HISTORY OF JOSEPH LONGHURST SR.

by his eldest daughter, Lydia Lovina Longhurst Lee


Joseph Longhurst

Joseph Longhurst was born September 5, 1862 at Deptford, Kent County, England, the eighth child of William Henry and Ann Preston Longhurst. His parents embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in their early married life. His mother was disowned by her parents when she joined the Mormon Church.

When Joseph was 2 years old the family left England (June 21, 1864), sailing on the ship "Hudson" with a total of 900 Saints for America. A Mr. Pardo with several other men, tried to prevent the sailing of this company. He followed them in a tug boat down the river Thames to the English Channel. He was unable to overtake them, however, and so gave up the chase.

During the trip to America the food was rationed and each family cooked its own on board the ship. After a few weeks at sea measles broke out among the children. Many deaths resulted and the dead were buried at sea. Joseph had the disease very severely, but through faith and prayer was healed. It is said that during his illness his mother kept him hidden from the ship's authorities for fear that they would want to throw him overboard, as when there was sickness and death on a ship the sharks would follow it causing much danger.

A terrible storm came up while they were crossing the ocean. Part of the ship's rigging was torn away, but no lives were lost..

At this time the Civil War was in progress. The "Hudson" was stopped while still about a week out of New York by Confederate sailors. After satisfying themselves that this was not an enemy ship it was allowed to go on. They arrived in New York six weeks and three days after leaving London.

Upon arrival the saints were directed to railroad cars to carry them to the frontier. Two companies were formed. Travel was slow because bridges and railroad tracks were torn out by opposing armies. At St. Joseph, Missouri they were placed on a Missouri River boat which carried them to Wyoming, Nebraska. At this place they spent two weeks in preparation for the journey across the plains, loading wagons with freight of 900 people. It required 120 wagons and

from two to four yoke of cattle for each. Finally one train of 60 wagons was ready to start with Captain Hyde in charge. The Longhurst family was in this company. On account of Indian danger they waited for another company to overtake them. They arrived in Salt Lake City at the 8th Ward Square where the City and County Building now stands, on November 2, 1864, just 5 months and 1 day after leaving England.

The first winter they had a very hard time as provisions were very expensive; for example - flour was $26.00 per hundred, and sugar 25c per pound, tea $5.00 a pound. In the spring of 1865 the family moved to Bountiful, Utah where they lived until 1870. Their next home was in Woodruff, Utah where on Dec 11, 1873 the mother died leaving a family of 10 children. (Amelia and Clara were married, however).

In the meantime Joseph's sister, Marintha, married and moved to Garden City. Joseph spent much of his time living there and working out wherever he could find work. While he was in this part of the country he met Lydia Bennett. They were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House. After their marriage they continued to live with his sister for a while.

The first home purchased by Lydia and Joseph was in the small town of Swan Creek, where they lived until the fall of 1884. It was November when Joseph and Lydia and baby daughter, Lovina, and his brother George, moved to Iona, Idaho. At this time the land was still in its native state, with sagebrush as far as the eye could see. There were also many not-too-friendly Indians to contend with. Their first house was a small one made of cottonwood trees, with a dirt floor and roof. All the supplies they had for the winter were brought with them in the covered wagon. They had a cow, a pig, a few chickens, and a small team. They also had $14.00 to do them.

The next year Joseph started the work of clearing the land of his homestead with the only implements he had-a hand plow and a harrow he made himself. The harrow was a triangular shape with the poles and harrow teeth nailed crosswise. He was able to clear a small piece of ground in which he planted a garden and some grain. They made a ditch and took water from Little Sand Creek to irrigate their first crop. Timber was hauled from the mountains to be used in improving the place and for fencing. As time went on, more land was cleared and more crops planted.

After living here a few years his father came to live with them for a while. He was a good carpenter and helped Joseph build a good two room log house which was one of the finest houses in this section of the country. He also made some furniture—a cupboard, tables, flour bin, wood box, writing desk, etc. which

were a real help. A few years later the father died at the home of another son, Charles.

Nine years had gone by since their marriage, years of living the religion they loved, attending all duties, helping neighbors in sickness or trouble, feeding strangers, and being kind to the Indians. Joseph and Lydia were loved and respected by all who knew them. They had five children: Lydia, Nora, Joseph Jr., Sarah and Alverda. Things were going well, they had a good home, a hundred and sixty acre homestead with about sixty acres cleared when he took sick.

Doctors in nearby Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls) not being able to handle his case, he went to Salt Lake City. Dr. Semar [Seymore?] B. Young doctored him at his sister Amelia's home. At the end of six months he was no better so his wife was sent for. She took the baby, Alverda and the next youngest child, Sarah, with her. The three other children were cared for by relatives near home.

During the year preceding his death he had five operations. (This number varies from 5 to 7 to 9 in the various accounts, which is hard to say at this point.—G.B.S.) His nephew, Ambrose Rounds, acted as his nurse, and they were very dear to each other. They had many talks concerning this life and the hereafter. Everyone knew he couldn't get well as he was afflicted with cancer, so Ambrose asked him if there was a chance after death to come back and let him know if there was a God and a heaven. The night of his passing he suffered great pain. Suddenly the pain left and he seemed calm and easy. Looking up at Ambrose he said, "Ambrose, you will not have to wait for me to come back to tell you of God and heaven. I can see the spirit world, it is so beautiful words cannot describe it." In telling him about it he exhorted him to live worthy so he could go there. His last words were, "I see Father and Mother, they have come for me." He died April 2, 1893, in Salt Lake City, Utah and was brought home to Iona and buried in the cemetery there.

(This history was taken from an account written by the eldest child of Joseph and Lydia Bennett Longhurst, Lydia Lovina Longhurst Lee)

HISTORY OF JOSEPH LONGHURST

As told by his daughter, Nora L. Nielsen

William Henry and his wife, Ann (and family of older children) joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in England in their young married life. Ann was disowned by her people for this. They came to America on the ship Hudson, a church sponsored ship, bringing their family with them. Of their ten children, only two were born in Utah. The rest of the family were born in England. Joseph was two years old when they came to America. As this is his story and the earliest that is known of him, we want to start here.

They crossed the plains in a covered wagon, walking a lot of the way. They hired another man to haul the heavy things, They arrived in Salt Lake City in 1864. After living in Utah for twenty years, and with most of the family grown, and opportunities scarce in Salt Lake Valley, they decided to visit the Snake River Valley of which they had heard so much. They were searching for a new home. The father, William H., and his sons, Joseph, George and Charles came first and made entry on a section of land between where the Lincoln Sugar Factory now stands and the town of Iona, in the spring of 1884. They all went back to Utah for their families and belongings.

Joseph was the first one to return to his new home that same fall in the month of November. With him was his wife, Lydia and small daughter Lovina and his brother, George, who was unmarried at that time. The first winter they lived in a small one room log house with a dirt roof and dirt floor situated on the bank of the Big Sand Creek. This is near the site where the sugar factory now stands. The country was then in its native state with sage brush and some patches of wild hay as far as one could see in any direction. They had many hardships. The most difficult one being their extreme poverty. They had only $14.00 to last them through that first winter.

The Indians were very numerous and often got on the warpath. When this happened, the scattered settlers were called into the town of Eagle Rock for safety. There were no roads and no bridges across the natural streams. The water was deep and they had to ford the streams to get across them. Their closest neighbors were Joseph Mulliner and family, who was two miles away and also Rufus Norton and family, about three miles northeast of them.

Close to this small cabin a natural Indian path or trail passed on which large bands of Indians would travel, back and forth from the reservation to the hills. They went by horseback or on foot. When they would reach the cabin, they would build camp fires, put on their feathers, whoop and holler and do their war

dances. This frightened Lydia very much. Her husband, Joseph, spent much of the time helping to bring the irrigation water to the new ground. They were working to build the great feeders to head the waters into canals, which also had to be built to water the thirsty land.

When Lydia was alone and could see a band of Indians coming, she would hang a quilt over the small window, bolt the door and be sure her baby did not cry, so the Indians would think she was not at home. Many times she would carry her baby across Big Sand Creek on two poles that would sway until they would sink into the water when she was crossing them on her way to the Mulliners. She often went to this friendly neighbor to spend the night. All this happened the first spring they were here. She often said she wasn't afraid of falling into the water, as she was a good swimmer and was much more frightened of the Indians. The Indians were very hostile over the settlers putting up fences and thus cutting off their trails to their summer camps in the hills.

Joseph and George earned some money working with their small team, building canals to take water from the Snake River to irrigate that part of the country. Joseph and Lydia had a second daughter born to them that spring. This was Nora, and she was the first white child born in what is now Lincoln.

The acres were cleared with a harrow made of poles nailed together in a triangle shape with harrow teeth inserted. The ground was hand plowed, the grain hand sown, and then harrowed in. A garden was also planted this first spring. A ditch was made to take water from the Little Sand Creek to irrigate with. (It is said that 10 acres were cleared the first year). Timber was hauled from the mountains to build on the site where the home of Nora and Chris Nielsen now stands. They also used poles to improve the place and build new fences. After fences were built the Indians had to use the new roads the settlers had made instead of their old trails. This was the reason for their anger at the settlers.

One day the Indians came and demanded food of Lydia. This was a common habit of theirs and the family supplies soon became depleted. This particular day Lydia saw then coming from afar and she placed the stove poker into the fire and got it red hot. When they demanded food and she refused, they threatened to take the baby. She drew the hot poker from the fire and told them she would put out the eyes of the first one of them to lay a hand on her baby. They left when they realized she would do just that.

Joseph attended the first Latter Day Saint meeting held in this valley. This was at the Rufus Norton place. The authorities from Salt Lake were in attendance. They used the tongue of a wagon to stand on while speaking to the pioneers. A monument now stands at that site.

Each year more ground was cleared and planted until it was all under cultivation and fenced. George Longhurst filed on a quarter section just north of Joseph's place. Soon after this, Charley's family, and father, William H., came to Idaho to live and he filed on a section of land east of Joseph's place. Charley was a good violinist and played for all the dances and entertainments. He also led the Iona Choir for years. The father, William H., lived with all the boys in turns. While at their places, he made many pieces of nice furniture, as he was a very good carpenter. He passed away on 17 May, 1890, while living with Charley's family.

Joseph was only permitted to live for nine years after coming to Idaho. During this time he was always active in the church, especially to MIA. He would gather all his neighbors and friends in a wagon and take them to church.

Now, besides the two little girls Lovina and Nora, three more children were born to them: Joseph Jr., Sarah, and Alverda.

Due to an injury he received from the handle of the slip scraper he was using to help on the building of the canals, he was permanently bruised and this wound did not heal and later turned to cancer. He wouldn't leave his wife and go to Salt Lake to a doctor until after the birth of his youngest daughter. While receiving medical attention in Salt Lake, he stayed at the home of his sister, Amelia. He and her son, Ambrose, became fast friends. He told Ambrose that he could go to Idaho and take a pick of two of his best horses.

They often discussed whether or not there was a hereafter. The one to depart this life first was to return and tell the other. Before Joseph died he said, "I won't have to come back to tell you that just as sure as you are alive today, there is a hereafter, I have seen it".

Lydia was at his side much of the time and the older children stayed with George and Charley. Their farm was rented out. About a year after his death, Ambrose, his nephew, who was an active member of the church and a good singer, came to Idaho, bringing his mother, two brothers and a sister.

He came for the horses and stayed and ran the farm. Sometime later, -- about 2 1/2 years -- he and Lydia were married in the Logan Temple. They had four children: Hazel, Ambrose jr., Alice and Vera.

The family thought the medical expenses of Joseph's illness would take all they had and were feeling quite well off when the two doctors settled for 20 acres of the farm.

JOSEPH LONGHURST

Note: I feel it would be appropriate to add just a little more information about Joseph. He was the eighth child and fifth son of William Henry Longhurst and Ann Preston. He was born 5 Sept. 1862, at St. Nicholas, Deptford, Kent, England. He was less than 2 years old when they came to America. Measles broke out on the ship, many died and were buried at sea. Joseph had them severely, but through faith and prayer was, healed. It is said that during his illness his mother kept him hidden from their ship's authorities for fear they would want to throw him overboard, as when there was sickness and death on a ship, the sharks would follow it, causing much danger.

He met and married Lydia Bennett, while living in Garden City, Utah. They lived with Marintha and George for a while, then purchased a home in Swan Creek where they lived until they moved to Idaho in Nov. of 1884. He died 2 April 1893, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and was buried in Iona, Idaho. { G.B. Smith, 1985}

Nora Longhurst Nielsen still lives on the land left by her father, Joseph. Joseph died so young and not much has been written about him, so we are grateful to Nora for her sharp mind and keen memory. We see by what can be recalled that he was a noble and righteous man.

In 1972, Nora told about her grandmother, Ann Preston. She was the first person to sing the hymn "Oh, Ye Mountains High". It was penned by Chas. W. Penrose. He had anticipated being released from his mission in England to return to his beloved Utah. When he wasn't released, he became very homesick and wrote the song. She sang it at the London Conference.

It is said by family tradition that Richard Preston was a believer in "Free Love". This was Ann's father. He never joined the church.

HISTORY OF LYDIA BENNETT LONGHURST

As related by her daughter Nora to others
and with some additional information



David and Mary Garnett Bennett, natives of Yorkshire, England, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter- Day Saints in March of 1853, less than two years after they were married. Their son, Charles, died as an infant. They had another son, John Brigham, born March 7, 1854, about a year after they joined the church. They came to America when he was about six months old, and settled in St. Louis, Missouri for a few years. It was on Jan. 3, 1875 that their daughter Charlotte Anne, was born. She lived only about six months. Another daughter, Mary, was born June 25, 1858 also in St. Louis. She died at about age two. On Jan. 10, 1861, while still living in St. Louis, a son, David, was born.

Sometime between then and Apr. 10, 1863, when Lydia was born, they moved to Smithfield, Cache Co., Utah. They lived there only a short time -- until 1864, before moving to Bloomington, Bear Lake Co., Utah, where the rest of the family were born. They are: Sarah Elizabeth, Jane Ann Garnett, Annie Lovina, and Elizabeth.

Lydia was the oldest girl and third child to live past infancy. She wasn't quite 10 years old when her mother died, Jan. 29,1873, and just past 12 when her father died, June 3, 1875.

Since she was the oldest girl, much responsibility fell on her. Her father did all he could to keep the family together and care for them after his wife died, with the exception of Elizabeth, who was only three weeks old. After going from house to house, asking people if they would care for her, he found a couple by the name of Nels & Annie Mickleson, who cared for and loved her as their own.. However, 2 1/2 years later, when her father died, her brother John, who was then 21, was the sole support and guardian of the family.

It wasn't long-Nov. 15, 1875-until John married Elizabeth Stevens and they continued to care for the family. In about 1878, he moved to Garden City and in the fall of 1882, to Arizona. He took part of the family with him. (Some accounts say it was Jane Ann and Annie Lovina, others say Annie and David -- I'm

inclined to think it was the later, since his story says he returned to Vernal and was welcomed by his sister Jane and her husband Richard Pope). The other girls stayed behind and found work to support themselves.

Let's go back a bit-It seems that it was soon after the death of their father that it was decided that Elizabeth should go to Smithfield to live with her uncle William Garnett and wife Jemima, who had no children. Jemima died when Elizabeth was seven years old, so John brought her sister, Lydia, who was seventeen years old, to keep house and help take care of them. This was about 1880. The next year he came to get them and take them home, as he wanted to keep the family together. However, as previously mentioned, he moved to Arizona in the fall of 1882.

It was likely between 1880 and 1882, when she married Joseph Longhurst, that she found work to support herself, probably doing housework. This is supposition, however, as there are no specific incidents mentioned.

She was about 19 1/2 when she married Joseph Longhurst, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 9, 1882. For about the first year they lived in Garden City, Utah, with Joseph's sister, Marintha Whittington. While they were there, a daughter, Lydia Lovina, was born, Oct. 18, 1883.

They purchased a home in Swan Creek and lived there a short time. But opportunities were scarce in Utah, so Joseph, his father Wm. H, and brothers George and Charles, rode horseback to Idaho to visit the Snake River Valley that they had heard so much about. This was in the spring of 1884. They made entry on a section of land between where the Lincoln sugar factory now stands and the town of Iona. They all went back to Utah for their families and belongings. Joseph, the first to return, came to his new home in Nov. of 1884, with his wife Lydia, and small daughter Lovina. His brother George, who was unmarried at the time, came with him. This area was called Eagle Rock Valley.

They brought all their possessions in a covered wagon. They had a little pig in one box and a few chickens in another. These boxes were nailed to the outside of the wagon and a cow was led behind. The wagon was pulled by a small team of horses. We don't know how long it took to make the trips.

There were only five or six families in the valley at the time, and they were miles apart. The first winter they lived in a small one-room log house with a dirt floor and roof, built on the bank of Big Sand Creek, near where the sugar factory now stands. Their closest neighbors were the Joseph Mulliner family, who lived one and a half or two miles away and the Rufus Norton family about three miles northeast of them.

The country was, of course, still in its native state with sage brush and some patches of wild hay as for as one could see in any direction. And of course, the Indians. Lydia used to say that all she could see was sage brush and Indians, and they were numerous. There were no roads and no bridges across the natural streams. The water was deep and they had to ford the streams to get across them.

They had many hardships, the most difficult being their extreme poverty. They had only $14.00 to last them through the first winter. As was previously mentioned, the Indians were numerous , and they often got on the warpath. When this happened, the scattered settlers were called into town (Eagle Rock) for safety.

Close to their small cabin was a natural Indian path or trail on which large bands of Indians would travel back and forth between the reservation and the hills. They went by horseback or on foot. When they would reach the cabin, they would build camp fires, put on their feathers and whoop and holler and do their war dances. The Indians had a habit of begging for food- actually demanding it- and Lydia had given so many times that they hardly had any for themselves. One day she saw them coming in the distance and decided to try to get rid of them without the usual handout. She hurriedly put the stove poker into the fire and got it red hot. When they demanded food and she refused, they threatened to take her baby. She drew the hot poker from the fire and told then she would put the eyes out of the first one to lay a hand on her baby. They left when they realized she would do just that.

Her husband, Joseph, spent much of the time, along with the rest of the men of the valley, digging canals and building the great feeders to head the water into the canals, so they could water the thirsty land they had cleared of sagebrush.

During this time, Lydia was alone some of the time for several nights at a time. Often when night came, she would take her baby and walk to the nearest neighbors, the Mulliners, to spend the night. She had to cross Sand Creek on two little poles that would bend down in the water as she stepped on them, but on she went with her baby in her arms. She said she wasn't afraid of falling into the water, because she was a good swimmer, but she was more afraid of the Indians. They were very hostile over the settlers putting up fences which cut off their trails to their summer camps in the hills.

When she was alone and could see a band of Indians coming, she would hang a quilt over the window, bolt the door and make sure her baby didn't cry so the Indians would think she wasn't home.

They had cleared ten acres with a harrow made of poles nailed together in a triangle shape, with harrow teeth inserted. The ground was hand-plowed, the grain hand sown, then harrowed in. A garden was also planted this first spring. A ditch was made to take the water from Little Sand Creek to irrigate with.

On May 28, 1885, their second child, another daughter, Nora, was born. She was the first white child born in what is now known as Lincoln.

Timber was hauled from the mountains to build a new log house on their own homestead. This was done the next summer, and was extra good, as it had a floor in it. They lived in this house about four years, during which time the third child arrived- a boy -- Joseph Jr., born June 24, 1887. The new home was built on the site where the home of Nora and Chris Nielsen now is.

About this time grandfather Longhurst, a widower of several years, came to live with his sons, Joseph, Charles and George. He was a good carpenter, so helped them to build on another room. He also built several pieces of furniture. The house was completed in time for the arrival of the fourth child, Sarah, on Feb. 3, 1890. Their house was now among the best in the valley. They were a happy family, busy and cheerful and active in the Church.

The first L.D.S. meeting held in the valley was at the home of Rufus Norton. The authorities from Salt Lake were there and organized a branch of the church. They used the wagon tongue to stand on while speaking to the pioneers. Joseph and perhaps his family attended this meeting. A monument now stands at the site. A school also came into existence.

Each year more ground was cleared and put into crops. While doing this, or it is said, working with a slip scraper on the canals, Joseph was injured in the groin by the handle of a scraper. It is said he was operated on seven times at home. (This probably means in Eagle Rock). His condition became malignant and he was taken to Salt Lake City to the hospital there. He wouldn't go until after the birth of their fifth child, Alverda, on May 18, 1892.

It is not clear whether he had medical attention, operations, in Idaho, or if he just became seriously ill and went to Salt Lake City to get it. In any case he spent some time- we don't know how much-with his sister, Amelia, who lived near the temple, and helped take care of him. We know that during the eleven months he was in Salt Lake he suffered a great deal. (I believe it was more like ten months).

When Alverda was about six months old, Lydia took her and Nora, who was about seven and a half years old, and, accompanied by Charles, went on the train to Salt Lake City to be with her husband. The others stayed with George and

Charlie's families. Later, Charles took the other children down because their father was so ill and wasn't expected to live. According to Lovina's history, this was at Christmas time. It has also been said that it was the two babies she took with her, but it doesn't really matter since the important thing is that she went to be near her husband during his illness and suffering. After eleven months, he passed away 2 April 1893, in Salt Lake City, the victim of cancer, age 30 years 6 months and 28 days. It was less than nine years after their arrival in Idaho.

Joseph's death was 4 days prior to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and though this fact has been mentioned, there is no written account that I know of, stating that Lydia attended the dedication, but I tend to think she probably did.

Their farm had been rented out so after Lydia returned home, following Joseph's death, she and the children lived in two rooms of Charlie's house and he looked after them and their cows. She took in washings and worked whenever she could. Nora seems to have stayed with George and his family even after her mother remarried.

While Joseph was in Salt Lake, he became very good friends with Amelia's son Ambrose, who is said to have been his nurse, and told him he could go to Idaho and pick two of his best horses for himself. About a year after Joseph's death, Ambrose came for the horses, then stayed and ran the farm. On Nov. 6, 1895, Lydia married him in the Logan Temple.

Joseph's medical expenses were high, and the family thought the Drs. would take all they had and were feeling quite well off when the two Drs. settled for 20 acres of the farm.

To Lydia and Ambrose Rounds were born four children: Hazel, 31 July 1896; Ambrose Edmund Jr., 15 Mar 1899; Alice May, 14 Mar 1900; and Vera Ardella, 15 Jan. 1902.

Times were very hard and it was a struggle to support their family. Nevertheless, Ambrose was called to fill a mission to Australia. Brave Lydia and her small children ran the farm. Her oldest boy, Joseph Jr., was just 14 years old, but the Lord helped them through and Ambrose was able to complete his mission.

It's not known just when, but Lydia's health began to fail and she suffered a paralytic stroke. She lived seven years a cripple, unable to lift her left arm or leg. She often felt sorry for herself in her affliction. Then she had a vision of having promised to do this in the pre-existence, and said, "I'm sure doing a poor job of it." She then started changing and stopped feeling sorry for herself. She

could sew without guiding the material and made many quilt tops with the treadle machine, using one good foot and one good hand.

Lydia was a beautiful woman with lots of real dark hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion. They say that her hair was so heavy that she couldn't hold her head up straight, and it gave her a headache, so she would part it off and cut out a layer, leave a layer, and cut out another, etc., to lighten the weight. She likely was not a tall person, as her children were on the shorter side.

She died at her home in Iona, Idaho, Oct. 20, 1917, at the age of 54 years 6 months and 10 days. She is buried in the Iona cemetery beside her husband, Joseph Longhurst. Her life was courageous, honorable, and worthy. Her children all remember her as a wonderful mother and a good friend to everyone. Surely her reward will be great.

Surviving her were her husband, Ambrose E. Rounds and all of her children, which include Lovina, Nora, Joseph Jr., Sarah and Alverda Longhurst; Hazel, Ambrose Jr., Alice and Vera Rounds.

Much of this material was related to her grand daughters, Helen Bloxham and Ornealo Lee in 1968, by Nora, and elaborated on with more detail by Elmer Rounds, when he visited Nora in 1970. Clarification of dates and some additional information has been added by another grand daughter, Genevieve Smith and written as is by her June 14, 1978. A few more corrections have been made and more elaboration done by Genevieve Smith, April, 1985.

LIFE HISTORY OF LYDIA BENNETT

Lydia was born April 10, 1863, at Smithfield, Utah. She was the daughter of Mary Garnett and David Bennett. She was the oldest girl and third child to live past infancy. Her mother died when she was 8 years old, and her father died when she was 11. Lydia being the oldest girl, much of the responsibility fell on her. Her eldest brother, John, was able to take care of them and keep them together, except for the baby.

John married, and moved to Arizona. Lydia and Sarah did not go with him, but started to work to support themselves. Lydia was married when she was 18, on Oct 9, 1882 to Joseph Longhurst, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. They made their home for about a year with Marintha Whittington, Joseph's sister. Here, a daughter Lovina was born. They purchased a home in Swan Creek and lived there for a short time.

Then they came to Iona, Idaho, then called Eagle Rock Valley, in Nov 1884, to homestead. They settled on Sand Creek. They brought all their possessions in a covered wagon. They had a little pig in one box and a few chickens in another. These boxes were nailed tot he outside of the wagon. They led a cow behind. They had a small team of horses. There were only five or six families in the valley at the time and they were miles apart. Lydia used to say that all she could see was sagebrush and Indians, and they were numerous. She was very frightened of them.

One of the times that the Indians came begging for food, and she had given so many times to them that they hardly had any for themselves, she decided to get rid of them without the usual handout. She saw them coming in the distance so she hurriedly put the stove poker into the fire. When they came she refused them food. They said that they would take her baby then. She grabbed the poker, now red hot, and told them she would put out the eyes of the first one to lay a hand on her baby.

In the spring her husband went with the rest of the men of the valley to dig canals to bring water for irrigation purposes. This made it necessary for him to be gone away from home several nights at a time. When night came, she would take her baby and walk to the nearest neighbors, one and a half miles away. She had to cross Sand Creek on two little poles that would bend down into the water as she stepped on them, but she went and carried the baby. When she was not able to go she would hang a quilt up to the window so the Indians would not see a light. She didn't dare let the baby cry for fear the Indians would hear her.

The second baby arrived in May of that spring. This was Nora. They cleared some land and planted grain. It was sown by hand and harrowed in by a home-made harrow. They also planted a garden. Their pioneer life had many hardships.

The next summer they built a new one room log house on their own homestead. This was extra good, as it had a floor. They lived in their house about 4 years, during which time a third child arrived, a boy, Joseph Jr.

About this time grandfather came to live with his boys, one at a time, Joseph, Charles and George. Grandfather Longhurst was a carpenter, so he helped build another room. He also built several pieces of furniture. The house was completed by the time of the arrival of the forth child, Sarah. Their home was now among the best in the valley. They were a happy family, busy, cheerful, and active.

One of the Twelve Apostles came and organized a branch of the LDS Church. Joseph and Lydia were active in building the church and were active members. School also came into existence.

Now, into their home a shadow, as Joseph, Lydia's husband, became ill. He stayed at home just long enough for their fifth child to be born, Alvlerda. He then went to Salt Lake City to the doctor. He w as a victim of cancer and was never able to re turn to his home again, as he had to have many operations. Joseph's oldest sister, Amelia Rounds lived in Salt Lake and helped care for him.

He and Amelia's son, Ambrose, became fast friends. Having once discussed the probability of a hereafter, each promised the other they would let the other one know when they knew for sure. Upon Joseph's death bed he told Ambrose, "Just as sure as you are here, Ambrose, there is a life after death, for I have seen it and if you live right, you may go there also."

Lydia took her two babies and went to his side during this illness. The other three children stayed with relatives. After 11 months Joseph passed away. It was just nine years after their arrival in Idaho. Lydia was now a widow with five small children to support. She rented the farm and took in washings and worked whenever she could.

In 1895 she was married to Ambrose Rounds in the Logan temple.

LIFE HISTORY OF LYDIA LOVINA LONGHURST LEE


Lydia Lovina Longhurst Lee

Lydia Lovina Longhurst was born 18 October 1883 at Garden City, Utah in her aunt Marintha Whittington's home. She was the oldest child of Joseph Longhurst and Lydia Bennett. Her parents lived with Joseph's sister Marintha for the first year after they were married. They then purchased a place of their own at Swan Creek where they lived for about a year.

When Lovina was one year old, they decided to take up a homestead in Idaho. They gathered up their little Lovina and the rest of their belongings, said goodbye to their friends and moved to Iona, Idaho (which was then called Eagle Rock Country). Joseph's brother, George, also chose to move with them and this made the trek much easier and more pleasant.

A small black team pulled the wagon, and their cow, Blackie, was led behind. A small crate of chickens, another with a pig, and a barrel of water were fastened onto the wagon. There were a few household goods to get them started. Cooking utensils consisted of two kettles, a fry pan and a tea kettle which were all made of iron. This left very little room for them to make their journey. Every time they stopped the animals would be turned loose to get food. Every little stream of water gave them a refill in their barrel, but often the water supply was very short for them and the animals. Blackie gave enough milk for all. Night time and camp were very welcome for the weary people and animals.

The whole country was in the native state and virtually untouched by man. There was sagebrush as far as the eye could see in every direction. Nevertheless, they were delighted when they arrived. Not far from their homestead was a little log cabin which they rented and here they spent the first winter. When weather permitted, her father and uncle George got out cottonwood logs which they used to build a little one-room cabin with a dirt floor and roof on their homestead.

Everyone worked long and hard to clear the sagebrush from enough land to plant a small garden and some grain. The ground was prepared with an old walking plow and a harrow made from three logs formed into a triangle with spikes driven into it. They sewed the grain by hand and then harrowed it in. Canals and irrigating ditches were made to get water onto the land. Timber was hauled from the mountains. Fencing had to be put in. All of this was done by hand with the help of their little team.

Sometimes her father would be gone for several days getting out timber and working on the canals, leaving her mother and her home alone. Her mother was afraid of the Indians and would often cross the stream on a log with Lovina in her arms and spend the night with neighbors.

Blackie the cow gave enough milk to furnish them with milk, cream and butter, and sometimes enough to share with others. Lovina remembered her mother saying she made 11 pounds of butter a week from her. In the summer, the food was kept under the house to keep it as cool as possible. Winters were hard and sometimes it would snow enough to cover the fence posts.

After a few years, her grandfather Longhurst came to live with them. He was a very good carpenter because his trade in England had been building ships. He helped Joseph build them a nice new two-room log house with a dirt roof and rough lumber floor. It was one of the best homes in the country. He also made several nice pieces of furniture. These included a cupboard, two tables, a flour bin, a writing box which was divided with compartments, fancy shelves, towel hangar, chests, wood box, and other handy trinkets. He also made many pieces of furniture for Charlie and Vilate.

By this time, more children had been added to the family, and would finally number 5; Lovina, Nora, Joseph Jr., Sarah, and Alverda. As soon as the children were old enough to help there were many things for them to do, and they were expected to help. Lovina spent many days herding cows and learned to know all of the flowers and all of the birds and where they nested.

She had a hobby of collecting Indian arrow heads and pretty rocks.

As she worked and played she always kept her eyes open to see if Indians were coming in their direction. One day when she and some cousins were playing, some Indians came riding by. She was so afraid that she couldn't move and the others ran off leaving her alone. The Indians attempted to take her, but her mother ran out and rescued her.

They were happy together improving their home and taming the country they were so proud of. Then her father became ill. The doctors in nearby Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls) were not able to handle his case so he went to Salt Lake City. Dr. Seymor B. Young was his main doctor. He stayed at the home of his sister, Amelia Rounds.

Her mother took care of the place and the children as best she could. When they determined how serious he was, he sent for his wife. She took her two smallest children, Sarah and Alverda with her, Alverda being only a few months old. Nora and Joseph went to stay with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Vilate and Lovina

stayed with Uncle George and Aunt Mary.

Joseph wanted to see his other children, so they were taken to Salt Lake City by train. This was at Christmas time. Lovina was about eight years old at the time. She said she would never forget how her father looked. He was so kind and loving to them and so happy to see them. She was very saddened to see him so sick.

Much to their delight, their Aunt Amelia and Uncle Charlie took them to see the bright lights. The children hung up their stockings Christmas Eve and awakened to find them filled with candy and nuts. Lovina got a doll which she thought was the most beautiful one she had ever seen.

The children returned again to stay with relatives. Her father did not get any better. During his illness, he had undergone five operations. He died of cancer April 2, 1893, and was taken back to Iona to be buried. Lovina was nine years old at the time.

Lovina writes the following about her father: "At different times in my life I have met people who knew father as a boy and young man. And never have I found one who did not speak very highly of him, which makes me feel very happy as he was a dear, dear daddy to me. As I remember him, he was very kind to his family. He was very kind and thoughtful of mother and always very loving to his children. He never allowed a cross word to be spoken by us children to mother or himself. He showed and commanded respect. He loved his neighbors and always helped them out in sickness or trouble. He had high ideals and looked forward to his children to reach high standards in life. He never used liquor or tobacco in any form. He was religious and attentive to his church duties. He was very proud of our homestead and had great hopes of a nice home there sometime, but it seemed like his work was not for this life . . . "

Lydia with her five children found it too much of a hardship to run the farm and it had to be rented out. They lived in one room of Uncle Charlie's home. Life was very hard for them and they had to work hard to help in every way they could. Her mother was a very good seamstress and took in sewing. For a Christmas present during this time her mother made each of the children a handkerchief.

Two years after the death of her husband, Lydia married Ambrose Edmund Rounds, who was a nephew of her late husband's. Through this union four more children were added to the family; Hazel, Ambrose Jr., Alice and Vera. The children all played together and loved each other dearly.

The strong testimonies of her parents were embedded in the children. Lovina's leadership abilities grew from the time she was 11 years old when she was secretary and teacher in Primary. This would continue throughout her life as she

magnified all of the callings she received.

Times were hard, as they had always been. They never had shoes in the summer and were glad for just any old shoes to wear in the winter. When the ground was covered with snow, they wore gunny sacks tied around their feet for overshoes. Her mother sewed all of their clothes and knitted their stockings and mittens.

They all had to work very hard on the farm. There was still much sagebrush to be cleared, as well as all other chores, and long hard hours were put in by all. As the land was made tillable, Pa, (as Lovina called her step father) planted beets and potatoes which required a lot of hard work to make a go of it. Ambrose was called on a mission to Australia, and they all worked hard to support him and take care of things while he was gone. After he returned, they also worked to earn money so that Blanche, a convert from his mission, could be brought here.

In the winter, when the weather was permissible, the children walked to school. In the spring and fall they had to stay at home and work so their schooling was very meager. They had to walk a long distance to get to school. Sometimes their long skirts would be wet and frozen from the cold. The school was a one-room building with 50 pupils and one teacher. (She also said that at one time in her life that she lived with aunt Sarah and uncle Jake Teeples and went to school, but I do not know at what time that was.)

Lovina said that Ambrose wanted all of the children to go by the name of Rounds. One day a bad storm came up in the wintertime when they were at school. Ambrose went to pick them up and asked for the Rounds children. Some of them did not respond to that.

As she grew a little older, her mother permitted her to go out to work for others part of the time when they could get along without her. She worked in the homes of expectant mothers and others who needed help. Her work consisted of taking care of the mother and new baby, all the children, doing the house work and cooking, and sometimes chores outside. Sometimes she would be so tired she could hardly move. For doing all this she received from $1.50 to $3.00 per week. It was from this money that she later purchased material to make her wedding dress.

One really nice lady took an interest in her and lent her the book "Little Women." She took it home and was reading it, but when her father found out, he made her take it back as he did not think she should be wasting time reading such trash.

Whenever their Pa would let them, Lovina, Nora and Sarah would go to a dance or party. They would ride side saddle on their horses. One night some drunks

chased them all the way home. It was frightening to have to ride so fast sideways. When one of the girls had a date, the others would go along and have a good time.

At a dance, she met a fine looking man by the name of John Ernest Lee. At a meeting at church one day he asked her for a date. The date was a ride in his fine buggy. How happy she was. Many times she had admired him and wished she could be the lucky girl. He was a returned missionary and had a pleasant disposition and many friends. He also had the fanciest horse and buggy around. Whenever possible they went on more dates. When Lovina, Nora and Sarah grew to young women, their Pa was not very willing to let the girls date. John had to help him with some of the farming to win him over. Sometimes he had to work for him for a day before he would let Lovina go out with him. They fell in love, and on March 4, 1908 were married in the Salt Lake Temple for time and eternity.

Her daughter Elizabeth writes: "I have my mother's wedding dress. I have displayed it a few times at art shows, etc. It is deteriorating, but I have taken steps to restore it some. It was also displayed by a lovely young lady at Ricks College at an art display for Mothers and Daughters Day.



John Ernest and Lydia Lovina Longhurst Lee

My mother told me that she paid five cents a yard for the material and it was trimmed with a beautifully hand-stitched pongee material. The pongee trim fit over the bodice of the dress. It has a beautiful trim that I can't determine if it is hand stitched or by machine. The workmanship is just beautiful. The button holes, buttons, and tucks are so neat. Mamma was just 17 inches around the waist---imagine that. In their young married years, it was used in some of their 3-act plays. The waist line was let out some."

For their honeymoon, John took her to Evanston, Wyoming to get acquainted with his family. While they were there, she woke up one morning very sick and within a short time was covered with small pox. The family had to be quarantined

in. What a humiliating experience for a new little bride.

John had to leave her with his mother so he could go to Iona to get the ground ready to plant. As soon as she was well enough, she joined her husband.

Their first home was in Iona, Idaho, but later, they took up a dry farm east of Iona. Their home on the dry farm was a one-room cottage 16 feet by 18 feet. It was here that their first four children were born; Ernest, Berneice, Lucille and George. When it came time for a baby to be delivered, she would spend a few days with a relative near Iona. They went through many hardships, sickness and trials. Some seasons were just too dry to produce crops. John would try to find work helping on other farms so that they could have just the very necessities of life.

During the harvest time on the farm the threshing crew would come and stay until the grain was harvested. One time it started to storm so she had to care for the crew as well as her family until it was over. Cooking and caring for so many people in the close quarters of her small home was difficult.

One day Lovina was taking some things to put in the cellar. Ernest was trying to open the door to the cellar for her. In the process, he lost his balance falling down the steps of the cellar onto a rock, cutting and hurting his leg. Every day, his papa would change the bandage, but he kept complaining. After about 10 days, he started limping badly, so his papa took him to the doctor in Idaho Falls. The infection had gone into his bone. The doctor said that he had gangrene in the marrow of the bone. He was hospitalized. The hospital was a dinky little one and Ernest's room was at the end of the hospital, a little dingy room with no windows. His father stayed with Ernest and Lovina stayed home to take care of the little ones; Berneice was three at the time and Lucille was ten months.

The doctor used what skill he had to treat Ernest. He cut his leg above and below where he thought the gangrene was in the bone. Every morning he would come and pull some sterilized gauze through the bone. This was so painful for Ernest that when he knew that the doctor had come into the hospital and it was time for another treatment, he would start screaming.

After about three weeks, the doctor said there was nothing more he could do and that it would be best to take him to Salt Lake City to the hospital. This was the very beginning of Primary Children's Hospital and was just in a small home. John and Lovina left their two little girls with relatives and left for Salt Lake City with their small son. We know that Lucille stayed with Aunt Sarah and Uncle Sam because they always called her their first baby and they weaned her while her parents were with Ernest, but we are not sure whether Berneice stayed here as well or with another family.

The doctor said if he could have seen Ernest from the start he could have helped him. They decided that they had to cut off the leg. Harriet Lee who was a cousin of John's was a nurse in the hospital at the time, and she related to Lucille how Ernest begged for them not to cut off his leg and when he woke up to find his leg gone that he really cried. With the first amputation, his leg was taken off at the knee, but when this did not stop the infection, more had to be taken off. We think this was probably between the knee and the hip. Even this did not stop the gangrene from spreading through the bone, so they finally amputated it at the hip joint. How difficult this must have been for his parents who remained by his side endlessly. Berneice expressed often how worried she was for her brother even though she was so young. Before and after the accident they were very close friends.

Ernest was a very sick little boy and there were times they wondered if he would be able to make it. (Bonnie says there is a beautiful picture of her dad that they had taken and framed of him at this time probably for this very reason.) His parents had very strong faith and they knew that it was through faith and prayer that he was restored to health and strength and was allowed to grow to manhood. Elizabeth remembers hearing him bearing his testimony after he was grown and married. He said that three angels dressed in white robes came to him one night and laid their hands on him and gave him a blessing. They promised him that he would get better, that he had a wonderful mission to fill and that he would live to raise his family.

After five months in the hospital, from December to April, they were able to bring him home.

He was very weak and had lost the desire to move or get out of the bed. His parents would express their love for him and encourage him to have a desire to live. His father would help him out of his bed and then help him hop around while supporting him. Finally, he would do it alone hanging onto the bed, then a chair, and finally he would try to hop on his leg. He found he could do it. His father made a crutch of a sort for him. None were available then. I don't know how long before they were able to buy him a crutch.

From then on, his mother would cut his overall and pant leg off and sew across the bottom with the machine. She cut it off leaving four or five inches below the stub of the leg. Ernest used this to collect rocks and all sorts of things. He got to where he could go and play with the rest of the cousins and friends, but it was never the same. He never considered himself handicapped, and lived his life fully.

It was also while living here when Berneice was about four years old that she fell into a canal and couldn't swim. She came close to drowning, but her father pulled her out and saved her. She had swallowed so much of the dirty canal water

that it made her very sick with a fever. It was so traumatic and frightening for her that she never forgot the experience.

Because of all of the expenses, their being absent from the place and not being able to take care of it, and the crop failures from drought, they were forced to look elsewhere for another place to make a living. When Ernest was 10 years old, they put what they could in a wagon and set out to find a new place. At the end of a hard day they stopped in Woodville, Idaho at the home of a Mr. Taysom. He let them stay in his home that night. After having something to eat he told them he thought he could use them. John could help him farm his place and find other work at other farms and Lovina could cook and keep house. He was a bachelor with a 3-room house and they were given two of the rooms to live in. George, their youngest was about three years old and Lovina was pregnant again.

Mr. Taysom treated them so kindly, and knowing Lovina was pregnant was mindful of her. He paid attention to the children. He had asked Lucille and George to look for swarms of bees. When they found one, he held out his hand with a dime and a nickel and asked them which one they wanted. Lucille took the nickel thinking that because it was the biggest it was the most. George got the dime. They had never seen this much money in all their lives.

One morning when Lovina was turning the separator the handle slipped a cog and came back and hit her in the stomach, hurting her badly. Berneice had to be her little helper because of her suffering. She still tried to do her work even with the pain and she said she would have to crawl out to the clothes line to hang clothes.

Grandma Lee had planned to come to be with her when the baby was born, but when they discovered that her baby was coming prematurely, they had to get others to help. Sister Speece, the nearest neighbor, was a practical nurse and came to assist the doctor with the delivery. When the tiny baby was finally born the doctor held it up by the feet and said, "Well, she is finally here." They wrapped her in cotton and put her in her father's shoe box while they took care of Lovina. She weighed 3 ½ pounds at birth and dropped down to 2 pounds. The kids were so thrilled to hear the baby cry when they were allowed to come in the house. They didn't know there was going to be a new baby in their home. Her father and sister, Berneice, were very busy with the responsibility of taking care of the new little baby and mother. They had some assistance from Sister Speece as well. Then Grandma Lee came to help and they decided to name the tiny baby Elizabeth after her.

Lovina had made diapers and some clothing for the baby. Grandma tore all of the diapers into fourths so they could use them on such a little baby. When Elizabeth wasn't in the shoe box, she was on the pillow beside her mother. They

received much attention when they took the tiny baby to church to be blessed. This was a different kind of experience for all.

About this time, John's number came up to go into the armed services for his country but the war ended and he did not have to go. This was a great relief.

In the fall of this same year there was a terrible flu epidemic. It infected almost half the world's population. It resulted in 20 to 30 million deaths. (Taken from Modern Maturity Magazine, July 1993, p. 50)

Lovina got the flu and was terribly sick. The doctor told them to isolate her and not to let the baby or children get near her. John would put a white sheet around him and go in to take care of her. This meant that she could not nurse her baby. John went from doctor to doctor trying to find something the baby could eat. Grandma Lee came again. She boiled milk, but Elizabeth couldn't hold that on her stomach. She then tried boiling cream but that made her even sicker. Finally a doctor made up a formula that kept her alive. They fed it to her from an eye dropper.

Berneice tells that after about three weeks she couldn't stand not being able to see her mother any longer, and was so worried about her little sister, that she opened her mother's bedroom door just enough to see her mother. She knelt down on the floor and asked Heavenly Father to get her mama better. Her mother saw her kneeling there and began to pray with her. When the doctor came to see her that day, he gave her the tests and said she was better. He put the baby on her breast and told her to nurse it and she did. She had milk.

While they were in Woodville, Ernest and Berneice attended school. One day Lucille and George were playing in a field walking along a ditch collecting pretty rocks. Soon they had wandered far enough that they could see the school house across the field. They thought it would be fun to go to school, so off they went with their dirty little faces and clothes. When they went into the school, the teacher sat both of them at a desk and gave them something to color. Lucille thought that school was the greatest place.

They remained in Woodville for only a year and then they moved to Riverside, Idaho to a 40-acre farm. While they were here, their last two children were born; Blanche and Joseph. For about eight years they raised beets and potatoes. They also raised a little hay and grain, milked a few cows and had a few pigs, chickens and horses. Farming here brought its ups and downs as well. Beet prices fluctuated, some years potatoes sold for a fair price, but other years a complete potato crop would have to be dumped in the river for lack of a market. Sometimes cream would be taken into Blackfoot and sold to purchase a few groceries. When the children went to school, Ernest would drive a one-horse buggy or a sleigh and

pick up other children along the way. John was in the bishopric and Lovina worked in the M.I.A. John loved acting and participated in many plays. He was very good and could have you laughing one minute and crying the next. He also gave readings and was in demand at the socials and gatherings. He was also called on a short term mission which he served during this time.

Lovina got her first washing machine here. There was no electricity and the machine was operated by someone pushing a handle back and forth which circulated a dasher to wash the clothes. Then another handle had to be turned to put them through the wringer. She always raised a big garden and canned food for the family. Food had to be boiled in the bottles in the boiler for four hours. Wash water was heated on the stove in the boiler and Lovina made her own soap. Until this time, clothes had to be scrubbed on the board and wrung out by hand.

Shortly after they moved to Riverside everyone in the family got the flu except Lucille. She was only about six at the time. She had to take everyone drinks or go for whatever they needed. Uncle Will Horrocks came over and milked the cows and did what he could to help, but had to take care of his own place as well. Lucille felt so left out and wanted to be like everyone else that she climbed in bed with her mother and dad and sang and sang.

Berneice had such long beautiful hair, that she could sit on it. Lovina would brush it and put it in braids. Quite often she would complain and cry because it hurt so much getting all of the snarls out. One night her father cut off one of her braids while she was asleep. Of course, the other one had to be cut off as well. She was angry with her father and cried. She hated her short hair and thought she looked like a boy.

It was while in Riverside that they purchased their first car. It was a black touring car. They were one of the few people to have one.

John had signed a paper with a friend who left the country, leaving them the note to pay. This with all of the other hardships made it impossible for them to meet their payments.

John heard of an irrigation project that was being opened in Montana with virgin land. He went to Montana with a few other men to investigate it and decided that this was an opportunity that he wanted to be a part of. There were several families interested as well, and in March of 1927 they moved to Bynum, Montana along with four other families. These included Sarah and Sam Burke and family (Lovina's sister), Joe and Mary (Mame) Burke and family (Sam's brother), Joe and Clara Moss and family, and Alma and Hazel Shore. John traded his touring car for a panel truck that had canvas sides and back that could be rolled up. They put their cattle, horses, and a few of their belongings on the train. Then they got in

their truck, Hazel Shore rode in the front with Lovina and John and the kids rode in the back. The first day they traveled as far as Dubois, Montana and here they had to stay in a hotel overnight because the road between Dubois and Lima was snowed in. The next day the truck had to be put on the train to be shipped to Lima and all of the family boarded the train for that portion of the journey. From here they drove on to Dillon where they again had to get a hotel. The next day they traveled to Helena and spent the night and finally the last day arrived in Bynum. It was a long, slow journey because the weather was still cold with snow most of the way and the roads were bad.

Ernest and Berneice had stayed behind in Riverside with the Osgthorpe family to finish their schooling.

In Bynum they had a 360-acre farm. On their farm was a little 4-room house and a little log cabin. Sam and Sarah lived in half of the home with their family and the Shore's lived in the little log cabin. The house was lousy with bed bugs that they had to work hard to get rid of.

Soon after their arrival they were invited to attend a little Community Sunday School. This they did for a short time until a Mormon Sunday School was organized. Then the leaders from the Mission came and organized a Branch. John was made Branch President where he served for five years. He was loved and respected by everyone both in and out of the church. Lovina worked in the different organizations and served as M.I.A. President for several years. Their church services were first held in the school and then in a large room above Porter's Store. This room was used for dances every Saturday night, so it had to be cleaned before church. There were wires strung up to hold curtains to divide the class rooms.

There was still no electricity, but Lovina got a new gas operated washer while they were here. This made wash day much easier because it didn't have to be worked by hand.

Here the children continued their education. Ernest went to the University of Utah, the rest of the children went to school in Bynum and to the High School in Chateau which was 15 miles away. Those who went to Chateau would drive back and forth when the weather permitted with each family taking their driving turns. In the winter when the weather wouldn't allow them to do this they had to batch during the week and return home on the week ends. It was while Ernest was attending college in Salt Lake City that he received his first artificial leg with the help of Apostle John A. Widstoe.

Their oldest daughter, Berneice married Clifton Allred and a few years later, they moved to the other side of the mountain to the Flathead Valley. John was called on a short term mission to Helena and the family took over and carried on as

best they could.

Winters were extremely cold with many severe blizzards. Due to this and other unfavorable conditions they decided to try the other side of the mountain and moved to St. Ignatius, Montana in the spring of 1934. The home was a dilapidated old shack with lots of bed bugs. Lovina got rid of the bed bugs and they all cleaned and made the home livable after a sort. In 1936 they moved into a home with electricity which made life a little easier.

It was again their privilege to pioneer a little Sunday School and be influential in getting a Branch of the Church organized where they were very active and served in many positions.

All of the children finished their schooling here. Lucille filled a mission for the church and Joe served his country as a Merchant Marine.

Lovina didn't have very good health and was in pain much of the time until she had a gall bladder operation in 1938 which improved her health somewhat.

All of the children married and all but Lucille remained in Montana. Ernest and Bertha Lee, George and Karene Lee, Elizabeth and Bob Hogge, Blanche and Galen Simmonsen, and Joe and Aletha Lee all remained in St. Ignatius. Berneice and Clifton Allred lived in Ronan, Montana and Lucille and Myrthus Austin settled in Salmon, Idaho.

One morning John came into the house very sick. He had gone after cows, but being very severely stricken with pain had passed out and lay unconscious. After sometime he was able to crawl to the house. On August 4, 1947, he had a very serious operation. A growth was removed, but they were told by Dr. Brooks that it was a very unusual type of growth and would keep growing back. This occurred several times and it was finally determined that it was cancer. He eventually had five operations in all.

In between these operations, until his health became too bad, he continued to work hard on the farm. In the spring of 1954 they built a lovely new home in town and retired from the farm. They hauled in soils and built up a lovely yard and garden. They took much pride in this and had a wonderful garden and many beautiful flowers. John worked on the new chapel and helped to complete it. He also worked as a real estate agent.

John and Lovina spent three winters doing temple work in the Arizona Temple. They also attended the Cardston Temple as often as they could. They had become very dear friends with President Woods who was the president of the Cardston Temple. While John was the Branch President, he visited the Branch on several

occasions.

It became necessary for Lovina to have her eyes operated on for cataracts. In February of 1957, John had taken her to Idaho Falls for an operation. Lovina developed a blood clot, so they kept her in the hospital to dissolve it. While they were there, John got to the point that he needed another operation, so he went to the L.D.S. Hospital there in Idaho Falls. All of the other times he had gone to the hospital in Missoula. Instead of operating on him, they gave him radium and x-ray treatments. It looked like it had cooked his stomach and left an open sore that never healed. They returned home on April 9, 1957.

After one of his operations, he had the privilege of having a look into the other side of the veil. He saw several of his loved ones there , but could also see his earthly loved ones kneeling together in a prayer circle in his behalf. He was given the choice to stay there or return and he felt the need to return, which he did to remain with his family for a little longer.

He was soon taken to the hospital in Missoula for more radium and x-ray treatments. It was while there that he passed away on July 23, 1957. Friends and relatives came from far and near for his funeral and it was one of the biggest ones to be held in St. Ignatius. He was laid to rest in the Pleasant View Cemetery in St. Ignatius.

For the first time in her life, Lovina was left alone with the full responsibility of managing her home and life. This she did well, but keenly felt the loss of her eternal companion. Her family rallied around her and helped out what they could. Her religion was a great source of comfort and strength. She continued to attend regularly and remain actively involved. She still enjoyed raising a big garden which she shared with her family, neighbors, friends and passers-by.

One Sunday night in October of 1965, Lovina became very sick just as church was closing. Her heart stopped beating briefly and we all thought she was gone. After being administered to, she was rushed to the hospital. She had suffered from a blood clot and a stroke. She was hospitalized and very ill for three months. The doctor then thought she was well enough to go to the homes of her children. With her strong faith and determination, she was soon helping with dishes and other household duties. In a short time she was back to all of the meetings and activities at the church which she loved so dearly. She often expressed her love to everyone.

Many strokes were to follow, and March 11, after a very bad one, she was taken to the hospital in St. Ignatius. This left her partially paralyzed, and very weak. After a month of intensive care, the doctors felt she was well enough for extended care in a nursing home where she could receive specialized care. On April 7, 1967, her family moved her to the Hillside Manors Resting Home in Missoula. We visited

her as often as we could. Her condition worsened and she needed constant doctors' care, so she was taken to the Polson Hospital. She passed away on May 5, 1968 at the age of 84. She was laid to rest beside her husband in the Pleasant View Cemetery. She was survived by her children, 25 grandchildren, and 38 great grandchildren. She was loved by all who knew her.

John and Lovina have left us with a wonderful legacy. They were strong members of the church and taught the gospel to their children and many others. All of their children were married in the temple. Their legacy continues today through those who are fortunate enough to be their posterity.

Compiled from histories written by Lydia Lovina Lee and her daughters Elizabeth Lee Hogge and Lucille Lee Austin

IN DEDICATION TO MY DARLING MOTHER

By Elizabeth Hogge

How many stars does she wear in her crown?
Oh, how can I tell today?
I'm sure no measure could show the love
She has passed along her way.
Her childhood memories take her back
To a family she holds so dear;
Those brothers and sisters she learned to love
So much through the passing years.
To her husband, a queen she has been.
A queen she will always be.
I'm sure he is waiting there for her
To share his eternity.
Her seven children knew a kind Mother's love,
As they walked down life's path, hand in hand.
She taught them to worship a Father above,
And to honor this noble land.
In times of need she was always there,
Whether in sickness or in health.
The store of blessings she will take with her,
Will be greater far than wealth.
She answered her Father in Heaven's call
To help the sick and feed the poor.
She taught and served in the Gospel of Love

To help all those know peace once more.
As Father Time marked off the years,
Her list of friends did grow
As she gave her love and service
To all she came to know.
We will miss her--you and I.
No one, her place shall e'er take.
Let's fill our roll and plan to be
With her when that dawn doth break.
Yes, how many stars does she wear in her crown?
How many diamonds besparkle the dew
As the sun rises over the hill of life,
Bringing joy and freshness anew.

HISTORY OF JOHN ERNEST LEE

Elizabeth Lee Hogge (Daughter)

John Ernest Lee was born the 23rd of Nov. 1879, at Woodruff, Rich Co., Utah. He was the first child of William Henry Lee and Elizabeth Ann Cow. This was during the time of Polygamy. His father was called by President Brigham Young to live it. His Mother was the third wife. She was only 19 years old at the time of their marriage and was a beautiful young lady. His Father was over 50 years old and was loved and respected by all. Already he had brothers and sisters, from the first two marriages, which made life exciting and full of varied experiences. William Henry's first marriage was to Harriet Amelia Carter, and there were 12 children by that marriage. Then, after this marriage he married his cousin, Aurilla Lee, and she was the Mother of three children. Elizabeth Cox was employed by him, and they fell in love and were married. They were the parents of 9 children of which John was the oldest. This year father bought eleven head of wild horses and broke them. They were delivered to us by Buffalo Bill and Zip Van Morris. Zip Van Morris was considered one of the world's best ropers. Father developed his heard of horses until come fall, he would have around 30 colts to breed. I used to ride and help break them until I became quite a famous horseman myself. When I was called to go on my mission, our herd was developed very well, and we had 318 horses.

Father was also in the dairy business and milked from 40 to 60 head of cows all of the time. This was all done by hand which meant a lot of work for all of us. We had one forty-gallon tank and many five gallon cans to strain the milk into. The milk was kept in pans in the cellar to cool. The cellar was a large one built about 4 feet under the ground and 4 feet above.

After the milk set, the cream was skimmed off with a wooden spoon and was made into butter. Our first churn was a big dash one. Then the barrel churn was invented and we got one of them. We would put knives and forks in the churn to make it turn to butter faster. This was quite a job. Butter sold for 10 to 12 cents a pound, which was a fair price in those days. This was a big business, and we did quite well. Our main market was a mining town about 16 miles away. We also delivered butter to Evanston, Wyoming. I used to drive the team and buggy to deliver it.

My father was a doctor and was often away from home taking care of the sick, so this left most of the dairy business to the children.

My father's first wife was the Relief Society President for many years and it was my job to drive her to the places she needed to go.

My father was Bishop for many years. This meant the General Authorities visited our home often. Apostle Woodruff visited several times, and when he came I would go out and catch a mess of fish. He commented on what a good fisher I was. I would always have a fresh mess of fish for breakfast. We could go out and set our poles at night and have fish on them in the morning.

When I was a boy, in the summer it was my job to heard the cows and horses. I would take them to the hills about 4 or 5 miles from home. Sometimes I rode a mule, and he would throw me off at noon and go home. Finally I got so I could stick on him, and he would take me home too.

I started to school when I was 6 years old and completed my 9th grade in Woodruff. I had some higher education. One of the Mothers would live in town in the winter and we would stay with her to go to school.

As a child I always went to church. My father was Bishop. He later became a Patriarch. President Brigham Young called him to go and settle Woodruff. Twenty families were chosen to go with him. At that time my father owned 40 acres where the Ogden Depot now stands.

One time I decided I would try smoking a cigarette. My father went to bed with me that night and talked to me all night. I never wanted to try smoking again. I was general errand boy for the older family members. There was always much work to do, but we always found time for recreation and play. I loved swimming and skating. Sometimes we pulled some real pranks. We had dances and parties in our home. I could play the mouth organ quite well and helped to furnish the music.

At the age of 18, I was called on a mission to the North Western States Mission. The Mission blessing given to me before going away promised me that I would be blessed with the gift of healing. This was a powerful blessing throughout my life.

Upon returning from my mission I met and fell in love with Flossie Sorenson. We were married the 29 Nov. 1905. Our happiness together was short as she died at the birth of our first child. She was buried with our baby in her arms.

Later I met and fell in love with Lovina Longhurst. She was beautiful and a very fine young lady. On the 4 Mar 1908, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We made our first home in Iona, Idaho. We were parents of 7 lovely children—4 girls and 3 boys: Ernest, Bernice, Lucille, George, Elizabeth, Blanche and Joseph.

(I [Elizabeth Lee Hogge] will tell the rest of the story briefly in my own words.)

My father always worked hard and long hours to support his family and was a faithful worker in the church, and had many callings. He was a good actor and took part in many plays. I remember seeing some of them and thought he took the parts very well. He was a good conversationalist and many sought his company. He would sit down on Sunday afternoons and whenever he had time and read out loud. I loved to listen to him. Our home was always open to company and we had a lot of it. He often discussed religion with them and helped some of them to see the light of the gospel.

In 1927 we moved to Bynum, Montana. The land was owned by the Great Northern Railroad company. Several families of Mormons were brought in to develop it. Mother's sister's family (Sam Burke) were some of the settlers and lived in part of our home for a few years.

The church was organized there, and my father was the first Branch President. The folks went to the Cardston temple very often and were much loved by Pres. E. J. Woods. He filled 2 short term-missions while living there.

In 1934 we moved to St. Ignatius, Mont. where we went into dairy farming. Father was a very hard worker and put in long hours. One morning very early when he was after the cows, he became very sick and passed out. When he was finally able, he came to the house and was rushed to the hospital. He was operated on for cancer. This was a kind which kept growing back, which meant there would be many operations to follow.

His son George took over the place, and he moved to a lovely home in town. Between operations he sold Real Estate and worked on the Church House. Some of his spare time he spent fishing and hunting, which he loved.

In all father had 5 operations and x-ray and radium treatments. After his 3rd one his spirit left his body, and he was permitted to see some of his loved ones who had gone on before. He was given his choice of staying or going back to his body. On looking at the sadness of his family, he decided they needed him to come back, so that was his choice. I can bear testimony that he was needed and helped us very much in time of sickness and need.

Many times I have heard him bear testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel and of Jesus Christ. He has seen the sick healed, the blind made to see, and the deaf to hear, and the lame made to walk, through the power of the Priesthood. I have heard him bear testimony of when his little baby sister died when his father was away to care for others who were sick. His father laid his

hands on her head and gave her the blessing to live again, through the power of the Priesthood. She lived to bear the same testimony and raise a large family.

We all honor and praise him as the father of a wonderful family. He passed away in the hospital in Missoula 23 July 1957. His funeral was said to have been the largest in attendance that had ever been held here. He was laid to rest in the Pleasant View Cemetery and left behind him a wife and family who loved him dearly.

HISTORY OF NORA LONGHURST NIELSEN

Written by Gladys Nielsen Edmiston


Nora Longhurst Nielsen

Nora Longhurst was born 28 May 1885 at Iona, Idaho, second child of Joseph and Lydia Bennett Longhurst, the first child born in what is now Lincoln, Idaho, on the banks of Big Sand Creek in a small one room log cabin, no floor, one window, slab door and dirt roof. Nora came to bless their home.

Prior to her birth, her parents came to Idaho in the fall of 1884 with all their possessions, which was $14.00 in cash, a small team and wagon, a little pig in a box on one side of the wagon, a board bed and bedding with a straw tick, a small stove, some food and clothing and a year old baby girl named Lovina. There being no opportunity of obtaining farming ground around Garden City, Utah, her father came to Idaho the year before they moved here and homesteaded 160 acres on Little Sand Creek. Soon after she was born he built a one-room log house with a floor which they lived in about four years. Then her father and Grandfather (William Henry Longhurst) built a fine two room log house. Her grandfather had been a shipwright in England (a finish carpenter). He built their furniture-tables, chairs, cupboards, cradle, flour bin and rocking chairs, and a very artistic bed with large round posts scrolled and painted black.

Up to the time of her father's death Nora had a very happy childhood. Her father was so good and kind and he would do anything for them.

All the ground had to be cleared of sagebrush-it grew very high. The Hansen children would come to play house with them. They would break off small sagebrush branches for brooms to sweep the ground under large sagebrush bushes that they used for playhouses, using the little table and small chairs that her grandfather had made, broken dishes for play dishes with bits of goodies from the house to eat.

Indians were very numerous, large bands migrating from the reservation to the hills in the spring, then back again in the fall. They were awfully dirty. Lots of the squaws would walk, but never any of the men. The children would be tied on the horses. If a gate was ever left open, they would ride up to the house and beg, but would never undo a gate as they were too lazy. `They would beg for anything-even the children. The settlers knew they should never promise an

Indian anything and break that promise as they would go on the warpath, and many times the people would be called into Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) to settle the trouble. One day Nora and her brother Joseph were playing on top of the chicken coop, a small building close to the road, and didn't notice the Indians coming until they were up to them, holding out their hands and calling "come here little papoose", wanting them to go with them. They were very frightened; their mother came out and took them into the house. A little later in the day, Joe came up missing. Everyone was so scared while hunting for him, Lovina and Nora crying, thinking that the Indians had come back and stole him.

The first year on the homestead ten acres were cleared, and grain and hay planted. They bought a small plow, and Nora's father made a harrow out of poles. The grain was broadcast by hand and threshed by beating it by hand.

When Nora was seven years old, her father took sick. There were no doctors in Eagle Rock so he went to Salt Lake City, Utah. He had cancer and underwent seven operations in about a year. Six months before his passing, her mother went to Salt Lake to be with him, taking the two youngest girls, Verda and Sarah, leaving Lovina, Nora and Joseph with aunts and uncles at Menan, Idaho. While living with their Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jake Teeples, they picked wild fruit and herded cows. About three weeks before her father died, his brother, Charlie Longhurst took the children to Salt Lake City to see their father. He was very good to the children. That was the last time they saw their father alive. After they came home they went to live with their Aunt Mary and Uncle George Longhurst.

One day when they were out in the yard, Nora saw a man coming on horseback. She knew he was coming to tell them that their father had died and went running in to tell Aunt Mary of her premonition. Aunt Mary rebuffed here with the words, "don't be silly". The man was Bill Rushton with the word of her father, Joseph's death. He was brought home to Charlie and Vilate's home. Lydia took her five children there with her where they lived the rest of that year and the next in two rooms of Nora's Uncle's house.

The McKees were renting the farm while Nora's father was sick, and after he died Mr. McKee would let them glean all the grain along the ditch banks. It would be made into flour for the family. They would also glean the potato fields for their winter potatoes.

Nora's father's nephew, Ambrose Rounds, being a very good practical nurse, cared for her father during his illness. Later he came to Idaho and ran the farm the summer of 1895, and that fall, on Nov. 6, her mother and Ambrose were married. They lived two and a half miles from the school house in Iona. School only convened three months out of a year-every winter the snow was very deep.

The children walked to school most of the time, but in the worst weather Ambrose would take them in a sleigh or all would get on one horse that could pile on. School was difficult for Nora due to poor attendance. She quit school when she was in the eighth grade just prior to graduating, being sixteen years old. All through her school life Nora was kept out of school (there being no law for compulsory schooling) for any sickness in the family or to work out to help with the family finances as many debts had occurred during the illness and death of her father.

From the time she was thirteen, Nora earned all her own clothes, also clothes for her brothers and sisters; her mother was a dressmaker, and many times, Nora was kept out of school to do the work while her mother was sewing for other people.

School conditions were very poor at the time; all eight grades in one small room, with a pot bellied stove in the middle of the room. The small children had no desks, and would sit or kneel on the floor and write on their slates. Many days the teacher was so busy or indifferent that nothing was taught to the children at all.

The incident which caused her to leave school happened one day when the teacher kicked, missed, and the teacher discharged. Nora never had a chance to go to school again.

The summer Nora was thirteen years old she worked for Mrs. Joseph A. Clark, tending children, doing housework and hitching up a horse to take lunch to Willow Creek to their farm for their two sons. Mr. Clark was mayor of Idaho Falls at this time, and they wanted her to stay with them that winter and go to school, working for her board and room. The Clarks thought it terrible that her step-father wouldn't allow her to stay. She had to go home and help out, so her schooling was very sketchy.

When Nora was sixteen years old she went to work for Eph. and Ida Clifford who lived one-half mile south of what is now the Lincoln store. They had three children. Mrs. Clifford at this time was very ill. She was a large, heavy woman, unable to feed herself or attend to her wants in any way, or even turn over in bed. One day she raised right up in bed and started to sing and asked Nora to bring her harmonica so she could play. She had a wild look on her face and seemed strong as she could be. Nora tried to get her to lie back down and when she wouldn't, Nora told her she would go after her husband. Mrs. Clifford replied, "Don't you dare go for him. The devil is just outside the door and you are not to go out as he will get you" to which Nora answered, "I'm not afraid of the devil," and ran out to get Mr. Clifford. He didn't know what to do for her so Nora told him to go for the Elders. He got on one of his horses and went for Ambrose

Rounds and another Elder. He was gone for some time and while Nora was with her, Mrs. Clifford was under the influence of the devil, singing at the top of her voice and playing the mouth organ. When the Elders came to administer to her they rebuked Satan, and immediately she dropped like she was dead, being very ill. Nora left their home, her dad Rounds refusing to let her stay any longer.

Nora always had a great love for the Church. The times the whole family didn't go, she and her brothers and sisters would walk to Iona to Sunday School as much as possible, and bring friends home for dinner. They would play the organ and sing, then everyone would go back up to Sacrament meeting. Sometimes they would go to their friends' home for Sunday.

Everyone attended the dances. One shiny moonlit night in the winter the whole family got into the sleigh, covered with warm quilts and went to the dance. Her step-dad made the girls wait for him to dance with each one of them before they could dance with anyone else, even if he didn't get a round to them very soon. But if they didn't wait, he was very angry with them, which caused unhappiness in their home. On this particular night they were about half way home when a pack of wolves sprang out at them from the bushes, trying to get at the horses or into the sleigh. The winter had been long and they were very hungry. Ambrose beat them with the buggy whip, the horses running all the way. They pulled right up to the door and their big dog fought the wolves long enough for them to get into the house where they were safe and could get a gun.

Nora always had lots of outside chores to do, gardening, milking cows, helping in the field, hauling hay, shocking grain and taking a man's place on the farm. Also, taking turns with her brothers and sisters in whatever had to be done.

JOSEPH LONGHURST

HISTORY OF PETER CHRISTIAN NIELSEN, JR.

Written by Gladys G. Nielsen Edmiston
In loving memory of my father

Peter Christian Nielsen Jr. was the sixth child born to Peter Christian Nielsen Sr. and Kirsten Johanna Johansen. He was born at Hyde Park, Utah, on 13 March 1887. One sister, Annie Margretha, and three brothers, Anton, John Frederick and John Peter were born in Denmark, before their parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and came to America, settling in Hyde Park, Utah. Four children, Joseph, Peter Christian (Dad), Wilford, and Jennie Antonette, were born at Hyde Park, Utah.

I have heard grandmother tell about how poor they were in Denmark, and after hearing the missionaries, she would run long distances to their meetings to hear them, and of the longing she had to join the Saints in Utah. She told that through the help of the Lord, they were able to sell their small house for the amount they needed for passage to America. She also told of how she saw, in a dream, the very spot in Hyde Park that would be theirs, with their house in town and forty acres on the outskirts.

When Dad was about nine years old, his older brother, Anton, was kicked by a horse, causing his death. The family had not yet been sealed in the temple, so Anton was buried in a dark suit. Grandma said he appeared to her on more than one night, dressed in his dark suit, and seemed very sad, so she decided to take all of the family to the temple. On 4 March 1897, Grandma and Grandpa were endowed and sealed, as were Fredrick and Anton. All of the family were endowed and sealed to their parents that day except Annie Margretha who, on the last day, refused to go. Grandma was so badly hurt that she disowned Annie Margretha, and they were never friends after that, however, she was sealed to her parents many years later, in 1965. Jennie Antonette was born in the covenant. Grandma told that Anton appeared once more to her, and that he was dressed in his beautiful white robes, and she said that he looked very happy.

Brothers Frederick and John, had married. There were few jobs or opportunities to own land in the Hyde Park area, so they decided to go to Canada. Dad was ten years old at the time, and he went with them. When they came to the Idaho Falls area, John decided to stay, and he bought a farm near Iona, Idaho. Fred went on to Canada, settling at Cardston, Alberta, Canada. Dad stayed with John and his wife Mary, helping with the chores and working on the farm, where he lived most of the time, until he was grown.

JOSEPH LONGHURST

When Dad was about 17 or 18 years old, he worked for a mon who owned a butcher shop in Lincoln, Idaho. His job was selling and delivering fresh meat around the towns with a horse and buggy. He met a beautiful girl named Nora Longhurst, whose step father was in Australia on a mission. He stopped by their place often, making sure that they had plenty of meat. He and Nora started dating, and he took her to church and to parties and dances, even though he never learned to dance. He would take her anywhere she wanted to go. He had a fine singing voice and sang in the choir, which pleased mother very much, as she loved going to church. Dad also had a fine team of horses and a buggy, and everyone, including mother, thought that he was a choice young man.

They decided to get married that winter, and went down to Hyde Park, Utah, to Dad's parents place, where Grandpa Nielsen took them to Logan, and on December 20, 1905, where they were married, in the Logan Temple. Mother was 20 years old, and Dad was 18 years old. Grandpa waited outside in the cold almost all of the day, then took them back again the next day, where they attended more temple sessions. That is the last time Dad went to the temple, and in fact, refused to go to church any more, which deeply hurt Mother. It caused much heartache as we children were growing up.

They stayed at Dad's parents place for some time after they were married, and planned to settle there, but opportunities were few. Mother didn't know anyone except the family, all of whom spoke Danish, making it difficult for her to understand them. She became homesick, and returned to Idaho. After she left, Dad wouldn't stay without her, and was so anxious to get back to Idaho that he drove his team of horses so hard and fast that one of them died.

Their first home was a rented house located on the highway between Idaho Falls and Ucon, where their first son, Duain, was born. Later, Dad built a small two room house on land that Mother had inherited from her father. It faced south, on the Lincoln road, about a mile east of the Lincoln sugar factory. After living in the two rooms for about eighteen years, Dad had a larger house built, which had a basement, two more rooms and a bath. The bath wasn't used for several years, until he had a well dug and water piped into the house. This made life easier for them.

As the years went by, he bought the adjoining ground until they had forty acres, which he farmed. He also had a 160 acre dry farm on the hills east of Iona, Idaho. He always had a herd of dairy cows, large Holsteins. Several times, he got pure bred Holstein bull calves from his brother Joe, in Hyde Park, Utah, and would bring them back to Idaho in the back seat of his car. When they were full grown, he would have to control them by using a ring in their noses, dragging a long chain.

JOSEPH LONGHURST

Dad always had work horses. He brought home a fine team named Kernel and Snap, for which he paid $500.00 -- a lot of money in those days. He then bought a new white top buggy that the whole family could ride in. Dad was very proud of those horses. One thing he would do each year was take the family, with a huge lunch, up to Iona to the Fourth of July celebration, in the white top. Everyone looked forward to that special day with Dad. He would also give each child in the family a roll of nickels. (Candy bars, soda pop, and ice cream was only 5 cents each in those days).

Each summer he would put up huge stacks of hay, using a derrick. Threshing the wheat was always a big event on the farm. In the fall after the grain was cut and shocked in piles ready to haul, the threshing machine would come, along with many teams and wagons. Neighbors helped neighbors, as no other help was available, let alone money to pay them. The grain would be hauled in and put through the threshing machine, making a huge stack of straw, and the wheat stored. Relatives and kids came and everyone stayed to eat a big dinner of young chicken, lots of fresh garden vegetables hot rolls and butter, pies and milk. When the threshing was done on one farm, the entire group moved to the next farm, where the process was repeated.

Dad started working at the sugar factory as a young man. This was hard work, with twelve hour shifts. He took his lunch with him, and walked about a mile to work, each way, until his later years. He received a serious injury to his shin bone while working in the sugar factory. It became infected, and he went to the hospital in Salt Lake City, where they operated on it. It wouldn't heal after he returned home, so he had to go back, and they opened it from the knee to the ankle and removed much of the bone. The only way they had to save his leg was to put maggots on the infected part to destroy the infection. This left a terrible scar, and caused him much pain and distress for the rest of his life, but it did cure the infection without having to remove his leg. He was unable to work for about a year following the surgery but he learned to use the leg, but always had to be protective of it.

All through the years, Dad loved his work in the sugar factory. He knew how to make sugar, having worked in the beet end until it came out sparkling white product. He was beet end foreman for many years, then sugar end foremen until his retirement. Everyone working for him liked and respected him as their boss. If anyone needed help at a station, he was there to help them. He worked very hard, trying to make more sugar than other foremen, and was the first to make more than 3000 bags of sugar, weighing 100 pounds each, in an eight hour shift. He was recognized for his work and devotion to the company on several occasions by

managers. He was always at work a half hour before starting time, and the last to leave at the end of a shift.

As Dad's sixty fifth birthday approached, he knew that he had to retire from the sugar factory, as it was company policy. He had spent over forty years working there. Dad was like his mother, in that he had never learned how to relax and take life easier. He would stay out in the barn or in the yard for ten hours at a time, using a heavy grubbing hoe. He was young, physically, for being sixty-five years of age, so retirement was hard on him. He managed to get all of the weeds, sometimes leaving much of the yard a dust bowl. He was fair skinned, and would sunburn until his face and hands would crack and peel, but he worked out anyway. He was still a hard worker, picking raspberries or strawberries, or gardening in the hot sun.

Dad always loved to fish, and for many years he would go to Camas Meadows, near Yellowstone Park, and sit for hours by his favorite stream. He always caught fish.

He would go to Hyde Park, Utah nearly every year, to see his parents. Sometimes he would go on the train, but in later years he would drive his car. This trip was usually around Memorial Day. As his parents grew older, he would bring them back to Idaho to visit for a couple of months. This gave the younger children an opportunity to get to know them.

As I look back on his life, I realize that Dad was a lonely man. He never attended church, and only rarely would he go anywhere for a visit. He loved to have people come to his house, and wouldn't let them leave until they had eaten a meal or at least visited with him. If they didn't have a garden of their own, he would fill their car full of fresh vegetables in season, or berries, or even a piece of fresh pork from the fat hogs he had butchered.

A year or so before the Ririe dam was built, a flood came during a warm spell in February. Water filled his basement, and caused much damage to schools and churches in the area. This was a very traumatic experience for Dad, one that he never did completely forget. Every winter thereafter, he would shovel out the ditches and remove the snow from around the house. He worried about another flood for the rest of his life.

As Dad grew older, both he and mother needed some of their family to be with them. All of the children had moved away, but Gladys and her husband, Roy moved back from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and built a house next to the folks place on two acres which Dad gave them, caring for their needs for the next 25 years. Roy got along well with Dad, who depended on him for about everything, especially

taking him places he needed to go after he couldn't drive himself any longer. They spent many hours on the granary steps talking -- Dad always wanting Roy to tell him what was going on at the sugar factory. Dad never got over wanting to be at the factory. Many times, Dad would be out at the road, waiting for Roy to get home from work. He was good to us, too, concerned for us at all times, the first to help good times together, going on short trips or just taking Mother and Dad for a ride in the car .

He would never go back to the Doctor after having prostate surgery in his later years. It was cancerous, and traveled up the left side of his body, involving his left arm, and eventually metastasizing in his brain. Even though he was in severe pain, he raised a large garden in the summer of 1973, with lots of corn put into the freezer for the winter. He wanted an ear or two of corn every day, summer or winter. When he became very sick, an ambulance was called, which took him to the hospital. He then went to a rest home adjoining the hospital, and never returned home, which he so badly wanted to do. He passed away 5th Feb., 1974, a day less than a month after the death of his wife, Nora, to whom he had been married for 68 years.

We all miss him very much.



MEMORIES OF NORA LONGHURST NIELSEN

As told by her to Ornealo Lee and Helen Bloxham
in January 1968 and elaborated on with more detail
by Wm. E. Rounds who visited her in 1970.


Nora Longhurst Nielsen

Some detail she gave that will fit into the history of Wm. Henry Longhurst is that when crossing the ocean from England, son Joseph was only two years old and Ann Preston Longhurst was expecting another child. Amelia, their oldest child, had the care of Joseph. When crossing the plains, Amelia walked all the way except when crossing rivers, and then rode only if she could not wade.

After Ann's death 11 Dec 1873 in Woodruff, and after the children had grown some, Wm. Henry and his sons Charles, Joseph and George, rode horseback to the Snake River Valley in Idaho and took up land. This was the spring of 1884. Wm. Henry chose the quarter west of what is now Iona, on the south side of the road. Charles took the quarter south from him and Joseph the quarter west of Charles, a part of which Nora still lives on. Charles afterward traded for the quarter he developed and lived on. The boys rode back to Utah, Joseph returning to Iona in November, Charles the next year and in 3 or 4 years, George came. It is logical that Wm. Henry returned with his boys to Utah. (It is unclear to me about Charles trading for the quarter he had developed and lived on. According to Joseph's history, he and his brother George, who was unmarried at the time, returned to Iona in Nov 1884. George lived with Joseph and his family in a one room log cabin. At least that is the impression I get from the account -- G. B. Smith). Wm. H. appears to have come to Idaho with Charles and family later-just how much, who knows.

Wm. Henry took turns living with the boys and their families. He was a good carpenter and made furniture for them. He helped to build Joseph's home, finishing it in time for their daughter Sarah to be born there. This house was located just west of where Nora now lives. It was later moved to Iona to be near the school when Ambrose rented the place. I didn't learn when Mormon (Tom) came, but it seems he and Amelia always felt they had been left out of their legacies in England and talked of going back to claim it. Susanna Vine Preston,

mother of Ann, had left Richard Weekly Preston and had come to live with Wm. Henry and Ann. We doubt the validity of Richard being wealthy.

"No Man Knows My History. "I will relate some events in the lives of some of the Longhurst children, both humorous and serious. They should be of interest and I see no harm in the telling. Charles dropped his membership in the Church as many did, in order to be qualified to vote. That was the law then. In recent years his son, Charles G., cleared this matter up by discovering that it had not been made of record in Salt Lake City. He went to the ward records and found where they had proposed to do so, but could find no minutes where it had been done.

Of Mormon, it was said that he got "Hi" at his sister's wedding and talked loudly during prayer (Well, I can visualize that.). He was asked to make a public apology and he refused saying, he had hurt no one or if he had hurt anyone he would apologize to them. He was removed from membership. This was serious. In the ensuing years of inactivity he still lived the Gospel. As he would send his wife and children to church, he would cry because he could not go and partake of the sacrament. It was said Mormon's deceased mother appeared to him and told him to be rebaptised, and this was done. This is was told to Helen by his daughter Edith, before she died.

The son Joseph, Nora's father, had suffered an injury to his groin by the handle of a hand plow. He became so ill he was operated on at home-seven times, it is said. His condition became malignant and he was taken to Salt Lake to the hospital. He had refused to go until after the expected baby was born. About six months after Alverda was born, Lydia went to Salt Lake to be near him.

(Note: There seems to be a little difference in some of the accounts regarding this. Some say she took Nora, then seven years old, accompanied by Charles on the train trip, and that this was Nora's first train ride. Other accounts, including his history, are a little different, and agree pretty well with the understanding I have had for many years -- and I don't remember who told me. It could have been my own mother, I don't know. But this is as I understand it: When Lydia went to Salt Lake she took Verda, the baby, and Sarah who was only two years old, with her, presumably on the train. The older children stayed with Charlie and George's families.)

While in Salt Lake she stayed with Joseph's sister Amelia, who had a home rented not far from the Temple. It seems that Joseph was not in the hospital all the time at least -- his history indicates that he was staying with her and receiving medical attention. He became "fast" friends with her son, Ambrose. The fact that he told Ambrose he could go to Idaho and have his pick of two of his

best horses. This he did about a year after Joseph's death, bringing his mother, two brothers and a sister with him, would tend to indicate this to be true.

Later, when Joseph was not expected to live, Charles took the older children to Salt Lake to see him. This I think must have been the time when Charlie went and was referred to as Nora's first train ride. How absolutely accurate any of these accounts are is too hard to be sure of, but we do get the general picture of what happened. I have taken the liberty, by virtue of my office, to expand on and also add to the accounts already made, and do hope everyone will understand and take it for what it is worth. G. B. Smith.

After Joseph's death, Lydia returned to Iona, and she and the children lived in two rooms of Charlie's home, and he looked after them and their five cows. It is said that Nora stayed with George while her mother was away, and even after her mother married Ambrose Rounds. (Joseph's farm had been rented out).

As was stated earlier, Amelia came to Idaho to be near her brothers and lived in Iona. She sold hats and candy to help support herself and family. Does that remind you of her mother? Well, she had a house but no outhouse. The boys were supposed to build her one -- must have taken them a while to get to it. She kept after them until they did get the "uprights" up and put a roof on, but the sides were open. Nora remembers well her saying, "Aye, now only the Lord can't see me when I go to the backhouse".

It is hoped I have reported and recorded correctly these things while someone is around to remember. We doubt if there is one other remaining who could remember Friends, put the facts down while you can. WER

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF JOSEPH LONGHURST JR


Joseph Longhurst Jr.

I, Joe Longhurst, wish to say and state where I was born and the year I was born in. I was born in the year of 1877 on the Lincoln Road near where my sister Nora lives at this time. I was born on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1877.

My father's name was just the same as mine. It was Joe Longhurst. I don't believe that he had any initial. I've never ever learned of one. I never had one myself. He went by the name of Joseph Longhurst. He was a young man here in this vicinity at that time. He was a wonderful church worker. He tended to the duties of the Church—things of that sort at the time. He came from England when he was just—a baby. He came when he was six months old. His folks, they were converted to the church (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) before leaving there. They came to America. Just what part they first stopped at, I do not know. Anyway, they went on until they landed somewhere in Utah. I think somewheres around the place they called Centerville at that time.

My mother, she was a girl from quite a large family. She lost her parents when she was just a very young girl. I don't know just what age she was, but it seems it fell to her and to another one of the sisters to take over and take care of the family. She sure had her hands full from the time she was a little girl until her death. She was very loaded up with work all the time.

I think she came from around the Bear Lake area somewheres. She did live at Garden City, Utah. I've heard her tell a lot of things about Garden City, Utah. She must have lived there quite a bit.

My mother, she was born into the church. Going back to my childhood days, I remember very much of my companions, which was my sisters. I had four sisters: Lovina, Elnora, Sara, and Alverda. They were my playmates at that time because of the fact that there were very few people in the valley here at that time, very few. My Uncle Charlie, he lived here at that time and my Uncle George lived here at that time. Uncle Charlie lived quite close to us and he was very good to us at all times. He took care of us to help my mother out.

My sisters and I, we used to go to school some together, what little school we went to, and that was very little, I mean (to say). My sister Lovina (Lydia Lovina) and Elnora, they both held offices in the Primaries, at that time. If there was ever a program fixed up, why we were all on, because it took all of us to do the job.

I remember very much the time that, before my father went to Salt Lake to be doctored, going out in the field with him and my Uncle George Longhurst after hay. We went out and was hauling his hay in, getting ready so as he could go to Salt Lake.

I remember a number of times going fishing with my Grandfather over on Sand Creek, about a quarter of a mile from where we lived. The fishing was really good, especially the minnies. Talk about the trees, there was one tree on Sand Creek. That's all the trees there was in sight in this valley. There was no more. There was one cottonwood tree about two miles north from our home that growed wild on Sand Creek. One tree, there was no more. The rest was sage brush.

I remember my grandfather, (William Henry Longhurst) some. When we was living at my Uncle Charlie's place, when my father was gone to Salt Lake to the doctors, he was a carpenter, he was a mechanic man, doing some work in my Uncle Charlie's house and I was trying to hand him tools or whatever he would ask for. I can remember that very well, and that is about all that I can remember about him besides going fishing with him.

I was born in a little one-room log house on this homestead farm, and about one mile east of the sugar factory at this time. This little old house, it had one room, dirt floor, I don't know about the windows. I don't remember if it had any or not. It set there, and we lived in it. My father did build another, better log house. He built a two room log house. It was the best in the valley at that time.

I remember well setting on my father's knees, and that, he was telling me about his ... he called me his little black eyed boy and my mother setting beside stroking me on the head with her hand. When they said black hair, well then that was right. It was black.

The Indians, at that time, there was quite a few left in the valley. Quite a few scattered around. People was quite scared of them, especially me. I was really scared of the Indians. They used to come to our house and ask for bis-i-cuts. They called them bis-i-cuts. "Bisicuts, please!" They had all scared me so bad, that as long as they stayed I got out of sight. I got under the bed. But, my mother, she used to at times, when she could, she would give them two or three biscuits. But not very many cause we didn't have too many ourselves. The Indians, I remember them going up and down the trail! They were going from Eagle Rock out in the hills to hunt deer. They would go right by our place -- close to it, practically where the road is right now. And oh, scared, I was scared to death every time a drove of them one mile long, at least. I thought that was terrible, but probably wasn't so bad. I was just scared.

I remember one time when the Indians had been going by, or after they had gone on by, I turned up missing at the home. My folks thought maybe the Indians did get me. They searched and searched around and they found me under the bed asleep.

Another thing happened when I was just a young boy in my life, I wandered away from home down through the sage brush. I went south from our home half to three quarters of a mile through the sage brush, and I was lost. I ran on to a man down there plowing up sage brush. He was plowing with horses on a riding plough as far as I know. He picked me up, and he did not stop to hunt my parents. He went ahead with his work, just took me on his lap, went ahead with his work and as I remember my folks searched all night for me. He didn't make any effort to try to find where I came from I don't suppose. They found me anyway the next morning, there at his place, some way or the other. I had been there and stayed there with him all night.

Restarting on this recording we have decided to tell something about the time my father went to Salt Lake to the doctors. At this time I was only about four and a half years old, I believe, about four and a half. And, he went down there to the doctors to be doctored. He was down there for quite some time. A good big year and a half, I imagine. He was there under the doctor's care being doctored and he was staying to his sister's place and being doctored down there. So all this time that he was there I and my sisters and my mother was left up here in this part of the country.

We was living at our home on the beginning of the farm. It become necessary that he rented the farm to somebody to farm because my father's brothers just couldn't do it and take care of their own. So she rented the farm out to a man. By doing that we had to move. So we moved over into a part of my Uncle Charlie's house. He had a large house he was building, he was rebuilding. My grandfather he was a carpenter at the time. He was doing all the work on the house and we was living there. I remember him some.

The things I want to tell you about is the kindness that my Uncle Charlie and my Aunt Charlotte showed toward us in the absence of my father. They was really good to us. They was good to my mother. Some of these things (crying) that I really would like Unncle Charlie's folks, that's left, to know about, just how I feel about that. Anyway, we was staying there being taken very good care of. The end was comming that we knew nothing about. So, we was called down to Salt Lake, I and my sisters, and my mother to go to his bedside. Uncle Charlie Longhurst, it fell to his lot to take us down there. He did so, and as I remember he was on hand from the time we left until we got back to his home where we lived. He was very good to us all the time. Little did I know what was going to take place. But shortly after that, my father died. He was taken back

to Iona for a burial from Salt Lake City. I do remember a little bit of the funeral, not very much. I don't remember the speakers or what went on. I remember the brigade that went on from the meeting house to the cemetery. The weather was bad and the mud was always deep in the road. The casket was taken and put into a wagon. The wagon of Hans L. Hansen, our neighbor, and Kid Owens drove the wagon. As I remember Kid Volmer, he drove the horses. It was like I said, it was in the spring of the year, no bottom in the roads and sometimes it was up and down clear up to the hubs of the wagon, but that was the day. I do remember a little bit about that. Years, a year or two, after that we moved back on the farm. My stepfather came along and it was rented to him to run the farm for a year or two, and at that time him and my mother became engaged and they went to the Logan Temple to be married. (To A. E. Rounds). I was about six years old. After they were married things did start new again. There were different ways of taking care of the family, farm, and horses that we had left. We had the best horses that they had in the valley at that time. I do say, us and Kid Owens.

So, from there, I growed up with my stepfather and his care and my mother's care. I learned later by a friend of mine about my father getting injured while working on the canal. After studying it all out, and knowing what we know today. He got injured, hurt. It was probably something that turned to cancer. I don't know, but that's the way it seemed to me. He died from that.

My stepfather was a tall boy. He was slim, tall, and had big feet. But anyway he didn't know much about farming. We didn't do too well, but we did get along. We fought the storm and got through pretty good. Of course, after being married, here come my stepsister and my ... I should say my half-sister and my half-brother, and two more half-sisters. Hazel was first, Ambrose second, Alice third, and Very was fourth. That was the size of their family. I can say truthfully that they were very, very good kids. I loved them like I did my own. I was eight years old.

I was baptized in what they called at that time the "Slough", by Bryant Rockwood's house. At that time, out in that slough out there, my step-dad, I'll call him my step-dad from now on, my step-dad, he had taken me up there on a horse. Both of us had ridden on one horse up there and that was where I was baptised. That was in the summer time. And of course, I went to the following meeting, I guess it was Sunday, and there was confirmed and set-apart for my job.

Going back to the life history, talking about my step-dad running the farm and so on. Well, that was very true, we all took part on running the farm. We all had a job. We finally got it done. Later on in the years, a few years after that, not too many, he was called on a mission. He went to Australia on a

mission. That was a pretty hard blow to us, a hard thing to do. We didn't have the means; anyway, he had the courage and so we decided to try it, and we did. He went on his mission. What help that he got, he got from two or three different sources. Besides all the help that was sent to him from home. He finally made the grade and came back. Then, of course, us kids in the family, we was getting kind of growed up by that time. I know while he was gone, the farm, he rented the farm out to two different parties when he left. They didn't prove very successful, especially one of them. So, I talked my mother out of the idea of having him on the farm any more and we got rid of that renter and so I and my mother and kids we all took over, took half of the farm. We got started in the spring the other fellow come and said he just didn't know whether he could farm or not for us any more. I felt pretty big and strong, I believe I was eighteen years old and I says, if you want to quit you just go right ahead and quit, there are enough of us to run this farm. And we can run it our way. So we did. He quit. We all took over and when my step-dad came back, he said, "Well, it looks like you've done things on the farm we didn't have done before." That was true, we had broken up I believe the balance of the sage brush that was on the place and had it going and raising some crop. I remember him taking over after he came back and running the farm. Things we done together, why it was somewhat different than ever before. He had a different way about him a doing things than he had before he left. So we all had to learn all over again— even he. But anyway, we all got along and as I said the first part of the family was getting grown up. My sister Nora, she got married. The rest of the family was still at home working. So we decided there one spring that while running the farm that my folks would let me have a piece of ground for my own to go right along and farm that to go in with the other place. I guess there was maybe eight or ten acres that was mine at that time.

He bought me a saddle horse. I had ridden this horse to school, what little school I went to. I think I quit school when I was in the fifth grade. Was the end of the school that I went to. I went only two or three months in each term as far as that was concerned. That would be plenty too, two or three months. So I wasn't a very bright student. What I have learned I have had to learn my own way since that time.

Being home, working with the rest of the family, I accumulated a little stuff here and there. The day come along where I felt like I would like to go out to work, and not work on the farm. So I waited until the farm work was all over, one summer, then I got a job with the Olsen Sheep Company.

I went out tending camp for the Olsen Sheep Company. Nels Winters, he was the herder, and I was the camp tender. We both spent quite a bit of time together, but during that time, why my mother, she had a paralytic stroke. I remember we was partly on the way comming in for the winter at that time. I

had been left alone with the sheep, 'cause Nels, he had went to the vallley, and I had been left alone on the hill quite a little ways, comming down with the sheep, what progress I could make. One evening I see a team and wagon coming. It was Nels Winter and Walt Carver coming back to the herd. They told me mother had had a paralytic stroke and I was wanted at home. They got there to the herd about sundown. It seems to me like we had an extra saddle horse and down I came. I came back home and I was very sorry. I was very sorry that I left and went on my own at that time. Mother had had her stroke and sometime there afters I felt that I was somewhat to blame for that. That was a hard time for all of us. We had to collect ourselves back together and get united and try to go ahead again. I was getting along in ... past my teens at that time and I stayed home to help out at home on account of the condition that things were in. I stayed mainly to help in the thing about my mother. I remember she lived about eight years after having this stroke, and then passed away. But before she passed away, I was married. I had got married and had started a life of my own at that time, me and my family.

As I remember right for sure, I was just made acquainted with her over to a dance that was held in the old pavillion hall. I believe that I fell in love with her right then, I don't know, but I think it was then. It seems though that I took a liking to her and I never gave up until I got her. But anyway, that is the way it was up until that time. Then, of course, we were out on our own. We had filed on a piece of land that was called our dryfarm. I think we filed on that in 1912. I filed a homestead in 1912 on that, I believe, and we carried on trying to make a living on that, but it was so tough that we just couldn't make it. I had to quit and started to work at the sugar factory or where ever I might get work, and we didn't get very much for it either, just very low (wages).


Josephine I. Hain and Joseph Longhurst Jr.

Well, I think that only two children were born before we had to give up the farm. That would be Vera and Erma. We didn't give it up, we just ... I guess we did too, we did give it up, but I came back and went to work at the sugar factory, and here and there whenever I may get work. Which was pretty hard and slim for us. The family was young, my home was a little small home that we had

built on fourteen acres that I had secured from my father's and mother's farm. We lived there for quite some time. And we finally left that and were out to ourselves again. We went to work for Mr. Joe Olsen on his dry farm. We was up there to his place for two years, and as I remember treated very nice by the Olsen family. We learned a to think a lot of them because they were really good to us.

Anyway, going on with it, we left that job and came back and started over new on the dry farm again. I decided that if I could make a go of it on the dry farm; then, that was the place that I would like to be. We took another trial at it, and we still working at that thing today, just a trial I guess. We have had a good living on it, made our minds up at that time to get in and dig and my family had growed up. My boys helped me until the time that Victor was leaving to go into the service. Then me and Bill from that time on has been having to farm to the best of our ability and I have spent many happy hours on there. I am only glad that we did take it back up, still am.

(Going back to about 1917)

The war was going on at this time, the First World War, and I was still running the dryfarm, I and mother. Our family was almost all born at that time ... no, I guess that I am ahead of myself. There was just Vera and Irma at that time. Bill and Victor hadn't come along yet. But, anyway, it was war time and I remember going to answer to the draft board for registration. I went and there we was classified, all the fellows that were my age and that were all classified. I was put in a class that I was still on the farm, but was still subject to go, if necessary.

I remember it went on. The war lasted for quite sometime, I don't remember just how long, but two years or better. It went on and they began to get all the men used up so I would have been in the next draft that went, after the next draft that left. But during that time, why the Armistice was signed and I didn't have to go.

At that time there was what was called the ....anyway there was an epidemic that hit the country. It was the flu. There was a certain name for it. I forget just what they called it now. But, it had taken away some of the very best and strongest men that we had. I had it and had it real early and I recovered all right and my wife she did too. Whether the little girls had it or not I just don't remember. And as I have said it had taken away some of the very strongest of the men, my nieghbors at the time. I would say Baird Conrad and his brother Grover, were two of the victims. They died about two days apart and was buried the same day. I remember very well everything that went on there for a few days. We prepared for the funeral. The day that the funeral was set there

wasn't such a thing as Armistice Day even talked about. But the Germans, they surrendered and quit, and it was called Armistice Day, and it was signed up that way. This very day, was the very day my two neighbor-friends, Baird and Grov Conrad, they were buried that day. We went to their funeral, which was a little outdoor funeral down to the cemetery. There was about a dozen or so of us there was all that was there. I remember there was a song sang and a prayer held, at least a prayer was given. C. W. Hansen, at that time, he was in charge of this meeting, at the cemetery.

We had just got the meeting part over with and he came over to where I was. He handed me a shovel and he says, "Joe, I'm turning this over to now, so you can take over and see that these graves are filled in, and because I don't feel well, I could be comming down with the flu". So, I told him very well, I'd see to it. So I and, as I remember right, I and Will Hiricks and I believe Jed Rockwood. We stayed and shoveled the dirt back into these graves and they were buried right side by side as I remember, right close, anyway. We finished the day out that way, and that was something that helped me. I just cannot forget. We were still quite young in our life at that time and these things were very, very pressing to me.

Well, starting back from this Armistice Day, I'll start on things that happened in our own family. My oldest daughter, Vera, she started down with what is called an early tubercular hip joint. So, that meant something else to us. We had to take her to Salt Lake to the doctor. I remember very well, that at this time, I had to take her down and have her doctored by a clinic that was there, because the doctors that was here was not up on that particular thing like they was down in Salt Lake. I had to take her down myself. My wife couldn't go. She wasn't able to go. I had taken her down there, we didn't have much to go on. I will say that what little money I had, I borrowed it. I borrowed that money from the bank. I wouldn't have been able to have borrowed it from the bank if it hadn't been for Jade Richie. He was one of the directors of the bank and the question come up in the bank. What about that loan. Jade Richie okayed it and said to lend him the money, he needs it. So that's how we got down to Salt Lake and doctored our Vera. It was a successful doctoring that she got down there. She overcome the thing. It took about two and one-half years or three. Going through what she had to go through at that time. She had to wear this brace that was made for her. To help her, she had to wear it both day and night and it was really a job. It had taken a lot of courage, a lot of work and a lot of thought to get that job done. But, we have always been happy that we did that ever since that time.

We were building a new home. We had to hurry up and get it done, because we had a baby coming, and it was Irma. She come along and was born in the new home. She was born at the new home and we lived there for a few years.

And then it became necessary that we left there. But, as I remember, Bill and Vic, they was born there too, before we left. And that was the end of our family after Victor was born. It was kind of necessary for us to leave there and we went to work for Mr. Olsen on his dry farm, Mr. Joe Olsen. At that time we had to move up to Iona.

After working for Mr. Olsen for a couple of years, I decided to get back into farming myself. I rented forty acres of irrigated land just north of my father's homestead. And, at that time, they began to think about using power equipment. I accumulated enough money on this potato crop to make a down payment on a little iron-wheeled tractor. I really thought I had something. And so did the rest of the people around. They thought that was a wonderful thing. So, I farmed on with that. And I went that way fer... that's the kind of farming I've done the rest of my life, and was partly by power machinery.

We rented a farm from Oglevard and we farmed that about two years. We finally went back to the old homestead. We, I guess you might say, we repossessed that. It was lost but we had taken it back again from the company that we had lost it to. Then to go back on the farm and I don't know whether to or not, hardly. But they wanted to and we got back in by all these struggles, and that's how here today we are still in the farm business. It seems like afterwards operating a dry farm, that it became necessary that we had to do things different. So I had taken a job in the village of Iona, Idaho, taking care of their well and the water, and such as they had to do at that time. This was about 1930. It was the depression time and there wasn't very much money to be had. As I remember, I started out on this job for a dollar a day—thirty dollars a month. I thought I was right in the slim being able to get that. So I went on with that and during this time after working two or three years at that, it became necessary that they added to the thing a little bit. They had to have law enforcements and a few things like that; so, I was deputised as Deputy Sheriff in the county office, (Bonneville County, Idaho, for Iona City). It was done by Harry Meppen. I took care of that part out here. My wages was raised when they gave me more work to do. My wages was raised clear up to forty dollars a month.

I remember very well, there was a few trips I went on one Sheriff's job that wasn't all nice. Mr. Meppen come along and picked me up a number of times. I went with him on some jobs that I don't like to talk about very much, but I guess I never expected to be a Sheriff. Anyway, I did the best I could and I guess that's that for that.

But going back this time, later than this. The second world war had broken out. My boy Victor, he joined the marines in the Second World War. During that time I was operated on for thyroid. I remember, at that time I was down in

Salt Lake City. Had the operation down there. I remember a listening in to one letter that we had received from him where he had been in combat. I'll tell you that was pretty hard to take. Anyway, it went on,... he gave his life. I remember he told me the last time I talked to him, that he would give his life for others. So that's one thing that Victor he did. He gave his life that others might live, which has been very hard for us. Anyway, that's the course that we had to go through here.

I want to say at this time, that they were losing other boys in the service. It was a very hard thing to endure. But after all this thing came along and he did just what he said, he gave his life for his country. It was very hard for the balance of the family to think about at this time. You never get over it. But we are happy to know that he was a hero. I don't know that I want to say any more about that right now.

I will say from about that time on, my health has not been very good since I was operated on. I think that is all I had better go on with for now. There is a little more I should like to go on with and I will try someday to finish it out to make the whole thing a little bit more balancing, a little bit more the way it should be. So, I will say that's all for now.

Joseph Longhurst

Grandfather passed away in Idaho Falls on the 14th of August, 1957. He left us peacefully having spent a full and rich life. Those of us who knew him are fortunate to have known this great man, who has enriched our lives. We are grateful to him for fostering a beautiful and prolific posterity.

If grandpa could visit us today, and speak with us, we could be sure that he would have many kind words of love and advice for us all. He would be very pleased with his lovely children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren—without end.

The foregoing personal history of Joseph Longhurst was taken from his own voice recorded on a tape machine during the winters of 1965 and 1966. Assisting in the recording was J William Longhurst, his son, and myself, Dennis M. Longhurst, a grandson. The original tape is of very poor quality. It is our desire that this printed history, without editing or changes, to preserve as much of the character of this man as possible, will help preserve his special memory for his loved ones.

As a grandson, I would encourage his children, Bill, Irma, and Very, to add to his memory with their first-hand recollections and anecdotes. Any other thoughts from spouses, grandchildren, etc., would be very valuable to this history. I am certain that grandpa would welcome these additions.

Grandpa has helped each of us appreciate his personal history and remember that life is precious. May each of us who read this remember to leave some of our rich and blessed lives and experienced on record for those we love.

This has been a tremendous pleasure and opportunity for me—both knowing and loving this great man. I feel as though I have felt his presence and concern for his posterity and me while writing this history. He wants us to share our love and good times together, and remember that families are eternal organizations bound together by love of our Father in Heaven.

Gratefully, his grandson,

Dennis Mickelsen Longhurst



Joseph Longhurst, Jr.

THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT OUR MOTHER SARAH ANN LONGHURST BURKE

by daughter Genevieve Burke Smith, June 1979


Sarah Ann Longhurst

Sarah's parents, Joseph and Lydia Bennett Longhurst were among the early settlers in what was known at the time as Eagle Rock. It was in Nov. of 1884 that they loaded their meager belongings into a covered wagon, fastened boxes on each side-one carrying a little pig and the other a few chickens. Behind, they tied a cow. After hitching their team to the wagon and climbing aboard with their daughter, Lovina, they began their journey from Swan Creek, near Garden City, Utah, to the Snake River Valley in Idaho, where Joseph had made entry on some land.

Their first home was a one room cabin with a dirt floor and roof. There was only $14.00 to see them through the first winter. In the spring, another daughter, Nora, was born. She was the first white child born in what is now Lincoln.

Joseph hauled logs from the mountains along with helping build canals and headers to establish the irrigation system. When sufficient logs had been accumulated, he built a home on the land he had selected. Joseph Jr. was born June 24, 1887.

During this time, William Henry, Joseph's father- then a widower, came to Idaho to live with his sons. He was a shipwright by trade. While he lived with each son, he used his skills to help them build their homes, and also made furniture for them. They had just finished building on Joseph's home in time for the birth of Sarah Ann. This home had two rooms with a wooden floor and roof and was about the nicest home in the valley at the time.

Sarah Ann, the fourth child and third daughter of Joseph and Lydia was born Feb. 3, 1890, at Iona, Bingham County, Idaho. She had brown eyes, olive complexion and dark brown hair.

Although it was still winter time, and lots of snow, old Sol had smiled on the fluffy white blanket enough to make it shrink and become slushy. Just as the sun seemed anxious to tickle the sleeping buds and usher in spring, so her father was anxious as he drove the three miles through the slush to get Rosanna Denning, who had been engaged to help usher in the new addition to his family. There weren't many doctors in those days so midwives performed that service.

Joseph had been injured by the handle of a slip scraper or plow and it was believed that this injury caused cancer. He wasn't able to get the kind of help he needed. Soon after the birth of his daughter, Verda, May 18, 1892, he went to Salt Lake City, Utah for treatment. He died there Apr. 2, 1893, at the age of 31 1/2 years.

When the baby, Verda was but a few months old, her mother took the two babies and went to Salt Lake to be with her husband, remaining there until his death. The farm had to be rented out. On their return, they lived in part of Joseph's brother Charlie's home. Lydia took in washings and did other work whenever the opportunity arose, in order to support her family. While they were living in Charlie's home, Sarah and her cousin Kelley became good friends and playmates. She used to pull him in the wagon and sing Kelley in the Wog-wog-wog. She was a happy go lucky girl.

In 1895, Lydia married Ambrose E. Rounds. They had four children. With their first family of five, it made a large family to provide for. At very early ages the children had to help with the chores and work in the fields.

The family lived about two miles from the rock school house in Iona and the chores had to be done each day before school. They either had to ride a donkey or walk. Many times when the kids rode the donkey they had problems. Seems the donkey was pretty smart and didn't want to carry four kids - maybe not any - and while they were putting the cinch on him he would blow himself up. When they were on him, let out his breath, which loosened the cinch enough to turn and dump them off, often into a puddle. He was stubborn as a proverbial mule and wouldn't move unless he wanted to get even with someone pulling on the reins, or another switching him from behind.

Sarah and brother Joe herded cows when they were really quite young. All the older children had to help in the fields as soon as they could.

When Sarah was around twelve years old her step-father went on a mission to Australia, leaving her mother and the children to run the farm. Joe, the oldest boy, was only fourteen, so they had a lot of responsibility at an early age. Despite missing a lot of school, Sarah graduated with her class from the eighth grade.

As soon as they could the older girls hired out to do house work for others; we understand she worked for Dr. Cline.

Eventually the family moved into a nice frame house on the northwest corner of the block just west of the Iona school. I'm not sure but I don't think that Sarah ever lived there.

She always went to primary, Sunday School and church meetings. And when she was old enough to be baptized, although there doesn't seem to be a record of it, she was baptized by Chris Olsen in a little pond on Frank Herbert's place.

When mother was quite young she was made the secretary of the primary and at one time was sent to Salt Lake City to represent the Iona ward. She was only sixteen years old when she was called to assist John E. Lee, her brother in law, as a Sunday School teacher. This position she still held at the time she was married.

When Sarah was old enough, she went to the dances. She was a beautiful girl and liked to dance so she had several admirers. She was quite serious about one of them, Joe Hain. However, a tall, handsome dark-haired young man, Sam Burke, came on the scene. He was the son of George Monroe Burke who had brought his family from Colorado to Idaho in 1907. Where Sam kept himself for nearly six years I don't know. When he saw Sarah, he was attracted to her, maybe because of a certain red dress she was wearing. He talked her brother in law, John Lee into inviting him to dinner so he could meet her. They did some dating. Sam knew a good thing when he saw it, and was very persistent. After three months of courting Sam persuaded Sarah to become his wife.


Sarah Ann Longhurst and Samuel B. Burke

It was winter time so their courting was done in Sam's cutter pulled by his prize team, Buck and Dick. It was really a fancy outfit and the envy of many. Sam was very proud of his cutter and took good care of it. Both loved to dance and continued doing it after they were married. At that time the dances were held in the old Bowrey out in the Iona square, also in the hall above the Iona Merc. They took the prize for waltzing on many occasions.

Sarah and Samuel B. Burke were married April 2, 1913 in the Salt Lake Temple, by Adolph Madsen. They went down on the train (kind of a long way to drive a team).

Their first home was a one room log house where the Jim Denning home now stands. They lived there only a short time, then moved into Grandpa's log house, which was back of the yellow house that Uncle Joe

Burke, his brother, had built. Sam bought two and a half acres joining that property on the north and he built a two room house at the cost of $600.00.

It was in this house that their six children were born. They are Samuel LaMar, Genevieve, Ornealo, Melvin J., Mildred L., and Willard L. This was their home until 1927 when they moved to Bynum, Montana.

The first year they were married, they kept Lucille Lee, Sarah's niece, while they (Lucille's parents) were in Salt Lake with Ernest, when he had his leg taken off. They always called Lucille their first baby. Anyway, she gave mother some experience at being a mother.

Soon after their marriage Mom and Dad were called to teach a Sunday School Class. They did this until Dad was called on a mission. Mom continued, taking time out only when she had her babies.

It was Jan. 10, 1916, when Dad departed for the mission field. He had been called to the Northern States Mission to labor in Winnipeg, Canada, where he served for 26 months.

At this time they had LaMar, an eighteen month old boy and a daughter Genevieve, three weeks old. They rented the dry farm out. Besides having the children to care for Mom also had chickens and a cow. She kept encouraging letters going to her husband, while she kept busy teaching a religion class -- a fore runner of Seminary.

After Dad returned from his mission, they worked hand in hand in the gospel. In 1922 she was called to teach the theology class in Relief Society, a position she held until she moved away. She also taught the Bee Hive girls.

There was a big garden and orchard to care for. Mom canned vegetables and fruits. There were several varieties of apples, pears and plums. We always made apple cider too. Dad loved peaches so he bought several bushels each fall for mother to can. Oh, they weren't all canned because we all enjoyed fresh peaches and cream.

Mother was a good cook and made especially good bread and butter. Grandpa Burke seemed to know when she would be baking and just happen in. After it came out of the stove, he'd pick up a loaf and say, "now Saree (that's what he called her) just you break off the end for me." Generally baking day was also churning day. So fresh butter on new bread, with homemade jam was a treat, not only for Grandpa, but for all of us. Let me say here that Grandma had passed away and Grandpa batched a lot so a little treat like this was really appreciated. He did live part of the time with Uncle Lem's family.

Speaking of churning butter-I did a lot of churning, but whatever it was that mother did she had a reputation for making excellent butter. She sent, or took, butter and eggs to the store to buy things we needed. I'm sure that it required more than that, but it did contribute a large part of our living. At that time butter wrappers had the name of the person whose butter it was. It was not a secret that people would bring theirs and ask for a pound of mothers. I had taken some butter to the store one day when such a thing happened. The store keeper told me after that he exchanged wrappers and gave her back her own butter. It was funny at the time, but I wonder if he had given any thought as to how it might affect mother's reputation. Never-the-less, her butter was always in demand.

She also had a reputation for making especially good homemade ice cream. Whenever there was a ward function that involved food she was asked to furnish the ice cream. We children got to eat what hung to the dasher as a reward for turning the freezer. In the summer time she made a lot of ice cream for us.

Mother liked to please Dad and since his roots were in the south he just naturally liked hot baking powder or soda biscuits and fried chicken. Corn bread and fried potatoes along with pumpkin pie and ice cream were also favorites. Dad also liked to drink coffee when they were first married, but mother realizing that he shouldn't, decided to break him of the habit. She quietly substituted barley until it was finally all barley. By this time, Dad was willing to quit.

In the early spring she would take me with her to gather pig weeds and dandelions while they were small and young, to make "greens". We were hungry for fresh vegetables at that time of the year and they were good.

I don't remember mother ever being idle. Of course she sat down to rest, but there was always socks to darn or mending of some kind to do. Summers were busy with gardening, raising chickens, canning fruit and vegetables. After the annual spring sheep shearing in the area, she would get some wool, wash and clean it so it could be corded and made into quilts. We children got to (or had to) help cord it. I remember the smell of wet wool --especially if it was dirty -- it was awful.

Dad was head of the house, and mother was a devoted wife, mother and helpmate to him. She worked beside him, even driving team at harvest time if needed. She could do what had to be done. One time when a coyote got too close to the house she got the gun and shot at him. Dad, his brother Lem and Grandpa all had dry farms on the foothills northeast of Iona. Through the summer Lem's family and ours took turns going to the dry farm to cook for the whole bunch.

When it was our turn, come Monday morning bright and early our food and supplies were loaded into the white top buggy and with children all in, mother would drive it to the dry farm. Dad would drive the water wagon. It was a metal tank large enough to fit on the frame of a wagon and looked like tanks which are pulled on the railroad. I believe it held about 500 gallons. Dad would pull into Willow Creek, which was about half way to the dry farm, then standing on the hub of the wheel, would bucket it full. This was water for the stock for a week, and we also hauled enough for our cooking and drinking. When we were considered old enough, LaMar and I drove the cows. On Saturday we loaded up and went home, as Sunday was a day for church and rest

The home in Iona had only two rooms but they were of fair size. Mother kept a tidy house, even though there had to be a bed in the kitchen for three of us youngsters. We had electric lights and mother was among the first to have an electric washing machine and iron. These things were left behind when we moved to Montana, as there was no electricity there.

It was in the spring of 1927-March 27, when our family, along with those of Uncle John Lee's and Uncle Joe Burke's, Joe Moss' and Alma Shore, left Idaho and went to seek our fortunes in Montana. We children did not get in on the discussions which led to this momentous move and I don't know all of the reasons for going. There must have been quite a promotion which made it appear that it was the end of the rainbow-a notion which was to prove disappointing in the end. Anyway, it was the beginning of a period in the lives of these particular parents and children which was to be both delightful and sad. A time we will remember. We went to Bynum, Montana, where an irrigation project was being established by the Great Northern Railroad.

Hopes were high as we loaded our animals and other belongings into box cars. The men and older boys, most of them, rode in the stock cars to take care of the animals. The women and children boarded the train about eleven o'clock and rode all night and most of the next day to reach their destination. As they looked at the barren land, expressions of doubt and regret were made, but the little band were committed to the enterprise. They were soon to learn that the soil was not only poor and rocky, but had alkali in it. Swamps here and there bred lots of mosquitoes.

Since the area had been largely sheep and cattle ranches, there was lots of wild hay as far as one could see, except to the west where the foothills led to a range of the Rocky Mountains. There were few houses. Uncle John Lee's place had been headquarters for a large ranch, so it had a four room house, sheds, barns, and bunk houses, so we shared the big house and other buildings. Children were switched around to sleep, to make the best use of the space. Each family had a large room and a small one. Our big room had a bare, soft wood

floor that had to be scrubbed with a brush, on hands and knees. Mother never complained about any of the hardships such as washing on the board, ironing with heavy stove irons, nor the coal oil lamps. She had grown up with these things, but must have missed the conveniences she had had in Idaho. A few of the Bynum people had gas washers, irons and lights.

In the summer of 1927 a branch of the church was organized in Bynum. Uncle John Lee was made Branch President and Sam a counselor. Mother was called to teach the 11-12 year olds in Sunday School. She used her hands a lot to illustrate lessons and this kept our eye on her. She also taught the theology lesson in Relief Society. The Primary, organized in the spring of 1928, used her as a counselor to Clara Moss. Church was first held in the old schoolhouse, then above Porter's store in the old dance hall, then in the new church which members built.

Sarah loved the gospel and was faithful in magnifying her callings. She was promised in her patriarchal blessing that she would be useful in teaching the young people because of her loving ways. She had an air of friendliness about her which would draw them to her, and she would be the means of placing the feet of many a child in the right path and they would thank her for it. She did teach young people and adults for most of the rest of her life. Dad was the Genealogical Chairman for the Branch and organized excursions to the Cardston temple.

It was only a year or so after moving to Montana that it was discovered that Mother had breast cancer. The doctors in the area did not seem well enough qualified to Dad and he took her to Idaho Falls where she was operated on by Dr. Cline. About three months later, she had a lump taken from her neck. The lymph nodes were affected. She also underwent deep X-ray treatments in Great Falls. During this time she stayed with some friends of Uncle John, by the name of Brisco. She also had the other breast removed when lumps appeared there.

As soon as he could, Dad built a large granary on our land and we moved into it and a tent with lumber sides nearby. The tent held two beds which we children slept in until it became too cold. We then made beds on the floor inside and rolled them up in the daytime. This was our home for about two years. I think it was about 1931 when Dad bought a nice four room house in town and moved it onto the place. It had hardwood floors, built-in cupboards and a colonnade separating the dining room from the living room-only one bedroom though. We had to use the living room for a bedroom.

In any case, it was the nicest house mother ever had, even though her time to enjoy it was short. By the fall of 1931, the cancer had gone inside her chest and there was nothing the doctors could do. She became so much worse that dad

wrote her brothers and sisters and told them if they wanted to see her they had better come soon. It was in December that Ambrose and Verda came. Also Uncle Joe and Aunt Mame and others of the Bynum group who had moved to Flathead, drove over.

Almost immediately after that she got so bad that she was unable to lie down. She spent the last month sitting in a rocking chair. On January 25 she kept asking for the children, and when those who were in school got home, she called each one to her side and talked to them and bid them good-bye. Some of the friends and neighbors stayed at the house. Her suffering grew worse as the night passed. Finally she offered a prayer to her Father in Heaven, asking him to remove the raving pain from her system and lay her down in peace. After about 15 minutes she passed away without a struggle. This was January 26, 1932.

There was no mortuary in Bynum or Choteau, so the Croxford Mortuary in Great Falls was called. They came the next morning and, in our home, prepared her body for burial. Her body was laid out on a board in the bedroom where it could be kept cold, until it was put into the casket. Her funeral, the first to be held in the new church, was on January 28th, after which her body was put on the train and taken to Iona, Idaho, where a second funeral was held on January 29, and she was laid to rest in the Iona cemetery where her parents and other relatives are buried. Dad was the only one of us who went to Idaho for the service.

Mother's passing left Dad very lonely and lost, with six children to raise. In his grief he wrote a letter to our mission president, Wm. R. Sloan, telling him of his discouragement. The answer reminded him of the noble and sweet character Sarah had and of the true woman she was; also of the promise she had made to him before she died that she would encourage him in his work for the dead, which he then felt he could not continue without her. This promise was that she would be there to help him. It truly came to pass 4 years later, in the Cardston temple. There may have been other times.

In summing up these memories, I'd like to say this happy-go-lucky child grew up to be a beautiful brown eyed, olive complexioned, dark-haired woman of five-six. She was the tallest of her family, the last to marry, and the only one of seven sisters to never cut her hair. It grew long enough for her to sit on. I remember she curled it with a curling iron in front and braided it, then wound it into a bun in the back. She probably didn't cut it because Dad didn't want her to.

She was patient, kind, sweet and loving. She respected Dad as the head of the house even when he cut the heels down on her shoes shortly after they were married. Her patience was shown when she got Dad to quit coffee and at many

other times while raising her family. However, when she felt it needed, she would have the offender bring her a willow switch, which she used.

Not wanting to worry her husband and children, she kept her worries and suffering to herself as much as possible. We'll never know the extent of her pain. Indeed, she suffered with patience.

Many nights, after supper, she sat on Dad's lap and pulled out gray hairs and combed his hair while he played the harmonica. She enjoyed dancing and other good fun.

She didn't have the opportunity to enjoy the telephone, indoor plumbing, or a car for very long. Dad bought a Star car which we had a short time while we lived in Montana.

She was never heard to say anything bad about anyone, and often said, "If you can't say anything good about another, don't say anything at all."

She was truly a Latter Day Saint, magnifying her callings as she served in all the auxiliary organizations of the church, beginning in early life. She practiced what she taught. She gained her testimony early in life and it grew stronger day by day.

This wonderful woman, said by all who knew her to be one of the most perfect people they have known, and whom we, her children love dearly is our mother, Sarah Ann Longhurst Burke.

HISTORY OF ALVERDA LONGHURST THORNTON

The following is a compilation of notes found in the Book of Remembrance of Thomas Edmund Thornton and his wife, Alverda Longhurst Thornton. They were organized by their daughters, Myrna T. Robinson and Lois T. Oswald.


Alverda Longhurst Thornton

In the fall of 1884, my father, Joseph Longhurst, outfitted a covered wagon to move from Garden City, Utah, near Bear Lake, to Eagle Rock, Idaho. Joseph and his wife, Lydia Bennett Longhurst, their little one year old daughter, Lovina, and all of their belongings traveled in the wagon. On one side of the wagon in a little wooden crate was a little pig; on the other side of the wagon was a crate of chickens. A cow was led behind.

By springtime of the year 1892 things were shaping up nicely on the Joseph and Lydia Longhurst farm, which was located about 2 1/2 miles southwest of Iona on Little Sand Creek. I was born on 18 of May 1892. Mother was waited on by a midwife. Mother had sent my two older sisters, Vina (Lovina), age 8 1/2, and Nora, age 7, to the store with a bucket of eggs for groceries and other necessities. The store was 2 1/2 miles away. The road they followed was a path through the field up through sage brush. Nora got a bad headache. Vina had to carry her a little way then go back and get the eggs, so it took them two or three hours. When they arrived home they had a new baby sister. They were so glad that Mother had put safety pins on their list. They thought I was so cute. I had long black hair and black eyes. Everybody was happy.

Father prided himself on our new two roomed log house which was just two years old. It was one of the best in the valley at that time. It was chinked then plastered between logs, gable roof, one foot wide board floors, rough lumber, dirt roof. Sometimes when a bad rain storm came it leaked in places where the dirt had blown thin. But it was two lovely big rooms. Grandfather Longhurst lived with them. He was a carpenter. His trade in England was a shipwright so he hewed and squared the logs for the house and helped build it so it really was done right for that day. He then set into building furniture which was also real nice for its time.

Father, being a good manager, was gradually getting the sage cleared off the land. A good crop of hay and wheat was planted. And a big garden contributed a lot to our living. An orchard was also planted, also currants and gooseberries. Father was a lover of good horses. He had several. Even I can remember a beautiful team, old May and Maud. He had cows, pigs, and chickens, which also helped with the living.

There was a nice church organization here at that time. The place they met was a log house of Oley Olsen which was located at the present home of Roy Torngren. Father would hitch the horses on the wagon, gather up all the neighbor children, and take them all to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. Church and school and all public parties were held there until the east room of the Old Rock School house was built.

Things were progressing nicely on the Joseph Longhurst farm that spring of 1892. Father thought that by that fall when harvest was over that the machinery would all be paid for and he would be financially even. But now trouble and sorrow came. I was only two weeks old when Father had to go to Salt Lake to be treated for cancer. He was there until the 2nd of April the next spring, was operated on eight times, but to no avail. He passed away on April 2, 1893.

At the time of Father's sickness and death he and mother were living with his sister, Amelia Rounds, in Salt Lake City—each paying their share of the rent. Ambrose, Amelia's son , was so good to help and he sort of took over the job of being his special nurse. He and Father were very good friends. Father told Ambrose he would give his a team of horses to pay him for being so good to him. (He later came and got them—Maud and May). One day while they were talking, Ambrose asked Father if when he passed away (which they were quite sure was going to happen) if he would come back and tell him if there was a God. The night that he passed away, Father lay looking upward and said, "Ambrose, I won't have to come back to tell you there is a God for I can see Him now and the glory of where I am going."

I was a frail little child, sick, or not really, so much of the time. My brother and sisters and I stayed with members of Father's family while Mother and Father were in Salt Lake City during his illness. We spent much time with his brother, Uncle Charlie. One summer Aunt Marintha, Father's sister, came to visit us. She could see that Mother was having a real struggle to care for her five children. I can remember her coaxing mother to let her have me. She told me I could pick raspberries and have all I wanted of them to eat, which sounded real good, and that I could dust for her. But I didn't want to leave my mother and of course Mother's answer was, "No, I couldn't get along without my little Verda."

Twenty acres of the farm were sold to pay for Father's medical expenses. Mother was a widow now, 28 years old with 5 children. She rented her farm and went to live in a part of the house of Father's brother, Charley. It was hard for her to make a living for her family. She was an excellent seamstress so she did what sewing she could get. She also went out to do washing and ironing and cleaning. Her farm was not giving her much help. Her stock and machinery were disappearing. About three years after the death of Joseph, my mother married Ambrose Rounds.

Now that they were married, things began to shape up again. But there was still a lot of work to do. Cows to be milked and herded, pigs to be fed and herded. These jobs belonged to the children. I was now five years old, so was helping in any way a little kid could. Times were hard, living was hard to make. We all had work. Land had to be cleared of sage brush. We all pulled the brush, hoed potatoes, worked in the garden, shocked grain, picked potatoes, hoed, thinned and dug sugar beets. Mother often had chicken noodle soup ready for us when we came in from the fields. We all worked together and the family grew. Four more children were added to the five. A family of nine children, Father and Mother really filled the table on all four sides. At the back of the table we had a home-made bench to sit on when we ate. We called it the Mormon bench.

Pa was a good hand in the sick room; he really liked to help the sick. He was good company. He liked to tell jokes. He went on a mission to Australia, filled a good mission, became a good preacher, understood the gospel real well and was active in the ward organizations.

When Pa went on his mission we were really in hard circumstances. He hadn't planned on such a thing. Even though there was nothing to go on, the family all said "Go, the help will come." So business was planned. Everything that could be sold was sold--such as stock etc. It left the farm work handicapped. A farewell party was given, $80.00 was raised, the most money that had ever been raised for a missionary from that ward. The family was large, there were 9 children and some of them were small, so it was a big job to take care of them and support a missionary. Joe, the oldest boy, was 17 years old. There were old debts to be paid besides the current debts. We raised pigs and cows, sold butter and eggs. We raised hay and grain and sugar beets. The family did all the labor which was hard because all the work was done by hand. But it supplied the most cash. Mother rented part of the farm. Mother being the main hand she would go out in the beets and the garden and hoe. The hot sun was hard on her; she would put a pie plant leaf or some green lucerne in her bonnet to keep her head cool. She was subject to migraine headaches. This w as really a great responsibility for Mother to take over, but the family all helped.

We also had many friends that helped. Bishop Rockwood was a very good friend of the family. He sure didn't forget us when Pa was away. He would very often slip Mother a five or ten dollar bill. At one time I remember Mother just didn't know where to turn for the next month's money for Pa. As I remember it took about $20 or $30 per month. In our prayers we asked the Lord for help. One morning in walked Bishop Rockwood, put out his hand to shake, said, "Good morning, Lydia," and put the exact amount of money that was needed in her hand. President James E. Steele, who was president of the stake also was real thoughtful and gave Mother money occasionally. At one time Jabe (Jabez) Ritchie came over and did things for Mother and told her to send his price of work to Pa. Amos Rockwood went on a mission at that time. He shared the donations that he received; told mother to send it to Pa.

I was baptized on Aug. 1, 1900 in the Hodges Slough in Iona., Idaho by Oley Olsen and confirmed by Thomas B. Lee. When I was 16 years old, I had my patriarchal blessing given to me by R. L. Bybee. I have always cherished this blessing. Among some of the things I was promised that I have seen fulfilled were that I should be useful in training the youth in the different organizations. Shortly after that I was called to be a teacher in the Sunday School and as time went on I have been a teacher almost constantly. I have been President of the Primary, also a counselor and President of both the YWMIA and the Relief Society. When I was young my church activities and associations were the joy of my life and I have always appreciated the opportunity to serve my Heavenly Father.

My health was very poor when I was a child. We lived on a farm and it was a long way to school. The winters were very cold. I remember that I would look out the window to see how deep the frost was to know if I could go to school that day. I was subject to migraine headaches. It was hard for me to start to school each year and for several weeks I would often have to be taken to school because I was sick. I started to school when I was 7 or 8 years old. My first school was in Lincoln, Idaho and classes were held in one room of a family home there. When I was a little older I attended school in Iona and graduated from the 8th grade there. I wanted to continue my schooling and get a certificate to teach, but conditions at home were such that I was not allowed to do this. We walked to school the 2 1/2 miles from our home to the school house. The trail led through sagebrush higher than our heads. There were only two rooms of school children as the country was still new and not many people lived there. Some of the games we played at school were: kick-the-can, pomp-pomp-pull-away, run sheep run, ball, and hop-scotch.

I was a timid little girl, afraid of most everything. I was scared to ride over bad roads, afraid of thunder and lightning storms, the howl of wild animals, and Indians. There were lots of Indians. One of their main trails passed very near

our house and when we children saw a cloud of dust coming along that trail, we knew it meant a band of Indians was coming and we would run and hide. They often stopped at our house begging for biscuits. If Mother was alone with the children she often covered the windows and hid with the children.

Our only way to travel was in horse-drawn wagons or buggies, or walk. We had a white top buggy which we used to go to church on Sunday—that was a luxury. My oldest child rode in a car the first time I did. The car belonged to Mr. Burke, my sister Sarah's father in law. I rode the train to and from Salt Lake City when my father died, but did not ride in one again until we went to Salt Lake City to be married.

One of our best entertainments was listening to Mother tell of her life when she was young. Her mother died when Lydia was only 10 years old, the oldest girl in the family. There were 7 children. Mother took care of the housekeeping and care for all but the two youngest children who were 20 months and 2 1/2 years old. She said she could remember her father trying to find someone who would take care of his two babies. He did find a home for them, so the others did pretty well for two years, when their father died. From then on life was hard for the Bennett family. Lydia married Joseph Longhurst on Oct 9, 1882, and in 1884 they came to Iona, Idaho. The stories she told her children about their experiences as pioneers, encounters with the Indians, and things that happened as she stayed alone with her little children while her husband, Joseph, was away from home working on the canals needed to irrigate their homestead were very interesting to us.

My sister, Sarah, and I enjoyed growing up together. We associated with the same group of young people in the town. My favorite beau was Thomas Edmund Thornton (Ed). When we became engaged to be married he gave me a beautiful opal ring. There was a January thaw when our friends took us to Idaho Falls to board the train which took us to Salt Lake City to be married. The sleigh we were in went through more water than snow. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 31 January 1912. A dear friend of ours, Mrs. Clarence (Sylvia) Barlow, and her parents, who lived in North Salt Lake, went through the temple with us.

Ed worked on a large farm for Truman Barlow. We had a house on the farm, a garden plot to raise our own vegetables, the use of a cow, and $50 a month.

24 February, 1914 our first child was born. We named her Myrna. And were we ever happy!

15 January 1917, our second child was born, Lois. Now we had the two sweetest little girls in the world.

26 July 1920, our son arrived. We named him Dean Edmund Thornton. Now that we had a son we thought our joy was full. Ed was the proudest daddy in the world.

11 August 1923, another little girl came to bless our home. We gave her the name of Betsy LaPriel. She was a little premature baby who weighed 4 pounds. She soon weighed only 2 pounds. It seemed we couldn't keep her but our Father in Heaven heard and answered our prayers and let us keep her.

In 1916 we built our home in Iona. We were happy to have it but did not live in it a lot of the time until 1936. Farming was our vocation and we rented several different farms and lived on them for several years. Ed ran it and did extra work which took care of all his time. He always managed to work in the sugar factory during the campaign. He also did the custodian work for the church. Then we bought our small farm.

On 17 May 1945, I was called to serve a stake mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Sr. Sophia Wilde was my companion and we thoroughly enjoyed our work for two years. However my official release was not until 23 October 1955.

We have visited temples, Salt Lake, Manti, Logan, St. George, Los Angles, Cardston, and Idaho Falls. Ed and I have been members of the genealogical committee for a long time.

We have done some traveling; visiting most of the western states, Mexico and Canada. Then, in 1964 Ed and I went on a Church History tour. My health was not very good at the time, but I stood the traveling very well. This was something Ed and I had dreamed of doing. We visited Church Historical sites and attended the Hill Cumorrah Pageant. Then we went on to the east coast and attended the World Fair in New York City, visited Washington D.C. and so many interesting places. An extra thing we were able to do was to leave the tour group for one night and spend it visiting our granddaughter, Myrna Rae Robinson Hogan, at her home in Wilmington, Delaware.

We celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. It was such a happy time. All of our children and grandchildren as well as Ed's sister, Emily, were together for a family dinner and the next day so many friends and relatives called during an open house at our home.

(This concludes what Verda wrote of her life in her Book of Remembrance.)

In December 1964 Verda and Ed went to California to spend Christmas with their daughter Betty (Betsy) and family. They started home the first part of February 1965 and spent a short time in Salt Lake visiting Lois and Dean and their families. Verda was not feeling at all well, and Dean secured the services of Dr. Russell Nelson (who later became an Apostle) to care for her. She was hospitalized and it was determined there was a blockage in the source of blood to her brain. She had surgery in an effort to correct the condition but while she was in the recovery room she had a massive stroke. She lived for three days but did not fully regain consciousness. All of her children and her brother Ambrose and his wife, Margaret and her sister Vera were with her when she died, on 10 February, 1965. She was buried at Iona, Idaho.



Alverda Longhurst Thornton