

---

## Lives of Faith Pieced in Poetry: Poetry as a Historical Source

*Brittany A. Chapman*

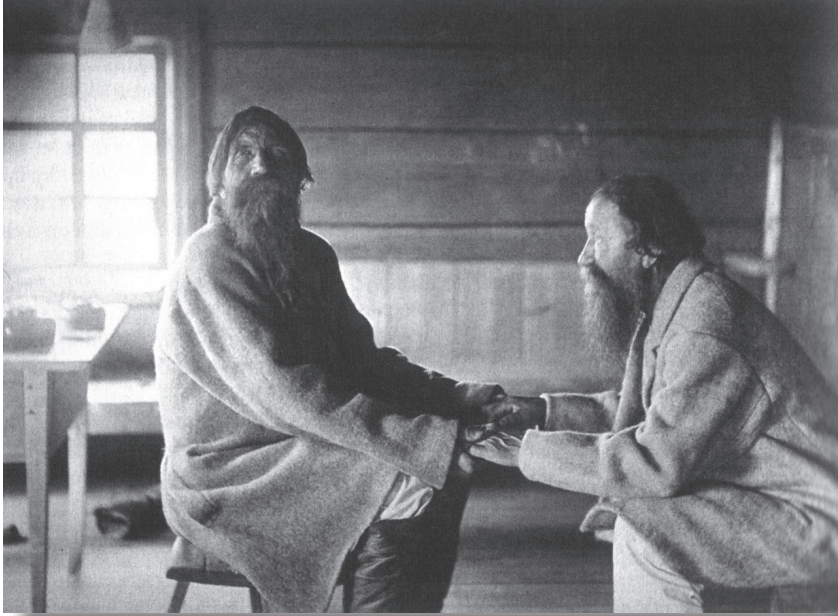
*The following paper was given by Brittany A. Chapman on March 13, 2014, in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square in Salt Lake City, Utah, as part of the “Men and Women of Faith Lecture Series” sponsored by the LDS Church Historical Department.*

In preliterate societies, civilizations often looked to storytellers and poets for the history of their people. Some of mankind’s oldest literary creations are epic poems, such as Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which preserve a mythological history of Greece. *Beowulf*, written in Old English, captures the legendary heroism of that revered leader of the Anglo-Saxons. In his *Metamorphoses*, the Roman poet Ovid encapsulates a mythico-historical chronicle of the history of the world from its creation to the reign of Julius Caesar.

An epic poem that preserves the history of the Finnish people is called the *Kalevala*, an oral tradition which could predate Christ by a thousand years. For many, many centuries the stories in the *Kalevala* were passed down in song or ancient runes. Each generation would be taught the primeval poem, put to music by the generation before. The epic poem played an instrumental role in developing Finnish national identity and in preserving the Finnish language. In the early nineteenth-century, a forward-looking physician and others travelled to remote Finnish villages and transcribed and published the *Kalevala* in 1835 so the oral folk legends would not be entirely lost by

---

BRITTANY A. CHAPMAN ([brittany.chapman@ldschurch.org](mailto:brittany.chapman@ldschurch.org)) is a historian at the Church History Library of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She received a BA in Humanities from Brigham Young University and an MA in Victorian studies from the University of Leicester. She specializes in nineteenth-century Mormon women’s history and is co-editor with Richard E. Turley Jr. of the seven-volume *Women of Faith in the Latter Days* series, which features the life writings of Latter-day Saint women. She serves on the executive committee of the Mormon Women’s History Initiative Team (MWHIT).



Finnish rune singers traditionally sat facing one another, holding hands as they swayed back and forth in see-saw fashion. The runes were unrhymed, sung in a minor key, and accompanied by a *kantele*, a dulcimer-like instrument. Brothers Poavila and Triihvo Jamanen depict the ancient practice, 1894.

time. The last living rune-singer is said to be Jussi Huovinen, who learned the stories of the *Kalevala* from his parents, who in turn had learned it from theirs, back on for millennia. He lives today in an isolated Finnish village.<sup>1</sup>

Given the rich sense of history left to the world through poetry and its lasting capability to connect generations, it is surprising that it is often overlooked as a source when compiling history today. However, the tradition of capturing life in poetry was strong in the nineteenth-century. If one is willing to stretch beyond the traditional sources of autobiography, journals, other archival records, and history books, one may find that poetry—including song lyric—can be a powerful historical ally. It gives insight into the past in dynamic ways, and can help us piece together what it meant to *be* in eras gone by. In the nineteenth century, for example, poetry kept pace with daily life as people often honored relationships, recorded personal experience, and expressed conviction and sentiment in verse.

## Poetry as a Story of Relationships

Poems can provide insight into relationships between people that otherwise may have been lost. Barbara Matilda Neff Moses is an example of this phenomenon. She was born in 1822, the eldest child of a well-to-do family in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. She and her parents joined the Church in 1842, and visited Nauvoo in 1844, with plans to move there soon. They returned to Pennsylvania six weeks before Joseph Smith's death. Barbara married Julian Moses in 1845, a man she had known as a missionary in the Eastern States. The Neff and Moses families arrived in Nauvoo in 1846 and migrated to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. They built successful, faithful lives in the Mill Creek area.<sup>2</sup>



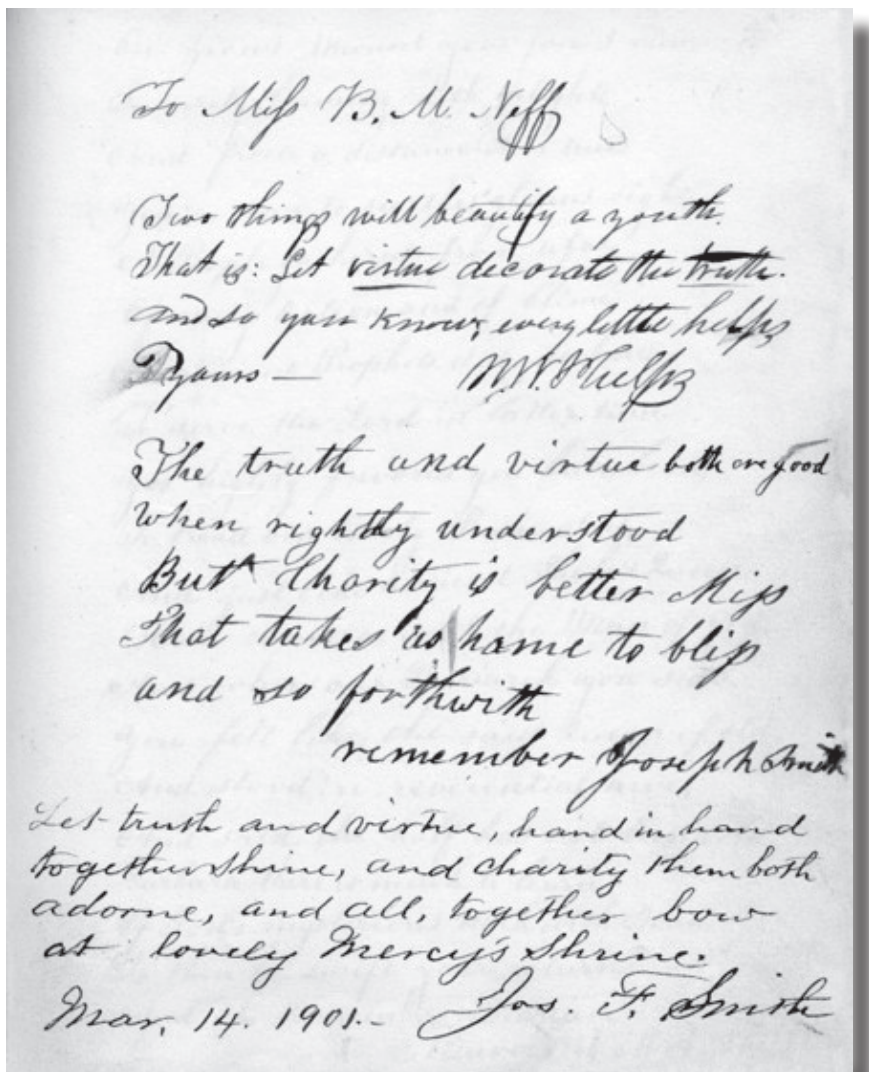
Barbara Matilda Neff Moses,  
date unknown.

Barbara kept a stunning autograph book which, gratefully, has been donated to and preserved in the Church History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. Autograph books were a significant keepsake in the Victorian Era and beyond. Men and women kept beautiful books devoted solely to the purpose of collecting friends' (and occasionally famous persons') remembrances, words of wisdom, and sentiments, which were most often written in rhyme. Some signers would also include beautiful artwork with their entries. We carry a remnant of this tradition in such things as high school yearbooks—friends tell us how awesome we are, share memories, and give timeless advice like “stay cool” and “never change.” Barbara Neff Moses began her autograph book as a young woman and took it with her on her 1844 visit to Nauvoo, where she had a number of early Church leaders sign it, including Joseph Smith.

Here is his rather endearing inscription. He says:

The truth and virtue both are good  
When rightly understood  
But Charity is better Miss  
That takes us home to bliss  
And so forthwith

Remember Joseph Smith<sup>3</sup>



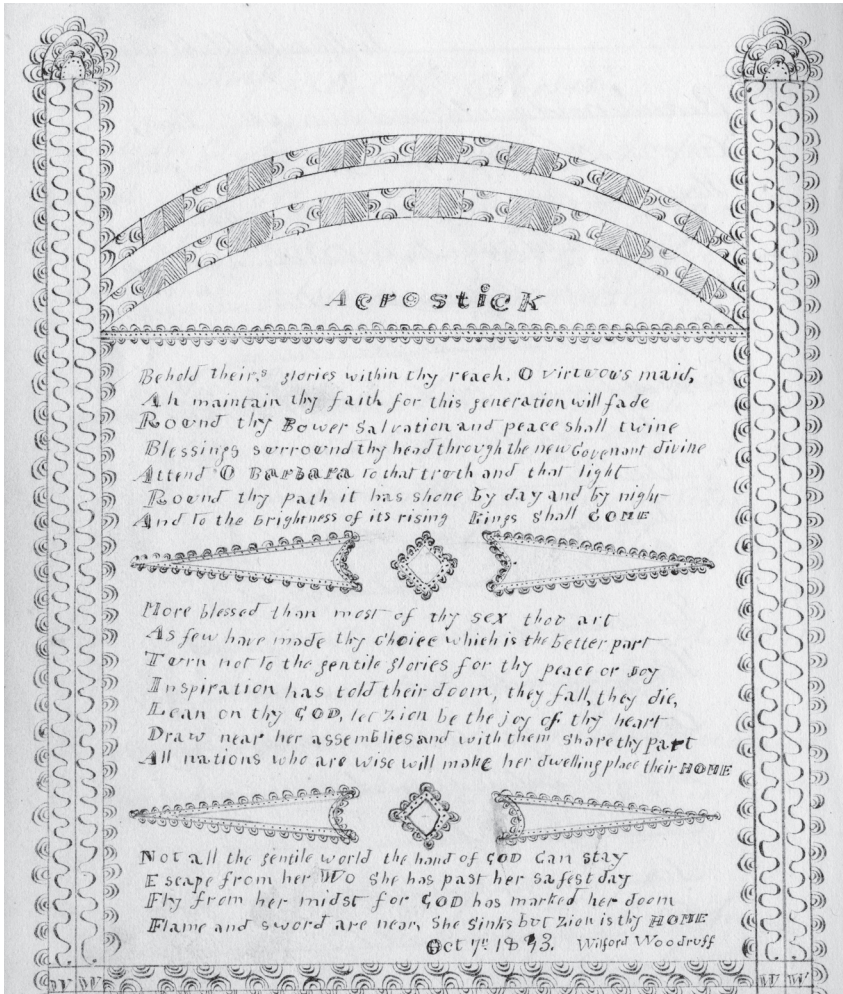
Page from the autograph book of Barbara Matilda Neff Moses. The page includes the poems and signatures of three LDS Church leaders: William W. Phelps (top), Joseph Smith Jr. (center), and Joseph F. Smith (bottom). The entries by W. W. Phelps and Joseph Smith were made in 1844 while Barbara Moses was visiting Nauvoo. The entry by Joseph F. Smith is dated March 14, 1901. Image courtesy Church History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, used by permission.

Barbara gathered inscriptions in her autograph book throughout her lifetime, and someone continued it even after her death. It includes the signatures of the first eight presidents of the Church—from Joseph Smith to Heber J. Grant. A poem in her autograph book, written by Wilford Woodruff, caught my attention, not only for its intricate visual beauty, but for its tone of friendship and interest. I felt there was a story behind it, and so I sought to find Woodruff’s connection to the Neff family, which did not take long. Wilford Woodruff kept a daily journal from 1834 until his death in 1898, tracing nearly the entire spine of early LDS Church history. I searched for entries referencing the Neff family, and a narrative unfolded that I would not have known to pursue without this poem. The Neffs first appear in Wilford Woodruff’s diary under the date of August 16, 1843, when he met them while serving as a missionary in the Eastern States. He became well-acquainted with the family, who were “strong in the faith” and generous with their means. Elder Woodruff noted that as early as 1843 Barbara had a correspondence with her future husband, Julian Moses, another Eastern States missionary.<sup>4</sup> The Church was raw and young, and opposition was fierce, especially for a young woman like Barbara. On October 7, 1843, when Elder Woodruff wrote his poem in Barbara’s autograph book, he had been visiting with her family for several days. He was so proud of his work, in fact, that he recorded it in his own journal the following day.<sup>5</sup> The Woodruffs and Neffs kept up their acquaintance in Utah, and nearly fifty years after they met, Wilford Woodruff spoke at Barbara’s funeral, and later her husband’s.<sup>6</sup>

When Wilford Woodruff signed Barbara’s autograph book she was a twenty-one-year-old, unmarried woman in Pennsylvania, filled with the excitement of new religious truth. It is also apparent that Barbara and the Neff family saw themselves as being separated from the world for accepting that truth, and Elder Woodruff’s poem rings with the importance of leaving Babylon and gathering with the Saints in Zion, which the Neff family had not yet done. The poem is written as an acrostic—if one reads the first letter of each line vertically, it spells Barbara Matilda Neff.

#### Acrostick

**B**ehold their’s glories within thy reach, O virtuous maid,  
**A**h maintain thy faith for this generation will fade  
**R**ound thy Bower salvation and peace shall twine  
**B**lessings surround thy head through the new covenant divine.  
**A**ttend O Barbara to that truth and that light  
**R**ound thy path it has shone by day and by night  
**A**nd to the brightness of its rising Kings shall COME



Wilford Woodruff, acrostick and drawings in the autograph book of Barbara Matilda Neff Moses, October 7, 1843. Image courtesy LDS Church History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.

More blessed than most of thy sex thou art  
 As few have made thy choice which is the better part  
 Turn not to the gentile glories for thy peace or joy  
 Inspiration has told their doom, they fall, they die,  
 Lean on thy GOD, let Zion be the joy of thy heart  
 Draw near her assemblies and with them share thy part  
 All nations who are wise will make her dwelling place their HOME

Not all the gentile world the hand of God can stay  
 Escape from her Wo she has past her safest day  
 Fly from her midst for GOD has marked her doom  
 Flame and sword are near, she sinks but Zion is thy HOME

Oct 7<sup>th</sup> 1843. Wilford Woodruff<sup>7</sup>

### Poetry as a Biographical Record

One of the central benefits of poetry is that it can serve as a biographical record, documenting experiences that may have been left out of more formal records like an autobiography or journal. Poetry often captures the fun and creativity of the author, in addition to recounting events.

Ruth May Fox is one such author. She kept a diary for a number of years and wrote a forty-five-page autobiography to document her life, which spanned over one hundred years, but left many experiences untold.<sup>8</sup> Gratefully, she also wrote poetry, and from her poems, one can glean insights into her life events that she did not record elsewhere.

Ruth May Fox was born in Westbury, Wiltshire, England in 1853, and immigrated with her family to the



Ruth May Fox, 1898. The photograph was taken at the time Ruth was called to serve on the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement general board. Photograph courtesy Brittany A. Chapman.

United States when she was eleven years old. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1867. At age nineteen Ruth married Jesse W. Fox Jr. She stepped into the public sphere in the 1890s and became a suffragist, a women's rights activist, and a proponent for moral reform. She became a member of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association General Board in 1898 (now called Young Women), and became first counselor of that organization in 1905;

Postcard photograph of Emmeline Blanche Fox, affectionately known as “Bee,” 1911. The photo was taken at the time Bee and her mother were living temporarily in Ocean Park, California. Bee’s short message to her brother Frank is on the back of the postcard. Image courtesy Brittany A. Chapman.



and in 1929, at the age of seventy-five, she served as Young Women General President until 1937. Despite her public prominence, she considered her crowning role to be that of wife and mother to her twelve children.

Her youngest daughter, Emmeline Blanche Fox, who went by “Bee,” was named after one of Ruth’s mentors, Emmeline Blanche Wells, fifth general president of the Relief Society and wife of prominent Mormon Daniel H. Wells. When she was five years old, Bee contracted scarlet fever, which weakened her heart and caused her to develop rheumatic heart disease. Her condition continued to worsen in her adolescence, so in the hope of recovering Bee’s health, Ruth suspended her church and civic activities for eight months (approximately September 1910 to April 1911) and took Bee to Ocean Park, California. As the name suggests, Ocean Park is on the beautiful, warm beachfront of Santa Monica, just outside Los Angeles. Bee thrived in this new environment and regained health and strength. In January 1911, she wrote a postcard to her brother Frank, who was serving a mission in the Central States:

Dear Brother Frank, I am so well now I don’t know what to make of myself. In the few weeks that I have been up, I have improved wonderfully. The Dr. said that if anyone had told him 8 weeks ago that I would be as well as I am now, he wouldn’t have believed it. It used to be that every time I would exert myself a little, why my



heart would fly all to pieces, but now it don't seem to even make me breathe faster. For Xmas I got about 40 presents. Can't name all. Your Loving sister, Bee.<sup>9</sup>

Ruth wrote very little about this experience with Bee in her personal writings. She devotes only two sentences to it in her autobiography, and in her journal she skips over the months she spent there, leaving little information about their experiences in Ocean Park.<sup>10</sup> Gratefully, Ruth wrote a poem about day-to-day life there. She likely included it in a letter she mailed to members of her family living in Salt Lake City. Those members included her husband, Jesse, who watched over their daughters still living at home, Florence (age sixteen), and Lucy Beryl (age twenty).<sup>11</sup> Daisy, Ruth's oldest daughter, lived in Salt Lake City with her husband, Abe, and their four children. Ruth's oldest son, Jesse May (called Jettie), worked for the National Biscuit Company (later Nabisco) and lived with his wife, Rena, and their children. Lester Fox was married to Cathie Evans, and their oldest daughter, Katherine, was one-year-old. Daughter Vida was newly married to Chester Clawson. Finally, Ruth's third child, George, lived with his wife, Lizzie, and their children in Salt Lake City.

Ruth's poem "The Difference" contrasts the lifestyle she and Bee enjoyed in California with that of life back at home in Utah.

#### The Difference

(Written while in California with daughter, Bee, September 1910—April 1911)

We breakfast here at half-past 'leven—at home we should at six  
With lots of fuss 'bout kindling wood—out here we don't use sticks;  
We eat just when we want to eat, and go to bed the same,  
And get up just when we darned please; My! I'm glad we came!

We don't have any dinner bell, and the Doctor's far away,  
I'm glad he doesn't live next door, for I should die—or pay;  
There's no one here to scold at all—no horse to run away,  
No chicks to feed, no socks to darn—who darns them, by the way?

I needn't sing the old sweet songs to keep my temper down,  
Of my own self I'm simply queen—most all I need's a crown;  
All is peace when Bee's all right, and she will be, you bet,  
The past will vanish like a dream—but then, I can't forget.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everybody out but me! My gosh, this is a fright—  
It must be one or two o'clock; there, now they left the light.  
Ain't breakfast ready yet? I'm due up town at nine!  
The coffee's thin, the eggs are hard. It's like that all the time!

But then, poor papa's getting old. It strikes me nearly dumb  
To think he should be tangled up with two who feel so young.

Flo, go up stairs and get my book—you know it's awful late—  
Well, slow-poke ain't you going to budge? I must be their [sic] at eight!

"Where's the carbook?"<sup>12</sup> asks poor Flo, hiding a little tear;  
I knew that Beryl would make me late. I wish my Ma was here."  
"Golly sakes, can't find my hat. Confound that blamed old cow,  
Pa went and turned her loose again. Darn it! I won't go, now!"

Poor Daisy worries 'bout her house, and works like the old scratch  
To keep the house and children clean; Oh Abe, you've found your match.  
Jettie is the same old clock, just wearing out his legs  
To keep the crackers rolling out and the family on its pegs.

Lester hasn't got time to stop, can't even write a card,  
He's teaching Katherine how to walk—and collecting's awful hard;  
Dear Vida's path is strewn with flowers, no thorns as yet appear,  
And Chester's days are fair and bright.—It's often foggy here.

O Cathie, Lizzie, Rena—my heart goes out to you,  
Your job of raising Foxes I hope you'll never rue;  
And then there's all the little chaps—I see them as they run,  
I love them, too, though far away; God bless you, every one!<sup>13</sup>

### Poetry as a Medium of Conviction

Poetry, with its creative freedom, with its structure of rhythm and rhyme, provides an elastic medium for the expression of conviction that somehow cannot be matched by regular prose. With its popularity in the nineteenth century, poetry was a meaningful medium for people to express things they really cared about. Effective poets were community celebrities, and recitations were a natural part of parties and celebrations. Poems were often written to mark occasions and to honor achievements and people. Culture was rich with the rhythm, rhyme, wit, and emotion possible through verse.

Newspapers in the nineteenth-century were riddled with poetry. The *Woman's Exponent*, the Mormon women's bimonthly newspaper, was no exception. For much of its history, at least one poem graced the front page of each issue, giving space for amateur and experienced authors to express their sentiments and philosophies, defend strongly held beliefs, and bear testimony in verse. Poetry also provided space for political platforms. Women addressed legislation that affected their families, including well-articulated arguments for women's right to practice plural marriage. The most popular political topic of all, however, was women's equality—the fight for women's right to vote. Suffrage was a topic passionately rallied in poetry.



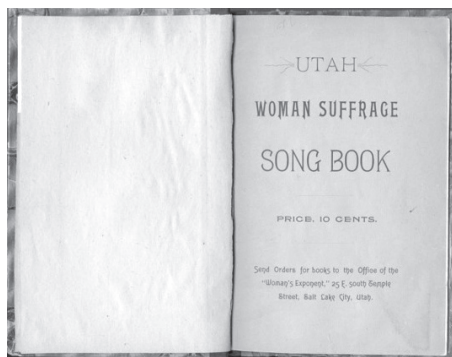
Utah women and Susan B. Anthony (sitting front row slightly right of center), National American Woman Suffrage Association leader, 1895.

Suffrage represented much more to women than simply the right to stand in line at the ballot box. It meant women had an equal voice in society and what occurred around them. With an equal voice, women, they believed, would change the world. They would do this through morality and innate goodness. True equality, encompassed equal opportunity in every aspect and privilege of life, including education, employment, and political potential. This was in their vision for the future of humanity. Mormon women banded together with the National American Woman Suffrage Association and created local suffrage associations to promote equal political rights. The Relief Society also became heavily involved in the cause.<sup>14</sup>

Popular women poets in Utah captured sentiments women felt as they fought in “so great a cause” (D&C 128:15) and sought to gain support for the movement. One of the greatest groups of converts they needed to make to suffrage, however, was not the men, but other women. Many women were indifferent and did not see a need for change. They had yet to catch the vision of what equal opportunity could offer to themselves, to their daughters and granddaughters, and to their sons and grandsons.

Ruth May Fox was among those poets who craved for women to see their own potential. She asserted that through the attainment of knowledge, woman’s “eyes are ope’d [and] her shackles fall.”<sup>15</sup> She believed that women were keeping themselves in political bondage by their own ignorance.

*Utah Woman Suffrage Song Book*, published by the *Woman's Exponent* (circa 1891). Image courtesy Church History Library.



Lula Greene Richards, date unknown. Richards was the author of the suffrage poem “Woman, Arise.” Photograph courtesy Church History Library.



Knowledge would give them the desire to excel, and to vote. Activists rallied for each woman to confront her own power and see within herself the capability to have an equal voice in all the affairs of life and to rise to that knowledge. Women needed to reach beyond what they could see. That was the other half of suffrage—convincing women they had the right to vote.

The *Woman's Exponent* published a *Utah Woman Suffrage Song Book* for women to put music to the stirring poetry of song lyric. Poetry set to music was a tool used to convey that vision *to women*, not just to the men who served as legislators. One woman with vision and literary talent was Lula Greene Richards, a noted poet who became the first editor of the *Woman's Exponent* at the young age of twenty-three.<sup>16</sup> These powerful lyrics, entitled “Woman,

Arise,” were set to the familiar tune of “Hope of Israel,” a home-grown Utah hymn, aptly encouraging women of all ages to rise to their potential.

Freedom’s daughter, rouse from slumber;  
See, the curtains are withdrawn,  
Which so long thy mind hath shrouded,  
Lo! thy day begins to dawn.

Chorus:

Woman, ’rise! thy penance o’er,  
Sit thou in the dust no more;  
Seize the scepter, hold the van,  
Equal with thy brother, man.

Truth and virtue be thy motto,  
Temperance, liberty and peace;  
Light shall shine and darkness vanish,  
Love shall reign, oppression cease.

Chorus: Woman, ’rise! etc.

First to fall ’mid Eden’s bowers,  
Through long suffering worthy proved,  
With the foremost claim thy pardon,  
When earth’s curse shall be removed.

Chorus: Woman, ’rise! etc.<sup>17</sup>

### Poetry as a Tool to Express Sentiment

Some authors in the nineteenth century left very little record of their hearts on the pages of their personal histories. They may have neglected to record emotion with facts, and were mute about their feelings for others. Life’s joys and sorrows may have received very little reflection in personal writings. It can leave modern readers scratching their heads, thinking, “Didn’t they *feel* anything?” Where are those emotions that help us to connect with them as living, breathing human beings in the shared human experience?

Ruth May Fox is one of those authors. Expression of affection in her personal writings is sparse. The most emotive excerpt in all of her personal writings is the diary entry in which she recorded the death of her daughter, Bee. Despite the Fox’s efforts to prolong Bee’s young life, she passed away of rheumatic heart disease at age seventeen. Ruth wrote the following in her personal journal:

On Feb. 3d [1914] B. died after suffering intensely for 10 days. 24 hours before death she asked me to place the pillows so that she could lie down and die. I did as she requested me but I used more pillows than she wanted, as she could not lie down. So she said: "I told you to lay the pillows low as I am going to lie down and die." I said: "B. dear, you can't lie down on low pillows." so she contented herself as they were. as she thus reclined I was feeding her snow and said: "Here B. dear, is your snow, beautiful snow from the mountains tops. Picking up the words she said: "Isn't it lovely? Mama, isn't it lovely? White as the snow! Pure as the snow! and with a most angelic smile repeated: "Isn't it lovely, mama, several times, than placing her hands together she said: Thank God! all this time she was looking upward but she could not die, her time had not yet come. raising herself from her pillow she exclaimed: "This old earth can't hold me any longer! Then she asked to walk; when we told her she was not able to, she said: you don't know who I am I'm a lady and I can walk.

Of course, she could not and so she remarked: "If I can't walk I'll die. Good bye mama, Do you care? I answered "I don't care what you say Dear, so long as you do not mean it," as I did not wish her to know that we had any thought of her dying.

Ruth M. Fox<sup>18</sup>

Deep love and pain are implicit in this entry, but just when the reader expects the floodgates of explicit feeling to burst, Ruth restrains herself. Not trusting her emotions to her journal, she simply signs her name, figuratively damming entry into her heart.

Looking solely at her autobiography and diaries, one could think of Ruth as cold and detached. Her feelings for people and her emotional reaction to situations are largely left to conjecture. It is a challenge to uncover the color of her personality between the lines of fact. The place her heart is found, however, is in her poetry. She wrote a touching poem in her grief for Bee with the repeated stanza, "She fled/—on the wings of the morning she fled,/ Our beauteous Emmeline."<sup>19</sup> She wrote poems that congratulated her children for their achievements, celebrated births, and sent messages of love—all witnesses of the joy she found in her family.

In her later years, Ruth wrote a poem called "To My Children." On May 15, 1941, she handed the poem to her son, Feramorz Young Fox, in a sealed envelope. On it was written, "To be opened after my death." Little did Ruth know she would live almost another seventeen years. In 1957, at the age of 103, Ruth asked that the envelope be opened and copies of her poem distributed to her family members. Later that year, a young man named Arthur Thomas Challis went to interview Ruth for his master's thesis documenting Utah history.<sup>20</sup> He recorded their interview on a reel-to-reel tape. Miraculously, this recording was uncovered only months ago and brought to the Church History Library in near-perfect condition.<sup>21</sup> At the age of 103 years old, she recites her poem "To My Children," from memory.



Ruth May Fox on her 103rd birthday, November 16, 1956. She died on April 12, 1958, at the age of 104. Photograph courtesy *Deseret News*.

If I should pass from mortal life,  
The while you think me sleeping,  
Do not, I pray you, be disturbed  
And lend yourselves to weeping,  
For I am in my Father's care,  
His Messenger will guide me;  
And I shall go quite unafraid,  
With Faith and Hope beside me.  
As peacefully I wend my way  
I'll breathe a prayer for you,  
That He who sent you all to me  
Will lovingly watch o'er you.  
Within the Gate I'll wait for you  
With a Mother's anxious yearning;  
Immortal is a Mother's love,  
An incense always burning.  
Oh may you grasp the Iron Rod  
Which leads to life eternal,  
That we may all together meet  
Around the Throne supernal.  
There sin and death can never come,  
But life and love together  
Will be our glory and our joy  
Forever and forever.<sup>22</sup>

Poetry connects generations, making the rich texture of the past accessible in the present. As records and oral lore of ancient date have proven, poetry is an effective means of preserving and transferring tradition and culture for

entire civilizations. Poetry can also capture the life of the individual—not just in factual events, but in the living, breathing human being between the lines. Exploring poetry as a historical source expands our understanding of relationships, biographical experiences, deeply held beliefs and emotions in ways that are not replicated in other types of records. Those in previous generations have left a legacy of the written word, including the untapped resource of poetry. In unpacking the past, look to poetry as history.

## Notes

1. “Suomen Synty, Lisäosa 1: Runonlaulaja Jussi Huovinen,” narrated by Teemu Laaksonen, Kultakuume, YLE, July 14, 2013, <http://ohjelmaopas.yle.fi/1-1975762>; Sampo Mäkelä, email message to author, April 10, 2014.

2. Kenneth Goates, comp., *The Autograph Book of Barbara Matilda Neff Moses, 1822–1890*, (n.p.: John Neff Family Organization, 1997), vi-viii, copy available at the Church History Library, M270.07 M911a, Salt Lake City, Utah (hereafter cited as CHL). See also “Barbara Matilda Neff Moses,” in *Membership of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1830–1848*, comp. Susan Easton Black, 50 vols. (Provo, UT: Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University, 1984–1988), 32:360–61.

3. Barbara N. Moses, Autograph Book, circa 1843–1919, holograph, MS 3465, CHL; also Goates, *Autograph Book of Barbara Matilda Neff Moses Book*, 62–63.

4. Wilford Woodruff, *Wilford Woodruff’s Journal, 1833–1898*, Typescript, ed. Scott G. Kenney, 9 vols. (Midvale, UT: Signature Books, 1983–1984), 2:275; see also 2:315, 317, 393–94; 3:268.

5. Woodruff, *Wilford Woodruff’s Journal*, 2:316 (October 8, 1843).

6. Woodruff, *Wilford Woodruff’s Journal*, 9:95–96 (May 31, 1890); and 9:195 (April 14, 1892).

7. Moses, Autograph Book, n.p.; also Goates, *Autograph Book of Barbara Matilda Neff Moses Book*, 92–93.

8. Ruth May Fox, *My Story, Supplemented by Miscellaneous Articles Pertaining to Her Life*, comp. Leonard Grant Fox, Typescript, (n.p.: privately printed, 1973). Except where otherwise noted, all of the Fox material cited in this article is available at the Church History Library.

9. Emmeline “Bee” Fox to Frank Fox, n.d., holograph, private possession.

10. Ruth wrote, “When [Emmeline B.] was fourteen years old I suspended my Church activities and took her to California for eight months. She gained strength and after returning to our home enjoyed several months of restricted but pleasant activity at school and at Church and in association with her friends.” Fox, *My Story*, 21.

11. Florence writes about how seriously her father took his new role as a single parent while Ruth was away with Bee. When Flo asked if she could go over to a friend’s house, her father would thoughtfully chew on his mustache and say, “I think you had better stay home tonight.” She quickly discovered that if she just told him she was going over to her friend’s house, he never said no, just “Don’t be late.” See Florence Marie Fox MacKay, “Intimacies—Just As They Come—By and To and About Jesse W. Fox, Jr.,” in “The Story of Jesse Williams Fox, Jr.—His Story,” ed. Feramorz Y. Fox, unpublished manuscript (circa 1971), 22.

12. Likely in reference to streetcar fare.



13. Ruth May Fox, "The Difference," in "May Blossoms," vol. 2, comp. Leonard Grant Fox, unpublished manuscript (1966), 450–51.

14. For a comprehensive history of the suffrage movement in Utah, see Carol Cornwall Madsen, ed., *Battle for the Ballot: Essays on Woman Suffrage in Utah, 1870–1896* (Logan, UT: Utah State University Press, 1997).

15. Ruth May Fox, "Who then art Thou," *Young Woman's Journal* 23, no. 11 (November 1912): 621.

16. See Keshia Lai, "'A Thrill through My Being': Louisa Lula Greene Richards," *Women of Faith in the Latter Days, Volume Three, 1846–1870: Bonus Chapters*, ed. Richard E. Turley Jr. and Brittany A. Chapman (Salt Lake City, UT: Deseret Book, 2014), e-book, chap. 10.

17. Lula Greene Richards, "Woman, 'Rise,'" *Young Woman's Journal* 4, no. 5 (February 1893): 201. For a brief discussion of the lyrics see Reid L. Neilson, *Exhibiting Mormonism: The Latter-day Saints and the 1893 Chicago World's Fair* (New York: Oxford University Press), 89–90.

18. Ruth May Fox, Diaries, 1894–1931, holograph, vol. 4, February 3, 1914, MS 6348 1–2, CHL.

19. Fox, "May Blossoms," 2:460–61.

20. Arthur T. Challis, "Handbook of Utah First Facts, 1540–1896" (MA thesis, University of Utah, 1959).

21. Ruth May Fox, interviewed by Arthur Thomas Challis, August 9, 1957, Salt Lake City, Utah, in Arthur Thomas Challis, Audio Recordings, AV 3698, CHL.

22. Fox, "May Blossoms," 2:451.

The presentation can be accessed online at <http://history.lds.org/article/men-and-women-of-faith-lives-of-faith-pieced-in-poetry?lang=eng>