

Property Of =
Arvilla E. Warren

For - My Aunt Sylvia Black

Sept. 12, 1974

Blanding, Utah.

A BIOGRAPHY

of

THOMAS EVANS

by

Richard P. Evans

A HISTORY OF THOMAS AND JANE ANN COLES EVANS

By Richard P. Evans

FOREWORD

Someone has said, "Nothing is more shameful than ignorance of one's Fatherland." I have long felt that the descendants of this couple know all too little of the land, the towns, the language of their forebears, and the original intent of this treatise was to inform my children of their ancestry. However, I came to realize that this was for a selfish purpose and that all the descendants, those now living, and those of the generations to follow, should have access to this information, and it is gladly offered to all who would have it.

It was my privilege to walk the same streets in South Wales and in the West Country of England that these good people trod. Where possible, I visited the very houses they inhabited. Where they were available to me I visited the Parish Churches in which rites and ceremonies were performed for some of them. I visited the cemeteries where some of them were laid to rest. I visited, if only briefly, with those who claim kinship to Thomas and Jane Ann Coles Evans, and those visits are recorded herein.

It was also my desire that examples of the old Celtic Welsh language be made a part of the record. This was the language of the Evans side of the family. The Coles' were English, and while they may have learned a great deal of the language it was not native to them. Welsh place names are also recorded, with their translations. For this I am indebted to the Messrs. P. Raymond Jones, B.A., Headmaster of the Boy's Grammar School of Pontypridd, and William Lewis, B.A., Senior Welsh Master at this school.

I am indebted also to close relatives whose encouragement and direct assistance have made this history possible. Klea Evans Worsley was most instrumental in the publication of text and photos at reasonable cost to all those interested in obtaining this little volume. Regular methods of publication would have been very expensive. Arvilla Evans Warren also generously offered her capable assistance. Many others have expressed interest and support for this endeavor. To all I express my deep appreciation and hope that light and truth will come to all who read it, with respect to their ancestry.

Richard P. Evans, 1973

Thomas Evans was of small stature, standing about 5 feet 4 inches when in the prime of life. He was withal a strong man. One develops muscles and strength as a miner. Most of his grandsons towered over him, and all his children surpassed him in stature. They must have derived their height from the Coles side of the family, even though Thomas Evans' brother-in-law, Uncle Joe Coles, was also a small man. I have always thought that Aunt Mary Evans Slade resembled her late mother both in stature and appearance, while Aunt Sylvia Evans Black is the spit and image of her late Aunt Hannah Evans Powles in Wales.

Thomas Evans was bi-lingual. To his immediate relatives and working companions he spoke Welsh. To Jane Ann and the other Coles he spoke English, and also to the Elders with whom he came in contact. His children also picked up Welsh, but I do not know to what degree. I never heard my father speak it. I recall an elderly, blind Welsh gentleman named Leyshon, who lived in Durango, Colorado, and whenever he and Thomas Evans met on the street they would converse entirely in Welsh. At Shiprock, in his later years, I recall Navajo Indians speaking to Grandpa in a joking way in Navajo, and he would respond with Welsh phrases, to their great amusement. All the songs he sang for me were in Welsh, and three of them are quoted herein. He spoke the English of Somersetshire, Jane Ann's native heath, where H's are dropped from where they belong, and added where they do not; "Hi 'ad 'am and heggs", is typical of his speech. If he said Henry, it would come out "'Endry".

There are four major Welsh dialects. In the North of Wales, Powys and Gwynedd dialects are spoken. In the South, Dyfed and Gwent prevail. I do not know which of the two Southern dialects was spoken by Thomas Evans and his ancestry.

The Welsh National Anthem, Hen Wlad Fy N Hadau, Land of my Fathers, comes clearly to my mind, as he sang it often for me. There are several translations into English of this song but of them all, I prefer the literal



November 1930

Thomas Evans at Shiprock at age 81. He holds his concertina which he humorously called "constant screamer."

version which I have recorded in free verse. This stirring song was composed by Evan James and James James, to whom a beautiful monument was erected in Pontypridd Park, just across the Taff River from the busy streets of the town. Let us read the Welsh inscription;

	ER COF AN	
EVAN JAMES	A	JAMES JAMES
1809-1878		1833-1902

Y TAD A'R MAB
O BONTYPRIDD
TRWY BERFFAITH UNIAD AWEN Y
NAILL A PHERORIAETH YLLALL
RHODDASANT O DYNERWCH EU CARIAD
AT GYMRU ANTHEM Y GENELL-----
HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

A strange language, is it not? But this is the land of poets, singers and bards from early times to the present, and their feeling found full expression in this ancient tongue. Try to read this inscription. Y is pronounced EE. DD is pronounced TH. LL is THL somewhat like aTHLeTe. W is OO. If this seems impossible I shall relent and give you its translation: "In memory of Evan James, 1809-1878 and James James, 1832-1902, father and son, of Pontypridd, who, inspired by a deep and tender love of their native land, united poetry and song and gave to Wales her National Anthem, Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau". This song's beautiful melody may be found in a publication which I believe is called Folk Songs of England, Ireland and Wales. Any large bookstore should have the book. Several other Welsh songs are given therein, including Ar Hyd Y Nos, All Through the Night, which I recall Grandpa Evans singing in Welsh. Here is the National Anthem and its literal or prose translation, which I prefer to any other version. Note that the Welsh is in true rhyme.

Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau

1. Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion enwogwn o fri,
Ei gwrol ryfelwr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Cytgan

Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad!
Tra môr yn fur, i'r bur hoff bau
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

2. Hen gymou fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
mentydd, afonydd i mi.

3. Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
Ni luddiwyd yr Awen gan erchyll law brad
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Land of my Fathers

1. The old land of my fathers is dear to me;
The land of poets and minstrels, famous men of rank.
Her manly warriors, very noble patriots
Have for freedom shed their blood.

Chorus

Wales, Wales! I am devoted towards my Wales!
Whilst the sea remains as a wall
To protect this pure beloved land,
O, let the ancient language remain!

2. Mountainous old Wales, the paradise of the bard!
Every valley, every cliff to my sight is beautiful;
With this feeling of patriotism, how charming
Is the murmur of her brooks and rivers to me!
3. Granted that the enemy* has trodden the land
Under his feet, the ancient language of the Welsh
Is as alive as ever! The muse has not been checked
By the hideous hand of treachery, nor has
The melodious harp of my land been silenced.
-

A MISSIONARY IN WALES

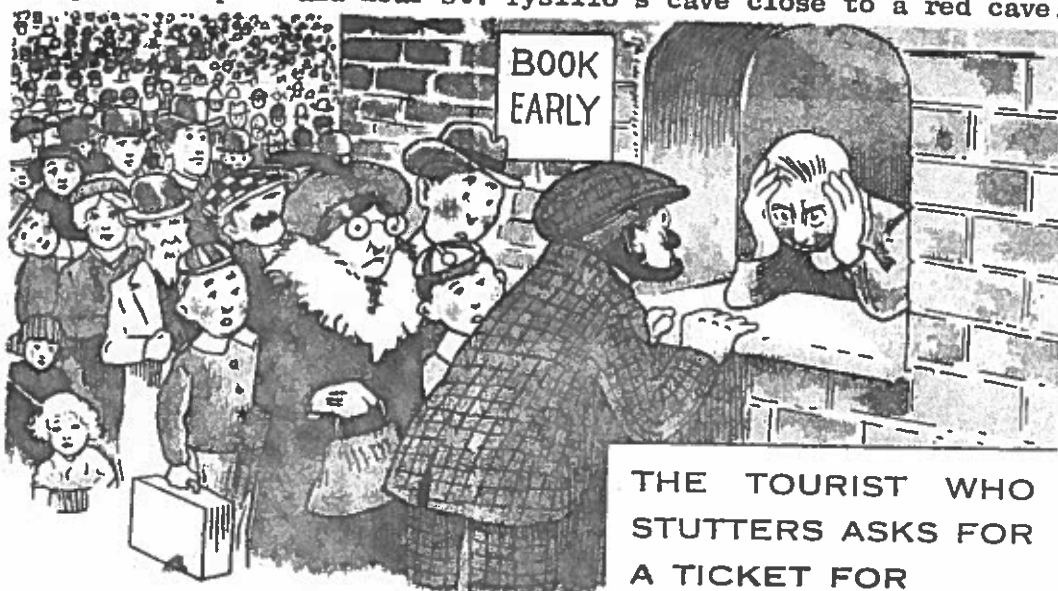
I served in the British Mission, which at that time covered all the British Isles, from the 28th of April 1937 to the 9th of June, 1939. I served the first few weeks under Joseph J. Cannon and the balance of the time with Hugh B. Brown. The Millennial Chorus, consisting of 16 elders, of which I was a member, was sent on a special assignment to Merthyr Tydfil in 1938 and during this assignment I first visited Pontypridd. When I was released at Sheffield I headed for Wales again. As I wished to see something of the entire principality I entered Wales just south of Liverpool at Chester in the North and traversed its entire beautiful length. In some villages in the North Central portion, I found people speaking Welsh as their common language, and one young fellow had great difficulty speaking enough English to give me road directions. I travelled by thumb to conserve funds, and in many areas there were few motorists so I did a great deal of walking. Those who picked me up were very friendly and willing to share information about their homeland with me.



Typical Welsh costume
of the 1800's.

Emlyn Williams, Welsh author and playwright who is from the Northern part of the Principality, wrote in his autobiography that under the tutelage of a skilled teacher in his home town school, he found it very easy to learn French with his native Welsh as a starting point, and he became fluent in French both written and spoken. Pont, or Bont in Old Welsh, for example, means bridge in both Welsh and French.

I travelled from Chester to beautiful Conway Bay, where ahead were high, wild hills, with the blue St. George's Channel on my right. On to Bangor and across the suspension bridge to Anglesey Island, where, I suppose, the only reason for my visit is the little village where I bought a postcard and sent it home to Grandpa Evans. Its name is Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch. Now, break this all up into four letter syllable and good luck to you! It translates into "The church of St. Mary in a wood of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near St. Tysilio's cave close to a red cave."



THE TOURIST WHO
STUTTERS ASKS FOR
A TICKET FOR

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOCERYCHWYRNDROBWL-LLANTYSILIOGOGOGUCH!

Back to Bangor, then on to Caernarvon and its great Castle, still in good condition. Then to Llanberis and past the snowy peaks of Mount Snowdon to Snowdon Pass, and on through Shrewsbury to Ludlow, once home of the poet John Milton. At Woolferton my thumb stopped a large van. I asked the driver if he was bound for Hereford but he was headed for Cardiff, so I hopped in to rest blistered feet. On to Leominster to Weobley which is quite close to Hay, but Hay could wait a few more days! On through Brecon to Breconshire to Cefn and

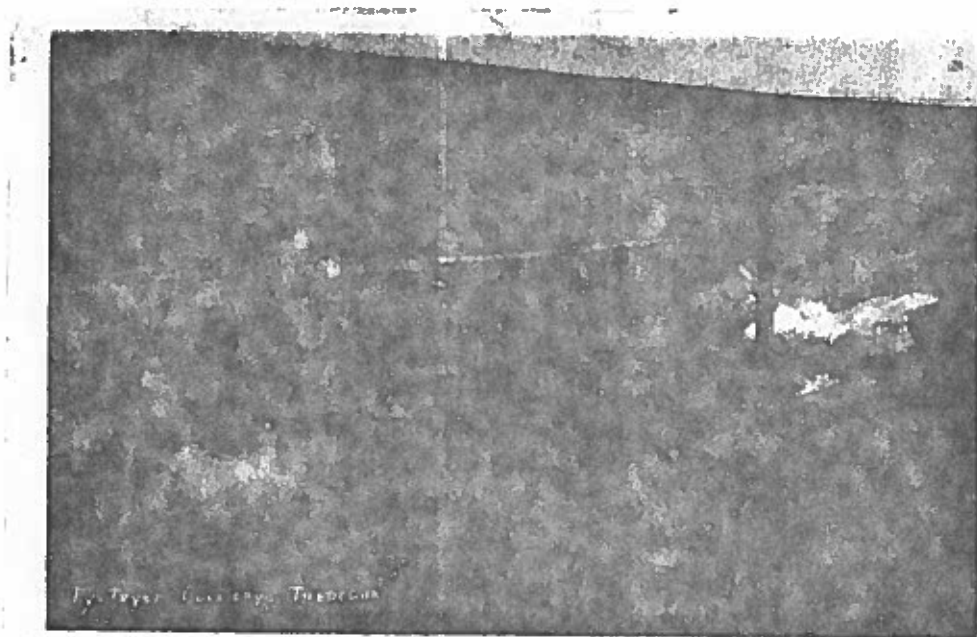
ROMAN, NORMAN AND
*Wales' English Conquerors

Merthyr Tydfil. I walked almost to Dowlais then caught a bus to Tredegar for 11 pence (22 cents back then.)

I MEET RELATIVES IN TREDEGAR

Tredegar: pronounced Tree dee ger, which translates: Tre: from tref, town, which originally meant homestead, home of the chief of a clan or of a family. Tegar: name of a person, OR may mean Teg: beautiful and Ar: plowed land.

Tredegar is located in the English shire of Monmouth near the borders of South Wales, but its Welsh inhabitants think of it as Welsh county. It is located at the head of the Sirhowy Valley which is one of many which run Southward towards the River Severn and Bristol Channel. Tredegar is a busy place of over 20,000 inhabitants, though it now shows little of the great bustle of a century ago when iron works brought industrial development to Tredegar and other valley towns of South Wales. Here the great Ty Trist coal mine and others brought forth their millions of tons of coal to feed the smelting furnaces. Ty: (Tee): House. Trist: sadness, sorrow.

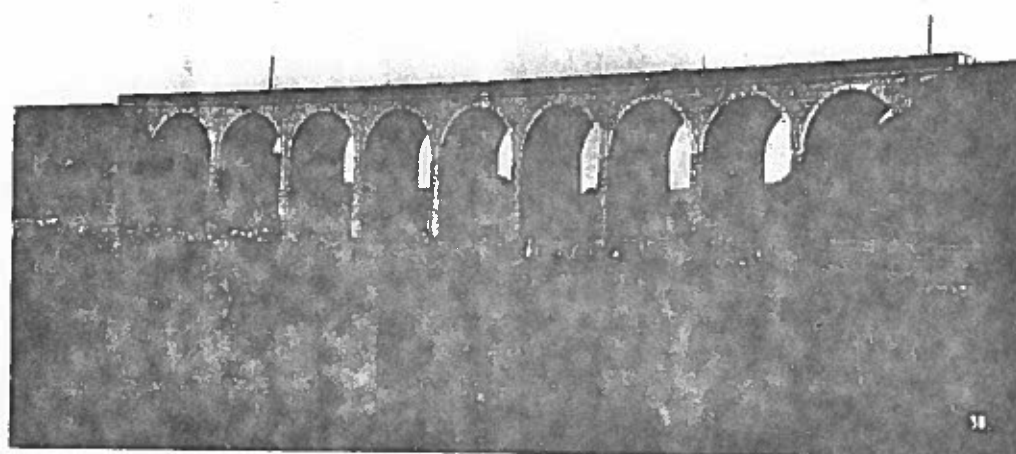


Ty Trist, where Grandpa worked for a time. Note long rows of houses beyond the mine.

Back then, the London Midland & Scottish Railway and also the Great Western pushed their steel roadways into the Welsh valleys to carry coal, pig iron and steel to manufacturing centers at home and abroad. Back then, newspapers of the area published most of their news in the old Celtic Welsh language.

Tredegar's principal features: The Nine Arches, a railway viaduct of native stone which is north of the town and spans the narrow upper reaches of the Sirhowy. Also worthy of a visit is beautiful Bodwellty Park. Bed: Old

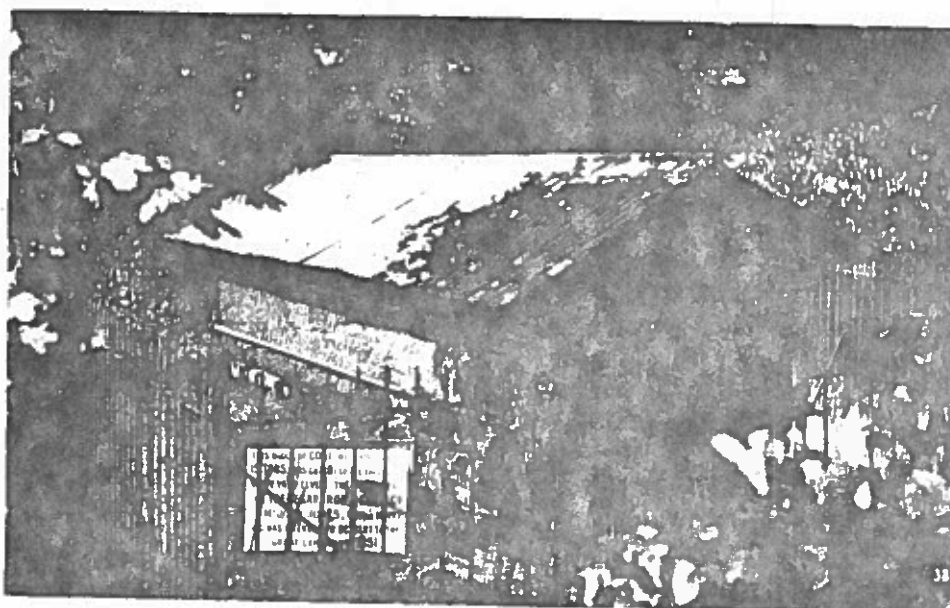
English bead: house. Well, pronounced welth, comes from gwellt: straw. Ty: in this instance, is shortened from ti-gweddy, pronounced goo-wethee; prayer. Hence: Prayer House of Straw.



S 19652

THE NINE ARCHES, TREDEGAR.

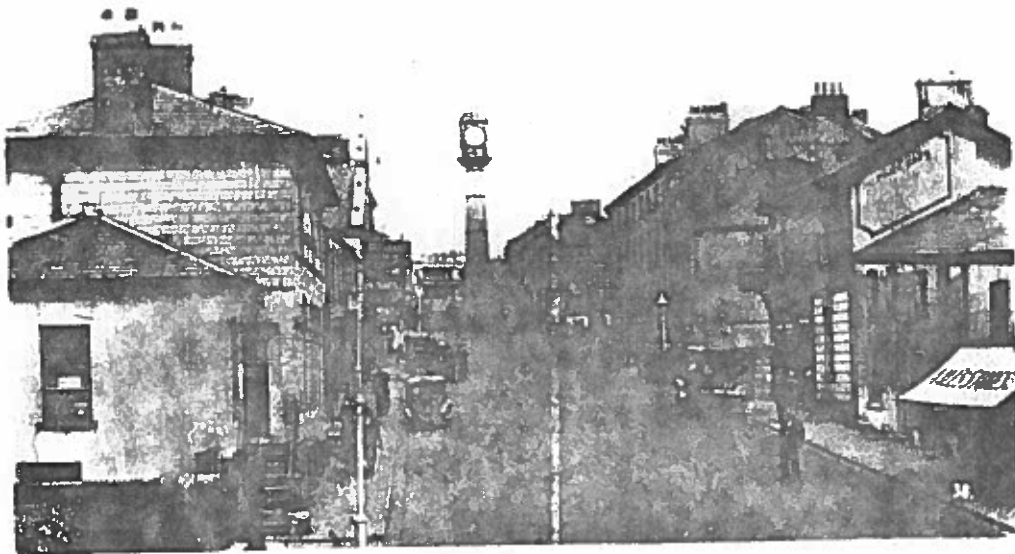
This park is located just off the principal street and has a lovely bowling green and recreational area, and also features a 15-ton block of coal which was mined in 1851 for the great London Exhibition. Resting on an old iron coal-tram car, it is sheltered by a canopy to protect it from the elements and is surrounded by a spiked iron fence to protect it from souvenir hunters.



S 17100

BLOCK OF COAL, BEDWELTY PARK, TREDEGAR

Two of the main business streets are Morgan and Castle, and are marked by the great four-sided clock which stands on a tall pedestal in a circle into which the main streets lead. Both the park, with its great lump of coal and the big clock were a must on my list to visit, as both my father and grandfather had preserved them well in memory. I also remember the newspapers and magazines which came from Tredegar, sent to my grandfather by his nephew Will Manship, son of his sister Sarah, which came to Shiprock regularly for years. They were a source of interest to me and I read them from cover to cover.



19087.

MORGAN STREET & CLOCK, TREDEGAR.

Trees of Bedwelty Park can be seen beyond the clock. Grandpa Evans used to set his watch by this old clock on the way to work in the mine.



19088.

CASTLE STREET & CLOCK, TREDEGAR.

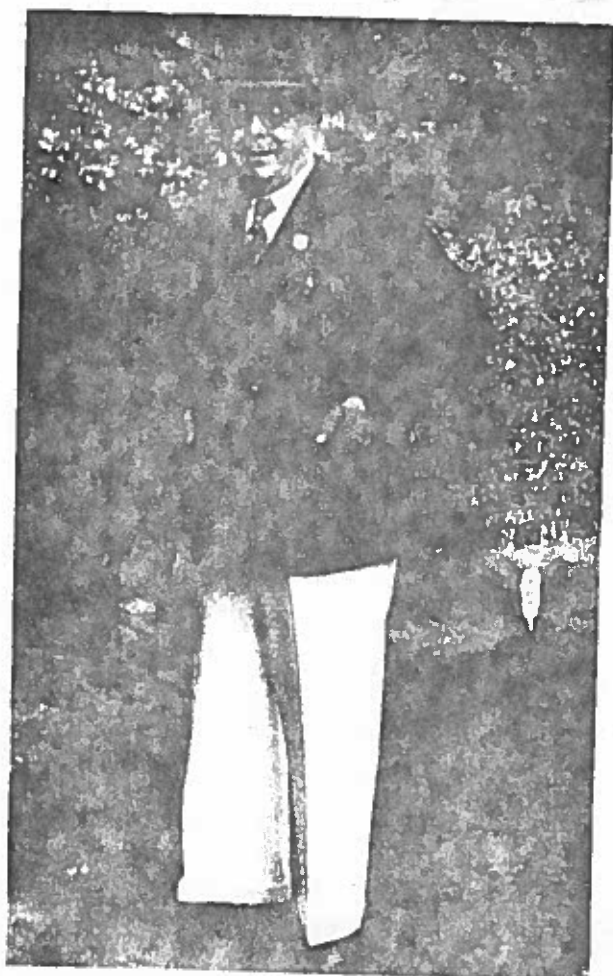
As my bus pulled into Tredegar, I recognized the Clock, and had a drink of water from a fountain at the base of its tower, then inquired for 100 Glyn Terrace, where Will Manship had lived since his marriage to Mary Watkins. I

was told that because of the distance I should take a bus going down the Newport road, only to discover that I could have walked down this three-fourths of a mile in a few minutes.

The house was typical, a long row of apartments under one long roof, the front door right on the sidewalk. My knock brought Mary Manship to the door. She was a sweet-faced, not too heavily built, middle-aged person, brown hair turning grey. She made me warmly welcome then found a lad to send for Will who was bowling on the green with friends up in Bedwellty Park. Will came down the road in a hurry, puffing from the heat and puffing on his pipe. Will was a stockily built person of about 5½ feet in height. He was a postman in Tredegar for a good many years, and at the time of my visit had been retired for some time. He bore a strong resemblance to his mother, Sarah Evans Manship. Because of his occupation he was well known by many inhabitants of Tredegar, and as a member of the lawn-bowling team was proficient enough to travel about the district with his team in bowling contests. We visited while Mary fixed a delicious lunch. After eating, Will took me back afoot up to the opposite end of town to 10 Earl Street, which was for many years the home of Will and his mother Sarah. There I met Will's sister, Caroline Phillips, then down at the (Park?) Cinema, we met Mr. Phillips, who worked as a doorman at the Cinema.



Mary Watkins Manship, in the garden behind her home, 100 Glyn Terrace, Tredegar.



Left. William J. Manship, son of Robert and Sarah Evans Manship, in his bowling jacket, on the Green at Bedwellty Park, Tredegar. He is a nephew of Grandpa Evans.



Sarah Evans Manship, right, first of four generations. Also seated is her daughter Caroline Manship Phillips; standing is Edith Phillips Morgan, and her son Lyndon Morgan.

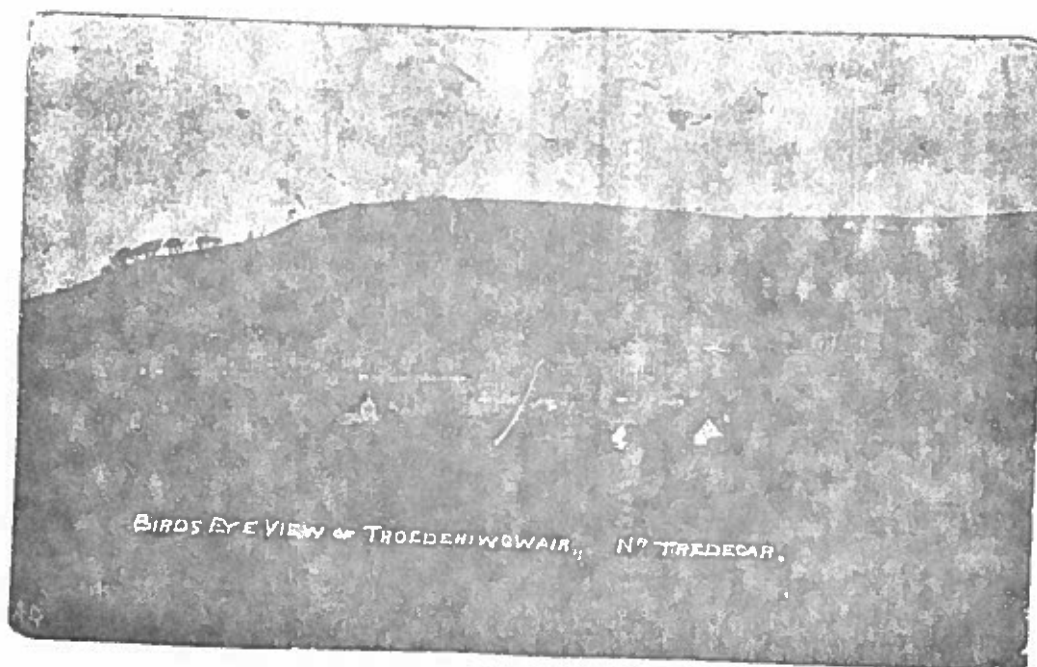


Above: Will Manship, 4th from right, before his marriage to Mary Watkins. The group is on an outing, probably to bowl. Notice the open-topped bus, called a CHAR-A-BANC. The fabric cover is rolled up at the back, and in wet weather can be brought up over the bus and snapped in place.

Will showed me an old water wheel which used to carry water out of one of the mines, then took me to the entrance of the mine where Grandpa Evans worked for a time. Next day I went with Will to several very old rows of houses in an area called Spout Row, where his mother was born to William and Caroline Lee Evans. A thick stone fence with an iron spout sticking out of the wall gives the place its name.

From Spout Row we went on up the side of the valley to Cefn Golau Cemetery. There I visited the graves of Caroline Lee and of Will's parents Robert and Sarah Evans Manship. Caroline Lee was born at Tredegar to Thomas and Sarah Lee on the 31st of July 1821 or 22, and died at 59 on the 4th of January 1881. Since this occurred ten years before her son Thomas left Wales, he was surely present, though he made no mention of it that I can recall. I will make further mention of other relatives as the narrative goes along.

As the day was sunny and clear, we had a good view of the town and of the valley in which it is situated, from Cefn Golau. Cefn: pronounced Keven: ridge. Golau: light, suggesting a well-lighted or sunlit ridge. Then we went straight down over the hill to Glyn Terrace. After lunch and a restful nap, Will and his motherless nephew Gerald Watkins (a young lad who kept singing around the house, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing") took me farther down the valley to Bedwellty Pits, a mining complex where Grandpa once worked. We walked across the Sirhowy River bridge to Troedrhiwgwair, where Grandpa's family lived before they moved back to Ynysybwl, near Pontypridd, their last home in the Old Country.



Troedrhiwgwair translates to Troed: foot. Rhiw: hillock, or small hill. Gwair: modern Welsh for hay. Hence: Foot of the hillock producing hay. From there we walked back home. I was much in need of a bath but since Will's house did not have a bath tub, I went across the street and down a ways to the home of Mary's brother, Chris Watkins, and wife, where I enjoyed the luxury of a tub filled with hot water.

I should explain that while civic authorities and builders in Great Britain are doing a great deal to improve living conditions, even to the installation of central heating systems (what a blessing!) there are yet many millions of homes in which not even a bathroom is provided. A small brick cubicle out by the alley fence in the back yard is fitted with a flush toilet. Many homes yet have only a cold water tap in the kitchen. Water main pressures are generally not high. A large metal tank, open at the top, and fitted with a float valve, sits in the attic of most houses. This is called a cistern. This is connected to the water main. The valve controls the flow of water into the cistern. From the cistern a pipe runs down into the kitchen for the cold water tap. I was surprised to see all the plumbing and water supply and drain pipes fastened externally to many houses. I am sure that as new houses are constructed provision will be made for heating ducts, concealed plumbing, central heating, and all other modern conveniences people are entitled to.

Cooking is done over an open grate, fitted on either side by cast-iron compartments for baking, warming food, etc. In earlier times, even these compartments were lacking and raised loaves were taken to a central bake-house for baking, then taken home. Clothes were dried on wooden racks which are pulled by ropes and pulleys to the kitchen ceiling where they take advantage of heat from the kitchen fire. Many cities still provide public bath houses to make up for the lack of bathing facilities in homes. There one may use first, second or third-class baths. I was glad to use such facilities on many occasions in different towns in Britain. Although gas produced from coal was extensively used for lighting rooms even in such a city as Liverpool in the late thirties, coal and coke were used almost exclusively for heating and cooking. Each room was fitted with a small fireplace. Firewood was scarce and expensive,

sold in small bundles in hardware stores, so we used to roll up newspaper pages into tight balls and use these to start the coal burning. It was a real experience to huddle over these small fires in a chilly damp room and try to keep warm. I am grateful that progress is being made in this direction and that homes are being made more comfortable and liveable.

I recorded in my journal under date of June 10th that I had very much enjoyed my stay with Will and Mary, but regretted that I had not stopped off at Weobley on the way down and made my way to Hay in Breconshire, in search of family history. I also hoped that the weather prophets were correct in saying that next week would offer clear weather.

While still in Tredegar, we went to the old Ty Trist mine which Grandpa Evans mentioned often, and also went to the old Whithworth Drift Mine. The following day Will and I took a bus down the valley to Argoed where we called at the house of a daughter of Hannah Evans Powles, Grandpa's older sister. Will Dodd, her husband, was at home and we visited there a while before going on to meet Hannah's son, Edwin Powles, named after his father, and Edwin's wife.



Left: Edwin and Hannah Evans Powles, who lived at 3 Gelynos Avenue, Argoed, near Blackwood, Monmouthshire. She is the elder sister of Thomas Evans. Note the resemblance of Sylvia Evans Black to her Aunt Hannah.

We were served lunch and had a most interesting visit. We went to the house of Emma Powles Tebbins and she was not home, but we met Emma's daughter and husband by the name of Gowd. From there we walked up over the hill to Bedwellty Parish Church, where the widowed Caroline Iae Evans married William Williams, widower, son of Edward Williams, who was born in Wrexham, North Wales and was a miner.

...

...

Returned to the Acts at Sao Paulo, at Selying Cathedral. 11. Night

Adamo Sorcio, et Scyllium Gallicum 11. Regia.

Cap. XXXVI, et Anno Primo Fictio, P. 122, C. 157.

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1865 Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Deddell. In the County of Worcester.

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname, Rank or Profession, Religion
317	May 21	William Willard	48	Married	Miner	New Site	Edward Willard Decade at
		Martha Evans	48	Married	—	New Site	Thomas Deaf Decade at

Married in the Parish of St Andrew according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Catholic Apostolic Church, by David
or other David

They married
was maintained
between us.

William Williams
Geo. Frank Coburn

In the
presence
of us.

The Mark & Will Cleaveland
The Mark & Will Cleaveland

Peter D. T. Morgan

I further certify the above to be a True Copy of the Register Marriage Entry No. 137 Page 189 in the Marriage Register Book. No. 1 in the Parish of Beccles Given under my hand, this 21 day of May 1897 in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and eighty seven Edmund Harpam

by the act of 6 & 7 11th July 1860 and, it is enacted, That every HATCH, Yearling Calf, and every HEFTER, INTERESTING OFFER, and SKEWER, who shall have the benefit of the Time being of any PARTIAL, BORN or BIRTH, Death, or MARRIAGE, shall at all reasonable Times allow themselves to be made of any HATCHER under his hand or any PARTIAL or FATHER in the year, on Payment of the Fee herein-after en-acted; it is so en-acted, for every HATCH extending over a period not more than One Year: the sum of One Shilling, and Sixpence additional for every additional Year, and the Sum of Two Shillings and Sixpence for every single Calf, and the Sum

This wedding took place on the 21st of May, 1865. The air was clear and the view beautiful. From here we walked down over the hills to the road and took a bus back to Tredegar. I will mention more about William Evans and Caroline Lee as we go along.

On Monday the 12th of June, I said my farewells to Mary, who wept as I departed, and to Gerald, then walked in rain with Will up to the center of town. I decided to take a bus and Will went with me as far as Abergavenny, where the sun was shining, and there we parted for the time being. My first ride by thumb took me as far as the town of Brecon, then a van advertising Jacob's Biscuits, (cookies to us) took, via a couple of interesting sales stops, right into Hay. Mrs. Jones and her daughter at the Market Cafe, rented me an upstairs room with a very low ceiling, a candle and the window for light, and a bed, for two shillings a night (50 cents back then).

HAY, IN BRECONSHIRE - HEREFORDSHIRE

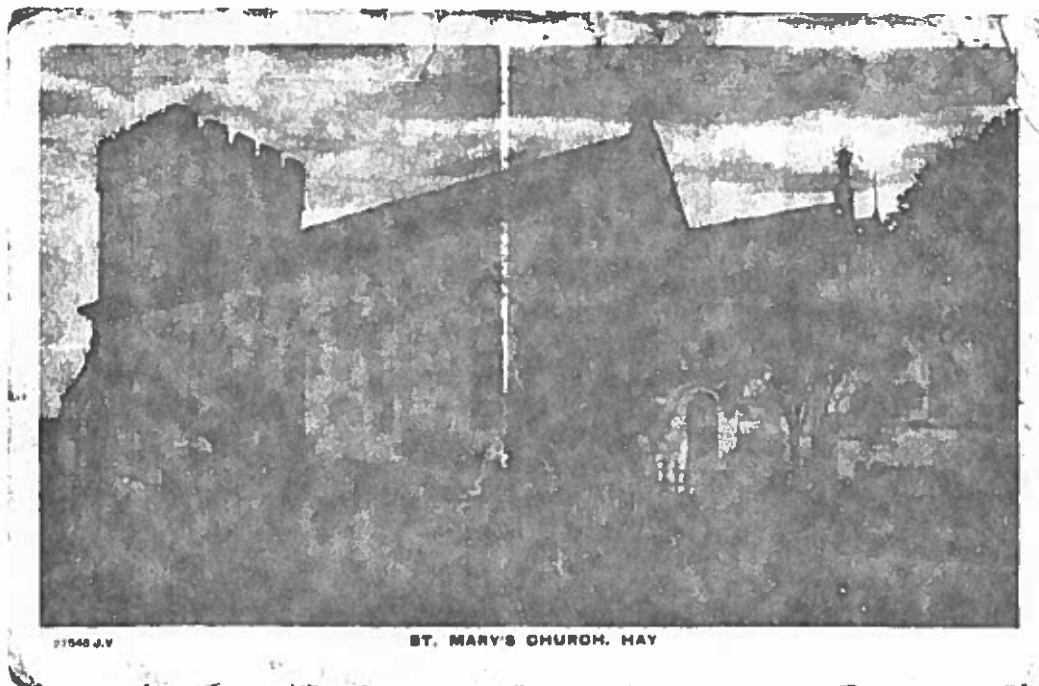
The market town of Hay rests on the South bank of the Wye River in the rolling, lovely hills of Breconshire. Each little village has its parish church and the bells ring out on a Sunday morning, calling all to come and worship. Hay is situated twenty miles northwest of Hereford, the nearest Cathedral city in Herefordshire with a population of about 20,000. Hay is an old Norman border town and its recorded history goes back to the 11th century.

The name of the town in Welsh is Y Gelli, pronounced EE Gethly, and means The Wood. Its Norman name is La Haia, which derived from the French Le Haie; compare this name to "The Hague" in Holland; they all translate into Hedge of Enclosure. In ancient times Hay was a walled town and within its walls stood houses, the castle and an ancient parish church dedicated to St. John. The town walls and the old parish church have disappeared. Hay lies so near to the borders of Breconshire and Herefordshire that the railway station for Hay is in England, the rest of the town is in Wales.

Market day is on Thursday, when from this rich agricultural center farmers bring to the market square in Hay their fowl, swine, cattle, horses, plus whatever other produce they wish to sell in the proper season. In the 1880's Hay had a population of about 2,000. At the time of my visit the town had declined to about 1370 inhabitants. I was intrigued by the "gentleman farmers" who thronged into Hay on Market Day. They were well dressed in well-fitting corduroy or Harris Tweed coats, waistcoat or sweater, hard collar and tie. They wore woolen trousers and sturdy boots. . .not called boots over there. Most of them wore mutton-chop whiskers, in which the chin is clean-shaven but the cheeks and upper lip are bearded. They each presided over their enclaves of cattle, horses, poultry, etc., and most had a farm helper along to watch over things in case they became thirsty and needed to head for the nearest pub for a spot of ale.

St. Mary is now the Patron Saint of the Established Church for Hay since St. John's ministry ceased when the ancient church fell into disrepair and was abandoned. The Established Church is the Church of England (Episcopal), founded by King Henry VIII after his dispute with the Roman Pope over Ann

Boleyn. St. Mary's headquarters for Hay is the beautiful old stone parish church of that name, which overlooks the banks of the Wye where wild flowers and dogwood burst into bloom.



It is in St. Mary's that records exist of our family line, confirming what Grandpa Evans used to say about his father William Evans: "'E was born in 'ay in the county of Brecon, 'hand 'is wife, my mother, was Caroline Lee."

I went to the Vicarage of St. Mary's and met the Reverend D. Arter Jones, Vicar. He took me over to the church and helped me find entries amongst a bewildering list of William and Thomas and Hannah Evans. I could not be sure which was the correct one, but we recorded a number. Since I was unsure of the date of William Evans' birth, the Vicar was unwilling then to spend more time with me. I left the church and looked over headstones in the churchyard, then went to a grocery store and bought some articles of food for my supper which I ate on the banks of the Wye, then returned to the Market Cafe and bedded down by candlelight. I ate a few meals at the Market Cafe, but in order to conserve my money I frequented the little grocery store more than I did the Cafe, and Mrs. Jones and daughter eyed me with ever-increasing suspicion, which I minded not at all.

Next morning I returned to St. Mary's and copied more names for about six hours. As I could find no other source of information, the Vicar told me I might have to go to Camarthen in Carmarthenshire where the original records were stored; his records are called Bishop's Transcripts and are retained in the parish church of origin. I wrote to Will Manship for more information but his reply, while encouraging, did not provide any other leads.

I visited other nearby villages searching for leads; Clyro, Cusop, Clifford, on and on. I visited Glasbury some eight miles up river from Hay,



T. D. Nutt, Ph.C., M.P.S., Photo **The Welsh Border at Hay**
Bridge over the Dulas Brook, with Old Toll House



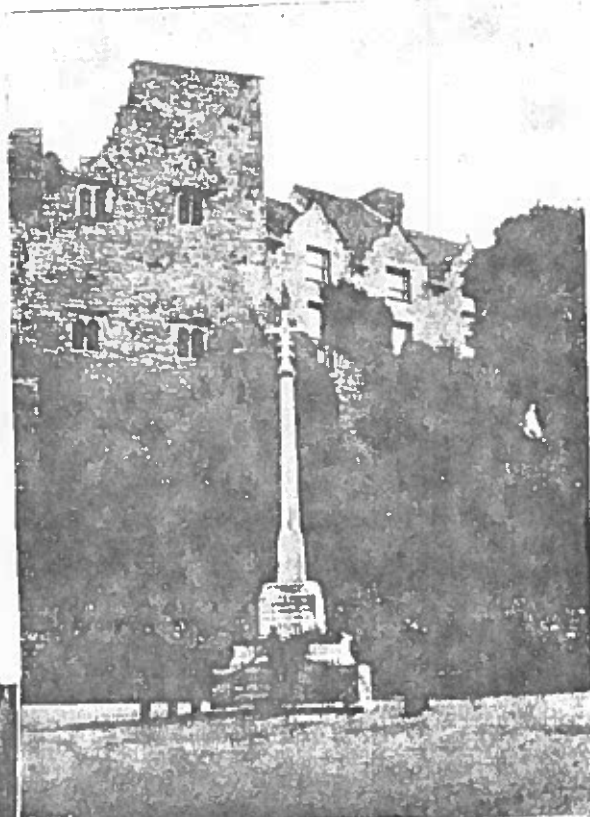
T. D. Nutt, Ph.C., M.P.S., Photo **River Wye, from the Warren, Hay**
with town in background
A very picturesque walk with delightful river scenery



Copyright]

The Castle, Hay

[Raphael Tuck & Sons Ltd,



T. D. Nutt, Ph.C., M.P.S., Photo

Hay Castle

Showing portion of old ruins, with Elizabethan house incorporated on right, and War Memorial in foreground

Broad Street Hay

Which, presenting
a reposeful air,
exhibits a scene of
great animation on
market day



T. D. Nutt,
Ph.C., M.P.S.,
Photo

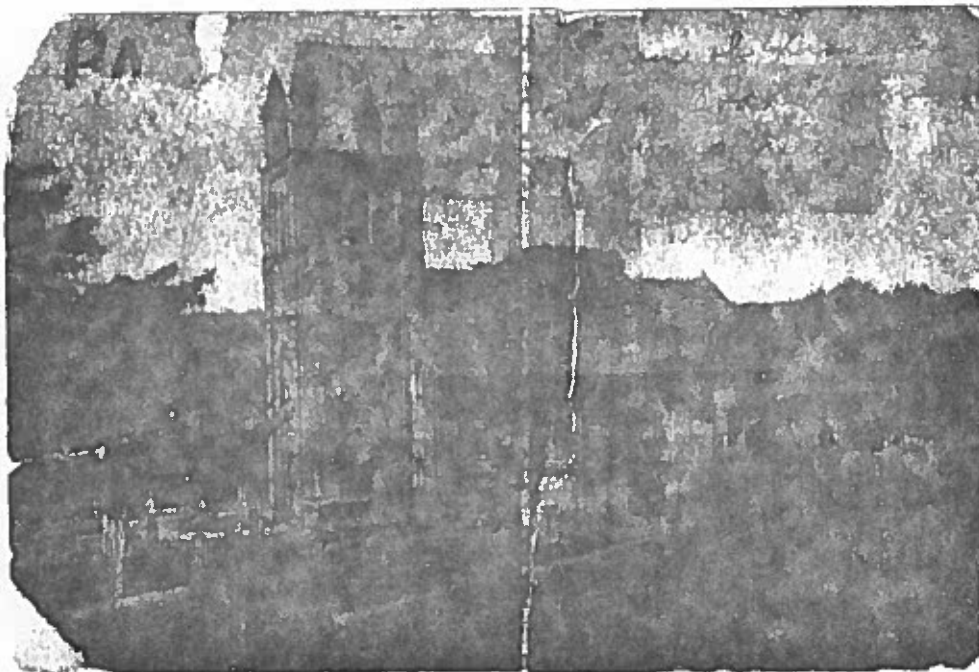


T. D. Nutt, Ph.C., M.P.S., Photo

General View of Hay
from the North

Scenes in and around Hay, in Breconshire where
William Evans and Caroline Lee lived.

where Grandpa told me he once travelled from Pontypridd on his perpetual wanderings, and at St. Peter's Church met his father's brother, Thomas Evans and his uncle's son Thomas and adopted son, Edward. But the Church was closed; the vicar was absent and I could find no leads without his assistance and cooperation. We should also search Llanigon Parish Records.



St. Peter's parish church, Glasbury-on-Wye, Radnorshire.

So this, then, is the area, this the town, the church, where William Evans, my Great-grandfather, son of Thomas and Hannah Evans, was christened in St. Mary's Parish Church on the 29th of December, 1816. Christopher Carr, curate, officiated. We verify this date by checking the 1851 census for Tredegar, at 16 High Street, Tredegar: William Evans, head of household, age 35, wife Caroline and children, Hannah and Thomas. Subtract 35 from 1851 and you have 1816, the year he was christened, probably a few days after birth.

Since Hay is strictly an agricultural area, we can only assume under what conditions this child grew to young manhood. His father was described on his son's marriage certificate as a farmer. It is doubtful that he was a landed farmer. Unless one was a landed proprietor, and landed men were usually men of means and generally of a much higher caste, the only hope for a child of lowly birth was to hire out to a farmer or to a tenant farmer. In either case, he was little more than a slave, with hard, long hours of work for menial wages. Since the mines and foundries of South Wales had need of workers, he left the Wye Valley and moved to Tredegar, attracted by the idea of steady work with a steady income. Here he met Caroline Lee, of English descent.

THOMAS AND SARAH LEE

Our history of the Lees is somewhat sketchy; most of it was given to me by Thomas Evans. Recently searchers have turned up the information that

Thomas Lee was born in the English Shire of Worcester, in a parish whose name is so smudged that we are unable yet to decipher it: Anson, something of that nature. He worked for a time in the slate quarries at Clee Hill near Ludlow in Shropshire, before moving on to Tredegar to become a miner.

His wife Sarah (no maiden surname found as yet) was born in the ancient English town of Glastonbury in Somersetshire, some distance southeast of Tredegar and across the Bristol Channel. Their first child was John Lee who married a Sarah. Maria Lee married Reece Morgan and had children James and John. Mary Ann Lee married twice; one was Thomas Heynes, the other, Richard Davies. Her children were Ann (Mary Ann?), John and Thomas. Then our Caroline, born the 31st of July, 1921 at Tredegar, whom I have previously mentioned.

William Evans formerly of Hay and Caroline Lee of Tredegar were married the 15th of October, 1845 in Nebo Baptist Chapel at Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire. Witnesses to this ceremony were Caroline's brother and sister, John Lee and Mary Ann Heynes. (See marriage certificate next page.)

To continue with the Lee family: Elizabeth Lee married Albert Clapp. To this couple was born Tom, Mary Ann, George and Elizabeth. Mary Ann married a shoe man in Bristol.

I met George Clapp in 1939 after I had left Wales for the last time and was thumbing my way to London. It rained steadily all that day and when I reached Burnham-on-Sea in Somersetshire and looked him up, I was much in need of hospitality, but George Clapp did not offer it and after a short visit I went on my way in the rain. He was running a garage at the time, and was not a hospitable man, at least in his conversation with me. Thomas and Jane Ann visited George's parents at times, and probably went there before leaving for America, as they also paid a visit to Thomas' sisters and their families before saying farewell. Grandpa often told me as a boy that two members of this family drowned at sea in a small boat off the shore of Burnham-on-Sea, but I did not recall this and George said nothing about it. He remembered Willie, Johnny and Tommy well, and asked me to inquire of my father about the time "Willie got lost in Burnham-on-Sea." I have long since forgiven George for not taking me in. I continued on in the rain as far as Chard where I found a comfortable bed, and went on to Salisbury and to London the next day. George was probably suffering from the common complaint of "prejudicitis."

The last member of the Lee family of which I have record is Matilda, who apparently did not marry. In a letter dated 30 June, 1939, while I was still in Tredegar which I wrote to my parents, I made this notation: "Thomas Lee emigrated to America about 1852 with son John and wife Sarah Lee and daughter Matilda." At this writing (1972) I do not recall the source of my information. I have written for a check of passenger lists for that period to verify their emigration, entry into this country and possible destination. If this fails I shall try to establish contact with Clapps who may still be living at Burnham and request information.

1845. Marriage Solemnized

at the Chapel in the

Parish of St. Lawrence in the County of San Francisco

on the 10th day of April 1845.

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Evidence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
1	1845	William James	21	Single	Farmer	Testimony of the Minister of the Gospel.	James James	Farmer
2	1845	Elizabeth	21	Single	Housewife	Testimony of the Minister of the Gospel.	James James	Farmer

Married in the

presence of

according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the

Church of St. Lawrence

by me James James

Minister of the Gospel.

This Marriage was Solemnized between us,

William James and Elizabeth

in the presence of

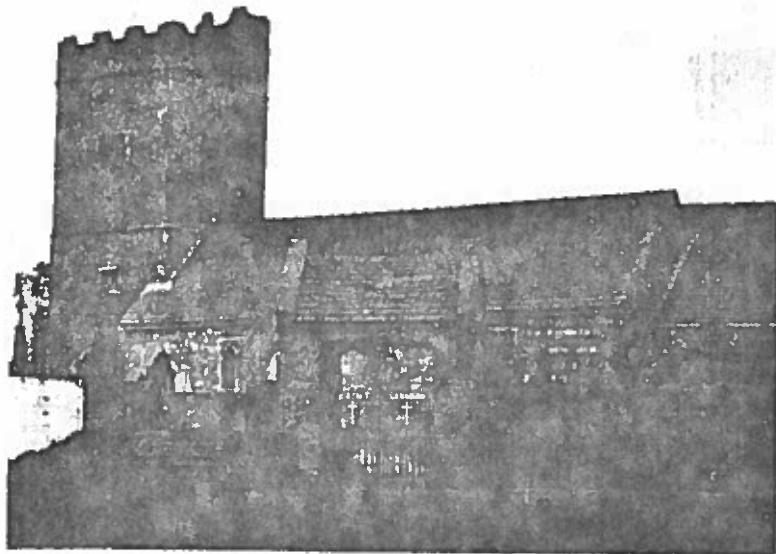
James James Minister of the Gospel.

James James Minister of the Gospel.

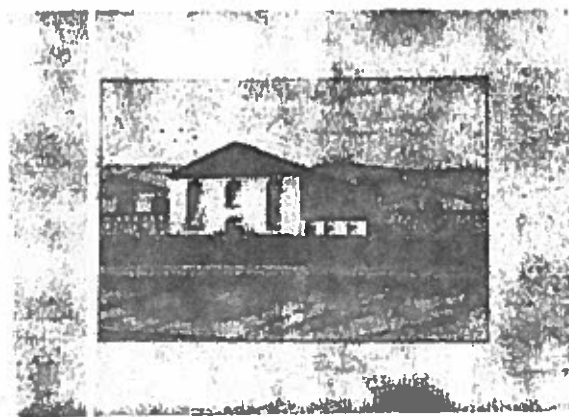
I certify that the above written is a true copy of an entry in a Register Book of Marriages in the District of San Francisco

H. Hughes, Try, Portland.

Register.



Left: Eglwysilan Parish Church, near Pontypridd, where Thomas Evans and Jane Ann Coles were married in 1876.

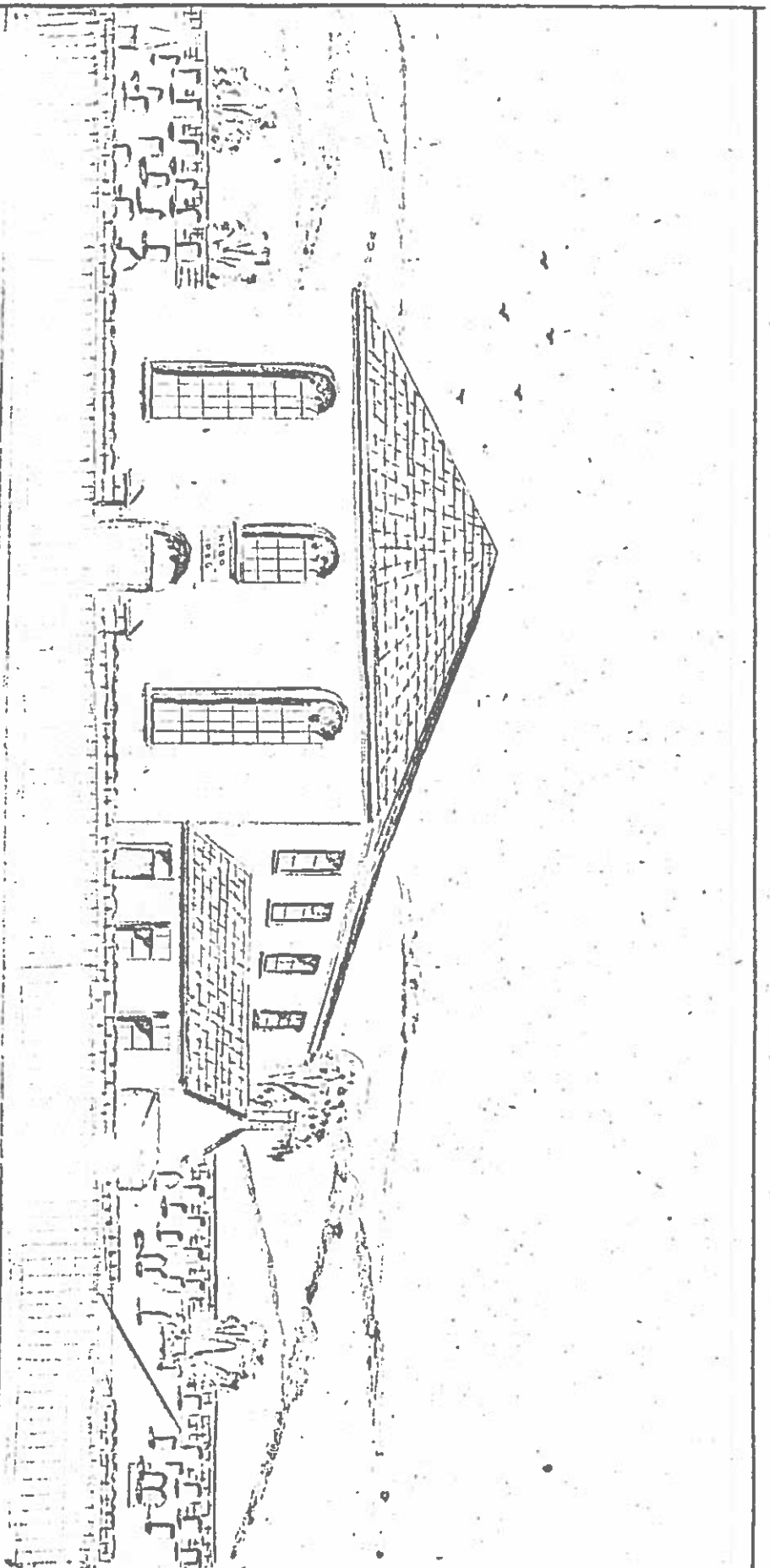


Right: Nebo Baptist Chapel, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, England, where William Evans and Caroline Lee were married in 1845.



Left: Bedwellty Parish Church, near Tredegar, Monmouthshire, England.

It is probably this church from which William Evans was buried following his death from a mine accident. Here his widow, Caroline Lee Evans married William Williams who was a native of Wrexham, Denbighshire, North Wales.



Nebo Baptist Chapel at Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, England, where William Evans and Caroline Lee were married in 1845.

Dedicated in 1826, it has recently been demolished and all the graves covered in an improvement program for the town. All that remains is the tall pointed tombstone to the right of the chapel annex, erected to the memory of the Chapel's fourth pastor, noted poet John Emlyn Jones, remembered for his Welsh epic, "Beddy Dyn Tylawd" (The Pauper's Grave).

William and Caroline Evans had three children. Hannah, probably named after her grandmother, was born 14 July, 1846 at Tredegar and died 27 November, 1910. She married Edwin Powles on the 3rd of June, 1876. Her known children to me were Edwin, Jack, Tom, the Dodd Lady, and Emma. Thomas, of our ancestry, was born next, 10 July, 1849, and died 7 January, 1942, at Shiprock, New Mexico. His life is covered in much more detail as we proceed. Sarah Evans was born 7 October, 1854 at Tredegar. She married Robert Manship in October, 1882. I know of only the two children, William and Caroline. Sarah Evans Manship died 2 May, 1935. On the funeral card which Will Manship sent to his uncle Thomas, these beautiful lines were inscribed: Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms, and let her henceforth be a messenger of love between our human hearts and Thee. In affectionate remembrance of SARAH MANSHIP, who departed this life May 2, 1935, age 80 years, and was interred at Cefn Golau Cemetery, Tredegar, Monmouthshire, May 6, 1935.

ANOTHER MINE CASUALTY

William Evans was badly injured in a mining accident by a fall of rock from the ceiling which pinned him to the floor. His son Thomas was working with him; he was 14 at the time. The frightened lad ran and got a long iron bar and pried the rock up and his injured father pulled himself away, and then the boy ran for help. The injured man died of his injuries nine days later, on the 21st of April, 1863, at New Pits near Bedwelly Pits, down the Sirhowy Valley from Tredegar. Will Manship did not know where he was buried and I did not pursue the search as I was anxious to get on to Breconshire.

THE MARK OF A MINER

Thomas Evans wrote about the date of his birth in a sly way: "I Thomas Evans was born at Tredegar, Monmouthshire on July 10th, 1849. I don't remember much about it." From youth to manhood he wore a full beard which he kept trimmed short. My brother Ralph asked him one day why he wore all this facial covering. He replied that his father had a quick temper, and once in a sudden rage he picked up a piece of coal and threw it at his son. The coal left a permanent blue mark on his face after the wound healed, of which he was ashamed and he grew the beard to cover it. Since all coal lumps in the mine are covered with a layer of fine coal dust, this dust seems to remain in the skin. Rather than appearing black, the scar becomes dark blue. I recall a small blue streak on his cheek beside his nose, which he explained was made by a small piece of coal which fell from the roof of the shaft and struck him there.



Thomas Evans and the
beard he wore from young
manhood. His grandson
Thomas Hlade stands
beside him.

THOMAS EVANS MOVES TO PONTYPRIDD

For a few years Thomas Evans was the breadwinner for his widowed mother and sisters. He remained with them until his mother remarried, then went to Pontypridd.

Let us look at some information about this town. Discovery of coal seams spreading beneath the surface of Glamorgan's most beautiful countryside resulted in tremendous changes during the last century. Pontypridd owes its very existence to coal, and today's population is about 40,000.

Like other towns in South Wales, it is no longer so dependent upon coal production. Other industries, among them aircraft, have brought other payrolls and other occupations to the miners, and it is a teeming industrial center.

Pontypridd is situated at the junction of the Taff and Rhondda Valleys. The imposing battlements of scarred and rugged mountains places the town in the midst of much natural beauty. There is much ugliness, of course, for the years of unrestrained industrial development have left their scars on the hills and valleys. In the midst of all this my father could clearly remember the bluebells abloom, a sight he never forgot, and he asked me to watch for the bluebells in flower.

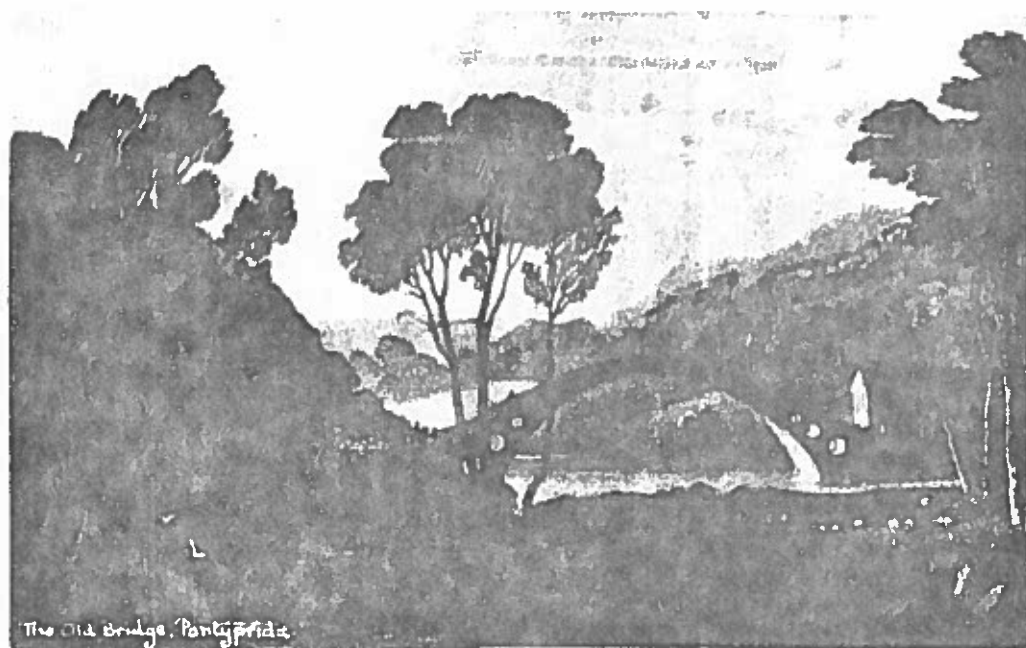
The Old Bridge, which is sometimes called "Bridge of Beauty", throws its graceful span across the Taff River. From this bridge the town gets its name. Pont, or in early Welsh Bont, translates into Bridge. Ty is House or Cottage. It is pronounced Tee. Pridd, pronounced preeth, is earthen, similar perhaps in meaning to our Spanish adobe. The entire translation is: The Bridge near The Earthen Cottage. This single span was built by William Edwards, a self-taught mason, who lived near the town on the Bryntail Farm. In 1750 he contracted with road authorities to build a bridge across the Taff, and for the sum of 50 pounds, to maintain it in good condition for seven years.

His first bridge had three arches, of very good workmanship and design. But a couple of years after its erection a great flood roared down the Taff, carrying considerable debris which lodged against the pillars and accumulated enough water weight to destroy the structure.

Edwards then built a second bridge, this time with a single span of 140 feet, which he hoped would span any floods in the river. This time he ran into engineering problems he could not surmount; the weight of masonry in the abutments pressed inwards towards the center, causing the arch to spring and collapse.

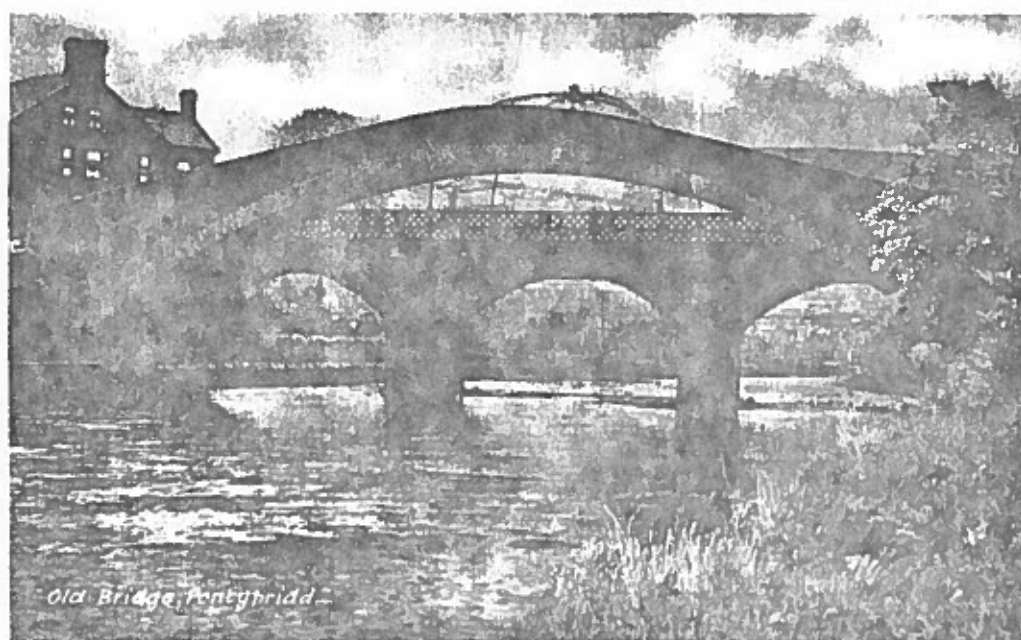
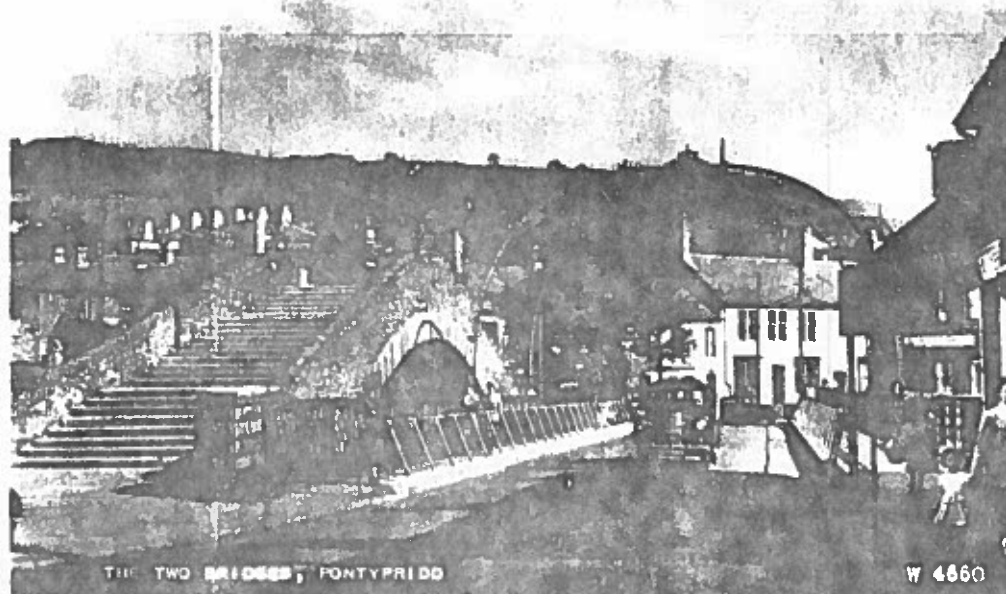
The third bridge was successful. It was completed in 1756. Edwards solved his engineering problems and the Bridge of Beauty has been in continuous use ever since. The bottom of the arch is a perfect segment of a circle, and at low water the arch is 36 feet high.

I do not understand how the Old Bridge could have been used for vehicular traffic, unless in later years its road surface was modified, as this surface is now stepped. Increasingly the Old Bridge was found to be



Left: The old bridge
at Pontypridd
in early times.

Right: The old and
the new, side by
side at Ponty-
pridd. I could
not identify
the old pub at
one end of old
bridge. (See
text.)



Left: The old and
the new.

too steep for vehicular traffic, and in 1857 a three-arch bridge was built beside the older structure. But for many years the elegant single stone bridge was the longest of its kind in the world.

The Taff River rises in the Brecon Beacons (mountains) and flows through Pontypridd on its way to the sea at Cardiff. The Rhondda River has its source in the Craig-y-llyn, some 14 miles before it joins the Taff at Pontypridd.

Coal mining in this area dates from 1790, and its development brought rapid growth and prosperity to the valley towns. Railroads soon entered the area, and coal destined for the seaports of Barry, Cardiff and Penarth had to pass through Pontypridd by rail. The Glamorgan Canal was completed in 1794, connecting Merthyr and Cardiff, and in canal barges considerable tonnage of coal and iron made its way to the coast. In that same year, important tin works were opened at Pontypridd by a Mr. Crawshay, whom I suppose was the iron and steel magnate of Merthyr.

A chain-making plant came into the town early on in the next century, and in these works the gigantic chains for the Lusitania, Mauretania, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, and for many great warships, were manufactured.

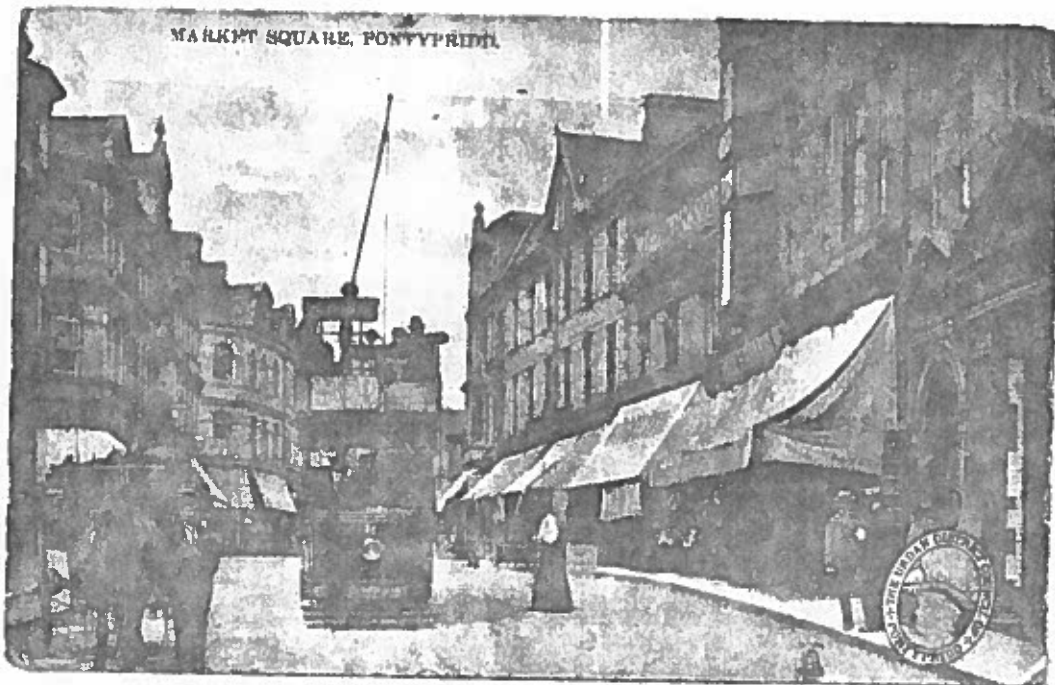
Pontypridd is a shopping, entertainment and recreation area for many neighboring towns. Shoppers and other visitors are estimated to number as high as fifty thousand on a busy Saturday. Looking at photographs of the town, one can understand the whopping traffic congestion in the center of the town, as it was laid out with narrow winding streets many years before traffic was even thought of. Municipal authorities are far-sighted, and many are the plans for continued growth and industrial diversification of the town's industries.

For me the new bridge completely spoils the pure architectural beauty of the old. It is almost within arm's reach. My visit to the old bridge was a "must"; I had been instructed dozens of times by Father and grandfather to walk across it, photograph it and send those photos right home.

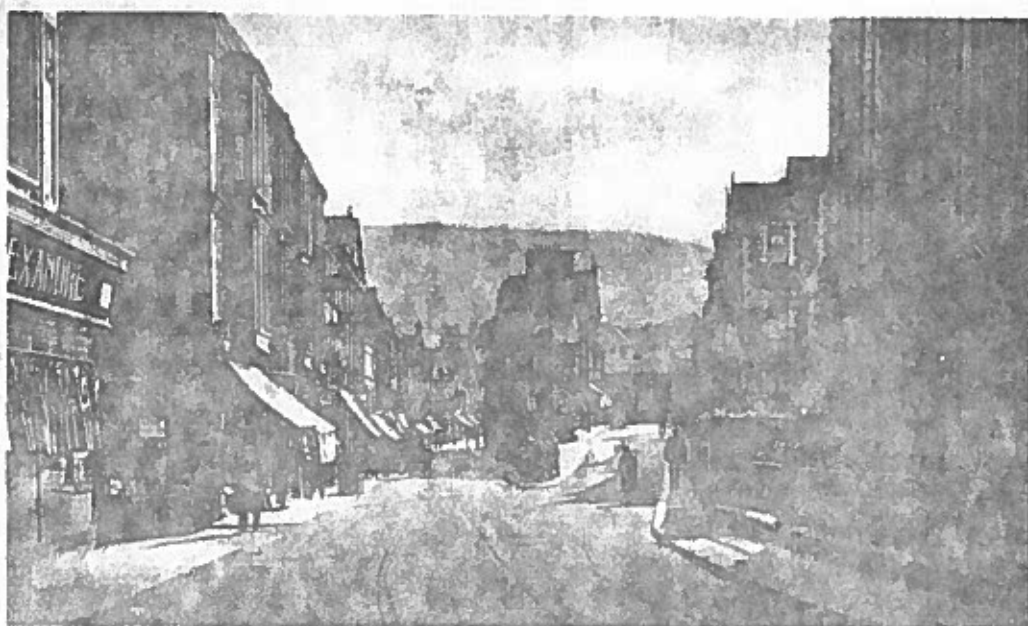
I was also to take special note of the Pub at one end of the bridge, where I suspect that Grandfather Evans and Great-grandfather Coles were wont to repair on a week-end for a pint of ale, before Grandpa heard and obeyed the Gospel and its Word of Wisdom. I also suspect that while the practice ceased, his taste for the ale didn't! I seem to recall that Grandfather Coles used to send his grandsons down to the pub for a small pitcher or bucket of ale on a Saturday night after work.

I was instructed also to walk down Taff and Market Streets, where in the old days tram lines ran with their two-story trams, the second story being open to the air. Fair-weather rides up there must have been rare in that rainy climate, or passengers toughed it out when it rained and the lower story was full. Alexander's Emporium on Taff Street had raincoats

displayed on racks high above the sidewalk on the store front, advertising themselves. The trolleys have gone now and double-decker motor buses growl their way through the narrow streets of Pontypridd. South of the Emporium, Taff Street is divided by a row of buildings which come to a narrow, rounded point which reminded me of New York's famous Flatiron Building.

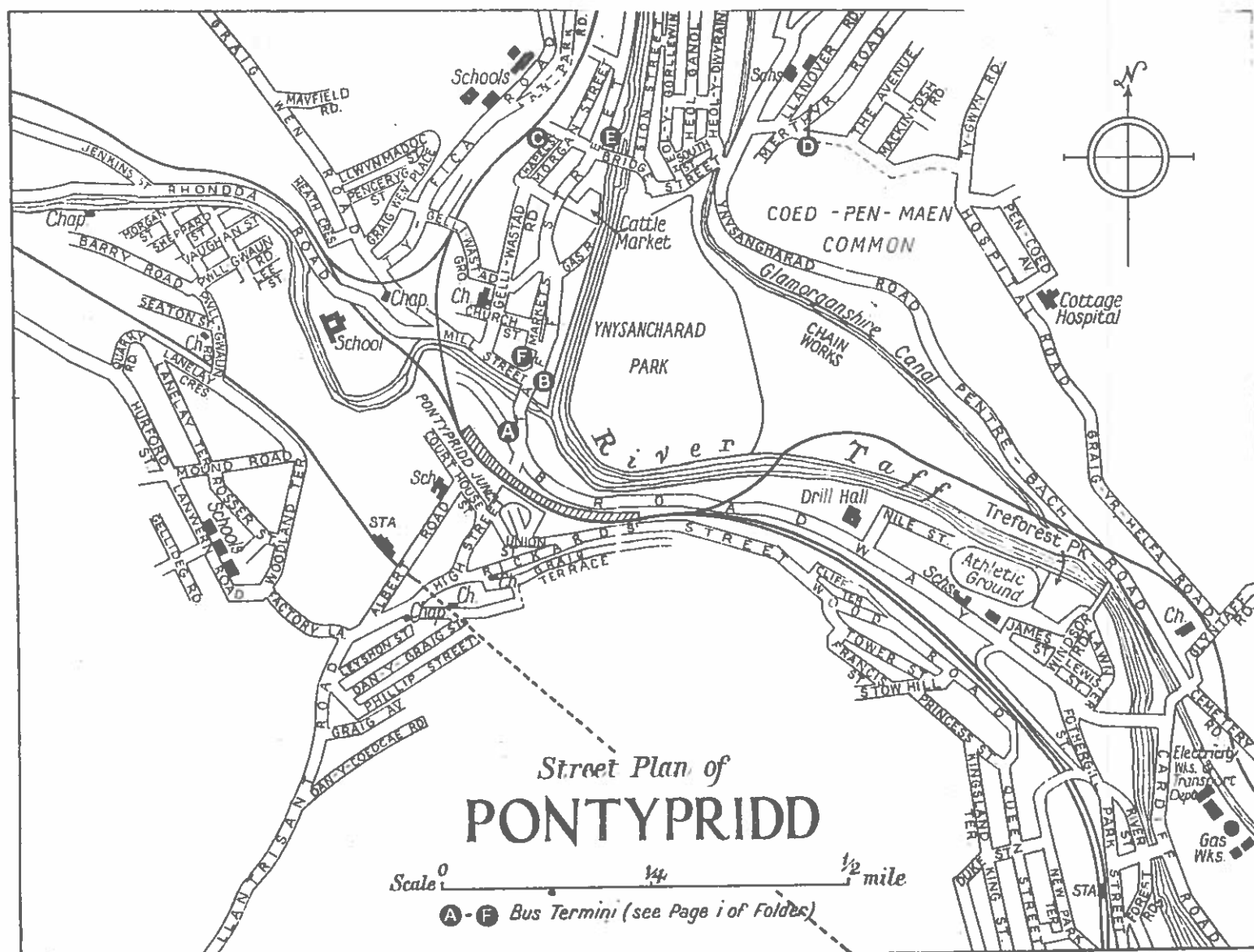


Left and below:
Streets in Pontypridd remembered by the family.



TAFF STREET, PONTYPRIDD *Looking south.*

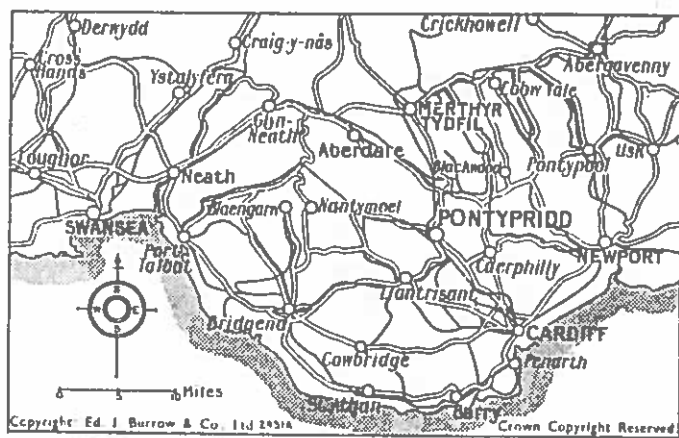
I was also to go to Morgan Street and to the Eglwys Bach church. Eglwys is pronounced Egg-lewis; it apparently comes from the Latin ecclesia, for church. Bach or fach: small. This Little Church is practically on the banks of the Taff. At this writing I am not certain of its significance unless it was the Methodist Church which Thomas and Jane Ann attended while living in Pontypridd.



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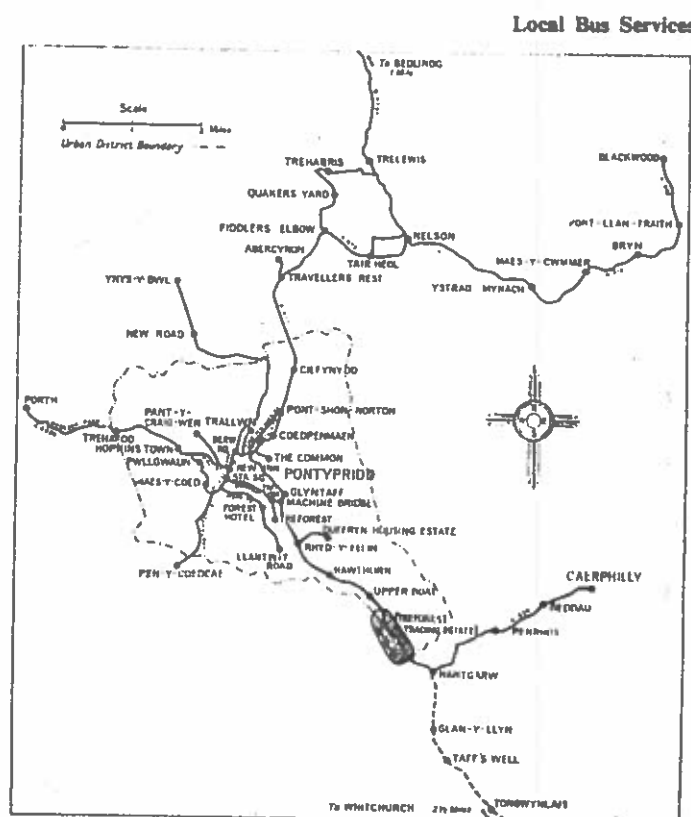
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Sketch Plan of the District

Many place names mentioned in this history can be found in these three district maps. One street can have many names, most confusing to a foreign visitor. This is common in Great Britain.



Mabel Garrett Blank, daughter of John F. and Keturah Mary Coles Garrett, of Renton, Washington, visited South Wales in 1968. Her brief account is given herewith.

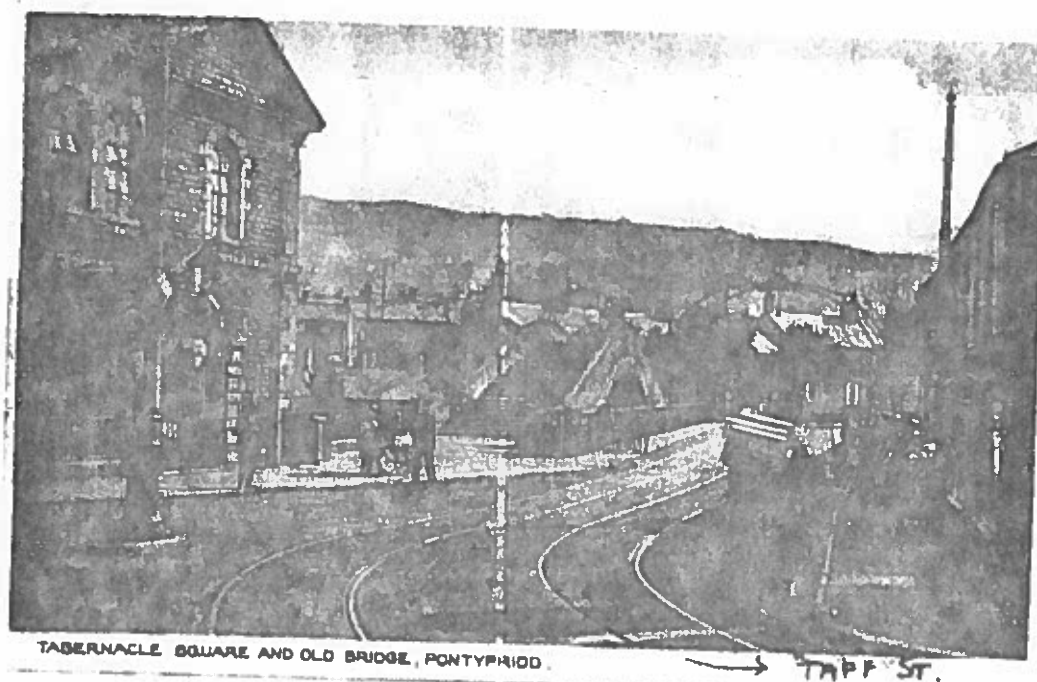
"I went to South Wales in 1968. I was only there about three days. We stayed the first night in Newport. (Newport is about 16 miles northeast of the principal city of South Wales, Cardiff. Newport is on the river Usk and also faces the broad channel of the Severn River. Bristol is the principal city on the opposite bank of the Severn. . .RE)

"We spent the second night in Pontypridd and we left on the 3rd day and returned to London. We stayed there one night, then spent one night in Belgium then back to Pontypridd.

"I didn't find any of Mother's people; didn't know just who to look for. Someday I would like very much to go back. I really loved the little town of Pontypridd. I crossed the old rainbow bridge, and I am sure they showed me the right house where Mother lived.

"I was there also on Market Day which is held every Saturday. I really enjoyed seeing everything in the Market. Italy took part that day, and they shoed their very fine laces.

"I only wish I had waited until I was retired; I could have stayed in Pontypridd longer. I saw an old man there that knew Uncle Joe (Coles) and Uncle Tom (Evans). He spoke of them very highly and told me that the Coles name was a legend there."



At left, Eglwys - Bach chapel, near
Morgan St., Pontypridd. (See text.)

I was to walk down Morgan Street also and photograph the house where my father was born. This was a difficult assignment because they were not sure of the house number, but thought it was 12. I dutifully took photos of that house. (I have just received word from municipal officials at Pontypridd that the house was No. 7 Morgan Street but that all this area has been demolished for redevelopment. . . .a plan similar to our Urban Renewal Program.) I was to go on through Morgan Street and into Berw Road. Berw is pronounced Beroo: Foam, spume, a brook or riffle foaming. At a point where a small streamlet came foaming down off the hill to join the Taff near the remains of the old Berw Bridge, I was to go up the road to the old farmhouse on the side of the hill. I will describe it later. It was near the piers of the Berw Bridge that all the Evans' were baptized, each in their turn. The bridge has long since disappeared but the piers remain. The children would cross the Berw Bridge to avoid the heavier traffic in the center of the town as they made their way to Coedpermaen School. (Trees on Rocky Head or Point.) It was also here that the kids would go swimming. They also played along the banks of the Taff opposite from where they lived. This is now all paved and built up, but they remembered it as an open stretch of ground.

Here at Pontypridd the young Thomas Evans made his home and found employment at the only line of work he knew, coal mining. He was inclined at this time to the Methodist faith. He was an inveterate traveler when he was not working, before his marriage. All the railroads of Britain of his day offered special excursion rates, some at midweek, others on week-ends, which would take a traveler to almost any part of the country at nearly half fare. In a letter dated January 14, 1938, Grandpa Evans wrote this to me: "You spoke of going through Chester to Birmingham as you came down from Scotland. I passed through Chester 3 times. . . .I understand you wrote your folks that you left Liverpool on your way to Birmingham. Did you notice a railroad bridge across the River Mersey not long after you left Liverpool, named Runcorn before you

got to Chester (?) When you left Chester did you go to Wrexham and on to Shrewsbury and then turn West to Ludlow then on through one or two tunnels and the next Depot stopped and turn East and went 'through 2 more tunnels to Worster and then went north to Birmingham, did you go to the Midland or Snow Hill Depot (?)" I was familiar with the Snow Hill area of Birmingham, but since he travelled by rail and I went by road, I did not see the scenes he mentioned, but it does show somewhat the extent of his wanderings. I have previously mentioned his journey to Hay and Glasbury where he met his uncle Thomas and cousins. He remarks about his early times in Pontypridd: "It was hard times then and work was scarce." After he was married and following the birth of their first child, William, they moved to Tredegar where they lived a year and a half, then returned to Pontypridd.

THOMAS EVANS GOES COURTING, THEN MARRIES

I now quote from his letter to me dated September 14, 1938: "In the year 1873 I left home and went to Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, on a visit and I stayed there for good. On the first Sunday evening I went with the folks of the house where I was staying to the Methodist Church and it was the first time I seen the young lady that became your grandmother. Something told me she was to be my wife.



The "young lady" who married Thomas Evans: Jane Ann Coles, daughter of John and Mary Hodge Coles. Grandpa kept the small photo inside the back cover of his old key-wound watch. He showed the photo to Beth B. Evans as a bride, and reverently said: "This is my wife."

"At Christmas Eve the young lady came to the house where I was living, and when she went home I escorted her home, then we made the date for Sunday night to go to Church, and we kept it for six months. Then something came up that we did not meet again for a year."

The "something that came up" was this: Grandfather Coles was doing fairly well; the Darren Pit was producing excellent coal and demand for it was good, despite the high rental paid to the Marquis of Bute who owned the

house and land. But the young lady's parents thought that Jane Ann should make her own way, and she was sent to relatives in Bristol, and she began work as a domestic servant in the high-class suburb of Clifton, near the beautiful Avon Gorge and the famed Suspension Bridge. They felt that this would add something of culture and refinement to her life, and perhaps their concern was justified, living as they were, more or less isolated from the town and when I think of the utterly dreary town of Dowlais where she was born and lived for some time, I am glad "something came up".

"In that summer I went to Somersetshire on a visit to my uncle and aunt, I asked my aunt where was her daughter Mary Ann (This must have been his Aunt Mary Ann Lee, sister to his mother Caroline, who "married a shoe man in Bristol"). She told me she was in service (domestic) at Bristol or Clifton so I got her address. So on the way home I stopped at Bristol and I told her that a young lady that I knew was staying at Clifton but did not know her address. After I got home I went to her father and got her address then I wrote to her and told her of my cousin there at Clifton, so they met. This was in September and the young lady came home on a visit instead of at Christmas so it was at this time we agreed to be partners for life, so the time came on June the 3rd, 1876." The original certificate reads as follows:

Thomas Evans, age 27, bachelor, collier, residence Pontypridd, son of William Evans, collier, and Jane Ann Coles, age 22, spinster, residence Pontypridd, daughter of John Coles, Manager, were married in the Parish Church, after Banns, by Rice Jones, Vicar, on June 3, 1876, in the presence of David James and Anne James. The above is a true copy of the marriage register of the Parish Church of Eglwysilan, entry No. 355.

"After we were married we went to Church together so as to keep peace at home. It was the Methodist Church, we were living near the Meeting House and I joined the Church with my wife." Let us now turn to the homeland of the young lady.

SOMERSETSHIRE, THE WEST COUNTRY OF ENGLAND

If we leave Wales and journey southward across the River Severn we enter the district of England known as the West Country. Though Bristol is in Gloucestershire, let us make it the leg of a triangle, the other reaching to South Wales, the final leg reaching over to the little Somersetshire village of Radstock. Bristol, with a population of nearly half a million, lies 16 miles northwest of Radstock. The centuries-old Port of Bristol is a cultural, religious and manufacturing center, built over rolling hills and pleasant dales. Docks on the River Avon accommodate ships which tie up in the heart of the city though it is some distance inland. It was once the chief seaport of the West Country, from which the Cabots, John, Lewis, Sebastian and Sanctus sailed westward to America over four centuries ago.

Bristol's most attractive park is Clifton Downs, a hilly spot in the western portion of the city, dotted with beautiful trees and shrubs and bounded by well-built dwellings. The Downs overlook the deep gorge of the Avon River, and here the Suspension Bridge crosses the gorge in a single span of 700 feet, 200 feet above the river. The bridge carries both vehicular and pedestrian traffic. This beautiful area is always thronged with visitors in pleasant weather.

The city of Bath which is of about 70,000 population, is also situated on the Avon, some 12 miles southwest of Bristol, and has been inhabited since early Roman times. Bath has been called the best-built and most nobly situated city in all of Britain. It nestles in a curve of the surrounding Cotswold Hills. For centuries Bath has shared a bishopric with Wells, and the incumbent's title is Bishop of Bath and Wells. Together these two towns and this Bishopric share an important part in the religious life of the West Country.

From Bath I travelled some 12 miles southwestward to Radstock, passing through the village of Camerton. I had hoped to see the parish records of Radstock but some time previous to my visit, the steeple of the old church had been damaged by lightning and the church was closed so that scaffolding could be erected to reach the steeple for repairs. My trip, therefore, was in vain.

Westward a short distance is another village, Midsomer Norton. This is coal mining country and the tipples can be seen where, from deep underground, the coal is brought to the surface. Like all miners everywhere, the men come up at the close of the day's work, blackened from head to foot, only their eyes showing from their black visages.

In all these villages my search for family history fell short, as in Radstock. In Midsomer Norton, Camerton and elsewhere, the churches were open but the vicars were away, and without their co-operation and assistance, access to the Parish registers is impossible. In such a case one is limited to searching the churchyards for tombstones. Since I had to be back in Bristol by early evening I could not even do this.

Aside from the pits, Somerset is an agricultural country. Grain and fruit are grown here along with field crops. Apple cider is an important product but it held no attraction for me. Down near Cheddar Gorge, famed for its cheese, I was offered a glass of cider by a friendly apple grower, but it is allowed to go "hard" and I did not care for its taste or effect; one glass was enough.

English spoken in the Radstock district sounds a great deal like our own, there being little of the Norman-Oxford influence in it. I heard not the softened R's of much spoken English but "'arrrd ciderrr" with the R's full-blown.

It is in the district around Radstock, Midsomer Norton and Kilmersdon that Joseph Coles, Sr., born in 1778, and his wife Sarah Bray resided. Then Joseph Coles Jr., born in Radstock in 1800, who in 1827 married Sarah Yates. Joseph Jr., left his native Somerset for the Welsh seaport town of Swansea in Glamorgan-shire, where he died February 18, 1884. Next in order of descent is John Coles, born at Radstock the 10th of January, 1829. He was married in 1850 or 51 to Mary Hodges, born 1828 in Ralston near Kilmersdon, Somerset. Her parents were William Hodges, born September 1, 1800, in Tinsbury, Somerset, who in 1824 married Sarah Matthews; she was born January 9, 1800 in Charlton, Somerset. William Hodges and wife Sarah moved to Pontypridd, and died there, she on August 27, 1885, he on January 25, 1889.



Left: Joseph
Coles, Jr.



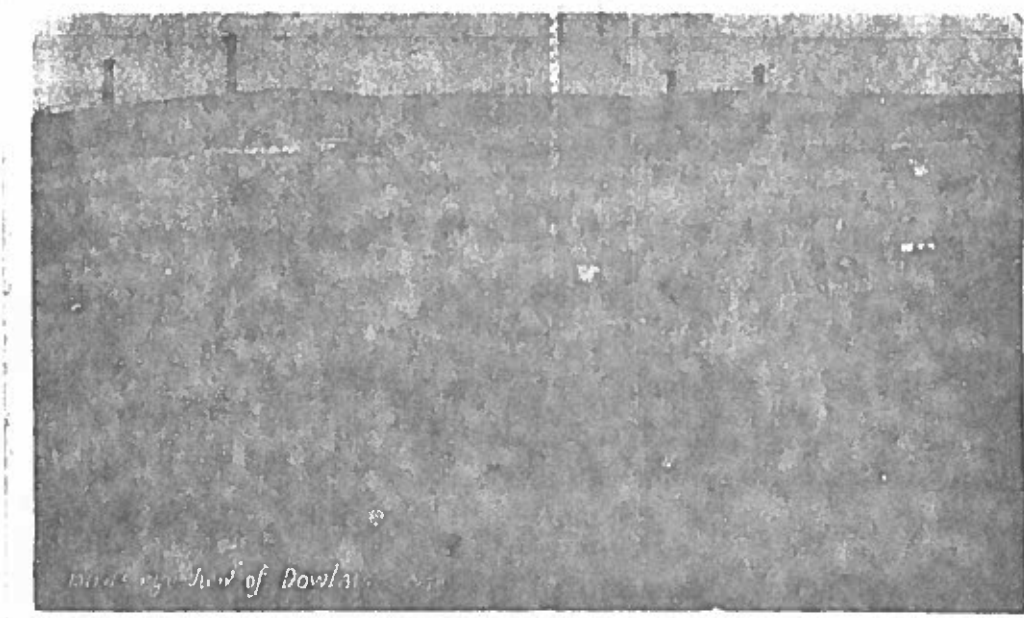
Right: William and
Sarah Matthews Hodges

John Coles and his
first wife, Mary
Hodges, parents of
Jane Ann Coles
Evans



DOWLAI, IN SOUTH WALES

Let us now return to South Wales and look at the town of Dowlais in Glamorganshire, some two miles up the valley from Merthyr Tydfil. Strange it is that towns so black, so cheerless, so utterly lacking even in quaintness, can be found in such greenness as marks the rolling hills of South Wales. If the surrounding hills and dales were bleak and drab, as they so frequently are in our own Southwest, these bleak industrial towns would not seem so much out of place. So with Dowlais. . . and the green hills rise all around it and the Taff meanders in the lower part of it, and a brook enters the Taff here, which accounts for the name. Dow: two. Glais: brook. Before me as I write is a picture postcard of the town. Within the photo one can count eleven tall brick chimneys, and there are, of course, more that could be counted if one were there. The place is reminiscent of some of the towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Black Country of England. So many chimneys, and so much smoke erupts from them to blight the towns. But for sheer drabness, Dowlais seemed to me unmatched. The houses are in long rows, closely set together, rising tier upon tier over the raw, ash and coal-dust covered hills.



Dowlais

What native beauty had once shown forth in this upper vale of Merthyr had long since departed from Dowlais when heavy industry caused the birth of the town. But it was just this heavy industry which brought John and Mary Hodges Coles to Dowlais from their native Radstock. And it was in Dowlais that their daughter Jane Ann was born the 23rd of November 1854.

Of the family's life from Jane Ann's birth to her young womanhood I know very little. Sometime within these years the Coles and their children moved from Dowlais to Pontypridd. I should at least say as much for Pontypridd as I did against poor old shabby Dowlais, while the former, by no means a beautiful town, is in a lovelier setting than Dowlais or even Merthyr.

CWM RHONDDA

In Pontypridd the national character of the Welsh seems to find its most lucid expression. Throughout the world, wherever a nativeborn Welsh breath is drawn, the words and melody of Cwm Rhondda (Rhondda Valley) come forth as naturally as the breath of life itself. Let us review this great hymn. All of you know the English words and tune; it is in your hymn book, page 56. I have heard Grandpa Evans sing the Welsh words countless times.

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y wyrtwydd,
Wrthddrych teilwng o fy myrd;
Er o'r braidd 'rwy'n Ei adnabob,
Henffrych fore, Henffrych Fore!
Caf El weled heb un llen,
Caf El weled heb un llen.

Rosyn Saron yw Ei enw,
Gwyn a gwridog, hardd Ei bryd!
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori,
O wrthddrychau penna'r byd;
Efrind pechadur, ffrind pechadur!
Dyma'r llywydd ar Y mor,
Dyma'r llywydd ar Y mor.

Beth sydd imi mwy a wnelwyf
 Ag eilunod gwail y llawr.
 Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni
 I'w gymharu a'm Iesu mawr,
 O! am aros, O am aros,
 Yn Ei gariad ddyddiau F'oes!
 Yn Ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes!

MORE ABOUT THE COLES

Let us return now to Great-grandfather John Coles. He was originally a coal miner but progressed by natural ability and study to a practical knowledge of mine engineering. When Mary Hodges Coles died in Pontypridd, December 23, 1866, a few years later John Coles married Lucy Davies Young.

The first child of John and Mary Coles was William. I am not informed by any records that William Coles ever came to this country, even for a visit. I met his widow: his second wife Charlotte, who was then living at 10, Maesteg Crescent, Tonteg, near Pontypridd. We visited for some time, then she directed me to her daughter Nancy who is the wife of Thomas Jones who operated the Ivor, a

pub in the hamlet of Brynsaddler which is some ten to twelve miles northwest of Cardiff. I missed seeing her as she had just left for Cardiff, to be gone most of the day.

I visited another daughter of William Coles, Mrs. Thomas Russell, (Charlotte). She was at the White Lion Pub and Inn at Ystradowen near Cowbridge (Pontfaen in Welsh) some 12 miles west of Cardiff. She clearly remembered William, Johnny, Tommie, Sylvia and Mary Evans, and our visit was marked by a cordial invitation to return. My father had also mentioned Catherine, Cassie, but she has been dead for years.

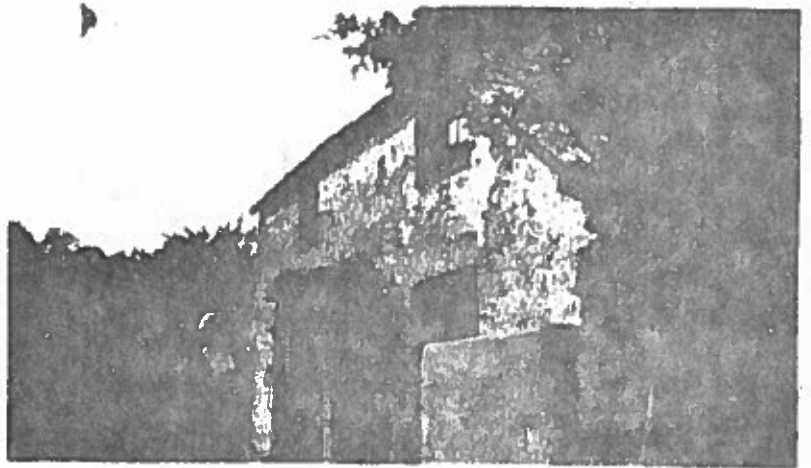
There were others whom I was able to contact but briefly, bearing the Coles and Hodges names, and other whom I was unable to reach at all. They are in Derbyshire, Lancashire, in Bristol, on the South Coast, and elsewhere. Of his first family there were, in addition to William, Jane Ann, Catherine and Joseph (Uncle Joe.)



William Coles



Front, Charlotte Jones Coles.
Back, left, not identified.
Center, Nancy Coles Jones.
Right, Aunt Bessie Coles, wife
of Joseph J. Coles. (Uncle Joe.)
Photo taken during Uncle Joe and
Bessie's trip to the old
country about 1930



Aunt Bessie Coles at the front
of the old farmhouse on the
Darren Dee, about 1930.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE ON THE DARREN DEE

Grandfather Coles was the favorite of all his grandchildren. They delighted in visiting him and always stayed with him as long as their parents would permit. As I mentioned before, he leased a tract of land and an old stone cottage from the Marquis of Bute on a side of the valley overlooking Pontypridd in an area called the Darren Ddu. Ddu, pronounced "thu" but generally called Dee: black. Darren: frequently refers to a plot of wild, poor soil in the middle of a stretch of good soil.

The old cottage has been whitewashed for many years, and is easily seen from most of the town. A very steep road leads up past the place, with stout stone walls on either side. I watched a small English car try in vain several times to make the road in low gear, and was amused to see the driver turn the car around and make it up the grade in reverse! Just across the road from the cottage, Grandfather Coles opened a coal mine shaft and produced coal for the townspeople. I have often wondered how they got it down that steep road. His blacksmith shop once stood near the mine entrance, where tools and equipment used in the mine were kept sharp and in repair. When I visited the Darren, a couple of unemployed miners showed me the old mine entrance, which had been sealed up with heavy iron grating to keep children out.

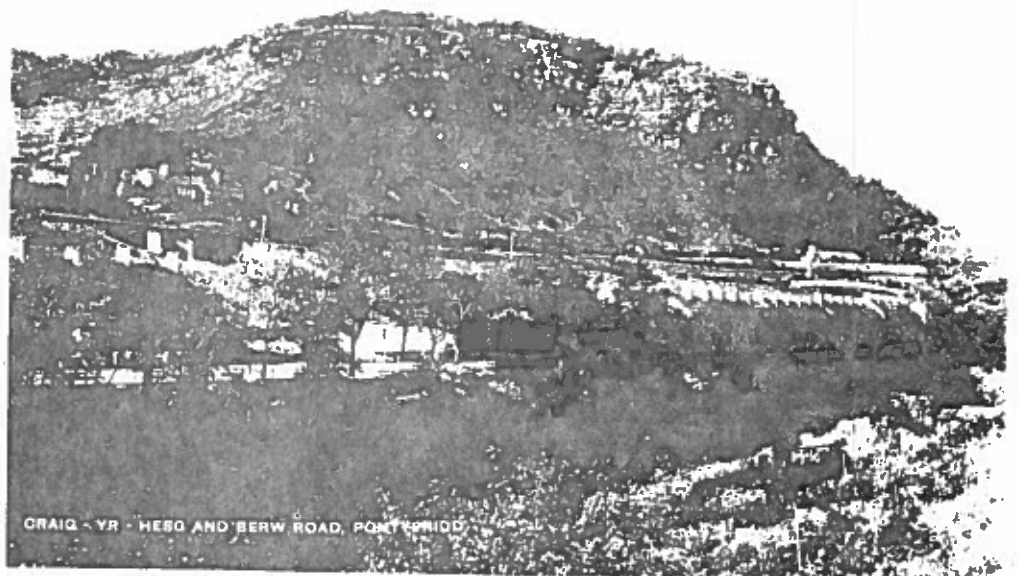
To my great disappointment, I could not gain admission to the cottage. As I puffed up the hill, I was met, at the gateway set in the stone wall, by a



Above: Uncle Joe and Darren Dee

Below: The old stone farmhouse is not seen but is high up on the hillside to the left of the photo.

Downstream to the right of the photo is where the Evans' were baptized in the River Taff.



large Airedale on the end of a stout chain. His savage roars brought the present occupant, another unemployed miner, out to the gate on a run, and he subdued the dog long enough to let me enter the yard and take photographs. To my request that I be permitted to enter the cottage, see its interior, and walk up the stairs to the attic room or rooms where children and grandchildren spent the night, he replied in firm refusal. His wife lay very ill, he said, and I could not be allowed inside. His argument was irrefutable but I was sick at heart, as never again might I approach the place. I told him I was ready to leave and he went ahead to hold the Airedale, who reared threats of bodily harm as I passed through the gate. I went on up the road to a grey rock outcrop where a naturally formed niche, just big enough to hold my briefcase, was for many years past called The Devil's Seat. How many times Willie, Johnny, Tommy, Mary Ellen, and Sylvia and the Coles' kids must have perched in that place, imagination afire, then rushed back down the hill to the safety of Grandpa Coles' gate!

Just behind the cottage a short distance is a great rocky bluff, the Craig Y'r Hesq. Graig or Craig: Rock. Hesq: sedges or rushes, hence: rock where sedges grow. Here the children could go wild, scrambling all over the rocky outcrops, climbing to the top, working their way back down the slope. How parents and grandparents must have marveled at the way boots and trousers and slippers

and skirts got torn and dirty on this prominent bluff! When I speak of boots, I refer to heavy ankle-high shoes which are called boots in Britain.

I was an overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Thomas of 14 East Street. Their daughters Iris and Doris came in later from Treforest Trading Estates where they worked. The girls took me to Alpha Place and showed me the old stone house where Thomas and Jane Ann Evans lived for a time. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are old, white haired. Mrs. Thomas is a pleasant person; Mr. Thomas did not have much to say. She spoke kindly of Jane Ann; she was Mrs. Thomas' aunt. She said that she was left motherless as a child with several other children, and Jane Ann would take them in the house and feed them, and in general, try to be a mother to them.

I have received a letter dated August 14, 1973 from Iris Thomas which sets forth the tragedy which has befallen her immediate household: (excerpts) "I am now living completely on my own and I find the loneliness unbearable. Mother died at the end of the war very tragically, having caught herself on fire and Dad died four years later. Then I lost my eldest sister six years after, she had cancer. So through the years Doris and I helped each other through each burden, and also a great deal of ill health. But in March of this year Doris suddenly had something come in her legs, but after five weeks she seemed much better, and on the 22nd she said to me, in a day or so we will be able to go out together again. But on retiring to bed she fell forward in my arms and passed away without saying a word. The shock was so terrible I was wandering the roads in the middle of the night and a police car stopped to see what was the matter. Those men were wonderful, for they saw to the funeral and everything, but nothing can take away the terrible emptiness it has left in my life, for through the years I have lost all contact with relatives. The neighbors are kind but I have no close friends. . ."

There can be no tragedy greater than complete loneliness! I have written to Iris Thomas at the old home where I was a guest, to extend what comfort and assurances I could.

As the children grew old enough to attend school, they went to Coedpenmain School, across the Taff and up the road a ways. Further up the Taff and up on a flat area on the hillside, called Pontypridd Common, is an ancient Druid ring or circle of stones. They are found at various places in Wales. Here also, was another magical stone which held the imagination and rested in the memory of Jane Ann's children: The Rocking Stone, a huge boulder resting atop another on the ground, which could be moved slightly. No doubt the children would be up there as often as the parents would permit.



Left: The Rocking Stone.

This could well have been one of the Evans boys in school dress.

THE ROCKING STONE, PONTYPRIDD. ON THE COMMON

Jane Ann and her children would go up to the Darren Dhu on Saturdays when the children were out of school. She was already showing symptoms of the heart and circulatory troubles that would bring her life to an untimely end and leave her husband alone and her children motherless for 40 years, with the few years' exception of Grandpa's marriage to Emma Creath. Keturah Mary Coles (Aunt Kate) Garrett once told me, "She would walk up that hill and stop every few steps to rest, dragging one child and carrying another." At the gate she would sit and rest on a flat stone for several minutes to get her breath before rising to open the gate and go along the flagstone walk to the front door of the house.

LIFE IN THE COAL MINES

I now quote from a letter by Thomas Evans to me in England, dated September 14, 1938: "I went to school in the year 1856 and in the year 1858 I left school at Easter to go to work in a coal mine at Bedwellty Pits. In July I was 9 years old, 3 years before the (American) Civil War. In the year 1863 my father was injured; a lump of coal fell on him and I took the bar we had and lifted it off him and he drew himself from under it. I called for help to take him out. Nine days after the accident he died, and was buried on Saturday before Easter Sunday, April 3, 1863. In the winter of 1869 on December 26th I had a gastric fever which kept me home for 7 weeks."

Two years of school! At the age of seven! I do not think any of us have much of an idea what it was like in that early day for a boy of nine to go down into the pits and do as much of a man's work as a boy's strength would permit, for the few shillings and pence this ceaseless toil provided. From early morning to twilight for six days! The late President Charles W. Nibley describes his existence in Scotland as a miner's boy: come home so tired that one hardly had strength left to wash off the coal dust that blackened hands, arms, face, lungs, clothing and boots; wolf down the meager meal of broth, and fall into the hard, cold bunk to shiver through the night, only to face the toil again at dawn after a meager breakfast. Only Sunday was free; only then could one look forward to a day on the earth's surface, not down deep in its bowels.

Some of the vertical shafts go straight down 1200 to 1500 feet to reach the veins of coal, some of which are so thin that a miner has to lie on his side and pick away at the coal while lying on the damp ground; those tunnels are narrow, sometimes dripping wet, and almost always infested by rats. Sir Harry Lauder, the famed Scottish entertainer (1870-1950) was a coal miner in Scotland as a lad, and in his autobiography, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" writes of coal-mine rats prevalent everywhere underground; great, gray, luminous-eyed creatures which gathered around as the miners paused from their work to eat lunch and watched the rats fight each other like tigers for the scraps of food tossed to them!

I noticed that everywhere in Britain all the "navvies" (men who work in the streets, in trenches or excavations) had a cord or leather strap fastened tightly about their trousers just below the knee. I pondered the reason for some time until someone explained it to me: rats! Despite the prevalence of these creatures, I saw not one anywhere in Britain, nor do I recall seeing miners with trouser-legs tied, perhaps because they were black with coal dust from cap to boot, and perhaps also because I was scanning their blackened faces, trying to picture Grandpa Evans and Willie and Johnny and Tommy trudging wearily homeward after a hard shift in the mine. I watched many a man with this thought in my mind, many a man with blue eyes shining out of a blackened face. Quip and josh they might as they approached their work, but they seemed spent and silent when they walked away from it.

The coal picked out of these narrow seams would be shoveled sideways and then backwards where it was shoveled into a horse-drawn car which was pulled to the elevator shaft to be carried to the surface. Of course, there were thicker seams in different mines, where one could stand upright in the muck and work away at the coal face. There might be several seams of coal in a single vertical shaft; in that case miners would be working at different levels in the same mine.

Before the invention of acetylene lamps which clipped into a holder on the miners' caps, they worked in that eternal, overpowering darkness by candle light. We talk much of the stresses of modern life. What might we think of the emotional stresses of a nine-year-old miner? There was the ever-present pocket of methane gas (black damp, they called it) which a pick might free from the rock or the coal, and explode from the open candle flames with such force as to kill every man in the shaft from the concussion, or not exploding, steal undetected into the lungs and bloodstream and kill quietly. No sensors warned them of this odorless gas. They learned by hard experience to take a caged canary down with them to the seams of coal and to watch it carefully. If it showed signs of drooping, the word passed quickly to every man to put out his candle. Then, the wait in such darkness as we have never experienced on the blackest night. Silence, broken only by the constant drip of water, the rustling of rats, and the wheezing cough of some unfortunate man with a large family, doomed by lungs filling ever higher with rock and coal dust which would eventually suffocate him. Lung trouble, (or black lung) they called it then, or miner's consumption, the silicosis of our day.

Waiting for the fans at the top of the ventilator shaft to carry the deadly gas up and away, there would be the tenseness, the grinding strain as a man struck the testing match which still might blow them all to eternity, yet still might give them the all clear to resume the endless grind. Leave the mines forever, find something else to do? Not with only two year's education; not with any other background but mining!

This, then is pit mining: straight down into the earth with two vertical shafts, one with an elevator to lift up the coal and raise and lower the men at the change of shift; sometimes to bring up mangled bodies of miners to their waiting, weeping families. The other is a ventilator shaft, to exhaust the bad air and deadly gases. This is the most prevalent form of mining in Britain, whether in Radstock or Pontypridd or Liverpool or Manchester or Newcastle or Durham or Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Slope mining uses a slanting shaft down to reach the coal stratum, after which the workings are sometimes spread out horizontally for great distances. In older times animals were used to pull the coal cars on rails to the bottom of the incline, where machinery pulled the full cars up to the surface and returned empty cars to the miners.

Drift mining usually is employed where a coal outcrop is discovered, and the tunnel or shaft runs horizontally to reach the coal. Where the stratum is near the crest of a hill, for instance, the coal is conveyed to the entrance of the shaft and is then taken down to the plant by chute and processed, washed if necessary, and tracks laid to the plant so railway cars can take the coal away. This is not a common technique in Britain; I saw only two. One which William Manship showed me near Tredegar, the Whitworth Drift, the other was Grandfather Coles' mine on the Darren Ddu.

Now let us return to Thomas Evans' story of life in a coal pit. He dictated these accounts. The language is mine. "I was a young man, working in the mine; I was assigned to the job of driving the horse that pulled the loaded cars to the entry. One Monday morning this horse was pulling three loaded cars of coal. As we neared the top of the incline, the horse would not stop at my command, and as the passageway was very narrow I was in danger of being crushed between the cars and the rocky side of the tunnel. Providence intervened and my life was saved, as I was able to block the cars with a lump of rock.

"On two other occasions the Lord intervened to save my life. One day I was coming down an entry with the horse pulling three cars. The wheels were blocked to act as brakes, with iron bars being placed between the spokes. Usually this did the job, and we could go down the incline safely (here the stratum of coal was tipped) but water had seeped down on the rails and they were slippery. I was leading the horse slowly down when I heard the chains and traces rattle on the rail ties. I did not stop to find out the trouble, but took to my heels. I had to run at top speed for 300 feet before I could dodge into another passageway. No sooner had I gotten out of the way when the horse and cars dashed past me.

"It took me a long time to get over this fright. I knew that if I had not run at full speed I would have been caught under the hooves of the horse and crushed under the heavy cars.

"At another time I was digging coal in a room when I heard some drilling bits drop from the rock ceiling of the room. I jumped about eight feet down to the car for protection, and a second later the whole ceiling crashed to the floor." He spent sixty years of his life coal mining! I could not endure it for 60 minutes!

CONVERSION, SERVICE AND BLESSINGS

Now the principles of the Restoration began to open up to this good, faithful man and his tall, lovely wife. They were attending the Methodist Church near where they lived, and "so one Sunday they had a revival meeting; preaching in the morning and afternoon, then, at night the time was given over to the members to use the time, as they were led, to sing or pray or talk. An old lady got down on her knees and began to pray quite loud (probably in Welsh. . . R.E.) and then got louder and it scared our baby (William) so his mother got up to take him out but the door was locked. She came back to me and said that when she went out she would never come in there again, and she kept her word.

"I went to the mine the next day to work with my partner. It occurred that he was a Latter-day Saint. I told him what occurred the night before and he said, 'Why don't you come to our meeting; it is down the road below the mine along the side of the highway.'"

"I told my wife and she thought it would be alright. This man was Robert Bishop. In the course of time we joined. You can see that because of we going to the Revival that we joined the Church."

But before they joined the church, they went to the meetings. "We had a mile to walk," wrote Thomas Evans, "and we attended as often as the Saints. They held meetings on Sunday at 2 o'clock and on Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock, a testimony meeting."

"My wife was baptized in 1880 and I was baptized Friday night, October 14, 1881. An Elder from North Ogden, Utah, was going home and he wanted to

baptize me before he went home. His name was David Evans. Before I joined the Church, the President of the Branch, in a meeting on Thursday night, asked me if I would mind going down to New Mills the following Sunday. One of the brethren in the Branch was to go with me. When he did not come, I set out on the 11 mile walk alone. I met the Branch President about a mile from the place where the meeting was to be held. When the meeting was over we started at 4 o'clock for home. Before dark we had held five open-air meetings.

"One Sunday in the afternoon meeting an elderly brother sang in tongues and then gave the translation of it. He said that of the 11 missionaries in the Welsh Conference, the time would come when there would be only a few. In a short time there was only 5 or 6 Elders working there.

"I was investigating the Gospel for a good many years. I had a bad case of stuttering and it was hard for me to speak. I knew that if I joined the Church I would be advanced in the Priesthood and be expected to speak in the meetings. I was very sensitive about my stuttering and did not want to be ridiculed for it. This impediment kept me from joining the Church although I had attended for three years.

"Then one of the Elders talked to me and told me I must not question the Lord's work any longer, and so I decided to be baptized. When I was baptized and confirmed, this impediment left me at once and never came back. This is a strong testimony to me. I was confirmed the same night I was baptized."

"On Sunday, October 23, 1881, I was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood. Two months later I was made a Teacher. Two months from then I was ordained a Priest. Fourteen months from that time I was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood. In 1883 I was appointed Branch Clerk and I was Clerk for a year. In 1884 I was set apart as First Counselor to the Branch President, and in 1886 I was set apart as Branch President.

"There was an old man, a member of the Branch, Joseph Carter by name. He suffered a good deal from cancer of the stomach, and he asked me to administer to him. I did so, morning and night for three weeks, but he passed away with terrible suffering. One week before he died, Apostle Teasdale (George) administered to him.

THE SPIRIT WHISPERS

"Another time I was called to a brother's house to administer to his two sick children. When I went into the house I looked at them before I administered to them. Something told me that it would do no good to bless one of them, but I did so just the same, and I learned next morning that this child passed away.

"While I was President of the Pontypridd branch, my Counselors suggested that some Sunday we should go to a little village by the name of Pentryth (? spelling is not clear) to see if we could hold Sunday meetings. As the people were all Welsh and prejudiced against our faith, we did not succeed. But we met a family there who had known my brother well, and as we had not eaten, were just in time to have tea (late afternoon lunch) with them. (Ed. Note: This is the only reference I have encountered to indicate that Thomas Evans had a brother. I inquired recently of Uncle Ted Evans at Redmesa, Colorado, and he had never heard of it. This must be one of the problems that experienced researchers will have to solve as they go through the countless Evans entries at Hay and other parish registers in Breconshire.)

LATTER-DAY SAINTS BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATE

This Certifies that Miss Jane Ann Evans was Born,
Baptized and Confirmed as here Recorded

WHERE AND WHEN BORN.				
Town.	Parish.	County.	Kingdom.	Date.
<u>Swlisa</u>		<u>Glamorgan</u>	<u>Wales</u>	<u>Nov 28 1864</u>

WHERE AND WHEN BAPTIZED.		By	Date.
Town or Branch.	County.	Kingdom.	
<u>Pontypridd</u>	<u>Glamorgan</u>	<u>J. R. Matthews</u>	<u>Nov 31 1880</u>

Confirmed Dec 5 1880 By John Hughes

Present address } _____

Signed _____

LATTER-DAY SAINTS BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATE

This Certifies that Thomas Evans was Born,
Baptized and Confirmed as here Recorded

WHERE AND WHEN BORN.				
Town.	Parish.	County.	Kingdom.	Date.
<u>Swlisa</u>		<u>Glamorgan</u>	<u>Wales</u>	<u>July 10 1849</u>

WHERE AND WHEN BAPTIZED.		By	Date.
Town or Branch.	County.	Kingdom.	
<u>Pontypridd</u>	<u>Glamorgan</u>	<u>D. J. Evans</u>	<u>Oct 14 1881</u>

Confirmed Oct 14 1881 By Robert Bishop

Present address } _____

Signed _____

Baptismal Certificates of Jane Ann and
Thomas Evans.

"While we visited this family it began to get cloudy and it looked like it was raining behind us, and it would be hard to walk that distance home in the rain. But we started out and after a short time it began to rain. We had a steady climb along the road to the top of a slope, then it was downward for some distance. We then separated, and my counselor, Brother Jenkins, went south and I went north. I crossed the railroad tracks about a quarter of a mile from the highway from Cardiff. A young lady came up the road just as I got to the highway. She said she was wet through from the rain, though she hadn't come as far as I had. We walked together about a mile to where she lived, then I was three-quarters of a mile from home. When I reached home I pulled off my coat and vest. I had no umbrella nor overcoat, and it had rained all the five miles I had walked, but there was only a wet spot on each shoulder of my coat. That is a testimony to me that the Lord takes care of His servants who are engaged in His work.

"Before I joined the Church, John Mills, the president of the Pontypridd Branch, took me with him to New Mills. We held a meeting at the home of a Sister Thomas. There was a family living a mile west of New Mills who wanted us to visit them and hold a cottage meeting. So we walked down there. Sister Thomas was with us. When we got there we found that the Devil had arrived before us, and we could not hold the meeting. This did not disturb us as we were used to it. So we found a place where we could hold an open-air meeting. Two long rows of houses lined the highway. We found a store corner at the end of the street that we could use as our pulpit and we began our meeting and preached to a good crowd. I had my first experience there of trying to speak in the open air to a gathering. (It must have been difficult for him, as he was still struggling to overcome his stammering).

THEY MOVE TO MERTHYR TYDFIL

"In 1888 Elder David R. Gill (Jane Ann's uncle) of the Welsh Conference came to Pontypridd and asked us as a family to move to the Merthyr Conference House. (This was a large house at 98 Twynyrodyn Street, just a short distance off High Street, which I located and photographed. Either the house was vacant or the family away, as I could not gain admission to it. . .R.E.) Our duties would consist of keeping house for the missionaries laboring in the Merthyr District. We moved right away to our new quarters. The Elders made the house their home. They ate here, had their laundry done, and here they met by appointment the President of the Branch on the first Sunday of the month. The meetings of the Branch were also held here for a time. (Jane Ann, of course, had the cooking and washing to do for the Elders in addition to caring for her family. . .R.E.)

"In a short time the Branch President asked me to act as clerk. Meetings were held in the Conference House on Thursday and Sunday nights and I attended them faithfully. I got work in the field pit owned by the Plymouth Coal Company and I worked there all the time we lived in Merthyr.

"The meetings were always a source of inspiration to us. The Holy Ghost was with us so strong that the gift of tongues and the interpretation was given very often.

"I once met in a cottage meeting a Welsh family named Williams. Mr. Williams' mother was living with them, and although she was blind, she was 105 years old and very alert.

"A pitiful accident occurred while we were living at Merthyr. One Monday we had just sat down to supper when a neighbor lady of ours ran into our back yard with her skirts afire. She ran back and forth, screaming in pain and fright. I snatched up a big sack and tried to wrap it around her to smother the fire but she got away from me. She ran into another house and back out, the fires a foot above her head. She ran back into our house screaming, and the Elders

upstairs heard the commotion and one dashed down with his overcoat and wrapped it around her. It was too late to save her; all her clothes were burned off her body and she died the next morning.

"We had lively, and sometimes risky times in our meetings in Merthyr. The main trouble came from anti-Mormon disturbers who would try to break up our meetings. A man named William Jarman who had lived in Salt Lake City and was excommunicated from the Church for wrong doing, stirred up a following against us one Sunday evening. By turning out the lights in the hall we foiled them.

"Jarman's followers had a favorite chant for him: 'Hail Jarman! A good fellow to drive the Mormons out!' They were finally forced to get out of town; the police began to tighten down on them. Wherever we went the children of the town, of course, egged on by their elders, would yell after us, 'Old Saints of the Devil, to to Salt Lake!' That was the greeting or parting we always had to listen to.

"But we minded their yells not at all. We got great comfort out of two of the most stirring of our LDS hymns, Ye Simple Souls Who Stray (this remained one of my father's favorites all his life. . .R.E.) and How Firm a Foundation. How we did rely on these words:

Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand!

"One year at Easter time while I was working in the coal mine, I had a very painful boil on my leg. The president of the branch asked me to baptize two young men on Sunday morning but I was afraid to go in the water on account of my leg. So I witnessed the baptism and the branch president baptized the boys.

"On the Monday following there was a fair and circus in town. We took the kids to see the parade but I had to leave right away my leg was paining me so badly. Next morning when I went to get up I could not put my weight on that leg; all I could do was touch the floor with my toe. I got Jane Ann to go to Robert Bishop to ask him to administer to me with a companion that night after work. Brother Bishop came with Elder John Veal. They administered to me with each one putting a hand on the boil, and while they was sealing the anointing, the boil broke under their hands and began to drain. I went to work in the mine next day."

Sickness comes to everyone, it seems, in varying degrees of severity. Thomas Evans had his share: gastric fever which kept him home from work for seven weeks; a boil which cost him several days' wages, other illnesses which he mentions in succeeding pages. In that day one could not rely upon unemployment compensation or paid sick leave. Show up for work and you receive your shillings and pence. Stay home and the pay stops.

Below are two recipes for illnesses reproduced from the original writing, used in Wales by relatives.

Receipt for Rheumatic
Camphor 1 oz
Sweet Oil " "
Turpentine 1/2 "
Coal Oil 1 " Merthyr Tydfil Sept 23 1883

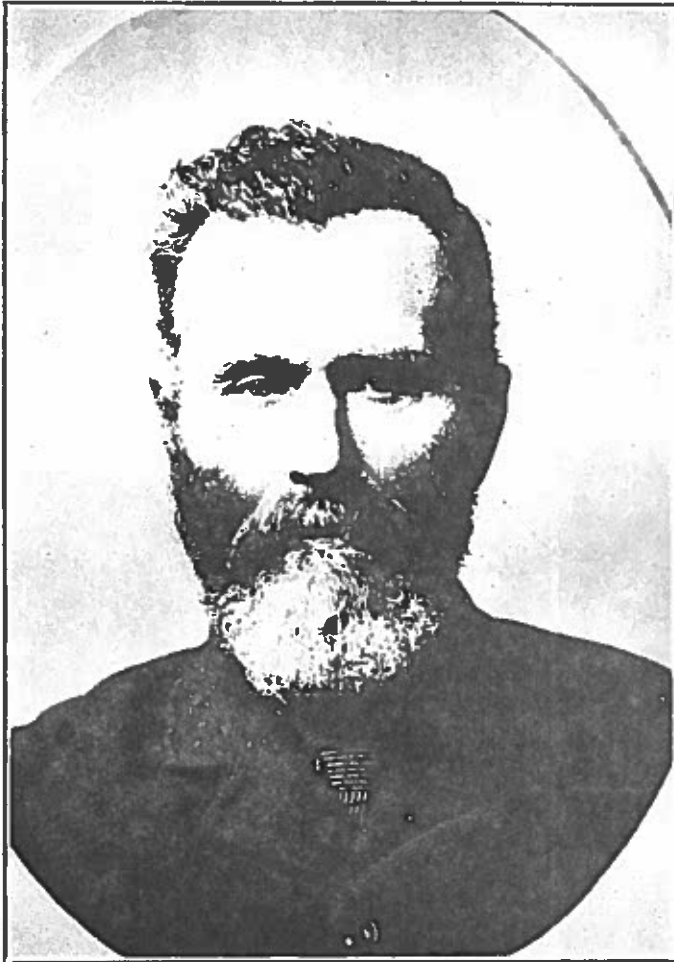
(Balm of Spermaceti
for Asthma and the
falling away of the
voice)

THE BOYS BECOME MINERS

Willie was six years old in 1883, Johnny was 4, and Tommie was born the year after Thomas Evans was baptized, May 7th, 1882. The children, which would number seven in the Old Country, were growing; their need for food and clothing was increasing, and it was necessary that the older boys go to work as soon as they could to earn the few pence they could, not only to help meet family expenses but also to help them prepare for the coming journey. At the age of nine, Willie left school and went to work in the mine with his father, about the year 1886. As John grew a little older he too went into the pits, and possibly Tom would have worked a year or so. Their father had his two years' schooling and worked with his father; now they too must do the same.

THE EVANSES MEET THE YOUNGS

During the Pontypridd period they became acquainted with Elder John Ray Young, son of Lorenzo Dow Young who was a brother to the Prophet Brigham, (Memoirs of John R. Young, p. 2) who was called on a mission to Britain in the spring of 1877 (p. 155). He labored 4 months in Wales. Now a romance began which would place the Evans family in rather close contact with John R. Young; this

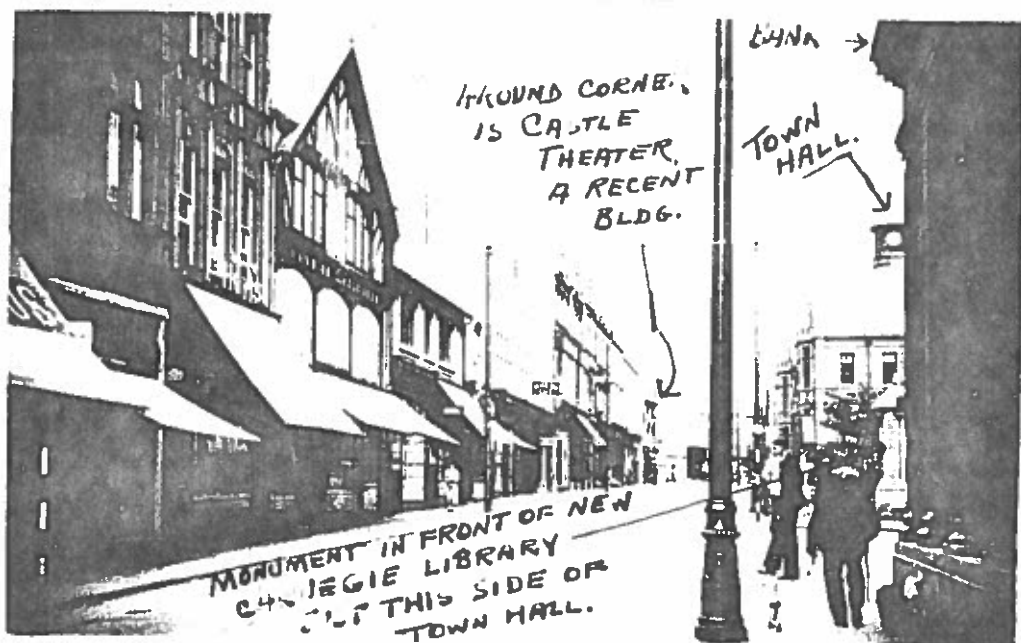


JOHN R. YOUNG
On his Sixtieth Birthday

As the home looks today.



Brigham Young, Jr. House Landmark in Fruitland



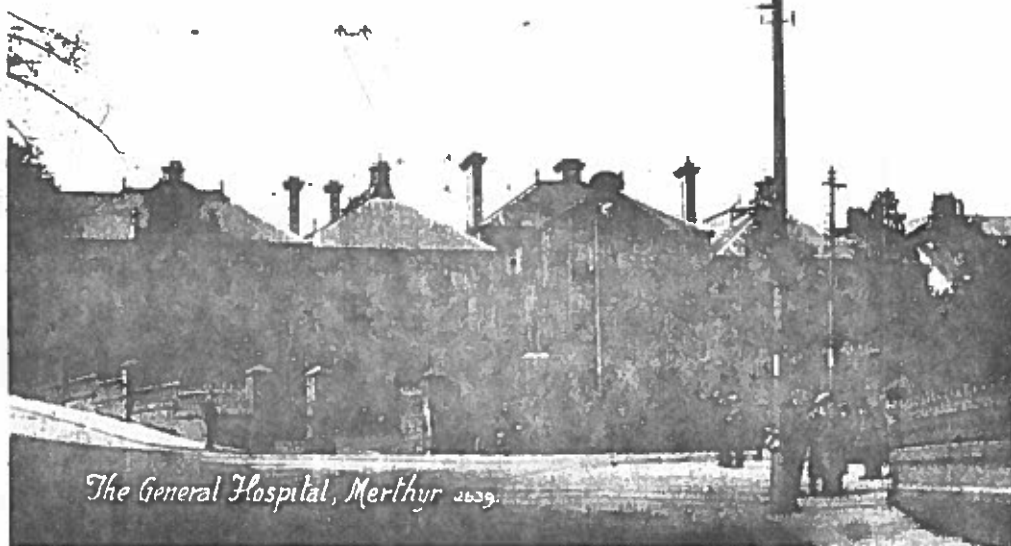
Left:

High Street in Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire

East Merthyr, Town of Dowlais

Right:

Note the branching street, the left turn goes towards Cefn Coed cemetery; the right leads to Dowlais and Tredgar.



association lasted for many years. His eye fell on Catherine, Jane Ann's younger sister.

I now quote from his book, pp. 218-19. "Tuesday, June 25th, 1878. In the afternoon I went to Pontypridd. Yesterday and today I had attentive listeners in the cars (railway cars); for I always tell the people where I am from, and then, if they permit, I teach the Gospel to them. On Wednesday, June 26th, I went with Sister Coles to tell her parents that she is going to Utah. They were surprised, and at first angry; but after I had talked to them, they said it was all right. . . On Thursday, June 27th I visited Mr. Coles, gave him a voice of warning, and bore testimony to his family."

On page 262 John R. Young made this entry; in this chapter he is eulogizing his four wives: "There is one other wife (the fourth) who has claim as valid and sacred as the ones that I have so warmly eulogized. The reason that

chapter is not given to her memory is a sad one. On the 10th of October 1878, I married in the Salt Lake Temple, Catherine Coles, to me a sweet, chaste girl. On the 27th day of November, 1879, she gave her life, in giving birth to a sweet baby girl. By her request the babe was named Mary Ellen, and with my consent she was adopted by Aunt Ellen Young, (wife of Lorenzo) who cuddled her to her breast and held her there until the child grew to womanhood and found a nest of her own. In that child's veins flows the blood of a Young. She came honestly and virtuously by that heritage." Jane Ann's half sister Keturah told me that Mary Ellen married a man by the name of George Odekirk who lived in Vernal, Utah, but she left Odekirk to return to Salt Lake City, where she lived out the rest of her life.

Another association began in Pontypridd that was maintained during the Evans' early years on the San Juan. The Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., presided over the British Mission for several years. During this time he came to the Welsh Conference to hold meetings with the Elders and local Saints. Thomas Evans attended the meetings in Cardiff with President Young (see his journal.)



Above: Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., President of the British Mission, who came to know the Evans family in Wales and New Mexico. He lived from 1836 to 1901.

Apostle Young began construction of a fine two-story brick house at Fruitland shortly after the Evans' moved there, for his wife and children. Will was employed there as a hod-carrier and apprentice bricklayer. Here he began the close study of the Navajos which absorbed his interest the remainder of his life. I am not informed about whether the other boys worked on this house.

A BIRTH AND A DEATH IN MERTHYR

During the Merthyr period of residence, sorrow came to the family. A son was born to Thomas and Jane Ann Evans on the 18th of September, 1889, whom they named Joseph. The baby became ill at the age of nine months, and all the faith, prayers and administrations were of no avail. Let us follow Thomas Evans's account of this sad event:

"On Sunday 22nd we had conference at Merthyr and Apostle George Teasdale attended to Conference, he

stayed at our place. I ask him to administer to the Baby so he and the Elders administered to him, so the following Sunday he died of Infantile Paralysis (The original death certificate says cause of death was acute laryngitis. . .R.E.)

"I got the undertaker to come and arrange for a coffin. He came, started to measure the body, he looked at his figures then he asked the age of the baby,

3 times he measured the body." Jane Ann's babies were all large ones, and under her capable ministrations they grew to men and women of sturdy stature.

"I had a Private Funeral, 3 Elders and myself took the body to the cemetery named Cefn Coed (Cefn: Back, used for ridge of mountains. Pronounce it Keven. Coed: trees, or Wooded Ridge of Mountain. . .RE). We held a short service at the grave side, my wife was Bed fast she had Rumatic Fever and could not move for 3 or 4 weeks then she began to get well right away."

The bereaved father went to the Town Hall on High Street to have a certificate of death prepared and he signed it. I saw that certificate on file and recognized the signature.

Joseph Evans was buried on a beautifully situated hillside overlooking the Taff River. This cemetery is on the road out of Merthyr leading up to Dowlais. As the child had not been baptized shortly after birth in the established rites of the officially recognized Church, he could not be buried in consecrated ground. Therefore he was buried in unconsecrated ground in Plot US $\frac{1}{4}$ (Lower, Uncon). Yes, unconsecrated by the priests of religion, but the Elders and the grieving father who bore the small coffin from the Conference House at 98 Twynyrodyn Street, into Court Street and down Court past the Star Inn to High Street, then up the High Street to the cemetery, then to the grave site, took care of consecration and dedication!

When I visited the grave in 1938, the small slab of stone, devoid of all markings, had fallen down into the grass which almost obscured it. I dug it out with my bare hands and set it firmly up, and hope that it is still standing. It would be a wonderful thing if one day the relatives who claim that infant as kin should subscribe enough to purchase a small marker from some dealer in Merthyr and have it set up to mark that consecrated spot, a tiny enclave amidst all those "condemned" who lie around it! I will be the first to subscribe; who will be next?

WATCH AND PRAY

Now Thomas Evans turns from the sad portion of his narrative to one of humor. "An old Welsh Brother by the name of Benjamin Allen came very often to the Conference House and came to the part where we lived, I notice when he was called to pray in the meetings he always had his eyes open so I asked him one day, he was having dinner with the Elders, it is the custom in England (for the person presiding over the meal at the head of the table, to fill each plate. . .RE) to put the Meat and Vigitables on the plates. Under the table there was a place to put Dishes that you was through with, B Allen was asked to ask a Blessing on the food, whilst he was asking a blessing one of the Elders put his (filled) plate under the table and when he open his eyes he found his plate was gone, he was told to watch and pray so after that he watched when he prayed.

"So one Sunday I heard he was very sick so my wife and I went to see him, he was very low so I asked him what he thought of the change (from this life to the next one. . .RE) Oh he said, it is like going from the kitchen to the Parlor. He died the Next Morning.

"We still enjoyed the gift of Tongues and interpretations. We were warned to be faithful and live our religion. 1891 and Conference was here in a hall, Apostle Brigham Young came from Liverpool to attend Conference, in the meantime he made a change, the office was moved to Cathaigs, Cardiff about 22 miles south of here.

"Then we moved to Ynysybwl." (I do not know if all the elders were moved from Merthyr to Cardiff; at any rate Evans occupancy of the Conference House at 98 Twynyrodyn Street in Merthyr now came to a close. . .RE).

"To Ynysybwl where my wife's Folks lived, my wife's Father and Brother had a interest in a Coal Mine and I started work. Then we had 2 or 3 mile to walk to meetings, we were back then in Pontypridd Branch, the President wanted that if any of the members died for the Members that was living near to go to the Funeral, there was a brother Died in a coal mine, died sudden, he had a Family, it was about 8 miles to the home in Treharris, my Wife and I walk to the Depot to catch a Train, we rode 2 or 3 miles with that Train then we went 2 Miles on Train No 2 then we changed Trains to No 3 for 3 miles with that one. I dont know how many there was in the Family that was left to Mourn the loss of Husband and Father. We held a Service at the house, the Bier was outside so the coffin was brot out and placed on the Bier, the Hymn O My Father was read and sung then we started to the graveyard after we sang A Nother Hymn. (I am using his language and spelling verbatim. . .RE) Some man in front of me in the Procession said, I dont believe that "mother" part of O My Father, I wanted to light into him.

THE TOWN OF MERTHYR TYDFIL

A few paragraphs of information about Merthyr Tydfil would be perhaps useful now to members of the family. Let me add that communities in Britain are called towns, not cities, unless ecclesiastical authorities decide to build a cathedral in the town. It then becomes a city. For example, Ely in Cambridgeshire, some 70 miles North of London, has only a population of about 84000, but the fact that a cathedral stands in this ancient town gives it the status of a city and it is so called.

Merthyr Tydfil, in the shire or county of Glamorgan, lies 22 miles north-west of Cardiff, the largest community in South Wales. When the Evans' lived there it had a population of about 50,000. According to my Baedeker's "Great Britain," a touring guide book, 1887 edition, Merthyr was "a busy but mean-looking town." Like Pontypridd it lies on the banks of the Taff River, which often runs dark with coal dust from the mine dumps lining its shores and ravines. The old Glamorganshire shipping canal also runs through the town with its locks and gates to control boats and barges, but I am sure it is not in use now.

The official coat of arms of the Town is a shield running to a rounded point at the bottom, edged in gold. On a field of blue stands the figure of Tydfil the Martyr in gold, flanked by two pointed crosses also in gold. A golden scroll beneath the shield bears the Welsh inscription, Nid Cadarn Ond Brodyr Dde. A free translation means "Not Force but Fellowship."

Saint Tydfil the Martyr was the daughter of a 5th Century chieftain named Brychan who had been converted to Christianity. Tydfil and her family were massacred by a band of raiding Picts and it is generally believed that she died

where the parish church which bears her name now stands. The shrine of Saint Tydfil (also spelt Tydvil) soon became a place of Christian pilgrimage and by and by a village grew up around it. One of her brothers became Patron Saint of Brittany in France.

In the time of Roman occupation of Britain, the area we now know as Glamorgan-shire, Breconshire and Monmouthshire was occupied by a fierce tribe of hill people known as Silures. They resisted the spreading Roman infiltration of their hills and valleys but were defeated by Julius Frontinus in 75 AD, who was the Roman Governor of Britain.

At Pen-y-darren Park the remains of a Roman fort can still be seen, and I was reminded by Grandpa Evans to go see them. The original fort covered about four acres. It has been extensively excavated in recent times.

By the beginning of the 5th Century the Romans began their steady withdrawal from Britain, and the next recorded event which occurred in this little settlement on the Taff River was the murder of Tydfil.

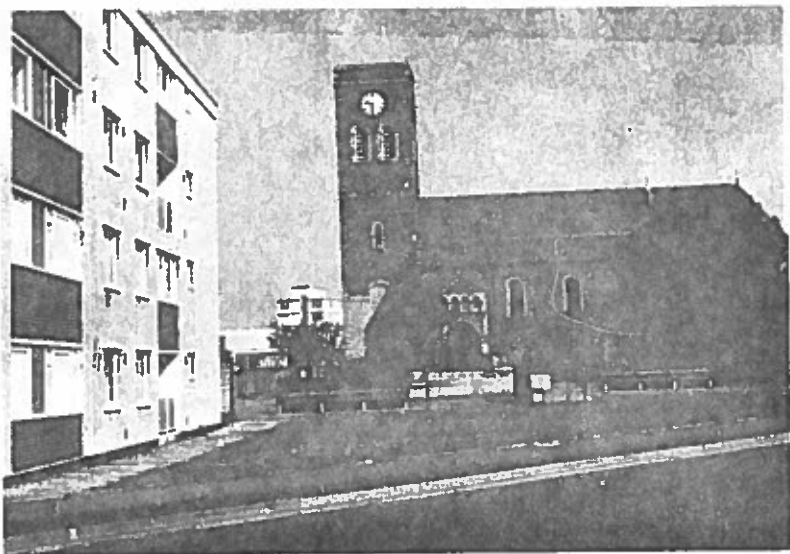
Then came the Norman invasion of Britain which spread also into Wales, under William the Conqueror, and gave Norman ownership and Norman names to so many places in Wales. Space does not allow much detail as to the attacks of the usurping Normans and the heroic defense put up by the Welsh defenders of their homeland. During the middle ages Merthyr Tydfil was the scene of many insurrections but each time the courageous Welshmen were harshly quelled and the survivors driven back into the mountains. Conditions improved in 1485 when Henry Tudor, who was himself a Welshman, became Henry VII of England.

In the 17th Century Merthyr became known as a great stronghold of the Dissenters or Puritans. Many times they were driven underground by their religious enemies, but in the reign of William II towards the end of the 17th, century, the Toleration Act was passed and the Nonconformists were allowed to worship openly in peace.

During the 18th Century the great surge of Methodist teachings reached Merthyr and many were converted. John Wesley came to Merthyr from his native Bristol in 1748 and in the 1790's a chapel was erected there. Methodism still remains a strong force in South Wales. I must add here that while in Bristol I visited John Wesley's house and the caretaker allowed me to play a few notes on the beautiful old cabinet pipe organ, while he pumped air for the organ via a long wooden handle at the side and towards the rear of the cabinet, in the rooms which the Wesleys had converted into a meeting place-----a rare privilege for me!

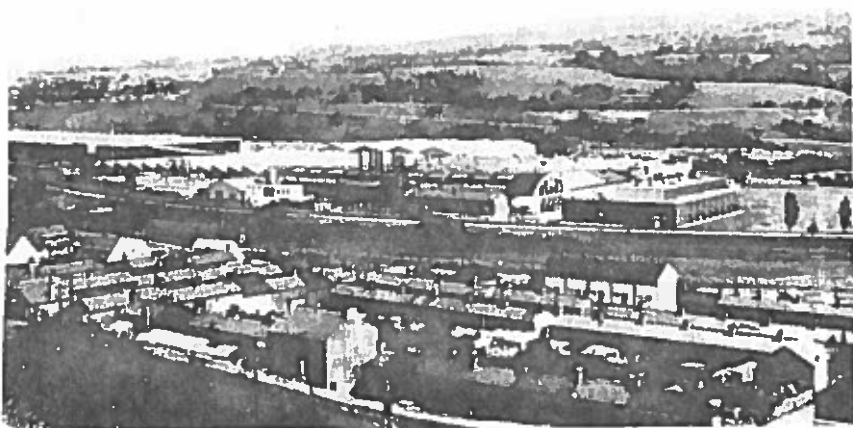
With the 18th Century came the first indications of the industrial revolution which was to change the town of Merthyr so much. The Merthyr Furnace, which was the father of the great Dowlais works, was built in 1757, and by 1783 three more iron works had been erected. This area was found to be rich in iron ore and coal, and the two native resources caused the place to boom.

Exactly fifty years after the family moved to Merthyr, I went to Merthyr and visited the places familiar to Grandpa Evans. Yes, the old Roman sites were still there near the football grounds in Pen-y-darren Park. Pen translates into Head.



St. Tydfil's Parish Church with the Old Fountain Monument and Caedraw Flats.

Europe's largest domestic appliance factory—Hoover (Washing Machines) Ltd., Pentrebach, Merthyr Tydfil.



Darren suggests the top of unfertile soil due to rocky stratum near the surface.

North of the John Street railway station lay the rusty ruins of the once great Cyfarthfa Iron works in George Town. Overlooking the site is the great Cyfarthfa Castle. This building of magnificent scale was erected in 1825 by William Crawshay, the "Iron King" and he and his family lived in it until 1890 after which it stood empty for nearly twenty years. Merthyr Corporation bought the castle and grounds in 1909 and uses the latter as a park. In more recent years the wreckage of the old iron works was cleared off and now the park is truly a beautiful spot. One wing of the castle is used as a museum, which also includes a small Welsh kitchen that modern housewives would find illuminating. The remainder of the castle is used as a school.

One does not need much imagination to picture the social inequities of that past day. . . the wealthy works owner with enough money to build a splendid castle and probably import English butlers and maids, with native Welsh employees doing the most menial of jobs, and the miners, struggling to make a living on their scanty shillings



Cyfarthfa Park—The Castle and Lake with nesting island.

and pence for unremitting toil.

The old Ynys Fach Iron Works site (Ynys: flat land surrounded by water. Fach or Bach: Small) is but a short walk from the great Market at Wellington and Victoria Streets and but a step from the old works to the coke ovens. In 1804 the people of Merthyr saw the first experiment in steam locomotion when a "high-pressure train engine" built by Richard Trevithick hauled a ten-ton load of iron from Merthyr to Abercynon at five miles an hour. I saw there the original rails of this railway, the father of all the extensive railroad systems in Great Britain, indeed of the world.

One can leave the great Market on Victoria Street and turn right to reach High Street. . . the Main Street of our time. Or you can turn left from the station on John Street and reach High Street. Going down the High Street one crosses Graham and Swan Streets and comes to a large square, dominated by the large parish church dedicated to Tydvil the Martyr. Within the square just below the parish church stood the old Iron Fountain remembered by the family.

Across the High Street and facing the church square was the Star Inn and Pub, another familiar landmark. One leaves High Street near the Star Inn and enters Court Street, which, as you cross the tramway tracks, becomes Twynyrodyn Road. Twyn translates into hillock; pronounce it toowin. Odyn becomes lime-kiln; hence the hillock on which a lime-kiln stands. It is but a few steps to the old Mormon Conference House at No. 98, apparently changed not at all by the passage of a half century. At the time of their residence there the boy Willie who became my father was a strapping, husky lad of twelve, already a veteran of three years' work in the pits with his father.

Thomas Evans worked for a while at the Cyfarthfa Iron works, under the shadow of the great Castle. Cyfarth translates to a place where dogs barked, and it probably indicates a place where hounds were brought together so that the elite could ride to the hounds, a practice that is still popular in parts of Britain, chasing Reynard the Fox over hill and dale.

When the native ore deposits began to wane, imports of ore were made from Spain. Following World War I most of the steel works were dismantled and most of the huge Dowlais plant was moved to Cardiff to ease the cost of rail transport. Unemployment figures in Britain have always been high, and Wales used to feel the chill bite of unemployment and financial depression. For example, Welsh unemployment in 1934 passed 63 percent!

In the past score or so of years, South Wales, under the forceful direction of Municipal authorities and with National assistance, has brought other industry into the valleys, so that the principality is no longer so dependent upon coal and iron production. This is all to the good and will continue.

Merthyr has undergone surprising change. Mr. Selwyn Jones, present Town Clerk for Merthyr Tydfil, in a letter dated August 24th, 1973, advises me that the Star Inn and Pub together with Court Street, have been demolished. Graham and Swan Streets have also disappeared under the bulldozer and wrecker. The old Iron Fountain which stood in the square of St. Tydfils has been moved to another spot some few hundred yards distant. In the place of these areas so familiar to the family in the 1880's stand new residential flats, and a new shopping center! New schools, a new Health Centre, a golf course up near Cefn Coed Cemetery, all have made their mark in the changing town of Merthyr Tydfil.

ZION BECKONS

It is all to the good from many standpoints that Thomas and Jane Ann Evans decided to leave their native land. Had they remained there at that point in time, they and their descendants would have been frozen in the economic and social level, miners and children of miners. They were inspired to leave. The Lord had need of their talents, which found full flower here. The cynic might remark that America, particularly Salt Lake City, did not do much for Grandpa Evans and his family. . . a few odd jobs here and there, etc. Let me put any such cynic down. Thomas Evans served his God in full faith and with a powerful testimony and found enough work in the Southwest to give his children the start they needed. They have done the rest, under the American Ideal, and each of you have benefited and profited far beyond anything you might have attained in the Old Country.

I once asked Grandpa Evans if he ever felt a desire to return to his native land. He firmly said, "No, I would not like to go back. I would like to visit there for a while but I would never want to go back to stay."



Gone, left no address.Gone to Zion!

So, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; under the inspiration of such leaders of men as Brigham Young, Jr., and John R. Young; under the close contact they had with the Elders from Zion at the Mormon Conference House at 98 Twynyrodyn in Merthyr, and with faithful members elsewhere; and with returned Elders and loved ones in Zion calling them to come with each letter, they made their decision. They had grown in faith and testimony and in ability to serve the Lord, even under the persecution and ridicule heaped upon them by former friends who deserted them, and neighbors who hooted and jeered at them. Loved ones and ex-missionaries sent them money to aid in their emigration, thus the decision was made to leave their native land, and they began to plan and to save for the coming of that eventful day. Thomas Evans' journal mentions their way of life in the years just preceding their departure, and tells of their journey to

the West. His handwriting is legible, so I present herewith his own version of those times. I should mention, as the journal does not, that their place in the ship Wyoming was down in the steerage, right in the very bowels of the ship, hence, poorly lighted and ventilated, and all the noises of a ship underway were with them from the beginning of the rough voyage to its end. There was little privacy to be found in an area of the ship where about 110 emigrants, some from Britain but mostly from Scandinavia, were housed closely together. All the noises of the engine, the propeller shaft and gears, the propeller itself would be continually in their ears plus the clanking of the giant chains used to move the rudder. As the voyage was rough and sea-sickness prevalent, one wonders if sanitary facilities were up to the burden imposed on them. Thomas Evans for one, spent much time up on the open deck, leaning over the rail when spasms of nausea struck him. One wonders at Jane Ann's fortitude in caring for and comforting her children, especially her baby, Edwin Charles.

President Thomas B. Evans¹² came to see us,
and give us instructions about our Emigration
and the journey to Utah
May 18th we received the star from Cardiff
May 25th the star came to hand
May 29th Sunday this day been appointed to hold
a Fasting meeting through the European
Mission for the benefit of the Saints and to
received donation for the Temple. The Pontypriod
Branch held their meeting at Nelson Lewis
house at 10 o'clock a. m. Elder R. Wills been
present it was the only one that went we had
a good time together. June 1st we received the star
June 8th the star came to hand we its Encouraging
words. the Work is very slack this 6 weeks
June 12th Sunday Edwin Charles was Born this
Morning at 5 o'clock

August 26th Friday this Morning we left ymyst
ybw for Liverpool we arrive there at 20 minutes
to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. we went on board
the Wyoming the same evening. August 27th
we left Liverpool for New York we arrived

13

There on Thursday Night Sept 6th at 8 o'clock.
We thought to Land on Wednesday Morning. but
were Disappointed for when the Doctor came on
board he informed us that we could not Land
There was some German Ships in the Harbour
That had Cholera on board. The President
of the United States ~~ad~~ gave orders that no ship
~~should~~ land. Until the Doctors could make
sure that they had no Cholera on board. we
were in the Harbour for 12 Days. then we
were taken to Fire Island for 5 Days. We
left Fire Island on Friday Morning Sept 23rd
at 9 o'clock and Landed at New York at
11. 30. A.M. but our Luggage was still on
Board the Wyoming and the Stearns
Passengers. it was the Cepheus that took
us to Fire Island and ~~then~~ brought us back
to New York. We left New York on
Friday Night at 9 o'clock. and Arrived at
Chicago on Sunday Morning Sept 25th
at 10 o'clock and left the same evening
at 6 o'clock. and arrived in Kansas on Monday
Morning ^{Sept 26} at 8.30. A.M. and left at 10. 45. A.M.

Pages from Thomas Evans' Journal

While this was a time of general rejoicing in Zion, it was also a time of "panic" in financial terms, and the Evans' were hard put to keep enough money coming in to meet expenses, and they went from job to job only to have their hopes for permanent work dashed again and again.

J. Thomas Evans. of Lower Robert Town ynysbr.
in the County of Glamorganshire South Wales.
Do keep a Record of things as they pass day by day
in the Year 1892

Jan 1st Friday. The new year commence a very
fine day the Majority of the Colliers of South Wales
came out on strike an agreement was made that evening
by the sliding scale Committee with 7 1/2 per cent
Reduction from 53 3/4 to 46 1/4. I went to work as
usual with the two Boys we had pargers before
we went. I seen on the echo the Death of Bro
Samual Shepton of Cardiff the Cause of Death
was Bronchitis. i received the star to day
i engage in parger before we retire to rest

Jan 2nd Saturday we arise and had parger
and went to work as usual and came home
safe. Thank our Heavenly Father for those bless-
ings. Gave it and we went to the bed in the
Night and before we went to bed we had
Pargers

Jan 3rd Sunday we did not go to meeting
we did ^{not} know where they were held. but stayed
at home

This page and the following 14 pages are from Grandpa Evans' journal,
in his own handwriting.

January 4th Monday is mabon's day there was no Work
Elders Joseph. Wilde. and John H. Davis paid us
a visit and left for Cardiff

Jan 5th Tuesday we arose and Went to Work as usual
and returned home safe

Jan 6th Wednesday we went to Work and those that
was on strike after 4 Days idleness

Jan 7th Thursday I received the Star and a note stating
that the Elders would not be at Pontypridd.

next Sunday. Snow as Fallen for the first time this Winter

Jan 8th Friday night we wrote two Letters one to
Joe and the other to Elder Talion Evans

Jan 9th Saturday Johnny and ^{me} Went to Pontypridd and
delivered the Letters and some Cards to Salt Lake
and his Children

Jan 10th Sunday we arose and had Prayers altogether
we have not this opportunity every Day we have
no meeting to because we are so far away from
the meeting place and in the Pontypridd Branch
we don't know where they are held

Jan 11th Monday Morning we went to Work as
usual and Jane Ann went to synagbol and while
we were there we heard of the Death of one of

3

Erastos Thomas Little girl. name Catherine age 22 Months
Thursday Jan 14th I went to work and came home at half
past 12 to go to the Funeral of Erastos Thomas Little girl
who was Buried at Llanvanno Church. and before we
got ^{home} another of his Little ones had died age 3 years a
little Boy who is to Be Buried next Monday

The Death of the Duke of Clarence the Eldest son of
the Prince of Wales age 28 years took place this Morning
at 9. 15 A.M. at Sandringham house. I received the
Star and a note from President Thomas B. Evans announcing
a meeting to be held at Sister Mary A Evans Treforrest on
Sunday Afternoon. While we were on the road to the
Church yard it began to snow and ^{when} we got to the Church
the snow was a inch thick on the Coffin the storm
Lasted a half hour. Jan 16th Saturday it commenced
to snow at 4 o'clock p.m. and was snowing when
we went to Bed at 11 o'clock.

Jan 17th Sunday the snow lay 3 inch thick but
is thawing fast I went to Treforrest to Sister Evans
to Meetings but we had no meeting none of the Brethren
came it being postponed till Next Sunday.

Jan 18th Monday we went to work and I came home
Early to go to the Funeral of Erastos Thomas Little

Boy aged 3 years and two months. and the Wife.
 Williams who died Last Thursday night the two
 was carried the same time to Leavenworth Church
 Jan 19th Thursday I received a Letter from Elder Taliesin
 Evans it spoke of the illness of Bro Warner ^{his Partner} who as
 been called in to Cardiff.

Jan 20th Wednesday The Duke of Clarence was Buried
 under Military honours Jan 21st Thursday Morning we
 received a Letter from D. R. Gill Salt Lake City
 and the Star from Cardiff with a note from
 President Thomas D. Evans stating that Bro Warner
 is better and a Letter from Elder William Thomas
 which came in the Star from Bro T. D. Evans for me to see
 Jan 23rd Saturday I went to Cardiff and went to the
 Conference house and seen Bro Warner he is on the
 improve but is still confined to his Bed he ^{feels} well and
 Cheerfull under the Circumstances

Jan 24th Sunday I went to Leavenworth to meeting which was
 held at President Charles Stone house at half past 2
 o'clock then I went to Bro Thomas Williams to ~~see~~ ^{leave} then
 I and Bro Nelson Lewis Walked home. I arrived home at
 20 minutes to 8 o'clock. The Distants of 15 miles
 we had ~~in~~ ^{very} busy full Day

Jan 25th Monday, i worked out side Earemy the
 Farms. we had a very fine Day. in the Evening
 there was a Meeting with the Collers of the 3 Levels i.
 attended the Meeting Jan 26th Tuesday very dull Weather all
 day with a little Rain in the Evening. Jan 27th Wednesday
 Jane Ann and Lucy and the Children went to Lanwit
 Varder to ~~attest~~ William Coles, it was a wet and
 stormy Day. Jan 28 Thursday i received the star
 and a note from Bro. T.B. Evans from Cardiff ^{stating} that
 Bro Warner is getting Better Jan 31st Sunday wet a Dull
 Weather i went to meeting to Sister Mary Ann Evans Wood
 Road we met at half past two we had a very good
 time together. Feb 1st Monday Mabons day, a
 very wet Morning it Cleared off at 11 o'clock a.m.
 but kept very Cold. I had the Echo and seen the
 Account of the Death of the Rev C. H. Spurgeon at
 Mentone Last Night at 23 minutes past 11 o'clock p.m.
 Feb 4th Thursday i received a Star from Cardiff
 Feb 5th Friday Elder Rodrick Davis paid us
 a visit to Day feeling well and Slept with us
 Feb 6th Saturday we received a Letter from
 Elder William Thomas from Idaho Falls. Idaho.
 he felt very well. William Andrews our next

6
Dor Nabour youngest Child died to day age 4 months
named ^{Violet Beattie} ~~Margaret~~. Died of Fets. Sunday Feb 7th

and Johnny went to meeting to Bro Nelson Lewis at
Coedpennain Pontypridd at 2 o'clock Elders J. B. Evans
and Roderick Davis we enjoyed ourselves under the Teaching
ing of The Brethren Bro Nelson Lewis had a Baby Blessed
by Conference President Thomas. B. Evans her name is
Ellen Elizabeth age 7 ~~month~~ weeks. Lucy Jane Ann Step-
mother is very ill to day she as not been very well
this last few days she as got the Influnza

Feb 10th Wednesday Jane Ann and Willie and I went to
Llanwanna to a Funeral of the Baby which died the next
door to us. we had a nice fine Day.

Feb 11th Thursday I received the News. The Miners
of the North of England held a Conference at
Manchester to Consider about giving a Months
notice to lie idle for 2 weeks to keep the
Price of Coal up. It was agreed to give notice

Feb 16th Tuesday a Dreadful Accident occur at the
Maritime Colliery Pontypridd there was 2 men engaged
at the Bottom of the pit when the Cage started before
the was ready one named William Delany was killed
and Charles Richards was Injured very Bad

Feb 14th Wednesday snow to the depth of 3 Inches

Feb 18th Thursday i received the star i did not go to work

Feb 19th Friday it Commence to snow at seven o'clock and kept on till three or four o'clock it blowed and drifted very high in some places we left work at midday owing to the snow.

Feb 20th Saturday we are idle to day owing to the snow. it did not snow to day. it Commence to rain at 9 o'clock p.m. and it blowed to a hurricane. i ^{a letter} wrote ^{my} to Sister Sarah at Tredga. Our next door Neighbours by the ^{nanny} of Richards had a Child die to Night.

Feb 21st Sunday when we arose this Morning the most of the snow was gone as the storm had abated and it thawed all day only the Drifts is left

Feb 25th Thursday i received the star to day

Feb 28th Sunday we went all of us to Meeting except Willie who was working the Meeting was held at Bro Nelson Lewis Coad penmaen pontypridd at half past 2 o'clock p.m.

March 3rd Thursday i received the star

The Work is very slack now no Wagins

The Weather is still very Cold a East Wind

March 6th Sunday I went to Llantrisant to Bro
Stones to meeting but when I went there Bro
Stone had gone to Pontypridd then I had no
meeting I had Dinner at Bro Stones and Tea
at Bro Thomas Williams I reached home at 15
minutes to 8 o'clock p.m. after walking 15 miles
The Weather is still very cold.

March 8th Monday when we arose this morning it
was snowing but it was very light it as turned
of very cold to night and freezing very hard.

March 9th Thursday I received the Star

March 13th Sunday I went to Sister Evans on the
Wood Road to Meeting at half past 2 o'clock young
and Tommy came with me. The Duke of Devon died this ^{morning}.

March 14th Thursday I received the Star to Day

March 19th Saturday The Week's Struck came to a
close close to Day there as been about 400,000
Idle the Cause was to Limit the out put of Coal
There as been a Murder near Liverpool at a place
called Rainhill it was done about the middle
of last year a man Murdered his Wife a 4 of
his Children and buried them ^{under} the flooring
in the house and according to the New paper

That he had Murdered 4⁹ more besides

March 20th Sunday we have had a very fine day to day Elder Roderick Davis paid us a visit and slept with us the old man feels well in health and in his Lungs Monday 21 Elder Roderick Davis started for Lantwert and Lantresunt to visit the saints at those places

March 24th Thursday i received the star

March 27 Sunday i started to Lantresunt to meeting but it came to rain and Snow and i turned back March 31 Thursday i received the star the weather is hateful and fine

April 3rd Sunday i went to Sister Mary Ann Evans on the Wood road to meeting young and Tommy came with me April 7th

Thursday i received the star and a note from President Thos B Evans stating the rates to Salt Lake City \$4.56 11 I wrote a letter to Elder William Thomas Tailor Idaho Falls.

April 10th Sunday It been a very fine Day. We all went to meeting to Bro Nelson Lewis house. with the exception of Willie he was working at half past 2 o'clock Elder Joseph Whild was present

April 13th Wednesday Snow fall to day up in England to the Depth of 3 Inches. The place was covered with snow we had a week or 9 Days of nice Summer Weather before this Change. A man by the name of Charles Stone Murdered his Wife yesterday at Blanford and cut his own throat. April 14th Thursday I receive the star. the man that Murdered his Wife Died to day. snow. Fel to Day and it is very Cold April 15th Friday Snow fel to day April 17th Sunday fine day to day but Cold I went to Lansdown to Bro Stones house Henry and Tommy came with me we arrive home at 8 o'clock

April 21st Thursday it is Primrose League day to Day there is a great deal Wearing the Primrose on thayer Breasts in memory of Lord Baconofield prime minister of England. I receive the star to Day

April 22nd Friday I arose this Morning at 20 minutes to 5 o'clock feeling very sick so that I was not able to go to Work

April 23rd Saturday I did not go to Work to day I felt a Little better and I went to

Weather. November 13 David H. Cannon was
buried at the Cemetery he died on his mission
in Germany. November 14 owing to the
Dryness of the Weather the Watering Cart has
been out to Day.

Nov 16th When we arose this Morning it had
snowed in the Night about two inches thick on
ground and was very Cold. We received a letter
from Bro William Thomas of Idaho Falls
with 10 Dollars in it. and answered it
the same Day. Nov 23rd we recd a letter from W Cole
Nov 24th Thursday it is Thanksgiving Day snow
as fell it is about 6 Inches thick. Today the
Watering Cart was out.

December 1st
we had a little snow. December 5th
when we arose this Morning it was snowing
and it snowed all Day. December 6th we
received a letter from William Andrews from
Ynysybwl with three Fortnights. December 7th
we received a letter from Sarah my sister
from Tredegar given account of very bad times
there. December 14th sent 2 letters to Pleasant
Valley one to Roderick Davis and the other to
Robert Bishop.

Dec 21st we received a letter from Bro Bishop

Dec 24th i sent a letter to Brother Rodger Davis
and sent one to William Coles. Dec 25 being Christ-
mas Day we all had Dinner at Joseph Coles
we went to School in the Morning and to meeting
in the Evening. Dec 24th this Morning

Willie and my self went to Pleasant Valley
to work in the Coal mines. and we stayed
at Bro Bishop we stayed there 4 Weeks
and only work 12 Days then we left on
Jan 23rd 1893 for Salt Lake City then
we were idle 4 weeks. Feb 20th we worked
for Medgley and sons till Feb 27

March 5th It is Stake Conference to day
but i have not been nor Jane Ann little Edwin
is sick with a bad Cold and Teething

March 12th Sunday i went to Sunday School
Jane Ann and i went to the Tabernacle and
we heard Apostle Brigham Young and C.W.
Penrose. in the Evening we went to the Ward
meeting house. it as been very rough to
Day it snowed last night about 3 Inches

March 13th Monday I went to work to
Day on the Temple block. for Bishop Elias
Morris this evening I went to meeting to
the 5th Ward meeting house to a Elders
quorum meeting I was received as a member
of the 4th quorum of Elders.

This week as being a stormy week

March 19th Sunday we went to Sunday
School and to the Tabernacle and we were
pleased to hear Apostle George Teasdale
and Apostle Brigham Young. in the
Evening we went to the 5th Ward Meeting
house Elder Edward Stevenson Delivered
a lecture on the Early Start of the
Church and of the coming forth of
the Book of Mormon. It snowed this
Morning.

This week as been a stormy
Week up to Friday noon. snowing and
Raining Saturday March 25th was a Day
Appointed to hold a fast meeting for the
Saints to attend to Confess their sins before
they go to the Dedication of the Temple
and to ask forgiveness of their Bros and Sisters
That they may feel free to go to the Temple

Sunday March 26th it has a Butfull Day
we attended the Sunday School and meetings
and heard Presidents Woodruff, and Cannon
Speak

Monday March 27th i went to
Work on the Salt Lake City Street car
Track & Begun last Friday at noon

Friday March 31st W Raynond Griffiths
son of Walter R. Griffiths was kild on the
U. P. Track by trying to get on the cars

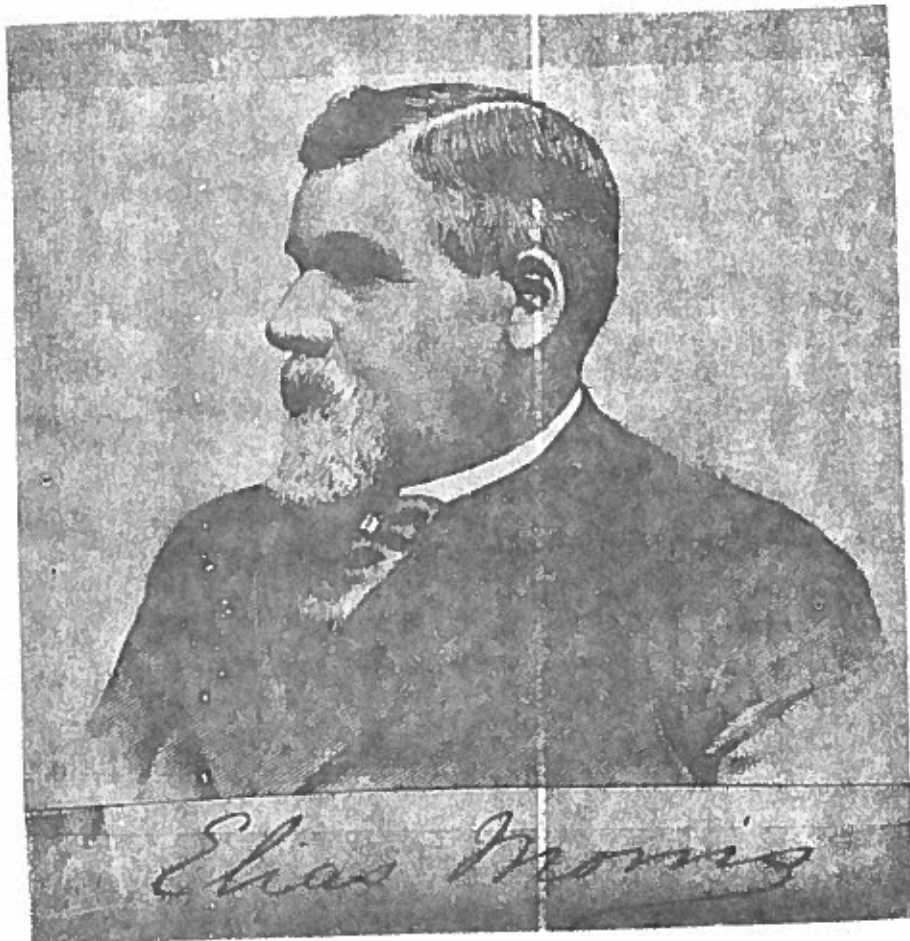
Thursday April 6th The Salt Lake Temple
was Dedicated by President Willford Wood-
ruff at the Time of the Dedicaton we had
a Wind storm the Worst that had been
for years

August 24 we left Salt Lake City for Thompsons
Springs we rode on the D and R. 215 miles
then then we Travel by team to Pruitiana about
250 miles we arrived on the 4th of September

November 15th i started to mancoer with Bro Stevens
to Conferance and reached home on the 23 we
had meeting in the meeting house Bro Andrew
Jenson Spoke for nerly two hours

Saturday and Sunday Nov 25 and 26th we had
Conference with Apostle B. Young and the presiding
of this stake the San Juan Stake of Zion
and organized the Ward Complet. i was set
apart a first Counselor in the y m m a
by President William Hall

Willie was ordained a priest by President
Hammond Johnny was ordained
Deacon by President Platt M. Layman
Nov 26



Elias Morris, a North-Welshman.

In some memoirs written for me on a pencil tablet, Thomas Evans said in 1932: "I was preparing to go to the October Conference on Friday the 4th when Bishop Elias Morris come to take me to work on Main Street. He asked me if I could use a pick and shovel. I said yes. He said Then get your lunch and come with me. I started to work on Main and First South. We dug a large hole on Main Street and dug a trench under the street car track close to the sidewalk on the east of the street. They had sewer pipes of 18 inch diameter (storm drains. . RE) instead of the rain water all over the street car tracks on Second South. After we had a hole in the ground I worked in a little hole just large enough for me to work in, and pulled a box with a rope in it to hold the dirt I dug loose, right under the street. I had to have a candle to see to work until I struck the big pipe on the south side. I guess I had told the boss I was a coal miner. (He must have felt somewhat at home in that cramped space with a candle to light his work, just like the mines back in Wales!.. RE).

"I worked for these contractors till the end of November till the frost came, we could do no more cement work putting in paving on Main Street. So after that I worked Poll Tax for different people until Christmas. Lorenzo D. Young gave us some pork and potatoes and apples for Christmas. Willie worked with a painter until Christmas.



Lorenzo Dow Young, father of John R. Young and brother of Brigham Young.

When Grandfather Coles' children Keturah and Ted by his second wife Lucy Davies came to Salt Lake to seek relief for Ted's advanced tuberculosis, Lorenzo Dow Young took the pair into his home and made them a part of his large family, always generous and open-hearted.

"I wrote a letter to Bro Robert Bishop at Schofield to know if I could get work in the mines, he wrote and told me to come. The second day we went, that is William my son and myself, we worked the last 4 days of 1892. We stayed at Brother Bishop's place. The Panic of 1893 started right then on the 20th of January, on that date we got laid off, 18 of us miners, We only worked 12 days. It was very cold up there, 21 and 24 below zero, we were up in the mountains. The seam of coal was 30 feet in thickness, we had to work up on ladders, I did not like it. So we got back to Salt Lake about 21st of Jan 1893, so I was getting only a days work here and there. (I have wondered how they got to Schofield; did they entrain to Soldier Summit and walk to Schofield? By team and buggy?. . .RE).

"In the beginning of April I got a job on the street car track. The Panic was showing itself, at the end of June I was laid off again then I heard of some work at Hot Springs about 4 miles north of Salt Lake, I went and got a job. I would get home have supper and off to bed, up again at 4:30 a.m."

Apparently the family lived in the 24th ward at some period after their arrival; my mother once showed me a card certifying that Mary Ellen Evans was a member of the Sunday School in that ward, although her father says their home in Salt Lake was at the Morris Brick Yard, 5th South and 3rd West.

At this time of financial trouble John R. Young was living on the San Juan River in New Mexico. Learning of their plight, he persuaded them by letter that they should leave Salt Lake and its difficulties. Good coal was to be had in plenty at Fruitland and the growing little settlement had need of an experienced

miner to make it available to the community. Thomas Evans did not have enough money to pay their fare southward, so John R. Young prevailed upon his brothers in Salt Lake to lend them the money for train fare from Salt Lake City to Thompson Springs, and promised to meet them with team and wagon at the end of their train journey. His son Ray accompanied his father to assist with the work, as John R. Young had lost an arm some years before. Having only one arm, it was a chore for John R. Young to wash himself. He would strip to the waist then have someone wash his back and shoulders. Aunt Kate (Keturah Mary) Coles Garrett told me: "I had to wash him and I hated to; he was such a dirty man, but it always fell to me to do it!" I am sure she meant that he was physically dirty, not morally so!

I do not know if this was during the family's residence in Wales or during the time that this daughter of John Coles was staying at the Lorenzo Young home in Salt Lake City.

Thus, for the first time, so far as I am informed, they knew the slow agony of wagon travel through a most forbidding part of the country. Jane Ann, with her background of domestic service in the higher class homes of Bristol, must have entertained much private doubt and discouragement, although I have heard of no complaint at any time that ever escaped her lips.

On July 29th, 1962, Martin R. (Ray) Young, Sr., came to Farmington from his home in Mesa, Arizona to attend a regional welfare meeting. He visited my brother-in-law Wesley B. and sister Gwen Evans Jones, and gave them these interesting sidelights on Grandpa Evans' trip from Thompson Springs to New Mexico.

They all camped out each night, sleeping in bedrolls. One night after all were abed, coyotes began to howl near camp. Grandma Evans said, "Brother Young, what is that?" "Oh, that's just coyotes." "What is a coyote?" "It's a small animal something like a wolf." "We're going to roll up our beds and get in the wagon! Come on, Brother Young, get up here in the wagon!" "No, I'll just stay here." "All right, you just stay there, and let the wolves eat you!"

One morning, John R. Young found that a horse had strayed from camp, and he went in search of it. When he returned some time later, breakfast was not ready. Out of patience, he loaded them all in the wagon and went on without preparing breakfast; the Evanses didn't know how to rough it. (In later years the boys overcame this handicap. Will Evans was a master camp cook.)

John R. had a little tiff with Johnny one morning, and the boy angrily declared that he had enough and going to walk back to Salt Lake. Bro. Young just drove on. Grandma Evans exclaimed, "We can't go off and leave Johnny!" but John R. said nothing. Some time later, they looked ahead and saw Johnny sitting on a rock waiting for the wagon to reach him. Apparently the awesome quiet, the desolate terrain and the thought of the long trek to Salt Lake cooled his rebellion, and so he took a long looping run which would keep him out of sight of the family in the wagon and which placed him on the trail some distance ahead of them.

They must certainly have stopped if only briefly at the now vanished Valley City, which was a junction point; from there the Floy Cutoff pointed its way towards Green River, and to the northeast was Thompson Springs which they had left some hours before. The torturous road down rocky canyons and the Colorado River crossing before reaching Moab is better imagined than described.

At Moab they stayed for several days of rest at the home of a family named Tangren, where they feasted without limit on fresh vegetables, fruit and melons.

I return now to the story Thomas Evans wrote for me in 1932. This adds more detail to the events of the voyage across the Atlantic and additional information about the early days in Fruitland. Here he is just finishing some mention of his deceased son Joseph (the preceeding pages are lost):

"Born Sept 18th, 1889, died July, 1890. We left Merthyr 1891 to move to Ynysybwl. (This word seems almost impossible to pronounce, but just say Innisabool and you will be close. Ynys: stretch of land partly surrounded by water. Ybwl: according to old residents this word is connected with a former bowling green, hence, bowling green partly surrounded by water). On the 12th of June 1891 on Sunday morning a son was born and we named him Edwin Charles. I quit work preparing to emigrate, and on the 26th of August we left for Liverpool. I was 41 and my wife was 37. We arrived at 4 o'clock that day. I went to the office; Mission Headquarters at that time was in Liverpool; and made arrangements for our voyage, we got on the ship that evening and had supper there, it saved us from going to a hotel that night.

"Next morning we had breakfast on board. Just as the dinner bell was ringing at 12 Noon we felt the Vessel getting under way. In the afternoon a storm was brewing and next morning it was in its glory. In the part of the ship where we were there was about 18 from England, the rest were from Norway and Sweden, they were about 90 of them, we were all Mormons. We did not mix with the other passengers.

"On the morning of the 28th at breakfast time there was not one of us wanted our breakfast, all too sick. (In humorous reference to their terrible bouts with sea-sickness, leaning over the rail, he wrote: "The fish kept demanding!") At noon we were all too sick. At supper time my wife and myself and 10 or 12 did eat supper, none of our children did eat supper, all too sick. Next morning all the children ate but William who did not eat till next morning. One day as we were sailing along, about two miles north of us was a large whale. Those with a spy glass saw it quite plain.

"About the 6th day out another storm, the ship was not rolling from side to side but pitching, it would ship up water and water would run all over the deck, it was difficult to walk. As some of the steerage passengers was sitting on their deck the ship pitched forward and it shipped a lot of water; one of the ladies was washed off the deck and her legs was hanging over the side of the vessel, she was hanging to the railing.

"Sylvia had her 8th birthday the 4th of September 1892, this was on Sunday. So on the evening of the 6th we arrived in New York Harbor. It was a nice moonlit night. Three man-of-war vessels was in harbor and a band was playing on one of them. Next morning we could see the tall buildings in New York and the Goddess of Liberty and the buildings on Long Island.

"We expected to land the next day, but no, we did not, the 2nd day nor the third day, they brought lots of sulfur to fumigate the vessel. One lady passenger had two children die in the afternoon after they had fumigated in the morning. Scarlet fever was why they fumigated. (In another account he says it was cholera. . .RE). She took her children down to sleep and when she went back to the children they were dead, the fumes from the sulfur smothered them, so the Police boat came and took them off to bury them on Ellis Island a little way off. Instead of landing us they moved us from the upper bay to the lower bay. While we were there the Big Fight between John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett at New Orleans, Corbett won the fight.

"The next day a large vessel came in to harbor and stayed 5 or 6 hours then went on in to let the passengers off, it made us feel bad. The name of the steamer was the White Star. A German steamer came in one night and in the morning the seamen was stripped to the waist working on deck and someone turned a hosepipe of cold water on them. Of all the yelling they done it.

"On the 18th of September 1892 a large steamer came alongside our vessel, the Wyoming. The first and second class passengers were taken on to New York and we were taken to Fire Island in quarantine. We had a good home while we stayed there. Our son John went star-fishing; he fell in the water and his clothes got wet, he went to our room to his mother. He had to go to bed to wait for his clothes to dry, our trunks were still on the vessel in the harbor.

"On the 24th we left Fire Island and landed at New York. That night we left New York and crossed the river Hudson to Jersey City, New Jersey. The train left at 9 o'clock that night. We traveled all that night and the next day till 5 o'clock that afternoon we arrived at Youngstown, Ohio. The train started off again and the next morning arrived at Chicago at 10 o'clock, so we arrived at one depot and were taken to another and staid there until 6 o'clock that evening. We left a little after 6 and arrived at Kansas City at 7 o'clock (A.M.) Again the train left Kansas City at 11 o'clock AM and arrived at Denver at 7 o'clock. We only had a short stay at Denver. We went through Cheyenne at noon, next morning arrived at Ogden 10 A.M. The train left for Salt Lake City and got there at noon. Dvauid R. Gill met us at Ogden. We stayed at his place 2 or 3 days in the 15th ward.

"I made an arrangement for a house with Bishop Elias Morris of the 15th Ward. The house was in the 5th Ward at a brick yard on 8th South and 3rd West, there were two houses there, we lived in one and John Coles in the other. The short time we lived in Salt Lake we lived in that same house."

November 7th. 1892

*Thomas Evans was Rebaptized by N. V. Jones reconfermed by John R. Morgan
Jane A. Evans was Rebaptized by N. V. Jones reconfermed by F. W. Schoenfeld
William son of the above was Rebaptized by N. V. Jones reconfermed by F. W. Schoenfeld
John son of the above was Rebaptized by N. V. Jones reconfermed by R. C. Badger
Thomas Henry son of the above was Rebaptized by N. V. Jones reconfermed by J. R. Morgan
Sylvia Daughter of the Above was Baptized by N. V. Jones Confermed by J. R. Morgan*

Account of my Tithing after
arriving in Salt Lake City
Paid to Bishop Sedden of the
5th Ward Oct 23rd \$3.00
1892 Oct 30th \$1.30
Donation to Temple \$1.00
November 6th \$0.85
November 16th \$1.065
November 20th \$1.30
November 27th \$1.00
December 4th \$0.45
December 11th \$0.30
Donation to Temple \$2.00
1893
January 28th \$2.00
Feb 26th \$1.00
March 12th \$0.30
March 19th \$0.50
March 26th \$0.90

The Account of Tithing paid
by William Evans
Paid to Bishop Sedden of
the 5th Ward Nov 6th \$0.50
November 16th \$0.50
November 20th \$0.50
November 27th \$0.50
December 4th \$0.40
December 11th \$0.20
1893 Jan 26th \$1.00
Feb 26th \$1.10
March 12th \$0.15
March 19th \$0.40

Account of Tithing, from Thomas Evans' Journal

"A few days after we arrived in Salt Lake 6 of the family was rebaptized in the 15th Ward baptismal font. We joined the 5th Ward. Work was scarce.

"On the 24th of August 1893 we left Salt Lake for Fruitland, arrived Fruitland Sept. 4, 1893.

"John R. Young gave us a place to live in when we arrived until we could get our own place, it was uphill to get one. We didn't have a red cent only our clothes and bedding. I started to work in the Stevens coal mine on the 6th of Sept. I had to wheel the coal out to the wagons in a wheelbarrow. There were no rails, no coal cars, no animals to pull the cars. (At the beginning coal was sold for fifty cents a ton. Later it went up. . RE.) "The coal was sold for \$1.50 a ton. I got 75 cents and all expenses was paid by the owner of the mine.

Trustland 1896

Mr Bert McGunkin



Thomas Evans

Terms:

Oct	16	4000 lbs of Coal	2 00
	19	4000 lbs of Coal	
	20	4000 lbs of Coal	2 00
Nov	21	4000 lbs of Coal	
	2	4000 lbs of Coal	5 00
	4	3000 lbs of Coal	
	5	4000 lbs of Coal	2 00

The Price of Coal in 1896.

"We attended to the meetings. I had charge of the singing. I was appointed 1st Counselor to John R. Young in the Mutual. After a while he was released and I was appointed President of the Mutual, I don't remember the date.

"May 15th, 1895 Wilford was born." (My mother noted on a slip of paper that Wilford David Evans was blessed June 5 by Bishop L. C. Burnham. . RE).

"I was appointed 1st Assistant in the Sunday School, William G. Black was the superintendent.

"The year 1899 May 11, we went to Salt Lake to the Temple. (This was for endowment and sealing purposes. . .RE). My wife was sick. We went in a wagon and arrived at Salt Lake on June the 7th. We stayed 2 months. Got back to

Fruitland Sept. 6th. Sister Evans did not improve much in health. (Jane Ann began to show increasing symptoms of circulatory and heart failure and other complications. The trip to Salt Lake by wagon did little to improve her general condition, although it was her husband's hope that the trip, the work in the temple, and the extended visit with her father and stepmother and a host of other relatives would somehow cause her condition to improve. As the months dragged on, she could not lie down; legs and ankles began to swell with accumulated fluids, and her anxious, grieving husband began to see the light of his life flicker away from him. .R.E.) "1 month before she died 2 sisters of the Relief Society came and stayed all the time; she was sick until she died Oct. 29, 1902 at 3:25 p.m. aged 47 years, 11 months, 6 days."

Of all the hardships visited upon Thomas Evans, this was the worst. Time heals all but the deepest mourning. I do not recall a day of his life in the many years he lived with us at Shiprock that he did not at some time slip into a reverie, elbows resting on knees, large, work-worn hands clasped together, to go back in memory to the happy days that Jane Ann was beside him, gentle voice and ready smile easing the struggle of life. I do not imply that he did not enjoy life in those latter years; his ready wit and genuine laugh came to hand easily. But he missed his beloved Jane Ann more than he could ever find words to express. She was buried in the Kirtland-Fruitland cemetery in its northwestern corner on the first day of November, 1902.

By 1911 all but the two youngest children had married. Thomas Evans had left the mines at Fruitland and was working at the smelter in Durango. On August 6, 1911 at Kline, Colorado, he was married to Emmagin Hurd Carner Creath and they lived in a modest frame home in Durango. She was called "the old lady", a term used not in disrespect but merely to differentiate between her and the irreplaceable Jane Ann. I am told that she had a sharp tongue and knew how to use it. She passed away on the 29th of October, 1924 at Redmesa, Colorado. She was born in New York City.



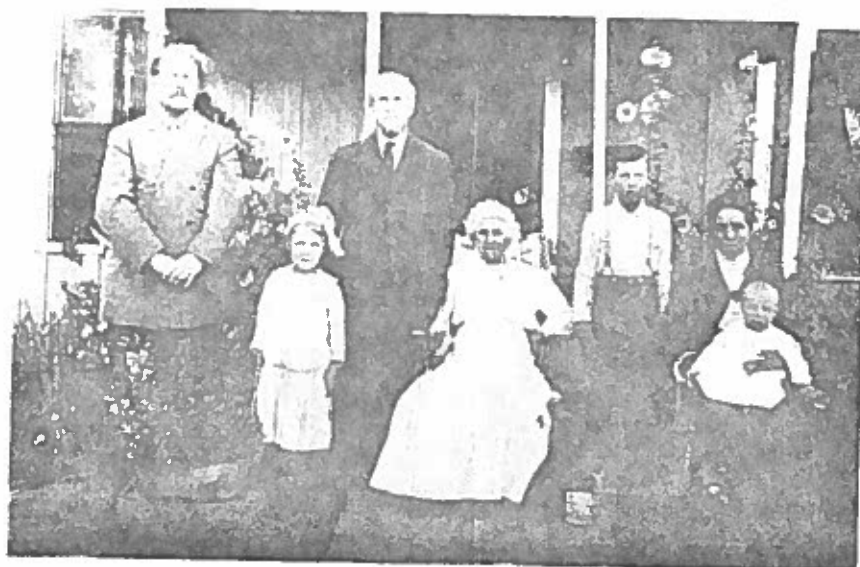
(Above) Emmagin Hurd Carner Creath Evans



(Above) L. to R. Thomas Evans, Emmagin, his wife, David, son of Sarah Evans. Richard Evans stands in front of his Grandfather.

Emmagin H. C. Creath Evans lived at Sawyer, Michigan. While living there she met an Elder with whom she was much taken, and she came to Durango to see him but he had married previously. My mother, Sarah Walker Evans, told me that she was baptized into the Church on the 11th of March, 1911 by Max Black. She received her vicarious endowments in the Salt Lake Temple the 28th of June, 1938. Aunt Edith Coles acting as proxy. Before her death she said she did not wish to be sealed to Thomas Evans but to David Creath. Her first husband was Jerome Carner.

The marriage of Thomas Evans and "the old lady" was recorded in La Plata County, Colorado, 10 August, 1911, entry No. 61221. They were married by Judge Henry T. Butler, and witnesses were W. T. Craft and A. M. Slade.



Summer of 1915, Durango, Colorado. L. to R. William Evans, his daughter Gwendolin, Thomas Evans, Emmagin Evans, Ralph Evans, Sarah Walker Evans holding Richard Evans.



L.D.S. Branch members, Durango, Colorado. Thomas Evans directly at the right side of the window frame. The bearded man in front of the window is a blind welshman by the name of Leyshon. I have no identification of the others.

CERTIFICATE OF CITIZENSHIP

United States



of America

STATE OF COLORADO, } In the County Court,
COUNTY OF La Plata } ss. September Term, 19 03

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 17th day of November in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three personally appeared before the Hon. Chas. A. Pike Judge of the County Court of the County of La Plata and State aforesaid (the same being a Court of Record, having and exercising common law jurisdiction, a Seal and a Clerk), sitting judicially for the dispatch of business, at the Court House in Durango

in the County aforesaid,
Thomas Evans

an alien, of lawful age, and applied to the said Court to be admitted to become a Naturalized Citizen of the United States of America, pursuant to the directions of the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act to Establish a Uniform Rule of Naturalization, etc.," passed April 14, 1802, and the Acts subsequently passed on that subject, and to the directions of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to Regulate the Immigration of Aliens into the United States," approved March 3, 1903. And the said alien having thereupon produced to the Court record testimony showing that he has heretofore reported himself, and filed his declaration of his intention to become a Citizen of the United States, according to the provisions of the said several Acts of Congress, and the Court being satisfied, as well from the oath

of the said alien as from the affidavit of Harry Schrader

and W.B. Farley that the said alien has resided within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States for at least five years last past, and at least one year last past within the State of Colorado, and that during the whole of that time he has behaved himself as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles contained in the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same; and two years and upward having elapsed since the said alien reported himself and filed his declaration of his intention aforesaid, and the Court being further satisfied from the affidavits of said alien and his said witnesses, that he does not disbelieve in and is not opposed to all organized government, and is not a member of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching such disbelief in or opposition to all organized government, or who advocates or teaches the duty, necessity or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the Government of the United States, or of any other organized government, because of his or their official character; that he has not knowingly aided or assisted or connived or conspired with any person or persons to allow, procure or permit any alien who is an idiot, an insane person, or one who has been declared insane by any lawful authority within five years previous to his arrival, or one who has epilepsy, or one who is a pauper, or one who is likely to become a public charge or a professional beggar, to enter the United States, or any territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof; that he has not landed or permitted to be landed any alien at any other time or place than that designated by the Immigration officers of the United States; that he has not by himself or another, brought, landed, or imported, or attempted to bring, land or import into the United States any alien who is afflicted with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, or one who has been convicted of a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or one who is a polygamist, or any woman or girl for the purposes of prostitution; that he has not held or attempted to hold any woman or girl for the purposes of prostitution in pursuance of such illegal importation; that he has not aided or abetted the importation of any person or persons in violation of the terms of the Contract Labor Laws of the United States; and that he has not violated any provision of an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States," approved March 3, 1903; and the said affidavits reciting and affirming the truth of every material fact requisite for naturalization, having been recorded, and he having now here in open Court taken and subscribed the oath required by law to support the Constitution of the United States, and to renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly all allegiance which he may in anywise

owe to Edward VII King of Great Britain and Ireland whereof he was heretofore a subject;

IT IS THEREUPON CONSIDERED, ORDERED AND ADJUDGED BY THE COURT, That the said Thomas Evans be admitted to all and singular the rights, privileges and immunities of a naturalized Citizen of the United States, and that the same be certified by the Clerk of this Court, under the seal of said Court accordingly.

By order of the Court.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, The seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed this 17th day of November One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three in the 127th year of our Independence.

Chas. A. Pike
Judge & Ex-officio Clerk of the
County Court

W.B. Farley

Following is the copy of a letter written by Uncle Ted Evans late in 1972 at Vernal, Utah.

"Dear Dick:

I will try again to answer your questions. I have no dates as to when Grandfather Coles came to America but he came before we came over. I have a family sheet of John Coles at home in my Book of Remembrance, but it has been some time since I looked at it. I can't quite remember if he joined the Church or if Uncle Joe Coles did their work for them after they passed on. Our daughter, Arlene Meadows, is there on the place. Drop her a card and have a look in my Book of Remembrance and find the John Coles sheet and have her send it to you. The only time I can remember anything about where John Coles lived is Father said they lived on the east side of the city. As far as I know Father was working at the smelter in Durango when he met the old lady but how he came to meet her I do not know. She lived in Michigan before she came west. She first married a man by the name of Carner and it was by him she had a family of one boy and three or four girls. When this boy grew up he operated a small hotel, but she and him could not get along. She had a grand-daughter that began writing to us. Then she came out to visit us and stayed about a week with us. She told me a lot about her grandmother. She said her grandfather Carner couldn't put up with her so he pulled out and left her and the family. Then she married the man Creath but he didn't live long. She said there was a missionary out there from the Denver area about forty five years old and she thought she might marry him. Her grandmother had some money so she followed him to Denver but when she got there she found he had gone on to Idaho and married another woman. She was in Denver quite awhile before she came to Durango. Her grand-daughter told me all this about her. As far as I know she did not run a boarding house in Durango. She had a very sharp tongue and used it quite regular.

I remember hearing Father mention one time that Grandmother Lucy Coles was married to a Young before she married John Coles. John R. Young had a two room house and we lived there for a while. A half a mile east of where the Progressive Merc., was and on the North side of the hi-way was a large cellar. We lived in it. That was the place my younger brother Wilford was born.

Down the hiway through Fruitland and west and north of Fruitland the hiway crosses a wash. There on the bank of this wash and on the west side of the hiway your Father and my brothers John and Tom made adobes and built a house. It was in this house that my Mother passed away.

I was not working in a field, I was a little past ten years and I was at home. My brother Tom was doing some work for Tom Bryan on a house where the Progressive Merc., was and Mother told Father she felt like she was going and Father told me to go get Tom. I ran all of the way over there and Tom and I ran all the way back but she was gone when we reached there. Bertha Hatch, wife of Jim Hatch was there with her. They hitched up the team of horses we had to the wagon and my dad and yours and John and Tom and I went up to the cemetary and picked the place for her grave, and oh, the big rocks they took out when they dug it and worst of all they went back in on her. By the way, I think Bertha Hatch is still alive and is over 100 years old. This is about all I can think of now. If you need more I will try and remember more."

Uncle Ted Evans gave me the following additional information in the early part of September 1973:

"My father opened the Black Diamond mine either in 1905 or 1906 at lower Fruitland. He could not afford to buy rails and ties and have coal cars to take the coal out to the waiting wagons, so he used an iron-tired wheelbarrow, figuring nine wheelbarrow loads to the ton! In Farmington he located some 2" by 12" planks 14 feet long, and these he hauled to the mine and laid them end to end from the coal face to the chute outside, so he would have an easier time of it pushing that heavy wheelbarrow. At this time he sold coal for 75 cents a ton, holding this price for a long time, then he raised it to \$1.25 a ton, then for 8 or 9 years sold coal for \$1.50 per ton.

To get the coal to come loose from the vein, he would undermine it at ground level with a pick, then use powder to blow it loose. He bought powder and tools in Farmington.

He kept the floor of the mine clean with a large coal rake. These rakings of fine coal he sold to C. C. Pitrat of Farmington, who used a coal-burning steam boiler to run a flour mill which was located on south Behrend street in Farmington close to the old railroad depot."

Another letter from Uncle Ted follows:

" Vernal, Utah
Nov., 21, 1972

Dear Dick:

My memory of my mother is very short as I was only ten years old when she passed away. I do know she loved the Church and its teachings. She was very kind to us children. I remember one time a while before she passed away I had some trouble with one of the Hatch boys who lived neighbors to us at Fruitland. After the boy went home she called me in and told how she felt about the matter. She did it in such a nice way that the love for her for doing it has remained with me through the years. It is hard to remember everything after 70 years have gone by. Here is something my Father told me quite some time before he passed on. This happened when they first heard the gospel. You may have this but I will give it to you in case you don't. He said he was coming home late one evening from the coal mine and as he was about to cross the street he noticed a group of people on the street corner and a young man was speaking to them so he stopped to listen a few minutes. When he reached home he said, "Mother, I have heard something on the street and I think it is what we have been looking for. Two young men was holding a meeting down there." She asked him how they were dressed and other things. He told as near as he could. She said they must be the ones that have been coming and talking to me every week for over a month now. They are two young men from America. They are Mormons. He said, "Why didn't you say something?" She said, "I was afraid you would be mad for letting Mormons in our home. He told her that when they came again to have them come when he was home--he wanted to hear what they had to say. Mother joined the Church almost a year before he did. Father stuttered quite bad and for that reason he held back for some time. One of the missionaries was Robert Bishop from Scofield, Utah. He told Father he would promise him in the name of the Lord that if he would be baptized that ailment would leave him. And when he came out of the water that ailment was gone and he was troubled with it no more.

Every Sunday he went with the elders and helped them with their meetings.

Here is one thing that happened to Mother that none of the family knew much about except those who were there. We had been to Durango with a team and wagon. On our way home Father, Mother, my brothers Tom, Wilford and I, stopped at the LaPlata store. (It was where Talley's now live.) Father bought a bail of hay and we had a twenty gallon water barrel on the wagon and we filled it full of water from the well there.

As we left the store we went up the hill on to the LaPlata mesa. About three miles after we left the store, the road turned off on to what was called the meadows road. About twelve miles after we left the LaPlata road we came to the narrows. The road there was a narrow road between two rock cliffs. There was a campground there. It started to get dark so we decided to stay there all night.

Next morning Mother was getting breakfast on the campfire and her dress caught fire. She started to run down the road. My brother Tom ran and caught her and brought her back to the camp. We had a Navajo rug in the wagon and Father grabbed it and put it around Mother and smothered the fire. We hitched the team to the wagon and rushed her home as fast as we could go. When we got to the Clayburn Brimhall's home, he stopped us to talk to Father. When he found what was wrong he put her in his buggy and rushed her to Farmington to the doctor. He took her to Doctor Rosenthall. He doctored her legs where she was burned and she recovered in a few days.

Mother's health was anything but good the last few years of her life. One more thing that happened to Mother one day in the summer of 1902. She got in the wagon with Father and went out to the coal mine to get some coal. Father was operating the old Stevens coal mine, later known as the Smouse mine. While he was in the mine getting the coal she sat on a stool doing some knitting, when a rock the size of a basketball came down from above the mine opening and hit her on the back of her neck. October 29 of that year she passed away. This is about all I can give you."

To return to the story of Thomas Evans he was now too old at the age of 73 to find further employment. His foreman at the smelter had said, "Tommie, I think the world of you, and hate to tell you this, but you're too old; we can't use you any more." He lived with children at Kline, Redmesa and Monticello, but seemed to prefer living at Shiprock with Will and Sarah. Wilford went to live with Tom and Mary Evans after his mother passed away and his father moved to Durango, then went into the service in Washington State. He made few visits back home. One was in the late '20's or early '30's when he came with his wife Clara and niece Gerry to visit with brothers and sisters. (See picture next page.)

At Shiprock Will built a little one-room cabin for his Father, and there he had his little but very loud radio (he was hard of hearing by then) his warm old cast iron stove where he boiled his "heggs" and toasted his bread. He was very fond of "booter" and used a lot of it on his "heggs" and bread. He had a short-handled ball-pein hammer, and when he took his coal bucket out to the big pile in the back yard, he knew precisely how to hit the coal so that it would break into a size chunks he wanted for the stove. The stove also warmed up a fairly large boulder which he wrapped in an old Navajo saddle blanket and put to bed with him: this would warm his feet throughout the long winter nights. He had a "gairden" where he raised fine vegetables which he sold to people in the

community to keep himself in a little pocket money.

He continued to walk for long distances, although he loved to take trips to wherever the family car was going. My brother Ralph tells me that Grandpa would think nothing of walking to Fruitland from a visit to the folks "on the mesa" and we are thinking now of distances of 40 miles or more. The walking undoubtedly contributed to his longevity. We all would be better if we did more of it.

His eyesight troubled him somewhat as the years fell more heavily upon him. One eye grew bad, and he described it as rays of light "like looking into a bright light;" although this eye never lost its clear blue color. He could still write to his children and grandchildren in his ninety-first year "without the aid of eye glasses," he boasted. He was always an avid reader, and in his later years used his faithful old magnifying glass to "haid my heyesight".



Left: "Big Chief" Wilford Evans
whooping it up at Shiprock with
niece Gerry. Wilford's wife, Clara,
stands in the background.

(As typist for this history may I take the liberty of inserting a small incident concerning Grandpa Evans. One day in about 1939 I was visiting with my parents John and Pearl Evans in Salt Lake City, with my two children. We had planned an outing to the Lagoon for the day and were getting ready to leave when Grandpa Evans appeared at the door for a visit. We loved visiting with him but were nonplussed about what to do since the entire family had planned on the trip to the resort. We decided that we would invite him to go with us to be polite but were certain that he would decline because of his age and would stay at home sleeping and resting while we were gone. To our great surprise when we invited him to go with us he said: "I'd love to." And go he did and had more fun than anybody. I never heard him utter a complaining word in his life, and he was a joy to be with at any time. . .KW.)

MORTALITY ENDS, ETERNITY BECKONS

He remained physically active to the very end of a long and useful life. He spent most of this last mortal day in Farmington with his son Will. He became ill there but it seemed to pass off and they returned home. Early that evening he again complained of illness, and about eleven o'clock that night he passed away in the presence of his son, the seventh day of January, 1942. His grandson Ralph and Ralph's uncle William J. Walker of Kirtland, washed the body next morning and dressed him in his Temple robes. A modest casket was obtained from a mortuary in Farmington, N.M. in which his mortal remains were placed, then he was taken to Kirtland to the home of his daughter Sylvia Evans Black, where he lay in state until the time of his funeral on the morning of the 9th of January, at the Ward Chapel in Kirtland. He was buried beside his beloved Jane Ann in the Kirtland Cemetery.

Two years of schooling. Sixty years in the mines. Ynysybw1 to Salt Lake City to New Mexico and Colorado. Should the family have remained in Salt Lake City, fought off the Panic, seen their way through? I marvel at the talents Thomas Evans and Jane Ann Coles passed on to their children. How does one measure the decisions a father has to make? Should they have remained in Zion in the mountains? Who knows what Will and John and Tom, Mary Ellen and Sylvia and Ted and Wilford might have accomplished there? Musicians par excellence. Writers, speakers, missionaries. Hard workers, skilled craftsmen and women. They could all light into a job and get with it, as the current saying goes. How does one measure what might have been? They did well where they were.

In relation to their children, the story of Thomas and Jane Ann Evans is a story of love, faith, encouragement, devotion, encouragement, assistance without reserve. They had very little to give their children in a material way, but not all the finest gifts are material.

We know so little of the appearance of Jane Ann Evans. No photographs were taken of her apparently in the Utah-New Mexico periods of her life. Of her children, only two survive at the time of this writing. Members of their families are interviewing them in an effort to learn more about her.

A SMALL MAN, A MIGHTY FAITH

Thomas Evans was a man of strong testimony. Even in the closing years of his life he could speak in Stake Conference and bear a powerful testimony. His prayers in such meetings were fervent and eloquent as he stood at the rostrum, right hand raised to the square, eyes closed, voice rolling forth in supplication to the Lord.

I quote from a letter to me dated January 14, 1938. The language and spelling are his own: "Dear Richard, I have just being reading your Most Wellcome letter, it sure makes my heart rejoice to ave you a Missionary in the Church of Jesus Christ so far away from home, you are a servant of the Lord, you are an ambaseder of the Lord to Warn the people and to show them the Way of salvation where they can be saved. What a blessing for you to go through the country Bareing your Testimony of the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Richard I can well understand your feeling and the Joy of Heart which swell with Emotion, the Priviledge of Being Servents of the Lord, Pray, Pray for guidance in your Work day by day. Read this.

1. How often in sweet meditation my mind
Where solitude reigned and aside From mankind
Has dwelt on the hour when the Savior did deign
To call me His servant to Publish His name.
2. To life up my voice and proclaim the glad news
First to the Gentile and then to the Jews
That Jesus Messiah in clouds will descend
Destroy the ungodly the Righteous defend.
3. How rich is the trespure ye Priests of the Lord
Entrusted to us as made known by His Word
The plan of salvation the Gospel of Grace
To publish abroad to Adam's lost race.

I thought these few lines above would cause you to reflect on your Mission, Read them sometimes to comfort you, Dear Grandson Richard Evans I think of you often and pray the Lord to bless you all the Day and night, God bless you with His Spirit, so long till we meet again, Grandpa Evans."

These inspiring lines were penned on small sheets of tablet paper. He had recently passed his 87th birthday. On the back of the last page he wrote, "P.S. I have wrote this Without the aid of Eye Glasses, T.E." I do not know the source of the words; they might have been in a hymnal ussed by missionaries to Wales in that earlier day. They seemed to flow readily from his memory.

To his missionary and soldier sons, to his grandchildren who served on missions, he wrote similar words of inspiration and testimony. I have always been impressed and amused by his words to a protestant missionary to the Navajos, a Reverend Holcomb, whose mission was located near Sweetwater, Arizona, and is called Emannuel Mission. He had stopped at Shiprock for some supplies and was talking to Grandpa Evans. In the course of conversation, Reverend Holcomb said, "Grandpa, do you fear the Lord?" Grandpa always had something in his mouth to "gum" on, a pea, a nut kernel, etc., and he pondered the question a minute, chewing. "No," he replied quietly, "I don't fear the Lord. It's that other booger I'm afraid of."

He read constantly: the Scriptures, the newspapers, the papers his nephew sent regularly from the Old Country, and he particularly enjoyed those sections in the Welsh newspaper which were in his native tongue. He spoke of the Gospel to all who would listen, and I would have no way of knowing how many Books of Mormon he gave to those who expressed interest.

GRANDPA EVANS, MUSICIAN

He was musically talented. I have mentioned that he took charge of congregational singing both in Wales and in this country. He played the concertina, a small octagon-shaped accordion. From one of his jaunts he brought home a new concertina, bound in chromex at the corners and a real contrast to the old one he played for so many years. He used it for a while, then set it aside and turned back to his old faithful instrument. He was very capable on it. Unlike a piano accordion whose notes are the same whether the bellows are pulled in or out, the concertina is like a harmonica in that the notes are different: pull out the bellows and one tone is heard. Holding the same key down, a different tone is heard when the bellows are pushed in. There are two rows of buttons

on a concertina, one set pitched in one key, the lower row in another. Hence he could play anything, almost, that came to mind. One of his favorites was Hymn No. 50, God of Our Fathers, We Come Unto Thee.

During his years at Shiprock, he was a favorite of the teachers at the Indian School, and he was frequently invited to classrooms to talk to the Indian students then play the concertina for them. One of his favorite methods of playing was to swing the instrument both up and down and in a circle as he played a stirring Welsh folksong. Swinging the instrument gave it a sonorous, organ-like sound. I have not heard that tune since he played it, nor have I seen it in print, but the music is still clear in my mind.

Once he came home with a larger instrument, an accordion, the kind which uses ivory buttons rather than piano keys. He kept it for a while and tried to learn it, but was confused by the fact that this was a true accordion. He would push down a button, work the bellows in and out, and get the same tone. This was so alien to his habits with the concertina that he gave it up. He let me play on it from time to time, but eventually he disposed of it.

I have been a devoted admirer of Thomas A. Edison from the time I could read about him. When I was but a boy my folks obtained an Edison phonograph, and I was always aware that, compared with the tinny victrolas, Edison was far ahead in tone quality. Grandpa had an old Edison phonograph, the kind that played the cylindrical recordings, and I set my boyish heart upon it. He would play the machine for me as often as I asked, which was frequently. I always asked him that if he ever thought of selling the machine, to think of me first. . . although I do not know where I might have gotten that much money. I was heart-broken when he sold it to one of Uncle John Black's brothers in Blanding; I had asked him to sell it to me!

He kept a vegetable garden wherever he was. My earliest recollection of the place of my birth at Fruitland was a vegetable garden at the northwest corner of the place, and Grandpa picking pea pods and shelling them for me to eat.



Thomas Evans at Fruitland, N.M. Photo taken near his son Will's home at Fruitland. In the background is the old white meeting house and school house, which stood until about 1930 but was not then in use.

The Alma Branch chapel for Lamanites use now stands on this lot.

THE FAMILY

Thomas Evans was born at Tredgar Monmouth
Shire. England July 10th. 1849

Jane Ann. was born at Dowlais Glamorgan-
Shire November 23rd. 1854.

Married June the 3rd 1876 Eglwysellon Glamor-
ganshire.

William son of the above born. March 14th 1877
at Pontypridd Glamorganshire

John son of the above born May 4th 1879
at hawod near Pontypridd Glamorganshire.

Thomas Henry son of the Above born at Pontypridd
Glamorganshire May 7th 1882.

Sylvia Daughter. of the above born Sept 4th 1884
at Pontypridd Glamorganshire

Mary. Ellen. daughter of the above born Nov 20th
1886 at Pontypridd Glamorganshire

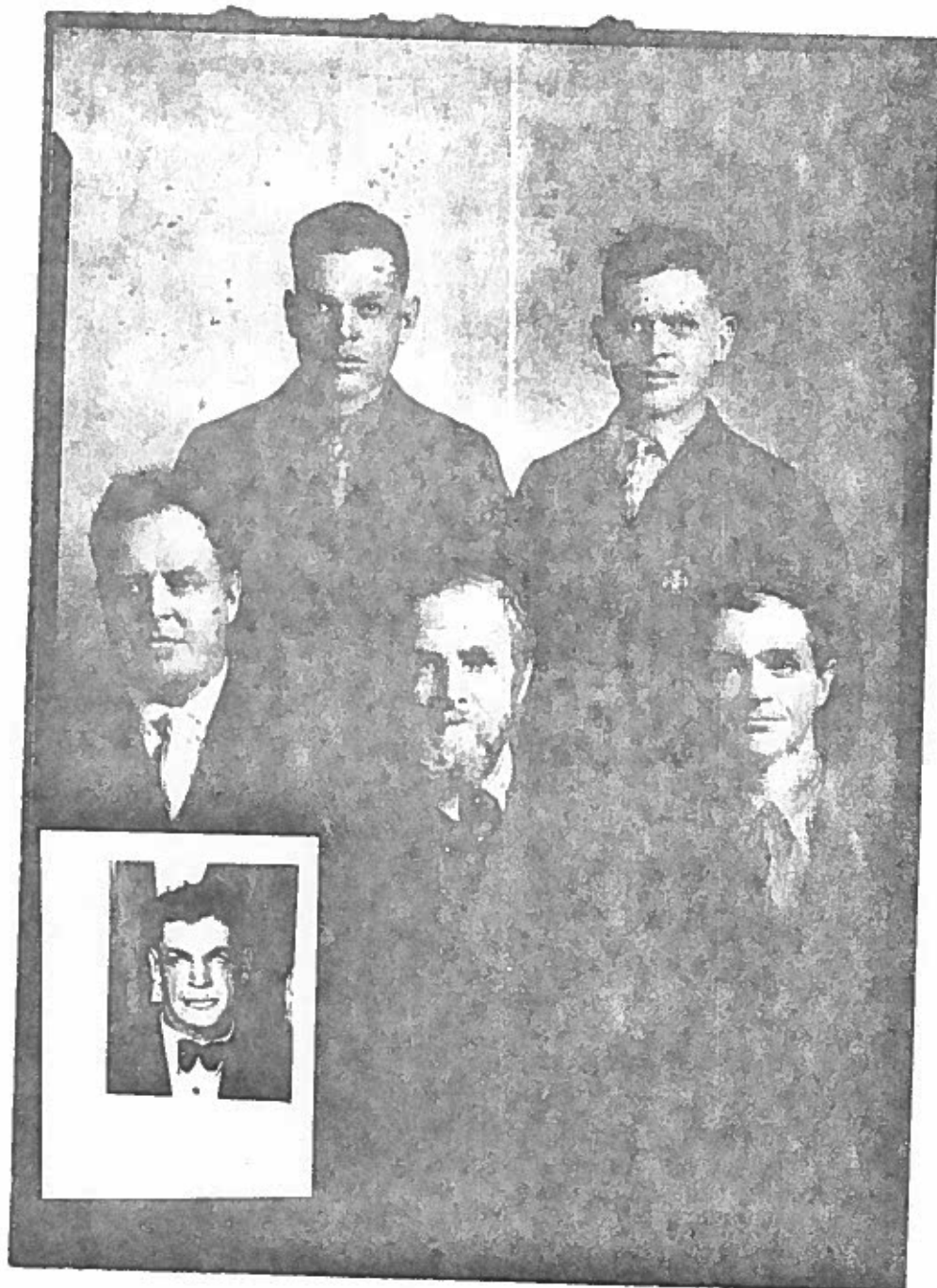
Joseph son of the above born at Merthyr
Tydvil Glamorganshire Sept 18th 1889.

Died at Merthyr Tydvil. July. 24th 1890.

Edwin Charles Son of the above born June 12th
1892. at Ynysybwl Glamorganshire

Walter David son of the above born May 16th
1896 at Merthyr Tydvil Glamorganshire

Grandpa's listing of himself and family.



Thomas Evans and his sons. Back row left to right: Wilford, Edwin Charles (Ted). Front row: L to R; William, Grandpa Evans, John. Insert: Thomas.



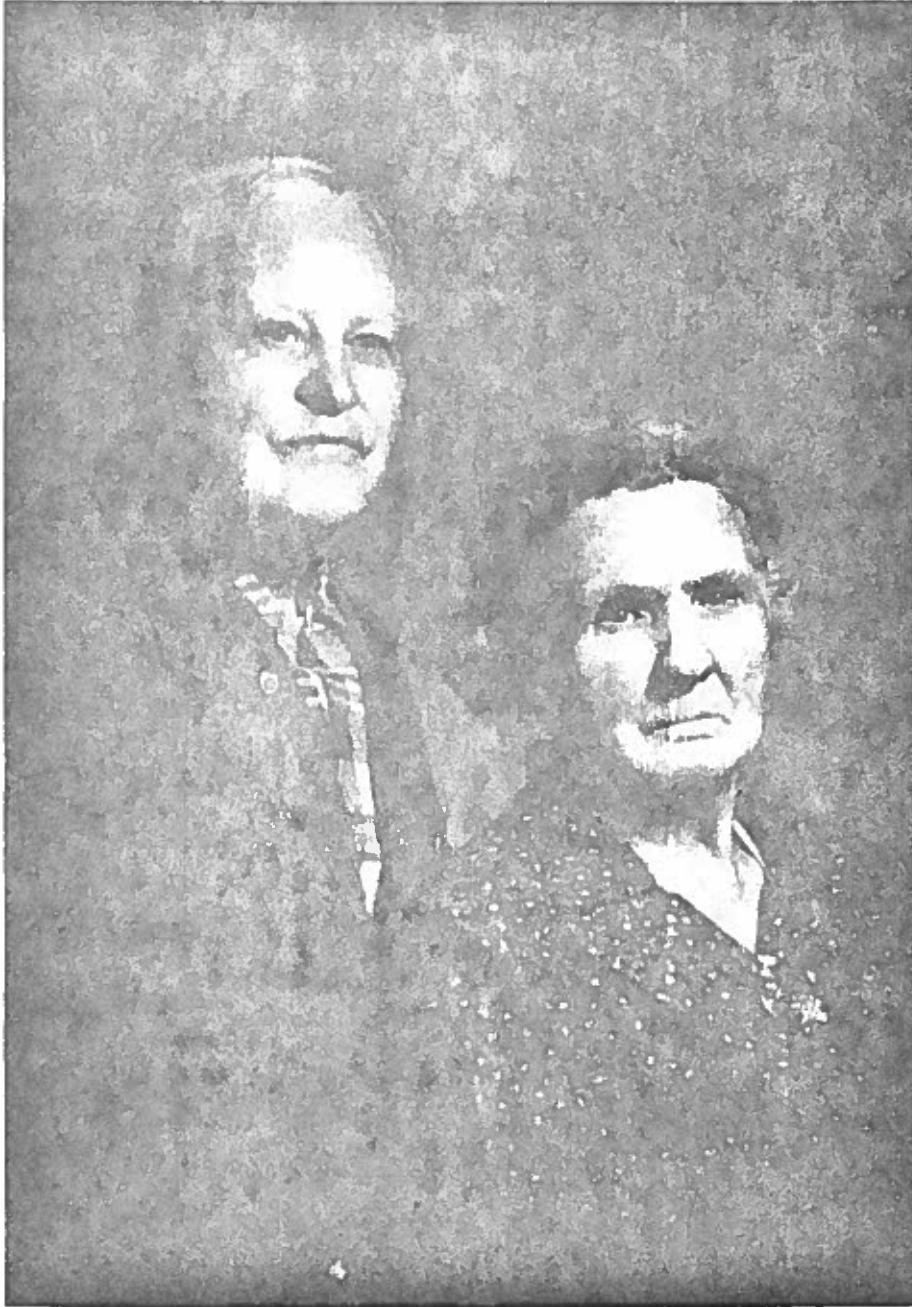
Left: William Evans.

For his children I developed a particular feeling. For my own father, a gifted poet, violinist, singer, writer, defender of the faith, I was filled with admiration for his better qualities, realizing that they were his because of his heritage and parentage.

Uncle John I recall as a singer, an interesting conversationalist, missionary, who wrote with a beautiful hand, and was the husband of a lovely wife, and father of gifted children. As he made his home in Salt Lake City when I was still quite young, I did not have the contact with him that I would have liked. His ready smile and quick laugh are with me still.

Like his father and brothers and sisters, Uncle Tom knew how to pitch in and work. I treasure in memory his leisure hours, however, when he and my Father would tune up their violins and play hauntingly beautiful duets together, my sister Gwen at the piano. When it was time to work Tom was there, overalls on, low whistle tuned up, and the work was settled into with ease and dispatch. Many beautiful buildings and homes in Monticello and nearby communities bear the handiwork of Tom Evans. Our contact with him was infrequent, much less than I would have liked.

Aunt Sylvia: a deep pool of talent, which with her husband instilled into her children many fine gifts. . . missionaries, singers, mechanics, adept with everything electronic. . . they quickly came to understand the circuitry of radio and in later years, television. The first radio broadcast I ever heard came from Aunt Sylvia's home via telephone: They held their radio receiver to the telephone at Kirtland and I listened to it on the other end of the line at Shiprock! Sylvia's life with Uncle John took her to live in many places. . the colonies in Mexico, Blanding, Monticello, Aztec, Fruitland and Kirtland, and it was in Kirtland that I came to know the family and appreciate their qualities. When I first saw a photograph of Grandpa's elder sister Hannah Evans Powles, I said in surprise: "Aunt Sylvia's the spit and image of her Aunt Hannah!" And so she is, and probably had many of her Aunt's gentle qualities.



Left: Aunt Sylvia and
Uncle John Black.

I have always assumed that Aunt Mary Ellen was named after Mary Ellen Young, daughter of Jane Ann's sister Catherine Coles Young. Like her sister Sylvia, Aunt Mary's life was characterized by a sweet gentleness of disposition. I frequently remarked to my mother that I would like to know what Grandma Evans looked like, to which she would reply that Aunt Mary looked somewhat like her. Quiet, self-effacing, a keen sense of humor, greatly skilled in crocheting and other needlework, she produced much of beauty that her friends and children still greatly prize. She was gifted with a good alto voice, and she often sang duets with Will, who seemed to be her favorite. (She was surely a favorite of his.)



Above: Father and daughters
 Mary Ellen Thomas Sylvia
 Slade Evans Black



Will and Ted Evans and Mary Slade

Joseph Evans I have already mentioned earlier.

Uncle Ted was the last to be born in the Old Country. He was also gifted with a good voice and sang for many years in ward choirs. He is known and loved for his keen sense of humor and even disposition. It was Uncle Ted who showed me where the old Westwater Store was located in the Meadows North of Fruitland, and pointed out the pass through the Hogback ridge and the pioneer road which skirted the Mesa Verde cliffs on the way to Blanding and Bluff or Cortez. This was the route followed in the early days before there was a Shiprock Agency and a road to that Agency which caused the old road to be discontinued.

(Picture of Uncle Ted on next page.)



Edwin Charles Evans (Uncle Ted)
as a young man.



Wilford Evans on guard.



Wilford Evans at ease.

Uncle Wilford was much like his brother Tom in that he had a natural skill for building. He put in his army service at Fort Lewis, Washington, and remained in Washington to make his home. He was married to Clara Franks. They had no children. I do not know about his talents except that many were concentrated in his hands. He sent his brother Will a beautifully carved and detailed ship of red cedar, about three feet long, complete in all detail with ladders, masts and lines, a remarkable piece of work.

All of this good and remarkable family are gone at this writing but Aunt Sylvia who makes her home in Blanding, and Uncle Ted who keeps the old home at Redmesa, but who now, with Aunt Mamie, visits about the country with their children as much as they are able.

I have not intended here to go into any greater detail. It is my strong feeling that the children of each of these people should begin at this point to prepare as detailed biographies of their parents as possible. I have provided the background. Now, each family is requested to go forward from this point; I have perhaps set some sort of pattern for them to follow, and I urge them to do it! Again, "nothing is more shameful than ignorance of one's Fatherland." or of one's ancestry. It is not right that coming generations should know nothing of their forebears.

With this admonition I close my contribution. The pages to follow will be written by those who have contributed their bit of knowledge to the History.

Keturah Mary Coles was a daughter of John Coles and his second wife Lucy Young Davies, hence was a half-sister to Jane Ann Coles Evans. I was much surprised to learn that any of this generation was still living, and I went to Baker, Oregon to visit her, after entering into correspondence with her. The following letter has much of interest to the family:

Oct 28, 1960

Dear Richard and Family:

I received your letter of Oct. 16 and very glad to hear from you again and in regards to me helping you on our family history, I am afraid I can't be of very much help to you. You see my sister Jane Ann Evans lived in Pontypridd and had a family is the first thing I remember of her and I was pretty young then, she always came home up to the old Darren Ddu (she wrote it Dee) farm house about once every week and I think your father William Evans must have been close to my age, me and my sister Emily (Morrison, her married name. . .RE) and brother Ted Coles all played together and we kids always looked forward to them coming; then Jane Ann and family moved to a town about 12 miles away, a place called Merther, I don't know if I have spelled it right or not, but she took charge of the conference house for the L.D.S. and the missionary people stayed there while they were in that part and from there she came to America and my sister Emily came with them and they lived in Evenston, Wyoming for some time. (Thos. and Jane Evans went directly to Salt Lake and no mention is made of Emily going with them; she is probably confusing them with Joe Coles who worked in Almy, near Evanston for a time. . . RE.) Before I got here (U.S.) they had moved to New Mexico, so I only saw her the times that she came to visit and work in the Temple at S.L. And my sister Catherine Coles she married John R. Young and came back to America with him, he was on a mission there, she was his 5th wife in polygamy, and she lived with him in the southern part of Utah in a place called Orderville.

I can't remember my sister Catherine Young, but I know what my father and mother told me, and before Catherine's baby girl was born she left Orderville and came into Salt Lake where her baby girl was born, and her little girl's grandfather, Lorenzo D. Young, Brigham Young's brother, raised the baby for my sister died there when the baby was 2 weeks old, the baby girl was not too much younger than I was when my father took me to Lorenzo D. Young and I stayed with him and his wife Ellen until I was married and had a baby girl. (Aunt Kate told me that when she began to go with John F. Garrett, Lorenzo D. Young pleaded with her not to marry so young and out of the Church; he offered to see to her education. . .RE) Then Aunt Ellen and my niece Mamie Young all moved to Vernal, Utah. I met my brother-in-law John R. Young when he came to visit his father and daughter.



TWO TIMES NINETY. Mrs. May Garrett, long-time resident of Eagle Valley (seated) and Mrs. Myrtle Tarter of Pine Valley enjoyed their 90th birthday cake at party at Cedar Manor Saturday where Mrs. Garrett is now residing. Most every anniversary for 58 years they have celebrated together.

90-Year-Old Friends Celebrate Anniversaries Together 58 Years

A birthday party honoring Mrs. Ketura Mary (May) Garrett was held at Cedar Manor Nursing home, Saturday, May 21, with a special guests, Mrs. Myrtle Tarter and seven of Mrs. Garrett's children attending.

Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Tarter are both 90, having birthdays a day apart, and the ladies have celebrated the anniversaries together for 58 years. Mrs. Tarter assisted at the birth of some of Mrs. Garrett's children born in Halfway.

Ketura May Coles was born one of 13 children in Ponty Pridd, Wales, May 21, 1876, to Lucy and John Coles. Her father managed a coal mine.

When she was sixteen she sailed from Liverpool, England, bringing her brother, Edwin, who was quite ill, to the United States. They arrived in New York, Aug. 1, 1892. They went by train to Iowa and waited the arrival of her parents, then all travel on to Salt Lake City, arriving April 10, 1893.

Shortly after, she was left in the home of Lorenzo Young, brother of Brigham Young, who raised and educated her. She joined the

She was married to John Fredrick Garrett in July of 1896, at Salt Lake City. They moved to La Grande in 1902, a year later they moved, by wagon, to Halfway, where they homesteaded. In 1914, they moved to Richland.

In 1915 they purchased a place in New Bridge, purchasing two other places for more land later. Mrs. Garrett lived there till she moved back to Richland in 1945.

Seven Children Attend

The birthday party was given by her children, seven being here, with one, Mable Blank of Renton, Wash., unable to attend. Also attending were several grandchildren, out of 32; three great grandchildren out of 85; and 2 of her 33 great great grand children.

Mrs. Garrett's children are listed with the picture with this story.

Mrs. Tarter was born May 20, 1876 at Coles Mound, Ill. She was honored by a group of ladies at her home in Halfway, May 20. Refreshments were served and a pleasant afternoon spent.

If your sister Gwen has the book that John R. Young wrote of his Memoirs I sure would like to read it, and will return it to her if she would like me to.

Catherine's girl was married to a man by the name of Geo. Odekirk at Vernal, Utah., but left him and lived in S.L. when I saw her last, but I have heard she died a couple of years ago. (In another letter she says that Mary Ellen Young Odekirk was buried in the Lorenzo Young plot...RE).

I was in Tredegar a couple of times with my parents visiting but I can't remember the names of the people we went to see. I think my father was born in Somerset and my mother married a Young the first time but all I know about him isn't much. She had 2 children, William Young, my half brother and a little girl that died almost the same time her father died, and my brother William Young died in California about 7 years ago and his daughter Ruth died 3 years ago. There is one son William Young in Chico, California. (I met him at the time of my visit to Aunt Kate. ...RE)

My father had some relations we used to call them Hodges, they lived right down close to the river below the old bridge (Taff River in Pontypridd. . .RE), I used to see them, I think it was my father's mother and her second husband but I don't know for sure

After the party at Cedar Manor Saturday Mrs. Tarter and Mrs. Garrett's children gathered at Jasmine Hoffman's for a turkey dinner.

Mrs. Garrett Sunday entertained her children by singing several songs in Welch and interpreting their meaning into English.



FAMILY GATHERS. Family of Mrs. May Garrett gathered over weekend to help mother celebrate 90th birthday. Back row—Earl Garrett of New Bridge, Clyde Garrett of Baker, George Garrett of Portland; Front row Mrs. Gladys Byron, Richland; Mrs. Viola St. John, Hermiston; Mrs. Jasmine Hoffman, Baker; Mrs. Elsie Blank, Richland. Not able to attend: Mabel Blank, Renton, Wash. (See story page one.)

but we were told by my father they were our Grandma and Grandpa, that is all I know about them. (Her father's first wife was Mary Hodges. . . .RE.)

My father had a sister Mrs. John Reed, No. 10 Park Street, Swansea, I stayed with them one summer and he had a sister in Pontypridd, her name was Sarah Johns, but they all passed on years ago. I have been to Bristol, my father's brother James Coles used to own a big shoe making shop there. I don't know much about them, only saw them once.

My mother had a sister in law living in the Rhondda Valley, her name was Phoebe Davis, I never wrote back to anyone much back there but my mother used to write back there but I only seen my mother every few

years; I would go back (to Salt Lake City...RE) and visit her. My niece Edith Coles Nelson came and stayed with me once, that was the last time I ever saw her alive. I am sorry but I can't tell you very much, it has all been so long ago. I have lived in Oregon about 56 years and didn't get to see them very often.

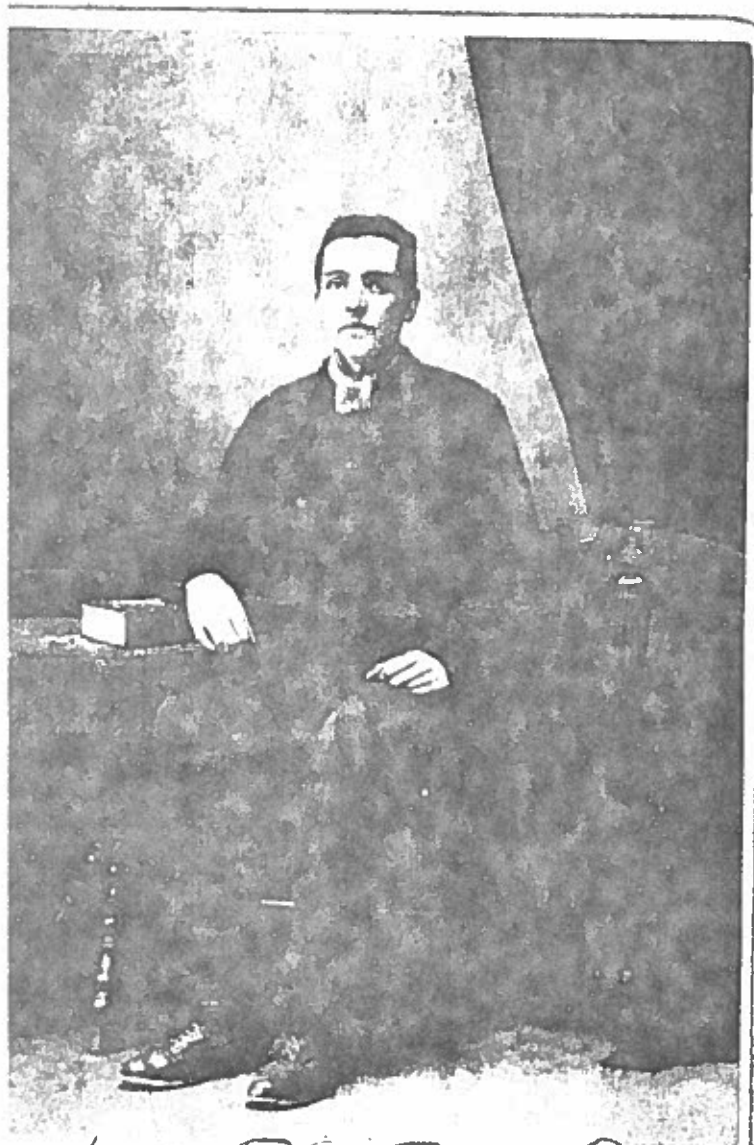
(Research is sadly lacking. Example: Thomas Evans told me that one of his mother's sisters married a shoe man in Bristol, and he visited the family there while courting Jane Ann Coles. What of this family? Example: Aunt Kate Garrett visits Bristol where her uncle James Coles ran a big shoe-making shop. Where are the records of this family?. . .RE)

My son has a barber shop in Portland. My daughter lives close to Seattle. There has been deer hunting season here all month and now it is birds and elk. I am sure glad it is over, I always have so many from Portland that come with my son. Love to all from Aunt May."

When I asked her why she was called May, she replied that when she came to this country with her brother Ted, who was suffering from tuberculosis and had been warned to leave Wales and find a better climate, they went to Lorenzo D. Young. He asked her name, and she replied, "Kate". "Well!" exclaimed Brother Young. "I can't call you Kate; I have an old mule I call Kate. I'm going to call you May after the month you came here." She added that her parents John and Lucy Coles had made all the preparations for her brother Ted to leave home and go to America, and were preparing to take him to the station to entrain for Liverpool, then her mother exclaimed, "Kate, I cannot send him all that way alone! Will you go with him?" She had on a woollen plaid skirt, a blouse and sweater. Yes, I will go!" So hurriedly they threw some of her things into a bag, and she left with the clothes she was wearing. She added that she had a touch of tuberculosis herself but both brother and sister recovered, Ted regained his health in Utah, and served for years in the Navy.

In another letter to me dated July 27, 1964, she writes: (I quote portions)

I haven't been too well the last couple of weeks, I think it is mostly due



Uncle Ted Coles
F. Hacker's Studio

Above: Edwin (Ted) Coles, as a
 young man at Pontypridd.

Right: In uniform at Salt Lake City.



Above: Keturah (Kate) Mary Coles
 Garrett and Family.



to the extreme heat that we are having right now, it is all the way from 90 to 100.

I am glad I decided not to go to Utah (to do her temple work. . .RE) until fall, my girl Mable from Renton, Washington, called on the phone a few hours ago and she said if I would wait until Sept. she would go to Utah with me then, but if she don't I am going to try it alone.

I got a very nice letter from Sylvia Black and she said it was 62 years ago since she and her mother came to Bountiful, Utah, to visit me, she said I just had one little girl, she is off there, it was just before my son Clyde was born and he is 62 now and my oldest girl Viola was 67 last May 20, and my girl Jasmine will be 65 next Jan. That was the last time I ever saw my sister Jane Ann Evans.

Her husband Thomas Evans sent me his picture and said he would be 91 his next birthday.

I can hardly remember my sister Catherine, she left while I was very small. She married John R. Young and she left one little girl Mamie Young, I always go to visit her when I go to Salt Lake."

Next I received a letter from Aunt Kate's eldest daughter, Viola St. John (now Viola Grover) of Hermiston, Oregon, dated March 22, 1966. (I quote excerpts):

"Mother is very ill. She had surgery Thursday at 12 o'clock at night, they just opened her up and sewed her back. There was nothing could be done. She is full of cancer. She was feeling fine, worked in her flowers all day Wednesday and ate real well, then Thursday afternoon she became very ill. She had no symptoms at all until then, only that she lost some weight. The Bishop administered to her. All the children are here and a lot of the grandchildren."

Viola wrote again on April 2, 1966: "Mom has got us all baffled. She can feed herself now and has no pain. She wants to go home and get her little house fixed up. She sat up in the wheel chair for an hour in the sun room. She is getting thinner all the time but she may live to see her 90th birthday. Mom had planned to go to Salt Lake this summer (for temple endowments) but she will never make it now." (Alas, like many of us, she put it off too long! Doors that would have been open to her on the other side are now closed, and how will they be opened? . . .RE).

The final chapter in the life of Keturah Mary Coles Garrett was written by Viola on the 31st of January, 1967:

"We lost our dear Mother January 20th; it is so hard to give her up. . . but such a blessing she is not suffering now."

I have previously mentioned Grandpa's nephew Will Manship of Tredegar. For over fifty years he sent newspapers to his Uncle Tom, and wrote numerous letters, though they were quite brief; after my visit to them he wrote to me also. I quote excerpts from his letters, which may be of historical or of family interest:

"7th November 1958. We are just the same here, Mary is not too bad, Rheumatism and Varicose Veins in her legs. I am very good but my sister's husband passed away last April, he was just 84 years of age, you met him at the cinema where he was doorman right up to within a week of his death. Caroline (Will's sister) is going on fairly well. She is 83 and her one son Ronnie is at home.

You day you had a letter from your Grandfather when you were over here about Glasbury, I know that was the place they came from but nothing more. Now about the marriage of William Evans and Caroline Lee, I have the Certificate by me now and it was at Nebo Chapel, Ebbw Vale which was in the Abergavenny Register district, his father's name Thomas Evans, Farmer, and Caroline Lee's father was Thomas Lee, Collier. The date of his death (William Evans) was the 2nd April 1863, he was 56 years of age and it was the result of a fall of coal at New Pits. I forgot the date of his marriage, it was in 1845.

Now I have another marriage certificate by me and it is of William Williams, widower and Caroline Evans, Widow, who were married at Bedwellty Parish Church on 21st May, 1865, both parents deceased.

That is all I can tell you at present except that records of births and deaths were not kept officially before 1837 so that if you want to know anything earlier you will have to get in touch with Parish councils through the Vicar of the Parish.

You can tell your Aunt Sylvia that we are very sorry but we have no photo of her mother.

1st February 1955. Now as regards the papers I have been sending out to New Mexico for about 50 years or more, it has been a pleasure and I will send them out to you as long as I am able; if you would like a change let me know and I will get what you like. You say you would like to know if we like any Yank publications, well we like the Arizona Highways and the magazine "Life."

(I am not keeping to sequence to this point...RE) 14 June 1939: We were very pleased to hear you got to Hay so well and have found a good place to stay. I am glad you have made a good start with your work and think you are on the right road. I am sorry but as I told you when we were up Cefn Golau (Cemetery) I do not know of any headstone of William Evans and I have no knowledge of where in the cemetery he is buried. But my mother has told me many times that her father, William Evans was buried in March 1863. I remember in one letter I had from your Granpa a few years ago he gave me the name of Hannah Evans of The Common as his mother so that makes me think you are on the right road; and also taking the family names, Wm. Evans named his son and one daughter after his Father and Mother and then my Aunt Hannah, and my mother named a daughter Caroline.

14 Sept 1955. I met Cousin Edwin Powles from Argoed last week when I was posting the papers to you and he was asking if I knew how many of your father's brothers were living and I could not tell him. He is older than me and remembers some of them when they were living in Merthyr.

November 6, 1960. . .how sorry we were to hear that your mother had passed on but very glad to know she had little pain and suffering. She was a good

age. My mother was 80 years and six months when she died and my Sister is now 84 and six months and very ill. Last weekend when Mary and I were up to see her she seemed as if she was in coma but this morning she was looking a little better. In your report of the funeral you gave us quite a number of relatives, I would not know any of them but am glad to know I have so many.

Your Father's and my Cousin Ted Powles of Argoed buried his wife about Whitsuntide (the week that begins with Whitsunday: the seventh Sunday after Easter, a church festival commemorating Pentecost...RE) but we did not know until we read it in the Weekly Argus, and there was not a name of his brothers Tom and Jack so I don't think they were at the funeral. You were in his house when you were over here in 1939. With regard to the photo you sent. (This was the photo found in Grandpa's key-winding watch...RE) I cannot give you any information as we did not know her, my sister did not know her and I was a very young boy when your grandfather left here for the U.S.A. I have two marriage certificates here which may interest you so will enclose them with this letter. (Did they ever interest me! ...RE).

24 November 62. We are very good here except Mary with her rheumatic pains and me with my eye, I am going up to the clinic to see the eye doctor, I am hoping it will be ripe enough for him to operate and take it off (cataract?).

Edwin Powles is still living in Argoed, he is about 85, his brother Tom lives in Cardiff and Jack lives in Cefn Forest, he is about 78. Last Saturday the 17th November it was our Bowling Club dinner, it came on to snow about 6:00 p.m. just as we were going and when we came out about 10:00 p.m. there was about 9 inches of snow on the road, we were just an hour getting home. Today a week later the snow is all gone and it's been a nice day, quite mild for the time of the year. I must close now as my eye is giving out.

16th December 1962. As for some photos of Bedwellty Parish Church I spoke to Gerald and he said when the weather improves he would take his camera on his motor scooter and get some photos for you. (I never received them...RE).

Now I can give you a little information you want with regard to my father Robert Manship. I know his native town was Shepton Mallet in Somerset. He was born February 16th 1851 and married in Oct 1882. He died in June or July 1937 and was buried in the same grave as my mother at Cefn Golau. (Due to extreme limitations of space, it is the custom to inter more than one person in the same grave, when those persons are related. The first to die is interred deep down in the grave, then at the next death the grave is opened to within about a foot or so of the first burial, and so on until the grave is filled. Space is left on the rather tall tombstones to record the names and dates for all who occupy the grave...RE) Mary says she cannot tell you much about her Father and Mother, as she was only 9 years old when her mother died. As far as she knows her father was born in 1859 and died in 1917 age 67. His name was William Watkins, her mother was a native of Little Birch, Herefordshire. Both are buried in the Church Yard in Llangattock near Crickhowell in Breconshire.

My sister Caroline Manship Phillips died 2 years last November and two of her sons died during the past year, Will Phillips age 59 and Tudor Phillips age 48."

Now comes the final communication from Will Manship, dated 9th March 1964: "I am sorry to say that I cannot see to write more as I am almost blind. We are all

fairly well except Mary, her knees are all swollen and very painful. I have been down to Argoed and got Cousin Edwin Powles address, he will be 88 years old next October, his address is: Mr. Edwin Powles, 7 Gelynos Avenue, Argoed, near Blackwood, Mon. I am sorry I cannot write more."

Mary wrote the next letter, dated May 2nd, 1966: "Will went out on the 30th December to pay our rates (taxes) and he always meets his friends in the Workmens Hall and it was in there his leg gave way and down he went. They sent for the ambulance and he was taken to our hospital and was X-rayed, they found he had broken his thigh badly. He was kept in for a week then he was taken down to Caerphilly hospital near Cardiff and was there for 13 weeks, he was operated on and had 15 stitches also 2½ pints of blood. It was a anxious time for me, the friends were very kind taking me and others down by car. He has been home a month walking with the two sticks, he gets along very well, not far from the house. He had his 79th Birthday in the hospital. As regards his health he keeps very good and hopes to get up to the Park later on, the bowling season has started.

Mr. W. J. Manship of Tredegar

The funeral took place at the Gwent Crematorium, Pontypool, of Mr. William John Manship, aged 79, of 100 Glyn Terrace, Tredegar. The Rev. W. Thomas, of the Methodist Church, Tredegar, officiated. Mr. Manship, until his retirement, was employed at the post office, Tredegar, and had received a certificate for 47 years unbroken service. He was also a member of Tredegar Bowling Club for forty years.

Mourners: Mrs. Mary Ann Manship, wife; Miss Marjorie Watkins, niece; Messrs. Gerald Watkins, F. Phillips, R. Phillips, H. Phillips, nephews; C. Watkins, brother-in-law; and other relatives.

At the house: Messrs. Gray, Gwilym, Harris, White, J. Trollope, O. Lewis, Robinson.

Bearers: Messrs. J. Trollope, O. Lewis, J. Amos, R. Jones, A. Pinney, B. Wright.

Also present: Messrs. A. J. Pinney, C. Owen, R. Thomas, C. Thomas.

Flowers: Polly, Marjorie, Gerald and Chris; Beat, Will and family; Fred, Hilda and family; Ron Phillips; Flo, Mabel and family; Vera, Jack and family; Ted, June and family; Harry, Kate and family; Fred, Winnie, Louie, Nancy and family; neighbours of Glyn Terrace and Pochin Crescent; Mora, Jess and family; Edith, Oas and Alan; Mrs. C. Bowditch and family; the Blind Centre, Tredegar; Flor, Lizzie, Vena and family; Bella Marshall; Alf, Gladys, Jack and Gwen; Mrs. G. Powell; girls from Three M's factory; Mr. Dickinson and family; Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Alan and Ken; Ray and June; Mrs. Thomas and Sadie; VI and family; officers and members, Bedwellty Bowling Club; Mr. and Mrs. Humphries.

The undertaker was Mr. Geoffrey Dickinson, Railway Buildings, Shrew, Tredegar.

November 13, 1966. Mr dear Richard and family, I am writing this with a very heavy and sad heart. Mr. Dear William passed away on the 30th of October in the general hospital which is up by the park. We saw him failing for quite a while but had only taken to his bed three weeks. I nursed him night and day and did all I could and the Drs. were very kind. I asked if he could be taken to hospital perhaps they would be able to do more for him. He was only in for one night which was the 29th Oct, when I visited him at seven o'clock he was under sedation and did not know me. We rang up at 10:30, the reply was no change, at eight o'clock on Sunday he passed away. Dear Richard I miss him so much, he was always in the house with me, we would talk about different things. God had brought us so close to each other, we were as one body relying on HIM for strength to carry on in this life."

Thus for us all life goes on to its inevitable end, and with this letter there came to a close the only remaining close link I had with members of the family in the Old Country. I will quote from one remaining letter which I received in 1964, dated May 25th, from Mrs. Alice Halkins; it is from Argoed:

"Dear Mr. Evans, My family and I live next door to Mr. Powles, and as you can expect, because of his advanced years, and as he lives alone, needs a helping hand. Because his eyesight is failing

he asked me if I would write this letter to you giving you as much information as he could. I have written it out as he wished it to be done, so we hope it is an advantage to you.

He is very well in health, and for his 88 years, puts many younger men to shame. He looks fifteen years younger, and walks very straight and without the aid of a cane. As a matter of fact he is at present away for a weeks holiday on the South Coast of England with a group of Old Age Pensioners. He helps us in his way,

by giving us advice, in fact he is a good neighbour, and we get on wonderfully well, although he is old enough to be my grandfather. He sends his regards and hopes you and yours are well."



Above: Uncle Joe and Aunt Edith Coles, whose home was at 615 8th Ave., Salt Lake City

I quote now from some letters written by Uncle Joe Coles, Jane Ann's brother, who lived at 615 8th Avenue, Salt Lake City. The first quote is from page 3 of a letter, the rest of which is missing from my files:

"Thanks for the Death Certificate you sent of my grandfather Coles. It is my grandfather alright because I know he was in Swansea when he died and I also know it was in July. I could not go to his funeral because I was expecting my wife to be sick and she wasn't feeling very well at the time and she was sick on the 3rd of August 1884. So I have had his work done since October 1890 in the Logan Temple, and he told me one time himself he was born in 1800.

Nov 4, 1939: The little missionary work I done when I lived in the old country preaching the Gospel on the street corners and in the houses along with your Grandfather Evans and other brethren, and also giving Tracts away and having conversations on the Gospel and giving information about this country, especially about Salt Lake City and the West, and also tending meetings and addressing missionary and the local Elders in their priesthood meetings; and speaking some times at evening meetings and at Sunday School. . . hope the family is all well, and your

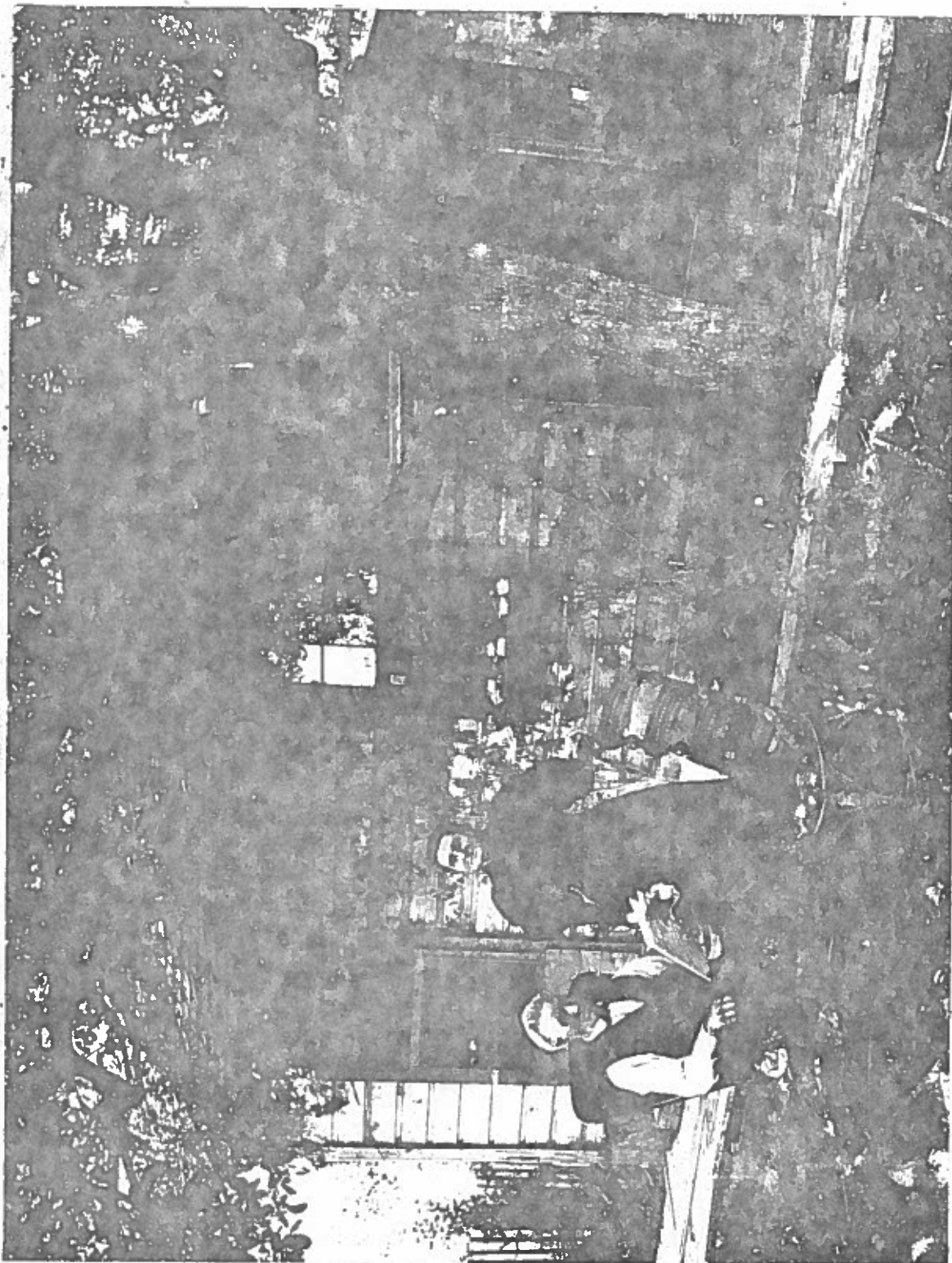
grandfather, our brother Tom. Tell him, I always think of him, and I am going to write to him very soon, and give our love to him and all the family."

At this writing I am not informed as to the date Grandfather John Coles and his second wife Lucy Davies Young Coles came to Salt Lake City. The photograph on the next page shows them before their modest little home. From somewhere deep in memory I bring up the impression that the house was located on about 4th South and Eighth or Ninth East. At the time of Thomas and Jane Ann's arrival in 1891 Grandfather Coles was living at the brick yard on 3rd South and 8th West, as mentioned previously. He passed away in Salt Lake City on the 18th of December, 1912.

A clipping from the Salt Lake Herald Republican carried this brief notice under date of Dec. 20, 1912:

SERVICES FOR JOHN COLES

Funeral services for John Coles were held yesterday afternoon at the mortuary chapel of Undertaker Joseph William Taylor. Bishop E. M. Ashton officiated. The principal speaker was LeGrand Young, who paid high tribute to the memory of Mr. Coles. Interment was in City Cemetery. Sons and grandsons acted as pallbearers.



John Coles and Lucy Davies Coles

At the time of his death he was living at 1100 South 11th East. I do not know if this was the actual location of the little house shown in the photo.

Salt Lake City
Jan 22

My Dear Grandson Willie
I write you these few lines
hoping they will find you
all well I dare say you have
seen by the paper that poor
Grandpa died on the 18th of
last month. he was never well
since his last illness two years ago
he did not suffer much pain
only weakness, and old age he was 84
he passed away so peaceful just
like going to sleep. the boys gave
him a very nice funeral and done
every thing for him while he lived
we miss him I have been sick
nearly all the time since he was
buried with the grip I am just
beginning to get around now.

Jed and Will is very good to me
I dare not go out of doors yet
they are both edle just now so
many old people has passed away
this winter it has been a hard
one dear Willie write so soon

as you can we shall be very
glad to hear from you I got
post-card from you we were told
your father is living in Durango
give our love to him when is Sylvia
and Mary Ellen aunt - Ellen has been
dead 5 months, died of Dropsy, we shall
be glad to hear of you all tell us all
the news. When you write with love to
your dear Wife and little ones and all
the family I trust to hear from
you very soon from your ever
loving granduncle L. Coles.

Joe & family is Well

Luey Coles

My father also treasured a letter from his mother Jane Ann Coles Evans. So far as we know it is the only one he kept. This letter was delivered by hand as it was not stamped. It is addressed to:

Mr. Will Evans
c/o Mr. Joe Wilkins
Indian Trader
Indian Reservation

Mr Will Evans
c/o Mr Joe Wilkins
Indian Trader
Indian Reservation

At this time he would be either at Little Water or Sanostee Trading Posts South of Fruitland. Wilkins opened the first store at Little Water on the banks of Sanostee Wash, and later that site was abandoned and the store moved to its present location.

The letter from Jane Ann is reproduced at left.

Fruitland
Friday
Dear Will I received your letter all right and was glad to hear you was well. I wish I was home but I could not find out about you. one of the boys will come out Saturday and stay over Sunday to rest the horses and come back Monday old Frank will

need a days rest anyway
you asked if I was better
I am better than I have
been I was quite sick a
few days after you left
I don't got any more news
to tell you now hoping to
see you soon.
Your loving mother
Jane A. Evans

On the following pages are reproduced the Patriarchal Blessings of Thomas Evans and Jane Ann which were received at the hand of Luther C. Burnham, early settler, first Bishop of Fruitland Ward, then Patriarch.

They are given here in the beautiful handwriting of their son, John.

Thomas Evans, son of William & Caroline
Evans, Bond Street 10th, 1847 at
Tredgar, Monmouthshire, Great Britain

Patriarchal Blessing given by Elder L. Q. Parson
April 14 - 1900.

Elder Thos Evans


According to your desire & to your
request I lay my hands upon your head & confer upon you a
Patriarchal blessing - even a blessing of the Father.
Thou art a legal heir to the blessings of the priesthood
being descended through the fathers, & a descendant of Ephraim.
And according to your faith & diligence you shall do a
good work & the furtherance of the principles of truth in the
earth. Thou art that in the posterity of your children
shall get rich up & call your blessing. Thou shalt have a
fulness of joy; thou shalt be crowned with life eternal in
the celestial kingdom of God; Thou shalt live to see
great events transpire, yea the downfall of wickedness &
the reign of peace & righteousness on earth. Thou shalt
be blessed in thy basket & in thy store, & be the means
of bringing to pass much righteousness upon the earth.
And thou shalt live to see great events transpire, yea to see
nations cast down & kingdoms set up. And thy joy shall
be full, & I seal upon you the blessings of the Father
even the blessings of Abraham, the blessings of Isaac,
& the blessings of Jacob. And I name you Thomas

shall overcome all things
Glad the gift of Eternal life, the greatest gift of
God send to you

And I send upon you these blessings and all the
blessings to your good, in the name of the Lord Jesus
Christ

Amen.

Sister Ann. Cotes Evans, daughter of
John and Mary T. Jones Cotes, born
November 23 - 1854, at Dowlais, Glamorganshire
South Wales, Great Britain



Patriarchal blessing given by Elder Luther
Q. Barnham, April 17 - 1905.

Sister Ann Cotes

In the name of the
Lord Jesus the Saviour of the world, I lay
my hands upon your head to confer upon ~~you~~ you
a Father's and a Patriarchal blessing. And I
say unto you dear sister. Thou art beloved of the
Lord; Thou art blessed in coming forth in the
dispensation of the fulness of times. Yea, and
receiving the Gospel of light and salvation
And I say unto thee dear sister be comforted, because
the Lord loves you. And your guardian angel has
been given charge concerning you, and of you exercise faith
and have an unshaken confidence in the promises of God
you shall yet live upon earth. But whether in life
or in ~~death~~ the future state you shall have a fullness of
joy. Great shall be your reward in the kingdom of our
Father. You shall be crowned with a crown of glory
as a queen and as a mistress in the mansion of our
Father in Heaven. Your children shall hold you

stand in sacred reverence through children children in unborn generations.

The Lord God has given your guardian angel charge concerning you.

Thou art of the house of Ephraim. Thou art heir to all the blessings of Sara, and to you and your posterity there shall be no end, yea, they shall be innumerable. You shall yet see great things transpire upon the Earth and rejoice with your companion and your children. And I seal upon you the blessings of health, life and the blessings of health and the power to live. And you shall receive every blessing and every promise that has been conferred upon you in sacred places. Yea, I seal you up against the power of the evil one. And with your posterity and your kindred and those that you love you shall receive power. And I seal upon you dear sister those blessings and all the blessings that pertain to Sara and to Rachel in the name of the Father and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Amen.

I am happy to include in this History the account of Klea Evans Worsley's visit to the old homeland. She is the eldest child of John and Pearl Willden Evans.

"In February of 1965 I went to England, to Cambridge University, for my sabbatical leave from Brigham Young University. At my first glimpse of Ireland from the plane I began a love affair with the British Isles--one which three subsequent trips over has not diminished.

After the term was finished at Cambridge a friend and I went to Wales for three days. As we drove through the beautiful green countryside and through the interesting villages of my Father's native country I was grateful to know

that this lovely land was a part of my heritage.

From childhood I had imagined Pontypridd and the other mining towns of Wales to be dirty, smoky, blackened towns, but to my delight they were green and very clean and beautiful. We went first to Merthyr Tydfil and stopped at the LDS chapel there. A man came over to the car and greeted us and said that he was President Dunyon, the Mission President. I replied that I was Klea Worsley whom he had talked to in Birmingham on the telephone the evening before. Both of us had mentioned going South but had not been specific as to location. Here we were both in this lovely town. I had called him because I had promised his son, who worked with me in student government at BYU, that I would call him while in England.

From Merthyr we went to Pontypridd. At this time I thought that my Dad was born there, but subsequent research has shown that this is not so. Anyway, he lived in Pontypridd several years before they left for the U.S.A., so the town still had meaning for me. We stayed all night at a very old hotel that was full of beautiful antiques. We walked the narrow streets, saw the old bridge mentioned earlier in this history, and walked beside the river that runs through the town.

While in Pontypridd the next morning we found a junk shop which was run by a man in his late 80's. He was very alert and spry and although we had never mentioned the Church, we had been poking around in his "treasures" for only a short time when he said: "You're Mormons." We never did find out how he knew. He said he had taken some of the lessons in the Church so was quite familiar with our teachings. He was an interesting man and I talked to him for quite some time about my connections with Wales. For very little money I bought a silver tray, a silver coffee pot (which is of a distinctive style common in Britain) and a white and blue teapot with a picture of the Salisbury Cathedral and the Salisbury Plain (which is where Stonehenge is located) on it. I treasure them very much and now use the coffee pot and teapot for "cocoa parties" with my grandchildren when they visit me.

From Pontypridd we drove to Cardiff which we found to be one of the cleanest cities in all Britain. The castle there was fascinating and we enjoyed seeing all the treasures within. From Cardiff we drove up the estuary and took a ferry to Bristol, England, leaving behind the lovely country of Wales, with its blue skies, billowy clouds and friendly people.

I look forward to returning to Wales, and next time, with the help of this history, I want to visit some of the historic spots loved by my Dad and his family.

Klea Evans Worsley.

For family members with a genealogical turn of mind, I include in this account a chart of ancestry drawn up for me in the spring of 1937 by Uncle Joe Coles, brother of Jane Ann Evans.

(Note: This record should go straight across from "Town" to "County", "Nation" etc. In order to get it on the page I had to cut it in half. You may wish to cut the bottom half off and attach it with tape so that it runs consecutively. . . KW.)

this is my father's sid.	father	mother	Date	Year Born	Town
Joseph Coles, sen	Dont know	Dont know		1778	near or near Bradstock, this
Joseph Coles, jr	Joseph Coles	Sarah Bray		1800	Bradstock
John Coles	Joseph Coles, jr	Sarah gates	10 th Jan	1829	Bradstock
The following is my mother's sid	I got this information from my cousins Mrs Surge, and her				
George Hodges	dont know	dont know			
Mary Smith	"	"			
my grand father William Hodges	George Hodges	Mary Smith		1800	Finsham
Sarah Matthews	John Matthews	William Harlow	20 JAN.	1799	Chalton
my mother	her father	her mother			
Mary Hodges	William Hodges	Sarah Matthews		1828	Chalton
William Hodges	William			1819	"
oldest son's name was Henry Hodges	Hodges	Sarah Matthews			
I got this information from my mother's sister and her husband, Sam					

County	Nation	Date	When Died	Where Died	married too
Dont know Somerset	England	Dont know		England	Sarah Bray
Somerset	England	18 FEB. 1884		Wales - G. O. S. Swansea	Sarah gates
"	"	12 Dec 1912		Salt Lake City Utah, U.S.A.	Mary Hodges (2) Lucy Davies
mother Mrs. Hunt	a daughter of my father's brother, James Coles				
					Mary Smith
Somerset	England	25 Jun 1889		Wales Pontypridd	Sarah Matthews
"	"	27 Aug 1885		"	William Hodges
Somerset	England	23 Dec 1866		Pontypridd	John Coles
"	"	1892			
anon Hodges & Davies	gill before they died. from my grand father's postcard Down I have got most of it. Except my father's sister Mary, a Coler Perkins that went to West India				

Let me again call attention to the great need in this Family for research.
By the hundreds our ancestry wait for us to do the work. There is a pressing
need for a Family Organization, an active unit, one concerned with research

and with dissemination to all Family members of the information which is found; an active unit which will promote Temple attendance, greater spirituality, greater determination to be faithful in all things, so that the doors of Exaltation will swing wide to us all as we approach the other side of the veil. Someone in this great Family has the leadership potential to get this work started; let that person step forth and get the organization from the talking stage to the active stage!

* * * * *

I am deeply indebted to my brother Ralph and his wife Emma for their memories of the personality and character of Grandpa Thomas Evans. They were very close to this great old man in the last score or so years of his mortal life, and we are thankful to have this additional light shining on Thomas Evans.

From Emma B. Evans: "I remember him riding from Shiprock to Salt Lake all day with us and at the end of the journey he exclaimed, "Oh, pshaw! I'm not tired; it's just as if I had rid to Farmington." At dinner my sister Ethel served some whole onion pickles. Someone asked what he chewed them with. With a grin and sparkle of eyes he replied, "I don't 'ave to chew them; they are little and round and just fit the 'ole!"

Our children called him "Old Grandpa" to differentiate him from their Grandfather Will Evans. To me he was "Ralph's little old Welsh grandfather." How often in my Church teaching or visiting I have recounted the many lessons he taught me. His innate childish innocence, twinkling blue eyes and rare humor enriched his many colorful stories and experiences.

I ran breathlessly with him through the coal mine pursued by a runaway horse and coal car, and hiked with him over the beautiful Welsh countryside to preach the gospel with the Elders from Zion, and to reverently worship with him in the humble cottage meetings, so many of which he attended.

He had a riddle which he delighted to spring on the unsuspecting. It was made doubly difficult because he dropped his "H's" from where they belonged and added them where they did not. Here is the riddle: "A hell, two hoes, two hens and a d, put them together and spell them to me!" In plain English this would be an L, two Os, two Ns and a D, and the answer would be: London. We had a time trying to figure it out especially when laughing at his accent.

He frequently exclaimed, "O, Pshaw!" or "Never mind", "O, Dairn!" and "Hot plus Hot Hequals Ho" reflected his carefree but basic faith. He put much sage advice in this motto: "You can't oot with the howls at night and fly with the heagles in the day time and last for long."

When he sat in a chair, feet together on the floor because his legs were too short to cross, and played his "squeeze box" there was something very comforting and regal about his performance.

When invited to join us at a meal, he would accept, saying, "I'll 'ave just enough to feed the wurms." How he loved a large serving of mashed potatoes with

a pool of butter in the middle. Of my homemade bread he would say, "This is better than that dairn clog!" referring to bakers' white bread.

His health problems increased but never his complaints. (He had probably learned this lesson from his beloved Jane Ann, whose great character kept her from ever complaining, no matter what the difficulty.....RE). He turned his shoes upside down at night before retiring to dispel his leg cramps and he vowed the cramps disappeared.

Before his final illness he seemed to have a restless yearning and loneliness for something he once had and longed to possess again. Often he would say, "I wish I 'ad some of me mither's plum pudding", or "O pshaw! I wish I could climb upon me mither's lap and she could rock me." I knew then that age only enhances the love and need for one's mother. In this same reverent spirit he spoke often of his beloved Jane Ann. Little old sweet Grandpa Evans...I adored him!"

Emma Evans.

I clearly recall his soft, respectful please when he needed help; whether to ask Mother to trim his toenails, or Ralph to trim his beard...he always said, "Will 'oo 'elp me, please?" Not "Will You?" but a running together in his Welsh way: "Willoo".....RE.

From Ralph Evans: "One of the things he said was, "a bottle of beer is a 'armless little fellow.....if you leave it alone." Always, with great yearning and reverence: "I wish I could be with my wife Jane Ann."

I believe the most impressive thing I ever heard him say was that he could give his two birth dates: the first, the day of his mortal birth; the second: his birth into the Kingdom of God...his baptism into the Church.

Another impressive thing was his account of his long walks on Sundays for seven years before finally joining the Church. He spoke of the labors of the Elders and his work with them, and finally the Elder from Idaho who told him he should be a member...and the fear of joining because he stuttered so badly. "I was afraid to join for I knew that in so doing I would be called to offer prayers and speak in public". And when that Elder spoke to him about joining the Church the thought of it was frightening to him, and even as he tried to answer the Elder he was stricken again with stuttering. Then the Elder said, "Brother Evans, I promise that if you will be baptized that stuttering will leave you."

Grandpa's response was in the form of a question: "Do you say that as just a man or do you say that in the authority of the Priesthood and as a servant of the Lord?" Then the assuring answer came from the Elder that he made the promise in the authority of the Priesthood and as a servant of the Lord.

The baptism took place and Grandpa always testified that, as he had been promised, the stuttering left him never to return.

He often mentioned Robert Bishop who was a fellow coal-miner and a true friend. Robert Bishop had a good grasp of the Gospel and could answer the question

Thomas Evans put to him, as well as others of his acquaintance. Grandpa always said that if he could not answer a question put to him, he would refer the inquirer to "Robert Bishop and that was that."

When someone would say, "Grandpa, how are you?" he would hesitate a moment then quietly reply, "Oh, I'm all right".....pause...."until the Doctor sees me." One day I asked him why he always said "until the Doctor sees me", then he replied: "Stay away from doctors; they always find too many things wrong with you!"

He had one characteristic that I never saw in anyone else: his thighs were so short he could not cross his legs.

He once told me that the great Indian missionary Ira Hatch, who lived about a block from our home in Fruitland, became ill and would send for Grandpa to come and administer to him almost every evening. When Ira Hatch passed away, Grandpa was there; Ira asked Grandpa to move him in his bed and as he was doing so Ira died in his arms. This was in the year 1909. I used to sit and listen to Bro. Hatch's missionary experiences among the Indians.

When I went to work for the State of Utah and was on my first trip into the area around Navajo Mountain I learned that a Mr. Stokes Carson was a trader at Inscription House, Arizona. I had to go into Arizona on my trips from Blanding to gain access to Navajo Mountain. I stopped at Carson's to pay my respects and as we conversed about a number of things Mr. Carson said this to me: "I used to haul coal from Fruitland to Farmington from the mine of your grandfather, and I soon learned that if there was ever an honest man it was your grandfather, Mr. Thomas Evans." Then he said, somewhat in awe, "That man used a wheelbarrow to haul out the coal."

There was a quality about Grandpa Evans that gave me much satisfaction: he never feared what anyone might say about the Church. He knew it was founded upon truth. He did not need any sermons on some far-away kingdom caught up in the air, or fancified stories to prove to him that he had joined the right Church. I am sure that all of the scientific lectures in this world could not have been as impressive as his humble testimonies that he gave to us when we would take the time to listen to him.

When he would be telling us about his early activities in the Church at Fruitland, we would be amused to hear him tell of his call to the "Hem Hi Hay."

There was a scriptural saying he used many times: "Come out of her, O ye my people, that ye be not partakers of her plagues". He used to say that he was in this part of the United States to be away from the sins of the world. I do not remember his using any particular scripture to justify this, but I do know that he felt there was safety in the Church. He spoke of Babylon, of plagues, image worship, fornication, etc. He must have had in mind the Book of Revelation and especially the last ten chapters which deal with these things.

I am sure that I have given much here which you already have written about. But it is good for me to re-live these things and consider what a wonderful character our little Welsh coal-miner Grandfather we did have and what an example of kindness and consideration he had for all people. I never saw in him a time of doubt as to the truth of the Gospel which they embraced, not only for themselves, but also for future posterity. And I am grateful for this blessing which he and others gave to me and to mine...membership in the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth!

When I think of Grandpa Thomas Evans I associate his life with the teachings as found in the Book of Moroni, Chapters 7 and 8, which I exhort all who read this little contribution to turn to and read with this great man in mind.

Ralph W. Evans.

THE END

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EPILOGUE

I have for a good many years held the conviction that each generation should be better than the one which brought it forth, for a wide variety of reasons. Better living conditions, better educational facilities, better communication facilities, a continuing process of advancement for the Latter-day Saints by the will of Almighty God through his chosen servants on earth at this time, are but a few of the benefits which could be listed.

All of us who read this have been prepared all our lives to bring forth a generation better than our own. The success or failure of our response to this preparatory process is of course our own responsibility.

Thomas Evans and his faithful wife, Jane Ann, took the one great step in Wales which broke the ice of the social-economic stratum into which they were firmly frozen. They heard the unspoken voice of the Spirit whisper into their souls that there in South Wales were the men who could put them on the road to material and spiritual improvement; it taught them that they were persons of great intrinsic worth, with great talents lying latent which would bud and bloom in their own lives and in the lives of their children and their descendants, and put them within reach of the Celestial Kingdom.

They never strayed from that original inspiration. Baptism brought forth blessings they had never dreamed of. Service flowed forth from them to God and their fellow man. All the days and years following, though the hard toil never lessened, were marked by faith, prayer, service, and integrity in the face of ridicule and persecution.

Then came the urging of that same Spirit to leave forever their beloved Welsh valleys, and they prepared to obey it. In subsequent years, on a journey by team and wagon which consumed weeks. . .and which we now traverse in hours. . .they entered the House of the Lord and completed the requirements which made them man and wife forever. I wonder if we appreciate the implications of that word. It means that Thomas and Jane Ann Evans stand together at the head of their posterity, not for a thousand years, not for ten times ten thousand, but for eternity, beyond the stretch of man's imagination, they are one.

Are we, will we be, less than they? Will we have less faith, less impulse to pray alone and together, to serve our Redeemer and our fellow man? Can we enter the House of the Lord to assure our own future and to serve our kindred dead? Have we less than a full testimony that this is God's work?

Are we indeed better than the generation from which we sprang? If we are not, we put at naught the testimony, toil and sacrifice of Thomas Evans to bring us within reach of the American Ideal, and the kideals of the True Church are weakened within us.

My plea is for us all to emulate the life of this couple and be the better generation we are meant to be.

Richard P. Evans
December 1973

