

## Lottie Brimhall Walker

I am the daughter of Noah and Lovina Brimhall. My father was born February 14, 1826, Allegany County, Pennsylvania, town of Olean—died December 9, 1918, at Mesa, Arizona. My mother was born March 31, 1844, at Newbridge, South Wales. When she was three days old her mother died. Her father gave her to his sister Mary. She lived with her till she was seven years old. Then her father married again. They were converted by the Mormon missionaries and came to Utah. She lived with her father and step mother. She crossed the ocean when she was seven years old. She married Bailey Lake when she was 14 years old. When they had been married one year her husband was killed by the Indians. When she was 16 she was married to my father, Noah Brimhall.

I was born in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, May 28, 1862. We lived there till I was three years old. Then we moved to Oxford, Idaho. My childhood days were spent as most children's are, or should be—good parents to take care of me and teach me the Gospel. I was put to work when I was very young—not hard work, just enough to teach me how to work and keep out of mischief, which I have been thankful for since I became old enough to understand. Sometimes I thought it was cruel to get me out of bed early in the morning, and would say that when I got a home of my own, I never wanted to. I got the habit of rising early, and it stayed with me all through life. Of course I retired early, and after I got old enough to read the *Doctrine and Covenants*, I learned that my parents were right, and it has been a great blessing to me, and I thank them for the wonderful training.

The most eventful thing I can remember up to the time I was eight years old: I was baptized, and the heavenly feeling I felt when the elders laid their hands on my head and conferred the Holy Ghost on me. I can testify it has always been with me and guided me through life to do the things I should do. I have always been religiously inclined and very prayerful, but not too much so. I remember my parents used tea and coffee. I had been taught it was not good for us and made my mind up that day I would never use it and wondered why they did if it was.

My parents came to Utah with the early Pioneers. They settled in Salt Lake City and lived there a number of years. My mother's first husband was killed by Indians when they had been married one year. Then she was left alone there with no children. In one year from that time she married my father. She spun yarn and wove cloth to make our clothing. There were no sewing machines in Utah then, so women did their sewing by hand. All the light they had at night was a tallow candle, and they made them. Mother sat up late at night sewing, as she had no time in the day—she had as much other work to do. But with poverty and hard work they were a happy people. They had been persecuted and driven from one place to another, and after they arrived in Utah, there was a feeling of peace and contentment. They had the Gospel to comfort them.

My parents were called from when I was 15 years old. My parents with their family were called to help settle northern Arizona. We were among the first—we were pioneering again. But it was not quite so bad as it was when they first went to Utah. We had plenty of horses and cattle to get along with, and other things we had accumulated in Utah. But the Apache Indians were bad. Mother always worried about them. One time she and I went to see some friends that lived about five miles away from the settlement. We had not been there long, a couple of hours, when a man rode up on horseback and told us the Apache Indians were on the warpath and we must get to the settlement as quickly as possible, and that we had to cross the trail and get across as quickly as we could. Mother and I got in our wagon. It didn't take us long to get home. The man stayed to help the other family into the settlement. Mother had her two youngest children with her. She sat down in the bottom of the wagon box, nearly frightened to death. I drove home. We had a new horses and a wagon and a good team. I let them go as fast as they wanted to, and

that was pretty fast. We got home all right. But the Indians killed a couple of Mormon men and drove off some cattle that belonged to the settlers. My mother was sick for a long time from the fright.