Chapter 7 – Bradshaw 11 Sep 2011

Holmfirth is a small town in west Yorkshire County. Most people farmed for a living. George Hobson had inherited the family farm, and it did well. In the 1770s, a cotton mill was built in Staleybridge, 20 miles to the southwest, and that opened up jobs for many people. Now, in this area, floods happened often. One such washed away the town church in 1777. The previous flood had been in 1738. Also 1821. Next would be the early morning of 5 Feb 1852, where 81 would die. In light of this, and of the fact that another son might do better in the family farming, George (the son) decided to get an education and become a clothier. (Holmfirth was to get a railroad in 1850.)

George's father facilitated this. It meant that at the age of 10 or 11 he left the family and was "apprenticed" to a master clothier. This meant learning everything from sheep shearing to making English broadcloth. And in that day, the trade ships were beginning to bring in cotton from the New World. Cotton made a smoother fabric than wool, and cotton apparel became the rage. There was a constant need for clothiers, and by the time he was 18 (in 1810), he was a qualified clothier. He was a tall, handsome man, with black curly hair and blue eyes. He courted a nice young lady, Martha (Thewlis), and they soon married (in 1811). They chose to still live on the farm; George would take what work came his way, instead of living in a commercial center.

George saw that it was a time of new thought, and he turned to thinking for himself. Instead of being a member of the village church, he became a Mason. Martha was a Methodist.

Children didn't begin arriving for George and Martha until they had been married almost six years [not sure of this, or the number of children]. Then they had four girls followed by two boys. By then, George had determined that clothier work was a big-city trade, and the family moved to Stalybridge. That was where the cotton mills were. Sadly, expenses were higher there, and it seemed necessary to have his children work, also. Little Hannah Hobson, our ancestor, soon learned to make "harness", an article that children could make; it was used on the looms. Hannah was six years old.

Mother Martha had a boy the year after they set up house in Stalybridge. They named him, George Junior. Martha again became pregnant in another two years. But little George wasn't doing well. He got a cough and had trouble breathing; he weakened. He died about the time that Mother Martha delivered a little girl. The family named her, Emily. However, the bad air in Stalybridge made her sick, too. She died before she was two.

Our ancestor, Hannah Hobson, was a middle child. She had blue eyes and beautiful black hair. After seeing her little brother and then her little sister get sick and die, she grew anxious about living conditions in Stalybridge, and about having her little brothers and sisters work so long in the factories. She got her parents to place her little brother, Alfred, in an apprenticeship to become a joiner.

By age seventeen, Hannah had broken loose from factory work, and helped her mother take in sewing for money. A nice young man took note of her on his way to work each day. He was Tom Bradshaw.

Tom's grandfather had died in an accident on the farm. Needing income, The widow (Ann) moved the family to the big city, Stalybridge, to get employment. Pay was meager, so each child had to work in the cotton mill to buy food and pay the rent. One son, also named Tom, grew up working, but also went to school at night for a time, and learned to read; he also learned botany. He became a tradesman, a weaver. When he was past age 21, he married a Mary Hewith. His widow mother decided to live with them.

Tom and Mary had ten children in all. Two sons died at about age fourteen due to the conditions in the city, probably like Hannah's brother and sister. One other boy [Robert] was injured as a toddler and grew up as a hunchback. Child number eight was named Tom, like his father. He grew up to be a short, dark complexioned young man.

Tom courted the girl he had noticed. Soon after she turned eighteen, they married on a summery Sunday in May (1841). Tom was quick witted and he was fond of children like Hannah was. People came to know this couple as honest, generous, and hospitable -- a stranger was never turned from their door. Tom was a good gardener.

During that winter, Tom heard of a new religion. He decided to go to one of their meetings. His interest was piqued. He told Hannah. They soon had the missionaries come. The main one was Elder Joseph Moss. He baptized Tom and Hannah two weeks before their first wedding anniversary. They told Tom's brothers about it. Most thought he was crazy, but one brother, Henry, and his wife, Eliza, were baptized in August (1842). Hannah's family saw no reason for a new church. Tom liked his new church. He became a traveling elder. He and Hannah were very faithful and attended all their meetings. When a call came for donations to help with the Nauvoo Temple, Hannah gave her only jewelry – her wedding ring.

Hannah was an expert housekeeper. She had a little garden plot under the front window of the house they rented. With Tom's expert help, it sported flowers and vegetables that amazed passers-by.

The Church taught of the “Gathering”. That meant you should leave

England and go live in the Salt Lake Valley. The ticket cost what some people earned in a year. Henry and his family were able to save enough in thirteen years; they emigrated in 1855. Our Tom and Hannah were set to go the next year, but Hannah's family were against them leaving. Hannah's mother and father wept as she left their house, and her brother, Alfred, said good-bye for so long on the ship in Liverpool that he almost sailed with them. They went with a large Church group on the ship, "William Tapscott", in February (26) of 1857. This ship was almost a Church ship. It was made in about 1853 in Maine for carrying large numbers of passengers, and was very sea-worthy.

The family was weary when they got to New York. A train chartered by the Church took them to Omaha. Many of Tom's family, besides Henry, had joined the Church and come over. Tom's little brother, James, was married and ran a ferry boat across the river at Omaha. His little sister, Mary, and her new family also lived there. Tom's money had all been used to get this far. James offered him a job on the ferry boat; the family settled there for the time being. In that moist environment, malaria was prevalent, and Tom caught it. A doctor helped him through it with quinine, once giving him too much. That autumn, a division of soldiers came through their place. It was on its way to fight the "Utah War" in the west. The summer of 1859, little James got the membranous croup. [Could have been diphtheria.] There was no hope for him. He died in mid-summer.

In 1860, Tom was still partially debilitated by the malaria. But they had been allowed a wagon and a yoke of oxen if Hannah and Mary Ann, now age 15, would do the cooking and laundry for the teamsters. This was a freight trip, not a passenger trip, and they would go as hired help. Ebenezer R. Young was the leader. And they left late - August 25. One time when Hannah went for water, she got an Indian scare. They got to the Valley on October 25.

Tom's health improved in the mountain air. He got a job helping build a wall around the tithing yard in Ogden. The payment was 20 acres of land near his brother, Henry, in Slaterville. They went there that spring (of 1860). Hannah had been pregnant, and in April, bore a son, William Henry. But the family had no cash to buy a plow and livestock. Someone told them they could earn money by herding sheep. So the family borrowed a used wagon to use as a home, and went with the sheep for the summer. Later, news reached them that they had been tricked into leaving their land vacant, and someone else had claimed it. Well, they were able to get another parcel of land near Henry, there in Slaterville, and settled there.

That winter, Tom used his expertise as a weaver. In the little cabin they occupied, he made a hand loom. He added another room to the cabin for the loom, and began weaving cloth. People didn't have much

cash, so he took whatever they could pay when he sold his cloth. The family remained poor for a couple more years. On February 8th, 1862, little George Alfred was born. Finally, in 1865, Tom and Hannah went to Salt Lake City and were married for eternity in the Endowment House. The summer of 1866 brought another son, John. But Hannah was 44 years old, and the birth made her ill for several weeks. Then when she was 46, she bore a frail baby girl whom they named, Eliza Hannah. Hannah again was ill for some time; her daughter, Sarah, now 16, kept up the house.

Father Tom had a comfortable life now. Twenty years passed. He went logging in the autumn of 1889. A tree fell on him, and he died. Hannah was devastated. Her health declined during the year that followed. As the autumn of 1891 began, she died.

Now we will consider the Knight family. (Chapter 8) But keep in mind Eliza Hannah Bradshaw.

Chapter 8 Taylor - Knight

Joseph Taylor was the son of a Virginia planter. His father was more than a farmer, and had means enough to send his children off to be educated. Planters were of the middle class in those days. Joseph had grown up in a mini-mansion – the family owned a plantation.

Joseph came of age, and with his father's blessing, got married and planned to move away.

Seeing that land was available in the wilds of North Carolina, Joseph Taylor determined to move his family there, from Virginia. That was what many Virginia families were doing. Joseph made his move in 1755. He paid the nominal fee to the land agent for a whole square mile of land. But the agent was corrupt. While the family lived on the land, the title never was secure until 1760.

That settled, Joseph invited two of his brothers to come. He sold each equal parts of what he owned. He didn't charge them too much. [about 20 pounds, which would be about $1000 today]

The three had a plan. Joseph was a planter, or farmer, and so was Richard. Thomas was a shipbuilder. He didn't come and live on his land. He stayed in Virginia building ships. (Farmers in the southern colonies knew well how to build their own ships. Both men and women could handle a canoe with ease.) Things worked well between the three. The two planters grew produce, and the shipbuilder supplied boats to get the produce to market. While the fertile land would grow everything needed, planters grew tobacco, for it brought in extra cash. You dried the leaves, packed them in a barrel with a pole through its center, and then a horse could pull the barrel, rolling it. That way it got to a boat, and eventually got to England, which paid good prices for tobacco. The Taylor families each had a few slaves, not as many as other families.

After about ten years of this, the shipbuilder sold his part of the deal to Joseph's second son, David Taylor, who was 21 years old by then.

But there was unrest in the country. England had slapped new, heavy taxes on the colonies, and the people objected. That is, most did. There was division among the people. The first battle fought in North Carolina was between opposing factions of the populace, and it was fought before the Declaration of Independence was made. North Carolina men were in one of the decisive battles of the War. They fought the British at Guilford in 1781 and were bested, but they inflicted heavy casualties on the British. That and other things led to the successful end of the War. Joseph Taylor, the oldest son, was in that battle.

After the War, the Taylor family basked in the benefits and happiness of their new country. Daniel Boone had blazed the "Wilderness Road" into Tennessee and Kentucky. Joseph Taylor found himself courting an elite young lady, the daughter of an important plantation owner and neighbor, Thomas Best. That was Sarah Best. They married right after the War. They had a plantation, and were proper Southerners. By the time, twenty-some years later, they had a complete family of twelve children. Joseph was in his fifties; Sarah was forty-five.

Plantations and their hospitality "invited" travelers to stay overnight. Travelers were a good source of news. About this time, the news was of the opening of new land past the Cumberland Gap. The new state was called Kentucky. And Joseph realized that Revolutionary War veterans such as he, were allowed to claim suitably large tracts of land there free of charge. Joseph didn't think himself too old to start a farm, so after a family council, they decided to move to that area. Although the oldest children, two girls and a boy, were all over twenty, only one had married, so when the family moved, it was a large operation. The trip started on a dirt "road", but ended with a "trail" – a path made by buffalo passing between trees and breaking a few branches, which made a path. The year was 1808.

But the place they arrived at was beautiful. The place had caves nearby which were fun to explore. There were springs every so often, which made living nice. Sarah had a personal slave named Jake. Everyone helped him make a cabin to live in near a spring. He was a faithful helper to Joseph and Sarah. He even developed a talent he had for engraving stone; several grave markers were his handiwork. (There were other slaves, too, but not many.) The tract of land the Joseph Taylor family occupied was in the area about 12 miles northeast of Bowling Green, Kentucky. A town near them was Richardsville, Kentucky. (In later years, extended family members became local college presidents and preachers.)

Three years after their move, sons William and Allen married. Before the move, the eldest daughter, Frances, had married a North Carolina neighbor boy, William Cherry. Now Allen Taylor married Lavina Cherry – the Cherry family had moved to Kentucky also. Our ancestor, William, married Elizabeth Patrick. Then, after two years more passed, the next two children, Mary Ann and Temperance (Temppy), married Samuel Cherry and Wiley Smart. (Shortly after Temperance married, her husband had to go fight in the War of 1812.) Also, daughter, Nancy, had taken ill and died in 1812, when she was only 15 years old. Ten years after their move, Joseph Taylor, their father, died of old age in 1818. He was 63 years old. Mother Sarah lived on another 16 years, dying happily and peacefully at age 74.

Elizabeth Patrick's roots were in Scotland. But her ancestors had lived in Virginia for more than four generations. Elizabeth was five-foot, eight. She had sandy hair and blue eyes. She was a plantation "belle", but when it came to helping start their own farm as newlyweds, she knew how to work. She was an able pioneer.

Of note is that when slavery became an issue, Kentuckians were split. Both Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln had been born in Kentucky. So it was truly a war of brothers; this was true also of the Taylor family, to some extent. The feeling of this family and the region around them was to slowly abolish slavery as new generations of blacks were born. The Confederates occupied Bowling Green, but they were decimated by disease. After that, Bowling Green and the surrounding area was occupied by Union troops. Although that was okay, the troops tramped down the fields, cut down trees, stole livestock and produce, and left the area in a poor condition.

Now, William Taylor and Elizabeth (Patrick) had their own farm, which had been originally a part of the family farm. They decided on a large family. By 1830 they had ten children, half boys and half girls. Elizabeth's family was a third-generation planter family from Virginia, much like William's. They, too, had moved to the same area of Kentucky.

William had learned surveying from his father, Joseph. So besides farming, he laid out county roads. He was a strong man, and tall, standing over six feet. Life was good. But one of Elizabeth's brothers, Ludson Green Patrick, had gone west to find possibilities for farming there. He sent word back that eastern Missouri was just as good as Kentucky (if that were possible). Elizabeth's brother-in-law, Levi Turner, took his family there next. So in 1831, William and Elizabeth pulled up stakes and moved to Monroe County, Missouri.

William knew the Bible well, and had a mind of his own. He and Elizabeth educated their children to love the Bible, too. In the spring of 1832 some itinerant preachers came through the area. They talked of a Book of Mormon, and a prophet. It hit William as being correct. He was baptized after hearing only one sermon. They organized a branch there – the Salt River Branch.

The Church was centered in Kirtland, Ohio, but it began a colony in western Missouri. Their fervor engendered persecution, and the Prophet Joseph Smith organized Zion's Camp to go help them. The Camp stopped in the Salt River Branch for a while. The Camp was joined by ten men from Kentucky, and a few of William's extended family in the branch also joined Zion's Camp, which went on to Jackson County. After that, William and Elizabeth pulled up stakes again and moved to Ray County, Missouri, near the gathering place. But persecution continued, and they had to leave that farm to looters and move to

Clay County. The family attended the cornerstone laying at Far West. Many Saints came to Far West to be more safe from the persecution. William and Elizabeth and their family had to sleep in tents on the street in Far West. And it snowed on them; it was November, 1838. When the mob took the Prophet and his friends to Liberty Jail, Elizabeth was one who made and carried food to those prisoners. One cold night, as they all sat near a campfire, some mobbers came and tried to persuade her daughters to go away with them. Elizabeth got angry and drove the mobbers away with a poking stick.

When they went back to their farm to check on it, they found that the mobbers had made a waste of it. At that time, Missouri Governor Boggs said that Mormons in the state should be killed, so the Taylor family trudged along through the February cold and wet. There was no dry place to sit or lay down. Pleasant Green Taylor, one of William's sons, had just turned twelve. He saw an elderly couple who were not Mormons. They had been thrown out of their home by the mob, also. They had a horse and a small wagon to carry what they had left. But the horse slipped, broke his leg, and had to be killed. When William learned of that, he unhitched one of his horses from his wagon, and gave the horse to the couple.

The family finally reached the swampland that was turned into the city of Nauvoo. But the ordeals of the winter trip had weakened William. As summer came, he caught typhoid fever. He died as summer ended. Elizabeth had him buried at the side of the main road between Lima and Warsaw (Illinois). That same month, a mobber came to their camp and offered her 40 acres if she would leave the Mormons. That was nonsense to her. She moved into Nauvoo. Joseph Smith gave the family a lot in the city. Their house was built three-quarters of a mile south of the temple there. One day in 1841, one of the girls got sick. Elizabeth sent one of her boys (Peasant Green, now age 14) to get the Prophet to come administer to her. The Prophet was busy and could not come, but he sent a red silk handkerchief with his blessing, promising us that she should get well. That is how it happened; she got better right away. When the Prophet was martyred, Pleasant Green took his mother the next day to see the jail at Carthage. Then one of the murderers of Joseph Smith threatened to dig her husband, William, up from his grave. Elizabeth had a couple of her sons watch the gravesite for a while, until the man's spite subsided. (She had fourteen children, total.).

The family all helped build the Nauvoo Temple. Elizabeth received her endowments in December of 1845. Early the next February, as the Saints were leaving Nauvoo, she had a family friend, William Allred, be proxy for her husband, William, and was sealed to William.

Elizabeth didn't leave Nauvoo with the main body of the Saints. She wanted to leave because living conditions for Mormons there were

poor. Her grown sons and daughters had all gone with the main emigration to Iowa, and she and the younger ones were left in Nauvoo. Her ten-year-old daughter, Amanda, got sick as autumn started. She died on October 22, after being ill eleven days. In another year, friends were able to help her get to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Her son, Pleasant Green, saw her coming on the road, and went and helped her finish the drive. He and his brother, Joseph, found work around there, and saved enough money to get an outfit for their mother. She (at age 55) was able to go to the Valley in the late summer of 1849. She got a place in Salt Lake City, but soon (1851) moved to Harrisville, just north of Ogden, where her son, Pleasant Green Taylor, had built a house. He had come west in 1850. Elizabeth was a favorite grandmother to visit. She was full of stories. She was happy, and lived to age 87.

The oldest son, John, was 19 years old when his folks and he joined the Church. When he was 21 (1834), they had all joined the main body of the Church, and John found an attractive young lady (Eleanor Burkett), and they very shortly were married.

Eleanor's ancestors had come from Germany to Ohio in the mid 1700s, and her family had found the Church about the same time as John's. Her family was very devoted to the cause of the Church, as was John's. Her father had joined the United Order in Jackson County, Missouri. Zion's Camp had ended their march at his house in Clay County. He was willing to give his life to save the Prophet's life. He filled a mission to Illinois in 1836 and received his initiatory work in the Kirtland Temple. He fought in the battle of Nauvoo. His wife, Sarah, had died in the persecution, so he married a widow just after leaving Nauvoo. He got to the Valley in September of 1852. He worked hard there, and finally settled near Ogden. He died at age 83.

In her years of childbearing, Eleanor had two sets of twins, each set a boy and a girl. The girl in the first set, her first childbirth, died after living only a few days due to the persecution. She bore thirteen children in all.

Our John Taylor (not the apostle, but our Eleanor's husband) became a personal friend of the Prophet Joseph, and was one of his bodyguards. He was taken to prison several times for defending the Prophet and Hyrum, and while there endured many hardships, such as hunger, thirst and cold. At one time he was in prison for 6 months. During this time (Dec-Jan 1840) his daughter Sarah was born. One day, Eleanor happened to meet the Prophet Joseph on the street. John had been in prison for some time. She asked Joseph if he had any idea when her John would be released. The Prophet answered that John could walk out of prison as easily as I can turn my hand. He made a twisting motion with his wrist and hand. Eleanor took it as a nice comment,

and went to her next task. But at that very moment, John, in a cell guarded only by the jailer's wife doing her ironing, felt an inspiration. That is, the cell door swung open. He removed his shoes to avoid making any noise. He tip-toed past the lady, out the door of the jailer's house. He noticed that the jailer's bloodhound was soundly sleeping. He ran through the snow, only putting on his shoes after some time. It took a couple of hours to reach the River (Mississippi). It was frozen over. He crossed on the ice. Shortly after he was across, the ice broke up, assuring his safety. He headed for Brother Morely's home. There he rested for a few days, because his feet were badly frozen and swollen.

The next autumn, Eleanor and John got their patriarchal blessings at the hand of Hyrum Smith. The next spring, Eleanor was among the sisters in the first meeting of the Relief Society. John and Eleanor took their children along to Wisconsin where John cut trees for lumber to build the Nauvoo Temple. Lyman Wight, an apostle, was the leader of the group. They had men float the logs down the Mississippi River to Nauvoo.

But the Prophet Joseph was martyred in June of 1844. John and Eleanor were confused, even after the meeting where Brigham Young was accepted as the new prophet. Lyman Wight remembered that the Prophet Joseph had once thought that Texas might make a good refuge for the Saints. And John and Eleanor liked Lyman Wight's idea of leaving Nauvoo sooner to avoid more persecution. Even Bishop George Miller thought that was wise. They and others left in 1845, and Wight's group settled in Texas. John got to know Zachary Taylor and Governor Sam Houston. After nine years, the members of Wight's group felt free to follow their own fortunes, and John and Eleanor took their family, now numbering nine children, and moved to Oklahoma.

But they still wondered about the main body of the Church. In 1856, they moved to Utah. They used two wagons with six yoke of oxen on each one. They were their own little emigrating company. Eleanor had Mary, age nine, watch the little twins, William and Minerva, and at one place the “road” got bumpy. Mary had trouble holding both the twins. Little William fell from the wagon. The front wheel of the second wagon caught the baby's head, crushing it. Yet, he was alive. Father John blessed him, and Mother Eleanor cared for him, and over a year's [I suppose] time he got better; he lived a rich life and died at age 75.

Once in Salt Lake City, they were attracted by prospects in Ogden, and settled there. They had their baby daughter, the last child, in Ogden. After a year, they soon chose to have a farm in Slaterville. By now, it was 1860; the Utah War was over, all was peaceful. John and Eleanor had missed being endowed in Nauvoo, so they decided it was time to get that done. They set a date. Kaysville was the

overnight stop when you traveled from Ogden to Salt Lake in those days. They didn't stay at a hotel, for they had friends there. The evening's talk turned to succession in the Church. Their friends wondered if they would be welcome at the Endowment House in Salt Lake, for hadn't John and Eleanor gone with Lyman Wight, instead of Brigham Young? Not realizing the miracle that forgiveness is, John and Eleanor decided to return to Ogden. [This has been colored by the author, but the fact is that they didn't go to Salt Lake as planned.] In their subsequent confusion and not having much use for the Church, the next spring John and Eleanor took their family to Montana, where John could mine for silver. After about fifteen years there, they moved back to the Ogden area and lived out full lives, dying in their eighties.

But what became of the children? The seven children (ages 5 to 17) that had not married went with John and Eleanor to Montana. They married out of the Church. The five who were already married got sealed as their circumstances allowed, and remained faithful in the Church. They had all married Church members in Utah.

[The oldest (Alma) married first, a few months after the family had arrived in Ogden from Oklahoma. The third oldest, Joseph, married at the end of 1858, just after the Utah War had ended; his folks still were living in Ogden. The next spring, Teancum, second oldest, married a girl from Salt Lake City. As the next Christmas approached, Sarah, our ancestor married John Knight. That was followed the next month (now January 1860) with Mary marrying a brother of Teancum's wife. Teancum didn't delay much over a year before he took his wife to the Endowment House in Salt Lake for their sealing. Alma, the oldest, did so only after the folks had gone to Montana. Mary and Sarah's cases were similar.

Sarah grew up “in the Church” in a way. She was baptized at age nine in Texas, albeit that her folks adhered to the apostate, Lyman Wight, not to the mainstream church. She was sixteen when her family moved to Utah. When she was eighteen, she had a steady boyfriend, John Knight. That's the next chapter.

Chapter Nine - Knight 23 October 2011

There was a girl named Millie Watson. He family lived in a village just outside a forest (where the nobles hunted) with the northwest coast of England just a day's journey away. The family had lived there for generations. They lived near the River Ribble. The big city there was Preston. It was there that Millie met a nice young man named John Knight. He was a weaver. They married when she was just seventeen; he was twenty-two.

By the time they had a boy (John III), two preachers knocked on their door. They were from America, and had a book which they said was scripture, and it wasn't the Bible. Since it was a strange concept, they took their time (almost three years) looking into it. But the concepts brought a feeling of peace to Millie. She was baptized in May of 1840; John followed that November. Elder Peter Laycock did the ordinance. Millie told her parents all about the new religion. Her father pooh-pooh'd the idea, but her mother did not object [supposition].

The weaver's trade had paid good money, so John and Millie were able to join a group of Saints going to Zion in early 1841. Many in that group were out-of-work, for although they had a trade, you had to know somebody to get work, and unemployment in that part of England then was almost 50%. Probably the group left in February and arrived in Nauvoo in April by way of New Orleans. They were in probably the second group to use the new route through New Orleans. [There were two main companies that left within weeks of each other in February 1841; those before and after were smaller, so I assume the event for ours had to be February. The largest company had a stormy, long voyage in the Atlantic of 51 days.]

John and Millie liked Nauvoo. Before they had been baptized, little Ann had joined the family. Now, after a year in Nauvoo, another girl was born to the family, Mary Jane. That was the year Governor Boggs was shot at. Persecution increased. There was the martyrdom. Millie was pregnant and stayed in Nauvoo, bearing Sarah Ann in August, 1846. Then Millie and her children had to leave. In the hardships and hunger, Millie's oldest girl, Ann, died. [Her father died back in England during 1844 (age 57), and her mother probably wrote her to report it. We do not know when her mother died, but it was probably in England.]

John got work running a sawmill on the Des Moines River in Iowa. He was able to continue there for three years. Then, the family moved as far as Winter Quarters. Near there, little Violet Ellen was born. By 1852 (another two years went by), they finally had enough goods (to last a year) and were able to join the James C. Snow wagon company to cross the plains. They started on July 5th (1852) and

arrived in Great Salt Lake City October 9th. After a few days' rest they moved north and joined others at Bingham's Fort. Conditions were crowded, and they happily got a farm in Slaterville the next spring.

Life was wonderful; they farmed 160 acres. They were faithful in church, and were helpful to others. As winter of 1867 deepened, Millie fell ill. She died just after the new year (January 5), age 49. John remarried to a Louisa Howells; he lived another 21 years.

His oldest child and son, John, married Sarah Elizabeth Taylor. John grew up in Slaterville. He had been to the endowment house for his blessings the spring before Johnstun's Army had come through. John and Elizabeth knew one another by being in the same town, Slaterville. They married two weeks before Christmas, 1859. In nine months a baby girl was born to them. They named her Sarah. John farmed, and was a good member of the community. Mary and Amanda joined the family, born in 1862 and 1864. Barely a year after Amanda's birth, John and Elizabeth found the opportunity to travel to Salt Lake and get sealed together. After that, a string of boys were born: John Hyrum, James, and William. The family were regulars at church, very faithful. Elizabeth's eleventh child was a boy, and they named him, Charles. The winter he was a year and a half old, he caught a sickness. He died the following spring. And at that time, Elizabeth was just beginning another pregnancy. That November she bore another boy, whom they named, Clarence. Again, in the spring of 1886, child number nine, George (now age ten), got ill and died, much as had little Charles, four years earlier.

In June (3rd) of 1886, it was Emma's (child number ten) turn to be baptized. The Thanksgiving gathering that year was used for the marriage of John Hyrum (child number four) to his sweetheart, Eliza Hannah Bradshaw. They all traveled to the new Logan Temple. It had been completed two years before, and John Hyrum was the first of this family to marry there. (Each of his younger siblings chose to be married there. His older sister, Amanda, had married in Salt Lake three months before the Logan Temple was done. By the time Emma married in 1904, the Salt Lake Temple was open, and she chose to go there. Also, the year 1891 held two weddings – Minerva's in July and Louisa's in December.) John and Elizabeth's youngest child, Clarence, got sick and died in 1896; he was almost fourteen.

Emma's wedding was in October, 1904. Father John had been feeling under the weather for some time. After the wedding, his health faltered. He died that December. Elizabeth lived another fifteen years. She had eight families with grandchildren around her, and she was a caring grandmother.

Our John Hyrum Knight married Eliza Hannah Bradshaw. The Bradshaws

were in Chapter 7. Eliza was the baby of her family. She had five older siblings. (Three other older brothers had died as infants.) John and Eliza's family was as orderly and as faithful as John's. Their first baby, a boy they named George, came in a short nine months. Then in three years came a girl, Hannah. Then in three more years, there was Nellie. After that there was Delbert, John, Leon and William.

This family liked the farm work, but it never made them much cash; they were kind of poor. All the brothers and sisters fanned out in farms in the Marriott and Slaterville area.

Nellie attended the city school as she should; she liked school. She also was a help to her father in the farm work. Her mother liked her help around the house. A great part of the time she spent watching her two, then three, then four little brothers and keeping them away from the irrigation ditches around the yard. She was ever afraid of them drowning.

The family was faithful in church. As a teenager, Nellie had loose, flowing medium brown hair and blue eyes. She always dressed properly and neatly. The Knights were that way. She liked high school; she was very intelligent; throughout her life, she never misspelled a word.

When Nellie was sixteen, she thought to help the family finances by working outside the home. We will see her again in Chapter Ten.

Chapter Ten – Clarks 30 October 2011

Over in England there is an ancient city called Birmingham. It had factories that used charcoal, made from wood cut from nearby forests. The charcoal burned hot, and refined iron ore.

On Lionel Street in the suburb of Edgebaston, there was a small shop where you could get words stamped onto metal. You found watches, keys and "gilded toys" there, which could be personalized by "stamping". It also had a bowl of candy, and one could buy a piece or a pound.

Among the people that came in the shop in 1843 were two men from America. They were interesting fellows; they didn't belong to any organized church; they talked of a new church with prophets and apostles. The shopkeeper, William Barber, pondered their thoughts; he told his family.

The family had had an oldest son, but he had died at seven months. At this time, there were William, Mary Ann, Emma and Catherine which William Barber and Elizabeth Martin had. William, the father, liked the new church's doctrine about the salvation of small children. He accepted baptism in January of 1844, then William and Mary Ann and Mother Elizabeth followed in February. Elizabeth was six months pregnant. They were thrilled with the new religion, so much so, that they named the expected child, Joseph Hyrum. Yes, he was a boy. Another boy, James Levi, was born three years after; he died before he was seventeen months.

This family was a strength to the Birmingham Branch. They were faithful. Their children married nice partners who also came to embrace the Church. Those children emigrated in their turns. After 27 years of membership in the branch, the William and Elizabeth emigrated to Utah in 1871. Father William died in Logan a few months before Brigham Young died.

Now, Mary Ann married a young man with the same name as her father – William. This was William Clark.

The Clarks came from a large market town. William's father, Thomas, was born out-of-wedlock to Mary Clark. Mary found a step-father for Thomas, and to that union came two little brothers. But they, and Mary, and the step-father all died. Thomas became an orphan.

Not too far from the orphanage in Grantham lived the John and Ester Beck family. Their oldest daughter, Ann, noticed Thomas as he went to work, and he noticed her. They married in October of 1830. Ann then had a string of seven children over fifteen years. William was their middle child. Thomas had learned the cobbler's trade while at

the orphanage.

This family had dismissed the strange American men with the new, different religion from their minds, until they happened to take time to read a tract they found. Two of the boys, John and Thomas, were baptized in 1849. Their mother followed soon after. William joined when his married sister, Sarah, did, in 1854.

In the branch meetings William Clark and Mary Ann Barber hit it off well. They were married on Sunday, August 14th, 1859. They had their first baby, a girl named Elizabeth, right away. Then came Sarah and Emily. William and Mary Ann loved helping in the branch. The gospel was beautiful. But their neighbors didn't think so. The neighbors and customers (for William had become a cobbler) did their best to hurt them because of their church.

And the Church preached that you should go to America, to Zion. That takes money, so the family did what thy could to save. They couldn't save as fast as they wanted. The Church began a fund, the Perpetual Emigration Fund. You could emigrate and pay it back after you were in Zion.

Of the Clark family, William's little brothers, not as encumbered as he was, had emigrated in 1863. Now, in 1866, there was hope of getting the whole Clark family to Zion in one great push. There was John, William's older brother, who had married Caroline Hopkins. They had a fine family of six children by this time (another three had died as infants). Then William and Mary Ann with their three. William's folks were sad to see them go.

Mary Ann's little sister, Emma, and her husband, Samuel Pike, were to leave in the same group. The Barber parents were also saddened at their two daughters' leaving, but they were happy that they were going to Zion.

It was a nice large family group that left Birmingham for Liverpool. When they got on their ship, the “John Bright”, they found there were about 700 other members making up the emigrating company. Their food was to be provided, but they had to bring their own plates and utensils, and their own bedding. When they got out to sea, the waves were larger (for a few days) than the crew had ever seen. It was the end of April (1866), a stormy time of year. The rocking of the ship didn't lull you to sleep, it pitched you out of bed. And Mary Ann was pregnant. And her three girls got colds after being seasick. And once a week during the time at sea, the captain had everybody on deck while he smoked the ship to prevent disease. It took five weeks to arrive finally at New York. It took one whole day to transfer everyone to the Church train, which was a substitute train. Its route took them through Montreal before getting to Chicago and then

stopping at St. Joseph, Missouri. Then it was up the River for four days, and they saw their first Indians from the boat. On June 19th they got to the wagon-outfitting point in Nebraska. Here they got assigned to wagons, and waited a few weeks for the remnants of the company to catch up. For instance, a baby daughter of William's older brother, John, had died just before the train had reached Chicago, and he had stayed to get her buried.

During the wait, Mary Ann was delivered of her baby. Now they had another girl. They named her after the midwife, and called her Mary Ellen.

The 750 Saints from their ship's group were split into two wagon companies. William and Mary Ann, along with John and Caroline, and Emma and Samuel, got in William Chipman's company. In Wyoming, Indians drove away 90 head of oxen, so Brigham young had to send out help for this company. When Indians attacked another time, William came to the wagon in a hurry to get his gun. He threw aside a big tick (feather mattress) and it landed on the ground. Mary Ann was just as excited, for she had let little Mary Ellen nap there. They found her safe in the folds of the tick.

On September 12th, 1866, the neared Coalville, and brothers Tom and Frank had a new team ready to help along their relatives. That extended family group all stopped in Coalville to live near Tom and Frank. Their journey of almost five months was at its end.

Yet, after three years there, William had to battle grasshoppers and climate to make a go of farming. He decided to again be a cobbler, a thing he enjoyed. He found that Wyoming needed cobblers. He took his family to Almy, Wyoming, a small, thriving mining town. He worked out of the kitchen.

Mary Ann's parents hadn't been able to emigrate with them in 1866, but they did come in 1871. They were able to take the train all the way from New York – no ox-carts anymore! The train line was just two years new.

And in 1869, William's father had died. That left his mother, Ann, free to emigrate. She came about the same year as Mary Ann's parents. Daughter Mary Ellen was baptized by her “uncle” Sam Pike in 1875 in Almy. Although Mary Ellen was her official name, she was called Nellie.

By 1882, William and Mary Ann decided to move back to Coalville. Their children were marrying and grandchildren began to come. Coalville was more central to all this. William continued his cobbler trade, and became just as useful and loved here as he had been in Wyoming. He had a large map of the plains on a wall in his

shop, and he told stories of his and Mary Ann's trek to his descendants.

Mary Ann was industrious. She kept hens and sold eggs, saving that money for her burial expenses. While a girl she had learned to decorate cakes. She knew how to apply the frosted designs using a folded piece of paper.

William and Mary Ann liked to take the train to Salt Lake City to attend general conferences. They loved being in the presence of prophets. They saw and heard every one from Brigham Young to Heber J. Grant. They liked to stay at Mary Robinson's (William's sister) in Salt Lake at conference time. They also stopped a few days each time at Nellie (Mary Ellen) Dana's home in Ogden.

When the poison ivy leaves turned their brilliant red in the fall, their daughter, Mary Ellen Clark, and her daughter, Katie, could handle the it or even pull it up by the roots with no ill effects. William Clark, however, was one of those people who broke out in a terrible itching rash if a whiff of wind came from the poison ivy.

Mary Ann died at age 75 in 1911. William then stayed with his daughter, Sarah, in Logan. He died in 1917 at age 82.

Now we will follow Nellie (Mary Ellen) Clark in Chapter 11.

Chapter 11 - Dana 31 October 2011

The first Danas came from the north of England near Westmoreland, then Manchester. Robert Dana was a tanner. His wife was Elizabeth. Their eldest son was Edward. Robert trained him in tanning. Life went well, but then someone found a fault in one of their hides. That meant a fine, and a lost reputation. And someone stole some skins from them one time. Edward was resourceful; he got a job as the town dogcatcher.

In time, Robert and Elizabeth had eleven children. Child number 10, born in 1617, is our ancestor. He was named Richard. Edward was twenty years older than little Richard. Richard went to school. He liked school. He liked his teacher. In time, Richard completed his schooling. This was a time of new things. A hundred years ago men had explored the edge of the ocean and England had colonized a New World. Richard's teacher was appointed president of a new college over there. Now, as Richard saw things, there wasn't much good in living in England, in Manchester, for the tanning business had dwindled, and it was hard to make a living. And his mother and six of his brothers and sisters had already died, so a desire grew in Richard to try the New World.

When his old teacher sent a letter from the New World to the county leaders in Manchester asking for young men to come and help at the college, Richard's name was suggested in the letter. Richard emigrated to help in the New World in 1640. There they had him do farm work. Richard didn't mind doing that. He felt free there. He worked hard. In a few years, Richard was granted a section as his own farm. It was where Brighton is today. It ran for a mile along the shore of the Charles River. People, with Richard's blessing, made a ferry boat landing at one spot, and called it, Dana's Landing. And Richard and the Indians got along well. Richard was appointed to jobs for the county. The main town, Cambridge, had him be constable, then fence inspector, highway surveyor, etc. In 1664 the king back in England wanted to change the colony's taxes. Richard and 25 others signed a petition against that proposal. While some of the others had to put an "X" for their mark, Richard signed his name; he was schooled.

The ferry that used Dana's Landing connected Cambridge with Watertown. About the time the ferry began operation, Richard found a sweet girl in Watertown. Her name was Anne Bullard. They married; they raised a family. They went to church in old Cambridge. They named their children using Bible names. They had eleven children; seven lived to give them grandchildren. His posterity called him, Father Dana. When he was 72 years old he was still quite active. He climbed on a scaffold behind his barn. He fell from it and died.

Richard's youngest son was Daniel. Daniel served in the colonial army. At Richard's death, the oldest son, Jacob, got the farm and cared for Anne. Jacob shared the farm with two brothers, Benjamin and Daniel. But Daniel also learned a trade. He became a cooper. He married a nice girl from Charlestown. She was Naomi Croswell. Together they became stalwarts in the community. He was appointed surveyor, like his father had been. He served on the city council for ten years. In those days that was called being a selectman. He paid tithing and was on the Cambridge church committee. In 1728, Daniel remembered his father's pride at being schooled, and he set up a school for the community on his part of the farm.

About this time, one of Daniel's sons, Caleb (1697-1769), became a tanner and married his sweetheart, Phebe Chandler (in 1726). He also learned wall-building and became a mason in 1735. He owned 3000 acres in Ashburnham and built grist mills and saw mills on his property in 1752. He was quartermaster of Captain John Cutting's horse troop in 1746, and they called him, Captain.

[A sidelight: Richard (1700-1772), another of Daniel's sons, was very active in preparations for the Revolution. Richard was a judge, and upheld (before our Constitution) freedom of the press. (In 1754, Daniel Fowle had printed a pamphlet attacking an English tax bill, and Richard, as Justice Dana, said it was OK to do that.) He loved to eat, and was well-known for that. One time, he and the people held court in his front yard and made an English tax collector publicly curse the Stamp Act. The assembly all cheered. He co-authored a secret letter to an America spy in England; it talked of getting France and Spain to help America. After the Boston Massacre, the British commander was brought to court and sentenced to jail -- by Justice Dana.]

[sidelight continued: One of Richard's sons was Francis Dana (1743-1811). This Francis was a member of the Continental Congress. While Benjamin Franklin went to France to get their help in the Revolutionary War, Francis and John Adams went to Holland for their help. He also went to Russia for their help, but they ignored him because he wouldn't pay the customary bribes. John Adam's son, John Quincy Adams, accompanied Francis there. John, the son, was only 14, but had mastered French and German and now he successfully learned Russian. The War ended while they were there (in St. Petersburg, October 1781). Once back home, he was to be part of the Constitutional Convention, but his health was poor, so he took a back seat. When he got better, he served as Chief Justice in Massachusetts. He lived in Cambridge on “Dana Hill”. This Francis had a son he named Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879). He was a poet. That Dana then had a Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815-1882), who was of a rebellious nature. He went on a sea voyage as a deck hand in 1834. After returning, he wrote “Two Years Before the Mast”, which was an

expose' of the harsh life of deck hands.]

Now, Caleb and Phebe's middle child was our ancestor, George Dana (1741-1787). He married Elizabeth PARKS, daughter of Thomas PARKS and Elizabeth HARRINGTON (they were of Newton). George was an innkeeper and farmer. George and Elizabeth lived at Stow, Mass. in 1769, then lived in Cambridge, and then in Ashburnham. He was on the Committee of Inspection through 1775, and was a sergeant in Captain Jonathan Gate's company of minutemen. He was also a member of Colonel John Whitcomb's regiment, which marched on the Lexington Alarm -- 19 April 1775.

George and Elizabeth's first child was a son whom they named Francis (1771-1847). Francis got well-educated. He became a seeker of freedom. He was very active in civic affairs, and in guiding thought about colonial rights. He was a leader of the Sons of Liberty. He was involved in the first congress that Massachusetts held. The years of 1774 and 1775 were spent in England, trying to find people friendly to the idea of the colonies being separate from England. He was a member of the Massachusetts executive council from 1776 to 1780, and a delegate to the continental congress from 1776 to 1778. As a member of the latter body he became chairman in January 1778 of the committee appointed to visit Washington at Valley Forge, and confer with him concerning the reorganization of the army. This committee spent about three months in camp, and assisted Washington in preparing the plan of reorganization which Congress in the main adopted. In this year he was also a member of a committee to consider Lord North's offer of conciliation, which he vigorously opposed. In the autumn of 1779 he was appointed secretary to John Adams, who had been selected as minister plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties of peace and commerce with Great Britain, and in December 1780 he was appointed diplomatic representative to the Russian government. He remained at St Petersburg from 1781 to 1783, but was never formally received by the empress Catherine. In February 1784 he was again chosen a delegate to Congress, and in January 1785 he became a justice of the Massachusetts supreme court. He was chief justice of this court from 1791 to 1806, and presided with ability and rare distinction. He was an earnest advocate of the adoption of the Federal constitution, was a member of the Massachusetts convention which ratified that instrument, and was one of the most influential advisers of the leaders of the Federalist party. His tastes were scholarly, and he was one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

While he was Chief Justice, he married Huldah Root (1796). The first thing Francis and Huldah did was move west, to New York state. Francis got himself a line of packet boats which transported goods up and down the Mohawk River, which runs west of Albany. They raised their family (eventually nine children) along that shipping route. This seems incongruous, but Charles WAS born in New York.

WE HAVE MISSED A GENERATION HERE – EVERYBODY HAS. THAT IS, WE ARE TALKING COUSINS HERE, NOT DIRECTLY OUR LINE !!

While he was still serving as Chief Justice, his and Huldah's fourth child and son was Charles Root Dana, born six years after their marriage. When this Charles was 25, he married a girl of 20 – Margaret Kennedy. That was in 1827. They loved each other deeply. They had had three children, and a fourth was on the way in 1837.

Early that year, Charles's younger brother and sister, James and Elizabeth, who were still with their parents, told Charles about the new church. Two preachers had come by their home. What they said made sense to them; however, the parents weren't impressed. Pretty soon, James and Elizabeth, and Charles and his Margaret, were baptized. Charles was enthusiastic in his new religion. In a couple of years, they all moved to Nauvoo. Charles helped build the temple there; he operated a crane.

Charles went on several missions for the Church. He went in 1847 to get money for the Saints who had lost everything in the persecutions. In spite of meeting with several rich people in Washington D.C., he only got only a few hundred dollars. (Pres. Polk listened to Elder Dana, and gave $10. The wives of rich husbands put together a party which netted $300.)

Charles and Margaret and their five children crossed the plains in 1849. But the journey was difficult for Margaret. She languished in sickness, and died before the next summer (in 1850). Before the year ended, Charles married Harriet Gibson. In early 1851, the legislature appointed Charles to be a Weber County judge. Next, he was chosen by Ogden Stake President, Lorin Farr, to be first counselor.

Charles left on a mission to England in 1853. Stopping off at his brother, Francis's, in New York, he converted and baptized that brother [not verified]. Once in England, Charles did well. Some loved him enough to call him, Pastor Dana. In 1855 he got a letter from one of his older sons, telling him that his wife, Harriet, had eloped with another man. [Information from other sources say that she went on a visit to her parents and died in an accident on the way back.] Charles kept on working hard. He was a district president in Norwich. He returned to Salt Lake City in the autumn of 1856. Harriet's two children, Francis and Margaret (ages 5 and 4), met him and he took over caring for them. Within a year, he was again married. Now, the family he married into was the Culleys.

The Culleys were from Norfolk, England. The had lived there for

generations. Benjamin CULLEY had three brothers & one sister. He thought deeply, sometimes about God. His parents couldn't read nor write, but he was observant, & picked up enough in life so he could read & write. So he was a "laborer" in Sprowston, his home town, when he courted girls. But, he took his time. A girl from Ireland visited his town, & he dated her some, & then proposed. He was the second of his brothers to marry. Benjamin CULLEY was 27 when he married Mary Ann Raymond. They had a son, James (or Joseph), & then four girls: Bridget, Mary Ann, Elizabeth Mary, & Jane Dorah.

Bridget married about 1844, & James married Christian STIBBINGS a couple of years later. Mary Ann married about that time, too. James [or one of the married children] moved south, to live in London, for the job that was there. Mother, Mary Ann, liked to visit her married daughters & help, especially when a child was expected. The winter of 1848/49 found her ill, though. As spring dawned, she died -- of uterine cancer.

A year after her death (1850) Benjamin, heard a street meeting on religion in Norwich. He found their ideas strange, but when he heard that he and Mary Ann could be together in heaven, he liked it, and, after some study, joined the Church. His children did, too. They attended meetings in the Norwich District. In 1855 a missionary, Charles R. Dana, presided over the Norwich District. All these years Benjamin and his two daughters were saving to go to Zion. By 1856, after five years of scrimping and with a loan from the Perpetual Emigration Fund, they were able to join a company of 750 other Saints and go. Their ship, the “Thornton”, left England in May of 1856. (Elder Dana returned from his mission on a ship that left in June.)

They got to the outfitting place in Nebraska just after the first of July. They became part of a “handcart company”. Using handcarts was one way to lessen the cost. By the time everyone had been made ready, it was July 15th. Their captain advised them that it was now too late to start for Zion. Those in the company had thoughts such as these: If we don't go now, we'll all be another year older when we do. We have no money to stay over a year. Yes, jobs can be found to get money to stay over, but why not take a chance, and just go? Anyway, they went on. When they had been on the trail about 25 days, a ox-team company caught up to them. Elder Dana was the leader; they, too, were headed for Zion. After a day of visiting, the ox-team company went on.

Benjamin bravely pulled the cart, even though he was 60 years old. But it taxed his constitution to excess; he only lasted a month. [He died on October 4th, near the place we know today as Rock Creek, Wyoming. That's about thirty miles west of Laramie.] His grave was with some others of the group. Elizabeth felt bad that there was no coffin like her mother had; she took off one of her petticoats &

wrapped it around his face so the soil wouldn't hurt it.

Progress slowed. When a trip takes longer, the food runs out. Finally a snowstorm trapped them in Wyoming. They took shelter in a cove. Food was about gone. Now, the people in Zion had heard that they were coming, and probably were in trouble. They sent help. Dorothy Jane and Elizabeth were among those rescued.

They stayed in Salt Lake City. The Church liked new immigrants to stay a year before finding a home further away. Dorothy Jane and Elizabeth helped with the duties in the Lion House, the Young's home. As their year was about up, President Young knew well that they had no family or husband. He noted that two other young ladies in similar situations (also from Norwich), had just arrived that week. On Monday, September 14th (1857), he had them and Dorothy Jane and Elizabeth assemble in his office. There they found Elder Dana. President Young wanted Elder Dana to marry four young ladies that day. It was agreed to; after all, they each knew Elder Dana. This new quadruple family went and lived in Elder Dana's house in Ogden. It was out from the center of town, and lonely. Life didn't settle down – the threat of Johnston's Army in 1858 made them move to Fillmore for a few weeks – while they were pregnant. Dorothy Jane gave birth that August to Elizabeth not long after they got back to Ogden. Her sister, Elizabeth bore her girl, Huldah, three weeks later.

And early the next year, Charles got elected as one of the Ogden City aldermen. He made sure that his families (all five) got to church on Sundays and did their duties. He was sure people were watching his families as examples. In two more years, Jane had a boy, and they called him Joseph. In another two years Jane had another boy. They named him Hyrum. About that time, Elizabeth's girl, Huldah, got sick and died two weeks before her third birthday. This may have stressed Elizabeth, for she stopped having children then (or separated). That was in 1862. After two more years, Jane had a boy they named Chauncey. In 1866, Hattie came along.

Charles died in the summer of 1868. The next year, Jane's seven-year-old boy, Hyrum, got sick and died. She and Elizabeth felt alone. Gradually they stopped going to church. After Jane's boy, Joseph was baptized at age eight, none of their other children were baptized in their youth. [Note: Another wife, Mary Ann Cato Dana, had family support after Charles died, and she re-married, and she remained active in the Church. Note also that the fourth, Ann Barlow, bore no children.]

Jane's children did go to school, there in Ogden. However, with no breadwinner, the children had to begin their working life when teenagers. Chauncey, the next to youngest, had to quit school after

the fourth grade (age 11), to work and get money for his mother and his two sisters and brother. He worked odd jobs, but around the house, it was important to grow crops. He became good at growing vegetables. He was faithful to his mother; he worked for over ten years helping her.

Then, there was a dance. A friend couldn't go, and asked Chauncey to take the date he had. Somehow, a romance blossomed from that. This was Mary Ellen Clark. People who knew her called her, Nellie. She had been born in a wagon on the plains, and was a good Church member. Their mutual attraction overcame the caution that Chauncey didn't like church. He made gardening vegetables his way of living. He was good at it. They lived on a 10-acre parcel he inherited from his father, Charles. It was on 15th Street in Ogden. He kept "hot beds" -- places to grow vegetables early, when it was still cold. His vegetables were always the first of the year in the Ogden Farmer's Market. He could almost produce them year-round. Since he was the only one with out-of-season vegetables, he had a corner on the market, and soon was quite well-to-do. He was hard-working, honest and dependable.

They had married in January of 1886. By March of the next year, they had a fine baby boy. They named him Charles Roswell (Dana). Two years later, came another boy. This they named Edward. When they had a third boy in another two years, he was called Chauncey, Junior.

Life was busy for this father. He put together a house near his farm. It turned out to be a good house, so he made another, and then another. He had an artistic flair; instead of putting panels in a door, he would make a design on it. People liked it. He and Nellie also wanted their children to be more educated; they bought a piano. About this time (1890), Chauncey's older brother, Joe, married Maggie Summers. And Joe became a gardener, too.

The family continued to increase. 1895 brought another boy, and they named him Joe, after his uncle. 1897 at last brought a girl. They named her Katie. Life was good. Chauncey often felt like celebrating when he was with his business friends in the center of Ogden. Not all were Church members. He saw one or two of them enjoying liquor about this time. He'd never thought of that, before, but now, with life going well, he took a chance and tried it. After a while, it felt good. He didn't need it, and could drink only a few times a year. So he thought. His mother, our Jane, died a year after this, at age 65. He drank to forget that. He became an alcoholic. It made him mean and abusive, yet Nellie endured it all. Inbetween drunk binges, he would be apologetic. But he would keep on getting drunk. His boys were teens now, and he required them to hurry home after school and help weed the gardens he had.

But church was not emphasized, as it had been in Nellie's family. Their first child, Charles, was attracted to their hired girl, Sarah Shore. Being seventeen, his mother told him to wait. So after he turned eighteen, he went to Sarah's family to get their OK. Two of Sarah's brothers stipulated that their sister could never marry a non-member. But Charles wanted Sarah, so he accepted their offer of a copy of the Book of Mormon and read it vociferously so he could get baptized. He soon was, and after a year, he and Sarah were married – in the Salt Lake Temple.

The following year, Ed thought of getting a place of his own – after all, he was nineteen, and should be thinking about starting his own family. His father didn't want to see him homestead miles away, so he offered Ed a home of his own on 15th Street in Ogden. It had ten acres of orchard attached to it.

The next year (1908) Chauncey's older brother, Joe, got elected a member of the Ogden City Council.

By 1909, Chauncey had built a nice house in town, on 17th Street, and he moved his family there from the farm. This was a good idea, for the next year, they were expecting another baby. But it was a difficult pregnancy for Nellie. It had been 13 years since her last pregnancy. She needed help around the house. Help came in this manner:

In her mid-teens, a 16-year-old girl a few blocks away thought she could help the family finances by taking jobs outside the home. She read the want-ads in the paper. There was an ad one week, near the end of March, for someone to do housework in Ogden. It was 1910. Nellie Knight was old enough. She could do it; she went and applied. She got the job right away. She found it was a lady who had just delivered a baby boy [Leslie, born March 17], but she hadn't had a baby for the last thirteen years, and the birth had weakened her. The second day there, a young man came in to get a drink of water. The door stayed open; he wondered if the cool March air might harm the new baby, so he asked the girl, “Shall I close the door?” She answered, “Suit yourself.” He was the family's second son, Ed. In another month, he would turn 21. But Nellie liked his demeanor; he found Nellie attractive. They married before three months had passed. [really, two and a half] They got married in the Slaterville schoolhouse on Wednesday, June 8, 1910. Well, new wives don't attend school – Nellie did not complete high school. The new couple moved into Ed's home on 15th Street.

But then, as you might know, Nellie learned more about her mate, Ed. He smoked. He promised to take her to the temple in a year. Really, it turned into two years (24 April 1912). They had had one baby already by that time, Gertrude. They may have known they were

expecting another when they went to the temple. That November they welcomed a boy, whom they named, Leland.

Now, Chauncy's brother Joe was a rebel. He didn't like church. He chose a non-member, a Negro, Norma Ables, to marry. They tied the knot in June (1914). But his little sister, Katie, had found church meetings a pleasure. She readied herself to become a member. Somehow, she talked Joe into getting baptized with her. That was in July of 1915. She was 18. Katie went on to marry Barney Christofferson in the temple in 1918; Joe went back to ignoring the Church.

World War I was raging in these years. It gave many people serious thoughts about life. The war ended a few months after Katie's marriage.

Katie arranged with Chauncey and Nellie for her little brother, Leslie, to get baptized. He had turned eight just before her wedding. So, after some talking, it was arranged; Leslie was baptized the next November (1919) at age nine and some.

Leslie became a friend of Jim Burton. Jim was who later married Ed and Nellie's oldest daughter, Gert.

Chauncey hadn't lost his penchant for drink, but about this time, he lost the drink -- "Prohibition" was passed. You could no longer buy liquor -- legally. And Chauncey was always proud to obey the law. So, he had withdrawal pains. He got headaches; he felt depressed; he got weak. So Nellie got him to see a doctor. Chauncey Junior went with them. The doctor told her and Junior confidentially that Chauncey's body was making chemicals to take the place of alcohol, and that would make Chauncey do strange things. Some of those things might be bad for himself. The doctor told them to always keep a close eye on Chauncey.

Meanwhile, the eldest boy, Charles, and his wife, Sarah, had children and were bringing them up in the Church. They were faithful. As the year 1920 dawned, his ward needed a new bishop, and he was installed on Sunday, January 25th. David O. McKay was the visiting authority who officiated.

Charles and Sarah had told their parents the news on the Friday before. It was remarkable. Chauncey had never imagined that one of his sons would be a bishop in the Church - and his own bishop, at that! They were happy at that -- happy enough that Chauncey not only let Nellie attend the meeting, but Chauncey went to, to see how a real meeting was. He was very impressed. He saw the light in Elder McKay's eyes. He saw the light in the members' eyes. He found it to be something he had missed. He got emotional. He wanted to cry.

But grown men don't cry. He couldn't go get drunk to smother his sorrow. So as he lay in bed that night, he resolved what to do. The next morning, he took his gun into the bathroom with him, and in privacy, ended his life.

Now, about his son, Ed, and his wife, Nellie:
Ed was sensitive and caring – he knew the right herb and treatment when anyone in the family got sick. But Ed still had adventure in mind. In 1913 he moved his family – wife Nellie, children Gertrude and Leland – to Snowville (Utah). There he built a two-room house. Gertrude and Leland started school there. The one-room school was in the city; the family lived six miles out.

Ed also found a place to homestead in Holbrook, Idaho, and he cleared away the sagebrush on that plot of land. They put a year of effort into those places, but the rain wasn't enough to grow crops, so Ed and Nellie left it to whomever wanted it, and moved back to Ogden. They tried other places at times; their homes next ranged from Marriott to Pleasant Grove, and from Tooele to Morgan, with a stint in California.

Their family grew; Gertrude, Leland, then Melba, Edward, Max, Ken, Carl, Beth and Valerie. Only Carl was born out-of-state; Mother Nellie managed to be in Ogden, either at her home, or those of her Knight family, for each of the other births.

Ed loved the out-of-doors – hunting, prospecting and fishing. He also once did iron work in construction. Nellie was a great cook, and always remembered birthdays. The only trouble was that in California, Ed, in having friends who smoked, also picked up drinking, starting with the wine there. And that became their major problem. Nellie took the kids and had her brother, Floyd, come and take her to Burley, Idaho, where her parents were. The next spring, Ed got to Burley, took his family to Marriott, and began farming, or better said, a nursery. He supplied tomato plants for Utah growers. He kept a whole city block or more planted in green beans. His boys helped; he also hired workers to pick the beans. He sold to canning companies. He became known as the green bean man. He sometimes took produce to restaurants and stores in his truck. He arranged the varieties in the truck bed in a checkerboard pattern. He had got this talent from his father.

After three years of this, the family moved to Declo, Idaho. That was in 1930, when Valerie was two. Things went poorly there, and Ed was happy when the canning company in Ogden wrote asking him to return and again raise beans. He got a farm in Layton to raise beans on. After a few years, he and the family moved again to Ogden. This was during the Great Depression, and most everyone was poor. Still, they got by. They were able to visit their married children in other

cities once in a while. Yet, Ed kept using what little cash they got for his drinking.

Their children married in their turn. The oldest three married in 1932, 1933 and 1934. The effects of the Great Depression, and then of World War Two, delayed the others until 1945. Valerie, the youngest, married in 1950.

In about 1948, the doctor diagnosed Nellie with cirrhosis of the liver. She avoided mentioning that her husband was an alcoholic. She told the doctor that she blamed the cause of her malady on having to feed her nine children quality food, while she ate food of a lesser quality. At some appointments, the doctor inserted a long needle into her abdomen and removed up to a quart of liquid. She grew to crave orange peelings. She had the patience of Job, and endured well. No one remembers her complaining.

In about 1952, when Jack Hobbs had returned from his tour of duty in Korea, and had been assigned to North Carolina -- not Utah, as hoped for -- he told Ed Dana, Valerie's father: ... and we're not coming back until you stop drinking. It may be hard, but you need to stop it.

Ed took that challenge. He stopped his drinking early in 1953. He went to church meetings with Nellie from that time on. Nellie enjoyed Ed being sober. Nellie died in June of 1956.

Ed took to doing genealogy. The place to get records of names was the Genealogy Society, and it was housed in the old Montgomery Wards building in Salt Lake City. On one visit there, he encountered a lady about his age, and found they were looking at similar lines. They became friends. That lady was Theodocia Shelley Melville. Her husband, then deceased, had been stand-offish, but they had a good marriage. Ed's manners of more demonstrative love interested her. In the spring, Ed wanted to travel to Montana to see his family -- his children and their families. He invited Nellie to go along. She was reticent. They couldn't just travel together; it wasn't proper, even at their age. Ed suggested that they could fix that by getting married. Theodocia was not long in acceding to that idea. They married for time in 1957. They had a nice life together, faithful in the Church and happy. They took many car trips together. Ed died of a stroke in July 1964.

Number two child, Leland, is our ancestor. What did Leland do?

Leland and LaRue 6 November 2011

Ed and Nellie (Dana) lived in a shanty between two houses that Ed's father had built. It was on 17th Street in Ogden. Their little boy, Leland, had to have his tonsils out when he was four years old. They took him to Dee Hospital for that. His Uncle Chauncy and Aunt Hazel brought him home in a very fashionable buggy that used two horses.

Leland helped as a boy could, when his folks tried a dry farm in Holbrook, Idaho. You had to haul water from a river a mile away, to have water to drink and cook with. School was also miles away, and Ed had to take Gertrude and Leland in a buggy or a bobsled. Relatives often made the trip up to visit.

The dry farm failed, so when Leland was eight, they all moved back to Marriott. They hauled their furniture in a wagon on dirt roads. It took a week to go a hundred miles. After more moves and false starts, the family settled in northern Utah and Ed raised green beans successfully for a few years. Then it was to Idaho. Being eighteen, Leland did not go, but found a good friend in his Uncle Delbert, and they spent a year trapping and herding sheep together, a year of adventures.

That December (1931) Leland joined his family in Declo, Idaho. He had used his 1928 Chevrolet while trapping and hunting. In Declo, a neighbor farmer there told Leland that he could make money by hauling potatoes to Utah. There wasn't much work during the winters. Convinced, Leland traded his car for a large truck. It would hold a few tons. Leland was around the Kidd farm a lot. The oldest Kidd boy, Melvin, often accompanied Leland on the runs to Utah. One day at noon, he walked in their house. The children were home from school for lunch. A Kidd daughter, LaRue, was frying up potatoes and eggs for them. Leland kind of invited himself for a bite. The truck did its best, but gave out in April (1932).

LaRue Kidd and her three girl friends liked to stage weekly parties. The Dana family lived quite near, and Melba Dana was new to the social circle, and the girls invited Melba to a party at the Kidd home. Leland came in from his work that night, and learned that his sister, Melba, was at a party. He thought that, since it would be dark when the party ended, he ought to go there and walk her home. He arrived early enough to be part of the party. He became more impressed with the oldest girl, LaRue, this way. LaRue felt okay about him, except that he had red hair.

Things remained uncertain throughout 1932. Leland worked where he could, usually as farm help. In February of 1933, he found work herding sheep in Utah. He did that until May. He kept thinking of LaRue. His Uncle Les and Aunt Virgil took him by car back to Idaho.

There he found his family getting ready to move back to Utah. His father had an invitation to again grow string beans as he had done before. Leland stayed in Idaho helping on farms. When he got word in early July that his father needed help picking the beans in Utah, Leland was ready to go help. He invited LaRue, and her brother, Melvin Kidd, to go along. The work lasted a month or more. LaRue got acquainted with Leland's mother, Nellie Dana, and liked her immensely. By this time, Leland and LaRue were contemplating marriage. Communication with Idaho made arrangements clumsy, and Leland and LaRue were married in a simple ceremony by the bishop there. That was on Saturday, August 5th, 1933 at Leland's sister, Gert's place, in Ogden. It had to be that way. The beans were waiting, Father Ed Dana said, so there was only 24 hours for the ceremony and "honeymoon", if it could be called that at all.

Melvin got drunk that night. In a year, the folks moved to Ogden. LaRue and Lee moved out to "five-points", one mile out of the city limits on the north of Ogden. Jim and Gertrude had a big house they rented from his dad for $30 a month. The newlyweds took half of it, and six acres of ground, for $15 a month. Lee was on WPA, and couldn't pay the rent, but later made it up in vegetables for rent. The next year, they moved to Dinsdales, on West 17th Street, where they farmed there for two years. LouDean was born there July 6th 1935. An aunt kept house while LaRue was in the hospital. Edward lived with them for about a year. [Note: WPA was the Works Progress Administration, a program of the Federal Government to provide work projects – make projects to do -- for men, since there were no real jobs. But there had to be limits; the most you could work was five days a month. It paid $5 to $7 a day.] In March of 1936, Leland ran a road grader for the WPA. It lurched, hurling him off the seat, injuring him; he doubled over in pain. The doctor simply removed Lee's appendix, and he was better.

They also tried helping on a farm in Nevada for a while. Then they got a house at the far end of West Warren, Utah, out by Promontory Point, and leased land for sheep herding (20 square miles). That gave money if everything went right. So they included trapping as a money-making activity. They had a car, a 1928 Chevrolet. They would put their toddler, LouDean, in the back seat. Lee would have LaRue drive the car to the trap area, and let him off. Then she drove to the end trap and waited for him to come as he checked the traps. And LaRue was pregnant. She was near to full-term when they checked the traps one time. It was early March, it had rained that day, and the back roads were muddy. Near the last trap, LaRue got stuck in the mud. Lee arrived just as the sun went down. LaRue told him she was beginning to have contractions. They tried to free the car, but it was in vain. So they walked the two-and-a-half miles to their house. Lee carried LouDean. It was past midnight when they got there. LaRue's pains had quieted during the walk, but shortly they returned.

What to do? It was more than ten miles to the hospital. Lee got his neighbor out of bed. That took some daring, for the fellow had a vicious dog. But the neighbor got the three of them in his car and went carefully along – 20 mph max. – to the hospital. The sun was rising when the hospital finally came into view. And LaRue's pains stopped. The baby took until 11 o'clock to arrive. They named her, Freda. It was March 4, 1938. Everyone was tired from lack of sleep.

Lee got back to the house with LouDean, caught a little sleep, got his sister, Gert, to watch LouDean at her house, and then took a horse out and rescued his car. Meanwhile, LaRue hemorrhaged badly. The afterbirth had become stuck to her ribs, and was hard to expel without losing a lot of blood. It scarred her uterus; it took a few years to heal. The nurses made sure she drank plenty of orange juice to get the body's blood replacement started. Freda later nursed well; LouDean had nursed only lightly. [Note: A hospital stay for a birth was ten days and cost $25. The doctor also charged his $25.]

In the summer of 1940, the extended family fished for fun on Deer Creek Reservoir in a row boat. Baby Freda got too much sun; Melba's husband's sister-in-law knew it was sunstroke, and gave Freda cold-water enemas and cooled her with damp rags.

When World War 2 began, employment was better; Lee got work at the Geneva Steel Mills. Although it was a steady job, the pay wasn't that great, so he still farmed after work to make ends meet. Now, even with things as settled as that, they still had adventures. LaRue was pregnant; the expected day approached. In the middle of the night, she began having serious contractions. Lee got ready to take her to the hospital as fast as he could; LaRue's water broke before they got out the door. They drove to the doctor's house and woke him up. That was how Marva Gean was born. It was the morning of February 9th, 1944.

Another baby joined the family two years after that. He was a boy; they named him Layne. He chose a warmer day, April 29, to enter this world. It was 1946. This birth was gratefully uneventful.

That Christmas there was cash enough that the kids had a good Christmas. LouDean and Freda's bedroom was a room added to the side of the house. It had its own heat – a pot-bellied wood stove. They kept their dolls there, and slept there. It also held the family's spare clothes, family pictures and hope chest and some of Lee's tools. When February came, Mother LaRue and LouDean and Freda planned a little birthday party for toddler Marva, with a cake, too. With LouDean helping her mother sweep the kitchen, Freda thought it was time to play with her dolls. The bedroom was drafty. Freda stuffed some more paper and wood into the stove. That helped. But soon the room was too hot, so Freda decided to leave and see what

LouDean was doing. The cake was coming out of the oven. It smelled good. But LaRue smelled something else, too. Something was burning. The bedroom was afire. The fire department could not save it. The family had lost everything. The bishop came and offered them a few replacement clothes. (The main house only had smoke damage, but their credibility with the landlord vanished.)

They decided to just pull up stakes and try something somewhere else. Lee's brother, Ken, had come back from the war and started trucking – hauling gravel for road-builders. Another brother, Max, had joined Ken. They were working in Wyoming at the time, near Sheridan; he said Lee could be a help to them. The family would have to live in a tent until they got situated and could find a suitable place to rent – one that would hold a family with four children. Besides that, the hauling jobs never lasted long in one place, and a tent was "portable". The work paid enough that Lee was able to qualify for a loan to buy his own dump truck. They were also able to rent a house, but it was filthy and run-down. LaRue did a heroic effort to make it liveable.

That fall, the work shifted to near Gillette, Wyoming, for a month. Ken, still single, and Max, newly married, found motel rooms in the area. Lee and LaRue packed the tent into the truck and joined them, setting up in an available grove near the work site. Their tent was 14 miles from Savage, Wyoming, where there was a store and a post office. Ken and Max had a room there in Savage. Ken had come out to visit after work, Friday. He had a relatively new Oldsmobile car. The next day, their second Saturday there (Nov. 8, 1947), the family decided to go to town – a joy ride (in Ken's car) to visit Max, Loretta his wife, and their six-month-old baby daughter. It was a nice visit. Then they stopped at the store for some canned milk, bread and peanut butter. By now it was almost sundown; but it got dark early – a blizzard had arrived early. Soon the road became hard to see. Then you had to guess – and they went wide on a turn, and slid off the road. And the snow drifted all around them. The snow was three feet deep. No effort could free the car; it was stuck. Through the long night they ran the engine at intervals to keep warm. The store food helped sustain them, especially Layne, only eighteen months old. It kept on snowing Sunday, but Ken and Lee took off walking, following a fence line. They reached the tent, started up the dump truck, and proceeded to the car. But the snowdrifts were still deep on the road. That slowed them, and they ran out of gas 500 feet from the car, about dark. So the two completed the trip on foot, and stayed another night in the car. The next day, they got the family walking across the snow. But the snow often is not always crisp, and it was hard walking. Ken carried little Layne, who at first objected – he wanted his mother. Lee carried Marva.

After that adventure, the family resolved to move to Gillette. As

soon as they found a place to rent, and moved in, the job there ended. They waited a few weeks to see if it would pick up again, but it didn't. There were a few days of trying to haul phosphate, but the snow was too big a problem, so they stopped that job and moved to Kemmerer for the remainder of the winter. When spring came, the promised work never came, so Lee let Ken have his truck for his 'employee', Stan, to drive, and moved his family to Coalville, where there was extended family. (Aunt Gert, his sister, lent them the money for the move.) There he got on a labor crew at Devil's Slide, and farmed on the side, after work. LaRue was about to deliver; the baby came on the 20th of May, 1948. He was a healthy boy. They named him Byron Guy.

About the tenth of October, Lee traveled back to Wyoming and got his truck back from his brother, Ken. Then he took it and looked for a job. He found one hauling gravel for a railroad grade. It was in Wyoming, at Sumatra. He sent word to Coalville that the family should move up there; he would soon send some money for the bus trip. LaRue began packing. LouDean and Freda helped. They couldn't take the chickens on the bus, so LaRue slaughtered them and canned them in bottles. She also took care of their rabbits this way. She was betting the money would be delayed so she could get all this done. Now, her brother-in-law, Glen Saxton, planned to go to Ogden soon, and offered to take them that far. And he had to go next Sunday, no later, he said. That was Halloween. LaRue let the girls go trick-or-treating just about dark, since they had been so good at helping. Then Glen took them to Aunt Gert's place in Ogden. They stayed the night there. But there was still no money for the bus. Well, Aunt Gert said she would lend them what was needed. So they left on the morning bus. Late that afternoon, the bus pulled into a little town in Wyoming called, Forsyth. It had a train stop there; the train ran to Sumatra. But it had left on time, at 2 pm, and it ran only three times a week. They were stuck. But the railroad attendant knew his telegraph. He hooked into a line that called the station in Sumatra and sent a message: There's a lady here with six (really it was five) kids; please go flag down the big dump truck with the red-headed driver and tell him his family is here. It worked, except the first truck with a red-head was Max. Max didn't have six children, so he knew the message was for his brother, Lee, and Max had Lee go get his family. Lee was surprised. He picked them up and took them to Sumatra, an hour away.

Lee had arranged a house in Sumatra for his family. Max and his wife, Loretta, were in an ancient hotel there – no running water. Lee and LaRue got in good with a rancher in the area. The fellow was big-hearted, and gave them meat right and left. There was a one-room schoolhouse (it was also used as a church) just across the street from the house. LouDean and Freda got enrolled in the school. About the middle of November (1948) a telegram came from LaRue's mother

that the armed services had shipped home the body of LaRue's brother, Melvin; he had been shot back in 1944 during the War; they would have a funeral for him in a week. So knowing that Lee's job would end in a few weeks, LaRue took the young children and moved to Declo, Idaho, to her parents' place. When the job ended, winter had set in. There was snow everywhere. (This was the famous hard winter of 1948-1949.) Lee and LouDean and Freda (school was close to ending, anyway) traveled to Declo in the big truck. Its weight made it hold well on the slippery roads, so they made it through safely.

There in Declo, LaRue's parents were building a new house to live in. Father Alex invited Lee to help with the interior work that winter, with Lee's family living in one room while the others were worked on. Lee took his family for Christmas vacation (from school) to Ogden for a week. Upon returning, he continued working on the house. When spring came, LaRue sensed that her mother, Pearl, really wanted to live in the house now, and let Lee and his family live in the old cabin. That was okay. Lee got work helping a Mr. Jacobs do fence work.

That summer, Lee took his family to Boulder, Nevada; he worked on power lines there. Such jobs only lasted a month or two, and the family floated around five states. Then Lee saw that trucking really was the best bet he had, so he moved his family to Montana. The upcoming job was a good one; he and his brothers would run their trucks hauling gravel and rocks to build the Canton Ferry Dam, east of Helena, Montana. They started there in the spring of 1951. They first lived in a tent not far from the work site. Then in the fall, they moved to Wing's Cabins. The girls attended school in Helena, which meant a 20-mile bus ride from their tent near the dam. And in April of 1953, LaRaue bore another baby, a boy, whom they named Calvin. When he was about a year old, Lee bought a green trailer house, which he parked near the cabins.

The Canyon Ferry job lasted until 1955. By that time, the brothers had established a shop in Helena for their trucks, and then they expanded it to make cement, too. So Lee's family moved to a rental in Helena, where LouDean attended high school and Freda happened to find herself in a Catholic school for a few weeks until Freda and her mother realized that the public school was on the next block.

Lee's job opportunities took him and the family to places north of Great Falls, and they lived in house trailers in Glasgow, Cutbank and Big Sandy. While in the trailer house 20 miles outside of Glasgow, the branch presidency found them and invited them to help in the branch. It was a good experience; Lee stopped his smoking and coffee, and the family was able to be sealed in the temple in January of 1959.

In spite of their wanderings, they kept their ties to Helena, where the brothers, Ken and Max, had the shop. In 1956, LouDean served a mission in the North Central States Mission, just east of Montana. In 1961 they began building a real house they could call their own in Helena, not far from the shop. In May that year, Freda left on her mission to Northern California. Freda had an automobile accident in February of 1962, which nearly took her life, and kept the family occupied between California and Montana.

LouDean was the first to marry. Then Marva, followed in five years by Freda. By 1972 all the children were married. Lee's jobs in trucking kept the rest moving from place to place. With retirement in mind in about 1980, Lee and LaRue settled in a trailer house in Ulm, Montana, and then in Loma, Montana. In October of 1986, Lee had a paralytic stroke. LaRue had her trials caring for him. In early 1990 he had another stroke, and died shortly thereafter. LaRue then lived in Ft. Benton, where LouDean and her family lived. She helped each of her children as she visited them in turn. She died of old age at LouDean's in 2003 at age 88.