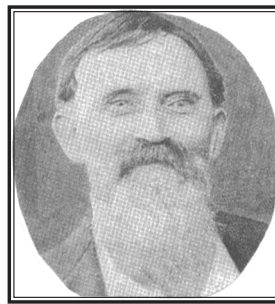


GEORGE HARRISON

Born: August 24, 1841 England

Age: 14

Martin Handcart Company



George came to Utah with his parents, William (age 41) and Hannah Louise (38), his brother Aaron (18), and sisters, Mary Ann (12), Alice (10), Olivia (7), Hannah “Caddie” (almost 2) and Sarah Ellen (5 months). Actually, George and Aaron only came part of the way. But first, a little about George’s family: William and Hannah were both born in England, married in 1836 and became the parents of eleven children. Three sons died in infancy and were buried in England. Another daughter was added to the family in Springville, Utah, in 1858. In 1855 William Harrison wrote a letter to Brigham Young, excerpts as follows [lightly edited for readability]:

No 155 Butler St. Oldham Road, Manchester President Brigham Young, Dear Sir, By the counsel of Elder C.H. Wheelock I take the liberty of writing to you at this time to inform you of my situation and also my earnest desire to be gathered with my family to the Vallies of the Mountains. ... My youngest son is a Glass blower and my oldest son is a Mechanic, we are all in the Church. I have been in thirteen years, my wife has been in fourteen. We greatly long for the day to come when we shall have the Privilege of Beholding the faces of our Brethren and sisters in the Vallies of Ephraim and where we shall not be ground down by the Iron hand of Oppression, and also where [we] can have the Privilege of training up our Children in the way they Should go so that when they get Old they may not depart from it. Dear President, things are in a bad state here. Trade is at a very low ebb and the People Seem to grow worse every day. Well might the Savior Say, “Except those days were cut short in Righteousness there should no flesh be saved.” My wife has got a brother in the Valley, he arrived in Nov last. We have received a letter from him. He says the Valley is a first rate place for those that desire to do right. His trade is a Carpenter. He says he has got Employment and doing very well. He says he will send for his wife next spring. He has no Children. He also states that he will send for two of my sons, But I feel very desirous that we should all go together that I might have the watchcare over them, and we are sensible that you know the mind and will of God and if you deem it wisdom to send for us all at once we shall feel truly grateful and shall do our utmost to repay whatever may be Expended upon us in our Emigration. ... I am writing to my brother in law to inform him that I have written to you and also desiring him to Call upon you at the office and he can send us the necessary Information. His name is Joseph Ellis. I now conclude Praying heaven’s Choicest Blessings to rest upon you. I Remain your Brother in the new and everlasting Covenant. William Harrison.”

The Harrisons left England in May 1856, sailing on the ship *Horizon*. From the port in Boston, Massachusetts, they traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, by steamship and rail. From Iowa City they hiked three miles to a campground where they obtained handcarts and began their overland trek to Utah with the Martin handcart company.

The family suffered a great deal, but all miraculously survived. When the family reached Fort Laramie on October 10, 1856, Aaron decided to stay and enlist in the army. The family suffered much as the daily rations began to be reduced at this time. The rations were reduced again and again before rescuers came with supplies. At one time Hannah became so starved that when her baby would nurse, all she could get was blood. It is recorded that Hannah would make a snowball and ask the Lord to bless it. She said it tasted like manna to her.

The Harrison family arrived in Utah on November 30, 1856. They went to Springville where they first stayed with the Bishop Aaron Johnson family, then homesteaded and built an adobe and log house. They planted fruit trees and strawberries and farmed the land. William died in 1881. Hannah carried on with the farm work and care of her garden until she was 70 years old. George’s colorful story is best told in his own words:

“My father was a glass blower, and I remember how hard he had to work in the old factory not far from our humble home, making glasses, bottles and other ware. I can see him yet as he would dip his blower into her hot liquid glass and then with puffed cheeks blow bubbles, and with the help of different molds, shape the bubbles into tumblers, goblets and flasks. He would come home very tired at night, but he always found good cheer there. Mother had worked just as hard to keep things tidy and clean and she always had some good food for him and us hungry children.

“It wasn’t long before I was helping out too. When I was eight years old, Father found me a job with him in the glass factory. Of course, I could not do any blowing, but I could carry the articles which he had blown to the large ovens where they were placed to cool off slowly or ‘anneal’ as they called it. For this work I had to use a forked tool and I had to watch my step to see that I did not drop what was on it.

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“Our boss was a huge fellow. Sometimes when he had been drinking too much liquor he would be cross and mean. Once in a while he might box my ears if I didn’t do what he thought I should.

“Missionaries of the Mormon faith came to Manchester. Mother and father attended meetings they held in one of the halls. Afterwards they brought the gospel into our home and taught it to us and our neighbors. As a result, my parents and many of their friends were converted. Finally they and all of us children who were over eight years old were baptized and made members of the new church. They [my parents] became very unpopular with some of their friends, but were willing to stand the jibes and persecution for the sake of what they felt was the truth.

“The talk then was all about getting to Zion. Three times every Sunday we would go to church. I always knew when the missionaries would be at our home for dinner because mother would always set a large mince pie in the oven for when we arrived home. Oh, it was good after the long walk and the long meeting.

“A great many people joined the church. The question was how to get all they wanted to go to Utah. There were hardly enough teams to carry the emigrants. Finally, however, it was decided to form handcart companies to cross the plains from the end of the railroad in Iowa to the valley of the mountains. The plan looked hard, but not impossible, and the people were so eager to get to Zion with the saints that nothing seemed too difficult. Would not the Lord open the way?

“We joined a company made up of 975 souls—men, women and children. On the good ship ‘Horizon’ at the Liverpool harbor. A Mr. Reed was captain of the vessel. We embarked on this sailing vessel in the summer of 1856. For 35 days we were on the ocean having a pleasant trip. We spent the time happily. We had meetings frequently, and we would often join in singing, so that the time did not seem long.

“It was while on board this ship that I got my first desire to be a cook. One day I stood watching the ship’s cook, a big Mulatto, making pancakes. I became so interested watching him pour out the batter and flip the cakes that I asked him to let me try it. ‘Sure, enuf, boy!’ he said, and I was given my first practice in cooking.

“At the end of the voyage we landed in Boston. After a short stay there, we boarded the train for Iowa. We were on the train a week or 10 days. The cars were so crude and the railroad so rough we were all tired out when we arrived in Iowa City . . . But our difficulties were not over when we reached the end of the railroad. They were only just begun. Thirteen hundred or more miles of journey over the plains and mountains lay before us. We must walk all of this weary way and push or pull our handcarts. Our thoughts were all centered on getting to Zion.

“Our handcarts were not ready which caused a delay of three weeks. We were camped on the banks of the Iowa river. While there we had a terrible rain storm which nearly washed us away. The water poured into our tents until we were all drenched. Father and mother had to work hard to keep it from drowning my little baby sister.

“Finally the day came when we were ordered to pack our bedding and food on to the handcarts and take up our march. Some of the leaders advised against our going, but their advice was not followed. Everybody wanted to get to the valley and go they would at all costs; so off we started with our handcart train stringing along over the old rolling hills of the Iowa trail towards the Rocky Mountain Valleys. They journeyed through Iowa to Florence, Nebraska.

“In August they made the start to cross the plains. Then at the command of Captain Martin and Tyler, our caravan started westward, this refrain of the Handcart Song was ringing all along the line: ‘Some must push and some must pull, As we go marching up the hill, As merrily on our way we go, Until we reach the Valley, Oh.’

“Nearly two hundred carts filled high with food, clothing, bedding and utensils, and a number of ox-drawn covered wagons, too, were scattered along the caravan. These carried extra supplies, and served also to carry those who fell ill. After a few days of steady traveling we camped on the Des Moines River. There were a few log cabins and a few Indian Tepees. That night Father traded with the redmen for some venison and for two pairs of moccasins. Lieutenant Tyler said these Indians have been tamed, but we might meet some wild ones out on the plains. That second night, when we camped by another pleasant stream, I was out with my brother, Aaron, and Sammy Jones on a hillside. As we set there chatting, off in the distance we heard a sweet toned cow bell making music at twilight which reminded us of the vesper bells of Bonny England. Aaron said, ‘It makes us a little homesick for old England.’ About eight more days we came to the Missouri River.

“That night we camped on the outskirts of winter quarters. While we lingered about the town, Aaron, with some other boys and I decided to take a swim. To do so in the swift, muddy Missouri would have been dangerous. We finally found a greenish looking pool near a saw mill. It was thick with mosquitoes that welted my skin plenty. Some few days later some of the boys and I were very sick. One of the leaders said, ‘Those boys have the chills and fever. They have been swimming in a slough.’ Luckily, brother Aaron escaped the illness. He could go on well as ever helping father and our sisters roll our handcarts along the trail. But I was so ill I had to be taken into one of the wagons. As I grew better I could hardly walk.

“In August they started to cross the plains. All went well until they encountered rain, hail and wind storms, causing slow progress in traveling. The snow came early, and the company was placed on rations--one pint of flour a day for each family. They were all very hungry. One day my mother made a snowball and asked the Lord to bless it. She said it tasted like manna from heaven.

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“I was 14 years of age and began to get very weak, was unable to help pull the handcart, and became very sick and weak. Our father told us to put on our best clothes and he burned the old ones, so the handcarts would be easier to pull. But before he threw my old clothes on the fire, he felt in the pocket and found a piece of rawhide which I had burned the hair from and had been chewing. Father said “Aye, lad has it come to this?” I became very sick and weak. This was in October.¹

“As for me I made a decision right there. I was not going any farther. Acting on this, I slipped away into the willows that bordered the creek and hid. In the excitement, no one noticed my absence, not even my own folks. It was not long before the handcart caravan had disappeared over a hill to the west. Why did I do this? Well, I was starving. I thought if I thought any thing clearly that my family would be better off without me.

“I felt I might get back to my brother Aaron. At any rate I had acted. For a few minutes I stood weak and dazed, but determined not to follow the train any farther. What to do I hardly knew. Then I remembered seeing a camp of Indians about a mile back on the trail, so I turned and started out to find it. My hunger simply drove me to take this desperate chance with the savages, rather than face starvation with the handcart company.

“When I lifted the flap of the tepee, I found an Indian family inside. There was the mother with half a dozen papooses of various sizes. They all stared at me in open mouth astonishment. An iron kettle was on the coals of a fire in the center of the tepee. Something was cooking inside of it. Pointing to the kettle I pleaded, ‘Give me some, give me some.’ The Indian mother understood. She looked at me pitifully as she took a tin plate and fork and heaped the plate up with boiled buffalo meat. I began to eat ravenously. When I had finished the last mouthful, I reached the plate out saying “give me some more.” Oh, exclaimed the red mother, with a touch of sympathy in her tone. She heaped my plate the second time and I devoured the meat just as hungrily as before. I was simply famished.

“When the kind woman motioned for me to go, I turned to obey her. I swooned and fell headlong on a pile of buffalo robes in the tent. This Indian was married to a French trader. When he came in and saw me, he said something to the Indian mother in Sioux Language and they went away. I remained in the tepee and rested, while my meal began to digest. It is really a wonder I am alive to tell about it now. If I had not had a strong stomach I certainly should have died. As it was, I was ill from over eating.

“Next day my poor old father came trudging back to find his lost boy. Until the company went into camp that night no one had missed me. When I did not show up, mother was frantic. Father was overjoyed to find me, but when it came to taking me on with him, new difficulties arose. I was so thin and weak I could hardly stand up.² I was in no condition to make the difficult journey.

“The French trader came to my rescue. ‘Why don’t you leave that boy here with the Indians?’ he asked. ‘He will be much better off than to try to make that hard trip over the mountains with next to nothing to eat. That would simply be the death of him.’ ‘But his mother will go wild,’ said Father. ‘I cannot leave the lad here.’ ‘Well, you can’t take him,’ said the mountaineer. ‘He can’t walk.’ ‘I’ll carry him,’ said Father. ‘Oh, come now, old man. Be sensible. You can hardly carry yourself. Leave here. The Indians will treat him alright, and next Spring he can go on with some other emigrant train.’

“Father was forced to acknowledge the wisdom of the mountain man’s advice. It almost broke his heart to leave me. Then after giving me some fatherly counsel and his blessing, he went trudging along the lonely trail to overtake the handcart train now a day or two ahead of him. I was left ill and alone among the Indians. They were all very kind to me. I remained among the Indians fourteen months and learned to speak their language fluently.

“The company had pretty tough going after I was left with the Indians. I’ve had the story told me many times by Father and Mother. Well, they kept struggling on up the North Platte making only a few miles a day. Folks were getting so weak from want of food that they just could not get on very fast. My mother and father have told me many times of the suffering which they endured after I was left with the Indians. [As follows:]

“One day when the company were about exhausted, and many had died, the way looked dreary and hopeless. It was, however, just the darkest hour before dawn. Suddenly they heard a shout. Everyone looked up. On a hill ahead appeared three horsemen riding as fast as the snow would let them towards our caravan. It was Joseph Young, Dan Jones and Abe Garr, messengers for [their] relief.

“What glad cries arose, as the cheering word was passed along the line. Very soon the horsemen rode by us with our captain. ‘Pull on into Willow Springs,’ said our leader. ‘Yes and get yourselves ready for a good meal. It is only a mile to the springs.’ We went off rations that night. Our last hard pull was to get over Big Mountain, a high divide in the Wasatch Range. Snow was very deep in some places, it had drifted 20 feet deep. Some mountain men kept the way open by dragging great pine trees with oxen back and forth through the drifts. At last in November, they rolled out of Emigration Canyon into Salt Lake City where the folks welcomed them and gave them food.

“While I was still with the Indians, what clothing I had on, even the best pair of trousers I donned the day our old clothing was burned, soon wore out. My red mother made me a real Indian suit of buckskin. One day she gave it to me, all fringed and beaded. I was an Indian boy for sure from head to foot when I put on these new clothes.

“Spring had just come and our Indian band was breaking camp for a trip to a trading post. We were up so early to get the packing done. My Indian pal and I kept at the head of the caravan all day. Just before evening, he went racing up a hill. Suddenly I saw him beckoning to me to come on, so I hastened to the top where he was standing. What I saw when I reached him gave me such a thrill of joy as I had never felt before. There in the valley below was old Fort Laramie. Above it, in the golden rays of the setting sun waved the Stars and Stripes. It was the prettiest sight of my life.

“Johnston’s Army was camped there. They were on their way to Utah to subdue the Mormons. When some of the men from the Army saw that I was a white boy, they wanted to know why I was with the Indians. I told them the whole story. Then they said they must take me to my parents. They then went and talked to my foster mother. She cried and did not want me to go. That night I remained with the Indians. The next morning I obtained permission to visit the Army post. There, of course, I found my brother, Aaron.

“What a surprise I gave him and what a joyous visit we had that evening. He had heard no word from our family nor from me since we had parted six months before. Brother knew nothing about me going off with the Indians. He was eager to hear the whole story. [After hearing it, he said,] ‘You certainly do not look like the skin and bones lad who left there half a year ago.’ ‘You are looking pretty husky yourself, Aaron. Soldier life seems to agree with you.’ A bugle call broke up our visit and I returned to the tepee. Next morning Aaron visited the Indian village.

“My red mother in her quiet way made him feel at home. I had to act as interpreter for what little talk went on. The French trader told Aaron how he first found me trying to kill myself eating meat and how he persuaded Father to leave me with the Indians. Later the mountain man went with my Indian mother to the Sutter’s store in the fort to trade some furs and buckskin for food. I then went to the Army. At the invitation of Aaron’s sergeant I had my dinner with them. It surely tasted good after all the months of Indian food to have some flapjacks, bacon and beans, with a bit of jam to top off the meal. A few days later with their trading done, the Indian band took the trail westward to spend the summer in the mountains. I tried not to show how happy I was when I carried the word to my red mother that I was going with the Army and would have a job helping the cook, for which I would receive pay. She felt very bad that I was leaving them and the papooses all cried. I was always interested in cooking, though I hadn’t had much practice beyond helping the mulatto on the ship *Horizon* flip pancakes. My life with the Indians gave me some good experience too, handling meat, which proved to make me famous.³

“Sometime in March of 1858, the commander at Fort Laramie was ordered to go to Fort Bridger and [was] halted at Jim Bridger’s old trading post. When we finally reached Horseshoe Bend, I happened to see a camp of Indians. Thinking they might be my old friends I went over to their tepees. Sure enough, it was my red mother and family. The French father was not with them. He had gone out after game.

“All were delighted to see me. The papooses hugged my legs and danced with glee. But my Indian mother was troubled. Finally she told me they were without food. This nearly broke me up. I remembered vividly how she shared with me when I first came to her tepee. ‘I’ll do what I can for you,’ I promised, and away I went to the Army camp. I said to the commanding officer, ‘There’s an Indian family across the creek, starving, and it is the one who saved my life when I was nigh unto death’s door and now I want to help them with some food.’ But the officer said, ‘I don’t think I can do a thing for you, although I am sorry boy,’ he said. ‘As you know we have been put on rations.’ ‘But I must have some food for them. I can’t see these dear friends starve. Won’t you please get the quartermaster to let me have some food and take the money out of my wages to pay for it?’ ‘It’s no question of money,’ he replied. ‘You could have it in a minute, if there was food to spare. I’m afraid it won’t do any good.’ With that I began to cry bitterly. ‘Here, here,’ he said ‘hold on now, Georgie, I’ll do my best for you.’ Over he went to the quartermaster’s tent. How he got it I never leaned, but pretty soon he came back with a sack full of supplies, bacon, flour, beans and some sugar. I thanked him with all my heart and struck straight for the Indian camp. I received as much as I could carry on my back. Removed my shoes again and waded across the river to them. You never saw happier, more grateful people than those red friends of mine, with their little gift. But they were not nearly so happy as I was to be able to give it to them. It was small pay for all they had done for me.

“Then I told my Indian mother it was time for me to go. When I bade them goodbye the papooses cried again and begged me to stay. Their mother showed her appreciation by giving me a fine pair of beaded moccasins. That was the last I ever saw of these dear Indian friends. But I have kept them close to my heart through all the years.

“As the Army started toward the west at Devil gate, there were the remains of a rock fort. Several broken handcarts were scattered about. Nearby were a number of mounds where the dead had been laid away. Up on Rock Creek we also found one large mound. Later I learned that twelve [thirteen] more of the handcart pioneers had been buried in this common grave.⁴



William Harrison



Hannah Louise



Mary Ann



Olivia



Alice



Aaron

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“We camped one night at Pacific Springs. Next day we were on the Big Sandy Creek. It was along this stream that Lot Smith and his band of Utah militia had halted and burned a freight train. This was to stop Johnston’s army until the trouble that had sent some of the soldiers west could be peacefully settled.

“As I was riding with one of the soldiers, he said to me, ‘Aren’t you afraid that when we get to Utah we will kill your father and mother and the rest of the people there?’ ‘No,’ I answered, ‘you would not kill anything.’ The soldiers joked me a great deal about being a Mormon boy but they were pretty kind to me nevertheless.

“A few days later orders came for Johnston’s troops to march on farther into Utah. An agreement between the officers of the territory and the Army had been reached. To protect the emigrant trails across the desert, the soldiers might proceed and establish a military post. It must not be closer, however, than thirty miles from Salt Lake City.

“A joyous day it was for me when we started for the valleys and for Brother Aaron, too, since his company was to march along with us. Over the hills we went, across the rim of the Great Basin and down Echo Canyon. Again, we had to climb over a high ridge of the Wasatch Range. It was from the top of this that I really saw the ‘Valleys of the Mountains’ of which we had sung way off in old England.

“A few hours later we reached Salt Lake City, only to find it deserted. Folk there, not sure the Army would keep its word and leave the place unmolested, had moved away into the valleys to the north and south. True to his word, our commander marched straight through without even stopping. Southward along the Jordan River the soldiers journeyed until Utah Lake was reached. After camping for a few days where Utah Jordan River begins, the troops were again ordered to move on. This time it was into Cedar Valley just over the ridge to the west.

“There at an oasis in the desert where a large spring of water gushed forth, our army post was built. Camp Floyd it was named, in honor of John Floyd of Virginia. He was Secretary of War under President James Buchanan. We had been in Camp Floyd but a few days when my old father came to find his boys. He had walked about forty miles from Springville where he had made our pioneer home. It was a happy meeting you may be sure. We had not seen each other since that dreary autumn day when he left me among the Indians to trudge his lonely way back to the suffering handcart company. After he had told me briefly of Mother and the rest of our family, we hunted up Aaron and had a good visit with him. Then I took Father to see Lieutenant Bumstead.⁵ The Lieutenant greeted Father kindly. I then asked him if I might get my money.

“‘Certainly,’ he said, going to the place where he had kept it for me. I had asked the Lieutenant to take care of my money for me because I knew if the soldiers knew I had it they would want to borrow it to gamble with. When he gave the money to me I handed over all the gold pieces which was \$85.00 to my father, telling him I had saved them to help him out. ‘God bless thee, my lad,’ said Father, his eyes filling with tears. ‘You may be proud of your son, Mr. Harrison,’ said the Lieutenant. ‘It is not many boys who could live in any army camp, keep straight, and save all his wages as he had done.’ I thanked him for his kindness. ‘Don’t mention it,’ he said. ‘I am glad to help you.’ That eighty five dollars proved to be a godsend to Father. With the money he bought a yoke of oxen from the government. They helped him greatly in his struggle to make a living.



“In Camp Floyd, I remained cooking for the officers as long as it was an army post. It seemed the best way for me to help my struggling parents. Army life ended for me and for Brother Aaron, too, when Camp Floyd was abandoned in the spring of 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War.

“I decided to return to Springville [to] this pleasant town under the Wasatch Mountains, with the beautiful Utah Lake shining like a silver mirror to the west, where I have ever since spent my life. It was there I found a dear girl, Rosella D. White. We decided to make a home of our own and were married on May 4, 1865. After we were married, I did freighting to Pioche, Nevada. Then later I peddled vegetables, eggs, butter and fruit to Ophir and Bingham Canyon. A few years later I purchased a half acre of ground on Main Street where the Safeway and Penny Stores are located, and paid \$300.00 for it. Then I paid \$75.00 for a frame building and paid 25 bushels of wheat to have it moved onto the ground where I opened a restaurant just across from the Denver & Rio Grand Depot which stood in the middle of Main Street. I fed the crews on freight trains with beefsteak meals for 35 cents. Later, I built a hotel which was known as the Harrison Hotel.”

George Harrison visiting in Pleasant Grove at the home of Patience Loader Rosza Archer, also of the Martin company.

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The rest of this narrative is written by George's daughter, Mae Harrison Smith:

"After opening the hotel, it was a pioneer home in comfort and spirit. It had always a warm welcome for the tired traveler. Beefsteak was one thing in which he took pride, as he was soon known as "Beefsteak Harrison" from New York to San Francisco. Well, you would soon guess why if you were ever lucky enough to eat a dinner there. His style of cooking he learned while with the Army. He was very entertaining to his guests both in song and prose and often had guests join in singing. He was a Black Hawk [war] veteran and was one of the first who organized the first Black Hawk reunion which was ever held in Utah County. All of the veterans and their wives were invited to the reunion where they were served with a bounteous banquet program and dance. The reunion was held in Reynolds Hall and the veterans had a large bonfire in the street so the visitors would know where the reunion was being held.



George "Beefsteak" Harrison at the Harrison Hotel

"Father served as chorister for the Indian War Veterans at the campfires and the funerals of the warriors. He was always present to lead in community singing. Before the town of Springville was divided into Wards, church for the whole town was held in the old white meetinghouse. He acted as chorister for many years and was always prompt in taking charge of the music. He was also a member of a quartet with Walter and David Wheeler and Joseph Tuckett. Their singing was always enjoyed by all. They would often visit the schools and sing for the pupils and were always willing to sing at any public gathering. They had the pupils join in the singing. Besides being famous for steak, he made the most delicious soup which everyone enjoyed who were lucky enough to receive some. If he knew anyone was ill, he would always have a small bucket of soup on its way to the person who was ill. One man once said he had given enough soup away to 'float him right to heaven.' He also gave many a nice steak to the sick, also a trout. He had good health and was very active until shortly after the death of his wife when his health began to fail.

"On February 1, 1921, he sent for the three members of his old quartet to hasten to his bedside. They came. He asked them to sing his favorite song. They did so with tears in their eyes. He then shook each of their hands and bid them goodbye. Then on the 3rd day of February, 1921, he passed peacefully away."

¹ Oct. 17, near Deer Creek, Wyoming.

² The Indians nicknamed George "White Skeleton."

³ George spoke at a 50-year-reunion of handcart pioneers in 1906 where he "gave an account of how he stayed behind at Fort Laramie, and cooked for Doctor Getty of the W.S.A.[.] how kind the military were to him—and also of his adventures among the Indians." George also mentioned Doctor Getty to Howard Driggs when Driggs interviewed him and subsequently wrote the children's book, *George, the Handcart Boy*. This appears to be Thomas Murray Getty, assistant surgeon in the Medical Department of the U.S. Army. George did not mention Getty in his autobiography.

⁴ This common grave at Rock Creek was only 20 months old when George came through in late June 1858. Thirteen people from the Willie handcart company were buried together in the grave on Oct. 24, 1856. Frederick Lander's group of government engineers and surveyors had officially named Rock Creek on their maps on June 18, 1858. (Prior to this it was generally known only as a branch of Sweetwater.) George may have learned more about the site as a handcart grave from his parents who had spent their first year in Utah housed in Springville with the Jane James family. Jane's husband, William, was one of the thirteen persons from the Willie company buried in this common grave.

⁵ "Bumstead" appears to be a transcription error. Historian Curtis Allen believes this may have been Lieutenant Franck S. Armistead of the 10th Infantry, who was serving at that time.

Sources: "History of George Harrison," written by himself; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Letter from William Harrison to Brigham Young, Church History Library, CR 1234_1, box 24, folder 4, items 10-14; Handcart Veterans Association scrapbook, folder 1, document 1, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, minutes of reunion meeting Oct. 4, 1906; emails from Curtis R. Allen to Jolene Allphin, Oct. 31, 2007, and from William MacKinnon and Curtis Allen, March 23, 2016; Curtis R. Allen, *George "Beefsteak" Harrison*, 2005, courtesy Curtis Allen; Harvey E. Brown, *The Medical Department of the United States Army from 1775-1873*, pgs. 288, 294; photos of George Harrison and Patience Loader, and George Harrison at his hotel, courtesy Gerald R. Sherratt Library, Southern Utah University, Cedar City, Utah, Howard Driggs collection; some family photos from Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.