

# FORGOTTEN PIONEERS

A musical based on the voyage of the ship, Brooklyn

(Adapted from *My Father's Field*)

## Act I

### Music No. 1 - [Overture](#)

**Scene I:** *Music fades into a background. Lights are dim as sound of soft chatter is heard from students seated in a college classroom. This can be depicted with rows of chairs and a simple table for the professor's books and papers, set either upstage or to the side, leaving the center for the next part of the scene.*

*Time of setting: modern day.*

*Lights come up as music chimes the hour:*

Professor: *(an elderly man with a droll sense of humor, a rather comical yet endearing sort of character, taps on his desk to get the attention of the class)*

Students: *(straighten up and stop talking, open their notebooks to write)*

Professor: Good morning! This is Senior History, where famous historians are trained. Anyone here want to become a famous historian?

Student: I do!

Student: And I!

All: *(general hubbub)*

Professor: Anyone here want to bring to light an important part of history that was previously overlooked?

Student: Of course!

Student: Right here!

All: *(general noise of individual interest).*

Professor: Good!!!! That's exactly the assignment for your semester paper. Find an event that occurred in America—something not generally known to the public, but something that changed our country for the better. You've got many years of history to consider. So there is no shortage of material. You have the entire semester to write your project, so there's no shortage of time. Furthermore, this will be your ONLY graded assignment. So----, do it well.

Students: *(react with worry)*

Student: *(rises)* How many pages must it be?

Professor: The number of pages does not matter. Only how well told.

Second Student: But Professor, how could any little-known event have historical importance? Seems impossible to find.

Professor: Investigate. Ask questions. Read! There's a story out there. You'll find it. Now off with you. Take the rest of the hour to search out a subject. I expect to have your project proposal in two weeks. *(He folds up his papers preparing to exit)*

Third Student: Two Weeks! But, professor!

Professor: *(gives them a Mona Lisa smile as he leaves)*

*Animated music begins...* Music No. 2: [IDEA FOR A STORY](#)

*Students are leaving their classroom, heading for the library  
Located center stage.*

Students: WE NEED AN IDEE FOR A STORY.  
WE NEED TO FIND SOMETHING QUICK.  
SOMETHING IN HISTORY? THAT IS THE MYSTERY.  
Student\_solo: IF I JUST HAD A CLUE WHAT TO PICK

Female Librarian *(coming across stage with cart of books as they near her they each grab a volume. This could be adapted from a kitchen serving cart.)*

Students: SO LET'S CHECK SOME BOOKS OUT AT THE LIBR'RY  
SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING THERE WE CAN USE.  
A STORY FROM OBSCURITY, DON'T KNOW IT YET,  
BUT THERE'S A LOT OF BOOKS TO PERUSE.

Students divisi: HERE IS A BOOK ABOUT THE GOLD RUSH (RAILROAD)  
CHANGED EVERY THING IN THE WEST (THE RAILROAD IS THE KEY)  
BUT LOOK OUT IN THE BAY, BOATS COMING EVERY DAY  
SHIPPING'S THE ANSWER WE'RE HERE TO SAY  
(I THINK YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE)  
WE HAVE AN IDEE FOR A STORY.  
IT IS THE ANSWER WE TRULY FEEL,  
YES, WE HAVE A STORY NOW, THIS WE UNDERSTAND.

THE RAILROAD, THE GOLD RUSH, THE SHIPPING, THE WINE CRUSH  
THE STORY OF THE CENTURY IS RIGHT IN OUR...

Librarian: Shh, students! This is a library. *(She processes each book to the rhythm and as she turns to leave, the students form the expected but forbidden stage picture)*

Students: --HANDS!!

*Setting: during following dialogue, remove chairs from "classroom" leaving 2 and the table to serve as the historical collection of the library, set these either downstage, or far edge of apron. Place a large stack of books and papers nearby on table.*

Librarian: *(turns, and with hands on hips gives them a scolding look)*

Students: *(all exit except one—David Boyd (or Danielle Boyd depending on the gender you want to use)--who has no book and no idea).*

Librarian: *(sees him looking bewildered)* May I help you?

David: *(shrugs, discouraged)*

Librarian: Are you having trouble with an assignment?

David: *(discouraged)* Yeah. I'm supposed to find some little known historical event that somehow changed our whole country.

Librarian: Well, the whole country is hard to write about. Why don't you focus on the West. I saw several students with books on the Gold Rush.

David: The Gold Rush is hardly an unknown event.

Librarian: Let me see if I can help. *(thinking)* Something ...*(another possibility occurs to her)* Or ...someone that changed the West. Hmm. *(turns to him)*  
What about the early pioneers?

David: *(not very excited about that)* Covered Wagons? What's unique about covered wagons?

Librarian: Who said anything about covered wagons? Come, *(begins to move to the side or wherever the two can be located as to not interfere with action on center stage. This will be their location for the remainder of the play. This location is where the 2 chairs and table from first part of scene were placed, with lots of books and papers on it)* our library received a fairly substantial collection of materials lately—on pioneers. I haven't had time to get into them myself. Why don't we take a look. *(she digs out a manuscript as she speaks)* Ah, here's something. *(pointing out various passages as she speaks)*

David: *(reading over her shoulder)*

Librarian: Pioneers that came by sea (*hands him a paper*).

David: (*not very impressed*) By sea? That is unusual, I admit, but I doubt their arrival had much historical significance.

Librarian: They founded a town.

David: (*belittling her statement*) Wow! A town? Uhuh! (*rolls his eyes, looking even less impressed with her suggestions*) All pioneers founded towns.

Librarian: (*points to a place in a second document.*) It was called Yerba Buena.<sup>1</sup>

David: (*sarcastically*) Now, that is a riveting subject, a real winner. The Story of Yerba Buena.

Librarian: The pioneers agreed with you, so they changed the name... to San Francisco.

David: (*nearly drops the papers,*) What? I thought San Francisco was founded during the Gold Rush.

Librarian: Who do you think discovered the gold? Hmm?

David (*looking more interested now*): Well, uh... (*embarrassed*) OK, you've found a little known fact, but does it have impact? Would it make a good report?

Librarian: Oh--, that's only the tip of the iceberg. There's an even more interesting aspect of this. (*leans in, as if sharing an important secret*) The people on the ship were fleeing.... from terrible ... (*shakes her head as he interrupts, turns a page*) persecution...

David: (*cuts into above dialogue*) ...hunger? Were they from Ireland? (*after she turns the page*) Oh, persecution? Was that in Russia?

Librarian: No, ...they fled... (*builds up the suspense*) from New York.<sup>2</sup>

David: (*incredulous*) What! New York! What are you saying?

Librarian: Have you ever heard of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

David: (*puzzled*) No.

Librarian: Better known as Mormons.

David: Oh----, Mormons! The people from Utah.

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<sup>1</sup> California Saints, Cowan and Homer, 1995, p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> ---info to be found

Librarian: In those days, they weren't from Utah. Utah didn't exist. At that time, 1840, many of them lived in Illinois, but there were congregations throughout the eastern states. They had been persecuted, you see, so many of them moved away from the more settled areas of the country, searching for a place to call their own. Eventually they purchased swamp land and started a city.

David: On swamp land? What little town could they build there?

Librarian: Would you call a settlement of over 15,000 people a little town?<sup>3</sup>

David: *(surprised, admitting she is right)* 15,000!

Librarian: Nauvoo, they called it. *(still looking thru papers)* Here's something that you might use. It's a eye-witness account of the founding of that city. *(turns it over, reading back)* written by a man named Erastus Snow. *(she hands him the manuscript)*

*Actors take positions on stage as the dialogue introduces the Nauvoo Scene:*

David: *(reading)* Summer in Nauvoo was like being in the center of a percussive symphony.

***Music begins....***

David: *(continues without stopping)* "The scraping echoes of the trowel against brick and stone....; the quick tap-tapping of blocks into place....; the harsh, grating noise of saws biting into ...

**Scene 2:** Nauvoo Street  
***(Lights up on center stage)***

Erastus: *(matches above speaker, taking over the speech eventually)* the harsh, grating noise of saws biting into ...sweet-smelling lumber; ...the steady pounding of hammers....**(looking around joyfully)** Organized confusion-- like sweet music.<sup>4</sup>

### Music No. 3: [Nauvoo](#) (a dance)

*. Music in imitation of hammering, tapping, fitting, setting, all the sounds of building a city swells up in the background. Scenery can be suggestions of brick walls, homes under construction. We see workers building the start of this great city. It is done in dance style. Women bringing food to the workers, a few children carrying things in and out. People of the city are busy, busy, busy. John Horner enters as strings play a sweeping theme. He*

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<sup>3</sup> Illinois Historical Markers, www.

<sup>4</sup> Erastus Snow, Life of a Missionary and Pioneer, Andrew Karl Larson, 1971, p. 63.

*pushes through the streets looking for the prophet, asking for him. Various people point the way. Bumps into Erastus.*

*Music volume needs to drop a little under this conversation, however actors need to act as though the din is overwhelming.*

John: Erastus!

Erastus: John? John Horner. What are you doing here?

John: I'm hoping to meet the President of the Church—the Prophet, Joseph Smith. Is he here? *(longing to do so)* I'd like to shake his hand.

Erastus: *(leading him)* Over there. I'll introduce you to him.  
*(They find the prophet, moving off to the side so the choreography can continue)*

*Music fades down enough so we can hear them over the sound.*

Erastus: This is Joseph Smith.

John: I'm John Horner. Came from New Jersey to shake your hand.<sup>5</sup>

Joseph: *(they shake)* New Jersey? That's a long way to come for a handshake. When did you arrive?

John: Just now. I walked.

Joseph: Then sit down and rest your feet.

John: Think I will. Thanks!  
*(as he says this, John sits down, removes his shoes, and we see that the soles of his shoes are worn)*

Prophet: Planning to stay long?

John: Long as it takes to earn myself another pair of boots. You see, *(We can see his fingers through the bottom of his shoe.)* my sole is in a sorry state.

Prophet: Don't worry. Saving souls is something we do around here.  
*(takes the boots and holds them out. Sister Woodward comes by and takes them.)*

John: *(To both of them)* Oh, thank you. *(Turning back to the prophet)* Actually, I was wondering ...*(feeling awkward,)*...uh, how you...

Prophet: *(anticipating John's question cuts in)* Go on...

John: *(getting up the courage)* I'd like to ask you something important—to me, anyway.

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<sup>5</sup> Doyle L. Green, "John M. Horner, California's First Farmer," *The Improvement Era*, April 1951, p. 244

*Sound: Nauvoo sound is slowly suspended. The dancers continue their choreography but in slow motion.*

Prophet: That is?

John: What do you think a young man like me ought to know to succeed in life?

*(During the following section of music, the dancers begin to move, showing how to listen to the voice of the spirit. While some continue to work, some gather in prayer, others stop to say a kind word to one who looks sad, visual acts of kindness and love)*

### Music No. 3b: Be Still and Know

Prophet: UPON THIS EARTH, SO I HAVE FOUND,  
THERE'S CONSTANT NOISE, DROWNS OUT THE SOUND  
OF GOD'S OWN VOICE, SO SMALL AND STILL.  
YET THERE'S A CHOICE TO SEEK HIS WILL.  
CLEAR OUT YOUR HEART. CLEAR OUT YOUR MIND,  
AND THEN YOU'LL START  
TO HEAR THE STILL, SMALL VOICE AND YOU WILL FIND  
YOUR LOVE FOR GOD WILL START TO GROW.  
YOU'LL LOVE HIS WAYS. YOU'LL LOVE HIM SO!  
A WARMTH AND CALM WILL FILL YOUR THOUGHT  
AS BY HIS SPIRIT YOU ARE TAUGHT.  
SO FOLLOW CHRIST, THE PATH HE TROD,  
TO FIND GOD'S LOVE. YOU MUST BE STILL.  
BE STILL AND KNOW THAT HE IS GOD.<sup>6</sup>

*(a couple of children can come up slowly, Joseph can notice them, offer to hold one on his knee, then sends them off to play on line below about choice)*

Prophet: Your Heavenly Father loves you—oh, so very much. You have NO idea the depth, the comfort and healing of that love. He wants all His children to return home to Him. That is the only place of real happiness. And yet He loved us enough to grant us choice. We get to choose what we will do with ourselves—to choose right from wrong. This is Success. It's not always easy, because in some cases we must chose between honorable goals<sup>7</sup>. My advice to you --Never let the enticements of the world distract you.

*(clapping the young man on the shoulder, looking deeply into his eyes) John, the measure of a man is not found in riches, but in his heart.*

### Music No. 3c: Be Still and Know Chorus

*Music of choir emphasizes that this is true as they sing:*

<sup>6</sup> D&C 101:16; "The Times in Which We Live," Oct. Conference 2001 Hinkley; 1 Kings 19:12; D&C 85:6; 1 Nephi 10:17

<sup>7</sup> Titus 1:2; Moses 1:39; 2 Nephi 2:16, 27; "Weightier Matters," BYU Devotional, Dallin Oaks, 9 Feb 1999.

ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA! BE STILL AND KNOW. BE STILL AND KNOW.  
BE STILL AND KNOW—GOD LOVES YOU SO!  
(*Joseph opens up a Bible, points out something to him as the music completes*)

*Eventually the noise of the city resumes, the following lines are exit lines.*

Joseph: Well, duty calls. We have a city to build.

John: I'd like to stay here and help.

Joseph: Excellent! (*looks around, sees Woodward*) Brother Woodward, come here for a minute.

Sister Woodward: (*returns with soled shoes*) Hope these will do!

John: (amazed at the efficiency) Why, thanks!

Woodward: (*joins the group*)

Joseph: This is John Horner. (*They shake hands*) He's offered to help build the city.

John: I'm a farmer. (*Sits and puts on boots*)

Woodward: (*rubbing his hands together at the good news*) Terrific!

John: The only problem is, I didn't bring any of my tools.

Woodward: That's no problem! You won't need a plow or shovel. I'm going to make you... (*looks him over to see if he's fit*) -- a brick mason.

John: (*astonished*) A what? A mason? You're joking? Tell me you're joking!

Woodward: (*shakes his head*) Nope (*as he rushes John away*)

Erastus: (*follows after them, amused at John's reaction*)

Joseph (*waves them goodbye with a jovial laugh and disappears into the crowd*)

*Lights dim down.*

*(Lights up on student and librarian)*

### **Scene 3:** Library Historical Collection Area

David: So why haven't I heard about such a prosperous city like Nauvoo?  
I suppose they completed it.



Librarian: (*tapping her paper*) It appears that at one point it rivaled Chicago in size. Something must have happened. I know I read somewhere that it is being rebuilt.

David: Rebuilt? That must mean that something happened to it. But what?

Librarian: (*Digs through more manuscripts*) There's got to be an answer.

David: I feel guilty, taking up your time like this.

Librarian: Don't be. This subject is intriguing. (*They keep digging*)

David: (*helping her, pulls out something promising*): Wait! I think I found something. It's an executive order written in the State of Missouri—some Governor named Boggs signed it. (*skimming over the words, using his finger, muttering*) (*suddenly puts the paper down in astonishment*) You really won't believe this. In the United States, land of the free!

Librarian: (*curious*) Well, tell me.

David: His executive order gave permission for people to kill Mormons on sight. Exterminate them. Or drive them out of the state.<sup>8</sup>

Librarian: What's the date on that?

David: 27<sup>th</sup> of October, 1838.

Librarian: Before they built Nauvoo.

David: (*looking further*) There's more. Joseph Smith was arrested, taken to a jail, then murdered by a mob before he could go to trial. Huh! Murdered while in protective custody, no less.

Librarian: (*still checking her document*) It appears that mobs weren't satisfied with killing the Mormon Prophet. You might find this diary entry enlightening. (*hands it to him*)

#### **Scene 4:** Mob Scene

#### Music No. 4: [Mob Scene](#) Underscore

Mob Scene music and actions:

*Music: begins again, a plaintive tune.*

*A single candle (or lantern) is lit in the center of a table. Two wooden chairs on each side suggest the interior of a cabin. Sister Woodward walks her sick baby. Lights come up softly to illuminate scene. Suddenly gunshots are heard as the mob rushes the cabin through the audience. The husband and son about 10-12 years of age enter the room just as*

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<sup>8</sup> <http://www.jwha.info/mmff/exorder.htm>

*the mobbers (perhaps 3 to 5 other men) burst through the door. The son grabs a chair for protection.*

Woodward: Son, remember what we were counseled. We're not to resist the mob.

Colonel Levi Williams: That's right, sonny. We wouldn't want anybody hurt now, would we? *(grabs the chair, throws it, then puts a gun to Woodward's head)*  
You know and I know that Joe Smith is the biggest liar of all time. Say it, Joe Smith is a false prophet!

Son: You leave my father alone. Joseph was a true prophet and you killed him!

Mobster: One more word out of you and your father's a dead Mormon *(pushes son away)*.

Colonel Williams: Old Joe's duped these poor people. Right?

*(Mob man begins to spread Kerosene around the room)*

Mob: right!

Colonel Williams: When Mormons are around, is your property safe?

Mob: No!

Colonel Williams: Is this the kind of people we want in Hancock County?

Mob: No!

Woodward: We've promised to leave as soon as spring arrives.

Sister Woodward: We've already started packing.

Colonel Williams: Well, ain't that a fine coincidence. We've come to help you out. All right, men, move 'em out *(Mob begins throwing chairs out of house)* Woodward, you've got exactly two minutes to pack up and move out.

*Family hurriedly picks up what they can and exits. Mob Leader takes candle, pretends to throw it into house. Sound: explosion, fire burning, rain pouring, children crying, women trying to comfort them, mob shouts, etc. Refugees enact their grief in front of curtain, are joined by other families with the mobbers eventually driving them out.<sup>9</sup>*

Music, organ music in prelude of the coming scene is heard:

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<sup>9</sup> For examples see History of Church, VII p. 486-488

*the scene in New York is slowly coming into light on another part of the stage People are quietly gathering into the conference room consisting of a couple rows of chairs. Keep this scene to the side, opposite to the library scene so the set for the Brooklyn can be readied for center stage.*

### **Scene 5:** A Conference in New York

Pratt: (*standing before the audience*) My dearly beloved brothers and sisters of New York. Despite the banner of freedom which flies above this land, we are a people no longer protected under its promised liberty. We have endured one continual scene of the most horrid and unrelenting persecutions...for the last sixteen years. Even now our people in Nauvoo suffer atrocities at the hands of evil men.<sup>10</sup>

Crowd: (murmurs of dismay)

Pratt: (*voice heard behind enactment*) Nauvoo is being abandoned.

Crowd (*further reactions, some people are tearful*)

Pratt: There is no choice. We must leave. Sell your property and personal belongings so you can prepare for the journey. We're leaving the United States, heading west.

Man: What about folks who can't afford a wagon and team?

Pratt: Elder Samuel Brannon has been appointed to preside over those who can't afford an overland journey west. I'll have him tell you the plan himself.

Brannon: (*stands and addresses the group*) We have chartered a ship, the Brooklyn. You adults can travel all the way to the west coast for only \$75 a person. The children--for half that. The ship has two decks and the hold is so large that it will carry freight of all kinds. Between the decks, laborers are now building 32 state rooms with bunk beds and a skylight that will open for fresh air and light. Those who wish to go should contact me immediately. We sail on January 24<sup>th</sup> for California.<sup>11</sup>

### **Scene 6:** Library

(*Lights on library.*) *People in Conference scene need to quickly remove their chairs.*

David: So that is how these forgotten pioneers came to leave New York.

Librarian: Here's a passenger list. The passengers all appear to be from the East Coast. Oh, remember that young man, John Horner? He's on board—with a wife.

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<sup>10</sup> Read History of the Church 7:520-22; Times and Seasons 1 Dec 1845; "Some Went by Water" by Audrey Gertsch, p 1-2; "Voyage of the Brooklyn," Lorin K. Hansen, p. 47.

<sup>11</sup> OrigLibrarianlly in *New York Messenger* 1845, *Times and Seasons* 6 (1 Feb. 1846) 1112-14; also *California Saints*, Richard O. Cowan and William E. Homer, Religious Studies Center, BYU, 1996, p. 24.

David: But why were they sailing to California? I thought the Mormons went to Utah.

Librarian: Know any seaports in Utah?

David: Oh---, duh! I walked into that one. *(attempts to cover his embarrassment by digging through documents, holds one over his red face, then notices what it is)*  
Hmm. What is this? *(holds it up)*  
Look. Here's a description of their departure. It says...*(reading)* On February 4, 1846, the Brooklyn slipped out of port in New York. On the banks of the Mississippi River that same day, other members of the church were facing expulsion from their beloved city, Nauvoo.

Librarian: The same day you say?

David: Yes! *(reading)* It was the middle of winter--a winter so cold that soon the Mississippi River was covered with thick ice, which became the roadbed for many loaded wagons.

*Lights come up slowly. On stage we see a suggestion of a ship, deck rails along apron on far side may suffice, Center stage is to be set up as the hold of the ship, suggestion of "staterooms" created with doorframes, a few cots can be seen inside them. Use tan colored sheets attached to the frames to serve as "doors". In the front of the frames are a few removable benches set end to end to appear as though they are one long bench. A suggestion of a table to eat on can be created with a single board (1x12) with legs in front of the benches. Some large crates or kegs set at the extreme right and left would add ambiance to the scene. At the mention of passengers below, some can enter with a few pieces of luggage. Seen prominently along front are John, Elizabeth, Glover, Brannon, with Capt. Richardson doing his duty)*<sup>12</sup>

David: *(continues without stopping)* The Brooklyn Pioneers and the Illinois pioneers were leaving their homes, searching for a place where they could worship God.

Librarian: At that time the West was another country, part of Mexico. *(suddenly realizes the implication)* They were leaving America, looking for a land of freedom!

David: Aboard the Brooklyn, the passengers huddled on the decks, watched as the ship was towed through New York harbor, gateway to the land of liberty. For them, this was not a land of liberty, but a land of persecution.<sup>13</sup>  
*(taps that page with an enthusiastic motion)* No question about it, I've found my research topic! There's a gold mine of information here!

*Set change: As soon as the following scene gets underway, quietly turn the library area into a cooking station...a few platters on the table, a pitcher or jug for water, tray filled with*

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<sup>12</sup> Conway B. Sonne, *Ships, Saints, and Mariners*, SLC, University of Utah Press 1987 p. 32: The ship was 125 x 28 feet. Picture of ship, Cowan and Homer, p. 35.

<sup>13</sup> For further details, read Cowan and Homer, p. 28-29; History of Church VII pp 578-591, Hansen, p. 48.

*mugs, etc. Remove the chairs. Have a couple of actors dressed as cooks stand near the table ready for serving dinner.*

## Scene 6b *Ship Brooklyn*

Elizabeth: *(taking husband by the hand as he stands gazing over the rail)* Come away  
John. We need to get settled in our room.

Sailor *(standing beside them)* If you're going below, watch your step, ....and your heads.

*On same side there can be a small run of stairs (maybe three which extend into the side curtains) which suggest the entrance to the hold. The stairway into a hold is normally narrow and steep. At the deck level, it is surrounded by 2 ½ foot planking to prevent water from entering. For our purposes, we just need to see the last couple of steps extending into the stateroom area. All adult actors, when in the hold, must hunch over to keep from bumping their heads on the ceiling. Divide cast,, keep some off stage to enter onto deck for parts of this scene done on upper deck.*

*John and Elizabeth descend into hold via the side stairs. For the purposes of this production, we will imagine 6 beds in each room—a set of bunks right and left, and another at the back of the room, the bunks to be only 18” apart. The beds will be 5 feet long and 18” wide so that each room is 5 feet square. If the stage is small, place 2 cots in each room to represent the number of beds. Each “stateroom” door will be a blanket. Since the following families play important roles in our re-enactment, the Ensign family is to be in first stateroom. Robbins family would have taken up the next 2 staterooms but for this production, we will assign them one room taking only 5 beds, the 3rd stateroom is for Goodwins with Isaac jr. to sleep with Robbins, 4th is for Horners, but Emerette age 13 and Nancy Goodwin age 4+ are in there as well, next is # 5, the Burrs. On a small stage, there may not be room for all these doorways, so design the set according to the most important action, possibly moving families one room left or right, depending on the scene. (Ensign family got TB and gave it to the Robbins whose 2 children died.<sup>14</sup>) Down the center of the hold was a table stretching nearly the length of the ship with benches on each side, all fastened securely to the floor<sup>15</sup> However, our table will be removable as are the benches.*

John: Excuse us, please *(passing the above people who are trying to get settled)*.  
Here it is, number 4. *(peers in, sees Emerette and Nancy sitting on a bunk)*  
Oh! Sorry, thought this was our room.

Emerette: It is-- partly. We've nine in our family. Don't quite fit in one stateroom.

Elizabeth: *(slightly upset)* But Brannon said every family would have their own....

John: Never mind that, Elizabeth. I looked at the passenger list. Must be well over 200

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<sup>14</sup> Information on passengers read Carter 1960 (listed by family). See also The Brooklyn Association; Jack Marshall patjack@inreach.com.

<sup>15</sup> Cowan and Homer, p. 25, Gertsch, p. 4.

people trying to find a bed in a hold the size of your father's house.<sup>16</sup>

Nancy: (*stands, looks up, hoping to please*) We won't be much bother, we promise.

Elizabeth: (*kneeling close to the child*) I'm sure we'll get along fine. (*pats her on the head*) What's your name?

Nancy: Nancy. (*points to sister*) That's Emerette.

Laura: (*carrying Albert, pushes her way thru crowded aisle to appear at their door*) Good day to you. I'm Laura Goodwin and this is Albert. We're in the stateroom next to you. I see you've met my daughters.

John: We're the Horners. John (*shakes hands*)

Elizabeth: (*holding out her hand*) Elizabeth.

Goodwin children: (*peek in behind their mother*)

Elizabeth: (*continues on without stopping*) I see you've quite a crowd.

Laura: (*turns about to see her children grinning*) Yes. This is Isaac, Lewis, Edwin, and Lucinda.

Isaac Sr. (*steps up*) I'm Isaac Sr.. (*Horners introduce themselves quickly*).<sup>17</sup>

Laura: I guess *you* don't have children?

John: Oh, not yet! We got married one day before we came here.

Isaac Sr. (*delighted*) Ah!...This is your honeymoon.

John: A rather uncommon wedding trip, I think.<sup>18</sup>

Laura: Indeed! Well...come children, let the Horners get settled (*to girls, pointedly*) and have a few moments alone. (*they return to their room, but not Emerette.*)

*Lights up on deck where Brannon orders Glover to ring ship's bell 3 times.*

Brannon: (*pulls out pocket watch*) Yes Glover, 3 bells.

Glover: (*heavy Scottish accent*) Aye, Elder Brannon (*he rings the bell 3 times*).

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<sup>16</sup> Cowan and Homer, p. 23

<sup>17</sup> Passenger Lists: *The Friend*, 1 July 1846, Honolulu, HI Vol. IV No. XIII; also Hansen, pp. 69-72.

<sup>18</sup> See "John M. Horner...Californias First Farmer" Doyle L. Green, editor, *Improvement Era*, April 1951, p. 245; Hansen, p. 49.

*Below:*

Elizabeth: What's that?

Emerette: The bell signals our assignments. Didn't you read the list Elder Brannon posted?

Elizabeth: I thought I'd have time to do that later.

Emerette: *(starts moving to door)* That's the call for kitchen duty. All women without children are expected to help.

Elizabeth: *(to John)* I guess that means me, too. *(she kisses him on the cheek)* Be back.

Music begins here: All this action happens during the song.

*(The two climb back up the stairs following a few other women. On board were Lucy Nutting, Emmeline Lane, Miss Reed, Angeline Lovett, Elizabeth Margaret Poole, Susan Savage, Zelnora Snow if you happen to want names for a few characters)*

Lights on deck widen as women enter the opposite side of stage, the "galley".  
*Ad. Lib* introduce themselves as they take platters from the cooks while below which means they will exit, come around to the opposite side, come down the stairs and enter the "hold". Meanwhile children rush to the table and sit. Parents can be supervising.

Emerette: *(enters hold with platter of pewter mugs)*.

Girls: *(carrying platters of biscuits and salt pork, all do the same. We see them enter hold, serve the children. Elizabeth is left alone)*

Elizabeth: *(brings a pitcher of water and begins to pour*

*Others in the cast may enact some of the rules sung about here.*

## Music No. 5: [Rules and Regulations](#)<sup>19</sup>

Glover at the bell: *(for 6 counts in the intro, matching the beat. Glover needs to memorize this song in order to do the rhythm between phrases.) Lines of this song may be assigned to anyone in the cast. These are suggested ways of doing it.*

Children in hold: WHEN REVEILLE BEATS, JUMP OUT OF BED,  
WASH FACES, HANDS, AND COMB YOUR HEAD,

Women : YOU CAN'T LEAVE YOUR ROOM TILL YOU'RE PERFECTLY DRESSED  
INCLUDING YOUR COAT AND MAYBE YOUR VEST.

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<sup>19</sup> Cowan and Homer, pp. 29-30; see also *Times and Seasons*, 15 Feb 1846; *Goodwin Family History*, "The Brooklyn", p. 160.

Glover on bell: *(2 counts) (Brannon close by, supervising)*

Laura: *(to her children)* BY SEVEN A.M. DO YOUR ROOM AND BED.  
STAY OUT OF THE HALL WHILE THE TABLE IS SPREAD.

Glover: *(be late on this one, hit on the 8:30 1 beat, Brannon scolds)*

Goodwin children: BREAKFAST FOR CHILDREN, EIGHT-THIRTY A.M.  
THEN GO TO YOUR ROOMS OR THE DECK ONCE AGAIN

Glover *(1 bell after the word "nine" in following lyric)*

Male Adults: ADULTS WILL HAVE BREAKFAST AT QUARTER PAST NINE  
WITHOUT ANY CHILDREN TO PESTER AND WHINE.

Glover *(1 bell after "sharp" in dialogue following)*

Women: BY TEN A.M. SHARP, THE HALL SWEEPED CLEAN

Small group on deck: FROM THEN 'TIL TWO,  
IT'S READ, OR DREAM

Glover: *(madly trying to get this bell right with Brannon standing over him, missing both of them and ends up clanging after "more")*

Cooks: HOT DINNER IS SERVED AT THREE, AND FOUR.

Children: CHILDREN FIRST 'CAUSE ADULTS WANT MORE.

Phoebe: THE ROOMS ARE CLEARED,

Laura: AND SWEEPED AGAIN

Men: THE DOORS ARE OPEN UNTIL 8 P.M.

Women: TO AIR OUT OUR ROOMS WHILE WE VISIT AND SING  
OR DO ANY OTHER "INNOCENT" THING

Cooks *(on deck)*: AT 8 IN THE EVENING A COLD LUNCH IS SPREAD  
FOR ANY TO EAT BEFORE GOING TO BED.

Brannon: *(scolding Glover)* BEDTIME -- NINE O-CLOCK, I SAY.

All: AND THAT IS THE END

Glover: *(bangs loudly under Brannon's orders)*



All: *(continuing)*....OF A SHIP BROOKLYN DAY.

*At this point, several of the “passengers need to be near Brannon and Glover at the rail. A couple of sailors move to a railing and point at something. One runs to get First Mate.*

Brannon: *(To Glover who is delighted to quit ringing the bell)* Not so fast, Glover.  
You are *NOT* done. One more time—loud and long.

Glover: *(rings it as asked)*

*Sound: wind blowing, gradually gets louder as scene progresses. Sky will darken as storm intensifies. The following conversations happen almost on top of each other.*

Crowd: *(gathers to see what Brannon wants now)*

Brannon: I think we need to go over these rules once again. Some of you still don't know the bells. *(looks at Glover with slight exasperation)*.

Mate: *(Mid sentence under Brannon, steps out and comes toward Sailors.)*

Sailors: There, Sir. Those dark clouds closing in.

Mate: Looks like rain that direction *(pointing off somewhere)*.  
Better wake the Captain.

Brannon: As I was saying...

*Sound. Crack of Thunder in the distance.*

Crowd *(look around anxiously)*

Brannon. ...these rules were given to each of you before boarding. There is no excuse...

*Sound: Thunder. A little louder.*

Glover: *(holding up hand, catching rain, looking at it)* Excuse me, Elder Brannon, but it's starting to rain. Perhaps the people need to get below.

Crowd: *(covering their heads and not waiting for Brannon, hurry to the hold)*

*Richardson appears from his cabin. Talks quietly to his Mate.*

Sailor *(with glass)*: The wind is getting stronger, sir. Those clouds are building, too.

Richardson: *(looking around)* I don't like the look of this. All hands on deck.

Mate: All hands on deck. All hands!

Sailors: *(rush about, nearly knocking Mr. Brannon to his knees)*

Brannon: *(looking around, bewildered)* Uh, ....oh!

Glover: If you don't mind my saying, you'd do better to get out of the way,  
*(Glover, with Brannon in tow, rushes off.)*

Richardson: Furl the sails, men. Quickly.

*Lights begin to dim as music begins. With each lighting flash we see some of the following: Director can select a few of these possible activities to portray, fitting into the length of music and possibilities that the set will allow. Between each vignette, hear shouts of voices, cry of children. These need to be Pre-assigned rather than random.<sup>20</sup> Also, scenes in the hold should be lit by a momentary lighting of a battery-operated lantern, then quickly turned off again. Scenes on deck can be spotlight or if one has use of dimmers, then flash the lights as if lightening has struck in the sky above. If a spotlight is used for lightning, then one can cover the lens with a cardboard, then remove and quickly cover again to make lightening effects. The longer activities could be dimly light by the spotlight and do not need to have*

*Lightning flashes other than done by the normal stage lights.*

*(a) Sailors working the sails: Bring out the storm sail (small one) and remove the regular sails which aren't as strong. Ropes are used to lower the sails. These would drop to the deck when released, and would be rolled up and tied. This can be done using an off-stage ladder to provide an angle for the rope as explain in the appendix of this script.*

*(b) Batten hatches: sailor comes onto deck with hammer, covers for the hatches (3 of them) are wedged into place using the hammer to pound the wedges. This can be done on the apron.*

*(c) Securing the anchor. (done with a rope moving off stage, verbal orders suggest what the rope means.)*

*(d) Passengers getting thrown about. Be sure the hand-held lantern swings as the ship sways.*

*(e) Sailors lashing helm, which is done by tying a rope on the right and another on the left to*

*the sides of the boat.*

*(f) Stateroom, Laura hovering over her young ones*

*(g) Passengers throwing up in night pots*

*(h) Doctor tending the sick*

*(i) Children thrown from their beds, roping children to beds when storm reaches its peak*

## Music No. 6: [Atlantic Storm](#)<sup>21</sup> (choir)

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<sup>20</sup> Description of sailors and passengers during storm provided by Robert Aitchison, Santa Rosa, CA, who sailed on square riggers for a number of years.

<sup>21</sup> *The Mormons in California*, William Glover, Los Angeles, Glen Dawson, 1954, pp. 13-14; Cowan and Homer, pp. 30-31.

AND THE WIND GREW STRONG AND THE CLOUDS DID LOWER,  
THEN THE SKY GREW DARK AND THE WAVES DID ROAR  
AS THE OCEAN ROSE. THEN THE RIGGING CREAKED  
WHILE THE SKY GREW BLACK AND THE LIGHTNING STREAKED.  
THE LIGHTNING, THE THUNDER. WAVES BURIED THEM UNDER.  
THE LIGHTNING, THE THUNDER. WAVES BURIED THEM UNDER.  
SEA CHURNING AND HEAVING. MEN FEARING AND GRIEVING.  
SEA CHURNING AND HEAVING. MEN FEAR AND GRIEVE.

WHITE CAPS LOOMED LIKE MONSTROUS MOUNTAINS  
CRASHING DOWN LIKE FRIGHTENING FOUNTAINS.  
CLOUDS OF BLACKNESS PRESSING LOWER,  
WHILE LIKE DEMONS THEY DID GLOWER.  
FIERCE WINDS ARE BLOWING; CLOUDS ARE LOWERING,  
BURYING THE SHIP.  
WAVES LIKE POUNDING FISTS, HAMMERING THE SHIP.  
LIGHTNING FLASH! THUNDER CRASH!  
WHITE CAPS PEAK. WOMEN SHRIEK AT THE SHIP WEAKENING.  
MONSTROUS WAVES BURYING THE SHIP, THE WEAKENING SHIP.  
ON THE NEARLY SINKING SHIP, THE WEAK'NING SHIP,  
NEARLY SINKING, EVER WEAKENING SHIP, THE SHIP.

*Sounds of creaking ship, wind, thunder, and rain keep growing in intensity. Music continues.*

Richardson: (*shouting over the tumult of storm*) It's no use, men. We've done all we can. The ship's breaking up. I'll go below and warn the passengers.

*Solo line over storm sung by Laura Goodwin: As light comes up on her, we find her cuddling her little boy, Albert.*

### Music No. 6b: Hush, My Baby

HUSH, MY BABY, HUSH.  
THRU STORM THE WIND DOTH RUSH.  
BUT ANGELS HOVER WHILE YOU SLEEP  
TO GUARD YOU FROM THE OCEAN DEEP  
SO HUSH, MY BABY, HUSH.

Richardson: (*While she sings, he descends stair located in his cabin, carrying a lantern which he switches on just before he enters.*)

*Light: On that signal, light comes up in hold and stairwell. The captain is visibly grieved at the tragedy of the child soon to be drowned.*

Music continues under dialogue:

John: (*head in hands, seated at the bench of the table on end near the stair. Sees captain*

*and looks up*). Captain. What's happening up there?  
Elizabeth: (*holding little Nancy, is seated on bunk, blanket acting as their door is up so we can see them*).

Richardson (*bowing his head in defeat*): In all my years at sea, I've never seen a storm this violent! (*gesturing with his hands*) The sky is black. Gigantic waves come from nowhere, screeching and howling like...great monsters. If my cabin is ripped off (*gestures above his head to the stairway*) a gaping wound will be left in the deck. The angry sea will pour in and drown us all.

Crowd: (*as he speaks, people begin to peek out of staterooms, some venture all the way out into the table area, grab hold as they are tossed almost to the floor*)

Richardson: I'm sorry, everyone. I have done all in my power to save her, but the sea has won the fight.

Crowd reaction (*some fear, but mostly just dismay*)

Richardson: (*removes his hat*) There is a time in every man's life when it is fitting he should prepare to die. That time has come for us. If any of you haven't made your peace with God, you'd better do it now.

Crowd: (*reaction again*)

Glover: No, Captain, No! Have courage, all of you. God holds this ship in His hands. I can feel Him even now. We're going to California, wherever it is.<sup>22</sup>

Richardson: I don't think you understand.

Glover: Oh, we understand. Don't worry, Captain. We left for California and we *Shall* get there!"

*Richardson retreats up the stairs followed by John as passengers, balcony choir sing*  
**Music No. 6c: God Moves in a Mysterious Way<sup>23</sup>**

**GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY, HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM.  
HE PLANTS HIS FOOTSTEPS IN THE SEA, AND RIDES UPON THE STORM.<sup>24</sup>**

*The two men emerge onto deck inside Capt's cabin but for our purposes will be near the railing where the Captain had been standing moments before.*

*Sound: A great crash of thunder is heard again. Cast continues to sing below them. Sounds of wind and rain very loud.*

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<sup>22</sup> Glover, p. 14; Hansen pp. 52-53.

<sup>23</sup> Text by William Cowper, music by William B. Bradbury (Hymn 285, *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, 1985).

<sup>24</sup> *California Mormons by Sail and Trail*, Annaleone D. Patton, Salt Lake City, Deseret Book, 1961, p. 8.

*Under the following dialogue the passengers and balcony sing quietly:*

FEAR NOT, I AM WITH THEE, O BE NOT DISMAYED  
FOR I AM THY GOD AND WILL STILL GIVE THEE AID.<sup>25</sup>

Richardson: (*pointing, shouts*) See how the gale is tearing at the spars.

John: (*nods*) I do.

Richardson: If they break, the ship will turn and roll.

John: (*shouting*) And we go down.

Richardson: Yes.

John: Captain, you're a god-fearing man. Why don't we ask Him to strengthen the spars?<sup>26</sup>

Richardson: (*nods*)

*The two men bow their heads in prayer as the lights dim.*

*Choirs continue to sing:*

I'LL STRENGTHEN THEE, HELP THEE, AND CAUSE THEE TO STAND.  
UPHELD BY MY RIGHTEOUS, OMNIPOTENT HAND.

**Scene 7:** On deck the next morning

*Storm music changes to calm:*

*Sounds: Rain ceases. The howls of the wind die away, Off to one side, we see daylight gleam through a break in the clouds. Sailors rush to rail and look. Captain Richardson and John, look at each other and rejoice. We see ship passengers creep from their beds, begin to clean up. Sailors, release helm, release the sails etc.*

*Children rush to deck, bedraggled parents close behind. The Nichols come with a bundle in a blanket and quietly drop it over the side. Some people comfort them. Others are busy and don't notice. Cooks need to clear the "galley" then sailors can reset the library books in preparation for the coming scene change.*

*The following bits of dialogue happen nearly on top of each other, giving a feeling of exuberant relief from the near drowning. Keep the pace fast.*

Nancy: (*entering onto deck*) Emerette! Look. Sunshine!

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<sup>25</sup> "How Firm a Foundation," included in the first hymn collection of the church, attributed to Robert Keen; based on Isaiah 41:10; 43:1-2; Hebrews 13:5. See also Helaman 5:12 and *Stories of our Mormon Hymns*, Spencer Cornwall, Salt Lake City, Deseret Book, 1963, p. 78-80.

<sup>26</sup> This incident was reported by letter to the *New York Journal of Commerce* 26 Aug 1846. Whereas the passenger who prayed with Richardson was unidentified, we allowed John Horner to represent that person.

Emerette: Thank God! We're saved (*they hug each other*).

Elizabeth (*rushes into John's arms*): That was quite a ride. I don't think I want anymore excitement for the rest of the trip.  
(*They hug and move off to another part of boat*)

Nancy: (*running to Laura*) I don't need my wrap, Mama. I'm not cold now.

Laura: (*taking it*) You don't?

Sailor: (*happening by*) We're near the tropics, Ma'am. From now on, it will be warmer.

Phoebe: (*rushing up to deck*) Anyone seen my husband?

Crowd: Doctor! Doctor Robbins, you're needed.

Phoebe: It's Brother Ensign. He's real bad.

Dr. Robbins: (*hurrying over*) Who?

Phoebe: (*as they enter stairwell*) Elias Ensign.<sup>27</sup>

*We see into hold as Dr. attends Elias, while family members gathered near him, watch and worry. Dialogue on deck continues uninterrupted. A very pregnant Mrs. Burr is near Eliz and John. Focus for the action now turns to this conversation:*

Elizabeth: Sarah Burr, you are very brave to be on board with a baby so close.

Sarah: (*who is visibly very pregnant*) I thank the Lord that he wasn't born in the storm.

Elizabeth: Amen! (*looks at her closely*) Are you all right?

Sarah (*grabs her stomach*) Oh, oh!

Nancy (*comes closer, wonders about what she sees*)

John: (*rushes to hatch and shouts down*). Dr. Robbins. Another patient coming down.

*The action picks up its frenetic pace again.*

Charles (*taking wife by arm, assists her down the stairs*).

Dr. Robbins, (*coming to see who it is*) Oh, Sarah, not already!

Sarah: Afraid so.

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<sup>27</sup> For details of deaths and births on Brooklyn, see <http://www.shipbrooklyn.org>; Patten, p. 8.

Charles (*puts her into the stateroom*)

Nancy: What's the matter with her, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth: She's going to have a baby!

Nancy: Oh-----! (*Is excited, runs to tell Emerette*)

Crowd: (*gathers, children push to front. ad libs of what's happening*)

Dr. Robbins (*steps inside the room*)

Charles: (*as he lowers the blanket over the door, curious children have gathered.*) Better find something else to do, children. (*blanket shuts, parents shoo them off*)

*Pace slows, focus on Elizabeth Horner.*

Elizabeth: (*On deck, looking over to Nichols, confides in her husband*) John, the Nichols lost their baby. Look at them. (*shakes her head sadly*) I couldn't bear to lose a baby to the sea.

John: We never know what we will have to bear. That baby is God's child. (*indicating the heavens*). I know he'll go to place of joy, not of tears. He'll be waiting, when his parents leave this life.<sup>28</sup>

Elizabeth: Still, I hope I don't have to lose a child. That would break my heart, even if I knew that he would be with God. It's so hard to say goodbye.

*Sound: New baby cry*

*Lights out on deck. Light focuses on the closed blanket door*

Dr. Robbins: (*stepping out of Burr's, hugging Charles*)

It's a boy!

(*Eventually sees the frightened look on faces of the Ensign family, pushes through the crowd toward them.*)

*Lights intensify on Elias bed area as Dr. Robbins nears, fading slightly on Burr Stateroom if possible.*

Dr. Robbins (*offers ad lib comforting words to the family when he sees Elias die, head falls to one side. For the following line he indicates the Burr Stateroom 1<sup>st</sup>, then Brother Ensign's still body.*)

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. (*covers Ensign's face with sheet*)

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<sup>28</sup> *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 107, 196; Further Reading: "Salvation of Children" in *Mormon Doctrine*, Bruce R. McConkie, Salt Lake City, Bookcraft 1966.

Ensign Family: (*grieving as lights fade out.*)<sup>29</sup>

*Lights out briefly, then come up on deck after Music segue.*

*Actors on stage are portraying the events as the librarian and student describe them.*

*Lights up on library:*

## Scene 8: Library Historical Section

David: Wait a minute. They had to go around the tip of South America, didn't they!

Librarian: You're right. They did. (*she starts looking for a map and comes up with one during his dialogue below*)

David: My father used to love talking about the sea. From what I remember, the area at the tip of South American is cursed with violent, changeable winds carrying hail and sleet. The waves there tower higher than in any other part of the world. To attempt the trip in winter's violent storms would mean certain death.

Librarian: So they must have avoided winter somehow. Let's check it out (*they start digging into their books and papers again*). Here's something.

David: (*pointing over her shoulder*) It was early April. Well, that gave them a fighting chance. Even so, the Westerlies outnumber the Easterlies three to one down there.

Librarian: (*finding the term unfamiliar*) Westerlies?

David: The winds that blow from west to east. (*holds up the map and points*)

Librarian: The wrong way for the Brooklyn. (*she takes the map to examine it*)

David: Exactly. (*picks up the manuscript and reads it*) So--, the Captain used a west-blowing breeze to travel south for four straight days (*gestures with the map to show the direction the sailing maneuvers*) until he was far beyond the coast and its deadly, submerged rocks. Each time he found an eastern wind, he would work toward the Pacific.

Librarian: I see. I wonder how long it took them to get around the cape?

David: Says here, they got through on April 10<sup>th</sup>... That's pretty good sailing!<sup>30</sup>

## Scene 9: On deck near the rails

Richardson: (*clapping the helmsman on the back*) We did it!

Sailors: (*shout with relief*)

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<sup>29</sup> Hansen, p. 53; Patten, p. 8, Job 1:21.

<sup>30</sup> Hansen, p. 57.



Crowd: *(What is going on, ad lib.)*

Richardson: Attention, everyone! I am pleased to announce that you have become---  
Pacific Pilgrims!

Glover: You mean we've made it around the Horn?

Richardson: *(proudly)* And heading north at last.

Crowd: *(cheer with excitement)*

Glover: *(dashes for the hold to tell Brannon)*

Richardson: *(follows him.)*

John: *(to Elizabeth)* You see, my faith was not in vain.

Elizabeth: You're starting to make a believer out of me.

John: You mean it?

Elizabeth: I've been considering it all along. Still--, being baptized is no small thing.  
I--I must be sure.

John: But you love God. I know you do.

Elizabeth: God? Yes! ...But there's so much I don't understand. *(pauses, try to tell him)*  
Why would true followers of Christ be persecuted?

John: I don't understand everything God does. But I do know that we were given the  
power  
to choose what to do with our lives, whether for good or evil. Sometimes we suffer  
the consequences of other's choices. The point is to remain faithful despite the  
trials.<sup>31</sup>

Elizabeth: I am faithful to God. I'm faithful to you. *(sighs)* But--, if I had a choice, I'd  
choose to be in California right now. Off this boat, away from the constant motion,  
away from these crowded conditions.

John: We're on the Pacific now. Things should get easier soon. *(they head to hold as if to  
go to their stateroom where they overhear the following conversation:*

Glover: *(Below deck, finds Brannon who is in the company of Robbins and Isaac)*  
Elder Brannon, we made it around the Horn! It's another miracle.

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<sup>31</sup> 2 Nephi 2:26-30; 10:23; Alma 13:3; Helaman 14:31; Moses 4:3; Matthew 5:45; D&C 101:35-38; *Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball*, p. 161.

Brannon: (*Studying a set of large kegs*) Now we have something else to worry about.

Robbins and Isaac (*are just behind him opening barrels*)

Richardson: And that is?

Brannon: This is all the water we have left.

Isaac: Might last the week, if we're lucky. Not much longer.

Phoebe: You can't drink it unless you strain the algae out with your teeth.

Robbins: Why hasn't it been boiled?

Isaac: Can't! We're out of fuel.

Phoebe: The meat and sea biscuits are nearly gone as well.

Brannon: We rounded the cape, but we'll die of hunger.<sup>32</sup>

Richardson: Well, Brannon. That's a possibility—or--- we could make for Valparaiso.  
Plenty of food and water there—at a price.

Isaac: We don't have any money left. Everyone on the ship is poor.

Richardson: Do you have a better suggestion?

Isaac: (*shakes head*)

Brannon: Spread the word that everyone is to pray for a speedy trip. (*men turn to leave but he adds*) And—from now on, only one pint of water a day.

Robbins: One pint!

Brannon: Better than none.

Robbins: But my wife and Laura Goodwin are pregnant!  
(*gesturing to Phoebe*).

Brannon: Can't be helped. Twill keep them alive a little longer.

Robbins: (*Putting his arms around Phoebe*) We'll be sending more folk over the rail.

Isaac: Heaven help us. (*leaves, shaking his head*)

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<sup>32</sup> Crocheron's account written 1888, quoted by Hansen, p. 58.

Elizabeth: (*In their stateroom: to John*) Did you hear that! We're almost out of water.  
So much for faith!

John: Don't be so sure. We can choose to be disheartened or choose to hang on.

Elizabeth: But how can I? Nothing is left to eat except a few dry biscuits crawling with worms. Sometimes I fear the rats will leap on the table and snatch even those from our hands.<sup>33</sup> I'm losing hope, John. Where is God? Where can He be? How can I hang on?

John: (*offering his arm*) Use this. Maybe it will help.

Elizabeth: (*takes it, puts her head on his shoulder, sighs*) Maybe.

### Music No. 7: [Is There an End?](#)

Elizabeth:

IS THERE AN END TO THIS ENDLESS SEA? IS THERE A PLACE OF PEACE? HOW CAN I FACE THE DAWNING OF MORE DAYS FILLED WITH ENDLESS GRIEF?

John:

IF YOU COULD SEE BEYOND THE STORM, BEYOND THE BLACKENED SKY. YOU WOULD SEE INTO HEAVEN--SEE OUR SAVIOR NEAR. HE CAN HEAR YOUR CRY. FOR IT IS CHRIST WHO IS MASTER OF WHAT WE SEE. SO, COME WITH ME, WHERE THE OCEAN MEETS THE SKY. (*he urges her up to the deck*)

*The music rolls on as John and Elizabeth go to the rail and stare out at the endless sky. If this production is done in a stake center, one could use a cyc. As they gaze out, a heavenly choir sings Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled. Elizabeth leans heavily on John's shoulder, seeking comfort. Off in the distance, the sky takes on a rose tint and as the song progresses, we watch the sun set. John and Elizabeth become black silhouettes, then they and other passengers descend into hold. Evening deepens, lanterns are lit, and for a few moments we see dim figures of sailors doing their duty, then dawn arrives. A few early passengers climb up to the deck and as the sun rises the next morning, the first ray of light might catch some distant peaks. If there is no cyc, one can dim the lights or limit the number of lights to show that night has fallen, then gradually add more light for a sunrise.*

### Music No. 7b: Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled (choir)

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, NEITHER LET IT BE AFRAID.  
FOR I WILL BE ON YOUR RIGHT HAND AND ON YOUR LEFT,  
BE NOT AFRAID.  
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, NEITHER LET IT BE AFRAID.  
MINE ANGELS ARE ROUND ABOUT YOU, TO BEAR YOU UP.  
BE NOT AFRAID.

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<sup>33</sup> Account of Augusta Joyce Crocheron, quoted in Carter, p. 506.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. DO NOT FEAR.  
FOR I, THE LORD, WILL STAND BY YOU.  
THEN BE OF GOOD CHEER. DO NOT FEAR.  
FOR I, THE LORD, AM BESIDE YOU.  
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, NEITHER LET IT BE AFRAID.  
FOR ANGELS ARE ROUND ABOUT YOU TO BEAR YOU UP,  
BE NOT AFRAID.  
MINE ANGELS ARE ROUND ABOUT YOU TO BEAR YOU UP.  
BE NOT AFRAID.<sup>34</sup>

Sailor: Land, ho! (*hands spyglass to Richardson*)

Richardson: I see the mountains of Valparaiso! We're almost there.

*The news spreads among the passengers. The disheartened attitude evaporates as they dream of fresh vegetables and clear water. Voices get louder. We hear them planning what they will do on dry land, ad lib. Brannon and Glover rush to Capt.'s side.*

Brannon: How much longer, now?

Richardson: Just a matter of time. The Harbor is in that direction. With this strong wind, we will walk on land in a matter of a day or two.

Glover: Then let's celebrate. What do you say to having—(*thinks hard*)-- an extra biscuit?

Richardson: A fine idea.

Glover and Richardson: (*look at Brannon for his OK*)

Brannon: (*somewhat reluctant*) Oh-----, all right!

### Music No. 8: [Sea Biscuit](#) (dance)

*Music turns playful as cooks and single women serve the rest. A brief dance ensues. Lights: during dance, the sky begins to muddy as a storm brews in the distance.*

Sailor: (*interrupting, pointing*) Captain. Look there.

Richardson (*grabs the spyglass*)

*Dance is reaching its peak of elation.*

Richardson: Storm!<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>34</sup> D&C 84:88; 68:6; John 14:27; Mark 5:35-36

<sup>35</sup> Cowan and Homer, p. 34;

*The celebration is dashed to a halt mid step.*

Brannon: What do you mean, storm?

Richardson: Get your people below. There's a squall out there, blocking the harbor. I'm going to make a run at it, but the ride may not be pleasant.

Brannon: *(standing there, bewildered)*

Glover: Come, Elder Brannon. We need to move quickly. *(shouting)* Everyone! Time to go below.

Crowd *(not quite so cooperative, move toward hatch)*

Sailor: All hands on deck!

Lights: *keep lights off in stateroom area of hold.*

*Sounds: wind wailing and rain falling, gradually getting stronger. Crowd hurries to hatch. On the deck of ship, sailors working feverishly. Laura Goodwin is carrying Isaac. As she attempts to enter the hatch, he wiggles out of her arms and runs away. The lights are lowering. We barely see...*

Laura: Isaac, come back here! *(she grabs him. Isaac is wiggling. She wrestles him offstage, but is awkward because of her protruding belly)*

*Sound: Roar of wind. Ship lurches—Sailors grab for holds to keep from getting tossed.*

Laura: *(offstage.. as she attempts to climb down into hold, stumbles, )*

Child: *(offstage)* Mama!

Lights: *Lightening.*

Sound: *Crack of thunder.*

*Hold is still dark. Noises of the accident are heard: Child crying.*

Voice: What happened?

Child: Mama!

*Passenger “lights” a lantern. We see several people huddled around the base of the stairs where Laura is seen fallen, injured.*

Isaac: *(comes from his stateroom, pushes through crowd, examines his wife, then calls out)*

Dr. Robbins! Quick. Laura's hurt and she's gone into labor.<sup>36</sup>

*Lantern light out in hold*

*Sound: storm howling for a few seconds.*

*Lantern lit on deck. Sailor is holding it, swaying with the ships motion.*

Richardson: (*shouting*) How can this be? There has never been such a storm on the Pacific Ocean! It's as if the devil rages in the skies, driving us out of the harbor each time we try to enter. At this rate we'll be blown clear back to the Horn.

Brannon: But if we can't make it to Valparaiso, we die. The water is all but gone.

Richardson: There is one chance.

Brannon: Anything!

Richardson: Several hundred miles away, there's an island. Inhabited.  
At least it used to be.

Brannon: And water?

Richardson: Plenty of it.

Brannon: Then do it!<sup>37</sup>

Lights out.

*Storm sounds fade away*

*Set Change: Deck railing removed. Table and benches, doors and beds of hold removed. They could be hidden behind the upstage curtains. The stairs to the hold could have two planks attached over the face to serve as a gang plank from which passengers can come down, then go up again. On stage some logs, a few suggestions of plants, vines with vegetables fastened to kitchen trays or flat objects so they can be set about at random and quickly. See appendix.*

## Scene 10 – Library

Lights up on library.

Librarian: What a terrible thing to happen! After all they had gone through!

David: I thought the biscuits crawling with maggots sounded bad enough, but to face starvation, face dying from lack of water, while you stare at an ocean full of it?

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<sup>36</sup> *Goodwin Family History*, p. 162.

<sup>37</sup> Details of Storm near Valparaiso: Hansen, p. 58.

Librarian: (*nods in agreement, emotionally stirred by the tragedy, shakes her head*) Terrible to think about. And what about that woman, Laura Goodwin, that fell down into the hold? Isn't she the one with all those children? I wonder what happened to her.

David: One of these records must have included mention of that. (*starts looking again*)

Librarian: The children would have been devastated (*she is skimming records also*). The little boy that she was holding, he was probably too young to understand. But the youngest girl—Nancy. (*shakes her head in concern*) She would know her mother was seriously injured.

David: (*pulling out a paper*) I think I found something. It says they made the island in time to save most of the passengers. (*look at each other, relieved*) But Laura Goodwin had internal injuries they couldn't treat. Realizing that she was dying, she begged them not to bury her at sea, clung desperately to every breath. When land was spotted, she died.

### Scene 11 – Beach at Juan Fernandez Island

*On stage, group of men carry Laura Goodwin in and set her down, others, carrying shovels continue past her and off stage as the Goodwin children gather around their mother's remains, clinging to her clothes, ad lib their sorrow. Horners, Robbins, Stark, etc. huddle in background as Brannon offers these words:*

Brannon: Brothers and Sisters. We gather here to mourn the passing of our Sister, Laura Goodwin. And although we will miss her, this parting is only temporary. Our bodies and spirits will be reunited.

Jesus Christ gives us comfort and peace at a time such as this, for He said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."<sup>38</sup> One day we will be united with loved ones.

Isaac: (*pulling them gently away*). Come along, children.

*Pall bearers, pick up Laura and carry her off stage.*

Nancy: No. We can't leave Mama. She'll be all alone here.

Isaac: She won't be lonely, my darling. Perhaps Mother will stay for a moment to kiss you each goodbye, but then she will go up to heaven and wait for us to join her.

Nancy: But I want to go with her!

Isaac: (*Pulling her into his arms*) It isn't your turn, Nancy. Mother has gone ahead to get our house in heaven ready for us, just like she always does.

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<sup>38</sup> David R. Crockett, "The Voyage of the Brooklyn," [www.indirect.com/www/crockett/brooklyn.html](http://www.indirect.com/www/crockett/brooklyn.html), John 11:25; further reading: McConkie, p. 637.

Nancy: Like she always does? And will she make us ginger cake, up there?

Isaac: I wouldn't be surprised. *(he picks up the little Albert and takes Lucinda by the hand)*

*Music: plaintive theme of Laura's song begins.*

Elizabeth: *(seeing that he must manage so many children, comes for Nancy)*  
It's time to get back on the ship, my dear.

Nancy: *(sobbing)* Oh, Elizabeth. I want my Mama!<sup>39</sup>

### Music No. 9: [This I Know](#)

Elizabeth *(sings)*: THINK OF HOW YOUR DEAR MOTHER  
FELL ASLEEP LAST NIGHT.  
NO MORE PAIN AND SORROW AS SHE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT.  
THERE SHE MET THE SAVIOR AND HIS LOVE FILLED THE AIR  
AS HE WELCOMED HER HOME AGAIN. SHE'LL BE WAITING THERE.<sup>40</sup>

Nancy: But, doesn't she want to come back to see us? I'm afraid she'll forget me.

Elizabeth: She won't ever forget you. She'll know when you need her and she'll be there.  
In time, you will understand.

*(sings)*  
FAMILIES ARE FOREVER. GOD HAD TOLD ME SO.  
YOU WILL NEVER WALK ALONE. THIS I KNOW.<sup>41</sup>

Nancy: But I need Mama now.

Elizabeth: Then let's be quiet together, so we can hear.

Laura: *(dressed in white, enters during the child's request and sings, as she takes Nancy into her arms. Nancy is not aware and is facing Elizabeth, but then gazes upward, with a look of hope on her face.)*

FAMILIES ARE FOREVER. GOD HAS MADE IT SO.

Elizabeth *(takes Nancy and draws her back to the ship)*

Laura *(reaches out to touch her daughter gently on the head, then begins to withdraw, As she continues to sing):*

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<sup>39</sup> Crocheron quoted by Hansen, p. 59.

<sup>40</sup> John 14:2; 2 Nephi 9:41, Luke 23:43.

<sup>41</sup> , "The Family," Henry B. Eyring, Liahona, Oct. 1998, 12; "Families are Forever," David B. Haight, Friday Afternoon Session, General Conference, October 1, 1976; "The Spirit Giveth Life," Thomas S. Monson, Ensign, May 1985.



I WILL ALWAYS WALK WITH YOU.

Elizabeth and Laura: THIS I KNOW. THIS I KNOW.

*Lights out. Island scenery removed.*

Scene 12 – *Library*

*Lights up on Library History section.*

David: (*pointing out sections on his paper*) Even though arrival at the island brought such a sorrowful event, it meant that the remaining passengers were spared. They were able to rest, bathe, and wash their clothes.

Librarian (*gasping*): I hadn't thought of their clothes. Imagine being on a ship without a laundry? Oooo!

David: I suppose they hauled in seawater in barrels and washed them on the ship.

Librarian: Wouldn't that make their clothes salty?

David: That's probably true! (*gives gesture of disgust*) That fresh water on the island must have been a welcome relief. I see here (*picking up his paper*) the island had been cultivated for farming. Planted, then abandoned.

Librarian: (*reaches for the page, then looks it over*) So, they rested a week, then set sail for the Sandwich Islands. The hold was bulging with fresh vegetables, fruit, meat, and clear spring water. The warm weather and smooth ocean made the journey to Oahu pleasant. That's good! (*she holds up the map, puzzling over the trip, points to the island, then to Hawaii*) Hmm, I wonder how far that is?

David: I'm working on that (*has been scribbling on a piece of paper while she was reading*)  
Look! They made history. I think it might be the longest continuous sea journey ever recorded-- for a ship carrying religious refugees, anyway. As I figure it, (*points to his scribbles*) 24,000 miles of rolling waves.

Librarian: That's further than the Mayflower went, that's for sure.

David: (*meanwhile looking for other documents, comes up with something*) Wow! Here's something unexpected. While they were on their voyage, the United States declared war on Mexico. That meant by heading for California, they might be sailing right into an armed conflict!<sup>42</sup>

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<sup>42</sup> Cowan and Homer, p. 36.

Librarian: For people escaping from the United States, they would not be considered friendly to either side, would they? The Mexicans would take one look at the Brooklyn and think it was Americans coming to fight. The United States military might consider them hostile.

David: Let's see when they arrived in California. That should tell us...*(searching)* Here it is--July 31, 1846.

Librarian: *(who was also searching)* The war with Mexico was from 1846 to 1848. They arrived right in the middle of it.

Both: *(look at each other, alarmed)*

Lights out on Library, up on ship's deck.

### Scene 13 – Deck of Ship

Sailor: *(standing at railing with spyglass.)* Captain! Look. There it goes again. Harbor seals or sea lions. Hard to tell which. San Francisco Bay has got to be out in that fog somewhere.

Richardson: *(takes glass, has a look)* Yes, I see something jumping.

Brannon: That's a wonder. The mist is as thick as a winter's robe.<sup>43</sup>

Sailor: Not out that way. It appears to be thinning.

Crowd: *(noises of excitement, pointing, etc.)*

Richardson: *(continues without pause)* When we saw those gulls yesterday, everyone got so excited, I don't think they even went to bed.

Sailor: Who can blame them. I'll be glad to feel land under my feet again. Six months is a long, long time.

2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor: *(approaches rapidly, interrupting)* Captain, there appears to be a warship in the bay.

Crowd: *(reacts fearfully to sighting of warship).*

Sound: *Warship salutes with cannons.*

Brannon: What do those shots mean? Trouble?

Richardson: *(relieved)* No, sir. It's a welcome. That's a U.S. ship. *(turning to a sailor)*

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<sup>43</sup> Augusta Joyce Crocheron account printed in Carter, p. 506.

Sound an answer, ensign.

Sailors (*raise muskets*)

Richardson: On my mark. Ready.....Fire!<sup>44</sup>

*Crowd begins to cheer and wave.*

John, (*hugging Elizabeth*): Welcome to California! We've made it!

Elizabeth: At last!

*Crowd (ad lib their happiness)*

*Passengers leave the stage and return again with crates or luggage; deck railing is removed. The stage becomes dry land. The stairs into the hold could be covered with two boards to create a gang plank down which the passengers can descend.*

Scene 14: Library

David: Well, that finishes the story of the Brooklyn voyage. There's plenty of information here for my report. (*starts stacking up the papers, getting ready to go home*) Thank you for helping me. I should pay you for your time (*pulls a \$20 bill from his pocket*).

Librarian: (*refusing the money*) No! My pleasure. I enjoyed it.

David: (*keeps the bill in his hand*) It certainly makes me feel differently toward the pioneers. How did they find the courage to endure? I don't know if I could do that.

Librarian: Fortunately, we don't have to. Ours is a different time. But I see a lesson in this for all of us. Do you realize that their story holds the secret to successful life? They knew how to find the strength to do what was needed.

David: They believed, they endured, and kept on going until they did what they intended.

Librarian: It's not just believing in God. It's more. They had unwavering faith, that if they did their part, God would make up the difference.

David: I agree. (*thoughtful for a moment, letting it sink in, then picks up his papers to leave*) Well, I'd better get going. (*offering the bill once again*) Are you sure you won't take this?

Librarian: I'm certain.

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<sup>44</sup> Cowan and Homer, p. 53;

David: (*looking at it thoughtfully*) Huh!  
(*looks to her, pointing to the bill*) You know, it says it all right here.

Librarian: It does? (*reads*) Oh,--you mean, "In God We Trust."

David: (*nods in agreement*) That's it!

*Lights out on Library, up on stage.*

Scene 15: *The Peninsula of Yerba Buena*

Music No. 10: YERBA BUENA (dance)

(*A hoe-down rhythm starts up and callers are lit. They begin their square-dance "call" passengers express in dance motions what the callers describe.*)

THAT OLD SHIP, IT EMPTIED FAST.  
CARGO FROM THE HOLD WAS PASSED.  
ALL OUR FOLK, THEY CAME PREPARED  
TO BUILD A TOWN. THEY REALLY CARED.<sup>45</sup>

REFRAIN: (*dance music for the unloading*)

SOME PAPER AND A PRINTING PRESS,  
DRY GOODS FOR A LOVELY DRESS.  
FARMING TOOLS--A FORK AND HOE.  
SEEDS TO MAKE A GARDEN GROW.

REFRAIN: (*Some enact a planting scene, some use the fabric to dance*)

OUR CHILDREN, THEY MUST READ AND WRITE.  
SEE THE SCHOOL BOOKS. WHAT A SIGHT!  
HEBREW, MATH, ASTRONOMY.  
EDUCATED THEY WILL BE!

REFRAIN: (*children and youth grab books and dance*)

BLACKSMITHS, CARPENTERS AND COOKS  
CHANGE THE WAY THIS HAMLET LOOKS.  
A CHURCH, A SCHOOL, A BUSINESS TOO,  
AND BRAND NEW HOUSES, QUITE A FEW.

REFRAIN: (*enact construction as part of dance, every with exaggerated politeness.*)

BECAUSE THEY PRAYED TO GOD ABOVE.  
HE SENT STRENGTH THROUGH HIS GREAT LOVE.

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<sup>45</sup> *Times and Seasons*, 15 February, 1846.

BUILD A TOWN, THEY HAD TO DO.  
PERSERVERENCE GOT THEM THROUGH,

REFRAIN: *dancers finish up the scene with jubilation*

AT THE END OF EACH LONG DAY  
THE PIONEERS WOULD PAUSE TO PRAY  
AS THEY BUILT OR TILLED THE SOD,  
EACH ONE TURNED A HEART TO GOD.

*(dancers take their places to form final stage picture.)*

Passengers and antiphonal choir sing<sup>46</sup>:  
HEAR US, HEAVENLY FATHER, AS WE KNEEL IN PRAYER,  
THROUGH TRIALS AND AFFLICTIONS WE KNOW THAT THOU ARE THERE.

WHEN WINDS AND WAVES BESET US, WHEN LIFE SEEMS DARK AND BLEAK,  
WE HUMBLY KNEEL BEFORE THEE; THY MERCY WE DO SEEK.

WHEN DARK THE NIGHT, WE SEEK THY MIGHT,  
FOR DARKNESS FLEES THY LIGHT.

MEN: TRIALS MAY BESET US. ENEMIES DEFRAUD.  
STAND WITH FAITH UNSHAKEN, FOR JESUS IS OUR GOD, OUR GOD.

WOMEN: OUR FAITH WILL GROW. THY BLESSINGS FLOW.  
IN REVERENCE, AWED, WE SERVE OUR GOD, OUR GOD.  
AND HE WILL BE OUR GOD, OUR GOD.

The End

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<sup>46</sup> Adney Y. Komatsu, "After Much Tribulation Come the Blessings," *Ensign*, November 1979, p. 68.

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## SHIP BROOKLYN PASSENGER LIST

\* Died at sea (12)      + Born at sea (2)      [ ] Age at time of voyage

ADDISON, Isaac. [36], wife Eliza [33], children: daughter.  
 ALDRICH, Silas\* [43], wife Prudence Clark [43], children: Jasper, Nancy Laura [17] (married 1<sup>st</sup> Alondus BUCKLAND,  
     2<sup>nd</sup> James BUCKLAND.)  
 ATHERTON, William [32], wife Emily [27].  
 AUSTIN, Julius Augustus Caesar [36], wife Octavia Ann Lane [32], children: Louisa Maria [7], Edwin Nelson [5].  
     Newton Francis [2].  
 BIRD, Elizabeth Wallace [1 mo]. (traveled with Stark, father went overland)  
 BRANNAN, Samuel [27], wife Anna Eliza Corwin [24], child: Samuel, Jr. [2 mo].  
 BUCKLAND, Hannah Daggett [43], sons: Aldonus de Lafayette [20], James Daggett [18].  
 BULLEN, Newell [37], wife Clarissa Judkins Atkinson [35], children: Francis Andrew [8], Hershel [6], Cincinnatus [3].  
 BURR, Nathan [58], wife Chloe Clark [50], sons: Amasa [34].  
 BURR, Charles Clark [29] (son of Nathan & Chloe), wife Sarah Sloat [24], children: Charles Elias Washington\*,  
     John Atlantic+.  
 CADE, Jonathan [64], wife Suzannah [58].  
 CLARK, William Swires, sister Sophie Patterson CLARK [22].  
 COOMBS, Abraham [41], wife Olive Curtis [26], children: Katherine [12], Marion Charles [5], Helen Mars [3].  
 CORWIN, Frances M. [42] (Mother-in-law of Samuel BRANNAN.)  
 EAGAR, Lucy Buell [42], children: John [23], Mary [18], Thomas [16], Arabelle [13], William [10].  
 ENSIGN, Elias\*, wife Jerusha [36], children: Eliza\*, John, Warren [18].  
 EVANS, William [34], wife Hannah Benner [34], children: Amanda [12], Jonathan Benner [8], Parley Pratt [6],  
     William H. [4]  
 FARNSWORTH, Alphonso. (Uncle of Laura Farnsworth SKINNER.)  
 FISHER, Joseph R. [24], sister Mary Ann FISHER [23].  
 FOWLER, Jerusha [27], children: Thomas [8], George [6], John Jr. [4], baby son\*.  
 GLOVER, William [33], wife Jane Cowan [29], children: Jane [8], Katherine [4], Joseph Smith [1].  
 GOODWIN, Isaac [35], wife Laura Hotchkiss\* [33], children: Emerette [13], Isaac Hotchkiss [11], Lewis Hotchkiss [9],  
     Edwin Abijah [6], Nancy Ellen [4], Lucinda Ludelia [3], Albert Story [1].  
 GRIFFITHS, Jonathan [32], wife Sarah [32], sons: Jackson, Marshall.  
 HAMILTON, Mary [56]. (Mother-in-law of Quartus SPARKS).  
 HASKELL, Ashbell Green [48].  
 HAYES, Jacob [52].  
 HICKS, Joseph [36].  
 HORNER, John Meirs [25], wife Elizabeth Imlay [20] (not LDS).  
 HYATT, Elisha [30], wife Matilda [35], son: Caleb. or John {16}.  
 IRA (IREA), Cyrus [22].  
 JAMISON, John Reed Clark [4]. (Son of Hannah Tucker REED.)  
 JONES, Isabella [38].  
 JOYCE, John [24], wife Caroline Augusta Perkins [21], child: Augusta [1].  
 KEMBLE, Edward C. [19].  
 KITTLEMAN, John [50], wife Sarah [38], sons: Thomas [27], George, William (see below).  
 KITTLEMAN, William [39], wife Eliza Hindman [34], children: Elizabeth Jane [14], Mary Ann , James, George,  
     Sarah [4 mo] & twin Hannah [4 mo].  
 KNOWLES, Richard [58], wife Sarah Rostirn [54], children: Thomas, Caroline, Sarah.  
 LADD (alias Johnson), Samuel [27]. (Major)



LANE, Emeline Armanda [21], (youngest sister of Octavia Austin).  
 LEIGH, Isaac [27], wife Achsah [24], son: Albert.  
 LIGHT, James [36], wife Mary Jane [26], daughter: Mary Elizabeth.  
 LINCOLN, Seth.  
 LOVETT, Angeline M. [19]. (Married Thomas KITTLEMAN.)  
 MARSHALL, Earl [47], wife Letitia Dorsey [47].  
 MARSTON, Edward, wife Sarah Still (daughter of George STILL.)  
 McCUE, Patrick [55], wife Esther [43], sons: James B. [15], Solomon B. [6], Amos W. [3], William K. [1].  
 MEDER, Moses A. [42], wife Sarah D. Blod [40], daughter: Angeline [13].  
 MOSES, Ambrose Todd [51], wife Lydia Ensign [46], children: Norman S. [15], Pheobe Maria [14],  
     Ann Frances [12], Clarissa Cordelia [7].  
 MOWREY (Morey), Barton [47], wife Ruth Walkup [47], sons: Origan [21], Eugene Rhanaldo [18].  
 MURRAY, Mary [36].  
 NARRAMORE, Edwin\*, wife Mercy M. [45?], children: one son\*, Edwin, Jr. (Disembarked in Hawaii.)  
 NICHOLS, Joseph [31], wife Jerusha Bull [27], sons: Enos [2], Joseph\* [2 mo].  
 NUTTING, Lucy Jane [20].  
 OAKLEY, Howard.  
 PELL, Elijah Ward [40], wife Mattie or Seba [45], daughters: Hettie, Geraldine.  
 PETCH (Petz), Robert [50], wife Mary [42], children: SalLibrarian [11], Richard [6].  
 PHILLIPS, John [33].  
 POOLE, Mary Crammer [57], children: Robert William, Elizabeth Margaret Frances [24], Peter John [23],  
 Hester Elvira.  
 REED (Read), Christianna Gregory [45], children: Hannah Tucker Jamison [24], Mary Ellen, John H. [17],  
     Christianna Rachel [15].  
 ROBBINS, Charles [31], (brother to Isaac and John).  
 ROBBINS, Isaac Rogers [41], wife Mary Ann Shinn Burtis [35], children: Joseph Reeves [12], Wesley Burtis  
 [5],  
     Margaret Burtis [2].  
 ROBBINS, John Rogers (Dr.) [36], wife Phebe Ann Wright [34], children: Charles Burtis [11], George  
 Edward\* [6],  
     John Franklin\* [1],  
     Georgiana Pacific+.  
 ROLLINS (Rowland), James Henry [55], children: Isaac [17], Jane (wife of Thomas TOMKINS.0  
 SAVAGE, Susan Eliza [20].  
 SCOTT, James [34].  
 SIRRINE, George Warren [27], ( brother of John, married Emeline Amanda LANE.).  
 SIRRINE, John [34], wife Nancy Smith [26], son: George J. [1], (went for health, not LDS).  
 SKINNER, Horace Austin [28], wife Laura Ann Farnsworth [26], son: James Horace [4].  
 SMITH, Orin [40], wife Mary Ann or Amy Ann Dodd Hopkins [35], children: Henry M. [14], Eliza or Ellen  
 M. Hopkins[10],  
     Amelia A [9], Emily M. Hopkins [7], Frank or Francis [3], Orrin Hopkins [6 mo] (died in Hawaii where  
 disembarked).  
 SMITH, Robert [33], wife Catherine Clark [28], children: Daniel Clark [2], Hyrum Joseph [1], Mary  
 Catherine.  
 SNOW, Selnora [22], (Married William Glover.).  
 SPARKS, Quartus Strong [25], wife Mary Holland Hamilton [24], son: Quartus Strong, Jr. [8 mo].  
 STARK, Daniel [25], wife Ann Cook [24], son John Daniel [4 mo].  
 STILL, George [65], wife Mary [41], daughters: Laura, Julia, Sarah.  
 STIVERS, Simeon [20]. (Nephew of Earl & Letitia MARSHALL.)  
 STOUT, William [30], wife Mary Ann [18], child: Malone ?.  
 STRINGFELLOW, Jesse A. [22].  
 TOMPKINS, Thomas [29], wife Jane Rollins [26], children: Amanda [4], Jane Elizabeth [3].  
 VON PFISTER, Edward (not LDS).  
 WARD, Frank. (not LDS).  
 WARNER, Caroline E. [34], (husband went overland), children: Myron, Sarah [6], Henry J. [2].  
 WINNER, George King H. [39], wife Mary Ann [37], children: Elizabeth [17], Mary Ann [17] (twin), Louise  
 [15],

Emmagene, Dembra [7], Moroni [3], Israel J.\* [1], Sarah\* [4 mo].

#### CREW OF THE SHIP BROOKLYN

Abel W. Richardson	Master and part owner
J. W. Richardson	Mate (Red-headed nephew of Captain Richardson.)
James W. Haskell	2 <sup>nd</sup> Mate
William Smith	Steward (black)
Joseph Newbury	Cook (black)
Lewis A. Wilmot	Seaman
James Nichols	Seaman
Curtis Child	Seaman
John E. Mills	Seaman
Albert Stewart	Seaman
John Thomas	Carpenter
William Mays	Seaman
Daniel Clark	Seaman
Thomas Clausin	Seaman
Charles Johnson	Seaman
Martin S. Penfield	Seaman
Benjamin R. Austin	Seaman