




Faith in Every Footstep

..... A COLLECTION OF PIONEER HISTORIES OF MEMBERS OF HIBBARD 2ND WARD, REXBURG IDAHO NORTH STAKE, CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS -- 1997



The courage and faith of the handcart pioneers serve as the inspiration for the theme of 1997's yearlong sesquicentennial celebration—"Faith in Every Footstep," shown above in the sesquicentennial logo.



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1997 PIONEER SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

JULY 1997 MARKS THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST LATTER-DAY SAINT PIONEERS' ARRIVAL IN THE SALT LAKE VALLEY. IN 1997 MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS WILL CELEBRATE THE GREAT LEGACY OF FAITH AND DEDICATION THAT PIONEERS IN ALL TIMES AND PLACES CONTRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH. PIONEERS ARE THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO HELP ESTABLISH THE CHURCH ALL OVER THE WORLD. FURTHERMORE, EVERYONE WHO ADVANCES THE WORK OF THE LORD NOW AND IN THE FUTURE EMULATES PIONEER VIRTUES.

President Gordon B. Hinckley: "The migration to this valley before the coming of the railroad is of so vast a scope, involving so many people, and entailing so much of human suffering and sacrifice, that it must ever occupy a unique place in the annals of human history. It has all of the elements of a great epic — persecution, flight into the wilderness, hope, vision, sickness, the unrelenting cruelty of the elements, deaths numbering in the thousands and final triumph through unspeakable courage and labor. We must never forget those who have gone before. We must never take lightly the price they paid. We must never lose sight of the reason for which they did it all. It is a story not only for members of the Church....it is a story for all the world and for all generations. It is a story of faith in a cause which they considered greater than life itself."

FAITH IN EVERY FOOTSTEP

PHOTO BY WELDEN ANDERSEN

Fervently ♩ = 72-84

1. A mar-vel-ous work has be - gun to come forth a - mong all the chil - dren of men. O
 2. Those mar-vel-ous Saints who em-braced this great work and shared it in lands far and near; Who
 3. If we now de - sire to as - sist in this work and thrust in our sick - le with might, If

ye that em - bark in the ser - vice of God, give heart, mind, and strength un - to him; For
 gave all their heart, mind, and strength to the Lord with wis - dom and vis - ion so clear; Now
 we will em - bark in the ser - vice of God to har - vest in fields that are white; Our

proph-ets have spo-ken and an - gels have come to lift the world from sin, That Christ may reign o - ver
 stand as ex - am - ples of vir - tue and faith, of souls pre - pared to hear, Of knowl - edge sure, born of
 souls may re - ceive the sal - va - tion of God — the ful - ness of his light, That we may stand, free of

all the earth and bless his gath - ered kin.
 hum - ble heart, and love that ban - ished fear. With faith in ev - 'ry foot - step, we
 sin and blame, God's glo - ry in our sight.
 foot - step

fol - low Christ, the Lord; And filled with hope through his pure love, we sing with one ac - cord.

Text and music: K. Newell Dayley, b. 1939
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Doctrine and Covenants 4



WE, AS MEMBERS OF THE HIBBARD 2ND WARD, REXBURG IDAHO NORTH STAKE, CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS, HAVE A GREAT PIONEER HERITAGE. WE ARE PROUD OF OUR PIONEER ANCESTORS, WHETHER THEY BE MORMON PIONEERS OR PIONEERS IN AMERICA. THIS BOOK IS MADE UP OF MANY OF THE PIONEER HISTORIES WHICH WE CHERISH. THIS, HOWEVER, IS JUST A 'BRIEF SAMPLING' OF PIONEER STORIES THAT WARD MEMBERS HAVE SHARED. WE HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT EVERYONE WHO ADVANCES THE WORK OF THE LORD NOW AND IN THE FUTURE EMULATES PIONEER VIRTUES. MAY WE ALWAYS REMEMBER THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE US, BY THE WAY WE LIVE OUR LIVES AND BY SHARING THE GOSPEL WITH OTHERS, THEREBY CONTINUING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Editor's note:

At the beginning of the Sesquicentennial Year (1997), celebrating the arrival of the Saints into the Salt Lake Valley, I thought it would be a good idea for the Ward members to share some of their pioneer histories. I began by collecting histories and printing them each week in the Ward Bulletin. I have had such an overwhelming response to this undertaking, and the stories and experiences of our ancestors have been so rich in history, that with the permission of Bishop Anthony Turley, it was decided that a book be put together for Ward members to enjoy. Brothers and sisters - this has been a 'labor of love' for me - not only love for my dear friends and neighbors here in Hibbard, but also love for our precious pioneer ancestors who, through their great faith, marked the path and led the way that we may enjoy life as we have it today. Their stories have deeply touched my heart, and I have learned so much because of this project. My testimony has become much stronger because of this special experience.

A sincere thanks to those members of the Hibbard 2nd Ward who have shared these special pioneer stories. We have such a rich heritage, and I am sure that many of our ancestors knew each other and shared friendships just as we do today. The experiences and sufferings of these Saints - for us - has surely strengthened my testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(I have typed these histories just as they have been given to me. I apologize for any typing errors - I may have missed some in my proof-reading).

Nina L. Morris

TRAILS OF THE SCATTERED SAINTS, 1846-47



- ① MAIN BODY OF SAINTS (Mormon Pioneer Trail), left Nauvoo on 4 February 1846. ———
- ② MISSISSIPPI COMPANY, left Marion County, Alabama, in March 1846 and Monroe County, Mississippi, in April. Spent winter of 1846-47 in Pueblo. - - -
- ③ MORMON BATTALION, left Winter Quarters in July 1846. - · - · -
- ④ MORMON BATTALION SICK DETACHMENTS, spent winter of 1846-47 in Pueblo. ·····
- ⑤ Saints on the SHIP BROOKLYN, left New York on 4 February 1846 and arrived at Yerba Buena on 31 July 1846.

THE FOLLOWING CHART SHOWS THE LOCATIONS OF THE WIDELY SCATTERED NAUVOO SAINTS IN EARLY SPRING 1847.*

Approximate Numbers	Location
• 5,000 (main group)	Winter Quarters, Nebraska
• 5,000 (cluster groups)	Pottawattamie lands in Iowa, across the river from Winter Quarters
• 450 (three wagon companies)	Ponca Camp, Nebraska, 120 miles north of Winter Quarters
• 600 (temporary settlers)	Garden Grove, Iowa (a temporary LDS settlement and resting place)
• 700 (temporary settlers)	Mount Pisgah, Iowa (a temporary LDS settlement and resting place)
• 500 (individual families)	Scattered locations in eastern Iowa
• 200 (individual families)	Northern Missouri
• 1,500 (Nauvoo area exiles and new converts from the U.S. and Europe)	St. Louis, Missouri
• 335 (Mormon Battalion)	Southern California
• 300 (Mormon Battalion sick detachments, about 80 women and children with the battalion, and the Mississippi company of Saints)	Pueblo, Colorado

*The figures in this table are based on the author's calculations of numbers who left Nauvoo in three exodus waves in 1846 and on modifications he made from Richard E. Bennett's tally in *Mormons at the Missouri* (1987), 90.

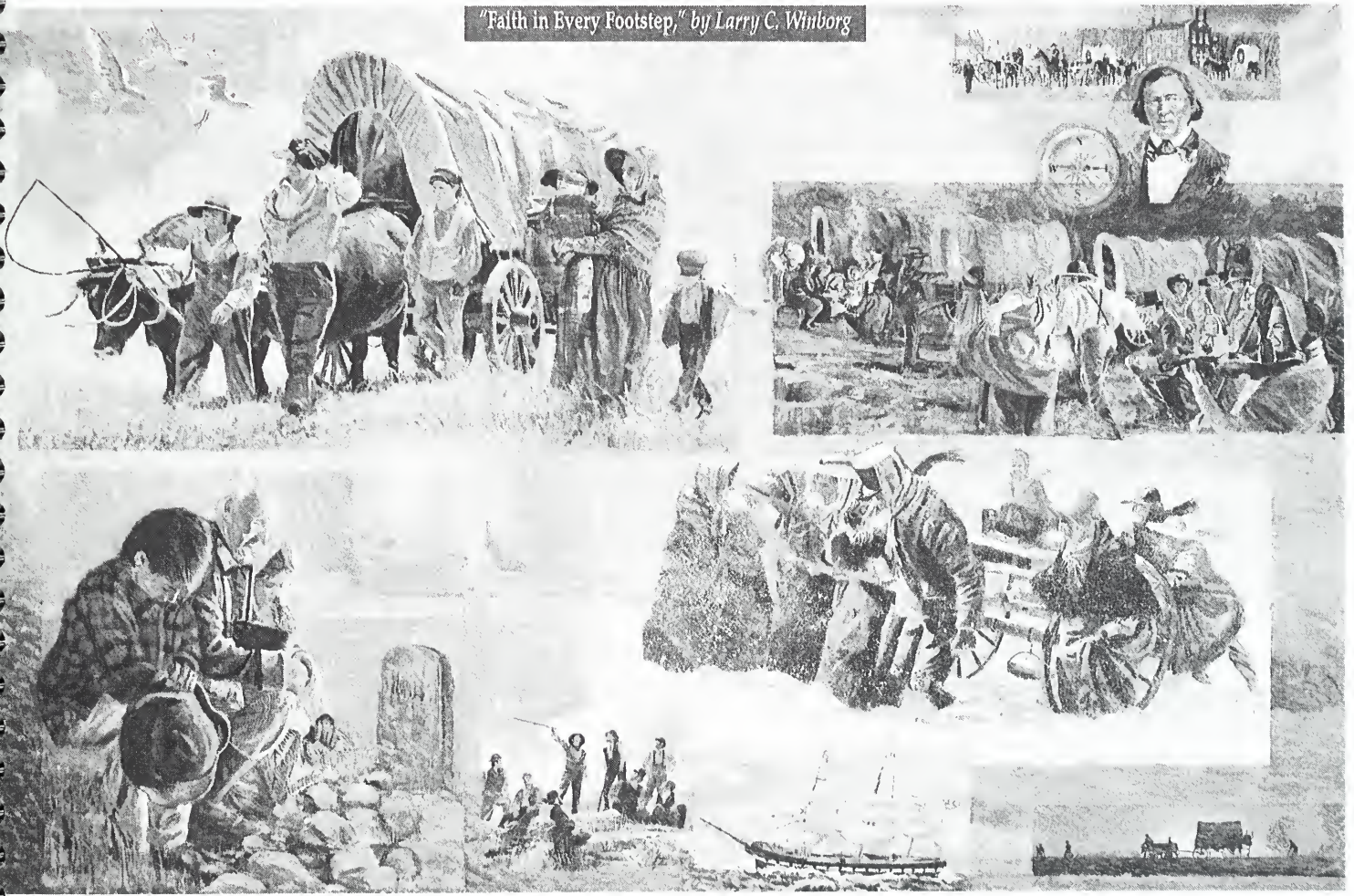
I N D E X

"FAITH IN EVERY FOOTSTEP", Map of Pioneer Trek 1-4

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"Faith in Every Footstep," by Larry C. Winborg



From the Saints' exodus from Nauvoo beginning on 4 February 1846 (upper right) to the Brethren's memorable ascent of Ensign Peak on 26 July 1847 (bottom, second from left), these pioneer scenes capture some of the hardships as well as the jubilations these courageous Saints experienced. With faith in every footstep, they trudged through deep snows, endured wintry blasts and sultry summer heat, faced life-threatening hunger, and experienced deaths of loved ones. Despite these trials, most remained faithful and strong, their commitment to the Lord never ending.



FREDRICK AND MARTHA CATTEN
Grandparents of Kenton C. Anderson

My mother, Ethel Anderson, was born in England in 1908. She was the 14th child in a family of 15 children. Her father was a journeyman plumber and made a good living.

One day her father, Fredrick Catten, met some Mormon Elders on the street and was given some pamphlets on the Church and also a Book of Mormon. He took the materials home to share with his wife Martha, but she went into a rage when she found out he had talked to the Mormon Elders. She burned all the materials he had brought home.

He was so interested, that on his own, he acquired some more pamphlets, and a Book of Mormon. He hid them in the house so Martha would not destroy them. After many weeks, Martha suspected that her husband was continuing to see the elders of the Church. She at first thought the Mormons had many wives that they put into slavery. All that she had heard was from the wrong sources.

One day while she was cleaning the bedroom, she discovered some of the pamphlets hidden under the mattress of their bed. Instead of going into a rage like before, she decided to read some and find out first hand all the bad information about the Mormon Church. Instead she found out about Joseph Smith's first vision, and the Plan of Salvation with the three degrees of glory, and many other wonderful things about the church.

The spirit bore witness to her that it was true, and for days she would sneak the materials out and read them after her husband had gone to work. After a few weeks, she demanded to be baptized first, and then the entire family joined the church.

Their family would meet with other new converts, but the Church of England ministers caused the services, at times, to be disrupted. Many of their friends became their enemies because they joined the church and left the Church of England. At last, they decided that they should take the entire family to Utah where they could worship in peace. They did not have enough money. The plan was that the oldest son would go first, get a job, and make enough money for the next to come and so on until all the family would be able to go.

The first son fell in love with a girl in Liverpool where he had to wait for his ship to go to America, so the first money he earned was sent to her so she could go and they could be married. The family tried hard to save enough money, but it was taking a long time. At last, the Lord answered their prayers, and a wealthy neighbor helped the family come to America.

On one trip over my mother's two older brothers who were traveling together during the time of the first world war, in 1914, were in a ship that got torpedoed by a German U-boat. The ship began to sink and the brothers tried to stay together as they put on their life vests and jumped into the ocean off the coast of Ireland. Because of the confusion at the time, they became separated. One was twelve and the other eighteen. After many hours the first one, Joe (12 years old) was picked up in a life boat by other survivors. He was near death, but kept crying for his brother, George, whom he thought had drowned. To his joy, after reaching a port in Ireland, he found his brother, George, had been picked up also after spending 16 hours floating on the cold seas. Both recovered, and instead of going back to England, continued in another ship to America. My mother came next with her mother, father and the rest of the family.

From this family of many children, came literally 1000's who today are thankful for the missionary efforts of the Church and the courage of those who first heard the Gospel and braved the trip to America during those war days.



EDWARD PHILLIPS
Great Great Grandfather of Marilyn Anderson
(from a journal in 1889)

Edward Phillips was born the 2 April 1813, in Oxenhall, Gloucestershire, England. He was the son of William Phillips and Mary Ann Pressdee. He was one of 11 children. In his journal he writes: I employed myself farming and learning black smithing. I joined the society called the "United Brethren" who president and leader was Thomas Kington. Everything worked well with us until within a year of the time, Brother Wilford Woodruff arrived in our neighborhood. It seemed to me that we had come to a precipice and could not go any further until Brother Wilford Woodruff placed a bridge over that precipice and we went on with glad hearts rejoicing. I went to hear him preach at Ridgeway Crossing, on March 15, 1840. A day or two following, I went to Hill's Farm to hear him speak. When I started, my good old mother said, "Edward, I should think you will not come back without being baptized." I obeyed this council. I was the only male member of my father's family who received the Gospel.

My sister, Susannah, wife of John Hyrum Green, followed suite. I was one of the forty-six preachers that Brother Woodruff speaks of in his "Leaves of My Journal." The forty-six were all baptized, except one, that was Phillip Helot. Brother Woodruff baptized me at Hill Farm, where he baptized six hundred. He told me not long ago, that less had apostatized out of that lot, than any other of the same number in the church.

A few days after I was baptized, I was ordained a priest and put in charge of two branches, Ashfield and Crocutt, with George Brooks as my assistant. That fall, I was ordained an Elder under the hands of Wilford Woodruff, and was sent to preach the gospel with Elder John Gaily. I was able to visit my Father's family. My mother embraced the Gospel in 1841.

In 1841, I left my home to emigrate to America. I went to Gloucestershire and in company with one hundred saints went to Bristol and boarded the "Carolina" for America. We set sail for Quebec, August 8, 1841. We had a tedious voyage of 8 weeks and three days, but landed safely. We arrived at Nauvoo, Ill in the latter part of October 1841 on a Saturday. On Sunday, I was anxious to see the Prophet. I attended meetings there and saw him for the first time. I did not need an introduction for I knew him the moment I saw him. He preached the Gospel of Salvation to us that morning, which caused my heart to rejoice. The Next day, Monday, I went to work in quarrying rock for the temple, (that was my first days work in America). I continued to work on the temple and the Nauvoo House, most of the winter. I boarded with an old friend by the name of Jenkins, a shoemaker. There I fell in love with my present wife, Hannah Simmonds, who had preceded me a few weeks to America.

My wife bore me fifteen children. The first two, a boy and a girl, died in Illinois. We were driven from their graves at the point of a bayonet which was very grievous to us. I had some land and made me a nice home near where they were buried. I was working in the field near the house, when the news came that the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were killed at Carthage jail. This made me shed bitter tears for I felt they were two good friends and I knew Joseph was a true prophet of God. He had said that he would go and die for the people. He discharged us and told us to go home and he would go and die for us. We would gladly have gone and stood between him and death, but he would not let us. I was ready and willing to go. He was butchered in cold blood. I was not there when he was killed, but I went later on and took my wife with me to show her the well, curb, and the window where he jumped out when he was shot.

I have a patriarchal blessing hanging in a frame in my room, which was pronounced upon my head by the Prophet and patriarch, Hyrum Smith, in the fall before their Martyrdom--which is worth more than GOLD to me. GOLD is no name for it! The predictions are being literally fulfilled every day. I know if I prove faithful, it will all come to pass. I knew then and also know now that Joseph was a true prophet of God, and that the mantle of Joseph fell on Brigham Young who was his legal successor. I was present at the meeting when this took place and heard with my own ears, and saw with my own eyes. We all thought Joseph had come back to us, although we knew he was in his grave



ELLEN STAPLES KNIGHT

JaNae, Kristina, David, Joseph & Kenton Anderson's Great Great Great Grandmother

Ellen Staples is my Great Great Great Grandmother. She was born in Gloucestershire, England. She was the fifth of ten children. She was born February 14, 1846. She was baptized at the age of eight in 1854. She remembered the ridicule and teasing from neighbors and townspeople because they had joined the Church. Some threw stones at them and called them names, but they held fast to the Gospel they had embraced.

Ellen and her sister Emma were the first in their family to come to America. They got on a ship called the "John Bright" in 1866. She met her future husband, Oswald Knight, on that ship. He was returning back to America after fulfilling a mission in England. They met each other after Oswald asked Ellen to sew on a button for him. The story is told that he pulled it off, just so he could ask her to sew it on. They fell in love on their trip to America, even though Ellen was seasick a good deal of the time. They crossed the plains in the same mule train, and arrived in Salt Lake City on September 5, 1866. Six months later, on March 7, 1867, they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Either the trip across the Plains or the Utah climate seemed to adversely affect Ellen's health. During much of her remaining life she was hampered by heart trouble, and frequently suffered from very severe headaches. She was blessed with a special ability to know what to do for the sick, so she was called upon frequently. This she willingly gave. With an expectant birth in the neighborhood, it was Ellen who was asked to attend the mother and care for the new baby. She loved babies, and although she had nine children of her own, she always found time to help other people. Faith in the Gospel was always the first thing they taught in their home. They were very blessed because they kept the commandments. They didn't have much money. Their children remember them telling of the two cups of flour which they had, even though they used it, they always had some left. They shared the last bit of flour with their neighbors, but when they looked in the flour bin, there was always a little left.

As the years passed, she became increasingly concerned about getting the Temple work done for her father and mother. She seemed to have the feeling that she would not live long and that the work should be done. Oswald also felt that after the work was complete, his wife would not live long. With these feelings pressing heavily upon her mind, she, her sister Emma, her brother James, and her daughter Louisa Emma, went to the Temple to do the work she was so anxious to do. With the work completed, her children said they had never seen her so happy as she talked about the Temple and the work they had just done. While in the Temple that day she enjoyed a rich spiritual experience which reveals how spiritually attune she was to the work in which they were engaged. Her mother, Louisa Field, had raised a child which was not her own in England. However, this child had died before they left for America. While in the Temple that day, Ellen heard a voice say, "Don't forget me". A name was then stated which was the name of the young girl raised by her mother in England.

The day following the completion of the Temple work, Ellen fell on a Salt Lake street, apparently suffering from a heart attach. She lived bedfast for ten days and on April 15, 1903, passed away at the age of 57.



JANE MUNDAY ANDRUS

My great grandmother Jane Munday Andrus, who was the eighth wife of Milo Andrus, my great grandfather, was born to Harriet Lancaster and Thomas Jones Munday on October 4, 1832, at Coventry, Warwickshire, England. Her father died in England in 1842 when she was 10 years of age. Her only brother and sister had preceded her father in death.

A year after her father died, she joined the Church in England on December 12, 1843.

Jane Munday left for America and a body of the saints on February 1, 1851 and arrived in St. Louis, Missouri on April 16, 1851 in company with her mother and step-father.

In St. Louis, she was married to Samuel Brown on April 19, 1853. Shortly thereafter, the cholera outbreak took the life of Jane's husband, her small son, her mother and her step-father. She was left utterly alone.

Jane Munday, battling against the cruel grief of loneliness which she now faced, turned her face to the west. She met Milo Andrus who had been stake president in St. Louis following several successful missions to England as he was preparing to lead a company of saints west from St. Louis. Jane made arrangements for the journey to Utah with his company.

To pay for the journey, she drove a team and cooked for the company. She left St. Louis in the spring of 1855 and arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, on October 24, 1855.

Arriving in the valley without funds or close friends, she found a true friend in Milo Andrus and accepted his invitation to become his eighth wife which marriage was solemnized in the Endowment House and was performed by President Brigham Young.

To her and Milo were born seven children, the youngest of which, Robert Andrus, was my grandfather. She and her children were early colonizers of the upper Snake River valley. Robert and his brother, Heber Andrus, bought and plowed the ground out of sage brush which later became Ucon. Robert later served as bishop in the Ucon Ward for a period of approximately 25 years.

The experiences of loss leading to increased faith is found in the life of my great grandmother on my grandfather Andrus's side (Jane Munday) and in the life of my great grandmother on my grandmother Andrus's side (Sarah Howard) whose story has preceded this in these Hibbard Ward vignettes.

April 15, 1997


G. Rich Andrus



EBENEZER BROWN

Ebenezer Brown, great great grandfather of Brookes and Juan Oldham and myself and great grandfather of Reed Oldham was born on December 6, 1801 in Salzbury, Herkimer County, New York. His father, William Brown, a Scott, who came to America to fight with the British forces as a Kings man at the time of the Revolutionary War, remained in America and made it his own.

Ebenezer Brown found Christ and the gospel in 1835. From that date forward his life and the life of his wives and descendants and were inextricably intertwined with the history of the saints and the poignant travails and westward movement. Ebenezer settled, after resettling with the saints from Far West, Missouri, with his first wife, my great great grandmother, Ann Weaver, in Quincy, Illinois, just south of Nauvoo.

Ann Weaver died in 1842 and Ebenezer married his second wife, Phoebe Draper, following which marriage he and Phoebe moved to Nauvoo at the call of the Prophet when persecution heightened.

With the departure of the Mormon Battalion following the saints expulsion from Nauvoo, Ebenezer and Phoebe joined them, Ebenezer as a second sergeant and Phoebe as the laundress. Phoebe was one of three women to complete the onerous trek to San Diego with the Battalion and her husband. Ebenezer's children by Ann Weaver and Phoebe's children by her first husband were left to cross the plains in the care of Ebenezer's oldest son, Joseph Gurnsey Brown and his wife.


Ebenezer and Phoebe were reunited with their family in Salt Lake City after completing the tour of duty in Southern California following the trek of the Battalion in 1849, just one week after his children had arrived in the valley from the east.

Ebenezer and his three sons by Ann were the first settlers of Draper, Utah. He was among the first settlers of Reno, Nevada at the call of President Young.

Ebenezer eventually took two plural wives, Samantha Pulsifer and Mary Elizabeth Wright. Mary Elizabeth Wright is the grandmother of Reed Oldham.

My grandfather, Charles Brown, who was one of the first settlers of Parker, Idaho, was the seventh child of Norman Brown, the third son of Ebenezer by his first wife, Ann Weaver.

April 15, 1997


G. Rich Andrus



Family tradition stories about my great grandfather Robert Lomax Kirkman and his wife Mary Lawson, starting in about 1852:

Robert was working in the coal mines at Bolton, Lancashire, England and one night on his way home he heard a commotion in the street and stopped to see what it was. It was Mormon missionaries holding a street meeting. He listened and was impressed. He investigated the Mormon Religion, and believed it strongly, so asked for baptism. Later, he migrated to Utah with his five small sons and a wife who was expecting another child, which child was born enroute to Utah from England. They travelled to Utah with the Martin Handcart Company. Trials were severe. They were cold and hungry. One morning, Mary Lawson woke up to find her husband Robert Lomax Kirkman dead on one side of her, and her four month old babe dead on the other side. They were believed frozen to death because of lack of food, bedding and clothing. They died on the handcart trail in Sweetwater County, Wyoming, and were buried the morning of their death - 11 November 1856 - with the babe in his father's arms. Two days later, the handcart company, including Mary and her remaining five sons, were found and told that even though snow filled the sky, one light spot could be seen and that is your opening to the valley. The next day, they were started to Salt Lake City.

After arriving in Salt Lake, the Kirkmans were met and taken to Springville, Utah and given the help and support they needed from then on.

My grandfather was a 6 year old boy, Joseph, who had walked across the plains. He lost several of his toes from frostbite and his brother James, who was 2 years old, lost half of both feet. Their mother Mary Lawson, was a good, kind, devoted mother, full of faith and in spite of all her suffering and sacrifice, she never uttered a word of complaint. One thing she could not endure was to join in a handcart parade or ever look upon a handcart. This would bring back too many sad memories of the past. She died in March 1899 at the age of 76.

The above history was submitted by Neil Baird. Robert Lomax Kirkman and Mary Lawson are Neil's great grandfather and great grandmother. Joseph Kirkman is Neil's grandfather.



Cold, hungry, and exhausted, pioneers in the Martin Handcart Company left priceless examples of faith and enduring in living the gospel.



The following is a story about Lena Maria (Lanamia is her Swedish name) Brock Swenson, on my father's side of the family:

Lena Maria was born 14 December 1806 in Sweden . She was the mother of seven children - three sons and four daughters. She and her husband joined the Church in Sweden and then started to work and plan so as to come to Utah. By the time they had enough money, her husband declined, since they were living in comfort and their oldest daughter was married and could not come with them. Their son, Mathias, finally left on his own and then he was going to send for his family later. Finally, in the spring of 1864, they left their dear homeland, which they loved, and also their daughter whom they would never see again. They rode a train to Hamburg, Germany and then traveled to England by steamer. On 26 April 1864, they set sail for America on the 'Monarch of the Sea'. There were 970 persons aboard and Parley P. Pratt was one of their L.D.S. supervisors. The voyage was long and tiresome, and the sea was rough. Many people got sick and some died. They always buried the dead at sea after dark, thinking it was less painful. They arrived in New York Harbor 3 June 1864 - the trip had lasted 5 weeks and 2 days. That night, they boarded a steamer for Albany, New York. From there, they traveled in cattle cars to St. Joseph, Missouri, then by steamer to Nebraska. On 27 June 1864, they left with Capt. Isaac Canfield's ox train. The trip was very hard with the rain, crossing cold streams, and their only shelter at night was canvasses sewed together. Christine, an 18 year old daughter died with pneumonia. Her grave was added to several more. After they buried her, they built a fire on her grave to deceive the Indians. They finally arrived in Salt Lake on 5 October 1864 with their daughters Annie and Johanna. Their son Mathias had settled in Tooele, so they took up farming there. Their sons Swen and Peter were going to come to America after they finished serving their missions. Their first home was a dug-out, but later her husband built a two-room home. Lanamia died in Tooele 24 September 1867, just three years after arriving in America. She is buried in Tooele Cemetery.

The above history was submitted by Katie Baird. Lena Maria Brock Swenson is Katie's great-great grandmother. Johanna is Katie's great grandmother.



Alva Keller was born in the beautiful, peaceful valley of Otsago, New York in Cherry Valley. He was born 17 April 1809 to William and Mary Flint Keller. In the midst of starting his family, William also fought against England in the War of 1812. Alva's mother had been a practicing Methodist and Alva joined her in making this his early religion. In 1822 the farm was sold and they moved to another farm in Rushforth, New York. In 1844 they moved to Hume, New York.

Alva was the oldest of William and Mary's children; matured, he longed to be on his own. Finally after finding work clearing land, Alva moved away from home. Near where he worked there were several families with young people his age who he enjoyed being with. Alva loved to spend time with these families - they reminded him of his own family. Two families were especially important to him - the Elliot family had 2 daughters Nancy and Roxey, and several younger brothers. He also enjoyed the company of the 3 brothers in the Wight family, William, Daniel and Lyman.

Some time during 1827, Lyman Wight became acquainted with a very fine and interesting young man and his wife, Joseph Smith Jr. and Emma Hale. Joseph and Emma were newlyweds having just been married on 18 January 1827. Joseph told Lyman some very marvelous things which were happening to him. He shared with Lyman that on 22 September, of that year, an angel had given Joseph some gold plates and instructed him to translate them. After hearing this, Lyman returned home and shared the story with his wife Harriet. She too was interested. Lyman told his family and some friends, including Alva Keller, who were very impressed and wanted to know more.

Also about this time, Alva had fallen in love with Roxey Elliot. Their marriage took place 23 July 1833 in Centerville, New York. Their 1st child - a son was born 9 November 1834. Both Alva and Roxey had been thinking about the things which Lyman had told them and decided that this new church had much to offer them.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, organized in Missouri in 1832 was now 5 years old and its' membership was growing fast. Alva and Roxey joined the church 5 December 1835. They were baptized by Jonathan Dunham. Although slow to joining the church, they were staunch in their belief of the church and followed the teachings of the prophet the rest of their lives.

On November 9, 1836 in Log Creek, Caldwell, Missouri a 2nd child, a girl was born. Alva and Roxey were beginning to establish a good farm and home in this area where the church was growing very fast.

By early spring 1838, Roxey and Alva were driven from their home and land and had moved to Far West. It was here that Alva was ordained a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood 6 April 1838 by William Draper at Far West. Seeking recourse for their loss, Alva with others of the brethren who had lost their property, sent claims against the State of Missouri 29 November 1839. Alva's claim of \$2,200 was never satisfied.

The prophet had now moved to Far West for his safety. Alva and Roxey were now able to meet the prophet and through first-hand association learned why Lyman liked him so much.

On August 8, 1839 near Narrows, Illinois a 3rd child was born to Alva and Roxey. However, adding to an already huge burden of heartache, because of the severe conditions under which they were living, precious little Adeline died from exposure 23 August 1839. They were not alone in their pain or problems. The prophet was now suffering from financial problems. Alva and Roxey had grown in love and admiration for the prophet and wanted to help him. Though living under meager circumstances, they gave him \$100. This sacrifice touched the prophet...he gave a

blessing to Alva which said, "...I promise you that you nor your family shall never want for bread if you are faithful." This blessing was passed from generation to generation through the Keller lineage. The Saints were forced to move again after settling in Nauvoo. Alva was again advanced in the priesthood - on 6 April 1840, he was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood by Brigham Young. Both priesthood advancement certificates were signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. For the protection of the Saints, the Nauvoo Legion was organized of which Alva was a member. However, protection of the elements was not easily accomplished. Little Orin Madison, not quite 6 years old, died of exposure 3 July 1840. All were encouraged to beautify their homes and surroundings. Alva had chosen ground by the river instead of right in town, and was more than glad to do his share in building toward the beauty of Nauvoo.

Alva was desirous to be a part of the building of the Nauvoo Temple. The cornerstone was laid 6 April 1841. Four more children were born to Alva and Roxey while living in Nauvoo. However, because of the conditions and continued persecution, their little ones paid a painful price with their brief lives. Their certificates read: Mary born 20 December 1841; died 20 September 1843. Asina and Asenth (twins) born 3 November 1843; died 6 August 1845. William Thaddias born 12 January 1846; died 12 September at Winter Quarters. Roxey's health was also affected which made it difficult to do her part.

Alva was ordained a High Priest 22 December 1844 by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Parley P. Pratt. Just 2 years later on 4 February 1846 Alva and Roxey received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple, only days before fleeing Nauvoo.

Brigham Young instructed the Saints to prepare well for the long treks they were about to start on. Alva, always obedient to instruction built a strong wagon and filled it with food, clothing and everything he could obtain. He even added seeds of grapes, apple, cherry, peach, apricot and honey locust. It was not easy for them to leave this time, for they were leaving behind 4 graves of their little ones. Nevertheless, the faithful trudged on with Alva and Roxey among them. There were many Saints too poor to prepare to leave Nauvoo. When Brigham Young heard of their terrible plight, he called a meeting. They were asked to go and bring a load of poor from Nauvoo. Alva was one that left to go help the other Saints. Alva made several trips to pick up people from Nauvoo. As he made the return trip to Nauvoo, his wagon was empty, so from the stream banks, he would gather willows and weave them into baskets to sell or trade for food or supplies.

Alva and Roxey were grateful for their daughter Nancy Ann who always seemed to be their helper and provided them special joy.

Alva was chosen to be a Captain for one of the group heading west. In Alva's group there were 20 individuals, 14 wagons, 3 horses, 38 oxen, 14 cows and 1 swine. Under Alva's care they traveled safely. They didn't enter the valley until 29 September 1847.

On the banks of the Jordan River, they build a fort, called South Fort. This is where Alva made a temporary shelter. After setting up shelter they needed to obtain food for winter. Alva and other men gathered barrels. These they took to the salt flats where they filled them halfway with salt. They then caught fish from the streams and fresh water lakes around the valley. After cleaning the fish, they packed them in the salt. They used the same principle for preserving the meat from the game which they successfully hunted. They also gathered berries, roots and anything else edible which they could find. The sego lily root became important to these first early settlers. As they feared, when winter set in it was a hard one. The fort which had been built was drafty and all were frequently cold with the men continually looking for wood to burn.

There were other discomforts which those in the fort experienced. Every night, the pioneers listened with fear to the incessant howling of wolves, foxes, and other predators. One night Lorenzo Young spread strychnine around. In the morning 14 white wolves were found dead. The next nuisance were swarms of mice and in attempt to save what little food they had, a bucket was partially filled with water. A board was greased and by balancing on the bucket edge, it was sloped towards the water. The mice in eating the grease along the board fell into the bucket of water and were drowned.

Another child was born to Alva and Roxey 6 April 1848. This little girl, their 8th child, was named Lucina Angeline. She was a strong and healthy baby and grew to be a pretty dark-haired lady. Nancy Ann was nearly 12 when Lucina was born.

During the winter Alva had done his share of hunting for wood. Each time he went out, he seemed to be increasingly drawn back to the same place in the valley. It had a stream of water from the mountains in the east. Along the bank were oak, willow, and wild roses. When the snow melted and spring was beginning, he found the ground good. Here he pictured a new start for his family. He brought Roxey out to see the area. She was also pleased. Alva approached President Young and asked permission to settle on the land. It was a happy day for Alva and Roxey when they were told they could have the land.

As Alva had no sons to help him clear the land, the hard work fell totally on his shoulders. His first job, before he could plow, was to clear the land of abundant sagebrush. Once plowed, Alva meticulously planted the precious seeds which he had brought from Nauvoo into the nice rich soil. Alva dug irrigation ditches to carry water to the seeds which he had planted, for they were beginning to sprout. Alva even planted sugar cane to provide molasses for his family. Later, his orchard consisted of 60 beautiful fruit trees and several different kinds of grapes. The honey locust lined the lane into his property. He had a large pasture for his animals to graze in. All told, he had 75 acres of land under cultivation. Alva and Roxey had another daughter, Angeline, born 29 April 1851. Alva was asked to take a 2nd wife - he was sealed to Maria Wight - she was the niece of his good friend Lyman Wight who had taught him about the church. They were sealed 8 March 1852. Maria never had any children. Alva was again asked to take another wife - Eliza Sweetmen. They were married and sealed 23 July 1855. Alva and Eliza had 5 children together.

One day after church, Alva was preparing to return home. The oxen hitched to his wagon were tied to a post in front of the church. As Alva leaned forward to untie his oxen, one of them flipped its head, causing one of its horns to hit Alva in the eye. The injury resulted in permanent blindness in that one eye. Even with this injury, Alva continued his church activity and continued to maintain and keep an organized and productive farm and orchard. Alva had married 3 special women with each providing and contributing a special dimension to the family. Roxey was apparently always his special love. She died 30 January 1901 in Brigham City, Utah. Maria was the wife he always could discuss religion with. She died 26 April 1855 in Brigham City, Utah. Eliza provided the one living son. She died in Millcreek 31 December 1910. Alva Keller died 13 June 1883.

This history of Alva Keller is taken from the history that was researched and written by Opal Gustaveson Tondro, great granddaughter of Alva and Eliza Keller.

This history was submitted by Thelma Ball. Alva Keller is Thelma's great-great-great grandfather. Alva and Roxey's daughter Lucina Angeline is Thelma's great-great grandmother.



Joseph Smith stands out among prophets as one who was a conduit for scripture, established work for the dead, and prepared the Saints for the Lord's Second Coming.



Brigham Young



"Richard Ballard, my great grandfather joined the Church and left England on the ship 'Wyoming' on 4 September 1874 at the age of 21. Also in the group were his mother, brother, a cousin, and his Aunt. The fare for all was 57 pounds 12 shillings, of which the Church Immigration Fund paid 50 pounds. They came to South Cottonwood, Utah, and my great

grandfather set up a little shoe-making shop just 2 blocks East of his home, on the corner of Vine Street and the main North-South street there. (He was taught the art of shoe-making by his maternal grandfather).

Great grandfather married Annie Ottley 10 June 1878. She is a great aunt to Brother Ottley of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

My grandfather, Frank Eli Ballard, worked at many odd jobs as a boy in South Cottonwood, where he was born, and soon after he married Amelia Wood, he worked as a foreman at the smelter where that tall smokestack still stands in Murray, Utah. He was later offered a job working with his father-in-law at the family farm at Mendon, Utah. He eventually wanted a place of his own, and moved to a little homestead near Declo, Idaho where he lived until his death.

My father, Joseph William Ballard, met and married my mother Velma Mary Williams in Declo (where she was born). I was also born in Declo, and we moved to Burley when I was 5 years old.

Grandpa's brother did not have any boys, nor did my Dad's brother. Therefore, I am the only male descendant of my great-grandfather, in my generation, to carry on the Ballard name."

The above history was submitted by Kendall Ballard.



Thomas Williams came from England and crossed the plains in 1861 in the Ira Eldridge Company with his wife Jane Fawson.

Edward Bell crossed the plains from England in the Samuel D. White Company. The August 16, 1866 Deseret News listed him, his wife, and their three small children. When they arrived in Utah, there were only four. The baby, George Edward Bell, had died during the trip. Both the Williams family and the Bell family settled at Grantsville, Utah.

Ann Bell and Thomas Williams, Jr. married in the Logan Temple in 1891. They travelled to and from Logan by horse and buggy.

The Church sent many of the Grantsville families to Oakley, in southern Idaho, to colonize that area. Grandfather went to Oakley to work for his brother-in-law to get enough money to move his wife and their five children to Oakley. (Several of the families at Egin also came from Grantsville, including my grandfather's oldest sister and her husband).

Thomas Williams, Jr. moved his family to Oakley in 1902 and applied for a homestead. He was awarded 80 acres of sagebrush a mile south and a mile and a quarter west of Declo, Idaho. He proved up on the land, clearing sagebrush and building a small log home. They had five more children, making a total of ten. My mother was next to the youngest.

Thomas Williams, Jr. died in 1934 and left Ann a widow for nineteen years.

The above history was submitted by Kendall Ballard. Thomas Williams and Jane Fawson are his great grandparents. Thomas Williams, Jr. and Ann Bell are his grandparents.



Janette Hunt Ballard is a great granddaughter of Captain Jefferson Hunt of Company A of the Mormon Battalion. Janette's father, Forrest, was the youngest grandson of Captain Hunt. Janette's grandfather was born on the 24th of July and Jefferson named him Liberty Independence Hunt. Grandfather

"Lib Hunt" had a brother named Pete who was a horseman proper and was the only man who dared ride and conquer one of Buffalo Bill's bucking broncos at a great celebration at Pocatello. Janette's Uncle Fred Hunt was a famous trick rider. He and his wife both performed at Madison Square Garden and in Europe for the Royal families. He died in an accident when his pickup and horse and trailer rolled down an embankment on his way to meet his wife - they were scheduled to perform at Pendleton, Oregon. Captain Jefferson Hunt accomplished many things in his life. He helped lead the Mormon Battalion to San Bernadino, California. When coming back from California, he arrived in Salt Lake City in October 1847. This is the first time he had seen his family since his wife left the Battalion to go north to Salt Lake through Colorado. Jefferson had returned over the north route to Fort Hall and down to Utah. Jefferson and his son Marshall, also of the Mormon Battalion, set up a guide service to take wagon trains to California. The fee was \$10.00 per wagon. Jefferson's son Gilbert had enlisted in the Mormon Battalion with his brother and father in 1858. Gilbert had engaged a company of 107 wagons enroute to California. He had been hired as guide. Early in the morning of November 14, he was murdered and the money for the trip was stolen. The murderer was never found. On one trip to California, a group of people in the wagon train claimed they had heard of a shortcut to California, going west from Utah. Jefferson told them that there was no such possible route. The wagoneers accused him of purposely delaying the trip to California and even threatened his life. Finally, he told those that wanted to take the so-called "cut off", but those that would go with him he would take the trail to the south into Arizona and then California. A few days later, a horseman caught up with Hunt's party and told them of the group that tried to go west - they were in deep trouble, lost, provisions low, and in bad spirits. Jefferson sent a rescue party and after attending to them, they all continued on to California.

Jefferson Hunt helped build Fort Utah in Provo. Then, he went back to San Bernardino and served in the California Legislature. He returned to Utah and served in the Utah Legislature from Iron County. He established and named Huntsville, Utah. He moved to Oxford, Idaho and had a ranch at Red Rock that he operated with his sons. He is buried in the small family cemetery behind the Red Rock Hill. As one travels to Logan, they pass the Red Rock Hill with steps to the top where there is a monument dedicated to Captain Jefferson Hunt of Company A of the Mormon Battalion.

This history was submitted by Janette Hunt Ballard. Captain Jefferson Hunt is Janette's great grandfather. Liberty Independence Hunt is her grandfather. Forrest Hunt is her father.



Tamar Loader Ricks was born 8 September 1833, a daughter of James Loader and Amy Britnell Loader. Tamar was born in Aston Rowand, Oxfordshire, England in a cottage on the estate of Sir Henry Lambert, a wealthy land owner. Her father had labored for 35 years as head gardener. In addition to a regular wage her father and family were furnished a lovely and comfortable home in which to live. In the mid 1850's the land was owned only by the rich, the poor owned nothing. Merely making enough to keep body and soul together was a constant struggle for the poor and there were many beggars. This poverty was not experienced by the Loader family. They often shared their good fortune with others. On many occasions the sisters were sent to share pans full of meats and other food given to them by the Lamberts. The food was leftovers from feasts held before hunts and other celebrations. The children were also educated with the Lambert children. Their home in England was always remembered with sweet recollection. The house had a thatched roof and old-fashioned cut-glass windows. Woodbine roses and honeysuckle turned up the veranda to the upstairs windows. Their home was surrounded with water, trees, wild flowers and birds of all kinds. The old home was very enchanting and a place never to be forgotten. Tamar's father and family belonged to the Church of England. He was very strict about keeping the sabbath day holy, making sure all work was done before that day. The shoes were polished and stood in a row. The clothing to be worn on the sabbath was to be laid out for on the morrow the bells would toll summoning the family to morning services. It was here on the Lambert Estate that the Mormon Elders found the Loader family. Tamar's father believed the principles they taught but hesitated because Sir Lambert objected to the new religion and informed Tamar's father that if he joined the Church he would lose his position. At this time Tamar went to work in London as a clerk in a store. Her two older brothers had gone into the meat-market business in London and had prospered. Tamar's mother and two sisters, Ann and Patience, joined the Church first. Shortly after, her father and the rest of the family also joined. Sir Lambert gave them one year to give up this religion. At the end of the year he had their belongings moved out on to the green and dismissed him. Her brother came from London and moved the family to a little house he had rented. He said, "I will not allow my father to be treated in such a way". Her father left the estate with deep regrets. After the Loaders left the Lambert Estate, James was unable to find regular employment because of his new religion. He did any little job he could find to supply the necessities of life for his family. Tamar's father and mother and 7 children sailed for America in the fall of 1855. Tamar remained in Liverpool with her sister Zelpa and brother-in-law John Jaques, who were stationed there to direct the Saints who were coming to America until May 1856 when they too set sail. Tamar felt great sadness at bidding goodbye to her dear England. She had been keeping company with a young man who was a bookkeeper. They had walked together which was the custom of sweethearts of the day. She dried her eyes and watched the hills of her homeland fade away over the horizon forever. She arrived in Boston the last of June 1856 and proceeded to Iowa, where she joined her parents, brothers and sisters. Her brother-in-law John Jaques went back to St Louis, where he assisted in bringing up another company and handcarts to head West. Tamar's father and family were assigned to the Edward Martin Company. Loader family members that were in the Martin Handcart Company were James, 59; Amy, 54; Patience, 29; Tamar, 22; Maria, 19; Jane, 15; Sarah, 12; Robert, 10; John Jaques, 29; Zelpa Loader Jaques, 24; Flora Jaques, 2; Alpha Jaques, 3 months; John Loader, 35; Harriet King Loader and Harry Loader.

At Florence, Nebraska, Tamar was taken ill. Throughout the journey Tamar had hurt her side pulling the handcart and then contracted mountain fever. At one point they thought she was dying. Bent over and unable to straighten up, Apostle John Taylor and Franklin Richards visited her and

blessed her that she would get well and be able to walk before she reached the Valley of Zion. At that time, her brother-in-law John Jaques, pulled her on his handcart for 150 miles to the Missouri River. Then, on the other side of the River his wife Zelpa was confined of a son and he drew her 150 miles. Then Tamar's father pulled her on his cart until she was able to walk. When the company left Florence on August 27, it consisted of 576 persons, 146 handcarts and 7 wagons. She wrote of the experience: "We traveled in companies of 10's, 50's and 100's, captains over each company all under a general captain of the entire train. We had much sickness and a great number of deaths and many hardships on the journey because of starting so late in the season. Storms overtook us in the mountains and all suffered terribly from cold and exposure". In Nebraska, the Indians were troublesome. They were cautioned as to the selections of camping grounds. They were to choose them where the grass was not high enough to conceal Indians who were on the alert for an attack. Tamar's father was 57 years old, small in stature and not very robust, unused to hardships such as drawing a handcart all day and standing guard at night. His health began to fail. As he carried Tamar, weak and ill from the wagon each night, he endeavored to cheer her with these words, "I believe I will yet see my dear daughter safely reach the valley". In September his strength failed and he was placed in the handcart which was drawn by his 4 daughters. On the eve of 23 September 1856, he was carried into the prayer circle and assisted in singing 'Come, Come Ye Saints'. The following day he lay unconscious and during the night he passed away and was buried in the morning by a lone ash tree in Ash Hollow. The company proceeded on its way as deaths were frequent. The following evening the wolves howled telling the family that they had found the grave. At this time Zelpa gave birth to a son. She was so weak she scarcely escaped with her life. The baby, my great grandfather, was named Alpa Loader Jaques. He was the oldest living member of the Martin Handcart Company. He died in Sugar City in 1945 at the age of 89. Because of the lateness of the season, they were subjected to frequent storms that grew in severity. They had to sweep the snow from the ground to make their beds. One night while making camp, after her father's death, they were unable to drive the tent pegs into the frozen ground. They tried several times to pitch their tent, but found it impossible. Tamar's mother gave the command, "Girls, try again." They did and the tent was filled with wind and froze in shape. The provisions became scarce and they were rationed more closely than before. Due to extreme cold weather conditions, many of the company died - some frozen to death, others lost their limbs having been frozen. "Babies were boen on the journey; marriages were performed at the camps, old and young were buried along the trail. Over-powered by the summer heat, former factory workers fainted beside their carts. Scores froze in the biting cold of Wyoming blizzards. "For some, there was the joy of fulfillment; for others, deep tragedy. Caught in the claws of an unseasonable winter, they struggled through mounting drifts with little clothing, less shelter, and no food, and came to a complete halt in the white desolation. To save these thousand souls stalled in the snow, more than 300 miles from any settlement was staged the most heroic mass rescue the frontier ever witnessed." My great-great grandfathers, Thomas E. Ricks and William Milton Bell, were members of the rescue party. Tamar told of her mother and sisters singing songs in the evening as they sat freezing in their tent and of the bleeding feet and the bloody footprints in the snow. Her sister and brother-in-law, Zelpa and John Jaques, little 3 year old girl died not many days away from Salt Lake City. They concealed her little body in the handcart. They feared if the captain knew he would make them bury her in the snow along the trail. They not only hid her body, but their own grief as well so no one would suspect that she had died. Tamar's sister, Patience, wrote: "I can testify that our Heavenly Father heard and answered our prayers and we were blessed with health and strength day by day to endure the severe

trials we had to pass through on that terrible journey. We know that if God had not been with us that our strength would have failed us and our bodies would have been left on the plains as hundreds of our poor brothers and sisters were. I can truly say that we never felt to murmur at the hardships we were passing through. I can say we put our trust in God and he heard and answered our prayers and brought us through to the valley." At the Platte River they were met by a relief train from Utah bringing food and supplies. Tamar told of horses running into camp as they were praying for help. "The company was on its knees praying for help when some pack horses broke loose from the advance company of 3 men sent by Brigham Young. These horses came running wildly into camp, and stopped, still they seemed to wait for their masters to catch up with them." On 28 October Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr galloped into camp, telling them that 10 wagons were waiting with provisions at Devil's Gate. Many thought the rescuers were angels. The rescue party passed flour around to the people. Her mother and the Loader girls took time to press it into little cakes and cook it. Thomas E. Ricks was very impressed by their manners. He came back and gave them an extra ration. They still walked and pulled their handcarts until more wagons arrived and they could ride. They entered the Salt Lake Valley November 30. When they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, Tamar was completely well from her illness. Thomas E. Ricks asked Tamar to live in his house and work as a maid. She accepted his invitation and went to Farmington, Utah. Her mother and brother and sisters went to live in Pleasant Grove and her sister Ann and brother-in-law John Dalling. John Jaques and Tamar's sister Zelpa and their baby, that was born on the plains, were taken home by Apostle Franklin D. Richards.

"The story is told that Tamar Loader was very much grieved when she left England because she had been unable to convert her sweetheart who had remained in England. One night, while on the plains, after much grieving she had a dream. The next morning she told her mother that she had dreamed that her sweetheart came and stood beside her and he seemed so real. But he was not alone, another was with him who was wearing a slouch hat and walked with a limp. In the dream, the sweetheart finally faded away but the other man remained. Thomas E. Ricks was sent with wagons and many provisions as he and other men asked by Brigham Young went to help the Martin Handcart Company. When she first saw Thomas E. Ricks in the rescue party, she saw him leaning on a wagon wheel smiling at her. Tamar took her mother by the arm and said, "Mother, that's the man I am to marry - the one I saw in my dream". He tried in vain to marry her off to eligible young men in the community, but without success. There was no doubt in Tamar's mind who she should marry."

The following spring on 27 March 1857, Tamar was married to Thomas E. Ricks. A big dance was held to celebrate with President Brigham Young in attendance. They lived in Farmington for 2 years. In November 1859 they moved to Logan. They had 7 children. The family lived in Logan for 25 years and saw it prosper, thrive and become a small city. Tamar writes, "My husband being known as one especially adapted for colonizing, was called upon to take his family and move again to Idaho and settle up that part of the Snake River Valley then called Fremont County. In response to this call we moved in May 1884 and located at the place now known as Rexburg. It was a homesick family that Tamar had the task to help adjust themselves to their new surroundings. Sagebrush stretches across the plains and hills. When the rainy weather came the roads were impassable down by the river and mosquitoes almost beyond endurance. Her husband built her a nice four-room home for her family. She was an exceptional woman, well trained in homemaking, very sincere and sympathetic and an inspiration to other homemakers who came to settle in this frontier country. In a short time, the wilderness was subdued and the land that had held nothing of great value became a treasure unto many seeking

homes. Many times General Authorities stayed at her home in Rexburg. After Thomas E. Ricks died in 1901, Tamar lived in the house he had built for her until she was 83 years old. She died 1 February 1924. She is buried at the Rexburg Cemetery with Thomas E. Ricks and other members of the family.

This history was submitted by Brent J. Bell. Tamar Loader Ricks is Brent's great, great grandmother.



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT T. BARRETT



President Brigham Young said: "I will tell you all that your faith, religion, and profession of religion, will never save one soul of you in the Celestial Kingdom of our God, unless you carry out just such principles as I am now teaching you. Go and bring in those people now on the plains." Right. When the rescued reached Salt Lake Valley, President Young said, "We want you to receive them as your own children."



Though late in the season, both the Willie and the Martin Companies chose to go west rather than wait until spring.



INTO THE STORM BY BYRON HIXSON



Rasmus Jensen was born 23 April 1824 at Stounsholt, farum Sogn Frederiksborg Amt., Denmark, the son of Jens Nielsen and Karen Poulsen. His father married twice. His first wife was Ane Tavesen and to them were born 13 children. This wife died and he married Karen Poulsen. They were the parents of 10 children and she mothered the youngest of the first family.

Rasmus was the 8th child of the second family. His father passed away when Rasmus was only 5 years of age. He had to help a lot around the house and was sent to work when very young. His father, being a farmer, had taught all the children to work. At the age of 10 years, Rasmus went to work for a neighboring farmer by the name of N. Nielsen on about 1 August 1834. He stayed home until the spring of 1835 when he again went back to the same place and stayed there until the next winter. The next spring, he went to work for a man by the name of Niels Rasmusen of the same place. He stayed with this man 7 years. This man gave him a lot of good advice and when he left there, he gave him a very nice letter of recommendation. He worked for farmers at neighboring towns until 1846 when he was inducted into military training, as Denmark had the Compulsory Military Training Law. Rasmus and 3 of his boy friends went into the training. They were very proud to serve their King and their country.

After 10 weeks training, they received a promotion because of good conduct and aptness. They were given a nice leave of absence. They served as soldiers until 4 October 1847, when they were allowed to go home. Little did they think that they would be called back into real service so soon. In the spring of 1848, war broke out with Germany. That country, without warning, had invaded Slesvåg Holstin, the southern part of Denmark and the little country of Denmark had to fight Germany and Prussia. This war lasted 13 years. Rasmus said it was a gruesome war. His comrades fell on both sides of him, but he was never wounded. He literally had to walk over the dead and dying. The German cannons killed so many. He said his 3 friends were all killed. He said the sight of those battlefields was gruesome. In 1851, he was released to return home. Things had changed so much and knowing that some of his brothers were still in that terrible struggle, was not very pleasant. He pitched in to work hard with the farm work at home and kept busy all the time so as not to have time to think of the horrors he had seen. Later, he and a friend by the name of Hans Anderson, went to work for a man who owned a distillery near Copenhagen. He was put in as foreman over a crew of men. His brother Ole was also working at the same place. His youngest brother who had also been discharged from the service was working in a suburb of Copenhagen and had become interested in a new religion called Mormonism and it had upset his family very much as they were staunch Lutherans. His mother had pleaded with him to forget this new religion, but to no avail. She asked Rasmus and Ole to go and plead with their brother Lars to forget about this new religion. Rasmus tried every way possible, even reminding him of the pledge he had made to the church when he was 14 years old. They could not convince him that he was wrong. So Rasmus attended a meeting and heard the Elders explaining the principals and he decided there was something to it. He started to investigate and was soon convinced that it was the true gospel. He was baptized 25 June 1855 and confirmed the following Sunday. Then the family really got busy and pleaded with the 2 brothers to forsake this new religion, but both brothers were very sure they had joined the true church. Their brother Hans joined the church some time later.

It was not long after joining the church that he had a desire to come to America and join with the Saints in Utah, but before he left he decided to gather all the records of his ancestors and living kinfolk, which he did. In the spring of 1859, Rasmus decided to leave for Zion, which he did a short time later. It was hard to leave his mother, brothers and sisters, and his beloved Denmark, but he felt he was doing right. They went by sail ship so it took quite some time crossing the ocean. Then

there was the long trip across the plains which was a very hard and tiresome one, but he was not discouraged. All tried to make the trip as pleasant as possible.

Love and romance found its way into the hearts of those young pioneers. Rasmus Jensen, along with other young men found sweethearts among the young girls among the company. Rasmus Jensen fell in love with a young girl from Denmark who, like himself, had left her loved ones and her native land for the gospel's sake. They became sweethearts. The company arrived in Salt Lake City 15 September 1859. Rasmus Jensen and Louisa Christena Nielsen were married 18 September by a Bishop. They had no idea where they would make their home when they arrived. Sometime later, they came with other pioneers of Hyrum and lived at Old Camp Hollow. Later, the pioneers moved to Hyrum. There were 5 children born to this union, 3 sons and 2 daughters: Erastus, born 26 January 1861; Joseph, born 14 November 1862; Louisa Caroline, born 19 February 1865; Ellen Christina, born 10 August 1866; and Heber, born 1 July 1869 - all at Hyrum, Utah.

Rasmus Jensen was very industrious, but his religion was foremost in his mind. He and his wife did work in the Endowment House for themselves and what could be done for their ancestors, and when the Logan Temple was finished, they worked there as long as they could.

On 22 November 1869, Rasmus married Mary Swensen who had just come from Denmark. To them were born 10 children, 5 sons and 5 daughters. Rasmus Jensen had been raised a farmer and he continued with it after coming to Utah. He helped dig the ditch from Paradise to Hyrum and build the meeting house and other buildings. When his sons were old enough, they helped him on the farm and in the canyons.

One of the pioneers of Hyrum said that when they were making the ditch from Paradise to Hyrum, Rasmus could throw out more dirt with his spade than some men could with a shovel. In 1892, he went to Salem, Idaho and spent about a year visiting with his sons Erastus and family, and Joseph who had moved up there. He was taken suddenly ill and passed away 22 October 1894. He was a hard worker and honest to a fault. A devoted Latter-day Saint and a good neighbor, a kind and loving husband and devoted father. He left behind 2 wives and 10 children to mourn his loss.

This history is copied from a history written by himself of his early life and from records found among his effects and what he told his children.

This history was submitted by Karen Jensen Bell. Rasmus Jensen is Karen's and Julie Jensen Peterson's great grandfather.

On the "long and tiresome trip across the plains", Rasmus walked every step of the way. When the soles of his shoes wore thin, he padded them with buffalo chips and leaves or anything strong he could find. Upon his arrival in Salt Lake City, his feet were on bare ground. Rasmus was a medium height and build. He had alert, not sleepy eyes. He spoke and wrote the Danish language. He learned to speak English quite well after coming to this country. No matter what he was doing, whether for the church or for himself, he put his best into it. You never heard a bad word about him. Rasmus Jensen commenced his pioneer life in Cache Valley, Utah in 1860 under the jurisdiction of President Brigham Young of the Mormon Church, in a little town known as Hyrum, named after Hyrum Smith, a brother of the slain prophet, Joseph Smith. The number of families located at Hyrum could easily be counted on one's fingers and they were all poverty-stricken. Their houses were built of logs, plastered with mud. Small poles laid on the roof were covered with sagebrush and soil. The floor was of dirt and the windows and doors consisted of factory or muslim. These cabins of one room each were built

close together as a fortress against the Indians. In rainy weather, pots and pans could be seen scattered over the beds and clothing to catch the water as it came trickling through the roofs. The families were industrious so it didn't take long before their conditions improved.

On 28 November 1863, 4 years after his marriage to Louisa Christena Nielsen, Rasmus received his endowments in the Endowment House. Six years later, he again traveled to Salt Lake, this time to take a second wife. Rasmus and Mary R. Swensen were married in the Endowment House 22 November 1869, the year the railroad came to Utah and the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory Point. Mary was 22 years younger than her husband and 20 years younger than Louisa Christena, his 1st wife. Ten children were born to Rasmus and Mary, all being born in Hyrum: Peter Hyrum, b. 3 November 1870; Olivia Mary, b. 19 January 1872; Nephi Lorenze, b. 13 January 1873; Amanda Seville, b. 6 February 1876; Alfred Waldemar, b. 3 August 1877; Mary Lucinda Ellen, b. 29 March 1879; Oluf Rheuben, b. 3 January 1882; Johanna Petrea, b. 10 March 1883; Emma Lavina, b. 15 January 1886; Otta Lorenzo, b. 21 January 1892.



Maren Swensen was born in Klippanga, Magleby, Presto, Denmark 24 November 1846 to Ole Tideman Swensen and Johanna Hansen. Her father was a merchant who owned a store; a brewery and a fleet of merchant ships which he used to transport his goods to other European countries. They had a beautiful home and servants and a privileged life. Maren was a beautiful young girl with blonde hair and brown eyes. She was taught culture and refinement and was always well dressed.

Maren traveled to Copenhagen to visit relatives. The Mormon missionaries came to their home. She became interested in the gospel and joined the church much against the wishes of her parents. Maren was baptized in the night so no one would see her. She said the ice was crusted on the river. Her parents and family expressed themselves as being so sorry for her, because now she would have to go to America and be with the Mormons. Maren also left a young man, her sweetheart, who could not understand what she had done and why she was leaving. She was 19 years old when she left home, alone, to come by boat from Denmark to the United States. Maren met 2 young ladies from Sweden. Their names were Hannah Anderson and Ellen Peterson. They became good friends and remained true friends throughout their lives. Maren's children called them Aunt Hannah and Aunt Ellen. She also became close to a young woman and her little boy who was 6 years old. Her husband had left for America 3 years before and had sent the money for them to come and join him in Salt Lake City. On the way over, the lady became very ill. Maren and the others tried to help her, but she became worse. She knew that she was dying, and kept saying "my baby, my baby". Maren promised her that she would take care of him and get him to his father in Salt Lake. The mother passed away, and was buried at sea. Maren kept her promise and cared for and consoled the little boy. She brought him all the way to Salt Lake City to his father. They remained close and visited often the rest of their lives.

When they arrived near Ogden by train, wagons came to meet the immigrants as the railroad was not completed as far as Ogden. Maren went to Logan and stayed with the Elder's families who had baptized her. Miller's, Hansen's, and Arlob's.

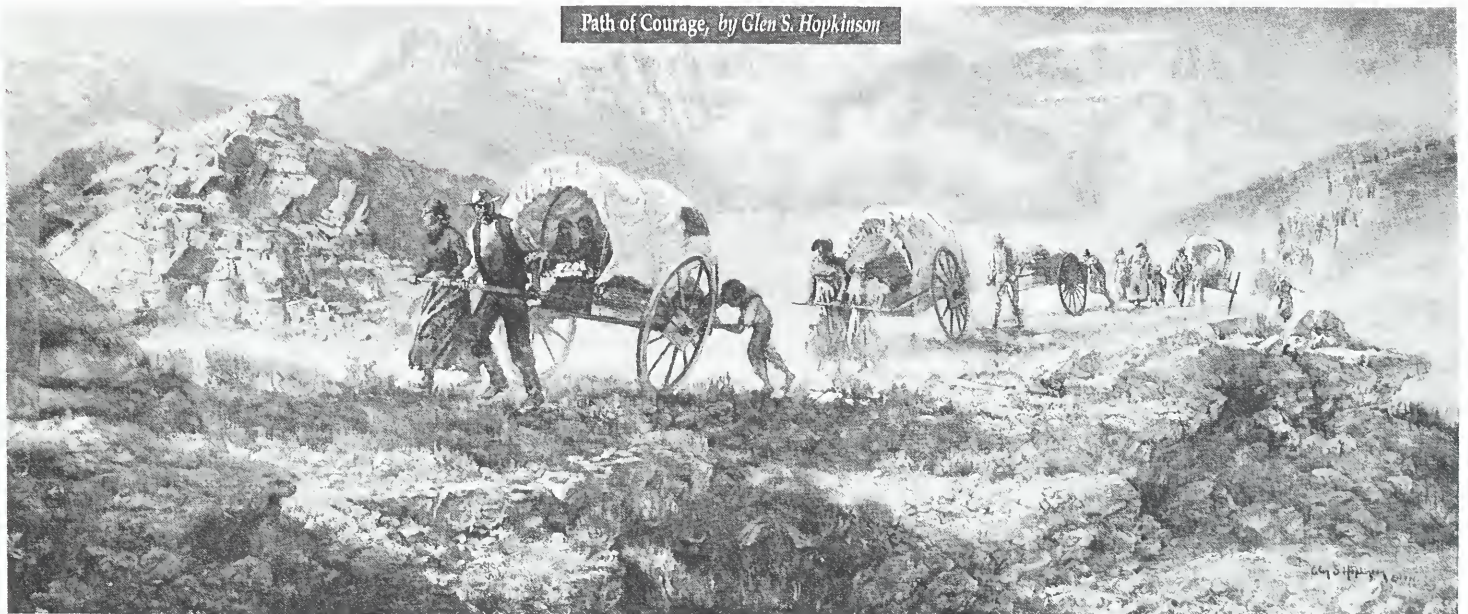
Later, she went to Hyrum, Utah. There, she met Rasmus Jensen, some 25 years older than she. They were married 22 November 1869 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Maren was his second wife and reared his second family of 10 children, 5 sons and 5 daughters. They lived in Hyrum until Rasmus died 22 October 1894. He was buried in Hyrum, Utah.

On 1 June 1896, Maren's oldest living son, Alfred Waldamer Jensen, loaded his mother, his brothers and sisters into their wagon and moved them to Rexburg, Idaho. Some of his half-brothers had moved there, and had told them to come. They homesteaded in Hibbard.

Maren lived there alone with her family. Her son, Waldamer, was just 17 years old at the time. He built their home, cleared the land, did the farming, and helped his mother take care of the family. Maren was a visiting teacher and enjoyed going to church. She was a great cook - she is still remembered for her cookies and little cakes full of fruit that she made. Every afternoon Maren served tea, and cake or cookies. When they lived in Utah, all the ladies would dress up every afternoon and have tea at one-another's homes. Maren also did this in Hibbard. She loved flowers and it has been told that she was the only lady in Hibbard with a flower garden at that time. She shared her flowers with everyone.

As Maren's children were married one by one, she lived alone in her home in Hibbard until her death 10 November 1924.

This history was submitted by Karen Jensen Bell. Maren Swensen is Karen's and Julee Jensen Peterson's great grandmother.



Between 1856 and 1860, ten Latter-day Saint handcart companies pushed and pulled across the rugged American Plains as they journeyed to the Salt Lake Valley. These often poor Saints could make the 1,300-mile trek west in three to four months. Nearly 3,000 pioneers successfully reached the valley through this mode of travel.



Alfred Waldemar Jensen was born 3 August 1877 in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah - the son of Rasmus Jensen and Mary R. Swensen. His father married twice. His first wife was Louisa Christena Nielsen and they were the parents of 5 children. He then married Mary Swensen and they had 10 children. He was the 5th child of the second marriage and the last of the family to pass away. As a young boy, he worked in Montpelier on a ranch owned by Will Graham. While there, his father passed away and due to the communications of the time, he was not notified of it until some time later. He came to Rexburg when he was 19 years old and purchased 160 acres of land. He then returned to Hyrum, Utah and brought his mother, brothers and sisters here and set about constructing a log home for them. In later years, he sold 40 acres to Harry Rock and 40 acres to David Rock, his brothers-in-law. In 1899 F.A. Paraker and Walter, in the month of May, quarried rock for the Hibbard Ward meeting house. Justin Knapp furnished them with tools. The rock was hauled by members of each family in Island Ward and some from Rexburg Ward. The following winter, J.A. Parker, P.P. Parker, Josiah and Jim Hendricks, Jared, James, David and Harry Rock and Walter set out to get logs for lumber. In the summer these logs were sawed and hauled to where the church now stands. While they were getting logs S.W. Clements, Bishop Hibbard, E.P. Clements, Fritz Pfof, J.C. Jesen, Charles Saurey and Nick Sommer were at Warm River getting out some of the logged lumber. In the winter of 1901 they had the church house far enough along by Christmas to have a dance there. Canvas was nailed over the windows and nail kegs and planks were arranged for seats. The following September the church house was completed all except paint. In 1900 Walter came to John R. Clay's home and there he met Emma Clay, daughter of John R. and Isabelle Adams Clay. Emma was born 17 March 1880. This meeting led to a courtship and 2 years later, on 8 October 1902, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They were honored at the first dance in the new church house. They made their home in Hibbard and from this union 2 daughters and 4 sons were born. Arletta (Mrs. Frank Herron), Harold, LaVon (m. Edna E. Berger), Leonard, Glen (m. Venice Poulsen), and Isabelle. Two of the children preceded him in death--Isabelle died 8 days after birth and Leonard was killed in a car accident 1 February 1933 while returning to Rexburg from Pocatello where he had participated in a Ricks College basketball tournament. In 1916, they homesteaded a dry farm in Dubois and lived there for 3 years. He then sold the farm for \$1.25 an acre and they moved back to their home in Hibbard. He spent years as the watermaster on the Consolidated and Island Ward Canal. He was also janitor of the Hibbard school. Alfred Waldemar came from a devout religious family, his father was converted and baptized by missionaries in Denmark in 1853. Before emigrating in 1859 to this country, he gathered some of the records of his ancestors and living kinsfolk. These have proved very valuable. Waldemar was active in the Church and was president of the Mutual for many years. He loved to take part in shows, he delighted in calling for square dances. He loved to sing and when he gave readings, he put his whole heart and soul into it. That deep feeling carried over and many a heart was warmed and a discouraged person made to feel glad. He was ordained a High Priest by Oswald Christensen 12 May 1935. He enjoyed assisting in the Temple in the baptismal work. He honored his Priesthood and had a strong faith in prayer. In his home he was administered to many times and the power of the Lord has been made manifest in his family's behalf. In 1940, he suffered a heart attack and from that time on he had to slow up in his work. In 1959 he suffered a stroke, losing the use of his voice. He continued to grow weaker and 16 July 1960, he passed away. He was a hard worker and honest to a fault, a

devoted Latter-day Saint, a good neighbor, a kind, loving and devoted husband, father and grandfather. He left behind his wife, 4 children, 8 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren to mourn his loss.

This history was submitted by Karen Jensen Bell. Alfred Waldemar is Karen Jensen Bell's and Julee Jensen Peterson's grandparents. LaVon (Tobe) Jensen is Karen and Julee's father.



Emma Clay Jensen was born 17 March 1881 in Oxford, Idaho. She was the second of 12 children born to John R. and Isabelle Adams Clay. She had 5 brothers and 6 sisters. At the age of 3 she and her family moved to Alma, Wyoming, where her father went to work in the mines. When her brother, Samuel, became 15 years old, he also went to work in the mines and shortly after there was an explosion which took his life. With sadness, the family left and traveling by a team of horses settled in Randolph, Utah. Her father bought 20 acres of unclaimed land. The whole family had to help in clearing the sagebrush from the land. She tells how the Indians came to their home many times begging for clothes and food.

When she was about 14 years of age she was employed by a rancher on a large cattle ranch. She worked there for 3 years. She received \$3.00 a week and her board and room. She recalls that the people were very good to her. One night their ranch caught on fire and was completely destroyed. This ended her job there.

When she was about 18 years old her family moved to Rexburg, Idaho. They came by horse and wagon and brought their livestock with them. It took 9 days to make the trip. At times the weather was stormy and they had to build sagebrush fires to dry their clothing and bedding. When they finally arrived, her father bought another 20 acre plot of sage covered ground which the family helped to clear. There was a small shack with a straw and dirt roof on it. and that was their first home in Idaho. Her father soon built them a house to live in. She walked into Rexburg every day, wading the river, and worked doing washing and cleaning for people. They soon became acquainted with all their neighbors, and in 1900 Walter Jensen, Cecil Clements, Leo Jacobs, and Walter Muir came to their home where Walter met Emma. This meeting led to a courtship, and 2 years later on 8 October 1902, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They were honored at the first dance in the 'new' church house in Hibbard which Walter had helped to build. During that winter they made many trips to the timber bringing down logs by bobsleds and when spring came they built a home. From this union 2 daughters and 4 sons were born: Arletta, Harold, LaVon (Tobe), Leonard, Glen and Isabelle. In 1916 they homesteaded a dry farm in Dubois and lived there for 3 years. They then sold the farm for \$1.25 an acre and they moved back to their home in Hibbard. Emma always had and enjoyed a large garden and raspberry and strawberry patch. She also did a lot of crochet work. She always had a large and beautiful flower garden. She went Relief Society teaching for many years, and for many of those years went by horse and buggy or walked. She always told of fording the rivers to do her teaching. They would pack a picnic lunch, take all of their children, and be gone all day. She was sustained as one of the counselors in the MIA when it was first organized in the Hibbard Ward. She always loved to sing. She and her sister Sarah used to sing together at Church and social functions.

And she always sang to her grandchildren in later years. She also belonged to the Hibbard Ward Choir. She never tired of playing with her grandchildren and of telling them stories. Karen said that one of the most special dolls she ever had was a rag doll that her Grandma Emma made with yarn hair, and Grandpa painted the face on. Emma liked to go fishing and she took her children fishing down at the river many times. LaVon said the first time he can remember ever going with her, she stashed him up by a slough that was close to the river so that if he fell in, it wouldn't be too deep. Then she went down by the river and caught quite a few fish. LaVon didn't catch too many in the slough! Her home and heart were always open to all her neices and nephews and her children's friends. Emma always liked and appreciated everyone that came to see her. In 1964, she fell and broke her hip and was confined to a wheelchair. Her sister, Alice Bush, stayed with her for a year at this time, then Thelma Clements stayed with her for 6 years. Her daughter Isabelle died 8 days after birth. Her son Leonard was killed in a car accident 1 February 1933, while returning to Rexburg from Pocatello where he had participated in a Ricks College basketball tournament. Her husband, Walter, died 16 July 1960 following a stroke. Her son Harold was taken ill and died of a heart attack 22 September 1964. On 13 July 1966 her son, Glen, suffered a heart attack and died. Although she suffered much from the loss of her family, she always managed to remain cheerful. Emma was a beautiful example of kindness and love. She passed away 5 May 1974 at the age of 93.

This history was submitted by Karen Jensen Bell. Emma Clay Jensen is Karen's and Julee Jensen Peterson's grandmother.



"Daniel Johnston was a celebrated clergyman of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The year was 1817, the place - the villages surrounding Lisburn in Northern Ireland. Daniel and his teenage daughter Jane had set out upon their yearly preaching circuit. Thousands of truth seekers flocked to these religious revivals to hear the fiery Irishman preach the word of God.

This year (1817) was to be the last time this noted pair traveled the circuit together, but it marked the beginning of a career of religious service for Jane Johnston that would last for 73 more years.

Jane Johnston was a short woman with light brown hair and icy-blue eyes that reflected her ambitious personality and made her one of the most popular and sought-after young women of the area. When Jane's father died suddenly in 1817, she was left in the care of a long-time friend, William Black; but the Methodists on her father's circuit would not stand for a different preacher, and they demanded that Jane be their pastor, though she was only 16 years old. The love of God burned deeply in this young woman's heart, and she gladly accepted the opportunity of being the preacher for these sincere Wesleyans. She faithfully served them for over 4 years until she was married to William Black, Jr., and the responsibilities of motherhood took her from the pulpit.

As the years passed, Jane and William often seriously contemplated the principles of the gospel of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament. Their search for truth had led them to help organize a new sect called the 'New Methodist Connexion', but even there they were not fully satisfied. Jane was an earnest student of the Bible and often said that there seemed to be no church on the face of the land that taught the gospel of Jesus in its purity.

William, a weaver by trade, saw his home business destroyed by the industrialization that transformed the British Islands in the 1830s and 1840s. Without money to feed his growing family, they left Ireland for Manchester, England, the home of the textile industry, where they continued their search for the true church of Christ, earnestly investigating many religions. When rumors of a strange religion from America taught by two missionaries began to spread throughout the city, Jane anxiously sought out the missionaries, and they invited her to a meeting that evening in the cellar of a man named Paul Harris.

The cellar was crowded with the curious as Jane and her husband crowded into the meeting to hear these two messengers, who were certainly no better dressed than their listeners. William Clayton and Joseph Fielding proclaimed the restoration of the gospel to a living prophet, and when the meeting had concluded, Jane and William requested baptism.

Their large house offered shelter to scores of missionaries who labored in the Manchester area, among them John Taylor and Brigham Young.

It was not long until William was called on a mission to Ireland with John Taylor, and Jane and her four teenage children were left without means of support. Like many faithful LDS wives who have been without their husbands, Jane looked toward God to see them through; and the family did not suffer. While William was still on his mission, Jane and her sons set sail for Nauvoo.

En route, a tremendous storm struck. In the middle of the tempest when all seemed lost, Jane gathered her sons around her and they prayed mightily to the Lord for deliverance. After the prayer, her son William, Jr., arose and spoke in tongues. The interpretation, given to Jane, was that they would have a 'safe landing'. And they did, even though they saw another ship, struck by the same gale, break up and go down with all hands.

Jane and her sons were among the thousands of British Saints who came pouring into Nauvoo in 1840. News of her kindness and hospitality had preceded her by way of letters from the missionaries laboring in England, and she was warmly received by the Prophet Joseph.

At some point earlier she had studied obstetrics, and through the course of her 90 year life she reportedly delivered more than 3000 babies without losing a single child or mother. She never required payment but accepted only provisions offered to support her and her family while her husband labored in the ministry. In addition to her skills as a midwife, Jane was endowed with an abundance of bravery. Never once while she lived in Illinois did she shrink away from the mobs. During the evacuation of Nauvoo, William was in Canada, but their sons

fought in the battle of Nauvoo, Jane carrying water to the defenders. When the city was finally surrendered to the mob, Jane and her 3 sons pulled their loaded wagon to the icy Mississippi. In Montrose, where they joined the cold, destitute Saints camped on the banks of the river, Jane had a tent put up and women in labor were brought to it. Many years later she recorded that she had delivered several babies that night.

Another incident from the Illinois period - when the Saints were being disarmed in Montrose, one man rode up to her and demanded whether 'she had any kind of a firearm on her person. She looked at him with fire in her eye and contempt in her soul and, at the same time, she drew from her bosom a small six shooter and said, 'Do you want it'? 'Indeed I do,' was the reply. 'Captain, I am serving notice on you that I intend using it before giving it to you. Now do you think you want it'? He gave her a piercing glance and replied, 'I guess not', and rode on.' After moving to Manti several years later, Jane was confronted by an Indian brave in war paint. The Indian asked her for something she did not have; and to manifest his contempt, he spat into her frying pan of meat. Her Irish blood boiled. She grabbed an oak stick standing by the fireplace, broke it over his head, and chased him out of the house 'punching him every step with the broken end.' A few days later he returned with his head bandaged and congratulated William on his 'brave squaw'.

On many occasions it was not bravery that saved the Black family but quick thinking. As she and her sons prepared to leave Montrose, Jane started to dig up the guns which she had hidden under the wagon when several men on horseback surrounded the wagon. They asked what she was doing under wagon. She smiled and replied, 'You know we Mormons have the power to resurrect. I am now in the act of resurrecting'.

The leader of the mob roared with laughter saying, 'She is only a crazy Irish woman. Let us be moving'.

Jane Johnston Black was a pioneer woman with a conviction of the truthfulness of the gospel that motivated her to act even in the face of tremendous odds. They were among those who settled southern Utah in 1861. Both Rockville and Manti were their homes, and William died in Rockville in 1873. Jane moved to Deseret Utah, where 2 sons, William and Joseph, were living. She died there at the age of 90 in 1871."

The above history was submitted by KIM BLACK. Jane Johnston is Brother Black's great-great grandmother.



"In the little town of Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, near the New York border, the wedding of Elisha Whiting Jr. and Sally Hulett took place on 18 September 1806. They became the parents of 12 children, and ancestors of a very numerous family of descendants. Their 3rd child was Edwin Whiting. His mother Sally was a wonderful woman - she and her husband

Elisha were among the most respected citizens of the several towns where they lived. She joined the LDS Church some time before he did. At one time he was very much opposed to the church. Then he became very ill, and his wife Sally asked him if he wanted the Elders to administer to him. At first he refused. He grew worse. Once more she asked him to let the Elders come. He could not speak by now, but she felt sure he was willing. They administered to him, and he improved immediately and was able to speak. Four days later he was baptized. They both continued faithful members until their deaths.

Elisha was a wagon and chair maker at the time they were living at Far West Missouri. He had purchased new lumber for his trade. One day when he was not at home a mob came on horses and saw his wife Sally sick in bed. They gave her children just 20 minutes to move her out of the house before they burned it. The children placed her on an old straw mattress and pulled her out of the house into the cornfield. The mob came back and burned not only the house but all the material Elisha had bought for making wagons and chairs.

When their son Edwin was 6 years old, the family moved to Ohio, which was then on the Western frontier. His education was limited but he loved the out-of-doors. From his father he learned the chair making trade. At 24 he married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson, a well educated school teacher.

In 1837 Edwin and his wife, his father and mother and some of his brothers and sisters joined the church and made their home in Kirtland Ohio. It was here that their trials, hardships and persecutions began and it took true manhood and womanhood and faith in God to endure it all. They were forced to leave their new comfortable homes and furniture, orchards and lands in Kirtland, and with only their clothing and a few valued relics, travel the hard road to Far West Missouri. They were there just long enough to build a new home when the mob, several thousand strong, ordered them out. Nearly every house in the village was burned. Edwin's wife Elizabeth later told how she sat on a pile of bedding far into the night with her little daughter Emily Jane in her arms, watching the big bonfire the mob had made with their fences and the select wood from her husband's chair shop.

Once more they were forced to flee, this time to Illinois. In a few years they were established in Morleys settlement in Illinois. Once again a mob drove them from their home, and they took refuge in Nauvoo. There Edwin was appointed Colonel in the Nauvoo Legion, and was an active worker in the church. When the Saints were forced to leave Nauvoo in 1846, Edwin and his family moved to Mt. Pisgah (now known as Talmadge) Iowa. There they stayed to prepare for their journey across the plains. While they were at Mt. Pisgah the dreaded cholera struck down Edwin's father and mother, his brother and his own little daughter. On the south side of the monument dedicated to those who died there are carved the names of Elisha Whiting, Sally Whiting, and Emily Whiting, the child. So many of Emily's family were sick at one time, that there was no one well enough to get the sick ones a drink. But even in those times, they still had faith and rejoiced in the gospel, feeling the Lord was with them.

In April 1849, the survivors of sickness and exposure started across the plains in Isaac Morley's company. They fought Indians, had their cattle stampeded, suffered for lack of proper food, but though tired from the long and tedious trek, still they went on. After they reached the Black Hills a snow storm came, and for 3 days they were shut in. Many of their cattle died, and perhaps they too would have perished had not teams and provisions sent by Pres. Brigham Young come to their aid. On 28 October 1849, they reached Salt Lake City. It seemed to them a real haven of rest, and they were thankful the long journey was at an end.

But his rest was of short duration, for in a few days Edwin Whiting and others were called to settle a new place, now known as Manti. Again in their wagons for 3 weeks to reach their journey's end, because they had to build their own roads. They arrived in Sanpete Co. 1 December with almost nothing to eat, no food for their cattle, no shelter to keep them warm, and cold weather upon them. They made

dugouts on the south side of the hill where the Manti Temple now stands. It was a severe winter with snow so deep that the cattle nearly all perished, and the settlers almost starved for lack of food. Yet to keep peace, they had to share their scanty supply with the Indians.

President Young promised to send provisions and help. When none came, Edwin Whiting and Orville Cox put on snow shoes and with a little parched corn in their pockets for food and their bedding on a sleigh, started the long way to Salt Lake City for help. When they reached Nephi Canyon they met the help President Young had promised - completely snowbound with their cattle dead and wagons all but covered in snow. Edwin gave them a sleigh on which to put the leaders' wife, to Manti. He and his companion put their quilts on their backs and walked on to Salt Lake City and reported conditions to Pres. Young. He sent aid immediately through the winter snows.

Later, during the Indian trouble known as the Walker War, Edwin was a captain of militia. Twice the Indians drove off his cattle and stole his belongings. He also served a 2 year mission to the east. While he was away the grasshoppers devoured the crops at home. As the family was about to perish from starvation a patch of pig weeds grew miraculously and provided them sustenance. The Indians declared that never had pigweeds grown there before, nor have they grown there since.

While he lived in Manti, Edwin was among the foremost men in the community in religious and civic affairs. He was counselor to the Stake President, Major of Manti, from 1857-1861 and a member of the territorial legislature for 2 terms. He moved to Springville Utah in 1861. There he grew fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers. He left one of the largest families in Utah. By the thousands they honor him today. He was thrifty, honest and charitable, but never accumulated great riches. He died at Mapleton Utah 9 December 1890 at the age of 81 years.

In the archives of the geneological society in Salt Lake City is a pedigree of 70 of Edwin's ancestors. It shows that Edwin Whiting was closely related to notable characters in church and national history. Holding cousinship with Presidents Ulysses S. Grant and Grover Cleveland, Joseph Smith Jr., President Lorenzo Snow, Elder Joseph F. Merrill and Bishop Edwin Partridge.

The above history was submitted by JANITA BLACK. Edwin Whiting is Jan's great-great grandfather.



Cecil Thomas Clements was born 6 June 1883 in Logan, Utah to Eugene Prentiss and Bertha Estelle Nichols Clements. He was the second son. After the family was sealed in the Logan Temple in 1884, they moved to Rexburg where his father ran a blacksmith shop. In 1886 they moved to Camas where they ran a blacksmith shop. Cecil wrote in his history: "We moved back to Rexburg from Camas in 1888, the year the Bannock Stake Academy was started, and although I was only 5 years old, Father wanted to support the school, and had Lester and I go. I went there until we moved to the farm." They were so far from school that his mother, being a school teacher, taught a few children at home. Later, a school was built, but because of the farm work the boys were always late starting in the fall and had to quit early in the spring to help. Cecil told how, when he started school, they would always start at the beginning of the book and go over the same thing every year. Quoting: "In the fall of 1901, I started again at the Academy, then known as the Fremont Stake Academy. It was first known as Bannock Stake Academy, then Smith Academy for just a short time, then Fremont Stake Academy, Ricks Normal College and now is known as Ricks College. I graduated from the 8th grade in May 1903. That year I began a High School course. The Academy was then offering a two year high school course. In the spring of 1905 the Superintendent of Church Schools met our class to ascertain the number who would return if they were offered a four year course. Most of the class promised to return and the 1907 class was the first four year graduates from Ricks Academy. The last three years I was President of our class". He was always teased about being Senior Class President 3 years in a row! After he graduated he was Alumni President for some time. His father was 1st Counselor to the first Bishop of Hibbard and Cecil was 1st Counselor to the second Bishop of Hibbard, Bishop Joseph E. Rigby. He was in the Bishopric before he was married. He was in several Bishoprics. He was Water Master for many years. He was loved by everyone who knew him.

A quote from his history that tells how he learned early about prayer: "I learned while very young that the Lord hears us when we pray and very often in unusual ways, answers our prayers. About the time we moved out on the farm, father took a small buckskin mare with 2 colts of her own, one a colt and the other a yearling, and another yearling mare colt, across the Snake River west of Plano. There were hundreds of horses ranging in the lava beds out there. In the fall Father could not find them. The next year was the same. By the time Lester and I were old enough to ride, Father would have us ride looking for them, as different ones would report they had seen them, that little buck skin mare and colts. Lester and I had made several trips during the second and third years, but never had we seen anything of our horses. The 1st trip we prayed that the Lord would help us get the long lost horses. But we saw nothing of them and came home again that night discouraged. It was after dark when we got home and Father had gone to a water ditch meeting up in North Salem. He returned home about midnight and woke us and asked us if we had found the horses and we told him "no" we had seen nothing of them. He asked us if we had prayed that we might find them. We told him we had. He said, "I thought so. When I got home they were standing in the street at the corral gate. I opened the gate and they are in the corral now". We got out of bed and with Father thanked our Heavenly Father for hearing our prayer and causing the horses to come home without troubling us to drive them. It was not the way I expected our prayer to be answered, but answered it was, in the Lord's way. Instead of the little buckskin mare and two colts, she had had three more, making five. The yearling mare had two colts of her own, making a total of nine".

This history was submitted by Venese Clements Bowen. Cecil Thomas Clements is her Father.



Minnie Irene Anderson was born in Rexburg, Idaho 17 December 1886. She was the first child of Olaf Shenstrum and Marian Bell Anderson. A quote from mother's history: "There were very few houses in Rexburg when my father came. He said that where Rexburg is now, was all covered with bunch grass. The growing season was shorter and many crops and vegetables common here now would not grow then. At first, alfalfa would freeze and I remember how proud father was when he raised some corn and was able to have it ripen. He shared that seed with others. How the Lord has blessed this country and how beautiful it is today. I am so thankful to be living in this wonderful garden spot. The pioneer homes were usually made of logs, chinked with mud, one or two rooms with the roof of willows and dirt. The early homes had no floors, only the earth packed hard. The windows were of muslin, which was sometimes oiled to make it more transparent. Interiors were usually white-washed with lime. In one room of our house, they made a floor by sawing blocks thin and filling in the space with pegs to hold the blocks together. I often said that Papa came to Rexburg in 1883 and Mother in 1884, they were married in 1885, and I was born in 1886. That makes me a pioneer".

"In the early settlement of Rexburg, a number of people moved here that did not belong to the Church. They passed a law that our people could not vote so these outsiders were in control at that time, and they were all antagonistic toward us, so the Church leaders decided to start a school of our own, and in 1888 the school opened".

Irene went a couple of years but it was so far to walk (she lived on 1st North between 2nd and 3rd West), and by the time she was older, members could vote again and the teachers were LDS and so she went to public school and was in the 1st 8th grade graduating class in Rexburg Public School.

Cecil and Irene met at Ricks Academy. They were married 10 June 1908 in the Salt Lake Temple. Cecil taught school some and he and his brothers filed on some dry farm land and it was called Clementsville. Irene was the Postmistress there. It is still called Clementsville. They lived at Clementsville and had a farm here in Hibbard too, and when the children got older, they felt they needed Primary and Sunday School, etc., and so they moved back to Hibbard to farm and stayed.

Cecil and Irene held many positions in the Church. They were Temple Officiators in Idaho Falls for several years and enjoyed that assignment so much. Cecil passed away 1 July 1961. Irene lived alone and went to the Temple alone for a few years. She died 9 June 1978.

They memorized little memory gems when they went to the Academy. One that was quoted often:

"Every wave of influence set in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We must be wary then, who go before
A Myriad yet to be.
One mistake can wreck unnumbered barques
That follow in our wake."

The waves of their influence have extended and widened. They raised 12 children, Nina Ricks is #1 and Venese Bowen is #12. They have 67 grandchildren 273 great-grandchildren, and 169 great-great-grandchildren. There have been 5 couples and 83 missionaries that have served full-time missions (not counting stake missions). Their influence has been felt through their direct descendants who have lived or served missions in 40 states and 26 foreign countries.

The above history was submitted by Venese Clements Bowen. Cecil and Irene Clements are her parents.



"My history in the Church begins not so many years ago. When I was about 10 years old, my sister was attending a school in Washington D.C. She had an LDS roommate. My mother also had a friend who was LDS, but completely inactive. My sister was somewhat rebellious, so my mother hoped that any religion would help her. My mother borrowed as many book from her inactive friend as she could, hoping to encourage my sister's interest. My sister didn't stay interested but my mother read them all - 'Book of Mormon', 'A Marvelous Work and a Wonder', 'Doctrine & Covenants', and various other books. Shortly after she completed her reading, the missionaries tracted out our family. My mother greeted them at the door with 'Yes, I want to know more. I've already read the Book of Mormon, etc., etc.' We had the discussions several times, over the next few years. But we were very active Lutherans and all our family and friends were very opposed to the Church. My mother kept waiting and hoping that my father would desire to be baptized also, but our minister convinced him that the Church was wicked. My mother was a very heavy coffee drinker and when she heard of the Word of Wisdom, she knew she could not possibly give it up. The next morning, she came downstairs and put on the coffee and had no desire to drink it. She thought that was ridiculous and tried to drink some and it was completely repulsive to her. She never craved it from that day forward. Finally, after about 3 years of investigating, my mother decided to go ahead and be baptized. Her oldest brother had joined the Church in the meantime also. My mother and I entered the waters of baptism on 3 January 1970. I was 12 years old. My father was baptized just 3 years ago and on 6 September 1997 he went to the Temple for the 1st time and he and my mother were finally sealed in the House of the Lord. My younger sister was also baptized when she turned 8. My parents are Irvin Kenneth Georg and Melda Eileen Opel Georg.

In doing extensive geneology work, other ancestors have turned up that have joined the Church. Two sisters joined the Church during the time of the exodus from Nauvoo. They left Maryland in the middle of the night on a train to avoid the intense persecution, and their father would tear up their letters home before they were ever read by any of the family.

One other item - a great-great-great grandfather Melchior Brenneman in 1659 was imprisoned in Switzerland for his belief in the Amish religion. My grandfather - Simon Opel - declared he would not be baptized in any Church until he found one that had the proper authority. He died before the gospel found him, but his baptism has been done for him by proxy. We are proud of our heritage of strong religious people even though they weren't Mormon pioneers. The lives they led and choices they made, made it possible for my mother and I to embrace the Gospel when it was presented to us."

The above history was submitted by Margaret Brown.



Henry Rhoades came to America in 1747 on the English ship "The Williams". He brought his wife and brother from Germany. His original name was Heimlich Roesch. The customs official said it was too hard to pronounce, so it became Henry Rhoades. He was involved in the Minute Men of the Revolutionary War. He became good friends with Daniel Boone, and they were promised land if they would clear the Cumberland Gap and land surrounding. Henry spent 20 years and hard labor to clear the roads and farmland. When the government came and took the land back, he left the area and said he would never return. He settled in the Illinois area.

His son Daniel is the father of Thomas F. Rhoades. Thomas became a member of the church in Edgar County Illinois. When the Saints were being prepared to move west, he went to Brigham Young and said he would go on ahead with about 200 members. He said he would go to California and if the Saints settled somewhere else he would bring back them back to where they were. On the trail they joined the Donner Party until they reached the Rocky Mountains. The Donners went southwest and the Rhoades went northwest and on through Idaho and to the San Francisco area. After they reached the Bay area, the Donner party was in need of help and two of Thomas's sons went to help bring them out.

While they were waiting for news of the Saints, Thomas's wife Elizabeth and his daughter were doing laundry in the stream on Sutters land. They found some gold and went to John Sutter to ask about it. He told them they could keep any gold they found if they would not tell anyone because he knew it would cause a gold rush. They continued to get gold and Thomas sent word to Brigham Young. The church was in need of money, and so Thomas told the Prophet that he would bring the gold to Salt Lake. In 1849, when everyone was headed for California, he and other members were headed for Salt Lake. It was recorded that he carried a 60 pound bag of gold under his wagon plus other amounts which he gave to Brigham Young. In exchange for the gold, he was given some property, some animals, and some food to get started with in the Valley.

Brigham Young and Thomas Rhoades were friends with Chief Wakara. They made a pact with him to keep peace. He led them to an area where there were some gold mines. He told them that one of the mines was a sacred mine. It had been revealed to the Indians that it was to be saved for the people of the Lord. It was agreed that if they would keep it secret that they could use the gold as Brigham Young thought it necessary. Thomas was the one who would go and get the gold and deliver it to Brigham. This went on for some time as the Temple was being built. The gold in the Salt Lake Temple which can be seen in the woodwork and other areas is from that mine. Henry's son Caleb had mined some of one of the other mines. He found evidence of the Spanish explorers. He was told that he must keep it secret and never told anyone where the location was.

Thomas settled in Camas, Utah with 25 other families and was faithful in the church all his life and happy with the blessings he had. Thomas's son is John Joseph Rhoades, who is the father of Eva Rhoades Bryan (Stewart Bryan's grandmother). Eva Rhoades Bryan is the mother of Bruce Alton Bryan, Stewart's father (grandfather to Joseph, Jacob, Holly, Jonathan and Joshua Bryan).

This history was submitted by Susan S. Bryan (Stewart's wife). The material for this history is found in the book "Footprints In The Wilderness, A History of the Rhoades Lost Gold Mine".



LARS CHRISTIAN CHRISTENSEN

Lars Christian Christensen was converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and joined the church on April 6, 1856. His brother, Jens and sisters, Karen and Johanna, also joined. Lars elected to come to America from his native home in Hammer, Aalborg, Denmark, when he was about 36 years old. On Emigration records from the Aalborg Conference, Lars Christian Christensen is listed as a farmer from Aalborg, Denmark. A son, Niels, age 5, is also listed. Records show that Lars left Aalborg on a small fishing boat which took them to Copenhagen where they boarded an English Vessel that took them to Liverpool where they set sail for America on the William Tapscott. This was April 17, 1859. After a 31 day voyage, they landed in New York Harbor and thence took a steamer up to Albany, New York, then to Iowa and finally to Florence, Nebraska, where the Saints picked up their handcarts. Lars and his son, Niels, are listed as belonging to the Rowley Handcart Company with whom they traversed the Great Plains to Utah. They left Florence on June 9, 1859 and arrived in Salt Lake Sept. 4, 1859. There were 235 persons, 60 handcarts and 6 wagons in the company. There were only 5 recorded deaths en route.

The story is told of Niels tired of walking (he was only 5 years old and seldom got to ride on the cart his father was pulling) climbed upon the cart and was severely reprimanded by his father. He laid down on the grass and went to sleep. His father thought he was following behind. Later his Father missed him and started a search. They searched everywhere without any luck. A couple of days later a group of Indians rode up with Niels riding in front of one of the Braves. It took a lot of persuading for them to get Niels off the horse and agree to go with his Father as he liked riding on the horse.

Lars Christian Christensen married Mette Marie Larson, who came across the plains in the same company. The family settled in Plains, Utah, then moved to Cache Valley settling in Hyde Park. They remained in Hyde Park the rest of their lives. Lars and Mette Marie had no children.

In 1875 Lars met and married Kjerstine Jensen, a young woman recently arrived from Denmark. To this couple were born six children, however tragedy followed and only the two oldest sons lived to maturity, the other four either died in infancy or at a very young age and Kjerstine also died at a young age in Oct. 1888. Lars died in Hyde Park in October 1898 at age 75 and is buried there.

Lars Christian Christensen is the Great Grandfather of Wesley Christensen.



KRISTEN Sorensen was born in Tisvilde, Denmark on 21 June 1843. She was the daughter of Jens Sorensen and Pernella Pedersen. Jens Sorensen died at the age of 35 of typhoid fever.

This left Pernella to make a living for her 2 sons and daughter. She knitted sweaters and stockings to sell and worked wherever she could to earn some money. Kristen said she remembered her mother saving the peelings of the potatoes so they could plant them in the Spring. And the potatoes did grow from these peelings! One day Kristen was walking along the street and saw some Mormon missionaries on the street corner. They were singing a beautiful hymn. She was attracted by their singing and the beautiful message they gave. She told her mother about the Mormons, but her mother was upset and told her not to go to any of their meetings. Although she loved her mother very much, she still felt that she had to learn more, so she went to the meetings, without her mother's knowledge.

The time came for her to be baptized. The arrangements were made - she was to be baptized at night after her mother was asleep. Somehow, her mother found out and slept in the same room with her. After her mother was asleep Kristen crawled out through the window, was baptized, and came back without her mother waking up.

When the people of the town found out that she had been baptized, they seemed to look down on her as if she had done something wrong.

She wanted to come to America, but she did not have the money to pay for her passage. The missionaries helped her to find a family that was coming to America. They said if she would help with the children on the boat and also crossing the plains, they would pay for her passage. They needed help as the mother was in poor health.

Kristen's family did not want her to leave. She had an Aunt who was quite well-to-do. She told Kristen if she would forget this nonsense and stay home, she would leave her Estate to her, as she had no children of her own. Kristen said she was not even tempted to stay. She had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel, and she wanted to come to America to be with the Mormon people. (Years later, she was instrumental in getting her mother and family to join the Church).

Kristen crossed the Ocean in a sailing vessel. It took 13 weeks. They were driven only by the winds, and she said that sometimes it seemed like they traveled more backward than forward. Their food supply grew scarce, and many of their meals were composed of dry uncooked rice and hard tack (a biscuit baked very hard). There was much sickness and sorrow on board the ship - 64 died and were buried in the Ocean. They did not have any material to make coffins. They wrapped their dead in a sheet and lowered them into the water. The sharks followed the boat constantly. The boat finally reached America, and all were thankful.

Kristen crossed the plains with an ox team. Because she was young, she walked most of the way, helping push a handcart. The Team Master of Bishop Preston's Company composed a poem - sometimes they sang it to keep up their courage:

In 1864 we started out to meet the poor
We crossed the rivers, rocks, and sands,
To bring the Saints to Zion's land.
Our Captain Preston at the head
The Mormon train he nobly led.
But nothing happened to relate,
Until we came to Devils Gate.
The devil thought to lay his snare,
He thought to keep our cattle there.
The fourth of June we crossed the Platte,
Some places the water went over our back.
Five wagons went in a little low
And rolling down the stream they go.
Our green backs all got wet inside,

As we went down the rolling tide.
Hurrah, my boys, chain up your gaps
The cattle are all coming back,
Fifteen minutes to yoke up in

And then, then, my boys, we are off again.

The hardships were many, but never once was Kristen sorry that she had joined the Church. The man that she helped with his family on the boat and crossing the plains, told her that she would have to pay back her passage to him. She took in washings and did anything she could to earn a few dollars. Although it took quite awhile, she paid back every cent of the money she owed him.

They arrived in Salt Lake City 19 September 1864. She stayed in Salt Lake a short time, then moved to Logan, Cache County, Utah.

She became acquainted with Hans Jorgen Munk and became his 3rd wife. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1865.

Kristen was the mother of 7 children: Eliza Munk Williams, Aaron Munk, Mary Munk - who died at the age of 1 year, Alma Munk, Amanda Munk Smith, Sophia Munk Torbensen, Moses Munk - who only lived 4 years.

Kristen homesteaded 160 acres of land on a farm in Benson Ward. This meant that she had to live on the land and farm it for 7 years, before it could be claimed. She lived there with 3 of her youngest children. The other children were working in Logan. Her husband, Hans, helped when he could, but he spent most of his time with his other 2 wives in Logan. The home in Benson Ward was a one-room cabin with a dirt floor. They burned sage brush in the stove for cooking and heating.

They had cows, and Kristen made butter and cheese, which they sold in Logan. The butter was sold for as little as 12¢ a pound. The roads in the Spring were very muddy and difficult to travel, and in the Summer they were hot and dusty, and in the Winter impassable. It was a long tiresome ride in a wagon to Logan, so the trips were few and far between. Life on the farm was very lonely. There were no close neighbors or friends, and no Church contacts on the Sabbath. Kristen taught the children the best she could.

One Winter they were snowed in and ran out of their supplies. All they had left to eat was some wheat. They did not have anything to grind the wheat with. Kristen prayed earnestly to the Lord for help, and her prayers were answered. That night, she dreamed that an old hand grinder was buried about a mile from the house in the snow. The dream was so vivid that the next morning she told the oldest child, Amanda, to come with her. They took a shovel and together they dug for the grinder, and sure enough, they found an old hand grinder! With the grinder she made flour so she could bake bread. They lived on this until help finally came on horseback with food.

Kristen's youngest child, Moses, was not very strong and was sick most of the time. When Kristen and her children finally moved to Logan, she had a nice home, and things were much easier for her. They moved to Logan 2 weeks before Christmas, and Moses died a week later. Kristen took this very hard, but she never criticized her husband or his other wives. She was an honest, hard-working woman who loved the Gospel and endured to the end. She died in Logan, Utah 7 December 1926 at the age of 83.

This history was submitted to Tammy Ferney - great-great granddaughter of Kristen Sorensen Munk. Amanda Munk was Tammy's great grandmother who lived to the age of 103.



THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE

.....An account of Mary Field Garner is recorded in various places.....so titled and so recorded because she lived to 107 years of age and was recognized as being the LAST living person to have known the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Mary was born at Stanley Hill, Herefordshire, England 1 February 1836, daughter of William Field and Mary Harding Field and Great Grandmother of Leland Garner. Leland distinctly remembers his great grandmother since he was grown before she passed away and he well remembers her sharing the following account with him.....

"Upon hearing a Mormon Missionary, Elder Wilford Woodruff, preach the Gospel in England, my family joined the Church and soon had the desire to be with the Saints in America. With much hard work and sacrifice, we set sail for the new land and the Saints in Nauvoo. The seas were rough and I was seasick for the entire journey. Finally, arriving at beautiful Nauvoo and being greeted by the then happy and prosperous Saints, we felt joy and were excited and grateful to meet the Prophet Joseph Smith. Immediately, we recognized him to be a Prophet of God.

No greater words have ever been uttered by man than the teachings of the Prophet Joseph... 'that man is an eternal being and capable of eternal progression. He is co-eternal with our Father in Heaven.' This principle we had never heard before. Many great things he taught us. We loved listening to his words as they fell from his divine lips in a clear, distinct and intelligent way that we were able to easily understand. We were proud to call Joseph our leader for he was dignified and noble, yet kind and friendly to all. Indians, too, he invited to attend meetings in the Mansion House where he would carefully explain Gospel principles to them. We children thought these brown people to be very different, especially the squaws with their babies hung on their backs. Likewise, I seemed to be a curiosity to the Indians, for they had never seen hair like mine. I had long, red, curly ringlets that hung down my back. One of the chiefs who indicated that he thought my hair was beautiful paid too much attention to it and to me. This made me uncomfortable. Grief struck our family. My father and two of my sisters died, leaving my mother to care for us 6 remaining children. We were poor, as many of the Saints were, and had little besides small amounts of corn meal to eat. Tears would come to mother's eyes as she could see that her children were still hungry after the meager meal. But, we didn't complain for we were grateful to be with the Saints and our beloved Prophet.

Our grief had the grief of others, however, had just begun for the fierce mobs again sought us to take our homes, our belongings and even our lives, if possible. They made all sorts of false accusations against the Saints, particularly against the Prophet and his brother Hyrum and many times demanded their arrest. Each time they proved themselves to be innocent of these accusations, but the angry mobs continued to inflict cruelty upon us and again sought to arrest our beloved Prophet and leaders. I shall forever remember the look of sadness in the eyes of our Prophet as he lingered to look at the beautiful City of Nauvoo, the site of the temple and the Saints as they gathered around him. We were sad as we heard him say, 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men.' They were taken, imprisoned and martyred. I walked behind the crude lumber boxes which held the bodies of our dear Prophet and Patriarch as they were returned to Nauvoo for burial. I saw their bodies and new they had sealed with their blood their testimonies of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

There was confusion after the Prophet's death as to who should be our Prophet and leader. Mother and I were present at the meeting in the Bowery when Brigham Young arose to speak. The baby on Mother's lap dropped a tin cup he was holding. I bent

to pick it up and was startled to hear the voice of the Prophet Joseph. Looking up we saw what looked like the form of Joseph standing before us. There was no doubt in our hearts when we saw the mantle of Joseph fall upon Brigham Young as to who was to be our inspired leader.

The Nauvoo Temple was completed as the Prophet Joseph had commanded and many Saints received their endowments in the temple.

The Prophet Joseph had said that the blood-thirsty mobs would never be satisfied with the taking of his life, but would seek the lives of every person who believed the words of God that he had taught. His words were fulfilled. It soon became evident that the mobs wanted our extermination. There seemed no peace for us in our Nauvoo beautiful.

Brigham Young and the first company of Saints left to travel West in February, 1846. Others followed. Only those of us who were too poor to provide the means of conveyance and provisions to make the journey remained, but not for long. The mobs returned to rob, persecute and murder, to desecrate our sacred Temple and burn it to the ground... then drive us from our homes with scarcely enough food to survive a few days and certainly not enough of anything to keep us warm. To Iowa we must go... across the frozen Mississippi. My Mother picked up the two smallest children and instructed the rest of us to cling to her skirt that, should the ice break, we would all go down together and not one be left to endure the treatment of the wicked mob.

After reaching the Iowa side of the river ...there to be without homes, shelter and soon to be without food, we camped. I shall never forget the cries of hungry and cold children, the groans of the sick and dying and the agonizing of others as they mourned for loved ones who had been murdered. It was here that God heard our cries and sent a countless flock of quail. The birds were so tame we picked them up with our hands. How good they tasted when we cooked them, but we longed for some of the food we had left behind in our homes and in the fields we could see as we looked back across the river.

Many of the Saints went on west. We were still too poor, so we forded the river to Nickerson Island and lived there in a log hut for the rest of the winter. Come Spring we started west with other Saints and went as far as Council Bluffs. There I met William Garner. He was helping his father who had been asked by Brigham to take care of the farms there at Council Bluffs. His father, William, had been the Champion Pugilist in England for several years and was a strong man. He was the first Mormon emigrant, they say, to bring his family across the Atlantic to America and he took care of the Prophet Joseph's farm at Nauvoo.

After starting west again I walked most of the way since there was not enough room in the wagon for all of us at the same time, riding only when I drove the oxen. We had trouble with the Indians driving off our stock and threatening us, but we were kind to them so they didn't hurt us.

Remember the Indian Chief who liked my curly, red hair? He followed on the plains, looked until he found me then asked my mother if he could have me for his squaw. He said he would give her many ponies for me. Of course Mother refused him. He was determined to have me, so followed our camp for many days. Mother hid me beneath a feather bed she placed over some boxes so I wouldn't smother. The chief searched every wagon, even feeling the feather mattress that was over me, but did not find me.

We continued to journey across the plains, experiencing many of the hardships suffered by the Saints before us...hunger, cold and wet from fording streams, treks over steep, rugged and nearly impassible mountain roadways. We buried the dead by the roadside, building fires on their graves, hoping the Indians would not disturb their final resting place. Still we rejoiced because of our knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and our spirits were undaunted, despite the suffering.

Finally we arrived in Emigration Canyon late at night, made camp and went to bed cold and hungry. We awoke to a snow-covered camp. We looked to see Saints from the valley hastening toward us with a hot breakfast of potatoes and gravy, meat and hot bread. Never before, nor since, have potatoes tasted that good.

Though we were still poor we were happy...happy to be with the Saints and away from the heartless mob. With help we built a small log cabin and grubbed sage brush from some land which we began to farm. The crops of 1854 and 1855 failed because of drought and grasshoppers. However, our crops were spared. Gratefully we shared them with the other Saints.

One day a knock was heard on our cabin door. Upon opening the door who should be standing there but the Indian Chief who had followed us on the plains. He still wanted me to be his bride. He sat for three days beside the cabin then asked for me again. He offered my mother many, many ponies, beads and blankets and said he would make me queen of his tribe with a tent of my own and his other squaws as my servants. I refused him, telling him I must stay with my people. I told him to go away and not come back. With lowered head and bent shoulders he went sadly away.

We moved to Slaterville where I again met William Garner. There his father, William Sr. had, having been asked by Brigham Young to do so, established the irrigation system. Without the use of instruments but surveying only with his eye, he had built canals in Slaterville, Cache Valley, Plain City and Hooper, Utah.

William Jr. and I were married at Slaterville, Utah in 1856. We farmed there and were contented. While living in Slaterville five children were born to us. We then moved to Hooper, Utah where five more children were born. There we grew crops and gardens to sustain our family. We planted rye and cut and cradled it before it was ripe to make straw hats which were much needed by our fair complexioned children. Wool was sheared from the sheep after which it was washed, corded and spun into yarn. The yarn was then dyed and woven into cloth. From this we made, by hand, all of our clothing. Stockings and mittens were knitted from the yarn. Washing and all else was done by hand. While the men worked in the field, the children and I herded the cattle to keep them safe from the Indians. Traveling to Salt Lake by wagon and staying three days to attend Conference was spiritually uplifting. It strengthened us and brought us joy. So, you see, not all was work. Socials and dances also lifted our spirits.

My husband was called to fill a mission in England from 1882 to 1884. This was hard for him and us, but realizing it was a call from God and remembering our conversions in England we rejoiced in his faithful service. He died March 19, 1915 in Roy, Utah and until his death bore solemn witness of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

It is said that I am the only living witness to have actually seen and known the Prophet Joseph Smith. I want to bear testimony to the world and especially to every Latter-Day-Saint to the truthfulness of this Gospel as revealed through the Prophet Joseph, that Jesus Christ is the Savior of mankind, that Joseph Smith was a true and living Prophet of God, that he was divinely called of God to establish His true Gospel on this earth in this last dispensation. That he was a true and faithful leader of the Saints and that the principles he advocated were true and correct beyond a doubt, that he lived the Gospel as he taught it to his people. I am grateful that my parents embraced the Gospel, that we came to Zion, that I was permitted to know the Prophet Joseph Smith and to be many, many times in his presence. I did see his body at the time of his martyrdom. I do know that he sealed his testimony with his blood. I testify, too, that Brigham Young was, as were all other presidents of our Church, divinely called and have been true Prophets of God,"

Great Grandmother outlived most of her children, was always alert of mind and continued to fervently bear her unwavering testimony to me and to her over 600 other living descendants.

Mary Field Garner died July 20, 1943, but will long be remembered as 'THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE.'

This history was submitted by Leland Garner. Mary Field Garner is Leland's great-grandmother.



OLE NIELS JENSEN
and
DOROTHEA CHRISTINA FREDERICKSEN

Ole Niels Jensen joined the Mormon church when the missionary's were in Denmark. His father, Niels Jensen, oldest brother Jorgan and sister Pernelle came to America about 1879. They came west and settled in Hyrum, Utah. His mother and the other 7 brothers and sisters remained in Denmark.

Dorothea Christina Fredericksen also joined the church in Denmark. Her father Christian Fredericksen died in Denmark. His last request was for his wife to come to Utah and have the temple work done. Metta Christina, daughters Dorothea and Hannah came to Utah around 1870 and settled in Hyrum. Three married children were left in Denmark. The Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroad joined at Promontary, Utah May 10, 1869. Both families came west by rail to Utah.

Ole and Dorothea met in Hyrum and were married in June of 1873 at Logan. In October they were married in the temple in Salt Lake City. Ole bought land in Hyrum and had a house built, a part was added on later as their family grew. They lived in that house all their married life. They had eleven children, five boys and six girls. The first and third child both boys died at an early age. The other nine children were raised to maturity. There were 38 grandchildren.

Ole was a farmer and worked his property as long as he was able. He had several cows and sold milk to a dairy in Hyrum. He also owned land by the Little Bear River which ran just south of Hyrum, through a narrow valley, which is now the site of the Hyrum Reservoir. He raised alfalfa to feed the cows. He had some fruit trees, every summer he would go to Brigham City and get fruit and sell it in Logan, Wellsville and southern Idaho as far away as Bear Lake. He traveled in a wagon. He homesteaded a 160 acre dry farm in Cherry Creek, in southern Idaho where he raised wheat. He built a log cabin which was later sold to one of his sons.

Ole Niels Jensen and Dorothea Christina Fredericksen are the grandmother and grandfather of June Guidinger, and the great grandfather and great grandmother of Marilyn Sommer. (8-10-97)



In 1761, King George III granted 5,000 acres of land in Upper New York to several Lake brothers, including John Lake. They moved from New Jersey to New York with their families and settled on this land grant.

In the years just prior to the Revolutionary War, there had been boundary disputes between the settlers in New York and New Hampshire. These involved the land grant owned by the Lakes. Ethan Allen was a New Hampshire landowner and, when the courts made rulings on the boundaries which favored the New Yorkers, Ethan Allen organized a group of followers known as "The Green Mountain Boys" and began terrorizing and raiding the lands in dispute. The New Yorkers grew to hate Allen and the Green Mountain Boys.

When the Revolutionary War began, Ethan Allen chose to fight on the side of the colonies. Many of the New Yorkers joined with the British because they refused to fight on the same side as Ethan Allen. When Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga on the Hudson River, many New Yorkers, including the Lakes, joined the British forces.

James Lake, Sr., son of John Lake, enlisted as a private on 6 July 1777 and had served under General Burgoyne for just 93 days when he was taken prisoner at Saratoga on 24 October 1777. He remained a prisoner of war until the close of the war in 1783. In 1783, the Lakes returned to their land grants in New York where they again found themselves a "land war". This time it was because they had been loyal to the British Crown. Several of their homes and possessions, including deeds and other papers, had been burned by the colonists. They were left homeless and destitute. The Crown realized the problems that its loyal subjects were having in the new country. These people who served the Crown were called United Empire Loyalists and were granted land in Canada to compensate for their losses in New York. James Lake, Sr. received land in the township of Ernestown on the north shore of Lake Ontario where he moved with his family in 1793. He and his wife, Margaret Hagerman Lucas had eight children, including James Lake, Jr. When he was five years old, his family moved to Canada.

The following incident occurred about 1822 in Ernestown:

"While clearing land for a home and crops, James Lake, Jr. accidentally struck his left shin with an ax, tearing the flesh and splintering the bone. With each beat of his heart, the blood gushed from the wound. His wife could not stop the blood from flowing. It appeared that he could not survive when a handsome, gray-haired gentleman came into the room. The old man took from his pocket a small bottle, handed it to James and said, 'Just apply this and the bleeding will stop'. He turned and walked out of the room. James called to his wife, saying, 'Follow that man and see where he is going'. She hurried to the door but could not see him. James leg stopped bleeding with the first application of the medicine. He always felt that this man was sent to save his life. Later, when he joined the Church and read the Book of Mormon, he was convinced that the man was one of the "Three Nephites".

In 1825, his growing family required a larger home. Brigham Young, a friend and carpenter, helped him to build his home and barns. Brigham Young and his brothers joined the Church in 1832. His brothers were later sent to Canada on missions. They called upon friends and, from among them, the Lakes were baptized. In July 1833, the Lakes and other families left with Brigham Young for Kirtland, Ohio. James and some of his sons helped with the construction of the Kirtland Temple. They were present at its dedication on 27 March 1836. In 1838, the Lake family left for Missouri. They were only able to travel as far as Illinois as they were forced to stop for food. James rented a farm and remained there until 1844 when they moved closer to the Saints by moving to Carthage. Thus, they missed the carnage in Missouri, but not in Illinois. After the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum, they moved into Nauvoo and helped with the construction of the temple and the Nauvoo House.

They left Nauvoo in February of 1846, crossing the Mississippi River on the ice, and settled at Council Bluffs, where he served as a bishop. He later worked in Missouri for 2 years, accumulating money and supplies for the journey west. When they reached Zion, they made their home in Ogden, where he served as the first patriarch of the Weber Stake.

This history was submitted by Ronald and Helen Hall. James is the common ancestor of both Ronald and Helen: Ronald through his son, Barnabas Lake, and Helen through his son, William Bailey Lake.



Mary Murray Murdoch is the great-great grandmother of Helen Hall. She joined the Church in Scotland. Her son, John Murray Murdoch and his wife, Ann Steele, emigrated to Utah in 1852.

He sent money for his 74 year old, 4'7" 94 pound mother to come in 1856. She traveled in the Martin Handcart Company, accompanied by Ann Steele's brother, James, his wife, Elizabeth Wylie, and their two sons.

The difficulties of the trip were too much for her and she died at Chimney Rock, Nebraska on 3 October 1856. Her last words were, "Tell John that I died with my face toward Zion".

James Steele died in Wyoming shortly after Blane Hendricks' ancestor, Ephraim Hanks, arrived in the camp with fresh buffalo meat. He offered some to James, but he was so weakened, because of giving his own rations away to his family, that he could not eat it and he died shortly thereafter. His wife and 2 children did reach Zion.

These words of "Wee Granny", "I died with my face toward Zion", are immortalized in family history and are somewhat famous in other publications as well. In a current children's pioneer story book, an illustration of a grave marked "Wee Granny" is shown at the bottom of the page. One of our missionaries from California showed Ronald a newspaper article his mother had sent him. It was Wee Granny's story. Many children of this generation have told this story in talks in Primary and Sacrament meeting. One of our relatives happened to visit three different wards one day with her husband who is in a Stake Presidency. In each Ward, she heard the story of "Wee Granny" repeated. "Wee Granny" is an inspiration to all family members and helps us to appreciate all that the pioneers suffered. Their gift to us, freely given, is the gift of faith, made stronger through their suffering. May we never take it for granted, and may we keep the fire of faith strong as we pass it on to those generations who follow us.

/s/ Ronald and Helen Hall



Daniel Robison was born in Franklin County Pennsylvania 21 March 1831, a son of Alexander Robison and Nancy Ellen Waganan. Rachel Smith Robison was born 19 November 1836 in Franklin Co. Pennsylvania, the daughter of Daniel Smith and Catherine Geesman. Daniel & Rachel were married when Rachel was 16 years old. Daniel was converted, baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by a missionary from Utah - Angus M. Cannon - in the year 1854. Rachel did not accept the gospel when Daniel did, but he told her it would be made known to her in due time, which was the true Church. It was understood between them that there would not be any dispute between them about religion. Rachel was a member of the Lutheran Church and was a faithful teacher in the Sunday School. They each went to their own meetings and lived in harmony. Rachel's father and mother both died, leaving 2 small girls - Sabina and Charlotte - which Rachel and her sister Margaret took to raise until their mother appeared and talked to Rachel telling her the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was the true church. converted at once, and was baptized. This angered her brothers, and they took the little sisters away from her and Margaret. They longed to see them and on several occasions they went to their school and waited until they were dismissed for recess. Sabina and Charlotte would run to them and spent a few precious minutes with them.

Daniel & Rachel were married 5 August 1852. They were the parents of 12 children, 6 boys and 6 girls. Seven of their children died in infancy before they left Pennsylvania on their journey to Salt Lake - 6 May 1860. Their 2nd child - Annie Catherine - died 10 October 1857. At Niagara Falls, Agnes, 8 years old died. David, Daniel's brother went to town for the material for the shroud, and 2 of the sisters made it. Brother Harris took the measurements and went to a carpenter shop and had a coffin made. After Agnes was laid in her coffin Brother Karl G. Maeser preached the funeral sermon at about 10 a.m., then a man took her to the Niagara Falls Cemetery, and the train moved on west. They traveled 2,000 miles by rail and wagon. They reached Florence, Nebraska and waited 2 weeks while arrangements were being made for the Handcart Co. Here, their boy Johnie died, aged 3 years old. The handcart company consisted of 240 people, 40 carts, 10 tents, 6 wagons and 36 oxen. The wagons led with the carts in the rear. Each cart had a bow with a canvas cover. It had a tongue $2\frac{1}{2}$ ' long with a cross piece on the end so that 2 people could stand on either side of the tongue, and leaning against the cross piece, they would push the cart instead of pull it. There were 4 to 7 persons to a cart, trudging along day after day in the hot sun. Daniel Robison was appointed captain of the company, which left Nebraska 7 June 1860, and arrived in Salt Lake 27 August 1860. It was one of the last and most successful in its journey. They tried to avoid trouble and Daniel was respected by everyone. Rachel went with one of the wagons, but walked most of the way. Before leaving on the journey, she made a lot of noodles which she shared with the sick. She also made yeast cakes and had light bread all the way. Provisions were measured out once a week to all the families. They became low on provisions and at one time only $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of flour was given a day. At times, water was scarce and they would have to dig wells in low boggy places. At night the carts were placed in a circle and 2 men guarded the oxen till midnight, then 2 more relieved them. When the oxen were brought in the next morning each man was responsible to yoke up their own. After prayer and breakfast, they started on an other days journey. The carts were loaded with bedding and cooking utensils and sometimes children as their feet became very tired. Mothers leading their little children by the hand and barefooted themselves, was very hard to endure. Their journey was very peaceful - several bands of Indians passed but they were not molested by them. One time their food failed to reach them and Daniel

swam the Platte River and arranged for provisions to be sent to the camp. When they arrived at Sweetwater, the bottom of the river was covered with fish. Everyone had all the fish they could eat which was a treat after eating salt bacon all the way. When they reached Green River, they were all taken over on a raft or ferry, except the oxen and they had to swim. They were very low on provisions and became very weak and hungry, when 2 wagons drove up loaded with provisions. They camped 2 days at the mouth of Echo Canyon on the Weber River in Henefer. It was named after the only family living there at the time. Mr. Henefer donated 5 bushels of potatoes, providing they would dig them. The fishing was very good there, so everyone had all the fish and potatoes they could eat. All of the carts, wagons, tents, oxen and everything they used on their journey belonged to the Church and had to be returned when they arrived. Daniel & Rachel located in Farmington and lived there 3 years. Daniel helped dig the rock for the meetinghouse there, which is still standing. They moved to North Morgan in the fall of 1863. Here, they built a log home with small poles and wheat grass for the roof. The chimney was built of rock. The home had 1 small window without glass. A quilt or carpet was hung in place of a door. It had a dirt floor. Fine willows were tied together for a broom. Beds were built out of poles. Blocks of wood were split for chairs, holes were bored in the bottom and round sticks were put in for legs. They used tallow candles for light. Rachel spun yarn for cloth and died it, making enough for 2 suits of clothes for Daniel and son George. She also spun yarn and knit stockings. In the fall, they would make soap and take it to Salt Lake and trade it for fruit to use through the winter. They passed through all the hardships of early pioneer days. The Union Pacific was built in 1868-69, and money became more plentiful, machinery was used on the farm instead of cradles and scythes.

Daneil was counselor to the Bishop in North Morgan for many years, also Superintendent of the Sunday School for some time. He lived an honest life and died after a lingering illness 25 March 1907, at the age of 76. Rachel was President of the Primary for 16 years and counselor to the Stake President for 24 years. She was the mother of 12 children and endured many hardships. She passed away suddenly 4 September 1905, at the age of 69 years. She was survived by 5 children - George, Brigham, David, Margaret and Lucy. Daniel and Rachel's children were: Agnes Ellen, Annie Catherine, John S., George C., Daniel Philander, Rachel Birdie, Brigham Young, Margaret Helen, David A., Samuel Alonzo, Lucy Malinda, and Arta.

The above history was submitted by Pamela Robison Hart. Daniel and Rachel Robison are Pam's great-great grandparents.



To Benjamin and Martha Hanks on their Ohio farm was born in 1826 the 6th of 12 children. He was named Ephraim Knowlton Hanks. At the age of 16 he left home working on Lake Erie driving a team pulling a barge. He also worked as a blacksmith and in 1846 he entered the U.S. Navy and spent 3 years sailing around the world visiting most foreign ports. He returned home

to find his Father had passed away and his older brother had joined a cult called 'Mormons'. His Mother called two ministers to come and straighten out Eph's brother, but they called the Prophet Joseph Smith a thief and a liar. Eph became furious and threw them out of the home. His brother explained the gospel to Eph and he instantly felt the spirit and cast his lot with the Mormons. Mother Hanks asked both boys to leave and never return. They went to Nauvoo where they met with the Prophet Joseph Smith and several of the twelve apostles. Eph was baptized and then ordained a Seventy.

Soon after the Prophet was killed and Brigham Young counceled the Saints to prepare to go West. There was a special feeling of kinship developed between Brother Brigham and Eph that endured throughout their lives. On starting West, while camped at Mt. Pisgah, Brigham Young overtook the company and said the United States had declared war on Mexico and the army would like 500 volunteers. Eph was one of the first to volunteer. At Fort Leavenworth they received their supplies and began the march of 12 August 1846. They reached San Diego in January after one of the longest marches in U.S. history. Discharged 16 July 1847. Eph went to San Francisco and on to Salt Lake City, Utah arriving 16 October 1847.

Many times Brigham Young would test Eph. One day as Eph and a mason were laying up a stone home the Prophet drove up and asked how wide the walls were. Eph said, "8 inches thick", whereupon the Prophet said, "tear it down and make it twice as thick". The mason exploded saying, "you might be a Prophet but you don't know how to build a house", but Eph tore it down and rebuilt it and when a storm came a month later it was one of the few buildings left standing. Another time at a dance, Brigham called Eph to him and said, "go home and shave your beard". Like all strong virile young men of his day, his beard reached his waist. He went home and with scissors and razor he took off everything but a mustache and said he felt like a peeled onion. On arriving back everyone laughed except the Prophet who said to "go back and do it complete", which he did.

Eph had brought 10 saddle horses from California with him and while riding one on a June evening in 1848, he passed 4 young ladies and they commented on how beautiful his horse was. He gave one of the ladies a ride, and soon he and Harriet Decker fell in love. On 22 September 1848 they married and lived on Eph's farm near Mill Creek. Eph loved excitement more than farming and contracted to carry mail from Salt Lake City to the Missouri River. During the next 7 years he made the 1000 mile journey over the plains and mountains over 50 times.

He crossed the plains during winter months as readily as he did in summer and on several occasions ate his pack mule when he became stranded without food or shelter. He had many encounters with the Indians and on one occasion they stripped him and were going to burn him at the stake. He began to play the part of a crazy man, turning somersaults, singing and screaming and they finally let him go as their tradition forbid them killing a crazy person.

Following the commandment of plural marriage Eph took a second wife, Jane Copener, and established her in a home.

In October 1856 Eph contracted to bring a load of fish from Utah Lake to Salt Lake City. He was staying the night with Gerney Brown. At about 1 A.M. a voice said "Ephraim". He said "yes", thinking it was Gerney, but no one answered so he again tried to sleep. This happened twice again. The third time Eph said "yes, yes, what do you want?" He heard a clear voice say that "a handcart company is in trouble. Will you help them?" He quickly dressed waking everyone and Sister Gerney fixed him some food and he left. He reached Salt Lake City, 30 miles away, by daylight and was

met by a messenger President Young had just dispatched to go get him. He was then given a blessing by President Young. He left immediately with a light wagon and supplies. He only went a few miles and the snow was so deep he left the wagon, putting the supplies on the one horse and saddling the other, he went on. He became lost in a terrible blizzard several times, but finally he saw a large buffalo which he killed. He put as much meat as he could on the pack animal and hung the tenderloins in front of his saddle. Several miles later he came upon the Martin Handcart Company. They were in desperate straits and could go no further in the deep snow. Brother Hanks fed them and then went among the group blessing and anointing each. He spent the night removing frozen limbs with his knife and in other cases by his blessing some were healed instantly. Gary Morris's great grandfather Daniel Tyler, one of the stalwarts in the handcart company, was asked by a lady to administer to her husband. Brother Tyler looked at the lifeless form and said, "I cannot administer to a dead man," and then asked Brother Hanks to take care of the deceased. Brother Hanks had them heat some water and washed the man's whole body and then anointed his entire body with consecrated oil. He then commanded the man to breathe and live. The man arose and sang a hymn while his wife ran through the camp shouting "the man who came with the buffalo meat tonight saved my husband". Eph stayed with them until they arrived in Salt Lake City on 13 November 1856.

Also in the handcart company was a Sister Elizabeth Read and her two daughters, Alicia and Thisbe. Sister Read and Alicia pulled the cart and nine year old Thisbe pushed. As Thisbe watched this giant of a man come and help to save them, little did she realize that one day she would be Eph's third wife.

Eph went on several missions for the Prophet traveling twice to California by horseback. He settled Park City, Utah discovering silver there. He then went South to Burrville in Wayne County, Utah and settled in a canyon that is now called Capital Reef and served as a Patriarch. When he was in his seventies, he was thrown from a colt and passed away.

This history was submitted by Blane E. Hendricks. Ephraim and Thisbe Hanks are his Great Grandparents.



Ephraim Hanks responded to a strong spiritual prompting to help rescue survivors of the Willie and Martin handcart companies who were stranded in the snows of Wyoming in 1856. Leaving home immediately, he proceeded eastward alone, at times through waist-deep snow.



Arza Erastus Hinckley was born August 15, 1826, Leeds, Ontario, Canada. When his father became too ill to care for his family, Arza went to live with his Grandfather Arza Judd. In 1836 the Judd Family heard the Gospel and all joined the Church, including Arza and his brother Ira.

In late 1837 the Judds left Canada, crossed the frozen St. Laurence River, wintered in New York State, then went to Kirtland. They continued on to Missouri in 1838. Arza experienced the Missouri persecutions at age 12. When driven out of Missouri by mobs in 1839 the Judds went to Illinois, near Springfield. Arza raised corn for two years to support his grandparents. In 1843 at age 16 Arza went to Nauvoo and was greatly impressed with Joseph Smith. In 1844 he was in the meeting when Sidney Rigdon claimed to be the rightful successor to Joseph as leader of the Church. In 1845 he began working on the Temple in Nauvoo.

In late 1845 Arza and Ira began making plans to go west with the Saints. They went to the Judd's home near Springfield to get an outfit ready to take their grandparents west with them. The Judd's decided, at the last minute, not to go because of age and ill health. The two boys sold the outfit and walked 120 miles back to Nauvoo.

On April 26, 1846 Arza started West, driving a team for Joel Ricks who unknowingly, was to become his future Father-in-law. At the new settlement of Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs) he helped ferry people across the Missouri River.

On July 16, 1846 Arza joined the Mormon Battalion. They marched 200 miles in 10 days to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for supplies and equipment. About August 13 they started the long march to California and reached Santa Fe on October 13. He arrived in Salt Lake the 29th of July 1847, just five days after Brigham Young.

In early fall, 1847 Arza went back to Winter Quarters. He remained in the East for three years. While there he learned the cooper trade. He returned to the Salt Lake Valley in 1850. He served as Brigham Young's personal teamster for quite sometime. He traveled with him throughout the Mormon Settlements.

When word came to Brigham Young, of the plight of the handcart companies caught in the early blizzards in Wyoming, Arza Hinckley was one of the volunteers. He made two trips at the time driving a wagon with supplies to help the destitute Saints.

He married Temperance Ricks Feb. 18, 1857, and started his family. His life was one of moving and helping establish communities, irrigation systems, and even railroads, then moving on to another area. In 1882 Arza was called on a Mission among the Indians in Arizona, so moved his family to Logan to stay with his wifes' parents.

On returning from his Mission in 1884, he was called by President John Taylor to help settle the new village of Rexburg, Idaho. He built a 2 room log cabin and moved his family there in the Spring of 1885. In 1886 Temperance was made Stake Relief Society President over a large area from Blackfoot to Lima, Montana. She held this position for 17 years.

During his lifelong labors in the Church, through many trying scenes, he was truly man for the times. Of his 23 children, 15 grew to adulthood. He had 84 grandchildren'and today, a great and numerous posterity.

(Submitted by Corine Hendricks) Arza Erastus Hinckley is her Great Grandfather. His brother Ira Nathaniel Hinckley is President Hinckleys' Great Grandfather.



As I am a convert to the church, my ancestors were not Mormon pioneers, nevertheless, I am very proud of them for being the pioneers they were in their own right.

I was born on December 3, 1956 in Roanoke, Virginia to John and Patricia Tucker Sites. My sister, Sarah was born seventeen months later. We were raised in Rocky Mount, Virginia. When I was three, my parents were divorced and I along with my mother and sister went to live with my grandparents. After a few years, my mother moved away to get more education...finally ending up with her doctorate degree from Penn State University. My sister and I were raised by our grandparents. They gave us a wonderful childhood. I was involved in 4-H, Girl Scouts, and was a volunteer at the local hospital. I was a member of the Episcopal Church. I attended schools in the Rocky Mount area and graduated from Franklin County High School in 1975.

Prior to graduating, I first learned about the Mormon Church during a sociology class, my junior year. We were given the assignment of studying a religion and reporting on it to the class. One of the girls in the class was a Mormon and she had the missionaries come to speak to the class. It was in May and very hot and humid. I remember sitting in class thinking these people must be crazy because they don't drink tea. All I wanted to do was go home and get a nice, tall glass of iced tea. That summer the Mormon missionaries were out and had the feeling they should come to our house. I remembered one of the elders from school and he had a new companion with him. The first thing my grandma did was to invite them in and offer them a glass of iced tea. They refused, of course. After some polite conversation, which must have touched on my grandad's upcoming birthday, they left. On Grandad's birthday they returned with a homemade lemon cake, his favorite! My grandma said there was nothing she could do but make some homemade ice cream and that started our relationship with the elders and the Mormon church. By that time, I was taking a couple of classes at a nearby college, as part of a rising senior program. I was living on campus for the summer and missed the first few lessons. My grandma said I better come home to hear what the elders were teaching, so I arrived to hear the lesson on Temple Marriage. They showed the movie, *Man's Search for Happiness*. I wanted to join the church right away, as I thought the idea of marriage for eternity sounded wonderful. My sister, my grandma, and I were baptized on August 30, 1974. I was seventeen. Grandad didn't feel like he wanted to join the church, as he was quite active in the Episcopal church. He remained very supportive of us, however. He told me before his death that if it meant a lot to me, I could have his parents and other ancestors baptized. His baptism has been done by proxy. I feel like it was one of the best things I ever did and I have a real testimony of the church and of this gospel. My grandma and sister, however, view things differently and feel it was the worst mistake of their lives. They are totally inactive and my sister, has joined the Methodist church and is active in that religion. It upset my mother very much that we joined the church. During my senior year of high school, I was active in the Rocky Mount Branch. I decided to come out to Ricks College. At a Branch picnic, during the summer of 1975, we were introduced to the new missionaries, Elmer and Blanche Hendricks...and I guess we know what that led to!

In August of 1975, Elaine Young (the girl who had brought the missionaries to the sociology class), and I headed out to explore what Rexburg and Ricks College had to offer! Elmer and Blanche Hendricks asked their grandson, Scott to show us around the area. We met on the fifth of September and were engaged on September 28th. It was a big surprise to everyone, as I had always been very shy and had never dated anyone. We were married in the Washington, Temple on May 7, 1976. We have lived in Hibbard ever since. We have two wonderful children...Lorena (age 20), who graduated from Ricks and is a student at the University of Idaho,

in Moscow and Greg (age 15), who attends Madison Junior High.

As, I said earlier, I am proud of my ancestors. My father, John Luther Sites, had a very unusual start to life. He was supposedly born on July 4, 1933 and was abandoned on the steps of the Lutheran Orphanage in Salem, Virginia in November of 1933. He was left in a box, along with some baby clothes and some medicine for an ear infection. The woman who adopted him, read about it in the paper and because she was older, and from a fairly well-to-do family, and things were different in those days, she went down and got him. When her husband and son came home from their business that day, she said "you men go upstairs and see what I got today!" They thought maybe she had bought a new dress or something, but there was a little baby lying on their bed! Grandma Sites put an article in the paper offering to help the baby's mother in any manner she could, but she never came forward. After many years of only seeing my father three times a year when I was growing up, we have become closer over the last few years and now have a very good relationship. We e-mail each other at least once a day and talk on the phone every couple of weeks. I am proud of him for all he has gone through. He and his wife, Marilyn and my three half-brothers and their wives and kids (though I have never met them) are all very special to me.

My ancestors on my mother's side were very special people as well. My grandma, Lorena Jane Linder was born and raised in Kirksville, Missouri. She went to Virginia to be a teacher and met and married my grandad, Charles Clifton Tucker. They had one daughter, my mother, Patricia Ann Tucker and adopted another daughter. My grandad passed away in 1982. My grandma is still living. Because we don't have many extensive life stories, as most Mormon families do...I have just snippets of information about most of my ancestors. One of my ancestors, Reverend William Guthrie, refused to give up his church and the religion which was important to him. He was thrown in jail in Finwick, Scotland on July 24, 1665. While he was in jail, he wrote a book, *The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ*. He was burned at the stake. Other ancestors, sisters... Sarah Guthrie and Elizabeth Guthrie Brownlee were involved in the massacre at Hannastown, Pennsylvania. Sarah was the oldest girl still at home and as their mother had passed away, she was baking when the alarm came to run for the fort. She left a loaf of bread baking. Elizabeth and her husband, Captain Joseph Brownlee and their two children were taken prisoner by the Indians. Joseph Brownlee, along with nine other people, including his son were killed by the Indians. The son had his head bashed on the side of a tree. Only Elizabeth, her infant daughter, and another woman were spared. They endured a thirteen day march through the wilderness. They were placed with other prisoners from other places and were given only the pith from cornstalks to eat. They lived this way for two weeks. Elizabeth was ill with the fever and ague. A council was called to determine how she should be put to death. At this council was a white man, who had the command of a party of Indians. He told them that she was so far reduced that she could afford them no amusement in dying by any mode of torture that they could inflict; but advised them to take her to Niagara and exchange her for rum, and that would afford them more amusement than her death possibly could. After a period of four months, she was taken along with her infant daughter to Niagara. The Indians found she was too weak to carry the infant, so they tied the baby to her back and gave her a stick and drove her along in that manner. They sold her for twenty dollars and two gallons of rum. Being purchased by a British Officer, she was taken in by his family and somewhat restored to health. After two weeks, she was put on a vessel and taken to Carlton Island, in Lake Ontario and then after two days in the cold of November, on an open boat, she arrived in Montreal in perishing condition. There she was kept a

prisoner along with her daughter for seven months, being compelled to live on musted meal and stinking meat until peace was declared and a general exchange of prisoners took place. On a light note, a funny story is told of an ancestor on my Grandad Tucker's side. During the war between the states, a Grandma Rainey was getting ready for the day. A soldier came to her door and told her that there was going to be a battle near her house and that she should seek shelter in the cellar. She said she would go as soon as she got her shoes tied. She sat down in the rocker to tie her shoes and had just bent down to tie them when a mini-ball (a small cannon ball) flew into the house and landed in the wall just above her bent back...She went to the cellar without her shoes tied!! Possibly I inherited my stubbornness from her!

The above history was submitted by Priscilla Hendricks.



Winter Quarters, 1846-1848, by Greg K. Olsen

Church headquarters from fall 1846 to summer 1848, Winter Quarters—in today's north Omaha, Nebraska—mushroomed as the pioneers transformed open space on the west side of the Missouri River into a prairie city in two months. Each five-acre block accommodated about 20 houses and 150 to 300 people, and the townsite of approximately 200 acres eventually consisted of about 800 cabins, sod dwellings, and other buildings. Though the winter of 1846-47 proved extremely difficult, most Saints remained faithful, trusting in the Lord as they prepared to journey west.



My Dad, James Johnson, left Denmark when he was 19 years old. He landed in New York City. He left New York and went to Detroit, Michigan where he stayed one winter. He heard about the LDS people moving west and decided to go along, so he went to Logan, Utah. Here, he mingled with the Mormon people, and he met Ida Jensen, the daughter of a religious LDS family. The Ward Teachers came and talked to him - one of these men whom he thought alot of. He began to read the scriptures - he read the Book of Mormon 3 times and the Bible 2 times. He became very interested in the doctrines of the LDS Church. On 1 March 1890 he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was confirmed the following day. On 8 September 1893, he applied for his citizenship papers at Logan, Utah and he received them 18 September 1893. At this time, he changed his last name from Johanson to Johnson. On 24 October 1890 he married Ida Jensen. He was an Elder when he passed on to the other side, 21 August 1924. Mother and father's Temple work was done 4 August 1926. Their oldest son Roy and their youngest son Lewis were sealed to their parents that same day.

This history was submitted by Olif Johnson. Olif was born in Hibbard in 1901, in a little log house that was located in the same spot where he now resides. Olif is the oldest living member of the Hibbard 2nd Ward - he celebrated his 96th birthday 17 September 1997.



Three scouts left Devil's Gate to find the Martin Company, arriving at the Red Buttes camp on 28 October.



Alexander Hill, 5th grandfather of Tawnya Kauer, was a Scotchman, born in October 1779. He lived about 10 miles southwest of Glasgow, Scotland. At the age of 10 he was apprenticed as a sailor boy. In stature, later in life, he was tall, being over 6 feet in height, slender and very athletic. He once fell from the top mast to the deck below. A sailor witnessing the fall remarked: "He is like a cat - always light on his feet. It has not hurt him." Alexander sailed many times around the world. He was a very interesting storyteller. A grandson said he often sat around the hearthstone, when the backlog was burning low, and listened with childish delight to the narration of the thrilling adventures of his sea-faring life. He married Elizabeth Currie of Scotland in the early summer of 1806 at the age of about 27. Here in Scotland 7 children - 4 sons and 3 daughters - were born to this couple. Daniel, the eldest was born 2 April 1807, and is Tawnya's 4th great grandfather. In the year 1821 Alexander and his entire family emigrated to North America. They settled in Lanark, Canada and engaged in clearing the forests, making maple sugar and farming. They lived there 12 years and then moved to Toronto, Canada and engaged in the same pursuits. In the section of Canada now designated as Ontario Province the 4 sons and 3 daughters all married except Agnes and Elizabeth. Daniel married Elizabeth Brice 23 March 1833 in Canada. She was born in Scotland in 1815 so she was 18 and he was 26 years old. In Canada the whole Hill family were members of the John Taylor Society, a religious group in Toronto. The whole family were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints thru the teachings of Parley P. Pratt and Samuel Lake. This same John Taylor also joined the Church and later, in 1880, became its 3rd President. On 12 April 1840 the whole Hill family, consisting of 30 members, were baptized at the same time, something that is perhaps unprecedented in Church history. In 1841, 2 men of the family and 5 members of the Branch in Canada crossed over into the U.S. and went to Nauvoo, Illinois to make arrangements for their future homes there. They soon returned to their home in Canada bringing good reports and commenced trying to sell their homes and farms. However, not until they had made great sacrifices in price did they succeed in disposing of their property. By the beginning of September they were all ready. They all bade farewell to their homes in Canada and with horse and ox teams and covered wagons crossed the boundary line and entered the United States. Without serious accident they wended their way, and every member of the little colony arrived safe and sound at the Village of Nauvoo on 30 September 1842. It is interesting to note that Daniel Hill and Elizabeth had 4 children, the oldest 8 and the youngest 1 month. The others had very young children also. The winter of 1842-43 was very cold and extremely severe. They just lived in board shanties without any conveniences, so life was hard. In Nauvoo the heads of the families labored in hauling brick for the Nauvoo House, stones for the Nauvoo Temple, timber and firewood from the island of the Mississippi and aided in building the Village into a beautiful city. on 28 June 1844, the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the martyred Prophet and his brother were brought back to Nauvoo in a wagon and Daniel Hill (Tawnya's 3rd great grandfather), although suffering from ague, was able to climb up on the roof of his house to watch as the wagon passed by. This was a sad, sad day for members of the Church. After this event the mob pressure continued until the members of the Church were forced to leave Nauvoo and headed west. Daniel and his brother-in-law helped many of the people who were leaving Nauvoo on 14 February 1846 cross the river on the ice, then returned to Nauvoo to care for their families. By the late summer of 1846, they had nearly all arrived in Winter Quarters and pitched their tents or built their log cabins and stayed until the next year or so. Daniel Hill had remained in Warsaw, Illinois where he was learning the miller trade. Most of the family arrived in Salt Lake in 1851. Daniel arrived in 1852. He went to Cache Valley and established the first flour mill in northern Utah. He was killed on 21 July 1881 at the age of 74

while hitching a fractious horse to his wagon. His wife died in 1885. They are both buried at Wellsville, Utah. Daniel and Elizabeth were the parents of Tawnya's great great grandfather, Robert Hillborn 30 August 1840. He was the father of Mary Jane Hill Siepert, my great grandmother. The last 2 mentioned are buried in the Burton Cemetery near Rexburg, Idaho.

The above history was submitted by Tawnya Kauer, daughter of Dan and Brenda Kauer.

The Morning Breaks, by Glen S. Hopkinson



Often working from dawn to dusk, Latter-day Saint pioneers ferried their families and possessions across several rivers on their trek west. At times, lines were long for the ferry transportation, but when conditions cooperated, as they did for a time near Fort Laramie at the Platte River, crossings were accomplished quickly—about 10 minutes per wagon.



There was renewed joy and happiness in William Alders home at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, on May 3, 1824. The cause for this great rejoicing was that Elizabeth, beloved wife of William, had given birth to their 6th child. The child was named Alfred. He was the 4th son to be born to this couple.

How much more it would have added to their happiness if they could have drawn open the curtain of the future and seen what it held in store for this little bundle from heaven; if they could have seen that he was destined to cross an ocean, become a builder, a mechanical engineer, and a great religious teacher in far away Western America. Alfred received his early education and training in Trowbridge, the place of his birth. After receiving his book learning such as the 3 "R's", he specialized in mechanical engineering - which consisted of first a complete knowledge of the blacksmithing trade. He was not only trained to do repairs, but also to smelt iron and temper steel. He was next trained as a machinist and given a knowledge of making tools, gears, and all kinds of parts for machines and engines. He was then taught how to assemble engines. The engines were brought to him knocked down and he had to assemble them and put them in running order. He was also taught how to make parts and to build a complete engine. This education and training completed through study and apprenticeship training, he was well equipped to make a living. When Alfred was a young man, his father and mother moved to Chaltenham, Gloucestershire, England. Here, his father worked at his trade as a carpenter and his mother opened and operated a boarding house. Alfred also found work at the trade for which he had been trained. He first obtained work in a cutlery factory. His first duty was tempering steel for the blades of the knives, and then he was finally put in the finishing department. While thus working at his trade in this city, he met 2 Mormon Elders who told him of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; how the heavens had again been opened and that God had spoken to the boy Prophet Joseph Smith. From the first time that Alfred heard the glorious message of the restoration of the Gospel, he was impressed that it was the truth. He immediately began a careful and prayerful consideration of it. He set himself to studying tracts and other literature that the missionaries left with him, and to comparing them with the scriptures. As a result of this prayerful study, he soon became converted to the Gospel, and in a short time thereafter, on 9 November 1841, he was baptized by Charles Phelps and was confirmed the same day by Henry Webb. So far as the records show, he was the 1st male member of the Alder family to be baptized into the Church. From the moment that he was baptized, he was imbued with a desire to come to Zion and be with the Saints of God. In keeping with this desire to join the main body of the Church, he began to plan and save money for the trip. He gave up his work in the cutlery factory and found work in a machine shop and engine assembling plant. This plant specialized in fishing and river boat engines. Here he received much higher wages, nearly double what he previously had received, and it gave him the chance that he had always wanted to work with machinery. He loved machine work and to assemble engines and to run them. He, therefore, not only received more money from which he could save for his trip to Zion, but it gave him a training for what his future life would call for. In the spring of 1844 Alfred's dream of leaving for Zion came true (this dream would have been realized 2 years sooner but his father became ill and died), and on 5 March 1844 he set sail from Liverpool for the United States on the ship Glassco. He, with the other Saints, were a little over 5 weeks on the ocean before they landed at New Orleans. Alfred stayed for a short time at New Orleans and obtained work only long enough to secure sufficient money to continue his journey to Nauvoo. While at Nauvoo, he met the Prophet Joseph Smith and had a number of talks with him. On one occasion, he asked the Prophet a question regarding the tragic death of one of his friends. He explained to the Prophet that his friend was a good man, yet had been horribly mangled when caught in the machinery of an engine. Alfred wished to know

why such a good man should meet death in this tragic manner and what would be the condition of his mangled body in the resurrection. The Prophet explained that the greatest work of the spirit after leaving the body was to prepare the body for a glorious resurrection. All the defects would be repaired and everything that had caused death would be removed. The resurrection would be a matter of knowledge, and any good man holding the Priesthood had the right to this knowledge, because he held the keys to have the heavens opened up to him and to receive the answer to all mysteries, to commune with the general assembly and the Church of the First Born, and to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father and Jesus Christ, the mediator of the new covenant. Naturally, one of the first things he would like to receive would be a knowledge of the resurrection. The Father and the Savior know all about the resurrection. The Savior said when He was here upon earth, "I have power to lay my body down and take it up again." He had seen His Father do it, for he bore this testimony while in life. He said, "I do nothing save what I have seen by Father do." When the good man who holds the Priesthood receives a knowledge of the resurrection, many who do not hold the Priesthood will ask him to assist them in the raising of their bodies. So anxious will they be to have their bodies resurrected, they will agree to be his servants forever, thus fulfilling the scriptures which say, "If thou art faithful in a few things, thou shalt be ruler over many." Alfred also had the privilege of hearing the Prophet deliver his last sermon from the top of the Temple. He heard the Prophet tell of the great trouble that would come upon the nations of the earth unless they repented and served the true and living God. Alfred was at Nauvoo when Joseph and Hyrum were martyred at Carthage, Illinois. When their bodies were brought back to Nauvoo, he assisted in guarding them. He purchased the gun that had belonged to the Prophet, from his family, as a momento. He was also present when Brigham Young called the saints together to vote on who should lead the Church, and he was a witness who saw the mantle of the Prophet fall upon Brigham Young. He voted with the majority of the Saints that the Quorum of the Twelve should guide the Church until a new First Presidency should be sustained. Alfred said that he watched Brigham Young as he spoke and he, like everyone else, thought it was the Prophet Joseph who had come back to speak to them. Brigham Young looked so much like Joseph that even a broken tooth that the Prophet had in life was plainly visible. After the death of the Prophet, Alfred remained in Nauvoo during the summer working at his trade as a machinist. In the fall he went to Cincinnati, Ohio and there he was employed in a machine shop for a few months. In the fall of 1845 he became an engineer of a steamboat on the Ohio River. The boat was engaged in the cotton trade. He continued at this work until he learned that the Saints were leaving Nauvoo to go West. He then returned to Nauvoo to assist in the repair of wagons, etc. to make the journey westward. While traveling with the Saints, he first stopped at Mt. Pisgah and later joined them at their Winter Quarters near Omaha, Nebraska, now known as Florence, Nebraska. Alfred intended to continue his journey westward with the Saints and would have arrived with the 1st company in Salt Lake Valley if it had not been for a call from Brigham Young to go with others to St. Louis to be of what assistance they could to the Saints in that locality and those coming from the British Isles. Alfred was very small in stature and this saved him from going with the Mormon Battalion. Before leaving from St. Louis, he received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of John Smith. This blessing was a comfort and a guide to him throughout his life. It was given to him at Winter Quarters on 26 April 1847. Alfred's being called to St. Louis served a double purpose, that of assisting the Saints who were living in the locality and those that might come from afar; and it also served the purpose of his being able to earn means to assist in bringing his mother, brothers, and sisters from England to America. The men whom Brigham Young called to return to St. Louis were especially those who had had experience in running boats so that the Saints would have greater safety in being brought up the river.

At St. Louis Alfred first obtained work at running a stationary engine. He was able to get this job because of his ability to adjust the governor and make the engine run. His next job was running a steamboat on the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans. The boat was counted a slow one, but through Alfred's mechanical ability, he was able to step it up until it could beat any boat on the river; although to do so, at times it would melt the solder on the smoke stacks. While living at St. Louis, Alfred met and married Susan Field, a daughter of William and Susan Rouke Field. They were married 26 March 1848. Susan Field was born 27 February 1832 at Morin Lane, Chaltenham, Gloucestershire, England. She lived with her parents until her father died, at which time her mother placed her in an orphanage. While the institution in which Susan was placed was called an orphanage, it was in reality a training school for girls. They were taught to cook and sew and do all kinds of fancy work. They were trained to take positions in the more well-to-do families after they had served their apprenticeship. Susan was 9 years old at the time she entered the school and she remained there until she was 12 years old, at which time her mother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and decided to come to America. Susan's mother took her out of the orphanage and brought her to Nauvoo. It took some carefully planned effort on the part of Susan's mother to get Susan released from the orphanage, because when a girl was once placed in this school, she was supposed to remain there until she was ready to take a position in a home. Susan's mother asked to take her home for a week's visit and while she was making this visit, her mother got her on the ship and off to America. The officers learned of the plan to take Susan to America, but by the time they arrived at the dock, the ship was just pulling out. Susan's mother had arranged for her passport and although the officers tried to stop the ship, they could not do it. Susan was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1844 by William Williams. The records do not give the day or the month nor the place, and it would lead us to believe that she was baptized after she came to America. On 27 April, 2 weeks after Susan and her mother arrived at Nauvoo, Susan went to live with the parents of President John Taylor on a farm about 20 miles from Nauvoo. She was living with them at the time that Joseph and Hyrum were martyred. When the Taylors learned that their son, John, had been wounded, they immediately hitched up their team and started for Nauvoo, leaving Susan there to take care of the place with just a small neighbor girl to keep her company. It was quite a responsibility for a girl to be left alone when there was so much danger of mobs. During the night, the girls became very frightened because of the strange noises which they heard. The noises proved to be only the cattle rubbing themselves on the logs of the house and sticking their horns between the logs. This made the girls think that it was members of the mob, and as the horns would protrude through, they thought it was guns being pointed at them and that they would be shot at any moment. Although Susan was well trained as a cook at the school which she had attended, she was not prepared for this wild frontier life. While cooking at the Taylor home in the open fireplace, she had the misfortune of having her apron catch on fire. It was only because of quickness on her part that she was able to get it off before all her clothing caught on fire and save herself from being badly burned. However, the sparks from the fireplace fell on her other clothing and burned many holes in them; therefore, during her 6 weeks stay at the Taylor home, she almost completely ruined all her dresses. She had to use her mending training to put them in repair. Shortly after the death of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, Susan moved to St. Louis to help her mother in the bakery. Although Alfred Alder lived in the same town in England as did Susan at the time he joined the Church, and according to the records, came to America on the same ship, they did not become personally acquainted with each other until they met in St. Louis. After the marriage of Alfred and Susan, they made their home in St. Louis until the spring of 1853, during which time 3 children were born to them.

Elijah was born 26 November 1849; Alfred William 13 March 1851; and John Field 13 October 1852. In the spring of 1851 Alfred went to Alton, Illinois where he became the engineer of a stationary engine. He held this position for near 1 year and then he returned to his home in St. Louis. His brother, John, died of cholera 23 July 1852, at St. Louis. Now that Susan had to face the problems of taking care of a family, she found that all the things she had learned in her training was very helpful to her, especially the art of sewing. She was a good seamstress and sewed all the children's clothes, knitted socks for all the members of the family, and made all the shirts for her husband. In the spring of 1853, Alfred and his family joined a party in crossing the plains for Salt Lake Valley under the leadership of Claude V. Spencer. This was an ox-team company consisting of 222 members. Their equipment consisted of 231 oxen, 48 wagons, 1 mule, 28 cows, 6 heifers, 12 horses and 2 carriages. Two of the wagons belonged to Alfred, one of which was driven by his brother. Alfred equipped one of his wagons with a measuring device with which to measure the distance traveled each day and also the distance to the Salt Lake Valley. This device was one of his own construction. During the trip across the plains, Alfred was again called upon to use his mechanical ability to keep the wagons of the company in repair. Many times, he was as much as a whole day behind the other members of the company because of some good brother needing his help to repair his wagon. Claude V. Spencer's company made very good time in crossing the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley 23 September 1853. Alfred remained in Salt Lake City during the winter. In the ensuing spring, in the month of May, he moved with his family to Kaysville, Davis County, Utah. Here he opened a blacksmith shop and set to work to build a home. He had to redouble his efforts because of the great task that he had undertaken. He made the molds and made the adobes with which to build the house for his family. He built in the home every modern convenience known to them at the time, and he made a large living room to accommodate the company that might come. His wife, Susan, said that it was the most convenient and comfortable home that she had ever lived in. In order to run his blacksmith shop, Alfred had to go with his cousin, Shem Purnell, to the mountains and burn large pits of charcoal. He had great trouble in getting the needed iron with which to work. Once, he walked to Iron County, selected his iron, bought a team and wagon, brought the iron back and smelted the iron so he could have it to work with in his shop. He was an expert at tempering steel and preparing the iron for anything that he wished to make. In his shop he built everything from household necessities to all kinds of farm implements. He even built a threshing machine, which was one of the first, if not the first, to be built in the state. Because of the lack of machine tools with which to work, he had to cut out all the cogs, including the master wheel of the horsepower, with a coal chisel. This he did with definite accuracy. He also built many wagons, and one spring he built 13 sulkey plows. Alfred did his full part in helping to reclaim this barren desert and make it productive. Truly, he was one of those whom the Prophet referred to when he said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the flory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellence of Carmel and Sharon, that shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." This could not have been accomplished if it had not been for help from the God of Heaven. The Prophet seeing this said, "Strengthen then ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." It was no easy task to change this barren waste into a fertile garden and fields. If there ever was a dry, parched spot of desert, it was these sand ridges of Davis County; but through the combined efforts of faithful and hardworking saints (as was Alfred), it is today one of the greatest garden spots of the west, if not the entire world. This again fulfilled the words of the Prophet, "For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. All the

parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." With the united effort of the Saints, aided by God's touch with His majestic hand, the sayings of the Prophet were literally fulfilled. Those were dark and dreary days. Fuel was scarce and the first winter Alfred had to carry willows from the nearby streams for fuel. Men would hopefully plant their crops only to see them destroyed by the grasshoppers. Many are the times that the Saints have hunted all day to find enough pigweeds to have a small mess of greens for supper. It took great courage and faith to endure such trials and hardships. The grasshoppers were so thick that they would form a cloud that would hide the sun, and they would eat everything that was green and not covered. To get a small sack of flour, even though it was barley flour, was a great luxury. It took men and women with great courage to face such problems but they were made of that kind of stuff. Most people would have given up and left the place, but not so with these God-fearing people. They were full of faith and knew if they were faithful, God would hear them. God did come to their rescue - he heard and answered their prayers. How often this good man, Alfred, on his bended knees thanked God for the blessings of these everlasting hills. With the poet, he could say: "For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our father's God; Thou hast made thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain sod; Thou has led thy chosen Israel to freedom's last abode. For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, Our father's God. Thou hast led us here in safety, where the mountain bulwark stands; For the rock and for the river, the valley's fertile sod; For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our father's God."

Although Alfred was kept very busy working at his trade, even to fixing sewing machines, he never allowed it to interfere with his religious duties. Many times he walked from Kaysville to Salt Lake City and return to attend conference and the School of the Prophets. He often wondered why, when he had tried to live his religion and had worked so hard to try to be helpful in building up the community in which he lived, he was not blessed with more of this world's goods. He was not poor, yet many of his friends had become very prosperous and he could not see that they had put forth any greater effort than he had. He wondered if he had been too easy and allowed too many of the people to pay him for his work by just saying "Thank you". He knew that he had been busy all the time and had tried to help all who came to him but he was a very poor collector. One day while walking past the tabernacle, a little breeze blew a small piece of paper in front of him. He picked it up and read a statement from one of Brigham Young's sermons, "The reason why the Lord keeps some people poor is so that they will be humble and not apostatize from the Church." Alfred never allowed his humble circumstances to worry him again. On 21 October 1855, in the endowment house in Salt Lake City, Alfred and Susan received their endowments and were sealed the same day for time and all eternity. When Johnson's army was on their way to Utah in 1857, Alfred was called to go with other men to meet them in Echo Canyon. When the Saints moved south, he and his family went with them. During Alfred's and Susan's stay at Kaysville, they had 3 children born to them - Susan May, born 3 February 1855; Theodore Daniel, born 17 September 1857' and Clara Jenette born 13 December 1859. On one occasion while Alfred was living at Kaysville, Brigham Young stopped there for the night. He called a few of the brethren into a cottage meeting. One of the men had recently returned from a mission to the East. President Young asked this brother regarding the Prophet Joseph's family. He asked particularly about David and the brother told him David was a big beardless boy. President Young said that is just what he expected. President Young further said he wished the Prophet's family would stop their fighting and come and be united with the Church: that because of their fighting the truth, the Lord had dealt with them as He said He would. The Lord had said the prophet's family must needs repent and forsake some things and give more earnest heed unto the Prophet's sayings, or they would be removed out of their place. The Lord was allowing them to have their free agency but, because of the

great work which the Prophet had done in establishing the Gospel, before He would allow the Prophet's family to go so far as to commit the unpardonable sin and lose all chance of the salvation, He would take them off the earth. President Young then stated that there was great wealth stored in the mountains of Utah, but the world knew nothing about it. Some day it would all be discovered and this would become a very wealthy and important state. "Why", said he, "I could stand in this door and show you where you could pile up gold by the ton. Much of it could be found not more than 4 feet under the ground, but I would destroy the people of this church before they become established. Some of this gold will be discovered and be used to pave the streets of Jackson County, Missouri." In the spring of 1859, Alfred, with a small group of men, made a tour of inspection through Cache Valley, passing through Logan (which was then but a small settlement with a few houses) and coming on to the present sight of Franklin, Idaho. There were no settlers at Franklin at that time. In the spring of 1860 he went to Franklin with a few of the first company of settlers, this being the first town to be settled in Idaho. He also moved his family there. In Franklin, Alfred and his cousin, Shem Purnell, built a blacksmith shop. It was the first business house to be built in that state, and he again began to work at his profession. He made a trip or two back to Kaysville to work on the threshing machine which he had built, because the Saints depended upon him to keep the machine in repair. However, he maintained his home in Franklin until 1863. While living at Franklin, Alfred and Susan had one child born to them - Elizabeth Jane, born 16 November 1862. During the time that Alfred and his family lived at Franklin, the Indians were very troublesome and it finally resulted in what is known as the Battle Creek War. This war between the Indians and the soldiers was under the command of Colonel Connor from Fort Douglas, Utah. Alfred and his family moved back to Kaysville, Utah in 1863, where he again worked at his trade. During the next 10 years of their lives at Kaysville, Alfred's and Susan's home was blessed with 5 children. Margaret Ann was born 10 August 1864; Augusta Ulyard, 27 August 1866; Ella Field, 2 November 1868; Edgar Field, 24 February 1871; and Jessie George 23 September 1873. It will be noted that Jessie George, Alfred and Susan's 12th child was born on the 20th anniversary of their entrance into the Salt Lake Valley and at about the same hour. Alfred, as usual, was called upon to do almost everything from the fixing of sewing machines, farm implements, and even to repairing clocks. People seemed to think that he could do anything. One of his friends William Blood, had a child born with his foot turned almost backwards, and Alfred was called upon to make a brace to straighten the foot. This he did and it was successful. Once when another one of his friends broke his jaw, Alfred was called upon to make a silver brace to hold the jaw bone in place while it healed. This was also a success. Alfred wrote a very fine hand, as one can see from anything that he wrote whether it is his accounts kept in his shop from day to day, or an important document. Because of his fine penmanship, he was called upon to write the copy for the school children as a guide for them to learn to write a good hand. In the spring of 1881, Alfred was called to go on a mission to England, his native land. Although he had very little means, he willingly accepted the call. It was quite a struggle for his family, because he left them very little to get along on. He was set apart for his mission 7 April 1881, and he returned in 1883. The Church records do not give the date of his return. It was his privilege while on his mission to preach the gospel to many people, some who were members of the Royal Family. The Rallison family was one that heard the Gospel for the 1st time from his preaching. This family later joined the Church and came to Utah, first settling in Davis County and finally settling in Preston, Idaho where they still live.

Another person whom Alfred met while traveling as a missionary was Mereina Warr. She came to Utah and she and Alfred were married 30 August 1883. Mereina was a daughter of James and Ann Russ Warr. She was born 23 April 1861, at Milton, Clavdown, Somersetshire, England. She received her endowments in the endowment house 30 August 1883; and she and Alfred were sealed the same day for time and all eternity. In the spring of 1864, Mereina moved to Preston, Idaho and on 19 March 1885, a daughter was born to her and Alfred. They named her Alice Warr Alder.

In June of 1885, Alfred and Susan moved with their family to Preston, Idaho where he purchased a farm about 2½ miles southeast of the town. He worked some at his trade first in the shop of his son, Alfred William, and later in a shop on his own farm. He also worked his farm. He always attended religious duties, and he was the senior member of the High Council of the Oneida Stake of Zion for a number of years. Alfred Alder, lived a long and useful life. He believed in giving his family all the comforts that he could afford. He bought this wife, Susan, one of the first sewing machines that ever came to the State of Utah. A sewing machine was a great luxury at that time. Though not wealthy, he drove one of the finest buggies, and in 1892 he built the nicest homes at the time in Preston. The blessing that he received at the hands of John Smith was literally fulfilled except for one statement which was that he would preside over groups of Lamanites. He often wondered about it, but shortly after his death 6 of his grandchildren married Lamanites. From these marriages, there are 6 large groups of children over which he will preside in the eternal world.

Susan and Alfred had 12 children, 7 of which reached maturity and raised families. Mereina, his 2nd wife, and 1 child who also grew to maturity and had a large family. Alfred's posterity today, living and dead, number over 1000 souls; thus it being fulfilled his blessing that he should have a numerous posterity. Alfred Alder was always earnestly and intelligently in favor of progress and development along with health, and enduring lines, and he was willing to lend a hand to secure them in every proper way. He was an influential and active force in building up the communities in which he lived. Alfred died 19 February 1905, being 80 years, 9 months and 16 days old. He lived a long, useful and full life, and he left an untarnished name of which his posterity can well be proud. The last survivor of his family was Margaret Ann. She died April 1955 at the age of 90. She had the pleasure of filling 2 missions with her husband to Norway

The above history was submitted by Sheldon Kidd. Alfred Alder is Sheldon's great grandfather.



Charles North Paull was born 7 March 1847 in Leighlane, Somerset, England a son of Lewis and Elizabeth North Paull. He was a railroad engineer and worked for \$5 a day in England. He married Alice Jane Fry on 5 September 1870 in the District of Lambeth, County of Surrey. The following day they sailed for America on the ship 'Idaho', from London, England-when they were both 23 years old. The ship captain was H.A. Eldredge, and they paid cash for their ticket No. 147. Both he and his wife had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and were coming to America to be with the Saints in Zion. They settled in Logan, and he was first employed by C.W. Nibley and Eccles, working up Logan Canyon at a sawmill. While in England, he worked for \$5 a day as an engineer, but in Logan he worked for .50¢ a day. He told his family that if you can't make a dollar, make fifty cents a day and you'll never be broke. He wanted to follow his line of work he did in England with the railroad. So he found employment with the railroad at Ogden, Utah. He left his family in Logan and would walk from Ogden to Logan to see his family each weekend with a pack on his back. He was paid very little and was quoted to say, 'better to have the dimes, because the dimes make dollars'. He was employed as an engineer on the little engine that pulled the first train into Logan on 31 January 1873. He was then using the little engine named the 'John W.' It was given this name for the President of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, John W. Young. This small engine had only four wheels and weighed about 7,000 pounds. There was much excitement when the train arrived, and the people were given a ride on the train. In his many years of service, Charles Paull tried to give the best service possible. He tried to keep the trains moving safely and on time as well. He was an engineer on the railroad from Salt Lake City to Pocatello, Idaho for many years. It was during these years of service that he had the opportunity to pull the railroad coaches in which three of the Presidents of the United States were passengers. In 1897 William McKinley; in 1901, William Taft; and in 1905, Theodore Roosevelt, were his passengers. At one time he was asked just what he would do if he saw immediate danger ahead. This was a big question because he had as a passenger one of the Presidents of the United States. His answer was, 'I would do everything in my power to avoid an accident, a life is a life, be it the humblest citizen in the land or the President of the United States'. This truly answers his success as a faithful employee for the railroad company. It was a great thrill for his grandsons to have the opportunity to ride with Grandfather Paull. Sometimes they would take his lunch bucket down to the station at Logan, he would lift them into his cab, and tell them about the different parts of the engine. One time the engine was pulling a special train into Cache Valley Junction, Utah. Many people were waiting to see the famous Liberty Bell, which was on the train and at that time was making a tour of the Nation. George Thain remembers he was waiting with others along the platform of the station. His Grandfather Paull waved for him to come over to the engine. He lifted George into the cab, and let him sit on the engineer's seat as Grandfather slowly pulled the train onto the side track where it was to remain so people could view it. Throughout his many years of faithful service, our Grandfather Paull tried to take pride in his engine. He always waited to see that it received the care it needed and was interested in keeping it in tip top shape. He proved his faithfulness to his company by keeping his body and mind alert and in good condition. When he was asked why he left England to live in America, he answered his daughter, who had asked him this because she missed not having relatives here in America; he said, looking her in the eyes, 'Lottie, I did it for you'. During his first five years in America, three of his seven children were born. Alice Ellen was the eldest child born in 1872; William Charles was born 1873, and died the following year; and Charlotte Emily was born in 1875. Charles always paid an honest tithing; in fact, he paid the most tithing of anyone in the Ward in which he lived. He always paid what he was asked, no matter how hard or how much it was. At one time he deeded all his property to the Church to help get the Church out of debt. It was returned to him after the Church was debt free. In every pay check that Charles sent home, there was a note to give a neighbor, a very old man who walked with a cane and was called Mr. Crumpton, a dollar. An excerpt from 'One Hundred Years of History of the Logan 2nd Ward 1861-1961', compiled by Ada E. Morrell, gives this account of Charles Paull:

"June 28, 1873, President Brigham Young sent word to the Saints in Cache Valley that he wanted them to build a Tabernacle, to consider the building of a Temple in Logan, and to finish the railroad as far north as Franklin. In 1877 the company began building the railroad north into southern Idaho. The road-bed was of narrow gauge and the line was known as the 'Utah Northern Railroad'. Later, Logan became the division headquarters for the company and a small roundhouse, turntable, and machine shop were built west of the depot. The coming of the railroad made a considerable change in the population of the Logan 2nd Ward. Many of the men working on or for it came here to live either temporarily or permanently. Among those who settled here permanently were Charles Paull, the engineer; William King, the fireman; George I. Farnes, William Knowles, and George Baugh. Charles Paull built a small house at 57 South 5th West Street. It was later enlarged. Still later, Mr. Paull built the large brick house south of the other one. The Paull's had four daughters and a son, most of whom were officers in the Ward organizations for many years." About 1877, they moved to Arimo where their fourth child, Gertrude, was born. Then they moved back to Logan where Lillie was born. From Logan, the family moved to Battlecreek, where Charles ran what was called the roundhouse which was used to help the trains up the hill. They also operated a hotel, store and a small place for entertainment, plus the Post Office. The two youngest children were born in Battlecreek. They were George and Laura Dean. After living in Battlecreek, they moved back to Logan. For many years he engineered the train from Salt Lake to Pocatello. When he passed away 30 August 1911, there was a special train that came from Salt Lake to Logan for the services.

The above history was submitted by Sheldon Kidd. Charles North Paull is Sheldon's great grandfather.



My great-grandfather, John Fluckiger, was baptized 13 February 1884 in Durrenroth, Switzerland by Elders Hochstrasser and Moser. John left his dear old home in May 1884 and crossed the English Channel to England, then sailed from Liverpool to New York. He then traveled by train to Logan, Utah arriving at midday, not knowing where to go or what to do. He stayed at the station all afternoon with his box of belongings. He

finally got to his Uncle Jacob Fuhremann's place where he worked for 2 months for room and board and a pair of pants. He then worked for Ulrich Looslie for 6 months for room and board only. However, this family later remembered him with \$30 to help him on his mission back to Switzerland.

John was a first-class carpenter and worked on a new bank building in Logan for 15¢ an hour and paid \$1.00 per day for his room and board.

He migrated to Star Valley, Wyoming in 1890 and prepared a dugout to live in while getting out logs the next winter for his log cabin. He said the bears were his only neighbors and his only weapon was an axe, which he used on more than one occasion to defend himself.

He married Mary Ann VonAlmen in Logan, Utah. Mary Ann was born in Soloturn, Bern, Switzerland. Their first child, Anna Fluckiger, was my great-grandmother. She was born in the dugout in the spring of 1891, the first white child born in Bedford, Wyoming.

Other than wild meat, their only food for the winter of 1890 consisted of one sack of flour and one-half sack of potatoes.

John left his wife and their 2 small children in 1894 to serve a mission in Switzerland. His wife and children had to struggle against the odds of early days, as this was the Indian's summer hunting ground, as they migrated from their homes on the Blackfoot Reservation.

John served 26 years in the Bedford Ward bishopric. He served 17 years as Bishop. My great-grandmother tells of livestock given for tithing being assigned to her to fatten before great-grandfather would take the livestock to Afton, Wyoming to the Stake Tithing Office.

He built several homes with the beautiful Victorian trims that were popular in that day. Many of those homes still stand today. A great deal of his time in his later years was spent in writing. He was a beautiful penman. His genealogical and legal records were very neat. He was sought after by others who wanted him to write their genealogy.

The above history was submitted by Colleen Kidd. John Fluckiger and Mary Ann VonAlmen are her maternal great-grandfather and great-grandmother.



From the Autobiography of Arthur Raymond Clark: We moved into our new house in the fall of 1918, and our daughter Hilda, having completed her grade schooling, went to Logan to live with her grandmother and attend high school. But she contracted influenza and returned home. The next fall, 1919, would be the 2nd year in our new house. In January 1920, the 2nd epidemic of the flu hit our valley, and we did not know what it was, only quite a number of people were quite sick. Soon my wife got sick and some of the children. As they did not improve, but got gradually worse, we located a trained nurse, and got her to come and stay. She immediately announced the sickness to be influenza. My wife and 2 boys had already got pneumonia. This woman (Sister Walten) had worked with the disease and knew how to prevent the complications of pneumonia when it began. But my wife's condition did not respond and she died 2 days after Sister Walten came. By this time all of the children were sick. After my wife was laid away, the baby (9 months old) passed peacefully away as Sister Barrus held him in her arms. For several days my 2½ year old had been trying to tell me by his actions that he wanted to be released from this life. Just the day before as I was watching him carefully, with a catch in each breath, he suddenly looked hopefully up in the corner of the room at the ceiling, and relaxed and reached with outstretched arms, raising his head and shoulders clear from the pillow and kept that position as long as his strength would permit. a friend told me that he wanted to go and I realized that I was only delaying his departure. We administered to him, and he passed peacefully away in a few minutes. We held services for the 2 little boys together.

The above account was submitted by Colleen Kidd. Arthur Raymond Clark is Colleen's paternal grandfather.



James Elias Wellard, father of James Joseph Wellard, was born in Essex, England 1 December 1820. His parents were James Ellis and Elizabeth German Wellard. He married Mary Ann Freeman in 1845. They had 7 children: James, Fred, Sarah, Elizabeth, Lizzy, Mary Ann Octave, John and Dan.

James Elias joined the Latter-day Saint church 16 November 1850. He kept a diary and writes of his family but we know little of them, as his diary is in keeping mostly with his activities in the church. They had some very hard times - he was obliged to pawn his best clothes several times to obtain food for his family. He writes of working on the docks loading and unloading on the ship named "The Brilliant". Several amazing dreams he had are mentioned in his diary. He worked very diligently in the church and later sought passage to America. We have been told that his wife and family remained in England, as he and his wife separated. He then went to work as a meat cutter. Here he met Mary Ann Farnes, daughter of his employer. They came to America together, being married on the ship.

They settled in Williamsburg, New York and during this time a daughter was born to them. She was named Eliza Mary Ann, known to us as Lyle. From there they moved to Salt Lake City, Utah and there was born James Joseph (Jim), John William, Alice Octavia (who died as a baby), and Edward Arthur. He then went to work as a gardener for Brigham Young and also did janitorial work at the Longfellow Elementary School. They lived in the 21st Ward District. He purchased a piece of ground from Brigham Young at 25 M Street and built an adobe house. Here he raised their family until they married and moved into homes of their own.

Lyle married Thomas Stanley, a mail carrier. It is told that her father didn't like Tom so whenever he called, her father wouldn't look up or speak. Lyle would say, jokingly, "Never mind Father, he is deaf."

The family home was bought by Lyle and Tom who then built a larger home next to the small adobe house at 29 M Street. They have kept the smaller home in very good condition to this day. It is rented to people who respect it. Lyle and Tom had 2 children - Max Wellard Stanley and Vera Ione, now Mrs. Raymond Bailey. Lyle passed away 3 April 1936 at Salt Lake City, Utah and was placed to rest in the Salt Lake Mausoleum.

Thomas Stanley passed away August 1956 and was placed in the Mausoleum.

Vera and Ray Bailey are now living in the larger home at 29 M Street.

John William (Jack) married Anne Evans and to them were born Alice Irene and Maynard Wellard. Jack married a second time to Sophia Armstrong, and to them were born three children: Arthur, Don, and Lorraine.

James Joseph (Jim) married Frances Gertrude Davey and to them were born eleven children: James Elias, Charles LeRoy, Evelyn, John William, Lenore Lillian, Stanley Raymond, Daniel Rockwell, Frand and Frances (twins), Fay LaVon and Alvin Christmas.

Mary Ann Farnes (mother) passed away 7 August 1895, and James Elias (father) passed away six years later on 6 March 1901.

This history was submitted by Cleo Klingler.

James Elias Wellard is Cleo's great grandfather.

James Joseph Wellard is Cleo's grandfather.

John William Wellard is Cleo's father.



Chauncey Loveland was born in Glasgow, Connecticut in October 1795. He was the son of Levi Loveland, who fought in the Revolutionary War, and Ester Hills. In 1803, at the age of 8, he moved with his parents to Madison, Ohio. It was there that Chauncey spent his childhood and then met and married Nancy Graham in 1815. Chauncey was a farmer by trade and had the opportunity of acquiring his father's homestead. He later moved

to Carthage, Illinois.

Chauncey was at the Carthage jail the day the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother were martyred. He was serving as one of the bodyguards for the Prophet. He often spoke of the Prophet and of the great sadness the Saints felt at this time. Up to this time, he had not joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but was kindly disposed toward the Elders and aided them whenever he could. Soon after he accepted their teachings and while living at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, he was baptized into the Church in 1846. He then took his family to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Then in 1847, Chauncey Loveland, at the age of 51, was given the call to accompany Brigham Young as one of the Pioneer Company. Each person was called for a special talent or trade, he was called as a farmer. Chauncey was in the 6th Company of 10. He arrived in Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young on 24 July 1847. After his arrival in the valley, he stayed only a short time, then accompanied President Young back to Winter Quarters for the purpose of bringing his family to Utah. In 1848, he crossed the plains again, taking his family with him. They located in Bountiful, Utah. It was here that Chauncey raised his family and began to farm and breed fine horses.

Chauncey had a sense of adventure. In the height of the California gold rush, he decided to try his luck. He traveled extensively but records left by his family fail to say whether the venture was successful. He returned to Utah and resumed his farming activities. On 16 August 1875 at the age of 79, Chauncey passed away at Bountiful, Utah. In disposition he was kind and unassuming and never aspired to positions in public life. As a pioneer and adventurer, he ranks among the bravest. His life was full of love for his fellowmen which was manifest by his good deeds towards them. He was a man who lived his life with faith and integrity to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

His name is inscribed on the Brigham Young Monument at the intersection of Main Street in Salt Lake City with others of that first party, and also on "This Is The Place Monument" at the head of Emigration Canyon.

The above history was submitted by Max Loveland. Chauncey Loveland is Max's great-great grandfather.



Chester Loveland was born 30 December 1817 at Madison Lake, Ohio. He was baptized in Kirtland, Ohio in June 1837. He was the son of Chauncey Loveland and Nancy Graham.

Chester Loveland had 7 wives and 34 children. He married his second wife Rosannah Elvira Winters in January 1846 in the Nauvoo Temple. His 6th wife was Lorenzo Snow's eldest child, Rosetta Adaline Snow. This made Chester one of Lorenzo Snow's son-in-law, and as such he wrote about him. This is found in Biography and Family Record of Lorenzo Snow pages 393-396. Another reference we have record of is in the History of the Church Volume 6, pages 504-505.

Lorenzo Snow wrote: "Chester Loveland has had several hair-breadth escapes in defense of his brethren, in the most turbulent scenes through which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has struggled. In one instance, a leaden ball, designed to take his life, in passing his head came so close as to graze the side of his face, scorching it sufficiently to cause the skin to peel off. A stranger to fear, he never shunned positions of danger where duty called or danger to his brethren prompted. In his physical development evidently formed for a champion--tall, robust, he might well pass for a modern Ajax in strength and agility. A serious, and at the same time, rather ludicrous incident in which Chester Loveland was connected, which transpired in Nauvoo, is worthy of record as specimen of mobocratic times with the latter-day Saints, as related by himself -- He says: 'I was on the jury when some of our brethren who had been falsely accused were brought to trial before eleven mobocratic jurors, and I held that jury 36 hours, until they were nearly starved. Two bills were before us - one guilty and the other not guilty. The eleven signed the guilty verdict, and insisted that I should follow suit.' I said, 'No, gentlemen, before I will sign that paper, I will die here on this floor, and the red ants may pack me out through that keyhole.' The result was, every man signed the verdict of not guilty and the innocent went free.

Chester was appointed captain of the 'Nauvoo Legion' in its first organization in Nauvoo. At this time, he was also a member of the State Militia, and as such he was called on by the mob to help them. The following instance is recorded by Lorenzo Snow and also by Joseph Smith in the History of the Church.

"The apostates, aided by our most bitter Gentile enemies abroad, established a press in Nauvoo, and commenced the issue of a periodical entitled The Expositor, in which appeared the most flagrant, scurrilous, libelous articles against the leading authorities of the Church. The mayor, in connection with the city council, declared it a nuisance, and by their order it was demolished. On 16 June 1844 a committee of the mob, headed by James Charles, a constable of Hancock County, went to the house of Chester Loveland and required him to call out his company to join the posse of David Bettisworth to go to Nauvoo and arrest Joseph Smith and the City Council, and he positively refused. The next day the same posse returned saying they had an order from the Governor of the State. Chester understood the trick; he knew there was no possible means by which orders from the Governor could have been obtained, as he was far distant and at that time communication by telegraph was out of the question. The posse insisted, and the more they did so the more Chester's anger was aroused, till, grasping his arms, he rushed single-handed towards the mounted posse, when with the fear of treacherous cowardice, riders and horses decamped with hurried pace. The posse then reported his refusal to Colonel Williams, who appointed a committee of 12 to lynch, tar and feather Chester Loveland on the 18th; which the committee went that evening and arrived about midnight. Loveland, who had been informed of Williams' order, prepared himself for defense and kept watch. As soon as they came and he saw their number, and that they were provided with tar bucket, bag of feathers and a bundle of withes, in addition to their firearms, he blew out his light and placed himself in a suitable position to defend the door (which he had fastened) and the window. They went around his house several times, tried his door, rapped, called him by name, and consulted together. Some were for breaking the door; others thought it too dangerous. Finally, their courage failed; and notifying him to leave the country immediately, they took their departure. He came to Utah in 1850. He buried his son Levi, along the trail.

In 1853-54, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel by President Brigham Young, then Governor of Utah Territory, and was subsequently commissioned colonel by one of the Gentile governors of Utah.

At the spring conference in 1855, he was called to go to Carson Valley (which at that time was a portion of Utah) and assist Apostle Orson Hyde in settling a colony. When Elder Hyde returned to Salt Lake, he left Chester in charge of the mission. On 5 September 1857 came instructions that spelled the immediate end of this Mormon colony. Messengers brought an express message from Brigham Young that Utah was being invaded by the United States Army. The Saints in the Salt Lake Valley needed manpower and weapons of defense. President Loveland had \$5000.00 in tithing money which he used to buy powder, lead and caps. He then called all the branches together and collected \$12,000.00 in gold, which was given to Bob Walker, who was instructed to depart immediately for San Francisco to buy guns and ammunition there, and to get them to Salt Lake. The people of Carson were ready to leave for Salt Lake within 2 weeks. The company, which consisted of approximately 450 persons and 200 wagons started for Salt Lake on 26 September. All had arrived in the Salt Lake Valley by 3 November, having spent roughly 5 weeks on the trail. Six babies were born on the way, and 3 children had died during the passage. During the defensive operations in Echo Canyon against the arrival of Johnson's Army he acted as commissary.

In 1865, he moved to Brigham City, where he was elected their first Mayor.

In 1868 he was appointed captain of a company to go to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad on the Platte River, after an emigration of Latter-day Saints who were on their way to Utah. They left Laramie, Wyoming on 25 July with 400 people and 40 wagons. They were attacked by Indians on the Sweet Water, who stole their teams. However, the animals were recovered but not without a hard struggle in which 4 Indians were killed. The company arrived in Salt Lake on 20 August 1868.

Chester Loveland died 5 March 1886 at Call's Fort, Box Elder County, Utah.

The above history was submitted by Max Loveland. Chester and Rosannah Loveland are Max Loveland's great grandparents.



CHARLES SAUREY

Grandfather to Pearl Loveland and Gwili Saurey

Daniel Saurey and Elizabeth Fankhauser Saurey were born, educated and married in their native land of Switzerland over a century ago.

They left their native land in a zeal and earnestness for the Mormon Church, which they had joined.

After reaching America, they proceeded to Utah, journeying over the plains with ox and handcart. They located at Little Cottonwood, now known as Murray, Utah, where Daniel pursued vocations of farming and carpentry. On 13 February 1862, a son Charles was born.

In 1864, the family came with the second of Mormon settlers to Logan, Utah. Before he was 19 years old, Charles was the sole arbiter of his life's operations and he engaged in the construction work of the Utah Northern Railroad for 3 consecutive years, doing faithful and appreciated service. In June 1883, he came to Hibbard, which at that time was known as Island Ward.

It is recorded by Charles that it was a sagebrush wilderness. He grubbed sagebrush, cleared land and made ditches by horse and handplow. He homesteaded on the land.

On the north end of Island Ward, Charles Saurey, George Hibbard, Fred Saurey (Charles' brother), Nicholas Sommer and Luke Lavery dug with shovels a canal from the North Fork of the Teton River. It is recorded that the only food these men had to eat were flapjacks made from flour and water - for a week - until they had time to go to Market Lake (now known as Roberts) for food. Charles was also one of the men who drove his team of horses to haul rock for the construction of the Spori Building at Ricks College. He also assisted in building the Rexburg Tabernacle.

Charles was married to Laura Barber 17 September 1886 in the Logan Temple. Laura's parents had come to America from England in 1861. Her family had also journeyed the plains with ox carts and had sacrificed much for the Church. Charles built a three room log house near the Snake River in Hibbard. A beet dump was also near the river, and farmers close by as well as farmers from Plano brought their beets to the dump, and then the train would take the produce to Sugar City.

Charles and his wife, Laura, planted poplar trees, pear, cherry, plum, and apple trees on the newly-grubbed land.

Charles received his Homestead Certification in 1892, being signed by U.S. President Benjamin Harrison.

In November 1901, Charles and Laura and 7 of their 10 children moved into a new home that Charles had helped build. Later, Roy and his wife, Genevieve, lived there all their married life.

Charles and Laura were the parents of 10 children: Rosela, Heber, Levi, William, Mary Ellen, Fred, Edith, Luella, LeRoy and Lila.

The descendants in the Hibbard area are:

Lyle and Grant Saurey (sons of Heber)

Gerwin Bowen (step-son of Levi)

Quinn and Wade Saurey (grandsons of William)

Gwili Saurey and Pearl Loveland (daughters of LeRoy)



LIFE HISTORY OF MABEL KNAPP WARD

Mabel Knapp Ward was born the 23rd of December, 1882, at Richmond, Cache County, Utah, the daughter of Justen Abraham Knapp and Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp. Her mother, Anna, was the first white girl born in Smithfield, Utah.

Her father, Justen Knapp was a stone mason by trade and helped build the Logan Temple. He was one of the main stone cutters for three years while the temple was being built. When her father sold their home in Richmond, he bought a relinquishment on 160 acres of land. He hired a man to take the furniture and livestock overland while her mother and the four children (Mabel being one of them) took the train to Market Lake (now known as Roberts, ID). Her uncle, George Hibbard ran a ferryboat to transport people across the Snake River, as there were no bridges at that time.

They lived in Rexburg for about six weeks while their house was being built on the farm. The farm was located at a place then called Teton Island. There were only a few families living there at that time. Mabel and her oldest sister Anna always walked to Rexburg to school, three miles there and three miles back, in all kinds of weather. The school was a one-room school with all eight grades. As the population grew in Teton Island there were enough children to have a school. Her father let the people use his granary for a schoolhouse. They built benches and desks for the students and the teacher, whitewashed the walls and ceiling and then hired Miss Fletcher from Rexburg to teach.

A few years later, a log schoolhouse was built and served as both the school and the church. It was called the Island Ward. The name was later changed to Hibbard Ward, named after the first bishop, George Hibbard who was Mabel's uncle. Mabel was the secretary for the first primary organized at Hibbard.

Mabel and her sister Anna helped clear the sage brush, break, and seed the ground, and do the fencing. People just turned their herds out to graze so they had to fence to protect their crops. Horses were used to do the farming with. Mabel learned to handle them well.

When Mabel was thirteen years old she had scarlet fever and then came down with the chicken pox. While she was in bed with scarlet fever, she was blind for three days. Her mother was afraid it might be permanent. Although it was not permanent, she was unable to study by lamplight and had to wear glasses most of her life.

Mabel married Charles Heber Ward January 19, 1899 in the L.D.S. Temple at Logan, Utah. They had a family of six children, four girls and two boys. They lived in Salem and Hibbard for the first years of their married life. Charles worked for a sawmill hauling logs that were being used to build the new Yellowstone Railroad. The mill burned down and they moved to Black Mountain Mill just north of Bear Gulch. There were only fifteen families there and on the fourth of January the snow got so deep they had to close down the mill. Charles talked to the railroad company boss about getting Mabel and the children out of there. They let Mabel and another woman and three children ride out to Ashton in the caboosc. They were the first women to ride the new train.

Mabel served in many different capacities in the church during her life. She served as Primary President, Sunday School Teacher, Relief Society Visiting Teacher, and also went to many homes and helped doctors deliver babies. In many cases she acted as both doctor and nurse, did housework and cared for the mother and baby. Mabel loved memorizing and reciting poetry. Her children and grandchildren especially enjoyed hearing her recite "Betty and the Bear", because she did so with such expression.

Mabel passed away on April 9, 1975 at Pocatello, Idaho.

Submitted by Ellis McCulloch, Mabel Knapp Ward's grandson, Justen Knapp's great-grandson, and George Hibbard's great nephew.



"Mary Murray Murdoch was only 4'11" tall, and weighed a little over 90 pounds. She was affectionately called and known as Wee-granny because of her size. She was born October 13, 1782 in Scotland. She had 8 children, 2 of them died in childhood. Mary was a hard worker and was a thrifty, frugal wife, and a kind and loving mother to her children. She knew how to control them and still retain their love and respect.

Her husband died trying to rescue a fellow mine worker and they were both killed. His sudden death caused Mary much grief and sorrow, yet she had a brave and courageous spirit, and she was always able to prove herself equal to her task, as she did in the trial of loss.

In 1850, the Mormon Elders came to Scotland preaching the restored Gospel. John, Wee-granny's 5th child readily accepted it. Wee-granny and Mary, her daughter, made a careful and prayerful investigation of the new doctrine and they were also convinced of it's truth. They were baptized by those who held the Priesthood and could officiate in this ordinance. Wee-granny was 67 years old at this time. Later, 2 more of her children were baptized.

In 1852, John and his family immigrated to Utah, and in 1856 he sent his mother the money that she might come to Zion. Wee-granny was almost 74 years old when she started on the long, wearisome 6000 mile journey, alone as far as her family was concerned. She had a determined will to accomplish what she thought was right. She loved the Gospel, and her desire was to be with her son and saints in Zion. When she arrived in Iowa City, she was assigned to the Martin Handcart Company. There were 5 companies to leave in the Summer of 1856. The first three arrived safely with little difficulty, but the Martin and Willie companies met with tragedy. Because wagons and oxen were very expensive, these groups used handcarts that they could pull themselves. They could actually walk faster than the slow plodding oxen. Because the handcarts and tents were not ready, the Martin and Willie companies were forced to wait until late July. They were advised not to make the trek so late in the season, but it was their desire to go. The Martin Company was the last to leave. Their hastily constructed handcarts were made of unseasoned wood, and they fell to pieces in the hot prairie sun. It took precious time to repair them. The Cheyenne Indians were on the warpath, and word came to the suffering pioneers of massacres by the red man. Their food was scarce, and they were weakened by the lack of nourishment. They were improperly clad for the inclement weather. An early and severe Winter had set in. By September there were heavy frosts. Of the 575 members of the Company, almost one-fourth of them died before they reached Utah.

Wee-granny trudged bravely on as far as Chimney Rock, Nebraska. Here, she succumbed to fatigue, exposure, and the hardships of the journey. On October 3, 1856, her weary, wornout body was buried by the side of the wagon trail. Just before passing away, she said to her friends gathered around her, "Tell John I died with my face toward Zion'."

The above history was submitted by LaRae Murdoch MacKay. Wee-granny is LaRae's great-great grandmother.



My great-grandfather, Isaac Conway Morris, was born 25 April 1828 at Llanfair Tahlaiarn, Benbighshire, North Wales. The son of William Morris and Sarah Davies, he had 9 brothers and sisters: Edward, Fanny, Margaret, Elizabeth, John, Ann, William, Evan and Robert. Isaac was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was baptized 16 July 1849 in Wales. He lived with his parents until his marriage to Elizabeth Williams, who was born to John Rowland Williams and Mary Roberts on 15 May 1828 in St. Asaph, Flintshire, Wales. Elizabeth was converted to the Church and baptized in December 1849 in Wales. Isaac and Elizabeth were married 16 October 1852 in Abergele, Denbighshire, North Wales - they were both 24 years of age. A few months after their marriage, they left their parents and brothers and sisters to start to Utah with other converts. They sailed from Liverpool, England on 5 February 1853, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the ship 'Jersey'. On the ship were 314 Latter-day Saints under the direction of George Halladay. They arrived in New Orleans 21 March 1853, after an ocean voyage of 45 days. Isaac and Elizabeth continued their journey by river steamer to Keokuk, Iowa, which was the outfitting post for the Latter-day Saint emigrants in 1853. They left for the West on 3 June 1853. They crossed the river at Council Bluffs 11 July, and continued their journey across the Plains by ox-team. When the Saints stopped for the evening, the wagons were placed in a circle, and guards were stationed throughout the night to help protect the group from the Indians. The Saints endured hot days, cold nights, and rationed food. They suffered many hardships, but the people helped one another physically and also provided moral support for each other. When Isaac and Elizabeth arrived at Sweetwater, Wyoming 12 September 1853, their 1st child-Sarah-was born. They arrived in Salt Lake City 10 October 1853. It had taken 8½ months to make the journey from Wales to Salt Lake City where they made their home. Two of Isaac's cousins, Nephi and Elias Morris, had emigrated to Utah in 1852. All of them quarried rock and hauled it by ox-team to help build the Salt Lake Temple. In 1862, Isaac and Elias built a bake oven at Camp Douglas for John Sharp, who had contracted with the military authorities for its construction. He also worked with his cousin Elias on many other jobs. When Isaac was working on a building in Salt Lake City, he accidentally fell and was hurt so severely that it was a miracle he survived. In Salt Lake City, 7 more children were born to them, making 8 in all: Sarah, Mary, William Conway, Isaac, Elizabeth, Priscilla, John (stillborn), and Thomas (who died a few hours after birth). Elizabeth, Isaac's wife, died 25 October 1865, just 4 days after giving birth to Thomas - she was only 37 years old. This was a real trial for the family, for there were 6 young children to be cared for, the oldest only 12. Records indicate that the children came to Richville, Utah with their father and step-mother, whom Isaac had married in polygamy just 9½ months before Elizabeth died. This marriage of Isaac Conway Morris and Sarah Elizabeth Henderson took place 7 January 1865 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Isaac and Sarah resided in Salt Lake City for awhile - they moved to Richville in 1865 or early 1866. Their life in Richville was typical of the early pioneers. Hunting and fishing were the main sports. Game was plentiful at this early period of time, and it was easy to get enough fish for breakfast before the sun came up, or shoot enough chickens for dinner, or kill a deer. There were also wild animals such as bears, mountain lions, lynx and bobcats. Dancing was the social amusement. The dance would begin at sunset and last until midnight, when supper was served. Candles were used for light, and the fireplace heated the building. Playing checkers was also popular in the wintertime. The people were so frightened at the 1st kerosene lamp that one fellow, the story is told, got a long, dry willow, opened the door a little bit, and lit the lamp with a stick poked through the crack!!

The Shoshone and Ute Indians sometimes made the canyons around Richville and Porterville their home during the summer months. Sometimes 500 Indians at a time would come through the valley. Once in awhile the Indians would ride through town with scalps hanging on poles. These were taken from the Snake and Cheyenne Indians by the Shoshone. The Indians were peaceful with the white settlers and did not bother them much, but did at times ask for food. President Brigham Young told the Saints it was better to feed the Indians than fight them!

Isaac Conway Morris was a very good rock mason and did some rock laying in Salt Lake when he lived there. In the early spring of 1868 the railroad hired him to build a rock abutment for the railroad bridge at Devil's Gate, Weber County, Utah. It is still in good condition. A 2nd bridge was constructed when the double tracks were laid in 1926. Union Pacific Railway was pushing its way westward and came through Morgan in 1868 and 1869. When the railroad was being built through Morgan, it proved a blessing to the people, as many men were hired to help move earth and make fills. Much of the grade was accomplished with wheelbarrows. Had it not been for the extra work, the people in Morgan surely would have suffered during the winter of 1868-69.

Isaac Conway was a very religious, good man. At one time, he was Superintendent of the Sunday School in Richville Ward. Two children were born in Richville to Isaac and Sarah - Eliza and Lucinda. Sarah was expecting their 3rd child when heartbreaking tragedy struck this family. Isaac became ill and died in November 1868 of stomach cancer, just 3 years after the death of his 1st wife Elizabeth. He was only 40 years of age, and had been married to Sarah not quite 4 years. He was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery near Elizabeth. The death of Isaac made orphans of the children by his wife Elizabeth. One of his children, Isaac, wrote 'My parents died when I was very young, and I made my home with Bishop Elias Morris in Salt Lake City. I secured a job driving a wagon'.

The 3rd child born to Isaac Conway Morris and Elizabeth Williams was my grandfather, William Conway Morris. William was born 23 September 1857 in Salt Lake City. He married Amanda Rock, daughter of Henry Rock and Leannah Robison. They were blessed with 12 children, 2 who died in infancy. When he was a young man, William and his family lived in Morgan, Utah and he was a butcher by trade. He was also a great hunter. Men from the East would come into Ogden seeking a guide to take them into the mountains east of Morgan, and they were referred to William. He would go into the mountains with these men for a week or 10 days at a time and guide them. If they weren't able to get their own game, he would kill it for them. Then he would butcher the animals for them. He was a good neighbor to everyone, and he and his wife Amanda, welcomed anyone into their home, no matter what time of day or night, and she would always prepare a good meal for them. She was a wonderful cook. Their 2 oldest sons, William Conway and Elias (my father), came up to Hibbard to visit their cousins - the Rocks and Hinckleys, and they liked it here so well that they talked their Dad into moving to Hibbard. The Morris family moved here in about 1902 and built a home just north of Mervin Rock on the west side of the road. Soon after, the oldest son, William Conway along with Henry Hinckley bought 40 acres from Jim Rock, and the Morris family put their home on skids and moved it up the road and located it where the Gary and Nina Morris home is now located. William Conway did butchering here in the Ward for all of his neighbors. In the fall of the year, several of the families had a fattened pig to butcher for winter meat. They brought their animals to William to kill and butcher. They would help each other this way, and serve a big dinner and make a party of it. He enjoyed life and nature and he loved to visit. He died 18 June 1927 at the age of 70. His wife Amanda, died 18 November 1939 at the age of 78. Their 2nd child, Elias, was born 30 December 1884 in Morgan, Utah. He was not a big man-about 5'5" tall, and very wiry and athletic. Elias worked as a plasterer/tender. He was a staunch citizen of the State of Idaho and never would call anywhere else home. He loved hunting and fishing and used both sports to keep food on

the table all of his life. He used to say 'I like California in the Winter, but if things get tough, we can always find something to eat in Idaho'! It was while Elias was working for the Rocks in Ucon, Idaho that he 1st met a very pretty young girl named Mary Tyler, who was working for the plastering crew as their cook - she was 17. Mary came from a very religious stalwart family who had come to Idaho from Huntington, Utah when she was 6 years old. Elias and Mary were married 24 December 1908 and came to live in Hibbard. They built a modest little home in the trees just south of where Gary and Nina now live. Seven children were born to this couple: Leona, William Elias, Juanita and Letha (who both died as small children), Florence and Lawrence (twins), and Gerald (Gary). Elias and Mary homesteaded a farm on Indian Creek near Medicine Lodge (west of Dubois) in about 1914. They dry farmed each spring, summer and fall, and lived in Hibbard during the winters. Times were very hard for the family and more than once both food and clothing were scarce. Leona tells of how Mary made her a best dress from a flour sack and how proud she was to wear it. Mary's 1st home at Indian Creek at the bottom of the canyon - it was a hay barn and tree stumps were still inside this little cabin. They later built a little one room cabin at the top of the canyon. Elias caught fish in Indian Creek and submerged a can in the creek that he used as a refrigerator. He shot deer and sagehens, thereby keeping them in meat. They cleared the tons of rocks from the land (piles of these rocks are still there) and farmed the land for 7 years, living in poverty, but years later still recalling the happy times they had as a family during these years. Elias built a cistern to store water, which he hauled in a water wagon from the bottom of the canyon - this was their water supply - the cistern is still intact.

They left the homestead and went to California where Elias worked as a plasterer/tender once again for the Rocks, earning \$6 per day, the most money he had ever seen. It was hard work. When back in Hibbard, Elias and his brother Henry went together on a threshing machine. They had 2 or 3 machines and Elias became an expert machine repairman fixing and repairing the threshers during the summers getting them ready for fall harvest. Elias built the home for Mary and the children in Hibbard out of railroad ties he got from the railroad company. This is where they raised their family. Elias' health was poor for many years before he died 10 April 1954. I can remember when I was a small boy, how Dad almost died. We all stood around the bed while the Elders administered to him, and how his life was spared at that time. Through the years, he underwent surgeries without anesthetic which caused him a great deal of suffering. Elias was a good man - he loved his family, and provided for them all his life. He was not active in the Church, but loved having his Home Teachers come visit him.

The above history was submitted by Gerald (Gary) Morris. Isaac Conway Morris is his great-grandfather; William Conway Morris is his grandfather; Elias Morris is his father.



Zera Pulsipher, son of John and Elizabeth Dutton Pulsipher, was born 24 June 1789 in Rockingham, Windham County, Vermont. He married in August 1815 to Mary Brown, daughter of John Brown. In his youth he served in the wars of his country and heard the fulness of the gospel preached in the State of New York. He was baptized by Jared Carter in January 1832 and ordained and Elder to preside over the branch of the Latter-day Saint Church in his home town. He traveled and preached extensively through the Eastern States and Canada. The following paragraph is taken from Church Chronology written by Wilford Woodruff: 'At a meeting held 29 December 1833 at the home of Wilford Woodruff. Elder Zera Pulsipher opened with prayer - he knelt down and asked the Lord in the name of Jesus Christ for what he wanted. His manner of prayer and the influence which went with it impressed me greatly. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me and bore witness that he, Zera Pulsipher, was a servant of God. After singing, he preached to the people for an hour and a half. The Spirit of God rested mightily upon him and he bore a strong testimony of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon and of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.' Wilford Woodruff was baptized 31 December 1834 at Richland, New York by Zera Pulsipher. In March 1835 the Pulsipher family moved to Kirtland, Ohio - a journey of 330 miles. He bought some land and built a house about 1 mile from the Temple so that they could be at the meetings and hear the instructions that were given by the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Apostles. They worked at farming and shingle-making helping to build the city and finish the Temple. In the winter of 1836-37 Zera went on a mission to Canada, leaving his sons John and Charles, ages 10 and 8, to cut and haul wood on a sled they had built themselves, to burn that cold winter. When the bulk of the Saints removed from Ohio to Missouri in the famous Kirtland Camp in 1838, Elder Pulsipher was one of the commissioners appointed to lead said camp, having previously been ordained (6 March 1838) and set apart as one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies, under the hands of Joseph Young and James Foster. The Church in Kirtland (1838) was now broken up and the poorest of the poor were left because they could not get away. Only about 10 teams were in the possession of between 500 and 600 persons--but they covenanted that they would go together or stay together. The Presidents of the Seventies took the lead of business. They advised every man that could work to go into the country and work a few months for horses, cattle, wagons, harnesses, money, etc., which they did. They worked and prayed and the Lord worked with them. Signs and wonders were seen and heard which caused the Saints to rejoice. The power of the Lord was manifested in various ways - angels were seen in meetings who spoke comforting words that in-as-much as they would be faithful, the Lord would help them and they would be delivered from their enemies. In June the company met, brought in their property which they had earned, and they had sufficient means to move all the Saints from Kirtland On 6 July 1838 at noon, the camp started all in order. The company consisted of 515 souls-249 males, 266 females, 27 tents, 59 wagons, 97 horses, and 69 cows. Rations were given out once a day to the several families according to their number. He that gave in money and he that had none to give--all fared alike. There was a regular order in starting--the bugle was sounded for all to rise in the morning at the same time, also to tend prayers and breakfast at a certain time; and all started together and every wagon kept in its place. The enemies had threatened never to let the Saints out of Kirtland two wagons together, but when they got ready to start, the largest company of Saints that had ever traveled together in this generation, started out in good order without an enemy to oppose them. When they ran out of money, they stopped and worked for a month at Dayton, Ohio and got means to pay their way through to Missouri. Sometimes the weather was good and sometimes bad; sometimes their tents would blow over in the rainstorms in the night--then all within- beds, people and all would get wet as drowned mice, but they could sleep in wet beds and not get sick.

When they got within 5 miles of Far West, Missouri they were met by Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Sidney Rigdon. A happy meeting it was! They were directed to camp at night around the Temple cellar in Far West and then go 30 miles north to strengthen a small settlement at Adam-ondi-ahmon. They bought land and went to work building houses and mills. The mobs raged, stealing cattle and horses, burning houses and driving people from their own homes; sometimes killing men and abusing women to an extent unknown even among savages. The Saints had to work in companies and keep their guns ready at hand. The Saints were ordered to leave Davis County within 10 days and to leave the State before seed time in the spring. Zera Pulsipher's family stayed the remainder of the winter with Horace Burgess, a son-in-law of Zera. Here Zera's mother died 2 December 1838 aged 86 years, being persecuted to death in the 'land of liberty'. After passing through the Missouri persecutions, Zera became a resident of Nauvoo, Illinois and he is mentioned in the famous revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith 19 January 1841 (Doctrine and Covenants Section 124). After the exodus of the Saints from Illinois, Zera Pulsipher shared in all the hardships endured by his people on the plains and mountains. On 2 February 1846, a company of Saints with wagons loaded with provisions and seeds crossed the Mississippi River with the 1st of the pioneer company. They were out with President Brigham Young and the 12 Apostles the remainder of that cold stormy winter, working their way westward. When their provisions were gone, they went down to the nearest settlements in Missouri and worked for more. They made a road west through the wilderness of what afterwards became the State of Iowa. In September they arrived at the headquarters of the Camp of Israel on the west side of the Missouri River. Just before their arrival the Government officers had been to the camp with orders for 500 men to go across the deserts and mountains to help the United States fight the Mexicans. This was rather a trying time to have 500 of the best men taken, leaving their helpless families. Seeing that it was impossible to cross the Rocky Mountains with such an unwieldy company this fall (1846), President Young selected a place to stay through the winter. After cutting an enormous sight of hat, all hands joined in building houses and digging caves and dens to winter in. 800 log houses were built in a very few weeks--Zera and his sons John and Charles helped build many of them. The place was named Winter Quarters. This was a hard winter and many suffered with scurvy and rheumatism from lack of sufficient food. Zera Pulsipher was one of the afflicted, so much of the responsibility of securing supplies was left to his sons. Zera and his family arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847 or 1848. For 24 years after that, he was resident of the valleys of Utah and thoroughly learned the hardships of pioneer life. Later, he and his family were called from the Great Salt Lake Valley to go south 300 miles and help cultivate another barren desert. They lived for 10 years in Hebron, Utah. Zera presided over the Seventies or in some branch nearly all of his life in the Church. He was the father of 17 children, 8 of whom came to the Salt Lake Valley with him. Zera Pulsipher died 1 January 1872 at Hebron, Washington County, Utah at the age of 82 years.

His son John Pulsipher was born in the town of Spafford, Onondago County, New York 17 July 1827. John records in his history that when he was 4 years old the Book of Mormon was published and one copy came into our town. Father (Zera) got it and read it over and over and believed it to be the work of God. In 1841, at age 14, John records that he was present at a Conference on 6 April where he witnessed the laying of the corner stones of the Nauvoo Temple. The Nauvoo Legion was organized with Joseph Smith at Head (which was the military force of the Church), and it was a portion of the militia of the State of Illinois. John volunteered when he was 15 years old into the 4th Company of the 5th Regiment, 2nd Cohort of the Nauvoo Legion. He attended every training and tried to learn the ways of war that he might help to defend and protect the helpless from the fury of the enemies. John writes: '1842--the temple progressed with the saints that could work at it steady. The Prophet Joseph worked with his own hands, quarrying the stone for its walls when enemies were not pursuing him. No

man knows what he suffered thru persecution. Nothing of importance transpired with me, only that I had a good father who never failed to keep plenty of work laid out to keep boys busy, or as he said, to keep boys out of mischief. I sometimes thought he was rather hard with the children but when I became older, I was thankful that he never let me go as some of our neighbors boys did, who lived without steady work, for they were soon to go to a steady home--the State Prison!! Said John: ' I had the privilege of being in all the persecutions in Illinois, and was present and heard the instructions given by the Prophet Joseph both military and religious'. on 9 February 1845, John was ordained into the Seventies, and shortly after was appointed to the 2nd Quorum. He witnessed the death of the Prophet, Patriarch and many others and the destruction of a vast amount of property. In the Great Salt Lake Valley he served 4 years as one of the City Police. On 31 August 1852 he went on a mission to the Shoshone Country. He married Rozilla Huffaker on 4 November 1853. They were later sealed in the Endowment House 20 March 1854. The winter of 1854 John taught school to about 80 scholars. He farmed on his father's farm. He was chosen clerk of the mission and required to keep a brief history of their doings. In October 1861 John was selected by George A. Smith to fulfill a mission and help settle southern Utah. His wife, brothers and about 200 of their friends moved out of St. George and settled at Hebron. In December 1867 the new school building was finished and John Pulsipher was voted in as Superintendent of Sabbath Schools. His wife Rozilla died at the age of 34 years of 9 February 1871. John remarried on 11 March 1872 to a widow, Esther Murray Barnum. He died on 8 August 1891 aged 64 years.

The above history was submitted by Gerald (Gary) Morris. Zera Pulsipher is Gary's grea-great grandfather. John Pulsipher is Gary's great grandfather.



PROFILES FROM THE PAST

A positive thinker

One thing you could say about John Pulsipher was that he had a positive attitude. He may have inherited this gift from his father, Zerah Pulsipher, of the First Council of Seventy. In the family's trek west in 1848 one of the difficult barriers to cross was a river. In the process, Zerah, age 59, had to wade the river several times. John wrote in his journal that "Father. . . said it done him good — cured his lame knee of the rheumatism."

After arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, John and his family found themselves faced with a scarcity of food. The winter of 1848-49 was especially severe, some people going on a survival diet that barely sustained life. Then came the gold rush and its travelers and an improvement of the economy. Looking back over the grim months, John Pulsipher noted that there had been little sickness then, which "proves the fact that I have long believed that we generally eat too much. . . . which clogs the stomach and brings on disease."

In 1856 and 1857 John, now about 30 years old, was among those called as a missionary to the Shoshone Indians. Weather was harsh in the wintertime, food hard to come by, and discouragements numerous. Yet John worked hard, organizing a school for the Indians, and kept his chin up. "A man can be happy in a cave if it is his duty to be there," he wrote.

After pioneering in the Dixie Mission, John moved his family to the new settlement of Hebron. There he experienced a deep sorrow when his wife died in 1871. But John could not be kept permanently down. The following year, having met a woman of congenial temperament when he was visiting Salt Lake City, John wrote the following pointed letter: "As we live in the days of short prayers, short sermons, and short courtships, I would like you to write me a plain, mountain-English letter and tell me truly, if you think it would be best and proper for us to be joined in marriage." She apparently found him persuasive, for she became the new Mrs. Pulsipher and was soon chosen president of the Hebron Relief Society.

— **Davis Bitton**

(Part of a series produced by the Church Historical Department.
Drawing by Deseret News artist Reed McGeor.)



Daniel Tyler was born 23 November 1816 in Semproneus, Cayuga County, New York, the son of Andrew and Elizabeth Comins Tyler. He was baptized 16 January 1833 by Lincoln Hoskins. He was ordained into the Aaronic Priesthood 4 August 1834 by Lorenzo Wells. He was ordained a High Priest 24 September 1844 by Brigham Young. He acted as 3rd Sergeant in Company C of the Mormon Battalion and marched with the Battalion to California. He arrived back in Salt Lake City, Utah 16 October 1847. Two days later, he left for his place of enlistment - Council Bluffs, Iowa - to find his family, returning them to Salt Lake City the following year - 1848. During spring conference in 1853, he was called on a mission to England. Daniel was President of the Swiss and Italian Mission from 1854-1856. It was during this time that he was able to send the Elders into Germany, having received correspondence from Karl G. Maeser showing an interest in the Church. Daniel was instrumental in the conversion and baptism of Brother Karl G. Maeser, who later founded The Brigham Young Academy at Provo. He was released as Mission President 27 November 1855, on account of ill health. He returned to the United States - to Iowa City - and continued to Salt Lake Valley with Captain Edward Martin's Handcart Company. He was Counselor to Captain Martin, and Chaplain to the Company. In 1862, he and his family were called to go to southern Utah and help strengthen a weak settlement, where he taught school for 3 years. Then he was called to Beaver, Utah for the same purpose. They resided in Beaver for the remainder of their lives. He and his wife, Ruth Welton Tyler, were parents of 14 children. Daniel was ordained a Patriarch 10 December 1873 by Brigham Young and George Albert Smith. He died 7 November 1906; Ruth died 14 April 1897.

The following is a history, written by Daniel Tyler, concerning the introduction of the gospel to his family:

"In 1823, my family moved to Springfield, Erie County, Pennsylvania to join his father, where he and my grandfather became unusually interested in reading the scriptures. The more he read and contended with the local ministers, the more convinced he was that the gospel was not on the earth. The true Church of Christ was not then on the earth (February 1829), nor had any such occurrences been heard of at this time. Although the Father and the Son had appeared to Joseph Smith some years previously, we had not heard of this vision. In the spring of 1832, Elders Samuel H. Smith and Orson Hyde, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to our neighborhood and held a few meetings. Elder Smith read the 29th Chapter of Isaiah at the first meeting and delineated the circumstances of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, of which he said he was a witness. He knew his brother Joseph had the plates, for the prophet had shown them to him, and he had handled them and seen the engravings thereon. At the close of this meeting my father, as was his custom, sprung his usual question about the spiritual gifts and was quite surprised to hear Elder Smith say, 'That is our doctrine, and we have those gifts in our Church'. At the close of the meeting, I picked up the Book of Mormon, which they had left lying on the table, and began to read. My brother William took the book out of my hands and closed it, remarking that good people said it carried with it a spirit of witchcraft. I was then 15 years of age. My father soon became a bitter enemy. I believed the words I had read, but dared not make my belief known because of my youth and the bitterness of my father. He admitted that the 'Mormon' doctrines were true, but claimed that the members of that church had adopted them to cover up a fraud. There was no human being to whom I dared make known the fact that I believed in the teachings of the despised 'Mormons'. I had for some time, however, been in the habit of engaging in secret prayer when I poured out my soul to the Lord. I soon

learned that my sister also believed and resolved to be baptized at the first opportunity. When father asked her if what he had heard was true - that she intended to join the 'Mormons' - she answered that she believed they were right, and that it was her duty to join them. He told her that if she joined them, she must never darken his door again. Our older brothers told her they would shoot any 'Mormon Elder' who dared to baptize her. Thus it continued for several months, during which time I continued praying, not only for my sister, but for my parents and brothers, although my mother said but little either way. In December 1832, Elder Hyrum Smith again came to our neighborhood. My father told him that his daughter, who was present, was bent on being baptized into his church, stating at the same time, that the elder who baptized her would do so at his peril. Elder Smith quite mildly remarked - 'Mr. Tyler, we shall not baptize your daughter against your wishes. If our doctrine be true, which we testify it is, if you prevent your daughter from embracing it, the sin will be on your head, not on ours or your daughter's.' This remark pricked him to the heart. He began to think that possibly the 'Mormons' were right and he was wrong. He therefore decided to counsel his daughter in the matter and then permit her to exercise her free agency. He would thus relieve himself of any responsibility. He took her on an ox-sled to Lake Erie, a distance of 2 miles, where, after a hole was cut through 3 feet of solid ice, she was baptized and confirmed into the church by Elder Hyrum Smith. Soon after, my grandfather (who had died) appeared to my father in a dream, and told him that this was the people he prophesied of while living, and my parents were baptized - then my persecuting brothers followed. My father then told me that I could be baptized if I wished. My baptism took place the following Wednesday 16 January 1833 - I was a little over 16 years of age. The gift of prophecy was poured out upon me. I also received the gift and interpretation of tongues.'

Of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Daniel Tyler writes: "My first impression of the prophet was that he was a meek, humble, sociable and very affable man, as a citizen, and one of the most intelligent of men, and a great prophet. My subsequent acquaintance with him more than confirmed my most favorable impressions in every particular. He was a great statesman, philosopher and philanthropist, logician, and last, but not least, the greatest prophet, seer and revelator that ever lived, save Jesus Christ only.'

'I once attended a meeting where the Prophet Joseph Smith presided. Entering the school house a little before the meeting opened and gazing upon the man of God, I perceived sadness in his countenance and tears trickling down his cheeks. He opened the meeting with prayer - instead of facing the congregation, he turned his back and bowed upon his knees, facing the wall. This, I suppose, was done to hide his sorrow and tears. Never, until then, had I heard a man address his Maker as though He was present listening as a kind father would listen to the sorrows of a dutiful child. Joseph was at that time unlearned, but that prayer, which was to a considerable extent in behalf of those who accused him of having gone astray and fallen into sin, was that the Lord would forgive them and open their eyes that they might see aright. That prayer, I say, to my humble mind, partook of the learning and eloquence of heaven. There was no ostentation, no raising of the voice as by enthusiasm, but a plain conversational tone, as a man would address a present friend. It appeared to me as though, in case the veil were taken away, I could see the Lord standing facing His humblest of all servants I had ever seen. It was the crowning of all the prayers I ever heard."

Daniel Tyler and Ruth Welton were married 11 September 1836. The following day they began their move to Far West, Missouri - arriving there about 3 August 1837. Ruth tells, "We bought 10 acres and soon had a comfortable home but the hand of persecution was not stayed long (The Hauns Mill Massacre). In February 1838, we moved on to Nauvoo, Illinois. We were thankful to once again breathe the breath of freedom and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in our deliverance and also that of our beloved Prophet and Patriarch from Liberty Jail. We were greatly blessed, making comfortable homes and also building a Holy Temple." Ruth became a member of the first Relief Society - organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. While Daniel was on a mission to the Southern States, the horrible massacre in Carthage Jail took place. Ruth received word that Daniel had died, but what a joyful day when on her way to October Conference, within a mile of Nauvoo, she saw her husband walking toward her - he was returning from his mission. The next day was the event of that memorable meeting when so many thousands of people could testify that the mantle of our martyred Prophet had fallen upon President Brigham Young, to which we could testify of a surety. After conference, we returned to our home and there we were permitted to raise 2 crops, although the second one we were not permitted to harvest. The ire of our enemy was again stirred up and we were forced to flee Nauvoo for safety, leaving our crops and livestock and all we possessed, except what we could snatch in our flight, thus being once again deprived of our hard-earned home and comforts of life. Through all of our sufferings through the winter, yet our spirits were buoyant, having a conscience void of offense toward God and all men.

We began our march across the Rocky Mountains. As we commenced our toilsome journey, not thinking that before we should find a resting place, we were called upon to turn out 500 of our best men to fight for the government that had so inhumanely forced us from our hard-earned homes. But thus it was. When we arrived at Pisgah, this call was made and responded to. My husband made the march with those noble Mormon Battalion boys and returned to me 18 December 1847. In 1848 we emigrated to Utah in Apostle Amasa M. Lyman's Company.

The above history was submitted by Gerald (Gary) Morris. Daniel Tyler is Gary's great grandfather. Gary's mother, Mary Tyler Morris, is Daniel Tyler's granddaughter. Her father Daniel Moroni Tyler is Daniel and Ruth Welton Tyler's oldest son.

Ruth Welton Tyler was born 25 February 1820 at Spafford, Onondago County, New York, a daughter of Asa Welton and Clarissa Norton Welton).

THE MORMON BATTALION

The following explanation of the Mormon Battalion is taken from the book "A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion In The Mexican War (1846-1848)", written by Sgt. Daniel Tyler.

"History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry." In these few words, Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke summarized the achievements of the Mormon Battalion, a volunteer force of some 500 men who had walked more than 2000 tortuous miles - from Council Bluffs in Iowa to San Diego - during the winter of 1846-47 to participate in the war against Mexico.

Acting upon an order from S.F. Kearney, Colonel of First Dragoons to Capt. James Allen, First Reg. Dragoons, Fort Leavenworth: (This dispatch to Colonel Kearney came from United States President James K. Polk, who had designed to take possession of California by the aid of the "Mormons"). Capt. James Allen proceeded to Mount Pisgah, one of the camps of the Saints, and explained the object of his visit by issuing the following:

CIRCULAR TO THE MORMONS

"I have come among you, instructed by Colonel S.F. Kearney, of the U.S. Army, now commanding the Army of the West, to visit the Mormon camps, and to accept the service, for 12 months, of 4 or 5 companies of Mormon men who may be willing to serve their country for that period in our present war with Mexico; this force to unite with the Army of the West at Santa Fe, and be marched thence to California, where they will be discharged.

"They will receive pay and rations, and other allowances, such as volunteers or regular soldiers receive, from the day they shall be mustered into the service, and will be entitled to all comforts and benefits of regular soldiers of the army, and when discharged, at California, they will be given, gratis, their arms and accoutrements, with which they will be fully equipped at Fort Leavenworth. This is offered to the Mormon people now.

"This gives an opportunity of sending a portion of their young and intelligent men to the ultimate destination of their whole people, and entirely at the expense of the United States, and this advanced party can thus pave the way and look out the land for their brethren to come after them. Those of the Mormons who are desirous of serving their country, on the conditions here enumerated, are requested to meet me without delay at their principal camp at Council Bluffs, whither I am now going to consult with their principal men, and to receive and organize the force contemplated to be raised.

"I will receive all healthy, able-bodied men of from 18 to 45 years of age.

"I hope to complete the organization of this battalion in 6 days after my reaching Council Bluffs, or within 9 days from this time."

J. Allen, Capt. 1st Dragoons

On 1 July, Captain Allen having arrived at Council Bluffs, a council, composed of President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith and Levi Richards, was called. Before this council, Captain Allen made known his errand. It may well be imagined that many of the Saints hesitated about responding to this call - it was not from lack of courage either. The danger of such an expedition would never have caused them to shrink or falter; but they had been deceived so many times by those who held authority in the nation that they looked upon this new requisition with distrust. The Saints were in peculiar circumstances. They were scattered all the way from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, and even west of there, for some had crossed the Missouri. They were destitute, having been forced to part with nearly every available thing to procure breadstuffs. The poor and sick and helpless who had been left in Nauvoo were looking to those in the

advance camps to help them, and many of the latter were under promise to do so. They had hostile Indians in advance of them, and still more hostile Missouri and Illinois mobocrats in their rear. Responding to the call would prevent the pioneer company, which for several days previous had been making preparations to start, from pushing forward to the mountains that year. How were their families to exist in that wilderness when winter came on? How would the helpless women and children do if the fathers and brothers, upon whom they had depended for support and protection, were taken away? These were questions that were bound to arise.

Assistance in emigrating with their families westward, would have been hailed with joy. Work of any kind and at any price, on the route of their proposed journey, by which they could earn a subsistence, would have been considered a God-send. But joining the army and leaving their families in such a condition was repugnant to their feelings. Such a thing had never been thought of, much less asked for, by the Saints. The assertion which has been made by their enemies: that they desired and solicited the privilege of joining the army to go against Mexico, leaving their wives and children homeless and destitute wanderers on the banks of the Missouri, is a base libel on the character of the Saints. They were loyal citizens, but they never expected such a sacrifice would be required of them to prove their loyalty to the government. Though Captain Allen represented the call as an act of benevolence on the part of the government, and assured the Saints that here were hundreds of thousands of volunteers in the States ready to enlist, it is doubtful whether he would have got one of the Saints to join him if it had been left to his own influence. Indeed, it is said that he admitted afterwards that he could not have blamed the people if they had refused to respond. He would not have enlisted under such circumstances himself, even to save the government.

The condition of the people as Captain Allen passed their camps and the kind treatment he everywhere met, including that of the High Council at Mount Pisgah, had touched a tender chord in the brave officer's manly heart. His manner was pleasing, and he gained the good will of the people quite readily; but it required something else than his influence to raise the Mormon Battalion.

On receiving the call, President Young and those associated with him in council decided almost instantly that the Battalion should be raised. There is much, however, to prove that they did not regard it simply as an invitation which they could accept or decline with impunity. President Young said, "we want to conform to the requisition made upon us, and we will do nothing else till we have accomplished this thing. If we want the privilege of going where we can worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, we must raise the Battalion."

President George Q. Cannon, writing upon this subject, says, "Captain Allen did not inform the people -- for the reason, probably, that he knew nothing about it--what the design was in case the Battalion was not raised. The secret history of the transaction is, as President Young was afterwards informed on the best of authority, that Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from the State of Missouri, got a pledge from President Polk, that if the Mormons did not raise the Battalion of 500, he might have the privilege of raising volunteers in the upper counties of Missouri, to fall upon them and use them up."

To say the least of it, it was a very severe test of their loyalty. President Young "asked the people to make a distinction between this action of the general government, in calling upon them for volunteers, and their former oppressions in Missouri and Illinois," and with a full sense of the sacrifice required, the people responded.

Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards rode back to Mount Pisgah, visiting all the intermediate camps by the way, as

recruiting sergeants, and sent epistles to Garden Grove and Nauvoo explaining what was required, and urging an immediate response. At the same time others were busy in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, raising all the volunteers they could.

President Young encouraged the men by assuring them that their families should be cared for, that they should fare as well as he did, and that he would see that they were helped along. He also predicted that not one of those who might enlist would fall by the hands of the nation's foe, that their only fighting would be with wild beasts; that there would not be as many bullets whistle around their ears as did around Dr. Willard Richards' in Carthage jail, etc.

These predictions were repeated in President Young's farewell address to the command at Council Bluffs. The sequel will show, improbable as it naturally looked at the time and during the travels of the Battalion, that these predictions were literally fulfilled.

On 16 July 1846, four companies of over 400 men, all told, and part of the fifth, were mustered into the service of the United States, at Council Bluffs, Iowa Territory. Our pay and rations dated from this period. The fifth company was soon afterwards filled.

To show the feelings of the members of the Battalion, as well as the conditions of their families - from the journal of Sergeant William Hyde: "A few had tents or temporary cabins. We were mustered into the service of the United States, on 16th of July, 1846, and marched to the Missouri River, a distance of 8 miles, to purchase blankets and other necessary articles for the campaign. the price of the same to be deducted from our first draft on government. The thoughts of leaving my family at this critical time are indescribable. They were far from the land of their nativity, situated upon a lonely prairie with no dwelling but a wagon, the scorching sun beating upon them, with the prospect of the cold winds of December finding them in the same bleak, dreary place. The most of the Battalion left families, some in care of the Church and some in the care of relatives, with some in their own care. When we were to meet with them again, God only knew. Nevertheless, we did not feel to murmur. On Saturday, the 18th of July, 1846, President B. Young, H.C. Kimball, P.P. Pratt, W. Richards, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff met in private council with the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, on the bank of the Missouri river, and there gave us their last charge and blessing, with a firm promise that, on condition of faithfulness on our part, our lives should be spared, our expedition should result in great good and our names should be held in honorable remembrance to all generations. They instructed the officers to be as fathers to the privates, to remember their prayers, to see that the name of the Deity was revered, and that virtue and cleanliness were strictly observed. They also instructed us to treat all men with kindness and never to take that which did not belong to us, even from our worst enemies, not even in time of war if we could possibly prevent it; and in case we should come in contact with our enemies and be successful, we should treat prisoners with kindness and never take life when it could be avoided." These instructions were in accord with the teaching of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Previous to taking up the line of march, the men of each company subscribed liberally of their wages to be sent back for the support of their families and to aid in gathering the poor from Nauvoo.

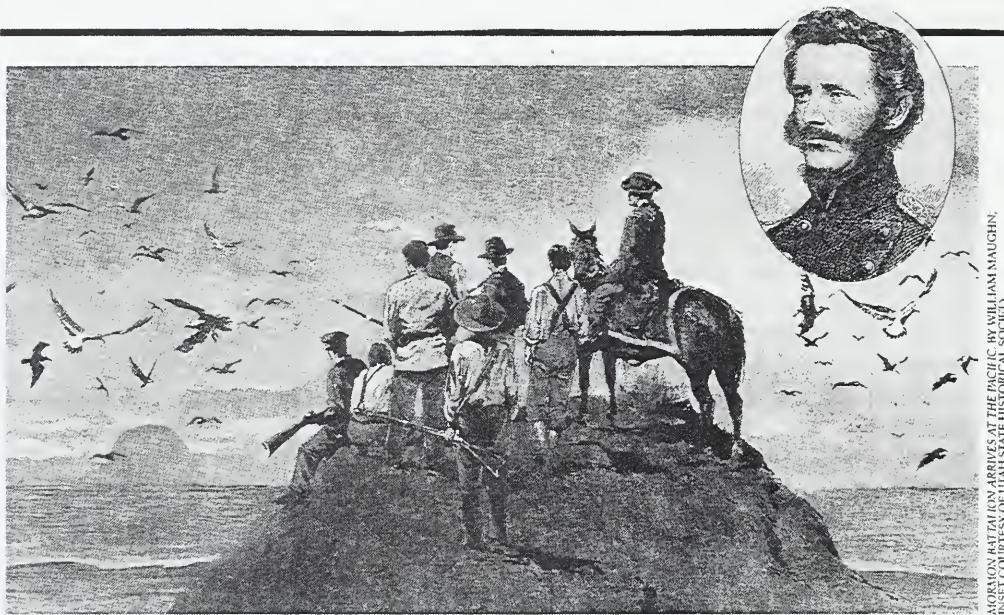
There was also a donation to aid Elders P.P. Pratt, O. Hyde and John Taylor, of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, in pursuing their mission to England, and to assist Elder J.C. Little to go upon his mission to the Eastern States.

Thus the faithful men of the Mormon Battalion, in service to the government of the United States, volunteered their subsistence to the support of their families and brethren in the Gospel.

For a more complete and detailed history of the Mormon Battalion, it is

suggested that you read the book written by Sgt. Daniel Tyler. Brother Tyler was encouraged by his comrades of the Battalion and also John Taylor, president then of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to compile what was to be recognized as the accepted history of this incredible journey.

Sgt. Daniel Tyler is the great grandfather of Gerald (Gary) Morris. Great-great grandfather of Gary and Nina Morris's children: Daniel Elias, David Cone, Debbie Lynn, Linda, Brian Gerald, John William, and Jason Tyler.



Colonel Philip St. George Cooke (inset) led the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean.





Amy Kirby Orme, daughter of John Kirby and Sharlotte Riddles, was born in England (likely Burdage, Leicestershire) 13 January 1804. The family consisted of 5 sons and 8 daughters. Amy married Samuel Orme of Silesby in 1823. It would seem that they moved around somewhat, as their children were born at several different places. The older was born at Lee, Leicestershire, in January 1824. In 1831, Amy with her husband and 3 small children went to America and settled in Mentor, Ohio, where 3 of her brothers and also her father and mother lived. It is likely that a number of the Kirby family came to America together about this time. On 4 July 1832, her only son was born. As all the people were thinking of the nation's birthday and perhaps celebrating also, many suggested that they boy be named George Washington. This was at a place she pronounced Menta, but as the name is not found in Ohio records, now I have decided it may have been Mentor.

About the year 1833 or 1834, she and her husband decided to return to England; they now had 4 children. They must have lived for a time at Mt. Sorrel, in Leicestershire, as their 5th child was born there 14 April 1835. They afterwards moved to Coalville where her husband was a bookkeeper at the Midland R.R. office. It was there he died 10 February 1842, leaving Amy with a family of 8 children, some of them very small and one of the older girls in very poor health. The only son was not yet 10 years old. It was now quite a struggle for existence. As the name of the town would indicate, coal mining was the main industry. It was decided that when Samuel W. was old enough, he should be a blacksmith. So after serving 7 years apprenticeship at that trade, he began to earn enough to support the family comfortably. In the meantime however, she had the sorrow of losing her 2 youngest children and a few years later a daughter who was about 22 years of age. All this was a great grief to her as she was so devoted to her children. She was a devout member of the Weslyn Methodist Church, but her husband had somewhat irritated her by telling her while they were yet in America, that "our church is not the true church". He had been away from home one night in another town in Ohio, and had heard two men preach a new religion, and he said, "They have got the truth," but he did not know the name of the church. After they got to England again, he had told Amy rather prophetically the "time will come when you will hear that religion, and you must join it; you will have a different feeling than you ever felt before and you will know it is true as quick as you hear it." Shortly after, her husband died, and she heard there would be two strange men preach at Whittick, just about 2 miles away, and she said to some of the children, "Let us go and hear them." When the meeting was out she told the children, "This is the religion your father heard in America because that feeling has come to me, and I know it is true." It was the Mormons. In a short time the whole family applied for baptism, the ordinance being performed by James or John Bowers. They hardly got acquainted with the gospel principles, and learned of the wonderful prophet Joseph Smith, when they heard of his cruel martyrdom. They were all anxious to get to Zion, and join the body of the Saints, but it was a hard thing to get means together under the circumstances.

Her second daughter, Eliza, got married in 1847, and she and her husband started for Zion 7 Februarh 1849, and wanted one of the other girls to go with them, so Caroline went along. The other 2 girls, and the son with the mother struggled and tried to save. Mail came very seldom from one country to the other, and when they did finally hear from the 2 daughters in America, it told of the death of Eliza of cholera at Grave, Missouri and she had left a baby girl. (The little girl, which was born in England by the way is Jane Holden Knight). This was grief indeed for Amy, and yet thousands of miles separated that little girl from her, and she would love to have that only grandchild. As it was, the other

daughter had obtained employment in St. Louis, and the son-in-law Michael Holden, was making his way across the dreary plains. In 1856, she (Amy Kirby Orme), with the son Samuel Washington and 2 daughters started for Utah. Many weeks passed in that sailing vessel between Liverpool and Boston. The journey from there to Florence, Nebraska was not bad, but now what could they do; no money, no chance for employment, and soon winter would be coming. There had been a hand cart company go to the valley, but this was a little late to start on such a trip. However, the church authorities decided that the only thing they could do was go on. So, under the leadership of Captain Martin, the large company started. Mostly young men and women from England and Scotland, they were ready to face any danger. Happily they went along pulling their hand carts, at first little thinking what hardships were ahead of them. As they got into the mountains, it became very cold and progress was very slow. Their provisions were getting low. The captain decided they must budget the flour or they would be entirely destitute before long. Four ounces of flour per day for each adult was allowed - that meant 1 pound of flour per day for the Orme family.

As the cold increased, many died because of lack of food, and very often it was the ones who at first seemed the strongest. Amy saw her only wonderful boy weakening, and she noticed that men died more often than women. Would her boy be next? No, it must not be, so she proposed to the girls that they each cut their ration of food a little, in order to feed Samuel a little more. It was done, but what was their terror one day to find themselves snowed in, on the Sweetwater River, Wyoming unable to move; no food and hundreds of miles from any source of supplies. Death was frequent, and those left were too weak to dig graves for their comrades. A few oxen that were brought along to haul the heavy luggage began to die, but as was said years after in a joking way, two or more men would try to hold the ox from falling over while the other would hurriedly shoot it. Then they would divide the animal up into small pieces and distribute it to the starving crowd. Nothing was wasted; the insides, the hide and everything but the horns and hair were eaten.

One day from the west came a dark spot moving towards the camp; as eagerly they watched they saw it was a man walking and leading a horse. On arriving, he told them he had killed a big fat buffalo, and had put all the meat he could on his horse for them. All got a piece of meat. Just why that animal had not gone with the rest of his kind to winter range will never be known. The man was Ephraim Hanks, the advance man of a relief party sent by Brigham Young to meet them. The news cheered them up, they took on new hopes, but some days passed before the toiling rescuers reached them. Now, they began to move on, but slowly. Finally they reached Salt Lake City, 30 November 1856. Shortly afterwards, the Orme family moved to E.T. Tooele County, the year following the younger daughter Rebecca and also the son Samuel W. who later married. Amy lived first with one and then the other of her children, and oh, how proud she was of each grandchild as it arrived. Still poor and almost destitute of clothing, she would cut away articles of her clothing to make the tiny babe comfortable.

In 1866, her daughter Sarah Ann Nix, and also her twin babies died. This was a great sorrow. In 1871, another daughter Rebecca Lee died, this leaving 3 boys. Amy, of course, took charge and raised another family in Salt Lake. While she had had a family of nearly all girls, now nearly all of her grandchildren were boys. In 1882, her long-absent daughter from St. Louis, who she had not seen for over 30 years, now came to live near her in Salt Lake City. The 3 grandchildren grew to manhood and married, and so again she visited and lived with one and then another of her children or grandchildren. On 19 July 1889, her son--to her the most

wonderful of all Gods gifts to her--died and she was then getting feeble herself, and in her heart she mourned as did David, "Oh would that I could have died for thee." Out of 8 children, she had but 1 left now. It was on 9 March 1893 in Salt Lake City, Amy Kirby Orme died. Her personality was grand and noble, sweet lovable disposition, even-tempered, and many who knew her said they never saw her mad, not even ruffled in her feelings. She was not large, but wiry, and active. She always felt thankful for the gospel and the joy it had brought to herself and family.

Samuel and Amy's only son-Samuel Washington Orme--was made an Apostle of the Seventy shortly after coming to Utah, and at the time of his death was one of the Council of the 43rd Quorum of Seventy. He acted as Home Missionary very often, and was a forceful public speaker. He died 19 July 1889 at the age of 57.

(When Amy and her children - Samuel Washington, Caroline, Sarah and Rebecca came to America from England, they came on the ship Horizon, from Liverpool, 25 May 1856).

This history was submitted by Janalee Morris and Vickie Widdison (sisters). Samuel and Amy Kirby Orme are Janalee's and Vickie's great-great grandparents.



Although I have no Mormon pioneer heritage, still I am very blessed with a great legacy, and thankful for the great families from whom I descended. They were pioneers in America. From my father's line - Daniel Cone was the first Cone in America, born in Edinburgh (?) Scotland in 1626 and immigrated to Connecticut in about 1656. He was one of 28 who purchased the greater part of Middlesex County, Connecticut from the Wangunk Indian Tribe, the Indians receiving 30 red coats for one hundred thousand acres - 'a piece of sharp practice which

was no credit to those engaged in it'! This purchase was made in 1662, the Indians reserving the right to hunt and fish in the land, so long as they did not disturb the settlers. Daniel Cone married Mahitable Spencer, 4th daughter of Jared and Alice Spencer of Hartford, Connecticut about 1661. They settled on land near the Connecticut River, naming the area Haddam after Haddam, England. Daniel's allotment of land was 4 acres on the townsite on the west side of the River, with land in the 'meadow' and timbered land adjoining. Daniel and Mahitable had 10 children. Mahitable died in 1691 and Daniel on 24 October 1706 at age 80. From records that I have, one statement is made that 'the Cones have a strong religious feeling, backed up by an overwhelming moral and temperance sentiment'. In 1774, the Cones moved into New Hampshire and then to Campton Township, Illinois in about 1856, and thus began their movement westward to Nebraska, where my father was born. There were at least 2 Cone brothers who owned lumber yards - this was my grandfather Cone's occupation in Gresham, Nebraska. My father, William Harrington Cone II, was born in Milligan, Nebraska 15 October 1894, the 2nd of 4 children. He was stricken with polio when he was just 3 years old, which left his legs terribly crippled, and after many efforts by his father, no medical means could help him. When my Dad's father died, his mother took the youngest boy (a baby) and went to Washington State, leaving Dad, his older sister Nina, and younger brother Lloyd in an orphanage in York, Nebraska. Both my Aunt Nina and Uncle Lloyd were adopted and given good homes, and though everyone thought my father was 'such an adorable little brown-eyed boy', no one would adopt him because he being so crippled required alot of care. So, he was left in the orphanage until he was about 10 years old, when he became so determined to find his mother, that an Uncle of his gave him a silver dollar and told him that he had heard that Dad's mother was in Seattle, Washington. Dad 'rode the rails' to Seattle where he did find his mother. He dearly loved her, having never been told that it was for a selfish reason that she had abandoned her children in an orphanage. From information that I have, the Cone family were good, God-fearing people who were very active in community affairs and did whatever they could to preserve their religious freedom that had brought them to this great land of America. I have in my possession an old letter that is dated in the 1830's that mentions the religious unrest that was occurring at that time.

Gary and I had the sacred opportunity of doing the Temple work for all the Cone families in my direct line, and I pray that these special ancestors of mine have accepted the Gospel - some day I will know.

On my mother's line - her father Andrew Seran Hovde and mother Elizabeth Brynstad came to America from Norway when he was in his early 20's and she was a teenager. What brought them to America I do not know. My grandfather Hovde was born 4 February 1855 in Stavenger, Norway; my grandmother 28 June 1862 in Bergen, Norway. I don't know how or where they met in America, but they were married in 1888 in Minot, North Dakota. After their 1st child was born they moved to Thief River Falls, Minnesota where they farmed and had 8 more children, my mother Laura Hovde being next to the youngest. From there they moved into the interior of Canada where they dry-farmed for several years. Then, hearing of the beautiful dairy land in northwestern Washington State, they moved their family to the little town of Sumas, Washington (north of Bellingham) on the Canadian border, where they owned a dairy farm. My grandfather died in 1909, so my grandmother Hovde sold the dairy farm and moved into town where she owned a restaurant near the railroad tracks - she was a wonderful cook and the railroad men loved to eat there. It was at this restaurant that my father, who was a railroad man, met my mother. They fell in love and were married 14 April 1919.

My grandmother Hovde died 20 December 1956 at a hospital in Bellingham, Washington at the age of 94, this being her first time in a hospital. She had been raised in the Lutheran Church in Norway, and had promised her mother that she would always be a Lutheran. So my missionary efforts with her were not at all effective! However, my grandfather and grandmother Hovde's Temple work, along with all of their children, has been done by my mother. There is still much research and Temple work to be done for the Cone's and Hovde's.

All of his life, my father wore heavy metal braces on his legs because of his polio. He suffered a great deal of pain in his lifetime, as he was in numerous train wrecks. His life was cut short at the early age of 49 due to a heart attack. He died 17 March 1944, leaving my mother a young widow - she was 43. Mom had never worked away from home, but now found herself sole provider for herself and me. My brother and sister were both married and gone from home. I was only 11 at that time. Mom was a beautiful seamstress, having made all of our clothes as we were growing up, so she found that she could stay at home and do sewing for others for a living rather than working away from home. She was always at home when I came from school, for which I was always very thankful. She would sew late into the night and I was given the opportunity to keep the house clean and do most of the cooking. Her sewing, along with Dad's railroad retirement provided us with the income we needed to sustain us. My relationship with my Mom was ideal - she was my best friend and we had a wonderful life together.

The Gospel was introduced into my life by 2 sweet little sister missionaries who visited our home and taught mother and I many of the doctrines of the Church. In March 1950, after having had a very spiritual experience, I was baptized. I was 17. From then on my life became very involved in the Church and it was at a Church dance on 3 May 1952 that I met a very special young man (a returned missionary) who was to become my eternal companion. Gary and I were married 6 July 1953 in Seattle, and then sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple 9 July 1953. My sister, mother and brother have also been baptized. Gary did my father's Temple work in 1964 in the Idaho Falls Temple. My mother died 10 October 1978 and my brother 30 May 1994.

I am so very thankful for the Gospel. I know the Church is true. My testimony continues to grow.

The above history was submitted by Nina Lauretta Cone Morris.



"My mother, Mildred Steele, was born in December 1895 in Gloucester England. When she was 11 years old, the missionaries came to her grandparents home to teach them about the Gospel. Her parents were able to accept the teachings and were converted and baptized into the church. They left their home and everything they had. Mildred, her parents, sister and brother sailed to the United States of America. They were met in New York by the missionaries who had taught them the gospel and encouraged them to come to America. One of the missionaries was Walter Muir - he brought them to Hibbard. They stayed for a short time here in Hibbard, and later purchased some ground north and east of Rexburg, where they engaged in farming.

I am so thankful the missionaries were sent to my grandparents' home in England."

This history was submitted by Phyllis Jeppesen Morris, wife of the late Lynn Morris, who is the son of Henry Morris and Lucy Rock Morris.



"Fredrick (Fritz) Pfof, son of Christop Pfof and Charlotte Klingler was born 12 August 1862 in Wuerttemberg Germany. His education there was comparable to our second year of high school. He learned the bakers trade and worked as a baker for several years.

He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and came to America in 1883 at 21 years of age. As soon as he saved money enough he sent for his father. They worked in mines in Nevada and in the railroad yards in Pocatello, Idaho.

Thus they secured money and sent for his mother, brother and two sisters. He and his father each took a homestead for a farm in Island Ward, now Hibbard.

On 18 January 1893 he married Christena Magdalena Walz, born 17 August 1875, in the Temple at Logan Utah. They had and reared 7 children, 6 girls and 1 boy, on the farm he had homesteaded. He farmed, raised cattle and hogs and milked cows. Before his marriage he planted large berry patches and an orchard. People came from far and near to pick fruit, as his was among the first grown in this area. He also had nice gardens of vegetables and flowers.

He was among the first to plant sugar beets in the valley, and on several occasions ranked with the top 10 in tons per acre. He helped build canals, bridges and roads. He loved to work in the timber and built his first home of logs with a dirt roof. His barn and fences were also built of timber he hauled from the forest in Island Park. He cut huge logs from the forest and took them to the sawmill to be cut into lumber for his future home. He also went to a white sandstone quarry above Rexburg and hauled out huge stone blocks to be cut for the home. This took his spare time from the farm for several years to accomplish his goal (mostly in the winter months). In the summer of 1910 the new home, a monument to him, was built.

In about 1898 he fulfilled an honorable mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Germany. He was always an active Church worker, serving in many different positions - teacher, President of the M.I.A. and so forth. At the time of his death he was 2nd Counselor in the Bishopric. Joseph E. Rigby was Bishop and James Berry 1st Counselor. He died 8 September 1913 and his wife 28 December 1953.

Children of this marriage were:

Emma Charlotte	born 5 December 1893	married William Brown Oldham	died 5 May 1956
George Ludwig	" 22 August 1895	" Eva Higley	" 8 April 1956
Mary Magdalena	" 1 September 1897	" Horace Edward Fullmer	
Irene Ann	" 8 March 1902	" Claude Orville Fry	" 1 December 1959
Vera Christina	" 23 June 1904	" Cecil Edward Hart	
Florence Rebecca	" 30 March 1906	" Clarence Ray Birch	
Melba Naomi	" 15 December 1908		

This history was submitted by REED OLDHAM. Fredrick (Fritz) Pfof and Christena Magdalena Walz are Reed Oldham's maternal grandfather and grandmother. Emma Charlotte Pfof - their oldest child - who married William Brown Oldham are Reed's mother and father.



"William Brown Oldham was born 11 September 1885, son of Samuel Oldham and Mary Elizabeth Brown, in Paradise, Utah. He was educated in the parochial school and in 1903 entered the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah. During the summer while at College he worked at various jobs in Cache Valley as a teamster and blacksmith helper on the Twin Falls Canal.

He graduated in the spring of 1910 and accepted a job over the Department of Science and Agriculture at Ricks College. His salary was \$900 per year. After 3 years at Ricks, he accepted the position of superintendent of the Sugar City school as they were starting a high school. During his time at Ricks he met Emma Charlotte Pfof of Hibbard. They were married 3 September 1913 in the Salt Lake Temple. When they were in Salt Lake Emma's father died.

On 7 June 1914, a son was born to this union - Reed.

During the next 3 summers Will helped build the red barn on the place where Ken Mackay lives, also the well house behind the rock house. This was built out of the logs from the original house of my grandfather's and was veneered with white brick. William Lutz was the carpenter on these projects.

In the fall of 1916 my father went to further his education at Urbana Illinois.

During this time their 2nd child was born - Mary Verena, 7 February 1917.

In the spring of 1917 he was hired as a plant pathologist with the US Department of Agriculture in the Food for Freedom Program and traveled extensively throughout the United States. During this time, he purchased 100 acres in Hibbard across the road from my mother's birthplace.

In 1918 he returned to Hibbard and was elected County Superintendent of Schools. This position he held for 5 years. During this time, the County constructed a new Court House and a new school was built in Hibbard. After this he was Principal in various small high schools throughout the area - Teton, Burton and Sterling.

During this period Fredra Inez was born - 7 July 1919. Mabel Loila was born 23 December 1922 and Thelma and Elma (twins) were born 23 April 1925.

William was active in the LDS Church. In the 1930's he was called to preside over the 148th Quorum of Seventy in Hibbard, Plano and Salem. Called with him were Lehi Keppner, J. Lester Rigby of Hibbard, William Harris, Charles Hilton and Eli Hope of Salem, Hamilton Steel of Plano with J. Elmer Hendricks as Secretary.

As time passed, William was active in civic affairs helping to start the Madison Cooperative Assoc. and the Upper Snake River Valley Dairymans' Assoc.

William took an active part in the canal companies of the area. In the spring of 1937 he, with Joseph F. Sellers, Ephraim William, J. Lester Rigby, Heber Saurey, Leland Mortensen, Orland Jensen, Bert Jensen and Gerald Larson took over as new directors of the Consolidated Canal; one of their first priorities was to replace the bridge that crossed the Teton River, with an undershot total cost of between \$5 and \$6 thousand dollars. This Board served for many years.

William's wife Emma passed away 14 May 1956. They had been married 56 years. All of their 6 children had been married in the Salt Lake Temple. After his wife died, William spent his winters in Covina, California with his daughter Verena Crandall, and his summers at the ranch which his son Reed was operating. William died 11 May 1977. He was buried on Saturday 14 May 1977, 21 years to the day when his wife died."

The Oldham family immigrated to America from England. The Pfof family came from Germany.

The above history was submitted by REED OLDHAM. William Brown Oldham and Emma Charlotte Pfof are Reed's father and mother.



Parley P. Parker was born in Salt Lake City in 1857, the son of Joshua and Drusilla Hartley Parker. He was named for Parley P. Pratt, the missionary who had taught his parents the Gospel and converted them. Parley attended school in Salt Lake City where he received a good education for that time. In 1879, at the age of 22, he married Rhoda Lee. Rhoda was the daughter of

Dr. Ezekiel Lee and Fanny Fisher. She too was born in Salt Lake City. When Rhoda was 12 years, she was invited to teach school in the home of Brigham Young as she was an exceptionally good reader and speller. She was 19 years old when she and Parley were married. In 1883, Rhoda's sister Elizabeth and her husband had settled in Rexburg and wrote telling them about the area, suggesting that they should move here too (and asking them to bring some flour when they came). That same year, Parley and Rhoda, along with 2 little children, decided to make the move and set out with a wagon and 2 horses and all their belongings.

Their introduction to Idaho was when they stopped to rest for about 10 days at Bear River while they waited for Parley's brother, Fred, to catch up with them. Another traveler was there with a family. He had several cows which provided milk for the children. They used a bonfire to cook their meals and baking powder biscuits were baked in a dutch oven. It rained a lot on the trip and there was a terrible hailstorm when they had to tie their horses to a tree and cover them with all their bedding while the family crawled under the wagons for shelter from the large hail stones.

Arriving in Rexburg, they established a homestead on land immediately south and west of the original townsite. They built a home there, about where the Spori Building now stands. It was a crudely built dugout carved into the hill, with dirt floors and a piece of canvas over the doorway. It served as the family's home for the first few years. Their land proved to be unsuitable for farming because there was no way to get water to it, so in 1888 Parley acquired a "home estate" as a timber claim and moved the family there. It was located near the Snake River in the area called Island Ward (now Hibbard). Some of his original property, he gave to Ricks Academy for their campus and the rest was sold to the City of Rexburg. The land was platted and has since been known as the Parker Addition.

The Timber Act by which he had acquired his new land required that 10 acres be put into trees. He planted a grove of cottonwood trees, a grove of apple trees and some black walnuts with seeds brought from Utah. These trees provided many years of enjoyment for all the families in the area who gathered there for picnics, dancing and other get-togethers. The cottonwoods eventually got so tall that the apples did not get enough sun to produce well.

Parley was active in the community. He was a member of the Democratic Party and gave assistance and counsel in various local campaigns. He was elected Justice of the Peace for Fremont County in 1898 and served for 2 years. He wrote and received letters from Pres. Theodore Roosevelt concerning matters in which he was interested. He helped build the canal system of the Upper Snake River Valley so that water was made available to open up new areas for crops. He was a member of the Woodmen of the World, and believed in progress through service and integrity.

Being ambidextrous, Parley was able to use either hand with equal skill, a talent that must have been useful in frontier days. His handwriting looked the same, whether it was done with his right or his left hand. He could also do one-handed chin-ups and would amuse his grandchildren with this trick, challenging the boys to try it.

In 1905, a new 2-story rock home was built for the family in Hibbard, the house with the name P.P. Parker embossed on the cement block. (This cement block is now on the front of the flagpole at the Rexburg Tabernacle Civic Center). This home was one of the earliest homes in this valley and one of the finest homes of its time. Parley had always been very inventive and was determined to make this home comfortable for his wife and family. He dug a deep cellar near the house where he put in a water system. He used

tanks or glass breakers and an engine which would pump water into the house and also create electric power for a Delco lighting system which he had put in the house. A stove had a water reservoir which would be heated when the stove was hot, making theirs the first family to have electric lights and hot and cold water inside their home. This system was used until a short time before his death in January of 1936.

Parley and Rhoda were the parents of 12 children. Many of their descendants are still living in the Upper Snake River Valley communities which they helped to build. They taught their children the true value of work and to be honest with their fellow men.

This history was submitted by Hugh S. Parker. Parley P. Parker is Hugh's paternal grandfather. (The 2-story home spoken of in this history was located north of where Harold and Vaudys Rigby now reside).



Early pioneer family

Parley P. and Rhoda Parker were early settlers in the Upper Snake River Valley. Their home in Hibbard was one of the earliest and finest in the valley. They were parents of 12 children

and many of their descendants are still living in the upper valley. Photo courtesy of Irene Albretsen.



Josiah Hendricks was born 25 September 1863 at Logan Cache County Utah, the son of Josiah Hendricks Sr. and Sarah Potts Hendricks. Josiah was a twin and his twin sister was named Drucilla. They had an older sister Rebecca born 15 May 1861. Josiah's parents came to Utah with the early pioneers in the

year 1853. They were the 1st couple to be married in Logan.

Josiah's early boyhood days were spent in Logan where he shared with his parents the trials of early pioneer days. He often went for timber up Logan Canyon with his father. He also went with his father to Plain City for salt which was taken from the great Salt Lake. This was a pleasure trip for him. He enjoyed these trips with his father. It kindled a deep love within his soul for outdoor life, which was to characterize his future. His father taught his children to be keen observers of the great outdoors. These pioneer days were days of poverty and hard work. Many times he remembered seeing his father take a lunch of dry bread and cucumber and go all day to the field to cradle grain. During his 14th and 15th years he spent working at the Logan Dairy on Bear River milking and herding cows. However, on returning home after finishing his work there, he had the misfortune of having his horses fall with him which broke his leg. At the age of 17 he received employment on the railroad. He worked for W.D. Hendricks, a distant relative, and Thomas E. Ricks building roads from Dillon to Butte, Montana. After its' completion he went to Jefferson Canyon which is located close to the headwaters of the Missouri River. He worked here hauling rock and building grade for the railroad until holiday time. He returned home and started school. He was only in school a short time when he was compelled to seek work again to assist the family, who were in need of food and clothing. During the summer of 1882, he worked on the Northern Pacific Railroad. He helped make the grade for the 1st railroad which went into Helena, Montana.

He intended to return to Montana in the Spring. However, on his return to Logan he found Pres. Thomas E. Ricks and his company preparing to leave for what is now known as Rexburg. Pres. Ricks hired him to drive 2 yoke of oxen to Snake River, bringing one of the 1st companies to this valley. They reached Rexburg 18 May 1883. This was in high water time and not having bridges, it was necessary to cross on a ferry boat, which had to be pulled for 3/4 of a mile loaded with the company, including their wagons and cattle to where the Carter home now stands. There has been a monument erected near the bridge now in honor of this 1st company of pioneers. There was so much to be done here that he stayed and worked for Pres. Ricks instead of going on to Montana as he had planned. Many are the duties to be found in making a new settlement. His time was spent mainly in clearing sagebrush and getting out timber to build homes.

Assisted by John Barber, he fenced the 1st lot in Rexburg which is located where the Court House now stands. This at that time was the property of Pres. Thomas E. Ricks. Help was needed to get out timber for the 1st store, meeting house, sawmill and gristmill, so he with his co-worker John Ricks were kept busy. John was the son of Pres. Ricks.

On 28 July 1884 Josiah was married to Harriett Ellen Neilson, daughter of David Neilson and Harriett Ellen Yeates. To this union 11 children were born - 4 boys and 7 girls. Their 1st home in Rexburg was one built by the Ashborker Bros. It was a neat comfortable log house, and it was here their 1st child, a daughter Ella was born.

When organizing the 1st Deacons Quorum in Rexburg, Peter Flamm was appointed Pres., with Josiah Hendricks as 1st Couns. and Joe Dalley 2nd Couns. Having had very little education Josiah felt very timid for a position of this kind, but he was willing at all times to lend his service wherever it was needed.

This settlement, the same as all newly settled territories in those days, was bothered a great deal by horse thieves. On one occasion, some of these men obtained lodging at the home of Brigham Ricks, and while here a posse of men from Montana overtook them putting them under arrest and in doing so 1 man was killed. For burial, he was clothed in a suit of Josiah's underwear and layed away on the Rexburg Bench. At this time, Josiah was 21 years of age. Most of the land around Rexburg was filed on, so he came west on the north fork of the Snake River and filed a claim on 160 acres where Hibbard is now located and here he spent the remainder of his life. The summer previous to his filing on the homestead, some of the settlers of Rexburg cut 50 ton of wild hay on this piece of ground. During the 1st year he broke up land, grubbed sage brush, fenced and helped build the 1st irrigation canal. This was real pioneer life and often food was scarce. He built a small cabin on his homestead. They were required to live on this and prove up on the land. He had no team, wagon or harness, so he was compelled to leave his wife and baby on the place and go in search of work. His wife was left alone on the homestead with no neighbors and the sage brush was so dense it was almost like being in the timber. Deer was often killed on the place and each night the howl of the wolf could be heard. During his absence, Ellen walked and carried her baby to Rexburg (a distance of 7 miles) to obtain a few groceries and a little coal oil. Heber Ricks (her brother-in-law) usually took her home. Josiah found work at Nicolai, Idaho, a small town located about 60 miles west of here. He worked there a short time and then returned to his family. He stayed home the remainder of the year. In the Spring he went to Beaver Canyon to work in order to finish paying for his team and wagon. The following Winter was a very severe one and the people suffered a great deal from sickness and privation. During a terrible blizzard Josiah rode a horse to St. Anthony for Miles Cahoon to bring him to the bedside of his mother who was not expected to live through the night. At times, it was necessary to crawl in the snow to find the road. During this trip he froze his cheeks and his ears.

About the year 1892 he built a 2 room log house, building nearer to the road. His farm by this time was pretty well under cultivation. They had set out an orchard and small fruits. After living in this home for about 11 years, his wife Ellen died on 15 November 1904 leaving him with 6 girls to care for. He often felt discouraged and lonely.

In the year 1906 he married Mary Ann Felt, daughter of Ludvic and Anna Danielson Felt. To this union 8 children were born - 7 girls and 1 boy. The next year-1907-Josiah Hendricks, George Mortimer, James Hendricks and Joseph E. Rigby formed what was known as the Hibbard Brick Co. They made and burned a kiln of brick on Josiah's place. Enough brick was burned to build a house for each of the 4 men. Josiah built and completed an 8 room brick house in 1908.

From the time Hibbard Ward was organized, he was totally active in several church callings over the years. His generous nature and love for mankind brought him a host of friends, and helped to keep his family united and living close around him. His eyesight began to fail - both treatments and surgery proved to be a failure. The darkness which followed could not be compared to the darkness in his soul at the thought of never seeing his loved ones again. However, throughout his affliction and suffering, he was never known to complain. His words of counsel and advice at the family gatherings in their large home would long be remembered. He died 17 February 1939. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel. He was ever ready to assist anyone in need and support any move for the betterment of the community.

This history was submitted by Gale Perrenoud. Josiah Hendricks is Gale's grandfather.



Thomas Edwin Ricks was born 21 July 1828 in Donaldson Creek Kentucky, to Joel and Eleanor Ricks. Tom (as he was called) learned the rough-and-ready survival skills that would help him meet the challenges of a hostile frontier and people hostile to his adopted religion. He learned to work hard, farm, ride horses, fish, hunt, and read the messages of nature. He became known as an outstanding marksman; an associate of his noted that 'because of his unusual skill with his gun he has been compared to the Indian...Hiawatha, according to his biography.'" Later one of his sons would write: "What little booklearning he was able to acquire he got mostly through dint of his own effort at odd times by the home fireside." In 1843 Tom accompanied his father on a visit to Church headquarters in Nauvoo to acquire land so the family could join the Saints there. These were difficult days - about a year earlier Joseph and Hyrum had been martyred by a mob at Carthage. Hatred and violence were ever threatening. Despite this threat, Church members worked to complete the temple in Nauvoo in obedience to the Lord's command, even though by then it appeared that they might be forced to forsake their beautiful temple and flourishing city. During the fall and winter, Tom and his father were among those who worked faithfully on the temple to fulfill the Lord's command to complete it. It was Tom's privilege to attend the 1st conference held in the Nauvoo Temple, 5-7 October 1845. Later that month he was ordained an elder in the priesthood, although he was only 17 years old. Thomas Ricks was proving his remarkable loyalty and devotion to the Church. The Ricks family spent 2 years in Iowa and Winter Quarters and then left with the Heber C. Kimball company which consisted of 662 people on 29 May 1848. Years later, Thomas, speaking at a family reunion, told of a special spiritual experience that comforted him as he lay on the ground in the midst of hostile Indians who had fired at him and his 3 male companions who had gone to check the cattle. Tom had been hit with 3 rifle balls; 2 lodging in his kidneys and another hit his backbone. He fell from his horse and lay on the ground. His 3 friends were driven away by the Indians and headed for camp as rapidly as possible, leaving Tom on the ground - presuming he was dead or dying. "While I lay there weltering in blood, I thought of the condition of my father and family and how badly they needed my assistance in crossing the plains and making a home in the new land and wondered if I was going to die. While thus engaged in thought, I heard a voice say audibly and clearly, 'You will not die; you will go to the valley of the mountains and there you will do a great work in your day and generation.' The Lord was mindful of Thomas E. Ricks. He indeed had a great work ahead of him. The 3 balls remained with him until his death at age 73. In April 1855 Thomas E. Ricks was called with 29 others to serve a mission in Las Vegas. He returned from that mission about 18 months later, just prior to October 1856 conference when Brigham Young announced that the Martin and Willie Handcart Companies were stranded and men, horses, food, and clothing were needed to rescue them. Thomas had been home from his mission for 10 days, and he and 40 other volunteers left that same day to rescue the suffering Saints. The rescuers reached the Willie Company first, located at Willow Creek on the Sweetwater River and provided the Saints with much needed supplies, and then half of the rescuers, including Thomas, went on to meet the Martin Company at the North Platte River. Brigham Young felt strongly about these young men who had helped the struggling Saints arrive in the mountains. He said, "Every boy that has gone out to save those handcart pioneers and endured that cold and frost and snow and those frozen rivers, everyone of these boys will be saved in the celestial kingdom of God." Thomas married Elizabeth Jane Shupe 27 March 1857 in the Salt Lake Temple. Elizabeth was his 3rd wife. Thomas and Elizabeth had 10 children, 3 of whom died as children. Their oldest son was Willard Ricks.

In 1859 Thomas Ricks and his family moved to Cache Valley where they lived until 1883. Among other things, he served as sheriff of the county for a number of years and was colonel of the cavalry with the Cache Valley Minutemen, over 1000 men who helped protect their people, their herds, and their lands. That he was colonel of the only cavalry regiment among the Cache Valley Minutemen bespeaks his skills with horses and wagons. He had implicit faith in the Lord and his chosen leaders. Twice he went on missions for the Church after he was married and had a family. Five times the Church called him or he volunteered to bring Saints from Nebraska. Three times he traveled on expeditions to find new places for the Saints to settle. In December 1882, he was called while living in Logan to be the Bishop of the Bannock Ward. He was a strong leader, called to oversee the settlement in Southeastern Idaho. He was at this time, 55 years of age, and he with his family once again uprooted themselves to build a new community from scratch. They went forward with faith. After selecting the sight we now know as Rexburg, they needed to name the town to be. President William Preston (President of the Cache Valley Stake), on 11 March 1883, with Thomas E. Ricks and William F. Rigby, suggested to name the town Rexburg in honor of Bishop Ricks, giving preference to Rex, the German equivalent of the name Ricks. Then Bro. Rigby officially dedicated the settlement of Rexburg to the Lord. That is how Rexburg received its name. In 1884, Bishop Ricks attended Stake Conference in Logan. The Bannock Ward, headquartered in Rexburg, would now be the Bannock Stake with Thomas E. Ricks as the new Stake President. He was set apart to that calling by President John Taylor. His 2 counselors were William F. Rigby and Francis C. Gunnell. The boundaries of Bannock Stake encompassed all of what we now know as the Upper Snake River Valley.

Thomas E. Ricks worked with Church leaders and the first commissioner of Church Education, Karl G. Maeser, to establish an academy at Rexburg on 12 November 1888. Classes for the 1st academy were held in the First Ward meetinghouse and elsewhere. In 1900 permission was given to build a sizable 3-story building for the academy. President Ricks did not live long enough to see it completed, which was accomplished by the fall of 1903. Today, this building is known as the Spori Building in honor of Jacob Spori, the school's 1st principal. On 5 March 1902 the First Presidency suggested the school be named the Ricks Academy in honor of the late Thomas E. Ricks.

Thomas E. Ricks was a man of great faith and resolute determination to serve the Lord and his Church. While the demands of his work and Church leadership kept him from home a good deal of the time, Thomas E. Ricks was nevertheless devoted to his family. He had 231 grandchildren and knew and loved them all. When Pres. Joseph F. Smith spoke at Pres. Thomas E. Ricks' funeral, he said, "It may be a long time before we find another man his equal in honor, mind, and unswerving loyalty to the cause of God and his people." He died 28 September 1901.

Elizabeth Jane Shupe was just a girl when her father died near Council Bluffs, Iowa. Her mother remarried Elijah Shaw, and they went to Ogden, Utah to settle. Elizabeth was only 16 when she married Thomas E. Ricks, and was married 5 years before they started their family. Elizabeth only lived to age 48; she never had a picture taken. She endured many hardships as a pioneer mother as she followed her husband to Idaho to tame the wilderness.

The above history was submitted by Wanda Perrenoud. Thomas E. Ricks and his wife Elizabeth Jane Shupe are her great grandparents. Willard Ricks is her grandfather.



James Briggs, son of John and Ruth Butterworth Briggs, was born in Manchester, England 4 January 1845. His parents and 7 children sailed from Liverpool, England on the Horizon Ship 22 May 1856. They arrived in Boston 30 June 1856. They arrived in Iowa City 8 July and immediately set to work preparing for the long overland journey before them. They had to make handcars, which were not ready for them when they arrived, because the number of emigrants requiring these vehicles was so much larger than had been anticipated. Thus, much precious time was lost which should have been spent traveling. Three companies of handcart emigrants which had started for the plains earlier in the season reached Salt Lake City without any unusual amount of suffering. They had crossed the Atlantic earlier in the year on the 'Horizon'. On 28 July 1856, the Martin Company at last started westward from Iowa City. It consisted of 576 persons, 146 handcarts, 7 wagons, 6 mules, 50 cows and beef cattle. The company was divided into 2 sections. Wagons being drawn by oxen were apportioned to each section to carry provisions, tents, etc. In this way, the company traveled nearly 300 miles to Florence, Nebraska. Florence was a new town commenced on the original site of Winter Quarters, so well-known by the Mormon exiles from Nauvoo, Illinois. While passing through sparsely populated country, the emigrants learned many lessons regarding this mode of travel, which were of great value to them later when they were hundreds of miles from civilization. As the handcart emigrants passed through the settlements of Iowa, many of the residents jeered at them and some mob violence was threatened, but they arrived safely at Florence on the first lap of the journey 11 August 1856. The handcarts they used were made as light as possible, weighing about 50 pounds. A strong man could pull one alone, but often the man would pull while his wife or other members of the family pushed from the rear. At Florence, the 2 sections of the company were consolidated into one as a protection against Indians in crossing the mountains and plains. On August 24, the company rolled out of Florence. Fort Laramie was reached 6 weeks later. Thus far, the journey had been more fatiguing than might have been expected, but with brave hearts the pioneers pursued their journey day after day. They enlivened the time around their campfires at night with conversation and songs. This expresses the spirit of the handcart emigrants in spite of the fatigue and hunger. Although the daily ration of 1 pound of flour for each adult had not been cut down, the fresh air made them hungry and their appetites were hardly ever satisfied. At Fort Laramie, they were glad to exchange their watches and other valuables for provisions, which were sold at reasonable prices. Those who were able to supply themselves with extra provisions fared better than many of their fellow travelers, because soon after leaving Fort Laramie, it was found necessary to cut down the rations. The 1 pound of flour per day was reduced to 3/4's and still later to something less, or nothing at all. The company toiled cheerfully on through the Black Hills country where the roads were rocky and hilly, causing the handcarts to become rickety and to need frequent repairs. William Middleton, father of Dr. George F. Middleton of Salt Lake, was in charge of one of the provision wagons. He frequently picked up the little tired children, whom he found clinging to their mothers' skirts, and gave them a ride. This spirit of helpfulness characterized all the handcart emigrants. One the morning of October 19, the beds of the travelers were covered with snow which had fallen during the night. The air was bitter and cold, and a high wind drove particles of snow in every direction. No wonder the hearts of the emigrants sank within them. Encampment had been made near the last crossing of the Platte River. During the day, the river had to be crossed. The water was exceedingly cold and up to the wagon bed in the deepest part. The current was very strong. Some of the women and children were carried across by men, but most of the women tied up their skirts and waded through. For several days the storm continued until the

snow was 15 inches deep on the level, but they struggled on. Many, however, fell by the wayside. Among these was a man named Edwards, a bachelor. He and another man named Carter had pulled a handcart together. Edwards was known as a constant grumbler. This day he grumbled more than usual and declared he would rather die than pull any more. Finally, his companion's patience gave out. Lifting the front of the cart he said angrily, "Get out and die then." Edwards staggered a few steps to the side of the road and in a few minutes he was dead. Another man known as Father Stone, who traveled with a grandchild about 10 years old, lagged behind and was taken up by the Hune Wagon Company traveling in the rear. He was invited to stop with them overnight, but he was anxious to rejoin his own company. He and his little companion went forward. The next morning, their mangled remains were discovered upon the plains surrounded by packs of wolves. Some time before this, a company of returning missionaries traveling on horseback with teams passed the company enroute to Salt Lake City. On their arrival in the city 14 October, they reported to President Young the deplorable conditions of the Martin Handcart Company. Joseph A. Young, a son of President Young, and 2 other men were sent ahead to announce to the emigrants the approach of the relief wagons. They found the Martin Company near the Sweetwater River on October 29 in the most deplorable conditions. The company had lost 56 of their number by death since they left the Platte River 9 days before. Their provisions were nearly gone and their clothing almost worn out. Most of their bedding had been abandoned on the road because they were too weak to haul it. The company was strung out for miles. Old men were tugging at loaded carts and some women were pulling sick husbands and children along through the deep snow. Several deaths occurred that night. Two days later, with the assistance of the rescue party, the emigrants arrived at Devil's Gate. James's father, a brother and a sister froze to death and were buried at Devil's Gate. The father and brother were buried at Horseshoe Bend and Martin Hollow. The sister was buried at Big Mountain.

The crossing of the Sweetwater River near this point proved a terrible ordeal to the weary travelers. Standing shivering on the river bank, they watched the huge pieces of ice floating downstream. The water at this crossing was about a foot deep and in other places, was still deeper. In spite of the cheering information that this was the last river they would have to ford, it seemed impossible for the emigrants in their weakened condition to make the attempt. At the prospect before them not only women and children wept, but strong men also shed tears freely. A council was held to decide whether a winter camp should be constructed at Devil's Gate and no further attempt be made to cross the mountain at that time. Fearing that it might be impossible to send supplies later in the season, the leaders decided to push forward to the valley. Leaving some of the baggage at Devil's Gate, the team wagons and some of the stronger men with handcarts forded the river. David P. Kimball, George W. Grand, and C. Allen Huntington of the relief party entered the icy stream determined to save the emigrants' lives. They waded back and forth helping the handcarts through and carrying women and children across the river. Hour after hour they worked incessantly. Just as darkness closed in on them, all the company had crossed the river. Every one of the three brave men died from the exposure, but their friends agreed with President Young's remark when he first heard of their heroism. He said that their salvation was assured. As the emigrants traveled up the Sweetwater River and over the mountains, more relief wagons met them from the valley. One by one the handcarts were abandoned. With the assistance thus rendered, the weary survivors entered Salt Lake City on Monday 30 November 1856, after more than 4 months of marching and toiling and pulling handcarts.

After arriving, the Briggs family had nowhere to go. Benjamin Clark of Sugar House Ward took them in. After a length of time James's mother married Benjamin Clark. The house was not large enough for all of them, so James's mother slept outside. One night she was bitten by a scorpion, which caused her death. Therefore, the children were left with their stepfather.

At 11 years of age, James was doing a man's work. He went up the canyons after loads of wood once or twice a week. Of course, he could not get the wood alone, so the men who were up there would help him. He lived with his stepfather until he was 19 years of age, then married one of his stepfather's daughters, Caroline Clark 29 April 1864. They built a one-room house on 11th East. They had no furniture except 2 soap boxes. They got an old stove and James built a bunk for a bed out of logs with a straw tick. They had no dishes and very little to eat. They never had flour for months at a time. After awhile, they got things a little more comfortable around them, which they were thankful for. James and his wife's brother, Lorenzo Clark, and James Johnson ran a molasses mill on the corner of 11th East. It was a great success. There were 9 children born to this couple in their home in Sugar House Ward. James went on 2 missions to England, one in 1882 and the other in 1898. He was President of the Manchester Conference and was a veteran of the Black Hawk Indian War. He died 15 February 1905.

This history was submitted by Evonne Lent Rasmussen. James Briggs is Evonne's great grandfather.



As members of the rescue team, three 18-year-old boys—C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, and David P. Kimball—carried nearly all of the members of the Martin Handcart Company across the icy Sweetwater River.



Caroline Clark Briggs, a daughter of Benjamin Thomas and Anna Shunker Clark, was born 28 April 1845 in Cambridge City, Cambridge County, England. She arrived in Utah 6 October 1853, at the age of 8 with her father and stepmother and 9 brothers and sisters. They settled in Sugar House Ward, now known as Emerson Ward. Her mother died when she was just 3 years old.

She never knew what it was like to have a mother's love. She often said how she longed for someone to take her and make a fuss over her. She said she had to go to work in the fields with her brothers and sisters from the time she arrived in Salt Lake City until she was married. They had to cut the corn and husk it without any shoes or stockings in October and November when the ground was all frozen and covered with snow. She said they never knew what it was like to have winter underwear. They had a piece of white cloth about 9" long with a drawstring and they tied it around their legs. She never had more than 2 months of school, and it made it rather hard for her to read and write. At the age of 19, Caroline married James Briggs - 29 April 1864. They lived at 11th East in a 1-room log house. They didn't have any furniture, only a straw bed. They had it hard, but they both worked together and got a few things. Caroline used to take currants and milk to sell on one arm and her basket on the other. James was quite prosperous, and they soon got a few things. Caroline said when her first baby was born she had to pay \$1.00 per yard for cloth to make a few dresses. Caroline was a wonderful seamstress and always sewed by hand. She worked in the Relief Society for 35 years. She was always helping someone who needed help. There were 6 families that came from England who James had converted into the Church. They had to wash and do other kinds of house work to make a living. James and Caroline went to visit these families once a month and took them meat and flour and groceries. James and Caroline were very generous to these families. Many times they would have gone hungry if it hadn't been for James and Caroline giving them food and clothing. Caroline made as many as 20 aprons at a time to give away at Christmas time. She had a wonderful personality and she always had a smile for everyone.

Caroline settled in Sugar House Ward and died in Sugar House Ward. She died 23 March 1909. She had 9 children who were all born in Sugar House Ward. The names of the children of James and Caroline Clark Briggs are: John, Ruth Ann (May Quirl's mother), James Lorenzo, Benjamin Thomas, Caroline Emma, Clara, George Albert, Joseph Edward, and Daniel Arthur.

This history was submitted by Evonne Lent Rasmussen. Caroline Clark Briggs is Evonne's great grandmother.



R. S. "Steve" HUNT

R. S. Hunt was known as the "Father of Madison County". Steve Hunt was held in esteem by all that knew him and he gave the same consideration of the rights and pleasures of his fellowmen. Steve Hunt was truly a great inspiration in the development of the area, and particularly the area north and west of Rexburg.

R. S. Hunt was born July 20, 1869 at Ogden Utah. He followed the livestock business practically all of his life. He came to Idaho with his sheep in 1890, locating in the Raft River country. In 1900 he came to Rexburg with his brother John and they formed the Hunt Brothers Sheep Company. Soon his father and other members of his family joined them and they expanded their sheep operation throughout Eastern Idaho and into Wyoming. The Hunt Brothers purchased a large ranch just west of Rexburg that became the base of their livestock operations. (This ranch extended from present highway 33 to 2000 north and from the Rexburg city limits to 2000 west, encompassing what is now the Rexburg Municipal golf course, the airport, the Teton Lakes golf course and the surrounding farms and developments.) In addition the Hunt Brothers owned eighteen sections of desert grazing land west of the Snake River west of Rexburg, and range rights extending from Heise into Wyoming near Jackson Hole.

John Hunt was the active partner in the sheep business, managing the livestock and ranching operations, while Steve looked after the banking business, and other public interests. Steve was the principle stockholder and President of the Rexburg State Bank. He served as President of the Madison County Fair Association, County Commissioner, and as a stockholder in the Woodman building, the Farmers Implement Company, Flamm's Department Store and a partner in Skelton & Hunt Meat Market. Steve liked to enjoy the peace and quiet of the farm and spent many hours on the farm in addition to his many other responsibilities.

R. S. Hunt had a public career which will go down as an important event in the history of Madison County. After defeat of bills to divide Fremont County into three separate counties in 1911, county division became a major campaign issue in 1912. After winning his election to the House of Representatives in 1912 by the largest majority of any candidate in that election, Steve, with others, particularly Lloyd Adams proceeded to draft new legislation to create a new county encompassing the south part of Fremont County. Steve introduced House Bill No. 124 on February 3, 1913, calling for the creation of Madison County. Through his leadership and persuasion, Steve guided this legislation to its conclusion in the legislature and on February 18, 1913 Governor John M. Haines signed the enabling act for the creation of Madison County. Because of his statesmanship in accomplishing what was believed to be an impossible task, Steve Hunt became known as the "Father of Madison County". The new county was approved by a vote of the people on November 3, 1913, and Rexburg was chosen as the new county seat.

A great celebration was held on Saturday November 8th, beginning at noon with a band concert, free barbeque, free picture shows, and a main meeting at the Tabernacle that evening. The days festivities ended with a dance and a display of incandescent light illuminating Main Street. An estimate 5000 people attended this event celebrating the new county.

In 1918, Steve's brother and partner, John died with influenza while delivering a train load of lambs to the packing houses in Chicago. This tragic event placed all of the responsibility of the entire Hunt Brothers operations along with the duties at the bank upon Steve. By this time the Hunt Brothers sheep operations included twenty-one thousand ewes, and over twenty full-time employees. With the help of his father and his brother-in-law, Steve kept the operation intact. However due to extreme financial pressures on banks throughout the nation brought on by the debts of World War I, the Rexburg State Bank became no exception. Banks were closing and depositors were losing their investments everywhere. The Rexburg State Bank was in serious financial straits, but Steve came to the rescue by mortgaging all of his personal assets and the assets of the Hunt Brothers operations. The depositors of the Rexburg State Bank did not lose one cent. This was characteristic of the Hunt family. Honesty came first, and even though his personal loss was great, no one could accuse Steve Hunt of not having lived up to his commitments.

Steve Hunt passed away in the spring of 1929, having never married. The great crash of the stock market that fall, and the depression that followed, precluded the repayment of the loans Steve had taken out on his land, livestock, and other personal assets. This once great ranching, farming, and financial empire was taken over by creditors. Only a farm in the north part of Hibbard, personally belonging to John Hunt came through this financial crisis. John's widow, Mary E. Hunt, and then his grandson, Delmar Hunt Raybould, finally finished redeeming this land from the lenders.

R. S. "Steve" Hunt will be known throughout the history of Eastern Idaho as one of the great pioneers of this area. His foresight, determination, untiring work, and community service have been to the benefit of all that have come afterward. Steve was returned to the place of his birth, and buried in the cemetery in West Weber, Utah.

This history was submitted by Delmar Hunt Raybould. John J. Hunt is Dell's maternal grandfather. R.S. Hunt, John Hunt's brother, is Dell's great-uncle.



Edward James Birch, son of James Birch and Mary Ann Hale Birch, was born 7 July 1853 at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England. He came to America with his parents, one brother and sister in the year 1856 when he was 3 years old. They left the shores of England on 1 March 1856 with a company of Latter-day Saints and arrived in Boston 1 May 1856. The family crossed the plains to Salt Lake City with the first handcart company, led by Edmund Ellsworth. The father died on the trip 17 September 1856 of cholera and was buried at Sandy Ridge, Wyoming. They arrived in Salt Lake and on 10 December, the mother gave birth to her 4th child, James. She married her late husband's brother, Richard, as a plural wife and the family moved to Coalville.

Rosena Stauffer was born 19 October 1859 at Rothenbach, Bern, Switzerland, a daughter of Ulrich and Elizabeth Schenck Stauffer. Her parents joined the Mormon Church in Switzerland. They sailed for America about 1860 when Rosena was about 6 months old. She was very ill while crossing the ocean. They were afraid they would have to leave her in a watery grave, but she was taken safely across the plains with her parents with an ox cart company. They settled in Farmington, Utah.

Edward James Birch went from Coalville to Willard, Utah to work for his brother. He met Rosena Stauffer whom he married on 1 April 1880 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They lived in Willard for about 4 years. Edward worked grandfather Stauffer's farm while he went on his 1st mission. A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born in Willard 6 March 1881. On 4 December 1882 their only son was born. He died when he was 13 months old.

During the summer of 1883, Edward in company with 3 of his brothers, came to Wilford, Idaho to file on homesteads. Then they returned to Willard for the winter. In the spring of 1884, Edward, Rosena and Mary (3 years old), with Edward's brother Thomas and his wife Mary Hannah, and their son James, started for Idaho. They loaded what household goods they could on a wagon and tied a cow on behind the wagon. They were 3 weeks on the journey, arriving in Wilford in June 1884. From that day on, they struggled to earn a living and to cultivate a farm out of the dreary wastes of the Snake River Valley. Rosena often said that many were the days when she would have given the entire Snake River Valley for one little lot in Willard. But as the years went by, it became home and she loved it. They lived in the wagon box until they could build a log room which they later used as a stable. Edward cut and hauled their winter's hay from Fall River Meadows. It would take him 4 days to make the trip. Rosena and Mary had to stay home alone, not knowing what minute an Indian might ride up. In the fall, they built a one-room log house which had a dirt roof and a rough lumber floor sawed from logs that Edward had hauled from a small sawmill in Rexburg. It was a desolate looking valley. There was grass and sagebrush, wild animals such as deer, elk, coyotes, and some Indians. There were only 5 or 6 families in Wilford at that time. There were no bridges. The rivers were deep and dangerous to cross. The winters were long and hard, and the snow got very deep. The family went through many hardships, their meals were scant and clothing was not the best. In time, another room was added to the house and more children were born. Edward made part of the furniture. Mary remembers one piece of furniture in particular - it was called the lounge. It could be closed up and then pulled out for a full-size bed. Edward was a good fisherman. He would hitch the team to the wagon, take Rosena and all the children to the river, have lunch and come home with a good catch of fish. In November 1896, the family moved into a 7 room log house. The logs were hauled with team and wagon from the mountains. Edward did most of the rough work himself. He hewed the logs with a broad axe. Then Mary would help him pull it to the top story of the house. They suffered very much from the cold that winter, the house not being finished. They planted shade trees, a lawn and raspberries and strawberries, native and English

currants, gooseberries, rhubarb and a vegetable garden. In a few years they had a beautiful home.

Edward helped to build the first canals. He also helped to build the first schoolhouse and church which were built of logs. There were only 3 months of school each year. The children had to walk a mile to school and the snow was often over the tops of the fences and they could walk on it. Edward had to haul his grain to Market Lake, which is now called Roberts. He would get .40¢ a bushel for wheat. At first, they had to go to Market Lake for groceries and then later to Rexburg. Later, Uncle Thomas Birch built a store in Wilford which was a big help to the people. When the first store was built in St. Anthony, the people in Wilford had to ford the river to get to it, until a temporary bridge was built. They got .20¢ a pound for butter and .10 and .15¢ for eggs.

Edward died 5 June 1913. Rosena lived on the farm they had homesteaded until 22 March 1916, when she sold it and moved into Wilford. In 1926, she bought a home in St. Anthony where she lived until her death on 23 July 1944. Rosena was a counselor in the first Relief Society in Wilford and in the Primary. She was a Visiting Teacher for many years and was a faithful member of the Daughters of the Pioneers of Camp Fort Henry. She lived a long, active, wonderful life.

Children of Edward James and Rosena Stauffer Birch:

Mary E.	b. 6 Mar 1881 at Willard m. George McArthur d. 10 June 1966
Joseph	b. 4 Dec 1882 at Willard m. d. 18 Jan 1884
Aletha	b. 29 Dec 1884 at Wilford m. David R. Woolsey
Sarah J.	b. 27 Feb 1887 at Wilford m. Mathias C. Smith d. 5 Sep 1959
Rosy M.	b. 19 May 1889 at Wilford m. Lansing Brower d. 24 May 1934
Annie L.	b. 2 Apr 1891 at Wilfordd. 6 May 1893
Caroline	b. 16 Feb 1893 at Wilford m. Benjamin Stewart d. 19 Nov 1959
Myrtle	b. 13 Dec 1894 at Wilford m. Danford McArthur
Margaret	b. 22 Dec 1896 at Wilford m. Alma McKinley d. 24 Dec 1947
Vera	b. 16 Jul 1899 at Wilford m. Estel Mortensen d. 24 Jun 1933
Grace	b. 24 Jan 1901 at Wilford m. Forland Mortensen d. 30 Mar 1980
Rella	b. 1 Dec 1904 at Wilford m. Delmont H. White d. 5 Aug 1964

This history was submitted by Vera Mae Raybould. Edward James and Rosena Stauffer Birch are Vera Mae's maternal grandparents. Their 11th child - Grace - is Vera Mae's mother.



MORTENSEN

Christina, Karen, Christian, Morten,
Peder, Peter, James

Christian, and Peter. This family settled in Hyrum, Utah, and later moved to Salem. The sons of Peter and Karen were Morten, James P., Peter, and Chris Mortensen. The daughter, Christina, married Hans P. Jensen. These people were all some of the earliest settlers of Salem.

(Mortensen history on page 114)



Peder and Karen Mortensen were born and raised in Denmark. Peder met some missionaries, listened to their story and read their literature. He was touched by the Spirit and wanted to be baptized. His wife would not listen. One day Peder became very sick and they wondered if he would live. He asked Karen to go get the Elders so they could give him a blessing. He was sure he would then get well. Karen was ready to leave the

house to get the Elders when there was a knock upon the door. When she answered it, there stood two young men that said, "We are the Missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints". They did give Peder a blessing and he recovered almost instantly. This experience so touched Karen that she joined the church. Her daughter, Christina, and son, Morten, came to America with the missionaries. James Peter came when he was 19. After the death of her husband, she came with her two younger sons.

James Peter Mortenson was born in 1863. At the age of 19, he had a desire to come to America, the land of plenty. He left Denmark in 1883. It took 2 weeks on the water before reaching New York. He went to Nebraska where he worked harvesting grain and then traveled by train to Hyrum, Utah, where his sister, Christina, and a brother Morten, lived.

In the spring of 1884, he and his brother Morten each bought a team of horses and a wagon and started for Idaho. Roads were rough. They forded rivers and crossed Indian reservations. They crossed the Eagle Rock toll bridge (which is now Idaho Falls), drove on up to Market Lake (now Roberts), and up the north side of the Snake River to Fort Henry. They forded the river to the south side, going one mile west where James homesteaded a quarter section of ground. He went to Hyrum to spend the winters with his mother and brothers who had come from Denmark by this time. He met Hannah Maria Jensen, a neighbor of his mother's, and they were married in January 1890. He brought her back to Salem to live in his little log cabin with a dirt roof and a lumber floor. The rest of the winter was spent building a barn and shed. They used water from the Snake River and later dug a 32 foot well, curbed with lumber. The water was drawn up with a bucket. James bought the 1st mower and binder in this part of Salem. He and some other men went together and bought a horse-powered thrashing machine. After the grain was thrashed, it was hauled by wagon to Market Lake where it was sold for 40¢ to \$1 for 100 weight. There were lots of wild berries such as gooseberries, currants, strawberries, huckleberries and chokecherries. These were picked and dried for winter use.

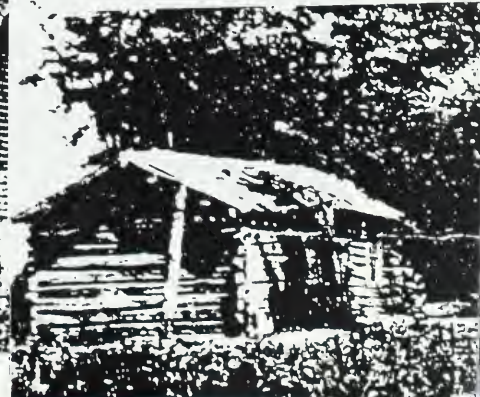
James and Hannah had 6 children. In 1910, they moved up on the Salem road. They bought their first car in 1916 - a Buick. Electricity came to their home in 1927. James died of a stroke in 1939 and Hannah Maria died in 1950.

The above history was submitted by Vera Mae Raybould. Peder and Karen Mortensen are Vera Mae's great grandparents. James Peter and Hannah Marie are her grandparents.



Hannah Maria and James P. MORTENSEN

The first home of James P. Mortensen





Orson Ricks was born 23 April 1873 at Logan, Utah a son of Thomas Edwin and Elizabeth Jane Shupe Ricks. In May 1883, the family moved to Rexburg. There was a company of 18 wagons and 150 head of stock. They were 11 days on the journey. They crossed the Snake River on the old ferry boat near where Carter Bridge now is (the bridge over the Snake River near Beaver Dick Park). When they reached the ferry, the river was so high it was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile over its' banks. The ferry could carry only one wagon and a few head of cattle at a time. When they reached the place for the ferry to unload, the people were unloaded into small rowboats and rowed across the flooded area. The wagons were pulled to high ground by a long chain that was hitched to a team at the edge of the water, and the cattle swam ashore. On their way to Rexburg, they met several men who were going back to Utah for their families, and they said to Elizabeth, "My, Mrs. Ricks, but you have a nice home to move into". It was one large room and the shavings had never been swept up but they were cleared away before they moved in that first night. Orson enjoyed school. Sarah Barnes was one of his first teachers when she taught school in one of the two rooms which was her home. Also, later when she moved her school up to the old First Ward Church. For awhile, he attended Bannock Stake Academy. His education didn't stop when he could no longer attend. He studied continuously and remembered what he read. He was always interested in current events and kept posted on church and national affairs. In the winter of 1894-95 he attended an 18-week course for MIA workers at the Agricultural College in Logan - now Utah State University. On one occasion, when he was younger, his father, Thomas E. Ricks, was conducting family prayer, and a knock came on the door. It was the Sheriff. He said that three horse thieves were staying at Uncle Brig's for the night. They had left their horses in the west end of town. The next morning Orson and his brothers and sisters and their father and mother watched the officers call the men out and shoot one of them dead. The other two gave themselves up. Orson helped dig the grave for the dead horse thief. Orson began courting Margaret when she was 16 years old. Margaret Agnes Archibald was born 16 July 1876 in Wellsville, Utah. She was the daughter of Robert Russell Archibald and Isabella Cranston Watson. Her parents emigrated from Scotland in 1866. They crossed the plains in covered wagons drawn by oxen. Isabella walked most of the way carrying her baby daughter. Margaret's father, Robert with his oldest son and oldest daughter came to Rexburg in 1883 and acquired land under the Homestead Act. He returned to Utah in 1884 to get his family. Before leaving Utah, the family were sealed in the Logan Temple which had just been dedicated. Margaret had heard of the high water in the rivers in Idaho and was afraid she would drown while she was being baptized. When her mother talked to the Bishop about the problem, he advised her to have Margaret baptized before they moved north. So she was baptized 1 June 1884. She wasn't 8 years old until July 16 of that year. Robert and Isabella loaded their belongings into 2 wagons and with their 8 living children started the 13 day journey to Rexburg, Idaho. When they reached Rexburg, they moved into a 2-room log house. The cabin had a dirt floor and roof. There was glass in the kitchen window, but the bedroom window had canvas tacked over the opening. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed. When it rained hard enough to soak the sod on the roof, the mud ran down the walls. If it was a very heavy rain, it leaked in other places and pans and buckets were placed around to catch the water. Fish were plentiful in the streams and was the main item in their diet for some time. Dances and parties were the main source of recreation. Candy pulls were popular. A diphtheria epidemic in 1890 took the lives of 3 of the children within a period of 2 weeks. There was such a fear of the disease that each one was buried as soon as possible after death.

When Orson was courting Margaret, he often had a bag of peanuts which he hid in the chinks of the logs outside the house, so that the adored little brother, David, would spend his time hunting peanuts and not be bothersome to the young couple! They were married 20 May 1896 in the Logan Temple. The first year of their marriage was spent in Salem on a farm belonging to Orson's father. During the winter of 1897, Orson herded sheep for his Uncle, Thomas E. Ricks, Jr. Margaret lived with her parents where, in November, their first child, Thomas Emerson, was born. In the fall of 1898, they purchased a granary from William F. Rigby and moved it to Hibbard where they homesteaded 80 acres. The granary was cleaned thoroughly, and they added a room to it and had a cozy new home. The sagebrush was so thick and tall that a man on horseback couldn't be seen riding through. Margaret tied a rope around Emerson's waist with a stick tied to the other end. When the stick got caught in the brush, Emerson cried and Margaret could keep track of his whereabouts. At that time, church meetings were held in the school house which was one mile south from their home. They walked through the sagebrush to church and home again. A search for wood ticks was made. Margaret remembered picking as many as 17 in one day.

Margaret taught the youngest Sunday School class in Hibbard for many years. She filled this position as if it were the most important calling in the church. Among other positions she held, was a Secretary in Relief Society and a Counselor in Relief Society for many years. She was a Visiting Teacher for 56 years. She never spoke ill of anyone.

Orson also held many church positions, including being a member of the Seventy's Council, President of the YMMIA, MIA Stake Board member, a long-time teacher of the theological class in Sunday School, home missionary and a member of the Hibbard Ward Bishopric for a total of 23 years - first as a Counselor, then as 2nd Counselor, and then as Bishop for 7 years.

Orson and Margaret were devoted to each other, their family and the church. They had a talent for making others feel comfortable and at ease. Margaret was a great cook. She often tasted as she cooked to see if something needed to be added. She was well-known for her raisin-filled cookies. Orson never worked on the Sabbath. Tithing and church donations were always paid first. Other obligations were paid promptly. Orson and Margaret were totally honest and never allowed ill-speaking in their home. Their door was always open to visitors. They treated their daughters-in-law the same way they treated their sons and daughters. They were the parents of 13 children - 2 of whom died in infancy, and 2 died in their youth. They left a legacy of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren who love them and revere their memory.

This history was submitted by Nina C. Ricks, wife of Orson Franklin (Frank) Ricks, 5th child of Orson and Margaret. His brothers and sisters were Emerson, Reba Ricks Widdison, Agnes Ricks Withers, Robert, Beth Ricks Hill, Rulon, Seth and Ruth Ricks Plat.

Frank and Nina are the parents of 10 children. Frank passed away 27 September 1984.



Eugene P. Clements and his wife, Bertha, were living in Minnesota when they were converted to the church and baptized. They had one son when they moved to Utah in 1882. They lived in Logan until the Temple was dedicated in 1884, when they were sealed as a family. By then, they had 2 sons - Lester and Cecil Clements. Immediately after that Eugene left his family and came to Rexburg, and with a partner built a small blacksmith shop. In September 1884, he returned to Logan to get his family and move them to Rexburg and the new home which he had built. In 1892, they moved to what is now Hibbard. When Hibbard Ward was organized, Eugene was 1st Counselor to Bishop George A. Hibbard. The spot where our Church house stands was donated by Eugene.

Eugene and Bertha had strong testimonies. At one time, they owed tithing but had no cash, so he gave his fur coat. After that, when it was necessary to travel, and sometimes he had to go many miles, the only protection he had besides his light suit coat was a quilt to shield himself from the rain, wind, snow or even subzero weather.

During the summer Bertha taught school in a one room log cabin which stood on the farm now owned by Blane Hendricks. They had set out apple trees and gooseberry and currant bushes. When the bushes matured, more fruit was produced than the family could use. Bertha sold 24 quarts of gooseberries or 20 quarts of currants for \$1.00, or 15 quarts of clean and picked currants for \$1.00.

The community was united, with everyone helping each other when help was needed.

This history was submitted by Nina Clements Ricks, who is the daughter of the above Cecil Clements and his wife Irene Anderson. Nina was born in Hibbard in the little white stucco house that is located between Blair and Ray Rigby's homes, the oldest of 12 children.



Abiah Wadsworth was born 25 May 1810 in Lincolnville, Maine to Sedate Wadsworth and Susan Hassen (or Harsen). For several generations, the family had been carpenters and shipbuilders, and as they lived on the coast, there was always plenty of work. Abiah used to tell fireside stories to his children and grandchildren. He would tell them of watching new ships being launched to make their first trip out into the great Atlantic Ocean. From his stories, his early life was most interesting and useful. Abiah learned while young the use of carpenter tools and became a good carpenter, as his father had been. He also learned to play the violin and drums at a very early age, making music and entertaining at parties as well as in the home. At the age of 21, in 1831, he married Eliza Hardy, also of Maine. She was the daughter of Joseph and Betsy Thorndyke Hardy, also of Maine. After they were married, they continued to live in Lincolnville and Siersmont, Maine - Abiah following the trade of his father and making a good living. In the fall of 1839, quite a commotion arose in the town of Lincolnville. An Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, William Hyde, came and preached a wonderful new religion. Everyone soon became interested and many were converted, among whom were Abiah and his wife Eliza, who were soon baptized and made members of this church. Their great desire then was to leave their home in Maine and join the main body of saints which was then in Nauvoo, Illinois. Soon they made plans for this journey which was to be made across an almost trackless country. Abiah bade farewell to all of his relatives and a host of friends. His wife, her 3 brothers and their families were in the group and they took with them only absolute necessities, sacrificing much to join the saints. Of this period of time, Abiah write in his journal the following: "The winter and early spring that I was 21 years old, 3 brothers of us, Charles, Jeramiah and myself, built a vessel 58 ton burden and was 5 days hauling it 4½ miles to Camden where we launched it into the sea. Some days we had 100 pair of oxen on it to draw it. The same spring we built the vessel, I took Eliza Hardy to wife. After I got married, I commenced business for myself. I lived in the neighborhood several years, had 2 children, Joseph and Lucy Adeline. After a few years, we moved into the town of Hope, joining Lincolnville where I was raised. When I was 30 years old, December 30, 1840, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and ordained a teacher and presided over the Branch until I left that country for Nauvoo in 1842. We arrived in LaHarpe, 20 miles east of Nauvoo November 6. We lived in LaHarpe and that neighborhood until the fall of the burning and then moved into Nauvoo. (The burning probably refers to a time when mobs began to burn out homes of saints in the settlements around Nauvoo). Remained there until the saints were driven out of Nauvoo, then moved to a place called Utica (Montrose). From there we moved to a town called Salem in Iowa. Remained there over winter and worked at wagon work until May 18 next, and then started for the Bluffs (Council Bluffs), 300 miles, and lived there until May 1851, then started across the plains. Arrived in Salt Lake City September 15." Upon reaching Nauvoo, Abiah's family immediately became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and until the time of the Prophet's death were good friends. Abiah, being very fond of athletics and being near the same age, size and weight as the prophet, told of contests, games and wrestling they enjoyed together. Abiah often told his children that Joseph was the fairest specimen of manhood he had ever known and that he was the truest friend a man ever had. Tears always filled his eyes as he spoke of the martyrdom. Abiah was at the meeting which was held after the Prophet's death to determine what the Saints were to do and who they could choose as their leader to take his place. As the Saints now felt lost and alone and were hated by those around them. At this meeting, Abiah heard Brigham Young speak in Joseph Smith's voice. Then and always, he said he was convinced that Brigham Young was chosen by God to take the place of the Prophet of God, and Abiah lived to see the wisdom

of that choice. As Brigham proved himself so competent and worthy of the position he held with great honor, until his death. After the prophet's death, there was trouble and confusion and the Saints were compelled to flee for their lives. Zachariah Hardy, Abiah's wife's brother, died from fatigue and exposure to bitter cold weather while ferrying saints across the Mississippi River. On February 12, 1846 Abiah with a few others, buried him during the night in the Nauvoo cemetery. Zachariah's sad widow and family moved to a small town called Montrose. Abiah also moved his family to Montrose, but he was called back to be a guard at the Nauvoo Temple which the mob was threatening to burn. In the meantime, Abiah's brother-in-law Lewis, moved all the families to Salem, a small town about 50 miles away, where they lived in peace and safety for 1 year. Abiah and his son, Joseph, worked for a farmer doing carpenter work and farm labor. For their pay they received a team of horses, a wagon and supplies to take them on their journey to Council Bluffs. They made this trip in 1847, and stayed there until 1851. In the meantime, Abiah had obtained a team of young oxen and numerous other supplies to help companies who went west before he was called. He, being a carpenter, was kept busy making and repairing wagons and other needed supplies for the long journey. They started on their long trip west 10 May 1851 all in good health and high spirits in Captain Abraham Day's company of 50 people. Abiah had a very good outfit of 5 yoke of oxen, 1 team of ponies, and 4 cows with 3 wagons in which to carry household goods, grain and supplies. Abiah drove 2 yoke of oxen and 1 of cows and 1 wagon, and his oldest son Joseph, drove 1 yoke of oxen and 1 yoke of cows on 1 wagon, and Eliza, Abiah's wife, drove the ponies on another and kept her youngest children with her. The family then consisted of 6 children - Joseph Warren, Susannah Aroline, Nancy Ellen, Eliza Ann, Abiah Jr., and Lucinda Marthina. Just before leaving Council Bluffs Elder George A. Smith came to Abiah and said, "You had better take all your tools with you as there are several very poor outfits in the Company and you will certainly need them". His statement was certainly true, as there was hardly a stop that the call was not heard - "Brother Wadsworth, bring your tool kit". When arranging the companies the leaders always tried to send a blacksmith and some one who could doctor cattle as well as the sick people, and someone who could do carpenter work. Abiah also took his violin, and as he had been a drummer in the band at Nauvoo, he took his 2 drums. In the evening, after a hard day of traveling, Abiah would play a few tunes on his violin and in a short time, the whole Camp would gather around the campfire and sing and dance and forget their worries of the day. Abiah often said altogether it was a very jolly company and they had very little trouble of any kind; but often a long dry day with no water was experienced and when they reached a stream the cattle would gorge themselves until they groaned with pain. Their remedy for this was salt and soda. For sprains or strains, they used hot packs of wild sage and salt; for insect bites they used tobacco and mud poultices; for swellings and burn they used axel grease. They arrived in Salt Lake City 17 September 1851, with every member of the company in high spirits. They went to a meeting the next day and Brigham Young expressed his delight that they had had such a pleasant journey. He also told them he wished them to join a company going to colonize a town at the mouth of Weber Canyon, then called East Weber. He advised them not to unpack their wagons but rest a day or so, then start on the last stretch of their journey. Leaving Salt Lake 18 September, they reached East Weber 20 September 1851. Soon after arriving at their new location, a call came from the Church for every member to pay tithing. Abiah turned in 1 yoke of oxen and a new rifle. Here they settled down for the winter, cutting and hauling logs for houses and wood to burn. They got along fairly well, being troubled only a few times with the Indians; however, they were quite treacherous and it was unsafe to leave women and children alone.

In the spring of 1852, Abiah went to conference and a call was made for volunteers to go to meet a company of saints who were coming that fall. Abiah volunteered to go, but when the time came, he could not leave on account of sickness, so his son, Joseph, went instead. Abiah said, "Joe is a much better bull-whacker than I am anyway." Joseph went the latter part of August and returned to Salt Lake City early in November, having been gone for more than 9 weeks. The company had endured many hardships and could come no further on account of the loss of cattle and broken wagons with deep snow multiplying their problems. Abiah sold his farm that fall for a good price and he and his son, Joseph, built a 3 room log house on a piece of land his son had taken up. They had plenty and got along very well that winter. However, they did not enjoy peace very long, as in early spring, Brigham Young called all the settlers into the forts for protection against raging Indians who threatened attacks upon the scattered saints. It was in May 1855 that peace was restored and the saints could return to their homes. This made it very late to put in their crops. The crops were planted in such dry soil that very little was raised. In the spring of 1857 Abiah married Phoebe Augusta Hubbard who was born 15 January 1840 and died 2 August 1919. They lived in East Weber for several years planting crops and doing the best possible. But grasshoppers came and destroyed the crops and even all the feed for cattle which had to be turned out to find their own food. The cattle grazed along the Weber River where grew acres and acres of willows. That year they lost many head of oxen and cows - some of them being so poor the cows would not eat them. This was extremely hard for the people as their food was very limited. Abiah said they divided with each other, all sharing alike and getting some wild meat to help out. Thus they weathered it through such a winter. This was done only by the help of our Heavenly Father who assisted them in good management and hard work. Abiah said he and his son, Joe, hewed many sets of logs for houses. Joseph was an expert log-cutter and Abiah quite as efficient. They worked with a broad axe. They hewed many sets of logs making them flat on 2 sides. In this way, they would fit together making a much warmer house and requiring less filling between the logs. They traded many loads of house logs for necessities which they would not otherwise have gotten. In 1858 Abiah and his family moved to Mountain Green, a small town in Weber Canyon. Here, Abiah built a shop where he built furniture, churns, tubs, buckets, terkins (containers for butter), barrels and many other needed articles. Indians again caused them to leave Mountain Green and they moved to Morgan some miles east. Here there were more settlers and better protection. They moved in 1860, staying 2 years until the Indians were at peace again. He was a friend to the Indians and they called him "Big Chief". While in Morgan, he helped build a saw mill, grist mill and a number of houses; he also helped build a small tannery or place where they tanned hides for leather which was made into harnesses, saddles, boots, shoes, and leggings which were needed at that time. In 1862, they returned to their homes in Mountain Green, where Abiah served as Bishop also having served in that capacity in Morgan. As Abiah now had 2 families, he found it necessary to move where he could have more land. So they moved in early 1869 or 70 to Hooper, Utah. Once again, he and his 2 son-in-law opened a carpenter shop. They did excellent work in the shop, having the best tools obtainable, and all were excellent workmen. They made household furniture and necessities as buckets out of wood along with lard and butter containers and churns out of cedar. Johnston's Army had left strips of iron which they gathered and used for hoops for their buckets and tubs. Abiah mended shoes, making pegs out of hardwood to hold the soles on. He made and mended harnesses and where rivets are used now, he used rawhide. Abiah was free with praise but just as free with criticism. He was a man of humor. He was thought of as the village blacksmith.

In later years, his first wife Eliza, who had been troubled with her eyes, became blind. This was very sad for the family as Abiah was too aged now to care for her or for himself. The home was broken up as Eliza went to live with her daughters and Abiah was cared for by his second wife, Augusta.

In 1885 and 86, many of the saints were being persecuted and put in jail because of polygamous marriages. Abiah, being about 76 years old, felt it would be better to move than risk a term in jail. The Snake River Valley in Idaho was being homesteaded and quite a colony from Hooper had moved to Taylor, Bingham County, Idaho. Many friends and relatives had settled there, so in June 1886 Abiah and family moved once more to unsettled country. Word had come to the folks at Hooper that this part of the Snake River Valley was a good cattle country - that cattle could feed out during the winter and be in good condition in the spring. Abiah sold one of his homes in Hooper and bought 40 head of young cattle which he took to Idaho with him. They obtained the land by Squatters Right and so required little cash. The first summer they were very busy selecting land, hauling logs, building houses, and trying to get provisions for winter. The cattled roamed the range with feed from 6 to 18" high. In the fall the worst blizzard Idaho had known for many years swept the valley. The cattle were scattered and driven before the storm and some of them were frozen to death in the snow. It was known that cattle thieves were working through the country and it seemed to be the general belief that they rounded up our herd with some others and shipped them from Blackfoot. Although they spent many days looking for them, one cow was all they ever saw of their cattle. This was a very severe blow to the family. Abiah was too old to start all over again. The following years were indeed hard ones. It was a constant struggle to get the bare necessities of life. Augusta was a midwife and in that way earned a little to help out. The family seldom had sugar and when they could buy 25¢ worth, the family were all willing to save it for Abiah, whose health and appetite were poor due to his age. In order to raise crops, water had to be brought to the land which meant digging canals and ditches. But in spite of the hardships, the people would get together at different homes for social evenings and always on Abiah's birthday, everyone in the community would plan to come, bring their picnic and celebrate with him. The hardest years were passed and the family had a home and 40 acres of land under cultivation when Abiah died at the age of 90 at Taylor, Idaho on April 18, 1900.

The above history was submitted by Alice M. Rigby. Abiah Wadsworth is Alice's great-great grandfather.



MATILDA SARAH FARNES SMITH

Matilda Sarah Farnes, daughter of Ann Isacke and John Burnside Farnes was born 23 May 1845, in Dagenham, Essex, England. She had 3 brothers: George, Mathew Henry, and Ebenezer and 3 sisters: Mary, Fannie and Jane. She also had one adopted brother: John L. Farnes. Her father was a book binder, working for himself.

When Matilda was about 11-months old, her brother let her fall and she was injured in some way, but the doctors were unable to find the trouble. She was unable to play as other children did. The family moved to London when Matilda was about two-years old. They lived in the heart of that great city. Their last residence there was White Cottage East Mile Road, London, England. During this time her mother suffered with asthma and was considered in the last stages of this disease. One day her brother, Sutton Isacke came to her and declared that he had found the gospel they had been looking for. He told her that if she would accept and be baptized she would be made well. This she did and through her faith she was made well and never suffered from asthma again (living to be 88 years old!) Shortly after this happened (when Matilda was about 5), her father felt that she should be taken to the doctor. Instead her mother took her to George B. Wallace who was an elder in the Mormon church from Utah. He placed his hands on her head and gave her a blessing. Through the faith of her mother and the elders, Matilda was restored to health. She went to work before she was eight years old at Groveners and Chatters, a printing establishment at 86 Cannon Street West, and worked there until she immigrated to America. She was baptized in a public bath house on 24 September 1854 by John F. Reed and confirmed the same day by E. Triplet.

From earliest childhood Matilda showed remarkable talent in singing. She had a beautiful voice and she loved to sing. It was her privilege to sing in a choir of one thousand at the Crystal palace for Queen Victoria. She had a large repertoire of songs and at one time she claimed she could sing one hundred songs. Throughout her entire life her voice was raised in song for her own enjoyment as well as the enjoyment of others.

Matilda told of the mobbings in London about 1856 at the Mile End Branch of the church. She was present at a conference near Elephant and Castle, Surry side, London when Charles Penrose sang O YE MOUNTAINS HIGH. She was present and heard the Big Ben clock strike for the first time. She witnessed a two week fire on the River Thames, which was caused by burning oil. She heard peace proclaimed at the Royal Exchange after the Thirty Years War.

On 4 June 1863, Matilda, along with her father, mother, sister Jane and adopted brother John L. sailed for America. They took passage on board the ship AMAZON, which was one of the first emigrant ships to sail from the London docks. Also in the party was Miss Mary Ann French, who was the sweetheart of Matilda's brother Matthew. They spent six weeks on the ocean encountering one bad storm. They arrived at Castle Grands, New York on 18 July 1863 and stayed there three days for inspection. They took a train by way of Niagara Falls into Canada because of the Civil War which was raging in the States. Part of this journey was made in cattle cars and they finally disembarked at St. Joseph, Missouri. Matilda's father refused to go on until they could get more provisions, (all they could obtain was the barest of necessities.) They bought hard boiled eggs for five cents a dozen. They stayed in St. Joseph for 3 days waiting for the next emigrant train and had to stay in a cotton shed. Some soldiers heard that the family was there and sent word that they (soldiers) would be around the second night to get the pretty girls. They were very frightened and helpless but a tremendous storm came up which prevented the soldiers from coming. The next day the captain of the boat heard of the family's plight and took them about his boat

After they left the boat and were preparing to cross the plains they saw American Indians (whom they thought were very handsome) for the first time. The Farnes' joined the Daniel McArthur Company and began the journey across the plains--where they were met with hardships the likes they'd not known before. Matilda was ill most of the way and suffered a great deal. She had the green mountain fever and was just getting over this when her father died. The day before he died had went fishing. When the

others came into camp they said that he was sick and coming as he could. Matilda went to meet him, going on the trail to where she thought she would meet him. She was afraid she might miss him and sat down to wait. Presently he came along looking very old and tired. After arriving at camp he insisted on putting up the tent. He died that night and was buried there at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater. A man by the name of Reed made a marker out of a box for the grave. That day Matilda's brother, Ebenezer came to meet them from Utah with supplies for the emigrants. The captain informed him of his father's passing and burial. Ebenezer was overcome with sorrow at hearing this news—he had visualized such a happy meeting. Matilda was ill the rest of the way. She often told how she had the desire to put her head under the wheel of the wagon to stop the pain in her head. Her brother, Mathew came to meet them at Echo Canyon. Matilda was unable to go farther than Salt Lake City so she and her mother stayed at the Harrison's Family home until she was better. The rest of the family went onto Logan, where they made their home. After she regained her health, Matilda and her mother went to Grantsville to the home of Mrs. Samuel House (Matilda's aunt). Around Christmas, mother and daughter joined the rest of the family in Logan where Matilda soon found work.

George Usher Smith was born 27 March 1842 in Etherly, Durham, England; the fourth child of Thomas Smith and Mary Usher. He was baptized at the age of 8 by his father on 18 Oct 1850 in England. Because of the persecutions to members of the church, Thomas lost his job with the railroad and left for Australia in 1852, leaving a wife and 6 children. The family later learned that Thomas had been burnt in an explosion, possibly taking his life as they never heard from him again. During the winter of 1854-55, the family traveled to America. They stayed near St. Louis for four years where George and his two brothers worked in the coal mines. They crossed the plains in 1859 with Captain J.S. Brown's Company arriving in Salt Lake City on 29 Aug 1859. They moved on to Logan where George and Matilda met.

They were married 16 October 1864 by William B. Preston. The ceremony was performed in a dugout two blocks north of the place where the Logan Temple now stands. Matilda's mother brought out her cherished English carpet and spread it on the dirt floor. After the ceremony, the family enjoyed a delicious dinner of bar-b-que'd beef. Bishop Preston admitted it was the first time he had ever tasted roast beef. During this time, George worked for the Church building telegraph lines (for 8 years).

The couple made their home in Logan. They had nine children: four sons--George W., Thomas E., Lorenzo F., and Warren Eugene and five daughters— Matilda Ann, Jane McKenzie, Rachel Frances, Alice Gertrude and Fannie Violet.

In 1884 George and Matilda moved their family to Rexburg, Idaho settling at Burton where George became the first bishop of the Burton Ward. On 6 Nov 1886 the first Primary organization was formed and Matilda was in the presidency.

George and Matilda left Burton for Pocatello in 1890. George then worked for the railroad until 1912. Matilda continued to serve in the church: being the 1st counselor in the first Relief Society Organization in the Pocatello Stake for 15 years. George passed away in Pocatello 21 May 1918 (at the age of 76). He was working for the city of Pocatello at the time of his death and served on the Stake High Council. She lived to be 1 month shy of 96; passing away 30 April 1941 at the home of her daughter Rachel Keppner in Rexburg, Idaho. She is buried in Pocatello beside her husband.

This history was submitted by Alice M. Rigby. Matilda Sarah Farnes Smith is Alice's great grandmother.

Matilda Sarah Farnes Smith is Steve Keppner's grandmother.



Niels Peter Nielsen Lee was born 18 October 1842, in Sterup Jerslev Parish, Denmark. His parents were considered well-to-do. His father owned 2 flour mills and father was educated in the best schools at that time. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 17 July 1858 by Elder Jens G. Christensen and was later ordained to the different quorums of the Priesthood. At the age of 18 he was ordained an Elder and sent on a mission in his native land. It was the first time he had been away from home. At the age of 19, he presided over a conference. Later he was called to preside over another conference. While laboring as a home missionary, he contracted measles and was near to death. One of his lungs was very badly affected and he was nearly given up. He motioned for his companion to administer to him and he was instantly relieved and in a few days able to resume his labors. His father saved the lives of 2 Elders the mob had taken and thrown into a canal. The mob was divided, two on each side. When the Elders tried to get to the bank, the mob pushed them back in with long pointed sticks. The canal was so deep they couldn't stand up to get some rest but had to keep swimming. His father saw them and he was a very influential man, he persuaded the mob to let them go. He then took them to his home, where his wife took care of them for a few days. While laboring in the last conference he and his companion baptized 45 people. In the latter part of April 1864, with his sweetheart, Helene Pedersen, they left on the ship "Monarch of the Sea" for Zion. On 30 April 1864 they were married on the ship. There were 49 other couples married at the same time. They arrived in Salt Lake City 5 October 1864. They attended conference but couldn't understand one word. A few days after, they with some friends, moved to Milton, Morgan County, and made their home there for 2 years. During this time he worked at anything he could get. In 1866 they moved to Huntsville, Utah where he bought a farm. He helped build meeting houses, school houses, bridges and worked on the road through Ogden Canyon and elsewhere. A short time after moving to Huntsville, Sister Marie Larsen joined the family as his second wife. On 1 April 1882 they moved to Harrisville where he bought a farm. He was a faithful ward teacher with a retiring disposition. He died within 48 hours after he was stricken with pneumonia 7 January 1919 at the age of 77. He had always prayed that he wouldn't suffer long. He was very honest and a strict tithe-payer. He was the father of 19 children at the time of his death and had 12 living children, 88 grandchildren, and 15 great grandchildren to bless his memory, which was very dear to all. Nineteen of his posterity filled honorable missions throughout the world and others have been faithful workers at home.

This history was submitted by Denise R. Rigby. Niels Peter Nielsen Lee and Helene Mikkelsen Pedersen are Denise's great-great grandparents.



Helene Mikkelsen was born 25 July 1843 in Hjellemskjer, Vreilev Parish, Denmark. Her father's name was Mikkel Pedersen and her mother's name was Dorthe Knudsen. Her parents belonged to the Lutheran Church. Helene was baptized into the Mormon Church by Niels Peter Nielsen Lee 20 July 1862 and was confirmed the same day by the same Elder. He later became her husband. Her parents, being in very humble circumstances, hired her out to work through the summer months at a very tender age of 7 years to herd cows and geese. She attended school only in the winter for 3 or 4 years. Her schooling was very limited. She studied when alone all she possibly could. As she grew older, she was hired out by the year.

She was 20 years of age when she left her native land for America 30 April 1864, on a sailing vessel called "Monarch of the Sea". While on the Atlantic Ocean, she was married to Elder Niels Peter Nielsen Lee 30 April 1864. They sailed from Liverpool, England and arrived in New York 3 June 1864.

With 973 other Saints, they crossed the United States, traveling in cattle cars and sometimes passenger cars. A few days before arriving in Wyoming, (now Omaha) Nebraska, Helene was sunstruck and came near losing her life, but through the administrations of the priesthood and the blessings of the Lord, she finally recovered.

The latter part of the journey was made by ox team, walking a good part of the way, arriving in Salt Lake City 5 October 1864. She came in the Isaac A. Canfield Company. They were tired and foot sore, but thankful to God for His protecting care, which had been with them all the way. When crossing the plains her husband contracted mountain fever and came near losing his life. And again with the blessing of the priesthood, he was healed.

They attended General Conference but they could not understand one word that was said.

A few days later, they settled in Milton, Morgan County, Utah. One year and seven months after they were married, their first child was born - a baby girl named Lovine. They lived in a little log house with a dirt roof, but it was their own. Here they lived for 2 years, then they moved to Huntsville where they resided for 16 years.

One day when Helene's sister-in-law came to visit at her home in Huntsville, Marie Larsen came with her as a companion. There probably had been talk in the Lee home of taking another wife, for Marie had not been there long before Helene told her husband if he was to take another wife, she wanted him to marry Marie. Niels and Helene proposed to Marie and she accepted. They married 9 May 1868 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Helene could not go with them as she was expecting a baby. Niels and Marie went by ox team and expected to be back in three days, but the Weber River had risen so high they could not cross and were delayed 2 weeks. Helene, not knowing what had happened was very worried. Her second baby was born while town women gossiped that Niels had run off with Marie and left her along. Helene trusted her husband and her sweet faith in the gospel sustained her.

When they arrived home, Marie's tears were mingled with Helene's and everything was alright and happy.

They all lived in peace and unity and love, enduring many hardships of those pioneer days. The two wives helped each other in every way possible as they lived in separate homes, side by side. It was customary for the husband to spend alternate nights at each home. One night Marie had a bad dream which frightened her greatly and for some time she refused to stay alone. When it was her turn to stay alone, she would

take her brood of children with her over to the other house. Marie loved Relief Society and helped when her health would permit. In 1881, the family moved to Harrisville (now Farr West) into a new two room house. Because of the strain of pioneer life and exposure she suffered, she contracted tuberculosis of the lungs complicated by pneumonia. She died in her family home at Farr West 25 October 1884. Her last request was for Helene to take care of her children. Helene promised. With seven children, the youngest three years old, it made 15 children for Helene to care for. No one could tell the difference whose were whose children; they were all treated and cared for alike. Helene's son-in-law, Jethro Brown, said of her, "If ever there was an angel on this earth, it was Helene Lee."

This history was submitted by Denise R. Rigby. Helene Mikkelsen Pederson is Denise's great-great grandmother.



William F. Rigby was born 29 January 1833 in Lancashire England. His Aunt was a member of the Church and would take William to Church with her. He said he listened to the Doctrine taught by the Elders and was soon convinced it was true, and was baptized a member of the Church at age 15. He became acquainted with a young woman in the Stockport Branch named Mary Clark. She had 5 brothers, all opposed to

the Church and to her association with William. However, they were married 9 August 1852. In April 1853, they left England on the Steamship Camillus, and landed in New Orleans 8 weeks later. They came across the plains with the Brown and Harmon Company. When they got to Green River Wyoming, William F. was called upon by Capt. Brown to take a letter to President Brigham Young asking for teams and supplies. He and 9 others walked 175 miles to Salt Lake City to Pres. Young's office, where he shook hands with Pres. Young for the first time.

His wife arrived 13 October, having crossed 1800 miles of plains. They were 6 months and 4 days coming from England to Utah.

He started working for Brigham Young laying adobes for his house, taking flour, potatoes, onions and pork for pay. In the evenings he worked for a blacksmith, making 15¢ an hour. He also sawed firewood, dug cellars and wells during this time. They slept in a wagon box with some 20" of snow on the ground - they nearly perished. Mary gave birth to a son, who died the same day. Soon after this, they moved to Lehi, Utah and lived in a dugout which they had built themselves and were very proud of - mainly because it was their own.

During the time he lived in Lehi, he took his 2nd wife - Louisa Bacon. They married 23 December 1855. The following June Mary and Louisa were sealed to William by Brigham Young for time and eternity.

During the time they lived in Lehi, Utah was visited by the grasshopper scourges. Almost the whole of their crops were destroyed. Food was so scarce that they could hardly get anything to eat. "No one will ever know, he said, how much we suffered that season by not having enough grain to make bread. That Fall when harvest came, my wife would tie her baby on her back and go and glean what little wheat there was left in the field. I went, when the barley was being threshed, and worked for a whole day for a bushel of it and then carried it 3 miles to the mill where I had it chopped with a few pounds of wheat which my wife had gleaned. She made our first bread after several months of intense hunger."

"About this time, the Government of the United States was preparing to send thousands of troops to fight against our people. Our people were destitute for clothing. We were compelled to organize into companies and regiments. I was made an Adjutant of 50 men, and when the US troops got part way across the plains, Brigham Young (then Governor of Utah), called for men to meet the soldiers on the plains and stop them from coming into the valley. I was detailed to stay at home and gather provisions and clothing. Then, through the wisdom of Brigham Young and our leaders, peace and understanding was effected with the United States Government."

"In May of 1861 I sold my farm and house and with my family moved to Cache Valley. While living in Wellsville, I met the Haslam and Eckersley families who had joined the Church in England and immigrated to Wellsville. Four of these girls later became my wives. I was called to be Bishop of Clarkston, where I presided for some time, later moving to Newton. My wives were a great help to me during this time - serving as President of Relief Society and other organizations of the newly settled town. I was released Bishop of Clarkston and set apart to preside over Newton and was instructed to lay out the townsite."

"In 1871 a severe blow hit the family. Mary Clark Rigby died in childbirth, leaving a family of 7 children, including an infant daughter. Again, in 1874, I lost another of my wives - Mary Ann Eckersley and her infant son, leaving a 2 year old daughter. There were 24 living in this well managed home where Aunt Sarah was general manager, Aunt Sophia was in charge of sewing, Aunt Ann - general housework, and Aunt Lizzie the bread making and churning. All of the children took turns working under the skilled direction of the four Aunties and got good and practical training in how to work."

The State laws against polygamy passed in both Utah and Idaho and changed the living considerably for the Rigby family, as William was in jeopardy if he had more than one wife in any State. He moved Aunt Ann and her family to Rexburg and had to make secret trips to Utah to see his other wives. He moved Sophia just over the line into Wyoming.

William became an American citizen in 1869 and served as Bishop of Clarkston for 4 years, Bishop of Newton for 17 years, and was in the Presidency of the Bannock Stake for 27 years. He was a farmer, sheepman, ran a grist mill, 2 sawmills, a furniture store and assisted in the locating, establishing and colonizing of 44 settlements. The town of Rigby, Idaho was named for him. He spent 2 terms in the Idaho Legislature, and was called the 'Father of the Senate'. He encouraged his children to get an education and to educate themselves as much as they could. His son Sam records that during the Winter months, he would spend an hour every night teaching them to read and write and do arithmetic.

One of the many descendants of Sophia Eckersley and William F. Rigby was Joseph Eckersley Rigby born in 1867, the oldest of 14 children. Joseph tells a great history of growing up and working with his father. Joseph didn't start school until he was 15, and then took turns with his brother, each going 2 weeks at a time. Later, he went to Brigham Young College in Logan. He married Mary Beck 29 October 1890 and they came to Rexburg (Hibbard) to the farm William F. Rigby had homesteaded. Joseph broke most of the ground with a team and hand plow. He carried an ax and when he couldn't cut the sagebrush with the plow he would chop it with the ax and go on. Many nights he would come in and eat supper and then go out again and pull sagebrush until 10:00 or 11:00. He helped build the first log meeting house in Hibbard and helped build the Consolidated Canal from start to finish. In 1902 he was called to go on a mission, leaving his wife and children. In 1906 he was called as Bishop of the Hibbard Ward, serving for 23 years. He and Mary were the parents of 8 children. His oldest son Lester grew up helping to clear sagebrush from the land. Lester married Harriet (Hattie) Lucas 28 May 1913. The next day Lester left his new bride to serve a mission in the Samoan Islands. Hattie later joined him. This was a rich experience for them. Their 1st child was born in Samoa. Lester and Hattie eventually settled in Hibbard, buying the 140 acre farm her parents owned, milking cows, farming and raising beef cattle. ~ 7 more children were born to Lester and Hattie, 3 of whom still live in Hibbard - Alden, Ray and Harold. In 1946 Lester and Hattie bought the original farm upon which Joseph and Mary had built a beautiful brick home. They lived there until they died, leaving it to their son Harold, who has run the farm until his son Bart took over. The original homestead of William F. Rigby is still in the Rigby name.

The above history was submitted by Harold Lucas Rigby. William F. is his great grandfather. Joseph E. Rigby his grandfather, and Lester Rigby his father.



My earliest recollection of my mother's mother, Fannie Clark Chamberlain, was when I was very young and my mother and father, Dean and Edith Cook, took my family from our farm at Leslie, Idaho to Cedar Fort, Utah to visit my grandmother. My grandfather had passed away about the same time I was born and I never knew him. Grandmother lived in a tiny house by herself. It was the home where she had, for many years, supported the family of 12 children (my mother being the youngest) by feeding travelers (before automobiles).

Grandmother seemed very old then, to me, but she was very much a lady, with a lot of energy, and a good sense of humor. My father said he admired her very much because she had raised a wonderful family. For instance, he remembered one warm evening when he was dating my mother and brought her home from a church party. It wasn't very late and so they stood outside talking. It was no time at all when my grandmother came to the door and said "Edith, it is time you come in now". My father said one of the things he admired about my mother was that he knew her to be a good and pure girl.

The next time I saw my grandmother was when I was about 8 years old and my mother and I went to stay with Grandmother for awhile. She was very ill and dying. She had laid in bed so much that she had large bed sores, and my mother dressed them. She was in much pain and suffering but even then she didn't complain or cry about it. I remember thinking how Grandmother was so brave.

Grandmother's father had been a Union Army officer and their family had lived at Jefferson City, Missouri. She remembered the time when she was a little girl and her father took her to a banquet where President Lincoln was the speaker. She said the reason for President Lincoln being there was, "The Union forces had just cleaned out the Southerners from Jefferson City. It was a great occasion and President Lincoln--what a fine man he was--came from Washington, D.C. I remember my father sat beside me at Mr. Lincoln's table. I was so sleepy and tired I could hardly see what was going on. My main objective seemed to be to get some of the wild grape jelly on the table. It seems I ate a lot of it".

"Mr. Lincoln spoke, but what he said I don't recall. I fell asleep while he was offering prayer, and my father took me home. A few days later my father developed pneumonia and died." Grandmother was 11 years old at the time. The following year her mother took her, her sister Alice, 2 years younger than she, and her brother, John Edward Clark, 3 years younger than Alice--to St. Louis, Missouri, joined the Latter-day Saint Church and set off in a mule team party for the Great Salt Lake Valley. Trials, tribulations and danger-filled experiences were their lot. Her mother died near Green River, Wyoming and was buried hastily because Indians were chasing the party after having ambushed and killed several stragglers earlier in the day. She said, "I can remember throwing myself on the damp mound that marked my mother's grave and some men from the party had to come back for me and drag me to where the others had hastened on."

Grandmother, her sister, and her brother were adopted and reared by separate families. She resided in Salt Lake City and married James Chamberlain and moved to Cedar Valley to live on a 10 acre plot, operating a travelers' inn. When she was 85 years old, she went to Salt Lake City anticipating an airplane ride that a family friend, Mrs. H.J. Cornell of Salt Lake City, had arranged for her. It was something she had looked forward to for years. "But the stormy weather prevented that. I'll fly yet before I die, though", she said. There was a front page story and picture of her with the caption "Won't Let Disappointment Keep Her Out of Air".

This history was submitted by Lola C. Rigby. James and Fannie Clark Chamberlain are Lola's maternal grandparents.
Dean and Edith Cook are Lola's father and mother.



LIFE OF HYRUM J. LUCAS

(Father of Hattie L. Rigby, wife of J. Lester Rigby, parents of Lalovi, Alden, Harold & Ray Rigby and LaRue Hunter, Merle Stallings, and Mary Jean Parkinson)

Hyrum J. Lucas was born on January 21, 1863, in Newbold, Warwickshire, England, the son of James and Harriett Leeson Lucas. James Lucas joined the Church in 1856 in England, immigrating to America in 1871, when Hyrum was only eight years old, settling in Centerville, Davis County, Utah. Hyrum had only eighteen weeks of schooling, which time covered three winters. Because of such limited schooling he did not give up, but was more determined than ever to learn everything he could. All his life he was a student. His early childhood was spent mostly in working on the farm—herding cows and hauling wood from the timbers. Hyrum was ordained a Deacon at about the age of fifteen and soon afterward was made President of that Quorum, remaining such until he was ordained an Elder in 1883. He was married to Josephine Albertina Borgquist on August 9, 1883, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah by Daniel H. Wells.

For nearly two years Hyrum trucked garden produce for a living, and then moved north into the Snake River country in 1885 with his wife and their young baby. This journey was made by team and wagon and took them just two weeks. They settled on the lower bench of the Snake River, taking up a homestead of 160 acres. A home was their first thought. Hyrum hauled logs to build with and they lived in a little log work-shop until one room of their future home was completed, a one log room with a dirt roof. In February of the next year (1886) another little girl was born to this happy household. When she was eight weeks old Hyrum took Josephine and her two babies back to Utah the way they came. Josephine remained in Salt Lake with her mother (Anna Cecelia Borgquist) and Hyrum returned to Idaho helping his father (James Lucas) emigrate there. He found work hauling cord wood out of a mine called the Nicholie Mine. He hauled four hundred cord for \$100.00. Feeling that he had a little more to offer he again went to Utah by team and brought back Josephine and their two babies. The Brighton Ward (now the Egin Ward) was organized in the spring of 1886, and Hyrum was made the Ward Clerk. He was greatly blessed as the next spring he was given the job of hauling the mail from Market Lake to Rexburg, which netted him \$85.00. He loved a horse and he never could see one mistreated. In this new land, ditches and canals had to be made, and no one but those brave pioneers who worked on these ditches and canals will ever know how much work they were. One can appreciate a little of their efforts when we consider that those canals were taken out of the river at St. Anthony and brought down through Heman, Egin, Edmunds to Plano, a distance of fifteen to twenty miles. Sagebrush land had to be plowed. Brush had to be pulled, piled and burned. Hyrum not only acted as Ward Clerk in the Brighton Ward but was a Counselor to Bishop Smith.

The Hiatt Ward (now known as Plano) was organized November 3, 1895, and Hyrum J. Lucas was made its Bishop on December 9, 1895, being ordained by President Joseph F. Smith. All church gatherings had to be held in the school house or at different homes until they could build for themselves a church house. In less than three years they had erected a fine little church house. The ground was given by Hyrum, as was the major portion of the Plano Townsite - ten acres in all. At the same time this ward was building their meeting house, they were donating to Ricks Academy. Hyrum was a most liberal donator to this worthy cause. Hyrum was especially blessed with the gift of healing, and he

found great joy if it brought relief in administering to those who were sick, regardless of the distance he had to go or how dark and cold the night. Because of Hyrum's health, he was advised by Franklin S. Bramwell, President of the Union Stake in Oregon, to change climates, not only for his health but to help settle little Mormon communities there. He did so and found this change beneficial to his health. He remained Bishop of Plano until May 31, 1903, or just before he left for Oregon.

In Oregon Hyrum again engaged in the occupation of farming, and soon found himself a merchant, first of groceries, then of dry goods and groceries. Hyrum was made Counselor to Bishop James England soon after arriving in Oregon, which position he held until he was made Superintendent of the Sunday School. At first they held their church gatherings in a rented hall, where people danced the Saturday Night before. In the winter of 1909 Hyrum filled a short-term mission to the John Day Valley in Oregon. There were only a mere handful of Mormon people in the midst of people of many other denominations. When many of the L.D.S. girls, including one of his daughters, married boys out of the Church, Hyrum decided health or no health, he must take his family to a Mormon community lest the other girls follow suit so he returned to Idaho, settling in Hibbard. In 1912 he was made superintendent of the Hibbard Ward Sunday School and labored in this capacity until he left for his mission to the Northwestern States in 1914. He was not permitted to stay his full time on account of the severe illness of his wife, Josephine. When his daughter Hattie and her husband, Lester, came home from their mission they took over his farm (where Alden Rigby now lives) and Hyrum moved to Rexburg. He again labored as a ward teacher, until he was sustained Stake Representative of the Genealogical Society of Utah, which was March 19, 1920. In November, 1925, Hyrum was again called on a short-term mission, into California, but again could not stay his full time because of his health. Hyrum was released as Stake Representative of the Genealogical Society in December, 1929, and was given charge of the Temple Work.

He never feared death, but would have liked to stay to do more temple work; but the call came and he answered cheerfully on the morning of May 12, 1930 at Rexburg, Idaho. He was buried May 15, 1930 in the Plano Idaho Cemetery. His greatest pride was his family. He was the father of ten girls. All have been married in the Temple but one, and all pay the same tribute that he was the most kind and loving father in the world. The night was never too cold or dark to go to their assistance, and his greatest joy came when he was helping them in any way. He never put himself in a place that his girls would be ashamed of him.

This history was submitted by Ray W. Rigby.



Anna Cecelia was born 18 November 1837 to Nils Jonson and Agnes Lilja In Helsingborg, Sweden. She was the 7th of 8 children. (The younger sister died when she was 2). Nils worked as a gardener on the "Gustafslund" estate located in southern Sweden. Anna Cecelia loved to be with her father as he worked in the garden, or to pick the wild lilies and forget-me-nots which grew in the meadow. Sometimes, she would go to the forest with her brothers to gather wood and nuts.

A gardener's wage was not high, so Nils' children soon had to learn to make their own way in the world. At the age of 11, Anna Cecelia went to work for her uncle in a neighboring coal-mining town. One of her duties was to rise at 4 a.m. and go to the schoolhouse some distance away, where she would make the fire and dust the room. Then she would return and help her aunt with the housework. After 2 long years without seeing her father or mother, she determined to run away. Her morning's work done, she slipped out of the house while her uncle was writing and her aunt was busy in another room. Just at dusk, she reached her home, having gone 16 miles on foot. Her parents were surprised to see her, but promised that she would never have to go away again.

Anna had no schooling, but now for 6 months she went twice a week to the Lutheran minister who taught her hymns, passages of scripture, and catechisms (religious questions). Her father's health had been failing for over a year, and soon after her return he died. Immediately after his burial, the widow was given the advance share of her husband's wages and moved from the little home, which was then torn down. When asked by the proprietor what she would do then, her reply was, "The Lord will take care of us." This seemed to displease the proprietor, for he did nothing to help the family of the man who had served him faithfully for nearly 20 years. The older children were all settled for themselves, so Anna and her mother went to live with Nils (Anna's brother).

Anna did whatever work she could get, finally obtaining a position making kid gloves. At the age of 23 she was married to Johannes Kellman, a tailor. He made good wages, and for a time they were very happy. A baby girl was born to them, whom they named Albertina Josephine. But Johannes was fond of drink and spent so much of his time and money on it that soon Anna had to go to work once more to provide for herself and baby (and her mother who had come to live with them).

One of her customers was a young shoemaker, Rasmus Borgquist, who brought the tops of his fine shoes to her to be sewn. They became very good friends. One day he told her that he was a local missionary for the 'Mormon' Church and would like to explain their beliefs to her. She had been warned against these people by the Lutheran minister, but consented to read the books he left. She became convinced of the truth of this new religion, often walking many miles to attend meetings. She could not wait to be baptized, and on 23 February 1862 went down to the cold water of the Ore Sund, a strait in the Baltic Sea between Sweden and Denmark. A hole was broke in the ice and the young shoemaker baptized her. She was afterwards confirmed by a Brother Larson. The Saints then often held meetings at her home and she grew to love them all, finding great pleasure in doing things for them. The 4 years spent in her native land after joining the Church were later to become her happiest times.

Her husband had left her and gone to another city but when he heard that she had joined the Mormons, he came to see her. He tried to convince her that she had made a very serious mistake. She explained her love for the Gospel and begged him to give up his bad habits, join the Church and migrate with her to Utah. His answer was that some day, when he was older, he might think seriously about religion; but while he was young, he was going to just have a good time. He went away and she never saw him again. Her religion was a great comfort to her and she longed to immigrate to Zion where she might see and hear the Prophet of God.

In the spring of 1866, a company of Saints were planning to leave for Utah and she found that she could borrow the money to go with them. It was very hard to think of leaving her mother, who by this time was old and feeble, but her brother promised to care for her and the Gospel was so dear that no sacrifice was too great to make for it. On 20 May she bade goodbye to her loved ones and sailed from Helsingborg. Some of her relatives and friends came down to see her off and begged her not to go. Her brother, Nils—a staunch Lutheran—told her she was going straight to hell and begged to God to forgive her. It was very hard of course to hear these things, but she knew in her heart she was doing the right thing and nothing could keep her from going now.

As if to put still another obstacle in her way, she found that she would have to pay more for Albertina's passage than she had expected — this left her without money. Some of her friends advised that she go back and wait until she could start off with more money, but she felt that now was the time to go and some way would be opened up for her. She had tried so hard, surely the Lord would help her.

Sailing from Helsingborg to Copenhagen, the long journey was commenced. Then to Kiel, Germany and by rail to Hamburg, where they were taken out in small boats to the HUMBOLT which would carry them across the ocean. Eight long, dreary weeks were spent on the water, with scarcely enough to eat, sickness and suffering all around. One dear friend was buried at sea. Large sharks followed the ship for days. This was terrible to see for they knew what had become of the woman's body.

Just before reaching New York, a terrible storm came up. Lightning struck the HUMBOLT'S main mast, shattering it so badly that another vessel had to tow them to port. Everyone was glad to once more set foot on land after the long voyage. Gratitude filled the heart of Anna Cecelia, only to be mingled with sorrow because she had no money to buy any food and Albertina was crying for something to eat. In the noise and confusion of the great city of New York, while the emigrants were wandering about before taking a train West, Anna and Albertina quietly slipped into a large warehouse, knelt down behind some barrels and asked God to supply their needs. As she rose from her prayer, a feeling of joy swept over her and she knew that help was near. She stepped outside to meet the man in charge of the company of immigrants. He explained that he had charged too much for Albertina's fare after all and refunded part of the money — enough to provide food for the remainder of their journey. From her grateful heart rose praise to God for answering her prayer so quickly.

The railroad took the immigrants as far as Wyoming City, Nebraska, where they were met by oxtteams to cross the plains. Peter Nebeker was captain of the company. After organizing his company and getting the arrangements in order, the long trek westward began. Anna walked all the way, often carrying Albertina. The route lay along the Platte River that had to be forded several times. On one such occasion, someone took Albertina from her tired mother and set her on one of the loaded wagons being drawn through the water by oxen. All went well until the animals tried clambering up the slippery bank and the load shifted, throwing the little girl into

the river. Albertina cried out "Mother! Mother!" as she struggled to keep her head above the water. Anna plunged into the cold water and was immediately caught in the strong current. She managed to catch hold of Albertina, but was unable to swim as her heavy, sodden skirt wrapped around her, pinning her arms and legs. She struggled vainly to reach the shore as the current dragged them into deeper water. The captain saw Anna's plight, but stood by helplessly. Suddenly, as though in answer to Anna's silent prayer, her feet brushed against a submerged sandbar. Still clutching Albertina, she gained temporary footing. A moment later, a rope was thrown to them and after a short struggle in the cold water, friendly hands reached out and helped the 2 to safety. That evening as they sat by

the campfire drying their wet clothes, Albertina looked up at her mother and said, "Mama, I was afraid when I fell in. Weren't you afraid too?" Anna replied, "Yes, but when those you love are in danger, you don't let fear keep you from trying with all your might to save them. And remember Albertina, our Savior is always near to hear our prayers for help." After 9 weeks spent crossing the plains, Anna Cecelia finally was able to gaze at the Salt Lake Valley. She saw the humble homes surrounded by vast plains of sage brush. She thought about the beautiful home she had left behind, and for the first time her heart sank. But she pressed onward and on 30 September 1866 she arrived in Salt Lake City. The immigrants were taken at once to the Tithing House where some were met by friends and relatives. Others were taken into homes as helpers until they could make other arrangements. The young shoemaker-Rasmus Borgquist-had immigrated to Utah the year previous and Anna expected him to meet her, but he was not there. This was another disappointment as she was all alone. She found a place to stay and as usual made the best of things. A few days later Rasmus arrived in the city from Sanpete County where he had been working, and he found her. Through letters they had become dearer friends than ever and on 5 November 1866, they were married in the Endowment House by Wilford Woodruff.

They were unable to find a house or even a room to rent so they lived in a little dug-out on the East Bench (like several others in the vicinity). A sort of cave was hollowed out in the hillside, a piece of cloth tacked over the space left open for a window, and a sack or blanket hung for a door. The ceiling, walls and floor were of bare earth, and into the walls was cut a bench which extended around the room. Their furniture consisted of a bedstead, a table, and a work-bench. But they were truly happy, even with so little. They were young and strong and knew that with God's help they would succeed. One evening the block teachers, Brothers Abram Hillam and Bergstrom, called to see them. Brother Hillam gave them a beautiful blessing and said that inasmuch as they had been willing to go beneath all things and make such a humble start, the Lord would bless them for it and they should rise above all things.

When the heavy winter rains drove them from this home, they rented a small room. On 15 October 1867 Anna was given a blessing by patriarch C.W. Hyde. Among other things he said: "Though thou hast waded through much tribulation great shall be thy blessing. Thou hast received this Gospel with an honest heart and all the heavenly hosts shouted for joy, and the Father has given His angels charge over thee, that you may live long upon the earth to do a great and mighty work to redeem your ancestors, till you are satisfied. Thou art of Joseph and have a right to the fulness of the Priesthood with your companion and a kingdom upon the earth for ever and ever. Many shall come to Zion and call you blessed of the Father. You shall sing the songs of Zion in a pure language. You shall have an inheritance with all the redeemed on Mount Zion. You shall converse with your Redeemer face to face."

In July, 1868, Rasmus got work on the overland railroad, which went as far as Weber Canyon. At Mountain Green he built a lumber hut, where Anna and little Albertina stayed with him until the first of November. They then purchased a small lot on Third South between Eighth and Ninth East. By December 1869, they had a home, consisting of one large room and a shanty to move into.

Their first two children, a boy and a girl were still-born. Rasmus wrote in his journal on 16 December 1869: "My wife and I heard some hurting expressions by our relatives about our dead children, and while I was thinking about our sorry condition in not having any of our children living, and now my wife was fruitful again and no one knowing but it would be still-born also, I prayed to the Lord that He should let it live and that he should, through a dream or some other way, answer us. My wife had a dream that she gave birth to a daughter and she lived. I said that I had prayed secretly and the dream was an answer to my prayer." Rhoda Annie was born the next spring. She lived just over a year however, before she died. In the summer of 1872 another little girl was born, Rose Selma, who grew to womanhood, and is the mother of 8 children. The next child, a girl was also still born. Then came a boy, Hemen Neil, and two girls: Agnes Catharine and Bertha Elizabeth.

In 1884, Rasmus was called on a mission to his native land. Since their marriage Anna had helped to provide by doing washing, sometimes working all day for a sack of potatoes or a few pounds of flour. Now she was left with 4 children to support. Albertina had helped her mother by working as a servant, but she was now married and living in Centerville. Without complaining, Anna carried the burden alone for 2 years. In 1882, Rasmus had taken another wife: Ulrika Svahn. Upon her death in 1891, Anna cared for their 3 children: Hannah Caroline, Erasmus Ephraim and Anna Eureka. The young shoemaker that introduced Anna Cecelia to the Gospel and became her companion died 5 years later in 1896.

In 1911, the old home was torn down and a more comfortable, modern home was built. The years of unremitting toil had undermined Anna's health and during the latter part of her life she suffered greatly from neuralgia (pain along the nerves), but she was always cheerful, active and her faith never wavered. She was able to do the temple work for many of her ancestors that Rasmus had gathered the genealogy for while serving his mission. Anna Cecelia passed away on 3 June 1922 at the age of 85.

The above history was submitted by Scott Rigby. Anna Cecelia is his Great Great Grandmother. Anna Cecelia is the Great-Great-Great Grandmother of Rachel, Krista, Robert, Melissa and Jared Rigby (Scott and Michelle's children).



Joseph Thompson Robertson was born 2 June 1862 at Delaware-Ontario-Canada, the second son of Charles Robertson of Edinburgh, Scotland and Mary Ann Abbot of Quebec, East Canada. At 12 years of age his father kicked him out of the house. I don't know what the circumstances were - all of the sons by age 14 were made to leave. He went to the United States and became a cattle drover from Texas to Wichita and Abilene. He later became a mule-skinner driving from St. Louis to Corinne, Utah, then up through Idaho past Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) to Salmon. He carried food and supplies to Bannock, Montana for the miners. This was the first gold strike in the area. Several routes were available - Gibbons Pass or Leadore Pass to Bannock, Virginia City and Helena, Montana. Indians of the Blackfoot tribe were numerous along the route. Some were friendly and some were hostile. The wagon trail went by old Fort Lemhi. In a few places the old mud walls are still visible. He met and married Asenath Moon, a daughter of a staunch Mormon (also a polygamist). It is possible that he met Asenath Moon through business dealings - the Moon's had a wagon freight business. Joseph was a self-made man with no social skills and a hard-nose attitude. He never joined the Church, but his work was done after his death. Joseph and Asenath lived at Cherry Creek by Malad, Idaho after their marriage. Three children were born there - Permillia, who died in infancy; Olive and Ernest (my father).

Charles moved his family to Egin Bench, northwest of Rexburg, and homesteaded several square miles in Edmunds. His older brother Tom settled in Egin, and a younger brother Nathaniel settled in Plano. Nathaniel and Tom met up with each other through the Moon Freight Business. Joseph and Asenath's first real home was south of the existing Plano Ward Churchhouse. It is a house built of crushed lava rock and mortar. The family did the actual work of crushing the rock and forming the blocks. Joe was instrumental in getting the canals dug on Egin Bench. He was the first watermaster and secretary of the Independent Canal Co. He was also the first watermaster of the North Fork of the Snake and Fall Rivers. In 1919, the family moved to Boulder, Colorado, but returned in 1920 and moved to Salmon for 10 years. Their new home in Edmunds was almost ready to move into when Asenath became ill and died of a ruptured appendix on the way from Salmon into Idaho Falls. Joe and the youngest daughter, Erma, moved into the new home. He died 8 March 1936. Four daughters and three sons were born to the couple. The oldest son, Charles Ernest was my father. He was just over a year old when the family moved to Egin Bench from Malad. His older sister Olive (about 3) was responsible for him and the cow. She had to carry him often. Olive and Ern would ride a horse from Edmunds to Sand Creek carrying their provisions in a gunny sack. One time, they rode in the rain and when they arrived at Sand Creek, they had to squish the water from their bread. They pulled sage brush and cleared the land. They also pulled sagebrush on the Egin Bench land. Dad worked with his father digging the canals. Horses pulling single ditchers was their equipment. He learned to play the violin and played with the Orgill Orchestra for many dances in the area. Ern married Margaret McCulloch of Burton. Three daughters were born to this couple, of which I am the youngest. One of their homes was made of crushed Red Rock and mortar. Dad was a constable in the area under Sheriff Alvie Munns and Sheriff Hansen. They were involved in a few altercations with the lawless. They lived in Salmon one year to help a brother run his cabin court and small store. His musical talent resulted in his daughters becoming involved with music. Many evenings were spent listening to the "Irish Washer Woman" and many others songs. The middle daughter, died of polio at the age of 21. Ern had been baptized at the same time she was, and her death added to his health problems. They sold their farm in 1960 and moved to Rexburg. Their home was where the north side of Ricks Fieldhouse is located. He died there in 1963. Margaret sold

the home and moved a block west. She passed away in 1988. They were a hard-working couple and enjoyed outings with friends and relatives, especially spending time with their grandchildren.

This history was submitted by Elaine Robertson Miller Saurey. Charles and Mary Ann Abbot Robertson are Elaine's great grandparents. Joseph Thompson and Asenath Moon Robertson are Elaine's grandparents. Charles Ernest and Margaret McCulloch Robertson are Elaine's father and mother.



"Although not one of the earliest to settle the Upper Snake River Valley of Idaho, still Henry Rock, who was one of the progressive citizens of his county, can well be called a pioneer since he, by thrift and energy redeemed a large tract of land from a desert condition, where it was covered with sagebrush, wild rose bushes and willows. His estate was a model one, highly productive, well irrigated and with an attractive home, equal in appearance and products to any farm in this section of the State.

Henry Rock was born 14 November 1834 in Franklin County, Pennsylvania - the family being a long-established one in that portion of the State. His father, a farmer and mason, died in 1858 at the age of 63, after which time the mother embraced the Mormon faith and crossed the plains with one of the ox trains. Upon her arrival in Utah, she made a permanent home at Mill Creek, where she lived for 25 years. In 1882, at 80 years of age, she died and was buried in Salt Lake City.

Henry's father had trained him as a mason and in 1855 Henry started life for himself by going to Iowa and following his trade for 4 years. During the following year, in Pennsylvanis, he joined the Mormon Church. He was away from home working at the time and sent word to his wife to join him at the ferry on the Mississippi so they could go to Utah with some other members. She took her little daughter Elizabeth, and with a sister-in-law joined him for the journey. They drove an ox-cart and had to walk most of the way. The sister-in-law's shoes wore out and her feet were very sore. Leannah prayed fervently that some help might be forthcoming. In a day or two she found a \$5 gold piece beside the road. Now they had the money but no place to buy shoes! Just a few miles farther on they came to an Indian Village and bought some mocassins. They lived in Salt Lake City for awhile and then moved to Farmington, Utah. Two years later they moved to Morgan where he followed his mason trade and farmed for 26 years.

In 1890 he came to Idaho and using his right of homesteading, he secured 150 acres of land on Teton Island, now Hibbard. Mr. Rock has aided in the construction of all the irrigation canals of the vicinity of his farm and proved himself a most valuable citizen. He and his boys built the old stone Salem Church and many homes and public buildings in the area. He took a prominent part in all public matters and was elected Justice of the Peace for a time. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day saints he held capable offices and was a Seventy. He also served in home mission work. Henry Rock was united in marriage 17 December 1858 to Leannah Robison, a daughter of Alexander and Nancy Waugheman Robison, of Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Her parents came to Utah in one of the early migrations, locating at Farmington for 2 years and then to Morgan, where the father died in 1883 and the mother in 1885, both being buried in the North Morgan Cemetery. "

The children of Henry and Leannah Robison Rock are:

Elizabeth	born 15 July 1859	married Ira Nathaniel Hinckley
Amanda	" 2 September 1861	" William Morris
Henry	" 9 March 1863	died 10 October 1863
William	" 24 August 1864	died 29 November 1865
Jared	" 24 August 1866	married Jareldia Godfrey
David	" 5 September 1868	" Amanda Seville Jensen
James W.	" 19 January 1870	" Lilly May Stevens
Nancy	" 30 November 1871	" Orson Larson
Harry	" 17 June 1875	" Ellen (Ella) Lucinda Jensen
Albert	" 29 January 1879	" Elizabeth Eggerts
Ernest	" 29 November 1881	" Libby Evans

The above history was submitted by MERVIN FERRIS ROCK and his brother DENNIS CLANE ROCK. Henry Rock is their grandfather and Leannah Robison Rock their grandmother.



"David Rock, son of Henry and Leannah Robison Rock, was born 5 September 1868 at Morgan, Utah. His parents had joined the Mormon Church in Pennsylvania and came to Salt Lake City by ox cart in 1860. They were stalwart pioneers and staunch members of the Church. The family lived in Farmington and then moved to Morgan, Utah where David spent his boyhood and grew to manhood. He attended school in Morgan.

In 1890, his parents came to Idaho and homesteaded on 150 acres on Teton Island (later Hibbard). He stayed in Morgan where he worked until a couple of years later when he joined his family. He worked in the Salmon River area and also worked on the first road from Victor over the Jackson Pass.

He met and courted Amanda Saville Jensen who had left her job in Salt Lake City to visit her family in Idaho. On 3 July 1900 he married Amanda, and with his brother Harry and her sister Ellen (Ella), they had a double wedding and were married by Bishop George A. Hibbard at Salem, Idaho. On 10 October 1902 they took their small son Ariel, who was just 1 year old, and had their marriage solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple by John R. Winder.

When they married, they bought 40 acres from Amanda's mother and got out logs to build their new home. Later, they covered the logs with board siding.

David farmed and worked at his masonry trade with his father and brothers. They built the old stone Salem Church and many of the stores and homes in the area. He got out logs and helped build the churchhouse in Hibbard.

Several years later, they homesteaded a dry farm at Medicine Lodge and farmed there along with their farm in Hibbard, until they gave it up because of drought. He was a Seventy in the Latter-day Saint Church and Amanda was a counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association, and Relief Society Visiting Teacher for many years.

David loved people and enjoyed visiting. He cut hair for all his friends and neighbors, and on Sunday afternoons, a constant flow of people came to have a haircut. Many brought their families and were served dinner and enjoyed the day visiting.

He was active in building the canals and all public buildings. His contribution was one of the first to be donated to a worthy cause. He was forthright and honest, and his credit was good with anyone who knew him. He was very interested in education and sent his children to College. He served as a Trustee in the Hibbard District for several years.

After he was unable to work, he would gather his grandchildren at his knee and tell them stories and sing songs to them for hours at a time. He loved his family and they were always welcome in his home. He died at his home in Hibbard on 24 January 1938, just 10 months after the death of his wife on 18 March 1937."

Children born to this marriage were:

Ariel David	born 13 November 1901	married Naomi Anderson
Leora Mary	" 21 September 1904	" William Hoskins
Mervin Ferris	" 19 October 1906	" Ida Baumgartner
Farrell	" 25 January 1911	" Ethel Sommer
Dennis Clane	" 9 October 1914	" Velma Tonks

The above history was submitted by MERVIN FERRIS ROCK and his brother DENNIS CLANE ROCK. Each one of David and Amanda's children were born in Hibbard in the old Rock, which was located one mile west and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north from the Hibbard Church. ^{home}



Cacey Potter Bowen Sr. was born 13 December 1830 in Shaftsbury, Vermont, the oldest son of Elias and Cynthia Harrington Bowen. Later, the family moved to Newbury, Ohio, some 9 miles south of Kirtland. The Bowen family went with the main body of the Church and survived the persecutions directed at the Church in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. After the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Bowen family made plans to move to the West with the Saints.

When the family wagon train was several miles west of St. Joseph, Missouri, Elias called his wife and children around him and told them he had received a call to the other side and would be with them for only three more days. He told them to continue West with the Church and to always remain true to the faith and he bore his testimony to them. Three days later he died, leaving Cacey, age about 15, the man of the family. Apparently, the family members worked for some time near St. Joseph, earning funds for the overland trek, which they made with young Cacey at age 17, driving the lead wagon. They arrived in Salt Lake City during 1849. It is believed they were members of the Ezra T. Benson pioneer company.

Once in the valley, the family first settled in Ogden where Cacey helped construct forts for protection from Indians.

In 1858, the family moved South to the Central Valley, being called in by Brigham Young because of the emergency posed by the threat of the federal army invasion. After a peaceful settlement of this crisis, the family moved north again into Cache Valley. Here Cacey was called to be one of the 50 'minute men' charged with protecting the Saints from Indians. However, Brigham Young encouraged the Saints to feed the Indians, not to fight them.

In 1870, the Bowen family moved southwesterly, following the Bear River and homesteading land in what became known as Beaver Ward, later called Beaver Dam.

In July 1851, Cacey married Eleanor McGeary and they eventually became the parents of 13 children, 3 sons and 10 daughters, born during the years 1852 to 1879. (Cacey, Jr. - our line - was the oldest son after three daughters.

Cacey, Sr. was a kind and devoted father to his large family. He died 21 January 1902.

This history was submitted by Jill Rydalch, daughter of Jeff and Lynne Rydalch. Jill is Cacey's great-great-great granddaughter.



John Barber was born in Beccles, Suffolk Co., Old England in August 1827, a son of James Barber and Louisa Edwards. He was left an orphan when he was a small boy, and as no record was kept, he never knew the exact date of his birth. At the death of his parents, he and 4 brothers were left alone. They were all small, and as there were no relatives to care for them, they were taken by friends to be raised. John was taken to London to live with a bachelor by the name of Alddus. Here he did chores and what work he could do. Mr. Alddus was a potter by trade, and make all kinds of pottery. Every Saturday night he would put what pottery he had made during the week into a cart drawn by a donkey. He would then go into town, sell his pottery and buy whiskey with the money and get drunk. When he got back, John would have to take care of him, and put the donkey and cart away. At times, he was very mean to John and would whip him severly, but John was fortunate enough to learn the trade of a potter from him, and when he was 14 years old, he ran away and went back to Beccles, where he found work. On 1 December 1854, John was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His girl friend, Charlotte Kirby, had also joined the Church and they planned to emigrate to the United States and there be married, and then cross the plains and join the other Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah as soon as they could make enough money to do so. Arrangements were finally completed and they were ready to leave, but the English vessel they were scheduled to leave on was already loaded and they had to wait for the next one, which was 'The Monarch of the Sea'. This was a ship whose passengers were composed of Danish, Swedish, and German emigrants. It was in June 1861 that they bade farewell to Old England and set sail on that adventurous trip to America, waving fond farewells and leaving friends and loved ones behind. God had spoken and the call to help establish the Church in the tops of the mountains was as sweet as music to their ears, for the blood of Israel flowed in their veins. They were 3 months making the journey across the sea. They had many experiences and in due time became acquainted with many of the other emigrants, some of whom became very dear life-long friends. Some in particular were Bro. Karl Keppner and wife and Bro. Henry Flamm and wife who were next door neighbors to them in Logan, Utah and later were also their neighbors in Rexburg, Idaho. They arrived in New York in September 1861. Preparations were soon made and 22 September 1861, they were married in an old cathedral in New York City. They lived in Williamsburg, New York for 1 year and did anything they could find to do in order to raise means so they could cross the plains to Utah. Their 1st job was keeping house for a man whose wife had died and left 2 small children. At this job they made only enough for a living. John made frequent trips to New York City looking for work. One day as he arrived there, he was told that a big department store had burned down. He immediately went to the owner of the store hoping to get a job clearing away the ruins. Instead, the man told him there were a great many things which were only slightly damaged by the fire, and if he wanted to take some of them and try peddling them in smaller settlements, he could do so. John was very glad for this opportunity and immediately filled a large basket with notions such as buttons, needles, pins, etc., and returned to Williamsburg to start peddling. He was very successful, and kept this job for some time. His next job was in a soap factory for a man who belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist Church. John liked the work and got along very well with his fellow workmen. On several occasions his boss gave him a lovely big bar of soap which he took home to Charlotte and together they saved them to take to Utah. This went on until they had saved a dozen bars of soap.

One morning when John went to work as usual, his employer met him at the door and told him he couldn't use him anymore. Surprised and stunned at this bad news on such a short notice, he naturally inquired as to what the reason was for his dismissal, and was roughly told that they had been informed that he was a Mormon, and was saving money to go to Utah, and for that reason they did not want him around anymore. John felt very badly about losing his job, but didn't let it stop his progress. He again filled his basket with notions and started peddling again for the same man in New York City that he had worked for before, and did very well at it.

There is an interesting and amusing story about John's pocketbook while he was engaged in this work. He had a long black purse which he put his earnings in each evening. Each morning when he went into the country to peddle his notions, he rode on a stage coach, and had to set his basket on top of the coach. One morning, to his dismay, his purse with all his savings in it had disappeared. Search as he would, it just couldn't be found. Finally thinking it was gone for good, he got on the coach and went on his way. That night when he returned home after a long hard day's work, he reached up to lift his basket from the top of the coach and there was his long black purse hanging to the bottom of the basket. He was overjoyed to find all his savings safely inside, but never could figure out how it got there!!

One Saturday night, John went to New York City and filled his basket with notions so he could get an early start on Monday morning. The next morning when the Saints met for their Sunday meeting, they were informed that preparations had been completed for them to start for Utah early the following morning. He thought of his basket filled with notions and wondered what to do with them. First he thought he would return them to the man in New York, but when he talked to his wife Charlotte about it, they decided to buy the things themselves and take them to Utah with them, which they did. They came in very handy indeed. They traded many of them to other Saints for butter, eggs and other provisions.

They left the following day by train and traveled to Florence, Nebraska. Here, covered wagons, oxen, etc., were made ready to cross the plains. There was not much room so the packing had to be done carefully and only the most useful things were taken. John had a nice spade which he bought in New York City, and was very proud of it and looked forward to taking it to Utah, but the captain of the company told him he would have to leave it behind, as there wasn't room for such things. John was terribly disappointed - he wanted that spade so badly and was so determined to take it that he decided he would carry it.

With covered wagons carefully packed and oxen to pull them, the company was now ready to start on the long historic journey across the plains to Utah. This was the William Miller Company. They left Florence, Nebraska in June 1862. For 3 days John walked beside his wagon and carried his spade over his shoulder. He then found that he could tie the spade underneath the reach of his wagon without it being seen, this he did, and no one knew it was there! When they had been on the road 12 days a child in the company died, and everyone was horror stricken for they could find nothing in the whole company larger than a butcher knife with which to dig a grave. John let the captain worry about it for awhile, and then brought out the spade which solved the problem perfectly, and from then on the spade had an honored place in the company!

By the time they reached the Salt Lake Valley there had been 36 graves dug with that spade. This spade was used for years by the family in Utah and when it was worn out it was thrown in an old well which was being filled up.

This journey across the plains was long, tiresome and dangerous. Charlotte who had been stricken with mountain fever soon after their journey began, lay in the covered wagon very ill all the way, which took 4 months. John walked the entire distance across the plains except for the last 3 days; a bee stung him on the knee and it had swollen and was so sore he couldn't walk so he sat on the wagon tongue between the oxen. Thus he rode into the Salt Lake Valley, arriving 1 November 1862.

They stayed in Salt Lake City overnight and then traveled on to Cache Valley, settling in Hyde Park, Utah. They made a dugout to live in, and 6 weeks after their arrival in Hyde Park, on 21 December 1862, their 1st child was born, a baby boy. They named him John Robert. They lived here in the dugout for 6 months. In June 1863 they moved to Logan. Here they lived in a granary owned by a Mr. George Peacock, in the Logan 1st Ward. They lived there until after harvest, then John built an adobe house on Main Street in the Logan 1st Ward. He worked at his trade of making pottery and adobies, and they did very well at it. He was a very ambitious man, always ready and willing to do anything he could to help his neighbors and make a living for his family. He whitewashed houses for people all over town. He helped butcher hogs and cattle, dig wells, and farm. He was gardener for Apostle Ezra R. Benson, Sr. for years. Here he had many interesting experiences experimenting on growing different kinds of trees and shrubs. Once he worked all afternoon for 12 red apples which he saved for Christmas. These were the first apples the children had ever seen. John was always a loyal and active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was an Elder and served as a Ward Teacher for many years.

On 21 February 1865, their 2nd child was born, a baby girl. They named her Laura. Another daughter, Charlotte, was born 20 May 1867 - both born in Logan

On 1 November 1868, John and Charlotte journeyed by ox team and covered wagon for 3 days and nights to Salt Lake City, where they received their endowments in the old endowment house.

John still owned a small farm in Hyde Park and would drive his ox team and cart out there every morning and do his work and drive back at night. He grew corn mostly on his farm which he fed to his pigs. He always had several pigs, and he told his children to feed them plenty of corn in the fall when they were being fattened and that when they were lying down and had to try 3 times to get up, then they were fat enough to butcher!

On 14 May 1870 their 4th child, Thomas Kirby was born and 9 April 1875, a 5th child, Henry, was born but lived only 10 hours. Their daughter Charlotte tells how she and her sister and brother were sent out to herd cows, and would run and play, dig sego lillies and pick wild flowers on the hill where the Logan Temple now stands.

On 2 July 1884, John married a 2nd wife, Mary (Merit) Graesli. She was a fine woman and got along with the family very well. She was born 2 Sept 1818 in Norway. She died in Logan 13 April 1903 and is buried in the Logan Cemetery.

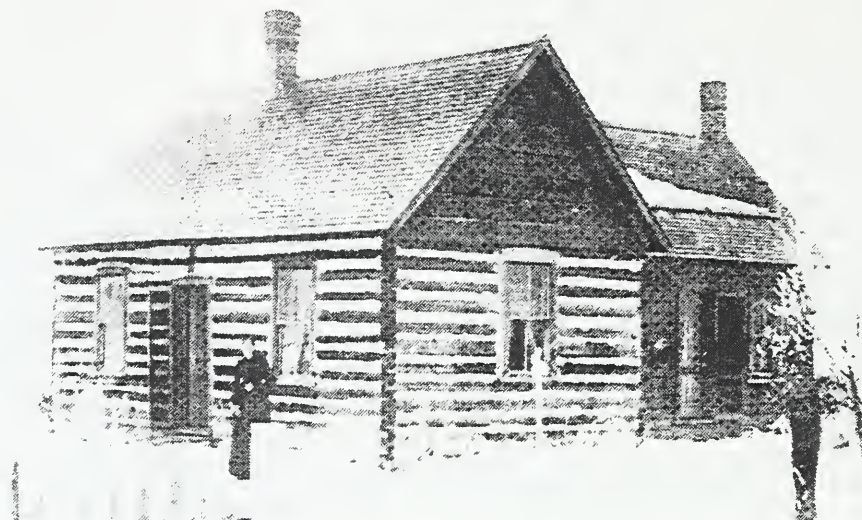
In 1883 the Saints had been called to settle the Snake River Valley in Idaho. A great many families from Logan had already responded to the call. John decided he would like to go too, so on 29 October 1884, he moved his family to Rexburg, Idaho. Here he built a log house on the corner across the street West from where Ricks College now stands. He built out buildings, planted trees and berries and got the family well-situated. He stayed here with them until June 1885.

At that time the Saints were being severely persecuted for polygamy and John found out that the deputy marshall was looking for him, so to avoid trouble he returned to Logan and lived with his 2nd wife Mary, and followed his same line of work. He supported his family and say to it that they were well taken care of, but never came back to Rexburg again. Charlotte visited with him and Mary in Logan whenever it was possible for her to do so.

John Barber passed away on 14 October 1889 at Logan, Utah.

This history was submitted by Gwili Saurey. John Barber and Charlotte Kirby are Gwili and Pearl's paternal great-grandparents.

THIS HOME - BUILT BY JOHN BARBER - WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HOMES BUILT IN REXBURG. IT WAS LOCATED WHERE THE ELIZA R. SNOW BUILDING NOW STANDS.



House built by John Barber in Rexburg, Idaho.
Standing in front, Charlotte Kirby Barber.



TWO OLD-TIME HIBBARD BUDDIES - LEROY B. SAUREY AND HYRUM (HITE) SOMMER,
AND THEIR DOGS QUBIE AND PETE. (This picture was taken by LeRoy Saurey's
home, where his daughter Gwili now lives). BOTH BOYS ARE ABOUT 5
YEARS OLD.



Casey Potter Bowen Sr. was born in Shaftsbury, Bennington Co., Vermont 13 December 1830. His father's name is Elias Bowen. His mother's name is Cynthia Harrington. His parents moved to Newbury, Ohio which is located about 9 miles from Kirtland, Ohio. It is not known definitely when the family joined the church, but it was probably after they moved to Ohio. There

were 5 children born to this couple: Casey Potter, Jonathan, Joseph Lenord, Rhoda and Norman. Norman, the younger son, was born blind. Brigham Young came to the home of Elias Bowen as a missionary. It was winter, and the weather was extremely cold. He had no overcoat, but was wearing a shawl. He, Brigham Young, preached the gospel to the Bowen family, and while at their home laid his hands upon the head of Norman Bowen, blessed him, and he received his sight. They were all baptized and joined the church, and that healing has been a testimony to the Bowen family down through the generations. When Brigham Young left, great-grandfather Bowen (Elias) gave him an overcoat. Shortly after this, Elias Bowen and family, with a company of Saints started for the Mormon settlements in Missouri. He was not permitted to reach his destination. He died and was buried near St. Joseph, Missouri in 1847.

About 3 days before Casey, Sr. died, he called his family around him and said, "I have received a call to the other side. I will be with you only 3 days longer. I want you, my family, to go on with the Saints to the Valley of the Mountains and don't ever turn back or turn away from this church, for I bear you my testimony that this is the true Church of God and I know it is true." In 3 days he was buried, and his widow with 5 little children traveled on, enduring terrible hardships on the journey. They came to Salt Lake with the Ezra T. Benson Company, arriving in the year 1849, and although only a boy of 15 years, Casey Potter, Jr. drove his team the entire trip across the plains.

They settled first in Ogden, Utah. He helped build the first 2 forts in Ogden - Fars Forte and Mound Forte. In the year 1858, the family moved south with the Saints, and on returning, moved to Cache Valley in 1886 with the pioneers of that country.

The Indians, being very troublesome at that time, and Casey Jr. was called to act as a minute man with about 50 others to guard the lives and property of the settlers.

Casey Jr. married Eleanor McGarey 25 July 1851. They were parents of 13 children- 10 girls and 3 boys. Eleanor, his wife, died at Beaverdam 9 October 1881, leaving him with a large family. He was a kind and devoted father. He never married again. but kept his little home until all were married, and then he lived mostly with his son, C.P. Bowen, Jr., and visited with his children until the end came. He died at Ogden, Utah 21 January and was buried at Deweyville, Utah.

This history was submitted by Gwili Saurey. Casey Potter, Sr. is Gwili's and Pearl Loveland's maternal great-great grandfather.

Elias Bowen and Cynthia Harrington Bowen are Gerwin P. Bowens' great-great grandparents.



Friendly, honest, generous, God-fearing, happy -- these words describe the character of Texas pioneer William Williamson. Another label was added a few months before William's death which brought peace to his soul - that of "Mormon" Church member. William and his wife Joissine were baptized 20 April 1900 into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They became two of the first members of the Church in Southeast Texas. All of the Williamson children who lived to adulthood joined the Church, and Mormonism spread rapidly as descendants were taught true principles in their homes and at Church. William's childhood experiences were characteristic of many other 19th century youth. His parents died when he was very young, so he learned how to work and take care of himself early in life. Joissine was raised by staunch French Catholic parents and came from a large family. The Williamsons lost 6 of their 15 children to death. Those who survived married and settled close to their parents. Several generations of descendants have now enjoyed the heritage passed down from these early pioneers. Although William and Joissine Williamson were unknown to the world or even to most people living near their Texas home, their large posterity are grateful for their faith and example. Numbering nearly 2,500 today, these descendants keep these ancestors' memory alive through a well-attended annual family reunion. An LDS Church meetinghouse houses 2 Williamson Wards, made up mostly of descendants. Also, a family cemetery, a major road (William Williamson Drive), a State historical marker commemorating William's part in the beginning of this Mormon Community - called Williamson Settlement. Early southern records are difficult to locate, making verification of events virtually impossible. Family tradition, oral histories, life sketches, census records, church records, and newspaper accounts were used to bring the events of the Williamson's lives together in a chronological fashion, weaving them into the southern society of which they were a part:

Scottish immigrant William George Williamson traveled from New York with his young wife and small son George to the great city of New Orleans, the "Queen of the South", between the fall of 1827 and 1829. William's wife, Anna Jane, had a brother named Henry, who sent word to the Williamsons that job prospects in Louisiana were good. How this young family arrived is unknown, but several modes of transportation are possible - steamship down the Mississippi River, stagecoach, wagon, or ship from the Atlantic seaboard into the port of New Orleans. Upon arrival, it appears that William ran a hotel or boarding house near New Orleans, or 85 miles to the west in Morgan City. Soon after becoming established in this new area, another son - William - was born to these parents 15 August 1829. During the hot, damp months of 1830-33 yellow fever and cholera outbreaks, caused by disease-carrying mosquitos and contaminated water, killed 10,000 people in and around New Orleans. These dread diseases claim their victims quickly and may have taken the life of William Williamson, who died when his son William was just a baby. Young George and William were left with a grieving mother and no memory of their father. Anna Jane then married a man by the name of Reid, and they had a daughter. Although Mr. Reid's identity remains a mystery, the 1840 St. Mary Parish Census lists a Samuel Reid, aged 40-50, as the head of a household. Also listed are 2 males between 5-10 years old and a female 20-30 years of age. Anna Jane died when the boys were just teenagers, leaving their care to the stepfather, who was unkind to them. A St. Mary Parish succession record lists Mr. Samuel Reid's intentions of being named administrator of the "considerable" property of Mrs. Anna Jane Williamson (who died October 1843 in Dutch Settlement near Patterson), as well as the tutorship of her 2 minor sons, George and William. Soon after their mother's death, the boys ran away. They left behind most of the estate, which included horses, furniture, household necessities, and a black slave. The boys did take 2 horses, riding them westward as they searched for a new home.

George and William found work on Dave Foreman's cattle ranch in Calcasieu Parish near Welsh, some 110 miles west of Morgan City. The 2 young teenagers soon found themselves laboring as men. The ranch was a large one, branding about 8,000 calves a year. The boys learned a valuable trade, one that would sustain them for the rest of their lives. George married Melissiann Hayes, when he was only 16, and continued to work on the ranch. The heavy French influence in southwest Louisiana introduced the Williamson boys to a variety of different cultural traditions. Most residents of the community and surrounding rural areas were Catholic. Mass was attended on Sunday, rosaries and crucifixes hung in the homes, and prayers offered every morning and night and before each meal. Many of these Cajuns spoke French and another unique language, a mixture of French, Canadian and southern English. Most people shared a love of the French language, believing it to be the cement that bound them, their religion, and their culture together. Dave Foreman, the overseer of the ranch where William worked, married a young French girl named Celeste Desmarias. She had the task of cooking and washing for the ranch's hired hands. After bearing several children, Celeste asked her sister, Joissine (pronounced Wa-Seen), to come help with the chores. This young woman of 16 showed in many ways the French blood that ran through her veins. Her parents, Toussiant and Celeste Desmarias, were parents of a large Cajun family. Joissine stood 5'3", had coal black straight hair, dark eyes and a dark olive complexion. She loved to dance and never missed those that took place on the ranch. These dances, called fais-dodos, were often performed to the accompaniment of the accordion, the French harp, the fiddle, and the triangle. From these socials and through chance meetings in the performance of their ranch duties, a romance developed between William and Joissine. They were married 12 December 1854, when William was 24 and Joissine was 17. The young couple acquired a homestead, near Welsh on Lacassine Bayou. William continued his work on the ranch and farmed on the side. Four children were born within 5 years, three of whom died before a 5th child was born. Emelia (Millie) was born 10 months after her parents married. The Williamson's 2nd child, George, was named after William's only sibling. When George was nearly 5 months old, he was taken to St. Landry's Church in Opelousas to be christened. On 4 August 1857, Reverend J.F. Raymond performed the ceremony according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Two months later little George died. Another son and daughter were born soon after. William on 1 September 1858 and Mary Jane on 27 May 1860. However, by the winter of 1862, these 2 youngsters had also passed away. Fourteen-month-old Mary Jane developed an infection, which manifested itself in body sores. When a sore on top of her head was washed, she would cry and hold out her tiny hands pleading to have them washed instead of the painful wound on her head. It has been said that William took Mary Jane's death much harder than any of his other children's. All 3 graves were dug by hand and the small bodies laid to rest in the Adrion Cove Cemetery. William probably wondered if he would ever again see the 3 little ones he had recently buried. When the Williamson's 5th child was born on 16 May 1862, he was named William Jasper, maintaining both his father's and deceased brother's names. Times were hard for small farmers of the south. They tilled their modest plots and often lived a ragged, hand-to-mouth existence. The farmland of southwest Louisiana was planted in rice, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, peas, mustard/collard greens and okra. The pecan tree also grew in abundance. To help make ends meet, William continued to drive cattle, as he had learned to do since coming to southwest Louisiana. Tax-supported public education lagged terribly in the south. Schools at this time were primarily for the children of wealthier families, who supported the teachers by boarding them in their homes. The rural areas of southwest Louisiana were some of the poorest in the State. William had received little schooling, but felt his children needed more educational opportunities.

William loved to read and would look for opportunities to study anything, including the writing on paper feed sacks, cardboard boxes, and the Bible. Although Joissine had not received much more schooling than her husband, she shared the things she knew with her children. Being a staunch French Catholic, Joissine used Bible stories and other religious training as texts for these informal lessons. She instilled high moral standards, strong religious beliefs, and a reverence for sacred things in her youngsters. William was a god-fearing man and an example of Christian living, although he never joined a church while living in Louisiana. He believed in being friendly and kind to his neighbors and was known for his generosity. Whether William disagreed with slavery or was just too poor to own any is not clear, but no record shows that he owned slaves. Dave and Celeste Foreman, who lived next door to the Williamsons, owned 9 slaves in 1860. The slavery issue became a heated topic in the early months of 1860. To many southerners, slavery was a necessity and a way of life. Because of the disagreement over slavery, the nation divided and war appeared to be forthcoming. On 26 January 1861, Louisiana seceded from the Union, becoming an independent republic. This action was passed by a convention without submitting the decision to a popular vote. On 21 March Louisiana became a part of the Confederate States of America. As Union troops gathered in New Orleans in May of 1862, this usually docile state sprang into action. Hundreds of men and boys volunteered to fight for the Confederacy. William enlisted in the Confederate Army in September 1862, serving until May 1865. His pension application listed him as a member of Captain Bailey Vincent's Company Scouts and Guards of the 4th and later the 7th Regiments of the Louisiana Cavalry. Soldiers were often traded or transferred into different regiments as the need arose. William was a good horseman, from his cattle-driving days, making this division of the military an obvious choice. As was required of cavalry men, William rode his own faithful horse off to battle. Louisiana remained undisturbed by warfare within its borders for a year after the outbreak of the war. But soon after the 1st anniversary of the war's commencement, New Orleans was stormed by Union troops and totally overtaken. Then, General Dick Taylor, ex-President Zachary Taylor's son, led a small Confederate Army to Alexandria, 80 miles from the Williamsons' home. There his forces defeated Union troops in a bloody engagement. After this skirmish, Louisiana never was a part of the great battlefield, although many Louisianans participated in battles elsewhere. Much of the work done by the cavalry was tedious outpost and picket duty along the major rivers. These experienced horsemen were constantly on the lookout for jayhawkers - plundering marauders who were opposed to slavery. These pirates usually traveled in small groups and used surprise raids to free slaves. Because they were not often needed on the front lines, men of the cavalry divisions were allowed to take lengthy furloughs in the spring, and again in the fall, to plant and harvest their fields. These soldiers made a promise to return to their camps when their chores at home were completed. Sometimes soldiers got homesick and left their duties without furloughs, some with the intention of returning, some without. William made such a retreat, probably around September 1863, while his regiment was encamped somewhat close to home. The day after his departure, he was missed and guards came looking for him. Joissine saw them approaching, so she hid William in a trunk, then sat on top calmly folding the wash as they stopped in front of the house. When they asked if William was home, she assured them that he was not. Since he knew the countryside well, William was able to sneak back to camp without being detected. During this return journey, he learned that the enemy was advancing, warned the command, and said he had been away all those hours scouting. He was never punished for leaving camp.

The 4th Regiment of the Louisiana Cavalry was mustered in at Moundville and operated in the parishes along the Mississippi River of northeast Louisiana during the early months of 1864. The men retreated to Natchitoches during the opening stages of the Red River Campaign in March. While doing picket duty between Natchitoches and Alexandria, the regiment watched the progress of the Union gunboats as they traveled up the river from Alexandria toward Shreveport. They participated in a skirmish at Crump's Hill on April 2. On April 4, an enemy cavalry and infantry force attacked the regiment at Campiti forcing them to retreat. On April 7, they were part of an engagement at Wilson's Farm. It may have been during one of these campaigns that William received a bullet wound, which embedded in his left arm. This bullet remained with him the rest of his life.

Inclement weather, sleeping in tents, poor clothing and insufficient food and medical supplies made life tough for the soldiers. Most holidays were spent away from home. Mail seldom made it to their area of encampment. This often left the southern soldiers wondering if the enemy had invaded their hometowns. But, even though they dreamed of the war's end and their safe return home, the cause for southern independence ran deep in the hearts of these boys in grey, and few deserted their posts. Although he was in several conflicts and used his rifle, William hoped that he had never taken the life of another soldier. Once he aimed at an enemy soldier and fired at close range. He always hoped that he had missed his mark, since he was able to escape himself. Captain John T. Lindsey, commander of Company D of the Calcasieu Guards in King's Special Battalion signed an affidavit 29 August 1904 in which he commented on William's tour of duty: "I, John T. Lindsey, do state under oath that I knew Wm. Williamson as a Confederate soldier....I first formed his organization before the war and I knew him during the war....I was a member of Company C-4th Louisiana Regiment, and was the captain of the company. Williamson made a good soldier and never deserted the Confederacy. I was with him frequently on the skirmish line and saw him in action and know that he never shirked his duty as a Confederate soldier." Another witness, Frances Trimme, signed this affidavit: "I, Frances (x) Trimme, state under oath....I knew William Williamson...I knew him as a Confederate soldier. He was a member of Captain Bailey Vincent's Company Scouts and Guards, 4th La. Regiment. I was a amember of Company B of said Regiment. Mr. McGruder was my captain. I frequently met Wm. Williamson during the war. He enlisted in 1862 and served as a soldier in said command until the end of the war. I know that he was a Confederate soldier and actually performed services...meeting him nearly every week....He made a good soldier and never deserted the Confederacy."

During the intervals that William was away a daughter was born. Melisa Ann arrived 15 June 1864, the last of the Williamson children born in Louisiana. Soon after the war's end, William received an invitation from his brother to come to Texas. George Williamson had moved his family to this neighboring state 2 or 3 years before the Civil War began. Joissine looked forward to the move, even though she would be leaving her native state, her parents and siblings. She felt the death of her 3 children caused by the climate and surroundings of their Louisiana home, that it had been "too stickly" for her children to survive. Texas meant getting away from the wetlands that were directly responsible for fevers and the putrid swamps that gave off poison in the atmosphere producing sickness and death. William sold his homestead for about \$1.75 an acre in 1865, packed up their belongings and moved with his wife and 3 living children to Adam's Ranch in Jasper County, Texas. He drove a small herd of cattle across the Sabine River, which forms the border between Texas and Louisiana. The cattle were a healthy breed of longhorns. William and his family lived with his brother George and his family for 2 years. During this time William provided a living for his family by farming and driving large herds of cattle from southeast Texas to New Orleans. In 1867 William purchased squatter's rights and a small log house owned by a Mr. Wesket of Rhode Island. In 1871, 160 acres of land were surveyed and

deeds drawn up with all the permanent landmarks noted. This property became known as the Williamson Settlement. On 27 June 1900 William and Joissine sold 20 acres to their son Jasper for \$40. William and his sons worked hard to clear the land and make it suitable for farming. He raised what the family ate and made plow tools, while Joissine and the girls made clothes and coverings for the family's feet. When crops were plentiful, the children loaded the wagon and sold vegetables and fruit door-to-door and at the area sawmills to raise money for their supplies. Their's was a typical Gulf Coast home raised on 'stilts' that raised the floor above the ground to keep belongings away from the damp ground. Homes were made of wood or logs. Fireplaces were made of mud and had to be repaired often since it rained much of the time. Mosquitos were abundant, there were no screens on the doors and windows. A net was tacked on the wall, serving as a protection from these pests. Nights were hot and unbearable, so fans were made from dried turkey wings - used to circulate the air. Food preservation was difficult so many different kinds of vegetables and fruits were bottled or dried to be used throughout the year. Root cellars were built to store root vegetables. Clothes were worn day after day and changed only when they looked 'really dirty'. The children had a special set of clothing that was worn only to school. Monday was washday, the week's laundry at first being done in the creek. Then a well was dug and water was drawn into a large tub for soaking the dirty clothes, first having been put on a 'battle board' and then beat with sticks to loosen the dirt. Homemade lye soap was used. Soon after building a larger cabin in the heart of the Settlement, another child was born. Parneston Preston, William and Joissine's 7th child was born 13 January 1867. Eight more Williamsons were born over the next 12 years. Three more children died. Melisa came down with polio at age 4, but she survived and recovered, but was left crippled on her right side. Things seemed to return to normal after each child died. But a question always lingered in the Williamsons' minds. Where were their little ones? Would they ever see them again? Though trials seemed to be a part of life this family remained positive and cheerful. Joissine's family were members of the Catholic Church and had strong religious ties. William, until age 70 had not joined any Church, although he attended several. He felt there was too much confusion within the various doctrines taught. The family was first introduced to the 'Mormons' by a Mr. Busley. He lived neighbors and often talked of meeting the Mormons while serving in Johnson's army during the Utah War. He had found Brigham Young to be a 'mighty fine man', not only a good man, but a wise leader - all his people were happy and prosperous. William listened to these things intently and felt that he might want to learn more about this church and its people. It was not long before he got this chance. Revivals were common in this area - large tents were set up to accomodate the crowds who came to hear the sermons of the traveling preachers. At one of these meetings they attended, 2 Elders of the LDS Church (the Mormons) were there to preach. Their message gave the Williamson family much to think about. On 9 January 1900, Elders Brooks and Reed wearily made their way to the Williamson home. When William saw them coming up the lane, he exclaimed 'Them's my men!!' The Elders were invited in, fed and then asked to preach to the family. Though the Elders were out of their prescribed area, they were persuaded to stay late into the evening talking about the gospel, and then spent the night. Heavy rain the next day prevented the Elders from leaving and as night fell again, the rain subsided and neighbors were invited over to hear their teachings. Though William tried to help the Elders find their way back to their own area, flooding from the rains prevented them once again from leaving, so they spent several days with the Williamson family, and finally left the area with very earnest investigators. Before the Elders left, they issued a challenge that marked the turning point in the Williamsons' lives. They issued this invitation: "If you can prove one thing by the Bible that we teach is not true, we will leave this country. If we are not teaching the truth we

would be better off at home!" Intense Bible study ensued to disprove this new doctrine, but when the Elders returned in April, each question was answered calmly and completely using the scriptures. William commented, "It was just like they had placed a new book into our hands. Their interpretation of the Bible was so much plainer and different from ours and it was the same scripture we had been studying all our lives." They were taught all of the gospel principles, but the one that appealed to them the most was life after death and the idea that parents could be sealed to their children forever. Knowing that they could be reunited with the members of their family who had already passed through the veil proved to be a great comfort and something to look forward to. William and Joissine were so convinced as to the truthfulness of the missionaries' words that they were baptized 20 April 1900. Elder Reed baptized them and Elder Reucher confirmed them members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All the Williamsons' living children joined the Church during their lifetimes. About 4 or 5 months after their baptism, the family moved nearer to the sawmill in Smith's Tram, Old Laurel, Newton County. William had become very ill and needed to be near the company doctor. He was diagnosed with Bright's disease - his good health never returned. He died 21 November 1900. He was buried in the Williamson Cemetery near two of his sons. Staunch in her beliefs, Joissine carried on the Williamson tradition and her new Mormon beliefs, and thus with the children and grandchildren. The Church grew slowly in the beginning, but because of the faith and dedication of two old southerners, the population increased steadily. The 1st Church meetinghouse was made of logs, erected about 1901 by volunteers. The Moroni Sunday School was formally organized 8 June 1902, but the meeting place was referred to as "Williamson". In 1915 a frame building was constructed on an acre of land donated by Joseph Williamson. Today, a three-phase brick building, which houses three Wards, is situated on this same location. Several generations of Williamson descendants have been born and died. All the old homes in the Settlement are now gone, but the fond memories still remain. Traditions are strong. The old timers, as well as the young ones, will tell anyone how thankful they are to have been raised in the beautiful, choice place called "The Williamson Settlement", amongst the Saints of Zion having the fulness of the Gospel as their guide.

This history was submitted by Jossine F. Saurey. William and Joissine Williamson are Jossine's maternal great-grandparents.



It was over a century ago that Daniel and Elizabeth Frankhouser Saurey, descendants of the old and representative families of Switzerland, where they were educated and married, left their native land in their zeal and earnestness for the Mormon Church, which they had joined, crossed over the broad waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and without stop or stay proceeded to Utah. They journeyed over the plains with both ox and handcart trains, until without serious hinderance they arrived in the land of Zion, where they located at Little Cottonwood, now Murray. Here the father pursued the dual vocations of farming and carpentry, and here on 13 February 1862, was born their son Charles Saurey, the immediate subject of this sketch. In 1864 the family moved to Logan, where the industrious and intelligent parents well fulfilled the duties of rearing their family. Here Charles received his schooling. Most of his summers were spent herding cows on the foothills near the townsite. Before he was 19 years old, Charles was the sole arbiter of his life's operations, and he signalized his freedom by engaging in the construction work of the Utah Northern Railroad, for 3 consecutive years, doing faithful and appreciated service. In June 1883, he came to Idaho, locating near Rexburg, then a mere hamlet in a vast, unpeopled extent of sagebrush wilderness, and located on a homestead of 160 acres, and built the first home in Hibbard on the Snake River near the home where Gwili Saurey resides. He began at once the work of developing and improving the land, thus commencing the farming and stockraising departments of agriculture which he so prosperously conducted. His efforts were immediately given for the supplying of his land with water, and in the accomplishment of this purpose he assisted in pioneering and laying the foundation for this country in the building of all the irrigation canals and ditches that are in close proximity to Rexburg. He served for 14 years as an efficient trustee and treasurer of the Consolidated Farmers Canal Company. He also served for many years on the school board. He always had fine horses. He used 4 horses and 2 men on the hand plow. Alma Larsen puts it this way, "He was an expert with horses and maneuvering the hand plow". He was an active worker in the Republican Party, supporting its policies and candidates most loyally, but never accepting or desiring office for himself, deeming that his private interests fully demanded all of the time which he could devote to them. The prosperity that has attended his endeavors is marked by the acreage added to his original homestead, while the fertile condition of the estate was manifested by the bounteous crops he produced yearly. As a citizen, Mr. Saurey ranked as a man of independent thought, actuated and dominated by accurate principles, supporting and liberally sustaining all efforts for the betterment of the community. He had many friends. One very close friend, Mr. James Webster, who purchased a piece of land just across the street from him, said, "I learned about the art of farming through my association with Mr. Saurey, and in all those 15 years as close neighbors, I never knew him to be behind with his work. He was always up on his farm operations, and very thorough in whatever he undertook to do. He had a place for all his implements, and they could always be found in their place."

In the Church he served as an Elder, home missionary and High Priest. Joseph F. Rigby made this statement, "He was one of the most faithful tithe payers of the whole country, and very liberal with donations. He never waivered, was a friend to all he met, and a true example of integrity. He loved to be home and lived for his family. He and his family lived the United Order. They worked up till the time of his death, as one."

He was joined in wedlock on 17 September 1886 with Laura Barber in the Logan Temple. He passed away 2 February 1939 at the home of his daughter Mrs. E.L. Keppner of Rexburg.

Children of Charles and Laura Barber Saurey:

Laura Rosella	b. 3 June 1887	m. Hyrum Keppner
Heber Charles	b. 13 Mar 1889	m. Sophia Ricks and Sarah Loveland
Levi Edward	b. 7 March 1891	m. Lola Bowen and Grace Peterson
William Alfred	b. 21 Jan 1893	m. Olive Rigby and Mary Cahoon
Fred Daniel	b. 9 May 1896	m. Edith Sylvester
Edith Lottie	b. 13 Nov 1898	m. Elmer Hoskins and Allen Brown
Luella Agnes	b. 28 Sept 1901	m. Elven Keppner
LeRoy B.	b. 26 July 1906	m. Genevieve Anderson
Ada DeLila	b. 19 July 1909	m. Leo Perrenoud and Z. Curtis

This history was submitted by Lyle C. Saurey. Charles Saurey is Lyle's grandfather. Heber Charles Saurey is Lyle's father.



Gilbert Belnap was born in Port Hope, New Castle District, Upper Canada, 22 December 1821, the 3rd son and the youngest of 5 children. Three sons were born after Gilbert, making 8 children in all.

Twenty days before his 11th birthday his father was killed while riding a horse in a race. Three months and one day later, his mother died. By law of the country, Gilbert, as an orphan, was bound out as an apprentice to a William C. Moore, a wheelwright. He stayed with Mr. Moore for some time and moved to the United States with his family. The adent love of alcohol reduced his family to poverty. The many abuses he had received from Mr. Moore came to the attention of his more humane neighbors. After awhile he was questioned by Mr. Wilson, who was acting as Justice of the Peace. He wanted to know why he remained with such a drunken tyrant. His answer to that was he was bound to him by the nature of his indenture. Mr. Wilson informed him that those bonds were not binding outside of his native country.

He went home to his native country and found his family had scattered, so he wandered around for a period of time. At the age of 16 he joined the Lighthouse Rangers of U.S. He was promoted to 1st Sergeant and took his responsibilities very seriously. In one of the engagements in Canada Gilbert and his men were taken prisoners and held for 10 months in a Toronto prison by the British.

It was obvious that Gilbert was guided by the spirit to the areas surrounding Kirtland, Ohio. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had established itself in Kirtland for 8 years. The saints had constructed a beautiful Temple which had attracted the curious from many miles around. Of even greater interest to their neighbors in the nearby town were the unique beliefs of the restored gospel. The tranquil and peaceable nature of the people in the face of disparagement and persecution provoked the interest of many, including Gilbert Belnap. Gilbert recognized that, like himself, most of the members were peaceable, conscientious, hard-working people whose fathers or sons had fought in the Revolutionary War and other wars for their rights - one of which was freedom of religious belief. He was fascinated that Kirtland was never intended to be their permanent Zion. Nonetheless, they acquired and worked farms, built homes and got jobs. They tithed labor and time to start building a Temple, while seeking further for their Zion. The following statement was taken from Gilbert's journal: Sunday, 11 September 1842 - was at the most important day in my life for in the presence of a vast multitude of Saints and sinners I yielded obedience to the gospel which long before I have been sensible it was my duty to do. (He was baptized). He went on a mission to New York. He performed vicarious baptisms for his parents and sister 4 days after his arrival in Nauvoo.

He was introduced to the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose mild and penetrating glance denoted great depth of penetration and extensive forethought. From his journal we read: While standing there before him, his penetrating glance seemed to read the very inmost recess of my heart. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind. "Had I been permitted by the great Author of my being to behold with my natural eyes a Prophet of the living God, when millions had died with the sight?" To grasp his hand in mine was a blessing that in early days I did not expect to enjoy. I seemed to be transfixed before him. I gazed with wonder at his person. I listened with delight to the sound of his voice. Afterwards in public and in private I listened raptly.

The impressions made on my mind at this introduction can never be erased. They are indelible, as if written with an iron pen on the tablet of my heart.

Gilbert Belnap was one of Joseph Smith's personal bodyguards and saw much of the persecution of that period of time. (June 27, 1844). As soon as the Governor left, the few remaining Saints in Carthage were expelled at the points of bayonets, but not until the Prophet from the jail window exhorted them for the sake of their own lives to go home to Nauvoo. I well remember those last words of exhortation and my long and lingering look upon that den of infamy for I did not consider them safe with the Governor's small force of troops and despite the Governor's promises.

August 8, 1844. A meeting of all the Saints was called to choose a successor to the Prophet. Sidney Rigdon gave an eloquent speech announcing himself as their new leader. Before making a definite choice, Brigham Young asked them to recess and return at 2:00. The crowd that assembled at 2:00 was so great that they had to hold an open air meeting in the public square.

Brigham Young said, "Attention all - for the time in my life - for the first time in your lives - for the first time in the Kingdom of God in the 19th century without a Prophet at our head, do I step forth and act in my calling in connection with the Quorum of Twelve, as apostles of Jesus Christ unto the generation. Apostles whom God has called by revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, who are ordained and annointed to bare off the keys of the Kingdom of God in all the world." Adaline dropped her handkerchief. As she was leaning down to pick it up she heard the voice of the Prophet Joseph Smith. She was startled and looked up quickly to see in the exact place where Brigham Young had been standing the exact presence of the Prophet Joseph Smith whose voice was also the voice of Joseph Smith.

There had been several who desired the right to lead the Saints, but we who saw the Transfiguration knew whom to follow, and we followed Brigham Young to the top of the mountains.

December 21, 1845 - Adaline Knight, daughter of Vinson Knight, and Gilbert Belnap were married by Apostle Heber C. Kimball. Adaline was young and beautiful with a heavy mass of black curls, dressed in a dainty white dress made with her own hands. No less handsome was the bridegroom who towered over his tiny bride. Thirteen children were born to this union. The 7th child, Augustus Weber Belnap, is Bert Sommer's grandfather.

In spite of the hard times and parting from their home, the couple enjoyed some pleasure preparing for their journey. It was their wedding trip, and their first house together was a wagon made by Gilbert's own hands. They also owned a team of horses.

Gilbert and Adaline made several trips back to Nauvoo on the ice after provisions with their wagon. The last trip they made was on Old Tom, Joseph's black horse, now owned by Brigham Young. No one but this young couple would have dared to take it, as the ice was breaking up.

Gilbert was a man of no fear, and Adaline dared accompany him anywhere, as the horse was to be trusted. Imagine the ice in blocks the size of a room and 4 feet thick. When they came near the edge of a block of ice, it would tip and then the horse would jump to the next block. Thus, they crossed the Mississippi River for the last time.

Through many trials they made their way to Winter Quarters where they remained for 2 years. June of 1850 they started their trek to the Salt Lake Valley. Again sickness, death, and much tribulation was to accompany them. They buried a son in Nebraska.

Some 2 weeks after our arrival into the valleys of the mountains, I was counseled by President Brigham Young to locate in Ogden City, Weber County, which I did.

At the April 1855 conference Gilbert was appointed to go on a mission to the Indians. The missionaries were to build a fort on the Salmon River. They built Fort Limhi. The mission to Limhi was not too successful and they returned to their homes after the 2nd year. He returned to the Salmon Valley to work with the Indians there.

The people of Salt Lake Valley were prospering and life seemed good after all their hardships and heartaches. The joys did not last long for the mail brought news the government was sending an army to Utah to put down a rebellion. There had been no rebellion; but the enemies of truth had been at work. Communications were poor and the government was misinformed. Nevertheless, an army was on its way to Utah. If the army entered Utah, "every" house would be burned. Every tree cut down and every field laid waste. They would find Utah a desert. When the army entered Salt Lake Valley through Emigration Canyon, it was a "ghost town" with very few inhabitants. Cedar Valley was where they stopped to found Camp Floyd.

The Latter-day Saint people organized to fight. One of the detachments under the command of Major Lot Smith, had been sent out to destroy the supply wagons with instructions not to shed any blood, unless absolutely necessary. Gilbert Belnap was with this group. They stampeded the troop's cattle, set afire their trains, kept them from sleeping by surprise night attacks, and road blocks, but no blood was shed.

The army was forced to spend the winter on Black's Fort. Fort Bridger, only 40 miles away, had been burned. It was a very hard winter for the soldiers on the plains of Wyoming. They raided and harassed Johnston's Army from Laramie to Fort Bridger. Destroyed most of the supplies and wagons without killing a man. Successful in keeping Johnston out of the valley that summer - took supplies to them at Fort Bridger in mid-winter to keep them alive.

During his lifetime he was a member of the Common Council, a marshal, prosecuting attorney, city sexton, sheriff of Weber County, County selectman, assessor, presiding elder of Hooper and Bishop of the Hooper Ward when it was organized in 1870, a position he held until 1888. He had a paralytic stroke in 1875 which caused failing health. He died 26 February 1899 at Hooper, Utah. He left 2 wives and 15 children to mourn his loss. He was the father of 17 children, had 114 grandchildren, 22 of whom are dead, 17 great-grandchildren, of whom 5 have passed away.

Augustus W. Belnap, the 7th child of Gilbert Belnap was born in Ogden, Utah. He married Mary Read in the Logan Temple. They moved to Wilford, Idaho and then to Salem, in 1888. Lola Ethel Belnap, the youngest child of Augustus and Mary Belnap, wife of Hyrum Sommer are the parents of Clifford, Bert, Reed, Carrol Moore, Phyllis Matthews and Diane Hall Sommer.

(Information taken from the book "Heritage With Honor", a history of the Belnap family).

This history was submitted by Bert Sommer. Gilbert Belnap is Bert's maternal grandfather.



Nicholas Sommer, son of Niklaus and Salome Dattwyler, was born 27 September 1863 at Bern, Switzerland. He was about 6 years old when he came to the United States with his father and mother, a sister and brother, and his father's 2 brothers, Ben and John. They had accepted the Gospel and wanted to join the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Utah. They came from New York to Ogden on the first train that came into Ogden. Nick's father was a stone-cutter and mason contractor and Nick helped him with this work. They helped build the Salt Lake Temple. When he was 12 years old, Nick helped haul rock for the Logan Temple. They moved to Logan where the children attended school and Nick grew to manhood. As a young man, he ran a freight line from Blackfoot, Idaho to Butte, Montana. He also worked on the Oregon Short Line Railroad between Blackfoot and Montana. One summer he spent chopping wood in Idaho. In 1883, at 19 years of age, when the emigrants first came to the Rexburg area, he came with them. He picked out the farm on the bank of the river and the farm where Jack Sommer lives as his homestead. The following spring, the 5 men that homesteaded on or near the North Fork of the Snake River began to make ditches. They used picks, shovels and horses and scrapers to do this work. In the year of 1884, he had a crop of wild hay.

The Saurey Canal was built in the fall and early winter of 1884 by George Hibbard, Charles Saurey, Fred Saurey, Nicholas Sommer and C. Baker. These 5 men settled on land in the northern part of Hibbard, and the immediate necessity of water for irrigation caused them to make a survey on the North Teton River for a suitable place for a canal. The canal was to be taken out of the North Teton above the settlement of Hibbard. The land was somewhat lower than the neighboring territory so it was impossible to accommodate any farmers other than these 5 men. So they spent a year of hard labor with picks, shovels and scrapers. Near the end of the project, they ran out of food except flour from which they made flapjacks. The men took out their decree of water 17 October 1885 for 27 second acre feet. Some time later, Luke Lavery became one of the water users.

Nick lived here for 2 years. Then Mary Saurey came to cook for the men and a courtship began. On 9 November 1885, Nick and Mary were married in the Logan Temple. While they lived here 2 sons, William and Edward, were born. In the fall of 1888, they rented the farm to a Mr. Ellis and moved back to Logan, where he worked as a mason and stone-cutter in the summer time. In the winter, he would come back to Idaho and help B.J. Lavery get out ice. In the spring, he would help get his crops planted and then go to Logan for the summer. While in Logan 1 son, Fred, and 3 daughters, Salma, Pearl and Rose were born.

In the spring of 1898, they moved back to the ranch in Hibbard. They put their family and all their belongings on a hayrack and with 100 head of cattle, they made the tedious journey in 17 days. Jim Johnson drove the team and wagon and was paid \$14 for the trip.

Nick made his living from farming and his mason trade. The first year, there was alot of meadow grass and they had a pig that thrived on just that. Their first permanent home was a 3-room log house with a dirt roof and a rough board floor. Nick built several brick homes in Hibbard along with Charles Saurey, Lon Hinckley and Jode Hendricks and others. He did much of the brick work in this area. His own brick home was made with Cahoon bricks and was built in 1905. His son Hyrum was the only child born in this home. (This home was located where the Bert Sommer home is now located).

Nick loved people and had many devoted friends. He was very kind and generous, and made an excellent living for his family. He was a school trustee, ward teacher and was ordained a High Priest 13 March 1927 by G.W. McKinlay. His wife, Mary, was a lovely person. She was always clean

and neat, and was never seen that her hair wasn't combed and her clothes neat and clean. She lived to make her home clean and beautiful. Nick died 10 September 1944 and Mary 3 January 1945.

Children of this marriage:

William	born 17 August 1886	married Leah Rock
Edward	30 June 1888	Alice Hendricks
Fred	9 November 1890	Edith Mary Park
Salma	25 August 1892	George Statham
Pearl	1894	
Ida Rosezina	25 August 1897	Cecil Fullmer
Florence	5 September 1899	Henry Rock
Hazel	3 August 1901	
Ernest	14 February 1903	
Hyrum	9 December 1905	Lola Ethel Belnap

This history was submitted by Raymond Sommer. Nicholas and Mary are Raymond's paternal grandparents. Their second child Edward and his wife Alice are Raymond's grandparents.



The following is part of the story of Augusta Dorius Stevens, daughter of Nicholie and Sophie Christopherson Dorius, born 29 October 1837 in Copenhagen, Denmark:

When I was 2 years of age, I lost one of my eyes through an accident. I had many minor accidents but got through them all right. I attended school until I was about 13 years of age.

About that time the Mormon Elders came to Copenhagen with the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My father embraced the gospel and was baptized 14 November 1850. My brother and myself were baptized 14 December 1850. My mother could not see that our Church was any better than her Lutheran Church, so she did not join at this time. For this reason, I had to quit school on account of the immediate persecution waged against me in school on account of this very unpopular religion. We lived in the same house where the LDS meetings were held. We lived downstairs and the meetings were held upstairs. One night the mob came up to the hall and broke the door down. They wanted to get Brother Erastus Snow and to subject him to bodily punishment. We had to break up the meeting and Brother Snow walked out with the crowd of Saints and the mob did not get him. The spirit of gathering became an important item among the Saints in Copenhagen, and there were 28 persons who got ready to emigrate with Elder Erastus Snow when he returned from his first mission in Scandinavia, and I was one of this number. I had assisted a family by the name of Ravens as a girl in their home at general domestic work. Mr. Ravens was a sea captain. The family was quite well off. They had joined the Church, took quite a liking to me for the work I was doing for them and inasmuch as I had also joined the Church, they offered me the opportunity to join them in coming to Utah, and they paid my way. My father thought it would be a good thing for one of the family to go to Zion, and the rest of the family would come later. So it was arranged for me to go. I thought this was a fine plan and I was happy to think I was the first of the family to go to Zion. The day came for us to start. It was 4 March 1852. I had great faith in the Gospel I had embraced so I felt all would be well for me. But when I said farewell to my parents and brothers and sister, and seeing the steamboat sail out and my folks fade out of sight, I felt alone, and I surely felt badly and wept as I then realized for the first time that I was alone to face the world and that too on foreign soil. If I had known or realized how far that journey would have been, I certainly should have felt worse, but traveling was something new to me and there were many interesting sights for me to see which were interesting and entertaining and I wonder sometimes how I received courage to leave my family and go to a strange country and then too, when I did not know how far we should have to travel to get to Zion and I could not speak the language. But it was the Gospel I had received and the spirit of the Lord that helped me. I was ignorant of the world and did not understand it as I came to know later. When I think of my daughter starting out at that age, going into my 15th year, I wonder how it would go for her. But if she had the same faith I had I think it would be all right for her too. But there are few who have such strong faith as those who came from the old country in those days. I have never regretted that I came when and as I did, but am thankful to the Lord that I was thus permitted to come to Zion.

Other member of my family, including my father, came to Utah. My brothers Carl and John came and then left again in 1862 for a mission to Norway. On their way they went to Copenhagen, Denmark to get mother and took her with them to Norway to the City of Christiania where they made their headquarters and she was baptized. Mother did not come to Utah until 1874. I was accordingly away from mother for 22 years.

One of the singular incidents that happened enroute was the stampeding of a herd of buffalo which came direct towards our wagon train. The buffalo ran directly in front of our train of wagons. This caused a great commotion and almost a stampede among the oxen and horses of the train. The few rifles available were used, and fortunately a few buffalo were killed, thus giving us extra provisions for the long journey ahead of us.

I had several opportunities to get married when I was 16 years of age, but I though I was too young. However, I considered the matter very thoroughly

and finally decided to get married which I did on 25 July 1854. I was married to Henry Stevens who was a good man but much older than I. I became his 2nd wife. Of the other wife she writes - she treated my children as though they were her own. In our lonely cabin dug out of the side of the hill we were each provided with our own room and we lived in love and unity. Her husband died in 1899 at age 87 and she died in 1926 and age 88. They had six children-two died as children. They lived their lives in Ephraim, Utah.

The above history was submitted by Lynn J. Stewart. Augusta Dorius Stevens is Lynn's great, great grandmother. Augusta's story is very long and detailed. She was a pioneer - this account is primarily about her life before the journey across the plains.



The following is taken from the "Comprehensive History of the Church, Volume 5, by B.H. Roberts" - concerning the mission in South Africa from 1857-1865:

The work in South Africa was left under the presidency of Miner G. Atwood, from Utah, who continued in the mission about 1 year, after the departure of his associates, when on 12 April 1865, he left Port Elizabeth with a company of 47

members of the Church in the brig 'Mexicano' for New York, and the work in Africa was left for a number of years to the few remaining resident members of the Church.

Atwood continued with this company until they reached Salt Lake City. At Wyoming, Nebraska, he was placed in charge of a company of about 400 souls and 45 wagons, which he conducted to Utah. West of Fort Laramie, the company was attacked by Indians, and an attempt was made to drive off the stock. Seven of the brethren were wounded and a Mrs. Grundtvig was carried away by the savages and was never recovered.



William Winterton - in 1850 when he was 4 years old, his parents joined the Church. At 6 years of age he seamed stockings with his mother in Nottingham, England. He celebrate his 17th birthday on board the ship 'John J. Boyd', enroute to America. Landing in Castle Gardents, New York 20 May 1863.

As a young man, while herding sheep with others, the person bringing mail from Provo to Heber by horseback, one day told them if they would give him a name for the place, he would bring their mail to them. They thought of several names, but decided Charleston was the one they liked best.

(Note from Joyce - both of my parents were born and raised in Charleston, Utah).

Ellen Widdison, nicknamed Nellie, came to America in 1869. She and her girlfriend had the same great desire to come because they already had brothers and sisters here. They worked in the Nottingham Lace Factory to earn money for their passage. They were both members of the Nottingham Choir and were beautiful singers. There was sadness when they left England.



John Wesley Witt was born in McLeansboro, Hamilton County, Illinois 10 February 1829. He was baptized a member of the LDS Church at Far West Tennessee, when he was 8 years old - in 1837.

Although a young lad at the time, John Wesley labored on the Nauvoo Temple and while there had the privilege of becoming acquainted with most of the leaders of the Mormon Church. He was intimately acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum Smith, having lived with the Hyrum Smith family for several years. He claimed the distinction of having viewed the bodies of these two brothers after their martyrdom at Carthage Jail.

He was numbered one among the many Saints to be persecuted and driven out of Nauvoo in 1846, and for the next 4 years worked on river steamers up and down the Mississippi River. In 1850, he immigrated to Utah.

The above histories were submitted by Joyce Stewart.

Miner Grant Atwood is Joyce's great, great grandfather.

William Winterton and Nellie Widdison are Joyce's great grandparents.

John Wesley Witt is Joyce's great, great grandfather.



Christen Jarman Jensen was the 2nd child in a family of 7. He had 4 sisters and 2 brothers. He was the son of Jens Jorgen and Ane Madsine Martine Christensen, both 23 June 1862 in VCester, Skaerum, Hjorring, Denmark. Christian's father was a freeholder (owned his own farm). He became well-to-do. Christen stood 5'4", blue eyes, dark hair, and of slight build, very ambitious and loved carpentry work.

Denmark was known for her dairy farms. It was on one of these farms that he met his future wife, Christine Marie Sorensen. They were married a year later by a Lutheran Minister in the Hormested Parish on 9 November 1890. Marie's mother was the only witness to the wedding. During the year after he first met his wife-to-be, he built a small home to which he added a carpentry shop. It was in this shop that she met the missionaries P.C. Christensen from Sanpete, Utah and James Nielsen from Brigham City, Utah. She had heard the missionaries preaching on the street corner and was very interested. She wanted her husband to listen to them, but he would not let them come into the house. His neighbor and friend had accepted the church and tried hard to get Christen to attend a meeting. Upon listening Christen realized they were truly teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and he and his wife were baptized by P.C. Christensen on 15 May 1892. This took place in a reservoir. The ice had to be broken. Then the urge to go to America, to Zion, began to grow within them. Their 1st child, Minnie, was born in Denmark.

They had only been in the church for a year when they decided to go to America. They had no money to go and neither of their parents would loan them any, but the man he worked for loaned him enough money to come to America. Christen paid him back with the first money he earned. Christen's father was so hurt that he would not tell him goodbye. When his father died a well-to-do man he left Christen \$1.00 as his share of the estate. He never forgave him for joining the church.

They arrived in New York 1 October 1893. They left immediately, by train, for Logan, Utah. They were met by an uncle of Marie's, Niels Sorensen, who died 4 days later. They were then left to themselves, out in Zion, they had no money and knew no one who could speak the new language. The first work he got paid 25¢ a day, working for a man up Logan Canyon. Not being used to freezing cold weather, he neglected to wear a head covering. His head was frost-bitten and he lost all his dark hair. The doctor told him that his hair would never grow back again unless a miracle happened. A mid-wife told him to wear a cabbage leaf under his cap and soon a little white hair started to show - from then on he had lovely thick white hair!

At one time, Christen and a brother, Hyrum Nielson, were working in Preston. Upon returning to Logan it began raining with thunder and lightning so bad that they feared they would loose their way. They stopped and offered up a prayer and asked the Lord for help in reaching their home. No sooner had they offered the prayer than a light appeared on the end of their buggy whip. This light made it bright enough to see the side of the road. Brother Nielson took the buggy whip down to look at it. In doing so the light went out. Upon replacing the whip the light returned. It was an answer to their prayer, and they were able to make it home safely where their families were waiting for them. The next morning in testimony meeting, Brother Neilson bore his testimony and told of the experience. Bro. Cowley was in the audience. He stood and spoke and said these men had their prayers answered. They had been blessed and protected for their families. Other prayers were also answered. My mother Olga, Christen's 2nd child was a very sickly child when she was very young, and had been ailing for some time. Christen could not stand to see his little girl suffer any longer. He went out into the wood shed and prayed to the Lord to make his little girl well or take her. He then went to her bed and lay down on a big box next to her bed. He didn't know how long he had been there but when he opened his eyes he could see three men standing by the side of her bed. He could see one of the mens' lips moving but could not hear a word he was saying. Then they disappeared and from that time

on Olga improved until she was perfectly well and enjoyed good health. In the fall of 1879, Christen decided to move his family to Preston, Idaho, so he came to Preston alone to obtain a place for them, leaving them in Logan for the time being. The man he had been working for - a Bro. Hyrum Nielsen, offered to help him get a piece of property. Boyd Porter owned a small 11 acre farm northeast of Preston. Bro. Nielsen gave the money to buy the farm. The deed was made out free of charge by a Bro. Johnny Greaves. The deed was then turned over to Christen by Bro. Nielsen without any securities at all. These 2 men were just like father and son. Christen worked long hours extra to pay for the farm. The first taxes he had to pay for the farm were \$3.00, which he obtained by working for some wheat which he sold for .21¢ a bushel. After he had purchased the land, he couldn't afford to buy the lumber to build his house. Again Bro. Nielsen offered to haul the logs down out of the canyon. The house was built in typical Danish fashion. Christen lived in a dugout while he built the home. As soon as he had finished one room of their new home, he took a wagon and team of horses offered by Bro. Nielsen to Logan for his family and what furniture they had. They lived in the home for 27 years adding a room at a time as they expected each new arrival. They had 2 daughters Tomina Martina, then Olga Mary, then a stillborn son, Annie Jersina, Melinda Bertha, and Esther Jensina. After the loss of their son, Marie was never well again. Christen and Marie were separated by Marie's death 17 January 1940, after 50 years of a happy married life. Christen was called to go on a mission to Denmark, but was advised by his Bishop Allen Cutler to remain home with his ailing wife. He said there was plenty of missionary work to be done right there. However, Christen never missed an opportunity to preach the gospel to whomever he came in contact with. He loved the Book of Mormon and bore testimony of its' truthfulness.

Christen was a carpenter and contractor by trade. The town of Preston was well marked with his handiwork. He built the Larson Building, the Foss Building, The Greaves Building, the Central Grade School, and was the main contractor on the 4th Ward Chapel. He built the first home in Cub River, besides many of the homes in Preston. At the age of 93 he tore down two sheds on his place and built a garage out of the lumber. He also built caskets. I remember as a boy going into the room where they were kept. They were beautifully done with inside lining and all. He was always thinking of a better way of doing things, with an inventive mind he developed the Jensen Subsoiler Plow Attachment, also a horsedrawn beet topper, which would top the sugar beets then convey them out to the side. This article came out on 30 December 1914 South Eastern Advocate, Preston, Idaho: PRESTON INVENTORS TO EXHIBIT AT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION: Messrs A.A. Olsen and C.J. Jensen have both been active the last couple of weeks preparing their exhibits at the Panama Canal Exposition. Mr. Olson will have a display of his burglar-proof locks and Mr. Jensen will have a full size model of his beet topper and also a full size and a small size model of his subsoiler. These exhibits should be of great value both to the inventors and also to the City of Preston and the State of Idaho.

After Marie died, Christen married again to Flo Philips in 1944 at the age of 81. She was 71. She also passed away before Christen, leaving him alone again. In his patriarchal blessing, he was told he could live as long as he wanted. At the age of nearly 97, he called my father to his room and told him he was ready to go and asked him to get the Bishop and the Stake President to come. When my father returned, Christen had already passed away, laying on his side, with his hand over the side of the bed as if he had just gone to sleep.

The above history was submitted by Homer Taylor. Christen Jarman Jensen is Homer's maternal grandfather. Olga Mary is Homer's mother.

C. J. JENSEN SECURES PATENT ON HIS SUBSOIL PLOW INVENTION

Mr. C. J. Jensen received notice through his attorney that his application for patent of his Subsoil Plow attachment was allowed Dec. 20th. The invention is one of the most useful that could be thought of for farmers who desire to put their soil in the best possible shape. Many citizens of Preston have seen it on Exhibition and some have tried it. The following letter indicates what George Lamb thinks of it

Mr. Jensen has also a beet topper practically perfected. On trial this last fall topped over 80% of the beets where the ground was in a reasonably good shape. With some new ideas he has recently thought of it is quite likely that he will cut close to the 100% mark next fall. Mr. Jensen is one of those men so determined character and jolly in disposition that it becomes a pleasure to watch him tinker away at his novels, yet there is at the same time engendering a feeling that there may be something in his old "Danish Head" yet, though it may take a beet topper and subsoiler to bring it to light. The fact that some of Preston's most substantial and conservative men are proffering their assistance financially to promote his inventions indicates their faith in his mechanical ideas.

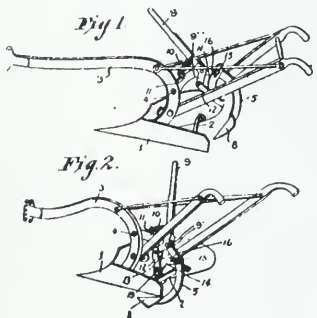
Mr. C. J. Jensen,
Preston, Idaho

Hyde Park, Utah
Jan. 15, 1913

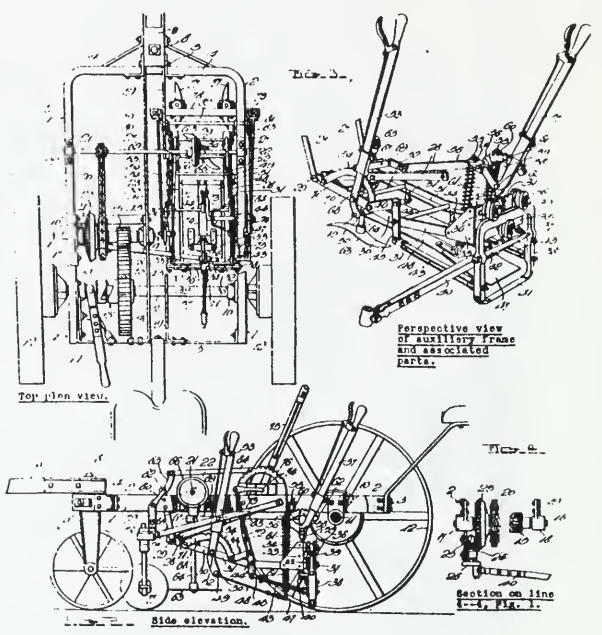
Dear Sir:
I am indeed pleased to report that I have used your subsoiler and found it to be all that you claim for it.
I attached it to a working plow, running the plow from 10 to 12 inches deep under which I run the Subsoiler 5 in. making the work between 15 and 17 in. deep, making it very loose and mellow. It saves an extra man and does the work much better than anything else I have ever seen.
I am pleased to recommend the Subsoiler to any one who is interested in this kind of work.

Respectfully
George Z. Lamb

The Jensen Subsoiler Plow Attachment

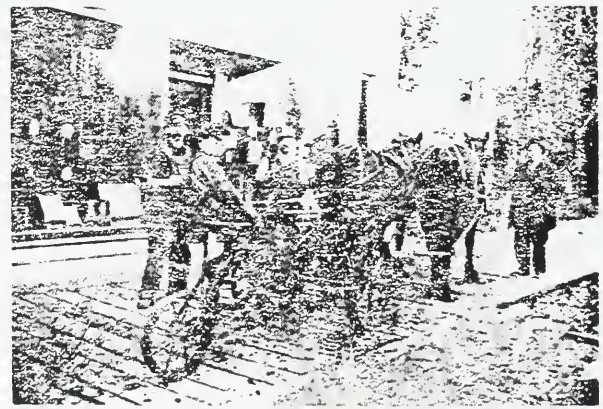


OFFICE OF
C. J. JENSEN
INVENTOR OF
The Jensen Subsoiler Plow Attachment



H. B. Wilcox & Co., Patent Attorneys,
Washington, D. C.

Preston, Idaho,19



This picture was put in the Home Town Album.

With this inscription:

"This Beet Topper invented by C. J. Jensen about 1913"

"Pete Jorgensen (the builder), Marcus Jorgensen, Mr. Jensen, and Bion Wilcox. The Sidney Stevens Implement store and the Golden Rule Signs are reflected in the window. This was taken in front of the R. A. Jones Photo Studio, 43 South Main. Later 1914 the Franklin Cafe. (Now a dress Shop.)"

Pete Jorgensen is the one standing at the side of the boy on the seat (the boy is Marcus Jorgensen) next is C. J. Jensen (Grandpa) The one standing by the horse is Bion Wilcox.



"Uncle Benji," as he was affectionately called, was born in New York state, July 28, 1818. When 13 years of age (in 1831) he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, remaining true to the end. He possessed a remarkably bright mind, and at the age of 18 became closely associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith. From 1842 to 1844 he acted as Joseph's business agent and private secretary. He was well acquainted with the Prophet and his mind was rich with reminiscences of those days, and he never tired of relating them. He was captain of the first company that left Nauvoo, at the expulsion, and in 1849 arrived in Salt Lake City with an emigrant company. He settled in Salt Lake City first. When the provisional State of Deseret was organized, he was chosen as one of the members to that state assembly which framed the constitution of the state and such was the service that he rendered that he was returned fourteen times to the Legislature of the territory, after it was organized.

In the spring of 1851 Benjamin was called to colonize Summit Creek (Santaquin, Utah), and after just two years at Summit Creek was called to go to the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii). Brigham Young gave him 10 days to sell his business interest in Salt Lake, make arrangements for three wives and eight children. Indeed, it tried his faith, but he answered the call and was a great influence for good in the islands, converting many to the gospel.

While away on this mission the Walker War broke out in Central Utah and his entire property was destroyed by the Indians.

In 1863, he again was asked to start a colony at Spring Lake, Utah near Payson, Utah which he did.

Because of the persecution of the saints who lived polygamy he was called with his family in 1881 to pioneer the Mexico country. While they were en route to that country, the Yaqui Indians began a war with the Mexicans and as it was unsafe to go to that country, he was advised to settle with his family in Arizona. They located the town of Tempe, Arizona.

He was a faithful, consistent member of the Church and was Patriarch in the Maricopa Stake.

One special event that greatly strengthened his testimony was being present when the mantle of Joseph was passed to Brigham Young in 1844. In his own words he said, "President Brigham Young arose to speak, I saw him arise, but as soon as he spoke I jumped upon my feet, for in every possible degree it was Joseph's voice, and his person, in look, attitude, dress and appearance was Joseph himself, personified; and I knew in a moment the spirit and mantle of Joseph was upon him."

He had a large family; seven wives and many children. At his passing in 1905, his posterity and their families numbered in the neighborhood of 800 souls. Benjamin F. Johnson is Bishop Turley's 3rd great-grandfather.



Since I am a convert to the Church, I do not have a wealth of information or stories to draw from as many of you who are descendants of Mormon pioneers, so I will give you a short history of my great-great Grandmother's brother's account of his adventures in the Gold Rush to California in 1849. Elmore Callaway Thrash was the pastor of the Emmaus Church in Upson County, Georgia, as well as the Enon Primitive Baptist Church, in Meriwether County, Georgia. He joined the Gold Rush to California in 1849, but did not stay in the west. He returned to Georgia and was a farmer as well as an ordained minister. From 1885 to 1887, he served in the State Legislature. The last paragraph in the "History of the Progressive Primitive Baptists" gives us an insight to Elmore Thrash's character: "He was a man of keen intellect and very decided opinions which he had no hesitancy in expressing." I hope you will enjoy this account since much of it was over territory that many of your relatives traveled and is set in the same time-frame:

Silvey, Ga., 3 August 1897 - Being not only requested but urged to write a history of my trip to, and experience in the gold fields of California, I undertake with full knowledge of my lack of reminiscent ability. In the year 1850, Captain William Beeks, of stage coach notoriety, concocted a plan by which he would get to California in shape to engage in the staging business. He agreed to take 50 men to California, by way of the plains, for \$250 each, to be paid in gold before leaving Griffin, Ga. He ordered his coaches from Concord, N.H., to be shipped to Independence, Mo., via New Orleans. We left Griffin 4 April 1850, and arrived at Independence on the 13th, where we remained 30 days, buying and breaking young Mexican mules of which there were 80. Let our readers imagine the rare sport we had on the open prairie, where there was neither bump, stump, tree, rock nor any other obstruction, hooking up 4 wild Mexican mules to the hack and from 6 to 8 of the boys getting in and going on the 'let-er-rip' style. Having made all things ready, we pulled out on the 13th day of May in high glee for the realization of our boyish dreams of gold in nuggets as big as dog's heads. We were armed and equipped according to the age. Our weapons of warfare were shotguns, bowie knives, long-barrel rifles and the old Allen revolver, which would kill at the distance of 6 inches, provided you would first open a hole in the skull so the ball could reach the brain. Our course at the start led through Kansas territory, where we saw no white settlers at all. The Sioux Indians were the only inhabitants of Kansas at that time. Our outfit for traveling consisted of 8 4-horse hacks, hung stage fashion on leather braces, 2 2-horse hacks and 1 6-horse wagon. We started with no stock feed but were wholly dependent upon grazing, which we did by picketing with a guard during the night. We would form a corral stretching a rope across the wide end. Having with us 2 young Mexicans who were experts with the lariat, we had but little trouble in catching and hooking up the teams, though the mules were very wild. It was by no means a lonesome trip, for the estimate for that year was 50,000 gold seekers crossed the plains. I don't remember that we were ever out of sight of some wagon train during the entire trip. They were fitted out in every conceivable shape from a wheelbarrow to a 4-horse coach. The wheelbarrow story, of which many doubtless have read, is no fake - I saw the wheelbarrow man more than a dozen times on the trip. Game was abundant. We saw immense herds of buffalo on the North Platte River and black tail deer and antelope were abundant in many places. But time was too precious to hunt much, only as the boys would occasionally take a horse and go out among the hills and hunt while the wagon trains plodded along on the wide, well-beaten and dusty road. The road was confined to the watercourses and when one stream would 'peter out', or change too much, we would make for another across the hills. The Indians gave us no trouble but once. While we were in the Black Hills, a few bucks ran through our herd of mules at night on their ponies and stampeded the whole herd except a

few horses which the boys mounted at early dawn and pursued, overtaking them 10 or 15 miles away; quietly grazing near an Indian village which was entered and searched but not a man could be found in the place; but squaws and picaninnies in abundance. I would that I had the poetical genius to describe the picturesque scenery. In one place, we passed for several miles where peaks of rock towered up to the height of several hundred feet with perpendicular walls. The space between ranged from 200 to 600 feet wide and was level. It reminded me of my idea of the ruins of an ancient city. There were springs as clear as crystal and hot enough to cook an egg in 5 minutes. This formation was, doubtless, the effect of volcanic eruptions, in evidence of which we found holes into which we would roll large stones and the rumbling sound would continue long enough for them to have gone several hundred feet. We met that which led to our first bitter experience when we arrived at Green River. A company of enterprising Missourians had gone out early, in advance of the main tide of immigration, and constructed a ferry boat by which they could put wagons across by taking them to pieces. We had to swim our stock. Those men were wholly dependent on the emigrants for rations. Mr. Beeks let them deceive him by telling him the remaining distance was only 700 miles, when it proved to be near 1200 miles. So, we sold them all we had down to 700 miles rations. As soon as we discovered our mistake, we began to curtail rations and continued the same till we were reduced almost to the starvation point. We were at this time traveling down the Humbolt River where the water was so strongly impregnated with alkali that it was almost unbearable, especially when combined with extremely short rations. Right here, near the sink of Humbolt, we will stop and go back to the foothills on the eastern side of the Rockies. Our course led up the Sweet Water River for some distance. The valley through which this small river flowed was from 3 to 6 miles wide with mountains on either side. One day when I, together with several of the boys, were walking in advance of the wagons, we saw several miles ahead of us a spur of the mountains on our right running out square across the valley and terminating near the mountains to our left. As we drew nearer, we saw a gap through the spur resembling a railroad cut and asked our guide what it meant. He said it was the 'Devil's Gate'. I wanted to see it and tried to get some of the boys to go with me up the river and climb to the top of the spur and take a good view of the whole thing. Not one would venture to go with me, through fear, that the wagons might instead of rounding the point, which was 3 miles away, and coming back to the river, go another direction and give us trouble, as it was getting late in the evening. So I told them I did not care where the wagons went, I was going to see the Devil's Gate, and up the river I went to the foot of the mountain and immediately began to ascend and with great difficulty made the summit which seemed to be about 300 feet above the level of the valley. It was level on top and about 75 yards wide. Now for an investigation of Devil's Gate: At this point, the river was not larger than a large creek and the cut, or Devil's Gate, was about 75' wide, with walls perpendicular, though craggy, and resembling man's work rather than that of nature. I looked around till I was satisfied, and the sun being nearly down, I started to go down on the other side to catch the wagons. But when I got to the brink I found it was no go, for the first thing that confronted me was a perpendicular wall 12 or 15' down to the first offset. Here I became alarmed and ran up the mountain towards the terminus of the spur, for several hundred yards hoping to find some way to get down, but found none. I came back to the Gate where I thought I had seen a crevice that I might enter and make my way down and out, but when I got there I found that I could not examine the crevice satisfactorily without letting myself down on a little offset about 7" wide and 4 or 5' below the top of the brink. So, being young and active, my feet touched the narrow bench that was not as wide as my feet were long. I soon found that the supposed outlet was not good and that the next thing was to prove my fancied agility by springing up from my hazardous

position and trying something else. But when I made the effort to spring it wouldn't spring worth a cent. I saw nothing to take hold of but smooth surface of the rock and could only preserve my equilibrium by force of the pressure of my open hand on the top of the rock. The rock struck me about the breast and to spring up would have been an easy matter but I could not bend my knees. Death could never have stared a murderer more fully in the face while standing under the gallows that it did me at this time; the only difference being that the one was the result of crime and the other of foolhardiness. I was now getting weaker every second and about the time that I had given up all hope I thought I would turn my head and look to the bottom, down in the bed of death that awaited me, which was several hundred feet below. In order to take this look I threw my left hand to the full stretch of my arm in order that I might release my right and turn a little and look down. Right here was the darkest moment of all my checkered life. To my astonishment, the fingers of my left hand caught under a little crevice in the rock which I had not seen nor could have seen from my position. I drew myself out without any trouble. But, I am not off that mountain yet! - It was now near sunset, the wagons had been gone 2 hours, and I began to think of darkness, gray wolves, panthers and grizzly bears, so common in this mountain country, so that I could not think of retracing my steps and following the train which had gotten 5 or 6 miles the start. It was now getting dusky when I noticed a crevice about 18" wide that I had passed and stepped over several times, but in my hurly-burly had paid no attention to it. Upon examination I found that something had gone into it, but I could not tell whether it was man or beast. I made the venture and down I went at an angle of about 45 degrees; bracing myself with my arms against the walls of the narrow crevice till what little twilight was left above was entirely shut out, and I felt just like I was going into a den of wild beasts. But I soon saw a little down in front and, to my great relief, found that I was out and below those rugged cliffs, where I would make my way down without further difficulty. To my great joy I saw the wagons about 100 yards up the river, stopped to water, and preparing for camping. After leaving the Sweet Water River, we began to make our way across a very rough, undulating country. In some places, we would have to take loose our teams and let our wagons down with ropes. After struggling along in this manner for some 40 or 50 miles, we found ourselves on the summit of the Rocky Mountains at South pass. Here we stayed 1 day and I celebrated my 21st birthday, being 14 July 1850. Here the beauty of the scenery can only be faintly imagined by those who only have a historical idea of such things. Looking to the right or left, and as far as the eye can see may be seen the lofty snowcapped peaks, each of which seem to vie with the other for beauty and grandeur. In celebrating my birthday, I stood on snow that drifted into the gulches and had become congealed into ice more than 40' deep. I saw a curiosity here that caused me to don my studying cap. It was a flat marsh of about one acre under the surface of which we found solid ice that seemed to be in blocks, and taking out and washing some of it, we found it to be clear and clean as any of our manufactured ice. I can only account for this in this way; It was once a gulch or ravine filled with congealed snow, and by a landslide or some other eruption was covered up. From here we began our

descent on the western slope of the Rockies, and instead of making direct for Salt Lake, as we should have done, our guide led us away up by Fort Hall, on Snake River, in what is now known as Idaho, where the tributaries of the Columbia swarmed with fish, and the air with buffalo gnats. A little incident would, I suppose, no be amiss, as we are now right at the place where it occurred. We were organized somewhat on the military order, having our quartermaster, and of course, divided off into messes. Our entire dependence for nearly the whole trip for fuel was buffalo chips, of which there was no scarcity, except in a few places, and this was one of them. We were encamped near a small branch of Snake River, and it fell to my lot to go out and get up buffalo chips to do the cooking for our mess, which I did after a great deal of worry. I emptied my sack of chips on the ground and was engaged at something else when our blacksmith, one Cornelius McCardle, came up with his bag of chips and emptied it on mine, claiming them as his. I told him he was wrong and commenced kicking them off my pile, and he commenced kicking me, and at that we hitched and had one of the regular old-time fisticuffs. I held my chips and fried my fish on the fire made for them. We next came to the point of the Humbolt River near the sink. The rivers all sink in this great basin. They form small lakes at their terminus and are absorbed in the earth or find a way out by subterraneous outlets. From this sink we had to cross a barren, sandy desert, 50 miles wide, to the Carson River. Here we got a big dose of the wormwood and the gall incident to such a trip. As we have already stated, the water of this river was so strongly impregnated with alkali that it tasted like a glass of water with a teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in it. This water was as damaging to stock as to men, if not more so. I saw more dead stock on this 50 miles than any 400 miles on the whole route. If this dead stock had been arranged touching each other, I believe they would have reached the 50 miles. I, with others, walked on ahead of the teams in order to make time and when we had gone about 40 miles, I gave out and fell down on a bank of sand beside the road, not expecting to get up any more; for my tongue had swollen to twice its normal size. This was about 4:00 a.m. About 7:00, Wash Hodnett came along and waked me and I arose and started on, but had not gone far till I met some men with a wagon who had gone through to the river and were returning to meet their company with 2 barrels of water. I asked them for a drink but could not get it, even after offering them \$10 in gold, but it was no good here - not more than so much base metal. I struggled on as best I could till within a few hundred yards of the river where we met Mr. Beeks, who had placed himself beside the road to warn the boys against eating or drinking and take a good bath, and at the same time take water in the mouth and spurt it out till our thirst was partially assuaged, and it would require but little in the stomach to satisfy us. We all took this good advice as far as I know, except my brother Levi, who drank his fill all at once and all he wanted. He was taken sick the next day. The Carson is a beautiful little river of melted snow flowing out of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Enterprising men had met us at the point where we struck the Carson with pack mules laden with fresh provisions at the insignificant price of \$2 per pound for flour and meat, and other things in proportion. We had not gone far up the river when we found fine grazing for stock. So, Mr. Beeks, concluded to stop all his mules (Except enough of the best to take the men over the mountains) and rested and recruited them for 30 days. My brother was growing worse all the time, and after we had left the boys with the mules, and had gotten some 25 miles farther up the river, I had to stop with him right where the road left the river. They left us a bewframe and sheet taken from one of the wagons. The next morning I walked up the road a few hundred yards and came up to where a company had camped and found a good feather bed among many other things that were of no use to me - left, I suppose, on account of the teams, all of which grew weaker every day. In fact, everybody was tired. The Sierras were not in full view, looming up with their lofty peaks towering, as it were, to the skies. It was enough to

augment faint-heartedness and cause the stoutest to cast out, not only feather beds, but 'every weight' that would retard progress especially when they were nearly there and one more mountain to cross. I certainly appreciated and appropriated the feather bed. I felt that it was a Godsend in time and place, for my brother was now very sick, and had nothing to lie on but a pair of blankets spread on the ground. There was, rarely ever 5 minutes intervals between the passing of wagon trains with many of which was a doctor, and it is sadly amusing to think of the medical treatment he got, and a great wonder that he lived. I was young, careless and inexperienced, and knew nothing of physic, or nursing of the sick. So I would inquire for a doctor as the trains would pass, and when I found one call him in, and he would examine and question a little, then dose out blue mass and some powders, which I would give as directed, and in a day or 2 call another, who would leave about the same dose, and so on till they were about to physic his light out. He was 7 years older than I, and having more experience, refused to take any more physic; and after a few days I discovered that he was slowly improving, and by the time the boys who had been left with the mules came along, he had improved enough to go, as he had the advantage of a little 3x6' feather bed to lie on. So we pulled out for the last stretch. The Sierra, unlike the Rockies, rose up abruptly from the plain, and only 7 miles to the summit; whereas the summit of the Rocky Mountains was gained by traveling from the foothills over a rugged, undulating country of 40 or 50 miles. I think, as well as I can remember, that we were about 2 days making the 7 miles to the top. We finally made it by doubling teams in some places and using windlasses at the steeper places. We were on this mountain about 10 September and it was snowing a light, dry snow. While this mountain rises so abruptly on its eastern side, it is not so on the western slope. Here, on the summit of this mountain, we first come in contact with that saturbious atmosphere for which the western slope of the Sierras have ever been noted. There is no such thing as animal matter tainting or creating a stench. There were dead stock all around, and every one that had been dead long enough to dry was as dry as a cinder just from the furnace, and the skin not broken. I saw one horse that had died, seemingly on its side with head thrown back and legs all straightened out as if standing, that somebody had stood up on its feet with head erect, and you couldn't tell 30 steps away but what it was a very poor live horse. I know these things are strange and that is the reason why I have ever been reticent. I have always tried to be very particular, if not punctilious with regard to my veracity. All are not philosophers - not scientists - not capable of reasoning from effect to cause, and consequently, somebody will say, 'I don't believe it'. From here we began our descent down the western slope and arrived at Hangtown, now Placerville, on or about 15 September. Now, give ear, all ye Klondykers, who have not yet left Georgia - California was much further off 48 years ago than Alaska is now, for places remote are constantly being brought nearer by the use of steam and electricity. But when you get there, you will feel that you are far away. The newspaper reports from Alaska could not be more exciting and inviting than those from California in '48, '49 and '50; why they were taking gold out in such vast quantities that men, having more than they could carry, were starving while keeping watch over their piles of gold and offering thousands of dollars for one mess of pork and beans. Under such excitement our company of 52 men reached the mines. All the names I cannot remember. There were 6 that I remember from Meriwether County - myself, Levi Thrash, Mack and John Bowles, Jim Mann, William Edge and J.H. Bostwick, who was not a resident proper of Meriwether, but had lived and taught school in the county for a number of years. Edge and John Bowles are living, and Bostwick was living the last I heard from him a few years ago.

The company was made up from the counties of Meriwether, Upson, Pike, Butts and Henry. I have known and heard of the most of them since their return and not one of them made anything worth a mention, except John H. Bostwich, who made a vast fortune by first mining out a few thousand dollars and then being elected clerk of the court in Nevada county, which, like everything else paid big, and this extended his acquaintance with the people and they elected him to the General Assembly, where he was enabled to get the inside of the then-noted Old Spanish Grant Deal, and bought largely, at nominal prices, the best farming lands in the State. He built a fine and expensive residence in Oakland, which is to San Francisco as 5th Avenue is to New York. He is heavily engaged in silver mining in Mexico. Now the strange part of this is, that of all the 52 men that were on the trip, he was the one that was going there to perish to death. Why? Because he was too nice - didn't wear any gray flannel shirts like the rest of us, wore 'biled' shirts - kept too clean - afraid of the mud. But when he got there, he proved himself by his works. I think this fact teaches a good lesson to the young men of today. Don't throw yourself away, but hold up your head, be honest and engage in something in the way of business, and if you can't get the job of your choice, do something and stick to it till you can do better, and you too, will be elected if you will save your earnings. Now, to the young man who has his head firmly set to go to Klondyke mines. You may, as I did, have \$1000 in gold to start with, but there are many chances against your coming back with the one-hundredth part of it. When I got to the mines I certainly felt blue. The boys began to scatter out, some to one point and some to another, but I was shampereed by having to care for a barely convalescent brother and could not go. So, I concluded to work by the day till I could learn something about it. I commenced work at \$16 per day, which was the wages being paid then, but the immense flood of emigration soon brought wages down to \$8 and \$10. I had not worked long before I began to reason it this way - the mines are free to everyone alike; why not I, as well as others, prospect around and strike it? I soon arranged to start my brother homeward and I started to try my luck prospecting. Now, to that young man who has his head and heart set for Alaska: You are dreaming now, and it is not one of those bacon and collard dreams either, but worse. It is a fever dream. The impure atmosphere of exaggerated newspaper reports has produced the fever and those flighty and nonsensical dreams necessarily follow. I prospected about Cold Springs a little, when I heard that Coloma, where the Sutter first discovered gold, was the place and Dry Creek next, etc., but when I would get there I always found that the other fellow had been there just ahead of me. True, some of those big hauls had been made, but they were nearly all made in placer digging which are easily and soon worked out. Sometimes I would strike a good streak and would be doing well enough but didn't know it. The atmosphere was all the time full of exciting news of something better over yonder, and so the people were in a stir all the time, going to and fro, in every direction. The cool heads were but few in number who were content with well enough and stayed in one place. Those all did very well, but I was in the big gang who were all the time on the roll and gathering but little moss, and what little was gathered would soon rub off. There were snares of every conceivable shape and design to capture and fleece the unwary. I made and spent a great deal of money. After I have become convinced that big strikes in the placer diggings had played out and attention was turned to deeper and more expensive mining, I would join in with 2 or 3 others and we would spend a great deal of money by hiring hands at \$5 or \$6 per day to dig shafts and blow out tunnels, sometimes 4 or 5 hundred feet through the rock, and find nothing. Such is gold mining under those exciting circumstances, and when boiled down, the other fellow, the designing and scheming venturers, who never raised a mining tool nor lost a drop of sweat, get the money; for 'wheresoever the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together'. I admit that I had a golden

opportunity, for I could have made a good thing by going to work and paying no attention to anything but my own business. I once struck a mine in company with 3 others where we were taking out an ounce of gold dust to the hand, per day, and I took a foolish notion that it would soon play out and sold my 1/4 interest for \$500.00 and in 90 days from the time I sold, they had, by hiring a goodly number of hands, taken out \$200,000. Every one is ready to say if I had have had such opportunity I certainly would have come home with a good fortune. Yes, I would have thought so too before I left home. Gold mining is like gambling - very uncertain. You may make \$75 today, and work as hard tomorrow and make only \$5. I sold a claim once for \$2,000 that was paying well and the man who bought it did not make the wages to pay off his hands. I was once young, but now I am old and have had a great deal of experience and have had good opportunity for observation. I have always felt deep concern for young men and would teach them some things they don't know if they would take heed. This world is more nearly on an average than you would think when you come to balance the advantages with the disadvantages. The old adage, 'There is more in the man than in the land', carries a great deal in it. I know a man, not farr off, who was raised a poor orphan boy who bought a piece of land on a credit that was never considered worth anything more than to fill its place in holding the world together, and now I have no idea you could move him for \$25 an acre. The boy who has so conducted himself as to gain the confidence and friendship of all who know him and maintained it by honesty, industry and frugality, don't need any California or Alaska either, but is on his way to permanent success.

The foregoing article appeared in the Meriwether Vindicator, Greenville, Georgia on 14 and 27 August 1897. The Vindicator was published weekly - and was still being published in 1967.

Mr. Thrash was Elmore Callaway Thrash, born 13 July 1829 and died 8 January 1902, buried in the Thrash Cemetery, Silvey, Georgia - near Gay, Georgia.

This history was submitted by Treva Turley. Elmore Callaway Thrash is a brother to Treva's great-great grandmother.



Several members of the Mormon Battalion, including James S. Brown (inset), were among the first to discover gold at Sutter's Mill in California in 1848 yet left because "with us it was God and His Kingdom first."



Sophronia Strobridge was born 14 March 1813. She married 9 April 1837 in New York State, to Henry Freeman Cook. Soon after her marriage she and her husband, along with her husband's parents and other families moved to Comstock, Kalamazoo, Michigan. This new land, which they helped to pioneer, must have brought many hardships. The histories of Michigan say that insects were terrible and that disease was rampant in the soil. Four of their children were born in Comstock: John, 22 May 1838; James, 14 January 1840; Hannah, 22 January 1842; and Mary Jane, 2 January 1844. They heard the gospel and accepted it there in Comstock. Sophronia was baptized in March 1843, her husband Henry Freeman Cook was baptized 15 May 1843.

Sometime after the birth of their fourth child and before the birth of their fifth one, Charles, 21 February 1846, born in Nauvoo, they left Michigan and moved to Nauvoo to be near the other Saints. When they arrived the persecution of the Saints had already begun, so they were not allowed to remain in Nauvoo very long. They, along with other families, went to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

They lived in Council Bluffs or near it, for 3 or 4 years. Their home was in a heavily wooded area, the homes being a long way apart. One day when her husband was away helping a neighbor, one of the children became very ill. Her son John, who was the eldest of the children, was sent through the woods several miles to get the doctor. He was on his way back home when he noticed a very black panther following him. He was very frightened but took time to break a limb from a hickory tree. Then he remembered that his father had told him that if he was to ever meet a wild animal he was never to turn his back, but to walk backwards and face it. He did as his father had told him and walked backwards for a long way. It became dark before he arrived home, but the panther did not attack him. When he told his mother about his experience she told him she had been praying constantly for his safety. When his father came home, they showed him the limb John had broken from the hickory tree. His father tried to break the limb, but could not. They know the Lord had protected their son and given him the strength he needed.

Their sixth child William born 19 October 1847, and their seventh son George, born 20 March 1850, were born there. Soon after the birth of George, they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where they prepared for the trip to the west.

They traveled with the Warren Snow Company. They had one cow in their ox team that was giving milk. Every morning the milk left from their meals was put in a bucket and hung under the wagon. The swaying of the wagon churned the milk so that each night they had a home of butter to use the next day. They must have experienced a great many trials on their trip, but they were people with a vision and accepted them as they came along. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in October 1852. They stayed at Big Cottonwood for the winter and until after the birth of their eighth child Harriet Ann, born 20 May 1853. Sometime during this year they moved to Cedar Valley, Utah County, where they helped to settle Cedar Valley. Sophronia was generous with the things the Lord had blessed her with. No one ever went away from her home hungry.

When the Relief Society was organized in Cedar Fort, she was chosen as the President with Phebe Rodeback as her 2nd counselor. A short time later, Phebe became her 1st counselor with Martha Wilcox as her 2nd counselor. These 3 sisters served in this capacity for many years. While she was President of the Relief Society, the sisters were asked by President Brigham Young to glean and store the wheat from the wheat fields left by the harvesters. Many people said the wheat would not keep. They said weevil would soon destroy it. Sophronia told the sisters that a Prophet of the Lord had told them it was the thing to do and as far as she was concerned, she was going to obey. Time proved her right.

She also served as the Bishop's wife. Her husband was sustained as Bishop in June 1876. She learned to live in polygamy too, when her husband took a second wife, which could not have been easy as she still had young children.

During the last years of her life she was cared for by her daughter Hanna Cook Dayton. One night her great grandson, Henry Freeman was privileged to observe how great her faith was. He said it has been a testimony to him all of his life. His grandmother became very ill in the middle of the night and sent him to bring her mother. He was just a young boy and by the time he had lighted a lamp, aroused Sophronia and helped her get up and into her daughter's room, his grandmother had lost consciousness. He helped her, and she knelt by the bed, placed her hands on her daughter's head and said "In the name of Jesus Christ, Hannah, arise." She opened her eyes and said, "Mother." He would never forget the feeling that came over him to see this healing.

Sophronia passed away 24 July 1909. She is buried in Cedar Fort Cemetery. There has been a grandson, a great-grandson, and a grea-great-great-great granddaughter born on her birthday.

This history was submitted by Shelly Winn. Sophronia Strobridge is Shelly's great-great-great grandmother.



"Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right. Why should we think to earn a great reward if we now slum the fight? Gird up your loins; fresh courage take. Our God will never us forsake; and soon we'll have this tale to tell— All is well! All is well!" (Hymns, no. 30).



HIBBARD WARD

1997

As no written page can reveal all the heartaches and accomplishments of one man, no volume can do justice to all who were involved in the settling and pioneering of a new virgin land. So it was with those who brought civilization to the wilderness that is now Hibbard.

When the first settlers came to this area, they traveled over rough and rocky roads. There were a few dirt-roofed houses in Rexburg and a store or two. The country was wild, with sagebrush as high as a horse, wild rose bushes and willows were everywhere. Deer and other game were abundant, and there were thousands of ducks and geese. Rivers had to be forded, as there were no bridges.

In this new land homes had to be erected and the logs had to be brought from the timber, trimmed and hauled to the homesteads to build the small dirt-roofed houses. One of the first things to be done was to dig a deep well to draw water for themselves and their stock. The first winter, they melted snow for their use.

As fast as the sagebrush could be plowed, pulled and burned, crops were planted a few acres at a time. The first year the crops came up good but because of a lack of water, the harvest was light. The produce was hauled to Market Lake (Roberts) to exchange for the foods they could not raise. Canals, ditches and fences had to be built.

Hibbard Ward had its beginning on 6 December 1894 when a Sunday School of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized for the residents of this area. William Widdison was superintendent, with Joseph E. Rigby as first assistant and Fred A. Parker second assistant. It was known as Teton Island Sunday School.

A branch of the Church was organized on 24 February 1895. George A. Hibbard was presiding elder and it was known as Island Branch. The Branch was organized into a Ward on 19 May 1895. First officers of Island Ward were: George A. Hibbard-Bishop; Eugene P. Clements-first counselor; and Ezekiel Jacobs-second counselor.

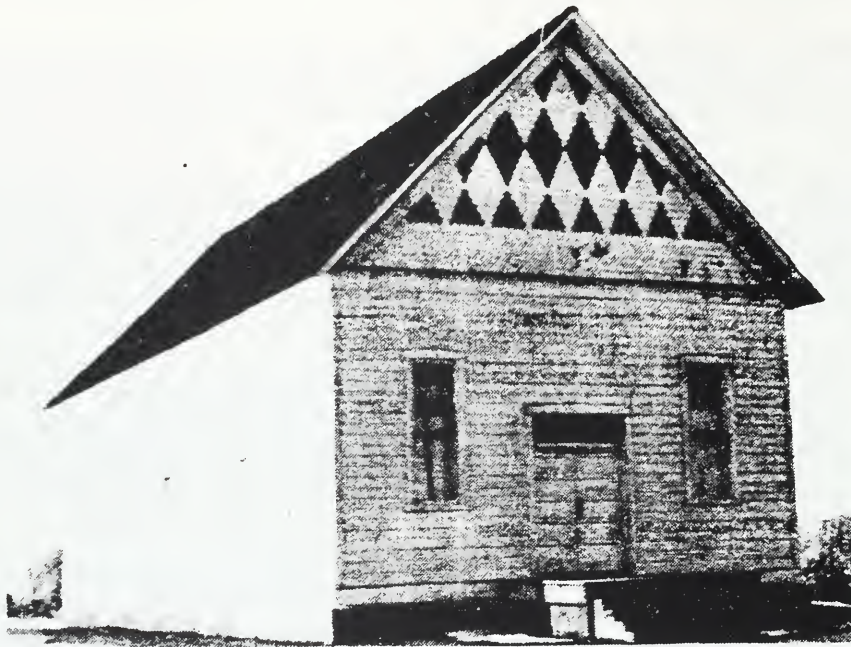
During the winter of 1895, a log building about 18 by 32 feet was erected and it served as both meeting house and school. Two or three years later, an addition was built on the south end of the structure. This building was located where the old Dewey Parker home now stands.

At a Ward Priesthood meeting held 16 April 1899, it was decided that a new frame meeting house would be built. Eugene P. Clements donated the land on which to build - the same site as the present building.

Men of the Ward quarried and hauled the rock, got out logs for lumber and donated practically all the labor that went into the structure. The building was completed in 1902, and Ward members were very proud of their meeting house.

In February 1904, the name of the Ward was changed to Hibbard Ward in honor of the first Bishop - George A. Hibbard.

Hibbard Ward was divided into two Wards on 28 January 1979, and then into three Wards in October 1990. Total membership of the three Wards at the present time is approximately 319 families.



First Hibbard Church

The first LDS church in Hibbard was a frame building located where the present church stands. The ground was donated by Eugene Clements and the church was finished in 1901. George Willmore historical photo.



Hibbard's namesake

The rural community of Hibbard was named after the local LDS ward's first bishop, George Hibbard. His wife, Julia Hibbard, was the first

ward clerk, a position that today is reserved for a male church member.

See! The desert had blossomed beautifully! Yet all this gorgeous display of color, all this enchantment of perfumes, came not by the desert's own planning.

Look! The mighty "Snake" is harnessed! These bursting wide canals become ten thousand quenching rivulets, soaking rows of grain and grass and flowers. These humming turbines and dynamos sending forth their magic powers to assume our drudgeries and to lighten our toil, these flourishing hamlets, villages, and cities with all their comfort and culture, these come not according to the will and wisdom of the turbulent man-eating river.

"Multiply, Replenish, Subdue: was the primal great commandment. Three score years ago they heard and felt it. Noble souls they were, urged by that Divine Restlessness, oft called the Pioneer Spirit, cramped, smothered, crowded--they--even in sparsely settled Utah. Real men, those, though barely in their twenties. True women those, and brave, though clinging to their teens. The courage and fire of youth, which must assume prematurely, the wisdom and patience of age.

They came scantily fed and clothed. They looked and saw the vision beyond the years. They stayed. They suffered. They conquered. 'Tis they, with God, who made the blossoms grow. 'Tis they, with faith, who tamed the "Snake".---Dr. H. Ray Hatch

Throughout America, eloquent tribute has been paid to the courage and fortitude of the people who led the way in the conquest of the arid sections of the west. The early settlers who went into the Upper Snake River Valley were imbued with the spirit of the pioneer. Many of them came from Utah where they, or their fathers before them, battled successfully to bring water upon the dry land; hence, they brought with them a fair knowledge of irrigation problems.

The Idaho pioneers, however, faced a greater task, for the land they were to reclaim had to be irrigated with water from the mighty Snake River or its tributaries. The people recognized the magnitude of the project before them yet they stood unafraid. They set to work with pick and shovel, a few Mormon scrapers and other crude implements, and built their canals to divert the water upon the land they had chosen. Theirs was an heroic effort crowned with success.

Naturally, the first land settled by the prospective farmers who flocked into the territory was sub-irrigated land or land lying along the small streams from which water seeped and could be easily and cheaply diverted for irrigation. However, as more people came in, and more settlers took up land it, or course, became necessary and more and more difficult and expensive to put the water on the land. To meet this situation, the cooperative system developed by the Mormon people of Utah was adopted, which resulted in neighbors joining together in cooperative organizations to construct ditches for their common use, apportioning the water so acquired among themselves and sharing the necessary expenses of construction, maintenance and repair.

The advent of the railroad so stimulated immigration and the demand for farm land that it became necessary to settle the bench lands. These higher lands were just as fertile and productive as the lower lands, but the cost of building irrigation canals was beyond the financial resources of individual settlers or community effort; so irrigation companies and corporations were organized to supply water to such lands. These companies or corporations were organized to supply water to such lands. These companies or corporations constructed the necessary works to put the water upon the lands, either charging an annual rental fee for the use of the water, or selling water rights. This system did not prove satisfactory, however, and friction developed in so many cases between the ditch owning corporation and its farmer customers that, in 1895, the state legislature, at its third session, passed the irrigation district law, which provided

that the owners of land susceptible to irrigation from the same source might organize themselves into an irrigation district and construct or acquire by purchase or otherwise the necessary works and facilities to irrigate their lands; and, through a Board of Directors elected by the landowners, supervise and direct the distribution and use of water and the conduct of the business of the district. The irrigation district law, with numerous amendments and modifications, remains in effect and has, in the main, operated satisfactorily. New irrigation projects are in the making which will bring additional land under cultivation.

THE ISLAND WARD CANAL

The Island Ward Canal heads from the North Fork of the Teton River and irrigates the land around Hibbard. The first meeting of the farmers was held 10 July 1900 when the following directors were chosen: Silas W. Clements, Eugene P. Clements, Parley P. Parker, James Hendricks, and Joseph E. Rigby. The canal got its degree in 1901. A committee of five men were selected to get the canal under way. Ira N. Hinckley was the first of the five chosen.

The canal has a decree of 100 acre-feet of water. At first the canal was built to catch the high water run-off and was called the High Water Canal. The men used two horse teams on scoop and tongue scrapers. As the soil was very sandy the problem of the ditch holding the water confronted them. The men used rocks, hauled by team and wagon, to build a dam in the river. Sometimes the swift current washed the largest boulders down the river and they had to be brought back time after time. It is said that the men lived on bread and jack rabbits while building the canal. It now has a cement head and steel gates.

Parley Parker, one of the first presidents, was watermaster for many years. The men who first worked on the canal and held stock were: Silas W. Clements, Eugene P. Clements, Parley P. Parker, Fred A. Parker, William Widdison, Josiah and James Hendricks, Charles Jones, John L. Adams, George Willmore, George Bean, John F. Lee, Christian Ayling, Emil Perrenoud, George Ronnenkomp, John Keppner, Albert Hendricks, Orson Ricks, John E. Rigby, A.W. Jensen, James, David and Harry Rock, Walter Jensen, Fred Pfost, B.J. Lavery, Luke Lavery, Nicholas Sommer, Charles Saurey, George McCulloch, James Berry, George Statham, John Evans and Ezekiel Jacobs.

Hibbard was called Island Ward before it had a bishop. When George Hibbard was sustained, the ward was named for him. The canal retained the name of Island Ward Canal. The river divides at Teton making a north and south fork running north and west. Both of these branches run into the North Fork of the Snake River, thus making the island. It is also an island formed by the two forks of the Snake River making a double island, so the name was properly chosen. --Elmer Hendricks and Vern Parker.

TETON ISLAND CANAL

In the beginning of the settlement of this Upper Snake River Valley the section between the north and south branch of the Teton River, which is one of the main tributaries of the Snake River, now comprising Sugar City, Salem and Hibbard, was designated as the Teton Island. When the L.D.S. Church began the supervising of the colonizing of this valley, there were a few settlers on the East side of the south Teton River, two of whom, McCormick and Rowe, on June 1, 1879 were decreed 4.40 second feet of water, the first decree issued on the Teton River. While the townsite of Rexburg was being surveyed a group of the new settlers organized the Teton Island Canal Co. and were decreed March 1, 1883-10.36 second feet of water. On May 15, 1883, an addition of 1.60 second feet. On May 22, 1884, 70.00 second feet was decreed to the Teton Island Canal Co. Between June 1, 1879 and June 1, 1884, 14.00 second feet had

been decreed to different groups and individuals.

In the summer of 1883 a small ditch was built headed in a slough or small branch of the south Teton River, which was the beginning of the construction of the Teton Island Canal. Under the supervision of William F. Rigby, Rasmus N. Jeppesen, and Martin C. Rigby with two yoke of oxen each and Hans C. Jensen with two horse teams, started the job. Additional settlers came so rapidly, that a small canal, eight feet wide, was completed by mid-summer in 1885. The head was established on the North Teton River at a certain point in the Northwest one-fourth of section 36 TW7 north range 40 East B.M. running south and west to section 14 TW6 N R 39 E BM.

As the demand of water increased, the canal was enlarged. The small groups and some of the individuals began to consolidate with the canal. The first of which was the Wolfe Slough Canal Co., who had been decreed on June 1, 1884 25.30 second feet of water and were using the Wolfe Slough as a canal. The owners of this stock were Henry Flamm, Joseph W. Summerhays, R.H. Rowe, and Robert Morris.

A record of the construction and issuing of the shares of capital stock up to this date cannot be located.

The Teton Island Canal Co. filed articles of incorporation June 30, 1888 stating the pursuit and business agreed upon by the corporation which shall be to build canals and conduct water therein for irrigation, manufacturing, domestic, and other purposes. Officers were to be elected at a stockholders' meeting held once each year. The first officials named at the time of the incorporation are as follows: Joseph W. Summerhays-Salt Lake City, Utah, President; Henry Flamm, Vice President, Rexburg, Idaho; Morgan Knapp, Rasmus N. Jeppesen, James Parks, (Salem, Idaho); James P. Hansen, Rexburg; Walter Muir, Salem,--Directors. Robert Archibald, Watermaster; Alexander Leatham, Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Leatham held that office since the first organization of the company.

Incorporated at Blackfoot, Bingham County, Idaho Territory by A.L. Richardson, Clark 3rd District Court; Andrew S. Anderson, Deputy. Recorded at the request of J.W. Summerhays, June 30 at 9:30 a.m.--George A. Robertson, Recorder.

The Salem Slough had been decreed 1.60 second feet May 15, 1883 and 2.40 second feet June 1, 1885. This slough headed on the South Fork of the Teton River, ran through Sugar City, Salem and Hibbard and emptied in the North Fork of the Snake River and was used in Hibbard until the Consolidated Canal was constructed.

The Salem Irrigation Canal Co. filed articles of incorporation May 11, 1898, naming the following as officers - Alfred L. Jaques, President; Directors John L. Roberts, George A. Harris, William F. Garner, John Ricks, and Victor C. Hegsted, all of Salem. Recorded at the request of Alfred L. Jaques May 11, 1898 at St. Anthony, Fremont County, Idaho. Ernest Bramwell, Clerk of the District Court and recorder of Fremont County.

In April 1900, the Teton Island Canal Co. and the Salem Irrigation Canal Co. joined in the construction of the Teton Island Feeder. The Feeder carries all the water decreed to each canal to the point of diversion where the draw from the Feeder is in proportion to the amount decreed to each canal and bears in the same proportion the expense of the upkeep of the Feeder. Both canals own 1901 second feet of the natural flow of the Teton River. There are 104.00 acres watered under the two canals which gives $9 \frac{7}{10}$ acre feet for each acre. In 1939 the Fremont-Madison Reservoir was completed and the stockholders of these two canals have purchased 5,618 acre feet as supplemental water. A great deal of the land under these canal sub-irrigates. Stock in the canals has been issued in exchange for all privately owned decrees. -- Lorenzo Y. Rigby

THE CONSOLIDATED FARMERS CANAL

The Consolidated Farmers Canal was started from the North Fork of Snake River to the Teton River in 1887. It was surveyed by George Ward who used a spirit level which was about one foot in length. George Hubbard was the foreman and directed most of the work which included drilling and excavating. A small slip scraper was used. Aaron Judy and Heber Roylance bored the holes in the rock and Cyrus Clements put the powder in the holes.

Other men who worked on the canal were H.P. Jensen, Edward Larsen, Charles and Fred Saurey, Christian Mortensen, Jim Mortensen, William Alva Judy, James Jensen, Alma Roylance, Harvey Roylance, Hogan Anderson, Alma Larsen and Harvey Dille. Barney Lavery took an active part in organizing the canal company and in making the by-laws. The first Board of Directors were George P. Ward, Edward Larsen, Hans P. Jensen and James Mortensen. = Files of D.U.P. Madison County.

THE SAUREY CANAL

The Saurey Canal was built in the fall and early winter of 1884 by George Hibbard, Charles Saurey, Fred Saurey, Nicholas Sommer and C. Baker. These five men settled on land in the northern part of Hibbard and the immediate necessity for irrigation water caused them to make a survey on the North Teton River for a suitable place for a canal. A canal heading was selected. The canal was to be taken out of the North Teton River above the settlement of Hibbard. The survey was made on land somewhat lower than the neighboring territory, so it was impossible to accommodate any farmers above the land owned by the five men. They used a plow, slip scraper and picks and shovels to dig the canal.

The land involved is of a sandy loam nature, not too difficult to work in but, nevertheless, the canal required much time and hard labor to complete. Nearing the end of their project the men ran out of food except a little flour from which they made flapjacks. Their determination was so great to complete the job that they decided to live on these scant rations. While they were engaged in a hard day's plowing Bishop George A. Hibbard's best horse dropped dead. This was a great loss.

The men took out their decree of water on October 17, 1885 for 27 second acre-feet. Sometime later, Luke Lavery became a water user in the Saurey Canal. -- Edward Sommer

HENRY'S FORK AND FALL RIVER
Listed According to Priority

<i>Date</i>	<i>Party or Canal</i>	<i>Amount Sec. Ft.</i>
April 25, 1885	Egin Irrigation Company.....	200.00
June 10, 1887	Chester60
June 10, 1887	Curr	20.30
June 1, 1888	Curr	7.20
June 21, 1888	St. Anthony Union.....	600.00
June 1, 1889	Curr	4.00
June 1, 1889	Fall River or Brady Canal.....	460.00
Sept. 26, 1889	Bell	520.00
March 1, 189-	Egin Irrigation Co.	200.00
June 1, 1890	Curr	4.80
June 1, 1890	Silkey	26.70
June 1, 1890	Consolidated Farmers	80.00
June 1, 1891	Curr	4.80
June 1, 1891	McBee	3.60
April 28, 1892	Salem Union	300.00
June 1, 1892	Consolidated Farmers	120.00
June 1, 1892	Twin Groves	150.00
June 1, 1892	Farmers' Own	1.90
June 1, 1892	Curr	6.40
June 29, 1892	St. Anthony Union	100.00
June 1, 1894	Farmers' Own	3.00
June 1, 1894	McBee	3.00
May 10, 1895	McBee	5.00
June 1, 1895	Consolidated Farmers	55.00
June 14, 1895	Independent	4.00
Nov. 5, 1895	Yellowstone	25.00
Nov. 5, 1892	Marysville Irrigation Canal Co., First Organ- ized, Brady Canal.....	305.00
April 1, 1896	Chester	112.00
April 1, 1896	Farmers' Own	34.00
April 18, 1896	Hoff	10.00
June 1, 1896	McBee	3.00
Feb. 9, 1897	Last Chance	225.00
May 15, 1898	Dewey	37.00
Aug. 4, 1900	Farrigfeld	60.00
Sept. 24, 1900	Almy	3.00
Sept. 1, 1901	St. Anthony R. R. Co.....	0.34
August 17, 1901	City of St. Anthony.....	3.00
Feb. 5, 1902	Farmers Friend (after July 1) 160.....	240.00
July 16, 1902	McBee	2.00
June 1, 1903	Silkey	0.60
June 12, 1903	Enterprise	140.00
May 1, 1904	Farmers' Own	12.00
Oct. 3, 1904	R. J. Sorenson.....	25.73
May 1, 1905	Farmers' Own	40.00
May 1, 1906	Harrigfeld	80.00
May 1, 1906	Yellowstone	100.00
Jan. 22, 1916	Consolidated Farmers	78.00
Jan. 22, 1916	Twin Groves	30.00
Jan. 22, 1916	Farmers' Friend	47.00
Jan. 22, 1916	Enterprise	30.00

Madison County

Madison County was created from Fremont County by an enabling act approved February 18, 1913. The county seat was located at Rexburg and this action was approved at a special election November 4, 1913.

Thomas E. Ricks company came into Rexburg in Feb. of 1883. The Berry and Boqua boys, then living in the neighborhood of Rexburg visited these new settlers. According to M. D. Beal's *History of Idaho*, an experienced frontiersman left this tribute to the Mormon settlers, "Thomas E. Ricks and his associates accomplished more in two years in building canals, fences, bridges and making general improvements than I have ever known in the course of five years. They worked scrapers night and day because there were only a few of them. Thomas E. Ricks was an excellent manager. He placed men in jobs they were best fitted to perform. The Rexburg pioneers had scarcely enough to live on during the first two years."

Little did these pioneers realize that they and their children would play such an important part in diverting the waters of the mighty Snake River that their lands might produce abundantly.

MADISON COUNTY CANALS

<i>Name of Canal</i>	<i>Sec. Ft</i>	<i>In. of Water</i>
Rexburg Irrigation Co.	300	15,000
City of Rexburg	60	3,000
McCormick Rowe	11.31	565.50
Teton Island Feeder	618.45	30,922.50
Saurey	27	1,350
Roxana	42	2,100
Island Ward	100	5,000
Teton Irrigation	118	5,900
Siddoway	41	2,050
Woodmansee Johnson	59	2,950
Pincock Garner	28.8	1,440
Salem Union	300	15,000
North Salem	26.5	1,325
Consolidated Farmers	4,297.57	214,878.50
Sunnydell Irrigation	235.32	11,766
Lenroot	233.74	11,687
Reid	190.8	9,540
Texas Feeder	249.2	12,460
Liberty Park	62	3,100
Nelson Corey	10.80	540
Hill Pettinger	15.96	798



THIS PICTURE IS OF
THE HENDRICKS HOME
BUILT IN ABOUT 1910

This home, one of the earlier homes built in Hibbard was built by James Hendricks, grandfather of Blane Hendricks. He was one of the early pioneers of the Hibbard community. James first came to Hibbard in 1889 and worked for his brother Josiah who had settled here a few years previous. At this time, he filed on a desert claim and started doing the necessary improvements to hold the land. In 1896 James married Josephine Felt, a sweet young girl from Huntsville, Utah and in the fall of that year brought her by covered wagon from Huntsville to Hibbard. Their first home consisted of a one-room cabin with a dirt roof. This was increased to 2 rooms. In 1907, James and his brother Josiah, George Mortimer and Joseph E. Rigby organized the Hibbard Brick Co. They went to Island Park and loaded wood on freight cars and brought it to Hibbard. A brick yard was set up in Josiah's field, at approximately 3000 North and 4000 West. A large kiln of brick, enough for 4 homes was made. In the years 1910 and 1911, 3 of these homes were built. James and Josephine's home was finished in 1910 and was built under contract by H.J. Willmore and Nicholas Sommer for the sum of \$1070.00. James furnished the material, most of which was purchased at the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co. James and Josephine and their only child James Elmer (Blane's father) lived there until his death in 1942 and at that time Elmer and his family moved in and lived their with their 5 sons - Blane, Sidney, Vard, Neal and ElRay. All the boys but ElRay were born in the home, and he was born in the hospital in Rexburg. The 5 active boys have many fond memories of the old place and their Grandma and Grandpa Hendricks. Many other farm buildings were gradually added including the large barn, a granery, pig pens, chicken coop, those buildings used for farming operation in early days. They had a large apple orchard where the boys often picked apples and sold them to help with the family income. The barn and orchards became a fun gathering place for the neighborhood children. They spent many happy hours swinging on a rope hanging from the rafters in the barn. The old home and farm are now owned by Blane, and many families including Scott and Priscilla have lived there. The flood in 1976 changed the landscape alot and many of the old buildings were torn down, and some modern ones added. The old home and barn still stand and grandchildren still love to swing on the rope.

Original Contract for James Hendricks Home

James Hendricks,

We the undersigned agree to build your house in accordance with the plans, for the sum of One Thousand Seventy dollars, (\$1070.00)

\$500.00 to be paid when the brick are laid.

\$175.00 to be paid when the plastering is done.

\$100.00 to be paid when the inside woodwork is finished and the balance when building is completed. In case there are changes made after building is started, same to be paid for at the rate this contract taken and price to be agreed on before said changes are made.

The above sum includes the following work. The laying of the brick, cutting the caps & sills (pitch face), building the flues, all carpenter work, lathing, plastering (2 coat work) wiring (10 openings) ruffing in the plumbing for five fixtures. Cementing cellar floor & plastering walls 3' high with Portland cement. Painting outside 2 coats, inside natural wood finish.

H J Willmore, N Sommer, James Hendricks



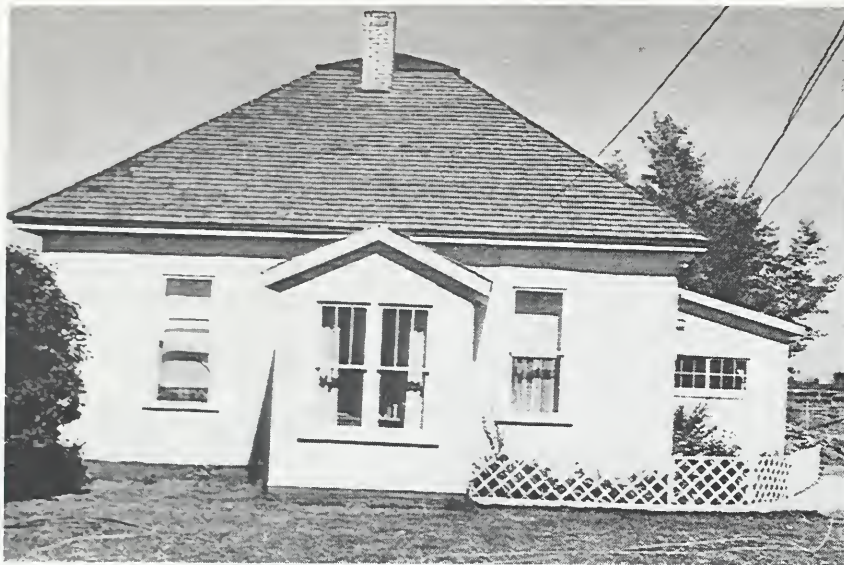


THIS IS A PICTURE OF
THE IRA NATHANIEL
HINCKLEY HOME, BUILT
IN 1896. IT IS LOCATED
ACROSS THE ROAD FROM
PERRY AND LOLA JOHNSON'S
HOME.

The Ira Nathaniel Hinckley family homesteaded 160 acres in 1885 in Hibbard. There were only 2 or 3 little log cabins in Hibbard at that time. While Elizabeth stayed in Rexburg with the children, Ira Nathaniel got the logs and built a little one-room log cabin for their 1st home in Hibbard. The cabins could hardly be seen above the tall sagebrush. They lived in the one-room cabin while they built the brick home (6 rooms and a meat-curing cellar room), starting in 1896. The clay for the brick came from the slough that runs behind Perry Johnson's present home, and were fired at the Sommer Kiln which was located across the road from Bert Sommer's present home. Nicholas Sommer made the brick at the kiln. The brick were layed by Ira Nathaniel Hinckley and Jared Rock. The walls are 3 brick thick with copper wire between. It stayed cool in the summer, but was difficult to heat in the winter, as the ceilings are 10' high. The home was finished about 1901 or before, and Ira Nathaniel and his wife Elizabeth Rock and their 8 living children moved in. (One child had died). William was born in the house in 1901. On 16 November 1942, one of their children - Lovernia, who had married James Roy Johnson, purchased the home and farm from the Hinckley Estate and moved into the home with 3 of their children. Lovernia's sister Hazel and Hazel's son Leland Morris also lived in part of the house. Hazel died, and Lovernia's children grew and were married.

Lovernia, who had been widowed in 1937, and her nephew Leland continued living in the home until Lovernia fell and broke her hip. She died in 1984. Leland (Andy) Morris died in Boise in 1989. The home has been vacant since that time.

Lovernia Hinckley Johnson is Perry Johnson's mother. Her husband James Roy Johnson is Olif Johnson's brother.



This is a picture of the Johnson home as it looked before the Teton Dam Flood on June 5, 1976. Olif and Ardella lived in this home for about 45 years.

OLIF JOHNSON was born on the same property where he now resides. The home, at that time, was a two-room log home with a dirt roof. Olif is the 5th child born to James Johnson and Ida Jensen Johnson. (There were a total of 10 children born to James and Ida - 3 girls and 7 boys). In those days, the Dr. who came from Rexburg came in horse and buggy. As the boys in the family got older, they were moved to the granary (a building for storing threshed grain) to sleep - winter and summer! When Olif was 10 years old, his father built a new home and they all fit in that bigger one. The above is a picture of that home - the Johnson's moved into this home the day after Christmas in 1911.

Olif added the front porch and stuccoed the home when he and Ardella were living in it.

The Johnson family farmed, raising mainly grain, hay and sugar beets. They hauled the beets to the beet dump which was located between Sugar City and the Snake River going through Hibbard - one just west of Claude Aland's home, one in Salem, one right by the River near Max Loveland's home, and the one near Raybould's.

Olif attended 8 grades of school in the old schoolhouse located on the corner across from where Quinn Saurey now lives. There were 8 grades in 1 room, with 1 woman teacher who belonged to the Catholic faith.

The other school in Hibbard, which was located where Ferris Robison now lives, also had 8 grades. It was burned down with a match (arson)!!



THIS IS THE OLD
FREDRICK (FRITZ)
PFOST HOME - BUILT
IN 1910.
KEN AND JOYCE
MackAY NOW RESIDE
HERE.

Fredrick (Fritz) Pfof came from Germany when he was 21 years old - in 1883. As soon as he saved enough money, he sent for his father Christop Pfof, and together they worked in mines in Nevada and in railroad yards in Pocatello. When they had secured enough money, they sent for his mother Charlotte Klingler and the brothers and sisters. Fredrick and his father homesteaded farms in Island Ward (now Hibbard). Fredrick married Christena Magdalena Walz and had 7 children. He built the above home for his family in the summer of 1910. Fredrick quarried the huge stone blocks for the home from a white sandstone quarry above Rexburg and hauled them to Hibbard. This home is a monument to his efforts. The stonework was done by a Mr. Oswald.

He farmed, raised cattle and hogs, and milked cows. He planted large berry patches and an orchard. People came from far and near to pick the fruit, as his was among the 1st grown in this area. He also had nice gardent of vegetables and flowers.

Fredrick and Christena are Reed Oldham's maternal grandparents. Reed was born in this home in a downstairs bedroom in 1914. His great-grandmother Walz was the midwife at his birth - she wrote his birth certificate. There is an old pumphouse and red barn behind the home - that are still standing. These were built by Will Lutz in about 1914.





THIS IS WHAT IS NOW
KNOWN AS THE OLD RAYBOULD
HOME, LOCATED SOUTHWEST
OF DELL AND VERA MAE
RAYBOULD'S PRESENT HOME.

This was one of the first homes to be built in Hubbard. Ezekiel and Emily Lutz Jacobs traded 80 acres of land to Jared Rock, a stone mason, to build this home in 1900. Some of the trees that are still standing around the home were planted by the Jacobs family.

Originally there was a kitchen, a dinning room, a parlor, a pantry, and one bedroom on the ground floor. There was also a large screened in back porch. The upper floor has three bedrooms.

In 1906 a railroad track was laid through the property and a large beet dump was built very near the house. In the fall of the year, the train would come down from Sugar City every two or three days to pick up sugar beets. It was about this time that the Jacobs sold the home and farm to John and Mary Elizabeth Hunt. (Dell's grandfather) They did not live in the home, but farmed the ground and used this farm as a wintering ground for part of their sheep operation. East of the home were constructed several large lambing sheds which were located where Dell and Vera's present home now stands. Several families used the home while they worked for the Hunt family.

In 1918 John Hunt died in the great influenza epidemic. This left the operation of the farm to his widow, Lizzie. Two of her brothers lived in the home and ran the farm for her at different times until 1933 when her son-in-law Leland Raybould moved into the home and operated the farm for one year. In 1934 the farm was rented to Alvin Lusk and his wife Minnie Mortimer Lusk. They moved into the home with their four sons and lived there about fifteen years. After that several families working for the Lusks lived there until 1952.

In the spring of 1952 Dell Raybould and Lyle Bowen did extensive repair work on the home, installing bathroom facilities, and completely redecorating the downstairs rooms. Lyle and his wife Jackie lived there for about one year. Dell lived in the home for about three years before he married Vera Mae. In the early 1960's the downstairs was completely remodeled. Ceilings were lowered, a central heating system was installed and many other improvements were made. Dell and Vera Mae's children, Jeff, Valerie and Kathy were born while they lived there. Jeff and his wife Vickie, and Valerie and her husband David Clark have also lived in the home.

The home is now vacant. It has been a sturdy home, having stood solid through the Teton Dam Flood of 1976. The home is now used for storage for the Raybould families, and remains a landmark as one of the oldest homes in Hubbard.



THIS PICTURE IS OF THE
RICKS HOME LOCATED
JUST SOUTH OF CRAIG
RICKS' NEW HOME.

This home has sheltered three generations of Ricks's over a period of 100 years. It was built in 1898. Originally, it was a granary that Orson Ricks and his wife Margaret bought from William F. Rigby. They moved it onto 80 acres of land which they homesteaded. The first addition came immediately - after a thorough cleaning, a new room was added, and with some paint and a few pieces of furniture it became a cozy two-room home. It wasn't long until the home wasn't large enough for the growing family. Margaret thought about it a long time and she knew what would be just right. A large kitchen, small bedroom downstairs and two bedrooms above would be nice. That should take care of the larger family they wanted to have. A builder was hired and work got under way. Orson and Margaret were called away for a few days, and when they returned it was impossible for Margaret to hide her disappointment. The kitchen was OK, but the bedrooms upstairs were not what she had in mind. Instead of two bedrooms, there was only one and it was small with a low ceiling. The space for the other bedroom was only an attic with not enough room to stand up in. So Margaret used this room to string lines where she hung and dried her clothes in cold winter weather. The builder was not willing to make any changes. So Margaret overcame her disappointment and was happy for the added space. The home no longer looked like a granary - a home that housed a happy, loving family.

Orson and Margaret lost four of their children to sickness.

After Orson and Margaret passed away, one of their sons - Frank - purchased the property and the home. He and his wife Nina and six of their children then moved into the home. The home was getting older, but Frank and Nina added indoor plumbing (until that time, thousands of buckets of water had been pumped by hand at the outdoor pump and carried inside - water for drinking, bathing, laundering and washing dishes). Frank changed some of the windows and enlarged rooms, added an entry, kitchen cabinets, wired for electricity, and added a cinderblock addition on the south.

After Frank died, Nina didn't like being alone in this big home, so she bought a mobile home and moved into it. For some months, the home stood empty, and then Craig and Phyllis moved in with their six children. The home is 100 years old now, and once again stands empty. It will be torn down. Some parts will be saved as mementos to help others remember the good times that have taken place under its roof.



THIS PICTURE IS OF
THE ORIGINAL HOME OF
LESTER AND HATTIE RIGBY,
WHERE THE LYNN RIGBY
FAMILY NOW LIVES

Ira N. Hinckley and his wife Elizabeth homesteaded 160 acres where the above pictured home is located, coming there in 1885. Their family built a 2 room home where Lynn and Cynthia Rigby now live. The home was built in 1902, and in 1908 the property was transferred to James S. Webster, who added a big room on the north end of the house, built a grainery and 2 garage stalls, one on each side of the grainery, a large barn and beautiful fences, trees and shrubs around the buildings, As you can see from the picture. The house was painted yellow and the buildings red, and it all had an attractive appearance.

In 1913 Websters conveyed the property to Hyrum J. Lucas, Hattie Rigby's father, reserving 60 acres in the northeast corner thereof where David Hinckley, Hazel Morris, and Lovernia Johnson lived.

In 1918 the Lucas' conveyed the property to Lester and Hattie Rigby, where they lived, and six of their seven children were born. When they moved to the Joseph E. Rigby brick home, Alden and Alice Rigby remodeled the old home and lived there until they moved into their new home. Scott and Michelle and their daughter Rachel lived there a short while, and Lynn and Cynthia, with their three children, have lived there ever since.

Beginning with Hyrum Lucas, there have been five generations who have lived in this home.



THIS PICTURE IS OF THE
RIGBY HOME. IT IS
LOCATED ON THE SAME
SIDE OF THE ROAD AND
THE FIRST HOME NORTH
OF THE HIBBARD SCHOOL

This is the Joseph E. and Mary B. Rigby home. The Rigby's filed a declaration of homestead on 160 acres, which included the 40 acres where the home is located, the 80 acres across the street east of the red brick home, and the 40 acres north of the 80 acres and across the road. They built a log house on the northeast corner of the 80 acres, where they first lived. They cleared the land of sagebrush and helped build the ditches and canals to irrigate the land.

In about 1910 the Rigby's, with others from Hibbard - Josiah Hendricks, James Hendricks, Nicholas Sommer and George Mortimer manufactured some brick at a kiln west of the Josiah Hendricks home (where Ruth Hendricks now lives). George Mortimer sold his brick and built a log house. The others built brick homes. Nicholas Sommer laid the brick on the Rigby home. Bert Willmore did the carpentry work and Alma Beck (Mary Rigby's brother), did the painting. The house was finished in 1911. When the Rigby's moved to Rexburg in their old age, their son Lester and his wife Hattie bought the home, where they lived until their death. Since that time, the home has been owned by Harold and Vaudys Rigby and is still well-preserved.



THIS PICTURE IS OF THE
LITTLE WHITE STUCCO HOUSE
THAT IS LOCATED BETWEEN
RAY AND BLAIR RIGBY'S
HOMES. IT WAS ORIGINALLY
KNOWN AS THE CLEMENTS HOME.

Eugene P. Clements homesteaded 160 acres in the quarter section where the school house and the church house are now located. The home in the above picture was built for the Clements family (exact details of who built the home and what year it was built are not available, but it is known that it was built in the early 1900's).

In 1908 Cecil T. Clements married Irene Anderson, and they moved into two original rooms while Cecil taught school in Hibbard for 2 years. Nina C. Ricks, the oldest of Cecil and Irene's children was born in this home. Soon after, Cecil and Irene moved to Clementsville where he taught school until 1920 - then they moved back into this home, and because their family was growing, added on 3 more rooms. Then, Ross, Vaun, Ila and Venese were born (Venese being their youngest child).

In the late 1930's, this property was sold to Lester and Hattie Rigby who remodeled and stuccoed the home. First, Merle Rigby and her husband Boyd Stallings lived there. Then Ray and Lola Rigby moved in after they came home from college, and while there, Jerry, Blair and Beth were born. Then, Ray and Lola moved into their new home in 1960. Since then, many young couples have lived there for short periods of time.



THIS PICTURE IS OF
THE OLD BARN THAT IS
LOCATED JUST EAST OF
WHERE GWILI SAUREY
LIVES.

This landmark barn was built in the year 1895. A carpenter, along with LeRoy Saurey's father Charles Saurey, and two of his five sons built the barn. Charles' oldest son, Heber, would drive a team of horses and a wagon to Rexburg (a distance of 8 miles) to buy lumber for the barn. It is constructed of fir lumber, which cost \$25 per thousand. Heber traveled on dirt roads, and it took at least an hour to and from Rexburg to make this errand. The main part of the barn is 55' long. Each of the 2 slopes are 18' wide and 50' long. The over-all width is 60' and height is 30'. In the early days, there were 12 head of horses and their colts in the barn, which were used for working the farmland. Also, a large harness room. The hay loft has been in use since those early days (1895) and has stored loose hay. Today, it stores bales of hay for calves and sheep. The barn withstood the Teton Dam Flood of 1976, where 6 inches of mud was shoveled and hauled out by hand - put in wheelbarrows - and then hauled away by dump trucks. After the clean-up, LeRoy Saurey and 2 of his grandsons replaced the back slope of the barn with pine lumber and also re-roofed the original cedar shingled barn with metal roofing. For many years, LeRoy raised sheep - the barn provided a cozy habitat for new-born lambs and their mothers in the spring and all winter.

This barn is a beautiful old building. Artists have stopped at the roadside to paint and photograph this structure.

LeRoy once said "I have always maintained my buildings, sheds, machinery and farm vehicles. I have always had a place for my tools and I know today where they belong. If anyone borrows them, they better bring 'em back in the same good shape as they took 'em!" "I want to keep using my barn and other out-buildings because I was born and reared on this homestead - it means everything to me. I have so many, many fond memories of family, neighbors, farming, and seeing so many changes and conveniences occur. I still maintain my own home, a black 1947 Dodge pickup, a 1946 red tractor, and my barn." (LeRoy died in October 1991).

The farmland where the barn is located was filed on Homestead Act in June 1883. There were 180 acres. Charles Saurey came from Murray, Utah with the 2nd company of Mormon settlers. They grubbed sagebrush, made ditches and cleared the land by horse and handplows. The water right was filed and decreed in October 1885. The land was rough and needed alot of clearing before crops were planted. Charles and his wife, Laura, planted poplar trees, raspberry bushes and strawberry plants, pear, cherry, plum and apple trees after grubbing the land.

SOMMER HOME

BUILT IN 1905



Bishop Joseph E. Rigby, Charles Saurey, James Hendricks and Jode Hendricks and Nicholas Sommer all had small houses in Hibbard. They got together and decided to build new houses for each of them. They made and burned the brick for each of the houses. Nicholas Sommer was a brick mason.

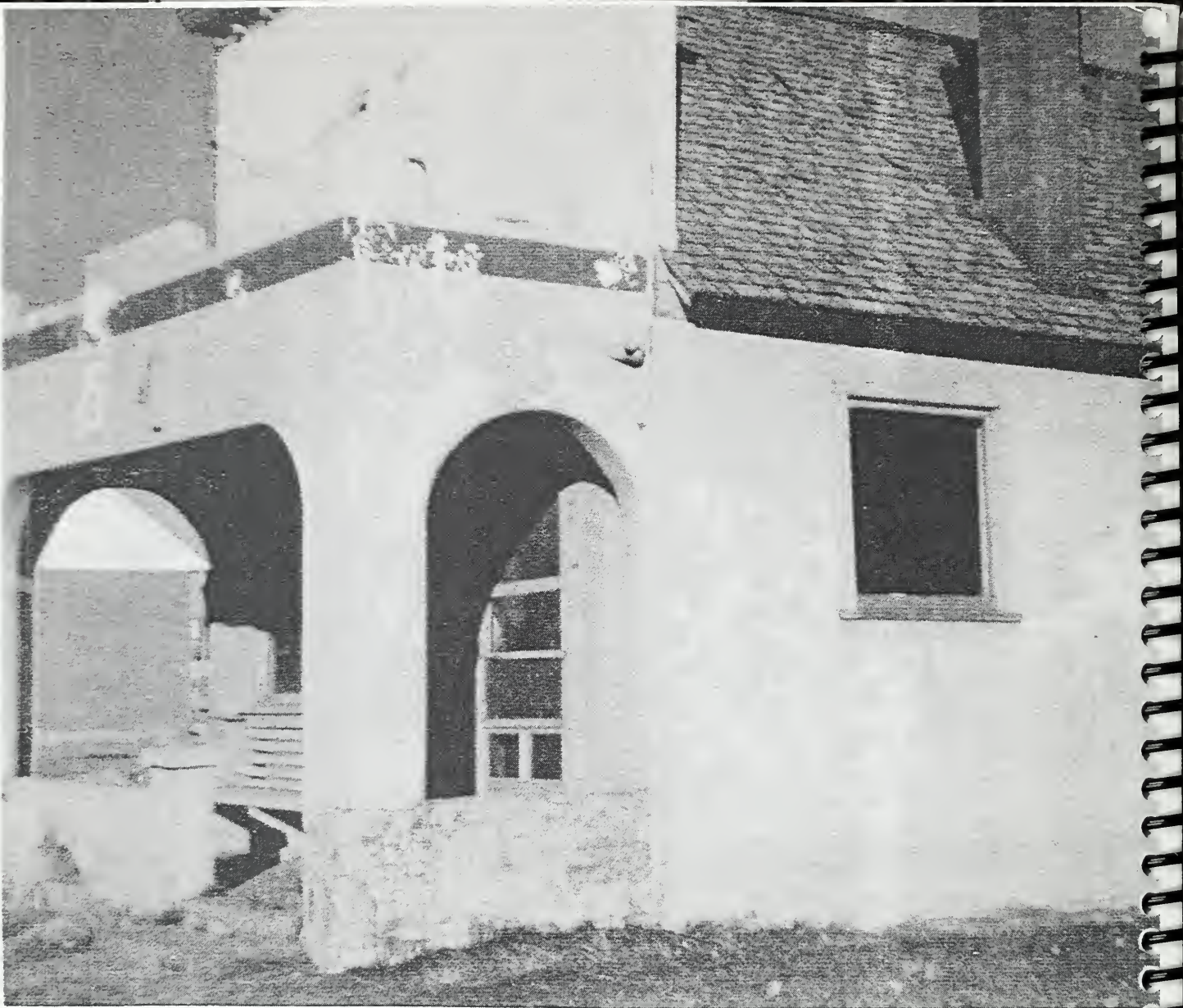
Hyrum Sommer and Lola Ethel Belnap were married 5 December 1929 in the Logan Temple. They lived with Grandma and Grandpa Sommer for the first few years of their married life. Hyrum spent his whole life - 84 years living here. He was born in this house in December 1905. A 2-room house was built next to this house where they lived until Nicholas and Mary passed away. Hyrum and Ethel's son Clifford was also born in this house.

The house was torn down after the Teton Dam Flood in 1976.



This is a picture of the old Hibbard School which was built in 1922 by volunteer labor. For many years, there were 8 grades taught in this building. Then Hibbard and Burton 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades were taught here. The 4th, 5th and 6th graders from Hibbard and Burton were taught at the Burton School.

The old Hibbard School partially collapsed in February 1984, probably due to the heavy snowpack during the winter. Thereafter, the remainder of the old school was inspected and it was determined to be unsafe, indeed on the brink of total collapse! A new addition had previously been added, and it was decided that priority be given to replace the old part of the building. Students were split into morning and afternoon sessions - and students were bussed from classes at the school to the Hibbard LDS Ward Church for part of the day. School lunch was served at the Church. All students were kept out of the old building and a fence was built by the School District around the old school building to keep students away from it until it was torn down. The present Hibbard School was built in 1984-85 and is a beautiful addition to our community.



This is a picture of the old Hibbard Store which was built by Henry and Lucy Rock Morris in about 1916. (Previous to this store, there was a store across the road where the Gerwin Bowen home is now located - built by Thomas McKenna). Henry and Lucy Morris rented (?) this store from Mr. McKenna and ran it for about 2 or 3 years before building the one pictured - directly across the road. The front part was the store, with shelves on the north wall of the building where grocery staples were kept. On the south wall, there was an old pot-belly stove. Henry and Lucy lived at the back of the store in 2 rooms. They ran the store until Lynn and Phyllis Morris took it over in about 1944. A soda fountain counter was added, just inside the front door and to the left, and the food shelves were put on the south wall of the store - canned goods (staples), bread, meat and ice cream were sold at that time. Lynn and Phyllis traveled to Pocatello about twice a month for groceries to stock the shelves (this was during World War II). Lynn and Phyllis also lived in the back of the store, after adding 2 more rooms. They lived there until their new home was completed (where Phyllis Morris lives now). Many of the Hibbard 'old-timers' have very fond memories of this Hibbard Store. A gasoline pump was out front of the store - the gas was pumped by hand - it cost .25¢ a gallon. The store was closed in 1964, and torn down after the Teton Dam Flood of June 1976. This is the only known picture of this Hibbard landmark.

The First Presidency has asked each Ward and Branch in the Church to contribute 150 hours of community service as part of our pioneer heritage service project. "As modern-day beneficiaries of the sacrifices made by pioneers who have gone before, we can show our gratitude by unitedly rendering charitable service....in our communities".

In conjunction with this request, in January 1997, our Ward Bishopric presented to those in attendance at Ward Council meeting an invitation for ideas. It was decided to look into beautifying the grounds at our Hibbard School. Joan Nelson, the Principal, was contacted to see what was needed. Also, Brent Orr, Superintendent of Madison School District 321. It was decided that we could plant trees around the perimeter of the schoolgrounds. On February 27, 50 blue spruce trees were ordered from Madison Soil and Water Conservation District - deadline for ordering was March 31.

Our project plan was introduced to the Ward members and approximately 50 families signed up for the project.

Preparatory work had to be done such as leveling the west outer edge of the school ground, dirt had to be hauled in and leveled, and a drip-line provided for each tree, after the School District maintenance man marked where the trees could be planted. This was labor and machinery donated by Ward members.

On Monday May 5 at 6:00 p.m., at least 50 families met at the Hibbard School for a Ward Family Home Evening tree-planting project, with shovels in hand. Each family was given a 3x3' piece of ground cover and a little blue spruce tree and shown where to plant their tree, being warned to be careful not to dig into their drip-line! It was a beautiful evening - the weather was most cooperative, and it was a lot of fun to work together on this Ward service project. After the tree-planting, we all enjoyed a picnic (potluck dessert). Well over 150 hours were donated to this service project.

Families wanting to participate in the project were asked to pay \$13.00 - this included the cost of the tree, the ground cover, and cost of parts for the dripline. Cost of trees - \$118.13: Cost of ground cover - \$25.50: Material for drip-line - \$496.50. The total cost of our service project - \$640.13.

Above report submitted by Nina L. Morris, Hibbard 2nd Ward Activity Chairman.



MADISON SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 321•

BRENT W. ORR, SUPERINTENDENT

SYLVAN BUTLER, BUSINESS MANAGER

P.O. Box 830 ■ 290 North First East ■ Rexburg, Idaho 83440

Telephone (208) 359-3300 ■ FAX (208) 359-3345

August 13, 1997

Dear Bishop Turley,

On behalf of the Board of Trustees of Madison School District #321, I would like to express to you and members of your congregation our great appreciation for the service project completed by the Hibbard 2nd Ward to the benefit of Hibbard Elementary School.

It was an ambitious undertaking, but it was done with great dedication, care and good effect. I have had the opportunity to walk around the edges of the playground several times this summer to see how things were going with the project. The drip system was working without flaw and the trees that had been planted were flourishing. The leveling that was done on the west side of the south playground has made that whole area much more attractive and usable.

Many years from now, as the trees grow and the grounds around the school begin to show the effects of this beautification project, friends, neighbors and families in the Hibbard community who were involved will be able to take pride in the accomplishment.

Once again, appreciation and thanks go to you and the members of your ward for one of the more successful projects to recently benefit a school in the district.

Sincerely,

Brent W. Orr, Superintendent and Clerk of the Board

