

## Autobiography of Isaac Riddle



Isaac Riddle

My father was John Riddle, and my mother Elizabeth Stewart. I was born on the 22nd day of March 1830 in Boone County, Kentucky.

When I was between the age of three and four years my father sold his homestead in Boone County, Kentucky, and moved to the western part of the state of Tennessee, where he bought land and built a home near the Ohio River. However, this was not a healthy spot, and we did not remain there more than three years. We then moved to Hickman County, Kentucky, near the Mississippi River, where father built again, and where we remained for seven years.

My father was always a great reader, and it was while living in Hickman County, Kentucky that he read the Book of Mormon and "A Voice of Warning" and became fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel. In the summer of 1843 two Mormon elders came to our community to preach, and by them father and mother were baptized. Shortly after, two

sisters and a brother were also baptized.

The following winter my father again broke up his home and moved to a spot near Nauvoo. Here he began to build another home, and here we were first harassed by the enemies of the Gospel, called the "mobbers of Illinois." In the summer of the first year near Nauvoo, father and myself and my brother James H. Riddle worked every tenth day making oak shingles for the roof of the Nauvoo Temple.

On the 15th day of June, 1844, having become convinced of the truth of the Gospel, I was baptized and confirmed by Zachariah Wilson.

In the fall we were forced to break up our home again, being driven out by the "mobbers." We went into Nauvoo. That summer was a very hard one. The mob was out continuously, over-running the country and killing stock and burning houses. Whenever a man who professed to be a Mormon was found out alone he was cruelly beaten and tarred and feathered. This was the summer that the Prophet and the Patriarch were killed at Carthage. On that day, the 27th of June, 1844, I was at work just six miles away. It was a most terrible time. I cannot tell how we felt.

I was then a boy of fourteen, large for my years, and a good hand at most every kind of work that boys were accustomed to do. When we were driven from our home in the fall of 1844 and went to Nauvoo we left a large field of wheat in the shock, and another field of good corn standing. Looking for more peaceful quarters, we met James Emmett, a friend of the Prophet, who had been called to fill a mission to the tribes of Indians

in the north and northwest. We joined his party and pulled out north through Iowa and along the Iowa River, among the Sioux Indians and the Fox Indians.

My father had a family consisting of ten, four boys and four girls, and on that trip we suffered many hardships. I was but a boy, and yet for the greater part of that three-year trip I spent most of the time hunting and fishing in order to get enough meat to keep the family alive. My father was not a good hunter, and consequently he took care of the teams and camps and dressed the skins of the wild animals I shot. The winter of 1844-45 was so severe that game was very scarce. Many a time I remember that one squirrel or duck was divided between the four families that constituted the party. Our rations ran short, and for sometime we lived on one half-pint of corn per day to each individual.

In the spring we went up the river to a point near the present situation of Omaha, then we left the Iowa River and travelled west by north for two hundred miles to the Missouri River. We went through much good uninhabited country, and crossed many fine streams of water from which we obtained plenty of fish of different kinds. On the Missouri we found the buffalo, and during that summer we had plenty of meat. But when winter came the buffalo went away, and again we had hard times. The snow was very deep, clothing was scarce, and for a bed we had a buffalo robe apiece.

[Editor's Note: Isaac was fifth of the eleven children born to John and Elizabeth Stewart Riddle. The youngest child was born in Indian Country, now South Dakota, on 11 March 1845 during the difficult

time Isaac has just described. They named him Joseph.]

In the spring we went down the Missouri River and near the present site of Omaha we met the first immigrants from Nauvoo, the saints having been driven from that city in the winter of 1845-46. While there we received a demand from our government for five hundred of our ablest men to go to Mexico, and we believed it was a trap. Nevertheless our loyal leader President Brigham Young said: "We will furnish the men, and those who go and live their religion shall not have a gun fired at them." The five hundred men went, and that prophecy was fulfilled.

I wanted to go, and volunteered, but on account of my age I was not allowed to go. Instead I was sent up the Platte River for the far west with another company. At the old Pawnee Station we stopped for the winter and fortunately we were able there to mature and harvest some crops abandoned by others who had been frightened away by Indians. We made friends with the Puncaw Indians and were comfortably located during that winter.

In the spring of 1847 the company made Winter Quarters and there disbanded, some settling in and around Omaha and others going to nearby places. At this time we had been travelling for about three years, and were in a destitute condition. We therefore obtained work and during the summer and fall of that year replenished our stock of clothes and other necessities of life. We were getting along fairly well, but in the winter father was called on a mission to Kentucky and I, his oldest son, was left with a large family to look after. This I did successfully for two years; and when father returned in 1850,

and saw how well the family had been cared for, and the good condition our belongings were in, he said, "Well, boys, now it's for Utah!"

We began the journey in July, crossing the Missouri on the 12th day of that month, 1850. I was then twenty years old, and was elected by the company with which we travelled to hunt wild meat. When we struck the Platte River we followed the old trail of the California gold hunters. A company on its way to the Golden Gate had journeyed along that way a few weeks ahead of us, and the trail was marked here and there with the newly-made graves of its members who had died with the cholera. It was not long before this dread disease struck our company, and quite a number were taken away by it. Father took it, but he had had it once before, and directed mother and myself how to take care of him. He suffered much, but by our ministrations and prayers he recovered.

On the 15th of September 1850, we reached Salt Lake City, then a small village where there were a few log cabins, adobe houses, sagebrush, and myriads of black crickets that ate up all the green stuff that grew.

Our stay in Salt Lake City was very brief. Only a few days after our arrival we went north to Ogden, where Captain Brown and a few others had located the year before. We erected a log cabin in the fort site, and that fall father and I worked for Loren Farr and Charles Hubbard on a contract to build, or rather dig, a trench for a sawmill. In the winter we moved north a few miles with about two hundred head of cattle belonging to the Ogden settlers, and wintered them there.

The first outbreak of trouble with the Indians occurred in the

fall of 1850. The Shoshone Indians got bad and came around Ogden, and though we had no great battle with them, still one Indian and one white man were killed. Then the Indians went into the mountains for the winter and we saw nothing more of them until the following fall.

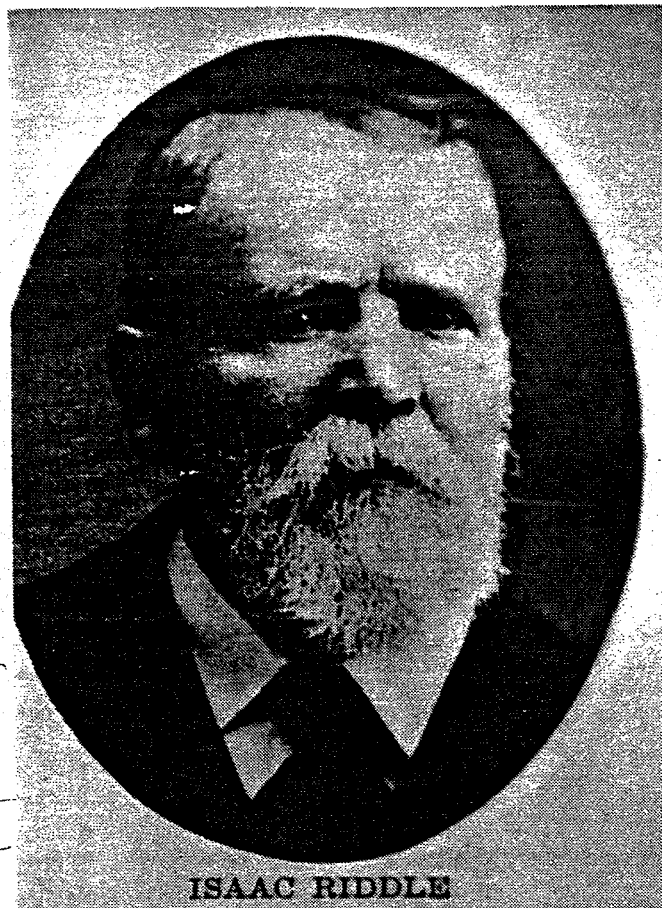
When we returned the wintered cattle to Ogden in the spring of 1851, we returned to the location where we had spent the winter, and there took up a farm and planted crops. This was our first experience with irrigation, and our first crop raised in Utah was a good one. It was a problem, however, to know how to harvest it. We had an old cradle scythe, but the teeth were broken out of it, and in order to get pieces to fit it for teeth we could have to go into the mountains. Now it had been ordered by the President, Brigham Young, that no one should go into the mountains because of the Indians, and we were therefore reluctant about going. I offered to go, but father refused to let me venture. Yet there was the grain standing ready to be mowed and nothing to mow it with, so one day I stole away by myself, unarmed, and I had no idea there really were Indians about, but there were those wiser than I as I soon learned, for it was not long before I met nine Indians face to face, and I was frightened. But I thought it best to brave it out--there was nothing else to do--and going up to them I shook hands with them and they talked to me but neither of us understood what the other was saying. They then passed by me and I gathered my pieces for the scythe and returned. Then we mowed our first crop raised by means of irrigation, and as we were

finishing it word came from Ogden that the Indians I had passed were peace envoys to the Shoshones, and that there was to be no more trouble.

On the sixth day of March, 1853, I married Miss Mary Ann Levi, and that summer worked on a ferry on Bear River eighty miles north of Salt Lake City, clearing \$1,500.00 which I invested in fifty acres of improved land and horses and cattle. The fall and winter passed happily and on the 6th of March 1854 one year from the day of my marriage, my first boy was born. He did not live, and my wife became very ill so that I was distracted with grief. And in this heavy time when my heart was like a weight of lead in my breast, a call came from President Brigham Young to go on a mission to Southern Utah among the Indians. My wife was hardly expected to live, and it was the trial of my life to go and leave her in the condition she was in, but it was the call of the Lord, and I felt as if it had to be obeyed. So I picked up and went, trusting in the Lord for help and guidance.

My partner was Jacob Hamblin, and together we travelled three hundred miles to the southern part of the state of Utah among the Piute Indians. The best and hardest ten years of my life I put in on that mission. The little I had made was soon gone, and it was not long before I did not have a coat for my back; but though it was hard and I was poor and there were many dangers and hardships, still I lived through it and learned to bless the Lord for what it taught me.

We travelled and preached to Indians, and in the summer of 1855 and 1856 we baptized about two hundred. We built a small fort on the Santa Clara River among the Piutes and taught them



ISAAC RIDDLE

how to work and build, to raise crops by means of irrigation, to observe Sunday as a sacred day, and to pray. It is a singular fact that when they had learned the principles of the Gospel they had more faith than did many white people who had had more chances to learn.

From the country of the Piutes we began to extend our efforts, and in the summer of 1857 went as far as the Colorado River, but there we found the Indians were of a treacherous disposition and did not stay with them long. We travelled across the Vegas desert, and on one of these trips we came near to perishing. In going from Eldorado Canyon to Las Vegas we got lost and for some time we wandered around trying to find the trail, and not until we were nearly exhausted and the men and horses were ready to drop for want of water, did we find our

way out.

The summer of 1858 was spent among the Piutes improving the small Indian farms, building, and in exploring the country to the south. We went through the deserts and mountains south to Arizona and east to the Colorado line. In the fall I returned to Salt Lake City and Ogden and sold my farm putting the proceeds in a saw mill on the Santa Clara when I returned. Until the fall of 1860 my time was divided between the Indians and my lumber business, my travels taking me over a large area of country extending from the Muddy and Virgin Rivers in eastern Utah to the Las Vegas country in Nevada. Then in the fall of 1860 I was called to build a boat to be used in crossing the Colorado River in order that we might go among the Moquich and Navajo Indians.

I built a flat-bottom boat and in company with eight others made for the Colorado. The eight of us were: Jacob Hamblin, Amos Thornton, G. McConnell, Thales Haskell, George A. Smith, Ira Hatch, James Pearce and myself, with Enos the little Ute guide who went along with us. We carried the boat with us on a wagon for a long distance, but because there was no road and the mountain passes were rough we had to abandon it and go on without it. We crossed the Colorado at the old Ute Pass and went on into a fine grassy country, but the water was scarce and we soon found that it was very difficult to make our way from spring to spring that marked the trail. We were making for the Moquich Indian villages, but had not gone far when we were surrounded by Navajo Indians. They appeared friendly and we talked to them and told them where we were going, (our guide acting as interpreter) but

they tried to dissuade us. We insisted, however, and then they told us that they would not let us go. They were very friendly about it, or appeared to be, and we were not frightened or apprehensive but soon we noticed that we were being surrounded by many Indians, too many to count, until it seemed as if there were hundreds of them. There were probably in all about three hundred. We had kept our horses together, three of the company being detailed to watch them, but one of the horses broke away from the rest and ran around a little hill out of sight. Young Smith immediately rode after it and some of the Indians followed him. One of the boys, seeing this, also followed and saw the Indians catch up with Smith and take his six-shooter away from him and shoot him in the back. They shot him four times with the revolver, and also three or four times with arrows. The braves hearing the shots became frightened and left us and headed for the hills. We took Smith down to the spring, but could do nothing for him, and that evening when we were on the way back along the trail we had come, he breathed his last. We were still in great danger for the Indians wanted the stuff we had in our packs and followed close at our heels. In the distance we could see three mountain peaks that marked the dividing line between the land belonging to these Indians and the tribe of Navajos whose chief was the friendly Spanashank. We knew that if we could pass those peaks we would be safe, for the Indians would not dare to go into the territory ruled by Spanashank. It was a very difficult proposition, however, for they were eager for the stuff we had, especially our rifles and ammunition, and if

they could have done so without danger to themselves they would have killed all of us. A little accident was perhaps the only thing that saved us. On one of the mules Hamblin had a kettle filled with trinkets which he had intended to trade to the Indians. Something frightened this mule, and he began to kick and buck; the top of the kettle came loose, and the mule ran away from us, and making a circle of about half a mile, scattered these trinkets in the grass as he ran. The Indians, seeing this, followed it and scattered themselves along the route it had taken, hunting for the trinkets. In the meantime we made good time in getting away and before they could again catch up with us and finally made our camp and for the first time that day built a fire and had something to eat.

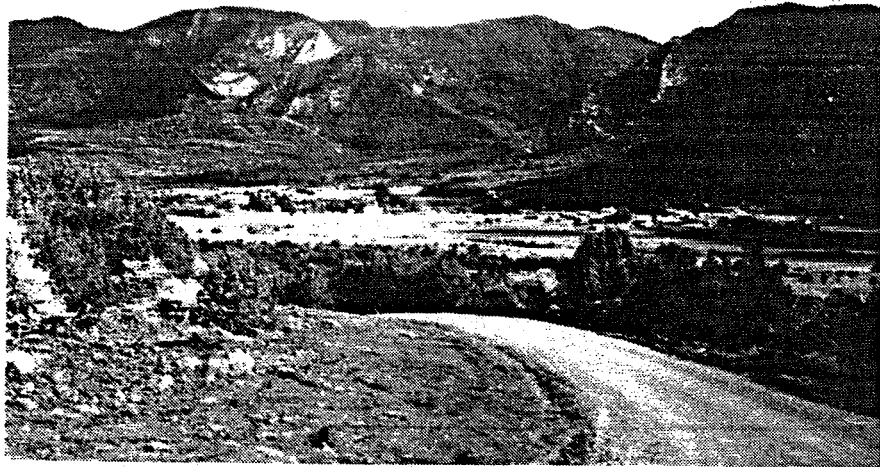
That night the war chief of these Indians came up to us and told us that if we would trade with him his braves would not attempt to follow us farther. We did so, and in the morning we gathered together what things the Indians had not taken from us when they surrounded us on the back trail, and went on into the country of Spanashank. Late that evening we made the camp of Spanashank, where he and about forty of his warriors and their families were located. This old Indian chief was an odd-looking fellow. He was very short and stout with an extra large head. When we rode into his camp, the first words he uttered were a scolding for not coming to him as soon as we struck that country, instead of going on among the bad Indians, whose only desire was to rob and kill. We stayed with Spanashank and his warriors for a day and traded to them all the things that we could spare, getting a

good price for everything we let them have. Then we left, and after a hard journey came safely home.

On the return I learned for the first time from our Indian guide and interpreter that the bad Indians who had surrounded us really wanted something more than our packs. He told me that some time previous a company had passed through their country and killed some of their braves; that I looked like the captain of that company, and that they wanted me and Haskell delivered to them that they might be revenged by killing us. They wanted Haskell because he was a friend of the Moquich Indians. The interpreter told them that we were big men and had lots of friends and brothers on the other side of the river, and that if we were killed our friends and brothers would come over and there would be a big war. By much talk along this line he changed their purpose, and we were saved. We learned later that the real reason why these Indians were so unfriendly was because a company of United States Soldiers from Camp Floyd had passed through their land a short time previous, and for some trifling reason had killed an entire band of Navajos. Previous to this Colorado trip I had contemplated a trip into California and I now made preparations, after a few weeks rest, to carry out my plans. This was principally a trading journey, and I took with me, besides my span of horse and wagon, five head of bulls and a wagon load of various useful articles. This trip took me six months, and is worthy of remembrance by reason of the fact that at that time I experienced a personal manifestation of the nearness which my religion brought me to



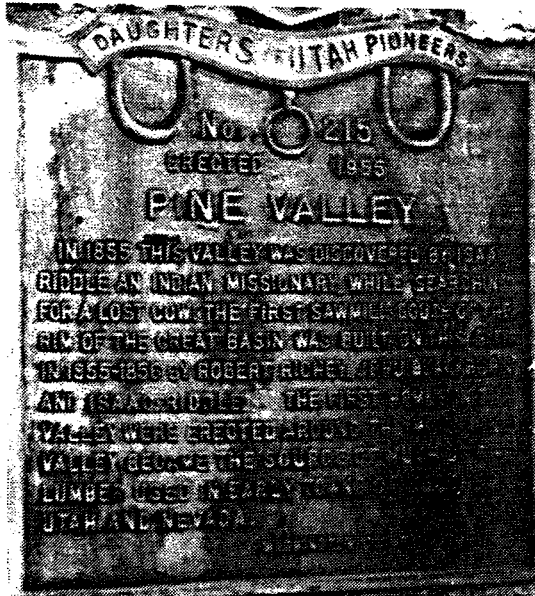
Pine Valley, Utah,  
discovered by  
Isaac Riddle



God. I was on my way back and had reached San Bernadino when one of the prolonged, heavy rainstorms frequent in that region overtook us. Being unprepared for inclement weather I got wet and was stricken down with a severe attack of pneumonia. I do not remember of ever being ill before, and this case went very hard with me. It seemed to me that I was on the brink of death and I realized how far I was away from home and friends. Some kind people seeing my position took me in and cared for me, but it looked as if there was no hope. I had none, and I doubt not that those people thought that they were doing a kindness to one who was about to set out on that longer journey from whence there is no returning. One night, when thoughts of death were crowding in upon me, and I was longing for a familiar face, and the pain and suffering were something more than I could bear, I said to myself that if there were some elders of our church who could administer to me I would surely get well. No sooner had the thought entered my mind when a small voice close to my ear said, "Why not do it

yourself? You have the authority." Inspiration, or an angel's voice, I know not what it was, but forthwith I acted upon the suggestion. I raised my arms and placed my hands on my brow, and prayed. And I saw, as I prayed, a halo of light appear above me, and it descended and settled upon my brow and I knew that I was healed, that God had made a manifestation of His power to me and had touched me, and I was whole, and the dread disease was driven out of my body. The next morning, after a night of peaceful sleep, I arose well and strong and pursued my journey.

Thanks to the living God, who hears and answers prayers when His children humble themselves before Him! I can truly testify that He lives. I have often seen His power made manifest. Many times I have been healed by the administrations of the elders of the Latter-day Saint Church. And many have been healed under my hands. And I thank the God of Heaven for the truth of the Gospel, and for the principles of the Gospel revealed to His Latter-day prophets. I am truly thankful that I live in this dispensation of the world, when



D.U.P. monument in Pine valley.

Beaver City March 9<sup>th</sup> 72  
 Mary Dear Wife

I now enclose to you  
 a few sorrowful lines  
 this evening at 35 minutes to 8 o'clock  
 Mary child departed this life to the great  
 sorrow of many friends she had a bad spell  
 of 18 days I wanted to have her  
 there before now I hope your neighbors  
 & friends under the circum. stances will see  
 you well cared for Dear Children be  
 kind to mother for when mother is gone  
 childrens nearest friend is you  
 find what my 4 cum up there in a few days  
 from your affectionate husband & father  
 Isaac Riddle

Letter from Isaac to Mary Roland telling of Mary Ann Levi's death.

the Lord has seen fit to restore the principles of everlasting salvation to the children of men, and that I had the privilege to hear and the heart to obey. I have a name and place with His people, and I humbly ask the Lord to help me to so live that I may always have His spirit to guide me to the truth. Through the favor and grace of the Lord I have been blessed with a large family, in which I have always taken a just pride.

My first child, a boy, George, lived but two weeks. Our next child, a girl, Mary Ann, named after my first wife Mary Ann Levi, was born on the 7th day of December 1855 and lived for nearly twelve years. On the 17th day of December, 1857, my wife presented me with another boy, Isaac J. Riddle, who is still living and who has a large family of his own. The next, a boy J.M. Riddle, was born July 11, 1859, and he also has a large family. Madora, a girl, was born January 9, 1861; followed by Laura, born the 28th of December 1863. The two last-named girls and their older sister Mary Ann died in the fall of 1867.

[Editor's note: Mary Ann

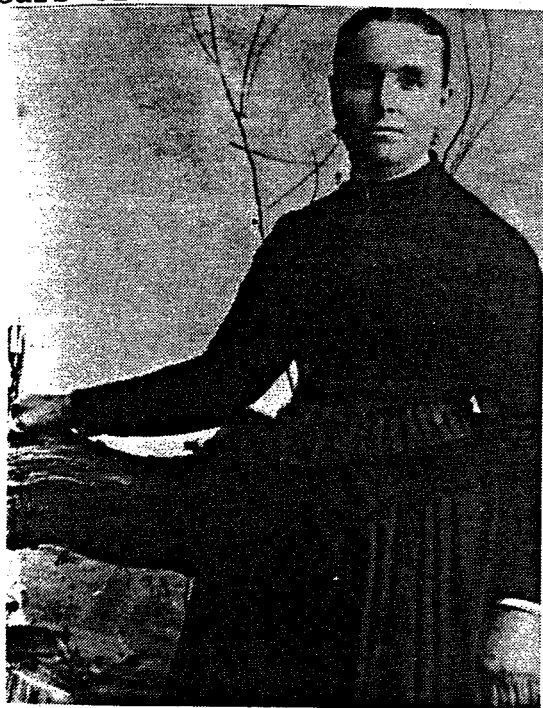
Levi Riddle, Isaac's first wife, was living with her five children in Beaver in the fall of 1867 when her three daughters died in a diphtheria epidemic. She had not had vigorous health and had been a semi-invalid since the birth of the youngest daughter. She never fully recovered from the loss of her three little girls, and died in 1872, survived by her two young sons. Isaac took the two boys to live with his second wife, Mary Roland James Riddle.]

I married for my second wife, Mrs. Mary Roland James, a young widow who had two children that I raised and schooled as I did all my own children. The second wife bore me five children: Franzina, Thomas James, Minerva, Effie May, and William Adelbert. The two little girls who belonged to my second wife before I married her were May E. James and Elizabeth M. James. Franzina, our oldest girl was born May 19, 1862. Thomas James was born April 2, 1866; Minerva, on January 14, 1869; Effie May, March 17, 1872; and William Adelbert on April 5, 1874. The last two died at the ages of 18 months and one month, respectively. Franzina married



M. M. Stephens, and Minerva married John Nowers.

I married Mary Ann Eagles, my third wife, on the 29th of August, 1863. She bore me seven children: Lydia Ann, born September 15, 1866, who married Andrew N. Holdaway when she was eighteen; Safrona, born February 15, 1869, and died May 5, 1877; Lillie Cornelia, born February 19, 1871, and when nineteen years of age married Warren Holdaway. Wallace M. was born December 24, 1872. Charles E. was born February 23, 1874. John E. was born February 25, 1876, and Isaac A. was born April 10, 1879, and died when he was eight years old.



Mary Caroline Langford

My fourth wife was Mary Caroline Langford, who left her first husband in 1879 because he had taken to heavy drinking and would not live the life of a saint.

After my return from California I was very busy with my farm work, lumbering, and missionary work with the Indians. The last took a great deal of time, in fact most of

it, yet I was able to carry on my personal affairs in a very successful way. I had several minor affairs with the Indians in which I thought more than once that I would have to kill in order to save myself. But fortunately I managed each time to escape, either through my quickness and bravery or through tact, for I could speak well the Indian language and understood, by that time, the ways of Indians.

In the fall of 1862 I made another trip across the Colorado, and this time I reached in safety the villages of the Moquich Indians. These Indians have always been of a peaceful, industrious nature, unlike the Navajos and Apaches. They built houses in villages, and lived together, raised crops, and so forth. Their houses are built on a square fort plan, one story above another, and the entrance is at the top, one going from the top story to the bottom. They received my comrade and myself in a very friendly way, gave us of their provisions, and showed us a very hospitable spirit and a disposition to be on friendly terms with us.

Before I again visited this people a heavy famine came to them and they lost about three hundred. It was in the fall of 1864 that Jacob Hamblin and myself and six others undertook to perform a mission to them to preach to them and instruct them in the principles of the Gospel. It was on this trip that we had another evidence that God was with us. We crossed the Colorado River on a raft at the point where Lee's Ferry was later constructed, and struck across the country on the old Ute trail. But it had been a dry season and we passed first one empty water hole and then



The "Big Field" that Isaac Riddle fenced in John's Valley.

another until it looked as if there was no water in the country at all. We kept on in the hope that when the big rock water tank which we knew through our previous visit (when young George A. Smith was killed) and which was in the country of Spanashank, should be reached that we would have plenty of water. But when we came to it, it was empty and we were in sore straits for we were greatly in need of water. We now knew that there was no water on this trail for a distance of fifty miles. Then Hamblin asked me if I thought I could find the spring where old Spanashank was camped the first time we met him. I was not sure, but I said I would try. Leaving the company, I climbed up a high, steep mountain which the trail skirted, telling the boys to go on and I would, from the top, get our course and meet them on the other side. It was difficult climbing, but by dint of much hard work, crawling part of the time on my hands and knees, I reached the summit. Then, when I looked over, lo! there before me, almost within arm's reach, lay a clear pool of rain water. I took a drink of it, and a

little farther on discovered two larger pools, sufficient for the whole company and all our horses. The descent from the other side was easy and we found that we could lead the horses up to the larger pool. When we had drunk our fill and attended to our horses, we knelt down and returned thanks to God for our deliverance.

Our journey from that point to the villages of the Moquich Indians was made in safety and comfort, thanks to the beneficence of God. Once at our journey's end we established ourselves with them for the winter and did our best to help them in many ways, and to preach to them and to instruct them in the teachings of the Everlasting Gospel.

On our return in the month of March we had an experience that impressed me very much. While crossing the desert from the Moquich villages, we anticipated that when we reached the rocks containing the pools of water where we had succored a short time before, we would again find water. What was our surprise and horror, therefore, to discover on reaching them that there was not a drop of

water in any of them. Having crossed a fifty-mile desert we were in sore need of water, both for ourselves and for our animals, and as we had another fifty miles of desert to travel before reaching the Colorado River, it was most essential that we have water.

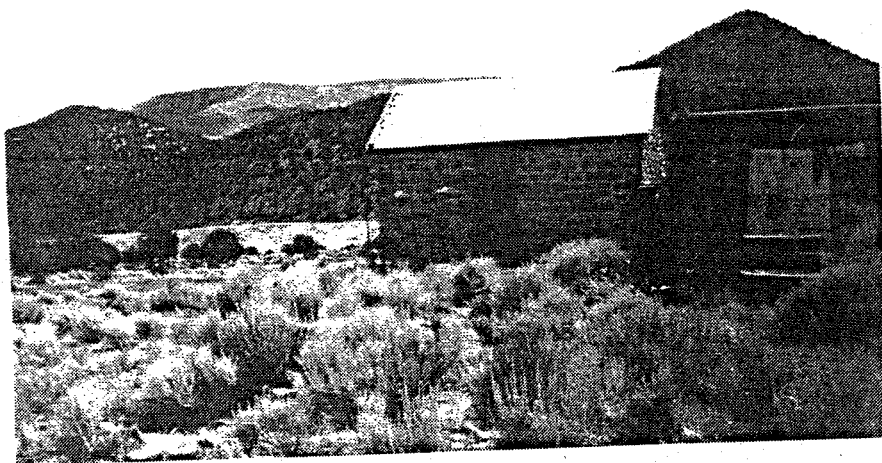
Hamblin suggested that we search for the Navajo Spring, as we had intended to do when we first found the pools, and this we decided to do, but inasmuch as it was seven or eight miles away, and would take us a day out of our course, we concluded that it would be better to continue to search for a pool of water. It was then almost night, and we thought of putting in the evening in the search, and if we should fail then we would make for the spring in the morning. We separated and went in different directions. I climbed to the top of the mountain near the place where we had previously discovered the pools. Nothing was to be found there, but there was a good view of the surrounding country, and for some time I sat and looked about me. While I sat there the realization of the seriousness of our position came to me, and I knelt down on the bare rock and prayed. I told the Lord of our situation: that we had been called on that trip by those who had been appointed to lead His people, and that we were there to try to do good and for the advancement of His work, and that in the performance of our duty we had been sent into a desert country where there was neither food nor water. I placed myself in His hands and humbly implored His aid. And my prayer was answered, for no sooner had I arisen from my knees that I beheld in the northwest a tiny cloud, and while I watched it, it grew from a speck to a

cumulus cloud, and I could see it was moving directly for us. I descended from the mountain and called to the boys and showed them the approaching cloud. Whereupon all were pleased and returned thanks to God. In a very short time the cloud was over us, and it snowed, and the snow melted and filled the pools. It was a miracle.

The next day, having plenty of water, we rested. On the following day we resumed our journey to the Colorado. We found the raft on which we had crossed, and once on the other side of the river we took up the trail to the Buckskin Mountain and the Pipe Springs. At one time on that journey we thought we were lost, but I was very familiar with that part of the country and through my knowledge we were able to come safely through, though three or four of the boys, thinking we were really lost, left us and got off the trail and reached Pipe Springs several days behind us.

There at Pipe Spring was located old Doc Whitmore, who had cattle and sheep. Several years later he was killed by the Indians. Young MacIntyre was also killed there, and the Berg boys and their mother. Many times I have been over the same trail, and on the same ground, where Indians have killed many white people. I have often stood and contemplated these things. Many times I have run very close chances, and more than once thought that I stood on the edge of things, but my protecting angel was always with me.

In the spring of 1864 I was released from my Indian mission by Apostle Erastus Snow. At this time I had quite a family, three wives and eight children, and I felt that it was now necessary to get together some of the goods of this world in order to



Stone building built  
by Isaac Riddle at  
the Bear Creek Ranch,  
still standing today.

support them.

I moved in June to Pine Creek, eighteen miles north of Beaver City, close to the subsequent location of the Cove Creek Fort. There I ranched successfully for ten years, when I went into the United Order and lost about \$6,000.00 Later when the United Order became insolvent, I was chosen to take charge of the stock and turn the company into a Co-operative Company. This I did and those who had credit in the Order got stock in the Co-op. I was superintendent for two years, and had charge of the herd for ten years. The business was fairly conducted, and was successful. This business occupied me for some twelve years, when I went to the junction of the east and west forks of the Sevier River and there built a gristmill which, in connection with an adjoining farm, I ran for several years.

Then I was called to join a party on its way to Arizona for the purpose of exploring that country. We had a very hard trip, and to make it worse I was ill most of the time, but with

the help of God we got through all right and did the work which we were sent to perform.

On our return I went to St. George, and there helped to build the St. George Temple, and when that Temple was finished and dedicated I was informed by the clerks that no man in the church had a larger donation therein to his credit than I. I was not expecting anything of this kind, but when the word came to me I was pleased.

The Logan Temple came next, erected at a cost of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in that building I think there are but two men who have larger donations than I. I think I have nearly four thousand dollars donation in the Manti Temple, and in all I believe I have spent in Temple building and temple work about fifteen thousand dollars.

In 1887, after several years in the sheep and lumber business during which time I lost much money through the manipulations of dishonest parties, I moved my family to Manti. There, for about ten years, myself and

family were engaged in Temple work for the dead. We did the work for some nine thousand of our Riddle ancestors, whose names were obtained from the Riddle genealogy, running back in the past for a period of ten hundred and twenty-seven years. In this work I was greatly blessed, and had many strong manifestations of the goodness of the work in which I was engaged. Money could not buy from me the pleasure this work gave, and the great joy that we had in that work is better felt than told.

During the time of my Manti temple work, I bought a little home in Provo in order to have my boys and girls near the Brigham Young Academy. It had always been one of the greatest desires of my life to see my boys and girls well educated. There is nothing I would not sacrifice for them, for I love them. I also joined the company which built the Springville Roller Mills, later buying the other members of the company out and running it myself.

And in this year of the Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-

eight, when this sketch of my life is written, and I am near the mark of three score years and ten, I have built a little home in the Third Ward at Provo and there I intend to spend the remainder of my days. (This concludes Isaac's own words about his life.)

Shortly after the death of Mary Ann Eagles in 1899, Isaac's health began to fail. He suffered a great deal with rheumatism and paralysis, and for the last five years of his life was an invalid. For four years he was in a totally helpless state. He lost his eyesight, and when he died he was totally blind. His will, dated the 23rd day of March 1905, was signed with an "X." During these years he was cared for by his daughters Lillie Holdaway and Julia Franzina Stephens. Isaac died on 1 September 1906 and is buried in the Provo City Cemetery.

#### Isaac Riddle -- Builder

Isaac was an ambitious and capable man, a community builder. As noted in his autobiography, he made a great contribution in Temple Building, being the largest contributor to the St. George Temple, the second largest contributor in the Manti Temple, third largest in Logan, etc. Indeed, he concludes by saying: "I believe I have spent in Temple building and temple work about fifteen thousand dollars." That was a great deal of money in pioneer times.

Isaac's son, J.M. (Silney), recalls that his father began by building onto the house he bought in Ogden when he first married. Thereafter, he built, or had built for him, many other homes, including two in Beaver, one in Kanosh, one at Pine



Barn built by Isaac Riddle in Antimony, Utah, still in good condition in 1964.

Creek, one in Pine Valley, one in Johns' Valley, one in Gunlock, one in New Harmony, one in St. George, one in Antimony (a double house) and one in Manti. He also built the home in Provo where he resided at the time of his death, and others known as "Riddle Row" which included a single house for his wife, Caroline, and a double house, and a triple house adjoining it. He helped to build a saw mill in Pine Valley and another one on the Santa Clara. He built a grist mill on the forks of the Sevier River, a grist mill at Kanosh and one at

Loa, in Wayne County. With other partners, he built a Roller Mill in Elsinore and one in Springville. The Springville mill, which was built jointly with others whom he later bought out, mysteriously burned before Isaac's death.

Isaac was always interested in the building of the temple at Jackson County, Missouri. Note that, even when he wrote his will, in 1905, he made a contribution to the Trustee-in-Trust of the LDS Church for the building of the temple in Jackson County.

### Last Will and Testament of Isaac Riddle

In the name of God, Amen. I, Isaac Riddle, of Provo City, Utah County, State of Utah, of the age of seventy years and upwards, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influence of any person whatsoever, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, in the manner following, that is to say:

1st. I direct that my body be decently buried with proper regard to my station in life and the circumstances of my estate.

2nd. I direct that my executors, hereinafter named, as soon as they have sufficient funds in their hands, pay my funeral expenses and the expenses of my last sickness, and all my lawful debts, if there should be any, and pay over the remainder of my estate according to the directions of this my last will and testament.

3rd. I give and bequeath to my plural wife, Mary Rowland Riddle, who now resides at Beaver City, Beaver County,

Utah, all the profits and dividends on all of my stock and interest in the Elsinore Roller Mills at Elsinore, Utah, during the term of her natural life, and after her death all of said stock and interests to her two daughters, Mary A. Fotheringham and Elizabeth M. Betensen, share and share alike forever.

4th. I give and bequeath to my oldest son, Isaac J. Riddle, my chest (because it was his mother's), my bath-tub, spectacles, a certain piece of ducking cloth I now own, and my tent; also all papers and notes made by him and payable to me which I hold at the time of my death; subject to the provisions and conditions of paragraph 28 of this last will and testament.

5th. I give and bequeath to my son, Joselina M. Riddle, my old pistol, one pair of blankets, one log chain, and one half of a certain bolt of pants cloth made by the Provo Woolen Mills now owned by me and in my possession, one wagon cover, and also the sheep of which he gave me a bill of sale, which sheep



are now in the Meacham herd being two hundred and fifty head, more or less. And I also give to him all notes and papers made by him and payable to me, which I may hold at the time of my death; subject, however, to the conditions and provisions of paragraph 28 of this last will and testament stated.

6th. To my daughter, Julia Franzina Stephens, I give and bequeath my blue cow called by me "Blooch", and also my old rocking chair and my little desk.

7th. To my son, Thomas J. Riddle, I give and bequeath my sorrel horse which is now in his possession, my "Perfected Ogygenor King", and one half of the bolt of Provo Woolen Mills pants goods mentioned in paragraph "5th" hereof.

8th. I give and bequeath to my daughter, Minerva R. Nowers, my new set of double harness, one pair of Mexican blankets, and one foot rug.

9th. To my daughter, Lydia Holdaway, I bequeath my iron bedstead, two mattresses, and also my "Cascade".

10th. I give and bequeath to my daughter, Lillie C.R. Holdaway, my black mare Bess and my buggy and harness, one pair of blankets, my feather bed, heating stove, desk, trunk, iron wash-tub, my small plow and harrow, my small rocking chair and one green table-cloth.

11th. To my son Wallace M. Riddle, I give and bequeath all my interest (being one hundred dollars, more or less) in the Manti Co-op Store at Manti, Sanpete County Utah; all my interest (being 30 shares, more or less) in the Mammoth Reservoir, my bay horse now in his possession, also my carpenter's planes, my silver watch, one ax, and one pair of horse blankets.

12th. I give and bequeath to my son, Charles E. Riddle, my two-year old horse now in my possession, and also one log chain.

13th. To my son, John E. Riddle, now upon a mission in the state of Kentucky, I give and bequeath my gray horse now in his possession, also my hammer and pincers.

14th. I give and bequeath all my clothing and wearing apparel, to be divided equally among them, to my three sons, Isaac J. Riddle, Joselina M. Riddle, and Thomas J. Riddle.

15th. I give and bequeath to my two sons, Charles E. Riddle and John E. Riddle, my plow, mowing machine, scraper, and rake. I make this bequest in this manner for the reason that my sons Charles and John are associated together in farming, and I intend that the articles given in this paragraph shall be held by them as tenants in common.

16th. To my little granddaughter, Dora Holdaway, I give my cow called by us "Twinnie".

17th. I give and bequeath and devise all my mining property and mining interests, the same being a one-third interest in the Day Dream Mine, situated in Juab County, Utah and 9300 shares, more or less, in the Aurum Mining and Milling company, a corporation, to the following named persons, share and share alike forever, namely: Isaac J. Riddle, Joselina M. Riddle, Mary A. Fotheringham, Elizabeth M. Betensen, Julia Franzina Stephens, Thomas J. Riddle, Minerva R. Nowers, Lydia Holdaway, Lillie C.R. Holdaway, Wallace M. Riddle, Charles E. Riddle, and John E. Riddle, all of whom are my children, and my friend Daniel H. Thomas. I make this bequest to Mr. Thomas for

the reason that he has been my attorney, and understands my business, and I deem it to be for the best interests of my estate that he be interested with my children in this mining property.

18th. To my son, Wallace M. Riddle, and my daughter, Lillie C.R. Holdaway, I give and bequeath the sum of One Hundred Dollars to pay their expenses and enable them to do the Temple Work for my sisters, Margaret Culver, deceased, lately residing at St. Paul, Minnesota, and Eveline Grover, now residing at Woodside, Montana, and my two brothers James H. Riddle, now residing at Creete, Nebraska, and John Thomas Riddle, deceased, lately residing in the State of Montana. This money is given to my said son and daughter upon the condition that they do the said Temple work, and not otherwise.

19th. I give and bequeath cash as follows: To my plural wife, Mary Rowland Riddle, I give Two Hundred Dollars; to my former plural wife, Mary Caroline Riddle, Fifty dollars; to my sister, Lucinda Ellison, residing at Woodside, Montana, Fifty dollars; to my sister, Eveline Grover, residing at Woodside, Montana, Fifty dollars; to my brother James H. Riddle, residing at Creete, Nebraska, One Hundred Dollars; to my friend, Mrs. Emily Clark, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars; to my children as follows: Isaac J. Riddle, Ten dollars; Joselina M. Riddle, Ten dollars; Thomas J. Riddle, Ten dollars; to Lydia Holdaway, Ten dollars; Minerva Nowers, Twenty-five dollars; Lillie C.R. Holdaway, Twenty-five dollars; Wallace M. Riddle, Twenty-five dollars; Mary Fotheringham, Fifteen dollars; Elizabeth Betensen, Ten dollars; Charles E. Riddle, Fifteen

dollars; John E. Riddle, Fifteen dollars; Julia Franzina Stephens, Fifteen dollars.

20th. I also give and bequeath to Mrs. Emily Clark one pair of blankets. I make these bequests to her for the reason that she has been kind to me in my sickness.

21st. I give and bequeath to the Trustee-in-trust of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, which has its headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars in trust for the purpose of assisting the said church of building a temple in Jackson County, Missouri. The funds hereby bequeathed to said trustee shall be used by him in such manner as he may deem advisable to best accomplish the trust hereby created.

22nd. In case there should not be cash in my estate sufficient to make the bequests mentioned in paragraphs "19th and 21st" hereof, then whatever cash there may be shall be divided pro rate among the beneficiaries and legatee named in said paragraphs 19th and 21st.

23rd. All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, should there be any, of whatever description and wheresoever situated, I give and bequeath to my children, share and share alike forever.

24th. The bequests in this Last Will and Testament made to my children are intended to be in lieu or all gifts I may have promised to make to any of them, but shall in no wise affect any executed conveyance of real property or completed gift of personal property which I, at any time heretofore, may have made to any of my children.

25th. The reason that I have given to some of my children more of my estate than I have to others is because some of them

have done more for my care and comfort than have others. And I hereby expressly provide that should any one or more of my children contest, or attempt to contest or attempt to defeat this my last will and testament, or attempt to hinder its provisions from being carried out, such child or children shall thereby forfeit all the rights he, she, or they might in any wise acquire under or by virtue of this last Will and Testament, and the interest such child or children would otherwise acquire under this will shall be distributed, share and share alike, among the children not contesting the same.

26th. One request I make of my children. It is that my Manti home which I have conveyed to them all in common, be permitted to stand and always be kept in and owned by the family, and be in the care and custody of my son Wallace M. Riddle, and be open to the free use and occupation, without rent or charges, of all or any of my children and their posterity throughout all generations, whenever any of them shall desire to do "Temple Work" in the Manti Temple.

27th. I direct that the cash herein bequeathed be paid to the respective legatees as soon as my executors find convenient. And should any person or persons to whom I have bequeathed cash not be living at the time of my death, then the cash bequeathed to such person or persons shall revert to and become a part of my estate and pass under the provisions of paragraph 23rd of this last Will and Testament. And should I make any gift or gifts during my lifetime to any of the persons named in paragraph 19th except to my children, the amount of such

gift shall be deducted from the amount such person or persons would otherwise receive under this last Will and Testament.

28th. I direct that my executors, as soon as practicable, deliver to my children whatever papers should be delivered to them by reason of the disposition I have heretofore made of my sheep and cattle; but should any "dividend" or payments be owing to me at the time of my death from any of my children by reason of such disposition of my sheep and cattle, then such "dividends" or payments shall be paid to my executors before such papers shall be delivered to such child or children. And I hereby revoke the order I heretofore gave to certain of my children to deliver the papers mentioned in this paragraph.

Lastly. I hereby nominate and appoint my two sons, Thomas J. Riddle, and Wallace M. Riddle, executors of this my last Will and Testament, and request that they be permitted to serve without bonds.

And, I hereby revoke all last wills and testaments and codicils by me at any time heretofore made.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF. I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 23rd day of March in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Five.

(SEAL)

The foregoing instrument, consisting of five pages, besides this page, which pages are numbered "1", "2", "3", "4", and "5", was, at the date hereof, by the said Isaac Riddle, signed and sealed and published as, and declared to be, his last Will and Testament; in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his

in having two families, or three, or whatever there was. Polygamy was introduced by the Church as a God-given principle and he believed in it, and lived right and did many good things and raised a wonderful family. But the government said "no" and they arrested the people involved and put them in jail for it. He served his time and came out a free man and went on and raised his family. He lived there (Antimony) many years after. I don't remember the date when they arrested them. I can remember just as well as it were yesterday when he came back from prison. He stopped in our house. I wasn't very big then. He said "I've served my time, and I'm a free man now and can do as I

please." [Note: Priesthood permission for LDS persons to enter into polygamy in the United States was withdrawn by President Wilford Woodruff on 24 Sep 1890.] (This document is excerpts from stories told by President T. Lester Riddle, grandson of Isaac, at the 1964 Isaac Riddle Family reunion, taped and transcribed by Lohree Stephenson and her daughters.)

[On 29 September 1887 Isaac was sentenced for practicing polygamy to 6 months in the state penitentiary and to pay a \$300 fine and \$450.70 in "costs." He was incarcerated from 30 Sep 1887 until 29 Feb 1888 when he was released upon the payment of his fines.]

Isaac Riddle (far left) in the Utah State Prison. Pres. George Q. Cannon, center.



In front of Isaac Riddle's home in Provo, about 1900. L to r: Joseph Tictum Carter, Effie May Carter, Julia Franzina, Isaac Riddle, Mitchel Monroe Stephens, and a friend.

