

Scouting for the Mormons on the Great Frontier

by
Sidney Alvarus Hanks
and
Ephraim K. Hanks

PREFACE

Ephraim Knowlton Hanks did not keep a diary, but in the sunset of his life took time out to tell his story to two different scribes who recorded the experiences, only to have both manuscripts mysteriously disappear. We have had to depend on the information handed down by his own children and the writings of men who rode and lived with him.

Some of these experiences seem unbelievable even to the authors, but eyewitnesses of questionable character have written and testified to their truthfulness. When two or three men tell the same story, we are convinced of its authenticity. Thus we feel compelled to write these experiences as they have been written.

In 1940 Sidney A. Hanks laid before E. Kay Hanks much material he had been collecting through the years about his father, the pioneer scout, Ephraim K. Hanks. It was Sidney's dream to have these valuable experiences preserved at least for the Hanks' posterity. The urge to assist in bringing about the fulfillment of this dream welled up in E. Kay, who immediately started the long process of preparation necessary to bring about this book.

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DEDICATION

*To the Living Posterity
of
EPHRAIM KNOWLTON HANKS
His Children, Grandchildren, Great Grand-
children and Those Who Come After*

They follow a famous father;
His honor is theirs to wear;
He gave them a name that was free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight
And marched in the ranks of right;
He was always true to the best he knew
And the shield that he bore was bright.

They follow a famous father,
Not known to the printed page
Nor written down in the world's renown
As a prince of this Title Age;
But never a stain attached to him
And never he stooped to shame;
He was bold and brave, and to them he gave
The pride of an honest name.

They follow a famous father,
And never a day goes by
But each knows in his heart he must do his part
To carry that standard high.
He stood up to the sternest trials
As only a brave man can.
Though the way be long they must never wrong
The name of so good a man.

They follow a famous father;
May they ever keep him in mind.
Though his form is gone they must carry on
The name that he left behind.
It was theirs the day he gave it;

It shone as a monarch's crown,
And as fair a gem as it came to them
Must it be when they lay it down.

By Mary E. Hanks

WORD PICTURE



"Exteriorly Hanks was a rough mountaineer, but at heart a gentle and sympathetic nature, and a man of great faith in God withal; and many are the traditions of the effectiveness of his administrations among the sick, and especially among the exhausted and frost-bitten emigrants of these handcart companies. Captain Burton of the English army, who visited Utah in 1860, met him and his left a pen picture of him that is worthy of reproduction. Hanks had been represented to the English captain as a noted 'Mormon' desperado, this was his preconception of him, but this is his description: 'The "vile" villain, as he has been called by anti-Mormon writers, * * * was a middle-sized, light-haired, good-looking man, with regular features, a pleasant and humorous countenance, and the manly manner of his early sailor life, touched with the rough cordiality of the mountaineer. "Frank as a bear-hunter" is a proverb in these lands. He had * * * like most men (Anglo-Americans) a desperate courage and fiery, excitable temper, a clear, pale blue eye, verging upon gray, and looking as if it wanted nothing better than to light up, together with a cool and quiet glance that seemed to shun neither friend nor foe.'"

-The City of the Saints,
pp. 191-2. pp 99-100

Chapter 1

BOYS WILL BE

To Benjamin and Martha Hanks, on their Ohio farm, was born in 1826 a son, their sixth child, who was named Ephraim Knowlton Hanks. Little Eph grew through babyhood much as the other children did, but his boyhood was dotted freely with excitement and was rich with the vital experiences of an active and original nature.

The farm dog, Ring, was supposed to be the family dog, but of the twelve Hanks children Ring, like Destiny, picked Eph for his very own. Perhaps Ring sensed that Ephraim's trail would lead to far, exciting places.

One hot summer day, as the blue-gray eyes of twelve-year-old Eph looked down the endless rows of corn he had yet to hoe, the trail looked far-but it didn't look exciting.

"No, Ring," he said firmly, as much to convince himself as to quiet the dog that kept sitting down in front of him and whining. "No, it's no use begging. Father said we boys have to hoe ten rows apiece and then we can all go. The rest are way ahead of me. If you don't quite pester me, I'll be the last one through!"

Ring-or may Temptation in the form of Ring-said, "Well, why don't we go hunt *our* squirrels now? We can do the work afterwards."

Eph couldn't resist that argument. He dropped his hoe, picked up his gun, and the two disappeared into the woods.

About the middle of the afternoon, with a few squirrels in his hunting bag and a satisfied look on his face, Eph returned to the field just as Father Hanks appeared to inspect the work.

The sun had evidently been too hot for the other boys too. They had hurried through their rows, doing a ragged, unsatisfactory job.

Father Hanks counted the rows and noted the poorly weeded ones, which far outnumbered the good ones. "Who hoed these rows?" he asked sternly.

To save their skins, one boy said, "Eph did."

The other boys chorused, "Eph did!"

Father Hanks looked at Ephraim with a twinkle in his eye. "You must be tired, Eph," he said, "after doing all these rows and shooting all those squirrels. Take your squirrels up to the house and clean them for supper." He turned to the others. "And you boys-you'd better run over these rows again and do a better job this time!"

Benjamin and Martha Hanks lived on a fine broad farm near the small town of Madison, Lake County, Ohio. Their twelve children were taught early to be honest and useful. Each one had his share of work to do and contributed what he could to the family life.

Eph started out by running small errands for his father, who as well as farming maintained a roadside blacksmith

shop. Before long he was blowing the bellows, and soon he was a real assistant to his father. By the time he was twelve years of age, he could fit shoes on both horses and oxen, make trap springs, and do most of the things his father did. He was known throughout the county as "the young blacksmith."

He once said in later years, "I often wonder if Father didn't kinda dote on me something like Jacob did on his son Joseph."

Eph's brothers were no little jealous of his good fortune in being their father's helper. They sometimes taunted him and often complained that their jobs in the fields were more difficult than his work in the shop.

By the time Eph had reached the age of sixteen he was being entrusted with important missions. One Saturday his father asked him to go on River Ridge to make collection of a sizeable amount. He was instructed to hitch up the favorite mare to a new carriage, as he had some distance to go. On his way he picked up a friend for company. After making the collection, the two boys started for home. With this money in his pocket, there came over Eph a feeling of confidence, which caused him to take a few uncalled-for liberties, which he later regretted.

Wanting to show off the fine horse and buggy, the two boys decided to visit a friend who lived some distance out of their way. Before they had completed their visit the evening was upon them, and by the time they reached home the mare had been so

over-driven that, when she was put in the barn later that evening, she was still white with lather.

The next morning Father Hanks rose early, going immediately to the barn to feed the stock. One can imagine how he felt on seeing his favorite mare covered with mud and dry sweat. He went upstairs to Eph's bedroom and awoke the boy none too gently.

Luckily for Eph, it was Sunday morning and the strict religious discipline of his parents forbade any sort of punishment on the Sabbath day. He was, however, given a firm promise that the punishment would be meted out Monday morning. Eph knew full well what to expect and liked not a little the outlook, for Benjamin Hanks, true to his stern Puritan stock, was strict to the letter and did not flinch at inflicting severe punishment.

When the rest of the family packed themselves in the carriage and left for the revival meeting in town, Ephraim felt perplexed and unhappy. He propped his feet up against the mantel and watched the burning embers in the fireplace. Slowly and painfully his decision to leave home was made. Tying a few clothes in a bundle, which he tucked under his arm, he stepped outside and called Ring. He took a farewell look at the old homestead, patted the dog on the head as they went out the gate and started down the road. Though his heart was pulling for home, the seat of his trousers was telling him to move fast in the opposite direction.

Chapter II

BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL

Eph walked as rapidly as he could until about two o'clock the next morning. Then, using his small bundle of clothes for a pillow and with his dog close by, he got a few hours' sleep in a wooded section near a creek.

Arising, he found himself pretty well saturated with dew and he was forced to move rather briskly to keep warm. Soon the sun dried out his clothing and he became comfortable except for his pounding heart, which was keeping in step with his racing mind. He traveled as straight as possible in the direction of Lake Erie.

About ten o'clock the boy reached a small village and stopped at the blacksmith shop, hoping to earn enough money to buy something to eat. The loafers who always loiter around a blacksmith shop gave him the "bad eye." Recognizing the owner of the shop, Eph walked over and asked if he might blow the bellows for him.

The old smithy eyed him suspiciously, spat a stream of tobacco juice into the glowing coals, and then beckoned with his head for the boy to go to work.

It so happened that the blacksmith was making trap springs and this work with Eph's specialty. Everything went well until the smithy tempered the spring. Then every time he bent the spring down to make the test, it broke. After breaking the third one, he began to think that this boy who was

blowing the bellows had brought him bad luck. He was about to send him on his way, when Eph asked if he might try one.

"Let the youngster try one," called one of the loafers. "He can't do any worse than you've been doing-"

"All right," said the disgusted blacksmith shortly. "Go ahead."

Eph put the steel in the fire as he had done many times before and let the smithy shape it until it was ready for tempering. Then Eph took from his pocket some fever powder, which his mother always insisted that her boys carry with them in case of chills and fever. He put this white powder into the tempering trough, mixed it well with the water, and heated the steel to a cherry red. Then he took it quickly from the fire and placed it carefully in the tempering trough. While he fished it out, everyone's eyes were fastened upon him. He placed his toe on the spring and bent it down. When he took his foot off, it went with a bounding spring to the ceiling. The onlookers all shouted and laughed when they saw how well it worked, and one exclaimed, "That boy is an expert!"

"Where did you come from?" asked the smithy.

Eph told him as much of his story as he dared, not forgetting to emphasize the fact that he was hungry.

The blacksmith took him over to his

house and had his wife prepare a good meal for him, remembering to give old Ring a few bones. While Eph was eating, the blacksmith asked him if he would stay and work in the shop.

Eph said he wanted the work all right, but he was little too close to home to feel comfortable, as his father might come after him.

The old blacksmith's understanding heart reached out for a solution and soon found it. He had a friend by the name of Chambers who lived on a ranch quite a distance away. Mr. Chambers would be coming by the shop in the afternoon and he might be able to help Eph find a job.

When the mid-morning meal was finished, the runaway assisted the blacksmith in his shop until Mr. Chambers came.

After hearing the boy's story, Mr. Chambers decided to give him work on his farm, providing his dog would not bite.

Eph assured him that neither he nor his dog would do any biting and, after thanking the blacksmith for his kindness, he climbed into the wagon with Mr. Chambers and they drove away to the farm.

Eph met the family, looked around the place a little, and the evening meal finished, Mr. Chambers showed him a room, locking the door as he said goodnight.

For two weeks the boy was watched closely. By this time Eph had become good friend with Mrs. Chambers and Helen, the blind daughter, and from then on nothing was too good for him. He was allowed every privilege as though he were a member of the family. His work on the ranch included

chopping wood, milking cows, husking corn, and other odd jobs.

One day when the work was quite well caught up, Eph went with Mr. Chambers to hunt squirrels. Up to this time he had not been trusted with a gun. After seeing his keen marksmanship in bringing down a squirrel with every shot, his employer allowed him to hunt whenever there was time. Hence squirrel meat was almost a regular diet for the Chambers family. Eph was delighted with the way Mrs. Chambers prepared it in her outside oven.

Working on the farm soon wore out the few clothes, which Eph had brought with him, and patches became the order of the day. Many times his clothes had so many patches that he looked like a scarecrow ready for action. The blind girl, Helen, was the only one who did not have a hearty laugh at them. Had she been able to see, she would have thought Eph's clothes had been made out of a crazy quilt. When they could be patched no longer, good Mrs. Chambers turned their husband's old clothes inside out and made them over for the squirrel hunter.

On the Fourth of July, Mr. Chambers, urged by his wife and daughter to trust Eph, as he was strictly honest, loaned him a horse to ride into town for the celebration. There he chanced to meet an old friend, Bill Reed, who had been raised from little boyhood in the Hanks home.

Bill was five years older than Eph and had been out in the world earning his own living for some time. They were delighted to see each other, and Bill chuckled at the clothes, which Eph was

wearing. He marched his young friend straight down to a store and bought him a complete new outfit.

Bill then insisted that Eph set his borrowed horse loose so it could go home, and then that the boy go with him to work on the Erie Canal. But even in these new clothes, Eph said he could not forget his promise to the Chambers family to return. The two spent the day together and, after making an appointment to meet the next day in town at ten, Eph made his way back to the Chambers farm.

The next day, when Eph told his new friends of his decision to leave them, there was much sorrow. Helen had become so attached to Ring that she had worked with him and petting him until the dog responded to her commands as readily as he did to those of his master. With a strong cord tied to his collar, he would lead Helen out to the farm at milking time to get the warm milk, and was by way of becoming a real seeing-eye dog. The only time he seemed anxious to be with Eph now was when the boy would take down his rifle to go squirrel hunting; then, a chain could not hold the dog back.

Helen's father asked the boy to leave old Ring with his daughter. And not want to be selfish, Eph consented to do so. There were tears shed as Mr. Chambers paid him off and he walked slowly away from the farmhouse, leaving behind his friends and his dog. A lump arose in his throat that was hard to swallow. Time after time he looked back to see Helen holding on to Ring and Mrs. Chambers waving goodbye.

Chapter III

THREE CANAL RUFFIANS

Eph met Bill Reed in town according to plan and they soon reached the Erie Canal, where Bill was employed.

In those days horse-drawn boats carried the freight through the canal. Eph's new job was to drive the horse along the bank, while Bill handled the rudder, which controlled the boat. It was customary for the boat going downstream to have the rope slackened to allow the horses that were drawing the upstream boat to walk over the line. This made it possible for both boats to keep moving all the time.

The men soon noticed that Eph was only a boy, and some of them failed to extend him the usual courtesy. In attempting to maintain his rights, he tangled with one of these boats going downstream, sending the other man's horse sprawling into the canal.

"Get a hold there!" yelled the other man, whose name was Joe.

Bill and Eph were already working to help him get the horse out of the water.

As the wet animal lurched and struggled up the bank, Joe turned on Eph, clenched his fists, and growled, "I'll box your ears for yuh."

"Hey," struck in Bill, "you lay off this boy-"

They started to fight. Both would have fallen into the water if Eph had not caught Bill by one leg and pulled them back.

This clash was the beginning of trouble, with Joe and his two pals looking

for an opportunity to even the score. They threatened to string Eph and Bill up to the rafters the first time they met at the same delivery station.

It was not long until five of them met again and the three ruffians set about to make their promise good. They had succeeded in getting a rope around Bill's neck, when Eph picked up a two-tined pitchfork and pinned one of them to the wall, one tine on either side of his neck. He administered a well-aimed kick or two in the shins and then released the man, giving him a swift jab with the pitchfork as he disappeared around the corner. Eph then turned to one of the other men and gave him the same medicine. The third was still struggling with Bill when he too received a sharp jab in the seat of the trousers. The three of them must have eaten their next few meals in a standing position.

After this incident all the men on the canal became very friendly toward Eph and Bill. They handled loads of freight and worked hard until the lake froze over that fall. The last time the five men met, Joe stuck his hand out and shook Bill and Eph's hand heartily. To Eph he said, "You sure made good, young feller!"

"Thanks," Eph returned briefly. But he was very much pleased and told Bill later that he liked the work and was sorry that it was finished for the season.

However, being of a roaming,

restless disposition, Ephraim K. Hanks was already looking forward to the next adventure.

Chapter IV

SHARKS, SHIPS, AND A STRANGER

In Boston, where they had gone to look for work, E. K. Hanks and Bill Reed met a recruiting officer for the United States Navy. He painted for them a glowing picture of the many parts of the world they would see, and of the fine education and good wages they would receive. Eager for new adventure, the two boys set sail on the U. S. S. Columbus in the latter part of October 1846.

At first they thought they were being employed on a freight boat, but soon they awoke to the realization that they were in the real Navy, and for a three-year stretch. Obedience must be rendered to superior officers. Bill, being a little reluctant at first to obey their commands, one morning displayed stripes on his back from the cat-o'-nine-tails. Later Ephraim said that sailing seemed to be made to order for him; he loved it. Often he would help in the ship's blacksmith shop, but his main job was learning to be a sailor. They had to patch all their clothes and do their own sewing. This seemed to Eph a sissy job, but when he was told to mend his outfit he had no other thought than to do as he was told.

One day Eph was sitting on the deck mending the sack in which he carried his clothes. Three lads slightly older than himself sauntered near, and leaned against the rail. One of them gave Eph's thread a jerk, sending the spool rolling across the deck, and laughed, "Look at it go!"

Another stepped on Eph's hand when

he reached for the thread. The third snatched off Eph's cap and sent it spinning along the deck. When it came to rest against a coil of rope, the three started to use it for a spittoon. This made Eph so angry that he grabbed a belaying pin from the deck and struck one of the boys on the side of the head.

The other two started to jump on him, but he caught one with his weapon and sent him sprawling down the hatchway. He grappled with the third and they both went rolling down the hatch together. Some husky blows were struck, but the fighters gathered themselves together when they met a stern orderly at the bottom of the stairs.

The next day at the investigation the officer in charge said, "You're all right, lad. Those bullies got what was coming to them." After that, things were pretty calm as far as personal trouble was concerned.

Every time Eph was on the upper deck the longing to catch a shark fired his imagination to the flame pitch. The big blue fellows were following the ship, often for days at a time. The story always went around that when shark followed so persistently, they were waiting for a sick sailor to die and be lowered into the sea. It was said that the sharks could sense approaching death. One day sailor Hanks asked the captain if he might try his luck at catching a shark. The captain laughingly replied, "Go ahead if you feel lucky."

Permission to go ahead electrified Eph into action. He went below deck and

made a strong hook similar to, but larger than the ones used nowadays for shark catching. Then he tried a strong rope to it, put on a piece of pork for bait, arranged a block and tackle, and lowered it overboard.

One of the big, greedy fellows lost no time in swallowing-not only the pork and hook but it seemed to the young sailor, practically the whole boat. The members of the crew became so excited that some of them almost jumped overboard.

With much difficulty the shark was finally hoisted out of the water and dumped on the deck, still very much alive. His strong tail, lashing this way and that and wickedly slapping the deck, had the sailors believing that their ship would be dashed to pieces. That was enough shark excitement for the rest of the voyage. No more fishing for sharks was allowed, as the captain was afraid another might be caught!

The U.S.S. Columbus visited many ports. In Italy Eph and some of his mates went ashore to take in the sights. Stopping at a fruit market, Eph took a dollar from his pocket to buy some grapes. He wanted a double handful and made a motion to that effect. He was given all he could carry in both hands, and then to his amazement the fruit vender started to count out change to him-a whole handful of what looked like coppers. He laid aside the grapes for a moment, took his handful of money and, feeling generous, threw it among a group of children and bystanders. They dove for it like a bunch of starved ducks after wheat, pushing and squirming until every coin was retrieved.

On one of Eph's voyages, during a

heavy storm, he and two of his companions were thrown from the fore-royal yard into the rigging below. One of his mates was instantly killed and the other fell overboard, the big blue sharks eating the body. Eph, who seems to have been a born athlete, grabbed a dangling rope and, amid shouts and cheers from his companions below, slid to the trembling foretop, where he waited for further orders. This marvelous escape from death made him the hero of the crew and from that time on, Eph enjoyed the best that the ship could afford.

It had been almost three years since the enlistment of many of its crew members-including Ephraim Hanks-in Boston, and the U. S. S. Columbus charted its course toward a homeport. A day or two before the ship docked at New York, Eph found himself still undecided as to whether he should return to his old home, or re-enlist in the Navy.

Then an unusual thing happened. A strange man dressed in gray tweed came down to where the sailors were working at the pumps. He seemed to be particularly interested in Eph, and although he did not talk to him at any great length, he influenced the young sailor to return home. He was seen to speak to no one else. When the ship docked at New York, Eph made sure that his trunk had been transferred to the boat going to Boston. Then he tried to persuade the man in the grey tweed to go ashore with him, but the man declined, saying he would watch the trunk until Eph returned.

With several of his shipmates, Hanks went ashore, had his fun, purchased a few knickknacks for the stranger, and returned to

the ship just before the gangplank was pulled. From the pier the sailors saw the stranger sitting on the trunk, just as they had left him, and they saw him still sitting there as they went aboard; but when Eph reached his trunk, the man was gone. Although he searched everywhere, asking all the officers and others who had remained on the ship, Eph could not locate him. Many remembered seeing him sitting quietly on the trunk, but no one had seen him leave the ship, and no one had been seen to jump overboard.

The stranger was gone, but not the influence and power he had left over Ephraim, which remained a great factor for good throughout his life. It was not until after had joined the Church that he came to believe that it was possible that the stranger might have been one of the three Nephites, who had appeared to turn his wandering footsteps home to the mission awaiting him.

Chapter V

A STRANGE PEOPLE

With an honorable discharge tucked safely away in his knapsack, the former sailor headed at once for the old homestead in Ohio.

Since talking to the mysterious man in the gray tweed suit, Eph had been under a strong compulsion to get home as quickly as possible. Reasoning that his father would by now have forgotten the incident, which caused him to leave, the boy was anxious to see his family and to be for a while in the snug harbor or home.

This anxiety grew until he reached the familiar gate leading to the house. At this point his mind whipped up many conflicting thoughts, and he paused a moment in deep reflection. His feelings might have been expressed in the words of an old song:

"I hear those old familiar voices;
They sound as in the long ago,
And now appears a passing shadow
Of one sweet form that well I know.
Here once beside a loving mother
I spent the hours in childhood glee,
But now I fear in lonely sadness
Her tender thought is not for me.

"I'm weary and my heart is yearning.
Oh, must I ever, every roam?
Is there no joy at my returning?
Will no one bid me welcome home?
Not even the faithful watchdog knows me
Though oft' together we have played.
Not one to give a word of welcome
Or heed the foolish one who strayed.

"The silvery stars are softly beaming
Down on this silent world below;
The night winds moan among the branches,
Anchored where the brooklets flow;
The village clock the hour is tolling;
Each toll would seem to bid me stay.
Now I fear in lonely sadness
That I alone must turn away."

Eph hesitated, wondering just how to approach those he would soon see, and what his first words to them should be. The warm glow of the light from the window beckoned him on. Cautiously he tapped at the door, pushing it open almost at the same moment. He tiptoed through the living room into the kitchen, where Mother Hanks was putting the evening meal on the table.

At first she thought she was seeing a ghost as she looked at this husky, six-foot, two-hundred-pound sailor standing before her. Quickly regaining her composure, she called his name, and he held his mother in his arms.

Soon all were gathered around the table attempting to eat the evening meal, but little food was consumed. The excitement of being together again had taken the edge from their appetites.

Eph learned that his father had passed away a year and a half after he had gone to sea. This was a real blow to the young sailor whose appreciation of his father had increased during his years at sea. These years had not been fancy free; solidity of manhood had risen to give him ballast. In

his discrimination between things worthwhile and things of only passing worth, his father had been elevated to a high position. As the young seaman answered the many questions put to him concerning far-off lands, he could still see his father in the old shop shaping iron and giving out bits of wisdom about life, which glistened now with a new value.

When reluctantly told that his father's will had stated that if he ever returned, he was to be given one dollar with instructions for him to buy a New Testament and read it, the young seaman's eyes were full of appreciation for past joy and present sorrow.

After the table was cleared and the family sat around the fireplace, the full tale was told of Sidney, the older brother, who according to the family had been led away by the "terrible" Mormons. The story was told as though the Mormons were holding Eph's favorite brother under a spell, and as if he were slaving without hope or reward or of freedom. This angered the stalwart sailor, and he resolved then and there that, no matter what the risk, he would find his brother and bring him safely home.

The next morning, Eph was very much surprised to find that old Ring, the dog he had given to Helen Chambers, the blind girl, had been at home for about a year. The family had been surprised by the dog's return and had looked hopefully for his master to follow, not knowing that he was thousands of miles away, sailing the seven seas.

Wanting to visit the Chambers family and to return the dog to Helen, Eph

set off in a buggy drawn by a pair of horses, with Lige, his brother, for the Chambers farm. When the dog recognized Helen and licked her face, she cried and kissed him. Mr. Chambers explained how the dog had disappeared one day when they were returning home from a short trip. Evidently Ring had remembered his old home and, hoping to find Eph there, had left them. Helen had mourned for the dog. When Eph heard this, he assured them that he intended to leave Ring with Helen, and of course this pleased them very much.

Mr. Chambers took Eph aside and told him that he and his wife were getting old, so if Eph would stay and take care of Helen, the farm and all their belongings should be his. This would, no doubt, have been a tempting offer had not the influence of the mysterious man on the boat been so strong. There was a force within this discharged sailor's heart, which was driving him forward to new adventure. After thanking Mr. Chambers warmly for his offer and bidding goodbye to Helen and Mrs. Chambers, the two brothers returned home.

In the days that followed, Ephraim could not satisfy his mind about his brother Sidney. His days and nights were restless and there seemed to be within him an urge to fill some part of a plan with which he would not yet familiar. After another good talk with his mother and brothers about the plight of Sid, he started out for the city of Nauvoo in Illinois, to rescue his brother Sidney from his Mormon "captors." He had traveled for a day and a half, when the road divided into two forks. He started down the right fork, when a most unusual thing

happened. Some strange power came over him, causing tears to stream from his eyes and blocking his progress. He knew something was wrong so he turned around and took the other road, but the same feeling overpowered him. He was confused and needed help. Taking a few steps off the road into a grove of sycamore trees, he knelt down and for the first time in years he asked his Heavenly Father for help. As he finished praying, he realized that his mind had cleared and he began to retrace his steps toward home.

When he reached home, he was very much surprised to find his brother Sidney already there. Sidney, who was bubbling over with the spirit of the gospel, began to unfold to his widowed mother and his brothers the principles of life and salvation as taught by the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He testified to them of how he had been healed through the administration of the servants of the Lord.

This doctrine aroused the ire of Mother Hanks, who was very bitter against the Mormons. It ended in her asking Ephraim to get the two most able sectarian ministers who could be found in that part of the country, to controvert his brother's teachings.

As soon as the ministers arrived, an earnest discussion upon the principles of the gospel ensued, Sidney holds his own on every point of doctrine. All the members of the family but Sidney sat on the sidelines and gave the ministers a free hand. Sidney took them to the Law and the Prophets and soon had them confused.

As usual in such cases in those days,

the ministers became abusive and began to disparage the Prophet Joseph Smith and his followers. They called him a liar, a thief, and a false prophet, saying that anyone who would follow him would robe his own mother.

Ephraim, who up to this time had been a silent listener, now became excited, grasped a chair and, pointing to the door, commanded the ministers to leave. It is said that they departed so quickly that one of them left his silk hat behind as a souvenir of the occasion.

Eph followed the ministers as far as the gate to make sure they were well on their way.

Returning to the house, he found his mother crying. He told her that he was sorry, but that no one could slander his brother while he was there. He asked her to forgive him for causing the hurried exit of those two abusive ministers.

The next morning as Eph was sitting on the woodpile enjoying the sunshine, Sidney came over, smiling broadly.

"Ho!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if those ministers are still running."

The two had a hearty laugh. Then Sidney sat down and told Eph of a dream he had while still in Nauvoo. It had made such a firm impression on his mind that it had caused him to return to his mother's home to learn, if possible, it's meaning. Once there, the interpretation was made plain to him as he beheld his long absent, sea-faring brother, Ephraim.

The gospel story unfolded by his brother Sidney struck a responsive chord in the breast of the young sailor. There on the

woodpile that day, he chose to cast his lot with Sidney and the Mormons. This decision meant the turning point of his life.

Mother Hanks, however, felt so badly about the spiritual trouncing administered by Sidney and the physical demonstration by Ephraim toward the two ministers, that she made it quite plain that her sons were no longer welcome in the old homestead.

So the two bade her farewell and set out for Nauvoo. Ephraim was now in this twentieth year and had developed into as strong a specimen of manhood as could be found in the country. He was thus qualified for the work that Providence had marked out for him. Being spiritually minded, he possessed at this early period in his life the gift of prophecy to a considerable extent, though at that time he little understood the gift. He was certainly a man who was destined to perform a work, which in later years caused even the savages of the plains to consider him with wonder and amazement.

As the boys traveled towards Indianapolis, the Gospel of Jesus Christ was the topic of conversation. Sidney explained more fully the gospel plan. How in the vision to Joseph Smith the Lord had promised to set up His church and restore the priesthood to set up His church and restore the priesthood which would be a boon to all mankind; how after the visitation of many heavenly Beings, each holding the keys of their own dispensation and power, the gospel was restored and the church organized in the exact likeness of the church Christ had established when he was here

upon the earth. Sidney explained how, with the restoration of the priesthood, the power of God was again felt-this same power that the early reformers had declared was not upon the earth.

Ephraim was thrilled with the new message as it glorified God and placed man in a position to enjoy Him forever. For the first time he understood that God was a Being of body parts and passions, that Jesus Christ was a man in the image of God, and that the Holy Ghost was a personage of spirit, and that man was fashioned in the image of Christ. This idea was making sense; a man then, by living the laws of God could reach new spiritual heights. Ephraim's soul had found a new grip by which it could hold on to the God of power whom he had not seen. The spiritual force within him began to pull at his whole being. This time passed rapidly. Sidney was full of his story and poured out more and more details about these strange people, their ideals, and their sufferings. Eph's many questions were answered to his entire satisfaction, and the determination became stronger within him to be a defender of the gospel, of Zion and her cause, come what might.

At Indianapolis the brother parted company, Sidney going straight to Nauvoo, while Ephraim started north to Chicago after promising Sidney that he would come to Nauvoo as soon as possible.

Because of ill health Bill Reed had been discharged from the Navy one year after the two boys had enlisted. Bill had settled in Chicago and was firmly established in the hotel business. Ephraim

had promised by letter to visit him as soon as possible after his discharge. And he felt it wise to keep that promise now.

The meeting in Chicago between Eph and Bill was one to be remembered. The best suite in the hotel was turned over to the recently discharged sailor. Nothing was too good for Ephraim Hanks who had protected Bill, for Bill was not too strong physically while on the U. S. S. Columbus. Bill, so to speak, had protected Eph when they were working on the canal; then the situation had been reversed. No wonder their friendship was warm and wholesome!

Each day Eph looked for his trunk to arrive but without results. He needed the clothes, which were packed in it. He bought a few more clothes to outfit him as he stared to work for Bill. Day after day his mind kept serving him over and over the new thoughts about life as expressed by his brother Sidney about these "strange" people called Mormons and their prophet leader who claimed direct revelation from God. The urge to mingle with them and learn more about this new doctrine, which had opened the heavens, was getting stronger each day.

Finally Eph told Bill that he must go to Nauvoo. Higher wages were offered and everything else Bill could think of to keep him in Chicago, but to no avail. Eph asked that his trunk, when it did arrive, be sent on to Nauvoo. After a warm handshake, the two friends parted.

A few days later, in Nauvoo, Sidney Hanks went down to the boat landing for no reason that he could explain. There stood a trunk. Going over to it, he found the name of Ephraim K. Hanks on it. Sidney sat down on

the trunk, wondering if his brother had already arrived or was yet to come. As he sat pondering, Ephraim walked up and was mystified to find the trunk he had been waiting for in Chicago. It was a happy moment for the two brothers.

Eph was amazed at the beauty of the city built by these hard-pressed people under trying circumstances. Everyone seemed busy as bees, for the completion of the temple was being rushed. Sidney and Eph immediately went to work on the temple, where Eph rapidly became acquainted with the Church leaders, with whom he talked during the day as they worked together, and whose discourses he heard at the evening meetings. He had the privilege of meeting the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and the few of the Twelve Apostles who were in Nauvoo at the time.

Eph lost no time in applying for baptism. It was a marvelous moment for him when he was led into the waters of baptism by Horace S. Eldredge. Shortly after this, Ephraim was ordained to the office of seventy.

About this time, the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were martyred in the Carthage jail. This, along with the constant persecution heaped upon the peace-loving Saints, made Ephraim's blood run hot. Many times he would have taken the law into his own hands, had not the counsel of the brethren been against his doing so.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet, the Saints were advised by Brigham Young to prepare for their westward journey. No one heeded this advice more keenly than did Ephraim K. Hanks. There had been a feeling

of kinship between himself and Brigham Young at their first meeting, which was to endure throughout their lives.

Eph immediately began to make preparation to go westward with a company of Saints. Before they were ready to leave, he was sent by the authorities to Indianapolis to pilot a company of Saints to Nauvoo. They experienced some difficulty crossing the Wabash River, for the ice was not sufficiently thick to hold up the teams and wagons.

The company reached Nauvoo safely, however, just in time for Eph to join one of the pioneer companies on its journey westward. At Mount Pisgah they made camp, remaining there until President Brigham Young overtook them with some astonishing news. The United States had declared war on Mexico, and President Polk had sent Colonel Kane and Captain Allen to raise a Mormon army. Five hundred volunteers were needed. Ephraim was among the first to offer his services.

Chapter VI

THE MORMON BATTALION

It was no easy task for Ephraim to still the conflict in his mind. He had hoped to remain with the Saints and assist them in reaching their new home, but his country had called as well as his Prophet. He urged with himself that, inasmuch as he was not married, he was better able to make this trip than many of the others who had to leave wives and children behind. Then too, his years in the Navy had prepared him for any hardship that might confront him.

Brigham Young, taking the two Hanks brothers aside, congratulated Ephraim upon his quick response to call of his country and promised him that the Lord would be at his side. He counseled Sidney that it would be best for him to remain with the Saints and assist them on the westward journey. He also stated that all the money Ephraim could spare from his army pay should be sent to Brother Sidney to further the work of the Lord.

The send-off for the boys who joined the army was elaborate, and everyone put on his cheeriest countenance. The afternoon before their departure, a farewell ball was given in which all participated. The mid-July sun was warm as they danced Virginia reels, sang songs, and made merry.

As Brigham Young bestowed him farewell blessing on these boys and men, he gave this advice: They must all be true to their country and true to God. On not a single occasion, he added, prophetically,

would they be required to shed human blood. They were to remember their prayers, to refrain from profanity, obscene language, and improper use of the name of deity; to be strictly virtuous, and never to take, that which did not belong to them, even from the worse enemies in time of war, if they could possibly avoid it.

As they took up their line of march to Fort Leavenworth, where they were to receive supplies, Eph was in the front ranks; and as Pitt's Band, which accompanied them part way, played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Eph waved a last farewell to his brother Sid and his friends. Among the five hundred men were many sad hearts as wives and children were left behind, but to Eph this was a new adventure, which set his blood tingling.

At Fort Leavenworth the Mormon soldiers obtained their muskets, ammunition, and provisions, and drew their pay. The fact that every man in the battalion could write his own name was a cause of great surprise to the officer in charge. Greater astonishment still was manifest when each of the men turned over all his surplus money to the brethren who were returning to the Saints, with instructions that it was to be used to assist in building up a new Zion.

On August 12, 1846, they left the fort on their long trek to the coast by way of Santa Fe. Their march was interrupted by a

great deal of sickness and many deaths. Eph played an important part during this period with his use of consecrated oil and the gift of healing, which he possessed to a marked degree.

One of the army doctors would treat the men with calomel for every complaint, even to a bruise. One day he left some pills for Eph's companion to take. Eph loaded the pills into a gun with some shot and at close range knocked over a sage hen. The two men enjoyed a good meal, and the next day Eph's companion was well enough to take his place in the ranks. That was the first and last time that the doctor ever heard of sickness in this tent. The boys laughed about it many times after their discharge. One of them remarked that Eph should have shot the doctor in the seat of his pants with the pills and made him run as he had made the men.

One night Eph asked his mate to answer his name at roll call. Inasmuch as they were in desperate need of meat to round out their diet, he slipped away, took a horse, and rounded up twelve head of wide cattle. The battalion had just started to march off when they saw him coming with the cattle. The men formed a hollow square into which he drove the cattle, and they had fresh beef for some time.

In a region where the cane grass grew high, they encountered a vicious herd of wild bulls, which attacked the men and the mules. Two of the mules were gored to death and several men were badly hurt. After the bulls were driven off, it was discovered that a number of them had been killed. The meat was jerked, and as much as

they could carry was taken along.

Eph Hanks and his companions found the forced marches long and tiresome. Often they would be without water for days at a time. Many of the men were unable to keep up during the day and would try to catch up with the company before camp was broken the next morning. The men did not hesitate to drink any water they could find, no matter how muddy or stagnant it might be.

While traveling through the Pima Indian villages, the soldiers sometimes traded buttons off their uniforms for cakes. When they reached the mesquite brush country, where the growth was heavy, it was necessary for them to burn a trail through. It was not unusual for an occasional wagon to catch fire from the live coals, and the glowing embers were hard on the feet of both men and animals. Often, when water could not be found, it was necessary for the men to stop and dig wells to save all from perishing. Ofttimes the camp was overtaken by scurvy and malaria, which added to their distress.

It was the latter part of January when they reached Warner's Ranch and viewed their first house in California. When they arrived in San Diego, they were overjoyed to find a warm sun and abundant vegetation, which, coupled with cool water from the mountain streams, added immeasurably to their comfort.

The Mexicans were discouraged by five hundred or so men in possession of San Diego and made no trouble.

Colonel Cooke, the commanding officer who led the battalion on the final lap

of its march, wrote this letter of commendation:

January 30, 1847

The Lieutenant Colonel commanding congratulates the Battalion on their safe arrival on the shores of the Pacific Ocean and the conclusion of their march of two thousand miles.

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost helpless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them we have entered into trackless tablelands where water was not found on several marches. With crowbar and pick and ax in hand, we have worked our way over mountains, which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrison of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson, gave us no pause. We drove them out, with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. This, marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country. * * *

By order Lieut. Colonel P. St. George Cooke
P. C. Merrill, Adjutant

The Mormon soldiers were put to work building brick houses, walks, and a church in the little town. This was slow work and uninteresting to Ephraim Hanks and the other young men who had hopes of more exciting experiences.

One day excitement in the village grew to a high pitch because of a Spanish fiesta being held in honor of St. John's Day.

Leading the parade which began the festivities were richly dressed Spaniards from neighboring haciendas, showing off their high-stepping horses. Bringing up the rear were gaudily dressed Mexicans. By eleven o'clock the parade had ended and cockfights and horse racing were in full swing. Everyone was chattering about the bullfights, which were to take place in the afternoon.

The Battalion boys had caught the spirit of the gay celebration and were as excited as the participants. A number of the boys had assembled where the horse races were taking place. In their patched and worn clothes they appeared shabby and unimportant in comparison with the ornately dressed Spaniards.

A few of the boys were listening eagerly to a heated discussion about the toreadors who were to fight the bulls in the afternoon, when one of the Spaniard turned to them and remarked, "Maybe some of these Americanos would like to fight the bull."

Bill Caspar spoke up. "From the experience we had with the wild cattle in the cane grass country, we should be able to fight them."

The Spaniards laughed in derision and bantered the Americans about being afraid of bulls, until Eph Hanks stepped forward and said, "Get us some good horses for this afternoon and we'll show you what Americans can do."

Senor Hernandez, a kindly man who had been a silent listener up to this point, offered two horses for the event; and then invited Hanks and Caspar, the would-be

bullfighters, to be his guests for the day. They were introduced to his charming daughter, Conchita, who warned the boys of the dangers in fighting bulls. She tried to persuade her father not to let these young men risk their lives in such a foolish venture. The more she argued, the more determined Eph and Bill became to see it through.

News that the two Americanos were going to fight the bull that afternoon spread rapidly, with many expressing the doubt that the two soldiers would show up at all. At the appointed time the arena was jammed to capacity, and the spectators were electrified to see the two untrained Americanos ride into the ring. The boys did some hard riding to stay out of reach of the enraged bull's horns, managing to outguess him on every charge he made.

Suddenly the bull turned on Caspar unexpectedly, forcing the horse against the

As the boys were preparing to leave the rancho, Senor Hernandez took Eph to one side and showed him a small bag of gold and much larger bag of silver, telling him that half was his if he would stay and marry his daughter, Conchita. He also told Eph that he could have of all the calves and colts branded on the rancho.

Eph thanked him for the offer, but explained that he was determined to return to the Saints. When he saw Eph's resoluteness to leave, the kindly Spaniard gave him ten saddle horses and a good pack and riding outfit, expressing his hope that some day Eph would return to San Diego. This string of horses proved a godsend, helping Eph not only to get to Salt Lake but

wall. To the spectators it appeared that the bull could not miss goring horse and rider. Many of the women covered their eyes with their hands, and all held their breath. Alert to the danger, Eph spurred his horse to the rescue. He seized the bull by the tail and with a mighty pull turned him half way around, giving Bill a chance to ride to safety. The crowds shouted and cheered, throwing armful after armful of flowers into the ring.

Senor Hernandez and Conchita were at the gate when the two bull fighters came out, and the senor insisted that the Americanos accompany them to their hacienda. The feast set before them there was one to be long remembered. Conchita stood at Eph's side during the entire meal, serving him, as was the Spanish custom. This was a new experience for Hanks and made him somewhat uneasy.

also to carry on afterwards.

From San Diego the Battalion was ordered to Los Angeles to help exterminate the wild dogs, which were overrunning that small village.

From the pen of John R. Young comes an account of an interesting episode that took place while the boys were stationed in Los Angeles. The Mexicans believed that these boys were greenhorns with horses. They had an ugly, vicious burro, which they controlled with the use of two lassoes, as he would charge on any man with open mouth, meaning "business."

The Mexicans succeeded in getting the beast into the street in front of a cafe, and they offered Eph five dollars if he

would ride the burro and stay on him.

The burro was blindfolded and held until Eph was seated on his back and the onlookers had found places of safety. Then the ropes were carefully removed, the last man jerking the blind from the burro's eyes and making a dash through the cafe door, with the burro close on his heels. Through the swinging doors went the animal, with Eph astride him. A large, valuable mirror, which the owner of the cafe desired to sell, was leaning against the counter. When the burro saw himself in the glass, he stopped a moment; then, with teeth bared, he pitched into it, smashing the glass to bits.

The customers went pell-mell out the back door, followed by the owner, who did not even have time to put down the bowl of soup he was carrying, for the burro was reaching with open mouth for the seat of his trousers. The street was quickly cleared.

With a couple of ropes the burro was finally subdued. The Mexicans who had made the bargain were standing on the roof of a low, adobe house, utterly amazed, when Hanks found them and collected the five dollars. It is said that the cafe owner did not return to his place of business for two days.

On July 16, 1847, the Battalion boys were given their honorable discharges from the army at Los Angeles. Ephraim, with the fine horses and outfits given him by the rich Spaniard, was leader on the march north in the direction of Sutter's Fort, which they had been told was six hundred miles away.

On the 24th of August they came to a white settlement, the first they had seen since leaving Fort Leavenworth a year before.

Here they met a man named Smith who had accompanied Samuel Brannan to meet the leaders of the Church and persuade them to come to California. He informed them that five hundred wagons were on their way to Salt Lake Valley. This was the first news they had had of the westward trek of the Saints. On the 6th of September they met Sam Brannan himself, and the next day they met Captain James Brown with letters from the Church leaders advising those who had not the means of subsistence to stay in California until spring and find work. About half the number turned back but Eph with his fine horses was well prepared to journey on.

Chapter VIII

ROMANCE IN THE ROCKIES

The members of the Battalion who traveled on ward to Salt Lake arrived there on the 16th of October, most of them moving into the fort, where the early Saints were then making their homes. Eph and a few other unmarried men made camp outside.

One of the bishops made a speech in the Bowery, warning the young girls to beware of the Battalion boys, for they would try to marry them and carry them off to California. Word of this reach Eph late Sunday night and so aroused him that at daybreak he saddled his horse, jumped him over a low place in the old fort wall, and found the bishop's house. Riding up to the front door, he turned his horse around and backed him into the door, banging it open. This caused great excitement in the house. The bishop jumped out of bed, his hair pointing "six ways for Sunday." Eph told him that he would give him one week only to retract his statement-or not one log of his house would be left standing. The bishop promised to retract, for, as he afterwards remarked, he could see "house logs in Eph's eyes."

Every man in diligent work to till the soil and plant crops, to save the people from starvation, spent the following year. Eph did all that a man could possibly do for the community welfare and, on the side, planted a few acres of his own hear the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon.

Leaving a fine crop growing on his farm, Eph was called away from the valley to carry and important message for Brigham Young.

While he was away, the crickets descended on the crops and threatened to destroy completely every stalk of wheat. Many methods of fighting this vicious pest were used, but all devices failed to destroy the black hordes. The Saints, realizing that there was only one who could save the crops, fasted and prayed for deliverance as they had never prayed before.

Suddenly they were amazed to see great clouds of seagulls blackening the sky. At first the pioneers thought another plague was coming to add to their distress, and when the birds alighted on the fields, they supposed that the destruction already so far advanced would be finished. To their astonishment and joy, however, the seagulls began feeding on the crickets instead of on the crops. After filling themselves to the limit of their capacity, they would disgorge in the streams and come back to eat again. This continued day after day, until what was left of the crops was saved.

When E. K. Hanks returned from his mission, he was surprised to find much of his crop ready for harvest, while his neighbor's fields had not fared so well.

On many occasions Hanks was rewarded for his obedience to the Prophet, Brigham Young. One spring morning he

was at work, building an adobe house in the city. The basement was almost completed and he was just beginning to lay the sun-dried brick when Brigham drove up in his carriage and said, "Ephraim, how thick is that rock wall?"

Eph answered that it was eight inches thick.

Brigham said, "Tear it all down, Ephraim, and build it twice as thick." Then, as if to avoid argument, he turned his carriage around and drove away.

Eph had been hauling rock from Ensign Peak for many days, and had paid a mason a good price to lay it in lime mortar. He dreaded the extra work and expense of doing it all over again.

The mason, too, showed his disapproval by swearing and remarking, "Brigham Young may be a saint, but he's no kind of a prophet about building stone walls!"

Nevertheless, Eph re-contracted with the stonemason to double the wall and the next morning started hauling rock again.

A month later, they had laid on this sixteen-inch wall much adobe brick and mud. As they were putting up the rafters, a terrific storm started. Rain fell in sheets, causing streamlets of water to run in all directions. In a few minutes the basement of the new house was flooded, but the sturdy, thick walls stood safe and strong, supporting the house. A few days later when the water had drained out and they finished laying the rafters, Eph drove in the nails to the tune of "We Thank Thee, Oh God, for a Prophet."

Many times President Brigham Young called men to do things as a test of

their faith. One evening at a dance, Brigham called Ephraim over to him and asked him to go home and shave. Like all the strong, virile men of that day, Eph wore a long beard. It was brown and wavy and almost reached his waist.

Without a question, he walked home, and after a last look in the mirror and a gentle stroke of his favored possession, he went to work with scissors and razor. He left, however, a heavy mustache but even with that, as he stated afterwards, he looked "like a peeled onion."

Hurrying back to the hall, he was greeting with laughter by everyone but Brigham, who frowned and said, "Did I ask you to shave?"

Eph nodded.

"Well, then, go back and do it right," Brigham demanded, with a gesture of his hand across his entire face.

Without a word of remonstrance, Eph did as he was told.

President Young discovered that here was a man who would give him strict obedience, regardless of the nature of the request. Here was a man who could be trusted with the most important missions and who would serve in an exacting manner.

Eph delighted in showing off his fine California horses, which always brought "oh's" and "ah's" from everyone, and especially from those who were lovers of fine horses. One June evening in 1848, while out riding, Eph passed four girls strolling along.

As he rode by, one of the girls called to him, "Oh, what a beautiful horse! Why don't you give us a ride?"

This was all the urging Eph needed to pull his horse up short and offer Harriet Little, the girl who had spoken, a ride that she instantly accepted.

Dismounting, he helped her into the saddle, and then swung himself up behind her, and they were off to a new friendship, leaving the other girls to continue their walk.

Eph learned that Harriet was a young widow, living now with her parents, the Decker's. Before parting at her home, the two had agreed to spend the next evening together. The next day passed slowly for them both, as they were already deeply in love, though perhaps not yet fully conscious of this.

As evening came on, Eph saddled his two finest horses and set out for the Decker home. Harriet was dressed in becoming riding clothes and they started off to enjoy a pleasant ride and visit. Harriet told of her great love for horses, how even in her childhood she had enjoyed assisting her father in caring for some of the finest horses in England. The next night being Saturday, they attended the dance together, and Eph was invited to the Decker home for Sunday dinner.

From then on through the summer, the two lovers were seen together frequently. The long summer evenings were ideal for courting, and some time before September they had decided to be married. Preparations were made and on September 22, 1848, they were joined in holy matrimony.

They set up housekeeping on Eph's farm near Mill Creek, close to the spot

where John Neff built the first Utah flourmill.

Shortly after, Eph was called as far east as the Sweetwater to meet President Young. Returning home, he was selected as Salt Lake City's first pound keeper, with Horace S. Eldredge as his assistant. There was real joy for Eph in being associated with Brother Eldredge, who had baptized him into the Church.

But farming and pound keeping were too tame for Eph. As a consequence, he contracted to carry mail from Salt Lake City to the Missouri River. In this work he was in his element, and during the seven years he made the thousand-mile journey over the plains and mountains more than a half hundred times. He kept no journal; consequently, most of the incidents and achievements of his life during this period are lost to the history of Utah.

Chapter VIII

LARIATS AND WAR

Fortunately, a few stories of those Indian-infested trails still survive to show us the metal of the men who rode them.

In the summer of 1851, E. K. Hanks, Feramorz Little, and Charles F. Decker made a contract with S. H. Woodson to carry the mail between Salt Lake City and Laramie, Wyoming, for two years and eleven months. Hanks and Little left Salt Lake City for their first trip in mid-July with the eastern mail and some extra animals to stock the route. They met a company of emigrants who told them that the Bannock Indians in the neighborhood of Willow Springs and Red Buttes appeared hostile.

Traveling on until late afternoon, they stopped, turned out their animals, and made their usual preparations for remaining through the night, to deceive any Indians who might be watching their movements.

After dark, the white men made a good fire, slipped out into the shadows and very quietly started again on their way. They drove to Red Buttes, stopped their wagon in the road and turned out their animals, making no light to reveal their whereabouts.

The animals, however, indicated that they scented or saw something unusual in their surrounding-they were uneasy. Both men realized that, after all their efforts to get away from the Indians, they might have camped in their very midst. But having used every practicable means to avoid danger,

they were ready to take their chances and lie down to sleep. So they spread their blankets in the road behind the wagon, crawled in, and slept soundly.

Getting up in the morning, they discovered the tracks of a huge grizzly bear around the spot where their head had been. With a small rule, which he carried in his pocket, Little measured the tracks and found them to be thirteen inches long. This enormous grizzly had walked around the sleepers with the probable desire of making a supper form them. If from any cause Hanks or Little had made a move while undergoing examination, the result might not have been so fortunate. Their seeing or smelling the grizzly, no doubt caused the uneasiness of their animals, when turned out the evening before.

On one return trip from Laramie, while Eph was completing another mission, he sent his Indian man, whose name was Yodes, to accompany Messrs. Little and Contway. This trip proved to be very trying to both men and animals. They had two men with them, Mr. Gammell and Mr. Holaday, who permitted the mail party to lead and break the track for them. Yodes and Mrs. Contway ahead, the others kept hold of a lariat attached to the mail. The snow was several feet deep and usually let a man sink in up to his knees. Where there was brush under the snow, the difficulty was much increased.

The weather was severe and, as they ascended to the top of the Big Mountain, Mr. Gammell seemed to be giving up. His beard and face were nearly covered with icicles formed from the congealing of the moisture in his breath. His eyes were sunken and haggard. He said he could go no farther and wanted to rest. In fact, he evinced a strong determination to camp without regard to place. He was evidently in the first stages of insensibility from freezing. To leave him was certain death for him, and that in a short time. His companions were under the necessity of conserving the little strength left them, or they would all perish together.

The Indians, Yodes, had but little of the milk of human kindness in his nature. This characteristic made him useful in this trying emergency. Mr. Little quietly told him to cut a switch from a tree conveniently near and to wake Mr. Gammell up, for he was freezing. A grin of satisfaction spread over the features of the Indian, as he broke a limb from the tree and gave Mr. Gammell a cut around the legs.

The pain and insult together began to arouse the man's dull sensibilities, and he attempted to get hold of the Indian to chastise him, but Yodes managed to dodge him and to put in occasional doses of the switch.

The medicine was severe, but it was the means of saving Mr. Gammell's life. He swore that he would repay Yodes both for the pain and the insult of the blows, and he soon became pretty well warmed up.

They all succeeded in making the ascent. Gammell was told that a man who could climb a hill could certainly go down

it. And that if he would not go without, they would drag him down. The threat proved to be all that was necessary, for they all arrived at the foot of the mountain on the west side.

Much knowledge and many skills were necessary to preserve life on the trail. One of these was kill with the lariat. The following letter, received many years ago by Walter E. Hanks from Allen Taylor, attests to Ephraim K. Hanks' skillful use of the lariat.

Loa, Piute

Dec. 29, 1890

Bro. Hanks

Dear Sir:-I came out in the year 1848 in President Young's company. I was captain of the company and did nothing else but to ride and see that everything was kept in order. I went back the same year with 62 wagons, which were the emigration wagons.

In traveling back on the plains, Bro. E. K. Hanks overtook me one evening just as we had camped. He was carrying the mail on horseback to the bluffs. "Bro. Taylor," he said, "back here about a half a mile there is a herd of buffalo. I will unpack and go back and bring one in." He took his lariat, went alone, and lassoed a yearling. He brought him in to camp, rolling and tumbling. My teamsters rode him and had their fun with him and then butchered him, and he made a fine piece of meat. Next morning Bro. Hanks left for the bluffs. I think there is no danger of Bro. Hanks' suffering for meat as long as he has a horse and lariat.

Allen Taylor

The following is an excerpt from *A Comprehensive History of the Church*, by B. H. Roberts, Volume 4, pp. 29-30:

"In 1851 Woodson subcontracted the carrying of the mail between Fort Laramie and Salt

Lake City, to Mr. Feramor Little, of Utah. The distance was about five hundred miles, much of it through mountainous country with no settlements and but one trading post between the Fort and Salt Lake City. The subcontract went into effect on the first of August 1851. Associated with Mr. Little in the subcontract were Ephraim K. Hanks and Charles Decker. In connection with carrying the mail the contractors also carried passengers. The service was attended by great hardship both for men and teams. The first mail from the east under Woodson's contract, for instance, though arriving in Salt Lake City as early as November 9th, was reported to have passed through snow from one to three feet deep for 'seventeen days.' In 1852 Charles Decker, bringing in the mail from Laramie had a narrow escape from death at the hands of hostile Indians, on which occasion he met with 'Kit' Carson, 'to whose intercession he ascribed his deliverance.' On the same journey he met with the following trying experience chronicled by Brigham Young:

'Brother Charles Decker arrived from Laramie with the eastern mail. He had to swim every river between this and Laramie. The mail coach and mules were lost at Ham's Fork, where the mail lay under water from one to seven p.m.; the lead horses were saved by being cut loose. Brother Decker was in the ice water with the mail all the time, and then exhausted, had no resource but to wrap himself in robes and blankets, wet as water could make them, till morning, when he found himself in a free perspiration, fully relieved from a fever he had been laboring under most of the time since he left the city. Brother Ephraim K. Hanks about the same time had proceeded as far as Bear River with the eastern mail. At Weber River the raft on which he and party crossed was sucked under, forcing them to swim for their lives; the mail was carried down the stream and lay in the water upward of two hours. After a great deal of trouble and at the risk of their lives they secured it, but in bad condition. On reaching Bear River, which was foaming torrent, extending from mountain to mountain, they found it impossible to proceed.'

It is very difficult for us of these later years to realize the enormous hardship endured by such men as Ephraim K. Hanks.

He and two or three others of the bravest of pioneer mail carriers made the perilous trip across the mountains and the plains some fifty or sixty times. Each trip required forty or fifty days-in one case ninety days, for they were obliged to remain some time in a cave with their animals to escape a fearful snowstorm, and neither men nor animals had other food than jerked meat rolled in flour while they lived in the cave. The government allowed these men one thousand dollars a trip. And they surely earned it. If provisions gave out or were ruined or lost, their only resource was hunting. Jerked meat was the standard food and most easily prepared and transported. The hazardous winter trips exacted a heavy toll on strength and courage and it was the general feeling that strong food was required.

A journey to the Missouri River and back again, in which E. K. Hanks took a leading part, has been related in an interesting-and amusing-way by Solomon F. Kimball.

On the 4th of August 1851, Doctor John M. Bernhisel was elected to the Thirty-second Congress of the United States, he being the first man to represent Utah in the legislative councils of the nation. He was highly polished gentleman of the Sandy Hill, Pennsylvania, type, and traditionally a Whig.

It fell to the lot of Eph Hanks, Charley Decker, and George Clawson, noted mail carriers of the Western plains, to take the Honorable John M. Bernhisel through to the Missouri River so that he would reach Washington in time for the opening of

Congress. Their outfit consisted of a light wagon drawn by two mules, three pack animals loaded with government mail, and two saddle horses.

The doctor discarded his broadcloth and at ten o'clock on the morning of August 9, 1851, a start for the national capitol was made. Everything went well with them until they reached the upper crossing of the North Platte. Here they found no ferryboat, but having brought four ten-gallon kegs along in case of just such an emergency, they loaded everything into the wagon, ran it into the river, lashed a keg to each wheel and tied one end of a long rope to the wagon tongue; then, with the other end, Eph and Charley swam to the other side. In the meantime, Clawson had gone over with the animals, taking the harness and saddles along with him. The scouts then hitched the team of mules to the end of the rope, and in this way the wagon was hauled over.

The next thing was to get Utah's first congressman, who was a poor swimmer, across the river. The scouts thought it too much of a risk to take him over in the wagon, so they adopted this plan: George and Charley, with one end of the long rope, swam back to where the doctor was and fastened the rope securely under his arms; then the three of them waded into the stream as far as possible, Eph pulling in the slack rope from the other side as fast as they advanced toward him. The swimming then began in earnest, Charley and George helping the honorable gentleman, of whose Whig political inclinations they were well aware, as much as they could. When they reached the main channel they became

separated, and then it was every fellow for himself. As soon as the boys let go of the doctor, he cried for help.

Eph, taking in the situation, and having the other end of the rope tied to the horn of his saddle, put spurs to his fiery steed.

For the next hundred feet, Honorable John M. more resembled a good-sized flutter-wheel, with full head on, than a delegate to Congress. After working over him for some time, the company moved on.

Several days after reaching the Bluffs, the Democratic mail-carrier scouts were convulsed with laughter when they read in the FRONTIER GUARDIAN the following communication from the doctor:

Independence, Missouri
Sept. 28, 1851

Orson Hyde, Editor
FRONTIER GUARDIAN

Dear Sir:-I arrived here this afternoon in good health. Should you deem it worthy of notice please say in the GUARDIAN that I am neutral in politics.

In hast, I am truly yours,
John M. Bernhisel.

On their return trip the scouts ran out of provisions, but as good luck would have it, they camped near a company of gold seekers on their way to California, who had plenty of everything. Decker went to their camp to purchase supplies, but the haughty captain refused to sell him anything. When Charley reported this fact to his companions, Eph, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "George, let's you and I give 'em a whirl."

George Clawson had black eyes, Roman nose, and wore a full buckskin suit. With plenty of feathers, horsehair, charcoal and paint, Eph and Charley were not long in making him look like a full-fledged Cheyenne chief of the most savage type. These men spoke the Indian languages fluently and had crossed the plains too many times to be outdone by a crowd of tenderfeet.

When everything was ready, Eph went one way and George the other, the latter following a deep ravine that led to the hills some distance above the emigrants' camp. They were mounted on good horses and armed to the teeth. Eph, in the garb of an old mountaineer, followed the river-bottom, keeping out of sight until he reached the main road, a half-mile west of the gold seekers' camp. He then reversed his course, following a trail that led to their wagons. As soon as he reached the camp, he lost no time in telling them that they were in a regular hotbed of bloodthirsty savages who thought no more of peeling scalps from the ordinary emigrants than they did of eating a chunk of broiled beef after a hard day's hunt.

By the time the gold seekers were worked up to a high pitch, along came Clawson galloping down the hillside at break-neck speed, letting out yells that would have done justice to old Geronimo himself. When he reached the camp he began to harangue the bystanders in regular Indian fashion, at the same time swinging his arms and pointing to the mountains, hills, and plains.

An excited crowd soon gathered around and the captain, with flushed face

and clenched fists, wanted to know what the trouble was.

After Hanks had talked matters over with the "chief," he turned to the exasperated wagon boss and said, "Captain, he wants you people to understand that he owns this whole country as far as the eye can see, and that you will have to pay dearly for the rich bunchgrass your hungry animals have been devouring during the last five sleeps, or somebody about your camp will lose his scalp, just as sure as his name is Sitting Bull."

The excited captain, turning to Hanks, wanted to know what the damages were, as he was more than willing to pay anything in reason rather than be bothered with a band of cold-blooded bulldozers of this savage fellow's kind.

After the "chief" and the "mountaineer" had had another spirited talk, Eph told the captain that the chief wanted some flour, bacon beans, tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. The wagon boss ordered the commissary to bring forth the desired supplies and the request was immediately granted.

Then the chief began to jabber again, at the same time rubbing his stomach and making all kinds of horrid faces. The captain wanted to know what in the name of common sense the "old cuss was kicking about this time."

Eph good-naturedly explained to him that the chief's wife was very sick and he wanted some good brandy to rub on her stomach, as well as some candy for the youngsters.

Clawson and Hanks were soon

welding their way toward their camp with everything their hearts could desire, while the captain and his companions congratulating themselves over the clever manner in which they had conducted their case!

Chapter IX

DODGING BULLETS

In the year 1850 when the settlement of Provo was young, the Indians were causing considerable trouble. These violations were reported to Brigham Young, who sent his trusted scout, Ephraim K. Hanks to talk things over with the Indians and see if they could not be persuaded to stop their stealing and live in peace with the white man.

Two visits were made without result. The third trip was to be the last. Hanks arrive at the Indian camp to be met by two husky braves who seized his horse by the bit on either side. His trained eye showed him also a warrior sitting on a high ridge with his gun pointed straight at him. This would be enough to destroy the courage of most men, but E. K. Hanks had been in many tight spots before and knew how to handle the red man.

He asked to see Chief Big Elk, who soon came out of his doorway with a bow and an arrow fitted to the string. Speaking in the Indian's own language, Ephraim said, "Big White Chief say, unless you stop bothering peaceful white man, he send army to wipe you out."

Big Elk grunted, "Ugh! Go tell Big White Chief me fix him like this." He then repeated shot arrows through a large buffalo robe.

Finding his words had no effect on the haughty chief and feeling that they had already planned to kill him, Ephraim minds

worked fast. Suddenly he lashed out with his quirt, catching both bucks holding his horse over their heads; at the same time spurring his horse, he broke away and dashed for a wooded ravine. The Indian on the hill was not asleep, but fortunately he was not too accurate and his bullet struck the stirrup. Big Elk let fly an arrow, which pierced the scout's coat as it sailed between his arm and his body.

As he raced down the ravine, his heart full of thankfulness for his safety, pounding hoofs just behind him startled Ephraim. Glancing back, he seemed to see a white charger overtaking him and on his back a man in gray tweeds...but...was it just a cloud of dust? The hoof beats died away and Ephraim was riding alone and safe across a flat well out of gun range of the Indians.

Much later, when peace had been restored between the white men and the Indians, an old Indian who came to the Hanks home recognized Ephraim by his extra long beard. He related how he had been one of the warriors in many battles with Chief Big Elk, and how at close range he had aimed two shots at the heart of this man who wore the long beard, and how the Great Spirit must have hurled the bullets to the side, for the man had not fallen.

Ephraim Hanks was always found in the front ranks, eagerly facing any danger that threatened the Latter-day Saints. A

braver man probably never lived. With about one hundred of his comrades, he fought the Indians who refused peace on the banks of the Provo River. He was one of the fifteen invincibles who captured the stronghold of the red men on that occasion. Chief Big Elk and his warriors continued to commit depredations upon the farmers around Provo, stealing their cattle, horses, and everything on which they could lay their hands. E. K. Hanks was given just ten minutes' notice that he was to help quell this Indian uprising. Saddling his horse hastily, he joined the others as they were riding off.

About three miles from where the city of Provo now stands, the Indians were camped in thick brush, well protected. At sunrise the white men surround the Indian camp and an interpreter was dispatched to ask the Indians to surrender. Before the interpreter could make his message known, some of the young braves became excited and fired at the white men. This ended negotiations: the battle was on in earnest. The white men were at a disadvantage, being exposed to the Indians' guns, while the red men were hidden from view.

On the second day of the fighting, E. K. Hanks and fourteen other men were assigned to make a charge on the Indians. During this charge, Hanks' horse was shot from under him and two bullet holes were made in his Navajo blanket coat.

Fighting went on at close range, the Indians holding their ground in the clump of brush with few casualties. When night set in, however, the Indians became so hard pressed that they were forced to make a hasty retreat toward Provo Lake, but they

were overtaken and the majority of them captured. During the three days' battle, Chief Big Elk, the leading chieftain in command, with about fifty of his warriors, had been killed, against a loss of only one white man. Afterwards Ephraim Hanks' young wife, Harriet, who was alone during those nights with her two small children, told him that she had spent much time praying for his safe return, and that she had received great comfort from the quiet voice of a man who seemed to speak to her, saying, "Do not fear for your husband's safety, for I was with him today...." She had fallen asleep instantly with no more fear.

From the writings of William Morley Black the following account is taken: "In February, 1850, in company with Ephraim Hanks, William Potter, and four others, the start was made for Sanpete County. There were no settlements south of Salt Lake City until we reached Provo, where the settlers were living in a fort. Our progress was slow on account of muddy roads, the melting snows, and frequent storms that came at that season of the year. At the crossing of the Spanish Fort Creek, as we were moving along a narrow road cut through heavy willows, a troupe of Indians appeared on the opposite bluff and opened fire on us.

"I was driving the lead team and am free to confess that I halted as soon as I could. Ephraim Hanks, the leading spirit of the company, stepped fearlessly to the front and in Spanish held a parley with the red men, who under the leadership of Josephine, reputed half-brother of Chief Walker.

"The Indians refused to let us advance unless we paid tribute. We gave

them one sack of flour and three sacks of cornmeal as a peace offering, which was in harmony with President Young's counsel that it is cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them.

"It was by President Young's wisdom and foresight that Hanks was along. He was by nature an athlete of wonderful power. He loved excitement and danger, qualities that gave him great influence with the Indians. On this occasion they had the advantage of us and had they continued the onslaught we could not have escaped. The whistling of the bullets was new music to me and I was glad when the music ceased. We received no further harm than a scare and the loss of four sacks of provisions.

"The trip was a hard one with mud and seemingly bottomless roads in the valleys, and over the divide the snow was from two to four feet deep for several miles. I have often thought how wise it is that we cannot see the end from the beginning, for often the difficulties would be greater than our faith and we would fail to make the progress we do."

On a later occasion E. K. Hanks was sent after the Tooele Indians in company with Jacob Hamblin and others. They surprised the Indians at the foot of a large mountain. The Indians scattered in every direction, with the white men close behind. It was every man for himself. When the going became difficult for the horses, they were tied to trees. Ephraim tied his horse in a deep ravine and went in pursuit of a brawny redskin. The Indian slipped behind a tree to await his pursuer, but Hanks was not caught napping. He went on as though he

had not noticed, until he was hidden from the Indian's view by a steep ledge. Then he made his way swiftly around to the left. Without being discovered, he crept within fifty feet of the Indian, who turned as Ephraim raised his gun to his shoulder.

Before the Indian could fit an arrow to his bow, Ephraim took careful aim and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. The Indian sent an arrow whistling under Hank's arm, nicking his coat sleeve. Eph snapped the trigger again without result, as the Indian ran, fell, and rolled-all at the same time down the ravine.

The other men's guns also missed fire that day. Not one of the groups of white men was able to discharge a gun when within range of an Indian, and only one of the whites received a slight arrow wound. These men were all impressed after this experience with the belief that they were not to kill the Indians, and this ended the Skull Valley fighting.

But, all in all, these were the days that tried the souls of men. For eighteen years following, Ephraim K. Hanks was certainly one of these souls who was being tested, and he successfully emerged from the ordeal.

On one occasion while crossing the plains, the Indians robbed him of everything he had except his clothing and a butcher knife concealed in his bootleg pocket. Hundreds of miles from home, what to do under such circumstances was enough not only to frighten but also to puzzle the most resourceful mind. Eph, however, continued on his way as if nothing unusual had

happened. Inside his coat pocket was an important message sent by the authorities of the Church to the president of the British Mission. The failure to carry that document to its destination might cause much sorrow and trouble. Ephraim K. Hanks felt that he was on the Lord's errand, and he had received a promise from the Lord's authority on earth that his mission, on that occasion, should be crowned with success in every particular.

Our scout cautiously moved along with his dog until he came to a mountain stream almost hidden from view by heavy clumps of underbrush. On the south bank of the stream he spied in the distance a herd of buffaloes, warming themselves in the noonday sun. Keeping out of sight until he came close in behind them, with cat-like agility he sprang behind a full-grown cow that was lying down, and cut one hamstring. Then he ran for a narrow ravine in the side of the bank, which he had previously selected, with the buffalo hot on his heels. Unable to enter the ravine, the cow stood, fighting mad, at the entrance. At this moment his faithful dog started nipping at the cow. She turned to charge the dog, giving Ephraim a chance to slip out and cut the other hamstring. He then killed the animal and jerked as much of the meat as he could carry with him.

Not far on his way, he came in sight of a camp of Indians belonging to the same tribe that had robbed him some two days before. He made up his mind to 'get even' with them if such a thing were possible, though he was proud to say that he had never killed an Indian. He soon located their

herding ground, and during the late hours of the night he selected from their band of horses two of the finest steeds that could be found. By daylight the next morning, he was thirty-five miles on his way and still going. He reached Fort Laramie the next day and secured from the government officers another outfit, which enabled him to reach the Missouri River several days ahead of schedule.

On occasions, when his food supply was exhausted and could not be replenished, Hanks has been known to kill his pack-mule and eat of that, until a badger or other wild animal could be obtained to take its place as food. He crossed the plains during the winter months with as much readiness as during any other season of the year. It seemed not to matter what conditions were, for he was always equal to the emergencies.

On one of his trips across the plains, he fell into the hands of a band of hostile Utes who began to arrange matters to burn him at the stake. Eph, being somewhat acquainted with the ways of the wild men of the west, soon devised means to prevent them from carrying out their nefarious designs. He knew that Indians were afraid of insane persons, and that a tradition existed among them that if such a one were killed at their hands, it would bring destruction upon them.

So, to save his life, he began to play the part of a crazy man by singing songs, dancing jigs, making faces, and exhibiting his front teeth in such a way as to cause general commotion throughout the camp.

Seeing that the red men feared him, he began to tear tents, turn somersaults,

chase bucks, break bows, bang buckets, burn bedding, and many other seemingly insane things.

"That sent the fleeing red man to caverns,
cove and cave;

To hide from `pe-up' captive, that cranky,
crazy brave."

Chapter X

TO THE RESCUE

Meanwhile, after the Mormon custom, E. K. Hanks had taken unto himself a second wife. Quite a young girl, Jane Capener by name, Harriet had consented to the marriage and had received her graciously.

Perhaps having two families to support would drive a man into wider fields of occupation. At any rate, in October of 1856, Hanks had contracted a load of fish for the Salt Lake market. He had driven to Utah Lake, thirty miles south, where fish were plentiful, and was staying at the home of Gerney Brown.

After the Brown family and their visitor had retired for the night, Eph found it impossible to sleep. He could not erase from his mind thoughts of the handcart company, which was long overdue in Salt Lake Valley. He knew how great their suffering must be, due to the early snow and cold weather. He turned back the pages in his mind to his many trips along this same trail. Again and again he recalled the hazards and the hardships which had confronted him and his companions, experienced as they were along this route. He tossed and turned and tried to sleep in an effort to shut out the ghastly vision of women and children suffering on the bleak plains. It must have been at least one o'clock in the morning before he fell into a troubled sleep.

Suddenly someone's calling aroused him out his name, "Ephraim!"

"Yes," he answered, thinking it might be Brother Brown.

Finding no one in the room, however, he lay back and dozed again.

Once more he heard his name called, but could see no one and hear no other sound. He lay back, pondering what all this could mean. His mind was troubled and his heart was pounding. Being very tired, he dozed again.

The third time his name was called out in rather sharp tones.

He answered, "Yes, yes. Is there something I can do for you?"

He heard a clear voice say, "That Handcart Company is in trouble. Will you help them out?"

Eph jumped out of bed, hoping to see the messenger. Was it-could it be-the man in gray tweeds? Though he was gone, he had left-whoever he was-a message that Elder Hanks understood thoroughly. He dressed quickly, making enough noise to waken Brother and Sister Brown.

They asked him what in the world was the matter, and he related what had happened. Brother Brown helped him get his team ready, while Sister Brown prepared something for him to eat. Then they threw a sack of flour and some warm clothing into the wagon, saying, "We hope it will help them a little."

As Eph entered Salt Lake, about daylight, a messenger just dispatched by

Brigham Young to ask him to come and assist the handcart company met him. The messenger, as well as President Young, was very much surprised to find him already back in the city. The President laid his hands on Elder Hanks' head and gave him a blessing, and the intrepid Elder started out with his team, his light wagon, and his supplies over the mountains.

After traveling a few miles, he found the snow so deep and drifting so much that his progress was impaired, so he decided to leave his wagon.

Putting his supplies on a packhorse and saddling the other, he was prepared for any emergency. Keeping to the ridges where the wind blew them clean of snow, he hurried on past Devil's Gate and down toward Sweetwater.

Eph realized that in the blinding blizzard he had wandered some distance from the main road, when he came upon a small group of Indians camped at the edge of the scrub timber. The Indians were none too friendly and did not ask the stranger to join them and get warm by the fire. Instead, they circled around him suspiciously, eyeing with envy his fine horsed and outfit. Eph told them that he had wandered off the road and that he was in a hurry to find the people who were pulling the handcarts. The chief said he had seen others go by during the summer, pulling handcarts but if there were people traveling that way now, they must be mostly dying or dead.

The Indians were willing to show Eph where the road was by pointing and by tracing lines in the snow. Drawing his hunting knife from his bootleg, he also made

lines in the snow, indicating to the Indians that he was acquainted with the road in good weather. Purposely he dropped his knife, but continued to talk as if nothing had happened. From the corner of his eye he saw one of the braves kick now over the knife and then stand on it.

Apparently satisfied with their directions, he mounted his horse and started on his way. After he had ridden about ten yards with the Indians watching him closely, he stopped his horse and began to feel for his knife. He searched himself well, then looked around his packhorse, but no knife could be found. Turning his horse, he came back to the Indians.

He then raised his hands high above his head and began to speak, half in Indian, half in English, to the Great Spirit. Drawing his eyes to two narrow slits, he lowered his right hand and pointed with his long forefinger straight at the feet of the red man who was standing over his knife. Eph asked which one had his knife. All the Indians shook their heads and said they didn't know.

Again he pointed skyward and talked to the Great Spirit. Then, like a dial, Eph's long forefinger pointed straight at the guilty Indian, who now was trembling with fright.

With his knife retrieved and the Indians greatly impressed with his seemingly magical powers, Eph told the chief that he wanted two men to guide him back to the road. Without hesitation two were appointed, but in the blizzard they also were confused and they led the white man in the wrong direction. They had traveled but a mile to two when the storm abated, and Elder Hanks was able to recognize familiar

landmarks. He gave the Indians a handful of dried fruit, which he had been carrying in his pocket, released them, and went on his way alone.

Traveling only a short distance along the main road, he was amazed to see a large buffalo standing in full view. He took the gun from his saddle, drew a bead, pulled the trigger, and the buffalo dropped in its tracks. He took time to skin part of it and cut from the carcass as much meat as he could strap on his pack animal. Then, slashing the tenderloin strips from along the backbone and tying them on his saddle, he mounted and continued his journey. In a few more miles he sighted the handcart company.

When the exhausted, starving, freezing people saw this lone rider coming, they fell to their knees and thanked God. Before Eph could untie the tenderloin strips from his saddle, the emigrants had eaten most of it raw. While the provisions he had brought along with the buffalo meat unloaded from his pack animal, were being distributed among the snowbound pioneers, he took some of the strongest men with him, led them to the carcass of the buffalo, and brought back the rest of the meat.

Elders Hanks went among the people anointing and asking the Lord to bless them. There was so much faith and such a revival of spirits that many were healed instantly. Some had been carrying around frozen limbs for days, but now had faith strong enough to have them amputated by this humble elder. In some instances this was done without pain.

The following is a letter received from Dr. Grant M. Lee, of Salt Lake City,

under date of November 17, 1944:

Dear E. Kay:-It was my great grandmother and her family of three children (including my grandmother, Rebecca Orme [Lee]) who were rescued by your grandfather while snowed along the Sweetwater River in Wyoming in 1856. I am copying that part of the story from our Orme family history and trust it will be of some help to you.

"...In 1856 she, Amy Kirby Orme, with the son and two daughters, started for Utah. Many weeks passed in that sailing vessel between Liverpool and Boston. The journey from there to Florence, Nebraska, was not so bad, but now what could they do; no money, no chance of employment and soon winter would be coming. There had been a handcart company go to the Valley, but this was a little late to start. However, the Church authorities decided that the only thing they could do was to go on. So, under the leadership of Captain Martin, the large company started on, mostly young men and women from England and Scotland ready to face any danger. (See Essentials of Church History, pp 486-490. Also History of Utah, Whitney, Vol. 1, 547.)

"Happily they went along with their handcarts, but as they got into the mountains it became very cold and progress was slow. Their provisions were getting low. The Captain decided, 'We must budget the flour or we will not have enough.' Four ounces of flour a day per person was allowed; that meant one pound of flour per day for the Orme family. As the cold increased many died because of lack of food and very often they were the ones who at first seemed the strongest. Amy saw her only wonderful boy weakening and she noticed that the men died more often than women. Would her boy be next? 'No, it can't be!' So she proposed to the girls that they each cut their ration of food a little in order to feed Samuel a little more. It was done.

"But what was their terror one day to find themselves snowed in on the Sweetwater River in Wyoming, unable to move; no food and hundreds of miles from any source of supplies. Death was frequent, and those left, too weak to dig graves for their comrades. A few oxen that were brought along to haul the heavy luggage began to die out; as was said years after in a joking way, two or more men

would try to hold the ox from falling over while another would hurriedly shoot it. Then they would divide the animal up into small pieces and distribute it to the starving crowd. Nothing was wasted, however; the insides, the hide, and everything but the horns and hair was eaten.

"One day from the west came a dark spot moving towards the camp. As eagerly they watched, they saw it was a man leading a horse. On arriving he told them he had killed a big, fat buffalo and had put on all of the meat he could for them. All got a piece of meat. Just why that animal had not gone with the rest of its kind to winter quarters will never be known. The man was Ephraim Hanks, the advance man of a relief party sent by Brigham Young to meet them. The news cheered them up; they took on new hopes, but some days passed before the toiling rescuers reached them. Now they began to move on, but slowly; finally they reached Salt Lake City Nov. 9, 1856...."

Best wishes,
Grant M. Lee.

There was another family in this handcart company by the name of Read. Samuel George Read and his wife, Elizabeth, had heard the gospel call while living in London, England. In the family were two daughters, Alicia and Thisbe, and one son, Walter. In 1856 they sailed from England on the *Horizon* with eight hundred other emigrants, most of them converts to the Church, who were coming to the United States. After being tossed about on the waves for some six weeks, they landed in New York City on July first. From there, they took the train to Iowa, the end of the trail, as they supposed.

It was a great disappointment to all of them to learn that there were still more than a thousand miles to travel, most of which had to be covered by walking. All seemed, however, to be in gay spirits as they set about building handcarts to carry their possessions. Finally, the day came when this band of Saints, inexperienced in pioneering, was ready to start. It was an odd looking caravan that Captain Martin was leading toward the west.

A few days before they reached Omaha, Nebraska, Walter Read, who was then eight years old, became lost to the company. At first Father and

Mother Read thought the boy must be with some of their friends in the large company. When a search was taken up, however, he could not be found. It was too late in the season for the caravan to be delayed; they must keep moving. Father Read decided to let his family go on with the Saints while he stopped to hunt for his only son. It was a sad parting as he kissed his wife and two daughters goodbye, and went in search of Walter.

Mother Read and Alicia took over the pulling of the handcart, with Thisbe pushing. Shoes began to wear thin, and Mother Read spent many of the evenings mending them. The nights began to get colder and colder. Finally, one morning the cow which they drove along and which furnished them milk, became so weak that she could not get up. Captain Martin ordered her to be killed and the meat distributed among the Saints, whose food supply was fast becoming exhausted.

One evening about sundown they came to the Platte River, which was about two feet deep and filled with chunks of floating ice. The women had a difficult time wading through it, as the chunks of ice gouged at their legs, causing them much pain. Captain Martin took Thisbe and many of the younger children across on his horse. The next morning the company was delayed long enough to bury in shallow graves eighteen who had died during the night.

As if the trials through which they were passing were not enough, it began to snow, adding much to their discomfort. Their slow progress was curtailed even more, and it seemed that there was little hope of their survival. They did not, however, give up, but constantly prayed for some miraculous deliverance. Graves became more numerous and more shallow, until all the emigrants could do was to cover the bodies with snow and struggle forward. By this time, their suffering was so intense that they were beginning to doubt that help could reach them in time. They would all be gone.

One night as they were making camp as best they could, someone noticed a dark speck moving toward them in the white snow. Soon they could make out that it was a man with two horses. Their hearts began to beat faster and their courage returned, as they realized that this might be the help for which they had prayed.

A shout of joy went up as the first man to reach the stranger turned to them and waved his hand gaily as he learned that this was Ephraim K. Hanks, the advance scout of a relief party sent by President Brigham Young to bring them safely to Salt Lake. The evening, after everyone had feasted on fresh buffalo meat, Elder Hanks went among them, administering to the sick and offering words of encouragement.

Thisbe Read, as did many of the others that night, thanked the Lord for this strong man who had come out of the West to bring them food and new hope. As the years went by, her admiration for him increased, affection was born and grew, and in the year 1862 she became under the laws of the Mormon Church his third wife.

Little eight-year-old Walter Read remained lost for three years, when he was found and then taken west to join his family. As a man he was president of Salt Lake City's street railway system.

The following account of the handcart rescue given by Ephraim K. Hanks himself, seems to differ in many details from the one just related, but no doubt both accounts are true and could be fitted together like the parts of a picture puzzle. Andrew Jensen states that "In June, 1891, when visiting the Sevier Stake of Zion in the interest of Church history, I became acquainted with Elder Ephraim K. Hanks, who resides in Pleasant Creek, (in the Blue Valley Ward), now in Wayne County, Utah. He related to me the following:

"In the fall of 1856, I spent considerable of my time fishing in Utah Lake; and in traveling backward and forward between that lake and Salt Lake City, I had occasion to stop once over night with Gurney Brown, in Draper, about nineteen miles south of Salt Lake City. Being somewhat fatigued after the day's journey, I retired to rest quite early, and while I still lay wide awake in my bed I heard a voice calling me by name, and then saying: 'The handcart people are in trouble and you are wanted;

will you go and help them?' I turned instinctively in the direction from whence the voice came and beheld an ordinary sized man in the room. Without hesitation I answered 'Yes, I will go if I am called.' I then turned around to go to sleep, but had laid only a few minutes when the voice called a second time, repeating almost the same words as on the first occasion. My answer was the same as before. This was repeated a third time.

"When I got up the next morning I said to Brother Brown, 'The handcart people are in trouble, and I have promised to go out and help them;' but I did not tell him of my experiences during the night.

"I now hastened to Salt Lake City, and arrived there on the Saturday, preceding the Sunday on which the call was made for volunteers to go out and help the last handcart companies in. When some of the brethren responded by explaining that they could get ready to start in a few days; I spoke out at once saying, 'I am ready now!' The next day I was wending my way eastward over the mountains with a light wagon all alone.

"The terrific storm which caused the immigrants so much suffering and loss overtook me near the South Pass, where I stopped about three days with Reddick N. Allred, who had come out with provisions for the immigrants. The storm during these three days was simply awful. In all my travels in the Rocky Mountains both before and afterwards, I have seen no worse. When at length the snow ceased falling, it lay on the ground so deep that for many days it was impossible to move wagons through it.

"Being deeply concerned about the possible fate of the immigrants, and feeling anxious to learn of their condition, I determined to start out on horseback to meet them; and for this purpose I secured a pack-saddle and two animals (one to ride and one to pack), from Brother Allred, and began to make my way slowly through the snow alone. After traveling for some time I met Joseph A. Young and one of the Garr boys, two of the relief company which had been sent from Salt Lake City to help the companies. They had met the immigrants and were now returning with important dispatches from the camps to the headquarters of the Church, reporting the awful condition of the companies.

"In the meantime I continued my lonely

journey, and the night after meeting Elders Young and Garr, I camped in the snow in the mountains. As I was preparing to make a bed in the snow with the few articles that my pack animal carried for me, I thought how comfortable buffalo robe would be on such an occasion, and also how I could relish a little buffalo meat for supper, and before lying down for the night I was instinctively led to ask the Lord to send me a buffalo. Now, I am a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, for I have on many different occasions asked the Lord for blessings, which He in His mercy has bestowed on me. But when I, after praying as I did on that lonely night in the South Pass, looked around me and spied a buffalo bull within fifty yards of my camp, my surprise was complete; I had certainly not expected so immediate an answer to my prayer. However, I soon collected myself and was not at a loss to know what to do. Taking deliberate aim at the animal, my first shot brought him down; he made a few jumps only, and then rolled down into the very hollow where I was encamped. I was soon busily engaged skinning my game, finishing which, I spread the hide on the snow and placed my bed upon it. I next prepared supper, eating tongue and other choice parts of the animal I had killed, to my heart's content. After this I enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep, while my horses were browsing on the sage brush.

"Early the next morning I was on my way again, and soon reached what is known as the Ice Springs Bench. There I happened upon a herd of buffalo, and killed a nice cow. I was impressed to do this, although I did not know why until a few hours later, but the thought occurred to my mind that the hand of the Lord was in it, as it was a rare thing to find buffalo herds around that place at this late part of the season. I skinned and dressed the cow; then cut up part of its meat in long strips and loaded my horses with it. Thereupon I resumed my journey, and traveled on till towards evening. I think the sun was about an hour high in the west when I spied something in the distance that looked like a black streak in the snow. As I got near to it, I perceived it moved, then I was satisfied that this was the long looked for handcart company, led by Captain Edward Martin. I reached the ill-fated train just as the immigrants were camping for the night. The sight

that met my gaze as I entered their camp can never be erased from my memory. The starved forms and haggard countenances of the poor sufferers, as they moved about slowly, shivering with cold, to prepare their scanty evening meal was enough to touch the stoutest heart. When they saw me coming, they hailed me with joy inexpressible, and when they further beheld the supply of fresh meat I brought into camp, their gratitude knew no bounds. Flocking around me, one would say, 'Oh, please, give me a small piece of meat;' another would exclaim, 'My poor children are starving, do give me a little;' and children with tears in their eyes would call out, 'Give me some, give me some.' At first I tried to wait on them and handed out the meat as they called for it; but finally I told them to help themselves. Five minutes later both my horses had been released of their extra burden-the meat was all gone, and the next few hours found the people in the camp busily engaged in cooking and eating it, with thankful hearts.

"A prophecy had been made by one of the brethren that the company should feast on buffalo meat when their provisions might run short; my arrival in their camp, loaded with meat, was the beginning of the fulfillment of that prediction; but only the beginning, as I afterwards shot and killed a number of buffalo for them as we journeyed along.

"When I saw the terrible condition of the immigrants on first entering their camp, my heart almost melted within me. I rose up in my saddle and tried to speak cheering and comforting words to them. I told them also that they should all have the privilege to ride into Salt Lake City, as more teams were coming.

"After dark, on the evening of my arrival in the handcart camp, a woman crying aloud passed the camp fire where I was sitting. Wondering what was the matter, my natural impulse led me to follow her. She went straight to Daniel Tyler's wagon, where she told the heart-rending story of her husband being at the point of death, and in pleading tones she asked Elder Tyler to come and administer to him. This good brother, tired and weary as he was after pulling handcarts all day, had just retired for the night, and was a little reluctant in getting up; but on this earnest solicitation he soon arose, and we both followed the

woman to the tent, in which we found the apparently lifeless form of her husband. On seeing him, Elder Tyler remarked, 'I cannot administer to a dead man.' Brother Tyler requested me to stay and lay out the supposed dead brother, while he returned to his wagon to seek that rest which he needed so much. I immediately stepped back to the camp fire where several of the brethren were sitting and addressing myself to Elders Grant, Kimball and one or two others, I said: 'Will you boys do just as I tell you?' The answer was in the affirmative. We then went to work and built a fire near the tent which I and Elder Tyler had just visited; next we warmed some water and washed the dying man, whose name was Blair, from head to foot. I then anointed him with consecrated oil over his whole body, after which we laid hands on him and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to breathe and live. The effect was instantaneous. The man who was dead to all appearances immediately began to breathe, sat up in his bed and commenced to sang a hymn. His wife, unable to control her feelings of joy and thankfulness, ran through the camp exclaiming: 'My husband was dead, but is now alive. Praised be the name of God. The man who brought the buffalo meat has healed him.'

This circumstance caused a general excitement in the whole camp, and many of the drooping spirits began to take fresh courage from that very hour. After this the greater portion of my time was devoted to waiting on the sick. 'Come to me,' 'help me,' 'please administer to my sick wife,' or 'my dying child,' were some of the requests that were made of me almost hourly for some time after I had joined the immigrants, and I spent days going from tent to tent administering to the sick. Truly the Lord was with me and others of his servants who labored faithfully together with me in that day of trial and suffering. The result of this our labor of love certainly redounded to the honor and glory of a kind and merciful God. In scores of instances when we administered to the sick, and rebuked the diseases in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the sufferers would rally at once; they were healed almost instantly. I believe I administered to several hundreds in a single day; and I could give names of many whose lives were saved by the power of God.

But I will only give the details in one more instance.

"One evening after having gone as far as Fort Bridger I was requested by a sister to come and administer to her son, whose name was Thomas. He was very sick, indeed, and his friends expected he would die that night. When I came to the place where he lay he was moaning pitifully, and was almost too weak to turn around in his bed. I felt the power of God resting upon me, and addressing the young man, said, 'Will you believe the words I tell you?' His response was 'Yes.' I then administered to him, and he was immediately healed. He got up, dressed himself, and danced a hornpipe on the end-board of a wagon, which I procured for that purpose. But notwithstanding these manifestations of the Lord's goodness, any of the immigrants whose extremities were frozen, lost their limbs, either whole or in part. Many such I washed with water and castile soap, until the frozen parts would fall off, after which I would sever the shreds of flesh from the remaining portions of the limbs with my scissors. Some of the emigrants lost toes, others fingers, and again others whole hands and feet; one woman who now resides in Koosharem, Piute Co., Utah, lost both her legs below the knees and quite a number who survived became cripples for life. But so far as I remember there were no fresh cases of frozen limbs after my arrival in camp. As the train moved forward in the day time I would generally leave the road in search of game; and on these expeditions killed and dressed a number of buffaloes, distributing their meat among the people. On one occasion when I was lagging behind with a killed buffalo, an English girl by the name of Griffin gave out completely, and not being able to walk any further, she lay down her head in the snow. When I saw her disabled condition I lifted her on my saddle, the horse being loaded with buffalo meat, and in this condition she road into camp.

"Soon more relief companies were met and as fast as the baggage was transferred into the wagons, the handcars were abandoned one after another, until none were left.

"I remained with the immigrants until the last of Captain Martin's company arrived in Salt Lake City on the thirtieth day of November, 1856.

"I have but a very little to say about the

sufferings of Captain Martin's company before I joined it; but it had passed through terrible ordeals. Women and the larger children helped the men to pull the handcarts, and in crossing the frozen streams, they had to break the ice with their feet. In fording the Platte River, the largest stream they had to cross after the cold weather set in, the clothes of the immigrants were frozen stiff around their bodies before they could exchange them for others. This is supposed to have been the cause of the many deaths which occurred soon afterwards. It has been stated on good authority that nineteen immigrants died one night. The survivors who performed the last acts of kindness to those who perished, were not strong enough to dig the graves of sufficient depth to preserve the bodies from the wild beasts, and wolves were actually seen tearing open the graves before the company was out of sight. Many of the survivors, in witnessing the terrible afflictions and losses, became at last almost stupefied or mentally dazed, and did not seem to realize the terrible condition they were in. The suffering from the lack of sufficient food also told on the people. When the first relief teams met the immigrants, there was only one day's quarter rations left in camp."

In "*The Contributor*," vol. xiv, pp. 202-205, appears this title and first paragraph:

"Ephraim K. Hanks-Hero"

"The men with one group of relief wagons, not yet met by the emigrants, concluded from their long delay in appearing that the rear companies of the emigration had perished in the snow, and were for turning back to Salt Lake; but Ephraim K. Hanks, commonly known as "Eph Hanks," who was connected with the mail carrying service, was determined to ascertain the fate of the emigrants, and accordingly mounted one team horse, and leading another, rode alone. He met the emigrants while yet on the Sweetwater. He had killed a buffalo-two of them, in fact-and cutting the meat in strips, packed it on the horse he was leading; and this with other buffalo he had killed after joining the company,

materially added to the meat supply."

From the "*Autobiography of George Washington Bean and his Family Records*," from pages 101 to 105, pertaining to the life Ephraim K. Hanks, permission to quote is given by Flora D. Bean Horne, 1216 Lake Street, Salt Lake City 4, Utah, who holds the Copyright for said book:

"*** I was called on to accompany Major S. B. Rose, Indian Agent, to meet a lot of the Eastern Utes out on Big Sandy, east of Green River, as they were returning from their buffalo hunt away down in the Sioux country.*** We traveled by the old Emigrant Route from Salt Lake City. At this time the U. S. Mail was carried on pack animals to Fort Leavenworth, Missouri, and my friend Ephraim K. Hanks was going out at this time with the mails. He overtook us a little east of Bear River, and we afterwards made the rest of our journey in company with him. Just before he reached us he had captured a live antelope by the Lasso method* * *. Ephraim butchered the antelope and we had the meat for our trip. He also came onto an old she bear and two cubs. He killed her with his revolver and captured one of the cubs. He skinned the old one and took the young bear and skin to the crossing of the Bear River where he met Howard Livingston, a rich merchant of Salt Lake City, who with his party gave Ephraim \$15 for the cub and \$5 for the skin, thus netting him \$20 for his morning sport, besides the antelope meat for food.

"That same evening we camped on the Muddy River just north of Fort Bridger, and while at supper, some Emigrants gathered around our little fire. I was relating to them the exploits of Brother Hanks that day, and how he used to catch his buffalo, by watching the herd come along, then dashing out to shake his blanket at one nearby to attract its attention; then he'd run to the bush to hide behind his blanket; as the buffalo bellowed and plowed into the blanket Ephraim seated himself on the buffalo. Of course, the buffalo shuts his eyes when he strikes. Well, this cowboy could have his bronco ride on the buffalo until he tired, then draw his boa-knife from his belt, jab the buffalo in the pons of his neck and old `buffie'

would begin to sway, then tumble over, helpless; and thus Ephraim got many buffalo robes, meat too, for the big hump made good eating. As I talked, the Emigrants looked at each other smiling and questioned the truth of it all, so I added that the buffalo had a mane to cling to; and just then a bird flew over the fire where Ephraim was frying meat and he threw up his butcher knife, struck the bird, and it fell among them. Of course, that confirmed my stories without a doubt.

"The Emigrants asked for more stories of the 'Wild West.' Ephraim spoke up and said; 'George, tell them that one about when the buffalo just about hiked you to Kingdom come.' I said: 'Oh, you tell 'em.' Well, he did start and you never miss any of it when he tells it. He told how buffalo hunting was our great sport, and this special occasion, when we saw a bunch of buffalo grazing on the hillside, where they generally find a vantage point for self protection, we stealthily crept as close as possible, within rifle reach-then I began-He took a shot at a big fellow and wounded it. The shot startled all the rest and a young bull headed for me. I took good aim, but he charged me and came bellowing and snorting toward me. My gun missed fire, or I was too excited to press the trigger hard enough, so I took to my heels and ran. Mr. Buffalo outsprinted me and when I felt his hot breath on my legs I knew he was Dangerously angry and I not thrilled, to be sure. As I reached the rise of the knoll I spied a clump of brush and leaped into it, a distance of about fifteen feet, slightly down hill, so I slid to the opposite side. As the buffalo plowed into the brush, his horns missing me only inches, he bellowed, pawed up the dirt and then sullenly walked away to join the herd. How Ephraim laughed to see me and the buffalo, as he knew I could

run like a deer and he was ready with his gun to shoot the bull as he saw me leap for my life to escape being gored. Everybody laughed. * * *

"Next day we had some more interesting experiences with Emigrants that we met. Brother Hanks had an old sore-backed mule that he traded for a large, fine looking mare mule and got \$15.00 to boot; but when we pulled off the great pile of buffalo robes and blankets with which it was enveloped as a pack, we discovered she was badly sweenied in both shoulders, which, for fast travelling, was worse than the old sore-back, so Hanks had to watch his chance to trade again, covering the sweenied shoulders as before, horrible as it seemed.

"Shortly we met a party leading a fine, fat mule behind a wagon. A bargain was struck, they giving \$50.00 cash to boot. Hanks left the pack on the large mule while he put his riding saddle on the new animal. While doing this, one of the party came to me and said; 'If that man is your friend, keep him off that mule, for he throws everything that gets on him and has killed one man while on this trip, and will neither work, ride or pack.' I said, 'Never mind. If he gets away with Hanks it's all right, for I know the good riding qualities of my friend.' But when the big mule was uncovered, my! how they did swear and said: 'Why, that D--d old sweenied mule has been travelling alongside us all the way from the States, but we did not expect to meet her coming this way from the West.'

"Then when Hanks got on that fat bronco mule, it did its very best in bucking and trying to get rid of its rider, using ever possible means, but Hanks won out, and the mule finally gave up, mastered, and soon became one of the most useful animals on the mail line."

Chapter XI

MEN ENDURE-WOLVES HOWL

On December 11, 1856, E. K. Hanks and Feramorz Little, after receiving a powerful blessing from the Presidency of the Church, left Salt Lake City with pack and saddle animals to carry the mail east. Considerable snow had fallen the previous night, and there was a premonition of great hardships and risk as the scouts turned for a final look from the top of Big Mountain. They thought, no doubt, that the elements might prove too much for even their experience and endurance, and that they might never see home again.

On broken ground, where the snow had drifted into the hollows, they took to the more barren ridges and in that way made good progress, arriving at Devil's Gate on the 24th of December. There they found a few men who had left by the handcart companies to guard goods and cattle which could not be taken further that season. The party had butchered the cattle with a view of providing for the probable necessities of the winter. The beef was frozen solid, and some idea of its quality may be inferred from the fact that a lighted candle could be seen through three thicknesses of the ribs and flanks. The hides had been considered worthless and lay scattered about on the ground.

E. K. Hanks could see further into the possibilities of the future in that inhospitable region than the inexperienced, and he recommended that the party gather

up the hides before they were covered by deep snow and put them where they could be made available for food if needed. This suggestion proved invaluable, for the existence of the party depended on those hides before the spring was over.

Christmas morning Hanks and Little left Devil's Gate and on the same day they met Mr. James, in charge of the eastern mail for Salt Lake City. With him was a passenger, Hon. Joseph L. Heywood, United States Marshal for Utah Territory. This mail party had two or three wagons with teams of six mules each. Hanks and Little suggested that when they got into the broken country on the Sweetwater, where the snow had blown from the ridges into the hollows, they would not be able to get through with their outfit. They advised them to return to the trading post at Platte Bridge, about forty miles, leave their wagons, and fit up with pack animals.

Mr. James and Mr. Heywood, however, did not think it proper to follow the advice and they continued on their way. True to the scouts' prediction, when the two men reached the Rocky Ridge country, they found it impossible to proceed and were forced to return to Platte Bridge, where they remained through the winter.

Marshal Heywood left the party, wintered at Devil's Gate, and assisted in eating the poor beef and rawhide, which were the staple articles of diet at the place

during the winter.

At Platte Bridge, Messrs. Hanks and Little joined in a big feast with traders and mountaineers, and on the 26th of December they continued their journey. During the day it began to storm so severely that they decided to camp as soon as practicable. Through the driving snow they believed they discerned a small grove of timber. Should their surmise prove correct, they expected to find it on an island in the Platte River. Proceeding toward the grove, they found the branch of the river between the mainland and the island frozen over, and they reached the timber without difficulty.

Soon after entering it, they heard a dog bark. This meant that they were near an Indian camp. A little farther on, they met a young Indian and asked him to show them the lodge of the chief. He did so, and it proved to be the lodge of "Old Smoke," a Sioux chief with whom they had previously become acquainted. In accordance with Indian custom, they remained on their animals until invited to dismount, when their horses were turned out with those belonging to the village.

Glad to enjoy the hospitality of the old chief, they entered his lodge where twelve or fifteen warriors soon gathered.

Smoke's family was not long in getting up a good dinner. The biscuits were baked of the mail carrier's flour; the hostess furnished the coffee, sweetened with sugar. Both were excellent. The meats, cooked in Indian style, were fresh and very good. A friendly smoke followed the dinner, with the peace pipe passing around the circle.

Barbarians universally admire

bravery, and these Indians were no exception to the rule. They evidently considered Hanks and Little great braves to travel at so difficult a time. To do them honor, the second chief in rank to Smoke invited them to his lodge to eat. Mr. Little's stomach did not prove sufficiently elastic to admit more than two dinners in as many hours, and after the second one he retired. E. K. Hanks, evidently better adapted to Indian customs of hospitality, continued the rounds from one lodge to another. He loved food and drink and visiting, and he appeared to be able, without harm to himself, to lay up nourishment for future use, as he ate very little for two or three days afterward.

Bidding goodbye to their hospitable Indian friends the following morning, the two scouts continued on their journey. At Fort Laramie they had their animals shot at the post blacksmith shop and all needed supplies furnished them. However, they exchanged their pack outfit for a light wagon to which four mules were attached. They had also a hardy Indian pony. To make lightweight, they took with them only the barest necessities—a little bacon and enough coffee, sugar, and flour to last, as nearly as they could judge, until they would be able to obtain more. To this was added necessary bedding and a butcher knife each, which they carried on their persons. For defense and to kill game when necessary, they had one gun and two revolvers between them.

They left Laramie January 2, 1857. The principle difficulty with which they had to contend was the rapid formation of ice on the animals and wagon. Generally the weather was so cold that wherever water

touched, it quickly froze. Accumulations of this ice made progress difficult and laborious. New snow along the river formed a slush, which generally did not freeze over solid enough to bear the weight of the animals. Consequently, they broke through,

In the wagon there was a water bucket, which bore the marks of much hard service. At times E. K. Hanks would run with this to the bank of the river, fill it with dirt, return, and sprinkle the dirt on the ice. This would often help the animals across narrow places. At other times when the dirt was not available and the animals were helplessly down, they were dragged one at a time with a lariat to a spot where they could get up. After they were all on their feet, the men would bring the wagon up to them, and another effort proceed would be made.

Often after a severe day's labor for both men and animals, they would find themselves hardly out of sight of the camp of the previous night. Eight or ten miles a day was considered good progress.

Occasionally a clump of timber would appear in the dim distance. Reaching it after much labor, they would find that it usually consisted only of a few small green cottonwoods on the head of an island. In some instances these furnished a little forage for the hungry animals, but were generally useless for fuel.

To obtain a little fuel, Ephraim would travel along the bluff bank of the river, which was fairly free from snow. There he found small sticks and pieces of bark that had floated down the river in high water and been left along the edges of the bare earth as the water receded. Filling his

and the sharp edges of the ice cut up their legs most cruelly. Occasionally, large tracts had been covered with water, which was frozen into solid ice on which it was always difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the animals to keep their feet.

ample pockets with these, which in ordinary times would have been considered worthless, he would return to the wagon, deposit them, and go back to the river bank for more. During a day about a bushel would be accumulated, to be used to cook the travelers' food at night and to afford them a little warmth.

The numerous buffalo, which could travel only in trails they kept open by daily use, became easy prey to the revolver when headed off into the now. The men for food took the choices part. Wolves were very numerous and were ever on hand in large numbers to devour what was left. As soon as one of the men gave chase to a buffalo, the wolves began to gather, as if by magic, from all points of the compass. They would form in an irregular circle, at first a considerable distance off. They barked in a sharp, famished tone and became so excited by the smell of blood that they were exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome among themselves. They showed an instinctive dread of man, but when no demonstration was made against them, the circle would gradually contract until they were too close for comfort.

The firing of a shot would induce them to return for a short time to a more respectful distance. If the shot happened to draw blood on one of them, his bones were soon picked to appease the cravings of the

others. Had these brutes had the courage to make a rush on the mail carriers, the bones of men would have bleached on the plains with those of the buffalo.

The moment the kill was made and the hunters turned their backs with their spoils, the snarling, snapping, fighting crowd would rush in upon the remains and in an incredible short time nothing would be left but the bones. It was well known in the early days on the plains that when a man started out with his gun, he would not go far before discovering behind him one or more famished wolves ready to make a meal of what he might leave of the game. The wolves in these regions had doubtless ever considered the human hunter as their provider.

When Hanks and Little arrived within ten or twelve miles of Ash Hollow, they sighted objects some distance ahead, moving slowly in the snow. They proved to be four or five oxen, driven along by two men known as John Snead and Old Phil.

These men informed the carriers that two Indian traders, Major Dips and Mr. Mechat, on their journey back from the Missouri River where they had purchased yearly supplies, had been overtaken by severe snowstorms at Ash Hollow, 150 miles east of Laramies. With their partially exhausted cattle, they had been compelled to stop. The storm had continued until the animals had begun to die off rapidly from starvation, and the two traders had decided they must somehow get a fresh supply of cattle from their ranch near Laramie, or remain there for the winter. So, several weeks before the appearance of Hanks and

Little on the Platte, John Snead and Old Phil had been sent with a suitable outfit of ponies, to Laramie for a hundred fresh cattle. They made their way to Laramie and started back with the cattle and their outfit of horses. Of all these animals, only the few oxen they were driving along when overtaken by the carriers now remained. They had subsisted for many days on the miserable beef cut out of an exhausted ox in sufficient quantity to last them until another poor brute went the way of his companions. With what was left they hoped to reach Ash Hollow.

They were wretched looking mean-lean, lank, and sunken eyed. With their poor diet, severe labor, and exposure to cold, they were rapidly approaching the fate of the exhausted animals they had left strewn along their trail. With timely energy they might have obtained plenty of good buffalo meat, but they had left their guns and ammunition behind and had depended on the failing cattle they drove ahead of them. Mr. Snead said that for several days he had been afraid to walk ahead of Old Phil on the trail, for fear he would kill and eat him.

Such assistance as could be afforded under the circumstances was rendered these famishing men. Some good food was furnished them, and their blankets were carried on the wagon. It took two days to cover the last ten miles to Ash Hollow. Hanks and Little were twelve days traveling from Laramie to that point, although the first fifty miles were made in two days. Though their animals were greatly reduced in flesh and strength, they felt sure that they would be able to reach Independence, Missouri, on

time, even if they should be compelled to walk the greater part of the way.

As Snead and Old Phil had reported, the carriers found Major Dips and Mr. Mechat at Ash Hollow. A Mr. Hart had also arrived there with some teams, but had died and had been buried in front of his tent.

These outfits had been there since the early storms for which the autumn of

1856 was noted. For a time the men made an effort to sustain their animals by digging the snow off the dry grass, but this resource proved too meager and the cattle had all miserably perished. The effort to obtain fresh cattle from Laramie being entirely a failure, they were helplessly snowed in for the winter.

Chapter XII

THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT IN ACTION

Ephraim Hanks and Feramor Little were surprised to find at Ash Hollow eight of Major & Russell's snowed-in freight teams. The wagons were loaded with mail for teams. The wagons were loaded with mail for the East and were in care of a Mr. Remick, who was in a great quandary as to what to do, since his food supply was nearly exhausted. As he expressed it, he had "lain by for the storm to blow over and it has not blown over yet." He had been at the Hollow more than forty days and had given up making any effort to get away before spring.

Eph assured him that his outfit could be taken to the Missouri River and he agreed to furnish Remick with all the buffalo meat that his men would need while making the trip. The plan proposed was finally agreed upon and everything was made ready for an early start.

A large tribe of Sioux was encamped a short distance away, and Ephraim felt impressed to visit them before leaving. As soon as he reached their camp he made his way to the chief's tent, where he found no one present except an elderly female. Soon, however, the chief came and the lodge was filled with representative members of the tribe. As Ephraim took his place among them, the chief wanted to know who he was and where he had come from.

Elder Hanks answered that he lived in the mountains and belonged to the people who had pulled handcarts across the plains.

He added that his chief's name was Brigham Young, who sometimes talked with the Great Spirit.

The chief asked if Hanks himself could talk with the Great White Spirit, and the scout answered in the affirmative. The chief then spoke a few words to the assembled warriors, a number of whom left the lodge and returned in a short time, carrying an Indian boy in a blanket.

It seemed that the boy, while out on a buffalo hunt, had been thrown from his horse. His back was so badly injured that he had been unable to move for many months. The chief, relating this and pointing to the boy, asked Elder Hanks if he would talk to the Great White Spirit in behalf of the injured lad, which Ephraim consented to do.

After the clothing had been removed from the boy's body, Elder Hanks anointed the afflicted parts with consecrated oil which he always carried with him, and then administered to him in the name of Jesus Christ, promising that he should be made whole from that very moment.

The boy immediately arose from his bed and walked out of the lodge, to the astonishment of all the Indians.

At this point Ephraim told the Indians that the company of freighters at Ash Hollow which he was about to escort to the States, was nearly out of provisions. He asked them what they could do toward replenishing their food supply. The chief

replied that there had been no buffaloes in that section of the country for months that his own people were themselves on the verge of starvation.

Upon this, it is related that the spirit of prophecy came upon Ephraim to a remarkable degree, and he promised them, in the name of the Great Spirit that within three days from that time, the whole country for miles around would be overrun with buffaloes. This prediction caused a general stir throughout the camp.

Ephraim then bade the Indians goodbye and returned to his camp, filled with the Spirit of the Lord, but saying nothing to his companions about what had occurred.

The next morning, as the company started on its six-hundred-mile journey, some thirty prominent Indians formed into line on either side of the road and, as Elder Hanks passed by in the lead wagon, each of them gave him a package of the choicest kind of sausage, made from buffalo meat. This proved to be nothing short of a godsend to them all. The Indians were anxious to learn when their pale-faced benefactor would return, for by this time they had become intensely interested in the man whose prayer could heal the sick and who had promised them meat when they were in need of food.

Ephraim informed them that he would return later in the season and that he would call upon them again as he passed that way. Tears were seen upon their dusky cheeks as Elder Hanks gave them another parting shake of the hand and bade them farewell.

Remick and Little asked what all this meant, as it was the first time they had ever known Indians to give food away, especially in time of famine. Eph told them that he had always been kind to the red men of the plains, and that they were a class of people who never overlooked a kind act. This answer did not satisfy his companions, as they were fully convinced that something of unusual nature must have occurred the night before, between Hanks and the Indians.

On these long and tedious journeys across the plains, Elder Hanks was often blessed with impressive dreams and inspirations that proved of great benefit to him on numerous occasions. The predictions he made while traveling from Ash Hollow to Fort Kearney were so literally fulfilled in every instance that Captain Remick on more than one occasion declared him to be a man of very unusual foresight.

One night, soon after leaving Ash Hollow, Eph dreamed that his company had all the fresh bison that they could take care of and that even their animals joined them in the feast. The next morning he predicted that such would be the case. The crowd, who said that such a thing as mules eating fresh meat was nonsense in the extreme, ridiculed him.

The next day the boys began to taunt Eph about his foolish prediction, but he took it all in good spirit, as the same time reiterating what he had predicted the day before. That evening, as he was looking for a camping ground, he spied and killed a big buffalo bull near a small stream of water. When the teams drove up, the boys could hardly believe their own eyes. All admitted

that a part of the prediction had been fulfilled, but they were sure that the other part, relating to their mules' enjoying the feast, never would be.

Later on, the cook filled a large camp kettle with fresh bison meat that had been cut into small pieces. As he did so, he mixed plenty of flour with it. The fire was booming, the kettle was boiling, and before the cook was aware of it the pot of stew was burned. The cook, not too good-naturedly, dumped the meat out on the ground.

After smothering the hungry freighters with apologies, he soon started another pot of meat boiling. By the time, the hungry animals began to stroll into camp and they soon discovered the burned stew scattered on the ground. They made a rush for it and in a short time the mules cleaned up everything, meat and all. Each man looked at the other in wonderment, while Eph watched him and smiles.

A day or two later, Eph told his companions that they would cross a river that day, and if they would do as he told them they would not get wet.

"What is that, Mr. Wizard?" asked Mr. Remick, thinking that Hanks intended to play some practical joke upon them.

However, they soon came to the river and Mr. Remick was driving over the ice, Eph called to him to halt. Remick, thinking that it was all meant for a joke, continued on his way. He had not gone far when down went his wagon, mules and all, in water up to the wagon bed. No one was hurt, but Remick and several of his teamsters were drenched to the skin before they reached shore.

When the company arrived within twenty-five or thirty miles of Fort Kearney, Remick said to Eph, "What next, Mr. Prophet?"

"You will go into Fort Kearney blindfolded," was the reply.

"Will I get sick?" asked Remick.

"No, you will simply ride into the Fort blindfolded."

When the sun came bright the next day, the reflection on the snow was so brilliant that Remick and several of the teamsters became snow blind. They were compelled to bandage their eyes—so intense was the pain.

The officer at Fort Kearney informed Captain Remick that it would be impossible to go any farther with the mail because of the deep snow, whereupon the captain remarked, "We can go through all right, as we are being piloted by a man who can take us anywhere."

"Very well, Captain," the officer said. "If that is so, go ahead and we will furnish you with such things as you need."

When the supplies were being placed in the wagons, Eph saw a half buffalo hide lying in a corner. This he picked up and put into the nearest wagon, saying, "We might need this." He had no idea at the time of any use they could make of it, but felt that they might have it with them.

On the second day of February 1857, the mail carriers left Fort Kearney for the Big Blue. The second day out, night overtook them on the bleak plains and they stopped at a place known as "Hole in the Prairie." So far they had made only seven or eight miles per day. Because of the lack of

fuel at this camp, no fire could be made. About one hundred yards from the wagons was a rise of ground from which much of the snow had blown, and small patches of grass could be seen. The animals were blanketed as warmly as possible, with the harness put over the tops of the blankets to keep them from blowing off.

The air was severely cold. At sundown the sky became red, hazy, and threatening. Mr. Patterson, the mail carrier between Fort Kearney and Oregon, Missouri, who had joined the party at the fort, was traveling with a cart made of the forward wheels of a wagon. Hanks and Little had the light wagon in which they left Laramie, with bows and cover to afford them some shelter in a storm. The box was too small for both to sleep in comfortably, but the weather was so threatening that evening that they made their bed in it anyhow. In the night the wind blew fiercely and scudding snow completely filled the air. The wind forced its way into the wagon into every crevice of the bedding. Patterson, his assistant, and the dog, had to find shelter under the wagon cover to avoid perishing. When morning broke, the snow was driving down so fast that earth and sky alike were invisible. The animals could not be seen and it was risky for a man to leave the wagon to look for them. If one climbed out of the wagon, it would not have been wise to walk off or even to let go of it, for fear he might never see it again.

The men were too crowded during the night to sleep much. Short, broken naps were all that were possible. Instead of the temperature inside the wagon being

moderated by the warmth from their bodies and breaths, the moisture from their breath froze on the inside of the cover, forming a sheet of snow. With the slightest move this dropped down, and made clothing and bedding damp and uncomfortable. Two nights and a day were spent in these circumstances, without fire or warm food, with hard-worked animals famishing in the extreme cold. There was little hope of finding the animals alive when the storm abated. It was a trying experience for the most rugged of men.

The second morning broke clear with the air cold and frosty. To the great satisfaction of the men, their animals were still alive. They doubtless had been saved by the covering, which had been put under the harness. Because of their hunger, they had tried to devour the harness and had damaged it—more particularly the lines. And now the half buffalo hide was brought out. Having it, the men were able to mend the harness so they could complete the journey. The animals were given a little corn brought from Fort Kearney. A start was made. Soon after leaving their tedious camp of thirty-six hours, the party came to cottonwood timber. This they cut down, and the small limbs and twigs did much to satisfy their starving animals.

In sixteen days from Fort Kearney the party arrived at Patterson's ranch on the Big Blue, and Patterson declined to go farther because of the deep snow. Traveling without a change of animals, Hanks and Little still had the four mules and the Indian pony with which they left Salt Lake City. Three of the mules had kept in fair traveling

condition by the scanty grass along the way and the buffalo meat, which they had learned to eat. The other mule and the pony had had but a very little corn in addition to their otherwise hard fare. The one exhausted mule was left at the Big Blue with Mr. Patterson, while the three buffalo-beef-eating mules drew the wagon the remainder of the trip.

The snow gradually lessened as they neared Independence, turning into mud at the Kaw River, twelve miles from there. They arrived at Independence the 27th of February 1857, twenty-six days from Fort Kearney and seventy-eight days from Salt Lake.

In reviewing this remarkable trip, we see not only a capacity for great endurance in Ephraim K. Hanks and Feramorz Little, but also a wise adaptation of means for the accomplishment of a purpose under extraordinary difficulties. One cannot keep

As soon as the travelers reached their destination, they were dumbfounded to find the air filled with rumors of war. Government agents were scurrying over the country in every direction, buying supplies for Johnston's army, which was about to march against the Mormons, who had, according to Judge Drummond's untruthful stories, destroyed the Supreme Court records of Utah.

We next hear of Hanks and Little in a letter published in the New York Herald, under date of April 15, 1857, and signed by the latter. The first paragraph is as follows:

"As myself and Mr. E. K. Hanks are the last persons who have come to the States from Great Salt Lake City, I deem it my duty to bear testimony

from asking, "What was the secret of their success?" How was it possible for them to travel successfully over a route when all others, no matter what their experience or hardihood, failed?

The main reasons have been summed up by James A. Little as: excellent judgment, founded on experience, in selecting the best animals for the trip, in choosing the best methods of travel for the type of country, in sharing the labor with their animals-as shown in walking instead of riding, in kindly assisting them when wallowing in the snow or struggling on the ice, instead of cursing and beating them; their success in teaching three of their animals to eat buffalo beef which kept them in fair condition; their foresight which suggested to them traveling down the Platte River, a route in which serious difficulties were encountered but which proved far preferable to deep snow.

against the lying scribblers who seem to be doing their utmost to stir up a bad feeling against the Utonians. We left our homes on the 11th of December, brought the last mail to the States, and certainly should know of the state of things there. The charges of Judge Drummond are as false as he is corrupt. Before I left for the States, I was five days every week in Great Salt Lake City, and I witness to all the world that I never heard one word of the burning of nine hundred volumes of law, records, etc., nor anything of that character, nor do I know, or have even heard, of anything of the dumb-boy story he talks of."

Hanks and Little remained in the states for several months and, after gathering what information they could concerning the Johnston army, they started for home about the first of June, with three wagons loaded with mail.

When they arrived in the neighborhood of Ash Hollow, the mountaineers in that vicinity wanted to know what they had done for the Indians to cause such a stir among them. "Them Indians," said the mountaineers, "have been askin' fer you fer the last two months, an' they've been goin' up an' down the country fer miles lookin' fer you-"

"An' when an Indian loves a white man like that-"

Ephraim laughed. "Have you seen any buffalo since I was here before? he

asked.

"Yes," replied one of the men. "About three days after you left here goin' east, one of the biggest herds of buffalo we've ever seen passed by here-"

"And it saved us from starvation," put in another. "Our food supply was about gone."

The moment Ephraim Hanks made his appearance among the Ash Hollow Indians, the news spread throughout their camp like wildfire, and the tribe turned out en masse to welcome him.

Chapter XIII

WHITE MULE AND WILD INDIANS

On July 24, 1857, twenty-five hundred of the Saints had gathered at the headwaters on the Cottonwood, now called Brighton, to commemorate the pioneers' entering the Valley ten years before. Festivities were in full swing, when four travel-worn men rode into the group, immediately seeking out President Brigham Young.

Accustomed to seeing Porter Rockwell appear unexpectedly, the Saints paid little attention to him or to the three men who had ridden up with him. Brigham Young was quietly informed that the United States army had already started for Utah to put down a falsely reported rebellion by the pioneers against the Government.

When the people were told of this outrage, they were stunned, but quickly rallied around their leader. At a later meeting, four thousand of them voted that if the army entered Utah, they would burn and destroy their homes and everything they could not move, and go in search of a new home where they could live unmolested.

One Captain Van Vliet had been sent ahead of the army to select a military post in the Territory. After a conference with President Young, this captain returned hurriedly to Washington to inform the authorities of the true conditions in Utah. President Young had told Captain Van Vliet that if the army persisted in coming on, the Saints would do everything in their power to

hinder their progress.

The Saints were quietly but quickly organized into a defensive unit. The sturdiest of scouts, including Ephraim K. Hanks, Porter Rockwell, Lot Smith, and many others, were given instructions and sent out to gather information about the army's movements and to hinder its progress toward the peaceful Salt Lake Valley. We have only a meager account of E. K. Hanks' activities during these trying months. What we do have been preserved by men who were his companions.

On one occasion President Young asked Ephraim and Al Bagley to go out together as scouts to watch the maneuvers of Johnston's Army. The two men camped overnight in Emigration Canyon, where they met at dawn by Brigham. After eating breakfast with them and helping them put out the campfire, he said, "Shed no human blood unless you are sure it is in self defense. Take their horses, their cattle, their supplies, but don't take human life. Go in peace and return in safety, and stop all troops from coming into the valley."

The scouts traveled on into Wyoming and took up their watch on a high cedar ridge from which they could see about a hundred horsemen with packs, making their way through the brush almost ten miles ahead. Toward evening the horsemen camped at the foot of the very hill from whose top the two men were watching.

After dark, while the soldiers were eating supper Hanks and Bagley crept cautiously into the camp, which was sheltered by leafy trees.

Crouching in the boughs of a bushy cedar close to the captain's tent, Eph could almost reach out and touch the big Irishman who stretched his long arms and remarked, "Sure, an' if the Mormons come tonight, we'll be ready for them."

From their conversation Eph gathered that they had been sent out by Johnston's Army to find a road to Salt Lake City without going through Echo Canyon.

The scouts then crept on and lay low near the herding grounds, watching the pickets' every move. As soon as they were out of hearing, Eph and Al walked among the horses, removing the picket ropes, hobbles, and bells. Quickly they mounted gentle-looking mares and were off, driving the rest of the horses and mules before them. They made the band of animals step lively until they reached their own camp, where they lashed their packs to government animals and turned their own horses loose to lead the rest back home.

About daybreak, they delivered the captured war prize to the Mormon outpost. Saddling their own horses again, they rode back to the camp of the Johnston's Army scouts and by noon were watching the men search for their horses.

The colonel of the Army walked away from camp, straight toward the Mormon scouts' hiding place. When he came very near, Hanks stepped out with leveled gun from behind a tree and cried, "Halt!"

The colonel was somewhat excited when he was told that his livestock was far on its way toward Salt Lake, and that it would be safe there until the hostilities were over. Bagley warned that the woods were full of long-bearded Mormons and that if the soldiers had any respect for their lives, they would get back to their army.

In less than an hour, the soldiers had packed up food, blankets, guns and ammunition and were on their way in double-quick time to Fort Bridger. It took Ephraim and Al most three days to carry off saddles, pack bags, and other equipment that had been left behind.

There was a white mule belonging to Colonel Alexander himself that was placed in Brigham Young's own barn and kept there, and that was the cause of considerable diplomatic correspondence. Brigham invited Colonel Alexander to come into the city alone, leaving his soldiers behind, and promised him that he could ride the white mule back. But this colonel refused to do.

Before the animal could be returned by other means, he died, whether from grief or old age could not be determined. All the members of the Young family who had given him faithful care sincerely mourned him.

Ephraim Hanks was heard to say, after his and Bagley's successful encounter with the hundred army scouts, that the fact that the shedding of blood was forbidden by Brigham Young gave him more courage and made him braver than if his heart had been filled with malice and hate.

Some time after this experience, Hanks and Bagley met another section of

Johnston's Army. This time the two emissaries of Brigham Young had run short of provisions and for several days had little to eat.

Late one afternoon, they came in sight of the army camp. Finding a safe place to hide, they waited until darkness came to conceal their movements. While waiting, they worked out a plan, which provided first for getting something to eat. Al was to go down among the horses and mules and prepare them for a stampede. Eph was to creep close to the camp and, when he was ready, signal to Al with a low whistle.

According to plan, Eph crawled along on his stomach for some seventy-five yards until he was quite close to the cooks' fire, where a pot of coffee was boiling and a big skillet of meat was sizzling. The signal was given, and almost immediately there was a commotion among the horses and mules. The soldiers all jumped and headed toward the horses. Even the cook, turning his back to the fire, walked a few steps away.

Eph reached out with a long, forked stick and secured first the skillet of meat, then the pot of coffee, and silently eased himself over the ridge out of sight. He hurried to the ravine where Bagley was hungrily waiting.

They enjoyed a good meal at the expense of the army and at the same time delayed the progress of the army by stampeding its horses. Al, watching from the ravine, had seen the cook run wildly about the fire, searching for the evening meal, which had seemed to disappear into thin air.

On November 21, 1857, Ephraim

was set apart and given a blessing by Brigham Young, prior to his starting on a trip to San Francisco to deliver some private mail for the Church leader. Between the savagery of the red men and the dangerously deep snows of the high Sierras, this was a perilous journey for one man to attempt, but Ephraim went forward with the same courage and determination which characterized the rest of his life.

After a tedious journey, he reached Carson Valley and camped on the site where Carson City now stands. Here he left his animals, strapped on his snowshoes, and loaded on his back fifteen pound of provisions, which had to last him until he should reach some town on the southwest slope of the Sierras. He stopped one night at a small trading post kept by Uncle Jack, as the trappers called him.

Here he hired two mountaineers to escort him over the top. The sky was cloudy, and occasional squalls made traveling difficult. Eph walked along behind the two guides, watching them closely. He soon discovered that they were traveling in a circle, and on the second afternoon they came back to the starting point. Never were two men more surprised than the two guides, and they could not believe their eyes until they saw Uncle Jack himself behind the counter.

Eph replenished his supplies of food, and took off alone over the divide. He was thirty days making the trip, and he delivered the letters promptly and returned to Carson, where he picked up his horses and was on his way back to Salt Lake City.

During the summer of 1858, when

returning from California again from delivering important mail for President Young, Ephraim decided to camp on the shore of a beautiful lake near the divide. With him this time was his Indian man, Yodes, and Eph instructed Yodes to take care of the mules while he himself pitched camp.

The sun was just going down and its reflection made a mirror of the lake. Eph, glancing into this great looking glass, noticed something moving. Observing more closely, he could make out the shadow of an Indian watching their movements from a ledge.

Without turning or giving an indication that he had seen the spying Indian, he saw several more. The mules were unharnessed and the camp utensils were nearly all unloaded. He asked Yodes to harness the mules again as quickly as possible, whereupon the Indian complained, "You just told me to unharness them."

Eph told him to make a quick job of it and, in the meantime, started to load the camp utensils as quickly as he could, all the time watching the maneuvers of the shadowy forms.

In a short time they were traveling as fast as the tired mules were willing to go. Yodes did not remain mystified for long. Soon they were surrounded by a group of ten or twelve young Indian braves in war paint, with bows and arrows and tomahawks. Their war whoops and brandishing of weapons showed that they meant business. Eph tried in every way to make peace with them, but to no avail. They were after scalps.

Since the moment the shadows on the surface of the lake had revealed the hostile Indians, Eph had been praying inwardly. Now a flash of inspiration came to him. Pretending to be insane had saved his life in the past. Why wouldn't it work now?

He stood up in the cart, waved his arms wildly in the air, and talked to the Great Spirit. Then, cupping his hand over his ear, he acted as though he were listening to an answer that pleased him. He swung his hat around several times and sent it up in the air as high as he could. Removing his coat, he did the same thing, shouting at the same time and tearing at his hair and beard. His vest and then his shirt were flung into the air, following the coat. When he started to take off his trousers, the Indians turned around and with war whoops made a hasty retreat.

Eph and Yodes were allowed to continue their homeward journey without further trouble.

A story of quite different nature may be related here as it also illustrates the influence of E. K. Hanks over others. Alonso A. Hinckley told this incident. In the early days of San Bernardino, California, the boys were celebrating and "whooping it up" in the general store. Francis M. Lyman was in especially gay spirits and had become quite boisterous, urging the boys to further celebration. Drinking and carousing were at their height when Francis took down a bolt of yellow cloth off a shelf, unfolded yard after yard, and wrapped and wound it around him preparation for marching with the crowd.

Ephraim K. Hanks had been

watching the confused scene and now he made his way to the young man, took his arm and said quietly, "Francis, think of your mother."

The boy grew serious and the celebration moderated. Brother Hanks reminded him of his heritage and suggested that he abstain from behavior of a reckless

kind in future.

Francis obeyed this advice and always gave Ephraim K. Hanks the credit for his success. As Apostle Hinckley concluded his story, he said that this was probably the turning point in the life of Francis.

Chapter XIV

HE KNEW THE ANSWERS

The following was written by Solomon F. Kimball:

"Perhaps no subordinate military man, connected with the Mormon Church, played a more important part in the so-called Echo Canyon War during the winter of 1857-58 than did Elder Ephraim K. Hanks. So daring was he in some of his exploits, that the bravest men in his company were not anxious to follow him on his reconnoitering expeditions. One dark night he crawled so near to the army officers' tents that the cook unwittingly threw scraps from the general's table over him. Nothing went on around the officers' headquarters that he was not familiar with; consequently, he kept General Wells posted on every important movement made by Johnston's army. He captured many of Uncle Sam's teams, so as to prevent the troops from moving toward the valley, until President Brigham Young had time to make the authorities at Washington acquainted with the true condition of things.

"During the move south in 1858 Mr. Hanks made his home at Provo, and after his return to Salt Lake that fall he took up a ranch between Big and Little Mountain, east of the city, which was named by him Mountain Dell. Here he established a trading post and did thriving business with the emigrants who passed during the summer months. He also kept the stage station and looked after the Pony Express boys who always enjoyed with him a plate of hot refreshment before speeding on their way to the East or to the West.

"During the winter months he had great difficulty to keep the road open over the Big Mountain where the snow near the east brink sometimes drifted to the depth of ten or twelve feet. In opening the way through this place he generally used a yoke of his oxen called Buck and Blow. On occasions of deep snow, he drove the cattle into the drift as far as possible and then unyoked them. Buck, who understood the meaning of it, moved forward

until he came into snow up to his eyes. He then tramped around until he secured a good footing preparatory to the next move. When everything was ready, that old bovine bunted into the bank of snow with such vim that Eph, on several occasions, thought he had lost him forever; but the old fellow always backed out in time. As soon as he was out of the way, old Blow lined up for the fray, and the bucking and blowing indulged in on such occasions was enough to make the student of animals smile with delight.

"The stage that passed by Mr. Hanks' place was a semi-occasional affair, but when it did arrive it was generally loaded with the kind of people who appeared to have been born hungry. The fare across the plains in those days was so high that only the rich could afford to ride; consequently, his visitors were a class of people who were well able to pay their way. Eph was not long in finding this out, and aimed to give each passenger his money's worth of pie, even if sugar was a dollar a pound.

"In those days beef also scarce; and, in order to keep his table supplied with fresh meat, he was compelled to resort to many schemes. His past experience had taught him that the meat of many animals not generally considered wholesome was as good as that used by the general public—it was sometimes better. When Eph was caught in an unusually tight place for meat, he would kill badgers, or hedge-hogs, boil the meat in several changes of water until the strong taste and smell were gone, and then serve it to the high-toned stranger in a way that made him smack his lips and look for more. On one occasion, a rich banker had enjoyed several slices of boiled badger, when he wanted to know what kind of meat it was, as he had never before tasted anything quite so good. Eph, with a twinkle in his eyes, said, 'Mr. Banker, that is cub, or common Mountain Dell cub.' The banker, turning to his accomplished wife, said, 'Yes, I thought so. It is certainly the most delicious meat that has been set before us since we left home.'

"About the year 1860, the road through Parley's Canyon and over the summit was completed. After that most of the travel went that way. This change, of course, affected business at the Dell, and the result was that Eph sold his mountain home and moved to Parley's Park. He found the surrounding country there in a state of wild nature; nor could a more beautiful spot be imagined. Here he built his home and commenced to raise stock. There were but two other families in the Park at that time besides his own, and the families resided about two miles apart. Marauding bands of Indians overran the country; hence great care had to be used by the settlers to prevent the redskins from committing depredations. Many scenes of a thrilling nature occurred during those trying times, but Ephraim K. Hanks was always at his post when danger was in sight or at its worst.

"From 1856 to 1863 much of his time was spent among the hostile Indians of the plains in the interest of 'Mormon' emigration. He visited first one tribe and then another, and in this way, by his intelligent diplomacy, he saved the lives of many people. All this work he did without remuneration-for his love of God's children, which knew no bounds.

"Eph could go from the sublime to the ridiculous probably as quickly and with as little effort as any man who ever lived, no matter what the conditions were. About the year 1862 he had an old character by the name of Bill Braffett working for him. Braffett had much conceit in his bald pate. He was always boasting about what he could do. One day he had the nerve to tell Hanks that he could do anything that Hanks could. The latter was skinning an ox at the time. When he came to the skin on the back of the animal's neck he cut out a piece about two by twelve inches long. He scraped the hair off, split it in two, and then realizing what was coming, chose the smaller piece, of course. Eph, turning to Mr. Braffett, said, 'Now Bill, go to it, and we will see which of us can eat this hide in the shortest time.' They went to work in earnest. In less than ten minutes Eph had eaten the last morsel of his piece of rawhide. He then went over to where Braffett was standing and asked him what had become of his portion of old Blue's neck. Bill said he had eaten it long ago. The words had no more than escaped his mouth, when Eph

pulled the one-by-twelve-inch strip of rawhide out of Bill Braffett's bosom. George W. Naylor of Salt Lake and other parties who witnessed this amusing incident laugh to this day when they tell about it.

"Eph was certainly a man of many ideas. It was hard to catch him napping. Brother John Walsh of Farmington, who lived in Emigration Canyon during those stirring times, said that the last time he saw Mr. Hanks he had a pair of live cub bears hung across his shoulders and was 'making for home' as fast as his horse could carry him. He had probably killed the mother bear and was on his way to secure a wagon to haul her home.

"The experience of Ephraim K. Hanks along certain lines was most marvelous, and all who knew him were astonished at his resourcefulness. For instance, there was a man moving a steam boiler from Salt Lake to Heber City. Just before he reached Eph's place, he came to a mud hole in Sam Snyder's slough. The moment the front wheels struck the slough crossing they dropped almost out of sight. The man worked around there for a day or two, but accomplished nothing. About the time he had given up all hopes of getting the boiler over, Eph happened along. He said to the stranger, 'Mister, what will you give me to land that thing on the other side of this slough between now and sundown?'

"The man, looking dubiously at Hanks, said, 'If you will get this boiler over there by dark I will give you thirty-five dollars, cash down, and furnish you with five yokes of oxen beside.'

"'Enough said,' was Eph's reply.

"He had three hours to complete the job, with no time to 'spin yarns.' He pulled off his coat, felled two quaking-asp trees, stripped the bark from them, rounded the butt ends in sleigh-runner fashion, slipped the timbers under the axles, lashed one to either side, and hitched six yokes of oxen to the big end of the poles, with his Mountain Dell pets in the lead. When all was ready,

"He grabbed a whip and let it slip. He yelled at Buck and Blow;

He goaded all, both great and small,
till things began to go.

"And things did go, until that 7,000-pound

boiler was landed on the other side of the Sam Snyder slough.

"The stranger, looking on with amazement, said, 'That's a new one on me,' and at the same time handed Eph his thirty-five dollars. The Reese boys and other Salt Lake residents were witnesses to this little incident and often enjoyed a good laugh over it.

"Eph built his home under the hills just north of where Park City is now located, and was the first man to discover silver quartz in that neighborhood. He lived in Parley's Park until the Black Hawk war broke out in 1865, and then moved to Salt Lake City. For the next two or three years much of his time was spent in helping to subdue the savages of the south who were making life a burden to the inhabitants of that part of the state.

"In 1877, he was advised by the Church authorities to purchase Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. He made all preparations to remove thither, when his plans were frustrated by the death of President Brigham Young. He had already sold his home and so, on the advice of President John Taylor, he moved his family to Burrville, in Wayne County, Utah. That being a cold country, he changed this location to the mouth of a box canyon some distance east of that place, on a small tributary to the Fremont River, called Pleasant Creek. Here he built a comfortable home and set out about two hundred fruit trees.

"Just prior to the death of President Taylor, he sent a member of the Quorum of the Twelve on a special mission to southern Utah to ordain Elder Hanks a patriarch, realizing that he was worthy of that high and exalted office. Ephraim K. Hanks was first counselor to Bishop Henry Giles, of Blue Valley ward, Wayne County, Utah, up to the day of his death, which occurred June 9, 1896.

"President Brigham Young, in speaking of the virtues of Elder Hanks, once said, in substance, that there was a man who had always been ready to lay down his life for the authorities of the Church, as well as for the cause of Zion and her people, and in due time he would receive his reward.

"It would require volumes to place properly before the Latter-day Saints all the heroic deeds performed by this remarkable man. He was certainly an instrument in the hands of the Lord in helping to make it possible for the thousands of emigrants who came to Utah in early days to dwell in peace in these valleys of the mountains. The Indians of the plains learned to love and respect him; and in later years he wielded an influence among them that was nothing short of marvelous. There was not a man in the Church who had more influence with them than he had. So many cures he performed among them that they looked upon him almost as a superhuman being. They fed him when he was hungry, clothed him when he was naked, and cared for him when sick. The Spirit of the Lord was with him, and no one realized that fact more than did the red men of the plains.

"He was naturally intelligent, God-fearing, and liberal to a fault. Of course, he was somewhat rough, as he had but little opportunity to attend school or to enjoy the comforts of home life. He was good at relating stories and never permitted any point to be lost in the story's telling. Under the most trying circumstances he was always cheerful, and scarcely a word of complaint was ever heard to come from his lips. His life was marvelously and often miraculously spared while he passed through terrible dangers. This generation of Latter-day Saints will never fully appreciate what this King of Scouts did toward the establishment of this Church in these valleys, until the books spoken of in the Revelation of John shall have been opened. When the dead, small and great, shall stand before God to be judged according to their works, Father Hanks will be found in the front ranks among the noble and great 'which came out of great tribulation.'

Our hero dear, who knew no fear-

The tomb of this, our noble brave;

"We'll drop a tear as we draw near

We'll strew sweet flowers o'er his grave."

Chapter XV

FIRE WATER AND THE INDIANS

Thisbe Hanks was visibly worried as she sat by the side of the crib rocking the baby, Georgenia, to sleep. At intervals she glanced anxiously out of the open door where she could see Jack the hired man, loitering around the barn. She shook her head doubtfully and said to four-year-old Walter, her older child, "I wish your father would come."

"Where is-my faver?" questioned little Walter.

"In town, on business." Thisbe sighed. This was not the first time the young wife and the two children had been left alone on the ranch.

Walter had just come from the barn where he had been spending some time with Jack, and he had told his mother that Jack had given him a taste of some "burny stuff" out of a bottle. Mrs. Hanks thought of a number of things that could happen if Jack were drinking again. Especially did she fear the possibility of some of the "firewater" getting into the hands of the Indians who frequently called at the ranch.

Her mind was working fast now, trying to figure out a plan to secure the bottle. She knew that if the Indians got a taste of this firewater they would lose all restraint and might do anything, even to the taking of the settlers' lives. She was well acquainted with the ways of the Indians and knew how old Chief Tabby and his band often called and begged for something to eat

until everything available was gone. She had been faithful to the counsel of Brigham Young when he admonished the people to keep peace with the Indians by feeding them.

Still wondering how she could relieve Jack of his bottle, Mrs. Hanks prepared a meal of ham and eggs, warmed-over potatoes, steamed bread, and milk.

At the first call for dinner, Jack came lumbering into the cabin, without stopping to wash his face or hands. As he sat down to the only place set at the table, he called to Walter, "Boy, come and bless this hash."

The lad stepped up to the table, which he could hardly chin, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the food. After he had finished, Jack patted him on the head and called him his "little Mormon friend."

Mrs. Hanks watched Jack closely until the dinner had almost disappeared and the second glass of milk and been downed, before she found courage to ask him about the bottle of liquor.

"Oh," he stammered, "John Tarman was passing this morning, and I bought it from him because I had a headache."

"Did it cure your headache?" she asked.

"Well, pretty good," answered Jack.

"Then, if your headache is cured, you wouldn't mind giving me what you have left. I'm afraid that old Chief Tabby will come and find us alone. If he gets a smell of

that firewater, you know what it will mean."

"I'll blow their heads off if they start acting funny!"

"Now, Jack," she cautioned desperately, "you know we are not to fool with them. Remember-these two helpless children."

"Yeah," said Jack, "but when it comes to Injuns, I know how to use a gun-"

While Mrs. Hanks cautioned Jack again about not harming the Indians, little Walter's mind was busy. He knew where the whiskey was hidden out in the barn, for hadn't he seen Jack put it underneath some straw? Slipping out unnoticed, he secured the bottle from its hiding-place, came in the back door and called his mother into the bedroom.

As Jack ate his second piece of pie, Thisbe opened the bedroom window and poured the contents of the bottle on the ground, with little Walter watching in astonishment. Going back into the living room, she offered Jack an old quilt and told him to take it out under a tree and lie down, assuring him the he would soon feel better.

This Jack refused to do, saying he would rather lie on the hay in the barn. He pushed back his chair, started for the door, reaching up as he passed for the gun above it. "I'll kill the first Indian," he muttered, "that sticks his noodle on this ranch-"

Thisbe reached out and caught his arm. "Now, Jack" she begged, "please leave the gun here. I'll feed the Indians if they come."

Jack hesitated on the steps. "Well, all right, Mrs. Hanks," he said. "If you want to feed `em, go ahead. But I don't want them

redskins to get the drop on me." He was staring off to the horizon. "Did you know they killed my father on the Oregon Trail? I don't want to take any chances myself."

Finally, however, Mrs. Hanks won the argument and the gun was left in its place.

Walter broke the silence after Jack had gone to the barn, saying, "If he gets mad, Mother, I'll take the blame."

"Don't worry, child," she said softly. "I feel safe now, even if he does get angry."

Jack had scarcely disappeared into the barn, when three Indians were seen coming down the trail out of the canyon. Mrs. Hanks and her little son dropped to their knees and asked their Heavenly Father for His protection.

Jack spent little time looking in the hay for his hidden treasure, for he too saw the Indians. He reached the house at the same time that Chief Tabby and two of his warriors dismounted.

The Indians did not take their guns from their saddles, but each of them carried a knife. They came to the door and began to ask for food, when Chief Tabby got a whiff of Jack's breath. Like an old turkey buzzard attracted by a carcass, his sharp eye and keen nose told him firewater was nearby.

"Give me firewater," he begged. "Heap sick-me."

Jack swore and muttered, "Keep your nose out of my face, or I'll knock you down."

Mrs. Hanks quickly told the Indians that Jack was sick and had taken a little firewater, but it was all gone now. As proof, she showed them the empty bottle.

Old Tabby grabbed the bottle and held it to his mouth to drain the last remaining drop. Then with a smack of his lips he scowled at Jack and said something to his warriors by signs and grunts.

They pushed Jack aside and went into the small house to search for firewater. One of the warriors walked over to the edge of the cradle and looked down at the sleeping baby, feeling the edge of his knife.

Mother Hanks' heart was beating wildly as she edged over near the crib.

Jack, fired by the liquor and the disrespectful treatment from the Indians, snatched the small fire shovel and hit the redskin nearest the cradle on the head. Then he sprang for the gun over the door.

But Thisbe Hanks was equal to the emergency and caught hold of Jack's arm, pulling back with all the strength she could exert, and screaming to the Indians to get out.

Thinking that the white people had suddenly gone crazy, the alarmed Indians quickly helped their fallen warrior to his feet, and to his saddle, and all of them rode away.

Chapter XVI

THE GREEN MONSTER

The following is copied from an article published in a Utah newspaper some forty years ago:

"Every mining camp has its story and the story of each is different, but around Park City somehow there seems to be more of the romance, more of the calm, cool courage, more of the persistence under the gravest difficulties than anywhere else. The Park City of today is not, properly speaking, a mining camp. It is a mining town, for it has an air of permanency, of stability, that one rarely sees in cities that owe their existence to the existence of precious metals in the hills around them.

"Thirty-six years ago Ephraim Hanks was a farmer in the neighborhood of Coalville. Spring, with the work of putting in the crops, again had come, and Eph did not look forward to it with pleasure. He was tired of farming, tired of the routine of planting and watering and cultivating and harvesting. So on a spring day in 1870, he left the plow in the furrow and set his face toward the hills. It is easy to imagine that it was a bright morning, that the birds were singing, and that up where the water was running from the softening snow the first flowers were beginning to appear. Eph Hanks was a farmer no longer; he was a prospector. He walked over into what is now the Park City mining district and chipped a few chunks of rock off an outcropping. The stuff showed high value in silver and lead, and Eph Hanks organized a company. The claim was called "The Green Monster." That sounds like an absinthe dream, though there was nothing in the record to show that Hanks had so much as heard of the beverage.

"At any rate, Eph Hanks was the father of Park City. The success of the Green Monster was noised abroad and location followed location in rapid order."

The above clipping, together with information coming from Ephraim Knowlton Hanks to his son, Sidney Alvarus Hanks, brought forth the following story of the Green Monster. This story has been modernized somewhat by the authors of this book.

STORY

Up among the rugged peaks of the Wasatch Range, where nature under God's command has worked wonders, is a flat meadowland named Parley's Park. Lofty peaks that rise majestically toward heaven surround it. Here in these inviting meadows Ephraim Hanks started a stock ranch, which proved a blessing to all travelers, especially miners. From this hub went many winding trails, which were followed by men with light packs on their backs or leading pack trains to their many mining claims. Thus, men of many minds went their secret ways, disappearing for months at a time, some of them never returning.

The trail leading up Silver Creek was one of the most enchanting of all. The foaming waters tumbling over the rocks of that beautiful stream knew much of men's conquests and many of their failures, but continued to hold their secrets.

Eph Hanks shook his head doubtfully as he wanted the lanky stranger disappear around a bend in the trail. This

stranger had been reluctant to answer any questions at all as he stopped for a drink of water and a bite to eat. He had given his name only as Bill. A dense black beard covered his square jaw. His deep-set black eyes were shifty and his movements restless. He was the type of man who would be given elbowroom any time.

Turning to one of his hired men, Hanks remarked, "Well, there goes Fatal Bill," which name seemed to fit him perfectly.

Each fall Fatal Bill was seen only when he came down the mountain for his winter supplies. Everyone knew he had a mining claim in the vicinity of Silver Creek, but he was slick enough to keep the trail pretty well hidden from other prospectors. Eph Hanks, with an unlimited summer range for his cattle and six hundred forty acres of farming land, often joked Bill about having the best paying dirt. Such joking did not set well with Bill. He did not like to be joshed by any man, let alone this Mormon who seemed to have things pretty well under control.

One day Bill said to Hanks, "I'll bet my life against a bobtailed cow that inside of another year I'll be riding in style, while you'll be walking by the side of jackasses."

The three hired men cheered Bill's wit, but Eph called his hand, replying, "It's a good thing you bet me your life, because if you stay on your claim another year you'll have nothing more to lose."

"Well, I'll show you a thing or two," growled Bill. "I'm going to strike it rich." Giving his lash rope the last hitch, he started his pack train up the road.

"Say, who is that fellow?" asked one of the hay crew.

"That still remains a mystery," answered Hanks. "He has talked more today than ever before. Why don't you follow him up to his claim and ask him?"

"Oh no, not me. You can't tell me a rattlesnake won't bite. Fatal Bill is no slouch with that iron he carries on his hip. Only yesterday I saw him crack a rabbit's head off with it."

At this Hanks smiled and said, "And while you are talking to Bill, why not ask him how old he is? If he shaved off that beard he might not look more than thirty. Come on boys, three more loads of hay and we'll have that stack topped tonight."

Spring had come and the air seemed full of whispering minerals in the mountains. With so many others going up into the hills to look for ore, Hanks also caught the spirit. One morning Eph with his pickaxe walked slowly up the hill and while still in sight of his ranch, chipped a piece off a rock, which looked promising. After digging a bit more his heart began to pound and he knew that he had struck a rich vein of ore. He staked his claim, naming it "The Green Monster Mine."

This mine proved to be the big attraction, which led to the building of Parley's Park, later to be known as Park City. It was not long before the road from Salt Lake was lined with teams taking out ore and bringing in supplies. Eph, having the backing of a good ranch, soon developed the mine into a big producer, which lined his pockets with gold.

The next fall when Fatal Bill came

down for his usual supplies, he was astonished to find a new town springing up, as if by magic. It was to his sorrow that he discovered that Hanks' claim was the cause of it. Bill's money having run out, he decided upon a bold palm to obtain his supplies. He kept under cover until night, when he found his way to E. K. Hanks' supply house, broke in, and loaded his horses with food and powder. Then he hurried back up the trail toward his claim, still determined to find a rich strike and become a wealthy man.

With the theft he had just committed pricking his conscience, Bill's mind reverted to the tragedy of seven years before, which had resulted in his being a fugitive from the law then, too. Again he was in the bluegrass state, a young man with a charming bride. He could see again the soft lights of the dance hall and hear the rhythmic music of the orchestra. Plain in his memory was the face of the young man who had been drinking too freely and, in forcing his attentions upon Bill's bride, had overplayed his hand.

Bill had roughed him up somewhat in an effort to get him outside. The young man had reached for his gun and attempted to fire, but Bill's hand had been quicker and the young man had crumbled on the steps. Bill's one thought had been to get out of the country as fast as he could to escape the consequences of his deed, and he had fled into the untamed West. As these thoughts surged through his mind, Bill was ready to file another notch on his gun should an officer ever find his whereabouts and attempt to arrest him.

After E. K. Hanks had examined the animal tracks around his supply house, he was convinced that Fatal Bill had done the robbery. He was not disturbed, however, as he felt that the prospector had been driven to it through desperation. He told the hay men that he hoped Bill would find the stolen food edible as he eked out an existence in his lonely mountain retreat.

Soon the winter was over and with the coming of spring, a stream of new arrivals into Park City caused the town to double in size. Several new mines had been developed. Into the thriving town came an attractive woman of about thirty summers. She applied for a job at the Hanks eating-house and before long found favor in the men's eyes through her good cooking. Her smile never failed to sell a return ticket to the miners for their next meal. She had given her name as Jane Lowery and she was often the topic of conversation among the men. One day a group of men sat by the ore dump, eating their lunches.

"Jane's the best lunch packer in town," remarked one worker. The others nodded their agreement, and the lunch pails were emptied to the last crumb.

One big fellow with a deep scare across his cheek spoke up. "I'd give my claim in heaven just to know if she's married or not."

"Well, Long Hongry," said Hanks as he was passing by, "I may need more claims in heaven, so I give you my word that she is a married woman."

Another man remarked, "I'll bet she's one of the plurals."

"No," objected the man with the scar.

"She's a new arrival from the East."

"She looks to me," interposed another miner, "like a thoroughbred from Kentucky."

The gong sounded and the men disappeared into the mouth of the Green Monster mine, each swallowing a few questions he would have liked to ask the boss. Long Hongry's mind was working overtime. Had she run away from home to hide her past? Was she following a man? Just what was the mystery? Could she possibly be from his own state, Kentucky? There was something about her, which seemed familiar, but her hair was not the right color for the girl he was thinking of.

A day or two later Long Hongry approached E. K. Hanks and said, "Inasmuch as I've lost my claim in heaven to you, would you mind telling me something about Jane's husband?"

Hanks replied in a low voice, "No, I can't tell you much about him, but my guess is that he goes under an assumed name."

First Long Hongry looked bewildered, and then he blurted out angrily, "I bet my last dollar he has played her dirt!"

"I'll take that bet," said Eph. "How much money have you?"

"The bookkeeper can tell you more about that, but I think it's nearly three hundred dollars, as I've been here about five months. The minute you convince me Jane would be glad to meet him as a loving husband, the cash is yours."

"Now, boy, take it easy," cautioned Eph. "You've worked hard for that money. But I believe they will meet within the next six months, and you can be the judge as to

whether or not they are happy with each other."

"Fair enough," said Long Hongry. As he walked away, he mused, "I'm glad I found out Jane has a husband, for I'll leave her entirely alone. I think I've had enough of flirting with other men's wives." He rubbed the scare on his cheek and thought of other close calls he had had while under the influence of liquor. Then he thought of Herman Swaggs, who had shot him a few years before and left him for dead. He remembered the sorrowing bride who had been left behind as Herman had fled into the unknown. He remembered how, after he had been released from the hospital, he had promised his mother that he would stop drinking and do all in his power to restore Swaggs to his bride.

He re-lived the trip coming west, how he had first met the mail carrier rider, E. K. Hanks, and had been influenced by the strength of his character. Two years later he had inquired as to the whereabouts of E. K. Hanks, and had hunted him up, to be given a job on the ranch, where he had worked since. Long Hongry remembered again the day when he was led into the waters of baptism and became a member of the much-despised Mormon Church. As he thought things over, he felt that even his mother might disown him, should she know. E. K. Hanks, as well as the men of his crew, knew Long Hongry to be a first class workman and a clean-living man. His reformation had been complete.

In Fatal Bill's mountain retreat, things were not going so well. His food supplies had run out and he had used his last

bullet to shoot a badger, the last of which was cooking. Luck had not been with him and now he was forced to come out and face defeat.

The next morning, Bill put his crude snowshoes and started down the long, winding trail. As he neared the traveled road at the bend of Silver Creek, the jangle of sleigh-bells, the squeak of runners, and the sound of gay voices reached his ears. Four white horses danced into sight, drawing a gaily-painted sleigh.

Bill looked into the eyes of Eph Hanks and his friend Kimball, accompanied by their beautiful wives who were costumed in their best winter apparel, en route from the city to the new mining town. Bill was so abashed that he wished he could suddenly disappear.

Eph cried out cordially, "Well, if it isn't Fatal Bill! However had you get out of your prison this time of year?"

Humiliated beyond words, Bill would gladly have stepped off a precipice into space. But there was no such easy way out. He had to face the music. He could not escape.

The four white horses were quiet now. Eph had pulled them down and had spoken to them in a low tone, and all the people in the sleigh were watching Bill.

"I-I starved out," he muttered, "without striking pay dirt."

"According to our bet, then," Eph said in a commanding tone, "your life is mine. Pay up! Get down in that snow and roll over three times!"

Bill knew his gun was worthless without a cartridge, and he was helpless in

the hands of Eph Hanks without it. As he unstrapped the small pack from his shoulders, his right hip was turned toward Eph, who lifted the gun from its holster. Into the snow went Bill. He rolled over three times and got up.

Then the command came, "Twice more!"

And twice more Bill repeated the process.

As he finally arose, Eph Hanks was out of the sleigh and he gripped Bill's hand. Brushing the snow from the prospector's back and shoulders, he turned to the group in the sleigh and said, "I want you to meet Fatal Bill, the hermit, who broke into my commissary and stole supplies, hoping to save his life. But his life was not saved, as he lost it to me on a wager. Right here in this snow we will bury Fatal Bill forever. The man standing beside me now is Herman Swaggs."

Hanks' friends in the sleigh stared in amazement.

Herman Swaggs' mind snapped to a new life and his body became suddenly tense, his right hand jerking quickly toward his hip, only to find the holster empty.

Hanks steadied the surprised men as he helped him into the sleigh and handed him his gun, never looking to see if it were loaded or not.

"We are at your service, Herman," said Hanks as he picked up the reins and spoke to the horses, and they were off. At the little, one-horse barbershop Herman Swaggs had the same introduction with this addition, "I want you to give my friend here the best you have. Charge it to me. I'll be

back in about an hour.

Bill was pale and felt very uncertain. Today was the first time he had heard his own name in seven years, but no questions were asked and Bill became warm while the barber lavished on him his finest lotions, soaps, and oils. And why not? The big boss was going to pay.

In an hour E. K. Hanks returned and Bill was taken over to the commissary, where he was fitted out completely. After the shave the new clothes, no one would have recognized him.

Hanks and Herman walked over to the lodging house where they found Long Hongry bent over a sheet of paper, writing to his mother. Eph said to Long Hongry, "Frank Devan, this is Herman Swaggs, the man who left you for dead seven years ago."

Both men stood dazed until Frank grasped Herman's hand.

Herman swayed on his feet. He was visibly shaken with the knowledge that he was not a murderer. With quivering lips he said, "God knows I'm glad you are alive."

"I'll call for you in ten minutes, Herman," said Hanks and left the two alone. When he stood again in the doorway, he called "Come on, Swaggs, and we'll let Frank Devan finish his letter."

The two men were soon at the eating-house, where Herman held Jane Lowery in his arms.

Turning on his heel, Eph spoke over his shoulder as he left the room. "Mrs. Swaggs, give Herman plenty to eat and we will see that he goes on the payroll immediately."

Chapter XVII

MAN, THAT TAKES A MAN!

In the early days while E. K. Hanks still held ranch property and mining stock in Park City, he had left the ranch early one morning on horseback, for Salt Lake City.

After attending to business matters there, he was returning to the ranch late in the evening. There was about a foot of snow on the ground and a severe blizzard was in progress. It was impossible to see the road and very difficult to get through the snow banks, but he urged his weary horse on and on, as the blizzard grew in intensity. Giving his horse free rein at last, he hoped that the animal's instinct would lead him safely home.

It was well after midnight when he saw a dim light ahead, which proved to be in the ranch house. Mrs. Hanks had left the lantern burning in the window. Eph stumbled into the house and with great difficulty removed his boots, finding his feet badly frozen. Having had many experiences with frozen limbs, he knew exactly what to do. He had his wife bring him a tub of ice water, which drew the frost from his feet as he rested. The toes of his left foot, however, were frozen to the bone and had to be amputated as soon as it was possible to get a doctor.

When the doctor came, he wanted to give an anesthetic, but Hanks said, "No!" He sat up and directed the operation himself, while other onlookers could not stand the sight and had to leave the room.

This all took place only a half mile from the spot where Ephraim's brother, Sidney Alvarus, had perished in a similar blizzard, his body not being recovered until the following spring when the snow melted.

Many people have wondered why Ephraim walked with a limp in his later years. He had received a dislocated thigh from an encounter with a wild horse. He did not consult a doctor until the muscle had become so thoroughly set that it was impossible to put the bone back in its place.

The ball of the thighbone made a new socket for itself in the strong muscles of his leg. This, and not the loss of the toes, was the cause of the limp.

It was in 1877, a few years after he suffered the frozen feet, that E. K. Hanks considered buying Lee's Ferry, but moved instead to a location some distance east of Burrville, in Wayne County, Utah. This was in a secluded spot in a box canyon, large enough for three or four families. The site was for beautiful and awe inspiring, with its gigantic walls of solid rock and its lovely, clear sparkling stream of water called Pleasant Creek, which emptied into the Fremont or "Dirty Devil" River farther on down the canyon. Here were a rich, productive soil and a warm climate, adapted for fruit raising, gardening, raising sugar cane-in fact, for producing almost everything they needed except grain, and flour was easily obtainable through the

crops they did raise. Eph could envision the small valley populated with several good Latter-day Saint families, with schools and the auxiliary organizations so vital to the education of children. He purchased the most fertile picturesque spot in the valley, but his dream failed to materialize in part, as other families moved away, leaving the Hanks family alone. The establishment of a school was, of course, not possible and the children were forced to be away from home during the wintertime.

The family worked early and late, however, at all possible moments, improving and beautifying the new home, which was named Floral Ranch. More than two hundred fruit trees were set out on the bench, a good-looking frame house was erected on a rounding curve of the same bench, far enough back for flower beds and lawn in front. Well-built corrals and sheds were provided for the horses and cows. Bathed in sunshine, the splendid gardens, fields, and orchards added to the grace and dignity of the massive cliffs, which seemed to insure strength and protection to the little valley. The complete happiness and contentment of the family was broken into only when the children had to leave home to attend school in neighboring settlements. For several years they spent the winters in Teasdale, and they were always glad to return to the ranch home in the spring.

Many people came to the ranch and they always found there a kind welcome. It was no wonder that place was sometimes called "Hanks' Hospitable Ranch!" One winter Ephraim played host to five or six men who, because they each had more than

one wife, found it necessary to hide from the United States marshals. He enjoyed their company.

One cold stormy night, Ephraim's son, Walter, rode a bronco down from Teasdale over the slippery hills and frozen streams to tell them that the marshals were on their way to the Hanks ranch, and would be there by daylight.

Eph's guest hurriedly packed their belongings and some provisions, and left each finding a safe hiding place within an hour or two. Eph was there alone to welcome the marshals when they arrived.

President Thurber of Sevier and Wayne Stake, who had been among those warned by Walter, told the young man that he should be rewarded for such a heroic ride. Shortly afterwards, in February 1887, Walter received a call to go to the Northern States on a mission. Though he lacked the money to send him, Ephraim was determined that the boy should fill that mission, and his faith was strong that somehow it would be made possible.

Walter had only a month in which to prepare for his mission, to help put in the crop, and to make a trip to the valley with molasses, dried fruit, and corn and bring back flour and other needed supplies. One week would be required to make the trip to the City by team. All the available means had been spent in improving the farm and home.

While Walter and his mother were worried, Ephraim seemed cheerful and happy, saying that if the way were not provided to get the money, he would take a pack horse to carry their bedding and

provisions and go with Walter to Chicago on horseback. He had made the trip many times, and it wouldn't hurt Walter to do it once. The Lord had never failed him yet, and he did not expect Him to do it now.

Eph certainly would have taken this trip if, in the meantime, Walter and his fiancée, Mary E. Stewart, had not decided to be married before he left for his mission. Her mother, Ellen Stewart of Teasdale, sold two four-year-old steers for forty dollars and gave this amount to them for a wedding present, providing the money for Walter's transportation. The money received from his farewell dance, together with contributions from friends and relatives, enabled him to buy a suit of clothes, books, and other necessities, and he had twenty-five cents in his pocket when he landed at his field of labor. His wife helped him fill his mission by teaching school while he was gone.

Ephraim K. Hanks' strong faith in the Lord was evinced all through his life by his strict obedience to Church authority. When Walter E. Hanks was bishop of Caineville Ward, he came to the ranch one day and asked his father if he would move to Caineville for the winter.

Ephraim Hanks looked his son straight in the eye and said, "Is this my son Walter who is asking me to move from our fine ranch, or is it the bishop of the Caineville Ward?"

Walter immediately replied that it was the bishop of the Caineville Ward.

That day Father Hanks began his preparations, and soon he had moved his family to Caineville for the winter.

The following poem, by N. C. Hanks

characterized this noble pioneer:

MAN

*Can you walk the path with common man,
And teach yourself each day to do the best
you can,
Never howl, nor whine?
Man, it takes a man!*

*Can you take a financial fall
And feel the pressure as you back against
the wall,
Climb again, bit by bit?
Man, it takes a man!*

*Can you keep your human quality,
And never use a rotten plan,
Step fast, or slowly as you can?
Man, it takes a man!*

*Can you feel the sting of slander's poison
dart
That spoils your life and breaks your heart?
Can you suffer like a man?
Man, it takes a man!*

Chapter XVIII

THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED

After the establishment of Floral Ranch and while living there, Ephraim received word that old friends of his and Thisbe's, Bill Arnold and his wife, were moving from Salt Lake City into Wayne County. So he drove out to Salina, the nearest railroad town, to bring his friends the seventy-five miles to his home.

With the Arnolds, their young children, and their belongings in his wagon, Ephraim started back for the ranch. While pulling up through King's Meadow Canyon, they met a heavily loaded outfit going down to Salina. As usual in such sparsely settled countries, they stopped to pass the time of the day with the traveler, a young man driving alone.

Finding that Ephraim was from Wayne County, the stranger asked, "Do you know a man by the name of Ephraim Hanks?"

"I guess you have met the fellow right here," Eph said. "What is on your mind?"

Without a word the young man climbed down from his wagon and gripped Eph in a firm handshake. Then he said, "My father told me if ever I met you, I was to bring you down to Cedar City. Let him lay eyes on you, and you will not get away in a hurry-"

"Sounds good," said Eph, "but who is your father?"

The young man spoke a name.

"Well, well," Eph broke in heartily. "I am sure to hear from your father. He was in the Martin Handcart Company of fifty-six, snowed in on Sweetwater.

"Yes. Father has told me how he was frozen and laid out for dead, but you administered to him and he revived. You thawed out his frozen limbs with ice water-"

"Yes, he was far gone," Eph nodded.

"Father says he owes his life to the Lord," the young man went on, "and to you a debt of gratitude he can never pay. Father is healthy now. He owns a big ranch and a herd of highbred cattle. The Lord has blessed him with a family. I am his oldest son-"

"Yes," said Eph, "you look like him."

"Our home is not more than thirty miles from here." The man looked eagerly at Eph. "Will you go with me now?"

Eph shook his head. "No. We must get this young family-" he glanced at the Arnold children- "under shelter. But tell your father I have not forgotten him and I will call on him as soon as I can, which I promise will not be over a year."

The two men shook hands warmly. Eph and his friends continued their journey and the young man went his way.

That same fall, after the work on the ranch was pretty well done up, Hanks saddled old Dick and told the family he was going to see a friend.

He was gone a couple or three

weeks. His return and homecoming was made in fine style. He drove up to the ranch house in a new wagon, drawn by a splendid team of horses, and leading his saddle horse behind.

In the wagon were several sacks of flour, sacks of potatoes, a big sack full of peach pits for planting, and many packages of seeds. There was a molasses mill made from government steel tires, burned off the supply train that was destroyed by fire on Sandy in early days. There were also in the wagon-blacksmith tools, farm implements, a set of harnesses, and enough horseshoes to last for several years on Floral Ranch. Indeed, Ephraim's homecoming was a regular outfitting day for the ranch.

"Well," said Thisbe, "that man was one man who remembered!" And as she was swept into Eph's embrace, she knew-none better, for she was one of them-what deep gratitude filled the hearts of the members of the Handcart Company whenever they thought of him, the man with resourcefulness, endurance, and courage enough to rescue them.

Chapter XIX

TWO MARSHALS

Ephraim Hanks was always anxious to have his children understand the gospel, but he and Thisbe, his wife, had very little to say in their hearing either for or against plural marriage. The children knew their father had two other wives besides their mother, and they knew there were children belonging to these wives. Nothing, however, was ever taught Thisbe's children as to the doctrine of plural marriage.

About the time Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church, signed the Manifesto which declared the Church would obey the laws of the land and solemnize no more plural marriages, most of the offenders against the polygamy law had been to jail for from one to three years, and had paid from one to three hundred dollars in fines.

The understanding was that they were allowed to support their wives and young children, but were forbidden to have any further social relations with them. Even at that, there were children born here and there who marked the parents as breakers of the law. Such people were commonly called "Cohabs," or those who practice "unlawful cohabitation." Many of the young families that became entangled with the law fled between two days to Old Mexico, where they were welcomed with open arms. They bought lands and built up a fine commonwealth in that country.

For one small group of men this situation opened up new opportunities that

were not likely to be neglected. For the United States marshals and deputy marshals, all this was like gathering grapes after the vintage is over. For every conviction they secured, they received a fee of fifty dollars.

During this uncertain and unhappy time, two deputy marshals drove a light, open-topped buggy and a rangy team of horses out toward the bottom lands, a man was working, bent over, part way up the steep slopes that led to the bench above where the ranch house stood. The man straightened at sight of the buggy and team approaching. He stepped instantly behind a pile of rocks, and then he reached one arm as high as he could and waved it in three wide sweeps toward the south.

A half-grown boy below seemed to catch the signal, for he immediately turned and ran off in the direction of the Wright ranch, farther up the Canyon-stopping only to close and carefully fasten shut a couple of gates that had been standing open, as he came to them, one after the other.

And a wagon that was standing, one hind wheel blocked, on the slope of the bench land above the road, as the two deputy marshals turned in to cross the bottom lands-must have suddenly run back against the corral fence, for now it was crossways of the road.

"Hey!" said Pete to the other marshal. "Did you see who pulled that block out?"

"What block?" demanded Mack.

"The wagon there." Pete indicated it with a motion of the head. He was driving.

"Say! Dog-gone!" Mack sat up straight. "A minute ago it was up above the

"Wright'll have time to make his getaway," said Mack disgustedly.

That evening the two deputy marshals came to supper at Floral Ranch. Eph had invited them. After supper, the three men walked out on the porch.

"Take this congress chair, Pete," said Eph. "Guess you fellows are a little tired tonight-"

Just inside the kitchen door a boy stood close against the wall listening. He had heard that anyone shielding a "Cohab" was subject under the law to one year's imprisonment and a heavy fine. He did not like the looks of those two deputy marshals and his heart thumped when he realized how close he was standing to the two dangerous men.

"Mack and I," Eph went on, "will each take a sack of husks and sit on the bench."

There was the sound of chair legs on the floor. The marshals took out their bags of Durham and were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

It might have been the spell of the fragrant peach orchard bathed in the gentle light of the moon, or the twitter of night birds calling their mates, or the faint sound of running water where Pleasant Creek glided through Floral Valley. It may have been the glorious sight of the full moon rising over the towering, two-thousand-foot cliffs that stood boldly across the valley. Or

road- and now it's across it. We can't get by-"

Pete jerked out the whip. "Just what I was a-telling you. We'll have to drive up around through Hanks' lawn. And Wright-" it could have been the sweet, young voices of the girls of the family, as they washed the supper dishes and sang their Sunday School hymn, "We are the bees of Deseret."

Something, at any rate, seemed to shut out the turmoil of the day from the hearts of the two visitors on the porch. Momentarily they forgot the prize that had barely escaped them this afternoon-forgot even that the news of their presence here was being carried hastily from ranch to ranch, warning all other polygamous friends to flee from the wrath at their door.

Breathing deep of the fresh spring air, Mack remarked, "Eph, you have a lovely little ranch down here."

"Yes," said pessimistic Pete, "if his little haven was only rid of these law-breaking neighbors."

"I'm afraid," Eph put in quickly, "you haven't the respect for our neighbor, Mr. Wright, that I and my family have learned to have."

"No," Pete snapped, "we haven't. I suspected you didn't want to see him caught when we found that wagon blocking the road"

"Wagon?" Eph inquired gently.

"Yes," went on Pete. "The wagon across the road that forced us to turn up to your house, across your lawn, and back over your wife's rose garden. And your pressing invitation to stop with you while our horses rested, delayed us."

"Hold on a minute," Mack broke in. "Don't accuse our host of aiding and abetting Wright's get-away."

Just inside the kitchen door, the boy's fingers gripped the doorframe and his ruddy cheeks paled a trifle.

"Oh no," said Pete, and he laughed quietly. "If it wasn't for our friend, Eph, here, we might be sleeping tonight out under some cottonwood tree, with no food for ourselves or our horses."

Mack cradled his pipe in one hand. "You can't trace anything to Eph," he said.

"Sure not," admitted Pete. In a minute he added, "But them two gates we had to stop and open-no doubt they've always been kept shut." There was a faint sneer in his voice. "And that pair of cowboy boots, laying at the side of the road as we went up to Wright's house-well, of course they didn't show the owner could run faster without 'em on."

Mack laughed. "When we come back," he said, "those boots had got tired of waiting and had got up and walked off."

"Yeah!" Pete flashed a bitter look at Eph. "I wonder."

The boy inside the kitchen door winced and his hair may have risen a little higher on his head, as he glanced down at his own footwear and wondered if this man was a detective like the ones you read about in books and newspapers.

The boy muttered softly to himself, but no one could hear him. "Behind that pile of rocks Johnny Giles gave me three waves of his arm, and I guess there was nothing wrong about me running a half mile, and slamming two gates, and giving the three

waves to Wright-sure there was nothing wrong-" He knew that Wright had ducked into the sagebrush immediately on the signal, but had later raised up incautiously and had then been obliged to make for the creek under cover of the sage. Sliding down the bank was quick business and, once in the water, the marshals, following his track, could not tell which way he had gone.

Out on the porch, Mack was talking. "Well," he said, "we ain't paid for secret service work-we got our pay for bringing Cohabs to court. Supposin' we let this matter drop-"

"Yes," said Ephraim. "I'll call out the girls and they'll sing us a song." He raised his voice to speak to the boy still lingering just inside the kitchen door.

"Sidney," he said. "Here, Sidney, you and Ray run the organ up close to the front room door. Nettie, you bring out my triangle, and Lillie give us a chord on the organ."

Soon the entire family was singing:

"School thy feelings, oh my brother.
Train thy warm impulsive soul.
Do not its emotion smother,
But let Wisdom's voice control.

School thy feelings, condemnation
Never pass on friend or foe,
Though the tide of accusation
Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding
And a ray of light may gleam,
Showing thee what filth is hiding
Underneath a shallow stream."

Then they got out an old songbook and sang "Old Black Joe," "My Old

Kentucky Home," and others, in which the marshals joined with a good tenor and bass.

"You boys," said Eph to two of his sons, "put on your dancing shoes and come out on the porch and give us a hornpipe."

"Yes," chorused the marshals, "one of those old jig dances!"

The boys needed no second invitation-especially one of them-to change his shoes! And the two danced many fancy jig steps to the chords of the organ and the time beaten on the triangle. Afterwards they sat on the rail of the porch to pass general inspection by officers, and receive a good applause.

"My wife and son," said Mack, "go to your Sunday School in Salt Lake, and they often hum some of the tunes you sing there. May you could sing one for us. Sing 'We Thank Thee, Oh God, for a Prophet.'"

When that one was finished, Pete spoke up suddenly. "Can you please sing the song about the tea and coffee?" he said.

So they sang:

"In our lovely Deseret,
where the Saints of God have met,
 There's a multitude of children all
 around.

They are generous and brave,
they have precious souls to save,
 They must listen and obey the
 gospel sound.

That the children may live long, and be beautiful
and strong.

 Tea and coffee and tobacco they
 despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat but a very little
meat.

 They are seeking to be great
 and good and wise.

Hark, hark, hark! 'Tis children's music.

 Children's voices, oh how sweet,
When in innocence and love,
 Like the angels up above,
They with happy hearts
 And cheerful faces meet."

The boy Sidney could not help noticing that when the word, "tobacco," was mentioned in the song, the two marshals took a little smaller draft on their pipes, but they did not throw them away!

"Now," said Hanks when the last notes of the song died softly on the mild evening air, "some of you young children should go to bed, so we'll have the evening prayers."

The children ran to move the front room chairs into a circle, and all the family knelt as usual in prayer. Mack knelt with them, but Pete sat in his chair with bowed head.

Ephraim Hanks prayed. As usual, he asked God to bless the authorities of the Church, that the people might be led aright. He asked a blessing for his family and friends. Then he made a very special prayer for a very special occasion. "We thank Thee," he said, "for such officers of the law as we entertain this evening, who are not bent on persecution of some of our scattered brethren, but only on enforcement of the laws of the land. We are grateful for the Manifesto given to Thy Prophet, and for the disposition of the majority of the Saints to live up to the same. We thank Thee that these officers with us tonight are unlike some who frighten people by forcing themselves into their sacred homes, with a pistol in one hand and a search warrant in

the other. Preserve these friends from accident and harm, that they may return home in safety."

As they arose, Thisbe said, "When these gentlemen are ready for bed, Father, you can show them into the boys' bedroom." She turned to her children. "Boys," she went on, "move back the organ and I'll make your bed here on the floor of the front room."

Eph and his guests returned to their seats on the porch and Sidney, the boy who had closed two gates and had passed on the three waves to Neighbor Wright, soon lay sleepless where he could hear all that was said on the porch.

"Eph," said Mack, "you've got three families, but you haven't got three wives now. Do you mind telling us how you fixed this all up?"

"Well," returned Hanks slowly, "you fellows know us Mormons well enough to realize what a blow this new law against plural marriages was. Look at me, for instance. Some years ago I married Harriet Little, a young widow. I would raise children to Little-they would be his in eternity, as the Bible says, `... Moses said, If a man die, having no children, his brother shall marry his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother.'"

Mack nodded his head.

"Then," continued Eph, "under the law of our Church, I later on married a young girl, Jane Capener. Her children will be mine through all eternity, as she will be my wife, worlds without end. Harriet fully understood this and gave her blessing to this union. A few years after this, I married Thisbe Reed, who was one of the members

of the Handcart Company, coming over the mountains. My two wives gave their consent and adopted Thisbe into the family. She and Jane, with their children, are sealed to me for all eternity."

The cry of a night bird wavered through the stillness and in the front room, wide awake on his bed on the floor, his brother asleep beside him, the boy Sidney thought what a busy man his father must have been in those days-carrying the mail and fighting Indians, while he had three homes and three families to take care of!

"But," said Pete thoughtfully, "you haven't got all three wives now." He straightened suddenly in the congress chair. "Or have you?"

"No," replied Eph. "But those three wives have got some mighty fine sons. There is Harriet, for instance, with George, Sell, Pep, and Charley; and the oldest are grown men and able to do for their mother. Jane has Bill, George, Eph, and Dave. Thisbe's oldest son is Walter, and he and I have made a pretty fine ranch out of a patch of sagebrush. I have yet, even now Walter is married, plenty of help with Sidney, twelve, and Ray, nine, and Art still coming on for my old age."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Pete broke out, dropping the front legs of the congress chair to the floor with a bang. "You've got it all planned out-"

"Besides," Eph went on, "each mother gets help inside the house from her girls. You see we Mormons have a great advantage with our well-trained big families. The older ones unselfishly help the little ones, and we don't have anything to

do but work and be happy-"

"But," put in Mack, "how about education?"

"Well, we manage pretty well. Walter's wife is a school teacher and she keeps our children up to their grades."

"Yeah, but," said Pete again. "You haven't got all three wives now-"

Mack moved uneasily. "Why don't you teach your children that your prophets can be wrong?"

"Mack Armstrong," said Eph, "I had rather have my arm cut off right there-" putting his other hand on his arm just below the shoulder- "than to teach my children false doctrine-"

"But hold on, Hanks!" Mack sprang to his feet. "Your Articles of Faith by Joseph Smith, your Prophet, say that you believe in `obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law-'"

"I do. And that is why, when the Edmund-Tucker law became effective and was declared by the Supreme Court to be constitutional, I called my three wives together and laid the situation before them. I have fought for my Country and the Constitution." Eph went on quietly, "and I do not want my children to lose faith in that great document."

In the front room, the little boy, Sidney, grew suddenly sleepy. He cuddled down beside his slumbering brother and drew a long, tremulous breath. His heart was full of a quickened love for his father and a deep gratitude for his father's honor, which chose to sustain the Government of his Country, as the Articles of Faith of his Church demanded.

"What did your wives do?" asked Mack.

"My two first wives chose to get divorces which the court granted them free, and I re-married Thisbe."

"So you're in the clear! We can't touch you," grumbled Pete. "Too bad."

"One of them lives in Salt Lake, don't she?" Mack broke in.

"Yes, Harriet and her five children. And Jane in Heber City with her five. Then Thisbe and I came here and started Floral Ranch."

"And I'll bet you gave them-them others-support and comforts," Mack said.

"Well, a man naturally does what he can." Eph was looking off, far up the canyon.

Pete stood up beside Mack. He glanced around at the pleasant five-room house, which was the largest and finest house in Southeast Wayne County at that time. It was a frame house, lined with adobe and plaster-warm in winter and cool in summer. All the rustic work was made with a hand plane. The view from the wide porch was magnificent.

Pete grinned and nudged Mack. "And we," he said, "have a hard time keeping one wife and two kids apiece!"

Sidney felt very happy and very secure. He was no longer afraid of the two marshals-or of anybody!

Chapter XX

RANCH LIFE AND THE TANTLAS OUTLAWS

In the early days, the Tantlas alkali country eight miles above Floral Ranch was overrun with maverick horses. It was extremely difficult to drive these mustangs off their range because of the many deep gullies, which bisected the sagebrush flats, and because of the scarcity of trails leading in and out of the ravines. Horse chasing was hindered even more by the scrub cedars, which covered the rolling hills.

One day some cowpunchers riding south from Wildcat were luck enough to catch a small bunch of horses in a convenient spot near the trail, and they drove them along with their pack animals.

The cowboys stopped for lunch at Floral Ranch and displayed these mustangs with much pride. Among them was a white-faced, white-footed horse weighing about a thousand pounds, which caught the eye of E. K. Hanks. After some dickering, a deal was made and this pony was left at the Hanks ranch. A few days of hackamore breaking followed, and then the saddle was applied to the outlaw without much difficulty. In two more days the animal was fairly accustomed to the saddle, and it was time for him to be broken in for riding.

Father Hanks was careful to explain to his sons that the proper way to break in a horse so he would be gentle enough for family use, was never to let him buck. As this horse was to be his pride, Father Hanks

set out to show the boys the fine art of bronco breaking.

The bronco's attention was focused on his left ear by a healthy twist as E. K. Hanks slipped into the saddle. He patted the horse's neck and, with his son Arthur following on another pony, managed to ride some distance up the field without so much as a jump from the Tantlas outlaw. When they came to a stream, the horse wanted his head for a drink. Father Hanks accommodated him. After the outlaw had filled up on water, he was urged ahead with a gentle tickling of spurs, which sent him into a swirl of action.

The fifth jump was a lulu-up near the moon, with a few twists put in for good measure. This proved too much for the rider, who landed headfirst in the creek. Finally the horse was caught and Father Hanks spoke to him thusly: "Now, old boy, that was hardly fair! You rather took advantage of me, so now we're going right out on the sand flat and see who is the master."

At this, Ephraim mounted in full cowboy fashion. A moment after his right foot hit the stirrup, he was digging both side of the horse with his spurs and slamming his wet hat down between the horse's ears.

The Tantlas outlaw needed no more urging. In a flash he was off the ground with some of the neatest sunfish twisting that every a pony did. It was as if a stick of

dynamite had suddenly exploded, as the white legs and the bald face of the horse seemed to use into one ball of fire.

The rider was holding his own-as well as the saddle-until the cinch snapped, hurling Hanks and saddle through the air. Still kicking and snorting, the bronco ran like a scared hyena into the rocks.

Picking himself up slowly, Hanks began to limp about with a puzzled expression on his face and considerable sand in his hair. When the horse was caught and brought back, Hanks said to him, "Well, old boy, now we'll call it square. You're five years old and I'm sixty-six, but I guess you're the winner after all. You're the first horse that has ever thrown me fair and square. Many a steed have I ridden, but you can go the highest and the most crooked of any. I'll never challenge you again until I'm five and you're sixty-six!" Turning to Arthur, he went on, "I guess I have as much glue in my pants as I used to have, so it's up to you and Alvarus to tackle the wild ones."

This was the last real bronco that E. K. Hanks ever rode, and this incident happened only five years before his death.

About the year 1890, E. K. Hanks traded for a Maltese jack, of the donkey family, which proved to be the handiest animal on the Hanks ranch. He was usually staked near the house, so he would be available for every use. Old Jack, as he was called, was a little more adapt than most of his tribe in leering tricks-especially tricks that prevented him from being overworked. One that he always played on the youngsters when he thought he had done enough work, was to lie down and roll over. Thus freed of

his burden, he would jump and run into the field.

With a bit of teasing, he could be worked into a very bad temper. Whenever strangers came to the ranch that were boastful about their ability to ride wild horses, Old Jack was led out and always knew just how to upset the rider. If the stranger insisted on a saddle, there were usually a few cockleburs handy, which were neatly placed under the saddle blanket. Jack knew that they meant only one thing, and that was to get rid of the man on his back. This he would do with dispatch.

It was a common thing to see E. K. Hanks, with his legs dangling near the ground and a shovel over his shoulder, astride Old Jack, riding into the field to tend the water, or returning from his errand.

One day, his daughter Lillie, nicknamed Quiltine, was sent by her mother to gather some hops, which were growing in the trees along the lane. Up in one of the trees, her bucket was almost full when she heard her father coming in from the field on Old Jack.

Moving around to get a better view, Quiltine lost her balance and started crashing through the branches. The sudden commotion startled poor Old Jack into reverse gear. The shovel over Hank's shoulder flipped forward, catching the burro right between the ears. In a flash, E. K. Hanks was piled on the ground, and the little old jack was snorting up through the field, making as much noise as an animal twice his size.

Looking up from his crumpled position on the ground, Father Hanks saw

Quiltine dangling from a limb. He said, "What in heaven's name are you doing up there? You're always trying to climb the highest tree in the country. Now get down before you get hurt, and gather up your paraphernalia. I think you have done enough damage for the day."

Arthur happened on the scene just in time to see the action and was asked to go catch "that fool jack and bring him into the corral."

On another occasion, Father Hanks was out on the lawn in an armchair, which fitted his frame all too snugly. Clara, the youngest daughter, was also sitting on the lawn, holding Old Jack by a rope and letting him nibble the grass. Being called into the house, she tied the rope to a leg of the chair.

A sudden breeze caught the paper Father Hanks had been reading and blew it into Old Jack's face, frightening him into surprised action. The donkey took off down the slope, dragging the chair with him. Father Hanks was jarred loose and somewhat shaken up, but unhurt, while Old Jack battered the chair to pieces so that it could not be put back together.

Some time later, however, E. K. Hanks had his revenge. He had purchased a pureblood hog from a neighbor who lived six miles down the canyon at Notom. Putting the packsaddle on Old Jack and saddling his horse, Hanks was off to bring the hog home.

Arriving at the neighbor's ranch, in order to avoid injury to the hog, he cut two ten-foot birch poles, notched the large ends, and fastened them securely to the pack saddle, one on either side. Then, for enough

Father Hanks, holding his hip, limped on toward the house, where Mrs. Hanks asked what in the world was the matter.

He answered, "Oh, that rheumatism! Feels like it's going to rain."

Mother Hanks took him into the house to find a remedy, and to her dying day did not know that the Maltese jack was the cause of the sudden rheumatism on a warm, clear day.

back to be out of reach of the burro's heels, he nailed a couple of boards and, using some strong gunny sacks, made a sling, put the pig in, and lashed him tight.

When he felt that everything was safe, he turned Old Jack loose. The scared jack, unaccustomed to such goings-on, let out a "hee haw" and started toward home as fast as a frightened rabbit. In fact, Father Hanks had some difficulty keeping up even with his fleet saddle horse. Needless to say, the burro was in lather and the old pig was somewhat dizzy when they arrived at the home ranch.

One day while Ray and Sidney were working in the hay field, their dog routed porcupine, which waddled over the bank toward the creek. Leaving their horses in the field, the boys were soon down below the bank, taking care of the porcupine. As they started back with the animal held high above their heads on the end of a pitchfork, the horses were frightened at such an odd sight. They bolted into the rocky ridge close by, playing havoc with the new wagon.

Father Hanks, after looking it over, said "I've done lots of blacksmith jobs, but this one wheel looks more like a half-moon

than a wheel. It needs a wheelwright-and not a blacksmith."

It was necessary for the boys to finish hauling in the crop with the old wagon that had been discarded.

Father Hanks was a good disciplinarian. His children felt that he was fair and just, but of course, like all youngsters, they sometimes nearly got the best of him. One afternoon while they were out playing in the yard, Arthur wanted Nettie to go to the house and get something for him. This Nettie refused to do. Art picked up a rock and let her have it right between the shoulders.

When they were called in on the carpet before Father Hanks for an explanation, Art insisted that he had not thrown the rock at her. "She just humped up her back and let it hit her!" This surprising interpretation brought a smile to Father Hanks' face and lessened Arthur's punishment.

Ray and Sidney found themselves in a very tight spot one day, when they let their tempers go and indulged in a clod fight. Sidney centered Ray's forehead with a good hard one just as Father Hanks came around the corner and yelled at them. Ray sank to the ground as if he had been shot. His father ran to pick him up, but he saved Sid's skin by rising up with a handful of full-grown clods, ready to continue the battle.

Of course the fight stopped when Father Hanks spoke of how wicked it was for brothers to fight, told the two boys about Cain and Abel, and reminded them what Christ said about love.

The boys both rather sheepishly

dropped their ammunition and began to explain how the trouble started-both placing the blame on the other boy.

"Well," said Father Hanks, "I think I can settle that argument. Go and cut me two good willow switches. Ray, you cut one you would like to see me use on Sid, and Sid cut one that would be good medicine for Ray. Don't be gone very long."

There were plenty of good willows growing along the ditch bank close by. The boys felt rather silly when they returned with their switches and their father said, "Now square off and change willows. You may stop whenever you run out of willow. Don't hit above the belt. Five free licks against the one who fouls."

They were both bare to the knees, and those willows hung together amazingly well for wrapping around bony legs, while trousers seemed mighty thin just below the belt. However, they put up a pretty good fight for a while, until they began to grab for the other fellow's willow and break it off, and soon they had nothing to fight with. Both were whining a little when their father asked if they wanted new switches, but neither answered. So Father Hanks said, "Well, you'd better shake hands then and call it square."

Afterwards Sidney said, "Ray and I were near of a size and got along okay until one or the other of us got bossy. Then, sometimes we would have a friendly little fight. But you can tell the world we never called on Father to settle any of our fights after that."

One day Ray was in the field, watering. After he had finished his job he

noticed old Dopey-a gentle, locoed horse, standing asleep in a patch of alfalfa. Being an athlete like his father, Ray, ran up behind Dopey, stuck his shovel in the ground, and vaulted up on the horse.

Old Dopey, taken completely by surprise and thinking a mountain lion had landed on his back, lost no time in going straight up in the air five feet.

This sudden burst of energy proved too much for Ray, who landed some ten feet away, while Dopey high-tailed it down through the corral, going through a fence without stopping. He ran up onto a high section of ground in the field across the creek, and snorted and pawed the ground all that day.

Father Hanks remarked that he did not know old Dope had so much vinegar left in his tough old hide. It was debated in the family for some days, which was more surprised, old Dopey or Ray.

Sidney Alvarus Hanks has told of the family life in the home of Ephraim Knowlton Hanks, as follows:

"Father was always king when it came to entertaining in the home. As our home was isolated miles from the scattered ranches and small settlements and seven miles from the main highway, it was an ideal stopping place for the travelers and pleasure seekers who enjoyed the splendid meals and genuine hospitality of the Hanks home. The roads were poor and in many cases the teams were, too, and distance was quite evenly divided between the larger eastern and western settlements. Therefore, the Hanks family became well known for

their splendid entertaining ability. In fact, Mother and all the children cultivated, through necessity, a taste for entertaining, the children being deprived of the social side of community life.

"At an early stage of my existence an organ was purchased, and although a music teacher was not available, each of us children learned to play the chords so that we could accompany singing or musical instruments. This added a great deal to the evening's entertainment, as organs and other musical instruments were not very plentiful in those pioneer days, and it was quite an inducement for nearby ranchers to mount horses and come for an evening's entertainment.

"There were no automobiles and very few buggies in the county, so horseback and heavy lumber wagons were the means of transportation. When a white-topped buggy drove in, as it occasionally did, we knew our visitors were a little special, and we scampered to be the first to tell the news. The Wayne Stake Presidency were possessors of one of these exciting buggies, and they seldom failed to spend a delightful evening, both going and coming, with the Hanks family as they visited the wards and branches in the eastern part of the stake. They used to say that their trip was not complete if anything prevented their enjoying the hearty handclasp, the interesting experiences, and the delightful entertainment of Ephraim K. Hanks and his family. They often said they would go miles farther for such enjoyment and pay admission besides. The Stake Presidency of Sevier was occasionally entertained, as well

as the different stake officers and noted persons passing through the country. Trappers and prospectors too enjoyed the fun, which was welcome diversion from the lonely hours spent in the hills or on the river. The fine spirit of the home made everyone feel immediately at ease.

"After supper was over and the evening work was done, we would have to "sing song," as old Colorado Ed used to call it. Ed was an old river rat from the deep gorges of the Colorado. He had a large reddish brown Newfoundland dog called Sport. He was really a trick dog and used to furnish a great deal of amusement. At old Ed's command he would hold a piece of meat on his nose until Ed counted three. Then he would toss it in the air and catch it in his mouth. The dog would jump as high as Ed's head, going through a hoop without touching it. When it was held sideways, the dog would go over it or under it, according to Ed's command.

"We loved to hear Ed tell the story of how Sport saved his bacon one time, which probably kept Ed from going without many a meal. He was leading the boat over the ripples upstream by a rope when the rope broke, turning Ed's grubstake, bedding, guns, and boat all loose, which immediately started down the river at a fast clip.

"Ed hollered, "Catch it, Sport!" and Sport immediately plunged in. Ed stripped off his shoes and much of his clothing as he made a desperate footrace down the sand, so that he could swim out and catch the boat. In the meantime, Sport grabbed the dangling rope in his teeth and then Ed made connections with Sport just in time to save

the whole outfit.

"This story, with many others, made Sport a favorite at the Hanks ranch. Our family circle loved him almost as much as his master loved him. Ed would call at the ranch about four times a year, both going for supplies and coming back. He had a good voice and loved to join in with the family singing, and quite often he would sing a few old ballads by himself.

"One time Ed came to the ranch without the dog and told us this very sad story. Old Sport had picked up strychnine bait that had been set out for the coyotes. Ed told us he had worked over the dog and had done everything possible to save his life, but the dog died in his arms out on a lonely spot in the desert. He told us of the sad ceremony he held over the remains and how he had used his best coat to cover the body as he buried it in a well-marked grave.

"Ed made a number of trips to our home after this, but it was more than a year before he could sing any of the old songs without shedding a few tears of his old pal. He was spared the sadness of trying to sing by Father's sympathetic understanding in not asking him for any of the old ballads."

When the railroad came into Salt Lake City, the day of the pony express rider was over. Shortly after this happened, however, Ephraim was called upon by Brigham Young to carry some mail and important documents to Chicago. This mail was considered too important to be entrusted to the general mails of those days, but must be conveyed by messenger.

Ephraim took the train, depending upon the advice of the railroad men as to

finding eating places and stopover for rest. They said there would be plenty and he need not worry. However, it turned out that the small stations where they stopped for meals were prepared to feed railroad men only. There was neither food enough prepared for the passengers nor a long enough stopovers to eat it. There would be a fifteen-minute stop, and then there would be a mad scramble back into the train, with food left in the plates and coffee steaming in the cups.

Now the Westerner bore this a few times, but about the third time he went in to the station for dinner with a haversack slung over his shoulder. When "All aboard" rang through the room, Eph swept his meal into his bag and carried it aboard his train, where he ate it at his leisure, offering a part of it to a man occupying the seat with him. They ate together and talked. The man proved to be a high railroad official. He offered Ephraim a high position on the railroad and a large salary. But Ephraim could not accept it because Brigham Young already employed him in the service of the Lord.

Arrived in Chicago, Ephraim went to Bill Reed's hotel and ordered the best suite in the place. The clerk stared and turned away to hunt up Bill. And Bill came with both hands out, saying, "Give him the best we've got."

Chapter XXI

THE LAME WALK

Like Elijah of old, E. K. Hanks had the gift of healing to a remarkable degree, and pages could be written of the people who have been healed through his administration. Wherever he went, it did not take long for whole communities to know of his worth and to appreciate the power of the priesthood in relieving pain and suffering. There were no doctors in Wayne County in the early days, and the people had to rely on the blessings of the Lord for relief. Elder Hanks would go for miles to administer to the sick and give encouragement.

Isabel Dalton, a Church member and neighbor, had been very sick and under a doctor's care for months in a distant town. Instead of improving, she became weaker each day. The doctor was finally convinced that there was no medical skill, which could help her. He told Brother Dalton to take her home so that she could be with her family when the end came.

Following the doctor's advice, the Daltons returned to their home in Mesa, a small settlement a few miles east of Caineville. Two days after they arrived, E. K. Hanks, hearing of this, felt impelled to call on them. In company with Mary Ellen Hanks, his daughter-in-law, he called to find the family and many of Isabel's relatives there, waiting for the end. The impression came to Elder Hanks that she could be healed. Turning to Brother Dalton, he asked if he were willing for the sisters to wash and

anoint her body, so that he could seal the anointing. Brother Dalton was eager that this be done. It would take some preparation, so Elder Hanks promised to attend to this ordinance the next morning, on his and Mary Ellen's way back from Blue Valley.

On the morrow, when they arrived, everything was in readiness. Mary Ellen and Sister Foy washed and anointed Sister Dalton's body. Elder Hanks laid his hands upon her head and in sealing the anointing promised her that she would be healed and live many years, enjoying good health, that she would enjoy her family and home, and accomplish a great deal of good in the Church. She was immediately healed and, as her strength returned, was able to perform her household duties, as well as being president of the Ward Relief Society for several years. She had two more children and lived for many years afterwards, a faithful Latter-day Saint.

Shortly after this healing took place, Elder Hanks was told of the sad condition of the two-year-old child of John and Olive Curfew of Caineville. The child was afflicted with sores all over her little body, which caused acute suffering and prevented normal growth. Again Elder Hanks felt inspired that the child should live, and taking Mary Ellen, his son Walter's wife, with him, he visited the Curfew family.

Mary Ellen was asked to anoint the child. The little body was so sore that it was

necessary to anoint it with a feather. When Elder Hanks laid his hands upon the head of the child, the pain and irritation ceased, and before he was finished the blessing, the child was deep in the first refreshing sleep she had had for days. She was promised health and strength and a long and useful life, that she would be a mother in Israel and rear sons and daughters to honor her name. The child was healed and the promises have been fulfilled. She is still alive and faithful.

There was a tough cowman named Nuck who lived about six miles from Floral Ranch. He was a leader among the reckless men who lived in that vicinity, and he made no bones about telling everyone that he did not believe in any of the Mormons or in their religion. With strong profanity he would ridicule anyone who believed in prayer, pointing his remarks toward Father Hanks in particular. He said a number of times that if he ever got sick, he would never call "old man Hanks," for he did not think he had as much authority and power with the Lord as his pack mule had.

Nuck had a fine little wife who was as devoted to Nuck as he was to her. She had been born of Mormon parents, but had lived so long on the lonely ranch that she had been influenced by her husband's scorn of religion. She had been heard to say that religion and prayer were nothing but a matter of hypocrisy and deception.

The day came when, in spite of the assistance of the only available midwife, she had lost her newborn babe and was lying unconscious. The midwife had told Nuck there was no hope for her. Ephraim K. Hanks happened to be riding along the road

when Nuck ran out and stopped him. According to Dr. Lucy Woolman, Nuck stopped Elder Hanks and said, "If there is anything in earth or heaven you can do to save my wife, come in." Nuck was sobbing as only a strong man can. At last he was face to face with a problem, which he could not solve.

As they entered the house and looked at the dying woman, Nuck was heard to cry unto God—not in profanity as was his usual custom, but in the humblest supplication, saying over and over again, "None but God can save her now."

Elder Hanks turned to the cowman and said, "Will you give God the honor and glory if your wife's life is spared?" Unhesitatingly Nuck declared he would. Elder Hanks took the consecrated oil from his pocket, anointed her, and asked the Lord to heal her that it might be a testimony to all who saw. Elder Hanks then went on his way.

Calling the next day, he found Nuck's wife on the sure road to recovery. No one seems to know whether Nuck ever joined the Church, but he was never heard to poke fun at the Church authorities, and he always gave the Lord the credit for the healing. He became a warm friend of Ephraim K. Hanks.

Under date of February 8, 1930, comes a letter written to Sidney Alvarus Hanks by George W. Carrell, who then living in San Fernando, California. Mr. Carrell writes:

"In regards to your father's charitable work, I don't know of one thing which he did but what was an act of charity or full of charity. I always believed him to be a man who lived in charity and knew him

to be a man of God full of the spirit of the Lord. He performed many instant healings. I will relate one that has always been a great testimony to me. It was in June, 1894. My wife was very sick and had been for several days. It seemed that her days upon this earth were numbered. She asked to have Brother Hanks, your father, administer to her but he was supposed to be in Hanksville, fifteen miles away. We were preparing to send for him when, about eleven o'clock the door opened and he walked in, immediately going over to the bed of my sick wife and saying, 'You are sick, aren't you? Just I thought. Where is your oil?'

"She told him where it was, and he walked over and picked up the oil himself. Then he laid his hands upon her head and administered to her. He said, 'Sister Carrell, now you are made well by the power of God. I am very weak and hungry. Please get up and get me something to eat.'

"She arose from her bed and did as he bid her. This was a miraculous healing for it was done instantly. We all knew it was through the inspiration that he was guided to the house and through the spirit of the Lord that she had been healed.

"On another occasion he came after me to go with him as he was called to administer to a little crippled boy. The cords in the boy's legs were drawn backward, making him a total cripple. I anointed him. Your father, sealing the anointing, promised the boy he should get up and walk, also run and jump like a roe. The boy was healed almost immediately and he did run and jump and play. There are many other cases I have seen healed under his hands. I could talk to you all day on this subject and the many other wonderful things your father did."

The following is related by Sidney A. Hanks:

"Georgenia, my sister, was very ill. Word was sent to Father at Grover, fifteen miles away, and he started back immediately through the sleet and snow, riding a small, weak, straw-fed pony. He was barely on his way when the horse became sick and could

go no farther. Father bowed his head and invoked the blessings of God on the horse, which soon revived and was able to carry him safely home, where he administered to Georgenia, who became worse. Father called a fast of all the neighbors. Each repented of his sins and promised God to do better. Georgenia was healed and lived many years, afterwards becoming the mother of three more children.

"After Father was made patriarch, it seemed his power of healing was increased. One time Sister Sweet in Caineville was taken very ill. She wanted Johnny Carrell to ride several miles to the Hanks ranch and get Father. John wanted to send his son, but Mrs. Sweet said she would die if Johnny did not go. John did not belong to the Church at that time and he said to himself, 'It's no use. She'll die anyway.' When Johnny reached the ranch, he found Father's buggy broken and Father was not feeling well. As Carrel was the only blacksmith in Caineville, he took the buggy into Father's shop and mended it. He drove up to the porch in the buggy and Father made the fifteen-mile trip with him. He blessed the good sister and she was healed."

E. K. Hanks was a firm believer in the power of prayer in everyday life, as shown in these incidents from the pen of Sidney Alvarus Hanks:

"It was about the year 1881 when my brother Walter, Father, and I went planting a crop on our new ranch near Pleasant Creek. The three of us had been working on the ranch for about a month when we ran out of meat. One evening Walter, who was about seventeen, took our only gun and the few cartridges we had left into the nearby foothills to get a deer. About sundown Father sent me from the field

to the cabin to build a good fire for, as he suggested, 'Walter will soon bring home some meat and we'll have a fine supper.' I had hardly started the fire when three or four shots rang out. Father came into the cabin and filled the kettle full of water, hanging it on the crane. It was soon boiling at a good rate. All we needed was the meat to drop in the kettle, and soon we would be eating.

"About dark, Walter came back to the cabin empty handed. As we all watched the empty kettle, he told of how he had crippled a deer the first shot, after which he was unable to get his nerves settled, and the other shots had been as wild as the deer he was trying to shoot.

"Father's gray-blue eyes snapped as he turned to Walter and said, 'I'm surprised at your throwing away all that ammunition. You surely must have had a strong attack of buck fever.' Then more calmly he went on, 'Did you think to pray before you

went after that deer?' Walter spoke the truth when he said he had not. The lesson was well driven and Walter remembered it the rest of his life, as he turned out to be the Nimrod of the family. It seemed that in whichever direction he went hunting, he would always bring back game.

"A few years later, Father and I went up on the mountain hunting deer. We sighted a small herd quite a distance away. I stayed with the horses while father slipped from his saddle and noiselessly worked his way toward the game. He was quite a distance from me when I noticed that he dropped to his knees for a moment. I too bowed my head. Then he arose and, taking aim, brought down the largest buck that I have ever seen in my life. It was necessary for us to throw our burrow and tie him securely down while we loaded the deer on top of him. When it was tied on, both of us had to help the burro up with the heavy load."

Chapter XXII

THE KINGDOM COMES FIRST

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his
righteousness; and all these things shall be added
unto you." Matthew 6:33.

At a late period in his life, Ephraim Hanks loaded some sacks of grain into his light spring wagon and started from the gristmill, which was located on Fremont River, some thirty miles to the west. It was customary for the ranches to bring their grain to the mill and wait for it to be ground into flour. The miller always had a nice bunch of hogs well fattened by the grain leavings. It so happened that the day before Ephraim arrived the miller had butchered a few hogs. He told Ephraim as they were unloading the grain, that he had just dressed a number of hogs and that Ephraim was to help himself.

The winter on Floral Ranch had been long and lean. There had been little meat. Most of the night Hanks sat up, cooking and eating meat. It was like the days on the plains when the friendly Indians led him from one wigwam to another, where he feasted with each of the chiefs. It seemed that his appetite could not be satisfied.

Next morning he loaded the flour in his wagon, offered to pay the miller for the meat he had eaten, and started back to the ranch. By the time he reached home, he was a very sick man. He was helped into bed, where he remained for months. His suffering was intense and long-drawn out. For weeks it seemed as if his recovery was

impossible. The fever and pain had burned away consciousness and the heavy labored breathing was the only indication of life left in his body.

As the fever burned itself out and he became able to speak, he talked of the man in the gray tweeds who had just left his bedside and eased himself through the wall as a fog lifts from the valley to float away into space. A little later he asked the watchers by his bed to read the story of Abraham to him. He seemed to see his own life running parallel to that of the veteran Prophet. His mind turned back the pages of time to the day when he had accepted the Gospel with its many responsibilities, which he had met unflinchingly. He had been unafraid of personal harm or hardships as he unselfishly gave the best he had. Uppermost always in his mind was the call of duty to his God and his Country.

When the handcart company needed help and other turned back to save their own lives, he went steadily on until the suffering people were found and their wants administered to.

As Ephraim Hanks lay on his bed in a helpless condition, his mind slowly walked back through the years and relived those hazardous days of privations and hardships. Ofttimes he would wake in the midst of a

harrowing experience to find his body weak and perspiring.

At last when he was able to do his own reading, he reread the stories of Abraham, Moses, and Job, ending with the story of Lehi-his trials and tribulations in leaving Jerusalem and finally arriving on this, the American Continent, as so beautifully told in the Book of Mormon.

As the pain eased and relief came to his aching body, his determination to go in for the full treatment of the Gospel of Jesus Christ crystallized solidly in his being. The plan fostered in his feverish mind had remained permanently alive. Gradually, but surely, the plan with its details was being worked toward his complete surrender to his Father's will. For had not the Lord watched man with his unworkable ways of life running into roads with dead ends and ending in frustration and futility? Now, in His mercy He had opened the Heavens and revealed the great plan of happiness to man, which would forever do away with the false ways of life and establish the only workable road to complete joy. Why were men so stubbornly opposed to the right ways of life, he asked almost aloud as the divine plan unfolded the powers of Heaven and its connection link with the rights of the Priesthood given to mortal man. The vision was complete and beautiful, giving strength and courage for the fulfillment of his plan.

Finally, he was up hobbling about, and how wonderful the world looked to him as he viewed it for the first time in months, the Heavens and the earth, which the Lord had ordained! His heart sang out in thanksgiving for the privilege of living in a

world where the Lord was mindful of His children.

As strength returned to his limbs he was eager to be outdoors. One day he called his son Sidney to him and requested that his horse be saddled and led around to the door — also that his gun be loaded and tied on the saddle. This done, Ephraim K. Hanks, bundled in a heavy overcoat, mounted and set off for the South Draw, the winter cattle range. About an hour later he returned and called for someone to unsaddle his horse.

As he wearily sank into the first chair at hand, he closed his eyes and uttered the words, "Thy will be done!" Immediately he dropped off to sleep, at peace with the world and satisfied that he had given allegiance to his Maker.

Cattle were precious possessions in those days. To lose a cow or a steer often brought sorrow to an entire family. Old Darb, a huge steer, was a precious possession of the Hanks'. He was raised from a wobbly calf and tamed to the fond touch of each of the children. Even now that he had grown unusually large, the children took turns playing on his back while he was lying down, or riding him as they drove the cattle to and from. The next spring when the dry cattle were gathered from the South Draw, Old Darb and one of the favorite cows were missing. As the boys searched for the missing stock, they came upon Old Darb's carcass with a bullet hole in his skull. Not far away, the favorite cow had shared the same fate. The boys returned excitedly to tell their father, who smiled knowingly and said, "Too bad! They got in the way of a bullet."

But down in Father Hanks' heart there was peace. He had offered as a sacrifice to the Lord the finest cattle he had. This was his way of showing the Lord that his repentance was complete. The meat from these cattle would have been good to eat. There was none better--but, no, they belonged to the Lord. This was his way of telling his God that from now on he was going to accept the Lord's ways. He was through with overeating and all other self-indulgence. The slate of Ephraim K. Hanks was washed clean. He had surrendered to his Maker. From this time on, Father Hanks was never known to eat beyond the normal capacity.

He had unselfishly served his Church and her people, however, with little regard for his personal welfare. His best days had been spent in this great service. He had no regrets. It had been a real joy to serve the Lord's people by helping them get established in the Rocky Mountains.

One of the Apostles was sent by the President of the Church down to the new Wayne Stake to ordain Ephraim Knowlton Hanks a Patriarch. Brother Hanks had sacrificed to his Maker in his own way, as had the ancient Patriarch offered long ago to sacrifice even his only son, and now in his heart was a blessing for all of God's children. Being ordained, he went on blessing his fellowmen as long as he lived. As a Patriarch of Wayne Stake, he spent the remainder of his life there, blessing the people, serving them as the Lord's anointed by setting an example of right living. The mountaintop had been reached. There lay the world before him as nature had

fashioned it. In this world were God's children, climbing slowly back into the presence of their Maker. Ephraim K. Hanks was a long step nearer his reward and the rest he had so nobly earned. He lived to a good ripe age in full faith of a glorious resurrection. He had the assurance that death is nothing to fear, according to the following, which appears in his own handwriting:

"See in the Deseret Semi-Weekly News where two men died, left their bodies, looked around for awhile, then returned, and went into their bodies. I can testify that is so, for my spirit went out of my body and I never felt better in my life. I was E. K. Hanks all the same. I will try and show you the difference, being in body and out. I will send you on a mission to Africa or some other far-off place. They will abuse you, spit on you, tar and feather you, starve you, and do all manner of injury to you, but you cannot come home. What would you think when you have a good home? Then would you not feel well to return home to your wife and family? The change made me sick for three days. Do not be afraid to die."

On Father Hanks' seventieth birthday all his children except one daughter and two sons-in-law came home, where with music, games, and prayer, his natal day celebrated.

But after this he failed in strength and, though everything possible was done for him by his devoted family and friends, he passed away at nine in the morning on June ninth, 1896. Just before his noble spirit took flight, he started up, spoke excitedly, and the loving watchers knew from his words that the dying man had caught a vision of the man in gray tweeds entering the room on his white charger and leading an exquisitely white mount neatly equipped; they knew that the mystery man smiled and

gave the signal.

Father Hanks settled back and relaxed in the arms of his eldest son, Walter; smiled his approval; and went peacefully to sleep. The family was called and came in time to see the peaceful expression on the beloved features of the great scout. The influence that filled the room was heavenly beyond description.

That E. K. Hanks was much beloved was evidence at his funeral. He was buried at Caineville with great devotion and honor, but with simplicity, as he would have wished.

The last speaker at the funeral, Archie Young, said: *"They are putting away to rest the father of Wayne County, a man who died in the Lord. And being acquainted with this man's children, I know the works of E. K. Hanks will follow after him forever."*

A writer in a Salt Lake City paper referred to the funeral in these words: *"Such a sweet heavenly influence was there that one did not feel to mourn. Those present testified that it was beyond anything they had ever witnessed. It made one think as Apostle Paul, 'Oh death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"*

THE END