

History of Louis Phillip Beus

This story is written by his youngest daughter, Wanda Beus Pulver.

Louis Phillip Beus was born on the 5th day of July 1849, in Pear, Piedmont, Italy. He was the eighth child of a family of eleven. He was the son of Joel & Mirianne Combe.

In 1850 Elders Lorenzo Snow, Joseph Toronto & T. H. Stenhouse arrived in Piedmont, Italy to open the Italian mission & preach the Gospel. A number of splendid families later embraced the gospel. Among them were the Melons, Cardons & Beuses.

The Piedmont saints were very poor people, but they were good, faithful & obedient. They had faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, they knew that what ever was required of them by the Lord was for their good.

During the five years when they were driven & persecuted in Italy & France three more children were born, two girls & a boy. They had little to eat, mostly bread butter, cheese & goats milk.

When the saints received word that they could come to Zion they left their farms & homes with out receiving any thing for them.

It was in Nov. 1855 they left their home land & traveled by rail & sled drawn by sixteen government mules over ice & snow. They went to Lyons France, from Lyons they traveled to Paris & then to Glasis by railway. From here they took the steamer to London, where on 19th of Nov. their youngest son died & was buried. They continued on their journey by rail to Liverpool. Here they stayed a short time waiting for the boat to sail.

2
They left Liverpool Wed. morning at 7 AM, 12th of Dec 1855, on the John G. Boyd ship. There were 512 saints, under the direction of Knud Peterson.

They encountered gales, hurricanes & generally bad weather. During the trip the saints were called to prayer nite & morning by the sound of a trumpet. Meetings were held in Danish, Italian & English. They had much sickness on board, measles caused the death of many children. Grand mother & her oldest son were extremely sick all the way.

On the 16th of Feb. they landed safely in New York. They had only one day water supply left & food was getting low. It was a cold, cold winter. The saints were divided into three companies, the Beus family being in the third company. They went to St. Louis Missouri where they stayed for a month or two & then on to Florence Nebraska.

Money had been sent with the missionaries to make arrangements for outfits in crossing the plains, but when they arrived no record of the money was available. They had to stay in Nebraska for two months while Grandpa & his son James worked to pay the immigration fund.

In Florence Nebraska they joined the Edmund Elsworth hand cart company and left for Utah, a distance of about one thousand miles, with just sufficient food to keep body & soul together. These were the first hand carts to cross the plains. They had to walk the entire distance from the frontier to the Salt Lake Valley, and pull their few possessions in the handcart.

at the commencement of this hard journey across the plains, Sladdy was not quite seven years old, but he & his brothers & sisters walked along by the hand cart, barefooted. They use to gather large leaves and stick them on their feet with pine gum. It gave them some protection from sharp rocks & stickers.

They had very little food to eat, prickly pears & Buffalo, beef & horse hides were often boiled for food. They averaged eleven miles per day. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley the 26th of Sept. 1856. Upon their arrival they were met by President Young, Heber & Kimball & a party of people. The band played & all in all it was a great celebration.

A more dramatic history will never be written than the story of the people who walked over a thousand miles of plains & mountains in order that they might arrive in Utah to share with the rest of the emigrants, the blessings of a free home. The lives of those pioneers were full of stories of long suffering, heroism, devotion & loyalty to the ideal that had become a part of their lives.

Grandfather Beus not knowing the language was under a great hardship in finding work to support his family, so they only stayed a few days in Salt Lake & traveled on to Ogden.

In selecting a location for their new home their love for the mountains was shown. They chose a beautiful place at the foot hills of Ogden. Their first home was built of logs hauled in from Ogden Canyon. Some little distance to the East they built a pond, which was surrounded ~~with~~ by willow trees. The land was wild and had to be cleared before farming could be carried. ~~They gathered~~ They were very poor, their furniture was all made by hand. They gathered wood from the fences to make stockings, gloves & underwear. They purchased buck skin from the Indians to make pants, coats & robes.

They were the first to raise & spin silk. They had sent to Italy for the silk worm. They grew flax & made linen. They cut their grain with a case knife. They manufactured charcoal, which they found ready sale for.

Good times gradually came and they built a beautiful red brick home on about 35th & Harmon Ave. It stood there until the land was sold to build the Weber college.

On the 8th of Nov. 1876 Daddy married Mary Terry, a daughter of Joel & Rosanna Garner Terry. They built a small home near his father's home. They lived there about eight years. Daddy was a real successful farmer and this year he had a bounteous crop of wheat and alfalfa. New machinery for harvesting grain was on the market & he wanted one real bad so he mortgaged the crop to pay for the machinery. The night before the harvest was to begin, a big hail storm came & completely destroyed ~~all~~ of it. the crop.

The mortgage company came and took their home and every thing they owned.

Blue and discouraged they decided to move to Idaho, so they took their four children and went to Soda Springs, Idaho. He worked hauling freight from Soda to Carbon. This lasted only a year & then they returned to Utah to be near their ~~fore~~ loved ones, but they only stayed there a short time, returning again to Idaho.

~~During the winter of 1890-91 there was a~~ He hauled logs for Thomas Honley and got enough for him self to build them a three room house. Here my brother Arlen Adell was born on the 2 of October, 1888. He died the following year.

In the winter of 1890-91 there was a terrible epidemic of diphtheria. The whole town was stricken, many people died from it including my sister and two brothers. Venoa the oldest daughter died first on 12, Feb. 1891. Two days later Clarence Paul died. Because people were so frightened no one came near. Mother had to wash & dress the children, while Daddy made two wooden boxes

5

The children were gently laid in them & Daddy nailed the lids on, then the boxes were stowed through the window where two good neighbors, Thomas Hordley Sr. & William Clifford were waiting to bury them. This was all done at night. Then one week later my oldest brother Louis Lerron died and was buried ~~near~~ beside the other children.

That left three more sick children, Daddy was so grief stricken he went to the barn and prayed earnestly for help. He said he heard a voice say, "Give the children some tobacco tea." He never used tobacco but he called to the neighbor to get him some. The tea was soon made & a little given to the children. They started vomiting & that cleared enough of the mucus from their throat so they could breathe.

In the year 1895 Daddy homesteaded land five miles from town in Wood Canyon. Again he hauled ^{logs} & built a log cabin, the home where I was born and many fond memories made. He had a sheep shearing plant & also a dipping corral. He operated a lime kiln. Mother with the aid of the family and two hired girls cooked for the men spring & fall. They usually fed from 75 to 100 people each day.

During the winter we moved into town for school but Daddy stayed most of the time on the farm. He was really natted for ice packing, all the merchants in town wanted him only to pack the ice. He would cut large squares of ice from the frozen streams and pack it in saw dust for summer use. He dug wells & set pools & rocked them up.

He could locate the exact place to dig for a well, by using a green willow. The willow would really bend as he walked past a water vein.

One building that he rocked the foundation for is now being used by the Senior citizen of Seda

6
Springs. It is 80 years old and a real piece of art, the way the rocks are fitted together so smooth and neat. He loved to walk and each morning he would arise early & walk for miles inspecting the farm and feeding the live stock. You could always see him chewing on a stock of fresh wheat. I often wonder how he could work so long and at such physical labor. They had thirteen children, nine grew to maturity, good honorable sons & daughters.

He was always kind and jolly, willing to divide and share everything he owned. He had very little schooling so he always refused to speak in church, but I can picture him now sitting in the large rocker by the coal stove, holding the large family Bible and struggling to pronounce names. He had great faith and the power of healing. I would like to relate two.

When my first baby was about six months old he had the measles. His temperature went so high he took convulsions. Sister Rose, my brother's mother in law was visiting us and she was holding the baby at the time. Daddy started to administer to him and she said she felt a hot pain go right through her arm and into the baby as Daddy prayed. The baby came right out of the severe attack.

Later my brother in law Jack Densley lay at death's door in the hospital in Bingham Canyon, he had spinal meningitis. The doctors had him isolated and said no way could he get well.

Daddy was in California living with me but he got up that morning and said, he must go home, the folks needed him. When he arrived at the hospital Jack was really sick but Daddy again used his gift of healing and administered to him. He wouldn't leave.

7

1

leave his bed side for two days and a note because he said if he left Jack would surely die. ~~He~~ ^{Jack} did regain his health and lived for many years.

After Mother died - Daddy lived with me in Calif. during the winter months but always returning to the ranch for the summer. He loved to walk so each day he strolled down to the ocean & watched the waves roll in. I'm sure it brought back memories of the long, long voyage he had made as a boy. He happened to be on the beach the morning Charles A Lindberg landed in Paris from his non stop flight and he marveled at the accomplishment that a plane could fly across the ocean.

He took real sick and wanted to go home. The doctor said he was too ill to leave his bed, but again he displayed his great faith and promised if we only take him home he wouldn't die on the way.

Once more he started on a long but voyage by car, from Long Beach, Calif. to Idaho. He arrived home and lived ten days, glad to see his loved ones and visit with his old friends. He died at the home of his daughter, Lona Miskell 12 Aug 1927.

He died as he had lived honest, true and with a burning testimony of the divinity of the Gospel.

Today I want to pay tribute to a kind loving father who always called me Sally, I never knew why but in my mind I thought it meant Tom Boy. He was always my pal. He taught me to be honest and to appreciate all the blessings that come into my life. He warned me many times to stay active in the church and never deny the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.