

JOHN KARTCHNER



John Kartchner was born November 26, 1851 in San Bernardino, San Bernardino, California to William Decatur Kartchner and Margaret Jane Casteel. Married Lydia Amelia Palmer May 11, 1874. They had eight children: four sons and four daughters.

Died February 3, 1946 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. Buried February 6, 1946 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah.

John was born in California where his family had been called to colonize San Bernardino. John was five years old when his family left California and settled in Beaver. They lived there until he was fourteen.

He attended a school where his teacher "whipped a boy so hard to try to make him spell a word, that he died the next day. I John was the father of two families. He married his second wife, Nancy Mann on March 20, 1884. Because of the law against polygamy, they ended up in Old

cried while he was being whipped."

He was a good boy all his life and his family depended on him because his father had rheumatism a good deal of his life.

The family was living in Panguitch when John met Lydia and they were married two years later. Their first child was born in Panguitch and the next year they moved to Orderville until they were called to settle in Arizona.

He was a man of good judgement, strong and courageous. He was sympathetic and had very tender feelings toward children. He was kind and true to his family. He loved company and was hospitable, and everyone who came to his house was taken care of.

He was a very positive man, very honest and his word was as good as his bond.

John said, "I learned to love the prophet Joseph Smith by hearing my parents tell about him. With tears in their eyes they would tell how much they loved him and mourned how he was murdered."

One of John's friends had a beautiful voice and sang all the time. One season when John spent a lot of time with him he learned the following song which was written about Joseph Smith, the prophet.

The Unknown Grave

There's an unknown grave in a lonely spot
And the form that it covers will never be forgot.

Where heaven's tree spreads and the wild locust wave

There's a snowy white flower o'er the unknown grave.

God bless the unknown grave.

Mexico in the Mormon colonies. When they asked him to apply for citizenship in Old Mexico he said, "No, I am an American and will never be anything else."

In Mexico he played the violin for all the dances and some of his sons would chord on the piano. John could sing and recite and was always ready and willing when asked to do something.

He and his families lived there about 25 years and then the Mexicans drove them out with nothing but a team and wagon. They settled in Blanding, Utah.

John was very strong. One day he was crossing the street and his little five-year-old girl, Theda, followed him. He saw a bull running towards his daughter. He could not get to the girl before the bull, so he just grabbed the bull by the horns and threw it to the ground and held it down until his daughter reached safety.

When he was 70 years old he moved to Salt Lake City and worked on a farm; at 80 he milked six cows, bottled the milk and delivered it in the town of Sandy, Utah. And at 95 he could still sing well.

John loved life and he dreaded death, but when he was 96 years old he took the "flu" and in three weeks he died.

John used to say, "We are above average people, we Kartchners; always be proud of your Kartchner blood and keep it good."

His son-in-law, David Black, said of him: "The thing that I've always noticed was in time of need, or emergency, in a round up, in fighting fire, in working road, and in all the activities of the life of a frontiersman, he was the first one to step out. He'd get his frying pan and a blanket and be on the lead to the place, and say, 'Come on boys.' He was a very hard working man."