

BETSY ELIZABETH KROLL BRADLEY

Betsy Elizabeth Kroll was born of parents Jacob and Mary Waltman Kroll in the frontier settlement of Clarence Hollow 4 July 1811. It was the settlement in the western part of Erie Co., New York at this time. She was the youngest girl of a family of 10 children: Catherine, John, Jacob, George, Samuel, Daniel, Solomon, Polly, Betsy and William.

Much is not known about Betsy's childhood, but she always said that her parents were of high Dutch descent, and not of the low, and she made a point of wanting every one to know that. The first record we have of this family is of Michael Kroll and his wife who were born about 1750 in or near Wurttemberg, a state or province of Southern Germany near the Swiss Border. They emigrated to America and were the parents of Jacob, George and Solomon. Jacob was born in 1778. He married Mary Waltman, whose parents we have reason to believe also came from Germany.

Mary was born in 1773 and after her marriage to Jacob Kroll, they made a home in Lancaster, Pa. Seven of their oldest children were born here: Catherine, John, Jacob, George, Samuel, Daniel and Solomon. Then they moved into Cumberland Co., Pa., where Betsy Elizabeth and William were born. Father Jacob lived here until his 80th year. He died 31 March 1853. Both he and his wife were buried in an old family burial plot on the Abe Reigle (and later Abe Berry) farm on the Martin Road in the town of Clarence, New York. (Inscriptions are still readable on his headstone marker, but those on Mary's marker have been away by the elements.

Betsy Elizabeth grew up here and when she was 17 years of age, she married Thomas Jefferson Bradley on ??1828. Thomas Jefferson Bradley was born 16 of March 1804 at Salem, Washington Co., New York (near the Vermont line). He had no sisters, but was blessed with 6 brothers; Sylvanue born 1798, Nathan born 1800, George born 1802, Thomas Jefferson born 1804, Pierce born 1809, George Washington born 15 Jan 1813. They were the sons of James Pierce and Abiah Richmond Bradley and all were born at Salem, Washington Co., New York.

The Bradley line came from England where it was recorded in 1183 that Roger Bradley paid taxes on 40 acres of land at Bradley. In 1563 and 1564 we hear of Sir Francis Bradley in the west Riding of Yorkshire and from where several prominent members of the Bradley clan came to America and settled at Salem, Washington Co., New York and Bridge Water, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson and Betsy made a home in Clarence, Erie Co., New York and on 15 Jan 1829 a baby girl was born. They named her Amanda. She was followed by a brother and 2 sisters: Jerome Bonapart born 3 Dec. 1830, Elizabeth born July 1832-who died a couple of days later, and Cynthis Abiah born 14 Sept. 1833.

Thomas Jefferson never saw his last little girl, for he died 5 months before she was born on 13 April 1833, leaving his young wife with practically nothing, except the responsibility of raising three lovely children. But her husband's family were good to her and helped her all they could, and the following year her husband's younger brother, George Washington, suggested to Betsy that since he cared very deeply for both her and the children that he marry her and raise his brother's children as his own. The idea appealed to Betsy and they married 2 March 1834 or 1835.

The following year Betsy and George Washington settled on some land, built a house and began a family of their own with the birth of Betsy Louise 9 Nov. 1835. The next year they moved their little family to Clarkston, Monroe Co., New York, where George W. was engaged in his occupation as a cooper, and 3 more children were born: Lydia Mary born 14 March 1837, George Henry born 23 Feb. 1840, Malinda Euphemia born 29 Feb. 1842.

It was at this time that Elder Zebedee Coltrien of the Latter-day Saints Church came to their door preaching the gospel. He came many times to the Bradley home and George W. said "What was said sounded to him like the truth." He and his family studied its principles carefully for a year and by that time had satisfied themselves that it was true. George W. and Betsy joined the church and were baptized on the 2 July 1843 by Elder John P. Green. After this event, they traveled West and lived with the Saints until they were driven west to Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Ill. Here they rented and ran one of the farms owned by the prophet Joseph Smith. Here their son, Jacob Joseph was born 14 Nov. 1843.

All of the Saints worked hard to build Nauvoo into a beautiful city and it was said that vegetables and flowers grew bigger and better here than anywhere else. They all loved the prophet Joseph Smith and all he stood for and were willing to undergo great hardship for their church, but it was hard for them to understand why other people should want to persecute them because of their belief, for after all, they were United States citizens with rights and privileges too, or so they thought until Joseph Smith sought relief from the government in behalf of his people and was told they were sorry but nothing could be done for them.

Things reached the climax, when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were martyred, and the Bradleys along with many others wept, when they saw Dr. Richards return with their murdered leaders. They wept again at the mansion house, where they saw the prophet lying in his casket and saw the wife and son of Hyrum Smith kneeling by his casket silently weeping.

After this event, conditions in Nauvoo became unbearable. Women and children were molested, food and clothing became scarce, homes were burned to the ground. Their lives were in peril and there was no let up or peace for any of them. On the 11 June 1845, frail little Jacob Joseph died and by November of that same year things got so unbearable that the Bradleys, along with other families, packed what they could into wagons, and began moving across the river into Iowa. Many wagons were ferried across the river, but by Feb. 1846 weather was cold and ice was thick enough to hold up a team and wagon. The Bradleys traveled around Iowa and made a camp at Pottawattamee. Here on 22 Aug 1846 Betsy gave birth to a baby girl, whom they named Levina, but she died the following month. Betsy grieved for her lost children. If there had only been more food, perhaps they could have lived. But their father describes their plight in his own words, when he said, "I revert to the times of Nauvoo, its seasons of hard times, scant clothing, scantiest provisions, the one half bushel of meal in 3 weeks for a family of 9, thankful for wild greens we could gather, a standing sickness mounting guard over my own home and friends, finally leaving my unfinished home for the mob."

Their camp across the river in low, marshy land, "Misery bottom" it was called, and well named it was, for it was winter and people were living in tents and wagons

boxes with neither fuel, shelter or clothing enough to keep them warm. Then one morning Betsy looked at her oldest daughter, Amanda, who was now 17 and was horrified to see the sores of the deadly black canker forming all over her body. People were dying of it every day and plain lumber coffins could hardly be made fast enough to supply the demand, and men were so weak from diarrhea and lack of food, they were scarcely able to dig the freezing ground to bury their dead.

Amanda became delirious with chills and fever, and the sores of black canker became as large as fifty cent pieces. Then one day an old lady came to their wagon. She said, "Sister Betsy, I think I have something that will cure your daughter," and she went to her own wagon and brought back a bottle of reddish-brown medicine. It looked about like catsup. She said, "Give the girl a spoonful of this 3 times a day, and I will tell you how to make it so when it is gone, you can get the ingredients and you can make some more." Then she blessed the family and left. Betsy gave her daughter the medicine and in a few days the big sores went away and Amanda got well. But she never forgot the little old Lady nor her recipe for making canker medicine. She vowed she would do unto others as she had been done by, and to the end of her days she and her family made canker medicine for others.

When spring broke and they were able to travel, they moved with the other Saints to Winter Quarters in Nebraska. Here they were able to build a more permanent shelter and plant some wheat, mend their wagons and prepare for the long journey ahead, and on the 3 of July 1847 Betsy gave birth to another baby boy, whom they named Hyrum Moroni, after the brother of the prophet and the Angel Moroni of Book of Mormon Fame.

When it came time to choose those who were to make the first trip West with Brigham Young, all could not go who wanted to and after the men for the Mormon Battalion left, the male population was thinned considerably, so that about that were left were men with large dependant families, sick men, old men or young boys. But they were assigned to some labor and worked diligently until Brigham Young and those of the 1st company returned to lead them to Zion in 1848. Each family was required to so many pounds of flour, blankets, warm clothing, etc. before they could leave. Betsy also crowded her spinning wheel into the wagon.

When the companies were organized, the Bradley family was assigned to the first Brigham Young Company, 3rd division with Captain Lorenzo Snow in charge of their group of 100, and Daniel Russell over their group of 10 wagons. They were members of the Big Co. as they called it, and many incidents, both funny and sad, happened to them and were repeated many times to their grand children, but no written record was ever made of them because they did not think them important at the time. So what we know has been handed down by word of mouth or through descriptions by Isaac Morley and others, who kept a record of their travels. Suffice it to say that the whole Bradley family took turns walking almost all of the way across the plains.

Both she and her mother suffered intensely and fought for their breath as the wagons lunged forward and huge rolling clouds of dust settled in their asthma choked lungs. (This must be out of order) They passed many large herds of wild buffalo, and the meat from some of these animals found its way into many a pot of stew, giving strength to the weary travelers. Daniel B. Funk and his family were friends of the Bradley family

and came in the same company. They helped each other over the bad places and often visited with other divisions of this big company, when they camped within a few miles of each other.

They arrived in Salt Lake City the 15 or 22 Sep. 1848. George W. said, "We moved out wagons about 6 miles North of Salt Lake. Built a log home near some springs. Afterward a settlement was established there called the Willow Settlement". Daniel Funk and Edwin Pace and family also settled here at the same time as the Bradleys, and both families staked out 50 acres of land and began building their log houses on the 16 of Sep. This district is now included in the So. Bountiful Ward, and 8 other families came and spent the winter near them, but these were the very first families to settle there.

In the spring of 1849 they built another cabin about a half mile West of the first one, and planted 4 acres of corn (Ref. Andrew Jensen), then moved into Salt Lake where they built another home. There was an old mud fort, some log houses and miles of desolate sage brush and saleratus stretching in every direction, but they said even this was better than the terror of Nauvoo, and what they did, the sacrifice they had made and all "Were for God and His cause, and that was enough."

They became the owners of one of the first teams of horses in the Salt Lake Valley and were very proud of them. One Sunday they had driven them to church, unhitched them, as they usually did and put them to feed on wild hay they had brought along. But instead of feeding, one big sorrel followed the family to the church door and kept nuzzling them, when they tried to take him back. So the good brethren standing at the door said jokingly, "Brother Bradley, I think this horse wants a blessing." So they blessed it and took it back to feed, And when they came out of the church, they found the horse dead. So before they could take the wagon back home they had to find and buy another horse.

George W. had drawn 20 acres of land in the big field on 9th South and on the 27 Sep. shortly after he had arrived and was busy with this and his new home. Willard Richards, who had raised some small potatoes, gave them a few of the peelings for seed to plant in their garden. They felt very thankful for this favor and thought themselves very blessed to have such good friends.

Then in June Apostle Lorenzo Snow came and ask him and Daniel Funk to go to the Green River and ferry the gold rush immigrants across the river for some extra cash. The idea appealed to them so they built one boat and took plenty of supplies, then built another boat after they got there. These being the first boats used on the river, they had an idea they were going to make a lot of money, but they had many troubles, for they could not trust many of the gold rushers. Some times they took turns guarding their property day and night. But when one ruthless bunch of out laws came along, they were forced at gun point to turn over all of their belongings to them. However, when the thieves fell out and fought, one with another, some were drowned and some were killed, and Bradley and Funk fortunately got all their property back. By natural habit, Daniel Funk, was always early to bed and early to rise. He was always up about 4 a.m. After a hard day's work he was tired and could not hold his eyes open, so he went to bed early, slept very soundly and was hard to awaken. So it was agreed that Daniel would run the first boat in the morning and George would run the last boat at night, count and divide the day's receipts and put Daniel's share in his pocket. George often ask him to recount the

money, but he always declined and said it was not necessary. He said he knew by experience George's sterling qualities of fairness and honesty and he knew he never needed to worry about being cheated. They handled the ferry trade till it fell off, about the middle of August, and came home with \$500.00 each for their summer's work.. They immediately paid one tenth of this for tithing, then Bradley bought a fine team of horses, but a short time later, when Pres. Brigham Young came to him and said he was in need of the team, Bradley immediately gave them to him.

In the mean time, Betsy had given birth to another baby boy. The event took place in a wagon, but near the tithing yard on Temple Square 10 Aug. 1849. The child had lots of beautiful red hair, but was very frail and weak, in fact, they did not think he was going to live. So after George W. had come home and the child 6 weeks old and still sickly, John A. Smith ordained him a High Priest and then gave him the name of Amos Alma. The baby had more strength than they thought, he lived to earn membership in all of the lower quorums of the church, Deacon, Teacher and Elder and was 73 years, when he died.

When the terrible plague of crickets came and ate up almost all of their grain, when frosts came early and food stuffs were rationed out to all families, the Bradleys with their large family had had trouble along with all of the other hungry people. They were forced to dig sego lily and thistle roots to get enough to eat. But however hungry they became, their minds were still alert and their hearts were still happy and full of thanks to God for their many blessings.

Amanda's dashing young sweetheart, Daniel Henrie, had just returned from the long Battalion march. He had been at Sutter's Hill, when gold was discovered there, and had brought many of the costly nuggets back to Utah with him. Romance was in the air and wedding bells began to ring. Amanda was now 20 years and Daniel was 24 years. They were married by Pres. Brigham Young in the Endowment House, 29 Oct 1849 and celebrated afterward at the Bradley home. Daniel presented his wife with a full dinner set of pink and white garden scenery Longport China for a wedding present, and it was considered quite a wonderful and generous gift for those days.

Young Cynthia Abiah, who was keeping company with young Isaac Morley, Jr. was almost sorry it wasn't her wedding. Maybe she would have gotten a beautiful gift like this and been able to move into a nice new log house on a nice farm in Bountiful like Amanda. But no such luck. The house they lived in had already been sold. George W. had also sold the 20 acres he drew in the big field for a span of mules to go with their one horse and oxen and cows and nearly all of their belongings had been packed and made ready for the big trip of about 140 miles South, where they were being sent to help settle Sanpete Co. at the place now called Manti.

It had all come about at this last October Conference, when Brigham Young had chosen 50 families to settle Sanpete Valley, under command of Pres. Isaac Morley. About 30 families and 40 wagons left Salt Lake 28 Oct. 1849. But the Bradley's had a good span of strong mules and soon caught up with the company. It could not travel too fast for many of the oxen and cows, belonging to these people, were poor. The trip was also of necessity slowed down, when bridges had to be built over ravines, streams and wash-outs. Provo was just a very small settlement then, but they spent 3 days resting their cattle, increasing their supplies and providing themselves with friendly Indian guides. Chief Walker, himself, headed this group, for he was very friendly with the

pioneers then and wanted them to settle on his land. He even went so far as to deed it to Pres. Brigham Young and the church. The company had great trouble with water and mud holes near Lehi and Santaquin and time was consumed, when they stopped in Nephi of Salt Lake Creek Canyon and mined and boiled down salt for the future use of the settlement.

They made additionnal camps at the big spring North West of Fountain Green and also on the banks of the Sanpitch River at Moroni, forded the river and came upon the boggy swamp land near Chester. Here the wagons slipped, swayed and stuck in the black, silimy mud of the marshy land. Ropes were tied to them and men helped the animals to pull the loads, while wives and children crouched in the bottom of the unsteady swaying wagons, expecting to be pitched out among the croaking frogs, wigglers and blood suckers or leaches at any minute. These same ropes had been used often before to help them over steep places, boulders and mud holes. Their last camp was about where Ephriam now is, and then they went on to the place that had been chosen by the church authorities as a suitable place of settlement by the Saints. Generally speaking, it had been a very hard trip and it had taken them about 2 weeks. They pulled their wagons into a circle and made camp along the banks of City Creek on the evening 22 Nov. 1849.

The next morning it began to snow, so it was decided by Pres. Isaac Morley and his counselors, Charles Shumway and Seth Taft, that the South side of Temple Hill would give more protection from the North wind, afford dugout shelters and absorb more sun heat, so the camp site was moved.

Brother Seth Taft had raced ahead of the main party and started building his log house, when the others arrived, but the Bradley home was the second log cabin built in Manti. The wedding of Cynthia Abiah and young Isaac Morley, Jr. was the second wedding performed in the settlement and her brother's body was the first laid to rest in the Manti City Cemetery, although his was the 3rd death.

Behind these 2 events lie much of Manti's early history. Its deep snow, food supply, Indian trouble, sickness and misery of many kinds. They are written on history pages and in George W.'s own words to the Manti Sentinel than I could ever describe them here. Suffice it here to just touch the high lights of this story, and say that young Jerome Bradley was almost 21 years old, had a steady girl and was engaged to be married, when he volunteered to take his father's two teams and wagons and head a party returning to Salt Lake for badly needed supplies for the settlement.

He visited his sister and brother-in-law, Amanda and Daniel Henrie, at Bountiful and was persuaded by Amanda, too let them return with him to her folks for a visit. She said it would be sort of a delayed honeymoon trip. Indian trouble delayed them 2 weeks at Provo, so the friendly Chief Walker sent his brother, Titanaw and another friendly Indian along as their guides. They were caught in a terrific snow storm in Salt Creek Canyon. It snowed everyday for 3 weeks and snow was above the willows along the creek and at least 4 feet deep on the level in the valley.

All but one team (the Hart) and wagon, whose horses were strong and continued on through, were trapped till the following March. Amanda, Jerome, Daniel and the other teamsters lived on the corn meal supplies in their wagon for as long as they could, and when a sick Indian came to their camp, they shared their food and nursed him back and to health. He paid them back by saving their lives, when other Indians would have

murdered and scalped them. The Indian guide, Tabanaw, and Augustus Dodge finally set out to take the word of their desperate plight to their families. They wrapped their legs with sacks and wrapped up as best they could and set out. The Indian made it to the outskirts of Manti, where he was found and delivered his message, but Dodge was left by an old oak tree West of Ephriam. He was completely exhausted and was found by a rescue party, more dead than alive.

An expedition headed by George W. Bradley and Daniel Funk supplied with hand sleds, blankets and snow shoes, which Indian Chief Walker had showed them how to make, brought the party out of the canyon in a very weakened condition, and due to exposure and privations suffered on this trip, Jerome Bradley contracted pneumonia, a sickness from which he never fully recovered. He died 16 July 1851, just 3 weeks before his wedding date, and since he had many friends among the Indians, many of them joined with his white friends in mourning at the funeral and followed the cortage to the Cemetery and acted as though they felt very bad.

Daniel returned to Bountiful to plant his crops. Amanda visited for a while longer, while her mother helped her make baby clothes, then she returned to Bountiful, where she gave birth to her first child, Mary Amanda 4 Sep. 1850. All that first horrible winter of 1849-1850 death had lurked, not only for their loved ones, who had been trapped in the canyon, but for all of the people of the Manti Settlement. Over 700 hungry Indians were camped just East of the settlement and when one of George W's cows died in the night from starvation, it was consumed on the spot by the Indians, who never even left so much as a piece of the intestine of the critter, and even carted the bones away for food. They seemed friendly as long as they were fed, and George W. fed them well, for out of all the livestock he had acquired, he had only 2 yoke of cattle and a horse and cow left by spring.

But this was not enough, the Indians wanted more and more. They held scalp dances and beat the Indian drums all night, keeping the settlers very worried and upset. Because of a slight he imagined he received from Brigham Young, old Chief Walker became very angry. He had always been very friendly, but now he suddenly reversed himself and decided to massacre all of the men settlers and take their women and children as hostages and steal or burn all of their possessions. Chief Arapene and Amon tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but they could not. George W. spoke the Indian language fluently. He had learned it from the Indian boy, Amon, who lived part of the winter with them. So he and James S. Allred were called by Pres. Morley to go the Indians on a special peace making mission. It was an especially dangerous assignment, and one of the chiefs, by the name of Batiste, incited other Indians to seek their scalps. Their past treatment of the Indians alone saved their lives, for which they were very grateful.

When spring began to break, the hissing rattle snakes came crawling out of their holes, and over 500 were killed in one night. Their circumstance became so bad that some men volunteered to walk all the way back to Salt Lake to tell Pres. Young of their plight. He immediately sent help and some much needed supplies for which they were very grateful.

Momentarily their thoughts were diverted from their Indian troubles, but only momentarily, for this was something they lived with day and night. Since Daniel Henrie spoke the Indian language fluently and had many friends among them, Pres. Young

thought perhaps he might be an instrument of peace as well as an asset to the growing settlement, so he was called upon by the church officials to go on a mission to Manti and do what he could for peace and welfare. So they sold out and moved to Manti, and Amanda was very happy that her lot had been cast with that of her own people. The Bradleys lived in their log house for 2 ½ years, then moved to a new location in Manti, and with all the other settlers, had to take protection from the Indians inside of the fort. It became very dangerous for any man to work alone very far from help, but George W. and Daniel Funk succeeded in cutting enough shingles to cover the roof of the council house and were treated very royally and paid very well for their labor, when they brought them to Salt Lake and presented them to Pres. Young.

One day while Betsy and young Hyrum Moroni, were out gathering chips for the fire, the child suddenly became very excited and pointed his little finger toward the stone quarry, or the brow of Temple Hill. It was said he saw strange shining personage appeared and the innocent child had been allowed to see it because of his name, but when little Hyrum Moroni's mother asked him if it was an Indian he had seen, he said, "No, it was the Lord." And almost 38 years afterward, when the Manti Temple was completed, it was related that at the dedication the same personage as had been described appeared in the East wing of the temple, almost on the same spot as was designated by the child.

In 1851 George W., Daniel Henrie, Isaac Morley and others were asked by Brigham Young to accompany his party into Iron Co. for an exploratory trip, and they all came back with the knowledge that much wealth would some day be taken from this part of the state. On 7 April 1851 Betsy gave birth to another baby boy, Zephaniah Richard. Recently the church authorities had been giving a lot of thought to Brother Heywood's settlement at Salt Creek, or Nephi, as it was to be known. Plans had been formulated on the recent trip South with Pres. Young and his party, and plans were now under way for this new move. They established a new home in Nephi settlement, and George W. was called to work conjointly with Pres. Joseph Heywood, and became his first counselor. Bro Miller became the 2nd counselor 7 Feb. 1852.

Several log houses had be erected, when the settlement was first laid out, but Betsy did not want to live in any of them. She wanted something better this time, so the men folk hauled logs and had them sawed into lumber at the mill in Manti, then hauled them back to Nephi and built a good sized home, one and one half stories high. It was the first lumber home and house of any good size in Nephi.

George W. was named as commander of the military post here, ranking as Major, and helped them get a charter from the legislature for their town. He also became probate judge of Juab Co. and had served in this capacity for 6 years, when he was once more called by Pres. Brigham Young for a special mission, namely the founding of a new settlement about 23 miles South East of Nephi on the banks of the Sanpitch River in Sanpete Valley. The name was to be Moroni after the Book of Mormon prophet. George W. Bradley was set apart as Bishop and Pres. of this new settlement on the 14 July 1859 by George A. Smith and Bishop Warren Snow and he acted in this capacity for 18 years. George Albert Smith was an especially good friend of the Bradleys and they had many good things to say about his fine virtues. Betsy especially liked to talk of some of the wonderful things he did. She also talked a lot about John Smith.

At Nephi 3 Feb. 1855 Betsy gave birth to their youngest child, a girl, whom they named Sylvia. By this time Louisa had married Abner Lowery, George H. had married Elizabeth Love and Malinda had married James Woolf. On March 15 1859 Moroni was settled by George Washington Bradley, George Henry Bradley, his son, Isaac Morley and J. Woolf, both sons-in-law, and H. Gustin, Niels Cummings, Joseph Shepherd and N. L. Christensen. Christensen took his wives with him and they were the first women to live in the settlement. They shoveled snow for 3 days in Salt Creek Canyon in order to clear a possible road here and there over the divide so they could reach their destination. The town was located almost in the exact center of Utah and some of the settlers made shelters by digging dugouts along the bank of the Sanpitch River. Others began building log and adobe houses. Isaac Morley built the first log house in the Settlement and George W.'s was one of the very first, if not the first adobe house to be built.

They planted gardens and built a meeting house and thought things were going along fine. It started to rain and high waters rolled down the Sanpitch River and flooded every body out, washed their crops away, and soaked the adobes, weakened the walls and supports of their meeting house to such an extent that it fell down one night, after a lot of people had spent the evening there. In 1860 Pres. Young and Heber C. Kimball came down and surveyed the damages and condemned the place as a townsite and told the settlers to move to higher ground, so they did. They had to dig up all of their improvements and move on to the hills to the North East of their present location, where a town site was again laid out, one mile square with blocks containing 5 acres each.

Until they could dig a well, the Bradleys had to haul their drinking water from Silver Creek, which was about a quarter of a mile straight West of their home. Sometimes they would take their dirty clothes down there and wash them, but mostly they would take the old wooden wash board George W. had made, and do their washing in the Sanpitch River, if the water was clear, because it was closer and wasn't far from the garden the Bradleys had planted in the South field, a block and a half South of their home. The Bradleys always gave jobs to the Indians, whenever they could and paid them well for their work. They found it promoted a good feeling toward them on the part of the Indians and helped keep the peace, for George W. was a peace maker. Betsy always had an Indian girl to help her wash clothes, which was done on the smooth, flat stones at the water's edge of the Sanpitch River, and one day as the girl was busily engaged rubbing the clothes, a young Indian boy came up behind her and demanded that she steal some of the vegetables for him from the near-by Bradley garden. She said she would not do it, where upon he grabbed her and the clothes and threw them into the river. Betsy, who was bringing more clothes down to be washed, was only a short distance away, but since the young buck had his back to her, he had not noticed her approach until she yelled and started after him.

Betsy always carried a pistol in her skirt pocket, when she was dealing with the Indians, or going about anywhere alone, and she was so mad at this Indian for what he had just done to her clothes and the Indian girl, that she said she believed she would have killed him if she could have gotten at him. But he did not give her a chance. He ran North, with the speed of a deer, then turned East and was still running East on the main road, when Bishop Bradley came along in his surrey bringing Brigham Young and some of the other church visitors back home from conference at Manti. Bradley stopped his

team and asked the young buck what in the world was the matter, but all he could get out of him was, "Mean white squaw kill with pooch gun (little gun).

Betsy always kept a supply of Indian trinkets and loose beads on hand and after the Indian girls and squaws had done some job or piece of work for her, she would let them choose something out of a box of articles that she kept for that purpose, or else she would give them beads to work with. She would let them sit anytime, sometimes all day long on her big long front porch or out along the banks of the rushing water of the big new city ditch that had lately been dug just to the East of their lot. Here they would sit and sew beads on gloves, dresses or moccasins by the hour. They would use sinue, mostly, but sometimes Betsy would give them a piece of cloth to unravel and they used this for thread. Sometimes they washed windows or carried water for a tie apron or vegetables.

Many Indians always visited the Bradley home, but among those most feared was "Green Blanket." He rode a sorrel horse, had a dog he lassoed one of Betsy's grandchildren, He caught her by the one arm in the loop of the rope and was pulling her toward him, when Betsy rescued her. He said, "Indian come to scare kids." He would push his way inside the house anytime he liked, if the door was not locked, and he would carry off anything that took his fancy. And more than once, Betsy chased him away from the place with the stove poker, but if she was ever afraid, she never let him know it. Sometimes he would come there at night, when George W. was home. He would curl up in his blanket on the floor before the kitchen fire place and go to sleep, and Betsy would be all for sending him on his way, but George W. would say, "No, let him stay." And George would sleep on the couch in the same room with him all night. But he could never be trusted and was generally known to be mean. One day he almost killed Villa Draper because she pushed him over. He had sneaked quietly through the door and up behind her, while she was down on her knees scrubbing. When her sister saw him and screamed, she jumped up, whirled around and with both hands gave him a push in his middle. He fell down and became very angry and would have killed her had not the girl's screams attracted their father working in the mill, near by. He came running and placated the Indian by giving him 6 fat hens. The mother was very angry that her hens were given away, but the father said 6 hens were nothing by the side of his daughter's life.

Green Blanket caused the Saints no end of trouble. He would steal their cattle and carry off anything that was left loose. He often came for a drink at the Bradley well, after it was dug, and Betsy always made him feel that he was welcome to do this, but the grandchildren were frightened to death of him and were warned to stay out of his sight. Betsy took precaution to see that the tin drinking cup remained at the well too, by having it fastened to a long, thin chain. She also tried to keep other things locked up and not lying around. One night while spinning was going on in front of the fire place by the "bitch light" of a burning rag in a can of grease, a rap came at the window and a man's voice said, "Douse the light quick. Old Green Blanket had just been killed, and as soon as the other Indians find out they will be on the war path. See that all of your kids are in bed and don't let them know what has happened. We are digging a hole to put him in out on Squaw Hill, so keep your light out, but prepare for the worst. I'll go to warn the others." Word somehow got to the Indians later that Green Blanket had been killed over

by Nephi, but they could not find out who killed him or where he was buried, so the settlers were saved from vengeance on that occasion.

In March of 1863 the county seat of Sanpete County was moved to Moroni, and George W. was appointed the probate judge, but the office was moved back to Manti the following year, 1864, and the office was given to W. F. Maylett. Shortly after this, Bishop Bradley built a grist mill, no people did not have to travel so far to get their grain milled, and his boys built a saw mill up Maple Canyon and people would haul their logs there to be saved into lengths and rough lumber. The people built another meeting house up on the city lot and included a big stage so home talent could put on plays and programs, and they made the floor of the main hall as smooth and slick as possible, so dances could be held when the occasion permitted. One of the things Bishop and Betsy said they were most grateful and thankful for was that their church believed in developing talent and seeking relaxation in song and dance.

The people needed to have a bit of pleasure once in a while, for frozen crops, grasshopper pests, and the ever present Indian trouble were enough to try the soul of the bravest of them. The men took turns on guard duty and many times morning found them still following or fighting Indian raiders, and many a time Betsy and granddaughter Myra Henrie, who was visiting her from Manti, would make and serve hot soda biscuits to the tired men as they came home from the chase or training maneuvers at the point of the mountain. The people had asked the government to send them some military men to help them, but the answer was that they should help themselves as the military men were only there to protect the mill route. So the people chose George W. Bradley as president and he appointed Warren Snow as general with Albright as colonel, and they organized a county organization known as the "Minute Men". This organization was very active in helping to combat their troubles and reduce their cattle losses.

On the 7th of 1865, Brigham Young came to Moroni and stayed at the Bradley home until the 19th. The Indians were really on the rampage and the Black Hawk War had started. Pres. Young studied the fighting situation, met with the people and advised them to build a fort which they did, and when conditions got completely out of control, a couple of years later, people from Wales, Fountain Green and Chester all came and took refuge here. In the meantime, several things of importance had happened in 1866. First, an epidemic of diphtheria had caused the death of their little daughter, Sylvia. Second, the high waters rolled down the Sanpitch River again, completely flooding and ruining many crops. In fact, the water was so high that a ferry boat was put in use on the river 27 May 1866. The 3rd important event was the incorporation of Moroni as a city.

In 1868 George W. had a chance to go East and since he wanted to make an effort to bring his family into the church, he chose Peter Swensen to act in his stead as Bishop with J. C. Nielsen (or Nelson) as his 1st counselor. The trip was long and tiresome, even by train. Betsy stayed home and took care of the family and their new house. This house was for many years the very nicest house in Moroni. It was built just across the road from the site designated to the new tabernacle. It was built out of adobe, then plastered or stuccoed on the outside. It started with just one room with a fireplace inside the fort, but before long there had been added a big room and 3 bedrooms on the main floor. There was also a third story or upstairs with one big room and several unfinished bedrooms.

The living room was completely covered with red woven carpet, or it gave the effect of being red since red carpet warp was used in weaving, and many dyed red rags were used in the roof. Her furniture was a good deal better than anyone else had, for George W. had made much of it, and since he worked at coopering, he was very handy in working with wood.

Betsy was short of stature, neat and good looking with blue eyes and brown hair. As she grew older, she became rather plump. She was quick, clean, orderly and outspoken. And at times was said to have a sharp tongue. She was very truthful, and didn't mind telling you to your face, just what she thought of you, whether you liked it or not. She laughed often, was a good mixer and very friendly with townspeople and neighbors. She was accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed. She always had a hired girl and extra help for special occasions. She paid them well, but she expected them to start work at 8 a.m. work late and keep busy all of the time. She gave them all they wanted to eat, rest periods in which she taught them how to crochet and knit, and a nice place to sleep. Few could afford to pay for a girl at all in those days. But Betsy always paid \$1.00 per week and sometimes more.

Sometimes Betsy became a little grumpy over all of her problems and was inclined to "spout off". In fact, on several occasions, she told her husband that Moroni was "A hell of a place he had brought her to and she did not like it one little bit." But when things went well, she was happy and kind to the poor, sick and needy. She could tell you what herbs to use for your troubles, and she was always giving a dose of sage tea, bitter alone or sulphur and molasses to some member of her family.

She was at her best when she was cleaning and bandaging cuts and sores or wounds of any kind. She did not leave her home much, but if the mid-wife or anyone else needed her help with the sick, she was always glad to go. She would sit up with them through the night and sometimes, when a death occurred, she would help lay out and dress the body. In case of death, people always came to grandma Betsy to borrow her sheets for their dead to be laid out in, whether she was in attendance or not. She kept them so clean and white, and she hired Jeanette and Eliza Harvy to keep them smoothly ironed for her. This, and the fact that there were few, if any, other bleached sheets in town at the time, made hers very desirable.

She used to have some huge, black iron kettles that she made her own soap in. She used saleratus she had gathered from the ground with a teaspoon, and water off wood ashes that had been allowed to settle in a big rain barrel, and scrap fat and grease. These ingredients were boiled together outside over an open fire till the mixture turned into thick, yellow soap. Then it was strained through a wire screen into a wooden tub or mold till it hardened. Then it was cut into oblong bars and allowed to dry. Her laundry would have cost a fortune, if she had not had her own supply of soap, for she had so much bed and table linens from company. The hired girls rubbed all these things on the wooden board till they were clean, then carried them to the line in two huge Indian baskets, where they were hung in the sun to dry.

Sometime during the process, Betsy was sure to call out, "Now Quilla, don't let the lace on the pillow slips hang downward while you are rubbing, for I don't want the grime and dirty water running into the lace. So if they did, they never let her catch them at it. Betsy used to have a great of trouble with her legs and feet, and would lay awake for hours changing cold cloths on them or rubbing them, and especially was this true in

her later years. So she spent much of her time in her rocking chair with a little, Black shawl doubled cross ways around her shoulders, a white, gathered lace trimmed apron tied around her middle and sometimes a little, white, lace trimmed dust cap on her head. She rocked and knitted, patched, darned and called orders to the girls in the kitchen, her children and grandchildren, and she enjoyed any neighbors or callers who happened to drop in with news, gossip or perhaps a new recipe.

Betsy made very good squash pie and molasses bread, and she always exchanged live yeast with her neighbors so she would have fresh start for her white potato bread. They fed a lot of cows, pigs and chickens, and had several hives of honey bees. So they raised much of their own food. They got molasses from Manti and Dixie and she had sugar to use when noone else did. She always said that idleness was a tool of the devil, so her hands were always busy, and she earned a good deal of pin money selling stockings, she had knit, lace she had crocheted or canker medicine she had made.

George W. was in the East 2 years and when he returned he was successful in persuading his brother to come out West with him. And while here, he helped Betsy realize one of her fondest dreams, by helping to build a nice big kitchen and pantry out of lumber to the West side of the main structure. The floor was on a level with that of the living room, so she did not have to go up and down stairs so much. She loved to sit up here in her rocking chair, while the hired help usually stayed in the downstairs kitchen till bed time. George W. and Betsy both tried their best to get his brother to join the Latter-day Saints Church, but he never would. He said he was satisfied as he was, but he loved to sit in the downstairs kitchen by the lamp light and talk to Quilla, the hired girl, after her work was done. Betsy did not like this very much. She would get quite curious as to just what they were doing and saying and finally, when she couldn't stand it any longer, she would call down and say, "Quilla, bring that lamp up here. Do you think I can afford to burn lamps just for you to sit down there and talk to your young men friends? Come up here and speak a piece for me or sing me a song."

It seemed she always liked people around her, or she became fidgety and wondered what was going on. Her son, Zeff, was always teasing his mother and was always countermanding her orders. It seemed he had a way with her and could do about as he wished. Once when Quilla was churning the butter for a big event, Betsy said "Now Quilla, don't you wash that butter, for that will take the rosy taste away from it and I want it to be especially good this time. So just work the buttermilk out of it good and mold it." Quilla had been taught that butter should always be washed and she wanted to rinse it 3 times with cold water, salt it and work it up like she had been taught to do. Zeff was sitting there listening and after his mother had gone he said, "Quilla, if you want to wash that butter, go ahead and do it the way you want to and let's see if she can tell the difference." So she did. She washed it and worked it good and salted it. After she had molded it she decorated the top with a sort of laurel wreath pattern made by deftly drawing and pushing the paddle here and there, and when Betsy tasted the butter, she said, "Well now, isn't that fine butter? You'd have ruined it sure if you had washed it.". When their cows went dry and they had to buy butter, or it was bought in as tithing payments, she always used to want to know who chumed it and how it was taken care of.

Betsy had the only flour sifter in Moroni for a while, and she liked her salt risen bread better than the new yeast bread she made. She always had 2 big 5 gallon cans of water heating on the stove so there would be plenty of hot dish water and for washing

before meals. And never did a breakfast go by, that they did not have hot soda (made from Saleratus) and sour buttermilk biscuits. She would always have 2 or 3 gallons of buttermilk set aside for 2 or 3 days to ripen, and these ingredients added to flour and a little salt, turned out delicious biscuits. However, some times she would serve sour dough pan cakes, which she made equally well. Both were said to melt in your mouth. Besides this, there would be plenty of bacon and eggs, potatoes cooked with their jackets on, honey and plum preserves, for she believed people should always eat a big breakfast and lunch and a light supper of perhaps bread and milk and cheese with a little ham or green onion, to make it tasty. So this usually was the menu unless there was special company.

The Bradley table was a big one and reached almost from one end of the room to the other, and it was always filled with the family and company and hired help, and always an Indian or two. Sometimes as many as 10 Indians sat down at the table with them and once in a while a hungry tramp sat with them, who had perhaps chopped kindling wood or mended a chair for Betsy. One tramp stayed on for several days and carved out a bedstead for her. She would always be counted on to help the unfortunate, if they were sincere in their desire to do something.

George W. always insisted that his hired help, as well as his family, go to church on Sunday, so Betsy went all the time except to conference. Conference time was always a rush and bustle, for some of the 12 Apostles were sure to be the guests of Bishop and Sister Bradley. So preparations were made. White-wash was made out of white clay and lime and the walls freshly washed down. The floors were scoured with sand and soap and rinsed and especially if Pres. Young was expected. In that case, preparation really rose to fever pitch. The big South bedroom was large enough to hold 2 beds and was always reserved for church officials. So a few days before conference all the beds were torn down and the bedsteads scrubbed and the ropes that stretched across and held up the springs and mattress were all scalded. Betsy owned 3 fluffy feather ticks, which were beaten out with a large wire beater and left in the sun to air and fluff up the feathers. The rest of the ticks were hung at the windows and the big wood boxes in the rooms were heaped with chopped wood and the fire all laid and ready to light in the big open fire places.

All the boys in the Bradley family slept on the third floor or upstairs in the unfinished bedrooms. Betsy's bedroom was the North one on the main floor and the hired girl usually slept in the East one, when she stayed over night. The best silver and precious sterling spoons were brought out and polished, the special glass berry set was brought down from the top shelf of the cupboard and even a brass kettle full of wild roses was placed in the fireplace, when it was summer and they were in bloom.

The cooking that went into preparation for these events were something to behold. One time, when Pres. Young came to visit. Betsy had made apple, custard and squash pies. She had a couple of kinds of meat roasted to a turn with plenty of mashed potatoes whipped to a fluff, as only one of her girls could whip them, she cooked dried corn, put out her choicest preserves and had 3 kinds of bread, besides soda biscuits. In fact, she had everything that she thought was extra special.

Pres. Young sat down at the table and looked over all of the food and then said, "Sister Betsy, could I have just a bowl of milk and bread?" For a minute or two her husband and the hired girls all held their breath, for they definitely thought they saw

dangerous sparks in her eyes, but all she said just then was, "Quilla, will you go to the pantry and get the top milk from the white pan?" So the ears of the President were not shocked, and he patted her shoulder and told her she should not bother so much for him for his tastes were simple. But my, oh my, her husband and those around her, after he had left, were not so fortunate, for there was just one explosion after another from Betsy. She went so far as to say she thought Brother Brigham was the darndest eater she ever saw to eat like that and she did not think it was very nice of him not to even sample her good food.

Most of the time Betsy was just an efficient over-seer and good hearted, plain spoken woman doing her best to run a big household.. But everyone had to learn to do things her way or they did not work for her. Like clock work the big black kettles and milk buckets were scoured with salt and vinegar twice a week, rinsed out and hung on the garden fence posts to air. She was economically minded and did the chores systematically as possible. She never wanted things left laying around, She had a place for everything and wanted everything in its place. Even bowls, measuring cups and spoons, all had to be in a certain spot, so time could be saved and no effort wasted.

The spinning wheel she had brought across the plains with her was pressed into service several times a week, when she would either spin or weave herself or it happened oftener in later years, she had Lizzy Baily come in and do it for her and often you would hear her tell the girl, "Sixty threads make a know and ten knots make a skene. They dyed the yarn and cloth with juice from madder berries for red color, sage brush and alum or creosote for green, rabbit brush for yellow and for blue they had to use indigo mixed with urine and a little salt. This did not smell so good, when the yarn and pieces of cloth were draped around the fireplace to dry, and especially during the cold winter months, when the doors were kept closed. The fumes were so strong, they would almost asphyxiate you.

Betsy's daughter, Amanda Henrie, came up from Manti to visit her mother as often as she could and would bring her older daughters, Mary and Myra with her most often so they could help, but sometimes she brought the younger ones and while the occasion was one for quilting, spinning, weaving, and cooking for the older folks, it was one of fun and merriment for the children. Betsy's loved her grandchildren and was always thinking up something for them to do so she could give them special privileges. She would tell them to carry swill to the pigs, hay to the sheep, and sometimes help the hired man to milk. But sometimes the cows were fussy and would not let the milk down, Then the hired man would come to the rescue and just for fun would squirt a couple of squirts of warm milk into the open mouths of the children. This delighted them greatly, but the thing that pleased them most, was when grandma would let them hunt the eggs. She's say, "I'm just sure that old grey hen has stole her nest someplace. You children go see if you can find it for me." Then they would romp and slide on the hay in the barn until they found it and other eggs too. As a reward she would let them go into the garden and dig a rutabaga for themselves, if they would promise to be careful and not disturb the "hill" too much. Noone else in Moroni raised rutabagas. She would also let them pick red currents, gooseberries, or even plums and apples for the Bradleys raising a fine garden and had several nice fruit trees.

Myra got so she was a big help and became very close to her grandmother. She could spin and weave and cook and help make the now famous canker medicine Betsy

sold. She loved to go with her cousins to parties and dances in Moroni, and it was at a welcome home dance for a young Swede, John Olson, that she fell in love. He had just returned from a trip back to the Missouri River to help poor Saints come to Utah. She married John Olson and in time, after her grandmother was through with it, he bought the Bradley home for Myra, and here she lived for the rest of her days. After George W. returned from the East and the newly formed Moroni Co-op Mercantile business was a financial success, Church Authorities thought it should come under their jurisdiction, so Apostle Hyde came to Moroni and made arrangements for George W. to be the new president. He took over the office from J. C. Nielson and the institution was run pretty much the same as before with counselors, by-laws and a board of directors. The same as the ZCMI had. He was president until 1887.

In 1874 by orders from the Church authorities, he had organized the United Order in Moroni and people were asked to put into organization all that they had and they were to take out all that they needed. It worked fine for a while, but some members became selfish and others developed jealousy, so after 8 or 10 years, it was decided that people were not ready for this great order of Enoch, so the project was disbanded and people were given back their property.

When the Bradleys had lived at Nephi, the principal of plural marriage was being expounded by the church, so George W. had married Cynthia Wagle 14 March 1852. She born 19 Aug 1837, was a daughter of Jacon and Mary Vance Wagle, who had lived at Jonesboro, Union Co., Ill. From this marriage James was boirn 28 Dec. 1854 and Lucy born a couple of years later. When they had moved to Moroni, George W. had built her a long, adobe house with 3 very large rooms, just West of Betsy's home.

Betsy's responsibilities as hostess to the Church visitors was very heavy. Her husband would hitch up his best team to the fine new surrey they had bought, put on the long, black cape he always wore, and would drive away to meet the dignitaries at the train at Nephi, then he would drive them to Ephriam, Manti, or Mt. Pleasant, or wherever they wanted to go. Cynthia was a lot younger than Betsy and since Betsy had so much foot trouble, George W. tried to get Cynthia to share the responsibilities, but she would not do this. At conference time she would dress in her prettiest dress and go to church, then bring her children and sit with the company to be waited on with the other guests. This did not please George W. and proved to be quite a bone of contention. It led to other serious disagreements, until finally George W. took what was a very serious step in those days and divorced her. She later married Ruben John Downs the 19 May 1861. She died 16 Jan. 1904 at Nephi, Juab Co., Utah and was buried there the 19 Jan 1904. George W. loved his two children of this marriage and wanted to keep them, but a compromise was made and each parent kept one child. So Lucy went with her mother and James always lived with George W.

When he was in his teens James, his brothers Zeff and Moroni, and Amasa Morley decided one day to go to the hills for dry kindling wood. They loaded up and then went over to the Blue Spring to get a drink and just happened to look back over their shoulders in time to see several Indians all decked out in war paint, swarming around the wagon and unhitching their horses. James climbed up into a big cedar tree and watched to see which way the Indians went with their horses, for he was not afraid of anything, much less of being caught. But the other 3 boys ran down the ridge as fast as they could

go. They were bare-footed so the sharp rocks skinned their shins and cut their feet and legs and filled the skin with prickly-pear thorns, but they got home safely.

The Indians had come down through the hills from Indianola in feathers and war paint, and as the boys neared Amasa's home, they saw the Indians enter it, so they all hid in the tall grass of the plum orchard till they had gone. His mother did not happen to be home, but the Indians went right through the Morley home and stole scissors, sugar lumps, beads and several other things, and other people who saw what took place dared not to lift a finger to stop or provoke them, for they were looking for trouble. Old Chief Sanpitch had 6 brothers, who had caused the settlers an awful lot of trouble, but all were good friends of George W. and had been in the family home many times. Another familiar Indian figure to Moroni history was one called Jim Indian. He was known as a good Indian and lived in his wick-I-up pitched about 3 blocks West of the Bradley home. Some had given him a big, white duster and a black felt hat. He had acquired a horse and a little seated buggy, and he and his wife would go driving all over the country in this outfit. However, his wife was very fat..so fat in fact that the only way she could get into the buggy was by crawling up a little ladder which was put up to the back of the buggy, then she would step over the back and into the seat. Jim Indian joined the LDS Church and could be seen at many of their gatherings. He lived among the settlers for many years, finally ending his days in the county poor house at Fairview.

George W. and Betsy Kroll Bradley were both very brave, kind, ambitious, and deeply religious people. And this little story hasn't even scratched the surface of their hard, busy, and eventful life. They lived in so many different places and sacrificed so much, yet held fast to their ideals and beliefs and rose above their troubles to be leaders of the communities they lived in. They headed many enterprises, both civic and religious and received much joy and satisfaction for their labors. One time, when Betsy taunted the Bishop with the remark that had they stayed in Salt Lake they would have been very wealthy people, he replied, "The testimony I have of the Gospel is worth far more to me than all the wealth in the world." And Betsy agreed with him. George W. was a good husband to Betsy and a good father to his brother's children as well as his own. He always provided the best he could for them and lived his life as near as he could to, what he thought, was right. He served as Bishop of Moroni for 18 years and held a high office in the Church for the rest of his life.

He died 8 March 1891 at Moroni, Sanpete Co., Utah, and was buried in the Moroni City Cemetery the 11th March 1891 at the age of 77 years, leaving his wife, 2 step daughters, 5 sons and 2 daughters of his own. 5 of his children has preceded him in death.

Another history of her says "Betsy lived on for 2 more years and was 82 years old, when death came to her on 17 March 1893 at her home. She was laid to rest beside her husband in the Moroni City Cemetery."

Typed by Kathleen J. Woolf October 2002