon ring
How I roamed on the desert wild With my mem-o-ries
Where the antelope & wild deer stray Then my memory turns to
Dear Hi Memmony dear to me is the Little colorado Winds its way
thee. when life was young & free
* a Rufus Crandall

**Notes from the Family Members**

**Mike and Brenda T. Sharp** [Norman Turley, Charles M. Turley, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Thanks for the Newsletter! We really enjoy it! **Anna Marie and Thad Turley** [Ivan Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore]. Thanks for the Newsletter. If the amount is not right, let us know. **Carwin Young and Susanne Peterson** [Phoebe T. Peterson, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Enclosed is a recent photograph. Please change our address as indicated. **Lucille Layton** [Floyd Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Please send me the family letter. The last one I got was May 1999, so the price may have changed. [Still the same, Lucille, just $10 per year for Membership and Dues. Nice to hear from you!] Thanks. **Ruth Hatch** [Jay Hatch, Josephine Turley Hatch, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore]: You show so much charity towards the Turley family folks. Your dedication to this letter is wonderful. I must get my great grandfather's family letter ready to mail. Thank you. Our family is growing up and moving on in their lives. Jay and I had four daughters. We have 12 returned missionaries, 6 married grandchildren, soon to be 7 and 8 great grandchildren. Jay passed away five years ago, 7 May 1989, just a week before our 43rd wedding anniversary. We miss him very much but know that he is pain free after 35 years with lupus. **Elaine Rogers** [Charles M. Turley, Alma R. Turley, Isaac, Theodore] Verdell and Roger are in the MTC at Provo. They are going on a mission to Ecuador. They will leave out for there in about 10 days, and they will be gone 23 months. We will miss them while they are gone. Alma is 82 years old and still does a big garden and takes care of her animals. I don't know how she does it. Each year she says she won't do it again, and then she does. Habits are hard to break. I really appreciate the histories you have done. When Arlene died and Keith's boy died, I got the book out and read the histories of Aunt Martha and Aunt Rhoda and their families. It brought back lots of memories and how our families struggled in living during the depression. I read Uncle Till and Aunt Leila's section and found out some things I didn't realize about her. We have a very special family and I'm grateful for my heritage, on both my Dad and my Mother's sides. **Anita Hallsted** [Floyd Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Thanks a lot! **Elmer Heward** [Hazel T. Heward, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] I am sending money for the Newsletter and $10 toward memorializing of Theodore and Isaac Turley. [I believe this just about pays for their memorialization.] I love the Newsletter, and it is such a great service to all of us. I deeply appreciate your talents. It helps me to appreciate my heritage, and it is bringing the family together. The days are long for me at times, but I try to be happy and upbeat. I can do many things to take care of myself. You should see me weed-eat in my golf cart! It helps me move around outside, and I can even take my great grand-children for a ride. They love it! May our Heavenly Father bless you with His kindest blessings. **Louise Peterson Lovell** [Ida Mae Turley Peterson, George Albert Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Here's my dues for the Turley Newsletter. I've sent my son Kay L. Lovell in California a list of all the missionaries of my mother, Ida Mae Turley Peterson. She has quite a few of them. He will send a copy to the Turleys in California soon. Keep up the good work! **LeRoy Wagner** [Theresa Turley Wagner, Edward Franklin Turley, Isaac and Clara, Theodore] My wife and I will enter the MTC July 5, 2004, and will be in the Mormon Battalion Visitor's Center on July 19, 2004. We will be there one year, plus extensions, depending on health, etc. I am grateful for my lineage and thank you for your hard work and dedication to the family organization. **Valerie Knettle** [Esther Turley McClellan, Isaac and Clara, Theodore Turley] Thank you for the Turley Family Newsletter. It keeps me in touch with some of my cousins. **Wanda Karges** [Floyd Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Thank you for doing the Newsletter. We enjoy reading it very much. We pray you and your husband will soon have improved health. [Thanks, Wanda] **Gerri Bingham** [Melvin Isaac Turley, Isaac and Clara, Theodore] I am so glad I got to meet you. We appreciate the Newsletter. I so enjoy it. I am sending you my father's [Melvin's] address. **Evelyn Lucy Bates Dilg** [Karl Bates, Lucy Turley, Theodore Turley Jr, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] I enjoy receiving the Newsletter, and am enclosing information to let you know where I fit in the family. [Dear Turley Cousins, etc., Please keep writing letters, which helps us to keep in touch with each other. I will try to cut out most of the notes which are personal to me; this issue is an exception, since there is extra space. EMJ]

## Autobiography of Melvin I. Turley (cont'd)

On December 21st, Saturday, I spent all day cleaning the main ditch to our property. My feet were wet most of the day. I had a sore throat. That night I had a high fever and came down with Rheumatic Fever. My parents and our local nurses gave me the best remedies they could. In March I asked for Patriarch Walser and my father to administer to me. After the blessing I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke during the night and told my mother about a dream I had. I was in a large industrial city in Mexico. I had made many friends. It was time for me to leave. Many friends went to the train station to see me off. We embraced and shed some tears and wiped our eyes as we parted.

When I awoke, Mother, who was sleeping on a cot near my bed said I had slept better than I had done for several days. I told her many details of my dream. I told her that I would soon be OK. That was the message I received from the dream. Eight or nine years later I experienced all the details of my dream. I was in Monterrey on a mission. I had been there for 16 months and had many friends and fellow members of the church. I was called to go to El Paso to work in the mission office. Many went to the train station to see me off. When I climbed the steps of the train car I looked back and saw many people drying their eyes with their white handkerchiefs.

I suddenly saw my whole dream again. It was a weird feeling to know exactly what I was going to be doing in the next few minutes as I placed my luggage on the shelf above the wooden seats of the second-class car.

Because of losing ½ a year of schooling from my illness, I had to take the 7th grade over again. During the next school year we had a "cross country long distance race" – 2 ½ miles. I wanted very much to take part in the race. I had always prided myself as being a good long distance runner, so I began to train for the race. Part of my training was to get up at about 5:00 a.m. and run progressively more each day until I was running to the top of the hill behind Uncle Ed's house, then down to the river and strip off my clothes and take a douse in the "nick" in the cold November water and swim for a few minutes then get out quickly, dry off and dress and run back home and do my chores and get my breakfast and go to school. At Thanksgiving the great race was held. There were 72 young men that ran the race, from seniors in high school to 7th graders. I came in 13th, which I was proud of.

Especially during the summer time I helped my Papa almost every day working on the farm. Sometimes I helped him with carpenter work or cement work, which he quite often did for people in town. It seemed that he always worked long hours, starting quite early and working until sundown. I always had chores to do winter and summer, there were cows to milk, pigs to feed, and chickens to feed and gather the eggs. And there was always a garden and lots of weeds to hoe and pull to feed the pigs.

ANIMALS—I had several experiences with animals while I was growing up.

At age 4 I was given the responsibility of taking our two cows to a pasture near by and watch them for at least a couple of hours while they ate grass and weeds in the pasture and along the ditch banks. Very early Papa had me hold the calves away while he milked the cows. Then when he was finished milking to put the calves back with the cows for them to suck for a few minutes, then put them back in their pen.

I remember three of our dogs, Fritz, Blackie and Prince, which were my dogs between my age of 7 and 15. I liked them for their companionship and help in driving the cows to water, and to the pasture up over the high hills. Prince was especially a good pal. I trained him to catch the ball when we played baseball in the street in front of our house. He would either catch the ball if the batter missed hitting it or would retrieve it and bring it to us.

There was no problem about playing in the street, there was very little traffic; once in a while a team and wagon would pass slowly up or down the street, a few people on horseback[, or] rarely a car would pass, there were only three or four cars in town and they traveled 15 or 20 miles an hour. I liked to have Prince tag along with me when I

had to go to the farm, about 3 1/2 miles up the river. Nearly every Saturday evening I would have to take the work team to the field to pasture on the tall Johnson grass and other forage until we were ready to bring them home to hitch up on the wagon to begin our week's work. Sometimes Sunday evening I would have to go for them to bring them home. I was especially glad to have Prince with me when I had to go catch the horses and get off my horse to put a rope on their necks to lead them back. It was quite scary to be off my horse in the late evening and hear the cry of the coyotes or occasionally the howl of a wolf up toward the "J" mountain, which was near our farm.

When I was about 16 as I went to the corral to milk the cows I found Prince twitching and jerking and going stiff, he was having a fit from having been poisoned from eating meat which one of our neighbors had put out near his home as bait laced with strychnine. Papa had showed me what to do if a dog were to be poisoned. So I ran to the house and called George to come help me; I got some salt and lard, a big spoon, a sharp knife and the axe. I ran back to Prince and cut off the ends of his ears to make him bleed, also about 1/3 of his tail, then with George's help we pried his mouth open and forced the lard mixed with lots of salt down his throat to make him vomit.

After a while he began to vomit and although he was quite sick for a few days he recovered. About two years later as I was walking home from a dance one night, I came through our lane and corral and found Prince in the last stages of a fit. I tried to save him, but it was too late. He didn't come out of the fit and died. I was very sad to lose my pal.

CATS—After we moved to Mexico we always had at least one cat around the place. They helped to control the mice and rats and sometimes even caught gofers out in the garden. Papa was so kind hearted that he was reluctant to get rid of any of the cats when they became too numerous around the place. I had one old cat that liked to follow me to the barn when I milked the cows; I taught him to squat on his back legs and sit erect while I squirted milk into his mouth, my friends thought that was pretty neat.

At one time we had too many cats. One day when our friend Rocendo Estrada and his son Adolfo, came to visit us we decided to give them our mother cat and her kitten. They lived at the far end of Colonia Cuauhtemoc about 4 miles away. They took the cats home with them and that night we had a light snow, there was about an inch of snow on the ground. When we went outside the next morning the mother cat and her kitten were on our back porch. The mother had carried her kitten all that distance in the snow to be back to what she considered home.

COWS—In Mexico we always had from two to five cows on hand. Milk and its products was a very important part of our way of living. When I was about 16 we had three cows, one of them was a large cow with very long teats and was very hard to milk and she gave a lot of milk. We had the cows in a green pasture; there was a single strand of barbed wire with large barbs in one part of the pasture. This cow walked through the strand of wire and cut one of her teats badly. We had disposed of her calf, so we couldn't let the calf take the milk from the cut teat, so we had to milk her twice a day. To do so we had to tie her two hind legs tight together. In spite of this while I was milking her she violently brought up both hind feet and kicked me and knocked the bucket of milk rolling.

I became very angry, I picked up a 2 X 4 by about 5 feet long and hit her behind the ear. She immediately fell to the stable floor as though she were dead; I thought I had killed her. I then realized that that was a terrible thing to do. I had been struggling with several serious frustrations lately and had lost my temper several times; it was getting to be a habit. I resolved then and there I was going to do whatever it took to control my temper. I found that it was not easy, when I needed control most, the pressure of the circumstances made it hard to control. I prayed and fasted and tried very hard to take control. Finally after a few months, I felt that I was finally able to control my temper under any situation. I have had many experiences since over the years when I have been thankful that I could think things through and take action without losing my temper.

HORSES—My father, in his youth, and throughout much of his life had much to do with horses. He rode the range horseback a lot when he was very young. He did heavy freighting with multiple teams hauling heavy equipment and other things to the Dos Cabezas mine, as well as doing the farming with horses. He also drove a very fast stagecoach route from Pearson to Colonia Juarez for quite a long time.

On one occasion, in the 1970s, I had quite a long conversation with President Marion G. Romney about life in the Colonies before the Exodus. He had been raised in Colonia Juarez, he was quite close to my father, although Papa was a few years older than he. In the conversation President Romney said, "Your father was the best horseman I ever knew. He could get a horse to do whatever he needed to have him do." I felt close to President Romney because he had set me apart in the Juarez Stake Presidency during the 1950s and visited with him whenever I could.

Papa used to say to me, many times, as we worked together, "You need to learn to use 'horse sense' as you work with horses, or with young people. Horse sense is a balance between love and respect and discipline. Let your horse know that you love him and respect his intelligence, then keep a tight rein, but not too tight. If the rein is too tight it will take away his initiative; if it is too loose he will become unmanageable."

. . . *Next issue, more about horses*

As soon as school was out my father decided to go to El Paso and study Chiropractic and Osteopathy under Dr. Stowe, a renowned doctor. He left the farm, which was 3 ½ miles up the river from town, and all other affairs for George and me to take care of when I was 16 and George was 13. My father arranged for us to draw credit at the town store until we could sell some of the crops we would be raising. By the middle of July we had cut and threshed the wheat that was planted, had cut and harvested one crop of alfalfa.

We had planted corn and beans where the wheat had been planted. But the fruit crop was not ready to harvest yet. The earliest fruit was some small red plums that grew on small bushes all along the canals. . .But hardly anybody ever bought the little red plums. By now our store bill was up to $80. . .

We prayed that the way would open for us to pay on our obligations. Then one day some Mennonites stopped in front of our house looking for red plums, which was their favorite fruit. I showed them some plums we had on a few bushes. They were elated, that was just what they wanted to buy, so I contracted to fill their two trucks with plums, but it would take about 3 days to pick them. I contracted all the young boys I could get and a couple of Mexican men to help pick plums. . . I also made arrangements to buy plums from the neighbors. . .

For 3 days we started early and worked until sundown. By the end of the 3rd day we filled both trucks with beautiful red plums. The Mennonites paid me over $600 pesos. After paying for the hired help and paying for a few plums I bought from the neighbors I ended up with over $300 pesos that was like a small fortune to us. We of course paid our tithing first, then the store account.

During the latter part of the year, my Grandmother Turley, who lived with us most all the years of our being in Colonia Juarez became very sick. She was diagnosed with cancer, she suffered greatly. I loved and admired her very much and spent many evenings and nights visiting her and trying to comfort her. She died about the time school let out. I graduated May 22, 1932. We had 35 graduates, one of the largest classes from JSA up to that time

At the time of my Grandma's death, my father and I learned that we would be responsible for paying off $1400 for some of her property, if we desired to stay there. This meant that I would not be able to go off to college as I had planned. I could haul rocks, dirt for laying up adobes, haul the adobes, haul sand and gravel and other work, but the most I could haul in a day would be 4 or 5 loads at $1.00 peso per wagon. So, I worked during the summer besides doing my farm work, and come fall I arranged to go to JSA for several post graduate classes. . .

I took classes from 7:30 to 11:30 each day and spent the rest of the time and Saturdays hauling. I

hauled about 600 loads, which was all that was needed. Dad agreed to help me put in several cement floors and walkways, and also some carpenter work for which we were paid at a better rate of pay and were able to pay off the balance of the account

After I finished this project I felt that it was time for me to start getting money together to go on a mission. I always planned to fill a mission. . . I worked for several months on remodeling the Academy, lowering the ceiling in the auditorium, elevating the floor at the back of the hall, redoing the stage and some other rooms. I was considered a carpenter's helper and was paid $1.00 peso per day.

Later I worked on the construction of the gymnasium at $1.50 pesos per day. I saved for my mission $275 pesos, having bought a suit of clothes in Chihuahua, a few shirts and ties, shoes, and a broad brimmed felt hat. I couldn't imagine using anything with a smaller brim; it didn't fit my country concept of a dress hat! I received my call and was to report in about 3 months. Shortly after receiving my call the work of construction played out. However, about this time my father was fined $275.00 on a labor charge. He had let a man and his family live in a small house we had at the orchard. He took pity on the man because his wife had died. They didn't have a written agreement, he didn't charge him rent, it was free, and of course he was to see that no stray animals got onto the property to damage the crops.

After about a year of this the man filed a complaint with the labor department in Casas Grandes saying that he had been caring for the farm and had not been paid for it. That was the reason for the charge of $275.00. We weren't able to appeal the charge so it was pay or go to jail. The only means we had to pay was my $275.00 saved for my mission.

Things looked very dismal. I now had neither a job nor time to earn the necessary money to leave in a little more than a month. Mother said, "Don't worry, and just trust in the Lord, He knows the solution." (*To be continued*)

## IT IS TIME

It is time -- *time to give some thought to the future of the Theodore Turley Family Organization!* Is it feasible to try to continue as an organization? Are there members who would be willing to donate some of their time for a few years to try to build it up – and keep it running. Is it enough to just try to maintain a Newsletter and keep the family informed of each other in that way? How much loyalty does each of us feel toward keeping an organization in honor of our beloved ancestor, viable? Questions like these deserve some careful thought and meaningful consideration. If you have some feelings about this subject, please share.

**Please return all correspondence and dues payments to:**

**Ella Mae Turley Judd**
**6615 West Lupine Ave.**
**Glendale, AZ 85304**
**623-412-3955**
**GfjEmjPub@aol.com**

PRSRT STD
US Postage
**PAID**
Phoenix, AZ
Permit No. 110

RENEW 10-2005 8
MARK EDWARD TURLEY
703 N SANTA FE DR
VANCOUVER WA 98661-7032

98661-7032 44