

MY GRANDFATHER – HANS ULRICH BRYNER junior

By Lura Redd

Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr., the son of Hans Ulrich Bryner and Verena Wintsch was born in Illnau, Zurich, Switzerland, the 22nd of April 1827. His father was a shoemaker and young Ulrich brought and delivered the shoes for this father from the time that he could remember. His parents were very strict with their children. They taught them to be prompt, industrious and thrifty. They were good religious Lutherans and the children were taught to pray and to be obedient and honest.

When Ulrich was ten years old his father bought a large farm and this changed their habits of work and play. His mother no longer spent her time at the loom spinning shoe thread and his father left his cobbler's bench to look after the farm. Ulrich learned to do farming chores as plowing, mowing and pruning. His sisters were taught to take their parts at hoeing. Such things as weaving, spinning and knitting were done at night after the day in the fields. His father mended shoes at night while young Ulrich read the bible to the family. They were allowed to go to the best entertainments that came their way. They went to school from six to twelve years and did very well at it. By the time Ulrich was grown he could speak six or seven languages. They were a happy united family and had plenty of the necessities of life. They were always grateful for their early training and for their heritage.

In January of 1843 when Ulrich was nearly sixteen years old he was taken very sick. His best pal and playmate was also taken sick and died. This news was upsetting to Ulrich and he worried about it, thinking that he too might die. With this on his mind he was unable to sleep as he should. About this time, he relates, he saw a vision one night that stayed with him through his lifetime. In the vision a man came and took him by the hand and led him, in darkness, half way around the world. He was in total darkness so that he saw nothing until they came to the top of the world. Then the heavens opened above their heads and he saw a bright light come down and he saw the city of Zion. It shone like gold and silver and glass so that its loveliness was above description. He saw a big wall with three gates leading through it. He saw righteous and holy people going through these gates into the city. He wanted to go in too but the man held his hand and said, "You can't go through now but if you are faithful and true the time will come when you will be allowed to go." Then he noticed the man that he had gray whiskers and peculiar eyes. That vision stayed with him and as he lay on his sick bed he thought of it night and day. He thought a dark night was coming but never guessed that he was going to be blind. He told his vision to his family and they all wondered what it meant, and tried to guess its meaning. He became well and learned a trade. It was butchering.

In any trade in Switzerland they held contests to encourage the workers to excel and Ulrich contested with the rest. He was a good worker, and fast and accurate. His specialty was killing hogs, and he could kill, scald, scrape, hang and draw a hog faster than most anyone and had won four cups as prizes in these contests. He worked up in his job until he became superintendent of the slaughter house. He was also buyer for the establishment and went around the adjacent territory, and maybe into other countries, buying animals for it. That is where all his languages came in handy. He may have learned some of them on the job, although in Switzerland there are three national

languages, and they study them all in school. He wanted eventually to get into the government service and worked to that end.

He married Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys, who was born the 14 of July 1828 at Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland, daughter of Johannes and Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys. Their first child, a daughter, was born 23 June 1851, at Wiedikon. They were happy and free from care for two good years.

One day at work, not in a contest, he was trying to beat his own record in preparing for another contest. He had the hog hanging up and its foot slipped off the cross stick (gambrel stick) and struck him in the eye, splitting the pupil. The carcass fell and dragged him down with it. He gave a cry and his brother Casper, who worked in the same shop, nearly seven years younger than Ulrich, came to his rescue. Casper helped him up and saw his eye was knocked out of its socket and hanging down on his cheek. He put his hand over it and led him down along the river bank to the doctor. In those days of no antiseptics nor anaesthetics one cannot know what he went through, with the infection that set in. He was sick for a long time and of course had to give up his job. They took him to Germany to eye specialists but they could do nothing. It was to be. He was blind.

Friends came to Maria saying, "Give him up and let him go home to his parents, they are well enough off to take care of him. You don't want to be saddled with a blind man all the rest of your life. What can he do for you now? You would be better off without him." But her mother said to this, "No, Maria will not desert him, he needs her now more than he ever did." Maria stayed with him but nothing could comfort him. Their home was one of mourning. They could see no future except that all their happiness was completely destroyed.

One day as Maria sat by his side and they were sad about it all, her mother came in and said, "You can do nothing but pray about it and maybe the Lord will open a way for you. I believe the hand of the Lord is in it for a whispering voice always says to me, 'Don't feel sorry that Bryner is blind, it's good for you all but you don't know it yet.'" Then she went out and came in again and repeated, "Don't feel sorry that Bryner is blind, it's good for you all but you don't know it yet." Then she went out. His parents, brothers and sisters were kind and they were all willing to provide for them, but he could not feel happy and felt that the Lord had thrown him aside. Four long sorrowful months passed by and one morning in the latter part of July he called his mother and father to listen for he had had another vision. His father, mother, brothers and sisters gathered around and he said, "I found myself in a great dark room with no glimmer of light. Three fires appeared, each of a different size. I turned my eyes and beheld a man stood at my side. I looked into his face and noticed his size, his gray whiskers and his peculiar eyes. He was the same man I had seen before who had led me half way around the world ten years ago. He had an open book I had never seen before in his hand. He crossed out my sins and they fell to the floor. A voice said to me, 'The middle fire you will have to go through.'" I said, "I am able to stand that too." The wall cracked open so wide we could go through. The light came in as bright as noon day and the road to Zion was shown to me. To get there we would cross the sea with a great company. I had my wife and child and it was a long journey across, I think, the great prairie into the mountains to the same place I had seen before."

A neighbor lady, who had listened, wanted to interpret his vision. She said they were going to America to hunt a physician. This did not satisfy him as it did not agree or correspond with his former visitation. His father said he would be willing to go with him but they all wanted to learn more.

The real interpretation was not given until February 1854 when they heard of a minister from America being in the country. A Mormon elder by the name of George Meyer came to the city. Ulrich's sister went out to hunt for him. She had instructions to see if he were the man Ulrich had seen in his dreams. She could not find him, he had gone again. The next Sunday he held a meeting in Bern, a city some distance away. His father, mother, mother-in-law and sisters, six of them in all took the two hour walk that was necessary to take them there and heard him. He had described the man many times and as soon as they saw him they recognized him. The mother-in-law went up close to the elder and examined his peculiar eyes, that Ulrich had described. George Meyer was very cross-eyed and wore extremely thick lenses. They invited him to come to their home.

Two days later, late at night, a knock came to the door and when Maria answered the knock it was the elder. She came back to Ulrich and said it was those Mormon Ministers from America and did he think it safe to let them in at this time of night. "Oh, yes," he said, "take them up to my old room." You see they were now living with his parents. She took them up there and from then on that was their headquarters for that part of the country. This room was up on the fourth floor which was sort of half story. Some of the neighbors objected to them being there and threw rocks and broke the window and years later when grandsons who were in Europe on missions came back that way the broken window hadn't been replaced.

Needless to say that the message these brethren brought from over the sea was listened to and believed. There were so many beautiful things in this religion that were lacking in their Lutheran faith – new revelation, a prophet of God, angels visiting the Earth again, a new golden bible, a call for repentance, baptism as John practiced it, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost and for ordinations and many more things besides these. There had been organized a new church and they must gather with the saints and live the gospel. Then in the family of Bryner and Mathys twelve were baptized, and Ulrich was the first one. They were happy and thanked the Lord and wept for joy. They knew now that He had answered their prayers and had accepted their faith.

In a few days elder Meyer administered to Ulrich for his sight. He says, he wished only mother and me in the room but two ladies wanted to be there. Our faith was strong and the Lord heard our prayers. His power was made manifest and I could see a little next day. I felt so happy and contented that I did not care if I had been taken blind. The daily news stated, 'If this man gives Bryner his sight we will believe and be baptized.'

"Next day", he says, "as I lay in my bed an evil spirit came very near to choking me to death and I cried out loud, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, leave me alone.' I rose from my bed to find out where the evil spirit came in. My parents awoke and I told them what had happened to me. They said, 'Oh, go back to bed, it's only a dream.' Next morning I tried to see as I had done the day before but was frightened to find that I could not see. There was no sight left in my eyes."

He went up to one of the ladies who had seen the administration and told her about his experiences and she said the same thing had happened to her. He, the evil spirit, had choked her so hard she had had to promise that she would have nothing to do with the Mormons to get rid of him. She never did join the church. But this experience didn't weaken his faith. He knew it was true and bore testimony to his brothers and sisters. He knew from his vision of the fire that his life wasn't going to be easy and that troubles were ahead for him.

Elder Meyer wanted to ordain him a teacher but he didn't think that he was able or worthy so he refused it. He dreamed of another fire and had to run so it wouldn't overtake him. In the fire was a man's face, and as he ran he fell and the face was above him and a voice said, "Will you always do what is required of you?" and he answered that he was willing to obey whatever he said. He told his dream in a public meeting and the elders asked if he were ready to be ordained. He accepted and I think he never refused any call made of him thereafter. He resolved then to refuse no more.

They now began to make the preparations for the long journey from Switzerland to Utah. They couldn't all go at once and immediately so the first year, 1855, his brother, Casper and his sister, Anna Barbara came out to lead the way and make preparations for the others to follow. The most ardent and thrilled of the group was his mother-in-law, Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys. She worked hard and planned carefully for the trip but was never permitted to take the journey. A kind providence took her from her home and she found rest in her native land. All the rest of my ancestors from Switzerland, five in all, came to Utah. They came across the plains, half way around the world to make a new home in a new country.

As was the custom in that country, grandmother, for her trousseau, had spun and woven sheets, pillowcases, and all kinds of household linens to last her a lifetime. These were gotten ready to take for their use where things would be most helpful. But when they made their reservations and bought their tickets, their baggage across the ocean was limited to seventeen pounds for each person, so most of it was left behind and they came with very little. Ulrich Bryner, in his seeing days, had been an artist and he had painted grandmother's portrait, lifesize. They came away and left that hanging on the wall. That was bad enough but they now had two children, the one he had seen before he had lost his eyesight and another, a boy, now only two years old. They thought he was too young to make that long trip so they left him home with his grandparents and came to Zion without him. Such was the faith of Hans Ulrich and Maria Bryner in the love and watchcare of their Father in Heaven. They trusted that all would be well with him, and it was.

When they emigrated to Zion they traveled the same road that he had seen in his dream. They were in the sailing vessel for forty two days and landed in Boston. The ship was called Enoch Train and they went from Boston to New York as he did in his vision.

They started from Florence about the first of September. His brother, Casper, had made all arrangements for the journey. That is, he had bought a wagon and oxen and hired a teamster and had everything ready for them to come right on to the valley. Travel by ox team was new to them, as it was for many others who pioneered. As grandfather was blind, he couldn't see to do much. Mother said he'd hang on to the back of the wagon for guidance and if the going got hard for the animals, he was there to push, and in this way he did a big part, as there were many bumps to drive over. The road was rough

and many times he was dragged off his feet as they proceeded, so he learned to cling tightly to the wagon for support. (There is a picture of grandfather hanging onto the wagon, as described, in the pioneer museum in Salt Lake, painted by Lura. This was added by Kay B. Redd.)

I lived on the prairie and though they looked smooth they were rather rough to walk over if you went in any kind of a straight line. Their wagons were built so they were high off the ground. They then could straddle over rocks and hillocks and gopher holes. But not being able to see, grandfather would kick and stumble over these things. Can you imagine walking like that, kicking and stumbling over things like that for nearly four long months? I think it must have been pretty tiresome. It would have been bad enough if you could see about you and where you were walking.

Mostly the journey was slow and uneventful for him but at times there was plenty of excitement. They had a stampede of their cattle. On grandfather's wagon they drove two teams or rather yokes of oxen and it was the usual thing for the lead yoke to be led. It may be that they would follow the wagon ahead, but they couldn't guide them like they guide horses. In cases of stampedes the driver would jump on the back of one of the lead oxen and beat them over the head with a whip he always carried. This caused them to shut their eyes and then they would slow down. On this occasion their driver broke his arm and the wagon was upset. An old woman riding in their wagon, sat on a stove and held little Mary on her lap. With the upset it put the little girl on the bottom then the old lady, then the stove and lastly the wagon. The old lady braced herself on her arms to protect the child from the heavy weight. She herself was so badly hurt that she died from the injury but it saved the child's life, although she had nervous spells after that.

The trip across the plains, about a thousand miles, was four months long. Cold weather set in before they had gone half the way, as the going was slow. From then on they had cold and snow. It had been bad enough for grandfather to walk through ruts, over hillocks and brush but with snow too, it was worse. It got colder and colder. He froze his feet, as did his driver. That left little grandmother with sick ones to care for and the cooking and driving to do. I guess this particular fall, 1856, was the worst that any of the pioneers went through, probably because they started much later than usual. Before they had come to Devil's Gate, both people and oxen had frozen to death. When oxen became scarce they had to double up and leave some of the wagons behind. Many like grandfather had started with two yoke on one wagon but even so they hadn't enough.

In all this long trek there was no shelter for them but the wagon. The wagons were so loaded that everybody that could possibly walk, did so. This was the rule, even before it got cold.

They caught up with a handcart company, the ill-fated Martin-Tyler people. For some reason they were not allowed to pass this company so they were caught in the same cold and snow that proved so disastrous to the handcarts. They went slower and slower as it got colder and provisions became scarcer. They were asked to share their wagons with the hand cart immigrants, so another family came to be with them, which made them go even slower than before and some things had to be left by the roadside to make room for these others. Many died on this trek and the ground was frozen so hard they couldn't dig graves so they buried the dead under the snow only. Little Mary was frozen stiff but grandfather rubbed life back into her little cold body. But help was on the way and didn't come too soon. Riders had taken word into Salt Lake of their predicament and Brigham

Young sent word throughout the settlements that they needed help and people organized rescue parties and took wagons and supplies back over the road. When these rescue teams arrived they were loaded into these wagons and taken as soon and fast as possible into Salt Lake. But this wasn't as fast as you might think. The snow fell constantly and soon there was nine feet of snow. The oxen couldn't make it and people had to go ahead and tramp the snow before even the horses could get over it with the wagons.

When Uncle Casper learned of this trouble he loaded up and went out with the others but he was in Lehi, a couple of days travel farther on than the others so he was late getting there and began meeting rescue teams coming in. He spoke so little broken English that it was hard for him to make them understand, so he'd ask, "Has anyone seen a blind man?" He repeated it many times as he met other wagons. All this time he never knew whether his folks were dead or alive. Finally someone told him that the blind man had gone into Salt Lake over the other road. There were two routes into Salt Lake. Then Uncle Casper had to turn around and go back to Salt Lake City and start all over again in his search. Kind people in the city opened their hearts and homes and took in the cold and hungry ones so now uncle Casper went from door o door and asked, "Has anyone here seen a blind man?" Finally he came to the door of the house where grandfather was. Great was grandfather's delight when he recognized his brother's voice and they fell on each other's necks and wept tears of joy.

The rest of the folks were waiting in Lehi so they packed up and went with him to Lehi. Grandfather and grandmother landed in Salt Lake December 24, 1856, so by the time they'd arrive in Lehi it would be Christmas day and happy were they all to be alive and well this first Christmas day in Zion, and together too. It was cold and the ground was covered with snow and I guess the trip to Lehi in a hay rack wasn't the most comfortable ride in the world but they made it and were happy to see the others who had things nice and warm for them there. His sister had married grandmother's brother, John Mathys and they were willing to share all they had and grandfather said they all had much to say.

Aunt Barbara, grandfather's sister, told of the things that had happened to them the year before when they came over. The cholera came, which had taken many of the saints, about two hundred people, some died on the road, some just had their names written on a board, some buried without a coffin. Here the grasshoppers were so bad they had destroyed nearly everything.

Grandfather told them what had happened in his company coming over. He told them of the stampede they had and how his wagon tipped over and nearly killed an old lady and his child. Later the old lady died of her hurts. Elders had administered to his child and had promised her life to be his guide. When they were at the last crossing of the Platte River they were snowed in for eleven days. Three companies were gathered together there in the snow. The handcart company was a half mile ahead and one night there were sixteen persons frozen to death. More died on the road. At Devil's Gate they gave thirty teams to the handcart company and all had to double up. Oxen were scarce too, so many had died, they left a third of their wagons behind. Many things were strewn along the way, left there by previous companies, things they had thrown out to lighten their loads. They traveled through rain, mud, wind and snow. Wagons were their only shelter. They never saw a house along the way that they could go to to get warm. And he thought their children had no reason to grumble.

The next summer after they came, 1857, his father, mother, sister and little son came from the old country. That must have been a joyous reunion of all the family, and especially were they glad to see their baby son again. His parents related all their experiences on the plains. They also had to travel with an ox team. One day they had a big stampede. A dog came by and frightened the oxen. They ran away and a man and a woman were killed. His father's team ran away with his mother and little Henry in the wagon. His father was picked up for dead. The team stopped and his father was brought back to consciousness, but his arm was broken and his back badly hurt. He never recovered from this accident, and what a bad fix they were in. In this predicament he had to drive his team but his mother did all she could to help him.

Now they had all told their troubles and could rejoice, but their troubles weren't over by any means. They lived in Lehi, Ogden, St. George and New Harmony as I have already told you in mother's story. In the fall of 1861 they were called to Dixie and settled in St. George. I'll bet they got tired of moving about, but they, like the Redds and thousands of other pioneers never dreamed of quitting or not going where and when they were told to go. They traveled through storm, snow, rocks and sand, a distance of three hundred miles and lived in a tent. It was windy and cold in that tent. I remember hearing father say that St. George was the coldest place on earth in the winter, the wind was so fierce and piercing. The red sand sifted in on them and life there was not so easy. Their mission there was to make settlements and to build a house of the Lord. Grandfather called it an "endless mission" because there were millions to redeem and the saints numbered but few. But if we want exaltation we will have to take care of our dead. Blessed are they who will go and redeem their relations, open their prison doors, and prepare for their resurrection and even do their own work.

When they arrived in St. George they were on their own, no house, no store, no money, no anything. His father built him a spinning wheel. They raised cotton and gathered it in. They carded the cotton, spun it into warp and gathered roots and herbs for coloring it. Brigham Young pronounced it the best home made thread he had ever seen. There were no machines in the land and everything had to be home made and they were equal to the challenge.

I know so little about grandmother and the things she did. I do know that she was an expert in all the household arts. Before she came to America she had gathered, spun and woven many yards of linen for household use. She could do everything that an accomplished housewife was supposed to know how to do but her life after grandfather lost his sight was different than she had ever planned it to be. I know that she was little and active and fast and that she devoted her life to be eyes and a help and a comfort to grandfather and her children. People who ever talked about her said she was a sweet, charming little woman and that she was very efficient.

Rose Naegle Lunt's grandmother was named Zimmermann. She lived in Lehi close to where the Bryners and the Mathyses lived. She said grandmother came into their home once, years later and saw her grandmother Zimmermann's picture on the wall. She stood and looked at it and tears ran down her cheeks. She said sister Zimmermann gave her her first start in this country. The first spring here when they had nothing, sister Zimmermann came over with something in her apron which she had gathered up in her hands and presented her with a hen and eight little chickens.

They stayed in St. George awhile and then moved to New Harmony about 1865. Grandfather married Margaretha Kuhn Wintsch 1 November 1868. She was a widow, having been married twice before. From her first marriage she had a son Henry who was not very bright and never married nor could he provide for himself. Her second husband was grandfather's mother's brother named Wintsch. He was crossing the plains in the same company that she was coming with. She had her little boy Henry with her. He was coming with his wife and several children and his wife sickened and died leaving him with these small children. He then married Margaretha Kuhn and they had a daughter, Mary. He died after reaching Utah. She then married Grandfather and had ten Bryner children. He settled aunt Marget, as we always called her, in Toquerville, Utah, about twenty miles southeast of New Harmony. That was Utah's Dixie and grew much fruit there that couldn't be grown in New Harmony. Members of grandmother's family used to go to Toquerville and dry such things as figs, peaches, grapes and apricots before they had varieties that grew in New Harmony. Toquerville was about fifteen hundred feet below New Harmony and it was considered sort of semi-tropical. However they couldn't grow apples there as good as the apples they grew in New Harmony. One time, mother said, grandmother was down there drying fruit and she drank some tea as she had been used to do in the old country. In those days the Word of Wisdom hadn't been declared a commandment. Aunt Marget, like all old time pioneers was very saving and gave grandmother milk to put in her tea. When her daughter, Mary, noticed it she went and got some cream and said, "I guess aunt Mary can have some cream in her tea." This Mary was the one in the family about mother's age and they were always more pals than the others.

Grandfather first knew about shoemaking, then farming and lastly about butchering in his young days. All his skills in these activities came in handy in this country, even though he could not see. He was especially skillful with his hands. He could take a knife into a vineyard and prune the grapevines expertly. He could prune any kind of vines, trees and shrubs. He would go into a willow patch and pick out and gather his own willows and weave his baskets. There were none better made anywhere. Mother used to have a very fancy work basket that he wove, but most of his baskets were utilitarian and accurate as bushel, half bushel and peck measures. How he measured them no one ever knew.

He recognized voices readily and when anyone he knew well spoke to him he could call him by name even though he hadn't heard from him for years. Better than some can do with sight to help. He could mend shoes as well as anyone and could butcher an animal as well as any man in the county.

He trained his boys young to do many things. Uncle Johnnie told me he could drive any team for grandfather when he was eight. He said if the team were wild or unruly grandfather took the reins and uncle Johnnie only did the guiding. He was about that age when a man in Silver Reef, who knew grandfather, hired him to move him to Milford to take the train. Grandfather took the job and drove the team with Johnnie as guide. When they were in Milford at the inn a man with a book came in and asked, "Is there a man here named Ulrich Bryner?" When answered in the affirmative he said, "I have some express here to go to Pioche, Nevada. Will you haul it there for me? I will pay you well for it." He accepted that job too. This man had three friends. They were traveling in a buckboard which wasn't heavy enough to carry the kegs filled with horse

shoes and toe calks but they were going there and would show them the way. They told them where to stay or camp at night. They in fact made out their whole itinerary and they all stayed at the same place every night on the way. With the buckboard they had four horses and four saddles. The horses would either ride or pull the buckboard, but usually two of the men rode in the buckboard and two rode horses. They changed about and sometimes two horsemen rode up in front and the others rode in the backboard behind grandfather. Sometimes the horsemen rode behind, but grandfather always rode in the middle. Sometimes they had target practice when they stopped for lunch on the desert at noon. They could have traveled much faster than grandfather with his loaded wagon seemed to be in such a hurry. They arrived safely in Pioche, then the men confessed. They hadn't been carrying just horse shoes and toe calks as they had said but hidden in the load was fifty thousand dollars worth of gold, the mine payroll. There were crooks all over in those days as now, and then officers were scarce. In fact one noted robber ran a station at Desert Springs, now Modena. These four men, United States Marshals and armed guards knew that a blind man and a little boy wouldn't be suspicious and snoop and that other people would never suspect that they had anything to steal, a perfect setup for their operations.

Grandfather was a good judge of horse flesh. He knew them in Switzerland, and having known a lot about them there he could pretty well judge a horse by the feel of its head, legs, shoulders, neck etc. Some people thought he could even tell the color by the feel. I knew a man from down there and from something I said he asked, "Was that blind man, Bryner, your grandfather?" When I said, "yes" he said, "He was one of the smartest men I ever knew. He could tell the color of a horse by the feel with his hands." I told aunt Lil about that and she said one of the boys was with him once when he was feeling a horse and said it was exactly the color of old _____. Grandfather remembered that and remarked that it was a nice bay or sorrel as the case was. The bystanders were flabbergasted and his reputation went out from that.

They had a pretty good old wagon and one day his young boys said a man wanted to trade a much newer wagon for it. Grandfather said that didn't make sense. Nobody would do that kind of a thing, and he wanted to see the wagon. He went out and felt it all over and when he came back he said, "I wouldn't have it. It's a narrow gauge wagon." Most wagons of that day were wider and made ruts to match in the roads. With a narrow wagon the wheels on one side would be in the rut but the wheels of the other side would go bumpity bump over the rocks and hillocks in between the ruts. To travel in one would be very bumpy and uncomfortable riding and hard hauling for the team. The man in question must have been a stranger, people who knew grandfather wouldn't try to fool him because he was blind.

In writing the history of my grandparents I find it is somewhat like doing research for the other dead. I'm always finding new little bits of information about which I have already written. If it seems to be repetition, please forgive me.

Most people who freeze their hands or feet might lose them or have them amputated. I just learned that when grandfather froze his feet he was administered to and Brigham Young advised people to gather wild sage and pulverize it and mix it with snow to poultice the frozen parts. Grandfather Bryner followed directions and his feet healed. He never had any bad after effects and always walked as straight as anyone.

Grandfather was three times a pioneer; first he helped in Ogden for a few years then in St. George. He had been in St. George twenty three years when in 1884 Brigham Young called him to go to Price, Carbon, Co., and settle in that place. He sold his home and such possessions as he had there and moved.

They took with them everything they could. Aunt Marget's older boys drove the stock. Uncle Johnnie, the oldest son and child was fifteen and took charge of the drive. He had driven teams and handled horses and cattle ever since he was eight so he was used to it. The younger boys, too, were good at it. They started out from St. George in April 1884. They had many cows with little calves so they traveled very slowly. They'd milk the cows in the morning and put the milk in a large churn that was tied to the side of the wagon. When they stopped at night it had been churned to butter. I guess the nice sweet buttermilk tasted good to them. There was no other way they could keep the milk.

Aunt Marget drove the wagon. She now took her turn being eyes for grandfather. He was beside her and helped with the brakes. They were three months making the trip and arrived in Price, 23 July. The next day all the people moving in had a big 24 July celebration.

The boys took their cattle to the mountains and brought back logs for the house they'd build. It turned out to be a good sized house with an upstairs in it and was the first house finished in Price. It took them two years to complete it in 1886. Then all the men in town got together and built a canal that was finished in 1888. That year they had a cloud burst and a flood which did a lot of damage. The next year on August third their house burned down, to the ground. It caught fire during the night and the weather was so hot hardly anyone was sleeping indoors. They had undressed in the house and in the dark went out under the trees. Some of the children, the girls as I remember, were sleeping in the wagon box. Grandfather, being blind, didn't realize how bad it was and rushed upstairs to get a box containing his money, deeds and some important papers he had there. He was badly burned, but recovered. There was no water to fight it with so they just stood there and watched it burn, even though half the town stood and watched it with them. Those who were in the building got out safely but none of the children had clothes. They tell how one of the younger boys, now in his teens stood with the crowd that had gathered and remembered his new shoes, the first new shoes he had ever had, as he had been used to hand-me-downs. When he thought of them he wailed, "Ooooh, my new shoes!" They all now for a time wore hand-me-downs from nearly every family of pioneers in town. They fixed up the granary and moved in and furnished it with odds and ends that their neighbors could spare. Aunt Marget had a nervous breakdown and was in the hospital a long time in Salt Lake City.

Now they must build themselves a new house. This new house was built of mortar, lime, sand and cobblestones or rocks, like they built them in Switzerland, and grandfather supervised the building of it. They made a form for a layer and he would put in a layer of stones and they'd pour in mortar and fill all the crevices, and he'd push more rocks in as close together as he could. They said he hand operated the whole thing. This was a sturdy, well built house and as near fire proof as they could get. When this layer was set enough they'd raise the form up and he'd make another. He had watched them in the old country and knew just how it should be done, and did it. It was situated where Penney's store now is, I understand.

When they left St. George they brought fruit stones or pits with them, these were cracked and sprouted and raised trees. He had the first orchard and also the first grape bowery in Price. They set up the first bee hive and it grew until they had three hundred stands of bees. I remember that this Price honey was always much whiter and milder than the New Harmony honey. There they had much clover while in New Harmony they had lots of hoar hound to make it dark. Grandfather could find the bundles of grain, build bee boxes and honey frames and turn the extractor. He braided rope from cowhide that was a specialty. He raised and sold vegetables and large barrels of sauerkraut. Only once in his long life did he or any of his family depend on outside help of any kind and that was when the house burned and they were left almost naked.

After he was seventy he decided that he needed to sort of retire from his strenuous activities and so he began to work in genealogy. He said his children were industrious and now independent and didn't need his money so he hired research done in Switzerland. He spent the last seven years of his life in the St. George temple doing work for his own dead. He did work for five thousand of his kindred and traced his ninth great grandfather back in 1495 and traced grandmother's, the Mathys line to her seventh great grandfather in 1555. Grandfather Bryner died 9 Feb, 1905. He was in St. George and one morning they found him down on his knees as if he were looking for his shoe or something. He had had a stroke and was unconscious. He died a day or so later. I remember that father went down to the funeral but mother couldn't go as she was expecting Mary any day.

I don't know when grandmother left New Harmony to go to Price but she went and had her home there. She died 1 Sept 1893, Fern was then two days. They didn't dare tell mother about her death for several days, until she was stronger.

Their children are as follows:

1. Mary Magdalene Bryner born 23 June 1851 in Wiedikon Zurich Switzerland, died 10 April 1863 in New Harmony.
2. Gottfried Henry Bryner born 11 July 1853 in Wiedikon Zurich Switzerland. He married Isabella Birch 1 Dec. 1887. They had six children. He died 4 May 1909.
3. Pauline Bryner born October 1855 in Wiedikon Zurich Switzerland, died Nov. 1855.
4. Pauline Dorothea Bryner born 2 Nov, 1857 at Lehi, Utah. She married John H Pace and had seven children. She died 26 Feb. 1921 in Price.
5. Elizabeth Ann Bryner born 30 May 1860 Ogden Utah. She married George H. Wood. She had fourteen children and died 20 Oct 1937.
6. Albert Bryner born 5 Feb. 1863 St. George Utah. He married first- Maria Pace. She raised two children. He married second Margaret (Peggy) Pace. He died 19 Dec. 1930 in Price.
7. Mary Verena Bryner born 3 Mar. 1866 New Harmony Utah. She married William Alexander Redd 27 Feb 1884 in the St. George Temple. They had four children. She died 30 May 1934 at Raymond Alberta Canada.
8. Casper Franklin Bryner born 8 May 1870. He married first Dora McIntire. They had one son. He married second Ellen Farozine Redd. They had four children. He died 5 Jan. 1905.

Grandfather Bryner married second Margaretha Kuhn in 1868. They had:

1. Hans (John) Ulrich Bryner born 31 July 1869 in Toquerville Utah. He married Martha (Mattie) Smith.
2. George Wilhem Bryner born 27 Feb 1871 in Toquerville Utah died 11 Feb. 1885.
3. Josephine Ellen Bryner born 14 Oct. 1872. She married George Fausett.
4. James Levi Bryner born 7 Oct. 1873. Married Ethel A Larsen.
5. Anna Barbara Bryner born 20 June 1875. She married Albert Orlando McMullin 1 Jan 1894.
6. Enoch Conrad Bryner born 5 Oct. 1876. Married Elda Zabriske 28 Oct. 1901.
7. Rosella Elizabeth Bryner born 18 June 1878. She married Neils Peter Anderson.
8. Lillie Agnes Bryner born 13 Oct. 1879. She married Rasmus Frandsen.
9. Jacob Alma Bryner born 25 July 1881. He married Ethel Cecilia Porter.
10. Edit Margaret Bryner born 19 Oct 1882. She married Thomas Sheppick, 29 June 1904.

Grandfather's children were all born under the covenant but three and they were sealed to him 6 Feb. 1878.