

Biography of
Josephine Hartley Zundle

April 11, 1846 - January 13, 1929
(Original Pioneer)



I was born April 11, 1846, in Sheffield, England, daughter of Samuel Hartley, born August 20, 1812, at Sheffield, England, and Eliza Gill Hartley, born November 28, 1815, at Norton Lees, near Sheffield, England. They were married January 31, 1836, at Sheffield, England. Eliza Gill Hartley died November 17, 1891, at Oak City, Utah.

My mother joined the Latter-Day Saints Church and had her children baptized during Wilford Woodruff's mission in England in the early Forties. There were 8 children born, 4 boys and 4 girls, however, a boy and a girl died in infancy and a girl about age 4, and were buried in England. The other children emigrated to Utah with their mother. Samuel Hartley did not join the L. D. S. church, and they never saw him again.

My mother, Eliza Gill Hartley, with five children, prepared to come to Utah and on May 25, 1856, they set sail from Liverpool, England, and on the sailing vessel "Horizon" with 856 Latter-Day Saints, under the direction of Edmund Martin and Daniel Tyler, assistant. We arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, June 30, 1856. At the time of our arrival, the mechanics were making handcarts on which to haul our provisions, however the carts were not ready, so we were delayed three weeks. On July 15, 1856, we left Iowa City for Florence, Nebraska.

On August 25, 1856, we started on a thousand mile journey across the plains. I was ten years old at this time, and to my great sorrow, I had chills and fever, and had to have my mother pull me on the handcart, which was heavily loaded with our provisions. The deep sand, rocky roads, and fording streams made it almost impossible for mother to pull it, so we had to leave some of our things along the roadside. Mother would cook our meals, then rest for the night, and then would take up the journey again.

We continued on with our journey with continued hardships, until we reached Laramie, Wyoming, about October 6, 1856. We rested here for a short time, and it was necessary for us to dispose of our prized possessions and buy corn meal, beans, and other foodstuffs, as our supply was gone. We were rationed to a pound of flour per day. This ration was decreased several times until all of our flour was gone. The captain was very kind to mother and gave her some of the flour sacks to scrape off with a knife what little flour was left along with the lint. With this, she was able to make cakes and mush to help sustain life. At this time, winter was setting in and on October 29, 1856, we traveled 10 miles through snow, and at this time had to reduce our belongings to 10 pounds for adults and 5 pounds for children, sacrificing our bedding, which added to our misery and suffering. My mother's and sister's skirts were frozen stiff. They would try to dry them out in the evening by the fires, but were not very successful. My brother, Samuel's feet were frozen, and he lost one leg below the knee and always wore a

peg leg after that. Farewell's feet were frozen and he shuffled along, as he could not lift his feet to walk.

On our way, we camped at a gulch called "Martin's Ravine". Here, we suffered terribly with the cold. It was only with the power of God that we survived. When we reached Devil's Gate, we met wagons from Salt Lake City, with provisions and clothing waiting for us. From this time on, the journey was better and much easier. We reached Salt Lake City with the company on November 30, 1856.

I don't remember how long we stayed in Salt Lake City, but eventually, we moved to Payson, later going to Leamington. My mother, Eliza Gill Hartley, moved on to Oak Creek City, Utah, where she died November 17, 1891.

I did not receive any schooling, but my mother taught me to read and write a little and to add and subtract, and to count the dates on the calendar enough to get by. When I was 16 years old, I met Thomas Zundle of Payson (a pioneer of 1852) and we were married May 25, 1862, at Monia, or Mona, Utah. This marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, November 6, 1871. We never had any children of our own, but we were known as Aunt Josephine and Uncle Tom to all, wherever we lived.

We lived for a while in Payson, Utah. Then we lived during the year 1882 with Robert Snyder and his wife and Sina Curtis Snyder (my niece) and their four months old baby. We prepared to move with them to Castle Valley and settled there May 6, 1882, and got land on the Price River about 5 miles below Price Town, later called Wellington, Utah. Robert Snyder went 3 miles further down the river. Sina, or Sina, as she was called, was a daughter of Lyman and Sarah Curtis. Sina's children came along and I was not only an aunt to them, but almost a mother, too.

We pioneered this valley together. At first, we lived in the covered wagon box. This box was taken off the wagon and placed on logs to keep it off the ground. Tom built the first log cabin in Wellington. It had a dirt floor and a roof and a fireplace. We used the covered wagon box for a bedroom. At first, there were plenty of deer along the river, in fact, they would come right into our yards; however, as more settlers came into the valley, and the town was established, the deer became scarce. Sage hens were plentiful in the brush and fish in the streams, however, after building dams in the river, the fish would go down stream but could not get back, and soon all the good fish were gone and only trash fish was left. There was wild fruit in the area, such as: black currants, buffalo berries, bull berries, choke cherries and elderberries.

We often made trips over the mountains to the settlements of Salem and Payson, where we would can fruit, making preserves and jellies, also we canned apples, peaches, apricots, plums and prunes. In our garden at home, we raised such things as corn, beans and squash. We raised some wheat, oats and barley. The first wheat was flailed out by hand, spreading it on wagon cover, and beating it with sticks, then letting the wind take the chaff out as we lifted it up and down. We took this first wheat to an old Burr flour or gristmill at Castle Gate. We also had cows, chickens and pigs to help out with our living.

Later, we built an 8 x 28 log house. It had native lumber floors, with boards and slabs for the roof. They were lapped in such a way that they leaked very little. The old cabin was now used for a black smith shop. Many a horseshoe was made here and fitted to the horse. All the men settlers in the valley would come here to get their horses shod. Many a plow shear was sharpened, but I cooked for and fed many farmers who came to work in the shop.

Here, I will relate one instance of decision in my life. Our home seemed to be a gathering place for the men, and they began to play cards. I put up with it for some time, cooking and feeding these “bums”. Often a bottle came along too. I have always said that when the cork comes out of the bottle, the devil flew into me. One Sunday, they came as usual, but this time I scooped up the cards and into the stove they went. I said to my husband, “Tom Zundle, this is the end of the card playing in my home,” and it was.

Tom always had a fine herd of horses and he took great pride in them. In the fall, he would put them on the threshing machine and in return, got wheat, oats and barley for his pay, thus getting flour for us and feed for the chickens and animals.

In the early days, the settlers often came up and down the river to our place, as there were many shady trees here. They would bring their baskets and tubs loaded with picnic gather to celebrate the 4th of July, birthdays, or just get-to-gether parties, which helped make life worth living. They would bring their bedding to make beds for the children and then we danced all night in the old stockade.

There was an interesting incident in my life, which made me very happy. There was an Indian family called _____, who lived just across the river from us. They had a large family, Rosella, the mother, was very ill with confinement, and knew that she would die. She begged me to take one child, a boy called Bennie, to raise. We promised we would after Rosella died. The father took his family to the Indian Reservation at Wellington (where it was opened) to get their allotment, so we did not get Bennie until he was between two and three years old. Tom went out to the reservation and got Bennie. We reared him as our own son to manhood, in a good Christian home. We were very happy with him. He married a white girl and they had one daughter. When the child was ten months old, Bennie was accidentally killed. This grieved us very much.

Along about 1890, when lower Price was given the name of Wellington, the first Relief Society was organized on August 21, 1890, with Sarah L. Snyder as President. I was appointed treasurer. We had plenty to do, as the settlers were coming in and needed so many things to help them out until they could get started with their own crops and houses.

Tom moved our house up on the west side of the Wellington townsite. We lived there a few years, but were never satisfied, so we moved back on the farm. He built a one-room log cabin on the west Forty. He got his corral, chicken coops and stable built. I remember we had a back shed for a kitchen for a while. A lean-to room was built on the back, one step lower than the room. Later, a kitchen was built on the front with split ties standing on ends. It was lower, too, and had a tin roof. When it rained, buckets were hung all around to catch the water. When a flood came down the lane, it ran in the kitchen and back room and sometimes filled the milk cellar. I would always keep things off the floor onto stools and chairs in the back room.

I always had a cow and chickens as long as I could take care of them, and Tom kept a fine team. He would take the butter and eggs to the store in a brass kettle carried on his arm, and buy our groceries, such as sugar, salt, tea, and so on. He never forgot to get me a dish or dainty, and himself a pinch of horseshoe chewing tobacco (however, in later years he quit this habit).

My husband had a stroke the summer of 1914, and his speech was affected; however, he could get around some. He slowly got worse and required constant care. After two years, on the 27th of April 1916, he passed away. He had been married for 56 years.

After Tom's death, I lived alone and carried on as long as I was able. My friends, neighbors, nieces and nephews were all good to me. We had previously sold our farm to Walter Draper; however it was arranged that we could live there as long as we lived, and this way, we had the money to buy all our commodities.

When all this income was gone, a niece, Emma Hanks, made arrangements for her to receive the Black Hawk War pension, as her husband had fought in that war. In later years, "Josephine" became quite forgetful. One of Sina's daughters took care of her, and later she was moved to another great niece's home in Price, Utah. Aunt Josephine was kind and agreeable to care for. She died at her home in Price, January 13, 1929, and was buried by the side of her husband in Wellington Cemetery.

We nieces would rather have gone to her home than anywhere, as it was always immaculate, and although she did not have any modern conveniences, her home was like a palace. She was a very good cook; she could make biscuits that would melt in your mouth. She kept her knives and forks secured until they became so thin you could bend them. Everything she had, she got the hard way, but she never complained and everyone that knew her, loved and missed her, especially her nieces.

Written by Matilde Snyder Anderson and Julia K. Linford, her nieces.