

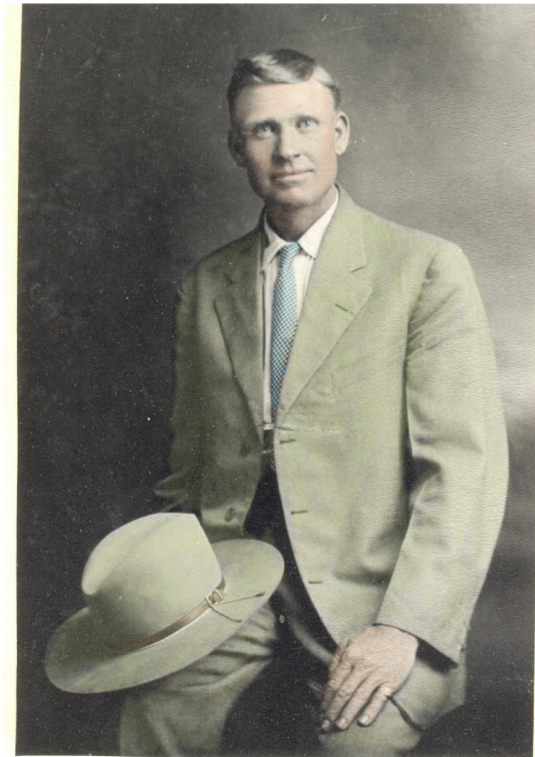
**A Brief Condensed History**

**of**

**Morley Larsen Black**

**(1875-1951)**

Original Written  
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Bruce J. Black  
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Morley as I am called was born October 24, 1875 in Orderville, Kane County Utah. My parents were William Morley Black and Mariah Hansen Black. When I was a young baby I took very ill with the scarlet fever. My father thought that I was going die He laid his hands on my head and prayed. He promised Father In Heaven if he would spare my life he would do all in his power to teach and train me to live the gospel. I was made well. We lived In Orderville, Utah until I was eight years old. At about this time the United Order as it was called broke up.

We moved to Huntington, Emery county, Utah. We bought a nice field of forty acres. I remember I spent most of my summer months herding cows. One of our main sports while herding cows was what we called duck stone. We would place a small flint rock on a larger rock. Then we would get back about fifteen feet and pitch at it and so on. It was very interesting sport.

I remember one Fourth of July. Just as I left the house my mother called me back and said, please don't ride any races today. I don't remember making her a promise. When I got to the celebration, I was asked to ride a race. I had become one of the main jockeys of the town. I loved to ride and couldn't refuse a race. The horse I was riding proved to be very hard headed. He was about halfway through the race, left the track, and ran under a big limb of one of the shade trees. He knocked me off into a ditch of water on my back. They took me home unconscious, I laid that way for about twenty-four hours. It doesn't pay to disobey Mothers advice.

When I was just a little over 10 years old, my brother Joe took me on a trip to Mancos, Colorado. I went with Joe to haul two wagon loads of lucerne seed. Joe drove one wagon and I the other. We left Huntington, crossing Cedar Mountain. While going down the east side of the mountain toward Green River, my team ran against a hollow cedar tree. Out of the tree came hornets and stung my horses. Joe was in front of me. I spread my team of horses around Joe's outfit causing them to stop.

When we got to Green River, we drove our teams and wagons onto a big ferry boat, one outfit at a time. That was the way we crossed the Green River in those days. When we reached Moab, we found that the ferry boat had gone down the river. We took our wagons apart which took us two days to get across the river on a row boat and put things together again.

We traveled toward Mancos, Colorado. We camped at the Carlisle Ranch. The men who lived there gave us a nice place of beef and a big butcher knife to cut it with. Just a bunch of toughies lived there.

We were then on our way to Dolores, Colorado. We then went on to Mancos, Colorado where we sold our alfalfa seed to Bower Mercantile which was the only store there. It was made of logs. We stayed there for several days to let our horses rest and where was a lot of good feed. Mr. Bower asked my brother who drove the extra team. Joe said, that kid brother, as he pointed to me. Mr. Bower said, "Oh, you don't mean to say that little fellow drove a team over those roads."

We then made our return trip to Huntington, Utah. I will not say much about the trip coming home. It is about the same kind of a trip going. I was really thrilled to get home. It seemed I had been gone several months. I hadn't had any milk for two two or three weeks. I ate too much bread and milk. It made me very sick for several hours.

Well, life went on about the same in Huntington, Utah. I herded cows in the summer and doing what ever there was on hand to do.

There was not much school for me at that time. Father had to be on the watch to keep out of the hands of the U.S. Marshals. The U.S. Marshals were on the lookout for every man that had more than one wife. It was so miserable my father asked, the local authorities what to do. They advised him to move to Old Mexico where lots of other men had moved to live in peace.

We moved to Old Mexico in wagons in the year 1890. We took what belongings we could for the trip. We lived in several different places, finally settling in Cave Valley, Chihuahua, Mexico. We lived in Cave Valley for several years in this happy little town of about one hundred and fifty people. We lived in peace and happiness in the top of the mountains. While we were at Cave Valley I married Nellie Porter, daughter of Warriner Ahaz Porter and Mary Malinda Norwood Porter. From Cave Valley we moved to Colonia Pacheco, Chihuahua, Mexico and made our home there.

My work was chiefly working at the sawmill, freighting, and most anything I could get to do. We lived in two or three rooms of a large frame house for a while while I was working with Nellie's father making shingles. I later found it was best to make us a 2 room house by her fathers home and we lived there quite sometime. A while after this my brother and I moved our families to Cave Valley to a ranch that was owned by Moses Thatcher. We lived here for a few years, raising mostly corn, potatoes, and all kinds of garden stuff.

I remember one time I left early one morning to hunt a bunch of our horses. I ran onto some wild turkey. I didn't have a gun with me. I made my horse chase them. They were flying at the time and I saw that they couldn't fly very far. I picked out a big gobbler and when they lit lit I soon chased him down. I cleaned the turkey up and took it home. It weighed twenty two pounds. There was many turkeys. I have seen as many as sixty in one flock.

I often think of that country. Everywhere there was grass and flowers up to the horses knees. There were flowers of every kind, wild cherries, wild grapes hanging down ledges and climbing up trees. It was beautiful sight to see. The towns people early in the fall would gather together and go in wagons down the river. People would and stay all day for a good outing. They picked wild grapes which they later made into jelly.

People at that time all seemed to work for each others interest. Their pleasures were most happy and gay. One time when all, or nearly all the towns folk went down the river for one of these pleasure trips I saw two girls stooping and washing their hands at the rivers edge. At this place the water was quite deep, and it was quite a temptation for me to throw a limb just in front of the two girls and make a wave of water come splashing over the top. I guess I was always quite a tease). Down came the limb. As I was making my get-a-way Rachel Lunt, who became my wife in later years took up some prickly pears and threw them on me. One caught me right in the middle of the back. I did feel like I got the worst end of the

deal at that time.

We left Cave Valley and went back to Pacheco where we stayed for several years. I was called from here on a mission to Mexico City in 1905 and 1906. After the mission I started working for Booker Saw Mill hauling logs for about one year.

I then moved to Pearson, Chihuahua, Mexico in the fall of 1910. This was the company that came into Mexico and spent one and a half million dollars to build a complete electric sawmill. They had started running one of the mills and were bringing a paper mill in when the Mexican Revolution became so bad that the paper mill was sent back to El Paso, Texas. They put me in charge as of a large bunch of Mexicans because I could speak the Spanish real well. I worked at this position for about one year. I was then put in as Chief of the night watchmen position for two years.

Things went fairly smooth for a while until the Revolution got going pretty fierce. Trouble kept coming. First one group would move in and then another group. First it was the Federals, the Viestes, then Salazar and his bunch and then the Red Flaggers.

Times kept getting worse until the leaders of the Church thought it best for all Mormons to leave for a while to go across the border into the U.S.. That is what we did. We brought one trunk of clothes and a little bedding, thinking we would soon be back to our homes. Most of the people never did return and lost all they had worked for most of their lives. Some returned and are still returned to Mexico and are still there at this time. I, my two wives and children went back to Mexico for a while. But if we could have looked into the future we would have found a home elsewhere as there were many dangers to face.

When we got back I can say that it was due to our Heavenly Father's care that my life was spared several times. That same September after returning, LeGrand was born. When LeGrand was three weeks old, Nellie took her little flock and left for El Paso, Texas to join her Father and Mother who were leaving for Blanding, San Juan County, Utah.

One morning at 3:30 A.M on June 09, 1913 I heard quick steps coming up the five steps of the porch. It was Orson Hawkins. He said, all out of breath, "Marl, get up quick and bring you family down to my house. Our house was quite a bit higher than his and directly in the firing line. Orson had a few dairy cows on the other side of the big mill pond. He sold milk to people and always went to milk at 3:30 A.M. In the morning. This time as Orson neared the pond several guns clicked and he was asked, "Who are you and where are you going. You better get back to your home. We are nearly ready to open fire on the Federal Government Soldiers and the Red Flaggers. About two hundred of them are all stationed along the bank of this large pond." Burt Wheaton and Dave Brown had just come in from the mountain with some work horses and riding horses and were on their way back to Blue Water, New Mexico.

Burt stayed at our place that night. As Orson was leaving, I stepped to the middle door and said, "Burt, "Did you hear that?" Burt said, "yes". He was was putting on his clothes as fast as he could. Rachel was dressed in a minute. She said to me, "Oh, hurry. It is getting almost light enough to shoot now." I said, "Now try to hold yourself together and don't get too frightened." Just at that very minute the sound of a large gun being fired and then another gun fired. Then the shots sounded like popcorn popping in a pan.

We had no time to go down to Orson's place so all we could do was to get in behind the house in the canal that ran from the north to the south. We each took one of the children; Reta, age eight; Kim, age four; and Glen, age two, out of their beds. We grabbed a couple of coats that were hanging up to put around the children and got down in the canal. Just then several shots were fired and threw dirt all around us. My night watchman arrived then. His name was Bill Blaky. We thought it best to move on down the canal as we were in the line of fire. We were still in the line of fire.

When the shots quit we ventured to move on again. By this time we moved up under a steel bridge that crossed to the hospital. The fired bullets made the iron rails ring over our heads. It seemed like the gun fire would keep up until they would get some of us. After the shooting, we moved again going around south of the hospital. Just then the sun came up and a bugle sounded a different tone than what we had been used to hearing. Then we knew that the Red Flagers had won the fight.

I thought it best to ask Burt to stay with Rachel and the children and get back to the house. I took off my belt of cartridges and my gun and wrapped my red handkerchief around them, moved a rock and put them in the hole. I put the rock back and kicked dirt around the edges. I guess the items are still there. I never did get to go back and find out.

Soon after I had left them up in the wash, Burt and Rachel saw more than two hundred horses and a few Mexican men driving them come around the little hill. The men saw the the folks. Two of the men took their guns out of their scabbards, worked the leavers and jogged down towards them. When the men reached Burt, Rachel and the children, the children were crying. They were so afraid. The men asked about the fight. Burt spoke good Spanish and told them he didn't know anything, only that it was their party that had won since it was a different bugle that was blown. They asked what was the matter with the children. The men said, "Poor little things. Tell them not to cry. We won't hurt them." Then the men turned their horses and left, happy to think they had won the battle that time. On June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1913 Rachel gave birth to a baby boy, we named William. I moved my family to Colonia Dublan and Reta attended school that winter.

During this time it seemed real good to have our good Mormon friends and a Church to go to. I just couldn't believe things were as bad as they were. We had been used to living in peace and happiness in the beautiful country.

One day I had just shucked the lucerne and was eating my dinner when we saw several Mexican men on horseback come through the front gate. They crossed over the flower garden and on towards the barn. The men took the only team of horses I had and rode away. That left me without any way to put the hay in the stack or barn.

One morning while we were eating breakfast we heard a train whistle. This was quite a shock since the bridges had been burned for several months and no trains had been coming to town. The U.S. Had sent a crew of men to fix the bridges so the train could come and get what Americans were still there and bring them out to El Paso. I returned home and found Rachel getting things ready to leave.

We had one trunk of clothes and some bedding for the six of us. We stayed at Fort Bliss with Aunt Sarah Lunt's family for a while. Then Uncle Sam gave us tickets to go by train

to places we wanted to go. We gathered up our belongings again, mounted the train and left for Utah. Rachel stopped off at Lund where her brother Oscar was there to meet her and take them to Cedar City.

I went on to Salt Lake then on the next morning to Thomson Springs. I rode with Ben Perkins on the mail buggy to Monticello and then to Blanding. Here is where my wife Nellie and our children, my father, mother, brother Dave and sisters Myrtle, Hattie, Nellie's parents and some of our brothers and sisters were. This was a happy reunion since we had been separated for nearly a year. Nellie and her little flock were living in Hyrum Stevens' house at that time. This was in the first part of the summer.

I hadn't been there long when I took Perry with me in a one seat buggy and a team of horses to El Paso, Texas. I heard things were better now so I thought I would get some of our things in Mexico. I left Perry with Aunt Sarah Lunt, got on the train and went to Colonia Dublan. When I got there I found things just as bad as ever. I got on the train and came back to El Paso. How it happened I will never know. I found my good old faithful team of horses, a stallion named "Pen" and a big mare named "Nell" in El Paso. I brought them back to Blanding. I traded some of our Mexican Property to Brother Whetton for a bunch of horses and a log wagon they had brought from Mexico. I rejoiced to have my dear old team of horses with me once more.

That fall I went to Thompson by team to meet Rachel and her children. We packed all in the wagon and headed for Blanding. We drove to Moab and stayed at George McConkie's house that night. The next morning we started on. There was snow on the ground and the further we came the deeper the snow was. When we reached Dry Valley, the horses were pushing snow with their breasts. It was hard travel and the horses could hardly make it. We camped at Hatch wash that night. In the morning it was still snowing. It was very cold and it worried me quite a bit. I would ask the children once and a while if they felt warm. I lit the lantern and kept it burning to help keep the air warm for us. We stayed in Monticello that night with Ed and Chloe Black. We left the next morning for Blanding. We reached Blanding O.K.. That evening the roads were bad, but my team was a good strong one. Rachel thought Blanding was quite a city. When morning came she found it was just a small town with narrow trails here and there for the children to go back and forth to school.

Blanding was a pretty town. Hay fields everywhere in the summer, beautiful and where everything grew and without bugs. Deep snow in the winter and plenty of rain in the summer.

About a week later, February 8, 1915, I moved Rachel and family to the saw mill where Dave and I took a contract hauling logs to the mill. Just as we got to the little lumber house where we were to live it began to snow. Snow did you say? It kept snowing and snowing. Jim Carroll and Dave cut the trees, wading up to their waists in snow. They would have to clear the snow away before they cut the trees. Then I would come along with a pair of bob-sleighs and two span of horses to take the logs out of the deep snow to the mill. I often think, "How in the world, did we ever make it." That was working by the sweat of the brow.

On April 06, 1915 we loaded up the bob-sleighs and headed for Blanding. In town I got a tent, boarded it up and moved Rachel on the north corner of the same lot as Nellie. The two women raised a good garden that summer on a new lot just plowed that spring.

This same summer on June 21, 1915, Father died. This made us all very sad even though he was getting old. He had served a wonderful life and we hated to see him leave us. I remember we fixed a wagon all in white and I had a white span of horses that we used to carry him to the cemetery. Then a few weeks later Tamar Young my half-sister died.

I had taken up a dry land farm out east of Devil Canyon with two families, eleven children. We had to start from the bottom leaving all we had back in Mexico. My first wife Nellie Porter bore me a lovely family of eight boys and four girls: William Morley, Ivy Mariah, Perry Warner, Leone, Reva, Jose, Orin Porter, LeGrand, Guss Porter, Fonda, Dalman Larsen, and Raline. My second wife Rachel bore me eight boys and five girls: Henry, Reta, Alberto, Kimball, Glendon, William, Kline, Carma, Kelly, Darlene, Myrtle Ann, Rachel and Rex. We had quite a struggle for a long time, but we were happy. Our best years are when we are working hardest and going right ahead when we can hardly see our way out. Success is never as interesting as struggle, not even to the successful.

I cleared several acres at the farm which proved to be wonderful land for crops. I raised Sudan grass that grew much taller than myself, wheat forty bushels to an acre, oats and potatoes. Everything we planted grew wonderful. I was made to rejoice over such good country. It kept me busy. There was not time to lose to keep my families eating. They were not too well clothed for a few years. It was very hard, but the children were young and clothing didn't worry them.

I took Nellie one week and Rachel the next in turns to cook for me and my bunch of little boys. The boys were lots of help. They took the horses down to the bottom of Devil Canyon to water. At that time I was using eight head of horses. I often think of how it would take three little boys to harness a horse. It would really look funny. One boy would be on top of the horse's back and would pull the harness up as two would lift and push up. Then when the collar was fixed on O.K., one boy would crawl back to fix the crupper strap. It made me think of a bunch of little "brownies".

A time or so some of the little boys were dressed so ragged they just couldn't come into town until their Mother could come in and gather something together and do a bunch of patching and fixing. When the harvest time was over we could buy some clothes. We had quite hard times there for a while.

We were however happy and all enjoyed good health. That was the most important thing. Our diet was very simple and I can't help thinking that helped to keep us in pretty good health. It kept me digging and planning to keep the wolf from the door, but I made it. I managed to get one cow for each family. I would hire out myself and two or three teams of horses and four little boys for slip drivers---

We feel we all begin very fine things that we never finish and this is as far as the history that was written by Morley Larsen Black. We hope it will be of interest to his descendants. Many of the older members of the families will recall these and other events to complete this history. To others it will be detail they are not personally acquainted with and it should be of real interest to them. I hope that each of you will finish the work and preserve it for those who follow you.

