

History: Margaret Carruth Cahoon

Source: Unknown but is written as if she was being interviewed by a relative..

25 March 1922

Margaret's remarks on her 90th birthday celebration held at the Granite Stake Tabernacle located at 33rd South and State street, Salt Lake City, UT. Two hundred and fifty were there for a sit down dinner. At that time she had eight children, 30 grandchildren and 50 great grandchildren the last one being born on her 90th birthday.

25 March 1832

The place is the old Birkenhead Farm at Renfrewshire, Scotland, the date and place of my birth. I, was the youngest child of a family of nine children. Our parents were Mary Barr and William Carruth. Only five of our family reached adulthood, James, William, Janet, Mary and myself.

Father and mother were of the hardy stock of Scotch farmers. As farmers did in those days, they knew the art of self-preservation and maintenance, raising practically everything in food and producing their own clothing from the farm. Samples of Scotch linen produced from the farm one hundred years ago are still in our family as treasured souvenirs of that days handiwork. Grandmother on my Mother's side was a Stewart, a descendant of Mary Stewart, Queen of Scotland (never been proved) and Father from the hardy Scotch farmer class.

After spending our early childhood days on the farm, Father died. Mother married John Anderson and we moved to Cambeltown, Argyleshire, Scotland, where we finished our schooling. My oldest sister, Janet, was the first to get married. She married James Young Jr. He died leaving her with three little girls, Janette, Grace and Mary. The first two afterwards becoming wives of Enoch Covey of Salt Lake and Mary the wife of Theron Spencer of Pleasant Green.

While in my sixteenth year, Andrew Cahoon was on a mission for the Mormon Church in Scotland and became acquainted with our family. He married my sister Mary and converted our family to the teaching of the Church. All my brothers and sisters being baptized and were preparing to emigrate to the United States and on across the plains to

Utah. Brother William remaining to marry Margaret Elwood, they joining us two days later at Liverpool. I was baptized in an arm of the Atlantic near Liverpool about February 14th 1848.

Immediately after this we took a sailing vessel from Liverpool for America. Our progress was very slow. Sometimes we lay for days without a bit of wind and other times we had to battle our way against the winds. After spending eight weeks and four days on the ocean we landed at New Orleans. Mr. Young, Janet's father-in-law died and was buried at sea.

From New Orleans the women and children of our party took a riverboat up the Mississippi and Missouri river to Winter Quarters. Andrew Cahoon, my brother's and others of the men folks went overland to purchase ox teams and wagons to take us across the last stage of our journey across the plains to Utah.

After Spending a short time in Winter Quarters we turned our faces to the great wild West in Brigham Young's company, enduring the hardships, but enjoying the open air pioneer life. Slowly, our ox team crawled west across the plains, crossing streams, climbing hills and mountains, camping at nights in the open air, protecting ourselves and our stock from wild Indians and wild animals as best we could by placing our wagons in a circle and doing our cooking and sleeping in the enclosure. I will say here that I have been blessed with eight children, five of whom are still living and will say through all my life's experience, which may seem to some of you as very severe hardships, that my belief in my Church teachings and my love for my family brought me comfort. I wish all of you to investigate the truthfulness of the teaching of the Mormon Church.

After many experiences too numerous to mention here, we arrived in Salt Lake on September 23, 1848, being over 7 months making the journey.

The winter of 1848, we lived in the old fort on the present site of the Pioneer Park. The next season our family was called to settle in Cottonwood. Andrew was appointed Bishop of Cottonwood Ward in 1854, the ward then extending from Mill Creek to Draper and from the Jordan River to the mountains on the east. Here we entered into real pioneer life, making our living, clothing and housing ourselves on the bare, wild, uncultivated soil. Had not the spirit of self-preservation and the kindly feeling to help one another prevailed, some would surely have perished. Perseverance, however,

overcame almost insurmountable obstacles, and we were privileged to help make that desolate part of the country what is today a thriving manufacturing and farming center.

Much could be said of our early experiences that cannot be covered in this brief sketch. In closing I will say that I have endured much for the gospel's sake; have many grand and great grandchildren whom I trust will live as worthy citizens of our government and always honor the name of Cahoon. I attribute my good health upon reaching my ninetieth birthday to the hardy constitution built up in pioneering and living on simple wholesome food and living a quiet regular life.

My love and best wishes are with you and may the Lord guide your footsteps in truth and righteousness.

There are only two remaining of the party that left Scotland with me; Mary Young Spencer and myself, Margaret Carruth Cahoon.