

# THE LIFE HISTORY of EMANUEL ALONZO CARDON

This life history of Emanuel Alonzo Cardon was written by himself with the help of his second wife, Harriet Woodbury Barnum.

I, Emanuel Alonzo Cardon was born Dec. 12, 1877 in Woodruff, Apache, Arizona. I am the son of Emanuel Phillip Cardon and Amelia Mariah Merrick. They were married Oct. 13, 1876. My Grandfather Louis Phillip Cardon and his wife Susette Stale and family were called from Oxford, Idaho to Arizona to help build up that country. The family all went and first settled in Woodruff. They built a fort there and I was the first white child born there in Woodruff. They later built homes in Taylor, Arizona. They settled there and they raised corn, grain, fruits, and vegetables. They also had cows and sod quite a lot of butter.



When I was a new baby I was told I had spasms and some did not think I would live but Brother Tenney blessed me and promised me that I should live to be an old man. Amelia, my mother, was all worn out from taking care of me. So she fell asleep. When she awoke, Aunt Sarah, one of Grandfather Cardon's wives, had me laid out for dead but my mother Amelia said he is not dead, he has been promised by Brother Tenney that he should live to be an old man so my Mother started working with me and brought me back to life.

Mother was good with the sick and many homes were blessed by her helping to care for them. She was also stake president of the Primary and when I was a small boy I would haul my mother and other ladies that were on the Stake Primary Board from one town to another with their buggy and gorses. I used to like to go as we were always sure of a good meal.

I started school when I was six years old. My first teacher was Andre Wood. I got my ears boxed four times the first day because I did not sit still and keep my mind on my book. I told my mother I did not like school. Later I went to school under Lewis Cardon. He was the best teacher I ever had. He surely knew how to put a lesson over and get the attention of the class.

I, Emanuel, was baptized when I was 8 years old, on the 11<sup>th</sup> of December 1885, by James Lewis Taylor in Arizona. I was ordained a Deacon at the age of 12. I also attended Sunday School and primary. When I was 14 years old I was made president of the Deacon's Quorum. Our main work was to clean the church house and keep the windows clean, and keep the wood chopped.

When I was just a small boy I fell from a straw stack and hit on my head and became paralyzed for a few hours. When I was a little older I got kicked by a horse. My father found me and took



me home. They administered to me and I did not know anything until the next day. I had lost a lot of blood and was quite weak but the Lord blessed me and soon I got my strength again.

The main sports and amusements we had while they were young were square dancing because they would not let us round dance. We also played baseball and raced horses. I like to ride horses.

Mother had bad luck with her children. She lost six of her eleven children.

I did not get much schooling for at the age of 12 yrs I was sent out freighting with a four-horse team. We hauled freight from Holbrook to Fort Apache as that was about all the cash they had. Father stayed home and ran the farm, as Mother was not very well.

In the fall of 1893 father and mother were called to Mexico to help build up the country there. Father had material and was about ready to build a new house but they believed in obeying the Authorities so they sold out and planned to go to Mexico. I did not want to go but father said we can't get along without you. I drove a four-horse outfit loaded with furniture. My brother, Clarence, drove a two-horse outfit and father and mother rode behind in a spring light wagon. Mother wasn't very well, so my brother, Jess, 4-years-old rode with me. The roads were not very good and just before entering the Round Valley we had to go down a steep mountain. There was snow on the ground and the roads were slick and we did not know if they would make it down that mountain or not.

Father called us all together and we knelt in prayer and my father told the Lord that we were called down to Mexico by his servants and we needed his help going down that mountain and arriving in Mexico safely. Father prayed and talked to the Lord as on man would talk to another. We went down that mountain without a bit of trouble and arrived in Mexico all safely after about six weeks on the way.

We settled in Colonia Dublan, where Father bought a two-room home and some farming land. He was a good farmer. He always fertilized and worked his ground well before planting so he always raised good crop. I hauled lumber the rest of the winter. Father always paid a good tithing and always paid one tenth of the best he raised fro tithing so he taught his children by example to pay their tithing.



The next fall Emanuel started to go to school again but he only went a few weeks as times were hard to get a dollar. He started freighting again, hauling ore from the mines to the smelter at Corolites, Mexico.

In 1897 I met the girl of my dreams, Rosa Vilate Terry, while she was going to school in Dublan. We were married on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May 1898. The following February 25, 1899, our first baby girl was born. We named her Dency. Then a little later we moved back to the United States, settling in Tombstone, Arizona. There I worked in the mines and our second daughter, Irene, was born. Two years later our son Emanuel Alonzo was born. We later moved to St. David, Arizona, and I went to farming there. It was there that our son, Jesse Leo, and hour daughter, Rose, were born.

I worked in the Sunday school at Tombstone and while living at St. David I was ordained an Elder by Andrew Kimball in 1908.

We later moved to Clover, Utah. It was there our daughter, Faye, was born. Our son, Ivins Terry, was born at Benmore, Utah. We moved to Hinckley, Millard County, Utah in 1921,

and I went to farming again. There I was ordained president of the Elders' quorum for two years. I was later called to be president of the genealogy class and enjoyed it very much.

Rosa and I received our endowments 11<sup>th</sup> of December, 1936, in the Manti Temple. It was the happiest days of our lives. Since then we have had most of our children sealed to us. I was ordained a High Priest the 31<sup>st</sup> of March, 1940, by Edward Leo Lyman. There, daughter Dency was working in Oak City and married Walter Milton Stout.

My wife Rosa Vilate passed away the Sept. 4, 1944, at Tod Park, Utah, after suffering many years from asthma.

I had three operations in my life. One was for a hernia, one for piles, and in 1953 I had a cataract removed from my right eye by doctor Lockwood in Las Vegas, Nev. I was blessed by the Lord each time. At the age of 79 I was still in fairly good health except for arthritis from which I suffered a lot.

In 1946 I came down to St. George and started working in the temple. I received my patriarchal blessing in May, 1948, by Patriarch George Miles. I met Harriet Woodbury Barnum while working in the temple and we were married June 10, 1948. Since then we have done many sealings together in the temple. I had done over 650 endowments for the dead and hundreds of sealings.

On April 4, 1956, I had a severe case of asthma and pneumonia. I was in the St. George or Dixie Pioneer Memorial Hospital for 25 days. Doctor Reighmen did not give me any hope for recovery for about 12 days. All of my children came to see me and some stayed with me for a week or more. When they had all left for their homes I recovered some and went back home. It was very hard for my wife Harriet to take care of me and do all the housework. However, I soon got a lot better and through the blessings of the Lord we were able to pay my large hospital bill.

Emanuel Alonzo Cardon passed away on a Sunday, the 14<sup>th</sup> of February, 1960, in St. George, Utah, following a stroke. He was 82 years old. His wife, Harriet Woodbury Barnum Cardon, wrote that they had a lovely service for him and that there were more than forty members of his and her families at his bedside and a host of friends to say good-bye.

