

## HISTORY OF ESTHER ELIZABETH TYE

Unlike most pioneers Esther's family have written much about her life. Listed below are several stories about her and her family.



*This story was written by Myrna Blanding Hillquist*

Esther Elizabeth Tye was born on 5 November 1858 in Payson, Utah, almost two years to the day, after the arrival in Salt Lake City of her mother, Elizabeth Tite.

Esther's parents were Jesse Askew Tye and Elizabeth Tite. Both parents were converts to the Church where they resided in Northamptonshire, England; she from Walleston, and he from Cranford. When Jesse joined the Church on 6 September 1851, he was disowned by his parents, John Tye and Esther Askew Tye.

We do not know how Elizabeth's parents, William Tite and Mary Barnes Tite accepted her baptism in June 1852.

Both Jesse and Elizabeth immigrated to America in 1856, but at different times, with the understanding that they would be married when they were reunited in Salt Lake City. Jesse walked as a member of Captain Philemon Merrell's company and arrived in Salt Lake City on 22 August 1856.

When Elizabeth arrived in America, she traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, where she waited with others for enough handcarts (120) to be constructed to transport the goods for 500 people. They left Iowa City on 15 July 1856, and then Florence, Iowa, on 18 August 1856, under the leadership of Captain James Willie.

A pioneer who was with the Willie Company wrote that the first 200 miles were filled with pleasant memories. Early in September, the first frost of the season came, and so did their sorrows and troubles. The Indians had been on the warpath, and they were in constant fear of them. A one time they were almost trampled to death by a herd of buffalo. Provisions became very scarce, and they were allowed very little rations each day. The Indians drove all the cattle that had been allotted to their company away, thus leaving them without meat. The storms increased and the roads became terrible. The poorly made handcarts needed constant repair, slowing them further. Other members of the company said they could follow Elizabeth, by the trail of blood from her feet.

Brigham Young sent out rescue parties at the time of the October 1856 Conference. It took time for the rescuers to meet the travelers in Wyoming. Without this help, however, it is almost certain they would have all perished. Elizabeth arrived in Salt Lake City on 9 November 1856. That day Jesse and Elizabeth were married by Bishop Woolley of the Thirteenth Ward.

Soon after, they moved to Payson where Jesse used his skills as a boot and shoemaker, working for George Hancock. Jesse is also thought to have had a photography shop there. It was in this setting that Esther Elizabeth was born on 5 November 1858. It was also the day that her mother died. Jesse and Esther Elizabeth remained in Payson at least until 1861. It is uncertain who cared for Esther Elizabeth in her early years. It may have been friends or perhaps Jesse's sister Lydia, who lived in Fillmore.

It is known that Jesse lived in Beaver for a while. After that he moved to St George where he met and married Sarah Caroline Perkins. They became the parents of two children, Warren , born in 1866 and Annie, born in 1873. According to Annie, this family lived all over Southern Utah. Among the places named were Beaver, Parawan, Marysville, Panguitch, Circleville, and St George. Jesse made "good money" as a photographer and was a "good provider", according to Annie. Sarah Caroline cared for her two children as well as for Esther Elizabeth.

When Esther Elizabeth was about nineteen years old, Jesse stopped one night to

visit his friend and fellow photographer, James Booth and his wife, Annis. When James asked if Esther Elizabeth could stay with them for a while, James suggested that if she were to live with them, she might be willing to marry him. Esther accepted and they were married around the first of June, 1877 with the approval of Annis.

This Marriage produced seven children, John Woodrow, James William, Annis Edie, Mary, Ruth, Emma Laprele, and Phoebe. John, Ruth and Phoebe all died as children. It was a blessing that Annis and Esther always seemed to be close. Later when polygamy became illegal, Esther went into hiding. It was while she was hiding in Bunkerville, Nevada, that Emma Laprele was born.

From 1887 to 1889 James returned to England where he served a two Year mission. When in St George, James operated a store and photography shop. Many of his pictures showing the people and the scenery of the St. George area of the early days are in the Brigham Young University Archives.

James died in St George 11 April 1897. Following the death of James, Esther Elizabeth married Joseph Hyrum Lee, the son of James D. Lee. She moved to Harrisburg where she lived in a small stone house which remains standing today. It is one of two houses on the property now owned by the Quail Lake Resort.

*It is also know that they served in Tuba City, Arizona for a period of time before moving back to St. George.*

Norma Elizabeth Herron Blanding, granddaughter of Esther Elizabeth, has written her memories of her grandmother:

"Esther was not too strong and always suffered from what was called "leakage of the heart". This was probably a congenitally malformed valve. She lived with different families and friends of Jesse for a number of years, and finally came to St. George, where she later married James Booth."

"My first memories of Grandmother was the summer of 1911 when I was four years old. This was the time of the Jubilee (50th year) Celebration in St George. Our family traveled by train to Lund where my grandmother and her second husband, Joseph Lee, met us with a wagon and a team of horses to take us from the nearest rail line to St George. I'm not sure how far it was, but remember we had to make camp in uninhabited sagebrush country on the way. It was about dusk. I still remember hearing grandmother say, "Let's get the grub box from the wagon and make supper". There was no food for us or hay for the horses except what they brought with them."

"The second time we visited grandmother, she lived in Harrisburg (*approximately 1916*), a small community of only 3 or 4 families. It was located on the main

highway to St George and was near the small town of Leeds. This place was isolated after the freeway was built. A few years back the rock walls of the house still stood, but the roof had burned away. I was 10 years old on that visit and don't remember how we traveled, but do remember going from the house past some peach and almond trees and out to the orchard where Joseph Lee was working."

"There was a stone wall in front of the property. Just inside or outside of the wall there was a ditch where water flowed. My grandmother would arise early and get a barrel full of fresh water to be used for drinking and cooking each day. This would be taken care of early, before animals would be turned loose to wander across the ditch. The house was built from stones and on the side of the house, there were steps leading down to the cellar, where milk and other food was kept as this was the coolest place. There was a large barn on the back of the property and behind this the land abruptly fell away to the riverbed below. I believe that this must have been the East Fork of the Virgin River. There were many large boulders in the water and along the bank, My favorite place was like a square seat in a rock. I loved to sit in the seat and watch the clear water bubbling over the rocks and hurrying by."

"One day grandmother took us on a hike along the river to a beautiful canyon. The walls on either side were quite close together, and on one side water came out of the side of the mountain. The walls were covered with moss. It was a lovely spot all hidden from the world."

"The chicken coops were on the opposite side of the highway, and a short distance below the house. The road seemed to turn and go over little rolling hills. It was a pretty walk in the evening when we walked down to gather the eggs. There was a garden on that side, and I remember sugar cane growing along the fence."

"The last time I remember seeing my grandmother, and the only time she visited us was during the flu epidemic when we were living in Milford. I remember wearing a gauze mask and going to school alone, at a appointed time, to receive my home work assignment. I was about 12 then. The next year we moved to Lehi. The fall I turned 13 my mother went to St George because her mother was ill. Six weeks later, on the 5th of December 1919, my grandmother died."

Ester Elizabeth was buried near her husband, James Booth, in the St. George Cemetery.

*Although similar to the above story, here is a second story about Esther Elizabeth Tye's life as written by a granddaughter.*

Some Memories and History of my grandmother,  
ESTHER ELIZABETH TYE BOOTH

by Norma H. Blanding February 10, 1982

On my 7th birthday, my grandmother sent me a postal card with a picture of herself and a friend printed on the front. On the back she wrote, "This was taken when grandma was 55 years old, with a friend from Texas". They were holding their handbags, and each had a spray of ivy, or autumn leaves in their hands which they were busily studying. The card was not stamped and there is no postal date on it, so it had to have been mailed in an envelope. I always treasured this gift, and I still have it.

For sometime I have felt I would like to record some of my memories of my grandmother, Esther Elizabeth Tye. I realize that my knowledge is limited, but I may remember some things that others now living would not know. It is possible that she had much happiness that I am not aware of however, I have an impression that her life on the whole was rather sad, and there were few conveniences at the time she lived.

Esther Elizabeth was born November 5, 1858 in Payson, Utah County, Utah, and on that day her mother died. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Tite and Jesse Askew Tye, both from Northhamptonshire, England. Her mother sailed from Liverpool on May 3, 1856, aboard the Thornton, one of 764 Mormon passengers. The Company traveled by train from New York by way of Albany, Buffalo and Chicago. I'm not sure how they got to Iowa City, but from there they were to travel with Handcart Company #4, lead by Captain James G. Willie, who was a missionary returning from England. He had been in charge of the Saints aboard the Thornton. Elizabeth was listed on the roster as 25 years of age, and she was the only person named "Tite". She left some poetry in her own handwriting, which she had written for and sent to Jesse Tye, telling of her loneliness since he had gone away, so we know they were close friends in England. Jesse Tye's older sister, Lydia, who was the great grandmother of Viola Bidgood, came to Utah in August 1856, and Jesse may have come at that time. Elizabeth was a lacemaker in England, and my mother said Jesse Tye was a bootmaker, and that he had made their shoes when she was a child. Apparently, he was also a photographer, as I have a copy of a portrait of my grandfather, James Booth. showing Jesse Tye to be the photographer.

Tragedy stalked the Captain Willie and Captain Edward Martin Companies due to their starting the long trek across the plains late in the summer. Their handcarts had been constructed from green wood and did not hold up well in the rough terrain and later in the cold blizzardy weather which overtook them on the trail. A history of these ill-fated companies is given in detail in the book, "Handcarts to Zion", by LeRoy R. Hafen and his wife, Ann W. Hafen, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company in Glendale, California. (They are publishers who specialize in histories of the West).

Jesse and Elizabeth were married on November 5, 1856, the same day she reached Salt Lake. When I was a child I heard my grandmother say that other members of Captain Willie's Company said they could follow her mother by the blood from her feet. Many of these Pioneers suffered frozen feet and legs and frost bitten hands. They had inadequate supplies, such as little food, clothing or blankets. Brigham Young sent out rescue parties at the time of the October 1856 Conference, but it took time for the rescuers to meet the travelers in Wyoming. Without this help it is almost certain they would all have perished.

Almost 2 years to the day after my great grandparents were married my grandmother was born, but her mother did not survive. I do not know who took care of my grandmother as a newborn infant, but I believe she was not too strong as she always suffered from what was called leakage of the heart, and this was probably a bad valve from the time of birth. Later, her father married a second time and his wife was Sarah Perkins. They were the parents of Jesse Warren Tye, born 22 August 1866 and Anna Belle Tye, born 2 January 1873, in St. George, Washington County, Utah. I know nothing of my grandmother's younger years, but in my late teens, I did know my mother's Aunt Annie (Anna Belle) Ward, whom I loved. She lived in Salt Lake. I wondered about her relationship with my grandmother, and was so pleased to find just a scrap of a letter written to my grandmother and signed, "Your loving sister, A.B. Ward". (This had been saved because it had the addresses of Aunt Annie and her brother Warren). In this letter Aunt Annie mentioned she had not seen Mary since the funeral, and I'm sure that was the funeral of their father, Jesse Tye. I remember attending the funeral with my parents about the time of my 4th birthday. This was October 1910. He was buried in City Cemetery, Salt Lake City.

The last time I remember seeing my grandmother, and the only time she visited us was during the "Flu" epidemic when we were living in Milford, Utah. I remember wearing a gauze mask and going to school alone, at an

appointed time, to receive my home work assignment. No classes were held. I felt happy and pleased that grandmother was with us, but I was always rather quiet, and I never told her I was happy she had come. One day she said, "Some day, Norma, you will wish you could ask me some questions". I have thought of that so many times since. I was about 12 years old then, and the next year we had moved to Lehi, in Utah County. The fall I turned 13 my mother went to St. George because her mother was ill. She told me to stay home from school until she returned. Six weeks later, my grandmother died on the 5th of December, 1919. One of the things I was impressed with which I remember her saying when I was 10 was during a conversation with my mother. She said, "Well Mary, two wrongs don't make a right".

My first memories of a grandmother was the summer of 1911, when I was four years old. This was at the time of the Jubilee (50th year) celebration in St. George. Our family traveled by train to Lund where my grandmother and her second husband, Joseph Lee, met us with a wagon and team of horses to take us from the nearest rail line to St. George. I'm not sure how far it was, but remember we had to make camp in uninhabited sagebrush country on the way. We stopped about dusk and were watching the prairie dogs when my mother said they looked like boys and girls playing together. The next time I saw a prairie dog I was grown up, and was very surprised to see their coats of fur instead of the pink and blue checked gingham dresses and blue overalls that I thought they were wearing when I was four. I still remember hearing grandmother say, "Let's get the grub box from the wagon and make supper". There was no food for us or hay from the horses except what they brought with them. I cannot remember about water, but probably they brought that also.

On this trip there was a portion of the road referred to as the dugway, a very narrow winding road over the mountain pass, and as I remember, it was considered dangerous. We all got out of the wagon at the bottom of the grade and walked. I believe this was to lighten the load for the horses, and also as a safety measure in case the wagon went over the side. (See Photo at the end) We have a group picture of the Booth family taken at the Jubilee. (My mother's half brother, James Booth, was the photographer and is in the picture. I seem to remember an abundance of fruit and melons, but remember nothing of the homes where we visited.

The second time we visited grandmother, she lived in Harrisburg, a small community of only 3 or 4 families. It was located on the main highway to St. George and was near the small town of Leeds. This place was isolated

after the freeway was built, and a few years back the rock walls of the house still stood, but the roof had been burned away, and there were no other structures standing. I was 10 years old on that visit and don't remember how we traveled, but do remember going from the house past some peach and almond trees and out into the orchard where Joseph Lee was working, to greet him.

There was a stone wall in front of the property, and just inside or outside of the wall there was a ditch where water flowed. My grandmother would arise early and get a barrel full of fresh water to be used for drinking and cooking each day. This would be taken care of early, before animals would be turned loose to maybe wander across the ditch. The house was built from stones, or rocks, and on the side of the house, there were steps leading down to the cellar, where milk and other food was kept as this was the coolest place, There was a large barn on the back of the property and behind this the land fell abruptly away to the riverbed below. (I believe this must have been the East Fork of the Virgin River). There were many large boulders in the water and along the bank, and my favorite was like a square seat in a rock. I loved to sit in the seat and watch the clear water bubbling over the rocks and hurrying by.

One day grandmother took us on a hike along the river to a beautiful canyon. The walls on either side were quite close together, and on one side water came out of the side of the mountain and the wall was covered with moss. It was a lovely spot, but hidden away from the world. On our way home we heard a rattle snake, and were cautioned to stand very still until the snake left the area.

The chicken coops were on the opposite side of the highway, and a short distance below the house. The road seemed to turn and seemed to go over little rolling hills. It was a very pretty walk in the evening when we walked down to gather the eggs. There was a garden on that side, and I remember sugar cane growing along the fence.

The Delaney family lived next to the Lees, and they had a daughter near my age and some older sons. One morning the boys crossed the river and went up on the other side on the hills to look for their cattle. After they crossed over the river, there was a terrible thunderstorm and the boys were cut off. The river was a raging torrent; too high and too swift for them to cross back. They could call across to their father and receive his message. They kept bees and I remember them spinning out the honey.



Aunt Marvel was living in Harrisburg on the opposite side of the highway from grandmother, and it seems the house was in a small grove of trees. I cannot remember which of the children were there at that time, but I'm sure Fred, Rea and Elma were there.

Following is a quote from a letter dated July 1, 1980, and written to me by Marie, my cousin Fred Booth's wife, regarding the marriage of our grandmother to her first husband:

"I went back to our temple and found the date of sealing for James Booth and Elizabeth Tye Booth, different from the one we had.

Annis E. Booth sealed to James Booth March'23, 1877. Esther Elizabeth Toy Booth sealed to James Booth, 1 June 1877."

"In Jesse Tye's Record Book on 30 May 1877, he records Esther E. Tye as doing an endowment for Esther Askew Toy. (His mother). On 21 June 1877 he records her doing an endowment for Eunice Toy as Esther E. T. Booth. I hope this is proof of the date." A page from Jesse Tye's Family Record dated April 27, 1905, states:

"Came to Salt Lake City, Utah August 22, 1856. Married Elizabeth Tite, daughter of William and Mary Tite. Born at Walleston, Northamptonshire, England, February 25, 1831. Baptized June 1852. Married November 9, 1856. Pulled handcart from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, Utah, in Captain Willie's Company. Died November 5, 1858, at Payson, Utah. Received endowment and sealing March 3, 1877 in the St. George Temple. Esther Elizabeth Tye Booth, Proxy." (Perhaps the "Booth" was shown in error, due to the passage of time).

His record also shows Esther Elizabeth Tye Booth was sealed to her parents on 16 January 1878, in the St. George Temple.

The above information would indicate that my grandmother was married to James Booth on 1 June 1877, since she evidently was unmarried on 30 May 1877.

In recent years, my brother told me of a letter written to our mother by Aunt Annis, as we always called her, telling our grandmother's story. He did not know what happened to the letter. He said it was like reading a story. It seems that Jesse Tye, my grandmother's father, brought her to the

Booth home one night and asked if she could stay with them, and it would appear that the families were friends. There is also evidence of both men being photographers, and may have worked together at some time. My grandfather, James Booth then asked my grandmother if she would be willing to marry him, if she was to live in their home, and she accepted.

James Booth was born 12 June 1843 in Stockford (now known as Stockport), Cheshire, England, the eldest child of John Booth and Esther Gamble Booth. His obituary says he emigrated to America, March 1873, and arrived in Salt Lake in April, where he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the 14th Ward in Salt Lake City. However, a copy of the Temple Index Card from the St. George Temple shows he was baptized July 1872 and was endowed 23 March 1877. That was the year the temple was completed. He brought his wife, Annis Edie Wych Booth and two small children, Louise Booth, born 4 January 1871 and James Joseph Booth, born 14 February 1872.

My grandmother had 7 children, 2 males and 5 females. The first child, John Woodrow, died when 4 years old, and two little girls died very young. When my mother was 3 years old, her father returned to England and honorably filled a 2 year mission. He left Salt Lake 15 October 1887 and returned in the fall of 1889. He died in St. George, Utah, 11 April 1897.

I remember my mother telling that while the children were young, at times it was necessary for the second wife and youngsters to leave their home and flee to another state, and I am sure that accounts for her younger sister Emma being born in Bunkerville, Lincoln County, Nevada, according to an original record. (Bunkerville is now in Clark County.)

I have no personal knowledge of my grandmother's second husband, Joseph Lee, but remember during our visit when I was 10 years old, he said his first wife was 13 years old when he married her.

I wrote to see if Fred Booth had recollections of our grandmother, and Marie sent me the following:

"She lived in Harrisburg when Fred remembers her. She used to like Fred. She was a hard worker. They raised peaches, hay and always had a garden. The walls are still standing of the house they lived in. They kept Fred's family in milk and vegetables.

She killed a skunk in one of the rooms of the house. It smelled terrible for a few days till they got it aired out. They drove to Leeds in a wagon to go to church. (Grandma and Grandpa Lee) and sometimes Fred went with them.

"She was the one who doctored Fred when he stepped in hot ashes and really burned his foot. They lived on the highway, and many people stopped at their place to camp, noon or night. She was very hospitable. Fred remembers taking two of her cups and giving them to a couple of drummers (salesmen). They gave Fred and Rea a nickel apiece. They went through a window to get the cups and left the window open, so Will (their father) put two and two together and Fred got a licking.

"Fred remembers Aunt Mary breaking down and crying when grandma died, and cussed Bro. Lee for working her so hard.

"Joseph Lee was a son of John D. Lee. I verified that from Alice Holland. Her cousin, Alden Lee, was very close to Alice and she knows the family history. I also checked with Elword Lee, a grandson of John D. Lee. "Grandma Lee had an old wooden washing machine; while they were gone to Leeds to church one day, Fred and Rea put oil in it. (Fred got a licking for that too). Rea remembers putting her old button shoes in it once.

"Joseph Lee lived many years after Grandma Lee. He lived several blocks up the street from my home. After Grandma died he married Libby Lee. She was very strange. When I think about it now, she was treated badly and made fun of by most of Sandtown. That is the nickname given to the northwest part of St. George.

Grandma Lee would not let them bury her by Grandpa Booth. When we had the headstones made they are in the same area, but not together. Fred doesn't know why she didn't want to be buried by him."

By Marie Booth for Fred

James Booth's mother, Ruth Gamble Booth, and two sisters, Hannah and Sarah came to Utah. The mother is buried in St. George. His brother, Joseph Booth, and a sister Mary remained in England. When I was young my mother's Aunt Sarah Gillens and her adopted daughter, Tiny Marie, went back to

Stockport by steamboat to visit the sister in England.

Recently, a great granddaughter of Joseph Booth, Millie Thomson, had contacted our family, so that she would have some relatives in America. Her husband was in the Air Force, stationed in England, and she came to live in the United States. We have enjoyed knowing her so much, and she has told us many details of the family that we would never have known otherwise. Tiny Marie and Millie both live in San Bernardino at this time.

Norma H. Blanding

February 10, 1982

*A third story reads as follows:*

ELIZABETH TITE TYE

BORN: 25 Feb 1831, in Maeghton, Northamptonshire, England

DIED: 5 Nov 1858, in Payson, Utah

PARENTS: William Tite and Mary Barnes

ARRIVED: 9 Nov 1856, with Fourth Company of Handcarts led by Captain James G. Willey

Elizabeth Tite Tye was born on 25 Feb 1831, to parents William Tite and Mary Barnes who lived in Meaghton, Northamptonshire, England. It was there that she was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Her baptism date was 20 May 1852. It was there also that she met Jesse Tye, who also became a member of the church. The two became engaged and made plans to immigrate to Utah with the help of the Perpetual Immigration Fund.

Jesse left England for Utah and arrived there in August of 1856. Elizabeth followed shortly after and sailed from Liverpool on the Thornton on 4 May 1856. The group arrived in New York in mid June. They traveled by train to Iowa City, Iowa. In spite of the lateness in the season, the group decided, not to wait, but go on to Utah. There she became a member of the Fourth Company of Handcarts led by Captain James G. Willie. The Company was caught in the snows of Wyoming where many perished. It was said of Elizabeth that one could follow her path by observing her bloody footprints.

It was on the day of her arrival in Salt Lake City, 9 Nov 1856, that Elizabeth married Jesse Tye. The marriage was performed by Bishop Woolley of the Thirteenth Ward. They remained in Salt Lake City a short while. Then they moved to Payson. Their only child was born there on the 5 Nov 1858. Elizabeth died that

day at the age of 27. The inscription on headstone reads:

Green grows the grass above thee,  
Wife of my better days.  
None knew thee but loved thee,  
None spoke of thee but in praise.

It was for Jesse to raise their daughter, Esther Elizabeth Tye Booth. Elizabeth was an educated woman who wrote poetry. She was also a maker of beautiful delicate bobbin lace. Though her life was short, she continues to be an inspiration to her descendants. She had a love for the gospel that enabled her to leave family and home and to endure the trials of the tragic handcart trek.

*Several family photos exist and are shown here.*



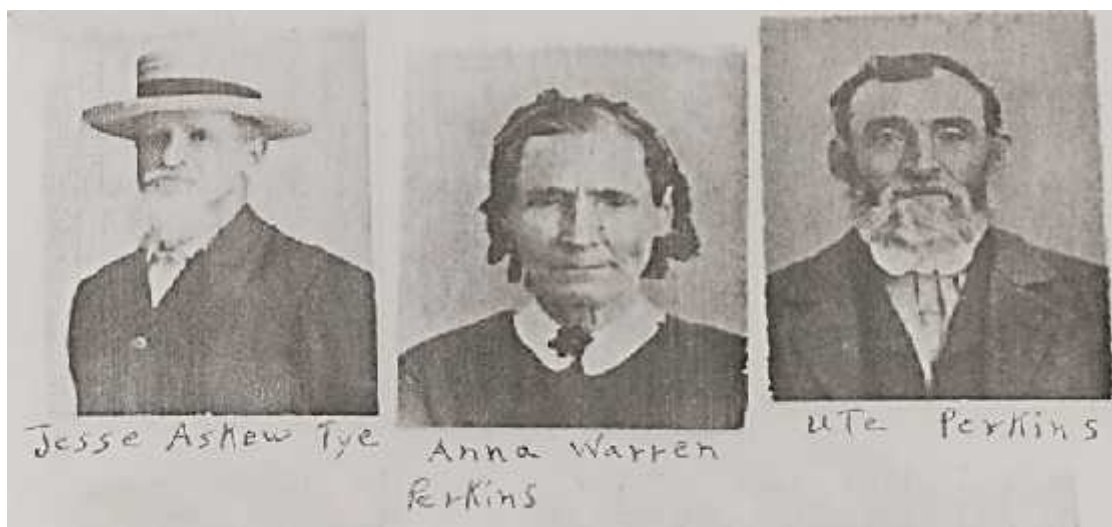
Esther Elizabeth Tye

Esther Elizabeth Tye with grandson Fred



I think this is the photo of the Booth Family described in the story above that was taken during the Jubilee (50th year) celebration. No names are given on the photo, but a accompanying note reads as follows: "St. George Jubilee 50<sup>th</sup> year,

summer 1911.” A paper templet accompanies the photo that shows, when overlaid the photo, the identities of 4 people. They are, left to right: second row young child standing, Norma Elizabeth Herron daughter of William and Mary Booth Herron; Second row sitting in the middle 3rd from the left, “Esther Elizabeth Tye Booth”; Back row standing second from the far right and far right “Mary and William Clyde Herron”. There are a total of 28 people, apparently all family members gathered for the event. This was donated by Myrna Blanding Hilquist of Glendale, California.



Jesse Askew Tye

Anna Warren  
Perkins

Uta Perkins



Sister Lydia



Sisters of Jesse Askew Tye, Lydia Tye, Born June 3, 1825  
Susanah Tye, Born March 29, 1836



Joseph Tye and Family





#### The Obituary for MRS. E. E. Lee (Esther Elizabeth Tye Lee)

Mrs Esther Elizabeth Lee departed this life December 5, 1919, of heart trouble.

She was born at Payson, Utah November 5, 1858, a daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Jesse Tye, and came to St. George with her parents in 1861, being one of the pioneers of Dixie. In 1876 she was married to James Joseph Booth in the St. George temple. Of this union six children were born, four of whom are living, as follows: William Booth, St. George: Mrs Edith Kurt, California: Mrs. Mary Heron, Lehi, Utah, and Mrs Emma Larson of Bloomington, Utah. Mr. And Mrs. Booth lived in St. George until Mr. Booth's death.

In 1901 Mrs. Booth was married, at St. George, to Joseph H. Lee. They moved to Tuba City, Arizona and stayed there three years, then returned to St. George where they resided until about six years ago when they moved to Harrisburg. They again returned to St. George last summer.

Interment was made in the St. George city cemetery.

Mrs. Lee was a patient, kindly woman, and died in full hope of a glorious resurrection.

*I have found that Joseph Lee's first wife died in Tuba City, Arizona while they were there working with the Indians. Tuba City is on a Indian reservation. When Esther and him returned there it was probably to work with the Indians again. I wonder if it was an assignment from the LDS Church.*