

RECEIVED 12 October 2003 from Matt Misbach



I, Jane Eleanor Fullmer, was born March 6, 1848, at Woolwich, England, near London. My father's and mother's names were: John and Margaret Griffiths. They were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on January 30, 1840, by Elder John Taylor when he was on his first mission in England. My father lived in Liverpool, and in 1840 the Queen wanted more men to work in the Woolwich dock yards so my father was one that was called. The foreman he had worked for went also and my father worked for that same foreman for 27 years. In 1840 my father went to the L.D.S. depot in London. There were only four Mormon elders there at that time. They laid their hands on him and ordained him an Elder and sent him preaching the gospel. He worked all day from 6:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.; then after supper, he preached the gospel, some nights it would be 12 O'clock before he got home as he had to walk, for there were no railroads or other conveniences in Woolwich at that time. He organized the Woolwich, Welling, Elton, Greenwich, Deptford and many other branches. The first men to join the Church in Woolwich were Aaron Painter, Mr. Bates, Thomas Fisher, and Wm. Blackmore. My father was a boiler maker by trade, as also was Mr. Bates. One day while at work a heavy piece of iron fell on Mr. Bates and he died in a short time. His last words were calling my father. The people all thought it was my father who was dead. They said, "Now that Griffiths is dead, down with Mormonism". They were surprised when they heard he had been preaching the next Sunday.

In 1853 my Brother, Thomas, went to Utah. This broke my mother's heart. My brother sailed on the ship called the International. He arrived in the Salt Lake City the same year and lived with Lorenzo Snow, who had him sent to Garson Valley with the Church herd. From there he went to Montana. It was just before an election and while discussing the election he was killed. When I was five years old, my mother died in childbirth with her 12th child. The child also died. In March of 1856, Heber C. Kimball sent word to my father, for him as his family to go to Salt

Lake City, Utah. We got ready and left Liverpool on the 28th day of May, in the ship called the Horizon. We were eight weeks on the sea. I was very sick. The ship was under the command of Captain Reed. After we anchored in Boston Harbor, we held a meeting. Captain Reed, being one of the speakers, said, "There is a song that says, I'll marry none but Mormons, but I say I'll carry none but Mormons". There were 950 Mormons in that ship.

From Boston we went by rail to Florence, Iowa and camped there for four weeks until our hand carts were ready for us. On the first day of September we started to cross the plains. During the first part of our journey we were as happy a set of people as ever crossed the plains. We would set around the camp fire and sing. The following are some of the songs we sang.

(1) Some will say it is too bad, the Saints upon their feet to pad.

And more than that, to pull a load as they go marching on the road.

Chorus: Some must push and some must pull as we go marching up the hill.

So merrily on the way we go, until we reach the valley oh!

(2) But then we say this is the plan, to gather in the best of men and women too, for none but they, will ever gather in this way.

Chorus: As on the roads our carts we pull, will very much surprise the world to see, the old and feeble dame, lending a hand to pull the same.

(3) Young maidens they will dance and sing, young men more happy than a king, and children they will skip and play, their strength increasing day by day.

Chorus: And long before the valley's gained, we shall be met upon the plain, with music sweet and friends so dear, with fresh supplies our heart to cheer.

(4) And when you get there among the rest, obedient be and you'll be blessed. And in your chamber be shut in, till judgments cleanse the earth from sin.

Chorus: For we do know it will be so, for God's servants spoke it long ago.

They said it was the time to start to cross the plains with our hand carts.

After the snow caught us, we suffered terribly, and many died, provisions were limited, we were rationed on four ounces for children. Our meat consisted mainly of buffalo. One morning when I awoke, my brother John, age 15 years, lay dead by my side. He died of starvation and cold. During that night 19 people died. They dug a trench and laid them in it. We had to leave them there and resume our journey.

Two weeks later, my brother Herbert, age 6 years, died the same way. One morning my step mother was baking some griddle cakes on the camp fire and one elderly lady looked so pitiful, my step mother handed her a cake before she had finished baking all of them. Shortly after she looked at the lady who had not moved, and found her to be dead, with the cake in her hand. She had not tasted it.

Two weeks before we arrived at Salt Lake City, President Young sent a company to meet us with wagons and provisions. They found us in deep snow and our provisions gone. When they came in sight, we all stood up and hailed them with great rejoicing.

When we arrived in Salt Lake my family consisted of my father, stepmother, sister Margaret and myself. It was the last of November, making just three months on the road.

The hand cart company was taken to the assembly hall, the floor was covered with straw and there was a nice warm fire for use.

President Young asked the people to take and care for as many of us as they could. Brother Samuel Mulliner took my father and step-mother to his home. My father died the next morning at 5 O'clock. I was so sick that they did not tell me about it for some weeks. My sister went to Brother and Sister Montague, she was very sick and her heels were badly frozen. Mr. And Mrs. Horne took me to their home. My toes were very badly frozen. I stayed with them three weeks. My step-mother stood the hardships better than the rest of us, and being a professional cook, obtained work at the Townson Hotel.

One day Mr. Horne told her they were going to send me to the poorhouse at Provo. Brother Mulliner met my step-mother and she was crying. He asked what the trouble was and she told him what they were going to do. He said "Little Jane is all I have to love me; it shall never be as

long as I have a piece of bread in my house". He came with a quilt and pillow, in a wheelbarrow and took me to his home in it and his wife cared for me. He hired a doctor but my feet seemed to get worse. He changed doctors and in three months my feet were healed but I lost the first joint of three toes of each foot.

There were several young men of our company who had their feet amputated to save their lives. From this time I was married, I worked wherever I could obtain work, for 50 cents per week.

When I was sixteen years old I married Almon Fullmer. We moved to Cache County, Utah, in 1870. We were among the early settlers of that valley. Eight sons and four daughters were born to us. Namely: Almon L., Jane Eleanor, Alice Loretta, Herbert Lorenzo, Horace Walter, Claudius John, George, Oscar, Ida Margaret, Mae, Mark Alonzo, and Warren.

With the exception of Warren, we raised all our family to grown men and women, but since that time, six of them have departed this life: Herbert Lorenzo, Claudius John, Alice Loretta, Jane Eleanor, George, and Mark Alonzo. My husband has also joined their number. I make my home with my children and grandchildren.

My Sister Margaret is still living, in the City of Heber, Wasatch County, Utah.

I still have a testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. I do know that my Redeemer lives, and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God. At this writing I am eighty years old.

Note: Typed from a copy obtained from Olive Ward, October 30, 1972.

Editors Note: It is presumed that this was written in c. 1928.