

William Albert Walker

William Albert Walker was the seventh child of John Beauchamp and Elizabeth Ann Brown Walker. He was born April 24, 1850, at Winter Quarters, Nebraska. His parents were some of the Saints that were burned out and driven out of Nauvoo, Illinois. His father set up a blacksmith shop at Kanesville, Pottowatamie County, Iowa, and repaired wagons and carts for the Saints going to Utah.

When William was two years old, his parents made the 1000 mile trek to Utah, from July 1852 to October 3, 1852. They settled in Grantsville, Utah. Here he learned about Indians, grasshoppers, crickets, building forts, farming, horses, cattle, and blacksmithing. He also felt the sorrow of death. His father died when he was only six years old and before he was a teen he had lost his younger brother, James Ephraim, and his older sister, Sarah Elizabeth, and her baby. When he was about 16, his brother John Taylor left home, and even though they asked the Indians and others of his whereabouts and followed all leads, he was never found. The Indians told him they had found his body but did not tell where they had buried him. William even went to Arizona looking for him.

When William was about 20, his mother picked up her family and moved to Swan Lake, Idaho. Here he helped farm 300 acres of land and take care of about 45 head of cattle and about 25 horses and other farm animals. His older brother, Jesse, taught him blacksmithing, which came in handy later in life.

His brother Jesse got married to Loretta Hunt, Jan 8, 1873, and they had three children before they left for Arizona.

His sister Selena married Joseph Cardon in March 1874 and had one daughter, in 1875, before they left for Arizona.

His sister Margaret Ann married Joseph Kay before they left for Arizona.

William Albert became engaged to Charlotta Brimhall before he and his mother and his brothers and sisters and their families joined Noah Brimhall's family in November 1877 to heed the call of the Church Authorities to go to help settle Arizona.

They stopped in Brigham City, Utah, and camped for the night. William and Charlotte were married at Apostle Lorenzo Snow's home and went back to camp to have their wedding supper.

William Albert was tall, with dark eyes and dark wavy hair. He had a very pleasant and loving personality and ability to take life as it came. He was kind, almost to a fault. It is said that in his blacksmithing, a friend would come for service and ask how much they owed him, and he would answer, "Oh, that's all right; it was just a little thing," and though they could have very well used the money, he could not charge for his service.

He loved the outdoors. He knew the names and habits of the birds and loved the many varieties he found in Arizona.

He owned a half-dozen guns of the best make, and he loved to take his children hunting, fishing, and camping. He was close to nature. One day he was prompted to move his horse and cart from under a large tree. Shortly after, the lightning struck down the tree.

William was an Indian scout in the early days of Arizona. The Apaches were often on the warpath, and Taylor was just a short distance from Fort Apache, so when there was an outbreak there would be a lot of killings and burnings in the vicinity of the town. One time when he was out scouting, he was sur-

rounded by Apaches. Suddenly a man appeared from nowhere and handed him a little Bible and told him to carry it over his heart and always remember its teachings, and it will be a protection to him. He kept that little Bible with him from that day on. Another time, he was shot, and indeed the Bible did protect him. The bullet lodged in the Bible's cover.

Another time, when William went from the farm to White Mountain, he camped for the night. He tied his horse and had just gotten to bed when he was prompted to get up and move. He had no more than moved when he saw Indians coming. He placed his hands over the horses noses for about two hours so that they would not whinny. He watched about 500 Indians pass. Some of them even came up and kicked the ashes of his campfire (where he had first camped). They looked around and then moved on. After they disappeared, he settled down for the rest of the night. He had trained one of the horses to never make a sound when the Indians were near.

William loved the role of a father. He was very loving and kind to his children. He loved rocking them and singing them to sleep. He read to them a lot. They enjoyed his singing and rocking, especially when they were ill.

When they left Idaho, they went to live in Taylor, Arizona, where most of his Indian stories happened. They then moved to Fruitland, New Mexico; Jewett, New Mexico; Redmesa, Colorado; and then to Provo, Utah.

William's mind had failed so that he would wander away from home, and the police would have to find him and bring him home. They finally told Lottie that he would have to be put in an institution. Lottie and her daughters decided it would be better to send him to a smaller town where he couldn't get lost. His son Walter agreed to take him back to their hometown, Redmesa, Colorado. His last days were spent in Redmesa, Colorado, in the care of his son Walter Walker. Walter hired Olive Tooley, a friend of the family's, to care for him, and he had excellent care. He died on December 27, 1927, in Redmesa, Colorado, and was buried there.

After William's death, Lottie was living in Provo at 169 East 700 North and had a severe sick spell. William appeared to her and asked her to go with him. She said that she would not, and he made the statement that if she would not go then, death would come much harder. She was 65 when he died, and at the age of 85 she had a stroke and fell, breaking her hip. Her last five months were spent in the hospital.

William is buried in Redmesa, Colorado, and his headstone was so depreciated in 1985 that his daughter Mae W. Bond bought a new headstone, and his grandson Dale W. Bond placed it on his grave.