

THE YANCEY FAMILY

THE YANCEY'S IN EARLY DAYS

Compiled by Bertha Yancey Jensen

Assisted by other members of the family

(Taken from the Yancey Tolman Book compiled by Leonidas Devon Meacham)

Beginning page 233

The origin of the "Yancey" or "Yancy" family name is obscure, but it is generally believed to have been of Welsh derivation. One writer asserts that the family were of Huguenot ancestry and went into Wales at an early date, but no authority for this belief has been found. The most likely theory is that the name was originally "Nannau" or "Nanney" and was taken by its first bearers because of their residence at "Nannau" in the county Merioneth, Wales.

From the Welsh Genealogist, O. E. Ruck, we have the following: "Sir William Berkley who lived in Cariganshire, Wales was a descendant of a Welsh family and was evidently in touch with the "Nanney" brothers of Merionethshire, the adjacent county, who came with him to America. Sir William was a connection of the "Nanney's" through his ancestor, "Bleddyn Cyfyn" of the Royal Tribe of Wales. One of the "Nanney's" descended from Carado Fraidhefras, a Knigh of the Mystical Round Table.

Uron Goch, just north of Merioneth, was the home of the "Nanney" brothers who emigrated to America about 1642. (I am sending a little map in which "Uron Goch" is marked in the valley of the river "Dee" which rises in Bala Lake.) My theory is that the "Yancey" or "Nanney" brothers of Uron Goch, four or five of them, emigrated to America about 1640, and they did not leave their address, gradually becoming known perhaps at first as "Yanney" and finally by the name of "Yancey" as people were not particular as to the spelling of names in those days.

Strength is given to this theory of descent by the following quotation taken from a letter written by Samuel Shepherd of Virginia to his brother, Robert, in 1805, and published in Virginia and Tennessee periodicals:

"Since I last wrote you, my wife has been delivered of a fine boy at the home of her cousin, Charles Yancey. The boy even now resembles that old Welsh stock--. While visiting we discussed old Welsh stock, and Charles tells me that a Mr. Evans of Cumberland, Virginia says he does not believe the "Yancey" name is correct, but that it was "Nanney" and got amended in transportation across the Atlantic. Charles had heard something of the kind from his folks. My wife has an old "Arms" of the family. Charles says he has seen it in his father's books. Mr. Evans was a distinguished soldier in the Rev. War, a gentleman and a scholar. The letter describes a reunion of soldiers too long to copy. Other letters we have tell of "Yancey's" in London, England, so they perhaps went into England from Wales and then to America."

In another letter from Woodville, Virginia dated May 26, 1928, we have the following:

"Mr. Victor Graves:

Dear Sir:

I think you have discovered something for which I have been hunting for years, the original Welsh name of our family. I have always believed it was not "Yancey" but

had been changed on reaching America. My ancestor, Lewis Davis Yancey, tells his children that the first settlers were four “Nanney” brothers who came from Wales in 1640. I note the “Nanney” name disappears and that of “Yancey” appears all over Virginia in the second and third generations. Certainly the possession of the “Nanney Arms” in the “Yancey” families is strong evidence.

Signed W. T. Yancey”

From a book in the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City, Utah (B 12 B 14) we find, “The Yancey’s were of Welsh origin and they first came to America in 1642, there being four brothers who arrived with Sir William Berkeley, gov. of Virginia. The founder of this Southern Branch was Benjamin Yancey and his son, Lewis Davis Yancey, settled on a plantation near Culpepper, Virginia. His son, Major James Yancey, married Miss Cudworth of Charlestown, South Carolina, and they had a son, Benjamin C. Yancey, born 1789, and married Carolina Bird, daughter of Col. William Bird of Warren Co. Ga., and they had two sons, William Lowndes and Benjamin Culworth Yancey.”

THE YANCEY’S IN EARLY DAYS

Among the first records we found about the “Yancey” family was a history of St. Marks Parish in Culpepper County, Virginia, written by Raleigh Travers Green in 1900 (Va. C.I.) from which we take the following: “The first trace we have of the “Yancey” family is that of four Welshmen, Charles, Joel, William and Robert Yancey, who came from Wales to Virginia with Sir William Berkeley and settled on the James River and prospered.”

From the “Crawford Book” we have, “John Yancey came from Wales about the middle of the 17th Century and settled on the Rappanock River, Virginia.” (So there must have been another brother.)

Continuing from Raleigh’s book we have, “From one of these four or five brothers descended Lewis Davis Yancey, who settled in Culpepper County, Va. About 1710, and married “Mildred or Winifred Kavanaugh, daughter of Charles or Philemon Kavanaugh of Irish parentage, who owned a large estate of 40,000 acres in said county. A portion of this land has never been out of the “Yancey” family, and at this time (1900) is owned by Benjamin M. Yancey, a great grandson of Lewis Davis Yancey and by James Yancey, a great great grandson. Lewis Davis Yancey lived and died and was buried on this estate which was called “Arlington.”

In a letter dated Feb. 26, 1943 from Mrs. Rebecca Yancey Williams (Author of this “Vanishing Virginian”) she says: “I surely wish I could help you with your family record, but alas I am the world’s poorest Genealogist. I have had letters from all over the country from Texas to New York, from Yancey’s, and I keep thinking how my mother would have loved to have followed up all these threads, but she died in 1936. One thing I can assure you of, all the “Yancey’s “ are related for they descended from those four or five brothers, and it is a distinct Virginia name. My own branch of the family came to Lynchburg, Va. From Louisa County, Va. right after the Revolution. My great grandfather, Joel, was the first of the family at Lynchburg, and he bought his land from Thomas Jefferson. I am sure you do not belong to this branch, but believe you must be

descended from the Culpepper Branch, as they were the great migrators and some of them went to Kentucky and from there farther west.”

Signed Mrs. Rebecca Yancey Williams

As far back as we have been able to trace our immediate line is to Austin Yancey, born about 1777, and we think he came from Virginia to Kentucky, as our great grandfather was born in Cary Bell Co. Kentucky. All we have that gives us Austin Yancey is in a Patriarchal blessing given to Hiram John Yancey, Sr. in 1853 which is recorded in the Historian's office in Salt Lake City. In this blessing he names his parents as Austin and Marie Yancey. Having a blessing at this time Hiram John Yancey, Sr. was undoubtedly in the Church and was perhaps the first to join the Church, but no other record is to be found, so we have taken him, Hiram John Yancey Sr. as our heir.

In data gathered from the second family and from other sources, our sister, Sylvia Anderson, who started the work on the “Yancey” line, it gives the children of Austin Yancey and wife, Marie, as Matilda, born Jan 26, 1803, and married William Stevens. Hiram John, Sr. born Aug 3, 1804, married first, Elizabeth Pratt, second Mary Tuttle. Richard Kelly born about 1806 married Nancy or Elizabeth Smith. She also made a note that the father of Austin Yancey was said to be Sterling Yancey, but up to date we have found nothing which verifies this information.

Through correspondence Sylvia found the whereabouts of the second family of our grandfather, Hiram John Yancey, Jr. and a lot of them were living in Oregon, and they invited us to attend their family reunion which was held at Cottage Grove, Oregon. In June, 1937, my husband and I accompanied Sylvia and her husband, Jared Anderson, to this reunion and here she secured the data on the second family of our grandfather, Hiram John Yancey, Jr. About seventy-five were in attendance at the gathering. A program and picnic were held in a lovely grove near the home of Mrs. Ida Garrouette, the daughter of Edmond H. Yancey, who was the eldest son of Jesse Pratt Yancey, a brother of our grandfather. Quite a number of the Yancey families in attendance were living at Prineville, Oregon, among them Steve Yancey taken in the picture with Edmond H. Yancey. Steve Yancey was a younger brother of Edmond.

“One of the oldest residents of Cottage Grove, E. H. Yancey observed his 92nd birthday anniversary on Sunday, July 20, 1947, when a large group of his children and other relatives and a few friends gathered at the city park to celebrate the occasion with him.

Mr. Yancey came to Cottage Grove, Oregon at the age of 11 with his parents, who spent the winter at Creswell and emigrated to Nevada in 1866, where he married Rachel Rhodes. Two children, Ella and Ivan were born to this union in Nevada. They came to Prineville, Oregon in 1880, where four more children, Ida, Frank, Ethel and Carl, were born. In 1888 they came over the McKenzie pass by covered wagon and settled near Cottage Grove. Here two more children, Irvin and Hester, were born.

The Yanceys lived in this vicinity most of the time since. He packed supplies by horseback into the Bohemia mines in 1898 and helped build the first wagon road into the mines. He is now making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Ida Garrouette, in Cottage Grove, and reports excellent health” (Taken from Cottage Grove paper, The Sentinel).

At this family gathering we got acquainted with father's two half brothers, Uncle Alfred and Uncle George, who with their families had come from California to the

reunion, our sister, Alice, who lives in Los Angeles accompanying them. Uncle Alfred came to Blackfoot to visit with us before mother's death and seemed to enjoy it very much. Uncle George died in 1946, so Uncle Alfred and their sister, Etta Walsh, who lives in Colorado are all who are living of their mother's family.

Alfred Franklin Yancey Family
Life Sketch of Alfred Franklin Yancey as written by himself in 1944.

I was born 24 October 1870 in Pleasantown, Kansas the second child and second son of Hiram John Yancey Jr. and his second wife Hester Ann Harris Rhodes (she was the daughter of George Harris and was the widow of Seymour Rhodes).

After father took his son John and Left, first going to Calif. Then by boat to New York, then again to Illinois, then on to Missouri, where he met and married my mother about 1867. She was born July 1833 and died 1920. From there he went to Pleasantown, Kansas where I was born and where we lived for three years, my father working at his trade as a carpenter.

We left Kansas about 1873 and went to a place in Missouri on a big farm with a large house in a big grove of trees surrounded by a cornfield, this place I remember as if it were yesterday. Here it was I was given a little hatchet which I was very proud of, and was told if I planted it, I would have a lot of little hatchets, so I planted it in the tall corn and day after day hunted for it, but could never find the place.

It was here also that my little brother Eddie died. I have a very vivid picture of him lying on a wide board between two chairs with a white cloth over him. I remember leaving this place in a wagon and how members of our outfit bragged on me for walking five miles on my birthday.

My childhood life was not a happy one by any means. Father went almost blind when I was quite young, though he tried doctors and medicine, so it left mother and I to hustle for the five of us. The next I remember was we were on our way by train to the then territory of Nevada.

Here we moved onto a big cattle ranch near Austin City, there were many Indians here, some tribes of as many as three and four hundred. Here my brother George was born in 1876, 9th of January. From this ranch we moved to Malta, Iowa, where my sister Etta was born 1 May 1878, and where I first went to school at the age of nine years. The next 12 years we lived in many places in Missouri, Iowa and Kansas.

In the winter of 1890 we moved to Nebraska, where I entered the service of the Rock Island Railroad Company in the track and signal department. This was near Fairburg, Nebr. It was here I met and married Ida Louise Leman 31 Jan. 1894. She was the daughter of John Charles Leman and wife Dorothy, and here our first child Victor was born 30 Dec. 1894.

We lived here at Thompson, Nebr. Until 1897 then moved to Oklahoma where I homesteaded 160 acres of land. I followed farming and railroading here till 1906 when I sold my farm and stock and went to Alberta, Canada and took up a homestead in the Saddle Lake country, where we lived about two and one half years, when on account of my wife's ill health we had to go south, and went again to Thompson, Nebr. where I worked on the Rock Island railroad till June 1911, and here my wife died in 1910, leaving five children ranging from 15 years down to 10 months old.

Shortly after my wife's death I moved to Edmonton, Canada in the service of the Grand Trunk Railway, and worked there till 20 Dec 1914. For four years I kept the children together all by myself, although I had friends who offered to take them.

From Edmonton I went to Fairburg, Nebr. and here I met and married Rose Jordan Shortridge in 1915 and here again I entered the service of the Rock Island railway as extra gang foreman and continued this service at different points, mostly at Lincoln Nebr. until April 7 1937 when I was retired and moved to Los Angeles, Calif. where we have a nice little home in which to enjoy our declining years.

In June 1937 at our family reunion held at Cottage Grove, Oregon. I met some of the family of my father's first wife's children and have enjoyed visiting and associating with them many times since. I visited with them in June 1947 and also went to see my sister Etta in Denver, and my sons at Edmonton, Canada.

This cousin, Edmond, mentioned before, took us out to an old forgotten cemetery there in Cottage Grove, where among a heavy growth of weeds, we found the grave of our great grandfather, Hiram John Yancey, Sr. Three other Yancey relatives were buried in the same plot. Cousin Ed, then 82 years old, had a wonderful memory and told us about the Yancey families coming to Utah, we quote: "Hiram John Yancey, your great grandfather and my grandfather lived in Placer Co. California, that being the first place I remember him being. He also lived at Heildsburg, Sonoma Co., California. He was a wagon maker by trade and also did some farming. Then he moved to Cottage Grove, Oregon and lived there until his death at the age of 86 years. His first wife was Elizabeth Pratt who died before he came West. Mary Tuttle was the name of his second wife whom he married here in California.

There were seven families of the "Yancey's." Hiram John Sr. and his married children and their families, who left Illinois. Hiram John's four sons were William Riley, Hiram John, Jr. Jesse Pratt, and Oliver. The four daughters were Adaline who married Gilbert Cox, Elizabeth married Thomas Wycoff, Emeline married her second cousin, Thomas Yancey, and Charlotte married Lem Davis. While Emeline and her family were living in Placerville, California, her husband left to join the army at the time of the Civil War, and was never heard from again. Later on Emeline married Ambrose Toleman, but they had no children.

The "Yancey" families were considered well off for those days as they had a lot of fine cattle and horses, new wagons, nice furnishings, and money for those days. They arrived in Salt Lake City sometime in 1853. Several different stories are told of them not being well received in Salt Lake City by some of the people they had known in Illinois. At any rate when an immigrant train came through Salt Lake City, they went on West with them and landed in Placerville, California in 1857.

Adaline Yancey and her husband never went any further West than Salt Lake City, but from there went to Mound City, Lynn Co. Kansas.

Picture

The above is a photo of the only living child of Adeline Yancey and her husband, Gilbert Cox, and her family. She was Martha Cox, born Oct 10, 1865 and married George Shearer, now dead. The picture shows Martha with their son, Paul, and his wife,

five of her daughters and four grand children. This was taken in 1947 when Martha was 87 years old. They live at Independence, Mo.

Edmond Yancey also said his father, Jesse Pratt Yancey and Hiram John, Jr. who lived with them at different times, was in the habit of picking up and leaving on a moment's notice. He remembers his mother shedding tears at times when she had to move. When they lived in Placer County, California, they were near a gulch where 100 Chinamen were working, when a stump fell and hit one of the Chinamen, and they all threw down their tools and things and left, leaving their machinery and all right where they were working. Jesse and Hiram and the others could have used this machinery and made thousands of dollars, but they went right on chopping wood with an axe. (there were no saws in those days) and sold it for a living. William Riley, Jesse Pratt, Hiram John and Thomas Yancey and Lem Davis were here at this time doing the same kind of work. They all left together and went to Sonoma Co., California. Jesse Pratt Yancey at one time owned 300 acres in Sonoma Co. He traded it for four horses and left. Edmond and his mother did not want to leave. He was catching quails at this time and getting Six Dollars a dozen.

During their stay in Placerville, Calif., flour was cheap but at Carson City, Nevada they were paying one dollar a pound. Edmond's father, Jesse Pratt, Hiram John Jr. and William Riley packed ten horses with 200 pounds of flour each and started to Carson city, thinking to make some easy money as they had only paid 75 cents a sack for the flour.

They were snowed in on their way through the mountains and had to feed the flour to the horses and almost starved themselves, before they could get out. Hiram thought his eye trouble could have been caused by being there so long in the snow.

Jesse Yancey, Owen Penrod, and a Mr. Comstock discovered the Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nevada. Jesse traded his share (one third) for a yoke of oxen. Penrod later got ten thousand for his share.

Uncle George Yancey said his father had told him that there was Cherokee Indian blood in the Yancey family through Pocahontas and said that he was one eighth Indian. George said his father had high cheek bones and long loose straight black hair which showed his Indian blood.

THE FAMILY HEIR

Up until March, 1947, we had thought that our grandfather Hiram John Jr. was the first to join the church, us after a thorough search by the library in Salt Lake City, his father Hiram John Yancey Sr. was established as the family heir, he being baptized in January 1844. But no endowment date could be found, and we were unable to secure a picture of him.

Our granfather Hiram John Jr. was baptized in Sept 1853 and married first, Harriet Wood, 22 Nov 1853 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. Harriet was the daughter of Daniel Wood and Mary Snider. (See Wood History.)

(Picture of Hiram John Yancey St. and his wife, Harriet Wood.

Four children were born to Hiram John and Harriet—Elizabeth, John H., Parley and Adam (see genealogy), Elizabeth and Parley died as infants.

MEMORIES OF GRANDFATHER HIRAM JOHN YANCEY, JR. BY ALICE TOLMAN YANCEY, WIFE OF ADAM YANCEY

Adam's father was a carpenter by trade and traveled around a great deal. Very little is known about his life. He became partly blind at an early age and never fully recovered his sight.

Hiram was not contented to stay in Utah although his wife was and did not want to leave the church and her people. At the time of Johnston's Army (1857), he left home and went back East, though he did not stay long and soon returned to his family in Bountiful. Later on he wanted to leave again. Harriet did everything she could to persuade him not to go, but to no avail. One day they took the team and wagon and went to Salt Lake City to do some shopping. When ready to return home, Hiram took the groceries and the baby, John H., who was about two years old, got into the wagon and told Harriet he was going East and wanted her to go along with him, but she would not and supposed he would come back. However, he did not return and that was the last she ever saw of him or her baby boy, although she did hear of them in later years.

Hiram kept the child with him and rode on until he caught up with an emigrant train that was passing through Salt Lake City. Harriet's father, Daniel Wood, sent men after him but he always kept a gun by his side along with the child, and they were not able to get the child away. Hiram's purpose in taking the child was that he thought his wife would follow, but she was too devout a Latter-Day Saint to leave the Church.

Hiram John, Jr. followed several occupations until after the Civil War. He then went to Missouri where he married the widow, Rhodes. She was Hester Ann Harris, daughter of George Harris, who had married first Seymour Rhodes by whom she had four or five children. (Mrs. Etta Walsh, daughter of Hiram John Jr. and Hester Ann Harris, names four—Rachel, Emma, Ivan and Marie Rhodes) The three daughters married three of Hiram John's cousins. At one time when Hiram John, Jr. was in Austin, Nevada, he talked of going to Salt Lake City to see his son, Adam, but was afraid he would not be well received so returned to Missouri where he died in January 1912, and is buried at Independence, Mo.

FINDING THE LOST BROTHER

Adam was born after his father left, so never saw his father. After we were married, we had letters from Uncle John H. and he said he would come out and see us if we would send the money, so we sent him \$100.00 just before we moved to Idaho, but conditions prevented him from coming, so he returned the money.

Picture of John Yancey and Adam Yancey

We then lost track of him and not until Cyrus went on a mission to the Central States did we hear of him. Cyrus heard of a John Yancey living in Independence and found him to be Uncle John. We then went to see him, and he and his second wife, Ida,

came out later to see us but they separated after they went back. After Adam died Uncle John came and was not well so I took care of him until his death in May, 1922. So he is now buried in the same plot as his brother, Adam, in the Groveland Cemetery.

When at Independence, we went and saw Adams' father's grave, and we gave Uncle John some money to get a marker to put on it, and that is as far as Adam ever knew his father. Uncle John had two lots in Independence. One lot had his home on it and it was mortgaged so we paid off the mortgage of about \$300.00 and was given the title to the one lot for so doing. Later on I deeded the lot to the Church through the Presiding Bishopric. Uncle John's wife, Ida, said to Adam. "You certainly had a good father. For although, being blind, he did more than a lot of men with good eyes."

Uncle John and his first wife, Marthann Edwards, had five children, all of whom are now dead but one son, Charels F. Yancey, who lives at 216 State St., Jefferson City, Missouri.

Picture of Uncle John's Family

MEMORIES OF HARRIET WOOD

To tell a little of the life of Harriet Wood, we have a letter to us from James H. Moyle of Salt Lake City, Utah. His mother was Elizabeth Wood, sister of Harriet. Letter dated May 15, 1937, Washington, D. C.

"Your father lived at the home of grandmother Wood with his mother. She was a fine looking woman and like her son a splendid character. She would often seem mentally abstracted with a melancholy expression for reasons which mother attributed to the fact that her husband insisted on going away.

Your grandmother was an attractive woman, and she would sit for hours and knit with a very serious expression on her face and seldom jovial. She had repeated opportunities of marriage. While I was a small boy, she married Captain John Brown of Ogden. He was accidentally shot and killed not long after and left quite a large family by another wife. He purchased a Mexican land grant which included the site of Ogden City and became the first white settler in Ogden, Utah. The histories speak quite freely of him.

Harriet thereafter denied all opportunities of marriage until after your father was married, when she married a widower by the name of Lewis. She did not love him but as they were both alone, they thought that perhaps through their marriage, their lives would be made happier through more intimate associations.

After the death of Captain Brown, Adam lived most of the time until he was married with the family of John Moss, whose wife was Rebecca, another sister of Harriet, whose children were just like brothers and sisters to him. When at school the boys used to tease Adam, telling him his name was not Brown. One day he got into a fight about it and when he went home, his mother told him about his real father. Harriet lived with Mr. Lewis until she died in 1871 when Adam was twelve years old.

CHILDHOOD DAYS OF ALICE TOLMAN

Alice Tolman was the eleventh child in the family of the fourteen children of Judson Tolman and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook and was born August 29, 1863, at

Bountiful, Utah. In 1848 her parents came across the plains to Utah, one child being buried on the way. Her mother died at the age of thirty-seven years. She remembers of helping Aunt Jane, her foster mother, take care of her children when they were young, but she lived most of the time with her sister, Sarah Mabey, and family. In her own words she says, "My sister with whom I lived a great deal was the same as a mother to me and her children seemed like my own children. I remember very little about my mother as she died when I was little more than five years old. I did not know my sister, Nancy, and her children so well but learned to love them just as I did Sarah and family. I remember as a girl of the good times Kate or Catherine and I had. Kate was just two years older than myself.

I remember of being re-baptized and it sure thrilled me. I also remember of going to school and getting a whipping. I did not cry at the time, but had a good cry when I got home. I had to go to school bare-footed most of the time. My father had a molasses mill where he made molasses. I would take his dinner to him when he was cutting grain with a scythe. I also remember my stepgrandmother, Hannah Flint Holbrook, and of going to see my grandfather, Joseph Holbrook, and of his death.

We used to have cutting bees when we would gather fifteen or twenty bushel of peaches in a pile. Then we would ask boys and girls to come and help cut them. The next morning we would have to spread them on the roof or on scaffolds made of lumber all turned right side up. After we were through cutting, we usually had lunch and that is how we got our peaches dried.

(Picture of Adam Yancey, Alice Tolman when they were married.)

MARRIED LIFE

The following events are as told by Alice Tolman Yancey about their married life as we left it too late to have anything from father.

Adam herded sheep a great deal when a young man and also learned something of carpentering. While herding sheep he started to use tobacco, but said at one conference he attended in Salt Lake City one of the speakers said, "Boys do not use tobacco as it is harmful." He went home and never used it again. When Adam was about twenty years old, he met me at a dance in Bountiful either on the 4th or 24th of July, and took me home from the dance after which we associated together. We were married October 2, 1879, in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. Adam had a team and wagon in which we rode to Salt Lake City to be married.

After we were married, we lived in Bountiful, Utah in a two room rock house by Daniel Wood. Joseph and Inez Wood were our neighbors on one side. Here our first son Adam Adonirrum was born August 9, 1880. I was just seventeen years old on the 29th of August.

THEY MOVE TO IDAHO

Adam and Daniel Wood went in together and bought the Durham place in West Bountiful, and we moved there. In a year or two my brother Add Tolman decided to move to Idaho so we sold our share of the place to Daniel Wood and moved to Idaho at

the same time. We stayed at Bancroft, Idaho at first living in a slope that Adam built himself. He had two good teams and both the mares would have colts soon, but they were stolen. Adam hunted for weeks but never could find any trace of them.

There was a saw mill at Bancroft at this time at which Adam worked part of the time. In the fall we moved to Chesterfield about ten miles north where my brother and his wife had settled. The place had been named after Chester Call who had been called by Brigham Young to persuade a dozen young couples to go with him to Idaho as someone said it was a good stock and farming country. Chester Call was to do this on the Q. T. so it was not known until years later.

It was here in Chesterfield that our second child, another son, Orval, was born Sept. 12, 1882. I just had my neighbors to help me. Mary Call and Della Tolman. Something was wrong so Adam had to take a team and wagon and go ten miles for a lady doctor. Then I got along all right.

During our first year in Chesterfield we lived in a slope made out of slabs. The second year Adam built a one room log house, 16 x 20 and plastered it inside and out. Later Adam built a two story frame building with five rooms and a large pantry. In the front was a large porch with a railing around so we could go on to the porch from upstairs and look out over the country. It was one of the best homes in Chesterfield at that time. We had two good wells which Adam had dug by hand, and we had to draw all the water up in buckets for the stock as well as for ourselves, but we later bought pumps which was much better. We had a large barn, cistern, cellar and other buildings.

(Picture of the Old Home)

Adonirrum was born in Bountiful and all the rest of our fourteen children were born in this house except William and Sarah and Elizabeth who was still born, who were born in Blackfoot, Idaho. They were Orval, James Henry, Emron, Bertha Lucretia, Cyrus, Alice, Daniel, Sylvia May, Mary, and Nathan Orley. Sylvia was raised on the bottle. Bertha was able to give her about all the care she needed. Mary was also bottle fed, but died when six weeks old from whooping cough.

After our younger children were in school, we took two children to adopt, Ruth a baby six weeks old and a boy about the same age as Sarah from the Children's home, but there was so much friction between him and the younger children, some other people adopted him. We kept Ruth who was born in a Blackfoot hospital March, 1916. When she was about three years old, we went down to Logan to have our Second Endowments and to have Ruth sealed to us. Alice had bought Ruth a nice little brown coat and hood to wear on the trip and on the way down somewhere between Blackfoot and Pocatello, some woman made quite a fuss over Ruth and had her taker her coat off, and when we wanted it to put on her, it was gone, and we had to go buy another one for her. We felt so bad because Alice had paid \$6.00 for it.

(On this page are pictures of Adam Yancey and his sons, Ruth and her husband Kenneth Beck—1947, and one of the girls, Alice, Bertha, Sarah, and Sylvia, about 1918)

It was surely cold in Chesterfield. I remember Adam taking the cattle to the hills where the snow had gone because we had no feed for them in the Spring and Adam became snow blind a time or two, or that is what we thought it was. I remember one storm when the snow rolled up just like rolls of cotton. It was a pretty sight. There was a lot of wild game in the country at that time which we were able to get, and it helped give

us variety in our food. Our buildings were made from lumber and it was so cold, it would pop and snap.

We went to Bountiful a time or two in our light spring wagon. We called it the "Red Wagon" as it was painted red. When we were first married, we had one cow but would sell the butter and eat bread and white gravy. We always had plenty to eat but not much variety. Later when we had plenty of milk and butter, I would set a pan of clabber milk on a box or chair and give the children a spoon and how they enjoyed it.

When we moved to Blackfoot, we were milking forty cows. At one time in Chesterfield we made seventy pounds of butter a week, and I would set the milk in pans. Most of the time we did not get to bed until twelve o'clock at night. Adam would work all day and then come home and would have to get the cows, and by the time the milking was done, it would be late, the wind blowing and the snow drifting. The drifts were sometimes as high as the house, but we always had plenty of good wood to keep us warm by. We had homemade carpets when we could afford to make them. Adam was always improving and building something, and got out most of the timber himself. He also helped build the meeting house and school house in Chesterfield.

There was no Ward organization at that time, but I remember Adam baptizing a number of children and after a ward was organized. We used to hold our fast days mostly on Thursdays. We were among the first families to move to Chesterfield. Our closest neighbors were the Nels Hogan family, the Fred Bergeson family, and a family by the name of Balfour. We had to go about three miles to Church and Sunday School and would go in our "Red Wagon" and in sleighs in the winter. Sometimes the snow would be so deep we could go right over the fences and all and not stop for nothing.

I was an officer in the M.I.A. and counselor in the Relief Society to Sister Sarah Call, but was released when we moved to Blackfoot. Adam was called on a mission in July, 1895 as also was my brother, Lamoni, to go to the Southern States. It was hard to see him go, but the boys were more help now. He was only able to stay about six months as he took sick with chills and fever soon after arriving in Texas and could not get it out of his system so was released to come home.

Our first child, Adam Adonirrum, was killed when he was twelve years old by being thrown from a horse. He went after the cows and on the way caught one of the neighbor's horses along with a Bergeson boy who had a horse. They were just a little way from home when he was thrown from the horse. He got up and walked home, and I washed him off, and he said, "Ma, I don't think I can milk tonight." So I said he didn't have to and put him to bed. He went to sleep and just woke up once and said, "O, my eyes." We did not go to bed, but sent and got the Elders and had him administered to. Then the next morning I left him to get breakfast, and when I went back in the room, he was dead which was about eight o'clock in the morning. When our little girl died, I was holding her in my lap and was all alone. She went into convulsion after convulsions. She was born right when we had whooping cough, and had I known, would have been more careful. So our two children are buried there in Chesterfield, Idaho.

In the Fall of 1901, our crop of three hundred acres was a total failure. One of the men of the Ward, Brother Nels Sorenson, had been over to Blackfoot and bought hay and then later moved there. Adam went to Blackfoot to buy hay because we were milking forty head of cows at that time and had to have the hay. When we first went to Chesterfield, we had enough water for our ground but it got so scarce that by the time it

got down to us, our turn was up, and we could hardly raise a garden and the frosts got so bad too. While in Blackfoot, Adam bought three hundred acres of land about three and one-half miles west and north of Blackfoot. Quite a lot of it was in hay and a lot of sagebrush land. We gave Seven Thousand Dollars for the place. Adam got a mortgage on our place in Chesterfield to make the first payment of One Thousand Dollars. That was all we ever got as the parties took out bankruptcy. We had to sell most of our stock to pay for our place.

LEAVING CHESTERFIELD

So, in the Fall of 1901 in October we moved to Blackfoot. I drove one team over with Orley on the seat by me. He was one year old then. Maybe you think it wasn't hard to leave Chesterfield. We went to Blackfoot where there were only a few people in that section of the country and have lived there ever since.

The ranch we bought in Blackfoot belonged to George Baumgartner. We had the boys to help and plenty of water there and put up lots of hay and got along all right by being careful. The first summer we were in Blackfoot, we raised every kind of fruit and vegetable, watermelons and all kinds of garden stuff. It surely seemed good to have what we could eat out of a garden as well as all the fruit we needed as there were raspberries, gooseberries and fruit trees on the place.

There was a three-room house on the place and Brother and Sister Andrew C. Jensen lived in it so Adam built two more rooms on. We had quite a family—nine children, Orley being only one-year old. It was certainly a great change for us to come to Blackfoot. The first winter we were there we plowed all winter which was quite different from the long cold winters at Chesterfield. Also while we lived at Chesterfield I knit stockings for all the children but when we moved to Blackfoot, they would not wear the woolen stockings.

While in Chesterfield we had a large seventy gallon churn, and I remember the lid coming off once and the cream went all over the floor. Don't remember how long we kept this churn, but I think after a year or two at Blackfoot, we sold most of the cows and the churn was used to haul water in. The boys were older, and we put up lots of hay. Adam also cleared, with the boys helping, the sagebrush from about one-hundred acres of land, and then we put in seven acres of orchard, 100 cherry trees, and few pears and plums, and the rest in apples, and also a big raspberry patch.

Adam took great pride in growing the trees, but there was not much sale for the fruit and thousands of bushels went to waste at different times. He went with many a load to Pocatello, and peddled them to get rid of them. One summer our cherry trees were just loaded with cherries, and it rained and rained until they all burst and bushels of them went to waste. To take care of the apples, we finally got a cider mill and made lots of cider and a lot of vinegar.

(Pictures of Adam and Alice Yancey, their new home in Groveland, and Alice Yancey and her daughter Bertha with Relief Society Workers in 1941.)

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

When we first moved to Blackfoot, we went to the Riverside and Moreland Ward to Church for the first year or two. The only way we had to go was with buggy and horse. I remember how I used to take the sisters in our buggy and drive the horse with a baby in my arms. A year or two later, the President of the Stake, Elias S. Kombal, and others came and asked Adam to cut up his farm into lots which he did, and we had to sign quite a few deeds. This helped to pay for the place and in 1904 we had a new brick house built with twelve rooms and very often had twenty or more people staying with us.

Adam first acted as Presiding Elder and then later was sustained as Bishop and the Ward was named the Groveland Ward as that was the name of the school district. He was put in Bishop in 1903 and was bishop for twelve years when he was released on account of his health and failing eyesight. In July, 1915, Father went with President James Duckworth on the genealogical "Special Train" to San Francisco to attend the International Congress of Genealogy held in connection with the Panama Pacific International Exhibition. Father's heart trouble gradually grew worse and he died September 15, 1920. James made the coffin in which Father was laid away and also made a marker for his grave.

When the meeting house was built Adam and boys did a lot of the carpenter work. They spent a lot of time working on it, and he also built a tithing cellar. We went to San Francisco in 1912 to the World's Fair taking Orley with us. We enjoyed seeing the sights and also went on to San Diego, California.

I was President of the Relief Society from May, 1902 until June, 1919. I also served on the Relief Society Stake Board as second counselor, and then first counselor from November, 1914 to August, 1923. I was President of the War Mothers from about 1917 to 1920 and while I held this position, we War Mothers went on a trip to visit the War Mothers out at Salmon and Mackay and had a very nice time.

OFF TO WAR

At the time of the Worl War No. 1, in 1917, Cyrus enlisted being sent into the Marines. Later Daniel also went. They were both gone one year. Cyrus was wounded very badly. The doctors did not think for a minute that Cyrus would live, but he came home and the Government sent him to school, and now he is married and is living in San Francisco, California.

When Orley was born, I wrote to my Father and told him I wanted him to name him. He wrote for me to name him Nathan Orley, and I liked the name. He went on a mission and it was while he was gone, that Adam took sick and died. Then the winter after Adam died, I took a man to room and board—he was a cripple, but he helped me to take care of Ruth while I did the milking and the chores. That winter was hard for me because we had to get the money to send Orley, but managed for a while, then he was released to come home.

As has been stated, Father was a sort of a quiet man of few words, but when he spoke, he usually said something. He always stopped work so as to have his meals on time. He would stop work soon after five-thirty so as to be in for supper at six o'clock and always kept things neat and in good repair.

PA YANCEY

Did you ever meet Pa Yancey,
Back thar in the sagebrush days,
Came in with a pacel of neighbors,
And settled in the Groveland Ward

Pa was a man with a placid mind,
Never hurried or worried, or hasty like,
Counted his days as all well spent,
If he only did just one thing well.

Pa built his house as I recall,
Beside the road near the Groveland hall,
Jest like Pa Yancey that house was,
Large and tall and square like.

Pa, did things jest sorter queer,
Planted trees along the road, scads of 'em,
And vines and flowers and orchard,
Needs sech things for a home, Pa said.

Bishop is what they called him,
Up thar in the Groveland Ward.
Don't know much about sech things
Didn't seem to effect Pa at all.

Pa was a curious Bishop,
Didn't seem to rare and tare
Or go into transports all shivery like,
And try to convert us all.

He lived right down among us,
With his plows and stock and little deeds,
Covered up most of these deeds was
Pa kinda blushed if he thought you knew.

Pa took his religion serious like,
Belived in feeding the poor sted of preaching,
A helpin' hand with the plowin', when a man is sick,
Is more than half of religion, Pa said.

Tain't the praying' and long black coats,
As riles the devil as his angels,
It's seein' preachers livin' like us common folks,
And sharin' our troubles and temptations.

By Thomas G. Bond

As a tribute to the life of our dear mother is also given by Mr. Bond and very fittingly portrays her life as no matter who or when anyone called to her in distress, she left her home and family to render service not only while working in the Relief Society, but in her declining years, and was never heard to say anything but good of anyone.

THE MINISTERING ANGEL

Ma Yancey lived in the Groveland Ward,
A little old lady with a placid face,
Guess jest the fact of her living thar all these years
Sorter grayed her hair an' furrowed her cheek.

Angels jest don't happen, grandad said,
They're made in a furnace of toil and pain,
Sittin' by beds where children lie gaspin'
An' the fever a runnin' an' a scorchin'.

Pain wracked bodies a moanin' the night time,
An' lives jest a hangin' by a thread
With cool hands soft and carressin' thar,
A puttin' cold things to your head.

The ministerin' angel is alus there,
When the cupboard is empty an' hearts in despair,
With a cheerin' word and a loaf of bread,
Though oftimes it drains her scanty store.

It's only perchance by a flower draped bier,
An' the air all hushed and' a-whisperin' like,
And a mist comes over our blinded eyes,
We hear a rustlin' as it were, the wings of an angel lyin' thar.
(By Thomas G. Bond, written about 1935)

In the twenty-two years mother lived alone after Father's death, she had a hard lonely life. She had the worry of the younger children and Ruth was only a little more than four years old. Father had always taken the responsibility in a financial way which made it harder for her. With it she suffered most of the latter years very much with diabetes, and because of this, she was determined to live mostly alone in two rooms of the old home, although there were renters there in the other parts of the house. Daniel was her main stay for years until he had to go to the Hospital and the shock of both Sylvia's and his death was a terrible blow as she had leaned a lot on them both. During these years William also went on a mission to England. She visited around some with the children, going to Los Angeles two or three times to visit with Alice and Ruth and staying with Sylvia and family in Pocatello and a few days at a time with the other children. I took her out to Tabiona, Utah where her daughter, Sarah, lived the summer before she died which trip she enjoyed very much and wanted to go out to see Ruth and Alice too, but we were not able to get away.

She must have passed away without wrning during the night as she was found sitting in a chair and had been taking care of her swollen feet. Death came to her on the morning of October 11, 1942. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

By Bertha Yancey Jensen

We now give a few "Memories" by different members of the family which add to the family history.

MEMORIES BY JAMES HENRY YANCEY

My father and mother left Bountiful, Utah sometime in the year 1880 and came to Chesterfield, Idaho, which was named after Chester Call. He was called by Brigham Young to persuade a dozen young married people or couples to go with him to this place as someone said it was a good stock and farming country. Chester Call was to do this on the Q.T. I can remember some of these first families. Two or three Call families, two of mother's brothers, Lamoni and Add Tolman, Nephi Moss, Keplar Sessions, Moses and Aaron Muir, Denmark Jensen and the Hatch and Loveland families. There was also another family by the name of Perkins. I remember one of their boys stole a steer and sold it to another party for thirty dollars and was sent to jail for three years.

Other families were the Grants, Higginson, John Balfour, Holbrooks, Parley Willey, and Alma Cluff. These families did not come the same year, but were among the first to settle in Chesterfield.

Chesterfield is in the South-Eastern part of Idaho, forty miles east of Pocatello and ten miles north of Bancroft on the head of the Portneuf river and is exclusive a stock ranch and dry farming country.

The first year father was in Chesterfield, he built a shed of slabs but by the second year, he had a one room 16 x 20 house plastered inside and out.

When I was about eight years old, Father and Lamoni Tolman left their families and went to the mines in Utah. They were gone about three months. When they returned, Father had about \$90.00 in gold which would be about the same as \$900.00 in those days. Father and Mother's brother, Uncle Add Tolman, did considerable work for stock men that lived down the river.

Then the people built the Church house in chesterfield. Father and the Tolmans and the Calls were the carpenters, and it took lots of work because everything had to be done by hand.

The first time I went to Bountiful, I was about nine years old. This was a great trip. We went in a covered wagon with a good team of horses. It took four days to go and four days to come back, and we were gone thirty days. When we camped in what is called the Tithing Grounds, we had dinner right close to the temple which was about half done. Father went to the store and bought some baker's bread and baloney which was the first I ever saw.

In those days Father and Mother had time to visit their friends and relatives. In the late fall and winter, we would all be tucked in a sleigh early in the morning and call on some family who possible were not expecting us. Yet, they were glad to see us for they always gave us a warm welcome. We would take our quilts and flat irons in with us so they would be warm when we were ready to leave.

The winters were very cold. Sometimes it would get 50 or 60 below zero. The snow would be six or eight feet deep and in the spring when the snow would crust, it would hold up a team and sleigh. We would go right over the fences and not see them. When it started to thaw, it was impossible to get anywhere. The winters were so bad that we only had school in the summertime. The school would be held for three or four months, but we had to stay out a lot to help at home.

Fruit and vegetables were scarce. We had plenty of meat such as fish and wild game. We had ducks and sage hens most of the summer. Father and our neighbor, Nels Hogan, would quit work a little early and one of the boys would drive and they would shoot until they would have about twenty sage hens apiece.

There was always plenty of good milk, butter and eggs. Butter was about ten cents a pound and much of what was on the market was not worth that much. Eggs were about eight or ten cents a dozen. Some parents would give their children ten cents a week if they would not eat butter.

The first well Father dug he threw the dirt out with a shovel as far as he could and then he had to carry the dirt up in buckets up a ladder the rest of the way. That was how scarce rope was then. About the first thing I remember Father doing was building fences which were built without nails or wire.

The first thing we boys learned to do was to ride and drive horses. It was important then that every family raise enough wheat for their own bread and as soon as the threshing was done, we had to go to Malad, Idaho to the mill to have it ground into flour. We also had to raise enough for the cows and horses. They were all named and were like part of the family. We all learned to milk about as soon as we could drive a team and sometimes one of us would be left alone to milk twenty-five or thirty cows which was certainly a job.

When I was about twelve years old, Father began to enlarge his milk herd and a little later there was a butter factory in Chesterfield and everybody tried that. We then began to see a dollar occasionally.

Father had a place for everything and everything was in its place. I can't understand why some of the boys are just the opposite. Another thing that was a job for father was to keep track of the cows and horses. They were turned loose on the ranch to feed and often they would get lost. Father would hunt most of the night on foot and sometimes then would not find them until the next morning.

I remember when father got a call for a mission. It was in 1895 in the Spring and by Fall he was ready to go. He went to Texas. It was so hot there that he got malaria fever and had to come home in about seven months. He never was as strong as he was before he went. He usually weighed about 220 pounds and men who knew him said he was as stout as a lion. He could grab a pig of about 200 pounds and throw him on a hay rack. Then father would sit there and hold him by one leg.

In the years 1898 to 1900 the frosts got so heavy and the seasons so dry that it was hard to raise hay and grain so father and others came to Blackfoot to look for land. He bought a farm of about 300 acres from a Mr. Baumgartner. The farm was about three miles from the city of Blackfoot, Idaho, which then was but a very small settlement and near the Snake River and the place was afterwards called Groveland.

When the Groveland Ward was organized, father was chosen first presiding Elder and in 1903 as Bishop with Andrew C. Jensen, Jr. and James Chapman as counselors. A

short time later William Lindsay became counselor when Andrew C. Jensen, Jr. moved away. The people started to build a meeting house and soon after Peter G. Johnson came along and gave father \$25.00 towards it. Father patted him on the back and said, "The Lord bless you for helping us."

Father worked many days alone on the church. I remember we boys helped to haul rock for the foundation. Later on after the War broke out and a meeting was called to subscribe money and to encourage the boys to enlist, in the first part of the meeting a number of the men objected. Then father got us and said he was thankful that he had seven sons, all six foot tall and every inch a man and that one had already enlisted and if the Government needed the rest of them he thought none of them would refuse.

After father had been Bishop for about twelve years, he was released on account of his eyes as they had been bothering him for years, a trouble that he contracted in Chesterfield called snow-blindness, and I guess that could happen where they had snow seven months of the year. (Doctors now say it was cataracts on his eyes.)

Another thing I should mention, Father was called in the Stake High Council and at that time they had a Church trial. Two brothers had some dealings and wanted it to be settled. The council deliberated a night or two without getting results and it was getting late the next evening and they were discussing the matter, Father had gone to sleep or so President Duckworth said. He poked father and asked him what he thought of it. Father said, "Well, I can tell what I think of it. It reminds me of when I was a small boy working for my Uncle. He had another man working for him, and we were hoeing potatoes. There were two loads of hay passing by. The man with me said, "There goes my hay." Father said, "You are crazy. That is not your hay." "Oh, yes, but that is my hay," said the man. "Well, how can you claim it," said father. "I could have a bishop's trial and they would compromise and give it to me," the man said.

"I think," father said, "that explains the problem we have now. One man is trying to get something for nothing." Then a motion was made to make their decision in writing and hand it in to the brothers. When it came to father, he would not sign until the parties involved would sign on the back of it a statement to abide by the council's decision. John Dean drew up the papers and stated that all the council signed. When it was handed to them, the man trying to get something for nothing read the decision, saying that he would not abide by it, but would take it to court. He took it over to Attorney John Jones who said, "Mister, you have no trial on this matter. It is settled forever. No court in the United States could break it." So ended the trial.

I remember one day a man came to our place, a railroad tie stock salesman. Of course, he was going to sell One Thousand Dollars worth of stock to father. He had talked a long time and then mentioned a dozen of father's neighbors to whom he had sold from Five Hundred to Fifteen Hundred Dollars worth of stock and that they would soon all be rich. Father looked up and said, "Well there are 99 bad to one good and if by passing this good one by I can get by all the bad, I will be very well satisfied." The salesman had no more to say.

I remember one hard winter when we had some hay to sell and it went up to forty dollars per ton, one of our neighbors came over to get some hay. He said, "Bishop, I see you are selling your hay and I would like to get some. What are you selling it for?" "Well, said father, "it is selling for Forty Dollars, but if you want some you can have it for Fifteen Dollars. That is all that it is worth."

(By James Yancey)

MEMORIES OF FATHER BY EMRON

I remember father as a man of a gentle and patient disposition, always tending to his own business and not bothering other people except to help anyone needing his help.

He was progressive and always trying to fix things up better for mother and us children. He was one of the first in Chesterfield to build a better home and was about the first one over there to own a reaper, a binder, and a gas engine. It was the same when we moved over here. He soon built a new home. He was always building and fixing things up around the home.

He lived his own religion and allowed others to do the same. He did not get excited if everybody else didn't believe as he did.

When we were boys, we used to go with him and Nels Hogan in the Red Wagon to hunt sagehens. Nels Hogan and Fred Bergeson were our nearest neighbors. I remember Nels used to kill hogs and haul them dressed to Pocatello for about two or three cents a pound. Father sold some fat cows once for \$17.00 a head and thought that was a good price. He very seldom ever borrowed anything from anyone. I don't ever remember of hearing him swear, except once after he was almost blind and walked into the barn door and bumped his head. He was quite, easy going, and never excited about anything which is what the whole world needs today—a slowing up as everybody is in a rush to go somewhere and nothing to do after they get there.

I remember when he was called on a mission. He traded some horses to someone and they were to get mother some wood while he was gone. Then he was sick all the time and came home and was in bed for six months with chills and fever. He finally threw up a large, white work as long and as large as man's finger and after that he got well. I think this illness was the cause of shortening his life several years.

While he was Bishop of Groveland, he was liked and respected by everybody. Everything I have heard said of Father also applied to Mother.

(By Emron Yancey)

MEMORIES OF FATHER AND MOTHER BY CYRUS YANCEY

Written March 26, 1938

The most distant memory of Dad is about 1895. The extreme vision of my memory is that I can see mother at a stove cooking a meal and Dad comes in and kisses her several times. Next I recall he returns from a mission in Texas very sick with a fever. I also have a vague memory of the oldest boy, Adonirum, getting killed by a fall from a horse. It seems I can see Dad and a doctor at the side of a bed caring for him. (I am not sure about this. Maybe being told about it left the picture.)

A little later I recall Dad and my older brothers sawing and chopping wood for the winter's fuel and putting it into the woodshed, and all I had to do was to see that it got into a box behind the kitchen stove. Sometimes I had to go to bed without my supper for not doing it. A little older I see Dad and the neighbors, the Hogans, Greens and Bergesons, and over across the Portnuff River, the Gooches, going on rabbit hunts. A

sport of that day. The loosing team had to give a dinner to the winners—their wives and family. What a wonderful time they must have had.

I think I was the happiest kid in the State when Dad would get his single barreled shot gun and hitch a team of horses to a light wagon he had and drive out through the lucerne field and whistle like a sagehen. The sage hens would come walking out of the lucerne thinking there were some more around. Then bang we had sage hens for supper or dinner and were they good!

And were those trout he and my older brothers taught me how to catch good and what a thrill to catch them. Just get a can of nice big grub worms and Dad cut me a willow pole from the bank of the stream. Tom Sawyer didn't have a thing on we kids in those days. I wonder if Emron remembers how he and I used to stand in the rain at one of our favorite fishing holes. Also, I wonder if Orval and James remember taking a shot gun or a 22 and in the morning when they turn the cows out, they would walk along the side of one of them until they were within a short distance of some of those wild geese and then shoot over the cow's back. Then we had roast goose for dinner. Of course, Dad didn't show them anything about it.

Dad had a rifle. I think he called it a forty-five seventy that he used to hunt deer with and the tales he told me about his hunting trips. The rifle today would make a good crowbar or could be used as a piece of field artillery. Then along comes the Spanish American War, and Dad sold Orval's prize horse to the Government to go to War. His name was Nubbs and what a pretty horse. I also remember the little country store about four miles distant which was run by Nathan Barlow. It was very close to the church where we used to drive each Sunday in the wagon except the few times that I hid behind an old cow chain in the barn until the rest had gone.

Then the school days. Oh, boy, what a life! Mother would get me all dressed and start me on my way which was about one and one-fourth miles. I would go a short distance from home and take my shoes off and hide them in a ditch and go on to school barefooted in the nice warm dust. For punishment when I wasn't a good boy in school I had to sit by a girl by the name of Hulda (don't know her last name) just because I didn't like her.

Then about 1900, Dad, Fred Bergeson, Uncle Lamoni Tolman and a few others, went to Blackfoot, Idaho, a short distance of about seventy miles to look for better opportunities and most of them bought farms and left Chesterfield for the place which today is still home to me. The folks had lived at Chesterfield for about twenty-five years. I quite well remember our leaving. The neighbors gave a dinner for the family and at that time we were milking about forty cows, and as I and I think Emron were too young to be of any use at the dinner, we were elected to milk the cows. Then about ten thirty Dad came out and said it would be all right to let the rest go until morning.

I must mention my old faithful pony, Bead—the one Dad used to ride to Bancroft when he would go to conference at Salt Lake City. He would turn the pony loose at Bancroft (ten miles away) and in a short time she would be standing at the gate at home. And can you imagine that pony when we left Chesterfield. Dad had to put a log chain around her neck tied to the back of the wagon and drag her away. By the way, on that trip was the first I ever tasted Indian bread. We ran short and Dad got a couple loaves at Old Fort Hall and up to date I haven't tasted it since and furthermore don't want to.

I don't recall much about my sisters, except Bertha, she being two years older than I, the rest were younger than myself. She used to help me out of the little troubles and fights I used to get in to and was a real pal. The memory of Dad and Mother is and has been a very pleasant one and also of my brothers and sisters. If I were granted any condition or position in life, I would gladly take the one I have had.

(By Cyrus Yancey)

THE ORVAL YANCEY FAMILY

Written 1948

I was born 12 September 1882 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho, the second child and second son of Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman. I was also the first Mormon child born at Chesterfield, Lamoni Tolman's son, Chester, being the second. Two neighbors, Mary Call and Aunt Della Tolman assisted at my birth, so they tell me, and everything was not right. They had to take a team and drive ten miles for a lady who lived at a place called "Ten Mile." She came and mother got along alright.

When about two years old mother took the team and with me on her lap drove to the store. The team was hitched to the running gears of the wagon with just a plank across and while coming home the plank slipped into the horses legs. They ran away, the wheels going over mother's hips. I got out with just a scratch or two, while mother could hardly move for weeks.

I went to school which was just a short distance from our home but did not like to study. When I was eighteen years old the folks moved to Blackfoot, Idaho. Father had bought about 300 acres of land three miles from Blackfoot and we boys (there were five of us then) helped clear the land of sagebrush.

I attended school one year at Provo, Utah and learned to play the Piccolo. While living in the Groveland ward I was Ward Organist at one time, and Superintendent of the Sunday School. Also did quite a little other church work until we moved away. My one wish was to go on a mission but somehow I couldn't seem to make it.

On 6 January 1904 I married Mary (Mamie) Keeler, daughter of Daniel F. Keeler and Charlotte Hemmingway who lived at Riverside, Idaho. I built a brick house just across the canal from father's place where we lived a few years. In the year 1905 I spent the summer in bed with typhoid fever which changed my whole life.

When I got well I had a chance to do some construction on the road and have been in this line of work ever since. The work was such that I had to be away from my family most of the time as I was never in one place very long. We moved from Groveland to Riverside where we lived for a few years. The family now consisting of three girls and one boy—Thelma, Charlotte, Verla and Jack.

Later we moved to Idaho Falls where I built a new brick house, doing all the work myself at night-time. Mamie was not well for many years so we finally sold the place and Mamie and the children moved to Salt Lake City where she could get better care, but she did not get better and after a lingering illness, passed away 6 August 1940.

I have worked in many different places and many different countries. Was working in the Panama Canal Zone at one time, which is indeed a beautiful place, yet it is one of the most uncivilized and barbarous places that one can imagine.

In 1942 when mother died I was in the Bahama Islands. There are twenty islands in this group, part of them being uninhabited. The Island of New Providence is near the Florida Coast and its capital is Nassau, which is a popular American resort. There are many Negroes here. The ants crawl all over everything, and sandflies are bad and the unsanitary conditions are unbelievable. Yet the beauty of this place cannot be expressed in words.

It was quite thrilling to sit out on the porch of one of the beautiful hotels there among the waving palm trees and have wonderful meals served with the natives singing their songs—of course, you paid them a six-pence. I had dinner on two occasions with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who were there at that time.

In the Aleutian Islands you do not see the sun for months at a time on account of the fog and there isn't any sign of life—no flowers, no trees, only moss. At this present time (1948) I'm working at Fairbanks, Alaska, which is on top of the world, and here the sun hardly disappears at all in the summer, and in winter only shows itself for a very short time each day. Here you see the Northern Lights almost as bright as a rainbow. On the 20th of October last year it was twelve degrees below zero and there were six inches of snow. There is no wind here when it snows, it just drops down from the sky.

For forty years I have lived and worked with the roughest and toughest kind of men on earth, but I have always tried to live up to the teachings of my father and mother and have received nothing but praise for my work, and am still giving my best to it—my work has been my life. My only regret is that I have not given my family what a father could give them if he could always be with them.

At this time (1948) Thelma is working in Los Angeles, California. Charlotte is married to Sylvan Korth and they have four children and live on a farm at Garland, Utah. Verla and Jack are working in San Francisco, California—Jack was in the Service in World War II.

HISTORY OF JAMES HENRY YANCEY AND FMAILY

Written February 9, 1948

I am the third son of Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman. I was born July 24, 1884, at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. As I grew up, I helped my parents on the farm. They raised grain and fed stock. But in the year, 1900, most all of our crops were frozen, so they decided to sell the farm, and they bought a ranch northwest of Blackfoot which was much better farming country and moved there in the Fall of 1901. In the Fall of 1902 my brother, Emron, and I attended school in Logan which we enjoyed very much. Soon after coming home from school, I had a bad case of blood poisoning in my hand and arm. After being treated by doctors for thirty days, I was no better, and the doctors decided they would have to take my arm off. I asked them to give me one more day and that night asked for the Elders to administer to me. The next day my arm was much better and the Doctor said it would be all right. This was a wonderful testimony to me.

Father had a 200-acre farm so all we boys were kept busy at home. In the winter, if we were not in school, we usually worked at the Sugar Factory in Blackfoot. In March, 1906, I was called on a mission to the Northern States and was set apart March 27, 1906, by Symore B. Young. I was assigned to labor in the State of Wisconsin, and I walked across that State three times. I was released to come home in April, 1908.

Shortly after, on October 8, 1908, I was married to Effie Jane Cobbley, daughter of James Cobbley and Emmer Thorne in the Salt Lake Temple. We built a small two-roomed home in Groveland, Idaho.

I worked as a carpenter for about two years and then as a building contractor in partnership with M. E. Anderson. During the next few years, we built the Boise Tabernacle, Shelley Tabernacle, and several large buildings. The past several years, I have been contracting for myself.

In the Spring of 1914 I was called to be second counselor to Bishop John S. Bowker of the Groveland Ward. I was ordained High Priest and set apart for counselor June 20, 1914, and held this position for about six years after which time, we moved to Blackfoot, Idaho in the First Ward. I was called in the High Council at Blackfoot Stake and was ordained to this office November 16, 1924, and held this position until I was called to be Bishop of the Blackfoot First Ward, November 10, 1935. I was ordained as Bishop February 23, 1936 by Charles A. Callis. On 27th of April, 1941, I was released from this position as we planned to move to Idaho Falls, Idaho. We moved March 1, 1941, and became members of the Third Ward, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Here I served two years as a Stake Missionary. We moved in the Sixth Ward in March, 1947, and at the present time I am Ward Teacher in this Ward.

My wife has also been active in the Church. She was born at Pleasant Grove, Utah on March 14, 1885. While living in Pleasant Grove, she taught the Kindergarten Class in Sunday school, was Secretary of the Mutual and President of the Primary. After coming to Idaho with her parents in 1905, she was secretary of Relief Society in Groveland Ward and 1st counselor and President of the Blackfoot First Ward Relief Society. Her father, James Cobbley, held many positions of trust in the church and state. He emigrated to America in 1856, and was baptized into the church in about 1864. He made two trips, one to Missouri and one to the Platte River to assist in bringing the emigrants to Utah. In the Fall of 1867 he was called to go and haul rock with six yoke of oxen for the Salt Lake Temple, from the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. He hauled twenty-four loads in about forty-five days, and again in the fall of 1869, he was again called to haul eighty more loads of rock for the Salt Lake Temple. The loads were to average about sixty to eighty hundred lbs. per load. He was Bishop of the Pleasant Grove Second Ward from 1890 until 1905. He then moved with his family to Idaho where he worked for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company.

We were blessed with eight children, six girls and two boys and at present have fourteen grandchildren.

Gladys, the eldest, was born October 30, 1909, at Groveland, Idaho. She attended

School at Groveland, and Blackfoot where she graduated from High School. She then went to the L.D.S. Business College in Salt Lake where she completed her training in six months. She has been employed as stenographer for Boyle Hardware, First National Bank and several other important positions. She has been active in the Church and at present is Stake Secretary of the Blackfoot Stake Relief Society. She married Var O. Buchanan on January 23, 1936, in the Salt Lake Temple. They have one son, James Robert, born October 24, 1945.

Evelyn was born August 10, 1911 at Groveland. She attended school at Groveland and Blackfoot. She was a wonderful help to look after things at home while my wife worked

in the Relief Society. For the past twelve years she has worked for the Paul DeMourdaunts at Blackfoot, Idaho. She has been active in the Church in Mutual and Primary.

Zola was born November 22, 1913 at Groveland, Idaho. She attended school at Groveland and Blackfoot and graduated from the Blackfoot High School. She then spent a year with her Aunt Dorothy Stone in California and while she was there she took piano lessons. When she returned home, she took a beauty course at Salt Lake City working for her board and room. After completing her course, she worked at Blackfoot, then at Idaho Falls, where she met and married Lawrence Ricks in the Salt Lake Temple, Feb. 14, 1940, and is living in Ammon, Idaho. They have five children—Larry James born Feb. 5, 1941, Beth Ellen born March 20, 1942, Ernest Wayne born Sep 10, 1943, John Lawrence, born Feb. 5, 1945, and David Stanford born Dec 8, 1946. They are both active in the Church. Lawrence is First Counselor in the Bishopric of the Ammon Ward.

Lowell James was born June 17, 1916. He attended grade and high school band and won out in saxophone solo contest held at Pocatello, Idaho. He then went to BYU at Provo when only sixteen years old where he majored in architectural drawing and studied there for about three years, at which time he was called on a mission to the French Mission. He labored in Belgium, Switzerland and France for almost three years. He was there when War was declared in 1939. After he returned home, he attended school at Berkeley and Inglewood, California. Here he met and married Iretta Fife, March 12, 1943 in Arizona Temple. They have two little girls, Renee born December 9, 1943, and Norene born July 27, 1946. Until he moved just recently from the Wilshire Ward in Los Angeles, he was assistant Ward Clerk,. At the present time they are living in Inglewood, Calif., and he is working as Aeronautical Engineer for Northup and Company.

Maxine Elva was born March 13, 1918 at Groveland, Idaho. She attended grade school at Blackfoot and also High School. She then went to Pocatello and attended the University for one year. On Saturdays and during the summer she clerked in department stores in Blackfoot. She married Max D. Stone in Salt Lake Temple on January 11, 1939. They have three little girls, Joyce born Feb. 28, 1941, Jeanne Born April 18, 1944, Lynda Eileen born Dec. 10, 1945. They have lived at Ammon, Idaho, Wieser, Idaho and at the present time are living in Stockton, California where Max is in the real estate business.

Edythe Alice was born Oct. 28, 1919. She attended school in Blackfoot, Idaho and graduated from High school. She then attended Ricks College one year majoring in business. She worked in Blackfoot as a stenographer for awhile and then in Pocatello. When we moved to Idaho Falls, she came home and worked at the American Acceptance Corporation. On January 6, 1941, her boy friend, John Neil Bradley, was called on a mission to the East Central States. Soon after he returned, they were married in Salt Lake Temple, January 6, 1943. They have one little girl, Joan, born Feb 14, 1944. Another baby girl, Kristen, born Jan 25, 1947, died Jan 26, 1947. Neil was sustained as second counselor of the Bishopric of the Sixth Ward, South Idaho Falls Stake, on January 18, 1948. He served in the U. S. Navy during World War II for sixteen months, spending five months overseas in Japan sweeping mines on a Minesweeper. Edythe is Stake Secretary of the Mutual.

Emma Elaine was born in Blackfoot, Idaho, on October 15, 1922. She was very ill as a child with leakage of the heart, but in a few years she seemed to entirely outgrow it. She attended school in Blackfoot and graduated from High School. She then attended

school at the University in Pocatello for one year. Soon after this, we moved to Idaho Falls, where she worked in J. C. Penny's. On January 6, 1941, her boy friend, Earl J. Searle, was called on a mission to Western States. After his return, they were married in Salt Lake Temple, March 24, 1943. They have two children, Richard Maurice, born March 23, 1944, and Renee, born December 12, 1945. They are both active in the church having served as counselor and president of the Shelley Mutual.

Harold C. was born June 8, 1926 at Blackfoot, Idaho. He attended grade school at Blackfoot and after he attended high school there for two years, we moved to Idaho Falls where he graduated. In the meantime, War had been declared, so as soon as he graduated, he enlisted in the Navy, June 1944. He was stationed in the states for about one year. He then went overseas where he was stationed at Guam and then put on a LCI, Cargo ship making trips to Japan and other islands. He returned home in June, 1946, and left for a mission in Nov. 1946. He is laboring in the Argentina Mission and enjoying it very much. His companion at present is a son of Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith. Fourteen of the elders are now traveling throughout the mission giving radio programs, playing basketball and singing to make the acquaintance of the people and their religion. So far they have had very good success.

EMRON YANCEY FAMILY HISTORY

I, Emron Yancey, was born in Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho, the fourth son in a family of fourteen children. My parents were Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman Yancey. Father and mother were among the early settlers of Chesterfield. Chesterfield in those days had an abundance of wild game, sage hens, ducks, and wild geese. Father and our neighbor Nels Hogan used to take us boys and go in the wagon hunting sage hens. They would drive thru the fields and sage brush and shoot them from the wagon until they had all they wanted. I saw Nels Hogan ride his horse near a bunch of wild geese and kill three of them with one shot. He gave us one, Fred Bergesons one and kept one for himself. We used to milk a lot of cows. Mother made butter and shipped it to Woods Cross and got ten cents a pound for it. After we were larger we boys spent most of our time fishing and hunting, fishing in the Portneuf River.

In the winter the snow was so deep it covered the fences and when it melted in the spring it would fill every gully. I remember father would tie the box on the sleigh when going to Bancroft so it would not flood off when crossing some of the streams. Our childhood days were spent at home with father and mother, doing the things we could do to help and playing with the neighbor children, the Nels Hogan family. On Sunday we would all go to church, the only amusements in those days was a dance once in awhile.

In the fall of 1901 we moved to Blackfoot, Bingham Co., Idaho, where we have lived since. I went to school in Logan, Utah one winter and also studied music on the violin. I played for all the Groveland Ward dances for a number of years, accompanied by Bertha on the piano, and Will Hammond playing the cornet.

On 5 June 1907 I married Dorothy Eliza Dean, in the Salt Lake Temple. She was born 3 November 1889 in Woodruff, Rich County, Utah, daughter of John Cope Dean and Elizabeth Howard, the sixth daughter in a family of ten children, nine girls and one boy, who lived to be only 18 months old. She says, "I was baptized when I was eight years old in the creek with ice on, and had to go under twice because I didn't get covered

the first time. My task at this age was to wash dishes in the winter and herd cows in the summer. We would walk and drive the cows the five miles to the pasture, take our lunch and bring them back at night.

We went to school bare foot until it got too cold. Dad would buy a whole bolt of plaid outing flannel and we would all have a dress made out of it and were pretty proud of them until we heard some of the girls make the remark that our dresses were made out of petticoat cloth. They were also made long so we wouldn't grow out of them. When I was fifteen years old we moved to Blackfoot from Woodruff, Utah. I drove a team on a hay rack with the machinery on it. When we pulled up to big patch of sage brush, Dad said, "Well, girls, here is your new home." We were so disappointed we could have walked back to Woodruff.

Emron Yancey Family Group Picture

On the tenth of May I went to my first dance in Groveland, and here is where I first met my husband. I taught school one winter in Groveland before I was married. Our first home was in the small community of Rose, Bingham Co. We lived at first in a one room house, later building a five room dwelling. They organized a branch of the church in Rose and held Relief Society at our house as we were the only people with a piano. I was organist in this branch for five years.

Our first four children were born here, Dorothy Matilda, b. 28 March 1908; Richard E. b. 31 July 1910; Wyora, b. 19 Dec 1911; and Elvera, b. 11 Nov 1913. Emron built us a modern home in Groveland where we moved in March 1912 and started to raise beets, and it seemed from then on we had men to cook for all the time, which made it quite a task for me with our small children. I also helped thin beets, cut spuds and milk cows.

Our next four children were born here: Judson, b 6 Oct 1915; John Dean, b 8 Oct 1916, and Frank Augustus b. 8 May 1919. When Judson was born all the children were down with whooping cough and I was so sick I was in bed six weeks. Then I had to have an operation and after that our baby Elizabeth was born dead 24 March 1918.

In the spring of 1919 Emron had the flu and pneumonia so bad we thought he wouldn't pull thru. One day we had his father come down and, with others, administer to him. His father told him the Lord had told him he would get well and so made him this promise and he did get well.

About 1920 we left our nice home and moved to Riverside on the sugar farm where Emron was foreman, and we nearly worked ourselves to death milking bout two dozen cows, cutting spuds and running a thrasher. We lived here several years. Our twins, David and Delpha were born here 30 April 1921. Adam Emron was born 29 August 1924 on Grandmother Yancey's birthday, and we named him after grandpa Yancey, who died 15 Sep. 1920.

In the fall of 1927 we moved onto another place in Groveland and here I had pneumonia and flu and was very sick for a long time. Our daughter Matilda also had typhoid and an appendicitis operation while I was down, and our son Jesse was born 15 March 1928.

We moved to Blackfoot, Idaho in March 1929 and our twins Verda and Velda were born 7 May 1929. Here Emron started trucking, running five trucks and I kept hot

meals for the men. Sometimes it was two o'clock in the morning before the last truck came in.

LeRoy Dean was born 30 Nov 1930, and on 29 Dec. 1932 our last pair of twins were born. We named them Wallace and Wanda. When Wallace was 18 months old we had him in the hospital in Salt Lake with pneumonia and had to have a rib taken out and his lungs pumped. We brought him home in the fall, three days before our son Richard left for a mission to the Southern States. I started working out after Richard left to help keep things going and have been working now for seven years, mostly for Boyle Hardware. We have nursed the family thru all kinds of diseases.

At this time, January 1948, we have eleven children married, thirty grandchildren and one great grandchild.

We had three sons drafted into the service in World War II. David was turned down because of a leg injury caused from a car accident. Frank served thru the training period but had stomach trouble and received a medical discharge. Adam served from May 1943 to Feb. 1946 in Germany, France, and Italy. He was in the Anti-Air-Craft guarding the Rhine bridge when our boys went over to take Germany.

We had four sons-in-law serving in the Islands and a grandson in Guam. We still have six children at home.

Matilda and her husband are farming at Shelley, Idaho. She is a teacher in the Primary.

Richard and wide are farming at Riverton. He is bishop of the Riverton Ward.

Wyora and family live at Van Nuys, Calif. where they own and operate a grocery store. She is a counselor in the Relief Society.

Judson and family are farming at Riverton. He is Pres. of the M-Men.

Elvera and family live in Salt Lake City. Her husband is employed by a gas company. She was in the employ of the government for a number of years in the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

John is a carpenter and contractor, and they live in Blackfoot. He is a scout leader. His wife has a class of Bee Hive Girls.

Frank and family own and operate a garage in Blackfoot and he owns two school busses.

Delpha and family live in Salmon, Idaho. They have employment there.

David and family live in Richmond, Calif. He is a plumber. She works in genealogy.

Alzina and family also live at Richmond, Calif. Her husband is a plumber.

Adam and family live in Blackfoot, Idaho. He works for Frank at the garage and runs one of the school buses.

Jesse works at the Studebaker garage.

Verda and Velda are working at the Blackfoot Creamery.

Wallace and Wanda and Leroy are in school.

Picture of Family of Joseph Franklin Jensen and Bertha Lucretia Yancey

LIFE SKETCH OF BERTHA LUCRETIA YANCEY JENSEN AND FAMILY

I was born 21 August 1888 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho, the oldest daughter and fifth child of Adam and Alice Tolman Yancey.

Among my earlier recollections are my school days in Chesterfield, how we went to school bare-foot a lot of the time. School was held in a one room log schoolhouse with slates and slate pencils to write with. The school teachers mostly boarded at our house, and from some of them I took a few music lessons, as we were among the few settlers who owned an organ.

I remember my oldest brother getting killed, as some of us youngsters were sitting on a pole fence watching the boys with the horses. Other things that stand out in my memory are when father and the boys would go out to hunt sage hens which we smaller youngsters would gather up when they were shot down, and it seemed like we always got a buggy full. I also remember the sleigh rides when the snow was so deep we could go right over the fences, and in the spring we would go to the meadows to gather wild flowers, or Johnny Jump-ups, they were called.

I recall when quite young of going to Salt Lake City with the family in our covered wagon, when the road over the Malad highway was being built, and it was about all a team of horses could do to get to the top, as the dirt was about two feet deep. We always drove the team on a light spring wagon to Sunday School and church, a distance of about four miles. When I was 11 years old I received a prize of a salt and pepper shaker for memorizing the "Articles of Faith" the best of the class.

I remember the baby Mary who died of whooping cough and can see mother working over her when she would go into convulsions. Altho I had four brothers older than me I had cows to milk and calves to feed, and it was also my job to wash the separator, (which job I hated) and wrap the butter as fast as father molded it, from 40 to 50 pounds to a churning, then it had to be packed in what they called refrigerator boxes, boxes with ice all around the outside and the butter in the middle, as we had to take it to Bancroft ten miles away. I remember of going to Bancroft with the folks one time as I had ten cents to spend and bought a mug, which I still have. Father always bought dry goods and groceries at Bancroft and about twice a year he would take a load of wheat to McCammon, Idaho to exchange for flour.

I was twelve years old when we moved to Blackfoot, or Groveland, and we kids had a great time while father and the boys were clearing the land of sage brush. They would grub the sage brush all day and pile it in huge piles to burn at night and as all the settlers were doing the same thing, so many bonfires made a pretty sight.

I worked in Primary for several years. First as secretary, then organist, and after I was married, as counselor. I attended Ricks College for a part of one year to get some high school work, and one year took a missionary course. I worked continuously in the M.I.A. as secretary and as organist, then counselor from 1903 to 1913, when I was sustained as President and held that position for six years.

PICTURE OF THE JOSEPH F. JENSEN POSTERITY
(Picture taken Xmas 1941)

I was married on 8 October 1908 to Joseph Franklin Jensen in the Salt Lake Temple by President John R. Winder. My brother James and his fiancée, Effie Cobbyly went to Salt Lake City with us and were married the same day.

Joseph was the son of Andrew Christian Jensen and Annie Marie Carlsen. Andrew's mother died when he was about nine years old and his father, Lars Christian Jensen, took him and others younger and left Denmark for America in the fall of 1853, arriving at New Orleans in 1862. Annie with her mother and older sister walked all the way across the plains. They settled in Brigham City, Utah where Joseph was born 10 June 1880. When he was two years old the folks moved to Hyrum, Utah where they lived till they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho in 1898, when the country was a forsaken place, jackrabbits, Indians, wind and sage brush. At that time there were only about 16 families west of the river.

At first they were members of the Moreland ward where Joseph served as counselor in the M.I.A. and as ward clerk. In the year 1901 the family rented the George Bumgartner place in what is now Groveland, and while living there the "Yancey" family purchased the place and moved in part of the house that fall. Joseph says, "My sisters and I were anxious to see what kind of people they were, so looked thru a crack in the door, little thinking he was looking at the girl that would later be his wife.

Joseph worked in the Groveland Ward after it was organized. First as S. Supt., then President of the M.I.A. We were both working in the M.I.A. when our first child was born. We took her with us and she would be asleep when we got there. We would lay her on the table and she would still be asleep when meeting was out. Joseph was called on a mission to the Northern States in 1906, returning in March 1908.

I was ward organist for about 15 years. When mother was called to work in Relief Society, she could not talk for crying and it made me cry too. The Stake President, Emma Bennett, shook hands with me and said for me not to feel too badly, for some day I would be president of the Relief Society. I was called to that position and served for six years or until December 1926 just before our twins were born. I was first counselor later on to Sister Belnap.

Our first child, Donetta, was born 19 July 1909. We lived the first winter in a house on the Bond place but had to move in the spring. Joseph had his forty acres nearby, so we bought the lumber and a group of friends and neighbors along with father and grandfather Jensen, almost finished our two rooms in two days, altho we waited till fall to get it plastered. I was in the Stake Bee Hive work and had the Stake officers out to a meeting before we got it finished.

Donetta graduated from Blackfoot High School and then worked a few days for the telephone company and on 21 Nov. 1931 was married to Stanley A. Madsen in Salt Lake Temple. For about twelve years they lived on a farm at Thomas, Idaho, and their four children Joseph Dean, Alexander Keith, Diana and Sandra Matilda were all born while living there. In the spring of 1943 Stanley was working and they decided to sell and move to town and Donetta worked at the telephone office again for about two years when they moved to Nevada where Stanley was employed, but shortly after moved to Richmond, Calif., where there was work in the shipyards. They have a nice home there now and all take an active part in church work.

Our second daughter Verba was born 14 Nov. 1911 when about four months old was very sick with pneumonia and we felt that it was only thru the power of the

Priesthood and the care given her by mother and a Sister Gummursal, that she lives today. After graduating from Blackfoot High School she took two years of college at Rexburg, Idaho and two years at Logan, Utah at the A. C. working her way thru. She then taught school a few years and on Christmas Eve 1937, at our home she was married by her father to Irvin Leroy Hancock of Menan, Idaho. For a few years they lived at Spencer where Irvin worked in the timber, but they now have a fine home and farm at Menan, and five children Connie Jean, Nancy Karen, Alice Marie, Verba Gale, and Myron Irvin, and Verba has always taken an active part in church work there.

In 1916 Joseph was sustained as ward clerk to Bp. John S. Bowker and later as counselor, and in 1930 he was sustained as bishop and held this position for ten and one half years, being released in Sept. 1940. He was called on a mission to England in March 1917, but owing to World War No. 1, was assigned to labor in the Southern States. The three children and I stayed one winter with my folks then spent the next summer by ourselves on the farm. He returned in Sept. 1918 and was sick all fall with the flu.

Our son Paul Yancey Jensen was born 6 July, 1915 at which time his father was very sick with typhoid fever, so he was taken to his parents home and my sister Sylvia stayed with me. Paul completed three years of High School and took a winter course one winter in Logan, Utah, and when he got home came down with the mumps. On 10 May 1936 at the Lutheran Church at Pocatello he married Adeline Stroschien of Grandview, Idaho, and they have three children, Bertha Darlene, Paul Gordon and Dennis Sherrill.

Paul worked around in Groveland on farms for two or three years and a year or so at the cheese factory in Blackfoot, when he moved to Salmon, Idaho, where he farmed and worked in a saw mill until 1945 when he was taken in the Army, leaving the same night his son Dennis was born. He served for about nine months, being most of the time in Texas. In the spring of 1946 they rented the Stroschein farm at Grandview and are still farming it. (1948)

Our third daughter Laurel was born, 30 Nov. 1919. Graduated from Blackfoot High School and Seminary in 1937. In March 1938 she went to Salt Lake City to work for a Dr. Murphy, which job she held until June 1939. While living in Salt Lake she met Melvin Burningham of Bountiful, Utah and they were married in the Salt Lake temple 7 June, 1939. Melvin's mother died when he was two years old and he and a baby sister were raised by their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Burningham. His fathers name was Stoker, but when he got older he took the Burningham name. They have three children, Joyce, Melvin Ross and Marianne. They have a small acreage there in Bountiful and at first did some truck gardening. Melvin now is Assistant County Agent of Salt Lake County.

In December 1934 I had the privilege of spending Christmas with Alice in Los Angeles, Calif. Ruth and Sarah and Clarence were there too. We took a trip out to Catalina Island which was grand. Seeing the ocean was a dream come true. I will never be able to repay Alice for the trip and the interesting things she showed to me.

In June 1937 while on a two weeks trip through Oregon and to the coast, Joseph and I went with James and Sylvia and attended the "Yancey" family reunion being held there. We there met a number of father's half brothers and their families and also visited an unkempt cemetery at Cottage Grove where our great-grandfather, Hiram John Yancey lies buried.

Josephine our fourth daughter was born 11 June 1921, graduated from Blackfoot High School in May 1939. She was particularly interested in Home Economics, and took it all thru High school. She also received second honors at the Portland, Oregon show for outstanding work in sewing in 4H Club work. During the spring of 1939 she met Earl Gardner of Ammon, Idaho, and they were married the same day as Laurel in the Salt Lake Temple 7 June 1939. Earl has worked around at farm work and different things and is at present working at a dairy at Tyhee, Idaho, where they live and they have eight small daughters, Earlin, Janette, Lucile, Carla, Julie, Marilyn, Winona and Ida Mae.

Franklin Ross Jensen, our second son was born 6 May, 1924. He graduated from Blackfoot High School in 1942 and played the trombone all four years as a member of the band, winning honors at the District and Regional Music Festivals. He also graduated from Seminary; was president of the class and took a leading part in a number of class plays.

In the summer of 1942 he helped lay the cement and brick for the new Groveland school house, and in October joined the Navy and served as Radio Technician on the Flagship U.S.S. Appalacion until Feb. 1946. He travelled thru the Solomon, Marshall, Caroline, Mariana, Phillipine, Hawaiian and other Island groups, as well as New Caledonia and new Guinea and after peace was declared thruout Japan.

On 1 Nov. 1946 he left to fill a mission to Brazil first spending a month in the Texas Louisiana Mission landing in Brazil on 22nd of December and at this time, (Oct 1948) is still laboring there.

Vernon Y. Jensen and Vonda Alice Jensen, (twins) born 6 Jan. 1927.

Vernon graduated from Seminary in May 1944, and also joined the Abstinence Club, where they pledge themselves to abstain from all use of liquor and tobacco. He completed most of his high school work by Jan. 1945 when he was taken in the draft in the Navy, where he served about one and one-half years. In the fall of 1947 he signed up with the N.R.O.T.C. and now, (Sept. 1948) is entering his second year at the U. of Utah taking electrical engineering. This summer he went with the Navy on a six weeks cruise of the Pacific.

Phyllis our youngest child was born 18 Feb. 1933. She is a Sophomore in High School this year. Likes music and has taken piano lessons for about four years, is also Sunday School Organist.

October 1948, finds us still on the farm, altho we are taking it easier because we have to, I am genealogist for the family and spend all my spare time at it. We hope to spend a lot of time in the temple from now on.

Last summer all of the Yancey family held a reunion at Sarah's and Clarence's at their home in Tabiona, Utah, and this year we all met here in Groveland at Orley's home, and had Cousin Ed, 93 years old from Cottage Grove and Uncle John's son Charles and wife from Missouri with us for which we were very grateful.

LIFE SKETCH OF CYRUS YANCEY

I, Cyrus Yancey, am the sixth child and the fifth son in the family of fourteen children of Adam and Alice Tolman Yancey. I was born 3 December 1890 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho.

My father and mother were among the first settlers of Chesterfield, homesteading three hundred acres where mostly grain and wild hay were raised. We milked cows mainly for a living. Our first house was a large one-room log building which father had plastered both inside and out and built a lean-to on the side.

I can recall a large ant bed in our front yard, where we used to dig holes and put a bottle in for the ants to fall into. We also had a little garden back of the house that we would get water for about twice a year tho most of the time it would just get down to the garden when it would be time to shut it off.

I can remember Dad and the boys sawing and chopping wood for winter fuel and putting it in the wood shed, and it was my job to get it into the box behind the kitchen stove—sometimes, I had to go without my supper for not doing it.

There were a lot of Indians in Blackfoot at that time and it used to thrill me when they would come around with a couple of poles on the back of a horse with beads and gloves and trade them for a loaf of bread. I also remember Dad and the neighbors going rabbit hunting—the losing parties having to give dinner to the winners, or those shooting the most rabbits.

I think I was the happiest kid in the state when Dad would get his double barreled shot gun and hitch up a team of horses to the light wagon we had and drive out to the lucerne field. He would whistle like a sage hen and when the sage hens would come walking out of the lucerne, thinking there were others around then bang, and we had sage hen for dinner, and were they good as were the trout he and my older brothers taught me to catch. What a thrill to catch them. Just get a can of big grub worms and have Dad cut me a willow pole from the bank of the stream (Tom Sawyer didn't have a thing on us kids in those days), I wonder if my brother Emron remembers how he and I used to stand out in the rain at one of our fishing holes.

I also remember the little country store about four miles distant, run by Nathan Barlow. It was very close to the church where we used to drive every Sunday morning in a light spring wagon we had, except for the few times I hid behind an old cow hide in the barn, until the rest of them had gone.

Then the school days. O'Boy, what a life! Mother would get me all dressed up and start me on my way, which was a little more than a mile. I would go a short distance from home and take off my shoes and hide them in the ditch and go on to school bare-footed in the nice warm dust, and for punishment when I did not behave at school I had to sit by a girl named Hulda, just because I didn't like her.

Father was handy at carpenter work and was always building and trying to fix things better for mother and us kids. He was the first one around there to build a better home, building a large two story frame house.

Then about 1901 Dad and our neighbor Fred Bergeson and mother's brother Lamoni Tolman and others with their families moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, a distance of seventy miles (on account of lack of water to irrigate the land). Father and the boys drove the cattle and horses and mother drove the team on our white topped buggy with my brother Orley a baby on her lap, and looked after the rest of us kids as well.

When we were ready to leave the neighbors gave a dinner for the family. At this time we were milking forty head of cows, and Emron and I were elected to do the milking as we were of no use at the dinner. About ten-thirty, Dad came out and said we could leave the rest of the cows till morning.

I must mention my old faithful pony, "Bead", the one father used to ride the ten miles to Bancroft to catch the train to go to Conference at Salt Lake City. He would turn the pony loose at Bancroft and in a short time she would be standing at the gate at home and when we left Chesterfield, Dad had to put a chain around her neck, tie it to the back of the wagon and drag her along. On this trip I got to taste Indian bread as we ran out of bread and stopped at old Fort Hall, and bought a couple of loaves, and I don't care if I never taste it again.

Father bought 320 acres of land in what is now Groveland, which was mostly covered with sage brush all day, which we kids enjoyed very much. Father sold a good share of the land after it was cleared to other settlers, planted seven acres in orchard, laid out eighty acres for a townsite and in 1904 built a large brick house and planted trees all around it. These trees grew so large they were cut down in later years.

Two large canals ran thru our place so we had plenty of water, and it seemed good to raise all the fruit we could eat as that was something we could not do in Chesterfield, and the canals also made a fine swimming place for us boys.

I worked on the farm until I went to Logan, Utah in 1908 and got two years of High School and one year of business college. I was baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church 20 March 1899, by Joseph E. Hart and ordained an Elder by my father 11 Jan. 1909 and received a call to fill a mission to the Central States early in the spring of 1911.

I left Salt Lake City 12 April 1911 and arrived at head-quarters in Independence, Missouri on April 15th. Went to Sunday School the next day and on the 17th worked in the "Liahona" office. Tuesday 18th I did not feel well so stayed in my room. Wednesday I broke out with small pox and was taken to the pest house at Kansas City, where I stayed fifteen days, long days, certainly got some real experience right on the start.

I had written the office for some money to get back on, and got a letter stating find enclosed five dollars, but there was nothing in it. There I was out of the pest house and broke. A fellow that had got out with me gave me ten cents to get back to Independence.

I stayed at the office working until the 10th of May, when Elder Charles Read and I were assigned to labor in the state of Oklahoma. We labored mostly without purse or script, walking many miles in the hot sun and rain, sometimes taking off our coats and wringing them out from sweat alone. We often went to bed without supper and sometimes dinner and supper. And at times would walk till midnight before getting a place to sleep.

On the 5th of Sept. I started with a fever which I could not throw off, so was advised to go back to Independence, which I did and was sent to the pest house again with typhoid fever, where I stayed until 24th Sept. Went to Sunday school on the 25th, and was able to go tracting again in a few days.

We had many interesting experiences both good and bad. One was getting a cake from home on my birthday which was better than any cake I had tasted in the mission field, and another time we were happy when eight of us Elders got eleven cakes for Christmas, which we surely enjoyed.

I spent 22 months in the mission field. When at Independence, just before coming home, I learned of some Yancey's living there, and in writing to the folks at home found the father to be father's brother John, whom he had never seen. (details given in Yancey history). Soon after locating Uncle John's family, father and mother made the trip to Independence to see them and while there went to see where his father was buried. Later Uncle John and his wife came out to visit us, and after father's death Uncle John was alone and in ill health, so he came out to live with us and mother took care of him until his death 2 May 1922. He now lies beside father in the Groveland Cemetery. Who can deny but what a kind Providence and perhaps a mother's prayers brought them together in their last resting place.

The next few years were spent on the farm, or until the first World War, when I enlisted in the Marines in June 1917, going overseas in January 1918, and was on the Verdun front. One time when we were so nearly exhausted that we felt we could not take another step, we had to continue on for twelve miles. At another time we were given some moldy bread to eat and threw it away, but when we came back that way we were glad to pick it up and eat it.

When being removed from the front after the fighting in Belleau Woods, I was wounded, June 1918, a piece of shrapnel going thru my abdomen and thru my right hand. When the soldiers came along and found me alive, they took me to the field hospital and then on to the base hospital, where they found that practically all of my stomach had been shot away and had no hopes of my recovery. There was a German soldier who had died about the same time of my operation, so they removed his stomach and put it in me. I was in the hospital for nearly nine months, undergoing three major operations. I could not use my right hand so had to have others write for me.

When I was able to travel I left for home, arriving in February 1918. When I arrived in New York a number of prominent doctors met me to talk about my recovery. I was recommended for bravery in action and received the Purple Heart Military Medal for being wounded in action. Being unable to do manual labor any more I got a job as ditch rider for awhile. Then the Government sent me to school to train for a job. I took two years at the University of Utah, and one year at the University of Washington studying to be an accountant. After this schooling I kept books for Neil F. Boyle Hardware Co. for a short time. Then I got a job in San Francisco, Calif., with a Tag and Label Co., which paid well, and I liked the work and am still on the job now after about twenty years. (1942)

While here in San Francisco, I met Lucyle Latimer Pyper and we were married 18 March 1931 and we have one son Robert William, born 15 Nov. 1932. Lucyle had been married before and had one daughter Jackuline, (her father's name was Starr Dunham) and she also lives with us. When Robert was about five years old we took a trip to Idaho and visited with mother and all the folks there, and different members of the family have been here to see us since.

Note—On 18 March 1948 Cyrus suffered a sudden heart attack from which he passed away before he could speak to anyone. He was buried in the Golden Gate National Cemetery. Robert, now 15 years old and taller than his father, goes to High School and also has a workshop in the basement of his home and likes to do things with his hands. The daughter Jackuline, now married became the mother of a daughter the same night that Cyrus passed away.

LIFE SKETCH OF ALICE YANCEY

I am the seventh child and second daughter of Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman and was born October 8, 1892 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. One of my earliest memories is of going to Sunday School in what we called the "Little Red Wagon", tho I guess it wasn't so little as we all rode in it.

Our neighbors, the Hogans, who lived just across the street from us, seemed to be just a part of our family for we loved and respected them all. Remember how I liked to go over there and help Sister Hogan turn the washer on wash days—tho I didn't like to do the same thing at home.

Always enjoyed going to Uncle Add and Aunt Mary Ann Tolman's place in town—or on top of the hill, especially in the summer as they raised some small fruit and we did not have any. I well remember how I enjoyed the gooseberries Aunt Mary Ann would let me pick and eat.

I was baptized at the age of eight years by Uncle Add Tolman, if my memory is correct, in Chesterfield, Idaho. I remember how they had to cut the ice that was frozen over the stream of water so the ordinance could be performed.

The folks moved to Blackfoot in the fall of 1901. Will always remember the ride over and how the boys drove the cattle along in the rear of the wagon in which we rode. When we arrived in Blackfoot, I saw for the first time apples hanging in the trees.

Father bought a large tract of land and much of it had to be cleared which was a great deal of work but the boys were all old enough to help. Remember how father had an Indian help clear away the sage brush from a piece of land just across the street from our house. He worked for us for a long time. The Indians used to come to our house and beg for bread—of course mother always gave them something to eat.

We were quite crowded in the first house in which we lived in Groveland, but later father built a large fourteen room brick house up by the Church. We all enjoyed the small fruit which we raised here—raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc. However, at first we had to pick them on shares—remember how we would pick gooseberries by the clothes basket full, then we sat for hours picking them over for mother to bottle.

A branch of the Church was organized soon after we moved to Blackfoot (Groveland). I was organist for the Primary and Sunday School and later Ward Organist. Also worked as first and second counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association and as teacher in the Primary.

I went on a mission to the Southern States in 1917 and 1918, which was a very interesting experience. Also I filled a six-months mission at the Logan Temple helping type the Index cards they were installing at that time—1922. While working there I met Patriarch Hill who knew our grandfather, Hiram Yancey, Jr. I made some remark about him, perhaps because he left home like he did, and Brother Hill spoke up and began telling me what a fine man he was and said that he had the highest regard for him.

In 1923 I came to Los Angeles, California and have lived here ever since, except for a year in Washington, D. C., where I worked for the Railroad Retirement Board. My work here in Los Angeles for the past few years has been with the U. S. Engineer Office in the Personnel Department. Ruth lives in Inglewood and we get to see each other quite often. At present (1948) Thelma, (Orval's oldest daughter) and I live together.

LIFE SKETCH OF DANIEL YANCEY

Daniel Yancey was born 24 Feb. 1895 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. He attended school only about three years when he suffered terribly from a disease which now known as spinal meningitis.

When about nine years old he met with an accident. While driving a team hitched to a hay rack, the team became frightened and ran away. He suffered from the effects for years, and was unable to get much schooling, so that by the time he was twenty years old, he could hardly do more than write his name. At his age too, he began to suffer from rheumatism. From this he suffered severely for almost two years and from then on just occasionally.

When he was able to, he helped on the farm and was a good worker. He was ordained and held the office of Deacon, teacher, priest and Elder, altho he was not able to do anything in a public way on account of his lack of education.

He enlisted in the engineering forces of the American Expeditionary Army in the first world war and was sent overseas. He was gone about a year, returning home after the signing of the Armistice 11 Nov. 1918.

After his father died in 1920, he ran the home farm and took care of his mother as much as he could for about twenty years. During this time, one summer he took his team and went to work for Roy Johnson at Firth, Idaho and while there he contacted poison ivy from which he suffered a great deal.

His health was never so good after he came back from the war and finally steps were taken to get some care at a Veterans Hospital. He first went to the Veterans Hospital at Boise but did not seem to do so well and was sent to the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake City. He would get homesick and very restless every so often and would come home for a few days, but could not stay long as it was hard on his mother who was also ill. He stayed in the hospital for about two years, his mother and others of the family visiting him as often as possible, then on the 12th of Nov. 1939, twenty-one years from the time he returned from the service of his country he passed away.

He was brought home and buried in the Groveland Cemetery 15 Nov 1939. The Stewart-Hoover Post of the American Legion assisted by members of the National Guard conducted the graveside rites after the funeral. William T. McSpadden was in charge of the firing squad who fired a salute. Jack Leonard was in charge of the Legion Escort and R. G. Wright sounded taps and presented his mother with the American flag in honor of one having served his country.

Picture of the Jared Oliver Anderson Family

ANDERSON, JARED OLIVER (son of August Ludvig Anderson and Augusta Josephine Malm, both natives of Sweden). Born July 6, 1895 at Blackfoot, Idaho, Married Sylvia May Yancey Dec. 12, 1917 in the Salt Lake City Temple, who was the daughter of Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman., born May 1, 1897 at Chesterfield, bannock County, Idaho. Died Jan. 1940. Second marriage was to Alice Haroldsen Nov. 14, 1940 daughter of Christian Haroldsen and Anna Holm of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

CHILDREN: (Sylvia's)

Alice Mae

28 Feb 1920

Mar. Glade Byron Colton

Melvin Jared	27 July 1921	Mar. Marjorie F. Lindstrom
Paul Reed	1 Feb 1924	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
Mark Eugene	19 Jan 1926	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
Carl David	22 May 1930	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
Gale Yancey	5 Mar 1934	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
Joel Adam	6 Apr 1938	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
Celia Mary	2 Jan 1940	(at Pocatello, Idaho)

CHILDREN: (Alice's)

John Oliver	24 /ayg 1842	(at Pocatello, Idaho)
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Jared has three brothers and one sister living, Austin Hardy, Robert Alexander, Joseph Moroni, and Elvene Sophia (Pitman). Five brothers and one sister deceased: Cecil Edmond, Angus Theodore, Elmer Lorenzo, Harry Franklin and Cecelia Isabell.

Jared received his schooling in Montana. Completed a two year mission in the Northwestern States for the L.D.S. Church at the age of 20. Spent two years farming and several years as a railroad clerk. He was the first and only manager of the Western Coal Co., of Pocatello, Idaho, which he organized in 1923 and of which he is now the President. He spent one year in the army Air Service during World War I, 1917 and 1918 part of which was spent in England. He was a member of the Pocatello School board 12 years and served two terms as a member of the Idaho State Legislature form Bannock County. He has been bishop of the Pocatello 5th Ward and was the 1st Bishop of the Pocatello 8th Ward, at the present time is first counselor in the Pocatello Stake Presidency. His marriage to Sylvia was performed by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith for time and eternity.

SYLVIA MAY YANCEY ANDERSON

Sylvia was the ninth child in her family and her ancestors were of pioneer stock and among the very earliest settlers of America. Members of her entire family and ancestors are in this book. She attended school at Groveland and Blackfoot as well as the Ricks Academy at Rexburg, Idaho. In June 1919 she graduated as a trained nurse from the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake City, Utah. She was able to continue her service at the hospital while her husband was in the military service. She was very popular among the nurses and her genial nature, sunny disposition and sweet smile won her many friends.

Sylvia was always helpful to others and her council and services were frequently sought by those in trouble and sickness. She held numerous offices in both Ward and Stake capacity and was in constant demand on programs giving retold stories. She was a wonderful wife and mother of eight children, thorough in her work, kind and loving, making the supreme sacrifice in the delivery of a little girl who also died, in that cold and dreary month of January 1940.

ALICE HAROLDSEN ANDERSON

Alice is the second wife of Jared, she has filled three missions for the L.D.S. Church; is a graduate of the University of Idaho and Washington, receiving her Master

Degree at U. of Washington. She taught school for a number of years. She is a very accomplished speaker. To this union has been born one son, who is now in the second grade.

ALICE MAE ANDERSON COLTON

Alice Mae was graduated from the Brigham Young University, served as a missionary in the Eastern States Mission where she met her future husband, Glade B. Colton, son of President Don B. Colton of Salt Lake City, Utah. She taught school for three years and is now the mother of three children, Don Jared, Sylvia, and Larry Glade. They now reside at Minneapolis, Minn., where her husband is attending the University of Minn.

MELVIN JARED ANDERSON

Melvin Jared filled a mission in the New England States, spent two years in the Navy during World War II and was graduated from the Idaho State College with a B.S. Degree. He married Marjorie Fern Lindstrom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lindstrom of Lewisville, Idaho. They have one son, Val Jared and they are now living in Palo Alto, Calif., where Melvin is attending the Leland Stanford University, graduate school.

PAUL REED ANDERSON

Paul has filled a mission to Denmark and while there met Gunhild Marie Jensen whom he later married. Prior to his mission he spent four years in the military service during World War II. About eight months after completing his mission and returning home he went back to Denmark and in Nov. 1949 married Gunhild. They now have secured the necessary visa and are on the way home to the good old U.S.A.

MARK EUGENE ANDERSON

Mark served two years in the U. S. Air Forces during World War II. He was then called to Sweden on a mission. After a few months he was transferred to the Finnish Mission where he spent the remainder of better than three years. Mark is now home and attending the Idaho State College. He was first counselor to the Mission President in Finland and the first missionary in the Church to speak the Finnish language. At the present time he is serving as Pocatello Stake Mission President.

Carl David Anderson is at home and attending the Idaho State College where he is now a sophomore. He will leave on a mission some time next spring.

Gale Yancey Anderson is a sophomore in high school. Joel Adam is in the 6th grade.

SHORT SKETCH OF NATHAN ORLEY YANCEY AND FAMILY

I am the seventh son of Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman. I was born on July 1900 at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. My parents moved to Blackfoot, Idaho

(Groveland) when I was one year old. My childhood was spent going to school and playing and swimming with my friends. As I grew up I helped on the farm, doing chores, driving the derrick team, irrigating and helping clear the land of sage brush.

Starting at the age of fourteen I worked with my brother James for four or five years doing carpenter work. I did not get into World War I because I was too young. When I was nineteen I was called on a Mission to the Central States where I labored for thirteen months, when I returned home on account of ill health.

I again worked with my brother James for about five years or until the age of twenty-seven years, when I married Elda Rider, daughter of John McDonald Rider and Laura Rhoda Jensen. Her parents were among the early settlers of Basalt, Idaho and were active members of the Church—her father holding the office of Bishop of the Woodville Ward.

We lived in two rooms of the old Yancey home for two years. I drove the school bus and worked at trucking for several years, when we built a house on the east part of the farm which we had bought, and I started farming. During the depression there was very little work and prices were very low, one year we sold our potatoes for fifteen cents per hundred, butter fat was twenty-five cents and wheat thirty cents a bushel. During World War II, prices were very high and last year we received three dollars per hundred for potatoes.

I am the only son in the family who remained in Groveland where I still own eighty acres of the old farm. Because we have always liked to fish, every summer we go to Yellowstone Park or some other good spot and catch a lot of fish.

(Picture of Nathan Orley Family)

We have six living children, 3 boys and 3 girls and one son died a few hours after birth (one of twin boys). The children have always done well in school. Lydean is a freshman at the B.Y.U. in Provo, Utah, and likes to play the piano and accordion. Brice is a senior in the Blackfoot High School and expects to go to college next year, also likes to play basket ball and was on the Senior Scout team that won the Stake Tournament last year. Cleo is a Junior in High School.

We have been blessed with fairly good health but have had quite a few accidents. I ran over Lydean with the tractor, but she was not injured. I broke my collar bone when the scaffold upon which I was working fell thirty feet. My clothes were torn from me when they were caught in a binder but I was uninjured.

I am at present an Elder in the Church, and a teacher in the Priesthood Class and of the Special Interest Groups of the M.I.A. My wife has also been active in the church, being Chorister and Organist of the Relief Society, first and Second Counselor of the M.I.A. and is now secretary of the Relief Society. We have both taken an active part in genealogical and temple work.

LIFE SKETCH OF SARAH LUELLE YANCEY
WHITE AND FAMILY

I was born 2 Jan. 1903 at Groveland, Bingham County Idaho, the twelfth child and fifth daughter in the family of the fourteen children of Adam and Alice Tolman Yancey.

My father and mother were among the early settlers of Groveland. They had lived in Chesterfield for 25 years, but owing to drought moved from there in 1901 and came to Blackfoot, Idaho. In 1904 Father built a large two story brick house next door to the church and there I spent my childhood and girlhood days. About the only thing I can remember of my childhood days was tending a bunch of children, altho I must have played a little too as I have a picture of Orval's daughter Thelma and I having a play dinner. I can remember too when Thelma got badly burned when she fell into a boiler of hot water, when they were staying at our house.

I never cared a lot for school and stayed out a lot, but came thru and graduated from the eighth grade. When about sixteen I stayed with my sister Sylvia in Pocatello and went to High school, then started to school at Rexburg, but did not finish. Started school again at Logan, Utah in the fall of 1920, but my father died and I went home and did not go back. The next year I took a business course at Salt Lake City, and here I met Clarence White. It was sort of love at first sight and we were married in Pocatello 21 August 1923. I was always handy at sewing and one time when I cut into some expensive goods and spoiled it, some one complained to mother and she said she considered the lesson cheap at that.

In September we went to Salt Lake City to live until December 1925 when we moved to Los Angeles, Calif. Where Clarence had secured a job. Our only daughter Cleo Luella, was born in Salt Lake 5 Nov. 1924, and our first son Clarence Myron was born 28 March, 1926 in Los Angeles. Later on we moved to Maywood, Calif. And our second son Derrald was born there, 23 Aug 1927. Clarence worked at trucking there for about five years.

In 1931 we moved to Tabiona, Utah, out in the Uintah Basin, the home of Clarence's folks, helping on the farm and doing anything to get a start. Later started to haul freight to Salt Lake City, nearly freezing on the road at times when it was so cold and a lot of snow. On 10 June 1936 our son Vernon was born. In Nov. 1936 we took over the "White" store living in two rooms built onto the store, but as business increased we bought a new truck and in March 1939 started to build a nice home, and by 1942 had it finished and furnished so it is comfortable.

We as a family have enjoyed many outings and fishing trips up in the canyons here in Tabiona, where Clarence once killed a bear and in the last few years he and the boys killed some 26 mountain lions, even catching some of them by the tail. Now in 1948 we have a movie camera and take numerous trips to get pictures of the wild life in the different parts of the country.

(Picture of Clarence Everett White Family)

Luella was married 5 Feb 1944 at Heber City, Utah to J. Leslie Courland, Jr. of Washington, D.C., and they are living there and have one daughter Gloria Grace.

Myron was in the Service for about 23 months mostly in the South Pacific. In July 1946 he left on a mission to Hawaii, returning in August, 1948 and is taking up school work at Provo, Utah. Md. Bernice Turnbow 27 Oct. 1948, S. L. Temple

Derrald married Maxine Ward of Bloomington, Idaho 10 March 1945 at Parawon, Utah, and they have a daughter Susan, and live in Tabiona, and help with the store. Our son Vernon helps at the store and likes to go fishing.

LIFE SKETCH OF WILLIAM YANCEY
AND FAMILY
(Picture of William Yancey Family)

I, William Yancey, am the fourteenth child and eighth son of my parents, Adam and Alice Tolman Yancey. I was born 24 February 1909 on my brother Daniel's birthday and at our new home in Groveland, Bingham County, Idaho.

Our home, a large brick house built by my father stands next door to the Church, and was the largest house in Groveland. It was surrounded by a white picket fence which father built when he was nearly blind, and trees were planted around the house and grounds. Father originally owned a large part of the land which is now Groveland. Later he had it divided into lots and sold to people reserving about 120 acres for his own. Thus my parents were truly pioneers, settling in a new land.

The first thing I remember vividly is falling from a small foot bridge into the canal which runs behind our barn. I saw a goose across the canal and went after it. I still recall going down and down. Some other children and my sister were swimming there and saw me fall into the water. Sylvia, my sister, grabbed me and pulled me to safety.

I started school at five years in the old Groveland school and remember how once I stuffed some papers and junk into the furnace register and it caught fire and when the smoke came into the room I was a "scared boy".

When I was seven father and mother adopted a baby girl, my sister Ruth. I was baptized the 2nd June 1917 by Jonathan H. Hale in the canal in which I had almost drowned, where it runs alongside the church. On such days as the Fourth of July and other celebrations there would be programs and contests, ball games, ice cream and soda pop. There was room under the grand stand to put up refreshments for sale. I and other imps like myself would put fire crackers thru the floor to drop on the people underneath. It was great sport to us then to see them jump and scream.

I lived at my sister Bertha's for a short time while mother was in California and celebrated my fourteenth birthday there, receiving a copy of the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price from mother, which is one of my prized possessions today.

I had a pony which I rode a great deal. Most of my time in summer was spent in swimming and skating in winter. I can remember the days of the silent movies and the noise and rejoicing in 1918 when the Armistice was signed and Cyrus, Daniel and others came home from the war. I remember my father very little as I was just eleven when he died. I recall that he was nearly blind and in poor health, but he loved order and neatness and always had a place for everything keeping everything in its place.

Being the youngest of the family and separated from the others by several years I grew up rather alone and remember more about the younger members of the family. I recall that Cyrus was badly wounded in the war. Also that we made barrels of cider for we always had lots of apples from our orchard. I remember when Uncle John, father's brother, was with us altho he died when I was about thirteen years old.

I graduated from the Groveland grade school and also took the first year high there. Then in the fall of 1927 I went to live with my sister Sylvia and family at Pocatello and attended High School there. Also enrolled in the Seminary Class where we enjoyed many different activities such as presenting programs in the different wards and went on hikes and to dances.

On the 29th of January 1929 I was called on a mission to Great Britain. I labored first in Ireland, and while there a minister made it his business to warn the people against us. This resulted in making them curious about us and opened many doors to us that would have been closed otherwise. I was then transferred to England, laboring in Birkenhead, where I could visit the Mission Office and there became well acquainted with Dr. John A. Widtsoe. While in the town of Burnley, in Lancashire, I baptized Frank Lord and his mother, a widow, Mrs. Nancy Lord and have corresponded with him up to the present time.

I was released from My mission 13 Feb. 1931 and returned to Salt Lake City and then on home. On 27 Feb. 1933 I married Arvilla Ellsworth in the Salt Lake Temple. She was the daughter of Claude William Ellsworth and Matilda Ann Flamm and I met her while going to school in Pocatello. She graduated from Pocatello High School and also from the school of Pharmacy at the University of Idaho and is now (1948) working as pharmacist in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. She also has been active in the Sunday School, the M.I.A. and helped in different musical activities.

We made our first home in the Rainbow Cabins in Pocatello. The following summer we lived in Groveland while I worked in the crops. In the fall we moved back to Pocatello and I got a job at the Western Coal Company. After several years in Pocatello, we moved to Salt Lake City where for sometime I was a watchman on the Railroad but now have a job running a truck for Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City.

We now have a family of three girls and three boys, Sharon Avon, David Odell, Marvin Verne, Ivan William and Paula Claire, all born in Pocatello and Arvilla Ann born in Salt Lake City. Just recently we purchased a small acreage near the city and hope to make a home there and provide employment for the children.

SHORT SKETCH OF MY LIFE, RUTH YANCEY BECK

I was born 7 March 1916 in the Blackfoot Hospital at Blackfoot, Idaho. My mother, Mrs. Ida Jensen had worked there at the hospital for a period of time before my arrival. I was immediately offered for adoption and was taken at the age of five weeks by Adam and Alice Yancey, who lived about three miles from Blackfoot. Later on 27 August 1917 they adopted me and I lived with them in their home in the little township of Groveland, and here I spent my early childhood days.

Adam and Alice Yancey were the parents of fourteen children of their own, most of whom were married or away from home at the time of my adoption. My foster parents were both past fifty years of age and due to illness of Mrs. Yancey and the death of her husband, I was placed in different homes of the sons and daughters to live and to go to school. They were kind to me and did everything for me that their limited funds would allow. I attended many different grammar schools and progressed fairly well in my studies. During that period of my life, I was confused and unhappy with no feeling of permanence or of being truly wanted.

When young I was blessed with a rather pleasing voice and sang on many occasions for school and church programs. I was baptized and am a member of the L.D.S. Church and attended Church and Sunday School regularly.

At the age of fourteen year, I was sent to Los Angeles, California to live with Alice Yancey, unmarried daughter and namesake of her mother. After completing Grammar School, I attended the Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles, then finished my High School in the Blackfoot High School in Idaho and graduated in June 1933. I then returned to California where I stayed with friends, a couple with no children, and worked my way thru Kizer Holman Business College, graduating from there in June 1934. From that time I worked at different stenographic jobs until 1 October 1944, when I entered the Los Angeles Police Department as a Policewoman.

I was assigned to the Juvenile division of the police department and found the work to be very interesting and worthwhile. Some time in February or March of 1946, while working in the Youth Group Program sponsored by the Police department, I met Kenneth Melvyn Beck, a policeman and fellow worker in this program and was married to him in Santa Maria, California the 30 November 1946.

I continued working until 1 October 1947 when I took a one year maternity leave of absence to prepare for our first child, a girl born 3 March 1948, at the Queen of the Angels Hospital in Los Angeles, California. She was christened Kristel Martha Beck.

THE JOSEPH THEODORE BARNEY FAMILY (Picture of the Joseph Theodore Barney Family)

Joseph Theodore Barney, son of Scott Freelin Barney and Scythia Lay of Escalante, Utah, was married to Wyora Yancey 9 July 1930 in Blackfoot, Idaho by Bp. Wm. Snyder of the L.D.S. Church. Wyora was the daughter of Emron Yancey and Dorothy Eliza Dean of Blackfoot, Idaho.

Barbara Yancey Barney our first daughter was born 17 July 1931 at Escalante, Utah.

Our second daughter Clora Barney was born 30 Aug. 1933 at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Our first son Theodore Scott Barney was born 30 Jan 1936 at Escalante, Utah.

The first four or five years of our married life were spent in Utah or Idaho. Then we bought an acreage in Blackfoot; built us a home and raised berries and ran a fruit market on Yellowstone hiway.

We lived there four years. At the outbreak of World War II we came to California. We worked in the war plants for three years, then bought property in Van Nuys, Calif., Los Angeles Co. We raised turkeys and produce for two years, then built a grocery store and have been in the grocery business four years.

In 1948 we built a new home.

On 7 May we went to Mesa, Arizona where we received our Endowments in the L.D.S. Temple there and had our children sealed to us.

Our second son Ted Barney was born 17 Nov. 1949 in Van Nuys, Calif.

Our oldest daughter Barbara married Robert F. Card of Van Nuys, Calif. He is a non member of the church but is investigating our religion and is planning on joining the church in the near future.

TESTIMONY OF EMRON YANCEY
(Beginning on page 844 of the Yancey-Tolman Book)

The testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and that God lives and hears and answers our prayers. First we are told to Honor our Father and our Mother, that our days may be long upon the land which the Lord God giveth Thee.

It is because of the sacrifices of our pioneer parents that we of this generation enjoy most of the blessings that are ours. My father Adam Yancey and my mother Alice Tolman Yancey settled in Chesterfield, Idaho, about 1878 or 1879. After living there for about 20 years they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, in October, 1901. I was born at Chesterfield July 25, 1886, being about 14 years of age when we moved to Blackfoot. Father settled in what was later called the Groveland Ward and was bishop of this ward for 20 years. Mr. Thomas G. Bond, owner of Bonds Museum, and not a member of our church, wrote a tribute to my parents. I am proud of the heritage that is mine through them.

In 1918 it is estimated that 21 million people died with the flu. I was one of the first to come down with it around here. I was in bed for six weeks and dwindled down from a weight of 220 pounds to about 100 pounds. We did everything it was possible to do engaging two doctors, Dr. F. W. Mitchell and a Dr. Hoover from the Asylum. Having reached the limit of my endurance it was impossible for me to stand and still live, so at three o'clock one morning I had them send for my father and brother James. With tears running down my face and my arms outstretched to my father, I told him I wanted him to administer to me and that I wanted the disease driven from me. This they did and as father finished he said, "My son, God has made it known to me that you will recover from this disease. Up to this time I was given 3 or 4 hypos a day and had taken all kinds of medicine. I was never given another hypo nor did I take any more medicine. I sat up in bed for the first time on Armistice Day Nov. 11, 1918, and listened to the whistles blowing in Blackfoot.

Mrs. Yancey (his wife) did not take the flu at this time but about a year later after the birth of one of the children she took it. She was in bed from July till October, continuing to get a little worse all the time, finally the doctor told us he could do no more, we could not get him to come again so we called in another doctor and he told us there was nothing he could do. Up to this time she had been administered to many times, some of whom were: P.G. Johnson, James Duckworth, Lorenzo Thomas, Osmund Buchanan, and several others. At conference time at Arco, Brother P.P. Black stopped in with one of the apostles, brother Francis M. Lyman I think it was He administered to her and blessed her, after listening to him, I thought "Well if she doesn't get better now it is of no use, but for the next few days she continued to get worse, her legs and body were cold and lifeless up to her chest and it seemed it would not be long until she would be gone. I then remembered the following words in her patriarchal blessing given her Feb. 16, 1913, by Patriarch Andrew C. Jensen: I admonish thee to be faithful, and avoid all light mindedness, and to prepare thy heart for this life's mission. Thou hast proven valiant in thy first estate, and I bless you with sufficient faith to overcome the sins of this generation. You shall receive an inheritance in the new Jerusalem. You shall have power to live till you are satisfied with this life's work.

So on this day when it seemed there was no hope I said to my mother: "Mother I don't think we need to give her up." And she said "I don't think so either, Emron." I went over to the school and had the children come home. I stood them up by the side of her bed and had Sister Hickenlooper lead them in prayer and when she had finished I placed my hands upon her head and administered to her, and in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ I rebuked the disease and commanded it to depart from her. When I had finished my mother said, "You don't need to worry about her any more for she will be all right now." She continued to improve from this time on.

A few years later coming in from work one night I was taken ill with appendicitis. We had the doctor out immediately, I was taken to the hospital the next morning and operated on but when they saw what condition I was in they had no hope of saving my life. I wish to quote here a few words from my patriarchal blessing given me by my grandfather Judson Tolman, October 10, 1902. "And in as much as you have been down in to the waters of baptism and have had hands laid upon your head for the reception of the Holy Ghost, I confer upon thy head a double portion of the Holy Ghost to be a light and a guide along thy path. And if thou will cultivate it to become a medium of revelation unto you to warn thee of dangers that may be in thy path."

Two days after I had been operated on the nurse brought me my breakfast and it was at this time that I had the whispering in my ear, "Do not touch a thing but buttermilk. Do not touch a thing but buttermilk." I had the nurse take back what she had brought and asked her to get me some buttermilk. As I drank that glass of buttermilk I could feel it absorb the poison that was in my system. I have never felt any bad effect from the operation from that time to this day.

We lived in town and I farmed on the Indian Reservation making it necessary for me to take my dinner. I usually took a bottle of milk in my dinner and one day while eating, I took the lid off the bottle of milk and put it to my mouth to take a drink when I again had the whispering in my ear, "Do not drink that milk. Do not drink that milk." I never hesitated a moment. I put the lid back on and put it back in my dinner box. About one hour later one of the boys, Adam, came over to the truck for a drink of water. I had two gallon jugs in the truck, one with water in and one with formaldehyde in which I was using to dip grain with. He picked up the jug of formaldehyde tipped it up and took a big swallow of it before he discovered what it was. I grabbed that bottle of milk which I had been told not to drink and made him drink the whole bottle full without stopping. As soon as he had finished he began to vomit. There is no question in my mind but what that bottle of milk saved his life.

I was in the trucking business for twelve or fifteen years. One time when coming home from Spencer there was a car with a trailer behind it loaded with logs, it had blown a tire and was setting about two feet over on the pavement. It had no lights or flares of any kind on it. This was just as it was getting dark and I came so close to the logs with the cab of the truck that one of them took the handle off of the right hand side of the door then hit the right hand corner of the truck bed smashing that part of the bed into kindling wood and it also broke my gas line making it necessary for me to camp for the night.

The next morning I got up early to catch a ride into Roberts to get my gas line fixed. A pickup truck came along. I stopped him and asked for a ride into Roberts. We had gone only a little way when I discovered he was drunk. By the time we came to the first turn in the road we were going about fifty miles an hour and I could see he wasn't

going to make the turn in the road. Again I had the whispering in my ear. "The steering wheel, grab the steering wheel quick." This is what I did, the pickup left the road and rolled over and over out in the sage brush. It came to a stop lying on its side over a little depression. The driver was laying in that depression but was not seriously hurt and I still had hold of the steering wheel but didn't have a scratch on me.

Mrs. Yancey was told in her patriarchal blessing that she would have power to live till she was satisfied with this life's work. Many times she has used that power when in need of it. These incidents are only a few of the many I could tell. I make these statements in meekness and humility feeling that the Lord has overlooked most of my own shortcomings.

Mrs. Yancey and I were married on June the 5th, 1907, 45 years and six months ago. During that time there has never been a death in our family which numbers 75 persons. Neither is there one among us who is crippled or deformed, where can you find another family that can make this statement.

I hope that we may continue to so live that when in the future we need divine help we may receive as we have in the past.

I pray for these blessings for us and our posterity. Dated this 15th day of January, 1953.

Emron Yancey (Blackfoot, Idaho)

MY PRAYER

Dear Lord, I have no mighty deeds to tell,
I have not won a crown except of love;
But I have made a home and guarded well
Its gates from all that might a menace prove.

I have not asked for beauty, wit, nor charm,
The old things have I cherished, not the new;
But never child of mine has suffered harm
And my one love has ever found me true.

Dear Lord: I have but one small gift to make
I am not rich, except in happiness;
It was my lot to sweep and sow and bake.
These simple duties have a power to bless.

So much I've missed of travel books and art,
Yet been content as mother wife, and friend.
For these I thank Thee now with all my heart;
They are the sweetest gifts Thy love can send.

My joy at every turning of the road
Has been to find strong arms to aid and cheer;
These have eased the burden of my load

And helped me comfort those I hold most dear.

Since love alone is all I have to give
And gold has been no portion of my life,
My only prayer is, while on earth I live,
To be a worthy mother, friend and wife.
--Mrs Emron Yancey

GLORIOUS MOTHERHOOD

A tribute to Mrs. Emron Yancey by Mrs. Agnes Just Reid, dated about March 1, 1937.

This article was printed in the Relief Society Magazine and money Mrs. Agnes Just Reid received for it was sent to Mrs. Yancey on Mother's Day of 1937.

When a young mother hears the cry of her first-born she feels that the ecstasy of that moment can never be equaled, but when a second baby comes her joy becomes two fold. Imagine then a mother who has seventeen times experienced the thrill of motherhood and who still has that number of living, loving, healthy, intelligent children. How can one mother heart hold so much joy.

Such is the happy lot of Dorothy Dean Yancey of Blackfoot, Idaho. She does not, however, think that she has done much. Told her experiences hesitantly because she could not see that they could be interesting to anyone else. And such experiences:

The Yanceys are not wealthy people in the way the world measures wealth. Most of their married lives they lived on a farm where there was much hard work and little reward. Now, Mr. Yancey has a small trucking business.

Wherever they live, the problem of the homemaker has been the same, keeping the washing and the mending and the sewing and the cooking done up for such a family, yet this brave woman does all that and finds time to help on the outside to bring in a little that will help meet the expenses.

She must have wonderful health? Yes, she has been blessed by good health but there is something besides good health that has carried her through thirty years of married life and kept her youth still shining in her face.

As a child, she loved babies more than anything in the world. At her mother's home, the babies grew up too soon so that she never had a chance to take care of them. She determined to have lots of babies in her own home. When her first one was one year old, the second one was born so that while she held one in her arms, she reached out with one hand and held a bottle for the older one to get his food. Since that time her busy hands have always been doing double duty.

Only six months of her married life has she had help in her home. After the first twins were born, she did not get strong right away and she was obliged to hire help. Yes, she has had twins three times and when the last pair was born (they are now four years old), she had six babies too young to go to school. Six babies at once. Most mothers would consider six a good sized family and would prefer a few years between birthdays, not this dauntless mother.

When asked about wash day, she said: “Oh, I get along all right. I always get up early on wash day, about three o’clock, and have it all out of the way by the time the children get up.”

On ordinary days she gets breakfast while the family is getting around, then the older children do the kitchen work while she makes beds and cleans rooms, so by the time the children go to school all the work is done and this busy mother is free to sew or to go out to work for others.

Does she ever find time to go to church? Oh, yes, the whole family never fails to go to church twice every Sunday. She gets up a little earlier to get them all ready but she does not mind that. She does not hold any church office but she always finds time to attend Relief Society meetings.

It looks as if the worst might be over for this busy mother since there really isn’t quite so much to be done in her town home as there was on the farm. As the older children grew up to help with the house work she did much of the heavier farm work. Whenever possible she has thinned beets, plowed beets and cut potatoes. She holds a record of potato cutting that is hard to surpass. One Spring she cut eight hundred sacks of seed and averaged seventy-five sacks a day. Some of the neighbors were skeptical so they gathered for her to give a demonstration. She not only proved that she could cut that many but some of the doubters went over a sack carefully and found only three sets without eyes. No machine yet invented can keep pace with her.

There has never been a death in the Yancey family but one baby was stillborn and four others were premature and never lived, bringing the actual number of children born up to twenty-two.

Three of the older ones are married; one son returned recently from an L.D.S. Mission in South Carolina and a daughter works for the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, D. C.

The rest of the family she has with her and when things seem too quiet around the house, she borrows one of her grandchildren for a while. She has even been called in to take care of other people’s children while they go on vacations for everyone in her town realizes that she is the most remarkable mother in the world.

AGNES JUST REID—Firth, Rt. 1, Idaho