

Autobiography Of Daniel S. Pendleton

Utah Pioneer

Prepared By Daniel S. Pendleton

For The Organizing Camp, Cedar City, Utah.

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My father, Dr. Calvin C. Pendleton, held three diplomas, one for penmanship, one for Dr. Of Medicine and one for Gunship. Besides these, he could turn his hand to four other trades with which he might earn a living. In 1852, father with his wife, her sister and we five little children made preparations to leave Canesville, Pottawatomie County, Iowa. My mother died leaving me to the care of an excellent woman whom I always called mother. I then a boy of ~~five~~ five and one half years was invited by a childless couple in Canesville to stay and be their boy, and lured by their prosy promises wished very much indeed that my father would consent to my staying. Father did not think it wise, so I remained with my family who were prepared to push on into the vast country between civilization and Utah.

Our trip by ox-beams was tiresome as all such were. I was too young to feel the fear and dread with which my elders regarded every coming swell and every hidden turn of the road before and behind us, for we must be constantly on the alert for savage foes.

For five years now a steady stream of immigrants had followed the trail from east to west. With increasing alarm the Indians saw our steady advance into his territory. The Indians were prepared to fight without any provocation, and so were we although not unless forced to do it. Treacherous ~~foes~~ as were our savage foes, they were not more treacherous than some of the sluggish and innocent looking streams lying in our path, for only by experience did we learn the deadly pull of the quick sand lying on the stream bottoms. However, father always used a measure of caution.

It seemed to be my job to ride the spare ox or cow day after day until

I almost became a part of the animal. As we crossed a shallow stream one day we could see fish in it even larger than the rest that swam across the pond several times with a briskness that said "Catch me if you can", You may know how each one who saw him wished he could. Father drew his pistol and took careful aim, the big fish was shot and we did not have to go after him, he just leaped out on the bank. You may guess what a welcome change it made to our monotonous diet. We experienced an excitable time one day when a great buffalo stampede devided our trains. We could see in the ~~distance~~ distance a wall of dust and hear a roar which came directly toward our wagon trains, it seemed that everything in its path would go down. The leader of the herd made for the opening and no one was hurt. The company traveling ahead experienced a stampede of their own animals, after lugging heavy loaded wagons they apparently went mad.

President Young told the people that these stampedes occured on old battlefields. At Green River, we lost a cow and an ox but pushed on into Salt Lake without them. We stayed in Salt Lake only a few days. We were bound for southern Utah, so having steadily traveled for six months, we arrived in Parowan September 9, 1852. I would be 15 years old on the 15th of September. At that time there was about thirty houses and forty-eight families soon after this, an adobe wall was planned to be built nine feet high which protected homes. Before it was finished, we were plunged into the Walker War. In order to protect ourselves effectively, we had to keep in repair our own fire arms.

The Daughters of Pioneers have in their possession a well preserved flintlock gun that father and Christian Rasmussen made complete. The years following our arrival were poor years for agriculture, the cricket war was on in the north and in no section was there more food than absolute necessity demanded, consequently what was left proved to be the salvation of many. I used to go out with father to gather herbs and help prepare them for ~~me~~

medicine. I helped plant some of the first apple and peach trees and native currant bushes in Parowan. Our family was the first to have fruit of that kind, but what was ours was the neighbors also.

The year 1866 to 70 I served as one of the company of Minute Men that was organized for the protection of the people from Indians, operating against the whites under Chief Walker. When Ed Dalton died the records along with other papers were destroyed, consequently all evidence which proved that I and others were entitled to an Indian War Pension was lost. For five weeks, I with Zachariah Decker, Neils Rasmussen and William E LaFever stood picket guard out near the lake on Chimney Meadow bottom, ready night and day to give signal, one fire for suspicious, two fires be ready, and three fires to come.

I was in the midst of a fight at Little Creek, while seventy of our horses and seventy-five head of cattle were stolen and driven into the ~~E~~ canyon. We tracked them as far as we dare into the rocky narrow hillsides which afforded them plenty of chance to ambush our little company, but when dusk came we rode north to Cottonwood following the hills to South, ~~xxx~~ came into upper Bear valley and put the Indians off guard. A sharp rifle from one of our men was given as spoils of war. The Indians left us two blankets, one buffalo robe, three saddles and five long lassoes. Yet our troubles were not over. The Indians had bunched behind the cliffs and rocks on the south side and they seemed to have very few guns, or this story might have had a different ending. It seemed that all the shots were directed at me, but we had the animals on the run and the volleys of arrows flew wild. We fired four or five times but they were well protected. We were never sure that we killed any though twice we saw one fall but thought it was meant to coax us into their power. In this way we all came through alive.

I then went to Panguitch and then moved back to Parowan. I spent six weeks riding with James Adams keeping guard in the gap from the Navijos

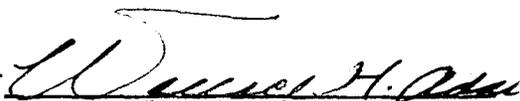
whom came from the south. Old Chief Walker said he was never whipped until he came to Parowan valley. President Dame told them they could go among the people if they would leave their guns and knives with ~~them~~ him. It was many years before we felt that they were trust worthy.

I had taken President Dame,s farm to run for three years. I traded my team and other property for heifer calves, that made four hundred head, I had in the Co-op herd. The work was devided and men selected to over see the various fields, and look after stock etc. But it was doomed to failure from the begining. I cam<sup>o</sup>ut of it with absolutely nothing I could call my own. On the whole I was a wiser and poorer man.

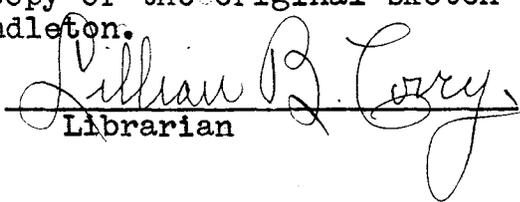
In the spring of 1870 my bride-to-be and I started to Salt Lake to be married. With the help of a boy I drove a bunch of steers while Margaret drove the team. In thirteen and one half days we were in Salt Lake, which was the fourth of July. On the 5th we were married. We had five children. My wife was an invalid for many months before she died. My small children needed care, so after some time I married again. The wife I have now is the mother of seven children. I have tried to make my efforts count for good, but firm in the knowlege that my parents did right in joining the Church of Latter Day Saints and bringing us<sup>21</sup> the vallies of the Rocky Mountains to help pioneer the way for others.

A copy of the preceding sketch was loaned to Wallace H. Adair by the Cedar City Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and recopied for the Fedaral Writers' W.P.A. Ogden, Utah.

Submitted by

  
Iron County Worker

I hereby certify that the preceding sketch is an exact copy of the original sketch by Daniel S. Pendleton.

  
Librarian