

History of Mary Leonora Bayles

I am the daughter of Herman Dagget Bayles and Dorthea Jensen, and was born March 22, 1866 in Parowan, Iron County, Utah. I was named Mary for my father's mother, Leonora for Leonora Cannon, wife of President John Taylor.

My father was born in Setauket, Long Island in New York July 28, 1812. He was the son of Ebenezer and Mary Homan. On the 17th of November 1836, he married Juliette Homan, and on the 3rd of April 1841, he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. In 1842, Father moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where he worked on the temple and shared in the poverty and persecutions of the saints. In 1846, the Saints were driven out of Illinois. He was among the last to leave Nauvoo helping the poor to get across the Mississippi, River. He was with the Saints a Winter Quarters and was also at Council Bluffs where he labored hard to provide shelter for the destitute. At the latter place there is a beautiful park named the Bayles Park where the Mormon Trail Builders have recently erected a very large stone monument. An attached plaque contains a short account of the travels of the Saints up to that time. I have had the pleasure of standing by this monument and of having my picture taken.

My Mother, Dorthea Jensen, a girl of fifteen, her sister Kirsten and brother John left their native land, Denmark, on the sailship West Moreland to come to America to join their parents and two little brothers who had come to America the year before in 1856. They were to meet their parents in Council Bluffs. Upon their arrival there they learned that their Mother and little brother Jens had died in Saint Louis, Mo. of Cholera. Never having heard from them in their year of separation, the blow was especially hard. Mother's brother, Hans, died on the ninth day out from Council Bluffs and was buried by the wayside where the Mormon Trail could be traced by the graves of their loved ones.

The Jensen family came to Parowan in November 1857, where Mother did much to help build up the country. She loved the Gospel and was a faithful patient, loving, kind, and willing worker.

To my Parents (Pioneers of 1848-1857).

"Ay, call it holy ground
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained,
What here they found
Freedom to worship God."

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." I often wonder why it was that my father, born on the eastern shores of the New World and my Mother, from far off Denmark, should be led to the deserts of Southern Utah where their lives should be joined for time and eternity, and where their children should be born and raised to manhood and womanhood. I realize my parents were people of great faith. Truly a believing heart is a gift of God. They were honest, prayerful, conscientious tiths payers, and were always ready to contribute their time and means to the Church.

My Father came to Utah in 1848. He built a home in Salt Lake City where he lived for two years. In 1850 he was called by President Brigham Young to help pioneer Iron County. He arrived at Parowan January 13, 1851 in George A. Smith's Company. Father helped in building all the earlier homes. He was Water-master, Justice of the Peace, Bishop, High Councilor and as Sexton made all the coffins for the dead, prepared the graves and then buried them.

My Father had a large family making it necessary for each member of the family to assist financially. My part was to care for the neighbors babies on wash-day from early morning to late at night for ten cents per day. At harvest time I gleaned in the fields as Ruth of Bible days and threshed out the heads of grain with a heavy stick.

Father and Mother were the parents of eight children as follows:

Herman Dagget	born January 30, 1861
Ency Camilla	born March 1, 1864
Mary Leonora	born March 22, 1866
Orpha Amelia	born April 14, 1868
Eva Kirstena	born January 4, 1871
Sarah Estella	born July 30, 1874
Edith Alvilda	born April 24, 1876
John Peter Victor	born January 4, 1879

"An honest man is the noblest work of God." This saying applies as aptly to my parents.

I was blessed by President William H. Dame, baptized by Jesse N. Smith April 26, 1874 and was confirmed by my father on the same date. In 1880, when all church members were required to be rebaptized, I was rebaptized by David Matheson, Sr. and was confirmed by Thomas Davenport. In 1880 I was chosen Stake Corresponding Secretary for the Primary Association, and at the age of 15, I was appointed Assistant School teacher for the school year 1881-1882 at the princely salary of four dollars per week. I was a teacher in

the Sunday School for eleven years, Councilor in the Y. W. M. I. Association three years, 1882-1884, President of the Y. W. M. I. A. for four years, 1885- 1888, and Councilor to the Stake President Y. W. M. I. Association from 1886 to 1893. On May the 4th, 1887, I received my endowments in the St. George Temple and the next day went through the Temple for my sister, Eva Dirstena, who had passed on. I was clerk in the Parowan United Manufacturing Institution from 1882 to 1890. I was appointed Assistant teacher in the church school in the fall of 1890. The salary had increased to thirty-five dollars per month. I was also Ward treasurer for the Parowan Frilief Society from 1897 to 1922, Stake Secretary of the Frilief Society 1921-1922, School Trustee 1898-1899 and 1901, Treasurer and Deputy Recorder of Parowan City for eleven years, 1917-1928. I took the U. S. censuses of Parowan City in 1920 and in that same year I attended the Genealogical convention in Salt Lake City, 1920. I was Secretary for the Parowan West Field nine years, 1927-1936, member of the Parowan Stake Relief Society Board 1902 to the present, 1904, First President of the Parowan Parent-Teacher's Association, Vice President of the Iron County Red Cross in 1917.

My Patriarchal Blessing was given by Alexander G. Matheson on the 27th of March, 1921.

I have always been a great lover of nature and have gazed with pleasure and wonder at the marvelous sights of this beautiful earth--this land blessed above all other lands, America.

Although I have lived all my life within a few miles of the Cedar Breads, it had not been my pleasure to view that wonderful panorama until I was fifty-five years old. I have seen it many times since, and my being thrilled at its grandeur each time.

I was given the pleasure of visiting Bryce National Park in 1928 and twice since and each time have marveled at its wonderful construction and beautiful coloring.

In 1928 I viewed the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, that immense and awe-inspiring creation of the mighty river and all the forces of erosion. Here the geologist may read deeper into the history of the formation of our earth's crust than anywhere else in all the world; for the story is laid bare--era after era--in the giant cleft. Indeed, the rich coloring, the mists which usually hang over the chasm and the mighty majesty of the whole panorama suggest that the Grand Canyon could well be a fitting abode for the mythical Gods.

I visited California with Mary, December 29th, 1923. The trip was made by train. Even at this time of the year the flowers were in bloom and the weather seemed like summer. We attended several nice shows where the scenery was simply superb. We also visited and witnessed the Parade of Roses, January 1, 1924. Sixty bands and un-numbered beautiful floats were four hours in passing--but sad to relate a portion of the grandstand collapsed, killing two-hundred and fifty people and injuring many more. We never heard about it until we were on our way back to Los Angeles and the newsboys were selling news on the streets. We took a tour of Beverly Hills, the Japanese Tea Gardens, and also a short trip by boat to and from California's Catalina Island--I didn't get seasick!

In 1933 I went again to California with Mary in the company of Ilene Johnston and Mary Adams. Lollin drove Mary's car. We stayed over in St. George the first night with Lillian. It started to rain as we left Las Vegas and increased in violence as we drove along until we reached

Victorville, California. Then it seemed the ocean was really coming up to meet us. It rained each day we were in Los Angeles—still we got around some and enjoyed our outing.

The Parade of Roses was fully as breath-taking and beautiful as the previous one. We had our first visit to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, which is reputed to be the most beautiful show house in America at the time of its creation.

On the trip home to Parowan we were held up by several wash-outs in the road. Not until we were home again enjoying "Utah's" sunshine did we learn of the extent of the California floods and the danger we ourselves had been in.

I visited the Yellowstone National Park through the kindness of Judge Cox and family; I viewed with pleasure the very interesting and wonderful formation. The geysers, throwing boiling water high in the air, the hot pots continually boiling, and all throwing off rivers of water, the beautiful lake with its green water stocked with fish, the fishing bridge where one can stand in safty and fish, although there are far too few fish for the many fishers, all this occurs while the cars pass overhead to the other side and it was all so interesting to me.

I later went to Yellowstone Park with my son Glenn in 1939. Everything was very much improved, especially the roads. We drove to the Fanger station on the summit of Mount Washvurn. There is plenty of fresh air up there and wind to keep it in perpetual motion, also there is a splended wiew of the surrounding country. The buffalo have a fenced pasture while other animals are "free rangers" and have the right of way. We were held up by a bear lying in the road.

Autos were coming from both directions, but we were compelled to await his pleasure because it is against the law to invite Mr. Bear to move. We had, however, many chances to partake of his friendly presence.

In 1940 I was favored with an invitation to go East with Judge Cox and family, he being a delegate to the Republican National Convention. We traveled along the lower route and camped the first night near the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. We followed this river down to the Federal Bridge and crossed near where Father Escalante was supposed to have crossed. We next traveled to Flagstaff, then east across Arizona to Navajo, and on to New Mexico. Crossing the Rio Grande River we visited Albuquerque, a University city, rather different to most large cities. The houses there are one or two stories high with their attending gardens, orchards, chickens, etc. The college buildings covered six or seven large blocks, and there seemed to be plenty of room for everything except in the business district. Our journey took us next across Texas where we saw fields of waving grain as far as the eye could reach. Then came the grazing grounds where thousands of cattle always roamed at will. I wondered at the great number of oil wells in Texas and Oklahoma, also at the numerous, huge graneries everywhere. We stopped to see the Merimac Caves on the Merimac River. The rooms were very large, one above the other, and unlike most various caves they did not run straight or slope. The stalagmites were very beautiful! Next we crossed the Mississippi River at Saint Louis over that wonderful bridge high above the water. It runs one and a fourth miles long into Springfield, Illinois. Traveling east and north from here the country was more fertile--farmers sitting on their porches were reading

while their corps matured. We came next to Indianapolis, Indiana where we stayed over night with Judge Cox's Aunt where we were treated royally. Driving around the city were shown the Negro quatters and the Soldier's Monument--a most beautiful memorial three hundred and fifty feet high.

Crossing the Ohio River at Miamia, we continued on through Ohio to Pennsylvania--the Land of iron and coal. We traveled through Maryland to Washington, D. C. We stayed here one night and then were invited by Ray's friends, Nels Anderson and family, to stay with them.

While in Washington we visited the White House, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where all internal revenue stamps, postage stamps, foreign passports, national bank notes, and all the national currency are engraved. We took an elevator to the top of the Washington Monument--550 feet high--from the top of which you can see the city of Washington in all its magnificence. We visited the Smithsonian Institute where all sorts of inventions are on display, all of Thomas A. Edison's inventions, the costumes of every era in our national history, and other things too numerous to mention. The Spirit of St. Louis, Lindbergh's plane, was there and was much smaller than I had expected. The Congressional Library, built of brown-gray marble, the finest library building in the world, was extremely interesting. The murals and mosaics, symbolical of the muses, are among the most beautiful in the world. Here also is the newly completed shrine which contains the original draft of the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and other Priceless documents.

In the U. S. Capital we visited the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives--while in session--and the old Supreme Court.

We viewed with pleasure the rotunda of the Capital and its many wonderful paintings.

Crossing the New Arlington Memorial Bridge over the Potomac River, we entered the State of Virginia and arrived at the Arlington National Cemetery, the last resting place of many of our nation's heroes. We went through the home of General Robert E. Lee, stopped at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of World War I, which stands on the steps as you go up to the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre--a wonderful building costing millions of dollars. We viewed with sorrow the cemetery of the soldiers who died in the first great war, each grave being marked with a small white marble tombstone; the graves stretching as far as the eye can see.

We drove to Mount Vernon where we had ample time to see the interior of the mansion with all its old fashioned furnishings. On the extensive grounds there were buildings for each activity of the household. As we started to visit Washington's Tomb, we were told to go quietly as we were treading on holy ground. The children seemed to sense the sacredness of the occasion and walked very quietly with their parents. Reaching the tomb, we stood in silent reverence and wondered why one so noble should have so plain a tomb, which is entirely of steel built above the ground. The caskets of Washington and wife are placed inside a solid metal sarcophagus, mounted upon a steel platform surrounded by a strong lattice work with heavy grilled doors.

On our return to Washington, we visited the Lincoln Memorial which was built through the contributions of the forty-eight states. The names of the contributing states are engraved on the cornice around the outside of the building. Our journey took us next to Annapolis, which is the U. S. Naval Academy on Chesapeake Bay. We spent some time in the museum viewing a

display of all kinds of old weapons, coins, uniforms, etc., and then we went through the Mess Ship, watched the Negro Cadets march with precision to their lunch, and finally watched some ships as they sailed off to the east.

We drove through Baltimore at night--the only time Roy was not sure of his directions--to Philadelphia where the Republican National Convention was held. We registered at the Hotel which served us for twenty-five dollars a day, with a place to sleep, a bath, and convenience for preparing light refreshment. We visited the headquarters of the convention and then took a sight seeing bus which took us to Independence Hall where the first Continental Congress was held and where the Declaration of Independence was written. The table upon which the Declaration was signed still intact. Flags of all nations were on display. There were enlarged photographs of all U. S. Government officials, civil and military and other prominent individuals. The old Liberty Bell, a very large heavy iron bell, swung in a very heavy iron frame. The total weight being fourteen tons. The patch on the bell where it was cracked is very crude. In the Christ Church, founded in 1695, all the colonial governors and noted people of that time had their pew where they worshipped. Many are now buried in the Church burial ground. The home of Betsy Ross, first maker of the American Flag, is here supposedly as she left it----it is a good sample of pioneer life.

Traveling through the park, where the first International Fair was held in 1876, we saw a few of the buildings and statues that are still standing among the trees and flowers. This park is eight by twenty-two miles and is located on the north of the city.

Near here is the school for fatherless boys of Philadelphia, founded by a Mr. Girard and all of the expenses of every kind are paid by himself. The capacity of the school is eleven hundred pupils. The fish aquarium with fish of every kind and size in a glass pool with running water, and the Museum of Art with its varied art of every kind and description was especially delightful and entertaining.

We enjoyed a very pleasant drive shaded by lovely trees, shrubs, and flowers and Valley Forge, northwest of Philadelphia in the southern part of the state. Here is a lovely church, a memorial to the soldiers who suffered and died for freedom's sake, and a log cabin--Washington's headquarters. The National Memorial Peace Chime Carillon, the most perfect set of bells in the world, fill the air of Valley Forge with music of religion and patriotism, familiar hymns and patriotic airs are played every hour, on the hour, from 10 A. M. until 5 P. M. At sunset the National Anthem fills hill and dale with its stirring strains. There is one shaft, however, making a point where many were buried and a monument with a plaque, where on is inscribed a few words of their history. There is no sign of graves, as time and the elements have eliminated all trace. Valley Forge is a national shrine. No buildings, neither public or private are permitted. The whole landscape is a monument to the dead.

From here we traveled on to New York over the Hudson Bridge. We registered at the St. James Hotel and then took a sight-seeing bus. We went to the top of the Empire State Building, the highest building in the world--one hundred and two stories high--from where we could see the country all around. Far out to sea, if the visibility is good, one may see the many docks along the Hudson where the ships from all over the world would may be seen at regular intervals. I had the good fortune to see

the beautiful French liner "Normandie" and the English "Queen Mary."
We drove through the East Side of New York where the poor people live, around Columbia University and its buildings, over to Grant's Tomb-- a most beautiful and expensive edifice--built by the state of New York. We drove through Fifth Avenue where the wealthy people of New York live, down through Central Park where we viewed beautiful homes of the rich and, finally, saw the wonderful Catholic Church, Saint Patricks, on Fifth Avenue. We spent some time at Radio City, where we saw many wonderful things. A guide showed us the wonders of electricity, television, and of the theater. We visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that has been over fifty years in building, and will require thirty more years to complete. It will be a marvel of beauty. We next drove through the business part of New York and saw many large, wonderful buildings. Down in the harbor of New York, we viewed from the shore the Statue of Liberty. Also we could see Ellis Island, where all immigrants are detained for health examinations. We visited the quarters aquarium for sea animals, which proved to be very interesting for both ourselves and for the children.

Taking the subway, we visited the site of the New York's Worlds Fair, which had formerly been under the sea and had been reclaimed for this purpose. The fair grounds were near where my father was born and raised. Here we took a self-propelling chair and were whelld around from one place of interest to another. The fair was so immense and beautiful it was impossible to see but a portion of it, let alone describe it.

We drove up Riverside Drive, a paved road wide enough for six or seven cars to drive abreast, over the Washington Suspension Bridge into New Jersey. We continued on through New Jersey and New York to Niagra Falls. We viewed the falls from both the American and Canadian sides, and the imposing vista is too beautiful to properly describe. We followed the north side of Lake Erie to Detroit, where we had trouble being admitted to the good old U. S. A. The part of Canada thru which we travelled was much the same as the eastern states. From Detroit we drove to Chicago located on Lake Michigan where Lillian, Roy, Mary, and Glenn had attended the Chicago Universities. Here we stayed a few days while Lillian and Roy lived again their school days. We spent the fourth of July taking an electric boat ride on the lake, doing a little shopping, and spending some time in the Field Museum where you can see everything from the year B. A. D. to the present of men, animal, fish, fowl, and bird.

We now traveled through the great corn fields of the northwest. We crossed the Mississippi River at Muscatine into Iowa, and continued on through the dry wheat fields of Nebraska to Cheyenne, Wyoming and on to Hanna where Glenn practice for some time a physician and surgeon.

At Fort Bridger we tried to locate the graves of the Saints buried there in 1856-57--fifteen in one grave, including Aunt Mary's husband, Paul Jacobwen, husband of grandfather Jensen's second wife, the only grandmother we ever knew. There were no signs of any graves or records of any kind. There was, however, a large museum of early day pioneer relics which we examined with great pleasure. From Fort Bridger we came to Salt Lake City, having travelled nearly seven hundred miles that day. From Salt Lake to Parowan we experienced the warmest weather of the trip from June 13th to July 7th, 1940.

I was married to Orson Owen Orton, July 2nd, 1890, by President Anthon H. Lund in the Manti Temple. John Morgan and Thomas Higgs were witnesses.

We were blessed with seven children:

Roland	Born August 21, 1891
Orson Winston	Born June 25, 1893
John Frank	Born November 2, 1895
Lillian	Born July 11, 1898
Mary	Born March 22, 1902
Glenn Bayles	Born May 20, 1905
Lollin D.	Born May 6, 1909

Though always poor we managed to help the children obtain as good an education as the times and deucational facilities permitted. All our children have been very kind and attentive to my wants, and have tried to make my life pleasant and happy. What would our life be without our children?

"Into each life some rain must fall, and sorrow becomes the lot of all."

Of my brothers and sisters the following have passed away:

	Herman Dagget Bayles	Died June 13, 1936
	Ency C. Bayles	Died October 11, 1897
	Eva K. Bayles	Died May 28, 1883
	Sarah E. Bayles	Died July 30, 1874
My husband	Orson Owen Orton	Died Frbruary 7, 1927
	Roland Orton	Died July 14, 1933
	John Frank Orton	Died November 22, 1895

"The passing of Loved Ones we always regret.

And fervently wish they might be with us yet

In memory ever they will be with us here

In dreams they will visit to comfort and cheer

Their influence holy our souls will prepare
Throughout life eternal their presence to share."

As a child, I loved to read the Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, also the Book of Mormon, and I was impressed by the words of Moroni wherein he says, that if we will read it with a prayerful heart and a desire to know we will be blessed with a testimony that the book is true. I can say that I have been blessed accordingly. I have always been interested in geneology and temple work for the dead. I have tried to back up this interest with both work in the temple and money to the extent of \$70 Plus.

We are the architects of our own lives, not only of our life here, but of the life to come in the eternity. We, and we alone, are promised blessings predicated upon our own actions. There is not power given to the evil on to destroy the souls of man if we are doing our duty. If we live as we should and serve the Lord, he will bless us with the testimony of the still small voice of revelation, that will guide us in matters that pertain to our own life,

My prayer is that we will all live and strive to do right, that the Lord will forgive everything we have done that was not right and all that we should have done, but failed to do, and that we may eventually be worthy of the Pearl of Great Price--Eternal Life.

On the 14th of January, 1942, I was operated on for appendicitis. Through the blessing of the Lord and the skill of my son, Glenn, the wonderful care I received in the hospital, I have no memory of any pain. I have enjoyed good health since, although I was near my seventy-sixth birthday.

"Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown
Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's past gleam is gone,
Only waiting till thee our Father calls his lonely daughter
home."