They Came...
A HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS
OF IONA, IDAHO

Second Edition – Which includes script of families who rightfully belonged in the booklet but whose accounts had not been obtained at the first edition. Also included is the “Wagon Box Prophecy”. Extra material collect and edited by Reed Olsen.

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FOREWORD

The first edition of the booklet "THEY CAME" as compiled by Eugene Olsen and Amanda Cooper (with helpers named in the acknowledgement) and published about 1956, was a popular source of history and pictures of the Iona area. In a few short years, all copies were taken, with none available for purchase. Many descendants of the early settlers had expressed a desire to obtain a copy of the publication. Some even offered a fancy price, or paid an excessive price to have a copy made. With this in mind, it was decided to publish a second edition for sale to posterity of the pioneers, and to the public.

In addition to the first print, we have added the script and pictures of certain families who rightfully belonged in the booklet, but whose accounts had not been obtained at the first edition. The families of George Steele, of David Rushton, of Cadwallader (the father) and C.J. (Kid) Owens will be added to this printing; also Charles Dayton.

A brief synopsis will be given of several families who were known to be among the earliest settlers in the area, but who removed early, and source of further information was not to be had.

In keeping with the history of the area, we will include the incident of the "WAGON BOX PROPHECY", which occurred in 1884 – just 100 years from the date of the second edition. At the writing of this event, the late Grant M. Andrus was historical chairman of the Iona Stake. He had heard first-hand accounts of this incident, and had approved the script and sent a copy to Salt Lake for the historical files of the Church.

So, with these few additions, the booklet will otherwise be the same as the original.

Recognition is given here of the account given by David Rushton in his pages of "IONA -ITS FOUNDERS AND EARLY HISTORY".

Reed Olsen – 1984
At the Menan Buttes' ford of the Snake River, John Norton drew his horse to a stop. It would be most prudent to let his mount catch its breadth before venturing across this swift-flowing, and oft treacherous stream. For the past ten miles, he had been on a fast canter across the sage brush covered plain on a special errand.

It was June 17, 1884, and in the broad, level section of the Snake River plain, east of the frontier town of Eagle Rock, homesteaders were starting to build log homes, and clear the land of the over-grown sage. Some 25 families had arrived in the Sand Creek area, but they were without an organized branch of the Church. It was known that two of the General Authorities were visiting somewhere northward where several branches of the faith were already in operation. It was the mission of Brother Norton this day to seek out the two officials, and invite them to establish a unit of faith in the area where he was homesteading. John sat on a boulder near the river's edge watching the swift waters flow by. His horse had satisfied its thirst, and took opportunity to catch a few mouthfuls of grass from the green fringe that bordered the stream. Again he looked at the rapid current, and noticed the great volume of water it carried along. As he stirred himself and prepared to mount and ford across he noticed an outfit approaching from a distance on the opposite side. John waited and as the vehicle drew nearer he felt certain it was the very party he wished to contact. If so, it would be unnecessary for him to ford over.

The driver of the team stopped briefly to appraise his position before entering the water, and then proceeded into the ford. John noticed the force of the current carry the rear of the buggy downstream, but the faithful team kept their footing and made their way slowly over the boulder-strewn bottom and shortly drew up on the south side of the river. In the two-seated surrey were Apostles Wilford Woodruff, then President of the Council of the Twelve, in his 77th year; and Heber J. Grant, age 27, a recently appointed General Authority. Accompanying the two Apostles were President Thomas E. Ricks, and Bishop Richard Jardine.

Brother Norton made himself acquainted, and explained the purpose of his mission. Yes, the Brethren in the carriage told him, they had received the word of the need of the Saints in the Sand Creek area, and were now on their way to meet with the L.D.S. people there. If Brother Norton world ride on ahead, and help spread the word of their coming, they would resume their journey after a bit of refreshment at the river's edge.

The horseback rider soon disappeared in the distance, and presently the party in the buggy was on its way -- their rig swaying to and fro on the ungraded wagon road through the tall brush.

They made their way to the homestead of Rufus Norton, on the banks of Sand Creek. Shortly after the arrival of the General Authorities, a group of perhaps a dozen Saints had gathered for the meeting.

Nature favored the little assembly with a fair day. There was no building in which to meet, as the log home of the Norton's' was under construction, but as yet without a roof. A wagon box had been set on the ground--its running gears made ready to haul Jogs from the mountains. The box would have to serve as an improvised rostrum. The visitors took their place in it, with boards across the box to sit on. The Saints who were present made themselves as comfortable as possible, or as circumstances allowed. Some sat on the ground, while others used their saddles, or a wagon tongue to rest on.

Elders Woodruff and Grant did not have to be told of the critical circumstances of the pioneering Saints. They had come without reserves of food or money, and must produce to survive. The growth of huge sage indicated a productive and fertile soil, but much of the land had to be cleared by hand with a grub hoe before it could be tilled--the brush piled and burned. To nourish the ever-thirsty soil, canals and ditches, some of them running for miles, must be dug by team and scraper. Livestock would face an icy winter, mostly on their own foraging, until fodder could be grown. But willing hands · and hearts had gone to work. In the daytime, men labored on the canals as much as could be accomplished with horses foraging on native feed. In the evening the fires of piled brush could be seen burning as it lightened the skies.

But toil and discouragement was plainly visible on the faces of the Saints in the gathering. Would it be sensible to remain and fight the elements, or return to an easier life in the better settled parts of the west? They were not on a Church-called settlement mission, so they were free to return if they wished. Would the gophers and insects continue to destroy half of the planted grain? Perhaps it would be years before the humble sod-roofed cabin would be replaced by a comfortable home, or an age before the hard-worked men folk could find time to construct a school and a Church building.

Now it was Elder Woodruff's turn to speak from the improvised rostrum. To the east, a fringe of willows and an occasional cottonwood tree bordered the edge of Sand Creek. Otherwise the landscape was a monotony of gray sage nearly as high as a horse and rider. No church spire greeted the eye, and it would be two years hence before a school would be held in a rough two-roomed log cabin on the Ole Olsen homestead. On that day, surely nothing would have been more heart-warming to the Saints than some real prophetic words of encouragement. The Apostle rose to face the little gathering. After the usual introductory greeting, he paused. Perhaps he saw in vision the green-golden fields of waving grain of the future--row upon row of flourishing sugar beets and potatoes, with small rivulets of irrigation water to nourish them. Or perhaps he sensed the acres of alfalfa and clover in bloom, with its dainty scent fragrantly in the air.

Yes, to one ordained to be a Prophet, there was much to be envisioned that day. A short five miles away, a Temple to the living God would eventually be built on the river bank, its beautiful reflect ion mirrored in the water, and the valley be studded with attractive chapels. Comfortable homes, and well-tended farms would be a reality. The useless gray sage would disappear from the landscape, and in its place would be orchards, productive fields, graded roads, and even a college to enrich the area with its culture. It was the day of the "WAGON BOX PROPHECY". Still remembered, and part of the local history, are a few words of
Apostle Woodruff, as he spoke with inspiration and prophetic seer-ship this sunny day in June, 1884:

"BE NOT DISHEARTENED; BE NOT DISCOURAGED, BECAUSE GOD'S BLESSING IS UPON THIS LAND. IT WILL BE ONLY A LITTLE TIME BEFORE THERE WILL BE PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY SETTLEMENTS OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS HERE. YOU FEEL THAT YOU HAVE GONE AWAY FROM YOUR FRIENDS, AND YOU ARE ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD, BUT IT WILL BE ONLY A SHORT TIME WHEN YOU WILL HAVE A MEETING HOUSE, AND A SCHOOL HOUSE, AND ALL OF THE FACILITIES HERE THAT YOU HAD AT HOME BEFORE YOU CAME HERE. GOD WILL BLESS AND MULTIPLY THE LAND!

Let us quote more of the prophetic words of President Woodruff, in respect to the future of the Snake River Valley: "THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD RESTS MIGHTILY ON ME, AND I FEEL TO BLESS YOU IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST. I PROMISE YOU THAT THE CLIMATE WILL BE MODERATED FOR YOUR GOOD. I CAN SEE THESE GREAT SAGEBRUSH PRAIRIES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN REACH TURNED INTO FERTILE FIELDS. I BLESS THE LAND THAT IT SHALL YIELD FORTH IN ITS STRENGTH. FLOWERS AND TREES AND FINE HOMES SHALL GRACE THE VALLEY FROM ONE END TO ANOTHER. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF HIGHER LEARNING SHALL BE BUILT TO SERVE YOU, THAT YOU MAY LEARN THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S GREAT UNIVERSE. I SEE CHURCHES AND MEETING HOUSES DOTTING THE LANDSCAPE, WHERE THE GOD OF ISRAEL MAY BE WORSHIPPED IN TRUTH AND IN SPIRIT. YES, AND AS I LOOK INTO THE FUTURE OF THIS GREAT VALLEY, I CAN SEE TEMPLES—I CAN SEE BEAUTIFUL TEMPLES ERECTED IN THE NAME OF THE LIVING GOD, WHERE HOLY LABORS MAY BE CARRIED ON IN HIS NAME THROUGH GENERATIONS TO COME!"

After the meeting adjourned, hearts were lighter; a Prophet had spoken great promise and encouraging words. Those present bade goodbye to the visiting Brethren, and took their leave for their humble abodes. As the horse of Cadwallader Owens splashed through the unbridged waters of Sand Creek, he scarcely felt the cool spray. There were other important matters on his mind. He had just been chosen Presiding Elder of the Sand Creek Branch of the Lewisville Ward, in the Cache, Utah Stake.

If any medals were ever awarded pioneer women, Cynthia Ann, wife of Rufus Norton, deserved one that day. Before the General Authorities and their party took leave, they were provided with a hearty meal. This time there was no roof to shelter, or table to surround. It was with a bit of pride in her voice, and twinkle in her eye, that she could relate to posterity and friends in the years to come, that she had served the visiting Brethren their dinner on the end-gate of a wagon box!

Trial and hardship marked the first several years of settlement. The settlers started with nothing, and built a community, and developed a fertile valley. Homes, schools, churches, roads, and canals were in the making. It was a masterpiece of co-operative effort.

A certain adventurer-explorer years before the settlement had spent some time in and about the valley. He predicted it would always remain a desert, with no bright future; and he gave some reasons: (1) THERE IS A KILLING FROST EVERY MONTH OF THE YEAR; (2) THE SAVAGES WILL LURK IN THE BRUSH AND THE FORESTS TO PREY ON THE UNWAREY TRAVELER OR SETTLER; (3) THE WILD AND UNBRIDGED STREAMS AND RIVERS WILL BE A REAL HAZARD TO ALL; and (4) THE LAVA BEDS TO THE WEST ARE A SPIDER'S WEB OF DECEIT AND CONFUSION TO THE UNFORTUNATE WHO GET CAUGHT THEREIN, and so his objections were said.

But who could stay the faithful efforts of the Pioneers? They believed and accepted the prophecy of Apostle Woodruff that the land would be blessed for their sake. Nor did they forget the Almighty hand that ruled over them.

The Branch organization of the Saints first met for public worship in the home of Cadwallader Owens, and afterwards in the residence of C.J. (Kid) Owens. In the winter of 1886, the Brethren assisted Ole Olsen in putting up his house—a log building 16x26 feet, near the townsite (the present location of Norma Tomgren), where Sunday School and day school were held until 1887. Then a 24x40 sandstone structure was built for school and Church, at a cost of $1500.

On May 23, 1886, General and local Authorities of the Church visited the Sand Creek Branch, and organized the Iona Ward. James E. Steele was ordained Bishop with J.C. Reynolds and Cadwallader Owens as counselors. With a fertile and peaceful land to abide in; and a population of friendly, industrious, and righteous people, Iona was now on its way.

It was some 50 years after the open-air meeting that the Aaronic Priesthood of the Stake, on a May outing, met at the wagon-box spot and erected a six foot marker of native stone. Nothing could be more appropriate on the plaque than the words of Apostle Woodruff: GOD WILL BLESS AND MULTIPLY THE LAND!
POSTLOGUE

It is now 1984 – one hundred years after the "Wagon Box" bit of history. A much asked question of late has been: "Just who was in attendance at the historic meeting?"

It is sad that those who would know have since departed. President Grant, in his volume GOSPEL STANDARDS, remarked, "--a half dozen, or a dozen young people," which would indicate the group was small.

For sure, we are able to name a few who were there: Cadwallader Owens; Rufus and Cynthia Norton, and family; Leander and Martha Norton; John, and possibly his wife Margaret Norton; and John Longhurst. This would account for 7 adults not counting children. Lately it is said Jane Slade Owens attended – making 8 adults of record.

No pioneer of 1884 would ever have guessed, or had the slightest thought that this meeting in sage brush obscurity was to be remembered a hundred years hence, and go down as a special event in Valley history!

Reed Olsen

INTRODUCTION

The publication of this book is the result of a desire to preserve the memory and accomplishment of our early settlers who came from all walks of life. They were courageous and had a strong will to do. They toiled, economized and endured, and never turned back. They walked where they could not run and crept where they could not walk. Most of them lived to have the benefits of modern conveniences. Their motto was, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." When they first came here food was scarce but they were thoughtful and kind to friends and neighbors, for example. President James E. Steel helped my father, W. C. Olsen, shovel dirt on our cabin roof and when we were sick with diphtheria. Bishop A. J. Stanger came with food and supplies to us every day. He brought a variety and supply of food far better than our regular and customary fare. Bishop Rockwood planted trees around our home while my father was on a mission. One never forgets such kindness and help.
DEDICATION

Let us dedicate this volume to...

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF IONA

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Deon Seedall for extra stories.
Mary L. Hansen for extra stories and pictures at her own expense.
Rose Scoresby for poems.
Fanny Gudmundsen Brunt for Poems.
Elaine Lingren and Josie Scoresby for picture of Big Hill.
Ronald L. Olsen for photographic help on pictures.
The Daughters of Utah Pioneers for picture of Iona Main Street.
Norma Ball for typing the letters.

To all who helped with proof reading or otherwise. Also The Falls Printing Company for their help and patience.

TO THESE ... our hearty appreciation and thanks.

AMANDA O. COOPER
EUGENE OLSEN

History of John and Mary Nielsen
By Lucille Hall and Anna Kearny

John Nielsen, son of Peter C. and Johanna K. Nielsen, was born October 24, 1876 in Denmark His family came to the United States when he was eight years old and settled at Hyde Park, Utah. When he was about 16 years old he came to Iona and worked for A. J. Stanger. About 1897 he went back to Utah and married Mary Jensen, daughter of Hans C. and Cecelia M. Jensen. She was born at Hyde Park, Utah. June 28. 1875.

Mary Jensen attended the A.C. at Logan, majoring in Animal husbandry and Dairying Following their marriage they came to Iona and continued to work for A. J. Stanger who later helped them take up a 40 acre homestead northeast of Iona.

He was called on a mission in the Southern States in 1911. President Charles A. Callis appointed Elder John Nielsen in charge of tent meetings and services which he started and proved very successful. The tents were set up in Southern Georgia and moved from town to town in a southerly direction as far as Tampa, Florida.
After a series of meetings the tents were moved over to Miami, Florida on the east coast and then back on northerly. The tent is set up in towns having a population of 3,000 and upwards, Services are held in some of the towns for two weeks. A meeting is held every evening and an afternoon meeting on Sunday. In Tampa, fifty meetings were held by Elder Nielsen and his companions in thirty days. On his way to Key West, President Callis preached twice in the tent to a large congregation. Two of the elders distribute tracts at the homes of the people during the day and invite them to the meetings. One remains with the tent to distribute literature to callers and to answer questions. The Lord has blessed the brethren with much success. Large and interested audiences have listened to their discourses, and, in a number of towns, at the close of the series of tent meetings, applications for baptism have been made. Businessmen and others, nonmembers, have aided the elders to secure a suitable place for the tent, and they have given them money and invitations to dine with them.

After his return from his mission, he was Mutual President and Boy Scout leader of the Iona Ward for a number of years. He was a stockholder and director of the Iona Mercantile Store for many years. He was also field representative for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company for many years.

They both took a great interest in farming dairying in which she was noted for her high quality of butter she made and sold. There were eight children born to this union of which six are still living. They are: John Wesley, William Raymond, Joseph L., Clifford, Lucile M. Hall, Anna V. Kearney. Mary Nielsen died April 20, 1937. John Nielsen died August 19, 1941.

Mary Elizabeth Haycock Brown Frandsen
"My Mother"
By Afton Brown Knowles

Mary Elizabeth Haycock Brown Frandsen was born November 8, 1868 at Summet Creek, Utah, Iron County. She was the first child of a family of 13. She was born the daughter of Samuel Haycock and Eliza Shredder.

At the age of 18 she married Lorenzo Brown in the St. George Temple, and to them five children were born. My father died in 1893.

Mother then married Thomas Christen Frandsen in the St. George Temple. June 18, 1895. To them eight children were born Mother moved to Iona in April 1897. We were very poor and mother worked very hard for her family. She was very grateful for the help given to her by James E. Steele. He was just like a father to all of us. Mother worked in the Religion class for three years which she always said was the hardest task she was ever given. She worked as a counselor in the Relief Society with Sister Eckman, und as President of Relief Society for eight years with Sister Emma Nixon and Blanche Rounds as counselors. Mother always helped the poor and sick She was blessed with a healing power. She helped with many confinement cases, and always depended on the Lord for help. She was a wonderful mother and grandmother. Mother was called home July 10, 1939 at Iona at the age of 70.
Thomas Christen Frandsen was born April 13, 1871 in Denmark. He came to America when a boy of 12. He could speak no English so had to study hard to learn the language. He moved to Kanab, Utah where he met Elizabeth Haycock Brown. She was widow with four little children. They were married in the St. George Temple June 18, 1895. To them eight children were born.

My stepfather came to Iona and found a place for his wife and children. He came with his brother, Levi, and Jack Jensen. He helped drive sheep from Southern Utah and went thru many hardships, but in April, 1897, he moved his family to Iona. The first house he and his family moved into was a rock house east of Iona which still stands. Later they rented from James E. Steele. Then father bought a little farm of his own one mile north of Iona. The children worked hard helping father clear the sage brush and help farm.

Father was a very hard worker and a good kind man to everyone. He was the only father I ever knew and mother always said she never thought she could ever have met another man that could of thought more of his family than he did in every way. They went through many hardships together, but were very grateful to the Lord fur all his blessings.

Father died March 29, 1929.

Killis Sellars was born on the 11th of September, 1946 at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He spent his childhood there, joined up with Confederate Army, fought in the Civil War, had his canteen shot through, and also his hat, but managed to come through without a scratch.

He was taken as a prisoner by the Northern Army. When the war was over he was discharged at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He met and married Clara Anna Lucy Humes, who was born August 15, 1850 in Boston, Massachusetts. She spent her early childhood there, crossed the plains at the age of 13 years.

She was the daughter of Manning Humes. When they would happen to camp where then was no wood she would help gather dried buffalo chips to cook their meals.

They arrived in Salt Lake City finally settling in Heber City where she met Killis Sellars. After they married they moved back to Tuscaloosa, Alabama. There their only child was born, Lucy Anna Sellars. While this child was young they moved into Mississippi, later coming to Heber City, Utah, and later to Iona.

They took up squatter’s rights in the mountains now known as Sellars Creek, named after them, they being the first settlers up in there. They bought cattle and made a cattle ranch out of it. Clara Lucy Anna Sellars died April 8, 1901 at their home in Iona, and Killis lived five years after. Marrying three years later to Rachel Shults of Marysville, Idaho. They had one daughter, Mary Sellars.

Killis Sellars died September 11, 1906.

They are both buried in the Iona Cemetery.
I have passed through mountain ranges,
In the East and in the West,
Seen hills in varied sizes,
But the one I love the best -
Is a hill few travelers ever saw,
And one few ever will,
A landmark for my childhood home,
No name but just, "Big Hill".
It is higher than its neighbors,
But it has no scenic worth,
It is just a meek protrusion
On the face of Mother Earth;
The beauty seeking tourist
Or the artist with his skill,
Is never lured by the charm
Or grandeur of Big Hill.
Every old familiar object,
Even the winding willowed streams
That I loved so much in childhood.
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Every old familiar object,
Both Charles and Mary Ann were supervisors in the Religion Class in Iona. It has been said that the most loved man or woman in the world is the one who serves his fellow man. It is with fond memories that we the older members of the town of Iona, remember such people as Brother and Sister Nixon and family.

Sister Mary was so helpful in sickness, and willing to help those in need. This family moved back to Idaho Falls in 1919. Sister Nixon died March 26, 1947 at Idaho Falls.

The last few years of Brother Charles' life, he found his eyesight was failing him, which was a tragedy to him. Both his wife and eyesight leaving him, made him a most humble man. His family cheerfully cared for him until his death, December 23, 1949.

Written by Rozella Simonson. Copied and added to by M. L. Hansen. The year this was written, March, 1956. The following members of the family are living: Rosella N. Simonson, J. Noal Nixon. Clyde Nixon, Clytia Knowles, all of Idaho Falls; Charles Nixon, Blackfoot, Idaho; and Vaughn Nixon, Ogden, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. William Klossner
By Violet Rowberry

Mr. William Klossner (Sommer) which is his stepfather's name was born near Bern, Switzerland, April 2, 1864. He came to America when 2 years old with his mother and sister Alice, who was 1 years old.

Mrs. Olena Petersen Klossner was born January 26, 1873 at Ovid, Idaho. They were married January 30, 1888 at Mink Creek, Idaho. They lived 2 years at Mink Creek, where they had a daughter, Violet, December 24, 1889. In 1892 they moved to Ovid, Idaho, on a farm where they raised hay, rye, barley, cattle and hogs.

A son was born April 25, 1893, and in 1899 they moved to Iona. The 15th of March, Mr. Klossner came by sleigh and team. The 1st of April, 1899, Mrs. Klossner and their two children came by train to Idaho Falls and by white top buggy and team which Mr. Klossner had borrowed, to Iona.

While in Ovid in 1892, the Klossners took a little baby girl whose mother had died, the baby being 10 days old. She was 6 months older than Walter, who was born April 25, 1893. She died when three years of age.

The Klossners purchased a farm one and one-half miles south of Iona on the south road. They paid $1100 for 80 acres, where he raised wheat and hay. Mrs. Klossner's health had been very poor for a few years. They farmed this farm until 1901 when they sold it and bought a home in the townsit of Iona. Mr. Klossner went to work for the Iona Sheep Co. He worked for them for several years. In 1902 a daughter was born to them. Also in the spring of 1902, Mrs. Klossner and Violet had Typhoid Fever due to the water. They hauled ditch water in two tubs several blocks all winter. The closest well was in Ammon, and they hauled water from there during their illness.

In 1904 they sold this property and bought cattle. He tried that for 2 years then sold the cattle and built a new home again in Iona.

March 5, 1905 Georgia was born, and July 5, 1908 a son was born (Eldon). In 1905 Mr. Klossner began to work for Olsen Brothers Sheep Company. He was one of the directors. He worked for them for 4 or 5 years.

When the townsit of Iona was incorporated, they put Mr. Klossner in as the first marshal of the village. He would ring the big old school bell in a curfew at 9 p.m., when the children were all supposed to be off the streets.

Mr. Klossner and Charles W. Rockwood bought a steam threshing machine, the first in that part of the valley. They threshed grain all up and down the valley, sometimes till late in November, sleeping out of doors. They would haul water and coal for the engine and would take grain for pay.

After he quit the sheep business he began driving the freight team and wagon for Rushton Brothers Merc. Co. He hauled the freight from Idaho Falls, there being no railroad into Iona. That was 8 miles distant.

Mrs. Klossner and children had been active in LDS Church work. She was Primary president and a Visiting Teacher in the Relief Society for many years.
Violet was organist of the Iona Ward for 10 years. All the family was always interested in the growth and welfare of Iona.

In 1914 the Klossners began farming again, renting land from Jabez Ritchie north of Iona. Walter had married Beulah Ritchie. Violet married Arthur Rowberry.

In 1909 Eldon died of pneumonia and in 1912 Lula died of typhoid fever. They lived on this land until 1927. Renting out their home in Iona. May 1924 Walter died from an accident.

In 1928 Mr. Klossner went to Wyoming to work. Mrs. Klossner and Georgia moved to Idaho Falls. Then Georgia married Allen Riley of Salt Lake City and Mrs. Klossner went to Wyoming. In 1930 they came back to Idaho and went into the sheep business, again leasing sheep from Beulah Ritchie Klossner, which he run for 1 year. After that they moved back to Iona where they lived until 1932, when they sold their place in Iona and moved to Idaho Falls where they bought a home. They lived here until Mr. Klossner died August 16, 1943.

Mrs. Klossner lives now in Spokane, Washington, with her daughter, Georgia and her son Julian. Violet, whose husband died January 12, 1952, lives in Idaho Falls.

Thomas Ainsworth
By Eva Denning

I was born June 17 1853 at Bury, Lancaster, England, the son of William Ainsworth and Elizabeth Mort. I was baptized into the LDS Church April 9, 1864 at Bury Branch, Manchester Conference, Manchester, England. My father was baptized March 24, 1847; my mother and grandmother Mort in 1838. Grandmother Ainsworth in 1844.

I had two brothers and two sisters. My youngest sister died in April 1866 and father died January 1867, both in England.

In the summer of 1868 mother and us four children came to America. When we landed in Salt Lake City we went to the home of William and Margaret Clayton; Margaret was a cousin of my mother. Soon we were able to get a little place of our own to live in.

One day I went to the store and seen some pretty, red fruit, so I got some to take home and said, "Mother I bought you some peaches," so mother told me they were tomatoes. I didn't like the taste of them at first, but soon got to like them.

Time passed by with one experience after another. We boys soon were able to get work to do as we needed the money to live on. Soon I was able to get into a blacksmith shop as a helper. I liked it very much and studied hard to learn to do welding and different things, so in about three years I was able to get work in the round house. As the country grew, the work also increased, as more trains were used. The trains didn't travel near as fast as now, but there were train wrecks that were pretty bad sometimes and sometimes quite often.

In a few years they got a steam hammer in the shops and I was the first one to run it I was very happy over it, too.

I was married June 21, 1875 to Mary Jane Radmall of Pleasant Grove Utah, in the Endowment House.

Three different years I would go to the canyon for wood, which now would be called a vacation. I cut my foot with the axe, so I decided I was just a blacksmith and not a woodsman.

We didn't have any children for 15 years. We were disappointed, so when we had been married about eight years, we adopted a bally girl, Alice Nelson, age 18 months. 5 years later we found we were going to have a baby, which made us
think of getting a home of our own. We bought 5 acres of land in Pleasant Grove, Utah, built a house on it and had our first home.

When we got our little girl we were very happy, then in three and one-half years we had another baby. We were very happy over the three girls, but scarlet fever came along and took the last one at six months.

I had built me a blacksmith shop on one corner of the land where I done blacksmithing for a few years. Then getting a good offer at Lehi, after the sugar factory was built there, I got me a shop and worked there for three years, then built me a shop on the townsite of Pleasant Grove.

When my oldest daughter got married, my son-in-law Mart Nelson came to work in the shop with me, then I had another blacksmith in the family, as he never worked at anything else.

During the time we lived at Pleasant Grove we belonged to the Manila Ward. I was Ward Teacher most of the time, also worked in the Sunday School in different departments, then was Superintendent of the Sunday School for six years.

We used to go to Saltair Resort a few times each summer as they had excursions real often. At this time there was lots of water in the Great Salt Lake and the buildings were all built over the water, even the railroad tracks. Most every Saturday afternoon many people went to the Utah Lake to bathe, the part joining Pleasant Grove was called Geneva.

One time some friends of mine and myself, I think there were four of us, went out on a sail boat on the Utah Lake to fish, when a sudden storm came up with the white caps rolling. We nearly capsized before we could get the sails down; but with oars and prayers we were able to land on the shores at American Fork about 12 midnight.

My wife's brother and brother-in-law had talked about going to Idaho to see the country as they had been thinking of moving. My wife's health wasn't the best, so we both got a covered wagon and started out in May, 1900. We had relatives in Driggs, Idaho, so we decided to go on up there.

We passed through Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, and camped on the bank of the canal, which now I think is Boulevard. There were sure a lot of big fish in the canal. We could see them swimming around. We got to Driggs in the evening and my nephew showed us his potato patch which was very good, but that night it froze so hard they were black.

We were two months on this trip and we enjoyed every minute of it, but I was the only one who ever moved to Idaho. Up to this time I had buried my mother, sister and oldest brother.

My brother had been in very poor health for several years as he had been leaded while working at the smelters. He and his wife had six children and buried five of them in their infancy.

In 1903 when the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. started to build the sugar factory in the Idaho Falls district, my wife's brother had taken the contract for the inside brick for the factory, so when he came up here with his brick mill I came along, so I could do the repair work on the machinery and also help otherwise.

There were three families of us that came. We pitched tents to live in, then later when the sight for the brick yard was located, we were able to get a large two-room house which was used for kitchens.

One day something went wrong with the mixer so my brother-in-law went up on top and some way he got the leg of his overalls caught and before the machinery stopped it had torn his overalls completely off him, but he wasn't hurt, just badly shaken up.

While we were here that summer my wife and I made up our minds to move here, so bought us a lot in Iona. So when the women and children went back home for school, I went too.

We sold our home and blacksmith shop and loaded our things on the train and came back here December 2, 1903. We started building our house and while it was being finished we built our blacksmith shop. My son-in-law helped also, as he had come along with his wife and baby.

When the power came to Iona, seven of us neighbors drilled a well and piped the water to our homes. Soon two others came in with us, then two more wells were drilled, so it wasn't long before the village bought the water systems and soon supplying everyone.

After I quit blacksmithing I took care of the water system for a few years. I always liked to read, mainly church books of every kind and history.

I enjoyed playing checkers, even when I was a boy; but I never enjoyed it more at any time than I did playing with Chris Olsen. We liked to go fishing but the checkerboard went along with us.

In 1924 I went to Arizona to visit my brother that was still living as it had been several years since I had seen him, and part of his family I had never seen. In 1925 he passed away so I am the only one left now. We have several grandchildren so we are happy with them.
Thomas Morgan and Mariah E. Jenkins  
By Mildred Jenkins

Thomas Morgan and Mariah E. Jenkins came to Iona the year of 1903. They had four children at that time and two later.

Lived at Lincoln one year, and then moved to the old Jensen farm where they worked for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. for 11 years. Then they moved to Oakland Valley for two years and Thomas was foreman for Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. They bought a home place one mile west and one half mile north of Iona, where they lived until their death.

Mariah served in the Primary and other organization until her health failed her, and Thomas was a very earnest worker in the Bishopric for a number of years.

Thomas died in 1939 following his wife's death in 1914.

Simeon Morley Allen  
By Vilate Allen Crow

My father, Simeon Morley Allen, was born in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, October 6, 1859. My Mother, Mary Walker was born at Mt. Pleasant. December 17, 1867. They were married in the Logan Temple, September 21, 1887.

They lived at Huntington, Emery County, Utah, until the year of 1892. They had three children there. In 1892 they moved to Orderville. Here they lived the United Order for awhile and another child was born. About 1896 they moved to the Teton Basin country and settled at Victor.

We lived at Victor one summer and one winter. That winter was very hard. Father helped haul supplies from Rexburg to Victor. He wasn't home much of the time. We lived in a one room log cabin. The snow was so deep we had to make steps to get out of the house to the top of the snow.

We only had one pair of shoes and they were mother's. We children had to stay inside or wear mother's shoes. While we were there we had what was then called the "Seven Year's Itch". It was very hard on mother as she was to have and Simeon and Mary Allen other child in April, her fifth.

That summer we left Victor and moved to Rexburg. We lived there three or four months when father heard that Henry Denning wanted a man to work for him, so we moved to Iona. We settled on what is now called the Truman Barlow place, and father went to work for Henry Denning. The pay was fifty or seventy-five cents a day, and much of that was paid in flour and bacon. We soon moved to an old tool shed on the Pete Westergard place I think Henry Denning owned it then. It had a dirt floor and it was an awful place to live.

About 1899 Father went to work on the railroad, which was being repaired between Idaho Falls and Pocatello. He took the family along; we lived in tents along with the section gang. Mother and older sister, Rose helped in the cook shack. We stayed at Pocatello a few months while father worked as a watchman on the railroad.

We came back to Idaho Falls on the train and went again to the Truman Barlow Ranch. We lived there that winter and started school. The next summer we moved on what is known now as the A. J. Stanger place. While we were there father bought five acres of ground one mile south and east of Iona. There wasn't a house on it, so father built a dug-out for us to live in while he built a one room log house.
We were in very poor circumstances then, but later he added another room. In a few years they started the Gardner Canal and Clarence, the oldest boy got work there. The pay was five dollars a day. We thought that was very good money. Then the sugar factory was built and times got a little better for us. We could have a cow, a pig and some chickens. Father would contract a patch of beets, eight or ten acres, for all of us to take care of. We contracted beets two or three years from Eph Olsen and three or four years from Jabez Ritchie.

Father and mother had eight children: Clarence, Rose, Vilate, Lucy, Lillie, James, Clara and Clemmie. They are all living but James. He died October 28, 1952. Mother died November 10, 1910, and father, October 11, 1916.

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Thomas and Emma Scragg Higgs
By Alvin M. Scoresby

My grandfather, Thomas Higgs, was born September 12, 1844, at Seventon Station, Berkshire, England. He was the son of Nathaniel Higgs and Martha Woodley, who were parents of four girls and two boys.

Thomas married November 7, 1864 to Emma Scragg who was born March 20, 1844 at Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England. The daughter of Charles Scragg and Hannah Insell. Emma had six brothers and three sisters.

When Thomas was a young man in London he was a cab driver. The cabs were drawn by a horse. Later he was a switchman on the railroad.

I've heard my grandma say he used to take his lunch, which was a loaf of bread cut in half, then a hollow place made in the middle and some lard placed in it.

Thomas and Emma were the parents of three sons and three daughters, a baby girl died in infancy and a boy when eight years of age. Their oldest boy, Thomas, went to Australia when he was fourteen years old to take advantage of the opportunities in a new country.

After he had been there a little over a year, his parents followed, with them bringing Jessie Ann who was fourteen years old, Mary Louise, 12, and Edgar Earnest, 10, settling in Ipswich, Queensland, Australia, where they bought a hundred and ten acre farm, where their sons Edgar and Thomas helped build a six foot picket fence around their house.

"Granny" as we always called our grandmother, had beautiful flowers, especially roses and huge geraniums in borders. They grew so high and thick they kept snakes out of the yard.
Granddad and Granny came to America in June, 1906. Along with us, the Scoresby’s, all coming for the gospel's sake. They were converts to the LDS Church, having been baptized in 1903.

Four months after arriving in this new place they went to the temple for their endowments and sealings. They became naturalized citizens after being over here five years.

Soon after coming to Iona they made a home with our parents in the place where Bob Longhurst now lives. There were ten of us living in those three rooms.

Granddad soon got a job as janitor at the church. This church house was built in 1903. It burned down in 1928. Mother and we kids helped granddad with the janitor work for many years. He was also janitor at the school house where he kalsomined the walls and ceiling every summer besides painting cleaning and so on.

Garnet helped Granddad plant most of the poplar trees around the church, which were furnished by Bishop Rockwood. These trees grew up to make a lot of shade and after serving their purpose were removed about 1952-55. They also planted trees on the public square and built the fence.

Granddad was a High Priest and a Ward Teacher. He performed many baptisms. Baptizing in the old “Slough” down by Bryant Rockwood's home. Our grandparents often bore their testimonies at church.

They always lived with us or near us in the little log house.

November 7, 1914. Their golden wedding was a big affair with the membership of the ward being invited to the program and refreshments.

It was held in the old hall in the grove where Thea Bodily's lot is.

Grand-dad died June 1, 1922 at Iona, Idaho. Granny lived eleven years after his death. She was a kind, patient quiet person, always busy, helping with the mending, caring for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

She died June 24, 1933, at the age of eighty-nine years.

Aaron Williams Beach
By Gwen B. Fillmore and Barbara B. Jones

On September 24, 1847, my great Grandfather, Rufus Beach arrived with the 2nd company of pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. He had left Nauvoo, Illinois, a wealthy widower having lost two wives. On the long, hard trip to the Salt Lake Valley, he, at the age of 52, wooed and won 17-year-old Harriet Cordelia Williams. Shortly after his marriage he met and married Laura Ann Gibbs. His two wives and a daughter and son by his previous marriage were the family arriving in the valley.

On October 27, 1847 Aaron Williams Beach was born in a covered wagon in Pioneer Square where the City-County Building now stands.

When Grandfather was six months old, his mother Cordelia took him and started for California, driving a wagon for an elderly couple who were going to the gold fields to seek their fortune. Great-grandfather followed them to where Provo now stands. He sent two men, who rode into camp on horseback and took the baby from his mother. Great-grandfather took the baby and returned to Salt Lake thinking love for the baby would bring his wife back to him. But she did not return and went on to California, planning to establish herself and then return for her baby.

Leaving the baby in Salt Lake City, Great-grandfather followed her to California and went to work mining gold. His aim was to mine a bushel of gold. He died in the gold fields having mined only a half bushel of gold.

Great-grandfather went to live with the family of Daniel Wood. Laura Ann Gibbs, Rufus Beach's other wife, married a Daniel Wood and I surmise this is the family in which Grandfather was raised. As he said in his own words, "I was thrown into the Wood family at the age of two. Mr. Wood gave me no education, but taught me to do right, to be honest, virtuous and temperate."

When quite young some mischievous boys tied him to the tail of an ox. It ran so fast he was thrown from his feet and dragged over half a mile. Strong briers
and willows ripped the clothes from his body and his life was saved by a woman who heard his cries almost a mile away and ran to his aid. She cut him loose when the ox stopped at a spring for a drink.

Grandfather left the Wood home at the age of fifteen and the next five years he spent in the vicinity of Salt Lake Valley working at odd jobs, and learning several trades. At this time he met and fell in love with a lovely young lady of 15. Her parents were very much opposed to the marriage, thinking Sarah Elizabeth Thomas too young to marry, and Grandfather not well enough established in the world. They were married November 20, 1868 and were sealed December 14, 1868 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. And as Grandfather states, “I was successful in lifting the prejudice against me in a short time after our marriage.”

They lived in Salt Lake City until after their first three children were born. They did much moving around after that. The next two children were born in Woodruff, Utah. Aaron Wesley was born October 3, 1877. In May, when he was eight months old, one of the older children was tending him while Grandmother was out helping with the chores, as Grandfather was away at the time, when the baby threw himself backwards hurting his back. Grandmother got onto the train with him and started for Salt Lake City. The baby died in the doctor's office of a broken back. They didn't return to Woodville to live after the death of the baby. They lived in Salt Lake City with Grandmother's mother. Elizabeth Thomas. It was here that Rachel was born. While in Salt Lake, Grandmother took care of silk worms. The children got diphtheria this spring and were quite sick. James Ernest who was born December 14, 1871, died June 11, 1879. Elizabeth died October 11, 1881 at the age of 12 years. Clara died November 9, 1902 at the age of 10. She had scarlet fever and then rheumatic fever.

They next moved to Silver Creek where Grandfather had charge of the section men who kept the railroad in repair. (The railroad car was run by hand.)

The next move was to Neelyville where Grandfather became a gardener. On September 22, 1887 he was made second counselor to Bishop Neely. In company with Bishop Neely he preached to the Bannock Indians. Much interest was taken and good realized. Some 4 or 5 Indians were baptized. One night after the family had gone to bed an Indian knocked the door and woke Grandfather up. He had come to warn him not to come preaching to the Indians anymore, as there was a bad Indian waiting to kill him.

During his early residence at Iona, he was made counselor to Bishop James E. Steele of the Iona Ward and was set apart by President Thomas E. Ricks. While in the Bishopric, he was delegated to meet the church officials who carne to this district for conferences. He had brought from Salt Lake a beautiful team of matched thoroughbred horses and a fine looking buggy. He met them with the buggy at Idaho Falls and took them to their meetings all over the Snake River Valley. Sometimes being gone for two or three days.

His wife, Sarah Elizabeth Thomas Beach was sent to Salt Lake City by the LDS Church to study Obstetrics and on April 7, 1897, she was given a special blessing by Apostles Francis M. Lyman, John H. Smith, Heber J. Grant and John W. Taylor. Apostle Lyman being Mouth: to practice obstetrics in the Snake River Valley.

She spent much of her time serving the scattered population. If she had a small baby she would take it with her. She went day and night and in all kinds of weather. She went as far north as Rigby and would often stay the ten days. At one time when returning home after a ten day absence, with her small baby in her arms she was thrown from the spring seat of a buggy on to the frozen ground. The left front wheel passed over her left cheek leaving a deep scar that she carried for the rest of her life.

Transportation was very poor. She would go by horseback, buggy, and sleigh. Her fee was ten dollars, but if the people didn't have the money to pay, she just didn't get it. When she stayed the 10 days she was to get $15.

Grandmother Beach worked in the Relief Society. She made her own clothing and that of her children. Knit their hose, washed by hand.

He died at Iona, Idaho. September 19, 1912 at the age of 65. He left a wife and ten children, four having preceded him in death. His wife, Sara Elizabeth Thomas died at Menan, Idaho 27 October 1934 at the age of 81 years.
George and Sarah Whitehead Cooper
By Eugene Olsen

In 1892 George Cooper, his wife and three children, Martha, Mary and Hyrum, came to Iona and rented W. C. Olsen's place while W. C. was carrying mail. A part of the history of George and his wife is in his daughter's autobiography. He was a large man about six one and would weigh around one-eighty or over. He was born in Mottram, England, December 31, 1833 and died at Iona in August, 1918.

He came from a line of woodworkers as his name indicates and some of his cousins were still wheelwrights when he left England.

Early in life he was a factory worker in Mottram - wages were almost nothing and he worked from early to late. If he had been one inch taller he would have tried for the King's Guard. They must be 6'2" or over.

His father died when he was 17 and his mother, who was tall and stately, gave shelter to the Mormon Elders and accepted their belief. George soon joined too, and after a quarrel with his sweetheart, decided to come to Zion. We have no record of his trip across the sea, but we find him in 1868 driving a team of oxen back across the plains to help those without transportation get to Salt Lake. It was on this trip that he met his future wife, Sarah Whitehead.

If this life here might be considered as a great drama or play, then George would be the great tragedian and Sarah the heroine and the following scenes filled with continuous struggle and sadness. The oldest child died of diphtheria, the twins did not survive. The earth did not produce enough for more than a scanty living – George labored long and tirelessly while Sarah did all her frail body could do. They wandered through Utah, Arizona, and Idaho in search of a living and

finally settled on an eighty near Goshen. This Goshen was not like the one in Egypt, fertile and rich. This one was sterile and arid. The banks of the new ditches would break and need constant repairing. Drinking water must be hauled in barrels and was soon stagnant. George, slow and steady, kept at the endless chores until he was nearing the four score mark. Then he and his Wife retired and had several years of rest and quiet in Iona.

George was baptized into the church May 1, 1853 and due to the reformation was re-baptized at Richmond, Utah. March 2, 1879. He was married in the Endowment House September 5, 1868. Sarah was baptized August 1, 1857 and re-baptized as above. Plural marriage was going on in their time and as George was very devout, he felt he should do all his leaders commanded but Sarah insisted that they were too poor for the higher law. Her attitude caused her man much concern but there was nothing he could do about it. Sarah had been a hired servant in the homes of the rich in Somerset before she had emigrated. Schooling for the lower class in England was almost unknown so that their education was limited.

Their chief joy in life was hard work. Those who knew this couple knew them for the meek of the earth. Quiet, unassuming and kind. Their chief mark on the sands of time was the family they reared. Five generations of the family have and are now living in Iona.
Isaac David Cooper was born at American Fork, Utah, March 7, 1855. He attended school and grew to manhood in this place, spending most of his boyhood days on his father's stock ranch.

He married Rebecca Rosetta Norton of Lehi, Utah, 1879. She was born February 3, 1862 at Lehi, Utah. After they were married they lived at Lehi, Utah, and then went to American Fork, Utah where they were doing well, when a call came from the LDS Church for them to go on a mission no help settle the country around Neuduroso, Arizona.

They took their three children and a few important possessions and started on the long hot dry trip to Arizona by team and wagon and not a very good road to travel on. On arriving at Neuduroso they started to build a home and start farming and stock raising.

It was at this place he lost his arm. He was warned three times not to go to work but thought maybe it wasn't important and went on to work. He was working on a horse power threshing machine and was cleaning out the machine and the horses started up, starting the machine, and his glove caught in the cog wheel, pulling his hand in.

He was about to be drawn into the machine when he put his leg up and pressed the heel of his boot against the cog wheel, stopping the machine. After some time in the hospital his arm had to be amputated.

When he was able to get around again a man by the name of Jolley gave him a job as foreman of his sheep company.

Isaac's brother Charley and son James A., known as Rell, were herding the sheep, Ike Jr. and Al often came out to visit them. On one occasion while Al was there, the sheep became separated so Charley went one way and told Al to go the other way to round up the sheep.

Al lost his way and wandered down the canyon of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was dark when Charley got back to camp and no one knew where Al was. Rell was sent for help. About half home he met a neighbor who went to the valley for the father and a search party. As news of the lost boy spread throughout the country men and cowboys and Indians came to give their services. The search continued for several days. Then they began to feel their efforts were in vain when one man noticed the small footprints leading toward the canyon.

These were followed to the rocky edge of the canyon and there they found ledges from eight to ten feet drop from one to the other. They decided to lower someone to the first drop and see what they could find. Charley was the first volunteer and was lowered by a rope. To their surprise they found the boy on the bottom of the first ledge. He was almost beyond recognition. His eyes were sunk. He had lost so much weight. His lips were parched and dry from the hot sun.

When Charley shouted the news, preparation was made for the two to be drawn up. Water was brought and the boy's lips were kept moist. Then water was given little by little until he showed signs of recovery. When he regained his strength he told how he had wandered too close to the edge of the ledge and slipped to the ledge below. He also told of someone coming and giving him a drink of water which was the one thing that kept him alive. That was the only nourishment for seven days.

This was another hard ordeal for his parents. Mr. Jolley was in Salt Lake City, Utah and met Peter Frandsen and asked him if he didn't want a job. Peter accepted and after several days travel with a horse and buggy to Fredonia, Arizona, then up to the sheep camp, there they met I. D. Cooper, foreman of the sheep company. Little did he know he would be his father-in-law. In 1895 Isaac decided to go to Idaho where he bought 160 acres of land on Willow Creek known as the John Ellis place.

The following spring he went back to Panquitch, Utah where Pete and Ike had wintered the sheep. They sheared them and started for Idaho, driving the herd of sheep. They followed the tops of the mountains all the way where they could find water, better feed and cooler traveling. It took them all summer arriving at Iona, Idaho, the day before Thanksgiving. Isaac or I. D. Cooper as he was better known, later bought another 160 acres known as the Shurtliff place. He helped build the canals and settle the new country later known as Iona, Idaho. He could drive four head of horses and do many things that some men with two arms couldn't do, no job was too big for him to tackle.

He was an active civic leader, he acted on the Idaho Irrigation board for a number of years. He was a staunch LDS Church member always ready to help anyone in need with either money, labor or material. He donated large sums of money for community and church activities such as church houses, the Ricks College and dormitories.
Edward Crofts
By Margaret Keller and Ella Winder

In the year of 1855. April 21, away over the ocean, in Lancashire, England, a dear little boy was born to John Croft and Ellen Rothwell Croft. They named him Edward. He was my dear father.

Being born of goodly parents, some of God's chosen spirits: they listened to the message of the Mormon missionaries who visited their home. They recognized the Master's voice, and were soon baptized into the church. They decided like so many others that they wanted to come to American and be with the main body of the church, and establish themselves in Zion. So leaving friends and relatives, and all that had been dear to them before, they started on the long journey across the water which took them six weeks. The little boy, Edward, was one year old when they sailed and he took his first steps on the ship.

Father grew to manhood, a truthful and honorable boy, helping to make a living for the family. He worked in the coal mines most of the time.

The family lived in Illinois for a few years after reaching America. They were very poor and had to endure many hardships, and even hunger. Grandma's mother Mary Fletcher, who had come from England with the Crofts died soon after they arrived, and her sister Emma followed her in death soon after, leaving a husband and five little children. When they left with other pioneers for the West, it was hard to leave their precious loved ones so far behind.

After the long trip across the plains, they settled where they lived the United Order. In Orderville, then St. George, then Cedar City, and Manti, and then to Salt Lake City. At the age of 19 he met a nice girl named Mary Etta Porter, whom he loved and married in the Salt Lake Endowment House. After five years and no babies. And polygamy being practiced, he married another lovely girl, Elizabeth Walker, January 9, 1889 in the Endowment House. She bore him nine children. After a few years his brother Samuel died. His dying request was that his brother Ed marry the little girl who was to be his own loving bride in two weeks. So he nobly married another fine young girl, Ester McConnell for his brother that he couldn't do for himself. I am sure they are very happy together now.

In the early days of the church when plural marriage was being practiced the officers of the law thought it disgraceful, and tried every way to stop it. They hunted until they found the men and placed them in prison. The officers came any hour of the day or night, so the men didn't get much rest, always on the lookout for officers. Father had a board cut in the attic floor so he could hide and peek down through to see when the officers came and went. The children and the wives had fun sometimes helping him hide. One time they came in the middle of the night. Father happened to be at the coal mines, but James Walker, the father of his second wife and his family were there visiting.

The officers went in and pulled him out of bed. He told them they had the wrong man, but they didn't believe him. They took him to jail and kept him four days, then they found their mistake, paid him wages and took him back home. Not long after that they got father, and locked him up. They kept him for six weeks waiting for the trial. Just before the trial they let him go home for a few days. It was heartbreaking for the family to see him go back again and leave them so poor, but with a truthful heart and trust in the Lord, he went back. That night while sitting at the side of the jail house door, a man with a long beard came walking up to him. Father said he wondered where he came from. He said "Good evening, what are you doing here?" Father told him the story. The visitor then asked him if he believed in polygamy, father told him that he did, and that he would care for his wives and children to the best of his ability. The stranger said, "That is right. You stay with your families" Then he went away. (Disappeared).

When the trial was over the old judge turned to jailer and said, "Turn that man loose and let him go home, and leave him alone."

That night while sitting out by the door of the jail, he was visited again by the same man who called on him before.

"Good evening", said the stranger. "You had a light sentence today, didn't you Brother Crofts?"

Father said, "Yes, I surely did" then the old man said, "Well, I must be on my way". And he walked about a foot or two and disappeared as before.

When the family was united again, they moved to Bassalt, Idaho. They were there for about two years and moved to Rexburg for two years, and then decided to move to Iona, Idaho. The three families, while living in Iona, lived in separate homes. Father farmed and Elizabeth, his second wife, wove carpets, went out and worked for other people, she raised bees and did many things to help, for making a living for the three families was hard to do in those days. It was up to the wives and children to help out.

Mary Etta, his first wife, as she had no children, adopted two girls, Emma and Ellen Harris. Emma married James Anderson and Ellen married Wallace Simpson and later Guy Price.

In July, 1906, Elizabeth, the second Wife, died leaving a family of nine. In 1910, Edward and his third wife, Ester, moved to Shelley. His first wife stayed in Iona.

The children of father's second wife, Elizabeth, went to live with a married daughter, Margaret Crofts, who had married William Daniel Crofts and resided in Iona. (She later married Ernest Keller). Mary Etta, his first wife, died in Iona about 1913.

Edward and his wife Ester spent the remainder of their lives in Shelley. While there he was janitor of the School for several years, as long as his health would permit. Then the Bishop of the Shelley Ward asked them if they would like to go to the Logan Temple and do missionary work for the Shelley Stake. By this time his first and second wives had passed away and he and Ester were happy to perform this mission. They went to Logan and worked in the temple for two years (winters), and found great joy in doing this wonderful work.

They had an unusual experience one morning as they were making their way up to the temple. Another couple was walking around and looking at the flowers, greetings were exchanged between the two couples. The strangers told them their
names, and said they were so happy that they were going to have their temple work done that day. They walked with mother and father to the temple door, but they didn't enter. The folks walked up to the desk where they showed their recommends, looked around and couldn't see that couple. Daddy went to the door and looked out but they weren't in sight. So after the meeting when they went to get their names. They got the same names as the couple had given them outside the temple.

James Henry Denning, Sr. and Wives
Rosanna Williams, Emma Jane Squires
By Daughters Martha Olaveson, Sarah Westergard, and Molinda Denning

James Henry Denning, Sr., son of James Denning and Sarah Merrifield was born January 25, 1853 at Abersychon, Mammothshire, South Wales. When three weeks old he with his father and mother, who had joined the LDS Church in 1850, went on board ship the SS International. February 15, 1853. Then anchored in the Irish Channel. However ship didn't set sail for America until February 28, 1853. There were 425 Saints aboard this ship under the leadership of Christopher Arthur. They arrived in New Orleans April 23, 1853. There they joined a company of Emigrants leaving for Winter Quarters. The last Saints from Potawatomi County Iowa. They left Winter Quarters June 9, 1853.

The Denning family settled in Big Cottonwood, near Bountiful, Utah. But remained there only one year then moved into Bountiful and stayed until 1858. When Johnson's Army came into the valley the Denning family went south for awhile and then were called to help settle Logan, Utah. In the spring of 1863 the family was again called to help settle Bear Lake. They lived at Montpelier, Idaho. There they helped build roads, ditches, bridges, homes and church buildings. Grandfather Denning was a good blacksmith and stockman. Henry was baptized by his father on July 15, 1866.

While at Montpelier Henry went with his father after wood. In trying to use the axe, it slipped and nearly cut off four of his toes. His father took off his own garments tearing them in strips to bind the foot and stop the bleeding. After three or four days they took off the bandage and found the toes were dark so his mother scalded a razor and finished cutting them off, leaving only his big toe on that foot.

During the winter of 1873 Henry left for Malad on snowshoes to get medicine for the family, who were all ill at the time. Since it was extremely cold, he nearly froze to death but forced himself to keep going until he reached a pioneer home near Malad. There he collapsed on the doorstep. He was taken in and treated for
frozen hands and feet. Help was sent to his family but Henry remained in Malad for some time recuperating.

While there Henry met, fell in love with and married Rosanna Williams. They were married in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City on December 21, 1874 by Daniel H. Wells. They lived in Malad a year or more then moved to a farm at St. John, a few miles from Malad. There he served as counselor to Bishop James P. Harrison. Also served as Ward Chorister and Ward and Stake Teacher. Henry and Rosanna were blessed with nine children; four boys and five girls.

In order to help make a living Henry ran a freight line from Corrine, Utah (the end of the railroad) up through the Snake River Valley, the Salmon Country, the mining districts around Newcoalia and on up into Montana. Crossing Snake River either on a ferry at Blackfoot or the Toll Bridge at Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls). He drove as many as sixteen head of horses, one team ahead of the other and about four wagons, one trailing the other. These he handled with only a "jerk line". It cost $5.00 a wagon to cross the river and 50 cents a head for the extra horses.

While making these trips Henry recognized the possibilities of the Snake River Valley so in 1884 he took up a homestead 2½ miles south of the Iona Townsite, doing a little improving each year. On this he built a one room log house and corrals for his horses, but little of the sage brush was cleared until after 1887. In order to keep the children in school Rosanna spent the winters in Malad until July 17, 1887, when the two families moved up to stay bringing all their livestock and what furniture they had. During this move the oven door on their cook stove got broken so all their bread was cooked on top of the stove in the form of flapjacks.

During the first part of September, 1887, Henry was arrested and sent to the penitentiary in Boise for practicing plural marriage, leaving Rosanna with five children and Emma with three. He was there for six months.

That first summer Henry had cut wood and wild hay in the hills but had no chance to haul either down before he was arrested. Later eleven year old Jim and his uncle John Denning hauled the hay down was the only kind of fuel they had. Water for the house was hauled from Sand Creek, a natural channel, 3 1/2 miles away. This they hauled in barrels. One day Rosanna insisted Jim drive the sheep over there for a drink. When he got them there they refused to take a swallow.

Rosanna said she never remembered a colder winter, it was 60 below zero and their house was neither chinked between the logs or banked up around the bottom. During that winter Uncle John killed an elk at his haystack in the hills.

After his return from Boise, Henry furnished teams and outfits for work on the canals, but Jim, his uncles, John, Dan and Joe Denning handled the outfits. Later on Joe Denning was ditch rider or water master and one spring during the high water time, the farmers were having trouble controlling the flood, and Joseph being ill with the measles, thought it his duty to help, and leaving the house too soon, caught cold, causing his death. He left a wife and two small children.

Henry took an active part in Church work, was in the High Council for years. He and Thomas Nixon were partners in home missionary work, and being a family man, Henry often took some of the children with him on these trips (girls also).
LIFE SKETCH OF ROSANNA WILLIAMS DENNING

Rosanna Williams, daughter of John Jones Williams and Mary Jones was born December 13, 1859 at Brigham City, Utah. Both parents were converts to the church. Her father came to Salt Lake City in 1853, crossed the ocean in the same company as the James Denning Family. Her mother came from Wales on the ship Samuel Curling under Captain Dan Jones and crossed the plains in the Edward Bunker Handcart Company in 1856. The two were married in 1857.

Rosanna was the second child in a family of thirteen. The family lived at Brigham City until Rosanna was eight years old then moved to Malad, Idaho in April 1864. There they went through the usual hardships of pioneer life. Her father was a blacksmith by trade and a horticulturist by nature. While in Brigham City he had, at one time eight different kinds of fruit growing on one tree. A plow he made when he first arrived in Utah is now on display in the Church Museum at Salt Lake City.

Life for the Williams family was different in Malad. They lived in a one-room log house with a fireplace on which to do their cooking. They missed very much the trees, fruit, flowers and the schools they had at Brigham City.

When Rosanna was thirteen years old typhoid fever struck the community and nearly every family had someone ill, including the Williams family. The fever left Rosanna with weak eyes and a bad leg which kept her in bed for months. For a time they thought she would never walk again but through faith and prayers, the rubbing on of oils and the use of hot packs, she was in time, completely healed. This fever also left other members of the family hard-of-hearing. After her illness she went to Salt Lake City to stay with her aunt Ellen Jones Young, wife of Lorenzo Young. While there she attended school. She also visited many times in the home of Brigham Young and was very much impressed with the beauty of their family life.

Before her marriage she was called to help gather grain for the Relief Society and was made a member at that time and for 64 years that membership never lapsed. A fact she was always proud of.

At the age of fifteen she met and married James Henry Denning Sr. on December 21, 1874 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Her sister Ruth went along as chaperone. They lived in Malad for a year or so, there their first baby was born, James Henry, Jr.. After that they moved to a home of theirs at St. John, near Malad. Here their next two children, Mary and John Walter were born.

After her husband commenced freighting she moved back to Malad and attended school with her two oldest children. She also assisted with the teaching. The next summer her fourth child, Sarah, was born. Being a studious girl, and since there were no doctors available, Rosanna began gathering and studying all the material she could find about nursing, this she started before her second child was born.

When that child, Mary, was a few months old she had her first maternity case. That of her own mother, at the time she gave birth to her youngest daughter, Annie. Since her mother wasn't at all well Rosanna also nursed, along with her own baby, this little sister Annie. After that she assisted with and handled a good many such cases.

On July 17, 1887 the two families arrived in the Snake River Valley to take up life in their new home. Rosanna was ill all the way on this journey, so on August 15, 1887 gave birth to her fifth child a little girl they named Rosanna, but since she weighed only three pounds they called her Dollie. Three weeks later, as has been previously stated, Henry was arrested and sent to Boise. That winter their hardships were many and trying. It was she who dreamed where their lost sheep would be found the morning after a bad blizzard.

Here, Rosanna continued her work among the sick but found a great need for more learning. In 1894 the Stake Presidency called her to go to Rexburg and study obstetrics. Although two more children, Effie and Martha, had been added to her own family, she answered the call and remained there studying until the day before her son George was born in December 1894.

On October 21, 1895, she was again called by the Church authorities to fill a like mission in Salt Lake City. Although times were hard she was glad to go. She took with her baby George, then 10 months old and eleven year old Sarah, to care for the baby while she was at school. She was given a blessing for this work too by Heber J. Grant.

After school she did all the work she could for others to help pay her way. The family still has a receipt she received from her landlady for one month’s rent in full. It is for exactly two dollars. Even at that it was hard to get. Henry sent her food whenever possible but owing to unavoidable circumstances it sometimes spoiled on the way. She completed her course however, and received her diploma to practice in April 1896.

In her work she had absolute faith in the Priesthood and often called in the Elders to help with her task. She traveled far and near. By horse and buggy, sleigh and even horse-back through all kinds of weather and took whatever anyone had to offer in payment for her services. Although she had one more baby (Oliver) she went right on with her work and a history of her cases would fill volumes. She often dreamed beforehand, how to handle extra difficult cases and always relied on the Lord for help.

She answered the call day and night and never refused a request for help no matter what color or creed her patient might be, or whether they could speak English or not. For ten days after each birth she made a return call each morning to wash and dress the baby and attend to the mother, often doing the cooking and bits of the house work. Also she often took along clean bedding and food. She handled or assisted with 1500 births and traveled 20,000 miles. A good many times she surprised the doctors in her diagnosis and handling of difficult cases. Her last case was a grand-daughter, Joyce Olaveson, April 30, 1937.

All this didn't keep her from her Church activities. When the Bingham Stake was organized on May 8, 1895, and Iona became a Ward. Rosanna was called to be first counselor to Sister Rushton in the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. After Sister Rushton was promoted to the Stake Presidency, Rosanna
Rosanna was a good wife and homemaker. They never remember being without butter and cheese that she made herself. The butter she packed into stone crocks sealing them over with melted lard, for their winter use. She did much too, toward the financial support of her family.

After a lingering illness she passed away December 31, 1938, at the home of her daughter and son-in-law Dollie and Edwin Jennings. In Idaho Falls. The girls had all taken their turn at caring for her during her last years. On January 4, 1939 she was buried in the Iona cemetery beside her husband and small daughter, Effie.

**AN INCOMPLETE SKETCH OF EMMA JANE SQUIRES**
By Harriet D. Robinson

Emma Jane Squires, daughter of Henry Augustus Squires and Emma Caroline Slade was born October 5, 1866, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

On March 22, 1883 she was married to James Henry Denning Sr. and became the mother of fourteen children, raising eleven of them to maturity.

July 17, 1887 she came to the Snake River Valley with her husband and his other wife, Rosanna. There she went through the usual hardships of pioneer life, but like all others, found time for numerous church activities. For thirteen years was First Counselor in the Iona Relief Society as well as Chorister. Was also First Counselor in the Primary Presidency for some time and for a while taught the second grade in school.

In 1921, she, with her remaining daughters moved to Ogden, Utah, remaining there until her death June 3, 1947. Was also buried there June 6, 1947.

Mother lived in Salt Lake City while the temple was being built. She remembers that those in charge of the building asked the Ward Primary and Sunday School children to carry away the loose granite rock and pieces of board so that the grounds would be clean. They were given pennies for this work, and they took pride in saving their pennies for the Temple Fund instead of using them for candy. After all the rock was cleaned up they were allowed to play on the temple grounds, much the same and on children's play grounds. Looking at the flowers and things there now, it seems strange that children once enjoyed games there.

George Barlow's mother died while he was young so he was raised by his grandfather. He learned several trades. He was a baker, carpenter, and farmer and in his later years he was a drayman in Pocatello, Idaho.

After he was married, his wife's sister, Mrs. John Ritchie, wrote to them telling of a choice piece of land near them on Sand Creek and as land was hard to get in Ogden they decided to move. So in 1890 they made the break, moved north, found the piece of land just as described, made their homestead entry and by fall had a log cabin built.

In a year they added another room and were proud of the achievement, as very few of the early settlers had two rooms. Mr. Barlow, being a carpenter, helped with additions on other homes, the church, and other public buildings.

George and Sarah Barlow had a family of eight children, some of whom have passed from this life, but those who remain are loyal American citizens.

He used to haul his organ to church and play for entertainments and special parties. One time when the Lindholm home caught on fire. George risked his life to save two small children. They had become frightened and crawled under a bed. He couldn't see anything for smoke as he crawled on the floor calling their names. He felt under the bed and found them. By the time he got them out he was overcome and they laid him on a board and put cold packs on his face and head to help bring him to.

When the Sugar Factory at Lincoln was being built, George sold his farm and moved to Lincoln, where he worked as a carpenter. The later years of his life, he spent doing temple work. In fact he was on his way to the temple when he had his last stroke that caused his death. He was always active in church work, being the organist until 1896 when the Lee family moved to Iona. The oldest son, Tom, was a good organist, so was selected to play at church, Sunday School and dances.
Sarah Barlow was twelve years old when she left England with a group of Saints and came to live with her aunt, whose home was in Ogden. She hired out as soon as she was old enough and was taken into the homes of the (by then) well to do in Ogden. She worked very hard, as most of the women who hired help were almost “slave drivers”.

If the washing, ironing or cleaning was not to their liking, they insisted on it being done over. Sarah was a proud girl and did not enjoy this treatment, so at the age of eighteen she married George Barlow. Her home was a lovely place to be, her carpets being among the first “store carpets”. Her curtains were lovely, her quilts were beautiful. All in all she had one of the few small but fancy homes.

At a Quarterly Conference held in Iona shortly after she moved here, President James E. Steele was trying to organize the different organizations. On his list Mary E. Fife had been chosen as president and Naomi Ritchie first counselor and Mary Hansen, Secretary. The second counselor had not been chosen, but while the name of Mary E. Fife was being presented, the name of Sarah Barlow appeared on the paper in the space for second counselor. President Steele was very much surprised, as he was not very well acquainted with the new family. Without consulting his counselors, he presented the name.

After the meeting Mrs. Barlow asked why her name had been chosen and was told it had been given by revelation. This group of women served for more many years in the Bingham Stake, visiting the Primaries and teaching the children the story of the gospel. She also served two different times as president of the YLMIA and her ability to sing helped a great deal when such a talent was not a common gift in the ward. She sang in the choir, occupying the third seat on the front row and no one ever tried to take that seat while she lived in Iona.

On the lighter side. Sarah was a great hand to create a good laugh. At one party, she selected a young woman with the longest hair and braided carpet rags into it so tight that it took a whole day to undo it. Another time it was mince pie flavored with liniment or a ten layer jelly cake with cotton between each layer. To a dear friend staying with her she put flour between the sheets so that the lady getting into bed was covered from head to foot with flour. Many were the laughs provided by this beautiful, stately woman. The picture of her and myself was taken at my home in Iona when she was eighty years old. She died at the age of eighty-four.

Robert Harris Fife and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Stocks were both born in the State of Utah. They both received their education at the Brigham Young College at Logan and Robert taught mathematics while attending school there.

They were married in April, 1890, and drove to Iona in a light wagon. Prior to their marriage Robert had taken up one hundred and sixty acres of land and built a log cabin in the Iona townsite. It was located two blocks east of the store.

He taught school one year before their marriage and several years after. For two years he taught the hardscrabble school, having from fifty to seventy-five pupils in one room.

They lived in the cabin at Iona until he brought logs down from the hills and built a cabin on the farm. It was located one mile west and two miles south of the Iona townsite.

In December 1893 he was ordained a Seventy and sent on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Leaving his Wife and son, Lee, he spent two and one-half years in the state of Virginia. Three months after he left Mary gave birth to their first girl, Lucile, who was eighteen months old before her father saw her.

He traveled on foot through Virginia without purse or scrip, preaching the gospel to all who would listen. While he was gone Mary E. suffered many hardships; often she couldn't get stamps to send Robert so he could write to her. Writing being a hobby of his, he would always send a loving poem to her that would keep up her spirits, and her longing for his return.
I wonder if you quite forget,  
The days we spent together,  
Or do you think with vague regret,  
Of tangled grass and heather.  
I wonder if your eyes are still  
As blue as when we parted,  
I saw them turn away and fill,  
I thought you broken-hearted.  
Ah, yes, you are a faithful wife,  
And I'll forget you never.  
I'll love and bless you all my days,  
And you are mine forever.

Their farm at that time was covered with sage which they cleared acre by acre until all was under cultivation. Irrigation was now instigated.

Robert Fife helped to organize the Progressive Irrigation Co., and was their secretary for many years.

He was also secretary for the Stake Sunday School - the Stake Old Folks Committee and was a member of the High Council for twenty-five years. Mrs. Mary E. Fife was sustained president of the Bingham Stake Primaries and presided in this capacity for twenty three years.

In 1903 the Lincoln Sugar Factory was under construction. The brick being made across the street from their farm, Mrs. Fife cooked for the men that worked on the project. She saved money to help build their new home which was a twelve-room brick structure. By the time the house was finished in 1906 she had made one hundred yards of homemade carpet.

Mr. and Mrs. Fife were the parents of twelve children, which are named here in order of birth: Robert Lee of Ammon, Idaho; Lucile Fife Starr of Idaho Falls, Idaho; DelMonte of Salmon, Idaho; Moroni, who died at the age of nine months; Ila Campbell of Puyallup, Washington; Dr. Milton of Salinas, California; Dr. Karl of Lordsburg. New Mexico was killed in a plane crash; Arnold, who was killed at the age of two years; Alon S. of Los Angeles, California; Dr. Lorin of Waco, Texas; Dr. Austin of Los Angeles, California and Glenchora Meyers of Livingston, Montana.

The children received their college educations at the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan. Here in 1918 they built a home where they lived in the winter but spent the summers on the farm in Iona.

They were interested in education and Mr. Fife served on the school board many years and strived to improve the school system. He was also a charter member and stock holder of the Iona Mercantile Company. It was the first store in Iona, and remained there under that same company for thirty years.

These courageous pioneers had faith in their convictions and were unafraid of the hardships and trials they had to endure to help conquer this vast Snake River Valley.

Robert Fife died at his home in Logan, Utah, April 12, 1924 at the age of sixty-three. Mrs. Fife followed him in death June 5, 1938 at the age of sixty-six. They shall be long remembered for their faith in God and their untiring efforts to achieve.
I was born in 1850 in Sweden. After my father and my two small brothers died, my mother crossed the ocean with her other four children. The oldest child was twelve and the baby one year old. We crossed the ocean on a sail ship in ten weeks.

Immediately after reaching the United States we started on the journey across the plains with the emigrant train. Our covered wagon was drawn by an ox team. With the exception of my baby brother, we all walked behind the wagon. We children were barefooted. We remained at the camp grounds of Salt Lake City, which was at that time a small city, for about a week and continued our journey on to Manti, Utah. My mother secured a small room for herself and the baby. She couldn't support us other three children so we were given away. Two years later mother died and the baby was also given away.

The people who took care of me were very poor Danish farmers. They had me baptized into the Mormon Church at the age of ten.

The first work I did was to learn to knit, as I was about eight years old and too young for heavy work. The next year I was old enough to herd cows and rake bundles of wheat which had been cut with a cradle.

After lunch the boss rested and smoked his pipe which he lighted with a sunglass. The farmer raised his own tobacco as he was too poor to buy it. During the lunch hour and at other times I gleaned wheat, threshed it for money with which to purchase my winter shoes. During the summer I went barefooted.

The following year I started to run a spinning wheel. Spinning three skeins was considered a days work. If they were completed early, I could rest the remainder of the day.

I wore my home-made dress. The man who did our weaving was the father of Alma Marker of Idaho Falls.

The people did most of their exchange in Salt Lake City and Nevada by bartering eggs, butter, wheat and other products for merchandise from the stores such as sugar and salt.

In the fall of the year I went with others to a Salradis bed. We scraped up piles of this white powder with shingles, sacked it and took it home. Salradis was used for washing and making soap. It was also used as a substitute for soda in making biscuits. We never made a cake or even knew what that was.

At the age of thirteen I left home and started to do housework for the neighbors. With the seventy-five cents a week I earned I was able to buy what I then considered lovely and expensive dresses. They were made of calico.

The Indians began to give considerable trouble to the white settlers. The women and children all gathered in one little room while the men fought with the Indians. The Indians and grasshoppers nearly ran the country until conquered.

When I was sixteen, a girl friend and I planned our first trip to Salt Lake City. We were going with her father and brother. My provisions consisted of a little bedding, clothing, little food and no money. It was necessary for a company of at least eight wagons to go together through the Salt Creek Canyon to avoid the danger of Indian Attacks which were so frequent at this point. Mr. P. Larson and his son sold their grain at Spanish Fork which was about half way on the journey to Salt Lake City. Just at the end of Salt Creek Canyon, they asked whether I would choose to return with them to Spanish Fork, go back to Manti or be left on the road. I was determined to continue my journey so I was left alone on the road with my few provisions. After several hours alone by the roadside I could see in the distance a cloud of dust which I supposed to be a group of Indian warriors. I hid behind the thick sagebrush which I thought would offer the only possible safety, and watched the approaching danger. As it drew near me I could detect a team of horses drawing a covered wagon. Later, I discovered the occupants of the wagon were a white man, Mr. Cook, his wife and two children. Greatly relieved, but still crying, I stood up so that I might be seen and have an opportunity to reach my destination. Mr. Cook offered to take me to Salt Lake City if I would walk up the steep places on the road as his team was very poor from traveling such a long distance.

Overjoyed at the opportunity, I readily accepted the offer. We stopped to visit his relatives at Provo but reached Salt Lake City in two weeks. In this city, which was then about the size of Idaho Falls at present. I was able to earn the enormous sum of $2 a week and thought I would soon be rich.

I was given private instruction in school work for only three months. I paid for this by what wheat I gleaned.

In 1871 I was married to Sanford Forbush in Salt Lake City by Judge Strickland. We made our home in Manti for seven years. There was no land for sale here at this time, but each family had taken twenty to twenty-five acres, cultivated it for grain, and built a cabin on it. When the land was on the market, men would prove up on it. 160 acres, and each man would get a deed to what he owned. They also took up swamp land for hay.

We sliced beets, boiled them and pressed out the juice with a lever board. For special molasses we had a machine run by horses used to press juice out of the sugar cane we grew. This was boiled in a big vat about six or eight feet long and four feet wide.

Our first five children were born in Manti, Utah. We moved to Castle Valley where our sixth child was born. We went to Green River for six months and herded cattle. We sold our cattle and went to Grand Junction, Colorado, where we traded our oxen for a team of mules. It was at this time a Reservation for the Yute Indians. They were moved out and white people immediately settled there. We were the first white family to take up a preemption and remain one and one-half years. We then returned to Manti for one year, then to Boise, Wood River, and then to Eagle Rock. Grass and sagebrush were about the only wild plants; there were no weeds.

We crossed the Anderson Toll Bridge and payed five dollars for two teams. Here we bought a farm on Sand Creek for one span of mules, cleared it of sagebrush and cultivated it. Our first 15 acres of grain raised on our farm was cut by Mr. Forbush with a cradle. Raked by our oldest son and bound by me. The shocks of grain were placed in a ring. A man stood in the center and drove the team around again and again on the grain until it was threshed. The chaff was...
removed in a fanning mill. We took it to Rexburg to be made into flour. The first ton of wild hay was cut by Mr. Forbush with a poverty hook. My last two children were born here. After we lived here ten years Mr. Forbush died. I proved up on the 160 acres of timber culture in 1895 after living on it over ten years without a title. I remained on this farm six years longer and in the meantime I proved up on my ranch in Tildon, Idaho in 1900 and then sold it. After that I came to Idaho Falls. I bought six houses and paid for them by the installment plan. I also bought 59 acres of land and paid for it. For fifteen years I acted as an assisting nurse for Dr. Wilson, Dr. Cline, Dr. LaRue, Dr. Bridges and several other physicians of Idaho Falls.

I have traveled in covered wagons drawn by oxen, lumber wagons drawn by mules and horses, and when we were prosperous I traveled in a buggy. In recent years I have done most of my traveling in cars but have not yet ventured an airplane ride.

Isaac Gudmundsen and Fanny Mulliner Gudmundsen settled in Iona in 1901. They had previously made a visit there in 1900, staying a few weeks at the log-cabin homestead of Mary Mulliner, mother of Fanny Gudmundsen.

Their family at that time consisted of Ray, Irel and Fanny (later Fanny Brunt). Isaac Gudmundsen was the son of Gudmund Gudmundsen from Iceland and Mary (Garff) Gudmundsen, both converts to the LDS Church. The latter being a native of Denmark.

Fanny Gudmundsen was the daughter of Samuel Mulliner, also a convert from Scotland and Mary Richardson Mulliner. Samuel Mulliner was a tanner, and established the first tannery in Utah, and later built one of the first grist-mills in Utah, on the shore of Utah Lake near Lehi, Utah. The pond there between Lehi and American Fork is still known as "The Mulliner Pond".

Isaac Gudmundsen first worked as a clerk for John F. Shelley and later became his partner. John F. decided to move south of Idaho Falls to be on the railroad. He tried to induce "Ike" as my father was known to move with him. He sold my dad on the idea, and he even filed on 160 acres on the east side of the Railroad in what is now Shelley, Idaho. My mother would not go for this as her mother and Uncle Joe and uncle Hyrum lived near Iona.

It was then that the Iona Mercantile Company was founded by a number of progressive land-owners and it grew to be one of the soundest business institutions in the upper Snake River country.

Isaac Gudmundsen for many years was general manager. He was in reality, and his fellow stockholders supported his progressiveness, the founder of what is now known as chain stores. The Iona Merc., established a store at Ucon, another at Lincoln and a fourth at Idaho Falls. The first managers of these branches were Lafe Hatch, at Ucon; A. E. Stanger at Lincoln; and James E. Steele at Idaho Falls.
Stock in the Iona Mercantile Co. was really worth its weight in gold for a number of years, from about 1905 to 1910. Hitching' posts had to be long and clerks had to be on their toes as people drove in from Shelton, Swan Valley, Ammon and Willow Creek.

The writer was there, I worked in all the stores as Clerk or bookkeeper, and I always preferred being a clerk. Isaac Gudmundsen and A. J. Stanger decided to establish a business in Burley, Idaho in 1908.

A farewell party was given to Isaac and Fanny Gudmundsen at Iona late in 1908. That was a highlight in their lives. The writer was a missionary in Switzerland at that time.

Isaac Gudmundsen soon made many new friends and conducted a very sound business in Burley, from 1908 until May, 1918. He served as Bishop and held many public offices in the Burley country.

The grave markers show:
Isaac Gudmundsen 1861 - 1930
Fanny Gudmundsen 1860 - 1937

Yes, Iona was the best place on earth to rear a large family. Long evenings were spent listening to my dad read such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ben Hur, Les Miserables, Robinson Crusoe and many other fine stories.

This all happened under the coal-oil lamp, but the lamp chimneys were always clean.

As a family still living of seven we all pay tribute to Iona and the fine families we grew up with - that includes you and you and you.

Hans L. Hansen was born in Aalborg, Denmark, July 27, 1846 being a son of Hans Larsen and Catherine Jensen, hardworking and industrious Danish farmers who passed their entire live in their native land.

Their son, Hans L., had very little opportunity for other study Karen Marie and Hans L. Hansen or culture and at the early age of twelve years he started out to make his own way in the world, and well he has accomplished this work .He served for some time in the Danish army and afterward became a gardener in the King's employ. He had to take care of the vast flower beds and landscaping in the palace grounds, and also had the daily job of attending to the potted plants throughout the palace. Here he came in intimate contact with the Royal Family. The present King of Denmark, as a small boy, used to play in the gardens where Hans was working and would spend much of his time talking and conversing with the gardener. Finally the King had to reproach his son for spending so much time there instead of at his appointed tasks.

In the year 1871, while employed as the King's gardener, he heard the Gospel preached by the Mormon Elders. Kanute Petersen who was the President of the Danish Mission at that time, together with his son-in-law, Anton H. Lund, converted Hans L. Hansen to the Gospel. He was baptized into the Church in March, 1871, by Elder E. Kerr.

At the time he working for the King he met and married Karen Maria Andersen, a member of the Church, and daughter of Hans and Mettie (Christiensen Andersen, on Feb. 26, 1872 in Copenhagen, Denmark. Two children were born to them while in Denmark, Otto, a son was later drowned in Cache Valley, Utah, and Hans L. Jr. who was born in 1875 the same year that Hans L. Sr. and his family emigrated with a Mormon Contingent coming to Cache Valley, Utah, and settling in Hyrum, where his wife's people had been residents from 1871. Her father, a most faithful and consistent member of the church was a high
priest, and lived in Hyrum until his death. Her mother died in Hyrum, August 1885.

After remaining in Hyrum for nine years the superior advantages to secure a home that were afforded in Bingham County (now Bonneville County) Idaho, induced Hans L. Hansen to move thither. In the spring of 1884 he and his son Charles, then a boy of eight years, came to Bonneville County with a wagon train and took up a homestead of 160 acres of sagebrush covered land located about five miles north east of Idaho Falls. That fall he returned to Hyrum and the next spring he brought his whole family to Idaho. He had a very hard time clearing the land to farm. Although times were very hard and food was incredibly scarce, he was a good provider for his family and they always had a well stocked larder. No person ever came to visit his home who was not cordially and graciously entertained and well fed. The young people especially were exceptionally well treated. No matter what the time, or how many in the crowd, Mrs. Hansen always entertained and fed them all. Mr. Hansen enjoyed the young people and liked to see them come to his place.

At the time when Lewis A. Lee, Mrs. Hansen's daughter-in-law's brother had typhoid fever, she doctored him and told her daughter-in-law, Mary Lee Hansen, just what to do for him, and every day she sent her own daughter, Mary, up to the Lee farm about four miles with a fresh bowl of chicken broth and fresh tomatoes. She did this for six weeks steadily and was mostly responsible for nursing Lewis A. Lee back to health. She was a very kind woman and had nursed many persons back to health. One tragedy however occurred in the family when the whole family was stricken with diphtheria. In October of 1890 three daughters in this family died within a few days of each other. The other children were so terribly sick that they were not expected to survive. The children were made to eat dry crusts of bread and swallow them to keep their throats clear. This simple remedy was responsible for saving the lives of the other children.

From the time Mrs. Hansen's son, Charles, married Mary Lee, Mrs. Hansen sent them a fresh dressed chicken every Saturday until her death. She also supplied them with all the butter they could use and in the winter when beef or pork was butchered she always saw to it that Charlie and Mary had a quarter of meat. Hans L. Hansen was a very retiring person and although no one will know how much help and assistance he gave to those less fortunate, he was not one to let it ever be known. He was a very good hearted man who lived his religion to the letter, never having used liquor or tobacco in any form. His lack of mastery of the English language was a great handicap to him and declined an active part for this reason. He understood his religion and its principles though, and lived them to the best of his ability.

He had not had the schooling that he thought necessary for every successful man, and because of his desire to see his sons have the opportunities he had been denied, he sent all of his four living sons to college as long as they had any desire or would go. He also sent his son Charles on a mission to Texas. He always gave his boys all the encouragement he could.

In 1906 he went to the Logan Temple and received his endowments and was sealed to his wife who had died shortly before. In 1912 he was ordained a High Priest by his son, Charles.

He was an exceptionally hard working man all his life and he worked in the sugar factory at Lincoln, Idaho almost every fall from the time of its construction until 1934, when he received his last pay check of twenty odd dollars. He was 87 years old then and decided he had worked long enough. He was so active all his life however, that his last years of inactivity were hard for him to bear. He was never sick and although he did not get out of his bed much during the last few months of his life, he never suffered. He got out of bed one night shortly before his death and was walking outside when he fell down in the snow and couldn't get up. He lay there for two or three hours before his grandson, Orval Farnsworth, found him and put him back in his bed. From this exposure he caught cold which hung on until his death. He died Jan. 11, 1939 in his 92nd year of a life well lived and a pioneer monument to the Snake River Valley of Idaho.

Karen Marie Anderson

Karen Marie Anderson was born October 11, 1848, in Slagleslie, Denmark, a daughter of Hans and Mettie Marie Christensen Anderson. She was a lovely girl, small in stature with brown eyes, black hair and an olive skin, and attracted considerable attention wherever she went. At maturity Grandmother was small and at the time of her marriage weighed only 85 lbs. In later years she put on some weight and I remember how she did her hair up in a bob on the back of her head. All during her grade schooling she attracted considerable attention because of her size and brilliance. She had an extraordinary memory and could quote scripture freely and give the text. After coming to America she learned the English language with her children as they learned it in school and she was noted for her spelling ability. Her family came to rely on Grandmother's spelling ability.

After she left school in Denmark she had to help her father and family so she obtained employment as a maid in the home of a wealthy lady. The lady was very fussy about her housework and after Karen had scrubbed the floor, the lady would wipe it with her white handkerchief and if any dirt showed, Karen did the floor again. This training carried over into her own household. She always required her housekeeper and cook.

Karen's father and mother joined the L.D.S. Church in 1870 and in 1871 immigrated to the U.S. They landed in Ogden by train and from there they traveled to Millville, 50 miles away by wagon, a little later they moved to Hyrum, Utah.

Karen Marie met and married, Hans Lars Hansen, in Copenhagen, when she was 24 years of age. She was converted and baptized into the church by Brothers Kanute Peterson and Anthon, as was her husband, Hans Lars Hansen, in the year of 1871. Karen and Hans did not immigrate to the United States until 1875. At
this time they had two children, Otto aged two years, and Hans three months old. (On the way across the Atlantic Ocean, Karen, was very seasick and could not go to the dining room to eat. Hans went to get her some food. On the way back the boat rocked and rolled and he and the food went flying. Karen laughed until she cried over this incident and nothing more was heard of seasickness. This was very typical of Grandmother Hansen.)

The Hansen family settled in Hyrum, Utah, close to her father and his family. Here tragedy struck the family. The oldest son, Otto, was drowned in September, 1875 in an irrigating ditch. When their third son was born in 1876, they gave him the name of Charles Otto Walter.

In 1884 the Hansen family decided to move to the Snake River Valley in Idaho and they settled in Iona, Bonneville County, Idaho. Here the family endured the usual privations, hardships and experiences of the early pioneers. Karen always fed the family well. She always looked ahead and prepared for things to come. The family always had a fine garden and everything that was grown was either preserved or cellared. She had chickens and pigs and milk cows always on her farm, to provide eggs and milk and butter for the store as well as food for her family.

She and Grandfather always paid a full tithing on everything coming in. She was a real financier and saw to it there were no unpaid bills or mortgages. As I remember she had the most wonderful houseplants, they filled all the windows.

Her family was always scrubbed and clean for Sunday even though in the early days it meant for the children to go to bed while their clothes were washed and ironed. When the children returned from Sunday school it was mandatory that each one tell what they had learned.

Karen was also a good practical nurse, which she had learned from experience. While they were living in Hyrum, Hans had a severe cut on his heel, obtained while working in the timber. The doctor wanted to amputate his leg. Hans resisted by saying he would keep his leg or die. They called in the Elders and administered to him and Karen cared for him constantly until he was fully recovered. She never was flustered or upset by accidents or illness and on one occasion saved the life of an Indian squaw by applying a tourniquet to a wound. Even when her son Chris lost his eye she cared for him until they could get him to a doctor for treatment.

Whenever she heard of anyone being ill she would always send some good nourishing food there and go to help all she could herself. Her home was a heaven to her children and their friends were always welcome. Christmas as was always something to remember at Grandma Hansen's. There were always apples, nuts, candy and something extra good to eat.

She was not a forward person but was always friendly. She was an ardent member of the Relief Society and was a visiting teacher for years.

She worked hard all her life, doing her washing on a board for her family of 11. Cooking, cleaning and sewing and all the rest of the hard work which pioneer mothers were called on to perform.

In February of 1906 at the age of 57, she contracted pneumonia and after a period of several days passed on to her reward.

The dearest wish of her life was to go to the Temple and do her work and have her family sealed to her. This was denied her in life but in June of 1906 the entire family went to Logan, Utah, and there in the Temple, all her wishes were finally fulfilled.

Grandmother Hansen was a wonderful woman and her memory is revered by all who came in contact with her. To me she is an ideal and symbol of all that is good.
Samuel and Eliza Stredder Haycock
By Alice M. Haycock Frandsen

Samuel Haycock was born May 1, 1843 in Staff, England, the son of Thomas and Mary (Blunt) Haycock. His parents were born in Staff, England and lived there all of their lifetime. Both died in 1854, leaving Samuel an orphan at the early age of 12 years. He had to do the best that he could for himself and little is known of his life for a few years. During that time, however, he met the Mormon Elders and became a member of the Church. He worked hard to be able to come to America when Brother McAllister, a missionary, had finished his mission and was released to return home. Samuel worked his passage on the ship and also across the plains, passing through many hardships. He arrived in Utah in 1860 or 1861.

Samuel worked for Thomas Jenkins in Salt Lake City for a while, then he was called to fill a mission on the Muddy. Soon after he arrived there he was called to go East with ox teams to meet the immigrants from England who had traveled as far as Wyoming, Nebraska and would need ox teams and assistance to cross the plains. This he did and took much pleasure in answering the call.

Eliza Stredder was born April 16, 1949 in Nottingham Shire, England. The daughter of John Stredder and Elizabeth (Blackner) Stredder. She immigrated to America in April 1866 with her parents, four sisters and one brother. They crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel by the name of John Bright, the Captain of the ship being William Dawson. They were on the ocean more than six weeks. Many were the hardships of the voyage such as a shortage of water and provisions and much sickness. When they arrived in New York City, Eliza's father expected his sister to meet them. She had lived in New York for many years, and they had not seen each other since childhood. But because of his religion she would not see him.

From New York they traveled by train. It was just at the close of the Civil War and the trains were crowded without additional passengers. The 800 Saints were crowded and packed in like sheep. It was a great relief when they arrived safely in Wyoming, Nebraska. Here they had to wait for ox teams and wagons to continue their journey westward.

When the company arrived from the west with the ox teams and wagons, quoting from Eliza's own writings, she said: "The captain of our train was Daniel Thompson, and in that train was a young man by the name of Samuel Haycock, who, the captain and company respected very highly. A few days after they arrived, had rested and cleaned up, I was sewing, where we were camped, and he with several others came up and he remarked to them, "See there is my wife." I did not know this was going on, but heard voices and looked up and saw him looking at me. We gazed at each other as though we had always known each other and were not strangers, but we had never met before. In about a month we were married. The Captain recommended him as being one of his best and most faithful young men. The missionaries from our branch in England, returning home to Mormon Stake House at Wyoming, Nebraska, on the 7th day of July, 1886. Thus Samuel and Eliza's life together began.

On the 24th of July, 1866 they started Westward. Travel was slow as oxen go. Eliza walked most of the way. Only the sick and small children were permitted to ride. They suffered the hardships common to those pioneers who crossed the plains. The threat of Indians was always near. There was much sickness and many deaths from exposure, and poor provisions. Eliza became very ill during the journey, but through the blessings, faith and prayers of the priesthood her life was spared. It was with great rejoicing and thanksgiving that they arrived in Salt Lake City October 6, 1866. This was the last year, if not the last trip, the saints crossed the plains with oxen.

After arriving in Salt Lake City they rested a few days then went to visit Eliza's parents who had arrived about two weeks before them, and had settled in Beaver, Utah. After their visit they returned to St. Thomas on the Muddy. After a while they moved to Beaver, and finally they settled in Kanab, Utah.

To this union were born fourteen children, five sons and nine daughters. Three of the daughters died. The rest married and raised families. They were as follows:

Sons: Thomas, William, John Fredrick, Walter, and Sylvester Benjamin.

Daughters: Elizabeth M. (known as Lizzie), Esther, Alice, Millicent, Vinnie, Clara, and Bessie.

Samuel Haycock was a sheep man He prospered. In order to have more feed and water for his large flocks, he decided to move to Idaho. The sheep were leased to the Frandsen brothers. Pete and Tom. They trailed the herds from Kanab, Utah to Iona, Idaho. It took six months, arriving on December 4, 1896.

It was a long and tiresome journey with horses, wagons and several camp outfits. The trails were rough. No roads open only through Bear Lake Valley so that is the route they took coming through Soda Springs. It was at Soda Springs that a big snow storm overtook them, and it went to 40 degrees below zero. The loss in sheep was great, as many as 1500 head died. Many froze where they were standing up. The boys thought they would freeze to death too. Unprepared for such severe cold weather, not knowing the climate, they didn't have sufficient
clothing to keep them warm. So their introduction into Idaho was not what they had expected. Samuel and his family had arrived in Idaho some months before the sheep were brought in. They lived in the George Steel home the first winter. He had bought a ranch on Willow Creek, also 60 acres at Lincoln.

The married sons, Thomas, William, and Walter were not happy here so they took their families and returned to Utah. When they left, their father became very discouraged. He needed their help. He did not like the climate either, so he decided to return to Utah. He sold all of his sheep for a dollar and a half per head to A. J. Stanger, George Steele, Charlie Dayton and Frank Haskins. This was the beginning of the Iona Sheep Company. He also sold his farms at a great loss. These adverse circumstances left him practically financially ruined. He and his family returned to Utah in the fall of 1897, going to Richfield, Utah to live. Sometime later he suffered a sun stroke and was in very poor health. He had daughters living in Idaho, who had married and stayed in Iona, so in 1902 he moved back to Iona to be near them. He thought that his health might improve with the change, but it did not. He died December 6, 1904 at Iona, Idaho.

He was a good man. He held the office of Seventy in the church. Kind and good to the poor and needy, trusting his fellow men, giving them financial aid as long as he had anything to give. To his family, he was an excellent provider, loyal to the church and its teachings. He left Eliza in the prime of her life to carry on the responsibility of raising their family. This she did, living the remainder of her life in Iona.

Eliza was always active in the church, and took pleasure in doing her duty where ever she was called. She held the position of instructor in the Religion Class when it was organized in Iona in 1897. She served as President of the Primary, worked in the Relief Society and was a member of the choir. She went among the sick, giving of her time and experience wherever needed. She had many of her own medicines and home remedies made from herbs that people came from near and far to get for their use.

One of her characteristics was the pride she took in setting her table. The best she had was not too good. A spotless table cloth was important. Being an excellent cook, to sit at her attractive table set with good food, was a pleasure enjoyed by her family and anyone that partook of her hospitality. She was a fine seamstress, and did a great deal of sewing. Neat and tidy in her personal appearance, always presentable any time of the day. She lived quietly and independently, caring for her home and herself. As she grew older, and it was not wise to be alone, she spent most of her winters with her daughter, Alice.

'Twas a sturdy cabin, with a good board floor,
That they'd used for dances a few times before.
Some homemade benches would do for the seating,
And the sage around the place could be used for heating.

Eighteen eighty-six, late in the fall,
Eleven youngsters large and small,
For miles around heard the cheerful knell,
Of the Iona district's first school bell.

The old bell is silent, the schoolhouse is gone,
The homemade seats with the names carved upon,
Have vanished from sight as old things do
In the march of time to make place for the new

If the school roll were called, most could not answer "Here"
For they and the teacher are in some other sphere,
And whenever they meet if it's not 'gainst the rule.
They'll discuss those old days, and Iona's old school

- By Fanny Gudmansen Brunt
Frank and Mary Herbert
By Mary L. Hansen

George Franklin Herbert was born May 2, 1860 at American Fork, Utah. His wife, Mary Ellen Herbert, was born March 26, 1858 in American Fork, Utah. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1872.

Like all young couples of that day, they were much interested in the development of new countries, especially in Idaho. Some of their friends had moved to the then open spaces of the Snake River Valley, and had located in what was called Iona.

There was plenty of land to be had, so they came to Iona in 1888. They homesteaded the piece of land west of the townsite. Their first home, as other homes were made of logs, later adding a couple of frame rooms. After the family was grown, Frank Herbert built a lovely brick home. It is now owned by A. W. Schwieder.

His brother Jabez Herbert, took up some land and built a nice brick home. His home was a half a mile directly west of Frank's.

Ten children were born to Frank and Mary Herbert, five of them still live. They are Ruth, Irene, Mary (Mame), Lucile and Elmer.

As part of Mr. Herbert's farming, he planted a wind break of trees a quarter of a mile long. They were black willows and poplars. This was a great protection to the cattle he raised and the few sheep he kept. Also his home.

Later he decided that Iona needed a recreation hall. The only building that was usable for dances was the old Rock School House. Iona had become too large to enjoy such a small place. This new building was very modern. It was about 180 feet long and 100 feet wide. At the south end, was a large stage, with dressing rooms provided. The main floor was used for dancing and at the north an entry was provided, where coats, hats and overshoes could be hung. There was also a hot dog stand and a candy and soda pop counter.

Mr. Herbert managed this combination theatre building and dance hall. When he felt too old to take care of it any longer, he sold it to Hans L. and Charles W. Hansen and John Rushton. The building being so nicely situated among the trees, was a lovely place to hold celebrations, dances and theatres. Many of the best traveling troupes of that day came to Iona. And people for 20 miles around, attended these very good plays.

In 1905 the hall burned down. The small insurance was turned over to the community and when the new church was built, it was used in building, or helping, the present recreation hall.

Mary Herbert was a very active and energetic woman. Both in the home and public service. Her problems in homemaking were the same as the other women who were pioneers of Iona and other settlements through this great valley.

The job of dressing the children was a large one, no ready-to-wear clothes could be bought this side of Salt Lake. Most of the children's clothes, both boys and girls, were made by hand, with a needle, or on a sewing machine. Sister Herbert's girls were always very well dressed.

Their clothes had style to them that was not often seen in home sewing.

When she was called to be President of the Relief Society, she was well prepared to take over the job of president. She served as president for several years, then her health began to fail and she was released. Her life was full, not only with church duties but also with music.

Her family had a very marvelous gift, that of music, both singing and instrumental. In fact they were the "backbone" of the operettas, musical comedys and other musical attractions that were so popular as entertainment. Frank Herbert and his brother, was the first dance orchestra in Iona.

John played the violin and Frank the dulcimer. It was a string instrument which sounded similar to a guitar. It was wonderful to dance to, and young people from other towns came here to dance.

This family, among the many others whose stories have been told, helped to build our valley as it is known today.
My father, Francis D. Horman was born October 6, 1855, at St. Heliers, Jersey. A small island off from France and owned by England at that time.

Francis was the son of Charles Horman Jr. and Margaret De La Haye, who were the parents of 11 children.

His parents were early converts to the L.D.S. Church. Francis was baptized in the Atlantic Ocean.

He was 12 years old when the family sailed for America, June, 1868. He walked most of the way while crossing the plains. What little chance he had to ride, he rode the cross bar of the wagon.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, September, 1868, they were assigned to make a new home in Tooele, Utah, a new district for pioneers. They lived in a one-room log cabin with a fire place where the cooking was done.

The Horman family helped harvest potatoes, getting a share in pay, which was every seventh bushel. Sugar beets were scraped and boiled down into making molasses which took the place of sugar.

Francis tended the garden, raising tomatoes, some of the first grown in this country. His father brought the seed from the Isle of Jersey, where tomatoes were also called "love apples."

Francis played the accordion for dancing and called for the square dance. President Heber J. Grant was then living in Tooele, for he was president of the stake. He danced at those entertainments. Francis was acquainted with many of the early apostles of the church, and heard all the presidents of the church speak and bare their testimonies except the Prophet Joseph Smith.

At the age of 30, Francis married Thecla, a kind, sweet tempered young girl with dark hair and brown eyes. She was the daughter of Carl Eric Lindholm and Johanna Nilsson who were pioneers of 1861, and also residents of Tooele. Thecla was born January 29, 1868. They were married November 17, 1886 in the Logan L.D.S Temple.

They owned a farm at Tooele, Utah but became discouraged at the time of drought and grasshoppers. Several of their friends moved to Idaho, a new country in the Snake River Valley. A place of great opportunities and possibilities. So father went and looked over the new country and arranged a trade with Teddy Jones for his farm of 40 acres, which was a mile and a half west of the Iona townsite down by Little Sand Creek, which looked like a river was running through the farm, compared to the little streams in Tooele.

Here they would have good fishing. The big canals were what made this country such an enticement.

When my parents made the move in September 1902, they left buried in Tooele three baby boys, Francis, Albert, and Charles and brought with them five children, Clara, 13; Lula, 9; Maud, 7; Ross, 4; Johanna (Josie ), 16 months; and Grandma Lindholm who was a widow. She sold her home and came with them where she lived until her death in 1909. Four more children were born at Iona, Idaho. Martha, 1903; Phyllis, 1906; Merrill, 1908; and LeRoy, 1912.

Father was an agent for the Beneficial Life Insurance Co. for a while. He was interested in seeing the place grow and develop. He bought stock in both the Iona Mercantile Co. and Rushton Brother's Store. He accompanied Brother Heber C. Austin who later became president of the stake, Bingham Stake at that time. Together they contacted the farmers to get them interested in raising sugar beets. Father had grown them in Tooele and he knew that they would do for this country.

Father attended the laying of the corner stone for the Lincoln Sugar Factory. It was a great satisfaction to him when it was erected in 1903, and to know that he had a hand in converting people to the industry. He raised one of the first patches of sugar beets in this Snake River Valley. Frank Winder was his hired man.

Father did a perfect job of butchering and dressing out beef and pork. Together, father and mother tended the pork, cutting up and rendering the fat. Salting and smoking the side pork, hams, and shoulders in a smoke tent. Mother made lots of sausage, and they traded some to the stores in Iona. Every bit of waste fat was used to make soap. They made use of "everything but the squeal," said "Papa"
with a little chuckle. (He had the habit of expressing anything amusing to himself or others, of giving a jolly little laugh.)

Mother took care of the milk and cream, for on the farm they had many cows. She was very good at butter making, and they'd trade between 20 to 30 pounds a week at the stores. People would ask for "Mrs. F. D. Horman's butter".

They were prosperous farmers and were out of debt. Jeff Brothers Lumber Yard in Iona was for sale and father wanted to go into business, so he sold the farm, putting his savings into that business and a house and lot on the northwest corner of Iona townsite.

This move was made in 1908. On this place was a well and hand pump, owned by neighbors who carried water. Father was president for the owners. The pump froze up in winter so water from the canal would be hauled in a barrel and drawn by a horse hitched to a slip, a flat sled affair. Neighbors did likewise. Sometimes children would pull a sled with a boiler of water, unless a pet dog did the pulling.

One of the first things father had done, was a lawn and shade trees planted. Bishop Rockwood raised young trees, supplying anyone who desired them. The reason for the many trees in Iona.

In the years 1908 and 1909 it was a hard time, especially for mother. A baby was born in June. In September, Phyllis, who was just two years old, died, and April 6, Grandma Lindholm died. Dr. Bridges pronounced the sickness Phyllis had, membrainous croup, which he said was contagious. The law would not permit her body sent to Tooele for burial. Mother was sorrowful to see her loved one placed in such a desolate looking place as the Iona Cemetery was with tall sagebrush everywhere and to know, Tooele Cemetery was a well-cared for place. Father had been sexton, and did plantings there.

About 1909, father got his brother Tom to come from Salt Lake City and be partners with him in the lumber yard business, which took on the name of Horman Bros. Lumber Yard. Uncle Tom did not stay long, and moved his family back to Utah. Then father's business was known as "Iona Coal and Lumber Yard." It was located where R. W. Mickelsen's live. The brick room was father's office.

He held the office of Justice of the Peace for several years. He married a few couples and tried a case or two for disturbing the peace of Iona. He also held the office of Notary Public.

Father and mother were always willing to help others in times of sickness or sorrow. Father sometimes helping to lay out one who had passed away, changing cold cloths and putting a coin on each eye lid. He sat up with Bishop Rockwood at the time of his death March, 1914.

Father held the office of High Priest in the church and was a ward teacher. He did what was asked of him in the church for he had a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. How he did love to read church history. He was a speaker at sacrament meeting a few times.

When electricity came father surprised mother with a new electric washer, one of the first in Iona.

Housecleaning time was a busy time. Father helped mother stretch the carpet over the new straw, which had been generously spread over the floor. He would tack, beginning at the top, then pull and put in large nails temporarily to hold in place, while tacking along the sides, then stretch more using the same nails again until the job was completed. Ticks for the beds were emptied, washed and dried, then refilled with new straw from a friend's stack. How inviting the beds looked. What fun to climb into bed, and how soft and comfortable.

When the railroad came through Iona, the Boise Payette Lumber Co. installed a lumber yard near the tracks. This business coming into this small community, forced father out of business, so he sold to them about 1915.

My parents still owned cows, horses, machinery, and where the Iona Service Station stands and the ground north for a distance of a block, where beets or potatoes were raised. I suppose the reason was to provide work for their growing girls and boys.

Soon after selling the lumber yard, father put his savings into a dry farm, located four or five miles east of Ammon. Ross did a big share of the work, done with horses, and while they were trying to prosper they became discouraged because three years there was a drought and hay was $40 a ton. This condition caused my parents to loose everything except the house and lot in Iona and a few animals. This was hard to take, for father's desire had always been to have plenty to leave for his family. He was now getting old. He got work at the sugar factory during the campaigns, either sacking sugar or trash catcher for sever al years. He was also water master for the village of Iona, planning and fixing schedules for watering turns, taken from the ditches for irrigation purposes. These same schedules he worked out have been used throughout the years. Father also spent a lot of time gardening.

Mother always seemed to be able to manage and prepare wholesome meals, she was a good cook, neat seamstress, kind and patient. Her life was one of service for others. In her later years she was a Relief Society Visiting Teacher.

1930 was a sorrowful year when a son became ill from which he never recovered. This trouble aged mother considerably and at Christmas time December 23, 1931 she died of pneumonia.

After mother died, father kept busy gardening, writing in his book of remembrance and making pieces of furniture. He made writing desks for his grandchildren, and a chest of drawers for our family, using a bedstead we gave him for the purpose, when he was 81 years of age.

After his sons married, father lived part time with his daughter, Maud Jacob Goodson, at Ammon and with us, Clifford Scoresby, for two years. Sorrow again struck when his youngest son, Leroy, died at the age of 24 years.

In father's later years he declined associating very much with friends because he was so hard of hearing, after mother died he had no desire to live. He longed for his own home and spent some time there caring for himself when he took sick, and then went to his daughter, Martha Lingren's home.

He was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital at Idaho Falls, March 16, 1940, where he passed away the following day with pneumonia, leaving two sons, five daughters, 38 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. His posterity at the date of this writing numbers 150 souls. February 27, 1956.
Albert Gustaf Jeppson was born in Brigham City, Boxelder County, Utah, to Jeppa Jeppson and Mar Gunnell Hansen Jeppson, December 27, 1868. He was one of a family of eight boys and two girls. His father was a polygamist, and there were 12 boys and two Albert and Mary Jeppson girls in the second family. He grew up there and was educated in the Schools in Brigham City. He worked with his father and brothers and half-brothers on a farm west of Brigham.

He was ordained a deacon in 1884, by D. P. Bott. He was ordained an Elder, January 7, 1893, by Rudger Clawson.

When he grew to manhood, he worked for a sheep company, and spent much time in Montana and Wyoming. He also learned the tomb stone business and worked at that trade for several years.

He married Mary Adeline Thompson, January 3, 1894, in the Logan L D.S. Temple.

Mary Adeline Thompson was born in Brigham City, Utah, April 23, 1876 to Silas Franklin Thompson and Mary Caroline Palmer Thompson. They had four daughters, of which Mrs. Jeppson was the eldest, and three sons, one older and two younger. They were a happy family and had many good times together.

She was educated in the schools in Brigham City and took a dress making course, she was an excellent seamstress, which was great help to herself and her family.

After they were married, they built a four-room brick home on North Main Street, where they lived until they moved to Idaho. Three children were born in Brigham City, Mary Ivaloo, Albert Allen and Doras Silas, who was just six weeks old when they moved to Iona. Idaho, December, 1900.

Mr. Jeppson moved their household furniture and belongings in a wagon, which took about two weeks, and located in the Iona ward. He secured a small two roomed house two blocks east of the Iona Mercantile Store. Mrs. Jeppson and three children came on the train and arrived December 24, Christmas Eve, very
A Branch Primary was organized July 7, 1908, known as the Ritchie Primary. (The Sunday School was also named the Ritchie S.S.) Emma L. Earl was chosen president, Mary A. Jeppson, first counselor and Hannah Tracy, second counselor. When Mrs. Earl was released May 29, 1909, Emma Naomi Ritchie was made president. Hattie A. Ritchie and Mary A. Jeppson were sustained her counselors.

During their administration, they took second prize for their float at the Bonneville Round-up and many other prizes on small articles entered. They sold dinners one day during the fair, in the old court house, (which is now the liquor store) and cleared $110 for their treasury.

October 5, 1924, she was made president, with Lydia Jenkins and Della Cooper as counselors. She held this position until the Primary was discontinued May 23, 1936, when the schools were consolidated.

She was a faithful and diligent worker, and loved children very much, and they loved her. She was an expert story-teller and could hold even the roudy boys spell-bound.

She also taught a Sunday School class during the time the Sunday School was operating.

When a cyclone struck her home in the summer of 1948, she was injured quite badly, when three large trees were blown over and one falling on the porch, crushing it to the ground. She was caught on the porch and was pulled out of the debris and rushed to the hospital, where she remained for four weeks.

It was her former primary boys who rushed to her aid, and it twenty-four hours the trees were cut off and hauled away, and the yard cleaned up and repairs made, as much as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeppson were sociable and friendly, and made many friends of grown-ups and children alike. Their children's friends were always made welcome, and were often entertained in their home. They were the parents of 10 children. Eight boys and two girls. Ivaloo, Allen, Doras, twins, Milton and a baby boy who died at birth, Clyde, a baby boy who died at birth, Harvey, another pair of twins, Lowell and Lois. Lois passed away, September 16, 1917 at the age of 20 months.

When Mrs. Jeppson's youngest sister Emma Hammer, died, she left a baby boy, which she took and reared to manhood. Devon Franklin Hammer. This baby was loved by the entire family and was made a welcome member of the family. She also took care of two other members of her sister's family of five, much of the time until they were married.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeppson were faithful Latter-day Saints all of their lives and had a strong testimony of the gospel. They were proud of their family, three of which filled missions, Ivaloo to the Eastern States, Clyde to the Spanish-American, and Devon to the North Central States. Doras served as a Marine in World War I, and was awarded the Croix de Goir for distinguished service.

Mr. Jeppson passed away December 14, 1947.

Mrs. Jeppson is 79 years old and is living with her son Harvey, at Woods Cross, Utah, at the present time, but she loves to come back to her old home,
which she loves so much. She says: "There are over 50 years of memories in this home, and they are all dear to me."

Thomas W. and Martha Louisa Bowen Lee
By Mary L. Hansen

Thomas W. Lee was born March 29, 1853, second child of Thomas and Harriett Lee in Tooele, Utah. First white boy among the early settlers of Tooele. As a young man he was active in civic and musical affairs. Civic offices held in Tooele City are: City Assessor and Collector, deputy city marshal, alderman in city council, Justice of the Peace in Tooele, Precinct Notary and county attorney. Another part time job was that of teaching school.

In the early days, school days were limited. No funds were available from the Territory of Utah. A few months of each year, the children's education was paid for by parents, with such as garden stuff, tanned leathers, and linsy fur children's clothing.

Father loved music and as a young man was elected Bugle to the Cavalry Co. of Tooele County Militia fife and drum band. They as a group, were called upon to meet the President of the church or other officials at the point of the mountain, riding on each side of the wagons or buggies until they were safe in Tooele.

Father was married to Martha Louisa Bowen in the Endowment House, September 21, 1874. To this union were born ten children. Thomas B., Lewis A., Mary A., Arthur W., Blanche U., Eugene, Ernest, Alice Ortella, Franklin B and Wilford D. Three children died in infancy. Thomas, the eldest died in Camp Kearney, California, during World War I, 1918 on May 12.

Father’s church activities also began at an early age. He was counselor to Bishop Tuttle of Tooele Ward in 1877, at the age of 24. He was chosen first counselor to Bishop Aitken October 31, 1880. When Heber J. Grant was sent from Salt Lake to preside over the Tooele Stake he chose Hugh S. Gowans as first counselor and Thomas W. Lee second counselor on January 30, 1881.

In 1882 President Grant was called back to Salt Lake and H. S. Gowans was chosen president of Tooele Stake with Thomas W. Lee as counselor. Father was a very strict church member, and as such, was called to many positions of trust.
He always fulfilled his assignments 100 per cent. He was of Pioneer stock and as such, his wandering from place to place was natural. The year 1879 found him in the barren Snake River valley, helping to build the first railroad bridge over the Snake River in then Eagle Rock, later named Idaho Falls. Father learned to use his hands to build and in 1888 he and family moved to Salt Lake City where he worked on the Salt Lake Temple. Very few carpenters could work on the swing scaffold, so father volunteered to do just that. The year 1899, another move was made. The family moved to Star Valley, Wyoming. Father had homesteaded 160 acres of land in the lower valley and was sure he could make a fortune raising cattle and sheep. A man has to make a living for his family so he again qualified as teacher in the grade school. His pupils ranged in age from 25 years to six years. A pupil who could read well was soon ready for the finish of grammar school as it was called then.

In the meantime his cattle and sheep suffered because of lack of care, in the very cold winters of that time. Each year founded the Lee family with more children to care for and less money as the cattle and sheep had to be sold to pay debts.

The spring of 1896 came, and we needed food, so father sent for mother to come from Freedom, Wyoming to lona to buy the winter provisions. This was a two and a half day trip by wagon. When she arrived and found so many friendly people, she decided not to return to Wyoming. She had never liked her life there, and her health wasn’t good. With some persuasion, father consented to remain in lona. On October 15, 1896, we brought a wagon load of furniture, clothing and dishes and took up residence in lona.

Part of our furniture, the organ, which all loved, and several other articles were left in the house in Star Valley. Our first home was a milk cellar 12 x 14, belonging to C. J. (Kid Owens). It was four feet in the earth, then lumber making the top half of the building, one small basement window, and one door. There were no houses for rent. Father made bunk beds for us eight in the family. A table set on saw horses, which could be moved outside after meals, and two benches and a couple of boxes which served as chairs. A stove and an old fashioned wooden washer, which was also used as a cradle for the baby, furnished our home.

In the spring of 1897, we moved to a two room log house, a block west of the big new rock store, which was being built, and Father, doing carpentry work on it. For his pay on that job, he took the old store and a city lot valued at $35.00.

The winter of 1899 the store was moved to the hill-side east of the town-site, rebuilt and a comfortable four room house was completed.

1918-19. the frame house was replaced by an all cement bungalow type home and the old frame house was torn down.

Father was called into the High Council by President James E. Steele. This position he filled for many years.

On August 14, 1914 at Quarterly Conference. Father was called to be Patriarch of the Bingham Stake, which he held till his death, at the age of 84 - April 1937.

While helping George P. Ward plant some 600 prune trees, fifty or more apples and a few peach trees, Father decided their spot of ground would be ideal for an orchard. He set to work planting apples, prunes, plums, cherries and peaches. Of the smaller fruits he planted blackberries, raspberries, black and red English currants, strawberries of three varieties and in the early 1900’s he set out a plot of ground in grapes.

It had been said none of these fruits would bear, but this was a successful venture. The trees and bushes and grape vines were in fine production until his death in 1937.

Father was also the first man in this valley to produce honey in large amounts. He installed the finest equipment with which to produce and extract honey. This he sold in five gallon tin cans. One can would last the average family one year. He specialized in small frames of comb honey which was very delicious. The bees-wax was melted and shipped to Denver.

He was able to organize the honey producers into a company and was its first president. It was known as the Superior Honey Co.

All through his life, father loved music. As a young man he was the bugler in the Militia.

Brother Lewis Bowen who joined the Church in Wales, came to Utah in 1864 bringing his family with him. They had formed an orchestra in the family and they were very popular in Tooele, playing for dances, church, and when need be, Brother Bowen composed music for special occasions.

Naturally, the young people gathered at the Bowen home, and because of his love for music, he was a frequent visitor. Also, the daughter of the family, Martha, became interesting to him, and after a short courtship they were married.

While in Star Valley, father conducted the singing in the Sunday School meetings, etc. and also played for dances. My brother, Tom, helped him at dances. There wasn’t any organ in the meeting – school building - so Father would load his organ into a buggy or sleigh, drive to the dance, unload the organ, and the orchestra was ready. Father played the piccolo and Tom the organ. I believe the wage was $1.50 for an evening, them furnishing the organ and piccolo.

In lona, Father took part in all musical gatherings. He also was Ward and Sunday School chorister for many years, and sang bass in the choir for about 40 years.
Martha Louisa Bowen Lee

Martha was born February 2, 1856 in New South Wales. At the age of six she, with her parents, Lewis and Mary Bowen, and brothers, John Benjamin, Thomas, Ebenizer, and Brigham left their small but happy home to go to a new land to be, partakers of the blessings to be received in the new religion they had accepted.

The oldest son David had emigrated a couple of years before crossing the plains with a hand cart company. They were six weeks aboard ship having had many new and unusual experiences. When they arrived in New York, they were without money to go west, so Grandfather Bowen and his sons worked very hard to earn enough money to pay for the families trek west.

Mother walked most of the way across the plains only when her father would carry her on his shoulders. He being a slender man, the extra burden of a seven year old girl soon made the traveling slow.

Martha's mother’s health was 90 poor that she was compelled to ride most of the way. The Civil War was being fought in 1864, but the Bowen family finally arrived in Salt Lake City at last in 1864. Because of the need of a good musician and teacher, Brother Bowen and family were invited to go to Tooele which they did.

Mother being the only girl, and her mother being in poor health, she spent most of her time with her mother. Sewing seemed one of the most pleasant things she learned to do, and as a young woman was apprentice to a professional seamstress.

She took part in all the church activities of her day and was one of the first officers chosen for the retrenchment association. A President and six counselors were selected for the new church organization.

A new name was given to the organization which was Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association.

Martha's father and brothers had formed an orchestra in their home, and as soon as she was old enough, learned to play the organ as accompanist for the group.

At the age of eighteen she married Thomas W. Lee, September 21, 1874 in the Endowment House.

To their union were born ten children. Three drying when very young, then in 1918, the oldest son Thoma B. died at Camp Kearney, California.

Grandmother Bowen died when Martha was 22, just three months before her first child was born. Martha mourned for her mother very deeply, because of the very close association of mother and daughter. The duties of motherhood kept Mother in a run down condition. When I, her first daughter, was born, she lay in bed, very ill for six months, and was at death's door several times.

Mother gave up her work in her father's orchestra, devoting her entire time to her home and sewing.

The move to Salt Lake, then to Star Valley, was very discouraging to her. She was afraid of water, dugway roads, of which there were many to travel, Indians and being alone on a 1600 acre ranch.

I have shared many hard days with her, especially when we were what was called, "snowed in." Near Christmas one winter, my little brother, Eugene, became ill in the morning, and was dead by 5 p.m. He was buried in four feet of snow, alongside a tiny premature boy named Earnest.

It took Mother a long while to recover from the death of these two children. Life in Star Valley was a real tragedy to her. We lived there six and a half years, and then moved to Iona.

Mother was active in the church in Wyoming. For a year or so she was the choir leader in the ward. At that time, women were not usually chosen as choir leaders. She helped make scenery for M.I.A. plays and costumes too. There were numbers of home plays presented, that being the only entertainment except dancing.

As soon as our family settled in Iona, Mother again became busy, both in church and sewing.

Mother as Secretary in the Relief Society for six years, First Counselor to Sarah Barlow in the Y.L.M.I.A., and at the same time she acted as an aid in the Stake Y.L.M.I.A. board. Between helping make costumes for plays, making dresses for girls and household duties, she was a very busy woman.

A year after moving to Iona, her eldest son Tom, was called on a mission to the Southwestern States. This was the highlight of her life so far. Later her sons Lewis Albert (Bert), and Wilford filled honorable missions.

In the spring of 1898 her tenth child was born. Again she was in poor health for a couple of years.

At the age of 50, she began a new career. That of a practical nurse. In those days the nurse was called to assist the mid-wife with the birth of a new baby. After the baby arrived, the mother safe and happy, the nurse took over as mother. A wash woman or girl came into the home did at least one family wash. The nurse did the cooking, ironing, chores, putting up fruit, mixing bread, making butter, mending and any other little jobs which needed doing. The pay for the ten days was $15 00.

Mother was very popular as she was so particular in her housekeeping as well as caring for mother and child. Her last job of nursing was about six months before her death, at the age of 70.

Mother also took up the art of embroidery at the age of 65. A lady from Salt Lake City moved to Iona and introduced the new art in handwork.

Mother did her own crochet work, making trimming for all the curtains for her new home built in 1918. She also knitted sox and stockings for the family besides caring for the small fruit garden, which bore heavily upon her. Mother never quite recovered from the death of her eldest son, whom she was so very fond of. His music, reverence for his mother and his home.

Like her mother, she died of cancer.

May I add these few lines to further Mother's memory:
Her days are filled with many simple chores,
Small tasks that merge, unnoticed in the sum
Of all it takes to build a home indoors.
And shield her family when night is come.  
The world will never glorify her name  
Nor even note her day is very full.  
No accolade will grant her sudden fame  
For homely tasks so humble and so dull.  
And yet her busy mother hands have wrought  
With gentle kindness and with loving care  
A greatness she has never dreamed nor sought,  
A truer greatness than the vain would dare.  
Her hands are willing servants of her heart;  
Her tool is love; hers is the better part.

The Old Time Cake Maker  
By Rose W. Scoresby

She made fluffy batter, when the oven got just so,  
She found a seat for every kid and parked us in a row,  
Then preached a little ditty, what would happen if we'd stir  
I don't believe old pussy even dared to make a purr.  
After just so many minutes she would tip toe for a peek  
With a gesture of her finger gave a signal not to speak.  
If we talked the cake would toughen, if we walked it sure would fall  
And a jump would be disaster, that is all that I recall.  
Some times I guess we whispered or moved our little toe,  
We did something that disturbed the cake and made it not quite so;  
Her misfortune deemed us pleasure, and I declare it was no fake,  
We exulted in her mishap for we always got the cake.
Ephriam Berry Ball and his family
By The Family

Ephriam Berry Ball was born January 12, 1876 in Wilkes County, North Carolina. The family left Wilkes County in 1886 with the exception of John, Berry, and Arthur, who were left behind until their father was able to send them enough money to join the rest of the family. Since Berry was only 10 at this time he had learned to be independent. They went by wagons to Hickory, North Carolina then by train to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where tickets were purchased for the rest of the journey on big immigrant trains especially prepared by the church. This group was under the direction of President Morgan. It took the saints five days to reach their destination, Manasseh, Rose Valley, Colorado. The fathers work consisted of a little building, making railroad ties, and grubbing sage brush for Mexicans and a man named Green.

The first fall after arriving in Colorado, Berry’s mother contacted typhoid fever and the last of November she died and was buried in Manasseh.

In 1888 the family emigrated to Kaysville, Utah where Berry's father helped stack grain and worked on the railroad. The wage scale was $3.00-$4.00 a day, but five years later it had dropped to $1.00 a day. In Kaysville, Berry became acquainted with the Evans brothers who had five or six bands of sheep. After working for them for two years he was made foreman and held this position for seven years.

In 1895 Berry, John, Arthur and their father decided to move to the Snake River Valley in Idaho but were discouraged by two or three men from Kaysville who had been there and said it wasn’t worth going to and that they wouldn't have the whole country if it was given to them. They decided to move to Marsh Valley, now known as Malad, Idaho, where they got a quarter section of dry farm land. Berry continued his employment along the line of herding sheep for the Evans Brothers. His total years of employment for these people was nine years. In 1889 the Evans Brothers helped Barry buy a farm at Blackfoot where he lived for about four or five years.

On January 21, 1903, he married Laura Elizabeth Hatch, who was born April 5, 1886. Their children were Chancey, May, Gladys, Elmer, Cecil, LaVerl, Alton, and Martha.

Because of the drought at Blackfoot, Berry sold out and bought 40 acres at Beaches Corner near Idaho Falls, Idaho and built the home which he lived in for 42 years. In later years rented the adjoining 40 acres which was owned by the Nortons and later by John Haynes. It was on the Nortons 40 acres that the first L.D.S. meeting in this area was held.

Laura was rather quiet and medium built and whenever possible would help Berry outside. On February 27, 1920 Laura died of pneumonia leaving Berry with the responsibility of being both father and mother for his seven children the youngest only 14 months.

Edward Hatch and Berry were partners of a 160 acre farm at Crains Flat, Bingham County. They cut wild hay from the meadow land for their cattle and leased additional range land. While Ed was riding the range, D. B. "Dale" Hatch, Grandma Hatch, Berry and his children came to visit him at the log house located at the farm near the pole bridge in Bingham County. The children were given the available bread and Dell Hatch made biscuits for the grownups. Ed returned to eat with his friends and when he bit into the biscuit sensed a peculiar, rather bitter taste and asked where they had gotten the flour for the biscuits. When they told him Ed said that it had been mixed with strychnine to poison ground squirrels. Berry and the other men were quickly affected by the strychnine making them deathly sick. Everyone was excited. "What should they do?" They thought, of driving to the valley but Berry told them they would dead before they could get there. Grandma Hatch started cooking bacon and additional lard was melted and only by liberal swallowing of this lard and raw eggs did it counteract the effect of the poison and made possible a very narrow escape from death.

He married Elizabeth Mary Green Egbert February 4, 1924. She was born August 8, 1901 at Grace, Idaho. Their children were: Mark, Ruth, Ephraim George, Laura, Irene, and Arthur. Elizabeth had one child, Don, by her former marriage. Berry accepted, helped raise, and treated Don as his own child. Elizabeth had a great deal of courage and desire to help as she accepted the vast amount of work and responsibility as she moved into this home of seven children. Berry has the following descendants: 15 children, 43 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

At one time he was a road overseer and watermaster.

He had an honest heart, freely gave to the church and had a wonderful desire to help his neighbors. He found enjoyment in the service of his fellowman whether they called him day or night. On one occasion during the spring the entire family of Chancey Earl was sick with typhoid fever. Berry and Al Stanger were very busy helping and realizing the amount of work to be done. Berry knelt and prayed for help to accomplish the task. He gathered all the men he could get to plant the crops for Mr. Earl, and Berry's wife cooked dinners for everyone.

Berry and his family moved to Idaho Falls in 1945. He was employed by the Old Faithful Beverage Company at the time of his death, November 13, 1948. He was 72 years of age.
Alma Eric Lindholm was born in Tooele, Utah. April 26, 1875, his wife Agnes Smith was born at Tooele, Utah, January 28, 1882. They were married October 12, 1899, in the Salt Lake Temple, September 10, 1900. They had a baby boy born named him Alma Grant in 1901. They moved to Idaho on a 40-acre farm they bought from Clint Crowley, 1 and one-half miles north of Iona. The house Alma and Agnes Lindholm has two small rooms, boards up and down bating on to keep wind out. We lined it with factory paper and papered it, but it was still cold. We could not get near all of our things in the house so had to pile things in the attic. The place and country looked like wilderness, but we were young and wanted to make a home. December 26, we had a baby girl born, Mrs. Rosanna Denning took care of me. The only people we had ever seen before were the T. W. Lee family. They were a blessing to us that winter, as we were sick all winter. We almost lost our baby, Vella. She grew up and married Gradie Evans.

We saw the country grow. When they wanted to build a sugar factory at Lincoln, they rented farms all around us, and brought men from Utah to raise sugar beets. We boarded these men all summer, also boarded the men while they built the electric line from Idaho Falls to Rigby.

We worked and were anxious to make a home. Alma got to be a good farmer, as it was all new to him when we first came to Idaho. We had ups and downs and hardships and disappointments of pioneer life, but tried to do our duty in church and community. We helped build the Iona church that later burned down, helped with the lovely brick church that is a credit to the community.

I could sew and always helped where there was sickness or death, I was never too busy to help a neighbor.

Four months before our third child, Edna Mae was born (now Mrs. Royal Porter) our house burned to the ground. We lost everything but the carpet rags. It burned November 6, 1903. Two days after there came 18 inches of snow. We were living in two sheep camps some friends from Tooele had left there for the winter. I sat up nights and sewed clothes and knit stocking all around. My brother, Ross Smith, was with us, and helped Alma build a log house. With logs we had to build a chicken coop. With the help of T. W. Lee they built two log rooms. We
had an old coal stove, boxes for table, chairs and cupboard, an old cot for a bed, but were so thankful to be alive and have our children saved. I tore up the carpet rags and cooked a dinner Mrs. Peter Frandsen invited some women and we got the rags sewed, and a carpet woven for the bed room. We had a nice bunch of chickens. We dressed and sold and bought a bed and dresser.

Years went on, we had three more boys, Elmer, Franklin, and Ross. We were proud of our family. When Ross was two years old Alma got a call to go on a mission. He thought it was impossible to leave me with six children and all that work. By this time we had bought another 40 acres of land and homesteaded a dry farm. He couldn't see how he could go, but I encouraged him and said with the children we could manage, and so we did. We milked cows, sold butter and eggs, etc., and managed the farm. Alma left Salt Lake City for his mission the night before Thanksgiving. I came home that day pretty lonely. He spent his mission in Winnipeg, Canada. He got an honorable release and returned home in June, 1916. The 4th of August we took the boys on a little trip to Star Valley fishing. Grant was drowned. Oh such a shock. Alma had not learned to drive the car, so I had to drive the car, and bring my blessed son's dead body home. It was more than I could bear, but the Lord held me up to get him home. He was 16 years old and such a wonderful boy.

We built a brick home on the farm, about the first modern home in Iona. Took all my children to Primary. I was a teacher, counselor to Mrs. Eckman, Emma Ritchie and President and counselor to Mrs. J.W. Telford all the time she was stake president. Joan was a baby then.

Two more children were born. Eldon Miles and Don Charles. One died when three weeks old.

Later we moved to Idaho Falls, bought the Riverside Apartments and sold the farm. We were in the apartments for 22 years. We were beginning to be where we could take life a little easier, when we had a terrible car wreck. Alma got hurt so badly that she never got over it. He suffered for six and one half years, then passed away on the 7th of March, 1947.

The apartment house was sold. The children are all married and have nice healthy families of their own. At the present time I have 26 grandchildren, 18 great grandchildren, and am still able to sew. I have been making beautiful Temple clothes. At present I am counselor in Relief Society of the Albany Branch of Willamette Stake of Oregon.

I live alone three blocks from my daughter, Joan (Mrs. Ralph Lee).

Wm. D. Metcalf - Eliza Hancey Metcalf
By Mrs. J.L. Seedall

Among the early settlers of this region was William D. Metcalf and his good wife, Eliza Hancey, a native of Hyde Park, Utah, and a daughter of James and Rachel (Simmons) Hancey, English emigrants to Utah where they might have the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, without fear or molestation. Settling in Cache Valley they became honored and highly respected citizens of the community.

William, or 'Bill' as he was affectionately known, was born at Brigham City, Utah, on February 27, 1860. His entire life was spent in the west. His Father, Anthony and his mother, Mary Reeder, were both from England. In 1847, Anthony Reeder and his wife emigrated from England, crossing the Atlantic to New York where they remained until 1849, then forming the long hazardous crossing across the plains to Utah, and Salt Lake City, then to Brigham City, residing there for six years, then to Hyde Park where they became one of the first families to settle. This was in 1860.

After the marriage of Bill and Eliza they lived in Utah for about six years, (two of these years at Battle Creek in southern Idaho.) In 1886 they came to the Iona area, homesteading a farm of 160 acres eight miles northeast of Idaho Falls. Later adding eighty acres to the original homestead. The farm was now 240 acres. Mr. Metcalf raised horses, cattle and sheep and improved his property to a high state of fertility.

Mr. Metcalf was a public spirited man, a Democrat by political belief and was elected to the state legislature, giving two terms of faithful service to his constituents and the general public (1899). He had an excellent education and his advice was much sought and appreciated by his neighbors and friends. He was interested and worked for the education and development of the young people. He was one of the first trustees of the Crowley school, which replaced Hard Scrabble, the other two trustees being W.H. Price and Benjamin Ritchie. He was progressive and energetic in laying out and construction of roads he took an active part to the benefit of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf have had ten children. Reathy, Maggie, Millie, William, George, Clyde, Jesse, Ida, Iva and Carl. Four of these children as well as the parents have passed to the great beyond (1955).

Mr. Metcalf's grandfather was George Reeder, who lived all his life in England. His father is buried at St. John, Oneida County. Mr. Metcalf was the third child of a family of nine.

Eliza Metcalf was a home loving sweet soul, kind, possessed of a mild manner and keen mind. She trained her daughters in the ways of the home, they being wonderful wives, mothers and homemakers. She had a keen sense of humor derived no doubt from her parents, which enabled her to contribute to the living and loving of all who knew her as Aunt Eliza.
James and Sarah Ritchie Stanger
By Mrs. J. L. Seedall

James and Sarah Ritchie Stanger came to the valley and joined the other members of their families, the Stangers and Ritchies, near the turn of the century. Uncle Jim was or had been living on the Portneuf River south of Pocatello for some time before coming to Iona. He acquired a good farm south of Iona about one mile and there their children grew up. They were so friendly and hospitable, they made everyone at home immediately and folks just loved to go there.

Uncle Jim was a great sportsman as well as a good farmer and stock raiser. He caught strings of fish, in fact it was said he could catch them in a tub. Many folks were invited to their homes to those wonderful fish suppers or dinners. Aunt Sara was a charming, pleasant person, always busy and looking to the wishes of her household and family. How she loved her daughters and their accomplishments. They made their fair share of contributing to the advancement and welfare of this area. Their home burned in about 1913 and I shall never forget when Stella was a telephone operator in Idaho Falls, she heard the click that meant the telephone line had burned and her home was no more. A new one replaced the old one very shortly and it was very nice and comfortable. Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jim lived a long time to enjoy the fruits of their years together. Their children were James, Laura, Ann, Ben, Mary, Myrtle, George, Arch and Stella. One child died of acid poisoning and I can hear yet the agony in the voice of Aunt Sarah as she narrated the tragedy.

All but one of the children, Lawrence, as well as the parents, James Ritchie. Hannah Bright Ritchie and Martha Bright Ritchie have all passed to their reward. It is a wonderful wish or dream that this family knit so closely by ties of blood and devotion are enjoying each other over there as they did in this life and which they so richly deserve. We know they will cherish their memory as long as life lasts for us who remain.

James Andrew Smith and Lucy Anna Sellars
By Clara DeMott

James Andrew Smith was born March 17, 1867 the Son of Ephraim and Nancy Elizabeth Bethers Smith. Received his education in Heber City Schools. He was raised to till the soil and to manufacture what he could to help build a home.

When he was 17 years old he met Lucy Anna Sellars, who had James and Lucy Anna Smith come to Utah from Mississippi. Lucy Anna Sellars was born March 23, 1868 in Tuscaloosa, Alabama The daughter of Killis and Clara Lucy Anna Humes, she moved into Mississippi when a small child then earning to Heber City, Utah when 15 years of age.

There she met my father, James Andrew Smith. She moved with her parents to Iona locating eight miles northeast of Iona in 1884. In 1885 James Andrew Smith followed her to Idaho and they were married in Idaho Falls.

James took up a homestead on the banks of Sand Creek. He helped to build the railroad from Pocatello to Idaho Falls. He also helped to build the progressive irrigation canal and water system, and our mother stayed at home and took care of their family while her husband was away working.

In 1896 they sold this homestead, and purchased a 40 acre farm, part of a school section two miles north of Iona, paying $10.00 per acre, 20 years to pay.

There James Smith took his son, who at the time was six years old, with Charles Dayton and others went up the Snake River and rafted logs downs the river, their horses following. When they got to where their wagons were, they loaded the logs on their wagons. Chase driving one team and his father the other. They made several of these trips before they had enough lugs to complete our house.

They moved into their house before it was completed; winter was now upon them. James Smith and his good wife Annie had many hardships raising their family.

They had 11 children, one dying in infancy. In 1896 the old house was torn down and a new one built. There James and Annie reared their family.

James Smith and his wife Annie loved to dance and many times he took his violin and played the dances. One night he ran a race with his team on a sleigh going to a dance. He got overbalanced and sat down on his violin and broke it and had to borrow another one to play for the dance.
Anna Lucy Sellars Smith died June 5, 1916 and James Andrew Smith died May 21, 1925, both at Iona. This life history was written by their two daughters, Mrs. Maymie Smith Shurtliff and Mrs. Clara Smith DeMott.

Record of John Whitehead and Emily Stacy
By Kate Whitehead Olsen

John Whitehead was born August 3, 1847 at North Newton, England. He married Emily Stacy from Witts, England. The missionaries converted them to the L.D.S. Church and their friends didn't like them for joining. Then they decided to come to Salt Lake City where his sister, Louisa Scott lived. They stayed there for some time and then went to Richmond, Utah and started his shoe shop. He was a shoemaker and made many things like fancy red topped boots and harness. He was a musician and he played an organ bass violin, cornet and piano and wrote his music and taught music.

They came over the ocean and were on the ship for weeks with four children. Mother was so sick she had to stay up on deck all the way over. Father took care of the children while coming. Mother was a good cook. Her mother died when she was twelve years old and she kept house for her father and brothers. She made Christmas plum pudding and fruit cakes and when we killed a pig for winter meat she used up every bit of it, like head cheese and liver faggots and pickled pork. At last they bought cows to milk to help out.

When they came to Iona, they drove three wagons and had two riding horses to drive the cows over the hills to Iona from Bear Lake. He had a shoe shop at Ovid and at Montpelier too for some time. While he was at Ovid he was Choir Leader and played for dances every night in the week at one town or another. Several times it stormed so bad he could not see the way home. He always took the dog along to stay in the sleigh and when coming home he let the dog go ahead and he would follow.

Mother would get up at all hours of the night and go to sick people. She took them to her house for weeks and months at a time. She took care of Edna Olsen when very sick, also Ole Olsen's baby when the mother died. She kept Geneva Olsen at her home for weeks and Bruce Olsen a grandson, while his mother was operated on. She helped many at confinement times until she was called "doctor". She had many friends. When father died she was left with nine children in a large log cabin (Bought from Hans Berg with four lots). The family had to work out on farms and at Eagle Rock. Mother sold two lots at that time and a cow now and then to keep them going.

Father ordered the first organ for the Iona Ward and was to get a choir started. He took typhoid fever and died before the organ came.

We burned sage brush to keep warm and walked through the sage to school and church and everywhere we went. We had to carry water a long ways to wash for Mrs. Gudmundsen, Owens and Mulliner and Mrs. Steele. We went through creeks when there were no bridges to get to Idaho Falls and to the ZCMI store there - there was one restaurant, one hotel, one church, up by the hospital and one dance hall called the army hall.
Chris was always glad that he followed his impression to turn back home. He and his brother, Ole, made a trip to the Snake River Valley and filed on a farm and then Chris went back for his family. He arrived at Iona with a team, wagon and a few provisions and 35 cents in cash. He says he shot deer on his farm and by 1885 had cleared enough land to have one acre planted to wheat and potatoes. His wife Louise soon had the rough log cabin shaped into a clean spotless home. Her brother-in-law, Eph, said she was a born homemaker and a fine cook.

Eight happy years went by and then sorrow struck the family. In the spring of ’94, Louise gave birth to a girl and both mother and baby died, leaving Chris with a family of small children to rear. He struggled along for four years trying to be both mother and father. Then in 1898 he met and married Ingeborg Holmquist and a year later he was called to go on a mission to Norway. He sailed on the ship Penland and was 11 days in crossing. The captain had put on a big feed of ice cream and rich foods at the start and he didn't have to feed them much more on the trip because they were all seasick. After a successful mission of over two years, Chris arrived back in Iona.

In the early days Iona was beset with disease plagues. Typhoid and diphtheria took a heavy toll from time to time. One time Iona had such an epidemic of smallpox that the town was quarantined. W. C. Olsen's daughter, Amanda, was postmistress here and every day she must put the outgoing mail in a box and fumigate it. Food was brought into town by the Health Officer from Idaho Falls. After weeks of this being cooped up, W. C. and family wanted to go fishing. All the traveled roads had poles with yellow flags on top and a sign nailed to the post so he took his caravan and headed for the Big Hill.

A snow drift back of the hill almost stopped them, but finally they arrived at Willow Creek and had not passed a sign. He had just settled down to fishing when other people came and he had to leave or they would ask where he came from.

Then came the flu epidemic. I quote from an account by Geneva, his daughter: "During the 1918 flu epidemic, it seemed like most everyone had the flu. The ones who didn't have it were scared to get it, so help was very scarce. The C. W. Hansen and Edward Pearson families were all down and needed help. Joseph Young was the only one of their family that was not down so W. C. and Joseph Young formed a committee of two to take care of as many as they could. Each morning W. C. would harness the team to the buggy and Joseph would go to town for medicine and supplies. It wasn't long before the whole town knew they could send to town for what they needed. While he was gone, W. C. looked after his family, then Pearsons, then Hansens. He put mustard plasters on the feet as well as the chests of everyone, then later would go back and take them off. After administering the pills of quinine and cold capsules, he would go back and take care of the bed pans. Joseph Young brought a nurse out to the Hansens but she didn't stay long. She took one look at the situation and was ready to go back. No one would take her back the first day so she had to stay all night, but she went back the next day. That was no job for a nurse.

For six weeks, W. C. never took his shoes off to sleep. What little sleep he got was in a chair. During those days of the worst illness, I wonder what he thought...
He must have wondered if we would all make it or not. It was at this time that the word came that his son Roy had died in France.

This is a small sample of the nursing done by Ole and W. C. in the early epidemic and plagues when doctors were scarce.

In 1907 Wrol Christian went on his second mission to Norway. He had learned his lesson about seasickness. While the others ate big meals he was nibbling on dry crusts carried in his pockets. Soon he was nurse to a fine young musician and family who were terribly sick. He waited on them for days and learned that it was the John J. McClellan family and he was the tabernacle organist. For the rest of his life W. C. had a standing invitation to the home of the famous musician.

Wrol Christian Olsen had many skills like blacksmithing, farming, or fishing. He was a fair ventriloquist and violinist. His preaching was short and to the point. He was a boy’s man and if scouting had been in practice he would have been in it. He compiled the first volume of Olsen genealogy. Born March 7, 1861 and he died December 27, 1938. It would be a fitting ending if we could say that those whom he nursed flocked around to make his last illness easy. The world doesn't seem to be that way. In the latter part of his life was spent going on temple excursions instead of fishing and playing checkers.

During his life he held many positions - he was secretary of the Iona Sheep Company, the Olsen Sheep Company, Hill Side Canal Company, and the Martin Flat Dry Farm Company, Clerk of the Iona Village and school trustee for many years. He was one of the presidents of Seventy and later on the High Council. He was the first Ward Chairman of Genealogy and also served on the Genealogical Stake Board.

Ingeborg Holmquist Olsen, was born at Holmedahl, Sweden, March 23, 1868. In her childhood days, Ingeborg worked out for her board and room, as was the custom in those days. She herded cows, and did cross stitch embroidery work while watching the cows. A new pattern to embroider was highly prized. After she did house work and then went to Christiana, now Oslo, Norway, where she lived 12 years before coming to America. Here she worked in a factory sewing men’s shirts and Norwegian flags.

One of the missionaries who converted Ingeborg to the Mormon Church was Nephi Anderson, the author of “Added Upon”. She was afraid to let her people or her friends know that she was interested in the Mormon Church. She would sneak quietly up the back stairs of the place where they held their meetings and would listen through the door, and leave before the meeting was out, so that no one would know where she had been. Before sailing for America, she went back to Sweden to bid her folks goodbye, but she did not tell them she had joined the church or that she was leaving for America. She knew they would disown her if they found out and she decided it could be done by letter just as well.

She came to Iona, Idaho the summer of 1898, staying with her friend, Oletta, wife of Ole Olsen. Here she met Chris and was married to him a short time later.

She was active as a Relief Society teacher, but became more interested in Genealogy. In her later years she spent her spare time embroidering temple aprons, leaving a dozen to be donated to the Idaho Falls temple. The temple was not completed at the time of her death, August 18, 1942.
Born at Farmington, Utah April 28, 1870, his family moved to Hooper and then to Ovid, Idaho. His school teachers were C. W. McCurdy, Ben Edwards and Fred Bun. Mr. Bun had a lash and for each misspelled word, he gave one lash across the hand for each letter in the word. Ephraim became a proficient speller.

Sometimes as many as 600 Indians would come and camp at Ovid on their way to Bear Lake to fish. He saw Indian boys kill squirrels with arrows and after wrapping the squirrel in mud, roast it in hot hot coals. They would peel the baked mud off and this took off the hair. Then they ate the rest, entrails and all. The settlers feared the Indians and Mr. Carlsen would usually give them a fat beef as a good will gift.

Nick Wilson (see his history by Howard Driggs) had been reared by the Indians and he was a help to the settlers at times. But the bucks seemed to delight in scaring the women by begging for bread and other things.

The Olsens may have come to Iona because of Ward’s watermelon patch. Ovid was very cold and Iona must be in the torrid zone if they raised melons. Ole and W. C. had homesteaded some land here and it was easy for the rest of the family too follow. They came in 1890 or ’91 and Ephraim noticed one thing different here than in the old home town. The young men at dances could hold the girls around the waist and waltz. They first lived with Ole, Mary and T. E. Olsen who was a bachelor and when he went to Norway on a mission they moved in with W. C. and Sophia. This was an experience to be remembered. His mother died when he was six and this was the first real cooking and housekeeping he could remember and it was a real treat.

Thomas Longhurst helped Ephraim, Joseph and Carl hew white rocks for a home half a mile north of Iona. When it was finished he lived there and worked out for the neighbors each summer. He learned to play 2nd fiddle and played at the dances around the valley. He met and courted Mary J. Cooper and on September 25, 1895, he was married in the Logan Temple. It was a triple wedding because Joseph and Ole were being married the same day. Ephraim bought 30 acres in the northwest corner from W. C.'s homestead and built a two room log cabin a few rods north of his father's rock house. In four years he was called to go on a mission for the L.D.S. church to Kentucky. At this time B. H. Roberts was denied a seat in Congress and there was a wave of persecution in the South. At times Ephraim narrowly escaped mobbing.

After two years he returned home and became a pioneer in dry farming. The sage was plowed with a hand plow and as there were no weeds, the wheat would volunteer for several years with but one planting. While the family held down the homestead, he rented out to the Martin Flat, a corporate farm of about 2200 acres. Here he was foreman or manager for some time. Here was introduced the first tractor. It was a huge engine resembling the coal burning threshing engine. They had to import an expert from California each year to run the thing. When the Flat was divided up he farmed his 300 acre share and the 200 acres back of the second hill. In the drought and depression the 300 acres were sold. From then on Ephraim farmed the little dry farm and his irrigated farm.

Now came two world wars with their periods of prosperity and inventions. Isaac Gudmundsen had the first phonograph in Iona and Ephraim bought the second. These old fashioned phonographs with long tin horns were a boon to mothers. They would sing little ones to sleep and were good for amusement and dancing. Then came the telephone magic and in 1907 the electric light. Ephraim worried a little that these carbon lights might be too bright and ruin the eyes. Each time a new thing came out there was some little resistance and some arguments against it. When the automobile came out it was too noisy and cost a small fortune. His first car, an Overland Model 83 B, was a wonder to behold. Mary learned to drive it first and then taught the rest of the family. The first radio was so noisy it was soon discarded.

From the time of Soloman Edwards until Bert Lee, Ephraim and Mary were members of the Iona Choir. They have come down from ox teams and tallow candles to 1956 with its many conveniences. The little log cabin where they started is cove red with shiplap and is part of a two story country home: the funny old photograph has been dismantled by the grandchildren: the remains of the old iron tire wagons are in the junk pile in the trees: the radio with its squeals is replaced by a console with phonograph: the horse has been replaced by auto, truck and tractor. Now they spend much of their time with the world's latest gadget, a TV set.

He is 86 and she is near 80 years of age. They have lived a full life and are visited by the fourth generation of Olsens from time to time. September. 1955 marked their 60th wedding anniversary.

Mary Olsen chose to write her own history so we give that next.

I was born about a mile or two south of Richmond, Utah, October 1, 1875 on the north side of a hill they call Crow Mountain, at the head of a spring. You can see the green willows that run from the spring, from the highway that goes to Salt Lake.

I remember my mother telling me that sometimes an Indian would come and peek in the window and scare me. Apostle Merrill's wife was her nearest neighbor.
The first thing I remember my father built a log room in the town of Richmond. (This was after he sold his 80 acre homestead to Mr. McKerry. The log home in Richmond was later sold to John Whitehead). It caught fire while we were at the neighbors but no damage was done. We were at Oscar Popes. They came and took us home and I remember him rocking me and singing "O My Darling Nellie Gray."

While at school one day there came a hailstorm. The hailstones were almost as large as eggs. Some of the children were cut from the breaking window glass I remember my father coming home from the canyon with wood and his clothes would be frozen stiff up to his waist. He had a yoke of oxen that he kept to haul wood with.

Then I remember that my father sold the oxen to get money to help his brother-in-law, Joshua Hartshorn and his two boys, emigrate from England. We rode in the bottom of the wagon with him to Richmond and led the horses that were to bring us back. That was sure a hard ride.

My father decided to go to Arizona so he took us all to see the Logan Temple which he had helped build but it was not yet famished. I was then almost eight years old. My birthday came the day we crossed the Buckskin Mountains on the way to Arizona. On our way we came to the Petrified Forest in Arizona. We camped thinking there was plenty of wood. Trees were lying around. They looked like they had been blown over, but there was no wood, the trees were solid rock. We also crossed the Colorado River in a ferry boat and crossed Lee's Backbone Mountain which was a very dangerous place and the roughest road I was ever on. Then we came to a place called House Rock. It was a very funny place shaped like a U upside down with only one house in the scooped out part and with shelves of rock all around. They say that John D Lee used to hide there after the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Some miles from here were some springs called Jacobs Pools, kept by the government for travelers to have water. An old man kept them, lived there alone. Some robbers thought he had money and killed him.

We lived a short time at St. Johns, Arizona. The Mexican town joined the white peoples. The Mexicans were bad and my father lost his best team of horses. The Mexicans used to steal the good horses they could find. My father walked over mountains for days looking for them with wolves following him for hours. He never did find them. We then moved to a place called Alpine Bush Valley. There I was baptised by Enoch Dailey. It rained most every day. We went to school barefooted and ate corn bread with not much to go with it. Sometimes we gathered wild onions and Pig weeds to eat.

After one year we came back to Riverton, Utah and to Bluffdale where father bought a place and built adobe house. I remember he used to take us to Sunday School, meeting and night meeting. I worked by the week and helped people wash. They did not give me much, sometimes a yard of ribbon or elastic for garters until mother told them I had to have a piece of cloth for an apron or dress.

Later I got fifty cents a week from the Terry family. I worked a lot of different places around there but never got more than fifty cents a week. I worked for one of Terry's married daughters for my board and walked two miles to school. She gave me three aprons but later wanted pay for them. I used to go home Saturday night. I had to walk along the railroad which was cut through sand hills and sometimes I would cry until I was almost there. I did not like to go back but I never told mother.

We moved several times and finally to Idaho Falls. We stayed the first winter at Ririe (then Rudy.) Then father farmed for Rascot, Paine and Mills. While he farmed these places my sister and I worked in Idaho Falls (at Chamberlains Hotel). I went with a girlfriend to Roberts (Market Lake then) and crossed the Snake River in a very small row boat. The river was about as high as it has ever been. Houses, trees and ferries were washed downstream. As we crossed the ferryman's wife walked the shore and wrung her hands and groaned. A big tree coming straight for us was sucked under by the current and the big end just missed our boat as it came up again. The ferry man could not swim and if he had been able to it would not have helped much. The river must have been two miles across at that time. We visited the girl's folks for a week and then took the same boat back. The wind was blowing very hard that day and it was a hard pull. My sister Martha, and I worked in hotels in Idaho Falls and helped our folks as much as we could. I worked at Market Lake (Roberts) for at least two years. Then mother took sick and I came home.

We next moved to Iona. (1892) I was then 17. I had some swell times here, we danced a lot and I also met T. E. Olsen one Sunday. Later we were married and have lived in this house ever since. My children and I lived on our dry farm for four summers to homestead it. Some liked it so well that they are glad to think back on that time but things weren't so good as for instance the time the horse kicked Eugene in the head. He was unconscious for four hours and it was 13 miles to a doctor.
**Carlsteen and Maren Marie Olsen**

By Eugene Olsen

Carl Steen Olsen, born December 10, 1830 (the year the church was organized) died August 12, 1914 (the year of World War I) married in Risør, Norway, August 14, 1858 to Maren Marie Vrolsen who was born March 25, 1837 and died 1876.

He was the youngest in his family and was allowed more freedom than the others. His brothers called him "the scrub" because he was built more for racing than heavy farm work. Early in life he was apprenticed out for three years to learn the shoemaker trade. At this work he must live with the family who needed shoes and take part of his pay in food. When he was 27 he married a mild mannered young lady and they lived at a home called Bommyr.

In 1861 he heard of Carl Darius, a Mormon preacher over at Risør. Carl Steen put his Bible under his arm and went over to show this young man the error of his ways. But he never took the Bible and opened it because he knew the man was quoting correctly. He was converted with one sermon. This event was to change his life course. He told the "good news" to his family and they rejected him. He told it to his patrons and they boycotted him. Gone was his easy and free life of working five days a week and fishing one. His willow lobster traps did not bring in enough food to live on so he decided to sell out and move to Zion.

They sailed on the "Humbolt" and after crossing the plains, Brigham Young sent them to Farmington, Utah. Cart made dobies, mended shoes, or herded cows to try and earn a living. His was a poor family among poor families and he could not speak English. For pay he took molasses, wheat, meat or flour. But flour was $13.00 so he hardly ever got any. Sometimes the neighbor would donate a sheep's head, pig's head or feet or even the lungs were appreciated. The soup bones were boiled until all the good was taken out and then it was said "they hung the bone in the window and boiled the shadow". Dry bread crusts were saved in a flour sack and hung on the wall. They soon had bread several years old and in a pinch they had bread soup. The boys dug sego roots to help out.

They next moved to Hooper, Utah, where they lived in a cellar or dug-out. Here they earned enough to buy a team, four cows, and six sheep. The six sheep had 13 lambs and they all lived. From Hooper they migrated to Ovid, Idaho where Carl homesteaded a farm. They did pretty well at Ovid and felt at home because of the Danish families living there.

Here Maren Marie died shortly after the birth of a baby girl. And after W.C. and Ole came to Iona, Carl decided he would move to this larger valley. He lived in Iona for 23 years and built two rock houses. Tom Longhurst was the mason on the first and here Carl and his boys lived for some time. John Crompton who built the home where Ross Horman now lives was Carl's best friend. They spent many days playing barnyard golf (horseshoes) and checkers together. But as Carl advanced in years he wanted to be nearer the village so he built a two room rock home at the edge of Iona.

It is interesting to note that when Carl became a citizen of the United States, Norway was a part of Sweden and Idaho was a Territory (July 1887).

Carl and Maren's descendants are numbered by the hundreds now and many of them still live in Iona. His grandson Bruce was the first native born bishop in Iona.
Thomas Stephen Nixon and his wife, Lucy Norton Nixon were among the ones who were early enough to homestead land in this area, about 1884 or 1885. Their homesteaded land joined the townsite of Iona on the south and west. Their children who remained in Iona and partly raised their families were, Thomas, Charles, William and Ella (Carson).

Thomas Jr. and his wife Emma bought some of his father's land and later some from his brothers as they moved away. He moved his family into a log house of one room for a short time but built a three room frame house, the first frame home in Iona. People came from the neighboring places to see the first frame house in the valley. For log houses were in style at that time. It was called "The Nixon White House".

Thomas purchased a few acres of land in the townsite of Iona, and in 1911 a brick structure was built for them. It consisted of four bedrooms, a large dining room, and parlor, as they were called then, were divided by colonnades and a raised floor. He said, "I want a large house where I can entertain my dear friends". Many groups of varied ages were entertained there. Dances, and parties of several varieties including birthday, Relief Society, family weddings and other church group and individual groups.

When Home Evenings were first introduced Thomas carried them out in his home. Their family was gifted musically and sang the church songs as well as others with each part being rendered by a member of the family and one at the piano. They also had a small orchestra among them. The parents taught them the gospel on these occasions and they were opened and closed with prayer. After which the girls would serve a light lunch (which had previously been prepared).

Prayer was a daily program both morning and evening with the family and them taking part in it.

They were the parents of eleven children and the first break in the family came in 1924 when a daughter twenty years of age was taken from them. This was a sad event for the Nixon family.

They were both very mindful of those in need and widows of the ward were assisted by them with flour, potatoes and sometimes hay for their cows.

Emma was a practical nurse for about fifteen years and did a great deal of service in homes of sorrow and sickness often staying for days at a time, and her faithful service will long be remembered. She assisted at the birth of three hundred babies. No night was ever too cold, stormy or Thomas too tired to assist in sickness. He had the gift of healing and was called upon for administering to the sick often and he was ever mindful of those who were ill. He made regular visits to them. At one time there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in the town and he went to each home and gave assistance and advice for he had experience with that dreadful disease and understood the diet and care necessary for the recovery of those suffering from it. More than one life was spared through his careful instructions and assistance. He was like the prophets of old who said, "What I have I give unto you", meaning assistance or blessings. He filled a mission for the church also. Thomas helped to build the village of Iona, he was mayor for a number of years, was head of committees and a member of many. He helped with celebrations and was a promoter for the sugar factory. He visited farmers and sought their support to raise beets so that sufficient acreages would be raised to substantiate the factory being built. He worked for the company in various ways for many years.

His church positions were his first considerations. They came ahead of his farm work and no distance was too far to travel to a meeting or Temple excursion. He was president of the MIA, superintendent of religion classes, chairman of the Stake Genealogical committee for twelve years, member of the High Council and a ward teacher.

Emma Catmull Nixon was president of the Primary, counselor in the Relief Society for fifteen years. Both of them took part in plays; Thomas took the part of a colored person and was good in portraying that kind of a part. He sung some comic songs, but was generally known as a serious man. He also served on the welfare committee. They moved to Idaho Falls in 1937.

One particular event was always remembered by the family and that was when he had his mustache shaved off. When he came home they were hesitant to greet him because he looked so different after wearing one such a long time.

These two who had been so closely united in life were not long separated. Her earthly career ended March 13, 1948 and his, March 16, and their funerals were conjoint and they were buried at the same time in the Iona Cemetery.
Joseph was born September 12, 1872 in Farmington, Utah. He was about five years old and living in Ovid, Idaho, when his mother died. He continued to live with his father, four brothers and one sister.

He was secretary of the Sunday School at the age of 15 or 16 and walked a mile to and from church and school.

In 1890 the family moved to Iona, Idaho. Joe went to school in the rock school house. He went to the Eighth grade with brother Eph and both of their wives to be, Mary and Kate.

In 1891 when brother Ole went on a mission to Norway, Joe and Ray McCurdy rented Ole's farm. They worked hard plowing and getting the sagebrush off the land. But they also enjoyed themselves by hunting deer and elk and fishing on the ice in the wintertime. After making a large catch they would take a pair of their overalls, tie the legs, and after filling them with fish they would load them on the horse and head for camp. The family lived in a log cabin.

On September 25, 1895. Joe was married in the Logan Temple to Kate Whitehead, who was born September 14, 1878 in Ovid, Idaho. She moved with her family to Iona in August, 1892. Her father died the following October from typhoid fever and her mother was left alone with nine children to raise. They lived in a log cabin consisting of one room, about twenty feet by thirty feet in size. They drew a black curtain with red polka dots across the room at night. This made a bedroom for the girls and left the kitchen for the boys to sleep in.

Across the way was the Paul Allred family. Living in a dug-out. They moved and A.J. Stanger built a house for his family where the dugout had been.

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Across the way was the Paul Allred family. Living in a dug-out. They moved and A.J. Stanger built a house for his family where the dugout had been.

During their years of working together on the farm they have been like father and mother to Onen Olsen, Olaf Berg, Torval Torgeson, and William Johnson.

Joe has been secretary of Center Ditch in Iona; manager and director of the Olsen Sheep Company for ten years; director and appraiser for the local National Farm Loan Assn. of the Federal Land Bank for fifteen years; and chairman of the Welfare Committee of the High Priest Group Project.

They have labored under the direction of eleven bishops: Peter Jensen and Philemon Lindsay at Ovid, J.E. Stule, J. S. Mulliner, A.J. Stanger, G.P. Ward, C.W. Rockwood, T.C. Barlow, Henry Bodily, A.W. Schweider and their son, Bruce Olsen. These latter have been at Iona. Kate worked with the Relief Society organization as teacher.

Joseph is now eighty-three years of age. He still chops his wood, shovels his walks and takes care of his apartment houses. He also has his own teeth and reads very well without glasses. Up until last year he drove his own car.

Kate is seventy seven. She is still able to do her own cooking, to take care of herself, and enjoys her television. Her sister, Hortense Elliott, is always near to help when either one is ill and to do the harder work of housekeeping.
Ole Olsen
By Borghild Kjar

My father, Ole Olsen, was born May 15, 1859 in Risor, Nedines, Norway, son of Carl Steen Olsen and Maren Marie Vrolsen. He spent almost seven years of his life in Norway. His parents joined the church in 1862 and after that had a desire to come to America.

They left on the boat "Humboldt", an emigration vessel, that picked up passengers down the coast line of Europe. This little family settled in Farmington, Utah where a brother, Carl Alma, age 7 passed away. Later they moved to Bear Lake country. It was at this time father worked on the Logan Temple. It was in the 1880's that father and his brother, Chris, set out searching for land. They went northeast of Idaho Falls (then Eagle Rock) and staked off two quarter sections of land. They then went to Montana to work to get money to pay for the probating of the land. When they returned, other parties came and staked the same land. But in some way Uncle Chris and father were able to get the land they had staked off. Father built a log cabin on the farm which became Iona's first meeting and school house. Sunday School, funerals and weddings were held within these friendly walls.

He was called to go on a mission to Norway. He was the first missionary to be sent from the Iona Ward. This was in 1891 that he left. His missionary companion to the northern Norway was the late Nephi Andersen, L.D.S. author. While in Norway he fulfilled a good and honorable mission. He also met the girl of his choice. He left Norway in 1893, and as soon as he could afford to he sent money for Hanna K. Olsen, daughter of Hans R. Olsen and Karen K. Johansen, born Jan 15, 1875 in Holmsbo, Norway. She and her sister, Annette, came to America in 1894 and stayed with their parents in Shelley, Idaho. They having come here in 1893.

Three of the Olsen brothers were married September 25, 1895 in the Logan L.D.S. Temple. The brothers and their brides were: Ole Olsen and Hannah K. Olsen, Ephraim Olsen and Mary Cooper, Joseph Olsen and Kate Whitehead.

On July 30, 1896 a little boy was born. The wife lingered for a while and passed away, and not long after the little son was placed by her side.

This was a sad time for father but he spent many hours reading church books. He was blessed with a good voice and sang at church gatherings. He was good to the widows and the fatherless in time of trouble or sickness. He brought joy to them and sang to them in times of sorrow. When diphtheria was so prevalent in the town he was one of the first to be there and when a member of the family passed away, he was there to help.

In the year of 1897 he sent for Olette Regina Olsen, sister of Hannah, born December 9, 1870 and in June, 1897. Olette came to America and stayed with her father and mother in Shelley, Idaho.

They were married October 27, 1897 in the Logan Temple. (George B. Ward and Esther Haycock were married the same day). They lived on the farm in the little log cabin. Life was hard on the farms in these early days, but they were faithful pioneers.

On September 14, 1898 a little girl was born to them. They named her Agnes, and February 3, 1900, I, Borghild, was born.

We did not keep father long after that. On Monday, October 22, he had been out in the field plowing potatoes for the pickers, when he came in he was not feeling well. He didn't feel well the next day, and steadily became worse. On Saturday, Mother sent for the Doctor who gave him medicine. He continued to get worse, and October 27, 1900 he passed away. Their third wedding anniversary.

He was successful for he was indeed an heir to all promises of the faithful. He fulfilled his mission in righteousness. No funeral was held because "death was caused by diphtheria.”

He passed away on Saturday evening. Monday, clothes and a casket were purchased and he was taken to the cemetery in a wagon.

Now mother was left with two babies and a large farm. What a responsibility, but she was indeed a fine mother and father to us both.

She was a good businesswoman, never in my life do I remember as asking for one thing (Which was for our own good of course) that we were not privileged to have.

We had such fine neighbors as the Owens and Denning families. How many times mother would become ill in the night, when we were small children, and mother would send us over to get Sister Rosanna Denning. "Can you come over, Mama is very sick" we would say. Run home as fast as you can and take care of your mother, I will be there as soon as I dress. What those words meant to two scared little girls you will ever know. Truly Mrs. Denning was a wonderful woman.
In the year 1909 we built a new home on the farm, so that my maternal grandparents might come to live with us. They were getting too aged to care for themselves.

We surely had to work hard those days in the beets and potatoes. There were many chores to do. Much water to carry. We surely did not have an easy life. Mother was a hard worker. My grandmother, Karen J. Olsen passed away in 1913.

Among the first to establish a home in the upper valley of the Snake River was Rufus W. Norton, who, with his brother Leander, journeyed there in the fall of 1883 to lay claim to a homestead in the Iona area. Rufus Norton had been born in Salt Lake City, in the early years of that settlement, on August 14, 1853. As the Mormons expanded through the valleys of Utah County, where he received his early schooling.

When in the 1880's the Mormon colony had become strong enough to send its roots even farther into the valleys of the mountains, it was expected that the first generation of Utah-born would make the move. Having filed their claims in 1883, the Norton brothers and two Mulliner brothers returned to the vicinity of Iona in the spring of 1884. With them came Rufus' wife, the former Cynthia Ann Cooper who had been born in American Fork, Utah, on June 2, 1862, and had married Rufus in December of 1880, Cynthia's sister Martha, who was to marry Leander Norton after the first crop was harvested, and two small children, Rufus and Nancy, neither of whom were to survive the hardships of life on the frontier.

As with all pioneers on the move, the Nortons faced the desperate choice of what to take in the limited wagon space. and like a frontier wife, Cynthia Ann sneaked in one little symbol of the life being left, a rocking chair which for some time was the only such refined piece of furniture in the region. The trip north was long, lasting six weeks, and hard because of difficulties of fording rivers swollen with the runoff from mountain snows. However, by June grain was planted, which was to provide one of the first harvested in the valley, and a small floorless cabin was built.

Then followed the long, hard year in which the men were often away building the canals which were to irrigate the lands or laying tracks for the railroads which was to bring the market into reach. In these years their women faced the threats of interminable work, occasional marauding hoodlums, sickness, harsh weather and loneliness.
Fortunately, the colony prospered under the support of the church and the courage and industry of the people. During the first year, 1884, a number of other families came into the area, and in June of that year a number of the General Authorities of the Church, including Wilford Woodruff, then an apostle, Heber J. Grant and Thomas E. Ricks came into the area to organize a ward of the LDS Church. While Rufus and Cynthia Ann entertained the visiting brethren, Leander helped spread the word to some twenty-five other families who were by this time in the area. With the end-gate of a wagon serving as a pulpit and later as a table the ward was officially organized and the church officials fed before their departure. Throughout the more than a half-century of life that followed this event, Cynthia Ann Norton never tired of describing this incident.

Thus Rufus and Cynthia Ann Norton lived, as have so many, the story of the American Frontier. The first lonely assault on the virgin soil, and the hardships of life in virtual solitude was followed by richer years as an increasing population made possible cooperative efforts at irrigation, transportation, government and social life. As the valley blossomed it gave sustenance to them and to the eight children who grew to adulthood. The floorless log cabin was expanded room by room as the family grew, and in place of the muddy wagon trail came modern highways. What once was the torturous six-week journey from Utah has become little more than an afternoon's drive to the children and grandchildren of the pioneers.

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Leander and Martha Norton
By Urania Woffinden

Leander David Norton was born in Lehi, Utah, February 17, 1858, the son of James Wiley and Nancy Hammer Norton. He was the eighth child in a family of 13. He was born a few months before the coming of Johnston's army to Utah. June 26th, 1858. He received his schooling in Lehi schools, used to herd the town's cows and indulged in the usual recreational activities of the time, one of his favorite hobbies being swimming in the Utah Lake.

He spent a part of his early life away from home, working from Montana to Arizona; went with his brother John and George Evans to Cherry Creek, Nevada in 1877 where they were doing surveying work and burning charcoal which was used by the mining industry at that time. He was the proud owner of a wagon at twenty, floating ties on Bear River at twenty-three and one summer spent driving a 12-mule team on road work in Montana.

He and his brother Rufus went to the Snake River Valley in Idaho and the two filed claims each of 160 acres under the homestead law. Leander's claim was a mile north of the present location of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company's plant at Lincoln and Rufus' about a mile farther north and east.

Martha Emeline Cooper was born in American Fork, Utah. April 7, 1865, the daughter of Isaac Cooper (born February 9, 1807) and Mary Elizabeth Stuart (born December 25, 1842) at Rock Island, Illinois. It was necessary to cut the ice to baptize her. Martha was blessed by Thomas Shelly and baptized by William Paxman at American Fork on June 4, 1873. Her mother died when she was nine years of age and her father when she was 17, and she made her home with relatives. She received her schooling in American Fork schools.

On April 8, 1884, the day after Martha's birthday, when she was 19, Rufus Norton and his wife and two small children, Leander, Rufus' brother, and Martha Cooper, who was Mrs. Norton's sister, left Lehi and headed for the Snake River Valley, to establish homes on their claims.

They traveled via teams and wagons and they arrived there April 30, having been 22 days on the way, a long and tiresome journey when compared to modern modes of travel. Leander worked for a time on the Eagle Rock-Willow Creek Canal, for which he was paid in stock. At every opportunity he would go deer hunting, and being a good shot he usually brought home the venison which no doubt helped the food situation.

Martha lived with her sister until the time of her marriage.

On the 17th of June, 1884, on the banks of Sand Creek on the Rufus Norton place, a meeting was held to organize the Iona Branch of the Lewisville Ward of the church. The Rufus Norton family, also Leander and Martha attended.
One of the first activities was to start the building of log cabins on the farms and to clear a few acres and plant a crop. Money, of course, was scarce and it was necessary to take outside work when it presented itself. Leander with his brother John and the Hodge brothers Bud and Abe, went to Newcoaia, north of Idaho Falls (then Eagle Rock) for some time. While there they composed a song some of the lines of which were about as follows: "Climbing up the rugged mountains and down the distant slopes, trying to make a wedding stake before our poor hearts broke."

During some of this early period Martha worked for the Fred Keefer family for which she received a heifer calf as payment. This calf was the start of the herd which later belonged to she and Leander. Leander and Martha, or "Lan and Mattie" as they were always known, were married January 1, 1886, about two years after they left Lehi. Her wedding dress was a wine-colored cashmere. They were later sealed in the Logan Temple on March 5, 1902, sixteen years after they were married. They set up housekeeping in their new log cabin where seven of their children were born. Their first stove had only one of the original lids, the others being cut from coal oil cans. Martha washed and carded wool for quilts, and then made the quilts; knitted the family stockings, made soap and took care of the bees and chickens. One of Leander's activities for several years was hauling red cedar wood from the "Lavas" southwest of Idaho Falls. It took about three days to make a trip.

It took several years to clear all the land of brush, but during those years the livestock steadily increased and included horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. He made a success of his work and took great pride in it. He had some of the largest and finest horses in the valley and one in particular being his pride and joy. The Henry Furniture and Mortuary Company had a coal black horse which was an exact duplicate of "Old Nig" and they bought him and drove the pair on a black hearse. Lan's heart would almost burst with pride whenever he saw this team working together. During Leander's lifetime he was a school trustee for several years, was a stockholder in the Iona Sheep Company, the Iona Mercantile Company, and the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. He was active in the church throughout his life. He was an elder for many years, served as a ward teacher and in later life was ordained a High Priest, March 9, 1919, by Thomas Nixon. One of his outstanding characteristics was charity for others and he loved to help the widows and fatherless and any less fortunate than himself. He had the gift of healing and went into the homes of the sick and administered to the sick, including his own family many times.

When the Lincoln Primary was organized Martha was set apart as its second counselor in the presidency, and she worked in the Primary for about ten years. She was 'Aunt Mattie' to many, and loved by all who knew her. Their son Charles filled a mission to the western states from 1912-1914.

A new house was built on the farm in 1897 and the family moved in and greatly enjoyed the added room and comfort it afforded. The children were Cynthia Urania Woffinden. Charles Leander, Martha Surilda Elliot, Leola Nancy, who died when eleven days old; Mary Elsie Pinegar, Greta Idella Davis, Ruel Isaac Norton. The couple spent all their married life on the farm except that after Leander's death Martha lived with her children, for the remainder of her life. Leander died of pneumonia shortly after arriving at the LDS hospital in Idaho Falls. His death, January 5, 1924, was sudden and unexpected. He was buried in the Iona Cemetery. Martha died in her sleep during the night on December 8, 1930, at her daughter's residence in Salt Lake City. She was buried beside her companion in the Iona Cemetery.

The old home has now passed from the family hands (1956) and is currently a new high school is being constructed on a portion of it. Such is the age of progress. These good people, as many of the rugged pioneers of their time, were loved and respected by all who knew them and departing left behind them "footprints in the sands of time" in the Snake River Valley. At the present time there are four of their children surviving.
John and Margaret Norton
By Frank Norton

John F. Norton, the son of James Wiley Norton and Nancy Hammer, born April 27, 1860 at Lehi, Utah. His early days were filled with many very dangerous experiences. He was hired out by his father at the age of 14. He had very little education but was always willing to learn if the opportunity was given him. Even though he had not studied his religion he was always ready to defend it in such a way than one time a group of men in a camp were throwing s lams at his religion and he picked up a neck-yoke in his defense.

He made a trip to the Heeley Valley to help a group settle there. Many hardships were endured at that time, and it was on this trip that he was dared to swim the Colorado River. He did swim it with ease, and afterward could see how foolish he was. He did many courageous things in his young life too numerous to mention.

It was in the spring of 1884 that he, with his two brothers Rufus and Leander and several others, some with their families, came to Idaho. They camped in the vicinity around Sand Creek. The streams were very dangerous to cross at that time and the only way to cross was to ford them.

John Norton filed on his land May 15, 1884 after a hazardous race to the land office in Rexburg to beat the other fellows who were also looking at the same land. The race was a very dangerous one across the Snake River at what is now known as the town of Roberts.

He then built a shack which consisted of sides and ends and a place for a door, no windows, and small poles on top with dirt over them to keep out the storm. That year he and his dog lived there alone. He also had a team of horses.

John was one of those who helped gather a group together for the first LDS meeting held on Sand Creek in 1884. Heber J. Grant, Wilford Woodruff, President Thomas E. Ricks and Bishop Richard F. Jardine, who had gone to Sand Creek to hold a meeting with the few saints there, and they were promised many wonderful blessings if they would stay and till the soil. These wonderful prophecies have all been fulfilled. It was the latter part of December, 1885 when the John Cliffords were expecting a new arrival at their home on Sand Creek, so they were badly in need of help. Margaret Williams, a sister to Jane Clifford, decided to leave Clifton, Idaho and go to her sister's rescue and help out in the home. When the word was going around telling about a new girl arriving at Clifford's' it made young John Norton very curious to meet her, so a party was planned at the Ted Cox home and that was the beginning of their courtship, which lasted only a short time before they were married on the 14th of February, 1886 at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

They lived in a one-room shack until their first child, Roy Norton was born. At this time they built a two-room log cabin where three more children were born. It was before Frank was born that James Wiley and Nancy Norton, father and mother of John, came to live with them. I have heard Margaret tell many times about how sick they were and the wonderful care she gave them. It was in December of 1900 that John F. was called on a mission to the North Western States and Margaret was left with 5 children to support and a farm to care for and a husband to support on a mission. It was a big undertaking, but with the faith she had there was never a time while he was gone, even though it looked at times like it would be impossible to send money, that through her faith and prayers it would be made possible for her to have the money ready when the time would come to send it. She was a god-fearing woman and loved by all who knew her.

They were a happy family and lived on the farm where Ray, John, Katherine, Jennie, and Frank were born until 1920 when they sold the farm and moved to Idaho Falls, where they built an apartment house across from the LDS Hospital. There they worked hard but made many wonderful friends, who would always cherish their memory.

Margaret Williams Norton passed away August 5, 1933 at the LDS Hospital after a very short illness. John kept the apartment house for one year then sold it and lived with his children. He became ill and passed away September 12, 1946 at the home of his son, Frank.
William and Amelia Longhurst
By Nora Nielsen

William H. Longhurst, father of Joseph, Charley, George, Tom, and Amelia L. Rounds, who settled in this valley, was born January 22, 1817 at Little Hampton, Sussex, England. He and his wife Ann Preston Longhurst, joined the church of Latter Day Saints in their young married life (Ann was disowned by her parents for this). They came to America on the ship Hudson, bringing their family with them. Of their ten children, only two were born in Utah, the rest in England.

They crossed the plains in a covered wagon, walking a lot of the way. They arrived in Salt Lake City in 1864. After living in Utah for 20 years with most of their family grown and opportunities scarce there, they decided to visit the Snake River Valley, of which they had heard so much, in search of a new home.

The father William, sons Joseph, George, and Charley came first and made entry on a section of land between where the Lincoln Sugar Factory now stands and the town of Iona in the spring of 1884.

They all went back to Utah for their families and belongings. Joseph was the first one to return to his new home that same fall in November with his wife, small daughter Lovina and brother George, who was unmarried at that time.

The first winter they lived in a small one room dirt floor and roof log house on the bank of Big Sand Creek, where the site where the sugar factory now stands.

The country was then in its native state, with sagebrush and some patches of wild hay as far as one could see in every direction.

The hardships and most difficult things they had to contend with was their extreme poverty; they had only $14 to last them through that first winter. The Indians were very numerous and often got on the warpath. When this happened the scattered settlers were called into the little town of Eagle Rock for safety. There were no roads and no bridges across the natural streams; the water was deep and they had to ford the streams when crossing.

Their closest neighbors were Joseph Mulliner, two miles away and Rufus Norton, about three miles to the northeast.

Close to this small cabin a natural Indian trail passed on which large bands of Indians would travel back and forth from the reservation to the hills on foot and horseback. When they would reach the cabin they would build camp fires, put on their feathers, whoop and holler and do their war dances. This frightened Lydia very much.

When she was alone and could see a band coming, she would hang a quilt over the small window, bolt the door and be sure her baby daughter Lovina wouldn't cry so the Indians wouldn't think she was home and break in.

Many times she would carry her baby across Big Sand Creek on two poles that would sway until they would sink into the water while crossing to go to the Mulliner place to stay all night the first spring they were there, while Joseph was away working on the canal.

He and George in order to earn a little money worked all they could with their small team building canals to take water from the Snake River and irrigate this part of the country.

Joseph and Lydia's second daughter, Nora, was born that spring, she being the first white child born in what is now Lincoln. Ten acres was cleared with a harrow made of poles nailed together in a triangular shape with harrow teeth the first summer. The ground was hand plowed, grain hand sown and harrowed in; a garden was also planted at this time. A ditch was made to take water from Little Sand Creek to irrigate with.

Timber was hauled from the mountains to build a new log house with, it was built on the site where the Nora Nielsen house now stands, they also used poles to improve the place and build fences. After the fences were built the Indians had to use the new roads instead of their old trails to travel on, this being one reason why they were angry with the settlers.

Joseph attended the first Latter-day Saint meeting held in his valley, at the Rufus Norton place. The authorities from Salt Lake were in attendance. They used the tongue of a wagon to stand on while speaking to the pioneers. A monument now stands at that site.

Each year more ground was cleared and planted, until it was all under cultivation and fenced.

George Longhurst filed on a quarter section just north of Joseph's place. Soon after, Charlie and family, also father William came to Idaho to live his section being east of Joseph's place. Charley was a good violinist and played for all the dances and entertainments, also led the Iona Choir for years.

The father, William, lived with all the boys and while at their places made many nice pieces of furniture, as he was a very good carpenter. While at Charley's place, May 17, 1890, he died.

Joseph was only permitted to live nine years after coming to Idaho. During this time he was always active in the church, especially the MIA, and would gather up all his neighbors and friends in a wagon and take them to church.

Besides the two little girls Lovina and Nora, three more children were born to them: Joseph Jr., Sarah and Alverda. He died of cancer April 2, 1893 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

About a year after his death, Ambrose Rounds, the son of Amelia L. Rounds, who was a very good singer and very active in the church, moved to Iona, bringing his mother, his two brothers William and George, and sister Rose to live.

Some time later (about 2 years) Ambrose married Lydia Longhurst, widow of Joseph, to them four children were born, Ambrose Jr., Hazel, Alice, and Vera. He took up a dry farm 6 miles east of Iona, also farmed part of the ground belonging to Lydia. He filled a mission in Australia. They lived on their farm in the town of Iona working for the good of the church and community until the time of their deaths.

Nora Longhurst Nielsen still lives on the land left her by her father Joseph (January 29, 1954).
William Henry Price was born in North Ogden, Utah on September 18, 1869. He was the son of William Henry and Rhoda Stone Price, who had emigrated from England and were converts to the LDS Church.

Will received his education in the Utah Schools. In the year 1886, at the age of seventeen, he and his brother Rone came to Idaho driving a band of riding horses, bringing them by way of Soda Springs. They stopped one night at the Stauffer place at Poplar, and then rode on toward Eagle Rock. The horses were sold and Will homesteaded on Sand Creek, eight miles north-east of Eagle Rock, which is now called Idaho Falls.

Along with sage grubbing, he spent some time railroading in Montana, earning money to build a home. For up to this time he and Rone lived in a dug-out on the bank of Sand Creek.

In the summer of 1888, Will met Hannah Elizabeth Hancey; daughter of James and Rachel Simmons Hancey. Hannah was visiting her sister, Mrs. Will Metcalf. Will courted her until she returned home in the fall to continue her schooling. The following July 4th, Will visited Hannah in Hyde Park. They were married on December 31, 1890 in Logan Court House by Judge Fullmer.

Returning to Idaho January 3, 1891, their first home consisted of one room. As the family grew, three more rooms were added. At that time there were only three other log houses between their place and Eagle Rock, with no set roads or fences. Their early neighbors were A. J. Stanger, Will Metcalf, and Antone Hyrand. A short time later the Crowleys came.

In the year 1904, William H. Price, William D. Metcalf and Benjamin Ritchie were elected trustees for the school known as "Hard Scabble", which had been built on Willow Creek in 1891 mostly by donations, and was later sold to William Byram for the sum of one hundred dollars. The school house is now used for a granary. On October 10, 1905 a special election was held to vote a bond for $1,450.00 to build a new school. First known as the Ritchie School, and later named Crowley. District 16 in Bingham County, later changed to Bonneville County. Those voting the bond were J.R. Seedall, Wm. Price, J.J. Ritchie, and Naomi Ritchie.

Many hardships were endured by these early pioneers. Loneliness was one of the trying experiences as Hannah was alone much while her husband worked on the early canals.

Will Price was a progressive man and acquired considerable land and took special pride in having a well-equipped farm and fine horses. In October, 1905, they had the first rural telephone for miles around. They also had the first hay press and grain binder.

Neighborhood dances were held in the Price garage with Walt and Wallace Anderson playing the violins; Ada, a sister, the clarinet; and William Renshaw playing the piano. The family took great pleasure from camping and fishing and arranged to spend at least two weeks each summer camping in the mountains. These trips were shared with friends and relatives. Will also loved to hunt and was an expert marksman. Along with his brother-in-law, Art Hancey, he was a charter member of the Idaho Falls Rod and Gun Club.

Hannah Price possessed a good measure of wit and charm. She had an abundant capacity for fun and although she had much work to do with raising a large family and cooking for hired men, she always, had time to entertain company. Her happiness was in managing a comfortable and happy home.

They were the parents of eight children. Seven of whom are still living.

Will and Hannah lived sixty-two years in the same home, but as Edgar A. Guest said, "It takes a heap of livin' in a house t' make it home" Hannah suffered a stroke and passed away May 10, 1952 at the age of 77. Will continued living in the old home with his son, Gilbert, but the following year on September 24, 1953, he passed away quietly in his sleep. His eighty-fourth birthday has just passed on September 18.
Joseph and Mary Ritchie
By Mrs. J. L. Seedall

Joseph Ritchie was born January 17, 1863, at the family home at Marriotta, near Ogden. He was a bright energetic boy and developed a real aptitude for business and management. As he grew to manhood he was interested and was owner of sheep along with his brothers John and Benjamin. It was Joseph's or 'Jodee's' as he was sometimes affectionately called by his family to take over the business management which he ably and capably did. He was tall and dark with a fine personality and likeable nature. Throughout his life was thought very well of and highly respected by his neighbors and friends, of whom there were many, most of them living in Idaho Falls.

He loved fine horse and owned many fast trotters and buggies that commanded attention. He loved the good things of life and worked tirelessly for the comfort and better things for home and herds. He was a skillful butcher and had a contract to furnish a company in Idaho Falls, fine fresh lamb and mutton. He was noted for being able to dress out a sheep within three minutes. This was and still is quite a record. The butchering was done at his home each Thursday evening and continued for a long period of time.

He continued the management of the Ritchie Bros. sheep until he was called on a mission to the south. The time was spent in Florida amid the swamps and dampness. He was a faithful missionary and after two years was honorably discharged to return to his family and home. He was not to be alive for long however, and he passed away December 4, 1900 at the early age of 37. There had been six children born to the couple. One of them, an unnamed child, passed away in infancy. The five living children left to mourn their father were Zina, Minnie, Joseph, Ida, and Clarence. He was a good neighbor, friend, faithful to his church, and a fine man, and many fine compliments have been and are still being said by those who knew him.

Aunt Christine was a fine homemaker, mother, wife, and friend. She was a wonderful cook, did beautiful needlework, crocheting, knitting, all kinds of fancy work as well as sewing clothing. She also loved fine things and as the writer lived neighbor to her was privileged to observe many things. One of these was she had a half day's work done, her horse harnessed to her buggy and would be off to help her daughters or elsewhere before most people would be out of bed. She was a skillful business manager, and although her husband passed away at a time when she needed his help greatly, she always seemed to have a bounteous supply of food and other good things in her home. The farm she rented out chickens, butter, milk, and the products of the home brought her an ample income that maintained her in the rearing and education of her children. Somehow her cooking seemed to have a delicious flavor all of its own. Her chocolate cake, fruit pies, such wonderful eating never was forgotten. Aunt Christine's sister, Anne, was a widow with two children who came to live with Aunt Christine. Two rooms were added to the home where Anne lived until her passing, when Aunt Christine took the small son, Gilbert, to rear until her own death. She was a most conscientious woman, honest, devoted to home, family and church all the days of her life. She died of cancer in April 27, 1926, being buried beside her husband at Ucon.
Jabez Ritchie
By Beulah Ivie

Jabez Ritchie was born May 24, 1872 at Riverside, Utah (near Ogden) the son of James Ritchie and Hannah Bright Ritchie. Jabez was the ninth child of a family of 18 children. He lived in this vicinity while a child and attended school there. When he was only in the sixth grade, he quit school to go to work helping his father and three older brothers. John, Joseph, and Ben in the sheep business.

They later took their sheep to Idaho, to the Raft River country, near American Falls, Idaho. Alfred J. Stanger and Elizabeth Ritchie Stanger, a sister, were living there at the time. When Jabez was 13 years old, he left his older brothers and came up the West side of the Snake River with an old cart and two saddle horses. In 1885 the bridge across the Snake River was called Anderson Toll Bridge. He had only enough money to get himself and one horse across to Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls). He hobbled the other two horses and left them on the West side of the river. He looked the country over and, even though just a young boy, decided he wanted to come to the upper Snake River Valley to live. Jabez soon gathered his horses together and went back to Raft River.

His brothers had really been worried about him. In 1889 the Ritchie brothers, Jabez, John, Joseph, and Ben, brought their sheep to the Snake River Valley, along with John Seedall, who was married to Mary Ritchie Seedall. These were supposed to be the first sheep in this valley. They settled in the vicinity between Iona and Willow Creek. Jabez lived with his older brothers, John and Joseph, and also his brother-in-law, John Seedall.

On January 5, 1893 he purchased 80 acres from Alfred J. Stanger, who had patented this parcel of land in 1891. This description described the property, NE1/4 SW1/4 plus SW1/4 of SW1/4 Sec. 25, of Township 3 N Range 38 EBM.

On February 14, 1895 he was married to Emma Whitehead Bishop Joseph Mulliner performed the ceremony at the home of Mary R. and John Seedall. They lived in a one room house on the land he had bought. He added another room to the house later. Also in 1895 Jabez purchased from Frank Bybee the NE1/4 SE1/4, of Sec. 23, TP. 3N. Range 38 EBM, and 10 rods of land joining this land on the North from Frank Lambert.

Jabez worked hard making irrigation ditches, leveling and making improvements so as to have two good farms. Along with the farm operations he had bought some sheep of his own and was no longer running sheep with the other Ritchie brothers. Four girls were born to them while they lived in their two room home at this location, Ethel, Beulah, Vay Ette and Dee Etta. Three of these children died in infancy.

In December of 1900 Jabez was called to the Northwestern States as a missionary for the L.D.S Church. He was there a little over a year when his health failed and he was released.

It was around this time that he sold the Bybee and Lambert property to Henry Magill. In 1902 Jabez and Emma sold their home property to Marion Woolf and bought 160 acres from Harvey Dalstrom located one-half mile north of the Village of Iona. Here they built a ten room brick home. They lived in two rooms of the house until it was completely finished. This farm is still called the home ranch. Jabez lived here with his wife and daughter Beulah. He operated the ranch and also ran sheep.

At sometime later he operated sheep for the Iona Sheep Company. One March while lambing out the sheep, the sheds caught fire. Jabez tried to save the lambs and ewes inside and was badly burned. A large percentage of the sheep were saved. He later sold out of this Sheep Co. and operated his own sheep from then on.

On December 4, 1904 another daughter was born. She lived only a month. She was named Emma Velma.

On February 17, 1907 Jabez Dean was born, making six children all born to Jabez and Emma Ritchie.

Jabez served in the Bishopric as counselor with Ed Ekman under Truman C. Barlow from 1913 to 1918. He was very generous in contributions to the Latter-Day Saints Church and Hospital. He received a scroll from the church headquarters in Salt Lake City as one of the 49 largest tithe payers in the L.D.S. Church.

As time went on Jabez acquired more land and sheep. He accumulated 240 acres of farm land in the Milo district and 640 acres in the Iona district, also about 4000 acres of grazing ground, 25,000 head of ewes and 2,500 head of Range Rams. He usually fed about 20,000 head of lambs in the winter months. Much of the land and the sheep were leased to other people.

In 1918 a group of men, A.E. Stanger, Jabez Ritchie, Ray Homer, Mr. Austen, and others started the Idaho Falls National Bank on the corner of Park Avenue and B Street in Idaho Falls. Later this bank merged with the Farmers and Merchants Bank and moved to the corner of Park Avenue and A Street. Jabez was a director and stockholder in this bank until the time of his death.

In 1919, A.E. Stanger. Jabez and a group of others built the Idaho Bonded Warehouse. He was also a stockholder here until the time of his death. Also, in March 1919 he purchased from Nephi Dalstrom a home in Idaho Falls, located at 4421 H. Street. The home was a birthday present to his wife Emma on March 31. They made this their home from that time on. Mr. Ritchie made daily trips to the farm and to the sheep camps. His daughter, Beulah, and son-in-law, Walter Klossner were living on, and operating the home ranch and helping to oversee the sheep operations.

Around 1920 when the crash came Jabez had 70,000 fleeces of wool (two year clip) stored in Boston warehouses which had to be sold for ten cents a pound. This did not even pay the two year storage bill. That same winter hay was selling at $40 per ton and with so many sheep to feed to keep them from starving, it almost broke him. The banks were reluctant to loan out any money. He and some others even went to Salt Lake City and other places trying to borrow money but were unable to do so. Most of the sheep had to be sold at a great sacrifice. He finally
mortgaged his farms for $50,000 and was able to keep together about 7500 head of sheep.

He was one of the charter members of the National Woolgrowers Association and one of the organizers of the Long Valley Grazing Association.

After he moved to Idaho Falls, he still bought most of his groceries and sheep supplies from the Iona Merc Co., managed by Charles W. Hansen at Iona.

In 1922 his health failed, but he still continued to operate the sheep he had left with the help of his son-in-law, Walter Klossner, Frank Stanger, Clarence Hunter and others. His health continued to get worse and during the winter of 1923 and 1924 the family took him to California where he seemed to get better. But by the latter part of February, he insisted on coming back home in time for lambing time. Although he could do no work he wanted to be where things were going on.

By this time Jabez Dean, his son, was a young man in high school, but helped his father during the summer months.

On April 26, 1924, Walter Klossner, his son-in-law, while out with the sheep was badly hurt and was taken to the hospital. It was thought he had recovered and he went back to work. But on May 23, 1925 he was rushed in from the mountains. He died at the hospital that same night.

This was a terrible shock to Mr. Ritchie, as he was very fond of Walter and also had come to depend on him a great deal. His health seemed to fail more rapidly after this and on December 10, 1924 he passed away at his home in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He was only 52 years of age.

Losing both father and son-in-law was a sad and great loss to this family. Also, their many friends and associates expressed their sadness and felt the loss in the community, which they had worked so hard to help build.

There were times when Jabez was in the hills and did not have a check book to close a deal or pay his men. A good many checks written on the back of tomato can wrappers or a piece of brown paper torn from a grocery sack were honored at the local bank, accompanied by friendly laughs from the banks. Some years after his death one of these incidents was brought to the attention of one of his granddaughters by an instructor, unknowingly, using it as an example to the class of indisputable credit earned.

Jabez left a wife, two children, Beulah and Jabez Dean, and three grandchildren, LaFaye Klossner, Wydona Klossner, and Jack Walter Klossner, children of Beulah and Walter William Klossner. Jabez Dean Ritchie had just married to Blanche Ann Johnson at the time of Mr. Ritchie's death. To this marriage were born five children, Jacqueline Collette, Luanna Blanche, Jabez Dean, Jr., Thomas J., and Emma Ann.

Emma Whitehead Ritchie

By Beulah Ivie

Emma Whitehead was born March 31, 1874 at Sedsfield, County of Durham, England. She was the third child of John Whitehead and Emily Stacy Whitehead. They came to America in 1877 as converts to the L.D.S. Church. The Whitehead family settled first at Richmond, Utah, where Mr. Whitehead opened a shoe shop. He had been a shoemaker in England. They later moved to Ovid, Idaho.

In the early part of 1892 John Whitehead was contacted by the heads of the church to move his family to Iona and act as organist. Iona was a new ward at that time and they needed someone to play the new organ they had a sked for. He moved his family to Iona in August 1892, nine children in all. The oldest child, Eliza, was married before the family came to Iona.

Mr. Whitehead never had the privilege of playing the new organ. A typhoid fever epidemic broke out in the area very shortly after they arrived. John and several of his children contracted the disease. He died from the fever in October of 1892, less than two months after their arrival. The new organ came and was used in the Iona church for many years. It was destroyed when the church burned.

Emma at this time was 18 years of age, and being one of the older members of the family was forced to work out at any work she was able to obtain in order to help support the younger members of the family. She worked for the Joseph Mulliner family, the James E. Steele family, and then for John and Mary Ritchie Seedall. It was while working for the Seedall family that she met Jabez Ritchie, whom she married February 14, 1895.

She and Jabez worked very hard to establish a home of their own and get their first farm in shape for planting. Farming and stock raising was their occupation throughout their lives together. They had six children, but four little girls died in infancy. Emma and Jabez also raised an orphan boy, Thomas J. Wiley, Winfield Lane, another orphan boy lived with them for quite a long period. Emma served as president of the Iona Primary, with Martha Rushton and Erma Stanger as counselors from 1912 to 1915. After Jabez, her husband, died on December 10, 1924, Emma was left with the responsibilities of a large estate and sheep business. With the help of her brother, Jack Whitehead, she carried on with the sheep and leased the farms to other people. Her son, J. Dean, lived on and operated the home ranch at Iona. Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter, Beulah, who lost her husband, Walter, also in 1924, lived at the family home in Idaho Falls. Emma managed all the business herself, with Mr. Whitehead as foreman of the sheep operations.

In 1929 when the next big crash came it put her badly in debt, especially the sheep, as all stockmen were hit hard. She was forced to sell 160 acres and mortgage the sheep heavily to keep in operation.

She was a member and stockholder in the Long Valley Grazing Association which her husband had helped to organize before his death. She also was a member of the Eastern Idaho Grazing Association.

Emma became ill in March of 1931 and was taken to a Salt Lake City hospital for surgery in April. 1931. She remained there at the hospital until she passed...
away June 13, 1931. She was president of the Idaho Falls Lady Woolgrowers at the time of her death. She was survived by one son, Jabez Dean Ritchie, and a daughter, Beulah Ritchie Klossner Ivie, who still resides at Idaho Falls, Idaho. J. Dean Ritchie died July 13, 1943 at the age of 36 years.

Benjamin Ritchie
By Mrs. J.L. Seedall

Benjamin Ritchie was born July 29, 1864 in Ogden, Utah. He was the sixth child of Hannah Bright and James Ritchie. There were 16 children born to his parents. Nine of this family came to the Snake River Valley and settled close to Iona.

Benjamin Ritchie was married to Emma Naomi Tracy in Ogden February 1, 1886. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan Temple. Uncle Ben, as he was affectionately called, came to Oakley, Idaho, from Ogden in 1887, remained for about 18 months and then came to the Snake River Valley, settling on a farm which is in the Crowley area. He knew all the hardships of pioneer life, but although his was a humble beginning, financially he prospered and soon had a substantial home, farm, sheep, and cattle. His farm was a model of good operations as were the management of his sheep and everything he owned. He was very particular by nature and everything received the best of care. His livestock were always very fat and showed good care. This was true of the horses that worked in the field. His generosity was known all over the valley. Many strangers were fed within his home and he and his good wife, Naomi, welcomed warmly all who came to them.

In 1897 Benjamin was called to a mission in the Southern States. He left his wife with four children to carry on. Two other children were born later. In 1902, he built a large new home on the farm, which still stands.

He was a wonderful provider and there was nothing needed in the home which he did not obtain for his good companion. Many were the lovely parties and gatherings held there and many were the really fine times enjoyed at their fireside. During the years the sheep and cattle were run on grazing ground owned and leased by Uncle Ben. The fine orchard on their farm yielded many apples and fruits for the family and friends. One of the very first deep water wells was on the Ritchie farm. How many enjoyed the cool clear water on hot summer days and how many barrels were filled to take home for those less fortunate. Truly this was a blessing to many, as the water in the running streams was often filthy with mud and trash. They were generous with the precious well water as with all else they possessed.

Many have been the tributes paid Benjamin Ritchie for his advice and help given freely for the asking to the young and inexperienced and how many he helped financially as well. Throughout his life he was faithful to his church. He became a member of the High Council of the Bingham Stake which he served faithfully until ill health forced him to retire. He was ill some time before his death which occurred May 23, 1929.
Dear Aunt 'Nome'. How many of her friends and relatives called her by that name. She was a loving, kind, unassuming warmhearted lady, a real gentlewoman. What a wonderful home she had and how we loved to go there. Why? Because we were always received graciously, and because of her generous hospitality. Yes, near were always invited to have a good meal or at least refreshments from her bounteous store. She was a wonderful cook and her table fairly groaned with the delicious food served to family and friends. Aunt Nome's meals were famous and looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation, and once eaten were never forgotten. Workmen, threshers and harvesters were all treated as royalty would have been and indeed who can say that royalty was not often guests in her home. She sometimes entertained church officials from Salt Lake City.

Emma Naomi Tracy Ritchie was born May 6, 1870 at Ogden, Utah daughter of Helen H. Tracy and Emma Marie Burdette Tracy. She received her early education in Ogden. She was united in marriage with Benjamin Ritchie of Ogden, Utah. The marriage was later solemnized in the temple in Logan, Utah. She was the mother of eight children, two of whom preceded her in death. Living at the time of her passing were Mrs. Lavina Robinson and Ben T. Ritchie both of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Florence Forbes and Mrs. Bernice Curtis, Idaho Falls; Mrs. Sylvia Nelson, Shelley; and Marion Ritchie, Riverton, Utah At this writing the three eldest children have passed away, Lavina, Benn and Florence. (June 1954). First baby, Mary Ellen, died at three weeks.

I have no doubt, that as a young girl Aunt Naomi was a beautiful and charming girl. After her marriage she moved with her husband to Oakley, Idaho, where they resided for one year. At that time, John and Benjamin Ritchie were in the sheep business, and were looking for good grazing land to run their sheep. John Seedall had come to this country one year before for that purpose and had purchased a large improved farm on Willow Creek. He filed on adjacent ground and the following spring Aunt Naomi came from Oakley to help her sister-in-law. Mae Seedall cook for the shearers. Her husband and brothers bought the sheep and they purchased farm land and ran their sheep in the hills above Iona.

It was in 1889 they came to this section of Idaho and established themselves in true pioneer fashion, in a one room log cabin in a field. Soon they built another room. Then the roads were surveyed and as they were one-half mile from the road the house was sawed in two and moved to the edge of the field, bordering the road. Their only fuel at that time was sage brush. At one time she was critically ill for a period and often did she tell of accepting an invitation to come to Uncle John's and Aunt Mae's until her health was regained. She said "Sweeter words were never spoken in answer to their plea to come to them." The change and nursing and care were beneficial to her. She had deep and abiding faith in her creator and that faith is expressed in a paragraph taken from a sermon at her funeral service. It follows.

"A few weeks ago, it became my pleasure to spend an hour with her. We talked somewhat of the past and of her early life. She reminded me that about 40 years ago she was at death's door, or through the veil of the servants of the Lord. I remembered at that time the blessing that was given unto her, that she should live as long as she should desire. She said, "I have lived as long as I desire, I wish to go to that land beyond." She asked a blessing at my hand and I gave her one, and when I left she said. "I will tell our loved ones over there you send your love and blessing." Such was her faith (Eben Robinson)

Naomi Ritchie was active in L.D.S. church work. She was chosen counselor to Sister Fife in the first Stake Primary Presidency, when Bingham Stake was first organized. She held this position for many years until ill health forced her to retire. She suffered with varicose veins and ulcers as well as a goiter which were most painful. Many years she moved around with one knee on a chair, accomplishing her household tasks against great odds and pain. She was always cheerful and uncomplaining.

Her husband's death occurred in May, 1929 and she continued on in the old home for a few years when she purchased a home on H Street in Idaho Falls, where she moved and spent the last years of her life.

As a true pioneer mother she left nothing to be desired. She drove a team of horses from Ogden to Oakley with her baby daughter in the wagon. She was left with four children when her husband was called on a mission to the southern states in 1897. What a busy life she led with her family, church work, with the cares incident to the cattle raising and sheep raising and other numerous activities of her husband and family. Yes she was truly a pioneer mother.
Charles Welcome Deseret Rockwood  
By Bryant Nixon Rockwood and Eugene Olsen

C.W. Rockwood was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 2, 1850. He experienced many of the hardships of early Utah. In the famine of 56 and 57 they sustained themselves on bran bread until that was gone and then for three weeks the family was without bread, meat, or milk and had to live on roots, thistles and pigweeds.

At the age of 14, C.W. joined the Utah Militia, Company C and later was in the Black Hawk War. One morning when the horses were rounded up, his was missing so a friend whose horse was there volunteered to go out on detail. He was ambushed and killed. C.W. might well have been in his place but for a lost horse.

In 1872 he married Anna B. Starr (see her history for full account). In 1873 he was called to help settle Little Muddy in Nevada from which place he was released in a short time. In 1874 he became a guard at the State Penitentiary. Anna's history gives an account of his mission to the Northern States. While there he labored with Thomas A. Nixon and later in life C.W. named his boy Bryan Nixon Rockwood while T.A. named his boy Earl Rockwood Nixon.

When the family came to Iona around the turn of the century, C.W. didn't like the wind. After putting up with it for some time, he became very disgusted and one night said as he went to bed, "I'm going to sleep till this wind stops." In the morning the wind had not abated so he ate breakfast and went back to sleep. The next morning the Snake River breeze was still whooping it up so he ate breakfast and retired, but on the third day it was still going strong so he gave up. He never did get used to the wind. When the Ward bought trees for the church grounds, he took cuttings from these trees and planted a nursery so the people could plant windbreaks. He raised these cuttings for three years and gave to the people - all he asked was that they plant them and not let the cows wallow them down.

The only trees he sold was one batch to those who were building up Tautphaus Park in Idaho Falls. These trees changed the looks of Iona more than any one thing and were a great blessing.

After becoming Bishop of the Iona Ward in 1901, he was hired by the Utah Idaho Sugar company to experiment with sugar beets. ("You may recall that Preston Free grew several acres of sugar cane one summer and squeezed out more molasses than he could eat or sell.") C.W. Rockwood tried this new sugar plant before the sugar factory was built. He worked later for years as Field Superintendent with pay summer and winter. (In the winter he said that he had his hand back of him to take the money. He had been taught to earn his bread by the daily sweat of his brow.) He hired his son, Bryant, to be chain man in measuring the beet patches. The farmers had signed a four or five year contract to grow a certain acreage to get the factory built here. During the heat of the season Bryant became very dusty and thirsty and leg weary, insomuch that he struck for higher wages. He was getting pay from the Sugar Company at the rate of 50 cents per day. C.W. looked at him and said, "My boy, either you work for 50 cents a day or you work for nothing." That ended the first Iona strike in the beet industry.

On one of his vacations to Yellowstone Park, the boys rode in the wagon by the hour without meeting a soul. “Father?” said to one of them, "how do you know that you are not lost?"

"My Boy," he said. "You will never get lost if you have a tongue in your head and know how to use it."

He had his troubles too. His choir leader came to him one evening and wanted to be excused. He had just been married and the "young crowd" was going to duck him in the ditch because he wouldn't give a wedding dance or treat. C.W. urged him to come and lead the choir. After the practice, C.W. was watering the church lot and saw the crowd waiting to get the choir leader. With a shovel on his shoulder and with many words he dispersed the crowd. He apologized later for losing his temper.

A man of many abilities, he ran a threshing machine and also sold and repaired sewing machines. The people of Iona were indeed sorrowful when he had to give up his work as Bishop because of illness.

He died March 6, 1914.
Anna Starr was born February 3, 1850, in a two story, adobe house at 4th South and 3rd East, Salt Lake City, where the city and county building now stands.

Her father was Jared Starr, a tanner and shoe-maker. Anna remembered seeing the large tanning vats which her father had to tan the leather in. Her mother was Anna Barr.

When Anna was five years old her father died and the family then moved to Cottonwood, now called Holiday, where Mr. Starr had a small farm. Her mother and older brother, Bittner, worked the farm for about eight years. There was a small adobe house consisting of just one room on this farm, but the mother curtained the room off into kitchen and bedroom.

Here Anna started to school. The school was over two miles away so Anna did not go when the weather was stormy. The school was just one room with slabs of wood for benches. A desk for the teacher and one at the front of the room for the students to stand up to when they had their writing lesson.

Anna said that they were graded according to the reader they were in. She completed her fourth reader here in this little school. She said the four readers were interesting and wishes that she had kept them. Her teacher was a Mrs. Andrus, a wife of one of the first settlers in Ucon. She was an English lady and had a piano in her home. When the children were very good all week, Mrs. Andrus would invite them to her home on Friday and would play and sing to them. Anna thinks that this was the first piano in Salt Lake City. It now stands in the Bureau of Information on Temple Square.

One day on the way to Salt Lake to see the 24th of July Parade, she was riding on the wagon with her mother so proud of her new hat. She said. "Mother, are my ribbons flying?"

In these early days children’s toys were very scarce and for Christmas Anna would get a rag doll and a piece of candy.

When Anna was 14 her half-brother married and she and her mother moved back to Salt Lake City to their old home, in the 8th Ward. Here Anna accepted her first church position. It was teaching Sunday School. She attended the organizing of the Sunday School and became one of the first teachers in this ward.

Each ward formed a group of young ladies and they drew up a set of rules and resolutions by which they resolved to conduct themselves and their society. Anna was chosen by the members of her group to take their written resolutions to the Bee Hive House for Sister Eliza R. Snow's approval. She remembered very well going to the Beehive house and being shown into the room where Eliza Snow was working. Anna read the resolutions to her, and Eliza Snow said, "They were all right." Eliza R. Snow was a very meek quiet little woman and was seen and loved by Ann throughout her younger days.

When Anna was 16 or 17 she began work in the Relief Society as a teacher. In this organization she was very active. She was the secretary of the Relief Society of that Ward for many years. Here Zina D. Young taught her to make burial clothes, and she made them during the rest of her life.

One of her girlhood friends was Mary Ann Rockwood. In going to visit Mary Ann, she met Mary Ann's brother, Charles Welcome Deseret Rockwood, and he began courting Anna. He and Anna went together for five years, but Anna could not make up her mind.

One day a picnic on the Great Salt Lake was planned by a group of boys and girls. Anna was going with Charles; but she came down with the measles and could not go. Charles brought some cool lemonade over to Anna and some oranges. He spent the afternoon with her cheering her up. She was very surprised and pleased to know that he could be so kind and thoughtful of her and the lemonade tasted so good that from then on there was no other boy in the world but Charles.

They were married in the Endowment House when Anna was 22 and Charles 22 years old. Daniel H. Wells married them November 27, 1872. They went right into their new framed house on 3rd East and First South. Charles had built and furnished the home. There were store carpets on two of the rooms and a woven rug on the kitchen floor. Anna has today a large looking glass, and a clock and a center table that were brought into that first home in Salt Lake. The looking glass was a wedding present as was the clock. The home was furnished very nicely and Anna was very proud of it.

Anna had four children in Salt Lake and then the family after about nine or ten years moved to a little farm in Centerville, Utah between Ogden and Salt Lake.

They lived on a sunny side hill and had a large orchard and early garden, in which was raised vegetables for the market of Salt Lake. Charles Rockwood prided himself on having the first peas on the market, usually about the first of June.

While here in Centerville, Anna's husband was called on a mission to the Southern States. He left for his mission and Anna and her small boys took over the raising of the garden stuff and the tending of the fruit orchard. The two oldest daughters Lula and Mattie stayed in Salt Lake with her Grandmother. Lula taught school and worked in the cracker factory to help her father and mother.

Amos tells us that he and his brothers and mother carried hundreds of buckets of water to the trees in the orchard to keep the trees alive. He and his mother weeded the onion and radish rows and he has hated gardening ever since. When the fruit was ready for market it had to be picked and packed and loaded into a wagon and then taken to Salt Lake. If all of it could not be sold then Anna had to cut it and dry it for winter.

Two new rooms on the home in Centerville had just been started when Charles was called on his mission. Anna finished those two rooms and made them livable for her family all by herself. Her husband's brother helped with the plowing and cultivating but the chores and the biggest work of the orchard and garden was shared by Anna and her children. During this period, Anna made all of the family hats by braiding straw and she made candles to light her home.
Anna was made president of the Centerville Primary, which position she held for many years. When she had to go alone to meetings she had a little cart and one horse which she drove herself. But on Conference days an old spring wagon was brought out and boards put across for seats and Anna would load the wagon with teachers, neighbors and children and head for conference. Always something happened, either the harness broke and had to be mended with a rope or string or a wheel would throw a tire for this outfit was the one that was the poorest because it was not needed for the farm work. Later Anna traded a cow for a little buggy that was easier to ride in.

When Charles returned and found his boys growing up, he decided that he needed more land for his boys. He wanted to go to Canada but Anna said she would not go. "If we can't find anything better between here and Canada let's stay here," she said. "If that's the way you feel we will drop the Canada idea," said Charles.

Soon he spent a week looking at a farm in Menan owned by some folks in Centerville. He was going to buy it when he heard about the big mosquitoes there so he came to Iona and bought a farm here. Upon his return he said "Well I bought the farm." Anna said, "Is it anywhere near civilization or is it in the sagebrush?"

"A public road runs right past the door," said Charles.
So the family moved to Iona in 1896. Anna and the small children came on the passenger train. The and Amos drove the wagon loaded with home furnishings. The stock was shipped with Jeddy in charge.

Anna said of Iona that it always felt like home and she never wanted to go back to Salt Lake except for a visit. She was a teacher in Sunday School in the Iona Ward and one day she and her fellow teacher, Mrs. Esther Hammer, of the adult class decided to ask the Bishop, who was her husband, Charles Rockwood, why the rocky, hilly ravine back of the church could not be made into a nice square. The Bishop talked it over with the men and they all turned out with their plows and plowed up the sage brush and filled in the ravine and planted grass. The Bishop who had a small nursery of trees donated the trees and they were planted all around the square. The ladies of the ward turned out and gave the men a fine chicken dinner in the old rock school house. So Anna was responsible for the making of our fine square in which games of every sort are played today.

Anna's husband was made bishop shortly after their move to Iona and was Bishop over 10 years. In those days when the visiting apostles came to conference they had to stay at the Bishop's home and Anna would set table after table on conference days for the visiting members. They would always stay overnight for Iona was the center and conference was always held here.

Anna worked both on the Idaho Falls Stake Mutual and Relief Society Boards, traveling from Blackfoot to Rexburg in a horse and buggy to pay official visits.

In 1941 she went blind, but after a successful operation she regained her sight and began her active life again. Making quilts for her daughter and knitting for the soldiers.

In the last few years she never said much about living to be 100 but as the birthdays passed and she came nearer and nearer to the 100 mark she seemed to live for that day. On February 3, 1950 Anna reached her 100th birthday. She was very pleased to think that she had reached that goal. A lovely party was given her, over 150 people called on her. Dozens of telegrams were received, even one from the President of the United States. A beautiful cake was presented her by the Relief Society. Flowers of every kind came to her, and during it all she sat in her bed and received everyone with a smile and a welcome and a thank you. She enjoyed every minute of the day and every card or gift that was sent to her.

So calm and happy was she during that day that by night she said she wasn't even tired.

She lived until October 2, 1950.
Joseph Rowberry
By Della Rowberry

Joseph Rowberry, eldest son of Bishop John Rowberry and Hannah Eliza Barber, was born April 11, 1846, at Council Bluff, Iowa. His parents were converted to the L.D.S. Church while in England.

They met and were married in the United States. With the rest of the Saints they were driven from their beautiful home in Nauvoo across the river. On the ice February 4, 1846, so Joseph was born in a make-shift home. It was not until 1850 that they came across the plains with the Ezra Taft Benson Company. As soon as they arrived in Salt Lake City they built a home, then were called by Brigham Young to go settle Tooele. John Rowberry was Bishop, then Presiding Bishop of Tooele Stake, for 25 years. That is where Joseph grew to manhood. However a tragedy came to him when only six years old; his mother died, leaving besides himself, one brother and two sisters. He was very devoted to these children and helped to care for them. One of his sisters died at the age of eight, but Joseph cared for the others even after his father married again. He felt responsible for them. At a very early age he helped care for the sheep and cattle belonging to his father.

He married Sarah Jane Lee in Salt Lake City October 28, 1866. They had a ranch at Erda, Utah, in Tooele County. At that time Erda was called Batesville Ward. Joe, as everyone called him, was very active in this ward, holding several positions of responsibility. He was counsellor, then Superintendent of the Sunday School for many years. Joseph and Sarah had 16 children all born here.

In 1903, at the age of 49, Joseph suffered a stroke. A year later (June, 1904) he and his family moved to Iona Idaho, where his wife, Sarah Jane, had been called as an Obstetrician.

They first lived on the Hans Hansen farm, and later moved to the Iona townsite. In 1906, they filed on a homestead east of Iona. During this time his health was very poor. He died December 17, 1916 and was buried in Tooele, Utah.

Sarah Jane Lee Rowberry

Sarah Jane Lee was born February 19, 1851, at Tooele, Utah, to Thomas Lee and Harriet Wolkitt. Her parents were sent to help colonize Tooele County. Sarah Jane was the first white child born in Tooele County. She had a very colorful life. Being the eldest child in a family of 15 made it necessary for her to take much responsibility. Her father married a second time, complicating their family life.

Sarah and her brother, Thomas, when very young, would go to the mountains to cut trees for building homes, barns, etc., as well as for fire wood. Sarah's father, Thomas, while not a doctor, was called upon to help people in case of broken bones or any other ills. As there were no doctors in this vicinity at this time and Thomas was blessed with his ability in this line, his daughter became interested and in fact, went with her father very often when there was need for help.

When Sarah Jane was not quite 16, she married Joseph Rowberry in Salt Lake City, October 28, 1866.

She had her first pair of real shoes the day she was married. She and Joseph drove to Salt Lake City in a cart with a beautiful horse which was really a luxury at that time. They could go to Salt Lake and back the same day - 40 miles each way. They drove back to their own home in Erda (Batesvile) Ward. In this home they lived and raised 16 children. Sarah was very active in church activities; she was counsellor to the President of the Relief Society, then later, President.

From the time she was married she was called to help with childbirth and all other illnesses, following in her father's footsteps. After her 15th child was born, she went to Salt Lake City and studied Obstetrics under the direction of Dr. Ellis R. Shipp. After this training she continued her practice in her home community for nine years, then was asked to come to Iona, Idaho. She, with her husband and all their family that had not already married, arrived here January 1 1904. From the time she arrived she was kept very busy bringing hundreds and hundreds of babies into the world. In all kinds of weather, day or night, she would travel all over this valley with her little black horse and buggy or cutter, depending on the weather.

She gave of her ability and strength unselfishly many, many times when she knew she would never be paid for what she did. The night was never too dark or too stormy for her to answer the call for help.

During the flu epidemic she went from home to home helping wherever she could. For weeks she had very little sleep; as a result her health was broken, and in the spring of 1919 she caught pneumonia. That fall she went to live with her son, Harold, in Caldwell.

Even there she could not keep from working. Very often there would be an emergency, and she would always help in her efficient way. She suffered a stroke June 15, 1922, and only lived until July 1, when she peacefully passed away, and was buried in Tooele, Utah, July 5, 1922.
William Scoresby
By Martha Scoresby

William Scoresby was the son of James and Ann Coverdale Scoresby. He was born in Wetwang, Yorkshire, England, June 3, 1860. He went to school until 12 years of age, then left home to earn his own way, working for farmers nearby.

At the age of 27 he had an opportunity to go to Australia where many people were going, lured by the hope of obtaining their own land, which was out of the question in England, when almost all the farms were owned by nobility. He had used tobacco up to this time, as did the big majority of men in England, but decided to stop the habit, concluding that it was a wasteful practice and observing that he was not benefited by its use. He did stop at this time and never used it again. After moving to Australia, he obtained work on the farm of a Mr. Ole William's brother, John, had come out to Australia and William went to see him and while visiting in Laidley, he met Jessie Ann Higgs who had come from England with her family a few years before. They became friends and after she returned to her home in Ipswich, they married October 6, 1892.

They took up housekeeping in a two room house on a claiming lease of 50 acres at Hermitage. The land was overrun with scrub brush and prickly pear. They had the crops raised on the land with the understanding that they would clear the land. During their stay of nearly seven years here, their two oldest children, Garnet and Ivy were born. In March 1899, they bought 160 acres.

William sheared sheep and stacked grain for other farmers until time to plant his own crops. The four other children. Austin, Clifford, Alvin, and Owen were born at this place, now Yarren Lea, Queensland, Australia.

They first heard the gospel in 1902 when Jessie's brothers came to visit them and told them what they had learned from the Elders. They were interested and began investigating for themselves with the result that they, along with their son, Garnet, were baptized in September, 1903 in a nearby reservoir. The Elders who baptized them were Caleb Marriolt and Robert Young.

Thomas Higgs, Jessie's father had been baptized along with his wife Emma in May of the same year, and had sold their farm and were living with William until they could arrange to come to Utah. William had decided not to come because of the lack of money. They decided to sell their farm and move to Utah. Brother Delbert Stanger, one of the Elders who had helped to convert them to the gospel had sung the praises of Idaho and invited them to come to Iona. After being on the ocean from May 6 to June 8, they landed at Vancouver, British Columbia because the great fire and earthquake had destroyed the docks at San Francisco that year.

They arrived at Idaho Falls, June 11, 1906. They were met by Brother James E. Steele, who was president of the Bingham Stake at that time. Brother Steele telephoned Brother George Stanger, who was running the delivery wagon for the Lincoln Store. He brought the wagon, arranged for another buggy to come, and

Brother and Sister Higgs, William and Jessie, and their six children were all brought to the home of A. J. Stanger, Delbert's father, in Iona. They appreciated very much the help which the Stangers gave them so kindly at this time.

Brother Stanger loaned William a team with which he worked 20 acres of beets from Bishop Christian Anderson of Lincoln. There was a two room house on the land. Brother Stanger also loaned them a cow and found a used stove for them to use. They bought a few pieces of furniture in town and William made a table and benches out of lumber.

The family all worked in the beets that summer and did other work for Bishop Anderson, they helped with the harvesting and threshing and topped his mangoes that year. On December 4, 1906, they moved to Iona into the house now owned by Frank Longhurst across from the service station. William worked in the stores at Iona and Lincoln that winter straightening the stock in the basement and storerooms.

He had been ordained a deacon and teacher in Australia and this year Brother Ezra J. Williams ordained him an Elder. In April, 1907 he obtained work helping lamb sheep for Brother A. J. Stanger. In the spring he thinned beets for Bishop Rockwood, and did other work for farmers of the area, putting up hay for Ephraim Olsen, picking up potatoes, topping beets, etc. He worked for Brother A. J. Stanger that winter, feeding sheep. He sheared sheep at Twin Creeks in the spring of 1908, then helped Brother Thomas Nixon, receiving as pay, enough hay for one cow.

The family had a siege of typhoid fever that fall. Emma Higgs, Garnet, Austin and William were all sick. Austin was very sick. While they were ill, Brother Thomas Nixon came to the home leaving his work and administered to them and helped out in many ways, for which they were very grateful. When William recovered he obtained work shearing sheep for the community corral then herded sheep all summer for Brother Stanger, and feeding them the next winter. He was away from home most of the time and the burden of raising the children fell upon his wife Jessie.

In the fall of 1909, a friend who had come from Australia told him of some good homesteading land in Carey in the Wood River Valley. He took a trip there in November and was favorably impressed. The next spring the family stored their furniture until they could get settled, and taking their belongings, including a cow tied to the back of the wagon the whole family went 150 miles to make a home in Carey. When they arrived there after traveling for a week, they found the land completely covered by water from the nearby lake. They stayed a few days looking around for other land which they might get, but being unsuccessful they returned home, sadder, poorer and wiser.

Next year in 1910 William took his wife and family to Salt Lake City where they were all sealed together for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. While there, they attended conference and the Australian reunion. William started to work the next year on the Iona Sheep Company's farm, of which Brother A. J. Stanger was manager. In 1914 the family had been going without butter and saved
enough to buy a team and Studebaker wagon. He worked on the railroad. Using the
team and wagon, plowed beets, hauled potatoes, etc.

In 1914 he also received his naturalization papers from the United States
government, thus making him and his family citizens of the United States of
America. In 1915 the family moved to Blackfoot and rented a farm there. Then
the next year they moved to Rigby where they had started to buy an 80 acre farm.
After trying for 2 years to farm this land without sufficient irrigation water they
sold out and moved back to Iona where he obtained a job as caretaker of the church
and school.

They bought an eleven acre lot from the Denning Estate and farmed that, also
a lot from a Jap and one from Joe Clapp and one from Lester Longhurst. He
worked as caretaker for 8 years, and during that time he and the boys rented dry
farms.

In 1922 William was ordained a High Priest by President James E. Steele.

In April, 1923 his only daughter, Ivy, died leaving two small children, Lynn
and Donna, who came to live with them. In May, 1924 his youngest son, Owen
died as a result of an accident received while trying to catch a horse.

In the year 1929 the remaining members of the family moved into a new home.
Garnet had married Beatrice Williams, January 8, 1913; Austin married Rose
Ward November, 1919; Clifford married Josie Horman, February 6, 1924; in 1932
Alvin married Martha Wilson.

William was a very patient, unassuming man, honest and trustworthy in all his
dealings. He always took great pride in his work. Dressing animals was a specialty
of his. He played the accordion and was a great reader, studying the scriptures
while herding sheep, and in his spare time. He was a faithful ward teacher for
many years, and set a fine example to his children who have never heard him use
any stronger language than, "By Jove," or "The Jolly Thing". He was janitor of
the Iona School for many years and during the cold months when the children
came to school with hands and feet tingling with cold, he would gently rub and
warm them in his own hands. He herded cows during the last years of his life, and
raised a fine garden every year.

This history would not be complete without mentioning the loyal support and
help which his wife, Jessie, gave William for over 53 years of their married life.
She worked along with him in the beet and potato patch, walking many miles to
and from their work. She it was who planned and schemed to make his small
wages stretch to cover the expenses of their large family and lovingly cared for
him when he was ill, in spite of the fact that she had poor health for many years
of her life. Jessie also was a loving and tender daughter, caring for her aged father
Thomas Higgs and her mother Emma Higgs until they died. She was unselfish all
her life, going without things she needed, in order that she might get something
for her husband and children. She loved to attend church, always taking a long her
family, and did everything she could to see that they received an education. She
was a real mother to Ivy's children, Lynn and Donna teaching them the gospel,
guiding and counseling them to do right. Lynn is a Bishop in Midvale, Utah and
Donna became a school teacher and is married to a returned missionary.

Jessie was misunderstood by most people because of her blunt manner of
speech. Perhaps only those who were closest to her, knew her as the person she
was. She cared little for style or the sham of modern living, but believed firmly in
such things as friendship, honesty, love and character. She had a firm testimony
of the gospel and bore witness to its truthfulness and power for good in her life at
every opportunity. It was she who taught the children, and saw that they went to
church and in all ways was a loyal and loving wife. When she died in March.
1945, she left a very lonely husband. William followed her in death 2 1/2 years
later in October, 1947.

At this writing they have 4 living sons, 21 grandchildren, 31 great
grandchildren and 1 great great grandchild.
John Robert Seedall
By a daughter-in-law, Deon Smith Seedall

The subject of this sketch was born in Low Moor, Clitheroe, Lancashire, England, January 5, 1853.

His father was William Seedall, whose forebears had been residents of Clitheroe, where there was a castle and where the land was farmed in part by the Seedall family. Indeed the name is taken from agricultural pursuits and means just what it implies, Seed-all. Records in the castle and a recent statement by the present occupant are to the effect that when the Mayflower sailed for America the Seedall's were at the castle farm and had been for centuries.

William Seedall. John's father, was a tailor by trade, sitting crosslegged upon the table where he sewed fine suits and clothing by hand. John's mother worked in the mills nearby and John saw little of her as she worked from dawn to dark. His memory of his early home was of the absence of his mother, his father caring for him, a half brother (his father had lost his first wife and John's mother was a second wife) a two-story house and a brook running nearby; and the man who supplied brewer's yeast for bread. How good it tasted.

When John was seven years of age, the Mormon Missionaries brought the gospel message to his parents. They were converted and decided to come to America and Utah. John's half-brother, whom he adored, chose to stay in England, although he carried small John piggy back most of the way to Liverpool where the family set sail on the sailing vessel 'Tabscot', May 14, 1862. Ship records state that William was then 47, Ann Ormerod Seedall was 46, and John, 7. They were six weeks on the water and many of the sailors died of scurvy, because of their limited diet. Hard tack, salt pork, and split pea soup were the only foods. Many of the passengers were ill upon arrival, but some fresh vegetables and added foods restored their health.

The long and arduous trek across the plains was too much for the frail mother whose life had been spent indoors, and she passed away near the South Pass of Wyoming and was buried in a hollow log. Kind friends did their best to comfort the brokenhearted little John when he had to leave his mother and never did he mention this ordeal in after life that his eyes did not fill with tears, and his voice break - such was the tragedy that made such a terrific imprint upon his young life. The family of two, Father William and John, settled in Davis County, in Kaysville, and two years later William died, leaving John an orphan at twelve.

Life was hard for John and unutterably lonely. Neighbors gave him chores to do for his food, which was meager to say the least. Many times he told of chopping wood all morning and would faint with hunger by noon, and his lunch would be a bowl of bread and milk brought out to him, and how he longed for just a crust of bread covered with molasses. Years later when he had amassed a good deal of this world's goods, he always insisted on everyone having all they could possibly eat at his table, never forgetting what the pangs of hunger meant.

The lonely, homeless boy drew the attention of a man who took a real liking to the youth. Being a sheep man he employed John to help him with the sheep. John proved so dependable and trustworthy he was soon in charge of the herd and received his pay in sheep. He was allowed to run them together and before long he had a nice herd of his own. By the time he was thirty he was quite well-to-do. About this time he was grazing the sheep in the mountains east of Ogden. One morning he called at the camp of his friends the Ritchie Brothers who were also sheep men, little knowing of the import of the visit. Be was welcomed by the two charming twin sisters Mary (May) and Hannah. They were as alike as 'twin peas' as he often expressed. Upon asking how one could cook beans soft in that altitude, Mary laughingly said, "Parboil them in soda water". She stole his heart and a year later they were married in the Logan Temple, October 16, 1884. They made their home in Kaysville where their two eldest children were born. John Lawrence, born March 11, 1886, and Nancy, born January 12, 1889.

In the spring of 1888, looking for more and better range for his sheep, John started in a light rig with a team, north to Bear River taking over the mountains traveling north to Soda Springs, to the mouth of Willow Creek following the stream down until he came to the Haskins' ranch near Shelton. As he looked over the valley from the hills and the beautiful Snake River Valley was unfolded in all its beauty he remarked as did Brigham Young in 1847, when he looked over the Salt Lake Valley, "This is the place."

Coming to the Haskins' ranch which was quite a land mark at that time he inquired if there was an improved place for sale anywhere along the creek. He was told that the William Smith place was for sale a few miles down creek, whence he journeyed. Mr. Smith had an excellent improved place with many hay stacks, a thriving orchard bearing fruit, and a very large raspberry, gooseberry and currant patch. He approached and asked if the place was for sale; Mr. Smith stated it was and the reason for the sale was that the country was being taken up by Mormons and that he wanted nothing to do with them. The place was purchased for six thousand dollars. Mr. Smith would not accept the check as being good until it had been cleared by the Utah bank. You may be sure the property looked very good to John Seedall, who wanted the many bends of the creek and the tree groves as protection for his sheep during the hard cold winters and bad weather. I have heard many tell that the only fruit they ever had in that early day was that from the small berries gathered from the Seedall patch. They carried fruit away in tubs and pails and the patch was enlarged as was the orchard until when the writer went there to live in 1912. There was a wonderful variety of the finest apples, pears, plums as well as small fruits.

John returned to Utah and waited until the next spring to bring his family. He brought the first herd of sheep into this section in June of 1888, crossing Bear River where the water was so low he did not get the soles of his shoes wet. Little Nancy was just two months old when her mother came to the ranch from Kaysville, March, 1889. The sheep and because the Ritchie brothers were dissatisfied with Oakley to help May cook for the shearers since there was so much range for the sheep and because the Ritchie brothers were dissatisfied with Oakley they too, brought their sheep to this section, settling on farms in the Crowley or Willow Creek, Iona section. John, Benjamin, William, Joseph, and as
he grew older, Jabez also acquired sheep, all of them having large flocks. For years the Ritchie brothers ran the sheep together, later dividing. Grandfather Ritchie was also interested in the enterprise. They were all very successful.

John Seedall took a great deal of pride in the building up of blood strains of his sheep, often paying as much as fifty dollars for a buck from some remote place. This was quite an amount for that time. Many are the old timers, still living, who recall shearing or otherwise helping with the herds in the hills.

The farm consisted of 240 acres. He later acquired an additional eighty acres. Later he sold an eighty to William Byram.

John R. Seedall was a progressive, industrious, capable, self-taught man. He was a gentleman with a warm and friendly personality. Kind hearted and charitable, it was often said of him, "his heart is big as a bucket." Many were the new arrivals from Utah that found a fine warm welcome in the home until they could locate. Many too, were the romances that blossomed under the shades of the old roof. Those less fortunate or in need of help were never turned away. Mary, or Aunt May, was noted for her wonderful home and cooking and she had enough hand-made wool quilts, products of her own wool gathering, carding and spinning as well as dyeing, and piecing, to make twenty beds. Oh, how warm, soft and comfortable these comforters were. She was a wonderful manager, homemaker, wife and mother. Perhaps a better one never lived. As the children were ready for higher education than could be obtained in the little school on the corner, Father Sedall built a beautiful home in town, then after a few years when it became almost too large for the dwindling family, as they married, he built another smaller one for May. It was just right, and modern in every way. May was only permitted to live therein a short time when she met an untimely death in an automobile accident. She was on her way to visit her daughter Alice and son-in-law Earl Bailey, when the car's brakes failed to hold and the car rolled backwards down Kep's Hill turning over. Her head was crushed by the bows of the car. (Cars were not enclosed as now, but were provided with bows and curtains.)

Father Seedall could not content himself in the city for more than a day or two at a time. He loved the outdoor life and in the twenties he homesteaded a place in the hills. The place was almost due east of Blackfoot in Bingham County. He built a cabin and fenced and proved up on the place. He loved to fish and cut trees and timber and it was truly a beautiful homestead with its seven kinds of evergreens. There had been an old saw mill on the place and in this setting he built his cabin. One morning his teeth were missing and he was just in time getting them from a pack rat that had left him a stick. How he laughed at the telling. He had a wonderful sense of humor and the jokes he told were mostly upon himself - as of the time he tried to fix a watch and had enough extra parts to fill a tin can.

J. R. Seedall was a faithful Latter-day Saint all the years of his life. He contributed generously to every worthy cause, paying an honest tithe, and was advanced in the priesthood, until he had been a High Priest for many years at the time of his passing. He was a high councilman in the Bingham and Idaho Falls Stakes for many, many years until ill health forced his retirement.

A typical story of the hardship experienced and of the help that came for a family and their tribute is contained in the following story, related to me by one of the family.

"We were a family of mother, father and several small children. We had just come to the valley and were in destitute circumstances, camped in a tent close to Willow Creek. There was fuel in the willows along the creek and it was close to water and there was water and good protection for our camp. One night our mother passed away. There was no one to turn to, as we were strangers. The story of our plight came to May Seedall, and in our grief we looked up to see this good woman coming to us with sheets over her arm for our mother. She took us into her home, made us comfortable with food and shelter and kindness until help came to us from other sources. Never shall I forget her, she was indeed an angel of mercy. God bless her memory.

Grandfather lived most of the time fur twenty years in our home on the ranch where he first came as a young man, then later at the home we built and where he lived for so many years, until 1917. He was always welcome, always nice to have around. The children adored him and he them. Gerald used to go to the hills with his grandfather when he was proving up on his place and learned many valuable lessons at his knee. He was a wonderful marksman, many times winning against all comers. Many stories of his life would he tell and retell to please the children and they were all so interesting. He was a wonderful father, husband and grandfather and a rich heritage for his loved ones to cherish.

Mother Seedall, Mary, died June 15, 1918.

Father John Seedall lived until 1931 being seventy-six years of age. He suffered a series of slight strokes which became increasingly severe and he was bed-ridden for six months prior to his death. His faithful daughters cared tenderly for him until the time of his passing on March 29, 1931.
Mr. Stanger, what is your earliest memory?
I was born at Payson, Utah, April 4, 1859 and when I was quite a lad we were crossing the Weber River and I lost my pants. We were after some red willows and I tore my pants when I fell down. When we got over the river we thought we saw some Indians so we followed the river to McKay's place and they took us in and gave us something to eat and then took us back to our homes. Our mothers had been waiting for us.

After I got a little bigger, my father was coming over the river when it was quite high; He picked me up and threw me in the slough to see if I could swim. I got out and he threw me in again. Then mother grabbed his beard so he could not throw me in a third time.

I started school in Slaterville and those days were different than now – we had to scrap a little to get through school. I had a pretty good reputation for fighting. This training stood him in good stead after he moved to Iona. His son Delbert told of a rough neighbor who was determined to whip A. J. for some fancied slight. He and a friend laid in wait for Mr. Stanger but he whipped them both.

Later on as I got older, we took cows out for the summer. They were pastured across the river and we had to swim the river to get them. But coming back we used the cows for ferry boats.

We had about 100 pupils in school and only one man to teach them. He would always carry a lash with him so we all got whippings. He, Alfred Seibens, had been a captain on a ship SQ we called him Cap Seibens. We used to carry sweet corn in our pockets and one day when we were having a spelling match, I was caught picking this corn out of my pocket, so was given a thrashing.

About all we had to do in the summer was herd cows. I never had any hardships to speak of. We always had plenty to eat. We had no matches and when the fire would go out we would go to the neighbors to get a start. We would sometimes use flint and steel to make sparks to light on "tunder" to start the fire. The first matches were different than now. One of those matches would make two of ours today. Stoves were very few. All fireplaces. We used to boil duck eggs by rolling them in mud and putting them in the fire. Horses were rare. Used Oxen. I never did much driving oxen. My father's pair were called Buck and Bally. Last I remember of the oxen was when my father sent them to bring back the emigrants. That was the last I saw of them. There is very much difference in oxen. Some go fast and some slow.

The first teacher that never used a whip was Bartholomew. He believed that a boy who did not obey the rules of the school should be sent home. Most of our seats were benches without backs. We used slates and would write in our laps. Mostly reading, writing and arithmetic.

I was ordained a Ward Teacher when just a boy. My brother was ordained a Deacon and I a teacher, even though I was the youngest. Used to get smitten on a girl and then she would quit me, but when I met my wife I knew for sure she was the right one. Always liked to be in girl's company. In those days boys were not allowed to stand by the girl's side. When the dance music started we had to select the girl we wanted from the other side of the room and dance with her.

I earned my first money herding cows - 50c from Silvester Perry. We had greenbacks then instead of silver.

I was married in the Endowment House when I was nineteen I remember seeing Brigham Young, was a young married man when he died. Have heard men who I thought were better talkers. George A. Smith for instance.

I don't know why I settled here. My first stop was American Falls. When we arrived here they were just beginning to build the Old Rock School House. My father said if he could get a place here he would stay - that was the spring of '88.

Sam Jones and John Empey were digging ditch and they told me I could get the old place of Bailey and Haderlie. Got it from Charley Wetzel's father. It was 120 acres. I had 160 acres altogether - gave two dollars an acre for the 120. I did good making money between the ages of 45 and 55. Sold the place to Bill Price and then bought it back again. Then I went into debt against counsel - got the big head and went into the banking business and lost. I do not blame anyone but myself.

In our travels we had quite a few funny experiences. James E. Steele and myself were going on a chicken hunt and we came to a stream. I told him I could drive the buggy across but he wanted to get out. I finally persuaded him to stay in the buggy so we started across and the front wheels dropped into such a hole that he was pitched over the dashboard into the water and got all the wind knocked out of him. After that he would tease me about throwing him out on his stomach. James E. used to say he had been stunted on mush. This always got a laugh because he was so large.

Chris Olsen and I once traded horses. He got a mare and I got a horse. I thought I was cheated so I told him and he told me he didn't have any money for boot but he had a calf he would give me.
In 1895 George P. Ward was put in as Bishop and he chose me as his first counselor. John F. Shelley second counselor. About a year later (December, 1896) I was put in as Bishop (with Isaac Gudmundsen and C. J. Owens counselors.) When I was ordained I was instructed not to do the preaching and that suited me fine. Later I was chosen counselor in the stake presidency (to Jas. E. Steele, February, 1901). In 1908 I was counselor to Heber Austin and while serving there I had the privilege of getting my second endowments - why I was chosen I don't know. When I first came here I gave my last five dollars for shingles for the meeting house. I have never been on a mission but have had two sons and two sons-in-law on missions and I made more money at that time than I ever have and kept them and their families.

How did the Iona Sheep Company get started? Well, when we first came here there was not much farming and so we started up this sheep company and I managed it. We did very well too and the little man got his share of the profits. There was plenty of room then for sheep and we made money. Then the money makers got control of the company and froze the little man out and we divided up but while I managed it we did good.

(Quoting from the news clipping at the time of his death:)
Mr. Stanger was active in the construction of the early canal systems in this section and was director and water master of the Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Canal companies for many years. He was founder and general manager of the Iona Sheep Company, which was dissolved in 1915. He was director of the Iona Mercantile Company and organizer and director of the Idaho Falls National Bank, which later merged with Anderson Brothers Bank.

A. J. Stanger was a man whose judgment was just and who was a stickler for honesty and fair play. He and Elizabeth Ritchie were married in the Endowment House March 29, 1878. They settled on a farm in Hooper, Weber County, Utah, where they lived for five years before moving to American Falls, Idaho. In 1888 he came to Iona as related and later helped organize a bank in Idaho Falls. When the bank failed he was offered stock in the First Security Bank to make up the loss. When he found that his friends must lose their stock, he said, "If my friends are to lose their stock, I lose too." And he did.

He died December 9, 1937 at the age of 78 and his wife died May 17, 1953 at the age of 93.

Elizabeth Stanger
By Sarah Stanger and Mary L. Hansen

Elizabeth Stanger was born to James R. and Hannah B. Ritchie, September 1, 1859 at South Weber, Utah and was married to A. J. Stanger March 29, 1878 at the Endowment House.

She was next to the oldest of 18 children born to this couple and outlived all except her younger brother, Lawrence. She says that her father didn't understand girls because when he bought cloth for their dresses, he bought it by the bolt. All the dresses were of the same pattern. One time she refused a new dress because she couldn't stand to have a dress exactly like her sisters and half-sisters. (All through her life she retained that pride in appearance. I have never seen her wear soiled or ragged dresses. Patched yes, but never with holes or tears in them.)

In 1886 she and her husband moved from American Falls to Iona and lived in a cellar or dug-out near Sand Creek until they could get a one-room log house built. They soon had livestock and later flocks of sheep. Have you ever tried getting young boys and girls out to the milking corral or filled a dozen bottles of milk for the motherless lambs? These pet lambs must first be warmed by the kitchen stove, while you gingerly walk around them trying to get breakfast for the family. Finally they graduate from the stove to a small pen outside where they must be strawed and fed for weeks. Who but mother could direct all these varied activities as she cooked, sewed, washed and bore children and gave some of her time to her church.

One incident stands out in the mind of a boy: the first reunion in the Iona Ward was held in the west room of the Rock School House. Everyone was there. Tables were set with delicious food. The oldest people were served first, middle age next and the young folks next. The boy watched the food disappear until there was no dessert left. All the pies, cakes and puddings were gone. Why didn't the older ones remember there were children? Suddenly Sister Stanger appeared with two pies in her hand, a cheer went up. Then she hurried away and came back with a ten-layer jelly cake. The day was saved. Do you remember the Relief Society Granaries? At harvest time Sister Stanger would get a team and wagon, take along some boys and a lunch and begin at the north end of the ward and go south gathering grain for the Relief Society.

When Brother Stanger was called into responsible positions in the church it meant serving and entertaining of visiting brethren. People from far and near hooked their teams to Brother Stanger's fence so that one could hardly tell whether conference was at the Stanger's or at the church. Sister Stanger was considered one of the best cooks in town and her daughters have inherited that art. It has been said that "Aunt Lizzie Stanger" spread more bread and butter for children and young folks than anyone in town.

One of the Metcalf girls paid her this tribute in a letter: "I think of you often; what a wonderful mother you have been, patient with your own children and we neighbor kids. You never made us feel like we were a nuisance, which I know we
were. I remember how Brother Stanger would take a wagon load of us kids to Sunday School. Then when we got back you always had a nice dinner ready and invited us to stay, which we nearly always did. Then we hurried home without even helping with the dishes.

"I recall visiting you when you first came to Sand Creek, living in a cellar, how cozy it looked with rag carpet spread on the floor. I remember when mother would send me to your place to borrow something we never left empty-handed. Sometimes it was a start of fresh yeast or maybe her vinegar plant wasn't doing so good and I'd get a start of yours. I remember borrowing a setting hen and how heavy it got. I rested in the shade of every sage brush along the way. Also the buckets of milk you gave us when we didn't have a cow."

Elizabeth Stanger lived to the age of 94. She left beside children, a large posterity of 28 grandchildren, 71 great grandchildren, and 5 great great-grandchildren, truly a living monument to this fine couple.

The Stanger family has played an important part in the building and developing of this part of the Snake River Valley. A. J. Stanger and family whose home was American Fork, Utah, moved to American Falls together with several of his brothers. All of them desiring a home and acres of land.

Several years after A. J. Stanger located in Iona, his brothers Joseph and James came here, too.

Joseph married a sister of Tom Irwin, a well-known dry farmer and cattle man in the Snake River Valley. Joseph and his wife bought a farm a mile and a half northwest of the Iona townsite.

They made a home there and reared several children.

Besides farming, Joe loved to fish. Whenever he could persuade several of the fellows around town to go fishing, he would do so.

Their favorite place was at Cloward’s ranch on Willow Creek. Some of the best fishing holes were found there. Albert Cloward, who nearly always went with any group who wanted to fish on his ranch, needed him to show them the best places to go.

One group especially, enjoyed a day or two out in the hills. This occasion of which I write, consisted of six men, too many to make beds for in the cabin. Some of them would have to sleep out on the ground.

Well, Joe offered to be one to bunk out. Mr. Cloward, a practical joker, and Charlie Hansen, who loved a joke played on someone else, offered to find a nice soft place near the cabin to make the bed for Joe.

They found a very soft piece of ground, made a good bed, and in good time all had retired. Two of the other men slept outside also. All went well until about midnight, when Joe jumped out of bed, a blanket around him, declaring that snakes or some pesky insects had found him and were crawling all over him.

Well, it was found that the blankets next to Joe were completely covered with red ants and could not be brushed off. Of course there was one very angry man who sat up the rest of the night and left for home early next morning.

Joe was the butt of many practical jokes, which both he and his friends enjoyed. He continued farming until the death of his wife, and then he made his home with his brother, A. J. Stanger.

James Stanger, having married the sister of A. J. Stanger's wife, Sarah, both decided to leave American Falls and move somewhere near their relatives.

Soloman Edwards owned a very productive farm, south of the Iona townsite, one half mile. It was up for sale so James and Sara and family moved into the new home. James had learned the trade of moving houses. In fact, he claimed and did, move houses with all the furniture left in them and not even a dish was broken in the moving. His boys helped him: also worked on the farm.
Sarah had a large family, of which she was very fond. She was a very devoted worker in the church, and when the time came every fall for the Sisters of the Relief Society to gather in grain for the R. S. Storehouse, she was always ready with a wagon and driver to do her part.

She was a Relief Society visiting teacher for many years. And when there was no team available for her use, she and her companion would walk from farm to farm, finding out if the families were well, if sickness was in the home, offering personal help or helped find someone who could give part of their time to help those who needed it.

When the Sugar Factory was being built, James and his family moved to Lincoln, later selling their farm land.

Mr. Stanger's reputation for first class work was known throughout the valley. He was never idle. If he didn't have a job moving houses, barns, etc. he would work at something else. Both he and his wife and his family will be held in pleasant memories by the older settlers of Iona.

President James E. Steele
By A. D. Erickson

James E. Steele was born in Manchester, England, on June 22, 1852. His parents were of Scottish origin but at that time residing in England.

They became affiliated with the LDS Church and in 1856 immigrated to America. They crossed the plains in handcarts, traveling in what is known as the Martin Company.

Due to hardship and privation, the father died in crossing the plains. James E., as a boy of four years, landed with his mother at Salt Lake City on December 25, 1856. Salt Lake City was, at that time, but a small country town with one or two small stores and being characterized by having been fenced with pole fences.

As was customary in those early days the immigrants were assigned to the different towns for living quarters. James E. and his mother were assigned to American Fork. One of their early abodes was the old time dug-out.

Excerpts from his biography are as follows:

"My brother and I had built a home for mother and got in debt and I went to Bingham Canyon to get work and money to cancel the James E. Steele debt. I worked in a mine with a team for three or four years.

Well now, I had that little experience at that time. I went from there to Bingham Canyon Railroad and worked there for several years on the railroad most of the time. It was called the Bingham Canyon Railroad and I had charge of laying most of the tracks there; I put in the first three rail switches ever put in Utah. I had never seen one and I told the Superintendent that I had never seen one and didn't know a thing about them, but he said put it in, so I went ahead. When it was in, I didn't know whether a train would pull through it or not. So we flagged the train going down from Bingham Canyon and the engineer got off and said, 'What's the trouble?' He was named Johnson, and when we had explained the new switch was in, he said, 'I don't know, but I think old Susie can find her way through.' (That's what he called his engine); so he pulled through very carefully and in fifteen or twenty minutes it was working without a hitch, and I got a reputation for being a wonderful railroad man."

On December 23, 1880, he was married to Elvira C. Crompton, to whom there have been born the following children: James Hardy, William John, Hannah Elizabeth, Oscar Wiley, Bruce Bogan, Laura Elvira, Joseph who died very young, and Robert Stanley.

In 1885 he became interested in Idaho. Arriving at Eagle Rock on March 17 of that year. He remained until June 1st. During that time he filed on 160 acres of land, located near Sand Creek, which was, at that time, a sparsely settled country with only eight or ten families within a radius of ten miles. About June 1st he returned to Utah for the purpose of adjusting his former business.

Excerpt from his biography is as follows:
"So I went back to American Fork to sell out, and while I was getting ready to sell - now this is a little proposition that goes into religious affairs - the bishop thought I ought not to come; he thought I ought to stay as I was a member of the city council and held the office of Justice of the Peace. I was appointed by the governor to fill the vacancy of a man who died. The Bishop thought I ought not to come up here and thought I would do better there and maybe they would need me. I called attention to the fact that he had encouraged me in the first place, but I told him at last, 'If you say I should stay here for the reason you mention, I will stay.' ‘No, James,’ he said, 'I prophecy in the name of Israel's God if you go and stay for six months you will be made a bishop.' That was along in August, 1885. On the 23rd day of May, 1886. John W. Taylor, who was acting Stake President, and Richard P. Jardine, who was then Bishop of Lewisville, came down on Sand Creek, which is now Iona, and organized the ward, and I was put in as bishop."

The following excerpt from his biography gives his first impression and vision of this valley:

"Well, when I first came up. I landed at Eagle Rock on the 17th of March, 1885, I looked around, went over the country, and decided to locate on Sand Creek, it was called at that time. I found a place or piece of land and went down to Oxford and filed on it. I built a little cabin on it of cotton wood logs that I got up on the island. I left there then and went back to Utah and got down there about June 1st. I sold out and started back up here along a bout the middle of August.

When I got back to Sand Creek where I had located my ranch. Everything had dried up. The water was all gone. Everything looked desolate and unproductive. A man named John F. Shelley was with me, and it looked very discouraging. We looked way out in the sage brush and could see no trees, no houses, nothing but sage brush was in sight. We sat around for several days and one day, while sitting on the ground with my back leaning up against the wagon tongue, went to sleep and during my sleep I saw this country in a most beautiful, flourishing condition. In my sleep the sage brush disappeared and in Its stead I saw farms everywhere, and I woke up and said, 'now I am ready to unload.' I hadn't unloaded up to that time, and I never felt from then to the present time that I ever wanted to go back."

On May 23, 1886, he was made Bishop of the Iona Ward. He became interested in not only the development of that ward but also in establishing a townsite. With his own money he purchased from one High Timothy a tract of land, 160 acres, for $200.00, had it surveyed and laid out as the present Iona townsite and then resold it to the inhabitants at actual cost and without any financial gain to himself.

Iona is indebted to his foresight in its present community center and church lots. He became a member of the Bannock Stake Presidency in 1890, being Second Counselor to Thomas Ricks of Rexburg, in which capacity he served four years.

In 1892 he became stake president of the Bingham Stake and served in that capacity for approximately 15 years.

He was president of the Anderson Bros. Bank at Rigby, Idaho for approximately 13 years and vice-president of the Anderson Bros. Bank at Idaho Falls for over 20 years. He helped establish and was president of the Iona Mercantile Company for a period of 20 years He was prominently connected with the organization and development of the Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Irrigation Districts. He was president of Idaho's World's Fair Commission at St. Louis and of Portland Oregon, Fair in the years 1904 and 1905 respectively. He personally supervised the Idaho exhibits at both fairs.

He took a prominent part in the political and state affairs from the time he was a very young man. He served as H. member of the City Council of American Fork and was Police Judge in the same municipality. He was Deputy Clerk of the District Court in the old Oneida District. He was first mayor of Iona. He went to the Legislature of the State of Idaho three times - once as a representative in the House and twice as a Senator. He served as a member of the Board of Governors of the State Asylum at Blackfoot for a number of years.

He served his political party (Republican) as Precinct Committeeman for a number of years and also acted as Chairman for the central committee. As a member of the Legislature, he served on the irrigation committee and many of his thoughts are written in our State Laws relative to this great field He assisted in forming the first Prohibition Legislation in Idaho, and the first fish and game laws were enacted during his attendance in the Legislature.

He has had a wide experience in various agricultural enterprises. He reclaimed 160 acres of land from the raw sagebrush and made it into a productive farm. He successfully engaged in both the sheep and cattle industry and also played a prominent part in the development of the implement business in this valley. He made a number of important inventions in connection with farm machinery which was materially assisted in the agricultural industry.

He has always been prominently associated with public enterprises having made financial contributions to the construction of numerous churches, public buildings, and particularly in the building of Ricks Academy. He played a very prominent part in securing the extension of the Oregon Short Line to St. Anthony, the railroad spur to Iona and finally the loop which circles the valley. He was a member of the committee that waited on the railroad officials, and was largely responsible in securing the Railroad Company to move the Depot at Eagle Rock to the present site on "C" Street in Idaho Falls. Idaho. His influence had a great weight in locating the present Sugar Factory at Lincoln, Idaho.

At the close of President Steele's biography, the writer made the following request:

"I think it would be well for you to express three things: First, your appreciation for the country you live in, that your children may read it; second, your appreciation for the Snake River Valley; and third, your testimony of the Church you love."

And these were his eloquent answers:

"First, I will say this: Some years ago I was solicited by a representative of the Great Northern Pacific Railroad of Canada to go to Canada to live, take up land, and make my home in Canada, and he told me the wonderful advantages in Canada, and how well the people get along. I said, 'Joseph', for I was well
acquainted with him. 'Joseph, I haven't any reason to doubt but what everything you say is true, but the most important thing you haven't said anything about.' He said, "Why, what is it?" I said, the right flag doesn't float over Canada. While the Union Jack is all right for the people of Canada, I am an American and for me the Stars and Stripes forever.'"

"I have all confidence in the Snake River Valley. I saw it in a vision and I know it is coming into its own, and it has come. I saw it when it was a most desolate place for people to live in, but the Lord has blessed this country. He had caused the frosts to quit during the summertime, and the people who want to live right, and do live right, those people have a right to expect a blessing from the Lord in righteousness.

In 1852 President Brigham Young sent a party of men up here to look around and see what the country was like, how the climate was, and the situation generally. They came up here, I think about ten or twelve of them. This was told me by one of the party himself. He said he came up here and stayed all summer and it frosted every night that summer, and they went back and told President Young the condition and he said, "That's all right, perfectly all right. When we need that country it will be all right and we will settle it." In 1884 the country was blessed by the President of the Church and from that time on we have been raising crops of all kinds, melons, tomatoes, even peaches. People who lived prior to that time – Mr. Buck, who lives north of town was one who told me - said they never saw a season before that time when they could raise a crop, but we don't have the frost now we used to have.

"I will say that I was born from parents who were members of the Church. I was raised in the Church. When I was twenty-two years of age, there was a question in my mind whether I knew positively whether the Mormon Church was right or not, and I undertook to get that information. I undertook to satisfy myself that the church was right or I would have nothing to do with it. I got a testimonial by prayer, and I testify that I know that God lives, that this Church was established by the real Prophet Joseph Smith, and I am a living witness of its divinity and power. I have seen too much for me to think for one moment that all these things could happen by chance. That the testimony that I have is a burning testimony. It wasn't given to me by man. I don't accept it from any man, but God gave it to me in my spirit and in my aid and I know it is true and I want my children to know it. I want them to appreciate it, to live it, because it means eternal life in the Kingdom of Heaven, if we live the laws of God."

George P. Ward, Jr.
By Ruby Ward

George P. Ward, the subject of this review, was born on August 20, 1854, in Walton, Northamptonshire, England, a son of George and Sarah A. (Plant) Ward. His father, George Plant Ward Sr. was a farmer and later operated a bakery and grocery business at West Walton, England, and after he and his wife heard the gospel preached on the first Sunday in January, 1851, they were baptized on January 23.

Then at a conference held at Bedford, England, the father was called by Apostle E. T. Benson to labor as a missionary. He immediately sold out his business and left for his mission on November 1, 1851.

Laboring in the Southampton Conference and Dundee Conference, he was then appointed to preside over the Liverpool Conference. At this time young George P. Ward's mother and a sister passed away, so then he and another sister were cared for by a Mrs. Clegg of Stockport. In 1857, his father was appointed to preside over the Irish Mission and in 1858, he was called to labor in the Manchester Conference, All the while converting many to the gospel. July 21, 1860 married Martha Monks of Lancastershire, England, and soon with the two remaining children, George P. Jr. and Mary Ellen, the Ward family embarked on the ship Manchester for America, the Promised Land.

Of four children of his parents, young George P. Jr. was the oldest son, and was but seven years of age when he accompanied his parents on their migration to the United States. Twenty-seven days and nine hours were consumed in crossing the ocean from Liverpool, England to New York. Another weary journey brought the company of Saints to Florence, Nebraska, where they joined Captain Ira Eldridges' train of ox teams and handcarts, ready to commence their journey across the plains. The family riches consisted of two children and fifty cents, the mother with no shoes.

After visiting with his grandparents, John and Ann (Woods) Ward at Fort Herriman for a few weeks, his family started for Cache Valley, Utah. Wending their way toward the mountains, they arrived in Salt Lake City, September 14, 1861, then continuing on to Cache Valley. Utah. They settled at Wellsville and later at Hyrum, Utah. August 18, 1867, his father married a plural wife, Sennie Nielson and March 30, 1874, he again took another wife, Jane Ashworth. Of these marriages, twenty-seven children were born, young George being lovingly cared for in this large household.

He zealously availed himself of the excellent educational advantages presented by the schools in the neighborhood of his father's home, and, at the age of twenty years, commenced active life for himself as a farmer in Cache Valley, Utah, where he was prosperously engaged until he moved to the section of the Snake River Valley on April 3, 1885, where he made his home, it then being a portion of Bannock County, Idaho. Here he located on a 160-A pre-emption claim,
a timber culture claim of 40-A and a desert claim of 40-A, situated about seven miles northeast of Idaho Falls, Idaho and this was the home and center of active operations until 1901.

On December 21, 1874, Mr. Ward entered into matrimonial relations with Mary Christine Christensen Bindrup, a native of Denmark and a daughter of Christian and Martene Sorensen Orrup Bindrup, she coming with her parents to the United States and Utah when she was but nine years of age, and locating with the family in Cache Valley, Utah, where her parents continued to reside, honored and influential residents of the community. This couple were the parents of nine children: George B., William A., Mary A., Charles C., Martha E., Nephi O., Alice M., John O., and Melvin P.

The family and all their possessions were neatly packed aboard the wagon which brought them from Cache Valley to the Snake River Valley that spring day in April, 1885. Perhaps there was a precise inventory of everything to be used in the new country, each item occupying its particular niche, for as we follow through, we find neatness and order a law in the Ward household. Each thing kept in place and there was a place for everything.

George P. Jr. with others plowed the first furrow leading water from Willow Creek down to the foothill farms. How happy the family must have been when the cool mountain water trickled down the hill to their place. It is said, immediately all the family took a bath in the refreshing water.

At first, the family lived only in a wagon box, later in a tent, after which a small log house was built. Flour for bread had to be hauled from Rexburg, Idaho, 25 miles north. The oldest son, George B., was at nine years of age, entrusted to follow with wagon and team his father's outfit, on these trips which took them across Snake River at Heise. As yet no bridge had been built at this point. Later, as a man. George B. related how frightened he became when the water came up almost in the wagon box. As a consequence he stated thereafter he had no desire to learn to swim.

Indians made their yearly trek through to their hunting and fishing grounds at Gray's Lake and points beyond. They always stopped and asked for food. Many times the mother and children were alone when they came and were very frightened. During the as well as night, coyotes molested the chickens and had to be chased away with sticks and stones, often by the mother when alone. They would also follow the boys on their ponies as they herded the cows on the hills. The cattle had to be driven three and one-half miles northwest to Sand Creek for water and water was hauled for the home use. No doubt, as the children journeyed to and from Iona and Sand Creek. The parents must have spent many anxious hours worrying for their safety, gazing after them as they bobbed along amid the tall sage until finally they were lost from view. It was a laborious task trying to keep warm by feeding the fires with sage brush, as it burned so rapidly.

The family of George P. Ward Jr. was brought up according to the gospel's standards. He having been baptized by his father June, 1868. Confirmed by David Osborn the same day, ordained Elder, ordained Seventy by Brother Shirtliff April 15, 1888, ordained Bishop by J. H. Smith June 9. 1895 and with wife, endowed at Salt Lake City in the old Endowment House, December 21, 1874. He answered a call to the Northern States Mission March 26, 1891. At Iona, Idaho, February 17. 1901, George P. Ward was ordained counselor to Bishop Chas. W. Rockwood and thereafter continued on in the service of the Lord, honoring and obeying the council of those in authority in the Church. There was no arguing about how much tithing to pay the Church.

When the tenth load of grain was harvested, on the Ward Farm, it was immediately taken to Iona to the Bishop's Storehouse, so with each tenth head of cattle, pig or dozen of eggs. His motto was to pay his honest tithes and as was evidenced, he was, as a result, continually blessed spiritually and materially.

From the date of their arrival on their place, Mr. Ward and family began active operations to make a home and farm. The first year of their residence here a comfortable log cabin 14x16 feet was erected and about eighty bushels of grain were raised. The second year an addition of 12x14 feet was made to the log cabin and a few trees planted This log house was the family home until 1893, when a modern brick house of suitable proportions was erected, being completed for occupancy on October 7.

During his residence of sixteen years upon this place he made prominent improvements and most substantial developments by his thrift and industry, making his estate of 240-A not only one of the finest ranches in the valley, but one of the most productive and profitable in this section of the state. The first garden products raised in this neighborhood were produced by him and many was the time when friends and neighbors gladly accepted an invitation to attend the "watermelon busts" at his place.

In 1899, 1000 apple and 600 prune trees were set out, and in 1900 a dozen peach trees were planted, which came into bearing in 1903, being the only peaches grown in all this section of the country. He early became interested in the raising of sheep, cattle and horses, and by his influence and perseverance he did much in raising the standard of the cattle in this part of the state. Great pains were taken in the breeding of his stock. The family drove beautiful horses and on a Sunday the Ward Family was a familiar sight upon arrival at Church, in their new fringed surrey, drawn by slick, well-kept horses. Mr. Ward was a prominent supporter of the early Fair Association for several years, as long as he was an exhibitor receiving first prize for his farm products.

Politically, Mr. Ward was a Republican, always active and zealous in the service of his party. As an evidence of the position Mr. Ward justly won in the public esteem and confidence, we would incidentally remark he was a director of the Farmer's Progressive Canal system of irrigation, a director of the Iona Sheep Company and also a director in the Hillside Canal Company. He was very successful in business, social and church relations. His ranch was eligibly situated and thoroughly equipped for the thriving business there conducted, while he was the owner of valuable real estate in Iona, where he erected a modern brick residence, in the summer 'of 1901, at a cost of $1,500.00, which was completely equipped along the lines of the most approved construction. This was completed in December, when Mr. Ward moved into it. In Bingham County and throughout
Eastern Idaho, Mr. Ward was well-known, highly esteemed and considered one of the representative citizens of the county. In association with some neighbors in Iona, he helped drill a well in the center of the block near his residence which was the only well within three and one-half miles.

This place is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Mary Hansen. In the year 1909, Mr. Ward won the Bronze Medal of the Alaskan Yukon Pacific Exposition held at Seattle for apples. In the year 1910, he moved with his family to Idaho Falls, became a stockholder and director in the Farmers and Merchants Bank of that city, and soon began the erection of many residences and business buildings.

In the year 1918, Mr. Ward erected a substantial two story brick block, known as the Ward Block, on "C" street, when that street was but little developed, once more evidencing his pioneering spirit, vision and foresight. During his residence in the City of Idaho Falls, he was ever watchful of the city's best interests, taking an active part in the municipal policies, giving his city the benefit of his mature judgment. He was called from this life May 6, 1941, his wife preceding him in death February 21, 1935.

Mary Christena Christensen Ward
By Freda Bodily

She was born June 18, 1855 at Aalborg, Denmark, the daughter of Christian Christensen and Martin<et Sorenson. She crossed the Atlantic as a small child of 6 or 8, with her parents and came to America. She said she distinctly remembered seeing a small sister lowered into the ocean after dying on shipboard.

The family settled in Cache Valley, Utah, near Hyrum and Logan. Here she grew up. She married George P. Ward Jr. the 21st of December, 1874 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The first four of her children were born in Hyrum, Utah.

In April, 1884 she and her husband loaded their belongings into a wagon and journeyed to the Snake River Valley, settling near the foothills east of what is now Iona, Idaho. Here they cleared the sagebrush and started building a home. In the meantime they lived in a tent and the wagon box.

Their first home in the valley was a log cabin 14x16 feet. Later it was enlarged.

Mary Christena was a very particular housekeeper. There must be a place for everything and everything must be kept in its place. She was thrifty and energetic, taking care of all that passed thru her hands. Otherwise her husband would not have been able to rear a large family and accumulate what he did.

Nine children blessed this house, eight of which grew up and married and established homes of their own.

She died February 21, 1953 at Idaho Falls, Idaho an honored and respected citizen of the community. She remained true to the gospel for which she left her native land and came to Utah.
Lorenzo Neilson Ward was born at Hyrum, Utah, July 18, 1869. The eldest son of George P. Ward Sr. and his third wife Scenia D. Neilson. The place of his birth was a three room log house with a dirt roof and either a dirt or rough lumber floor. It was located at the south west corner of the public square.

Lorenzo's earliest recollection was that of his mother going to his grandfather Neilson's home to do her spinning and weaving. He attended school two months at Hyrum. Utah when he was a child and the remainder of his life after he was grown up was spent assisting his family every way he possibly could to survive.

The site of the Logan Temple was dedicated May, 1877 and he remembered his mother always saving her Sunday eggs to donate for the erection of the Temple. Both she and Lorenzo declared there were more eggs laid on Sunday than any other day. In his early childhood and youth, they lived on clabbered milk and dried fruits and vegetables such as squash, beans and apples, also stored vegetables, onions, potatoes, cabbage and etc. In the spring his mother would gather dandelions, mustard and pigweeds for greens. She made and sold butter, the morsel that would not make a full pound was all that was saved for the family, this was called the "Mick Weight."

Clothing was very limited, Lorenzo owned only one shirt and one pair of trousers and these were washed and dried on Saturday nights ready for Sunday while he slept. He did not know what underwear of any kind was like until he was sixteen years old.

Religion was one of the first things considered in his family life. His mother always setting an example by taking her children to Sunday School regardless of the distance they had to walk, which was sometimes as far as three miles. The gospel meant much to her for she had joined it in Denmark and walked much of the way across the plains when she was a child. She took the responsibility of teaching her children the value of the truth and the principles of the gospel, as her husband had other families and responsibilities and was not so closely associated with them.

After the family had made several moves in Utah and Idaho they finally settled in Salmon, Idaho. There he attended school for two months, the only schooling he had before was the two months in Hyrum.

He lived with his parents until he was nineteen years of age; One day while working with his father a difference arose between them and as a result Lorenzo left home. He went to Butte, Montana, where he worked in the hay and sent the money he earned home to his folks. He also helped build the railroad at Butte. His first train ride was to Idaho Falls, Idaho. He came to Iona in 1889 at the age of twenty and lived with his half-brother, George P. Ward Jr. for one and one-half years and again attended school for another two months in the west part of the old rock school house. He and John Rushton liked to chew gum in school so their teacher, Mr. Black, would pull faces and make all manner of fun at them.

He soon met the charming little maid, Ruth R. Jones, and their courting was done horseback riding, in the old buckboard wagon and on foot. They were married December 2, 1891 in the Logan LDS Temple.

Their wedding dance was the first dance to be held in the Rock School and Church House, there were sixty couples attending the dance and several odd men, so ribbons were tied around the arms of the men and they danced in the quadrilles as ladies. He helped to build the following buildings in Iona: The log house on Ole Olsen's farm which was used to hold church services in; the east wing of the old Rock School House; the rock Church house built in 1903; and the present brick church, built in 1929. And he built for himself two log cabins, the first one on his brother George's place and one later on his own place he had purchased from his brother of twelve acres. He also assisted in the building of the brick house that is very familiar to everyone and where he spent many happy years with his family.

He helped to build the canals in Iona, and was later selected to be a water master for two years on two of them.

Many are the trips he made to the Lavies to get cedar for firewood, on those occasions he would always leave at three a.m. and go by team. The trip would take two or three days. On these occasions mother would handle the chores even though she had two, three or more children, she would sit the smallest in a horse collar and leave the older ones to watch the smaller ones, while she milked the cows, fed the pigs and done whatever chores there were to be done.

Lorenzo was a Sunday School teacher in the Iona Ward for some time and served as a Ward Teacher for over thirty years.

He was a rancher, a stockman, a builder and a good repairman. He had a place for everything and liked to have things kept in their place. He repaired the harnesses and oiled them ready for spring, while he was not so busy in the winter months, and fixed the furniture. He also half-soled shoes for the family or sewed them up where they could be fixed at all. As a farmer he took pride in his farm and was a very careful irrigator so as not to wash his precious sandy soil away. His planting, harvesting and everything pertaining to his work was done with careful planning and to his specifications. Anyone who knew him would testify to his particular way of doing whatever he undertook to do or have done. He raised good crops and was one of the first dry farmers in this section. His family lived forty-eight years on the same tract of land and to every member it was truly a home they will never forget.

He was the father of thirteen children; seven sons and six daughters, eight of whom survive him at his death.

On December 2, 1941 he and his faithful devoted wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at home. A family gathering with their loved ones and friends was planned but because of his ill health, the anniversary was celebrated very quietly with only their children. Few indeed are they who live happily together for fifty years and thirteen days.
Lorenzo passed away December 13, 1941 at the age of 72. Again another patriotic, industrious and stalwart pioneer of this country and this community had passed. His passing left a space which no one can fill, but his life left a memory that will live with us always.

At the funeral service held for Brother Ward, Bishop Bruce M. Olsen said, "Brother Ward has paid tithing longer than any other member of the Iona Ward, so far as I know."

Ruth Rosanna Jones was born May 24, 181-t at Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, in a two-story building with a lean-to. She was the second daughter of James Jones and Emma Caroline Slade.

When Ruth was six years old, she learned to knit, and helped do the knitting for a family of eight. She would knit the legs of the stockings and her mother would then finish the more difficult parts, the heel and toe and narrowing it in to fit the foot. Ruth was allowed only one hour, twice a day in which she could play.

Ruth was unable to attend school because she lived on a farm, too far away to walk and there were no horses for her to ride.

When she was eight years old, her father died, leaving the family in very poor circumstances. Her mother was unable to care for such a large family, so when Ruth was ten she was given to Grandmother Slade, who had recently married Cadwallader Owens. She lived with these grandparents until she was married.

After she commenced living with the old couple, she was permitted to attend school but only for two months when an epidemic of diphtheria broke out, so school and all public gatherings were closed. Ruth was stricken with the disease, but through faith and prayer she was healed and permitted to live and fulfill her mission here on earth.

The first money Ruth ever earned was from a pair of stockings she knitted and sold.

In the spring of 1884, William, James, and Thomas Squires, half-brothers of Ruth, also Cadwallader Owens Sr. and Jr. came in wagons to Iona, Idaho, to build homes and take up homesteads. The following October 27th, the women and children of the Owens' families including Ruth, came by train to Iona, and moved into new log houses. These two houses still stand, one on the same old homestead where her oldest daughter, Ruth W. Haderlie lived many years, and is now known as the Henry Haderlie farm, and the other one on the W. G. Steele Farm.

Ruth's first Christmas in Idaho was spent at the home of Cadwallader and Polly Owens. Two Norton couples joined them. They moved the furniture out of one room and Mr. Sellers played the violin while old and young danced.

During their first winter in Iona, water was hauled from Sand Creek by horse and buggy, a distance of about three miles. Snow was melted to use for washing and other things to save as many trips as possible. Toward spring the horses were lost for two or three days, so two buckets of water, one for each family, was carried by Cadwallader Owens who walked the three miles and back, each day, to keep them in drinking water.

The following spring Ruth's mother and sister moved up with her two brothers, who located in Lincoln near Sand Creek. Ruth would walk down many times a week to visit with her family.
In the daytime the men of the family would grub the sagebrush off the land, and in the evening Ruth and George Williams, Owens’ hired man, would burn the brush. Ruth enjoyed the fires and the smell of the burning sage.

The Fourth of July was celebrated that year in Idaho Falls, then known as Eagle Rock. A program was held by the side of a one-room schoolhouse. J. Ed Smith was the main speaker of the day. Ruth remembered him pounding on the table in front of him, shouting, “If there are any Mormons within the sound of my voice, I hope to see the day when non-Mormons will wade in blood up to their knees to exterminate the Mormons from here.” Smith died long ago and the Mormons are still here.

After the program, the ladies served the children a lovely lunch and filled their laps with candy, nuts, and oranges. Races and sports followed, ending with a prize fight inside or a high board fence. Ruth’s family did not have the price of admission, so Grandfather Owens drove the team close to the fence and the family stood in the wagon and saw the fight.

Grandma and Grandpa Owens always welcomed Ruth’s friends. Their home was always ready for Sunday School and other meetings. On June 17, 1884, Apostle Wilford Woodruff, Heber J. Grant, and Stake President Thomas E. Ricks visited with the saints of Sand Creek and held an open air meeting at the ranch of R. W. Norton and organized the Iona Branch of the Church with Cadwallader Owens as Presiding Elder, and attached it to the Lewisville Ward. Ruth attended this meeting.

Most of the meetings held after this were held at Cadwallader Owen’s home. All of the visiting authorities stayed with them, and Ruth remembered many of them and their visits in her grandparents’ home.

On the 23rd of May, 1886, the day before Ruth’s 12th birthday, Apostle John W. Taylor, and acting president R. L. Bybee, Chris Fjelstead, and Bishop A. P. Jordine of Lewisville, visited the Sand Creek Branch and organized the Iona Ward, with James W. Steele as Bishop and J. C. Reynolds and Cadwallader Owens as Counselors. Ruth was sustained as chorister. After the organization of the ward the first meeting was held at the home of Cadwallader Owens.

School started in 1887, in Ole Olsen’s log house, which had been built for school and meetings, with John F. Shelley as teacher. Ruth was the only girl among eight boys. The seats were slabs and the only desks were the children’s laps. At noon and recess Ruth would knit or crochet for there were no girls to play with. She became ill that winter and had to leave school, never to attend again. This made only about six months of schooling altogether. She regretted her lack of education all her life and tried to learn whatever she could through her life. She was a fine seamstress and accomplished many worthwhile things, in spite of her handicap.

Ruth began working out when she was fourteen. She would do washing on the board all day for people and only receive fifty cents or some clothing she could wear. The day before the first conference was held in the Ole Olsen home. Ruth cleaned the room from top to bottom, scrubbing chairs, windows and floor, so that everything would be at its best for the visiting authorities. She was then just 14.

That year she was called to be a teacher in the Sunday School, and because of her faithful performance over a period of three years, she was given a book, “The Key to Theology”.

Ruth was chosen to work in the first organized Primary in Iona as a counselor to Emma Edwards. This position was held for four years. While she was in the primary, the first Christmas party for children was held. It was in charge of the Primary with the assistance of the Bishopric and Sunday School. A collection was taken up in the ward to buy candy and nuts and it was put into bags made of mosquito net. Everyone brought their presents and put them under the tree which was put in the middle of the west room of the old Rock School house. The lovely tree had a bunch of roses on its top instead of a star. Flowers, paper chains, threaded popcorn and bright red apples hung on with cord string was the trimming put on this tree. The party was held in the afternoon the day before Christmas, because of the long distance people had to travel. Horse blankets and quilts were hung up to the windows to make it dark. John Denning, as Santa, was carried into the one room in a big box, dressed in costume with sleigh bells. Girls between the ages of twelve to twenty were assigned to carry the candy and nuts, also the gifts to the young and old alike as their names were called. The young ladies were Liddy Dalstrom, Annie Sellers (Smith), Mattie Norton, Ella Nixon (Carson), Ruth R. Jones (Ward), Rosie Ellingford (Owens). A lovely time was had by all.

Ruth’s mother had been very ill for a long period of time, and November 2, 1890, she passed away, leaving six children to mourn her passing. Ruth and her grandmother went to Hyrum, Utah, to attend the funeral, as Ruth’s mother had moved back to Hyrum. It was the custom at that time, for all mourners to be dressed in black. There was no time to make a new dress and the ones Ruth had were not suitable for the occasion, so she wore a black petticoat of her grandmother’s for a skirt, and a black waist of her sister’s.

The following June, she and her grandmother planted a large vegetable garden. Ruth had been taught to pray always, and when the garden was planted, she knelt down by it and offered a prayer to her Father in Heaven asking him to bless it that it might grow. It really did grow, and Ruth said it was the best garden she had ever had. There were wagon loads of melons, so many they were put in cellars, under beds and every place they could find.

Her first beau was John Rushton. She was always given strict orders to be home no later than 10 p.m. One night accidentally she did not return until later, and being afraid of the consequences, took off her shoes, stopped the clock and quietly slipped into bed without being heard.

Ruth never lacked having boyfriends, and soon Lorenzo N. Ward ran competition to John. When going to a dance or entertainment of any kind, they either walked or rode in a wagon. When Lorenzo would come to spend an evening at her home, Grandmother Owens would watch the clock. When nine o’clock came, she would look at Lorenzo then at the clock continuously until he either left or was told in plain words it was time for him to go.

Ruth and Lorenzo were married December 2, 1891 by M. W. Merrill in the Logan Temple. Their wedding dance was the first held in the Rock School house
after the east wing had been added. There were sixty couples attending. There were many more boys than girls, and ribbons were tied on some of the boys' arms so they could be distinguished and dance in the quadrille as girls.

Ruth's grandmother gave her a choice of any cow they had for a wedding present. She chose one she had fed and cared for from a calf. It was the best cow in the herd, and Grandfather Owens at first did not want to give it up, but the cow was given to Ruth.

In the spring of 1893 two acres of the Owen Farm was given to Ruth and Lorenzo, he hauled logs from the canyon and built a one-room house with a dirt roof and floor on this tract of land. Six weeks later Grandma Owens gave Ruth money to buy a wood floor. They lived in the log house for twelve years. Later they were able to purchase more land until they had sixty acres on which they first built a two room brick house and several years later added five more rooms to it.

There were nine children born to this couple: Ruth Jones Ward (Haderlie) who died in 1955; Lorenzo J. who died in 1952; George J., Rose J. Ward (Scoresby), James J., Wilford J., Emma J. Ward, who died in childhood; Bertha J., Ward (Christensen), and Delbert J. Ward.

They loved their home and all its surroundings until Lorenzo passed away December 13, 1941 leaving Ruth alone, as all her family were married by then. She later moved to Idaho Falls for a few years and then to her son George's home where she lived until her death June 27, 1951. Her funeral service was held in the Iona Ward, and she was buried in the Iona Cemetery beside her husband and children who had preceded her in death.

The Old Straw Tick

In the early fall when the straw's in the stack,
To my childhood days my mind wanders back;
To a bright sunny morning when mother would say,
We are going to fill the straw ticks today.

Then all the bedding was wrangled about,
And the crumpled dusty old straw emptied out;
While the ticks were all washed and hung up to dry,
We impatiently waited that time to pass by.

About four o'clock we'd start for the fun,
As the old tick filling process begun.
One of us shook all the chaff from the straw,
While others helped do the stuffing with ma.

Sometimes a youngster was shoved in for a test,
He'd tumble and squeal 'til he's out with the rest.
When each tick was stuffed 'til it would not hold more,
It was pulled and tugged through the kitchen door.

The tick's open end was sewed tight and secure,
Then thrust in a heap on the old kitchen floor.
The children called them their bunker hills,
They rolled and tumbled and took some good spills.

When they had the bunker hills all flattened out,
Mother took over and then we'd all shout;
She stepped on the center and raised her dress so,
And handled that straw with her heel and her toe.

Her rhythmic gestures soon leveled the tick
And rounded the corners both neatly and quick.
'Twas her heel and toe juggling that gave us delight
And finished the tick filling job for the night.

By the time that the process was fully complete,
The family was ready for a good night retreat,
The crackling freshness of every new bed
Made a restful abode for each sleepy head.

The crumpling crushing straw sang a song
As we slumbered soundly the whole night long
I believe that the youngsters of our day
Had refreshing slumber as well as today.

- Rose W. Scoresby.
Sarah's Childhood

Sarah was born in Slatersville, Utah on March 7, 1870. She attended school and completed the fifth reader which was about as far as formal education went in those pioneer communities.

Sarah was sixteen when she met Mode. The eventful meeting took place in the church at Neeley, Idaho. Sarah's father had bought a cattle ranch there and the family spent their summer on the ranch, returning to Slaterville in the winter, Mode was visiting his brother Ted at the time.

On this particular Sunday morning Sarah was dressed in a dainty yellow calico. Her auburn hair hung down her back: in long ringlets. Mode's interest in Sarah had already been aroused because he had been told that she was the prettiest girl in the town.

Although Sarah knew that this was the only man for her, her mother persuaded her to wait until she was at least twenty before she married and so for four years Mode courted her. His work kept him away from Neeley much of the time, but they corresponded regularly and with the passing of the years their love for one another deepened.

Mode and Sarah were married on October 16, 1890 at the Covenant House in Salt Lake City, Utah. At the time Mode was working at the CW&M Company in Idaho Falls, or as it was then called, Eagle Rock.

Their first child, Mary Ethel, was born in Idaho Falls. Mode lost this job with the CW&M Company through petty officiousness. One of the officials of the company from Salt Lake ordered Mode to shovel snow off the roof of the building. Such work wasn't part of his duties as bookkeeper. Furthermore, his boss, James E. Steele, thought there was no harm in leaving the snow. When the man returned, however, and found that his orders had not been carried out, he ordered Mode fired.

Mode left Idaho Falls and move with his little family to Pocatello where he held such varied jobs as butcher, miller and train brakeman.

It was in Pocatello that their second child, Earl Stanger was born. Mode loved horses and had no fear of them. Before his marriage he spent some time helping to break mustangs for his brother to use on a stage coach line. When but a young man he was thrown from a horse and sustained an injury to his back which not only caused him much pain and trouble during the rest of his life, but led indirectly to his death as well.

For several years trouble dogged the footsteps of this young couple, but it seemed only to strengthen their love for one another and helped to draw the family ties even closer.

It began with an attack of typhoid fever which so weakened Mode that his old back injury began to trouble him. It became necessary for him to go to Salt Lake and enter the LDS Hospital there. His half-brother Elias, was a doctor and upon his advice and under his direction. Mode submitted to several operations which were only partially successful.
He spent a long and trying time in the hospital trying to regain his strength. A third child, Orlean, was born to them during this trying time and Mode worried constantly about his wife and small family.

After months of inactivity the doctors decided to put him in a corset-like device made of plaster of paris and promised him that he could leave the hospital if he would wear it. We know from his letters written at that time that the cast was extremely painful. The first time they put it on him he fainted from sheer weakness, but he persisted and was finally able to leave the hospital. He was always grateful to Sarah's brother, Albert Stanger, who was at that time clerking in the Iona Mercantile Store at Iona, Idaho. Al, realizing the financial strain Mode was under, sent his entire monthly earnings a mounting to forty dollars, to Mode during those months that he was unable to work.

Mode was offered a job as cashier for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company so the family left Iona and moved into a large company house in Lincoln.

It was in this house at Lincoln that Lelah was born. When Mode was Bishop of the Lincoln Ward. Shortly after their arrival, Mode was made Assessor and Collector of Bingham County and the family moved to Blackfoot for a time. When Bingham County was divided he became Assessor of the newly created Bonneville County and his family moved to Idaho Falls.

After serving several years as County Assessor he resigned that office to become manager of the Iona Mercantile Company at Lincoln.

He owned a log house and the two acres of land upon which it stood and so the family decided to remodel the old house and live in it.

Mode loved the out-of-doors and thoroughly enjoyed the hunting and fishing that were to be found in this country. Occasionally the entire family took a dip in the icy water of Willow Creek.

It was Mode's dream to stock his Willow Creek Ranch with fine cattle and to let son George, who had a bent for such things, take over its management. However, this dream was never realized. In the fall of 1919, Mode's health grew steadily worse. He was taken to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, where on September 5 he passed away.

### Joseph and Delight Young

Joseph Young was born in the town of Orderville, Utah. Delight was also born in the same town.

Their early childhood was spent with their parents in Orderville, living the United Order as established by Brigham Young.

As a child of seven Delight was asked to help tend the children while they waited for their meals. She had a way with children even at the age of seven. She became expert as a helper, and was in great demand because of her happy disposition and her good health.

As she grew older, she was taught the art of carding wool, to make yarn, also helped spin the wool to be woven into cloth.

The children were taken in groups, to help glean the fields after wheat was cut, and wool was picked from brush, fences and other places, where sheep had grazed or even corralled.

This was slow tedious work, but every bit of wool must be saved and every head of wheat was cared for.

As she grew older, she was taught to make butter, starch, candles, lye from wood ashes, to make sorghum, crochet, knit and sew with a needle. As many clothes were made by hand. There were few machines in the whole town of Orderville.

She also learned to cook, make good tasting food from root vegetables, wild meat wild chickens and pheasants. When her turn came to serve six weeks with other women, much older than she, she did her best to help cook good, nourishing meals. The same was true with the washing. Large iron kettles were filled with water, they were located outside near the house, generally under the bowery. A fire was built under the kettles, and when it was hot, it was carried in buckets to large wooden tubs, where dirty clothes were placed. It was the hardest job of household chores, rubbing dirty, heavy clothes on wash boards until clean, then wring the wash out dry by hand.

The lye made from wood ashes was hard on one's hands, so much so that, when the washing was finished, the knuckles of both hands were skinned, and sometimes bleeding, just having time to heal by next washday.

Food was precious; there were too many people to feed, and so, the job of tending sheep appealed to Joseph. All the duties of homemaking were taught to the boys and care was taken to use every root, vegetable and piece of meat, so that they might keep healthy and happy.

It seemed quite natural for Joseph and Delight to keep company. They suited each other. He knew she could cook and care for a home, while she knew that Joe had the desire and knowledge of making a living. - They were married.

They came north as Orderville began to break up as a United Order. Men became dissatisfied with the law of share and share alike. Some men were workers and others inclined to be lazy, hence the feeling to pull out and work for one's self and family.
I will say that the United Order saved the lives of many people; taught them many truths as Jesus taught - love thy neighbor as thyself. Joseph and his wife made their way from Southern Utah to Idaho, where many of their relatives lived. In the year 1896 or ’97 they settled in Iona and lived in a small house where Bishop Hansen's home now stands.

They were expecting a new baby, and were very happy about it. It wasn't hard for Joseph to get a job with the training he had received. Mr. A. J. Stanger, president of the Iona Sheep Company, hired him as one of the men to help in the large company he operated. Joseph worked for the Iona Sheep Company for years, until the company dissolved.

Brother Stanger continued in the sheep business, so Joseph continued on as a trusted herder and foreman. He continued in the same business until he was too old for heavy work.

He suffered many years with continuous pain in his legs and in later life he used a cane. At the age of seventy-two he was laid to rest in the Iona Cemetery, well remembered by those who knew him. At the birth of the baby boy, Delight was very, very ill; her life was spared and the boy died. She kept asking to see her tiny son. What could be done - she could not be told that the baby was dead - it might cause her death also.

Advice was sought by Joseph, and he was counselled to try and find a baby boy, so that Delight might live. He was gone somewhere, a day and a night; finally he returned and a tiny baby boy was placed in her arms. Her recovery was rapid, the baby grew and oh, what happiness was theirs!

Very early in her married life Delight found that she had a wonderful gift: that of helping the sick. She was called into the sick room, day or night. She soon found that her reputation as a mid-wife spread over the town, and so far as I know, she never lost a case, either mother or child. I have labored with her in many homes in our community. Her untiring efforts in behalf of those in pain, was a well-known fact.

Her pay? Very often just thanks. Some people were too poor to pay her anything but help in return for her services. Sometimes five dollars was handed to her, after she had delivered a baby, did the washing for the family, cooked their meals, was a real mother to the children and a comfort in the home. She attended her patient ten days, by that time the mother was allowed out of bed, could supervise, and the father would take over until the mother was able to work again.

The highest wage paid for a ten day service was $15 00 what about her own home? Well, she had three daughters growing up, who took over while she was away. Joseph was always away from home tending a flock of sheep.

A great deal of credit can be given to the daughters of Delight. They too, learned the art of cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, etc. which prepared them to go into homes of their own when the proper time arrived.

After the doctors organized as a group in Idaho Falls, they decided that those old women, known as "midwives" must stop practicing throughout the towns, as had been the custom for so many years. So they sent a lawyer, I believe, out to tell Mrs. Young that she had to quit going out among the sick without a license. If she did not, they would have her arrested and sent to jail.

She had no diploma, not having studied medicine, she just had experience. It was very hard for her to refuse those who still asked for help in time of sickness. She referred them to a doctor, and so a new era began. People had to pay for services rendered. In her later years she had broken bones from falls either at her own home or while visiting. She spent some time in hospitals, but was always her cheerful, happy self. She is the only person I have ever heard, who bore her testimony and among other things would say she "loved the people of Iona", no matter how long she was away, when she came back she again told us that she loved us. In closing this life sketch. I give a few words, written at the close of her very useful life.

"She hath done what she could on wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight. The saintly spirit that animated this lifeless body, has taken its flight, to a better world that knows no sickness, weariness or pain. So impressed have I been of her faithfulness upon earth, that her Lord whom she loved and served, to speak in audible words, He would write his testimony with ours, well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord"

She was not a dreamer of idleness, she was practical, wise, and prudent. She was industrious beyond her strength; kind and generous. She was loved by all who came in contact with her. Her life was made up of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows. We shall miss the sunshine of her presence. We shall not forget the worthy example she has left for us to follow.

May they both rest in Peace
ADDENDA to "THEY CAME"

The first edition of THEY CAME was not a complete directory of all the early pioneers of Iona. At this printing we will give brief accounts of those who were not in the first publication, but should be mentioned, though pictures and a more complete script was not to be had.

John F. Shelley, and wife THEODOCIA filed and settled on a homestead southeast of the township, on a hillside section directly south of the George P. Ward farm. Their first home was a dugout. Mr. Shelley was the first school teacher of record, the school being held in 1886 in the two room log house of Ole Olsen. In the class was one girl, Ruth Jones (Ward), and 15 boys. He was the first Mormon Sunday School Superintendent which position made it difficult to get a public school teaching certificate. He started the Iona Mere store, the first mercantile in the town. After moving from Iona, he located in a spot named after him—Shelley, Idaho.

Squire G. Crowley, and wife HARRIET AMANDA came from Ogden and settled about 3 miles north of the township, which now is on the Ririe road (present home of Verl Bodily). They then had Clarence A.; Mary (Mrs. Jane Jolley), and Jesse J. There were later born to this family two daughters, Ethel and Nellie Cora, who became deceased; and also Charles Ray, Eugene, Blanche, Ansel, and Olive. The family was active in Church and educational activities of Iona. Squire later moved to Idaho Falls, and became a city judge. Clarence studied law, and became County Attorney.

Henry Dahlstrom, and his wife and sons, Henry Jr., and Arthur came from Ogden, and settled 1 mile north of the township, on the 160 that later became the Ritchie place. Two other sons were later born to them, named Edward and Hyrum. In 1902, they sold their farm to Jabez Ritchie, and removed to Idaho Falls. Henry Sr. was a blacksmith whose forge and anvil were out under the trees, where he worked.

Solomon Edwards and wife REBECCA were early settlers of about 1885 or 1886. They brought with them 2 daughters, Nellie and Rebecca (Mrs. Hutchinson) and also a step-son, Walter. Their location was about 1 mile south of Iona. Solomon, with a sturdy bass-baritone voice, was Iona's first choir leader. The choir was small, but with his substantial voice, there was a good big volume. This became pretty dim if Brother Edwards stopped for a breath. Walter was an active, well known resident, also. The family moved away in the early 1900's.

Abe and Bud Hodge ABE and wife AGATHA CARSON and BUD, who was unmarried located on a farm near the northwest corner of the townsite, just north of the David Rushton farm. In later years the Rushton family owned this place also. An access road between the Rushton and the Hodge property was opened up and ran for a mile westward, making an easy entrance to the township for those in the northwest of the village. The Hodge brothers were said to be large, strong, and good natured men—they were sport-loving, and cooperative in civic undertakings. David Hodge is mentioned as another brother who lived with Abe for a time. Irel will be remembered as a son of Abe and Agatha, and Ralph Hicks, village marshal was a son-in-law.

James C. Reynolds filed in 1884 on the farm located NW of the Rufus Norton farm. He was a counselor to James E. Steele in the first bishopric of the Iona ward (1886), but soon he relinquished this office, and his land filing to Aaron W. Beach. Beach's Corner was named therefrom, and became a junction of the Rigby and Ririe hi-way.

James Stewart was an 1883 settler on Sand Creek, having filed Oct. 31, of that year on a homestead SW of the Mulliner farm, and adjoins on the north of the present Sugar Factory in Lincoln. Described as a quiet, friendly man who did not mingle socially with neighbors or participate in social activities or Church functions, their family history is largely forgotten by now.

Joseph S. Mulliner and wife AMELIA WOODWARD were 1883 settlers who homesteaded a tract which bordered south of the Norton's. His family consisted of Joseph, Jr. (Joe); Hyrum L. (Roy); Mary Ann (Mrs. Jed Rockwood), who was said to be the first child born on Sand Creek. Also there was Emma (Mrs. Alfred Stanger, Jr.); Gertrude (Mrs. Lewis A. Lee); and Katie Grace (Mrs. Leon Kelly).

Joseph, Sr. was elected to the House of Representatives (Idaho) in 1896--to the State Senate in 1898. He was the second Bishop of the Iona Ward, having succeeded Bp. James E. Steele in Oct. 19, 1890, with John F. Shelley and Alfred J. Stanger as counselors. Joseph Jr. was elected Sheriff of Bonneville County, 1912--1916, and died in the influenza epidemic of 1918. Hyrum L. (Roy) became County Attorney of Salt Lake County, and was a noted attorney in that section for many years.

David Clark and wife SALLY FERGUSON with a son DAVID and daughter EILENE settled on what now is the Lincoln Road, east of the Sugar Factory. Other children of the family included: Myra, Lula, Leo, Barlow, and James. The family was well placed and popular in the community. They were active in community activities up until the family removed to Oregon. Posterity living in and around the Iona area includes Ora Hammond, Freda Bodily, Charles, and LaVar Clark, all grandchildren.

John Crompton and wife, parents of Mrs. Wm. Rushton, built the first house on the townsite—a grey sandstone, lately occupied by Ross Hornman.
Melvin Rushton and John Rushton founded the Rushton Bros. Mercantile in 1903, the second of such merchandise stores in Iona, which they operated for many years. They supplied a line of dry goods, groceries, and hardware.

Amos and Melissa Rockwood acquired the James E. Steele farm, which is still in the Rockwood family.

Charles Hyrum Dayton and his wife Sarah Ann Berry
By Mrs. George Davis

Charles Dayton, and his wife Sarah were among the original homesteaders in the Iona area, and they were home owners in the village proper. Charles was born in Heber City, Utah, 29 July, 1855, and he died 19 Nov., 1939. Sarah was born 25 Dec., 1859, at Cedar Fort, Utah, and passed away 15 Aug, 1933.

They were married 2 Dec, 1878 in Utah. Their first two children were born in Heber City, Utah. Emeline died at the age of two; and Sarah Elizabeth, who married George Rounds, came with her parents to the Iona area at the age of two. Since Sarah Elizabeth was born 4 May, 1882, it can be deducted that the Daytons arrived here in 1884.

The Dayton homestead was North-North East of the township some three miles, adjacent to the hills on the east, and with Sand Creek flowing through on the west. Charles evidently prospered on his homestead, for he built a spacious home of native stone on Steele Ave. in the village. Embossed in the stone is the date 1900.

Charles is named as one of the owners of the Iona Sheep Company. He was also interested in the Iona Mercantile business as a stockholder. When the Martin Flat Dry Farm Company was started about 1909, he was one of the partners and stockholders. In 1918, when the Company was divided, his share was a considerable acreage of wheat land on the Flat.

On Nov. 21, 1900, Brother Dayton was called to the Southern States mission. Tennessee is mentioned as the state of his labors. In addition to the children mentioned above, there was born to the Daytons the following posterity: David Alvin, who died at age 11; Ada Ellis (Conrad) (Munsee); Mada (Barlow) (Gifford); Alma; Nellie (Conrad) (Crowther); Emma (Brown) (Blair); Ruby (Bean) (Price). Charles and his wife Sarah are interred in the Iona Cemetery.
Cadwallader Owens was born on Dec. 27, 1824 in Marionetshire, North Wales. He was the first of II children born to William and Elinor Owens. William was a farmer, as were his father and grandfather before him.

In 1840, the Owens family joined the LDS Church and in the spring of 1849, they sailed from Liverpool, England for the United States. However, before leaving Wales, four of the eleven children had died. The remaining 9 members of the family arrived in New Orleans in the late spring of 1849, and started up the Mississippi River for St. Joseph, Mo. Enroute up the river, an epidemic of Cholera broke out aboard ship, and four of the children and the mother and father died within a period of two weeks, leaving only Cadwallader, age 24; Margaret, age 20; and Owen, age 12. These three proceeded from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs where they joined the George A. Smith Company, and arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of 1849.

On Nov. 18, 1851, Cadwallader married Elizabeth Jones in Salt Lake City. They lived in Salt Lake until 1853, when they moved to Willard, Utah. While living in Salt Lake a daughter, Eleanor was born. Later, while living in Willard, three sons, C.J.; William; and Thomas were born. After living in Willard for ten years, they moved to Logan for a short time and then to Hyrum, Utah.

While living in Hyrum, Cadwallader and his three sons were hauling wood when a rock slide occurred in Blacksmith Fork Canyon, killing the two younger sons, William and Thomas. Later, their mother, Elizabeth, died also while living in Hyrum.

On Jan 1, 1875, Cadwallader J. (C.J.) married Mary Ann Stephens. In 1884, Cadwallader Sr. and his second wife, Jane Slade, decided to leave Hyrum and come to Iona, Idaho. Accompanying them were his son C.J. (Kid) Owens, his son's wife, Mary Ann "Polly" Stephens Owens, and their three children, Cadwallader S. "Wally"; George T.; and Francis Jane.

Cadwallader Sr. homesteaded the 160 acres now owned by Verl Haderlie. He was the first Church official in Iona, having been appointed Presiding Elder of the Sand Creek Branch of the Church. Jane is said to have been at that meeting.

A faithful Latter-Day Saint, and Relief Society worker, Jane passed through many hardships. Consider this: At first, water was three miles distant, and if their horses got away, they had to carry water this distance by hand. This happened many times.

When Cadwallader passed away Aug. 13, 1898, this left Jane alone, but she was close to, and often stayed with her granddaughter, whom she had raised, and she had grand children who would drop in to visit quite often. Jane passed away 30 Jan., 1903, at nearly 83 years of age. Her burial was in the Iona Cemetery.

A hand-written certificate of marriage to Cadwallader Owens, Sr. reads: TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN—THE UNDERSIGNED HAS THIS DAY SOLEMNIZED A MARRIAGE BETWEEN CADWALLADER OWENS AND JANE SLADE. SALT LAKE CITY AND COUNTY TERRITORY OF UTAH----JULY 5, 1873. SIGNED: JATED CLINTON, Justice of the Peace, IN AND FOR SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
C.J. "Kid" Owens  
From information supplied by  
Earl Owens and Alice Taysom

When Cadwallader Owens, Sr., and his second wife Jane ~lade Owens, decided to migrate to the Sand Creek area in Idaho in the year 1884, they had in their company a son, C.J. "Kid", and his wife, Mary Ann "Polly" Stephens Owens, and their three children, namely: Cadwallader S. (called Wally); George T.; and. Francis Jane. Another child, William, had died and been buried In Hyrum. After settling in lona, Charles Issac; Alma Legrande; Owen Edgar; and Mary Ellen "Mayme" Longhurst were born. Owen died while very young, and Francis Jane died at age 7.

"Kid" homesteaded the tract now owned by Jim Steele and the former Ren Ward farm, lately owned by Austin Scoresby. In the spring of 1900, C.J. Owens bought 200 acres of ground north of Emmett, on the Payette River. He took his wife Polly and the younger children, Alma and Mayme and left Wally and George to run the farms at Iona, and loading teams and equipment and household goods on the train, they moved to Emmett. Their stay at Emmett lasted two years, when he sold out. His Improvement of the land at Emmett had raised its value from $10 to $50 per acre. They moved back to lona the pioneer way—by horse and buggy. The long treck had taken nearly a month on the road.

As many of his family, Kid was known to be an excellent teamster—he loved and owned good draft animals, and took pride in their looks and care. He is remembered for his pride and loyalty in, and to lona. A man of great heart, he was active in the Church and served as second counselor to Bishop A.J. Stanger. On March 8, 1910, misfortune struck severely—C.J. was killed when his team ran away, and he was thrown from the wagon as he was returning from Idaho Falls.

His wife "Polly", who lived 19 years after her husband's accidental death, was born to Francis Bence and Isaac Stephens on the 5th of Feb., 1858—the fifth child in a family of eight, at Faversajm, England. Her parents joined the LDS Church and sailed from Liverpool on May 2, 1862, crossing the Plains in an ox-team emigrant train. She was married to C.J. Owens, Jan. 1, 1875 and died 5th of May, 1929.

She was known to be a loving mother and grandmother. She cared for her son George's four children for 6 or 7 years, when they were motherless. At her husband's side, she went through the rigors, and sometimes heart aches of homesteading a new land. Many of their substantial posterity still live in the lona.
William James Rushton was born Dec. 8, 1849, at Sugar Creek Iowa, to John Rushton and Margaret Hall Rushton. His father died before the family could come west. In 1850, William James Rushton, his mother, and older brother John, came to Utah and settled in American Fork. William's brother, John, died in American Fork, and his mother married again. William James left home at an early age, and went out on his own. He spent quite a bit of time with the Indians, and was herding horses for the Indians during the Black Hawk War. He was shot by an Indian, and the bullet was never removed. He was one of the first white men to be sent to the Uintah Indian Reservation after the war to teach the Indians how to farm. William had very little chance for a formal education--he learned in the school of experience, and life was hard.

He married Margaret Emma Crompton at American Fork, March 2, 1872. William's brother-in-law was James E. Steele, and he had made a trip to Idaho, and the Iona Area looking for new land. He liked what he saw and came back to American Fork, and told William about it. William came up to the Sand Creek area and liked what he saw, so in 1884 he homesteaded 160 acres and built a cabin, bringing his family in 1885. The first few nights were spent with the James E. Steele family—some 17 people in one log cabin. William and Emma had 4 boys when they came, and the family set to work clearing the tall sage, which extended as far as one could see. The homesteaders reasoned that tall sage meant fertile ground. They later built a two room log cabin, which was later added on to by David Rushton, William's son, when he purchased the farm in due time. William was one of the first to plow a furrow to build the first canal to bring water into Iona to irrigate the farms. He, along with other farmers, started to build what is now known as the Eagle Rock & Willow Creek Canal near Heise.

William loved horses--was known to be an excellent teamster, and owned good teams. His draft animals were used to dig many of the area canals. He and his teams helped haul the rock to build the first church and 'school in Iona. William would take his team and wagon, and go to the Lavas, and spend days getting out cedar wood to heat the church and school, and also his home. Cedar was their main source of fuel. He assisted a Mr. Clark in surveying and laid the chain to lay out the village of Iona.

A generous man, his word was his bond. One day a man came to him and wanted to buy a horse. The neighbor's horse had died, and it was spring planting time. William told the neighbor he would not sell him one, but he could have one of his. The neighbor was most grateful and took the horse. Emma asked her husband why he had not asked for some money for the horse. William said he knew the man did not have any money, and he did not want to embarrass him by asking for money he did not have. William was a good honest man; worked hard, was kind, and gave service to his family and community. Men such as he should be given a lot of credit for what we enjoy in the valley today.

MARGARET EMMA CROMPTON was born July 21, 1853 in Nebraska, near the Platte River, to John and Hannah Hardy Crompton, in a covered wagon--her parents being on their way west. There was such a severe storm in progress that the wagon had to be chained to a tree to hold it down. They arrived in Salt Lake in Sept. 1853, and in 1856 moved to American Fork. Emma learned to make her own clothes, and spin her own yarn to make her stockings. She was talented in music and participated in many community affairs. She married William James Rushton on March 2, 1872, and with her husband and four sons came to Iona to homestead.

She worked hard to make a lovely home--helped cook for visiting Authorities when they came on assignment to Iona. Her sister, Ella, was married to James E. Steele, and the families were very close. She was called Aunt Em by many people in the community. She was a member of the choir, a teacher in the Sunday School and Relief Society, and was first President of the YLMIA in the Iona Ward. Later, she was chosen counselor to Sister Emma J. Bennett in the Bingham Stake Relief Society, being set apart by Apostle John Henry Smith.

Each year those good sisters traveled 700 miles by buggy to visit the wards of their stake. Sometimes she would be gone for two weeks at a time. A girl would be hired to help care for the family while she was gone. She gave much service to family and community, being called on many times to go into the homes and care for the sick and bereaved. She loved the Salt Lake Conferences, and hardly ever missed going. In fact, she went just a month or two before she died. She completed 1700 names in the Temple before passing on. Her daughter Vie (Elvira) Stephens cared for her in her late years before she passed away.

Their children were: MELVIN HARDY; WILLIAM ALBERT; DAVID ALLEN; LEONARD ELLSWORTH; MELISSA GENEVIEVE; JAMES STERLING; and ELVIRA JOSEPHINE. Two of her sons, James and Albert died in infancy.

William and Emma Rushton came among the first. They stayed and worked hard and lived good and honorable lives, and taught their children to do the same. They have a worthy heritage passed on to their grandchildren and posterity--many of whom still live in the Iona area close by.

David Allen Rushton and his wife Martha Ritchie
By Dorothy R. Jenkins
David Allen Rushton was born July 24, 1881, at American Fork, Utah, a son of William James and Margaret Emma Crompton Rushton. He came to the Iona area as a young four year old child with his parents, who had taken up a 160 acre homestead on the west side of the township in 1884, the family coming in 1884 to live. David eventually became the owner of the original site of his father, William, and there he made his home the rest of his life.

David attended the first school in Iona, held in a two room log house of Ole Olsen, with John F. Shelley as teacher--14 boys, and one girl, Ruth Jones (Ward) were enrolled. One winter there was a dispute as to where school was to be held. Some wanted to hold it in the old rock building, but they settled on Grandpa Crompton's home - - a place now occupied by Ross Horman.

David's first job of importance was carrying mail to the Orin Post Office in the home of Orin Lee at Milo--first class mail delivered twice a week, at 50¢ a trip. The Post Office started May 3, 1892. This was when he first became acquainted with Uncle Del Stanger. David was 10 years old when he held this job. He had to ford big Sand Creek, by the Stanger home. Uncle Del thought David was really something to have such a job and be earning money.

He worked for Abe Hodge and Frank Herbert doing farm work; he herded sheep for the Iona Sheep Company. He attended Ricks Academy in 1898 and 1899 and helped move rock to begin the Academy. David's father helped build the canals in Iona and lay out the town. A pretty young woman named Martha Ritchie came to work for David's mother, Emma. He fell in love with her--did some courting, and they were married in the Logan Temple Dec. 6, 1900. They lived in the Rushton home, since his parents had moved to Oregon for a time.

In 1903, the Rushton Brothers opened a mercantile company, and David worked at the store till 1910, not farming during that time. In the spring of 1910, he ran a shearing corral, and Martha cooked for the men three meals a day. They lived in a tent, and had another unit for cooking and feeding the men.

In 1911, David and Martha homesteaded 320 acres in the Dehlin area, some 20 miles back in the hills. In 1912, he took a 4 year appointment as Deputy under Joe Mulliner, Sheriff. He served 3 years, and resigned the last year of the term. He had many life and death situations to meet while he was Deputy. His wife and sons, Ritchie and Bert, did most of the farming at that time. In 1916 he purchased the original William Rushton homestead of 1884, where he lived most of his life.

It was in 1920 that he served as County Commissioner, but he spent most of his life farming and raising sheep and cattle with the help of his wife and sons. His range was in the Hell Creek area, and for many years the family trailed cattle each spring from their farm in Iona to the ranch at Hell Creek, where his son Bert took the charge of herding and caring for the livestock for many years. Each fall the animals were trailed back to the valley on a 2 or 3 day cattle drive. David's son, Rich, helped his father operate the farm at Iona, and the range at Hell Creek.

David was always active and interested in community affairs of Iona and the surrounding area. He loved to tell stories of the early days and could remember as much about Iona history as anyone could. His manuscript naming early settlers of Iona, their location, and a short account of families is the only known record of the original homesteaders.

MARTHA RITCHIE, born Feb. 11, 1882, at Ogden, Utah, to John J. and Harriet Coop Ritchie, was a great and good wife, mother and neighbor. It was about 1889 that she came with her parents to Idaho and settled on a farm on Willow Creek, north of Iona. She was the eldest of a big family and had much responsibility. Martha had a talent for nursing and was called upon many times to help during illnesses in the Iona area, and assisted the doctors who came to Iona to tend the sick and injured.

Martha was a great cook and could turn out a meal to be envied. She was talented in quilting and handiwork, and hardly ever missed a quilting in Relief Society, coming home at noon to get her husband's dinner, and then returning to quilt the rest of the day. She spent her life giving service to her husband, children, grandchildren, and neighbors.

To David and Martha, there was no place like Iona. They were lovingly called Uncle Dade and Aunt Martha by many. David's word was his bond, and he was proud of his heritage and strove hard to keep the Rushton name honorable. He was very active in the Republican party during most of his life.

Together, David and Martha raised three sons: David Albert; James Ritchie; and Wendell. They loved their family, and all who came within their reach. You were always welcome at their door and could count on a good meal and some wonderful stories of life in Iona. They were indeed part of the early history and building of Iona.
William George Steele and Ellen Proctor Steele

By Gertrude Clark

William George Steele, and his wife Ellen Proctor arrived in the Iona area in 1886, and filed on a homestead adjoining the townsite on the east. The children who came with them were Josephine (Mrs. Albert Stanger); W.G. Jr. (<called Billy or Billy George). Born later were Martha (Mrs. Delbert Stanger)—she was known as "Moss"; John, often called Jack; Sarah (Mrs. Alma Owens) called "Sadie"; Alice (Mrs. Henry Jensen); Jesse; Edith (Mrs. Rulon Godfrey); and Gertrude (Mrs. LaVar Clark.)

George, at age 2 was with the fateful Martin Handcart Company, his parents having sailed from Britain May 25, 1856 on the ship HORIZON. From New York, they went to Albany, then Buffalo, and on July 8th they arrived at Iowa City, and thence to Florence Nebraska. They were sorely detained in being outfitted with handcarts, and it was a late Aug. 22 before the Company got underway to cross the Plains—a very late start. Winter hit them in Wyoming, and George's father perished from hunger and cold, leaving his widow with two young boys, James E. and Wm. George. It was Dec. 25th before they arrived in Salt Lake, and from thence were assigned to American Fork for settlement.

He worked in the mines at Park City, and always had a drive to go prospecting and he did this, and was fortunate on several occasions. On Jan. 19, 1881 when about 26 years, he married Ellen Proctor in American Fork, and later they made their way to the Logan Temple to be sealed on Feb. 10, 1892.

William George, in company with his brother, James E., and John Shelley left American Fork in wagons, driving horses and cattle. After two weeks on the road, they arrived in the Iona area Mar. 17, 1885. His wife Ellen, daughter Josephine, and son Billy came later on the train. To file on the homestead, they had to go back to Oxford, near the Utah Border.

George was a good husbandman and farmer, and "his wife was a good help mate. She raised chickens, and made butter, and sold it in Eagle Rock for 15¢ per pound. She always paid her tithing on these items. George loved to fish and excelled at this also. He loved sports, and was pitcher on the first ball team in the village. George was not a church going man, but he lived his religion every day. He was known for his honest dealings, and his word was as good as a bond. He would not allow his children to speak bad of anyone. They both worked to make Iona a better place in which to live.

George and John Shelley moved south some miles (Shelley, presently) and decided to go into the mercantile business. After a very short time, George told Shelley this was not his life style—that he was a farmer, and he returned to Iona. Then they decided to move back to Utah, which they did, and Jesse was born there. None of them were happy in Utah, so they returned to their home in Iona, where they remained the rest of their lives. They cleared their land, and improved it. After they moved into a brick home on the west side of the street, for many years there stood on the east side, the humble log home where George and Ellen got their start. They raised a family of nine, whose names were mentioned above.

In 1915, he bought one of the first automobiles in this part. This they enjoyed for a time. In 1917, George became ill, and died at home, June 13, 1917, at age 63. His wife lived for 28 years after, passing away in an Idaho Falls hospital on June 17, 1945. The family is well represented by the numerous posterity that survive.