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Title: **Elde_04-03_Elder, Martina (article_Indian Pioneer).pdf**

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records from Alva and Zella (Barnson) Matheson and La Kay (Matheson) Weber collected during their lives and from their ancestors

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Mica Martina Margrete Katrine (Pedersen) Gibb(s)
Elder Smith

April 15, 1835 – February 8, 1911

"Grandma Martina Elder was living in Grafton when the Berry men were killed. Her husband

Clayborne helped to bring them in to town. While her husband was gone, she stacked what

furniture she had against the door and had an axe close by in case the Indians came to the

house."

– Zella Barnson Matheson

Newspaper and date – unknown

Indian Pioneer relations further strained

Ed. Note: The following story

is taken from William R. Palmer's

series of 1950 radio talks dealing

with early Southern Utah Mormon

settlements and their relations with

the Paiute Indians. (See Talk No.

70, "Forgotten Chapters of

History".)

For several weeks we have been

discussing Indian troubles in

Southern Utah. Most of these are

accounted, usually, as part of the

Blackhawk War although that war

could not have been more than a

secondary influence in causing the

atrocities.

I have given the story of the

killing of Dr. J.M. Whitmore and

Robert McIntire on Jan. 2nd, 1866,

and of the rather summary execution

on Jan. 20th of seven Paiutes for their
supposed responsibility for the crime.

Indian revenge for the loss of
these tribesmen fell swiftly and
brutally. None of these tragedies
seem to have been inspired by the
Black Hawk War which was raging
in San Pete and Sevier Counties, were
touched off by the murder of
Whitmore and McIntire by Navajos
who came from across the Colorado
River.

In 1865 four Berry brothers,
William John, Robert and Joseph,
together with their widowed mother,
settled a ranch in Long Valley, Kane
County, where the town of Glendale
now stands. Their cluster of log
houses soon came to be called
Berryville.

That fall Grandma Berry

decided to visit her two daughters
who were married in Spanish Fork,
and Robert and his young wife and
Joseph, a single man, took their
mother on that trip.

They spent the winter visiting in
the north. When spring broke, the
boys were impatient to be on the
road home for it was time to plant
crops in Berryville.

They loaded their wagon with
seed wheat, but Grandma was not
ready yet to leave. She wanted to
wait and see one of her daughters
through her maternity. Finally, the
boys could wait no longer so they
with Robert's wife started for home,
leaving Grandma Berry behind.

The trip was made without
incident as far as Grafton on the

Virgin River, which place they reached on Saturday April 1, 1866.

They were in fine spirits for one more day would put them home.

Sunday April 2nd they made an early start and they were making good time until they reached Short Creek. Here the Indians fell upon them.

Robert and Joseph whipped up their horses but they were hitched to a loaded wagon and could gain little speed. The men cut the tugs on their harness and the three persons jumped on the backs of the horses.

But the Indians were now upon them. In a running fight over half a mile the two men and the horses were killed and Mrs. Berry was captured alive. She was dragged back to the wagon, trussed to a wheel, assaulted

and then shot to death with arrows.

The Indians went through the wagon cutting grain bags open and pouring precious seed wheat on the ground. They ripped open the feather beds and shook the feathers to the wind. Trees and brush for a mile or more were covered with the feathers.

On the tragic Sunday morning William Berry at the ranch in Long Valley, was seized with troubled forebodings about the safety of this people which he could not shake off. He had no way of knowing they were on the road for no letter or message had come from them. But he felt so troubled that he could sit still no longer. He saddled his horse, tied up a lunch and went out on the road hoping to meet them and help them in.

At noon he stopped on a little grassy flat to eat his lunch and let the horse pick a little grass. But he felt such concern that he knelt down and offered a fervent prayer for the safety of his kinspeople. While on his knees a vision was opened to him and he saw in great detail the terrible tragedy that had already befallen them.

Mounting his horse he rode back to the ranch for help and the little party then went direct to the scene of the crime. It was all just as William had seen it.

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On the way they met a friendly Indian coming to tell them what had

happened. They hurried him off to Grafton to report the tragedy and send wagons and men back for the bodies of the dead.

Faithful to his trust this Indian rode fast to town and sent relief teams and men at once to the scene. The bodies were gathered up and taken to Grafton where they were laid to rest.

This terrible deed was perpetrated by tribesmen of the seven Pahutes who had been summarily executed only two months before.

The Berrys abandoned Berryville and moved to Kanarra where they prospered and from then to now the family have been among the strong and respected people of Iron County.

There was an aftermath to this

tragic story. The two brothers,
William and John Berry, ready to
exact stern vengeance, kept silent
watch for the perpetrators of the
terrible deed.

One day William found in a
vacant log house an Indian he felt
sure had been one of the leaders in
the crime. He went ferociously after
him and backed him into a corner
against the wall.

With the point of a butcher knife
pricking the Indian's bare abdomen
William tried to make him tell what
he knew. As the conviction grew that
this was one of the guilty party, the
enraged white man could scarcely
restrain himself from thrusting the
knife into the fellow. One thrust, he

thought, would settle the score with
one bad Indian.

Then the Indian did a brave
thing that brought William Berry
suddenly to his senses. He calmly
folded his arms, looked William
straight in the eye and stood solid and
unflinching as a totem pole. He
spoke no word nor blinked an eye.

In that brief moment the
realization came to William that he
must not take human life. He
withdrew the knife and told the
Indian to get out.

The order was obeyed slowly
and with great dignity. William was
thankful as long as he lived that he
had not killed the Pahute and he
never thirsted again for the blood of
those who had murdered his brothers
and sister.