

LIFE SKETCH OF GEORGE HEINER

I was born March 26, 1846, in Baltimore, Maryland. My father, Martin Heiner, was born March 17, 1818, in the town of Waldorf Sax Meinungen, Germany. My grandfather, Johannas Heiner was Born Oct. 16, 1777. My great-grandfather, Walden Heiner was born May 27, 1742. My great great Grandfather, John Jacob Heiner was born in 1693, and my third great grandfather, Adam Heiner was born in 1657. All of these were born in the same house, as people did not move around in those days as they do now, but remained in the same town for generations.

When mother, Adelgunda Dietzel, was about fifteen years old, she and two girl chums agreed to go to a fortune teller and have their fortunes told. When the girls came for her, her father was putting a piece of cloth in the loom and he needed her help so she could not go. But the other girls went anyway. They asked the fortunes teller if he could tell a person's fortune if the person was not there, and he said he could if they could give the date of her birth. They told him she was born the 11th day of June, 1815. He figured awhile as he told fortunes by figures, he figured again and again, and finally he looked up with surprise and said, "Who is this lady? Where does she live?" They told him she lived in Wasengen. The fortune teller said, "She is an elect lady, she is different from you girls. She will not stay in Germany very long. She will cross the great waters and join herself to another people, yes, a strange people." The girls were so excited with the fortune that they partly forgot their own fortunes. It was shown later that she was different from them for she did cross the great waters and join herself to a strange people called the Latter Day Saints.

Father and Mother remained in Germany until four children were born to them. Father's brother managed to get his father's property and father wanted to sue his brother for part of the property. There was a great deal of talk about America at that time, saying it was a good land to live in. So father and a neighbor of his, agreed to come to America. When father's brother heard of this, he met him on the street one day and said, "I hear you are thinking of going to America." "Yes, said father, "if I can raise money enough, I will go." His brother said that he would buy the tickets and said, "There is a ship lying at the wharf now that is going to America. I will go down and see the captain." When he came back he saw father and said, "That ship will sail for America in fifteen days. I have got your tickets which will include four children. When you are ready, I will hitch the oxen and take you down."

On May 18, 1845, they were ready to start for America. Father's brother took them down to the ship and gave them their tickets as agreed. It seemed that he wanted to get rid of them and the trouble about the property. He thought it would be cheaper to buy their tickets than it would be to fight a law suit. It looks like the Lord over-ruled these things to get them to come to America.

The 24th of June, 1845, having been forty days crossing the ocean, they landed in Baltimore, Maryland. The next year, March 26, 1846, I was born. Two years later the family moved to Wainsboro, Franklin County, Pennsylvania.

When I was 6 years old I remember going with mother and the rest of the children upon the hills picking huckleberries, black berries, dewberries. We would take them to town and sell them for 6 cents a quart. In the fall we would gather chestnuts, two kinds of hickory nuts, chinkapin nuts, and hazel nuts. We sold these too.

In about November, 1852, a Mormon missionary, Jacob F. Secrist, from Farmington, Utah came to the town in which we lived. He stopped to see his father's family, who lived about 2 miles from us. He was on his way to Germany to fulfill a mission. His sister lived near us. She told mother about a strange doctrine he was preaching and said he was going to hold a meeting that night in Thomas town.

When father came home from work that evening, mother told him about the missionary and the meeting. After eating his supper, he lighted the lantern and walked three miles to attend the meeting. He noted the Bible quotations the missionary made and upon returning home, he and mother looked them up in the Bible and found them to be correct. Two days afterwards another meeting was held. Father and mother both attended and were convinced that he was preaching the true Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Elder Secrist stayed in Wainsboro about two weeks. When he was ready to leave, father went to him early one morning and said, "Brother Secrist, I would like you to baptize us before you leave for Germany." Brother Secrist told his brother to unhitch the horse, that he wouldn't need him that day. That day father, mother, and the two oldest children were baptized by Jacob Secrist and also confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They had to cut the ice on the water so they could baptize them. Father gave Brother Secrist a letter of introduction to his brother who still lived in Germany. He desired his brother to hear the Gospel, too.

Soon after being baptized they talked of going to Utah and started saving their money. Father had a carpenter make him a savings box with a slit large enough to slip a silver dollar through. When father was out of work in the winter, he would make baskets out of white oak wood. He would take a small straight tree and cut it about six feet long and split these into strips $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch square. At night when we came home from school we would take knives and whittle the corners off and point one end so we could poke them in the holes of the oron that he had made with 8 holes in it. The holes were sharp on one side so when we pulled the strips through the holes, it made them round and smooth like a wire. Each hole was a little smaller than the other so he could make them any size he wanted. He also made small sewing baskets and shopping baskets, with a handle so it could be carried on the arm and bushel baskets, as well. When he had enough made, he would tie them together and put them over his shoulder and carry them to the farmers to sell them. I would go with him and carry the small baskets.

April 21, 1855, I was baptized by my father and confirmed the same day by Jacob Secrist, who was returning home from his mission.

The next year father hired me out to William Wiles for a dollar and fifty cents a month.

I stayed there eight months and during that time I didn't draw a cent of that money. Father collected the money which amounted to \$12.00 and put it in the savings box to help bring us to Utah. The next year he hired me to his brother, Jacob, for \$2.25 per month. In 1858 he hired me to Soloman Sarbash for \$3.25 per month.

I attended school in the Blue School house for three winters. James Burns, James Snowbarger, and William Secrist were teachers.

During the time that I worked for Solomon Sarbouth he called me in the morning, the second time, only once, and then he gave me a cussing. I formed the habit of getting right out of bed as soon as I was called, and did that all my life.

In the summer of 1859, Carl G. Maeser, a missionary from Salt Lake City, came to Pennsylvania. He said there was going to be a Civil War and the brethren would be drafted into the war. He advised the saints to go to Utah. Daniel Robison said, "Here is Brother Heiner, he has a very large family, and it will be very hard for him to make such a trip." But Brother Maeser said, "Brother Heiner will be the first one to go."

That spring we held a sale and sold everything that we could not take with us, and on April 11th, 1859, we started for Utah. Father hired Joseph Mainser to haul us 175 miles to Pittsburgh. We had to cross the Allegheny Mountains, which took about three weeks. There we took passage on a steam boat which was a lumber craft and went down the Ohio River to Cincinnati. Father called on his sister and her husband who were living there and owned a hotel. They had no children of their own and wanted to keep four of our children, two boys and two girls. They thought father had so many children that they could easily spare four of them. There were 10 children. Our uncle said that he could provide for them as a father. But father could not spare one. We continued to St. Louis, where we changed boats and came up the Missouri River to Florence.

On coming up the river the boat would stop and take on wood to heat the engines with. They would carry the wood to the boat across a plank. I would go with the men and help carry the wood. They stopped and unloaded nail kegs which they rolled down the plank. I helped them to do that also. The boss said. "That kind of boy I would like to hire for a deck hand." That made me feel quite proud as I was only 13 at the time. We stayed in Florence several weeks before we were ready to start across the plains. Father bought one yoke of oxen, a yoke of cows and a new shuttler wagon. While in Florence, the immigrants bought wild steers, and when they hitched them up, they would run and bellow and turn the yokes upside down. It was like a wild west show.

My oldest brother, John, got a job with the immigration agents and came across with them. I got a job driving Widow Kate Rock's team and she gave me my board. So that

made two less for father to keep. We then started on our perilous journey the 20th of June, taking us ninety days from Florence to Salt Lake City, Utah. I walked almost all of the entire distance as well as father and mother and the larger children. Our captain, Edward Stephenson. We had only one wagon in which to carry all our provisions and the small children who were not able to walk very much. We had some hard rain storms while on the plains. They would come at night and the wind would blow the tent down and everything would get wet. After we traveled about two weeks, one of our cows had a calf, so we milked her and worked her all the way across the plains. One day a lone buffalo came running by the train. Our captain rode out after him and shot him with his pistol, and we all had some fresh meat. I think there were three buffaloes killed during the journey. When we got to Ash Hollow, it had been raining so that the alkali water stood in puddles. The cattle drank some and that night 8 head of oxen died. One of them was ours. There was man named Taylor, who was driving some cows loose; he let father have two cows to work. He sawed his yoke in two and hitched up two yokes of cows and one ox on ahead. When we traveled about two weeks, that ox got so lame we had to trade him off for a bull at a trading post. We passed lots of Indians, five hundred or more. They were Sioux Indians who were going down to Omaha to fight the Pawnee Indians.

When we got to Big Sandy, the bull became so lame we had to trade him off for a yearling steer. That left us with only two yoke of cows the rest of the way. When we camped at the head of Echo Canyon, that steer and some of the cows that were driven loose, strayed away. Myself and two of the men were sent to hunt them, while the train traveled on. When we got to the mouth of Echo Canyon, there was a store and the men bought some cheese and crackers. It was dark when we started on. We had to walk to Henefer where the train was camped. We got there about midnight and stayed all the next day to let the cattle rest. We then went up East Canyon over Big Mountain and over Little Mountain and down Emigration Canyon. We landed in Salt Lake City, September 16, 1859. When we got to the city, mother baked the last flour on the camping stove. John, my oldest brother came in three weeks before and had earned some flour which came in very handy for us.

It shows to me that my parents knew how to take care of money. While they were in Pennsylvania, where wages were small, father worked for forty-five cents a day in the winter and seventy-five cents a day in the summer, and with that large family, they saved enough money to buy an outfit to come to Utah independently. We received no help from the Church.

After arriving in Salt Lake, we first moved up to the mouth of Parley's Canyon. There we lived in a dugout for about a month. There was no floor in the house. Angus Cannon got us a place up in Bingham Creek about a mile from the mouth of Bingham Canyon. This place belonged to Apostle John Taylor's uncle. We herded cattle for him while we were there. On New Year's Day, Barney L. Admas came and wanted a boy to herd his sheep. Father said for me to go with him. I took care of his sheep and stayed out with them in the rain or shine until the next fall. I had no overcoat and no underclothes. He bought me a new pair of boots that kept my feet warm.

About the middle of June they took their sheep down to the Jordon River to wash them before shearing, and I went with them. The river was very high and the water overflowed the banks. We washed the sheep in a large bend of the river. While I was washing a sheep, I must have been standing on the bank where the current was quite swift. I let go of the sheep and he kicked me in the stomach. I slid into the water like a post, but my hat stayed on the top. When I came up the first time, I heard one of the men say, "There goes his hat!" That gave me courage so I tried to swim. I stayed up long enough to get my breath before going down again. When I came up the second time, I saw a man jump in after me. When I went down the third time, I reached my arm upward and he caught hold of my hand. I brought my other hand upon his shoulder and we both went down. When we came up again, the current had carried us still further into the bend. I saw a willow sticking out of the water so I let go of him and caught hold of the willow, but I went under again. It seemed to me that I was going down a thirty-foot well. Suddenly I stopped and found that the willow was securely fastened to the bank. I gave a pull which brought me to the top of the water. I just hung my arms across the willows and stayed there until the men came for me. They rolled me into a blanket where I went to sleep for an hour or two and then resumed my work. The men had momentarily lost track of me and went after the man that tried to save me. There was some power besides human power that saved my life. I think my guardian angel must have been with me that time.

In 1860 I went to work for Daniel H. Wells. My chore was to stay around the house and run errands for the women. They had a nice orchard beside the house. The fruit would fall off at night and I would get up at daylight and pick it up, eat what I wanted and take the rest into the house.

They had seven mule teams and the men who worked them by the day boarded at their homes. They would go to work at seven o'clock. Therefore, the teams had to be fed very early in the morning. A man by the name of James Snarr would feed and tend the mules. One morning I asked him where he lived. He said that he lived in the 6th Ward and had to walk eleven blocks. As I had nothing to do before breakfast, I thought I could do it for him occasionally and save him a long walk every morning. So I went out with him to see what rations he fed each animal. They fed them carrots and hay. So the next morning, I slipped out and tended the mules. As I was feeding the last one, he came and was surprised to see me feeding the teams. He looked at each one and said that was just as good as he could do. I felt quite proud to think that I could feed those teams as well as a man. The next morning I fed them again and he was satisfied with the way I did it. The fourth morning, Snarr didn't come, so I decided that I had worked myself into a job. Then I either had to continue feeding them or tell him that I wouldn't do it any more, and I didn't want to do that.

Soon the weather became very stormy and the men didn't come to work. I had to take care of the teams twice a day then. It soon turned off very cold and then I had to take them two blocks to water. I was riding one mule when I met Snarr coming up the road with a tin pan in his hand. He banged the pan and frightened the mule. I lost my balance and fell off, striking the inside of my left knee on a frozen clod and hurting it so badly I

could not walk. My brother, John came along about that time and seeing that I was hurt picked me up and took me to my sister's place. I couldn't walk for five weeks, so I got out of caring for the mules. I don't think you could find many boys that would do what I did at the age of fifteen years, but I could have slept until eight o'clock every morning, as no one ever called me.

March 8th, 1862, I went with Brother Wells and his family to the Salt Lake Theatre, which was the opening of the theatre. The play was called the "Pride of the Market", with a one act farce, "The States Secrets". Brother Wells got me a ticket with his family. That was the first play I had ever seen, and I saw every play that winter.

During that year, the people in Salt Lake were asked to furnish teams and wagons to send to Omaha and bring immigrants to Utah. Brother Wells was asked to furnish four yoke of oxen. My brother and I went with the company. We brought in 500 immigrants. I was sixteen years old, and I don't remember when I enjoyed a summer better than I enjoyed that one. We arrived in Salt Lake City, October 3rd.

That winter Brother Wells sent me to school, which I attended for six weeks. In April, 1863, Brother Wells had me go to Black Rock and herd his cattle. The boy who was herding sheep went home, so I took his place with the sheep. One day while herding sheep, I happened to find a cave. It was fifty feet wide, fifty feet long, and about 10 feet high. The walls were perpendicular and covered with hieroglyphics. The top seemed to be one large flat rock. Near the end of the cave it narrowed down to a five foot hole then opened up into another cave of about thirty feet high and seven to eight feet wide and about two hundred feet long. There I found thirteen Indian skulls. The mountain on top of the cave was about five hundred feet high.

I once heard Brigham Young say that every young man in Utah should learn a trade. He said, "If you want to be a carpenter, go to a carpenter and tell him you want to learn to be a carpenter. If you want to be a blacksmith, go to a blacksmith to learn the trade. If you want to be a farmer, be a good farmer." I thought enough of that advice to leave my job with Brother Wells and went to work as an apprentice to James Hunter, a carpenter. I worked for him four months for my board and never received a cent.

I went home that year for Christmas. My parents had settled in Morgan County. I arrived the 24th of December. The people had built a log school house, and father said that they wanted every one to come there and help to scrub the floor, so they could have a dance Christmas night. Father, Anthony, and myself went down and helped to scrub the floor. We had a good dance Christmas night and I got acquainted with all the people.

In about six weeks I told father I thought I had better go back and finish my trade, but he said there was so much work to do that I had better stay till the crops were planted, so I never went back to finish my trade. The farm had not been fenced. On the tenth of February, I took the team and went up the river and cut willows and hauled them down for fencing, as we built willow fences. On March 7th we hitched two yoke of oxen on the plow and started to plow the sage brush. We had no hay to feed them so we turned them

out on the hill at night. I would get up at the peep of day and go to get the oxen every morning. When I returned, Anthony and Daniel had eaten their breakfast and would yoke the oxen to the plow and start plowing. After I had my breakfast I would go down and gather up sage brush and pile them in huge fires. When the neighbors had some piles, we would go over and burn them. We did a lot of work and had a lot of fun at the same time.

We raised three hundred bushels of grain that summer. Wheat, oats, and barley. There was no thrashing machine in Morgan at that time. The river bridge was washed out in Devil's Gate, and they could not get a thrashing machine through from the other valley, so we had to do our own thrashing. We hauled clay on a spot of ground, then soaked it well with water. We then hitched two yoke of oxen together and drove them around it to thoroughly mix it. We then smoothed it off and let it dry which left a hard smooth surface. Nells Arave made us a roller by pinning two 2x6 scantlings on a long edge-ways about eight inches apart, connecting them to a frame. To that we hitched two horses. We would place the wheat on the floor and turn the roller around until the grain was well thrashed out, then we raked the straw off and pushed the wheat in the middle of the floor.

This same man made us a fanning mill. When we had a large pile of wheat, we could set the fanning mill up and clean the wheat. All our crops were cut by hand. Our hay was cut with a scythe, and we cut our grain with a cradle, which we raked and bound by hand. I would use the cradle. We built a granary that summer to store our grain in. Wheat was Six Dollars a bushel that Fall.

May 1st 1864, I was appointed a School Trustee in the North Morgan School District with Thomas Grover and my brother Anthony. Each scholar paid a half bushel of wheat which was to pay the teacher. I was the secretary and with Miss Lucinda Brown, whom we hired as a teacher, I took the grain to Salt Lake City to the Z.C.M.I. where she traded it out. I didn't charge her a cent for taking her to Salt Lake.

In 1865 I was appointed constable for the Morgan Precinct. During that year I helped to survey the town of North Morgan.

December 2, 1866, I was married to Miss Mary McFadden in the Endowment House by Apostle George Q. Cannon. For a short time that winter, we lived in a one room house with my brother, Anthony, who married my wife's older sister, Lucinda. In the summer, I built myself a log house.

December 18, 1867, Mary Ellin, our first child was born. We named her after my wife and sweetheart. About June the 1st I crossed the Weber River with my wife and baby. I missed the ford and the team had to swim down the river about ten rods. We were all wet but came out all right.

In 1868 I was appointed pound keeper in Morgan County, which I held for 12 years. That same year I was elected a city councilman, which position I held for 4 years. In 1869, I was appointed road supervisor for Morgan District. I held that position for 10 years.

September 15, 1869, Eliza Adelgunda, our second baby was born. We called her Eliza after her aunt and Adelgunda after her grandmother. In 1870, I was appointed first councilor to Charles Turner to preside over the North Morgan Branch. I held this position until 1877. After the death of my brother, John who was called with his wife, Sarah Coulam, to help settle St. George, I built a nice log house for his widow. I had the logs sawed on both sides and put on a shingle roof.

March 2nd, 1871, Clara, our third child, was born. July 22, 1874, George Angus, our first boy was born. We named him George after myself, and Angus after Angus Cannon who was a missionary in Pennsylvania.

In 1868, I helped to buy the first organ for North Morgan Ward. It was the first organ that came into Morgan County, that I know of. I learned to read music a little and was able to pick out a few chords. Some years later, I gave Octave Ursenback his first lesson in reading notes. He later became a very good choir leader and band master. He is now (1936) President of the French Mission.

March 3rd, 1876, Nettie, our fifth baby was born. January 11th 1878, Christina Sophia was born. She only lived three weeks.

July 1st, 1877, I was set apart as second councilor to Bishop Wyman M. Parker of the North Morgan Ward by Franklin D. Richards. March 6, I was appointed Judge of election for the North Morgan precinct. May 8, 1880, John Martin, our seventh baby, was born. We called him John after my brother, and Martin after my father. That year I took charge of the thrashing machine, which I ran for seven years.

Charles Bull, the best violinist in Morgan at that time, would play his violin and I would play the organ. I purchased a small four octave organ. We would go all over Morgan playing for dances. I helped to organize the first home dramatic company in Morgan. We took one of our plays to Croydon on Christmas night. My daughter, Mary Ellen, and myself were booked to sing a song. Joseph Story said he would stand behind the curtain and assist me in singing bass. I wasn't so sure of the bass part. The next day I met Mandy Rock, and she said to me, "Why George, I've never heard you sing bass as nice as you did last night at Croydon."

May 15, 1881, I was set apart as second councilor to Bishop William B. Parkinson of the North Morgan Ward. That fall, while thrashing, we would turn the cows out in the hills and hired George Black to bring them in at evening. One Friday evening, he came back without them. The next morning, his father told him to go out again and see if he couldn't find them, but after hunting all day he came back without them. Sunday morning his father went with him. They rode all day but couldn't find the cows. Monday, Isaac Morris said he thought he could get them. He rode all day but couldn't find the cows. That night, James Sibbits said that if he had a horse, he would get them back for \$5.00. We said, alright, but he came back without them. Tuesday morning, mother asked what I was going to do that day. I said I was going to Enterprise to get the

thrashing machine ready for thrashing. She said, "I would like you to go after the cows. I have faith that you will get them." I said I would go. She told Andrew Black that I would go after the cows so he needn't go. When I had finished breakfast, I bridled up my horse. I didn't take time to saddle the horse because I was in a hurry. When I came up the road, Andrew asked me which way I was going. I told him that I didn't know because the other fellows had been in all directions.

I offered up a silent prayer and asked the Lord to guide my horse to where the cows were. The horse took me straight to Pine Canyon. About a mile up the Canyon, I found a small maple grove to the side of the trail. I dismounted and knelt down and offered a prayer. I told the Lord we had lost our cows and we needed the milk, and to guide me to where the cows were. When I mounted my horse, he was standing with his head towards home, and I wondered if he would take me back home, for I didn't intend to guide him. When we reached the trail, he turned and went up the canyon right where one of the men told me not to go. I kept him on the trot all the time, watching both sides of the canyon for all signs of the cows. When I was about half way up the canyon, I thought I could hear the clap of the bell. Father brought the bell from Pennsylvania. It had a different sound from any of the bells in this county. I knew that I was going straight for the cows just as sure as though someone had come down the canyon and told me so.

I went to the head of the canyon and out on the summit of the mountain. My horse was sweating so, I tied him to a tree; I ran down the ride and way around the basin on the west side. It looked nice and green, and I thought I could find my cows there. I stopped suddenly. I don't know why, but it seemed to me that someone took hold of my head and turned it right around so I was looking east. A voice said, just as plain as I could say it, "Why, there are your cows!" I looked and could see them on the side of the hill. They were a long way off, but as my eyes were good I could see them and tell they were ours.

I didn't go back and get my horse, but I went on afoot. I had to cross two hollows into one that came up from Round Valley. When the brush was not too thick, I would run. When I got there, I saw a nice cold spring. I had heard tell of it, although I had never been to it before. I hollered at the cows, and they immediately jumped up; the bell cow seemed to know I had crossed, and they were caught. She took the lead home and rest followed. The trail led up around the heads of the two hollows that I had crossed and down into Pine Canyon. When I got to where I left my horse, I got him and followed the cows home, and at 1 o'clock had them in the corrals.

The Lord surely heard and answered my prayer. That wasn't the only time that I have asked the Lord to direct me and my horse to the cows that I was hunting. I once heard my brother, Daniel, say in a fast meeting that there was not a ridge or hollow in these mountains that he had not knelt down and prayed. I thought I could well say the same thing.

In the year of 1874, I built me a two story brick house, 19x40. It was the first brick house in North Morgan. The brick was made by Bishop Charles Turner who owned a brick kiln. I bargained with him to haul mahogany wood from Hohogany Hollow to pay for

my brick. The brick was layed by Conrad Smith and Peter Rock. The carpenter work was done by myself.

In May, 1882, I was met with a great sorrow; my wife took the black Measles during an epidemic. She was pregnant and not well enough to survive the disease. She died May 28th, 1882, leaving me alone with six little children, the youngest, two years old.

The same year I was road supervisor and helped build a road to Round Valley which was on the side hill most of way. I also farmed my father-in-law's farm at Richville and raised 600 bushels of grain.

February 22, 1883, I married Sarah Jane Taggart, daughter of George Washington and Clarrissa Marina Rogers Taggart, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. Brother Daniel H. Wells performed the ceremony.

February 17, 1884, I was set apart as first councilor to Bishop O. B. Anderson of the North Morgan Ward, which position I held for 20 years. I was in the Bishopric altogether, 28 years.

On March 24, 1884, our first baby was born by my second marriage. We named her Ida May. In April of that year, I took the agency of selling wagons, buggies, and harnesses for the Studebaker Bros. Company. I also built me a barn 30x40 feet, with a concrete basement.

February 21, 1886, our second baby was born. We named her after my wife's sister, Julia Taggart. The same year, I took the agency to sell wagons and farm machinery for the Consolidated Wagon Machine Company and worked for them until 1903.

In 1887, my brother, Daniel, and I built a butcher shop and went into the butcher business. We also shipped grain and potatoes. May 1, 1888, Horace, our third child was born. In 1890, my brother Daniel, and I built a three story brick hotel. We formed a company and carried on a hotel business and also sold wagons and machinery for the Consolidated Wagon Machine Company.

April 15, 1891, Vila, our fourth child, was born. I was still in the shipping business and shipped 51 carloads of potatoes that Fall.

December 14, 1893, Leland, our fifth child was born. In August, I was elected Mayor of Morgan City for a two year term.

February 7, 1896, Clifton, our sixth child, was born. In 1902, my two brothers, Anthony and Daniel, and myself layed a pipeline from the North Morgan spring to our homes.

July, 1904, I was appointed postmaster for Morgan County. The following year, Rural Free Delivery was established with Reinard Olson as delivery man. The first winter, he boarded at our home. The next Winter, he pitched a tent in the back room of the post

office and batched it. The roads were in such bad condition in the winter that it took him two days to make the trip around the county. While working together, we formed a great friendship for each other. About this time, my son-in-law, Angus Berlin and I built a kitchen and bathroom on the back of the house. My girls helped me a great deal with my post office work and the boys did the farm work. At the time of the Spanish American War, my oldest son, Angus, volunteered for service and went as far as San Francisco. The war closed before they needed him to go overseas. He also fulfilled a mission to the Southern States.

In May, 1910, I sent my son Horace on a mission to Australia. He was gone two years and five months. In 1914, my work at the post office ended. Richard T. Fry was appointed in my stead. I then retired from public office and helped my boys with the farm work, doing the lighter jobs such as gardening and weeding. The Summer of 1913, I built on another room and divided the house so my son, Horace, and his wife could live in it.

At the time the World War came in 1918, my son Leland was sent to Camp Lewis for training. There were also four of my grandsons in the service. Two of them went overseas. While Leland was at Camp Lewis, he contracted pneumonia through exposure and over work. He was thought dead and placed in the dead house. Bert Dickson heard of it; he immediately went to see him and noticed he moved. He administered to him there and then reported it to the Doctor who had him taken back into the hospital. He recovered and lived until August, 1928. March 1919, my son Clifton died of Spanish Influenza. At one time in my family, there were six widows.

In 1909, I went with my brother, Daniel Heiner, down to Price, in Southern Utah, to look at some coal land. We hired a team and went about eighteen miles west of Price and located a number of claims there. We had to pay the government, \$50.00 an acre for the land. We talked to David Eccles of Ogden and told him what we had, and he said he would send an engineer to look at it, and if it was half as good as we said it was, he would help us to get the money, to pay for the land. Daniel then wrote to Senator Reed Smoot and asked him to try to get our patents. We got the patents and in 2 weeks, we organized a company which we then called the Black Hawk Coal Company. We appointed James A. Anderson, manager. We opened the mine and started to ship coal. Then the American Steel Company came and wanted to buy us out, but we objected. David Eccles said that it was a good price and that we had better sell. We sold and paid back all the borrowed money, when all expenses were paid I received a check for \$5,500.00 for my share, and I received the least of any of them. I deposited that check in the Morgan Bank and the first check that I drew on that account was for \$500.00 to Bishop James A. Anderson, for tithing. When the Bishop saw that check, he told President Daniel Heiner to have all of them follow Uncle George's example, and they did. Then the Bishop said to President Joseph F. Smith, "If I can increase the tithing of the North Morgan Ward to a certain amount, will you give us back a certain per cent to pay on our meeting house?" He said yes, and we got nearly enough to pay for the meeting house.

I feel very thankful for my goodly parentage. I think my father and mother were true Israelites. They received the gospel with thankful hearts. I thank them for giving me a good strong body, for straight limbs, and good habits and a desire to do things. For a good memory and for good eyesight and for teaching me the true gospel and teaching me reverence for God. I always tried to carry out their counsel and advice; their example has always been a beacon light to me. I want to honor them through all eternity. May God bless them forever. I hope the whole family will live together throughout all eternity.

When father moved to North Morgan, in September, 1863, he was appointed to furnish the sacrament for the meetings. He and mother attended to that until my mother died from the effects of a stroke December 24, 1894. Father then asked to be released, and I was appointed in his stead. Father had the sacrament for 31 years. My wife and I attended the sacrament until she died, September 29, 1933. When I awakened on Sunday morning, my first thought, was the sacrament. I never felt that it was a burden, but felt that I was just doing my duty. I don't remember of ever being late with the sacrament. Thirty one years for father, and thirty-nine for me, makes seventy years, in all. My son Horace is the Bishop of the North Morgan Ward now, and he is still furnishing the sacrament. (Note: Horace continued sacrament making 93 years the Heiners furnished the sacrament.)

About the year 1902, I dreamed that I took a ride in a machine that flew in the air like the airplanes now do. There was a Conjoint Meeting appointed in North and South Morgan, to be held in a certain grove. I have never been able to tell just where that grove was located, but I seemed to know where to go to get to it. I was on a road leading to it when I saw an airplane coming right over the grove. It lit between the people and that grove. A man stepped out on the platform and said, "Brethren, they are holding an important conference in the Holy City today, If any of you want to go over, I will take you there and back free of charge." About half of the congregation, including Richard Fry and I, got in the plane. It was furnished inside like a passenger car, with an aisle down the center and seats on both sides. The man asked again if any more wanted to go, but no one came, so he locked the door. The plane raised straight up like an elevator. I could not see a thing that propelled it as it went up. I sat by the window watching the trees, and as near as I could tell, we went about 15 feet above the tree tops. It then stopped going up and started to sail off. It seemed to me as though we were flying a long time, and we went very swift. I looked down to see if I could tell what kind of country we were going over, but the ground looked like it was flying, so I could not tell. When it stopped, it went straight down and lit in the middle of the street in the Holy City. The street reminded me of a main street in Salt Lake City with street car tracks going down the center, and people walking on both sides of it going to the meeting. A man pointed out the meeting house, which was built like the Salt Lake Tabernacle, only much larger. He told us he would take us back home when the meeting was out.

We had to walk about a block and a half north to the meeting house. It was about half filled, so we walked down the aisle and took a seat. People were coming in from both sides, filling the building. Two men and a woman came in on the stand. I could see a halo of light about their heads. A man in front of me said that is the Father, the Son, and

the Mother. They conducted the meeting just the same as we do here, with singing and praying. One of the men who dismissed the meeting said, "Brethren, don't say much about this." I got the idea that they did not want us to talk about this, so I did not. We went back to the plane, got in, and went back home the same way we had come. Some of the folks were still there waiting for us. They asked us what we saw and heard, but I told them we could not tell.

When I woke up, there was the most pleasant feeling about me that I have ever felt in all my life. I have always enjoyed life very much, I have been in meetings where the speaker gave a most spiritual talk, and I have had the thrills crawl down my back, but it was nothing like the feeling I had then. There is nothing on this earth that can compare with that feeling, so I know that my spirit must have been where that influence was, or it could not have brought it back to me. I know that it was not a common dream. You may call it a dream or a vision.

In about 1916, Horace talked of going to Idaho with Angus Berlin and his brother to buy land and make it their home. I felt that I was getting old and needed one of the boys to stay on the farm with me, so I told Horace if he would stay with me, the place would be his when I was through with it. He stayed and we got along very well together. I looked after the chickens and pigs and did most of the gardening.

February 22, 1933, my wife and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary at home. Irene, Leland's wife, made us a quilt and a Wedding Cake. We also received many other lovely cards, gifts, and flowers.

For the last 25 years, my family have honored me by celebrating my birthday with nearly always a chicken noodle dinner, that being my favorite dish. On my 80th birthday, the family presented me with a gold headed cane with my initials engraved on it. On my 85th, they gave me a lovely upholstered chair which I have enjoyed very much.

My wife, Sarah Jane Taggart, died from Sugar Diabetes and a stroke September 26, 1933. She was 73 years old. The funeral services were held in the North Morgan Meeting House, October 2nd, with 1st Councilor, Jessie C. Little, Presiding. The house was nicely decorated and the floral offerings were many. The house was packed to capacity. The following day, I went with my son-in-law, Eli J. Fowles, to Burley Idaho, where I stayed for a week. In 1934, I attended a Taggart Family Reunion at Yellowstone Park.

On my 90th Birthday, I typed invitations to my children living out of Morgan, to celebrate with me on my birthday. They all came but Ida, who met with a serious automobile accident on the way up here, and was taken to the hospital, where she remained for about 3 months, and was unable to walk for some time. On Thanksgiving Day, we spent the day at her home, and she walked to the table then, for the first time since the accident.

In August, 1936, I went with my son Horace and wife, and three small children, Louise, Wesley, and Marilyn on a trip to Idaho. We went to Burley and visited with my daughter Julia and family. They took us to Twin Falls, and other places of interest. The next day

we went to Ririe to visit my other daughter, Eliza Durrant and family. While there, she had a reunion of her family in Idaho Falls, 35 of her descendants were present. We had a very enjoyable time. The following morning, her son, James, took us out on his dry farm and showed us his wonderful crops. He told us he expected to harvest a thousand dollars worth of grain. After breakfast, he took us over into the Jackson Hole Country and Jenney's Lake in Wyoming. We rode 200 miles that day.

The next day we had a picture taken of 5 generations, and a child with 9 living grandparents. That day we came home, having traveled over 1,000 miles

March 26, 1937, was my 91st birthday. We had open house, cake and ice cream was served to everyone who came. We had a wonderful day so many old friends called and over 50 relations. My kidneys started giving me some trouble December 1936.

I have a posterity of 13 children, 70 grand children, 119 great grand children, and 19 great great grandchildren. I have two wives. They are in the Spirit World waiting for me. I had them both sealed to me for time and all eternity.

George Heiner peacefully passed away, May 16th 1937, his wife's birthday, after being bedfast one week. His mind was clear and alert up to the last. He was never a burden to any of his children during his declining years. He even tried to darn his own stockings. The winter before his death, he retyped his whole history, adding incidents he recalled and wished to add. He lived a life of profound usefulness. At the age of 90, he took almost the entire care of the garden, fed the chickens and pigs, and always had the kindling in to make the fire with. He was loved by all who knew him. His life was one of love and service to mankind. He was without guile. I believe he lived as near Christ like, as one could in the flesh. His faith in the gospel never wavered.

George Heiner was one of the Indian War Veterans who served in the Morgan County Militia under territorial orders to protect themselves and the early settlers from the Indians in the early history of Morgan County in 1867.

[A family member who knew George Heiner well must have written the last two paragraphs.]