



MALAD
1888-1988

May 17, 2001

Donated by Carolyn Roberts

in behalf of John Leo and Therna Lincoln Roberts
and with loving memories of our forays in
and around Malad.

Carolyn Roberts

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MALAD IDAHO STAKE
CENTENNIAL
HISTORY BOOK

1888--1988



Dedication



*Hubert Gleed
Chairman of Malad Idaho Stake
Centennial History Book Committee*

In appreciation of Brother Hubert Gleed's many years of keeping Malad Stake records and collecting and sharing historical facts about this community, we want to dedicate this book to him.

He has cheerfully spent many months researching, assembling and writing information for this, the Malad Stake Centennial History Book.

Dedicated service to others has been Brother Gleed's lifelong goal. In 1977 he helped produce the first Malad Stake History, working with Elden Archibald and Colen Sweeten.

One of his first positions in the church was that of Explorer leader. He served as a stake missionary president and teacher in the M.I.A., bishop's counselor for eight years, and bishop for nine years; during that time he was chairman of the Malad Stake bishop's

council for three years, then chairman of Northern Utah region bishop's council for two years.

In John Day, Oregon, he served as branch president for five years. He was executive secretary for two Malad Stake presidents. In 1980 Brother Gleed and his wife, Mary, were called to serve as officiators at Logan Temple, and that same year he was ordained a stake patriarch, a position he still holds. His wife is his secretary.

In his youth Brother Gleed graduated from college, where he studied electrical engineering. He was then employed at Malad as a serviceman for Utah Power and Light Co. and later transferred to John Day, Oregon as superintendent of operations. As a long-time member of Malad Lion's Club, he has worked diligently on many public service projects.

His hobbies include wood carving, furniture building and photography. His camera is often with him. He takes pictures of friends, then develops and prints and sometime hand-paints the pictures. These are Christmas gifts. Thus, even with his hobby, he finds a way of giving of himself. He never charges anybody for photography to be used in church work.

He shares his retirement time with elderly people who occasionally need a handyman. He does for them, at a reasonable fee, what they cannot do for themselves. He can now enjoy spending more time with his three sons and two daughters and children. He has been blessed with an understanding wife, who has supported and encouraged him in all his selfless endeavors for over fifty years.

One writer described a successful person as one who has laughed a little and loved a lot and made the world a better place. It is plain to be seen that Brother Hubert and Mary Gleed have the true love of the Savior and his teachings, and they have surely made the world a better place.

By Norma South

Foreword

In late 1987, the Malad Idaho Stake presidency and high council realized the centennial of the organization of the stake would soon be upon us and decided we should celebrate that event. A stake centennial committee was organized and charged with the responsibility of planning and executing the events of that celebration. A sub-committee was called and asked to have a stake centennial history book published.

The word "history" comes from the Greek word meaning not the telling of a tale, but "the search for knowledge and truth." With this in mind, we, the book committee, have based our statements on what we thought were truthful records of past events. The reader should keep in mind that in the case of some statistical records of the Church, dates may vary by a few days; on one date the person was called by the stake presidency or bishopric, another he was sustained, and still another he was set apart for the job.

Since it would be impossible to print in one volume all of the family histories for the five or six generations who have lived in Malad since 1865, it was suggested that, with the exception of a few prominent men and women, we not print any. There have been several ward history books published in which most of the family histories are already printed. Instead, we invited the members of the stake to submit human interest stories and spiritual experiences; we are grateful for the large number received. These special experiences will now be preserved and will become a source of strength and spirituality to many, especially to the families involved.

It is the humble prayer of the members of the book committee that those who read this book may gain a greater appreciation for the sacrifice, blood, and tears of the early saints who devoted their lives to strengthening the Church and preparing this untamed land, making it the beautiful valley we now love and call our home. In tribute to these hardy pioneers, and to every person or descendants of persons ever to live in Malad Valley, we dedicate these lines taken from a General Conference talk, October 5, 1947, by President J. Reuben Clark.

"At the near close of this one hundredth year of the entering into these valleys of your fathers and mothers, some yours and mine, I wish to speak a few words of humble tribute and thanksgiving to them, and especially to the meekest and lowliest of them . . . to those souls, in name unknown, unremembered, unhonored in the pages of history, but lovingly revered around the hearthstones of their children and their children's children who pass down from generation to generation the story of their faith and mighty works."

"So for a hundred years, urged by the spirit of gathering and led by a burning testimony of the truth of the restored gospel, thousands of these humble souls, one from a city, two from a family, have bidden farewell to friends and homes and loved ones and with heartstrings companioned with privation and sacrifice even to life itself, have made their way to the valley, all welded together by common hardship and suffering, never-ending work and deep privation, tragic woes and heart-eating griefs but with abiding faith and a firm testimony."

In living our lives let us never forget that the deeds of our fathers and mothers are theirs, not ours; that their works cannot be counted to our glory; that we can claim no excellence and no place because of what they did; that we must rise by our own labor, and that labor failing we shall fail. So to these humble but great souls, our fathers and mothers who have hewed the stones and laid the foundations of God's Kingdom, solid as the granite mountains from which they carved the rocks for their temple, I humbly render my love, my respect my reverent homage."

"May God keep their memories ever fresh among us, their children, to help us meet our duties even as they met theirs, that God's work may grow and prosper . . . Let us all, here and now dedicate all that we have and all that we are to this divine work."

May we be worthy of the sacrifices made for us.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget--lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling

Acknowledgements

When we think about who we should thank for help in compiling this book, we realize that it would include almost everyone in the stake. First of all we thank the stake presidency for the assignment to us and for the direction they have given. Our thanks to the general stake centennial committee, and especially to the chairpersons, Marvin and Diane Pett for encouragement and support; to the bishops in each of the wards, including Portage, along with the clerks and special ward committee representatives who have spent countless hours gathering material, conducting surveys and helping members write their stories.

We are grateful to the directors and patrons of the Malad Stake Family History Center for being alert to material needed, and calling attention to it. We, the members of the book committee, are grateful to our families for their patience during all the long hours (weeks, months) we were away from home, and especially to Mary Gleed for the support she gave her husband with this project.

As chairman of the book committee, I want to express how grateful I feel for the help of the members of that committee, not only for the long hours of tedious work they have given, but also for the council and direction and encouragement received. A special thanks should go to Carol Eliason and Darrell Christensen for donating their computers and operating them; to Jane Ann Ward, Lorraine Blaisdell, and Colen Sweeten for material contributed, for countless hours of research, proofreading and editing,

and for many miles traveled. I am grateful to Wayne and Pauline Kent for accepting the responsibility as finance chairpersons.

We are appreciative to Norma South for her many articles that were used, and to Nellie Ward who must have been inspired to gather and save such a rich harvest of names, dates and pictures of early history which have contributed so much to this book. Special recognition go to Larry Peterson of Provo, Utah, for his computer expertise and laser work. Also, to Professor Don Norton of BYU for editing the material. We are grateful to BYU Print for the printing of the book. Much information has been taken from the Idaho Enterprise, and also the Southern Idaho Magazine. Without all of this help, the book would not have been possible at such a reasonable cost.

An old French proverb says gratitude is "the heart's memory." In our hearts you shall always be remembered. We should always have gratitude to our Maker--for life, for food, for freedom, for friends, for family and many things unmentioned. May the Lord bless you for your service to Him in helping with this book which will, hopefully, be an instrument in His hands to increase the spirituality in the stake and give all of us a greater appreciation of the heritage that is ours.

Hubert Gleed

Note: This book has been printed on acid-free paper, which does not yellow or otherwise deteriorate.

Special recognition goes to Jeff Treasure and Vernell Vanderhoof for sketchings throughout the book.

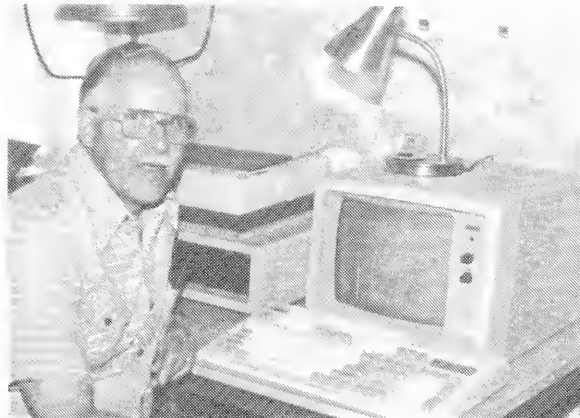




Wayne and Pauline Kent



Colen Sweeten



Darrell Christensen



Carol Eliason, Jane Ann Ward, Lorraine Blaisdell, Hubert Gleed

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alphabetically according to the author



Malad City, Idaho, looking west

Malad

Where the sun breaks over the mountain
As close as your window sills,
Then at the close of day it fades away
Behind the western hills.

Where your friends are only a whisper away,
And your enemies don't exist;
Where they judge a man by what's inside
And not for the schooling he's missed.

Where the population stays the same
While the traffic comes and goes,
And the cemetery's the only part of town
That ever really grows.

Just a spot on the map, a turn in the road,
Just a light for the traveler to see;
A place where you feel that livin' is real,
Just the right kind of place for me.

Colen H. Sweeten Jr.

History of Malad Valley

Brief History of Malad Valley and Oneida County

Compiled by Hubert Gleed

Malad Valley, the town, and the river were named by Donald McKenzie, a French-Canadian who led a party of trappers from the Northwest Fur Trading Company through the valley sometime between 1818 and 1821. Some of the men became sick from drinking the highly alkaline water of the main stream and named the stream "LaMaladie," a French word meaning sickness.

The valley was visited by Jim Bridger between 1832 and 1835, and by John C. Fremont in 1843. It was prepared for colonization when Abraham Lincoln signed the homestead act in 1862, which allowed each family to claim one hundred and sixty acres of land free if they were willing to clear the land, live on it and put it to beneficial use. The first to do so in Malad were Henry Peck and sons Dwight and Fred; Jim McAllister, William Gaulter, William Williams and Benjamin Thomas.

Henry Peck was looking for native wheat grass and wild meadow hay, which grew shoulder high in the valley. He had taken a contract to furnish hay for the Ben Halliday Stage Line, which handled business for Wells Fargo.

The settlers proceeded to the northeast section of the valley and pitched an army tent where Deep Creek crossed the immigration trail. Old Chief Pocatello and his people were camped on Deep Creek.

The first crops planted in May consisted of wheat, oats, melons, potatoes and a few garden vegetables. Benjamin Thomas immediately began building a home where he could bring his family. It was located on Bannock Street at what is now 367 West 200 North. This pioneer home was made of braided willows and mud, with a roof of poles and wheat grass. In June of 1864 he moved his family to their new home; and on September 30, 1864, Susan gave birth to a baby boy, David R. Thomas, the first white boy born in Malad.

With the addition of David to the family, the Thomases now had nine children.

During the hard winter of 1864-65, they built another willow room onto their rude shelter. Later, they built a warm log house on the northwest corner of 4th West and 445 North. Henry Peck's son, Fred, in an interview years later said, "There were only three families here in the summer and fall of '64, the Gaulter family, the Williams family and the Benjamin Thomas family." So it appears that Susan Thomas had the help of two other women during childbirth.

That same year, Henry Peck built a house of aspen logs just northwest of the Deep Creek crossing. He brought his family to live there in the spring of 1865, and staked out a land claim which is now downtown Malad City. He built the first sawmill water-powered by Deep Creek, and located near where the Presbyterian church now stands. Later, he and his wife Julia built and operated a small store and stage station.

Also during the summer of 1864, another pioneer was busy building another home on land he had claimed further north. John J. Williams had passed through the valley earlier when he was looking for scrap iron to use in his blacksmith shop. Impressed with the rich fertile soil and the sparkling streams of clear, cool water, he thought this would be a good place to settle. He had been asked by Church leader President Brigham Young to take his family and move to St George to help colonize that area. His aged parents were living with him at that time, and he was afraid to try to move them that far. He talked to President Young about it and offered to come to Malad instead and was granted permission to move his family to Malad in the spring of 1865. He built a blacksmith shop and provided urgently needed services for settlers in the area, making and repairing tools and farm implements.

A general meeting was held that year in the home of Henry Peck, where a crude map was made and owners' names written on their chosen plots. The minutes were kept in both English and Welsh, as were all of the later meetings of a business nature.

The first county seat was at Soda Springs, but in 1866 the Idaho Territorial Legislature, which met at Lewiston, moved the county seat from Soda Springs to Malad. There was some reluctance on the part of officials at Soda Springs to give up the county books and records. Henry Peck made a trip to Soda Springs, by team and sleigh, some time in the winter of 1866-67 and was able to transfer the records to Malad.

At that time Oneida County consisted of a large area--about 9,000 square miles--comprising the present-day counties of Oneida, Bannock, Franklin, Bear Lake, Madison, Caribou, Teton, east portions of Fremont and Bingham Counties, a large part of Power County and almost all of Bonneville County. It extended from Utah to Montana and from Wyoming to American Falls. (See early map.)

When Malad became the county seat, business picked up. With stage lines and freighters on their way north to Montana gold mines, and new families moving in every year, Malad became a boomtown. In 1864 the Ben Halliday Stage Line went through Malad, headed northwest over Bannock Mountain to Ross Fork. In 1865 the route was changed to run north to the Portneuf Road and on to Ross Fork. Malad pioneers built homes along both routes. Main Street running north and Bannock Street running northwest still mark the old freight and stage routes. The city center is at the fork of these two routes.

In the late 1860s other communities appeared in the valley. Cherry Creek was settled in 1865, Samaria in 1868, St John in 1869, and Pleasantview in 1882. Holbrook, in western Oneida County, dates back to 1878, named after Heber A. Holbrook, the first Mormon bishop. Other early settlements were Stone and Juniper, where pioneers came in 1871.

Early church meetings were held in homes and schoolhouses. At one time in Pocatello Valley, summer meetings were held in an empty granary. The first religious meeting in Malad Valley was held in the home of Benjamin and Susan Thomas. Daniel Daniels was the first Mormon branch president, with Benjamin Thomas and Henry Peck as his counselors.

In 1867 a town meeting was held and plans made for permanent churches. Land

was allotted to The Latter-day Saints, the Reorganized LDS, and the Presbyterian denominations.

In 1868 the first election of county and state officers was held at the home of Henry Peck. County officers elected were: Thomas Daniels, William P. Jones, and George Ruddy as county commissioners; Morgan Morgan as sheriff; R. J. Evans as clerk; B. J. White, auditor and recorder; E. J. Davis, assessor; John Nelson, probate judge; and James McAllister, treasurer.

Henry Peck built the first hotel in Malad in 1871, a sixteen-room structure of hand-sawed and hewn logs. It had wide porches across the front of its upper and lower floors and on both sides of the ground floor, and was considered to be a fine piece of architecture in that day. It was located at the intersection of Bannock and Main Streets, facing west. Court was in session in Malad from six to eight weeks, twice each year; and Peck entertained in his hotel, the judge, jury, witnesses and litigants. Sheep and cattlemen from all over the area made the hotel their headquarters. It was torn down in 1912 when the Pecks built a new brick hotel across the street. It was used as a hospital for several years. It later became the Town House Apartments, but was finally torn down.

The years 1864-68 held many "firsts" for Malad City:

1864:

David R. Thomas was the first baby boy born September 30th to Susan and Benjamin Thomas.



*David R. Thomas
First white boy born in Malad City*

1865:

Laura McAllister was the first baby girl born September 6th to James and Elizabeth McAllister.



Laura McAllister
First white girl born in Malad City

In April a branch of the LDS Church was organized, with Daniel Daniels as president, Benjamin Thomas as first counselor, and Henry Peck as second counselor.

Mrs. Thomas Daniels was the first woman to die; Humphry Murdock was the first man. A needed cemetery was started north of town on a little bench near 1st West Street and between 5th and 6th North Streets.

1866:

A post office was opened, with Jim McAllister the postmaster.

A social hall was erected on the corner of what is now 1st West and Bannock Streets.

John Nicholas planted the first apple orchard; other shade trees and some fruit trees were started.

The county seat of Oneida County was brought to Malad City.

The first district court was held in Malad, presided over by Judge Lewis, of Boise.

County officers were appointed by the governor.

Doctor Margan came and opened a drugstore and a doctor's office.

1867:

Marsh Creek water was diverted over the Marsh Valley/Malad divide to provide water for the first flour mill and for irrigating purposes.

Water was brought down from springs on the east Malad mountains and a flume built over Deep Creek to bring the cold clear water to the town.

Stephen Wight, a surveyor from Brigham City, Utah, was called in and surveyed the city. Adjustments for land ownership were made to accommodate the fast-growing population. City blocks with lots were made for residential homes, instead of plots of ground.

1882:

The Idaho Enterprise, one of Idaho's oldest newspapers, was brought to Malad from Oxford, where it had been published since 1874.

Also, in this same year a new Oneida County courthouse was built. It was considered the finest building in Idaho at that time, at a cost of \$12,000 plus the donated labor of the townspeople. The architecture was unique, with a long front flight of steps leading to the balcony and into the courtroom. It made an imposing sight, sitting on a hill overlooking the city center and the many humble log homes of the Malad citizens.

Right from the start, the Welsh people valued education and made every effort to see that their children would be educated. Henry Peck built a lean-to on his log house, and the first school term began, with six children sitting on wooden benches, using slabs for a desk. Al Bundy was the first school teacher, earning \$10 a month, plus room and board with parents of the children. School was later held in a log community social hall built in 1866.

In 1878 a log mission school was opened in Malad by the Rev. Edward Welch, his wife, Lizzie and sister, Emma Welch. The county commissioners were required by law to levy school taxes, which were turned over to the Presbyterian church to help with the school. In those days teachers were well respected in the community.

Classes were also held in a two-room log school on South Main, upstairs over the A. W. Vanderwood store; and sometimes in the homes of citizens. In 1900, a three story-brick elementary school was built on ground where a newer elementary school now stands.

Benjamin Williams, the popular proprietor of the Malad Colliston Stage Line, made daily trips between Malad and Colliston, a distance of 35 miles for a fare of \$2.00. This stage line was conducted by Mr. Williams for 16 long years. The stage was capacitated to carry 9 per trip, and it was hurried over the road by two relays of swift horses. Mr. Williams' familiarity with the good points of the country, along his route, enabled him to impart invaluable information to his patrons, and he was a genial soul to ride with.

Early settlers to the Malad Valley suffered great hardships. There was no ready market for the crops they raised. Perishables had to be hauled by team and wagon very far, so hay and grain were the main crops. When the railroad was completed to Corinne in 1867, it then became the nearest railhead for Malad. A wagon freight route ran through Malad from Corinne, Utah to Butte, Montana, and many of the early settlers started freighting from Corinne to mining towns in Montana. Others left their farms to be operated by wives and children and went to work in the mines. This was a life saver for many families, because the crickets and grasshoppers were so bad that crops could not be raised, and without the freighting and mining jobs, many early settlers would have had to move away.

The building of the Utah Northern Railroad from Ogden, Utah to Butte, Montana in 1879 was a blow to Malad. The stage coach that ran through Malad was abandoned, and the freighting business dwindled. The only freighting then was for Malad and other towns off the railroad. Malad's nearest railhead then became Collingston, Utah. But

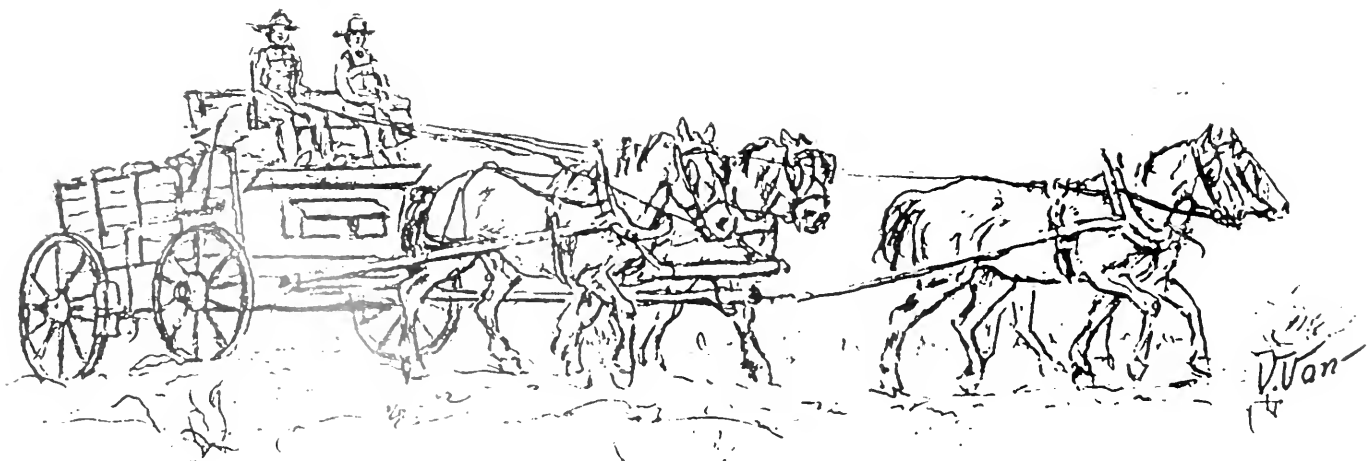
Malad was blessed. The grasshoppers and crickets that had destroyed their crops disappeared about this time, and the early pioneers were able to grow crops. The cattle and sheep business flourished, for there was plenty of hay land and high pasture for the stock. There was very little growth during this period.

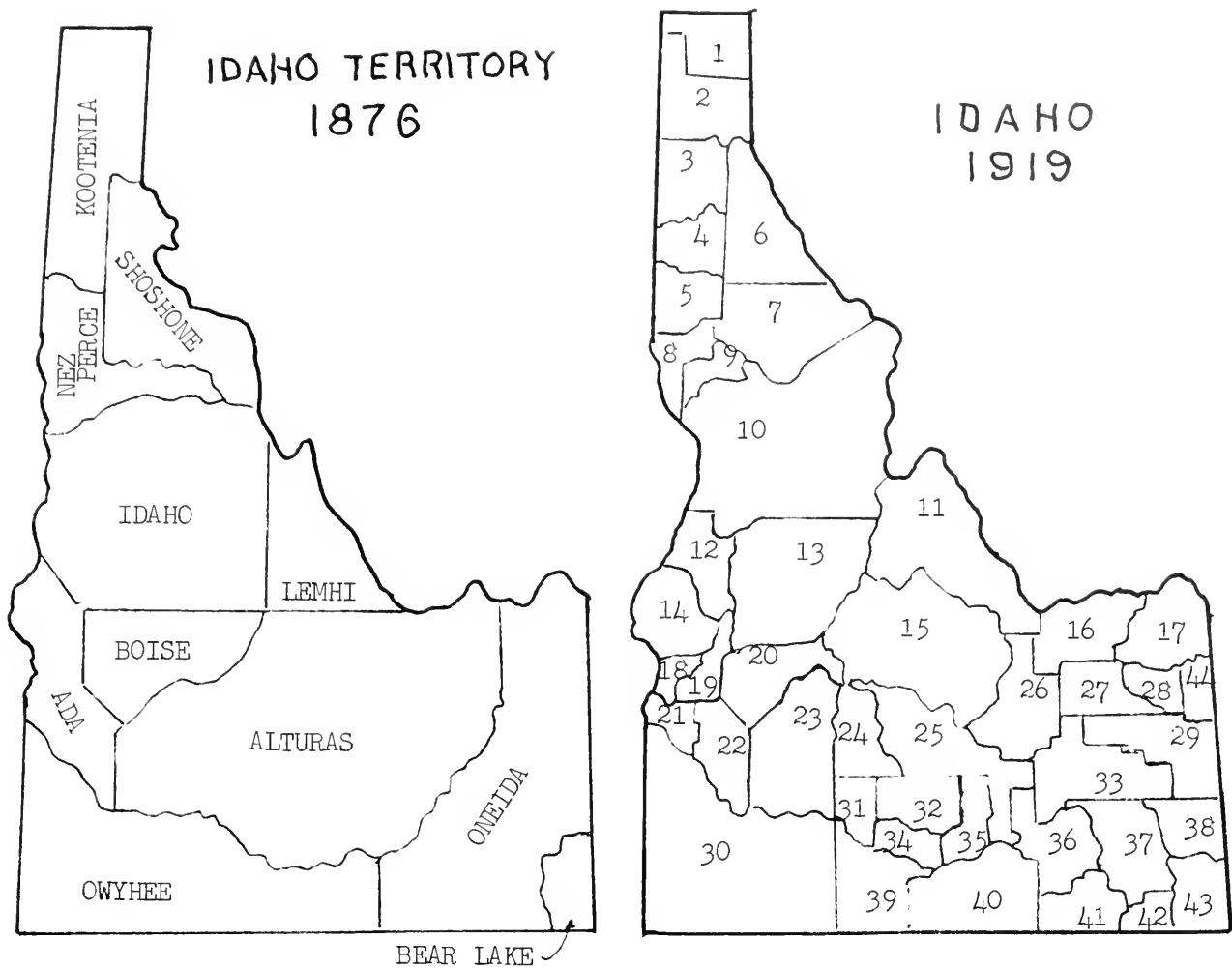
In 1906, the railroad branch line built from Brigham City, Utah to Malad, Idaho changed all of this and gave the area a period of rapid growth. There was now a ready market for all kinds of farm produce, including sugar beets. To help stimulate that growth, two men, Frank Moore and G. C. McGloughlin, in 1905 appeared before the Malad City Council and asked for a franchise to construct and place in operation by August 16, 1906, an electric light and power system. The franchise was granted, the men were as good as their word. That year for the first time, Malad enjoyed a new modern wonder--electric lights in stores and homes and on the streets.

Many will remember Malad's worst fires. The December 10, 1945 blaze caused \$212,000 damage by completely destroying the mill owned by Oneida County Grain Growers and the Husler Company's elevators. Also burned, was property owned by Thorpe Brothers Coal Company.

November 13, 1948, the second largest loss by fire saw the Great Northern Building destroyed, and the Idaho Cafe, Teen Age Club, and a popcorn manufacturing plant operated by Ira Stone. Loss was \$110,000.

In 1920 the Booker-Welsh garage burned. Loss was \$85,000.





Oneida County, 1876

When the first session of the Idaho Territorial Legislature met in Lewiston in 1864, one of its acts was the creation of Oneida County, an area which then covered about 9,000 square miles. It extended from Utah on the south to Montana on the north and from Wyoming to American Falls.

In 1876, Idaho had eleven counties.

In 1919, and today it has forty-four counties:

- | | | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Boundary | 12. Adams | 23. Elmore | 34. Jerome |
| 2. Bonner | 13. Valley | 24. Camas | 35. Minidoka |
| 3. Kootenai | 14. Washington | 25. Blaine | 36. Power |
| 4. Benewah | 15. Custer | 26. Butte | 37. Bannock |
| 5. Latah | 16. Clark | 27. Jefferson | 38. Caribou |
| 6. Shoshone | 17. Fremont | 28. Madison | 39. Twin Falls |
| 7. Clearwater | 18. Payette | 29. Bonneville | 40. Cassia |
| 8. Nez Perce | 19. Gem | 30. Owyhee | 41. Oneida |
| 9. Lewis | 20. Boise | 31. Gooding | 42. Franklin |
| 10. Idaho | 21. Canyon | 32. Lincoln | 43. Bear Lake |
| 11. Lemhi | 22. Ada | 33. Bingham | 44. Teton |

Plat of Malad City, Idaho Territory
December 8, 1867

On the following page is a copy of the original tracing of the survey and plat of Malad City, Idaho Territory, which was made by Stephen Wight. On it, in his own hand writing, is the following: "I certify this to be a true copy of the survey and plat of the Malad City, Idaho Territory made by myself as Dupty [sic] County surveyor of Oneida County, Nov 8, 1868."

Dated Brigham City
December 8, 1876
S. Wight, Surveyor

Under the above was also recorded in his own handwriting, the following: "I hereby certify that this is a true copy of the townsite of Malad City, Idaho Territory, as entered by me in accordance with the Act of Congress, approved March 2, 1867, it being the northeast 1/4 of the north 1/2 of the southeast 1/4 of section 21

and the northwest 1/4 of the southwest 1/4 of section 22 in township 14 south of range 36 east containing two hundred and eighty acres."

Witness my hand and seal of court this 14th day of Dezember [sic] A D 1876 (signed) Henry Peck Probate Judge

The streets were not named or given a number on the original plat, but names and numbers have been shown here for easy identification. All the blocks to the north were numbered as shown. To the south the blocks were lettered and all or most of the early land descriptions were given chains and links and or rods.

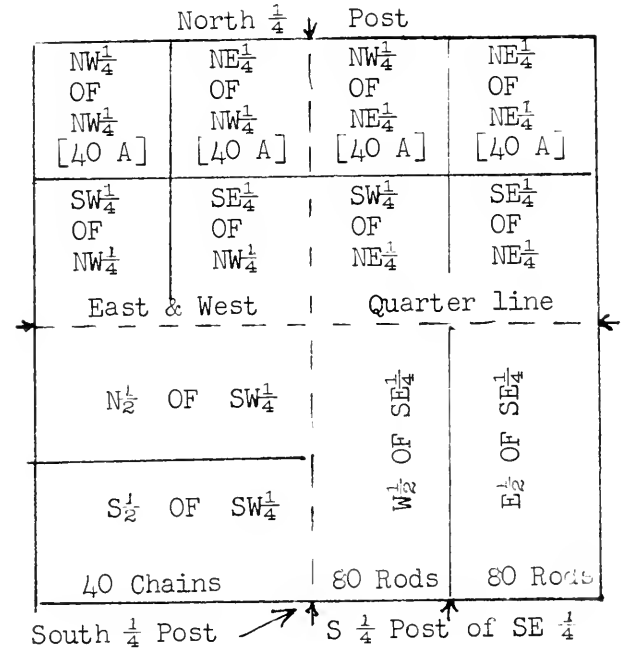
Each block in the north of town was forty rods square except for the off shaped blocks. The streets were six rods wide. All of the lots in each block were ten rods wide and twenty rods deep and they were all numbered starting with number one in the southeast corner and ending with number eight in the northeast corner. There was no uniform method used in the south end of town.

These town lots may seem to be large to us now, but the early settlers of Malad needed large lots. Most of them needed a place for horse and cow barns, a stack yard for hay, chicken coops and pig pens, and a place to store enough wood to last the

winter. Then for the summer there had to be a good sized plot for the family garden.

Since early land descriptions were made in chains and links and rods, the following conversion table and explanation of terminology may be helpful:

A SECTION OF LAND---640 ACRES
(One mile square)

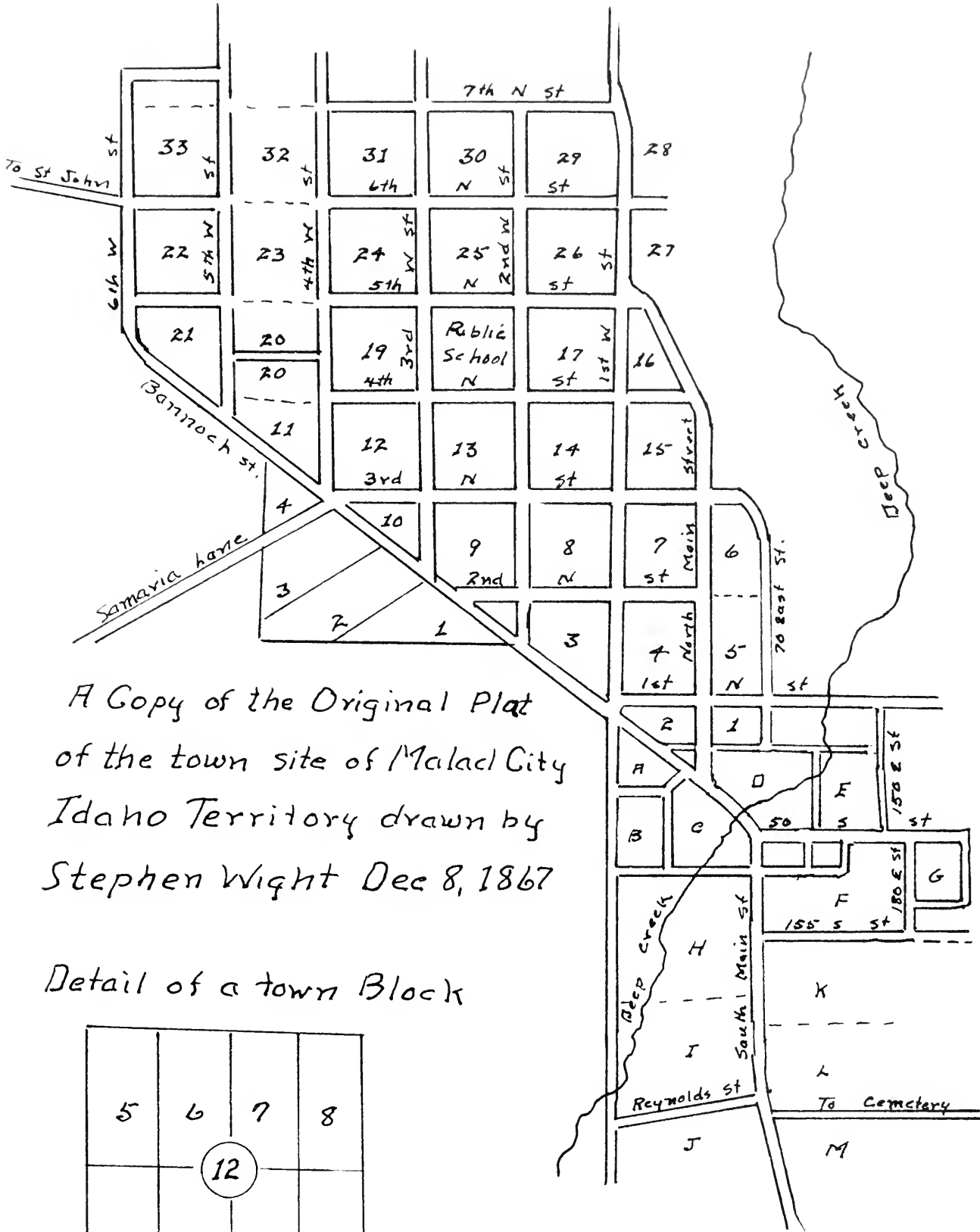


Long Measure

- 1 mile = 80 chains
- 1 mile = 320 rods
- 1 mile = 5280 ft
- 1 chain = 4 rods
- 1 chain = 66 ft
- 1 chain = 100 links
- 1 rod = 5 1/2 yd
- 1 rod = 16 1/2 ft
- 1 rod = 25 links
- 1 link = 0.66 ft
- 1 link = 7-7/8 in
- 1 acre = 10 sq chains
- 1 acre = 160 sq rods
- 1 acre = 43,560 sq ft
- An acre is about 208 feet square
- An acre is about 8 rods wide, 20 rods long
- 1 sq rod = 30 1/4 sq yds
- 1 sq rod = 272 1/4 sq ft
- 1 sq ft = 144 sq inches.

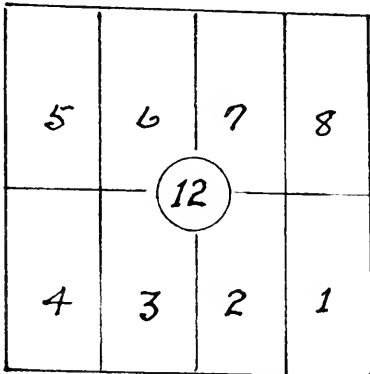
Square Measure

- 1 sq mile = regular section
- 1 sq mile = 640 acres



A Copy of the Original Plat
of the town site of Malad City
Idaho Territory drawn by
Stephen Wight Dec 8, 1867

Detail of a town Block



One Hundred Years of History in Malad Valley
 Contributed by Maisie Williams and Hubert Glead

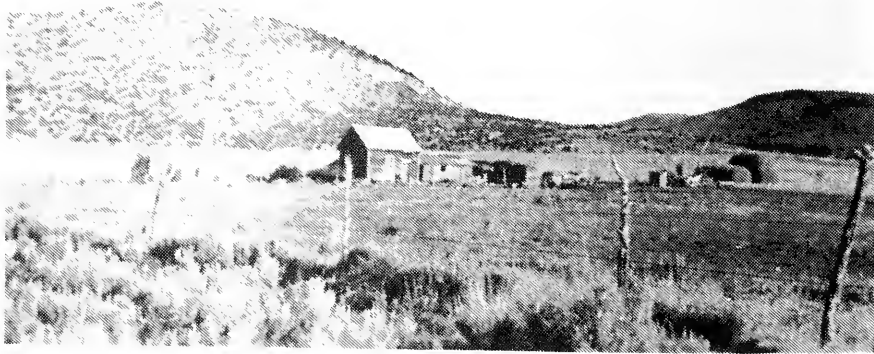
- 1811 - American Falls named by Wilson Price Hunt.
(Exploration party down the Snake River.)
- 1819 - Malad Valley probably visited by Donald McKenzie.
(Trapping party of the Northwest Fur Company.)
- Jul 15, 1834 - Nathaniel J. Wyatt built Fort Hall.
(First crude government over intermountain area.)
- May 29, 1843 - Provisional government set up for Oregon Country.
(At Shampoig, near present Salem, Oregon.)
- Aug 29, 1843 - John C. Fremont named "Pass of Standing Rock."
(Leading a government exploration party.)
- Aug 30, 1843 - Fremont camped on Reed or Roseaux River.
(Name later changed to Malade River.)
- Sep 21, 1843 - Fremont arrived finally at Fort Hall.
- Aug 14, 1848 - Oregon Territory created by an Organic Act.
- Sep 12, 1852 - Howard Stanbury and party entered Malad Valley.
(Government explorers headed north from Salt Lake.)
- Sep 22, 1852 - Stanbury crossed Malad Divide to Portneuf River.
(Wagon road from Salt Lake to Fort Hall advised.)
- Mar 2, 1853 - Washington Territory cut from Oregon Territory.
(Another act of the U.S. Congress.)
- 1855 - Mormon trek to Fort Lemhi probably via Malad.
- Spring 1855 - First temporary settlement made in Malad Valley.
(Waldrons, Panes, Frodshams, and Pedigrues.)
- Oct 9, 1856 - Birth of Malad Valley's first white child.
(Emeline Eliza Waldron at old Fort Malad.)
- Spring 1857 - Ben Waldron bought Clestia, an Indian girl.
- 1857 - John J. "Blacksmith" Williams explored Malad Valley.
(Searching for iron on abandoned wagons.)
- Sep 13, 1857 - Celebration of Malad Valley's first marriage.
(Gillespi Waldron and Ann Druist at old fort.)
- Nov 1857 - Mrs. Waldron cured of rheumatism by Indian.
- Winter 1857 - Waldron built a rock fence around his claim.
- Spring 1864 - Ben Halliday secured U.S. mail contract.
(From Salt Lake City to Helena, Montana, via Malad.)
- Spring 1864 - First permanent settlement at Malad City. (Pecks, Gaulters, Thomases and Williamses. Bill "the Herder" Bradshaw, already at Samaria).
- Jul 1, 1864 - Halliday began running his stages to Montana.
- Aug 8, 1864 - Ben Halliday began tri-weekly stage service.
(From Salt Lake City to the Dalles via Malad.)
- May 11, 1865 - Celebration of Oneida County's first marriage.
(Joseph Woodland and Margaretta Cook at Soda Springs.)
- Apr 1865 - Malad was founded by Latter-Day Saints in April 1864. The next year others followed and in April of 1865, a branch was organized with Daniel Daniels, called to be the first branch president.
- 1865 - The first baby boy, David R. Thomas, and the first baby girl, Laura McAllister were born.
- 1865 - The first deaths in Malad were Mrs Thomas Daniels and Humphrey Murdock.
- 1865 - Because of these deaths, a cemetery was started on the hillside north of Malad, in a section that is now between 500 and 600 North Main Street and 100 West Street. The cemetery was later moved to its present location.

- 1866 - The first Malad City post office opened with Jim McAllister as the first post master.
- 1866 - The county seat was changed from Soda Springs to Malad.
- Jun 19, 1866 - First two Pre-Emption Claims filed to county.
(Henderson Creek: William Fenn and Edward R. Walker.)
- Jun 22, 1866 - First Pre-Emption Claims for Malad. (22nd to 30th)
(James McAllister, George Ward, John Lewis, Morgan Morgan, Henry Peck, Jesse R. Dredge, Benjamin Thomas, Lewis Gaulter, Nephi Campbell, John Fallis, James Chivers, and many others.)
- 1866 - The grasshoppers and crickets were bad.
- Jul 4, 1866 - First marriage performed in Malad.
(Stephen L. Potter and Amelia Thorpe.)
- Aug 13, 1866 - First election of county officers held.
- 1866 - The first session of the district court was held at Malad, presided over by Judge Lewis of Boise.
- Sep 6, 1866 - First citizenship decree issued in district court.
(David Morgan, Henry H. Thomas, and John Lewis.)
- 1866 - Doctor Morgan came to Malad and opened a drug store and a doctor's office.
- Winter 1867 - Log meeting house built in Malad City.
(Where Malad Lumber Yard now stands.)
- 1867 - Marsh Creek was diverted over the Malad Divide to Devil Creek to provide water for the first flour mill and for irrigation.
- 1867 - Plans were made for permanent churches, land was allotted to the Latter-Day Saints, to the Reorganized Latter-Day Saints and to the Presbyterian Church.
- 1867 - Corinne, Utah became the first and nearest railhead for Malad, only forty miles away.
- Nov 1867 - East Portage was settled in 1867 and organized into a branch in November with Thomas Green as the first branch president.
- 1868 - The first election for county and state offices was held in Henry Peck's home.
- Nov 18, 1868 - Samaria was settled and a branch organized with Thomas S. Thomas as the first branch president.
- Aug 10, 1869 - First election held for all of Oneida County.
- Nov 14, 1869 - Cherry Creek as a settlement dates back to 1865 and in 1869 a branch was organized with Richard J. Davis as the first branch president.
- 1870 - A school district was organized with Joseph Curtis, Thomas Bolingbroke, and Robert T. Bush as trustee's.
- 1872 - East Portage, most of the early Saints moved to West Portage.
- 1873 - The Saint John Branch was organized in 1873 with Charles Duvander being called as the first branch president.
- 1877 - The first presiding elder of Muddy Creek (later named Woodruff) was Moroni Ward, who was later called to be the first bishop of the Washakie Ward.
- 1877 - The Malad Branch was organized into a ward. George Dunford was called to be the first bishop (He was a Salt Lake City businessman and had to travel from his home to Malad by team and buggy.)
- Oct 23, 1877 - The East Portage Branch was organized into a ward and Oliver C. Hoskins was called to be the first bishop.
- 1877 - The 5th Quorum of Elders was organized with William C. Heaton as president.
- Apr 22, 1878 - The 6th Quorum of Elders was organized with Daniel M. Williams as president.
- Oct 31, 1880 - The Cherry Creek Branch was organized into a ward and John Davis Jones was called to be the first bishop.
- Oct 31, 1880 - The Samaria Branch was organized into a ward with Jonah Evans as their first bishop.
- 1880 - The Washakie Ward was organized with Isaac E. D. Zundell being called as their first bishop.

- 1882 - The Presbyterian Church and parsonage were built and later a church bell was installed on a bell tower.
- 1884 - The Idaho Enterprise was moved from Oxford, Idaho to Malad.
- Aug 24, 1884 - The Saint John Branch was organized as a ward with James P. Harrison as the first bishop.
- Feb 12, 1888 - The Malad Stake was organized and Oliver C. Hoskins was called as the first president.
- Feb 12, 1888 - The 3rd Quorum of Elders was organized with William T. Griffiths as president.
- Mar 3, 1888 - The first stake Sunday school was organized with David Hill as the first superintendent.
- Apr 7, 1888 - The 1st Quorum of Elders was organized with Charles G. Gibbs as president.
- Jun 15, 1888 - Malad Stake Young Women Mutual Improvement Association was organized with Elvira A. Harrison as president.
- Jun 16, 1888 - Malad Stake Relief Society was organized with Lucinda Hoskins as president.
- Jun 17, 1888 - Malad Stake Young Men Mutual Improvement Association was organized with Ralph J. Harding as the first president.
- Jul 17, 1888 - Malad Stake Primary was organized with Emma Halford as the first president.
- Jun 16, 1891 - The Woodruff Branch was organized as a ward with Joseph R. Harris as the first bishop.
- 1893 - Malad's first bank established by J. N. Ireland & Company.
- 1893 - The first telephone in Malad was installed at the old Chivers ranch.
- 1898 - Malad Village was incorporated into a city with Peter Fredrickson, D. L. Evans, D. J. Reynolds, and J. R. Thomas as councilmen.
- 1899 - The first public school building was erected.
- 1900 - The Malad Ward and later the Malad 1st Ward building was finished and ready for use. This was the building called the Church of the Seven Gables, and for the first time the members could leave the old pioneer log building.
- 1900 - The first Arbon Branch was organized with David S. Bowen as the first president.
- Jun 25, 1901 - The Holbrook Branch was organized with Heber A. Holbrook as the first president.
- Oct 16, 1902 - The first Holbrook building completed and dedicated.
- Oct 26, 1902 - The Holbrook Branch was organized into a ward with Heber A. Holbrook as bishop.
- Jan 1, 1906 - The first train came to Malad.
- Oct 1906 - The first electric power was turned on in Malad.
- Jul 19, 1908 - The Arbon Ward was organized with Joseph N. Arbon as bishop.
- Jul 28, 1911 - The Malad Stake headquarters were moved from West Portage to Malad.
- Sep 15, 1911 - The new Malad Stake office building was dedicated by Bishop David A. Smith.
- May 26, 1912 - Malad 2nd Ward was organized with William H. Thomas as the first bishop.
- Sep 1, 1912 - Daniels Ward was organized with David L. Stone as the first bishop.
- Jun 14, 1913 - Canyon Branch was organized with Joseph Benson as the first president.
- Jun 14, 1913 - Arbon Ward, Neeleyville Ward, Rockland Ward with all of the dependent branches were given to the new Pocatello Stake.
- Sep 14, 1913 - Buist Branch was organized with Archibald S. Hall as the first president. Buist was later called the Mount View Branch and Ward.
- Jun 29, 1914 - Valley Branch was organized with Godfrey Fuhrman as the first president.
- Aug 8, 1915 - Curlew Stake was organized with Colen H. Sweeten as the stake president.
- Aug 29, 1915 - Malad 2nd Ward building was dedicated by Joseph F. Smith.
- Apr 30, 1916 - Wheatland Branch was organized with Spencer F. Allen as branch president.
- Jun 16, 1916 - New Pleasant View Ward building was dedicated by Apostle David O. McKay.
- Nov 7, 1920 - West Daniels Ward was organized with David L. Stone as the first bishop.
- Jul 4, 1921 - The Holbrook Ward's second building was dedicated by Stephen L. Richards.

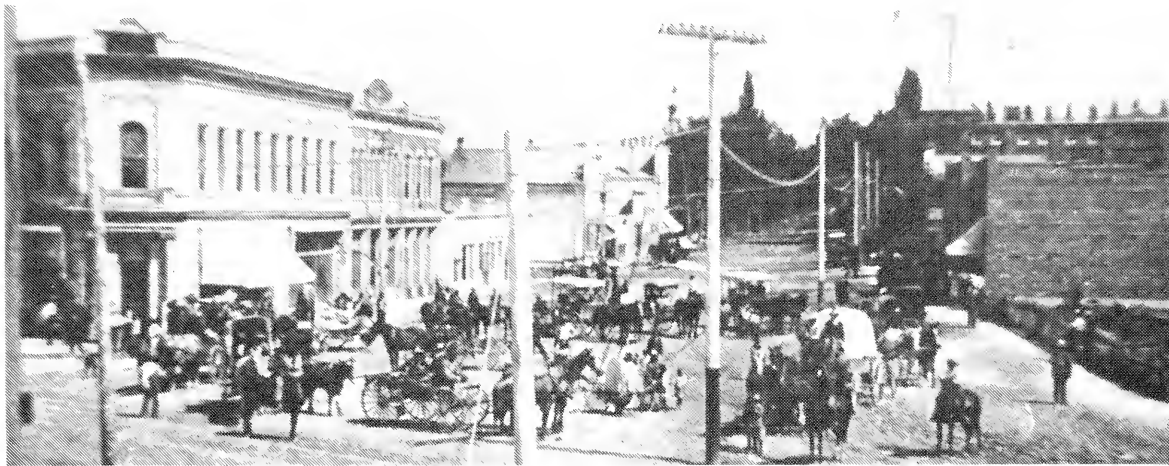
- Mar 27, 1923 - Reynolds Branch was organized with Taliesen Reynolds as first branch president.
- Dec 20, 1925 - Elkhorn, a dependent branch of the Saint John Ward, was organized with Joseph Dudley as the presiding elder.
- Aug 7, 1928 - The new Malad 1st Ward building was finished and ready for use.
- Dec 30, 1928 - West Daniels Ward was disorganized, membership was given to the Daniels Ward.
- Mar 19, 1930 - Electric lights turned on for the first time in the Pleasant View Ward church building.
- Apr 6, 1930 - Electric lights turned on for the first time in the Samaria Ward church building.
- Oct 8, 1930 - Electric lights turned on for the first time in the Portage Ward church building.
- Apr 19, 1931 - Elkhorn branch was disorganized, membership was given to the Malad 1st Ward.
- May 1, 1932 - New Malad 1st Ward building was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant.
- Jul 1, 1935 - Malad 3rd Ward was organized with Thomas D. Evans as the first bishop.
- Sep 19, 1937 - Wheatland Branch was disorganized.
- Oct 28, 1937 - The Malad Stake donated an organ to the Logan Temple.
- Nov 21, 1937 - The Church Welfare Plan was introduced for the first time to the Malad Stake.
- May 28, 1939 - New Portage Ward building was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant.
- Apr 29, 1942 - Daniels Ward was disorganized, membership was given to the Saint John Ward, and the Malad First Ward.
- Jan 23, 1943 - Stake Quarterly Conferences changed to one day, Sunday.
- Jun 18, 1945 - Junior Sunday Schools to be organized in all of the larger wards.
- Dec 10, 1945 - Oneida County mill and elevator burned; loss was 212,000.00 dollars.
- Feb 11, 1946 - Curlew Stake was disorganized, Holbrook Ward was given to the Malad Idaho Stake.
- Mar 3, 1946 - Reynolds Branch was disorganized, membership given to Malad 3rd Ward.
- Apr 23, 1947 - Woodruff Ward was disorganized, memberships given to the Cherry Creek Ward.
- Nov 13, 1948 - Malad's Great Northern Hotel, Idaho Cafe, Teen-age Club and Pop Corn Manufacturing Co. all went up in a great fire with a 110,000.00 dollar loss.
- Mar 27, 1949 - Ground breaking ceremonies conducted for the new stake and ward center.
- Feb 11, 1951 - Addition to the Malad 2nd Ward building dedicated by Bruce R. McConkie.
- Dec 30, 1951 - The Malad 3rd Ward met for the first time in the new stake and ward building.
- Aug 30, 1953 - New Saint John Ward building dedicated by Henry D. Moyle.
- Nov 15, 1953 - The new stake and ward center dedicated by Stephen L. Richards.
- Mar 13, 1955 - Malad 4th Ward was organized with Colen H. Sweeten Jr. as the first bishop.
- Nov 7, 1960 - Washakie Ward made a dependent branch of the Portage Ward.
- Jul 23, 1964 - Malad Valley Centennial celebrated.
- Jan 2, 1966 - Washakie Branch was disorganized, membership given to the Portage Ward.
- Jul 15, 1968 - President Samuel Hendricks called to preside over the visitor's center at the Joseph Smith birth place.
- 1970 - Stake presidents authorized to set apart full time missionaries.
- Jan 27, 1974 - Malad Stake name changed to the Malad Idaho Stake.
- Mar 21, 1974 - President Devere Harris called to be a regional representative for the church.
- Feb 13, 1977 - Land purchased for the Malad Idaho Stake park and recreation area.
- Jun 15, 1977 - Flag pole erected at the Malad Idaho Stake building by the stake Primary.
- Aug 10, 1977 - Malad Idaho Stake Genealogical Library organized with Harold Jones as the director, Mabel Jones assistant director and fourteen staff members.
- Sep 2, 1984 - First announcement that the Saint John Ward would be moving to the Malad 1st Ward building.
- May 12, 1985 - Portage Ward membership removed from Malad, Idaho Stake and given to the new Fielding, Utah Stake.

- Oct 12, 1986 - On this day the Cherry Creek, Samaria and Pleasant View Wards were disorganized and the new Malad 5th Ward was organized and ward boundaries were changed.
- Feb 15, 1987 - The remodeled Malad 1st Ward building was rededicated by President Foster Ipsen.
- Feb 12, 1988 - The Centennial Anniversary of the organization of Malad Stake.
- Jul 24, 1988 - Celebration of the organization of the Malad Stake.

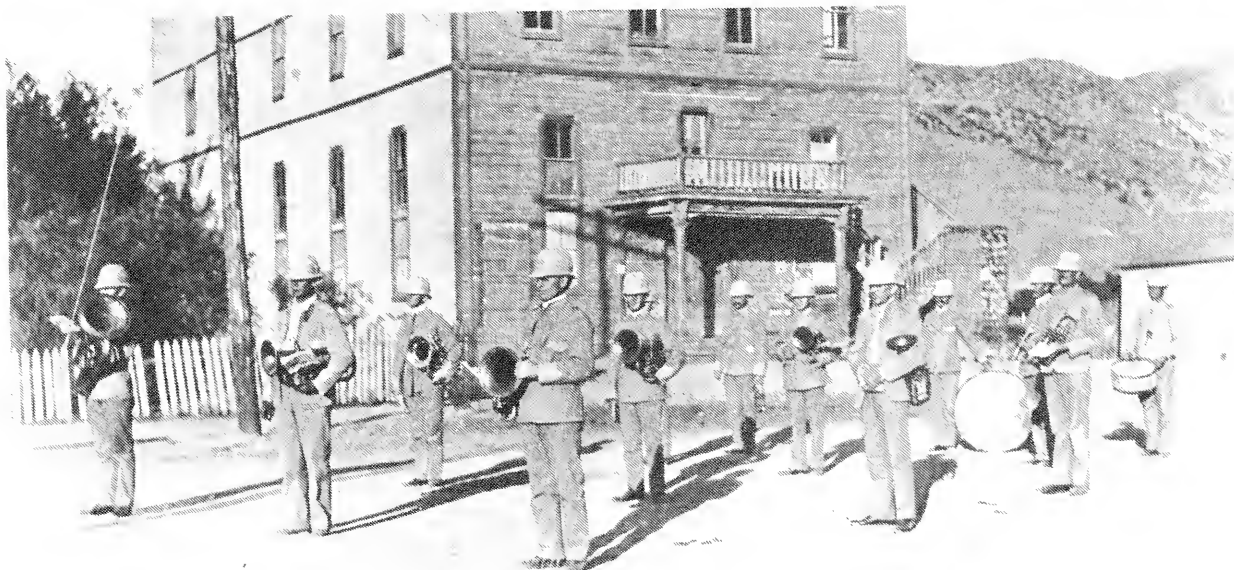




Old time street scene, looking down Bannock Street, Malad City, Idaho.



Parade on Main Street



St John brass band in front of the opera house

Business and Professional Roster

Malad City, Idaho,
November 7, 1897

Sago West, fact-gleaner and compiler for the Utah and Idaho Information Bureau, had the following to say concerning Malad: "I take pleasure in spreading before you the result of my inspection and investigation of facts touching Malad. The site of the town is as billowy as the ocean. It is hugged up to the hills on the east, standing at the feet of which, and looking westward, one beholds miles and miles of floor-like valley lands, now thickly punctuated by mountainous hay stacks and checkered by fenced fields that have the section renown.

In the country tributary to Malad, the average annual aggregate of the following crops are grown: wheat, 100,000 bushels; alfalfa hay, 15,000 tons; alfalfa seed, 100,000 pounds; besides potatoes and vegetables immeasurable. Some 75,000 head of sheep and 25,000 head of cattle are round about. Malad has a population of 1,000 in the town proper, but 2,500 in immediate territory. Malad is the county seat of Oneida County. It boasts of two roller flour mills, 50 barrels daily capacity each, three large saw mills and a brick yard.

There are five public schools in the district, presided over by J. N. McClurg, principal, assisted by T. D. Jones, J. O. Thomas, F. M. Jones and a pair of young ladies, as pretty of mind as pleasing of person, Miss Mary Jones and Miss Mary Vanderwood. A \$10,000 public school house will soon crystalize into actuality. A capital school is also maintained by the Presbyterians under the tutelage of Miss Irene Griffith and Miss B. C. Johnson.

There are three churches: the Latter-day Saints, with a \$5000 tabernacle that will seat 2,500; the bishop of the ward is W. H. Richards. The Presbyterians, under the spiritual captaincy of Rev. W. A. Huff, have a \$1500 school-church which can accommodate 150 souls. The Josephites are also represented. The drama, dance and other forms of amusement find a winsome home in a \$6500 opera house with room to seat 1000.

The new and popular postmaster, William P. Jones, is aptly assisted by an affable young lady, Miss Katie Jones, whom the

marriageable young men of the town put to infinite trouble by calling for mail they do not expect. The justices of the peace are J. W. Dudley and R. E. Jones and Constable Nephi Lewis. A \$12,000 courthouse tops a terraced hill and houses the following officials: District Judge D. W. Standrod; clerk of the district court and ex-officio auditor and recorder, D. J. Reynolds; Sheriff Daniel L. Hoops; treasurer and ex-officio public administrator, John W. Davis; probate judge and ex-officio school superintendant, T. W. Howard; assessor and ex-officio tax collector, Charles J. Spongberg; coroner, Antone Jensen; surveyor, Henry R. Davis; commissioners, Henry Jones, Joseph B. Scarborough, and Cyrus W. Warner."

Businesses of Malad

- 1864 First store organized - Zion's Malad Company.
Peck Hotel - Henry Peck.
Oneida House (hotel and saloon) - Mr. Burgher, (This was used as the Enterprise office, meat market, school, and amusement hall.)
- 1884 Jones and Richards.
1890 Park Drug Store.
Office of C. F. Stone, attorney and Henry R. Evans, surveyor.
Post Office - Hattie E. Morgan, postmistress.
Malad Furniture Co. - W. H. Thomas.
- 1893 J. N. Ireland and Company Bankers.
1894 Gwenford Milling Company - Jones Brothers.
Malad Roller Mills - William E. Jones.
- 1897 Two roller flour mills, 3 sawmills, brick yard, 5 general stores, bank, drug store, tin store, 3 hotels, restaurant, meat market, furniture and notion store, fruit and woolen goods store, confectionary and tobacco store, 3 saloons, 4 blacksmiths, 1 shoemaker, 1 photographer, 2 physicians, 1 dentist, 4 attorneys, a courthouse and a mine, 10 miles eastward owned by Lucky Boy Mining Company Inc.
Park Palace Drug Store - E. N. Wilson.
Attorney - George E. Gray.
Dentist - Dr. A. A. Canfield.
Physician and Surgeon - Dr. J. Richter.

- General Mercantile - T. M. Thomas and Brothers.
 Postmaster - William P. Jones.
 Night School - Thomas D. Jones and John O. Thomas.
 Monarch Billiard Hall - Jed Jones.
 General Mercantile - Joseph Knudson.
 General merchandise, millinery, notions.
 Jones House (Homehotel) - Mrs. Eliza Jones.
 Justice of the Peace - J. W. Dudley.
 Monarch Restaurant - P. J. McComie.
 Mercantile Store - T. M. Thomas and Sons.
- 1900 City Meat Market - R. E. Jones.
 People's Market - Ed Vaughan.
 Palace Meat Market and Cold Storage - Joseph R. Davis.
 Malad Opera House - Jedd Jones, Jr. and T. D. Jones.
- 1903 Golden Rule Store - C. Woideinan.
 1904 Malad Drug Store - R. B. Davis.
 City Drug Store - Frieday and Elton.
 Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company - R. J. Jones.
- 1905 Malad Lumber and Hardware Company - J. P. Jensen and A. F. Merrill.
 Confectionary - Lubin Jones.
 Coal Dealer - S. T. Merrill.
- 1906 Fair Store - Abramson and Simmons.
 Hutteball's Shoe Store.
- 1907 First National Bank.
 R. T. Owens Company - (Farm implements and machinery.)
 Leather and Harness Manufacturing Company - Hodgen and Little.
 Bartholomew Candy Company - L. E. Bartholomew.
 Hansen's Livery - George A. Hansen.
- 1908 Malad Cash Store - John E. Bush.
 1909 Evans Jewelry Store - D. P. Evans and Brothers.
 Malad Valley Real Estate Agency - S. D. Davis.
 Malad Creamery - W. C. Hill and W. J. Wright.
 Freight - W. A. McClurg and George Richardson.
- 1914 (Malad's 50th anniversary) 2 banks, 9 stores, 2 meat markets, 3 barber shops, 2 pool rooms, 2 picture shows, electric supply house, 2 livery barns, 2 ice-cream parlors, 2 drug stores, 3 hotels, 3 restaurants, 4 elevators, 3 lawyers, 3

doctors, 2 dentists, 2 abstract offices, and the Idaho Enterprise.
 1925 First hospital (in Peck Building.)

Samaria Businesses

1897 Flour mill, sawmill, 3 general mercantile, blacksmith shop, opera house, brick kiln, hotel and meat market.
 School - Thomas D. Williams, principal.
 Attorney - S. T. Davis.
 Justices of the Peace - Richard Morse and C. R. Thomas.
 Constable - John E. Price
 Post Mistress - Mrs. Mary Jenkins.
 Malad Valley Produce Company - Ben Waldron.
 Opera house and dance hall - Ben Waldron.
 Oneida Milling and Elevator Company - John E. and Daniel E. Jones (known as Gwenford Mill)
 Store - Williams.

(More information on the Gwenford Mill on pages 9 and 249 of the Samaria history book, The Samaritans.)

Portage Businesses

Three Schools.
 Two General Stores - C. T. Gibbs and O. C. Hoskins.

St. John Businesses

1897 Two public schools.
 General Store - Louis Deschamps.
 Justice of the Peace - Levi Lewis.
 Two brass bands, two orchestras and a blacksmith.
 Music teacher - Professor Thomas S. Thomas (Nephew of Prof. Evan Stephens.)

The following is a listing of the business places in Malad and the surrounding area taken from the turn of the century, through the Depression years, and into the early 1930s.

W. H. Thomas Furniture Company.
 D. P. Woodland Furniture Company.
 The Co-op Store, owned by D. L. Evans family.

R. T. Owens and Company Store.
 Florence Richards, Dress and Seamstress Shop.
 R. R. Jones and Joe Davis Meat Market.
 Grocery Store, Mrs. Caleb Jones.
 Overland Lumber Yard.
 Edward Mathes Lumber Yard.
 Whalen Thomas Coal Dealer.
 Alley Richards Coal Dealer.
 Fred Horlacher Meat and Groceries.
 Stephen Stayner Meat and Groceries.
 Guss Johnson Bakery.
 Edward Lilly, Bakery.
 William Kingston, Gas and Tires.
 Peoples Meat Market.
 Medcalf Garage, Cars, Gas and Repairs.
 Studebaker Buggies and Livery Stable.
 Blaine Palmer, Feed and Livery Stable.
 Al Josephsens, Feed and Livery Stable.
 Leather and Harness Company.
 Vance Bigler Real Estate Company.
 William Clark Ice House.
 Blue Light Service Station.
 S. J. Folland Lincoln Garage.
 LeGrande Dance Hall.
 Utah Poultry Company.
 Star Movie Theater (silent then sound.)
 Lubin Cozy Theater (silent then sound.)
 Bill's Bar, Bill Clark.
 Tommie's Lunch
 Henry Lee's Snack Bar.
 Kendell's Cafe
 Great Northern Hotel.
 Jim Jolous Grill and Cafe.
 Hendrick's Cafe.
 Edwin E. Jones Bar.
 William Jenkins Bar.
 Olie Jensen's Cards and Games.
 Edwin and Fredrick Jone's Barber Shop.
 Parley and Thomas Richard's Barber Shop.
 Edwin Avery Barber Shop.
 Ernest Williams and Eph Hawkin's Barber Shop.
 Oscar Richardson's Barber Shop.
 Billie's (Pegleg) Barber Shop.
 Ezel Blacksmith Shop.
 Hugh Evans Blacksmith Shop.
 Thomas A. Evans Blacksmith Shop.
 Frank Harrison Blacksmith Shop.
 M. V. Warner Photography Shop.
 Erickson's Photography Shop and Cream Station.
 Cory Photography Studio.
 Griff Davis Water Company.

The Evans Light and Power Company.
 Western States Utilities Company.
 Mountain Bell Telephone Company.
 Sawyer Hotel.
 Dr. R. T. Owens, Dentist.
 Dr. Dale C. Ray, MD.
 Dr. J. M. Kern, MD.
 Dr. Fred M. Ray, MD.
 Dr. W. J. Wright, MD.
Idaho Enterprise, Weekly Paper.
 Pelton Millinery Store.
 Dolly Adams Hat and Dress Shop.
 D. P. Evans and Brothers Jewelry Store.
 Pat Billingsley Jewelry Store.
 Walt Peterson Jewelry Store.
 Nibert's Toggery.
 T. E. Ray, Attorney at Law.
 John Clark, Attorney at Law.
 West Candy Company.
 Reynolds Feed Store.
 Malad Laundry, Fred Sparks.
 Davis Rooming House.
 Samuel Price Service Station.
 South Dairy.
 Williams Transfer Company.
 Co-op Hardware and Farm Machinery.
 Hattie Morgan Ladies Ready to Wear.
 Ernest Horsley, Groceries and Confections.
 LeRoy Horsley, Grocery Store.
 Malad Dance Pavillion.
 Howell Williams Service Station.
 David (Red) Jones Hill Top Garage.
 Carl Nelsen, Meats and Groceries.
 Edward Engle's Second Hand Store.

At Samaria

Two well stocked stores, and two livery stables. One store was owned and operated by the Peterson Brothers, and later operated by Johnny Davis and Elias Morris. The other store was owned and operated by Benjamin Waldron. The upper floor of the Waldron building was used as a civic center for dancing and community parties. Besides the two stores there was a butcher shop, furniture store, millinery shop, a hotel, post office, blacksmith shop and a jail. At one time Samaria had its own electric lighting system. This, however, was short-lived.

(The above from the book The Samaritans and history compiled by Nellie Ward.)



Almost from the beginning Studebaker wagons and buggies have been sold in Malad. Willard Gibbs was the manager for Studebaker Brothers and Co.



*Riding the first car through the streets of Malad are Tim Covert at the wheel and Lorenzo L. Evans, owner, front seat.
Seated in back (left to right) D. L. Evans, J. N Ireland and R. J. Harding, Sr.*



First Peck Hotel--also known as Malad Valley House--built in 1871--torn down in 1912



Group of people by Peck Hotel

Top row: Fred Peck, Howard Peck (chair), Martha Peck, Lizzy Peck, Walter Peck, Margaret Peck, Florence Lusk

Seated on ground: Sarah Richards Thomas, Grace Wass Daniels, Hazel Wass, Vera Peck Folland, Ralph Peck

Malad's First Flour Mill

By Hubert Glead

In the spring of 1867, a group of pioneers of Malad Valley met and decided that a flour mill was of vital importance to the community. They made a survey and found that if Cherry Creek, which drains the Northwest part of Oxford Mountain, were diverted over the divide and into New Canyon, and then into Devil Creek; and if the stream from Summit Canyon were diverted over the Malad Divide to Devil Creek, there would be enough water to operate a grist mill and a saw mill.

John Nelson became interested and directed the building of the flour mill. He also secured the necessary machinery, including an overshot water wheel. John J. Williams surveyed the ditches for diverting the water with a regular spirit level which was all that was available to him for surveying. John Nelson owned and operated the mill for the next six years, then he sold the mill to a cooperative milling company in 1873.

In 1885, one-half interest was sold to Peter Hansen who took over management of the mill. In 1886 he purchased the other half interest and continued to operate the mill until 1890, when it was sold to William E., John E., and Daniel E. Jones. The new owners upgraded the mill by changing the grinding process from burr stone to rollers, and the name was changed from the Malad Flour Mill to Malad Roller Mill. (See picture of early flour mill.) At this time they found it necessary to install a steam engine because the water power was inadequate for the larger capacity of the mill.

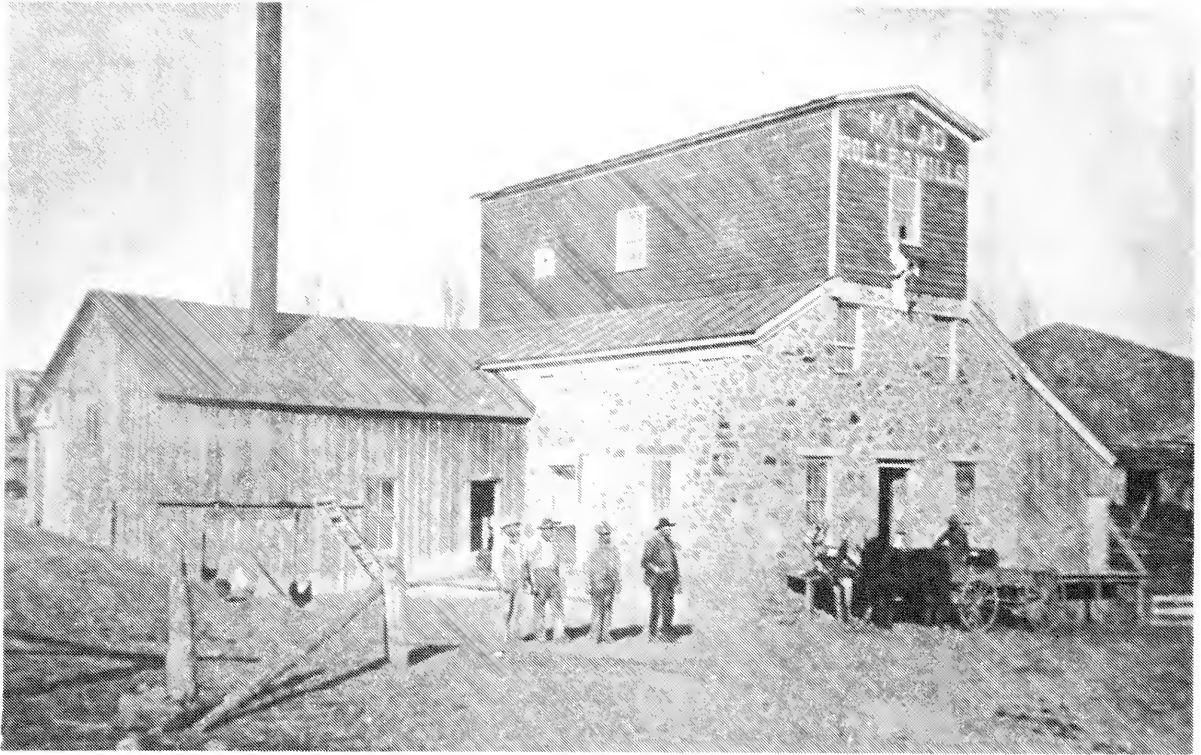
In 1893, William E. Jones purchased the other two-thirds share of his two brothers and became the sole owner of the mill which he operated as it was for eleven years. The steam engine was expensive to run, so in 1904, he was able to install a new pelton-

type water wheel which would develop three to four times the power of the old overshot wheel. This enabled him to get rid of the steam engine.

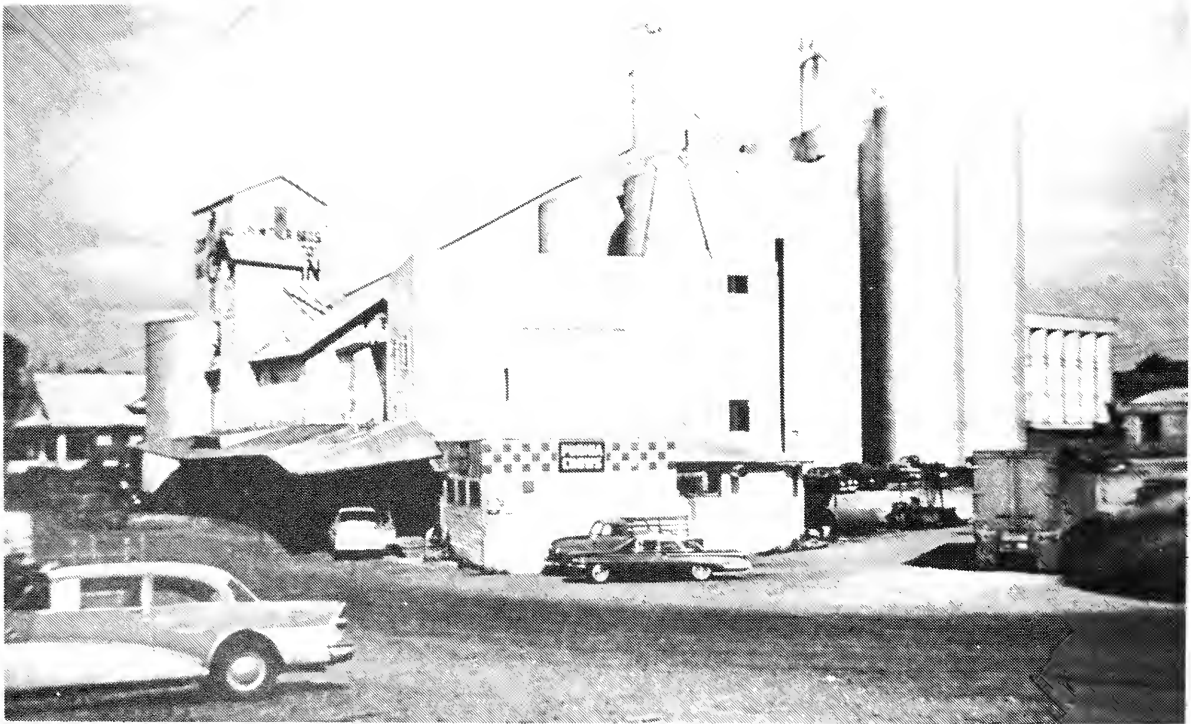
In 1912, William Jones sold the mill to Edward Crowther and his three sons, Edward N., Norman and Junius; the mill eventually became known as Crowther Brothers Milling Company. They modernized and improved the mill by making it a regular merchant mill instead of a grist mill. They changed the water wheel to a more efficient turbine type and installed a forty-horsepower induction type motor connected directly to the water wheel. When the load was heavy, the motor gave them extra power; and when it was light, it acted as a generator and furnished power to other parts of the mill. Later the induction motor was replaced with a fifty-horsepower synchronous motor for better speed control. In 1948 they built the Crowther's Reservoir, which increased the water supply for the mill and for irrigation.

During the early years of operation the head miller was Walter Michles; later, D. Leroy Thomas held this important job. The mill was the oldest mill in Idaho and had the largest payroll of any firm in Oneida County.

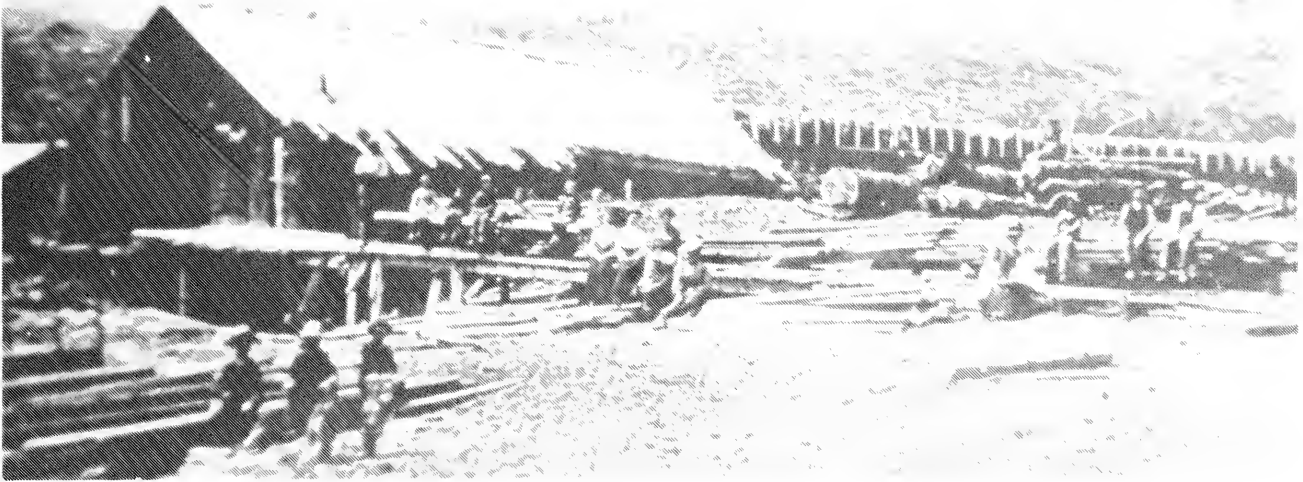
In March 1973, the mill was sold to Ben E. Sampson, President of Nebo Foods, Nephi, Utah. Rodney Jones was named manager, Milton Grover assistant, with Keith John as head miller. Pete Phillips of Inkom, Idaho, acquired the mill in 1974 and sold it to his son Kerry Phillips in 1982. Flour is still made at Idaho's oldest and only operating flour mill, but it is not the kind to make homemade bread, according to Kerry, executive vice president and general manager of Idaho Milling and Grain Company. The flour is sold to make glue, which is used in the manufacture of plywood. More than two million dollars in annual sales are generated by the mill.



Malad's first flour mill, 1867



Crowther Brothers Milling Co.



*Summit Canyon Sawmill, built in the 1870s
Located in what is now known as Power House Canyon*

Early Sawmills By Hubert Gleed

Malad has been served by many small sawmills. The first was built by Henry Peck on Deep Creek, just east of the present location of the Presbyterian church. This mill was powered by a small overshot wooden water wheel and furnished lumber for many of the early homes in Malad. Its capacity was limited because of the small flow of water in Deep Creek during late summer and fall.

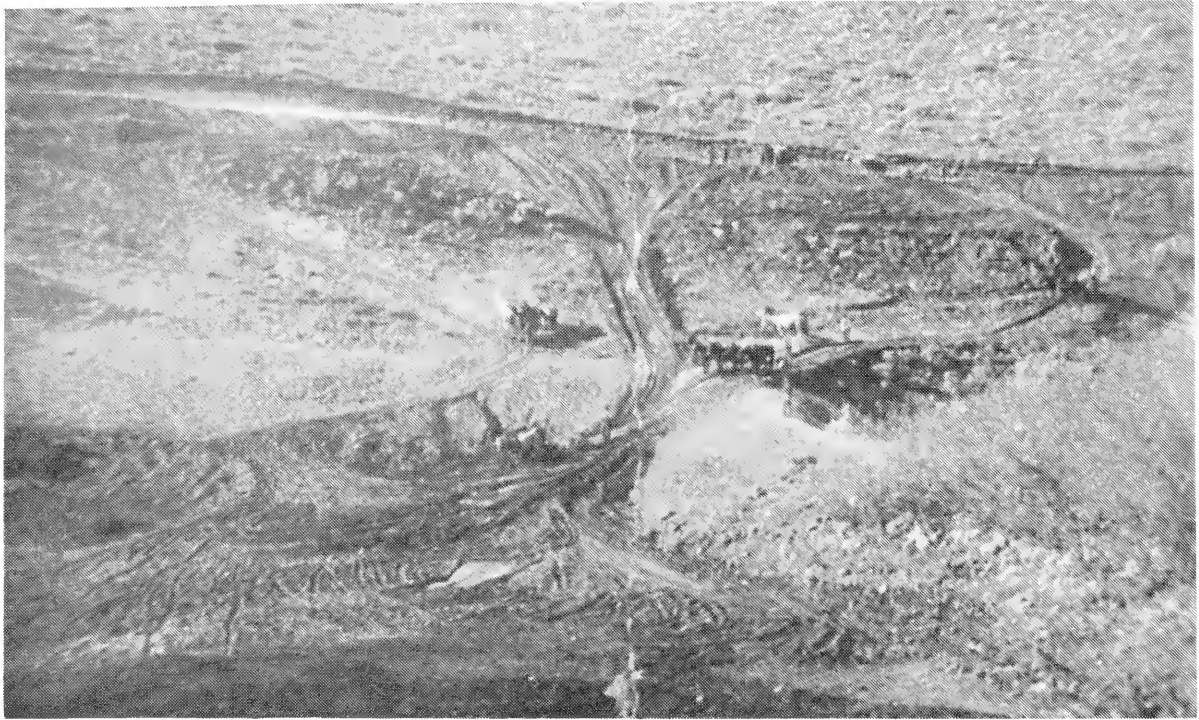
A larger and more productive sawmill was built in the mouth of Summit Canyon (see picture); because of the location of the sawmill, it became known as Mill Creek and Mill Canyon. Later when the mill was shut down and an electric power plant was built there, this canyon became known as Power House Canyon. We have no record of the time this sawmill was constructed but believe it was in the early 1870s. It was owned and operated by George and David Sperry Thomas.

It was a well built mill, powered by a turbine-type water wheel that was capable of driving the main head saw. A planer produced high grade finished lumber which was used in the construction of many of the better built homes of Malad at that time. It was located in the south-east quarter of section 28, Township 12 south, range 36 east. At the time of its construction it was in Bannock county. In 1914, the Evans Light Company built a hydro-electric plant up

stream just a few hundred feet from the mill. Soon after this, the two county commissions met and changed the county line so that the power plant and the old mill were in Oneida county. This change was made so that taxes paid on the power plant would go to the county where the revenue was generated.

This early sawmill was a source of employment for many men and teams in the canyon-cutting the trees, skidding the logs down the drag trails to loading areas, and then hauling the logs to the mill. At the mill there was employment for the saw and planer crews, for the yard crews in decking the logs and stacking the sawed lumber, and the teams and wagons that made daily trips from the mill to town with a load of lumber for the lumber yards.

When the steam tractor became available for operating the large grain threshing machines, many of those early owners found another use for their steam engines by taking them up into the canyons and locating a sawmill close to the timber. These steam engines were ideal for small sawmills because they could fire their boilers with the slabs and other wastewood from the mill. Many of these small mills were located in every timbered canyon. Some that I remember were: David "Red" Jones, Thomas Davis, Emmett Thomas, Samuel Price and Edward "Sawdust" Williams. How many do you remember?



Building the first Deep Creek Reservoir

The Collapse of the Old Deep Creek Dam

This was an important event in the early history of Malad; however, there are apparently no official accounts in existence, only verbal accounts passed on by old timers who still remembered the event. Since these accounts vary somewhat, we have elected to record two of them. One is a taped interview with Arthur Williams, done by Oren Jones in 1985, a word-for-word transcription taken from the tape. The other is an account written by LeVeda Williams, a young girl at the time and an eye-witness to the flood and the destruction it caused.

We are grateful to these early pioneers for their keen memory and vivid description of events of that fateful day. A special

thanks to Arthur for his wild ride down Deep Creek, warning the people in time for them to save themselves and some of their farm animals. Two pictures give mute evidence that it was a great flood.

An Interview with Arthur Williams 1985, by Oren Jones

I don't know exactly when the Deep Creek Dam washed out, April 1907 or 1908, but it was just before I was married. My wife and I come down Saturday night to the dance. After the dance I took her home. I came back down that way when I see water coming over the top of the dam.

I think a badger dug a hole, and the



Early residents of Malad are watching with concern as water from the broken Deep Creek Reservoir rushes through Malad

water soaked through; it didn't go over the top. They said there was two or three badger holes in the dam that was left. That's what started it, a badger dug a hole in it. There was little streams of water coming out.

I rode over a little further. I knew it would go out. I could see it was starting to crumble. I rode down and woke up Aunt Ruth and Cy and told them it was coming. They got out. They had a lot of pigs. I went on down. My brother Sam had a broken leg and was on crutches. We got the cows and horses out, but couldn't do a thing with them pigs. By that time here was the water coming, so I got right on my horse and went down.

I stopped at Oliver Brigger's house. Ruth was living in the Tom Brigger house. I woke them up. Ruth Richardson said Alec was over on the creek gathering wood. I hollered on him to get out, the water was coming. He just got out in time with the team and wagon. There was so much brush it would back up and then break through.

I woke Will Henderson up. They had lots of cows to get out. Then when I got down to Dave Thomas, they were up early milking and got their cows out of the corral, then went down all the way, waking people up.

When I got in the city, I met D L, who was coming from his home to the old co-op store. As I rode down the road he said, "Start hollering that the Deep Creek reservoir is coming." When I got down to the big bridge by the Chivy garage, right there I started hollering that the water was coming. You ought to see the people running. They went way up on the hill there. It didn't widen out very far. It would have done a lot more damage than it did; it split in two parts; part went down the old creek bed, and the other went straight down. If it had come at the same time, it would have filled every store in town. It filled all the basements on the south side of town, anyhow. It was quite the thing all right.



*Looking south, the water flooded streets
and filled basements in the lower end of town*

The Deep Creek Dam Break
An Account by LeVeda Williams

I was twelve years old when it happened, in June on the first or second Monday in the year of 1908, and school was out for the summer.

All the folks had moved back to their farms from town, where they had been living through the winter so that their children could be in school. The Harrison family was always the last to come back, as they had to wait for the snow to melt away and the grass to get growing so there would be feed for their dairy cows.

We had had a lot of snow that winter, and the reservoir was full; the people were very concerned about it, for fear it would overflow the dam. When there was any talk about it, Arthur T. Williams, a young man, would say, "If it ever breaks, Thorpe, I am the one to ride to town to give the warning."

Zeniff and DeVel Harrison were on their way to town with a can of cream and a can of fresh milk for the creamery. They had to

go early before it got hot, as their buggy didn't have a top on it for shade. As they passed the dam, they saw that water was coming through it, so they made their team go as fast as they could down to the A. M. Williams' home, where they told them what they had seen. Arthur got on his saddle horse and rode for the reservoir, but the water met him by the Third Creek bridge; so quickly turning his horse, he headed for town, warning people along the way that the dam had broke and the water was coming.

The first place was J. A. Richardson's, but his house was up high enough on a hill that the water didn't get to it, but his lawn and other buildings lower down got flooded. A. M. Williams' home got plenty of water and mud, and the house got turned around and the milk house was washed down the creek a ways with the water before it got stopped in a pile of brush. Arthur's brother, Sam, was laid up with a broken leg, so he had to be helped up on the hill back of their home. His father was away on a freighting trip, but Aunt Mary and the girls did the best they

could in the short time they had before the water got to their place up on the hill.

My two brothers, George and John, were out in the hills gathering the work horses to begin the plowing when they saw the water going down the canyon. They left the horses and came home as fast as they could, to tell the family that the dam had broke.

As soon as father heard it, he took the horse John was riding and went to see if he could be of any help to any of those living in the path of the water, leaving the rest of his family, three miles at home, all so anxious to hear and see what had happened to our relatives and friends.

Mother had brother George get on his saddle horse and take the baby in his arms in front of him. Then she put LaVon and Leland on back of the saddle and she, John and I walked down the three miles.

The place didn't look so good, with uprooted trees and brush mixed with posts, wire and mud in piles everywhere. The horses and cows would swim for high land as soon as they were turned loose, but everyone who had any pigs lost most of them. When I asked why this happened, I was told that pigs couldn't swim; with their short legs and sharp, pointed toenails, they would cut their own throats.

The first person Arthur saw when he got to town was his uncle, D L Evans. When he told him, D L Evans found a horse tied to a hitching post, which he took and rode with Arthur to warn the people in the south part of town, so due to the warning no one lost their life.

I was twelve years old when this disaster happened, and now I am 92. This is as I recall it.

Malad Schools

The following brief history of the first Malad High School was written by Laurel Jones for the Mirror, a 1929 yearbook:

Students attending Malad High School in 1902, its first year of history, were Emily Evans Hall, Katie Evans Jones, Leah Jones Hill, Sarah Evans Sweeten and James B. Jones.

The first superintendent was R. N. Hill. His assistant was Mrs. Esther Evans Davis, who also taught algebra, rhetoric reading and general history. Students went to Mr. Hill's office for lessons in physical geography. One year only in high school work was given in the southeast corner, on the top floor of the old building.

Mr J. W. Condie was superintendent in the fall of 1903, Sharon Moore in fall of 1905. At this time there were 29 first and second year students. Freshman year subjects were algebra, physical geography, and geometry. The faculty consisted of Mr. Cattell, Mr. Larson and Mr Burlingame. At this time they used two rooms in the old building.

In 1908 the third year work was offered for the first time. Three juniors were enrolled.

In the spring of 1919, Mr. Decker resigned; and that fall Mr. Ike became superintendent. In the fall of 1920, D. W. Wainsguard succeeded Mr. Ike. It was during the administration of Mr. Ike that the new high school building, with all of its modern conveniences became a reality. In the fall of 1922, and in this new building, several new subjects were added to the curriculum. Mr. Maughn was superintendent in the fall of 1922.

Oneida County superintendents

R. N. Hill	1902 - 1903
J. W. Condie	1903 - 1905
Sharon Moore	1905 - 1907
Mr. Cattell	1907 -
D. M. Decker	- 1919
Mr. Ike	1919 - 1920
D. W. Wainsguard	1920 - 1921
Mr. Maughan	1921 - 1922
L. A. Thomas	1922 - 1930
E. B. Sessions	1930 - 1935
Carl G. Maeser	1935 - 1938
Charles Simpson	1948 - 1967
Lloyd Sorensen	1967 - 1977
Howard May	1977 -



Malad High School building, 1921

An Appreciation

While every public institution owes its existence and its support to the public, the work, or the bulk of the work, necessary to its existence centers in two or three leaders. It is given to some men the power to express what the public feels, and in some cases foresee that for which a resisting community will be thankful eventually. Such are the men who have secured conveniences for the proper development of our schools. It is also true that the greater the foresight, the greater the struggle.

Twenty-two years ago when our first large schoolhouse was constructed, such was the opposition that it was necessary to call twenty-one elections, covering a lapse of fourteen years, before the victory of public permission to sell bonds for the erection of the building was granted the diligent school board. General comment and opinion at that time seemed to be that it was an extravagant waste of means that could never be fully used. The wisdom and foresight of the board was soon shown, when in just ten years the

building was outgrown by the rapidly increasing population. Then the same men or the leaders of that band of men pushed another bond issue to a successful election and were authorized to build another building equally as large.

It is not every man who has this great conviction. The men are still fewer who have both the conviction and the courage to carry it out. Thanks go to such a man, who for thirty-two years so faithfully served the public for no monetary gain and often to an ungrateful recipient. To this man the knowledge that it was right, that it was a necessary work, was all sufficient. He felt that he could but serve the public according to his judgment. He stayed with the board long enough to see the erection of the third building, so much better and bigger, and we can say more necessary, than the former accomplishments--our high school building.

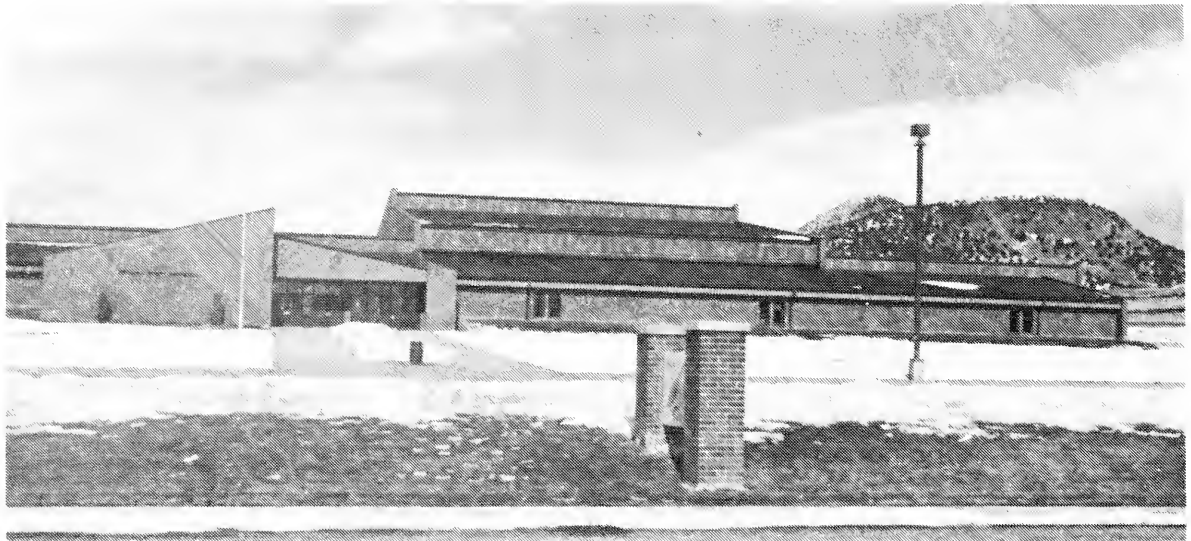
Some men who have not had the opportunity to spend a great many years in one line often make up for it by speed, efficiency and industry in the time they serve. We have such another man to our



Malad Elementary School, formal opening January 28, 1953. Building includes 22 classrooms, auditorium, activity room and cafeteria at a cost of \$274,178. Charles Simpson, superintendent.



Elementary school building--erected 1900--consisted of thirteen classrooms and combination office/bookroom--served the first eight grades and was the beginning of the first high school



Malad Junior Senior High School, dedicated October 8, 1981. Building is 65,000 square feet and includes 26 classrooms, gym and cafeteria; heated hydro-thermally from a 700-foot deep well. School Board Members, Dan C. Williams, chairman; Paul Evans, vice-chairman; Tim Willie, treasurer; Sheldon Jensen; Alden Neal; Dale Hawkins, clerk; Howard A. May, Superintendent; and Jerry Esplin, Principal.



Malad High School, 1910, also used for seventh and eighth grades--after construction of new high school in 1922 it became known as the "middle building"

credit. He can not see why we should go hungry when there is food to be had by pushing a little farther tonight. Why sleep hungry and think of a breakfast tomorrow? Press ahead and get food tonight! His unfailling energy, his hearty public interest and his high enthusiasm have accomplished or have helped accomplish achievements for which we are heartily thankful.

We, the students of the Malad High School, take this opportunity to express our gratitude to, and our sincere appreciation of, the men who have been the bulwark of the educational progress of the past and of the present, which have trained the men and women of today and will make the men and women of tomorrow.

Hats off to John R. Thomas and Ralph J. Harding (chairmen of the schoolboard at different times).

The First Malad High School Band

After the completion of the new high school building in 1921, there was some interest in organizing a band, but few believed there would be any definite or complete results that could be accomplished during that school year. When these few brought horns and other instruments (some thought instruments of torture), they were inwardly scoffed and sneered at, because they had the audacity to attempt what others deemed impossible.

During the first month of preliminary practice, due to the noise that emanated from the cafeteria, teachers and students alike wanted to exclaim, "How long must we endure this?" But they failed to reckon with the leader, who believed it could be done, and who possessed that rare quality--leadership. These qualities, combined with willing and apt students, gave us a band, a real high school band.

How one could take twenty-five students, making a conglomerate noise as they did, sort it out, correct it, and then get them tuned and toned down so they produced harmony, and do it in so short a time, is nothing short of marvelous! Who would have dreamed that within two months the band would be on the campus playing tunes after four o'clock to cheer and rest the tired and aching minds of students and teachers?

The high school is indebted to the leader of the band, who has devoted gratuitously his time and labor; and to others who aided him in getting the boys and girls started. Below are the names of the charter members of the Malad High School band:

R. B. Davis--Director

Evan E. Jones, asst. director

Emily Rees, secy. & treas.

Ellis Harris, manager

Lewis W. Jones

Mabel Jones

Stan Christensen

David W. Thomas

Orpha Davis

Frank Warner

Nathan Scott

Timothy Smith

Dave Evans

William Anderson

Lorenzo Davis

Ada Jones

Genevieve Scott

Edith Evans

Ray Jones

Rachel Mifflin

Glen Haws

Annie James

Roy Earl

Kenna Tovey

Royal Swenson



Current Oneida County Library, dedicated September 29, 1977

Oneida County Library

Incorporated as the Oneida Free Library District on December 26, 1914 and located in a small room on the second floor of the Evans Co-op building, the library has progressed tremendously through its 74-year history. Much of this progress can be attributed to the volunteer efforts of many Oneida residents. A school teacher, Miss Elizabeth McDougale, served in the first library on a part-time basis until the facility was moved to another small room upstairs in the R. T. Owens building (now occupied by Gerald Thomas Furniture and Electric). At this location from 1926 to 1956, Miss Cassie Jenkins, donating her time, served as librarian. A charge was made on books loaned from one shelf, and it was funds from this pay shelf, plus an annual donation from Malad City, that maintained the library.

In the early 1940s, the facility was moved to the basement of the Oneida County Courthouse where space was at first adequate but then grew cramped as the basement area was needed for other offices.

With the death of Miss Jenkins in September 1956, the library closed, and Oneida County was without this service until 1958. But during that period the thought of reestablishing this cultural and educational facility was of utmost importance in the minds of many, and work toward that end was being done.

The interest of state and federal government in having library services initiated in rural areas helped the people to reopen the library. In 1957, Idaho Governor Robert Smylie appointed Mrs. Ione Jones to the state planning committee to promote library service in Oneida County. Under her leadership and through the efforts of civic-minded people, a petition was circulated requesting a county election to establish a county-wide district; and on March 11, 1958, the Oneida County Free Library District was created.

The Oneida County commissioners then authorized space for the library in the courthouse basement. It opened May 12, 1958, with Mrs. Ruth Hess as librarian.

As use of the library continued to increase and it became apparent that the courthouse rooms could not meet the need, plans got underway for the new building. Through donations, library reserve funds, tax revenues, Oneida's revenue sharing monies, and matching funds from the Idaho State Library, the \$144,000 necessary for construction were raised. Land was donated by the D. L. Evans Memorial Foundation, Malad City, and Oneida County, for the site; building got underway, dedication of the new structure being held September 29, 1977, with Governor John V. Evans as the principal speaker.

The library is built on 1st West Street near the business district and adjacent to

the Malad City Park. The design of the building includes lava rock front, brick walls, cedar shake roofing, a carpeted interior, and a paved off-street parking lot. The one story 3,844 square foot building has a large stack-study area, a community meeting room, special services room, workroom, checkout desk, and small librarian's office.

Named for the late William Griff Jenkins, who was one of the leaders in making the dream of a new library come true, the popular community meeting room is used often by groups or organizations.

Among its services, the Oneida Library

also provides bookmobile services for Stone and Holbrook, which is used extensively by the people of that area.

Succeeding Mrs. LaRue Tew, who served as librarian from 1959 to 1968, was Mrs. Helen Daniels Price, who has served faithfully for the past twenty years.

Mrs. Ione Jones, who was instrumental in making the modern library a reality, recently retired from the library board after serving for 30 years in that capacity. The current library board consists of Don Eliason, president; Lois Willie, vice president; Viva Burrie, secretary; Myra Jean John, treasurer; and Edna Palmer.

Oneida County Hospitals Compiled by Carol Eliason

Peck Hotel As Hospital

Oneida County's hospital was a movement started in 1925. At that time twelve persons leased the Peck Building (located between where the Masonic Lodge and Parry's service station now stand), obligating themselves to pay \$100.00 monthly rental for the building and to purchase equipment on credit. With the aid given by the county, however, the hospital managed to meet expenses; no assessments were ever levied upon those who guaranteed the rent and other initial obligations. Thus was Oneida county's first hospital started.

The original hospital committee consisted of D. P. Woodland, J. H. Dredge, Mrs. A. E. Pelton, Jed Jones Jr., Dr. O. H. Mabey, Dr. V. P. Garst, Dr. J. M. Kerns, Dr. Thomas W. Richards, J. C. Tovey, Thomas Dives, H. J. Hansen, and Clyde Hansen. The most active man in effecting the organization which made possible the establishment of the hospital was J. H. Dredge.

Upon completion of the next hospital, the Peck building became what was known as The Townhouse. Doctors Mabey and Collishaw; and Dentists Dale Hyer and Denton John had offices downstairs. The upstairs was rented out for apartments. Don Harding's law offices were the last to occupy

the building. It was torn down by Gordon South.

Hospital Came to Oneida County During Depression

With a great sense of pride and gratitude the citizens of Oneida County met on October 12, 1938 to attend the dedication of their new hospital. Built with Works Progress Administration (WPA) labor, it was symbolic of the struggle of this country to pull itself out of the Great Depression. It all started at a meeting of the board in November 1935. L. H. Ballif, WPA engineer, appeared before the board and submitted a proposal for the WPA to furnish the amount of \$26,996 in labor for the construction of a hospital building. A committee consisting of Clyde Hansen, R. B. Davis, D. L. Evans and Dr. O. H. Mabey, was appointed and authorized to go ahead with arrangements. The board of county commissioners consisting of J. V. Williams, Chairman, D. O. Daniels, and Bert Eliason sponsored the project, and agreed to arrange for the county's cost.

The building was started in 1936 and completed in Oct 1938. Cost was approximately \$65,000, this county paying \$28,000 of that amount. Project supervisor was Thomas Francis Budge. Constructed of poured concrete walls and floors with

plumbing and wiring embedded, it was considered fireproof and built to serve the needs of the community for many generations to come. Project supervisor was Thomas Francis Budge.

The board of directors consisted of D. P. Jones, President; D. L. Evans, Secretary; Griff Jenkins, Mrs. J. F. Fredrickson, Jed Jones, Tom Dives, J. H. Dredge, H. J. Hanson, Ed Williams, Robert H. Willie, Sam Williams, Jack McCallister, Dr. O. H. Mabey, and Dr. V. P. Garst.

It came as a great shock some twenty-five years later when many of these same citizens were informed by their Oneida Hospital board that this building had been refused licensure by the Idaho State Department of Health because it failed to meet fire and health sanitation standards. A provisional license was issued, pending structural changes in the building. After an intensive study as to the most economical way to meet the requirements of the health board, the Oneida county commissioners and Oneida Hospital board decided to hold a bond election calling for a 2 1/2 mill levy to raise \$250,000 for the purpose of building a new hospital complex. These tax monies, with a federal grant of Hill-Burton funds of \$241,000, would provide sufficient funds for an eleven-bed, regular hospital unit with a fourteen-bed nursing home facility.

Chairman of the Oneida Hospital board during this time was A. G. Willie, and through the unceasing efforts of Mr. Willie, his board members, and the county commissioners, the bond election held August 2, 1966, he was successful, and the federal grant was approved. Mr. Henry J. Hulvey of Pocatello, Idaho, was commissioned as architect for the new building.

New Hospital A Reality

On September 29, 1969, after five years of dedicated effort which surmounted disappointments and discouragements, ground was broken for the new facility at the site just east of the existing hospital. The

erection of this modern hospital on this particular site is a fitting memorial to those pioneering medical services in this community.

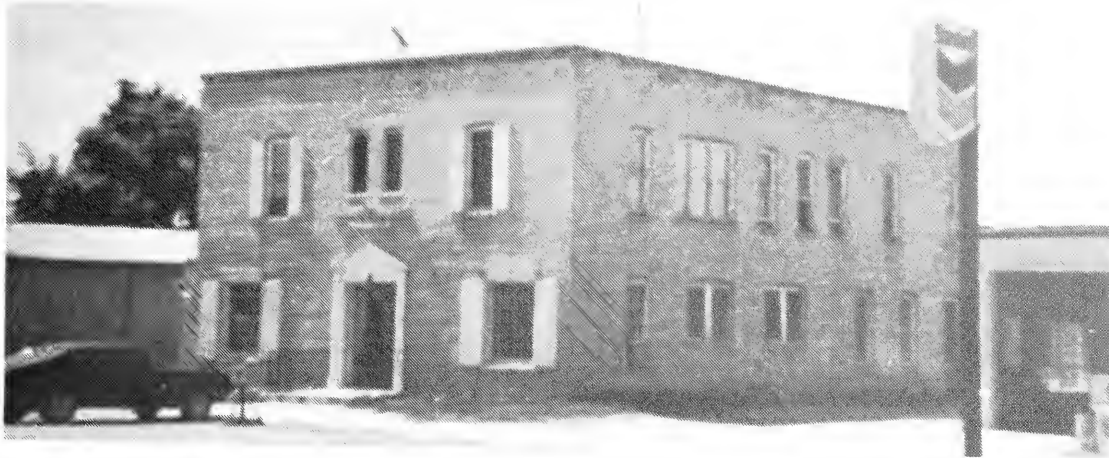
One hundred and forty-four years ago, Edward J. Evans petitioned for a deed for the entire block on which this hospital stands. As was the custom, he left Malad during the winter of 1864-65, returning in the spring to receive title to the land. In return for a token payment of \$1.00, Mr. Evans gave title to the southwest quarter of the lot to Dr. Joseph W. Morgan who established a combination drugstore and doctor's office in a log structure on a portion of the area now covered by this hospital. The property was purchased by the county from Alvin Morgan, a grandson of Dr. Joseph W. Morgan. Mr. J. A. Servoss, County Commissioner, negotiated the purchase of this property for the county and as advisor to the hospital board; he gave freely of his time and service during the construction of the new hospital.

Rendering invaluable assistance throughout this five years was the administrator of the hospital, Mrs. Hanna S. Harris. In addition to work on the new facility, her efforts to upgrade hospital services and meet the requirements of health boards resulted in continuing operation of the old hospital on a satisfactory basis, fully approved under Medicare.

On Tuesday, October 20, 1970, Idaho Governor Don Samuelson cut the ribbon, officially opening the new hospital and nursing home facility.

Those serving on the hospital board at this time were Herman Miller, Jr., chairman; Moyle E. Facer, Wm. J. Byrd, Robert Hess, Raiford Benson, and Elaine Castleton, secretary and treasurer. County Commissioners were Eugene Edwards, Chairman; J. A. Servoss, and George Neal. William G. Jenkins served as financial advisor.

Oneida County can be justly proud of the new modern hospital and proud, too, of the many dedicated people from this area who have overcome great obstacles to make this a reality.



Oneida County's first hospital--1925--originally the Peck Hotel

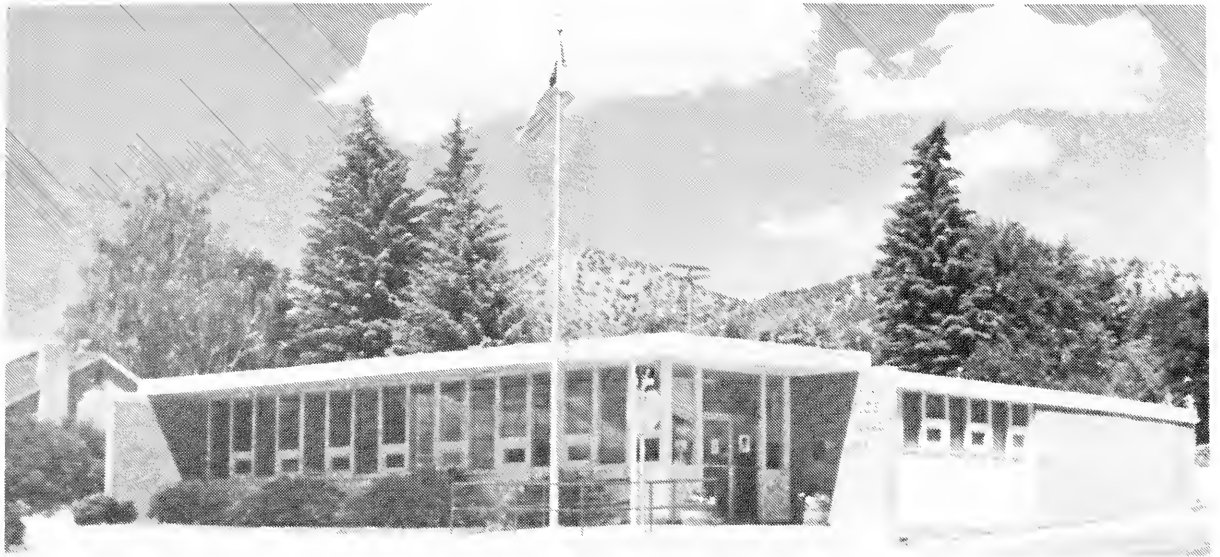


Oneida County Hospital, dedicated October 12, 1938, currently being occupied by county and state health departments, doctor' offices and a museum



Latest Oneida County Hospital--dedicated October 20, 1970

Malad City Post Offices



*Current Malad City Post Office, built in 1963,
located on the corner of Main and First North Street*

Post Masters

Post office opened in 1866

Jim McAllister	1st postmaster
Hattie Morgon	1890
William P. Jones	1897
Edward Colton	Lawrence Vander Meer

Clyde Hansen	
Henry E. Thomas	rel. Oct. 1969
Faye Evans	rel. June 1973
Tom Parry	rel. 1986



*Do you remember when the post office was
located here and the sidewalks were wooden
boards (in about 1900)?*



*For a long time the post office was
located on Court Street just east of
the old First National Bank*

Oneida County Courthouses



Present Oneida County courthouse, 1939--built on the site of the old courthouse



First Oneida County courtroom--located upstairs in the Vanderwood store



Original Oneida County courthouse after being remodeled, removing outside flight of stairs--county commissioners were J. V. Williams, L. A. Willie, Oliver Williams, and John McAllister, clerk



First Oneida County courthouse, 1874

**Eisteddfods Held in Malad
during Early Days**
By Norma South

Many of the early settlers of the Malad Valley were recent immigrants from Wales. They still spoke the Welsh language and desired to continue Welsh customs.

An important tradition of Wales was holding annual "eisteddfods" (pronounced ehs-TETH-fahdz). During the middle ages people held contests called eisteddfods to reward the best poets and harpists. The custom was revived in the 1800's and was continued by Welshmen in America.

It became an outstanding annual cultural arts event held in Malad and in Samaria in alternating years. Professor S. M. Powell was usually chairman of the contests, and judges were brought in from Salt Lake City to choose the best vocal and instrumental numbers and recitations. One year a world famous choir came from Wales to entertain and pay homage to professor Powell, a well educated musician.

The eisteddfods were all day affairs with people coming in from all over the county. They brought picnic lunches and shared the meal.

The custom was continued until about 1916. Today, musicians of Welsh descent and their talented friends reflect the early tradition by providing lovely music in a community chorus.

Source of information: Lurline Budge, Estella Budge and World Book.

Malad's First Choir
By Hubert Gleed

On February 14, 1878, before the Malad Stake was organized, a meeting was held in the L.D.S. meetinghouse. It was moved and seconded that D. R. Jones be the leader of the Malad Choir and that R. T. Owens and Joseph Jenkins assist him. The motion carried.

The following names were selected to be members of the choir and commissioned to that duty by the congregation:

Bass
Richard Owens, Joseph Jenkins, Brigham

Jones, Thomas Jenkins, Rees Jenkins, Enoch Sawyer and William Lewis.

Tenor

William Owens, Frederick E. Jones, Morgan Vaughan, Cyrus W. Robbins, William Griffiths and Nephi Lewis.

Treble

Mary Bolingbroke, Ester Jane Morgan, Mary Owens, Annie Jenkins, Alice Parry, Ruth Williams, Mary B. Owens, Matilda Lusk, Jane Lusk, Margaret Price, Emma Sawyer, Annie Evans, Mary Ellen Williams and Gertrude Dives.

Alto

Elizabeth Robins, Sister Sawyer, John Owens, Elizabeth Dredge, Louisa Lusk and Elinor Jones.

Some time later the following names were added to the above list and commissioned by the congregation:

John Price, James Evans, Susan Thomas, Mary Thomas and Sarah Colton.

Malad Valley Community Chorus
By Carol Ipsen Eliason

In the summer of 1974, Carol Daniels, Helen Jones and Don and Carol Eliason met together for the purpose of organizing a community chorus in the Malad area. Having heard a Logan, Utah, community chorus perform in Malad, we all agreed that there was talent in our area that could do the same thing.

We decided to ask Ralph Bennett (Malad High School music teacher) to be our director, and Myra Jean (Williams) John to be our accompanist. They both consented and are still holding these positions. Many, many hours have been devoted to this cause by them and the members of the chorus.

The first concert was given in December of 1974, with 24 members participating. At the present time the chorus consists of 38 members, from all walks of life, who find the same enjoyment from learning and from blending our voices in song.

Since the beginning, the chorus has presented a Christmas and spring concert each year, as well as performing for many church and community affairs. It has been our privilege to sing at two inaugurations for Governor John V. Evans in Boise.



Malad Valley Community Chorus, organized in 1974

Row 4: (back) Helen Thomas, Carol Daniels, Wesley Crowther, Blair Thorpe, Jeff Richins

Row 3: Sue Thomas, Rolene Gleed, Helen Jones, Hope Price, Verlin Allen, Gordon Crowther, Bill Mikesell, Lewis Dredge, Lana Esplin, Verna Allen, Julie Hansen, Betty Crowther

Row 2: Anne Crowther, Edie Facer, Donna Salvesen, Carole Archibald, Jared Crowther, Myron Sorensen, Eldon Corbridge, David Corbridge, Don Eliason, Ronda Crowther, Mary Lynn Spahr, Leora Brown, Lamona Bennett

Row 1: Maydell Barfuss, Carol Eliason, Kathy Ipsen, Foster Ipsen, Mark Alder, Jay Hansen, Ralph Bennett (director), Myra Jean John (accompanist), Don Lee Hess, Norman Naugler, Max Firth, Beverly Davis, Sharon Hess, Norma Naugler

President Spencer W. Kimball was in attendance for the second one. We have performed in Logan, Tremonton, Garland, Salt Lake City and Brigham City, Utah; and Preston, Pocatello, Downey and Soda Springs, Idaho. Just recently we were honored to be invited to sing in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square in Salt Lake City, as part of

the concert series.

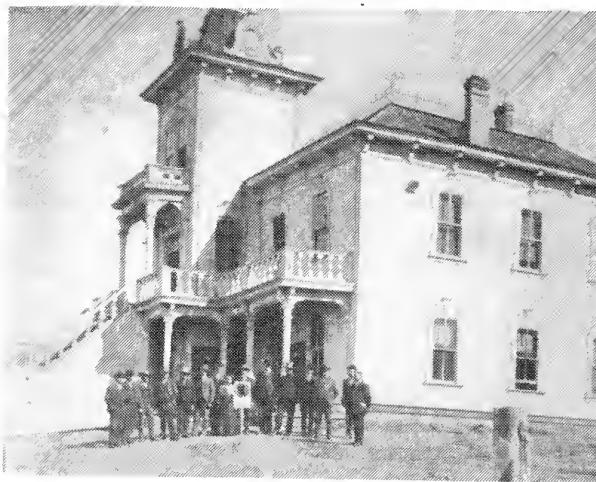
Because of the Welsh heritage in the valley, the people have often been referred to as "singing Welshmen." It is good to have an organized group cultivate their talents and share them with others, proving the truth of this reference.



Looking south Malad City, Idaho, about 1900



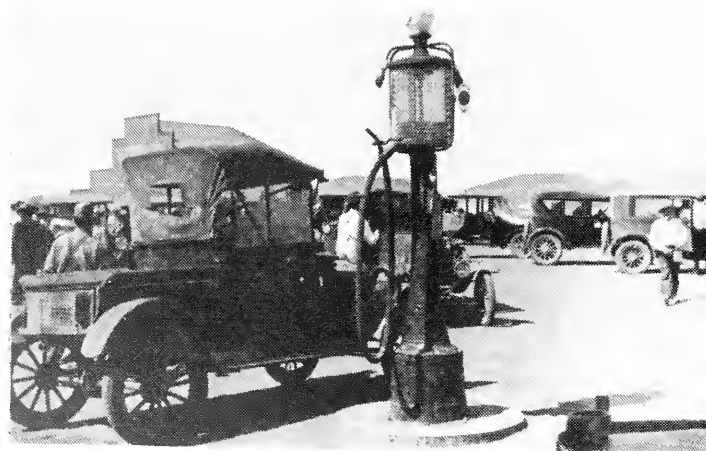
View of the lot site where the Malad Stake Center was later built, the original log house was built and owned by the Lusk family



Another view of the first Oneida County courthouse, 1874



Malad ZCMI Co-operative store



Early Holbrook scene

Malad Idaho Stake 1888 to 1988

Malad Idaho Stake Organizational History

At a series of meetings held at West Portage, Utah, February 11th and 12th 1888, attended by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Seymour B. Young of the first quorum of Seventies, President Rudger Clawson of the Box Elder Stake, Elder George Dunford and other prominent men; the Malad Stake of Zion was organized. A total of forty-nine Stakes had been organized in the church, but seventeen of them, mostly in the East, had been disorganized and Malad Stake ranked as the thirty-second.

The stake was organized on Sunday, February 12, 1888, when the following officers were sustained: Bishop Oliver C. Hoskins, as president; Abraham Zundell, first counselor; William H. Gibbs, second counselor; and William H. Anthony as clerk.

Also sustained were the following members of the first high council: John D. Gibbs, William Sinclair Sr., Thomas John, John M. McCrary, Miles Hall, William John, Lorenzo Hunsaker, Henry Peck, Jesse R. Dredge, Ebenezer O. Wilcox, John D. Jones, and Daniel Price.

The stake presidency and all members of the high council were set apart to their respective positions on the 12th of February, except Jesse R. Dredge and Henry Peck who could not be in attendance.

The following are the names of the bishops, and the wards they presided over, at the time the stake was organized:

Plymouth	Myron J. Richards
Portage	Enoch Harris
Washakie	Issac E. D. Zundell
Cherry Creek	Joseph W. Dudley
Malad City	George Stewart
Neeleyville	William Neeley
St John	James P. Harrison
Samaria	Jonah Evans
Rockland	Issac Thorn

After the organization of the stake on February 12, 1888, the following is a chronological narrative of events that followed:

March 3, 1888

At a priesthood meeting at West Portage, Bishop Jonah Evans and counselors were sustained as the presidency of the priests quorum in the Malad Stake. David Hill Sr. was sustained as superintendent of the stake Sunday schools with Thomas Thorpe and Benjamin L. Thomas assistants. Jesse R. Dredge was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a member of the Stake High Council.

April 7, 1888

At a priesthood meeting held at West Portage, Charles G. Gibbs was sustained as president of the First Quorum of Elders in Malad Stake with Joseph Allen and Jacob Zundell as his counselors.

May 5, 1888

At a priesthood meeting held in West Portage, Christopher Gardner was sustained first counselor and David Morgan second counselor to President Jenkin Jones of the High Priests Quorum.

June 17, 1888

On this day and the preceding day, the first quarterly conference was held for Malad Stake at West Portage. President Oliver C. Hoskins presided and Seymour B. Young of the First Quorum of Seventies was present.

On the 17th, the presidencies of the stake auxiliaries were set apart as follows:

Y M M I A

Samuel B. Davis of Samaria, president; with William H. Richards of Malad, and Joseph R. Harris of Woodruff as counselors.

Relief Society

Mrs. Lucinda Hoskins of West Portage, president; Elizabeth Jane Zundell of Washakie, and Mary Stewart of Malad as counselors; and Eliza A. Hall, secretary.

Y L M I A

Mrs. Alvira A. Harrison of St. John, president; with Mary Jane Evans of Malad,

and Mary M. Clarkston of Samaria, counselors.

Primary

Mrs. Emma Halford of Portage,

president; with Mary E. Bolingbroke of Malad, and Miss Marantha A. Davis of Samaria, counselors. Miss Julia B. Hall was appointed secretary of the Primary July 19, 1888.

Malad Stake Centers



*Malad Idaho Stake Center, dedicated in 1953,
also used by Malad Third and Fourth Wards*

The current Malad, Idaho Stake center was constructed at a cost of \$275,000. It was shared by the Malad Third Ward and Malad Stake until March 13, 1955, when the Malad Fourth Ward was organized. Since that time it has been used as a stake center and a ward chapel for the Malad Third and Fourth Wards.

It has been remodeled twice, the first time in 1972 to make a new stake office and high council room, office space for the two bishops and their clerks, and for the stake library and name extraction program; and again in 1985, when all the woodwork was restained and varnished and a new roof was installed.



*Old Portage Ward chapel,
first Malad Stake tabernacle,
used from 1888 to 1911
for stake conferences*

The old Portage Ward chapel was started as a brick building in 1882, but due to drought and poor crops not much work had been done. Next year the work continued; the walls were up to the square when, on December 25, a terrific wind storm blew them down. The Saints were unable to start building again until 1885, when a new meeting house was again started on the same foundation. This was a frame structure, 32' X 60' with a 20' ceiling, located in the south center of church block, directly west of the present building. The front door was in the east end and a stage was in the west, or back end. This building served as the Portage Ward chapel from 1885 to 1936. From 1888 to 1911, it was also used as a stake tabernacle.



*Malad Stake office building,
dedicated September 15, 1911,
used for stake auxiliary meetings,
stake presidency offices
and baptismal services*

The Malad Stake office building was used as the Malad Stake headquarters from 1911 until the new stake center was constructed in 1953. The following is quoted from Andrew Jensen's History of the Malad Stake: "At a meeting of the high council, held at Malad City July 28, 1911, it was decided to move the headquarters of the Malad Stake from Portage to Malad City. This was done soon afterwards, and steps taken immediately to erect a stake office building in Malad. This building, erected at a cost of \$4,000 plus \$800 for the lot, was dedicated September 15, 1911 by Bishop David

A. Smith. It is a brick building with three rooms in the main story, two rooms in the basement, one room upstairs, and also a vault on the main floor.

It is interesting to note that this building was one of the first, if not the first to have a hot air furnace. It also contained a baptismal font in the basement which was the first indoor font in the stake. Now, for the first time, it was no longer necessary to break the ice on the water at the Samaria Springs, or the Malad River for baptismal services. What a great luxury this font must have seemed to our forefathers.



*Old Malad Ward meetinghouse,
later Malad First Ward,
used for stake conferences*

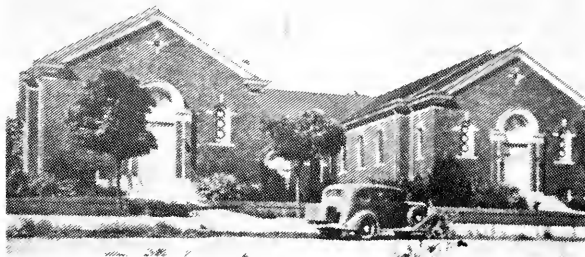
The Saints in the Malad Ward had hoped to move out of their first log building into a nice new chapel. Plans for the building were approved in 1887 and construction started in 1888. Construction was stopped however, when it was about half finished due to the disfranchisement of Mormons with the resulting wave of apostasy. The building stood like a skeleton for almost twelve years and was not finished until 1900. It was an impressive building called "The Church of the Seven Gables." The main building was 45' X 80' and the main tower 85' high, with six smaller towers.

A 1915 issue of the Idaho Enterprise carried the following statement concerning this very fine building of which the Saints must have been very proud: "A handsome edifice, called the Malad Second Ward Tabernacle was dedicated August 29, 1915 by



*Old Malad Second Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated August 29, 1915,
used for stake conferences
from 1915 to 1953*

President Joseph F. Smith. The building was erected at a cost of \$34,342.45. It contains an auditorium capable of seating comfortably 800 people. There is a pipe organ, a recreation hall and five class rooms in the building, which is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. There is a tower on the northeast corner of the building." Since it's dedication in 1915 it has served as a ward chapel, stake tabernacle for stake conferences, and social and cultural center for the community.



*First Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated May 1, 1932,
used for stake auxiliary
meetings and baptismal services*

The Malad First Ward building was used by the Malad Stake priesthood and auxiliaries for meetings until the new stake center was finished in 1953. This building was shared by the Malad Third and First wards from 1935 until 1953, in a new pilot program approved and watched over by the

First Presidency to see if two wards could live in harmony under one roof.

History of Malad Stake

by Andrew Jenson, Church Historian

On Sunday, June 12, 1892, and the following day, the 17th quarterly conference of the Malad Stake was held at Malad City. Apostle John W. Taylor, Seymour B. Young of the Seventies, and Elder Andrew Jenson were among the visitors.

After conference, Elder Andrew Jenson spent some time in Malad Stake, visiting the various settlements in the interest of church history. After his visit he wrote the following to the Deseret News:

The Malad Stake

On the 11th of June, 1892, last, in company with Apostle John W. Taylor, I left Salt Lake City to visit the Malad Idaho Stake of Zion in the interest of church history. After traveling by rail 79 miles to Collinston station, Box Elder County, we continued the journey by team to West Portage, 21 miles further, where we put up for the night with President Oliver C. Hoskins.

The following day we traveled 17 miles to Malad City, where we, on that and the next day (Sunday and Monday, June 12th and 13th), attended the quarterly conference of the Malad Stake of Zion, in connection with President Seymour B. Young, of the Seventies, who had preceeded us. After conference Apostle Taylor returned home, and I set out at once on my historical labors by visiting all the settlements in the stake and holding meetings with the people.

After visiting West Portage, Woodruff, Cherry Creek, Malad and St John, I set out for the distant settlements of Rockland and Neeleyville, accompanied by four members of the High Council (Miles Hall, Jesse R. Dredge, Gervis Mansfield, and David Hall) who went as home missionaries; and Sisters Alvira A. Harrison, and Mary E. Bollingbroke, who were out in the interest of the Y.L.M.I.A. and the Primary. We held three meetings in Neeleyville on the 18th

and three in Rockland on the 19th, had a good time and returned to Samaria on the 20th.

The Malad Stake of Zion embraces the northeast part of Box Elder County, Utah and part of Oneida County, Idaho. It consists of ten wards and one branch, namely: the Portage, Washakie, North Plymouth, and South Plymouth Wards in Utah; and the Woodruff, Malad, St John, Samaria, Rockland, and Neeleyville Wards and the Cherry Creek Branch in Idaho. The stake contains 355 families, or 2148 members consisting of 76 Seventies, 66 High Priests, 127 Elders, 12 Priests, 15 Teachers, 135 Deacons; and 1019 lay members and 760 children under eight years of age. Oliver Cromwell Hoskins, formerly bishop of Portage, presides over the stake. John M. McCrary acts as his first counselor, and William H. Gibbs as his second counselor. William Anthony is stake clerk.

All of the settlements, except Rockland and Neeleyville lie within easy reach of the headquarters of the stake, which is at West Portage (a flourishing little town situated in Box Elder County west of the Malad River, one and a half miles south of the northern boundary of Utah, and twenty one miles northwest of Collingston, the nearest railroad station). West Portage Ward includes a few scattered settlers residing on the east side of the river at what is locally called East Portage, first settled in 1864. The ward comprises 54 families or 321 souls under the presidency of Bishop Enoch Harris--West Portage was settled in 1867.

Three miles southeast of Portage is the Indian town called Washakie, where about 250 Lamanites are engaged in tilling the soil and learning to live as white people do. They have a neat and commodious meeting house also used for school purposes. Most of their dwellings consist of small frame buildings, in the erection of which, as well as in the building of their meeting house, they received considerable assistance from the trustee-in-trust. A number of them also partly live in their "wick-e-ups," which they pitch in their door yards. Moroni Ward presides over the Washakie Ward as Bishop, and is doing all in his power to teach the Lamanites the principles of the Gospel, as well as branches of industry. These Indians in their farming

operations are fully as successful as most of their white neighbors; they own considerable machinery and have good teams, as a rule, and they are getting more comfortable year after year. There is a good Sunday School taught in the Washakie Ward, Superintended by Ammon Pubagee, a Lamanite; and also a Y.M.M.I.A., presided over by Yegah Timbimbo, another native; there is also a Relief Society.

The school population of Washakie consists of forty-seven children; thirty boys and seventeen girls, mostly Indians, between the ages of six and eighteen. The trustees of the Portage district school, of which Washakie joins a part, receive a special contribution from the government: \$10 for every sixty days attendance at school of each Indian child.

On the evening of June 21st at Washakie, I had the privilege of speaking to the first Lamanite congregation that I ever addressed, and they listened very attentively while I related to them something about my late visit to the Hill Cumorah, and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. My discourse was ably interpreted by an intelligent native known as Jim Brown, who, together with a number of other Lamanites, understand English pretty well.

Beyond a low ridge, which separates Malad Valley proper from the Bear River flat, lies the little village called Square Town or Plymouth, now the center of North Plymouth Ward recently organized. This place is eleven miles northeast of Collingston and ten miles southeast of Portage. The North Plymouth Ward numbers sixteen families or eighty-four souls, most of whom live in a scattered condition.

South of North Plymouth, embracing a large portion of the scattered settlers residing on that extensive tract of country known as the Bear Fiver Flats, is the South Plymouth Ward and is presided over by Myron J. Richards, a son of Apostle Franklin D. Richards. This ward, which until June 15, 1891, contained all the saints in the original Plymouth Ward, consists now of twenty-one families or 102 souls; but besides these there are a great many members of the Church who have a standing in other wards. Nearly all the farming done in this neighborhood is carried on without irrigation. In fact dry

farming has proven so successful during the last few years that even those who own land below the recently constructed Bothwell Canal claim that it doesn't pay for them to buy water from the company, as they can mature nearly as good a crop without irrigation as with it, and some times even better.

Steps are being taken to locate a town site as a center for the ward, but at present the meetings are held in a schoolhouse, located about two and a half miles northwest of Hampton's Bridge, or four miles from Collingston Station.

North of Portage, in Idaho, is the recently organized Woodruff Ward, the center of which is a little hamlet, situated on Muddy Creek on the east side of the Malad River, five miles northeast of West Portage. This ward has 21 families or 134 souls, presided over by Bishop Joseph R. Harris. In this place, and in fact throughout the Malad Valley, dry farming is the rule. It only requires the foresight of an ordinary mortal to predict that in a few years every foot of land in this beautiful valley, clear up to the base of the steeper mountains will be reclaimed.

Two miles north of Muddy Creek is Glenderson Creek [Bro. Jenson probably misunderstood the name "Henderson" and recorded it as Glenderson]; and two miles still further Cherry Creek. The settlers residing in a scattered condition on these two small streams, together with a few residing opposite on the west side of the Malad River, compose the Cherry Creek Branch, of which John D. Jones has charge as presiding elder. Ten families or 61 souls constitute the "Mormon" population.

Malad Ward embraces Malad City, the saints living on Two-Mile Creek and Four-Mile Creek, south; and up Deep Creek on the east side of Malad Valley, on high rolling ground, overlooking the valley south and west. It is 32 miles northwest of Collingston, Utah, and 21 miles southwest of Oneida in Marsh Valley, the two nearest railway stations. The population of Malad is about evenly balanced between "Mormons" and gentiles, but peace and a withal good understanding prevails among them; the former spirit of hatred and bitterness having gradually died away.

The Saints here are building a fine and commodious meetinghouse in the west part of town, away from the business part of the place. They have already expended about \$8,000 in its erection but will require about \$3,000 more to finish it; it is however so far completed now that meetings are being held in it. The building is a lumber one, 80 ft. long from north to south, and 45 ft. wide. The center tower is 85 ft. high, besides which there are six, smaller and ornamental towers. When finished in its details it will be one of the finest meeting houses in our northern settlements. Jenkin Jones is the bishop of the Malad Ward, which has a total membership of 396, divided into 76 families; it is the largest ward in the Malad Stake.

Northwest of Malad City, along the main or longest branch of the Malad River, lies an extensive farming district, inhabited by upwards of one hundred families, but most of these are not members of the church. What few saints there are, have been organized into a ward under the name of St. John, over which James P. Harrison presides as bishop; the membership is 170 or 23 families. The school house in which the saints hold their meetings is situated on Devil Creek, about two and one half miles northwest of Malad City.

Samaria, the second largest ward in the stake, is situated on the west side of the valley seven and a half miles southwest of Malad City and twelve miles northwest of Portage. Unlike scriptural Samaria, which stood on a hill, this modern Samaria lies on a level tract of country, surrounded by good farming land. The majority of the saints here as well as at Malad City are Welsh or of Welsh descent, and are as a rule very punctual in attending to their duties as saints and citizens. Forty-six families or 329 souls, constitute the population of Samaria, and Jonah Evans, presides over them as bishop.

The Rockland Ward embraces the Saints residing on Rock Creek, a tributary of the Snake River. To reach this place from Samaria, a distance of nearly 55 miles has to be traveled over mountain and dale in a northwesterly direction; and finally after crossing the rim of the basin at the extreme upper end of Curlew Valley, the head of Rock Creek is reached. On this stream, in a scattered condition, live about 30 families of

saints, or 223 souls, together with quite a number who are not members of the church. The low lands along the main stream measure only about half a mile wide on either side of the creek as a rule; but back of this, on either side of the creek there is an undulating upland reaching for miles toward the mountains, where dry farming is carried on very successfully, and good grain is raised. Isaac Thorn is bishop of the Rockland Ward. The first settlement of the place dates back to 1878.

A journey of 12 miles in a northerly direction brings the traveler to a little settlement on Warm Spring Creek near the banks of the Snake River, called Neeleyville. It consists of ten families or 76 souls, presided over by Bishop William Neeley, who was the first settler here in 1881, and after whom the village has been named. The country around this place is somewhat broken and rolling, but there is room for quite a number of more settlers. Neeleyville is four miles southwest of American Falls on the Snake River; and on the Oregon Short Line, where, as well as in Pocatello, (thirty miles distant) the people can readily dispose of their grain and vegetables. Neeleyville is the most distant settlement from the stake headquarters, being about eighty miles northwest of West Portage.

After completing my labors in the Malad Stake, I returned to Salt Lake City on the 24th of June.

s/ Andrew Jenson,
Church Historian,
July 6, 1892

The Organization of the Malad Stake 1888

At a series of meetings held at Portage, Box Elder County, Utah, Feb. 11th and 12th, 1888, attended by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Seymour B. Young of the Seventies, President Rudger Clawson of the Box Elder Stake, Elder George Dunford and other prominent men, the Malad Stake of Zion was organized, with the following wards: Samaria, Malad, St John, and Cherry Creek, all formerly wards of the Oneida Stake of Zion;

and Washakie, Plymouth, Portage, Rockland, and Neeleyville, formerly wards in the Box Elder Stake. All of these wards had at that time a population of about 2300 souls.

The Malad Stake was organized on Sunday, Feb. 12th, 1888, when the following officers were sustained: Bishop Oliver C. Hoskins, president of the stake; Abraham Zundell, first, and William H. Gibbs, second counselor; John D. Gibbs, William Sinclair Sr., Thomas John, John M. McCrary, Miles Hall, William John, Lorenzo Hunsaker, Henry Peck, Jesse Richard Dredge, Ebenezer O. Wilcox, John D. Jones, and Daniel E. Price, members of the first High Council.

The stake presidency and all the members of the high council were set apart to their respective positions on the 12th, except Jesse R. Dredge and Henry Peck, who were not present. William Anthony was chosen as stake clerk. Following are the names of the bishops of the respective wards with which the Malad Stake was originally organized: Plymouth, Myron J. Richards, bishop; Cherry Creek, Joseph W. Dudley, bishop; Malad, George Stewart, bishop; Neeleyville, William Neeley, bishop; St John, James P. Harrison, bishop; Samaria, Jonah Evans, bishop; Rockland, Isaac Thorn, bishop.

With the organization of the stake we commence the following chronological narrative of events:

Saturday, March 3, 1888 - At a priesthood meeting held in Portage, Bishop Jonah Evans and counselors were sustained as a presidency of the priests quorum in the Malad Stake. David Hill Sr. was sustained as stake supt. of Sunday schools with Thomas Thorpe and Benjamin L. Thomas as assistants. Jesse Richard Dredge was ordained a high priest and set apart as a member of the high council.

Saturday, April 7, 1888 - At a priesthood meeting held at Portage, Charles G. Gibbs was sustained as president of the First Quorum of Elders in the Malad Stake, with Joseph Allen and Jacob Zundell as his counselors.

Saturday, May 5, 1888 - At a priesthood meeting held at West Portage, Christopher Gardner was sustained as first, and David Morgan as second counselor to president Jenkin Jones of the high priests quorum.

Sunday, June 17, 1888 - On this and the preceding day, the first quarterly conference of the Malad Stake was held at West Portage, President Oliver C. Hoskins presiding. Seymour B. Young of the Seventies was present. On the 17th the stake presidencies of Y.M.M.I.A., Relief Society, Y.L.M.I.A., and the Primary Associations were chosen and set apart as follows: Samuel B. Davis, of Samaria, stake president of the Y.M.M.I.A. with William H. Richards of Malad, and Joseph R. Harris of Woodruff as counselors. Mrs. Lucinda Hoskins of West Portage, stake president of the Relief Society, with Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Zundell of Washakie, and Mrs. Mary Stewart of Malad as counselors; Mrs. Eliza A. Hall, secretary. Mrs. Elvira A. Harrison of St John, stake president of the Y.L.M.I.A., with Mrs. Mary Jane Evans of Malad, as first, and Miss Mary M. Clarkston of Samaria, as second counselor. Mrs. Emma Halford of Portage, stake president of the Primary Association with Mrs. Mary E. Bolingbroke of Malad, as first, and Miss Marantha A. Davis of Samaria, as second counselor. Miss Julia B. Hall was appointed secretary July 19, 1888.

Brother David Proctor [Prosser] Jones of Cherry Creek was the stake choir leader when the stake was first organized; he received much praise for the fine singing in each of the stake quarterly conferences as attested to by the following excerpts from the stake clerk's record:

November 17, 1889 -

The anthems, so well rendered by the choir, under the leadership of Brother David P. Jones of Cherry Creek, contributed largely to the success of the conference.

March 15, 1891 -

No part of the program was more beautifully rendered than the singing, which does credit to Prof. Jones and his stake choir.

Dec 9, 1894 -

The stake choir leader, David P. Jones, was highly eulogized for the beautiful renditions of his singers.

March 10, 1895 -

The stake choir, under the direction of David P. Jones, surpassed any former effort they had made. The singing was a splended feature of the conference and brought a hearty "God bless you Brother Jones in your labors with the singers," from Apostle Lyman.

Note -

The stake presidencies and the visiting General Authorities at the conferences were all very lavish in their praise of Brother David P. Jones and the choir members in almost every conference session. We can, and should, take great pride in Brother Jones and our ancestors who sang under his direction.

Disfranchisement

The church was still very young when the Malad Stake was organized. It was numbered the 32nd stake in the church and was organized at a time when anti-Mormon feeling was intense. The Idaho Territorial Legislature passed a law in 1885 containing the "Idaho Test Oath," which disfranchised all members of the Church. Even the Supreme Court of the United States sustained this law in a decision given February 3, 1890. The Attorney General of the United States had filed suits against the Church and had its property and funds confiscated July 30, 1887. Husbands were forced to leave their families to fend for themselves as best they could, while they hid out in the mountains to avoid arrest and imprisonment.

The Church resisted such legislation as the Test Oath, but there was overwhelming evidence that most Oneida County Mormons accepted it as just one more trial, another burden for which the back had been fitted, another persecution of God's chosen. One Mormon is reported to have said: "I have left my native land, left friends and relatives, I have been deprived of my franchise for my religion, but I am not yet willing to leave the Church. I can live without voting."

The Saints in Malad had hoped to move out of their first log building into a nice new chapel. Plans for the building were approved in 1887; construction was started in

1888. Construction was stopped when it was about half finished, due to the disfranchisement of Mormons and the resulting wave of apostasy; the building stood, like a skeleton, for almost twelve years and was not finished until 1900.

We should all be grateful to those faithful souls who were willing to "live without the vote," and suffer persecution for the sake of the Church. In Malad that anti-Mormon feeling was completely gone by 1914 when the new Second Ward building was constructed.

Now we can hold our heads high: the Church is growing by leaps and bounds, and many admire us for our high moral standards, the strength of our families, and our care of the poor. For this we can be grateful for the example our fathers were to us and the heritage they left us.

The First Malad Stake Choir

By Hubert Gleed

It is recorded that in the middle of January 1889, David Prosser Jones organized a Malad Stake Choir. He had been appointed the leader and director of the choir sometime before that by the stake authorities. It was stated that the main object of the choir was to teach the same tunes in the various wards of the stake, and gather their respective choirs together at conference time. This choir proved to be a great success.

Conference news was usually published in the Deseret News. The Malad Stake Choir was nearly always mentioned. I have selected one item from each year as follows:

March 17, 1889

The anthems, so well rendered by the choir, under the leadership of Brother David Prosser Jones of the Cherry Creek Ward, contributed largely to the success of the conference.

March 15, 1891

No part of the program was more beautifully rendered than the singing, which does credit to Prof. Jones and his stake choir.

September 11, 1892

Prof. D. P. Jones' stake choir rendered excellent service.

December 9, 1894

The stake choir leader, David P. Jones, was highly eulogized for the beautiful renditions of his singers.

March 10, 1895

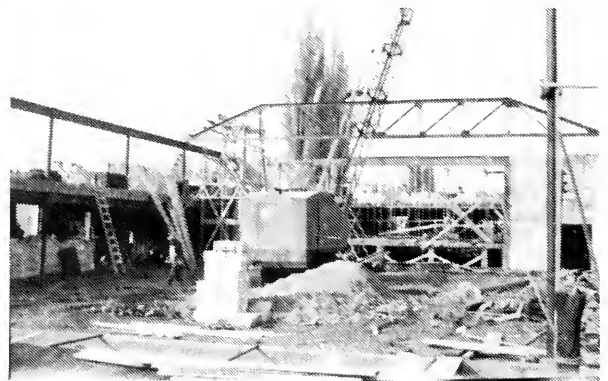
The stake choir, under David P. Jones, surpassed any former effort they had made. The singing was a splendid feature of the conference, and brought a hearty "God bless you, Brother Jones in your labors with the singers" from Elder Francis M. Lyman.



Malad Stake Building Committee, Ruel Ipsen, Finance; Francis Budge, building superintendent; Lawrence Corbridge, chairman of building committee



T. Francis Budge, Stephen Hughes



Construction of Malad Idaho Stake Center, March 1949



**Malad Idaho Stake
Priesthood Quorums**



Malad Branch Priesthood, about 1875

Standing: Edward Roberts, David R. Jones, ?, ?, Thomas Richards, John Price, Richard Jones, Daniel R. Evans, John Lusk, James P. Harrison

Seated: John J. Williams, ?, ?, Isaac Jones, Daniel Daniels (Branch President), Jenkin Jones, Hugh Thomas, William Thomas, William Hobbs

High Priests Quorum

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Jenkin Jones	May 5, 1888-Dec 15, 1890
David Bowen	Dec 15, 1890-Feb 23, 1902
Thomas J Howell	Feb 23, 1902- 1912
James P Harrison	1912-Jan 22, 1928
Thomas J Howard	Jan 22, 1928-Sep 22, 1934
Owen T Davis	Sep 22, 1934-Aug 16, 1936
Hyrum J Hansen	Aug 16, 1936-Jan 19, 1934
Stephen L Smith	Jan 19, 1934-Nov 27, 1950
Joseph Isaacson	Nov 27, 1950-Dec 10, 1950
Howell M Williams	Dec 10, 1950-Nov 15, 1953
Lawrence Corbridge	Nov 15, 1953-Apr 13, 1957
Samuel A Hendricks	Apr 13, 1957-Apr 29, 1961
Loyal G Harris	Apr 29, 1961- 1964
Stephen L Smith	1964-Jun 15, 1969

Note: After this time, the stake presidency became the presidency of the stake high priests quorum.

Devere Harris	Jun 15, 1969-Jun 16, 1974
Myron P Sorenson	Jun 16, 1974-Jun 19, 1983
Foster Ipsen	Jun 19, 1983-

The 52nd Quorum of Seventy

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Frederick E Jones	1883
Henry John	Dec 15, 1895
Orsen Merrill	Jun 12, 1892
Henry John	Dec 15, 1895
David Sperry Thomas	1914

Owen T Davis	1914	Jay Lynn Stayner	Jan 21, 1974
J Edward Gibbs	1914	Larry C Nalder	Jan 21, 1974
T J Howard	1914	William Thorpe	Jan 15, 1977
Lewis Williams	1914	Marvin Pett	Jan 15, 1977
Daniel P Woodland	1920	John J Evans	Jan 15, 1977
E M Decker	1924	Don Lee Hess	1978
Hyrum J Hansen	1924	William Colton Jr.	1978
Thomas J Howard	Jan 22, 1928	Wayne Budge	1980
John R Gibbs	Jan 22, 1928	T Glenn Price	1980
Owen T Davis	Jan 22, 1928	Querina Torres	1981
Henry C Brown	Jan 22, 1928	Brad Thorpe	1981
Daniel M Williams	Jan 22, 1928	Daniel Marteeny	1982
Owen T Howard	Dec 31, 1929	Paul Willie	1982
Thomas P John	Dec 31, 1929	Timothy Williams	1983
Donald C Black	Oct 11, 1931	C David Corbridge	1983
Norman Crowther	Jan 12, 1933	James Russell	1983
James H Howell	Apr 12, 1931	Lewis Williams	1983
Alvin Harris	Oct 26, 1933	Welton Ward	July 1983
James A Vaughan	Mar 31, 1936	Randy Thomas	Aug 7, 1983
James P Sorensen	Jan 8, 1939	Steven Cottle	Dec 11, 1983
Glenn Morris	Jan 4, 1939	Neal Gleed	Jun 7, 1983
Ephraim Hawkins	Aug 10, 1941	John J Evans	1983
Nathan Dredge	Nov 22, 1942	Jared Crowther	1984
James W Blaisdell	Jan 1, 1945	Donald Buehler	1984
J Moroni Ward	Jan 1, 1943	David Kimberly	1985
Bert O Marble	Feb 3, 1944	Paul A Saxton	1985
Floyd Dorius	May 22, 1946	James Mentzn	Aug 11, 1985
Royal Swenson	May 22, 1946	Larry Nalder	Jul 14, 1985
Darrel Swartz	Jan 5, 1947	Carl Willie	Jul 14, 1985
Archie Neal	Jun 25, 1951		
Lyde Facer	Nov 15, 1953	The 165th Quorum of Seventy	
Cordell Williams	Jun 19, 1955		
Berthal Crowther	Nov 14, 1955	<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
LaMar Thomas	Oct 27, 1956	W R Smith	1914
Elmer M Ward	Feb 9, 1958	J W Haws	1914
John A Servoss	Feb 9, 1958	Thomas H Cottle	1914
Owen Delton Ward	Feb 9, 1958	William A Stephens	1914
A Rex Jensen	Feb 1958	John L. Sockett	1914
Ben W Call	May 1958	Soloman L Cox	1914
Charles Kern	Feb 14, 1959	A N Robbins	1914
Pierce Sorensen	Jan 1, 1962		
Lloyd Sorensen	Jan 1, 1962	The 358th Quorum of Seventy	
Herman Miller Jr.	Jan 19, 1964		
Lyde Facer	Jan 19, 1964	<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Henry Gleed	Jan 19, 1964	William G Howard	Jan 5, 1947
Jake Kern	Jan 22, 1966	Clair Lundberg	Feb 16, 1947
Kenneth D Allen	Jan 22, 1966	John L Evans	Jun 16, 1947
Douglas James Gibbs	Jan 22, 1967	Frank Hill	Jun 16, 1947
Rosell Mills	Jan 21, 1968	William E Woodbury	Nov 16, 1947
Gerold P Thomas	Jan 17, 1970	John J Williams	Aug 29, 1948
Daniel Perkins	Jan 17, 1970	Floyd Fifield	Jan 14, 1952
Joseph Daniels	Jan 21, 1973	Devere Harris	Aug 8, 1952
Dick Oyler	Jan 21, 1973	Cordell Williams	Aug 11, 1952
Verlin C Lee	Jan 21, 1974	Lyde Facer	Nov 15, 1953

Clarence Kent	Dec 7, 1953
Reed Smith	Dec 7, 1953
Carl Willie	Feb 12, 1955
Milton Grover	Feb 12, 1955
Disorganized-	Jun 19, 1955

The 1st Quorum of Elders

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James G Greer	1868- 1868
Charles G Gibbs	Apr 7, 1888- 1901
J Edward Gibbs	1901- 1907
F A McCarary	1907- 1912
Melvin Gibbs	1912- 1923
Joseph A Nielsen	1923-Jan 9, 1929
Thomas A John	Jan 9, 1929-Sep 25, 1933
Loyal G Harris	Sep 25, 1933-Jan 15, 1939
Royal Halford	Jan 15, 1939-Oct 29, 1940
David Hoskins	Oct 29, 1940-Jan 26, 1942
Ralph D Olson	Jan 26, 1942-Jun 10, 1945
John F Conley	Jun 10, 1945-Jul 28, 1947
Devere Harris	Jul 28, 1947-Nov 12, 1951
Ralph Nielsen	Nov 12, 1951-Dec 8, 1952
Delton Ward	Dec 12, 1952-Dec 28, 1953
Joshua D Hawks	Dec 28, 1953-Nov 12, 1961
Marice R Thomas	Nov 12, 1961-Nov 29, 1964
William Colton	Nov 29, 1964-May 1, 1970
Ray Eliason	May 1, 1970-Apr 2, 1972
Donald Vaughan	Apr 2, 1972-Feb 4, 1973
Dale Tubbs	Feb 4, 1973-

The 2nd Quorum of Elders

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David Bowen	Dec 14, 1889-Dec 4, 1897
Elias Morris	Dec 4, 1897-Jun 10, 1898
Jude May	Jun 10, 1898- 1912
Joseph Parry	1912- 1916
Hugh Griffiths	1916-Jul 21, 1929
Richard J Evans	Jul 21, 1929-Dec 31, 1929
William Henderson	Dec 31, 1929-Jun 28, 1930
LeRoy Christophersn	Jun 28, 1930-Mar 9, 1931
Silas Thompson	Jul 19, 1931-Apr 2, 1932
Frank Atkinson	Apr 2, 1932-Jan 11, 1933
George Parry	Jan 11, 1933-Dec 16, 1934
Richard J Evans	Dec 16, 1934-Oct 10, 1935
LeRoy Roberts	Oct 10, 1935-Feb 16, 1936
Gomer V Reece	Feb 16, 1936-Apr 19, 1937
Grant Ripley	Apr 19, 1937-Sep 27, 1937
Rulen Ward	Sep 27, 1937-Apr 17, 1939
Russell Hess	Apr 17, 1939-Aug 9, 1942
Joseph Williams	Apr 21, 1947-Jan 23, 1950
Rosco Colton	Jan 23, 1950-Jan 11, 1954
Grant Jensen	Aug 9, 1954-Jan 13, 1957

Myron Jones Jr.	Jan 13, 1957-Dec 1956
William Colton	Dec 1956-Jan 18, 1961
Errol Williams	Jan 18, 1961-Mar 28, 1964
Jarvis Johnson	Mar 28, 1964-Oct 11, 1965
Leland A Jones	Oct 11, 1965-Feb 14, 1971
M Ronald Norton	Feb 14, 1971- 1972
Don L Harding	1972-Apr 10, 1974
Donald Vaughan	Apr 10, 1974-

The 3rd Quorum of Elders

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William Griffiths	Feb 12, 1888-Dec 14, 1889
Joseph Allen	Dec 14, 1889-May 6, 1899
Roy H Peck	May 6, 1899- 1901
Thomas F Coombe	1901- 1907
Daniel Garn	1907- 1908
Wilford Wright	1908- 1912
James R Hughes	1912- 1920
Ruel Ipsen	1920- 1923
LaVern Bailey	1923-Jan 25, 1925
Lyman Ipsen	Jan 25, 1925-Jan 9, 1927
John R Roderick	Jan 9, 1927-Apr 23, 1927
A A Stevens	Apr 23, 1927-Jul 19, 1931
Silas Thompson	Jul 19, 1931-Dec 28, 1931
Edgar Davis	Dec 28, 1931-Sep 19, 1933
Wendell Camp	Sep 19, 1933-Oct 1, 1934
George Thompson	Oct 1, 1934-
Paul Camp	-Mar 20, 1937
Leo T Brown	Mar 20, 1937-May 28, 1939
Daniel W Jones	May 28, 1939-Aug 8, 1948
Walter M Davis	Aug 8, 1948-May 2, 1953
William M Hill	May 2, 1953-Mar 1, 1954
Lyman Ipsen	Mar 1, 1954-Aug 14, 1955
Lloyd Sorensen	Aug 14, 1955-Jun 13, 1960
Henry L Glead	Jun 13, 1960-Nov 11, 1963
David Nielsen	Nov 11, 1963-Nov 14, 1965
Thomas Parry	Nov 14, 1965-Aug 9, 1970
Wayne Budge	Aug 9, 1970-

The 4th Quorum of Elders

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Frank J Walker	Nov 23, 1895- 1906
E D Capener	1906- 1907
Christian Peterson	1907- 1908
Thomas Cottle	1908- 1909
Luther Fuller	1909- 1912
Robert Hunsaker	1912- 1916
James R Hughes	1916- 1918
William R Jones	1918- 1919
T E Hunsaker	1919- 1920
Zeniff Harrison	1920- 1921
W H Facer	1921- 1925

Fred Sparks	1925-	1927
Donald S Howard	Oct 2, 1929-Jan 1, 1933	
Guy Benson	Jan 1, 1933-Apr 30, 1934	
J LeRoy Horsley	Apr 30, 1934-Jan 1, 1939	
William H Thomas	Jan 30, 1939-Aug 19, 1940	
Joseph Laws	Aug 19, 1940-May 11, 1943	
A Merrill Drake	May 23, 1943-Jun 24, 1946	
Myron P Sorensen	Jun 24, 1946-Aug 12, 1956	
Kenneth Allen	Aug 12, 1956-	
Lynn Elcock	Aug 11, 1957-	
Dale C Hyer		-Jun 12, 1960
Thomas Thorpe	Jun 12, 1960-	

Thomas Nish	1906-	1907
Robert Hunsaker	1907-	1913
Phillip Ford		1923-Apr 22, 1928
H O Kent	Apr 22, 1928-Jan 9, 1929	
Andy Talbot	Jan 9, 1929-	
Walter Swartz	Jan 8, 1939-Sep 30, 1940	
Warren Bush	Sep 30, 1940-Apr 27, 1942	
Joseph Gleed	Apr 27, 1942-Jan 3, 1944	
Wayne Gunnell	Jan 3, 1944-Jun 24, 1945	
N M Jorgenson	Jun 24, 1945-Jun 24, 1946	
Samuel Smith	Jun 24, 1946-Dec 14, 1947	
Raymond Horsley	Dec 14, 1947-Jan 19, 1949	
William M Hill	Jan 19, 1949-Jan 11, 1954	
S Thomas Lawson	Jan 11, 1954-May 27, 1957	
Claude Kent	May 27, 1957-Jan 6, 1958	
Lorin Peck	Jan 6, 1958-Sep 28, 1959	
George Bush	Sep 28, 1959-Nov 16, 1960	
Ralph Gleed	Nov 16, 1960-Dec 1963	
Clair Davis	Dec 1963-Mar 28, 1964	
Disorganized	Mar 28, 1964	

The 5th Quorum of Elders

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William C Heaton	1877-
William John	Jan 6, 1880-Jan 1, 1888
Charles T Gibbs	Jan 1, 1888-Dec 13, 1892
James G Greer	Dec 13, 1892- 1893

History of Malad Stake Relief Society Organization



The first Relief Society, Malad Branch, February 7, 1874

Standing: Maggie Rumsey, Lizzie Jenkins, Jane Evans, Cassie Price, Martha Lusk, Jane Price (Pres.), Elvira W. Harrison, ? Reece, Ester Goodliff, Ellen Dredge, ? Goodliff, Jamima Stewart

Seated: Jane Williams, Mary E. Jones, Martha A. Jones, Nancy Ann Daniels, Mary Lusk Bolingbroke, Ester Lusk, ? Jones, Cathrine Fallis, Ruth Thomas, ? Barrett



A group of Relief Society sisters, about 1920

*Back: Esther Mifflin, Annie E. Lusk, Mary E. Bolingbroke, Nellie Dredge, Martha Sweeten
Holbrook, Annie Dives*

*Center: Mrs. Charlet Palmer, Mrs. Oliver Hoskins, Eliza Hall, Zina D. Harris, Mrs. Mary
Weston Crowther*

Bottom: Maggie Parry, Clara Hall, Hattie Howard

Malad Stake Relief Society Organized

At a priesthood meeting held in Portage, Utah, June 16, 1888, the Malad Stake Relief Society was organized by the Malad Stake presidency. The following officers were selected and sustained: Lucinda Hoskins, president; Elizabeth Zundell, First counselor; and Mary Stewart, Second counselor. A special meeting of all the stake officers was called at Portage Utah, July 19, 1888. Eliza A. Hall was sustained as the stake secretary.

A stake Relief Society quarterly conference was held in Samaria, Idaho, August 16, 1891, where Elizabeth Parkinson was sustained as stake treasurer. When the stake was organized, the branches of the Relief Society were: Malad City, organized February 27, 1884; Plymouth, organized May 11, 1884; Washakie, organized May 20, 1888; Portage organized January 4, 1870; St John, organized November 24, 1870; Samaria, organized January 27, 1870; and Cherry Creek, organized May 7, 1885; Neelyville and Rockland, dates unavailable.

Previous to the organization of Malad Stake, Plymouth, Washakie and Portage belonged to Box Elder Stake. Samaria, Cherry Creek, St John and Malad belonged to Oneida Stake. When Pocatello Stake was organized, Neelyville and Rockland were transferred to that stake.

As the county grew in population a marked change took place in some of the branches. Plymouth grew south and west and was subdivided into three wards known as Plymouth, Plymouth South, and Riverside. South Plymouth was organized January 18, 1891-later it became known as Fielding. Plymouth was reorganized July 24, 1892. Riverside was organized August 14, 1897.

When Malad Stake was organized, Cherry Creek was in a scattered condition and divided into three districts: Cherry Creek, Willow Springs and Muddy Creek. The president presided at Cherry Creek, the First counselor at Willow Springs and the Second counselor at Muddy Creek; only one organization for all three districts. In 1890 the three districts were divided into two: Northern Cherry Creek and Southern Muddy Creek. Later Southern Muddy Creek was organized as the Woodruff Ward.

[We skip a few years which are covered in the statistical report.]

President Lucinda Hoskins, who had been a faithful worker for fourteen years, asked for a release because of failing health. She was honorably released at a conference held in Malad, June 23, 1902.

The foregoing history was taken from the Relief Society Record Book.

Malad Idaho Stake Auxiliaries

Malad Idaho Stake Relief Society

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lucinda Hoskins	Jun 16, 1888-Jun 26, 1902
Julia A Richards	Jun 26, 1902-Sep 27, 1908
Caroline E Facer	Sep 27, 1908-Jul 30, 1910
Eliza A Hall	Aug 27, 1910-Mar 28, 1925
Eleanor J Richards	Mar 28, 1925-Apr 12, 1931
Nellie Dredge	Apr 12, 1931-Jun 19, 1937
Maude Call	Jun 19, 1937-Oct 2, 1939
Hannah Harris	Oct 2, 1939-Mar 27, 1955
Nellie Gleed	Mar 27, 1955-Jun 16, 1968
Helen R Thomas	Jun 16, 1968-Sep 15, 1971
Verna Allen	Sep 15, 1971-Jun 5, 1977
Carol Eliason	Jun 5, 1977-Jan 22, 1984
Julie Hansen	Jan 22, 1984-

Malad Idaho Stake Primary

The LDS Primary was organized on August 25, 1878, in of Farmington, Utah. Aurelia Spencer Rogers, a humble woman filled with love, sensed a need for an organization to teach obedience and faith in God. This concern was voiced to Eliza R Snow at a Relief Society conference, who in turn spoke to President John Taylor. After prayerful consideration and under the direction of the priesthood, the first primary was organized. With a large group of girls and boys attending, the first Primary was held in a little rock church in Farmington. There are now primaries throughout the world.

The Primary Association was organized in Malad on May 5, 1879, with Mary Jane Evans, president; Alvira L Reece, 1st counselor; Mary E Bolingbroke, 2nd counselor; Alice Evans, Secretary; Edward W Colton, assistant secretary; and Mary E

Elggren, treasurer.

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary Jane Evans	May 5, 1879-Jun 17, 1888
Emma Halford	Jun 17, 1888- 1904
Philene Hall	1904- 1907
Sarah Reynolds	1911- 1914
Sarah A Evans	1917- 1918
Alice Harding	1918-Sep 8, 1931
Elizabeth S Jones	Sep 8, 1931-Sep 17, 1933
Agnes Horsley	Sep 17, 1933-Dec 11, 1939
Doral Horsley	Dec 11, 1939-Aug 1, 1949
Elaine Castleton	Aug 1, 1949-Jan 12, 1959
Pearl F Williams	Jan 12, 1959-Aug 24, 1969
Thelma Wakley	Aug 24, 1969-May 1, 1974
Heane Corbridge	May 1, 1974-Jan 1979
Diane Pett	Jan 1979-Jan 20, 1984
Debra Griffiths	Jan 20, 1984-Jan 17, 1988
Joan Nielsen	Jan 17, 1988-

Malad Idaho Stake Sunday School

<u>Superintendents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David Hill	Mar 3, 1888-Jun 8, 1890
Joseph W Dudley	Jun 8, 1890-Jun 22, 1902
Owen T Davis	Jun 22, 1902- 1906
Lewis Williams	1906-Jun 26, 1910
Harley R Randell	Jun 26, 1910- 1913
William H Thomas	1913- 1914
Hyrum J Hansen	1914- 1916
William W Williams	1916-Nov 16, 1918
J Peter Jensen	Nov 16, 1918-Feb 5, 1921
Ugene M Decker	Feb 5, 1921- 1924
Walter R Micholos	1924-Jul 8, 1928
D Dredge Thomas	Jul 8, 1928-Dec 8, 1940
Thomas M Davis	Dec 8, 1940-Jun 14, 1942
Elmer Lloyd	Jun 14, 1942-May 14, 1944
Alvin J Thomas	May 14, 1944-Apr 12, 1948
Myron P Sorensen	May 12, 1948-Aug 11, 1952
Jesse R Dredge	Aug 11, 1952-Oct 23, 1955
William W Thomas	Oct 23, 1955-Sep 22, 1957
Joseph W Laws	Sep 22, 1957-Sep 28, 1958
Ralph W Harding	Sep 28, 1958-Apr 29, 1961
John J Roderick	Apr 29, 1961-Jan 3, 1964
Leon Castleton	Jan 3, 1964-Jul 27, 1969
Phil M Gillies	Jul 27, 1969-Oct 22, 1972
Charles Buehler	Oct 22, 1972-Jan 22, 1984
Brent Winward	Jan 22, 1984-Jan 20, 1985
Sterling Phillips	Jan 20, 1985-

Malad Idaho Stake Young Men MIA

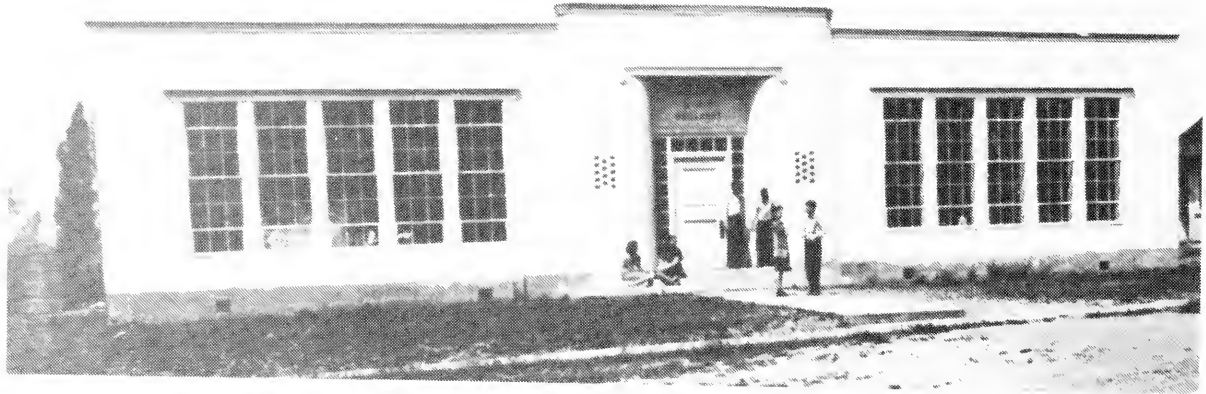
<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
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Samuel B Davis	Jun 17, 1888-Mar 15, 1895
Ralph Harding	Mar 15, 1895- 1903
R N Hill	1903- 1907
Charles R Thomas	1907-Aug 27, 1911
Charles W Hall	Aug 27, 1911- 1913
John R Gibbs	1913- 1916
John Illum	1916- 1920
George L Wilson	1920- 1924
Norman Crowther	1924-Jan 6, 1931
Howell M Williams	Jan 6, 1931-Sep 11, 1934
William W Thomas	Sep 11, 1934-May 16, 1937
Edward Wozzley	May 16, 1937-Apr 16, 1939
Otto Dunn	Apr 16, 1939-May 20, 1941
Charles G Nielsen	May 20, 1941-Jan 26, 1942
Raymond Horsley	Jan 26, 1942-Apr 21, 1947
Merlin Bastian	Apr 21, 1947-May 14, 1951
Gordon Crowther	May 14, 1951-Jan 24, 1954
Lawrence Budge	Jan 24, 1954-Sep 28, 1958
Joseph W Laws	Sep 28, 1958-Apr 25, 1960
John Taggart	Apr 25, 1960-Nov 26, 1961
Cordell Williams	Nov 26, 1961-May 29, 1966
H Clarence Kent	May 29, 1966- 1969
LaVern Colton	1969-Nov 6, 1972
George F Gardner	Nov 6, 1972-Jun 5, 1977
Spencer Horsley	Jun 5, 1977- 1984
Brad Thorpe	1984-Jan 20, 1985
Robert M Smith	Jan 20, 1985-

Malad Idaho Stake Young Women MIA

<u>Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elvira A Harrison	Jun 15, 1888-Aug 27, 1911
Phebe J Thomas	Aug 27, 1911- 1911
Olive Richards	1912- 1916
Pearl V Williams	1917- 1918
Amelia Spencer	1919-Aug 19, 1928
Hannah Deschamps	Aug 19, 1928-Sep 18, 1932
Olvoretta Davis	Sep 18, 1932- 1936
Iravette D Rything	1936-May 10, 1937
Marie Billingsley	May 10, 1937-Nov 16, 1942
Orletta Williams	Nov 16, 1942-Mar 22, 1948
Mary D Crowther	Mar 22, 1948-May 14, 1951
Ila Hughes	May 14, 1951-May 23, 1954
Reba Henrie	May 23, 1954-Sep 10, 1956
Charlene Corbridge	Sep 10, 1956-Jul 18, 1957
Shelba Dredge	Jul 18, 1957-Apr 3, 1956
Fern H Hall	Apr 3, 1956-Oct 22, 1967
Carol B Davis	Oct 22, 1967-Sep 21, 1970
Marie J Smith	Sep 21, 1970-Apr 2, 1972
Roma Jean Alder	Apr 2, 1972-Oct 20, 1973
Maisie Williams	Oct 20, 1973-Sep 26, 1982
Julie Bastian	Sep 26, 1982-Nov 20, 1986
Shelly Thorpe	Nov 20, 1986-

Malad Stake L.D.S. Seminary
By Helen Morgan



First Malad Stake Seminary building, constructed in 1938

Some Early History

Many of the early Saints did not believe that a seminary could exist in the Malad Stake. The stake presidency believed otherwise and in the fall of 1923 they sent a man here who they believed could handle the situation. The man they sent was H. W. Hoor. It was his first attempt to teach seminary. He made a good start and decided to remain in Malad. It was on August 20, 1924, that he married Mary Crowther. The family did not care for the name so changed it to another family name and he then became Harold W. Lawrence.

When the seminary was first started it was held in the vestry room of the old tabernacle (Church of the seven spires) and was heated by an old pot-bellied stove. Mr. John Roberts was the janitor. The school superintendant was Angus M. Maughan at that time.

In 1925 Mrs. William H. Palmer donated an organ to the seminary so they could better enjoy the singing of hymns. The old First Ward tabernacle was declared unsafe about this time and the seminary was moved to the little gray schoolhouse that had been used by the Relief Society. It had been moved from the school grounds to a spot behind the church. The stake purchased the building which had one large room. The

building was heated with a coal heater and students sat on wood benches. In 1936, forty new armchairs were added by the bishops of the stake. In the fall of 1929, William H. Rutter was appointed to be an assistant teacher and taught one year in the basement of the new First Ward church.

In 1930 the little building was divided into two rooms and Miss Effie Chadwick was appointed to be an assistant teacher.

An adult seminary was started in the fall of 1933 and was held in the Malad Stake office building. The classes given were, "The Life of Christ" and "Acts of the Apostles." During this period the high school freshmen were not counted in the enrollment figures for the other grades, but were called the junior seminary and they only met once each week.

The first Malad Stake Board of Education was William H. Richards, chairman; William H. Gibbs and Lewis D. Jones, counselors; and J. Edward Gibbs, clerk.

In the school years of 1937-38, a building was constructed at a cost of about \$11,000. This building was used until 1981 when the seminary moved into a new building adjacent to the new Malad High School, located on Jenkins Avenue.



Current Malad Stake Seminary building, constructed in 1981

Early graduates of the Malad Stake seminary are listed below:

1924

Ardella Anderson, Clyde Briggs, Ida Howell, Rachel Mifflin, Ester Thompson, Bertha Roderick and LaRue Jensen.

1925

Thelma Dredge, Mae Hill, Edith Hughes, Okal Hughes, Lara M. Jones, Ben A. Richards, LeRoy Roberts and Lizzie Thomas.

1926

Leonard Castleton, Lea Chandler, Jesse R. Dredge, Mary B. Evans, David R. Harrison, Mary Lehman, Zelpha White, Opal Williams, Mary R. Morgan, William E. Morse Jr., Cleophia Richards, John J. Roderick, Alice A. Thomas, Beatrice Ward and Leo Williams.

1927

Polly Allen, Fern Bowen, Wilford Dredge, John Hill, Gwendolyn Evans, Dora Jones, Dennison King, Mary Reese, Beryl Napier, VeElta Napier, Theodore Reese, Effie Nielsen, Emery Wheeler, Maude Reynolds, David Roberts, Hanna Stocking, Alta Tubbs, Letha Tubbs, Laura Wells and Daniel T. Williams.

1928

Rebecca Carlson, Ruth Williams, Mable Jones, Byron Ford, Emogene Rose, Raymond Martin, Wendel D. Camp, Elevene Peterson and Katie M. Roberts.

1929

Laurel Jones, Lelith Williams, Ruth Thomas, Pearl Price, Carrie Richards, Vernal Josephson, Arvilla Hughes, Elaine Jones, Elizabeth Josephson, David Hill and Luzell Sorensen.

Seminary Personnel

<u>Year</u>	<u>Enrollment</u>	<u>Principals</u>	<u>Teachers</u>
1923 - 1929	102 to 168	Harold W. Lawrence	
1929 - 1931	216 to 198	Harold W. Lawrence	William H. Rutter
1931 - 1932	225	Harold W. Lawrence	Effie Chadwick
1932 - 1935	155 to 171	Harold W. Lawrence	
1935 - 1936	182	Samuel D. Moore	
1936 - 1938	182 to 279	Robert D. Gibbons	
1938 - 1940	305 to 280	Robert D. Gibbons	Otto Done
1940 - 1941	306 to 291	Otto Done	LeGrande Horsley
1941 - 1942	208	Wendell O. Rich	
1942 - 1943	203	Edna C. Collins	Wayne C. Gunnell
1943 - 1945	201	Wayne C. Gunnell	Mary Jensen
1945 - 1946	193	Mary Jensen	Wayne C. Gunnell
1946 - 1947	176	Richard Durham	
1947 - 1948	208	W. Evan Woodbury	Richard Durham
1948 - 1949	162	Richard Durham	Hal Taylor
1949 - 1950	194	Richard Durham	
1950 - 1951	200	Eldon Kimball	Hal Taylor
1951 - 1953	159 to 168	Curtis O. Hadlock	A. Spencer Hill
1953 - 1955	135 to 164	A. Spencer Hill	
1955 - 1958	162 to 228	Hal G. Ferguson	
1958 - 1959	238	Charles R. Hobbs	
1959 - 1960	238	Charles R. Hobbs	Jack C. Raymond
1960 - 1963	237 to 208	Jack C. Raymond	Wendell C. Gray
1963 - 1964	235	Jack C. Raymond	
1964 - 1966	277 to 251	Clark V. Johnson	William H. Morehead
1966 - 1967	260	Jess Wheeler	William H. Morehead
1967 - 1969	256 to 253	Brent L. Winward	David Shoell
1969 - 1970	238	Brent L. Winward	Elden Seipert
1970 - 1980	229 to 231	Brent L. Winward	Verlin Lee
1980 - 1984	185 to 190	Verlin Lee	Brent L. Winward
1984 - 1985	180 to 185	Brent L. Winward	Lewis Williams
1985 - 1986	175 to 180	Brent Evanson	Newell Humphries
1986 - 1988	175 to 180	Brent Evanson	Brent L. Winward

Note: For each year we have tried to list the principal first and the teacher, (when there was one) next. We cannot be sure the listing is accurate.



Young Women free message balloons



Young Women practicing first aid at Girl's Camp

Early Day Missionaries

Richard J. Davis, South Wales	1865
Moroni Ward, Bear River to Lamanites	1878
Isaac David Zundell, Seymour, Indiana	1898
Thomas Alfred Smith, Colorado	1900

Malad Idaho Stake

Full Time Missionaries

Name and Approximate Time Served	
Thomas Jones	1908
Joseph Palmer	1908
Lee Colton	1908
Robert Davis	1908
Jermiah Jones	1908
Heber Mansfield	1908
Joseph E Facer	1908
William G Davis	1908
Christian Petersen	1908
Edward Robbins	1908
Lorenzo Harris	1908
Thomas R Jones	1909
James William Blaisdell	1909
John Morris Richards	1909
Samuel H Williams	1909
Joseph H Thorpe	1909
Hyrum Petersen	1909
William W Williams	1909
Robert J Bradshaw	1909
William M Robbins	1909
William F Larkins	1909
Benjamin Waldron	1909
David Dredge Thomas	1909
Charles W Hall	1909
Henry John	1909
John C Cairns	1911
Frank Brown	1911
Jashua Evans	1911
George Allen	1911
Willard R Smith	1912
Charles Bennett	1912
John M Mifflin	1912
Cleobe Thomas	1912
Leou Zundell	1912
William Henry Facer	1912
Wilford Hurd	1912
George Allen	1912
David Thomas	1912
Robert Jones	1913
Thomas R Jones	1913
Phebe Thomas	1913
Newell Cutler	1913
William Ernest Condon	1914
Robert Holbrook	1914

Robert G Jones	1914
Edna Crowther	1914
Ruel Ipsen	1914
John B Allen	1914
George Ellrey Hall	1914
Zeneth Harrison	1915
Thomas Earl Hunsaker	1915
David Morris Price	1915
Elmina Heaton	1915
Daniel Morris Price	1915
Ralph L Van Noy	1916
George Elrey Hall	1916
Norman Crowther	1917
Lorin L Richards	1917
Ellen Dredge	1918
Margaret Howard	1918
Glen D Facer	1919
James B Jones	1919
Clinton Houe	1919
William D Thomas	1919
Ellen Harrison	1919
Joseph D Bennett	1919
Lavern Gibbs	1919
Frederick Rex Mills	1919
Harriett Parkinson	1919
Farrin Harris	1920
Edwin James	1921
Grant Anderson	1921
Thomas D Evans	1921
Cecelia Dredge	1921
H Lorin Blood	1921
Edward L Gibbs	1921
William B Merrill	1921
Jane Jenkins	1921
James Calvin Yearsley	1921
James Harold Howell	1921
William A John	1922
Lavern Bailey	1923
Owen Howard	1924
Junius Crowther	1924
Don J Howard	1924
Merril Ford	1924
Henry D Jones	1925
Newell L Ward	1925
Ben W Harding	1925
Mary Dredge	1925
Hittie Dredge	1925
Dela Jones	1925
John J Roderick	1925
J Moroni Ward	1925
Le Roy E Gibbs	1925

Name and Date Called	Rel - Date of Release		
		Arthur Servoss	Rel Jan 4, 1931
		Byron Ford	Jan 15, 1931
Joseph W Ward	Rel Apr 19, 1925	John G Nielsen	Rel Feb 5, 1931
John Illum	Rel Jul 6, 1927	Murthus Evans	Rel Aug 29, 1931
Maria Illum	Jun 10, 1925	Ione Fuhriman	Sep 18, 1931
Elizabeth Illum	Rel Jul 1926	Elliot Merrell	Rel Apr 24, 1933
LaRue Jensen	Aug 19, 1925	Frank Allen	Sep 11, 1933
Benjamin Harding	Aug 19, 1925	Melvin M Richards	Jul 2, 1934
Bertha Roderick	Aug 28, 1925	Charles Kern	Oct 8, 1934
James G Vaughan	Dec 6, 1925	Lester Grant Ripley	Oct 8, 1934
Joseph M Isaacson	Dec 13, 1925	J Peter Jensen	Oct 22, 1934
Arnold J Fuhriman	Nov 4, 1925	Nathen Dredge	Nov 5, 1934
Phillis Palmer	Jun 17, 1926	John Moroni Ward	Nov 5, 1934
Owen T Howard	Rel Jun 6, 1926	Ella Ipsen	Oct 8, 1934
Hyrum D Davis	Rel Jan 12, 1926	Wendell Camp	Rel Dec 19, 1934
Constance Christensen	Rel Jan 15, 1926	Larurel Jones	Feb 25, 1935
Donald J Howard	Rel Jan 24, 1926	Orvel L Stephens	Feb 1, 1935
Grace Howell	Sep 11, 1926	Moroni Timbimboo	Jun 20, 1935
David Dredge Thomas	Rel Mar 14, 1927	Henry Woonsook	Jun 20, 1935
Fenely Merrill	Rel May 11, 1927	David R Harrison	Jun 30, 1935
Rudolf Anderson	Rel Jul 6, 1927	Faye I Hawks	Feb 7, 1935
Frank A Atkinson	Nov 14, 1927	Nada Jones	Apr 24, 1937
Verdo Hansen	Oct 26, 1927	Mabel Jones	May 23, 1937
Thelma Dredge	Feb 14, 1928	Lizzie Thomas	Oct 11, 1937
Thomas W Richards	Jun 4, 1928	Glenn Morris	Feb 28, 1937
Catherine L Richards	Jun 25, 1928	Bertha M Howell	Nov 15, 1937
Elmer Price	Rel Jul 8, 1928	Nolan Blaisdell	Dec 8, 1937
Joseph B Bullock	Rel Jul 8, 1928	Joseph Wayne Dudley	May 22, 1938
Jesse R Dredge	Rel Nov 11, 1928	E Raymond Horsely	Oct 23, 1938
Devala Sorenson	Nov 11, 1928	Edward Niel Crowther	Rel Mar 31, 1941
Spencer F Allen	Nov 26, 1928	Henry E Bird	Rel Apr 21, 1941
Niels Peterson	Nov 6, 1928	Gene Horsely	Jun 9, 1941
Jennine Peterson	Nov 6, 1928	Ralph J Richards	Rel May 28, 1941
Delbert A Fuhriman	Oct 19, 1928	Grant C Moon	1941
Sylas Thompson	Jun 29, 1929	Mary Pett	Oct 22, 1943
Lester Ipsen	Jun 4, 1929	Raymond L Blaisdell	Nov 12, 1941
William J Williams	Sep 4, 1929	Eldon William Wade	Sep 29, 1941
Benjamin D Jones	Sep 4, 1929	Joseph Walter Spencer	Sep 29, 1941
Lorin Daniels	Jul 8, 1929	Myron P Sorenson	Sep 29, 1941
E Ronald Jones	Jul 8, 1929	George M Sweeten	Sep 29, 1941
Mary Wozzley	Jul 18, 1929	Wayne P Kent	Oct 12, 1941
Alta V Camp	Nov 14, 1929	Clair Howell Lundberg	Oct 12, 1941
John D Bowen	Mar 17, 1930	George Austin Palmer	Nov 24, 1941
Dora Jones	Mar 6, 1930	Dean William Tubbs	Dec 1, 1941
Jesse Hughes	Mar 4, 1930	Norma Dredge	Dec 6, 1941
Walter E Gibbs	Rel Apr 6, 1930	Daniel Khalil Price	Dec 6, 1941
Thomas E Howell	May 5, 1930	Frank Hill	Oct 22, 1941
Wilford Dredge	Oct 26, 1930	John W Allen	Rel Mar 15, 1942
Lorin P Howard	Oct 26, 1930	Odell Hubbard	Rel Mar 15, 1942
George Ward	Nov 18, 1930	Colen Sweeten	Rel Mar 15, 1942
Millie Harris	Oct 19, 1930	Ellis Williams	Rel Mar 15, 1942
Delmar Whitney	Oct 23, 1930	David L Stone	Oct 10, 1943
Richard Leon Castleton	May 24, 1931	Elmer Price	Oct 24, 1943
Emogene Rose	Jan 4, 1931	Zola Price	Oct 24, 1943

Spencer F Allen	Dec 6, 1943	George R Burton	Sep 26, 1949
Pierce Sorenson	Rel Dec 12, 1943	Lynn Stayner	Sep 26, 1949
Max Conley	Jun 6, 1944	Boyd Smith	Sep 26, 1949
Guy Servoss	Oct 16, 1944	Robert Waldron	Sep 26, 1949
Mrs. Guy Servoss	Oct 16, 1944	Richard Smith	Oct 10, 1949
Thomas Thorpe	Oct 22, 1944	Dean Harrison	Oct 10, 1949
William P Camp	Oct 22, 1944	Wayne W Thomas	Feb 6, 1949
Ester V Camp	Oct 22, 1944	Lynn M John	Jan 9, 1949
Mathew F Bird	Oct 22, 1944	Berry Deloss Harrison	Feb 6, 1949
Glenn B Marble	Dec 16, 1944	Acie Waldron	Rel Oct 27, 1952
Eileen Jensen	Rel Sep 22, 1946	Wally Griffith Richards	Sep 18, 1950
*Thomas W Richards	Sep 30, 1946	J Blair Jones	Sep 18, 1950
* Note: Mission Presiden		Valene Crowther	Sep 18, 1950
Clarence Kent	Oct 21, 1946	Thomas LeRoy Evans	Sep 18, 1950
Eldon Corbridge	Oct 21, 1946	Colen Sweeten	Oct 30, 1950
Elmer Leon Parkinson	Oct 21, 1946	Jesse R Dredge	Nov 6, 1950
Carl Willie	Oct 21, 1946	Russell Armstrong	Jan 17, 1950
Emogene Smith	Rel May 17, 1948	Mark Facer	Jan 17, 1950
Perry Bird	Oct 21, 1946	J Guy Glead Jr.	Jan 17, 1950
Elbert Sweeten	Oct 21, 1946	Byron Howell	Jan 17, 1950
Leo Deloss Gibbs	Oct 21, 1946	Warren Ashton	Jan 17, 1950
Odel Cutler	Oct 21, 1946	Donna Cole Thomas	May 14, 1951
Rex Hansen	Oct 21, 1946	Wayne Waldron	Mar 10, 1952
LaVern Wade	Oct 21, 1946	William Colton	Rel Jul 14, 1952
Ellen Kent	Oct 21, 1946	Lawrence R Budge Jr.	May 1953
Lawrence Harrison	Mar 9, 1947	Lloyd Sorensen	Rel Feb 9, 1953
Lyde Facer	May 12, 1947	LeRoy Evans	Rel Feb 14, 1953
Lloyd Hubbard	May 12, 1947	Dennis Atkinson	Rel Feb 14, 1953
Dale Corbridge	Oct 13, 1947	Devere Mills	Rel Mar 2, 1953
Lon Corbridge	Oct 13, 1947	Lorin Talbot	Rel Mar 9, 1953
Ruth B Thomas	Rel Dec 15, 1947	Mouris Thomas	Jan 1953
Howell H Williams	Mar 1, 1948	Joseph DeVerl Mills	Jan 1953
Anna H Williams	Mar 1, 1948	Earl J Hess	Jan 1953
Twila Rebecca Howell	Mar 1, 1948	Reo B Cutler	Rel Apr 20, 1953
Norman H Howell	May 17, 1948	Helen Meriam Burton	May 11, 1953
Illa Bell Hughes	Rel Jul 12, 1948	Audrey C Nielsen	May 25, 1953
Gerold Beeton	Aug 9, 1948	Neil Griffiths	Aug 10, 1953
Charles Nielsen	Rel Aug 29, 1948	William H Richards Jr.	Sep 1953
D J Thomas	Sep 27, 1948	Margaret Richards	Sep 1953
Lloyd Sweeten	Oct 11, 1948	Glade Felix Howell	Sep 21, 1953
Donald Hill	Dec 6, 1948	Royal Duane Jensen	Sep 21, 1953
Calvin Dredge	Jan 10, 1949	Grant Ruel Ipsen	Sep 21, 1953
Murill Dredge	Jan 10, 1949	Sherrell Don Williams	Sep 21, 1953
Charles E Thomas	Rel Feb 12, 1949	Ray Sheldon Crowther	Sep 21, 1953
Ileane Corbridge	Feb 28, 1949	Cleve Bollingbroke	Nov 9, 1953
Ralph Ray Harding	Aug 15, 1949	LuDell Nielsen	Nov 9, 1953
Earl Kern	Sep 26, 1949	Oriesta J Thomas	Nov 23, 1953
James Rutter	Sep 26, 1949	*Samuel A Hendricks	Mar 1, 1954
Gerald Atkinson	Sep 26, 1949	*Martel Hendricks	Mar 1, 1954
Chester L Bolingbroke	Sep 26, 1949	* Note: Mission Presiden	
James G Vaughan	Sep 26, 1949	Jay Francis Facer	Jan 11, 1954
Darrel Call	Sep 26, 1949	Charlet Williams	May 10, 1954
Glen L Williams	Sep 26, 1949	Darrell N Ward	Sep 27, 1954
Lyn J Hess	Sep 26, 1949	Jennie B Jones	1954

John D Dredge	1954	Vern Jensen Budge	Sep 14, 1959
Martell Beeton	Oct 11, 1954	Barry David Parkinson	Dec 14, 1959
Walter Sherman Gibbs	Oct 25, 1954	Stephen L Harris	Apr 30, 1960
Ulysses Grant Speed	Oct 25, 1954	J Brent Probst	Feb 4, 1960
Joseph Lynn Isaacson	Nov 29, 1954	Garry Grover	1960
Cecil Hill	Dec 26, 1954	Wendell Smith	Sep 5, 1960
Yeppa Daines Lund	Jan 1, 1955	Samuel Hendricks Jr.	Aug 29, 1960
James C Waldron	Jan 24, 1955	Douglas Castleton	Sep 12, 1960
Cecil C Sweeten	Feb 28, 1955	Spencer Ward	Sep 12, 1960
Sherrell D Burton	Sep 12, 1955	Byron Schwartz	Oct 10, 1960
Wells Willie	Sep 12, 1955	Brent Thorpe	Sep 19, 1960
Sheldon Rex Jensen	Sep 12, 1955	Colleene Lorraine Dives	Sep 26, 1960
John Arlyn Jones	Sep 12, 1955	Phil R Harris	Sep 26, 1960
David LaMar Nielsen	Oct 24, 1955	Dale W Evans	Sep 26, 1960
Terrel B Williams	Dec 13, 1955	Gordon Lewis	Sep 26, 1960
Franklin D Moon	Dec 7, 1955	Terrel Jensen	Sep 26, 1960
Lamont Neal	Feb 27, 1956	Cleon Hess	Nov 14, 1960
Welton Ward	Mar 21, 1956	Grant Cleon Jensen	Nov 14, 1960
Milton D Grover	Mar 21, 1956	Gordon Smith	Oct 31, 1960
Kenneth Allen	Apr 9, 1956	Jo Ann Gleed	Rel Feb 25, 1963
Rollin S Davis	Rel Aug 12, 1956	J Golden Ward	Nov 7, 1960
Gordon Fredrickson	Aug 13, 1956	Clark Verl Anderson	Jan 9, 1960
David Ray Dredge	Sep 10, 1956	Richard Lynn Rice	May 15, 1961
Roger Facer	Nov 14, 1956	Alice Neal	Jun 19, 1961
Larry Jensen	Dec 12, 1956	Brent R Smith	Jun 26, 1961
Arthur D Williams	Mar 6, 1957	Brent Atkinson Davis	Jun 26, 1961
Morgan D Harris	Apr 27, 1957	Melba Jensen	Jul 10, 1961
Douglas James Gibbs	Jun 9, 1957	Ralene Waldron	Aug 20, 1961
Larry Don Howell	Aug 12, 1957	Neil H Gleed	Aug 20, 1961
Val Hess	Aug 24, 1957	Norman Marble	Sep 1961
John Albert Neal	Nov 18, 1957	Ralph S Burton	Sep 1961
Le Ronna Neal	Nov 18, 1957	Everet Whorton	Sep 1961
Blair Gleed	Nov 18, 1957	Duke Petersen	Sep 1961
Rodney Trent John	Nov 18, 1957	Walter Thomas Davis	Sep 1961
Garth Sweeten	Rel Nov 23, 1957	Lewis S Dredge	Sep 1961
David Luke Grover	Dec 23, 1957	James Langford	Oct 9, 1961
Aron Hill	Jan 1, 1958	Max John Isaacson	Dec 11, 1961
Don L Harding	Jan 1, 1958	Brent Merlin Bastian	Dec 11, 1961
Leo Nielsen	Mar 10, 1958	James Leo Brown	Dec 11, 1961
Robert Lund	May 3, 1958	Dennis Vadel Swenson	Dec 11, 1961
Larry F Dorius	May 26, 1958	Stanley Carl Jensen	Feb 26, 1962
James M Smith	May 26, 1958	Lloyd George Bush	Feb 26, 1962
John Blaisdell	Sep 15, 1958	James LeRoy Hanks	May 28, 1962
Myrtle Blaisdell	Sep 15, 1958	Wallace Ellis Smith	May 28, 1962
Junis Crowther	Sep 15, 1958	Joe L Williams	Aug 13, 1962
Mary Crowther	Sep 15, 1958	Larry Hadfield	Aug 13, 1962
Gordon Simpson	Sep 15, 1958	Mark Howard	Aug 13, 1962
Foster H Ipsen	Dec 15, 1958	Robert M Smith	Oct 14, 1962
Kenneth Williams	Dec 15, 1958	Larry C Nalder	Oct 14, 1962
Dallas Neal	Dec 15, 1958	James Dennis Williams	1962
Bert R Marble	Feb 2, 1959	Anne Ward	Rel Aug 27, 1962
Don B Castleton	Feb 23, 1959	J Spencer Ward	Rel Oct 20, 1962
Lorna Neal	Rel Jun 15, 1959	Delmar Williams	Rel Feb 3, 1963
Denton C John	Jun 15, 1959	Spencer Henry Atkinson	Feb 3, 1963

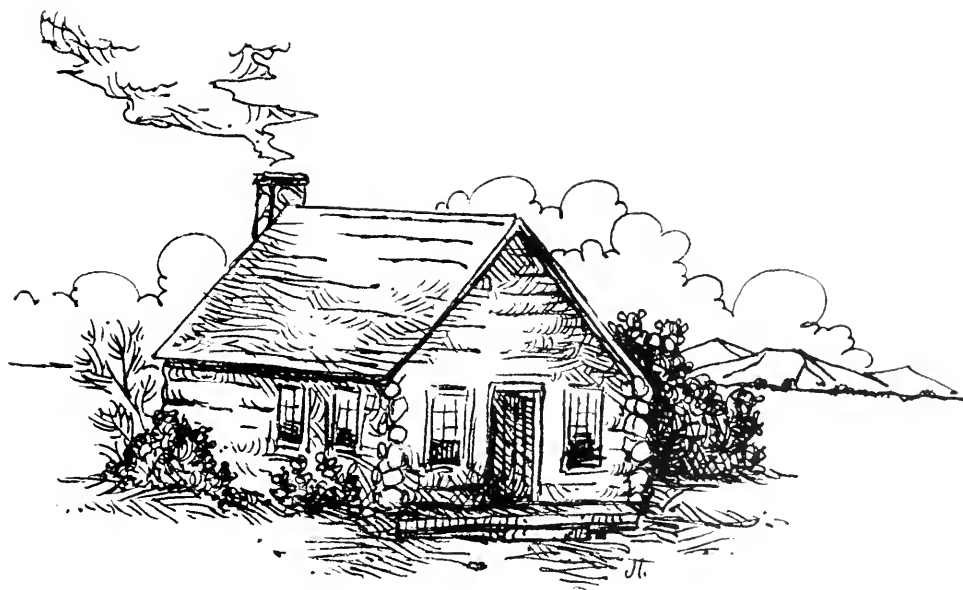
Larna Willie	Feb 25, 1963	Bary E Crowther	Aug 15, 1966
Lynda Willie	Feb 25, 1963	Clayton Henrie	Sep 11, 1966
Stephen L Hughes	Rel Feb 25, 1963	Boyd Baker	Sep 11, 1966
Natrone Ward	Rel Mar 11, 1963	Terrell Jay Jones	Dec 11, 1966
Adrian Harold Jones	Mar 11, 1963	Mary Louise Ward	Dec 11, 1966
Edward Glen Archibald	Mar 11, 1963	Brent Tim Archibald	Dec 11, 1966
Lowell D Castleton	Mar 25, 1963	Loren Gary Peck	Dec 11, 1966
David A Gleed	Mar 25, 1963	Mark Parkinson Alder	Jan 1, 1967
Faye Sweeten	Apr 15, 1963	Ronald Budge	Rel Mar 13, 1967
Sherman J Ward	Apr 29, 1963	Vern Budge	Rel Mar 13, 1967
Ralene Waldron	Rel Apr 29, 1963	Bart Thorpe	Rel Mar 13, 1967
Karen Rosetta Rutter	May 26, 1963	David S Smith	Rel Mar 13, 1967
David Martin Pett	Jun 30, 1963	Thomas Hal Harding	Mar 13, 1967
Dennis Archibald	Jun 30, 1963	Lonnie Gleed	May 28, 1967
Michael Henry Archibald	Jul 15, 1963	Kent Smith	Jul 10, 1967
Clark Neal Madson	Jul 15, 1963	Lynn James Hadfield	Aug 13, 1967
Donald Ernest Hartley	Sep 23, 1963	Terry Pierce Sorenson	Sep 10, 1967
Don Lee Hess	Nov 11, 1963	Ronald Bjorkman	Sep 10, 1967
Nathen Lavern Yearsley	Jan 1, 1964	Kenneth Wayne Jensen	Sep 30, 1967
Dennis Brown	Feb 10, 1964	Parris Cornel Neal	Oct 9, 1967
William Don Evans	Feb 10, 1964	Rog r John Williams	Oct 9, 1967
Suzane King	Apr 13, 1964	Kenneth W Jensen	Oct 9, 1967
Helen Nielsen	Apr 13, 1964	Don Charles Buehler	Jan 15, 1968
Marille Dredge	Jun 28, 1964	William Russel Price	Jan 21, 1968
D J Hawks	Rel Jul 13, 1964	Marvin John	Mar 10, 1968
Richard Allen Ward	Sep 13, 1964	Maurcie Swartz	Apr 15, 1968
Dale F Tubbs	Oct 12, 1964	David S Hill	May 26, 1968
Lynn Nalder	Oct 12, 1964	Robert Harris	Jan 13, 1969
Anthony Schwartz	Oct 12, 1964	Clark S Hubbard	Rel Feb 2, 1969
Timothy Neal	Oct 12, 1964	Terry M Williams	Feb 10, 1969
John J Evans	Oct 12, 1964	Rodney Griffiths	Feb 10, 1969
Charles Owen Ward	Nov 23, 1964	Larry Elcock	Jul 1, 1969
Doyle Talbot	Nov 23, 1964	Arnold Jones	Jul 20, 1969
Shana Ward	Nov 23, 1964	Craig Morris	Aug 17, 1969
David Stephen Hill	Aug 8, 1964	Randel Hughes	Aug 17, 1969
Stanley J Thomas	Aug 22, 1964	Steven Miller	Aug 17, 1969
Stephen Ray Nielsen	Aug 22, 1964	D ReRoy Thomas	Aug 17, 1969
W Wynn John	Aug 22, 1964	Nola Thomas	Aug 17, 1969
David Anthon Jones	Aug 22, 1964	Von Hubbard	Aug 17, 1969
David Robert Harris	Sep 13, 1964	Brad E Price	Sep 28, 1969
Lloyd Evans Hughes	Sep 13, 1964	Paul E Tubbs	Sep 28, 1969
Ben H Call	Sep 13, 1964	Larry B Christensen	Nov 9, 1969
David Roy Mills	Oct 10, 1964	Dale Brinkerhoff	Dec 14, 1969
Wilford Delone Jones	Rel Nov 15, 1965	Jay Hansen	Rel Feb 22, 1970
James Pett	Dec 13, 1965	Clayne Jensen	Jun 7, 1970
Darrel Voss Tubbs	Jan 10, 1966	Thelma Gibbs	Rel Jun 7, 1970
Thomas Daniel Perkins	Jan 22, 1966	Charles Simpson	Rel Jun 21, 1970
Cecila Rutter	Feb 14, 1966	Thelma Simpson	Rel Jun 21, 1970
Stewart Jensen	Feb 28, 1966	Dale Bruce Schroeder	Jun 21, 1970
Richard K Williams	Feb 28, 1966	Craig Madson	Rel Aug 17, 1970
Robert B Smith	Feb 28, 1966	Conrad T Alder	Aug 17, 1970
Jerry Jones	Rel Mar 14, 1966	Kim Crowther	Sep 21, 1970
Wayne E Jones	Jun 13, 1966	John Moss	Sep 21, 1970
Craig M Allen	Jun 13, 1966	Stephen R Young	Nov 11, 1970

Rayan Bell	Nov 11, 1970	Karen Tubbs	Jun 13, 1973
Nord Jones	Jan 17, 1971	Mark Ward	Jun 13, 1973
Elbert Sweeten	Jan 17, 1971	David B John	Aug 5, 1973
Dale W Price	Jan 17, 1971	Janet Corbridge	Aug 5, 1973
Brent Brown	Jan 17, 1971	Lewis Williams	Rel Aug 26, 1973
Boyd Clark	Jan 17, 1971	Ronnie Atkinson	Rel Aug 26, 1973
Dale Don Smith	Jan 17, 1971	Douglas Miller	Rel Sep 25, 1973
Michael Colton	Jan 17, 1971	Tim Edwards	Rel Sep 25, 1973
Robert D Harris	Rel Jan 17, 1971	Kelly Thomas	Rel Sep 25, 1973
Keven Nayler	Jan 31, 1971	Hyrum Romrell	Sep 30, 1973
Marvin Dean Thomas	Apr 25, 1971	Mary Romrell	Sep 30, 1973
Garry Abbott	Apr 25, 1971	David Gilgren	Sep 30, 1973
John Daniels Price	May 23, 1971	Boyd J Thomas	Dec 23, 1973
David John Morgan	May 23, 1971	Garry Romrell	Mar 21, 1973
Perry John Madson	May 23, 1971	Michael Colton	Mar 21, 1973
Brad Jones Thorpe	May 23, 1971	Lonnie Kay	Apr 28, 1973
Dallan Nalder	May 23, 1971	Michael Dives	Rel Jun 23, 1974
Royal Swenson	May 23, 1971	Robert Crowther	Rel Jun 28, 1974
Tressa Swenson	May 23, 1971	Susan Lunette Jones	Jun 1, 1974
Cordell Lewis	May 23, 1971	Edgar Blair Thorpe	Jun 1, 1974
Brent Illum	Jul 4, 1971	David Gillies	Jun 6, 1974
Mark Kent	Jul 7, 1971	Daniel Blaisdell	Jul 20, 1974
Eric Thomas	Jul 25, 1971	Kent Thomas	Jul 27, 1974
Tim Thorpe	Sep 5, 1971	Rick Griffiths	Jul 27, 1974
Tom Thorpe	Sep 5, 1971	Eugene Colton	Aug 10, 1974
Michael Smith	Sep 5, 1971	Kelly Kent	Aug 17, 1974
William D Thomas	Sep 8, 1971	Kenneth Moss	Aug 28, 1974
Amy Thomas	Sep 8, 1971	Allen Gardner	Rel Aug 4, 1974
Stephen L Smith	Rel Sep 26, 1971	Roy Tubbs	Aug 14, 1974
Sigrid Smith	Rel Sep 26, 1971	Brett W Perkins	Rel Aug 25, 1974
Thomas David Jones	Oct 31, 1971	Paul Schwartz	Nov 2, 1974
Kenneth Price	Oct 31, 1971	Kelly Thompson	Nov 30, 1974
David Corbridge	Nov 14, 1971	Bill Vanderwood	Dec 22, 1974
Larry Christopherson	Nov 14, 1971	William Clifford Jones	Jan 4, 1975
Bert Marble	Nov 14, 1971	Delon Williams	Jan 26, 1975
Alberta Marble	Nov 14, 1971	Terrel R Gardner	Apr 12, 1975
Edith Evans	Nov 14, 1971	Roger Colton	May 12, 1975
William B Lewis	Nov 14, 1971	Dan Waldron Anderson	May 24, 1975
Don J Hubbard	Nov 14, 1971	Jeffrey Lyle Thomas	May 31, 1975
Nolon Crowther	Nov 14, 1971	Bruce D Hubbard	Jun 21, 1975
Jon C Ward	Dec 26, 1971	James Wesley Crowther	Jul 12, 1975
Lurline Budge	Jan 16, 1972	Melvin Richard Spencer	Sep 6, 1975
Norman Reed Howell	Mar 26, 1972	Kenneth Ward	Jan 3, 1976
Mabel Davis	Apr 12, 1972	Mike Ward	Jan 17, 1976
Timothy G Williams	Jun 14, 1972	David Craig Whorton	Jan 31, 1976
Mary E Williams	Jul 23, 1972	Shelia Sorenson	Rel Feb 11, 1976
Patricia Kent	Aug 28, 1972	Boyd J Thomas	Rel Feb 11, 1976
Greg N Christopherson	Sep 24, 1972	Roger Miller	Mar 11, 1976
Jeff Alder	Sep 24, 1972	Kim Hess	Mar 22, 1976
Lloyd W Hubbard	Jan 28, 1973	Elwin Hill	Jun 9, 1976
Garry Romrell	Mar 21, 1973	Daniel Rick Villages	Jul 8, 1976
Andre Zivkovic	Apr 11, 1973	Kelly Hughes	1976
Judy Eliason	Apr 29, 1973	William Berry Jones	1976
Cyril Hill	Jun 13, 1973	Keven Crowther	1976

John Todd Bybee	Jul 16, 1976	Ceylon N Reeder	1978
Jay W Stayner	Aug 22, 1976	Dale Kelly Fuhrman	1978
Thomas Douglas John	Sep 16, 1976	Edward Brinkerhoff	1978
Julie Colleen Williams	Sep 18, 1976	Chad Bybee	1978
Arch H Williams	Sep 30, 1976	Joseph E Thomas	1978
Donald W Daniels	Oct 16, 1976	Michael Nayler	1978
Mary Nayler	Oct 16, 1976	Sherrie Sorensen	1978
Brian Kieth Jeppsen	Nov 11, 1976	Tony Gillies	1978
Clark Hubbard	Dec 2, 1976	Thomas Goddard	1978
Mary Hubbard	Dec 2, 1976	Margaret Kay Jones	1979
Bradley Brian Gibbs	Dec 9, 1976	Linda Sorensen	1979
Colen H Sweeten III	Jan 12, 1977	Robert David Sorensen	1979
Delbert Hanks	Feb 9, 1977	Curtis Willie	1979
Katie Hanks	Feb 9, 1977	Kenneth Gibbins	1979
Steven Stayner	Feb 25, 1977	Kenneth Eliason	1979
Jared Crowther	Feb 25, 1977	Randall Crowther	1979
G Howard Neal	Rel May 23, 1977	Mary Romrell	1979
Cora Neal	Rel May 25, 1977	Brooks Thorpe	1979
Roger Colton	May 23, 1977	William Atkinson	1979
Steven Edwards	Jun 5, 1977	Pearl Atkinson	1979
David Frank Kent	Jun 16, 1977	Steve Jones	1979
Debbie Corbridge	Rel Aug 10, 1977	Moroni J Ward	1979
James Neal John	Rel Sep 9, 1977	June Ward	1979
Bruce Glen Ward	Oct 8, 1977	David Zivkovic	1979
LeRoy Jensen	Rel Nov 10, 1977	Delwyn Palmer	1979
Brent G Jones	Rel Nov 27, 1977	Larry Lynn John	Jan 31, 1979
Kim LaDell Gibbs	Rel Dec 14, 1977	Craig Lloyd Sorensen	Mar 14, 1979
Gary Ward	1977	Leon Castleton	Mar 29, 1979
Kirk Corbridge	1977	Elaine Castleton	Mar 29, 1979
Sinthia Ann Whorton	1977	Jeff Scott Sorensen	May 16, 1979
Kirby Lynn Jones	1977	Cora Elvira Williams	Jul 11, 1979
David F Kent	1977	Julie Ann Jensen	Jul 18, 1979
Scott Alder	1977	Mark Duane Jensen	Sep 19, 1979
Bonita Jensen	1977	Mary Webste Romrell	Oct 14, 1979
Linda Sorensen	1977	Brooks Jones Thorpe	Oct 15, 1979
Tyler Schwartz	1977	Steven Eugene Jones	Oct 24, 1979
Waldo Blaisdell	1977	Curtis Levi Nayler	Dec 19, 1979
Lois Blaisdell	1977	Alvin Williams	1980
Leon J Castleton	1977	Blanche Williams	1980
Elaine Castleton	1977	Trent W Sigler	1980
Don C Christopherson	1977	Jeffrey Don Williams	Jan 30, 1980
Richard David Thomas	Apr 16, 1978	Troy Williams	Apr 16, 1980
Kelly Verlin Allen	May 3, 1978	Evan Brockbank Sweeten	May 7, 1980
Jim Moss	1978	William Allen Colton	May 14, 1980
Keith R Hambly	1978	Lyman Jeffery Ipsen	May 14, 1980
Robert O Kent	1978	Kerry William Jensen	Jun 25, 1980
Robert L Harding	1978	Robert Michael Sweeten	Sep 3, 1980
Jeffrey Davis	1978	Tim Holt Esplin	Sep 17, 1980
Steven R Tate	1978	Thomas L Laws Jr.	Oct 1, 1980
Jesse R Dredge	1978	Robert Reed Spencer	Oct 15, 1980
Shelba Dredge	1978	Rosa Karine Hill	Oct 19, 1980
Gary Earl Hess	1978	Thomas Ferrell Jenkins	Oct 22, 1980
Bruce Ward	1978	Don R Thomas	Oct 22, 1980
Richard D Hess	1978	Gerold Kee Rhees	Nov 30, 1980

Ann Ward	1981	Troy Hendricks	Jan 25, 1984
Todd Hess	1981	W Neal Moon	1984
Casey Owen Jones	Jan 7, 1981	Phyllis Moon	1984
Debra Lin Jensen	May 27, 1981	Richard Price	Feb 22, 1984
Earl Tubbs	Mar 10, 1981	Gregory Howell	1984
Betty Tubbs	Mar 10, 1981	Nolan Blaisdell	1984
Garyn Phillip Baker	Apr 7, 1981	Iris Blaisdell	1984
Kelly Aaron Hill	Apr 1, 1981	Ben Call	Oct 14, 1984
Mary W Zundell	Apr 19, 1981	Cleo Call	Oct 14, 1984
Bryan Kent Deem	Jun 28, 1981	William Jaussi	Sep 12, 1984
Robert Douglas Gibbs	Jul 15, 1981	Jimmie Goddard	Oct 10, 1984
Andrea Jean Williams	Aug 5, 1981	Melvin Hess	1984
Jason Scott Esplin	Aug 12, 1981	Bertha Hess	1984
Dodd Holt Esplin	Aug 12, 1981	Katherin Jones	Apr 19, 1984
David Rulon Ward	Aug 15, 1981	Greg Albert Harris	Jul 4, 1984
Jerry Lynn Stayner	Sep 16, 1981	Velma Ipsen	Jul 8, 1984
Robert Allen Evans	Sep 9, 1981	Ned Peterson Thomas	Sep 26, 1984
John Blaine Scott	Sep 16, 1981	James Brian Jensen	Sep 19, 1984
Barry Neal Daniels	Oct 28, 1981	Brent William Roberts	Nov 14, 1984
Darrel DeVon Williams	Dec 30, 1981	Terry Lester Williams	Oct 31, 1984
Brent Bird	1982	Tony R Tracy	Oct 14, 1984
Curtis Archibald	1982	Connie Thomas	Dec 21, 1984
Jay Willie	1982	Robert Nicholas	1985
William E Facer	1982	Linda Gillies	Mar 6, 1985
David Ross Waldron	1982	J Shawn Harrison	Apr 10, 1985
Marc Fred Smith	1982	Troy Atkinson	1985
Larry L Howell	1982	Tracy Atkinson	1985
Brent Gillies	1982	Scott Hendricks	1985
Laurie Jean Ward	1982	Delbert R Hanks	1985
Charles Scott Anderson	1982	William Carl Waldron	Nov 6, 1985
Todd Davis	1982	Todd Merriott	1985
Brent Albert Tubbs	Apr 20, 1982	Bruce A Sweat	Jan 6, 1985
Curtis Delon Archibald	May 19, 1982	Robert Loren Nicholas	Feb 27, 1985
Sidney Eugene Lewis	May 19, 1982	Darrin Don Gibbs	1985
Kent James Hill	Jun 16, 1982	Forest Timberlane Hamelton	Jul 23, 1985
Steven B Sweeten	Jul 14, 1982	Rosell Mills	Oct 28, 1985
Michael Bruce Miller	Jul 6, 1982	Elaine Mills	Oct 28, 1985
Stephen Russel Daniels	Jun 2, 1982	Delbert Robert Hanks	Nov 29, 1985
Shannon Smith	May 5, 1982	Tina Marie Thomas	Nov 20, 1985
Paul S Evans	Jul 14, 1982	Hanna May A Davis	Dec 29, 1985
William Arves Lloyd	Jul 21, 1982	Moyle Drew Facer	Jan 1986
Jesse Ross Smith	Jul 21, 1982	Tamara Hill	Feb 10, 1986
Blake Dean Gibbs	Jul 21, 1982	Robert Merrill Dorius	Apr 15, 1986
Marc Budge Smith	Jan 5, 1983	Evelyn Cutler Nalder	Apr 27, 1986
Bruce R Gibbs	Jun 15, 1983	Craig Alan Jensen	Jul 1, 1986
David DeMar Nielsen	Jul 6, 1983	ApraIpsen	Jun 17, 1986
Palma Nielsen	Jul 6, 1983	Brett James Hill	Aug 8, 1986
Gordon C Knudsen	Aug 16, 1983	Steven Dennis Lloyd	Aug 19, 1986
Jennifer Phillips	May 22, 1983	Ronald Chester Eliason	Aug 17, 1986
Brett David Parkinson	Aug 16, 1983	Bonnie Lynn Willie	Aug 18, 1986
Michael Sheldon Jensen	Aug 24, 1983	Devon Kent Scott	Sep 9, 1986
David Andrew Smith	Nov 2, 1983	David Brent Lewis	Sep 17, 1986
Burk Ronald Price	Nov 30, 1983	Dale Jaussi	Sep 25, 1986
Mark Louis Phillips	Dec 6, 1983	Troy Allen	Nov 17, 1986

Shawn Steed	1986	Kelly May	Dec 27, 1987
David Lewis	1986	Travis Atkinson	Jan 10, 1988
Suzanne Harding	1986	Drew Facer	Jan 10, 1988
David Evans	1986	Hope T Price	Jan 17, 1988
Tonya Bott	1986	Robert Kelly May	Jan 5, 1988
Rodney Garth Sweeten	Jan 27, 1987	Brock W Hill	Jan 19, 1988
Kevin Wayne Archibald	Feb 2, 1987	Travis Waldron Atkinson	Jan 19, 1988
Wayne Kent	Apr 19, 1987	Kay Lorna Williams	Feb 9, 1988
Pauline Kent	Apr 19, 1987	Bryan Ward Nielsen	Feb 9, 1988
Cory Daniels	May 26, 1987	Grant Haws	1988
Lonny Ward	Jul 28, 1987	Margrette Haws	1988
Steven Ross	Aug 18, 1987	Steve Gunnell	1988
Don Carl Jones	Aug 25, 1987	Brett Horsley	1988
Dennis Loren Willie	Sep 1, 1987	Chris Blaisdell	1988
George Albert Freidenberger	Sep 22, 1987	Blair Palmer	Jul 1988
Scott P Smith	Sep 15, 1987	Clinton Rohner	Jul 1988
John Williams	Nov 17, 1987	Bracken Budge	Aug 1988
David Royal Jensen	Dec 16, 1987	Roland Bott	Aug 1988
Kirk Eldon Nielsen	Dec 16, 1987		



Scouting

Eagle Scouts

1955

Sheldon Madsen
John Price
Khalil Scott
Wendell Yeats

1956

Mark J. Howard
Dennis Warren
Don W. Thomas
Dick Barry
Richard Steimle
Wayne Atkinson
Michael Madson
Douglas Castleton
Bill Barry
Dale W. Evans
Brent H. Smith
John Brent Probst
Lloyd G. Bush

1957

Stewart G. England

1958

Jess Ray Harrison
Joel Ray Harrison
Michael Archibald
Dennis Archibald
Edward Archibald
William Donald Evans
Clark Madson
Elvin G. Mitcheal

1959

David Pett
Robert Kelly May
Don Hartley
Dale Thomas
Stanley Thomas

1961

Charles Owen Ward
David Steven Hill
John J. Evans
Donald L. Ashton

1963

Tim Willie
Norval Moss

1964

Lon T. Williams
Dale W. Price

1965

Lonny Glead
Gregory Paul Willie

1966

John S. Moss
Dale Brinkerhoff

1967

Nard Jones
Marvin John
Craig R. Willie
Douglas Miller
C. Eric Thomas
Elbert Sweeten

1968

Robert Crowther
Tim Edwards
Stacey Madson
Parry Madson
Alan Gardner
Greg Hess
Brett Perkins

1969

Clayne Jensen
Jon C. Ward

1970

Andre S. Zivkovic

1971

Thomas D. John
William G. Jones
David E. Gillies
Tim Thomas
Richard Thomas
Bradley Gibbs
James Neal John
Kevin John
Kenneth Lamb
Sidney Hess

1972

Kenneth D. Moss

Steven J. Edwards

Roger S. Miller
John A. Servoss

1973

David Moss
Terrel Gardner
Melvin Davis

1974

Howard H. Miller
Arne A. Jones
David G. Jenkins
Jayson L. Esplin

1975

Tim Esplin
Todd Esplin
Kirk P. Corbridge

1976

David M. Zivkovic

1977

Kerry W. Jensen
Kevin M. Forbush
Steven E. Jones
Mark Jensen
Charles Anderson

1979

Peter K. Miller

1980

Troy D. Hendricks
Michael B. Miller
Todd Davis
John B. Scott
Burke R. Price
David Rulon Ward
David A. Smith
A. Troy Peabody

1981

James Jensen
Scott Hendricks
Ned Thomas
Mark Phillips
Troy D. Bush
Curtis Archibald

Sidney Lewis
Gregg Harris
Wade Harris
Scott R. Smith
Ron Eliason

1982

David Waldron
George Freidenberger
Michael S. Jensen
Shawn R. Smith

1983

Rodney Sweeten
Brian E. Horsley
Samuel Tracey Davis
Walt F. Tubbs
Deron E. Scott
Shad J. Pett
Travis Atkinson
John L. Neal

1984

Kevin Archibald

1985

Scott Horsley
Dustin Wendell Smith

1986

Douglas Marteeny
Derek Ipsen
Kelly Scott
Lonny Ward
Lee L. Jones
David Jensen

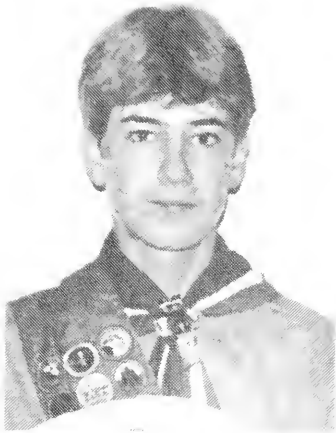
1987

Christoffer Blaisdell
Clinton D. Rohner
Christopher Perry
Roland Bott
Tim Naugler

1988

Torrey Christophersen
Bryan P. Horsley

Recent Eagle Scouts



J. Lowell Neal



Deron Scott



Travis Atkinson



Derek Ipsen



Dustin Smith



Tim Naugler



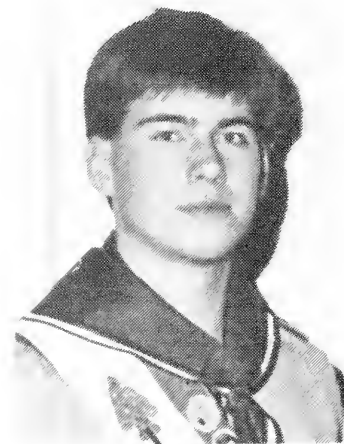
Torrey Christophersen



Bryan Horsley



Roland Bott



Christopher Perry



Clinton Rohner

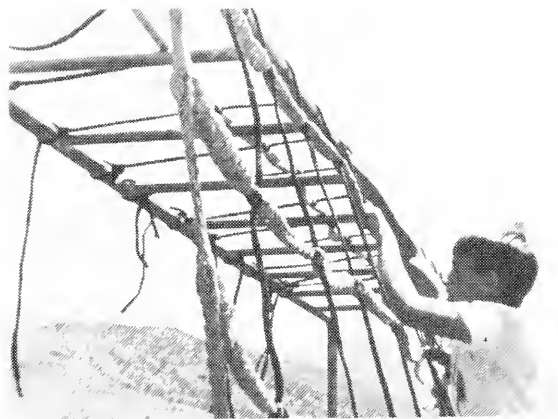


Christopher Blaisdell

Cub Scouts



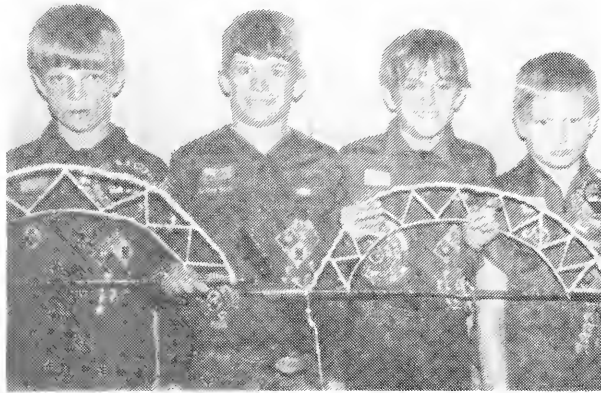
Cub Scouts ride fire engines during special fire safety event



Climbing the cargo net at Day Camp



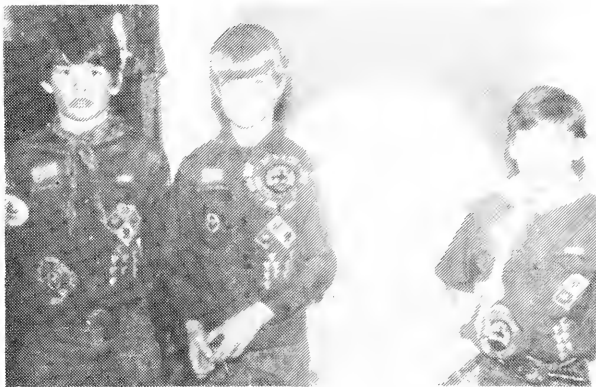
Pushing the earthball over the net at Day Camp



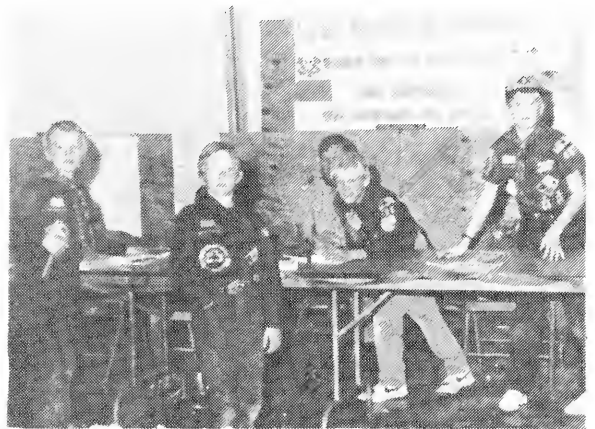
*Webelos Scouts receiving their
Arrow of Light Award*



*Promoting the Cub Scout Popcorn Drive are
Gloria Tubbs, Eurada Daniels, George Jones
and Jane Ann Ward*



Celebrating Scouting's Diamond Jubilee



*Cub Scouts demonstrate first aid skills at
Scout-O-Rama*



*Dee, Douglas, William, and Alan Atkinson,
double set of twins, compete with one
another in the Pinewood Derby, January
1981. In back row is District Cub Scout
Commissioner Lucille Laws, Sharon and
Spencer Atkinson, parents of the boys, and
High Councilor Con Alder.*

*Malad District Cub Scout Youth
Representative of the Year*

- 1982 Nathan Kennedy*
- 1983 Billy Snow*
- 1984 Brandon Hunzeker*
- 1985 Ryker Jones*
- 1986 Kirk Tubbs*
- 1987 Joshua Scott*
- 1988 Jared Robins*

The Scout Leader
By Edgar A. Guest

There isn't any pay for you,
 you serve without reward,
The boys who tramp the fields with you
 but little could afford,
And yet your pay is richer far
 than those who toil for gold,
For in a dozen different ways
 your service shall be told.

You'll read it in the faces
 of a troop of growing boys,
You'll read it in the pleasure
 of a dozen manly joys,
And down the distant future--
 you will surely read it then,
Emblazoned through the service
 of a band of loyal men.

Those years of willing labor
 and of brothering a troop,
Those years of trudging highways,
 with the Indian cry and whoop,
Those years of campfires burning,
 not alone for pleasure's sake,
But the future generation,
 which the boys are soon to make.

They have no gold to give you,
 but when age comes on to you
They'll give you back the splendid things
 you taught them how to do,
They'll give you rich contentment
 and a thrill of honest pride
And you'll see your nation prosper,
 and you'll all be satisfied.

Award of Merit

The highest honor awarded to Scout leaders in the district is the Award of Merit. Following is a list of those dedicated leaders who have received this award:

1980	Lucille Laws Ralph Bennett	1985	Larry Nalder Ruth Anne LeFevre
1981	Sheldon Jensen Foster Ipsen	1986	Dan Boel Don Lee Hess
1982	Mary Lynn Spahr Steve Biggs	1987	Bernice N. Nalder Norman Naugler
1984	Pam Lee Sam Hendricks	1988	George Jones Robert M. Smith

Malad District Silver Beavers

The following is a list of the Malad District Silver Beavers:

1937	J. Guy Glead	1971	Raymond Evans
1941	Thomas W. Richards	1973	Francis Deschamps
1945	N. W. Crowther	1976	Max King
1954	Wendell Camp	1979	Foster Ipsen
1958	Archie L. Neal	1981	Lucille Laws
1960	Herman J. Miller	1981	Delbert Hanks
1963	Arthur L. Gibbs	1984	Ralph Bennett
1965	John Price	1987	Jack Allred
1967	Lawrence Budge	1988	Ruth Anne LeFevre



Jack Allred

Malad District Scout Chairman, 1988



Receiving District Award of Merit for 1988, George Jones and Bert Smith. Don Lee Hess receives his Wood Badge beads.



Foster Ipsen, District Scout Chairman, presents Award of Merit to District Cub Scout Commissioner Lucille Laws.



Ruth Anne LeFeure receives the distinguished Silver Beaver Award from Arnell Walker

Welfare Program Is Instituted

Compiled by Jane Ann Ward

The year was 1936. The Great Depression was still having its effects on the people of America, including the LDS families. Unemployment was high, and some families could not afford to buy food, clothing or fuel. These conditions prompted the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to institute the "Social Security Program"--later known as the "Church Welfare Program."

This program was instituted into the stakes of the Church with a two-fold plan in mind: first to give sustenance to the needy; second, to provide work for the unemployed. Each ward in the stake provided a ward director to give assistance to the stake directors. A person without employment, although not in need of assistance, could volunteer his services to his bishop; and if he was assigned work, he would be given a work receipt showing his willingness to cooperate. He would also be in line for assistance whenever needed. The needy could acquire food and supplies from a storehouse by first applying to the bishop of the ward in which he or she resided. If the bishop saw a real need, the person could then get a requisition from his bishop and present it at the storehouse for supplies. These storehouses, later managed by the bishops, were called "Bishops' Storehouses."

Following is an account of the first few years of the welfare program in the Malad and Curlew stakes:

"The Social Security program of the Malad and Curlew stakes is making very satisfactory progress under the direction of S. A. Hendricks. Last week a deal which has been pending for a considerable time was closed whereby the Church secured from the Merrill and the Overland Lumber companies the building across the street from the C. W. and M. Co. store. The consideration was \$3,000, forty per cent of which came from the two stakes and the remainder from the general church fund. The two stakes participate in the ownership of the building in proportion to their church population. The local funds were raised by a fast day offering.

"The storehouse is managed by J. Edward Gibbs, who checks all commodities coming in or going out and keeps all accounts. The Church has furnished a complete and accurate accounting system.

"The storehouse opened to receive commodities and began operations December 1. Several wards had been conducting projects before this time, but because of the lateness of ground preparation, only a small amount was produced.

"Since the opening the building has been cleaned, calcimined, braced and blocked. A vegetable pit has been dug and prepared to hold commodities.

"At the present time five people are employed in addition to the manager, and it is expected that very shortly a number of women will be put to work on clothing.

"Food, clothing, furniture, implements, tools, etc., are contributed. Clothing is renovated, cleaned and pressed, ready for distribution. As far as possible the identification of articles is changed. Shoes are repaired and cleaned.

"At the present time the storehouse has on hand 1436 quarts of canned fruits and vegetables, 13 gallons of honey, 350 pounds of carrots, 8800 pounds of potatoes, 640 pieces of clothing and wearing apparel, 397 pairs of footwear, 2 bushels of apples, 500 pounds of flour; 14 quilts, 3 heaters, 1 cook stove, 2 sewing machines, 1 mangle, 1 wagon, 1 plow, 1 set of harness, 10 pieces of furniture, 3 cords of wood and a number of miscellaneous articles. More are coming in all the time, and the manager feels that people have been most generous in their contributions.

"Some very fine results have been accomplished during the year 1937 in the Church Welfare Program in Malad Stake. People have been very liberal in their contributions and have made possible the aiding of many families through their work and offerings.

"One of the major features of the program has been the agriculture project carried on by the various quorums and individuals. The allocation given to this district was 250 acres of wheat. There were fine returns made on the projects planted. Some 3,524 bushels of wheat and 7,580 pounds

of flour were received. One acre of corn was also planted which gave splendid returns. From the one acre of beans planted, 1,000 pounds of ripe dried beans were harvested. The high priests of the First Ward planted three-fourth an acre of sugar beets, and after all expenses were taken out, they turned in \$59.00. Other projects produced potatoes, carrots, beets, onions and other vegetables.

"Some 37 women have participated in the sewing program each working during spare time or contributing in all 2,533 hours of labor. Only three sewing machines have been available for this work the greater part of the time, although an occasional machine has been loaned.

"In spite of this handicap, 972 articles of clothing have been reconditioned. This includes fumigating, washing and remodeling or making over. Fifteen quilts have been completed and also 9 quilt tops and 50 quilt blocks.

"Splendid results have been produced by the canning project. There were 14,500 cans of vegetables done, including peas, beans, corn, beets, beet tops and chard. There were also 480 quarts of fruit canned. Only three pressure cookers were used for all this canning, but operations were greatly facilitated by the installation of a large cooling vat in the canning room.

"The major portion of the canning project has been carried on by 124 women and 10 men who have contributed 3,061 hours of time.

"A fine addition to the program is the new root cellar, which was dug and cemented on the sides and ends and covered with a roof of lumber, straw and dirt. At the present time it contains 11,100 pounds of potatoes, 722 pounds of carrots and 200 pounds of beets.

"More improvements have been made on the building and grounds. The sewing room has been greatly improved by being plastered, having electric lights installed, and hot and cold water in the room. A drain has also been installed in the wash room. The shoe repair shop has been lathed but not plastered as yet. Other improvements include the fencing of the grounds with a board fence, the installing of a ladies restroom and placing a cement foundation

under the workshop."

There were several managers of the storehouse in Malad Stake, J. Edward Gibbs being the first. He managed the Malad-Curlew bishop's storehouse from 1936 until 1940, when the Curlew Stake was disorganized. He continued to manage the Malad Stake Storehouse until 1950. Both Hannah Deschamps and Sarah Ward managed the storehouse following brother Gibbs, but dates of their services are unknown.

The storehouse was moved from the Overland Lumber Company building to the old Malad Stake office building. Warren Bush managed the storehouse after the move until 1956. William and LeVeda Williams took over in 1956 and managed it until 1963, followed by Eldon and Delaine Archibald from 1963 until 1965. The office was now in the old hospital located at 220 Bannock Street. Lewellen and Mary Williams were managers from 1965 until 1967, when the bishop's storehouse in the Malad Stake was discontinued. Then goods and items were donated to Deseret Industry stores located in various locations of the Church. The unemployed and needy were serviced by these stores in much the same manner as the local bishop's storehouse had been.

Malad Stake Genealogical Library and Extraction Program

Compiled by Hubert Gleed

In October of 1974, Mable and D. Harold Jones were called as librarians, for the purpose of setting up a branch genealogical library. A genealogical board was organized which consisted of the following: the stake presidency, the high councilor in charge of genealogy, the agent bishop of the Third and Fourth Wards, and Mable and Harold Jones as librarians. Also called at that time were the following supervisors: Milton Grover, technical supervisor; Lurline Budge, staff trainer; and Maude Call, patron supervisor.

Joseph F Smith once said, "The greatest responsibility in this world that God has placed upon us is to seek after our dead." He then asked the question, "Do Latter-day Saints realize the importance of the mighty responsibility placed upon us in relation to the salvation of the world?" There are some

of us who do. The following is a list of those who were called to give a part of their lives in the important work of salvation for the dead:

<u>Associate Librarians</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David H Jones	Feb 25, 1975-Oct 28, 1984
Mable Jones	Feb 25, 1975-Oct 28, 1984

<u>Tech. Supervisors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Milton Grover	Feb 25, 1975-Aug 1975
Edith Archibald	Oct 1975-
Faye Tuttle	1980-Jan 2, 1982
Sarah Bush	Oct 13, 1976-Aug 1978
Pearl F Williams	Feb 26, 1982-

<u>Patron Supervisors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Maude W Call	Feb 25, 1975-Oct 1975
Helen V Morgan	Jul 25, 1976-
Marie Gleed	Mar 1983-

<u>Training Supervisors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lurline Budge	Feb 25, 1975-Apr 1976
Mildred Hess	Jul 25, 1976-

<u>Staff Members</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Maude W Call	Oct 1975-Dec 1976
Delaine Archibald	Mar 5, 1975-Apr 1979
Helen V Morgan	Mar 5, 1975-Jul 1976
Celia Sorenson	Mar 5, 1975-Apr 1980
Betty F Tubbs	Mar 5, 1975-Apr 1979
Lillious Larson	Mar 5, 1975-Mar 1979
Mary J Hubbard	Mar 5, 1975-Nov 1979
Virginia F Kent	Mar 5, 1975- 1982
Karine W Hill	Mar 5, 1975-May 1976
Evelyn Deschamps	Mar 5, 1975-Mar 1980
Irene L Grover	Mar 5, 1975-Aug 1975
Lorraine Blaisdell	Mar 5, 1975-Oct 1984
Edith R Tovey	Mar 5, 1975-Oct 1975
Edith Archibald	Mar 5, 1975-Oct 1975
Pearl Atkinson	Mar 5, 1975-Dec 1983
Ellen Swartz	Mar 5, 1975-May 1976
Thora B Jenson	Apr 9, 1975-
Mildred Hess	Apr 9, 1975-Jul 1976
Duluth Allen	Oct 26, 1975-Oct 1982
Fay L Tubbs	Oct 26, 1975-Apr 1976
Kay Dean Williams	Oct 26, 1975-Mar 1976
Lorraine Dives	Oct 26, 1975-
Faye Tuttle	Oct 26, 1975- 1980
Florence Goddard	Oct 13, 1976-Sep 1978
Edith Scott	Oct 13, 1976-Sep 1980
Marie Gleed	Oct 13, 1976-May 1979
Marjorie Nielson	Oct 13, 1976-Feb 1980
Fern A Willie	Nov 10, 1977-Feb 1980

Maude R Harris	Nov 10, 1977-Aug 1979
MaryEmmaRoderick	Nov 10, 1977-
Ila Mae John	Nov 10, 1977-Aug 1979
Faye M Ward	Nov 10, 1977-
Idonna N Madson	Jan 11, 1978-Mar 1979
Lucretia Williams	Aug 12, 1979-
Rula Evans	Feb 17, 1980-Sep 1984
Pearl F Williams	Jul 6, 1980-Feb 1982
Clarice Lewis	Apr 12, 1984-Jul 1984
Roma Facer	Apr 12, 1984-
Lucille Pett	Apr 12, 1984-
Erma Thomas	Apr 12, 1984-Sep 1984

At the time the Malad Stake genealogical library board, the librarians, and staff members were called and set apart, on March 5, 1975, they were a long way from having a regular, accredited, operating genealogical library. Materials and equipment needed to be secured. Supervisors and staff members needed to be trained. There was a period of intense training, instruction classes and seminars. Finally the "Red Letter Day" arrived, April 9, 1975. President Myron Sorenson announced in a genealogical staff meeting that the Malad Stake Genealogical Library had been accredited as library number 164 and would be officially open at noon that day.

As a bicentennial project, In 1976, Colen H Sweeten Jr. presented to the stake genealogical library a set of microfilm copies of 60 years of the Idaho Enterprise. President Sorensen, stake president, announced that the entire cost of the project was paid for by the Malad Stake high priests quorum.

The Latter-day Saint Church extraction program began as a pilot program in St. George, Utah, in 1977. When the possibilities for increased genealogical work were seen, the program was expanded to other stakes and in many languages. Extraction of Spanish records began in the Malad Idaho Stake in January 1980, with the calling of a coordinator and three supervisors. The extraction program was incorporated into the existing stake genealogical library, with Brother and Sister Harold and Mable Jones at the head.

The extraction department of the stake library has gained a reputation for accurate, precise work; we complement them for their devotion to excellence. Their names are listed

below:

<u>Extraction Dept Members</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Charlene Corbridge	Jan 27, 1980-	
Fern Willie	Feb 17, 1980-	
Marjorie Nielsen	Feb 17, 1980-Died	1982
Edith Archibald	Feb 17, 1980-	1985
Josephine May	Mar 2, 1980-	
Roma Gene Alder	Mar 2, 1980-Mar	1985
Mildred Hess	Mar 9, 1980-	
Marguerite Davis	Mar 23, 1980-Mar	1985
Marie Wakely	Mar 1980-Jul	1982
Erma Evans	Mar 23, 1980-Apr	1987
Lois Blaisdell	Apr 6, 1980-	
Celia Sorensen	Apr 27, 1980-	
Margaret Thomas	May 9, 1980-	
Margaret Gleed		1981
Elaine Mills	May 9, 1980-Apr	1983
Illa Elcock	May 28, 1980-Oct	1985
Waldo Blaisdell	May 28, 1980-	
Veryl Henrie	May 28, 1980-Aug	1985
Lela Blaisdell	Jul 25, 1982-	
Joyce Colton	Jul 25, 1982-Sep	1985
Anita Colton	Jul 25, 1982-	1984
Ruth Hansen	Jan 1983-Jan	1984
Sarah Bush	Feb 1983-	
Wanda Edwards	Jul 1983-Jul	1985
Myrna Assay	Jul 1983-	
Mary Zundell	Jul 1983-Mar	1986
Patsy Scott	Feb 1984-	1986
Charlene Jones	Feb 1984-	
Beverly Head	Feb 1984-Oct	1986
Dean Naylor	Feb 1985-Aug	1985
Evelyn Richards	Feb 1985-	1987
Rosella Smith	Feb 1985-	
Verlene Williams	Feb 1985-	
Wanda Spencer	Apr 1985-Oct	1986
Virgil Williams	Apr 1985-Nov	1986
Carolyn Neal	Apr 1985-Apr	1987
Ila Elcock	Oct 1985-Dec	1986
Mary Hubbard	Oct 1985-	
Velma Ipsen	Oct 1985-	
Percilla Abbott	Nov 1985-	
Maydell Barfuss	Nov 1985-	
Jane Price	May 1986-	
Ella Housner	May 1986-	
Mary Thomas	May 1986-	
Hannah L Williams	May 1986-	
DePhane Taylor	May 1986-	
Pearl Jones	Oct 1986-	
Leora Brown	Oct 1986-	
Betty Crowther	Oct 1986-	

Brother and Sister Jones were released

after almost ten years of hard work as associate librarians. They had the responsibility of organizing and giving direction to a new program. Their devotion to this important work will be a guideline for those who will follow them. They were released October 28, 1984; Brother and Sister Wayne and Edith Archibald were called to their place. They were set apart January 20, 1985, as stake genealogical library directors (note the name change for this office). On December 3, 1984, Virginia Kent was called as a staff trainer, and Marie Gleed as the patron supervisor. Also called as staff members were Pamela Smith, Roma Facer, Lucille Pett, DePhane Tayler and Klea Mae Christopherson.

Sister Archibald passed away September 3, 1987. New directors were called on October 12, 1987. Dee E Williams and Pearl F Williams were set apart as directors of the Malad Idaho Stake Family History Center. (Note a name change announced by the General Authorities in the October 1987 Ensign.)

The Enterprise Project. In this project, readers go through each of the sixty years of microfilmed copies of the Idaho Enterprise and record vital statistics, such as births, deaths and marriages. These records will then be organized, indexed and made available to the general public for research.

Sister Helen Morgan expressed a desire to do this project, and her request was approved by library director, Edith Archibald.



*Workers in the Family History Center
Back--Helen Morgan, Pearl Williams, Pearl Atkinson
Front--DePhane Taylor, Faye Ward, Marie Gleed*

The following is a tabulation of the Malad Idaho Stake history center's 1987

report of staff members' hours:

Edith Archibald	413	DePhane Taylor	175
Pearl F Williams	299	Betty Tubbs	73
Pearl Atkinson	55	Faye Ward	148
Klea Mae Christopherson	102	Lou Williams	155
Lorraine Dives	167	Effie Taylor	37
Marie Gleed	204		
Thora Jensen	158	Total hours for the last four years:	
Virginia Kent	147	1984 -	1313
Helen Morgan	698	1985 -	2214
Lucille Pett	136	1986 -	2108
Mary Emma Roderick	164	1987 -	3125.



Stake genealogy class about 1947

Row 5: Anna Witworth, Maud Call, Nellie Dredge, Mrs. Stanley Larson, Sarah Allen, Spencer Allen, Ethel Colton, Royal Swensen, Colen Sweeten Jr.

Row 4: Amy Sawyer Thomas, LaRue Thomas, Lizzy Thomas, Edith Hughes Atkinson, Ada Hughes Ipsen, Amy Waldron, Amelia Waldron, Ruth Sweeten

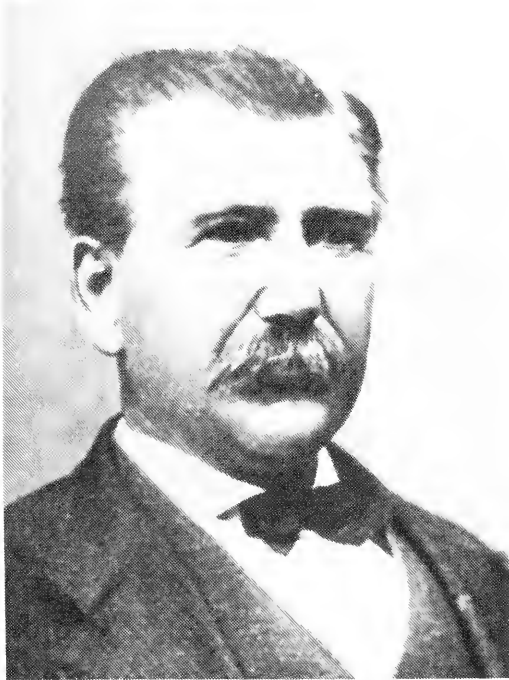
Row 3: Elmer Price, Fern Gleed, Annie Evans Ward, Deseret Moon, Zola Price, Vonda Harris, Mrs. William Williams, Mary King.

Row 2: Sarah Smith, Joseph Gleed, Cora Wilson Williams, David Williams, Bert Marble, Alberta Marble, Della Ashton Fredrickson

Row 1: Milton Witworth, Ruel Ipsen, Daniel Williams

**Malad Idaho Stake Presidents
1888 to 1988**

Oliver Cromwell Hoskins
First Malad Idaho Stake President
1888 to 1902



Oliver Cromwell Hoskins was born May 17, 1827, at Georgetown, Vermillion County, Illinois. His parents were Eliza Hoskins and Mary Hall Hoskins. When 19 years of age he married Lucinda Howell. Oliver and his young bride spent some time in Nauvoo, Illinois, at the time when there was turmoil and confusion in the hearts of many. His interest and sympathy must have been with the Saints, the driven people of the church, because he gathered with the group at Garden Grove, Iowa in the year 1849. While there, his heart was touched, and the Holy Ghost bore witness to his soul to the truthfulness of the Gospel; consequently, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on April 15, 1851. This was an important event in his life, and he remained steadfast and constant in the cause of truth the remainder of his life.

Oliver came West in 1862 and settled in

south Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah. Shortly after, acting in obedience to those in authority, he moved to Kaysville, Utah. For five years he made a living for his family in this vicinity. Once more he packed his family and belongings and, fired, with ambition and the spirit of pioneering, headed for the northern part of Utah. He homesteaded in the township of Portage, Utah. He arrived in the new settlement in the fall of 1868. Here he found contentment and peace, because this was his home for his remaining days.

On Monday July 12, 1869, Apostle Lorenzo Snow and company returning from a visit to Malad City, Idaho held a meeting at Portage, on which occasion Thomas Green was released from presiding over the Portage Branch, and Oliver was appointed and set apart to preside in his stead, Brother Snow officiating.

When the Box Elder Stake of Zion was organized August 19, 1877, Portage became part of that stake, and Oliver C. Hoskins was sustained as bishop. At a meeting held October 23, 1877, he was ordained and set apart to preside over the Portage Ward. Acting as his counselors were Martin V. Hale and William Henry Gibbs. Portage Ward at that time included all of what is now Portage, Washakie, and Plymouth and most of that part of Idaho close to the state line.

Oliver was ambitious. He worked hard and expected all others to do the same. The idler found no favor with him. A branch of Z.C.M.I known as the Portage Z.C.M.I. was organized January 6, 1870. Oliver was chosen as president. He also had much employment; working in the mills, brick laying, farming, and mail carrier. Honesty and thrift were two of his outstanding qualities. He was generous with his time and means.

He was a large man in stature, carrying his two-hundred pounds or more very manly and stately. He was kind and thoughtful in his home life. Two of his favorite dishes were clabber milk and hot biscuits. No matter how busy or tired he might be, if one

of his children desired information from him, he took the time to give it to them. Everyone has some weakness or peculiarity. Oliver's was minor, yet distinct. His path could be traced by his dragging shoe laces. He was always too busy or in too big of a hurry to tie them.

He found real delight during the evenings in entertaining not only his own family, but others, by playing the fiddle. His sense of humor often helped him over some very difficult situations. He was a devoted and untiring worker in the church. He held positions of responsibility and of trust, and gave his time and talents for the growth of the church. Flowery speeches and large words were not a part of him, but he was an interesting speaker, and could expound on the gospel very well. His accomplishments have been many. He did not make the world richer in a monetary sense but in service to his heavenly father and fellowmen.

While serving as a bishop, he was called upon to work long hours of manual labor as well as for the spiritual sustenance of his people. People paid their tithing with all sorts of produce and livestock. In the fall he often had to slaughter from 30 to 60 hogs, take care of the meat and distribute it among the poor in the winter time. All the vegetables and fruits were taken care of in a large cellar which he provided for that purpose.

Four children were born to Oliver and Lucinda. In 1874 he married Ellen Evans Jones, and to this union seven children were born.

In 1888 a special conference was held in Portage. At this time the Malad Stake was organized, and Oliver was set apart by Lorenzo Snow as president. The stake took in a large area, as far north as American Falls and as far south as Fielding; Portage was the headquarters. The trips around the stake required several days, traveled in buggies drawn by sleek, fat horses. When stake conference convened in Portage, he assumed the responsibility of seeing that all conference visitors were fed and made comfortable. William H. Gibbs, one of his counselors, had a large home, which helped considerably with this matter.

Oliver was a polygamist, having two

wives. Many times he was hunted by the marshall and often had to hide because he could not renounce that principle of the gospel. The commandment had been given by the Lord, and until revoked, Oliver lived it honorably. Finally, figuring that it might be easier for all concerned, he gave himself up, which resulted in a prison term of three months.

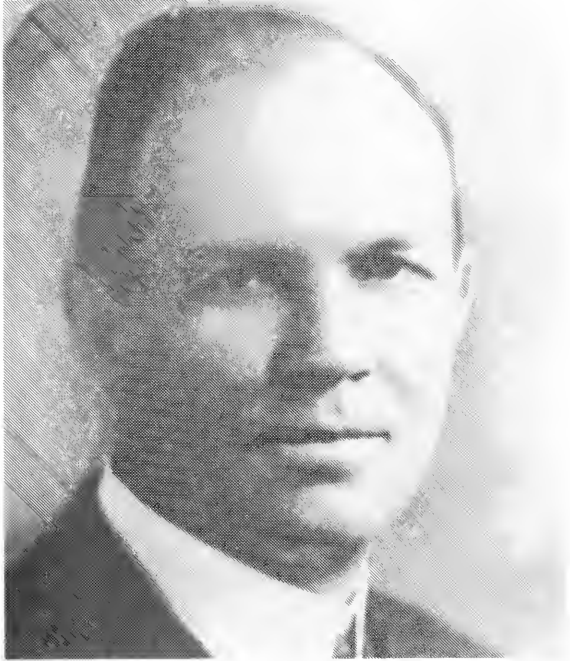
On March 22, 1902, Oliver and his counselors were released, and Milton H. Welling was chosen president of the Malad Stake. At this time Oliver was made a patriarch by Elder Rudger Clawson, a position he held until his death.

He has a large posterity. His sojourn on earth ended after 78 years of activity. The last two years of his life he was always ill; death finally released him from pain and misery May 30, 1905. His body rests in the Portage cemetery.

Compiled by Velda G. Harris from a history of Portage Ward and a history of Oliver C. Hoskins, owned by Mrs. Bell Hoskins Estep. (Mrs. Jim Estep, Plymouth, Utah). Copied by Mrs. Estep in 1923 from a history her grandmother, Ellen Jones Hoskins, had in Oliver's own handwriting.

Also from photocopies of a history of Portage Ward obtained from the Church Historian's office in Salt Lake City, Utah. Also from Devere Harris's book of remembrance and from the group sheets of the four generations of Devere Harris.

Milton Holmes Welling
Second Malad Idaho Stake President
1902 to 1908



Milton Holmes Welling, second president of the Malad Idaho Stake of Zion, was born January 25, 1876, in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, the son of Job Welling and Emma Holmes. He was raised and partly educated in his native town, finishing his education at the University of Utah.

He was baptized in Farmington when he was eight years of age, by Elder Jonathan D. Woods, and was ordained successively to the offices of deacon and priest. He was a active Sunday School teacher and worker for a number of years.

In 1895 he was ordained an elder, and in 1896-1898, after being ordained a Seventy by J. Golden Kimball, he filled a mission to the Southern States, laboring in the Tennessee and North Carolina Mission. Most of the time he was a counselor to the president of the East Tennessee Conference.

After his return home he taught school in Box Elder County, Utah, and on December 26, 1900 he married Bracie Richards, and located at Fielding, Box Elder County, Utah.

At the reorganization of the Malad Stake of Zion, at Portage, Utah, March 22, 1902, he was ordained a high priest and set apart as president of the Malad Stake of Zion by Apostle John V. Taylor.

President Welling was released as president of the Malad Stake September 27, 1908. He was then called to be president of a new stake organized soon after, known as the Bear River Stake.

William H. Richards
Third Malad Idaho Stake President
1908 to 1928



William H. Richards, former recorder, auditor and clerk of the district court of Oneida County, is at the present secretary and treasurer of the Oneida Farmers Union. His home being in Malad City, Idaho, he is a native of the state of Utah, born in Brigham City, Utah, August 29, 1860, a son of Thomas W. and Charlotte (Thomas) Richards, natives of Wales. The father came to America in 1850, and on arriving in this country he went to Saint Louis, Missouri, where he remained until 1852. Then he crossed the plains to Utah by ox team, making most of the journey on foot and alone. His wife came to America with her parents and went to Utah in 1853. Both located in Brigham City and were married in that place. Mr. Richards clerked in stores for a considerable time. In 1866 he moved to Oneida County, Idaho and took up a tract of land, just before death, but never made proof on the place. He farmed there

until his death and at times was employed in a store in Malad City, and also did some freighting on the road with a team. He died in November 1876; his wife had preceded him by about four years, her death occurring in October 1872. They were very worthy people and stood high in the esteem and friendship of the people among whom they made their home.

William H. Richards was reared in the home of his parents and educated in the schools of Malad City, remaining at home until the death of his father and mother. He then engaged in freighting between Corinne, Utah and Montana for about four years. He next established a general merchandise business at Malad City, Idaho, and has been conducting the store ever since. The business, now carried on under the firm name of "Jones and Richards," enjoys an excellent trade and stands high among the progressive businesses of that city. At the time of its organization Mr. Richards became cashier of the First National Bank of Malad City and occupied that office for eight years. He was one of the organizers of the bank and is a stockholder. In November 1918 he accepted the office of secretary and treasurer of the Oneida Farmers Union, having charge of the official affairs of the union.

On October 8, 1883, Mr. Richards was married to Catherine A. Jones; they became the parents of seven children, namely Thomas W., John M., Sara C., William H. Jr., Lorin L., and Melvin (died in March, 1896 at the age of nine months). Mrs. Richards passed away February 12, 1916, after a short illness. On June 26, 1919, Mr. Richards took as his second wife Eleanor R. Jeremy, of Salt Lake City. Her father was one of the pioneers of Utah, to which state he migrated from Wales in 1849, accompanied by his parents. He was a farmer during the greater part of his life.

Mr. Richards served as deputy sheriff of Oneida County, and was also county recorder, county auditor and clerk of the district court for four years and served on the town council of Malad City. He was bishop of the Malad Ward for thirteen years and was made president of the Malad Stake in 1908. In other ways he has given of his time and talent to the affairs of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mr.

Richards was a firm supporter of the Republican party and has ever been active in behalf of its principles and candidates. His two sons, John and Lorin, have filled missions for the Church, the former in England and the latter in the Central States of this country.

Note--The foregoing account was taken from the History of Idaho 4:225-6, S. J. Clark Pub. Co. 1920.

* * * * *

Obituary Notice William H. Richards

Funeral services for William H. Richards Sr., 84, prominent church leader, pioneer and business man and early Oneida County official, are being held at the Stake Tabernacle this afternoon. Mr. Richards died at the Oneida County Hospital Monday morning after an illness of three months.

He was born August 29, 1860, at Brigham City, Utah, the son of Thomas William Richards and Charlotte Thomas Richards, both of Wales. With his parents he came to Malad in 1866, two years after the first permanent settlers located in the Malad Valley.

Mr. Richard's first occupation, when he was only a boy, was that of freighting between Corinne, Utah and Montana points. In 1875 he began to peddle merchandise in a wagon to different sections of the valley. A short time later he engaged in farming for a short time.

In 1881 he formed a partnership with the late Fred E. Jones (his brother-in-law) to enter the merchandise business, the firm taking the name of "Jones and Richards." He was connected with the firm until a few years ago. He was cashier of the First National Bank for eight years.

Mr. Richards was very active in the LDS Church, starting his church career in 1880 as the president of the stake M.I.A. He was bishop of the Malad Ward for thirteen years, and president of the Malad Stake for 20 years. Other church positions he held were superintendent of the Stake Sunday School Board, Stake Patriarch, and officiator at the LDS Logan Temple.

Mr. Richards served Oneida County as deputy recorder and was a member of the Malad City Village Board for a number of years.

Mr. Richards was married to Catherine Ann Jones in 1883, at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. She died in 1916. To this union seven children were born, six of whom survive: Thomas W. Richards, William H. Richards Jr., Mrs Sarah C. Thomas, Malad; Lorin L. Richards, Salt Lake City; John M. Richards, Preston, Idaho; Mrs. Catherine L. Lund, Eagar Arizona. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Fred E. Jones, and three brothers: George L. Richards, Parley Richards, and Jake Richards, all of Malad; 25 grandchildren and 20 great grandchildren.

Mr. Richards was married to Ella Jeremy of Salt Lake City in 1919.

The following was written by Clyde Hansen, Editor of the Idaho Enterprise.

Busy Career of Malad Pioneer is Closed

Another of Malad's pioneers has been called by death. With the passing of William H. Richards Sr., this community loses one of this section's real leaders and builders, a man who commanded the respect and good will of his fellow citizens to the extent enjoyed by few others; who possessed remarkable courage and exemplary example and fortitude. Much of the development of the Malad Valley is due to his efforts. Mr. Richards was a successful businessman and held many important church and civil offices, and in each line of endeavor he displayed an ability and an integrity that won for him the admiration of his associates.

From his early career to the close of his useful and eventful life, he enjoyed the unshaken confidence and affection of the people among whom he lived and labored for so long. His honorable and useful life in this community has been an inspiration to all who knew him. His valued public service, his efficient business ability, and his able leadership contributed much to Malad Valley.

Testimony of William H. Richards

Early in my life I became very much interested in the Book of Mormon and its teachings and had such a passion for reading it that when I picked it up it was hard for me to lay it down again. I realized the promise made by Moroni in the last chapter of the book, where he says, "And when ye shall receive these things I would exhort you that you would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

We have been told that the gifts of the Spirit are many, and that the Lord giveth to every man, severally as he will. With this promise in mind I earnestly and in humility sought for the gift of healing, that I might have the privilege to lay hands on the sick that they might be relieved of pain and distress and be restored to health and strength.

I have seen this gift made manifest upon many occasions. At one time I was called to the bedside of one of my daughters-in-law who was critically ill. It was found necessary to perform a very serious operation. As soon as the physicians appeared to do the operation, a very depressing feeling came over me. I fervently prayed for help, and a most glorious feeling overcame the depression; a testimony came to me that the operation would be successful, and I stepped over to my son and told him so. I experienced the two powers very distinctly on this occasion.

Many privileges have come to me to labor in the church, as superintendent of Sunday schools, assistant superintendent of the M.I.A., as ward teacher, bishop of the Malad Ward, stake president and now my present position of patriarch of the Malad Stake. I've found increasing joy in the performance of these duties.

Through diligent study of the scriptures and the teaching of others, and through humility and prayer, I have obtained a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and the goodness and mercies of the Lord. I feel that I can say as Job of old, "I know that my redeemer lives." I know that he is

the divine Son of God and that by him and through him, worlds were and are created.

My whole being testifies that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, divinely called and chosen to be a medium through which the Gospel was restored to the earth. May we all live the Gospel so that others, seeing our good works, might glorify Our Father in Heaven--that is my earnest prayer.

I am sitting in our home, Catherine,
Where we sat side by side
So many times for thirty years,
Since you became my bride.
But my heart is sad and lonely, Dear,
And I grieve from day to day,
Since you were taken from my side,
And laid in the cold, cold clay.

But though my heart is very sad,
And my eyes are dimmed with tears.
I hope that you are happy, Dear,
Which is, so I have no fears.
For the life you led while here on earth,
And the faith you did defend,
Is sure to place you in the care
Of Him who is your Friend.

And while I grieve and mourn, Dear,
For your presence with us here,
I feel your love and influence
Will ever linger near.
To help me live a pure life
And keep me free from sin,
That I may have the privilege,
To meet with you again.

And when that happy day shall come,
And my spirit is set free,
Then we shall be together, Dear,
For time and eternity.

By William H. Richards
(after the passing of his wife.)

Thomas W. Richards
Fourth Malad Idaho Stake President
1928 to 1946



When he was a young boy, Thomas W. Richards received a patriarchal blessing which promised that he would be called to positions of leadership and responsibility in the church. In partial fulfillment of that promise, he was chosen and set apart as president of the Malad Stake by George P. Richards of the Council of the Twelve on October 21, 1928. The call that came to Thomas W. Richards at that time was unusual in that he succeeded his father, William H. Richards Sr., who had served in that capacity in the Malad Stake for about twenty years.

As with every call that came to him, Thomas W. Richards accepted this call with humility and with a strong desire to be successful. He sought diligently to have the inspiration of the Lord in this calling; and in keeping with the respect for the leaders of the Church, he remarked that a mere suggestion from the General Authorities would be as a command to him.

President Richards chose Daniel P. Woodland and Edward N. Crowther as his original counselors, and President Crowther remained with him in the stake presidency throughout a tenure of 17 1/2 years. When

President Woodland moved to Logan, he was replaced by Hyrum J. Hansen, and later by Samuel A. Hendricks. Those who served as clerks were J. Edward Gibbs, Leon Evans, Lester Grant Ripley, Andrew N. Rything, Khalil V. Hansen, and H. Ward Thomas.

Temple Work - President Richards considered temple work to be of utmost importance, and he stressed its importance largely by example. Once each month on the day assigned to the Malad Stake, he would close his office and go to the temple. During his years as stake president, he only missed an assigned day once, and that was because heavy snows had closed the roads to Logan. The people responded well to his leadership, and officiators often remarked that on the day assigned to Malad Stake they could depend on a large crowd. Later in life, President Richards recalled that temple work and excursions to the Logan Temple with members of the stake were some of the most enjoyable experiences he had while serving as the stake president.

Attendance at the temple brought many blessings to members of the stake. Once when crops looked discouraging, Brother Shepard, president of the Logan Temple at that time, promised the people if they would continue to come to the temple in goodly numbers, their crops would not fail and they would have a good harvest. The people remained faithful and the promise proved true.

President Richards told of a time when he was confronted with the problem of selecting a new bishop for the Washakie Ward, the Lamanite ward in the stake. He took this problem with him to the temple, and while thinking about it there, the name of a faithful brother flashed through his mind, and his heart felt at ease. The General Authorities approved the recommendation, and Moroni Timbimboo became the first Lamanite to be ordained a bishop in this dispensation.

Lamanites - Throughout his administration, President Richards showed warm concern and affection for the Lamanite people of the Washakie Ward, and in turn was loved and respected by them. He kept in close touch with their activities through Elder Joseph Parry, who had earlier been called as bishop of the Washakie Ward and

who, with his wife Margaret, performed a great work of love and service. Maggie Parry exercised her musical ability as organist and also trained and directed the Washakie saints in their singing.

President Richard's main concern was for the spiritual well being of the Lamanites, but on occasion he also surprised them with gifts of fruit, meat and bread. A son-in-law relates that on Sunday morning when he accompanied President Richards on a visit to the Washakie Ward, they took with them a crate of oranges and a generous amount of cooked beef, which his father-in-law had purchased from a ward that had held a banquet the night before.

Members of the Washakie Ward were faithful in attending stake conference, and President Richards often invited some of them to his home for dinner so that they might meet and feel the spirit of the visiting Brethren from Salt Lake. For that reason he once arranged a special Sunday meeting at the Washakie Ward and brought with him President J. Reuben Clark Jr. of the First Presidency to be the speaker.

President Richards was always ready to help the Lamanites when they came to him with their difficulties. For example, two young women once came to his home and told him they were stranded in Malad and had no way to get back to Washakie. President Richards made his car available to them and had his grandson drive them back to their home in Washakie.

Welfare - From the time the welfare plan was first adopted by the Church, President Richards had been an ardent supporter of the program. For many years he served as vice chairman of the Northern Utah Welfare Region, attending regional meetings in Ogden once each month and maintaining throughout an unflagging enthusiasm for the work. President Richards and his counselors established the first bishop's storehouse in the Malad Stake and worked to develop a canning center as well as other welfare production projects throughout the stake.

Youth - President Richards had a special love and concern for the young people of the stake. To encourage leadership and spiritual development among the young men and women, he organized a program known as the home stake

missionaries. Two young people would be assigned to accompany each high councilor on monthly visits to wards, where they would be expected to give talks. This program lasted for a number of years and gave opportunity for many young people to develop talents and gain confidence in church service.

President Richards also maintained a strong interest in the scouting program in the stake. He believed that the ideals of scouting coincided with those of the Church, and he ensured that the stake scouting program was well organized and endowed with strong leaders. In recognition of his efforts over the years, President Richards was presented with the Silver Beaver Award in 1941. As a later news article in The Idaho Enterprise expressed it: "Of all the awards and honors that came from a lifetime of service to a community, the Silver Beaver Award is one Dr. Richards values most highly. This award is the highest honor the Boy Scouts of America can bestow upon a layman."

Family Support - Sister Hilda M. Richards gave loyal support to her husband while he served as stake president; throughout his tenure she prepared meals and accommodations for all the General Authorities and their wives who came to the stake quarterly conferences. Those former presidents of the church whom she has entertained in her home include David O. McKay, Joseph F. Smith, and Harold B. Lee. At the same time Sister Richards alternated between serving as president of the Malad Second Ward Relief Society and as a member of the Relief Society stake board.

President Richards in turn was loyal and devoted to his family. He taught each of his children the importance of accepting

church assignments and encouraged each to develop talents and skills in preparation for church calls. His family now testify that they have been blessed through his service to the Church, and his children have remained faithful to his teaching. He also has had success in activating other members of his family who had remained indifferent to the Church for much of their lives. Later in life, he recalled with particular pleasure the experiences connected with his helping his uncle George Richards prepare to enter the temple and to be sealed to his wife, thus fulfilling a desire she had long had before she passed away.

His rich, resounding voice was raised in strong testimony of the Saviour's mission. His enthusiasm and boundless energy carried over into his service later as a mission president in bringing the gospel to the thousands who had not known its truths.

His memory will also live long in the hearts of many who remember his words of inspiration and comfort spoken at funerals of loved ones. His service in mortality reached far beyond the grave as he faithfully performed work for the dead in the temples of the Lord and encouraged others of the stake to follow his example. His love and concern for his fellow men could fill the world.

President Richards was released as Malad Stake President on May 5, 1946, under direction of John A. Widtsoe and S. Dilworth Young.

The above history was prepared by his family under the direction and signature of his faithful wife, Sister Hilda M. Richards.



Samuel A. Hendricks
Fifth Malad Idaho Stake President
1946 to 1953



"Some reflections on my years of service in the Malad Idaho Stake Presidency," as written by Samuel A. Hendricks.

I was set apart as a counselor to President Richards at the regular stake conference, June 28, 1936. Because the Church Welfare Program had just then been introduced in the recent general conference, I was told by President Richards and Brother Richard R. Lyman that I was called to organize and work with the new welfare program in the Malad Stake. This started some of the very fine experiences of my life. There were the regular programs of the Church, such as interviews, temple work, leadership responsibilities, and many meetings and conferences, as well as the priesthood organization and all the many activities which will always be remembered. But in addition, much of my time was spent in several special activities.

Welfare I had the privilege of sitting in on the original organization meeting of the region and stake. There was at that time no pattern to follow, and everything needed to be developed under the suggestion of the First General Welfare Committee.

Many things were tried, reviewed and then amended. From the beginning, Malad Stake was in the forefront in trying to make the program work: first, gathering all the surplus we could, then planning for a storehouse, in which we joined with the old Curlew Stake, and in getting production projects going. Every church group needed to be brought into activity--every ward, priesthood quorum, Relief Society, and the other auxiliaries. In short, for years the main part of every meeting consisted of trying to find out what was needed to help the welfare program.

As leaders in the stake we made hundreds of trips to the regional headquarters in Ogden, Utah. This activity was talked about, because the Second World War was causing so much activity it seemed to us that everything depended on the Church making this program work. On a regional basis we were organized into committees to teach, supervise and to build. I was called to work with many regional groups, planning for the storehouses, the processing plants, church elevators and mills, and Deseret Industries, and helping to develop the record system and the budget program.

I was later called upon as President of the Malad Stake to serve with President Potter of the Garland Stake in the chairmanship of the Northern Utah Region when it had more than 80,000 people. I was able to see the projects grow from none to a value of more than \$2,500,000. At the time I was called to the mission field, other regional changes were made; the last assignment I had was to supervise the inventory of goods and projects in the region and recommend their distribution to the new region as it was then organized. In all this activity the Malad Stake played a very interesting part and never was behind in its assignments. Here the priesthood quorums established projects and built up considerable reserves, helped to purchase farms, etc., until the leaders developed new assignments and the welfare program took its present position.

Church Buildings During the early part of my service little had been done in the building of church buildings. The war had stopped all of this activity, and no material was to be used for this purpose. The one building that needed the most attention of

the people was the chapel at Portage. I took part with President Grant at the dedication of this building. Then the best we could do was to make plans for a future time. It was at this time that the Aaronic Priesthood program began to take shape, and emphasis was placed on controlling our dances and programs. We were instructed by the Presiding Bishopric to do something to take the lead with our young people. We considered buying the LeGrande Hall, but it proved to be too complicated. Bishop Wirthlin instructed me to get a building program going that would be good for the stake as a whole. As soon as material became available we had plans to build the stake building with the Third Ward. We planned the addition to the Second Ward, the St. John Ward, Pleasant View, Washakie, and Cherry Creek, all to be built later on. This all took considerable money and planning. There was much opposition to overcome, but with such fine bishops and the support of faithful people, these buildings were all completed. Many testimonies are in my memory about how the Lord helped us in this work.

Washakie Project The Malad Stake has for a long time had some responsibility for the Indian people at Washakie, but until about 1935, when a change was made in the Presiding Bishopric, the responsibilities were loosely defined. The Indians, wherever they lived in this area, were listed as members of the Washakie Ward, about 300 members. They obtained most of their living by begging all over the area. They went from door to door asking for food and money. Many people helped them, and a little farming was done on the land at Washakie. About this time Bishop Richards and his counselors began to make assignments for us to help with these problems. Because I had spent time on my first mission with the Indians I was asked to help with what we then called the Washakie committee. A plan to develop the farm land was started, but about the time I became stake president the brethren felt more needed to be done. One day Bishop Ashton called me on the phone saying he had the office full of Indians.

They were making demands and asking for goods from the storehouse, and in general were a problem. He asked me to see to it that begging was stopped and that a program to take care of the Indians be organized.

At once we held a meeting and explained to all at Washakie that a change had been made. That from then on we would supply enough of the staples in food and clothing so that no Indian would not any more need to go from house to house or to the General Office of the Church for help. An amount of ground was set aside to grow beets, potatoes, wheat, beef and milk cows, pigs, sheep and chickens. This was to fill, with the help of the Malad Stake Storehouse, everything they needed. This was an interesting project. We furnished work for everyone who would work and enlarged our activity. We built some houses and really tried to help the Indians. Just about this time more activity was introduced to the Indians by the government, and welfare was made easier to get. Work was also plentiful at the building of the hospital at Brigham City. It developed that our competition was too much for us to hold them in Washakie, but a good farm had been started.

Missionary Work It was at the close of the war that missionary work received its big push. Seventies were given more leadership in missionary work. Every young man sent on a mission was ordained a Seventy. Our membership grew, and our best quorums were the Seventies. We organized two quorums in Malad Stake and had about 25 missionaries out in the field. Much good came from this activity. A little later the Brethren made some changes. This program was not used. Indians were encouraged to go on missions. Moroni Timbimboo was recommended to become a bishop in the church. As far as I know he was the first ordained Indian bishop in the church.

Much of this experience was quickly brought to a close when, in one weeks time, I was released from the Northern Utah regional welfare activity. The Malad Stake building was dedicated and I was set apart to preside over the West Central States Mission.

Steven L. Smith
Sixth Malad Idaho Stake President
1953 to 1969



President Smith, 6th president of the Malad Idaho Stake, was born September 26, 1903, at Fielding, Utah. His parents were Willard Richards Smith and Melissa Packer. Both his parents and grandparents were strong, active members of the church. He remembers hearing that his father, on occasion, traveled to Collingston, Utah to meet the train and take the General Authorities to Portage for quarterly conference. This was in the very early days when Collingston was the nearest railroad station; Brother Smith lived near and owned a very fine team and buggy.

His grandfather, Lot Smith, was in the Mormon Battalion and in California at Sutter's mill when gold was discovered. He had an opportunity to mine some gold and brought it back to Utah with him. The gold, valued at \$7000, he promptly gave to President Brigham Young. President Young gave one-half back with instructions to use it to secure a good farm. He was later called to settle Northern Arizona. He was

the head of the Mormon Colony and was assigned as the first stake president. He was accompanied to Arizona by his wife, Alice Ann Richards, the daughter of Willard Richards. Lot Smith was killed by the Indians, and when he was dying he requested that he be buried in Arizona and his body be left there until he was officially released from his assignment. He was released and his body buried in Farmington in 1902, at the request of the president of the Church.

From the foregoing it becomes apparent that President Smith was truly born of goodly parents who left him a strong heritage and a firm testimony which prepared and supported him in his leadership positions.

Early in his life he was called to serve a 27-month mission to the Northern States with headquarters at Chicago. President John Taylor, one of the Seven Presidents of Seventies, was his mission president.

He was called to serve as bishop of the Holbrook Ward when it was in the Curlew Stake. He recalls that sacrament meeting attendance was as low as 13 percent, and the per capita fast offering donations were below one dollar per year. The Holbrook Ward reached \$4.00 that first year, and attendance at sacrament meeting sometimes was 50 percent.

As bishop of the Holbrook Ward, President Smith recalls the struggle he had to get the welfare plan implemented. One of the early projects in the church was the project at Holbrook, which consisted of drilling a new well and irrigating a welfare plot of ground. Malad and Curlew Stakes were sharing a bishop's storehouse located at Malad. President Smith and others helped remodel and stock the storehouse. He remembers going from house to house in Holbrook asking for commodities for the storehouse, all of which he brought to Malad.

President Smith operated a small grocery store in Holbrook, and after the resettlement act had moved out so many of the families, he decided to move to Malad and open a store there. Soon after coming to Malad he was asked to serve on the Malad Stake high council. This gave him a chance to travel throughout the stake and made him

familiar with the wards and families of the stake.

On May 5, 1946, President Smith was called to serve as the first counselor to President Samuel A. Hendricks. He served in this capacity for seven years and was released November 15, 1953, to become the president of the Malad Idaho Stake. Moyle E. Facer was called to be his first counselor, with Merlin S. Bastian as second counselor. H. Ward Thomas was the stake clerk. This presidency served intact until June 15, 1969, a total of sixteen years plus the seven years as counselor to President Hendricks, making a total of twenty-three years in a stake presidency.

President Smith received his call from Spencer W. Kimball who was assisted by Adam S. Bennion. During his term as stake president he called to service twenty-one different bishops. He also organized one new ward, the Malad 4th Ward.

Bishops called by President Smith:

Two new bishops for the Cherry Creek Ward.
One new bishop for the Holbrook Ward.
Three new bishops for the Malad 1st Ward.
Four new bishops for the Malad 2nd Ward.
Two new bishops for the Malad 3rd Ward.
Organized and then called two new bishops for the Malad 4rd Ward. Two new bishops for the Pleasant View Ward. Two new bishops for the Portage Ward. One new bishop for the Samaria Ward. One new bishop for the St. John Ward.

He had the privilege of entertaining many of the older General Authorities and at one time had three Apostles in his home, Spencer W. Kimball, Adam S. Bennion, and Stephen L. Richards. On this occasion Elder

Kimball and Elder Bennion were presiding at the reorganization of the stake, and Elder Richards came to dedicate the new Malad Stake Center.

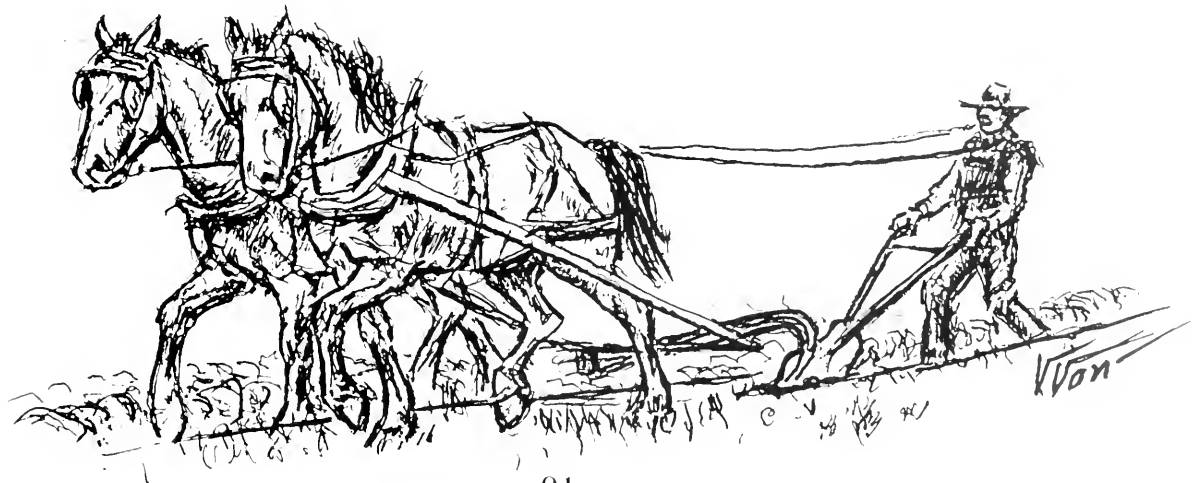
President Smith recalls many spiritual experiences during his term as stake president. He states that the attendance at stake quarterly conferences was as low as 850 before the new stake building was finished; it went up to 1150 after the building went into service.

The Malad Stake presidents have been responsible for the supervising of the Washakie Project, which the Church owned to benefit the Indian people. President Smith was actively engaged with the project and worked to improve it. Under the direction of Bishop Worthlin, President Smith, as director of the project, purchased two additional tracts of land, the Jack Hess ranch and the Matt Browning range land.

President Smith called two new branch presidents for the Washakie Branch. Washakie had been a ward, but due to loss of memberships, President Smith had made it a branch on September 26, 1960. Later on, January 2, 1966, he disorganized the branch and gave to the Portage Ward the few memberships left.

In all the years of his service to the Church, his many hours away from his family and home, the entertaining of General Authorities and others, he has been supported to the fullest extent by his very faithful wife, Sister Sigred Smith.

He was released in June 1969 to accept a call to him and Sister Smith to serve as the directors of the New Zealand Visitors Center.



Devere Harris
Seventh Malad Idaho Stake President
1969 to 1974



Devere Harris, seventh president of the Malad Idaho Stake, was born in Portage, Box Elder County, Utah, on May 30, 1916, to Robert C. Harris and Sylvia Green. He was the seventh child in a family of nine. His parents taught their children to love the Lord. One of the principles his father instilled in all of his children was the importance of work, and anything worth doing was worth doing to the very best of your ability, whether it be in a church capacity or vocation.

Devere graduated from Bear River High School, also the Bear River LDS Seminary. He was active in all sports; won ribbons in the discus throw, also the javelin and shot-put, and was chosen captain of his basketball team. He attended Stevens-Heneger Business College in Salt Lake, where he also played basketball. He graduated from the Agency Management School in Pasadena, California.

July 12, 1938, he married Velda Gibbs. They have been blessed with six children, five of whom are living. They have four daughters and one son.

In 1946 Devere began working for National Public Service Insurance Company as a salesman. In a very short time he was made a special supervisor. His responsibilities were to go into the various states and train and encourage the managers. He went into Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Colorado, the Dakotas, Oregon, and Washington. In 1952 he was "Man of the year" in his company. As his family grew up and his oldest daughters began dating, he felt the need to be home more, so the company made him an assistant general division manager of the Southern Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming agents. He opened an office in Logan, Utah. In 1970 Devere became manager, with forty-three salesmen in his agency. He still holds this position and maintains his office in Logan. (1976)

Devere has always been active in the Church. Shortly after his marriage he began teaching a group of young teen-agers in the Sunday School. He enjoyed the young people, and they responded to his teachings; many times since they have expressed appreciation for the things he did for them. He served as president of the First Quorum of Elders at this time also.

On November 11, 1952, he was called to be a stake missionary, and was ordained a Seventy by S. Dilworth Young. He also served in the stake mission presidency during this time.

On November 15, 1953, he was called as a high councilor, and held this position for nine years. He was ordained a high priest on this date by Elder Adam S. Bennion.

On August 13, 1962, he was sustained as bishop of the Portage Ward, replacing Bishop Walter Gibbs, who had passed away. He was ordained a bishop by Elder Boyd Packer. In a tribute given to the bishops of the Malad Stake, one of his ward members, Sherma Morris, made these statements: "Bishop Harris has the love and support of all our ward members. Enthusiasm is one of his outstanding qualities. He spends many hours early and late working at our meeting house, beautifying and improving it. He spends many hours visiting the sick and attending to the wants and needs of the older people. Our bishop is versatile. He likes photography, horses and oil painting. His

humility and sincerity make him a devoted servant of our Heavenly Father."

Devere served as bishop for seven years. During this time they held classes called "Project Temple," in which many of our married people prepared themselves for eternal marriage and took their families to the temple to be sealed. While he was bishop a new organ and sound system were installed, the entire inside of the church was painted, and new carpeting was laid in the foyer and the chapel. The basement was tiled, new front doors installed, and a larger front porch built; also, a sidewalk from the back door was put in.

Brother Wendell Hall, Reed Nielsen and Maurice Thomas served as his counselors, with Wynn John as clerk and Arthur Gibbs as financial clerk. Up to this time Portage had not had a financial clerk.

On Saturday, June 14, 1969, he and his wife were called to the stake president's office in Malad, where Elder Harold B. Lee and regional representative Elder Neal A. Maxwell asked him to accept the call to be president of the Malad Idaho Stake. Although he had been prompted by the Lord several times that this calling would come, he kept hoping not, for he felt incapable of such a grave responsibility. On Sunday June 15, 1969, he was set apart as president of the Malad Idaho Stake by Elder Harold B. Lee, with Myron P. Sorensen and Herman Miller as counselors. During the five years these brethren held these positions they served under three regional representatives: Elders Neal A. Maxwell, Carl W. Buehner, and Rex Reeves; and four church presidents: Presidents David O. McKay, Joseph Fielding Smith, Harold B. Lee, and Spencer W. Kimball.

The above was written by Velda Harris, wife of President Harris, December 6, 1976. The following was written by President Devere Harris, December 7, 1976.

Soon after we were sustained, the responsibility and privilege of setting missionaries apart was given to stake presidents. This was a rich spiritual experience in our lives, to meet with the family and friends of over 100 missionaries, to set missionaries apart and give them

blessings for their missions. Every boy who was sent from Malad during our five years as a presidency filled a great mission and had an honorable release.

We started a remodeling job on the stake building. We moved the high council room to the Seventies room and made a stake president's office, a clerk's office, added a cry room and a couple of class rooms, a new bishop's office, and two ward clerk's offices; We also carpeted the upper hallways, stairway, the foyer and the chapel. The complete job cost about \$47,000.

When I was set apart as president, Elder Harold B. Lee charged me with the responsibility to increase our temple marriages. We started by asking all our stake members to increase their temple work. We set a goal of four endowments per month, and many of our people were faithful; we were able to increase temple work to about 10,000 endowments per year.

I appreciate the men who served as my counselors. President Sorensen was a great man of wisdom, and I relied heavily upon his counsel. President Herman Miller was a man with much energy and enthusiasm. He was able to make things happen and move along, a great young people's leader. We used his abilities and appreciated him very much. I loved and appreciated all who stood in leadership positions in the stake and the wards, and also those who taught and took charge of the music. They all helped to make our years a pleasant experience.

I pay tribute to the parents in this valley for their fine young people. Life is kind and rewarding to the parent who can reminisce in the realization that his undying love and concern for those of his family have truly borne fruit. From this valley of humble beginnings have come dentists, therapists, doctors of psychology, doctors of medicine, teachers of great ability, government officials, men in places of high trust, scientists, business men, farmers and craftsmen, religious leaders, missionaries, servicemen, soldiers who place country and patriotism in high esteem. Many are the sons of this valley who have awakened in the breasts of the parents this peaceful realization that the price of success is easier to pay than the penalty for failure. Generations yet unborn will bless their name for those standards

which so surely have characterized their lives, and we who remain in the quite solitude of these hills will recall with pride the infinitesimal part we may have played in it all.

I received a telephone call February 16, 1974, at 8:30 A.M. from President N. Eldon Tanner, asking me if I would serve as Regional Representative of the Twelve, over eight stakes of the Pocatello Idaho and the Pocatello Idaho North Regions. I was set apart for this position by President Marion G. Romney April 4, 1974, in the church offices, with President Kimball and President Tanner being present in the same room. I served as regional representative and stake president from April 4, 1974, until June 15, 1974, when I was released at a stake conference presided over by Elder Bruce R. McConkie.

Being stake president was a great experience for me. I learned to love every member of the stake. I sincerely believe there are no better people in the entire Church than those faithful souls who live in our stake. I learned to appreciate those outstanding leaders of Malad Stake who served before us, who prepared our people for service in the Church. I pay tribute to a wonderful wife who encouraged, inspired and sustained me through this period, with kindness and patience.

I have seen the blessings of God bestowed upon the inhabitants of this valley and have felt his spirit as he has blessed us here in Malad. I leave my witness and testimony that God lives, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is literally the Kingdom of God on earth. It will roll forth until it fills the entire earth; no enemy without or defector within will stop its progress. These things have been made known to me by the Holy Spirit of God.

Devere Harris, Portage, Utah,
December 7, 1976.

The following footnote was added on January 24, 1977, by Eldon Glen Archibald, assistant stake clerk and Malad Idaho Stake Public Communications Director, with the permission of Elder Devere Harris.

Elder Harris and his wife were very modest, in that they failed to mention that the first president of the Malad Stake, President Oliver C. Hoskins, was Elder Devere Harris's grandfather, Elder Harris being the seventh president of the Malad Idaho Stake, and the first from this area to be called as a regional representative of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

Myron P. Sorensen
Eighth Malad Idaho Stake President
1974 to 1983



Myron P. Sorensen was born September 30, 1921, at Malad, Idaho, the son of Parley and Rachel Parker Sorensen, the youngest and only son in a family of four children. His father owned and operated a large dry farm in Arbon Valley, where the family spent much of their time. He received his education in the Malad schools, and later attended Brigham Young University, majoring in agriculture economics.

In 1941, he was called to serve in the Eastern States Mission, and was set apart as a missionary by Apostle Harold B. Lee. He served two years in New York state, and was

district president of the Seneca District the last six months of his mission.

He married Beulah Rhodes of Provo, Utah, on October 11, 1944, in the Salt Lake Temple. Following service in the U.S. Navy during World War II, he returned to Malad to make their home and to engage in farming with his father. The Sorensens are the parents of six children: three daughters and three sons.

He has had many church assignments, including elders quorum president, stake Sunday School superintendent, Seventies quorum president, bishop's councilor, bishop, high councilor, councilor in the stake presidency, and stake president.

Civic and business activities include serving as a member of the Oneida County Fair board, Soil Conservation board, president of Idaho Wheat Growers Association, Western Wheat Association board, the Farmers Grain Cooperative board, Agricultural Council of America board member, and Oneida County commissioner.

After serving as first councilor to President Devere Harris, he was sustained president of the Malad Stake June 16, 1974, being set apart as president by Elder Bruce R. McConkie. Serving with him in the stake presidency were first councilor Clyde E. Hansen and second councilor Wayne P. Kent, clerk Lynn Elcock, executive secretaries Hubert S. Gleed and Dean Naylor.

During this time, land was acquired and developed into a beautiful stake park, providing opportunities for many recreational activities to members of the stake. A new seminary building was built adjacent to the new Malad High School. A highly commended Spanish name extraction program was instituted under the direction of Sister Charlene Corbridge.

President Sorensen relates the following: "When Elder Harold B. Lee reorganized the stake in 1969, he commented that in the Malad Stake it was not a question of finding someone qualified to be stake president, but rather of choosing who of the many qualified persons should be called at that time. I have always felt that many in the Malad Stake are in the category that Joseph Smith talked of when he said, 'Teach the people correct principles and they will govern themselves.' The people of the

Malad Stake have many times been commended by the Brethren for their faithfulness.

"I have had the opportunity of working closely with many fine people and have seen their dedication to the Lord and to serving their fellowmen. I have greatly appreciated the assistance of my counselors, Brother Clyde E. Hansen and Brother Wayne P. Kent, in doing the work of the Lord in the Malad Stake."

Foster H. Ipsen

Ninth Malad Idaho Stake President
1983 to



I, Foster Hughes Ipsen, was born June 25, 1937, at Malad, Idaho, the son of Nephi Ruel and Ada Hughes Ipsen. I grew up in Pleasant View, on a farm owned and operated by my father until his death in 1961. After returning from a mission to the Western States, from January 1959 to January 1961, I took over the farm and have lived there ever since. I also am an agent for Farm Bureau Insurance Company in Oneida County.

I was educated at the Pleasant View school through the third grade, when the school was closed and the county schools were consolidated. Then I attended the fourth through the eighth grades at Malad Elementary and Jr. High; then Malad High School. I also attended BYU for three and one-half years, majoring in industrial arts.

I married Kathleen Heilesen, on April 26, 1963, in the Idaho Falls Temple. We are the parents of three children: Apral Ipsen, who served an 18-month mission in the Dominican Republic after she graduated from Ricks College; Cariene Ipsen, who graduated from Ricks College; and Derek Ipsen, who graduated from Malad High School in May 1988.

In 1961, I learned the art of barbecue pit-cooking from a cousin, Emery Wight of Brigham, Utah, and have been involved with this since that time. Kathy and I are charter members of the Malad Valley Community Chorus, and have been singing with this group for the past fifteen years.

My church callings include Scoutmaster for eight years, second counselor in the Pleasant View Ward bishopric, high councilor in the Malad Stake for eight or nine years and bishop of the Pleasant View Ward for three years. I was set apart as president of the Malad Idaho Stake June 19, 1983, by Elder Boyd K. Packer, with Charles S. Hyer and Wendell Smith as counselors, Gordon Griffiths as executive secretary and David Corbridge as clerk. Others who have served as clerks are Garth Sweeten, Gordon Crowther, Tom Parry, Dan Perkins and Steve Jones.

I have enjoyed working with my counselors, secretary and clerks. They are great men, dedicated to serving the Lord. They each have strong testimonies of the gospel and give many hours of service to the people of the Malad Stake. Their families give great support to their husbands and fathers. We have had some very special times together in the Church, on outings and in their homes. I give thanks to the Lord for having the opportunity to work with them.

The past five years have seen some great changes in our community. Because of the financial problems that came to our valley, many of our farmers have had to leave their farms or get a job to supplement

their income. We used to be able to stop and talk to one another on our way from the farms, but this has changed. Many people now are on shift work at Thiokol, Nucor or Lazy Boy; or they drive to Pocatello, Logan or Ogden to work. It has made it very difficult to hold a church meeting and have everyone present. Yes, I still marvel at the dedication our people have in serving the Lord under these changes. They have continued to pay their tithing, fast offerings, ward budget, and still go to the temple.

The bishops of the seven wards are strong men, who love the Lord and serve faithfully in their duty. Their counselors and families support and sustain them in their callings.

When I was put in as president there were ten wards in the stake: Malad First, Second, Third, and Fourth Wards; Cherry Creek, Samaria, Pleasant View, Holbrook, St John and Portage. The Portage Ward is in Utah, now part of the Fielding Utah Stake, created May 12, 1985, with Elder Marvin J. Ashton conducting the meeting. We were turned down on a request to remodel the St John building, so on July 15, 1984, the ward held their last meeting there. They were able to move in and share the Malad First Ward building. In the summer of 1985 we put a new roof on the stake center because there had been many leaks in it, and we felt the only way to fix it was a totally new roof.

It was decided that the Second Ward building should either be torn down or remodeled. The decision was made to remodel and build on, so it would be large enough for two wards, and The Family History Center and Stake Record Extraction (previously called the genealogical library), which had been housed in the old seminary building located by the First Ward building. This work started in the summer of 1985, and was finished in the spring of 1986. A cultural hall was added, and the rest of the building completely remodeled. The organ was taken apart and moved to Orem, Utah to be redone: it was completely refinished and put back in place. This building now serves the Second and Fifth Wards, the Family History Library and Record Extraction program and is also used by the community for musical programs.

At the same time a remodeling took place at the First Ward-St John building, with an addition, as well as changes throughout the building. This made it possible for the two wards to have room enough to meet. Cost to both buildings came to about \$1,200,000. The Second Ward building originally cost \$34,342, with an addition in 1948 that cost \$45,000.

On October 12, 1986, a meeting was held in the stake center for the purpose of changing the ward boundaries. At that time the northern part of Pleasant View, was put in with St John Ward. The south part of Pleasant View as well as all of Samaria and western part of Second Ward, was made the Second Ward. All of Cherry Creek, a small part of Fourth Ward, along with the eastern part of Second Ward, was in the newly created Malad Fifth Ward. New bishoprics were chosen for the Second, Fourth and Fifth Wards. At this time the Samaria, Cherry Creek and Pleasant View buildings were retired from many years of service and sold as private homes.

This was a tremendous change for many people. Many had lived in their small ward and helped build the buildings many years ago. It was a great sacrifice to ask of them. It has taken time to get used to the change. I want to thank the people of the Malad Stake for their support the past five years.

I have always enjoyed the Scouting program. I was in Scouting as a boy and received my Eagle badge under the direction of Scoutmasters John W. Price and Khalil Scott. I was asked to be Scoutmaster while serving as second counselor in the bishopric. My assignment in the high council was district Scout Chairman of the Malad District. I was awarded the rank of Silver Beaver in 1979. I've never had a bad experience in Scouting. I really enjoyed working with the boys and adult Scouters. I took my family to Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico for nine days. There we were taught the relationship between Scouting and the Church. It was a great experience for all of us.

It has been a pleasure for me to serve as the stake president. I have met many people and made new friends; each one has had an influence on my life in some way.

My family have supported me in every way possible as I have served in the Church. I love each one of them and thank them very much. My testimony has grown each day as I have served. I know the gospel is true, and that it is the way to eternal happiness. After Elder Paeker set me apart as stake president he said, "Remember, you are not exempt from using common sense in the Church." I have tried to follow this council in directing the affairs of the stake.

Malad Stake Presidency

The Malad Stake was organized on February 12, 1888. It was the fifty first stake to be organized by the church, but at that time seventeen others, mostly in the East, had been disorganized and Malad Stake ranked thirty second in the church.

<u>Stake Presidents</u>	<u>Years of Service</u>
Oliver C Hoskins	Feb 12, 1888-Mar 22, 1902
Milton H Welling	Mar 22, 1902-Sep 27, 1908
William W Richards	Sep 27, 1908-Oct 21, 1928
Thomas W Richards	Oct 21, 1928-May 5, 1946
Samuel A Hendricks	May 5, 1946-Nov 15, 1953
Stephen L Smith	Nov 15, 1953-Jun 15, 1969
Devere Harris	Jun 15, 1969-Jun 16, 1974
Myron P Sorensen	Jun 16, 1974-Jun 19, 1983
Foster Ipsen	Jun 19, 1983-

<u>First Counselor</u>	<u>Years of Service</u>
Abraham Zundell	Feb 12, 1888-Jun 14, 1891
John M McCrary	Jun 14, 1891-Mar 22, 1902
William H Gibbs	Mar 22, 1902-Oct 21, 1928
Daniel P Woodland	Oct 21, 1928-Mar 31, 1932
Hyrum J Hansen	Mar 31, 1932-Jun 28, 1936
Edward N Crowther	Jun 28, 1936-May 5, 1946
Stephen L Smith	May 5, 1946-Nov 15, 1963
Moyle E Facer	Nov 15, 1963-Jun 15, 1969
Myron P Sorensen	Jun 15, 1969-Jun 16, 1974
Clyde Hansen	Jun 16, 1974-Jun 19, 1983
Charles Hyer	Jun 19, 1983-

<u>Second Counselor</u>	<u>Years of Service</u>
William H Gibbs	Feb 12, 1888-Mar 22, 1902
Moroni Ward	Mar 22, 1902-Sep 27, 1908
Lewis D Jones	Sep 27, 1908-Oct 21, 1928
Edward N Crowther	Oct 21, 1928-Jun 28, 1936
Samuel A Hendricks	Jun 28, 1936-May 5, 1946
Moyle E Facer	May 5, 1946-Nov 15, 1953
Herman Miller Jr.	Nov 15, 1953-Jun 16, 1974

Wayne Kent Jun 16, 1974-Jun 19, 1983
Wendell Smith Jun 19, 1983-

Miles Hall John D Jones
William John Daniel E Price

Stake Clerks Years of Service
William H Anthony Feb 12, 1888-Dec 17, 1899
Thomas P John Dec 17, 1899-Mar 22, 1902
J Edward Gibbs Mar 22, 1902-Sep 30, 1933
Leon B Evans Sep 30, 1933-Jul 9, 1936
Earl J Thomas Jul 9, 1936-May 16, 1937
Lester G Ripley May 16, 1937-Jun 7, 1937
Andrew N Rything Jun 7, 1937-Sep 25, 1939
Khalil H Hansen Sep 25, 1939-Feb 16, 1941
H Ward Thomas Feb 16, 1941-Jun 16, 1974
Lynn Elcock Jun 16, 1974-Jun 19, 1983
David Corbridge Jun 19, 1983-Jan 19, 1986
Garth Sweeten Jan 19, 1986-Jun 22, 1986
Gordon Crowther Jun 22, 1986-

1890 - President Hoskins:
John D Gibbs Ebenezer O Wilcox
William Sinclair John D Jones
John M McCrary Daniel E Price
Miles Hall Gervis Mansfield
William John David Hall
Jesse R Dredge Michael Garnes

Executive Sec. Years of Service
Merlin Bastian Jun 15, 1969-Oct 21, 1973
Hubert S Gleed Oct 21, 1973-Jun 15, 1980
Waldo Blaisdell Jun 15, 1980-Aug 13, 1980
Dean Nayler Aug 13, 1980-Jun 19, 1983
Gordon Griffiths Jun 19, 1983-

1895 - President Hoskins:
Miles Hall George Ward
Jesse R Dredge Richard Morse
Daniel E Price Brigham E Jones
Gervis Mansfield John S Morris
David Hall James Bowcutt
Michael Garnes Henry Clark

Stake Patriarchs Date Sustained
John D Gibbs Mar 16, 1889
Oliver C Hoskins Mar 22, 1902
John Steven Morris Dec 21, 1902
John Reynolds Jun 16, 1895 *
Arnold Goodliff Jun 27, 1909 *
Jesse R Dredge Feb 23, 1913 *
William H Gibbs Dec 31, 1920 *
William H Richards Oct 21, 1928
Jesse H Dredge Jun 4, 1939
Edward N Crowther Aug 28, 1949
Arthur G Willie Oct 21, 1962
Moyle E Facer Jun 15, 1969
Lewis Moore Aug 8, 1976
Hubert S Gleed Jun 15, 1980
Lon Corbridge Jun 19, 1983

1900 - President Hoskins:
Miles Hall Richard Morse
Jesse R Dredge Brigham E Jones
Gervis Mansfield Levi John
David Hall Jenkin Jones
Michael Garnes Robert Green
George Ward Oliver O Halford

* Note-These Patriarchs were serving on these dates.

1908 - President Welling:
Brigham E Jones David W Morris
Samuel H Davis William H Palmer
George H Facer Thomas J Howell
Jesse H Dredge William H Thomas
Isaac B Evans Ralph J Harding
David Parkinson Daniel R Evans

**Malad Stake & Malad Idaho Stake
High Councilors
1888 to 1988**

1888 -- President Hoskins:
John D Gibbs Lorenzo Hunsaker
William Sinclair Henry Peck
Thomas John Jesse R Dredge
John M McCrary Ebenezer O Wilcox

1910 - President W H Richards:
Brigham E Jones William H Palmer
Samuel D Davis Thomas J Howell
George H Facer William H Thomas
Jesse H Dredge Ralph J Harding
David Parkinson Daniel R Evans
David W Morris David Hughes

1915 - President W H Richards:
Brigham E Jones Thomas J Howell
Samuel D Davis Ralph J Harding
Jesse H Dredge Daniel R Evans
David Parkinson Daniel M Daniels
David W Morris Daniel E Price
William H Palmer Joseph A Jones

1920 - President W H Richards:
Jesse H Dredge Daniel M Daniels
David W Morris Daniel E Price

William H Palmer	Joseph S Jones
Thomas J Howell	Edward N Crowther
Ralph J Harding	John H Yearsley
Daniel R Evans	John Illum

1925 - President W H Richards:

Jesse H Dredge	Daniel P Woodland
William H Palmer	Thomas W Richards
Ralph J Harding	Edward N Crowther
Joseph A Jones	Miles F Slatter
James B Jones	John D Bowen
David J Davis	Spencer F Allen

1930 - President T W Richards:

Joseph M Isaacson	J Stewart Davis
Jacob Kern	Jesse R Dredge
Howell M Williams	LeRoy E Gibbs
Harold W Lawrence	Leslie F Foy
Benjamin Lundberg	Andy Talbot
D Dredge Thomas	Daniel M Price

1935 - President T W Richards:

Jacob Kern	Samuel A Hendricks
Howell M Williams	Lawrence Corbridge
Benjamin Lundberg	George L Anderson
D Dredge Thomas	Andrew N Rything
Daniel M Price	David L Stone
Owen T Howard	Marvin A Butler

1940 - President T W Richards:

Jacob Kern	David L Stone
Howell M Williams	Orson Mabey
Benjamin Lundberg	John E Blaisdell
D Dredge Thomas	Ammon A Sorensen
Owen T Howard	Earl Maeser
Lawrence Corbridge	A Fullmer Allred

1945 - President T W Richard:

Howell M Williams	A Fullmer Allred
D Dredge Thomas	William H Palmer
Lawrence Corbridge	Thomas D Evans
David L Stone	Edward Wozzley
John E Blaisdell	Leo D Williams
Earl Maeser	Rudalph Ruegsegger

1951 - President S A Hendricks:

D Dredge Thomas	William H Thomas
Lawrence Corbridge	Thomas D Evans
David L Stone	Leo D Williams
John E Blaisdell	Rudalph Ruegsegger
Earl Maeser	J Edward Gibbs
A Fullmer Allred	Henry E Thomas

1955 President - S L Smith:

Colen H Sweeten Jr.	Jesse Hughes
G Howard Neal	Ora H John
J Guy Glead	Devere Harris
Glenn Morris	W Gordon Crowther
George E Harris	Myron P Sorensen
Henry E Thomas	Odell B Cutler

1960 - President S L Smith:

J Guy Glead	Arthur G Willie
Glenn Morris	Darrell Swartz
George E Harris	Jesse R Dredge
Henry E Thomas	Conrad Alder
Jesse Hughes	J Arthur Servoss
Devere Harris	Charles R Hobbs

1965 - President S L Smith:

J Guy Glead	Ralph W Harding
Glenn Morris	Myron P Sorensen
Darrell Swartz	Myron Jones Jr.
Jesse R Dredge	G Howard Neal
Eldon Corbridge	Arch L Neal
W Gordon Crowther	Colen H Sweeten Jr.

1970 - President Devere Harris:

Darrell Swart	Leon J Castleton
Eldon Corbridge	H Clarence Kent
Myron Jones Jr.	Waldo Blaisdell
Colen H Sweeten Jr.	Brent Winward
Clyde E Hansen	Lawrence R Budge
Paul H Mills	John J Roderick

1974 - President Devere Harris:

Eldon Corbridge	Brent Winward
Colen H Sweeten Jr.	Lawrence R Budge
Clyde E Hansen	John J Roderick
Paul H Mills	Conrad Alder
Leon J Castleton	Lon C Corbridge
Waldo Blaisdell	Foster Ipsen

1975 - President M P Sorensen:

Leon J Castleton	Foster Ipsen
Waldo Blaisdell	Earl Gillies
Brent Winward	Roger Facer
John J Roderick	LaVern Colton
Conrad Alder	Dell Tuttle
Lon C Corbridge	Loy Harris

1977 - President M P Sorensen:

Leon J Castleton	Foster Ipsen
Waldo Blaisdell	Earl Gillies
Brent Winward	LaVern Colton
John J Roderick	Dell Tuttle
Conrad Alder	Loy Harris
Lon C Corbridge	Rosell Mills

1980 - President M P Sorensen:

Brent Winward	LaVern Colton
John J Roderick	Dell J Tuttle
Conrad Alder	Loyal G Harris
Lon W Corbridge	Rosell Mills
Foster Ipsen	Sheldon Rex Jensen
Earl A Gillies	Cordell L Williams

1985 - President F Ipsen:

Daniel Marteeny	R Brent Evanson
Khalil Scott	LaMar Thomas
Carl Willie	Larry C Nalder
Richard Ward	Larry G Oja

Douglas Gibbs
Jerry Esplin

Rauhn Panting
Carl Isaacson

1988 - President F Ipsen:

Rauhn Panting	Max Firth
LaMar Thomas	Nolan T Blaisdell
Carl Isaacson	Charles Owen Ward
David Kimberling	Rex Daniels
Eugene Edwards	Joseph Daniels
Rodney Jones	Dennis Evans

Note - High Council rank is
1 - 6 on the left, and
7 - 12 on the right.

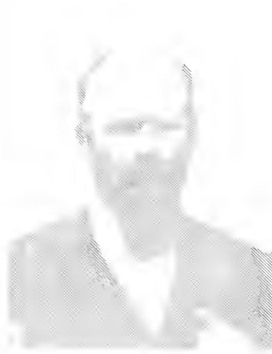


Malad Idaho Stake High Council 1988

First Malad Stake High Council



John D. Gibbs



William Sinclair



Thomas John



John M. McCrary



Miles Hall



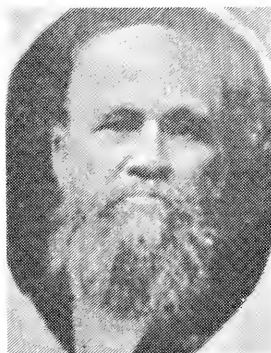
William John



Lorenzo Hunsaker



Henry Peck



Jesse R. Dredge



Ebenezer O. Wilcox



John D. Jones



Daniel E. Price



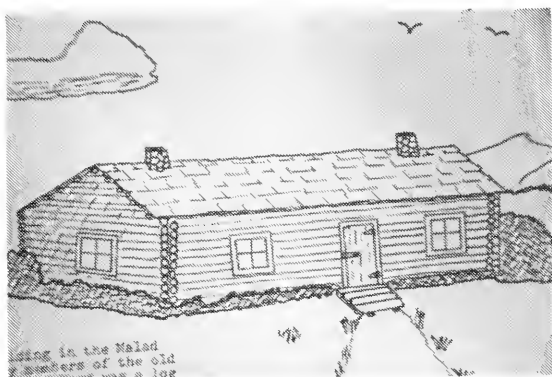
Wards and Branches of the Malad Idaho Stake

Malad First Ward
1888 to 1988



First Ward meetinghouse, dedicated May 1, 1932

Malad was founded by Latter-day Saints in April 1864 by John J. Williams and others. The next year more settlers followed, and Daniel Daniels was appointed president of the Malad Branch, which was organized sometime in April 1865.



*First LDS Building in Malad Valley,
used for school and church
by members of the old Malad Branch
and later the Malad Ward*

He was succeeded in 1877 by George Dunford, who had been called from Salt Lake

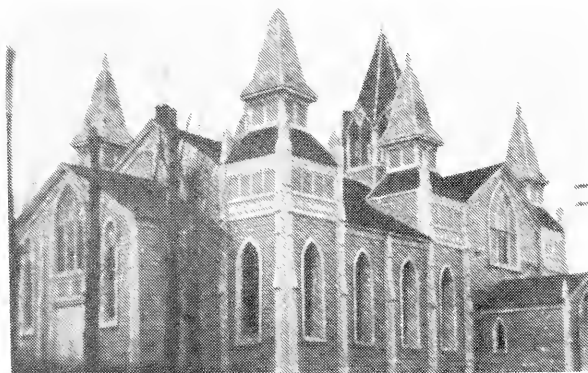
City to take charge. He was ordained a bishop, and the branch became the Malad Ward.

The first Mormon building in Malad Valley was built for a school and church and used by members of the old Malad Branch and later the Malad Ward. It was a log cabin 40' long and 24' wide, located near the present First Ward chapel building.

Plans for another building were begun in 1887, construction in 1888. It stood on the same site as the present building and was built by Frank C. Woods, the same architect who built the old county courthouse.

When it was to the square and without a roof, construction was stopped because of the disfranchisement of Mormons over the polygamy issue, with the resulting wave of apostasy. The building stood as a skeleton, without a roof, for almost twelve years and was finally finished in 1900. The main building was 45' x 80'; the main tower was 85' high, with six smaller towers. It was known as the "Church of seven gables,"

although they were towers with a spire on each one, not gables. Cost was about \$8000.



*Malad Ward, and later,
Malad First Ward meetinghouse,
known as the
"Church of the Seven Gables"*

The building housed the old Malad Ward and later the Malad First Ward. Its life was shortened when it stood without a roof, so long exposed to the elements. It was inspected by the church architect, March 31, 1928 and declared unsafe for further use.

On May 10, 1928, excavation was started on a new building. By 1930 the building was finished and in use but was not dedicated until May 1, 1932, when President Heber J. Grant came to Malad for that very purpose. It was considered at that time to be one of the finest buildings in the Church. From then until 1951 it was used by the stake for all priesthood and auxiliary meetings.

Malad First Ward was organized May 26, 1912, when the Malad Ward was divided to form the Malad First and Malad Second Wards. James Peter Jensen, who had presided over the old Malad Ward, was chosen bishop of the Malad First Ward. In May 1923, the Reynolds Branch was organized out of the north end of the Malad First Ward.

On July 1, 1935, the Malad First Ward was again divided to help make a new Malad Third Ward. Apostle George Albert Smith, who set apart the new bishopric, noted this was the first time in the history of the Church that two wards would try to hold their meetings in the same building, and it would take unity, faith and prayer from the members and both bishoprics to be successful. December 30, 1951, Third Ward

moved out of the First Ward building into the newly built stake center. Changes again took place as the First Ward building was remodeled and expanded to accommodate the members of the old St. John Ward. On February 15, 1987, the building was rededicated by President Foster Ipsen. The building now houses the members of First Ward and St. John Ward.

**Malad Branch, Malad Ward
and Malad First Ward
1865 - 1988**

<u>Presiding Elders</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Daniel Daniels	Apr	1865-	1877

<u>1st Counselors</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Benjamin Thomas	Apr	1865-Sep 30,	1870
John Price	Sep 30,	1870-	1877

<u>2nd Counselors</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Henry Peck	Apr	1865-Sep 30,	1870
John J Williams	Sep 30,	1870-	1877

<u>Bishops</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
George Dunford		1877-Nov 20,	1880
George Stewart	Nov 20,	1880-	1890
Jenkin Jones		1890-May 15,	1896
William H Richards	May 15,	1896-Sep 27,	1908
James Peter Jensen	Sep 27,	1908-May 9,	1915
John G Evans	May 9,	1915-Oct 21,	1924
Thomas D Evans	Oct 21,	1924-Jun 7,	1931
Jessie H Dredge	Jun 7,	1931-May 10,	1936
Junior Crowther	May 10,	1936-Sep 29,	1947
D Dredge Thomas	Sep 29,	1947-Jan 15,	1956
G Howard Neal	Jan 15,	1956-Feb 10,	1963
Conrad C Alder	Feb 10,	1963-Nov 18,	1970
Myron Jones Jr.	Nov 18,	1970-Dec 12,	1976
Gordon Griffiths	Dec 12,	1976-Jul 24,	1983
Sheldon Jensen	Jul 24,	1983-	

<u>1st Counselors</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Daniel Daniels		1877-Nov 20,	1880
James P Harrison	Nov 20,	1880-Aug 24,	1884
William T Evans	Aug 24,	1884-Sep 27,	1908
Richard N Hill	Sep 27,	1908-May 9,	1915
Verlin Dives	May 9,	1915-Oct 21,	1924
James Peter Jensen	Oct 21,	1924-Aug 3,	1930
William H Rutter	Aug 3,	1930-Jun 7,	1931
Owen T Howard	Jun 7,	1931-Apr 2,	1933
Josiah Price	Apr 2,	1933-Mar 17,	1935
Thomas F Budge	Mar 17,	1935-Jul 1,	1935

George E Ward	Jul 1, 1935-Aug 23, 1942
Henry E Thomas	Aug 23, 1942-Sep 29, 1947
James G Vaughan	Sep 29, 1947-Mar 13, 1955
Neil Crowther	Mar 13, 1955-Jan 15, 1956
LaVern Colton	Jan 15, 1956-Feb 10, 1963
Errol Williams	Feb 10, 1963-Nov 18, 1970
Boyd E Lewis	Nov 18, 1970-Dec 12, 1976
Jack Forebush	Dec 12, 1976-Jul 24, 1983
Rick J Griffiths	Jul 24, 1983-

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John D Reece	1877- 1880
Berg L Thomas	May 15, 1896-Sep 27, 1908
Thomas W Richards	Sep 27, 1908-May 9, 1915
Edward N Crowther	May 9, 1915-Oct 21, 1924
William H Rutter	Oct 21, 1924- 1925
Joseph Parry	1925-Dec 30, 1928
Thomas F Budge	Dec 30, 1928-Jun 7, 1931
Josiah Price	Jun 7, 1931-Apr 2, 1933
Thomas F Budge	Apr 2, 1933-Apr 17, 1935
George E Ward	Apr 17, 1935-Jul 1, 1935
Henry E Thomas	Jul 1, 1935-May 10, 1936
James G Vaughan	May 10, 1936-Aug 7, 1937
Bertis Call	Aug 7, 1937-May 5, 1946
Eph Hawkins	May 5, 1946-Sep 29, 1947
Hugh Griffiths	Sep 29, 1947-Jun 24, 1951
Neil Crowther	Jun 24, 1951-Mar 13, 1955
LaVern Colton	Mar 13, 1955-Jan 15, 1956
Paul H Mills	Jan 15, 1956-Feb 10, 1963
Charles Buehler	Feb 10, 1963-Nov 18, 1970
Lyle E Hess	Nov 18, 1970-Dec 12, 1976
Eldon Nielsen	Dec 12, 1976-Jul 24, 1983
John C Ward	Jul 24, 1983-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Fredrick E Jones	May 26, 1912-May 9, 1915
Joseph Parry	May 9, 1915-Oct 21, 1924
Thomas F Budge	Oct 21, 1924-Aug 31, 1930
George Parry	Aug 31, 1930-Jun 7, 1931
William H Rutter	Jun 7, 1931-Jul 1, 1935
Henry E Thomas	Jul 1, 1935-Aug 7, 1937
James G Vaughan	Aug 7, 1937-Feb 2, 1943
Marice R Thomas	Feb 2, 1943-Mar 13, 1955
William H Rutter	Mar 13, 1955-Feb 10, 1963
Lorenzo Dives	Feb 10, 1963-Nov 18, 1970
William Price	Nov 18, 1970-Dec 12, 1976
Jon C Ward	Dec 12, 1976-Jul 24, 1983
Robert G Crowther	Jul 24, 1983-

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William Jensen	-Jul 24, 1983
Quinten Fredrick	Jul 24, 1983-Oct 27, 1985
Carl Isaacson	Oct 27, 1985-
Thomas Colton	

<u>H.P. Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Henry L Gleed	- 1977
Paul Mills	1977-Aug 13, 1978
Nephi Price	Aug 13, 1978-Jul 24, 1983
LaVern Colton	Jul 24, 1983-Oct 27, 1985
Thomas Colton	Oct 27, 1985-

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Donnel Ward	-May 28, 1978
Robert Broberg	May 28, 1978-Sep 31, 1980
Garry Woodmancy	Aug 31, 1980-
Garry Hess	Sep 31, 1980-Apr 21, 1985
Robert O Kent	Apr 21, 1985-

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Jane Price	Feb 7, 1874-May 4, 1879
Annie Sawyer	May 4, 1879-Mar 22, 1907
Mary Jane Evans	Mar 22, 1907-Apr 29, 1909
Eliza R Dredge	Apr 29, 1909-May 7, 1914
Kathrene Palmer	May 7, 1914-Mar 9, 1919
Elizabeth A Jones	Mar 9, 1919-Apr 18, 1926
Flora Kohler	Apr 18, 1926-Sep 24, 1933
Elizabeth S Jones	Sep 24, 1933-Jul 14, 1935
Mary Crowther	Jul 14, 1935-Apr 14, 1946
Lyle Mills	Apr 14, 1946-Sep 18, 1948
Ethel Hawkins	Sep 18, 1948-May 24, 1953
Vera S Vaughan	May 24, 1953-Dec 9, 1956
Isabell Griffiths	Dec 9, 1956-May 24, 1959
Blodwin Thorpe	May 24, 1959-Jan 6, 1963
Viva Burrie	Jan 6, 1963-Nov 30, 1969
Merle Mills	Nov 30, 1969-Mar 17, 1974
Elaine Mills	Mar 17, 1974-Jun 6, 1976
Karine Hill	Jun 6, 1976-Aug 26, 1979
Thelma Daniels	Aug 26, 1979- 1983
Velda Morgan	1983- 1985
Joyce T. Colton	1985-Feb 28, 1988
Pam Broberg	Feb 28, 1988-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary Jane Evans	May 5, 1879-Nov 8, 1884
Mary E Bolingbroke	Nov 8, 1884- 1901
Sarah Reynolds	1901- 1908
Rachel Thomas	1908- 1913
Jennie Evans	1913- 1914
Bessie Jones	1914-Jun 16, 1918
Verda Michaelas	Jun 16, 1918- 1920
Elizabeth Williams	1920-Apr 19, 1925
Stella D Jones	Apr 19, 1925-May 10, 1928
Elizabeth Morgan	May 10, 1928-Apr 21, 1929
Elizabeth Williams	Apr 21, 1929-Aug 30, 1931
Leveda Williams	Aug 30, 1931-May 14, 1933
Helen S Budge	May 14, 1933-Sep 17, 1935
Ethel Hawkins	Sep 17, 1935-

Marion Bolingbroke			Joseph W Ward	Aug 14, 1927-Jun 15, 1932
Susan Thomas			Ralph J Harding	Jun 15, 1932-Sep 17, 1933
LaVern Ward	1940-		Hubert Gleed	Sep 17, 1933-Jul 1, 1935
Blodwin Thorpe	1942-		Jesse Dredge	Jul 1, 1935-
Merle Mills			Heber Evans	1940- 1941
Cora Neal			Bert O Marble	1941- 1943
Velda Morgan			Paul H Mills	1943- 1945
Lou Williams	1957-	1963	Dee Williams	1945- 1956
Maria Jones	1963-		Jonah Evans	1956- 1957
Helen Lewis			Charles Buehler	1957- 1963
Joan Nielsen	1972-		Dee Williams	1963- 1966
Sue R Thomas	1977-		Sheldon Jensen	1966- 1969
Donna Jones	1977-		Gordon Griffiths	
Diane Winward			Rex Schwartz	
Diane Mikesell			Earl Hess	
Helen Ward			Sheldon Jensen	1974- 1977
Helen Lewis			Bert Marble	1977- 1983

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William Palmer	1908-	1909
Albert E Randall	1910-	1911
James B Jones	1914-	1918
Walter Michaelis	1918-	1924
Richard J Evans	1924-	1926
Josiah Price	1926-Jun 7, 1928	
Owen Howard	Jun 7, 1928-Jul 7,	1929
Junious Crowther	Jul 7, 1929-Oct 26,	1930
James B Jones	Oct 26, 1930-Jun 18,	1933
Andrew N Rything	Jun 18, 1933-Nov 4,	1934
Lawrence R Budge	Nov 4, 1934-Jul 1,	1935
Bertis Call	Jul 1, 1935-	
Rex Mills	1941-	1943
LeRoy Daniels	1943-	1947
Ephraim Hawkins	1947-	
A Rex Jensen	1954-	1956
Errol Williams	1956-	1962
William Colton	1962-	1964
Zivko Zivkovik	1964-	1971
John G Madson	1971-	1972
Claude S Williams	1972-	1974
Carl Isaacson	1974-	1976
Darhl Don Williams	1976-	1977
Bryce Scoffield	1977-	1980
Elbert Sweeten	1980-Dec 4,	1983
Bert Marble	Dec 4, 1983-	1987
Gary Parry	1987-	

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Brigham E Jones	1908-	1911
Hyrum D Jones	1911-	1914
Thomas Jones	1915-	1917
John M Mifflin	1917-Nov 23, 1919	
John O Thomas	Nov 23, 1919-	1921
James L Ashton	1921-Aug 14, 1927	

Joseph W Ward	Aug 14, 1927-Jun 15, 1932
Ralph J Harding	Jun 15, 1932-Sep 17, 1933
Hubert Gleed	Sep 17, 1933-Jul 1, 1935
Jesse Dredge	Jul 1, 1935-
Heber Evans	1940- 1941
Bert O Marble	1941- 1943
Paul H Mills	1943- 1945
Dee Williams	1945- 1956
Jonah Evans	1956- 1957
Charles Buehler	1957- 1963
Dee Williams	1963- 1966
Sheldon Jensen	1966- 1969
Gordon Griffiths	
Rex Schwartz	
Earl Hess	
Sheldon Jensen	1974- 1977
Bert Marble	1977- 1983
Steve Edwards	Sep 4, 1983- 1984
Scott Alder	1984- 1985
Bob Broberg	1985- 1986
Terry Jones	1986- 1987
Mike Hess	1987-

<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Elvira W Harrison	Nov 1, 1877-	1908
Victoria Davis	1908-	1910
Martha Harding	1910-	1912
Hannah Deschamps	1912-	1914
Nora Houe	1914-	1919
Ellen Dredge	1919-	1920
Victoria Davis	1920-	1922
Sarah Jane Evans	1922-	1926
Jermine Evans	1926-May 6, 1928	
Pearl Sanders	May 6, 1928-	1929
Agnes Horsley	1929-Aug 28, 1931	
Blodwin Thorpe	Aug 28, 1931-Jun 5,	1932
Gwendlyn E Ward	Jun 5, 1932-Sep 17,	1933
Stella D Jones	Sep 17, 1933-Jul 1,	1935
Edith Fink	Jul 1, 1935-	
Neva L Eliason		
Hannah Deschamps	1942-	1943
Elda Dredge	1943-	1944
Melba E Jensen	1944-	1946
Edna E Jones	1946-	1948
Rhea Williams	1948-	1955
Laura Bowen	1955-	1956
Shelba Dredge	1956-Apr	1957
Christine Miller	1957-	1958
Roma Jean Alder	1958-	1963
Thelma Daniels	1963-	1968
Lila Crowther	1968-	1971
Bernice Frederick	1971-	1973
Maria Jones	1973-	1974

Marie Jones	1974-	1976	Andrea D Parry	Sep	1983-Sep 4, 1986
Neva Eliason	1976-	1977	Jacquelin Stayner	Sep	1986- 1988
Eyvonne Jensen	1977-	1978	Barbara J Ward		1988-
Karen Marble	1978-	1979			
Lareta Gugelman	1979-	1983			

Malad Second Ward
1912 to 1988



*Malad Second Ward meetinghouse after recent expansion .
rededicated March 2, 1986, Second and Fifth Wards share building*

A 1915 issue of the Idaho Enterprise carried the following statements concerning the original Malad Second Ward building of which the saints must have been very proud: "A handsome edifice, called the Malad Second Ward Tabernacle was dedicated August 29, 1915 by President Joseph F. Smith. The building was erected at a cost of \$34,342. It contains an auditorium capable of seating comfortably 800 people. There is a pipe organ, a recreation hall and five classrooms in the building, which is lighted by electricity and is heated by steam. It has a beautiful tower on the northeast corner of the building."

This building now used by the Malad Second and Fifth Wards has been remodeled

and expanded two times, once in 1948 and again in 1985-86. The remodeling job in 1948 resulted in a fine new two story addition on the south that housed the bishop's office, library, Relief Society and a number of class rooms. Bishop Willie and counselors supervised the construction with Edward Pingle as superintendant. Labor was donated and the estimated cost of the building was \$45,000. It was dedicated February 11, 1951.

The building, as it now stands, has just received a massive remodeling that cost \$850,000. Included on the west end is a new cultural hall, kitchen, and two new bishops' offices with space for their clerks; two new restrooms are upstairs. Other additions are,

a new furnace and sound system, carpeting laid throughout, chapel benches padded and choir seats reupholstered. The stained glass windows were repaired and covered with a protective covering. The organ was completely disassembled and restored, and the balcony opened up as it was originally.

Downstairs, space was provided for the Stake Genealogical Library (Family History Center). An elevator was installed for the convenience of those not able to climb stairs. The remodeling was completed in

June of 1985 and was dedicated March 2, 1986, by Regional Representative Elder Lowell Sherratt.

Second Ward was divided, with half of the Second Ward members remaining. They joined with Samaria Ward and part of Pleasant View Ward to create a new Second Ward. It was organized Sunday, October 12, 1986 with Frank Madsen as bishop and Wayne Jones and Dale Price as counselors.



Original Malad Second Ward meetinghouse, dedicated August 29, 1915



Malad Second Ward meetinghouse with first addition, dedicated February 11, 1951

Malad Second Ward

1912 to 1988

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William H Thomas	May 26, 1912-Oct 21, 1928
Lorin L Richards	Oct 21, 1928-Nov 21, 1929
Hyrum J Hansen	Nov 21, 1929-Jan 10, 1932
Orsen H Mabey	Jan 10, 1932-Mar 10, 1935
Moses Christensen	Mar 10, 1935-Jan 5, 1938
Guy Servoss	Jan 5, 1938-Aug 23, 1942
William W Thomas	Aug 23, 1942-Sep 29, 1947
A Golden Willie	Sep 29, 1947-Mar 13, 1955
Myron P Sorensen	Mar 13, 1955-Mar 27, 1961
Samuel Hendricks	Mar 27, 1961-Jun 26, 1961
G Max King	Jun 26, 1961-Oct 15, 1967
W Gordon Crowther	Oct 15, 1967-Jul 20, 1975
J Wesley Crowther	Jul 20, 1975-Nov 15, 1981
Howard May	Nov 15, 1981-Oct 12, 1986
Frank Madsen	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Frederick Jones	May 26, 1912-Oct 28, 1928

George L Anderson	Oct 28, 1928-Jan 10, 1932
A Fenley Merrill	Jan 19, 1932-Mar 10, 1935
Guy Servoss	Mar 10, 1935-Jan 5, 1938
Ehner Lloyd	Jan 5, 1938-Aug 10, 1940
George R Burton	Aug 10, 1940-Aug 23, 1942
Parry D Harrison	Aug 23, 1942-Sep 29, 1947
Ralph Harding	Sep 29, 1947-Dec 26, 1953
Wayne Kent	Dec 26, 1953-Mar 13, 1955
W Gordon Crowther	Mar 13, 1955-Mar 27, 1961
William O Howard	Mar 27, 1961-Oct 15, 1967
J Thomas Thorpe	Oct 15, 1967-Jul 20, 1975
David Hill	Jul 20, 1975-Mar 19, 1977
Carl R Willie	Mar 19, 1977-Nov 15, 1981
Frank Gunnell	Nov 15, 1981-Oct 12, 1986
Wayne E Jones	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Henry Isaac Mills	May 26, 1912-Oct 21, 1928
Fredrick Rex Mills	Oct 21, 1928-Nov 21, 1929
Norman W Crowther	Nov 21, 1929-Mar 10, 1935
Henry O Kent	Mar 10, 1935-Jan 5, 1938
Vorris Justensen	Jan 5, 1938-Oct 10, 1940

A Golden Willie	Oct 10, 1940-Aug 23, 1942
Norman W Crowther	Aug 23, 1942-Sep 29, 1947
Wayne Kent	Sep 29, 1947-Oct 26, 1953
Myron P Sorensen	Oct 26, 1953-Nov 29, 1953
Elbert Sweeten	Nov 29, 1953-Mar 13, 1955
Milton Grover	Mar 13, 1955-Mar 27, 1961
G Max King	Mar 27, 1961-Jun 26, 1961
Ben C Call	Jun 26, 1961-Oct 15, 1967
Jon C Ward	Oct 15, 1967-Feb 14, 1971
Bert Eliason	Feb 14, 1971-May 14, 1972
Verlin Allen	May 14, 1972-Jul 20, 1975
Jay Burrie	Jul 20, 1975-Mar 21, 1976
Wayne C Jones	Mar 26, 1976-Dec 26, 1976
Dwight Jay Hansen	Dec 26, 1976-Nov 15, 1981
Max Clair Firth	Nov 15, 1981-Oct 12, 1986
Dale Price	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John M Richards	May 26, 1912-Nov 21, 1928
Edwin R Jones	Nov 21, 1928-Jan 5, 1938
J Edward Gibbs	Jan 5, 1938-Mar 25, 1940
William H Thomas	Mar 25, 1940-Sep 29, 1947
William H Richards	Sep 29, 1947-Sep 28, 1953
Elbert Sweeten	Sep 28, 1953-Nov 29, 1953
Verlin M Allen	Nov 29, 1953-Mar 15, 1955
Lynn Elcock	Mar 15, 1955-Jul 27, 1959
Jon C Ward	Jul 27, 1959-Oct 15, 1967
Wallace E Smith	Oct 15, 1967-Sep 26, 1971
Don Lee Hess	Sep 26, 1971-Jul 20, 1975
Marvin Tubbs	Jul 20, 1975-May 14, 1976
James Gleed	May 14, 1976-Apr 1978
Ben Call	Apr 1978-Nov 15, 1981
Wayne Jones	Nov 15, 1981-Sep 5, 1985
Harold Nielsen	Sep 5, 1985-Oct 12, 1986
Tim Willie	Oct 12, 1986

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lloyd R Sweeten	1977-1980
Jeff Alder	1980-1983
Wayne Kent	Jul 3, 1983-1984
Khalil Scott	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Donald G Henderson	- 1977
Mark P Alder	1977-Apr 19, 1982
Jeffery Richins	Apr 19, 1982-1984
Paul E Tubbs	1986-1987
Curtis Kennedy	1987-

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elizabeth Bennett	Nov 10, 1912-Nov 11, 1928
Amelia Spencer	Nov 11, 1928-Oct 20, 1931
Margaret Richards	Oct 20, 1931-Aug 8, 1933
Margaret J Jones	Aug 8, 1933-Oct 2, 1934

Hilda M Richards	Oct 2, 1934-1945
Flora Kent	1945-Sep 25, 1949
Mary C Sweeten	Sep 25, 1949-Aug 10, 1952
Fern Willie	Aug 10, 1952-1952
Helen Servoss	Sep 1952-Mar 1955
Mildred Howard	Mar 1955-May 25, 1958
Elizabeth B Facer	May 25, 1958-Sep 25, 1960
Pearl W Jones	Sep 25, 1960-Oct 29, 1967
Verna L Allen	Oct 29, 1967-Oct 25, 1971
Luzelle S Eliason	Oct 25, 1971-May 21, 1972
Florence S Hubbard	May 21, 1972-Feb 16, 1975
Janet Harding	Feb 16, 1975-Apr 25, 1976
Glenda Jensen	Apr 25, 1976-Jan 17, 1982
Julie Hansen	Jan 17, 1982-Feb 5, 1984
Pauline Kent	Feb 5, 1984-Oct 12, 1986
Florence S Hubbard	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mabel Randall	Aug 11, 1912-Jan 9, 1914
Ester Davis	Jan 9, 1914-Aug 22, 1915
Martha Harding	Aug 22, 1915-
Mary W Christensen	Jan 3, 1915-1916
Martha Hansen	1916-Nov 24, 1917
Sarah A Richards	Nov 24, 1917-Mar 1, 1920
Terissa Yates	Mar 1, 1920-1921
Josephine Sorensen	1921-
Elizabeth Williams	-Apr 19, 1925
Stella D Jones	Apr 19, 1925-1926
Ella M Richardson	1926-1927
Jesse Wight	1927-Jul 13, 1931
Verna Jenkins	Jul 13, 1931-Sep 20, 1935
Deseret Moon	Sep 20, 1935-Jun 15, 1941
Sigred Smith	Jun 15, 1941-1949
Laura Harrison	1949-Jan 1950
Vesta Facer	Jan 1950-Apr 1955
Pauline Kent	Apr 1955-1956
Nelda Tubbs	1956-1957
Verna Allen	1957-Oct 6, 1958
Fran Garner	Oct 6, 1958-1959
Dorothy Price	1959-Sep 18, 1966
Dephane Taylor	Sep 18, 1966-Apr 23, 1967
Glenda Jensen	Apr 23, 1967-1970
Lucille Laws	1970-May 5, 1976
Nancy Skinner	May 23, 1976-Oct 24, 1976
Bonnie Howard	Oct 24, 1976-Mar 11, 1979
Madge May	Mar 11, 1979-Oct 9, 1983
Sandra Colton	Oct 9, 1983-Jun 29, 1986
Darlene Nielsen	Jun 29, 1986-Oct 12, 1986
Elaine Mills	Oct 12, 1986-

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elbert E Randall	1914-1915
Richard N Hall	1915-Oct 28, 1917
Silas Stocks	Oct 28, 1917-Jun 2, 1918

Daniel P Woodland	Jun 2, 1918-Apr 24, 1921	Milton Whitworth	1946-	1947
Henry E Thomas	Apr 24, 1921-	George Sweeten	1948-	1951
George L Anderson	1922-	Clarence Kent	1951-	1955
Chauncy L Sorensen	1926-Dec 16, 1928	Joe Laws Jr.	1955-	1956
Thomas H Chivers	Dec 16, 1928-Mar 30, 1930	Kay Alder	1956-Sep	1957
Orson H Mabey	Mar 30, 1930-Jan 17, 1932	Ben Call	Sep 1957-	1961
John D Bowen	Jan 17, 1932-Nov 5, 1934	Jack Brinkerhoff	1961-	1964
Elmer Lloyd	Nov 5, 1934-Aug 28, 1937	Wayne Kent	Sep 22, 1964-Sep 11, 1966	
Orlando Condie	Aug 28, 1937-	Lynn Stayner	Sep 11, 1966-Sep 1, 1968	
Khalil Hansen	1941-	Grant Eccles	Sep 1, 1968-Dec 15, 1968	
Arthur G Willie	1945-Sep 28, 1947	Denton John	Dec 15, 1968-	1969
Parry D Harrison	Sep 28, 1947-	Max Pilgrim	1969-Jan 30, 1972	
Milton Grover	1950-	Dick Oyler	Jan 30, 1972-Sep 4, 1973	
Ralph Harding	1951-	Thomas Thorpe Jr.	Sep 4, 1973-Nov 23, 1975	
William H Thomas	1953-	William Boyd Lewis	Nov 23, 1975-May 1976	
Berthel Crowther	1956-	Bob Christopherson	May 1976-Jun 11, 1978	
Lynn C Alder	1960-Mar 31, 1961	Leland Sasser	Jun 11, 1978-Jun 10, 1979	
Carl Willie	Mar 31, 1961-Jun 13, 1965	Brent Howard	Jun 10, 1979-Mar 16, 1980	
Lorin Peck	Jun 13, 1965-Mar 23, 1969	Paul Willie	Mar 16, 1980-Jun 28, 1981	
Verlin Allen	Mar 23, 1969-Mar 22, 1970	Jeff Richins	Jun 28, 1981-Apr 18, 1982	
Ben W Call	Mar 22, 1970-Sep 27, 1970	Scott Sorensen	May 23, 1982-Dec 18, 1982	
Ronald Norton	Sep 27, 1970-Jun 13, 1971	Richard Robbins	Dec 18, 1982-Dec 18, 1983	
Lloyd Sweeten	Jun 13, 1971-Feb 12, 1974	Mark Alder	Dec 18, 1983-	1984
Marvin Dean Tubbs	Feb 12, 1974-Aug 3, 1975	Jay Hansen	1984-	1986
Bob Christopherson	Aug 3, 1975-Jan 27, 1976	Jeffery Richins	Oct 20, 1986-	
Paul Evans	Jan 27, 1976-Mar 19, 1978			
Max Pilgrim	Mar 19, 1978-Feb 18, 1979			
Ralph Price	Feb 18, 1979-Apr 20, 1980	<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
LeRoy Jensen	Apr 20, 1980-Jan 25, 1981	Sarah P Evans	May 26, 1912-	1914
Richard Robbins	Jan 25, 1981-Sep 19, 1982	Margaret Jones	1915-	1916
Roland Keller	Sep 19, 1982-	Mary A Dudley	1917-	1921
Tim Mintzer	1984-	Hartence Nelsen	1921-	1923
Heber Bott	1985-Oct 12, 1986	Zola Jeppsen	1923-	1924
Vern W Hulse	Oct 12, 1986-	Josephine Sorensen	1924-	1925
		Anna McIntin	1925-	1926
<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	Mrs George Anderson	1926-Aug 14, 1927	
Eugene M Decker	1914-	Pearl Sanders	Aug 14, 1927-Sep 1, 1928	
Marley P Randall	1915-	Sylvia Sparks	Sep 1, 1928-Sep 14, 1930	
Ephraim Briggs Jr.	1916-Oct 21, 1917	Areta Black	Sep 14, 1930-Sep 12, 1931	
George L Johnson	Oct 21, 1917-	Edna Hanson	Sep 12, 1931-Mar 29, 1932	
A Fenley Merrill	1922-	Amelia Spencer	Mar 29, 1932-Sep 17, 1935	
Fred Sparks	1924-	Mollie Evans	Sep 17, 1935-Sep 7, 1936	
George L Anderson	1926-Sep 4, 1928	Eunice Tovey	Sep 7, 1936-Sep 12, 1938	
Donald Black	Sep 4, 1928-Oct 4, 1932	Lurline James	Sep 12, 1938-	1940
Clifton Booker	Oct 4, 1932-Aug 12, 1933	Mary Wight	1940-	1942
Arthur Servoss	Aug 12, 1933-Sep 17, 1935	Sara Bell Thomas	1942-	1944
Chauncy Sorensen	Sep 17, 1935-Sep 7, 1936	Margaret Richards	1944-	1945
Oscar Richardson	Sep 7, 1936-Aug 15, 1938	Anna Whitworth	1946-	1948
Earl J Thomas	Aug 15, 1938-	Ida Keller	1948-	1951
Vernon B Rich	1940-	LaRell Fifield	1951-	1955
Edward Smith	1941-	Wanda Napier	1955-	1957
Moyle Facer	1942-	Vesta Facer	1957-	1959
Charles Kern	1943-	Opel Peck	1959-Apr 12, 1964	
Ralph Gibbs	1944-	Pauline Kent	Apr 12, 1964-Aug 25, 1968	

Carol Dawn Willie	Aug 25, 1968-Sep 3, 1974	Toni Hendrickson	Jan 7, 1979-Apr 20, 1980
Marilyn Jones	Sep 3, 1974-Mar 21, 1976	Nancy Asay	Apr 20, 1980-Aug 31, 1980
Alyce Lewis	Mar 21, 1976-May 1976	Wendy Alder	Aug 31, 1980-Dec 19, 1982
Lucille Laws	May 1976-	Rebecca Firth	Dec 19, 1982-Oct 12, 1986
Irene Alder	1977-Jan 7, 1979	Donna J Salverson	Oct 12, 1986-Apr 3, 1988
		Julie Willie	Apr 3, 1988-

Malad Third Ward 1935 to 1988



*Malad Third Ward meetinghouse, dedicated November 15, 1953,
shared with Fourth Ward and Malad Idaho Stake*

The Malad Third Ward was created through a division of the Malad 1st and 2nd Wards, on June 30, 1935. Thomas D. Evans, T. Francis Budge, and J. LeRoy Horsley were the first bishopric, with James B. Jones as clerk. They were set apart by George Albert Smith of the Council of Twelve. In a meeting with both bishoprics, Apostle Smith told them this was the first time in the history of the church that two wards would try to hold their meetings in the same building, and it would take unity, faith and prayers from both bishoprics and all the members if they were to be successful.

Up until this time the "law of the hive" had been in effect, and this was an unusual experience. At first the building was divided. The Third Ward used the west half, and the First Ward used the east half with, each ward using the downstairs classrooms on their side. Both wards shared the kitchen, the baptismal font and the bishop's office. Later they found it worked out better if mutuals were

held on different nights, so they finally worked out a plan which is now used in most wards throughout the church.



*Third Ward/First Ward meetinghouse
used from 1935 to 1953*

Historical Notes on Construction
of the Third Ward Building

June 30, 1935 - At a special meeting of leaders of the Malad First and Second Wards, Elder George Albert Smith submitted a proposal that a third ward be organized.

December 23, 1946 - Stake presidency and high council approved suggestion by Presiding Bishop Worthlin that the Third Ward build a combined stake and ward building.

November 4, 1947 - Malad Third Ward Bishopric approve plans for a new combined stake and ward building.

February 9, 1948 - Building plans presented to the stake presidency and high council. Plans approved - urged to proceed.

March 17, 1949 - Ground breaking ceremonies held.



*Ground breaking ceremonies,
March 17, 1949*

Stake Building Committee Chairman Lawrence Corbridge, President Samuel Hendricks, Bishop Jesse Hughes, Oldest Third Ward Member Ruth Richardson, Stake Relief Society President Hannah Harris

December 30, 1951 - Malad Third Ward held the first meeting in the new building by setting up folding chairs in the recreation hall.

November 15, 1953 - New stake and ward

center dedicated by Elder Stephen L. Richards. Cost, approximately \$275,000.

May 24, 1954 - New Vaughan wind organ installed at a cost of \$5,032.55, shared 50/50 by Third Ward, and the Malad Stake.

Malad Third Ward 1935 to 1938

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Thomas D Evans	Jul 1, 1935-May 26, 1940
Le Grande Horsley	May 26, 1940-Feb 16, 1946
Jesse Hughes	Feb 17, 1946-Dec 14, 1953
Hubert S Gleed	Dec 14, 1953-Jan 14, 1963
Lon W Corbridge	Jan 14, 1963-Sep 6, 1972
Phil Gillies	Sep 6, 1972-Jan 29, 1978
Garth Sweeten	Jan 29, 1978-May 26, 1985
Marvin Hess	May 26, 1985-

<u>1st Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Thomas F Budge	Jul 1, 1935-May 26, 1940
Lawrence R Budge	May 26, 1940-Dec 14, 1953
Leon J Castleton	Dec 14, 1953-Mar 13, 1955
Royal B Jensen	Mar 13, 1955-Jan 14, 1963
Lloyd L Sorensen	Jan 14, 1963-Sep 6, 1972
Garth Sweeten	Sep 6, 1972-Jan 29, 1978
William Thorpe	Jan 29, 1978-May 26, 1985
Spencer Horsley	May 26, 1985-

<u>2nd Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
LeRoy Horsley	Jul 1, 1935-May 26, 1940
Jesse Hughes	May 26, 1940-Feb 17, 1946
Hubert S Gleed	Feb 17, 1946-Dec 14, 1953
Royal B Jensen	Dec 14, 1953-Mar 13, 1955
D LeRoy Thomas	Mar 13, 1955-Jan 14, 1963
Raiford Benson	Jan 14, 1963-Jan 6, 1971
Thomas W Parry	Jan 6, 1971-Sep 6, 1972
Gerald P Thomas	Sep 6, 1972-Jan 29, 1978
Thomas Parry	Jan 29, 1978-May 26, 1985
Veryl Henrie	May 26, 1985-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James B Jones	Jul 1, 1935-Aug 18, 1940
Ernest Hartley	Aug 18, 1940-Dec 14, 1953
D LeRoy Thomas	Dec 14, 1953-Mar 13, 1955
Lon W Corbridge	Mar 13, 1955-Jan 14, 1963
Kenneth Allen	Jan 14, 1963-Nov 7, 1965
Ervin Allen	Nov 7, 1965-Sep 6, 1972
Hyrum D Nayler	Sep 6, 1972-Jan 29, 1978
Dale Daniels	Jan 29, 1978-May 26, 1985
Perry Jones	May 26, 1985-

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
J Moroni Ward	Jan 1971-Jan 29, 1978
Nolan Blaisdell	Jan 29, 1978-Nov 15, 1981
J D Thomas	Nov 15, 1981-Nov 17, 1985
H Ward Thomas	Nov 17, 1985
<u>H.P. Group Ldr.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Ray Hess	1969-Oct 27, 1972
Lloyd Sorensen	Oct 27, 1972-Feb 21, 1982
H Ward Thomas	Feb 21, 1982-Sep 9, 1984
Eldon Corbridge	Sep 9, 1984-

<u>Elders Q. Pres.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Wayne Budge	-Feb 13, 1977
Floyd M Gleed	Feb 13, 1977-Jan 19, 1986
Ralph Bennett	Jan 19, 1986-

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elizabeth Jones	Jul 14, 1935-Oct 20, 1946
Pauline Atkinson	Oct 20, 1946-Mar 4, 1951
Nellie Gleed	Mar 4, 1951-Mar 27, 1955
Blanche Budge	Mar 27, 1955-Nov 22, 1959
Charlene Corbridge	Nov 22, 1959-May 24, 1964
Rebe Henrie	May 24, 1964-Feb 9, 1969
Ida Smith	Feb 9, 1969-Jan 8, 1975
June Ward	Jan 8, 1975-Aug 12, 1979
Ileane Corbridge	Aug 12, 1979-Oct 13, 1985
Helen H Thomas	Oct 13, 1985-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lillian Bush	Aug 7, 1935-Nov 20, 1935
Mary Nielsen	Nov 20, 1935-Sep 20, 1936
Lyle Kern	Sep 20, 1936-Sep 19, 1939
Myrtle Williams	Sep 19, 1939-Jul 19, 1940
Elsie Williams	Jul 19, 1940- 1942
Lillith Jones	1942- 1943
Merle Hughes	1943- 1944
Jean Smith	1944- 1945
Elaine Castleton	1945-Sep 31, 1946
Nada Jones	Sep 31, 1946-May 1948
Celia Sorensen	May 1948-Jan 31, 1960
Nada Jones	Jan 31, 1960-Feb 24, 1963
Roberta Price	Feb 24, 1963-Aug 31, 1969
Helen N Scott	Aug 31, 1969-Jun 15, 1974
Emma Lou Parry	Jun 15, 1974-Aug 15, 1976
Jean T Smith	Aug 15, 1976-

<u>S. S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lawrence R Budge	Jul 1, 1935- 1940
Joseph Thorpe	1940- 1945
James B Jones	1945- 1948
Eldon Corbridge	1948- 1953
Veryl Henrie	1953- 1963
Grant Jensen	1963-Feb 8, 1970
Wendell A Smith	Feb 8, 1970-Sep 6, 1970
Floyd M Gleed	Sep 6, 1970-Jun 28, 1974
Stanley Jensen	Jun 28, 1974-
Kent Scott	-Feb 20, 1983
Gerald Thomas	Feb 20, 1983- 1987
Dale R Daniels	1987-

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Josiah Price	Jul 1, 1935-Sep 20, 1936
Elmer Anderson	Sep 20, 1936-May 25, 1937
Joseph Palmer	May 25, 1937-Sep 5, 1938
Jesse Hughes	Sep 5, 1938- 1940
Floyd Dorius	1940- 1943
Joseph W Ward	1943- 1953
Harley Handy	1953- 1955
Henry Gleed	1955- 1956
Floyd Dorius	1956-Mar 8, 1959
Thomas Parry	Mar 8, 1959-Sep 12, 1965
Welton Ward	Sep 12, 1965-Jun 12, 1966
Ren Ray Bowen	Jun 12, 1966-Jun 11, 1967
Jack Forbush	Jun 11, 1967-Jul 20, 1969
Garry Parry	Jul 20, 1969-Oct 8, 1962
Wayne Budge	Oct 8, 1962-Jul 22, 1973
Randy Thomas	Jul 22, 1973-Jul 14, 1974
Welton Ward	Jul 14, 1974-Aug 7, 1977
Jon C Ward	Aug 7, 1977- 1980
Dennis Evans	1980- 1986
Thomas D Johnston	1987-

<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Estella D Jones	Jul 1, 1935-Sep 20, 1936
Viola Belnap	Sep 20, 1936-Sep 5, 1938
Mae Castleton	Sep 5, 1938- 1941
Laura Jones	1941- 1946
Zelpha Williams	1946- 1949
Ida Smith	1949-Jun 17, 1956
Ina Nielsen	Jun 17, 1956-Jan 27, 1963
June Crowther	Jan 27, 1963-Mar 30, 1969
Pamela Smith	Mar 30, 1969-Aug 29, 1971
Helen H Thomas	Aug 29, 1971-Jul 22, 1973
Diane B Sweeten	Jul 22, 1973- 1986
Ellen Sue Thomas	1986-

Malad Fourth Ward
1955 to 1988



*Malad Fourth Ward meetinghouse, dedicated November 15, 1953
shared with Malad Third Ward and Malad Idaho Stake*

The Malad Fourth Ward was created by a division of the Malad Second and Third Wards, March 13, 1955. One third of the membership of each of these wards was transferred to make the Fourth Ward membership of 590 with 205 families. The Second Ward owned a welfare farm west of Malad on the Pocatello Valley County Road. This farm was divided with the new Malad Fourth Ward, with the Second Ward owning two-thirds and the Fourth Ward receiving one-third. Bishop Colen H. Sweeten Jr. was called as the first bishop, and he and his counselors organized the new ward.

**Facts Concerning the Ward
and Stake Center
(As of 1977)**

The building used by the Malad Third and Fourth Wards, and the stake as a stake center was under construction for almost three years. The plan was to house a ward and the stake, but now it houses two wards and the stake. It is a very fine, well built building. The chapel will seat 350 plus a good sized choir. A very fine wind type

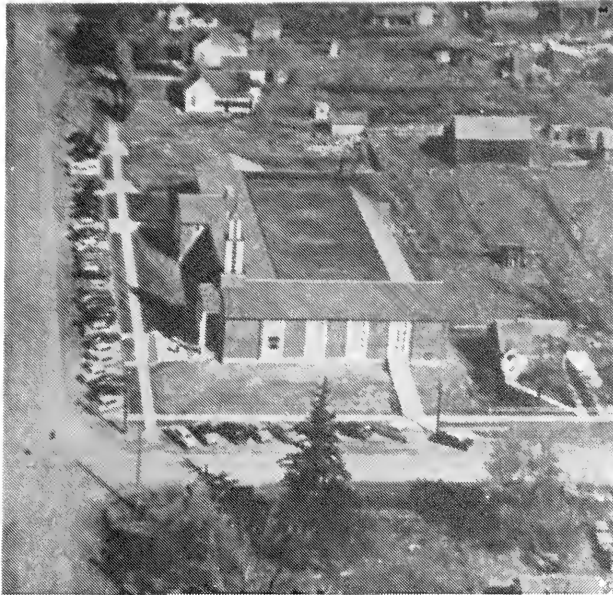
organ and a grand piano are part of the furnishings.

The large culture hall has a full, floating maple wood block floor that makes a fine ballroom floor for dancing or athletics. The floor is official size, 60' by 90'. On the north end is a well equipped stage for play productions or programs. Under the stage is a large storage area.

There are two bishops' offices with adjoining clerks' offices. Upstairs the old priesthood room has been remodeled to make a stake presidency office and a high council room, along with clerks' office and storage.

There is a room called the "Relief Society room," which has a small kitchen attached. The wards' meetinghouse library is in the north end on the ground floor. The stake baptismal font and dressing rooms open out into the Aaronic Priesthood room, which can be divided with folding doors to make two rooms, and is next to a large, well equipped kitchen.

There are about 15 classrooms and a junior Sunday School room which also can be divided with a folding door to make two classrooms.



Aerial View of completed Fourth Ward and Stake Center

**Malad Fourth Ward
1955 to 1988**

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Colen Sweeten Jr.	Mar 13, 1955-May 28, 1961
J Arthur Servoss	May 28, 1961-Oct 10, 1965
Earl A Gillies	Oct 10, 1965-Aug 13, 1972
Darrell G Swartz	Aug 13, 1972-Sep 10, 1978
Clarence Kent	Sep 10, 1978-Sep 14, 1986
Brent Evanson	Sep 14, 1986-

<u>1st Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Leon J Castleton	Mar 13, 1955-May 28, 1961
Reed M Smith	May 28, 1961-Oct 10, 1965
Eldon G Archibald	Oct 10, 1965-Aug 13, 1972
H Clarence Kent	Aug 13, 1972-Sep 10, 1978
Joseph J Daniels	Sep 10, 1978-Sep 14, 1986
Mark Alder	Sep 14, 1986

<u>2nd Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
H Clarence Kent	Mar 13, 1955-May 28, 1961
C Lynn Elcock	May 28, 1961-Oct 10, 1965
W Lyde Facer	Oct 10, 1965-Jan 25, 1970
George W Gardner	Jan 25, 1970-Aug 13, 1972
Jack Forbush	Aug 13, 1972-Oct 6, 1974
Joseph J Daniels	Oct 6, 1974-Sep 10, 1978
Wendell A Smith	Sep 10, 1978-Jul 3, 1983
Marvin Pett	Jul 3, 1983-Sep 14, 1986
Timothy Williams	Sep 14, 1986-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Cleon Williams	Mar 13, 1955-Oct 23, 1955
Eldon G Archibald	Oct 23, 1955-Oct 10, 1965
Daniel W Perkins	Oct 10, 1965-Sep 14, 1986
Steven A Cottle	Sep 14, 1986-

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David J Williams	-Feb 28, 1971
Howard Wakley	Feb 28, 1971-Feb 13, 1977
W Ralph Gleed	Feb 13, 1977-Jan 16, 1983
Ferris Hess	Jan 16, 1983-Sep 14, 1986
Edward Erickson	Sep 14, 1986-

<u>H.P. Group Ldr.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
A Golden Willie	1966- 1967
Colen H Sweeten	1967- 1970
Darrell Swartz	1970- 1972
Hubert S Gleed	1972- 1973
Waldo Blaisdell	1973-

<u>Seventies G.L.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Kenneth Allen	1966- 1979
Don Lee Hess	1979- 1980
Dan Marteeny	1980- 1982
Timothy Williams	1982- 1984
Steven Cottle	1984- 1986

<u>Elders Q. Pres.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Joseph Daniels	1966-Jan 12, 1976
Dan Marteeny	Jan 12, 1976-Jan 9, 1980
Michael Williams	Jan 9, 1980-Jan 19, 1986
James B Jones	Jan 19, 1986-

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Helen Servoss	Mar 1955-Mar 10, 1957
Edith Archibald	Mar 10, 1957-Sep 10, 1961
Elaine Castleton	Sep 10, 1961-Sep 11, 1966
Roma K Facer	Sep 11, 1966-Sep 7, 1969
Virginia Kent	Sep 7, 1969-Sep 20, 1970
Kay Dean Williams	Sep 20, 1970-Sep 22, 1974
Elaine Castleton	Sep 22, 1974-Jul 31, 1977
Erma Evans	Jul 31, 1977-Aug 26, 1979
Pamela Smith	Aug 26, 1979-Oct 24, 1982
Ila Elcock	Oct 24, 1982-Mar 10, 1985
Gloria Gleed	Mar 10, 1985-May 3, 1987
Faye Cottle	May 3, 1987-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Gloria Gleed	Mar 13, 1955- 1956
Laura C Jones	1956-May 25, 1958
Margaret J Richards	May 25, 1958-Sep 9, 1962
Phylis W Price	Sep 9, 1962-Jan 10, 1965
Carol Davis	Jan 10, 1965-Sep 25, 1966

Kay Dean Williams	Sep 25, 1966-May 17,1970
Ruth B Johnson	Sep 25, 1970-Mar 26,1972
Lauraine Hadfield	Mar 26, 1972-Aug 24,1975
Dianne Pett	Aug 31, 1975-May 27,1979
Louise Williams	May 27, 1979-Jan 3, 1982
Faye Cottle	Jan 3, 1982-Dec 18, 1983
Dorothy Evanson	Dec 18, 1983-Sep 28, 1986
Tamara Williams	Sep 28, 1986-

<u>S. S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Samuel T Lawson	May 22, 1955- 1957
Reed M Smith	1957- 1960
Faye Jones Evans	1960-Oct 4, 1964
Loyal M Hess	Oct 4, 1964-Aug 14, 1966
Norman Jaussi	Aug 14, 1966-Jan 18,1970
Ralph Gleed	Jan 18, 1970-Jun 28, 1974
Ralph Rhees	Jun 28, 1974-Nov 9, 1975
George Bush	Nov 9, 1975-Sep 3, 1978
Ferris Hess	Sep 3, 1978-Feb 13, 1983
Ronald Price	Feb 13, 1983-Jul 10, 1983
Clyde Williams	Jul 10, 1983-

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Floyd Fifield	Jul 17, 1955-Aug 16, 1955
Ivan L Dryeng	Aug 16, 1955-Nov 13,1956
Farrell O Neal	Nov 13, 1956- 1958
Wesley J Crowther	1958- 1960

John F Niegergall	Nov 1960- 1962
Wayne A Archibald	1962-Oct 4, 1964
Faye J Evans	Oct 4, 1964-Oct 14, 1966
Garth Sweeten	Oct 14, 1966-May 17,1970
Ralph Burton	May 17, 1970-Aug 30,1970
Wendell Johnson	Aug 30, 1970-Jul 22, 1973
Earl A Gillies	1973- 1974
Keith McFarland	1974- 1975
Wendell Smith	1975- 1976
Randy H Thomas	1976- 1977
Lavar Christopherson	1977- 1979
Ronald Price	1979- 1981
Steven Cottle	1981- 1983
Ralph Rhees	1983- 1984
Roger Facer	1984-Sep 28, 1986
Marvin Pett	Sep 28, 1986-

<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elvene Haws	1955-Nov 13,1956
Lillie Hess	Nov 13, 1956-Jun 1961
Blanche Sheppard	Jun 1961-May 4, 1962
Mary A Peterson	May 4, 1962-Oct 4, 1964
Joyce Henretty	Oct 4, 1964-Apr 18, 1965
Euarda Daniels	Apr 18, 1965-May 17,1970
Elvene Haws	May 17, 1970-Aug 8,1971
C M Christopherson	Aug 8, 1971-Jul 22, 1979
Sharon Thorpe	Jul 22, 1979-May 16, 1982
Euarda Daniels	May 16, 1982-Sep 28,1986
Julie Kay Jones	Sep 28, 1986-Mar 13,1988
Carol Howe	Mar 13, 1988-

**Malad Fifth Ward
1986 to 1988**



*Newly remodeled Fifth Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated March 2, 1986, shared with Second Ward*

The Malad Fifth Ward was organized Sunday, October 12, 1986. Frank Gunnell was called to be the first bishop, and he and his counselors, Lewis Williams and Craig Sperry, had the unusual experience of organizing a new ward from scratch.

The new Fifth Ward includes everything east of First West Street, a section of the city east of Deep Creek as far north as First North Street, and all of what was formerly the Cherry Creek Ward. The South Apartments were divided between the Fifth and Second Wards, with the original white brick units to the north being in the Fifth Ward and the newer units to the south in the Second Ward.

Some members from the Fourth Ward, and almost half the members of the Second Ward, joined with the Cherry Creek members to make the new Fifth Ward.

Malad Fifth Ward
1986 to 1988

Bishops Years Served
Frank Gunnell Oct 12, 1986-

1st Counselor Years Served
Cordell L Williams Oct 12, 1986-Jun 21, 1987
Craig L Sperry Jun 21, 1987-

2nd Counselor Years Served
Craig L Sperry Oct 12, 1986-Jun 21, 1987
Heber E Bott Jun 21, 1987-

Ward Clerks Years Served
Jack Batt Oct 12, 1986-

Executive Sec. Years Served
Sheldon P Vaughan Oct 12, 1986-Feb 28, 1988
Darrell Christensen Feb 28, 1988-

H.P. Group Ldr. Years Served
Clarence Kent Oct 12, 1986-

Elders Q. Pres. Years Served
Casey O Jones Oct 12, 1986-Jun 28, 1987
Sid E Lewis Jun 28, 1987-

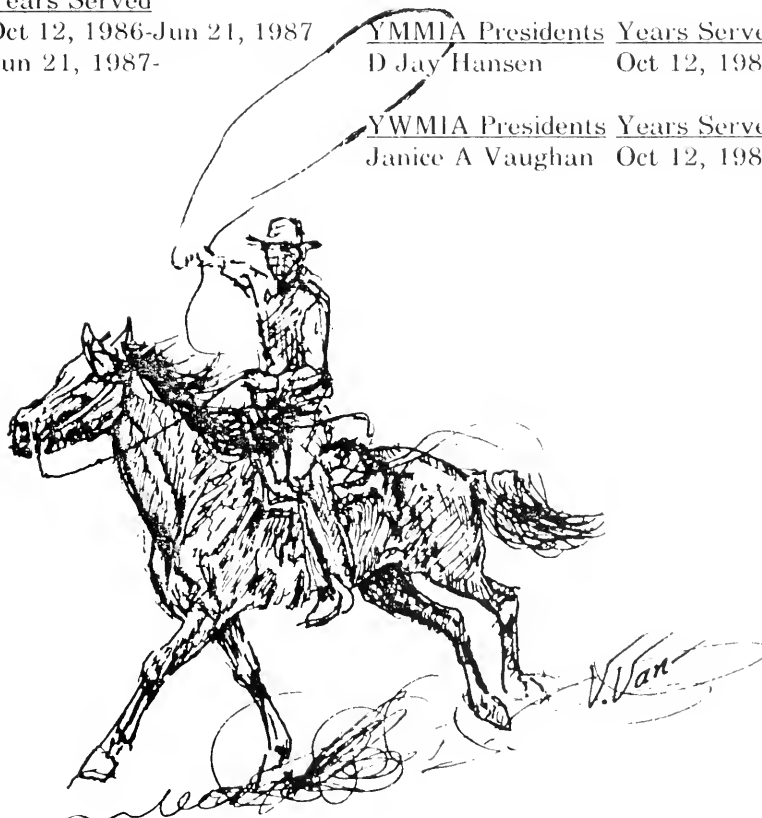
R.S. Presidents Years Served
Rolene W Gleed Oct 12, 1986-

Primary Presidents Years Served
Bonnie Bott Oct 12, 1986-Aug 21, 1988
Christie Oja Aug 21, 1988-

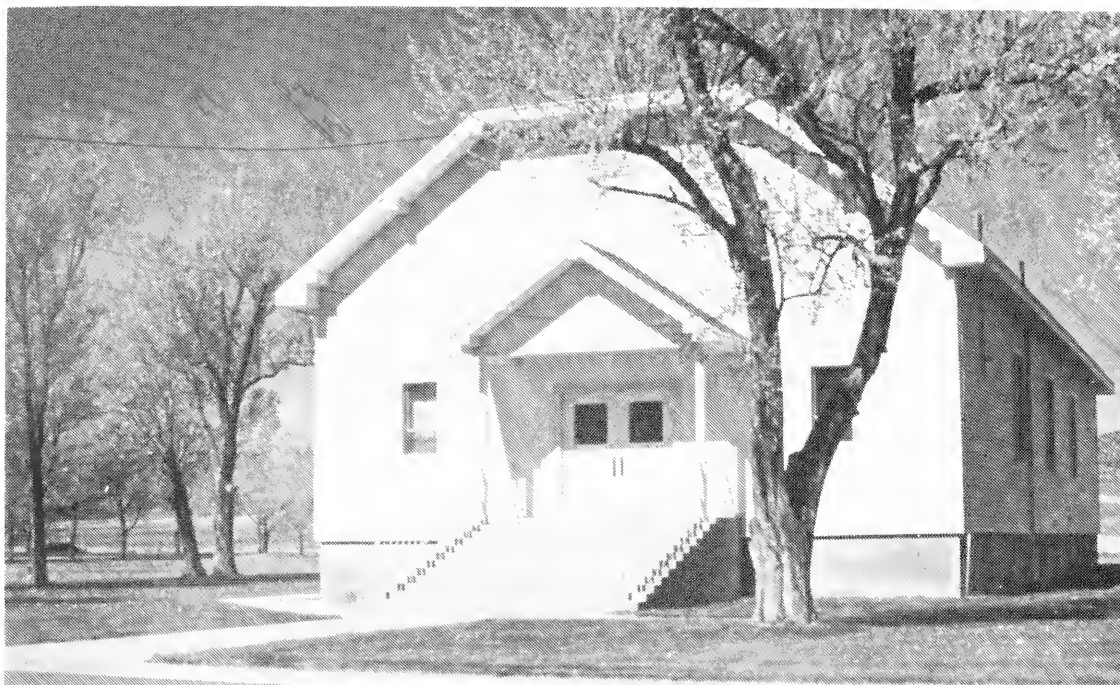
S. S. Presidents Years Served
Cleland A Jones Oct 12, 1986-Aug 28, 1988
Tom Williams Aug 28, 1988-

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
D Jay Hansen Oct 12, 1986-

YWMIA Presidents Years Served
Janice A Vaughan Oct 12, 1986-



Holbrook Ward
1901 to 1908



Holbrook Ward meetinghouse, dedicated July 4, 1921

The settlement of Holbrook dates back to the year of 1878, when a Mr. Joyce arrived here and built a rock house in which to shelter and protect his family from the wild animals and Indians. His place was known as the "Rock House" ranch, located four and one-half miles northwest of the present Holbrook townsite. Later it was known as the "Dille Ranch" or the "Bar M Cattle Ranch". It is now owned and operated by Don and Carol Eliason and sons. It was not until 1895 that more families came and settled: John Hurd, Albert Hurd, and Chris Anderson, followed by more families in 1897 and 1900.

On June 25, 1901, a group of saints met at the home of Emma Murphy for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Snowville Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Kelly of the Box Elder Stake and Bishop Goodlif of the Snowville Ward were present. Heber A. Holbrook was called and set apart as the presiding elder for the Holbrook Branch. No ward boundaries were mentioned at the time of this organization.

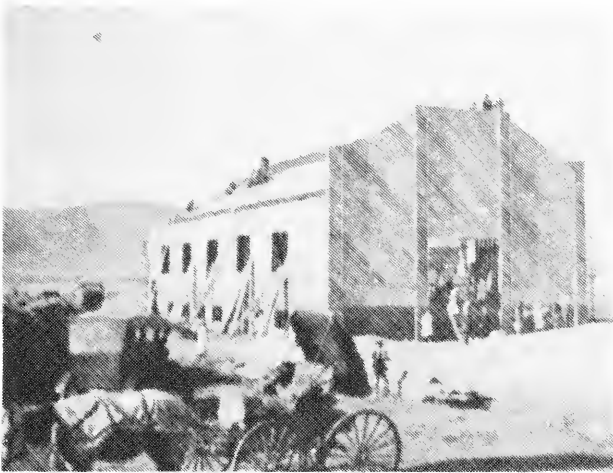
The first official meeting of the Holbrook Saints was held under a bowery that had been built for that purpose. At that time it was decided that meetings be held the first and third Sundays of each month. There under the bowery on June 22, 1902, the little congregation decided they needed a building in which to meet to protect them from the weather. Donations were taken and by sometime in July of 1902 forty-eight donors had given \$581.64 toward the purchase of materials. Under the supervision of Heber A. Holbrook, building commenced; and by October 25, 1902, the building was completed with only \$50.00 material cost remaining to be paid.

The following day, a meeting was held in the new building with the presidency of the Malad, Idaho, and the Box Elder, Utah stake. Holbrook was made a ward of the Malad Idaho Stake; the building was dedicated by William H. Gibbs. Heber A. Holbrook was sustained as bishop at that time, with twenty families living within the boundaries of the ward.



*Holbrook Ward first meetinghouse,
dedicated October 26, 1902*

The Sunday School was first organized October 26, 1902, with Wallace Cragon, superintendent; Melvin Atkinson and William Sparks as counselors. The Relief Society was organized July 19, 1903, with Inez Briggs, president; Elizabeth Olsen and Mary Atkinson as counselors. The Primary was organized on the same date with Rosetta Sparks, president; Martha Holbrook and Caroline Nielson as counselors. The M.I.A. was first organized January 26, 1908.



*Holbrook Ward meetinghouse,
finished 1916,
destroyed by fire June 24, 1920*

By the year 1915 there were enough people living in the Curlew valley that it was decided a stake was needed. On May 17, 1915, the Curlew Stake was organized, with Holbrook as one of the wards. It was then decided that a new, larger building was needed in Holbrook to accommodate the

growing number of Saints; construction commenced that fall. Building continued through the winter, and by the spring of 1916 the building was finished and dedicated. Stake meetings were held either in Holbrook or Snowville.

This building burned to the ground on June 24, 1920--a sad time for all. While the meetings were held in the schoolhouse, a new building was erected on the old foundation. It was completed by June 1921, and dedicated on July 4, 1921, by Elder Steven L. Richards.

Holbrook was part of the Curlew stake until 1940, when the stake was dissolved and Holbrook was again placed in the Malad Stake. During the 25 years of the Curlew Stake, three presidents presided: President Jonathon C. Cutler, 1915-1922; President Joseph J. Larkin, 1922-1924; and President Colen H. Sweeten, 1924-1940.

Through the years, our Holbrook church house has seen many changes and improvements. During the years 1968-1969, an extensive remodeling took place, and in 1986-87 many more improvements were made. The present ward boundaries include the area from approximately four and one-half miles south of the Holbrook townsite, extending across the valley and then north to include what is generally known as the Buist area. The present Holbrook Ward membership numbers 139.

In 1987 a 500 page, hard-bound history book of the area was published. A successful reunion was held, with 800-1000 people in attendance.

As the years have passed from the time of the first settlers, many hardships have been faced by those of this valley, but the blessings have been many. Great faith as well as love for each other, is always present.

**Holbrook Ward
1901 to 1988**

<u>Presiding Elder</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Heber A Holbrook	Jun 25, 1901-Oct 26, 1902

<u>Bishops (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Heber A Holbrook	Oct 26, 1902-Sep 30, 1909
Ira Baker	Sep 30, 1909-May 17, 1915

<u>Bishops (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Leo Peck	Aug 8, 1915- 1919
Elbert Barlow	1919-Oct 29, 1922
Warren Sweeten	Oct 29, 1922-Jul 17, 1927
Lorin Hunsaker	Jul 17, 1927-Jan 18, 1931
Arthur G Willie	Jan 18, 1931-Jul 5, 1936
Stephen L Smith	Jul 5, 1936-Sep 10, 1939
Clark Hubbard	Sep 10, 1939-Feb 11, 1940

<u>Bishops (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Clark Hubbard	Feb 11, 1940-Oct 1947
Joal A Smith	Oct 1947-May 29, 1960
Waldo Blaisdell	May 29, 1960-Jul 27, 1969
Wells Willie	Jul 27, 1969-Jul 18, 1976
Robert M Smith	Jul 18, 1976-Feb 13, 1983
Dallan A Nalder	Feb 13, 1983-

<u>1st Couns. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Silas Thompson	Oct 26, 1902-Sep 30, 1909
Lot Smith	Sep 30, 1909-Aug 8, 1915

<u>1st Couns. (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Colen Sweeten	Aug 8, 1915-Oct 29, 1922
Willard Smith Jr.	Oct 29, 1922-Jul 17, 1927
Archie Nalder	Jul 17, 1927-Jan 18, 1931
Howard Neal	Jan 18, 1931-Jul 5, 1936
James Burnett	Jul 5, 1936- 1937
Clark Hubbard	1937-Sep 10, 1939
Rosco Smith	Sep 10, 1939-Feb 11, 1940

<u>1st Couns. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Rosco Smith	Feb 11, 1940-Oct 1947
Vernal Nalder	Oct 1947-May 29, 1960
Wells Willie	May 29, 1960-Jul 27, 1969
John A Neal	Jul 27, 1969-Jul 18, 1976
Larry C Nalder	Jul 18, 1976-Feb 13, 1983
Garry L Baker	Feb 13, 1983-

<u>2nd Couns. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Ephrim Briggs	Oct 26, 1902-Sep 30, 1909
T J Nielsen	Sep 30, 1909- 1910
Warren H Sweeten	1910-May 17, 1915
Melvin Atkinson	1910- 1913

<u>2nd Couns. (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Robert Holbrook	Aug 8, 1915- 1919
Carter E Grant	1919-Oct 29, 1922
J Peter Nielsen	Oct 29, 1922-Nov 12, 1922
Martin Pett	Nov 12, 1922-Jul 17, 1927
Leslie Willie	Jul 17, 1927-
Moyle E Facer	-Jan 18, 1931
Melvin Atkinson	Jan 18, 1931-

Joal A Smith	-Jul 5, 1936
Rosco Smith	Jul 5, 1936- 1937
Melvin Atkinson	1937-Sep 10, 1939
Charles J Nielsen	Sep 10, 1939-Feb 11, 1940

<u>2nd Couns. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Brian J Smith	Feb 11, 1940-Oct 1947
Earl Tubbs	Oct 1947-
Lloyd Hubbard	-May 29, 1960
Don C Eliason	May 29, 1960-Jul 27, 1969
Lyle A Hill	Jul 27, 1969- 1974
Robert Smith	1974-Jul 18, 1976
Jay L Baker	Jul 18, 1976-Feb 13, 1983
Kent D Smith	Feb 13, 1983-

<u>Ward Clerks (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Fred Christensen	Oct 26, 1902-Sep 30, 1909
Elbert H Barlow	Sep 30, 1909- 1914

<u>Ward Clerks (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Brian J Smith	Sep 10, 1939-Feb 11, 1940

<u>Ward Clerks (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Vernal Nalder	Feb 11, 1940-Oct 1947
Frank Hill	Oct 1947-Jul 27, 1969
Jay Baker	Jul 27, 1969-Jul 18, 1976
Dallan A Nalder	Jul 18, 1976-Feb 13, 1983
Burke E Baker	Feb 13, 1983-

<u>Exec. Secretaries</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Don J Hubbard	1977-

<u>H. P. Group Leader</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Neldon H Baker	1977- 1981
Dallan Nalder	1981-Apr 11, 1982
Wells Willie	Apr 11, 1982-

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Dwight Jay Hansen	May 19, 1974-Jun 8, 1975
R James Pett	Jun 8, 1975- 1979
Dallan Nalder	1979-Feb 16, 1983
Jeff C Bird	May 13, 1983-

<u>RS Pres. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Inez Briggs	1903- 1905
Elizabeth Olsen	1905- 1906
Mary S Atkinson	1906- 1909
Melissa P Smith	1909- 1913
Mary E Bennett	1913- 1915

<u>RS Pres. (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Martha S Holbrook	1915- 1919
Mamie S Grant	1919- 1921
Melissa P Smith	1921- 1927

Lila Sweeten	1927-	1928	Bernice N Nalder	1987-
Helena M Sasser	1928-	1931	<u>SS Pres. (Malad Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Martha George	1931-	1933	Wallace Cragin	Jun 8, 1902-
Eunice Willie	1933-	1939	William Starks	1909-Jun 11, 1911
Mary C Sweeten	1939-	1940	Archibald Hall	Jun 11, 1911-Nov 1, 1914
			Leo Farnsworth	Nov 1, 1914- 1915

RS Pres. (Malad Stake) Years Served

Mary C Sweeten	1940-	1941
Jennie C Eliason	1941-	1951
Laura M Smith	1951-	1958
Mary J Hubbard	1958-	1965
BelvaLene J Baker	1965-	1970
Carol I Eliason	1970-	1976
Iris Hill	1976-	1981
Carolyn N Neal	1981-	1981
Marsha P Willie	1981-	1983
Annic M Baker	1983-	1986
Peggy Marie Smith	1986-	

<u>SS Pres. (Curlew Stake)</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James W Blaisdell	1915- 1922
Melvin Atkinson	1922-
Robert H Willie	-Aug 7, 1927
Alma Jacobsen Jr.	Aug 7, 1927-Jan 15, 1928
Lynn L Williams	Jan 15, 1928-Mar 17, 1929
Roscoe Smith	Mar 17, 1929-Apr 12, 1931
James M Burnett	Apr 12, 1931-Sep 11, 1932
Moyle E Facer	Sep 11, 1932-Jan 23, 1938
Clark L Hubbard	Jan 23, 1938-Sep 10, 1939
Vernal W Nalder	Sep 10, 1939-Feb 11, 1940

Prim Pres. (Malad Stake) Years Served

Rosetta B Starks	1903-	1907
Mary "Lila" Sweeten	1907-	1909
Rosetta B Starks	1909-	1911
Armenta Willie	1911-	1914
Ione B Blaisdell	1914-	1915

SS Pres. (Malad Stake) Years Served

Vernal W Nalder	Feb 11, 1940-	1942
G Howard Neal	1942-	1946
Joel Smith	1946-Oct	1947
J Brian Smith	Nov 9, 1947-May 25,	1953
Reed Smith	May 25, 1953-Sep 11,	1955
Waldo Blaisdell	Sep 11, 1955-May 29,	1960
Lloyd Sweeten	Jun 5, 1960-	1961
William Frank Hill	1961-Jun 5,	1966
Neldon H Baker	Jun 5, 1966-Sep 3,	1972
Larry C Nalder	Sep 3, 1972-Aug 1,	1976
Ferrell Neal	Aug 1, 1976-Sep 2,	1979
Don C Eliason	Sep 30, 1979-Dec 26,	1982
R James Pett	Dec 26, 1982-	1985
Brad Williams	1985-	

Prim Pres. (Curlew Stake) Years Served

Ione B Blaisdell	1915-	1917
Mary Lila Sweeten	1917-	1920
Maude Smith	1920-	1921
Phyllis P Palmer	1921-	1923
Laura Smith	1923-	1924
Clara W Nalder	1924-	1927
Mary J Tubbs	1927-	1931
Edith Burnett	1931-	1933
Myrtle N Peterson	1933-	1933
Mary J Hubbard	1933-	1935
Ida H Smith	1935-	1940

YMMIA Pres. (Malad Stake) Years Served

Parley Olsen	Jul 21, 1907-
Walter Grant	
Parley Olsen	1908- 1909
William L Willie	1909- 1915

Prim Pres. (Malad Stake) Years Served

Ida H Smith	1940-	1944
Letha T Neal	1944-	1946
Clara W Nalder	1946-	1953
Valoy B Smith	1953-	1955
Neva L Eliason	1955-	1959
Jean K Sweeten	1959-	1961
Helen B Smith	1961-	1966
Rosealane G Tubbs	1966-	1972
Marilyn H Hill	1972-	1975
Erma R Hill	1975-	1977
Mary H Neal	1977-	1980
Annic M Baker	1980-	1983
Vickie S Baker	1983-	1984
Mitzi Ann Hess	1984-	1987

YMMIA Pres. (Curlew Stake) Years Served

Howard E Grant	1915-	1916
Carter E Grant	1916-	1921
Joseph W Burnett	1921-	1922
Newel J Cutler	1922-	
Luther B Sasser	1922-	
Charles J Neilsen	-Sep 7, 1927	
Moyle E Facer	Sep 7, 1927-Jun 17,	1928
Stephen L Smith	Jun 17, 1928-Nov 29,	1931
Melvin S Atkinson	Nov 29, 1931-Sep 25,	1932
Homer D Williams	Sep 25, 1932-Sep 30,	1934
Charles J Neilsen	Sep 30, 1934-Sep 17,	1939

Archie L Neal	Sep 17, 1939-Feb 11, 1940
<u>YMMIA Pres. (Malad Stake)Years Served</u>	
Archie L Neal	Feb 11, 1940-Sep 13, 1942
Gerald Neal	Sep 13, 1942-Apr 18, 1943
William M Hill	Apr 18, 1943-Jun 23, 1946
Vernal W Nalder	Jun 23, 1946-Sep 9, 1947
Ray Eliason	Sep 9, 1947-Nov 2, 1952
Waldo Blaisdell	Nov 2, 1952-Sep 11, 1955
Don C Eliason	Sep 11, 1955-Sep 28, 1958
Wells G Willie	Sep 28, 1958- 1960
Vernal W Nalder	1960-Sep 4, 1965
William B Jones	Sep 4, 1965-Jun 4, 1967
J Lyle Hill	Jun 4, 1967-Aug 3, 1969
Don C Eliason	Aug 3, 1969-Sep 3, 1972
Neldon H Baker	Sep 3, 1972-Aug 11, 1974
Don Hubbard	Aug 11, 1974-Sep 4, 1974
Dallan A Nalder	Nov 17, 1974-Aug 1, 1976
Gary Baker	Aug 1, 1976-Jul 10, 1977
Clyde Oliphant	Jul 10, 1977-Mar 17, 1981
Robert Sorensen	Mar 17, 1981-Dec 26, 1982
Rex Robbins	Dec 26, 1982-Jan 9, 1983
Dan Baker	Jan 9, 1983- 1985
Kit Anderson	1985-Nov 30, 1986
Everett King	Nov 30, 1986-

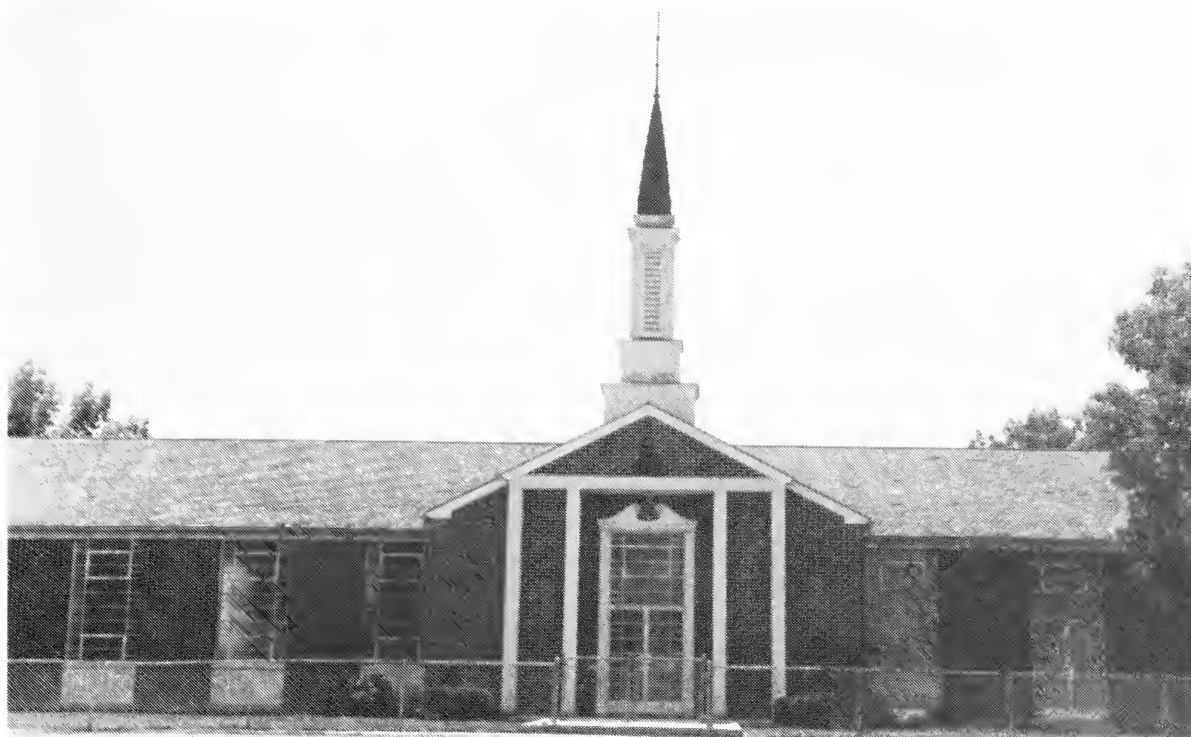
<u>YWMIA Pres. (Malad Stake)Years Served</u>	
Ruth Hampton	Jul 21, 1907-May 22, 1910
Eliza Jardine	May 22, 1910- 1915

<u>YWMIA Pres. (Curlew Stake)Years Served</u>		
Alberta S Barlow	1915-	1921
Chloe S Garn	1921-	1922
Arminta Smith	1922-	
Olive O Neilsen	-Aug 7, 1927	
Ada L Smith	Aug 7, 1927-Oct 27, 1929	
Myrtle N Peterson	Oct 27, 1929-Nov 9, 1930	
Ida H Smith	Nov 9, 1930-Sep 30, 1934	
Lavenia H Palmer	Sep 30, 1934-Sep 26, 1937	
Nellie Sweeten	Sep 26, 1937-Sep 25, 1938	
Retha D Smith	Sep 25, 1938-	1939

<u>YWMIA Pres. (Malad Stake)Years Served</u>		
Norma S Perry	Jan 21, 1941-Sep 13, 1942	
Blanche H Burnett	Sep 13, 1942-Oct 31, 1943	
Cora N Neal	Oct 31, 1943-Jun 28, 1946	
Helen B Smith	Jun 28, 1946-Apr 23, 1950	
Iris N Hill	Apr 23, 1950-Sep 9, 1951	
Neva L Eliason	Sep 9, 1951-Mar 14, 1954	
Evelyn C Nalder	Mar 14, 1954-Sep 28, 1958	
Carol I Eliason	Sep 28, 1958-Jun 4, 1967	
Marsha P Willie	Jun 4, 1967-Aug 3, 1969	
Iris N Hill	Aug 3, 1969-May 17, 1970	
Belvalene J Baker	May 17, 1970-Aug 22, 1976	
Donna N Beecher	Aug 22, 1976-Jul 10, 1977	
Cindy E Nalder	Jul 10, 1977-Dec 26, 1982	
Peggy E Smith	Dec 26, 1982-Mar 17, 1985	
Terri Sorensen	May 17, 1985-	



St. John Ward
1873 to 1988



*St John meetinghouse, dedicated August 30, 1953,
now a private home*

Coming back to your home town after being away for a long time brings a kaleidoscope of mixed emotions: a little joy at seeing the old and familiar, the happiness of meeting friends you grew up with, the sadness of old, empty houses and sagging barns, an excitement upon finding your play-house tree is still there, the empty feeling of things changed, and the loneliness you experience when you realize things are never the same as they once were--sometimes better, sometimes worse, but never the same. As you ride over country roads, only the one to the cemetery seems unchanged.

The day was warm. It was a spring day in the country and I wandered across the green grass of the St. John cemetery. Reading the inscriptions on the headstones brought back a flood of memories of people who were only names I had heard and of others I had known and loved. I remembered reading of how LDS Apostle Lorenzo Snow had traveled from Salt Lake City, Utah in 1875 to dedicate the cemetery. As he was

preparing to give the prayer, he asked what name had been chosen. No one knew, but someone suggested Saint John, everyone agreed, so the name was adopted for the cemetery, the community and the LDS ward.

As I sat down on the grass, my back resting on the large granite headstone, and looked at the valley, I seemed to feel there were many spirits there from the past, rejoicing in the heritage they had left us. I thought about the ghosts in Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol, the warm sun lulled me to sleep, and it seemed I was whisked away by the ghost of St. John past.

I watched as early settlers from Wales and other countries who were converts to the Mormon Church, sacrificed homeland, loved ones, crossed an ocean, traveled on foot, horseback, handcart, or wagon to establish a new home in this very valley.

The fact that the land in the St. John area was literally covered with prickly pear cactus seemed a small deterrent after so many hardships had been endured. Grazing

for the animals was poor because of the cactus, and the farming seemed impossible. However, the immigrants were weary, and in 1869, Thomas Rowland built a house a little west of where the F. M. Deschamps home now stands. Other settlers followed, and a townsite was surveyed.

I felt the joy of the converts on January 10, 1875, as they met and organized the St. John Branch of the LDS Church, with Charles Duvander as presiding elder.

It seemed to me that I toiled with them in their struggle to clear the land for crops and create an irrigation system. On August 20, 1875, the St. John irrigation system was formed, allowing them to administer most of the water flow from the Little Malad River west of St. John. This irrigation system became one of the best in the valley. Trees were planted along the ditches and fence lines, the soil proved to be fertile and productive, and crops flourished. Since most of the settlers were Welsh speaking, they referred to the land as "Gwald hyfryd am u farmwr" (beautiful country for agriculture), and St. John became the Garden of Eden in the Malad Valley.

I saw about twelve families living in the community in 1878. Church meetings and school classes had been faithfully held in members' homes, but the need for a building was acutely felt, and a combination school and church was built of logs with a sod roof and planed logs for seats. Anna Isaacson Josephson and Henry Jones were the first teachers.

A few years later there were enough members to organize a ward, and on August 24, 1884, James P. Harrison was called to be the first bishop of the St. John Ward.

I felt proud of the progress the people were making, and on April 1, 1888, Frank S. Baily opened a general store and a photography studio. Louis and Ann Deschamps had a country store in their home. There were at least three blacksmith shops, operated by Bob Sheriff, Nels Christensen and Harry E. Chapman. As early as 1899 the Bon Ton Saloon was opened by Daniel S. Jones. It seemed to be a popular place for the men to meet; Ripley and Vanderwood, Dan Kent and Denning, and E. T. Owens also opened saloons. The Lykins and Rourke Store

sold just about everything, and George L. Jones had a store and confectionery.

The Welsh people were great music lovers, and I could hardly refrain from doing a jig as I listened to their music. Within the next twenty years they had organized two brass bands, two orchestras and several small musical groups. Thomas S. Thomas organized a small orchestra for dancing which later grew to fifty members. Anyone failing to attend practices was fined 50 cents, so attendance was usually good. It amazed me to think of how much extra work these humble farmers had to do to save enough money to send away for instruments they knew very little about. Then to see how quickly they learned to play them. How often they were in demand all over the valley for dances and concerts, and just to bring a little joy into the lives of others. Edward Woolley began conducting a choir and gave music lessons, with many of the songs being written by Evan Stevens, who grew up in the community and later wrote many LDS hymns.

The ghost of St. John past bid me look and see all that had been accomplished in the thirty years since that first home was built. The community had grown to 300, pure Welsh people, who were raising almost every type of crop. There were fruit trees, gardens, fields and lovely homes. The land also supported nearly 7,000 head of sheep, and several dairy and beef herds; draft horses were bred and sold.

How the time flew, and by 1896 another school and church building had been erected of beautiful white lumber, called The White School. It was only one large room. It had factory-made seats that seated two people, there were real windows, and it was topped with a shingled roof.

The church prospered, and in 1896 the Saints began a new church building, constructed of brick and concrete. Twelve rock pillars on the outside (representing the twelve apostles) helped support the antique dome ceiling. There were no partitions inside the building, just one large room divided by curtains hung on wires to separate the classes, and it was heated by a black pot-bellied stove. Lamps furnished the lighting (later changed to electricity). It cost almost \$1500.00. The three upper grades of school

met in the church; the younger children attended the White School until 1913. (Church meetings were held there until December 1930.)



*First St John Ward meetinghouse,
built in 1896,
referred to as the "cement building"*

Things were going well, and the people were happy to oblige when asked by the Malad Stake authorities to have one day each year for honoring the old folks of each community. In February 1907, the first Old Folks Day was held. This one event became the social event of the season. A huge meal was served at noon, a gourmet delight. The program following was often four hours long. After evening chores were done, dinner leftovers were served, and the dance went on and on and on. I remembered that those over 60 years of age were presented with a chair. (After that day, their ages were often counted by when they had "gotten their chair.")

In 1913 a red-brick, two-story school house was built west of the church house. I was overjoyed to see this old school where I had spent eight years, learning not only the "three R's," but how to get along with others, and receiving my first religious training when church was held there.

The Eph Jones Store had opened October 26, 1921, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Duncan worked there. She was so patient with us, and the old store was surely our favorite place to go. Because an egg was worth one cent, it was penny candy.

School was held in the red brick school house until 1947, when county schools were consolidated to Malad school district. I looked at our old school house and it seemed quiet and lonely, but LDS meetings were held

there until August 1951; every Tuesday afternoon was Relief Society, then Primary, and in the evening MIA. Many pictures came flooding back as the ghost of St. John past gave me a chance to glimpse back at my youth in the loving community.

I watched with a lump in my throat as the old rock church was torn down, but there was the pride we all felt as Mormon and non-Mormon worked together on a new church building. It was started March 9, 1950; and on the last Sunday in July 1951, meeting was held in the beautiful building. It had cost \$59,970.00. August 30, 1953, Apostle Henry D. Moyle dedicated it.



*Remodeled St John meetinghouse,
rededicated February 15, 1987,
shared with First Ward*

I could see it didn't really matter where church or school was held or where you bought your groceries, it was the people that counted. They had pride they had in their farms, homes, schools and churches. It was the love and the service to each other, in good times and bad, that had first started St. John and that held it together. This seemed to be proven when on July 14, 1984, hundreds of people came back to their hometown of St. John for its 100th centennial. It was a whoop-t-doin' day. I was as excited seeing it again as I had been the real day. The parade must have been a mile long; the Oneida County fairgrounds was alive with men, women and children, cars and trucks, campers and trailers, cousin kissin' cousin, friend huggin' friend', food and program. I could plainly see it was the biggest, happiest thing that had ever happened in Malad Valley. The next day there was a church service and a fast and testimony meeting. That was the last church

meeting to be held in that building. A new division line formed the Malad First Ward, adding some of the First Ward membership to the St. John Ward. The two wards now hold meetings in the Malad First Ward building located in Malad.

I awoke with a start, wondering where I was. Remembering my dream, I relaxed back on the grass and was visited by the friendly ghost of St. John present. This time I felt sad. So many people I had known and loved were gone. There were new homes for old, new people in them. Where were all the Jones, Pierces, Thomases? The old and familiar had been replaced with new faces and new homes. But why was I sad? Their homes were beautiful, and the people were young and full of hope and ambition. I recognized some of them as fourth-generation St. Johnites. The community had never looked better. The crops were green and healthy, fences were straight and strong. The animals looked fat and sleek. Many fields were watered with sprinklers that made rainbows in the sunshine. It was great.

When I awoke the second time, I sat up and thought about my dream. Had I really been visited by ghosts of the past and present? If so, where was the ghost of St. John future? I didn't know. Maybe he didn't know either. I pictured in my mind the people still caring about their neighbors, still going to church in Malad, still loving the land; and in their hearts was a love and appreciation for the hardy pioneers who had settled St. John and left a rich heritage. Chances were that would never change.

I could get in my car and drive away now. St. John would always be there, because it was in so many hearts and so many histories.

St. John, you're okay.

By Betty Jones Richards

St John Ward
1873 to 1888

<u>Presiding Elders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Charles Duvander	1873- 1876
Lewis J Lewis	1876-Aug 24, 1884

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James P Harrison	Aug 24, 1884-Mar 23, 1908
Hyrum Monson	Mar 23, 1908-Jun 16, 1918
Archibald Harris	Jun 16, 1918-Feb 24, 1929
John E Blaisdell	Feb 24, 1929-Apr 14, 1935
Henry Jones	Apr 14, 1935-Dec 3, 1939
Harold Jones	Dec 3, 1939-Nov 24, 1946
N Melvin Yearsley	Nov 24, 1946-Jan 12, 1964
W James Madson	Jan 12, 1964-Jan 28, 1973
D Eugene Edwards	Jan 28, 1973-Dec 28, 1980
Dell Tuttle	Dec 28, 1980-Dec 4, 1983
Jerry Bush	Dec 4, 1983-

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Henry Denning	Aug 28, 1884-Mar 3, 1888
Daniel R Evans	Mar 3, 1888-Mar 23, 1908
Francis Deschamps	Mar 23, 1908-Sep 2, 1911
Evan G Jones	Sep 2, 1911-Jun 16, 1918
Thomas J Lewis	Jun 16, 1918-Feb 24, 1929
Edward Wozzley	Feb 24, 1929-Apr 14, 1935
N Melvin Yearsley	Apr 14, 1935-Jan 23, 1938
Andrew Blaisdell	Jan 23, 1938-Dec 3, 1939
Henry J Noble	Dec 3, 1939-Mar 1941
Nolan Blaisdell	Mar 1941-Jan 12, 1964
D Eugene Edwards	Jan 12, 1964-Jan 28, 1973
Don Rex Daniels	Jan 28, 1973-Dec 28, 1980
Dale Tubbs	Dec 28, 1980-Dec 4, 1983
Lynn Stayner	Dec 4, 1983-

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lewis J Lewis	Aug 24, 1884-Mar 3, 1888
Hyrum Monson	Mar 3, 1888-Mar 23, 1908
Evan G Jones	Mar 23, 1908-Sep 2, 1911
Thomas J Lewis	Sep 3, 1911-Jun 16, 1918
John E Blaisdell	Jun 16, 1918-Feb 24, 1929
Francis Deschamps	Feb 24, 1929-Apr 14, 1935
Andrew Blaisdell	Apr 14, 1935-Jan 23, 1938
Andy M Talbot	Jan 23, 1938-Nov 24, 1946
Weldon P Jensen	Nov 24, 1946-Mar 10, 1957
Calvin Dredge	Mar 10, 1957-Jan 12, 1964
Kenneth Roop Kent	Jan 12, 1964-Oct 24, 1965
Dale Blaisdell	Oct 24, 1965-Jan 28, 1973
Grant H Jones	Jan 28, 1973-Dec 28, 1980
Rauln Panting	Dec 28, 1980-Dec 4, 1983
Nolan A Blaisdell	Dec 4, 1983-May 15, 1988
Tim D Edwards	May 15, 1988-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Daniel R Evans	Aug 24, 1884-Mar 23, 1908
John W Deschamps	Mar 23, 1908-Feb 24, 1929
Miles Slatter	Feb 24, 1929-Jan 15, 1931
N Melvin Yearsley	Jan 15, 1931-Apr 14, 1935
Henry J Noble	Apr 14, 1935-Jan 23, 1938
N Melvin Yearsley	Jan 23, 1938-Nov 24, 1946

William John Reed	Nov 24, 1946-Mar 10, 1957
Theras Lewis	Mar 10, 1957-Jan 28, 1973
Eugene L Colton	Jan 28, 1973-
J Lynn Stayner	-Dec 28, 1980
Joseph Barns	Dec 28, 1980-Oct 1982
Don Buehler	Oct 1982-Dec 4, 1983
Don Rex Daniels	Dec 4, 1983-Jun 28, 1987
Brent Winward	Jun 28, 1987-

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Eugene Colton	1977- 1979
Doyle Talbot	1979-Dec 28, 1980
Gary T Davis	Dec 28, 1980-Nov 9, 1986
Virgil Williams	Nov 9, 1986-

<u>H.P. Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James Madson	Dec 22, 1974- 1981
Lynn Stayner	1981-Jun 19, 1983
Eugene Edwards	1983- 1985
Brent Winward	Nov 9, 1986-Jun 21, 1987
Merlin Bastian	Jun 21, 1987-

<u>Seventies Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Don Buehler	1983-

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Dale Tubbs	Dec 31, 1973- 1976
Nolan A Blaisdell	1976- 1978
Don Buehler	Jun 2, 1978-Jun 8, 1980
Jerry Bush	Jun 8, 1980- 1983
Barnard Jones	1983- 1985
Kerry Phillips	1985-

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary Ann Kent	Oct 13, 1877-Aug 25, 1901
Phebe Jones	Aug 25, 1901-Oct 11, 1912
Annie P Peterson	1913- 1915
Alvira Deschamps	1915- 1918
Amanda Ford	1919-May 28, 1929
Mary May Harris	May 28, 1929-Sep 30, 1929
Nellie Thomas	Sep 30, 1929-Dec 1946
Ione Hess	Dec 1946- 1948
Idona Madson	1948- 1949
Martha Lewis	1949- 1953
Lizzie Edwards	1953-Aug 19, 1956
Mable Jones	Aug 19, 1956-Feb 8, 1959
Evelyn Deschamps	Feb 8, 1959-Sep 7, 1967
Lorraine Blaisdell	Sep 7, 1967-Apr 1, 1973
Lois Hess	Apr 1, 1973-Jan 9, 1977
Sara Rosalie Colton	Jan 9, 1977- 1978
Louise Hughes	1978- 1981
Dixie Bush	1981-Jun 5, 1983
Nancy Panting	Jun 5, 1983- 1985
Wanda Edwards	1985- 1987

Joan Hawkins 1987-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Hannah James	1879-
Phebe Jones	-Feb 11, 1899
Emma D Harrison	Feb 11, 1899- 1901
Emma D Hansen	1901-Dec 13, 1908
Mary Ellen Wozzley	Dec 13, 1908-Nov 4, 1928
Catherine E Jones	Nov 4, 1928-Jun 14, 1931
Maude R Jones	Jun 14, 1931-Sep 30, 1934
Afton Unice Davis	Sep 30, 1934-
Anna Lyle Deschamps	1935- 1940
Marine Noble	1940- 1941
Afton Rose	1941- 1942
Mary W Jensen	1942- 1944
Maude Jones Thomas	1944- 1945
Anna Lyle M Jones	1945- 1946
Lorraine Blaisdell	1947- 1949
Maxine P Horsley	1949- 1950
Letitia G Blaisdell	1950- 1953
Ila May Williams	1953- 1954
Lorraine Blaisdell	1954-
Ruth Blaisdell	-Aug 18, 1959
Klea Christopherson	Aug 18, 1959- 1961
Cherril J Budge	Sep 3, 1961- 1970
Glenna Illum	1970-Aug 15, 1974
Cherie Blaisdell	Aug 15, 1974-Jan 9, 1977
Dixie W Bush	Jan 9, 1977- 1980
Kathie Tubbs	1980- 1984
Julie Kay Jones	1984- 1985
Valoy Hawks	1985-Aug 14, 1988
Velma Lee Hess	Aug 14, 1988-

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Charles Duvander	1878-
Francis Deschamps	Nov 18, 1900-Sep 6, 1908
John W Deschamps	Sep 6, 1908- 1919
Donald Noble	1919- 1927
Edward Wozzley	1928-Mar 10, 1929
Alvin M Camp	Mar 10, 1929-Jun 14, 1931
Archibald Harris	Sep 13, 1931-Oct 16, 1938
Harold Jones	Oct 16, 1938- 1939
James Madson	Dec 4, 1939- 1946
Weldon Jensen	Nov 17, 1946-Dec 1946
Elden Bingham	Dec 1946-Oct 26, 1952
Robert James	Sep 13, 1953- 1958
Kenneth Kent	Sep 25, 1958- 1964
Rex Daniels	Jan 19, 1964- 1973
Nolan A Blaisdell	1973-Jun 27, 1976
Mark Peterson	Jun 27, 1976- 1977
Jerry Bush	1977- 1979
Dale Tubbs	1979-Jan 11, 1981
Wayne Williams	Jan 11, 1981- 1983
Elmer Illum	Apr 24, 1983-Jan 1984

Joe Barns	Jan	1984-	1985
Randell E Olsen		1985-	1987
Grant Jones		1987-	

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Hyrum Monson	Aug 5,	1901-Dec 20,	1908
Andrew Blaisdell	Dec 20,	1908-Oct 11,	1912
Archibald Harris	Oct 11,	1912-	1917
H O Kent		1918-	1920
Miles Slatter		1920-	1922
Melvin Yearsley		1922-	1928
John M Pierce	Aug 17,	1930-Feb 1,	1931
Alvin Camp	Sep 13,	1931-	1932
Don Noble		1932-	1933
Mitchell Deschamps	Jun 12,	1935-	1936
Russel Hess	Sep 24,	1937-Jul 30,	1939
Edward Woozley	Jul 30,	1939-Aug 29,	1940
Sherman Pierce	Aug 29,	1940-Sep 21,	1941
John Pierce	Sep 21,	1941-Aug 16,	1942
Grant Jensen	Aug 16,	1942-Aug 5,	1945
Hyrum Talbot	Aug 5,	1945-Nov 3,	1946
Mitchel Deschamps	Nov 3,	1946-	1949
Udell Champneys		1950-	1952
Mark Nichols		1953-	1954
Gene Edwards	Sep 25,	1958-Oct	1962
Theron Blaisdell	Mar 31,	1964-May 24,	1970
Rene Deschamps	Feb 28,	1971-Aug 26,	1973
Dick Oyler	Aug 26,	1973-	1974
Doyle Talbot		1974-	1977
Kenneth Timothy		1977-	
Gary Hess		1987-	

<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>		<u>Years Served</u>	
Elvira A Harrison		1902-Nov 13,	1906
Hannah Deschamps	Nov 13,	1906-	1911
Elvira Deschamps		1911-	1915
Martha Lewis		1915-Mar 16,	1917
Rosala J Jones	Mar 16,	1917-	1918
Kate E Jones		1918-	1927
Martha Lewis		1927-Jul 18,	1930
Anna Lyle Jones	Jul 18,	1930-Sep 13,	1931
Lula Monson	Sep 13,	1931-	
Elizabeth Edwards		1931-	
Iona Woozley		1931-	
Elvene Peterson		-Sep 30,	1934
Nettie Pierce	Sep 30,	1934-Sep 30,	1935
Katie H Lewis		1935-Sep 26,	1937
Gayle Zundell	Sep 29,	1937-	1937
Ione Hess		1937-	1938
Mable Jones	Jul 30,	1939-Aug 29,	1940
Anna Lyle Jones	Aug 29,	1940-Aug 16,	1942
Ione Woozley	Aug 16,	1942-Sep 24,	1944
Idona Madson	Sep 24,	1944-Aug 12,	1945
Thora Jensen	Aug 12,	1945-Oct	1947

Maude Thomas	Oct	1947-Jun 4,	1950
Afton Davis	Jun 4,	1950-	1955
Florence Goddard		1955-Aug 19,	1956
Betty Gene Richards	Aug 19,	1956-	1961
Fern Thomas		1961-	1965
Lois Kent		1965-Aug 27,	1967
Wanda Edwards	Aug 27,	1967-	1971
Gloria Daniels		1971-	1975
Kristine Jones		1975-Sep 12,	1976
Jana Lee Jones	Sep 12,	1976-	1977
Rosalee Colton		1977-	1982
Faye Tuttle		1982-	1983
Debra Buehler		1983-	1984
Velma Lee Hess		1984-	1985
Gloria Timothy		1987-	

Three Pioneer LDS Wards Disbanded

On October 12, 1986, three pioneering wards of the Malad Stake were disbanded and their memberships incorporated into the Malad Second Ward and the new Malad Fifth Ward.

The changes were due to a variety of reasons, including the financial aspect of maintaining the buildings and difficulty in staffing positions in the smaller communities.

The abandoned buildings have been sold to qualified buyers. The combined membership of the three wards now attends the newly remodeled Second/Fifth Ward chapel in Malad.

Samaria Ward

From its birth in a small log cabin on November 18, 1868, to its demise in 1986, the Samaria Ward served the spiritual needs of its members.

It began as a small branch with less than a dozen families, but grew rapidly. The first permanent meeting house was completed in March, 1870. By the turn of the century, however, the population had swelled so much that a new facility was needed. In 1902, an assembly hall was completed at a cost of \$6000.

The community continued to grow, eventually reaching a population of 800 prosperous people and far surpassing its nearby neighbor, Malad City, in economic development. Only with the coming of the railroad did the roles reverse.

On June 18, 1967, a new addition was completed on the Samaria Ward meeting house. The assembly hall was converted into a cultural hall.

Pleasant View Ward

Nestled at the foot of the mountains on the west side of the Malad Valley, the Pleasant View Ward served as the hub of LDS life for 89 years.

Originally, Pleasant View was the northern portion of the Samaria Ward and served the inhabitants of Samaria as a stock range.

The Sunday school was organized on August 31, 1890, and it was at this meeting that the name of the Sunday school and the new community was suggested by one of the members.

That early congregation met in a little white schoolhouse across the road from what is the Pleasant View church building today. The skeleton of it is still standing.

The membership was organized into a ward June 13, 1897. In 1909, a meetinghouse was built, and on February 14, 1954, a new addition was completed.

Cherry Creek Ward

The Cherry Creek Ward chapel is located seven miles south of Malad on Cherry Creek Road. The original rock portion of the new building was the oldest known building still in use by the LDS Church until Cherry Creek was disorganized as a ward.

The Cherry Creek settlers were organized into a separate branch of the LDS Church on November 14, 1869, with a membership of 61. Included in the organization were four villages: Willow Springs, Two-mile Creek, Cherry Creek and Henderson Creek.

On October 31, 1880, the Cherry Creek Branch became a ward, but from then on its status was like a yo-yo. The Cherry Creek Ward has seen many changes. The building as it stands today is the result of two separate building programs.

Cherry Creek Ward 1888 to 1986



*Cherry Creek Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated August 30, 1959, now a private home*

"Firm as the mountains around us" stands the old Cherry Creek Ward Chapel, built of rock and commenced in 1885.

The chapel, located seven miles south of Malad, Idaho, is built of native stone which pioneers quarried from the mountains to the east. The stone was quarried with simple hand tools and hauled by ox cart and horse-drawn wagons.

Finally in 1885, enough stones had been cut and placed together to make the four walls of the Cherry Creek Chapel. For lack of money, the church sat until 1891 without a roof. Then John Davis Jones went to the bank and took out a personal loan to pay for the roofing materials.



*Cherry Creek Ward, first meetinghouse
constructed of native stone*

Cherry Creek as a settlement dates back to 1865, when John M. Morgan, Howell Mifflin, David R. Jones, and others located in the Malad Valley, at Willow Creek four miles south of Malad City. The same year, John D. Jones, Daniel Tovey and Benjamin Williams located as the first Latter-day Saint settlers on Cherry Creek. Some of them bought claims previously secured by some of the Josephites who had settled in the valley shortly before that time. Morgan Morgan and John Fallis settled on Two-Mile Creek the same season. In 1866, James H. Chivers and others settled at Willow Creek (or Four-Mile Creek) four miles south of Malad.

In 1867, grasshoppers laid large numbers of eggs which proved disastrous the following year. A number of the brethren sought employment on the Union Pacific Railroad, grasshoppers having destroyed some of the crops in the Malad Valley.

It has also been recorded that crickets hit the area in the early 1870s, and for fifteen years they plagued the farmers. Because this was a farming community, the economy depended on the farms and crops. In the face of starvation the farmers left their farms and started freighting goods into Montana, to the miners working there. The wives and children were left home to care for what little they could plant and salvage on the land. Many men went to work in the mines. The freighting business was a solvent one and saved many families their homes and farms. A freight station, where horses were changed, was located just south of the present home of Marilyn Jones Ward, granddaughter of Joseph A. Jones.

Hard times hit the valley again when the Utah-Idaho railroad, which was expected to go through Malad, was built and completed in Cache County. It carried supplies into Montana a lot faster than freight wagons, so the freighting business became doomed in this area.

The Cherry Creek settlers were organized into a separate branch of the church November 14, 1869, with ten families and sixty-one souls. Richard J. Davis was placed as presiding elder. At the time of organization, Cherry Creek Ward consisted of four villages: Willow Springs, Two-Mile Creek, Cherry Creek and Henderson Creek. Previous to this organization, the Saints on Henderson Creek belonged to the Malad Ward. Those on Muddy Creek belonged to Portage Ward until possibly 1884, when stake boundaries were changed.

On Sunday January 16, 1870, a meeting was held at Willow Springs, on which occasion Richard J. Davis organized a Sunday School. It had no connection with the Cherry Creek Sunday School organized later. At that time Willow Springs was the headquarters of the branch, which later was transferred to Cherry Creek, more centrally located.

In 1871, a meeting and schoolhouse was built at Willow Springs, a small log building, 24 x 20 feet. It was dedicated Sunday, February 4, 1872, by Henry Peck. In the fall of 1873, the first schoolhouse was built on Cherry Creek, a log building 27 x 18 feet, used for school purposes for many years. This house stood about half a mile northeast

of where the present Cherry Creek Ward meetinghouse now stands.

In 1873, Elder Richard J. Davis was replaced as presiding elder by John Davis Jones. Jones remained as presiding elder until October 31, 1880, when the Cherry Creek Branch became a ward. He then acted as bishop of the Cherry Creek Ward. Joseph W. Dudley and Thomas A. Davis were succeeding bishops. In 1891, John Davis Jones was again appointed presiding elder, when the Cherry Creek Ward was changed back to a branch. The members were included as part of the Woodruff Ward, it being organized June 16, 1891. On September 22, 1901, the Cherry Creek Branch became a ward again, with Henry Facer as bishop.

Old records have been lost to prove otherwise, but a history recorded by Andrew Jenson states that a Relief Society was organized in Cherry Creek about 1874, with Elizabeth Hunting as president. She served about a year in this calling.

In May 1879, a Primary Association was organized at Cherry Creek, with Sarah Ann Jones as president.

In 1884, when the Oneida Stake of Zion was organized, Cherry Creek Ward, with the other wards in Malad Valley, were taken from the Box Elder Stake and made a part of the Oneida Stake. At the time the stakes were divided, it was possible that the Woodruff Branch was put under the jurisdiction of the Cherry Creek Ward, with Joseph Harris as Presiding Elder.

After Woodruff and Cherry Creek became wards in 1891 and 1901, the ward boundaries were kept until November 23, 1947, when the Woodruff Ward was disorganized and the membership given to the Cherry Creek Ward.

The Cherry Creek Ward has seen many changes in its lifetime. The building as it stands today is the result of two separate building programs. The first, started in 1958, was dedicated August 30, 1959. The newest addition was started July 1973 and completed December 1974. It has gone from a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room to a coal furnace that furnishes heat for the addition that was added to the original rock structure. When the newest addition was built in 1973, the new rooms were heated by electric heat.

Sunday October 12, 1986, the Saints of Cherry Creek faced yet another change in their lives. Cherry Creek Ward was discontinued. Bishop Charles Owen Ward was released the same day, along with his counselors, Sheldon Vaughan and Jesse Ross Smith. The membership was combined with some of the members from Malad Second and Fourth Wards into a new Fifth Ward, located in the renovated Second Ward building in the Malad Idaho Stake.

Because of the extensive renovation of the old "Rock Chapel" over the years, the Church Historical Department declared it as having no historical value to the church. Therefore, the building was taken over by the real estate division of the church and put up for sale. It was bought by Boyd and Sharon Hess and turned into a private home.

The Saints of Cherry Creek have, like their forbearers, portrayed courage and sacrifice in facing this new challenge. And like their forbears, they will press onward with dedication and renewed efforts.

By Jane Ann Ward

Cherry Creek Ward

1888 to 1986

<u>Presiding Elders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Richard J Davis	Nov 14, 1869- 1873
John Davis Jones	1873-Oct 31, 1880

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Moroni Ward	1889- 1891

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John Davis Jones	Oct 31, 1880-Oct 1885
Joseph W Dudley	1885-Sep 16, 1889
Thomas A Davis	Sep 16, 1889- 1891

<u>Branch Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John Davis Jones	1891-Oct 30, 1900
David P Jones	Oct 30, 1900-Sep 22, 1901

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
George Henry Facer	Sep 22, 1901- 1903
Joseph A Jones	1903-Sep 17, 1911
Thomas A Smith	Sep 17, 1911-Apr 22, 1928
Leo D Williams	Apr 22, 1928-Aug 14, 1941
Verlorum Moon	Aug 14, 1941-Dec 7, 1947
Thomas A John	Dec 7, 1947-Nov 7, 1954
Morgan W Harris	Nov 7, 1954-May 15, 1966

Cordell Williams May 15, 1966-Feb 2, 1975
 Donald S Vaughan Feb 2, 1975-Aug 28, 1983
 Charles Owen Ward Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

1st Counselors Years Served
 Hyrum Thorne Jun 22, 1902-Sep 10, 1909
 James A Facer Sep 10, 1909- 1910
 Benjamin D Jones Sep 17, 1911- 1922
 William J Williams 1922-Apr 1, 1928
 Phillip M Reese Apr 1, 1928-Aug 17, 1941
 J Clifford Jones Aug 17, 1941-Aug 23, 1942
 Joseph Wayne Dudley Aug 23, 1942-Dec 7, 1947
 Leo D Williams Dec 7, 1947-Nov 7, 1954
 Dale Moon Nov 7, 1954-Feb 2, 1975
 Delton Ward Feb 2, 1975-Aug 28, 1983
 Sheldon Vaughan Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

2nd Counselors Years Served
 Joseph R Morris 1889- 1891
 Joseph A Jones Jun 22, 1902- 1903
 James A Facer 1903- 1909
 Wilford Nuttle 1909- 1910
 Verlorum Moon Sep 17, 1911-Apr 1, 1928
 Ira Moon Apr 1, 1928-Oct 26, 1930
 J Stillman Harris Oct 26, 1930-Aug 17, 1941
 Joseph Wayne Dudley Aug 17, 1941-Aug 23, 1942
 Leo D Williams Aug 23, 1942-Dec 7, 1947
 Morgan W Harris Dec 7, 1947-Nov 7, 1954
 Verlin Moon Nov 7, 1954-Feb 2, 1975
 Leland Jones Feb 2, 1975-Aug 28, 1983
 Jesse Ross Smith Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

Ward Clerks Years Served
 James A Facer 1913-Oct 26, 1930
 Ira Moon Oct 26, 1930-Dec 7, 1947
 J Clifford Jones Dec 7, 1947-Nov 7, 1954
 Warren Ashton Nov 7, 1954-May 15, 1966
 Parry Ward May 15, 1966-Feb 2, 1975
 Norman Howell Feb 2, 1975-Aug 28, 1983
 Glen Price Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

Executive Sec. Years Served
 Dale Moon 1977-Sep 10,
 J Clifford Jones -Aug 28, 1983
 Leland Jones Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

H.P. Group Leaders Years Served
 Ellis Harris 1979- 1983
 Dale Moon 1983-Oct 12, 1986

Seventies Group Leaders Years Served
 Glen Price 1979- 1982

Lew Williams 1982- 1984
 Paul Saxton 1984-Oct 12, 1986
Elders Quorum Presidents Years Served
 Donald S Vaughan 1973- 1976
 Dean Alplanalp 1976- 1977
 Lew Williams 1977- 1982
 Lehn Brangham 1982-Sep 25, 1983
 Arvis Lloyd Sep 25, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Sarah Jane Dudley May 7, 1885-Jan 17, 1890
 Eliza Chivers Jan 17, 1890-May 18, 1894
 Sarah Jane Jones May 18, 1894-Nov 16, 1904
 Mary J Dalton Nov 16, 1904- 1906
 Disorganized 1906-Nov 5, 1911
 Claudia R Jones Nov 5, 1911-Dec 11, 1918
 Eliza M Smith Dec 11, 1918-Mar 31, 1929
 Rachel M Moon Mar 31, 1929-Oct 24, 1933
 La Von Facer Oct 24, 1933-Sep 30, 1934
 Mary Ann Madsen Sep 30, 1934-Nov 5, 1939
 Barbara D Dudley Nov 5, 1939-Jun 10, 1945
 Marianne Williams Jun 10, 1945-Jan 24, 1954
 Birdie B Ashton Jan 24, 1954-Mar 18, 1962
 Maisie H Williams Mar 18, 1962-Sep 11, 1966
 Afton C Ward Sep 11, 1966-Apr 29, 1973
 Alta J Moon Apr 29, 1973-Jun 26, 1977
 Marilyn J Ward Jun 26, 1977-Dec 13, 1981
 Dixie D Jones Dec 13, 1981-Oct 12, 1986

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Sarah Ann Jones May 1879-
 Caroline Facer Dec 31, 1900- 1905
 Rozella Facer 1905- 1908
 No Meetings 1909-
 Rachel Moon 1913- 1916
 Anna E Williams 1916- 1918
 Margaret E Jones 1918- 1922
 Elizabeth M Jones 1922-Jun 11, 1927
 Merle J Jones Jun 11, 1927- 1928
 Margaret E Jones Mar 31, 1928-Oct 26, 1930
 Marianne Williams Aug 11, 1930-Nov 30, 1930
 Arvella Jones Nov 30, 1930-
 Neva B Williams Nov 30, 1930-Sep 30, 1931
 Lizzie M Jones Sep 30, 1931-Nov 12, 1933
 Rachel W Moon Nov 12, 1933- 1934
 Murl J Moon 1934- 1935
 Marianne Williams Dec 13, 1936-Sep 26, 1937
 Anna Williams 1938- 1940
 Vonda Harris 1940-Aug 17, 1941
 Anne Williams Aug 17, 1941- 1943
 Eunice Tovey 1943-Nov 23, 1947
 Thelma Price Nov 23, 1947-Feb 8, 1959
 Maisie H Williams Feb 8, 1959-Mar 18, 1962
 Dixie D Jones Mar 18, 1962-Sep 11, 1966

Marjorie L Vaughan	Sep 11, 1966-Aug	1969
Helen Howell	Aug	1969-Feb 18, 1973
Iris Jones	Feb 18, 1973-	1976
Sandy Ahplanalp		1976-1978
Janice Vaughan		1978-May 4, 1980
Jane Ann Ward	May 4, 1980-Jan 31,	1982
Marilyn Ward	Jan 31, 1982-	1984
Ireta N Ward		1984-1985
Carey Howell		1985-Oct 12, 1986

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Thomas Smith	-	1908
Disorganized	1909-	
Ernest Burkhaust	1912-	1913
Frank L Moon	1914-	1915
James A Facer		1916-Mar 31, 1929
Stillman Harris	Mar 31, 1929-Nov 12,	1933
Frank Madsen	Nov 12, 1933-Oct 29,	1939
Verl Moon	Oct 29, 1939-Oct 3,	1941
William G Williams	Oct 3, 1941-	1943
Stillman Harris		1943-1947
Harold Howell		1947-1952
Donald S Vaughan		1952-Apr 17, 1960
O Delton Ward	Apr 17, 1960-Jan 6,	1963
Albert H Millward	Jan 6, 1963-	
Glen Price		1973-Sep 1974
David Harris	Sep	1974-1979
Monte Price		1979-1983
Brian Jeppsen		1983-1984
Cleland Jones		1984-1985
Owen Delton Ward		1985-Oct 12, 1986

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Henry Grimley		1908-
Disorganized		1909-
James A Facer		1910-1915
Howell M Williams		1916-1917
William E Moon		1917-Aug 10, 1919
Joseph A Jones	Aug 10, 1919-Aug 10,	1921
Ira Moon	Aug 10, 1921-	1925
William G Williams		1925-Sep 4, 1928
Benjamin Williams	Sep 4, 1928-Jul 27,	1930
Clifford Jones	Jul 27, 1930-Nov 4,	1931
Joseph Dudley	Nov 1, 1931-Nov 12,	1933
Hyrum J Jones	Nov 12, 1933-Sep 30,	1935
Francis Facer	Sep 30, 1935-Dec 13,	1936

Howell M Williams	Dec 13, 1936-Sep 26,	1937
William G Williams	Sep 26, 1937-	1940
Dale Reese		1940-Oct 3, 1941
Stillman Harris	Oct 3, 1941-	1943
Clyde Bowen		1943-1945
Cordell Williams		1945-1947
Thomas Dudley		1947-
Norman L Howell	Dec 21, 1958-Feb 19,	1961
Larry Don Howell	Feb 19, 1961-Oct 25,	1964
George P Ward	Oct 25, 1964-May 1,	1966
O Delton Ward	May 1, 1966-	
Norman L Howell	Jan 7, 1973-	1978
Jesse Ross Smith		1978-1979
Charles Owen Ward		1979-1983
Dale Ward		1983-1985
David R Harris		1985-Oct 12, 1986

<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Jane D Thorn		1906-1909
Nellie B Reese		1913-1917
Margaret E Jones		1919-1927
Maude Reese		1928-Sep 4, 1929
Eliza M Smith	Sep 4, 1929-	
Marianne Williams	Aug 11, 1929-Sep 30,	1934
Anna H Williams	Sep 30, 1934-Sep 26,	1937
Laura Bowen	Sep 26, 1937-Nov 13,	1938
Theda Harris		1938-1940
Marilda Flint		1940-1941
Vonda Harris		1941-1943
Laura Bowen		1943-1945
Maisie Williams		1945-1945
Thelma Jones		1945-1947
Vonda Harris		1947-
Dixie D Jones	Mar 25, 1957-Feb 8,	1959
Thelma M Jones	Feb 8, 1959-Aug 26,	1962
Alta J Moon	Aug 26, 1962-Sep 11,	1966
Marilyn Ward	Sep 11, 1966-	1968
Faye M Ward		1968-1973
Marjorie Vaughan		1973-Sep 1976
Monique P Price	Sep	1976-Oct 7, 1977
Thelma Price	Oct 7, 1977-Sep 3,	1978
Alta J Moon	Sep 3, 1978-Apr	1984
Joan M Hawkins	Apr	1984-Jun 1986
Janice A Vaughan	Jun	1986-Oct 12, 1986

Samaria Ward
1868 to 1986



*Samaria Ward meetinghouse, dedicated June 18, 1967
now a private home*

The first school and church building used in Samaria was a log building. Following are the minutes of a meeting held to decide on the building.

November 1869: Minutes of a meeting of the people for the purpose of building a meetinghouse, a place of worship for the Latter-day Saints. First, that it should be built on lot one [1], block [2], size sixteen [16] by twenty two [22] feet in the clear and be built of logs. Second, that it should be built by donation. That individuals shall donate as he feels, without laying any restrictions on any one. Third, that after it is built it shall be delivered to the charge of the trustees who shall be selected annually, which trustees shall be held responsible that no misdemeanor or indecency shall be carried on, in or around this house. That it shall be kept clean and worthy of a place of worship. Fourth, that we will lend this house to the trustees of this school district for twelve months to keep school in.

The old Samaria Ward chapel and assembly hall was erected in 1902 by S. L. Nelson at a cost of \$6,000. It has a seating capacity of 600. At the time of construction someone said, "It is indeed a credit and an honor to those who contributed so freely toward the erection of such a fine building."

The Samaria Ward chapel was at the time, is one of the newest in the stake, dedicated June 18, 1967, by Elder Spencer W. Kimball.



Samaria Ward meetinghouse, 1902

(The following is the Idaho Enterprise story about Samaria).

From its birth in a small log cabin in 1886, the Samaria Ward has served the spiritual needs of its members well for over one hundred and eighteen years, watching over them in their good years and in the bad, in their joys and in their pain.

Organized as a branch on November 18, 1868, with Thomas S. Thomas as presiding

elder, it wasn't until March 1870 that the first meetinghouse was completed.



**Samaria Ward first church
and school building, 1870**

This building, constructed of logs, was dual-purpose, used for both school and church. Samuel D. Williams was presiding elder at that time, and Richard Morse was the Sunday school superintendent. The first Samaria Relief Society was organized June 27, 1875, under the direction of Branch President Daniel Daniels of Malad.

The first settlers arrived February 10, 1868, when Evan Price and two sons, Daniel E., and John E., came over from Malad to establish a homestead. Two months later, April 16, he brought the rest of his family. On July 12, 1869, Lorenzo Snow, one of the Council of the Twelve, made a visit to the new born community, approved of the location and gave it the name of Samaria, in honor of the city spoken of in ancient Israel.

The Tradition of Samaria By John Roderick

Traveling on U.S. Highway 191 between Malad City, Idaho, and the Utah state line, tourists seldom dream they are only a few miles from one of the unique towns in the West.

This is the little town of Samaria, Idaho, named after the famed good Samaritan of the Bible, because of the love and charity exhibited by its early pioneer settlers.

President Lorenzo Snow saw the compassionate way the community members

"took in" and fed the trappers and other weary travelers, even big Chief Poocatello, or "Sulky Joe" as he was known. He was so impressed that he declared, "This place shall be named Samaria!"

Samaria, nestled at the foot of a range of hills in the southwest portion of Malad Valley, is the only city outside of Malad in Oneida County laid out with square blocks.

The settlement had its humble beginnings in 1868 when a strong God-fearing pioneer from Wales "set out" to seek land for homesteading and to raise a family. John Evan Price was the first white settler in the desolated waste. Mr. Price and his family chose this isolated spot because of the two streams of water running through it. One was cool and clear and the other warm enough that even the coldest winter days wouldn't freeze it. He also fell in love with the beautiful green, rolling range of hills on the south of his dug-out, the first residence in the settlement.

By the end of 1868, fourteen more families had arrived and a branch of the Church was organized. Like Elder Thomas Thomas, all were from Wales.

The year that Samaria got its name Elder Lorenzo Snow, then of the Council of the Twelve, made a trip to the little community to form a ward, give advice on community and family living and to form a townsite. He instructed Elder Price and the other brethren to make square blocks with wide streets following the pattern set by Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. To beautify the valley he also gave each family some seeds that he had brought from Italy to be planted on the west side of each field. The seeds were Lombardy poplar and were supposed to help protect the crops from the hot, scorching sun and wind, and also reach up high enough to receive moisture from the air for the fields.

Samaria grew each year as new families moved in. A general store was built along with a millinery shop, a hardware store and blacksmith shop. Besides the county school, there was also a Protestant school where many children attended. Other business houses were the butcher shop, two dry good stores, hotel, post office and two livery barns. All of these businesses were patronized by persons going and coming from

Holbrook and Pocatello Valley. As the town grew, so did the many activities, such as the weekly dances and parties which attracted couples and families who traveled all the way from Malad in their buggies.

Samaria still honored its name as residents of the community took in more travelers and Indians each year and cared for them. More buildings were erected with the timber taken from the nearby Samaria hills. A grain mill was constructed and a candy factory went up. The people were blessed and were prosperous. A water company was also organized as was a city government.

This was the Samaria of yesteryear.

Today Samaria still exists, but the population has decreased to a fifth of what it once was. However, the town still has the square blocks as they were laid out in 1869. Even though cars and tractors have moved in, the city is still living the Good Samaritan way of life. The people today are no different than their grandparents.

Yes, the only real difference in Samaria of yesteryear and the Samaria of today is that the people you see now are grandchildren of the early Welsh settlers of 1869. They live the same united life, helping each other in work, remembering each other in time of trouble or tragedy.

The first telephone was introduced in Samaria in 1907 and the electric light in 1930. There are a few modern homes in the city but the majority of the folks still live in the original homes.

The Samaritans of today are proud of their town. They are proud of their heritage and of the great people who came from Samaria; the late Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve, being just one of the men from this unique settlement. Here the residents still work and play together as they did 126 years ago when John Evan Price with his family made their home in the dug-out at the foot of the proud, majestic range of hills.

Very few tourists going along the modern highway south of Malad ever realized they are just a few miles from Samaria.

Samaria Ward 1868 to 1986

<u>Presiding Elders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Thomas S Thomas	Nov 18, 1868-Dec 1869
Samuel D Williams	Dec 1869-Oct 31, 1880

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David Bowen	Dec 1869-Oct 31, 1880

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John Jenkins	Dec 1869-Oct 31, 1880

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Jonah Evans	Oct 31, 1880-Jun 13, 1897
Daniel E Price	Jun 13, 1897-Mar 18, 1912
William W Williams	Mar 18, 1912-Jun 28, 1913
Hyrum Peterson	Jun 28, 1913-Jun 26, 1915
David Hughes	Jun 26, 1915-Apr 10, 1927
John P Roderick	Apr 10, 1927-Mar 30, 1930
James H Williams	Mar 30, 1930-Oct 14, 1934
Leo T Williams	Oct 14, 1934-Aug 30, 1936
Owen T Davis	Aug 30, 1936-Dec 11, 1938
Daniel M Price	Dec 11, 1938-Apr 23, 1944
Walter T Williams	Apr 23, 1944-Jun 8, 1947
Carl A Evans	Jun 8, 1947-Nov 12, 1967
Robert W Waldron	Nov 12, 1967-Mar 24, 1974
Melvin Joe Davis	Mar 24, 1974-Jan 25, 1981
David Rex Mills	Jan 25, 1981-Oct 12, 1986

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Samuel Davis	Mar 10, 1895-Jun 13, 1897
William E Hawkins	Jun 13, 1897-
Evan Jenkins	-Mar 18, 1912
David Hughes	Mar 18, 1912-Jun 26, 1915
Samuel Williams	Jun 26, 1915-Apr 10, 1927
Daniel M Price	Apr 10, 1927-Mar 30, 1930
Joseph E Facer	Mar 30, 1930-May 8, 1932
Lewis Hughes	May 8, 1932-Oct 14, 1934
Elmer V Price	Oct 14, 1934-Aug 30, 1936
James H Williams	Aug 30, 1936-Dec 11, 1938
Silas L Anderson	Dec 11, 1938-Apr 23, 1944
Carl A Evans	Apr 23, 1944-Jun 8, 1947
Andrew A Atkinson	Jun 8, 1947-Aug 1961
Robert W Waldron	Aug 1961-Oct 1964
William S Atkinson	Oct 1964-Nov 12, 1967
Melvin Joe Davis	Nov 12, 1967-Mar 24, 1974
Rex P Waldron	Mar 24, 1974-Jan 25, 1981
Spencer Atkinson	Jan 25, 1981-Oct 12, 1986

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Thomas Thorpe	Mar 10, 1895-Jun 13, 1897
Jeremiah Williams	Jun 13, 1897-Mar 18, 1912
Walter F Bowen	Mar 18, 1912-Jun 28, 1913

Samuel Williams	Jun 28, 1913-Jun 26, 1915
Lewis J Bowen	Jun 26, 1915-Apr 10, 1927
William H Facer	Apr 10, 1927-Dec 11, 1927
Silas L Anderson	Dec 11, 1927-Mar 30, 1930
Lewis Hughes	Mar 30, 1930-May 8, 1932
John P Roderick	May 8, 1932-Oct 14, 1934
George W Mansfield	Oct 14, 1934-Aug 30, 1936
Elmer V Price	Aug 30, 1936-Dec 11, 1938
Carl A Evans	Dec 11, 1938-Apr 23, 1944
William E Morse	Apr 23, 1944-Mar 11, 1945
Andrew Atkinson	Mar 11, 1945-Jun 8, 1947
Llewlyn Williams	Jun 8, 1947-Oct 9, 1955
Wayne Waldron	Oct 9, 1955-Oct 14, 1956
Robert W Waldron	Oct 14, 1956-Nov 23, 1958
James C Waldron	Nov 23, 1958-Apr 23, 1961
Robert W Waldron	Apr 23, 1961-Aug 1961
William S Atkinson	Aug 1961-Oct 1964
Rex P Waldron	Oct 1964-Nov 12, 1967
Spencer H Atkinson	Nov 1967-Mar 24, 1974
David Rex Mills	Mar 24, 1974-Jan 25, 1981
Delbert Jones	Jan 25, 1981-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Branch Clerk</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David Bowen	Dec 1869-Oct 31, 1880

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Owen T Davis	Mar 18, 1912-Mar 30, 1930
Elmer Price	Mar 30, 1930-Oct 14, 1934
David R Atkinson	Oct 14, 1934-Dec 11, 1938
Joseph Williams	Dec 11, 1938-Nov 24, 1941
Stephen Hughes	Nov 24, 1941-Jul 11, 1943
Cyril Thomas	Jul 11, 1943-Mar 11, 1945
Daniel M Williams	Mar 11, 1945-Apr 23, 1961
William S Atkinson	Apr 23, 1961-Aug 1961
Melvin J Davis	Aug 1961-Nov 12, 1967
David R Atkinson	Nov 12, 1967-Mar 24, 1974
John J Evans	Mar 24, 1974-Feb 1, 1981
Doyle Waldron	Feb 1, 1981-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Spencer H Atkinson	Mar 24, 1974-Oct 12, 1986

<u>HP Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Robert Waldron	1977- 1980
David Rex Mills	1980- 1981
Melvin Joe Davis	1981- 1986

<u>Seventies Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John J Evans	1977- 1986

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Vern Hulse	May 19, 1974-Aug 28, 1980
Dale Price	Aug 28, 1980-Oct 12, 1986

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Dorothy Thomas	Jan 27, 1875-May 5, 1878
Mary D Davis	May 5, 1878-Nov 13, 1897
Hannah Griffiths	Nov 13, 1897-Sep 16, 1915
Emma Price	Sep 16, 1915-Jul 21, 1921
Jennie Peterson	Jul 21, 1921-Nov 1928
Elizabeth Hughes	Nov 1928-Jan 1932
Maude Williams	Nov 20, 1932- 1937
Elva Williams	Aug 1937-Oct 1947
Rachel N Atkinson	Oct 1947-Jul 1962
Margaret J Hughes	Jul 1962-Aug 11, 1970
Pearl Atkinson	Aug 11, 1970-Sep 5, 1976
Elaine S Mills	Sep 5, 1976-Feb 15, 1981
Phylis Price	Feb 15, 1981-Feb 26, 1984
Blanche Williams	Feb 26, 1984-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary Ann Davis	1870- 1879
Amy Davis	May 6, 1879- 1888
Agnes Bowen	1888- 1891
Mary A Chandler	Aug 20, 1891- 1894
Elizabeth Evans	1894- 1903
Mary Hill	Jan 5, 1903- 1904
Mary H Peterson	1904- 1906
Axie Waldron	1906- 1909
Emeline Evans	1910- 1911
Jane Thomas	1912- 1914
Ethel Roderick	1914- 1915
Emma Martin	1916- 1917
Agnes Morris	1917-Jul 15, 1928
Elizabeth Atkinson	Jul 15, 1928- -Sep 18, 1938
Mabel Davis	-Sep 18, 1938
Hannah Waldron	Sep 18, 1938-
Deloria Price	Aug 4, 1939- 1953
Pearl Atkinson	- 1965
Phyllis Price	1965- 1969
Sharon Atkinson	
Elaine Mills	
Roma Hughes	1977-
Lynette Price	May 1978-Aug 1981
Bonnie Evans	1981- 1983
Karen Tubbs	1984-Oct 12, 1986

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Walter F Bowen	1909- 1910
Daniel M Williams	1911- 1916
Owen T Davis	1917- 1921
Elmer Price	1926-Mar 21, 1929
Llewelyn Williams	Mar 21, 1929- 1933
LaVern Martin	Jan 29, 1933-Sep 10, 1933
Leo Williams	Sep 10, 1933-Oct 7, 1934
Silas Anderson	Oct 7, 1934- 1936
Joseph R Williams	1936-Sep 26, 1937
Williams S Waldron	1940- 1955

Evan M Price	1961-
David John	1970-
Albert Jones	1977-
Alvin Williams	1985-
Spencer Atkinson	1986-Oct 12, 1986

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David Bowen	1878-
Daniel Williams	1909- 1911
Walter F Bowen	1911- 1914
Owen T Davis	1919- 1921
William E Morse	1922- 1924
James H Williams	1925-Aug 11, 1929
William E Price	Aug 11, 1929-Jan 15, 1934
David Atkinson	Jan 15, 1934-Oct 7, 1934
John J Roderick	Oct 7, 1934-Sep 20, 1937
George Mansfield	Sep 20, 1937-Sep 18, 1938
Daniel W Jones	Sep 1940- 1942
N A Waldron	1942- 1945
N A Waldron	1946- 1948
Evan Platt Price	1976- 1984
Doyle Waldron	1985- 1986

Robert Waldron	1986-Oct 12, 1986
<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary D Davis	Dec 1, 1877-
Mary H Peterson	1909-
Sarah Williams	1910-
Jennie B Murry	1916-
Elizabeth Hughes	1917-Oct 10, 1917
Margaret Bowen	Oct 10, 1917- 1922
Emma Hughes	1922- 1923
Maude Williams	1923-Aug 16, 1929
Elva Williams	Aug 16, 1929-Aug 30, 1931
Mary S Williams	Aug 30, 1931-Oct 7, 1934
Rachel Atkinson	Oct 7, 1934-Sep 20, 1937
Arleta Williams	Sep 20, 1937-Sep 18, 1938
Edith Atkinson	Sep 18, 1938-
Phyllis Price	1970- 1971
Elaine Mills	1971- 1976
Louise Davis	1977- 1978
Phyllis Price	1979- 1981
Cindy Hill	1981- 1983
Jo Dell Jones	1984-Oct 12, 1986

Pleasant View Ward
1897 to 1986



*Pleasant View Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated February 14, 1954, now a private home*

That part of the Malad Valley included in the Pleasant View Ward was for many years used as a herd ground or stock range by the inhabitants of Samaria. The first

settlers in that part of the valley were from the Samaria Ward.

Lewis D. Jones was one of the very first settlers who came with his sons in

1883. These first settlers belonged to the Samaria Ward, where they attended church until June 13, 1897, when the Pleasant View Ward was organized, and Lewis D. Jones was called and set apart as the first bishop.

School and church were held in a little white frame building located on the school grounds on the north side of the road. It was built in 1894.



*Pleasant View Ward,
first church and school building,
built in 1894*

The chapel part of the present building was built in 1909 and dedicated June 16, 1916, by Apostle David O. McKay. The present building, the one used up until October 12, 1986, was built in 1953-54 and dedicated February 14, 1954, by Hugh B. Brown, who at that time was an assistant to the council of the Twelve Apostles.

The following is the Idaho Enterprise account of the Pleasant View Ward, dated February 16, 1987:

Nestled at the foot of the mountains on the west side of the valley, on both sides of the Malad River, the Pleasant View Ward served as the hub of LDS life for nearly eighty-nine years until October 12, 1986, when the membership was combined with part of the Malad Second Ward and members of the Samaria Ward.

The ward was organized June 13, 1897, but seven years before that the residents of that area had received permission from the Malad Stake to hold a separate Sunday school from the Samaria Ward. This helped to eliminate the long travel time by team and wagon to Samaria.

The Pleasant View Sunday School was organized at the home of W. P. Camp Sr., lovingly spoken of as "Aunt Annie and Uncle Peter." On August 31, 1890, there were five families in attendance. Lewis D. Jones was sustained as the first Sunday School superintendent. His counselors were W. P. Camp and Jeramia Jones. At this meeting the name for the Sunday school and for the community was suggested by Sarah Jones, wife of Lewis D. Jones, when she went out on the porch and looked over the valley and exclaimed, "Oh what a pleasant view." Everyone present agreed on "Pleasant View," and by that name it has been known ever since.

History of Pleasant View
by Rosella Smith
Written in 1980

I'm sure most of you won't remember,
But this ward just had a birthday,
It was organized 83 years ago,
In the month of June, on the 13th day.

And in the 83 years of Pleasant View,
Many people have come and gone.
Many changes have taken place,
And we still are moving on.

It seems that several families came,
From down Samaria way,
They were so impressed with the valley and streams,
That they decided they'd like to stay.

They began to build log cabins,
Clear sagebrush and work the ground.
Soon other families joined them,
As the word was spread around.

They struggled to build a schoolhouse,
For they felt there was a great need,
To teach the little children,
To cipher, write and read.

They shared their time and their talents,
To build character, and faith and love.
Such a bond of love and brotherhood
I think, is not often heard of.

This chapel was built in 1909,
But it wasn't paid for yet,
And it couldn't be dedicated
Till it was completely out of debt.

Oh, how they worked and sacrificed,
And on June 16, 1916 came that happy day.
The building was paid for,
And dedicated by Apostle David O. McKay.

There weren't any classrooms,
But a gray flannel curtain
Was pulled both ways 'cross the hall,
And this made a classroom in each little
stall.

So that old flannel curtain
A major part plays,
In the history of Pleasant View
In the early days.

And how we'd gather round that pot-bellied
stove,
To warm our hands and feet,
And it seems it was a welcome spot,
For it threw out a lot of heat.

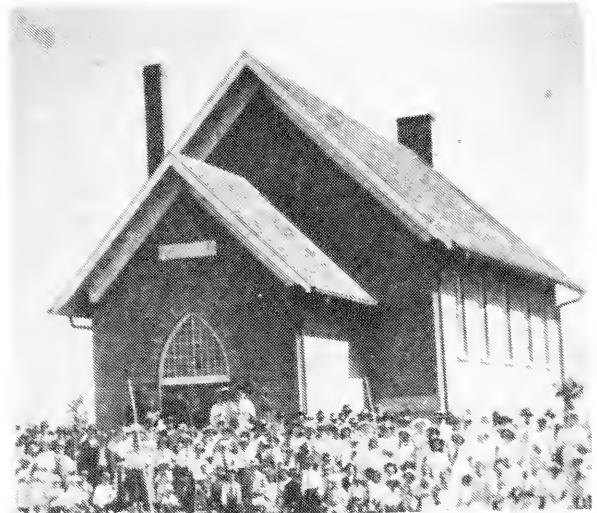
And if you look real carefully,
You'll see burned spots on the floor,
Where stray coals would fall,
When someone would open the stove door.

There were tie-posts
Where we now park our cars,
Where the horses would patiently wait.
There were huge, towering trees
All around the church,
And those wooden, swinging gates.

We were proud of our neat little church.,
But eventually it was too small.
The membership grew and grew and grew,
So we started a building project,
As many of you recall.

The ward members were united,
They worked the clock around,
The building was finished in '54,
Then dedicated by Elder Hugh B. Brown.

We tried to teach the gospel,
And to live the Savior's plan,
We've sent forth missionaries,
They've gone to many lands.



*Original part of the existing
Pleasant View Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated June 16, 1916*

The ward was gay and vibrant,
In the days that I recall,
With the schoolhouse just across the street,
With two classrooms filled each fall.

And though our brick school has been torn
down,
It still reminds us of happy days,
When the laughter and music of little folks,
Told a story that words cannot say.

Some of you will remember,
But most of you never knew,
Those dear faithful, stalwart pioneers,
Who made up Pleasant View.

There were the Thompsons, Pilgrims,
Andersons and Jones,
Tally and Thomas Hughes and wives too,
The Josephsons, Baileys, George and Ivy
White,
And Stewart Davis, whom most of you knew.

Nephi and Aunt Maggie Ipsen always did their
share,
So did their sons - Ruel, Lyman and Lew,
Their names will go down indelibly
In the history of Pleasant View.

Joe Isaacson was the bishop
When I came to the ward.

He and his good wife Jetta
Have labored long and hard.

Sister Brown was active in the ward
And I've heard people say,
That her husband could lead the singing
In a most efficient way.

William Camp and his wife Violet
Were always so willing to share.
She was blessed with so many talents,
She could serve 'most anywhere.

Jane Scott was a special person,
Worthy to be called a pioneer,
A mid-wife, teacher, and neighbor,
And a friend known far and near.

Sister Illum and Elizabeth Hughes,
Both lived three miles away,
But they got to Relief Society and church,
And they walked it many a day.

Sister Emeline Wight
Lived up near the hill,
Uncle Peter and Aunt Annie Camp 'cross the
street.
He knew the Book of Mormon
And many passages he could repeat.

Ada Ipsen left her footprints,
And the Morgans family, the Ekstroms,
Lavern and Alice White,
Elmer and Zola Price were special,
They stood for all that was right.

Milt and Naomi Scott
Lived just across the street,
They cared for our church house,
And they kept it clean and neat.

There were Brother and Sister Roderick,
Velma's mother and dad,
She led the singing and played the organ,
One of finest choristers we had.

Viola Thomas and Warren Edwards
Took part in all the three-act plays,
They both were very valuable,
For we had lots of shows in those days.

And we can't forget the Archibalds,
The Hadfields, and Arthur and Larue.
They made a great contribution;

Their lives have blessed me and you.

Vera Roderick, Jennie Scott, and Relia
Peterson,
Kept our MIA alive.
We had so much activity,
On this we all did thrive.

Thomas Thorpe and Lucy his wife,
And Walt Davis and Marguerite,
Bert Wight, Gloma Swindle, Ray and Iris
Barker,
This makes our history quite complete.

Ralph Davis, Lavern Smith, and Parry Ipsen
Lived lives that have blessed Pleasant View,
And their ideals will never die,
For their families will carry through.

I dearly love all these people,
They've become a part of me.
They've taught me by word and example,
And 'twill last eternally.

Now in the silent city behind the church,
Rest these valiant pioneers,
Who risked the hardships and dangers,
In their efforts to settle here.

And for these faithful pioneers,
The going was rough and hard,
But God was good and he sent the best,
To settle the Pleasant View Ward.

So you see our obligation,
You and I, and everyone,
Must finish up the pattern
That they've so well begun.

Truth and faith and courage,
Is our heritage from the past,
And those brave pioneers will never die
As long as these ideals last.

Farewell to Pleasant View
By Rosella Smith - 1986

Pleasant View, it saddens us,
That we must say goodbye.
We've been together a long, long time,
And it brings a tear to our eye.

We were like a happy family,
We knew each other like a book.
We loved and strengthened one another,
And from each other, strength we took.

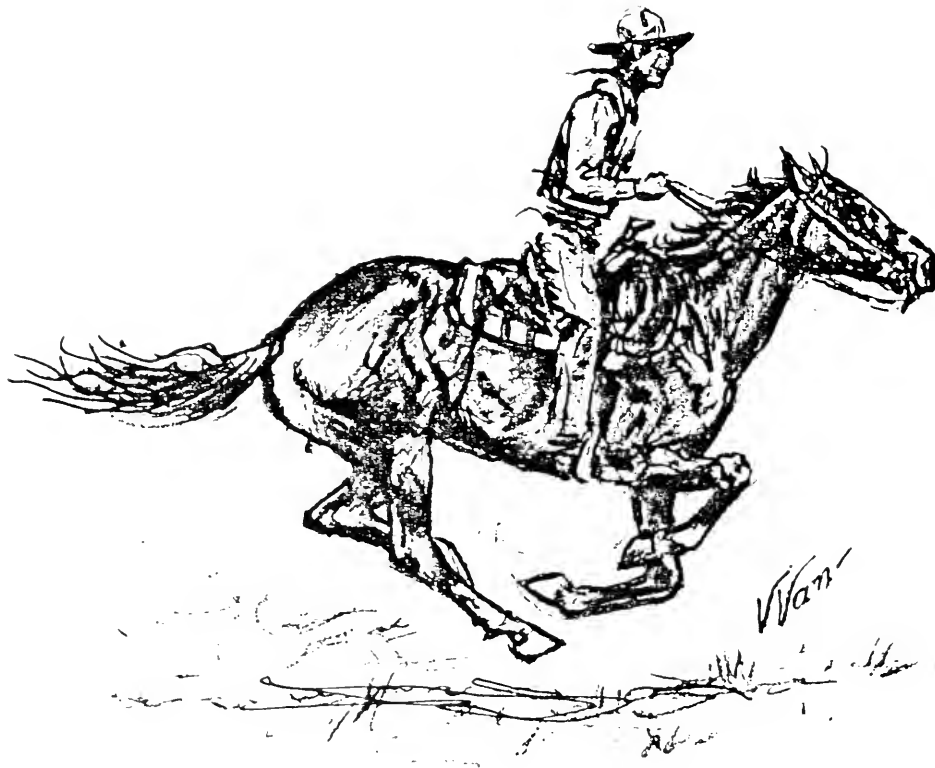
But due to consolidation,
On you we must close the door.
And our beloved Pleasant View
Won't be Pleasant View anymore.

I'm sure there'll be a blessing
For us in what's been done.

We're meeting other sisters
And we love them, every one.

But Pleasant View, we love you,
All those precious memories we've shared.
For love and joy and happiness,
With friends and neighbors who cared.

Oh, Pleasant View, you'll hold a spot
Down deep in every heart.
You've nourished and fed us spiritually
And of these memories we'll never part.



Pleasant View Ward
1897 to 1986

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lewis D Jones	Jun 13, 1897-Sep 27, 1908
Stephen Wight	Sep 27, 1908-Feb 20, 1913
Hyrum W Jones	Feb 20, 1913-Jan 12, 1929
Nephi R Ipsen	Jan 12, 1929-Aug 5, 1934
Joseph M Isaacson	Aug 5, 1934-Sep 22, 1940
Thomas Thorpe	Sep 22, 1940-Nov 22, 1942
John J Roderick	Nov 22, 1942-Apr 12, 1954
Leo Brown	Apr 12, 1954-Sep 19, 1963
Roger M Facer	Sep 19, 1963-Sep 9, 1973
Merlin S Bastian	Sep 9, 1973-Jan 27, 1980
Foster Ipsen	Jan 27, 1980-Jul 17, 1983
Franklin N Madsen	Jul 17, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Stephen Wight	Jun 13, 1897-Sep 27, 1908
Isaac Isaacson	Sep 27, 1908-Feb 20, 1913
Taliesen Hughes	Feb 20, 1913-Jan 12, 1929
John Stewart Davis	Jan 12, 1929-Oct 14, 1930
Jonah M Evans	Oct 14, 1930-Oct 5, 1934
John Stewart Davis	Oct 5, 1934-Sep 22, 1940
LaVern Smith	Sep 22, 1940-Nov 22, 1942
Wendell D Camp	Nov 22, 1942-Oct 24, 1949
Leo Brown	Oct 24, 1949-Apr 12, 1954
Parry Ipsen	Apr 12, 1954-Sep 19, 1963
Khalil Scott	Sep 19, 1963-Sep 9, 1973
Lyman Ipsen	Sep 9, 1973-Jan 27, 1980
Franklin Madsen	Jan 27, 1980-Jul 17, 1983
Daniel K Bastian	Jul 17, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William Peter Camp	Jul 3, 1897-Oct 22, 1905
Isaac Isaacson	Oct 22, 1905-Sep 27, 1908
Hyrum W Jones	Sep 27, 1908-May 30, 1910
Talisen Hughes	May 30, 1910-Feb 20, 1913
Nephi P Ipsen	Feb 20, 1913-Jan 12, 1929
Jonah M Evans	Jan 12, 1929-Oct 14, 1930
Thomas Thorpe	Oct 14, 1930-Aug 5, 1934
Ray H Pilgrim	Aug 5, 1934-May 17, 1936
Thomas M Hughes	May 17, 1936-Sep 22, 1940
Waldomar Camp	Sep 22, 1940-Jun 21, 1941
Wendell D Camp	Jun 21, 1941-Nov 22, 1942
Leo Brown	Nov 22, 1942-Oct 24, 1949
Grant Ipsen	Oct 24, 1949-Aug 26, 1950
Parry Ipsen	Aug 26, 1950-Apr 12, 1954
Charles C Thomas	Apr 12, 1954-Sep 19, 1963
Foster Ipsen	Sep 19, 1963-Oct 11, 1972
Lyman Ipsen	Oct 11, 1972-Sep 9, 1973
Joseph R May	Sep 9, 1973-Jan 27, 1980
Daniel Bastian	Jan 27, 1980-Jul 17, 1983
Timothy Willie	Jul 17, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William Peter Camp	Jun 13, 1897-Oct 22, 1905
Charles E Thomas	Oct 22, 1905-Aug 14, 1927
Henry C Brown	Aug 14, 1927-Jul 3, 1932
George A Thompson	Jul 3, 1932-Aug 5, 1934
William H Jones	Aug 5, 1934-Sep 22, 1940
Eldon G Archibald	Sep 22, 1940-Nov 22, 1942
Elmer V Price	Nov 22, 1942- 1943
William M Jones	1943-Aug 20, 1944
Elmer V Price	Aug 20, 1944-Sep 19, 1963
Clifford Madsen	Sep 19, 1963-Feb 21, 1964
Lyman Ipsen	Feb 21, 1964-Oct 1, 1972
Frank Madsen	Oct 1, 1972-Jan 27, 1980
Sheldon Smith	Jan 27, 1980-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John J Roderick	-Oct 28, 1973
Khalil Scott	Oct 28, 1973-Feb 10, 1980
Kenneth M Kennedy	Feb 10, 1980-Oct 12, 1986

<u>H.P. Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Roger Facer	Oct 28, 1973-Jul 29, 1974
Khalil Scott	Jul 29, 1974- 1984
Merlin Bastian	1984-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Seventies Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Daniel K Bastian	1979- 1980
Larry Dives	1980-Oct 12, 1986

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Daniel Bastian	-May 7, 1978
Thayne Barker	May 7, 1978-Apr 26, 1982
Timothy Willie	Apr 26, 1982-Aug 28, 1983
Tim D Edwards	Aug 28, 1983-Oct 12, 1986

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lucy E Wight	Nov 7, 1897- 1905
Beatrice F Jones	1905- 1909
Mary Jane Jones	Nov 14, 1909- 1918
Margaret Ipsen	1918-Apr 19, 1936
Ivy Wight	Apr 19, 1936-Feb 2, 1941
Viola Thomas	Feb 2, 1941- 1948
Marguerite Davis	1948-Aug 4, 1949
Jetta Isaacson	Aug 4, 1949- 1952
Mary Ipsen	1952-Oct 13, 1957
Hazel Yeates	Oct 13, 1957-Jul 29, 1962
Christie Bastian	Jul 29, 1962-Aug 24, 1969
Rosella Smith	Aug 24, 1969-Aug 20, 1972
Iris Blaisdell	Aug 20, 1972-Oct 17, 1976
Lela Blaisdell	Oct 17, 1976-Aug 17, 1979
Leora Brown	Aug 17, 1979-Mar 1984
Kenna Smith	Mar 1984-Oct 12, 1987

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Jane M Hughes	Nov 6, 1897-	1904
Mary Wight	1904-	1908
Ella Jensen Wight	1909-	1914
Elizabeth Hughes	1914-Aug 3, 1919	
Violet Camp	Aug 3, 1919-	1923
Birdie Lundquist	1923-Nov 14, 1929	
Jane F Scott	Nov 14, 1929-Sep 2, 1930	
Margaret Davis	Sep 13, 1930-Sep 2, 1934	
Alice Wight	Sep 2, 1934-Sep 13, 1938	
Pearl Brown	Sep 13, 1938-	1939
Elda Nielsen	1939-Sep 16, 1942	
Rosella Smith	Sep 16, 1942-	1949
LaRue Tew	1949-	
Erma Madsen	-	1956
Josephine S May	1956-Aug 16, 1964	
Sharee Thomas	Aug 16, 1964-Aug 17, 1969	
Velma Ipsen	Aug 17, 1969-Jul 17, 1977	
Sandy Biggs	Jul 17, 1977-Aug 23, 1981	
Lois B Willie	Aug 23, 1981-Dec 29, 1985	
Sarah Ann Robbins	Dec 29, 1985-Oct 12, 1986	

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Lewis Daniel Jones	Aug 31, 1890-	1897
Joseph Thorpe	Nov 6, 1897-	1909
William P Camp	Nov 14, 1910-	1915
Thomas Thorpe	1923-Oct 1, 1930	
John J Roderick	Oct 1, 1930-	
Taliesen Hughes	1938-	1942
Joseph Isaacson	1942-	1945
Lavern Smith	1945-	1948
Vern W Yeates	1956-Jun 10, 1962	
Khalil Scott	Jun 10, 1962-Oct 27, 1963	
Lyman Ipsen	Oct 27, 1963-Jan 17, 1965	
Joseph May	Jan 17, 1965-Aug 23, 1970	
Parry Ipsen	Aug 23, 1970-Aug 24, 1974	
Sheldon Smith	Aug 24, 1974-Jun 22, 1975	
Tim Willie	Jun 22, 1975-Apr 11, 1976	
Melvin Richards	Apr 11, 1976-Nov 27, 1983	
Thayne Barker	Nov 27, 1983-Oct 12, 1986	

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Charles E Thomas	-	1899
David J Davis	1899-	1911
Joseph Isaacson	Apr 24, 1911-Apr 24, 1917	
Thomas Thorpe	Apr 24, 1917-	1923
Ruel Ipsen	1923-	1928

George Thompson	1928-Jun 15, 1930	
Charles R Thomas	Jun 15, 1930-	1931
William M Jones	Oct 22, 1933-Sep 2, 1934	
W Paul Camp	Sep 2, 1934-Aug 18, 1935	
Walter M Davis	Aug 18, 1935-Aug 28, 1938	
LaVern Smith	Aug 28, 1938-Sep 30, 1941	
Leo Brown	Sep 30, 1941-	1942
William M Jones	1942-	1944
Arthur Tew	1945-	1958
Joseph May	1958-Jan 17, 1965	
Lavern Smith	Jan 17, 1965-Apr 14, 1968	
Elbert Sweeten	Apr 14, 1968-Aug 20, 1972	
Nolan T Blaisdell	Aug 20, 1972-	1974
Steven A Biggs	1974-May 16, 1976	
Marvin Tubbs	May 16, 1976-Jul 17, 1977	
Lyde Facer	Jul 17, 1977-Aug 26, 1979	
Daniel Blaisdell	Aug 26, 1979-Jan 20, 1983	
Randy Willie	Jan 20, 1983-Oct 12, 1986	

<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Elizabeth Stayner	Feb 3, 1901-Nov 18, 1903	
Annie Camp	Nov 18, 1903-	
Phebe Thomas	1903-	1911
Elizabeth Illum	1914-	1918
Emma Wight Maug	1918-	1923
Violet Pilgrim	1924-Aug 24, 1930	
Margaret Hughes	Aug 24, 1930-Sep 2, 1934	
Margaret Davis	Sep 2, 1934-Aug 28, 1938	
Mildred P Jones	Aug 28, 1938-	1940
Nona Camp	1940-	
Relia Peterson	Sep 30, 1941-	1945
Vera Roderick	1945-	1948
Thora Jensen	1948-	1950
Rosella Smith	1950-	1957
Hope Price	Aug 11, 1957-Mar 9, 1958	
Velma Ipsen	Mar 9, 1958-Jan 11, 1959	
Norma Palmer	Jan 11, 1959-May 15, 1959	
Christie Bastian	May 15, 1959-Aug 29, 1962	
Leora Brown	Aug 29, 1962-Apr 30, 1968	
Ruth Ipsen	Aug 30, 1968-Aug 23, 1971	
Phylis Price	Aug 23, 1971-Sep 7, 1971	
Christie Bastian	Sep 7, 1971-Aug 22, 1976	
Sharee Thomas	Aug 22, 1976-Jul 17, 1977	
Velma Ipsen	Jul 17, 1977-Aug 17, 1980	
Beverly Kennedy	Aug 17, 1980-Nov 21, 1982	
Alice Edwards	Nov 21, 1982-Oct 12, 1986	

Portage Ward
1867 to 1988



*Portage Ward meetinghouse, recently remodeled and expanded,
rededicated April 17, 1988*

The first church building in East Portage was a log building, 40' x 22' with a 9' ceiling. The logs were hewn on the inside; the roof was of lumber. In 1872, it was moved to West Portage and located on the church lot, where it served for both school and church for the next 14 years.

The front door was in the east end and a stage in the back or west end. This building was used as the Malad Stake Center from 1888 to 1911.

In 1936, a contract for construction of a new brick ward chapel, cultural hall, Relief Society room, six class rooms, a kitchen and Boy Scout room was approved. The cost was to be \$24,000.



*Old Portage Ward Chapel,
construction began in 1882*

In 1882, a new brick building was started, but due to drought and poor crops, not much work was done. The next year the work was continued, and the walls were up to the square when on December 25, 1883, a terrific wind storm blew them down. Workers were unable to begin building until 1885, when a new meeting house was started on the same foundation. This building was a wood frame structure 32' x 60' with 20' ceilings, located on the south center of the church block, directly west of the present building.



*Portage Ward meetinghouse,
dedicated May 28, 1939*

The old church building was torn down and all useable lumber sold. Church services were held in the school house while the new building was under construction. The school at that time was located on the northwest corner of the church block.

The new building was dedicated Sunday May 28, 1939. This was a memorable day for the Saints of the Portage Ward. President

Heber J Grant attended the services and offered the dedicatory prayer. An overflow crowd was in attendance.

This 1939 building was enjoyed by the Portage Ward members until the spring of 1987, during which period the chapel, classrooms and cultural hall were carpeted and refurbished several times. Then gradually the membership of the ward increased until the original chapel was too small and overflowed into the cultural hall.

On May 12, 1985, the Portage Ward was taken from the Malad, Idaho Stake and included in the new Fielding, Utah Stake. Shortly after this change, the ward bishopric and stake presidency applied to the First Presidency of the church for some extensive remodeling and enlarging of the building, which was granted.

On Sunday, March 1, 1987, in ward testimony meeting, many members bore testimony of their love for the building, their remembrance of President Heber J Grant dedicating it, and the many inspirational experiences they had enjoyed there. However, they were looking forward to its improvement.

In March 1987 the reconstruction began under the direction of architect Wallace N Cooper and contractor Jon Z Thompson. The interior of the chapel, cultural hall, foyer and bishop's office on the main floor were gutted and rearranged. The cultural hall was made into a beautiful, modern chapel. The foyer and entrance were enlarged. The old chapel was divided into new bishop's and clerk's offices, a mother's lounge, a new kitchen, and other fine facilities. A large new addition was constructed on the west side of the old building for a shining new cultural hall.

The Portage Ward members had traveled a distance of about fourteen miles down the main highway for ten months to hold their services in the Belmont church building. When they returned to their beautifully furnished building on January 31, 1988, they were most delighted with it.

This building was rededicated on Sunday, April 17, 1988, by Elder Devere Harris of the First Quorum of Seventy, formerly bishop of the Portage Ward and, also a former president of the Malad Idaho Stake.

**Portage Ward
1867 to 1988**

<u>Presiding Elder</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
Thomas Green	Nov	1867-Oct 23, 1877

<u>1st Counselor</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
Isaac Allen	Nov	1867-Oct 23, 1877

<u>2nd Counselor</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
William H Anderson	Nov	1867-Oct 23, 1877

<u>Bishops</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
Oliver C Hoskins	Oct 23, 1877-Feb 12, 1888	
Enoch Harris	Feb 12, 1888-Dec 17, 1899	
James H Gibbs	Dec 17, 1899-Feb 21, 1909	
John F Conley Sr.	Feb 21, 1909-Jun 16, 1918	
David Parkinson	Jun 16, 1918-Jan 6, 1929	
John R Gibbs	Jan 6, 1929-Aug 18, 1940	
Loyal G Harris	Aug 18, 1940-Feb 24, 1946	
Ora H John	Feb 24, 1946-Dec 20, 1953	
Walter E Gibbs	Dec 20, 1953-Jul 22, 1962	
Devere Harris	Jul 22, 1962-Jul 1, 1969	
Glenn Morris	Jul 1, 1969-May 5, 1974	
Douglas Gibbs	May 5, 1974-Dec 13, 1981	
Larry L Howell	Dec 13, 1981-	

<u>1st Counselors</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
Martin V Hale	Oct 23, 1877-Jan 27, 1884	
Enoch Harris	Jan 27, 1884-Feb 12, 1888	
Joseph Halford	Feb 12, 1888-Mar 19, 1899	
John F Conley Sr.	Mar 19, 1899-Feb 21, 1909	
Robert C Morris	Feb 21, 1909-Jun 16, 1918	
James E Darley	Jun 16, 1918-Feb 5, 1921	
Frederick McCrary	Feb 5, 1921-Jan 6, 1929	
J Hyrum Gibbs	Jan 6, 1929-Aug 18, 1940	
Joseph Cyrus Gibbs	Aug 18, 1940-Feb 24, 1946	
Walter E Gibbs	Feb 24, 1946-Dec 20, 1953	
Royal Halford	Dec 20, 1953-Sep 26, 1961	
J Reed Nielsen	Sep 26, 1961-Apr 19, 1964	
Wendell C Hall	Apr 19, 1964-Jul 1, 1969	
Douglas J Gibbs	Jul 1, 1969-May 5, 1974	
Joshua DeRoy Hawks	May 5, 1974-Aug 8, 1981	
E Wynn John	Aug 8, 1981-Dec 13, 1981	
Lorin Ladell Gibbs	Dec 13, 1981-	

<u>2nd Counselors</u>		<u>Years Served</u>
William H Gibbs	Oct 23, 1877-Feb 12, 1888	
Samuel W Gibbs	Feb 12, 1888-Mar 19, 1899	
James H Gibbs	Mar 19, 1899-Dec 17, 1899	
James W Howell	Dec 17, 1899-Jul 8, 1906	
Robert C Harris	Jul 8, 1906-Feb 21, 1909	
John Heaton	Feb 21, 1909-Jun 16, 1918	
John B Allen	Jun 16, 1918-Nov 11, 1927	

John R Gibbs	Nov 11, 1927-Jan 6, 1929
Joseph A Nielsen	Jan 6, 1929-Oct 23, 1938
Oran E Parkinson	Oct 23, 1938-Aug 18, 1940
James Earl Darley	Aug 18, 1940-Feb 24, 1946
Royal Halford	Feb 24, 1946-Dec 20, 1953
J Reed Nielsen	Dec 20, 1953-Sep 26, 1961
Wendell C Hall	Sep 26, 1961-Apr 19, 1964
Maurice R Thomas	Apr 19, 1964-Jul 1, 1969
Chester R Neal	Jul 1, 1969-May 5, 1974
Ellis Wynn John	May 5, 1974-Aug 2, 1981
Larry L Howell	Aug 2, 1981-Dec 13, 1981
Bud Lee Knudsen	Dec 13, 1981-

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
William H Gibbs	Dec 17, 1899-Jan 1, 1901
Henry John	Jan 1, 1901-Jul 8, 1906
David Morris	Jul 8, 1906-Jan 6, 1929
John R Morris	Jan 6, 1929-May 5, 1936
Robert C Harris	May 5, 1936-Aug 18, 1940
Don C McCrary	Aug 18, 1940-Nov 11, 1944
John R Gibbs	Nov 11, 1944-May 20, 1951
E Wynn John	May 20, 1951-Oct 1962
Arthur L Gibbs	Oct 1962-May 5, 1974
Loyal G Harris	May 5, 1974-
Ora Heaton John	-Oct 19, 1980
Larry L Howell	Oct 19, 1980-Jul 10, 1981
Barry Parkinson	Aug 2, 1981-
Timothy Williams	Aug 2, 1981-

<u>Executive Sec.</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Joshua D Hawks	1972- 1973
Maurice Thomas	1973-Dec 13, 1981
James LaMar Ashley	Dec 13, 1981- 1984
Joel Sanderson	1984-Jan 24, 1988
Bryan Gibbs	Jan 24, 1988-

<u>H.P. Group Leaders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Glenn Morris	May 26, 1974-Jul 30, 1978
Chester Neal	Jul 30, 1978-Nov 26, 1978
Wendell Hall	Nov 26, 1978-Apr 11, 1982
Wynn John	Apr 11, 1982-Aug 1985
Maurice R Thomas	Aug 1985-

<u>Elders Q. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Joseph C Morris	May 26, 1974-Feb 29, 1976
Steven Harris	Feb 29, 1976-May 1979
Timothy Williams	May 1979-Mar 1, 1981
Byron Gibbs	Feb 28, 1982- 1985
Carl Bingham	1985-

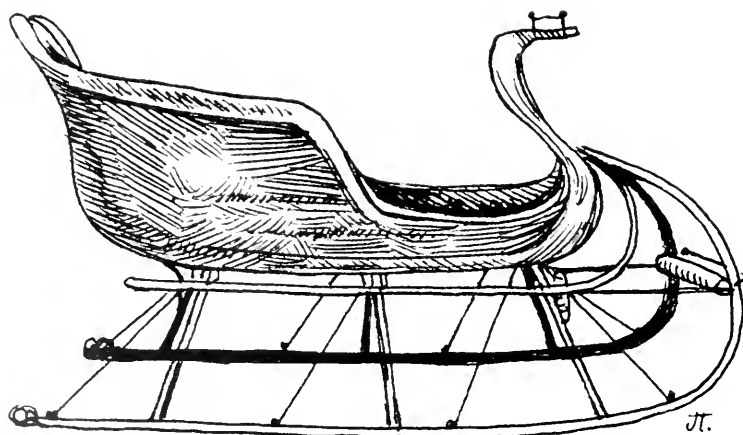
<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elizabeth Parkinson	Jan 4, 1870-Apr 28, 1876
Lucinda Hoskins	Apr 28, 1876-Jul 19, 1888
Jane A Harris	Jul 19, 1888-Feb 3, 1906

Annie Heaton	Feb 3, 1906-Nov 4, 1919
Philene Hall	Nov 4, 1919-Oct 22, 1922
Margaret R Howell	Oct 22, 1922-Sep 18, 1927
Zina G Harris	Sep 18, 1927-Jan 23, 1934
Ruby W Nielsen	Jan 23, 1934-Mar 13, 1938
Sylvia G Harris	Mar 13, 1938-Sep 29, 1940
Annie Laura Gibbs	Sep 29, 1940-May 14, 1946
Berenece B Darley	May 14, 1946-Oct 17, 1948
Zina G Harris	Oct 17, 1948-Nov 4, 1951
Mary E Hoskins	Nov 4, 1951-Jan 10, 1954
Hazel O Gibbs	Jan 10, 1954-May 19, 1957
Maurine H Gibbs	May 19, 1957-Jun 3, 1962
Maude R Harris	Jun 3, 1962-Feb 4, 1968
Faye H Morris	Feb 4, 1968-Jul 1969
Velda G Harris	Jul 1969-Apr 4, 1971
Fay V Thomas	Apr 4, 1971-Aug 15, 1976
Thora T Allen	Aug 15, 1976-Aug 19, 1979
Ila Mae John	Aug 19, 1979-Jun 30, 1985
Jeanine W Gibbs	Jun 30, 1985-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Emma Halford	May 2, 1879-Jul 19, 1888
Ellen Hall	Jul 19, 1888-Nov 17, 1893
Philene Hall	Nov 17, 1893-Dec 2, 1898
Josephine Hall	Dec 2, 1898-Dec 8, 1901
Henrietta Parkinson	Dec 8, 1901-Aug 11, 1904
Ruby Harris	Aug 11, 1904-Jun 1, 1906
Zina G Harris	Jun 1, 1906-May 3, 1917
Etta K McCrary	May 3, 1917-Dec 21, 1919
Laura K Gibbs	Dec 21, 1919-Jan 17, 1926
Azella M Gibbs	Jan 17, 1926-Jul 19, 1931
Ester H John	Jul 19, 1931-Feb 10, 1935
Hazel O Gibbs	Feb 10, 1935-Sep 10, 1940
Maurine H Gibbs	Sep 10, 1940-Jan 21, 1945
Klea K Merrell	Jan 21, 1945-Sep 14, 1947
Fern H Hall	Sep 14, 1947-Dec 3, 1950
Maude R Harris	Dec 3, 1950-Sep 1955
Flossie C Knudsen	Sep 1955-Sep 21, 1958
Faye V Thomas	Sep 21, 1958-Jul 21, 1963
Thora T Allen	Jul 21, 1963-Sep 1, 1968
Ila Mae John	Sep 1, 1968-Apr 4, 1971
Ruth Snow	Apr 4, 1971-Apr 1, 1973
Onetta Howell	Apr 1, 1973-Jul 10, 1977
Karen Sue Gibbs	Jul 10, 1977-Jun 28, 1981
Jeanine W Gibbs	Jun 28, 1981-Jun 30, 1985
Jeanette Sanderson	Jun 30, 1985-Aug 9, 1987
Christy Thomas	Aug 9, 1987-

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John Heaton	1903- 1907
Levi John	1907- 1910
David Parkinson	1910- 1918
Arthur Gibbs	1918-Jan 6, 1929
John F Conley	Jan 6, 1929- 1931

Frank Harris	1931-		Douglas J Gibbs	Sep 3, 1961-Aug 28, 1966
Oran E Parkinson	-	1938	Lamar Cutler	Aug 28, 1966-Sep 1969
Maurice Thomas	Nov 4, 1951-Nov 2, 1958		Maurice R Thomas	Sep 1969-1970
Wendell C Hall	Dec 7, 1958-Oct 1, 1961		Larry L Howell	1970-Jun 11, 1972
Ellis L Allen	Oct 1, 1961-Nov 23, 1964		Samuel E Snow	Jun 11, 1972-May 30, 1982
Larry L Howell	Nov 23, 1964-Mar 28, 1965		Stephen L Harris	May 30, 1982-
Loren L John	Mar 28, 1965-Nov 20, 1966			
Joseph C Morris	Nov 20, 1966-Jul 2, 1972		<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Barry D Parkinson	Jul 2, 1972-	1973	Effie Hoskins	1903-1906
Stephen L Harris	Nov 9, 1973-Nov 9, 1975		Ellen Hoskins	1906-1909
Virgil Harris	Nov 9, 1975-Apr 9, 1978		Philene Hall	1909-1917
Buddy Lee Knudsen	Apr 9, 1978-Jan 3, 1982		Elmina A Heaton	1917-1918
Dan M Thomas	Jan 3, 1982-	1985	Elvina A Allen	1918-Dec 19, 1921
Marlin Allen	1985-Sep	1986	Sylvia Harris	Dec 19, 1921-1922
Grant Bell	Sep 1986-		Emma E Conley	1922-1925
			Henrietta McCrary	1925-1928
<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>		Hazel Gibbs	1928-Jul 26, 1931
Robert Harris	1903-	1906	Gertrude Morris	Jul 26, 1931-Aug 23, 1935
Charles W Hall	1906-Sep 7, 1908		Pearl Hawks	Aug 23, 1935-Mar 13, 1938
Henry Parkinson	Sep 7, 1908-	1910	Velda G Harris	Mar 13, 1938-1940
Thomas P John	1910-	1914	Faye H Morris	1940-Sep 16, 1941
Frederick McCrary	1914-	1918	Thelma D Gibbs	Sep 16, 1941-Jul 1944
James R Gibbs	1919-	1921	Geneva H John	Jul 1944-Jul 15, 1951
Melvin Gibbs	1921-	1928	Ila Mae John	Jul 15, 1951-May 1955
Ora John	1928-	1930	Faye H Morris	May 1955-Apr 25, 1966
Don McCrary	1930-	1932	Ila Mae John	Apr 25, 1966-Sep 22, 1968
Joseph C Gibbs	1932-	1938	Maurine H Gibbs	Sep 22, 1968-Aug 1, 1971
Ross Coombs	1938-	1940	Jeanine W Gibbs	Aug 1, 1971-Mar 18, 1972
Carroll A Hall	1940-	1944	Thora T Allen	Mar 18, 1972-Jul 24, 1977
Ralph Nielsen	1944-	1946	Diana B Harris	Jul 24, 1977-Jun 25, 1978
Arthur L Gibbs	1946-Oct	1947	Christy Thomas	Jun 25, 1978-Jun 28, 1981
Theodore Fessler	1947-	1950	Cynthia W Williams	Jun 28, 1981-1983
Chester P Neal	1950-	1955	Lanette T Gibbs	1983-Feb 21, 1988
Joshua D Hawks	1955-Sep 3, 1961		Karen Sue Gibbs	Feb 21, 1988-



Woodruff Ward
1877 to 1947



Woodruff Ward meetinghouse, used for church and school

At one time, Woodruff was a separate branch and ward. Because it was later combined with the Cherry Creek Ward, a history of its early years has been included.

On November 24, 1877, the Saints were organized as a branch, with Moroni Ward, presiding. He was called to preside late in 1877 and acted under the direction of the Portage Ward. He was succeeded later in 1877 by Joseph Harris.

In 1844, when the Oneida Stake was organized, the wards in Malad Valley were taken from the Box Elder Stake and made a part of Oneida Stake. It was possible at this time that the Woodruff Branch was put under the jurisdiction of the Cherry Creek Ward. Brother Joseph Harris presided until June 16, 1891, when the saints on Muddy Creek were organized as the Woodruff Ward, with Joseph R. Harris as the first bishop.

On January 25, 1885, the Relief Society was organized with, Elizabeth Green Harris as president. Woodruff Ward was named in honor of President Wilford Woodruff, the name being suggested by Oliver C. Hoskins. From 1891 to 1901, Woodruff Ward included the branch of Cherry Creek. (Cherry Creek had been a ward for a few years previous to

this time and was changed back to a branch.) In 1891, there were 21 families and 134 souls.

The first man to take up land here was John H. Williams, in 1865. He was enroute from Montana and stopped with his family on the south side of Muddy Creek, where he built a dugout, in which he lived for a short time. In November of 1865, Christopher Gardner located with his family on the north side of Muddy Creek. Other families arrived in 1866 and in 1867.

In the spring of 1869, when David Jones went to Malad Valley, there were two houses on Muddy Creek and five on Henderson Creek. Henderson Creek was named after a man by that name. Henderson was not a permanent settler, but came up to Malad Valley to raise grain. The first permanent settlers were two men, named respectively Powell and Murdock. The families who had settled on Muddy Creek belonged originally to Portage, and those on Henderson Creek to Malad.

From the time the Saints on Muddy Creek were organized as the Woodruff Ward, it remained such until it was disorganized

November 23, 1947, and the membership given to the Cherry Creek Ward.

(Information from Cherry Creek Relief Society History Book, History of Malad Stake and history by Andrew Jenson.)

Woodruff Ward
1877 to 1947

<u>Presiding Elders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Moroni Ward	1877- 1877
Joseph Harris	1877-Jun 16, 1891

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Joseph R Harris	Jun 16, 1891-Dec 18, 1904
Isaac D Zundell	Dec 18, 1904-Feb 20, 1914
Nathan D Yearsley	Feb 20, 1914-Feb 13, 1921
Benjamin Lundberg	Feb 13, 1921-Nov 9, 1930
James A Beeton	Nov 9, 1930-Sep 27, 1936
George E Harris	Sep 27, 1936-Nov 23, 1947

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Alexander Hunsaker	Dec 18, 1904-May 14, 1905
Nathan D Yearsley	May 14, 1905-Feb 20, 1914
Charles W Bell	Feb 20, 1914-Feb 13, 1921
Thomas A John	Feb 13, 1921-Jan 6, 1929
Lawrence R Wells	Jan 6, 1929-Nov 9, 1930
George E Harris	Nov 9, 1930-Sep 27, 1936
Thomas A John	Sep 27, 1936-Nov 23, 1947

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Moroni Ward	Dec 18, 1904-May 14, 1905
Charles W Bell	May 14, 1905-Feb 20, 1914
James L Ashton	Feb 20, 1914-Feb 13, 1921
Nathan M Yearsley	Feb 13, 1921- 1925
Lawrence R Wells	1925-Jun 6, 1929
Thomas D Price	Jun 6, 1929-Sep 27, 1936
Lloyd Beeton	Sep 27, 1936-Feb 13, 1934
Merlin Jenkins	Feb 13, 1934-Dec 3, 1935
Benjamin Lundberg	Dec 3, 1935-Nov 23, 1947

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James J Howell	May 14, 1905- 1912
Charles W Yearsley	1912-Jun 4, 1921
Charles W Ward	Jun 4, 1921- 1925
James A Beeton	1925-Nov 9, 1930
Warren V Ashton	Nov 9, 1930-Nov 23, 1947

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elizabeth G Harris	Jan 25, 1885-Oct 19, 1887
Sarah Jane Dudley	Oct 19, 1887-Jan 25, 1890
Rosanna M Howell	Jan 25, 1890-Jan 4, 1903
Mary A Yearsley	Jan 4, 1903- 1904
Mary Jane Howell	1904- 1919
Eunice W Harris	1919-Nov 3, 1941
Cecil M Ward	Nov 3, 1941-Oct 1946
Vereen M John	Oct 1946-Nov 23, 1947

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Eunice A Ward	Jan 18, 1885- 1912
Ruby Lundberg	1913- 1920
Mary A Yearsley	1920- 1930
Afton Greer	1930-Sep 10, 1939
Martha Howell	1939- 1943
Sarah Clark	1943-Nov 23, 1947

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Charles Wm. Ward	Aug 20, 1905- 1914
Charles W Yearsley	1914-Jun 5, 1921
William Ashton	Jun 5, 1921- 1928
James A Beeton	1938- 1943
Merlin Jenkins	1943- 1944
James H Howell	1944-Nov 23, 1947

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
James H Yearsley	Oct 29, 1902-Sep 10, 1912
James L Ashton	Sep 10, 1912- 1919
William Ashton	1919- 1928
Morgan W Harris	1928- 1940
Merlin Jenkins	1940- 1944
Glen Price	1944-Nov 23, 1947

<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Eunice A Harris	Feb 10, 1897-Oct 13, 1918
Henrietta Yearsley	Oct 13, 1918- 1925
Mildred Jenkins	1925- 1927
Blodwin Price	1927- 1928
Mary D Harris	1940- 1944
Thelma Price	1944-Nov 23, 1947

Note: The Woodruff Ward was disorganized on November 23, 1947 and the membership was given to the Cherry Creek Ward.

Washakie Ward
1880 to 1966



Washakie Lamunites

Project of the LDS Church
By Colen Sweeten, Jr.

The Washakie Project, located in the extreme southern part of the Malad Stake, was a Church-owned project created with the welfare of the Indians in mind. It was the desire of President Brigham Young to raise the standard of living of the Indians by teaching them to farm and maintain homes, to enable them to provide better for their families.

The project, under the supervision of the Malad Stake, provided for the needs of those who were not able to work, and provided work at all seasons for those who could work. Finally in the years following World War II the project was concluded and the real estate sold. The prime objectives had been realized when the Indians had become integrated into other communities by obtaining employment and becoming self-sufficient. Following is a brief history of the church owned project.

Washakie

What is Washakie? Is it a government Indian reservation? Is it a town? Was it the home of Chief Washakie? Many people have these questions. The answer is no. Washakie has never been a reservation. It was never the home of Chief Washakie, although the project was named Washakie out of love and respect for the great chief. He was known all over the western country as one of the most intelligent and able Indian

chiefs. He was often called the "George Washington" of the Indians.

He became acquainted with the Latter-day Saints soon after their first entry into the valley and the Rocky Mountain country. He was their friend from the very beginning.

Most of the Indians who resided at Washakie were descendants of a branch of that powerful tribe of Indians known as the Shoshones. Washakie was their great chief. These Shoshone Indians, under Washakie, roamed over the Great Salt Lake and as far to the northwest as Raft River.

A peek into history gives many interesting facts about the background of Washakie, Utah. It was a farm project, owned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was established and operated nearly one hundred years for the express purpose of providing employment and training for Indian people, and to help them become independent and self-sustaining. We may also learn that the "Cheaper to feed than to fight them" statement often credited to President Brigham Young is much broader than that. It comes from a general epistle from the First Presidency to the members of the Church, published in January, 1856, and states, among other things: "Besides being the cheapest, it is far easier, and exercises a better influence, to feed and clothe than to fight them."

The Battle of Bear River, January 29, 1863, is considered by most historians as a turning point in the Indian troubles in settling the West. The decisive victory won by Colonel Connor and his troops from Camp

Floyd in Salt Lake Valley weakened the Indian forces, but it also brought about a great hate and distrust for the white man among the Indians. Whenever the name of Colonel Conner was mentioned among the survivors of the battle, their friends and descendants, it was and still is met with the words, "Squaw Killer!"

The Indians say it was not a war party encamped on the banks of the Bear River in January, 1863, when the soldiers came in shooting. They say it was a peaceful camp of men, women and children. They say that Chief Pocatello and his warriors (who whites and Indians both concede was responsible for most of the killings and stealings) had visited at the camp a few days earlier, but had left after an aged Indian told of a dream wherein he saw the soldiers come in and wipe out the whole camp. Pocatello was camped safely at Promontory Point when the battle occurred at Bear River and Beaver Creek, later known as Battle Creek.

Chief Bear Hunter and Chief Sagwitch Timbimboo were reported killed, but it was later learned that Chief Sagwitch Timbimboo escaped, losing part of one hand. A few other Indians escaped during the battle, but approximately 100 were left lying dead upon the frozen ground and in the broken ice of the river.

Following this battle, Mormon settlers began to have some success in their efforts to extend the hand of fellowship and friendship to the scattered Indians. When the survivors of the battle were taken into white homes and cared for, they were able to believe that some of the whites had an interest in their welfare. However, this was not the first time such help had been offered. Since his first contact with the Indians, President Brigham Young had desired to help them by teaching them in the art of farming, and of building better homes and stronger settlements. The Indians who lived in Cache Valley, Malad Valley, and the Bear River Valley were mostly Shoshone Indians, who lived in small groups on the basis of one or several family units. They were not well mounted, nor well prepared to fight for the better camping spots; nor were they well equipped to pursue the game animals so necessary for survival.

When Fremont came to the area in 1843, he found the small groups of Indians almost in a starving condition. He referred to them as "Root Diggers," who ate roots and insects to maintain life.

Brigham Young had on numerous occasions appealed to Chief Washakie to let the Latter-day Saint Church help his people learn how to farm and make a better living for their families. The following letter is typical of the many attempts made to work out a plan to improve relations with the Shoshone Indians.

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Chief Washakie, dated, Great Salt Lake City, November 6, 1854

To Wash-e-kik

I send my letter to you by your good friends Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hickman.

I was sorry to learn that your people are so disposed to break up and scatter about.

I love the Shoshones, and therefore wish to tell you and your people some of my ideas which I think will be for your good. I think it is a poor plan for the Shoshone to scatter so much, and roam about in such small parties. This plan exposes you more to the attacks of your enemies. I also think it unwise for you to depend entirely upon hunting and fishing for living, for game is often scarce, and often hard to be caught, and in such cases you suffer from hunger, and sometimes starve. Now I would like to see your people collect into large bands, and begin to cultivate the earth that you may not starve, when you are unfortunate in hunting. You have many good plains that you can settle upon to raise grain and vegetables. Mr. Ryan tells me that a place in Green River called "Brown's Hole" is a good spot for raising what corn, potatoes, pumpkins, and many other things which are good to eat in the long winter, without being obliged to hunt in the cold. I will send good men of my people to help you make farms, and help and show you how to raise grain.

I hope you will see that this is for your good, and conclude to begin to till the earth next spring and I will help you seek tools and such aid as you may wish to give you a start. During the coming winter I

think it would be a good plan for you to go to some good hunting grounds, not in too small parties, and lay up plenty of meat, and dress skins, and robes and next spring I will send men with blankets, powder, lead, beads, and such to trade as you may wish, which you can purchase with your robes, skins and such articles as you may have to exchange.

I hope that you will understand that I am your friend, and brother, and that I desire to do you all the good I can. I also wish you to understand that Mr. Ryan, Mr. Hickman and Mr. Brown, and such of my friends and brothers as I may send you, are your friends and brothers and wish to do you good, and presume your hearts will be good towards them and that you will use them well, and open your ears to their good council.

Now, Wash-e-kik and Shoshones I want you to remember these my words to you and open your ears well to understand them, and do not forget that I am

Your friend and Brother
Brigham Young

In a similar letter dated August 11, 1865, Brigham Young also offered Chief Washakie an opportunity to educate the children of his people, asked him to think of these things and ask the Great Spirit to tell him if it is true, and then act as the Great Spirit should dictate.

The prospects of becoming a farmer and working in the fields instead of hunting for game did not appeal to very many of the Indians. It was only about twenty years later that they began to see the value of Brigham Young's counsel.

By the spring of 1873, at least one man, George W. Hill, who was employed as a railroad watchman in Brigham City, had made some progress in establishing a friendship with the nearby Indians, as well as those who inhabited Nevada. He had been approached by the Indians, who asked that he come preach the Gospel to them and teach them a better way of life. Brother Hill explained to them that he could not honor their request at that time because he had not been called and authorized to do that work.

In mid-April of 1873, Brother Hill received a letter from President Brigham

Young requesting him to come to Salt Lake for an interview. President Young told him that he had had a load resting on his shoulders for some time, and he had been unable to shake it off. He told Brother Hill that he was giving the load to him and it would be his load from that time forth: President Young gave Brother Hill charge of the Indian Mission and told him that he was to go about the work in his own way, to seek the Lord, and be guided by the inspiration of the spirit. He was advised also to try to locate the wandering Indians in a central place, to teach them the art of civilization, and to show them how to cultivate the soil and raise crops.

There was no doubt about Brother Hill's responsibility. In addition to teaching the Gospel to the Indians, he was to raise their standard of living and help them to become more self-sustaining.

George attempted to locate the Indians on good farming land near the settlement of Franklin, in Cache Valley near the Utah-Idaho border. This land did not appeal to the Indians, and after much searching, they located in the Bear River Valley. Lands were located near Bear River City and planted into crops in 1874. This project met with success, and it was there, in the bend of the Bear River, near the bridge where the present Interstate Highway 15 crosses the river, that a huge baptismal service was held on August 1, 1875, with George W. Hill personally baptising into the church 300 of the assembled Indians who had been instructed in the Gospel. Many faith promoting incidents are connected with this day.

It was ten days following this day of mass conversion that the citizens of nearby Corinne (then a non-Mormon town) attempted one of the most shameful tricks in the history of white-Indian relations. People in Corinne spread the alarm that the Indians had attempted to raid the town, and that they had done so at the suggestion of the LDS Church leaders who had been so friendly to the red men. This report was soon proved to be nothing but a hoax, but not before the peaceful Indian settlement with its growing crops had been deserted and laid to waste in a hasty retreat. The army came, and in spite of the pleading of the Indians, and the

assurance of George W. Hill that the story was not true, the settlement was scattered in a matter of hours. Before leaving the settlement, Chief Sagwitch Timbimboo asked, "What have I stolen? Who have I killed?"

Within a few years the Indians were again farming in the Bear River Valley, this time near Portage and at Elwood. Isaac Zundel was the first bishop to preside over the settlement, which is now Washakie, and in 1878 Moroni Ward was called to preside over the Indians at Elwood. In the summer of 1879, they had a crop of wheat growing, but did not know just how they would be able to harvest it. During the summer a large cattle outfit brought in a big herd of cattle from the west and turned them on the Malad River meadow just east of the present city of Tremonton. Within two hours, 145 of the cattle were dead, no doubt from the extreme change in feed. The Indians went to work skinning the dead cattle and sold the hides to the Brigham City Co-operative Tannery, receiving enough money to purchase a header with which to harvest the crops.

On April 15, 1880, a transaction of great importance was made with the welfare of the Indians in mind. The LDS Church purchased, for the sum of \$6,180.00, a parcel of land containing 1760 acres at the site since known as Washakie, Utah. This was done at a time when the Brigham City M. & M. Association, seller of the property, was in financial difficulties, and was forced to sell much of its property and livestock to pay current debts. The sale was dated April 15, 1880, and signed by Lorenzo Snow, president, and W. T. Watkins, Secretary, transferring the property to John Taylor, Trustee in Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Farm and range lands have since been purchased, making the size of the later operation approximately 18,000 acres.

In 1881, there were 300 Indians, mostly Shoshones, and mostly members of the LDS Church assembled at the settlement called "Washakie," named after the chief with whom President Brigham Young had begun negotiations twenty years earlier.

Since 1881 there has been a more or less steady decline in the number of inhabitants at Washakie. The largest decline came during World War II when the young men went to the service, and some of the

others were attracted to defense work. This is the same pattern followed by nearby white communities. Since the days of George W. Hill, the goal of the Church leaders and farm managers has remained the same--to provide employment and training for the Indians and to help them become self-sustaining. The population has dwindled until there are no Indians left on the project. While this may look like failure to the uninformed, it is just the opposite. It taught them and helped them get out on their own, support their own families, and find a place in the white community. That has been the goal from the start.

Rhett S. James, after much research, discusses the matter in the following as published in Annals of Wyoming.

Such a decrease in population over the past eighty-six years cannot be considered as an indication of total failure. Even though some of Washakie's inhabitants retreated to reservation life in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the majority of its citizens were absorbed into the affluent society of the post-1945 era. Such a movement was in keeping with Brigham Young's desire to see the Shoshones become a self-sufficient people. The genesis of this historical trend may be traced back to the contacts between Young and Washakie between 1854 and 1856, in which he introduced the topic of Indian farming to the Shoshone leader. What took place between 1854 and 1967 was unique to Mormon history if not to Western American history.

On September 6, 1960, Washakie Ward was changed to a branch and later disorganized on January 2, 1966. In the early 1970s the farm was being operated as a church project, but with no Indians left on the project. After due consideration of the situation by the General Authorities of the church, the farm was sold and is now a privately owned cattle ranch. It seems quite fitting that the now-vacant settlement should

have carried the name of the great chief Washakie. No doubt some of his people remembered his words spoken in the spring of 1885 when he sat in his council tent with the eight elders sent by President Brigham Young. After the peace pipe and the Book of Mormon had been passed around the circle at least twenty times with nothing but rejection and negative comments from the chief's advisors, Chief Washakie took the book and turned the pages, as if studying it, and said, "You are all fools, you are blind, and cannot see; you have no ears for you do not hear; you are fools for you do not understand. These men are our friends. The great Mormon captain has talked with our Father above the clouds, and He told the Mormon captain to send these men here to tell us the truth, and not a lie."

The chief explained that the Great Father had turned his back toward them, but that after a while he would quit being mad and turn his face to them. Then their skin will be light.

So an era has passed, but Washakie will always be an important place in history. There stands the little brick church where Moroni Timbimboo served as the first Indian bishop in the LDS church. A short distance west of the building is a slight ridge where his grandfather, Chief Sagwitch Timbimboo, a survivor of the battle of the Bear River is buried, along with some two hundred later Indian graves. Surely the settlement of Washakie, Utah will be known as the turning point in the lives of many Shoshone Indians.

Sources

Messages of the First Presidency, Vol. 2, page 177.
 Ralph O Brown: "The Life and Missionary Labors of George Washington Hill" (Unpublished thesis on file in the Church Historian's Office.)
 John C Fremont: Report to 28th Congress, 1844-45.
 Box Elder County Daughters of the Utah Pioners, "History of Box Elder County."
Deseret News: August 27, 1875.
 Rhett S James: "Brigham Young - Chief Washakie Indian Farm Negotiations." Annals of Wyoming, Vol. 39, No. 2, (October 1967) on file in the University of Utah Library.

Interview with Moroni Timbimboo, Shoshone Indian.

James S Brown: "Life of a Pioneer."

MEMORANDA OF SALE AND AGREEMENT

Salt Lake City, Utah

April 15th, 1880

This is to certify that we have this day sold to John Taylor, Trustee in Trust, for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the sum of Six Thousand, one hundred and eighty dollars, lawful money of the United States, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, a certain tract of land known as the Portage Farm, and belonging to Brigham City M. and M. Association, situated in Box Elder County, in the Territory of Utah, and containing about Seventeen hundred and sixty acres. And I do hereby agree and bind the Brigham City M. and M. Association, their successors in office and assigns, as well as myself, to use every exertion in our power to obtain a legal title to the lands above mentioned, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining to John Taylor, Trustee in Trust, as aforesaid, as soon as such title can be lawfully acquired.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set my hand the day and year first above written.

Attest:

Brigham City M. and M. Association
 Lorenzo Snow, President
 W. T. Watkins, Secretary.

Washakie Ward

1880 to 1966

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Isaac E D Zundell	1880- 1890
Moroni Ward	1890- 1902
George M Ward	1902-May 12, 1929
Joseph Parry	May 12, 1929-Jan 22, 1939
Moroni Timbimboo	Jan 22, 1939-Mar 11, 1945
Glenn Morris	Mar 11, 1945-Feb 2, 1947
Newel Cutler	Feb 2, 1947-Sep 26, 1960
<u>1st Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Alexander Hanakie	1880- 1890
Yegah Timbimboo	1902-May 12, 1929
Moroni Timbimboo	May 12, 1929-Jan 22, 1939
Nephi Perdash	Jan 22, 1939-Nov 10, 1940
Jim John Neaman	Nov 10, 1940-Mar 11, 1945

Henry Woonsook Mar 11, 1945-Feb 2, 1947
 John Popowenie Feb 2, 1947-Sep 26, 1960

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Pheline Zundell May 20, 1883-

2nd Counselors Years Served
 Moroni Ward 1880- 1890
 Catch Toyahdook 1902- 1912
 James Jashua 1912-May 12, 1929
 Warren Wongan May 12, 1929-Sep 9, 1934
 Henry Woonsook Sep 9, 1934-Jan 22, 1939
 Jim John Neaman Jan 22, 1939-Nov 9, 1940
 John Popowenie Nov 9, 1940-Mar 11, 1945
 Russel Armstrong Mar 11, 1945-Sep 26, 1960

S.S. Presidents Years Served
 Ammon Pubigee 1902- 1908
 Moroni Timbimboo 1908- 1917

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
 Yegah Timbimboo 1902- 1917

Presiding Elders Years Served
 John F Conley Sep 26, 1960-Nov 7, 1960
 Chester Neal Nov 7, 1960-Jan 2, 1966

1st Counselors Years Served
 Vernon Lamb Nov 7, 1960-Jan 2, 1966

2nd Counselors Years Served
 Lamar S Cutler Nov 7, 1960-Jan 2, 1966

Ward Clerks Years Served
 Warren Wongan 1902-May 12, 1912
 Ammon Pubigee 1912- 1929
 Henry Woonsook May 12, 1929-Jan 22, 1940
 Grant Parry Jun 3, 1940-Mar 11, 1945
 Dwight Woonsook Mar 11, 1945-Feb 2, 1947
 Verne Oreme Feb 2, 1947-Mar 29, 1953
 Jim John Neaman Sep 26, 1960-Jan 2, 1966

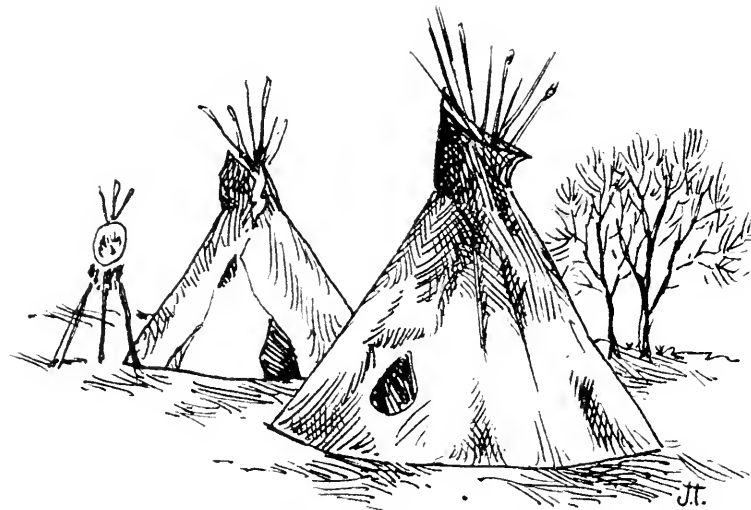
R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Elizabeth Zundell May 20, 1883-Apr 9, 1890
 Mary A Ward Apr 9, 1890- 1917

Henderson Creek Primary
 1936 to 1947

The Henderson Creek Primary was organized in the fall of 1936, as a branch Primary of the Cherry Creek Ward. The organization was made because of transportation difficulties. Primary, held in the Henderson Creek schoolhouse, was very successful.

Presidents:
 Marianne Williams 1936
 Nora Williams 1937
 Ada S. Williams 1938
 Thelma Jones 1943-1947

In December 1947, the Woodruff Ward and Cherry Creek Ward were combined; the Primary was then held in the Cherry Creek Ward.



Reynolds Branch
1916 to 1946



*Devil Creek Schoolhouse
Used by Reynolds Branch from 1916 to August 25, 1936,
purchased by the Church, remodeled and used as a chapel
until the branch was disorganized March 10, 1946*

Soon after a schoolhouse was built on Devil Creek, the Saints living in that area started holding Sunday school in the building. In the beginning it was a dependent branch of the Malad First Ward. Taliesen Reynolds was called as presiding elder whom the branch was named after. When the Malad Third Ward was organized June 30, 1935, the branch was given to the 3rd ward until October 23, 1938, when it was made an independent branch.

At the time the Reynolds Branch building was dedicated by Apostle Charles A. Callis, he instructed members that as an independent branch their branch president was given the same authority as a bishop; and they could call him bishop, which they did.

On March 10, 1946, the Reynolds Branch was disorganized and the memberships given to the Malad Third Ward.

Brother Reynolds was a very kind and humble man, and a great servant of the Lord. Everyone loved him and his dear wife, Alice, and their children. They held the branch together, and there was a closeness and a great love among the members. Early in 1933 President Reynolds, his wife and their family

decided to leave the farm and move to Malad to make their home. They were all missed by all members of the branch. They had served faithfully and well, and were loved by everyone. Many tears were shed the day they were released. On July 23, 1933, Julius Guy Gleed was sustained as branch president, with Lawrence Corbridge as first counselor, John E. Thomas as second counselor, and A. Rex Jensen as branch clerk. At that time the Reynolds Branch became an independent branch of the Malad Stake.

Reynolds Branch
1916 to 1946

<u>Presiding Elder</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Taliesen Reynolds	May 1916-Mar 27, 1923
<u>Branch Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Taliesen Reynolds	Mar 27, 1923-Jul 23, 1933
Julius Guy Gleed	Jul 23, 1933-Mar 10, 1946
<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Samuel J Williams	Mar 27, 1923-Jan 19, 1930
Julius Guy Gleed	Dec 31, 1931-Jul 23, 1933

Lawrence Corbridge Jul 23, 1933-Apr 11, 1937
 John E Thomas Apr 11, 1937-Mar 10, 1946

2nd Counselors Years Served
 John R Owens Mar 27, 1923-Oct 23, 1923
 Julius Guy Gleed Sep 2, 1928-Dec 31, 1931
 John E Thomas Jul 23, 1933-Apr 11, 1937
 Raymond T Evans Apr 11, 1937-Mar 10, 1946

Branch Clerks Years Served
 William E Reynolds Mar 27, 1923-Sep 2, 1928
 Samuel Smith Sep 2, 1928-Jul 23, 1933
 A Rex Jensen Jul 23, 1933-Apr 11, 1937
 Ivan Corbridge Apr 11, 1937-Mar 10, 1946

R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Nellie S Gleed Oct 29, 1933-Nov 12, 1939
 Leona Williams Nov 12, 1939-Mar 10, 1946

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Harriet Evans May 27, 1923- 1926
 Agnes Gleed 1926- 1931
 Nellie Gleed 1931-Oct 1933
 Mary Owens Jun 23, 1935-Nov 12, 1939
 Maude Jensen Nov 12, 1939-Mar 10, 1946

S.S. Presidents Years Served
 David R Evans May 27, 1923- 1924
 Joseph Gleed 1924- 1928
 David E Evans 1930-May 1932
 Lawrence Corbridge May 1932-Aug 11, 1935
 Raymond Owens Aug 11, 1935-Jun 30, 1937
 Wilford Gleed Jun 30, 1937-Mar 10, 1946

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
 John E Thomas 1928-

YWMIA Presidents Years Served
 Grace Williams 1928- 1930
 Merle Reynolds 1930-

Willow Springs Branch
 1869 to 1880

On Sunday, November 14, 1869, a meeting was held at Willow Springs, on which occasion the Saints residing on that creek and neighboring streams were organized as a branch of the Church by Bishop Daniel Daniels of the Malad Ward, with Richard J. Davis as presiding elder.

On Sunday, January 16, 1870, a meeting was held at Willow Springs, on which

occasion President Richard J. Davis organized a Sunday School; it had no connection with the Cherry Creek Sunday School organized later. At that time, Willow Springs was the headquarters of the branch, but later it was transferred to Cherry Creek, which was more centrally located. Daniel Tovey was appointed counselor to President Davis on November 6, 1870.

In 1871, a meeting and schoolhouse was built at Willow Springs, a small building, 24 x 20 feet. It was dedicated Sunday, February 4, 1872, by Henry Peck.

A meeting was held at Willow Springs Schoolhouse, December 21, 1873, President Daniels of Malad City being present. John D. Jones was appointed president of the Willow Springs Branch, with Daniel Tovey first counselor and James H. Chivers second counselor. This branch included the members residing on Willow Springs (now called Four Mile Creek), Two Mile Creek, Cherry Creek, and Henderson Creek. Brother Jones presided with the counselors named until he was made bishop over the Cherry Creek Ward on October 31, 1880.

Fielding Ward
 1898 to 1908

Bishops Years Served
 James H Hess 1898-
 Joseph S Clark -Sep 25, 1908

1st Counselors Years Served
 Frederick W Richards -Sep 25, 1908

2nd Counselors Years Served
 Charles A Udy -Sep 25, 1908

Ward Clerks Years Served
 Jarvis Johnson -Sep 25, 1908

R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Mary Hess -Sep 25, 1908

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Ada Earl 1901- 1905
 Retta Standing 1906- 1907
 Isabelle Hess 1907-Sep 25, 1908

S.S. Presidents Years Served
 Leo Peck -Sep 25, 1908

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
 Dewey Wood -Sep 25, 1908

YWMIA Presidents Years Served
 Emeretta Standing -Sep 25, 1908

Note: The Bear River Stake was organized on September 25, 1908, and the Plymouth, Fielding and Riverside Wards went to that stake.

Plymouth Ward
 1898 to 1908

Bishops Years Served
 Thomas H Archibald 1898-Sep 25, 1908

1st Counselors Years Served
 Robert Nish -Sep 25, 1908

2nd Counselors Years Served
 Leon Rose -Sep 25, 1908

Ward Clerks Years Served
 Abraham E Zundell -Sep 25, 1908

R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Sarah A Rudd -Sep 25, 1908

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Charlette F Archibald 1904- 1907
 Charlette Udy 1907-
 Lucie Lamb 1907-Sep 25, 1908

S.S. Presidents Years Served
 Don R Lamb -Sep 25, 1908

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
 Abraham E Zundell -Sep 25, 1908

YWMIA Presidents Years Served
 Annie Archibald -Sep 25, 1908

Note: The Bear River Stake was organized on September 25, 1908, and the Plymouth, Fielding and Riverside Wards went to that stake.

Arbon Ward
 1900 to 1913

Presiding Elder Years Served
 David J Bowen 1900-Jul 19, 1908

Bishops Years Served
 Joseph N Arbon Jul 19, 1908-May 10, 1914
 Edward N Davis May 10, 1914- 1916
 David J Bowen 1916-
 1923

1st Counselors Years Served
 David Roderick 1908- 1909
 Henry Shadrew 1909- 1912
 Lorin H Bailey 1912- 1913
 George Anderson 1913- 1914

2nd Counselors Years Served
 David P Roderick 1907- 1910
 Parley H Bailey 1910- 1911
 Lorin H Bailey 1914- 1916

Ward Clerks Years Served
 Chloe A Bailey 1907- 1910
 Edward H Davis 1910- 1914
 David J Bowen 1914- 1915

R.S. Presidents Years Served
 Ann J Shandrew Jul 19, 1908-

Primary Presidents Years Served
 Mary S Bowen Aug 19, 1900- 1906
 Anna Evans 1906- 1908

YMMIA Presidents Years Served
 Parley Bailey Jul 11, 1909-
YWMIA Presidents Years Served
 Mary Bailey Jul 11, 1909-

Daniels Ward
 1912 to 1944

Daniels Ward, Malad Stake, consisted of the Latter-Day Saints residing in the northwest part of Malad Valley. It was in farming country originally known as the head of the Malad River. The center of the ward was about 22 miles north of Malad City. Meetings were held in the schoolhouse. Daniels Ward was an outgrowth of the St. John Ward and was organized as a separate ward September 22, 1912, with David D. Stone

as bishop. He was succeeded by Rudolph Ruegsegger in 1920, who, in 1928, was succeeded by David L. Stone (serving a second term).

Daniels Ward was discontinued and the membership transferred to the St. John and Malad Wards.

Daniels Ward
1912 to 1944

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David L Stone	Sep 22, 1912-Nov 7, 1920
Rudolph Ruegsegger	Nov 7, 1920-Dec 30, 1928
David L Stone	Dec 30, 1928-Jun 18, 1932
Rudolph Ruegsegger	Jun 18, 1932-Apr 26, 1942
Thomas Burrows	Apr 26, 1942-Jun 11, 1944

<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lorenzo Eggert	1912- 1920
Daniel Wellstein	1921- 1922
Joseph Newbrand	Nov 7, 1922-Dec 30, 1928
Rudolph Ruegsegger	Dec 30, 1928-Jun 18, 1932
William Schwartz	Jun 18, 1932-Jun 11, 1944
Thomas Burrows	Jun 11, 1944-

<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Henry Buehler	1912- 1919
Frank L Fosberg	Nov 7, 1920-Nov 1, 1926
William E Petersen	Nov 1, 1926-Dec 30, 1928
Marvin Buttler	Dec 30, 1928-Jun 18, 1932
Russel O Daniels	Jun 18, 1932-Jun 11, 1944

<u>Presiding Elders</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
David L Stone	Jun 11, 1944-
Thomas Burrows	

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
George B Knight	1912- 1914
Fred B Smith	1914- 1916
Rudolph Ruegsegger	1916-Dec 29, 1919
Frank L Fosberg	Dec 28, 1919-Feb 27, 1921
David J Williams	Feb 27, 1921- 1928

<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Mary H Hibbard	1912- 1918
Rosa Newhouse	1918-Jun 10, 1925
Ida Newbrand	Jun 10, 1925- 1928
Louise Gilgen	1928-May 26, 1936
Lidia Christopherson	May 24, 1936-Jun 14, 1944
Kerine Hill	Jun 14, 1944-

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Essie Williams	1922-Oct 21, 1925
Rosa Newhouse	Oct 21, 1925-Nov 25, 1925
Ethel Thomas	Nov 25, 1925- 1929
Lena Gill	1929-
Jane Stubbs	-
Lula Newhouse	-

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lorenzo Eggert	1912- 1917
Marvin Buttler	1917- 1919
Jacob Kern	Dec 28, 1919- 1920
Joseph Newbrand	1920- 1928
Earl Clark	1928- 1933
Nephi Price	1939- 1944

<u>YWMA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Laure Daniels	1926- 1928

Crystal Branch
1913 to 1916

<u>Presiding Elder</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John A Brown	1913- 1916

<u>1st Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Moses Fannin	1913- 1914

<u>Branch Clerk</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
John S Morgan	1913- 1914

Ridgedale Branch
1914 to 1934

Ridgedale Branch, Malad Stake, consisted of Latter Day Saints residing in the central part of Pocatello Valley, part of which was in Utah and part in Idaho. The center of the branch, where there was a schoolhouse and postoffice, was about eleven miles northwest of Portage, Utah, just across the line in Idaho. Some of the Saints resided in Utah and meetings were held in the schoolhouse. The Ridgedale Branch was organized June 28, 1914, with Godfrey J. Fuhriman as presiding elder. The branch was originally called the Valley Branch but later called Ridgedale Branch. Brother Fuhriman, who died April 6, 1924, was succeeded in 1925 by Arnold J. Fuhriman.

This branch has been discontinued.

Snowville Ward
1909 to 1914

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Joseph C Cutler	1909-	1914
<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Joseph J Larkin	1909-	1914
<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
James W Cottom	1909-	1914
<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William Hurd	1909-	1912
J S Bingham	1913-	1914
<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Rebecca Cutler	1909-	1910
Mary Hurd	1910-	1911
Marie Thorbensen	1911-	1914

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Anna E Allen	1905-	1908
Rebecca N Cutler	1908-	1914
<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William T Robbins	1905-	1909
John S Bingham	1909-	1910
W A Stevens	1910-	1914
<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
John S Bingham	1905-	1909
Isaac Larkin	1909-	1914
<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Mary Ann Arbor	1905-	1909
Rhoda Larkin	1909-	1914

Stone Ward
1909 to 1914

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Thomas W Roe	1909-	1914
<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
John Sparks	1909-	1910
W B Robbins	1910-	1914
<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Hulbert R Robbins	1909-	1910
Edward Robbins	1910-	1914

<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
W R Bunderson	1909-	1914
<u>R.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Christina Harris	1909-	1914
<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Mary A Wade	1908-	1914
<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Thomas H Cottle	1909-	1914
<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Amos Fuller	1909-	1914
<u>YWMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Mary E Robbins	1909-	1914

Meadow Ward
1911 to 1913

<u>Bishops</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William F Kowallis	1911-	1917
H Perry Howell	1918-	1921
Robert Wheatly	1921-	1929
<u>1st Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Charles C Myler	1911-	1916
<u>2nd Counselors</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William W Jenks	1911-	1915
<u>Ward Clerks</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
William E Dowsen	1911-	1920

Note: At a ward conference in Arbon on Jun 11, 1911, the Malad Stake Presidency organized the Meadow Ward.

Note: At a ward conference held in Meadow on June 30, 1913, William H. Gibbs, of the Malad Stake Presidency and H. M. Woodland of the Pocatello Stake Presidency, transferred the Arbon and Meadow Wards and the Crystal Branch to the Pocatello Stake.

Buist Branch
1913 to 1915

<u>Presiding Elder</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Archibald S Hall	Sep 14, 1913-May 17, 1915

Bishop
Archibald S Hall May 17, 1915- 1924

1st Counselor
Joseph W Haws 1915- 1924

Branch Clerk
August F Jeppson Sep 14, 1913- 1915

S.S. President
Lorin D Howe Sep 14, 1913-

YWMA President
Inez R Haws Jan 24, 1915-

Note: Buist Branch was changed to Mount View Ward in the Curlew Stake on May 17, 1915.

Valley Branch
1914 to 1925

Branch Presidents
Godfrey Fuhriman Jun 29, 1914- 1915
Arnold Fuhriman 1915- 1934

1st Counselors
Joseph Peterson 1914-

2nd Counselors
F Leon Eliason 1914- 1921

Branch Clerks
Ernest E Clark 1914- 1918
Leon C Alder 1918- 1926
Raymond Buchanon 1926- 1928

R.S. Presidents
Sarah Almeda Choney Jun 26, 1921- 1924
Rachel Fuhriman 1925- 1928

S.S. Presidents
Parley Hunsaker 1915- 1923
Leon C Alder 1924- 1926
William H Whitney 1927- 1928

Note: The name of the Valley Branch was changed to Ridgedale Branch, 1925 to 1934.

Wheatland Branch
1916 to 1937

Branch Presidents
Spencer F Allen Apr 30, 1916- 1923
Leo Jensen 1923-Sep 19, 1937

1st Counselors
John C Nielsen Nov 4, 1917- 1919

2nd Counselors
Lewis H Peterson Nov 18, 1917- 1924
Walter Archibald 1924- 1926
Joseph B Bullock 1927- 1928

Branch Clerks
Heber Hansen 1916- 1917
Edgar Hall 1917- 1923
Joseph M Murry 1923- 1926

S.S. Presidents
Joseph Murry 1917- 1918
Herchel G Wright 1919- 1921
Joseph Unsworth 1922- 1924
Albert Archibald 1925- 1926

YMMIA Presidents
Isaac Wilson 1917- 1918
Joseph B Bullock 1918- 1923

YWMA Presidents
Ester Hall 1917- 1918

Note: The Wheatland Branch was disorganized on September 19, 1937.

West Daniels Ward
1920 to 1928

Bishops
David L Stone Nov 7, 1920-Dec 30, 1928

1st Counselors
Henry L Buehler Nov 20, 1920-Dec 30, 1928

2nd Counselors
Fredrick Gilgen Jr. 1921- 1928

Ward Clerks
Oscar Christopherson 1921- 1928

R.S. Presidents
Mary Ann Buehler 1921- 1928

<u>Primary Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Sarah E Stone	1923-	1927
Emma Stone	1927-	1928

<u>S.S. Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
John H Moser	1921-	1925
Oscar Christopherson	1925-	1928

<u>YMMIA Presidents</u>	<u>Years Served</u>	
Jacob Kern	1926-	1928

Elkhorn Branch
1925 to 1931

<u>Presiding Elder</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Joseph Dudley	Dec 20, 1925-Apr 5, 1931

<u>1st Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lawrence Call	Dec 20, 1925-Apr 5, 1931

<u>2nd Counselor</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Elizabeth Edwards	Dec 20, 1925-Apr 5, 1931

<u>Branch Clerk</u>	<u>Years Served</u>
Lucy Edwards	Dec 20, 1925-Apr 5, 1931

Note: The Elkhorn Branch was a dependent branch of the St John Ward, organized December 20, 1925, by Lewis D. Jones of the Malad Stake Presidency. According to a record of James Madson, the last meeting was held on April 5, 1931.

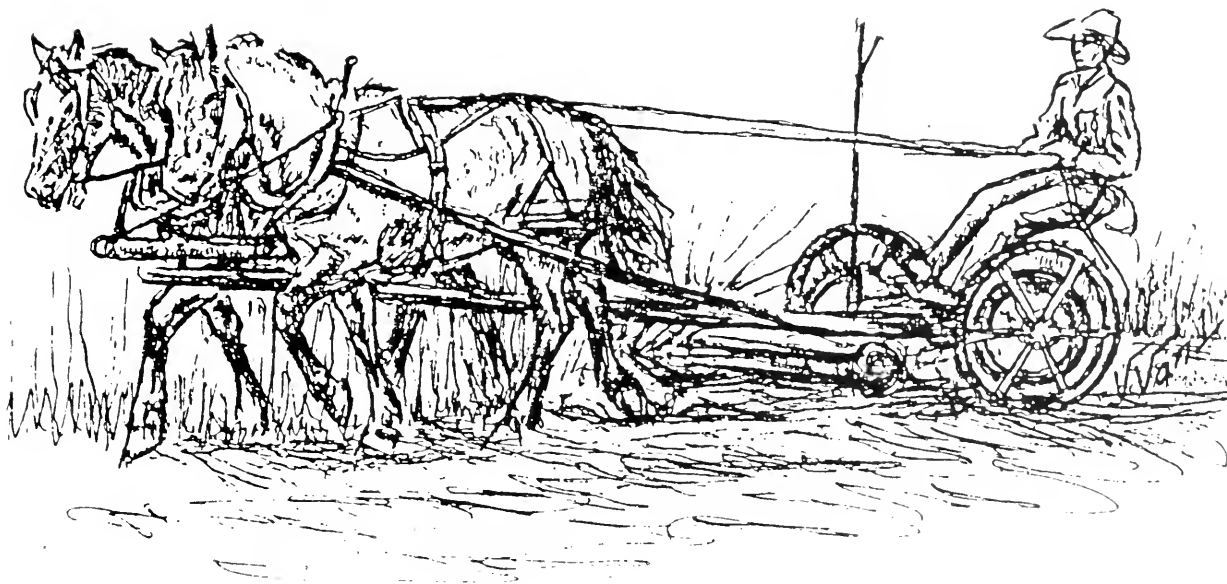


Diagram of Wards & Branches in the Malad, Idaho Stake. 1888 - 1988 Wards ----- Branches -----

	1888	1900	1910	1920	1930	1940	1950	1960	1970	1980	1988
Arbon Br. & Ward											
Cherry Creek Ward											
Holbrook Ward											
Malad 1st Ward											
Malad 2nd Ward											
Malad 3rd Ward											
Malad 4th Ward											
Malad 5th Ward											
Daniels Ward											
West Daniels Ward											
Pleasant View											
Portage Ward											
Samaria Ward											
Saint John Ward											
Washakie Ward											
Woodruff Ward											
Snowville Ward											
Stone Ward											
Black Pine Ward											
Plymouth Ward N.											
Plymouth Ward S.											
Fielding Ward											
Riverside Ward											
Rockland Ward											
Neeville Ward											
Reynolds Branch											
Wheatland Branch											
Ridgedale Branch											
Buist Branch											
Canyon Branch											
Valley Branch											
Juniper Branch											
Meadow Branch											
Elkhorn Branch											
Crystal Branch											

The First Presbyterian Church



United Presbyterian Church and Parsonage, Malad City, Idaho

The first Presbyterian Church in Malad City began in 1877 when the people invited the pastor of the Corinne Presbyterian Church to hold preaching services here. The Corinne Church became vitally interested in the organization of a school and church at Malad since it was on the direct freight route to the Montana mines, and a railroad line to Malad was being surveyed.

As a result, Rev. Edward P. Welch was appointed to the Malad field in 1878.

Henry Peck and his wife, Julia E. Peck, deeded to the Presbytery of Utah on September 14, 1882, the property owned by the church at the present time, containing two acres of land for a consideration of \$100.00.

Immediately upon the arrival of Rev. Edward Knox on February 1, 1882, his first important task was to proceed to build the present chapel. The church was organized on Sunday, April 13, 1884.

The original chapel, built in 1882, stands as the church building today with only some addition work following an early-day fire (in 1918) and considerable modernization of the interior.

The people of Malad should be grateful to the Presbyterian Church for its support of the early schools. In those days, the schooling of the children was not neglected. The Presbyterian Mission log cabin school, started in 1878, was one of the earliest

places of learning. The church mission teachers were Rev. Edward Welch, his wife Lizzie Welch, and his sister Emma Welch; Carrie Farrand and Jennie Simons.

The log building on South Main Street, in which the school had originally started, was sold to John T. Williams. The Presbyterian Church began a new building in 1882 so that the school could be opened in the new building because of the pressing need for a suitable building.

The school enrollment ran from 100 to 156 pupils and the tuition charges were thirty, forty and fifty cents per month.

As a result of the high esteem in which the people of the community held the teachers at the mission school, an arrangement was made by Public School District #1 to turn over the school funds to the church to be used to operate the school. The mission school continued in a flourishing manner until the district public schoolhouse was built on the public square in 1900. The mission school was closed in 1908.

Of great interest to the people of Malad in 1884 was the purchase and installation of the historic church bell. An article about the bell, written by Hattie Morgan, was published in the August 2, 1945 issue of the Idaho Enterprise. It is quoted in part as follows:

Historic Bell Has Tolled
Since 1884
by Miss H. E. Morgan

Malad has a bell--one of the oldest, if not the oldest in Idaho--which for more than half a century has voiced the community's joys, alarms, tragedies and jublations. It is large, measuring 102 inches in circumference, and was made in Troy, New York, in 1884. A few months later it was shipped West, making the long journey directly to Malad, here to remain permanently at Courthouse Hill on the Presbyterian Mission grounds.

Its first service was performed in calling saint and sinner to church services, and for many years twice daily, in the morning and again at noon, its exigent voice summoned school children to the mission school. Later, when the city fathers passed a curfew ordinance, it rang the curfew and, too, in the early days it rendered inestimable service to the community in sounding the fire-alarms which called together the local firefighters--the "Bucket Brigade." And of all those fires, the most spectacular was the one that burned the brick chapel beside which the bell hung.

In sounding an alarm, the bell proved of service on a day when the Deep Creek reservoir above Malad washed out and the mad waters came rushing through the town, doing much damage, partly destroying the old bridge below Courthouse Hill and carrying away the railroad bridge.

At one time it tolled for funerals. Its most tragic performance in this respect occurred one January day in the early eighties when it tolled for the passing soul of Michael Mooney, first white man to be executed under the law in the territory of Idaho. That was a black day in the annals of our town. We resented the execution taking place in Malad, and we sympathized with Mooney because of his youth, and because his conviction

rested principally upon the testimony of his companion, an older man who had turned "state's" evidence. And our futile sympathy voiced that day by the tolling bell was some years later fully justified when this man, Barno, shortly before his death, confessed that he, and not Mooney, had fired the fatal shot--but that is another story.

Happy occasions on which the bell pealed forth was New Year's eve, when its ringing dominated all other and lesser sounds in its endeavor to "ring out the old, ring in the new."

The last notable occasion of which the jubilant voice of the bell was heard was October 7 and 8, 1934 when the local Presbyterian Church observed the 50th anniversary of its organization, and the Presbytery of Kendall held its regular fall meeting in Malad. The bell was rung in commemoration of the event.

Almost the sole function of our bell today is that of calling worshippers to church; and as its familiar peal floats over the peaceful valley of Malad, blending with the beneficent serenity of a sabbath day, the thoughts of many an old-timer in reminiscent mood turn with a touch of nostalgia back to the events of more than a half century of past years, marked in memory by the voice of Malad's historic bell.

Twice since the article on Malad's historic bell was written has our bell been dramatically rung--on V-E day and again on V-J day."

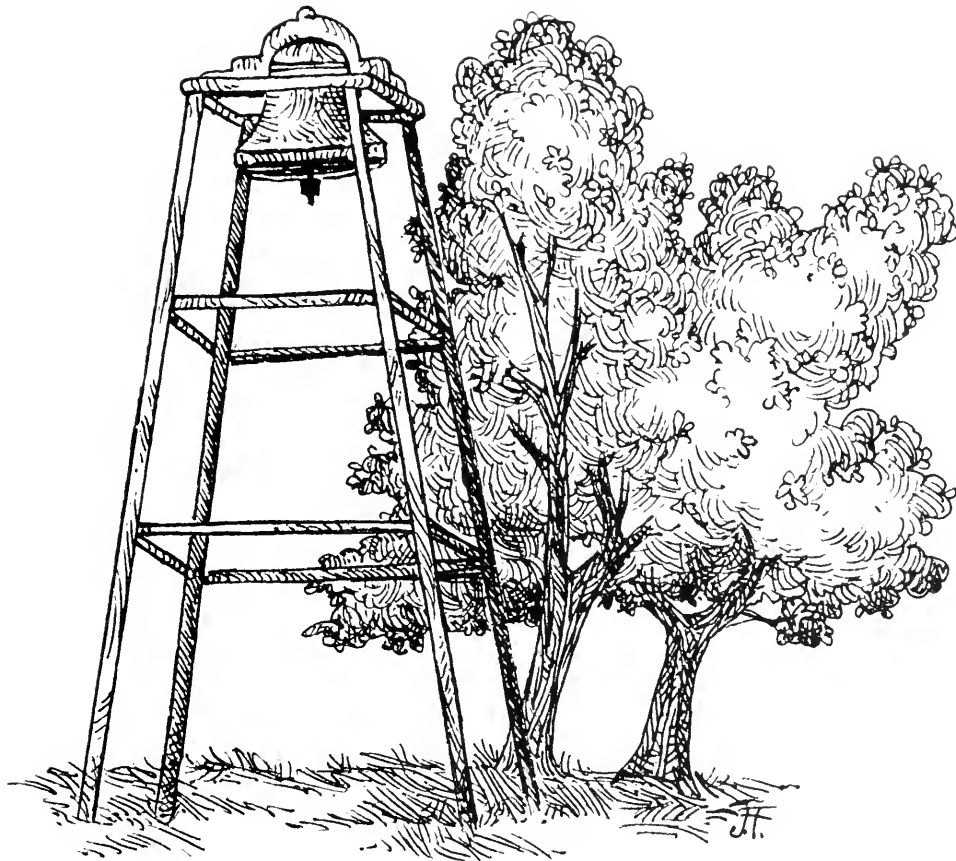
The following ministers have served the First Presbyterian Church since its beginning:

Rev. Edward P. Welch	1878-1882
Rev. Edward N. Knox	1882-1887
Rev. Charles J. Godsman	1887-1894
Rev. M.H. Head	1894-1895
Rev. Brooks Hutchins	1895-1897
Rev. W.A. Hough	1897-1902
Rev. C.E. Botts	1902-1905

Rev. J.Y. Stewart 1905-1911
 Rev. W.D. Williams 1911-1913
 Dr. W.S. Williams 1914-1921
 Rev. E.J. Hanks 1921-1927
 Rev. R.B. Davidson 1927-1929
 Rev. David E. Sharp 1930-1938
 Rev. Charles J. Horejs 1939-1941
 Rev. Richard H. Tooker 1941-1942
 Rev. Ernest C. Parrish 1944-1950
 Rev. Waldon D. Toevs 1952-1953
 Rev. Jack Dewey 1953-1954

Rev. Bruce C. Crawford 1955-1958
 Rev. Charles L. Orr Jr. 1958-1958
 Rev. Edward E. Frost 1958-1962
 Rev. Gale V. Ludwig 1962-1966
 Rev. Richard B. Goodier 1967-1971
 Rev. S. Norman Naugler 1972-

Information taken from:
History of the First Presbyterian Church,
Malad City, Idaho. Compiled and published
 by G. L. Jenkins. (December 1959).



Prominent People from Malad Valley

Henry Peck
1823 - 1889



Malad Valley was uninhabited until Henry Peck and companions came riding in one May day in 1864. He, along with his sons Dwight and Fred and two others, William Gaulter and Jim McAllister, were looking for native wheat grass and wild meadow hay, because he had a contract to furnish these to the Halladay Stage Line that ran through the valley going from Salt Lake to Butte, Montana.

As these men sat around their camp fire on the banks of Deep Creek that first night,

they began to speculate on the possibilities of developing a community here. They liked the heavy growth of grass, the moderate climate and the clear streams of water flowing through the valley and became enthusiastic about the prospects and set about turning their hope into a reality.

In doing so, Henry Peck was to become a leader. He was the son of Charles and Sara Gosley Peck, born February 26, 1823 in Green County, New York. He and his wife were married in 1844 and became the parents of 13 children. The family came West with a Mormon wagon train and joined the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Soon after arriving here, Henry staked out the first land claim and built a log cabin that was later to become the first school, with an enrollment of six pupils. The teacher, Al Bundy, received \$10 per month plus board with the parents of the students. Upon returning to Willard, Henry's enthusiastic description of Malad Valley impelled others to move here.

In the spring of 1865, thirteen families came back with him to develop their claims. Henry built the first sawmill, and hotel, and was instrumental in getting the Oneida county seat moved from Soda Springs to Malad. He was active in the Church, in business affairs, education and politics.

Much of the downtown community is on land once owned by Henry, because the center of his property was at the junction of the roads leading to the Oregon Trail on the east and to the Montana mine fields to the north. These roads are now our Bannock and Main streets.

Daniel Daniels
1807-1879



Daniel Daniels was born August 9, 1807, at Carmarthenshire, South Wales. Came to Utah October 27, 1849, in the George A. Smith Company. He married Mary Jeremy, who was born in 1796 and came to Utah with her husband. Their children were Thomas Daniels, born January 18, 1831 and married Mary Davis; and David Daniels who married Hannah Thomas. The family resided in Salt Lake City and Brigham City, Utah; and at Malad City, Idaho.

He was president of the Malad Co-op from 1869-1879, and was called to be the first presiding elder, April 1865 in the first branch of the Latter-day Saint Church in Malad Valley where he served until 1877. Two men served as first counselors to him; Benjamin Thomas from 1865-1870 and John Price from 1870-1877. He also had two second counselors; Henry Peck from 1865-1870 and John J. Williams from 1870-1877. He served a mission in South Wales for four years. He assisted in the building of many of the early first bridges and roads in Malad Valley.

Benjamin Thomas
1820-1887
By Sara Belle Thomas



Benjamin Thomas, son of David and Hannah Thomas, was born February 25, 1820, in Camarthenshire, Wales. He had one brother, Daniel Thomas. He migrated from South Wales to Salt Lake City, Utah, in the year 1849 in company with 249 Welsh Saints and was six weeks on the ocean. They sailed across on the ship called the "Buena Vista." They crossed the plains in the George Smith company.

He married Letitia Davis several years before leaving Wales, and one child was born to them there. By the Missouri River on the trek westward Letitia gave birth to a baby girl May 13, 1849. Her name was Hannah Maria. They had seven children, viz: Daniel D. Thomas, Hannah Maria Williams, Sarah Ann Anderson, Mary Jane Jones, David D. Thomas, Benjamin Davis Thomas, and Joshua Davis Thomas.

On March 9, 1857, in Salt Lake City he was married to Susan Roberts by Brigham Young, and to this union fourteen children were born, viz: Robert R. Thomas, William R. Thomas, Margaret Jane Graham, John R. Thomas, David R. Thomas, Letitia R.

Richards, Rachel R. Thomas, Thomas R. Thomas, Susannah R. Price, Edward R. Thomas, Mary R. Thomas, Joshua R. Thomas, Martha R. Thomas and Joseph R. Thomas respectively. In the year 1858 he and his family moved from Salt Lake City to Brigham City. Later that year they were compelled to move "South" by order of the Church, as the Indians had become bad at this time. On this move Letitia gave birth to a baby boy, after which she passed away, and was buried in San Pete County. The family soon moved back to Brigham City where the baby died.

In April of 1864 they came to Malad Valley, its first early settlers. Four men and four boys were the first to begin the work of reducing the wilderness and lay the stepping stones which made this valley what it is today. Benjamin Thomas was one of these hardy and energetic pioneers. They took up land claims and began the work of reclaiming the valley and transforming it from a vast wilderness to a community of farmers and substantial business concerns. May of 1864 the first crops were planted which consisted of wheat, oats, melons, potatoes and a few garden vegetables. In the meantime Benjamin Thomas was preparing a place to bring his family to. He constructed a one-room house, the sides being built of braided willows, and the top of a few poles covered with wheat grass. In the winter they added one more room to this house. This house was located in the neighborhood of the former William W. Evans home. By June of this same year he moved his family from Brigham to Malad, which included his wife Susan and eight children.

On September 30, 1864, Susan gave birth to a baby boy, David R., who was the first white boy to be born in Malad. Benjamin and Susan, along with the other members of their family, were always very proud of the fact that they were the first family to settle in Malad, and that they gave to Malad its first born. This same David R. Thomas passed away April 14, 1951, at the age of 86. This family remained here continuously after

their arrival, through the hard winter of '64 and '65.

The family, like many other of the early settlers, had encounters with the Indians. On many occasions "Chief Pocatello" and other Indians would come to their home demanding something to eat, with large, threatening knives in their hands. Food was often times surrendered to them to keep peace, with the hazard of food shortage always staring these brave pioneers in the face.

The stage coach passing from Corinne, Utah to Montana carried numerous passengers. On one occasion a gentleman, who was overcome with heat and fatigue, stopped at the home of Benjamin Thomas and asked for lodging for the night. Mrs. Thomas immediately began to prepare for her strange visitor, and cooked him a delicious supper. On her bill-of-fare among other things, she served green peas, which, of course, at that time were a great luxury. The man ate the meal with relish, and declared it to be the best he had ever eaten. The next morning before he made ready to continue his journey he showed his appreciation of her hospitality by pouring on a plate some real "gold dust." When this was weighed it amounted to fifteen dollars. Mrs. Thomas felt happy and considered she had been well paid.

The first religious meeting in Malad City was held in the fall of 1865 in the Benjamin Thomas home. It was conducted by Latter-day Saint missionaries from Brigham, Utah. The first branch presidency in Malad consisted of President Daniel Daniels with Henry Peek and Benjamin Thomas as his counselors. In the year 1866 Benjamin Thomas was ordained first counselor to President Daniels.

Mr. Thomas played an important part in the early development of Malad City.

He died August 16, 1887, in Malad City at the age of 67, and was buried in the Malad City cemetery.

Emeline Eliza Waldron Thomas
First White Child Born in Malad Valley
October 9, 1856



Emeline Eliza Waldron had the distinction of being the first white child born in Malad Valley. That was on October 9, 1856. Her father, Benjamin Waldron, was born in Bellbroughton, England, March 29, 1795. He married Ann Crockett in England and one child was born to them. Benjamin joined the Latter-day Saint Church and came to this country. Later, he sent money for his wife and child to come, but his wife died before she reached here. He married Mary Day two years later, and in 1831 she died, leaving three children. Sometime later, he married Sally Laphain in Pennsylvania and they had three children. They moved to Iowa and in 1849, under the law of plural marriage of his church, married Emeline Savage, mother of Emeline Eliza. They all lived very congenially together just as one family.

They came across the plains in 1851, driving an ox team. They settled in Centerville where Benjamin made his home and put up a shoemaking shop. The Waldron family made plans to investigate farms somewhere in the northern part of the state. At that time Malad Valley was part of Utah.

One account states that Benjamin came to Malad Valley and took up a homestead, but Emeline, being the younger wife, came up on the farmstead with Gillispie Waldron, son of Benjamin and Sally. Another account tells us that Gillispie and Emeline took the wagon and ox team and drove up to Malad Valley to look around. They were gone several days. In the valley they found a lake and streams and grass as tall as the knees of their livestock. They chose a location called "Oregon Springs," along the Oregon Trail. Pleased with their decision, Emeline and Gillispie viewed the country and dreamed of its potential. Gillispie was only 14 years old at the time, but a very dependable and hard working young man.

We can't imagine all the hardships Emeline put up with. At one time, they were without flour for six weeks, with nothing to eat but pig weeds and thistle roots which she boiled for greens. But Emeline, as a rule was happy, and with her scanty meal fed many Indians and trappers. One time when they ran out of provisions, they went with the ox team down to Centerville to get some. On reaching there, they heard the sad news that Sally, Gillispie's mother, had been buried. Gillispie, the only living child Sally had, was not privileged to help lay his dear mother to rest. He was very sad for having been away when she passed away. Emeline and Benjamin felt a great loss also.

Soon after Sally's death, the Waldron family loaded their belongings into their wagons and went to Oregon Springs (now Portage). It was about a four-day journey from the Salt Lake Valley. They took up claims adjoining the springs. They began to farm the area in the spring of 1855. They hauled rock to make corrals and fences. They carried mud from the creek to build the adobe huts they lived in. They also built a fort; the only way to enter or to leave was by a ladder, there being no door. The fort protected the families from the Indians who were hostile at times.

They did not raise any crops the first year from the virgin soil and their crude farm machinery. They had only a hand plow and oxen and a harrow which was made of wooden pegs. When the summer was over they left the valley, dotted with Indian

wigwams, and went back to Centerville for the winter.

In the spring of 1856, the Waldron family returned to their claim. They added two more rooms to their little home with dirt roof and dirt floors. These two rooms were built of adobe and cedar logs. They planted rye and wheat by broadcasting it. But the grasshoppers were so thick in the fields, the crops failed again. They went quite hungry that winter. Many times Emeline tried to make her children believe they were not hungry and begged them to go to sleep. One morning, after a tearful night, their hens layed an egg apiece. That was a real breakfast. That evening, Benjamin brought to them 50 pounds of flour which cost him \$12.50. In springtime, they would gather sweet sego lily bulbs. Often they would kill rattlesnakes which sometimes even came in under the door.

It was under these conditions, that Emeline Eliza Waldron was born, on a bed of straw on the floor. The Indians came in their native regalia to the humble little home to see the baby. No doubt she was the only white baby they had ever seen. They called her a little white papoose. Emeline and Benjamin were going to name her "Mary Malad," but the Indians said, "No, Malad mean sick in French." (The French fur traders died because the fish and animals had poison meat. If the animals consumed a weed growing on the banks of the stream, no one would eat the meat. They would get stiffness in their necks, pain in their bones, and a general nervous condition of the face. The weed was called wild parsnip or meadow fennel). The baby was then named Emeline Eliza, being called Eliza so as not to confuse her with her mother. When she was one and one-half years old they had to leave home and move south. They were warned by a friendly Bannock Indian that a band of Shoshones planned to kill them. President Young also called them to move to shelter; so they went to Calls Fort, (now Honeyville, north of Brigham City, Utah) taking everything that they could pile in the wagon. What they couldn't take, they cached in a big hole--furniture and meager farm implements. Only a cupboard was left in the house.

Prior to this, Emeline had been very ill with rheumatic fever. She had lain ill for weeks, not being able to gain control of her limbs. Now as things were being loaded into the wagon, it was discovered there was no room for a bed for her. She could not sit for any length of time with her crippled knee and hold her baby Eliza. Neither was there a place to put a big red sow valued at about \$40.00. Emeline gave her baby to Ann, Gillispie's new wife, to care for. Then with her home-made crutch in hand and the pig in front of her, she started on her journey to Calls Fort.

The family ventured to return to Oregon Springs in 1861, but conditions were still unsafe. However, they did retrieve the cupboard they had left behind--only one door was missing. That piece of furniture became a relic in the home of Eliza.

In 1868, Emeline and her children, Eliza, Sarah Ann, Levi, and Ben crossed the Bear River (it would have been a welcome treat if the Hampton bridge would have been built by then), and went into the town of Malad. They stayed with a family for several months before deciding to join the little group of Welsh Saints at what was to become "Samaria."

Emeline and her children set to work building a house of logs. While the boys chinked the logs, Eliza carried the mortar. They picked the sage and burned it, clearing ten acres at a time.

Eliza only had the privilege of attending three months of school in her life, but was able to read well and, in later years, wrote many letters to her children.

Eliza married Charles R. Thomas January 5, 1874, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He was the son of her mother Emeline's second husband, James Thomas. Charles was a fine, good-looking man with what was considered a good education--five years of schooling. Charles had immigrated from South Wales at the age of fourteen, moving to Logan, Utah, and then coming with his father and two brothers to Samaria. For a short time after their marriage, they lived in a dugout on what was known as the bottoms (down by Samaria Lake). They moved back up to Samaria and lived in a one-room log house for sixteen years; until five of her children were born. Then they added

one more room and this served as their home until five more children came. An old-fashioned fireplace stood in one corner, and because of the sod roof, it rained inside, many hours after the rain ceased outside. They then moved to Pleasant View, taking up a homestead and building a frame house which at that time was considered real nice. It had large rooms, boasting more than one bedroom and even a living room and dining room. Oh, the joy of that new home. Three more babies were welcomed within the walls of what seemed to Eliza a mansion, after the many lowly abodes she had lived in.

Eliza had to do most everything. She washed, picked, carded and dyed wool and spun it into yarn. With the fine yarn, she would knit hose for all the girls, not less than twenty-six or twenty-eight pairs for the winter, besides her mending. Charles would sit faithfully by, reading to her while her nimble fingers made the needles fly. Charles was a great reader. He had attended grammar school in Wales and had a gift of a wonderful memory. He knew the Bible by memory and was always ready to tell Eliza or the children any story or thing they desired to hear. This helped Eliza more even than her short school term, for Charles was a natural born, patient teacher.

Eliza worked hard to school her children, getting as many as eight ready each morning, sending lunches, book sacks, all piled in a two-wheeled cart. Eliza's daughter, Martha, relates this incident: "There is one thing I'll always remember that Mother did for me. She got me ready, dressing me up with the very best that she could afford and took me to the State Normal College at Albion. Imagine riding that distance with a horse and buggy to take your child to school, coming back alone with no one but the baby for company, going through the long Sublet Canyon. It seemed longer riding in those days. How I appreciate her work and sacrifices, but all the pay she ever wanted was for us to get out of life the very best. How proud she was when she had the privilege of sending one of her boys and then one of her girls on a mission, sacrificing every penny that she could to keep them there. She had some bees and took care of them herself, hiving, robbing, and making the

cakes of bees wax to sell to help buy shoes for her family."

In August 1917, Charles died leaving her a widow at sixty years of age. She bought a home in Malad and lived in comfort there, but was lonely after having such a large family and so much work to do on the farm. Yet she was never idle, busying herself with making quilts, knitting wide lace and making pillow cases and doilies for her grandchildren for wedding gifts.

At one time she was invited as a special guest to attend the dedication of the great bridge that was built over the Boise River. At that time she had the thrill of riding in an airplane. She could boast of riding in every kind of vehicle from ox cart to airplane.

In August 1931, a monument was erected at Portage, Utah, (Oregon Springs) in honor of Eliza, the first white child born in the valley. Eliza was in attendance at the dedication of the monument of the old fort. The monument was placed there by a Boy Scout troop of Malad, Idaho.

Information compiled by Jane Ann Ward from the following sources:

Martha Lewis, "Mrs. Charles Rowlands Thomas," The Samaritans 1968, eds. Raymond R. Martin and Esther Jenkins Carpenter, (Bountiful, Utah, 1968), p. 206.

Elizabeth Ballard, Pioneer Destiny, (July 6, 1968).

**William Jardine
and James Jardine**
By Homer D. Williams

William Jardine was born June 8, 1849, at Manchester, England. During the year 1868 or 1869, William came from Scotland and joined his brother James, in America. They migrated to Willard, Utah, where they met the family of Moses and Mary Ann Dudley. William and James married daughters of the Dudleys--William taking Rebecca Dudley as his wife, and James marrying Susannah Dudley in a double wedding on November 9, 1871.

In 1873 or 1874, the Jardine families moved to Cherry Creek to homestead, filling on adjacent pieces of land. Their first

homes were west of where the railroad now runs. Here they lived until about 1890, when they built the homes that still stand. (The James and Susannah home is about one-quarter mile straight west of the old Cherry Creek church; William and Rebecca's home is along the old highway, less than one-half mile south of the old Cherry Creek church on the west side of the road where the Leland Jones family is currently living.)

William and James Jardine went from Cherry Creek to enroll at Utah Agriculture College--now Utah State University--in Logan, Utah. They both graduated from U.S.A.C. They played on the college football team and were active in other activities. They continued on to graduate from school with Masters and Ph.D's. "Jim" went to Oregon State University at Corvallis, Oregon, where he taught for a number of years until he accepted an assignment with the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C., where he worked until his retirement.

From U.S.A.C. "Bill" went to Kansas Agriculture College in Manhattan, Kansas, where he remained as a graduate student, teacher, professor, department head and then president of the institution. In 1921, President Harding appointed him Secretary of Agriculture in the president's cabinet, where he served until the end of Coolidge's second term. He was then appointed by President Herbert Hoover as Ambassador to Egypt, a post he held during the Hoover administration. In Egypt he received special recognition for his contribution to Egyptian agriculture. He introduced new and improved wheat seed and improved farming methods.

At the end of Hoover's term, Bill came back to Kansas, where the state was in the throes of dealing with a scandal in the state treasury department. The governor of Kansas asked Bill to take over the state treasury department until the mess was straightened out - which he did.

His next assignment was president of Wichita State University, where he served until his retirement at the age of 70 years.

William died November 17, 1912, at Logan, Utah and was buried at Cherry Creek, Idaho. James died in June of 1924 in Oneida

County, Idaho. Both men had lived a life devoted to service to others.

(Taken from a history written by Homer D. Williams and printed in the book Reflections, pages 124-128).

**The Accomplished Professor
Evan Stephens
1854-1930**

Taken from articles by Hannah Evans Deschamps and J. Spencer Cornwall, as written in the book Stories of our Mormon Hymns



From the date of his birth in the little town of Pencader, South Wales, June 28, 1854, until the time of his death, October 27, 1930, Evan Stephens' life was one of unceasing activity.

When he was twelve years of age, he came over the ocean with his parents in a sailing vessel and walked across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City, where his desire to become a musician took firm root. His lowly occupations--herd boy, farm hand, wood cutter, hod carrier, railway section hand--did not stand in his way of ambition. His talents soon secured for him "a place in the sun." Step by step he rose from obscurity to the highest position in the realm of music within the gift of his Church. His struggles and victory under adverse conditions constitute a real life lesson, for truly no other writer or composer could possibly have battled so fiercely with poverty and an unhealthy body to self-education. Without an instructor, he conquered the rudiments of music until he could manipulate fairly well the cabinet organ which his older brother procured for him, thus creating in him a desire to read music which soon grew into a yearning to compose music. From this humble beginning, the world today looks on with awe at his marvelous accomplishments.

A book might be written on his various musical activities, but the high spot of his career was, of course, his work as director of the Tabernacle Choir. It was while the choir was at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, that President Woodruff said: "A shepherd boy came down from the mountains and is here today to contest in this great competition." The choir won second prize of \$1000, and a gold medal for the conductor.

In looking over the diary and scrapbook of Brother Stephens one is utterly amazed at the tremendous and dynamic energy of the man. I doubt if a tab of his life would register one moment of idle time; for his work among children alone a debt of gratitude is due him.

Stephens was never happier than when surrounded by young boys and girls, and one of his noble characteristics was that he was able to attract and hold the interest of his pupils. His cheerful and humorous disposition had its drawing influence and the rich melodies that he would bring forth from

his choir of youngsters was inspirational to say the least.

Not only as a conductor was Professor Stephens adept but he was an outstanding and prolific composer of words, as well as music. The contribution he leaves to humanity consists of 88 hymns, six anthems, and many operas and cantatas, and a numerous collection of quartets, trios, duets and vocal solos. Several songbooks were published by Professor Stephens, and 26 of his compositions appear in Latter-day Saint Hymns--more than by any other composer.

One of his compositions that has possibly been sung in every community where Mormon people reside by many timid boys, probably in their first appearance before the public, is "A Mormon Boy." This song alone has been an inspiration to many boys, has appealed to them more than many prolonged sermons from the pulpit, and has given them an incentive to live more exemplary lives. What greater stress could be laid on the teachings of the Word of Wisdom so dear to the heart of our people than is taught in the song written by him, "O if for me the cup you fill, then fill it from the gushing rill." Many other hymns are equally faith promoting.

As with other great artists, Stephens found beauty in all things God has created and was an ardent lover of nature. Flowers, mountain streams, rocky peaks, and pine-clad hills allured him. The charm of his early days in Willard, Utah, was never dispelled, and there were few peaks and nooks in those hills that could not show his footprints. This is beautifully illustrated in such songs as "Our Mountain Home So Dear," in "My Valley Home," "O Bright Smiling Morning," or in the anthem, "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," besides numerous others. He inspired people to patriotism and love of country through his compositions. The state of Utah adopted as its state song one of his compositions made famous in the hymn, "Utah We Love Thee." This was written when Utah secured her statehood and is today sung in schools, concerts, socials and many public gatherings everywhere in the state.

No accomplishment in the realm of Mormondom has done more to tear down prejudice and hatred towards the Latter-day Saints than had Professor Evan Stephens with

his famous Tabernacle Choir, by their labors at home and also in other cities where successful concerts were held. Some of the places to be favored by their presence were Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and various cities in California on two different occasions. During these extended sojourns his choir was perfectly disciplined, yet he ruled and directed with love and kindness, and to not receive a smile of recognition from their beloved leader was an assurance to them of his displeasure over some misconduct on their part, and they hastened to make amends.

Professor Stephens was a powerful personality--self-educated, different from most musicians. He was of the common people and wrote his songs for them. Yet he was in one respect a musical autocrat. He wanted his own way in the conduct of the choir, and when he had it, he succeeded best. He couldn't abide the supervision of committees.

The greatest tribute to his noble worth was shown by the members of his magnificent choir by their reluctance to release him after 26 years of active service as their director. His advancing years were leaving their deep furrows on his brow, and he desired the seclusion of his peaceful home, where he wished most of all to spend the remainder of his life composing music that will live on in the hearts of his admirers while time shall last.

Professor Stephens' advice and counsel was appreciated by all in musicland; in recent years since M.I.A. musical contests have been held, his suggestions and instructions were eagerly sought by contestants from various stakes of Zion, and all felt perfectly at ease if he was chosen as an adjudicator, for his decision was always first and constructive rather than destructive.

His home life was one of hospitality. He had no family of his own, yet many young men have been sent successfully on their way by this philanthropic man, using the wealth which he had accumulated through diligent service. He used to benefit mankind by assisting those whom he called "his boys" to an education whereby they might help themselves.

In one of the sessions of the annual conference of October 1930, Professor Stephens made his appearance with the Tabernacle Choir which he so dearly loved, at which time the anthem he composed so many years ago, "Song of the Redeemed," was sung under his direction. Never was it sung better, his voice sounding with the rest, plainly distinguished and recognized by some of his old friends and admirers, hundreds of miles away over the radio, as well as in the great Tabernacle. After returning home he was seized with apoplexy, from which he succumbed some three weeks later, having filled his noble career with dignity and honor, and leaving a magnificent musical contribution to be inherited by all music-loving people the world over. God bless his memory.

(Evan Stephens was the third son of David and Jane Evans Stephens. His parents and brothers and sisters came to settle in St. John in 1869; however, the call of the land did not appeal to Evan. He did not join the family there.)

Apostle Albert Ernest Bowen

1875-1953

It is with sincere humility and pride that we claim Apostle Albert Earnest Bowen as one of our own, a product of Oneida County and Malad Valley. He was born October 31, 1875, at Henderson Creek, Oneida County, Idaho. When he was only one year old his parents moved to Samaria, Idaho, where he grew up, attended school and was prepared for his sacred calling as an Apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ. In the eyes of his professional colleagues, he was an intellectual giant. As a leader in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he was a spiritual giant.

We may wonder what the contributing factors for Apostle Bowen's success were? What made him an intellectual and spiritual giant? We need only to look to the training and example set for him by his parents. His father, David Bowen, a convert from Wales, came to America before his family, and crossed the plains in the first handcart company. He was sent here to this land of opportunity to earn enough money to bring the rest of the family over.

In Salt Lake City, David met and married Annie Shackleton, who also had crossed the plains by ox team. As a frontier family they faced the common struggle of making a living in the wilderness, and saving enough money to bring his family to America. Hard work and thrift were the basic ingredients for success. Albert's mother was a very studious woman, self-taught. One of her outstanding qualities was the use of clear, precise and proper English.

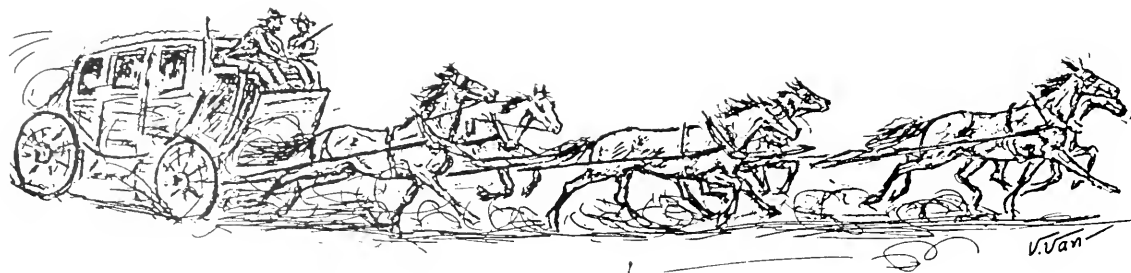
Albert attended the Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah, and graduated with an A.B. in 1902. After graduation he married Aletha E. Reeder, but before he settled down to family life he received and accepted a call to serve a mission to Switzerland, where he excelled and was called to serve as the mission secretary and to preside over the Homberg conference. After his mission he accepted a teaching position at Brigham Young College in Logan.

His lovely wife, Aletha, died in childbirth when his twin sons, Albert and Robert, were born. He did not let this saddening experience mark an end to his success, but with renewed determination he decided to study English at Harvard. Before reaching Harvard he was influenced by Dean Hall to go to the University of Chicago and study law. Albert successfully completed his academic studies and received the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence. In addition to this he was elected a member of the order of the Coif, a legal honorary fraternity which only recognized the highest graduating students. He began his practice of law in the firm of Nebeker, Thatcher and Bowen in Logan, Utah.

He became president of the American Saving and Loan Association. In 1908 he was elected president of the Utah Bar Association. He was called to serve as a director of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, the radio Corporation of Utah, and first National Bank of Salt Lake City, and was director, president and chairman of the board of directors of the Deseret News, and was named trustee of the Brigham Young University.

In all his professional success he never lost sight of his duty to God. The Church became aware of his leadership abilities after he moved to Salt Lake City. In all of his accomplishments, he was encouraged by his second wife, Emma Lucy Gates. He became a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, then later was called to be the superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. In April 1935, President Heber J. Grant called him into his office, and asked Albert Ernest Bowen to become a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. The Church found his ability invaluable in solving many of the legal problems where his advice and council were widely respected. He was called to write the important handbook for the Church's newly inaugurated Welfare Program.

Had he stayed in the business world he would have, no doubt, become a wealthy man, but because he had a personal concern for the welfare of his fellow-man, he gave freely of himself to their needs. It is for this reason that he is now remembered as a monument to the cause of truth and righteousness. Apostle Bowen died July 15, 1953.



Irene Jones
1898-1968
Teacher of the deaf-blind



Miss Irene Jones was born July 1, 1898, at Cherry Creek, Oneida County, Idaho, a daughter of Benjamin D. and Claudia Richards Jones. When she was five years old, her father made a trip to the canyon and returned with a load of pine logs. Many of those logs had droplets of dried sap that had hardened and cured to just the right consistency to make pine gum, which was prized by the children and enjoyed by the adults. It formed in the cracks of the bark and was sometimes hard to dislodge. Irene had watched others gather the gum and wanted some for herself. She borrowed one of her mother's table forks and went to work on one of the logs. She was very young and inexperienced and somehow the fork slipped and struck her in the eye.

Her eye was totally destroyed, without any hope of healing; and because it was her

dominant eye, the other eye, in sympathy, went blind also. When she lost her sight she was able to develop her other senses to such a high degree that she was able to make up for the loss. She learned to read Braille and was educated at the Utah Center for the Blind, where she became an instructor. Elder George Albert Smith of the council of the Twelve at one time was President of the Society for the Aid to the Sightless, a Church auxiliary. He personally knew and worked with Irene for a number of years, and they became very close friends. He became President of the Church, and when he died, the family asked Irene to speak in his funeral.

She was a teacher for the adult blind for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and later taught preschool blind children at the Primary Children's Hospital. She has written poetry and had several poems published in the Church magazines and won first place in the International Poetry Contest for the Blind in the United States.

Edward Wozzley
June 16, 1962



Edward Wozzley was born in St. John, Idaho on June 16, 1902 and currently lives in a retirement center in Bountiful, Utah.

During the first years of his life, he and his father operated a grain and livestock ranch in St. John. He also provided 25 years of entertainment to the residents of

Oneida County as a member of the St. John dance band and the LeGrande Hall dance band.

From January 1947 until April 1953, Edward served as the land commissioner for the state of Idaho. During this time he was responsible for the management of three million acres of state owned forest, agricultural, recreation, grazing and mineral lands.

In 1953, he was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, as the director of the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). The BLM was responsible for the programming, supervision and general management of some 475 million acres of unreserved public domain. During his eight years in the Eisenhower administration several important changes were made in the BLM. Of significance were:

Inclusion under the BLM management of all of the offshore drilling programs.

Consolidation of all the individual land offices manual records on microfilm so that every office in the BLM had access to a complete file of all records.

Decentralization of management from Washington D.C. and three area offices primarily to each state and districts within the state. This provided a much better recognition and solution of local problems and enhanced the overall ability to serve the public.

Implemented cadastral surveying which involved the use of aerial technology to develop maps of federal lands instead of measuring on the ground with normal surveying equipment. This was the first major change in surveying techniques in more than a century.

Increased the use of automation. For example: The BLM acquires forest inventory through data processed in Oregon; bills are prepared automatically in Cheyenne; a robot typing machine prepares answers to correspondence in Los Angeles and photocopy and other reproducing techniques enables the instantaneous preparation of copies of maps from originals or microfilm.

In 1961 Edward accepted the position of administrative assistant to the U.S. Senator from Idaho, Henry C. Dworshak. Senator Dworshak was the ranking minority leader of the powerful Senate Committee on Interior

and Insular Affairs. As administrative assistant, Edward was involved in many congressional actions involving Idaho and Oneida County.

At the unexpected death of Senator Dworshak, Len B. Jordan was appointed in August and elected in November 1962 to fill the unexpired term of Senator Dworshak. Edward was appointed by Senator Jordan as his special assistant and served in this capacity until his retirement in July 1969.

Joe R. Williams
Idaho State Auditor



Malad is proud to claim Joe R. Williams for her own, even though he has not lived here for a long time. Williams was born in Samaria, Idaho, where his Mormon pioneer grandparents settled soon after it was organized in 1868.

He became interested in politics because his father (Lewis) was a politician. His father set an example for his son by taking a stand politically while not backing off from his religious beliefs.

In 1958, he was elected to his first term as Idaho State Auditor, a position he

has held for eight terms, numbering 30 years. He's served longer than any other state official in Idaho's history, and in 1966 he was the only candidate ever to carry every county in the state in an election against an opponent.

"So many politicians come and go," noted Williams' wife of 57 years, Lauraine. "He's just been somebody people could depend on." She and their seven children are Williams' biggest supporters.

Williams served for 25 years as supervisor of Church athletics in parts of Idaho, Oregon and Utah. He also coached athletics and said he once coached President Ezra Taft Benson and his brothers in a basketball game. For 50 years, he has been an active Scouter. He was President Howard W. Hunter's Scoutmaster in Boise, Idaho, early in the 1920s.

As state auditor, he has served as president of the National Association of State Auditors, Comptrollers and Treasurers. One year when the organizations's convention was held in Salt Lake City, Williams and his wife took the state treasurer from Maryland, and his wife through the Church historical buildings and Temple Square, and listened to the Tabernacle Choir.

At a Democratic National Convention in New York, that same treasurer said of Williams--"Here comes the Mormon elder. If I wanted to join a church, that's the one I would join."

Early in his career, Williams was pressured to run for governor. But he declined the offer, because working as state auditor was all he wanted to do. Now he's in no hurry to draw a pension.

Taken from an article published in the Church News October 24, 1987. Reprinted with permission from the Deseret News.

John V. Evans
January 18, 1925
Idaho's 26th Governor



John V. Evans, son of David Lorenzo (D.L.) and Margaret Thomas Evans, born in Malad, Idaho on January 18, 1925, is a descendent of an Idaho pioneer family. Following in the footsteps of his grandfather, David Lloyd Evans, who served as Idaho House Speaker at the turn of the century, Evans has spent most of his life in public service. Since the age of 27, he has been in continuous service to the State of Idaho.

Evans attended Idaho State University and graduated from Stanford University with a degree in business and economics. He spent eighteen months overseas as an Army infantryman in World War II.

Evans' government service has been continuous from 1953 to the present. He served three terms in the Idaho Senate from 1953 to 1958. He was mayor of Malad from 1960 to 1965. He returned to the Senate in 1967 and served four terms, until his election

as Lieutenant Governor in 1974. He served as Majority Leader of the Senate in 1957-1958 and as Minority Leader from 1969-1974. He was a member of the National Legislative Committee on Natural Resources and was appointed by Governor Cecil Andrus to the Idaho Energy Council. In 1974, Evans was presented the Distinguished Service Award by the Association of Idaho Cities for meritorious service during his legislative career.

Evans became Idaho's 26th Governor on January 24, 1977. The following September, he was elected vice chairman of the Western Governors' Conference, and in June 1978 he was elected chairman of that body.

He was elected to a four-year term as Governor on November 7, 1978 and was administered the oath of office by Chief Justice Allan Shepard on January 6, 1979. Evans was elected to a second four-year term in November of 1982.

Evans is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Evans and his wife, Lola, have five children and nine grandchildren. Before becoming Governor, Evans was a Malad farmer, rancher, and businessman. He is a former vice president and director of the J. N. Ireland Bank and former president of the Malad Chamber of Commerce. His family still operates the oldest continuing business in the state, the Evans' Mercantile in Malad.

He completed his second term as Governor on January 5, 1987, and was recognized as having held the office for ten years, the second longest term of any Governor in Idaho's history.

He and his wife, Lola, now reside in Burley, Idaho, in their home overlooking the beautiful Snake River. He is the president of the D.L. Evans Bank, a bank founded by his grandfather in 1904.

Malad, My Home By Mabel Jones Gabbott



For the first thirty years of my life, I called Malad my home. These years are very dear to me, like a deep pool of living water, from which I draw strength and courage even now.

I loved the beautiful valley--green in early spring, dry and dusty in the summer, and golden in the fall, with the wind in the ripening wheat fields. In my very early years the snow would fall white and deep over the Divide, and we would be almost isolated from the north in our little valley.

We went to church in the Malad First Ward, Malad Stake. Our frame building was very old. It had a porch in the front, with wide steps leading up to it. Just inside the door was the heat vent from the furnace down in the basement. There was a large round metal grill over the vent, and when the furnace was blowing, the wind caught our skirts and billowed them out. I was in high school when the Church authorities decided to tear down this old building and build a new brick one. The ward had a dance and last celebration. Some of us went outside during the evening, and we thought we almost saw the building swaying with the rhythm of the dancing crowd inside. We met in the

high school while the new building was being built. I remember I came home from college on a weekend to hear President Grant dedicate the new brick building.

I read the Book of Mormon for the first time in my mother's kitchen, while the dying coals of our kitchen stove kept my toes warm. I was young, but the truths reached me and motivated me. I have read the book many times since then, for many different reasons, and each time I find what I need.

In high school I had two dear friends--Clarice Parry, who played the piano exceptionally well; and Gwendolyn Evans, who had a rich singing voice. Gwen's father was on the Malad Stake high council. Often when he visited outlying wards in the stake, he took us along to supplement his talks. Gwen would sing, Clarice would play the piano, and I would read a poem.

I learned the beauties of the gospel in Malad, from good teachers in my youth, and from studying and teaching its principles in classes. Especially dear to me is a genealogical class in the late 1930s when we studied Joseph Fielding Smith's new book, The Way To Perfection. Our activities in those years centered around the church and school. There were many plays and musicals. I have choice memories of taking road shows around the valley to St John, Cherry Creek and Portage. It was from Malad Stake that I was called on a mission to the Northwestern States, where I met my husband. I left Malad to live with him in Utah.

Life was rich with friends and full of time in those early days. The area was small. Cousins were all around us. Moments were forever, and it seemed nothing could go wrong.

I have been blessed to have brothers and sisters living in Malad so I could return often and relive the special spirit that is Malad, my home.

(Note: Mabel Jones Gabbott, daughter of Bernard A. Jones and Mary Lusk Jones Jones, graduated from Malad High School, received a B.S. degree in education from the Idaho State University, and continued her education at the University of Idaho and University of Utah. She was called on a mission from the Malad First Ward to the

Northwestern States Mission. She is married to the late J. Donald Gabbott of Salt Lake City, Utah. They have five children and six grandchildren. She served on editorial boards for the Children's Friend, the Improvement Era, and The Ensign, (magazines of the LDS Church;) she is now a member of ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers). She has published five books of poems, stories and songs, and has also published a number of other poems, stories and songs in church magazines. She has written the texts for four hymns in the new LDS hymnal.)

Elder Devere and Velda Harris

By Devere Harris



I was released as Malad stake president June 15, 1974, by Elder Bruce McConkie, and had been called to be a Regional Representative a little earlier than that, on April 4, 1974. I was set apart by President Marion G. Romney. I presided over two regions in Pocatello, Idaho: the Pocatello North and the Pocatello regions, with eight stakes total. I was Regional Representative in that area for three years, and then I was sent, in the same call, to preside over the Twin Falls and the Burley Region for three and a half years. Nine stakes in that area were under my direction. Those were happy

years, to be able to associate with all the great stake presidents and leaders, to be there with the mission presidents, and enjoy the spiritual work of the Lord. I traveled a lot of miles in that area, over those six and a half years, and enjoyed every moment.

I was called as president of the Idaho Falls Temple, set apart, and given the sealing power, September 7, 1980, again by President Romney. I was released in August, 1984, by Gordon B. Hinckley, who came and held a great meeting with us in the temple. One of the physical things that I think we accomplished in the Idaho Falls Temple was to get the angel on top of the temple. I worked for two years on this project, and finally got the consent and blessing of the Brethren. It was a happy day in my life when we hoisted that beautiful, gold Moroni on top of the temple. Also, during those four years as temple president, I performed 686 weddings. We enjoyed those years--the most spiritual years, and perhaps the finest years that Sister Harris and I will ever spend here in mortality.

We had 79 stakes in our temple district. When the Boise Temple was opened, thirty stakes of my temple district, were transferred and President Hinckley said, "Now, how are you going to fare in Idaho Falls with thirty less stakes?" We made President Kimball a promise that we would not let the endowment process suffer, that we would keep up the momentum we had had with the thirty stakes. That actually happened: Idaho Falls Temple even increased in the number of endowments done, and Boise filled its temple to over-flowing and total capacity.

I was called to be a member of the First Quorum of Seventy and set apart as a General Authority on Sunday, April 7, 1984. The authorities didn't tell us until Sunday at noon, when conference was out, that we were going to be set apart that day. I called California to tell Robert, and all our other children. The others said, "We can get there easily, Dad, and we'll be there when you are set apart." It was a stormy day in California and Robert couldn't fly his own airplane, but he said, "Dad, I'll be there." We were thrilled to have the family all together for that great occasion.

After a couple of months of being a General Authority, President Hinckley called Velda and me in and said, "We'll give you a couple of weeks now to sell your home and your cars and be on the plane for Sydney, Australia." I was called to be first counselor to Robert L. Simpson, with Philip Sontag, second counselor, in the area presidency of the South Pacific Islands (Hawaii, Tonga, Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and all of Micronesia). With 27 church schools in the islands, we had 1,500 full-time employees. There were thirteen missions in the South Pacific, about 69 stakes, six temples and a good number of Regional Representatives. We were responsible to see that the whole South Pacific area went as it should. Velda and I figured that in the two-year period, we had traveled 259,000 miles between islands, to attend stake conferences and mission presidents' seminars, and to tour the missions. We spoke at several of the graduation exercises in the islands--at New Zealand, Tonga and Samoa. We lived in Sydney, Australia, at the little place in the heart of the city called "The Crow's Nest," overlooking the harbor.

When the Sidney Temple was opened I was about the only General Authority present for the open house and had the privilege of entertaining the dignitaries as they came for a day or two. Then President Hinckley came with his group of General Authorities, and we dedicated the temple and made a beautiful place for the Saints in Sydney and some of the adjoining islands.

I was called back to Salt Lake City on July 4, 1986. My new assignment there was to be a managing director in the temple department. I was responsible for all of the temples in the world, in the administration and personnel. I worked with Gerald Wray and Rodney Foster in keeping full-time missionaries and personnel in all of these temples. Velda and I had the opportunity to tour Tokyo, Korea, Taiwan, Manila and all six of the temples in the South Pacific.

While I was a managing director of the temples, I was also on the boundary and leadership change committee. We approved the bishops, counselors to stake presidencies, patriarchs, and boundaries and changes in all the stakes and wards in the Church. I was

on that committee with Neal Maxwell, Russell Nelson and Dallin Oaks for one year. Also at that time I was on the temple facilities advisory, which helped to make decisions for all remodeling and changes of temples around the world. I was also on the temple sites committee, and served there to help purchase, and make decisions on purchasing land for new temples around the world. I enjoyed being on those committees for that year.

I was released in August of 1987 from the temple department. In April 1987 I was called to be second counselor to Robert Simpson in the general Sunday School presidency of the Church; Brother Komatsu was first counselor. When Brother Komatsu was called to be in the area presidency in Asia, with headquarters in Japan, I became the first counselor to Elder Simpson, and Philip Sonntag became the second counselor.

I was called in August of 1987, to be second counselor in the North America Southwest Area presidency to Brother Didier. Brother Ron Poelman was first counselor. We had 143 stakes across the southern part of America, and about twelve missions in that area. I was assigned 61 stakes, seven Regional Representatives, and four missions to look after in that area. This is the position I am holding at the present time, along with first counselor in the Sunday School presidency.

The greatest joy of my life occurs when the occasion calls for my wife to be with me, and that's when we tour missions; she always goes. In the South Pacific she made every trip to every island with me because she was a representative of all three of the General Boards of the Church. She would go to these conferences with me and give a message, instruction and direction to the sisters, while I was holding meetings. What a great companion, and what a great blessing to have her with me over these years.

Olive May Davis Osmond

By Olive Osmond

Olive May was born May 4, 1925, in Samaria, Idaho. Her parents were Thomas Martin Davis and Vera Ann Nichols, both school teachers.

In the summer months, they lived on a ranch above Samaria called Mount Pleasant. Some summers were spent in Logan, Utah, where her father liked to attend summer school at the college. In the winter, they lived in Thatcher, Idaho where her father taught school.

In 1938 her father was elected county superintendent of schools so the family moved to Malad.

Olive was active in Church and served as organist for quite some time. She and some of her friends formed a dance band and played for a lot of dances. She graduated from Malad High School in 1941 and then attended Utah State University in Logan for a short time studying business courses. The war was on at that time, and since everyone was expected to take a military job as their "patriotic duty", she moved to Ogden where she worked for the Adjutant General Depot (a division of Utah General Depot) as a secretary.

In 1944, she married George Viri Osmond from Star Valley, Wyoming. His parents were Rulon Osmond and Agnes La Verna Van Noy.

While living in Ogden, George and Olive had seven boys and one girl, Viri, Tom, Alan, Wayne, Merrill, Jay, Donny and Marie. They had another son, Jimmy, in 1963 while living in California.

George and Olive worked together in their real estate and insurance business, The Five Points Agency, in Ogden until 1963.

They discovered the children could sing quite well at an early age, so they worked with them and traveled with them as they performed in Utah and neighboring states. In 1963 they were offered a contract with Andy Williams, so they moved to California. They worked for seven seasons with Andy before going on their own. Alan, Wayne, Merrill and Jay are known as "The Osmond Brothers." Donny and Marie hosted a series on television known as The Donny and Marie Show for four seasons. Jimmy has worked a great deal in Japan. They got their first gold record there when he was only six years old. They are all still performing and traveling all over the world.

Their two oldest sons, in spite of severe hearing losses, filled missions in Canada and are now successful businessmen.

The family is centered in the Provo-Orem area in Utah.

George and Olive filled two missions--one to Hawaii and one to England. George was the director of the visitors' center in both places. They are now retired and live in Pleasant Grove, Utah. They have thirty-six grandchildren...and counting.

Ladell Andersen
October 25, 1929
By Jane Ann Ward



Malad is proud to claim for her very own LaDell Andersen who, in 1982, was inducted into Utah's Athletic Hall of Fame and earlier was also named first choice by Utah's 'Who Am I' organization when it selected Utah's 'Best Ever Coaches'. Born in Malad on October 25, 1929 and following his graduation from Malad High in 1947, LaDell made the Utah State basketball team as a "Walk-on" candidate. He began compiling the long string of honors he

achieved as a player and coach. He lettered three years and was captain of the team his senior year. His skill as play-making guard for the Aggies earned him Skyline All-conference honors for two years and All-American honorable mention.

In 1951, he married Donna Jensen of Fort Shaw, Montana, as a two-year military career began. (He had earlier been commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Air Force ROTC program).

In July of 1951, Donna and LaDell drove away from where he was born and raised to start a never-ending career in athletics. After arriving at Sandia Base, Albuquerque, New Mexico, he was immediately assigned Base Athletic Director, and a base basketball team was formed.

In two years LaDell's basketball record was 70 wins and 5 losses. In 1952 he was on the All Service-All Star Team that competed in the olympic trials in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

His family started in Albuquerque where Clinton Joe and Larry were born. After an honorable discharge from the service in 1953, he began working for the Central Bank and Trust Co. in Denver, Colorado. They sponsored a team in the National Industrial Basketball League. At that time there were no Pro-teams in the West. It was at this time LaDell played his best basketball. He was known as the best defensive guard in the league, and was named All League Guard for two years.

His career ended when a mild heart attack occurred in March of 1956. That same spring LaDell began looking for a coaching position. He was hired by Jack Gardner from the University of Utah as an assistant basketball coach and he remained there for five successful years. In April of 1961, LaDell was named Head Basketball Coach at Utah State University. His family had since grown. Richie, Bob and Jim joined the "team."

While at USU, LaDell had a ten-year record of 174 wins and 96 losses, the best in the history of the school. He coached teams to five NCAA tournaments and an NIT. He obtained six 20-win seasons and coached six All-Americans; Cornell Green, Wayne Estes, Shaler Haliman, Mars Roberts, Hal Hale and Gary Watts. In 1970-71, the USU team

reached the final eight in the nation. Seven times he was National Collegiate Athletic Association's district "Coach of the Year" while directing the USU teams.

In June of 1971, he was hired as Head Coach of the Utah Stars-Pro-Team. Through his coaching ability, during his two years with the Utah Stars, his teams compiled the best winning percentages ever posted by any team in the eight-year history of the American Basketball Association, 115 wins to 53 losses. He was chosen to coach the All-Star game both years and his teams won two division titles.

Because the A.B.A. League was about to fold, he was solicited as the Director of Athletics at Utah State University in April of 1973 and remained there for ten years.

On April 1, 1983, LaDell became the Head Basketball Coach at Brigham Young University. This is now his current position. He is going on 59 years of age, so it won't be too long until retirement. But, hopefully not until a few more good ball teams can be established. In the five years LaDell has been at BYU, he has obtained a win-loss record of 100 wins and 56 losses, or 20 wins per year. During the five years he has also established the best win-loss record in the history of the Western Athletic Conference, five consecutive winning seasons and five trips to the National Tournament. In 1986, he coached and won the National Olympic Festival Championship in Houston, Texas, with Western All Stars.

The year 1987-88 was a banner year for BYU under LaDell's leadership--a 17-game winning streak with a rating of second in

the nation at one time. Also, they were WAC champions and a final 32 in the NCAA.

Raising their own basketball team of five boys, LaDell and Donna, a kind and gracious blonde beauty who came from a farm home near Shaw, Montana, enjoys spending time with their sons, the wives of their sons, and their grandchildren.

A man of humility and grateful for the help he has received throughout his life, LaDell credits others for most of his success. "Putting a hoop up on a tree, my brother, Cy, a former Utah State player, got me interested in basketball when I was six years old, coached me, and encouraged me to practice every spare minute I had. And then, as my career progressed, I had the advantage of playing under 13 different coaches, and their knowledge of the sport enabled me to play the game better and to also gain information that was invaluable when I became a coach. And, I also had the advantage of having loyal and knowledgeable assistant coaches who were of immense value during my career."

A quote, attributed to Polybius over 100 years before the birth of Christ, states: "Those who know how to win are much more numerous than those who know how to make proper use of their victories." That LaDell Andersen is a man who knows both, is shown equally in the won and lost column of the game of basketball and the game of life.

Information taken from Swede Hanson, "Noted Basketball Coach Reflects on Off-court Events During Career," Southern Idaho Magazine, (December 15, 1982), P. 4.
A Biography of LaDell Andersen.



Faith Promoting Stories

He Lives and Blesses us

Dictated by Lorraine S. Allen

Written by Fay Cottle

In the fall of 1938, two special events took place in my life: first, I began my junior year in high school, and shortly after that I turned 17 years of age.

My parents had taught all of us children the philosophy that we should study exceptionally hard the first two years of high school, and then we could be in clubs and extracurricular activities the last two years. I had carefully followed this advice, and now at the beginning of my junior year, I tried out for and made the debate team. I needed just four more credits to graduate.

Just a few weeks later--the first Saturday in November, to be exact--I had worked all day in the yard with my mother, setting in the bulbs that would be flowers the next spring. When evening came, I was tired and really didn't want to participate in the regular Saturday night activities.

Anyone who lived in Malad during those days will surely remember that the "event" of the week was the Saturday night dance at the LaGrande Hall. Girls planned all week long on what we were going to wear and how we were going to fix our hair, etc. Even if we didn't get to dance, it was always fun to go and see who else was there and watch the festivities.

I thought I was too tired to go, but the enticement of wearing my sister's new dress was too great to pass up; so I got ready and went with my sisters and two girl friends, first to the movie and then over to the dance. As the dance let out and we started walking up main street toward home, a car pulled up with a couple of fellows my girl friends knew. They asked us if we wanted a ride. At first we said no, but then they said they would take us for hamburgers; so my two girl friends and I got in the car, and my sisters walked on home.

Instead of going right for hamburgers, they took off down South Main Street for a little ride first. (The kids today would probably say "cruising main.") The car missed the first curve, just below where the fairgrounds now are, and rolled, after taking

out several fence posts and bouncing off a telephone pole. My head went through the roof of the hard-top automobile; and I received a fractured skull, brain concussion, and severe cuts on my face. No one else was seriously injured, but for the next seven and one-half weeks I remained unconscious--first in the Oneida Hospital, and then at home.

Newspaper accounts at the time stated that there was "little hope" for my survival. Doctors were called in from out-of-town, and surgery was performed on my head. During this particularly stressful time, President Thomas Richards came to the hospital; and he and Dr. O.H. Mabey gave me a priesthood blessing, which I know spared my life. My father, Angus Stocking, was a member of the Malad Stake high council. They had a special fast and prayed for my recovery, and so did the various wards in the stake.

Partly because of the high cost of hospital care, and partly because the doctors felt I might respond more to my mother's care, I was taken home just before Christmas, still unconscious. The women of the Relief Society took turns coming in to help my mother care for me, and I gradually regained consciousness. About the first thing I could really recall was Christmas day that year. My brother, Angus, who was going to school in Texas to be a veterinarian, and my sister, Lydia, who was in nurses' training in Salt Lake City, came home for Christmas. When they were shown the X rays of my head, they were both shocked.

Needless to say, I did not return to school at all that year. I had to learn to walk all over again and to begin to get my strength back. My weight had dropped to 83 pounds. That summer, I went home with my married sister, Hannah, to their ranch north of Soda Springs. She was a school teacher, and she spent the summer helping me to re-learn my ABC's and re-learn to write, as well as feeding me plenty of homemade bread. I gained back 25 pounds during the first two weeks with her.

That fall, 1939, I went back to high school, again as a junior. The teachers and the other students were exceptionally kind and helpful to me; I will always appreciate

their consideration. I suffered for a long time with headaches and had to take a lot of painkillers, but I finally graduated in the spring of 1941.

The fall after I graduated I went to live with my sister in Soda Springs and began working at the Carbon County Hospital as a tray girl, helping to deliver meals to patients. Dr. Cackley, one of the doctors who had helped during my recovery, worked at that hospital, and he wanted to observe how I was getting along. My injuries had left me with some paralysis to my left side, and it took considerable effort to control it. Because of this paralysis, I was injured again, this time while I was working in the hospital. My left foot became caught in the elevator and was severely damaged. I was admitted to the hospital and received the very best treatment possible; but I was unable to rest at all, even with the medication they were giving to me. My father and a dear family friend came to the hospital and gave me a priesthood blessing at that time, and I was finally able to get the needed rest.

Through all of this I can truthfully say that there is no question in my mind that there is a Jesus Christ--He lives, and He blesses us. The gospel is a never-ending process, and only those who endure to the end, from the least of us right up through the prophets, will attain our eternal goals.

A Day to Remember By Elden G. Archibald

Wednesday, September 10, 1980, started out as a normal day for me, but before the day was over, it was to turn into a day that I would never forget.

I had taken a bath and changed into clean clothes, ready to go to the Logan Temple; Delaine, my wife, and I had been set apart as ordinance workers. We had not eaten our noon meal, so I informed Delaine that I would go up to our rental unit located at 317 N. 100 W. in Malad to check the shingles on the roof to see if new shingles were needed. I would be back to eat in half an hour.

I placed the metal extension ladder up on the eaves of the west side of the house,

climbed up on the roof, but just before reaching the top I fainted, without any warning. I fell on my stomach and slid off the roof. I woke up when my feet hit the metal ladder, hitting with such force that it felt like my toes were bent backward, touching my legs. My feet slipped through between the top rung and second rung of the ladder, and my body made a 180 degree turn in mid-air. I managed to turn my body in the air, while falling to the ground, which was 12 feet below. I landed on the left side of my head and left shoulder. I heard a thud, then all was black.

My property adjoins the local mortuary property. The owner, Spencer Horsley, was by the garage in back of the mortuary putting oil in his hearse. He heard the ladder rattle and saw me heading for the ground head first. He called the ambulance on his phone, which happened to be just a few feet away, and then jumped the fence and came to my rescue. He found me face down in the grass and not breathing. Spencer got me breathing, and when the ambulance arrived, he was sitting in the grass holding my head in his lap. Sheriff Kenneth Wharton and his wife Madell were on the ambulance and had been standing by the ambulance when the call came for them to come to my rescue. Thus they responded immediately. Their quick response and the actions of Spencer Horsley had, at this point, saved my life.

Doctor Gerald K. Goodenough, M.D. and surgeon, my family doctor, was on hand at the hospital. I was placed on the X-ray table, then Dr. Goodenough gave me a shot for the pain. My body immediately reacted, so he gave me a shot to counteract the effects of the first shot. In the course of events, Dr. Goodenough gave me three different kinds of medication for pain, and with each shot I was violently sick to my stomach. Dr. Goodenough finally told me there wasn't anything he could do for me to ease the pain; I would just have to bear it. During the time I was being X-rayed, the deputy sheriff, Wanda Napier, had called my wife, so that by the time I was placed in bed, she and my sister, Jessie A. John were, by my side. They would help me get up to vomit, because I couldn't turn my head due to the unbearable pain. When I was placed

in bed, they couldn't remove my clothes because of the pain, and since they didn't know the extent of my injuries, they cut my clothes off and left me lying on them.

All of this time I was drifting between this world and the next. I was unconscious more than I was awake.

Finally Dr. Goodenough came with his findings: a brain concussion, a broken left collar bone, a broken shoulder blade, and broken ribs. The collar bone had protruded out through the skin but had reset itself as I was moved around on the X-ray table. If it had not set itself, the doctor said he would have had to operate to correct it. I had six broken ribs midway between my backbone and left side and three broken ribs in front, one broken right over my heart. My left shoulder blade was split vertically from top to bottom. I had IV's and a heart monitor connected to me, because Dr. Goodenough thought at the time that I had damaged my heart and had punctured a lung. It turned out that I had neither.

I had Hubert Gleed, one of our stake patriarchs, and Joe Daniels, first counselor in the Fourth Ward bishopric, give me a blessing. In this blessing I was promised I would be made well. I never doubted that it would come true, even though I was in so much pain I could hardly get enough breath to live. Then started eleven days in the hospital--eleven days of pain. I wished many times I could die just to end the extreme pain and get out of my misery.

Both of my arms lay useless at my side. It would take many months and many hours of therapy after I was out of the hospital to get back the use of them. Every breath I took, even though it was a shallow breath, felt like someone was driving with a large sledge hammer a steel spike through my chest, to nail me to the cement floor. I was on oxygen and would periodically try to breathe on the so called "bird machine." I was not able to use the machine because of the extreme pain. In the meantime phlegm, was building up in my lungs, and the doctor was afraid pneumonia was setting in, yet I could not cough up the phlegm. During all this time I wondered why they were all, except my family, ignoring my left ear, which had been almost cut from my head. They finally cleaned it up, and Delaine

brought in aloe vera jelly and put on it, which eventually healed it without a scar. I found out later, after I was released from the hospital and went to Dr. Goodenough for my first medical checkup, that, and I quote, "I didn't save your life, Elden. When I saw you and found out all your problems, I knew you were a dead man. I did not save your life, the man up above did that."

The accident happened on Wednesday, and by the following Sunday morning at 2:00 A.M., I felt so weak and just completely worn out that without help from my Father in Heaven it would be impossible for me to go on. I had truly been through the refiners fire. At the above time, as I looked at the clock on the wall of my hospital room, I called upon my Father in Heaven in humble and sincere prayer. I asked for his help; or if it was his desire to call me home, I was ready to come home to him. But if I was to remain upon this earth, I needed his help. No sooner had I offered up this prayer than I coughed, and the strength of it raised my shoulders four to five inches off my pillow; then no sooner had my shoulders touched the pillow than another cough hit me with much more force than the first one and raised my shoulders off the pillow again. At this time the phlegm spewed from my mouth. I coughed several times more after this, each cough causing less pain than the one before, with more and more phlegm being coughed up. From this moment on I started to recover. On the eleventh day I was able to go home, but had to sleep in a hospital bed for ten days and had to be waited upon like a baby. I was not even able to use my hands enough to feed myself. My wife had to do this for me.

I am so grateful to the ambulance crew, deputy sheriff, Spencer Horsley, Hubert Gleed, Joe Daniels, Dr. Goodenough, all of the nurses in the hospital: Mary Thomas, Mrs. Naugler, Myrna Tovey, Phyllis Price and many others including Mrs. Ben Call the X-ray technician and Bonnie Jenkins the lab technician. Above all I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for giving me another chance here upon this earth.

A special thanks also goes to the Logan Temple presidency, all of the officiators and others who were at the temple at the time. Also, to my brothers and sisters and their

families, as well as my own children, their spouses, and my grandchildren; and a special, special thanks to my own wife, Delaine, who was by my side both day and night.

"We Can Be Together Again"

By Nancy Lee King Asay

February 28, 1988

I have always had a testimony of knowing that I belonged to the true church. I've loved and admired my parents and grandparents since I was just a little girl. They were Mormons, so it had to be the right church, because they would never do anything that was not right. I loved to sit on my grandpa Thorpe's and my grandpa King's knees whenever they came to visit. My best Thanksgiving was when they both came to our house, and I sat on one of each of their knees at the same time. They had both been bishops, and Dad was a bishop. I just always knew that the Church was true. I remember, as a little girl, growing up in the Malad Second Ward, bearing my testimony often. It came easy for me to bear my testimony. I grew up surrounded by great Latter-day Saint people, and they were all a good influence in my life. My relatives have been good examples of what a Mormon should be. I thank the Lord and my parents for the childhood I've had.

But most of all, I know there is life after death. I know that those who stay close to the gospel will be together again, just as they were here on earth, close to the ones they were close to before dying. I used to enjoy going to the temple with my mother.

Now for the second half of the story. On the Thorpe side, my mother's side, I have a girl cousin four days older than I and a girl cousin two days younger. We enjoyed playing together at Thorpe's corner on the way to Pleasant View and Samaria. We all had blond hair, and we spent summer vacations playing and giggling together. I remember our favorite thing to do was go swimming. Lots of letter writing was exchanged. Through the years my elder cousin, Athena Price, has spent vacations and weekends visiting with my family. I

always had a bed ready for her and some canning or sewing project saved so she could help me. I kept her busy. Eventually she started bringing her own quilting project to do.

She became engaged to a Malad man, Dan Boel, and spent even more time visiting at my house, from her Salt Lake City residence. Together we worked hard on planning her wedding. I suggested to her that she ask her mother, Ione Thorpe Price Latour, in Helena, Montana, my mother's sister, to get her temple recommend so she could go to the temple for the wedding. At first there was some doubt, but I persisted and I prayed, and my aunt did get her recommend renewed. It had been nearly forty years since she had been to the temple.

The day before the wedding we met in Idaho Falls and went out for supper. My aunt asked me if it would be possible to go through a session before the wedding. I went to a pay phone at the restaurant and called the temple and got the information on the times of the sessions. We decided to go to the 5:30 morning session so we could be out in time to be ready for the wedding. Of course we all got to bed late that night, but a group of us made it to the temple that early August morning. My aunt needed extra help to get through the session, and I was glad to help her.

That session got me thinking of my temple sessions with my mother and I got a swelling in my throat and a pressure in my head, and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I couldn't stop the tears, so I closed my eyes and I saw, as in a vision in my mind, my grandpa Thorpe standing straight and tall, putting his hand on my shoulder; and about ten feet behind him were my mother and my grandmother Thorpe, arm in arm, and behind them a group of people with familiar faces. They wanted me to know that I had had done well in bringing their daughter to the temple again and to comfort my feelings of emptiness I had since my mother's death. My vision was only a split second, but the feeling of their presence was strong and is with me still whenever I think of that experience.

I've been having a hard time writing this story, because I have to keep wiping tears. Testimonies are meant to be shared,

so I desire to share this one with the readers of these collections. It is my way of thanking the Lord, my grandparents and my mother, Phoebe Ann Thorpe King, for giving me such a beautiful blessing when I needed it the most.

**A Faith Promoting Experience
of Margaret Ann Adams Evans**
Submitted by May Dell Barfus
(great-granddaughter)

Margaret's grandfather (George Phillips Adams) lived on the same property as John and Margaret. He passed away at Malad City (Oneida) Idaho, on June 6, 1897. At that time the body was placed in the front room in the home of John J. and Margaret Evans prior to burial.

After the body was prepared for viewing, Margaret Evans testified that every time she went into the room alone she heard a gurgling sound. She had others go in alone, as well as go in with her, but on these occasions nothing was heard. He had much love in his heart for Margaret, as she was his granddaughter. Before his death it was his wish that she and her husband (John) have the property he had acquired in Malad, Idaho.

Having experienced this sound several times when alone in the room, she felt strongly that he was trying to get a message over to her. Being nervous and concerned about this experience, she went out into the yard and into a barn, where her husband kept some animals. With a prayer in her heart, she desired to know what this all meant. She related to her husband and other members of the family that the words came to her, "Are his garments marked?" She having informed her husband of this experience while in the barn, he contacted the two men who dressed him, for it was customary at that time to place the markings on the garment after dressing the body for burial. When this check was made, it was found that this most important part of dressing the body had been omitted.

After the markings were made, Margaret went into the room many times, and everything was most peaceful.

George Phillips Adams was converted to the Church at an early age in Wales, Great Britain. He loved the Church and took a very active part in the priesthood and different organizations until the time of his death.

(This "Faith Promoting Experience" was written by Mollie Evans Du Clair, as related by her mother. Mollie is the daughter of John J. and Margaret Adams Evans. Written March 14, 1965 at San Francisco, California.

Lessons My Father Taught Me

By Mary Pett Barraclough
Boise, Idaho

I was an only child, and my mother died when I was three. I was reared by my father, Martin David Pett, on a farm in Holbrook, Idaho. Although I do not remember him sitting down and specifically teaching me, I learned many things from his powerful example. He was a man of action.

My father was a very happy person and tended to look on the sunny side of things. I have learned to do the same. He was also well-known for his honesty. I remember that once he bought a new car without even signing a piece of paper, just promising that he would pay for it when the fall crops were harvested, which he did. I learned strict honesty in this way.

He was also very careful to pay his tithing. One year he paid \$1,000 in tithing—more than he owed. He said, "I always wanted to pay a thousand dollars in tithing. I had to stretch it a little, but I made it."

He was proud that every stitch of clothing we wore and every bite of food we ate had been tithed. From him, I learned to pay a full tithing.

One experience helped me realize the importance of making our own decisions. During my third year at Utah State University in Logan, our stake president told my father that I should serve a mission. My father wanted me to serve, but explained that our farm was so far in debt that it would be difficult to support me.

The president responded that sending me on a mission might invoke the Lord's

blessings and solve that problem, as well as providing means for my support.

Then my father seemed to lose enthusiasm. I knew he wanted me to go, but he never mentioned the mission at all. Finally, I said, "If you're going to send someone on a mission, it better be me, because I'm the only child you have."

I can remember his words: "Mary, I'm not sending you anywhere. If you fill this mission, it will be because you want to go."

He explained how important it was for me to make the decision and act upon it. He recalled that my grandfather had once been asked to be president of the University of Utah, but that it took him so long to make up his mind that someone else was finally appointed. I immediately made the decision to go, and my father supported me.

After my mission, when I felt like a fish out of water, he reminded me that my patriarchal blessing directed me to do genealogy. He got me started on what became a lifelong work.

An Elder's Life

By Andrew Blaisdell

(Written while on his mission
in Villas, Louisiana, in 1899)

An Elder's life is the life for me,
For oh, what wonderful things you see,
Traveling about among rich and poor,
Leaving a tract at every door.

How pleasant it is to go to some door
And yell "hello" till your throat is sore.
No, I can't take you, my neighbor, tho,
Can entertain such tramps, I know.

How pleasant it is to tote a grip,
I'm sure you all would like the trip,
Wading thru swamps in water knee-deep,
Going ten miles for a place to sleep.

How pleasant to preach till your throat is sore
To dodge rotten eggs coming in thru the door,
To read your own text by the moonlight bright
When the crowd forgets to bring a light.

How pleasant to preach and sing and pray,
To sleep in the school house when all go away,

With grip for a pillow and bench for a bed,
Dreaming of home and wishing you're dead.

How pleasant to gaze in the bulldog's face,
To have him chase you off the place,
To leap the fence with a sudden bound,
Tearing your trousers in the round.

How pleasant it is to wash your own clothes,
Rubbing your socks and holding your nose,
No starch for shirts you rub and scrub
By some cool stream, no soap nor tub.

How pleasant the life of an Elder must be,
Hitting and pinching to kill a flea,
Pulling off scabs from the chigger bites,
Rolling and scratching the hot summer night.

How pleasant to walk thirty miles some day,
No food to eat, no place to stay,
Umbrella spread over to keep off night rain,

Dreaming you're chewing at sugar cane.

How pleasant it is to shiver and shake
Till you think your burning head will break,
Downing by dozens those quinine pills
To try and stop the fever and chills.

How pleasant it is to be called a tramp,
A woman stealer, a wolf and scamp,
Returning kisses for blows and jeers,
An outward smile, but inward tears.

A Friendly Encounter

By Iris Blaisdell

as told to Veryl Henrie

It was a regular workday routine of filing papers, writing letters, answering the phone, and taking care of the mundane things that happened in the office each day. I was unaware of my employer standing beside my desk, when she asked, "Iris, how would you like to go to Salt Lake to get information about the new payroll procedure? I would appreciate it very much if you could go in my place."

I was a bit surprised at the request, because I had not been working for long, and

I wondered if I would be able to take care of this assignment.

She assured me it would not be too difficult, and it would be an experience I surely would enjoy.

Little did I realize how true this assessment would be. I encountered one of the most outstanding experiences of my life. The experience did not relate to my work, but it is a testimony to me that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

It was a cold, crisp January day as I prepared to leave Malad for Salt Lake City. The sun was just peaking over the mountains as I turned the car south, converging with the traffic on I-15; surely the Lord had answered my prayers and tempered the weather so there could be no danger of a storm. Unhurried, and with a feeling of confidence, I eased into the line of traffic and pleasantly anticipated my visit with my son Steven in North Salt Lake. I was happily greeted at his home, and after a short visit, I left for Salt Lake, fully intending to return and spend the night with them.

As I drove toward Salt Lake, I seemed to get the feeling that I should stay in Salt Lake and not return to my son's place. I thought how foolish it was to spend all that money for a place to sleep, when I had free lodging, but the idea persisted; and without thinking, I drove directly to the Howard Johnson Hotel.

I arranged for a room, and after resting for awhile, I made my way to the restaurant. I stood in the entrance, undecided where to sit to eat. As I glanced around the room, I noticed a lady sitting by herself. She was nearly through eating and looked to be a friendly sort of person.

I made my way to the table and read the night's menu for dinner. Such an array of choices made it difficult for me to decide. Glancing at the dinner of the lady beside me I asked, "Did you order the buffet dinner?"

"Yes," she said. "It was delicious; I think you would enjoy it."

She started to talk to me about the Mormons, complimenting them for their varied church activities. She said she was from Virginia, and she didn't live very far from the Mormon Temple. "It is a beautiful structure. We are so impressed with its serene beauty. We frequently see the

missionaries on their bicycles. They are such clean looking young men." She added, "Do you know what I really like about the Mormons?" Without waiting for my answer, she said, "Because they stress family ties."

She continued, "I can't imagine why people were so cruel to the Mormons in the early history of the church. I just can't believe why people would do the things that they did."

We continued talking for several minutes, and then I asked her if she had ever been to Temple Square. She said no, but she had always wanted to visit there. I said, "If you have time tonight, I will take you there." She said she did, but she should go to her room and call her family to let them know she had arrived safe.

I finished my dinner, and then we went to Temple Square. I explained that it is one of the great tourist attractions in the West. We started in the Tabernacle with one of the tour guides. She was very impressed. She would say, "I can't believe the things I am seeing and hearing. It is beautiful."

We went to the Information Center and on about more tours, one of which was the First Vision about Joseph Smith. She said, "I have never seen or heard such beautiful things." I knew the Spirit had touched her because, of the things she was saying and the beautiful way she responded to the things she was hearing.

After it was over, she just could not contain herself. She was very excited about the new concepts that she had learned, and inquired about more reading material.

The attendant was pleased and offered her a Book of Mormon, with a family picture and a testimonial on the fly leaf. She was happy to accept the book and pleased to learn that it was a gift to her from the family pictured on the fly leaf; and it was hers to keep without charge.

As I watched all this, I thought, what a golden contact; here is someone the Lord has surely prepared to receive the gospel.

Returning to the hotel, we parted, fully intending to see each other the next evening; but this was not to be. Our business activities interfered with our appointed time, and we did not see each other again. We did, however, talk to each other on the telephone, and she asked me to

promise to write to her. I told her that I would like to send her a personal gift: "I would like to send you a Mormon Bible."

"I have a Bible," she said, "and I read it often."

"I know you have, but I still would like to give you one. This Mormon edition of the Bible has been fully researched, and cross references have been inserted that make an understanding of the Bible much easier and give a clear insight into principles of doctrine that have been disputed throughout the history of the Christian churches. I would like to send it to you as a personal gift. It is really special. The church has won a prestigious award for the beautiful work it has done in compiling the book and for the update on thought content."

She hesitated, but finally said it would be fine with her to send it.

Shortly after returning home, I bought a Bible. My husband Nolan and I wrote our testimony and enclosed it with a picture of ourselves, and with a feeling of great joy, we dropped it into the mail box.

About two weeks later we received a telephone call from her and her husband, thanking us for the things we had sent them. Then she said, "We have something special to tell you. We have been going to your church. We went to two sacrament meetings, and the third Sunday, today, we went to all the meetings. It was so exciting, your ears must have been burning as I told all the sisters in the Relief Society room about you and that I felt I had known you all my life."

They speculated that we must have known each other in the preexistence, because we had so many things in common, and our meeting was meant to be. She is the same age as I. We each have four children, three boys and one girl. Her first husband had died, and she had remarried. It seems that our lives parallel each other's so closely that meeting is just more than a coincidence. The most exciting part of the conversation was her telling me that the missionaries were coming to teach them the gospel that week.

The next day we got a card from her. In it she said, "I can't explain to you the glorious feeling I have had since I was in Salt Lake."

Later, we talked to her husband on the phone. He told us that he was a Southern Baptist, but since listening to his wife recount her visit to Salt Lake, he was very interested and was anxious to learn more from the missionaries. He said they were enjoying very much their involvement in the Church.

We hadn't heard from them for about two weeks, so we decided to call them on Easter Sunday. When she learned that it was me calling, she said, "I have good news for you. My husband and I were baptized into the Church last Sunday. We are grateful to you for what you have brought into our lives. We feel just like we are part of a great family."

Her husband told us that he worked for the Secretary of Agriculture, and that his first tour of duty had been with President Benson when he was Secretary of Agriculture. He said he knew him then. He had studied our gospel for several years, but he didn't know that we didn't have a paid ministry. This knowledge seemed to be the turning point in his conversion. This, coupled with his wife's visit to Salt Lake and the things she learned in the Temple Square, were the catalysis that brought about their rapid conversion.

They are very happy about joining the Church, and I am thrilled that the Lord has given me a chance to have an experience like this. I must have been guided by the Spirit to sit by a certain lady on her visit to Salt Lake City. Surely, the seed of conversion had been planted long before I met this lovely lady. It is wonderful. I have been very excited about it. I can't believe it really happened, but it did. It was only two months from the time we met until she and her husband had been baptized.

They want us to come back to Virginia and visit with them. They would take us any place we would like to go. Some day, I hope we will be able to meet with them. They have assured us that they are making plans to come West to see us. In their letter, she said they hoped to see us soon.

Irene's husband has interest in a family farm in Missouri that is being operated by his brothers. It is interesting to note that this farm is in the area where my husband served his first mission.

As I think about the events that have transpired, it seems more than a coincidence, that I met Irene. If I had returned to North Salt Lake to spend the evening with my son, or if I had been a few minutes later coming to dinner, I would have missed meeting this golden contact, because I never did see her again as we had planned.

I firmly believe that the Lord had a part in planting the seed for this conversion.

The people Irene works for are members of the Church and own a number of health spas throughout the United States. Irene was sent to Salt Lake to help a returned missionary get set up in the business. He is the son of the Mr. Rice, after whom the Rice stadium in Salt Lake is named.

Irene and Van Eitel had a wonderful experience at their baptism. They had become acquainted with a Mrs. Harding in Virginia, who served cookies and punch to some thirty people who attended the baptism services. The Eitels were amazed and thrilled that so many people would show an interest in their joining the Church. She said the room was electrified with the Holy Spirit and everyone remarked of the beautiful spirit present.

In telling this story, I have not used the names of these people, because not until we received the letter telling of their baptism did I learn the full names of this family.

Post Script

I called my brother in Boise and told him that Mr. Eitel had worked for and knew President Benson when he was Secretary of Agriculture. He suggested that I write a letter to President Benson explaining this conversion, and that the new member had been acquainted with President Benson when he was Secretary of Agriculture. I did so, and much to my surprise, I received a letter from President Benson. He expressed his thanks and appreciation for hearing about this unusual conversion.

I sent President Benson Mr. and Mrs. Eitel's address and asked that if he had time to write to them, to please do so.

What a wonderful possession this letter would be, for newly baptized members to get a personal letter from the president of the Church. I hope he did. I am sure a letter from the president would be much more

meaningful to them than the one I received. Even so, I hold this letter as one of my choice possessions.

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This experience happened to Iris Blaisdell on January 26, 1988.

A Most Important Date

By Waldo Blaisdell

One Tuesday evening, sometime after moving to Holbrook, we were returning from Malad when Lois noticed a light in the chapel and inquired about what was taking place. I suggested M.I.A. and then proceeded to explain, as best an inactive member can to a nonmember, what M.I.A. was. She said, "Why don't we attend." We entered to find just a handful of people sitting in a circle at the front of the chapel. Very shortly I sensed that something was wrong, and upon inquiring found we had crashed an executive meeting. We quickly retreated toward the exit, but not quick enough to elude the grasp of Bishop Joel A. Smith, who ushered us back into the circle. It seems that this group had met to see if they could come up with someone to assist Brother Reed Smith in the M.I.A. organization, and guess who they determined was the answer to their deliberations and prayers.

This signaled my return into activity into the church, and I'll be eternally grateful to Bishop Smith and to this small group, for even though I was not living worthy of this calling they all expressed their love and gave their assurance and confidence that soon I would. Now, with the love I have for the Church and the knowledge I have gained of the truthfulness of the gospel, I can mark this date as one of the most important in my life.

Later I was called to be president of the M.I.A., a position I enjoyed until September 11, 1955, when I was set apart as superintendent of the Sunday School. I greatly appreciated the Sunday School calling, for it served to be a training program for what was yet to come. I served in this position until May 1960.

During this time Lois was attending church and acting in those positions that

were open to nonmembers, but not until January 18, 1957, after wearing out two sets of stake missionaries, did she consent to enter the waters of baptism. This was a happy and an important event for me and my family, and was climaxed when, after confirmation, Jim put his arms around his mother and while placing a tender kiss on her cheek, he said, "Now you're one of us!"

This probably would have been the happiest and most thrilling day of my life had it not been for October 6, 1960, when after being married in the temple for time and all eternity, three angels, all dressed in white, were ushered into this beautiful sealing room, and there in an atmosphere so near like what I feel Heaven is, the members of our little family knelt at a sacred altar and were sealed into an everlasting family unit. The family has been a great source of pleasure and comfort to me --so great that I have difficulty anticipating joy and happiness without them. Therefore, kingdoms short of exaltation hold little attraction for me.

Mother Lived

By Lela Daniels Blaisdell
April 18, 1988

When I was born in 1925 at my parents' home in Malad, the fifth child of LeRoy O.

and Mary Price Daniels, my mother became very ill. She told us later that she felt her life slipping away. She said her mother, who had died many years before, while my mother was just nine years old, and her sister-in-law, Mary Daniels Williams, each had hold of her hands taking her with them.

Brother H. I. Mills had been sent for to administer to her. As he did he asked the Lord to allow her to remain here on earth to raise her family of little ones. As he did this they both let go of her hands, and she was once again back in her body.

She not only lived to raise those five children, she and my father were blessed with four more children she was allowed to raise to adulthood. They lost one son, Brig, at age twenty, who was single and living at home, but she saw all of the others marry and have families of their own. She lost another son Ralph LeRoy Daniels at age 44, leaving a family of nine children. Then on May 1, 1964, she lost my father, who had taken such good care of her. She never had much zest for life after she lost him, and in January of 1970, she was called home to join those who had gone on before her.

She lived nearly 45 years after being granted this marvelous opportunity of living to see her family raised.



Mother of an Apostle

In a foreword written by a son, Apostle Albert E. Bowen, he said, "When Annie Shackleton Bowen was 84 years old her son, Charles F. Bowen, besought her to commit to writing the story of her life. She demurred, alleging that there had been nothing noteworthy in her life, nor worthy to be recorded. She finally yielded to his urging and dictated to a typist employed by him, the subjoined sketch.

The very brevity of it testifies of the sincerity of her belief that there had been nothing remarkable in her career. We regret that her reluctance prevented a fuller elaboration.

Her treasures of memory were the branches that ran over the wall, and blossomed in the deserts of the West. They were the intellectual oasis in an otherwise barren wilderness to which her children turned for inspiration and by which they were fired with ambition to achieve."

The following are a few selected highlights of her life:

I was born in the city of London on the 26th of September, 1840, and was the ninth and last child of my parents, John and Susanna Isake Shackleton. My father died in my early childhood and my mother was left to rear five children by her own labor, the other four having died in infancy. Under these circumstances it was necessary that the children assist in the support of the family as soon as possible, so that school was not thought of. However, mother taught me to read when I was very small. I can dimly remember standing at her side while she was at work and spelling out words to her. I have no recollection of learning my letters, I think I always knew them. Though I had no day school, I had my Sunday school, which was the delight of my life, and to this day I hold my teacher in loving remembrance.

My mother, who was a member of the Baptist Church, required me to read a chapter in the Bible to her every morning, and so with her and my Sunday school I was pretty well acquainted with the scriptures at a very early age. At the age of ten I went to work at a large stationer's establishment, where I worked at a machine. About a year

later my Uncle Sutton, my mother's brother, was converted to Mormonism. About this time my sister Ellen was taken very ill, and for weeks her life was despaired of. One night when we were all gathered around her bed waiting for her to draw her last breath, my uncle came in and my mother turned to him and asked him to pray. He knelt by the bedside and offered such a prayer as I had never heard before. When he rose to his feet he said, "You get better, Ellen, and you will embrace the gospel and go to Zion." She did get better and finally in the spring of 1851, my mother, sisters, and myself were baptized.

When I was fourteen I quit the stationer's business and went to work in a millinery establishment, where I continued working until 1860. In that year a family named Pascoe, who belonged to the same branch as I did, and who were about to emigrate, offered me a chance to go with them and help with the children. I accepted. We took passage on the Vanderbilt, which landed us at Castle Garden. We remained in New York a few days, then went by steamboat to Albany, then by train to Omaha, then by team six miles to Florence (Winter Quarters), where we remained until the company was ready to cross the plains.

We were three months on the plains and suffered the usual discomforts of wading streams, tramping over sandhills, getting torn to pieces by prickly pears, and tormented by mosquitoes. The latter were so bad at one time that no one in camp could sleep for three nights. We arrived in Salt Lake City early in October. I was rather badly run down, never having been used to the kind of life I had had for the past three months. I walked almost the entire distance. I stayed with the Ballen family, and through a friend of Mr. Ballen's I became acquainted with the Moon family, and as one of Hugh Moon's wives was taken ill and needed someone to wait on her, I went there to work. It was here that I met my husband, David Bowen, whom I married on the 16th of February 1861.

My husband, who had been sent out from Wales by his parents with the hope that he would be able to help them to follow him, now began to think seriously of making some move in that direction. From that time every dollar he got was put by to help his

family to migrate. We finally managed to send them the means to immigrate in 1863. My sister Ellen also came that same year, but in a different company.

In 1864 my mother and my brother George came to Utah. My mother sold all she had in London and started well, provided with clothing, bedding and household goods. The immigration was unusually crowded that year, and the immigrants were not allowed to bring their trunks or boxes but had to put all their things in large sacks. She never got her things off the ship. They were all stolen. It broke her heart and that, together with the hardships endured on the plains (for it was an unfortunate year when the mortality among the saints was very high), it killed her. She got to me alive but died ten days later. She had drained the cup of sorrow and suffering to its very dregs; her last breath was drawn in suffering. I think when I had buried her I exhausted all my capacity for grief, for I have never felt anything like it since.

We lived in Salt Lake City for eight years, during which time four children came to us. My fourth child was born in March 1868, and when she was six weeks old my husband was taken with typhoid fever. For many weeks his life hung on a thread. I only undressed and went to bed two nights in five weeks. We pulled through with the help of the Relief Society sisters and dear old Bishop Henry Moon, but my fourth baby never knew a well day after her father recovered until we moved to Idaho a year later. In 1869 we determined to leave the city and try life on a farm. We moved to a place called Henderson Creek, but there was no school, so I did what my mother had done before me, teach the children myself. I made all the clothes for the entire family and made them by hand. My ninth child was a year old before I owned a sewing machine, and my oldest son was seventeen years old when he had his first tailor-made suit. I also knit all of the stockings.

In 1876 we again sold our home and moved to Samaria, which was my home for twenty-four years. At that time Samaria was only a branch of the Malad Ward and they had no choir, but there was a school, and for the first time our children could attend. When the brethren found that my husband

was qualified to be a choir leader, they asked him to fill that post. There was no material, so we spent hours and hours remembering and copying words and music. I helped my husband, and in a few months we had a passable choir.

About this time they began to organize the Mutual Improvement Associations, and I was asked to be president of the Young Ladies and my husband president of the Young Men. It was with great misgiving that I assumed the position, for I was utterly without experience and had never been in a Young Women's meeting. We had no books or literary material, but I had a good memory, fortunately, and was able to fill the gap by writing short poems and songs from memory for the girls to learn. One piece of advice given us by our stake officers I remember and worked it for all it was worth. It was to not make our meetings all grave and serious but to give the young people something lighter now and then; in fact, anything that was clean and wholesome and would help draw the young people to our meetings.

To illustrate, Brother Cummings told a story about a sick cow for whom the veterinary had prescribed onions, but the problem was how to get the cow to eat them. The owner solved the problem by beginning to feed apples to the cow, and when she had eaten three or four and was expecting another apple, he threw her an onion, which she swallowed before she knew what it was. Well I began sprinkling apples in the shape of comic readings, lively singing, spicy little dialogues and so on, among the more substantial, diet and it worked. People were coming from all over the valley.

I continued in that position for over five years and then accepted the position as secretary in the Relief Society, which I continued to hold until I moved to Logan in 1901. Since then I have done nothing save keep house for what family remained with me and provide a home for several of my grandchildren who came to Logan for their education.

I am simply waiting for the curtain to fall.

**"And I Saw I Must Soon Go Down
to My Grave"**

By Florence Ipsen Bowman

It would be impossible to describe the feelings I had when late one evening a police officer came to our door to tell my daughter and me that my husband had been killed in a one-car accident. He had left just an hour before to drive to his parents' home, some thirty miles away. The shock seemed impossible to bear. Our loving bishop helped greatly, and the beautiful funeral and inspired talks added strength.

The day after the funeral I went to my bedroom to rest. I was still greatly moved in my feelings. For the first time I noticed my husband's triple combination lying open on the night stand. I remembered seeing him read from it often before his death. I picked it up to see what he had been reading. It was open to the last verses of Enos. I read:

And I saw that I must soon go down to my grave, having been wrought upon by the power of God that I must preach...unto this people....

And I soon go to the place of my rest, which is with my Redeemer; for I know that in him I shall rest. And I rejoice in the day when my mortal shall put on immortality, and shall stand before him; then shall I see his face with pleasure, and he will say unto me: Come unto me, ye blessed, there is a place prepared for you in the mansion of my Father. Amen. (Enos 26-27.)

The message was clear. I could not question it. Although I have shed many tears of loneliness, this scripture and experience have given me great comfort and assurance and a goal toward which our entire family works.

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**Spiritual Experiences
Help Us Grow**

By Bishop Jerry and Dixie Bush

When everyone was asked to tell of a spiritual experience they had had, many came to mind, yet we felt they probably weren't what was wanted, and maybe ours wasn't important enough to put in the book. But still many things came to mind that have been extra special to us.

One of the nicest things that have happened to us was Jerry's converting to the Church when he was seventeen, and our being able to work together to achieve a temple marriage. Later came the wonderful feeling we had when we were able to take our firstborn son to the temple and have him sealed to us when he was one year old; then to have our daughter sealed to us when she was one, knowing that they would now be ours throughout all eternity. It was extra special having our family and friends circled around us.

When our daughter was born, she had kidney failure, and serious surgery when she was three. She was in the Primary Children's Hospital for one month, while we did not know if she would come through the surgery or not. With the power of the priesthood helping, she came through just fine. However, off and on each year after, from then on she was in and out of the hospital. When she was fourteen, she was again filled with infection in her kidney. We were told she would lose her kidney and were concerned of the other one being badly infected. This is when we were so thankful for the power of the priesthood. She had a blessing from her dad that she would be healed and her problem would not return, according to her faith and the Lord's will. She went into surgery, a very sick little girl. When the doctors opened her up, there was no infection of any kind. They could not believe it and knew there was a more powerful tool than just the hands of the surgeons. We thank our Heavenly Father every day for this miracle that happened in our lives. We know to this day we would not have our daughter if the power of the priesthood was not in our home.

The priesthood also came in when our son went to the National Scout Jamboree in

Virginia, when he was fourteen. There was an air traffic control strike; they did not know if they could get the boys home or not, and if they could get them here safely. There were many nervous parents at this time. But our son had had a priesthood blessing from his dad, and we knew he would get home safely - which he did.

Many times we have used the priesthood and have known it has helped our children, when they have gone to college and pursued other things in their lives.

Many things have happened which have helped us to grow in the Church. We have seen inactive children grow active in the Church; inactive adults grow in the Church and go through the temple and be sealed and have their children sealed to them also. What a spiritual experience this has been in our lives.

When we have had projects in our ward, it thrilled us to see not only the active ones but to see those that may never put a foot in the door of the church, be there to help in many of our projects, and to do more than their share.

When newborn babies are brought into the world and also when death comes to a family, the families grow closer together, and these events have brought many into the Church. We've been able to see families and friends circle around those in need - the love that they share, happy and sad tears being shared with loved ones, and most of all just feeling the need to be with each other, and especially grow closer to our Heavenly Father.

All of these experiences are spiritual and have helped us to grow as a couple, as a family, as friends and in the Church. We are very thankful that we live in the world at this time and are able to share good times with those we love.

Thomas J. Howard
1865-1934
By Hilda Castleton

Early in 1915, the First Presidency of the Church composed, of President Joseph F. Smith, and counselors Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, writing to the presidents of the stakes, bishops and parents in Zion,

said, "We advise and urge the inauguration of 'Home Evening' throughout the church, at which time fathers and mothers may gather their boys and girls about them in the home and teach them the word of God. If saints obey this counsel, we promise great blessings will result. Faith will increase in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat evil influences and temptations that beset them."

For many years Thomas J. Howard had been reading scriptures to his family, but now he and Hattie agreed to hold a regular "Home Evening." This they held on Thursday nights. Scriptures were read and discussed, games played (Rook was played most of the time, and all participated), and refreshments served (this most often consisted of mother's home-made candy or popcorn). The family enjoyed these hours together. After prayers were offered, all retired in a better spirit of love and cooperation.

Because of the desire to improve the education of his children and those of other families he knew, Thomas served on the school board for many years with D. L. Evans, J. Peter Jensen, Moses Christensen, E. M. Decker, who was principal of the schools, and others of whom we do not have names. New buildings were built, teachers hired, curriculums formulated, welfare problems discussed, ideas exchanged, and general plans were made for the benefit of all involved. Again, close friendships grew among these board members, and the educational system improved.

There were no surfaced roads in those days, and travel could be a very tedious and tiresome thing because of muddy, rocky or sandy conditions. A poll tax for road improvement of two dollars per family was assessed each year. Early each spring if men so desired, they would work out the tax rather than pay cash. Groups of men from interested families who benefitted from better roads to their property hauled gravel, leveled gullies, filled chuck holes, scraped ruts, and during those times when their teams needed a rest, exchanged ideas and socialized.

From these contacts and others made as he visited in the various wards among families, Thomas became aware of the dissatisfaction with existing economic conditions among farmers. They felt great

unfairness in the distribution of profits from the harvest. Men toiled long hours ploughing, drilling, cultivating, harvesting crops, then to receive only twenty-five or thirty-five cents per bushel for grain. In many cases this left a farmer with no profit but rather a debt for his years work, while the man who purchased the grain sold it for a dollar to a dollar twenty-five cents, making a profit from little effort on his part.

After talking to a number of people and doing much investigating of these conditions, Thomas, Verl Dives, Dan Daniels, William Palmer, Dave S. Jones, William Williams and J. Edward Gibbs (after consulting with Attorney Ed Ray) decided to organize the Oneida Farmers Union according to the laws and regulations governing such organizations. Thomas J Howard was made president of the Union; the men listed above were members of the board.

To finance the union, stock was sold throughout the valley. Many people supported this organization. A large grain storage elevator was first purchased, located near the railroad station at Malad. Later a flour mill was constructed. Expansion included a mercantile store, a hardware store, a small grain storage at Holbrook, Idaho, and another small flour mill at Gwenford. The Union was very successful for a number of years before running into difficulties. Thomas Howard mortgaged his dry farm at the head of Malad, then his forty acre irrigated land southwest of Malad, to help stem the tide. Finally he lost everything except his house and lot in town. The Union had to close its doors, and many people lost their stock in the organization. Thomas lost practically all his earthly possessions, but he never lost his faith or his love for his fellowmen. He had a great compassion for all people and was dearly loved within the community.

Thomas J. Howard had been advised that it was not legally necessary for him to forfeit his holdings, but he felt morally obligated to do so, saying that he would never feel comfortable among his friends if he had benefitted from their losses.

Saved from Death by a Coincidence of Nature By James B. Clifford

It began as a typical summer day on the Price family farm near Malad, Idaho. But before the day was over, Mont Price would come within an inch of death, reprieved only by a freak coincidence of nature. The time was early July, 1968, just after the mid-day meal.

As Mont drove his father's pickup truck down the dirt lane which snaked through their wheat field, he was thinking about the hand-line irrigation pipes and how he hated to move them from one spot to another across the twelve acres of alfalfa they were raising that year. It seemed, he thought, that whenever they were the busiest on the farm, those awkward irrigation pipes had to be moved again to a new location.

The sky was a bright blue, but a few clouds were beginning to rise over the Samaria Mountains to the west of the valley. It was hot and muggy, and as the pickup bounced over the rough lane, an aura of gray dust filtered through the windows, settling on everything inside. As he continued down the lane, Mont was wondering if his father would ever get some of the new wheel-lines, which wouldn't require the constant moving.

He parked the pickup in front of the pump house, turned off the pump and walked over to the reservoir to shut off the head-gate. Then as he jumped an old irrigation ditch and headed for the alfalfa field, he once again noticed the clouds which were forming over the western mountains. The clouds themselves were no problem, but the clouds were often accompanied by lightning, and that was a potential danger. Handling the metal irrigation pipes during a lightning storm was inviting an early death, something Mont was well aware of. His parents, Glen and Thelma, had warned him since he was just a kid about the dangers of lightning, not only while he was moving the sprinkler lines, but while he was swimming in the warm springs on their farm, and even while he was operating their tractor or combine.

The weather in Southern Idaho was unpredictable during July, but even so, Mont decided, everything looked all right. Clouds

or no clouds, he hadn't noticed any lightning all day.

Soon he had moved the sprinkler pipes to their new location in the field and was headed back to the pump house to turn on the power. It was a routine chore, something he had been doing since he was eight years old.

The pump house was a small frame structure set on a concrete foundation about eight by ten feet in area. On one side, the pump itself was set in the sump-pit, and on the opposite wall hung the electric meter box, attached to a 440 volt line and 100 amps of electric power.

Mont watched as the irrigation water flowed in and began to fill the sump. It would take several minutes, and while he waited, his mind wandered to other things. For some unknown reason he opened the door to the meter box on the wall opposite the pump and inspected the contents of wires and fuses. Then something unusual caught his attention. Set among the fuses was a large mud nest which had been built by wasps. Mont remembers wondering how the wasps entered the box. The door was always kept shut, and there appeared to be no other opening.

The sump wasn't full yet, so he inspected the meter box, checking all exterior surfaces for holes big enough for the wasps to enter. As he moved around to the side of the box he stepped into a puddle of water which had accumulated in the corner of the pump house, a low spot on the concrete floor.

Still curious about the wasps, Mont noticed where the electric wires entered the box. That was how the wasps had entered, he decided. There, by the wires, was a small hole, big enough for the pesky insects to enter the meter box and build their nests.

Thinking back to that day, Mont says he doesn't remember how it happened, but he reasons that he must have touched a bare spot on the wires leading to the meter box, because suddenly his body was jolted with a surge of electricity, which by all rights should have killed him instantly.

But the massive charge of electricity didn't kill him. Instead, it gripped his left arm, holding tight, and as the charge surged through his body it whipped his right side,

shaking his right arm and leg as if he was no more than a rag doll. His right arm was completely out of control, being whipped back against the pump house wall and then into the door of the meter box, which was also swinging open and closed with each successive bang of his arm.

Mont remembers that while his body was out of control, he suddenly realized that at least one of his feet was in the puddle of water on the concrete floor. He knew that his only hope for survival was to get his left foot out of the water or to somehow pull his left arm away from the wires. But instantly he realized that he could do neither; his left hand was solidly stuck to the wires, and his right arm was still whipping helplessly against the door of the meter box and the side wall of the pump house.

"I knew I was going to be electrocuted," Mont later recalled. "I remember thinking that my parents would find me laying there dead and there was nothing I could do."

Suddenly the electric charge which had gripped his body stopped mysteriously, and Mont collapsed on the pump house floor. He doesn't remember how long he was there, sprawled in the puddle of water. But when he came to his senses he picked himself up and began walking back towards his home, about a half mile away. He was so dazed and shaken that he walked right past his pickup truck, parked near the pump house, and continued down the dusty lane towards home on foot.

"The first thing I wanted to do was to tell someone about what had happened," he said. "But no one was home."

Still dazed and alone, Mont changed his wet clothes and inspected himself for injuries. There were no serious cuts, but his right arm was red from the banging it had received, and the skin on his left arm felt like it was peeling off when he rubbed it.

He then sat down in one of the living room chairs and wondered where the rest of the family was. It was mid-afternoon, and it was unusual for the house to be empty. He wondered about the time, and noticed by the electric clock it was just after two o'clock p.m. That meant it had been only

about an hour since he had left for the alfalfa field to move the sprinklers. Somehow it seemed longer than that.

He sat for some time in the living room chair, exhausted and weary, and thinking it strange that no one else was home. He checked the clock again. It hadn't moved at all, and at first this was confusing to him. Then he realized what that meant. The power was off! Could it be, he wondered, that for some reason the electric power had quit just at the moment he was being electrocuted in the pump house? Could that be what had saved him?

He leaped to the telephone and called Dan Perkins, District Manager in the Malad office of Utah Power and Light Company. Dan was a friend, and the father of Monique Perkins, the girl that Mont would later marry.

Mont listened to Dan Perkins, completely amazed at what he heard. As Dan explained it, lightning had struck Utah Power's Malad Substation and had knocked out the electric service throughout most of Malad Valley. It had happened about an hour before, and at that moment line crews were working to restore power. Mont could hardly believe what he heard. He had been afraid of lightning for most of his life, but this time it had saved him. He knew for certain he would be dead if it had not been for that random lightning bolt which had struck the electrical substation.

"Somebody or something was watching out for me," he says. "I had the feeling it just wasn't my time."

Was this one-in-a-million coincidence just luck, or was Mont's escape from death something more?

It's anybody's guess, of course, but Mont doesn't think he's always been lucky. He says, in fact, that maybe the lightning has evened up the score. As he explains it, several years later he parked a shiny new combine in the shade of a large cottonwood tree. That turned out to be a mistake, because during the night an electrical storm swept through the area with claps of thunder and lightning strikes which lit up the summer night.

The following morning Mont found his new combine crushed beneath the weight of the once-towering cottonwood tree.

Lightning had struck during the night, toppling the tree, and the combine was a total loss.

Mont continues to be leery of lightning storms, even though such a storm once saved his life. And when he thinks about his escape from death, along with the later loss of the new combine, he just figures that perhaps his score with lightning now is even.

Christmas Eve in Weston Canyon

By Steven A. Cottle

This story took place in 1965. It was Christmas Eve. Fay and I had been married for a little over a year, and I was working on a farm in Lewiston. It was a long standing tradition in the Sweeten family to have a party Christmas Eve. Fay had come over to Malad to help with the preparations for the evening, but I had to stay and feed cows and was planning to come over later.

The road through Weston Canyon, a gravel road, was being worked on, so I was a little worried about whether I could make it through or not. By the time I had finished feeding, I was late, but I thought I would try it. I made it to just west of Standing Rock when the road started getting softer and softer. It wasn't long till I was stuck. Just as I stepped out of the car into mud ankle deep, I could see the lights of another car coming through the canyon. Instantly I thought, here's help, if I can warn them before they get into it too deep. I ran as fast as I could in that much mud, slopping mud all over myself.

I was really proud of myself when I flagged them down well before the mud, but these guys were in no mood to be stopped by a little mud. Without even getting out and surveying the situation, they backed up and tried to get through on momentum. They only got in about 50 feet farther and a foot deeper than I had.

Now at least I had company to walk with. We walked back through the canyon to a farm on the east side of the canyon, where we interrupted a Christmas Eve party to borrow a tractor and chain. We were able to pull my car out, but not theirs.

After going around through Downey, I arrived at the Sweetens about two hours late

and with Weston Canyon mud all over me. I don't know if my friends got their car out before spring or not. I think that through this little experience I learned a greater appreciation for Christmas with friends and family in a warm, dry home.

Obedience

By Fay S. Cottle

During 1985 and 1986, I served in the position of leadership trainer in the Malad Stake Relief Society. During the summer of 1985, as part of the recreation program of this stake, each board member was challenged, along with all sisters in the stake, to put into writing an inspirational experience, memory, poem, or some other type of reflection to be compiled and printed into a booklet sometime that winter.

I filed this assignment under "Later" and did nothing about it for some time. I did decide what I was going to write--I just kept putting off doing it.

That fall, Sister Hansen, the stake Relief Society president, also asked me to get a slide presentation ready for our next stake preparation meeting, on the subject of compassionate service. I accepted this assignment readily, because I knew I could get my husband, Steve, to do any slides I wanted, and I thought the inspiration would come on the rest.

After several attempts to compose some kind of dialogue to fit a slide presentation, I had become quite discouraged about the project, but the deadline was approaching, and I knew I had to do something about it.

One day when I was home alone and decided to work on this project, I had a feeling near to panic. Even after praying for inspiration, I was totally blank. I finally decided that I would first do the first assignment, so I wrote the two stories I had in mind for the stake booklet. It was a funny thing, but while I was doing the one project, the other one was forming in my mind; and when I finished the first one, I went right ahead and completed the other one--in verse even!

This experience reinforced my belief that when we do what we are asked to do, we receive added blessings from the Lord.

The Quiet Way of the Spirit

By R. Brent Evanson

Since I have lived in Malad and served in various positions in the stake and ward, I have had various experiences when I realized that the Spirit was guiding me, but this experience reaffirmed to me the fact that the Lord does direct this work that we are involved in here in Malad Stake.

A few weeks ago, a sister in the ward came in to talk to me about a concern she was facing in her calling in the ward. We talked about the situation for a while and decided what she should do to best serve others. Near the end of our conversation, just as she was preparing to leave the office, she said that she would like to tell me something that I might possibly not know. She then told me something that had happened a few months before when she was set apart in a new calling in the ward. I happened to be the person setting her apart, and I had given her a blessing as directed by the Spirit, and had not thought anything more about it. As we visited in my office, she said that as I had set her apart, I had quoted directly about five lines from her patriarchal blessing, and it was something she was working with at that time in her life. As she told me this the spirit testified to me that I was hearing truth, and I realized anew that the Lord does direct his servants as they seek to do His work. I had never seen or read this fine sister's patriarchal blessing, and had never talked to her about it, so the inspiration had to come directly from the source the blessing originally came from. It wasn't an earthshaking experience, but it reaffirmed, in that quiet way of the spirit, that the Lord is at the helm and is leading us as we strive to do His work here in the Malad Stake. It is one of several spiritual blessings He has showered upon me since my call to serve in the Malad Fourth Ward, and one that really picked me up for the rest of the day.

**The Miracle
of the Holbrook History Book**
By Carol Ipsen Eliason-1988

It was in January 1985 that Mary Hubbard and I started on a project, the extent of which we had no idea at that time. We had the fear that the history of Holbrook and surrounding area would soon be lost if something wasn't done to preserve it. We sent out letters asking for histories and stories and indicated that if there was enough interest, we would consider printing a book.

There was a lot of interest, especially among former members of the area. In early 1986 a second letter was sent out, telling of our plans to publish a book. I realize now that this was quite an undertaking for someone who didn't even know the first step in the procedure. It was probably a good thing that I didn't know how difficult and all consuming it would be or else I would never have started such a project.

In June 1986 I contacted some publishers and talked to others who had been through the process. In August I attended BYU Education Week and just happened to go to a class on family histories given by Brother Don Norton, an English professor at BYU. He talked some about book publishing and said that if anyone needs help, just contact him. That's just what I did, but my letter got put on the bottom of his correspondence, and I never heard from him. At that point we contacted Neves Publishing in Blackfoot, Idaho, who agreed to work with us. Everything went fine for a time until histories and pictures started coming in such a large amount that Mr. Neves could not see where he could come out ahead and could only see himself going in the hole with the project. This was his livelihood, and I can understand his concern.

By now it was March 1987, and we had set our completion date for July 18th of that year, the date of our Holbrook reunion. I could see that things were not progressing well and something had to be done. Upon praying for help, it clearly came into my mind that we must get another publisher. I called Brother Norton at BYU, and my husband, Don, and I made a trip to Provo. Brother Norton got us going on the right

track and agreed to see us through it all if that was our desire.

The next day we asked Bishop Dallan Nalder to go to Blackfoot with us to tell Mr. Neves that we were changing to another publisher. We prayed that Mr. Neves would understand and would not have hard feelings for us, because he had spent a lot of effort and time with us, and we were thankful to him for that. We were very happy to find that he was relieved: "If you can get someone else, you are more than welcome." We settled up with him and came home feeling much lighter than on our trip up there.

From that time it was all go, and the procedures came more clear as each step was worked through. On May 8th, my son, Ken, his wife, Kristy, and I took the pictures to BYU to get them processed for printing. We made an appointment to pick them up on the 19th, as we had a doctor appointment in Salt Lake. On the night of the 18th, Brother Norton called and said they had not even started on the pictures and couldn't promise them to be done the next day. Again it came into my mind, "Go down to Provo, they will be ready," and they were finished when we arrived there.

Committees for the first sections of our book and other responsibilities had been chosen from members of the ward, and they all worked hard in their responsibilities. Part of the miracle was the commitment of many people.

The contents of the entire book were typed on computers by five members of our ward: Terri Sorenson, Everett King, Irene Bird, Stacy Hess and Kristy Eliason. Proof-reading was done, and Brother Norton edited the contents. By this time we had purchased a computer for our home. Kristy Eliason, my daughter-in-law, then made all the corrections on the computer, working almost daily for three and one-half weeks.

Finally, it was all on the floppy disks and the pictures were ready. The next step was to pull each entry from the disk and arrange it all in the desired order, in columns and headings, leaving spaces for the pictures. Kristy and I decided we didn't have enough know-how to do this. I had previously talked to Larry Peterson, a computer major at BYU, about doing the laser

printing (a process that takes the place of type-setting) for the book. I called Larry and asked him if he knew anyone who could organize the book for us. He said, "I guess I could. I get out of school next week."

I can't explain how I felt as I left Holbrook on June 15th with the manuscript. It was as if I was leaving on a great mission. That week proved to be quite a test for me. Driving in the city of Provo on my own was not easy--especially the first day, when I started driving the wrong way on a one way street, which happened to be the main large highway going out of Provo. This street is usually loaded with cars, but would you believe, no cars were in sight. Cars on the other highway started honking at me, and I realized my error and just made a u-turn and thanked my Heavenly Father for watching over me.

Larry and I worked from Monday to Friday, organizing the large amount of material that had been collected and entered in the computer for the last eight months. He finished the laser work Saturday morning at 3:00 A.M. I picked it up Saturday morning and came home. As it turned out, this was the only week that Larry could have helped me, because school was scheduled to begin the next week.

Our job now was to paste about 500 pictures in the prepared spaces. I asked for help from members of the ward. The call was answered by Iris Hill, Erma Hill, Edna King, Evelyn Nalder and Kristy Eliason. We worked all day Monday and Tuesday. Kristy and I then went through everything page by page, organizing and taking out pages that had to be redone for one reason or another. We finished by 3:00 A.M. Wednesday morning. We had a few hours sleep and then left for Provo. Several pages had to be lasered again and more pictures glued on. We left the manuscript with Brother Norton, who took it to the BYU Press on June 29th, 1987. Finally on July 14th it was taken to Hiller Industries in Salt Lake, for binding.

It was a wonderful day, October 28th, three months later than our intended completion date, when Don and I picked up 545 hard-bound books composed of 500 pages each - the completion of almost three years of hard but satisfying work. My thanks go to the many who helped in any way to make

this book a reality. A special thanks to my husband, Don, for his patience and financial help; to Kristy Eliason and Mary Hubbard; and especially to Brother Don Norton, because without his encouragement and know-how, it would never have come to completion as we have it now. I know the Lord wants us to keep and preserve our histories and records and will truly bless us when we put forth the effort.

An Answer to My Prayer

By Clarice L. Erickson

As a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I have had many faith promoting experiences. As we listen to the general conferences, stake conferences and other outstanding speeches of the General Authorities, our testimonies are strengthened. I feel that as you are called to different organizational responsibilities, you are especially touched by the spirit when you are set apart for your new calling through the power of the priesthood.

The most outstanding spiritual experience for me happened when I was having a very hard time accepting the Church before I was baptized. I studied very hard for several weeks trying to make my commitment. Finally I received an answer to my prayer. A very strong answer came to me that the Church was true, and I felt as though my Heavenly Father was right in the room with me, giving me the answer I had been praying for. This is the most spiritual experience I have received in my life.

Spiritual Experience of Emma Morse Price

By Edith Evans

William Morse and Margaret Evans Morse, early pioneers of Samaria, lived in a log cabin just west of the Samaria churchhouse. One morning when the family was seated at the breakfast table, suddenly the door was pushed open, and in walked three large Indians. How frightened they were when the Indians, spying two sharp butcher knives on a shelf, walked over and picked them up. William had been killing pigs

the day before, and the knives were very sharp.

The Indians stood there talking in their Indian language. When their backs were turned, little Emma, who was sitting near the curtain that served as a door to the lean-to bedroom that had been added to the cabin, slipped quietly into the bedroom, and kneeling by the bed with the pure faith of a child, pleaded for her Father in Heaven to send the Indians away and not let them harm her family. In a short time the Indians left without using the knives or taking them with them.

This was Emma's first true testimony that her Father in Heaven hears and answers prayers. She thus gained an undying faith which became an anchor throughout her life. Many settlers had been killed by the Indians at that time.

Faith in Choosing a Bishop's Counselor

By Edith Evans

In the year 1939, Daniel M Price was called to be bishop of the Samaria Ward. He sought inspiration and guidance from his Father in Heaven in choosing his counselors. He was impressed to choose Silas Anderson as his first counselor. It seemed everyone he considered for second counselor did not impress him. He couldn't feel good about it.

He continued to seek guidance through prayer. One night after retiring to bed, his prayer was answered. He had a dream or vision that he was trying to push a wagon over a hill. Silas Anderson came to his rescue, but little progress was made. Carl A Evans came by and rendered his service. The three working together were able to push the wagon over the hill without further trouble.

Bishop Price testified many times how Carl was truly chosen by the Lord for this work, because he had never considered him. Carl was not very active at the time, going to church occasionally, but not regularly. He said he wouldn't have made the choice himself. Carl proved to be a "hundred percenter" in all his church callings.

The Lord's House By Mabel Jones Gabbott

Our town of Malad, Idaho, was situated in a little valley, and we explored every corner of it. There was Aunt Mary's farm toward the north, where wild bluebells grew up on the bench. Uncle Will's dam was on the south, where we went swimming. We hiked the six miles west to St. John and gathered watereress from a stream, and we explored Blue Rock and the M on the mountain to the east. When the first snow came, we pulled our sleighs up Hungary Hill. Snows came thick and heavy in our valley. Some winters the road to the north was blocked with such deep snow that we could only get to the outside world from the south. As soon as the snow left, we would explore up the creek to see if the uncovered world was still as we had left it in the fall.

I attended church in the First Ward. The meetinghouse was frame, with one large room and lots of wide steps leading up to the big front doors. I'll never forget the last ward party we had before they tore down the original building. Afterward, before everyone went home, we stood in the night air, talking about our experiences, and everyone said they could almost see that tired old building swaying on its foundation.

Later we built a new brick meetinghouse, and President Grant came from Salt Lake to dedicate it. But it was never the same.

The Second Ward met at the south end of town in a building that was also our stake tabernacle. Oh, how we loved that stately building! I suppose now it would seem old-fashioned, with its quaint corners and small rooms. I remember that the chapel there could be divided with curtains for classes. But above all it had what we called character.

We loved to go to stake conference there and hear the organ music. The organ was located high up at the west end of the chapel, and the sound seemed to come from everywhere. Behind the pulpit and the choir seats were the tall, shiny pipes of the organ and high bench for the organist. As we looked up from where we sat, the organ seemed like it was almost in heaven.

In later years my friend Clarice had permission to practice on the organ. I would go with her early in the morning before school or late at night. She would sit up on the high bench and the music would roll out. I'd sit on one of the back benches and listen, and Brother Yearsley, the janitor, would patiently wait for us. Often he would be polishing the old benches until the woodwork fairly glowed. Then when we were finished, he'd lock up after us.

Brother Yearsley was a remarkable man. He was blind. His wife helped him a lot, and they kept that building as clean and neat, "as if," he used to say, "the Lord might really visit us and sit on these benches and walk on these floors." He taught us to love the house of the Lord. He taught us respect for every polished bench and every hall and classroom.

One evening we were having a party in the "rec room" downstairs. We had been playing games, drinking punch, and eating cupcakes. The party was just at its height with noise and jollity when the electric power failed all over the valley. It was dark down there, and everyone was running this way and that trying to get out. We were knocking into chairs, running into doors, and upsetting food. Suddenly Brother Yearsley was there. "Quiet!" he said in a voice loud enough for all of us to hear him.

"We can't see, Brother Yearsley," we chorused. "We don't know how to get out. Do you have a light?"

Brother Yearsley stood still in the doorway and answered, "Yes, I have a light, so settle down. Now each one of you just take the hand of the one next to you, get in a line, and we'll go upstairs together. Follow me."

I almost said, "But you can't see either." And then I realized he had been going about that building doing our Father's business for years without eyes to guide him. And that was the light he meant that he had.

We were quiet as he led us, saying, "There is a step here. Now we turn right. Watch your feet. Don't kick against the walls. We must love the Lord's house."

And we surely did - that night and ever after.

Taken from The Friend

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Gerald Yearsley

By your friend
Hubert S. Gleed

I would like to pay tribute to a man who has lived in the Malad valley most of his life. As an introduction to what I would like to say, I quote a verse from the poem "Is It True", by Sara Williams:

Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,
That which ever way we go,
Walls of darkness must surround us,
Things we would but cannot know?
That the infinite must bound us
Like a temple veil unrent,
Whilst the finite ever wearies
So that non' therein content?

Gerald Yearsley, born July 24, 1913, in Woodruff, Oneida County, Idaho, suffered an accident when he was kicked by a horse September 16, 1925, which left him blind. Ever since that day, wherever he went, there were "walls of darkness surrounding him--things he would but could not know." It would have been easy just to give up and become dependent upon others, but he would not have it that way. He could not be content until he was independent and he decided to do something about it.

In 1927 he entered the Gooding School for the blind and studied there for eight years, where, among other things, he learned to read Braille. Braille is not easy to learn, and he told me that when he first realized the enormity of the task before him, he was overwhelmed. He had never been away from home and family; and now, in this strange place among strange people, he allowed himself the luxury of one good cry. But it was for only a moment. Then he dried his tears and plunged into the task ahead with renewed energy. His hands became his eyes. The senses of touch, smell and sound were developed to a much higher degree than in persons with sight.

He did very well in school and after graduation was employed in a school at Omaha, Nebraska, where he learned how to repair radio equipment. Later, he stayed on as an instructor. He married Jessie Melhus, November 26, 1947, and accepted the responsibility of a wife and three children. He moved back to Malad in 1948 and did radio repair work in a shop he set up in his home with test equipment he either made or modified to suit his needs.

Gerald is very resourceful, and when he has a problem he invents a way to solve it. He has a special jig, which he designed, that enables him to use an electric skill saw to cut and build wood products with great accuracy. During the construction of the Malad Third Ward and Stake Center, Gerald was anxious to do his share and was called to help with the sanding of the woodwork, of which there were many thousands of square feet.

One day the sanding crew was sanding the chapel benches and, since Gerald had finished the one he was working on, he wanted to find another to sand. The crew was all talking about which benches were finished and which ones were not when Gerald touched one that was rough and announced, "Here is one. I will sand this bench." Immediately everyone stopped talking, and he realized he had selected a bench that looked finished but was not. It was very hard to tell when the benches were finished by looking at them. Only by the feel could they be detected, and Gerald had developed his sense of touch to the point where it was easy for him to determine the difference. He felt embarrassed and did not want to hurt anyone's feelings, but the bench did need to be done over.

When I am around Gerald, I never think of him as being handicapped. On the other hand, it is I who feel handicapped. He was custodian for the Malad Second Ward building for over twenty-eight years. One time he asked me to come and look at the electrical controls on the furnace. The furnace was located in a room deep down below the building. I followed Gerald down those long dark stairs to the furnace room, where I lost him in the blackness of that dark room. I could hear him talking to me about the controls and asking questions. When I told

him I couldn't see a thing, he apologized saying, "I am sorry, I forgot that you are one of those who cannot see without a light." Then he left me standing there in the dark while he went to bring a light. In the few moments that I stood there, completely helpless in the dark, I realized it was I, not him, who was handicapped.

I recently visited Gerald in his home and was impressed by its neatness and order. He showed me the kitchen cabinets, the woodwork and paneling he had done himself. He showed me his library of Braille books and commented that he doesn't take his scriptures to church, that the standard works, in Braille, would require a shelf seven feet long. I went with him out to his woodworking shop and it looked like it had never been used. I couldn't see one speck of sawdust anywhere. He talked about, and explained his tools. Some of them are special that he has made for his needs. He explained how a special level he made works for him. It was simple and accurate. I was impressed that he could reach out and pick up any tool he wanted. He knew right where everything was on a wall rack or shelf and he always replaced it. This impressed me because I am such a poor housekeeper. He explained that President Brigham Young once said that there should be a place for everything, everything should have its place, and that everything should be in its place. This was an important rule to a blind man and he has always lived by it.

Gerald, we are grateful for having known you, grateful for the example for good that you have been to so many, and pray for the Lord's choicest blessings to be on you and your family.

A Prayer Answered

By Hubert S. Gleed

When I was in high school a science teacher inspired me to want to know more about electricity and to attend college. I always tried to dismiss it from my mind, because I was from a poor family and my father was often hard pressed to provide even the necessities for his large family. In my senior year I learned that many of the boys and even some of the girls were finding

jobs that they could hold and still attend college, and so my interest increased. Just before graduation, when some of my classmates were discussing their plans for college, and someone asked me what I was going to do, I said I was going to Moscow, and I was going to study electrical engineering. It was a sudden impulse and I wished I had not made such a foolish statement. Then as the summer drew to a close, I became more and more determined to go.

Father let me work out at other farms, and I had saved all that I made. When the time came I traveled to Moscow by train and tried desperately to find a job on campus or in town, but was not able to do so. I did find a two weeks' job on a farm, and then I came home by bus, determined to save my money and try again next year. I asked the bus driver to let me off at the Devil Creek School, and I walked the two and one half miles up to the ranch in New Canyon.

As I neared the ranch, I walked out on a high point near the road where I could see the ranch house and buildings. I could see my father bringing in the sheep to be corralled, for the night and the cows were coming to the barn for the evening milking. There was smoke coming from the house, and I knew Mother was preparing the evening meal. All at once I realized that I would have to explain to them why I was not in school. Would they understand or would they be disappointed in me?

I sat on that knoll for a long time trying to gain enough courage to face the family and admit that I had failed. I bowed my head and knelt in prayer, asking the Lord to bless them that they would understand, and I made a promise with Him that if He would bless me so that I could go to school next year, never again would I come home in failure. To my great surprise, everyone seemed glad to see me. I had written them and told them about my struggle to find work. Mother said she was expecting me, and my brothers and sisters treated me like some kind of a hero, wanting to know all about what they thought was my great adventure.

Soon after I came home, the folks moved to town so the older children could attend high school, but I stayed on the ranch,

where I lived alone that winter. I was busy feeding the sheep and cattle and getting out firewood for myself and the family in town. In the spring Dad came up and helped me with the lambing. I remember that winter as the winter of my discontent. I had a lot of time to think and to plan, and I decided that next year I would go to Pocatello to the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho, where my chances of finding a job would be better.

Dad let me work out on other farms, and I saved as much of my wages as possible, spending money only for clothes. As the time grew near for me to go I had a strong feeling that I should go early and start looking for a job. Dad could not understand why I wanted to go early when I was needed on the farm so bad, but he gave his consent, and I left two weeks before school was to start.

When I walked onto the campus Monday morning, a few minutes before eight o'clock, I noticed quite a number of young men were also coming. They were all going to the same place, and I just fell into line and went with them to the office of the head custodian. I asked someone standing in line next to me who these young men were and he told me that they were all football team members who had been called in early to practice before the first game, and they had been promised jobs. My heart sank, because I was not playing football, but I stayed in line. When my turn came I was asked my name and assigned a job of custodian for the first floor of the chemistry building.

I lived in fear of losing my job when Mr. Smyrthway discovered I was not playing football, but it didn't happen until school was in session for nearly a month. He told me that all the students playing ball had a job that wanted one, and I could keep mine. I had worked real hard at doing a good job for him, and he wanted me to continue. Do you think it was just luck that I walked onto the campus that morning at just the right time and that Mr. Smyrthway forgot to ask me if I was playing football? No, it wasn't luck; it was in answer to my prayer when I was humbled before the Lord a year ago. I testify that He does hear and answer our prayers when we are worthy, and I bear

that testimony in the name of the Lord,
Jesus Christ, amen.

Have I Done My Best?
Testimony of
Sarah Emma Campbell Gleed

Dear God, our Father from on high,
My soul and body is at rest when thou art
nigh.
I know thou hast a kingdom of spirits from
whence I came,
I know those I love here on earth were
there, I even know their name.
I know you, dear Lord Jesus Christ, our
Redeemer of the world, was there,
And all the prophets, both old and new, with
their love I did share.
I was just a spirit; you talked with me and
some that fell.
I was happy about going to earth to get a
body wherein to dwell.
Just what was my promise to you, dear Lord?
Have I done it faithfully and well?
There must have been a great many things
you wanted me to do,
So you sent me here on life's mission of toil
and trials with no recollection or clue.
I was to study and learn to walk in your
holy ways until I was called to rest.
Now what will my judgment be? Can I look
you in the eye and say I've done my best?

I know that you are there, dear Lord, and
remember each day in my prayer
Yes, I came to earth a tiny babe with a
perfect body and goodly parents, their love
and life to share.
Thanks, dear God, for my precious parents,
who taught me good things when very wee,
How our Savior died for us nailed on the
cross of Galilee.
I grew to be a woman, a husband I found and
ten lovely babies I bore.
Oh how I did love them, but dear Lord,
should there have been more?
You took two of my darlings home again-
for them I was lonely and sad.
I thought of you and prayed so I could
smile, and my grief was not so bad.
I know you heard all of my broken sobs and
anguished tears.

I am sure it was for a purpose, as your
spirit led me through these many years.
What is there left undone? How soon am I
ready for my rest?
Can I hold my head up high, look you in the
eye, and say I've done my best?

If I could remember all the things I should
have done,
All my weaknesses and my faults, how many
have I to overcome?
You give me knowledge deep within my soul
of right and wrong, a testimony is my prime.
Oh thanks, dear Lord, you have kept your
word. Have I kept mine?
Have I loved my friends and neighbors as
well as I should, with a message of you?
Of course I know, dear Lord, they are your
beloved children too.
How many promises did I pledge? If only I
knew them all.
Have I let you down, dear Lord? Can I hold
my head up high at your call?
If only I may see your beloved face and hear
you say,
"I am pleased with you dear sister, born in
the latter day.
And you have done your best. Enter into
your rest."
Thanks again, dear Lord, for all I have
learned about you,
and for your guidance now and then.
I just couldn't have done without you, God,
and our beloved Jesus Christ, our Redeemer,
Amen.

Our Microfilming Mission
By James and Margaret Gleed

The Malad Stake Family History Center
and the Name Extraction program of the
Church are inspired programs, and without
them we would not be able to attend the
temple, unless we furnished our own names.

A very important part of these programs
has been the microfilming of vital statistics
and church records from all over the world.
James and Margaret Gleed left their home in
January 1969 and filmed records for the
Church until 1975. They came home for a
year, then went back in 1976 and stayed until
1978, a total of eight years. They were
assigned the southern and eastern part of the

United States, starting in Massachusetts, and going from there to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Mississippi and Missouri.

We are grateful to them for their important part in the great work of salvation for the dead. When they were asked if they felt they had been directed by the Lord in their work, Margaret related the following experiences:

When Jim and I were out microfilming in Missouri, we went into Kansas City to talk to the recorder in the courthouse and explain our work to him. We told him we would give him a free copy of everything we filmed. He was a cantankerous old fellow in a wheelchair. He told us that we could not film his records and asked us to leave. We tried to explain the importance of preserving records, but he would not listen and said, "Not over my dead body can you see or touch these records." So we left, feeling bad because we couldn't microfilm those very important records.

Quite sometime later we were down in the southern part of the state filming when we received word from the Church filming department that were to go back to Kansas City to film the records. We couldn't help but wonder what had happened. When we arrived, we learned that the old recorder had died, and his assistant was now the recorder. He had found a letter from the Church about its filming program and wanted the records filmed immediately. We finished the work we were doing, then moved up to Kansas City as soon as possible. The officials were very nice to us. We worked in that courthouse for over six months. We then moved our equipment to Independence, Missouri and worked there for quite some time.

While filming in St. Genevieve, Missouri, located along the Mississippi River, in a very old and drafty courthouse, Jim and I found many of the records in boxes. I had to unfold them so Jim could film them under glass to keep them flat for easier filming. It was slow and arduous work, but we kept at it until it was finished.

While in that area we were asked to talk to a regional genealogy group of about 30 to 40 nonmember people on why the Mormons believe in genealogy and what our beliefs are, a subject that we, as

microfilmmers, were supposed to refer to the missionaries.

Jim turned the task of talking to them over to me. I explained our genealogy program to them, then when I had finished that part of my talk, I hesitated. Having never talked to a group of nonmembers before, I became frightened and prayed for help. A warm, tingling feeling spread over my whole body, and I started talking about the gospel. When I had finished the talk, I turned the time over for questions. Never have I had such a beautiful experience in my life. I knew the Lord was helping me bear my testimony to the group.

Jim and I went to one of the courthouses in the southern part of Missouri. The recorder let us in to film the records, and while there we asked the probate judge if we could film his records, but he refused to let us. We were set up in the hall between the door of the recorder's office and the probate's office. Each morning as the judge came in we would be working and would say hello to him and remark about the weather or something that had happened. We tried to be friendly to him, regardless of his refusal to let us film his records. As we were finishing with our work one morning and were taking down our camera, the judge came in and saw us putting it away. He said, "I want you to film my records. I have seen how careful you are with the books, and I will trust you with my records." We knew the Lord was working on him to soften his heart toward us, and we were thankful to be able to do all the records there.

Spiritual Experiences in the Reynolds Branch By Nellie Glead

We were meeting in the Devil Creek schoolhouse, and it wasn't exactly suited for church meetings, so the stake and general church building committee helped us buy the schoolhouse. The members of the branch did all of the work, under the direction of Bishop Glead, and remodeled the building. We built a stage and a pulpit. We shingled the roof and painted the outside white. We painted the inside. The Relief Society made drapes which were hung on the windows. We put up

curtains that we could draw to divide the room into four classrooms. We changed the front entrance by building a porch with a roof over it. We thought it was beautiful and provided a nice atmosphere for our ward meetings. We had better reverence in our new building, a place where we could worship our God.

After the church was finished, we had it dedicated. We were especially honored to have Apostle Charles A. Callis come from Salt Lake to dedicate it. We had a large crowd from the stake, including President Thomas W. Richards, 2nd Counselor Samuel A. Hendricks, stake clerk Andy Rytting, and others. The dedication took place October 23, 1938. Brother Callis spoke, saying that the members of the branch should always refer to their branch president as bishop. He said since we were functioning as a ward, our branch president should be "Bishop" Gleed; so from that time on he was Bishop Gleed, because an Apostle of the Lord had said so. President Thomas W. Richards spoke encouraging words, and then Apostle Callis gave the dedicatory prayer. It was a very spiritual and special day for all of us. We were overwhelmed with the presence of an Apostle of the Lord in our midst.

We were a very spiritual group of people. One thing that helped us to grow in the gospel was the firesides we held nearly every Sunday evening, under the direction of the genealogical committee. We all learned how to fill out our pedigree charts and family group sheets. We started to do our family research. Many of us found names and had the temple work done for our dead ancestors. Mary Corbridge was our teacher and she was well versed and a good teacher. The Corbridge family, who moved into our ward, were a great blessing to all of us. Lawrence had been on a mission, which none of the other brethren had. We needed the experience and knowledge of a returned missionary to teach us. We were all eager to learn the gospel message, and we took advantage of these firesides. For our study course we started out by going through The Way to Perfection, by Joseph Fielding Smith. We studied Essentials in Church History, by Joseph Fielding Smith, which gave us a good knowledge of the restoration of the gospel and the Church leaders, and a greater love

for the Prophet Joseph Smith. We studied the scriptures and taught each other and became a very knowledgeable group of people. Guy always said, "Reynolds Branch was a great schoolmaster for me."

Several couples went to the temple to receive their endowments, be sealed to each other, and have their children sealed to them. When we had sick among us, the adult members of the branch would fast; and then we would hold a prayer circle, by all of us kneeling down in prayer. Then members of the priesthood would administer to the sick person. On one such occasion, Ella Corbridge, daughter of Lawrence and Mary Corbridge, a beautiful young lady, was very ill with heart trouble. Lawrence and Mary had taken her to Bountiful, Utah, to her grandmother's home, where she could have peace and quiet, and receive proper medical attention. Lawrence and Mary and family requested that we hold a prayer circle for Ella. We all met at the Corbridge home in Malad. We held a short testimony meeting, then we all knelt down, and Bishop Gleed offered a prayer in her behalf. After the prayer, Mary Owens said, "Wasn't that a beautiful light that shone during the prayer?" None of us had seen it. Mary said the light was so bright that she could not keep her eyes closed. She said that she saw the face of an angel in the light. There was a very sweet spirit there, and we all felt very humble and knew that she had seen a light. Ella was so very sick; it must have been her time to leave this life. But we had prayed for her, and she had been administered to by her father and brothers who held the priesthood (as we have been admonished to do), so we knew that she was in the hands of the Lord. She passed away a couple of weeks later, a very sad event for her family and all of us. We all went to the funeral in Bountiful.

Mary Owens, who had seen the light the night of the prayer circle at the Corbridge home, was not a member of the Church. She had come here from Norton, Kansas to teach at the Devil Creek School. She was Mary Body, or Miss Body, as a teacher. Raymond Owens, a farmer near the school, courted her; they fell in love and were married. They lived on the farm and raised their family there. We had been teaching her the

gospel, but she clung to her Methodist religion. She had a sister who had been a missionary for their church in India for 17 years, where she died of cancer. So Mary, feeling close to this sister, clung to her church. But soon after the experience at the Corbridge home, she asked for baptism. She was baptized and confirmed by her husband. She said that when she saw the light, and was the only person that did, she knew that it was a witness to her that the gospel is true; for an angel had been in that home that night. She remained a very humble but enthusiastic member of the Church, taking great responsibilities in the branch. She served as secretary to the Malad Stake Relief Society Board, and later as a great genealogist in another stake when they moved to Salt Lake City.

Sister Mahala (Haley) Thomas, wife of John E Thomas, was taken to the Dee Hospital in Ogden. She was at death's door with leukemia; John was with her. That morning Guy said, "I think we should go to Ogden and see how Haley is doing." Haley was my first counselor in the Relief Society, and John was Guy's first Counselor in the branch presidency. When we got there, Haley said, "You are an answer to my prayers. I have been praying all night that you would come and give me a blessing, because they are going to operate tomorrow and take out my spleen." John anointed her and Guy sealed the anointing. He promised her that even though she would hover at death's door, she would get well and come home to raise her three young daughters, to be with her husband and do her home tasks. Well, she did come home, and stood in Relief Society to bear her testimony. She said, "I hung to the words of that blessing; those words rang in my ears as those from the other side of the veil beckoned to me to come. I am very grateful for the power of the priesthood." She did live several years longer, and saw her daughters become beautiful young ladies. One night when she was very sick, Guy and I went and spent the night at her bedside with John, and her sister Ruth. Toward morning she passed away. Guy and I went upstairs to tell the girls. They were awake and said they had felt that her spirit had left them. It was October 19, 1939.

Another faith-promoting thing happened was during World War II. Many of the priests in the Aaronic Priesthood, and one of our young elders, Ivan Corbridge, had been called to serve their country. The parents were very worried about them. Most of them were serving on dangerous battle fronts. Glen Smith was in the Marines in the Pacific theatre of war, and helped take the islands of Saipan and Iwo Jima. Frank Owens, also with the Marines, was with land tanks in the Pacific operations helping to take Guadalcanal, Guam and Iwo Jima. Cecil Evans, a nephew to Raymond Owens who lived in the Owens home, was in the Air Force as a warrant officer. Rex Evans was in the Air Force, a tailgunner on a B-24 bomber flying over Germany. John J. Williams, Jr., in the European theatre, was in the Battle of the Bulge. Dale Corbridge was in the Marines in the South Pacific; Ivan Corbridge was in the Air Force in Europe. Ralph Gleed and Lon Corbridge were both in the Army, about to be shipped out, when the war ended.

It was fast and testimony meeting at the Reynolds Branch. As Bishop Gleed stood to bear his testimony he said he knew how worried those dear parents were about their sons who were serving their country. He then promised those parents that if they would pay an honest tithing, keep their covenants, and live their religion as they understood it, every one of those boys from Reynolds Branch would return home without any injuries; but they were to have faith and pray night and day for their sons. Someone else who bore testimony that day said that that was a very powerful promise our bishop has made, and it would be a miracle if it is fulfilled. That caused Guy to stand at the close of the meeting and say that those parents must listen to what he had told them, because he had spoken words that were put into his mouth by a power from on high. The people heeded his words, and every one of those young men returned home from the service without an injury. We all thanked our Father in Heaven, because it was indeed a miracle.

Spiritual Experiences

As told by Mary M. Gleed

In June of 1958, Hubert and I borrowed two fine saddle horses from his brother, Henry Gleed, to ride on Oxford Mountain. It was a beautiful spring day; the hills were green with grass, and all the wild flowers were bursting into bloom. The wild columbines were especially beautiful, and as we rode along I could not resist getting off my horse to pick some of them. The higher we rode up the mountain, the more beautiful the world seemed to be. We came to a stock watering trough filled with cool, clear mountain water. We watered the horses, then enjoyed a picnic lunch while the horses rested.

When we were near the top, we tied our horses in the shade of some trees and hiked to the top. It was a thrill to stand near the marker and know that we were really on the very top. We could see for miles and miles, all the valleys and farms on each side of the mountain. When we came back down, we picked up the horses and were leading them down the mountain by a different route. It was late June, but there was still a lot of snow on the mountain. On the steep side of the mountain we came to a snow field that we needed to cross. Hubert said, "You wait here and I will take the horses up around the snow and come down on the other side. When I get even with you, then you can come across."

When Hubert was almost down far enough to be even with me, I started across. Little did I know that under the top few inches of snow was solid ice. I had only taken about two steps when my feet went out from under me, and I slid down that mountain like a shot out of a gun. It took my breath away, and I could do nothing to stop myself. Then, all at once, I heard a voice say to me, "Stop yourself like you would on skis." I swung myself around sideways and was able to slow my decent enough so that I was able to stop just as I came to a little ridge. If I had gone over the ridge, I would have fallen into a deep canyon and landed on a pile of rocks.

I know that it was that still small voice of the Holy Ghost that saved my life that day. I bear witness that the Spirit

watches over us and will prompt us if we will stay in tune with Him, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another experience concerns my parents. My mother was a very spiritual person who lived close to the Lord and had many spiritual and faith promoting experiences. I would like to relate one of them. Mother and Father had a civil marriage in 1902. They belonged to the Church and were active but had never been to the temple. Then one night my mother had a dream or vision. In it she saw her brother-in-law, who was dead, and he said to her, "If you two don't get your work done I will bump your heads together." This troubled Mother, because she knew what he meant: it was to get their temple work done.

Father made arrangements to go to Logan to the temple. It was in the middle of the winter, January of 1914; I was eight years old. He got someone to do the chores and feed the stock. He installed a wagon cover on the wagon box, which was a sleigh. There was an oil stove to help us keep warm, and we were all ready to start out by team and sleigh early the next morning. When we got up the next morning, my brother Thomas had a bad case of the croupe. Mother said, "It's the Devil trying to stop us. We will go anyway." Thomas was doctored up and we left as scheduled.

It was a beautiful winter day, cold but clear. I stood outside the cover, up front with Father nearly all the way. We only stopped once, and that was to eat our lunch, water and give the horses a nosebag of oats. It was a long ride and was way after dark when we arrived, with one very tired team of horses. We stayed with my Uncle Andrew and Aunt Elvira. When I went into their house after standing out with the sun on the snow for so long, my freckles stood out and were very noticeable. My unele said he could "knock them off with a stick."

The next day we went to the temple. It was one of the highlights of my life, a day I shall always remember and be grateful to my parents that they made the effort to go to the temple, be sealed and have us children sealed to them.

She Held the Prophet's Watch

by Thelma Gibbs

On May 2, 1879, Eliza R. Snow, one of the outstanding and dearly loved sisters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, came to Portage from Salt Lake City. The young children of Portage were all assembled together to meet her. They were excited and happy to have such a good and great lady visit them.

Sister Snow talked to the children and showed them a watch which had one day belonged to the Prophet Joseph Smith. She let each child hold the watch. This was, indeed, a thrilling experience, one that the children never forgot.

Sister Emma Evelyn Harris Conley of the Portage Ward, the wife of our former Bishop John Franklin Conley, Sr., was one of those children who held the prophet's watch in her hands. Many years ago when Sister Conley was nearing her eightieth birthday, she spoke in a ward testimony meeting and bore testimony of the wonderful feeling she experienced when, as a child, she had been present on this occasion and had seen and held the watch of our beloved prophet.

On that day of May 2, 1879, Sister Eliza R. Snow organized the Portage Ward Primary organization.

I Was Healed Immediately

By Thelma Gibbs her daughter

When Jesse H. Dredge was a young married man he had purchased a ranch out in the meadows southwest of Malad. He built a home on this ranch and owned a large herd of sheep. He relates the following experience.

"While living on that ranch, I had a striking testimony of the power of the priesthood. I had hurt my knee very bad, right at the time when the sheep were lambing, and they needed my help and care. I said to my wife, 'Lizzie, get the little bay mare hooked up to the buggy. I am going to town to get the priesthood to give me a blessing.' She also had faith--wonderful faith.

"We came to the home of William H. Richards, bishop of the Malad Ward at that

time. I explained my situation of how necessary it was that I be healed so that I could take care of my sheep, the farm and my business.

"We got Edwin R. Jones to assist him, and after explaining to him my condition and how badly I needed to be healed, Bishop Richards said, 'Yes, Brother Dredge, but we don't always get the blessings that we need so immediately.'

"They helped me out of the buggy and into the house, anointed me with oil and sealed the blessing upon my head. I immediately arose, took my hat and walked freely out of the house and got into the buggy. I was completely healed. The Lord heard their prayers and answered with a blessing. How wonderful the priesthood is!

"Soon after this I was called to be a counselor to Bishop W. H. Richards of the Malad Ward, there being only one ward in Malad at that time. I was set apart to this office July 24, 1904 and held it until March 23, 1907 when I was made a member of the Malad Stake high council, Milton H. Welling being the Malad Stake president at that time. I was a member of this council for about 25 years. Later I was bishop of the Malad First Ward, and still later I was ordained as Malad Stake patriarch."

A Stranger in Our Home

By Bishop Frank Gunnell and Family

April 1988

Shortly after I was made bishop of the Malad Fifth Ward, I had a very unusual, but interesting experience happen to me and my family.

I was attending my first bishop's council meeting with the stake presidency. I was called out of the meeting by President Hyer, who said my wife had just called and that I needed to hurry home because there was a stranger in our home, and she was very concerned. I left in a hurry and could not imagine what was happening at home. I rushed in the house, where my wife was anxiously awaiting to tell me a man named Jimmy had knocked at the door and asked for a bath, meal and bed for the night. My son Steve had met him at the door and invited him to come in. When I arrived home, he

was in the bath tub, and my wife was washing his clothes. Jimmy told my son a Mormon bishop in Arimo had given our name and address to him and advised we would take care of him for the night. Jimmy proceeded to tell us he was a victim of cancer of the pancreas, and he only had a few months to live. He had received chemotherapy and was totally bald. His home was in South Carolina and he was divorced. He belonged to the Baptist Church, but was very impressed with the Mormons because of the emphasis on the family.

After supper we visited with Jimmy about the Book of Mormon, and my son Steve bore a very strong testimony concerning the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon.

Jimmy told us he had ridden a bus from South Carolina to Idaho Falls. He planned to walk back to South Carolina and live off the land and people. He believed it would be a humbling experience and would have a healing effect on his body. My son Steve gave Jimmy a Book of Mormon and visited with him for several hours that night. The next morning we gave Jimmy a big breakfast, had family prayer and told him goodby.

My wife called me at my office about one hour later and wanted me to make sure Jimmy had safely left town. I drove towards Cherry Creek and observed Jimmy walking down the old highway.

A few days later I received a call from a bishop in Fielding, telling me they were going to baptize Jimmy, and that we had made a very positive influence on Jimmy, especially Steve and the testimony of the Book of Mormon he had given him. Jimmy gave Steve a nice wrist watch and thanked all of us for our hospitality and for telling a total stranger about our religion.

Jimmy was advised by the bishop in Fielding to return home immediately to his family in South Carolina and share the gospel with them. This he did and was doing fine one year later.

St John Old Folks Day
By Mrs. Arch (Mary) Harris

We meet again this Old Folk's Day,
As friends and neighbors true,
We greet each other with a smile,

Our acquaintances renew.
'Tis natural for the young to wed,
And far from their parents roam,
But on Old Folks Day they wander back,
And we bid them welcome home.

The tables are spread with a bounteous feast,
With meats, and fruits of the vine,
The bishop then with humble mein,
Invokes a blessing divine.
All then proceed to the assembly hall,
To partake of the entertainment gay,
Where Edward Woosley reigns supreme
As chairman of Old Folks Day.

The program consists of speeches and songs,
And readings and comic jokes,
For a little foolishness now and then
Is relished by most grown folks.
When one has attained the age of sixty,
With the old folks he takes a chance,
And is presented with a rocking chair,
Which he has paid for in advance.

But the cost isn't measured in dollars and cents,
For the spirit of giving is a pleasure,
It binds the friendship of the old and young,
As they journey life's highway together.

How well I remember our first reunion,
Of some thirty years or more,
The custom of the day is much the same
As in the days of yore.
But as we shift the scene to the audience,
It is different somehow today,
For the faces that now confront us,
Are the babes of yesterday.

Where are the sires that were with us then,
Who shouldered the load with a will?
They each in their turn have answered the call,
And their voices are hushed and still.
Thus year by year as time marches on,
The grim reaper takes his toll,
Very few are left of our early pioneers,
And their names are stricken off the roll.

Many of our members have been called,
In spite of all loving care.
How they did enjoy the Old Folks Day,
And freely contributed their share.

May they linger long in our memory,
As we gaze at their vacant chairs.

So while in this life let's do our part,
And share one's joy and sorrow,
For the young folks of today will be
The old folks of tomorrow.

Those Who Come Back

By Devere Harris

I had the responsibility and opportunity to restore the blessings to many, many people in the islands who had been excommunicated. I had some spiritual experiences that were over-whelming and outstanding. I had one great man in the islands who had been excommunicated when he was a stake president. He had been out of the Church for twelve years, and as he came back I interviewed him. The brethren had the paperwork all made out, and if I found him worthy, I could go ahead and restore his priesthood blessings. When I got through interviewing him and told him I thought he was worthy, he asked, "Will it be all right if my daughters come in?" They opened the door and eight beautiful, dark-skinned Tongan girls walked through the door; I restored the blessings to their father. As soon as I finished, they converged around their father, threw their arms around him and loved him, and said, "Daddy, we knew you could do it." I sat at the president's desk shedding tears; I was overwhelmed by the love and concern of those young people, that their father would be able to have his blessings restored.

I've had great spiritual experiences in restoring these blessings, seeing the happiness and joy that come to those people who have been on the outside of the Church and who love it, and now who prepare themselves, and are coming back into the Church.

My Whole Life Passed Before Me

By Tressie Y. Heilesen

On December 11, 1987, I was over to President Foster Ipsen's home, trying to lock the front door. President Ipsen and his wife,

Kathleen (my daughter), had left yesterday for the Dominican Republic to get their daughter, April, from her mission. I was staying in their home with their son, Derek, a high school student.

My hands slipped off the door knob and I fell, missing the last two steps and landing on the cement walk with my right leg under me and the left leg over it; I couldn't move. I knew my hip was broken. I was all alone. As I lay there, my whole life passed before me, and I prayed with all the faith I had that someone would come along the road and see me.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Jones from St John were on their way to Pleasant View on business. They had started out on their regular route, but felt impressed to turn around and take the road past the Ipsen home. When I heard the car, I waved; they stopped to help me. They put a blanket around me, called my granddaughter, Linda Wight, and her husband, John, then called the ambulance. It was just one hour from the time I fell and was picked up and transported to the Oneida Hospital. I was X rayed, and all was done that could be done there. Derek came from school to see me; Bishop Frank Madsen came and asked me if I would like a bishop's blessing. I said yes. He prayed for the doctors and nurses or anyone who would do anything for me--that it would be right. I knew while his hands were on my head that I would be able to go through whatever I had to.

I was then transported to Ogden by ambulance. Everything was done for me that could be: Linda rode down with me; my son, Grant, who lives in Ogden secured two LDS specialists, Marlan J. Haslam, orthopedic surgeon and Grant K. Holland, heart specialist. After studying the X rays and examining my heart and other things which were wrong, the doctors said, "We are not sure we can bring you through this operation alive." I said, "I can't live like this. I have no choice. If there is anything to sign, let me sign it, and I'll see you doctors after the operation."

The Lord has blessed me abundantly. I'm thankful for my family and the way they have taken care of me. Today, April 28, 1988, I can walk by myself around my home; I use a cane when I go out. I'm thankful for

Heavenly Father's healing influence, that I can walk again--we take so much for granted.

A Spiritual Experience

By Lily S. Hess

In the winter of 1935, my husband and I with our three children moved into the Malad Valley, becoming members of the Malad First Ward. I was soon asked to be a teacher in the Primary and later was called to serve on the Malad Stake Primary board, serving for twelve years.

We then moved into the Malad Third Ward. Here I served in the Primary, Young Women's MIA and Sunday School. In 1947, the Adult Aaronic Priesthood was organized to help the older inactive members become active. My husband was inactive, along with many more in our ward. Twelve or fifteen couples joined this group, with Ernest Horsley and Chauncy Sorensen as the leaders and Brother and Sister Lawrence Corbridge as instructors. This was really the solution for bringing the inactive back into activity. On January 20, 1948, eight couples from that group took their families to the Logan Temple for their endowments and sealings. This was truly a spiritual experience and turning point in our lives. My husband became active, holding positions in the MIA, elders quorum and the Sunday School.

I am thankful for the gospel and my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is surely the real way of life.

Only by Fasting and Prayer

By Iris N. Hill

Eighteen days after Nord Hill returned from his mission he was in an accident when the horse he was riding rolled with him over a calf. The right side of his face was badly damaged. He was taken to the Oneida County Hospital, but was transferred by ambulance to Ogden, where he could receive the care of a plastic surgeon.

We finally got him checked into the hospital and settled about two o'clock Saturday morning; my husband, Frank and I returned to Holbrook. I called my brother

Mark Nielsen, a bishop in Roy, Utah, and asked him to please check on Nord and give him a blessing. Mark called me later to tell me he had been to see Nord and took him some things he thought he might need. He also took one of his counselors with him and they gave Nord a blessing, and Mark wanted me to know he had received a witness from the Spirit that Nord was going to be all right.

Nord underwent surgery on Tuesday; the doctor had to wait until then to be sure he had no spine injury. The operation took about eight hours; all the finger bones behind the cheek bone that hold the eye in place were splintered and had to be removed, then a plastic floor was built in under the eye and some wires and pins applied to hold everything in place.

On Thursday some very bright red streaks were showing in his eye, and the doctor said it was a reaction to the plastic. There was nothing they could do for it; it could quit as quickly as it had started, but if it continued for a long time, they would have to remove the plastic. By Saturday morning when we talked to him on the phone, he said his eye was so red and swollen he could not see through it at all. I'm sure I sounded very discouraged later that morning when our Relief Society president, Sister Carol Eliason, called to see how Nord was doing. We had planned to bring him home from the hospital this day.

Sister Eliason got things started immediately to call a special fast for Nord. Everyone in the ward was contacted, and even some in Malad joined in. With this united effort, our prayers were answered, and by Sunday afternoon when we visited him, his eye was back to normal, and we were able to bring him home from the hospital on Monday.

My Blessings Are Many

By Arva Jensen Hall

I thank my Father in Heaven for the parents I had and for the things they taught me. I'm grateful for being raised in a home where there was such great love and concern for our welfare. I cannot remember ever

hearing a swear word or cross words from my parents.

The dear lady that I was named after, Arva Wickham Christensen, later became the mother-in-law of elder Marion D. Hanks of the First Quorum of Seventies.

I loved growing up and living in Pocatello Valley near many of my relatives.

I have had many faith promoting experiences while raising my three children, and I know that God hears and answers prayers. There have been times when my husband and I have been experiencing problems, and I have prayed about these, sometimes for hours. Most of the time I have received that burning within my bosom that lets me know that my prayers have been answered.

My faith in the power of the priesthood is very strong for it has been proven to me on numerous occasions when I have had the elders administer to me. I know that the elders are acting in God's stead, and the healing power comes from Him through the laying on of their hands. I'm sure my life has been preserved because of the power of the priesthood.

I am thankful for being blessed with so many good friends. I'm thankful for the privilege I have had of going to the living center and nursing home as a visiting teacher, and just as a friend to those dear people. I love life and thank my Father in Heaven for all He has done for me. He is in my heart and thoughts every day. I am thankful for the privilege to attend the sacred sessions at the temple. Many faith promoting experiences are to be had there.

Testing My Faith

By Lyle A. Hall

I was born of goodly parents who raised me and taught me to work and make my own way in life. I was inactive until about thirty years of age, when two good brethren, by their example and kindness, turned me around. I gave up my habits of using tobacco and alcohol and began to attend church. I soon found that which I had been missing and yearning for. With each meeting I attended I found my testimony growing and my faith becoming stronger.

I suppose the first real test of my faith came when I went to the island of Guadalcanal during World War II. I hadn't really given much thought to God, because of my inactivity and comparative safety, but when I got to where the bullets and shells and bombs were flying and exploding, I soon learned to call upon God for protection.

I was a Navy Hospital Corpsman attached to the 1st Battalion, Eight Reg. 2nd Marine Division. I recall the time when we had just finished a drive and had captured our objective. I had dug a deep, narrow foxhole and piled the dirt up around it. My first aid packs were lying atop this mound so that nothing but a direct hit could harm me. For three days, hand grenades were falling close to my hole and exploding. I knew I was too far from the lines for an enemy to throw a grenade that far, and I knew they were too small to be mortars. The mystery was, "Where were they coming from?" Finally, a Marine spotted a Jap sniper in the tree directly above me. When they shot him out of the tree, he fell almost into my foxhole. This was enough for me to know that God had protected me, maybe because I was engaged in life-saving work, or perhaps He had something else for me to do at a later time.

The second incident I recall was also on Guadalcanal a few days later. My company was holding a position at the base of a circular hill. A Japanese machine gunner could see and cover part of our line. I had just been summoned to come and render first aid to a wounded marine when--and this may be very hard to believe--I heard that machine gun begin to fire. I yelled, "Hit the ground!" I went flat on my stomach, and the enemy machine gun's bullets sprayed me with dirt as they plowed the ground just an inch or so above me. I had actually heard the gun fire before the bullets got to me. Do you think God was looking out for me? I surely do.

Later, just before Christmas of 1942, I was standing talking to a marine lieutenant about the possibility of getting some hot food up to the front lines for Christmas when an explosion sent us both flying through the air. I landed in a foxhole half dazed. When the smoke and dust had lifted, I found that the lieutenant had been hit

three or four times with shrapnel from the mortar shell that had just exploded between us. I attended to his wounds and helped him back to the forward aid station. It was then that I found I had also taken a hunk of shrapnel in my upper arm. Well, what I'm saying is that I should have been killed by that explosion. Just another testament that God was keeping me for something else.

I have had many faith promoting experiences; the most recent happened a little over a year ago, in April of 1987. I had just had bypass heart surgery and returned home to recuperate. I was lying in bed looking through the kitchen window toward a street corner light. All at once, I could see the image or form of a man or manlike creature in the doorway. I said, "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answered, "You." I said, "By the authority of the holy priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this house." He immediately disappeared. Now I'm sure I was awake and was not dreaming--it was too real. That was another testament to me of the power of the priesthood and test of my faith.

I am trying to go to the temple and do as many endowments for the dead as I can. It strengthens my faith when I can go to the house of the Lord and perform these holy ordinances.

Yes, You Will See Him Again

By Carol Howe

One time I was teaching the Mia Maid class a lesson on exaltation and life after death. I was having a very hard time "getting into the lesson," until I remembered a spiritual experience and little David Hammer.

At the time, I was the nursery leader in our ward. Every Sunday when his parents brought him into the nursery, he would fight, scream and kick the door; you could hear him all the way down the hall. I found that he liked bunnies, and so I used that to get him to like the nursery. He also liked to wrestle and be tickled. I got very close to David and loved him as much as one of my own kids.

We gave simple lessons to the kids, and I was trying to get the point across that Jesus loves them. I asked the question, "Who loves you?" David at the time was running and jumping over kids, so I didn't think he heard anything I said. But he stopped long enough to say "I love you," then went back to running. I was surprised at what he said.

Two weeks later a friend called and told me that little David Hammer had been killed. I was shocked, surprised and really upset. I couldn't understand why this happened. I kept asking myself, "Will I see David again." Then I felt a strong peace and calm come over me as the Spirit whispered to me, "Yes you will see him again."

Stake Conference Experience

By Thomas Jefferson Howell

On going to Malad City to conference on the coldest day of the year in 1924, and there being but little snow, we started through the fields with bobs. There were four of us in the wagon box: Herald, my son; Merlin Jenkins, my son-in-law; my wife, Mary Jane, and I.

We came to the Malad River bridge, where we had to go down a steep cut, which was icy. The horses slipped, and one pushed the other off the bridge. I jumped out as they went down into the river. There was a ten gallon can of cream in the back end of the box which struck my wife in the side and stunned her for awhile. Merlin fell among the horses and was cut some by their shoes but not seriously. Herald was not hurt at all.

When we got my wife out of the water and on the bridge, she could scarcely walk with our help. Merlin went to the nearest house, which was Beetons, and although they were still in bed, one of them hurried and brought the school wagon and took us home. My wife was quite badly hurt and was sick for some time. Then she seemed fairly recovered, but not so long after, a hurting started in her side. Malad doctors could do nothing for her, and suggested we go to Salt Lake City, which we did.

At the LDS hospital she was operated on by Dr. Middleton for cancer of the intestines

on January 2, 1926. She never recovered; and her death came the 27th of January. She was taken to Woodruff and prepared for burial by Guy Benson. Her funeral and burial were at Portage, as Woodruff had no cemetery.

The Need of Temple Work

By Mary J. Hubbard

Victor H. Jacobson born Feb 6, 1928 was the youngest child of twelve living children. He loved life and his family. He was a good boy, obedient to his parents.

Approaching his 18th birthday meant he soon must with the draft board to join his other four brothers serving in World War Two.

Suddenly on Nov 7, 1945 after a few days illness with the disease of polio, he was taken from us.

It was on a night in November of 1946 that I was awakened from a dream of Victor standing near my bed, dressed in temple clothing. He said, "Mary, tell Dad I want to go on a mission." I told myself I'd been dreaming; we didn't bury Victor in the temple clothes. I soon fell asleep again. Once more as plain as day Victor appeared to me dressed in temple clothes. He again repeated the same words, "Mary, tell Dad I want to go on a mission." He then left. I awakened Clark, my husband, this time and told him Victor had been here twice with the same message. Why me? Why didn't Victor take this message to Dad?

I gave the message to my father, and on March 28, 1947 he did Victor's temple endowment.

Some months later I dreamed I saw Victor skipping on some round stones as happy as a meadowlark. I begged him to stop and stay with us. "I can't," he replied; "We are too busy." Clark awakened me from this sweet dream and asked why I was crying.

As time passed I saw and came to know that temple work was indeed a necessary part of eternal progression for our kindred dead. I am sure this experience came to strengthen my testimony and stimulate me in my genealogy: to seek after our loved kin who have gone on before us and who are waiting for us to do their baptism and endowment work so they too can have the privilege of

entering the kingdom of heaven and live where Christ and God dwell when their opportunity arrives.

This temple work is real and true. It is the most important work we as mortals in this life can do. Immortals cannot do this temple work -- it must be done while in life or by the living.

This is my testimony to my living descendents. I leave it in the name of Jesus Christ.

My Testimony

By Mary J. Hubbard

I have a testimony, sacred and dear to me. I learned at a very early age in my life of a Father in Heaven who is the father of our spirits, the creator of this earth, the place for these mortal bodies to live, to progress and prepare ourselves to return again after this life is finished, to live again in the spirit world where God the Eternal Father and Son Jesus Christ dwell. I came to know by experience that our Father in Heaven cares about his children, that he can hear and answer our prayers.

It was by the authority of the priesthood which my own earthly father held, giving him the right to administer to the sick along with faith and fasting and prayers, that my life was spared to fulfill by mission here in life.

When I was 18 months old I was stricken with a severe case of summer diarrhea, which made me so sick for two weeks by mother thought they would lose me; this left me so weak I had to learn to walk all over again.

When I was three years of age my dad would cut or harvest the grain with a header, then put it into stacks where it could be threshed later with the community threshing machine and the wheat put into the granaries. My cousin Wanda Jacobson, a year older than I, who lived one-fourth mile north of us, would come to play with me. We would sit by these wheat stacks, shell out wheat, and chew it until it would dough or gluten into gum - the more you chewed it the better the gum. I couldn't get mine to go into gum, so I would swallow the wheat and try more. I don't know how much I swallowed, but we did this for several days.

I became very sick - my bowels were so inflamed I would pass nothing but blood. We lived 35 miles from the nearest doctor. With horse and buggy this was a long trip. My condition became worse, and Mother felt I could never live.

Dad fasted, going without food and water for three days and nights. He administered to me, pleading for my life to be saved. From this and the family prayers, our Father in Heaven did answer their prayers, and my life was spared to fulfill my life here in mortality.

These sick spells and others have had their effects on my health condition, but with the blessings and help from a kind Father in Heaven who cares, I have been able to carry my share of the load and responsibilities in our married life.

I do know our Father in Heaven is real, that He does hear and answer prayers. I thank him with all my heart for the many wonderful blessings He has blessed me and my family with and for the priesthood in our family. I say to all my family, stay close to your Father in Heaven in prayer, morning and night, and have your secret prayers also. It's our only hope to be saved through these troubled times. The gospel is true. Listen to our prophets voice of warning and live true to the covenants you have made with your Father in Heaven, that we might all be together in the hereafter.

I pray for his blessings to upon all of us to guide us through these latter days. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

God Moves in Mysterious Ways

By Grant Ruel Ipsen
Boise, Idaho

Between the years 1953-1956 I served for two and one-half years in the Danish Mission. In late 1971, November or December, while driving the car and at other times when my mind was not guided to other thoughts, the Danish language began coming back to me. I would think, "What is that word in Danish?" or "What is that scripture in Danish?" I began forming sentences and quoting scriptures in that language.

I had not spoken an hour's Danish in the fourteen years I had been home from my

mission to Denmark. Little did we know what we were being prepared for.

In February 1972, my wife, Eddie, and I went to Salt Lake to attend a sealing of a couple we had known for years. My mission president--Holger P. Petersen--was the sealer for the couple. After the ordinance he took Eddie and me to show us some of the special places in the temple where various events had taken place. It was a very special experience.

While walking out of the long hallway from the temple to North Temple Street, I had a strong feeling come to me that something was about to happen in our lives. I turned to Eddie and told her of my feeling. She said, in a matter of fact way, "You are going to be called as a mission president." Nothing more was said than this simple statement, and we thought nothing more of it at the time.

About the middle of May I had been on a business trip to Sun Valley. When I returned home Eddie met me at the door and in a voice that was not exactly calm said, "President Tanner called and asked that you return his call." I placed the call about 6:00 p.m. and the operator said he had gone home. He asked if this were Brother Ipsen. I responded that it was. The operator said President Tanner had asked that when I called, he was to put the call through to his home. He had not arrived at home yet, so about ten minutes later I called, and the voice said, "This is President Tanner. Is this Brother Ipsen?" I responded that it was. President Tanner then asked me about my health, the health of the family, my work, and my current financial condition. He said, "You have been recommended to be a mission president."

I indicated to President Tanner that my health was good, Eddie's health was good, our financial condition was good, but there were some health problems with the children. Gaye was handicapped, and Shawna had severe allergies. I indicated that I was coming to Salt Lake City in a few days to speak at a convention; I would be able to meet with him and explain the extent of the health problems. He responded that he would be grateful if I could meet with him.

I met with him at noon on Friday May 5th. He pulled a chair around behind his

desk and, facing me a few inches away, asked, "Do you want to go on a mission?" I responded, "That is everyone's dream." He asked again, "Do you want to go on a mission?" I responded, "I think it would be a great experience." He asked one more time, "Do you want to go on a mission?" I said, "Yes!" He said, "Thank you. That is what I wanted to know." This was a great lesson on commitment.

President Tanner then asked about the family's health in more detail. After I had outlined the severity of the problem, he stated that he would speak again with the Prophet, and they would let us know by the end of the week.

It was our intent to remain in Salt Lake for the weekend. The whole family was with us. I returned to the motel, and we had planned a lot of activities. Those did not take place, however, for Eddie and I could do nothing more than sit in a state of wonderment. We could not tell anyone and we could not get our minds on other things, so we decided to drive to Malad and visit the family for the weekend. We drove to Malad but still could do nothing but wonder and think. I remember Leora asking if there was anything wrong or if we were mad at them or something. I said there was nothing wrong, but still we were not good company so, we decided to return to Boise. This was on Saturday May 5.

There were many concerns on our mind. What about the health of the family? What about my business? The business was progressing in a fantastic way. I had speaking engagements in several parts of the U.S. over the following six months. We had recently taken out a loan to build on to the house, which we had scheduled to pay back in five years. Since Shawna was especially allergic to wool and we had removed all wool carpeting from our house, we wondered what would happen if the mission home were carpeted with wool (which turned out to be so). Our children's ages were Gaye, 15; Garin 11; Shawna, 7; and Wayne, 3. Where would they attend school and how would they do in school in a foreign land. There were many other thoughts of minor proportions, but thoughts and concerns nevertheless.

The next day was fast day, and we had a special reason to fast. We had been very

concerned about the call. The decision, if we were asked, would be yes. This was never in question. The concerns, however, were disturbing. Before we broke our fast on Sunday, May 7, Eddie and I knelt in prayer and asked that if the call were right, we be free of these concerns. Immediately the concerns left us, and then the concern was that we might not be extended the call. I can witness that this concern was great.

On Monday morning I called President Tanner to tell him of our experience. He was in a meeting with the Prophet, but returned the call about noon. I indicated that we had fasted for peace of mind and certainly, with no misunderstanding, had received that peace. President Tanner then said we would be getting our written call by the end of the week. Then, he added, "Thank you for calling. It makes us even more certain that the call is from God." His graciousness was wonderful. It also taught us that the Spirit witnesses to those being called as well as to those extending the call.

President Tanner then asked if Shawna and Gaye had ever had a special blessing. I replied that they had been anointed several times. He said, "I mean a special blessing." When I replied they had not, he promised such; and later, when we were set apart on June 30, Shawna and Gaye, as well as Eddie and I, received very special blessings.

In Shawna's blessing she was promised she would gradually be made well. This blessing has been fulfilled. We were blessed so that we were able to pay the money we had borrowed to build on to the house prior to our leaving for Denmark. All business matters were transferred to other men in the office. Everything came together in those two short months. The children were blessed to be able to attend excellent schools and had experiences they would never have had at home. They were responsible for activations and conversions while there, and as well as make many special friends.

We reflect on the experience and feel richly blessed in the spiritual building of our testimonies. Material blessings were also poured out upon us. Eddie was an example of a mother in Zion to the Saints and missionaries, and Eddie and I have been blessed with many "grandchildren" through our missionaries who call on us often.

These friendships are many and cherished. God does move in mysterious ways. We testify of that.

**I Can Still See
The Picture in My Mind**
By Ora H. John, former bishop
of Portage Ward

The summer following my father's death, we had harvested the wheat, cutting it with a machine called a header, which was a twelve-foot platform with guards and knife, similar in some respects to the combines of today, with a long spout at one end that would convey the wheat into a header box on a wagon, pulled by a team of horses, and would probably hold one and one-half tons. It took three men to keep the header going. The header was pulled by four or more horses, also.

Well, we had the wheat stacked, and a thresher, drawn by a steam engine, had arrived to thresh the wheat. Arrangements had been made to load it loose in wagonboxes and haul it to an elevator at the railroad. We thought we could keep the thresher going with four wagons. There was quite a lot of competition between threshing crews, and they would not wait. If there was no wagon there, the wheat would be run on the ground, and you would have to gather it up later.

I had loaded my wagon and started for the elevator. Before I reached the road, it was necessary to go through some plowed ground. In the middle of the plowed land was a small hollow. When I came to the hollow I stopped and let the horses rest and get their wind so they could make it through better. But when they started up the other side, it was more than they could pull.

I didn't know what I was going to do. I knew that unless I got moving, I could never make it back in time. I thought, all I can do is pray. I jumped off the wagon, kneeled by the wheel and asked the Lord to help me. I got back on the wagon, spoke to the horses, and without any effort on the horses part, the wagon rolled out. That was fifty-seven years ago, and I can still see the picture of it in my mind. As the wagon began to move, the traces, or tugs as we

called them, were slack with no tension on them. Surely, the Lord answered my prayer.

Another experience happened when one of my daughters, after having been married several years and not being able to have a child, but wanting one so badly, prayed constantly for one. Finally she had the privilege of adopting a baby girl when it was two days old. When the doctor placed the baby in her arms, she wept with joy and said, "This is what I've been praying for, for years."

The child was very nervous and never could sleep relaxed. The slightest noise would awaken her and she would cry a lot of the time. I began to think that the child would not live unless there were some changes. It worried me what would happen to my daughter if she should lose that child. So I began to meditate and review some of the great miracles the Savior and others holding the priesthood had performed. I knew I held this same priesthood, and I prayed that I might use it in behalf of the child.

My daughter lived just a hundred feet or so from us. She came in one afternoon and said the baby had gone to sleep; would I go sit with her for a half-hour while she went to the churchhouse, about a block away, to practice a song. I told her I would, and as I left the house to go, I put a bottle of consecrated oil in my pocket. I anointed the child and then sealed the anointing. Soon my daughter came home, and I left and had only been in the house a few minutes when my daughter came running and cried, "Oh, Daddy, come quick. There is something wrong with the baby." I asked her what was wrong, and she answered, "She is just as limp as can be. I've picked her up and she won't wake up." I then told her what I had done and not to worry. That was the first time that baby had ever relaxed, and from that day to this she has been strong and healthy--over thirty years, as of this writing.

Our First Spiritual Experience After Baptism

By Byron Knutsen

Shortly after my wife and I were baptised, we were deciding where we wanted to settle after I completed graduate school. We had made the decision to leave the state we were in, but had not received any answer to our prayers.

During spring vacation we traveled several states away and attended some interviews. During a casual visit with one of the interviewers, we told him of an opportunity to teach on the Island of Guam. The interviewer then proceeded to tell us his feeling about going there and what benefits we would receive from this experience. As we listened, both my wife and I realized that here was the answer to our prayers, delivered by a non-Mormon. We followed the answer; we received many blessings and also came to understand that prayers can be answered in many ways.

Faith Promoting Experiences of John and Anna Llewellyn Heaton

Portage, Utah

Contributed by LaReal Allen Mace

Provo, Utah

In the late fall of 1898 my grandfather, John Heaton, Jr., was called on a mission for the LDS Church to the Northern States Mission in Chicago, Illinois.

Grandma was left home in Portage with three small children; Ira, age seven, Elmina, age three, and Elvie, age two months. They had lost two sons at this time. Grandma (Anna Llewellyn Heaton) was left with no provisions, and with the full responsibility of running the farm, which was located five miles to the south of Portage, near Washakie. She had to see to planting, harvesting and delivering of crops, taking care of the family, milking the cows and caring for the animals, etc. She kept records of many of the happenings, and of every penny received and spent while Grandpa was away for the two years. She recorded the times friends and family would bring a nickel, dime, quarter or dollar and give to one of the children; this

money was saved and sent to grandpa to help keep him in the mission field.

She also recorded the names of the men in the valley who helped her with her crops, cut wood in the nearby mountains and delivered it to her home to help keep them warm during the winter. And there were those who took vegetables and fruit. She records paying wheat, eggs, and pigs for tithing.

The first winter John was away on his mission, they were having a real struggle keeping things going. Elvie, just a few months old, was seriously ill, and Grandma had been staying up watching him every minute until she was exhausted; but still she had to tend to the family and the chores--feeding and milking, etc. One cold night leaving the three children, she went out to milk; having first instructed Ira and Elmina to watch the baby, Elvie, every minute and if there was any change in his condition to run and get her immediately. She did not expect him to live through the night. She had not been in the barn very long when Ira ran out to tell her to "come quick, there is something wrong with the baby, and there's a man in the house." She dropped her bucket and ran to the house and found my mother, Elmina, standing by the crib crying. She asked where the man was and what had happened. Elmina told her the man put his hands on the baby's head and then left. Grandma went to the door, then outside, but could see no trace of the man at all. The only footsteps in the snow were the ones she and Ira had made to the barn. Elvie was immediately made well and was never sick again while his father was away on his mission.

This story has been told and retold many times in our family and it is always thrilling and humbling to hear it.

The second winter Grandpa was on his mission he had to purchase some clothing and supplies. He was in desperate need of \$85.00 as soon as possible or he would have to leave the mission and come home. At that time Grandma had \$10.00. After praying about how she could come by that large amount of money, she decided to sell one of the horses. She asked around and no one needed a horse, so she got on the horse and rode all over the valley talking to people, trying to sell it to get the much needed money. That night she

rode home weary, discouraged and very tired. Grandma's half-sister, Irene John (Ward) then thirteen years old, was staying with her and that night as they went to bed they knelt down to pray. Grandma prayed first and then asked Irene to pray. Their plan was for Irene to stay home from school and tend the three children, and Grandma would go again to other parts of the valley with the horse. The next morning while it was still dark, Grandma was getting dressed to go do chores before leaving on her trip, and a knock came at the door. A man Grandma had never seen before was there, and asked her if she knew anyone who had a horse for sale. She told him she had a horse she was trying to sell, and they went out to the barn to look at it. He asked her how much she wanted for the horse and she told him \$75.00. He said he wanted to buy the horse so they went back into the house where he handed her the money. When she counted it, there was \$85.00. She tried to give him back \$10.00, but he refused to take the money, telling her that the horse was worth \$85.00. He did not know about her needing to send \$85.00 to her husband to keep him on his mission.

When the flu epidemic hit the valley, people were very sick; Portage being hit hard. Mother and her brother, Darrall Heaton were the most sick in their family. Mother lost all her hair, and nearly lost her life. Uncle Elvie was down on the farm plowing one day (he being the only one not ill). He became so cold he got down between the horses to get some of their body heat, and drove the five miles back to Portage and home. When he got there a government doctor had just arrived at the house. He gave Uncle Elvie a teaspoon of medicine that Uncle Elvie said looked and tasted just like cool water; there was absolutely no taste to it, but whatever it was he never got sick with the flu--so he was the doctor for the rest of the family.

When the rest of the family were well enough to get around, Grandma took Elmina and Merle (Elvie going as the chauffeur) and went around the valley helping the sick. They went down to Plymouth and stopped at the Pearson (or Pierson) home. On the living room floor they found three brothers who had died of flu. No one else in the family had known they were dead because

they were all so sick themselves. They moved the three bodies out to the front lawn and cared for the rest of the family. Then they went from house to house doing what they could for people. Grandma had a gift for healing various illnesses, and just one of the things she taught people was to open their doors and windows to get ventilation into their homes. While the three women were helping feed and care for the families, Uncle Elvie would chop wood; get their fires going and help take care of chores.

After they left Plymouth, Grandma went up to Malad and took care of people. She was a midwife and delivered many babies. She also helped prepare the bodies for burial, as was the need in those days. Her family did not see her for six weeks, except when she'd go back to Portage to change clothes.

Grandma was Relief Society president for approximately 41 years--part of this time in the Brigham City First Ward, after moving from Portage.

Elvie lived to serve two missions and was president of the Logan Temple for several years.

My great-grandmother, who joined the Church in Wales, and crossed the ocean with two small daughters, stayed in David O. McKay's parents' home in Huntsville. She married James John and moved to the Woodruff, Idaho and Portage, Utah area on a large dry farm. She was always very active in the Church, and Uncle Elvie said she was the first Relief Society sister to give wheat to the "Relief Society Wheat Fund" when it was started. She gleaned the wheat from the fields after the workers had left, and carried the bushel of wheat on her head from Woodruff to the Relief Society hall in Portage, walking the whole distance.

An Unexpected Calling By Verlorum (Verl) Moon

On August 14, 1941, stake quarterly conference was held in Malad. I had been sick with rheumatism and felt quite weak, but wanted to go to conference because our ward was to be reorganized, and naturally we wanted to see who our new bishop would be.

President Richards told all the members of the Cherry Creek Ward that were present to stand, which we did. He then told us that he supposed that we would all be surprised to know that Verl Moon had been chosen as the new bishop. That was the first I knew about it. I really felt weak, because the thought had never entered my mind that I might be chosen.

Apostle Joseph F. Merrill set me apart and gave me a blessing, promising that I could take care of the work and that I would again receive my health and strength if I would keep the commandments of the Lord. I was very weak and felt incapable, but I weathered the storm and came out okay - well and strong, and my faith was increased a lot. I served as bishop for around seven years.

Tears of Joy and Gratitude

By Faye H. Morris

June 17, 1976, Glen, my husband, was operated on in the University Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. He had a malignant growth in his neck, called myeloma. It had damaged three vertebrae. He was in the hospital from June 1 until December 24, with brief periods at home.

It was a shocking blow when we were informed the growth was malignant. But our faith was restored when we recalled a part of Glen's patriarchal blessing. In it he is promised he would have power over the diseases of his body.

After surgery he was very ill and in intensive care for six days. He received great blessings of comfort and the promise of health through the priesthood. His name was placed in the temple, the Portage Ward fasted and prayed for him, and the family fasted and prayed.

Throughout the long period of suffering there was never a word of complaint, nor did he lose hope of receiving his health again. He endured well his afflictions, and after a time the blessings came. Glen was finally placed in a fiberglass cast, which allowed him to get up and move about. This was a wonderful blessing, after six months of being flat on his back.

Glen was to have another operation in August to reinforce his neck. Three different times the Dr. could not meet with us at the designated appointment. Finally August 1, Glen entered the hospital again for the surgery. All preparations had been made - blood tests, heart tests, tomograms, etc.

The evening before the operation, the doctor stopped by to see Glen. He informed us he was going to look the X rays over that had been taken and would come back later and discuss them with us.

Later on that evening he approached us with a smile on his face. He brought the good news that after a year's time the muscle had started to develop, and there would be no need for surgery.

Tears of joy and gratitude flowed freely down our faces. A miracle had been performed. Glen has improved steadily since that time.

We give thanks and credit to our Heavenly Father, and acknowledge His hand through out the entire ordeal. We bear testimony that He lives, that He blesses and loves each one of His children.

Theirs Was a Life of Service

By Jane Morse (daughter)

Edited by Jane Ann Ward

Joseph Morse was born at Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, on October 22, 1850, to John Morse and Ann Bennett. Esther Jenkins' parents were David Jenkins and Anna Evans. She was born at Abercanaid, two miles from Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, Wales, on February 1, 1845.

They both sailed from Liverpool, England; Father on April 29, 1865, and Mother, with her brother David, on April 30, 1866.

Joseph and Esther were married in Utah, where they met for the first time. He was eighteen years old; she was 23. They lived in Logan for a time and then moved to Malad valley and settled in a Welsh village called Samaria. Joseph took up a homestead and went through all the trials of pioneering.

Esther was like a doctor to many people. They always came for her when they were sick. She always had a bottle of camphor and potash in the cupboard. She

used to remove foreign objects from their eyes with her tongue. Cousin Evan Jenkins got some brick splinters in his eye when they were building Ben Waldron's store. He came to Esther to get them out. She turned his eyelid up, put her tongue, in and removed them.

Joseph was sort of an undertaker. He was always called when someone died. He would wash and lay them out. Mother took care of the women and Dad the men. They seemed to sense something was wrong before a death and felt they received a warning at times. They would hear three taps on the window before a death, or sometimes see light coming through the lane. Before the Hughes twins died, they saw two lights coming through the lane right past their place.

Joseph died July 13, 1916, and Esther died July 21, 1913. Theirs was a life of service to others.

Message Spans the Gap By Carolyn Neal

(Neither wind, nor rain, nor cold, nor a washed out culvert stopped Belva Lene Baker and Erma Hill from going on their Relief Society visiting teaching rounds in the Holbrook Ward, Malad Idaho Stake. During heavy flooding in the Arbon Valley a culvert washed away, leaving a wide gap in the only road that goes to Ferrell and Carolyn Neal's home. The visiting teachers still made their visit with Sister Neal.)

Ferrell and Carolyn Neal kept a close watch on the culvert in the dirt road that leads to their home, which is a mile off the highway. For about two weeks, water as high as two and three feet ran over the culvert every day. Finally, it washed away and left a wide gap in the road.

When Brother and Sister Neal needed to get to the other side, they drove as far as the culvert and then walked across on a plank that spanned the gap. They had to time their trips into town just right because they had to cross the plank in the mornings when the water was at its lowest level.

Belva Lene Baker and Erma Hill, Sister Neal's visiting teachers, were unable to cross the plank when they tried to visit her. The

flooding had washed the bank away, leaving the plank balanced on soggy, loose dirt. With determination, they still gave Sister Neal her visiting teachers' message.

Brother Neal drove his wife through water and mud to the washed out culvert. The visiting teachers drove up on the other side. There on a cold windy morning, the sisters had their visit.

"It was 35 degrees F. that morning, and the wind was blowing very hard," Sister Neal said.

"Ferrell and I stood on one side of the wash-out and my visiting teachers stood on the other side. Sister Hill gave a beautiful prayer and Sister Baker presented the visiting teachers' message, which was titled 'Avoid Idleness.'

"It was hard for me to hear the lesson above the wind and the noise of the water, but Sister Baker talked loud and I listened very close.

"There was a wonderful spirit there. My testimony has never been stronger than at that time. I knew these two sisters felt that same sweet spirit that I felt."

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Mother Was Diligent and Faithful By Harold J. Nielsen

From the time I was a baby, Mother taught me diligence in my callings. She was a visiting teacher and would walk six miles carrying me, and holding onto the hand of my three-year old sister, Carolyn.

She taught me to pray and two examples of this stands out in my mind. Late one night we were awakened by a reflection in our house. Our outbuildings were on fire. We didn't have a telephone to call for help, but the fire was of such a magnitude that the reflection woke up the people of the valley and many came to help. Mother took me and my two sisters out in the plowed field with a blanket, where we knelt down with her and thanked the Lord for what we had and asked Him to protect our home.

The men could see that the outbuildings couldn't be saved, so they turned their efforts to saving the house. The Lord answered our prayers and saved our house even though everything else was destroyed.

One afternoon, Reed Smith came running down and said his mother, Laura, was sick. Mother ran up to her home. The men were out working in their fields so there was no priesthood around. The nearest doctor was in Malad and Mother could see there wasn't time to get him. So she threw her arms around Laura and gave her a blessing. This was a testimony to me of Mother's faith. I know that women, through their faith and prayers, can heal the sick. Sister Smith reared her family, sent some on missions, and was around ninety years old when she passed away.

Mother was a great lady, not only because she was my mother, but because of the things she stood for, the way of life she taught us, and the example she set for us.

My Testimony of the Power of the Priesthood

Mrs. Raymond Owens
(Mary Body Owens)
Reynolds Branch

I recieved my testimony of the power of the priesthood one Sunday evening in March, 1934, at the home of Brother and Sister Lawrence G. Corbridge, when the power of the priesthood was exercised in behalf of their daughter Ella's health.

At this little prayer circle were eight men who held the Melchizedek priesthood, and their wives, including Patriarch William H. Richards and his wife, Eleanor J. Richards.

Bishop J. Guy Gled was asked to offer prayer. What a powerful prayer. God was with us - we felt His presence and knew that if it was His will, Ella would be granted rest and health.

Elder John E. Thomas anointed the head of Ella with oil. Then Patriarch Richards sealed the anointing with prayer. What a blessing was showered upon Ella. What a consolation. While we were praying so earnestly and sincerely, there appeared to me above the heads of the priesthood a heavenly testimony. Three persons, dressed

in white robes and in glittering brightness, each had his arm extended and hands on Ella's head also. There was no doubt in my mind at that moment Ella was assured of rest and peace, that her health would return and she would be herself again.

This testimony has strengthened my faith in the power of the priesthood. God, our Father in Heaven, and His son Jesus Christ our Lord, are back of the priesthood on this earth. This is certainly a testimony that this is the true Church of Jesus Christ established in these latter days.

A Miracle on the Holbrook Summit

By Sarah Carter Robbins

I know Heavenly Father watches over each of us and protects us from harm. When I was in high school, I often spent a lot of time in Malad, even though I lived in Holbrook. One weekend I had stayed in Malad with Denece Gled, one of my best friends (the daughter of Ralph and Gloria Gled). It was stake conference that Sunday, and when it was over I headed home.

The weather in Malad was beautiful-the sun was even shining. As I started over the divide I realized that this was not the case on the other side of the hill. The wind was blowing really strong, whirling the snow into solid white sheets of emptiness. I could not see the edge of the road on either side. I knew there was a car in front of me and one behind me. I could see neither. It felt like I was boxed in a big ice cube of blowing snow. I could see only a yard or two in front and behind the car. The only way I could even begin to tell if the car was on the road was by watching the fence posts on either side and trying to stay in the middle of them. I had no idea if I was on my side of the road. To tell the truth, it was a miraele that I was on the road at all. Being alone, I was terrified. I didn't know what to do. I knew that if I stopped, the car behind me would run into me, and I was afraid to go forward in case the car in front of me had stopped. I kept driving and silently said a prayer for guidance and safety. I decided that the best thing for me to do was to keep going. I could neither stop nor turn around.

A few weeks before, I had ridden home with Don and Carol Eliason and their family. We had stopped on the west side of the divide by one of the drifts that the rotary machine had cleaned off the road. We held a yard stick over our heads as high as we could reach, and we couldn't come close to touching the top of that drift. It had been a hard winter, with a great deal of snow. I had a feeling of terror in my stomach. I just knew if I got stuck or stalled, the snow would blow over my car, and I'd be trapped until who knew when. I might not be found for days if the wind didn't let up.

As I drove, I had a constant prayer in my mind. My hands were tense as I gripped the steering wheel. My left leg was posed to hit the brakes--just in case! My back was straight, and I strained every one of my senses to help me through the nightmare.

Finally the wind died down a little. I could see the road for several yards in front of me. I was approaching one of the sharp turns in the road. Around the point of the turn came a semi-truck. In a split second I realized that I was on the wrong side of the road. The semi was headed straight for me! I knew a head-on collision was inevitable. I panicked and hit the brakes. The car was totally out of my control. I skidded a few times, and then the car was literally guided into a snow bank on the left side of the road. The semi swerved and just missed me. It passed me on the wrong side of the road. I was on his side, so he took mine.

I bowed my head and said a prayer--not only to say thanks, but also to help calm my racing heart. I had just been part of a miracle. There was no way that the semi should have missed me--it was too close before I had even seen it, but with Heavenly Father's help, it did! As I sat in the car I was overwhelmed by a deep feeling of amazement. I realized at that moment how much Heavenly Father loves each one of us and how he can protect us from harm if it is part of his plan. I realized that I must have something not yet completed in this life to do. This could have been an ideal time for Heavenly Father to end my life, but he had allowed me to live. I vowed that day to try harder to keep his commandments, and I rededicated myself to His service.

As I look back on that experience, I still marvel at the close call that it was. I believe that Heavenly Father had work for me to do here, and for that I am thankful. I feel that the most special part of my life has happened since that day. I am thankful that I was given the experience of being a wife and mother in Zion. I love my family very much and pray that I can teach my children the gospel so that they can spread God's love to others.

To make the miracle more complete, I backed out of that snowbank somehow. The car was covered on both sides past the front door, and I was in the barrow pit. I should not have been able to get out and back on the road, but I did. I put the car into reverse and crept out of the hole and back onto the road. I continued home without further incident, but this experience will never be forgotten.

A Loving Relationship

By Mary Emma W. Roderick

James P. Harrison was one of our area's best known early pioneers. He was born in London, England, January 22, 1842, the son of Angelina Parry and James Hobday Harrison. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints when he was fourteen years old, and left England, along with an older sister and brother-in-law to come to America. They arrived in Utah in September, 1861.

In 1867, James came to Malad, where he homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres on Devil Creek, west and south of town. During the next few years he worked his farm and freighted to Montana. Before long, he owned his own ten-horse team. During this time, he met a pretty and well-liked young woman, Elvira Ann Williams. They were the first couple to go from Malad to Salt Lake City to be married in the Endowment House. They were married on December 13, 1869. At this time, James received a testimony of the Gospel that never left him.

Elvira Ann Williams was the daughter of Jane Emma Merrifield and John Jones Williams. In England, John worked as an apprentice to the king's blacksmith. Here he met Jane Emma. She was disowned by the

Merrifield family when she married John. Their faith was strong, and on February 27, 1853, they left Liverpool, England, for America, on the ship "International." While still in the English Channel, on February 28, 1853, Elvira Ann was born.

After her marriage, Elvira served in the Relief Society organization. On November 1, 1877, she was set apart as president of the YLMIA in Malad Stake when it was first organized by Eliza R. Snow. At that time, in a blessing given to Elvira by Sister Snow, she was promised that she would become a mother, as she longed to be. On November 20, 1879, James and Elvira's only child, Elvira Jane, was born.

On November 26, 1884, following the council of the leaders of the church, James took a second wife, Emma Dredge. She was a woman of great strength and outstanding faith, without which she could never have withstood the polygamist persecutions that followed.

Emma Dredge was born September 27, 1866, at Malad, Idaho. Her parents, Ellen Rhees and Jesse Richard Dredge, were the parents of thirteen children. Emma was the seventh and the first to be born in Malad.

Emma's parents received a testimony of the gospel and joined the church while in England. In 1861, they sailed for America, and after reaching New York, they started for Utah. On the way across the plains, Jesse R. Dredge was chosen to go back and help other companies. Ellen and the family continued on to Utah. When the family was together again, they lived in Kaysville, Utah, until 1866, when they moved to Malad. This family had great faith in the Gospel, and though they had many difficult and trying experiences, their testimony never wavered.

On July 18, 1874, Emma was baptized a member of the Church. Prior to this, she had been very ill and was healed by the power of the priesthood. A few days after her baptism she became very sick again and told her parents, "I don't care if I die now, because I am a Mormon."

After her marriage to James, Emma lived with her husband and his other wife, Elvira. They got along well, and lived peacefully until the persecution became so severe that Emma had to go away. She lived in Salt Lake City, Kaysville, Portage and Washakie.

Her daughter Nora remembers that they moved around a lot. Emma loved and respected her husband, and taught her family to respect their father and his other wife, who they called "Auntie."

In April 1884, James was called to go on a mission to the southern states. He made preparations to go; however, during a special meeting, the St. John Ward was discussed and President John Taylor, who was present, said, "Brother Harrison, I release you from your mission to the southern states, and give you a mission to the St. John Ward." On August 27, 1884, he was set apart as bishop of that ward and acted in that position until 1908, a period of twenty-four years.

During this time, James did much temple work. All of his father's and mother's families were sealed together through his efforts. He did serve a six-months mission to the southern states in 1886. He returned home very ill, but soon again took up his duties as bishop of the St. John Ward.

Finally James was counseled to give himself up to the civil officers. In June, 1888, James was tried in court. The judge ruled that if he would give up his second wife, his sentence would be suspended. This he refused to do, and was sentenced to six months in jail.

Many times during these difficult years, Emma hired out to families in the area. For pay she took wood, wheat, flour, or whatever she could use. Elvira helped run the farm and worked as a seamstress. She took over the care of Emma's little son, Exile. She loved him very much and felt that he was the son she had longed to have.

During these times, Elvira sewed for herself and Emma, as well as for her own daughter and Emma's children. Emma learned to be a practical nurse and midwife. She helped the doctors in times of illness. She helped deliver babies and cared for the mothers and babies. Even while living away from home, Emma was very independent and took care of herself and children.

On December 26, 1890, Emma was saddened at the death of her two-year old daughter from pneumonia. She was living in Portage, Utah, at the time. It was difficult to get word to her husband, as he was still in hiding. Her little Angie was buried in the

Portage cemetery, with some kind neighbors helping.

In about 1897, Emma moved to St. John, where she lived for several years. Later, she and her family moved to the Deep Creek area where they owned a dairy farm. Her children were older by then and they helped milk cows, and make cheese and butter. While living at Deep Creek, seventeen-year old Exile was thrown from a horse. He suffered broken ribs and a punctured lung, which caused his death some time later. Again the faith which had helped them through so many trials and problems gave them the courage they needed. Many times in their later years, James, Elvira, and Emma bore a strong testimony of the blessings they had received as a family.

A quote from a letter written by Elvira to Emma, dated June 1888, appears to describe a loving relationship: "Dear Emma, I received your letters. It seems lonesome without you and dear little Exile. When I came from milking, I found Vi crying. She said she was lonesome for her little brother. I am thankful that the Lord is our friend in time of trouble. James left for Blackfoot, (for his court trial) thinking to be home to get his clothes and say goodbye, but it was not to be. He left without a moments notice. He says for you to come home. I will meet the train in Collingston on Friday. Dearest Emma, put your trust in the Lord and he will help you in your troubles. I pray he will bless you. Your loving Sister, E. A. Harrison."

A Healing Experience By Lucille W. Schwartz

In the spring of 1970, I found myself with some physical problems I didn't like. I often was in the hospital. I'd get better and hope I was well.

Dr. Gerald Goodenough told me I needed surgery, but I was helping Rex, in our store, Rex's A.G., driving the bakery truck. I had a big garden, raspberries to pick and canning to do. I was sure my problems would at least wait until October.

On August 13th, I was rushed to the hospital. It was either or else.

I had always been administered to before surgery or when I was ill, but, this time I felt like I wasn't going to live. I thought our youngest son, Don Paul, would wonder why I hadn't lived.

During surgery I had two heart arrests and was in a very critical condition. Don Paul called Bishop Myron Jones to come to administer to me. As he did, I felt something like an electric shock that went into every finger, every toe, every part of my body, including my hair.

I knew very little that was going on around me for a week, but I did know when I was administered to. I knew it was our Heavenly Father's wish that I was to live.

I'm sorry that I didn't get administered to before surgery and leave it up to our Heavenly Father if I was to live or die.

Faith and Works By Colen Sweeten, Jr.

Farming ground in the Curlew Valley in Southern Idaho had pretty well been taken up by the homesteaders. A townsite had been surveyed and the community named Holbrook, in honor of Heber Holbrook, the first bishop. There was a store in town and a small frame building which served as a school house and also doubled as a church meeting place on Sundays. Nearly every quarter of section in the valley had some kind of a home on it, and the homesteaders were pushing the jackrabbit further back each year.

On days when the weather was bad, or sometimes too good to work in the fields, there was always a crowd of men hanging around Barlow's store. My mother used to call them "loafers," but they weren't really lazy. It was a habit something like the coffee break of today.

On one such day several teams and saddle horses were tied at the hitching rail in front of the store. Inside, the men stood with their backs to the stove and talked. It had already been determined by the new bishopric that it was time to consider building a new church, a building for a meeting house in the Holbrook area. And so this was the subject on this fall day. It seems that every time the subject had come up in the past, it had been postponed because they didn't all

see alike on just where the building should be located.

As Elbert Barlow stood behind his wooden counter and studied the men, he wondered just how many times in the last year or two he had listened to that same line of talk--talk is all it was. As he listened, he assured himself that it would take more than talk around his wood stove to build a meeting house.

The group assembled in front of the store, with quite a few present, and continued their discussion; it was finally pretty well agreed where the building should be located. As the men went back into the store, one man quietly left the group and disappeared. This was Warren Sweeten, who had a team and a wagon there, with a hand plow in the wagon.

A short time later, someone came into the store and asked, "What is going on over north of the schoolhouse? It looks like someone is plowing."

The loafers all walked outside to take a look, and sure enough, there was Warren's white team moving back and forth through the sagebrush in the vacant lot north of the schoolhouse. When the men approached, Warren stopped his team. He was plowing short furrows with the hand plow.

"What are you doing?" asked one man.

"I am starting to build that church house you guys have wasted so much time talking about," was Warren's answer. "I could use a little help, so if you will go get your scrapers we'll have a good start on the basement before the sun goes down."

Well, there's a lot more to the story than that - but that's how the project got started. The men did go home and get their Fresno scrapers. The bishop went to the probate judge to get a townsite deed for the spot. In excavating for the basement, they uncovered a streak of gravel which was used to pour the cement walls for the building, and the project was on its way. Heber Holbrook supervised the group, and the labor was all done by donated labor. Every man in the ward of Holbrook took part in building this building. Just a few years after its completion the building was destroyed by fire, but the same volunteer effort soon gathered around; cleaned up the mess from the fire and started to rebuild on the same

foundation as the original building. That building was completed in 1921, and is the building which is still in use in the Holbrook Ward, which is now in Malad Stake

Warren Sweeten didn't live many years after the church was in use, but he lived long enough to attend meetings there with his family, and he also was called to preside as bishop of the Hobrook Ward, Curlew Stake, October 29, 1922.

The Land Is Free

By Colen Sweeten, Sr.

as told by his son, Colen Jr.

It was March, 1901. Three years had passed since our family had begun homesteading in Curlew Valley in southern Idaho. Other families were now rapidly settling the neighboring land. Some said the land was free, others said they had bet \$16.00 (the filing fee) against 160 acres that they could live on the land for five years without starving. On this particular spring afternoon, I was walking behind the hand plow on my father's homestead. My younger brother, Warren, stopped the horses. "Well, look at that!" he said.

I turned my eyes to the road which ran along the north end of the homestead. A young boy, Peter Neilsen, came running down the hill, past the end of our clearing, and disappeared to the west still running like a scared rabbit. About this time we noticed a man approaching us through the tall sage. He also ran in desperation. As he neared, we could tell he was one of the Briggs brothers who were digging a well about a mile east of us. He staggered into our arms trying to get enough breath to speak.

"What is it, John?" I asked.

"Horse's down the well on Ray," he gasped.

I looked at Warren. The color left his face and he started to unhook the horses. A few minutes later, Warren was on his way to Rock House Ranch about seven miles north of our place. There Dolph House raised some hay and he was sure to have cables or ropes.

I took John on the other horse and started back to the well. As we rode through the tall sagebrush, John told me that the well was about sixty feet deep. They were

just starting to strike water when the horse which was being used to pull the bucket up out of the well became excited and backed into the well.

The horse had wedged in the hole just below the surface, but when Ray climbed up the rope to try to squeeze past the horse, they had both fallen to the bottom together. I knew there was no hope for the man.

Soon after we arrived at the well, John became hysterical and tried to go down the well on a rope. I reasoned, pleaded, and finally had to drag him back from the spot. While struggling, we saw a rider coming from Wood Canyon east of us. As he neared the well, he sensed trouble and kicked his horse into a run. I could see that the rider was Eph, the oldest of the Briggs brothers. Eph set his horse up in front of us and stayed in the saddle.

"What's up?" he almost whispered. "What happened?"

"The horse fell down the well on Ray," I blurted out. There just didn't seem to be anything else to say. Eph made a groaning sound and toppled from his horse like a dead man. He lay in the dust in a state of shock.

A little later when he was able to get to his feet, I found my troubles growing. I now had two men who wanted to climb down the rope.

It was about sundown when Warren returned from the Rock House Ranch. He had plenty of equipment and, to my relief, I saw that he had brought our oldest sister's husband, Heber Holbrook. I was barely out of my teens and the other fellows even younger than I. Heber Holbrook, with years of experience and plenty of determination, was exactly what we needed.

As dusk fell, Heber outlined our task, and we prepared the equipment. We were no longer alone. Ed Robbins and Jesse Bradshaw on their way to Malad had stopped their wagons to help. Janus Neilsen, a neighbor, was there and a sheepman named Price.

Heber was a little hard of hearing; he put his hand on my shoulder and in the half darkness I could feel the seriousness of his gaze.

"Colen, I can hear you and we understand each other. I'm going down that well on one condition and that is that you

will be at the top and check everything that goes up or down. Promise you won't leave this hole till I'm back on top."

"All right," I said. I felt my responsibility was as great as his. He stood in the well bucket, took a coal oil lantern, an axe, and a long knife, and we lowered him into the darkness. Finally, I could hear his muffled voice calling from the bottom of the well. He said that the horse filled the entire hole. There was just about enough mud and water to cover the horse. He could not feel anything of the man or the shovel.

"Colen, are you there?" Heber's voice seemed to tremble a little.

"Yes I'm right here," I said.

"There's only one thing to do. I'll have to cut the horse up and send it up piece by piece, so I can find the bottom."

"Whatever you say," I called back. "Do you need some help?"

"No," shouted Heber, "There isn't room. I'm using the knife to shorten my axe handle and then I'll get to work."

The men stood around a sagebrush fire and waited in silence.

"Pull the bucket up," shouted Heber. I stood by the pulley ready to take the bucket while the others grasped the rope and pulled it up. When the bucket came to the surface, I carried it toward the fire a few feet to get some light and emptied the bucket on the ground. The sight of the steaming horse's head in a half bucket of blood was too much for me. I was sick from that time on. When I started to lower the bucket again there was no glow from the lantern. "Are you all right?" I called into the darkness.

"Yes, I'm O.K. The blood and body heat have made such a thick fog in here that the lantern won't burn. Pull it up, I can't spare the oxygen anyway."

By this time the stench had reached the top of the well. I wondered how much Heber could stand. He had never been known to step back from anything, but I wondered if there would be enough oxygen for him to finish the job.

Next came the front quarters of the horse, one at a time, then the entrails came up in the bucket. It was a grim little group around the fire.

"Now let the cable down," called Heber. I wondered how he could even talk down there. We pulled him up in the bucket. Mud and blood had dripped on him until he wasn't a very encouraging sight. When the remainder of the horse had been pulled out on top with the cable and a team of horses, Heber prepared to go back.

"You've done your share," I said. "I'll go down."

Warren jumped to my side. "No, you won't go down," he said, "You run this end."

Heber brushed us both aside. "Let me down again," he said.

For a long time after he reached the bottom, all was quiet. Then the startling words came, "It's empty, fellows, there's nothing here."

I can't attempt to describe the feeling that I experienced in that awful moment. The small group of men huddled around the well in silence. No one moved. No one seemed to have anything to say. Morning was approaching. After what seemed an eternity there came the words, "I've found a broken shovel handle. Mud sure is thick." Then later, "I can feel a hand." I shuddered and looked around; how thankful I was that the older men who had stopped their wagons had taken the two bereaved brothers for a long walk away from the well.

"I have an arm out," called Heber. "He sure is mashed into the mud." He struggled for a while longer and then shouted, "Pull me up, I'm running out of air." We brought him to the surface and someone built up the fire.

"I have the cable around his waist," said Heber, "but he is still stuck."

Everyone pulled steady on the cable. We felt the suction of the mud break loose and pulled the body to the top of the well. I don't know what I expected to see, but the sight of the young man bent double backwards where the cable encircled his body was a shock to all of us. We later heard the rumor that his hair had turned white, but that was not true. However, I sometimes wonder why some of us didn't turn grey during that night of horror.

Now, nearly sixty years later, I drive along the highway almost every day and pass within a few hundred feet of that well site. Sometimes I look out in the field at that

well-remembered spot, even though there isn't as much as a weed to mark the exact location. I think of young Peter Nielson running toward the west that day. He is the only one who was there that day, except me, who is still alive. I think of Eph Briggs falling from his horse like he'd been shot. I think of a lot of other families who paid such a high price that we might have a community. Yes, I think of Ray's shoes still stuck in the mud sixty feet below the smooth field of wheat.

How could anyone have ever said, "The land is free."

NOTE - Colen H. Sweeten was born in Mendon, Cache Co., Utah, on July 31, 1881. When he was about 17 years of age his family went in to the Curlew Valley of Southeastern Idaho to homestead in a small farming community which was called Holbrook--named after his oldest sister's husband.

The above incident happened when they had been there about three years, and it remained vivid in his mind for the rest of his life. He told us about it often during the years and showed us about where it happened. His oldest son, Colen Jr., who does a good job of writing, decided it should be written down while his father was still alive to verify the facts. He did such about 1960, when his father was about 80, ten years before his death.

Colen Jr. sold his story to a magazine called True West, and it was published in the October Edition, 1961. He had to have proof the story was true, and he had his youngest sister, Fay, go to the Deseret News Press in Salt Lake City and look through their microfilms to find the news item about the accident that was in the paper at the time.

Colen has a letter of permission from True West magazine, authorizing him to use this story any way he wishes.

Experience of a New Bishop

By Bishop Donald Vaughn

We had a serious illness in our ward, and as the sacrament was being prepared, my thoughts were not on the sacrament, but on this illness. I was trying to decide whether or not to hold a special ward fast in behalf

of the ill person. As the sacrament passed me, I had my eyes closed, still deciding what would be appropriate under the circumstances.

Suddenly I heard someone whisper, "Bishop." I looked up, and the priests who were taking care of the sacrament had somehow sent two trays with bread and two trays with water. It didn't take long to bring them all back and start over, but the lesson was there for this new bishop. When the sacrament is being blessed and passed, it is the most important thing at that moment. Nothing else must take precedence over the sacredness of the sacrament, no matter what other problems are present.

Mother's Close Call with Death

By Delton Ward

I have an experience about my mother, Nellie Ward, I would like to share. It relates to something I've known about since I was eight years old, but has just recently been brought to light. I am now 70 years old.

When the last daughter was born, my mother had a long sick spell. They named this last baby, Marjorie, after the nurse who came and lived with us for awhile to take care of Mother. When she left, a girl from Pleasant View, Mary Lehman, came to care for Mother. She was about eighteen years old at the time. I have wondered many times in my life what had become of her; did she marry? where did she live?

One morning as we were going to the temple to do sealings, our stake patriarch, Hubert Gleed, was with us. He was telling us, his wife (Mary) had a real good friend whose name was also Mary - Mary Lehman. I said, "Brother Gleed, this rings a bell with me. We had someone working for us when I was just a kid. She was named Mary Lehman. One of these days I'll try and hunt her up and see if she's the same one." He said, "Well, I am sure she would be glad to see you." I was positive she was the Mary I remembered.

I continued to have her on my mind. Just before Christmas time I had quite an eventful day. I went down the road, south of Logan and stopped to ask some questions. I was told at a little "quick-stop," how to

get to Mendon; this was where Mary lived. Brother Gleed had told me there was a sign that said some certain ward there, and to follow that sign. I stopped and talked to a young man cleaning snow off his car, and told him what I wanted and where I was from. He said he was born in Malad and Lawrence Wells was his grandfather. He got their ward directory out and found there were three Marys in the ward; one was married - the other two were widows. It had to be one of the two widows so I went on my way after visiting with him.

I found the place and knocked on the door. Brother Gleed said to give her a little time because she was crippled with rheumatism, and her eyesight was bad. She came to the door, and I said to her, "I suppose you don't know me, do you?" "Well you look a little familiar," she said. I asked, "Were you the Mary that worked for Owen Ward?" "Oh, yes," she said, "come on in." It was just like going home.

During the course of our conversation, she told me something I had never known, except I could remember when Mother was sick, and when they raised her up in bed, she would faint. As we talked, I was impressed with the power of the priesthood. "Your mother was awfully sick," she said. "Doctor Mabey was there; he was working on her and she was hemorrhaging. Finally he said to your father, 'Mr. Ward, I think you better go get someone to administer to your wife. I have done everything I can, and cannot stop this bleeding.'" Then Mary asked me, "You had an uncle that lived across the road, didn't you? Your father went and got him and he sealed the anointing. This was the miracle of all miracles I have ever seen. That room was filling with a great cloud, and it was getting thicker and thicker. When your uncle sealed this anointing he commanded that she stay alive. He said, 'Your family needs you to raise them.' It was only a short time until that heavy grey cloud hanging in the room cleared up, and it became bright. Your mother told me later, 'Do you know where I was when they gave me that blessing? It was like a beautiful and peaceful place.'"

Mother came very close to leaving us. The thought came to me then, "What would the lives of the five children be like if

Mother had left at that time?" Our mother was a great strength in our home. I see in her history book it says, "I married Owen Ward and moved to Woodruff, and I have never been without a job in the church since." She was teaching a class at the time she got sick and passed away - she was 77 years old.

This was a day of pondering, but it ended up being a very fruitful day for me. I came home uplifted and cheered up because of meeting this lovely lady I hadn't seen for many years.

Miracle at Cherry Creek

By Jane Ann Ward

The organ music was drifting peacefully through the tiny chapel at Cherry Creek; worshippers were waiting for the church services to begin. It was a beautiful, warm spring day; the windows and side door to the chapel were open to let in the fresh air.

One of the young women in the ward was very busily rounding up the small children who were playing on the front lawn and walkway. She had some by the hand and was shoos others into the church building. One or two of the older people were heard to whisper, "My, Teresa certainly is being a little 'Mother Hen' to those children this morning."

The peace and tranquility and loveliness of this setting were suddenly interrupted by a loud roaring sound outside. The organist, who had a direct line of vision through the open doorway, jumped up from the organ and with a loud, "Oh, no!" and ran outside.

The loud roar was now accompanied by other sounds: metal crunching against metal, gravel being spewn through the air, and screams of people who had not yet come into the building.

Almost everyone inside the chapel immediately jumped up and ran to the large glass plate doors to see what was happening. There they could see a car out of control. Traveling at high speed, the car raced through the parking lot barely missing several people. It headed straight for the metal fence, and went through it as if it were mere paper. The car then headed up the walkway, where seconds before the little children had been playing; made a sharp right turn, barely missing the south end of the church. It then made another sharp turn and headed back through the fence and out into the parking lot again, making three more turns, and careening crazily towards other cars in the lot, but miraculously avoiding a collision. It then headed for a space between two cars, barely missing one, and hitting the other on the rear fender. And now, even though the motor was still roaring, the car could not budge. Two of the priesthood holders watching the terrifying event, dashed toward the car. One quickly opened the door; the other removed the keys from the starter. They gently helped the elderly man from the now-still monster and helped him walk into the church. The whole thing had happened in a few short minutes; but it seemed like time stood still while the people dazedly looked on.

Everyone was emotionally shaken, but truly thankful to their Heavenly Father that lives had been preserved. What could have been a tragic event did not transpire. A very sober and grateful people settled back into the chapel to worship their God on that beautiful spring day.

Pioneer Experiences
By George E. Ward
as told to Wanda N. Wharton

My grandfather, George Ward, passed away, September 7, 1901, of injuries he received when he was knocked off of a hay stack. He was stacking hay, and my Uncle Richard Ward was forking it off. My cousin Isabell was riding the derrick horse. A swarm of bees came over my grandfather's head, while they were working. The bees drew his attention and he looked up at them; the Jackson fork hit him and knocked him off the stack. He fell across the derrick. He hit his ribs and back and was crippled pretty bad.

My father, Joseph Ward, was up north of Soda Springs, with the sheep, at the time of the accident, so they sent him a telegram; the man at the telegraph office sent a rider to try to find him. They found my father and told him what had happened, so he saddled his horse and started for home. When he got home he could see that his father needed a doctor. He had to travel to Ogden, Utah, in a wagon, or what they called a buckboard, to get the doctor.

The road went south, crossed the old Hampton bridge and continued up through Collingston, then went south again and through Deweyville. On a journey like that they had to change teams about mid-way. He had a very good friend, John Dewey, who lived in Deweyville. The town was named after him. He was such a good man, and out of respect my father taught all his children to call him Uncle John and his wife Aunt Mary Ann.

My father changed teams there at Dewey's, went on to Ogden and got the doctor, and brought him up to Woodruff. After the doctor had taken care of Grandfather, Father had to take him back to Ogden. He had to change teams each time at Uncle John Dewey's, because of the long distance.

My grandfather did not seem to improve, so after some time, when he seemed to be getting worse, Father had to go back to Ogden again to get the doctor. He left home at two o'clock in the morning, and as he went out the door, my grandfather said, "Now Joe, don't kill your team.

The sun was just starting to come up when he started down that long hill into Deweyville. John Dewey was out doing his chores when he saw that team coming, traveling fast. He knew that Mr. Ward must be worse, so he rushed into the stable, harnessed and bridled his team and had them checked together when Father arrived. Father dropped the tugs and drove his team off; John Dewey drove his team, astraddle the tongue; he hooked the tugs and was on his way. He soon had the doctor and was on his way back to Malad again. The doctor did what he could for my grandfather, and then my father had to take the doctor back to Ogden. Not enough could be done for Grandfather. He soon passed away, leaving a family of fourteen children.

In about 1902, Uncle Jess Ward got appendicitis and was in need of a doctor. They didn't have any way to take care of him here, so they made a bed in the buckboard wagon and Father once again made the long trip to Ogden, Utah, having to stop in Deweyville to change teams again. When he got Uncle Jesse in the hospital, the doctor told Father not to come back for ten days, and he thought he would be ready to go home. So in ten days Father started trying to figure out which would be the best and easiest way to bring him home. He saddled his horse and harnessed his team, then rode the horse and led the team clear to Ogden. He went to the Studebaker place and bought a new camp wagon which had springs under it. He bought everything he needed--new bed, cooking utensils etc.--so it was liveable.

He got Uncle Jess out of the hospital, into the nice new camp wagon, and brought him back to Woodruff.

When my grandfather, George Ward, first came to Woodruff to homestead on 160 acres of land, he was the sheriff of Oneida County for two years, from 1866 to 1868. The county was much larger than it is now, with the county seat in Soda Springs, Idaho. He always had to travel on a horse from Malad to Soda Springs to take care of his duties as sheriff.

Grandfather was just a little boy when his family came across the plains from Iowa to Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1862, when just a teenager, he volunteered to go back to the

Missouri River, to take food and help the immigrants come across the plains to Salt Lake City. He had to have the approval of his bishop and stake president and also be interviewed by one of the General Authorities, to be sure he was responsible to assume the leadership and be the captain over a company of men who would be going. He went back three different summers to help immigrants across the plains. The only pay they got was that they were credited as being a full tithe payer on the Church record. Also, it answered the desire of young men for adventure. He was a good horseman and loved horses, so he took his saddle horse with him each trip.

The Church leaders would tell the stake presidents how many volunteers and oxen were needed to bring immigrants out from St. Louis. They would assemble in Salt Lake, then two or three herdsman drove the oxen to St. Louis, having a wagon or two to carry supplies. I have heard my father say that his father told him he hoped that none of his grand-children would ever be as hungry as he had been on these trips. When they crossed a river in Wyoming the water was so high it tipped one of the wagons over, and they lost a lot of their food. They went hungry for a long time until they caught up with the wagons ahead of them. My grandfather would night herd when they started back with the Saints so the Indians wouldn't run their oxen off. He would ride along on his horse in the daytime, sometimes on the wagon and doze a little to catch up on his sleep, if all was going well.

When I was a young boy, my father, Joe Ward, used to take me back to Omaha, Nebraska, with him when he went to ship the lambs. We would ride in the caboose on the train, and the conductor would call out the names of all the little towns whenever we would pass them. If I was asleep, my father would wake me up and say, "George, this is where Grandpa Ward had this experience or that experience."

When we crossed the two big creeks that came from the north and emptied in to the Platt River, the conductor called the names out, the Big Papillion and the Little Papillion. Father said that whenever they stopped on these two creeks, they would lose some of the oxen, due to the poison hemlock

or poison parsnip being at just the right stage that time of the year to be poisonous enough to kill the oxen if they ate it. They would have to trail the wagons behind some of the other outfits when this happened, so they could keep going.

Joseph Welton Ward was my father, and George Ward was my grandfather, the same man that got knocked off the haystack and was killed.

In 1868 my grandfather and his brother, Moroni Ward, left Willard, Utah, and came to Woodruff, then called Muddy Creek, to build a log cabin on the land they homesteaded. In the spring of 1870 he brought his wife and my father, who was just a baby, set up housekeeping, and began breaking up the land.

Destruction in 1938

By Fern Atkinson Willie

In the spring of 1937, my Mother and Father, Melvin and Mary Atkinson, bought a home and acreage in Ogden and moved there, leaving Holbrook where they had homesteaded 160 acres, 38 years before. Melvin, their son, was left to run the farm.

There had been eight years of depression, but in the summer of 1938, the crops were wonderful. Just before harvest Dad and Mother drove out to Holbrook. Dad looked over his crop and said, "I have farmed here for nearly 40 years and these are the best crops I've seen in the valley." Dad, like everyone else, was in debt, and it worried him greatly. He said, "With this crop, I can pay off every cent I owe and have enough money left to live on." And so they left for Ogden in high spirits. Within a few hours, their crop was wiped out.

It was the terrible hailstorm of 1938; it wiped out the entire valley in about 20 minutes. Dad lost over 900 acres of beautiful wheat. The west end of our home looked as though someone had taken a hammer and with giant strength beaten on the house; there were big dents all over, and several windows were broken out. Our fields looked like someone had taken big buckets of wheat and thrown it in rows.

A quote from the Enterprise says, "Among the farmers in that section whose

loss reported at 100 percent, and the acreage destroyed are, Melvin Atkinson, 914 acres; J. S. Blaisdell, 700; C. H. Sweeten, 800; Charles Nielsen, 200; Moyle Facer, 115; etc. Those losing from 70 to 85 percent were Martin Pett, 600; Golden Willie, 320; Howard Neal, 320; Archie Neal, 320, and others.

The Miracle of the Tree

By Julie Willie 1986

I looked out my tent and what did I see?
Nothing but a falling tree.
Girls camp had brought me such a nice
surprise--
Pine trees falling right before my eyes.
We could take an armful and build a fire.
A great big fire with a burning desire.
It wasn't really so,
But it seemed to be--
Pine trees falling right on top of me.

After Wednesday morning these words to the tune of "Popcorn Popping on the Apricot Tree" became Pleasant-Sammy-Creek's second camp song.

At about 1:00 A.M. Wednesday morning, a loud crack and ground-shaking thud woke up many of the Malad Stake YWMA campers. Thinking it was lightning and thunder, most of them rolled over and went back to sleep. Julie Willie and Barbara Waldron, two of the Pleasant-Sammy-Creek leaders, came out of their tents to put some lanterns down out of the wind and discovered a tree lying across their campground. The tree had fallen in the only place in the entire camp that it could have fallen without injuring, if not killing, someone or doing a great deal of damage.

When the tree cracked it broke at such an angle that it should have fallen right across three or four of the tents and hit the others. The physical explanation to what happened is that evidently a piece of bark attached to the other side held long enough to twist the whole tree almost 120 degrees. (This was no little tree either, folks.) Those that were there believe that a more powerful force was at work, and God must have figured the girls still had missions here on earth. Even the forest ranger said he hoped

that they realized there had to have been "divine intervention" at work against nature.

The girls, though shaken, but thankful to be alive. The entire incident gave them a strong testimony to the existence of a Divine Power with his own plans for us.

Needless to say, the Pleasant-Sammy-Creek campsite was a tourist attraction for the duration of the camp.

I Prayed Mightily

By Genevieve Bowen Williams

This morning I got up early and had no special plan other than to get as much done on a quilt that is in the frames down stairs as I could before I had someone come to help me roll. Just before the sun came up I looked out of the window at the most beautiful sky I could ever describe. Soft, almost identical small bits of fleecy pink clouds were just riding in apparent luxury. They were everywhere, and the rays of sun intensified the color for a brief moment. All of a sudden one grey cloud floated across the horizon, and the color was blocked out.

Even though I knew the sun was up and the wind would surely rearrange the clouds again, it impressed me with a feeling of the impermanence of our lives. I resolved to try to write something this day. I've wanted to write of my parents and my family, and I was thinking of Mother, so decided to put down this one incident I have never forgotten.

When I was about six years old I went with my parents and three brothers to Idaho to live. My father and grandfather had both been working on the construction of the railroad tracks. Some others of the family had worked with them. I remember that Aunt Jane and Uncle George Boyack, with their family, had been living in a tent, as my mother and father had. The women did the cooking for the construction workers.

At this time my parents decided to take an option to "homestead" some land in Holbrook, Idaho. Grandfather also took a farm. He filed on 160 acres, and Dad filed on 320 acres. One of the requirements to get the land was to be at least 21 years of age and the head of a family. Also, the state required the homesteaders to build a

home and live at least three out of five years on the farm.

I remember how dreary and desolate the new-lumber, two-room rectangle looked at the time we arrived. There were no other buildings as far as we could see. There was no fence, no well, only sagebrush. However, we were very much excited, and my brother Don and I spent lots of time running races from the one post that marked the beginning of the south half of the farm to the house.

The men had need to work very quickly, because the ground needed to be cleared, plowed, and seeded before too late in the fall. Dad had some horses and a wagon, and he bought a plow and a harrow. Grandpa took the wagon and five big barrels to the creek every day to get water. The horses were driven ahead to get their daily water turn.

One day while Dad was away from home, Mother told me she was going out to work on the farm and was going to try to burn off some of the sagebrush. She told me to watch the two boys (Don and Evan) and to help Bus fix us something to eat if she didn't get back before we were hungry.

The field she wanted to get cleared was a half mile long and about that width. We watched her go and tried to keep an eye on her, but the sagebrush was high and thick. We lost sight of her. We were not afraid, but when we saw that there were fires in more than one place we wondered if she was all right.

After watching for some time we could tell that the fire was getting very big. Clouds of smoke were billowing high in the air, and they were coming toward the house; and we could not see Mother, and we were getting more frightened by the minute. We all cried, like any children would. I made the boys come into the bedroom, where we knelt down by mother's bed, and I prayed mightily that our mother would not get hurt and that she would come back to us. We cried some more and prayed again.

Very soon we heard her calling to us. We ran outside and could see her still running, but so exhausted she could hardly breathe. She had been running so fast to get around the edge of the fire and get to us before the fire did that she was hardly aware that the wind had shifted from

straight out of the south air current to a brisk from the east, pushing the fire away from the house.

Mother was a sad sight. Her hair and eyebrows were badly singed. Her whole face was purple from exertion. Her feet were burned, her shoes had been burned through the soles, and her clothes were torn from running and snagging on the brush. Though she could hardly talk, she did make us understand that she wanted us to bring some towels and a basin of water and help her clean up. We did this and helped her into bed. She was so tired and so grateful and felt so bad, we were all crying at the same time.

When Grandpa and Dad got home, they could not believe what we told them. But the sagebrush was burned. The whole field of 160 acres was cleared, and we were all saved from the fire.

I never doubted that our prayers were answered, and I never will.

People in the valley really made a fuss over this brave, hard-working lady, but Mother was more embarrassed than proud. She felt she had done something foolish and had jeopardized her home and family, so we did not often discuss it. Any one of the men in the area would have been glad to get a section of brush cleared so fast.

The memory of those flames so close to that little home on the prairie has lost some of the fear we felt at that time, but they still glow clearly in my memory.

Taken from Ensign 1979

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One August Day

by Clyde and Louise Williams

When Tim was almost three, and Tom eighteen months, we had a few milk cows and some hay ground where the church park is now. Two field streams of water ran through our backyard, one of which we cooled milk in. One evening after milking I went out to bale hay in the field. Tim and Tom were playing in the backyard. I made one round and was on the second when I saw Tim

standing at the gate. I stopped to see what he wanted, and he said Tom had fallen into the ditch and he couldn't get him out. I ran to the big ditch, Tim caught me and said that was the wrong one. I ran to the other ditch looking for Tom, and gave a yell for help, saying that he was in the ditch. Louise came out of the house, jumped into the ditch and followed it up towards the cans of milk. I ran down through two backyards to the weir in the ditch. There was Tom, all blue and not breathing. I pulled him out, frantically wanting to do something, but he was so small. I cleared his mouth and pressed once on his back. By then a neighbor, Mrs. Swartz, came running and said she had been trained in mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She worked with him while Sister Simpson, a neighbor, called for Dr. Orson Mabey. We were all praying he would breath soon; finally she got one breath, and by the time the doctor got there he was breathing. We took him to the hospital--he was still gasping for air--and then his temperature went up to 105 degrees. The doctors said there was no way he could be alive after being in the water for twenty minutes, and Dr. Mabey said he could still get quick pneumonia and die.

Sister Ida Smith, a nurse, called Louise to the phone. It was Bishop Swartz, at the stake building. The high council was having a prayer circle and asked if they could put Tom's name in it; she said yes, knowing we needed the Lord's help at that time.

By that time they were giving Tom large amounts of aspirin to bring his fever down. Louise went home to take care of our six-week old son, Terry, and to make sure things were done at home while I stayed on with Tom at the hospital. Shortly after Louise left, Tom fell into a deep sleep.

That night, as Louise knelt to pray, she made a covenant with our Father in Heaven that if he would let us raise our son, she would do anything that He would ask of her. The next morning Louise got out of bed and said one more prayer to start her day. After feeding Terry she woke up Sam (Sandra), putting her in our bed so she could tend Terry if he woke before Louise got back. Then Louise turned around; Tim was right behind her, asking where she was going. She told him she was going to the hospital to see

Tom. Tim asked her if he could go with her; she said yes, but he would have to stay in the car.

By the time Louise entered the hospital, Tom was running up and down the halls. He had been doing that since he woke up at 5:30 that morning.

I told Louise I wasn't going to work that morning and the doctor wouldn't be there until later, so she could return home and get the kids up and tell them that Tom was okay. When Louise went to the car, Tim asked her where Tom was. She said that he was okay; Tim just wouldn't believe her, so she drove around in front of the hospital and called to me through the window to hold Tom up. I held him up and Tim was so surprised to see him - he just smiled and said, "And he's in his pajamas!"

That was a beautiful morning, for the Lord had truly answered our prayers.

My Heritage **As a Descendent of Ephraim** by LeVeda Williams

The Lord has given blessings and promises to His people all through religious history. The twelve tribes of Israel take in all the people of the known world and the ten lost tribes. The blessings which were to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are a heritage to us all.

Through the inspiration of the Lord, Jacob gave the birthright or first blessing to Ephraim, and also the greatest promises to him for his posterity. As a descendant of him I share in those blessings, some of which are these: Ephraim, which means the tribe of Ephraim, would be scattered to every part of the world and his blood mixed with all people; but being the blood that can and does believe, they will be the first to be gathered, because they will receive the gospel in the dispensation of the fullness of times and will be gathered from all parts of the world.

This gathering is going on at this time. The Lord said that He would take them two out of a city and one of a family and bring them to Zion. This is being done through missionary work. Part of the promise was that the priesthood of God should be restored

to the tribe of Ephraim so that they could redeem the dead and fulfill the prophecy of old, that Elijah would come and give the keys of the turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers so that the world would not be smitten with a curse when the Savior came.

The grand climax in the story of Joseph and Ephraim is yet to come, one that will bring to a glorious fulfillment of every dream and every prophecy of Joseph. This will be when the ten lost tribes come from the North to receive their crowning blessings at the hands of their brethren, the tribe of Ephraim exercising its birthright in Israel.

So if I am faithful and walk uprightly before the Lord, some of my posterity may be privileged to take part in this great blessing and will share in all of the blessings of the Lord.

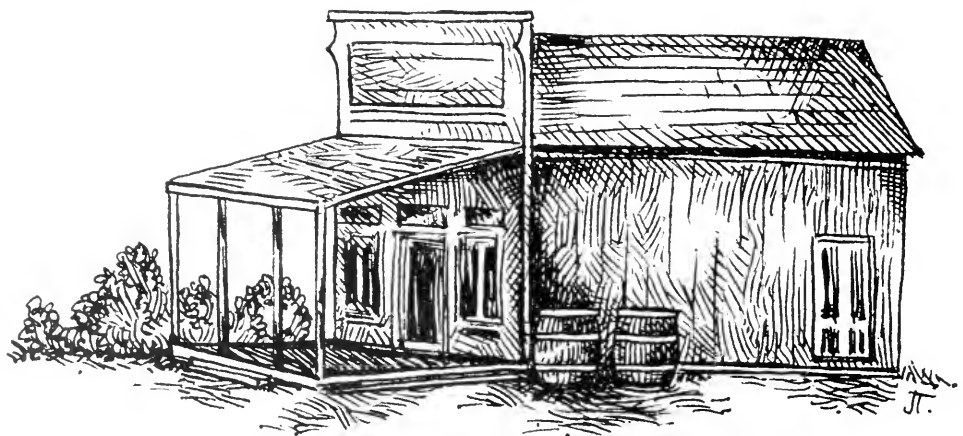
I Could Feel Their Presence

By Diane Winward

Several years ago, just before we went into the Sunday three-hour block, I taught the Spiritual Living lessons in Relief Society. I always made it a practice to fast every month and ask for help in preparing my lesson.

I was in the process of preparing the December lesson on the Prophet Joseph Smith. The children were all in bed; Brent, my husband, had gone to take a shower, and I was by myself at the kitchen table, preparing the lesson. I got up from the table to put some materials on the cabinet when a wonderful spiritual manifestation occurred. I knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Savior were standing before me. I could feel their presence and knew who they were, beyond any shadow of doubt.

It was a personal witness to me that the Savior really lives and that Joseph did exist and was the prophet of the Restoration. I can't put into words how it felt to know the Savior and Prophet Joseph were there before me. It was a rich spiritual experience in my life.



Human Interest Stories

The Joy of Owning Land

From the biography of John Price,
1882-1883

By Betty Richards

For the saints who had joined the church in Europe, there were several reasons for them to want to come to America. The gospel, of course, was the main reason; another was to own land. In Europe the land owners were the aristocrats, the nobility. Others looked up to them. Much of the pull of America for Europeans was the rumor that in America anyone could own land, and in land ownership was the real security. A business can fail; money can become worthless; only the land is permanent.

With this in mind we can understand how John Price felt when his dream to own land came true. The following is taken from the biography of John Price:

John was now 46 years old, Susanna was 33, Margaret (the III) was 33, and Jane 40. Jane was the mother of two illegitimate sons age 18 and 21, and bore no more children. Margaret Eynon became the mother of William Henry on January 7, 1868.

John had decided to move again. Susanna, Margaret and Jane talked of little else as they went about their household chores. Jane had talked to a lady at the store about their plans, and she had brought them an article written by President Brigham Young. Susanna read it to them again:

Malad Valley, north of Bear River, has been considered a pretty desolate, cold, hard, sterile valley; it was so looked upon by us as we passed through it on our way north. At the same time, we considered it a tolerably good grazing country, and thought that people could possibly live there. But after we had traveled over the basin rim into Bannock Valley, descending a mountain (beside which the one we call the "Big Mountain" is a mole hill), down through the little Bannock Valley, and on to Shanghai Plain, and traveled northeasterly and northwesterly, almost

in a semi-circle to Spring Creek, then up Spring Creek to Salmon River, and wended our way down that stream through swamps and willows, and climbed over points of bluffs to keep from being mired, and paid our brethren a visit and returned again to Malad Valley, it looked to us like one of the most beautiful valleys that any person ever beheld; while before this experience we thought that nobody could live there; and I expect that, if we had gone a few hundred miles north, it would have looked still better to us.

The wives decided the valley must be fairly good by now. The article was written in the spring of 1857, and it was now 1868. Anyway, they had little choice . . . John had decided . . . he had been there, in fact, and brought back a glowing account. And so they moved to Malad City, Idaho.

John's dream came true . . . He owned land . . . He stood on it, sat on it, felt the soft earth with his fingers, and his heart swelled with pride and thanksgiving. His thoughts turned back to the dark, dreary days in Wales, when he had longed for this day . . . Here he would set his roots down . . . Here in this valley he would build a home for his wives and children and travel no more. They had been moving for 12 long years . . . Now he would "settle."

Memories of Things the Pioneers Left Behind

By Elizabeth Ballard

The feather tick - Make your bed properly or roll of the edge.

Straw tick - Lumpy and sticky dreams.

Unimproved roads - If you got stuck in mud, you walked out of it.

Irrigation canals - If you wanted one, you dug it.

Hand plowing - Breaking the virgin soil.

Sagebrush - Everywhere, pick it, plow

it, burn it. It's sure to come again next year.

Indians troubles - Feed them.

Soap - Ingredients, boil, mold and cut, dry it, now try to rub it back into the clothes.

A new dress - Cut from the same bolt of material as your neighbor.

Flour - Wait for a grist mill to be built, or grind your own.

Bread - Borrow a start of yeast from your neighbor, increase the amount by adding potato water and sugar, then mix into flour, salt and shortening and sugar. Save back a start of yeast. Knead the ingredients, let rise three times, put into loaves and bake one hour.

Butter - Churn sour cream for about 45 minutes (more or less). Salt, knead into mold and cool. (Knead in cold water.)

The long handled underwear - Everything was cold in winter, no furnace, no heated cars. Hot rocks kept the feet warm while traveling long distances.

Buffalo chips - Pioneers used dried manure for wood in their stoves.

Home remedies - Cloves for toothache. Hot bread and milk for infection. Mustard plaster for cold on the chest. Onion poultices on the bottom of the feet for a cold.

Team and wagon - For hauling farm produce and children.

Cracklins - Bacon rinds baked in the oven to get all of the grease out--then eat.

The long white baby dresses and pettycoats - Lots of ironing over a hot stove. Shortened at age six months. Shortened again at one year.

The first gas flat iron - Lizzy bought it for \$5.00 in 1924. It was hot to handle, had a small gas tank attached to the back.

Skimming pans - Milk would sit in a cool place for a day, then the cream would have risen to the top and could be easily skimmed off. You should have seen the pot-belly calves that were produced with skimmed milk.

The scrub bucket - Plenty of board floors with water, lye and hand made soap. Linoleum was one of the luxuries of life.

The hand washer and the hand wringer - Push and pull the handle 1/2 hour. Wring

with hand wringer, boil 15 minutes, rub and rinse. Do this to each batch.

Two-quart jars - Fruit was plentiful.

High-button shoes, buckle overshoes, all-over swimming suits, ridding britches, bob sleds - Were for the pleasures of youth.

School wagons - On wheels in spring and fall (we had long ones then). In winter the bobsled was substituted for the wheels.

The white-top buggy - With fringe on top, a family affair.

The razor strap - A leather strap about three inches wide and 2-1/2 to 3 feet long, used to sharpen the straight razor but some times used in disciplinary action.

The big picture frame - A family treasure, always adorned parlor walls, and the log walls at school in earlier years.

The carpet sweeper - Hand maneuvered.

The pantry - A small room adorned with shelves, a work table top in front of a small window. These built-ins included a meat board and bread board.

Head cheese - A common meat dish made from the palatable portion of the pig's head.

Long dresses and three long petticoats - Length, to the ankle for every lady. Two of these petticoats were generally wool.

Balls of bluing - tied in a cloth and dipped into the rinse water lightened the white clothes.

The clothesline - The chore of hanging long lines of wet clothing for large families in winter.

Gay weddings - Always dancing and serenading the bride and groom.

Election day - Not always a quiet, uneventful day.

Tye post or tye yard - A parking lot for rigs of every description. Shoppers carried hay to feed their animals, tying their teams to the backs of their wagons while they spent the day visiting and shopping.

School - Ink wells and the old school ball.

Blacksmith shop - A waiting line for horses to receive a pedicure.

J. C. Penny's shoes - Tighter than a bootlegger.

The buggy whip - Keeping pace.

The corset with steel stays - Cut a figure 8.

The toilet - Outside plumbing, a hallowed treasure, the Sears catalog, the pot.

Fourth of July - Twenty-fourth and the Old Folks Day and Young Folks Day.

The disk phonograph - Music in the parlor.

Oxen shoes - Oxen were lifted in the air or put to the ground to be shod, they couldn't stand on three feet like a horse.

A scythe - A means of hand separation of farm produce from the good earth.

The family Bible - The foundation of the soul.

The sun bonnet - English origin, made of gingham, stiff with starch.

Burdock - Sheep to kill the burdock.

The wooden pitchfork -

Foot bridge - One on every trail.

The water bucket - For carrying water to fill reservoir, wash tubs, boiler, tea kettle and placed on the wash stand for drinking and a cold wash.

Copper boiler - For boiling white clothes to preserve whiteness.

The dipper - The family drinking cup.

The wax candle - A home-made lighting fixture.

The rolling pin - For rolling bread dough only.

Button hooks - Most commonly used on ladies high button shoes.

The flour bin - A built-in for flour. Ernest said, "My mother, I swear, could beat the sides of the empty bin and get enough flour to mix one more mixing of bread." He laughed as he said, "I didn't know how, but it happened."

The sugar bin - A dollar's worth would half fill it, and it was considered a large order.

Eggs and butter - Paid the grocery bills for a large family.

Grocery order - Sugar, flour, salt, soda, baking powder and coal oil.

Bacon - Side of the pig which had been rubbed with salt to preserve it. Before it could be eaten, it was boiled and then fried.

The galvanized bucket - A bucket for milking only.

Milking stool - Often overturned with the occupant and the milk bucket.

Shoe horn - Assisted the wearer of high button shoes.

Tea kettle - A miniature hot water tank.

Wood box - Held surplus wood, an excellent place to sit to keep warm, and a box full of corrections for unruly children.

Meat cleaver - A sort of do-it-yourself thing for home grown meat.

The horse and buggy - A sort of roadster with a rumble seat.

Outing flannel - A new baby on the way.

The old stove iron - It meant long hours beside a hot kitchen range both summer and winter, ironing many clothes, homes were cold then.

The kerosene lamp - Its dim glow scarcely sufficient to light a room but cast their spark of light to guide the weary traveler.

The mustache cup - Lent an air of dignity to the owner.

The ox yoke - Joined oxen and plow to turn the virgin soil. A reminder of the grim past.

Logging trails - Wheel marks in the steep mountain ravine tell the story of the struggle to get to their humble little log huts with a dirt roof.

Bridgeless trails - Now a unique highway for pleasure seeking tourists.

Pot bellied stoves - To blister one side was to freeze the other, but 'twas a welcome necessity.

The hand pump - A most difficult procedure to obtain the household supply of water.

The old tin tub - A sweat jerker with a washboard. A tank to heat water in and the family bath.

The lantern - An inadequate daylight extender. It had many uses.

Price List for 1910:

Two brooms, \$1.80

Yarn, \$0.50

Elastic, \$0.10

Sugar, \$2.25

Brown sugar, \$0.25

Overshoes, \$3.10

Wood alcohol, \$0.35

Coal oil, \$0.20

Nightgown, \$1.10

And a time when a man with a job could say, "Another day, another dollar." Large families were supported on a dollar per day wage.

The Iron Door

Legend would lead us to believe that somewhere in the Samaria hills is an "Iron Door." The following is three different accounts of the "Iron Door Legend."

Samaria's Iron Door By Norma South

I doubt if the good Samaritans who live in the village southwest of Malad have ever thought much about legends and folklore. I doubt if any of them realize that the leading character in their tall tale could become as famous as Paul Bunyan or Casey Jones.

All they need is some bright young native to write a ballad about Glispy Waldron and the iron door he found in the Samaria Mountains.

"The way I heard it-out in the Samaria Mountains there is a mine with an iron door. It guards two skeletons and \$250,000 worth of gold bullion. The reason nobody has ever broken the door down and taken the gold is that nobody can ever find the place the second time when they have tools to do the job."

One man found it while riding for horses. He hung his Levi jumper nearby for a marker, but when he got back the jumper and the door had disappeared. A sheepherder found it. He tied a ewe to the bushes thinking the bleating would lead him back, but when he returned, the sheep was dead and the door was gone.

Glispy Waldron, deceased, was a good and honest man whose word was as good as his bond. One day in his youth he was looking for horses which had been turned out on the range. He rode over the top of the Samaria Mountain and down a short way on the other side to a place where several similar canyons originate. While going through loose shale and thick underbrush he discovered what appeared to be an iron door made of old wagon wheels. He assumed that some forgotten prospector had built it to guard his claim.

Glispy's job, that day, was to find the horses, so he moved on. It was a couple of years before he found time on a good day to

take friends and tools to break down the door. They looked in vain.

About that time a neighbor went to visit a "peepstone lady." It was she who told about the two skeletons and the gold bullion. She saw the whole thing in her crystal ball!

She said the two robbers had been left to guard the gold by "pals" who did not trust them. They were locked in. The robbers went into the valley to rob another stagecoach and bring back more gold, but they were killed.

But the thing I would like to know is: Do we have here a myth, a folk tale, a legend or a fish story? A fish story with a stagecoach robber in it? Now, really!

What's Behind The Iron Door? By Geraldine Hanson

"What's behind the iron door in the Samaria Mountains?"

The fortune teller stared into her crystal ball and answered, "\$10,000 in gold bullion and two skeletons."

Early this week the people of Malad and surrounding valleys thought that at last they would find out what was behind the iron door when news spread that Henry Roderick, Portage, had found it. On the streets, in the stores, and at the restaurant booths, people excitedly talked about it with rumor piled on rumor and story on top of story. Some believed it, some laughed at it, and others wondered about Malad Valley's favorite legend.

Years ago while hunting for his horses, the late Glispy Waldron of Samaria discovered an iron door in the heavy brush and shale of the Samaria Mountains. He left his coat to mark the place so he could come back later to explore it further. Although he searched, he never found it again.

A neighbor, curious as to what could be done, asked an itinerant gypsy fortune teller about the door, and the peep-stone lady looked into her crystal ball for the answer. From her mystical insight many stories have been created by active imaginations as to how the door, money, and two skeletons came to be located in the mountains of Samaria. The favorite story involves a burned bank and a

stagecoach robbery. The door was all that remained of a bank that burned down in Corinne, Utah. Bandits took it to cover a cache where they hid their money in the Samaria Mountains.

In a daring stagecoach robbery, four men stole the \$10,000. Two of the men were left behind to guard the money at the mountain cache while the other two went to rob another stagecoach coming through the valley. Before they left, the latter two locked the guards in the cache with the money so they couldn't escape with it. However, the two thieves were killed during their second robbery and the two left behind starved to death in the pit surrounded by their gold bullion.

The lure of a legend and the desire for gold have led many people to hunt the Samaria Mountains, but without success. That is until Henry Roderick finally found the iron door.

Tuesday evening, of the day Mr. Roderick and a Utah geologist had supposedly gone back to the site of the door to open it, Mr. Roderick was harvesting his grain. It seemed illogical that a man would harvest after locating a long-lost treasure. So what about the door?

According to Mr. Roderick's son, his father remembers seeing the door when he was a small boy, but hasn't been there since. He has planned to take some miners from Fielding, Utah, to look for it but he hasn't found the time yet.

So the old iron door, amid all the furor, still remains undisturbed somewhere in the mountains of Samaria. And its legend, quite shaken by the sudden burst of revival still remains in Malad Valley folklore.

What's behind the old iron door in the Samaria Mountains? Instead of asking a crystal ball gazer, maybe you can ask the 20th century and Washington D.C.'s favorite seer, Jeanne Dixon, who probes the unknown with her phenomenal extra-sensory perception powers. Or you can go hiking through the Samaria Mountains. I have a river-running, mountain-walking, gold-short Daddy who would jump at the chance to go along with you.

Lost Treasure Trails of Idaho By Kenneth W. Bush

(This story was told to the writer, Kenneth W. Bush, by Ray W. Jones, grandson of Levi Glispy Waldron, and was sold to the magazine for \$500.00).

The state of Idaho has produced more gold than California or Alaska put together. And in its early days, it was the most lawless of western territories. No wonder it is honeycombed with lost treasure sites.

The Mormon pioneers, led by Brigham Young, settled in Salt Lake Valley in the early 1850s. Civilization began spreading out into the surrounding wilderness and soon communities were established in all directions, attracting the saints and sinners alike.

Three men of questionable character appeared one day at a small community in Utah where a fire had ruined several buildings, including an uncompleted bank building. These men seemed especially interested in the charred vault door and frame, and bought it at an exorbitant price. Hauling the vault door away by oxen and wagon they disappeared into the surrounding mountains toward the Territory of Idaho where they had a hidden campsite inside the south-central border area. Near this site was a well concealed entrance to a smoothly formed chamber in solid granite rock.

Years later, one of the three mysterious men stumbled into the home of an Idaho rancher near the Utah border. He was suffering from gun-shot wounds and high fever, and, when he realized he had little hope of survival, he told one of the most bizarre tales of intrigue the rancher had ever heard.

He said that he and his two companions had painstakingly chiseled a square groove and cemented their bank-vault door and frame into the entrance of a chamber in the granite rock near their secret campsite in the mountains to the south. There they deposited loot from three years of stagecoach holdups, robbery of miners and prospectors, and gold shipments stolen from mine owners. During their periods of absence from the site, they merely locked

the vault door and carefully concealed it with underbrush.

One day he and his two companions had a disagreement, and he locked the other two inside the vault to die. He was seriously wounded in the fight, but managed to make his way out of the mountains and to the ranch house. He gave further scant clues to the vault, which he said contained several hundred thousand dollars--as well as his two partners. Then he died from shock and loss of blood.

Struggles While Homesteading

By Albert Smith

(Letter written to his daughter, remembering one of the wintry days getting back to his Holbrook ranch in February 1916.)

Twin Falls, Idaho
February 12, 1957

Dear Helen,

This date rings a bell. Forty-one years ago today I was returning to the Holbrook homestead after moving your mother to Malad City in preparation of your arrival.

I left late in the afternoon, as I had a large number of pigs and quite a lot of horses and cattle at the ranch with no hired man to do the chores. I knew there was a storm coming, so I tried to get over the road ahead of it, but when I got to the top of the mountain I could see the storm was there and had been raging for hours. The pass was filled with from ten to fifteen feet of snow.

I had one of the best grain - fed teams that any man ever had, and I managed to get the empty sled over the top. By that time the blizzard and the darkness set in so black and severe that you couldn't see the team. They were off and on the road, just struggling for their and my very life.

I decided to unhook and ride the horses in, but the wind and snow just froze me up quick. So I turned them loose and held onto the harness or their tails. They faced that storm, freezing icicles to their noses and eyes

and a crust of ice on their bodies two inches thick.

When they were on the road they were breaking snow above their knees, and when they lost the road they were clear down--just floundering for a long time. I talked loving words to them but never gave any commands, as I knew it was all up to those horses to hold out with a breath-taking storm in their faces.

Then I got so cold and numb that I couldn't say a word--just let the horses take their time with twelve or fifteen miles yet ahead and the storm raging like the North Pole. The horses would flounder for from ten to twenty minutes, and about this time I thought I would have to let loose--and if I did I knew it would be my finish--they would get out of breath and pause for their breath. That would give me a chance to breathe also. I had to keep one hand free to beat my body to keep it from freezing. By this time my face was all numb. The only part of my body that I could feel was a small spot in the middle of my back.

That endurance test went on for hours. We finally reached the ranch about five in the morning, after about fourteen hours on the trip. If the road and weather had been good, it would have taken only five hours.

When I got home, that was another story. Pigs were piling up and smothering. I lost 40 that night. The house was full of freighters that had got caught in the storm. Don't think it wasn't part of the challenge of life, those homesteading days! Well, Honey, I lived through it and managed to be in Malad to meet you on February 25th.

Love, Dad

Malad's Grandfather Tree

Has Seen Town Grow

from Early Days

By Norma South

Written - 1985

Nobody knows for sure just what year the grandfather of all Malad trees was planted, but it has stood on its hill towering over the northeast section of town for almost a hundred years.

Today it shades the trailer court owned by Jack O. and Gladys Evans at the intersection of 200 West and 400 North. On the opposite corner is Malad Elementary School.



John J. Williams, who had come from Brigham City to Malad with his family along with the first settlers in 1854, brought the little evergreen tree down from the mountains where he found it growing in an old stump.

A grandson, Arthur T. Williams, 93, explained, "Grandpa told me that he and two of his sons dug up the little tree, stump and all, and brought it from New Canyon to town. Next morning he dug a hole, poured in some water, and planted the old stump with the little tree growing in it."

Close by the log home of John J. Williams and his second wife, Mary Jones Williams, LaVeda W. Williams, 87, a granddaughter, said, "I used to go over to Grandma's and my cousins and I would play 'follow the leader' as we tried to jump over the little pine tree. Grandma was afraid we'd break it down so she drove stakes in the ground all around the tree to protect it. She was so concerned about saving the little tree that she taught us to care for it, too."

Thousands of school children of five generations have trooped up the hill past the old tree since the first school building was

erected on the opposite corner in 1900. The first junior high school building was erected just to the west in 1911, and a high school was built in 1921. None of the original buildings are in use at present and only the high school building still stands.

All the school buildings occupied the south half of the "square" which was set aside by the founders of the town to be used for community purposes.

The old tree has seen Fourth of July parades going by since the beginning, and was there when Malad celebrated its Centennial year on the "square" in 1964.

Across the street to the west was Ernest Horsley's grocery store where children spent their nickels and dimes for candy and school supplies. The store was later owned by Jess Hughes and then John O. and Gladys Evans, who converted the store to a recreation center and snack shop. Here young people gathered for fun until the building burned down in 1981.

Exciting were the winter nights of fifty years ago when teenagers came with teams and bobsleds to "cut geezers" on Horsley's corner near the big old tree. The boys picked up their girlfriends in the bobsleds with wagon boxes set on. They ran the horses as fast as they could go to the intersection and then turned the team sharply at high speed. The aim was to make the girls scream and try to throw the wagon box off the sleigh runners. Many a load of teenagers were spilled on the hill near Grandfather Tree.

Laveda said that one Christmas season Ernest Horsley "took up a collection" from neighbors to buy Christmas lights for the tree. The men built a star framework of wood and mounted colored lights. Her son, T.L. Williams, climbed to the top of the tree and fastened the star which could be seen all over town every holiday season for several years.

Gladys Evans shed more light on the Christmas star. "The last time the star shone was in 1960 when our sons found the wooden frame in the basement of the store. They replaced the 15 and 20 watt bulbs and climbed to the top and tied it there. Vandals shot out the light bulbs later. The wooden frame is still there, but the tree has grown about ten feet higher now," she said.

So, I would say to the children of our town, walk reverently past Grandfather Tree. Remember it was planted by one of the first pioneers who came to Malad and helped build the town. It was watched over tenderly by a pioneer mother who was born in Wales in 1837 and who came to America with her parents when she was a girl. They came to Salt Lake City with a handcart company walking all the way across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains into Utah Territory. The tree was there when she reared her eight children and shed tears for four more children who didn't live long. Many of her great-grandchildren have learned this history including our present Governor of Idaho, John V. Evans.

Remember also that little essays are made by ordinary people like me, but only God can make a wonderful creation like the Grandfather Tree.

**Writer Recalls Solved Problems,
Life Style of Depression Days**
By Norma South

The high cost of gasoline, heating oil and coal, with heavy snows and closed roads, are reminiscent of problems we solved during the Depression of the thirties.

Those who remember know we had just gone through the "Roaring Twenties," getting accustomed to the comforts of electricity and automobiles. Women had worn lavish furs, wide velvet hats and richly beaded chiffon gowns. College boys sported raccoon coats and bright yellow roadsters with rumble seats.

There were plenty of jobs and fun for everybody. Then suddenly there was no money for luxuries--there was no money.

During the worst of the Depression, my sister and I graduated from high school with no prospects of getting a job or going to college. Our friends found themselves in the same quandary, wanting to be independent and not knowing how to go about it.

As the summer wore on, Mother quietly made a decision which astonished the whole family. "We'll rent the home in town, store the furniture, and live out on the farm next winter," she announced. We, who had just spent four years of fun and excitement at high school games and dances, viewed the coming winter as calamity.

However, there was no choice. The moving was soon finished, and we all pitched in canning fruit and storing vegetables in the old cellar on the farm. We cured meat, rendered lard and helped Dad get wood out of the canyon, to be shoved endlessly into the round livingroom heater and the big black kitchen range all winter. Milk and eggs were produced on the farm, and we baked and churned; we lived well.

With the first big snow, the road was closed to cars, and we traveled for months by bobsled, sharing the 14-mile ride to town with neighbors scattered on farms of the Weston Creek area.



Our only contact with the troubled world was through national news periodicals. After reading of the bread lines in the big cities, we counted ourselves among the lucky citizens. We carried water, chopped wood, cared for farm animals, shoveled snow and washed clothes on the washboard without complaining.

We learned to patch jeans, darn socks and make new dresses out of old ones. Sometimes we dyed the fabric and made our clothes look entirely new. Flour sacks were used for too many purposes to mention--some unmentionable.

Dad cut a little door near the bottom of an old ten-gallon milk can, stuck a stovepipe in the top, and set it in a tin washing tub half full of wood ashes for insulation. That was our heater for traveling. For fuel we threw sticks of wood down the stovepipe. With fragrant hay in the box of the bobsled, plenty of warm clothes, heavy quilts to wrap in, and a canvas over the top bows, we were ready for all kinds of weather. If we wanted to go to

town or to visit neighbors on especially cold days, we heated sand stones in the oven and took them along to keep our feet warm.

Six families lived on Weston Creek that winter, and we used to get together for parties. All the youngsters, teenagers, parents and one set of grandparents were invited. We played games, sang songs, laughed at each other's jokes and ate all we could hold. Turning the ice cream freezer and helping fry great mounds of chicken was part of the fun. Best of all was the family's singing together all the way home in small hours of the winter nights.

Some boys who lived on the next farm tore down an old header, used years earlier for harvesting grain. They made a toboggan out of the elevator platform. We had loads of fun with that thing, getting thrills from scooting down the steepest hills and feeling "high" on mountain air as we walked back up.

That winter at home brought our family close together as no other experience ever did. We had long talks around the stove on cold winter nights. There was time to listen to family history and to parents's counsel. We didn't realize it then, but that was a time when we got our sense of values straightened out-values that I would wish upon my children.

The next summer I found a job and went on to college, leaving the warm family circle, which forever after was only a fond memory.

The foregoing was taken from the Idaho Enterprise, February 1976.

Old Fashioned 4th of July Recalled

By Norma South

Picture of Hubert Gleed's miniature

I was a very small girl on a memorable July Fourth, shortly after the end of World War I, but no American citizen could have possibly enjoyed a celebration more. I felt like I was endowed with patriotism and happiness.

For months I had prayed for the French children and for the Belgian children, and then for my Mother's brother, Uncle Rob, who was missing in action in France with the United States Infantry.

But it was all over now, and young as I was, I knew that American soldiers had made a lot of things right again for a lot of people.

We lived fourteen miles from town on a homestead east of Malad. That day we were awakened at dawn by a big blast of an heirloom shotgun. We had watched Dad load it the night before with paper wadding, gun powder, and buckshot. That was a pre-Fourth of July ritual at our farm, and my sister Margaret and I bounded out of bed and ran to the upstairs window to see Dad smiling up at us.

Then we ran downstairs to see our new white dresses that Mama had finished the night before. With many farm chores to do and no modern appliances, mother had to spend many late hours sewing by kerosene lamp to get the dresses done on time. They were beautiful, with pink and blue satin sashes and dainty insertion trimming.

There was a big rush of milking cows, feeding farm animals, separating the milk by hand-turning the cream separator, and putting the cream to cool in a can set in the patch of watercress below the spring.

While Mama packed a lunch, we combed and braided each other's long hair. Dad was busy putting red, white, and blue rings on the leather harnesses and "dressing" the horses for the trip to town. He braided their tails and tied them in tight buns. The horses, Ted and Nell, stepped along smartly and I thought they knew they were dressed up and felt as good as I did in my new white dress.



When we got to the valley, Dad trotted the horses all the way to town, kicking up

some dust, but we didn't care, because it was almost time for the parade.

Leaving the team and buggy at the tie yard, which is now the Ireland Bank parking lot, we found the city packed with people who had come in from all over Oneida County.

I have never seen the town decorated so regally. Hanging from store fronts were yards and yards of red, white and blue bunting. More cotton bunting was draped lavishly on hayracks in the parade. Horses had gay silk tassels on their bridles, and I thought they were bobbing their heads to keep time with the band.

Standing tall on a gold pedestal built on a hayrack was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen - the Goddess of Liberty. I was so excited I could hardly breathe, and I tramped on Mama's white canvas shoes as I followed along. She just gave me a little pat on the head and didn't scold a bit.

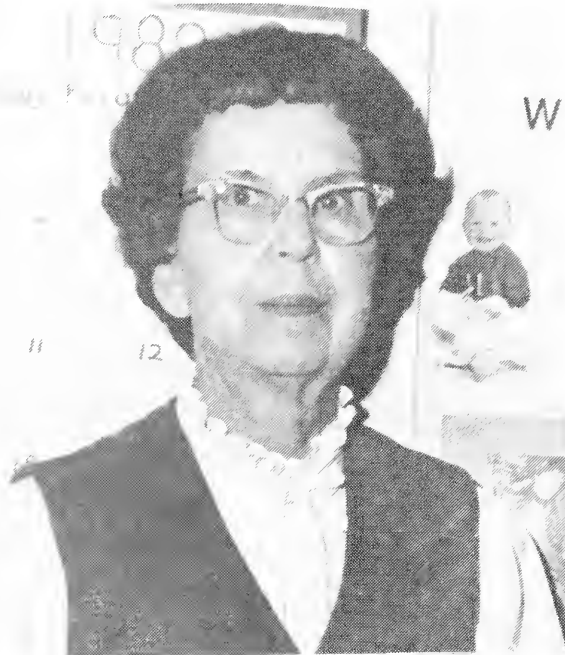
All the crowd followed the parade to the Old First Ward chapel with its seven spires. Patriotic citizens had decorated the interior with more colorful bunting on the platform and around the front of the balcony. I remember a speaker telling us

that the recent war had ended all wars, because no nation would ever again attack another country. Holding Mama's hand I wondered if she would cry, thinking about Uncle Rob.

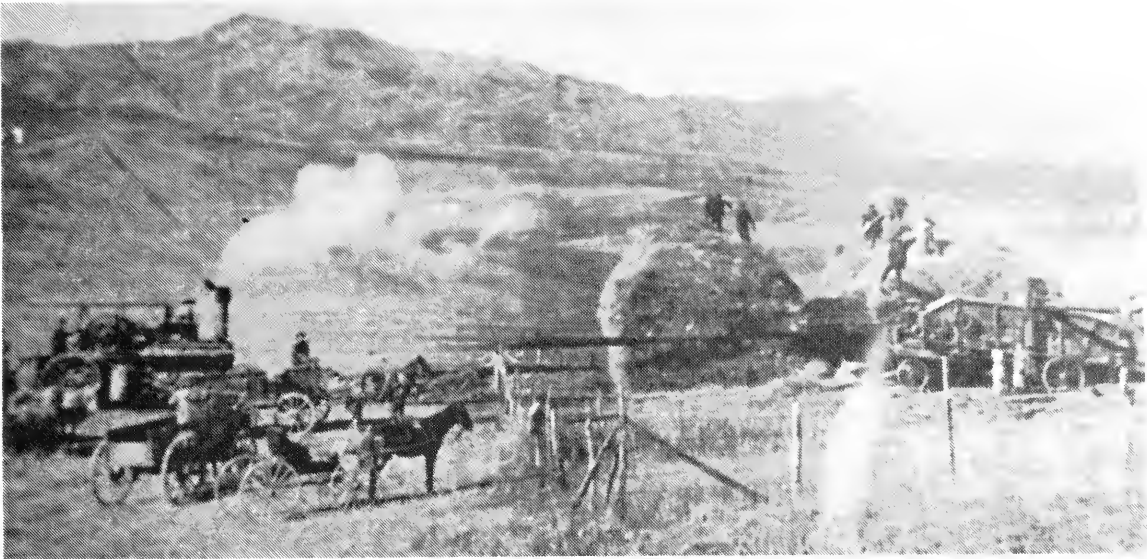
I remember Mrs. Margaret Edwards Jones singing "Flag Without a Stain." With a lump in my throat and stinging eyes, I looked at our flag standing beside the pulpit, and I believe that no American citizen ever loved our flag more dearly than I did at that moment.

We ate our lunch with dozens of other families on the "square," which is now Pioneer Park. There were races for children, and that made good sense to me, but I thought it was silly for groups of grown men to hang onto a long rope and try to pull it away from each other. And later I couldn't imagine why a lot of men would want to chase a greased pig.

Then suddenly it was time to go home and milk the cows. Ted and Nell pulled the buggy slowly up over the Two Mile Divide, and I guess I must have gone to sleep, because my memorable Fourth of July ended as I watched the chokecherry bushes brush against the buggy top.



Norma South, talented author



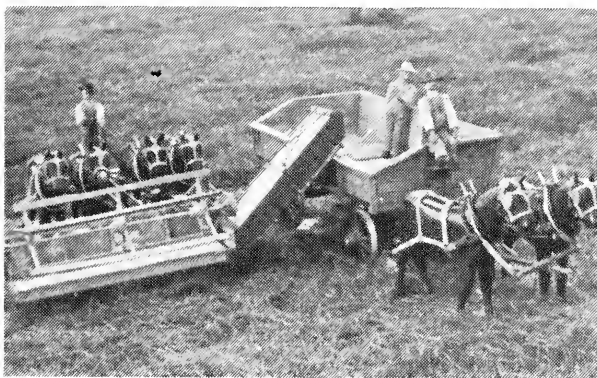
*Threshing on the Bill (Miller) Jones farm
east of the present-day Devil Creek Reservoir*

**Memories Recalled
of a Harvest in Bygone Days**

By Norma South

Pictures of Hubert Gleed's miniatures

When nights are cool, and days are bright and crisp, scents of ripening grain and damp straw hang over our valley, bringing back memories of my early childhood.



*Grain was cut in the fields
with a header*

During most of my life, grain has been harvested as it is today, but when I was very small, the operation was quite different.

Grain was cut in the field with a header, hauled by horses and wagon to a stackyard, stacked with use of a derrick, and threshed by a huge, complicated machine called a "separator." The separator was operated by a steam engine using coal for energy, water for steam, and the skills of a mechanic.

We called the combination of machines "the thresher."

I seem to hear again a shrill echoing whistle, just as I did years ago when the thresher left a neighboring farm and came chugging up our narrow valley one harvest day. My sister and I couldn't see the wondrous machine at first, but we could hear it, and we danced up and down with excitement. We wanted to run and see, but Mama reminded us she would have thirteen men for supper and needed help.

We put the round galvanized washing tub on a bench outside the kitchen door and hurried to carry water from the spring for the men to use in washing up for supper. With our gallon buckets we made trip after trip, and then we laid out soap and towels.

Before Mama found out we had finished, sister Margaret and I joined hands and ran so fast we made a little breeze to blow back our long hair.



Washing up for supper

When we came to the top of the hill we could look down the road, and there it was! It looked almost like the steam engine that pulled the train when we had traveled to Ogden to see great-grandfather.

As the thresher turned up our lane, we could see Casey, whom we remembered from last year. He looked as little as a doll driving the big black engine. We could also see the separator man as he rode along on the complicated gray machine being pulled by the engine.



Casey looked as little as a doll driving the big black engine

Soon Mama called us to wash our hands and set the table for supper.

By the time the thresher had pulled near the grain stacks and been made rigid with stakes and ropes, the sun had set. The water man pulled in the gate with his tank on his wagon. The coal man arrived from town, fourteen miles away, with his load of coal and tired horses, which he unhooked and fed.

Six men, who had hand-pitched wheat into the thresher all day on the neighbor's farm, were shaking their hats and using them to beat chaff from their shirts and overalls. The wheat bagger was checking Dad's big pile of burlap bags that he would hold under the wheat spout the next day.

Tending the horses that would pull heavy wagon loads of wheat to the granary next day were Dad and Grandpa. They would lift the heavy burlap bags, one at a time, up to a high platform and then empty them into the bins.



Unloading the grain

Here Dad stored the wheat until the price came up. Then he would sack the wheat again and load it on the wagon. His horses would pull it to Malad, down Two-mile Canyon. Sometimes he hauled it in winter on a bobsled.

Dad had explained to my sister and me that all the farmers in the Weston Creek area, and some who lived down Deep Creek, put their money together and bought the thresher. Then they helped each other at harvest time. But they had to pay money to Casey, because he was the only trained mechanic and wasn't a farmer.

We remembered Casey, and we liked him with his twinkly blue eyes. He liked to tell jokes and kept everybody laughing at mealtime.

Margaret and I ran back and forth watching the busy harvesters getting ready for the next day and intermittently helping Mama every time she called. Finally she told us to go tell the men supper was ready.

As I ran toward the stackyard, the aroma of fried ham and spicy apple pie followed me all the way. Stopping to look

at spilled oil on a puddle of water, I took a tiny willow and made twisted little rainbows. We didn't have oil on puddles unless the thresher was there.

I walked timidly beside the belt suspended from the separator to the engine. It seemed as big as a mountain to me as I stood waiting near Casey, who was busy oiling the chugging engine.

"Do you wanta blow the supper whistle?" he yelled with a big smile on his dusty face.

"Blow the Whistle?" I gasped. The thought of doing so was thrilling!

The next thing I knew I was being lifted high to a little shelf on the side of the greasy black engine. Casey held onto my feet with one hand as he motioned for me to reach for the wire loop. As I stretched as far as I could along the side of the engine and grabbed the wire, my heart was throbbing, it seemed, as loud as the engine.

I pulled with all my strength. With a burst of steam, the whistle came long and loud and clear. Purple hills caught the sound and echoed it back and forth like a big ball until it grew smaller and smaller and faded away.

I let out my breath in one big gasp as Casey lifted me down, laughing at me. He turned the engine off, and I skipped along to the house, holding to his big hand. I felt grown up, being Casey's best girl at harvest time.

**Legrande Hall,
a Mecca for Memories
By Norma South**

The mention of LaGrande Hall, long time center of Oneida County social life, brings back memories of truly enchanted evenings to thousands of older Malad folks living here and elsewhere.

Building a dance hall on Malad's North Main Street in 1916 was an idea whose time had arrived. Oneida County residents, then the third generation down from Malad's first settlers, were enjoying affluence that their pioneer grandparents had planned for them. Population was increasing, with most available land already homesteaded, and a family on every 160 acre farm.

Henry Ford was selling Model T cars at a price the average family could afford. And for the first time it was possible for farm families to come to town on Saturday nights for relaxation, socializing, and recreation. Movies and dances drew large crowds, and the streets, too, were crowded with friends and neighbors visiting, hearing news of the town, and discussing national and local politics.

The dance hall was a favorite spot for middle-aged ladies who found in it their best source of gossip as they watched and discussed the social life of each popular girl and her beau. There was something interesting for everybody; Saturday night in Malad was almost an institution.

Every Saturday night and every holiday evening for over thirty years the spacious LaGrande Ballroom was filled to capacity by the young, the handsome and the beautiful of Oneida County and surrounding small towns. The highly polished floor was covered by a high vaulted ceiling and surrounded by benches for spectators. Hanging on the south wall was the unique orchestra box, leaving room for dancing underneath. A large balcony was built above the ticket office, entrance way, and cloak rooms.

A full-length wall mirror in the ladies powder room reflected the age of elegance, as ladies wearing taffeta and chiffon-beaded and lace-trimmed gowns added the final touch to elaborate coiffures before entering the ballroom. Men were always attired in dark suits, white shirts, and ties.

Along with regular Saturday night and holiday dances, children's dances were held on special occasions, with costume balls on Halloween and George Washington's birthday wearing knee pants and cotton wigs, little "George Washingtons" learned to dance by treading on the toes of little "Marthas" in long print dresses with curls of cotton bobbing on their necks. But the result was that almost everybody learned ballroom dancing during their childhood and were ready for the magic night when they were allowed to go on their own to the LaGrande Hall for the first time.

Inasmuch as there was no gymnasium in Malad until the early thirties, the hall was also used for basketball practice and games between high schools. Malad Stake Gold and

Green Balls were held there, as were high school junior proms. Prom decorations were left up throughout the summers, adding charm and enchantment to the hall.

Those traveling back over the trail of memory will recognize the names of many local musicians who played in the orchestra there. Among those are Dick Reese, "Drummer Bill" Williams, Frank Warner, Josh Evans, Evan Thomas, Clyde Jenson, Mitchell Jones, Les Tovey, Ed Wozzley, Evan G. Jones, Russel Scott, Belle Scott, Jack Clark, Elarene Price, Ruth Castleton Davis, Lloyd Davis, D.P. Evans, Jr., T.D. Jones, Walt Gibbs, and Ralph Price. Others were LaVern Jones, Dan J. Evans, Earl Thomas, Dale D. Davis, Don Castleton, LaVon Herbert, Blair Thomas, Elmer Lewis, Melvin Atkinson, Dean Almond, and Maynard Nare.

Few of this era will ever forget the dreamy strains of "Always," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Stardust," "Girl of My Dreams," or "The Waltz You Saved For Me." It was the age of big name bands and the "Hit Parade," featuring the week's ten most popular songs. Singing the popular songs and swaying with the lilting tunes was the means of traveling on sentimental journeys. No matter that on Monday morning a fellow had to go out pitching hay by hand in the heat of the July sun; there was always another Saturday night.

Like most of the area's ballrooms, the LaGrande Hall was forced to close in 1954 as interest died and crowds dwindled.

After the LaGrande was closed, Malad Lion's Club, with the late Herman Miller leading the project, converted the building to a swimming pool under the old roof. Here another generation of Malad young folks spent many happy hours and made precious memories. But the roof caved in and the facility deteriorated. The pool was eventually closed.

Forerunner of the LaGrande Hall in Malad was the Pavilion, located on Evans Avenue, directly behind the present Thomas Motor Inn. It was a social center for almost fourteen years where dances were held regularly. Owned by R.B. Davis and Isaac Warner, it too was used for basketball practice and games. It was later converted to a garage, and on November 24, 1920, it burned down. Arson was suspected, but

nobody ever found out exactly what caused the fire.

Today, on the city owned property, where once the beautiful LeGrande Hall stood, is a small city park, appropriately named "LeGrande Park." Many Malad residents have voiced the opinion that since the sight has been traditionally used for recreation, the park is a fitting tribute to many who helped make it a place for good clean fun in bygone years.

Who Is Really Who in Malad City?

By Margaret Logan

If you were to meet a native of Malad City, Idaho, the chances are his name would be either Jones, Williams, Thomas, or Evans. Out of a total population of approximately two-thousand, the 1971 telephone directory lists seventy-three Jones families, forty-one Williams, thirty-six Thomas, and twenty-nine Evans.

One of the most interesting customs of the people of Malad City is their practice of identifying individuals by nicknames. This practice started because it was not uncommon to have a dozen or more men or women with the identical first and last names. One of the oft repeated stories is about a church meeting where the bishop called "Brother Jones" to come to the stand. Seven men stood up. The bishop hurried to explain that he meant Brother John W. Jones and four of the men sat down. Such stories have been told here in Malad for over one hundred years. It thus became the custom to nickname a person according to his job or some other identifying feature, many times the nickname supplanting the real name.

"Creamery Bill" for instance, was really named William E. Evans, but called Bill. There were several other Bill Evans, and this particular Bill operated the creamery in Malad for thirty-seven years, so to this day he is "Creamery Bill." What are the other Bill Evans in Malad called? Well, "Bill Two-Mile" is the Bill Evans who lives two miles out of town, and "Bill Squeak" is the Bill Evans whose voice never changed.

And then there were two Dave Evans-- "Big Dave" who was six feet tall and weighed

one hundred and forty-five pounds and "Little Dave" who was five and one-half feet tall and weighed two hundred and forty pounds.

It seems that size enters into the nicknames many times, for Bill Jones is called "Trinket Jones" and Bill Clark is labeled "Shrimp Clark" because of their slight stature, But "Trinket Jones" is only one of five Bill Joneses in Malad.

There was the Bill Jones who is known as "Josephite Bill" because he belonged to the Josephite Church; Bill Jones who had red hair and was nicknamed "Red Aws"; William Jones better known as "Billy Snipe" for the many snipes on his farm; and unless you knew "Bill Borah" quite well you would not suspect that his real name was also Bill Jones. The story goes that the famous senator from Idaho, William E. Borah, had stayed with the Jones family when he was in Malad, and from then on this Bill Jones was called "Bill Borah."

"Josephite Bill" was not the only Bill named for his church affiliation, for William Thomas is known as "Mormon Bill."

Politics sometimes entered into the nicknames in Malad. "Tom Want" was Tom Evans who ran for sheriff five times and lost each time. "Tom Got," however, finally won. But no one confused "Tom Got" with the Tom Evans who ran the Co_op store for thirty-five years, for everyone knew him as "Tom Co-op."

Size sometimes comes in handy, especially with law officers. For instance, no one argued with "Big Jack" the two hundred and fifty pound Sheriff of Oneida County. However, "Little Arthur" the one hundred and thirty pound deputy might have had a little more trouble convincing people of his authority. Everyone looked up to "Tall Bill," the policeman who stood six feet eight inches tall.

There are not many women who have been nicknamed, but one exception is Rebecca Williams. She is known as "Peanut Beck" in Malad, apparently because of her ability to eat peanuts without any teeth.

My brother tells the story of going choke cherry picking in Susan Benjamin's hollow, near Deep Creek. When they neared the farm there, the woman came out to talk to them. My brother said, "Oh, you must be

Mrs. Susan Benjamin." She laughingly exclaimed, "No, I am Susan Jones. They call me Susan Benjamin because my husband's name is Benjamin Jones--a common name in these parts."

There is another interesting story about a woman being responsible for her husband's nickname, as in the case of Glenn Jones. He is known as "Glen McCulloch" since he is married to a McCulloch girl. This is really a switch--a man using his wife's maiden name. Who do you suppose is the boss in that family?

Thomas Jones is known in Malad as "Tom Goose"--a name he got because his father raised geese.

Occasionally it was a help to a teacher to know the nicknames of two students who shared the same name. A case in point is Joe Jones. When two Joe Jones appeared in the same grade in Malad City school, it was handy to call them "Joe Red" and "Joe Black," and this saved a lot of explanation about which Joe Jones was being called on in class.

Dave Thomas was a name which seemed very popular in the Malad area. Dave Thomas was the first white child born in Malad in 1864, but this Dave was better known as "Dave Benjamin," thusly named because his father's name was Benjamin Thomas. Then there was "Dave Crowthers" who worked at the Crowther Mill, "Hotel Dave" who owned a hotel, and "Dave Custer" who always wore long hair--all of these men shared the name of Dave Thomas.

McKinley Jenkins is called "Gold Dust" since he is a banker, but sometimes it is not what occupation you follow but what your father does for a living that brings about a nickname in Malad City. James L. Jones, for instance, is known as "Jim Miller," because his father was a miller.

If you met Bill Jenkins on the street on a cool day, he would say, "It's kind of frosty today!" Thus, he carries the nickname of "Frosty Jenkins."

It is a known fact that your past reputation can stay with you for life. Bill Williams can attest to this fact, since he is known in Malad as "Sparrow Bill" because as a kid he was always killing sparrows with a flipper. Of course, this helps to keep his identity separate from the Bill Williams who

plays drums and is known as "Drummer Bill."

Dan Thomas is known for his past also, but in a little different way. You see, he used to live in Cheyenne, Wyoming as a boy and is known in Malad as "Dan Cheyenne."

Nicknames in Malad are not considered derogatory. Even the one time mayor of Malad City, Glen Williams, is known as "Glen Sawdust," because his father operated a sawmill. I do not know for sure that Mayor Williams listed his name on the ballot as "Glen Sawdust," but this has been known to happen in Malad where people are better known for their nicknames than their real names.

Two other nicknames which were chosen because of unusual physical features are "Dave Suplip" and "Dave Cutlip." "Dave Suplip" is really Dave Evans and was given the nickname of "Suplip" because of a large lower lip. "Dave Cutlip" is really Dave Williams, who has a bad scar on his lower lip. Tom Kent is "uncle Sam" to Malad folk and the resemblance is really quite remarkable.

Clarence Fredrickson's unfortunate handicap of stuttering caused him to be nicknamed "Widdey Wad."

Occasionally a person would be nicknamed for a particular habit. Thomas Owens had a way of snooping into other's business and he was therefore named "Sherlock." "Wisdom" was the nickname given Josiah Price for his talent at always giving advice--solicited and otherwise. Thomas Jones, or better known as "Tom Midnight," was always the last one to leave town at night. His habit of shaking dice got Willard Smith the title of "Double or Nothing." He played for pretty high stakes, but I was unable to find out how "Double or Nothing" came out financially.

Loren Anderson's title of "Bucket of Bolts" may not be as bad as it sounds. The story goes that he has two old cars and has a bucket full of parts to keep one car going.

Every town has its practical joker. Malad has "Jim Skinner," who is always trying to "pull a fast one." Every town also has its "Wolf" and Loyle Lewis is Malad's "Wolf," so named because when he got too much to drink he would say, "It's my night to howl."

It isn't always necessary to have the same name as someone else to rate a nickname in Malad City, sometimes it is just an association with another name that suggests the nickname. Morgan L. Jones, for instance, is called "Casey Jones." Roy Davis is called "Jeff Davis." Charles Waldron is called "Chuck o'luck." Wally Nicholas is named "St. Nick," and Ursel Waters is known as "Muddy Waters."

Nicknaming is a trait often attributed to children. Even now in Malad the school children call their bus driver "Light Foot" because, in their opinion, he drives too slowly. Lee Harrison is really his name.

Dress sometimes gives an incentive for calling someone a nickname and such is the case with Wayne Thomas, who always wears high-heeled boots and a cowboy hat and is called "The Little Cowboy."

Malad City has its favorite older person whom they fondly call "Uncle George." George Daniels is ninety-six years old and still alive at this writing.

Use of nicknames has become so much a part of the daily lives of the people of Malad that in some cases the townspeople could not even supply the real name, off hand. Such is the case of Ben Alkali, whose farm near town had a great deal of alkali in the soil.

"Dave Poet," a former legislator whose real name is Dave P. Jones, got his nickname because of his eloquence and ability to quote poems in his speeches. "Curly Jack" for John E. Thomas because his hair was curly. "Dave Red" for David E. Jones because his hair was red.

The freeway has now bypassed the city of Malad, leaving this interesting place unspoiled. This unique community is one of the few strongholds of the pioneering spirit.

The people in Malad keep in tune with the times and have furnished outstanding citizens to the State of Idaho. Many of the young people come to the University of Idaho, but few return to live there except those who take over the family farm or business, so the population is not increasing noticeably. But the people who live there are happy and have a comfortable relationship of concern for one another.

Things Have Changed

By Iris N. Hill

In 1949, my Uncle Joe Nielsen in Hyrum, Utah had a boy living with him, Riadar Klogh, who he had sponsored to come to America from Norway. During the summer, Riadar went to the Buist area with Ellis Nielsen, a Hyrum resident, to work on his farm there.

One weekend before I was married, Riadar came to our house to tell me he had

seen the place where I was going to live. In his heavily accented English he told me there was a small store there. They had gone to Holbrook to get some things at the store, which was owned and operated by Willard Smith, and no one was around. They just went in and found what they wanted and left their money. There was more money there and they were even able to make their own change. He was amazed that there was such a place in the world where this could happen.

Things have changed; our Holbrook store is gone, and so is Mr. Smith; only our memories of these carefree times remain.



LOOKING BACKWARD

By Dwight B. Harding

When I was young I rode the range,
And though men were passing strange
Who lived their lives in cities dense,
And I unhampered by a fence.

I loved the mountain's heady air
And waving pines and pastures fair.
I loved the pine cone's spicy scent,
The fleecy clouds that came and went.

I loved the round-up's heavy work,
And never thought to sulk or shirk
When storms swept down with howl and
shriek
From jagged crest and savage peak.

But lived with ever growing zest
A life which seemed to me the best.
For was I not all free from care,
And had I not the best of care?

What city man could come with me
To where beneath some spreading tree
The cook had spread his pots and pans,
And beans ne'er come from small tin cans?

Where smell of pot roast on the breeze
Invited us to take our ease,
While coffee in the big tin cup
Was strong enough to stand us up.

I loved the bronco's plunge and leap,
I hated rattlesnakes and sheep.
I loved the lariat to whirl,
And seldom thought of any girl.

Our ranch was called the Big Bar "M",
And when we gathered round to talk
At even' by the cheerful fire
Each tried to be the biggest liar.

And strange indeed the tales we told
Of cows and wolves and hidden gold
Which some day we would surely find,
Till sleep at last claimed every mind.

Oh, would those days could come again,
And we once more could just be men
Who lived and rode and drank and fought
And in such things our pleasure sought.

But now alas the range is gone,
Gone is the wolf, the bear, the fawn,
The boys are scattered far and wide,
And very few can shoot or ride.

But this I know, though scattered wide
At business, farm, or fireside,
They oft remember all the joys
They loved so much when they were boys.



Malad Idaho Stake Centennial 1988

Marvin and Dianne Pett
Reflect on
Malad Centennial Experience



*Centennial Chairpersons
Dianne and Marvin Pett*

Nearly a year ago when the Malad Stake presidency called Marvin and Dianne Pett into their office and asked them to accept the responsibility to be chairpersons over a stake centennial celebration, it took their breaths away. Now with the event over, they're tired; but they are breathing easier. And they're happy with the way things turned out. It was a tremendous experience, they say, and although it took a lot of hard work, it has turned out to be one of the highlights of their lives.

President Foster Ipsen and his two counselors, Charles Hyer and Wendell Smith, wanted the occasion to be celebrated in a manner befitting its great importance, for there were few of the people who had ever lived in the Malad Valley or surrounding areas that had not been affected in some way by the stake organization. They needed someone at the helm--someone to spearhead it

all and make it happen. After prayerful consideration they settled upon the names of Marvin and Dianne Pett, both known to be efficient and organized leaders. Marvin was a member of the stake high council, now a Young Men president, and Dianne, a former stake Primary president, was now serving as Gospel Doctrine teacher in her ward.

The Sunday afternoon that the call came the Petts were in the middle of thinking through their son, Marc's wedding plans to make sure that every thing was in order. He was to be married just a week later, and that was their prime focus of concern at the time. Never in their wildest imaginations could they have ever dreamed of what was about to happen to them. In the weeks ahead they both spent a lot of time on their knees praying for divine inspiration and guidance to be able to handle the task at hand.

The first step, after Marc's wedding of course, was to get some help. It was obvious that two people couldn't do it all themselves. There would have to be chairmen over the several different committees--a food committee--individual activities--advertising--etc., etc. This would be their buoy--the main front to keep the effort afloat.

By the end of October, each member of the main committee had been approved by the high council and called. The first meeting was held in November. This was primarily to acquaint every one with the overall task and to brainstorm for more--and perhaps even better--ideas that Marvin and Dianne or the stake presidency had come up with. It was at this point, the Petts say, that they began to see the miracle unfold. "We kind of told them what we wanted, and they (the committee) literally took the ball and ran with it," they said. "Their willingness to accept the responsibility and the enthusiasm with which they did it was just absolutely overwhelming. Many of the committee heads had their plans all mapped out on paper by only our second meeting. It was fantastic."

As time went on, each of the committee heads chose other individuals to work under them, and these in turn often sought even

additional help. In all, it is estimated that as high as 400 people were involved in helping to make the centennial celebration a success.

Each month the main committee met to report on how individual assignments were being carried out. The frequency of the meetings, as well as the enthusiasm, increased as the date for the centennial neared.

The hardest part in the initial planning stages was to try and determine exactly how many to plan for--how many would come from out of town, and more importantly, how many present stake members would attend and become involved. "When we finally settled on a figure of two thousand," Dianne said, "there were people who told me we were crazy to plan for that many--that we would be lucky if we had a thousand." But after all their deliberations, this figure still seemed to be the most logical and they stuck to it. As it turned out, it's a good thing they did, for the actual numbers far exceeded the two thousand initially planned for.

Over and above the numbers, the basic plan had to be laid, and even minute details thought of and planned for, like who would bring the tables down and set them up, who would provide traffic control and security, and of course garbage, who would haul out the garbage!

The months marched on, and so did the work, everything coming off precisely as planned. The advertising campaign began in January with letters to all the bishops. In February an article appeared in The Idaho Enterprise and the Church News announcing the upcoming celebration. A few months later centennial posters and business cards were distributed throughout the area.

Members, former members, businesses and others were invited to place entries in the centennial parade planned for the morning of July 23rd. A T-shirt campaign was successful beyond anyone's wildest imaginations with 950 presold and 200 more ordered after the celebration.

Finally the day of the celebration arrived. Both Dianne and Marvin admitted opening day jitters. "We had the usual questions," they said. "Had we covered all the bases, planned for every detail, if something unexpected comes up, are we prepared to handle it...?"

The slide show and play went off with only a few slight hitches, and then July 23rd, the day of the big celebration, came. "I was so nervous all I had was a piece of bacon for breakfast," Dianne said.

Over 1300 were served the morning meal and 3200 turned out for lunch--many more than was expected. There were some unexpected difficulties that came up, but the committees resolved them without their becoming monstrous.

With one thousand pounds of beef cooked to start off the noon meal, only two roasts were left over; and all of the turkey was used up, as was all of the pork. "That's the way it was with everything," Marvin explained. "We had planned for two thousand, but with so many more coming than we had expected, luckily we had just enough to get by--I don't think anyone went away hungry either."

As it turned out, the parade, with over sixty entries, was one of the best Malad had ever produced, due primarily to the "absolutely phenomenal" support from the Church and the businesses and private sectors. The dance that night was just as well supported.

With the hardest part behind them, there was only one more event to end the four-day celebration--a special stake sacrament meeting Sunday at the stake center. This event was to be under the direction of the stake presidency.

"When the stake presidency first told me they wanted to have a combined stake sacrament meeting, my first thought was "It can't be done," Dianne said. "But if there is one thing I have learned through this whole experience, it is that many of the things that we thought couldn't be done, indeed were done with the help and cooperation of willing hands and the supporting strength of a divine power."

The largest crowd to ever assemble in the Malad Stake building convened for sacrament meeting Sunday morning, July 24th.

Both Marvin and Dianne were exhausted by the time Sunday afternoon rolled around. It wasn't until the sacrament meeting services were over that they finally had time to visit with their family members and friends who had traveled to Malad to join in the celebration. That night as they knelt

beside their bed in prayer, it was with a feeling of peace and great gratitude that they thanked their Father in Heaven for the support they had received that made the centennial celebration possible.

"Much of the success of the whole celebration was directly attributed to the willingness and generosity of the people in the community. It would have been impossible to have this big of an event so well done without members of the committees well prepared to make it happen the way it was planned out to be." they said.

Marvin said, "The serving committee had things so efficiently set up Saturday at the breakfast and dinner that I don't think anyone had to stand in line longer than five minutes--a remarkable thing when you consider the numbers that were served. The parade committee had things well under control; the Search and Rescue volunteered their services for traffic control and security. The list could go on and on of those who contributed their services and cooperated in one way or another."

"But it wasn't just that," Dianne continues. "People not only opened their hearts, but their pocketbooks. All of the meat was donated, as were the potatoes. The stagecoach in the parade--which by the way was an authentic one--was sponsored and paid for by local businesses. There were many, many teams of horses and buggies and wagons, items of food, and other things donated by local individuals and businesses. If we tried to name everything and everybody it would be impossible, but they were so appreciated. And it was these kinds of things that made the whole experience so wonderful."

Of course there were low points, as one would expect. But the high points--the fantastic way the committee followed through with every detail; the enthusiasm and togetherness that the event seemed to engender in the community; and in the end, the cherished memories for everyone, made it all worth it.

And suppose the stake presidency should call again tomorrow and make the same request. What would be Dianne and Marvin's reaction? "Yes, we'd do it--if we could have the same wonderful experience we had this time."

Thanks to the Petts and to all the committee heads who made the Malad Stake Centennial happen.

Nola Thomas - slide presentation and play

Hubert Gleed - centennial history book

Mike and Dancce Hess - centennial parade

Ken and Christie Eliason - centennial dance

Max Firth, Rodney Jones, and Owen Ward - Saturday morning activities (breakfast and flag raising)

Kerry Phillips - barbecue lunch

Dottie Evanson - advertising

Dennis Evans - recreational activities for Saturday afternoon

Wendell Smith - Sunday services

Jared Crowther - physical arrangements

Myra Jean John - cultural arts (Saturday afternoon entertainment)

Julie Hansen - food booths

Rauhn Panting - high councilor in charge

Sterling Phillips - ticket distribution

Kenna Smith - secretary.

Malad Stake Centennial-1988

By Bonnie Bott and Dottie Evanson

Food, fun and touching base with a rich heritage proved to be the order of the weekend for over 3,000 residents and friends who gathered in Malad, Idaho, to help celebrate the 100th anniversary of the 32nd stake of the church. The event which was entitled "Celebrating Our Heritage Together," was held in conjunction with the annual Pioneer Day celebration and drew former residents from across the country. Dianne and Marvin Pett, chairpersons of the event, commented on the cooperation and support given to the planning committee by the entire community, not just church members. "It will be a celebration long remembered by all of Malad. It touched many lives in a positive way."

Planning for the event began nearly a year ago when President Foster Ipsen, stake president, and his counselors, Charles Hyer and Wendell Smith envisioned an array of gala activities to commemorate and celebrate the once-in-a-lifetime event. Under the

direction of Ruhn Panting, high councilor over stake activities, Brother and Sister Pett began action immediately which culminated in the July 21-24 celebration. A special stake history book was also planned under the direction of Hubert Gleed.

An excellent slide presentation depicting the history of the stake and the Malad area was written and directed by Nola Thomas. It was shown Thursday and Friday nights prior to a hilarious melodrama entitled "Tumbleweeds," presented by a cast made up of stake members under the direction of LaReta Gugelman, they played to full houses both evenings.

Saturday morning as the sun peeked its head over the eastern mountains, a flag raising ceremony, under the direction of Troop 455 of the Malad Fifth Ward, started off the day's activities. A morning prayer was offered by High Councilman Charles Owen Ward. A sunrise breakfast furnished nourishment and energy for stake members and out-of-town visitors. Hotcakes, bacon, eggs and hashbrowns were enjoyed by an estimated 1,300.

The Centennial parade, the largest in Malad history, under the direction of Mike and Danece Hess, featured over 60 entries, including floats, horses, buggies, a Centennial band, cars, and even a calf pulling a cart.

The color guard came compliments of the American Legion Ernest Jones Post No. 65 with cub scouts and boy scouts from the Malad Fifth and Holbrook Wards.

Parade grand marshalls were President Devere Harris, a member of the First Quorum of the Seventy, and President Myron Sorensen, who, with their wives, were featured on the Hess Pumice float. President Foster Ipsen and his wife Kathy followed in a small buggy.

Wives of the counselors in the Malad Stake presidency were featured on a beautifully restored horse drawn carriage of a century ago, one of many donated by Walt and Betty Jones. Chuck Hyer and Wendell Smith, counselors in the stake presidency, along with members of the Malad Stake high council rode horses, as did the bishoprics of Malad Stake's seven wards.

Stake Executive Secretary Gordon Griffiths and Stake Clerk Tom Parry rode an

authentic stage coach of the past sponsored by OK Tire and Central Service. Also riding the stage coach was Paul Mills.

Past stake presidents were recognized on entries placed by family members or friends. Oliver C. Hoskins, first president of the Malad Stake serving from 1888 to 1902, was recognized by his grandson, Ezra Hoskins and family. Milton H. Welling, who served from 1902 to 1908, and whose family was unable to attend the celebration, was recognized by the Malad Drive In.

William H. Richards, serving from 1908 to 1928, and his son Thomas W. Richards, who served from 1928 until 1946, were both recognized by Thomas Richards' son, Melvin Richards of Pleasant View and his daughter Beverly Kennedy.

Samuel Hendricks, 1946 to 1953, was recognized by daughters Carol Dawn Willie and Betty Crowther and families; and Stephen L. Smith, 1953 to 1969, was recognized by grandchildren and great-grandchildren from the Salt Lake City area.

Among others leading the parade were Centennial Chairpersons Dianne and Marvin Pett, and the Centennial history book committee, Hubert Gleed, Lorraine Blaisdell, Jane Ann Ward, Carol Eliason, and Colen Sweeten.

Floats were entered by Portage Ward, Malad Stake Primary, First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Wards, St. John Ward, and Holbrook Ward. The Rex Daniels family, and the Country Cloggers, Ireland Bank, featuring Malad's Jr. Miss Royalty, the 4-H, the Archibald family, and Oneida County Farm Bureau.

Other entries were placed by the descendants of Moroni Timbimboo representing the Washakie Ward, once part of the Malad Stake; Dr. Gerald K. Goodenough, Brad Hess, Del Leavitt's Model-T, the Oneida Cattle Women, Kent Scott, the Malad High School Dragonettes and cheerleaders, and a rodeo queen. Grant Weeks, Walt Jones, Jared and Rhonda Crowther and family, Ben Call and family, Kurt Davis, Dave Kent and family, Vera Davis, the Arthur T. Williams family, the Malad Fire Department, and a number of political candidates also participated.

At noon the crowd reassembled at the Malad Stake Park for lunch. Nearly 3000 people were served barbecued pork and beef

and smoked turkey, (all donated for this special event) hamburgers and hot dogs, along with baked potatoes, corn, coleslaw and all the trimmings. Considerable time and planning went into preparations for this "meal of the century."

During the remainder of the afternoon ball games, horseshoe pitching, craft displays, entertainment and visiting old friends kept everyone on the go. Entertainment was furnished by the Holbrook Quartet, Brad Bowen, Colen Sweeten and his cowboy poetry, the Malad Community Chorus, Teresa Baker's Country Cloggers, and the Rainbow Connection.

When evening came a street dance in the new parking lot at the Malad Stake Center finished off the day's festivities. Stepping to the music of "Mr E" of Smithfield, Utah, celebrators danced the night away. Under the direction of Carl and Lorraine Isaacson, floor show participants included Carl and Lorraine Isaacson, Jack and Thelma Allred, Bertha and Melvin Hess, Welton and Trudy Ward, June and Moroni Ward, Bardell and Imogene Napier, Kathy and Bob Kent, Patsy and Todd Bybee, and Joe and Euarda Daniels. Jackie Tingey and Brad Bowen also sang a couple of numbers.

The crowning event, a stake-wide sacrament meeting, was held Sunday morning. The Centennial service was conducted by President Wendell Smith, first counselor in the Malad Stake presidency. The music was furnished by a special combined stake choir under the direction of Carol Dawn Willie with Betty Crowther as accompanist. The invocation and benediction were offered by Leona Williams and Charles Nielsen. Ushering was taken care of by counselors to the bishops. Proceedings of the meeting were televised through a special system set up by Norman Jaussi and Brent Bowen.

Seventy-five Aaronic Priesthood holders, dressed in white shirts and ties, passed the sacrament to the largest crowd ever assembled in the stake building (approximately 1350 Saints). The bishops and elders' quorum presidents of Malad Stake's seven wards, and members of the stake high council administered the sacrament which Brother Hubert Gleed and Brother Lon Corbridge, the stake patriarchs, blessed. President Foster Ipsen, Myron

Sorensen and President Devere Harris then addressed the congregation. Each reflected on the heritage members of the stake have and the responsibilities inherent with gaining eternal life.

President Devere Harris delivered the keynote address for the service, having spent 64 years of his life as a member of the Malad Stake. Five of those years he served as Malad Stake president, and he is now serving as a member of the Church's First Quorum of Seventy. President Harris referred to the Malad Stake as a "rich training ground--a place where our young people are trained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ." He said that in his travels throughout the world he oftentimes encounters men and women who were raised here and are now serving the Lord in many different capacities and leading good and honorable lives in the fields of their labors.

He said the Church is experiencing a tremendous spiritual upsurge. Over 227,000 new members were baptized last year by 36,000 missionaries, the strongest missionary force the Church has ever had.

"But never before in the history of the world have the forces of evil been so overpowering, either," he said. President Spencer W. Kimball compared the flood of wickedness that is now covering the land with the flood that destroyed the earth in the days of Noah.

"In these days of challenge," President Harris said, "God has given us the key to saving our families. If we faithfully hold our Family Home Evenings, we will be able to bring our families through these times of great turbulence and wickedness."

President Harris said he preferred to speak on a positive note about the future of our great nation. "When we look at the future we may become frightened at what lies ahead," he said, "but fear and faith are not compatible in the same individual over a period of time. The Gospel of Jesus Christ will now roll forward until it fills the whole earth. America will be preserved and when the Savior comes he will greet the American flag flying over it. We will never be ruled over by another people if we will but serve the Lord Jesus Christ."

He said some would question whether America has forsaken the Christian ideals on

which it was founded, "but," he said, "do you know of any other nation in the world who puts into practice what the Savior taught more than this nation does? Do you know of any other nation who has opened its doors to the homeless and hungry more than the United States of America? Is there another nation on the face of the earth who would conquer a nation in war and then go back and spend billions of dollars to help build it back up and restore its people their dignity? These are the Christian principles that Jesus taught."

Harris encouraged the Saints who live in the Malad Stake to be more concerned about hearts and souls and actions than with programs, procedures and processes. He said the Brethren are concerned about the people and their spiritual growth.

"Our ancestors who came to this valley had to be one hundred percent committed and had to love the Gospel with all their hearts and be able to deny themselves and endure the trials and tribulations that they did. Our goal should be to be as one hundred percent committed as they were," he said.

Though years separate us, the decision we have is the same as that of our ancestors: "Am I willing to pay the price for eternal life, or will I settle for something less?" Harris ended.

Other speakers at the service included President Myron Sorensen, Malad Stake president from 1974 to 1983, and President Foster Ipsen, currently serving in this capacity.

President Sorensen referred to the Malad Stake as one of the foundation stakes of the Church. "The Malad Stake was the 32nd stake (there are now 1,700) in the Church to be organized," he said. "That was a milestone at that time. From these foundation stakes the work has gone forth throughout all the world and will continue until, as Daniel describes in vision, will fill the whole world. What blessings we as a people have reaped from this great foundation!"

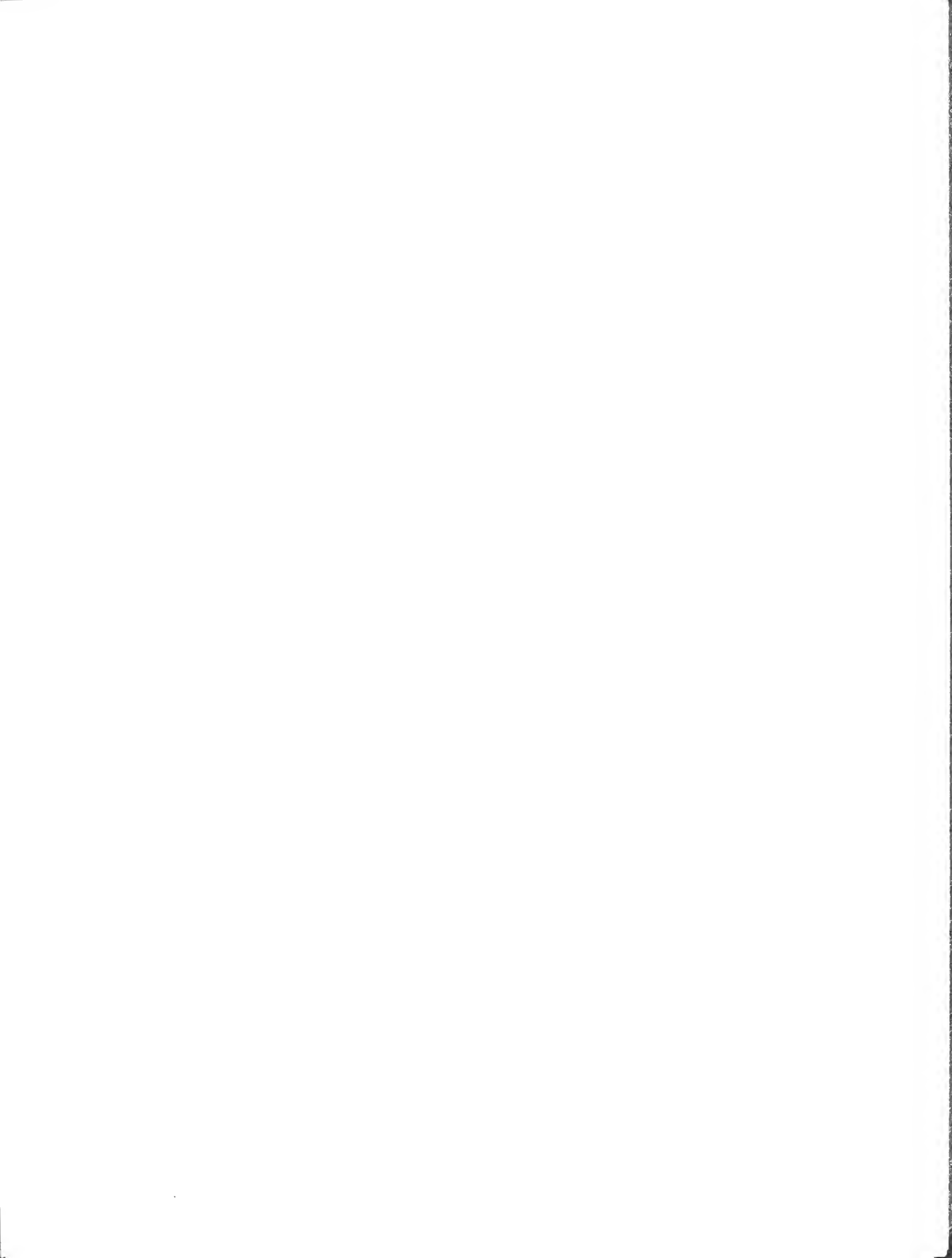
President Sorensen addressed the trials and tribulations of the Saints who crossed the plains and pioneered the lands on which we, as a people, dwell and said that sooner or later the opportunity will come to each one of us to prove ourselves, as did our pioneer ancestors. "When that time comes," he said, "the time for preparation is over. No one has the same trials, but there will be trials for everyone. And how we meet them is going to be a measure of how we will meet the Lord, Himself, at some future date.

"It's easy to be a good member of the Church when everything is going well," he continued, "but when things go against us--then is when we might fall into bitterness and ask ourselves, 'Why Me?'"

"We need to remember," he said, "how our ancestors left their comfortable homes in foreign lands to come here and establish the foundation that is our's today. We sit here in one of the foundation stakes of the Church. Is the Gospel a blessing to us, or not? It depends on how we will react to what will happen to us in the days to come."

In his opening address, President Foster Ipsen encouraged stake members to declare glad tidings of the Gospel to those around us, as did Alma in the days of old, and to reach out. "Our responsibility is to make those around us feel welcome," he admonished, "make them feel like they belong and that we want them in our midst and love them."

After the service, Marvin Pett commented on the sacrament meeting. "I don't know how you could have planned for any event to culminate with such a spiritual experience. The remarks were timely and very appropriate, and the people went away well fed and uplifted. The capping off of the whole celebration was when the priesthood stood up all at once to administer the sacrament. I looked at Dianne, and we both had tears in our eyes." It was the perfect ending to months of preparation, frustration and anticipation, culminating in a celebration that far exceeded anyone's expectations.





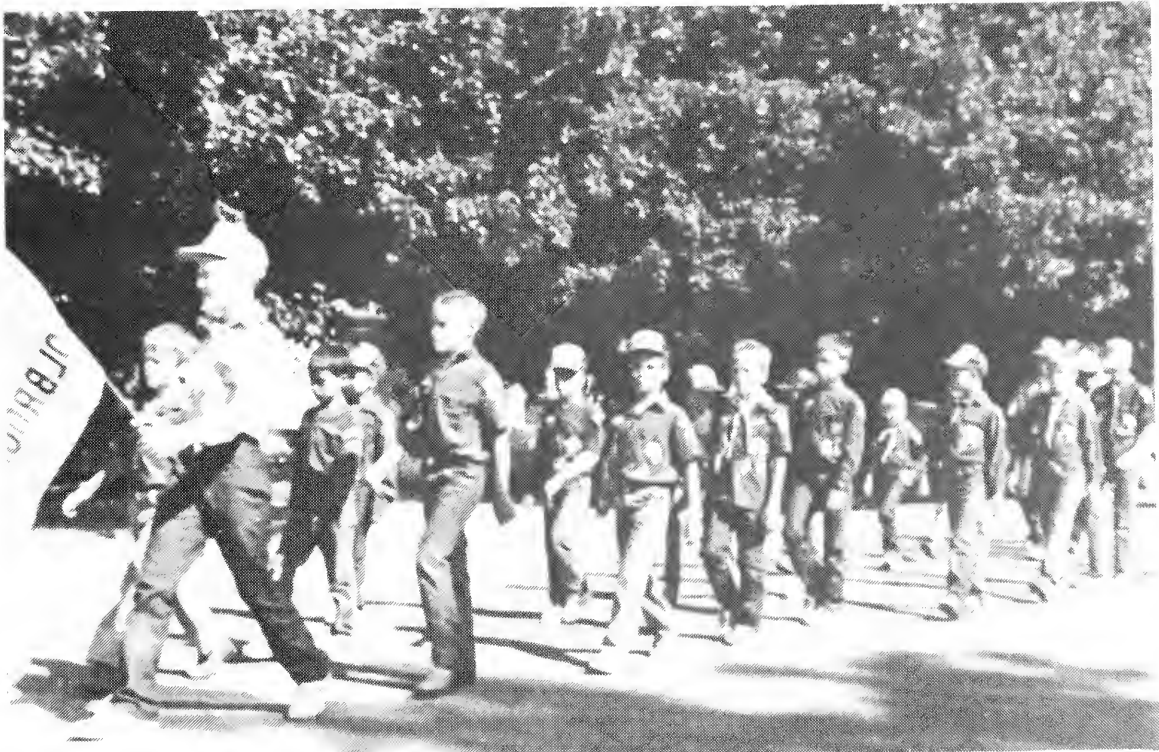
UNDER DIVINE DIRECTION

*Parade grand marshalls: President Devere and Velda Harris
and President Myron and Bea Sorensen*

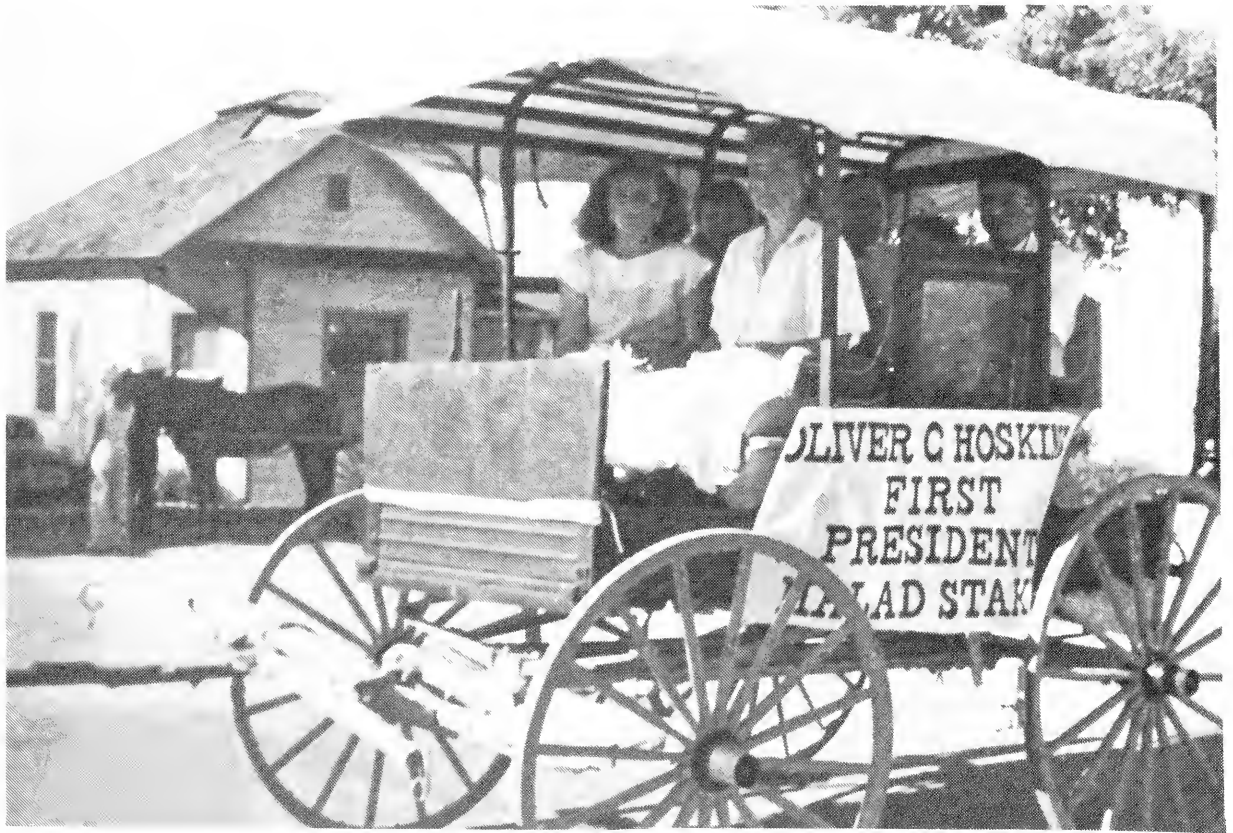




*President Foster Ipsen stands and waves to crowd--
his wife, Kathy in front with driver John Goodman*



Malad District Cub Scouts lead the parade



Ezra Hoskins and family of Oliver C. Hoskins--first Malad Stake president



Milton H. Welling--second Malad Stake president--recognized by Malad Drive Inn



Third and fourth presidents of the Malad Stake, William H. Richards and his son Thomas W. Richards--recognized by Thomas Richards' son, Melvin, and Granddaughter, Beverly Kennedy



Carol Dawn Willie, and Betty Crowther recognize father Samuel Hendricks--fifth president of Malad Stake



Grandchildren and great-grandchildren recognize Stephen L. Smith--sixth president of Malad Stake



Holbrook Ward float driven by Frank Hill



Replica of the construction of the Logan Temple--Fourth Ward



Third Ward float



Stake executive secretary, Gordon Griffiths; stake clerk, Tom Parry; and Paul Mills ride an authentic stage coach, driven by Eli H. Anderson of Bothwell, Utah; Grandsons of the men also rode



Early freight wagon restored by Ben Call



Members of the centennial band directed by Lorna Edwards, Bob Crowther and Ralph Bennett



Grant Weeks and family



Brad Hess and Robert Phillips with their pack train



Doctor Gerald Goodenough and daughter--practiced in Malad 1970-1982



Malad Stake Primary children



First Malad Stake House--Portage, Utah



Church of the Seven Spires--Malad First Ward



Descendants of Bishop Moroni Timbimboo of the Washaki Ward



Leo Brown and his Donkey, Rudolph; Chuck and Vera Davis in background buggy



Kent Scott's family



Centennial Crowd watching the program



Brad Thorpe and Eric Leavitt cut up meat for the centennial barbecue



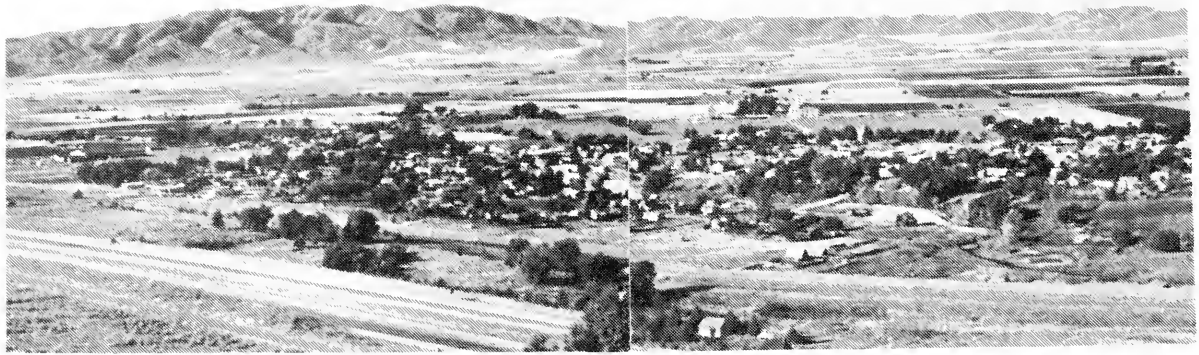
Janice Egbert and Leora Brown--quilt booth



Cast members of the Malad Stake centennial melodrama, "Tumble Weed", directed by LaReta Gugelman—a slide presentation of the stake history was also presented under the direction of Nola Thomas



Boy! am I glad it's over



*Looking southwest toward
Samaria mountains 1980*

*Looking west toward
Hansel Hills and Pleasant View*

The Valley of Malad
By Sharon Lee Jones

In those golden days of yesteryear
 When the land was wild and free,
 In all its majestic loveliness
 For all the world to see,
 Beneath the deepening shadows
 Overcast by mountains high
 Lies a rich and fertile valley
 With deep brooklets running by.

All the roaming hills and mountains
 Unspoiled by human hands,
 A symbol of the golden West
 In this glorious untamed land,
 How the pioneers gazed in wonder
 On that day so long ago,
 When exhausted from their journey
 Found heaven in Idaho.

In their hearts a prayer of gratitude
 For the wonderous place they'd found,
 Their dreams for all the future
 In each heart hope did abound,
 All the endless miles of drudgery,
 All the hardships they had had,
 Lay forgotten in the beauty
 Of the place they'd call "Malad."

The passing years have left their mark
 Since those days of long ago,
 Our rich and fertile valley
 Would make the pioneers proud, I know,
 The springtime in its beauty
 When the Winter storms are through
 Brings a lushness to the valley
 That only graces few.



*Blue Spring Mountains
Pleasant View and lower St John*

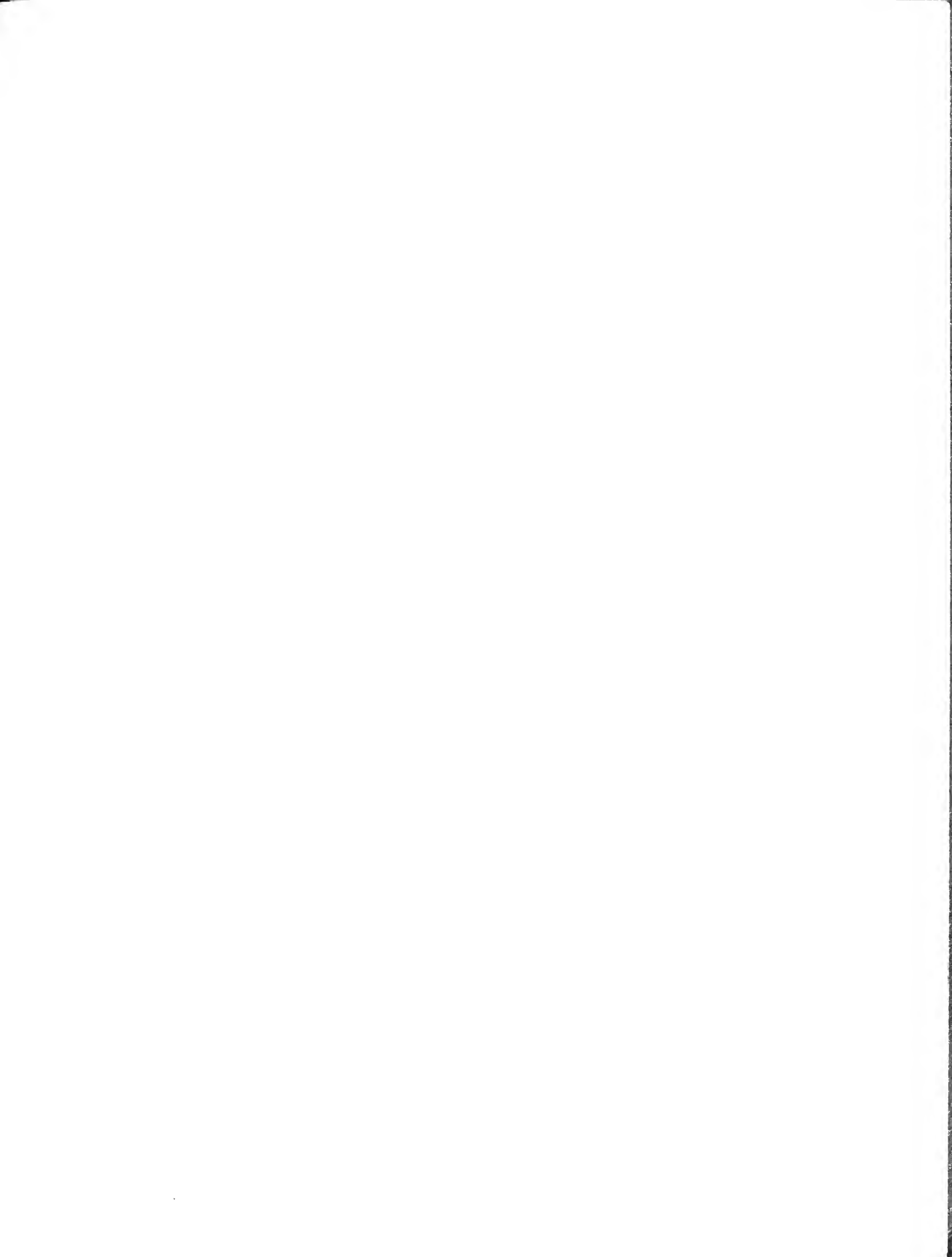
*St John and Elkhorn in distance
Malad Stake Park in foreground*

In the summer air sweet fragrance
 With the scent of new-mown hay.
 The lilting song of the meadowlark
 Brighten joyously each day.
 The amber grains of harvest
 Gently rippling through the fields.
 How happy the heart that's known the joy
 Of gathering the harvest yield.

A welcome mat that welcomes all,
 Where friends are deeply treasured.
 The clasp of a friendly handshake
 and warmth given without measure.
 In times of trial and sorrow
 Is a love that's so sincere.
 In the valley of the mountains
 How much we love it here!

The beauty of our little town
 In the early morning dawn,
 The meadows where the children play,
 The thrill of a bluebird's song,
 The stately trees, the flowing streams,
 With flowers of every hue,
 The fiery glow of sunset,
 The diamond-studded dew.

There could not be a place on earth
 That would bring more happiness.
 Love and peace in every way
 Have made life a success.
 I know the Pioneers would be proud
 If they could see their little town,
 In the valley of the mountains,
 Where love and happiness abounds.









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