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NELLIE NASH
(A PIONEER BIOGRAPHY
OF
MRS. ELLEN ELVIRA NASH PARKINSON
WIFE OF WILLIAM CHANDLER PARKINSON)

A Thesis
Submitted to the
Department of English
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts

by
Carma L. Sandberg

1959

PREFACE

There is only one way. Every man or woman who hasn't inherited a prideful tradition must start building one. In this great country, where our wonderful freedom allows us to make an individual contribution, we must make it a good contribution. No matter what sort of work a man does, if he gives it his best each day, he's starting a tradition for his children to live up to. And he's making lots of happiness for himself.

If you have inherited a prideful tradition, you must carry it on; if you haven't, then start building one now.¹

In the writings of mankind there are far more biographies of men than of women. In the histories of the lives of Utah's pioneers the biographical accounts of the pioneer men far outnumber those of pioneer women. Few of these men have been successful without the help of a woman, be she wife or mother, or both. This thesis concerns itself with one of these unsung help-mates.

The events of a wife's life are so interwoven with the events of her husband's life that to write about one must necessitate writing about the other. This writing attempts to maintain the account from the woman's point of view. This is the story of a valiant pioneer woman, my grandmother. She is my "prideful tradition."

¹Lois Mattox Miller, "The Light in the Window," Readers's Digest (July, 1948), page 1-3.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The writer wishes to acknowledge the wisdom and understanding extended her during her graduate studies by the professors of her classes, by Hattie M. Knight and especially by Dr. Parley A. Christensen.

Be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to . . . old age,
Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild:
Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.¹

The following people have been helpful in the collection of materials, Mrs. Rae Parkinson Smuin, Mrs. Estella Nash Wright, Mrs. Elva Parkinson Kelly, and Mrs. Eda Parkinson Anderson.

To Mrs. Nancy Baber Aldridge goes a special thank you for hours of typing. Last but not least, my family deserves gratitude for bridging the spots where I failed at home.

¹Arnold, Matthew, Sonnet 2, To a Friend.

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CHAPTER I

NELLIE PARKINSON, CACHE VALLEY PIONEER

(1863-1949)

This is the story of Ellen (Nellie) Lane Nash Parkinson, who was born February 15, 1863, to Charles Alonzo and Virginia Lane in the city of St. Louis, Missouri. She was the second child in the family. She had a brother William five years her senior.

When Ellen was eight months old, her mother, who was then twenty-two years of age, died from the effects of "spotted fever."

The record at the Bellfontaine Cemetery in St. Louis reads:

Virginia Lane, born Louisville, Kentucky, died of spotted fever, November 13, 1863. Age about twenty-two years. Buried November 14, 1863 in plot 9, old section. Wife of Charles Alonzo Lane.¹

Charles Alonzo Lane or Alonzo Lane, as he was called, was a foreman at Maloney and Tilton Distillery, which was located on the southwest corner of Main and Poplar Streets in St. Louis.²

The Lanes were fairly well-off, one would judge from the expensive clothes and jewelry which the baby was given. Family legend relates that a French maid was hired to care for Nellie during her

¹Records of Burials 1863, Bellfontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Missouri.

²This information is deducted by combining the facts recorded in the Business Directory of St. Louis for 1860 and the meager facts gleaned from the family of Nellie Parkinson.

mother's illness. A "likeness" taken of Ellen when she was six month's old shows her dressed in a black silk dress with white eyelet embroidered petticoat, little black patent leather strap slippers, and wearing initialed pendant ear rings in her little pierced ears.

When the mother died the father was faced with the problem of the baby's immediate care. A Mr. and Mrs. Nash were recommended to Mr. Lane as possible guardians for the baby. The Nashes were contacted and they agreed to care for Ellen.

The record is indefinite as to the exact date of Ellen Lane's arrival at the home of Isaac Bartlett Nash. His wife Hester Elvira Poole Nash, years later, told Ellen that between November 1863 and the next May, 1864 Mr. Lane made numerous trips to visit Ellen at the Nash home. On these occasions Mr. Lane brought gifts of clothes and jewelry to the baby.

Ellen was an exceptionally lovely child. She had dark hair, black dancing eyes, and was alert and friendly. The Nashes soon learned to love her dearly. They asked Ellen's father to allow them to adopt the baby. Alonzo Lane was not willing to give up his baby, but circumstances were brought to bear on his decision. Lane was desirous of returning to Ohio to his people. Alonzo thought it might be possible to travel in these precarious Civil War times with the six year old William, but he did not dare to take with him the young bottle-fed Ellen. He intended to return for her later.

The Nashes insisted that legal adoption papers be filled out if they were to keep the baby. After walking the floor most of the

night with Ellen in his arms, Alonzo gave his consent to the adoption. He, however, made the stipulation that he always be allowed to come to see the baby and that she was to know him as her father.

The adoption papers were made out, signed by all parties, and legally recorded. Their content follows:

This Deed of Adoption made and entered into this the 13th day of May A.D., 1864, by and between Isaac B. Nash and Hester Elvira Nash his wife, of the county of St. Louis and the State of Missouri, parties of the first, and Ellen Elvira Lane, an infant, born on the 15th day of February, 1863, age about fifteen months, daughter of Alonzo Lane, with the written consent of the said Alonzo Lane, father of said Ellen Elvira Lane, which written consent is evidenced by his signature hereto, witnesseth that the said Isaac B. Nash and Hester Elvira Nash, his wife, do by these present adopt as their true and lawful heir and the heir of each of them, the said Ellen Lane with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of, in, and belonging to an heir of the bodies of said Isaac B. Nash and Hester Elvira Nash. And the said Alonzo Lane, father of Ellen Lane, hereby consents to the adoption of his said child, Ellen by said Nash and wife, and hereby relinquishes to them and each of them, all the authority and control he possesses over said child Ellen by reason of his parentage or otherwise. And the said Nash and his wife have authority to have the name of Ellen Elvira Lane changed to Ellen Elvira Nash.

Witness over hands and seals this 13th day of May, 1864.

Isaac B. Nash(seal)
Hester E. Nash(seal)
Alonzo Lane(seal)

State of Missouri

County of St. Louis. Be it remembered that on this the 13th day of May, 1864, we the undersigned, a Notary Public within and for the county and State aforesaid, personally appeared Isaac B. Nash and Hester Elvira Nash, his wife, and Lane, who are personally known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the foregoing instrument of writing as parties thereto and severally acknowledge the same to be their act and deed for the uses and purposes therein mentioned; and that, the said, Hester Elvira Nash having been by me first made fully acquainted with the contents of the foregoing instrument of writing acknowledged on an examination apart from her said husband that she executed the same freely and without compulsion and undue influence of her said husband.

The Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my National Seal at office in St. Louis this the 13th day of May, 1864.

Sam'l N. Holliday
Notary Public
St. Louis County Missouri

State of Missouri

County of St. Louis. I, the undersigned, Recorder for said County, City, that the foregoing instrument was filed for record in my office May 13, 1864 and is duly recorded in Book 289.1. Witness my hand and official seal the date aforesaid.

A.C. Bernowly Recorder
(or Bernruly)¹

No further account of Charles Alonzo Lane and his son William is known, except a report of a visit Alonzo made in the fall of 1864 to the home of the Kershaws, friends of the Nashes in St. Louis. At this time he had returned from his trip to Ohio and had come to see Ellen. He found that the Nashes had moved and that their destination was not known. The Kershaws, although they knew that the Nashes had gone to Utah, felt that they did not have the right to give Alonzo this information. They wrote to Utah and asked the Nashes to advise them what to do in case Mr. Lane returned. The Nashes replied that if he wanted the baby he would have to come to Utah for her. Alonzo Lane never returned to the Kershaw's home.

Years later one of the Parkinson grandchildren recalls being told by Elvira that there appeared in a journal published in Salt Lake City a personal message appealing to anyone who knew the whereabouts of Ellen Lane Nash to notify Alonzo Lane at a given address. Elvira saw

¹Taken from the handwritten original adoption papers found among Ellen Lane Nash Parkinson's private papers. The signature of the recorder is not entirely legible.

this notice and threw the journal away in an out house. She was later sorry for her hasty action, but she was motivated at the time by the fear of losing Nellie.¹

A review of some of the events in the lives of Isaac and Elvira Nash is needed to explain their sudden departure from St. Louis to Utah.

The Nashes had been married in Salt Lake City in 1852. In 1859 they had decided to make a trip to Wales in order to convert Isaac's mother and father to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Brigham Young heard of their intended trip and called them to fulfill an added mission en route to Wales.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre had occurred two years previous to this time. The orphaned children surviving this massacre were to be sent to their relatives in Arkansas. The Nashes were ask by Brigham Young to care for these children on the journey from Salt Lake City to Ft. Leavenworth. There were thirteen children in the group put under the Nash's care. The children were delivered to the Indian Agent at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, without incident.

At the fort the Nashes received a letter from relatives in Wales stating that Isaac's parents had died within a few days of each other. The Nashes therefore gave up their plans to go to Wales but continued on to St. Louis until new plans could be made.

In 1859 St. Louis was the out post of western civilization. It was the knot tying the East to the West, the North to the South.

¹Ray Parkinson Smin, daughter of Nellie, wrote this account in a personal letter to the writer.

Going west, transportation by train (the railroad reached St. Louis in 1857) or steam boat had to be replaced at St. Louis by wagon or horseback. The river steam boats brought the majority of the west bound travellers to St. Louis. Travel by boat was cheaper than by rail.¹

Isaac was a blacksmith by trade. New Mormon converts emigrating to Utah needed his skill in getting their "fit-outs" (wagons and supplies) ready for crossing the plains to Utah. To give this help to the Mormon converts, the Nashes remained in St. Louis for over five years.

In 1861 the Civil War began. The citizens of St. Louis were torn in their sympathies between the North and the South. Isaac found many of his good friends and customers among the farmers and slave owners. His personal sympathies leaned toward the South.

The governor of Missouri, Claiborne Jackson, fled South and Missouri was put under martial law. During the period of martial law Isaac was arrested and imprisoned three times for his Southern sympathies. He was released each time through the intervention of the British Consul. Isaac was not an American citizen but a British subject.

There were many evidences that the Nashes planned during the spring of 1864 to return to Utah. The prison experiences had not

¹St. Louis, A Fond Look Back, Compiled under the patronage of the First National Bank of St. Louis on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of its predecessors, the Southern Bank and Mechanics Bank in 1856. Text: Martin Quigley; Design: Peter Geist; Research: Majory Douglas and Ruth K. Jacobson; Direction: Charles van Ravenswaay (St. Louis Director, Missouri Historical Society). 1956, unpagged.

endeared St. Louis to them. The advancing railroad was soon to make wagon travel to Utah unnecessary. Isaac's blacksmith services in St. Louis were therefore not now as essential to the emigration of Mormon converts as they had been. Elvira's brother, Peter Poole, had written to the Nashes in glowing terms of the possibilities in Cache Valley, Utah Territory.

The reason that the Nashes did not inform Ellen's father, Alonzo Lane, of their intentions to go West can be surmised. They loved the baby Ellen dearly and did not want to give her up. They had adopted her in May of 1864, and started West in the first part of June 1864.

Isaac Nash gives an account of the trip to Salt Lake City in his autobiography:

A brother in St. Louis by the name of Dumford, a boot and shoe merchant with a large store on Broadway, found that I was about to go to Salt Lake City and sent for me.

He made a proposition to me that if I would go with him and take charge of his outfit, he would take my wife and I to Salt Lake City free. I agreed and we soon started.

In Wyoming he [Dumford] left everything in my charge, consisting of eight wagons loaded with hats, boots, shoes and provisions, and a spring wagon for himself and family. He furnished the money. I hired the teamsters and had charge of everything while they passed as passengers to the Valley. [Most of the teamsters Isaac hired were Mormons on their way West.]

In Wyoming a good many joined us who were going to Salt Lake and in a few days we were organized as a company to travel across the plains.

I was appointed sergeant of the guard. Everything went pleasantly until we were about half way through our journey when Mr. Dumford began to find fault with me saying that I did not attend to his business solely as he had hired me to do, but instead, I had divided my attention in looking after the welfare of the Mormons and others who formed most of the company.

At last, within a few days drive of Ash Hollow, he got very wrathful with me saying that he would not go on any farther and that I could quit as he had no more use for me.

I threw my little whip on the ground, saying that if that was what he wanted, I would quit. When the teamsters saw what I had done, they also threw down their whips. This was about noon.

He and his wife drove the teams into camp where a meeting was called. Mr. Dunford made his grievances known saying that he did not hire me to do anything but his bidding and did not want me to act as sergeant of the guard.

Finally, Dr. Henton, one of the company, made a motion that I.B. Nash be sergeant of the guard until we reached Salt Lake City. The vote was carried.

All voted except Dunford who acted as a crazy man. However, he was at last coaxed to go on.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly until we came to Ash Hollow. There, upon a bench about a mile from where we camped, a company of soldiers were stationed. Early in the morning, Dunford went to the soldiers' camp.

Upon his return he told us that he had decided not to go any farther and that we, his teamsters, were discharged. He told me to bring the accounts of the teamsters and he would pay them off.

We were in a bad fix, thrown out on the plains with no way to go to the valley.

A meeting was called by the leading men of the company and it was agreed that we should be divided among the company and taken to Salt Lake City. They told me to get provisions as pay for the teamsters, but upon explaining the situation to Mr. Dunford and asking for the pay in the form of provisions such as flour, bacon, dried fruit, etc., of which he had plenty, he refused flatly saying that we could take out pay in legal currency or not at all.

I pleaded with him, but in vain. He had the advantage of us, as he had the soldiers back of him. I did not know what to do. I turned to some of the teamsters who stood near by and told them to cheer up, that we would get provisions some way. As I turned away, Mr. Dunford drew a revolver and said that if I touched anything that belonged to him, he would shoot me down. I told him that was a game that two could play at. He jumped before me, pointing a revolver in my face. It was cocked and his finger was on the trigger when a man by the name of Hall jumped and grabbed the revolver away from Dunford who cried out to his son Henry to run to his carriage and bring another revolver. As Henry was returning to his father a man who was sitting by the camp fire

knocked the revolver from his hand with a stick of wood. Soon after that, Dunford moved to the soldiers' camp and we started on our way. Brother Blingbrook and my wife went with Mr. Hall. The teamsters were divided among the company.

After much trouble, we arrived in Salt Lake City, stayed a few days and then went to Franklin with my wife's brother, a brother from Franklin by the name of William Rogers, Brother L.L. Hatch, Bishop of Franklin, and Brother James Packer. They had heard through my wife's brother, Peter Poole, that I was a choir leader and they needed me in that capacity very much. We arrived in Franklin in October 1864.¹

Nellie was eighteen months old when she was taken on this trip across the plains. She remembered years later only one incident of the trek. She remembered being held between her mother's knees to be warmed in front of a big campfire.

¹Autobiography of Isaac B. Nash, unpublished, unpagged.



CHAPTER II

FRANKLIN, IDAHO

Issac's blacksmith tools represented the major material wealth with which the Nashes left St. Louis. Nevertheless they did not go West to seek a fortune. They gladly turned from a well settled city to pioneer new land in Cache Valley in order to find religious and political freedom. When they arrived in the small three year old settlement of Franklin, they were greeted joyously by Elvira's mother, Mary Cramer Poole; a sister, Elizabeth (Lisey) Poole; and a brother, Peter Poole. Peter had built a one room log cabin in the Franklin Fort. The cabin had a dirt floor, a dirt roof, an adobe and rock fireplace, and no opening for light except the two doors. One door opened inside the fort, the other outside. This cabin was shared by the Nashes and the Pooles.

The Franklin Fort consisted of four rows of cabins built close together around the perimeter of a square. At each corner an opening was left between the cabins through which wagons and cattle could be driven into the center of the fort for protection.

The Pooles' cabin was on the south side of the fort. It was built next door to a two-roomed cabin belonging to Samuel Rose Parkinson. Mr. Parkinson kept a small supplies store in one room and his family lived in the other room. His son William Chandler, who was nine years old in 1864, was in later years to become Ellen's husband. Inside the

fort Isaac built a small shack and set up his blacksmith forge.

On the north side of the fort was a cabin belonging to the widow Martha Howland and her three daughters. One of these daughters, also named Martha, was later to become Isaac's second wife. Next door to the Howland's cabin lived Thomas Smart and his family. Two of his daughters, Maria and Charlotte, became the second and third wives of Samuel Rose Parkinson.¹

The Battle Creek Massacre of 1863 ended the serious threat of Indian attacks in the Valley.² A man or family had to guard against being found alone in the canyons or fields by wandering Indian tribes, but there were no more major Indian encounters. By 1867 some of the bravest settlers began to move out of the fort onto their own land. Isaac's family was among the first to move out of the fort. Land was assigned to each settler by the drawing of lots.

A log school house built in the center of the fort had a dirt floor and sod roof. It served as school, church and social center. Fresh straw was put on the floor each Saturday in preparation for the Sunday meetings. The three windows of the building were considered a marvel for the times. They consisted of twelve 8 by 8 inch panes of glass that had been hauled by wagon freight from St. Louis. A large sandstone fireplace gave out heat, but, when it rained, school or church

¹A list of the remaining residents of the fort is given in The Trail Blazer, History of the Development of Southeastern Idaho (Franklin, Idaho: Daughters of the Pioneers, 1930).

²An account of the Battle Creek Massacre was found among Nellie Parkinson's personal papers in a newspaper story written by a Mr. William Hull who was an eye witness to the battle. The clipping revealed neither the date of publication nor newspaper in which it was published.

had to be dismissed as the dirt roof was not waterproof.

In 1865 a rock school house was begun. It was finished in two years. This strong building was twenty-five feet wide by forty feet long and had a split shingle roof. It served the town until 1898, when a brick school was built. This same rock structure forms part of the present Franklin Latter-day Saints Meeting House. Lumber for this building as well as many of the log cabin homes had to be hauled by wagon from Bear Lake, which was some fifty miles away.

Nellie¹ did not attend the log cabin school, but William Chandler Parkinson received most of his elementary education under the leaky roof. Nellie learned to read in the rock school house. The teaching at this school must have been successful because Nellie read voluminously the remainder of her life.

Nellie remembered one incident in particular about her primer days. She was very fond of her teacher, Miss Fancher, and usually walked to school each day holding her hand. Past the school flowed an irrigation ditch. During recess Miss Fancher encouraged the children to make a game of joining hands in a line and shooing the hordes of grasshoppers into the ditch. One day Nellie, in her efforts to help, accidentally pushed a classmate's sunbonnet into the stream. She quickly recovered the wet hat and told the owner she was sorry. An apology did not satisfy the bonnet owner. She threatened to tell Miss Fancher. Nellie, in desperation, offered the girl the hard boiled egg from her lunch. Nellie's lunch consisted of a slice of bread and a hard

¹Ellen was called Nellie in Franklin. This change of name was perhaps because of the alliteration with Nash and perhaps because pioneer speech leaned toward nicknames.

boiled egg, but eggs were at a premium in Franklin. Miss Fancher was not told of the incident that day. The next day the threat was renewed until an egg was again paid in forfeit. This blackmail continued throughout the term. Nellie had to live on bread alone.

Ellen remembered little about her own life while living in the fort. She did remember many of the stories that she was told about these first years in the Valley. One story concerned the "Buttermilk War." In the fall of 1860 the men were one day in the fields harvesting the crops. Only William Garner and a few young boys were left at home to protect the women and children. A number of Redskins dressed in war paint came whooping and riding fast toward the half-finished fort. Mr. Garner told the women to quickly bring him all the buttermilk that they had. He hurried to the opening between the log houses to meet the fast approaching Indians. As he ran he called to two of the older boys to ride as fast as they could to the fields about four miles away and warn the men.

The four Indians rode up fast to Brother Garner and reared their horses over his head as they came to a stop. They then rode around and around him. He stood erect without moving until the frightened women were seen coming with their pitchers of buttermilk. He took a pitcher from the first woman who dared to come to him and extended it toward the Indians asking them to get down off of their horses and to have a cool drink for they must be hot and tired. The Indians had tasted buttermilk before. They admired Brother Garner's calm courage and did as they were invited to do. Forty minutes later the men came riding pell-mell toward the fort from the fields. They saw the Indians riding slowly away

laughing and brandishing pitchers of buttermilk.¹

Nellie did remember and records the following Indian incident:

I can remember dimly Indian troubles and the fear we felt towards them. One old lame Indian, Catuse, used a crutch with which he beat his very nice wife. One night she hid in our house. The Indians demanded her and probably tortured her cruelly but the people were too few to protest and risk an Indian war. I can remember that the men stood guard all night for fear the Indians might come and massacre the settlers.²

When Nellie was five she went to Salt Lake City. The trip had a two-fold purpose. Nellie was to have her tonsils removed and Isaac was to marry a second wife. Nellie recalled later very little about the tonsilectomy except the bad tasting mouth wash that she was required to use. The plural marriage changed the lives of Elvira, Isaac and Nellie.

The incidents and some of the thinking that preceded this polygamous marriage have been related in many family conversations. Briefly the story is that Elvira had long regretted the fact that she could not have children of her own. She loved Nellie dearly but she feared that Isaac was being deprived of the promised blessings of Abraham. Elvira read the story of Hagar in Genesis, Chapter 16. She read in the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price, Chapter 2, verse 11, that the "seed" referred to in Genesis was "the literal seed or the seed of the body." She also read and reread section 132 of the Doctrine and Covenants. General Church Authorities spoke many times concerning the principle of Celestial Marriage and the plurality of wives. After much thought and prayer Elvira expressed her thinking to

¹This story is based on one told in The Trail Blazer and the account told to Nellie by her uncle, Peter Poole.

²Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson written during 1939. Unpaged, unpublished.

Isaac. He, too, had considered the idea of taking another wife, but had not selected anyone. He was happy that Elvira had accepted the principle of plural marriage. Together they considered the possibilities among their acquaintances. Martha Howland was sixteen in 1868. She was quiet, wholesome, and not unattractive. Elvira and Isaac decided Martha would be a fine choice. Together they went to the Widow Howland's home and before mother and daughter made their proposal. Elvira was the spokeswoman. After some consideration Martha followed the advice of her mother and the church authorities and accepted the marriage offer.

After the marriage ceremony, which Elvira witnessed, she remained for two weeks in Salt Lake City with Nellie. Isaac and Martha returned to Franklin.

Nellie records in her autobiography a few fragmentary incidents that she remembered from her early childhood.

Father caught wonderful trout and when there were more than we could eat, mother salted and dried them for later on.¹

.....

One of my earliest memories was of watching a play. Father was a leader in dramatics and wrote and staged plays. Mother also acted on the stage. My first recollection of a play was one named 'Blacklock.' Mrs. Fox, a dear friend, was playing a part and during the act she was supposed to be shot and killed. I had been kept in the audience by a friend of the family. The dramatic effect of Mrs. Fox's stage death was spoiled by my crying out, 'Oh, oh, they have killed Auntie Fox.'

.....

My first recollection of death was the death of Mr. Lee an old pioneer of Franklin and a fine man. Mother took me to see him after giving me careful instructions to be very quiet. As I neared the house I saw the dead man's son, William James, who was a little older

¹This art Elvira had learned as a girl on Prince Edward Island where they had salted down barrels of codfish and herring for winter use.

than I, perched on the fence. He shouted, 'Our father's dead and yours ain't.' Needless to say that after all the coaching I had had in behavior this was a shock and so the incident stands out in my memory.

This boy later became my first beau and a gallant cavalier he was too. Sometimes the two of us went to visit my Uncle Peter Poole in Dayton. On one such trip this boy was accidentally shot through the chest and I watched him die. He was about thirteen and I was eleven.

.....

Acrossed the street from our home was an old empty blacksmith shop. A girl friend of mine, Harriet Oliverson, would insist that I walk part way home with her after dark. As we passed this particular old building she would tell me terrible stories. This instilled in me such fear that even now I dare not enter an empty house alone at night.¹

The following story of Nellie's copper shoes is usually told in the Parkinson family whenever the subject of children's shoes is discussed. Nellie needed new shoes too often, her father thought. Accordingly when he saw a pair of good heavy shoes with shiny copper toes they looked like a worthwhile investment. Isaac bought them for Nellie. After her first day at school, unkind remarks and queries from her friends made Nellie detest the shoes. Once they were bought and worn she knew that she was doomed to wear them no matter what was said. Nellie found all the gravelly spots in the road on the way to and from school each day and drug the toes of those shoes with all her might. Observing the breaks in the copper, father Isaac concluded that copper-toed shoes did not last any longer than the conventional kind. Soon Nellie had a pair of shoes like the ones worn by the other nine year olds. She did feel a twinge of conscience, though, when she remembered how she had treated the copper-toed shoes.

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.



One day when Nellie was six years old she was playing with a neighborhood child about a year older than herself. In a fit of anger the boy shouted, "Ya! Ya! Nellie, you don't have no ma and pa. You don't have no real ma and pa."

Nellie retorted, "I do so."

"My ma told me you was 'dopted and didn't have no real ma and pa. So there!" taunted the boy.

"You know that you are saying a lie, smarty, and old Sagawichie will come and take you. My papa is the blacksmith and you know my mama gave you that slice of bread that you are eating," Nellie answered.

"My ma said that you was 'dopted and my ma don't tell me lies. So you are 'dopted. Nellie, where did you live when you didn't have no ma and pa?"

But the words and their meaning came home to Nellie. The brilliant sunshine dimmed into a dark cloud of doubt and fear. She ran home. Mama, she thought, would make all of this right. When she told Elvira what the boy had said and asked her to say that it was not true, Elvira had the courage to take the six year old Nellie on her lap and tell her the story of her birth and parentage. She ended the story with the comforting thought that most mothers had to take whatever children the Lord sent to them. Some were not very good or very beautiful children. She and papa had adopted Nellie because they had wanted her and loved her very, very much.

When Martha Howland Nash's second baby, Isaac Henry, was born, Isaac built a log room with a lean-toe for Elvira and Nellie. This small house, located several blocks closer to the center of the town

than the original farm house, was Nellie's home until she was married.

Martha's first son, Andrew, came to live with Elvira, and grew up in her home as Nellie's own brother. In later life he wrote of Elvira these sentiments and read them at a family gathering:

I am happy today to pay tribute to the life of one who has meant so much to me. Mothers have many children but not many children have more than one mother. I, however, was blessed with two fine and noble mothers.

Aunt Vie, as we called her, was deprived of the privilege of motherhood. I was the eldest child of my mother and when her second child came, Aunt Vie, out of the largeness of her heart and the desire to help mother, assumed the responsibility of my care and she was indeed to me a mother, loving and kind, patient and understanding and most unselfish. Had I followed the worthy example she set for me my life would have been beyond reproach. Her honesty of purpose, her loyalty to her husband and to my mother's family, her devotion to her Church and its teachings, have always been an inspiration to me. Through all of my youth she gave me strength for my weakness; courage for my trials.

She was loyal when others failed and she was true to me under all conditions. She was my friend when other friends were gone and I am sure she prayed for me all the days whether they were filled with sunshine or shadows. She had a true mother's heart. God bless her memory.¹

Nellie was the oldest of the Nash children and was given the responsibilities of an oldest child. Martha had a new baby almost every other year until she had had ten children. Nellie and Elvira helped in Martha's home or Grandma Poole's home whenever they were needed.

Nellie had reason to remember her baptism when she was eight years old. Her birthday was in February. The ice on the Cub River had to be broken for the performance of the ordinance.

When she was eleven years old, Nellie was given the responsibility of going to the meeting house before Relief Society Meeting and building

¹Written by Andrew B. Nash for presentation at a Nash family reunion. A copy was found among Nellie's private papers.

a fire. At first she made the fire in an open fireplace, but later on, an ornate pot-bellied stove was purchased. Nellie would sweep out the hall, dust, and arrange the benches while the fire was warming the hall. When the sisters arrived, everything would be ready for the meeting. By the time she was thirteen, she was made assistant Relief Society secretary for the ward and also given a Sunday School class to teach.

During her early childhood Nellie was taught by her father to recite in public. The elocutionist was much admired in the pioneer community. Nellie also took part in many local stage plays. One play, entitled "The Gypsy," was written by Isaac with the thirteen year old Nellie in mind as the leading lady. The part suited the vivacious fun loving Nellie, who, like the gypsy in the play, was often up to tricks but quickly touched by the problems of the less fortunate.

An admiring member of the audience during the presentation of this play was twenty-one year old William C. Parkinson. He remarked to his friends as he watched Nellie perform, "There's the girl I'm going to marry." The friends reminded William that Nellie was just a child. William murmured, "Time will take care of that."

Family stories recount that Nellie was expected by her mother to act the part of a lady no matter how much her spirits bubbled. Elvira was herself reserved and gentle. Nevertheless, Nellie's enthusiasm and gaiety always made her a popular member of all the young folks' activities. She took part in sleigh riding parties, ward dances and socials of many varieties. There were quilting bees, singing practices, carpet rag cutting sessions, wedding parties, and endless ward suppers. In the late summer berrypickings were often combined with wood hauling

excursions up Oxkiller Canyon southeast of Franklin. All of the young people in the town would go along. The girls would pick choke cherries and service berries while the men cut and loaded wood onto the wagons. Each girl would bring along a lunch to share with her favorite young man. In the evening the men would drive their teams and walk the girls home along side of the loaded wagons. In August of 1878 on one of these long moonlit walks home, William asked Nellie to be his wife.

The character descriptions of William and Nellie given by surviving contemporaries leave the impression that these young people were outstanding in the community. Estella Nash Wright, Nellie's oldest half sister says,

Nellie was the town 'belle.' She was small and slender, had black hair and was full of energy. She could have had her pick of the young men of Franklin. She was a good girl but full of fun. We all loved Nellie. I always admired William, too. He wasn't as stand-offish as the rest of the Parkinsons. He was a big man and good looking. He carried himself real proud like the Parkinsons all did though.¹

The Nashes and the Parkinsons approved of the marriage of William and Nellie. The two families had a deep respect and admiration for one another.

William had grown up in the same small town with Nellie. They had known each other since they could first remember, but the difference of eight years in their ages had, until now, made them rather indifferent to one another. William was born in Kaysville, Utah. He and his family arrived at Franklin with the first settlers in 1860. William was then five years old. Nellie came to Franklin with her parents in 1864, at the

¹Quoted from a tape recorded interview with Estella Nash Wright taken August, 1958.

age of nineteen months.

The berry pickings, church entertainments, sleigh rides, long walks and house parties that were a part of William and Nellie's courtship are not all recorded. William tells in his diary of two parties that he attended in the year before his marriage. He does not mention that Nellie was at either one.

21st of Jan., 1878. I went to a party up to Brother Lowes last evening and also to one in the school house and I enjoyed myself very well. I have been writing nearly all day for the store.¹

Samuel Rose Parkinson managed a Co-op Store and was also part owner of the saw mill. William helped in both businesses.

William's diary for 1878 does not mention Nellie until the day of their wedding.

In the spring of 1878 I worked at Logan floating ties down the Logan River for the benefit of the temple, for one month, then I came home and helped the boys to put a crop of grain in for father. During the summer I spent most all of my time hauling lumber and posts to fence a quarter section of land [at Whitney] for myself which, with the help of my brother George, I nearly enclosed on the north side of Maple Creek. We worked at this till haying time then we gathered in the hay harvest which was a very large one.

About the 1st of October, George and I went to Salt Lake City to attend conference which commenced on the 6th day of October. We had a good time and returned home about the 12th of October. Then I hauled lumber from the mill for a week or two and wood from the canyon.

About November 15th I commenced to build me a house and to prepare for getting married. [No mention even here is made of Nellie.]

On the 8th of December Ellen Nash, myself, Robert Lowe, and Mary Doney, Charles Hobbs, and Ida Purnell, George Wright, and Ella Foster, and Joseph Packer and Celia Perkins started for Salt Lake City to get married.

We arrived there on the 11th, got married on the 12th, and started home on the 13th.²

¹Diary of W. C. Parkinson, 1878, to be found on microfilm in Brigham Young University Library. This account was taken from the original diary.

²Ibid.

The details of the trip are left for those interested to fill in. They went by wagon no doubt and slept out where night overtook them or stayed at some friend's home along the way. It must have been a mild winter because William does not mention any problems in travel. The trip would have taken three or four days by wagon. William continues:

On our return we met Benjamin Porter and Harriet Doudle going on the same business.

We returned home on the night of the 16th. I [not we] went into my new home that night and found everything ready for housekeeping the next morning.¹

Nellie writes of the same experience:

I was married very young because a good man wanted me and my parents felt that I would be happy and safe. I commenced married life with very high ideals of a visionary character but I always wanted to be a good wife and mother and a loyal friend and daughter.

We began housekeeping in a very comfortable way, for those days, in our own two roomed log house.²

William continues his account:

On the night of the 31st of December, Robert Lowe and I [even here not including Nellie] had a wedding dance and supper in which we had a good time and enjoyed ourselves well.

On the 2nd day of January I commenced to help take stock in the store.³

William's diary stops here and is not resumed again until he was called on a mission to England in the spring of 1880.

William was a most loving and attentive husband despite his diary "I." Some of the thoughts he entertained about now can be guessed from a group of quotations that he copied in his diary under the title

¹Ibid.

²From a partial autobiography written by Ellen Nash Parkinson about 1935 found on an old blue notebook among her personal papers.

³Diary of W. C. Parkinson, 1878, to be found on microfilm in Brigham Young University Library.

"Autograph Selections."

With this I send you, dearest
 A love whose constant flame
 Can never fade or falter
 While grows affection's name
 But brighter grows from day to day
 As roll the lonely hours away.

When the rose you gladly cherish
 Shall be withered on thy brow
 And the brightest hopes have perished
 Will you love me then as now?

Two we are and one we'll be
 If you consent to marry me.

Weddings now are all the go
 Will you marry me or no?

Then this desperate one:

I will commit suicide
 Unless you become my bride.

Contrasted with:

O, lack-a-day,
 O, lack-a-daisy,
 Give me a kiss or I'll go crazy.

There follows a recipe for liniment: Ammonia 3/12, laudanum 4/12, sweet oil 5/12. Mix and shake well before using.¹

William worked in his father's store that winter for \$50 a month. Nellie joyously kept their little house. Isaac shared the products of his excellent garden with them. They had a cow and chickens and were most comfortable. Both were very active in the Church. Nellie was called to be a counselor in the Presidency of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. William was already a President in the Young Men's Mutual Organization. He was also called to serve on a home mission. The joy and love of these months were long remembered and

¹Ibid.

cherished as comfort in later years when she felt forsaken. Nellie writes:

In the spring we moved out on a farm to live in a little board shack that we might prove up on some land my husband had entered. He went to the canyon every day to secure material for fencing land and I, a silly girl, spent the long summer day alone.

My husband left a gentle horse home and when I would see the tramps, who were many, leave the railroad track for our house, I would hastily mount the horse and ride until the tramp passed by.

In the fall they returned to their little home in town and another busy happy winter passed. Nellie continues:

The next spring my husband was called on a mission to England, the first foreign missionary from our little town. He left the first of April after we had sold all of our household goods to raise money for his expenses.¹

William says in his diary for 1880:

March 10th 1880. I received a letter from President John Taylor notifying me that my name had been suggested and accepted as a missionary to Europe. At that time I was working in the Co-op store and had been for about three months. This call took me with great surprise but I resolved from that moment that I would go, let it cost what it may. I then had a wife but no children so I sold out my furniture and what property I could and quit housekeeping. I moved my wife up to her mother's on the 25th of March, settled up my business affairs and visited my friends and relatives.

March 31. I attended a dance that was given by the members of the Y.M.N.I.A. in my honor before I went away, where I enjoyed myself very well.

Brother Anthony Head gave me fifty cents that night to help me on my mission.

Then follows a list of donations and donators, the largest amount being \$3.00. The givers were far more generous with their humble means than the amounts indicate.

William continues:

I transferred all my business affairs over to my father to

¹From a partial autobiography written by Ellen Nash Parkinson about 1935 found on an old blue notebook found among her personal papers.

attend to until I came back or till he was otherwise released.

Mon. morning April 5 at four o'clock I started to Salt Lake City. My wife, her mother and my father and brother George accompanied me. We arrived at Ogden at 9:40 a.m. and were met by Mrs. Kershaw at the depot and went up to her place and spent part of the day. Then my wife and I went to Mrs. Robin's and stayed all night.

April 6th we all went to the city. We attended conference for three days and we had some very good instructions. My name was called as a missionary to Great Britain, also a great many others were called to different parts of the world.

April 9. The missionaries all met at the council house and were set apart to fulfill their missions. We also received instructions in regards to traveling and we were exhorted to beware of deceivers. We were to try to keep the spirit of the Lord and not be led astray by women or liquors but we were to try and keep on the right track.

We came as far as Kaysville that evening and stayed at Alfred Alder's all night.

April 10. We came to Ogden, went to Mrs. Kershaws and stayed all night. I took sick that morning and kept getting worse until evening when Mrs. Kershaw sent for Dr. Allen. He came to my assistance and in a short time I felt better.

April 11th. I felt rather weak and sick so I stayed in the house until about noon then I felt better and I went to the depot and tried to sell my conference tickets. I sold mine but could not sell my wife's nor her mother's. We went back and stayed with Mrs. Kershaw again all night.

Apparently they had purchased conference excursion tickets from Franklin to Salt Lake City on the train. When they arrived in Ogden, the Kershaws had taken them to Salt Lake City and back in a buggy. April 12th was spent in Ogden. On the 13th William continues:

We purchased our tickets. There were 37 missionaries all there together. My wife, her mother and my father were all at the depot to bid me good-by. About 10 o'clock we started for the east. I felt very bad in leaving my folks and they felt bad to see me go.¹

For the first six months of his mission William was rebellious against his calling. He felt that he did not know how to preach and would be better off at home. Nellie returned to Franklin to clerk in her father-in-law's mercantile store. The young couple were not content

¹Diary of W. C. Parkinson, 1880, to be found on microfilm in Brigham Young University Library. (Quotations taken from the original diary, unpagged, unpublished.)

with their occupations, but they determined to do what had to be done. William had a dream that he had returned to Franklin and no one would speak to him because he had not fulfilled an honorable mission. After this he began to accept his problems and became an outstanding missionary.

The letters written by Nellie to William during his mission were not preserved. The following two letters are all that can be found of those written to Nellie by William while he was in England.

The date of the first indicates that he had been gone ten months. It appears he was concerned over the problem of not receiving all of her letters and had at this point begun to number his.

Darlington Durham Co.
Feb. 23rd 1861

Dear Wife,

I received your kind and welcome letter dated Jan. 29th, last night and also the lovely valentine you sent and the Logan Leader.

I think the valentine you sent me was very appropriate and very, very nice. I thank you kindly for it but it has almost made me ashamed of the one I sent you. I would have sent you a better one only, I wanted you to get it on Valentine Day and when I bought it there were not many to be had, so I got the best that I could.

I am happy to say that my health is still good and I trust this will find you the same. I would be pleased, pet, if you would number all your letters and I will do the same. I will put number one on this and then go on with no. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc. Thus if a number is missed you will know it is lost and if you will do the same I will know if I get all your letters. Always tell me the date and number of every letter you get. I will do the same.

Pet, you say when I come home I will be a privileged character and I can kiss all the girls I want to. Well, I thank you kindly for your liberal offer and I will try and put it into practice when I get home.

You can tell your father I have written to his brother, John Davies, twice, since I got his address and I told him that your father wanted me to call and see him while I was here. I told him

if it was agreeable, I would come and see him some time this spring. Since then he has never written to me at all so I suppose he doesn't want me to come. Your father had better write to him and then let me know what he says.

I am very pleased to hear that you are enjoying yourself so well at school and I hope that you will continue to do so.¹

How do you and Esther get along now? I would like to have been at the theatre with you to have wiped your eyes when you were crying.

I see the account of Grandma's death [Mary Cramer Poole, age 91] in the paper and I will take care of it. I also see a statement on the condition of Parkinson and Sons' firm which was very interesting to me. I think that they have done well for the first trial.

We walked 12 miles yesterday and the roads were very sloppy. It snowed very hard just after we got to the end of our journey. It is a fine day today and the sun is shining bright and clear.

Tell George I have not heard from him for a long time. Please give him my kind love and also Esther and Caroline.

I must now conclude for the present. I am still enjoying my labors and the Lord is blessing me with friends and good health. I will send with this letter a short note for Esther. Please give it to her.

Well, Pet, I still hope that the Lord will bless you with health and a contented mind. I remain as ever your loving husband.

W. C. Parkinson²

The next letter is listed as number nine in the letters written by William to Nellie during his mission.

North Stockton-on-Lees
Durham Co. England
May 13th, 1881

Mrs. Nellie Parkinson
Dear beloved Wife,

I take pleasure in writing you a few lines once more. I am enjoying the best of health at present and I trust you are the same.

¹Nellie was attending school in Logan at this time.

²All quoted family letters are to be found among Nellie's personal papers.

I had the pleasure of meeting with all the Elders in this conference last Monday and on Tuesday. We all went and had our pictures taken in a group. As soon as I can get them I will send you one. We were all very glad to see each other and we enjoyed ourselves very well. The Saints got up a small party for us. We had a fiddler there and flute player and while they played we danced. We also played some games and had the pleasure of kissing some of the old women but there were very few girls.

On Wednesday, President Webb went to his field of labor. My companion went to travel with his brother in his district for a few weeks. I stayed with the other boys until Thursday; then returned to my field alone. I will have to travel alone until he comes back.

Joseph S. Tingey is called from this conference to labor in the Birmingham Conference so there will be only six left here now.

I have been expecting to be moved for some time but I don't know when it will be yet. I never expect to get in a better conference than I am in now and when I am moved to another conference it will cost me more to travel than it has here.

Well, my Dear, I hope you are feeling well and enjoying yourself at school with the boys and girls.

I hope you did not take offense or feel bad about the letter I wrote to you last. I did it with the best of feelings. As far as my means are concerned I would just as soon have it spent in educating you as in any other way and I would like very well for you to take music lessons and learn all that you can in everything that will do you good and make our home pleasant and happy when we meet again.

I will be very glad when the time comes for me to return home and have the pleasure of associating with you again. I long to meet you and see your jolly, smiling face once more.

You must try and feel as contented as possible for I know how you feel sometimes and especially when you wake up in the night after a nice dream and find yourself cuddling an arm full of clothes when you are thinking it was me. But never mind, thirteen months have passed away today since I saw you and eleven more will soon slip by. Keep your spirits up and I will try to do the same. We must both try and write as often as possible and the time will soon pass away.

Please give my love to all relations and friends. I will send a short note in this for Esther.

May the blessings of God attend you is the prayer of your loving husband.

W. C. Parkinson

The spiritual and mental growth of William in the mission field was equaled only by the strides that Nellie herself made while he was gone. Nellie records:

When William left he gave me \$5.00 which was all I had. I paid this for dental work I needed at once. I secured work in the Co-operative Store in Franklin at the magnificent salary of \$15.00 per month.¹

Samuel R. Parkinson was the manager and believed that keeping busy was the best way to stay out of trouble. He kept Nellie busy. She worked from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. When she was not waiting on customers, she had to hurry to the back room and bind blankets. Nellie regarded herself as an adult and a married woman at that. She was treated as a child by her in-laws. Samuel was keeping William on his mission and had control over all of his property and business. The little home belonging to Nellie and William was rented and Samuel collected the rent. Nellie lived at her parents' home. She was made most welcome but she was dependent upon her parents for support.

The Brigham Young College had opened September 9, 1878, with Miss Ida I. Cook as Principal, in rooms rented in the Logan City Hall. Nellie writes:

I worked in the store until January of the next year, 1880, when against my own judgement, I went to Logan to attend school at the B.Y.C. William and his folks both thought it best. We lived in a boarding house and it was terrible. We had good bread, no butter, beef, and dried apples. Blackleg was attacking many cows at that time and the thought of beef was revolting but we ate it or nothing.

I formed some wonderful friendships at this time with Lois Morehead Hayball, Nana Mack Fishburn, Mayme Thomas and Ida Thatcher Lanton, Aggie Carlyle, and especially with my adored principal, Miss Ida Cook. She frightened me at first because she demanded hard work, but we got along famously. My schooling had been so irregular that

¹Taken from an autobiography commenced by Nellie after 1935 but never completed. This was found among her personal papers.

I had to take a very heavy course to catch up. When I had been there a year she suggested my name as teacher for the Franklin School. I felt utterly incapable but under her insistence and that of the trustees I went home to teach.

About two weeks after my return to Franklin, Bishop Hatch asked me to act as President of the Y.L.M.I.A. This was in 1881 and I held this office, to the best of my ability, until I moved to Preston. Years after Bishop Hatch came to a party in our honor and spoke in highest terms of praise of the service I had rendered in Franklin as a teacher in the Sunday School, Secretary of the Relief Society and President of the Mutual, so through the intervening years he had not forgotten.

While I was at school in Logan dear Grandmother Poole died and I was sent for to see her before the end. Her sufferings were terrible and her patience marvelous. She passed away at the age of 91 years. On her 91st birthday she had given me her precious sugar bowl and cream pitcher which had been her grandmother's and were even then 150 years old. I still have them.

The school I was sent to teach was so large I needed an assistant and Mary Ann Hawks was my helper. I began teaching in January and William came home in May but my contract did not expire until the middle of July.¹

With the \$200.00 that Nellie had saved from her teaching salary the W. C. Parkinson's refurnished their little home and began life together once more. William could not find regular employment for awhile. He worked on the water ditch, made the excavation for his mother's new home, and tarred roofs. After several months he secured a position in the Co-op.

Nellie and William had matured during the years of separation. They were no longer children but well informed and ambitious young adults. They had found intent and purpose for their lives and were filled with a desire to accomplish things worthwhile. Few activities in the community were conducted without their participation. They were fast moving into positions of leadership not only in the community but in the entire valley.

¹Taken from a fragmentary autobiography commenced by Nellie after 1935 but never completed. This was found among her personal papers.

On January 26, 1883, Nellie gave birth to her first child, a little girl. The baby arrived prematurely while Nellie was alone in the house. William had gone for the midwife but had been taken suddenly ill. He had had to crawl most of the way on his hands and knees. William was subject to migraine headaches which began suddenly with split vision. When help was obtained, Nellie was found desperately ill and the baby dead. The child had lived for about twenty minutes. She was named Mary and buried in a little grave near the house. Dr. Ormsby was called in to attend to Nellie. Here began his long years of service and friendship to the family. It was weeks before Nellie was herself again.

It would not have been surprising if this first fatal experience with motherhood had frightened Nellie beyond a desire to repeat the experience. She learned early that care, good common sense, and medical attention are essential as well as faith and prayers.

In the summer of 1883 William and Nellie decided that they would improve their home by covering the outside logs with rustic and by plastering the inside. They added a large kitchen to the home, finished an upstairs room, put in a stairway and added two porches. They accomplished this by doing the greater part of the work themselves. They were living on \$10 a month at the time.

On February 4, 1884 Nellie's second daughter Lillian was born at Elvira's home. William was at conference in Logan. Nellie made a rapid recovery after this confinement.

There are only fragmentary notes to be found concerning the lives of William and Nellie during the years 1882, 1883, and 1884. November 7, 1882, William was elected Justice of the Peace for Franklin Precinct

Oneida County, Idaho. On the 27th of March 1883, William was called to be a home missionary. May 17th, 1884, William and Nellie attended the dedication services of the Logan Temple. In May of 1884, William served as juror at Malad and "was much interested in the process of the court proceedings."¹

What information can be found leaves the impression that during these years life was good despite the growing polygamist persecutions. William and Nellie were more appreciative of one another and more in love. Both were energetic leaders in community activities.

Such ability does not always go unnoticed and on June 2, 1884, William was set apart by Moses Thatcher to preside as Bishop over the Preston Ward.

¹Diary of W. C. Parkinson, 1884, unpagged, unpublished, to be found on microfilm in Brigham Young University Library.

CHAPTER III

PRESTON, IDAHO

Nellie and William were at first dubious about the benefits to be gained by moving to Preston. They had just enlarged their home in Franklin and were quite content. However, they had been taught they should accept without question a calling in the Church. In their parents' homes they had never heard Church Authorities or their decisions questioned. The W. C. Parkinsons accepted their calling to the bishopric of the Preston Ward and prepared to move to Preston.

They sold their home in Franklin for a fraction of its cost to Frank C. Parkinson. In Preston they rented a little two room house from Mrs. Regina Pond. Her kindness to the young couple made their coming to Preston more pleasant.

In 1884 Preston was a barren plain inhabited largely by jack rabbits. The few settlers there were so poor that the place was called "Poverty Flat." This section of the valley had been avoided by most settlers. They had preferred the grassy banks of Worm Creek or Cub River. In 1878 the railroad reached Preston, and though this encouraged some people to settle here, it was not until 1890 that enough water was put onto the land to interest large numbers of permanent settlers.

Nellie describes Preston as it looked to her in 1884 in these words:

Not a spear of anything green was to be seen and the few families there were, in desperate poverty. There was no water for crops. To

get water to the land was one of the biggest problems facing William and his counselors.¹

While William concerned himself with ward and town affairs, Nellie was left to solve the more immediate problems of her home. With a small baby, there was constant washing to do and the well was sixty-five feet deep. In the morning the wind would blow the sand across the flat toward the north. In the afternoon the wind would blow it back toward the south ready for the next morning's blow. Clothes had to be hung out and dried between blows. Nellie used to get up at 4:00 a.m. to do her washing and drying before the nine o'clock blowing began.

During the winter of 1884-1885 there was a bitter anti-Mormon fight going on in Oneida County. The railroad had brought many "Gentiles" to Cache Valley. William was nominated County Treasurer, and was away much of the time campaigning.

Bishop Nahum Porter, William's predecessor in office had accepted as tithing whatever the poor people had to give, which was principally livestock. William had inherited from him thirty hogs, a span of horses and two cows. Nellie was expected to feed and water these animals. This water also came from the sixty-five foot well. The pigs were fed frozen potatoes. Nellie says of the time:

My folks said that whole potatoes would choke the pigs and I hoped they would, but not one died.²

William was elected County Treasurer, but was never sworn into office. The non-Mormons in the county managed to have the Mormon vote

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

²Ibid.

disqualified.

Attempting to find a means of making a livelihood William bought a stock of merchandise for \$145.00 from a small store owned by William Chapman. And so the W. C. Parkinson Mercantile came into being. It opened for business in an unfinished building. William also secured the position of express agent in the town.

On September 13, 1865, Elva, a third daughter, was born. William was again away, and Nellie alone. Robert Nuttall, whom William hired to clerk in the store, stopped by for his lunch and discovered Nellie's plight. He took a tithing horse and rode fast for Mrs. Swan, the midwife, who lived three miles away. Word was sent to Mother Nash and Sister Porter. William's young sister Lucy also came to stay and help. Nellie and the new baby were soon doing nicely.

The mercantile business grew rapidly, and William needed Nellie's help in the store. Ella Elder, a young girl in need of a home, was hired to help tend the children while Nellie worked in the store.

Elva was a cross baby and required constant attention. Grandma Nash's help was always appreciated. During one of Nellie's many visits to Franklin to bottle fruit, Elvira wrote in her diary:

September 17. Fine day. All well but the baby. She is not much better. I put down some tomatoes, ironed and did the house work. Nellie went to Parkinsons for awhile. I kept the baby.

Saturday Sept. 18. The weather is warm. I was hard to work, doing first one thing and then another. The baby seemed a little better. Nellie took her for a short time to Fordhams. We had supper, read awhile and will retire early.

Sunday Sept. 19. Fine day. The baby is not so well today. Nellie took her out for a walk to Martha's. William came in last night after we were in bed. He took us out for a ride to see if that would help quiet the baby. Brother Parkinson, Isaac, Cowley Webster and William came and laid hands on the baby. She seems better since. We had quite a number of callers today. I cut

peaches to dry. I am tired and will retire.¹

Elvira's diary continues to tell of the lives of her loved ones at this time. The baby was still cross. William came and took his little family home. Pillows were filled fresh with clean chicken feathers, new straw was put in the bed ticks, the potatoes were dug, more preserving was done, the floors and windows were cleaned, the washing and ironing was done over and over, callers stayed for dinner, it rained and Elvira did not go to church because her shoes were so thin.

If there wasn't a cross baby to worry the family there was persecution for polygamy.

Oct. 17. All well. I went to meeting. William came in and got the organ. We made a trade with him for his buggy, a cow and calf and ten dollars trade in his store. Brother Parkinson went away today. [Samuel R. Parkinson was avoiding arrest for polygamy.] Isaac has gone to a high priest meeting.²

In 1886 William and Nellie bought a six room house from Nahum Porter. The house was only a shell and had no foundation. It stood on stilts. There was no filling between the wall boards. The floor was made of unseasoned lumber that drying left gaping cracks between the boards. The house was painted pink and always in later years referred to as the "Pink House" in family conversations.

The rooms of the "Pink House" were six equal squares, three in a row, forming a rectangle. Doors connected all the rooms to one another.

When Lillian learned to crawl and toddle about any object small enough to poke through the cracks in the floor, she poked through. William or Nellie repeatedly had to crawl under the house to recover the

¹Diary of Elvira Nash, 1885, unpagged, unpublished.

²Ibid.

cutlery. Before the next winter a foundation was put under the house and the cracks filled. Nellie's family was never quite so physically miserable again because of the cold.

Everyone in the valley was having a struggle to exist. Learning to work together and depend upon each other was a necessity. Friendships lasting a life time were made by Nellie and William during these hard years.

Nellie's experience in the Mutual organization in Franklin was soon put to use in Preston. She was called to the presidency of the Y.L.M.I.A. She loved the work and found much satisfaction in the service.

Julia Roper was appointed President of the Relief Society February 27, 1894. She chose Anna Larsen and Nellie Parkinson as her counselors. Susa Purnell was Secretary and Harriet Johnson, assistant. The love and devotion begun here among these sisters was of life time duration. Catherine Chadwick later joined the group in place of Sister Purnell and she also was a good worker and friend.

The first disappointment over the move to Preston turned into an opportunity for growth and service that brought joy and satisfaction in spite of the hardships.

Nellie relates:

Our home was the gathering place for everyone and we had many social dances and home entertainments and lots of good times. What we had felt was a calamity proved to be a very great blessing. Our business grew and flourished. William and Brother Larsen, his counselor, led the people and they worked cruelly hard to get water on the parched land. No one counted any sacrifice too great to redeem the soil.

I used to sit on my doorstep and cry with homesickness and think if I could just see one piece of green vegetation I would be content. We set out some poplar trees on each side of our walk and I think

that William planted them nearly six feet deep. I watered them every day to get them to grow but the well would go dry so we secured a large wooden candy bucket and I saved the water from the hand basin to keep the trees alive. Then in desperation I used soapsuds from the washing. Despite the predictions of all that I would kill the trees, they grew and developed under the treatment and were as dear as members of the family. These were the very first trees on the flat. They were located on Main just north of the Meeting House.¹

Patriarch Milo Andrews was sent to Preston to give Patriarchial blessings to the Saints. He made his home with the Parkinsons while he was there. Nellie acted as his scribe and traveled with him around the Ward and Stake.

While in Preston Brother Andrews predicted that city lots would very shortly be worth much more than they then were. Nellie had saved a little money of her own. Without saying anything to William, she bought a city lot for \$50 from Lucy Sabin. It was located one block east of the Parkinson store.

The task of getting water onto the land seemed endless. A survey was made by Mr. E. Hansen and a canal dug from the Bear River to Preston. The first time the canal was used it gave way under the pressure of the water. This was heartbreaking after the back breaking toil. The men of the community tried again and were finally successful. William said that given thirty such men such as worked with him here, he would feel equal to bringing water to the Sahara Desert.

Quotations from Elvira's diary reveal something of the daily life of the Parkinsons and Nashes from 1864 to 1885.

Oct. 19 1885. It snowed in the night. It is hailing today. A letter from Brother Howell asking if he could take Lisey as his wife is dead and he cannot get anyone to keep his house for him. [Lisey

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

was Elvira's older sister who was deaf due to a gun accident in early youth.] There is an officer in town getting witnesses in the Parkinson case. Isaac has gone to the other place and Andrew is at a dance. The boys went for wood and came home after dark. They had to leave their load as it was too dark to drive.

Oct. 23. Conference commenced today. I stayed home and got dinner. Nellie came. I had Brother Dudley and Sister Hawks to dinner. I went to meeting in the afternoon. Brother Cowley and Brother Andrews were the speakers. Four brethren from Malad came to supper. Two will stay over night. There is a priesthood meeting tonight.

Nov. 20. We will soon start to Nellie's, Andrew and I. We arrived safe and found all well. We got dinner and then went to the store and bought some things. Andrew went on to Five Miles and will stay there over night.

Nov. 21. It stormed all night and is still blowing hard. Andrew came back safe though he had lost his way. He could not see for the snow drifting, but he finally found the road again. We will not go home today, the storm is too bad, and there is no meeting.

[Back to Franklin:] Nov. 27. I cleaned house and baked and did some mending. Nellie came in today. Mrs. Hawks called. Bryant's wife had a dead baby. I picked six ducks tonight.

Nov. 29. I took care of Nellie's baby while she went to see Aggey and Mrs. Parkinson. William brought tickets for Nellie and I to go to the theatre. Nellie and I made Andrew undershirts and drawers and Nellie cut Lisey out a dress. We went to the theatre and enjoyed it very much.

Dec. 8. Yesterday we killed a pig. Today I rendered out my lard and made sausages and headcheese and sewed on Lisey's dress. Isaac has gone to the rehearsal.

Dec. 13. I fixed for making mince and washed a little and made some pillow cases and did some knitting. I put the pillow cases to bleach.

Dec. 23. William and Nellie came in and brought me a nice rocking chair for a present for Christmas. I made some doll clothes and dressed two dolls for Nellie's children.

Jan. 3, 1886. Brother Sharp is giving lectures here on the 'Dream of Nebuchanezer' and on the 'Seven Nations.'

Feb. 5. I did my cleaning today for Sunday. Andrew is still sick. About ten o'clock Robert came in to get Mr. Hawks and I to go out to Preston as Nellie is very sick. I went as far as Martha's with him to get Isaac to go to Hawks to get Sister Hawks and I walked back to dress Lillie as she was in bed. We started at eleven p.m. for Nellie's and arrived about three a.m. [Annie Hawks was a good midwife and a life long friend. Whenever there was trouble or sickness, Sister Hawks would appear to give calm efficient aid to body and soul.]

Feb. 6. Nellie is a little better. [Nellie's illness is not explained although it was not due this time to a delivery.]

First the building of the Mink Creek Canal and then the Oneida

Academy exhausted the time, talent, and funds of all in the community. William was secretary and treasurer of the building committee. Nellie was his "aid de camp." All the organizations were asked to get up entertainments to raise funds. Nellie was a counselor in the Relief Society and shared in this organization's contribution to the fund. When the Academy was finished enough to use, everyone in Preston was asked to board students as cheaply as possible. Nellie had as many as six boys at a time boarding in her home. She also boarded some of the teachers. Many of Martha's children stayed with Nellie and William and attended school. Estella, the oldest girl, lived at the Parkinson home during two winters. She remembered that each one had a number of jobs to do in the large busy household. One of Estella's jobs was to dust the corner what-not. She determined then and there never to have a what-not in her own home.¹

Written in a leather backed book containing family records of births, marriages and deaths is an account of a dream which Nellie had. She often pondered over the experience and its meaning. She writes:

On the night of October 5, 1863 I dreamed that with my husband, my parents and his parents and many of our friends I was in the Franklin Meeting House attending a party where all appeared to be enjoying themselves more in social chat than in dancing.

I was standing alone on the steps leading up to the stand when I saw Brother Lowe, who was sitting on the stand near the south window, turn and speak to his wife who was sitting beside him. She immediately called me and bade me look out of the window at the heavens which were filled with writing. I was frightened at what I saw and screamed, bringing the whole assembly to witness the scene.

I saw in the central part of the sky, visible from the window, a scroll on which appeared in letters about eighteen inches long, the passage, 'Enter ye in at the straight gate.'

To the north of this was written in small letters, 'The law shall

¹From a tape recorded interview with Estella Mash Wright, recorded at Franklin, Idaho, August 27, 1956, by the writer.

go forth out of Zion and the work of the Lord from Jerusalem.' Also, 'Except ye become as a little child, ye can in no wise, enter the kingdom of Heaven.'

To the south was, 'Prepare ye, prepare the way of the Lord and Zion shall be established in the tops of the mountains. The earth is the Lords and the fulness thereof. Judgements are to commence at the house of the Lord. The Lord will comfort Zion. Search the scriptures for in them ye have eternal life. Judgements are about to be poured out upon the nations. Repent ye, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

All of these passages with many others which I have never before seen were all grouped around the first which was the only one placed in a scroll. Every bit of space in the Heavens was filled with some inscription which I thought was seen by everyone in the house.

I turned and asked some one near me what could be the meaning of this, if it was possible that the Savior was about to make His appearance.

As I turned the walls of the building appeared to be covered with writings. At the west end was written, 'And a little child shall lead them,' 'Except ye become as a little child ye can, in no wise, inherit the kingdom.'

It appeared that a pipe ran up near the door and on it was something which I have forgotten. On the north side near the west end was, 'Blessed are the meek.'

Near the stand so that the name would come partly on the stand was written in a sort of a bracket, not like the scroll in the heavens, 'Render obedience to your leaders.'

While looking at this the name of 'Isaac B. Nash,' appeared but in smaller letters. I wondered why his name was the only one and felt deeply mortified on account of it.

I motioned to my father and when he looked and saw his name, to my intense relief it disappeared without anyone else seeing it.

Everyone appeared to be greatly surprised and frightened at the wonderful scene we beheld. I turned and asked a friend if she thought the Saints felt as we did now when they beheld angels on the Kirtland temple or when they saw armies marching through the heavens.

We all gazed at the writing for some time and then dispersed to our homes or stood talking in groups on the street corners.

There were many other passages of great beauty that I had never seen before or heard but they have passed from my mind. I can see the letters but there appears to be a veil between them and me through which I cannot distinguish.¹

The meaning of the dream was never explained satisfactorily to Nellie. She hoped that sometime an explanation would be forthcoming.

By 1880 the Mormons in Utah numbered 124,226 according to the

¹The book in which this is found is a black, leather bound, account book in which William had kept business accounts.

report given in the April 6th conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. By 1885 the influx of non-Mormons into Utah territory and the national control of the territory brought renewed persecutions for the Mormons, especially for those practicing polygamy.

In April of 1885, United States Marshal Fred Dubois assigned a large number of deputies to the task of arresting those living in polygamy. Many Mormons were forced to flee their homes and keep their whereabouts secret. Their friends and relatives became part of the conspiracy. William's parents and Nellie's parents were among those living for a time on the "underground."

Elvira's diary tells of her experiences on the "underground."

Sat. March 14, 1885. Isaac came to supper and he had read a letter that came to inform those who had more than one wife to get away as soon as they could for there could be trouble for them. So we will have to go soon somewhere else.

Mon. March 16. Some of the brethren held council and it was decided for some of the women, that were likely to be called as witnesses, to go away till court was over. So we will go as soon as we can get away.

March 17. I did some washing and ironing and mending preparing to go away. Brother and Sister Hawks spent the afternoon with me, first one coming and then the other. We may leave at any time now.

March 18. Fine day. Andrew and I went out to Nellie's to bid her good-by so we could be ready to leave at any time when necessary. We met William on the road coming in. We also met him as we came back. Isaac has gone to a council meeting tonight.

Thursday, March 19. Fine morning. We had word to get away today on the train at noon. Isaac walked down and Brother Cutler took our trunk and got our tickets for Ogden. Brother Durant took me to the house east of the depot till the cars came in front of the office and then we got on without being seen. We arrived safe at Ogden at 5:00 p.m. Our friends were glad to see us. We spent a pleasant evening, had prayer and retired.

March 23. When we came back from a trip to the shop we found little Andrew here, [Isaac's son.] There he had to leave home to escape the officers who were after witnesses. His mother came with him as far as Brigham City.

March 26. Fine day. Isaac and the men went to town. He returned with three letters, one from Nellie. They need the men to come home. They will have to go. A stalker is in town for something. We will try and find out. I wrote to Nellie today. Isaac and

Andrew left this afternoon as it is supposed they are looking for them. There were strangers at the shop inquiring for them. It put us all about. Little Andrew took them to Uinta to get the cars. We read until bedtime, talked and counseled together. Had prayer and retired.

Elvira and Isaac visited in Salt Lake and Ogden until the first of May, then they thought they could safely return home.

May 3. We received a letter from William and started to the depot to go on the nine o'clock car. We arrived at Richmond safe and found Andrew and Henry waiting for us with the wagon. We got to the South field to Emma Comisshes and found William and Nellie waiting for us. They had come to meet us. We all stayed to supper then I came home with William and Nellie to Franklin. Isaac stayed at Emma's, as it was not safe for him to be seen.

May 10. After meeting, William got his horses and went to the South field to fetch Isaac out here. They did not get back until twelve o'clock.

May 12. We read in the papers about the conviction of Brothers Cannon and Mussar and other brethren who were imprisoned for their religion's sake. I hope that we may all prove faithful come what may. We had prayer and retired.

May 15. [Franklin] Isaac came home. He does not feel well. I made a fire in the bedroom for him to sit by so no one could see him. After dark Isaac went to the South field.

Sun. May 17. Isaac came home. Friends, Thomas Durant, Brother Webster, Sister Fox and Sister Hawks called and stayed for supper. We counseled together what would be the best to do to evade arrest. It was thought best for Isaac to leave for awhile as it was rumored that he was around.

May 18. Fine day. The children came to breakfast [Martha's children.] William called. My husband left after dark in disguise.

June 8. Fine day. Still cold. I did my washing. The word came from the marshall for Mr. Nash to give himself up. The counsel is not to do so. I went to the other place to see him about it. William and Nellie came and Isaac came home and spent the evening.

Friday. June 12. Fine day. I did some washing for Lisey and got dinner and ironed. Mrs. Fordham called, also Clara Hatch. This afternoon Alic Stalker followed Isaac into the house and arrested him. We are all in trouble. Brother Fordham and Frank Parkinson and Robinson and Mrs. Fordham came to the house also Sister Comish. Isaac has gone to the other place.

Sat. June 13. Fine morning. We are full of trouble. At 7 o'clock Isaac started for Oxford with Alic Stalker to give bonds to appear at court in October, Brother Robertson and William Parkinson, as bondsmen. Nellie is here. I did not feel well. I could not sleep any all night. After night, Isaac returned and William with

him. We went to the singing practice and we retired after prayer.¹
 Oct. 8. William and Nellie went home this morning. I have been busy all day as we are going to start in the morning for Blackfoot. Peter and Sarah came over. They stayed over night. The Young Ladies Mutual and the Primary got up some money for Isaac.²

Isaac and Elvira with others went by wagon to Blackfoot for the trial. The trip took three days. At night they slept on the ground. They traveled in a snow storm of blizzard proportions. They expected Elvira to be called as a witness at the trial. For one of her retiring nature this, even in anticipation, was terrifying. There were many delays and ten days passed before the trial finally was held. Isaac handled his replies before the court in such a manner that Elvira was not called upon for testimony. She did not even attend the trial but waited in anxiety at the home of a friend.

Nine brethren were tried before Judge Hays for polygamy, and eight were found guilty. William's brother, George C. Parkinson, was tried for hiding one of the polygamist brethren in a cellar in Oxford. His sentence was one year in the penitentiary and a fine of three hundred dollars. Seven men were fined three hundred dollars each and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary. Isaac and Bishop Porter were sentenced to three months in prison with no fine.

Regarding his trial and penitentiary experience, Isaac writes:

The old judge took much interest in me and promised that if I would obey the law in the future, he would send me home free, but I told him I could not do it, so I went to the Pen.

While I was there I was well treated and enjoyed myself. Sometimes I did blacksmithing, sometimes I composed songs. My cell was

¹Alexander Stalker was a neighbor of the Nashes and supposedly a friend.

²Excerpts from Elvira Nash's Diary, 1885, unpagged, unpublished.

never locked except at night.¹⁴⁷

Isaac had profited by his experiences at St. Louis in the Gratiot Prison. He knew that fighting the jailer did not help the prisoner. He even turned his troubles into verse of a kind by writing an acrostic to William's brother, George C. Parkinson, on New Year's Day, 1886. George was a fellow prisoner.

Galling's the chain that is binding thee here.
Endure it meekly, be firm, have no fear.
Over-ruling providence, yet thou shalt see
Rend asunder, thy shackles and bid thee go free.
Greater thy cross will be, greater the crown.
Even now there is hope, do not be cast down.
Consider, thou'rt suffering as Paul did of old.
Press on, do not falter, be valiant and bold.
Always be faithful and constant and true.
Remember, God's promise was given to you,
Knowledge and wisdom, if faithful you will be.
In store there is happiness waiting for thee.
No, my dear brother, lament not thy fate.
Since thou hast to suffer, thy reward will be great.
Oh, think of thy dear ones who are waiting for thee,
Now brother, be cheerful, you soon shall be free.²

It seemed the more persecution that was heaped upon the Saints the more they determined to live their religion as they understood it. The acceptance of polygamy was made tantamount to advancement in the hierarchy of the Church. The visiting Church Authorities spent many hours in William and Nellie's home talking to them. Two of these authorities were B. H. Roberts and Mathias F. Cowley. They preached the principle of the plurality of wives in a most emphatic manner to William and Nellie. The doctrine was explained and discussed with much feeling and detail. William was of the belief that if he accepted the Gospel he

¹Autobiography of Isaac B. Nash, unpagged, unpublished.

²Found on a sheet of paper among Nellie's personal papers.

should do so in its entirety. Nellie was not ready in 1887 to accept polygamy for herself. Her father and mother's recent persecutions had not made life in polygamy look desirable. The problems involved in the support of a second family, forced to live in secrecy, were not to be faced without much meditation.

Nellie did not openly oppose the discussions in favor of polygamy because she could not believe that William was seriously considering taking another wife. She did not doubt the truthfulness of any of the precepts of the Gospel. She was just not ready personally to accept polygamy. Her parents and William's parents had lived long and happily in polygamy, but she and William were happy as they were. The circumstances that had existed in the past and had prompted the polygamous marriages in the older generation did not exist in her life. She did not question the truthfulness of the doctrine but she was not yet ready to accept it for herself.

Nellie's reticence in accepting polygamy prompted B. H. Roberts to say to Nellie, "There is just this about it, Sister Parkinson, you cannot put a quart measure into a pint cup." The sting of this criticism remained with Nellie throughout her life.¹

Nellie did not realize during these discussions that the young lady being considered by William as a second wife was eighteen year old Louise Benson, the daughter of William's counselor in the bishopric.

George A. Benson had been chosen as William's counselor for

¹Six weeks before Nellie's death she said to her oldest granddaughter, after the latter had expressed a desire to make her own life even a shadow of Nellie's life, "I often wonder if when I meet a certain person in the hereafter if he will still consider me a pint cup."

several reasons. He was a highly respected man in the community and somewhat older in counsel. He also represented that part of the ward located in Whitney. In the course of the work of the bishopric, Brother Benson and his daughter, Louise, the oldest of thirteen children, had been entertained on numerous occasions in Nellie's home. One evening, so Estella Nash Wright recalls:

Nellie had a large crowd of ward people attending an M.I.A. party at her home. Nellie went hurriedly into an adjoining room separated by portieres to get some dishes to be used in serving the crowd. Louise Benson was seated on William's lap. Nellie quickly withdrew. She said later that she felt like the world had ended then and there. She was a broken hearted woman from then on. How she carried on for the evening and what was said to William, if anything afterward, I do not remember hearing.¹

On February 11, 1887, in the stress of these trying times, William was quietly married to Louise (Lulu) Benson in the Logan Temple. William's second wife stayed at the Richmond home of M. W. Merrill, president of the Logan Temple, until her first child was born. She came to her parent's home in Whitney when she thought it safe but she was always hidden in an upstairs room.

On March 28, 1887 Nellie's fourth daughter, Irene was born. Nellie suffered more from her own agony of mind than she did from childbearing. The years from 1887 to 1890 were no doubt most difficult for all concerned in this polygamous marriage. Lulu was in hiding. Nellie could not discuss her feelings with anyone, not even her mother. Elvira, having taken a stand that the principle of polygamy was right and had to be borne, could not be sympathetic to Nellie's problems, at least not to her face though her heart ached for Nellie. Nellie was forced

¹From a tape recorded interview with Estella Nash Wright August 27, 1958, by the writer. Recorded at Franklin, Idaho.

inquired of the woman he thought owned the lot regarding its purchase. She was forced to reveal that the lot was owned by Nellie. William was rather put out at Nellie's secrecy and refused to pay her for the lot. Years later he did, however, repay the original fifty dollars that she had paid for the lot.

A lovely big home was planned and soon under construction. Nellie found an emotional outlet in the house planning. She loved her home and was always a proud hostess to all who entered it. The children also loved this house with its tower, gables and balconies.

March 27, 1889, Ray the fifth daughter arrived. Ray's happy sunny disposition made her a favorite despite the fact that she was not a boy.

The family moved into the new home on the 18th of November in 1890 though much of the upstairs was unfinished. William and Nellie's desire for a boy was realized on January 21, 1891, with the arrival of William Nash Parkinson. There was great rejoicing over the first boy.

Nellie says of this period of time:

All the summer before I had cooked for the carpenters, masons, plasterers, and painters and worked cruelly hard but the baby was well and strong. A Mr. Johnson came there to give elocution lessons and as I was very much interested I attended his classes, leaving a woman who was a mother of three children to tend the baby. She left the bedroom door open on his buggy and the wind from the unfinished rooms upstairs gave him such a cold that he sickened with pneumonia and died after three days illness, May 14, 1891. This was a most terrible trial of our faith as Abraham Cannon and John Henry Smith had blessed the baby and Brother Cannon had said he should stand on the brink of the grave but because of his blessing he should live. William took the blow with resignation but I was very bitter and hard until about six months later I had a manifestation that it was all right, after which I ceased to be rebellious. At this time Cassie West was very ill and I sat up with her every other night for weeks because I could not sleep.¹

¹Ibid.

into a role that would try the strongest spirit. The world she lived in sanctioned what William had done; yet Nellie's heart could not. There was no escape and no consolation except in the thought that she was living a principle taught by the Church. The tremendous pressures that led in 1899 to the "Manifesto," only three years after William's marriage to Lulu, must have left even this comfort rather meager.

Many years later Nellie wrote:

I think now, as I look back, how foolish I was. Life would have been very good if I had accepted that from which I could not escape. I should not have grieved but caught all the happiness that I could. William was always willing to be kind if I did not interfere. I think now, as I look back, that I was hurried into it before my mind or faith was prepared and that polygamy would be far better than what we have now, if people could be converted and able to take a greater outlook on life and eternity. I think few men are really monogamous by nature and I am sure the other plan would be better for the race.¹

In 1887 Nellie could only pray for strength. She sought relief in work. Besides caring for her home and family she spent long hours clerking in the family store. She helped make a success of the mercantile business by her vibrant personality and ability to make friends. She took part in community and Church activities. Only physical exhaustion brought relief from the torment of her emotions.

William found his family growing. His position of leadership necessitated the entertaining of a constant stream of Church, business and community authorities. The "Pink House" was entirely inadequate. He looked around for a lot on which to build a new home. He decided that the most likely lot was the city block northeast across the street from the new town park, one block east of his mercantile business. He

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.



An obituary clipped from a newspaper records the death of the child and a poem by the grandfather written for the sad occasion.

Parkinson-at Preston, Oneida County, Idaho, March 14, 1891, of pneumonia, William Nash Parkinson, the only son of William C. and Nellie N. Parkinson after an illness of three days; aged one month and twenty-three days.

Funeral was held at the meetinghouse in Preston at 1:30. The speakers were Elders Solomon H. Hale, Joshua Hawks and George C. Parkinson. Their remarks were sympathetic and consoling to the bereaved father and mother. A great many of the citizens of Preston followed the remains to the grave yard showing the respect and sympathy they had for Brother and Sister Parkinson in their sad bereavement, the child being their only boy. May God bless them with resignation to His Will.

Farewell our darling baby boy,
Sweet bud of beauty, fare thee well,
You came to fill our hearts with joy,
The peace you brought no heart can tell.

But oh, alas, our joy was short,
Our baby had not long to stay,
Death pierced him with his cruel dart,
God took our darling boy away.

Help us, oh Lord, to be resigned,
Help us to kiss the chastening rod,
May all our sorrows be combined,
To bring us nearer to our God.

Isaac Bartlett Nash¹

Nellie's little girls needed their mother, and life must go on despite sorrow. Nellie writes in some detail concerning the years following Willie's death:

There were no hotels and most everyone who came to town stayed with us, drummers, missionaries, Church authorities, and everyone. It was a busy life but I seemed to never weary.

On July 20, 1893, Willis was born. I had been in very bad health before he came, whether it was that or not, I do not know, but he was a large fine looking baby weighing twelve and one-half pounds. His kidney and bladder did not function and in a few hours he was

¹Taken from a newspaper clipping found among Nellie's personal papers. The date can be surmised and the paper was no doubt a local one.

having violent convulsions. Each one we thought would be his last. On Sunday July 23, Dr. Seymour B. Young operated on him and made an opening between the kidneys and bladder. It was hard to see such a tiny babe suffering so.

He was blessed and administered to by President Joseph F. Smith, S. H. Hales, S. B. Young, Golden Kimball, George C. Parkinson, S. R. Parkinson, and S. C. Parkinson, and his father. His name was told to me by an unseen personage. I had never heard his name until then.

On Monday morning we saw the first indication of the proper functioning of his body, but every few days there would be a recurrence of the trouble and then more convulsions until I never dared leave him alone a minute. I always held his hand when I was sleeping. Dr. Ormsby was a good friend at this time and helped much as did Dr. Young also.¹

In February of 1895, Nellie made a trip to Boise. On the trip home she contracted bronchitis which developed into typhoid pneumonia. She was desperately ill for months. During this time the children all had measles. Nellie was in bed until the end of May.

July 27, 1895, while she was still convalescing, Waldo Chandler, the third son was born. This was the day before the dedication of the Oneida Stake Academy. Thirty-five people had dinner at Nellie's home the day of the dedication. Everyone came into the bedroom to speak to Nellie. By night she had a raging fever and a rider had to be sent to Logan for the doctor. The problems of the household were added to by Willis's illness. Nellie writes:

When Waldo was three weeks old, Willis had a severe case of spinal meningitis and was in frightful convulsions for days. Dr. Ormsby came and the convulsions were so bad that he placed ice on Willis's head and spine. He had only three convulsions after he was placed on a sheet covered with cracked ice. The doctor had said that he had never known anyone to live through more than three such violent convulsions but Willis had many many times three.

From then on until he was baptized at the age of eight he was never free from convulsions. A fright, bump, or eating food hard to digest would bring them on. It was five months after this attack

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

before we thought of undressing and going to bed normally.¹

For the next few years Willis's health was a major concern of the family. Nellie had him constantly with her. She slept with his hand in hers. No one was allowed to cross or upset the child for fear he would have a convulsion. By contrast Waldo was a happy healthy baby and demanded very little special attention. Everyone enjoyed caring for him. He was especially good with Grandma Nash. One day in 1897 she offered to care for Waldo while Nellie took Ray to the Logan temple to be baptized. Waldo was taken to Franklin the day before the baptism. Elva was sent along to help tend the baby. In the morning when Nellie, Ray and Willis arrived at the depot to take the train from Preston to Logan, a messenger overtook them to tell Nellie that there was a phone call for her at the public phone. Waldo had taken ill and Nellie was to go to Franklin at once. Nellie continues the story:

I sent Willis and Ray home and took the train to Franklin where I found Waldo broken out with scarlet fever. None of the fifty cases in town had been very bad and we were not worried until later when he became much worse.

I broke quarantine to phone William to come at once that we might decide what was best to do. He did not come or send word. I had never decided anything of such importance, alone, I foolishly delayed sending for the doctor until Waldo was very bad and beyond relief.

Saturday night William came in but the child was unconscious and died Sunday morning, Oct. 25, 1897.²

The community was terrified over the epidemic and a marshall came to Elvira's home to tell Nellie that she must take the dead child and get out of town at once. The baby was buried in Preston the day he died about seven in the evening. Nellie was never to find comfort for

¹Ibid.

²Ibid.

the death of this child. She says:

This is one of the sorrows that time has not erased or softened and I fear that on the Judgement Day, Waldo's life will be required at my hand. This heart breaking experience taught me the self reliance I needed. Always after that cruel experience I decided for myself and acted if possible.

Willie's death was nothing compared to Waldo's because I felt that I had done all I could for Willie. Even now, I wonder if Waldo will have me for a mother.

Mrs. Nuttall came out and stayed with me a week and tried to comfort me but there has never been any comfort for that loss. I visited all who had sickness or sorrow to face and hoped to obtain forgiveness. I busied myself in the store so I would not have time to think.¹

Elvira penned these lines in an attempt to comfort Nellie:

Lines on the Death of a Beloved Child

Farewell sweet boy, thy gentle form
We have consigned to peaceful rest.
Early conveyed through life's rude storm
Thou'rt gone to mingle with the blest.
As flowers that fade at opening day,
Thus quickly hast thou past away.

Long will we think of thee,
Yea, earth and time can ne'er destroy
The freshness of thy memory,
Tempered with sorrow and with joy.
We mourn the ties thus early risen;
We joy that thou art now in heaven.

While bending o'er thy little grave,
With meek submission may we say,
God's will be done, Our Father gave,
Our Father took this child away.
His own, it was His right to claim,
And ever blessed be His Name.²

The bishop of the ward is often spoken of as the father of the ward. The Parkinsons were called upon to fill this function in various ways. One incident of many will illustrate the point. A certain brother and sister (we shall call them Peterson) in the Preston Ward had a family

¹Ibid.

²Found on a sheet of paper among Nellie's personal papers.

of twelve children all under fourteen years of age. The parents faced a constant struggle to feed and clothe their children. One day Sister Peterson drove her farm wagon, loaded with household goods and swarming with children, up to the hitching post in front of Bishop Parkinson's. She climbed down from the wagon with a child in her arms. Then she walked up the poplar shaded path and knocked determinedly on the Parkinsons' front door. The other children followed her.

Sister Parkinson, wiping her hands on her apron, opened the door. Before Nellie could greet Sister Peterson she announced:

"We have come to stay Sister Parkinson. Bishop Parkinson is the fader of the vard. He vill have to be the fader of my children. My old man vill not let me be the boss of my bread pan and I vill no longer stay by him."

Nellie looked passed the lined up children to the loaded wagon. Then the full meaning of Sister Peterson's words came to her. She broke into a smile and opened her arms to the entire family.

"Well, come in Sister Peterson. Come in! I'm sure that we can take care of this matter somehow. Why don't you children go out to the barn and see our new baby colt, and there are some baby chicks there too. Stay on this side of the fence. Ingrid, couldn't you take the baby with you so that your mother could rest? There is a bushel of summer apples on the back porch. Why don't you each have one as you go out?"

The children trooped off and Nellie led Sister Peterson into the parlor. Guiding the distraught Mrs. Peterson to a rocker, Nellie placed a chair nearby for herself.

"Now when you've a mind you can talk or you just rest yourself

and I'll bring you a cool glass of buttermilk."

Beds were made in the hay barn for the Peterson boys. A place for the girls was found in the house. Two weeks later William located a house for Sister Peterson, and paid the first three months' rent. She had determined not to go back to the domineering Brother Peterson.¹

Tickets for the dedication services of the Salt Lake Temple, dated April 6, 1893, are among Nellie's papers. This was the second temple dedication Nellie and William witnessed. The Logan Temple dedication had been earlier.

During the building of the Mink Creek Canal everyone in the community was called upon for some type of service. The women took turns furnishing lunch for the men. Sometimes the women could offer nothing for lunch but bread and sugar sandwiches.² In the Parkinson family if there was little for dinner, the comment was usually made, "We have bread and sugar sandwiches today."

Willis and Ray, two of Nellie's children remember an occasion when their mother fed the High Council in a filling but simple manner. One night a High Council session lasted long past supper time. Nellie, knowing that William would have a sick headache if he went so long without food, solved the problem in her own way. She filled her large copper milk pail with several gallons of milk, broke three loaves of home made bread into it, took a stack of mush bowls and desert spoons,

¹Taken from a tape recorded interview with Elva Parkinson Kelly, Nellie's second daughter. Recorded September 1, 1958 by the writer.

²The scarcity of money at this time was so great that W. C. Parkinson and John A. Greaves issued script in order to carry on trade in their stores.

and proceeded to the High Council Meeting. She told Willis and Ray to come with her. At the door of the meeting house Nellie gave the bucket of bread and milk to the two children and instructed them to take the bucket to their father and then come back for the bowls and spoons. The children marched into the meeting, set the bucket before their astonished father, and repeated as instructed, "Mother thought you folks might be a bit hungry." The children scurried back to their mother for the bowls and spoons to the applause and laughter of the hungry group.

William and his brother Samuel Chandler Parkinson were called on a three months' mission to Oregon in February of 1898. A newspaper clipping tells of the farewell party for the missionaries and also gives some idea of the type of wholesome entertainment enjoyed in the Parkinson home.

One of the most enjoyable events that has taken place in Preston this winter was the surprise party of Bishop W. C. Parkinson, at his residence, last Thursday evening.

About seventy people were assembled there, and in order to get the bishop out of the way until all was ready, early in the evening he was summoned to the tithing office to attend an important meeting, and there one after another excused himself on some pretext until only the bishop remained. He went to his place of business and remained there for some time, so that all were gathered and ready to receive him when he came.

As he was seen approaching, the lights were turned down, and as soon as he entered the door, the room was suddenly lighted brilliantly and a large and happy throng met his gaze. The bishop stood motionless for some moments, with bulging eyes and gaping mouth, after the manner of 'Davy Crockett,' and then said, 'This is a fine looking crowd--I couldn't have done better if I had picked them out myself.' The surprise was complete.

A 'curio' game was then introduced which lasted one hour and a half, and was highly enjoyed by all, followed by sumptuous refreshments.

The remainder of the evening was spent in singing, recitations, speeches, etc. Dr. Ray L. Davis ably assisting the singers with guitar accompaniment at which he is an adept.

Among the amusing incidents of the program was an Indian dance by President and Mrs. Sol H. Hales.

Miss Elva Parkinson, daughter of the bishop, fourteen years of

age, gave a temperance recitation in a manner becoming a professional. This little lady is a natural elocutionist, as her rendition of the piece proved, she having had but little training in this line.

It was suggested that inasmuch as Bishop Parkinson and his brother Samuel were about to leave on a mission, as all missionaries must sing hymns at their meetings, it would be a good thing for them to start their music here at home among friends. Now, it has been generally understood that these two gentlemen could not sing, and the suggestion caused much merriment, but to the surprise of all they acquitted themselves quite credibly rendering in clear voices, 'Oh, My Father,' and that, too, in the midst of continual jibes and jeers by some of those present. The wives of the two men threw eggs at them (but they were fresh boiled and not of the unsavory character) which were caught and readily eaten by them, just as though they were really hungry missionaries in a foreign land and were thankful for small favors. After this experience the bishop declared that he was ready for his mission, that he felt safe in going, for he did not think any class of people would receive him and his singing much worse, and Samuel said none but a Mormon elder could patiently submit to such treatment.

Before the party broke up the two missionaries addressed those assembled, thanking them for their presence and assuring them of their appreciation of the respect shown.

The affair was engineered by the jolly hostess and entertainer, Mrs. Nellie Parkinson, and was a success throughout, one long to be remembered by all who participated.¹

The missionaries departed. They were not as successful in their calling as their diligence and faith deserved, but the seeds of truth are hard sown. Nellie had her hands full managing the family and keeping an eye on the store at home.

As William's three months mission to Oregon drew to a close he and his brother Samuel anticipated having their wives, Nellie and Polly, come out to meet them and enjoy a boat trip to San Francisco on the way home. After some correspondence the matter was settled and the wives on their way. Ray accompanied Nellie. The other children stayed with Grandma Nash.

Nellie, Polly and Ray arrived safely in Portland and after sight

¹Taken from a newspaper clipping found among Nellie's personal papers.

seeing for a day the Parkinsons all left by boat for San Francisco. A rarely preserved letter written by Nellie is about this trip.¹

San Francisco, California
March 29, 1898

Dear Mother and Children,

We arrived here yesterday at nine a.m. All feeling well. Had a nice time on the steamer. I was sick only about one hour and enjoyed myself immensely other wise. Sam and Pollie were quite sick. Papa was unable to eat two meals and I only missed one, and then I was asleep. We found Uncle Frank and Aunt Ada well and glad to see us though they both look very thin. The boys are well. Stewart wants to know if Lillie received some flowers that he sent her.

Your letter came here yesterday and was read with interest. So glad to know you are all well. Tell Willis to be a good boy. It is quite cold here and was very cold on the steamer. It is a good thing Willis is not here.²

We are going to see Mary Poole this morning just to call on her and then visit her later if she wishes it.³

Ray is having a nice time. We also saw Fayette Hatch. He looks well but is far from well we are told, though he is improving.

We went down Market Street last night, taking in the sights.

On our way from Portland we waited ten hours at Astoria, the great canning point. We went on shore and walked over the town which is on the side of a mountain slope as steep as the Little Mountain in Franklin.

I picked some flowers to send but they have been lost out of the book I had them in. Here are some pressed shrubs from Astoria. Keep them. We have seen no flowers here yet except in windows but we have been only on the main street.⁴

Tell Aunt Esther we are very glad to learn that she has such a

¹In going through the family papers after William's death Nellie destroyed letters written by herself.

²Nellie had at first considered taking Willis on the trip.

³Mary Poole was Nellie's cousin, Elvira's niece.

⁴Grandma Nash had ask Nellie to bring back new types of flowers for her garden.

nice baby girl.

Children help Grandma all that you can. Practice your music all of you.

It is time for breakfast.

Give my love to all inquiring friends. Don't forget Uncle Andrew and Aunt Veda. Good-by, may Heaven protect you all is the earnest prayer of Mama.

The group reached home Monday April 11, 1898. The trip had been one of the really enjoyable excursions of Nellie's life.

Five months after the Oregon trip Nellie lost a son born prematurely. She writes of this experience:

Early in August, 1898, William was away and the folks came for me to go down on the Bear River where a party of folks were going in swimming. As I was going down the hill, I slipped and had an awkward fall. I felt no bad effects at the time but two weeks later I was taken very ill and gave birth prematurely to a baby boy. I was unable to secure any help as Dr. Ormsby had been there and thought the matter would wait until the next day but it did not. When the child finally came I had severe hemorrhages. When we did finally get help I was nearly gone. Good, faithful Sister Hawks and Dr. Ormsby built me up again. The doctor said that the child had been dead for two weeks.¹

August 7, 1898 William was set apart as President of the Pocatello Stake under the hands of Apostles Heber J. Grant and M. F. Cowley. This calling changed the lives of the entire W. C. Parkinson family. At the recommendation of the general authorities the Parkinson home was sold. The mercantile business was turned over to William's brother to manage. When the family was ready to move to Pocatello word was sent to William that he was to leave his family in Preston for the time being. A small house, having only four rooms was rented in Preston and the family moved in.

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged unpublished.

William secured work as a salesman for Studebaker Wagons in Pocatello. For three years he made only occasional visits to Preston. Nellie managed her family and tried to keep an eye on the store. February 22, 1900 she had a fifth son, Frank Lane Parkinson. With the new baby Nellie could not spend much time in the store but she sensed that all was not going well and reported the same to William. William knew that the income from the store had fallen sharply but had accounted the decline a seasonal change.

A newspaper article published March 13, 1901 brought abrupt and startling news to the people of Preston and Pocatello. Elder Seymour B. Young of the First Council of Seventies conducted the conference.

In the Sunday afternoon session important business was transacted in the reorganization of the Stake Presidency.

Apostles John Henry Smith and Matthias F. Cowley were expected to have been present to attend to this, but were prevented through sickness. Elder S. B. Young was delegated to attend to this business in their absence.

Elder William C. Parkinson was honorably released from the position of president of the Stake.

.....

Many expressions of regret have been heard in regard to Elder Parkinson being removed from his position in the Stake, but the prayers of the Saints are that the blessings of the Lord may accompany Brother Parkinson wherever his lot shall be cast in the future. The people generally had learned to love him.¹

William had not been consulted or informed of the intended change. His feelings at the time of Brother Young's announcement may well be imagined. William was suffering from eight boils on the back of his neck at the time, and surely felt the persecutions of Job were upon him. He typically said nothing beyond what was required of him to say,

¹The Pocatello newspaper from which this clipping was taken is not known. It was found among Nellie's personal papers.

and soon after the meeting settled his affairs in Pocatello and returned to Preston.

When Nellie was told of the happenings she was determined to find the cause. She insisted on going to Brother Young and asking for an explanation. William refused to let her. He said that he had not asked to be placed in the position of Stake president and he would not ask why he had been released. He himself could offer no satisfactory reason. For twenty years a full explanation was never made, perhaps because William had not ask for it. One day while talking to Brother David O. McKay, William told the story of what had happened leaving out the names of the participants. Brother McKay said that such a thing could not happen in Zion. William then told Brother McKay that such a thing had happened and that he was the man removed. Brother McKay asked for some time to investigate the matter.

Later William was told that due to illness Brother Young had been called at the last minute to take the responsibility of the Pocatello Conference. He had been instructed simply to release W. C. Parkinson and sustain W. A. Hyde. He had not been aware that a full discussion of the change had not taken place among those involved. William had also been unaware at the time of the plans in store for him in the new Hyrum Stake. The authorities had thought that because William had a family of young girls, and because Pocatello at that time was not necessarily a community in which young ladies could best be raised, it would be better for William to settle elsewhere.

When William returned from the three years in Pocatello to his business, he found things in a state bordering bankruptcy. Thousands of

dollars worth of goods had been foolishly ordered. Mismanagement had run the store deeply into debt. The goods, in so far as they could be, were returned to the wholesaler or manufacturer, and the remaining debts cleared by the sale of the business.

Sans home, sans business, sans Church position, the Parkinsons wondered where and how to begin again.

CHAPTER IV

HYRUM, UTAH

William's release from the Pocatello Stake Presidency came on March 13, 1901. A letter, dated April 25, 1901 asked William to appear at a Logan Stake Conference on April 28th. Logan Stake was to be divided into three stakes. William C. Parkinson was called to preside over the new Hyrum Stake.

Again the people of Preston bade farewell to the Parkinsons with gifts, farewell parties, and words of kindness. Nellie did not want to leave Preston. She loved the people in the community and felt that they loved her. She suggested that William take his second family with him to Hyrum. William would not consent to this.

When instructions to move the family to Hyrum arrived, Irene and Willis were quarantined with diphtheria but as soon as the quarantine was lifted the move to Hyrum was made. The Parkinson family rented a house across the street from the first ward chapel. The house was a poor choice. The partitions were infested with bed bugs. Nellie and her daughters were kept busy cleaning for days.

William was seldom home. The organization of the new stake consumed his time. He was also searching for a means of making a livelihood for his two fast growing families. He now had fifteen children and two households to support.

Nellie writes of this period:

When we arrived in Hyrum the people were not glad to have us there as so many had been sent in to preside and the people were Scandinavians and naturally reticent. It was very difficult to make friends and we all nearly died of homesickness. After unceasing efforts we made the people see that it was just a little harder for us to come there than for them to have us come. Eventually we made many fine friends. I am sure I could not love own sisters more than some of the good women there.¹

The first Hyrum Stake Quarterly Conference was important to both Nellie and William. Their acceptance into the community would be determined, they thought, by the success or failure of the conference. J. Golden Kimball and Apostle John H. Smith were the visiting General Authorities. Brother Smith stayed at the Parkinson home. Brother Kimball stayed at his brother's home in Logan.

A newspaper clipping reports:

Organization of Hyrum Stake Effected Throughout

The first conference of Hyrum Stake concluded yesterday after a two day's session of a religious and social feast much enjoyed by a gathering of the entire stake. Apostle John Henry Smith presented the officers of the various organizations of the stake as follows:

Stake Presidency

Wm. C. Parkinson, President
 Geo. O. Pitkin, First Counselor
 Ingwald C. Thoresen, Second Counselor
 W. A. Israelsen, Stake Clerk

Members of the High Council

Jos. F. Wright, O. M. Wilson, James Unsworth, L. P. Christiansen, N. J. Nielsen, Ole H. Rose, A. A. Allen, sec., David Murray, J. H. Maughan, P. O. Hansen, Andrew Sorensen, Ole Olesen.

Alternates

Isaac Sorensen, Michael Johnson, R. W. Shiplen, N. J. Hartvigsen, C. C. Shaw, Geo. H. Bradshaw.

¹This was written as a preface to some comments Nellie wrote on the Hyrum Relief Society. It is found in a notebook among Nellie's personal papers.

High Priests Quorum
 Andrew Anderson, President
 W. H. Haslem, First Counselor
 J. L. Jensen, Second Counselor
 Chas. Baily, Supt. of Sunday Schools
 Wm. H. Maughan, Jr., Supt. Y.M.M.I.A.
 E. P. Oldham, First Counselor¹

Mary Howell was set apart as President of the Relief Society.

Nellie writes of her first meeting with this sister.

I was introduced to Mrs. Mary Howell and while chatting with her, Bishop Wm. Maughan of Wellsville came up and spoke to us saying, 'Mary, you will be President of the Stake Relief Society and here is your first counselor.' We were both embarrassed as this was our first meeting.

In the afternoon the names were read as he had predicted and later when I asked William about it, he said there was no way Brother Maughan could have known in advance. It was at least a coincidence.

I felt very bad and rebellious about this call as I had six children and felt that my home and position as wife of the Stake President would take all my ability, but it turned out to be a real blessing and a privilege. I dearly loved the women on the board and on our visits to the wards, I met and soon loved the women of the Stake. There were many fine and valiant souls among them.²

In Hyrum, where there had been but one ward, William made three wards. This was a most beneficial move. It succeeded in getting more people active in the Church. There was some opposition to this change, but William proved himself to be a master diplomat in his handling of the situation. Nellie was his consultant and advisor on whom he greatly depended.

In 1902 the Parkinsons built a new home. Nellie describes the house and its location.

William bought a couple of city lots from Mrs. Margaret Nielson and we built a seven roomed house on them facing north. This was at

¹Taken from a newspaper clipping found among Nellie's personal papers.

²From a paper written by Nellie entitled "Reflections on Relief Society Work."

the foot of two hills, one east and one south. It was a corner lot and a very lovely location. We were much happier here. There were some fruit trees growing and we planted others. The city ditch ran through one corner of the lot and made it convenient for the cattle. Wild plums grew on either side of the ditch and across the street, east, was a canal that made cheerful music night and day as it hurried through the ravine it had eroded at the foot of the hill.¹

Judged by modern standards this was a most inconvenient house. The entire plumbing for the house consisted of a water tap and sink in the kitchen. Even these were installed several years after the house was built. On the opposite end of the large kitchen was a coal stove with a hot water reservoir. The preparation of three meals a day required miles of walking. A table, large enough to seat sixteen or twenty comfortably, occupied the center of the room. Large south windows made the kitchen sunny. A rocking chair, a bag of mending and a treadle sewing machine stood in front of the windows ready for use or in use. The kitchen, dining room, parlor and large bedroom made up the first floor of the house. There were large sliding doors between the parlor and the downstairs bedroom. When these doors were opened a large area was available for entertaining. Three bedrooms were built on the second floor. Bedrooms were built without closets in the early 1900's. Wardrobes were used instead. There were, however, three large closets in this house. Two opened off the upstairs hall and one opened off the kitchen under the stairway.

Despite its deficient floor plan the Parkinson home offered warmth, love and security seldom equaled in any home.

Nellie's reminiscences continue:

Willis was baptized in the Logan Temple in July when he was eight

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

years old. He never had a convulsion after that. One night we feared that he would when he and some of his chums went up to the Second Ward and he was beaten over the head. I felt that freedom from those terrible convulsions was worth any price.

By the time that we moved into our own home the girls had made friends and the house was always gay with young people and laughter and music.

After two years Mrs. Howell left the Stake, as her husband was elected to Congress. I was sustained as Stake President of Relief Society with Louisa Allen and Elizabeth Critchlow as counselors, Georgina Ralph, secretary, and Rebecca C. Allen as assistant secretary. Again the warmest love and harmony prevailed among us. We worked hard for the cause of the Relief Society in the Stake. We prepared and outlined courses of study and visited each ward two to six times a year.

I will say here that when we first moved to Hyrum and were so blue Sister Harriet Shaw was a great comfort to me, though she was ill and dying with cancer. She made me welcome and told me so many things about the people that helped me get my bearings.

Soon after her death we moved to our own home which was just half a block from Mrs. Molen's home. Her mother, Mrs. Hyde, lived with her. When I would get blue I would run up and see Mrs. Molen and her mother and the saintly souls would always give me comfort.

If anything went wrong, and it usually did when William was away, Brother Andrew Nielson, across the street from us, was our haven in trouble.¹

Nellie's life was a most active one. She faced each day with enthusiasm and a zest for living. The community, the Church and her family offered a constant challenge. She says:

It seemed that there was always a Priesthood Meeting, Stake or Relief Society Conference to attend and prepare for, but, we were grateful for, and appreciative of the visits of the leaders of the Church and received much encouragement from them.

I recall one time Apostle Talmage was staying with us and I prepared what I thought was a nice breakfast. He said, 'Have you ever studied dietetics or domestic science?' When I told him no, he said, 'Well the breakfast was wonderfully good and scientifically correct.' Well, for days, I went on air and could not wear a hat.

One time J. Golden Kimball came to visit and he was ill. I ministered to him the best I knew how and he said, 'Sister Parkinson, I don't believe there is another woman in the Church who would have had the good sense you manifested.'

Dear, genial Hyrum M. Smith was so much at home with us and he used to say, 'Sister Parkinson, no one can heat milk as quickly as you do.' I had learned how he liked it and would have it ready in

¹Ibid.

the rice boiler. He also always remembered the good apples we had and the food from one time to the next.¹

Among Nellie's notebooks there is a nostalgically written paper concerning the friendships and lessons in living that she had learned from her work in the Relief Society. Having been called to the position of first counselor in the Stake Relief Society Nellie writes, repeating her feelings about the move to Hyrum:

I am sure the position was not of my seeking or desire, as I came here a broken hearted woman. It was just three years before that I had been called to give up my spacious and dearly loved home in answer to a call to the Pocatello Stake. This time it was a call to give up my friends and people as well, and go where people, much tried with strangers in office, did not want any more strangers. This fact coupled with their natural reticence made it very hard for them to assimilate us. In Preston we had been as one large family who shared each other's joys and sorrows. I had six children and felt that motherhood and being the wife of the President was all I could do. But I feared to refuse when called to the position.

As I look back, I see now that it was my salvation. Through that office I became acquainted with, and learned the worth of the sisters. In all our associations we have never been small or petty about anything but always charitable in word and deed, giving freely of our talents with gracious generosity and goodness and humility.

Sister Howell was an unfailing comfort to me with her precious manner and thoughtfulness. She seemed to have a gift for bringing the best in everyone to the surface. I dearly loved her and all other members of the Board.

Mary Owens Hill was a beautiful spirited woman and though there was much difference in our ages, a very warm attachment grew up between us. I think that I loved her next to a daughter.

We had perfect harmony during the period when Sister Howell was President and heartache when her duty called her away. She was ideally fitted for the position and always gave sincere deference to every member of the board. Out of the largeness of her heart she gave freely of her time, money and self. My visits to her home to discuss our work were an oasis in a desert. I still esteem her friendship as one of my treasures.

When I was asked to succeed her, my heart failed. How could I ever measure up to the standards she had set? At last I consented to try, with the stipulation that I should select my counselors and help. This was agreed to and after much prayer and fasting for guidance I selected some of the choicest women it has been my good fortune to meet.

¹Ibid.

Sister Louisa Allen was my choice for first counselor. She proved herself to be a tower of strength, so wise, dependable and loyal and this with her natural ability and willingness to work proved her ideal for the position. I believe after nearly thirty years of intimate relationship, I know of no woman who more nearly fills my ideal as wife, friend, officer and mother.

Sister Critchlow was the other counselor and she was just as loyal and faithful as it is humanly possible to be. She counted no sacrifice too great if duty called. As our family relations were similar [Brother Critchlow had taken a second wife] we had probably a better understanding of each other's problems than most.

Sister Georgina Ralph was the secretary. She was faithful, efficient, loyal and devoted. We sometimes might drift into a tiny bit of gossip and Sister Ralph would just give her saintly smile and we were instantly silent. I can recall no time when I ever heard her utter an unkind word or complaint though we all knew that she had problems too.

Sister R. C. Allen was the other member of our presidency and a more willing or energetic worker could not be found. Her loyalty and devotion was shown in every possible manner. I sometimes think now that I imposed on her she was so willing and energetic.

After much discussion and praying we decided to prepare outlines for use in all of the wards. We called in Annie C. Roueche of Millville and Mary Owens Hill of Wellsville and under the board's supervision they prepared some very excellent outlines for use in the Relief Society classes of the stake.

In order to make the price of the outlines within the reach of each sister, I, with one other member of the board, went to Logan and solicited ads. On later issues we were able to secure enough advertising in our own stake. I think that these were the second outlines ever prepared for the use of the Relief Society. This, we continued to do until the General Board issued outlines for all the Church.

Mrs. Roueche and Mrs. Hill were beautiful, talented, spiritual minded women and the Hyrum Stake owes them a debt of gratitude for their unselfish efforts.

The subjects of the outlines were the Life of Christ and the Book of Mormon. One year we studied a primer of health which was of much worth. There were many other subjects which I cannot recall.

We were always helped, advised and sustained by the Priesthood and the Stake Presidency who were never too busy to hear our problems and help in their solving. For this I hope that we were always grateful. It was during my time of service that we had the first Teachers' Convention ever held for teachers of the Relief Society. After it was all arranged and planned President Parkinson took small-pox and we were quarantined but the board carried on magnificently and the Convention had a most stimulating effect on Relief Society teaching in our stake. Soon these conventions were held in other

stakes.¹

Nellie not only helped formulate the Relief Society lessons but she practised their instructions on her children. If the children erred in their lives it was not because of their instructions or their parents' example.

Nellie's reflections on Relief Society continue:

One pleasant custom we inaugurated in our Relief Society was the celebration of each others' birthdays. We had many happy times at these meetings. We included our husbands in our group. It required something important to cause one of us to miss a party.

Amusing incidents in plenty could be recalled, such as getting a buggy at our house, a horse at another and a harness at a third place in order that we might make our calls to the far separated wards. Henry Danielson was later hired to take us about in his good buggy. Still later Henry Jensen or Zacharias Israelson would rent us a car but we could only afford such a luxury when all of us were going.

We often stopped at Sister Dowdles to have mushrooms and trout. Once I remember the dinner and the company were so good we could not tear ourselves away and we were late for our meeting, much to the vexation of Sister Dunn and to our embarrassment. We atoned the next week by making a strictly business visit, on time.

After meetings in late August I remember driving to Sister Davis's and picking chokecherries on her farm.

We had many dear, intimate, heart-to-heart talks as we jogged along with our poor plugs of horses over the lovely fields and meadows on our way to visit the wards. We were constantly humbled by the wonder of the fine valiant souls we found among the women who almost all had drab, hard working lives. They taught us many lessons by their unselfishness and sympathy in times of sorrow and distress, by their thrift, economy and industry. I think that God made us a wonderful world to live in and the glory of it is, the beautiful brave souls of the men and women who inhabit it.

Nellie preserved the pencil copy of one of the talks she gave at Stake Relief Society Conference. She discarded most of her personal compositions. Preserving them was immodest in her mind. Only excerpts from the talk are quoted here.

¹Taken from a paper written by Nellie on, "Reflections on Relief Society Work." There are, also, among Nellie's papers, printed booklets containing copies of the outlines under discussion.

Erasmus,¹ the great Dutch humanist tells us that a child until the seventh year should have little to do but play and develop the body but that the child should be taught politeness and obedience. After the seventh year, earnest work must begin. The mother who does not care for the education of her children is only half a mother.

We know that the religious side of the child's education must not be neglected. Great attention must be paid to the development of memory, the reservoir of knowledge.

.....

The human mind is naturally pure when born, and under proper conditions, grows in the same way. Sometimes however, the seeds of vice and corruption are sown in the child through the practice of sin and the weak spirit of their parents.

There is always a starting point for good or bad. Now you young people, born of goodly parents, and surrounded by good conditions, with an army of good men and women in the church and school, using all the persuasive powers they possess to preserve you in the paths of virtue, truth and purity, you should be good. But you still have your free agency to do good or evil. There are numerous influences that try to persuade you to do evil. The Lord says, that in the life which is to come, we will all be rewarded according to our purity and intelligence. Don't then choose that which leads to vanity and vexation of the spirit. There is no profit in this. In a righteous life you will find greater and more enduring pleasure and satisfaction and the fulfillment of the promise of eternal happiness in the world to come.²

Early in September of 1904, William took a trip with his father, Samuel R. Parkinson to St. Louis, Missouri. Samuel was eighty years old and wished to visit with his few living relatives who had remained in St. Louis. These relatives had not joined the Church, and Samuel thought he would give them one last chance to accept the Gospel. William considered the trip a good chance to visit with his father, to see the newly opened St. Louis Fair and to try to find information concerning the Lanes, Nellie's parents by birth.

¹Desederius Erasmus (1469-1536) a Catholic priest and teacher, influential in the Reformation.

²Taken from a pencil copy of a talk given by Nellie at a Stake Relief Society Conference.

While in St. Louis William tried every way he could think of to trace Nellie's parents. His efforts were of no avail. He did find Virginia Lane's grave in the Belefontaine Cemetery and the date and cause of her death. He found that Nellie's adoption papers had been recorded. No one, of whom he inquired, could tell him the present whereabouts of Alonzo Lane and his son.

Nellie's sixth son and eleventh child, Bartlett Ross, was born December 10, 1903. William made a notation of these facts in a letter to his father Samuel Rose Parkinson. S. R. Parkinson had regretted "poor William's lack of sons" when Nellie had had her fifth girl.

Nellie had performed all the duties of a wife and mother. She had been faithful in her service to the Church but after sixteen years she had not overcome the trial of polygamy. She had learned to exist in spite of it. The physically handicapped learn to use new muscles and to meet the problems of life despite their affliction. The affliction for Nellie was not alleviated but accepted as inevitable. For years she had expended her energy in fighting circumstances and each new problem encountered but she had found no real solution to the situation, only heartache and oceans of tears. Now she began to expend her energies in getting as much out of life as she could put into it despite her heavy heart. She began to believe that a thing need hurt you only so much as you are willing to let it.

Isaac and Elvira were frequent visitors at Hyrum and scarcely a week passed that some of the family did not drive to Franklin. While the Parkinsons lived in Preston, Isaac had come each year on a spring visit and put in Nellie's garden. Isaac was an excellent gardner and loved to

do this for Nellie. When the Parkinsons moved to their own home in Hyrum, Isaac again helped Nellie with the gardening until his failing health prevented it.

The Parkinson's were always looking about for acceptable gifts for the Nashes. Elvira's diary records again and again gratitude for the many gifts William and Nellie gave them. The gifts included a new parlor stove, a spring-filled mattress, (after decades of straw ticks) a new rug, the house papered and painted, and electric lights installed. Grandma and Grandpa Nash were included in all the W. C. Parkinson family plans. On the other hand, when there was sickness Elvira dropped her daily routine and came to Nellie's assistance. The children loved to take turns spending a week or so in Franklin with grandma.

Lillian, Elva, Irene and Ray, all attended B.Y.C. at Logan. For a number of years the family maintained rooms in Logan where those going to school or visiting in Logan over night could stay.

In March 1904, while in Logan studying nursing, Lillian contracted typhoid. She was quarantined to her room. A nurse was hired and proved excellent. The worry for Nellie and lonesomeness for Lillian could not be helped.

During this same period, three months old Bartlett came down with whooping cough. Elvira as usual came to help. She was called back home in a few days to nurse Isaac who had become seriously ill with erysipelas. Nellie took her mother back to Franklin in the buggy with Bartlett in her arms. They stopped to talk to Lillian on the way. When Isaac was able to travel he was brought to Hyrum for convalescence. During this illness Isaac visited a doctor and was told that he had

cancer of the colon and that little could be done for him.

In 1906 while William was up for reelection as County Treasurer an unpleasant sequence of events followed a most innocent act. William and his counselor, A. M. Israelson, were visiting at Mt. Sterling the Sunday before elections. The bishop of the ward was to act as a judge of the coming election. While eating dinner at Bishop Murray's home, William and Brother Israelson were given what they thought were sample ballots to study. The next day, on reexamining the ballot, William discovered that the ballot he had was an official one. Brother Murray had opened the wrong package at his home. William left his office in Logan in order to find someone who was going to Mt. Sterling. He found Richard Barter and gave him the ballot, instructing him to kindly return it to Bishop Murray. Brother Barter thought that William's possession of the ballot should be investigated. He went to party headquarters. There a Tribune reporter overheard Barter's inquiries and there followed needless accusations against William in the papers. The case was brought to trial and dismissed for "lack of malicious intent."

Facing public slander was a new and not very pleasant experience for the Parkinsons but the family drew closer together in protective loyalty to one another. Grandmother Nash's constant admonition that "a soft answer turneth away wrath" was practiced by William and Nellie. The children tried to follow suite.

Grandfather Nash was seriously ill at this time and Nellie divided her time between Franklin and Hyrum. During times of trial William always leaned heavily upon Nellie's advice and comfort. She may have argued with him over daily, simple matters but when they were faced

by real trouble her loyalty and support were granite.

William and Nellie were sincere, interesting public speakers. They put themselves wholeheartedly into what they said without being dramatic. William's humility and sincerity did give him good "liberty," as he termed it. Nellie read constantly and was well informed for her position in life. She was especially fond of periodicals though few books that came her way went unread. She was often teased about reading while nursing her babies. Sometimes the reading would outlast the nursing. The baby would have its sleep and awaken to nurse again before Nellie would lay her book aside.

The official church positions held by William and Nellie required their attendance at special functions. Nellie was a sympathetic mixer and good listener and so always welcome. These special functions included weddings, Hyrum Stake reunions, ward reunions, and a "Republican Jubilee" at Dignon's New Dancing Academy in Ogden in honor of the newly elected city officials. William was given the responsibility and official position of arranging county participation in the State Fair of September 29, 1913. He rode horseback with the officials in the grand opening. Nellie had a seat on the judges stand.

The growing young state had promoters of every type. William and Nellie were constantly importuned for an interest and investment in new projects. An example of these appeals was a letter dated June 16, 1905, which was an invitation to a meeting for those interested in "Mexican Exploration." The lands of Zarahemla were to be explored, purchased, and colonized if possible. William and Nellie were expected to be enthusiastic supporters for any local improvements. William bought

and deeded to the railroad land for a depot. He thus induced the company to build a spur to Hyrum. William, not always with Nellie's approval, was a ready co-signer to any venture entered upon by his own brothers and their families. Sometimes this willingness left William to pay the creditor. William bought shares in a well digging machine in the Shoshone Power Company; in the Fleur de Lis mining stock; in the Mexican Rubber Company, etc., etc. If any of these ventures ever brought a fortune the family is not aware of it.

Nellie had learned to guard her tongue while a bishop's wife in Preston. As wife of the President of the Hyrum Stake, she was charged with the same responsibility. She often ached with her inability to right the wrongs of which she knew but of which she could not divulge her knowledge. She resorted to sending gifts of food or clothing to those in trouble or need.

People of all ages came to Nellie to enjoy her cheerful outlook and sympathetic ear. She would have a piece of cake, pie, bread or clothing for Mrs. Hultz after she finished doing the family wash. Old Brother Gregorson always stopped in at the Parkinson's on his way back from town before he climbed the hill to his home. Nellie usually offered him a cool glass of buttermilk or some delicacy which he enjoyed as he sat on the back porch chair, his long bearded chin resting on his hands and cane. The shoemaker across the ravine often received a loaf of new bread or a gallon of milk. The widow's young teen-ager was given a new party dress for an important ward party. Sometimes, however, even kindness back-fires. This particular young lady took opportunity at the party, while all decked out in her new finery, to ridicule Nellie's girl,

Ray, in her older sister's "hand-me-down."

A bushel of Parkinson's apples or potatoes was often found on the doorstep of the home of someone who had applied for help from the Bishop's Storehouse. No one was ever turned away from Nellie's home hungry or unheard.

Family papers contain personal letters, many of them "Thank You" letters, from President Erastus Snow, Wilford Woodruff, Heber J. Grant, B. F. Roberts, Joseph F. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, J. Golden Kimball and many others.

March 30, 1907 Nellie's twelfth child and sixth daughter was born. She was the apple of Nellie's eye and the pet of the family, and no wonder after six boys.

August 9, 1907 Isaac Bartlett Nash died. The sufferings he had borne for three years with cancer were at last ended. He had suffered this trial with the same valiant fortitude with which he had faced his entire life. The deep respect of the family and community for him was shown in many ways. Isaac's life had been an example for all who knew him. He was one of the most stalwart of Latter-day Saints.

His children wrote of him:

Physically, he knew no fear. He was impetuous and spoke quickly, but he was as forgiving as a child. Few fathers have been more deeply loved and respected. In his trade as a blacksmith, he exhibited great skill. He was devoted to his family, as well as the community at large, and was successful in providing for many years wholesome amusement and pleasure for both young and old.¹

Nellie, especially, had lost a friend, a counselor and a father.

During the next six years Elvira spent weeks at a time with

¹Life Story of Isaac Bartlett Nash, arranged by his grandchildren, page 2, unpublished.

Nellie but she retained her own home and independence in Franklin.

The Parkinson girls were becoming young women and seeking out homes of their own. Lillian had taught school in 1908 at Whitney. When Elva finished school, 1909, she and Lillian accepted a teaching assignment in Brigham City, Utah. Elvira stayed with the girls in Brigham City a part of the winter to keep them and herself company now that Isaac was gone. Here Elva met Alfred L. Kelly who became her husband September 13, 1910.

The problems of courtship and marriage now kept Nellie in a state of concern. On November 4, 1909, Ray, the youngest of the first four girls, married Ralph Dewey Smuin. Ralph was the son of Bishop George Smuin of Ogden and had been living with his married sister and her family in Hyrum while he was attending B.Y.C. in Logan. He was a handsome, high minded and intelligent young man with a lovely tenor voice. Nellie and William thought very highly of him.

Before Ray and Ralph were married, Ralph had received a call to a mission in England. The young married couple visited with the Smuins and Parkinsons until time for Ralph's departure. Then Ray returned home to stay the duration of the mission.

On December 22, 1909 Irene, the third daughter, was married to I. Eugene Thoresen, son of William's counselor in the Stake Presidency. They moved to Salt Lake City to begin married life.

Nellie writes that when she returned from Irene's marriage in the Salt Lake Temple, December 22, 1909:

I found Bartlett ill with scarlet fever and I was told not to go into the house as my brother Andrew's wife, Oveda, was dead of tuberculosis. I felt I could do the dead no good and might care for my sick boy. Dr. Eliassen had quarantined William, Ray, Bert and Eda

in one room. We received permission to have William released to go to Oveda's funeral. I had Ray and Eda fumigated out and Bart and I settled for a siege, but I had no idea how bad it would be.

In about a week Irene came home ill and she had scarlet fever too, so she joined us. When she was better we had the sewing machine put in the room and did lots of sewing. After three weeks she was released and went home to Salt Lake.

Bart was pretty sick but finally was well enough to be dressed. The skin was peeling from his body when from some unknown reason he again sickened and broke out with scarlet fever all over again and then he was sick in very deed. It looked as though no human power could save him. He would sing in a most unearthly and beautiful voice, 'Sing Me to Sleep' and one other song which I can't remember. It would seem that his blood must boil with the high temperature.

William could not be home all of the time and it was a terrible experience for me and the children. One night when I felt that the end was near, I had Lillian call up some of the brethren to administer to Bart but they were all afraid, so at last, Lillian called Lewis T. Miller whose own children had the disease. He broke quarantine and came up a back street, his wife with him. She said, 'I know you will be glad just to see a woman.' Brother Miller administered to Bart and from that minute he began to recover. I have always thought everything good of Brother and Sister Miller.

We were quarantined in that one room for over seven weeks and Bart and I both felt that God had been good when he let us both come out all well. None of the others in the house had contracted the disease.¹

Willis, the oldest son, had been nursed through many childhood illnesses. The climax came in 1907 when he was thrown from a horse and partially scalped as his head hit the sharp edge of a rock. The cut circled his head like a crown leaving the scalp attached only at the forehead. The detached scalp fell forward over the boy's face momentarily blinding him. Brother Nielson, working in his barn near by, heard the cry for help and ran to the staggering boy and helped. The shock to Nellie and the family was what would be expected. Dr. Eliason was called. He placed sheets on the dining room table to serve as an operating table and the wound was soon closed. It healed without

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

incident. The accident seemed to end the years of physical illness and convulsions with which Willis had been handicapped.

In 1913, Nellie was called to her mother's home. Elvira was on her death bed. During the few months that Elvira was ill, Nellie was almost constantly with her. Because Elvira wished to remain in Franklin and Nellie had to travel back and forth to her own family, Elvira was moved to Martha's home and remained there until her kindly, long-suffering soul left its tired body. Few women had faced life with less personal complaint. Elvira had spent her life in the service of others; a woman who never willingly wronged another.

The following is Nellie's tribute to her mother:

My Mother

I see her in my mind: tall, dignified, gentle, gracious! Ever thinking of the comfort of others; her lustrous, dark brown eyes, dark hair, ever neatly arranged. She had great spirituality and yet a keen sense of humor. She despised everything low and degrading, sought ever for the best in people and things. She very nearly fulfilled the Divine injunction, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Though she made many sacrifices for the Gospel's sake, she was never heard to complain.

She was a great lover of peace and would endure almost anything to insure harmony and unity. She was a poetess of merit and wrote many tender verses.

Though physically unable to become a mother, her generous heart took four orphaned children [including Andrew though he was not orphaned] to raise, lavishing on them more than a mother's love and tenderness.

With all the great love that she bore her husband she generously shared his loving care with another good woman, and her love for the children of that union was only exceeded by that of the real mother.

Her devotion to her aged mother and invalid sister during the many years of their lives was unparalleled as was her devotion to her husband during his long illness, and her grief over his passing was only endured until she rejoined him.

She served dutifully as President of the Primary of Franklin, from the time it was first organized for about twenty years, and a like period as secretary of the Relief Society.

To her own child she was most devoted and made any sacrifice for the child's comfort and happiness. Her grandchildren adored her and cherish her memory. Her son-in-law loved her very devotedly as did

the children of my father.

Her favorite motto was, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'

The Prophet Lemuel many hundreds of years ago must have seen her and described her better than I do today.

'Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.

.....
 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands.

.....
 She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household.

.....
 She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, Yea, she also reacheth forth her hand to the needy.

.....
 Her husband is known in the gates where he sitteth among the elders of Israel.

.....
 Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children shall arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

.....
 Let her own works praise her in the gates.'

Proverbs, Chapter 31, verses 10-29.

Mother was a grand mixture of nobility and humility.¹

Nellie's own growth of character had been guided by her mother's example. Nellie was not as docile and long suffering by nature as her mother had been but won the battle of self-control through continuous trying. Nellie was an intelligent mother and community leader. She saw and tried to correct wrongs. Elvira had done quietly what she could to help those about her but she had not been a public figure. Nellie was a leader. She felt constantly held back by the concept that a lady must not take part in public reforms, that a Mormon mother must confine herself to her home and church, that she must subdue her feelings and actions to conform with those of her husband. Nellie's dynamic

¹A tribute written by Nellie, occasion and date not recorded, found among Nellie's personal papers.

nature and the acceptable behavior of the times were often in opposition to each other.

During these years from 1901 to 1919, William supported his large family (seventeen children and two wives, six children had died) by various endeavors. For the most part, he bought and sold grain, hogs and cattle. This business necessitated his absence from home almost constantly. When he was home, his time was involved in caring for the business of the Stake.

Nellie was left to resolve most family problems requiring immediate attention. She was helped in sickness and accident during the years in Hyrum by Dr. Eliason. Nellie herself would have liked to have been a doctor. She is reported to have once unflinchingly held a man's badly injured leg while the doctor performed an amputation using only whiskey as the anesthetic.

By the end of 1910 all the girls except Lillian, the oldest, and Eda, the baby girl, had married and had families of their own. Elva, unable to have children of her own, adopted four.

Ray had the first granddaughter, August 1, 1910, in Nellie's home. The baby was born while Ray's husband was away on a mission in England. Following the birth Ray had a severely gathered breast that required a serious operation. This was performed in the home. Six weeks later Ray sat up for the first time and was carried to the table for Elva and Alf's wedding supper.

In October, 1910, Irene gave birth to a baby girl in Salt Lake City. Shortly afterward she came with the new baby and mother and child stayed in Hyrum for almost eight months.

Nellie had completed her own days of child bearing just in time to help with the grandchildren. The two baby granddaughters organized themselves to prevent adult sleep in the Parkinson household. One awoke at five in the morning and the other refused to retire before midnight.

A semblance of peace was restored to Nellie's home when Ralph returned from his mission and the Smains set up housekeeping in Ogden. Irene returned to her husband in Salt Lake City.

Four more grandchildren arrived in the next five years, two daughters to Ray and two boys to Irene. Nellie helped at most of the confinements. Nellie's daughters and their children spent most of their summers and the winter holidays in Hyrum. The grandchildren grew up at Grandmother's in an atmosphere of pastoral delight.

As the years passed William's hearing grew gradually worse, much to his annoyance. The years of public service and the financial stress involved in the support of such a large family began to take their toll. Frank, Bartlett, and Eda were the only children still living at home. Frank had spent some time away working in Nevada. Lillian had been working at Z.C.M.I. in Salt Lake City for a number of years. Ray and Ralph lived in Ogden. Irene and Eugene were in Salt Lake and Elva and Alf in Overton, Nevada. Alf later became superintendent of schools there. The Hyrum house was large and lacking in modern accommodations. The large lot was almost impossible for Nellie and the boys to keep up. The stream of company never ceased and Nellie still loved having them, but the doing for them was beyond the strength of one woman. With the years, Nellie had become somewhat fleshy and the energetic, quick, "jovial" hostess had become a sedate matron, but with a

never failing sense of humor.

In 1920, William asked the General Authorities if he might be released as president of the Hyrum Stake. Long lean race-horse type that he was, he realized he must find a slower pace. Nellie joined William in his desire for relief from responsibility.

Knowledge of the impending release brought many demonstrations of love and admiration from the community. In 1901 Nellie and William had come to Hyrum at the call of authority. They had resolved to make the people love and respect them. Nineteen years of their lives had been given to the leadership of the town. Their family had grown to maturity in Hyrum. Many times they had longed to return to the friends and financial security they had left in Preston but their call was here and here they stayed. Their personal growth in character had been their reward. From enthusiastic doers William and Nellie had grown into judicious experienced counselors.

Nellie says, "Now for the first time in thirty-five years we moved when and where we desired."

After being feted and honored, the Parkinsons moved to 1531 Downington Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah. Here for the first time in forty-two years of marriage, Nellie made her home in a "modern" house with a bathroom, hot and cold running water and central heating. Nellie had borne twelve children, buried four and raised eight to maturity without any of these conveniences.

William was almost sixty five. Nellie was fifty-seven. There were still good years ahead.

CHAPTER V

SALT LAKE CITY

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
Nor be afraid!'¹

Leaving Hyrum was not quite as hard for Nellie as leaving Preston had been. The passage of the years had brought a measure of resignation. The Parkinson family was soon settled in Salt Lake City with a happy anticipation for the future. The married children were living close by and the bungalow at 1539 Downington Avenue became the hub of activity for the W. C. Parkinson clan.

William enjoyed release from the pressures of Church leadership but after so many years in the harness he felt strangely discontent with his freedom. His immediate need was to find employment. This was not an easy task at sixty-five. Often those whom you have helped over the years do not, or cannot, help you in return. After months of trying, William found employment in the State Highway Department at the Utah State Capitol.

Nellie continued to keep her home open to visitors, family and friends, with the same warm hospitality that she had always offered.

¹Robert Browning, Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Lillian lived at home now. For a time Frank also came home. Eda was in junior high school and Bartlett was in high school. Irene lived in the city. Ray was a frequent visitor from Ogden, and Elva and Willis came home several times a year.

July 14, 1925, Frank married Zada Justin in Pocatello. They settled in Salt Lake City. Frank was employed as a salesman for Sweet's Candy Company. His fun loving disposition and his candy filled pockets made him the favorite uncle with the grandchildren. July 29, 1926, Willis married Rose Tierman in Los Angeles where they continued to live. Bartlett was determined to become a lawyer. After graduating from the University of Utah and teaching for a year in Idaho, he attended Columbia University in New York. The family pulled together to help finance him in his ambition. Bartlett's dreams became a reality and he is today a very successful practicing attorney in Salt Lake City. The entire family lean upon his advice. He married Samantha Von Elm, September 1, 1934.

During the 1920's the Parkinson family finances tightened and a family council was called. Both Lulu's and Nellie's children attended the meeting. The situation was explained and each child resolved to help his mother and father as best he could.

William had always given both wives the same allowance. Nellie had borne twelve children and Lulu ten. Nellie had lost four children by death; Lulu had lost two. All Nellie's life she had managed to save something of the little she was allowed. She never entirely emptied her lamp. Her forethought, planning, and savings were many times appreciated by her husband and children. She always had something in reserve.

they did as he said. William never scolded in anger. He gave a child a "talking to" but the hurt came for the child's regret not from his father's words. William, the children respected and then loved; Nellie, they loved and then respected. William was seldom heard to criticize. Nellie could be definitely critical of an oppressor. William was tolerant and forgiving of mankind. Nellie sometimes found it difficult to open her heart again to those who had purposely injured her or hers.

December 12, 1928 was William and Nellie's Golden Wedding Anniversary. The family and their many friends gave them a wonderful reception. The day was replete with joy. Telegrams and letters of admiration and love poured in from those who could not attend in person. The entire family felt the occasion to be a pinnacle in their own lives as well as in the lives of their parents.

The day following the happy affair, Nellie, in talking to William, guessed that he was withholding a knowledge of something vital. She questioned him. He at last told her that he had lost his job at the Capitol. He had kept the information to himself in order that nothing should spoil the Golden Wedding Day for Nellie.

During the following year William settled all of his affairs and sold the remaining bits of property that he held in Cache Valley. November 14, 1929, he was at Lulu's in Logan when he became ill. Sensing something was seriously wrong and wanting to be home he took the train for Salt Lake City. November 16th, shortly after breakfast, he suffered a partial stroke. A second stroke followed the first. William died November 18, 1929, at the age of seventy-four. Both families were called to his bedside before he died.

Nellie writes of this death, "Only those who have experienced it can realize the utter desolation one feels when one loses a loved companion after so many years."¹

William was a man among men. His life deserves a story of its own. The great love his children bear him is only outweighed by their respect and admiration. During her research the writer failed to find a word of disrespect about William Chandler Parkinson.

Nellie's children rallied around her after William's death. She was taken on many interesting trips. Once, she went as far East as Cleveland to see a granddaughter, but she did not have the opportunity of visiting St. Louis during her adult life. She never saw her own mother's grave.

Through the years Nellie continued to write to any person named Lane, whose name and address she could obtain, in the hopes of finding her people. Her efforts were fruitless.

Lillian and Nellie were left alone in the house on Downington. It was only logical that they should move to an apartment where they would not have the care of the furnace and lot. In July of 1936, they did this. They moved first to the Hillcrest Apartments and then in 1938 to the Belvedere Apartments.

Even in this small apartment Nellie kept "open house." Her days were spent in receiving friends and family. She offered a listening ear and kindly helpful advice to all.

Nellie kept up a large correspondence with her many friends and with every member of her family down to the third generation. These

¹Autobiography of Ellen Nash Parkinson, 1939, unpagged, unpublished.

When her health would permit and often when she was not well Nellie went to the homes of her daughters to help them with their growing families. A visit from grandma was always a highlight in the lives of the grandchildren. The philosophy of life that Nellie had gained was shared with her family. Her words and advice were highly respected.

Nellie's influence extended beyond her family to her legion of friends. Very often some tangled web of life was unexpectedly straightened by the right word to the right person at the right time. One could almost say that at times Nellie played "God," but a most kind and loving "God," never a meddling one. Often in life's situations we suffer from the lack of a word of explanation to the right person, an explanation that pride will not let us make. Nellie in her understanding way often provided this needed explanation.

Every member of the family and many friends were remembered by Nellie and Lillian on their birthdays and at Christmas. The gifts were not expensive but were well chosen and appropriate. The personal sacrifices required to remember so many were never a consideration of either of them.

Nellie could understand and entertain a child of three or a patriarch of four score and did so almost daily in the stream of constant visitors to her home. Nellie had the confidence and love of every teenager in the family.

The sincere love and respect in which the family held William was somewhat different from the boundless love they had for Nellie. The children never argued with their father. When he made a request of them,



letters are held as prized possessions by her descendants. She saw thirteen grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren added to the family.

The afternoon of February 11, 1949, Nellie and Lillian prepared to go to a Daughters of the Utah Pioneers' function that was being held in the Lion House. While she was dressing Lillian fastened a strand of gold and lavender beads about her mother's neck. Nellie remarked, "I have some lovely things for an old lady."

The day was windy and as the two women tried to cross the intersection between the Belvedere Apartments and the Lion House Lillian's hat blew off. She held her mother's arm until they reached the sidewalk and then she went back to retrieve her hat. Nellie chilled as she stood waiting. They continued to the Lion House but when they climbed the steps Nellie said softly, "Wait a moment. I am so tired." They waited then took the steps slowly. As they entered the door, one of the women offered to take Nellie's coat and find her a seat. Nellie said, "I believe I'll keep my coat for a moment until I am warmer." Lillian stood by her side looking over the assembled group. Nellie leaned on the door frame and slowly slid to the floor. Lillian, with the help of others, picked Nellie up and placed her on a couch nearby. A doctor, who was having lunch in the basement of the Lion House was called. Nellie's long wait to rejoin William was over.

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NELLIE NASH
(A PIONEER BIOGRAPHY
OF
MRS. ELLEN ELVIRA NASH PARKINSON
WIFE OF WILLIAM CHANDLER PARKINSON)
(96 pages)

An Abstract of the Thesis of
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Master of Arts
in
Department of English

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ABSTRACT

Nellie Nash, born Ellen Lane, February 15, 1863, at St. Louis, Missouri, was adopted at fifteen months of age by Isaac Bartlett Nash and his wife, Hester Elvira Poole Nash. Ellen's mother had died of spotted fever. Her father, Charles Alonzo Lane, agreed to the adoption with the understanding that he was always to see and help provide for the child.

I. B. Nash's southern sympathies during the Civil War led to his arrest and imprisonment. A British subject, he secured his release through the intervention of the British Consul. While Alonzo Lane was on a trip to visit his people in Ohio, the Nashes left St. Louis to return to Deseret. They pioneered in Franklin, Idaho.

Nellie grew to womanhood in this small Mormon community. On December 12, 1878, Nellie married William Chandler Parkinson. She was not quite sixteen. He was twenty-three. Nellie attended school at the Brigham Young College and taught school while William fulfilled a mission in England.

After William's return the young couple "proved up" on 300 acres of land. They became active leaders in the church and community.

Nellie's first child died at birth. The second child was born just before William was called to preside as bishop over the Preston Ward.

Preston was termed "Poverty Flat" in 1884. William led the people in getting water onto the land. He established a mercantile

business. Nellie worked at his side. She fed the ditch diggers, watered the tithing cattle from a sixty foot well, clerked in the store, worked in the Relief Society, entertained Church Authorities, boarded students attending the Oneida Academy and cared for her family.

During the polygamy persecutions of 1867 William married Louise Benson as a second wife. Nellie was not ready to accept polygamy though her parents and William's had lived happily in it. Years of unhappiness followed for Nellie. She ultimately took refuge in the philosophy that a thing can hurt you only as much as you will let it.

She bore William three more daughters and five sons. They buried three of the sons. The community and business grew and the Parkinsons were on their way to substantial wealth.

In 1898 William was called to the presidency of the Pocatello Stake. Nellie's lovely new home was sold. The mercantile business was put under the management of William's brother. Then William was told to leave his family in Preston where a small house was rented for them. March 13, 1901, William was released from the Pocatello Stake presidency. Returning to Preston he found his business hopelessly in debt. The business was sold to pay the debts. Without a home, business, or church position, the Parkinsons faced the future.

On April 28, 1901, William was called to preside over the new Hyrum Stake. Nellie's family was moved to Hyrum. A new home was built and the Parkinsons again became leaders in community and Church activities. They learned to love the people of the Hyrum Stake.

Nellie bore twelve children, six girls and six boys. Five of her family grew to adulthood, and married in Hyrum. Grandchildren were born

there. William began to lose his hearing, and in 1920 asked for a release from his Church position.

The family moved to Salt Lake City. There Nellie and William celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1928. A year later William died. From 1929 to her death in 1949, Nellie was the matriarch of her family. Her kindness, understanding and advice made her the friend of young and old. Her years of Church activity and her experiences in raising a family had developed in her a personality and knowledge admired by family and friends. Her death from heart failure came February 11, 1949, while she was attending a Daughters of Utah Pioneers' function at the Lion House.

Nellie loved and was loved by all who knew her. Her "charity" even now envelops, warms and guides her children and her children's children. Through her love she hoped to bring them, everyone, into the Kingdom of our Father in Heaven.

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