

**WILLIAM FRANKLIN BUTLER I**

**(Born 1 Feb. 1824 Spencer, Indiana) (Duplicate 1853)**

Yes, I am the fifth child of Abel and Milburn Leitherland, Butler and was very happy in my Indian home with my many brothers and sisters and my parents who were so very loving and kind, but after hearing the Mormon Elders tell their story about the true church again being upon the earth, I was not satisfied any more with the teachings of the Baptist faith. My wife and I were soon baptized and left our homes and loved ones to cast our lot with the others of our faith. The only regret I had was that my parents and other members of the family couldn't see the light as it was so very plain to me

Being along in the work, receiving from my family and best friends nothing but ridicule and sneers I often thought of the words of the Savior when he said, "They that are not willing to forsake father, mother, brother, and sisters, houses and lands for the Gospel's sake are not worthy of me."

Our first stop was at Nauvoo where I joined the Nauvoo Legion. As the main body of Saints were about to start the long trek across the plains, I immediately began to make preparations to go with them, In 1852 we were living in a small two room log house when our son Jacob Noah, was borne I tried to keep in touch with my loved ones in Indiana, but the mail system was very slow. My mother died Oct. 17, 1852 and I didn't get work until the spring of 1853 shortly before we were to leave for Utah. On hearing of her death, it made me very sad, and for a time I was undecided whether to go on to Utah, or to return home to comfort my father, who had always been such a friend and a pal to me. I finally decided to go on with the Saints. We left Iowa June 9 1853 in Daniel Miller's ox train consisting of 282 mules, 70 wagons 27 horses 479 head of cattle and. 153 sheep, landing in the Great Salt Lake City Sept. 9, 1853 on a Friday. We immediately went to live at Spanish Fork.

We thought we would have peace after getting so far from nowhere, but in that we were mistaken for in 1857 Johnson's Army came to put down the rebellion that was supposed to exist there, so with the others belonging to the Nauvoo Legion was called to go and guard Echo Canyon. Clothes were scarce and hard to get and as we needed to be dressed warm, as the month was late October and signs of an early winter, clothes were a great problem. As a resort, my wife came to my rescue and taking the cover that protected our earthly possessions while crossing the plains, she made me a pair of pants and a shirt, then taking the hide from one of our oxen, which had recently died, she cut this in strips for wrapping my feet in to protect me from the colds I smile yet when I think of how we fooled Johnson and his well dressed army. There was only a handful of us compared to them. We chose a place on a hill and in view of the camp and for days we kept up a steady march around the hill to impress them with the size of our army Although few in number, we made up for it in being shrewd enough to fool them,

We were getting well fixed in Spanish Fork. When at the October Conference I was greatly surprised to hear my name called to go to Dixie to raise the cane and cotton in 1861. We soon left and arrived in Dixie early until better housing was available. Here our small son died and was one of the first to be buried in St. George.