

Copy of letter written by K. T. Butler age 80

Gooding Idaho.

Oct. 21 1970

Dear Friends, I might say cousins once or twice removed. We enjoyed hearing from you and am sorry to put off answering until now. Your inquiries about Uncle Jim and Aunt Lottie as we called her has sent me reminiscing back to my very early childhood. I was around Uncle Jim and his family especially his son Earnest as he and I played a great deal together, though he was 2 or 3 years older, but we got along very well together. He had an express wagon and a goat that I thought was great fun to play with. Our acquaintance together was in and around Richfield Utah. Father and Uncle Junius ? had owned horses together and been in partnership in Panguish Utah. James and John and perhaps Tom had been gold seeking at Sutters gold field in California. The gold strike was in 1848 but they were there in the early 50's. The money they saved from this adventure bought the horses. These were Morgan horses. 60 registered mares and 40 not registered, and 2 fine Morgan stallion. I think these horses were bought in Oklahoma and shipped around Cape Horn to San Francisco. This was 1862 they shipped the horses. Then they had the problem to move the horses across the wild rough country to Southern Utah. Chief Walker and his band of Indian horse thieves was a bad threat. I remember father telling about a wild desert stallion trying to steal the morgan mares. They saw the Morgan stallion fight him to the finish with the Morgan stallion the winner. The men brought the band of horses successfully on to Panquish. John and

james had homesteaded on Panquish Lake. They had cabins close together. This place is quite a show place now but there is still signs of their old saw mill they had operated there. This saw mill was on Sair ? mill creek. Later Father moved the machinery to the gold Mountains near the Butler Beck mine. It was while father was tending his sheep there that he struck a rich vein of gold. A mine was established that was producing very good, but due to a slip in the earth the vein was lost and father worked feverishly to find it again. He lost all he had of wealth and health and died broke and disappointed at the age of 56 in 1899

Uncle Jim had a fine farm near Richfield. On this farm he had milk cows and hogs and bees and raised potatoes. He ran his hogs on Gold Mt. In the summer time, the hogs lived on acorns from the oak trees that abounded there. In the fall of the year his men would round up the hogs and drive them to the farm with the use of horses and dogs.

These hogs would get very wild running loose all summer. I would just as soon meet a grizzly bear as one of those sow pigs that had little ones. After the hogs were taken back to the farm and young pigs were weaned, they were turned into the grain fields. Then I had the job of herding the pigs and also the cows in the brush country around there. The farm was about 4 miles north of Richfield with the red hills all around the valley. The pigs had to be grain fed for some time before the meat was edible as it was strong with the acorn taste. I worked for Uncle Jim for 25 cents a day. They milked their short horn milk strain of cows. They set the milk in shallow pans in screened cupboards, to

cool and to let the cream raise. They made the cream into butter and the milk into cheese.

We went through that country this summer, but didn't go over close to the farm. It looked very much like it use to. I think the adobe house was still standing. This was not the family home. They had a fine comfortable home in town. I remember the big living room with a fire place where they invited all the kids that had helped with the potatoe picking. Seems like about 12 kids would be there to candy pull. Uncle Jim acquired the name of "Honey Jim ". In the summer we were always on the watch for bees to swarm and report to Uncle Jim. Uncle Jim was an industrious fine looking man. I remember him all dressed up on Sundays, leading his children to church. Aunt Lottie was not well and stayed home most of the time. Cousin John .T. was my Sunday school Teacher and I thought him very handsome and also very smart. It was less than a year from the time of fathers death Until Uncle Jim left for Mexico Father died in Dec. our brother John was still on a mission in the states along the upper Mississippi River. I remember Uncle Jim was ready to leave and the weather was still warm. People were standing around looking at a beautiful young stallion, exclaiming about the horses fine qualities. I sure hated to see those fine horses shipped out of the country. I am sure he improved the quality of horses where he settled. I am sorry I don't remember more about the family . i was only 10 or 11 year of age. When I saw him last . I got better acquainted with Uncle Jim's oldest son James Butler. His daughter Quinn Smith lives at Hagerman

Idaho. I am enclosing a recent letter from a nephew Donald Butler and I am sure you will enjoy and get much information from the journal of John Lowe Butler written in the early rise of the church.

Sincerely yours

K. T. Butler

Gooding Idaho age 80 years.