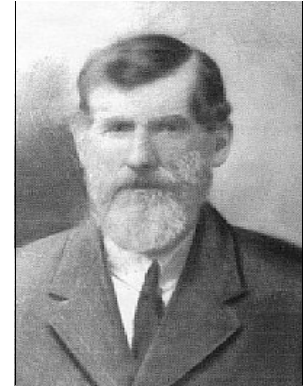


## Joseph Andrew Moore

16 Jul 1857 - 1 Feb 1938

Joe was born to John Harvey Moore and Polly Lucina Sheffield. His mother was his father's second wife. She had a daughter from a previous marriage and he had seven other children, the last born four months before Joseph. He was born in Payson Utah. His mother's parents had settled in the same small town. His brother James was born in 1860. Joe's parents divorced when he was still quite young and his mother married John Morrey in October 1864 when Joseph was seven years old. Joe and his family moved to Kanosh in 1867. In 1874 the family of John Riddle, including his step-daughter Almeda Harmon, moved to Kanosh from the northern part of the state. Joe was baptized in May 1868. His brother James died in 1876. He grew to be a tall slender man with long fingers who carried himself erect and was unashamed to look anyone in the eye.



My father used to like to tell Indian stories because over at Kanosh as a boy they used to fight with the young Indians. And he told us a story of one time, the Indians were practically naked, and they would go and gather up, break themselves long willows and then they would put what they called a mud daub on the end of that. And they could bring it back and throw it like that and it'd go like a bullet and it would sting like everything. And they used to have lots of mud daub fights with the Indians. And one time the Indians chased them into an old cabin where they had an adobe fire place and it had stormed and run the mud down and there was a mud puddle there. And so they had the advantage of the Indians, they could. . . they had the mud and they had the house for a fort and boy, how that did sting those Indians' bare hides. I never have read any of this in writing or anything its just, well just legend I guess. These were just stories that were told to me.

Kanosh was where my father had the mud daub fights because my grandmother moved to Kanosh when my father was quite young, and that's where she lived with Morrey, and that's where they were all raised was in Kanosh.<sup>1</sup>

Joe and Almeda were married in Fillmore, the county seat and territorial capitol 7 March 1880. He gave his mother half the money he had, an amount of ten dollars, and he and his wife

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<sup>1</sup> Joseph's daughter Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman made an audio tape with Don Alsop in August 1973. Editing was necessary to convert oral conversation into a narrative format. The quotes remain authentic.

moved to Joseph in Sevier county. Joe had a job farming for Andrew Ross. They had no home of their own and lived with the Ross family the first two years. It was a one room log cabin and they were happy the day Joe traded his land in Kanosh for a home in Joseph. The house was small but included ten acres.

Killarnia also wrote, "My father was a very quiet man, a very hard worker. He owned a twenty acre farm at the east end of the Worenski lane where he raised alfalfa, potatoes, and beets. He served for several years as clerk of the school trustees, as constable, and as Justice of the Peace. He was tall and slender, had sand red hair. His hands and arms were covered with big freckles. He was firm but not harsh in his judgements. He was not a church goer but saw to it that the rest could go." From Killarnia again, "I recall how my father always leaned on his hand held doubled up and his elbow on the table, with his fist against his temple when he asked the blessing on the food."

He was a farmer. He grew what would grow down there, that was a poor climate. He grew beets and grain, potatoes, he always grew all the potatoes and squash. And we had beets. He harvested them in the fall, took money that would come from the beets and buy all of our school clothes and pay up bills and things. He didn't have a large farm but he, and we had our own milk cows, made our own cheese and butter. And he always had a fat pig for. . . we never hardly ever had beef but we always had plenty of pork because he raised his own pigs. We didn't have any high grade milk cows but we did have good milk cows and we had all the milk we wanted and we had a cream separator, we would separate the cream from the milk, turn that old cream separator, then we'd sell cream, over and above what butter we wanted, and cheese.<sup>2</sup>

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I can remember going in the field and tromping hay and driving into the tithing yard and he'd unload that load of hay as tithing offering. They didn't give money for tithing offerings, kept it in kind. And I can remember riding into the tithing office yard with my father to unload his tithing load of hay. I can remember my mother making ten cheese and turning one cheese in for tithing or fast offering. We didn't have a big field and we all worked hard, with only having one brother us girls had to work in the field.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

<sup>3</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

In a few years they moved onto government land near the river. The winter of 1888-1889 brought a diphtheria epidemic to the town of Joseph. Almost every family lost someone. All of Joe's children survived. They had ten living children and the house always grew more slowly than the family. Joseph told people, "We live in a three story house, all three stories on the ground."

A hard worker, he really worked hard. I can remember as a child he used to shear sheep, and he came home with a lame back one time. And I can remember him lying down and Mother rubbing some kind liniment on his back, 'cause he'd wrenched his back while he was shearing sheep. Then he was water master for years and years on the canal. There was a canal right at the west of everybody in town. And the water had to be taken out at certain sections from the canal, and run into smaller ditches. He had to ride that canal and when it was this man's turn to take water out he would raise the head gate according to the shares they had. And then sometimes the men'd slip up there and they'd raise that head gate just a little more. He had to be on the job and watch that kind of thing didn't . . . because those of 'em who'd do it. And for years and years I remember him riding the canal as water master. He wasn't afraid to speak directly to the man with whom he was speaking because he always did it according to his better judgement. If he thought somebody was stealing water he'd tell them so. Or else he'd just go shut that head gate down to where it belonged. And he was a school trustee as far back as I can remember. He was clerk of the school board. Now like I told you my mother taught him to read and write but he wrote a good hand. But you couldn't hardly tell his and Mother's writing apart. They were very much alike because it was a characteristic she taught him. Whenever they would hire a school teacher people would make application and they had three trustees and a clerk. Well the trustees would read these letters and decide which teacher they would hire and it was my father's job to tell them that they would accept their application. So he became a fairly well educated man from hard work and help from my mother. I didn't know that

mother taught him to read and write until a few years ago when I was at my older sister's. She told me that.<sup>4</sup>

Joe's interests included politics. He was known as a very fair man who always tried to see both sides of an issue. He was a staunch Democrat in the tradition of Jefferson. In the 1870s in Utah the Democrats accepted the Mormons at their state convention and the Republicans did not.

. . . and then he liked to come in and kick his shoes off, and he always wore wool socks, sometimes home made stockings, lean back in the chair, put his feet on another chair and close his eyes—'cause his eyes were quite bad—and listen to Mother read. And that way she read for the whole family.<sup>5</sup>

In 1893 they moved into town and Joe was soon elected constable and had the authority to carry a gun and wear a star. He wore the star under his cloths and refused to carry a gun or a knife. He was constable until 1922. In 1897 they were living on a rented farm a mile south of town, when a letter arrived with a description and picture of an escaped convict. Still, Joe didn't arm himself. While he worked the farm, a man came to the house and asked for food. Almeda fed him and he asked if he could leave his rifle with her for a while. She had recognized him and said yes. Two weeks passed while Joseph remained close to the house but was still unarmed. Joseph's oldest daughter Eliza wrote the following. ". . .when he saw the man coming he went out to putter around and meet him outside, and waited to be asked if he were the man of the house. He said he had left a rifle and called to pick it up. Father put his right in the pocket that held no knife and said 'I hate like thunder to do this to you but if you are the man who belongs to the gun, it is my duty to put you under arrest. I'm an officer of the law.' After a moments deep thought the man came. 'I guess you have caught me unprepared. I thought I would be safe out here.'" The neighbor who lived half a mile away had offered his six shooter and help if it were needed. Almeda sent their oldest daughter running for the gun wearing her mother's apron to conceal it. There were two doors on the house and after the prisoner had been fed a hot meal he was put on a bed in the yard between the doors where Joe and his neighbor sat holding two guns on him through the night. Twice the man woke and looked but never found them sleeping. The sheriff was fourteen miles away in Richfield and the man had to be taken there by buggy. Joe borrowed the buggy but drove his own horses feeling more secure with a team he knew. The prisoner thanked Joe for the kind and considerate treatment he had received.

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<sup>4</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

<sup>5</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

My father had a great sense of humor, he loved to play jokes on people. One morning early he climbed on his pony and rode around the neighborhood, and invited several women to come to our house, because he said my mother would like to talk to them. I believe their were about five of them came hurrying to our home, each one wondering what in the world my mother wanted to talk to them about; when they ask[ed] him he just said 'she didn't say'.

As each one arrived mother ask[ed] them in, gave them a chair, wondering why so many women were coming to see her so early in the morning. When the last one arrived and [had] been greeted by the others, my father appeared in the kitchen door , smiling said, 'Well I see you all made it.' One lady said,'OK Joe Moore what is this all about?' he said, 'Well I thought it might occur to one of you that you would remember that today is April fool's day.' It was settled by my father agreeing to give them and their husbands a chicken dinner. But he didn't mind.<sup>6</sup>

Joe made the trip to Kanosh twice each autumn when his wife went to visit her mother. It was a two day trip and Killarnia went along and wrote an account one of the trips. "On this trip as we went through the red narrows, I heard a very strange noise, and I said, 'Pa can you hear that' and he said, 'What does it sound like'. I began to get scared and said, 'I don't know but I think it's a mountain lion.' 'No', he said, 'I don't think there are any lions around here.'"

"When we were finally there and my parents were talking, I heard my father laugh and say, 'As we came through the narrows I was trying to hum a tune, and Killarnia thought it was a lion.' I think if that was what I heard, it was the only time I ever heard him sing."

A man Killarnia had worked for underpaid her and when he was found out he was made to pay her back wages. Shortly afterward he grabbed the bit of the horse Joe was riding and confronted him about the matter. He wanted the money back. He threatened to strike Joe but apologized saying he had not stopped to consider his white hair. Joe told him, "Go ahead if you think you dare. Listen here Mister, when you speak to me you consider my hair just as red as it ever was."

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<sup>6</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

Almeda's father had come to live with them and remained there until his death. She died in 1915 while the last few of their daughter's were still at home.

My father was not a church goer. He smoked, and just wouldn't give up that smoking. Cigarette. And he didn't go to church, only once in a while. Mother went.

He didn't stop smoking and Mother's greatest desire in the whole world, she used to tell us girls, "One thing that I desire more than anything else is to go to temple. But I know I'll never get to." So after she died, it give my father such a jolt, that he talked as hard about temple as Mother ever had and he straightened up and went to the temple. And he said, "Just from my dirty, stubborn, head-strongness I cheated your mother out of the one wish that she wanted more than anything else in the world." And he never got over the fact that he had to wait till she was gone to do that work.<sup>7</sup>

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My father saw to it that any special meetings or anything like that that my mother needed to go to she would take the team and buggy. She was a good teamster herself. And we had to go fifteen miles to every preparation meeting and everything. He always furnished an outfit. [He would] put some hay in the back of the buggy and we'd go to Richfield, unhitch the team and let them eat hay while we were in meeting. He always saw to it that we had transportation. We always had clothes and things to wear to church. He didn't work on Sunday. He rested on Sunday. He never made a trip to the field . . . unless he had to irrigate. Sometimes they had to take their water turn on Sunday, and if they did it wouldn't be their turn again for a week or better. After Mother died Father took us down to Elsinore to some Mutual affair and the Stake Mutual president came up to us and she said, "Brother Moore, I've never seen your girls fail coming to these business, these Stake leadership meetings and these kind of meeting. And I've always seen you standing around on the sidelines." He didn't turn the team over to us like he did Mother. But he took us. And she said, "You're one in a

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<sup>7</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

million. You always stand so patiently around until the meetings out and all that. We've noticed that ever since your girls have been old enough to hold responsible positions. " And he always told us this . . . now my mother had very bad legs and she was a heavy woman and she couldn't get around very good, and we had to get our work done, and he'd say, "Now girls, its no great honor for the church for you to have this position. Its a privilege and an opportunity to you. And I want to see you perform these things as they should be, but there's work at home that has to be done too. And you can't go and have people waiting on you, you got to be to those places on time. But this work must be done too.

And another thing. Why he would be so horrified at the way girls go now days, and women too. If we came in to the kitchen were he and my brother were without being fully dressed we were scooted back right now to get dressed. We knew better than to come out. And we wore lots of underclothing. <sup>8</sup>

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He never could stand an argument. He never could stand kids quarreling. And we got to disputing over something at the table. Hattie and I did . . . pretty soon Father looked straight at us and we knew it was time to shut up and listen. And he said, " Now girls, things have been pretty unpleasant for me to come home an not find your mother here. I can not stand this wrangling and quarreling, I can't put up with it. I've felt like I'd do anything to keep the home fires burning so that we would all be satisfied we're together. When I listen to something like this I wonder if its worth while." We knew enough not to quarrel, if we were going to argue the point about something we didn't do it before him. He was always there on the job. We didn't any of us want him to decide it wasn't worth while, we surely didn't want that.

He never said yes you can do this of no you can't do that. But he'd say, "Well now, do you think its for the best? This is the way I look at it." And he'd tell us why he didn't

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<sup>8</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

want us to do things or why and then he let us decide for ourselves. He was very democratic about things.<sup>9</sup>

During World War One all the best young men had gone into the service. The old bachelors began to spend time with the young women. It got to be a habit to play cards and place bets at these gatherings. Until it was the Moore's turn to play host.

. . . We knew we couldn't take those cards in our place and didn't know what to do. We didn't know how to break it up. So I said, "Well, lets ask Pa if we can't." Hattie said, "I won't ask him, you ask him if you want, but I won't." Well I was always the bravest of the three about anything like that and I said, "OK, I'll ask him." We took turns in the kitchen getting up cooking breakfast and doing the kitchen work . . . it was my turn for the kitchen so when I heard my father scraping the ashes down off from the grate of the stove and starting the fire, I got up and went in there. I wanted to ask him while I was alone with him. So pretty soon he got the fire going and the tea kettle on to boil and poured some water, he'd always heat the water in the tea kettle and pour it in the wash basin to wash his hands and face. He was lacing his shoes and he always put his foot up in the chair to lace his shoe. It took me all the time he was lacing that one shoe to get the courage to tell him. So finally I said, "Pa," he said, "Yes?" I guess I said in a tone of a voice that he knew something was coming and I said, "We've been going around to different places of Sunday evenings after meeting . . ." He didn't say anything and I said, "Charles Hampton had a deck of cards and he taught us how to play high five and we've been playing that at these different homes. And we didn't know whether they could play here or not and so I just wanted to ask you if we could." And he put his one foot down on the floor and he put his other foot up on the chair and he stood there and he laced that shoe entirely up, it wasn't very— it was just a medium topped shoe— laced up part way and he crossed the laces and put them on hooks. He finished that other one up and put his foot down on the floor but he had such a funny look in his face. Then he turned around and he looked me right square in the eyes, like he always did anyone he talked

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<sup>9</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

to. And he said, "Well I'll tell you Killarnia, when our older children were quite young they got to quarreling over a deck of cards." That was brought in the home by my uncle who used to come in there and live. And it was his deck of cards. But they were quarreling, somebody accused somebody else of cheating. My Father walked in and listened a few minutes. So without a word he walked over there and gathered up that deck of cards, went over to the old pot-bellied stove and threw the deck of cards in the stove. Said, "Now let that be the last card that ever comes in this house. 'Cause any time a deck of cards comes in the devil comes in. And he gets people to quarreling over things, and then they can get all kinds of trouble." And Mother heard the whole thing and agreed to it. And he said, "Now its been a standing thing in our home ever since the older girls were small girls, no cards in our home. It seems to me like you could do something else for an evenings entertainment. We stood by each other on that conclusion all of the time and now your mother's not here to take her part. Would you have me break that promise? But, I think I could get"— Sugar was rationed, you could only get twenty-five cents worth in a paper bag like that—"I think I could rustle a little sugar and there's plenty of molasses out in the granary and there's some very good parching corn out there, and I think I could rustle some things like that where you could have a candy pull and parch some corn and it'd be just as good entertainment as we've always had in our home than to bring a deck of cards in after all these years." That's all there was said, I knew it meant no. And he picked up his hat and went on out to the corral to do the chores while I cooked breakfast. We never mentioned cards again but Sunday evening when we all gathered to our place, we'd been out fooling around since meeting time. And we went and there sat that little brown paper bag with sugar setting on the table and he'd been out to the granary and picked out some of the very best corn . . . shucked them, had them in a pan sitting on the reservoir of the stove and he had been out to the granary and . . . there was a pitcher of molasses sitting right there, but he was no place to be seen. . . And you know that broke our card games up, we never did have any more. I think the crowd had gone before he came home, he used to go down to Jackman's and spent the

evening or he'd go down to Uncle John Morrey's and spend the evening and come home and go to bed. And that's what he did that Sunday evening. We had everything to ourselves. That's the way he taught us, he never preached to us. He just lived the way that he wanted us to live, that is he set a good example other than for his smoking.<sup>10</sup>

After all his children had married and moved away Joe married Lucinda Hatch Sheffield, the widow of his uncle John. She was one year younger than he. After her death he lived with Jim and Elma Levie in Sevier. He was buried next to his wife Almeda in the Joseph City Cemetery.

SEVIER--Services for Joseph Andrew Moore, 80, of Sevier, were held Saturday at 1 p.m. in Sevier Ward, under direction of Bishop James Levie, Mr. Moore died here Wednesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Levie.

He was born July 16, 1857 at Payson to John Harvey and Lucina Sheffield Moore. He married Almeda Harmon on March 7, 1880, and after her death in April, 1915, married Mrs. Lorinda Sheffield on Nov. 11, 1915. She also preceded him in death.

As a boy Mr. Moore had lived in Payson and Kanosh but moved to Joseph after his marriage in 1880 and lived there until 1925 when he moved to Payson. He returned to Sevier two years ago to live with his daughter.

He had served as a member of the District School Board, Justice of the peace, and constable at Joseph.

He had twelve children by his first marriage. The following survive; Mrs. Eliza Rawlinson, Delta; Mrs. Emily Christensen, Sevier; Mrs. Clarisa Hiat, Shelly, Idaho; Mrs. Hattie Hampton, Craig, Colorado; Mrs. Clina Jackson [Killarnia Jackman], Joseph; Mrs Eva Pace, Price, and Mrs. Elma Levie, Cove.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

<sup>11</sup> *Deseret News*, 7 Feb 1938, p. 12