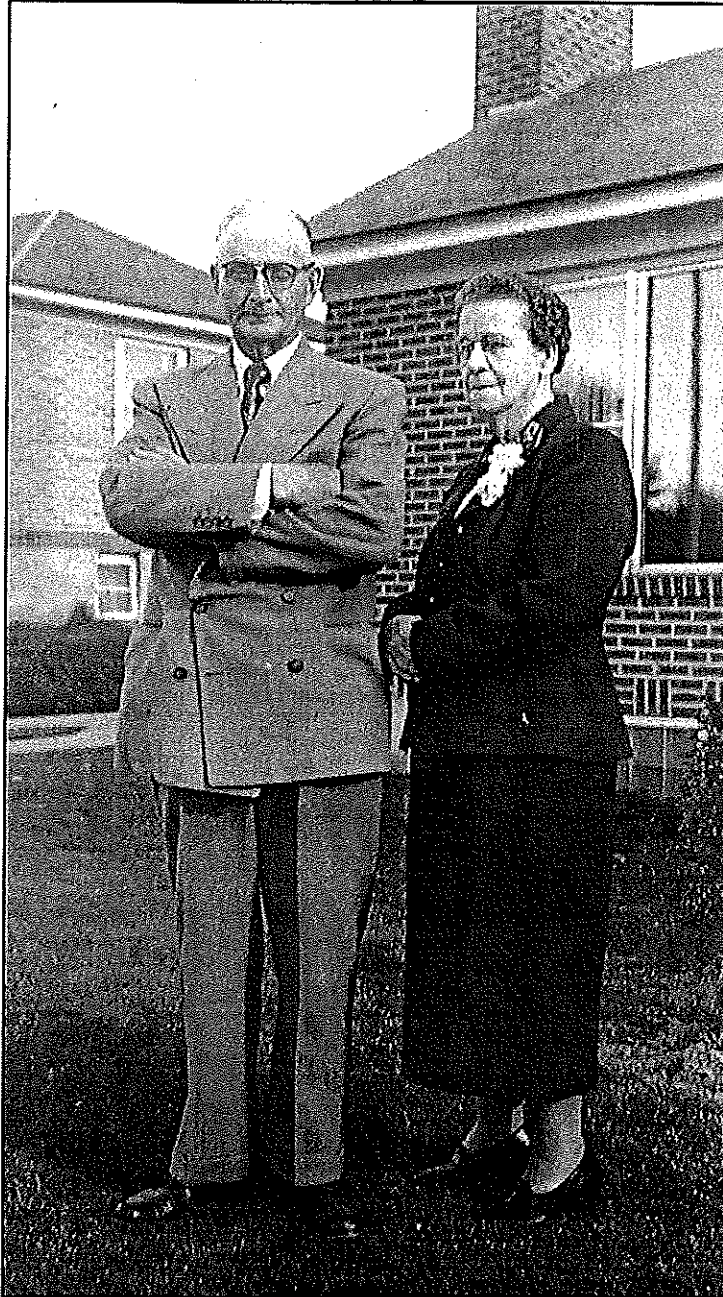


HISTORY OF
JAMES HENRY
YANCEY

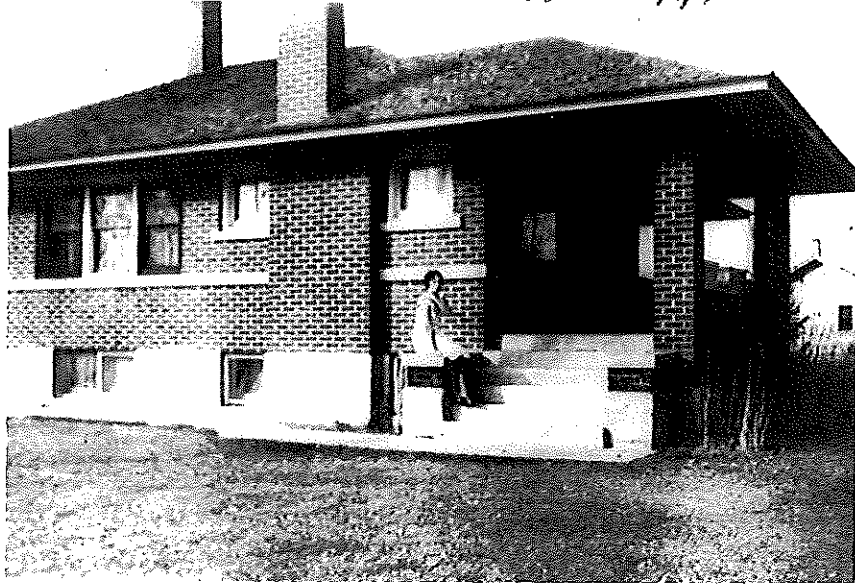
1884-1959

1949 or 1950



James Henry and Effie Cobbley Yancey

HOME IN BLACKFOOT 1921-1941



1921-1941



Oct. 8, 1908

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THE LIFE STORY OF JAMES HENRY YANCEY

Hiram and Harriet Wood Yancey and Judson and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook Tolman settled in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah after coming west. The lives of their children Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman (parents of James Henry Yancey) began here. Adam and Alice were both born and raised in this fruitful valley. Consequently, this land "Bountiful" has been a special place in the history of the Yancey and Tolman families.

For one thing, the beautifully restored Bountiful Tabernacle. It stands, to this day, as a monument and a reminder of the hardships and faith these forbears endured as they had a part in it's construction as well as in building and settling this part of the west.

It is unique that later, early in the 1970's, Adam and Alice's grandson, Harold C. Yancey, was called to be President of the Bountiful Stake.



Harold C. Yancey

As a newly called Stake President, Harold had to decide if the building should be remodeled and retained or torn down with a new chapel built in its place. Severe restrictions were put in place by the church building department if it was to be retained. Harold hearkened to the teachings of his father, James Henry Yancey, in making the final decision, "not to build something you could not be proud of nor to build something that would not meet the needs of the people." He had faith that if he did what was right, the Lord would take care of the rest. Rather than build an "eyesore", the decision was made to tear it down. The publicity regarding this decision spread not only in the community, but throughout the world, with newspaper articles appearing from all over. This publicity caused the decision to be called to the attention of the First Presidency. Harold met with President Spencer W. Kimball and his counselors who solicited the advice of Elder Gordon B. Hinckley. The building was saved and the onerous conditions were removed. Since that decision was made Elder Hinckley confirmed to Harold, in writing, the wisdom of the decision.

The building remains the oldest still in use in the church. It is a very functional, lovely building that remains the center piece in the city of Bountiful. President Harold Yancey conducted the dedicatory service on November 6, 1977.

After Harold was later called to be President of the new Bountiful Temple, he reflected, "I have felt the spirit and love of my pioneer ancestors, who I believe also had a hand in my call. Joseph Holbrook, Judson Tolman, and Daniel Wood, all great grandfathers, were prominent men in the early history of Bountiful. As they constructed the Bountiful Tabernacle, I'm sure they dreamed that one day a temple would be on the hill in Bountiful. Perhaps they felt that the Temple President should be one of their own and that the Lord acquiesced to their feelings and desires. One day we will know more."

These sacred edifices are a great legacy to the Yancey and Tolman families.

My parents, Adam Yancey and Alice Tolman met for the first time at a 4th or 24th of July dance in the year of 1879. Adam escorted Alice home that night, thus beginning their courtship. They traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah the following October in Adam's "red wagon" and were married in the Endowment House. Adam was 20 and Alice 16. One

year later, on August 9, 1880, they were blessed with a baby boy. He was named Adam Adonirum, Adam after his father and Adonirum after one of Alice's brothers.

The following year, because of the recommendation of Chester and Ira Call from Bountiful, about a dozen Utah families were called by Brigham Young to travel to Idaho's Portneuf Valley to settle. Adam and Alice, were among the couples asked to go along with two of Alice's brothers, Judson Adonirum Jr. (Add) and Lamoni Tolman.

Adam and Alice loaded their possessions into their wagon and with baby Adam, made the trek to this virgin country located about 40 miles southeast of Pocatello, Idaho. The valley was sparsely settled by a few cattlemen, who had already found the excellent pasturage.

This small group of pioneers became as one big family in their beloved new home. In 1885, under the direction of the Cache Valley Stake of Zion, they were organized into a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Add Tolman, my uncle, was sustained as the presiding elder.

William B. Preston organized a townsite in the valley. As he looked over the valley from the top of a little hill where the church was to be built, he was impressed with the similarity of the countryside to a valley in England named Chesterfield. The settlers thought this was an appropriate name, not because of any similarity to Chesterfield, England, but because it was a fitting tribute to the pioneer, Chester Call.

In our relatively new home in the city of Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho, I, James Henry Yancey, was born July 24, 1884, and was the third child and son of Adam and Alice Yancey. My birthday is on the same day the Mormons celebrate the arrival of the Saints to the Salt Lake Valley. Over the years we always celebrated these two events with family and friends; usually with a picnic dinner of new peas and potatoes from our garden, fried chicken from our flocks, and topped off with a freezer of homemade ice cream. Our cows always provided us with plenty of milk and cream.

As I mentioned earlier, Adonirum was born in Bountiful. Most of my brothers and sisters were born in Chesterfield: Orval, myself, Emron, Bertha Lucretia, Cyrus, Alice, Daniel, Sylvia, Mary (who died of whooping cough as a baby), Nathan Orley, Sarah Luella, and Elizabeth (born and died the same day). William and Ruth were born in Groveland.

Chesterfield became a typical close-knit pioneer community. Dances were held, even in the cold, snowy winter months. Midwives helped deliver babies—riding in carriages or on horseback to be of service. For burials, the ladies of the Relief Society would cover the locally-made pine caskets with brocade, outing flannel, or other fabric. Celebrations were held on July 4th and 24th, honoring traditional freedoms and pioneer ancestors.

My father built us a large two-room house out of logs and slabs, with a lean-to-pantry on the side. It was plastered on the inside and outside.

The first thing we children learned at a very young age on the farm was to ride horses and milk cows. Each animal had its own name and was just part of the family. It was a never-ending job for father and us boys to keep track of our cows and horses. They were turned loose on the ranch to feed and often would get lost. Sometimes we would look

far into the night before finding them. We owned as many as forty milk cows at a time. It was an unforgettable experience to be left alone to do the milking, especially in the wintertime.

We had a forty gallon churn which would make forty to fifty pounds of butter to a churning. After the butter was molded and wrapped, we packed it in boxes with ice packed all around the outside. It was then taken to Bancroft to sell, usually getting fourteen or fifteen cents per pound. When the butter factory was built in Chesterfield, we didn't have the big job of churning—we took the cream to the factory. It was then we saw a silver dollar occasionally from the milk and butter we sold.

Every family had to raise enough wheat for their own bread and stock. As soon as the threshing was done in the fall, we went to the mill in Malad to have it ground into flour.

Most of our meat was obtained from fishing and hunting. Father and one of the neighbors would quit work a little early on an evening and while one of the boys would drive, the others would hunt for sage hens and get about twenty apiece. Bullets were scarce and each bullet had to count, thus, we learned to be good marksmen. Father would whistle like a sage hen. Soon the hens would come walking out of the brush, then bang, bang—we would soon have enough for a good dinner. We always had enough to eat, such as it was—bread and skim milk gravy, if nothing else.

Everyone worked hard to provide for their growing families, remaining steadfast to the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We attended school in a small log house, not far from our home. School was held only in the summertime due to the severe winters. Mother boarded the teachers most of the time. We were among the first families to have an organ in our home. Some of the school teachers gave my sister, Bertha, organ lessons and she was the ward organist for many years.

The winters were very cold. Sometimes it would get as cold as 50 and 60 degrees below zero. The snow would be 6 to 8 feet deep with a crust so hard on top it would hold up a team of horses and a sleigh. We would go right over the fences and not even see them. In those days, father and mother had time to visit their friends and relatives. In late fall and winter, we would all be tucked in a sleigh early in the morning and call on some family who wouldn't be expecting us. Yet, they were happy to see us, for they always gave us a warm welcome. We would take our quilts and flat irons in and set the irons on the back of the stove in order for them to be hot for the ride home.

When this band of Saints built a church in Chesterfield, my father, the Tolmans, and the Calls were the carpenters. It took lots of work. Even the nails and boards had to be made. As a boy of eight I remember gazing with pride at our beautiful red brick chapel situated on the hill. It was a crowning achievement for this small group. It was dedicated August 23, 1892. For many years it served as the place of worship and activities for the Saints in this valley. Now, it serves as a museum operated by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. It was restored to its original beauty and is a monument to the Chesterfield pioneers; many of whom, including my brother, Adonirum and one baby sister, are buried in the cemetery a short distance away. The pictures of these pioneers line the walls of the museum, which they built.

At an early age, we all learned how to work and do many things as we grew into different responsibilities. We made our own recreation by playing sports games with our family and the neighbors. The hard work and play made us men, and we all grew to be a strong, healthy bunch. My father, through his example, taught me to live the Word of Wisdom, which I did all of my life. I was blessed as we are promised in the 89th section of the Doctrine and Covenants that: "All Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary and shall walk and not faint. And, I, the Lord give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them..."

One evening my oldest brother, Adonirum, who was now 12 years old, was thrown from a horse and a short time later died. He had caught a horse, which he thought was gentle, and had gone after the cows with a neighbor boy. He was soon thrown off. He managed to get up and walk the short distance to our home, and told Mother he had fallen off the horse. Mother said, "His words went through me as if I had been struck with lightning." As she was washing the dirt off his face and head, he said, "Ma, I don't think I can milk tonight." Mother told him he wouldn't have to and she put him to bed.

He slept, just waking up once saying, "Oh, my eyes!" Father sent for the elders and they administered to him. Mother stayed by his bedside during the night. The next morning she left him for a short time to get breakfast. When she returned at about 8 o'clock, he had passed away. It was September 2, 1892. What a shock his death was to all of us! Ma never seemed to get over it. Adam was their firstborn, a fine boy as tall as his father. In some of my mother's writings she says, "I felt so bad all the time, I had to cry over every little thing." Ma also wrote, "James was my best girl." She said I would do the housework better than the rest, but they all had to help and often times when mother was tired, I would brush her hair.

I wasn't afraid of work and was always helping father with the many chores and responsibilities on the farm, such as milking thirty or forty cows by hand, turning the separator, churning the cream and caring for the animals.

When I was about 9 years old, my father took me on my first trip to Salt Lake City, Utah. A good team of horses pulled a covered wagon and the trip took 4 days. We camped in what was called "The Tithing Grounds". We ate dinner right close to the Salt Lake Temple, which was still under construction. Father went to the store and bought some baker's bread and bologna, which was the first I had ever seen.

As our family grew in numbers, my father hired Mr. Wilcox, a carpenter from Preston, Idaho. He built us a two-story frame house, connecting it with the two-room house we had been living in. It had a large front porch on both the upstairs and downstairs. Mr. Wilcox was three weeks doing the job and his pay was \$2.50 a day, with room and board. I liked to watch him as he worked. Perhaps this, along with inheriting my father's talent for this occupation, gave me the spark I needed to become interested in being a builder. My father was always handy in doing carpentry work and fixing things better for mother and us children.

In the years 1898 to 1900 the frosts got so heavy and the summers so dry that it was hard to farm. Father decided to look elsewhere for a home where the winters were more mild. Other families were also interested in making a move so, together, they went looking around the Blackfoot area where they had heard the seasons were longer and winters not so severe. My father bought a 300 acre farm in the place that is now Groveland, 3 1/2 miles northwest of Blackfoot. The land was excellent for irrigated crops.

In the fall of 1900, we got rid of many of our belongings in Chesterfield and prepared ourselves to make the move to Groveland. It was hard to leave. My mother drove a team and wagon over to Groveland with my baby brother, Orley, on her lap. I can remember the crates filled with our chickens in the wagon and the cows following behind tied to the wagon. It must have been a slow, tedious, difficult journey, especially for mother and the little ones. I will remember the night of October 1, 1901, when we boys laid out all night with our saddle horses watching our stock. It took us two days to make the trip.

Sixty acres of our new farm was in alfalfa and the rest of the ground was covered with sage brush, which all had to be cleared. My father and brothers, Orval, Emron, Cyrus and I would grub sagebrush all day and put it in huge piles. At night we lit huge bonfires, which were a sight to behold. Everyone who had purchased land in this community was doing the same thing. It was worth all the hard labor during the day to watch the bonfires at night and look over the land we had cleared.

Groveland was a new territory with just a few canals for irrigation. Soon after our arrival, other people started coming and the value of land increased to \$200.00 per acre.

My father was one who wanted the best he could provide for his wife and family. Our home was one of cleanliness, with the smell of homemade bread baking every other day.



Back row: Alice, Bertha, Orval, James, Cyrus. Second row: Emron, Orley, Mother Alice, Father Adam. Front row: Sylvia, Sarah, Daniel, William, Ruth

During the fall and winter of 1902, when I was 18, my brother Emron and I went to Logan, Utah to school. Both of us had saved our money during the previous summer to go away and continue our higher education. It was while in Logan that I went to the temple and received my endowment on December 16, 1903.

Soon after coming home from school in the spring of 1903, what appeared to be a minor accident occurred to me which later proved to be one of the most faith promoting incidents in my life. This experience, perhaps more than any other, built my faith and taught me the importance of prayer. I pricked my thumb with an old-fashioned pen point. An infection resulted which turned into blood poisoning. Dr. F.W. Mitchell had just opened up his practice in Blackfoot and I was his first patient. After he examined me, he stated that my arm would probably need to be amputated in order to save my life. After dressing my arm for 30 days, it still had not improved and another doctor from Montana was called in to look at it. They decided to cut the flesh and scrape the bone. I hesitated to let them go ahead and told them to wait one more day. The elders were called to administer to me and I had great faith in this blessing. The next morning, when the doctor removed the dressing from my arm to prepare for the operation, he was surprised to see there was nothing wrong and immediately wanted to know what I had done to my arm during the night. "Whatever you did, it is healed. There is nothing wrong with your arm!" he said, in amazement. For the rest of my life my testimony of the power of prayer and of the healing power of the priesthood never faltered. However, I was all that summer getting my strength back.

In 1903, the first ward was organized in Groveland and my father was called to be the Bishop. His first responsibility was to build a chapel. My brothers and I helped haul the rock for the foundation, and father spent every spare minute working on the building. We were excited about the chapel being built next door to our home.

About two years after moving to Groveland, the stake president, Elias S. Kimball and some others, came to my father with the proposition to cut up our farm (200 acres) into lots, which he did. My parents had to sign a lot of deeds. This helped to pay for our place and in 1904 my father and we boys built a big two-story red brick home, with twelve large rooms. The barns and sheds were also well built—even the "toilet house". It was made of red brick like the house and was the biggest and best one around.

Along with building the home we planted a large orchard on the east. We had apple, cherry, and plum trees. In our garden there were gooseberry, current, and raspberry bushes. You can see we never lacked for something to do.

A large canal ran back of the farm buildings which provided family and neighbors a fun place to swim as well as a place for the ward to hold baptisms during the summer months. For many years our pump-house provided the water for the church and drinking water for our neighbor, John Dean. As the church didn't have any kitchen facilities, our home became the center for freezing homemade ice cream, making root beer, and preparing food for many occasions. Mother was in the center of the activities and was a very unselfish person. No task was too great, day or night, for her. She had great compassion, which was demonstrated by the people she took into her home, especially in her declining years.

My father saw to it that the buildings and surroundings were well built and cared for. As his son, I always appreciated his example in teaching me to take care of my tools by seeing that my saws were always sharp, and that I had a place for everything and that I put everything in its place.

Our home was a popular place for parties and gatherings. It had a spacious lawn, flower gardens, shade trees along the front and elsewhere, and to complete the picture it was surrounded by a white picket fence.



(Bertha, Sylvia, Father Adam, Mother Alice, Orley, Sarah, Daniel)

In 1904 a sugar factory was built in Blackfoot and I worked two winters there. Up to this point in my life, I had stayed on the farm most of the time, helping with the farm work and the building of our home and the Groveland Ward Chapel. I realized I must choose a vocation. My interest seemed to be in carpentry and construction work, but first I wanted to go on a mission.

Before leaving on my mission, I met Effie Jane Cobbley, who had recently moved to Blackfoot from Pleasant Grove, Utah and was employed in the home of my brother, Orval. Effie's family planned to move to Groveland in a few weeks. We had only gone together a few times when I received my call to the Northern States Mission, February 28, 1906.

I accepted my call with pleasure and answered that I was ready to go. Joseph F. Smith was the president of the church at this time. I was to leave Salt Lake City, Utah, March 28, 1906. Joseph F. Jensen, my friend from the Groveland Ward, received his mission call at the same time, and to the same mission.



1906
Northern States Mission
"Wisconsin"

In the evening of March 22nd we left for Salt Lake. The next day we went through the temple. The time had come for us to be ordained and set apart for our missions. I was ordained and set apart by Selmore B. Young. We also received many good instructions pertaining to the work whereunto we were called.

On the 28th of March, at 7:30 p.m. our train left Salt Lake City, Utah for Chicago, Illinois. There were 8 elders on the train and we had a good time together, taking in the sights, and telling about our experiences and thinking of the time when we would be returning home.

We arrived in the big city of Chicago, March 30th, about 11 a.m. In a short time we were at the mission office, receiving instructions from our mission president, German E. Ellsworth, and finding out our different fields of labor. I was assigned to Wisconsin and my friend Joseph Jensen to Minnesota. I remained in Chicago, Illinois a week before embarking on a boat for Milwaukee.

My companion Elder Alder, arrived the 13th of April. We made ready to start our labors as missionaries of the Lord on the 15th. I served in Milwaukee for 5 weeks and enjoyed my labors very much. The only thing I had to discourage me was how hard I found it to explain the Gospel to the people. However, experience is a good teacher. Through tracting, street meetings, prayer and study we were blessed and my testimony grew as I bore it. Our mode of travel was by our own two feet, in all kinds of weather, carrying books in a bag to leave to those who were interested in learning more about the true church. Those we carried with us were: the Book of Mormon, a book by Matthew Cowley, and different tracts. Most times we would give them out as a loan and would return later for a visit and pick them up. Mostly we tracted in the country to the farmers. We had a few who didn't want to hear our message but most of the doors we knocked on treated us kindly, inviting us to eat and lodge for the night. Some days we walked 15 to 20 miles. We met some fine people and made friends as we planted the seeds of the gospel.

One experience, which made me feel my mission was worth it all was the morning we were invited into a house by a young man, a policeman. He had worked all night, so we were intruding on his sleep. His name was Charles Nauertz. He seemed to be waiting and looking for the truth. In his prayers he had asked God to send someone to him with the true gospel. We stayed with him until 4 p.m. He said he would never forget us. The next time we visited him we left four of Matthew Cowley's books for him to send to his family and friends.

My two year mission was a rich experience. Our mission president, German E. Ellsworth was a great spiritual leader and teacher. I loved to hear him expound the truths of the Gospel. My love for the scriptures grew and I never tired of reading them. I will ever be grateful for the privilege to serve the Lord as a missionary in the State of Wisconsin. I received an honorable release the first part of April 1908, and returned home to my family, friends and the Groveland Ward, the latter part of the month.

Soon after returning home from my mission, I began keeping company with Effie Cobbley again. Her family had now moved to Groveland. Effie was a happy, beautiful and accomplished young lady in the arts of sewing and homemaking. We went together all that



Oct. 8, 1908

money to encourage our boys to enlist. My father stood up and said he was thankful he had seven sons, all six feet tall and every inch a man. If our country needed them, he thought none would refuse.

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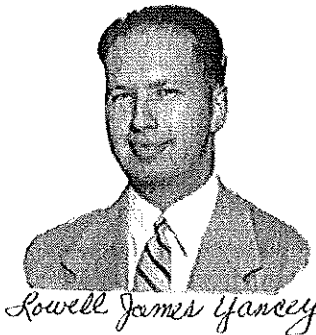
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My brother, Orley, went on a mission and it was while he was gone that my father passed away September 15, 1920. He was buried in the Groveland Cemetery. Father was a quiet man of few words, he loved and always showed respect and consideration for my mother and wanted her to have the best. He was a great teacher and a good example for me which I will always be grateful for. He had a consuming appetite for hard work and long hours. As we worked together he taught me how to work and to build.

I began to do building contract work so from now on we moved many times, building a new house each time. In about 1921 we moved from Groveland to Blackfoot where we rented a place. We now had 6 children: Gladys, Evelyn, Zola, Lowell, Maxine and Edythe. I then built a brick house on West Bridge Street. It was here, I think, most of the family learned to appreciate "Home Sweet Home". We tried to make it the best place on earth for them. Effie was always there to bid the children God-speed in leaving and to welcome them home when they were tired and homesick. Elaine and Harold were born here—making eight in the family.



Lowell, son of James, remembered and recorded the following incident that demonstrates the honesty and integrity of his father.

Lowell related, "Our father, in his early married years, was learning the carpenter trade—most of which was self taught. Like most ambitious men, he wanted to take the next step up and become his own contractor. He saw his first opportunity to do just that when the community of Groveland, where we lived at the time, decided to construct a new grade school building. This was a big project for the 1918-1919 time period and for an amateur trying to become a professional, it was a big step. Father was awarded the contract. The contract was apparently signed when the United States was in the last stages of World War I with Germany. Labor and especially material costs accelerated rapidly toward the end of the war. Being under contract, Father had no recourse but to try and finish the building at the figure agreed upon. I'm sure he had to sit down and make financial agreements with all those involved in significant price increases. The major debt that he was left with was with the lumber company located on Bridge Street. Apparently he reached an agreement with them that he would pay them back—even if it took the rest of his life. He must have agreed upon a monthly payback amount. In today's world, of course, a person found in such circumstances would apply for bankruptcy and be freed from all debts. I don't believe such a thought ever entered his mind, though I believe there were those who urged him to do so. He knew he had signed a contract, and although fate had dealt him a low blow, he knew he could somehow work out of it."

Lowell further remembered, "I became involved about eight or nine years later, which would have been about 1926-1928. For at least the next two or three years I was entrusted to deliver an envelope once a month, usually on a Saturday, to the lumber company. Since it was a repetitive thing, I must have inquired about what the envelope was for. It was probably Mother who explained to me what I was doing. I assume that after several years the debt was finally paid off. I also assume that he might have been making these same payments during the eight or nine years prior to my involvement. If so, that was

a period of ten or eleven years in which he was putting some of his hard earned money toward an old debt, every month, honoring a promise.”

Lowell concludes the incident saying, “I was only involved in a very minor way, however, it was in a way that helped me to know in very certain terms the manner in which my father respected his dealings with others—at the sacrifice even to himself and his family.”

It was during the years in Blackfoot that M.E. Anderson and myself did extensive building in the area, namely the Boise and Shelley Tabernacles, the Elks building, the Blackfoot High School, and numerous houses and other buildings.

Effie and I were always busy fulfilling our ward and Stake assignments. While in the Groveland Ward I was second counselor to Bishop John S. Bowker for five years. When we moved to Blackfoot I served on the High Council. In November 1935, I was called to be Bishop of the First Ward. During this time the Blackfoot First Ward building was constructed and dedicated by President Heber J. Grant.

Effie worked in the primary and also as a counselor and later as president of the Relief Society. We were both busy fulfilling our church assignments but it was a great experience for us to serve in these leadership positions together. We made lasting friendships as we shared joys and sorrows with our friends and neighbors.

The country was just recovering from a depression, and these positions brought lots of problems. Caring for the sick and needy was a necessity. The family was good to help with the bookkeeping, caring for the Sacrament linens every week, and many other areas of support. Many hours were spent sitting with the sick and preparing people for burial.

When Lowell was 8 or 9 years old he came down with the dreaded disease called Diphtheria. I was working in Montana at the time so Effie had everything to take care of. Lowell was kept in a room upstairs, where she cared and watched over him. The rest of the family went downstairs to live. The children did their own cooking and were not allowed upstairs.

I prayed every day for his recovery but one night I earnestly prayed that he would fully recover and not have any bad effects. I was assured that he would be healed and have no effects after. I wrote Mom a letter and told her not to worry—that he would get entirely well and he would not have anything resulting from that disease.

May our grandchildren never forget to pray. May they never let the morning and evening pass without thanking the Lord for the blessings of the day, and asking for his guiding hand to be over us always. Some of us have a guardian angel or power to be with us when we need it. Those that do not are those that never ask for it.

Dr. Mitchell was our family doctor, and Lowell was the first person to whom he had the opportunity to give his very first vaccination shot. We know it saved his life and we all had to be vaccinated to keep us from getting diphtheria.

Another severe illness came to our family. When Elaine was just a young girl starting in school, it was discovered that she had rheumatic fever. She was out of school for a year. We carried her around the house and she would sit for hours contenting herself, playing with her paper dolls.

Three of the children were married while living in this home: Gladys, Zola, and Maxine. It was while here that Lowell received his call to serve a mission in France.



Because most of my work seemed to be in Idaho Falls, we decided to make another move in October of 1941. We became members of the Idaho Falls Third Ward, Idaho Falls Stake.

My son-in-law, Neil Bradley became my partner in the contracting business. We built numerous homes in the vicinity of 13th and 14th Streets in Idaho Falls, as well as the Sixth Ward Chapel, and the South Idaho Falls Stake House.

In June of 1956 upon completion of this last building, Neil's family, my wife and I, and Evelyn received a labor mission call to New Zealand to help build the Church College Project and the new temple there. We left our home on West 13th Street and spent the next two years in this far off land.

The building missionaries also acted as guides for those who came to view this project. This gave me a wonderful opportunity



12 James and Effie in their last home in Idaho Falls, Id.

to preach the Gospel and give copies of The Book of Mormon to many people. The Maori people were wonderful with very warm and loving hearts. We learned much about their character while teaching them the building trade. I had a crew of seven or eight Maori, Samoan or English labor missionaries to whom I taught the building trade. I worked hard and toward the last worked almost night and day to get the temple finished on time. It was a wonderful experience to be there when it was dedicated by President David O. McKay.

Every Thursday evening was family night at the project. Two hundred people would gather at Ki Hall and the program was presented by the missionaries and their families. The talent was tremendous and we really enjoyed those evenings.

Even though I was 72 years old, I never missed a days work and I was blessed to accomplish this mission. Since my wife's health was poor, I felt that we were greatly blessed to go there and return home.

In 1972, Neil made a trip back to Samoa for the church and learned that Nehrew Soloai, one of the Samoan labor missionaries, had named one of his children Yancey Soloai.



One year later on October 6, 1958, Effie and I celebrated our "Golden Wedding Anniversary" at our home in Idaho Falls. All six of our children were present with the Wedding exception of Maxine who was in England and Edythe who was still in New Zealand. An open house was held and friends came to express their warm wishes and congratulations.

To our sons and daughters, we want to say: "We have forgotten the many sleepless nights spent when you were babes and sick, so when you pass this way take a firm grip on your responsibilities and do a little better than your father and mother—you have had better opportunities than we. The Lord has not only given you one talent, he has given you many and when He comes to reckon with you, we trust you have more than doubled your talents. You will never know how much we appreciated your obedience to us and we can say you have honored your father and mother and we trust that you may never contaminate yourselves with the sins of the world and if you do this, you shall live long and Heaven's blessings will smile upon you."

Picture of girls at right.

James and Effie were blessed with eight children: Gladys Y. Buchanan, Evelyn Yancey, Zola Y. Ricks, Lowell James Yancey, Maxine Elva Y. Stone, Edythe Alice Y. Bradley, Emma Elaine Y. Searle and Harold C. Yancey.

All have been active and stalwart in the church.



13 Children and spouses of James + Effie when they attended the 50th wedding celebration of their Uncle Leslie and Aunt Dorothy Stone, in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Utah Hotel in Salt Lake City, Utah



James & Effie

Effie suffered severe headaches for many years. When aspirin came on the market, they helped and she was grateful. On August 4, 1959, at the age of 74, she passed away at our home in Idaho Falls. Her quiet, friendly dignity—willingly giving service to all about her along with her sincere testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ have marked her life and have endeared her to all. At the time of her death there were fourteen grandchildren.

Just two months later on October 9, 1959, at the age of 75, James Henry Yancey passed away. He had gone hunting with Ardell Watts just prior to this in the hills of the Salmon River country and had gathered a lot of wild blueberries. Edythe said she would bake pies if he would come to

dinner the next day. When he had not been seen she drove into town to check and found him “asleep” in bed. This was truly a fulfillment of his Patriarchal Blessing that he would live until his hair was as white as the driven snow, and then be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

James worked ‘til the day he died and always had a brisk bounce to his step. He was a lover of the scriptures, and his advice was always “to build buildings as you build your life—plumb, level, and square, the best you know how. Build them solidly and always give full dollar value.” He loved to read good books and always had them in the home. He attended tithing settlement regularly and was always listed as a full tithe payer and gave freely of his means to support the Church.

“Carry on” is a familiar phrase taken from the text of a hymn written by Ruth May Fox many years ago, a musical rallying cry filled with joy and determination. Its opening line and sometimes title, “Firm as the mountains around us”! Its bold declaration—”Stalwart and brave we stand”! Where? “On the rock our fathers planted For us in this goodly land—The rock of honor and virtue, Of faith in the living God. ...Carry on, carry on, carry on!”

So many hymns, like so many scriptures, could be cited to underscore the qualities and cast light upon the strengths of James Henry Yancey but perhaps this one gives the essence of his constancy and service and faith. Let it be an anchor to us all and may his posterity, through all generations to come, look back with appreciation to his life and with resolution to follow his example.

New Zealand, Sept. 13-1959

Dear Zola Tarone & Children,

I started a letter the other night
company come and I didn't get
it done, its Friday night just been
to town with neighbors got supplies
to last another week, the last few days
dry and warm there are a few fruit
trees here and they are in blossom
So I guess it is spring we will
soon be working nine hours a day
this job is a long way from being
done yet another 6 weeks and the
School and Dorms will be ready
and another 4 weeks ^{from now} we will go up
on the temple, they starting make
houses to make room for School
teachers the school starts in Feb
they will have to have about 20 teachers
from the states so that will make
it about like home. The Head man
for the schools come about 10 days
ago he has 4 children they are nice
people. live right by us, so baby I
can brush again them and get

a little of that college dust that I
missed a bout 60 years ago
Bill Tarone I should be doing
fishing in about month the
season openings the first part
of October however will be
to busy to do much until after
the Dedication, when you go
to Palasade if you see a cog
cabin site, by it for ^{me} will send
you the money, if I ever get
this job done I will take a whole
week off. Well you will soon be
digging Spuds. Hope the price will
make it worth while to the Farmers
Mom was down with flu for week her
back & neck along with head aches, kept
her down she is feeling pretty good
now went to town to buy ^{it} I
guess I was the only one that
missed being sick the rest of family
and myn and feeling O.K. what news
there is here dose short interest you
so will close, Wishing all the best
of everything, will see you later, Love
Dad & Mom,

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

August 5, 1959.

Mr. James H. Yancey and family
223 West 13th Street,
Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Dear Brother Yancey:

We are extremely sorry to learn of the passing of Sister Yancey and on behalf of the Building Committee and particularly the labor missionary program of the Church, we extend our sympathy and condolences.

The service which Sister Yancey performed as a companion labor missionary to you was inestimable. She was always loyal and devoted to the cause for which she went to far away New Zealand. She not only stood at your side as husband and as a labor missionary, but also gave encouragement to your daughter Evelyn, who fulfilled a marvelous labor mission. She also stood at the side of her son-in-law and his wife, your daughter, whose contribution to the labor missionary program in New Zealand was invaluable. Here we have an instance of a father, mother, two daughters and a son-in-law giving freely of time, service and sinew to the building of the New Zealand Temple, the Church College of New Zealand and companion buildings. You witnessed the fruits of your labors from the ground breaking to the dedication of the temple and school. You were among the privileged to attend the dedication of the temple and to hear and witness the historical dedicatory prayer of the Prophet of the Lord. We are confident that your family would not have been in the isles of the sea and serving as labor missionaries had it not been for the complete devotion and faithfulness of a devoted wife, mother and mother-in-law, who had, from her early infancy, pledged herself to a faithful life in bearing witness to the truths of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ and the complete consecration and dedication of her life to the cause which served as a guiding influence in the lives of her family.

God bless you and your family Brother Yancey, that in the absence of Sister Yancey your hearts and souls may be filled with complete satisfaction and contentment with the assurance of being reunited again through the great cause and saving power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. May the memory of Sister Yancey's singular life of devotion and faithfulness, continue to be an influence in your lives and all whom she has associated with, we humbly pray,



Sincerely your brethren,

W.B. Mendenhall
W.B. Mendenhall, Chairman

New Zealand 1957

HUSBAND James Henry Yancey

Birth 24 July 1884
Place Chesterfield Idaho
Chr.
Married 8 October 1908
Place Salt Lake Temple
Death 9 October 1959 Idaho Falls Idaho
Burial 12 October 1959 Fielding Memorial Cemetery
Father Adam Yancey
Mother Alice Tolman



WIFE Effie Jane Cobbley

Birth 14 March 1885
Place Pleasant Grove Utah
Chr.
Death 4 August 1959 Idaho Falls Idaho
Burial 7 August 1959 Fielding Memorial Cemetery
Father James Cobbley
Mother Emma Thorne
Where was information obtained?
Date of arrival
*List complete maiden name for all females.



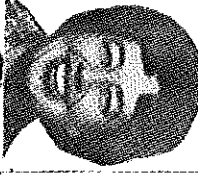
1st Child Gladys Yancey Buchanan
Birth 30 October 1909
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to Var Osmond Buchanan
Married 23 January 1936 Salt Lake Temple
Place Salt Lake City Utah



6th Child Edythe Alice Yancey Bradley
Birth 28 October 1919
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to John Neil Bradley
Married 6 January 1943 Salt Lake Temple
Place Salt Lake City Utah



2nd Child Evelyn Yancey
Birth 10 August 1911
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to unmarried
Place



7th Child Emma Elaine Yancey Searle
Birth 15 October 1922
Place Blackfoot Idaho
Married to Earl Joseph Searle
Married 24 March 1943 Salt Lake Temple
Place Salt Lake City Utah



3rd Child Zola Yancey Ricks
Birth 22 November 1913
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to Orin Lawrence Ricks
Married 14 February 1940 Salt Lake Temple
Place Salt Lake City Utah



8th Child Harold "C" Yancey
Birth 8 June 1926
Place Blackfoot Idaho
Married to Ruth Leine Orne
Married 23 March 1951 Idaho Falls Temple
Place Idaho Falls Idaho



4th Child Lowell James Yancey
Birth 17 June 1916
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to Iretta File *
Married 12 March 1943
Place Mesa Arizona Temple



* Lowell Yancey Married
Florence Woolley Musser
Sept. 13, 1975.



5th Child Maxine Elva Yancey Stone
Birth 13 March 1918
Place Groveland Idaho
Married to Max David Stone
Married 11 January 1939 Salt Lake Temple
Place Salt Lake City Utah

