00-CH01-Rachel 17 June 2011

The stories here are from story manuscripts collected over the years. Where information is lacking, assumptions based on circumstance were used to provide story flow.

Eccles, the land of our ancestors, is in England, north of Wales. It was a nice place to live, but there weren't good roads. Businesses could ship goods by boat, for there was a canal at the south. In 1830 the railroad built a line through the area. The place began with a church and a few simple houses around it. The people farmed. As the year 1800 approached, cotton and silk factories popped up. More houses were built; soon it was very crowded. Some houses were put up in the back yards of existing houses. You got water from a well at the street corner. There was no sewer. When the railroad came, those who could afford to build a new house built theirs in open spaces near it. For those who had a bit of cash to spend, the bakeries in Eccles had “Eccles Cake”, which became well-known throughout the county.

James Worthington and his wife, the former Martha Aldred, raised their family in the time the cotton factories started up. James's trade was a weaver. Martha had her name for being a twin of her sister, Mary. Martha and James had three boys and three girls in ten years -- two boys, two girls, then a boy and a girl. Catherine was the second girl. She worked in the cotton factory as a teen. The pay was not good, and the hours were from "can-see" to "can't-see", or from sunup to sundown. A little more than a year after Catherine's little sister, Martha, was born, Mother Martha got sick and died. Catherine gained a step-mother, but she soon died, also. Catherine hardly got time off for the funerals. The cotton factory bosses were not kind. Another worker in the factory was John Kilner. He was about her age.

John's parents, Adam and Mary, were just like Catherine's parents, but they had more children: 15 in all over a span of 26 years. That included two sets of boy/girl twins. John was child #3, the first boy (he was not a twin; they were to start in a few years). His parents had moved from a farm north of town after the first girl was born, to nearby Monton, where coal was mined. There was a cotton mill there, also. But when John was two years old, they moved south to Barton, to be near the city. So John worked in the cotton factory. There he and Catherine got acquainted.

John and Catherine were both about 21 when they married. They had a grand wedding; they went to the main cathedral in Manchester to get married. It was mid-summer, 1803 (July 11), a nice way to start together. John Kilner was in the King's service – he was in the

army. That made life together difficult, and it was nine years before the first child came along. John retired from the service and began working in the cotton mill. Times were hard. John had to help support his brothers and sisters, and one of the first set of twins got sick and died as he and Catherine were planning their marriage. Their first child was Samuel. Three years later came Rachel, and then Martha, and lastly, George. John's father, Adam, died when little Samuel was age one.

Rachel grew up working in the cotton factory. The Eccles cotton mills figured in England's economy. She was fifteen when the railroad was expanded to Eccles. When she was twenty, there was romance in her life. A bright young man who worked at the factory courted her. He was James Harrop.

The railway that came to Eccles came from the south. The Harrop family lived 20 miles to the south on that line, in Goostrey, which is part of Cheshire. The textile industry thrived there also. Samuel Harrop was a linen weaver there. He was the eldest of six children. He had two sisters and three brothers. He had married Jane Talkington, who was next-to-youngest of nine children. They were successful, and built their family of four boys and two girls (another boy and a girl died young) beginning in 1806. Jane's family came from a place 20 miles further south (Newcastle-under-Lyme) where pottery was made – but also the made felt hats, and had cotton mills.

Samuel and Jane's third child (and third boy) was James. Rachel Kilner and James Harrop married in October of 1836. He was 25; she, 21. Children came. All girls. The fourth, Eliza, died a few weeks after birth. Seven years after that, they had another girl, Mary Jane.

James picked up his father's trade readily. Besides being an expert weaver, he became an expert in dyeing cloth. He developed a new, better dye process. The factory liked it. It gave them an advantage over other cotton factories.

In those days, entertainment outside the home was community events, small shows, or meetings. In early 1840 there were notices up about a new religion. James was busy with his work, so he only heard second-hand that two young men were twisting the words in the Bible. James read well, and he liked challenges, so he went to one of the evening meetings to straighten the two fellows out. He came away with a realization that there was truth in what the two young men said. Yet, they were “Mormons”, and he dared not affiliate with such a dreaded sect, for his factory boss wouldn't like it, nor would his father's family. But after a few days of introspection and further talk with the two young elders, he decided to get baptized. That was done on May 12th of 1840. Rachel didn't know what to think. When

James seemed all the better, not worse, after becoming a “Mormon”, she and her girls began to think better of the new religion. It wasn't a quick turnaround for them. Only by the spring of 1850 had they all joined, and little Mary Jane was baptized in 1858, after she turned eight. [Yet I can't find any record of this family in the Manchester Branch records – searched 1840 to 1863. Eccles wasn't a branch until the mid-1950s.]

James became an apt leader in the Church. He helped people learn about the new gospel. He got to baptize John Lea on June 20th of 1841, and a month later, ordained him a priest.

James had kept his religion secret as best he could, but news of his daughters' baptisms got around. James was fired from his job because of his religion. The boss put James's assistant in charge of James's work. But the fellow didn't have James's know-how, and the factory was in danger of losing business. So the boss hired James back. You may imagine the animosity directed towards James: he was “smarter” than the next guy, and he was a “Mormon”. Not long after James had been reinstated, he had a strange dream. His helper was in the dream. The helper looked James in the face and said, “I'll kill you, Harrop, and I won't bloody my hands with you!” That was Monday. On Tuesday, ominously a boiler was allowed to got dry. Someone alerted the help, and they cooled it before it exploded. Wednesday, it happened again, and James was the one who alerted others and cooled it. The same happened on Thursday. This made James very suspicious, but he felt blessed. On Friday, the boiler was okay. When James and a helper were on a side platform to inspect a vat of boiling dye, somehow James was pushed off. He fell into the waterworks under the factory. The machinery caught him, and he drowned. Everyone there said it was an accident.

Rachel was devastated. What's more, she had no boys. Boys could have worked and supported the family. Girls could work if necessary, and her three oldest, Catherine, Hannah, and Martha, went to work in the cotton factory. Martha, the youngest, was seventeen. Her last girl, Mary Jane, was only ten years old, so Rachel baked little cakes and let Mary Jane sell them at the factory at lunchtime. When Mary Jane was about eleven, she was hired at the factory, but couldn't yet reach the loom, so they got a stool for her. That wasn't too efficient, so Rachel found Mary Jane a job with a family nearby where she could help with housework. But that family was mean. Finally, Hannah interceded with that family and took Mary Jane back home. Mary Jane was now tall enough to do meaningful work at the factory.

Rachel felt a husband might elevate their economic situation. So she found a friend of a friend. He was a member of the Church. He liked the idea of marrying Rachel. After all, she had four daughters, and he had a son and a daughter from a previous marriage. But after

being married for a few weeks, Rachel found that he was a drunkard. In his drunken rages he beat Rachel. She hid the bruises with scarfs and shawls when the girls returned home from work. But one day, Mary Jane caught sight of the bruises and confronted her mother. Knowing the truth, Mary Jane told her sisters and together they threw the man out of the house.

But it was not pleasant at the factory, or around home either. They were marked women. They were "Mormons". Their desire to emigrate to Zion grew. Yet, that takes money, and they were poor. The oldest sister's boy friend, John Lythgoe, kindly volunteered to sail to America, earn money and send it so they could emigrate. Ever faithful, he did just that, although due to miscommunication, it took a year longer than they thought. He sent enough for three to go. Rachel sold everything of value, and soon had enough to emigrate, also. But wait! English law said that when a woman emigrates, she needs the consent of her husband, if she is married. Well, Rachel was still married, so with temerity sought out that drunkard. He was sober when she asked. He said, "Why yes, but only if I can go with you!" Well, that might work, they thought.

Somehow, within a few months, that man came up with his fare. So they all went to Liverpool and got on a ship, "General McClellan". They left Liverpool on Saturday, May 21st, 1864. The ship sailed north of the usual path in order to avoid ships from the conflict that America had, called, The Civil War. That northerly path led them to icebergs, and the ship collided with one, and sprung a leak. The crew pumped and bailed water the rest of the way to New York. That was on June 23rd.

From New York, the emigrants (and there were 800 altogether) got on a steamboat for Albany. There they got on a train heading west. There was a delay at Buffalo, New York, but the railroad company treated everyone nicely, supplying supper. The last stop was St. Joseph, Missouri. There the emigrants joined wagon companies. Rachel and her girls (and the husband) got in Joseph Rawlins's company. He would not let anyone ride; you had to walk. Mother Rachel was almost 50 years old. She could use a ride. Her daughters bargained with Brother Rawlins: He liked the company of pretty young girls, so they stipulated that one of them would ride with him only if her mother could, also. Mary Jane did okay with all this, but she was afraid of water. When they crossed a large river (The Platte) she hung on to a wagon so she wouldn't have to wade. But the wagon hit a submerged rock and the jolt knocked her free.

Mother Rachel's eyes went snow-blind, so to speak. After a week being so, she caught mountain fever. She got weak. She died before the company reached Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The best the company could do was leave her in a make-shift grave at the side of the

trail. Her “husband” loved her, and he went back to die at her grave. The men in the company brought him back to the wagons. Yet, he too got mountain fever and died. He was buried about a hundred miles further on from Rachel's grave. The daughters and the wagon company got to the Valley on September 20th, 1864. It had been a four-month journey. The oldest sister, Catherine, within a month, married her boy friend and they settled in Coalville.

Mary Jane had no one to care for her (she was fifteen) so she accompanied Catherine and John to Coalville and stayed with them. Life was good there, but within three years, John died in an accident.

As Mary Jane approached her seventeenth birthday, she began to take favors of the young men in the neighborhood. The Judd boys were all attractive, and available. Mary Jane chose the one who seemed to be the most patient and mildest. She and he were about the right size for one another. Mary Jane was 5-foot, three-inches, her beau a little taller, with a full beard. He was four years her senior.

Let's talk about the Judd family, in chapter 2.

00-CH02-James 26 June 2011

Our Judd family lived anciently in Hampshire, in old England. Hampshire is a fertile place; farming is great there.

Thomas Judd worked on the farm of a wealthy country squire. That means that the squire (and those of his class) paid only a meager wage to his farmhands – that kept them always poor, always dependent on him.

Thomas was the squire's butcher. He became very expert in butchering. But that did not mean his family ate well. No. The farmhands and families were forbidden to associate with the gentry. Only scraps could be had for farmhands. Their pay wouldn't buy much food at the market, either. Much of the time, Thomas's children had only one meal a day. The children liked to go into the forest and eat the wild berries that grew there.

Thomas Judd had married Ann Redding in 1841, and they had boys, five boys. Boys were a great help with farm work.

In Thomas and Ann's seventh year of marriage (and by then they had three boys), traveling preachers came by. Thomas was kind-hearted and he deigned to let them come in and tell about their religion. After all, they had come from America with strange ideas. Maybe he could set them straight. They told a strange story of a boy prophet and gold plates. They left a copy of a book. They came back and explained more. After reading most of the book, Thomas began to feel that there was truth to what the men said. Ann read some, too, and felt to agree. They joined the Church in June of 1848. The elder who did most of the teaching was “Elder Harder”, or Willet S. Harder, from a place called Utah. Thomas and Ann grew to like giving talks and helping others. This new church didn't let them sit at home as they used to. But they liked it. People in town looked down on them for being “Mormons”, but they didn't go to town much. Thomas and Ann each told their parents' families about their new-found way of life. No one was interested; Thomas's family made fun of him. Ann's parents were more patient. Her father would not join, but her mother (Mary Chalk Redding) joined a year after Ann had.

In three years, their oldest, George, turned eight and got baptized. And all the time, Thomas and Ann tried to save money so they could go to Zion, in America. But since Thomas was a mansion helper, they never saw much money. In 1853, the next child, James, turned eight and was baptized. It took Thomas and Ann another eight years to get money to go to Zion. Seven people they were, and it cost about 40 British pounds each. If Thomas saw a shilling in a week's time, he was lucky. Then they learned the Church had a fund they could borrow from if they made a down-payment, and then pay back the remainder

once they were in Zion. Even with that, it was hard to save enough. Finally, in 1861, they were able to go in a group of about 400 Saints on the ship, "Manchester". Their district leader missionary, Claudius V. Spencer, would be in charge. Besides the money, they had to bring their own food for the trip across the sea. They were lucky. Their crossing took 28 days, about 20 percent faster than normal.

Once in New York, Thomas found a place for the family to stay, and he searched for a job. They had NO money at all. Thomas was a good worker, and was hired. After a year, still short of money, Thomas learned that the Army there wanted to draft him and his older boys to fight in the Civil War. So he went and saw Erastus Snow, who was head of the Church in New York, and arranged to have his family take a train to where they would join a wagon train going to the Salt Lake Valley. The draft situation had come up in June, so Thomas and Ann found themselves on a late wagon train that left in early August. This was in 1862. There were almost 700 Saints with them. They got to the Valley in mid-October.

Thomas and Ann chose to live in a small town not far from the wagon train trail. It was called, Upton. There was plenty of space there for farms. Thomas and the other men in Upton cut down trees and made log cabins. The cabins had two rooms, and a lean-to. The roof was of dirt. The men found a large place full of flat flagstone rock. They used this around the fireplaces in the cabins. Ann cooked over their fireplace. She had a large black kettle to cook in. Thomas knew how to build chairs; he built two rocking chairs: one for him and one for Ann. They dug a well, and had a bucket and pulley system to get water. The cool of the well also helped keep butter from melting. Thomas fenced their farm with a zig-zag wood fence. Thomas had brought a "muzzle-loader" shotgun from New York. He could make his own bullets, too. Ann's rocking chair and the shotgun still are kept by their descendants.

Three years after arriving in the Valley, Thomas and Ann took time out to be sealed together in Salt Lake City, in the Endowment House. The following year, their second son, James, fell in love and married. That is a story for the next page.

That same year, Ann received a letter that her father, James, had died. He was 76. That left her mother, Mary, free to save up and come to Zion. It took three years. She came on the ship, "Nevada", and by that time (1869) the train brought people all the way to the Salt Lake Valley – no ox teams or wagons. Mary joined her daughter's family in Upton. She was happy. Within a year, she had James and Ann take her to Salt Lake City so she could get endowed. (She couldn't get sealed to her deceased husband; that work was reserved for when a temple would be completed.) As the years passed, Mary

found she could not see so well. Finally, she was totally blind. But James put up strings, or small ropes, from place to place so she could get around the house and yard, in spite of not being able to see. The children that James and his bride had, called Mary "Old Grandmother", since Ann was "Grandmother". Mary lived to be 87 years old.

The year that "Old Grandmother" had arrived, James's two brothers, George and Charles, got married and started their own families nearby. Son John didn't marry, but stayed around home to help his folks. He died at age 23, the same year that "Old Grandmother" died.

In these years (about 1876), Thomas and Ann moved south and down the Weber River and built a better home in Hoytsville. (They had enough money to purchase a farm there. That's much better than in old England, where you couldn't get money as readily, being a farm helper.) The new home had a stove, so Ann didn't have to cook on the fireplace anymore. It also had a board floor – much easier to keep clean. It still had only the two rooms.

Grandfather Thomas was a kindly, quiet-mannered man, small in stature and medium-heavy in build. His hair was dark until he was age fifty. He manicured his long beard, growing it only from his chin. "Grandmother" Ann wore her dark hair in a roll. She was modest, neat and tidy, and not very tall. Thomas lived happily and died as 1891 ended, being 70 years old. Ann lived on another seven years. She had had a face sore that she picked the scab off of, and it got infected, and over a few years, contributed to her death.

And our James?

Once she chose which young man she wanted, Mary Jane Harrop (from Chapter 1) worked fast. James was the first Judd son to marry. His brothers, George and Charles, didn't marry for another three years, and they married girls that had just arrived from England the previous year. They all chose the autumn season to be wed.

James and Mary Jane were married by the bishop. When they saw George and Charles thinking seriously of marriage, they went to Salt Lake and were sealed in the Endowment House. They already had Selena Ann; she was fifteen months old at that time. Charles and George didn't have a separate sealing. They got married in the Endowment House.

James found that sheep were profitable, and he spent his time in ranching and herding sheep. Mary Jane operated her small home adroitly. The family never got rich, but they were happy. Grandpa and Grandma could be visited on weekends, and the children got to know their cousins well. After seven years and two children, the family moved from Hoytsville to Upton – in the mountains, where

ranching could be expanded. Children were born and raised in love. The sixth child, William, lived only a few weeks, as did the eighth, Rachel. Number nine child was born eighteen months after Rachel; she will be considered next.

In 1886 the oldest girl, Selena, married John Bowen in the Logan Temple. Mary Jane had her genealogy ready and she and James went with Selena and got her four older sisters sealed to their parents, James Harrop and Rachel Kilner. This was done the same day that Selena got married, 17 November 1886. And there in the temple, Rachel appeared to them in a vision, looking very happy. (James had been murdered, and Rachel had died during the wagon trip west.)

James and Mary Jane enjoyed life. The seasons of lambing, grazing, shearing came and went happily, but not without work. James could sell and ship his wool at Echo Junction, down the canyon from Upton. Sometimes there was enough wool for two wagons to make the trip, so James paid a young man who lived nearby to help. The 15-mile trip took a bit more than two hours, and it had got to be boring. And James fell asleep. The horses knew the road, but wandered to one side. The shoulder sloped away sharply. The wagon fell over the side, overturning. James was thrown off, and landed head-first in an uneven spot. His helper quickly got others to come, and they carefully took James to his sister-in-law's in Henefer. [Probably George Judd and Jane Paskett.] But James had a broken neck. He died the next day. That was May 4th 1901.

Mary Jane had little Drucilla, or Drucilla Pearl, who was age 11, and Catherine, age 17, to help at home. George and James Henry took over the ranch. George married in about a year and moved to his own farm. James Henry manned the ranch, delaying marriage for a few years. Soon after that, Catherine fell in love and married. It was about seven years after James's death that Mary Jane took sick and died. She was 59.

Now Pearl was alone and unattached.

Family Mahoney 24 July 2011 Chapter 3

Stephen Mahoney grew up in Ireland in the 1760s. The farms in Ireland were fine, but Stephen heard of new land, almost for free, in America. William Penn had invited anyone from Europe who wanted, to come. He went there and got a farm. He liked life in southeastern Pennsylvania. Stephen fell in love with an attractive young lady of a German family which had been living there for generations. That was Margaret Huss. When the colonies rebelled, Stephen enrolled in the Army. His detachment was assigned to the New York [state] area. One battle was at White Plains, New York, 50 miles upriver from New York City. Stephen was able to be back in Pennsylvania long enough to marry Margaret and set up housekeeping. Then he went back with his detachment. After the war, Stephen had a 100-acre farm in Lancaster -- but only 2 horses and 2 cows to work it with. But he did well.

Stephen and Margaret's first child was Mary, born while the war was still on. Then came three boys: Jeremiah, Stephen (Junior), and Elisha. After that there were two girls, a boy, and a girl.

Things went well, but Margaret go sick and died. That left Stephen restless. There came word that Lord Baltimore had made a land grant southeast of where they lived, over in Maryland. In 1798 Stephen moved his family to Maryland. There he bought 171 acres for $513. It was in the very northeast corner of the state, on the border with Delaware, now just off of I-95 – the town there now is Elkton. Mary had married, but he had Jeremiah and Stephen Junior and Elisha to help with the work. The oldest girl, Nancy, was only ten, so Stephen married Rachel Hoffman, who already lived in Maryland, to be the step-mother.

[Many of our Mahoney family were born in Elkton, Maryland. In the 1930s Elkton was a marriage center, because Maryland had no waiting period for marriage licenses from 1913 to 1938. In 1936, 11,791 licenses were issued; Main Street had 12 churches.]

In a few years, Jeremiah fell in love with Eleanor Owens. Although a year younger, she was a mature girl, supposedly having been married to a Mr. Beaston before. They began their family in 1802, and had eleven children, six boys and five girls. Their third boy (and fourth child) was our ancestor, Stephen, named after his grandfather.

A couple of years after that, Stephen Junior got married. He chose a nice girl named Elizabeth. Her family, sometime before, had come from Ireland, just as the Mahoney's had. They began their family in 1811, and had ten girls and two boys (near the last).

The Mahoneys were a tight-knit clan. They got together often. And

Stephen, the one named for his grandfather, fell in love with the first girl of Stephen Junior's family, Margaret. They married at about age twenty, and eleven children.

Of Jeremiah's family, when Bartholomew, the eldest son, came of age to be on his own, he chose to go find a farm in his grandfather's old homeland, in Pennsylvania. There, in 1842, Elisha Davis and his companion came through those parts. For some reason, Bartholomew liked the new religion. He was baptized. He moved to Nauvoo.

Otherwise, about Stephen, the third son, and his wife, Margaret: They established a farm near Scott's Mill. That's in Cecil County, Maryland. As part of his farm work, he learned the trade of cooper. In 1848, missionaries came through his area of Maryland. Their message of a boy prophet and a gold book failed to impress either Margaret's or Stephen's parents. But Stephen had heard that his big brother and his family liked it, so Stephen and his family joined. When they heard that the Church had been forced out of Nauvoo, and was headed west, Stephen and Margaret decided to follow. They could join Bartholomew. In the early autumn of 1849, Margaret had Lucinda. They planned to leave in the spring. Then Margaret took sick during the winter. She died on February 21st. That was hard for Stephen to take. Still, he proceeded as planned; his family was to join others and travel together – 130 altogether. His oldest daughters, ages 16 through 18, helped care for the little ones. His boys were just about teenagers. They started out in early April of 1850. This meant riding on boats. They had to travel across the large bay in Maryland. Then they took a boat up the Ohio River, which means they took a winding way west. But it was too hard on little Lucinda. She died part-way there. Stephen had to take her in a rowboat to shore and bury her. That was on April 25th.

In early May, 1850, they got to Council Bluffs, Iowa (that's just across the Missouri River from Omaha, Nebraska), where the Church had left a settlement that people could start west from. Stephen was happy to be there. Bartholomew was there. They had a good time as two families. Stephen was now close to the Church. He learned a lot more about how the Church operated. He learned things he hadn't known. He learned that some men had been called on to take more than one wife. Somehow, that didn't set right with Stephen. Bartholomew tried to help him understand, but Stephen still felt upset. When the spring of 1852 came, Bartholomew and his family joined a wagon train to go west. Stephen didn't follow. He had decided that he had made a mistake. The only thing to do now was to get a farm here in Iowa and continue on with life.

And he married a nice lady there. That was Martha Barraclough. She had been married to a Mr. Beaver back in England, but they had separated. She had emigrated from England intending to go to Zion,

in 1848, and at this time Stephen met her in Council Bluffs, needing a step-mother for his children.

And for a place to live: He chose a nice place with a river running by it, the Willow River. It was 35 miles north of Council Bluffs. Stephen was good with people. He partnered with a Judge Chatburn. He had been a judge, but now wanted to be a farmer, and he had come to Iowa for this. Together, they made a small dam in the river and built a house there for machinery. Judge Chatburn found some good stones and put a hole through one and made a grinding stone out of it. Stephen made a channel for the water. Next he made a waterwheel. To connect the waterwheel axle to the stone axle, they used a pulley. The pulley, or belt, they made of rawhide. In the night after their first trial, the wolves ate at the rawhide, so they had to make a new belt. This was called a grist mill. It could grind dried corn kernels into corn meal. Before this they had had to go miles to Council Bluffs to get their corn ground. This became a good business. They expanded the mill to also be a sawmill. People liked that. They said, now we can have tables and doors. Yet, after 16 years, he sold it, and turned to farming, which he enjoyed.

He was well-liked and civic-minded. He served his community well. People said of him: He builded far better than he knew. Stephen lived to the age of 79 years, dying of a paralytic stroke.

His oldest daughter, Rachel, had married soon after the family had arrived in Council Bluffs. She and her husband made a nice farm not far from her father's, and began their family. In 1863, things were going well. In early August, Rachel was out in the field when a thunderstorm came up. Lightning struck and killed her.

The second daughter, Anna Marie, had married about the same time as Rachel.

Harriet Emily & Jeremiah H. joined the Church. Stephen Charles, William and Joseph S. did not join. Still single, they enlisted in the Army for the Civil War, and died fighting.

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Now, we need to talk about the state of New York again. That's where John (or Johann) and Marie STALEY lived. Their farm was about 30 miles northwest of Schenectady, New York. It was where the Germans had settled a generation earlier. Their folks were German. Johann and Marie began their family just before the Colonies rebelled against the English crown. The farm did well. In 1790, they moved to a new farm. By then they had six children, all boys. They ended up with fifteen, only two being girls. Number ten was named Conrad. He is our ancestor.

Work and farming took Conrad from western New York into Canada, for Canada is just across Niagara Falls. In those days, as he was getting established, he fell in love with a young lady there. That was Hannah Tripp. They married in 1825. They were both age 24. They moved back to western New York and farmed not far from Lake Chautauqua's northern edge. (That's south of Buffalo.) Soon they had a baby girl whom they named, Margaret. Another girl followed – Sarah Ann. Then came a boy, Merritt. After that came Eliza, and then Chester. By then it was 1833. But Hannah got sick. She died within a year.

Conrad and his family had gone to the Lutheran church once in a while. But after losing Hannah, he often wondered about the purpose of life. When a couple of traveling preachers came by in early 1837, Conrad liked their ideas, even though they were "Mormons." After many visits, Conrad got baptized by Elder S. Phelps in July.

In 1840 Conrad left his children with a friend and ventured back into Canada looking for work. There he met a lady a few years younger than he. In a short time, he married her, Hannah Elizabeth Johnson, age 34, in Fort Erie, Canada. (That's just across the river from Buffalo, New York.) She had been married two times before; both husbands had died. She had children from each marriage, so it was a "Brady Bunch" family now. He had five children, ages 5 through 12; she had 7, ages 3 through teens. [Wheaton d. 1838, 5 kids; Huffman d. 1830, 2 kids] In 1843 Jacob, one of Hannah's first sons married Conrad's oldest daughter, Margaret.

In 1844, Conrad and Hannah decided it was time to move to where the Church was centered. There, Conrad got 140 acres just outside of Nauvoo. Conrad was ordained a seventy. He and Hannah got their patriarchal blessings. He and Hannah had a baby boy, Conrad Hammel, on 17 September 1845 in Nauvoo, Illinois. Conrad worked on the new temple in Nauvoo when he could. The enemies of the Church made life hard, and the Saints had to abandon their work. However, endowments were performed in the winter of 1846, and Conrad and Hannah were there.

Then they left Nauvoo with the main body of the Saints. Conrad helped do mail runs between Council Bluffs, where the Church rested, and those left in Nauvoo. In Iowa, about 30 miles north of the central resting place, they found a place to temporarily farm. But Conrad had contracted malaria while in Nauvoo, and its recurring fevers only got worse. He died of yellow fever at his farm in Davis County, Iowa, on 8 Oct 1846. After the pioneers had gone west, and the Church was growing there, Hannah wrote Brigham Young (personally) to see about going west herself. He advised her to wait. She farmed 11 acres and did well. Then in 1852 she was invited to join David

Wood's company. They arrived in Salt Lake City on 1 Oct 1852.

Continuing now:
The third Mahoney daughter, Harriet Emily, married Chester Staley in 1854 (September 9). They were neighbors. They began their family near their parents' farms. Things went well. But in 1861, the Civil War started, and there was a call for all able-bodied men to come and fight. Chester didn't feel connected to the War. He had no family left in Iowa, so he thought it best, after all, to abandon his nice farm and Harriet's folks, and go to the Salt Lake Valley. Harriet was willing. They crossed the plains in 1862. Chester's sister, Margaret [Huffman], and her family had crossed the plains the year before, in Milo Andrus's company.

Chester and Harriet brought Merritt, age 8, William, age 5, and Harriet, age 2, with them. Once they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, they decided to take up a farm near where Chester's step-mother was living, in Upton.

Their family kept growing. Mary Annah was born the year after they arrived. She was followed by two little brothers and two little sisters.

School in was held in somebody's home. Indians were a menace. When Annah was three, the people moved in closer, and made towns, to better defend themselves against Indian raids. But the Indian threat – the Black Hawk War – passed, and they soon returned to their ranches.

When Annah was nine, The Church made Upton a branch. Her father, Chester, was made first counselor in the branch presidency. When she was 13 (1876), the members met in her home (her parents' home) and organized the Relief Society there for the first time. Harriet, Annah's mother, was called to be first counselor. They also made the Sunday School, and had Chester be the superintendent. He had his two oldest sons, Merritt and William, be two of the seven teachers. In another year, the branch graduated to be a ward, and Chester Staley became its first bishop. (That was 1877 July 9.)

The ward held many socials, picnics, and parties. It was fun to grow up there.
[We will see more of Annah after chapter 5.]

00-CH05 Bagleys 9 Aug 2011

There was a Covey family in upstate New York in the mid 1700s. They had moved there from Rhode Island. The family grew to 11 children. Walter Covey was the fifth child. Being raised on a frontier farm, he never learned to write. He picked Sarah Hatch to marry; he was age 23. They were able to get a farm not too far from their parents in Dutchess County, New York. Things went well. In 1809 they found that opportunities were better in western New York state. They moved there and got a tract of land to farm. After some years, Walter and Sarah had a 76-acre farm and ten children to help with it. When their youngest was twenty, Sarah got sick and died. Father Walter married again. Father Walter was very introspective, and he studied his Bible. He used the term, "world of spirits" in his will, as the place he would go to at death. He lived to be 84 years old.

Walter and Sarah began their family about the time that the Colonies rebelled against Old England. The children married in their turns and found opportunities to farm in other states, mainly in Ohio.

Their middle girl, Sally, had married and had her four children by this time. She had married David Bagley. The Bagleys had their roots in Scotland. They took up farming near their parents' homestead. Their first child was Christina. Prudence followed a few years later, and then came two boys, who were named Walter and Orlando.

Sally's younger brother, Benjamin, and his wife, learned of a new church there in New York in 1830. They liked it and joined. Benjamin told Sally, and she liked it, and was baptized. Her husband, David, did not join. By 1834 Benjamin's family had moved to Missouri to be at its center.

About Sally's children: Christina got a boy friend whom David and Sally did not care for. He was a Bickmore.

The Bickmore name is English, but the family was from Ireland. Alexander de Byckmore was elected archbishop of Dublin in 1310. Other Bickmores were sea-faring people. As tensions with England tightened in before the Revolution, John and Anna Bickmore were active in setting up a blockade of English goods in 1774.

The Bickmores were among those who moved from Massachusetts, in 1750, and settled the town of Medumcook in Knox County, Maine. Medumcook is the Indian name of the plantation where the settlers built the city of Friendship, Maine. David Bickmore and Martha Dixon raised a family of 11 children there. David was a mariner. Besides his home in town, he had 30 acres on an island just off the Maine coast. (Swan's Island) David and Martha's child number three, William, was playing one day with bows and arrows made of sticks, and he

accidentally lost his right eye. In 1817 the family moved from Maine to southwestern Illinois, across the river from St. Louis.

Here, as Christina Bagley approached her eighteenth year, she took a liking to William Bickmore. The disfavor of her family led them to elope. Wanting distance, they found a farm to work 60 miles north of their parents. But things didn't work out there, and in a couple of years they moved back to farm near their parents.

Here their fortune turned and they were able to buy 160 acres just west of where they had first tried to farm (60 miles north). That was in 1837. Things went well. In 1839 a few poorly-clad people had passed by looking for work, or to buy food. William learned that they were a detested people called Mormons. He and Christina began to wonder why this would be. By 1840 they had learned enough about this strange sect to join it. (William's next older brother, Isaac Motor Bickmore, and his family had joined the Church before this. The parents, David and Martha, also joined.) They "gathered" with the Saints that same year. They enjoyed life in and around Nauvoo. William helped on the temple. He and Christina did their work there just before the Saints evacuated Nauvoo in 1846. They went west in the Joseph Outhouse company in 1852. (Isaac and his mother, Martha, got cholera early in the trek, and died. Father David went back; others, such as William, decided (after reaching the Salt Lake Valley) to help colonize southern California, and that was William and Christina's home until their passing in the 1880s.
+ + + + +

But where was Alex from? Both his father's and his mother's families were from Scotland. His mother was a McKittrick.

William McKittrick and Agnes Heron were Scotch. They had been driven from Scotland and lived in northern Ireland. Scotland's Ettrick Forest long ago belonged in the family. The McKittrick name comes from that root word.

William and Agnes decided to try the New World when William Penn invited people to his land in Pennsylvania. Their son, Alexander, fought in the Revolutionary War. After that, he became a leather worker, or cordwainer. That trade included shoemaking. It was a good choice of profession; he did well financially. He married Catherine Baker, a German girl - there were lots of German folk in that area.

Alex's father was named Thomas, Thomas Kidd. Thomas's ancestors had come from Scotland to Ireland. His forefathers had immigrated to Pennsylvania in about the year 1814. By 1817, they had decided that Ohio was better, and they moved there.

A note here: Present knowledge of the Kidd line does not extend far enough (to 1645) to show if our line is the same as Captain William Kidd, called the Pirate.

Alex's mother was Susannah (McKittrick). She was born at home in 1794. She grew up and married Thomas Kidd about the time the War of 1812 started. After the wedding, her father, William McKittrick, heard that the country needed him. He had learned all about firing cannons in the Revolutionary War, and now he returned to service. He helped defend Ft. McHenry. His thumb was burned off in that battle. After the war, he tried expanding his interests: he moved to new locations and did leather-work. He even set up a mill, which he sold after five years. He then got some land in Indiana. Alexander and Catherine moved there (he was in his sixties by now – 1822) and Susannah and her husband, Thomas (Kidd), and their four children, went also. They loaded up a keel boat with all their belongings and followed several rivers for more than 200 miles – a long trip, down the Ohio River, then up the Illinois River. At one stop for food and fuel, little John, age four, disappeared while chasing butterflies. They took the White River away from the Illinois River and got their land near Bowman, Indiana, 20 miles southwest of Vincennes, Indiana. But the trip had been too much for Alexander and Catherine. They both got sick and within days they were dead.

With that tragedy, Indiana didn't seem right. Thomas and Susannah went back to familiar ground. They established the farm they wanted near the city of Warren, Ohio, which is 40 miles southeast of Kirtland, and raised their family there. They had three more girls, and then a boy.

Things went well. One day in 1840 two men came by. They had books. Thomas could read, so he asked about the books. Over a few months' time, he learned all about the Book of Mormon and about prophets. He liked it. In December of 1840, he and his two oldest sons went to Nauvoo to see for themselves. On a cold day after Christmas, December 29, 1840, he got baptized. Alexander (Kidd) and his older brother, William, who were 26 and 27 years old, and had stayed with their parents and had not married (to help on the farm), got baptized on the next two days. (Alex was baptized on December 30. William was baptized by F. D. Richards on December 31. Much later, William was killed in a battle with the Indians after everyone had moved to the Salt Lake Valley, in 1858. [This is from the Nauvoo records; family tradition had Alex baptized 10 Jan 1834.]) Thomas loved this new church, and began to move his family to Nauvoo. They enjoyed life in the Church's center, Nauvoo. Thomas enjoyed helping in the Church in Nauvoo. In 1844, he was ordained a high priest. He helped build the temple. In January of 1846, a few weeks before everyone had to leave Nauvoo, he was endowed. But after the Prophet Joseph Smith was martyred, some people had got confused as to what to do.

Susannah was attracted to the claims of a Mr. James J. Strange. Thomas, however, knew for sure that Brigham Young was the successor the Lord had picked. They tried to find common ground in this matter for years. But when their wagon train was ready to leave in 1852, they separated. Before she and Thomas parted in 1852, a family legend has been handed down that "Susannah sewed his money and her heart under the lining of his greatcoat where its imprint showed for many years." She went with the Stangites to Wisconsin (to Vorhee, in Walworth County). Susannah later married a man named Shafer. Her death is recorded at Decauter, Green County, Wisconsin, 21 March 1865. (Thomas got sealed to her after her passing.)

The Saints left Nauvoo. They had no chance to get well-stocked in food and money, so they established camps along the trail and prepared to leave for the west in a few years. Now, son Alex Kidd was in his early thirties, and not yet married. But in the camp he grew fond of a young lady, Fidelia Bickmore. She was the fifth of fourteen children. (If you go back 27 generations, Fidelia is a descendant of England's King Henry II, who was born in 1133.) Fidelia returned Alex's favors, and they decided to marry before setting out for the Salt Lake Valley. Three months after that, they started out in Joseph Outhouse's wagon train. (10 June 1852) Fidelia's parents came also. It was September when they arrived. The parents chose to go on to southern California, where the Church was starting a colony. Alex and Fidelia chose to go live in Herriman, about 25 miles south of the temple site. This is about five miles west and uphill from Riverton, which was reached by a single, rutted road.

The first Herriman settlers had built a fort, for the Indians lived around there. Not much land there had been supplied with water so you could farm. Alex did freighting work to earn money. With the extra money, he began buying sheep, then he rented land for winter grazing. Sheep herding was the most apt way to gain a living up there. Winter grazing range was in the small valleys just over the (Oquirrh) mountains above Herriman. Summer range was in the Uinta mountains, a drive of 80 miles. (The trail went to 21st South, east, then up Parley's Canyon.) One of the settlements near the summer range was Upton. Alex and Fidelia planned a large family. Although Fidelia's health was touchy, she bore thirteen children. The older boys were called upon to help herd the sheep. The family had 2500 sheep at one time.

Fidelia was very artistic. For example, on white cloth, she would make trees, grass, and flowers with wool. Her quilts were of many designs and patterns which showed great patience and untiring labor. She was industrious; she took the sheared wool and carded it, spun it, and dyed it, and wove it into cloth. She found she could readily sell her work in Provo. Really, she just traded for other things

they needed, but couldn't make themselves. Fidelia also soaked straw, and with that, made hats for her family. She liked Relief Society. She had a beautiful voice and enjoyed singing, and even sang when times were bad. Her children came in good order: Alex, William, Fidelia (who died at age nine), John, followed by two little sisters and more brothers. Fidelia got her patriarchal blessing on May 22, 1872. (Alexander had got his on October 17, 1845, while they were still in Nauvoo.)

Our ancestor, John, began helping with the sheep at age ten. When he was older, he went with his brothers, taking the sheep to the summer range for the family. That way, his teen summers were spent near the small town of Upton.

Kidd - John B. 3 Sep 2011
(Chapter 6)

As a teenager, John Bickmore Kidd spent his summers around Upton, Utah. He found the people there were friendly and fun to be with. They had socials and dances quite often during the summer. John attended his Church meetings there. He watched as the branch became a ward. Among all the friends he had there, he felt good around the bishop's daughter. John was about 5-feet, ten inches tall, and he had sandy hair, blue eyes and a Roman nose.

The two planned. John was available, or nearby, only in the summers. His older brother, Alexander, was away on his mission to the Southern States. (Alexander, already married, left in September of 1880, and seemed to wonder about an early release. After his mission he moved from Herriman to Uinta County.) In September of 1880, as John prepared to take the sheep back to Herriman, they picked the following June (1881) as their wedding date.

But Annah's mother, Harriet, got ill that winter. She got worse, not better. On February 1st (1881) she died. Annah was the eldest daughter still at home – Harriet had married four years previous to this – so she had to become "mother". There was Father Chester, son Chester (15), Edward (11), and Emily (7). Edward had been a twin. The twin, Eva, had lived only a month.

It was apparent that Annah could not marry John, not just now. They wrote letters about it; they decided to wait.

Yet, when John came with the sheep in May of 1881, their enthusiasm rebounded. Annah thought of ways to get help in caring for the family. They decided to marry that June, after all. They traveled down to Salt Lake City and were married in the Endowment House on June 16th (1881).

Father Chester began a custom of taking his younger children with him when he took supplies to his older son, Merritt, who ran the mill up the river. He was lonely after losing his wife, and he liked the company. He made his September visit with Chester (Chet), Eddie, Emma, and a neighbor girl, Tillie. They had a good time at the mill. On the way back, about four miles from the mill, is a steep downhill grade. Father Chester's foot slipped off the brake, and the horses and wagon went faster and faster. He couldn't stop or slow down. The wagon tipped over. The children were thrown in various directions, but were unhurt. Father Chester landed on his head and shoulders, breaking his neck. Chet held his father's head up for a while, but his father was already dead. He sent Eddie back to tell Merritt at the mill. The date was September 18th, 1881.

Annah was devastated. How could she go on? She went with John when he started the sheep back to Herriman. They lived with John's parents. The next spring, Annah had a baby girl. They named her Harriet Annah – Annah missed her mother. After a while they moved down the slope to Riverton, a larger town. There, three more children joined the family: John, Elmer and Margaret. Elmer fell ill and died a month before his second birthday, when little Margaret was only a month old. Saddened, Annah and John decided to move back near Annah's family. They were able to get the ranch adjoining her folk's old ranch. They erected a home on a spot of ground safe from the nearby creek's flooding. They used the time-rounded stones for the foundation. It lasted a hundred years. The barn they built opened onto the range, making turning livestock out for grazing an easy matter. It was a nice life now, and it was filled with little pleasures. John had acquired a nice herd of sheep during his years with his father. John grew lucerne and grain as winter feed for the herd. The boys helped as they should.

Annah acquired a herd of cows. Twenty of them! She and her girls milked the cows in the open corral – that means, if a cow decided to move, you had to grab your stool and keep the bucket from spilling and moved to where the cow stopped. Each week, Annah had butter to take to Coalville to sell. Her many customers awaited her arrival at the Coalville town store.

By this, their industry and thrift, John and Annah had money to spare after a few years. They could give spending money to kids less fortunate than their own. This was usually at a celebration, such as Pioneer Day.

John Kidd also operated a blacksmith shop. It became a favored gathering place for the men. John could do almost any repair. He also made his own tools. He made a special, cleverly designed, pair of tongs for handling plows as they were forged. John was gentle, congenial, and very strong and well-built. For show, he could take a plow by the handles and raise it to eye level and sight down the "beam" to a roof line in the distance. He could also stoop to position himself between a horse's front legs, and then straighten up, lifting the horse's front feet off the ground. Another feat was to have Annah sit on his hand. Then he would lift her until her head brushed the eves of the house. A favorite man's game was to see how long you could hold onto a horse's tail as it ran at full speed. John was a good runner. He could hold on for a full quarter-mile. No one else could hold on that long.

In his older years, John got arthritis in his legs real bad. But the fields still needed to be planted. He solved his problem by having his son, John, drive a wagon back and forth in the field – with Father John sitting on the back of the wagon, sowing the seed.

And John was faithful. John and Annah made sure each of their children was baptized when they turned eight years old. In 1900, when the Church opened a small branch in Pine View, a few miles east of Upton, and began Sunday School there, Superintendent Samuel Banner, Jr. chose John as his first counselor. The Banners had been good neighbors, living on the adjoining ranch, since 1893. John and Annah's oldest daughter, Harriet, married Samuel Banner, Jr. in 1902 when she was twenty. Due to the Chalk Creek Valley being full of families, Harriet and Samuel moved to Idaho to start their family.

(Over the next 20 years, all the other children followed them to Idaho when they began their families, too, except for Margaret, the second to marry. She and her husband Buzz Deming stayed near her parents. Alex, and then John, married in 1909 and 1911, and in 1912 they both moved to Bruneau, Idaho, taking the sheep herd with them.)

To continue now with the story: Misfortune came. John's herder was out in Squaw Valley with the sheep one autumn (1903), when an early snowstorm came on. It covered the feed; the herd couldn't eat. And it trapped them there, as the snow became too deep to move through. Half of his 2500 sheep died of starvation. (Today, we would hire an airplane and drop feed to the sheep.)

The family began to recover from this great loss. In the midst of that, John's twelve-year-old son, Edward LeRoy, got sick during the summer of 1904 and died in September.

And in this time of recouping losses, this faithful family decided to sacrifice even more, and send the oldest son, John, on a mission. He was called to labor in Holland. He left in the autumn (November 19; better date is 25 Oct 1907) of 1907 (and returned 15 August 1910). (Family records gave the call date as 1904.)

The great snow came in other years besides 1903. One winter you couldn't get from Upton to Coalville for weeks, due to the snow. The Coalville store was where John got his cigarette paper. He had a good supply of tobacco, but no more paper. (Even though he was "faithful" in church, he rolled his own.) John couldn't go without his smokes. What to do? You make do with what you have. He knew a place with many sheets of thin paper that would work. Did he dare use that paper? His craving said, "You have to. Besides, it just sits there, seldom used." John tore out a sheet at a time. By the time the road to Coalville was open, a good-sized section of the Bible was missing. And no one had noticed. John happened to relate this to a neighbor, and Annah overheard it. She didn't believe the story. "Ah, John, you did no such thing!" Kindly but positively John affirmed, "Yes I did, Girlie! Yes I did! I smoked up the Bible!" (This may have happened before 1900, not after 1903 as

intimated here.)

John's leaving on a mission meant that the sheep were tended to now by Father John and by Alex (Hyrum Alexander Kidd). It was hard for John, due to his arthritis. He was relieved when John and Alex took the sheep to Idaho in 1912. And conditions in Idaho were good for sheep. In early 1915, a real estate promoter happened by telling of a new irrigation project in Idaho, which would open up land for farming there. And the price would be small because it was unsettled land. And it was near where his married children were living. It was in the Raft River Valley, in Idaho. Five extended family members, including John, took a trip to check things out. John, his son, Gilbert, and future son-in-law Elmer Saxton, each filed to get farms that were a half-mile on a side. (160 acres) John thought it no big deal to uproot and start over in his mid-fifties. They went back to get their families. Elmer married Cora (John and Annah's daughter) that October.

That summer they got things ready to go. John "invented" a way to carry a flock of chickens in the same wagon as the family. (Really, it was a flat cage under the wagon bed; one end could be let down and opened to let the chickens get out and feed when the wagon stopped.) They would mount the all-important cream separator on the rear of the wagon bed. The jolts of the wagon would automatically produce butter from the milk each day. By the summer of 1916, they had sold their ranches and packed up. There were three wagons. John and Annah used two wagons, for they had their children along: Gilbert, Norman, Orthella, Arania Marie, Vera – and Verda, who was eight. Elmer and Cora had the third wagon.

The cows came also, and needed herding along the way, and they didn't walk all that fast. The caravan made about 15 miles a day. On the fourth day out, they passed Ogden, and Gilbert left the caravan to visit his girl friend, Nellie Florence; he would join the family later in Idaho. After Brigham City, it was open range. At each night's stop, they milked the cows and then let them graze, let the chickens out, and hobbled the horses so they could graze. Each morning someone had to find where the horses had wandered and go bring them back. One morning John rolled out early, slipped his shoes on without dressing and took a stroll to bring in the horses. They were farther away than he at first thought, but he had gone too far to turn back. He kept going until he found them a great distance from camp. He rode one of the horses and led the rest. By this time, Annah had everyone up helping with breakfast. They all stood watching as John rode up in his underwear. The situation caused a good deal of fun.

This trip was fun for the children. They could run and play all day, except when they had to help with chores when the wagons stopped for

the night. The adults had planned the journey carefully, mapping out months ahead where the water holes were, and if they could be reached in a day's travel from the last one. Yes, there were places with water along the trail between Snowville and Strevell.

Not long after Strevell they could see in the distance, the Raft River Valley. But now, it was not green. It was dry and parched. Annah cried. They had left a nice home near a good creek, and had traded that for nothing. John knew that they would have to work harder than they imagined to make a living here. They had reserved a cabin there, and they moved their beds, table and chairs and a stove into it. It was lonely. For the time being, they used a tent outside for extra sleeping quarters. The Raft River was a few miles away; they had to bring water home in barrels.

One Sunday Sam and Harriet (the first daughter to marry) came 50 miles from Burley and visited them in their model T Ford. They told of a hot spring a few miles north, where you could bathe (swim) on a Saturday night for fun. Gilbert and his girl arrived that autumn. He worked for others for a year, and then married his girl, Nellie Florence, November 21, 1917. But then he was drafted, as World War 1 was upon them.

The Kidd family found they were not quite as alone as they had thought. There were small towns every few miles. Norman was able to find a girl he liked – Irva Newbold – and he was enamored. Once, when Harriet visited in 1917, she asked if Norman had a girl friend. Mother Annah answered, "He certainly has; he can't even go to the outhouse without a white shirt and tie!" Norman and Irva married in 1918.

Gradually the settlers found time to gather for dances and parties. John Kidd could handle a fiddle well, and was the fiddler and then caller for many dances.

John and others persuaded Elmer and Cora to move there. Elmer filed on a 160-acre farm right by Cora's folks, John and Annah. They lived in a tent while they built a log home. They made the home the same dimensions as the tent. That way, they could use the tent as a temporary roof, until a real roof could be built. They "chinked" the void spaces where the sides of the logs didn't meet. Then John showed them how to make a plaster to put over those walls and make the "house" nice. They used old flour sacks for curtains.

A rancher rode by one day, deriding the conditions there as not favorable for farming. Elmer and John felt that he was just trying to scare them off the land that used to be his. But through the year 1917, John had been able to market his milk and milk products and "make a living". But John and Alex who did the sheepherding, had met

with disease and bad luck; the sheep herd was a losing proposition. The family borrowed money to replenish the herd. But then the War lowered the going prices for their commodities, and they were in a pinch to pay back the loan. So in 1918, the family decided to abandon the "desert venture" and they bought a farm a few miles northwest of Rupert. That purchase used all their savings. But at least this area had irrigation water. There, they succeeded. Norma and Irva moved along with his parents to Rupert, and kept helping on the farm. The next January – January 26, 1919 – Gilbert returned from World War 1. The family moved a cabin from the old desert place and set it up in the farm's orchard for Gilbert and Nellie.

Annah got her patriarchal blessing on May 2, 1921.

Verda got a sharp pain in her stomach in February of 1923. The family did what they could for her, but she died on the 13th – of appendicitis. And the farm was not making money like they had planned. A depression followed World War 1, and prices of commodities didn't cover the cost of producing them – even the milk. John and sons Norman and Gilbert set to renting separate farms. John was 65, and there was no retirement. Norman and Gilbert helped him when they could.

John was a good neighbor, and honest. He had to borrow space in his neighbor's cellar to store his potatoes. Someone once asked the neighbor, "That John Kidd – he takes potatoes into and out of your cellar. How do you check if he's got any of your potatoes?" The neighbor told him: "I don't need to; I trust John all the way. I know he wouldn't cheat me."

John's health deteriorated in 1926. He died on February 22, 1929, at age 69. Annah set herself up with her only unmarried daughter, Orthella, in a house where the two could cultivate a corner of a field and have a milk cow. She lived to be 73 years of age, dying in 1936.